

ASHES OF SCARLET

A TWO-ACT PLAY

Thesis for the Degree of M. A.

MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

Harry E. Oliver, Jr.

1958

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A Two-Act Play

by

HARRY E. OLIVER, JR.

A THESIS

Submitted to the College of Communication Arts
Michigan State University of Agriculture and
Applied Science in partial fulfillment of
the requirements for the degree of

MASTER OF ARTS

Department of Speech

1958

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AN ABSTRACT

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Approved: Roger M. Purfield, Jr.
Major Professor

AN ABSTRACT

Ashes of Scarlet, an original two-act play, concerns itself with a small-town Michigan family and traces its moral and spiritual devolvment -- and eventual dissolution -- over a period of eighty years, from 1872 to the present. The play is not a tragedy according to the classical, or Aristotelian, definition but it is tragic in intent.

The play is experimental since it employs a conception of the omnipresence of time past that has rarely been used as a framework for drama, and this conception of time has made necessary the utilization of unique lighting and costuming. The two-act structure for a full-length play is not unique but is yet uncommon in the modern drama.

Limitations upon the writing of this play were implicit but were felt by the author to be:

- 1.) The play should utilize, as far as possible, the best technical resources of the modern theater and

the playwright, in his writing, should demonstrate his thorough familiarity with the stage.

2.) The play should "play." It should delight, or entertain, or move an audience.

3.) The play should have "depth"; should say something penetrating about human beings or their society.

4.) It should be, as far as it is within the playwright's ability to make it so, a work of art.

The writing of the play has demonstrated to the author that the only dramaturgical dictum that a playwright must heed is that of unity of action or plot. Unity of time -- that is, the placing of the drama within a short period of consecutive time -- which was felt by eighteenth century dramatic critics to be a structural necessity, has long been violated by playwrights. Ashes of Scarlet, however, should prove that a veritable "disunity" of time may contribute effectively to theme, plot, and action.

PREFACE

Ashes of Scarlet concerns itself with four generations of a middle-class family in Southern Michigan. The time span covered in the play is from 1872 to 1954 and this fact alone has made it necessary for me to utilize many of the technical devices of the avant-garde theater. I might have written a play which began in 1872 and traced in detail the growing-up and aging of the four generations of the Beers family, but my intent was not to write an historical pageant, nor to subject an audience to, say, ten hours in the theater while history played itself out chronologically.

The problem, then, was one of selection; to decide what events in this eighty-year span should be dramatized in order to buttress my themes. And, once having made my choices, the problem then became to decide how best to work these chunks of past time into my story.

Plotwise, a strictly chronological presentation was out of the question, for it is revelation of actions in

the past that, in the second act, accomplishes the dissolution of the family. Part of the irony in the play lies, too, in the juxtaposition of the events of time past with those of time present.

The actual devices used to work time past into present action are not original with me. The "flash-back" has been made familiar to audiences in a multitude of motion pictures. The musical introduction and the different lightings used are designed primarily to alert the audience to a change in time. The costuming, too, has been dictated by the exigencies of the plot although here I had more in mind. The clothing, "reminiscent but timeless", is also used to underline character, Nina's 1913 party dress with its fox fur piece being a case in point.

Finally, the juxtaposition of time past and time present carries a thematic point: I do not believe that any man's life occurs in a vacuum. What one does -- or does not do -- ultimately affects the lives of others. To me, this seems the ultimate basis of morality. The "Flashbacks" have been deliberately arranged to suggest my basic concern with human honesty and morality. I have not meant to preach nor spout maxims but I believe there is a strong lesson on human behavior contained in the last two scenes where the pathos of Nina's lost life

is placed next to Fanny's uncaring, business-as-usual.

Ashes of Scarlet was written for an audience. It was not designed as "closet drama" for I do not believe that there is any excuse for a play which does not reach an audience. It seems to me that any playwright worth his salt writes always with this ultimate audience in mind. He wants to make them laugh until they roll in the aisles or cry until they have used a whole box of Kleenex; or he wants to shock them or produce, in Aristotle's words, a "catharsis through pity and fear."

In this play, I have tried to say, without pontificating, a good deal about my views of life, of time, and human goals. The play also contains specific condemnation of certain aspects of American society and American thought: The all too common notion that a girl need only be pretty to lead a rewarding life; the idea that the maxims of Victorian gentility have any pertinency in modern life -- if, indeed, they ever had; the belief that business success, no matter how obtained, is a sure passport to happiness.

I have discussed, too, the question of the limits of personal honesty, but I have deliberately drawn no conclusions. I do not know the answers: whether honesty is indeed the best policy, or whether, in the words of one of the characters, "the truth is just too enormous to bear."

Perhaps I have said something about the nature of

love, -- at least implicitly. I feel that Nina's final plea is particularly significant for the hint it gives as to the exact nature of the flaw which caused the dissolution of the family.

I believe that a work of art -- and my goal has been to produce such a work -- must be honest. On this plane there can be no shilly-shallying around, either in trying to pacify Mrs. Grundy or the critic of The New York Times. The writer must say what he has to, and he must be true to the demands of his art form. Specifically, in a play, his characters must, within the framework of the conceptual basis of the drama, provide their own rationale. If they are "real" characters, as those in Ashes of Scarlet are, they must act, talk, and behave as similar characters would in "real" life, given the situation. I have tried to be honest and historically accurate in presenting the milieu and the dialogue in the differing time periods. There are, as far as my research and my own memory can determine, no anachronisms in the play.

A work of art should also possess form, and this is a more difficult matter to apprehend and evaluate. The two-act structure is, however, not an accidental choice on my part; it was dictated by my conception of the artistic form this drama must take. I hope that the almost tragic inevitability which the second act should

possess, is at least determined in part by its more or less exact similarity, under more terrifying pressures, of the first act pattern.

Finally, the work of art must display creativity of a high order. I can only say that I have done my best to create a drama in which atmosphere, characters, and meaningful ideas may ring changes upon the heart and mind of the viewer.

I would like to acknowledge the helpful guidance and criticism of the members of my Master's committee at Michigan State University: Dr. Roger M. Busfield, Jr., major professor, Dr. John Walker, and Dr. Fred Alexander, all of the Department of Speech; Dr. Russel B. Nye, Department of English; and Mr. Frank Senger, Department of Journalism.

Mrs. Arthur Thoreson, of Traverse City, Michigan, has given me invaluable help with the music. The Willow Song and the transition music are her compositions and she is responsible for the transcription of the other musical motifs which accompany this manuscript.

Others to whom I am grateful for criticism and guidance during the composition of the play include Dr. Jed H. Davis, Mary Jane Watkins, and Mr. Thomas R. Long, all of the Department of Speech, Michigan State University.

ASHES OF SCARLET

--For Katherine

CAST IN ORDER OF SPEAKING

TED ALMOND, elder son of Henry and Nell Almond.

DONALD ALMOND, younger son of Henry and Nell Almond.

NINA, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Beers.

NELL, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Beers.

MRS. BEERS (JENNY), Fanny's daughter.

FANNY, mother of Mrs. Beers; grandmother of Nell and

Nina; great-grandmother of Ted and Donald.

MR. BEERS, Jenny's husband, father of Nell and Nina.

MR. ALMOND, Nell's husband, father of Ted and Donald.

The scene is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Beers in a small
town in Southern Michigan.

The time in Act I is mostly May, 1934; in Act II, mostly
late March, 1954.



DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

FANNY: Fanny is the mother of Mrs. Beers and she was about 85 years old when she died in 1934. In her final years she was unpleasingly plump, never combed her long, yellow-gray hair, and wore steel-rimmed glasses. She is not a "sweet" old lady. Her voice is throaty and her laugh a cackle.

MRS. BEERS (JENNY): About 65 in 1934. She perpetually wears a look of benign hauteur upon her face, and is handsome and well-preserved for her age. Her keynote is respectability.

MR. BEERS: Jenny's husband. About 70 in 1934. He is thin, gestures nervously, and blows his nose loudly when upset. His hair is snow-white. He has been a small-town druggist for fifty years.

NINA: About 40 in 1934. Once a pleasant blonde and still preserving traces of her rather vacant good looks. She is vaguely "arty" and once had ambitions to be a professional singer.

NELL: About 45 in 1934. Eldest daughter of the Beers. She is dark and may have a slightly Semitic cast to her features. Not pretty, but a pleasant, comfortable woman. The family work-horse.

HENRY ALMOND: Nell's husband. A one-time Ontario farm boy turned building contractor. He is of Irish descent and still handsome at 45. Of slight build, he is given to sudden rages -- perhaps from the hypertension that has also caused his ulcers and asthma. His accent is Canadian, slightly clipped.

TED: Elder son of Nell and Henry Almond. About nine years old in Act I and nearly 30 in Act II. He is thin, introverted, and wears glasses. A "bookworm."

DONALD: A year younger than Ted. Bland face. Will be fat when he is older. Extroverted personality.

SPECIAL NOTE:

The main action of Act I takes place in May, 1934, and the main action of Act II during late March, 1954. There are, however, "flashbacks" to previous time in both acts. These are not "memory" sequences as in Arthur Miller's Death of a Salesman. They are merely re-playings of action in the past. Their inclusion is, in each case, deliberate and necessary, both thematically and structurally.

The technical problem has been to portray, with meaning and emotional impact, a plot which stretches



in time from 1872 to 1954. Obviously a literal rendering of the lives of four generations of a family over a period of some eighty years is out of the question. The flashback devices here employed are frankly "theatrical" but it is a theatricalism dictated by my plot. I have not meant to confuse either the reader or the viewer, nor are the devices employed merely for the sake of being avant-garde.

On the stage, the flashbacks will, in each case, be introduced by "transition music", (see note on MUSIC), and will be lighted in a special manner, (see note on LIGHTING). I have been careful, somewhere in the dialogue of each flashback scene, to introduce a statement which will allow the viewer to place the scene more or less exactly in time. In production, the flashback sequences should present no particular problem to the audience, since the audience will have both the transition music and the changed lighting to alert it. But the reader, with his tendency to skip lightly over stage directions, may experience some difficulties. He is therefore cautioned to pay particular attention to these directions. In the typed script, I have capitalized certain words in order to assist him: i.e., "music fades to TIME PAST" and "lights fade to TIME PAST."

SET DESCRIPTION:

Right stage is a lawn area, bordered by cypresses. This area also does duty as a cemetery.

Center stage is the living room of the Beers' home. There is a davenport down right, an upright piano and piano stool farther up right, and a fireplace flanked by bookcases, up center. A flight of stairs, up left center, leads to the second level and Fanny's room.

A waist-high divider, with a heavy oak post, separates the dining room, left, from the living room. There is a sideboard ("chiffonier") against the rear wall in the dining room, and a large oak table with matching chairs (circa 1900), left center. A door, far left, leads to the kitchen.

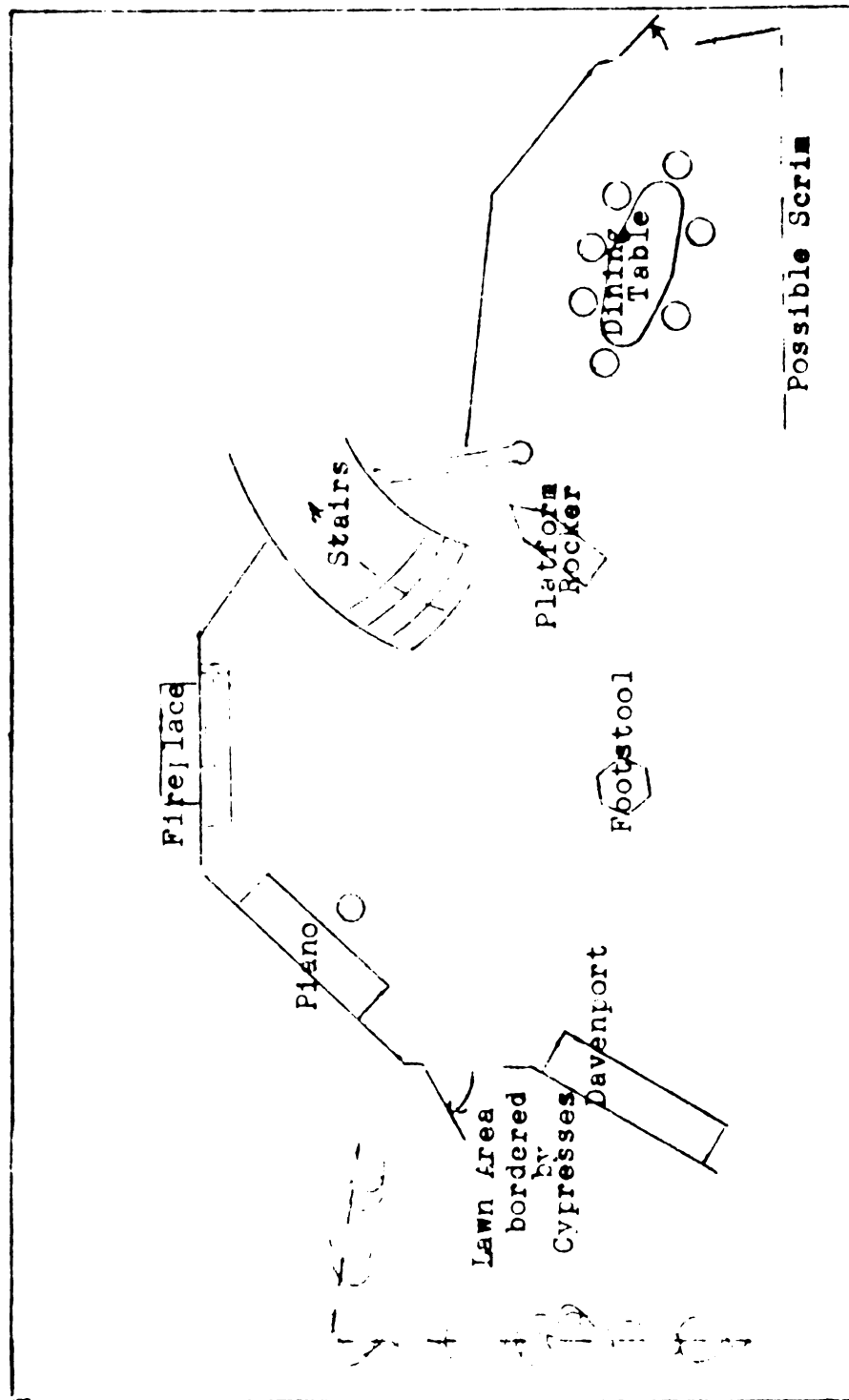
The set should be "theatrical" but it should also strongly suggest a bourgeois home built and furnished about 1900. Most of the furniture was purchased between 1900 and 1930, and there are no good pieces. The bookcases are filled with knick-knacks and a few books with faded covers. There are family photographs on the piano. An Atwater-Kent radio (circa 1925) with a horn speaker sits on the bookcase. Down center in the living room are a platform rocker and a footstool.

Fanny's room, on the second level, projects out over the dining-living areas. There is a brass bed against the side wall and a commode against the rear wall, left. Over the commode is a mirror and in front is a painted chair.

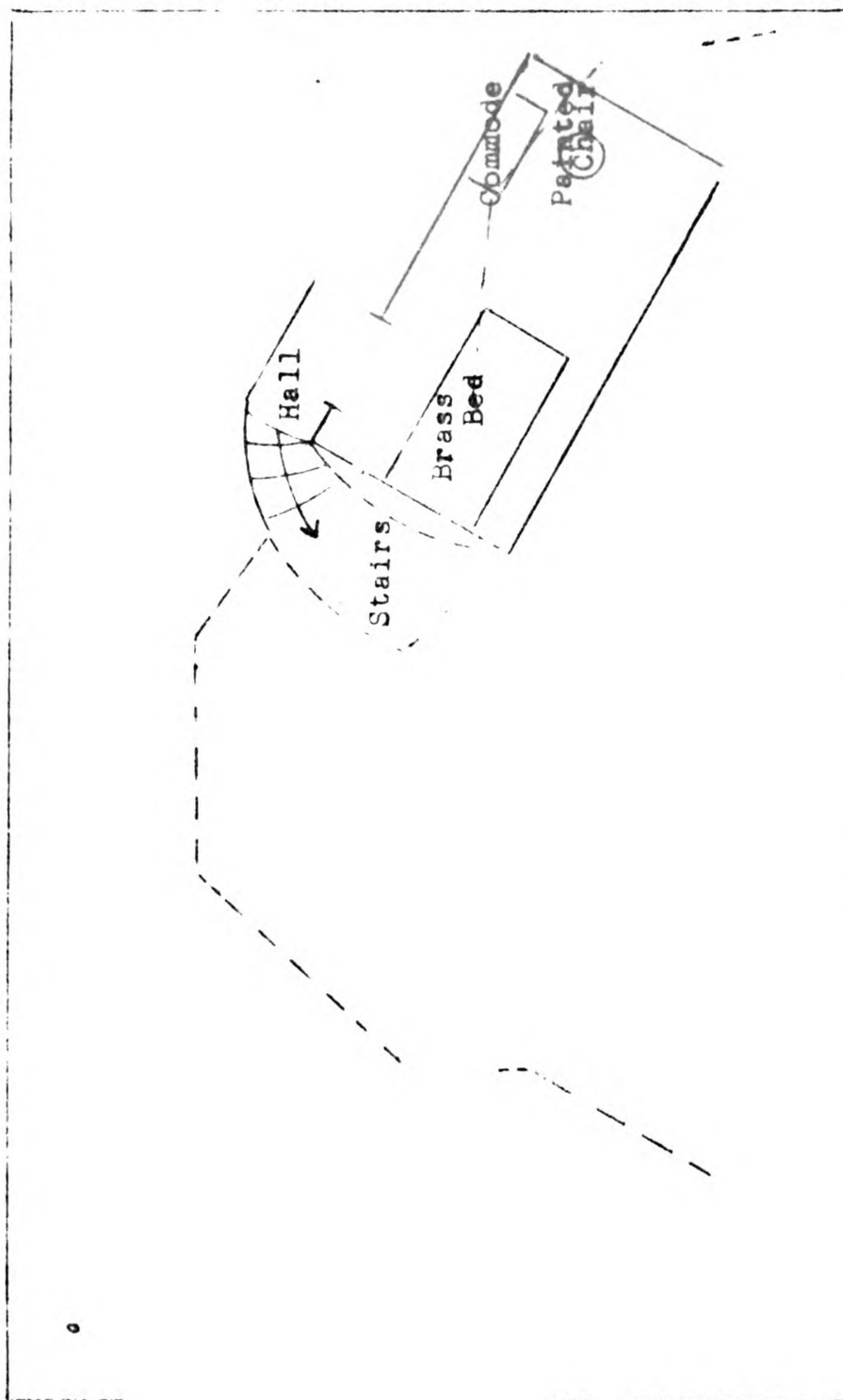
I have toyed with the idea of a scrim at the proscenium, left. It would make exits to the kitchen, of which there are many, easier; it would allow the dining room to be effectually darkened; and it could be used for projections: An American flag in the "memorial service" scene in Act I, and perhaps other projections during the wedding scene. I am afraid, however, that such a scrim might block both the actors' voices and the view. Anyway, it may be left to the discretion of the director.

The sketches of the set on the following pages are only suggestions:

The first part of the paper is devoted to the study of the properties of the function $f(x)$ defined by the equation $f(x) = \int_0^x f(t) dt$. It is shown that $f(x)$ is a constant function, and its value is determined by the initial condition $f(0) = 1$. The second part of the paper is devoted to the study of the properties of the function $f(x)$ defined by the equation $f(x) = \int_0^x f(t) dt$. It is shown that $f(x)$ is a constant function, and its value is determined by the initial condition $f(0) = 1$. The third part of the paper is devoted to the study of the properties of the function $f(x)$ defined by the equation $f(x) = \int_0^x f(t) dt$. It is shown that $f(x)$ is a constant function, and its value is determined by the initial condition $f(0) = 1$. The fourth part of the paper is devoted to the study of the properties of the function $f(x)$ defined by the equation $f(x) = \int_0^x f(t) dt$. It is shown that $f(x)$ is a constant function, and its value is determined by the initial condition $f(0) = 1$. The fifth part of the paper is devoted to the study of the properties of the function $f(x)$ defined by the equation $f(x) = \int_0^x f(t) dt$. It is shown that $f(x)$ is a constant function, and its value is determined by the initial condition $f(0) = 1$. The sixth part of the paper is devoted to the study of the properties of the function $f(x)$ defined by the equation $f(x) = \int_0^x f(t) dt$. It is shown that $f(x)$ is a constant function, and its value is determined by the initial condition $f(0) = 1$. The seventh part of the paper is devoted to the study of the properties of the function $f(x)$ defined by the equation $f(x) = \int_0^x f(t) dt$. It is shown that $f(x)$ is a constant function, and its value is determined by the initial condition $f(0) = 1$. The eighth part of the paper is devoted to the study of the properties of the function $f(x)$ defined by the equation $f(x) = \int_0^x f(t) dt$. It is shown that $f(x)$ is a constant function, and its value is determined by the initial condition $f(0) = 1$. The ninth part of the paper is devoted to the study of the properties of the function $f(x)$ defined by the equation $f(x) = \int_0^x f(t) dt$. It is shown that $f(x)$ is a constant function, and its value is determined by the initial condition $f(0) = 1$. The tenth part of the paper is devoted to the study of the properties of the function $f(x)$ defined by the equation $f(x) = \int_0^x f(t) dt$. It is shown that $f(x)$ is a constant function, and its value is determined by the initial condition $f(0) = 1$.



FLOOR PLAN -- LOWER LEVEL



FLOOR PLAN -- UPPER LEVEL

LIGHTING:

The lighting plot for Ashes of Scarlet is particularly important since lights are used to coordinate scenes occurring at great distances from each other in time. In the TIME PRESENT sequences, lights should flow smoothly from one area of the stage to the other as these different stage areas are emphasized.

The TIME PAST sequences should also "flow" but must, in addition, utilize a unique lighting so they will be readily identifiable. The effect I wish to obtain is, ideally, that of a faded sepia photograph; i.e., shades of brown upon brown. In a conference with Dr. Jed H. Davis, of the Michigan State University Speech Department, I have been assured that these scenes may be so costumed and lighted that they will give this visual effect.

An alternative might be to flood these scenes with a rose light.

This, however, is a problem which may well be left to the director in conference with his lighting and costuming crews. The important points are that the TIME PAST scenes be 1) readily identifiable and 2) evoke a time gone by.

COSTUMING:

The costuming of Ashes of Scarlet poses a special problem for the characters must move about in differing periods of time.

It is not the men's costumes which are difficult, for Henry Almond is the only male character involved in a flashback (with Nina, towards the end of Act I), and men's clothing has not changed so radically since 1923 that he may not wear the same suit.

It is the women's clothing to which I have given considerable thought. Since I consider the play essentially "realistic", I do not desire the incongruity of what is obviously a 1954 costume worn, say, in 1910. I might have written the play to allow time for costume changes before flashbacks but, in addition to being awkward, I felt that such changes violated my theme: that all time is omnipresent. I therefore ask that the women characters be costumed in clothing which is both timeless (in the sense that it cannot be exactly placed in time) and reminiscent (in the sense that the clothing should express the woman when she was most herself.)

Nina should be dressed in a frilly party gown, reminiscent of 1913 when her beaux were calling with "candy and roses", and wearing a fox fur which is a

symbol of the material elegance which she has sought after all her life.

Nell, the sensible sister, should wear a dark, blue dress with a modified middy blouse and a contrasting scarf. The wedding dress called for in Act I should be in the style of the early '20's.

Mrs. Beers (Jenny) should wear clothing which is dark, unobtrusive, and "elderly." Her hat, a deep, round cloche, covered with feathers is the symbol of her small town respectability. In Act II, in her farewell scene with Fanny, she should be dressed as a fourteen-year-old in the style of the late 1880's: Skirt far enough off the ground to reveal her high-buttoned shoes, a bustle, and a little hat with a veil forward on her head.

Fanny should wear a yellowed, flannel nightgown in Act I. In Act II she wears a frilly peignoir and then a very elaborate gown of the early nineties.

Ted and Donald in Act I present more of a casting than a costuming problem. Since they are called upon to play eight and nine-year-olds, it is obvious that the actors chosen should not be six-foot-four athletes with heavy faces. The actors must, in both cases, have extremely boyish faces and be of somewhat less than average height and build: Perhaps five-nine, 145 pounds, as a maximum in both cases. Competent actors, given

these physical characteristics, should be able to bridge the years.

As for costuming, the boys in Act I should wear knickerbockers, plaid socks, Buster Brown shoes, white sleeveless shirts, and wide ties that terminate far above their belts. Their hair should be "slicked down" flat in the manner of "nice" boys of the 1930's. Their costumes in Act II should be conventional for the present; Donald's perhaps a little on the "loud" side, Ted's slightly exotic.

It should be borne in mind during costuming that the change in lights to signify TIME PAST will dictate colors chosen.

MUSIC AND SOUND EFFECTS:

The script of Ashes of Scarlet calls for incidental music and this music is used in two ways: (1) to point up transition scenes to TIME PAST and back to TIME PRESENT and (2) to underline certain dramatic sequences. Three melodies, arranged to fit differing moods, are called for:

(1) The Transition Music. This melody is utilized whenever a fade to TIME PAST occurs. It is heard again when TIME PAST fades to TIME PRESENT.

(2) Les Filles de Cadix, by Leo Delibes. This melody might almost be called the "sex" motif. It seems to me to be peculiarly appropriate here for a number of reasons. In the first place, it is a war-horse of the female music students' repertoire. It is exactly the sort of song Nina might have learned "down in Ann Arbor" in a course in vocal music, and the song is most often associated with her. Second, the words, by the French poet, Alfred de Musset, about the girls of Cadiz are most appropriate to Nina's character:

Nous venions de voir le taureau,
Trois garçons, fillettes;
Sur la pelouse il faisait beau,
Et nous dansions un bolero
Au son des castagnettes.

Dites moi, voisin,
Si j'ai bonne mine,
Et si ma basquine,
Va bien ce matin.
Vous me trouvez la taille fine?
Vous me trouvez la taille fine?

Ah!...Ah!...Ah!...Ah!
Les filles de Cadix aiment assez cela!

The melody is also used, by extension, as Fanny's theme. In these cases it is played on a tinny piano with uniform intensity and a rag-time, mechanical beat.

(3) The Willow Song. A simple, children's melody; the theme of loneliness. It is used first as a children's exercise; later, arranged as a march, as The March of

Peace. In Act II, it is the one-finger melody Ted plays on the piano and it is finally used to underscore both Jenny's and Nina's "lostness" in the closing scenes of Act II.

All three themes should be orchestrated and combined for pre-curtain music before acts.

Sound effects include the Radio, (The Little Orphan Annie Song is one actually used as a theme for a radio program in the early 1930's); and the train whistles. All music and sound effects can be taped and played through speakers behind the set.

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The Willow Song

Music by
Rachel Thoreson

Andante cantabile

p- Legato

The first system of musical notation for 'The Willow Song'. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The tempo/mood is 'Andante cantabile'. The first measure of the bass line is marked 'p- Legato'. The system contains two measures of music.

The second system of musical notation. It continues the piece with two measures of music in the grand staff.

The third system of musical notation. It continues the piece with two measures of music in the grand staff.

The fourth system of musical notation. It contains two measures of music. The first measure is marked 'dim.' and the second measure is marked 'rit.' and 'pp'. The word 'Espressivo' is written above the second measure.

The fifth system of musical notation. It contains two measures of music in the grand staff.

The sixth system of musical notation. It contains two measures of music in the grand staff.



The Willow Song

As a children's piece (page 51):



As Nina sings (page 54):



As "The March of Peace" (page 68):



Transition Music

Andante

f-marcato

This system contains two staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower in bass clef. The music is marked 'Andante' and 'f-marcato'. It features a series of eighth notes in the upper staff and a more complex, rhythmic pattern in the lower staff.

This system continues the musical piece with two staves. The notation is consistent with the first system, maintaining the 'Andante' tempo and 'f-marcato' dynamic.

*For fade to TIME PRESENT, play first eight bars as written; for fade to TIME PAST, play measures in following order: 4-3-2-1-8-7-6-5.

Cantabile
FIN

This system concludes the first section of the music. It is marked 'Cantabile' and 'FIN'. The notation shows a transition to a more melodic style in the upper staff, while the lower staff provides harmonic support.

crescendo *legatissimo*

This system begins a new section marked 'crescendo' and 'legatissimo'. The notation features a series of notes that increase in volume and are played with a smooth, connected quality.

espressivo

This system is marked 'espressivo'. It contains two staves of music with a more expressive and varied melodic line in the upper staff.

a tempo *rit.---*

This system concludes the piece, marked 'a tempo' and 'rit.---'. The notation shows a return to the original tempo followed by a gradual deceleration.

First system of musical notation. The treble clef staff contains a melodic line with a triplet of eighth notes in the first measure, followed by a half note and a whole note. The bass clef staff contains a bass line with a half note, a quarter note, and a half note. The tempo marking "a tempo" is written below the first measure, and "rit. ---" is written below the second measure.

Second system of musical notation. The treble clef staff contains a complex melodic line with many beamed notes and accidentals. The bass clef staff contains a bass line with a half note, a quarter note, and a half note. The tempo marking "a tempo" is written below the first measure, and "rit. ---" is written below the second measure.

Third system of musical notation. The treble clef staff contains a complex melodic line with many beamed notes and accidentals. The bass clef staff contains a bass line with a half note, a quarter note, and a half note. The tempo marking "a tempo" is written below the first measure, and "rit. ---" is written below the second measure.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble clef staff contains a melodic line with a triplet of eighth notes in the first measure, followed by a half note and a whole note. The bass clef staff contains a bass line with a half note, a quarter note, and a half note. The tempo marking "mf a tempo" is written below the first measure.

Fifth system of musical notation. The treble clef staff contains a melodic line with a triplet of eighth notes in the first measure, followed by a half note and a whole note. The bass clef staff contains a bass line with a half note, a quarter note, and a half note. The tempo marking "mf a tempo" is written below the first measure.

Sixth system of musical notation. The treble clef staff contains a melodic line with a triplet of eighth notes in the first measure, followed by a half note and a whole note. The bass clef staff contains a bass line with a half note, a quarter note, and a half note. The tempo marking "mf a tempo" is written below the first measure.

ASHES OF SCARLET

ACT I

(Pre-curtain music continues softly under as the curtain rises. Lights of TIME PRESENT are up on the lawn area, right, where the elder members of the family are gathered, heads bent, as if they were at an open grave. MR. and MRS. BEERS stand at the head of the grave, facing the audience. At their right is NINA. NELL and HENRY ALMOND are standing at the other side of

1. The first step in the process of creating a new product is to identify a market need. This involves conducting market research to determine what consumers are looking for and what problems they are trying to solve. Once a need is identified, the next step is to develop a concept for a product that addresses that need. This often involves brainstorming and sketching out ideas. The third step is to create a prototype, which is a small-scale model of the product that can be used to test the concept and gather feedback. The fourth step is to conduct a feasibility study, which involves evaluating the technical, financial, and market viability of the product. Finally, the fifth step is to develop a business plan, which outlines the strategy for launching and marketing the product, as well as the financial projections for the business.

the grave. In the living room, DONALD is sitting cross-legged by the fireplace, playing with a toy automobile and making motor sounds with his mouth. TED is downstage on a footstool with a book of fairy tales in his hand. On the second level, FANNY is stretched out rigidly. Lights of TIME PRESENT up gradually on the living area. TED rises and walks downstage.)

TED

We got a holiday from school that day. It seemed like an enormous reward for a very little thing. --I suppose her tears were genuine enough. Grandmother could always cry at the drop of a hat.

(MRS. BEERS, at the graveside, begins daubing at her eyes with a handkerchief.)

Aunt Nina came all the way from South Dakota. Max drove her into Sioux Falls ... or wherever she catches the train to Chicago. And then on to Michigan. The only reason we got to come was that we couldn't very well have been left all alone in Detroit. Anyway, they are burying Fanny, ... my great-grandmother.

(Music out.)

DONALD

Do you suppose they'll give me the pistol now

she's dead?

TED

(Sitting on the footstool, center.)

I hid the dream book under my pillow.

DONALD

Great-grandma said I could have the pistol.

TED

Well, she's dead. Momma said she had to comb her hair and she'd been sleeping on it so long it was all full of rats.

DONALD

(Awed.)

Real rats?

TED

I don't think so. I think she meant another kind of rats.

DONALD

(Playing with his car a moment; looking up conspiratorially.)

I know a dirty word.

TED

What?

DONALD

You've got to promise. --Not to tell Momma and Daddy.

TED

All right. Cross my heart.

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DONALD

It's "fort."

TED

Oh, you're nuts! A fort's a place where you fight the Indians.

DONALD

I know it's dirty. I yelled it at a man when I was out roller skating.

TED

Yeah? --What'd he do?

DONALD

He said I should have my mother wash my mouth out with soap. --I told you it was dirty. --I'm going to mow the lawn tomorrow.

TED

Go ahead.

DONALD

And I'll get a quarter and I won't give you any of it!

TED

I don't care. I got her dream book and you didn't get the pistol.

DONALD

Who wants an old dream book? Do you suppose she's going to hell?

TED

That's a dirty word.

DONALD

And fry?

TED

Daddy says there isn't any such place.

(Transition music to TIME PAST under. NINA steps downfront from the graveside, a spotlight on her face.)

NINA

Without the brandy in my purse, in the crystal bottle labelled Spirits of Witch Hazel, I don't know how I should get through the days; the days when the hot wind blowing over the Black Hills blasts the peonies and the dust spirals up and up, brown steam from the deadland.

(Spotlight out.)

TED

The dream book says that if you put four dots in a square, the pattern foretells the future. "If a princess sleeps on a pea, she will dream of the man she is to marry."

NELL

(Moving slowly towards living room, front, a spotlight on her face. Lights gradually dim on lawn and living room areas.)

Nina was always the little princess. Her hair hung down almost to the middle of her back. But, when mother was

in the hospital, I had to stop school, right in my senior year, to take care of Dad and Grandmother. Nina wouldn't do a thing. Just dress up in her pretty party dresses and play she was the princess in front of the long pier glass in the hall.

MRS. BEERS

(Sing-song.)

The girls are always fighting. I'm sure I don't know why. The minister says its growing-up but sometimes I think I'll lose my mind.

(NELL crosses living room at front. Lights of TIME PAST up on stairway and FANNY's room.)

NELL

And, of course, Grandmother wasn't any help at all. She slept all day. I remember the day she first came back from Chicago. She had a feather boa which she wrapped around and around her neck and Nina and I thought it was a real snake. --I think the only thing Grandma ever liked was corn fritters. Nina posing in front of the pier glass and I was in the kitchen making corn fritters.

(Transition music and spotlight out.)

FANNY

(Sitting bolt upright in bed, tapping her cane peremptorily on the floor.)

Nellie!

NELL

(Running to the base of the stairway and
yelling upstairs.)

What do you want, Grandmother?

FANNY

(Face turned to the door.)

Ain't your mother home yet, Nellie?

NELL

You know she's in the hospital, Grandma.

FANNY

Well, I don't see how she expects things to get done
around here if she stays in the hospital a whole month.

NELL

It was a very serious operation. You know that, Grandma.

FANNY

(To herself, but loudly.)

That's what she says. You couldn't never believe a word
that Jenny said. --And my own daughter.

NELL

Is that all you wanted, Grandma?

FANNY

I thought maybe we could have some corn fritters for
supper. They ain't hard to make, Nellie, and I get
sort of a hankering after them.

NELL

We just had them last night, Grandma.

FANNY

Well, if you don't care about your old Grandma.

NELL

All right, Grandmother, I'll make some for you.

FANNY

(To herself.)

That's very kind of you.

(Voice raised.)

--I hope Nina ain't out playing. It's a breeder.

NELL

What, Grandma?

FANNY

It's a breeder. Gonna blow up a cyclone, maybe. You can see them black clouds hangin' over the courthouse.

(Transition music under. Lights of TIME PAST begin fade. Lights of TIME PRESENT up slowly in living room.)

NELL

Yes, Grandma. --Why don't you read your dreambook? Or maybe that nice book with all the pictures about the Johnstown Flood?

FANNY

Remember them fritters.

(FANNY sighs and closes her eyes. Transition music and lights of TIME PAST out. Lights of TIME PRESENT up full in living room.)

TED

(To NELL.)

Donald thinks they were real rats in her hair.

NELL

(Laughing.)

No, they weren't real rats, Donald. You know better than that. They were snarls. In the last two years she never combed her hair.

DONALD

Why didn't Grandma comb it for her?

NELL

She didn't like having her hair combed. You know what a tartar she was.

TED

Is Aunt Nina going to stay for supper?

NELL

Why of course! --And you two behave yourselves!

(To TED.)

And don't drink five glasses of water with your meal. You don't have to wash every mouthful down.

TED

Do we have to chew every mouthful thirty times?

NELL

Now, we aren't here very often, and you know it makes your Grandfather happy.

100

DONALD

(Sing-song.)

Every day in every way I am growing better and better.

TED

But supposing he got it in his head that we had to chew every mouthful a hundred times? --Why we'd be at the table just ever and ever!

NELL

I said behave yourself. It's not a hundred. It's only thirty. --Where on earth is your father?

TED

He went down to pick up Grandpa at the drug store. --And to buy some Shredded Wheat. Grandpa said there wasn't going to be enough for breakfast. --Are we going to have corn fritters for supper?

NELL

What ever put that notion in your head? That's only on special days. --When there's corn left over.

DONALD

Tell us about how when you were in high school you had to cook for Great-grandma and she made you cook corn fritters for every meal.

NELL

No, there isn't time now. --When we get home and it's a rainy day and we've run out of stories.

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840. 84

1. *Chlorophyll a* (Chl *a*)

Figure 1. The effect of the number of trials on the number of correct responses. The number of correct responses was significantly higher than the number of incorrect responses in all cases.

1. *Chlorophyll a* (Chl *a*) and *Chlorophyll b* (Chl *b*) were determined using the method of Arar and Collins (1987). The concentration of Chl *a* and Chl *b* was expressed as $\mu\text{g mL}^{-1}$ of the sample.

• *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 278: 1025-1026

... ..

(NELL exits through the dining room.)

TED

Where did you put the Orphan Annie code pin?

DONALD

Grandma put it up on the mantle. Behind the clock.

She said you were wasting too much paper.

TED

(Standing on tiptoe to reach behind the clock.)

It's almost time.

(The Atwater-Kent radio on the bookcase suddenly breaks forth in song.)

RADIO

"Who's that little chatterbox, the one with pretty auburn locks, who can it be, but Little Orphan Annie?"

(The boys gather in raptures. TED finds a piece of blue notepaper in a drawer and a pencil stub.)

The secret message for today, boys and girls, is --
get your pencils ready! -- DSMFU DSBRD SMMOR. Once
more, for you slowpokes: DSMFU DSBRD SMMOR. --Now as
the scene opens Annie is ...

(RADIO fades.)

DONALD

What does it say?

TED

Hold your horses. It takes a while. It says: "Sandy saves Annie."

DONALD

In the secret passage?

TED

That's where she is.

(Pause. TED is doing elaborate computations with the code pin.)

DONALD

What are you writing now?

TED

None of your business.

DONALD

I want to see it.

TED

Oh, go way!

DONALD

(Snatching the notepaper out of his hand.)

Nyah!..Nyah!..Nyah!...I got your old paper!

TED

(Running after him.)

Give it back. It's secret.

DONALD

(Running up the stairs and holding off TED

with some well placed kicks. Reading the
note with difficulty.)

JPMRDYU OD YJR...

TED

You think you're so smart! What does it say?

DONALD

(Obviously shamming.)

It says... It says you're a fort!

NELL

(Entering quickly from dining room.)

Can't I leave you two hyenas alone for even a minute?

Now what's going on in here?

TED

(Pouting.)

He stole my secret message.

NELL

All right, Donald, give him back his secret message.

This is no way to behave on the day of a funeral.

--You know how upset your Grandmother is and what a
terrible headache she's had all day.

DONALD

What did she look like when she was dead?

NELL

Well, she looked... Well, just like she always looked.

TED

Did they bury her with her glasses on?

NELL

Well, now I don't know. Besides, what difference does it make?

DONALD

And did they put her pistol in beside her?

NELL

Pistol? What pistol?

DONALD

The one the man gave her and it had real blood on the handle.

NELL

Oh, Donald! Are you making up stories again?

DONALD

Ask Ted!

NELL

I don't have to ask Ted. Your great-grandmother was just a plain old woman. What would she do with a pistol?

DONALD

Kill people?

NELL

Now you just put those ideas out of your head. And play quietly.

NINA

(In a high, wavering soprano from kitchen, offstage.)

"Ah!...Ah!...Ah!...Ah! Les filles de Cadix aiment assez cela..."

MRS. BEERS

(Also offstage kitchen.)

Nellie, when you come in, do you want to bring me the compote off the chiffonier?

NELL

(Raising her voice.)

Yes, mother, just a minute.

(Lower, to the boys.)

You'd think Nina could walk into the dining room but I suppose she's too busy telling mother about her contacts in Chicago. --Now you two behave yourselves. If there's anymore fighting, you'll both go to bed without your supper.

(She exits through dining room.)

DONALD

There was too a pistol!

TED

Did I show you the secret hiding place I found?

DONALD

Where?

TED

(Kneeling in front of fireplace and lifting up a tile.)

See!

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... .. ! ! !

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1. The first group of respondents (10%) was made up of 100% females, 100% of whom were married. The mean age was 36.5 years, with a range of 25 to 45 years. The majority of respondents (80%) were employed, with 20% being unemployed. The majority of respondents (80%) were employed, with 20% being unemployed. The majority of respondents (80%) were employed, with 20% being unemployed.

[illegible]

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1991; 266: 1033-1036.

3

DONALD

It's just a loose tile.

TED

But you can hide messages under it. --And that's where I'm going to put this one.

DONALD

(Taunting.)

I'll take it out and burn it.

TED

(Threatening.)

You do!...

(Dreamily.)

And hundreds and hundreds of years from now when they tear down this house they'll find my message. --And they'll have to have a Little Orphan Annie pin to decode it.

DONALD

Maybe they'll find the pistol, too.

TED

(Confidentially.)

I bet Grandma knows where it is. I bet she hid it when Great-grandma died.

NINA

(Entering from kitchen, through dining room, singing.)

"...Di-tes moi, voisin, si j'ai bon-ne mine. Et si ma bas..." --Well, what are my favoritest little nephews doing this bright afternoon?

DONALD

We're hiding secret messages.

NINA

(Coyly.)

Like the Easter bunny hides his eggs, hippety-hoppety?

TED

(Stolidly.)

Not like the Easter bunny.

NINA

(Chuckling him under the chin.)

You're such a sour little man. --And not one bit pretty. Now, Donald there favors the Beers'. I'll bet he sets all the girls' hearts fluttering when he grows up.

(NINA seats herself on davenport, down right.)

DONALD

(Seating himself on the floor nearby.)

What are contacts, Aunt Nina?

NINA

Why, they're people you know, dear. People who are fond of you and can help you out. --Have you seen my purse, Ted?

TED

Momma put it up on the stairs. She said you were always

leaving your things draped all over the house.

NINA

Your momma said that? Well, I suppose Nellie's right.
--I think your mother's just an awful old fussbudget,
don't you? Ted, be a sweet boy and run and bring your
poor, old Aunt Nina her purse. There's some medicine
in it she's got to take.

(TED goes to the bend in the stairway.)

DONALD

Is it paregoric?

NINA

No, dear. It's just a little stimulant. Your poor
auntie has to take it every now and then. --For her
heart.

(TED returns with the purse.)

That's a dear, sweet boy. --I should think you boys
would have on your best clothes today.

TED

We have got our best clothes on.

DONALD

Momma says we're very poor but that there are lots of
orphans in Armenia who are poorer than we are and she's
going to send them our oatmeal if we don't eat every
bit of it in the morning.

TED

It's the gravel and the banks closing.

1998

NINA

Gravel?

(She opens the bottle, takes a quick, lady-like sip, replaces it in her purse.)

TED

(Reciting.)

Daddy was supposed to be paid fifty-nine cents a yard but he only got paid four cents on account of the depression.

NINA

Of course, dear. Everybody's poor. --You see this awful old fox piece? Max has promised for three years now to get me a new one. I think a little fur makes all the difference.

TED

You have to kill the foxes. Dead.

NINA

Well, of course, dear. You wouldn't want them around your neck snapping.

TED

I wouldn't want them around my neck at all.

(Chin shaking a little.)

And they kill the momma fox, and Reddy Fox and Silvertail are all alone in the nest, and it's winter without any food.

NINA

All right, dear. Don't be so sensitive. --Really, I have two little girls just your ages at home and they don't cry about foxes.

TED

They're probably just like you. They don't care!

NINA

All right, dear, all right. Aunt Nina won't get a new fur piece. --But is it all right if she keeps the one she's got? You wouldn't want your pretty Aunt Nina to look just like any old washerwoman? You want her to be pretty, don't you?

(MR. BEERS and MR. ALMOND enter living room, up right.)

MR. BEERS

...And if they think that old Roosevelt...

(TED and DONALD run to the doorway to greet him.)

Well, how are my little men this evening? I brought you each a present.

(MR. BEERS reaches in his pocket.)

But first you have to answer a riddle: If a hen and a half lays an egg and a half in a day and a half, how many eggs would six hens lay in seven days?

TED

I'm not doing division yet and Donald's just

100

1. The first part of the paper is devoted to the study of the properties of the function $f(x)$ defined by the equation

$$f(x) = \int_0^x \frac{1}{1+t^2} dt$$

It is shown that the function $f(x)$ is increasing and concave down on the interval $(-\infty, \infty)$. Moreover, the function $f(x)$ is bounded on the interval $(-\infty, \infty)$ and its range is the interval $(-\frac{\pi}{2}, \frac{\pi}{2})$. The function $f(x)$ is also shown to be continuous and differentiable on the interval $(-\infty, \infty)$. The derivative of the function $f(x)$ is given by the equation

$$f'(x) = \frac{1}{1+x^2}$$

$$\dots \dots \dots$$

It is also shown that the function $f(x)$ is a solution of the differential equation

$$f''(x) = -2xf'(x)$$

and that the function $f(x)$ is a solution of the initial value problem

$$f(0) = 0, f'(0) = 1$$

$$\dots \dots \dots$$

It is also shown that the function $f(x)$ is a solution of the differential equation

$$f''(x) = -2xf'(x)$$

starting subtraction.

MR. BEERS

Is that so, Ted? --Well, you'll be a man before your mother is, yet!

TED

My mother won't ever be a man.

MR. BEERS

(Winking at MR. ALMOND.)

A pretty smart boy you've got there, Henry. I'll bet he runs his old man out of the contracting business.

(MR. BEERS reaches in his pocket and gives each of the boys a shiny penny.)

Now what do you say?

TED

Thank you very much, Grandpa.

DONALD

I thought maybe it was going to be a quarter.

MR. ALMOND

The little American capitalist.

MR. BEERS

You can have a quarter tomorrow after you mow the lawn.

NINA

I do hope, Henry, you're not bringing the children up with all those strange Canadian ideas of yours.

MR. ALMOND

I don't think it's strange not to think of money all

the time. Donald, thank your grandfather properly.

DONALD

Thank you for the penny, Grandpa.

NINA

I should guess from the looks of those corduroy knickers, you might just think of money a little more often.

MR. ALMOND

Still at it, eh, Nina?

(Starting towards the stairs.)

Where's Nell? Upstairs?

NINA

Oh, she's in the kitchen with mother ... doing something completely improbable with hamburg. --When I dropped through Chicago, Johnny Macklin took me to the North Shore Club and we had the most delightful dinner. Lobster.

MR. BEERS

(Seats himself.)

Little Johnny Macklin? Why I remember when he wasn't any bigger than knee-high to a grasshopper.

NINA

He's doing just extremely well. I think he's personnel manager for a whole section.

MR. BEERS

I thought he was in Nell's high school class.

NINA

Well, of course he was. But I heard he was living in Chicago so of course I had to look him up on the way through. They're building an enormous home up by Evanston. --You haven't told me how much you liked my dress, Henry. I bought it especially for the funeral.

MR. ALMOND

(Seating himself.)

Uh...nice. I never notice women's clothes.

NINA

But you always had quite an eye for the ladies, if I remember.

MR. ALMOND

The pretty ladies, Nina. Only the pretty ones.

NINA

Do you remember, Dad, how shocked we all were when Nell brought Henry home that first time? --Well, she'd written she'd met this nice Canadian boy who was working for the Highway Department up in Lansing and that he was awfully serious about her. Well, we just thought Nell was going to teach school all her life. And then you came down. I'll never forget that funny little tweed cap. --And you were handsome.

MR. ALMOND

The Irish are always handsome. Just not very intelligent.

NINA

And, when you were introduced to Mother, you made a little bow and said: "I've heard so much about you, Mrs. Beers, and my expectations have not been cheated even a little." --And Mother said, "I understand you were a Canadian farmer." --And you said, "Yes, madame, if you will look closely you may still see the dirt under my fingernails." --My, she hated you!

MR. ALMOND

A feeling which has not softened with the years.

MR. BEERS

Now, Henry, don't judge Jenny too harshly. It's just that she'd always been so dependent on Nell. She worried about her. --And you have got a tart tongue.

TED

(Hanging over MR. ALMOND's chair.)

Did you know, Daddy, that Sandy is going to save Little Orphan Annie?

MR. ALMOND

Well, I never doubted it for a minute. --What did you boys do while we were at the funeral?

DONALD

We looked for bears in the basement.

NINA

Oh, those awful, steep stairs! I'd be afraid to go down there.

MR. ALMOND

And did you find any?

DONALD

(Rising, eyes wide.)

We saw the tail of one going out the window.

MR. ALMOND

A big, brown, fuzzy tail?

DONALD

Uh-huh.

MR. ALMOND

With little, pink, polka dots on it?

DONALD

It was kind of dark, but I think so.

MR. ALMOND

That was Oswald. --Your great-grandmother's pet bear.

NINA

Henry! You shouldn't tell the children stories like that. They'll have nightmares.

MR. ALMOND

They have nightmares anyway. --And, if I were having a nightmare, I know I'd much rather dream about Oswald than about ... well, about Great-grandmother.

NINA

You're horrid!

(To TED and DONALD, confidentially.)

Isn't he horrid, boys?

DONALD

I love him. --Did you get the Shredded Wheat, Grandpa?

MR. BEERS

Yes-siree-bob. Had Shredded Wheat for breakfast every morning since 1898. Visited the Shredded Wheat factory on a business trip to Buffalo. I was converted, you might say.

TED

Don't you ever get tired of Shredded Wheat, Grandpa?

MR. ALMOND

(Laughing.)

You know, I was thinking today when they were lowering Fanny into the ground about my first conversation with her.

NINA

A very stimulating conversation I'm sure.

MR. ALMOND

She was sitting right in the rocker there.

MR. BEERS

She sat there for nearly thirty years. --Every day, all day.

MR. ALMOND

(He tells the following with animation, vigor, and charm.)

And Nell introduced us. She said, "Grandmother, I'd

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like you to meet Henry." Well, Fanny cackled like she always did and said, "I hear you're a farm boy ... always liked farm boys myself." --Well, then I looked down and noticed she had about nine inches of her leg showing there. Well, you know, back in 1922 you just didn't expect that sort of thing. So I said, "A mighty nice leg you've got there, Grandma!" --I thought she was going to die laughing. She slapped her knee, and cackled, and she said, "You know, Henry, there's many a man who's told me that!"

NINA

(Disapprovingly.)

You never knew what Grandmother was going to say. I know I always used to hate to bring a new boy home. --What did Nell say?

MR. ALMOND

She just said, "Oh, Grandmother," ... like she'd say. But I thought of that today.

MR. BEERS

(Taking his handkerchief from his back pocket; blowing his nose.)

Fanny was always a great trial. Nearly thirty years. I had my own mother for about ten, too. How those old girls did squabble!

MR. ALMOND

(Still story-telling.)

I remember one day I dropped through the store and you were nearly at your wit's end. I don't think I ever heard you say a swear word before that. "Henry," you said, "if those old girls don't quit fighting, I'm going to rise up and, using both feet, kick 'em both in the ass at the same time."

NINA

Dad! You didn't!

MR. ALMOND

Don't let the D.A.R. hear about that, Nina.

MR. BEERS

My mother was a proud woman. She just wouldn't have a thing to do with Fanny. Called her "a lazy slut" once.

NINA

(Righteously.)

I don't think you should use such words in front of the children.

MR. ALMOND

They might as well learn them at home. At least they'll pronounce them correctly.

MRS. BEERS

(Entering the dining room.)

Where did you put the crumb-scraper, Nina?

NINA

It's on the chiffonier. Right behind the orange bowl.

MRS. BEERS

All right, dear, I've found it. --Why don't you come help me set the table?

NINA

(Shrugs, rises.)

Duty calls.

(NINA exits to dimly lighted dining room and busies herself about the table with MRS. BEERS.)

MR. ALMOND

Well, what do you say, Dad, --- shall we go out in the yard and try some practice shots? There's still a little light. Donald, get the golf clubs, will you?

(DONALD goes up stage, by stairs, and picks up bag of golf clubs. MR. ALMOND, MR. BEERS, and DONALD start for exit, up right.)

Come on, Ted. Forget about your books and get a little fresh air.

(TED rises but tucks the book of fairy tales under his arm. The men exit up left. Simultaneously, NINA exits to kitchen. Transition music to TIME PAST under as MRS. BEERS enters living room. She walks to davenport and straightens the pillows as lights fade

to TIME PAST. Music out as she goes to stairway and calls.)

MRS. BEERS

Mother? --Are you asleep?

(There is no answer. She passes her hand over her forehead, straightens her back, then crosses to rocker and sits. Calling to the dining room.)

Nell? --Come in here a minute, dear.

(NELL enters from the dining room. She plays the following scene in the manner of a young girl.)

Play something for me on the piano, dear. --But not too loud because your grandmother's asleep. Play the song about the willows. I think that's just awfully pretty. It makes me think of when I was a little girl like you.

(NELL sits down at the piano and plays "The Willow Song" arranged as a children's piece. She is not an accomplished pianist.)

That's just awfully pretty, dear! But don't play the bass so loud. You don't want to wake your grandmother.

(NELL continues playing, softly, under the following.)

--I remember the trees ... the willows hung down all around the lake. Why, land sakes, Nell, I don't imagine

I was much older than three years old! There wasn't anyone to play with. Just a summer day and the willows like long, green hair.

NELL

(Seizing the excuse to talk, turning on the piano stool.)

Where was that, Mamma?

MRS. BEERS

Well, I don't rightly know, Nell. --I just remember the willows and being so lonely. I suppose it was because there weren't any other children to play with.

NELL

But what about Uncle Ted? You could have played with him.

MRS. BEERS

Why, your Uncle Ted's nearly ten years younger than I am. He wasn't born until '83.

NELL

How long is Grandma going to stay with us?

MRS. BEERS

I don't know ... I don't know. I guess only the good Lord knows that.

NELL

--And He isn't telling.

MRS. BEERS

Why, that's blasphemy, Nell! I don't want to hear you

talking like that ever again!

NELL

I'm sorry. I didn't mean anything. --Mamma, do you remember when I was only about six and Grandma came to visit us and how much younger she looked?

MRS. BEERS

Why, of course I remember! That's only six years ago. That's the summer both you and Nina broke your arms falling out of the apple tree.

NELL

And you had a sunstroke right after Grandma came.

MRS. BEERS

Well, it was really more overwork.

NELL

I remember her hair was bright red.

MRS. BEERS

Why, Nellie Beers, it was no such thing! It was gray, just like it is now.

NELL

But I was sure, Mamma, ...and her cheeks were all rosy and she smelled just like a whole lilac bush.

MRS. BEERS

You certainly have an imagination! --Now you try that piece over again. --And watch your fingering.

(NELL recommences. NINA comes slowly down the stairs.)

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NINA

(Singing with the tune.)

"...And the willows whisper come play with me, come
stay with me and be my love!" --Mamma, look!

(NINA pirouettes.)

I'm all clean and I'm wearing my new dress.

MRS. BEERS

You go right back upstairs, young lady, and take that
off!

NINA

(Coming down into the room, laughing, and
holding out her skirt.)

No! I like my pretty dress. I'm the prettiest girl
in the whole State of Michigan.

NELL

(Stopping her playing, screaming.)

Mamma! She's got on my new silk stockings! The ones
Daddy bought me for my birthday!

NINA

Nellie's mad and I'm glad...

MRS. BEERS

Now you stop that infernal rhyme! --She's not hurting
your stockings, Nell, and I'm sure she'll be very careful
with them. --You just go right on with your practicing.

(NELL reluctantly begins again. MRS. BEERS
speaks to NINA.)

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1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 277: 1033-1036.

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Come here, dear. If you're going to be the prettiest girl in the whole State of Michigan, you shouldn't let your hair fall down over your eyes like an old sheep dog.

(Pushing NINA's hair out of her eyes.)

--There!

NELL

Mamma, I want her to take off my stockings. They're the only nice stockings I've got.

MRS. BEERS

She's not hurting the stockings. She's just going to sit there quietly and read her lesson for tomorrow.

NELL

I don't thin it's fair!

NINA

(Pulling up the footstool, seating herself.)

Mamma, what happens down at the train station?

(NELL is making deliberate and very loud mistakes at the piano.)

MRS. BEERS

Why, that's a stupid question. The trains come in and people get on and get off.

NINA

That isn't what I mean. What really happens? --Grandma says it's very exciting.

MRS. BEERS

Oh? --Well, you know, dear, Grandma has some strange notions. Maybe it was because her husband was a railroad man.

NINA

Did he work on the railroad?

MRS. BEERS

He was a telegrapher.

NINA

Is he drunk now?

MRS. BEERS

I'm sure I don't know. But anyway you know we don't talk about him. --Nellie! You stop that infernal racket and play that piece correctly.

NELL

(Turning, stopping playing.)

I liked Grandfather. He bought me a whole bag of jelly beans and we walked all the way down Center Street. I was sort of frightened, though, of all those men with whiskers he knew.

MRS. BEERS

You just put it out of your mind. --Nellie, is it that you can't play that piece or were you making those mistakes deliberately? --Here, let me play it for you.

(NELL slides off the stool and MRS. BEERS sits.)

It's very simple. --Like this.

(MRS. BEERS plays well.)

NELL

Mamma, did you learn to play in the music store?

MRS. BEERS

No, dear. I just worked there.

NELL

When I'm in high school can I play in the music store?

MRS. BEERS

I hope you don't have to, dear. Your father's drugstore is doing very nicely and I don't think there'll be any need to.

NINA

Did you have to?

MRS. BEERS

It was honest work. Your grandmother was in Chicago and ...well, the big city wasn't any place for a high school girl.

NINA

Well, I think it was just horrible. Princesses don't work in music stores pounding the piano all day long. --And I'm a princess.

(There is a loud banging on the floor of the upper level as FANNY wakes and knocks with her cane.)

MRS. BEERS

(To NINA.)

You run right up there quick and see what your grandmother wants, Nina. --Hurry, before the whole ceiling falls down.

(NINA rises, goes to stairway.)

NELL

--And take off my good stockings while you're up there!

(NINA sticks out her tongue at NELL as she runs up the stairs. Lights fade in living room; fade up, still TIME PAST, in FANNY's room. Characters in living room freeze in their positions.)

NINA

(Entering FANNY's room shyly.)

What is it, Grandma?

FANNY

(Sitting up in bed, folding her arms tight over her abdomen.)

Oh, Nina, I've got the wind just awful. I'm all bloated up like a hop-toad.

NINA

It's all those corn fritters you ate for supper, Grandma.

FANNY

Well, I don't think that's hardly possible. They ain't never disagreed with me afore.

(Grimacing terribly.)

--But, oh, them girdle pains! I got them girdle pains just something awful.

NINA

(Pulling the chair to FANNY's bedside.)

I could read to you, Grandma.

FANNY

Why, that'd be right sweet of you, Nina.

NINA

Do you want me to read you about the Johnstown flood?

FANNY

Well, just a mite. I don't seem to be able to keep my mind on things these days. --Was that Nell pounding on the pi-ano down there?

NINA

Yes, Grandma. I don't think she's ever going to play.

FANNY

She sure don't take after her mother. Why Jenny could play almost anything before she was ten. She used to sit right up to that melodian and bang out the Princess Irene Galop like she'd made it up herself. --Never cared for that heavy music myself. I liked them mechanical pi-anos. --Music the whole livelong day!

NINA

(Taking a heavy, olive-bound book from the top of the commode; opening it.)

(1) 1950年10月1日，中华人民共和国中央人民政府成立，标志着新中国的诞生。这一天，毛泽东主席在天安门城楼上向全国人民宣告了这一伟大的时刻。从此，中国历史翻开了新的一页。

(2) 1954年9月，第一届全国人民代表大会第一次会议在北京召开。会议通过了《中华人民共和国宪法》，这是中国第一部社会主义类型的宪法。它的颁布实施，标志着中国进入了社会主义法治国家。

(3) 1956年9月，中国共产党第八次全国代表大会在北京召开。大会提出了“百花齐放，百家争鸣”的方针，为社会主义建设事业指明了方向。这一时期，中国在经济、文化等领域取得了显著成就。

(4) 1958年5月，中国共产党八届十二中全会在北京召开。会议通过了《关于在农村建立人民公社问题的决议》，决定在全国范围内开展人民公社化运动。这一运动旨在加速社会主义建设，实现农业机械化、集体化。

(5) 1960年6月，中共中央发出《关于农村人民公社若干问题的决议》，对人民公社化运动进行了调整。这一时期，中国面临着严重的经济困难，但全国人民在党的领导下，克服了重重困难，坚持了社会主义道路。

(6) 1962年9月，中国共产党八届十二中全会在北京召开。会议通过了《关于进一步巩固人民公社集体经济、发展农业生产的决定》，对农村工作进行了调整。这一时期，中国开始实施“调整、巩固、充实、提高”的方针，以恢复和发展农业生产。

(7) 1966年5月，中国共产党八届十二中全会在北京召开。会议通过了《关于无产阶级文化大革命的决定》，决定在全国范围内开展文化大革命。这一运动旨在防止资本主义复辟，巩固社会主义制度。

(8) 1969年4月，中国共产党第九次全国代表大会在北京召开。大会提出了“以农业为基础，工业为主导”的发展国民经济总方针。这一时期，中国在经济、文化等领域取得了显著成就。

(9) 1971年7月，中国共产党九届十二中全会在北京召开。会议通过了《关于无产阶级专政下继续革命的路线》，决定在全国范围内开展无产阶级专政下的继续革命。这一运动旨在防止资本主义复辟，巩固社会主义制度。

(10) 1976年10月，中国共产党中央委员会发出《关于王洪文、姚文元、谢文耀等问题的决定》，决定在全国范围内开展“批斗、斗、臭”运动。这一运动旨在防止资本主义复辟，巩固社会主义制度。

(11) 1978年12月，中国共产党十一届三中全会在北京召开。会议作出了把党和国家的工作重点转移到社会主义现代化建设上来的战略决策，标志着中国进入了改革开放的新时期。这一时期，中国在经济、文化等领域取得了显著成就。

(12) 1982年9月，中国共产党第十二次全国代表大会在北京召开。大会提出了“把马克思主义的普遍真理同我国的具体实际结合起来，走自己的道路，建设有中国特色的社会主义”的总任务。这一时期，中国在经济、文化等领域取得了显著成就。

(13) 1987年10月，中国共产党第十三次全国代表大会在北京召开。大会提出了“一个中心、两个基本点”的基本路线，即坚持以经济建设为中心，坚持四项基本原则，坚持改革开放。这一时期，中国在经济、文化等领域取得了显著成就。

(14) 1992年10月，中国共产党第十四次全国代表大会在北京召开。大会提出了“社会主义市场经济体制”的改革目标，决定在全国范围内开展社会主义市场经济体制改革。这一时期，中国在经济、文化等领域取得了显著成就。

(15) 1997年9月，中国共产党第十五次全国代表大会在北京召开。大会提出了“依法治国，建设社会主义法治国家”的治国方略，决定在全国范围内开展依法治国。这一时期，中国在经济、文化等领域取得了显著成就。

(16) 2002年11月，中国共产党第十六次全国代表大会在北京召开。大会提出了“三个代表”重要思想，即中国共产党要始终代表中国先进生产力的发展要求，代表中国先进文化的前进方向，代表中国最广大人民的根本利益。这一时期，中国在经济、文化等领域取得了显著成就。

(17) 2007年10月，中国共产党第十七次全国代表大会在北京召开。大会提出了“科学发展观”的发展理念，即坚持以人为本，全面、协调、可持续的发展观。这一时期，中国在经济、文化等领域取得了显著成就。

(18) 2012年11月，中国共产党第十八次全国代表大会在北京召开。大会提出了“中国梦”的奋斗目标，即实现中华民族伟大复兴。这一时期，中国在经济、文化等领域取得了显著成就。

(19) 2017年10月，中国共产党第十九次全国代表大会在北京召开。大会提出了“新时代中国特色社会主义思想”，即坚持以人民为中心的发展思想。这一时期，中国在经济、文化等领域取得了显著成就。

(20) 2022年10月，中国共产党第二十次全国代表大会在北京召开。大会提出了“全面建设社会主义现代化国家”的总任务，决定在全国范围内开展全面建设社会主义现代化国家。这一时期，中国在经济、文化等领域取得了显著成就。

Oh! --I think that's the most gruesome picture! All those poor women and children going over the dam.

--Did they really wear dresses like that, Grandma, with those big bumps in the back?

FANNY

Why, they sure did, Nina. --And the gentlemen certainly appreciated the way a lady walked in them. --Oh, them blasted girdle pains!

(She sits up farther in bed and suddenly belches loudly.)

'Scuse me, Nina. But there just ain't nothin' a body can do about the wind.

NINA

What was it like in Chicago? Tell me about Chicago during the great Exposition.

FANNY

(Leaning back, reminiscing with half-closed eyes. Music can be heard from a far distance; a mechanical piano playing a ragtime variation of "Les Filles de Cadix.")

My, that was a lively town. Why, the train stations were just so clogged you couldn't hardly plow your way through them. And all them people from all over the world getting on and off them trains. Why, you'd see niggers with turbans...from Timbuctoo...big, black men all dressed in watered silk...and with a ruby as big

as a goose's egg right in the center of the turban.
--And farm boys from out west with their high boots
with the colored tops and their spurs jingling...and
them Eastern fellows...they always looked so refined
with their black suits--

(Music out.)

NINA

--But what about the ladies? Were there any princesses?

FANNY

Well, I don't rightly know about that. But there sure
were a lot of mighty attractive ladies. --You know,
Nina, they smoke cigarettes right out in the open there
and use rouge on their cheeks. --I think a little
rouge ain't sinful myself.

NINA

Grandma!

FANNY

Well, it's true, Nina. We ain't all been born with
peaches and cream complexions.

NINA

But mamma says only...only bad women wear rouge. Like
Mrs. Carpenter.

FANNY

There's many a tale I could tell you about Abby Car-
penter! But bygones is bygones, I always say. --Besides,
she hooked old Jim Carpenter and he's president of

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• The first step in the process of the scientific method is to ask a question.

For example, a scientist might ask, "What is the effect of temperature on the rate of a chemical reaction?"

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• The second step in the process of the scientific method is to do research.

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the bank.

NINA

But mamma says people only go to see her because he's president of the bank, and the ladies in the sewing circle at the Methodist Church don't even speak to her on the street.

FANNY

(Cackling.)

Well, I don't suppose that upsets old Abby none. She always had better things to do with her time than sew up patchwork quilts.

NINA

--And she dies her hair bright red.

FANNY

I always thought it was mighty attractive myself. Besides, her ordinary hair was just dishwater. --I used to be a blonde myself. In fact, Nina, honey, you're the spittin' image of me when I was a little girl.

NINA

Really, Grandma? --Were you a princess? Everybody says I look just like a little princess.

FANNY

And so you do, honey! --The most important thing a girl can have is good looks. A girl without good looks...well, you can be mighty sure them fellers ain't goin'ta be knockin' on her door with candy and roses.

NINA

(Confidentially.)

Sometimes I feel awful sorry for Nell. When she grows up she won't have any boy-friends at all.

FANNY

She favors her father. --The Beers's were always a mighty "humly" lot..."humly" enough to eat snakes. --But you ain't readin' me much about the Johnstown flood.

NINA

If your stomach's better, maybe you'd just better lie back and try and get some sleep.

FANNY

What time is it by the clock?

NINA

It's nearly nine o'clock, Grandma, and you know you always like to be in bed by nine.

FANNY

I do?

NINA

That's what mamma says.

FANNY

Well, if that's what Jenny says, I suppose it's right. Jenny always knew what she wanted...

(FANNY slides down in bed, head turned towards audience.)

...and she didn't want none of her poor, old mother.

NINA

(Rising.)

Try and get some sleep, Grandma. In just a little while it'll be daylight and then you can come downstairs and sit in your rocker and watch the people going by the house. You know how you adore to watch the people.

FANNY

(Closing her eyes.)

There just ain't many to watch out on this end of town. I keep telling Jenny she ought to move down by Center Street where things is a little more lively. Somethin' to watch out of a window there.

NINA

Now, Grandmother, you know that nobody lives on Center Street but a lot of old drunks.

FANNY

Somethin' to watch. --An old lady's gotta have somethin' to watch. Why, in Chicago you could hear them train whistles night and day...

NINA

You just go to sleep, Grandma. I'll turn out the light.

(FANNY closes her eyes. The lights on the upper stage go down as NINA exits to the living room. Lights, still TIME PAST, gradually up in living room. Music, "The Willow Song" arranged as a march, under.

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MRS. BEERS walks to nearby table where she picks up her feathered, cloche hat and places it square on her head. If scrim is used at stage left, fade in the image of an American flag. MRS. BEERS moves a chair, down front in living room, so she is facing audience. NELL and NINA stand behind her.)

MRS. BEERS

(Voice strident, clubwomanish.)

Before I begin, ladies and gentlemen, I want you all to know that I consider it the highest honor that you have chosen me, the president of your local Red Cross chapter, to conduct these memorial services in honor of our soldiers.

(Background music out.)

It's nice to know that, on this second anniversary of the ending of the Great War, you haven't forgotten the great debt we owe to the boys of Chickasee County for all they did over there.

(A pleased smile; a pause for imaginary applause.)

--Thank you, thank you. When I think of all the bandages we rolled...and all the prayers we said...I know that, in your hearts, you share with me the pride in a job well done and that you say with me..."Forward America!"

(MRS. BEERS pauses.)

Thank you.

(Gesturing.)

I'm sure that all of you know my two daughters who are up on the stage with me but, just in case you don't, the pretty young lady on my right is Nina...and the scholarly girl on my left is my daughter, Nell, my gift to the school system of our capital city, Lansing.

--Now you make a curtsy, girls.

(NELL nods shyly, obviously embarrassed, but NINA blows a kiss to the audience and makes an elaborate curtsy.)

Nell is teaching second grade and she's more at home with children than with a great big audience like this. The girls are going to sing a little song for you. --Or, rather, Nina's going to sing a song for you. She's been studying singing down at Ann Arbor...and Nellie will accompany her. --All right, girls.

(A spotlight on the piano area. NINA arranges her fox furs as NELL plays the introductory music. NINA's voice, during the following, should be adequate for an amateur, but the actress playing the part should subtly parody all the home-grown sopranos of the period.)

NINA

(Singing "Les Filles de Cadix".)

"Nous venions de voir le taureau...

(A coy gesture, as if she were making the
horns of the bull.)

"...Trois garçons, fillettes; sur la pelouse il faisait
beau...

(Assuming the classic stance of a Spanish
dancer with castanets.)

"...Et nous dansions un bolero au son des castagnettes.
Dites moi, voisin,...

(Smiling to an imaginary lover.)

"...Si j'ai bonne mine, et si ma basquine...

(Lifting her skirt.)

"...Va bien ce matin. Vous me trouvez la taille fine?...

(Squeezing her waist to make it smaller.)

"...Vous me trouvez la taille fine?...

(Then giving the cadenzas and trills her all.)

"...Ah!...Ah!...Ah!...Ah! Les filles de Cadix aiment
assez cela!..."

(At the conclusion, NINA throws back her head,
an imaginary rose between her teeth. To
imaginary applause, she curtsies and blows
kisses.)

MRS. BEERS

That was wonderful, Nina. I bet you don't get heartfelt
applause like that when you sing down in Ann Arbor, do

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you, dear?

(NINA blows a few more kisses. NELL suddenly rises from the piano, throws an arm over her eyes in a gesture of complete embarrassment, and runs off, right exit. NINA, still smiling, exits through dining room.)

--And now, while the ushers are passing out the programs for the memorial services and the mothers -- Blue Star...

(She gestures.)

...to my right and Gold Star to this place of honor on my left -- while our honored mothers are making their way to the stage, I will play you all a piece of music I have composed 'specially for this occasion. I call it "The March of Peace."

(She goes to the piano and plays "The Willow Song" arranged as a march. Lights of TIME PAST fade in living room. Lights of TIME PRESENT up on lawn area. TED is sitting, reading his book. MR. ALMOND is holding a golf club and he and DONALD are watching with interest as MR. BEERS putts. MRS. BEERS continues playing in dark living room, but softly under.)

DONALD

Good one, Grandpa!

MR. BEERS

There's Jenny playing "The March of Peace" again. --She always plays it when her nerves are bad.

(MR. BEERS picks up the ball.)

MR. ALMOND

(Putting.)

A very soothing piece of music.

MR. BEERS

(Blowing his nose.)

Oh, it's not that. Well, I guess it's because it reminds her of the proudest moment of her life. The day they chose her to conduct the memorial services for the Chickasee County veterans. Had both her daughters up there on the stage with her. Yes, sir, a mighty proud day. Whenever she gets feeling low, she'll sit down and dash off a few bars of it. --I never thought it was much of a piece of music myself. --Well, you know women.

(Music out. MRS. BEERS rises in darkened living room and exits through dining room.)

MR. ALMOND

My father used to say, "Let 'em work away."

TED

(Looking up from his book.)

Was that the night Momma cried all night?

MR. BEERS

Well, I do remember she was upset about something.

TED

She always says Aunt Nina embarrassed her so much she cried all night.

MR. BEERS

I think you've got your story wrong there, my little man. I don't see how she could have embarrassed Nell. Nina looked like an angel up there...a real princess.

(Handing TED the putter.)

Here, you try putting this one.

TED

I don't like to play games.

DONALD

Let me!

(Pushing in front of TED and jerking the club from MR. BEER's hand.)

I'm the best athlete in the whole block, Grandpa.

MR. ALMOND

That's right, Donald. Shove right in there! If you can hit your old grandfather in the eye, so much the better. That's the American way.

DONALD

(Not apologetic.)

I just want to show you how well I can play.

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MR. ALMOND

Just try to control your exuberant spirits, my boy!

(DONALD begins knocking the ball about the lawn area.)

MR. BEERS

I think you're a little hard on the lad, Henry.

MR. ALMOND

(Leaning on his club.)

I was never meant to be a father. My curse is to have these two Yahoos. One of them who's bound he's going to beat the whole world every day, ~~kick~~, scratch, bite, or kill if necessary,...and the other who's completely above it. What do you do with a boy who writes secret code letters to himself and, when he isn't doing that, has his nose in some damn book?

(TED is reading, paying no attention.)

MR. BEERS

You should make him play.

MR. ALMOND

Make him! Just how in hell do you make a child play? Every morning last winter Nell'd bundle him up and button up his leggings and push him out of the house. But did he play? He sat on the damn stoop, like a little Christian martyr, slowly turning blue in the face. You can't let one of your own children freeze to death on your own front porch.

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MR. BEERS

Well, to tell you the truth, Henry, I think it's your own fault. --Watch out, Donald! You'll knock the ball down the grate in the curb there! --I've heard you. You can't deny it. Little things like, "Americans think sports are everything," and "Americans don't ever talk about anything but money." A boy hears a certain amount of that from his father and he'll begin believing he's right.

MR. ALMOND

Well, dammit, I am right!

(MR. ALMOND knocks his club against the ground.)

There're a lot of things wrong with this country. We're all starving to death right now. --And all these nealy-mouths screaming, "Prosperity is just around the corner," and "Let's have another cup of coffee." Just what in hell are we supposed to buy that cup of coffee with and what damn corner?

MR. BEERS

Now, I know there're a lot of things wrong. All I'm saying is that you shouldn't be always singing "The Maple-leaf Forever" in front of the boys. They're going to have to grow up in this country and get along with the people in it.

• The first step in the process of the scientific method is to ask a question. This question should be based on observation and should be specific and measurable. For example, "Does the amount of water affect the growth of plants?"

• The second step is to form a hypothesis. A hypothesis is a statement that can be tested. It should be based on the question and should be a prediction of the outcome. For example, "If the amount of water is increased, then the plants will grow taller." This hypothesis is testable because it can be measured and compared.

• The third step is to design an experiment. The experiment should be designed to test the hypothesis. It should include a control group and an experimental group. The control group is the group that does not receive the treatment, and the experimental group is the group that does receive the treatment. In this example, the control group would be plants that receive a standard amount of water, and the experimental group would be plants that receive a larger amount of water.

• The fourth step is to collect data. This is done by observing and measuring the results of the experiment. In this example, the data would be the height of the plants in each group.

• The fifth step is to analyze the data. This is done by comparing the results of the experimental group to the results of the control group. In this example, the data would be analyzed to see if the plants in the experimental group were significantly taller than the plants in the control group.

• The sixth step is to draw a conclusion. This is done by stating whether the hypothesis was supported or not. In this example, the conclusion would be that the hypothesis was supported if the plants in the experimental group were significantly taller than the plants in the control group.

• The final step in the process of the scientific method is to communicate the results. This is done by writing a report or giving a presentation. The report should include all the steps of the process, from the question to the conclusion. This allows other scientists to review the work and see if they can replicate the results.

• The scientific method is a process that allows scientists to test their ideas and see if they are supported by evidence. It is a systematic way of thinking and doing science. It is the foundation of all scientific research.

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MR. ALMOND

You know, I keep thinking about Fanny...your wife's mother, there. Now there was an American. Sat on her rear end in your house for more than thirty years, sure that somebody was going to take care of her. Thinking about that damn fair in Chicago. Like a big canker; a big sloppy spider! --And you know it, dammit, your wife is just as simple minded about things, and Nina, --God help us! -- going to turn the whole of South Dakota into a great big Chicago Fair. Sometimes I even wonder about Nell. --I can't explain it. It's just a way of thinking, of being. It's like no other place in the world. It's American. The stars and stripes forever.

MR. BEERS

Now, you just control yourself, Henry, or that ulcer'll start acting up again, and you'll be back on the milk diet.

MR. ALMOND

It's acting up now. You know, Dad, I hate coming here. I'm sorry, but I hate like hell to come visit you. Your wife's always on my tail, "Why aren't you providing for my Nellie?...Are the children getting decent food?... How's the business going?"...when she knows damn well the business is shot to hell. "Are the boys going to church regularly?" --As if everything in the world

could be fixed up by regular meals and regular church.
--And Nell changes when she gets here. Gets just like
her mother. --Your wife's a fine woman, Dad, but I
wish to hell she'd keep her damn mouth shut for a while.

MR. BEERS

(Taking out his handkerchief and blowing
his nose loudly.)

You all finished now? Got it off your mind?

MR. ALMOND

(First contrite; then jokingly.)

Yes. I'm sorry, Dad. --I start spewing off to Nell and
she begins to cry and then the boys begin to cry and
that just makes me madder and pretty soon you'd think,
from the bawling and screaming coming out of the house,
that I had them all hanging up by their thumbs. --Donald,
gather up the clubs. It must be nearly supper time.
--And, Ted, do your old daddy a favor and close that
damn book.

TED

(Closing the book, rising.)

Is it all right if I use my secret code pin?

MR. ALMOND

No, dammit! Do something constructive.

TED

Like what?

MR. ALMOND

Why don't you climb the apple tree there and fall out of it and break your leg? --Like Donald, like the other boys.

TED

But I'm not like the other boys. I read it in a book.

MR. ALMOND

Just what did you read in a book?

TED

It said I was an in-tro-vert.

MR. ALMOND

(Laughing and throwing his arm about TED's shoulder.)

Oh, dammit, my boy,...just what in hell am I ever going to do with you?

(Lights fade on lawn area, up on dining room. The men enter the house, up right, and cross to dining room.)

MR. BEERS

(Seating himself at the table.)

Ted, Donald, are all the lights turned off in the living room?

DONALD

Yes, Grandpa.

(DONALD and TED pull out their chairs noisily and seat themselves.)

MR. BEERS

That Detroit Edison Company sent me a bill for two dollars and seventy-three cents last month. Imagine that! Two dollars and seventy-three cents. It's the Jews that are ruining this country...along with that man Roosevelt. --Rosenfeld, if you ask me!

NELL

(Entering with a platter of food.)

Now, Dad, don't start that.

MR. BEERS

Well, somebody's to blame for this depression. You just listen to Father Coughlin.

NELL

Last time we were here you were screaming about the Catholics.

(MR. ALMOND helps NELL into chair; seats himself.)

MR. BEERS

(Darkly.)

Somebody's to blame.

(NINA and MRS. BEERS enter from kitchen.)

NINA

Well, shall I sit beside my sweet little nephews or shall I sit next to you, Henry, ...my favoritest brother-in-law.

(NINA sits next to MR. ALMOND. MRS. BEERS

2. The second part outlines the specific procedures for handling sensitive information. It states that all data must be stored securely and accessed only by authorized personnel. This section also covers the protocols for data retention and disposal, ensuring that information is not kept longer than necessary and is properly destroyed when no longer needed.

3. The third part addresses the issue of communication and reporting. It requires that all significant events and findings be reported promptly to the relevant authorities. This includes providing detailed descriptions of incidents, the actions taken to address them, and the results of any investigations.

4. The fourth part discusses the role of training and education in maintaining high standards of performance. It notes that regular training sessions should be conducted to keep staff updated on the latest regulations and best practices. This helps to ensure that everyone involved in the process is well-informed and capable of performing their duties effectively.

5. The fifth part covers the topic of audits and reviews. It states that periodic audits should be conducted to assess the overall health of the organization and identify any areas for improvement. These audits should be thorough and unbiased, providing a clear picture of the current state of affairs.

6. The sixth part discusses the importance of collaboration and teamwork. It encourages all team members to work together closely, sharing ideas and resources to achieve common goals. This collaborative approach is seen as a key factor in the success of any project or organization.

7. The seventh part addresses the issue of risk management. It requires that a comprehensive risk assessment be conducted to identify potential threats and vulnerabilities. Once identified, appropriate measures should be taken to mitigate these risks and prevent any adverse impacts.

8. The eighth part discusses the importance of continuous improvement. It states that the organization should regularly evaluate its processes and procedures, making changes as needed to stay current and efficient. This ongoing effort is crucial for long-term success and growth.

9. The ninth part covers the topic of compliance with laws and regulations. It emphasizes that the organization must always operate within the bounds of the law and follow all applicable regulations. This includes staying up-to-date on any changes in the legal landscape and ensuring that all operations are in full compliance.

10. The tenth and final part discusses the importance of ethical conduct. It states that all members of the organization should adhere to a strict code of ethics, treating others with respect and integrity. This commitment to ethical behavior is fundamental to building a strong, trustworthy organization.

seats herself at head of table.)

--Even though he does have a nasty, nasty tongue and doesn't treat his poor sister-in-law at all nicely.

(Positions now are: MR. BEERS, end of table, right; NINA, HENRY, and NELL, facing audience, up left center; MRS. BEERS at end of table, near kitchen door; TED and DONALD, backs to audience, down left. During the following scene, MR. BEERS dishes up food and the meal is eaten.)

MR. ALMOND

Some women were made to be beaten.

NINA

Well, I've always told Max that if he ever laid a hand on me I'd leave him.

MR. ALMOND

He must have laid a hand on you once or twice -- you've got a couple of daughters.

NINA

Oh, Henry! --Did I tell you little Goo-Goo was learning to play the piano? Her teacher says she's just the most talented child she's ever run up against in all her years of piano teaching.

DONALD

Goo-Goo! What's that?

NINA

She's your little cousin, sweet. A regular little princess.

NELL

Oh, no!

NINA

You're just jealous, dear, because you don't have any little girls.

NELL

I always wanted seven boys.

MR. ALMOND

Six will be enough for a hockey team.

TED

I won't play. You'll have to make seven.

MRS. BEERS

Ted! --We don't talk about such things. --Particularly at the table.

MR. BEERS

Be sure to chew every mouthful thirty times.

MR. ALMOND

Sex is dirty, eh, Mother?

MRS. BEERS

Well, I should think so! --And in front of the children!

(There is a pause.)

NELL

(Breaking in, rather violently.)

Well, I wish somebody had taken the trouble to talk about sex at the table when I was young. I might have had a little knowledge of -- well, life, before I got married.

MRS. BEERS

You know I always tried to do the right thing.

NELL

The right thing! Was it the right thing, when I was sixteen and came to you with questions to say, "Don't worry about it, dear. Babies are just like flowers. They open like beautiful blossoms in God's garden."

NINA

You should have come to me, dear.

NELL

With your gutter knowledge. Always whispering and giggling, you and your high school friends. Like love was something that happened in a dirty privy. --Why, when I think: There I was all alone up in Lansing, in a big city, and thinking that babies were flowers coming from God. Why, anything might have happened to me!

MR. ALMOND

Don't give yourself airs, dear. You may not have known what it was, but you guarded it with your life if I remember correctly.

MRS. BEERS

(Daubing her eyes with her napkin.)

I tried to do my best. It wasn't easy. --I had so

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many things on my mind. And besides I was sure the minister would explain...

NELL

The minister! --Old Mr. Carmichel!

MR. ALMOND

(Winking at MR. BEERS.)

Wasn't Mr. Carmichel the one you were telling me about, Dad? --Who had to be turned out because he was peeking up the girls' skirts during choir practice?

NINA

Well, I agree with Mother. This is nothing to discuss in front of children. --You don't pay any attention to all these nasty things your parents are saying, do you, Donald?

DONALD

Uh-uh. I'm going to mow the lawn tomorrow for Grandpa, and he's going to give me a whole quarter.

NINA

Well, I think that's real ambitious. What are you going to do with your quarter?

TED

He isn't going to do anything with it. He's going to save it and tell me I can't have any of it.

MRS. BEERS

Well, I'm glad to see that -- despite all this -- one of your children has the right idea.

TED

You just say that because Donald looks like your side of the family.

MRS. BEERS

Well, I never! --A nine year old talking back to his grandmother like that. Well, I always said you'd turn out just like your father: Mean, sullen, and sarcastic.

MR. ALMOND

(Laughing heartily.)

That's telling him, Mother. --You forgot to add "poor." Mean, sullen, sarcastic, and poor.

MRS. BEERS

Well, it's your own fault. If you'd stayed with that nice Mr. Baxter you'd be able to buy your wife -- my Nellie -- a few decent clothes for her back and your children wouldn't be running around looking like ragamuffins and speaking like -- like anarchists.

MR. ALMOND

Anarchists!

(Beginning to laugh almost uncontrollably.)

Remember that, m'boy. At the age of nine you were called an anarchist by your Grandmother. Not every nine year old in this great, wide, wonderful country can say that!

MR. BEERS

All right, all right. --I thought after we got Fanny buried this infernal squawking at the supper table

would end.

MRS. BEERS

Really, dear, she was my mother.

MR. BEERS

She was indeed. --Who wants more potatoes? Ted? Donald?

NINA

None for me, thank you. --This hamburger loaf is really delicious, mother.

MRS. BEERS

I just had the butcher mix a little ham in with it. It makes all the difference.

NINA

Well, I wish I could serve something nice and simple like this at home. --But of course Max won't touch hamburger.

NELL

How is Max? You haven't even told us if he's still alive.

NINA

Why just doing awfully well. With all the foreclosures and everything...why, a lawyer is just terribly busy.

MR. ALMOND

Does Max actually put them out on the street? --Or is he the paperwork man?

NINA

You're just jealous, you handsome devil, because my Max

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is a professional man.

MR. ALMOND

Well, that's a new word for it.

NINA

Of course, he is on the road a lot, and I do get lonely occasionally.

MR. ALMOND

Well, you can spend your spare time bringing culture to the natives. Is the D.A.R. chapter still running smoothly?

NINA

Why, of course. I had to resign as president, though. Just too many other commitments.

(Confidentially.)

--I don't suppose I should say anything about it, but, well, since it's just family...

NELL

Well, what is it?

NINA

We're grooming Max for president!

MR. BEERS

President!

NINA

Of the American Legion. He's president of the local post now, you know, and the Bishop says that if he plays his cards right...

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MRS. BEERS

I don't understand why the Bishop...

NINA

The Episcopal Bishop. I wrote you all about him, Mother. I swear you don't read my letters! --Well, I had the Bishop to tea, and we spent the whole afternoon just talking about Max's possibilities. --After he's National President, why then maybe we could run him for Senator.

MR. ALMOND

You and the Bishop?

NINA

Of course not. The Bishop is just a very good friend of mine. He was advising me on what I could do with Max.

NELL

Have you told Max about your plans?

NINA

Well, you know Max. He does like that little town so. And it's going to have to be put to him just right.

MR. BEERS

You couldn't move that man with a load of dynamite. I don't know why you keep dreaming like this, Nina. When you got married, you were going to get Max to set up practice in Chicago, and you were going to spend all day hobnobbing with the bigwigs up on the North Shore. It's a long way from the North Shore to South Dakota.

NINA

(Grandly.)

When I'm pouring tea in Washington, you'll all sing a different tune. --I'm sorry I even mentioned it.

NELL

--If you're through eating, boys, why don't you go out in the yard and play?

TED

(Rising.)

I'm through now.

NELL

Well, wait until Donald finishes his prunes.

DONALD

I don't like prunes.

NELL

Well, then excuse yourselves, both of you.

TED and DONALD

Excuse us.

(The boys chase through the living room and exit through door, up right. NINA rises, dreamlike, a spotlight on her face. The others continue eating, oblivious of her speaking. Music, "Les Filles de Cadix", under very softly.)

NINA

Prunes and hamburger. Oh, dear God, prunes and ham-

burger...and hamburger and prunes unto the end of time.

(NINA walks towards the living room, the
spotlight following her.)

I try to remember when it all started and where it
went wrong. How could I have started here and ended
up where there are no trees and, day after day, the sun
only comes up to set. He will be president...but he's
never home...and I sit there with the children looking
at the sun over all that dead land. In Chicago it's
gay. There's always something doing on Michigan Avenue.
Even if you don't have very much, you can always find
some very clever shops. I think the right underthings
are very important -- you can always tell a lady --
and a little bit of fur makes all the difference.

(Lights of TIME PAST up to full in the
living room as NINA enters; spotlight out.

The dining room gradually blacks out.)

Grandma always said they'd come around with flowers and
candy. And they did. Oh, so many of them. And I
never liked any of them except the ones I couldn't have.
Max was so stupid...so big and stupid...and I used to
call him my little St. Bernard. --But he wasn't that.
--An ox...a big, black ox. So I sit.

(NINA walks up right towards fireplace.)

But you can't turn it back because you can't be sure
where it went wrong. It couldn't have been wrong from

the beginning. Because I was pretty and, even though my voice wasn't top-flight, it was more than adequate... they all used to say that. But I missed it. Some excitement...some shivery excitement like we used to talk about in high school.

(All characters in dark dining room exit left except MR. ALMOND. Transition music to TIME PAST begins as "Les Filles de Cadix" fades. MR. ALMOND enters living room and NINA turns to face him.)

NINA

(Archly.)

Well, Henry! --I thought you and Nell'd be out in the swing smooching, or petting, or whatever it is young lovers do these days.

(Transition music out.)

MR. ALMOND

(Seating himself in rocker.)

She's out helping your mother with the dishes. --Does it only take a year of marriage before you get so sour? --Just a year ago you were gushing all over the place about the delights of love.

NINA

(Pacing about.)

Well, of course, one can get tired of anything. Blase. --But I don't suppose you know any French.

MR. ALMOND

I know what blase means.

NINA

Well, of course you do, Henry. That's my trouble. I always underestimate people. --Have you and our little Nellie set the wedding date yet?

MR. ALMOND

She seems to think sometime in July.

NINA

How perfectly delightful. --And so like our Nell. The hottest day of summer, I imagine. I can feel the hot stickiness of it all now.

MR. ALMOND

I don't think Nell thinks in those terms.

NINA

Ah, yes. Such naivete. But she's really rather old to play that role, don't you think? I mean after you pass twenty-five there's something just slightly...well, sordid...about being so ignorant.

MR. ALMOND

(Bridling, but controlling his temper.)

You seem to forget that I'm in love with your sister.

NINA

Are you really? Well, perhaps I just know her too well. --And, besides, well, let's face it, my poor sister isn't exactly a raving beauty.

MR. ALMOND

I think she's very pretty. --And, even if she weren't, there are more important things.

NINA

(Posing by the mantle.)

Tell me, I'm so curious. --You mean like a pure heart... and charity...and all that slop?

MR. ALMOND

No, that isn't what I meant. --I meant genuineness... something of the sort.

NINA

Well, you do have me there. Nellie is just as genuine as all hell. Like Max, just really genuine.

MR. ALMOND

Max isn't working out? Not the prince on the white charger?

NINA

(Violently.)

He's a bore. --And a pig.

MR. ALMOND

Well, that's plain enough.

NINA

(Coyly.)

I'm waiting for you to be as honest with me.

MR. ALMOND

With you? --I've never been anything but honest with you.

NINA

(Walking towards him.)

Oh, come now. Don't you find your prospective sister-in-law just a little bit attractive? Most men do.

MR. ALMOND

Well, now that you've asked...no. In fact, to put matters honestly, there's something about you I find just a little bit repulsive.

NINA

They say hate is very near to love.

(She is by his chair, bending over his shoulder.)

--And, really, I have a number of charms that aren't obvious on the surface.

MR. ALMOND

(Annoyed.)

You must give a public demonstration some time.

NINA

(Turning.)

I think you're just undersexed. That's your trouble! Is that what you see in Nell? --A bird of the same feather?

MR. ALMOND

(Quietly, firmly.)

Nina, I'm just here on a visit. I didn't come to seduce the whole family.

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NINA

You know, you could be very attractive with the right clothes. I suppose it's being Canadian, but you just don't have any flash.

MR. ALMOND

(Rising quickly.)

All right, Nina. Just what exactly is on your little mind?

NINA

(Patting her hair.)

Well, I should think it was rather obvious.

MR. ALMOND

I understand you.

(Raising his voice.)

No, I don't understand. Just what in hell is it in this house with you people? You talk in shocked whispers about all the obvious facts of life and yet, now... Do you realize what a really outrageous thing you're proposing?

NINA

(Shrugging, smiling.)

Outrageous? --You are a little boy. Simple-minded, like our Nellie.

(NINA turns her back.)

MR. ALMOND

(Going quickly to her, grabbing her arm, and

turning her to him.)

Listen, damn it! I'm not simple-minded and I'm not undersexed. I'm an honorable man. Maybe it's a peasant virtue, something we learned down on the farm without any "flash" about it. --You people...the pillars of the small town...always mouthing respectability... and you can't go into these houses without smelling the dirt in the woodwork. How do you manage to turn everything that's decent in life into a cesspool? Cackling and pulling up your skirts over your knees and trying to pull the first man who comes into the house into your bedroom.

(Shaking NINA.)

Why in hell don't you try practicing some of this respectability you're always yelling about?

NINA

(Disengaging herself.)

You don't need to scream. Do you want Nell and Mother in here?

MR. ALMOND

(Lowering his voice; heavily sarcastic.)

That's right. We'll whisper. It's always more exciting if you whisper about it. --And we'll both go up in the bedroom and giggle for a while. Maybe we could call Fanny in. She enjoys that sort of joke. --But let me make myself plain. I love your sister..;

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but I think there's something wrong with your head. Maybe they filled it up with too many dreams and, now that you're stuck out there on the plains and you see they aren't going to come true, maybe now you're getting desperate. --But don't try your desperation on me. I know all about your type.

NINA

(Eyebrows raised; the lady insulted.)

Type? --Really!

MR. ALMOND

Yes, really. I was in the RCAF. I got into some big cities. You can see your type any night you've got a mind to, swinging their purses down the street, hanging over the porch railings. They all think they're princesses. --You know, you've got the mind of a whore.

NINA

(Furious. Coming to him, her hand raised to slap his face.)

Why you dirty son of a bitch!

MR. ALMOND

(Standing his ground, fists clenched.)

If you slap me, I'll knock you flat on your bleeding arse. I mean it. I'd really enjoy it. There're some people you can't handle any other way.

NINA

(With sullen violence.)

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I hate you. God, I hate you.

MR. ALMOND

That's just fine. We'll keep it that way.

(NINA turns her back, MR. ALMOND faces front.
Transition music begins as lights dim slowly
to complete blackout and then slowly up again.
Lights are still those of TIME PAST. Music
out as MRS. BEERS enters from dining room
carrying a vase of madonna lilies. NINA's
expression is now one of sullen boredom;
MR. ALMOND's of nervousness.)

MRS. BEERS

Are we all happy? --Oh, I'm so excited. --All the
flowers. I'd never have guessed our Nell had so
many friends. Now, Henry, don't be so nervous. It'll
all be over in just a minute. --Oh, it's so hot!
It must be the hottest day of summer! Nina, dear, smile!
It's your sister's wedding day.

(Calling up the stairway.)

Nell, dear, hurry!

(To NINA and MR. ALMOND.)

Mr. Carmichel's been here for fifteen minutes and
it's so hot out there in the yard. Why, I wouldn't
be surprised if old Mrs. Pinkney didn't pass out.

NINA

(Shrugging.)

It's cooler under the maple trees. Why didn't Mrs. Pinkney sit under the maple trees?

(NELL comes slowly down the stairway, wearing a simple, white dress, her face covered with a veil, and carrying a wedding bouquet.

MR. ALMOND goes to her shyly and takes her hand to help her down the last few steps.)

NINA

(Sarcastically.)

There's just nothing like young love. --You haven't told her how sweet she looks, Henry,...so virginal.

MR. ALMOND

(Looking at NELL.)

I don't have to, Nina. I'm sure she knows...everything I feel.

NELL

(Kissing his cheek.)

Of course I do, darling.

(Coming down front; sweetly pleading.)

But, Nina, please be nice...just for me. --And be nice to Henry, too. After all, now he'll be a member of the family.

NINA

Oh, I will try to be nice to Henry. You've no idea how I've tried. Has she, Henry?

MR. ALMOND

(Raising his head; looking NINA square in the eyes.)

She may have just a bit of an idea. --You see I told her about your interesting suggestion. Right after it happened; three months ago.

NINA

(Outraged.)

Told her! --Oh, you are smug and righteous. Both of you. You make me sick to my stomach with your "love" and your "honor."

NELL

Nina, please!

NINA

Please? Oh, yes, please, please, please! See what song you're singing tonight after you find out what men are like. Don't come to me with your sad stories.

NELL

(Looking up at MR. ALMOND.)

I'm sure they couldn't be sad.

MRS. BEERS

(Smoothing things over.)

Now, let's not talk about sadness. You know how easily I cry. Take her arm now, Henry. Everybody's waiting. Nina, begin your song.

NINA

(Rising to the occasion; singing.)

"---Oh promise me that someday you and I..."

(All exit across lawn area. MR. ALMOND and NELL in a spotlight which grows increasingly brighter. NINA follows singing, MRS. BEERS with a handkerchief to her eyes. Lights on lawn area suddenly out. Transition music under. Lights of TIME PAST up slowly to full in FANNY's room as TED and DONALD enter, first, the dining room, and then the living room. Both these areas are dimly lighted.)

DONALD

(Whispering.)

Do you think she's asleep?

TED

She never sleeps. Even when she dies they won't be able to close her eyes.

DONALD

Do you think she's really a witch?

TED

Well, just sort of.

(FANNY climbs awkwardly out of bed, upstage side, and reaches for her cane. Her old, gray-white hair hangs in loops and snarls over

her shoulders. She gives the cane three resounding taps on the floor.)

FANNY

(Screaming.)

Ted! Donald! Come up here!

DONALD

(Frightened.)

Shall we go up there?

TED

I'm not afraid of her.

(TED and DONALD climb the stairs slowly, heads down, hanging to bannister. They stand in the doorway to FANNY's room.)

FANNY

Well, come on in. Your old great-grandmother ain'ta gonta bite you.

(Bracing herself on the commode. TED and DONALD enter and stand by the door.)

It sure is a hot day, ain't it, boys. It's a breeder. Gonta breed up a big storm and blow us all away.

TED

(Reciting.)

The radio report said fair and continued warm.

FANNY

You just don't pay no mind to them radios. They don't know everything that's goin' on. Why, they don't know

nothin' 'bout dreams. I bet you boys didn't know you could forecast the future by dreams.

DONALD

(Proudly.)

I never have any dreams. But I talk in my sleep, don't I, Ted? I always talk about my wagon.

FANNY

It's all right here in my book.

(Rummaging through the top drawer of commode.)

Now just where in tarnation...

(Suddenly cackling.)

You know, I seen you boys peepin' at me through the key-hole when I was in the bathroom.

TED

How did...?

FANNY

Your old great-granny's got eyes in the back of her head, that's how.

DONALD

(Awed.)

Really, Grandma? Will you show them to us?

FANNY

(Displaying the dream book.)

Ah, here it is. Tucked in just like a bug in a rug next to my book about the Johnstown flood. --Now, we'll just look up "wagon."

(Handing the book to TED.)

You look it up, Teddy. My eyes ain't so good today.

TED

(Searching through the book.)

I can't find it, Grandma.

FANNY

Well, you ain't lookin' in the back part. That's where the dreams are. --Be under "W" for "wagon." --Find it?

TED

(Reading like a second-grader.)

"To dream of a wagon means business success. Avoid spec-u-lation." --What does "speculation" mean?

FANNY

Why, it means to...speculate. You know, like we used to say, "I speculate that man'll be here any minute."

DONALD

(Who has been peeping in the drawer.)

Grandma! There's a gun in there!

FANNY

That belonged to a gentleman friend of mine.

(FANNY goes to the drawer and takes out
a small pistol with a mother-of-pearl butt.)

You see that red stain there, boys?

(Displaying the butt of the pistol.)

That there's real blood.

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TED and DONALD

(Eyes wide.)

Where? --Real blood!

FANNY

(Moving slowly down left, then turning.

Music softly under; a far-away mechanical piano playing a rag-time variation on "Les Filles de Cadix.")

Met this gentleman at the big fair in Chicago. My, he was a handsome feller with great wide shoulders. --And he had a solid gold watch-chain with a fob made out of a buffalo's tooth. Yes sir, a real buffalo's tooth. Carried this pistol tucked right under his belt. --Maybe you boys'd like to see some pictures of that fair. My, that was a real show. Got some postcards here somewhere.

(She returns to the commode, lays the pistol on top, and takes from the drawer an enormous stack of postcards -- the kind that opens like an accordion with a series of pictures.)

Right here, now. Look 't this here one.

(She holds the postcard packet at eye level and opens the catch so it flaps to the floor like an unwinding snake before the amazed eyes of the boys.)

Bet you never saw nothin' like that!

(She continues undoing postcards during the following speech, draping the opened ones over the brass bedstead.)

Yes, sir. We took the train all the way to Omaha, Nebraska, and then beyond that out to Salt Lake City.

(Pointing to a postcard.)

That one there's a belly dancer, boys. Moved her whole belly around like it was a big plate! --And somewhere outside Salt Lake City, this other gentleman got on the train. A fine figure of a man in a black suit with little, teeny, white stripes. And, my lands, the look in his eye!

(Pointing to another postcard.)

This here building's made of solid marble just like the train station. And all them people. --And somethin' happened so my gentleman friend and this other gentleman in the striped suit picked a fight and one of them killed the other one dead. I forget just which one it was now. Both mighty fine gentlemen, though. --But that's real blood. --You know, it's funny forgetting like that which one it was...but there was so many gentlemen around the fair. And you get old, and you just plain don't recollect.

(FANNY goes to the commode and picks up the pistol. Music increases in volume.)

You know, it was breedin'. Breedin' all the way out to Omaha. And somebody shot somebody in a fight about your old Grandmother. --But I just took the train back to Chicago. You could see them cyclones comin' up over the plains. But in Chicago the bands was playin' away ...and all them people. I always kept the pistol for a souvenir.

(The boys have backed to the door, thoroughly frightened. TED is clutching the dream book to his chest.)

Yes, sir, real blood. None of the rest of them had that.

(She throws the pistol on the bed.)

--Now there ain't no reason to be feared of your old Grandma. Why you ain't seen a half of all my pretty postcards. Look 't this here one! --And this one!

(She is in a mounting frenzy as she opens the accordian postcards. Music increases to strident. The boys are framed at the door as she faces the audience.)

There just ain't never been a fair like that where you could have a real good time.

(She begins to laugh her high-pitched cackle.)

Yes, sir, a real good time.

(She opens a postcard that is five feet long,

a regular streamer, and lets it shoot down
into the room below.)

And real blood!

(The postcards grow longer and longer. She
is holding five or six of them, all dangling
like snakes into the living-dining area.)

It was real lively. --And all them people. And all
the time it was breedin'. But let them as will worry
about what's comin', I always said. Let them as will
worry.

(She is laughing in a crescendo and waving
the postcards back and forth. Music up and
out as CURTAIN falls.)

ASHES OF SCARLET

ACT II

(The setting is the same as in the previous act, except that the house should look as if it had been vacant for some time. It is untidy. Some magazines are strewn about on the floor by the davenport, and a large and weathered steamer trunk has been placed up center, near the fireplace, and out of the general traffic routes. The trunk is open and the audience should be

able to see part of a black-turned-green sealskin coat at the top. There is another funeral in progress in the lawn area, right center. Gathered about the imaginary grave are NELL, MR. ALMOND, and NINA. They are costumed as in the previous act. Of the three, only MR. ALMOND seems to have aged noticeably. His carriage is that of a man beaten down by circumstance. He is supporting NELL by the arm. She is genuinely bereaved. NINA has been crying, but her general attitude now is one of disorganized bewilderment. On the second level, FANNY is asleep. TED enters, downfront left. His clothing is more or less conventional for that of a young man in the 1950's, but his open necked sports shirt and heavy tan hint that he may have just returned from a hot climate. He wears heavy, horn-rimmed glasses. Lights are those of TIME PRESENT. Music under, "The Willow Song.")

TED

In Rome, there were already roses, and, in Provence, rosemary and pink-purple heather. Here everything is still dead.

(NINA, at the graveside, unhooks the fox fur

1. The first part of the report discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for the company's financial health and for providing reliable information to stakeholders.

2. The second part of the report details the various methods used to collect and analyze data. It describes the use of both primary and secondary data sources, as well as the statistical techniques employed to interpret the results.

3. The third part of the report presents the findings of the study. It shows that there is a significant correlation between the variables being studied, and that the results are consistent with the hypotheses.

4. The fourth part of the report discusses the implications of the findings for the company. It suggests that the results can be used to inform decision-making and to develop strategies to improve performance.

5. The fifth part of the report concludes the study and provides a summary of the key points. It reiterates the importance of accurate record-keeping and the need for ongoing research in this area.

6. The sixth part of the report includes a list of references to the sources used in the study. It also includes a list of appendices that provide additional information on the data and the analysis.

7. The seventh part of the report includes a list of figures and tables that illustrate the data and the results. These are placed at the end of the report for easy reference.

8. The eighth part of the report includes a list of footnotes that provide additional information on the data and the analysis. These are placed at the end of the report for easy reference.

9. The ninth part of the report includes a list of appendices that provide additional information on the data and the analysis. These are placed at the end of the report for easy reference.

10. The tenth part of the report includes a list of figures and tables that illustrate the data and the results. These are placed at the end of the report for easy reference.

about her neck. She removes it and dangles it from her hand, like a child dragging an old doll by its leg.)

Even when it falls apart, the feel of it here is the same: A brown mystery which time only makes more intense.

(Music out.)

NINA

(Vaguely, to no one in particular.)

Spring always comes sooner in Michigan. On the road to Sioux City there are still snow banks. I mean, it's not really warm here yet, but there is a difference. I always told Goo-Goo that: "Marry a man from Michigan; marry a man from the East..."

(To NELL and MR. ALMOND.)

Do we have to stay here any longer? I mean the service was just too much -- even though he didn't do justice to Mother -- and it's getting cold. Do you suppose it's going to snow? --I mean there's just nothing colder than a cemetery, particularly when it's snowing. Nell?...

(NELL looks up, her face tragic in tears, and then bows her head. NINA walks idly upstage around the grave, killing time.)

TED

--The compulsion to return, to leave the roses, because,

until you can be sure exactly how it started, you can never be sure exactly who you are.

NINA

...Nothing colder in the whole world. Henry? Henry, you're so damned bright, why didn't she tell us that?

MR. ALMOND

What, Nina?

NINA

That there's nothing colder than a cemetery. All she ever talked about was the roses and the candy. --Oh, Jesus, Jesus, stop crying, Nell, because I can't cry anymore over anybody but me. I'm not going to be blackmailed into any more tears.

MR. ALMOND

Why don't you go sit in the car, Nina. We'll be there in just a minute.

NINA

Because I don't want to sit in a car that isn't going any place. I'm nearly sixty. Do you realize that? Nearly sixty years old and I just haven't got the time to sit in cars. --I thought the blanket of gladioluses was awfully pretty. It seemed a shame to cover it up. --Nell? Nell, it isn't any use crying, because there isn't any heaven. --Do you know how I know that?

(TED has walked into the living room and

is examining the room with the silent amazement of one who has been a long time away from a place he knew well as a child.)

MR. ALMOND

Nina! Be quiet!

NINA

(Going up to MR. ALMOND.)

You know, that's just it. I'm afraid to be quiet. I'm afraid that if I stop for even a minute, I'll just stop myself. --Do you know how I know there isn't any heaven? Because I can't imagine any place that could hold all of us.

MR. ALMOND

Go sit in the car!

(NINA shrugs and exits upstage with a casual walk. TED has moved to the fireplace in the living room. He puts one elbow on the mantle and then leans his head into his hand in the manner of one who has a severe headache.)

I think we'd best go, too. You know there isn't any point...

NELL

I know...I know that. I can't think of it as anything but relief. Sick and old and out of her mind. --But it doesn't mean anything...all she tried to do. And

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look at Nina. And her grandsons! Ted and Donald couldn't be bothered...not even for me.

MR. ALMOND

It's no use thinking about that.

NELL

She always seemed so strong. I know I used to hate how she managed everything; how everything went on around her: the church circle and the Red Cross. It seemed so permanent. Then...just this.

MR. ALMOND

Don't think about it. You're worn out. Taking care of her the past year.

(MR. ALMOND is guiding NELL upstage, away from the grave.)

NELL

I'm worn out. --But it's more than that.

(Music, "The Willow Song," softly under.)

It's just that everything is gone...like the center had been cut out. I know you hated her, Henry, but she was a good woman...I mean...when we were little ...she was a good mother.

(Her back to the audience, NELL is wracked with convulsive sobs. MR. ALMOND puts his arm about her shoulders and guides her off, up right. Lights down on lawn area, up full in living room. TED raises his head, smiles to himself, and bends down to the

loose tile at his feet as music fades out. He lifts the tile, extracts the piece of paper he placed there in Act I. He straightens up, evidently trying to decipher the code. Then, on impulse, he looks behind the clock. The code pin is there. He shakes his head in rueful amazement and then sits in the rocker, using the pin to decipher the message in his hand. NINA, NELL, and MR. ALMOND approach the house from stage right. NINA is talking loudly. NELL is composed, although her voice is weary.)

NINA

...So I said to her, "Really, Mrs. Flint, it was Mother's express wish that she be buried in an inexpensive coffin. --So she could leave her family a little something." --"Well," she said, "with only brass fittings..." --And then the old biddy asked if she could take that pot of gardenias home -- you know, the ones Johnny Macklin sent -- and I said, "Certainly not!" --Well, really!

MR. ALMOND

You should have given them to her. Maybe it would have embarrassed her.

NINA

I told the florist to deliver all the flowers right

here to the house.

NELL

But we're only going to be here for a day or so. --And we're going to have enough to do, packing, without looking after flowers.

NINA

I just can't live without flowers in the house. You know that, Nell. --And, besides, I'd rather flush them down the toilet, one by one, than let that old hag get at them.

(NINA, NELL, and MR. ALMOND are at the door, up right. TED puts the note in his pocket and rises in nervous expectancy.)

NELL

(Seeing TED.)

Darling!

(NELL embraces TED and begins to cry.)

Henry! He came!

(TED, one arm about NELL, shakes MR. ALMOND's hand.)

But how did you get here?

NINA

I don't suppose you're going to say hello to me now that you're so cultured and well-traveled.

TED

Of course. It's good to see you, Aunt Nina.

NINA

How were the picture galleries? --And you did take slides? We could look at them tonight. Oh, Florence must be just beautiful. What's the name of that quaint little bridge?

(NINA seats herself on davenport, downstage.)

TED

The Ponte Vecchio.

(To his mother and father, with concern.)

You're all right? --You both look worn out.

MR. ALMOND

(There is no self-pity in his voice.)

It's been a rough year.

TED

Yes, Mother said in her letters--

MR. ALMOND

I told her not to keep bothering you with our troubles. You had enough on your mind.

TED

Donald didn't come up from Detroit?

NELL

Well, he's been awfully busy...

TED

(To MR. ALMOND.)

Bad as that, eh?

MR. ALMOND

We don't see much of him anymore.

NINA

Well, I think we should all celebrate. --The return of the prodigal.

(NINA opens her purse and takes out a large bottle of brandy.)

It's brandy. Christian Brothers'.

TED

Well, life in the provinces has improved. I remember when you used to hide it in an old witch hazel bottle.

NINA

You naughty boy! You'll make me out an old souse.

MR. ALMOND

Well, it's all right as long as it's Christian Brothers'.

NINA

You don't mind if I partake first. I mean the funeral was such a strain.

(NINA raises the bottle to her lips. TED looks at his father, eyebrows raised. MR. ALMOND shrugs.)

Apple brandy. I always think of springtime. You know, the apple blossoms out in the backyard. --Well, now it's your turn.

(NINA hands the bottle to TED.)

TED

I think I'll have mine in a glass. --So I can savor the blossoms. Mother? Dad?

NELL

Well, I suppose one little glass. I might feel better. --But we've got to get supper.

(NELL seats herself at upstage end of davenport. TED exits to dining room for glasses.)

NINA

My, he's turned into a handsome man. I always said he would. He takes after the Beers'. --And so smart. I'm sure he's going to do something someday. Is it a Fulbright he's got in Italy?

MR. ALMOND

No, he just likes it there.

(MR. ALMOND sits in rocker.)

NINA

But what does he live on? I mean, he must have a job.

MR. ALMOND

Not a regular one. I guess he sells a newspaper story every now and then. It doesn't take much to live over there.

NINA

It's so romantic! If I--

TED

(Returning with four glasses.)

The best cut-glass in the house.

NINA

Mother always told me she wanted me to have the china and crystal.

MR. ALMOND

Let's wait'll after supper to fight over that.

NINA

Really, Henry, I just mentioned it.

(TED hands NINA a glass.)

--Well, of course, I shouldn't. It does go to my head. But since it's a celebration. --I suppose you're used to candlelight and that wonderful imported champagne. --Of course, it wouldn't be imported over there, but you know what I mean. Did you take any pictures of the Forum?

TED

(Filling the other glasses.)

No. I didn't take any pictures. I don't have a camera.

NINA

How strange. But you did look at the ruins?

TED

(Attempting to quiet her; looking her in the eyes.)

I never pay any attention to ruins.

(TED sits on footstool. To NELL.)

I'm sorry I wasn't here for the funeral.

NELL

There was nothing you could have done.

TED

Well, I'm sorry anyway. Even if we didn't get along.

NELL

You did your best.

TED

I didn't really. I could have taken an earlier bus out of Detroit. But I don't like funerals. I always get furious.

NINA

Mrs. Flint complained to me about the casket...right at the funeral parlor.

NELL

Well, she was an old neighbor. She probably thought she was protecting mother's best interests.

MR. ALMOND

Damn busybody! She should have talked to me. I'd have handled her.

NELL

All right, Henry. You always get asthma when you're upset.

MR. ALMOND

I'm upset now, dammit. They ought to just drop people into a big well and forget about it. More than a thousand dollars just to get somebody into the ground. Dust to

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dust...it's a damn expensive proposition.

NELL

Henry!

NINA

(To TED.)

Did you notice the chiaroscuro in the Botticellis? I'm always fascinated by the chiaroscuro.

MR. ALMOND

Are you speaking English? --When I die, Teddy, you just sneak me out from under your mother's nose and put me through a sausage grinder. I ought to make good fertilizer for the roses. A man ought to be good for something after sixty years.

TED

Which rose? --Do you have any preference?

MR. ALMOND

Any rose. I've always liked roses best.

NELL

You'd never guess it from the way you hacked at them this spring. --Only five wintered over and he's killed three by pruning them right to the ground.

MR. ALMOND

The survival of the fittest! Let 'em fight like the rest of us.

NINA

But didn't you find the chiaroscuro fascinating?

TED

I didn't spend much time in the picture galleries, Aunt Nina.

NINA

But if you didn't look at the ruins, and you didn't look at the pictures, what did you do?

TED

I just looked, you might say.

(TED rises, pours himself another drink.)

Anybody else for a refill?

NELL

No, no. I've got to round up something for supper.

(MR. ALMOND shakes his head.)

TED

Aunt Nina?

NINA

Well, yes. The doctor says it's so soothing to a person of my temperament.

NELL

I think you drink too much.

NINA

Really, Nellie, I've been under a terrible strain.
--You know that.

NELL

I'm sure it's not good for you.

MR. ALMOND

It's not good for anybody. But Nina's a big girl now.

(There is a pause in the conversation. Far away can be heard the melancholy wail of a train whistle. The whistle blows twice and, each time, the lights of TIME PAST rise slightly and dim out in FANNY's room. With these pulses of light, FANNY stirs in her bed.)

TED

I'd forgot about the trains...how melancholy they sounded here.

NELL

You always used to like to watch the trains. Why, one of the first words you said was "choo-choo." --I had you on my lap, up in Mother's bedroom, --you couldn't have been more than sixteen months old -- and then you used to be able to see out over the other side of the lake. I showed you the train winding around the lake and you said "choo-choo" just as plain as anything.

TED

I don't remember that. One night, though, --I don't know when it was...but it was summer and we were staying here...and I remember we were sleeping on the floor because it was cooler than it was in bed. I was looking out the window, watching the heat-lightning

over the lake. Suddenly a steam-engine came by, and I don't know whether the furnace door was open or not ...but there were flames shooting out of the cab and out of the smokestack. And it whistled. And...I don't know...it was like hell going by. Hell going by on big steel wheels with the devil stoking.

NINA

You were such a dear, sensitive child.

TED

And you didn't like me a bit.

NINA

It wasn't that, dear. It's just that you were so difficult...well, to do anything with.

MR. ALMOND

That is the understatement of the year.

(To TED.)

One of the big surprises of my life has been that you grew up to look like anybody else. I always figured you'd dwindle away from T.B. -- like Camille -- with a novel in one hand and a box of chocolates in the other. The trouble we had getting you to go out and play...

TED

I never liked games or stupid children. I still don't --What's in the old trunk there?

MR. ALMOND

Your aunt charmed the milkman into carrying it up from the cellar.

NINA

Well, it's so musty and dark down there. You just can't see a thing. --And we have to go through everything before we well the house.

NELL

You should have just taken it out and burned it. All that moldy old clothing. It's been there ever since Grandmother came back from Chicago. --Even the Salvation Army wouldn't take those clothes.

TED

It looks like Oswald lying there on top. --They opened Pandora's box and there was Oswald.

NINA

It used to be a very nice sealskin. It was your great-grandmother's best coat.

MR. ALMOND

You mean you remember Oswald?

TED

A fuzzy tail with pink polka-dots. --Donald believed in Oswald for years.

NINA

I told you you shouldn't have told those children so many frightening stories.

MR. ALMOND

You never believed a word I said, Ted. I never saw a more pompous, self-righteous child. But Donald's eyes used to get just as big as tea-cups, and he'd say, "Really, 'addy?" --And then he'd run into my arms and say, "I love you, Daddy. Don't let him get me!" --And I'd feel like I'd betrayed all the innocence in the world. It's funny how things turn out...

NELL

(Quickly.)

Well, I suppose everybody's hungry for some supper.

NINA

Don't hurry on my account. I'm feeling just utterly relaxed.

TED

I'm in no hurry either.

(Looking about the room.)

You know, even without her here, there's an air of gray respectability about this place. They must have built it in. I'd never realized how ugly it was.

NELL

It was the style. --I think this brandy's going to my head.

NINA

I feel just utterly relaxed. Like I was floating on a big bed of apple blossoms.

MR. ALMOND

Good God!

NINA

You never did have an artistic bone in your body, Henry. --And neither did Nell for that matter. Mother must have given all her talent to me. And my girls are just terribly talented. Before she married that awful man and had her family, Goo-Goo was doing really brilliant paintings.

MR. ALMOND

How was her chiaroscuro?

NINA

Well, of course, as an amateur... Is that some of your Canadian wit, Henry?

NELL

I'm sure I shouldn't have drunk any.

MR. ALMOND

(Gesturing to the trunk.)

I'll bet that's the coat in the photograph.

(Beginning to laugh.)

Do you know the one I mean, Nell? The four of them at the train station. Funniest damn picture I ever saw in my life.

NELL

(To NINA.)

You know the one he means. Grandmother and Mother and

Uncle John and I don't know who else.

MR. ALMOND

There is a picture, Teddy, you ought to carry in your wallet at all times! Just in case you get feeling pompous. "Our American Cousins." Show the folks the kind of stock you sprang from.

(He is laughing asthmatically and coughing.)

There is a study. --You haven't seen it?

(TED shakes his head. MR. ALMOND rises.)

Well, Uncle John -- your mother's great-uncle John -- is standing there like this:

(MR. ALMOND rolls his eyes upward and lets his jaw drop.)

And this other man -- unidentified -- is sort of leering over at Fanny, like this:

(He demonstrates.)

Well, I forgot to say, they all have on these big, long, shaggy coats like they'd just got back from Omsk or somewhere in Siberia. --And your grandmother is sort of looking the other direction as if she were embarrassed. And Fanny, now there is a picture!

(From the top of the trunk he pulls the floor-length coat and throws it over his shoulders.)

NELL

Put that musty old coat back, Henry! You'll be coughing

all night!

MR. ALMOND

Fanny is standing there like the grande dame, like this: Like Queen Maude or somebody welcoming the troops home from Liberia. --And wrapped around the shoulders of the coat is this ratty, old, feather boa, you know, the kind they used to wear.

NINA

She always wore it when she went out. Of course, she never went out much after she got back from Chicago.

TED

I suppose everything was an anti-climax after that gun fight.

NELL

Oh, Ted! She was just a doddering, old woman. You and Donald always believed everything she told you.

TED

Well, we saw the pistol. Real blood on the handle.

MR. ALMOND

The butt.

TED

Well, whatever the hell you call the end you hold. Mother-of-pearl and blood. --What did she do in Chicago?

(DONALD enters the room from rear right.

He is dressed in an overly-loud business suit and has put on considerable weight

about his waist. His voice is loud and his entire adult manner is one of nervous and nerve-wracking extroversion.)

DONALD

Well, what are we doing? Playing Goldilocks and the Three Bears?

(MR. ALMOND quickly removes the coat from his shoulders, then extends his hand which DONALD takes briefly without looking into his father's face.)

Mother.

(DONALD kisses NELL lightly on the cheek.)

Ted.

(DONALD nods in TED's direction.)

Well, I haven't seen you for a long time, Aunt Nina.

NINA

Oh, Donald! --And how are your wife and those three adorable children?

DONALD

Only two, Nina. --Maybe she's got another in the hopper but she hasn't told me about it yet.

(NINA snickers. DONALD belches loudly, making no attempt to cover it.)

The Doc told me to belch whenever I had to. Eases the pressure on the old ticker. --Sorry I didn't make the funeral but I was up by Mackinac looking at a road job.

How'd the funeral go?

TED

Just ginger-peachy.

DONALD

I'm glad to see Europe hasn't changed you any.

TED

No, we just get more so.

DONALD

I don't want to see any more of those damned colored slides. Don't bother to bring them over to show us.

TED

I'm crushed. You were at the top of my list.

DONALD

What're we drinking?

NELL

It's brandy. Some Nina brought. I should never have drunk it. I'm so light-headed I'll never be able to get dinner.

DONALD

Say, I've got some real stuff out in my car. Some Haig and Haig that was smuggled in from Canada. Bought it from this Indian up at the Straits for only five bucks a bottle. --Say, did you hear the joke about the constipated Indian and his teepee?

TED

It's been a rough day for all of us. I don't think

anybody's up to jokes about constipated Indians.

NELL

(Shyly.)

How are your children, Donald?

DONALD

(Picking up the bottle of brandy.)

Where are the glasses?

NELL

In the chiffonier. Isn't that where you found them, Ted?

(TED nods.)

DONALD

They had runny noses all winter. --But you know kids.

NELL

We wish you'd bring them over sometime.

DONALD

(Exiting to dining room.)

Well, we mean to -- but you know how busy the wife is
-- and with them having colds...

(DONALD exits.)

TED

You mean that bastard hasn't been to see you since last
fall!

NINA

Goo-Goo never comes around either. --So I just write
and tell them I'm coming.

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TED

Goo-Goo doesn't just live across town. That dirty--

DONALD

(From dining room.)

What shelf are they on?

NELL

Just keep looking. You'll find them.

MR. ALMOND

We haven't seen you for two years.

TED

But I was in Italy.

MR. ALMOND

And Donald was 'cross town. I don't see the difference.

(There is a long pause. MR. ALMOND

begins to cough rather violently.)

NELL

I told you not to get that musty old coat near you.

(DONALD re-enters with an oversize drinking glass.)

DONALD

Sounds like T.B. Have you been to a doctor?

MR. ALMOND

To hell with doctors! When I go, I intend to go by myself without being helped over by those charlatans. --Besides it's that damned coat. She polluted everything she touched.

NINA

She was just a simple, old lady.

MR. ALMOND

Simple, hell! Simple-minded! I don't care what they say, there's a lot to this heredity business.

NELL

Henry!

MR. ALMOND

Well, I've seen four generations of this family. I've had nearly forty years to watch the yeast fermenting. You can trace her right down through the lot of you. Whining, simple-minded, spineless! --I should have stayed on the farm with the Irish drunks.

(NELL begins to cry. NINA rises and walks to a window where she plays aimlessly with the edge of a window curtain. TED and DONALD are motionless; they have been through similar scenes before.)

Well, do you have to prove me right by crying? That's exactly what Fanny would have done. Tears like horse turds running down her simple cheeks.

(MR. ALMOND rises.)

I'm going to lie down. Call me for supper.

(MR. ALMOND exits up stairs, coughing violently.)

NINA

Well, he always did have a violent temper! --At least he doesn't hit you, Nell. --Why, I remember one of the first times he talked to me he told me he was going to knock me down. Imagine!

NELL

(Recovering quickly from her tears.)

He had reason.

NINA

I'm sure I don't know what you mean. --Why, Donald, you naughty man, you've drunk up all your auntie's brandy.

DONALD

I'll bring the Scotch in.

NINA

Oh, no. No. I just have a little tippie before supper. For the digestion. --You know, I think I'll just stretch out, too. A little beauty nap. That's how I've kept my face; little naps whenever I feel tired.

TED

Fanny used to sleep all day. I don't remember that it did much for her face.

NINA

Mother was right. You're just like your father: Mean, sullen, and sarcastic.

(NINA exits up stairway.)

NELL

Well, that's one way of getting out of helping with supper. Beauty nap! She's nearly sixty. --You'd think it wouldn't matter anymore.

TED

I'll help you.

NELL

You never were any help. Besides, we're just going to have meatloaf. Maybe you can set the table later. Just some paper plates, like a picnic. --And, besides, you and Donald must have a lot to talk over. --It's so good to see you both together again.

(NELL exits to dining room and then kitchen.

There is a sizeable pause. TED wanders to the piano and begins picking out "The Willow Song" with one finger. He repeats the melody a second time. DONALD is evidently annoyed by the tune for a grimace comes to his face. DONALD finishes his drink in one swallow and slams the glass on to a nearby table.)

DONALD

Jesus! After twenty-five years, can't you play anything but that one-finger exercise?

TED

I think it has the proper air of melancholy for the day of a funeral.

DONALD

Well, try two fingers. It grates my ass. --Reminds me of those summers we spent here.

TED

I always thought you liked it here. Just because you looked like the Beers, they treated you like you were made out of ice cream... And you were always so busy mowing lawns, and making quarters, and brown-nosing generally.

(Crossing front.)

And you didn't like it here either? Well, it just shows how little we know about those closest to us.

DONALD

Just what do you mean by that?

TED

Just talking off the top of my head. Those ghastly summer weeks here. Hot and you expected all the time the maple trees were closing in for the kill. And not a thought above the fifth grade level. The copy-book mind.

(In a sing-song voice.)

"Early to bed, early to rise..."

(Transition music to TIME PAST. Lights

also begin fade to TIME PAST.)

MRS. BEERS

(Faintly heard, off stage.)

"...makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

TED

"Waste not..."

MRS. BEERS

(Closer; she is entering from upstage right.)

"...want not."

TED

"...I'll be a sunbeam for Him."

(Music out. Lights of TIME PAST up full.)

MRS. BEERS

(Entering the room at right.)

I heard that, Ted. That's blasphemy.

TED

I was just singing.

MRS. BEERS

It's the way you sing. Just because you're in college now is no reason to think you can fool your old grandmother.

(Going to DONALD.)

And how's my dear little man.

(MRS. BEERS kisses DONALD on the forehead.)

The garage is just beautiful. Why, I don't think it's been that clean since your poor grandfather died.

TED

Did you look behind it? --He just piled all the junk out behind it. You'll have a real party getting it out of there.

MRS. BEERS

Did you, Donald? --Well, anyway, the garage is clean. Your grandfather would be proud of you.

(Seating herself.)

--And, besides, Donald's not sitting around the house moping about some girl. --I never did like that girl, Ted.

TED

Because she smoked?

MRS. BEERS

Well, yes. But that was only part of it. You can tell.

TED

Just what can you tell? I'm curious. Just what can you tell?

MRS. BEERS

Well. --You always get so upset. You're just like your father.

TED

Just what could you tell about her?

MRS. BEERS

Well, she wouldn't have been right for you.

TED

Not that the question ever came up. "Right?" What would have been right for me?

DONALD

Calf love. You should have seen him.

(DONALD throws his eyes up to the ceiling and sticks out his tongue.)

Moo--

TED

Why, you damned--

MRS. BEERS

Ted Almond! Your grandfather would turn over in his grave if he could hear that.

TED

What about her? Did you ever think what she was doing in her grave?

MRS. BEERS

Well now, dear, don't think about that.

TED

How can I help but think about it? Just three days. She was walking down the street with me and holding this hand...and three days later... I don't understand why she had to die.

MRS. BEERS

Now don't get upset all over again. It was nearly a year ago. When you're older and a little wiser, you'll

understand that these things do happen. I mean lots of young people die like she did. --I think it was 1916, one of the Macklin boys got infantile paralysis. Just like that.

(She snaps her fingers and shakes her head.)

TED

What's 1916 got to do with it?

DONALD

He wasn't nearly so upset about her as he was about himself. Everytime he got a little pain, he wanted somebody to call the ambulance.

(Rather proudly.)

I've been pallbearer at three of my friend's funerals already and you didn't see me moping around.

TED

You haven't got anything to mope with. You're just like all this family. --You've got a big bag of gas where your heart should be.

MRS. BEERS

Well, I've had just about enough of this sort of talk! If you can't behave yourself, you can just get right on the next bus for Detroit and spend your vacation there. You'd think you'd have a little respect for your elders.

TED

All right, all right.

(TED goes to piano and begins picking out

"The Willow Song" with one finger.)

DONALD

Can't you make him stop that, Grandma?

MRS. BEERS

Now, Ted, you know that's very annoying.

TED

That's why I do it.

DONALD

See!

MRS. BEERS

Now, we're all going to be happy for the rest of the afternoon and there won't be any more quarreling. Now, Ted, you just come over here and sit in the rocker and read a nice book or something. And we'll all be happy together just like we used to be when you were little.

TED

(Sitting down reluctantly.)

I don't remember ever being very happy here.

MRS. BEERS

Well, it was your own fault. Donald was always happy. Weren't you, Donald?

DONALD

I'd be happier if you'd let me drive the Chevvy. It's just gathering dust in the garage. Why, the engine will just rot out.

MRS. BEERS

No, it won't. I had the garageman come up here to look at it just the other day and he told me that the way I was taking care of it, it ought to last at least a hundred years. Besides, I don't think you boys ought to be racing around in cars after dark. I'm sure Nellie wouldn't approve.

TED

Racing! That old heap never went more than thirty-five miles an hour in its life.

DONALD

That was plenty fast enough the way Grandpa drove it. It takes a real dare-devil to drive thirty-five down the wrong side of the road.

MRS. BEERS

Your grandfather was a very fine driver. Why, we drove to Florida twice and never had an accident.

DONALD

Did you ever look behind you? I'll bet they were piled up in heaps.

MRS. BEERS

Maybe, if you're good the rest of the afternoon and there isn't any more quarreling, we'll take a little ride after supper. We could drive out and visit Mrs. Pinkney. The poor thing is blind now and I know she'd just be awful happy if you boys came to see her. --She was at

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your mother's wedding, you know.

TED

(Pawing through the magazine rack.)

Don't they let any magazine into this town except The Reader's Digest? --Why single out Mrs. Pinkney? Let's pack the car full of provisions and go visit every blind, old lady in the county. I'll bet there are more half-dead, old ladies in this county than in any other single spot in the whole world.

MRS. BEERS

Mrs. Pinkney is very nice. --And a nice, old family. The Pinkneys and the Macklins were the first settlers here.

TED

With Fanny close behind. The first camp-follower to enter Chickasee County.

MRS. BEERS

I'm sure you're trying to say something clever but I don't think young people should refer to their elders by their first names. --Would anyone like some lemonade?

DONALD

I've drunk so much it's coming out my ears!

(TED nods his head in dissent.)

MRS. BEERS

What on earth is a camp-follower?

DONALD

Just what it says: A person who follows camps.

(TED is smiling.)

MRS. BEERS

Well, I don't see why anybody would want to do that. Certainly not your great-grandmother. She always liked the city. Declared the country made her nervous. --You're a lot like her, Teddy. Around the eyes, particularly.

(There is a pause. MRS. BEERS rises and begins searching about the room for her glasses.)

Have either of you boys seen my glasses?

TED

You put them in the bag with your crocheting just before lunch.

MRS. BEERS

Well, land sakes! Sometimes I declare I'd lose my head if it weren't tacked on. That's what your grandfather used to say, may he rest in peace.

(She finds her crocheting bag, puts on her glasses, and begins to crochet. The two boys look aimlessly about the room, obviously bored to death.)

You know, it was such a comfort when your grandfather died to know that I'd always led a proper life and had never done a single thing to embarrass him. It was a comfort.

TED

Um-hmm.

MRS. BEERS

I mean, so many women do such really terrible things and cause their husbands no end of trouble.

TED

What sort of terrible things?

MRS. BEERS

(Crocheting steadily, not looking up. She seems to be thinking aloud.)

Well, you know...like smoking.

TED

Oh, no!

MRS. BEERS

Well, it's not that smoking is really evil, like some things. But I've never seen it fail. First smoking and then the bottle on the shelf and then... --Well, we don't talk about that. But I've seen it happen too often. You just mark my words.

TED

Oh, what could you know about that?

MRS. BEERS

Well, you'd just be surprised what your old grandmother has seen. I've had a lot of chances to look about the world since 1872. There's a lot of evil in it. You've got to fight every minute of the way, because if you

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let down for just one minute... --Well, it's there, and it'll take you right over, and then it's hellfire and damnation sure. --No, you can just thank your lucky stars that girl died when she did.

TED

(Incredulously.)

What did you say?

MRS. BEERS

Perhaps it sounds cruel now, but you can thank your stars--

TED

(Rising; impotent in his rage.)

How...? How...could anybody say a thing like that?

DONALD

Mooo...

TED

You shut your mouth, you loud-mouthed moron, or I'll knock your block off!

(To MRS. BEERS.)

Don't you understand anything, you old hag? How could there be anything lucky, for anyone, about a young girl dying?

MRS. BEERS

(Rising.)

Horsewhipped! A boy who'd talk to his grandmother--

TED

What about the grandmother? Are you God? Do you decide who should die and why? If they'd given me the choice, I'd have handed over fifty of you dirty, old women. --Your cackling, old mother and you...you psalm-singing old hypocrite...

MRS. BEERS

You can just leave my house! And you needn't come crawling back--

DONALD

He's always yelling about something.

TED

And do you think this is heaven that I should come crawling back here on my knees. I've hated this damn place ever since I can remember. Do this!...Do that!... Don't!...Don't!...Don't!... --We've got to work hard. --We've got to be respectable. --Why? So we can sit in judgement on little girls who die? Is that why?

MRS. BEERS

It must be college...

DONALD

Calf love!

TED

Damn it! I am going!

(TED starts running towards the door, up right. Then, stops suddenly and turns.)

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But there's just one little thing first.

(TED reaches in his pocket and takes out a package of cigarettes.)

Do you see these? They're cigarettes. --A sure ticket to hell.

(Hands shaking as he displays them.)

And after I smoke this will come the bottle, and after that...

(MRS. BEERS has turned away. TED puts a cigarette, inexpertly, into his mouth.)

Look at me!

(MRS. BEERS, reluctantly, turns to look.

With some difficulty, TED brings a lighted match to the cigarette.)

I'm smoking. I'm going right to hell.

(He begins to cry and choke.)

--And maybe I'll die...and somebody can come tell you that I'm better off dead...because I was just going to hell anyway.

(TED turns and runs from the room.)

DONALD

(Rising, cupping his hands, and yelling after him.)

Moooooooo!

MRS. BEERS

(Drawing a deep breath, then beginning to

collect her crocheting to replace in the bag.)

Well, I never! --I hope his father whales him to within an inch of his life when he gets home. --It's the Irish in him, I suppose. They're always screaming about something.

(Turning to DONALD.)

But you let this be a lesson to you.

(Transition music under as she starts for door, right. Lights of TIME PAST begin fade.)

"Early to bed..."

(There is a pause but no reply. DONALD is facing square front, eyes half closed.)

"Haste makes..."

(MRS. BEERS exits. She is heard faintly from the wings.)

"Waste not..."

(DONALD stands still for a moment, then shrugs casually and goes over to the davenport to lie down. Lights of TIME PAST out in living room. Music out. Lights of TIME PRESENT up in dining room as NELL enters quickly and begins to set table with paper plates.)

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NELL

(To the kitchen.)

Just open that oven door, Ted, and see if the meat-loaf is done.

TED

(From kitchen.)

It looks black...and it's bubbling.

NELL

Oh, dear, I hope it isn't ruined. I don't know how she could cook anything on that old stove...

(Having set table, NELL exits, returning quickly with a heavy pan of meat-loaf.)

It's not very elegant but I can't find a platter anywhere. She used to have a nice willow-ware one.

(NELL begins exit to kitchen. TED stops her at doorway and puts his arm about her shoulders.)

TED

Mother...

NELL

(Looking up at TED quizzically.)

It is good to have you home. I know a funeral's not much of a homecoming--

TED

It's not that. --Mother...I'm afraid...

NELL

(Attempting good humor.)

What on earth about? You're just being a little boy.
There's nothing--

TED

Don't you see it, for God's sake? --I mean that there isn't anything, for any of us, anymore. That it's all pretense. That we don't even like each other. --And if we can't like each other...how in hell can we ever like anybody?

NELL

That's just foolishness, dear. You're just tired from the long trip. --And I know I love you all.

TED

How can you? --How ~~can~~ you love us? Knowing...or guessing...what we are. --But that's only part of it. I wanted to do -- to be -- so much and all the while this place -- what I was -- was pulling me down. We're all falling. Can't you feel it? --And we've just about hit bottom...the rocks at the bottom of the cliff.

NELL

You always made so much of everything. --But I'm glad you've come home and I do love you very much.

TED

I'll remember that. --When I'm stretched out on the rocks.

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2. The first part of the paper is devoted to the study of the properties of the function $f(x)$ defined by the equation

$$f(x) = \int_0^x \frac{1}{1+t^2} dt.$$

3. It is well known that the function $f(x)$ is increasing and concave down on the interval $(-\infty, \infty)$.

4. The second part of the paper is devoted to the study of the properties of the function $g(x)$ defined by the equation

$$g(x) = \int_0^x \frac{1}{1+t^4} dt.$$

5. It is well known that the function $g(x)$ is increasing and concave down on the interval $(-\infty, \infty)$.

6. The third part of the paper is devoted to the study of the properties of the function $h(x)$ defined by the equation

$$h(x) = \int_0^x \frac{1}{1+t^6} dt.$$

7. It is well known that the function $h(x)$ is increasing and concave down on the interval $(-\infty, \infty)$.

8. The fourth part of the paper is devoted to the study of the properties of the function $k(x)$ defined by the equation

$$k(x) = \int_0^x \frac{1}{1+t^8} dt.$$

9. It is well known that the function $k(x)$ is increasing and concave down on the interval $(-\infty, \infty)$.

10. The fifth part of the paper is devoted to the study of the properties of the function $l(x)$ defined by the equation

$$l(x) = \int_0^x \frac{1}{1+t^{10}} dt.$$

11. It is well known that the function $l(x)$ is increasing and concave down on the interval $(-\infty, \infty)$.

12. The sixth part of the paper is devoted to the study of the properties of the function $m(x)$ defined by the equation

$$m(x) = \int_0^x \frac{1}{1+t^{12}} dt.$$

13. It is well known that the function $m(x)$ is increasing and concave down on the interval $(-\infty, \infty)$.

14. The seventh part of the paper is devoted to the study of the properties of the function $n(x)$ defined by the equation

$$n(x) = \int_0^x \frac{1}{1+t^{14}} dt.$$

15. It is well known that the function $n(x)$ is increasing and concave down on the interval $(-\infty, \infty)$.

16. The eighth part of the paper is devoted to the study of the properties of the function $o(x)$ defined by the equation

$$o(x) = \int_0^x \frac{1}{1+t^{16}} dt.$$

17. It is well known that the function $o(x)$ is increasing and concave down on the interval $(-\infty, \infty)$.

NELL

You go bring in the bread and butter and I'll get Henry and Nina up. I know he's going to have asthma all night and Nina...

(NELL shakes her shoulders in a gesture of despair, then enters living room, going to DONALD. TED exits to kitchen.)

Donald! Donald! --You've been sleeping for nearly an hour. --Wake up! Supper's ready.

(At the foot of the stairs.)

Henry! --Nina!

(Murmurs are heard in reply.)

Supper's ready!

(DONALD rises and throws his arm heavily about NELL as they walk into dining room.)

DONALD

Well, how's everything going, princess? --This damn gas. I wish to hell the Doc'd do something for this damn gas...

(MR. ALMOND comes down the stairs, coughing. NINA follows, hanging on to the bannister. She is in that half tipsy, half doped condition of one who has drunk too much and then laid down for an hour. Without looking dishevelled, she should give the impression of being discomposed.)

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NINA

You're just going to have to give me your hand, Henry.
These stairs keep coming up to meet me.

(MR. ALMOND reaches out his hand to help.)

Thank you, kind sir. --Why, I haven't been helped down
these stairs since my first date. Well, what do you
suppose Nellie has prepared for supper tonight?
--Lobster thermidor? --And candlelight?

MR. ALMOND

Let's exercise some restraint, eh, Nina? Have a
pleasant dinner.

(NINA and MR. ALMOND enter dining room.)

TED enters from kitchen with bread and butter.)

NINA

Well, of course. --You know, Henry, you were so hand-
some and...now... --It just doesn't seem... --Well,
I guess none of us are as young as we were.

(NELL, TED, and DONALD have seated themselves.)

MR. ALMOND helps NINA into her chair. Posi-
tions are: MR. ALMOND, right; NINA, TED, and
DONALD, in that order, up center; and NELL,
left, near kitchen.)

--Well, we're just being terribly civilized this evening.
And all the shining faces. --I'm going to be an
awfully good girl at supper because my handsome brother-
in-law has told me to behave. --Didn't you, Henry?

MR. ALMOND

Precisely.

NELL

You're going to have to dish up the meat-loaf, Henry.
It's too hot to pass.

MR. ALMOND

(Standing.)

Well, hand me your plates.

(DONALD passes his first. MR. ALMOND works
for a long moment trying to get the meat-loaf
out of the pan.)

Now, just how in hell did you think anybody--

NELL

Well, it is burned a little, and I suppose it's stuck.
That oven...

(MR. ALMOND begins to cough rather violently.)

All right, dear, I'll do it. Don't get all upset.

(NELL crosses and dishes out the meat-loaf.
During the following scene, plates are
filled, NELL returns to her place, and the
dinner is eaten.)

TED

I guess if you're going to get ahead in this world,
you've got to push right in, eh, Donald?

DONALD

I was hungry. Long trip from the Straits. --If you're

not feeling too delicate, could you pass the celery?

NINA

This meat-loaf is delicious. I always meant to ask Mother for her recipe.

NELL

I'll write it out for you if you remind me. It has ham in it. --Henry, dear, do you want me to poach you an egg? I'd forgot you don't like meat-loaf.

MR. ALMOND

How could you forget? You know I detest anything that's mixed up.

NELL

Well, it was the simplest thing I could think of.

MR. ALMOND

After nearly forty years, I'm resigned.

NELL

I'll get you an egg.

MR. ALMOND

Forget it, for Christ's sake. Leave me alone.

NINA

(Brightly.)

Well, here we are. All together again.

TED

Didn't you say that once? Or am I anticipating?

NELL

(To TED.)

You'd think, dear, at thirty you'd have got over that

habit of washing everything down with water.

TED

It's second childhood. I'm chewing every mouthful thirty times, too.

DONALD

Where do you suppose they raised this celery? In somebody's septic tank?

(DONALD belches.)

TED

Well, you've certainly turned into a Class-A pig, haven't you?

DONALD

My psychiatrist told me I shouldn't repress anything.

NINA

I called Johnny Macklin on the way through Chicago, but he was all tied up. He's just awfully important these days.

TED

Do you wallow in the muck every night before bedtime?
--Or do you just push other people in?

DONALD

Just what in hell do you mean by that?

TED

Think about it a while. That is, if you can think about anything but your fat belly.

NELL

Boys! --Is Johnny Macklin still living in Evanston?

NINA

Oh, dear, no! Evanston's not the least bit fashionable these days. He's built himself a real mansion in Lake Forest.

MR. ALMOND

Onward and upward!

NINA

My mouth was just watering for one of those lobsters. He's always taken me to his club for dinner. I don't know... He's never been tied up before.

DONALD

Maybe he got tired of your free-loading.

NINA

I don't get to Chicago often. --Donald, dear, do you know what would go just awfully well with this meat-loaf? --Just a little glass of that Haig and Haig you said you had in your car. --Don't you think?

DONALD

(Rising.)

Sure. I'll go get it. Make this a real party.

(DONALD exits through living room.)

NELL

Now, Ted, you just leave him alone. He's come back; he's sorry.

TED

And that's going to be enough? After what he did to you and Dad--

MR. ALMOND

If we forgive him... --And, anyway, it's none of your business.

TED

I think it's damn well my business when somebody screws my father out of every penny he's got!

NINA

Who did what? --There should always be candlelight at the dinner table. Nobody ever fights when there are candles on the table.

MR. ALMOND

(With firm intensity.)

It's none of your business, Ted. Just keep out of it.

TED

I can hardly stand the sight of him. That pig--

NELL

Your brother!

TED

That's why I can't forgive him.

NINA

Well, it's all very interesting, but I wish you'd tell me--

(DONALD re-enters, a bottle of Haig and Haig

whisky raised high in his right hand.)

Ah, my savior!

DONALD

We'll just use the water glasses. That way Mom won't have so many dishes to do.

TED

Always thinking of good old Mom. You should get a medal.

DONALD

Maybe you should have stayed over there with the Wops.

(DONALD fills NINA's glass and his own.

To TED.)

Do you want some?

TED

Sure. Why not? Let's all get stoned. That's about all there's left to do.

(NELL and MR. ALMOND both refuse the whisky.

DONALD fills TED's glass and sits.)

I want to propose a toast.

(TED raises his glass.)

To all the happy families all over the world who have just now finished dinner. To all the pretty families who love each other and respect each other and who are all going to heaven someday.

NINA

Why, that's real nice, Ted. I think you're really just a big, old sentimentalist down deep. --Like your father.

MR. ALMOND

Leave me out of it.

NINA

That's what I told Max just the other day. There are a lot of happy families...just lots and lots of them.

(NINA pauses.)

Aren't there? --I mean, there must be...

TED

Sure, Aunt Nina. The world's full of them. Like us. Never happier than when they're tearing at each other's throats.

(TED finishes his drink.)

Come on, Fatso, let's not be so piggish with the booze. You can even tell us about the constipated Indian. This is the hour of the day when the table should rock with clever after-dinner stories. --Give your auntie some, too.

DONALD

I don't know how I put up with you for twenty years. Give me your glass.

(DONALD fills it.)

Nina?

NINA

Well, I shouldn't, of course. But it is so soothing--

NELL

I think you all should go just a little easy on that

liquor. I mean I don't want to be a prude like Mother, but--

TED

Sure, just this glass. Just enough to blur things a little.

MR. ALMOND

You don't have to drink that stuff to blur things.

(There is a long pause.)

NELL

--Well, you haven't told us a thing about Max yet, Nina.

NINA

Things just go along as usual. There's nothing really to tell.

NELL

Is he running for some office this year?

NINA

He's just been terribly busy. And, of course, he's wondering if his work isn't more important. I mean, he's on the road so much. I mean, the Bishop says a man in his line of work has to be on the road a lot.

NELL

I don't see why a lawyer--

NINA

Well, trips down to Sioux City. You know...

(Suddenly burying her face in her hands.)

Oh, God! I can't make excuses any more. He isn't

living at home. Hasn't been for more than a year.

NELL

(Rising to comfort her.)

Nina! Oh, you poor thing!

NINA

(Viciously.)

I don't want any of your pity. --It's the old story.
A pretty secretary. I know...I hired a detective...
every cheap hotel in Sioux City. --I'm humiliated.
I don't know how long--

NELL

I don't know what to say--

NINA

What is there to say? --You might say you were right
all along. Why don't you say that? For twenty years
now. Not just this secretary...others. And, when he
comes home, it's just to insult me.

(Crying copiously.)

He's hit me, too. Once right in front of my bridge club.
Screamed that I was a drunk. I, a charter member of the
D.A.R. --Oh, this is awful, and in front of your boys.
--But men! They might just as well know. They take a
woman for what they can get. It's all candy and roses
till they get what they want. --You pigs!

(NINA rises quickly.)

But I have my pride. I come from a respectable family.

--Why, we go right back to Governor Brewster of the Plymouth Colony. Did you know that, boys? Your great-grandmother was a Brewster. Fanny was a direct descendent. If those Swedes in South Dakota think they can laugh at me just because...

(The table napkin is in NINA's hands, and she begins daubing at her eyes with it as she exits to living room. Lights up in that area; fade out in dining room.)

--But the flowers... Whatever happened to the flowers?

(NELL has followed NINA.)

NELL

Why don't you just lie down and rest now?

NINA

Why? I've had twenty years to rest. I don't need any special care now. I think I'll have another drink. That's how I kill time in South Dakota. Just a little bottle; me and the full moon over all that empty land. And I think of the apple blossoms...

(MR. ALMOND, TED, and DONALD enter from the dining room. DONALD is carrying the bottle and his glass.)

--Why, you darling boy. You've brought your auntie's glass.

(NINA goes to DONALD and takes the glass from his hand. DONALD shrugs; puts the bottle on the mantle.)

Now, after my little scene, I'm going to ask your forgiveness for being a bad, little girl. And then I'm going to sit down right here...

(NINA sits in front of the trunk, stretching out her legs and kicking off her pumps.)

...and be just as quiet as a tiny mouse and as busy as a bee. Why, there may be a fortune in diamonds right in this old trunk and then all our troubles would be over. --We'll pretend that it's Christmas and I'm Santa Claus.

(NELL is seated at upstage end of davenport, DONALD at the other. TED has one knee on piano stool. MR. ALMOND is standing by the stairs, left, coughing spasmodically.)

First, we have a beautiful sealskin coat for my favoritest brother-in-law.

NELL

Don't wave it around so, Nina. It'll give Henry more asthma. --First thing in the morning, Ted, you can help me burn that coat.

TED

The burning of Sodom and Gomorrah.

MR. ALMOND

"...and there shall be a weeping and a wailing and a gnashing of teeth..."

NINA

I just love to hear you quote the Bible, Henry. You make it sound so funny. --And for Donald...

(Pulling out a very dirty, pink, feather boa.)
...a lovely, feather boa. Just the thing for your wife.

(NINA throws it at DONALD.)

DONALD

It looks like a bunch of dead chickens.

NINA

But you have to model it, dear. Just drape it around your shoulders so we can see how it looks.

(DONALD rises and drapes the boa around his shoulders.)

DONALD

(Flapping his arms.)

Cock-a-doodle-doo.

TED

(Crossing downstage.)

I think you do cow and pig sounds better.

DONALD

You keep that up and you'll get strangled with this.

TED

That would be poetic justice: Strangled with his great-grandmother's boa. --"The sins of the fathers..."

(DONALD pulls the boa from his shoulders, rolls it quickly into a ball, and hurls

it at TED. It falls considerably short of
its mark.)

Good try, old man!

NELL

Now, just pick that up. It's going to be enough trouble
getting this house ready for sale ~~without~~ having things
strewn all over.

(With his foot, TED pushes the boa upstage,
near stairway.)

NINA

And the next present is for me.

(Reaching blindly into the trunk.)

Why, it's a little pistol!

(Displaying the pistol held by FANNY in Act I.)

All my troubles are over!

TED and DONALD

The pistol!

NINA

(Playing the role of the grande tragedienne.)

I can just put this to my temple like -- well, some
heroine -- and go bang! bang!

(Spreading open her arms in a melodramatic
gesture.)

"Goodbye...cruel world! --I'm going home..."

(NINA puts the pistol to her temple.)

NELL

Nina!

(NINA pulls the trigger. There is only a loud click.)

NINA

(Laughing wryly.)

It's not even loaded. I think this is the poorest Christmas present--

MR. ALMOND

Jesus, Nina!

(MR. ALMOND runs to her and roughly pulls the pistol from her hand; puts it in his pocket.)

What in hell are you trying to do?

NINA

I don't know. --It was just an idea.

MR. ALMOND

Well, put it out of your head! --I think you should go to bed.

(MR. ALMOND tries to guide NINA to the stairs.)

NINA

No! Nell hasn't had her Christmas present yet. Santa Claus doesn't go back to the North Pole until every child in the world has had his Christmas present.

(NINA bends over the trunk.)

We've got a rhinestone clasp set in genuine, weathered brass...and a mysterious envelope. --I think Nell should have the mysterious envelope.

(NINA pulls forth a large, yellowed envelope and opens it.)

Now, isn't this sweet. --And so appropriate for you two lovebirds. Grandmother's wedding certificate. You can have it framed and hang it over your bed. "Married on the 28th of May, 1876, Fanny..."

NELL

(With alarm.)

1876?

NINA

I'm not so drunk I can't read. --What's the matter?

NELL

Nothing, dear. --Now you just give me that envelope and pop up to bed.

(TED begins to laugh.)

TED

First the pistol and now the proof positive!

NELL

(Pleading.)

Ted...

TED

Oh, I won't say a word. But I can laugh, can't I. It's one of the best jokes I've heard in a long time.

DONALD

Well, if it's so funny, you might tell us.

TED

Ask your mother. It's her family.

NELL

It's yours, too. --Oh, poor mother...

MR. ALMOND

Oh, for God's sake! Whose feelings are you trying to save anymore? It's not important. Fanny was married in 1876 and Jenny was born in 1872. It wasn't a particularly well-kept secret. Everybody in this town knew.

NINA

Are you standing there trying to tell me that my mother ...that my mother was...illegitimate?

MR. ALMOND

I'm not trying to tell you anything. You've got the damned certificate in your hand. Look at it!

NINA

It's a mistake. It's somebody's idea of a joke.
--I wouldn't put it beyond you, Henry, with that Canadian wit--

MR. ALMOND

Sure. I dreamed up the whole thing. Even that house in Chicago that she ran.

NINA

House! It was a boarding house...for railroad men.

MR. ALMOND

Call it what you will. --What do you think she was doing at the Chicago Fair? Playing tiddly-winks? And after she came back here to sponge off your mother, she still used to sneak off with her friend, Abby Carpenter, to meet the trains! It's about the first thing I learned when I came into this town. Fanny was the town's prize scandal.

NELL

Henry!

MR. ALMOND

You knew, didn't you, Nell, deep-down?

NELL

(Sadly.)

Yes...yes. --I guess I always knew. --From what Mother said about how lonely she used to be. All alone by the willows. --Poor Mother!

MR. ALMOND

No, not "poor Mother." There's nothing more respectable --more pompous and self-righteous -- than a prostitute's daughter.

NINA

I won't hear another word. It's all a mistake. Why, the D.A.R. even checked! It's very easy to make a mistake in dates.

MR. ALMOND

Why does it matter so much? There's nothing you can do about it. It's done. It was long ago.

NELL

How lonely she must have been. Left all alone by the lake. --And having to play the piano...

(NELL covers her eyes with her hands.)

TED

I can't understand how...if she'd ever been lonely...

NINA

Well, as for me, I'm putting it completely out of my mind. Completely.

(NINA dreamily tears up the envelope and certificate, then tosses the fragments lightly up in the air. Music, "Les Filles de Cadix," softly under.)

You see. It's gone. Like the snow. Like apple blossoms...

(Taking the bottle off the mantle.)

I think I'll just go out and get some air.

(NINA is staggering.)

MR. ALMOND

You'd better put on your shoes.

NINA

I'm a princess. I'm the prettiest girl in the whole State of Michigan. Princesses wear slippers made out

of white velvet and when they walk there isn't a sound.
Like they were walking on rose petals. And their hair
hangs down, golden, to the middle of their backs.

(Raising the bottle high to her lips.)

Because someday they'll come with roses...

(NINA exits. Music out.)

NELL

Nina!

MR. ALMOND

Let her go!

NELL

But she'll get run over or--

DONALD

Oh, hell. They never get run over.

TED

Such sympathy; such understanding.

NELL

Henry, shouldn't we go get her?

MR. ALMOND

What can you do? She'll come back.

(NINA has been seen stumbling off right,
by the cypresses.)

TED

They always come back. All the bad pennies. --Like me;
like Donald, here.

DONALD

(Turning quickly; almost screaming.)

Well, why the hell don't you say it? Why the hell don't you get it over with?

TED

Why should I say it? I'm not going to play father confessor. You can just live with your damn sins.

MR. ALMOND

(Coughing.)

Ted! I told you it was none of your business--

TED

But that's not what I was going to talk about at all. I was going to tell you all about a very exciting discovery I made this afternoon. A secret message. In code. Orphan Annie's own special code. --Hidden under the tile there.

(TED takes the slip of paper from his pocket.)

A message written by a nine year old. Do you know what it says, Donald? You wanted to know at the time.

Don't you want to know now?

DONALD

(On the defensive.)

Who cares about a kid's game?

TED

But this is funny. It's much funnier than the joke about the Indian because we can all laugh about this

for a long, long time.

NELL

We don't want to hear it, Ted. You mustn't--

TED

But this is a joke, Mother. I know Donald will like it especially. It's a simple message.

(TED's voice hardens.)

It says: "Honesty is the best policy."

(There is a pause. DONALD turns away.)

Well, why aren't you all laughing? I thought you'd split your guts. Imagine! A simple nine year old writing that message...in this house.

(Voice breaking.)

I think it's the funniest thing...I've ever heard.

(DONALD comes downstage.)

DONALD

What do you want from me?

TED

(Not meeting DONALD's eyes.)

Why should I want anything from you? --You're just like the rest of this family: Thieves and trollops.

(Turning.)

Yes, damn it! I do want something from you. I want the same thing that nine year old wanted: a little honesty. Take your father's business away from him,... kick him out at the age of sixty,...but be honest.

--Admit that you liked doing it.

DONALD

It was just business. We had to re-organize. The books showed his end was losing money--

TED

"The books showed..." "Just business..."

DONALD

He didn't have to pull out. I offered him a hundred a week to stay on. --Didn't I, Dad?

TED

How can you even speak to him? How can you stand there and look at him? --What about his pride? Why do you suppose he preferred to starve rather than take your generous offer?

DONALD

I didn't know he was starving--

TED

Why, of course not. You were 'way 'cross town and the kiddies had runny noses.

DONALD

Well, it wasn't easy for me. I've got to live, too. I even had to see a psychiatrist.

(Chin trembling in self-pity.)

He told me to stay away from my father. --That I couldn't stand being upset...

TED

...And to belch regularly.

(Imitating FANNY.)

"Oh, them blasted girdle pains!" --Oh, God! --And you're my brother! --Why in hell don't you just go away and never come back?

(Moving towards DONALD in a fury.)

Quick, before I smash your dirty, fat face in!

NELL

Donald! Ted!

DONALD

(Standing his ground for a long moment,
then slowly bowing his head.)

Maybe...maybe I am sorry.

(Turning.)

And maybe...I don't want to see any of you again, either
...ever again.

(DONALD nods slightly to NELL.)

Mother.

(NELL reaches out her arms, but DONALD pushes
past her.)

Dad.

(DONALD does not look in MR. ALMOND's direction.
MR. ALMOND is standing stiffly, immobile, as
if he were made of stone. DONALD exits. There
is a long pause. TED turns towards the piano.)

MR. ALMOND

(Suddenly moving; coming quickly to TED.)

Well, are you satisfied with your performance? Are you proud of yourself?

TED

(Surprised.)

I don't understand--

MR. ALMOND

Now that you've driven our son away from us, aren't you pleased?

TED

I don't know what you mean. --I was just doing it for you. --A little honesty...

MR. ALMOND

You are pompous, aren't you, Teddy?

TED

But what he did to you!

MR. ALMOND

He did it to us. He didn't do it to you.

TED

But I'm your son. Somebody has to--

MR. ALMOND

Are you? Are you really our son? Would a son take what little his parents have left? Do you know what you've done?

TED

So he won't come back. --It's no great loss.

NELL

He was all we had. --And his children...never to see them--

TED

But how could you forgive him? When the truth of the matter--

MR. ALMOND

The truth of the matter is that we had forgiven him.

TED

But I thought if we could be honest with each other--

MR. ALMOND

So we saw each other clearly...with all our faults?
--How...how could we live with each other then?

TED

But if this family had only been honest. If Grandmother had admitted that Fanny was--

MR. ALMOND

What in hell should she have done? Collared people on the streets and told them she was illegitimate?

TED

But to raise Nina as a princess. --If she'd been honest--

MR. ALMOND

The truth! The truth! Always the goddamned truth!
Can't you understand that even to live you've got to

compromise with the truth? --Because there are some things just too...too enormous to bear. --So Donald did take my business away from me, with his other partner, with his bookkeeper. Do you suppose I'd live very long if I sat up nights saying that over to myself? --There are a lot of days in a life, and maybe I'd rather remember some of the other things...like how he used to run into my arms...how he used to trust me. Maybe it's not honest; maybe it's a private deal with the truth. --But it might have worked out; gradually we might have been together again. --What have we left now...with your truth? Fifteen years of loneliness with Nell and I sitting together staring at the walls. The truth's going to be a great consolation.

TED

But you've got me!

MR. ALMOND

Have we really? --And, if we have, just what in hell have we got? How about trying a little of your honesty on yourself. What are you ever going to do that makes you so much better for us than Donald?

TED

(Turning away.)

I don't know.

MR. ALMOND

Well, that's honesty! You don't know! --And what about

the last ten years, since you graduated from college...
with such high promise? What have you been doing?
--You at least ought to know that.

TED

I've written you letters. --I've told you.

MR. ALMOND

Charming little travelogues. Your mother and I know
all about New York and Paris and Rome -- all the
sights. --Or do we?

NELL

Henry, please!

MR. ALMOND

Isn't the truth maybe that you've been playing the
tart all around the world's capitals? Living off
other people...on their sick pleasures? --I can
guess how.

NELL

Henry, don't--

MR. ALMOND

Now I want the truth. --Aren't you just another Fanny?

TED

Dad...

(TED goes to MR. ALMOND, falling on his
shoulder.)

Dad... --How can I tell you?

(TED has gradually collapsed on the floor by

MR. ALMOND's feet. His voice is a coarse,
sad whisper.)

--All the rooms with the dirty wallpaper. --And all
the people. Tell me I don't have to tell you all...
about that. --Don't make me--

MR. ALMOND

(Tenderly.)

No. You don't have to tell me anything...I don't want
to hear it. --But is it over? --What are you going
to do now?

TED

I don't know...I just don't know.

MR. ALMOND

Are you going to come home and live with us? Like an
idiot child? Like Fanny?

TED

--I couldn't do that.

MR. ALMOND

What will you do?

TED

(In a whisper of revulsion.)

Just what I've been doing...that's all I see...ever...
the honest truth.

(MR. ALMOND walks quickly away from TED.)

MR. ALMOND

Let's go to bed, Nell.

TED

Dad...Mother...Forgive me!

(NELL rises quickly, bends, and strokes TED's shoulders. TED looks at her briefly, but his arms are outstretched towards MR. ALMOND who has paused at the foot of the stairs.)

Forgive me! --For being...what I am.

MR. ALMOND

--I always have. --I always will. --But I can't forgive you for not wanting to be more.

(MR. ALMOND pauses, ascends a step.)

--You'd better come to bed, too. We've got a lot to do in the morning. --Good night.

(MR. ALMOND exits up stairs. NELL bends, kisses TED, then, rather reluctantly, starts to climb the stairs.)

NELL

Good night, dear.

(Suddenly remembering.)

Oh, dear God! --Your Aunt Nina!

TED

(Rising to his feet.)

--I'll find her. --Bring her in. --Just a minute.

(TED's and NELL's eyes meet. NELL smiles shyly and exits up stairs. The lights dim as TED stumbles to the couch. He throws

himself upon it, face down. There is silence. Then a far-away train whistle is heard. Transition music under as lights of TIME PAST come up gradually, first in FANNY's room and then in living room. The train whistle is heard again and FANNY throws back the covers and steps out of bed. It is a much more youthful FANNY, wearing a frilly peignoir, hair neatly combed and piled on top of her head. She moves to the mirror over the commode and begins applying powder to her face. MRS. BEERS shyly enters the living room, up right. She is costumed as an ingenue of the late 1880's; a soft veil over her face. She plays the following scene in a bland, youthful, and pleading voice.)

MRS. BEERS

(Calling to the level above.)

Mother?

(FANNY hears her, straightens up momentarily, then bends back to the mirror.)

Mother! I'm going...I'm going back to Michigan.

(FANNY straightens her shoulders, finds a comb, and begins arranging her already well-dressed hair.)

I'm going to get married, Mother...and raise a family.
I'm not going to play the piano for you anymore.

--Mother?

(FANNY is now applying rouge. She is growing
younger as the make-up is applied.)

--Because it's not nice...it's not one bit nice. --And
you don't really care whether I stay or not. --I'll
show you, Mother. I can do it. We'll be very proper
and I'll be loved and respected by everyone in town.

(FANNY removes her peignoir and steps quickly
into an overly-elaborate dress of the period.

"The Willow Song" on piano softly under.)

Because, Mother, all the books say that I'm right:
Be proper. Be good. Stay away from scarlet women.
They do, Mother. --And all the nice children I'll have.
I'll look after them and see they're brought up properly.
--I won't leave them all alone in the willows...to
cry all alone in the willows.

(FANNY is seated in the chair, chin high,
examining her fingernails.)

--Won't you say goodbye? --Won't you even say goodbye?
--Because I'm really all alone now.

(MRS. BEERS turns to exit.)

I can't be sure...though all my books say it: That
haste...but does haste, really?... --And early to
bed?... --Won't you even tell me that?

(MRS. BEERS is at the door. She pauses and turns, a look of pathos on her face. Speaking softly.)

Mother?...

(MRS. BEERS exits. Music out. FANNY looks over her shoulder to make sure she has gone. Then she throws back her head and laughs uproariously. As her laughter dies, the lights of TIME PAST dim out. Lights of TIME PRESENT up faintly in living room; night light on lawn area. NINA enters, very drunk. She is singing-humming-mouthing "Les Filles de Cadix." She stops, draws her chin up proudly.)

NINA

You hit me again, you ox, and I'll divorce you! --I'll drag your name through the mud! You wait!...

(She hums a few more bars of the song, then with great elegance, music of "Les Filles de Cadix" lushly under:)

--But, really, Johnny. --Such an expensive lobster. --And the candlelight...so really elegant. I mean, I'm glad I wore my fur piece...a little fur just makes all the difference. --You can always tell--

(She stubs her toe and falls to one knee. Music out.)

Damn! --No, darling, don't cry...your mother just stubbed her toe. --Now, Goo-Goo, don't cry. Everything's going to be all right--

(TED suddenly sits up on davenport. Then goes to the door.)

TED

(Calling softly.)

Nina! -Nina!

NINA

(Getting to both feet, almost running to the door. Her voice breaking, passionate.)

Oh, God, darling, there you are! --Help me! Help me, darling, because I just went for a little walk and I don't know how to get back home!

(TED is helping NINA into the living room.

She is hanging around his neck.)

Oh, thank God! Thank God! --You don't know how I've dreamed...and prayed--

TED

Okay. --Steady now. --We'll go upstairs and lie down.

NINA

I won't giggle...honestly, I won't giggle. --Because now I know you were right--

(TED and NINA have reached the foot of the stairs.)

TED

All right, you won't giggle. Just don't make any more noise than you have to.

(NINA reaches out her arms and lays her hands on his cheeks, pulling his face slightly to her. Music under, a poignant variation of "The Willow Song.")

NINA

Because you don't know how I've prayed. --And all my dreams. Because I love you. Purely, really. As if you were a saint. Because you're good -- even though you have a sarcastic tongue. --Ever since that first day, Henry, in that absurd little tweed cap...and your handsome face...and your voice...

(TED draws away in horror. NINA collapses softly backwards on the staircase.)

--Don't go away. Show me that love is the light of the world. --Henry, don't leave me...

(NINA passes out, curled about the bannister. Music out. TED looks at NINA, then squeezes his eyelids tight and clenches his fists. A train whistle sounds, very near and very loudly. Transition music to TIME PAST begins as he throws his hands over his eyes in agony and drops into a nearby chair. The lights

go up quickly to TIME PAST. Then the train whistle is heard again, four times in succession. With each blast colored lights are added until the scene is a riot of glancing and reflecting color. The music of "Les Filles de Cadix" played rag-time on the mechanical piano comes under as FANNY rises quickly from her chair and throws open the bedroom door.)

FANNY

Girls! --Girls! Get on your best clothes. The trains 're comin' in.

(FANNY sweeps down the stairs, oblivious of NINA. FANNY walks down front and points to the dining room.)

--Get out all that there gin! --And don't sell none of it for less'n fifteen cents a glass.

(FANNY moves upstage, towards the piano, stopping in front of TED to pick up the feather boa.)

--And a little music. --Can't have no fun less'n there's a little music around.

(Piano music increases to loud.)

--Because that's what them gentlemen'll be comin' for. To have a little fun. To forget them screamin' wives

and them screamin' kids...always screamin' 'bout somethin'. --Girls! Hurry up! We ain't got all night!

(FANNY drapes the boa elegantly about her shoulders.)

--Because there ain't never been a town like this to have a good time in...and we're goin' to have a real good time. --The ferris wheel...and the chute-the-chute...and the hall of mirrors...and after that the gin. --'Cause I always say we're all goin' ta have plenty of time to worry after we're dead. --Girls! Girls!

(An ear-shattering train whistle underscores her last word. Fast CURTAIN.)

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East Lansing, June 11, 1958.

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