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Daddy Long Legs

Jean Webster

A SAMUEL FRENCH ACTING EDITION

**SAMUEL
FRENCH**
FOUNDED 1830

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ISBN 978-0-573-60769-1

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CHARACTERS

JERVIS PENDLETON

JAMES MCBRIDE

CYRUS WYKOFF

ABNER PARSONS

GRIGGS

WALTERS

JUDY

MISS PRITCHARD

MRS. PENDLETON

JULIA PENDLETON

SALLIE MCBRIDE

MRS. SEMPLE

MRS. LIPPETT

SADIE KATE

GLADIOLA

LORETTA

MAMIE

FREDDIE PERKINS

CARRIE

} ORPHAN CHILDREN AT THE
JOHN GRIER HOME

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I

The dining-room of the John Grier Home on Trustees' Day.

ACT II

Judy's college study, an afternoon in May, one year later.

ACT III

The sitting-room at Lock Willow farm, summer, three years later.

ACT IV

Mr. Pendleton's library, two months later.

DADDY LONG-LEGS

ACT I

SCENE: *The dining-room of the John Grier Home on Trustees' Day. A plan and full description of the scene will be found at the end of the play.*

DISCOVERED: *At Rise, Two Orphans are seated down stage at table L. of C. SADIE KATE R. of table and LORETTA on the stool below table, engaged in cleaning silver. GLADIOLA is up stage behind upper table R. polishing a cup. After the curtain is well up, GLADIOLA mounts on chair before cupboard to place cup in cupboard and FREDDIE PERKINS enters at lower R. I.*

They are dressed exactly alike in stiffly starched gingham pinafores (blue) with a row of white china buttons down the back and a suggestion of red flannel petticoat showing beneath. Each child has her hair strained back tightly and braided into two pig-tails. They sit nervously and work steadily and silently with no attempt at childish chatter. Freddie Perkins is about nine years old and is dressed in dark knickerbockers and a jumper made of the same striped blue gingham that the girls are wearing. His hair is shaved close to his head.

He carries a rolled-up rag rug over his shoulders, and as he passes, he purposely knocks against SADIE KATE. She hits back viciously and proceeds with her work. Freddie up and exits C. and L. 2 and 4 talking, 2 wipes 4's nose.

GLADIOLA on chair at back, in wiping a cup lets it slip from her hands and crash to the floor. She backs against the table C. and stands horrified, staring at the pieces.

LIGHTS begin to dim shortly after rise.

GLADIOLA. It's one o' them best cups!

SADIE KATE. Oh my goodness! You'll get it!

GLADIOLA. What'll I do?

SADIE KATE. Hide it, quick!

MRS. LIPPETT. (*Off stage*) Get out of my way!

LORETTA. She's coming! Oh, she's coming!

SADIE KATE. (*To GLADIOLA, snatching up one of the cups and leaning over, rolling it along the floor to GLADIOLA*) Say ye knocked this off wid yer elbow.

(*They resume their work in stolid silence. GLADIOLA gets down on her knees and hands and places the broken pieces under table-legs at R. of C. then stands behind table as MRS. LIPPETT enters from the pantry. She is a hard-faced, domineering woman of about forty with an unpleasant voice that grows shrill when she loses her temper. She is wearing a polka-dotted silk dress, very tight and rather fussily made with a profusion of cheap lace trimmings. It is turned up from the bottom and pinned so that she will not soil it.*)

MRS. LIPPETT. (*Holds entrance until GLADIOLA is up*) What was that noise? (*Stands inside U. R.*)

GLADIOLA. I knocked this off with my elbow, ma'am.

MRS. L. (*Crossing to c.*) I thought you'd broken something! Come, come. Sadie Kate! Are you going to be all day at this? (*Picks up spoons, examines them critically, hands one back*) Polish that again! (*Crosses to table R., looking over preparations*) Oh, good heavens, the sandwiches aren't made! Where's Judy Abbott? She ought to be here to look after things!

SADIE KATE. She's up in the nursery, ma'am, trying to keep the babies quiet so they won't disturb the trustees.

MRS. L. Well, you go up and tell her to come down immediately. I never knew anyone like that girl. She's always somewhere else. (*SADIE KATE rises and MRS. L. turns to her sharply*) Hurry up! Don't stand there staring! (*Pushes SADIE KATE, who exits R. 1. Exit 2 and 4. As GLADIOLA brings down spoon to table, lower R. MRS. LIPPETT is looking over the dishes*) Why, we're one cup short. I thought I got down enough! (*GLADIOLA, in fear, starts to tiptoe off to R. 1. Stopping abruptly as MRS. L. calls her name*) Gladiola Murphy! Come here! (*GLADIOLA approaches her apprehensively*) You stand on that chair and get down another one of those best cups.

GLADIOLA. (*Going up, gleefully*) Yes, ma'am!

MRS. L. And mind you don't drop it!

GLADIOLA. No, ma'am. (*Up to cupboard for a cup.*)

MRS. L. (*Looks thoughtfully over tray to see what is missing*) Napkins. (*Bustles off R. and exits R. 2 E. As she is going off FREDDIE enters at C. Seeing MRS. LIPPETT going off he throws a kiss after her. Looking around and seeing that he is unobserved, he goes down to table R. to sugar bowl.*

Putting his hand in he pulls out a fist full and stuffs it into his mouth. Puts his hand in again, gets another fistful and stuffs it into his pocket. As he puts his hand in again SADIE KATE enters R. I. and catches him. She crosses in between tables to R. of FREDDIE.)

SADIE KATE. Freddie Perkins, you let that sugar alone! (FREDDIE makes a face at her) I'll tell Mrs. Lippett!

(GLADIOLA turns and comes down R. of FREDDIE, putting cup on tray.)

FREDDIE. I dare you to!

GLADIOLA. Freddie Perkins, you just put that sugar back. I'll tell Mrs. Lippett.

FREDDIE. I dare you to! (SADIE KATE crosses over L.)

ANOTHER CHILD. She'll say I did it. (Both GLADIOLA and SADIE KATE push and shove FREDDIE.)

FREDDIE. All right, keep your hair on. I'll put it back.

GLADIOLA. You'd better, you'd better, you fresh thing!

(SADIE KATE returns to her task at L. table and GLADIOLA goes back to cupboard on chair, back to audience. FREDDIE looks around and seeing that they are not watching him, goes down to sugar bowl again and seeing the salt cellar, smiles and takes it up and begins to pour the salt into the sugar-bowl.)

FREDDIE. I'm putting it back! (Continues to

pour salt until he hears MRS. LIPPETT speaking off stage.)

MRS. L. (*Off-stage*) Why, you good for nothing child, keep out from under my feet!

FREDDIE. (*Puts down sugar-bowl and salt cellar and runs off c. and L. exclaiming*) All right, I put it back!

(*One child to cupboard, other child down and around to bench L., sits on floor. MRS. LIPPETT enters with napkins and dish of sliced lemons, crosses and sets them on the tray on table R.*)

MRS. L. Hasn't Judy Abbott come down yet?

SADIE KATE. No ma'am!

(*GLADIOLA comes down with a cup which she places on tray L. of MRS. L.*)

MRS. L. Oh, for the land's sake! (*Picking up sugar bowl, looks in, is about to set it down when she catches sight of the mark of grimy fingers*) Gladiola Murphy! Aren't you ashamed? That's a pretty looking sugar bowl to send up to the trustees. You take it into the pantry and wash it. (*She gives the bowl to GLADIOLA, faces her toward the pantry and starts her with a shove. Examines a flamboyant watch that is pinned to her waist.*) Half past four! It's time to make the tea. (*Goes up and turns on lamp R. of c. arch*) Where is that Abbott girl? She's enough to try the patience of a saint! (*Turns up lamp L. of arch c. foots come up 3-4 full. Her back is turned as JUDY enters at R.*)

(*JUDY is a vividly alive young girl of 18, dressed in the same blue gingham that the others wear, but made in a more becoming manner. There is a*

suggestion of challenge in her manner. There is an air of all-conquering youth. Neither MRS. LIPPETT'S harshness nor the sordid air of the asylum has succeeded in cowing her. She crosses to R. of C. and stands, looking speculatively at MRS. LIPPETT'S back. Two children at cupboard up to pantry.)

JUDY. (*Crosses to R. C. sweetly*) Do you want me to help, Mrs. Lippett?

MRS. L. (*Turning quickly*) Well, Miss Jerusha Abbott! It's about time you turned up! You are the only lady of leisure in this institution today. (*Comes down C.*)

JUDY. I'm sorry. The nurse had to look after the sick babies and we couldn't leave the others alone.

MRS. L. You always have plenty of excuses.

JUDY. That new little red-headed child has licked all the green paint off the Noah's Ark—

MRS. L. And what do you think I was doing? Cutting the cake with one hand and receiving the guests with the other?

JUDY. That red-headed child has swallowed some green paint—

MRS. L. I don't care what that red-headed child has swallowed. I'm more interested in what the trustees are going to swallow.

JUDY. (*Speaking very hurriedly*) That red-headed child has licked the green paint off the roof of the Noah's Ark, and I think you'd better send for the doctor.

MRS. L. Will you stop talking and get to work?

JUDY. (*Going R.*) It was *green* and I'm afraid it will disagree with him.

MRS. L. You get those tea things ready.

JUDY. (*Going U. R. to pantry*) Green paint's

made of arsenic. It's poison. I learned that in chemistry.

MRS. L. You've learned altogether too much! You were a great deal more useful before you got that education! (*Goes back to children at L.*)

JUDY. (*At pantry U. R. C. with a gleam of mischief*) Mrs. Lippett—

MRS. L. (*Over her shoulder*) Well?

JUDY. Did you put those two guinea pigs into the babies' bath tub?

MRS. L. (*Whirling about*) Guinea pigs!

JUDY. I think they're guinea pigs. Little brown and white animals....about so big.

MRS. L. Oh, good heavens! Those horrible boys!—What did you do with the beasts?

JUDY. I didn't touch them. I thought—

MRS. L. (*Crossing to table R.*) Quick! Get them away before the trustees find them.

JUDY. (*Coming down R.*) I thought maybe that generous new trustee you were telling us about brought them as a present for the babies.

MRS. L. And you thought I was planning to keep them in the nursery bathtub?

JUDY. It's so seldom used! (*Exits R. I E. GLADIOLA down to R. of MRS. L. Other girl to cupboard*)

MRS. L. (*Turns back muttering angrily*) Guinea pigs! (*GLADIOLA comes down from the pantry with sugar bowl she has cleaned and puts it on tray*) If I had my way the whole race of boys would be swept off the face of the earth. (*SADIE KATE and LORETTA titter, then hastily repress themselves*) Yes—and girls too! (*Little girl laughs*) That's enough! Clean up this mess. They're likely to come in here. (*GLADIOLA lingers near MRS. LIPPETT who slaps and drives her away. LORETTA rises and takes pan and wash material across R. and up into pantry*) I

suppose they'll be snooping all over the place. (*SADIE KATE brings spoons and places them on tea tray in front of MRS. LIPPETT, who slaps her. SADIE KATE crosses over R. to GLADIOLA. LORETTA comes down from pantry and joins them*) These visiting days are enough to make a person sick. (*The orphans stand waiting for further orders. GLADIOLA is lower R. near door. LORETTA L. of GLADIOLA and a little above. SADIE KATE L. of LORETTA and a little above, so they stand in a diagonal line. A buzz of conversation and laughter heard off C. Little child cries. MRS. LIPPETT hastily unpins her skirt*) Here they are now! Gladiola, pull up your stockings. (*GLADIOLA pulls up her stockings*) Loretta, wipe your nose. (*LORETTA stoops to use her petticoat*) No, no! Not on your skirt. (*SADIE KATE gives LORETTA handkerchief*) Sadie Kate, brush back your hair. You, too, stand up straight! (*To all*) If any of the trustees or lady visitors speak to you, you say "Yes, ma'am"—"No, ma'am" and smile. ORPHANS. Yes ma'am, no ma'am.

(*MISS PRITCHARD and Mr. CYRUS WYKOFF enter C. MISS P. is a charming, old-fashioned gentlewoman between fifty and sixty, with an air of kindly sympathy for everyone. Mr. WYKOFF, a short, chubby, bald-headed man, is pompous and dignified, with an exaggerated idea of his own importance. He wears a brown suit which fits him quite snugly—a pair of tortoise-rimmed spectacles, and a gold watch chain. MRS. LIPPETT crosses to C. to receive them.*)

MISS PRITCHARD. (*Coming down C.*) Well, Mrs. Lippett! We're here again!

MRS. L. Miss Pritchard! (*They shake hands and MISS PRITCHARD crosses to R. C. to children, She*

speaks to 1st child and each child in turn shake their heads "Yes, ma'am," "No, ma'am," as ordered by MRS. L.) Mr. Wykoff!

WYKOFF. (L. of MRS. LIPPETT) How de do, ma'am. Thought we'd look about a little before refreshments. (*Crosses to L. examining.*)

MRS. L. (*Down c.*) It's a pleasure to welcome you. I always look forward to the first Wednesday of every month.

MISS P. (*Turns to 2nd child*) We have Mr. Jervis Pendleton with us today.

MRS. L. I believe we are indebted to you, Miss Pritchard, for inducing him to serve.

MISS P. (*Turns to 3rd child*) Yes, he is an old family friend.

WYKOFF. Good thing to get some fancy philanthropists on the board of an institution like this. Their ideas aren't always practical but their checks are.

MISS P. (*Crossing to WYKOFF*) Poor little dears! They're not like children. So little spirit!

WYKOFF. (L. of MISS P.) They are not a very classy lot.

MRS. L. (R. of MISS P.) It is awful depressing to live with them.

MISS P. And how is my dear Judy Abbott?

MRS. L. A great trial.

WYKOFF. She's the one we're educating?

MISS P. (*Nodding*) Her teachers say that she is very brilliant.

MRS. L. Oh, she's smart enough—I'm not denying that. But impertinent!

MISS P. She's a spirited girl and needs tact. (*Crosses over to L.*)

MRS. L. (*Momentarily forgetting herself*) Tact! She needs a good thorough whipping. And I'm sorry she's grown too big to get it. (*Crosses to R.C.*)

WYKOFF. (*Crosses to L. of MRS. L.*) That's the proper spirit, ma'am. Keep 'em in their places. (*JERVIS and FREDDIE are heard out in hall C. and L., playing ball. MISS PRITCHARD goes up stage L. and around to C. to join JERVIS. JERVIS backs on stage laughing and chatting as the ball passes between him and FREDDIE. At sound of JERVIS' voice WYKOFF turns and sees him, and turns back to MRS. LIPPETT*) Mr. Pendleton! (*Crosses L. to children, MRS. LIPPETT crosses to R. of C. FREDDIE catches sight of her, and rushes off as JERVIS comes in at C. WYKOFF passes up and between tables, inspecting everything. MISS PRITCHARD joins JERVIS as JERVIS comes in and they saunter down stage C.*)

(*JERVIS PENDLETON is a man-of-affairs, quiet and self-contained, but evidently used to having his own way. He has a somewhat grim sense of humor and an air of nonchalance which in reality covers a keen penetration. His manners are courteously deferential, but with a suggestion of indifference underneath, which he just politely manages to suppress.*)

JERVIS. Ah, dear lady! (*MISS PRITCHARD L. of JERVIS.*) So this is the dining room! Charming apartment.

MRS. L. (*Left of C.*) I believe I have never had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Pendleton.

MISS P. (*L. of JERVIS*) Our matron, Mrs. Lippett.

JERVIS. (*Shaking hands*) Very happy to meet you, madam. (*Turns to MISS P.*)

MRS. L. (*C. of table R.*) The asylum has a great deal to thank you for. Your two dear boys are doing so well.

(*The ORPHANS at R. begin to fuss and fidget. LORETTA scratches her head. GLADIOLA stands on one foot, then on the other, and SADIE KATE tries to keep both quiet.*)

JERVIS. (*Vaguely. Hands in coat pockets*) My two dear boys?

(*WYKOFF off up back, looking around with back turned.*)

MRS. L. That you are sending to technical school.

JERVIS. Oh, yes, yes! The young engineers! Doing well, are they? That's good. (*Crosses over to children.*)

MRS. L. I trust their reports are sent every month as you requested.

JERVIS. Yes, I believe so. (*MISS PRITCHARD up to back and joined by WYKOFF*) My secretary looks after them. (*Sits on bench, studies children intently. To the nearest girl*) Come here, little girl, and shake hands with me. (*They back off*) Oh, don't be afraid! I won't bite. (*JERVIS crosses L. C. in front of LIPPETT.*)

MRS. L. (*Behind JERVIS and over his shoulder cautioning children. Softly*) Oh, children, children dear, this is the kind gentleman who sent the candy and peanuts and tickets to the circus. Shake hands with him, darling.

(*LORETTA advances, watching MRS. LIPPETT and offers JERVIS a limp hand.*)

JERVIS. (*Arm around GLADIOLA*) And are you a good little girl?

GLADIOLA. (*Wilting with embarrassment*) Y-yes, ma'am—no, ma'am.

JERVIS (*Rising, his arm about GLADIOLA, crossing over L. c. to Miss P.*) Happy, bubbling, laughing childhood! (*MRS. LIPPETT shoes children up into pantry and turns on lamp at R.*) Nothing so beautiful in the world!

(*Children exit L. at MRS. L.'s gesture.*)

MRS. L. (*Coming to R. c.*) It's a great pleasure to live with them. I always say that it keeps me young and happy and innocent myself.

JERVIS. (*Picks up cup from L. table. Striking cup with his knuckle, to Miss P.*) Durable!

WYKOFF. (*Coming down c.*) Can't indulge any artistic ideas in a place like this.

JERVIS. (*Turns around and sees text at back c.*) Of course! Of course! Ah! (*Indicating text*) The Lord will provide! (*To Miss P.*) Very touching!

MRS. L. (*R. c.*) You wouldn't want us to bring them up without religion?

JERVIS. (*Deprecating the idea*) No, no. But why not teach them the truth? The Lord will provide for the rich. The poor must provide for themselves. (*Turns to Miss P. and sets cup on table.*)

WYKOFF. (*C. and R. of JERVIS*) Well, I'm a practical man, Mr. Pendleton. I don't know as I follow ~~you~~ in all your new-fangled philosophy, but I—— *JERVIS turns and faces him.*

JERVIS. Yes——

WYKOFF. Er—I'm convinced——

JERVIS. Yes—yes——

WYKOFF. Er—er—I'm convinced! (*Turns to Mrs. L.*) Here, here, Mrs. Lippett, this floor ought to be scrubbed. (*MRS. L. crosses to him and they go up and out c., WYKOFF complaining about conditions*

and MRS. L. excusing them. MRS. L. turns on lamp in hall as she exits.)

(At cue "This floor ought to be scrubbed," the children come down from pantry in single file, and march off R.I.E. JERVIS crosses to R. of C. watching them, and stirred to pity by their dejected and whipped manner.)

JERVIS. (R.) Poor little kiddies. (Turning to Miss P.) There's nothing in it.

MISS P. (L.) What do you mean, Jervis?

JERVIS. Why, you can't bring them up like chickens in batches of a hundred like chickens in an incubator. It isn't natural—it won't work.

MISS P. (To L. c. Sits R.) Jervis! (He turns) I hate to be always begging. But there's one of these children for whom I should so love to manage a future.

JERVIS. (Good-naturedly) Another promising engineer?

MISS P. No—this time—it's a girl.

JERVIS. (In consternation) A girl! My dear lady!

MISS P. And such a pretty one!

JERVIS. (Amazed, crossing over L.) Oh, no! You can't catch me with that bait!

MISS P. She's more than pretty. (Sits bench R. of table L.)

JERVIS. (Wearily. Hands in pocket, crosses down R.) I know—she has a good record and deserves—

MISS P. She has the worst record of any child in this Home.

JERVIS. (Interested) What!

MISS P. She doesn't lie out of her misdemeanors

as the others do. She is disobedient and impertinent but——

JERVIS. And just what is it you want me to do for this pretty, disobedient, impertinent young person? (*Up around table R.*)

MISS P. I want you—to send her to college.

JERVIS. What? To college? From an orphan asylum? Impossible!

MISS P. She's eighteen. (*JERVIS faces front*) And ready to graduate from the High School.

JERVIS. (*Facing Miss P.*) So? I thought they never kept them after fourteen?

MISS P. Judy Abbott was so unusually bright that the Board of Trustees let her stay on and attend the village school.

JERVIS. Very generous!

MISS P. Of course it saved hiring someone to take care of the younger children.

JERVIS. Thrifty and generous.

MISS P. And she has done remarkable work in English. Her teachers say that she would make an author if she had the training.

JERVIS. An author? There are too many authors in the world already. (*Crosses to her.*) I don't wish to make any more.

MISS P. (*Solemnly*) Suppose she should be a genius? Have you any right to keep her down?

JERVIS. If she were a genius I couldn't keep her down. Do you think she would placidly stand all this? (*With a comprehensive gesture about the room*) She would rise and mutiny if she had any spirit.

MISS P. But she's only eighteen, and if you only knew——

JERVIS. (*Facing Miss P., stubbornly shaking his head*) We all have the right to a few prejudices. You know yourself that you won't eat bananas.

No reason in the world except that you don't like bananas. Now I have an antipathy, too, I don't like girls. Never did like 'em. Never will like 'em.

MISS P. (*Rises. JERVIS walks L. MISS PRITCHARD rises*) You are a crabbed, ill-natured, hard-shelled, old bachelor, and you don't know what you are talking about! You've never known any girls.

JERVIS. Never known any? That precious sister-in-law of mine has a daughter coming on exactly like her.

MISS P. Baby Julia?

JERVIS. (*Turns away*) Baby Julia enters college next September.

MISS P. Think of that!

JERVIS. I might arrange for your impertinent orphan to room with my aristocratic niece. (*Chuckles at the idea*) That would be rather a neat joke on the Pendleton family!

MISS P. (*With asperity*) My little Judy deserves a chance for her own sake.

JERVIS. You damned her chance when you said she was pretty.

MISS P. Why?

Children READY

JERVIS. Why? Why, I'd no sooner get her educated than some young whippersnapper would come along and want to marry her. Education thrown away. I'd rather put my money into a permanent investment.

MISS P. Do you really mean it, or is it just one of your stupid jokes?

JERVIS. (*Seriously*) I really mean it. How could one of these orphans compete with the class of girls she would meet in college? (*Crosses R.*)

MISS P. But you haven't seen my Judy.

JERVIS. No. But I have seen this institution and I know that no child that was ever born could

live eighteen years in the John Grier Home and have spirit enough left to fight the world. (*Crossing L. C.*)

MISS P. But my Judy's different. Give her a chance.

JERVIS. My dear Miss Pritchard! In college your little Judy wouldn't have a chance. Do you think they'd take in an outsider—from an orphan asylum?

MISS P. It's not fair.

JERVIS. (*Bitterly*) Nothing's fair. But it's a fact. Don't you see that it would be no kindness to the girl? We should just be showing her a glimpse of a bigger, more beautiful life, such as she has never dreamed of, and then forbidding her to enter. No, no. Society has thrown away your little Judy—(*Hands in pockets*)—and it's too late now to pick up the pieces.

MISS P. (*L.C., crushed*) Yes—but it's cruel.

JERVIS. (*To MISS P., drawing her hand through his arm*) Well! Well! Come and let's have a look at that scandalous dark playroom. (*Going up C.*) Maybe you can induce me to build a new one. (*They go out C. and L.*)

(*As JERVIS and MISS P. exit both ad lib, SADIE KATE pokes her head into room, R. I., then crosses in front to R. C. and turns to beckon the others on.*)

SADIE KATE. Come on! (*Coming R. C. GLADIOLA, LORETTA and MAMIE enter R.*) Now's your chance! (*GLADIOLA crosses in front and up to get the broken cup. SADIE KATE over to C. and up a little.*) Take it and dump it back of the barn!

(*Two other girls go on and in front of table to L.,*

two little girls stop R., one takes up cup, other stops. Littlest girl enters R. and gets on bench and embraces JUDY.)

MAMIE. (R. at end of lower table. LORETTA by R. I. E.) Yes, hurry, before somebody comes and catches you. (A sound is heard off R. in pantry.)

SADIE KATE. Somebody's coming!

{GLADIOLA jumps up and the orphans assume a know-nothing attitude until they see it is JUDY. JUDY enters C. and crosses between tables with tray of sandwiches, stands between MAMIE and LORETTA down stage and GLADIOLA up stage. SADIE KATE is on line with JUDY across at C.)

JUDY. Well, Chicks, what's the matter?

READY Sammy

ORPHANS. (Laughing) Nothing.

JUDY. (Cheerfully) Well, run now, and wash your hands and faces and make yourselves beautiful, ready to pass the things.

{The children go up into pantry, SADIE KATE passing at back with GLADIOLA. JUDY crosses to C. and puts tray on lower end of table L. Then she goes up to cupboard and gets black box and comes down between tables at R., opens box on bench behind first table and takes out caps and aprons. During scene she is humming gaily to herself, "Comin' through the Rye." MRS. LIP-PETT enters.)

MRS. L. (Coming down C.) I'm glad to see that

somebody's carefree. (*JUDY stops her song*) Is everything ready?

JUDY. (*At work smoothing out aprons*) Yes, Mrs. Lippett.

MRS. L. Seems though everything's gone wrong to-day. And just when we've got a rich trustee up from New York. (*Turning to L. window R.*) He's out in the play-yard now, talking to Freddie Perkins, with a hole in his pants that big. (*JUDY laughs*) Well, what are you laughing at? It's no laughing matter. Can't you keep that child mended?

JUDY. I mend Freddie Perkins' trousers every day of my life. There's no trousers left any more. Nothing but patches.

MRS. L. (*L. c., looking over at sandwiches*) Did you make those sandwiches?

JUDY. Yes, Mrs. Lippett. I know they're pretty thick. But the bread was so fresh I couldn't cut it. I'm awfully sorry.

MRS. L. (*Going up c. Mollified*) Well, maybe they'll taste all right. Look sharp now. I don't want any more hitches. (*Exits c.*)

GLADIOLA. (*Poking her head into room*) Judy, has she gone?

JUDY. Yes, and it's time for you to go! Come, fly into these. (*Led by GLADIOLA the ORPHANS come down R. GLADIOLA and LORETTA to lower R. and begin playing. MAMIE and SADIE KATE to R. of JUDY, who gives to each of them cap and apron she has been straightening out. They are regulation waitress' aprons, about three inches longer than the children's dresses. The caps are muslin bows fastened to an elastic. MAMIE and SADIE put on the aprons, JUDY buttoning MAMIE'S and MAMIE buttoning SADIE'S apron. They fasten behind. While they put on the caps GLADIOLA and LORETTA are down R. JUDY crosses to L. c., gets tray and sand-*

wiches and gives them to MAMIE. MAMIE up C. JUDY takes tray of cups at R. C., gives them to SADIE KATE. SADIE up to MAMIE at C. JUDY to R. C.) Now please be careful, children, and don't make any mistakes.

(The ORPHANS go out C. and L. JUDY, with a tired sigh, comes down front and sits on bench in front of table R. GLADIOLA kneels on bench beside her and LORETTA on floor, kneeling. She caresses them in a manner that shows her loneliness and longing for love.)

GLADIOLA. Judy! Tell us a story.

LORETTA. Cinderella!

GLADIOLA. No! Tell us Noah's Ark. I'll be the lion. (Growls and throws her arms around JUDY, pretending to devour her.)

JUDY. Not now, dear. Some other time.

BOTH. Yes, now!

JUDY. Poor Judy's so tired. This is the first time I've sat down since 5 o'clock this morning.

LORETTA. Tell it while you are sitting down.

JUDY. I must learn my lesson for school tomorrow.

GLADIOLA. What? 'Rifmatic?

JUDY. No, not 'rifmatic. French.

LORETTA. What's French?

JUDY. Tu es enfant tres bon et je t'aime beaucoup.

(The children laugh. FREDDY PERKINS enters C. from L. A large three-cornered rent in the back of his trousers.)

FREDDIE. (C.) When are we going to have supper?

JUDY. (*Good-naturedly, scolding*) Freddie Perkins, turn around, sir! (*FREDDIE makes turn.*)

FREDDIE. What's the matter? (*Children laugh. FREDDIE turns back to them.*) What are you laughing at? Cut it out! Cut it out!

JUDY. You bad, bad boy, to tear your clothes. (*Discovers a rent in the shoulder of his shirt*) You disgraceful little rag-a-muffin!

FREDDIE. (*Sits L. of JUDY*) I don't care, I'm hungry!

GLADIOLA. So'm I.

LORETTA. Me, too.

JUDY. You can't have supper till the trustees go.

GLADIOLA. I hate trustees.

LORETTA. So do I.

FREDDIE. What's to-day? Beans? (*Pause*) Or corn meal mush?

LORETTA. This is Wednesday.

GLADIOLA. It's corn meal mush.

(*The children all join in the ORPHAN'S yell while JUDY frantically tries to make each child be quiet. The last line tapers off into a dying wail.*)

ORPHANS:

Mush! Mush! Corn meal mush!

Slush! Slush! Same old slush!

How I hate it,

Corn—meal—mush!

JUDY. Hush, you naughty children.

(*FREDDIE sits on floor.*)

GLADIOLA. Judy, tell us a story.

JUDY. No, no, no!

GLADIOLA and LORETTA. (*Imitating her*) Yes, yes, yes!

JUDY. (*Pleading*) Children! I'm so tired!

FREDDIE. (*Rising*) Draw us a picture!

JUDY. I've no paper!

(*Children run around looking for paper. LORETTA goes around behind table and discovers box cover. GLADIOLA takes the cover from LORETTA and brings it to JUDY.*)

GLADIOLA. Draw it on this.

(*JUDY looks dubious. Sits as before and LORETTA R. of GLADIOLA to former position. FREDDIE L. of JUDY.*)

JUDY. But I haven't any pencil!

FREDDIE. (*Turning away disgustedly*) Oh, gee!

JUDY. I can't draw with my finger, you know.

FREDDIE. (*Discovering piece of chalk in his pocket*) Here's a piece of chalk.

JUDY. Very well—Mercy! It's all over sugar.

FREDDIE. Did I give you sugar? (*Grabs chalk in an attempt to lick the sugar off. JUDY gets it back.*)

JUDY. Oh, you bad, bad boy! (*FREDDIE to c.*) Well, what shall I draw?

GLADIOLA. Elephant!

LORETTA. Circus!

FREDDIE. Cowboy chasing Indians! (*Gives imitation of a wild Indian.*)

JUDY. Oh, something easy. I'll draw a bad little boy who's torn his clothes.

(*Children begin to laugh at FREDDIE and cry "Shame, shame."*)

FREDDIE. (*Coming down domineeringly*) Cut it out! Cut it out!

JUDY. Freddie! (*FREDDIE turns away shame-facedly*) What'll I draw?

GLADIOLA. Oh! Draw a trustee!

LORETTA. Yes, draw a trustee!

FREDDIE. Yes, one of those guys that goes around like this. (*Crosses over L. and gives imitation of WYKOFF*) "This won't do, Mrs. Lippett! This won't do!" (*Comes back to c.*) "And this floor must be scrubbed" . . . (*Goes to c.*) "I tell you it won't do, Mrs. Lippett" . . . (*Comes down c. and stands puffing himself out á la Wykoff. The children watch him in ecstasy, laughing and applauding.*)

GLADIOLA. Yes—and make him fat. With a gold watch chain!

FREDDIE. And with a pair of searchlights!

JUDY. (*Drawing*) There's his body. And there's his head. (*While drawing the eye-glasses, FREDDIE begins to laugh. JUDY turns to him*) What are you laughing at?

FREDDIE. Those searchlights.

JUDY. And there's his searchlights. And those are his arms and those are his legs.

LORETTA. (*c.*) And where's his gold watch chain?

JUDY. And that's his watch chain! (*Holds the picture front and they all laugh.*)

GLADIOLA. (*Takes picture from JUDY*) It looks exactly like a June bug.

JUDY. (*Takes picture back from GLADIOLA, writing at bottom*) "This looks like a June bug, but is meant to be a portrait of any trustee."

(*The children laugh. FREDDIE takes the picture and marches around with it, followed by GLADIOLA and LORETTA.*)

CHORUS. Looks like a June bug! Looks like a June bug!

(They go over L. as SADIE and MAMIE return with a half-emptied plate of sandwiches which they place on table.)

SADIE KATE. Gee! You ought to see them eat!

(JUDY goes up to SADIE KATE and MAMIE. The others stop singing and hungrily look at the sandwiches. FREDDIE puts the picture on table L. of C. and crosses over to JUDY, followed by LORETTA and GLADIOLA.)

FREDDIE. Can I have a piece of bread?

GLADIOLA. Me, too!

LORETTA. I'm hungry.

JUDY. *(After a moment's hesitation)* Yes, you may all have one piece.

(They help themselves joyously. FREDDIE gets first piece and biggest to the disgust of the others. He goes triumphantly to lower L. and sits on bench. They keep up a chatter.)

FREDDIE. Say! *(Children all stop noise to listen)* I played a joke on those trustees! *(Boasting.)*

JUDY. *(Coming down R.)* Freddie Perkins! *(Suspiciously)* What have you done?

FREDDIE. I ain't goin' to tell.

(Trustees are heard talking angrily at back off L.)

GLADIOLA. *(Crosses up to door)* Cheese it! They're coming!

JUDY. (*Surprised*) Scamper out, children!

(FREDDIE at first sound has bolted L. GLADIOLA and LORETTA in front of lower table. MAMIE and SADIE KATE between tables R. GLADIOLA, LORETTA and MAMIE exit lower R. SADIE exits R. 2. E. MRS. LIPPETT enters C., followed by a group of trustees and visitors, MISS PRITCHARD looking worried, WYKOFF indignant, JERVIS amused. JUDY is at table R. of C. MRS. LIPPETT R. of C. PARSONS L. of C. MISS PRITCHARD and JERVIS stand at back. They have all been talking outside and it has grown in volume until they are well on and in place.)

MRS. L. (*With sugar bowl*) Judy Abbott, what is the meaning of this?

JUDY. (*Bewildered* R., about middle of table) The sugar bowl?

(MISS PRITCHARD crosses at back and down L.)

MRS. L. (L. end of table) It's full of salt!
(JUDY turns and looks after FREDDIE.)

WYKOFF. We put salt in our tea.

(JUDY bursts into quick laugh. JERVIS crosses R. and down L. of tables, back turned to JUDY and amused by the scene.)

MRS. L. When you have finished laughing, perhaps you will tell us how it came there?

JUDY. I don't know.

MRS. L. Of course you don't know. You never know anything.

MISS P. It was a mistake.

WYKOFF. (L. c.) Bad management. Bad management!

JUDY. (*Apologetically*) I didn't know about it, of course—I'm very sorry it happened!

(MRS. LIPPETT *sees the empty plate and crumbs on table.*)

MRS. L. What's this? (*They all turn and look*) So, you've been stealing the refreshments that were left?

(PARSONS *goes up c.*)

JUDY. The children were hungry—it's after their regular supper-time—and I gave them each a piece of bread and butter.

(PARSONS *discovers the broken cup.*)

WYKOFF. Mrs. Lippett, does this young woman run this institution?

PARSONS. (*Coming down c. with broken china*) Here! Here! What's this? (JUDY *stares in amazement.*)

MRS. L. (*Turning upon her sharply*) How did that get broken? (JUDY *is silent*) Well—don't stand there staring!

WYKOFF. Another little joke?

MRS. L. Answer me, Judy Abbott. Did you break that cup?

JUDY. (*With dignity*) No, Mrs. Lippett, certainly not!

(PARSONS *puts broken cup on tray at his R.*)

MRS. L. Who put it there?

JUDY. I don't know.

MRS. L. Seems as though you are old enough to take a little responsibility.

JUDY. (*Miserably*) I try to, Mrs. Lippett—but I can't be in two places at once. And to-day while the nurse was taking care of the sick babies——

MRS. L. I've heard that excuse before. (*Turns to trustees*) You see, ladies and gentlemen, the kind of stupidity I have to work against. This is our prize orphan—the one we have educated—but I can't trust her with a simple thing like sending in tea.

WYKOFF. (*Turns up L. to table*) Doesn't pay to educate 'em out of their class.

MRS. L. These children are the most deceitful creatures I have ever known. It's enough to make one lose one's faith in human nature.

JUDY. (*Facing MRS. L. quietly*) If you would *trust* the children, they would not deceive you.

MRS. L. So now, you are going to be impertinent, are you?

(WYKOFF discovers picture on table L.)

MISS PRITCHARD. (*Pleasantly, tries to end the discussion*) Dishes will get broken—suppose we join the others.

(WYKOFF is examining the picture which he has casually picked up.)

WYKOFF. (*Facing front explosively and showing picture*) Good heavens, Madam! What does this mean? Do I look like a June bug? (*Comes and exhibits it c. to MRS. L.*) And may I ask who is the artist?

(JUDY stands staring at the others with something of the air of a hunted animal.)

MRS. L. (*With ominous quietness*) Is that one of your drawings?

(WYKOFF shows it to trustees at c.)

JUDY. Yes, Mrs. Lippett.

MRS. L. Have you anything to say?

JUDY. (*Miserably*) I can't draw. I just do it to amuse the children.

WYKOFF. To amuse the children? Madam, is this the kind of respect that you teach?

(CODMAN puts picture on table at his L.)

MRS. L. (R.C.) How do you dare make fun of a trustee of the John Grier Home?

JUDY. (R., *frightened*) I—I didn't mean to make fun of anybody.

MRS. L. Oh! I suppose you think that is a fitting way to show gratitude for all that's been done for you? This Home has given you every mouthful you ever ate, and as a result, you ridicule your benefactors. I'll tell you this, Miss Judy Abbott—you'll be finishing school next month and then you'll be put to work. The kind of place you'll get will depend on your record here.

WYKOFF. (C.) And when you have to shift for yourself, young woman—then maybe you won't think life so funny.

(*Other Trustees nod approval.*)

READY *Dim Foots*

JUDY. (*Wearily*) I don't think it's so very funny now.

MRS. L. Oh, there's no use trying to make anything decent of her. I shall send you to a boarding house keeper who wants a little slavey to wash the dishes.

JUDY. I shall be very happy to go. Any place, anywhere will be better than this.

MRS. L. (*Beside herself*) You ungrateful little —imp! What do you mean?

JUDY. (*Commencing in low, intense tone, gradually rising to a fever of rebellion*) I mean—I don't feel any gratitude because I have nothing to be grateful for. There is no charity about it. I have earned my living in the John Grier Home. I have worked from the time I was a tiny child. For three years straight I polished brass door knobs until you discovered that I was clever enough to do other things. And you haven't kept me all this extra time just for my own good. When I was eleven years old that lady wanted to adopt me. But you made her take another child instead, because I was useful. I might have had a home, too—like other children—and you stole it away from me. And you call me ungrateful because I'm glad to go? I don't care *how hard* it will be. I can make my own way in the world. Just give me a chance. Anywhere—out of the shadow of this asylum, and I will prove what I am good for. I've lived eighteen years in prison. I *hate* the John Grier Home! (*As she hurls this last defiance she turns and runs out R.*) DIM

(*JERVIS has turned his back to the scene and stands down L. with folded arms and head bowed in deep thought, for JUDY has won his admiration by her plucky stand. After a pause the trustees recover from their astonishment.*)

MRS. L. You see! You see!

WYKOFF. The quicker you pack her off the better.

MISS P. The child didn't know what she was saying!

CODMAN. Insubordination!

PARSONS. Bad example.

WYKOFF. Demoralize the whole institution!

PARSONS. She must be punished!

(They start to go, shaking their heads and talking excitedly at once.)

MRS. L. And punished severely. Oh, if you knew what I have to put up with——

(They go off c., the excitement and tumult gradually dying down. MISS PRITCHARD follows them up to c., trying to pacify them. JERVIS eases over to R. of c.)

MISS P. *(Coming down c.)* I am sorry this had to happen before you, but really, really, we have no right to be angry.

JERVIS. Angry? Oh, no, no! *(Crosses over R. of c.)* I was only hesitating because—well—I must be sure I'm doing the best thing for the girl. But, by jove! *(Turns to Miss P.)* It was great to see that little thing rise up and demand her right to live. She shall have it! *(Looks off R. I. E. and then slaps his hand as having arrived at a decision.)*

MISS P. *(c.)* What!

JERVIS. *(Turns to Miss P.)* I'll send her to college!

MISS P. *(Joyfully)* That is generous!

JERVIS. *(Gruffly)* Nonsense! I'm interested. I'd like to see if the girl really can pull it off!

MISS P. She will be so *grateful*.

JERVIS. (*Crossing L.*) No, no. None of that. She's never to know who does it.

MISS P. She will want to thank you.

JERVIS. Well, she can't. I won't have it. Why! She's had to give thanks for every mouthful she ever ate! I wonder she didn't choke. This college business comes as a free gift from Heaven.

MISS P. Don't you want to watch her progress?

READY Sadie Kate

JERVIS. From a distance. They can send me her reports.

MISS P. A college doesn't send reports.

JERVIS. (*Sits. Thinking out loud*) Well, let me see. We're to make a writer of the girl? H'm—there's no better practice in composition than good, old-fashioned letter writing. She may write me a letter on the first of every month, telling about her studies and her daily life—just such a letter as she would write to her parents—if—she had any.

MISS P. She will have to know your name.

JERVIS. Tell her Smith. John Smith. She will address her letters to Mr. John Smith—in care of my secretary, just as the boys do their reports. But she's never to expect any answer. (*Rises*) I can't have Judy a nuisance.

MISS P. I will explain the best I can. (*Rises.*)

JERVIS. And don't explain to anyone else. We must keep it a secret (*Looks off R. I. E.*) for the girl's sake. Let her forget the asylum. (*Back of Miss P.*) Blot the word "orphan" out of her mind. (*Turns up.*)

(*SADIE KATE enters from L.2E. and puts a spoon on lower table.*)

MISS P. (*Crosses to R. of JERVIS*) Sadie Kate, run quick and call Judy Abbott.

(*SADIE exits R., calling "Judy—Judy."*)

JERVIS. (*Going up c.*) And now I must run. I don't want the child to see me. Get her some pretty frocks—and all that sort of nonsense. Good-bye. (*Ad lib.*)

DIM

MISS P. Good-bye! Thank you! Thank you! (*Follows him up stage and watches him off as JUDY dejectedly enters at R. She comes to R. c. to MISS P. MISS P. turns, sees JUDY and goes to her.*)

JUDY. (*With dead voice*) Well—what are they going to do with me?

MISS P. (*Very kindly*) Nothing dreadful.

JUDY. (*Sits on bench L.*) I didn't mean to break out that way—but when you think bitter thoughts for years and years, some day—suddenly—they just won't stay inside you any longer. (*Turning away.*)

MISS P. Judy—(*Sits by JUDY*)—I have good news for you. (*JUDY faces front*) Something wonderful is going to happen to you.

JUDY. (*Slowly facing MISS P.*) Wonderful?

MISS P. Judy—a gentleman—one of our trustees—is going to send you to college.

JUDY. (*Rising. MISS P. also*) To college? Me? (*MISS P. nods affirmatively to her question*) Oh!

MISS P. With pretty new frocks and everything.

JUDY. (*To MISS P.*) You mean—I'm going just like any other girl—who has a real father and mother?

MISS P. Yes, dear.

JUDY. (*Slowly grasping the situation and as*

though choking over her joy, crosses over L.) Oh, oh, oh! It sounds just like the fairy stories I make up to tell the children.

MISS P. It's true, dear.

JUDY. *(Turning to Miss P. breathlessly)* Who is he?

MISS P. No one you know.

READY Light

JUDY. He wasn't here? To-day? Not one of those men?

WARN CURTAIN

MISS P. Yes.

JUDY. I didn't look at them. What's he like? What's his name?

MISS P. You are not to know his name—his real name. You may call him Mr. Smith.

JUDY. Smith?

MISS P. Mr. John Smith. He will be your guardian.

JUDY. My guardian! I'll belong to him? And I won't belong to the asylum any more? I'll belong just to him?

MISS P. Yes, dear!

JUDY. *(Turns—crying)* Oh, I'm so happy! I'm so happy! *(Turns to Miss P.)* Where is he? I want to tell him. I want to see him.

MISS P. You cannot see him, dear.

JUDY. But I want to know what he's like. I'll never bother him—never—if I may see him just once. So I can think about him. Oh, please, please, just this once? Please, please! *(Sobbing, she places her head on Miss P.'s shoulder, who lays her arms around JUDY tenderly and mothers her. A spotlight off L., swinging around on a pivot, throws a light through upper window around the room, indicating the approach of an automobile.)*

MISS P. Hush, dear. I promised to keep it a secret. (*JUDY sobs again*) But, he's there—outside now! (*Horn*) Waiting for his car. (*JUDY turns quickly, but Miss P. holds her at arm's length*) No, no, dear—it's too dark to see his face, but there, reflected on the wall, you can see his shadow! (*She releases JUDY, who crosses to table, looking off through window L.*)

JUDY. Oh, if I could only see his face. At last I have the shadow of a father. Oh, my daddy—my daddy—— (*Laughing*) Look—what funny long legs the shadow has. I never saw such long legs. I know—— (*Turning to Miss P.*) I'll call him my dear, old Daddy Long-Legs.

CURTAIN

1st Curtain—Grown-ups and Judy—not Jervis.

2nd Curtain—All children. Jervis.

3rd Curtain—All children.

4th Curtain—Judy.

ACT II

SCENE: JUDY'S college study, an afternoon in May, one year later. *A plan and full description of the scene will be found at the end of the play.*

AT RISE: JULIA and SALLIE are discovered hastily putting the room in order. JULIA down L., with a child's broom, is sweeping and working up stage to couch. *Sweeps dust under rug.* SALLIE, at R., is dusting picture R. of window, then crosses down to chair L. of table C. and holds up *Tam-o'-shanter cap and tennis racquet.*

SALLIE. (R. up, comes down) What on earth shall I do with these?

JULIA. (L. down. Crossing to R. of table) Dump them under the couch. (SALLIE goes up and throws things under the couch. JULIA picks up a coat and a sweater from the floor C.) Isn't it just our luck to have the whole family come bursting in without a word of warning? (Crosses R. and throws things into room R.2.)

SALLIE. (Coming L. of table to chair—Crosses L.) Your mother and Miss Pritchard did look shocked when they saw this room. (Crosses L., throwing basket-ball and mask into room U.L. under couch.)

JULIA. (Crossing to chair R. of table, picking up racquet and coat) They ought to let us know before they surprise us. I invited them for the reception this evening. I didn't ask them to spend the day. (Crosses R., throws things into JUDY'S room and closes door.)

SALLIE. (*To desk L. for golf bag at desk back R.*) If they had waited to come with the men on the five o'clock train— (*Sets golf bag above desk in corner.*)

JULIA. (*R. of c.*) We should have been ready.

SALLIE. (*Crossing c. behind table*) Shut your desk, Julia— (*Which is R. below door*) It's a sight.

JULIA. (*Pointing to desk up stage R.C. and then crossing down R. to close desk*) No worse than yours. (*Crosses R.*)

SALLIE. (*Crosses up, closes desk and then crosses over L. by couch—getting duster from couch and throwing it in room U.L., closing door*) And look at Judy's, in perfect order!

JULIA. Are there chairs enough?

SALLIE. (*Coming down, counting chairs and crossing over R.C.*) Mrs. Pendleton, Miss Pritchard, Judy, Julia, Sallie, brother Jimmie—(*Turning to L. of chair up stage by door*)—and Mr. Jervis Pendleton.

JULIA. (*Crossing up to R. of chair*) That chair won't do for Uncle Jervis.

SALLIE. Why not?

JULIA. It wobbles on its back leg. (*Rocking chair.*)

SALLIE. (*Coming down R.C.*) Oh, I forgot. (*Cross R. Indicates chair down R.*)

JULIA. (*Crossing to table c.*) I nearly dropped when mother said Uncle Jervis was coming.

SALLIE. (*Picks up book from floor R.C. and crosses to desk at R.*) Why shouldn't he?

JULIA. Oh, I bore him to death. This is the first time in years he has taken the slightest notice of me. (*Crosses up and puts fencing foils behind couch.*)

SALLIE. Men love to visit a girls' college. It's

like going to the menagerie and watching the animals eat.

JULIA. (*Crossing c. back of table and looking despondently at the table*) What'll we ever do with this mess?

SALLIE. (*Crossing to R. of table, seizing two corners of the cover*) You take the other end and we'll carry it into your room. (*Moves toward the door R., but JULIA, holding the other end of cloth, holds back.*)

JULIA. No! We'll put it in yours. (*She starts towards door U.L. and SALLIE holds her back.*)

SALLIE. It's full up. You couldn't squeeze a postage stamp into my room.

JULIA. We'll take it into Judy's and dump it on the bed.

SALLIE. Poor Judy! (*Laughing, they go to room down L. and exit. Series of slight crashes heard. SALLIE returns and crosses to table up stage and picks up a teacup from tray. JULIA returns with the cover for table and crosses below table arranging cover, and goes behind table. SALLIE blows into the cup.*) My, these teacups are awfully dusty!

JULIA. (*Behind table c.*) Oh! It won't show when the tea is in.

SALLIE. Where's the kettle? (*Both girls look around the room.*)

JULIA. (*Cross R.*) The kettle? The kettle? Oh, under the couch. (*SALLIE goes to couch, kneels down and gets kettle. A knock is heard on the door*) Good gracious, who's that?

SALLIE. (*Crossing to table c. with kettle*) Set that chair over the inkspot.

(*JULIA sets chair R. of table, over the inkspot and SALLIE goes up with kettle to table above as MRS. PENDLETON and MISS PRITCHARD enter.*)

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