

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

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

was still asleep. Have you ever thought how lovely a garden is when it is not yet thinking of men?

NURSE: You hadn't slept in your bed. I couldn't find you. I went to the back door. You'd left it open.

ANTIGONE: The fields were wet. They were waiting for something to happen. The whole world was breathless, waiting. I can't tell you what a roaring noise I seemed to make alone on the road. It bothered me that whatever was waiting wasn't waiting for me. I took off my sandals and slipped into a field. *She moves down to the stool and sits.*

NURSE, *kneels at Antigone's feet to chafe them and put on the sandals*: You'll do well to wash your feet before you go back to bed, Miss.

ANTIGONE: I'm not going back to bed.

NURSE: Don't be a fool! You get some sleep! And me, getting up to see if she hasn't flung off her blanket; and I find her bed cold and nobody in it!

ANTIGONE: Do you think that if a person got up every morning like this, it would be just as thrilling every morning to be the first girl out-of-doors?

Nurse puts Antigone's left foot down, lifts her other foot and chafes it.

NURSE: Morning my grandmother! It was night. It still is. And now, my girl, you'll stop trying to squirm out of this and tell me what you were up to. Where've you been?

ANTIGONE: That's true. It was still night. There wasn't a soul out of doors but me, who thought that it was morning. Don't you think it's marvelous—to be the first person who is aware that it is morning?

NURSE: Oh, my little fibbertigibbet! Just can't imagine what I'm talking about, can she? Go on with you! I know that game. Where have you been, wicked girl?

ANTIGONE, *soberly*: No. Not wicked.

NURSE: You went out to meet someone, didn't you? Deny it if you can.

ANTIGONE: Yes. I went out to meet someone.

NURSE: A lover?

ANTIGONE: Yes, Nurse. Yes, the poor dear. I have a lover.

NURSE, *stands up; bursting out*: Ah, that's very nice now, isn't it? Such goings-on! You, the daughter of a king, running out to

meet lovers. And we work our fingers to the bone for you, we slave to bring you up like young ladies! *She sits on chair, right of table.* You're all alike, all of you. Even you—who never used to stop to primp in front of a looking glass, or smear your mouth with rouge, or dindle and dandle to make the boys ogle you, and you ogle back. How many times I'd say to myself, "Now that one, now: I wish she was a little more of a coquette—always wearing the same dress, her hair tumbling round her face. One thing's sure," I'd say to myself, "none of the boys will look at her while Ismene's about, all curled and cute and tidy and trim. I'll have this one on my hands for the rest of my life." And now, you see? Just like your sister, after all. Only worse: a hypocrite. Who is the lad? Some little scamp, eh? Somebody you can't bring home and show to your family, and say, "Well, this is him, and I mean to marry him and no other." That's how it is, is it? Answer me!

ANTIGONE, *smiling faintly*: That's how it is. Yes, Nurse.

NURSE: Yes, says she! God save us! I took her when she wasn't that high. I promised her poor mother I'd make a lady of her. And look at her! But don't you go thinking this is the end of this, my young 'un. I'm only your nurse and you can play deaf and dumb with me; I don't count. But your Uncle Creon will hear of this! That, I promise you.

ANTIGONE, *a little weary*: Yes. Creon will hear of this.

NURSE: And we'll hear what he has to say when he finds out that you go wandering alone o' nights. Not to mention Haemon. For the girl's engaged! Going to be married! Going to be married, and she hops out of bed at four in the morning to meet somebody else in a field. Do you know what I ought to do to you? Take you over my knee the way I used to do when you were little.

ANTIGONE: Please, Nurse, I want to be alone.

NURSE: And if you so much as speak of it, she says she wants to be alone!

ANTIGONE: Nanny, you shouldn't scold, dear. This isn't a day when you should be losing your temper.

NURSE: Not scold, indeed! Along with the rest of it, I'm to like it. Didn't I promise your mother? What would she say if she was here? "Old Stupid!" That's what she'd call me. "Old Stupid. Not to know how to keep my little girl pure! Spend your life making them behave, watching over them like a mother

hen, running after them with mufflers and sweaters to keep them warm, and eggnogs to make them strong; and then at four o'clock in the morning, you who always complained you never could sleep a wink, snoring in your bed and letting them slip out into the bushes." That's what she'd say, your mother. And I'd stand there, dying of shame if I wasn't dead already. And all I could do would be not to dare look her in the face; and "That's true," I'd say. "That's all true what you say, Your Majesty."

ANTIGONE: Nanny, dear. Dear Nanny. Don't cry. You'll be able to look Mamma in the face when it's your time to see her. And she'll say, "Good morning, Nanny. Thank you for my little Antigone. You did look after her so well." She knows why I went out this morning.

NURSE: Not to meet a lover?

ANTIGONE: No. Not to meet a lover.

NURSE: Well, you've a queer way of teasing me, I must say! Not to know when she's teasing me! *Rises to stand behind Antigone.* I must be getting awfully old, that's what it is. But if you loved me, you'd tell me the truth. You'd tell me why your bed was empty when I went along to tuck you in. Wouldn't you?

ANTIGONE: Please, Nanny, don't cry anymore. *Antigone turns partly toward Nurse, puts an arm up to Nurse's shoulder. With her other hand, Antigone caresses Nurse's face.* There now, my sweet red apple. Do you remember how I used to rub your cheeks to make them shine? My dear, wrinkled red apple! I didn't do anything tonight that was worth sending tears down the little gullies of your dear face. I am pure, and I swear that I have no other lover than Haemon. If you like, I'll swear that I shall never have any other lover than Haemon. Save your tears, Nanny, save them, Nanny dear; you may still need them. When you cry like that, I become a little girl again; and I mustn't be a little girl today.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

by Lillian Hellman

ACT III

Martha Dobie and Karen Wright run a girls' boarding school. One of their pupils spreads an unfounded rumor that they are lesbians. Although it is later discovered that the gossip was the invention of a malicious youngster, it is too late to spare them tragedy. They are forced to close their school, and Karen's engagement to Joe Cardin ends because he believed the rumor.

The following scene is from the end of the play. Karen reveals the circumstances of her broken engagement. Martha, in despair over the incident, confesses her secret belief that she has, indeed, always loved Karen "that way." Martha's guilt over having possibly caused Karen's unhappiness leads her to eventually take her own life.

The scene begins with Karen onstage. Martha, who has been preparing dinner, comes in with a small tray and dust cloth.

MARTHA, *goes to lamp on downstage left table, lights it:* It gets dark so early now. *Crosses to desk, puts down tray, empties ash-tray into it:* Cooking always makes me feel better. I found some purple scylla for the table. Remember! They were the first things we planted here. And I made a small cake. Know what? I found a bottle of wine. We'll have a good dinner. *Crosses to below right end of sofa, picks newspaper up from the floor. No answer. She crosses back to above desk.* Where's Joe?

KAREN: Gone.

MARTHA, *puts newspaper on desk:* A patient? Will he be back in time for dinner?

KAREN: No.

MARTHA, *watching her:* We'll wait dinner for him, then. Karen! What's the matter?

KAREN, *in a dull tone:* He won't be back.