

*banging, and Annie puts the plate down and a spoon in Helen's hand. Helen throws it on the floor. Annie puts another spoon in her hand. Helen throws it on the floor. Annie puts another spoon in her hand. Helen throws it on the floor. When Annie comes to her last spoon she sits next to Helen, and gripping the spoon in Helen's hand compels her to take food in it up to her mouth. Helen sits with lips shut. Annie waits a stolid moment, then lowers Helen's hand. She tries again; Helen's lips remain shut. Annie waits, lowers Helen's hand. She tries again; this time Helen suddenly opens her mouth and accepts the food. Annie lowers the spoon with a sigh of relief, and Helen spews the mouthful out of her face. Annie sits a moment with eyes closed, then takes the pitcher and dashes its water into Helen's face, who gasps, astonished. Annie with Helen's hand takes up another spoonful, and shoves it into her open mouth. Helen swallows involuntarily, and while she is catching her breath Annie forces her palm open, throws four swift letters into it, then another four, and bows toward her with devastating pleasantness.*

ANNIE: Good girl.

## THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE

by Frank Marcus

### ACT II, SCENE 1

As the curtain rises, June enters her flat; she is agitated. She lights a cigar and says to her roommate and lover, Alice (nicknamed Childie): "They are going to murder me." But we are not about to encounter one of those tense British murder mysteries: June is a well-known character in a soap opera—Sister George, a gentle and good-hearted nurse—and she suspects that Sister George is about to be written out of the story. In contrast to her kindly BBC character, June is, in real life, domineering, acerbic, and extremely possessive. She is also wonderfully witty

and terribly frightened of losing her job and losing Alice to a man. As it turns out, she does, in fact, lose both (although she loses Alice to another woman).

The following scene takes place at 4 A.M. June has been up all night, drinking and going over her scrapbook of memorabilia on Sister George. Alice has gotten up early to wait on line for tickets to the ballet. At this point in the scene Alice is dressed and about to leave. They have just exchanged some serious words about their relationship: about June's jealousy and Alice's remorse over not having a baby. (The Mr. Katz referred to in the scene is Alice's employer.)

ALICE: There's a performance of *Petrushka* on the nineteenth. I might try for that.

JUNE, rising; suddenly: Shh! Shh! She pauses and listens. Was that the post?

ALICE: At this time in the morning? It won't be here for hours yet. You really ought to go to bed.

*There is a pause.*

JUNE, crossing below the table left center to left of it; seriously: What am I going to do? They're driving me round the bend.

ALICE: You're driving yourself round the bend. She crosses to center. Why don't you go to bed?

JUNE, sitting left of the table left center; desperately: Because I can't sleep.

ALICE, moving above the table left center: Shall I get you some hot milk?

JUNE: Urghh!

ALICE: You'll catch cold, you know, sitting up like this.

JUNE: I've already got a cold.

ALICE, moving above June to left of her: Well, keep your throat covered up, then. She arranges June's collar. Put your dressing-gown on properly. It's time we got you a new dressing-gown—his collar is all frayed. I'll put some new braid on it tomorrow. There, better?

JUNE: Thanks.

ALICE, moving above the table left center and indicating the gin bottle: Shall I put this away?



JUNE, *picking up the bottle*: No, I just want to hold it for a moment. *She hugs the bottle.*

ALICE, *moving center and looking at the clock*: I ought to be going—it's half past four. *She turns to June. Worried*: Will you be all right? *She moves to right of the table left center and faces June across it.*

JUNE: Childie, they won't do it, will they? They can't, after all I've done for them

ALICE: Of course they won't, George. You must stop brooding about it. You'll make yourself ill. *She sits right of the table left center.* Why don't you go to bed and try and sleep it off? You can set the alarm to wake you for rehearsal tomorrow.

JUNE: There no rehearsal tomorrow.

ALICE: That's good, then. You can get a nice long rest. *She pauses a moment, then rises and moves right.* Now George, I've got to go.

JUNE, *looking yearningly across at Alice*: No, wait a minute.

ALICE: Oh, George, they'll be waiting for me. *She picks up the knapsack and puts it on.* I'll be at the back of the queue.

JUNE, *rising and moving center*: You can't go like that, you know.

ALICE: Like what?

JUNE, *pointing to the knapsack*: You're not going on a hike, you know. Mind you, donkeys are best for loading.

ALICE: There's only a change of clothing in it, to take to the office. And a few provisions. *She backs towards the arch right and puts on her scarf.* Please, may I go now?

JUNE: Did you speak?

ALICE: Yes, I said 'May I go now?'

JUNE, *considering the request*: Not before you have made your obeisances to me in the proper manner.

ALICE, *alarmed*: What do you mean?

*June breathes heavily and alcoholically for a few moments.*

JUNE: You must kiss the hem of my garment. *With an imperious gesture*: On your knees. Go on! Down, boy, down! *She snaps her fingers and motions Alice downstage.*

*Alice removes her knapsack and shrugs.*

ALICE: Oh, all right. *She goes on her knees down right of the pouffe.*

JUNE, *moving to left of Alice*: Now repeat after me: 'I hereby solemnly swear—'

ALICE, *mechanically*: 'I hereby solemnly swear—'

JUNE: '—that I will not allow—'

ALICE: '—that I will not allow—'

JUNE: '—anyone whooomsoever—'

ALICE: '—anyone—*(she imitates June)* whooomsoever—'

JUNE: '—including Mr. Katz, gratification of his fleshly instincts with me today or at any other time.'

ALICE, *quickly*: All right, all right, I swear. *She kisses the hem of June's dressing-gown.*

JUNE, *making sweeping gestures over Alice's head*: Mind you remember, or may the curse of Satan fall on your head.

ALICE, *rising and quickly reiterating*: That's one Giselle, one Petrushka, and no Lac—right?

JUNE: *(with enormous effort)* Rien de 'Lac de Cygnes'. C'est juste. *(She holds on to Alice's scarf. With maudlin affection:)* Mon petit chou.

ALICE: All right, all right, George, let go. Let go.

JUNE, *still with affection*: What's this? *She looks at the scarf.*

ALICE: What?

JUNE: This isn't yours, is it? *She jerks the scarf away from Alice and looks suspiciously at it.* Where did you get it?

ALICE: Oh, come on now, give it back to me.

JUNE, *moving center and looking at the label on the scarf*: Who is J.V.S. Partridge?

ALICE: A young Liberal. Satisfied? *She makes a grab for the scarf.*

JUNE, *jerks the scarf out of Alice's reach*: Far, far from satisfied. How long have you been entangled with this—youth?

ALICE: He's not a youth. He's forty-six.

JUNE: Bit long in the tooth for a young Liberal, isn't he? *Fiercely*: Who is he?

ALICE, *shifting from foot to foot*: The chap from downstairs, daftie. Madame Xenia's lodger. *She crosses behind June to left of her and makes a grab for the scarf.*

JUNE, *jerking the scarf out of Alice's reach*: Ah—I thought there was some monkey business going on there.

ALICE: There is not. I've only ever seen him twice.

JUNE: How did you get his scarf, then?

ALICE, *after a pause; sheepishly*: I pinched it off the hall-stand.



**JUNE:** D'you expect me to believe that?

**ALICE,** *shaken, but sincerely:* Look, George, I've never even spoken to him. It's nothing.

**JUNE:** That's what you said when you went off with that estate agent for a weekend in Birmingham.

**ALICE,** *moving left:* That was five years ago.

**JUNE:** It happened once—it can happen again.

**ALICE,** *looking away:* Nothing happened.

**JUNE,** *suspiciously:* Oh?

**ALICE,** *rounding on June; almost screaming:* Nothing!

**JUNE:** Well, *nothing's* going to happen now because I forbid you to speak to him.

**ALICE:** You must be raving mad. He's a neighbor, there's no harm in being friendly.

**JUNE,** *shouting:* I forbid you to speak to him, do you hear?

**ALICE:** I'll flipping well speak to him if I want to—why shouldn't I?

**JUNE,** *venomously:* You fancy him, don't you? *She shouts.* Don't you?

**ALICE:** He seems perfectly agreeable. *June's face is contorted with suspicion.* Yes, I do fancy him—he's a dish. *June steps threateningly toward Alice, who shrinks back against the sideboard.* Don't you touch me—you've no right to . . .

**JUNE:** I've got every right.

**ALICE:** I'm not married to you, you know. *There is a long pause, then June hands the scarf to Alice and moves up center. In a low voice:* I'm sorry, George, but you asked for it.

**JUNE:** You'd better get along, you'll be late. *She moves center.*

*Alice crosses to right, picks up the knapsack, but does not put it on.*

**ALICE:** Look after yourself. Don't forget the party tonight.

*Alice makes a kissing motion to June, but June has turned away and does not see it.*

## ANTIGONE

by Jean Anouilh,  
adapted by Lewis Galantière

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### ACT I

By order of her uncle, Creon, king of Thebes, the body of Poly-  
nices, Antigone's brother, must not be given a religious burial.  
Anyone attempting to bury the body will be punished by death.  
Polynices was killed in battle while attempting to overthrow  
Creon's government. According to custom, because he was a  
traitor his soul must be punished and must not be allowed to  
rest. Antigone, daughter of Oedipus, will not let her brother's  
body rot and his soul wander homeless forever. It is against reli-  
gious law; it is contrary to what she knows is right (although  
she admits later in the play that she is not really sure why she  
feels that she must take this action). She buries her brother,  
knowingly and willingly (and even eagerly) accepting the death  
penalty that the law must mete out to her. Creon's attempts to  
avoid killing her are fruitless. She will not cooperate at all and,  
as a result, she is buried alive in a cave.

The following scene between Antigone and her nurse takes  
place at the beginning of the play. It is early morning. Antigone  
enters. She has already secretly buried her brother during the  
night.

**NURSE:** Where have you been?

**ANTIGONE:** Nowhere. It was beautiful. The whole world was  
gray when I went out. And now—you wouldn't recognize it.  
It's like a postcard: all pink, and green, and yellow. You'll have  
to get up earlier, Nurse, if you want to see a world without col-  
or.

**NURSE:** It was still pitch black when I got up. I went to your  
room, for I thought you might have flung off your blanket in  
the night. You weren't there.

**ANTIGONE,** *comes down the steps:* The garden was lovely. It