





This is to certify that the

thesis entitled

**THE PRODUCTION AND DIRECTOR'S MANUAL OF  
"THEN IT WAS SUMMER"  
AN ORIGINAL PLAY BY ALBERT JOHNSON**

presented by

**Marie J. Robinson**

has been accepted towards fulfilment  
of the requirements for

M.A. degree in Speech

*Donald W. Bull*  
Major professor  
*Paul D. Bagwell*

Date May 24, 1944





THE PRODUCTION AND DIRECTOR'S MANUAL OF  
"THEN IT WAS SUMMER"  
AN ORIGINAL PLAY BY ALBERT JOHNSON

by  
Marie Josephine Robinson

A Thesis

Submitted to the Graduate School of Michigan  
State College of Agriculture and Applied  
Science in partial fulfillment of the  
requirements for the degree of

MASTER OF ARTS

Department of Speech and Dramatics

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THEN IT WAS SUMMER





**The Department of Speech and Dramatics**

presents

**Then It Was Summer**

a new play by

**Albert Johnson**

(Director of Drama, Cornell College, Iowa)

**Directed by Marie J. Robinson**

as a Master's Thesis Production

Fairchild Theatre

February 16, 1944, 8:15 o'Clock

**CAST OF CHARACTERS**

(in order of appearance)

Mrs. Fairchild .....Annette Suravits  
Peg Bradshaw, her niece.....Betty Wright Burden  
Gracie Bradshaw, the younger niece.....Harriet Wilcox  
Lt. Glenn Craig, U.S.M.C. ....Cyril David Jones  
Fay Fairchild.....Margaret Mosher  
Della, the housekeeper.....Sally Clark  
Guy Walker.....John McCaughna  
Mrs. Zachary, a neighbor.....Rosemary Ward  
Beulah Zachary, her daughter.....Carol Reihmer

Scene: Living room of the Fairchild home in the country.

Act I A July evening in 1942.

Act II Late Saturday afternoon, a year later.

Act III Early the following morning.

**PRODUCTION CREW**

Production Manager .....Marvel McGirr  
Stage Manager.....Gloria Bell  
Assistant Stage Manager.....Betty Butler  
Prompters.....Renee Scott, Elizabeth Robinson  
Construction.....Jacqueline Meehan, Marjorie Rice  
Costumes.....Barbara Lipton, Chairman; Jean Geyer  
Properties...Lois Banzet, Chairman; Fred Buttner, Eileen Fink,  
Lu Johnson, Fred Meyers  
Art Work.....Helen Gower  
Make-up.....Gloria Bell, Eleanor Chase, Jean Granville

**ACKNOWLEDGMENTS**

We wish to express our sincere thanks to the following for their aid in producing "Then It Was Summer": Don Buell, Director of Dramatics, for general supervision and encouragement as well as for countless details; C. H. Nickle, Technical Director, for assistance on setting and lighting; Emery Foster and staff of the student Union Building; the Michigan State News; Jean Wahl, for assistance on music; Gordon Reavely, manager of the auditorium. Our heartfelt appreciation!



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Part I

Manuscript  
of  
THEN IT WAS SUMMER

A Play in Three Acts

by  
Albert Johnson

Original Manuscript

## THEN IT WAS SUMMER

### Cast of Characters

MRS. FAIRCHILD, A pleasant, well-educated woman--Fay's mother.  
PEG BRADSHAW, Mrs. Fairchild's niece--about 19, spoiled and attractive.  
GRACIE BRADSHAW, Peg's younger sister--vivacious and pretty.  
LIEUTENANT GLENN CHAIR, U.S.M.C., about 25--strong and sensitive.  
FAY FAIRCHILD--about 23--gifted, gracious, and strong.  
DELLA--Middle-aged housekeeper.  
GUY WALKER--a young minister.  
MRS. ZACHARY--a farm woman.  
PEULAH ZACHARY--her 13-year-old daughter.

The action of the play takes place in the living room of the Fairchild home on the edge of a small town in Iowa. It is a substantial old farm house, and the room is furnished in good taste. Up left is a grand piano with a large bowl of summer flowers and books of music on it. Down right is a sofa, down left a big wing chair and a small table, up right is a fireplace with flowers on the mantel and chairs near by. Down right a door leads to the dining room and kitchen. Down left a door leads to a terrace and the garden beyond. Upstage of the terrace door is a window seat and deep window through which light falls across the piano. Up left center is the front entrance, and the right of the entrance is the stairway.

Time: Act I, a July evening in 1942.

Act II, late Saturday afternoon, a year later.

Act III, early the following morning.

ALICE BROWN  
MILWAUKEE, WIS.  
MILWAUKEE, WIS.  
MILWAUKEE, WIS.  
MILWAUKEE, WIS.  
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

ALICE BROWN

ALICE BROWN

ALICE BROWN

ALICE BROWN

ALICE BROWN

ALICE BROWN

ALICE BROWN

ALICE BROWN

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ALICE BROWN

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ALICE BROWN

ALICE BROWN

ALICE BROWN

ALICE BROWN

Then It Was Summer

Act I

(AT THE RISE FAY FAIRCHILD IS PLAYING THE LAST FEW MEASURES OF SCHUMANN'S "KRYSLERINA". GLENN GRAIG, LIEUTENANT U.S. MARINES, IS SEATED ON THE WINDOW SEAT NEAR THE PIANO WATCHING FAY AND LOST IN THE MUSIC. MRS. FAIRCHILD, FAY'S MOTHER, IS ARRANGING FLOWERS ON THE MANTEL; PEG AND GRACIE BRADSHAW, COUSINS, ARE SPRAWLED ON THE DAVENPORT AND THE FLOOR RESPECTIVELY.)

MRS. FAIRCHILD (AS FAY FINISHES) Oh, that's lovely, dear.

PEG So that's what a year at Julliard does for you. Fay, it's swell.

GRACIE Do you think in a couple of hundred years I could play like that?

GLENN (QUIETLY AND WITH FEELING) Thanks, Fay. That will be something to take away with me.

PEG I could hear a lot more like that.

GRACIE So could I. I wish you were staying around this summer, Fay.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Well, I wish she was too. Two weeks seems a pretty short time to be home after being way off in New York all year.

GLENN With an audience like this I don't see how you can run out on them, Fay.

FAY (LAUGHING) Oh, you know how mothers and cousins are. They like to bolster me up--make me think I'm good.

GLENN I think you're good and I'm neither your cousin or your mother.

FAY You just happen to like Schumann.

PEG Or maybe he just likes your playing--

GRACIE Or maybe he just likes you.

FAY Well, Glenn, what shall we do now till the others come?

GLENN Others?

FAY Have you forgotten?

GRACIE Oh, Glenn's off in another world. It's your playing, Fay. I'll bet he's forgotten all about the farewell party.

GLENN Golly, I had forgotten. That's awfully nice of you, Fay, but--



PA: Oh, do we  
give our wishes  
very deep.

HEM: Oh, to be  
you, Peg and I

HEM: I didn't

HE: It's not  
when you were

HE: PEARL: I  
in a party in

HE: Has anyone

HE: Charlie is

HEM: Yes. I

HE: Are you sure

HEM: Mr. Gen.  
it's on time.

HE: PEARL: I

HEM: Well, what  
was the other

HE: PEARL: I  
I was moved

HE: Looks like

HE: PEARL: I

HEM: Do you mind

HE: PEARL: I

HE: PEARL: I  
I'll get your

HE: PEARL: S

HEM: It takes a

HE: He does it with

HE: PEARL: I

FAY Oh, it was Peg and Gracie's idea really. They thought we ought to give our visiting lieutenant a regular send off before he sails the briny deep.

GLENN Oh, these socially minded cousins of yours, Fay! It's swell of you, Peg and Gracie, but big parties scare me.

GRACIE I didn't think anything could scare a marine.

PEG It's not a big party, Glenn--just some of the town kids you met when you were here last Christmas.

MRS. FAIRCHILD They ought to be getting here. There won't be much time for a party if Glenn has to catch that train.

PEG Has anyone called to see if the train is on time?

FAY Gracie did--didn't you, Gracie?

GRACIE Yes. It's on time.

PEG Are you sure?

GRACIE Mr. Jenkins down at the station said it was sure to be late, so it's on time.

MRS. FAIRCHILD What kind of double talk is that Gracie?

GRACIE Well, when he says it's on time it's always late, so it must work the other way around.

(MRS. FAIRCHILD IS HAVING TROUBLE MAKING ONE FLOWER STAY WITH THE REST. GLENN HAS MOVED ACROSS AND IS WATCHING HER.)

GLENN Looks like you've got a rooky in the midst, Mrs. Fairchild.

MRS. FAIRCHILD It certainly is out of step, isn't it?

GLENN Do you mind if I stick my big paw in?

MRS. FAIRCHILD I think it needs your commanding touch.

GLENN (FIXING THE FLOWER IN POSITION) There, baby, now you stay there or I'll pin your ears back.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Splendid!

GRACIE It takes a marine to put them in their place.

FAY He does it with black magic.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Well, Della, is everything ready for the lawn party?

DELLA Land, yes. The place is lit up like a Pythian convention.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Thank you, Della.

DELLA They'll be here any minute. I'll go fix the punch pretty soon.

GRACIE What are you going to put in it?

DELLA (WITH A LOOK THAT SAYS "WHAT DO YOU THINK?") Sassafrass tea.

GLENN Della, how am I ever going to thank you for all the bother I've caused you these past three days?

DELLA Pshaw, it hasn't been any bother. We just hate to see you go, don't we Mrs. Fairchild?

MRS. FAIRCHILD We certainly do, Della.

DELLA It's like I always say to Mrs. Fairchild, the best thing about her having an attractive daughter like Fay is the nice young men she brings home.

GLENN (MISCHIEVOUSLY) Oh, so she brings home others. Here I thought I was special.

GRACIE Oh, you are special, Glenn. You're very special.

PEG Gracie, do you ever stop to think that maybe somebody else ought to be saying what you say?

GRACIE Who? Fay? Well, why didn't she say it?

FAY There are some things that don't have to be said, Gracie.

GRACIE Oh, I don't think so, I think everybody ought to say everything he thinks.

GLENN (SMILING) You're a delightful exponent of your own philosophy, aren't you, Gracie?

DELLA (WHO HAS BEEN COUNTING ON HER FINGERS) Eleven, I count eleven who's been invited. Is that right?

FAY That's right, isn't it, Peg?

PEG Uhuh, eleven.

GRACIE I'm hungry. Count me as two.

DELLA Two! Huh, you act it!

GRACIE Well, I like that.

MR. TALKER: I  
you, trouble.

MR. TALKER: Oh, I  
will give me

MR. TALKER: Well, I

MR. TALKER: Oh, well  
the President's  
have not said

MR. TALKER: I  
go up and no

MR. TALKER: I should  
will say so.

MR. TALKER: Oh, it  
distance. And  
day. I'm a

MR. TALKER: I  
something of  
the last five

MR. TALKER: I'm a

MR. TALKER: Oh, it's  
going to find  
something about

MR. TALKER: I'm a  
going to say  
will be together  
something of

MR. TALKER: Oh, soon

MR. TALKER: It's a couple  
day the piano  
there that

MR. TALKER: Oh, it's

MR. TALKER: How do  
things.

MR. TALKER: Well, you

MR. TALKER: I am, to  
the origin in our

MRS. FAIRCHILD You see, there's one person at least who doesn't spoil you, Gracie.

GRACIE Oh, she does, though. Everybody spoils me. You watch--Della will give me a double portion of cake and ice cream. See if she doesn't.

PEG Well, I'm glad you recognize that everybody spoils you.

GRACIE Oh we're all spoiled. Even you, Fay. Grandma Bradshaw says the Bradshaws and the Fairchilds have all been spoiled from way back. We've had things too soft.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Well, Gracie, maybe you can change all that when you grow up and have your family.

GLENN I shouldn't think the farming business would be soft enough to spoil anybody.

GRACIE Oh, it isn't the farming. It's the money. Take Fay, for instance. Hasn't she always had everything? Uncle Frank is just like Daddy. Life is all served up and handed to us on a silver platter.

GLENN Well, for my money, I'll take that kind of serving and a good big helping of it. I don't know so much about you Bradshaw girls, but from what I've seen of this home--well, it's just about tops.

FAY Thank you, lieutenant. That's a very pretty speech.

GLENN No, it isn't. I'm no good at pretty speeches, but I've been trying to find my tongue all day to say thanks. I guess there's something contagious about Gracie's chatter.

MRS. FAIRCHILD You don't need to say thanks to anybody. We're just so happy to have you visit us and it's been nice that you and Fay could be together before she has to take that summer position and you go sailing off to goodness knows where.

PEG How soon do you go to this summer hotel, Fay?

FAY In a couple of weeks. It's really not much of a position. I just play the piano evenings for the guests. It's the experience and the contacts that mean most.

PEG Oh, it sounds wonderful. I'm green with envy.

GRACIE How could you be green with envy? You can't even play chopsticks.

PEG Well, you're not so hot yourself.

GRACIE I am, too. I'm good. I'm good enough to get invited to play the organ in church.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Why, Gracie, that's fine.

GRACIE Guy Walker said if he stayed here and preached and if Fay wasn't going to be here and if Mrs. Ramsey's arthritis didn't get better that maybe I could play organ some this summer.

FAY Oh, Peg, you asked Guy to come tonight, didn't you?

PEG Uhuh. He'll be here.

FAY You remember Guy, don't you, Glenn--Guy Walker--the town boy you met when you were here last Christmas.

GLENN Sure. He's the Yale Divinity student. Nice chap, but he beat the shirt off me at ice hockey. I've been wondering if he was still around.

GRACIE Oh, he's very much around. He and Fay practically grew up together, you know.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Guy Walker is now Reverend Walker. We're all quite proud of him. He finished his study at Yale Divinity School this spring and he's preaching in our community church this summer.

GLENN Well, that's fine.

GRACIE Our little town is small potatoes to him now, though. He has a chance for a big city church next fall.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Well, he may not take it, he told me last Sunday. He feels rather attached to this little farm community. His parents were killed in an auto accident when he was still in high school and the town has more or less adopted him.

GRACIE You mean the Fairchilds more or less adopted him. Uncle Frank practically paid his way through college.

PEG Gracie, do you have to tell everything you know?

GRACIE Well, what's wrong with that? Everybody knows what Uncle Frank has done for Guy Walker.

GLENN (WHO HAS MOVED TO THE WINDOW AND IS LOOKING OUT WHERE THE LAST GLOW OF TWILIGHT IS BLANKETING THE GARDEN) Well, I can see how he would be attached to this country, all right. I don't see how anybody ever tears himself away from this little bit of heaven. I'd like to wrap up that flower garden and take it with me; but then I'd like to take the sunset and the fields and those rolling hills out toward the river.

FAY We'll try to have it all here for you when you come back.

GLENN Is that a promise?



FAY Cross my heart.

GLENN This is the life, really. Why didn't somebody tell me there were places like this and people like this? I've been gyped.

(THE SOUND OF A CAR HAS COME UP AND GRACIE HAS GONE TO THE FRONT DOOR)

GRACIE Here they are--first car load anyway.

PEG Good. (CROSSING TO DOOR) Shall we bring them in, Fay, or take them into the garden?

FAY Why don't you just take them all into the garden since it's a lawn party.

(GRACIE AND PEG RUN OUT WAVING AND CALLING)

MRS. FAIRCHILD I wonder what's keeping your father, Fay. Goodness, I hope he gets home before Glenn has to go. I'll slip out and welcome the guests, but don't you two hide away in here all evening.

FAY We won't, Mother.

GLENN Much as I shake at the thought of a party, I'll face the music if only for you, Mrs. Fairchild.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Thank you. (EXITS)

GLENN I want to see your father. I sure hope he does get back. The big so and so owes me a pipe.

FAY Oh, did you slick him again at gin rummy?

GLENN Oh, I cleaned him out at that last night--won every peanut he could scrape up. The pipe is a result of a little bet, though.

FAY Well, how did you win a pipe from him, Glenn?

GLENN When I was here last time, I said the Po Cu-i said, "Keep off your thoughts from things that are past and done", and he said I was all wet and that Mohammed said it. Perfectly silly thing to argue over, but we went round and round for the better part of an evening.

FAY (LAUGHING) Oh, I remember that you got off into a terrific philosophic discussion.

GLENN Well, the distinguished gentleman and scholar your father was wrong. I found my proof this afternoon right here in his own library. (HE HAS CROSSED TO BOOK-CASE) Here, I've got the place marked.

GLENN (THUMBING THROUGH THE BOOK) You know, this is a fascinating old volume. I wonder where your father picked it up. It's full of ancient Chinese verse and famous sayings.



FAY Goodness only knows where he found it. Daddy used to be quite a collector, you know. He used to drag mother to every rare book shop in this country, and I guess some that weren't in this country.

GLENN What I wouldn't give for a library like this. I'd like to toss every book into my bag and sneak them away.

FAY Wouldn't that be just the thing? You could read the marines to sleep every night.

GLENN It wouldn't hurt some of those raggedy-end leathernecks to know the stuff in these books. (HE READS A MOMENT TO HIMSELF) Here's something--listen to this: "A Chinese General To His Wife Two Thousand Years Ago--

Since our hair was plaited and we became man and wife,  
The love between us was never broken by doubt.  
So let us be merry this night together,  
Feasting and playing while the good time lasts.

I suddenly remember the distance that I must travel--"

(HE IS INTERRUPTED BY GUY'S ENTRANCE)

GUY (POKING HIS HEAD IN THE FRONT DOOR) Hello. I hear there's a party and I'm invited.

FAY Oh, hello, Guy. Come in. Guy, you remember Glenn?

GUY Oh, surely. How are you, Glenn?

GLENN Hello, Guy--glad to see you again. Been skinning anybody at ice hockey lately?

GUY Say, some ice hockey would go good in weather like this.

GLENN We'd have to play in bathing suits, I guess.

GUY We would at that. Look, I didn't mean to intrude. The party apparently is on the lawn--

GLENN It's all right. I'm glad for a chance to see you again. Fay and I were just filching a little wisdom from some of the Fairchild books.

GUY I was raised on that library. I'll bet I've borrowed more of those books than all the neighbors put together.

FAY (TEASING) And forgotten more and had to be told to bring them back or you would get spanked.

GUY That's right. Say, how is your father, Fay? I haven't seen him since I got back except to say hello to him at church.

FAY Daddy isn't well, Guy. Lother worries about him a lot.

GUY I'm sorry to hear that--not that old heart business again?

FAY I'm afraid it is. His heart isn't strong and he just keeps on working like a mad man.

GUY Why the dickens does he?

FAY Oh, its the war and Daddy thinks he's got to feed the Army, the Marines and everyone else.

GUY He could retire, and he ought to.

FAY Not Daddy. He'll go down with his boots on. We're restless pioneer stock, we Fairchilds.

GLENN That's the stock that has made this country the best darned nation in the world.

FAY Glenn, did I ever tell you about old grandfather Fairchild? He's the one who used to have carrier pigeons bring him the market reports.

GLENN Carrier pigeons?

(PEG ENTERS)

FAY It was back in the days before they had ticker tapes and the telegraph wasn't reliable. He would ship these pigeons into Chicago every few days and friends in there connected with the stock market would fasten the data on the pigeons and release them. Then home they would fly and grand-dad would get up in the middle of the night and ride around like Paul Revere telling all the farmers to ship their beef the next day.

GLENN Why, the old fox. He must have made a fortune.

FAY He made enough to start a bank.

GUY He made money for all his neighbors, too. I heard that story ever since I was a kid.

PEG If the Fairchilds ever need a biographer, I guess you'd be the man, wouldn't you, Guy?

FAY Guy has grown up with Peg and Gracie and me.

GUY Yeah, we've had some great old times.

PEG Guy, do you remember the time you and Fay and a gang of us rode horseback to old Professor Finkley's place, you know the funny little baldheaded fellow that used to teach history in the high school? (GUY AND FAY BOTH LAUGH)



FAY Huh--I'll bet Guy would rather forget that little incident.

GLENN Sounds good. Let's hear about it.

GUY Well, there isn't much to it. Seems pretty silly now--

PEG But it was fun at the time.

FAY You see we rode up to the professor's house at midnight--

PEG A whole gang of us on horses and--

MRS. FAIRCHILD (ENTERING) You know I got the notion the party was out on the lawn.

FAY All right, Mother, we're coming.

PEG Guy's just telling Glenn about the time we rode--

FAY And we all yelled and yelled until old Prof Finkley came to the door in his night snirt.

GLENN Then what happened?

GUY Then we all shouted at the top of our lungs--

FAY The British are coming.

GUY AND PEG TOGETHER The British are coming.

GUY Then we rode away like a bat out of--well, like a bat.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Yes, I remember that. And that's what we have for a preacher, Glenn. (INDICATING GUY)

GUY Looks like you're stuck with me till September anyway.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Aren't you going on with the rest of the story, Guy?

GUY The rest of it isn't so good. Word got round that they were the Fairchild horses and of course Fay's father got the blame.

MRS. FAIRCHILD He came very nearly taking a slipper to you too, young man.

GUY Oh, he gave me quite a talking to, and, do you know what he said?

GLENN I'll bet it wasn't anything he learned in Sunday School.

GUY He used some pretty strong language and then he said, "Guy, you've got a brand new set of brains and you ought to be able to sell them second hand for a good price, because it certainly never has been used."  
(THEY ALL LAUGH)



MRS. FAIRCHILD I'll bet you never rode horses to Professor Finkley's again--

GUY Not horses--we tried it later with cows but we weren't happy about it--

FAY I don't like to mention it, but do you suppose we're being missed out there?

PEG This is supposed to be a farewell for Lieutenant Graig.

FAY Glenn, shall we tell them you're just a myth?

PEG Do you think he'd never be mithed? (THEY GIVE HER A LOOK AND GROAN A LITTLE) Oh, dear--it's a pity I'm not witty.

FAY It's a pity you're so pretty with men like Glenn around. Coming, Lieutenant?

GLENN Sure--Coming, Guy?

GUY (TAKING A SMALL PRAYER BOOK FROM HIS POCKET) Oh, Glenn, in case I don't get another chance, I brought you a little going-away token.

GLENN (TAKING THE PRAYER BOOK) Well, that's darned nice of you. Thanks, Guy.

FAY A prayer book. That's very touching, Guy.

GUY Oh, I'm just a sentimental preacher at heart, I guess.

GLENN (READING) "For the powers of heaven shall be moved; and then they shall see the son of man coming in a cloud with great power and majesty. But when these things begin to come to pass, look up, and lift up your heads; because your redemption is at hand."

You know, if people could just learn how to use the Bible, we could build a pretty good world.

FAY Well, Lieutenant, do you feel brave enough to face the merriment?

GLENN Now that I'm fortified with the word of God I can face even a party.

FAY (TO GUY) Coming, Guy?

PEG Wait for me. (SHE JOINS GLENN)

GUY In a minute. I have to tell your mother she's on a new committee.

FAY So that's why she wanted you for the local preacher--so she could be important and serve on all the committees.

(FAY AND GLENN AND PEG EXIT)

MRS. FAIRCHILD Now what have you cooked up, Guy Walker? You know I don't like being on committees.

GUY Oh, this isn't much. I just want you to head the flower committee.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Does that mean I do all the work?

GUY It means you furnish the flowers.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Oh well, if that's all, I can do that. Heavens, the place is swimming in flowers.

GUY I know it is. I don't think I can ever remember your place looking as nice as it does this summer.

MRS. FAIRCHILD It's been a good year for flowers.

GUY Is Mr. Fairchild around? I want to get his advice about that loan the church has down at the bank.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Frank ought to be back. He took the car--said he had to see Teel Watson over on our Riverside place. I can't think what's keeping him. He wanted to say goodbye to Glenn.

GUY Well, there's no hurry about seeing him. I can talk it over with him tomorrow or the next day. The loan doesn't come due until the first.

MRS. FAIRCHILD How much is the loan now?

GUY It's getting whittled down--only \$550.00 now.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Well, I'm sure Frank will renew it gladly.

GUY As long as I'm to be minister for a while, I'm going to see if I can't get that loan paid off this summer. I've seen the Fairchilds left holding the sack on too many of these church loans.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Well, we just try to do our part same as everyone else.

GUY It's a pretty big part. I don't know what this town would do without you folks.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Fay's sorry she isn't going to be here to play organ for you this summer at the church.

GUY Maybe you think I'm not sorry. But I guess this situation at the lake means a good deal to her.

MRS. FAIRCHILD It really does, Guy. It's a very nice hotel on the shores of Lake Michigan and it's quite a center for important people. She says it means more to her in some ways than her year of study at Juilliard.

GUY Yes, I can see how it might. I mean in the musical profession so much depends on contacts.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Well, it would be awfully nice having her home. It seems she's hardly been with us at all since she first went away to college.

GUY Well, you know how it is--once we chicks start scratching for ourselves.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Do you think that you'll take that church in Chicago?

GUY Well, a city church is quite an opportunity, but I don't know how Chicago people would like some of my convictions.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Do you mean your stand on pacifism?

GUY Yes. A pacifist is a marked man these days.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Of course you know how I feel, but far be it from me to try to argue anybody out of his beliefs.

GUY When I see chaps like Glenn going into the hideous affair, I get a terrible feeling inside. I don't know--I want to do my part to make the crazy old world better, but--well, I've had a lot of ideals preached into me all my life. It isn't easy to think my way through.

MRS. FAIRCHILD You've thought a lot more than most young men and I know that whatever convictions you have, you've come by honestly and by the hard way.

GUY Is Fay going back to New York next fall?

MRS. FAIRCHILD Yes, she has another year at Juilliard.

GUY Then what?

MRS. FAIRCHILD I suppose it sounds a little funny for a country girl like Fay, but she really has ambitions for a recital career and her Juilliard teachers seem to think she has a good chance.

GUY She has a great gift. But then she's gifted in so many ways.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Some of the farm people think we've been awfully foolish to give Fay so much schooling instead of training her for something practical, but--well, I guess an only child just naturally gets spoiled a little.

GUY The thing about Fay is that she is so darned practical in spite of all her talent and training.

MRS. FAIRCHILD I guess children raised on farms absorb a lot of practicality no matter what they study in school.

GUY Yes, I think they do. (SUDDENLY REMEMBERING) Say, I came out here for a party and here I sit chinning with the hostess.

MRS. FAIRCHILD I'm not the hostess. I'm probably not even missed, but I'll bet you are. You'd better get out there and liven things up. But mind you, no horseback excursions.

GUY How about cows?

MRS. FAIRCHILD No cows either.

(DELLA ENTERS WITH A HUGE TRAY OF DRINKS)

MRS. FAIRCHILD (TO GUY) Now you see, here's Della with the punch and cookies. People will say you just dropped in for the refreshments.

GUY Well, who wouldn't drop in for Della's delicious refreshments. I'll bet these are some of your famous cookies, Della.

DELLA Didn't get a very good do on them this time.

GUY (GRABBING A HANDFUL OFF THE PLATE) No, they're not fit to eat.

(TELEPHONE RINGS AND GUY WHO IS NEAREST ANSWERS IT)

GUY Hello. No, you're right. This is the Fairchild place. Yes, she's right here. (HANDING PHONE TO MRS. FAIRCHILD) It's for you, Mrs. Fairchild.

MRS. FAIRCHILD (IN PHONE) Hello--(DELLA STARTS TO GO BUT GUY MOTIONS HER TO STAY) Yes--Yes, Dr. Cook (WITH SUDDEN SHOCK) Oh--oh, dear God--I'll be right over. (SHE HANGS UP LOOKING STUNNED)

DELLA What is it, Mrs. Fairchild?

MRS. FAIRCHILD It's Frank--He's had another heart attack.

GUY Where is he? I'll take you to him. My car's just--

MRS. FAIRCHILD Dr. Cook has him over at the hospital. Somebody found him parked at the side of the highway, unconscious.

GUY Was he hurt?

MRS. FAIRCHILD No, I don't think so. He just pulled off the road--you don't need to come, Guy. It's just a step to the hospital.

GUY (PUTTING AN ARM AROUND HER SHOULDER) I'm going with you.

DELLA I'll get Fay.

MRS. FAIRCHILD No, don't Della. There isn't anything to do. I'd rather Fay wouldn't know till I see how he is. Then I can tell her myself.

DELLA You want me to come, Mrs. Fairchild?

MRS. FAIRCHILD No--just keep things going--Come on, Guy--Ch, poor Frank--thank goodness somebody found him--(SHE AND GUY GO OUT AS HER WORDS TRAIL OUT)

(DELLA IS ABOUT TO EXIT INTO THE GARDEN WHEN FAY AND GLENN ENTER)

GLENN Better let me give you a hand, Della.

DELLA Poo, it's light as a feather.

FAY Daddy back yet, Della?

DELLA No.

FAY Where's Mother?

DELLA Went somewhere with Guy. She'll be right back.

FAY Went with Guy? Well, what's the idea? (BUT DELLA IS OFF) Ch, (LAUGHING) I'll bet Guy's got her involved in another committee. Mother hates committees like you hate parties.

GLENN Aw, they make me feel like Frank Sinatra's understudy--such a fuss over a uniform.

FAY It couldn't be the man inside the uniform?

GLENN Oh, they're a swell bunch, really. I can never thank you, Fay, for these three days of heaven. Believe me, this little time on the Fairchild farm will be something to think about and remember.

FAY Come back to us, Glenn. That's all the thanks I want.

GLENN You bet I will--the first darned chance.

FAY Sure you won't change your mind and let me take you to the train?

GLENN That's a queer twirp in me you won't understand.

FAY I can understand you not wanting the whole gang to see you off like they wanted to, but--

GLENN It's just that I--well, I hate saying goodbye.

FAY So do I.

GLENN That's why I thought if I could just slip away--Jake Harvey, your local taxi man is picking me up at the foot of the lane. Do you know what I really want most of all, Fay?

FAY What?

GLENN I guess it's pretty sentimental--

FAY Who cares how sentimental who is?

GLENN I'd like to leave with your music ringing in my ears. Will you play something and just let me slip away?

FAY If that's the way you want it, I'd love to, Glenn. What shall I play? Anything you'd especially like to hear?

GLENN Play what you played a while ago--"KNYSLEMIANA", isn't it?

FAY Yes. It's supposed to be the most romantic music in the world.

GLENN No. If you feel what I hope you feel, I couldn't bear it. If you don't--well, that would be even tougher.

FAY I'm a spoiled, pampered person. All my life I've had everything I wanted. I'm beginning to know now what it's like to want something very, very much.

GLENN If you've always had what you want, maybe we'd better see that you get this. We can't have you throwing a tantrum.

FAY I want--I want the war over.

GLENN That's a large order, but I'll do my damndest.

FAY (TRYING TO KEEP FROM CRYING) I want it over right away.

GLENN (TRYING TO BE LIGHT) Well, you've got to give me and my battalion time to meet the enemy.

FAY Oh, Glenn--I want this--just this, forever. Time in the afternoon of summer, time when the snow is deep and you come to spend Christmas-time--just time with you. (SHE IS FIGHTING BACK THE TEARS) I told myself I wasn't going to do this.

(GLENN TAKES HER IN HIS ARMS AND KISSES HER HAIR. THEY ARE STANDING BY THE WINDOW. AS THEY STAND IN SILENCE FOR A MOMENT, DELLA ENTERS, SEEING THE LIGHT ON AND THINKING NO ONE IS IN THE ROOM SHE TURNS THE SWITCH. ONLY A SMALL TABLE LAMP IS LEFT BURNING AND MOONLIGHT STREAMS THROUGH THE WINDOW ENVELOPING GLENN AND FAY)

DELLA (AS SHE CROSSES AND EXITS THROUGH THE DINING ROOM DOOR) Land a goodness--place ablaze with lights.

FAY Economical girl, Della.

GLENN Nice of her, wasn't it? (LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW WITH HIS ARM STILL AROUND FAY) Beautiful night.

FAY Gorgeous.

GLENN Look how the moonlight picks out that field of grain.

FAY It's like a silver lake.

GLENN One thing is sure--no matter where they ship me, there won't ever be any place as wonderful as this or any people who know so well how to live. You've given me a taste of the real thing, Fay. I know now what the fighting is all about.

FAY I wish I did.

GLENN I can tell you. It's to kill the demon that threatens to destroy all this.

FAY I'll try to see that it's all here for you to come home to.

GLENN You do that. Don't let a thing change. The fields in the moonlight, and of gardens, music--

FAY They'll all be here waiting for you.

GLENN And you in that beautiful gown--don't you change either, Fay.

FAY Oh--can't I progress a little?

GLENN You're perfect just as you are. You're what's going to keep me ticking. I'll think of you a thousand times just as you are in this moment of moonlight.

FAY Oh, Glenn--(UNABLE TO FIND WORDS SHE SIGNS)

GLENN I want to think of you playing the piano, swimming, laughing, and being happy always.

FAY Can't I work a little?

GLENN Not if it spoils those marvelous hands. You leave work to the male animal. You were born to be a lady.

FAY Glenn, dearest, you mustn't put me on a pedestal. I'm not the pedestal type really.

GLENN (LOOKING OUT AGAIN) There's a mist gathering over the hills by the river.

FAY Logical, isn't it?

GLENN Didn't Paul Engle write a poem about that once?

FAY If he didn't he should.

GLENN Look it up and read it for me sometime.

FAY I'm to keep up culture for two now, huh?

GLENN That's right. It's up to you to keep the grace of living a going concern.

(FROM SOMEWHERE IN THE NIGHT COMES THE DISTANT WHISTLE OF A TRAIN.  
GLENN LOOKS AT HIS WATCH)

GLENN I guess that's it.

FAY It's miles away. We never used to leave for the station till after we'd heard the whistle.

GLENN You'll explain to the others how I'm a puppy about saying goodbye?

FAY I'll explain. I wish Mother would get back, though. I can't imagine why she isn't. She'll be sunk if she isn't here to wave you off.

GLENN I'd like to say so long to your dad too.

FAY And collect your bet?

GLENN That's right.

FAY I'll see that he sends it to you.

GLENN Don't you let him forget it.

FAY He won't. Daddy never forgets a promise.

GLENN You and your dad are a lot alike, do you know it?

FAY That's the nicest compliment anybody could possibly pay me.

GLENN Pretty fond of the old guy, aren't you?

FAY There's never been any other man in my life--until now.

GLENN Thank you, Fay. That makes me feel--just swell. I couldn't be travelling in better company because your dad is a right guy if I ever saw one.



(ANOTHER DISTANT TRAIN WHISTLE IS HEARD, THIS TIME A LITTLE NEARER. THEY BOTH HEAR IT BUT SAY NOTHING. FAY SLIPS QUIETLY TO THE PIANO AND BEGINS TO PLAY. GLENN PICKS UP HIS BAG AND MOVES TOWARD THE DOOR. HE PAUSES AND HOLDS FOR AN INSTANT LOOKING BACK AT FAY)

GLENN Fay--

FAY (STOPPING HER PLAYING, SOFTLY) Yes, Glenn--

GLENN I--Nothing. I guess--I wanted to ask you something, but--it can wait.

FAY (RISING AND THROWING HERSELF INTO HIS ARMS) Oh, Glenn, darling--

(SHE IS TRYING HARD NOT TO CRY)

GLENN Goodbye, sweetheart.

(HE KISSES HER LIPS AND THEN TEARS HIMSELF AWAY AND HURRIES OFF. ANOTHER WHISTLE IS HEARD. FAY RETURNS TO THE PIANO AND CONTINUES PLAYING)

PEG (ENTERING AS FAY IS PLAYING AFTER GLENN LEAVES) I thought I'd find you two in here--and with the lights out. (SHE TURNS ON THE LIGHTS) Oh--where's Glenn?

FAY Gone.

PEG Gone? But we wanted to take him--You means he's gone just like that without saying goodbye?

FAY Yes, Peg.

PEG (SHOWING THAT SHE IS DEEPLY DISAPPOINTED) Oh--and I didn't get to tell him goodbye?

GRACIE (ENTERING) Fay, are you in here? Oh, you're here too, Peg. Listen, don't let them serve the ice cream till we get back.

FAY Who's we?

GRACIE George Summers and me. He wants me--

PEG Corporal Summers--remember he's a corporal now.

GRACIE All right, Corporal Summers. We're going down in the Orchard. He wants to teach me to bivwack. Say, what is bivwack anyway.

FAY I'm not just sure knowing George Summers, but I think Peg better go with you.

PEG (STARTING FOR THE STAIRS) Not now. I'm going upstairs a minute. Do you mind if I borrow one of your handkerchiefs, Fay?

FAY Help yourself.

GRACIE They're all asking for you and Glenn, Fay.

FAY (GOING TOWARD THE DOOR AS GRACIE EXITS) Yes, I'm coming.

GUY (ENTERING AND STOPPING FAY) Fay--Fay.

FAY (STOPPING SUDDENLY) (SHE NOTICES GUY'S FACE AND KNOWS SOMETHING IS WRONG) Guy, what is it?

GUY Brace yourself, Fay dear.

FAY (INTUITIVELY COMPREHENDING) Something has happened to Daddy.

GUY He's had a slight heart attack.

FAY (SINKING INTO CHAIR) Oh--

GUY (CROSSING TO COMFORT HER) It's probably not too serious--a little rest and he'll be O.K.

FAY Where is he?

GUY Doc Cook has him down at the hospital. Your mother is with him.

FAY (RISING) Take me to him.

GUY Your mother said you were to wait here. Everything is all right and there isn't a thing for you to do. She didn't want me to tell you till she got back but I thought I should.

FAY Of course, you should. Guy, tell me the truth. Please don't hold anything back.

GUY I'm not holding back a thing, Fay. You know I wouldn't. Your father is O.K. Just that old heart flare up. Doc says he must have a good long rest. That's the straight of it.

FAY Is Daddy conscious?

GUY Sure--take it easy, honey. You're trembling like a leaf. I hate upsetting you but I had to tell you.

FAY I feel I ought to go to him--poor Daddy--he works so hard.

GUY Just take it easy now. Your mother will be here directly. Doc Cook's bringing her out. Where's Della?

FAY In the kitchen I'll get her.

GUY I'll get her. Della was here when the call came. I want to put her mind at ease. (GUY IS CROSSING TO THE KITCHEN DOOR AS DELLA ENTERS) It's all right, Della. Doc says he's going to be all right.

DELLA Oh, thank the good Lord. (SHE CROSSES TO FAY) Now don't you be upset none, dearie. It's just a stroke--people have 'em every day.

FAY Stroke--Guy, you didn't tell me--

GUY Look, are you going to take my word or Della's--

DELLA Oh dear, I've gone and said the wrong thing. I'll go fix some hot coffee. Your mother will want some. (SHE EXITS)

GUY Leave it to Della to make things around here worse than they are, huh?

FAY Guy, I'm an awful heel.

GUY Are you? I hadn't noticed.

FAY All my life I've taken Daddy for granted. He's worked like a slave to put me through college and give me music and all I've ever done is just accept and be a--a--a lady of leisure.

GUY Well, it's given your father and mother a lot of pleasure and satisfaction to see you through. You know that. You're a talented kid and--

FAY Talented--what have I ever done with my talent? What have I ever done for my family or for anybody for that matter?

GUY Now what has come over you? You do loads of wonderful things for people all the time.

FAY (CROSSING TO TELEPHONE) I'm going to start doing something. (IN PHONE) Long distance, operator.

GUY Now what are you up to?

FAY (TO GUY) You said Doctor Cook said a long rest--(IN PHONE) Operator, I want to talk to Mr. Lee, Lakeshore Hotel, Lakeshore, Michigan. Yes, please, this is 424-R. No, I'll wait--

GUY Fay, you're giving up your summer job! Don't you think you ought to think this over?

FAY Job nothing--my job is here. Anyway it was more of a vacation than a job.

GUY Well, a little vacation, a change--

FAY My whole life has been a vacation. Daddy is going to be laid up for the rest of the summer. I'll be needed here.

GUY You're right, Fay. I'm really glad to see you take this stand. Only I just hate to see you do it without thinking it over. I know that Lakeshore business means a lot to you, Fay. Say, I've got an idea--Hang up--cancel that call.

FAY Don't be silly.

GUY Listen, Fay. My parish work in the summer won't amount to more than a couple of hours a day. You go ahead with your Lakeshore job. I'll help your folks.

FAY Guy, don't talk foolishness. We couldn't let you do that.

GUY I'd like to know why not. Hang that phone up and cancel the call. I'll handle things for the Fairchilds. They've done plenty for me, goodness knows.

FAY Guy, that's terribly sweet of you but we couldn't--

GUY Now let's not have an argument.

FAY Don't you see that this is something I've got to do?

GUY No, it isn't. Running a farm is no job for you.

FAY Oh, you think I can't--You think--(IN PHONE) Hello--(TO GUY) I wasn't raised on this farm for nothing. What I don't know I can learn.

GUY You're being impulsive and heroic.

FAY I'm being nothing of the sort. (IN PHONE) Hello, Mr. Lee. This is Fay Fairchild. Mr. Lee, I won't be able to take that position. My father has had a heart attack and I'm needed at home. Yes--Yes, that's right. I'm terribly sorry--Well, that's awfully kind of you. Thank you for understanding. Yes, Mr. Lee, and thanks again. Goodbye. (SHE HANGS UP. DELLA ENTERS WITH THE TRAY CONTAINING DISHES OF ICE CREAM.)

GUY Well, Della, meet the new manager of the farm. (HE INDICATES FAY)

DELLA (STOPPED BY THAT) What?

FAY I'm stepping into Daddy's shoes, Della, while he takes a long earned rest.

(THAT IS TOO MUCH FOR DELLA WHO EASES THE TRAY TO A TABLE AND JUST SITS DOWN)

(MRS. FAIRCHILD ENTERS AND FAY CROSSES TO HER)

FAY How is he, Mother?

MRS. FAIRCHILD Oh, so Guy told you--Well, I knew he would--Daddy is fairly comfortable.

DELLA (RISING AND HURRYING OFF) I'll get you some coffee, Mrs. Fairchild. I've just been hottening' it up.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Thank you, Della. I'll come into the dining room for it.

GUY Well, Mrs. Fairchild, what do you think--Fay has cancelled her job at Lakeshore to help run the farm.

MRS. FAIRCHILD What?

FAY That's right, mom. Now don't tell me I won't be any good at it.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Well, Fay dear, I--well, we can talk about it later.

DELLA (ENTERING) Coffee's ready, Mrs. Fairchild.

GRACIE (ENTERING FROM GARDEN) I'm back--How about refreshments?

DELLA Land a goodness--The ice cream--

GRACIE Let me at it. Bivwacking gives you quite an appetite.

DELLA Look at it. Looks like a heat wave struck it.

GRACIE Whee--Soupey as a soap opera. Oh, well, some people like their ice cream just like they like their kisses.

DELLA How's that?

GRACIE Wet.

DELLA Ah, you--Gracie you go get the cake while I take this out.

GRACIE Oh, boy, will I--(SHE DASHES OFF RIGHT)

GUY Here let me give you a hand, Della. (HE OPENS THE TERRACE DOOR FOR HER) Coming out, Fay, or would you rather not?

FAY Yes, I'd better join the guests. (AS SHE AND GUY EXIT) Well, Guy it looks like I'll be around to play organ for you after all.

GUY (AS THEY ARE OFF) That's right.

DELLA (POKING HER HEAD IN FROM THE GARDEN) Gracie, are you coming with that cake.

(GRACIE ENTERS CARRYING A LARGE CAKE FROM WHICH ONE VERY HEFTY MUNK HAS BEEN LIFTED. SHE HAS A HUGE PIECE IN HER MOUTH. SHE MAKES AN INARTICULATE SOUND AS THE CURTAIN FALLS)

Act II

(MRS. FAIRCHILD IS PUTTING A VACUUM CLEANER TOGETHER AS MRS. ZACHARY ENTERS FROM THE DINING ROOM.)

MRS. FAIRCHILD Come in, Mrs. Zachary. All through with the canning?

MRS. ZACHARY Noun, I'm not. I got just enough of that apple butter to fill another couple of quart jars if I had the jars.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Let's see--I believe you'll find some jars on that top shelf in the pantry behind all those boxes.

MRS. ZACHARY Yesum.

MRS. FAIRCHILD By you've done well with those apples, Mrs. Zachary. There's usually so much waste with early apples.

MRS. ZACHARY Well, there's them that throw away instead of cuttin' out--I always hold to cuttin' out.

MRS. FAIRCHILD I guess I'd have had to throw most of the fruit away if you hadn't offered to do the canning on shares.

MRS. ZACHARY Well, I was just real glad to do it. I says to the Mister, I says, that poor Mrs. Fairchild's just got more than she can handle.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Oh, I wouldn't say that. Does look like it though when I don't get around to my cleaning till late Saturday afternoon.

MRS. ZACHARY Well, it's hard when there ain't a man around--top shelf in the pantry, you say?

MRS. FAIRCHILD Yes.

MRS. ZACHARY (STARTING TO GO) I says to the Mister, I don't know what Mrs. Fairchild would do if it wasn't for that daughter of hers. Why that Fay's a regular farmer. The Mister says she knows might near as much about the cattle business as he does. Top shelf, you say--I tell him she gets it from her pa. (SHE EXITS)

DELLA (ENTERING) Now Mrs. Fairchild, I told you I'd do that cleaning soon as I got home from the packing plant.

MRS. FAIRCHILD I know you did, Della, but you're tired and there's no reason why I shouldn't do my own cleaning.

DELLA Tired nothing. Saturday's a short day. As long as I make my home with you, Nellie Fairchild, I'm going to do my stint. I told you that when I took that packing house job. (SHE HAS TAKEN THE VACUUM CLEANER FROM MRS. FAIRCHILD AND BEGINS TO VACUUM THE RUOS)

MRS. FAIRCHILD All right, Della. I'll do the dusting. (SHE BEGINS DUSTING) Did you think to go by the post office, Della?

DELLA (YELLING ABOVE THE VACUUM) What was that?

MRS. FAIRCHILD Did you remember--

DELLA (TURNING OFF VACUUM) I didn't get what you said.

MRS. FAIRCHILD I was wondering if you got the mail.

DELLA Oh yes--I nearly forgot to give it to you.

(SHE TAKES SEVERAL CARDS AND LETTERS FROM HER PURSE AND HANDS THEM TO MRS. FAIRCHILD WHO GLANCES AT THEM, THEN PLACES THEM ON TABLE INSIDE LIBRARY DOOR)

DELLA (TURNING ON THE CLEANER AND SHOUTING ABOVE IT) Doesn't look like there's anything there from Fay's lieutenant.

MRS. FAIRCHILD No. She'll be awfully disappointed--

DELLA What was that? (SHE TURNS OFF THE CLEANER)

MRS. FAIRCHILD It's been more than a month since we heard from Glenn.

(FAY ENTERS, UNSEEN BY MRS. FAIRCHILD AND DELLA. SHE IS DRESSED IN OVERALLS AND LOOKS HOT AND TIRED. SHE CROSSES AT ONCE TO THE TABLE WHERE THE MAIL LIES AND LOOKS THROUGH IT HURRIEDLY)

DELLA (SHOUTING ABOVE THE CLEANER AND STILL NOT NOTICING FAY) Folks in town think Fay and Guy Walker are getting pretty thick.

MRS. FAIRCHILD (NOT NOTICING FAY AND SHOUTING ABOVE CLEANER) People like to talk.

DELLA (TURNING OFF CLEANER) What was that?

MRS. FAIRCHILD (STARTING TO SHOUT THEN REALIZING SHE DOESN'T HAVE TO) I say--I say people like to talk. Guy's a good boy and so is Glenn. I'm very fond of both the boys.

FAY (AS DELLA STARTS UP THE CLEANER) Is this all the mail?

DELLA (TURNING THE CLEANER OFF AND FOCUSING ON MRS. FAIRCHILD ASSUMING IT IS SHE WHO SPOKE) What?

FAY Is this all the mail, Mother?

MRS. FAIRCHILD Oh, hello, Fay. I didn't hear you come in.

DELLA (EMBARRASSED OVER WHAT SHE HAS JUST BEEN SAYING) Heavens to Betsy--Neither did I.



FAY I finished raking the hay over on the river side place.

MRS. FAIRCHILD So soon? That's splendid.

FAY I take it this is the mail?

MRS. FAIRCHILD I'm afraid that's all Della could find at the post office.

FAY You wouldn't hold out on me, would you, Della?

DELLA Land no--And I didn't mean anything by what I was saying when you came in, in case you heard me. I was just telling your mother how people talk, but you know how folks are and, well, Glenn's been gone now a year or more. (DELLA DUSTS STAIR BANNISTERS UP STAGE)

MRS. FAIRCHILD Are you home to stay, dear?

FAY No. I have to run over to Pete's place. Zachary is shipping in the morning and we're sending a dozen of Pete's cattle with Zachary's shipment. (MRS. ZACHARY ENTERS) Oh, hello, Mrs. Zachary.

MRS. ZACHARY How do, Fay. Well, that does it, Mrs. Fairchild--twenty-six quarts and a pint. It was only by squeezing and the grace of God that I got the pint.

FAY Is your husband all set to ship those steers in the morning, Mrs. Zachary?

MRS. ZACHARY Yesum. He don't like to ship on Sunday that way, but nowadays you got to ship when you can get the trucks.

FAY That's right and we've got to make the Monday market or run the risk of quite a loss. (SHE IS HURRYING OUT THE DOOR) I'll be back before supper time, Mother. (SHE EXITS)

MRS. ZACHARY Beats all how they turn out, don't it? Folks all said how the Fairchilds was spoilin' their daughter with all that education--Now look at her--Regular farmer.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Well, it isn't the kind of a life her father and I had wanted for her, but, when he died--Well, there was no stopping Fay from taking over the management of the farms.

MRS. ZACHARY Well, I always say, if they got it in em, they'll turn out all right in spite of education, and if they ain't got it in em, you might just as well let em get educated cause they won't amount to anything anyway. (NOTICING DELLA FOR THE FIRST TIME) Well, hello, Della. I didn't see you.

DELLA (STARTING THE CLEANER) I'm fine. How's everybody over at the Zachary place?

MRS. ZACHARY (SHOUTING) Just fine except he's ailin' some. I was just tellin' Mrs. Fairchild--

DELLA (STOPPING THE CLEANER) What?

MRS. ZACHARY I was just saying he's ailin' some. It's his stomach, you know. (DELLA STARTS THE CLEANER AGAIN) Well, I'll be over Monday, Mrs. Fairchild, and put up them berries.

MRS. FAIRCHILD (RAISING HER VOICE ABOVE THE CLEANER) All right-- thanks again, Mrs. Zachary. Tell Mr. Zachary to take care of himself. We'd be up against it if he were to get really ill, you know.

MRS. ZACHARY What? Oh, yes. Well, he'll be all right. It's just his stomach. (SHE EXITS)

MRS. FAIRCHILD (DUSTING THE LOCKCASE) I certainly miss those books we gave to the U.S.C.

DELLA Yes, it's just that much more space for dust to collect.

MRS. FAIRCHILD My, a lot can happen in a year.

DELLA It sure can. There's that Evie Roscoe, married just a year and she's got two babies and a mother-in-law.

MRS. FAIRCHILD I wonder how she's getting on with the twins.

DELLA Oh, she says the twins are no trouble--it's the mother-in-law.

GUY (ENTERING WEARING OVERALLS) Well, I finished the cultivating, Mrs. Fairchild.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Oh, hello, Guy.

DELLA Well, maybe you can fix this vacuum cleaner.

GUY What's the matter with it?

DELLA It's on a strike.

GUY Maybe it wants portal to portal pay. (TAKING BAG OUT AND REVEALING IT FILLED TO CAPACITY) Huh, looks to me as if it's suffering from inflation.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Guy you're a regular handy-andy. I don't know what we'd do without you.

GUY Nothing to it. How are you anyway, Della?

DELLA Kinda tired. I'm glad it's Saturday. I'm going into town tonight and just relax.

GUY Better be careful, Della. A lot of those cadets from the training camp are in the village this evening.

DELLA Humph. What do you take me for--little red riding hood?

GUY (HANDING HER CLEANER BAG) Sure. Do you want to take this over to your grandmother?

DELLA (TAKING BAG) It might surprise you if I did have a date with one of them Navy men.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Della--really?

DELLA What's more--he's an officer.

MRS. FAIRCHILD An officer?

GUY Ensign or lieutenant?

DELLA He says he's the chief petting officer. Ought to be some date. (EXITS)

MRS. FAIRCHILD While I'm thinking about it, I want to make out a check for your time, Guy.

GUY Aw, forget it. That's just a little gift from the preacher. Got a screw driver?

MRS. FAIRCHILD It's nothing of the kind. The Fairchild's pay their hired help. Let's see, you've put in about three weeks all together since that last time. (SHE HAS TAKEN A CHECK BOOK FROM THE DESK AND IS MAKING OUT A CHECK)

GUY I wish you wouldn't do that. (PUTTING CLEANER DOWN) I'm stymied till Della gets me a screw driver.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Well, I'm doing it, so save your wishes.

GUY All right, if you insist. Just make it out to the Red Cross and we'll toss it in on the church's allotment.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Well, I think you ought to have a little something for yourself. I'll make it out to you and you can do as you like with it. Is this July 9th or 10th.

GUY July 10th, nineteen hundred and forty-three according to the newspapers.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Never believe all you see in a newspaper. (HANDING CHECK TO GUY) Here you are, Guy, and thanks a million for everything.

GUY This is about twice as much as I'm worth.



MRS. FAIRCHILD Nonsense. You're a first rate farmer.

GUY Yes, I sometimes think I'm more of a farmer than I am a preacher.

(DELLA ENTERS WITH EMPTY CLEANER BAG)

MRS. FAIRCHILD You preach good sermons, you have large congregations--

DELLA And the young folks are crazy about you--

MRS. FAIRCHILD So what more do you want?

GUY Well, I want a screw driver.

DELLA What?

GUY A screw driver. You know--(PANTOMIMING) Little thing for unscrewing screws.

DELLA Oh. (EXITS)

GUY Fay come in yet?

MRS. FAIRCHILD In and out--she'll be back directly.

DELLA (RE-ENTERING WITH SCREW DRIVER AND HANDING IT TO GUY) I'll see about supper. Is that stove still giving trouble, Mrs. Fairchild?

MRS. FAIRCHILD Oh, yes, it is, Della. I tried to get a man out to fix it, but there just wasn't anyone who could come.

GUY All right, Della, I'll have a look at it.

MRS. FAIRCHILD See if it's working first, Della. It takes spells of working just fine.

GUY Tempermental, huh?

DELLA It works for everybody but me. I don't think it likes my packing house fragrance. (EXITS)

MRS. FAIRCHILD (SENSING THAT GUY IS HAVING SOMETHING OF A MOOD) What's the trouble, Guy?

GUY Loose connection.

MRS. FAIRCHILD I don't mean that. Why are you so pessimistic about your preaching?

GUY Oh, I don't know. Just a feeling I get.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Well, it's nonsense. Everybody likes your preaching and people like you, too.

GUY Oh, this town has been grand to me, though I sometimes wonder if it isn't just because everybody thought so much of my folks. You know how it is when a kid loses his parents--

MRS. FAIRCHILD People like you for what you are, Guy.

GUY I guess the trouble is I don't always like me for what I am. I shouldn't bother you with my worries, but you are about the only one I can come to with personal matters.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Well, I'm glad you feel that way. Now, what is it?

GUY I get to thinking out in the field--I get to thinking about all the fellows I used to know. Some of them right from this town. They're all out there helping end this war. Gus Turnies, killed in New Guinea, Bill Franklin in some Nazi prison camp, and--well, you know the list as well as I do.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Don't you think what you're doing is pretty important, too?

GUY Yeah--I guess somebody has to fix the vacuum cleaners.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Seriously.

GUY Oh, I know all the arguments. I've been over and over them a thousand times, but just who am I that I should have this soft security?

MRS. FAIRCHILD Is it so soft? You haven't come by your convictions without struggle, I know that.

GUY I wonder what right I have to convictions that seem to contradict the actions of so many chaps. They have their convictions too.

MRS. FAIRCHILD What is all the fighting for if it isn't to save and make safe the right to believe--freedom of speech, freedom of religion, and all the rest of it?

GUY I'm not doing much to help win the fight.

MRS. FAIRCHILD You're standing by what you believe and I guess that is winning a fight in a way. It's really harder for you than it is for us who follow the pattern.

GUY It isn't easy for those who have had to give up their normal pattern. I remember how all of us--Pete Blake, Shorty Baker, Mugs Beatty--we used to sit and chin about the big things we were going to do. It hasn't been easy for those boys to put aside their dreams.

MRS. FAIRCHILD I know it hasn't. Nobody would choose warring and killing.

GUY Those fellows are as much pacifist as I am at heart.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Aren't we all pacifists at heart?

GUY I think the real trouble with me is that pacifism is not just a conviction. It's a promise.

MRS. FAIRCHILD A promise?

GUY You know how my father was. He had an unhappy experience in the last war. He got to be almost a fanatic about pacifism. I've never told anyone, but it was almost his dying request that I give my life in the fight for peace.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Your beliefs are what they are--mind you, I don't hold with all your beliefs or with all your father's--but I guess what I'm trying to say is, we have to be true to ourselves.

GUY The thing that got me started on this again must have been a dream I had last night. I haven't been able to get it out of my mind all day.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Do you want to tell me about it?

GUY It's one of those illusive, subconscious things that can't really be told. I dreamed about Glenn Graig. A terrible battle was going on--I was watching from some place of safety--it all happened in air and water. Glenn was wounded and he was trying to swim. Just before he went under, he turned and looked at me. It's that look that has haunted me all day. It wasn't a look of accusation--but there was something in his eyes, a kind of pity--then, you know how sometimes in dreams you get a guilty feeling--well, it was as though I instead of Glenn were facing eternity and I was facing it with an awful feeling of guilt.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Well, I don't put much stock in dreams. If they're pleasant I like to recall them. If they're not, I think the best thing to do is forget them.

GUY I keep thinking something has happened to Glenn. Do you think there is such a thing as telepathy?

MRS. FAIRCHILD I don't know, Guy. We haven't heard from him in a long while.

GUY Is he still in the South Pacific?

MRS. FAIRCHILD Yes, I suppose he is. He said something about being sent back to the states on some sort of mission.

GUY Oh? That would make Fay very happy.

MRS. FAIRCHILD How about you? Would it make you very happy?

GUY Why, yes--yes, I'd like to see Glenn.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Guy, I wonder if you're being fair to yourself, or for that matter, to Fay.

GUY What do you mean?

MRS. FAIRCHILD Don't you suppose I know how you feel about Fay?

GUY (SMILING AT HER) People don't fool you much, do they, Mrs. Fairchild?

MRS. FAIRCHILD Of course, I know you didn't give up that chance in the Chicago church just to help us with the farms and to be near Fay, but that did have a little to do with it.

GUY When you come right down to it, I guess Fay, or rather my feeling for her, has a lot to do with all this other I've been telling you about.

MRS. FAIRCHILD I thought so. No, Guy, I don't want to be a meddlesome mother and you must understand that I'm very fond of Glenn just as I'm very fond of you, but don't you think you owe it to yourself and to Fay, and even to Glenn, to give yourself--well, an even break as you young folks call it?

GUY You mean tell Fay what I feel? Fay's in love with Glenn, Mrs. Fairchild.

MRS. FAIRCHILD She was in love with Glenn. He's been away over a year. A lot has happened--Fay has changed a good deal. How do we know who she's in love with now? Or for that matter who Glenn is in love with?

GUY I know--I've thought about it a lot--I just want to do the square thing, that's all.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Well, I won't say any more. I just hate to see people be hurt, that's all.

GUY We can't get through this crazy old world without getting a little hurt now and then.

(PEG AND GRACIE BOUNCE IN THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR)

PEG Hello, Aunt Nellie. Hello, Guy.

GRACIE What's cooking?

MRS. FAIRCHILD Oh, hello, Peg and Gracie.

GUY Hello, kids.

PEG Is Fay home yet?



MRS. FAIRCHILD No, she's gone over to Pete's place to see about some cattle. She'll be here directly. Sit down, girls.

GRACIE We want Fay to come to a swell party we're giving tonight for some of the cadets from the training camp.

MRS. FAIRCHILD That sounds nice. I hope Fay won't be too tired.

PEG So do I. Gee, Fay used to be the life of the town. Now nobody ever sees her.

GRACIE You shouldn't let her work so hard, Aunt Nellie.

GUY Let her! Try and stop her.

PEG Guy, what are you doing tonight?

GRACIE Yeah, why don't you bring Fay and come along?

GUY Thanks, girls, I'd love to but I've got a sermon to prepare. Tomorrow is my working day, you know.

PEG Well, you'd better at least look in to see that we're behaving ourselves.

GUY Oh, so you just want me for moral atmosphere, huh? Sorry, no can do.

GRACIE If you ask me, I think you're making a grave mistake, Guy. You'd ought to be making hay while the sun shines. You know, before Glenn gets back.

GUY Fay is making the hay. I only do the cultivating.

PEG Gracie, why don't you go chew your handkerchief? What's the news from Glenn, Aunt Nellie?

MRS. FAIRCHILD Well, we haven't heard from him in quite a while.

PEG Oh?

GRACIE You see what I mean, Guy?

GUY (TEASING) You know, since you've come into my life, Gracie, my desire for feminine companionship is completely satiated.

GRACIE Are you kidding? (SHE IS PUMPING THE PIANO NOW) Does anybody ever play this thing anymore?

MRS. FAIRCHILD It isn't like it used to be around here, Gracie. Why don't you come over and play it evenings for us?

PEG Oh, heavens--better not suggest it, Aunt Nellie--she might do it.

MRS. FAIRCHILD This house was happier when there was music in it.

(DELLA ENTERS AS GRACIE CONTINUES TO STRUM ON THE PIANO)

DELLA Stove's actin' up again.

GUY I was going to fix that, wasn't I? Well, let's have a look at it and then I've got to get home and start thinking about a sermon.

DELLA That stove won't put anybody in a mind for writing sermons, I can tell you.

MRS. FAIRCHILD (AS GUY AND DELLA EXIT) I'll come show you where to find the tools. Excuse me, girls--make yourselves at home. (SHE GOES OFF)

PEG We'll run along in a minute. We've got to see some others. We'll be back to see Fay.

(THE TELEPHONE RINGS AND PEG ANSWERS IT)

PEG (IN PHONE) Hello. Fay? No, she isn't home yet. This is Peg Bradshaw, her cousin. (TO GRACIE) Stop playing, Gracie, so I can hear. (IN PHONE) What was that? Sure, I can take it. (TO GRACIE) It's a telegram for Fay. Get a pencil and paper.

GRACIE A telegram? Who's it from?

PEG Shut up and get a pencil and--

GRACIE Well, I'm trying to find one--where?

PEG Look on the piano.

(GRACIE FINDS A PENCIL AND A MAGAZINE WITH WRITING SPACE ON IT AND BRINGS IT NEAR THE PHONE. SHE POKES HER EAR CLOSE TO THE RECEIVER SO SHE CAN HEAR, TOO)

PEG All right, I'm ready.

(GRACIE WRITES AS PEG SPEAKS. AS SHE DOES SO SHE KEEPS NUDGING CLOSER TO THE RECEIVER AS PEG TRIES TO LISTEN AND KEEP HER AWAY AT THE SAME TIME)

PEG (IN PHONE) Yes. Kill fatted calf--yes--and call out band--yes--your wandering leatherneck arriving late Saturday afternoon--yes--love, Glenn. (SHE READS IT BACK) Yes, I've got it. Thanks.

(THE GIRLS GIVE A WHOOP) It's from Glenn! He's coming!

GRACIE Late Saturday afternoon--why, that's now!

PEG (CALLING OFF) Aunt Nellie, Aunt Nellie.

MRS. FAIRCHILD (ENTERING) What in the world is biting you girls?

PEG It's a wire for Fay from Glenn.

GRACIE He's here! He's on his way.

(MRS. FAIRCHILD TAKES THE MAGAZINE AND READS HALF TO HERSELF WHAT THE GIRLS HAVE SCRIBBLED)

GRACIE Why didn't those girls down at the telegraph office phone that out hours ago?

PEG It probably just came, silly. Isn't it exciting, Aunt Nellie?

MRS. FAIRCHILD (ALMOST AS EXCITED AS THE GIRLS) Late Saturday afternoon--I can hardly believe it--You girls aren't up to some joke?

PEG No, Aunt Nellie.

GRACIE Let's go meet him--let's go get Fay and meet him.

PEG Meet him? Where?

GRACIE That's so--there's no train at this time of day.

MRS. FAIRCHILD No, there isn't. He must be motoring out with someone.

PEG Probably got a ride--it's quicker.

GRACIE Maybe he's flying out.

PEG Golly, he may be here any minute.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Mercy, I look a sight.

GRACIE Yippy! (SINGS) From the halls of Montezuma, to the shores of Tripoli--

MRS. FAIRCHILD (WHILE GRACIE SINGS) I'll tell Della and Guy.

(DELLA ENTERS AND GRACIE GRABS HER AND DOES A MOCK JITTERBUG, STILL SINGING)

GRACIE If the army and the navy ever reach those heavenly scenes--

PEG Gracie, behave yourself.

GRACIE They will find the gates are guarded by United States Marines.

DELLA What in thunder has struck everybody?

GRACIE Think of it--a Marine hero.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Glenn's coming, Della.

DELLA Glenn? When?

PEG Right away.

GRACIE Any minute.

MRS. FAIRCHILD A wire just came.

GRACIE We took it over the phone. (SHE SHOVES THE MAGAZINE INTO DELLA'S HANDS WHO READS IT)

DELLA (READING) Make your legs beautiful. You too can have a suntan. Use--

GRACIE Not that, simpleton--This--the writing. (DELLA READS TO HERSELF)

PEG Come on, Gracie. We're going to get Fay.

MRS. FAIRCHILD You'll only miss her.

PEG Not if we hurry. Or would she rather be surprised?

MRS. FAIRCHILD Heavens, no. Not the way she's dressed. You'd better sneak her in the back way and let her get cleaned up. She'd have a fit if Glenn saw her like that.

GRACIE O.K. Come on. (THE GIRLS RUN OFF)

MRS. FAIRCHILD (LOOKING THE ROOM OVER) We just finished cleaning in time. The place still isn't very tidy.

DELLA (PICKING UP PAPERS, ETC.) I'll rid up--You leave it to me.

MRS. FAIRCHILD (HELPING TIDY) I never thought the time would come when I couldn't get round to my cleaning until Saturday afternoon. I wish we had some flowers.

DELLA Want me to try and find some?

MRS. FAIRCHILD No, you go tell Guy the news while I run up and change.

DELLA Guy's gone--went somewhere to get something or other for the stove.

MRS. FAIRCHILD My, I'm a sight. I certainly hope Glenn doesn't come until--

(SHE IS HEADING FOR THE STAIRS AND IS STARTING UP WHEN THE FRONT DOOR BANGS AND IN RUSHES GLENN DRESSED IN HIS WHITES AND CARRYING A BAG)

GLENN Hello, Mrs. Fairchild.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Glenn! (SHE GIVES HIM A HUG AND COMES DOWN THE STEPS)  
How are you. I'm so glad--

GLENN How are you, Mrs. Fairchild. You're looking great. (NOTICING DELLA AND RUSHING TO HER WITH AN IMPULSIVE EMBRACE) Della--How are you?

DELLA Just fine, Lieutenant. My, what a surprise this is.

GLENN Surprise? Didn't you get my wire?

MRS. FAIRCHILD It just came, not five minutes ago. I guess it was delayed.

GLENN Oh, that's too bad. Golly, it's good to be here. Where is everybody and how is everyone? Where's Fay?

MRS. FAIRCHILD She went over to Pete's place. Peg and Gracie went to get her.

GLENN How are they, Peg and Gracie? Oh, this marvelous old house--I can't believe I'm here. Kept pinching myself all the way out.

MRS. FAIRCHILD How did you come?

GLENN I caught a ride with an army colonel who was driving out this way--Air Corps man.

DELLA You mean you flew out here?

GLENN Well, that Buick he was driving didn't have wings but the colonel didn't seem to know that. It's a wonder to me the cops didn't get us.

DELLA For speeding?

GLENN Well, you might say for flying too low. How have you all been? How's Fay?

MRS. FAIRCHILD Fay's fine, Glenn. I'll bet you're tired and hot from your drive. Would you like to go up to your room?

GLENN No, I'm fine--I just want to take everything in. (HE HAS BEEN LOOKING THE PLACE OVER AND NOW STANDS LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW) What happened to all the flowers?

MRS. FAIRCHILD Oh, we still have a few.

GLENN But that wonderful flower garden--It's all vegetables.

DELLA You gotta grow food before flowers these days.

MRS. FAIRCHILD That's some of the best garden soil on the place. Speaking of food, I'll bet you're hungry.

DELLA I'll fix you something.

GLENN No, don't bother.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Dinner's not for a good while.

GLENN Who wants to waste time eating?

DELLA Well, I'll fix you something cool to drink anyhow.

GLENN (AS DELLA IS ABOUT TO LEAVE) Della, you're just the same as ever. You're looking younger though.

DELLA Ah, you--

GLENN I'm telling you, ladies, I'm pretty starved for the sight of American femininity.

DELLA What about all those native girls out there in the South Pacific?

GLENN Well, if you like them unshod, unshowered and unshampooed, they're all right. But, after nearly twelve months among the grass skirts, I'll take civilized women with all their drawbacks.

DELLA (EXITING) Ah, Lieutenant, you tickle me--he's a card, isn't he, Mrs. Fairchild?

GLENN Well, Mrs. Fairchild. How have you been really?

MRS. FAIRCHILD We're fine, Glenn. Of course, it's not the same here as it was when Frank was living.

GLENN I never wanted to be any place so much in my life as I did to be here with you and Fay when I got the news. He was one of the finest men I ever knew, your husband.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Frank and I had a beautiful life together, Glenn. I just hope Fay will be as happy when she--(SHE CAN'T FINISH FOR FIGHTING BACK THE TEARS)

GLENN She will be--We've got to see that she is. You've given her a wonderful example to go on, Mrs. Fairchild. This home with it's books and music and it's people who know how to live--I've thought about you a lot.

MRS. FAIRCHILD When did you arrive in the states?

GLENN We put in at San Francisco yesterday morning.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Yesterday morning, but how--

GLENN I caught a plane as far as Omaha.

MRS. FAIRCHILD And you came straight to us. But what about your family, will you get to--

GLENN Mother's on the coast. I had a few hours with her yesterday and I'm seeing her again on my way back. Dad's overseas, you know.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Then you're going back.

GLENN Yes, but I have until Tuesday. Let's not waste time talking about me. Is Fay playing piano a lot? You know, it's a funny thing, I think I want to hear her play almost as much as I want to see her. Say, how's Guy? Is he still around?

MRS. FAIRCHILD Oh, yes. I don't know what we'd have done without Guy. He's been such a help with the farming.

GLENN That's great.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Guy will be back any minute. Shall I ask him and Peg and Cracie to stay for dinner, or would you rather have your first evening with Fay alone?

GLENN Well, if you wouldn't mind and Fay's all for it, I thought I'd like to take her somewhere.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Of course. But where do you think you can go in this little town?

GLENN Oh, we can drive somewhere. Nothing wrong with your car, is there?

MRS. FAIRCHILD Nothing wrong, but mind you we only have an A card. We're really entitled to a C card but Fay doesn't think it's patriotic.

GLENN A card--C card--Oh, sure. Gee, you kinda lose touch.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Part of the rationing plan. The idea is to save gasoline, but in order to hold a C card you have to drive a minimum of seven hundred miles a month whether you need to or not.

GLENN Sounds like Lend-Lease in reverse.

GRACIE (SINGING OFF STAGE) If the army and the navy ever reach those heavenly scenes, they will find the gates are guarded by United States Marines.

GLENN (AS HE HEARS THE SINGING) What's that?

MRS. FAIRCHILD The marines have landed.

GLENN Is that Gracie singing?

MRS. FAIRCHILD It isn't Gladys Swarthout. (LOOKING OUT)

GLENN (LOOKING OUT) But where's Fay? Fay isn't with them.

MRS. FAIRCHILD (MEETING THE GIRLS AT THE DOOR) He's here girls.

GRACIE (BOUNCING IN AND RUNNING INTO GLENN'S ARMS) Glenn--how wonderful!

GLENN Hello, Gracie.

PEG (BEING MORE DIGNIFIED BUT TURNING ON THE CHARM) Glenn, it's awfully good to see you! (SHE OFFERS HER HAND)

GLENN How are you, Peg.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Where's Fay?

GRACIE We missed her, Aunt Nellie.

PEG We took the short cut.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Oh, she probably went around through town. Will you girls excuse me. I'll get rid of this apron. (SHE EXITS UPSTAIRS)

GLENN Well, Peg and Gracie, what's doing? Golly, it's good to see you.

PEG It's terribly nice to have you home, Glenn. I got your last letter just this morning. Thanks so much for writing to me.

GLENN I'm the one who should say thanks. Letters are life itself out there. You're looking wonderful, Peg.

GRACIE How about me? Aren't I looking wonderful?

GLENN You're as sweet and crazy looking as ever, Gracie.

GRACIE Sweet and crazy, huh. Kaplenut, that's me. When I get hot, I drip.

PEG You know, it's quite a coincidence, your coming home this afternoon. We're having a big party tonight.



GLENN Swell.

PEG Oh, but I forgot--you don't like big parties--

GLENN I never used to like them, but I'm so starved for a little fun I can take even a party.

PEG Oh, it's just wonderful to see you, Glenn.

GUY (ENTERING FROM THE DINING ROOM) Well, knock me down!

GLENN Guy--how are you! (THEY RUSH TO EACH OTHER AND SHAKE HANDS)

GUY I thought Della was kidding. This is a real surprise. You're looking great, Glenn.

GRACIE It's the tan. Doesn't he have a gorgeous tan? I wish I had a tan like that.

GLENN I'll send you one, Gracie, and maybe a grass skirt to go with it.

GRACIE That's a promise. I'll hold you to it. Especially the grass skirt.

PEG That sounds like you're going back, Glenn.

GLENN Yes, I only have till Tuesday. I'm only here on one of those fluke chances.

GUY That's not very long.

GLENN No.

(HE HAS BEEN RESTLESSLY MOVING ABOUT THE ROOM, TRYING TO TAKE IT ALL IN AS THOUGH ATTEMPTING TO RECAPTURE HIS MEMORY OF THE PLACE. NOW HE IS BEFORE THE BOOK CASE WHICH IS MORE THAN HALF EMPTY)

GLENN What happened to this marvelous library?

PEG They gave a lot of books to the army.

GRACIE Fay and Aunt Nellie never seem to have time to read anymore.

GUY There's a million questions I want to ask you, Glenn, but I expect you're tired answering questions about the war.

GLENN Oh, you get used to it. By the way, I met a chaplain who said he knew you, Guy.

GUY Is that so?

GLENN Yes--a big, blondish chap with a nice smile. Taylor was his name--Steve Taylor.

GUY Oh, sure, I remember Steve. He was a year ahead of me at Yale Divinity. I used to get into terrific arguments with him.

GLENN Well, he's a hard hitting, God fearing son of the marines now.

GUY I envy him.

GLENN He should envy you. I don't think he does, though.

GUY My situation isn't an enviable one.

GRACIE You don't envy Guy, do you, Glenn? I mean, his staying home where he can see a lot of Fay while you're out fighting.

PEG Gracie, go thank Della for mailing that package for mother, will you?

GRACIE I will later. I should think Guy would be the one who is envious. I know I would be of a handsome hero coming home.

PEG Gracie, will you please do as I say?

GLENN (MISSING THE MUSIC FROM THE PIANO) What happened to all the music? The piano used to be full of it.

PEG Ch, it's around.

GRACIE It's all put away. Fay doesn't have time to play except for church.

GLENN But she's got to play. Music is her life.

GUY I'll bet you get pretty hungry for music out there, don't you, Glenn?

GLENN You get hungry for a lot of things when you have time to think about it. (HE BEGINS STRUMMING THE PIANO)

PEG We'll have to treat you specially to all the things you've missed most.

GLENN When I was here last there was a huge bowl of flowers on the piano.

PEG (TRYING TO BE LIGHT) They withered and had to be thrown out.

(DURING THE FOLLOWING DIALOGUE PEG FINDS A PAIR OF GARDEN SCISSORS AND GOES INTO THE GARDEN)

GLENN Got tired waiting for me to come back and smell them, huh?

MRS. FAIRCHILD (COMING DOWNSTAIRS) Well, girls, how does it seem to have a hero in the town?

GLENN (GOING TO HER) I'm no hero, Mrs. Fairchild. Save that hero stuff for the boys that stop the flack.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Well, we're mighty proud to have you here.

GUY If you will all excuse me, I'd like to get home for a shower and a change. Glenn's spotless whites make me feel pretty shabby.

GLENN Would you like to trade outfits? You look mighty cool and relaxed in those overalls.

GUY I'm afraid swapping outfits wouldn't change our situations. I'll see you all later. (HE OFFERS HIS HAND TO GLENN WHO TAKES IT) It's good to have you home, Glenn.

GLENN Oh, before I forget it, I want to thank you for something, Guy. Do you remember giving me a little prayer book before I left?

GUY Yes.

GLENN (PRODUCING A RIDDLED PRAYER BOOK FROM HIS POCKET) Well, I want to thank you for it again. It saved me from getting scratched up a bit. It's a holy book for sure now.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Mercy, it's riddled with bullet holes.

GRACIE How exciting! I thought that only happened in stories.

GLENN You can tell your parishoners there's nothing like a prayer book for stopping shrapnel.

GUY I wish we could find some way of stopping it at the source.

GLENN Just wishing doesn't seem to do it, but we're making head-way.

GUY That's why you're going back?

GLENN Yes.

GUY Well, maybe your way is right, Glenn.

GLENN It would be nice to believe that your way is the right one, Guy, but you see, I've had the pleasure of meeting the enemy.

GUY The trouble is we didn't start meeting the enemy soon enough.

GLENN For which we can thank our pacifist upbringing.

GUY I mean we should have met the enemy before he had a chance to become our enemy.

GLENN And given him a prayer book?

GUY And given him the kind of treatment in economic and political relations the prayer book implies.

GLENN The cold facts are, we didn't, and from what I've seen of a race raised on hatred, passive resistance would have meant that we passively passed out of the picture.

GUY Passive resistance failed because it never had a fair trial.

GLENN But it did fail.

GUY Possibly---in a way--

MRS. FAIRCHILD (INTERRUPTING WHAT SHE FEELS THREATENS TO BE AN ARGUMENT) So, Glenn, you are going back to the south Pacific?

GLENN Well, I'm going back to the Pacific area. I'm being sent into China. I can't tell you what part, of course.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Oh, dear. I was so in hopes you could remain in this country. It seems to me you boys who've seen so much action deserve to be sent home now.

GLENN As a matter of fact I was given my choice between a station in China and one in the states.

MRS. FAIRCHILD And you chose China?

GLENN Yes.

GRACIE Whatever for? I should think you would want to be in this country so you could spend your furloughs with Fay.

GLENN Well, Gracie, you don't always do what you want to in this business.

MRS. FAIRCHILD But you said you were given a choice.

GLENN In a way I was, but men with combat experience aren't too plentiful, and you kinda get the feeling you're needed.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Yes, I guess we all have to fit in where we're most needed. (THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE FRONT DOOR) I'll go Gracie.

MRS. FAIRCHILD (OPENING THE DOOR) Oh, it's Beulah, Beulah Zachary. Come in, Beulah.

BEULAH (ENTERING. SHE IS A CUNNY GIRL ABOUT THIRTEEN BUT LARGE FOR HER AGE) It's about--

MRS. FAIRCHILD (INTRODUCING HER AROUND) Beulah, this is Lieutenant Craig.

GLENN How do you do, Miss Zachary.

BEULAH Oh, how do you do. You're Fay's fello--(SHE IS DEEPLY IMPRESSED) How do you do. It's about--

MRS. FAIRCHILD And Beulah, I guess you know Gracie--

BEULAH Yes mam. I've come--

MRS. FAIRCHILD You know Reverend Guy Walker, of course.

GUY Hello, Beulah. How are all the Zacharys?

BEULAH Jest fine, thanks. Mrs. Fairchild, it's about papa that I've come.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Yes. Wouldn't you like to sit down?

(BEULAH FINDS A CHAIR. SITS DOWN, AND THEN TRIES AGAIN)

BEULAH Well, it's about papa. Mama said I should run right over-- only she said it's the daughter I should tell to come.

MRS. FAIRCHILD You mean Fay. She isn't here right now.

GRACIE But we're expecting her any minute. We went to get her but she'd left and I guess she came round by town.

BEULAH Yes, mam. Well, mama said for me to come right over so I came right over and mama said for me to tell the daughter.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Perhaps I could take the message, Beulah.

BEULAH Well, it's about papa.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Yes, it's about your father--

BEULAH Yes, mam. Well, he's real sick and mama wants your daughter to come right over.

MRS. FAIRCHILD If your father's quite ill maybe I'd better run over myself.

BEULAH Well, mama didn't say for you to but I reckon it would be all right because he's awful sick, papa is.

GUY What's the trouble, Beulah?

BEULAH Well, mama says the doctor says it's the appendicitis. Came on him all of a sudden like.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Merciful goodness--I'll come right over.

GUY I'll take you, Mrs. Fairchild.

GLENN Shall I come along?

MRS. FAIRCHILD Oh, I don't think you need to, Glenn. Did you say the doctor's there, Beulah?

BEULAH Yes, mam. He hurried right out cause papa was all doubled up like.

GRACIE We could take you in our car, Aunt Nellie.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Gue can take me. You girls stay here and keep Glenn company till Fay comes. (MRS. FAIRCHILD AND GUY RUSH OFF)

GUY (AT THE EXIT) Come on, Beulah, don't you want to ride down with us?

BEULAH Oh, yes, mam--I mean, yes, sir--(SHE TURNS TO TAKE ONE MORE LOOK AT GLENN IN HIS UNIFORM)

GRACIE 'bye, Beulah.

GLENN I hope your father gets along all right.

BEULAH (EMBARRASSED WITH ALL THE ATTENTION) Yes, mam. Thank you--goodbye--I'm pleased to meet you--(SHE EXITS)

GRACIE (GIGGLING) You made quite a hit with Beulah.

GLENN Funny little kid, isn't she?

GRACIE You make quite a hit with all the girls, don't you, Glenn?

GLENN I don't know. It's been so long since I've been around any.

DELLA (ENTERING) I fixed you a pitcher of iced tea.

GLENN Oh, thanks, Della.

DELLA Well, it's kinda hot and I thought it might taste good. (SHE PUTS THE PITCHER ON A TABLE AND FOURS A GLASS FOR GLENN AND ONE FOR GRACIE) There's enough for the others if they want some.

GRACIE You know what I think you ought to do, Glenn?

GLENN What?

GRACIE I think you ought to take Fay to church tomorrow and be sure to sit with her.

GLENN Any special reason?

GRACIE There certainly is. I guess you don't know about the custom in this town.

GLENN What custom is that?

GRACIE When a fellow takes a girl to church and sits with her, it's the sign they're engaged to be married.

GLENN Well, that's quite a custom.

GRACIE I think you just ought to rush Fay right off her feet--while you're home I mean, cause Guy's around all the time while you're away--or don't you consider Guy competition?

GLENN I'd never thought much about it, Gracie.

DELLA Gracie, there's a big piece of lemon custard pie left out in the kitchen.

GRACIE Lemon custard, oh boy.

DELLA It will just go to waste if I don't get some nice girl to give me a hand for a minute.

GRACIE Oh, bribing me into some sort of labor, huh?

DELLA 'Tain't much labor to it--I just need four hands and I only got two.

GRACIE Sure, I'll help you. Excuse me, Glenn--or maybe you'd like to earn the lemon custard--

GLENN No thanks--bad for my figure.

GRACIE (AS SHE FOLLOWS DELLA OFF) Mine too, but oh well, who ever said my charm was in my figure.

(LEFT ALONE, GLENN WANDERS TO THE WINDOW AND STANDS LOOKING OUT AS FAY ENTERS THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR. SHE IS DRESSED IN OVERALLS AND LOOKS TIRED, HOT, AND DIRTY. GLENN TURNS AND DOESN'T REALIZE IT IS FAY)

GLENN They've all gone--

FAY Glenn!

GLENN Fay! I didn't know you--

FAY I'm dreaming, Glenn--It's Glenn, where did you--how did you--Ch, Glenn--Why didn't you tell me?

GLENN (TAKING HER IN HIS ARMS) Hello, sweetheart.

FAY Oh, Glenn, what a thrilling surprise--why didn't you let me know?

GLENN I didn't mean it to be a surprise really. I wrote you I was heading back to the states. I guess my letter didn't come through.

FAY You said you might in one of your letters, but I had no idea--Oh, this is wonderful--

GLENN I guess my wire was delayed, too.

FAY Oh, it doesn't matter. You're here--or am I dreaming? I just can't believe it's true. Did you just come? You've seen mother?

GLENN Yes, she and Guy just got called over to the Zachary place. Mr. Zachary had an attack of appendicitis.

FAY Really--Oh, that's probably only another false alarm. Mrs. Zachary is an awful alarmist. He gets a stomach ache and she thinks he's dying. Glenn, you're looking wonderful!

GLENN I've been pining away for sight of you.

FAY Uhuh--you look it.

GLENN It's darned good to see you, Fay.

FAY Overalls and all?

GLENN Sure. But I didn't know you for a minute, dressed like that. I honestly didn't.

FAY Oh, I wish I'd known you were coming. I'm tired and sticky and totally unattractable.

GLENN (TAKING HER IN HIS ARMS AGAIN AND KISSING HER) I seem to be making the best of it.

FAY (BRUSHING HIS UNIFORM) There, I've gotten dirt on your gorgeous whites.

GLENN No, you haven't. Anyway, who cares? What have you been doing?

FAY I spent the afternoon raking hay.

GLENN Go on--you're not really raking hay. You mean you're doing it yourself?



FAY Raking it, bailing it, feeding it to cattle. I'm a farmer, Glenn.

GLENN Golly, I don't get it.

FAY You didn't believe me when I wrote you I was taking over the farms, huh?

GLENN You said managing the farms. You didn't say anything about doing the actual work in the fields.

FAY You don't manage the Fairchild farms with your feet on a desk. My people never have run their farms like that and I couldn't now even if I wanted to.

GLENN Well, I'll be darned--it's swell--I mean, I admire your spunk and all that, but what about your music, what about all your plans?

FAY What about your plans? You hadn't exactly counted on a military career, had you?

GLENN No, but that's different.

FAY No, it isn't. This is my war time job, Glenn.

GLENN Oh, but Fay darling, this is no life for a talented kid like you. Managing the farms, maybe--looking after things, yes--but can't you hire men to do the actual work?

FAY I guess you've been away. You haven't heard about the man shortage. Farm hands are as scarce as hen's teeth.

GLENN Do you mean that draft boards are taking men off the farms now?

FAY Not if they can fill their quotas otherwise. The draft boards are doing their best to keep essential men in essential jobs, but Uncle Sam needs a lot of men. You didn't think you and a few marines could win the war alone, did you?

GLENN You wouldn't think a marine would think anything else, would you?

FAY For your cockiness, you get a kiss. (SHE KISSES HIM)

GLENN (HOLDING HER HANDS AND STARING AT THEM) Fay darling--your hands--what have you done to those marvelous hands?

FAY Handsome young officers who descend upon girls without warning ought to be courtmarshalled or something.

GLENN I'm sorry. I'm just so darned glad to see you.

FAY You're disappointed though, aren't you?

GLENN (TRYING NOT TO APPEAR DISAPPOINTED) Aw, no, Fay.

FAY You are, though. You're terribly disappointed. You came back expecting to find me--well, looking much as I did the night you went away.

GLENN Well, I guess the image I've been carrying around with me wasn't in overalls, but--

FAY Oh, I wish I had known you were coming--I can still look fairly decent, you know.

GLENN Fay, sweetheart, forget it--you're wonderful--what do I care what you have on--what does it matter?

FAY You do care and it does matter. So it's no good your pretendings.

GLENN It's like I say--I've seen you a million times, day and night--each time I always thought of you looking your loveliest. That was natural because I never used to see you when you weren't looking quite stunning. But believe me, Fay, what you happen to be wearing or the fact that you're tired and hot when I come popping in unexpected--well, that doesn't matter. It's--it's what's happening to you that matters.

FAY I was afraid you'd feel this way. I promised you things wouldn't change, didn't I, Glenn, and that I wouldn't change.

GLENN Things have changed, all right. You know, I can't get used to the idea that I won't be able to settle down for a nice chat with your father after dinner.

FAY Your letters after Daddy's death were wonderful, Glenn. You'll never know how near you seemed to be through all that.

GLENN That's good. I certainly wanted to be right here.

FAY I suppose if you could have been, maybe things wouldn't have changed so. At least not in the same way.

GLENN I got back as soon as I could. We've been kinda busy out there, you know. I jumped at this chance to come home mostly because I had to see you and--make sure I hadn't been dreaming all year.

FAY Oh, I thank all the gods that ever were that you're here. You can stay--I mean, you're back in this country for keeps, aren't you?

GLENN I have until Tuesday. I'm off for China in a week.

FAY Oh, Glenn--Oh, darling--I wish--and you've come all the way out here--and everything is so different from what you expected. Glenn, I haven't wanted to let you down. I haven't wanted things to change and I haven't wanted to change either.

GLENN But you have?

FAY You seem to think I have, so I suppose I have changed.

GLENN Do you want to know what I think?

FAY Of course.

GLENN I think it's a damned shame that a talent like yours is going to waste.

FAY Somebody has to rake the hay and feed and fatten up the cattle.

GLENN But not you--not you, darling. Somebody has to keep beauty and the grace of living alive too. Somebody has to keep the cock-eyed world singing and laughing and believing. God knows not many have the gift for that, but you have. Farming isn't for you, Fay. Your forte is keeping the dream alive, the dream we're all trying so desperately to save.

FAY (WITH QUIET DECISION AND RESOLUTION) No. (IN A PAUSE SHE MOVES AWAY FROM HIM) That chapter in my life is over, Glenn.

GLENN But it can't be over. You have a destiny.

FAY My destiny is here--doing just what I'm doing.

(GLENN READS IN HER FACE A DARK DETERMINATION WHICH HE CANNOT PENETRATE. THEN HE TURNS AWAY. HE IS THINKING "THEN WHAT IN THE HELL IS ALL THE FIGHTING FOR?")

PEG (ENTERING FROM GARDEN WITH HER ARMS FULL OF FLOWERS) I had to comb the garden, but I got a few.

GLENN So there are still flowers in the world--thank God.

PEG You'd better appreciate them because they've started my hay fever. (SHE GIVES A SHOOTING SNEEZE) There, you see?

FAY Peg darling, they're lovely. Thanks so much.

PEG Excuse me--I left Aunt Nellie's scissors straddling a delphinium. (SHE EXITS)

FAY (IN AN EFFORT TO LIGHTEN THE MOOD) Glenn, dear, this is silly of us to waste precious time arguing. Will you let these horrid overalls out of your sight long enough for me to go up and change?

GLENN (FALLING IN WITH HER MOOD) I don't know--you might toss them down and I could talk to them while I wait for you.

FAY What would you like to do?

GLENN Oh, I'd like to paint the town. I haven't had a leave, you know, since I left.

FAY Neither have I.

GLENN Peg and Gracie said something about a party--

FAY Oh, are they having that? Well, we can get out of that if you don't want to go.

GLENN I think it might be fun. I tell you what, how about Bohemian Pete's for dinner, where we used to go--you know, out by Lonic Point.

FAY That's closed.

GLENN What about Cross-roads Inn?

FAY Closed too. But there is a funny little place over on the river that's still open.

GLENN Good. How about a canoe? There'll be a moon.

FAY Splendid.

GLENN And if we like the canoeing--

FAY And if we like the moon--

GLENN We might forget all about the party. (THEY EMBRACE)

(PEG COMES IN FROM THE GARDEN WITH THE SCISSORS, SNEEZING)

FAY If you can keep from sneezing long enough, entertain Glenn, will you, while I try to regain whatever glamour I may have had. I'll hurry, Glenn.

PEG You're coming to our party. Didn't Glenn tell you?

FAY Oh, we'll drop in later. You're going out with a farm hand, Glenn, like it or not.

GLENN I'm going out with a gorgeous girl and she'd better be gay.

FAY I'm as stiff as a beef ready for market, but I'll be gay if it kills me. (SHE DANCES TO STAIRS)

(PEG SNEEZES)

GLENN God bless you.

PEG I like God bless you better than Gesundheit. (SHE SNEEZES A LOUD ONE)

GLENN I didn't mean it just for the sneeze. I was blessing you for bringing in those flowers.

PEG Sneezes and all?

GLENN Sneezes and all. I'm a sucker for flowers.

PEG Well, maybe you'd like to make the things hang together while I get some water for them.

GLENN Here--let's use ice tea. Tea's good for them.

PEG Is there enough? (SHE FINISHES IN A SNEEZE)

GLENN There is if we use Gracie's glass too. Let me fix them and you go sit down and nurse your allergy.

PEG (SNORTING INTO HER HANDKERCHIEF) Whee--I never do this except when I get right next to flowers. It's really not a bad allergy.

GLENN That's good. I'd hate to have this act of kindness spoil your evening.

PEG It won't. But you and I'd better show up or the evening will be spoiled.

GLENN Are we that important?

PEG You're very important. You're making a mess of that bouquet, though, if you don't mind my saying so.

GLENN I'm really not very good at it. I just like playing with them.

PEG (GOING TO HELP) I guess you'll have to endure my gesundheits. (SHE STIFLES A SNEEZE)

GLENN (SNEEZING) Now you've got me doing it. (THEY BOTH LAUGH AND THEN BOTH STIFLE SNEEZES. THEN THEY BOTH LET GO WITH LOUD SNORTS)

GLENN Together we make quite a chorus.

PEG Want a handkerchief?

GLENN Thanks, I have one.

PEG Government issued?

GLENN No, I had to buy this one myself. It's Malayan linen.

PEG Oh, it's lovely. (SHE SNEEZES AGAIN)

GLENN It's much bigger than that one you have. You'd better take it.

PEG Oh, it's brand clean. I shouldn't.

GLENN Go ahead. I only use it to shine my shoes.

PEG I suppose you think I need it to shine my nose.

GLENN (CHUCKLING) On the contrary.

PEG (TAKING A QUICK LOOK IN HER COMPACT MIRROR) I see what you mean.  
(SHE DABS SOME POWDER ON HER NOSE WITH THE HANDKERCHIEF AND HANDS IT  
BACK)

GLENN Keep it. It's a gift from King Woo-woo of the Fiji Islands.

PEG Oh, I shouldn't.

GLENN Sure, keep it. I've got another one.

PEG There's some sort of inscription embroidered on it.

GLENN That's Fiji dialect.

PEG Oh? What does it say?

GLENN (HOLDING THE HANDKERCHIEF AND PRETENDING TO READ) Uga pug pug,  
cow, cow, cow, cow. (PEG GIGGLES) In translation that means "from  
a lonely leatherneck to a girl who likes flowers and sneezes."

PEG Quaint people, those islanders. (THEY BOTH SMILE. THEN THE  
BOTH OF THEM TURN AND LOOK AT THE FLOWERS. THEN THEIR EYES MEET AGAIN.  
PEG IS ABOUT TO SNEEZE)

GLENN God bless you. (THE SNEEZE IS STOPPED BY THE BLESSING)

PEG Thank you. You saved my life.

GLENN Did I?

PEG Yes. Didn't you know that some psychologist has proved the heart  
stops dead during the fleeting instant of a sneeze?

GLENN Did your heart stop on that last sneeze?

PEG It stood still.

(SOUND OF CAR MOTOR OUTSIDE)

GLENN Well, maybe it will do a double quick to make up for a lost beat.

PEG Yes.

GLENN If I didn't know that was your heart pounding I'd swear it was a car motor. (THEY BOTH LAUGH)

PEG Too bad to disillusion a marine, but that pounding is only Guy's old jalopy. (THE MOTOR STOPS)

GLENN I hope they didn't find anything seriously wrong.

PEG I hope so, too. The Zachary's run the hill top place for Fay and Aunt Nellie.

GLENN Are they good farmers?

PEG They're good beef feeders. That's what they do. They fatten beef. The Fairchild farms are mostly beef farms, you know.

GLENN Yes, I know. That's a pretty important business right now.

(MRS. FAIRCHILD AND GUY ENTER)

MRS. FAIRCHILD Where's Fay?

PEG She's up changing. Shall I get her?

MRS. FAIRCHILD No, I'll go up. (HER VOICE TRAILS OFF AS SHE GOES UPSTAIRS) Fay dear, the Zacharys are in a bad spot. Mr. Zachary has gone to the hospital--

GLENN What's the situation, Guy?

GUY Emergency operation.

PEG What happened?

GUY Zachary is to have an appendectomy, but he's in good hands. Doc Cook is getting Dr. Rawlines. Our real trouble isn't Zachary.

PEG What then?

GUY Well, it's the fact that he's got 60 steers that have to be ready to ship tomorrow morning and there's nobody to take over the details.

PEG Can't Mrs. Zachary?

GUY No. She knows nothing about that end of the business. Anyway, she's having forty kinds of fits--poor woman.

MRS. FAIRCHILD (AS SHE AND FAY COME DOWN. FAY IS IN A DRESSING GOWN) He kept saying "Get Fay Fairchild, get Fay--she's the only one that knows the ropes."

FAY I wish I did know the ropes. Zachary handles his own shipping details. All I know is we have to ship in the morning or take a loss. Oh, Glenn, isn't this a piece of rotten luck?

GLENN Well, I don't know, but whatever it is, let's see it through.

FAY I've got to take over the details of getting those steers ready for loading. It just means no party for me tonight.

GLENN That won't kill us. Forget about the party. We'll all help.

FAY There isn't anything for you to do. Thanks anyway, Glenn, but it's a complicated business. Anybody who hasn't been through it just wouldn't be any help.

GUY Well, I've been through it. I helped Zachary a couple of times, so I'm taking it over and you're going right on with your plans.

FAY I couldn't let you do that, Guy. Besides there are details about this shipment only Zachary and I know about. The sorting is complicated and I have to get truckers.

GUY I can figure things out. Let me handle it.

GLENN So can I. Steers shouldn't be any tougher to handle than a company of marines.

PEG We've just got to have you and Glenn at the party.

MRS. FAIRCHILD You go along, Fay dear, and Guy and I will work this thing out somehow.

FAY Am I managing these farms or aren't I? Glenn darling, you go along with Peg to the party and I'll see you tomorrow.

GLENN Now look, Fay. I don't know much about this sort of thing, but is this something that you have to do tonight?

FAY Yes, it is, Glenn. Oh, I hate it like anything and I know I'm disappointing you but it can't be helped.

PEG But Fay, Glenn's here for such a short time.

FAY That's why I insist that you take him to the party and show him a little fun.

GLENN Well, couldn't I just tag along behind you and the steers? That would be fun.

FAY It wouldn't be a bit of fun, either for you or for me.

GLENN Or the steers?



FAY Or the steers. Now please--I've got this thing on my mind--please, all of you--why make it more complicated than it is?

MRS. FAIRCHILD Well, however you work it out, you'll all need some supper. I'll go and see what Della has ready. (Goes) (SHE EXITS)

GUY Everything would be simple if you'd only let me handle this, Fay.

FAY That's terribly nice of you, Guy, but I've told you I'm the only one that can manage it.

GUY Well, you can't do it alone. There's the feeding--Zachary only just started the feeding. Feeding is no job for a woman.

GLENN If you ask me, none of it isn't any job for a woman.

FAY All right, Guy, you can help me with the feeding.

GLENN (BITTERNESS CREEPING IN) O. K. You two go handle the beef industry and Peg and I will keep pleasure alive.

FAY Glenn, you're hurt.

GLENN (TRYING TO CONTROL HIMSELF) Hurt?

FAY Glenn, I'm sorry if you can't understand.

PEG Don't you see, Glenn, this is something that Fay and Guy have to do together.

GLENN (SUDDENLY GETTING THE IMPLICATION OF THE SITUATION) Oh, I see. All right, if that's how things are.

FAY Glenn, I know you don't understand and I'm sorry.

GLENN Sure. I understand. I came back for something that isn't here. And if it isn't here, it isn't anywhere. So--back to the barracks.

GUY Glenn, you're jumping to conclusions.

GLENN Pretty obvious conclusions. I used to wonder why the clergy was considered essential to civilian life. I know now. So they can take care of the beef--and the girls.

FAY Don't be sarcastic. That isn't like you.

GUY I'm only trying to do my part.

GLENN Well, you picked a nice, snug spot for it. I wish you luck.

FAY Glenn, that isn't fair and it isn't like you.

GLENN It looks like anything is fair in love and war--to coin a phrase.

FAY You're bitter because you don't find things just as you left them, and--well, that's too bad.

GLENN All right, so I'm bitter. My business doesn't sweeten up the soul much. It helped a little when I thought I knew what I was fighting for.

PEG Fay's right, though, Glenn. You see, everything has changed so here at home.

GLENN Sure. I've changed a little, too.

FAY Yes, you have, Glenn.

GUY But you're misunderstanding both--

FAY There's no misunderstanding.

GLENN It's all quite clear.

PEG It's just inevitable.

GUY But Fay--Glenn--

FAY I don't like arguments.

PEG You see, Guy--

GUY Peg, will you please--

FAY Please, everyone--I'm tired and I've got things to do.

GRACIE (RUSHING ON) Peg, do you know what time it is? We've got to scoot.

PEG Coming along, Glenn?

GLENN Sure. Let's see if there's any fun left in this country. (HE HURRIES OFF WITH PEG AND GRACIE. FAY STANDS STUNNED FOR AN INSTANT. GUY IS TRYING TO DECIDE WHAT TO DO NEXT WHEN DELLA ENTERS)

DELLA That confounded stove again.

GUY Isn't it working?

DELLA Works fine--only every time I touch it I get a shock. Can't get supper offen it and the vittles are burnin'. (GUY RUSHES OFF FOLLOWING DELLA)

(FAY POUNDS OUT SOMETHING TELPESTUCUS ON THE PIANO, BUT AFTER A COUPLE OF MEASURES SHE RISES, CROSSES TO THE WINDOW AND STATES OUT. IN A MOMENT SHE CROSSES TO THE STAIRS. HER EYES FALL ON GLENN'S BAG WHICH HE HAS LEFT BY THE FOOT OF THE STAIRS. SHE LIFTS IT AND IS ABOUT TO TAKE IT UPSTAIRS. THEN SHE PUTS IT DOWN WHERE IT WAS. TEARS FILL HER EYES AND SHE GOES UPSTAIRS WITH HER HANDLER-CHIEF TO HER FACE AS THE CURTAIN FALLS.)

Act III

(AT THE RISE DELLA IS DISCOVERED READING THE COMIC SECTION OF THE SUNDAY PAPER. SHE CHUCKLES TO HERSELF. IN A MOMENT THE FRONT DOOR OPENS AND PEG ENTERS)

PEG Anybody up yet? (DELLA DOES NOT HEAR AND CONTINUES CHUCKLING)  
Good morning Della.

DELLA Oh, good morning, Peg.

PEG I know it's awfully early for Sunday morning, but I just have to see Fay.

DELLA I don't think she's awake yet. They were up till all hours with them steers.

PEG I was up terribly late, too. Oh, Della, I had a wonderful time. I don't think I've ever had such a wonderful time.

DELLA Oh, you mean at the party.

PEG We didn't stay late at the party. We went for a long drive--I was certainly grateful for Daddy's C card.

DELLA Whereabouts did you go?

PEG Oh, for miles and miles along the river road.

DELLA Who all went along?

PEG Just Glenn and I. Oh, it was lovely in the moonlight. Glenn's a wonderful boy, Della--he's just wonderful.

DELLA You mean you was out till all hours with Glenn?

PEG Uhuh.

DELLA Hmmm. Does Fay know?

PEG That's what I came over to tell her. She knew of course that Glenn went with me to the party because--well, you see, Fay and Guy had to take care of that emergency over at the Zachary place, but I thought I ought to come over and tell Fay--well, about developments.

DELLA What sort of developments?

PEG I mean about Glenn and me and what's happened between us.

DELLA (SUSPICIOUS OF SOMETHING JUICY) Peg Bradshaw, have you gone and done something you shouldn't a?

PEG Well, in a way I guess I have--but in a way I haven't.

DELLA Either you did or you didn't--you ought to know which.

PEG Oh, I did--I mean, he did--well, we did, but it was all perfectly natural.

DELLA Uhuh. That's what that chief petting officer said. It may be natural but it ain't innocent. Now you'd better tell me all about it before folks start talking.

PEG There isn't much to tell, really, we just stopped along the river road and watched the moon go down.

DELLA What happened when the moon went down?

PEG Well, we were just talking and suddenly he put his arm around me and said, "You're a sweet kid", and then he kissed me.

DELLA And then--

PEG Then he brought me home.

DELLA Oh--mine brought me home too--conveyed by the taxi driver, the choir director and three deaconesses. Glenn didn't come back here because his bag is right where he left it.

PEG He said he was going to get a room at the inn. It was so late he didn't want to disturb you. I told him he could stay at our house but he didn't think he ought to.

FAY (COMING DOWNSTAIRS IN A HOUSE-COAT, LOOKING TIRED BUT PRETTY) I thought I heard voices down here. Good morning, Peg.

PEG Hello, Fay. I hope I didn't wake you up but I had to see you.

DELLA I'll fix you some breakfast, Fay. I'm thinkin' you'll need it. (EXITS)

FAY Well, Peg--did the party go off all right?

PEG It was nice, but we didn't stay long.

FAY You mean you and Glenn?

PEG Yes. Oh, Fay, I feel kinda like a heel, but after what happened yesterday evening--between you and Glenn, I mean--

FAY Where is Glenn now?

PEG He said he was going to the inn. It was so late when--

FAY It was nice of you to show him a good time, Peg. I'm sure he appreciates it.

PEG It was Glenn who showed me a good time. He's awfully nice.

FAY Yes--I know.

PEG You know, he can really be the life of the party. Remember how he use to hate parties? Well, he was just the life of the party last night. I've never seen him so gay.

FAY Oh?

PEG He just talked a blue streak.

FAY That's nice. What did he talk about?

PEG You know that's the funny thing, Fay--he never talked a bit about you and Guy.

FAY Oh, didn't he?

PEG No, I don't think he mentioned either of you all night and he never once mentioned the little quarrel.

FAY That was very thoughtful of him. And you didn't bring it up.

PEG Well--no. I thought--well, as long as he saw how things are between you and Guy--he just seemed to accept that--

FAY Just like you did, eh?

PEG It's all worked out sort of natural--like when he kissed me.

FAY Oh, he kissed you.

PEG Yes.

FAY That was nice.

PEG Oh, and he talked on and on about all his experiences in the South Pacific--not gruesome things--but about moonlight in the tropics and all the funny things that happened and the scrapes some of his men got into with the native girls.

FAY Thanks for coming to see me about it. I'll come over sometime and get you out early. Want some coffee and toast?

PEG No, I'll have to get back. Glenn might just possibly drop round for breakfast.

FAY So he might. Well, thanks again, Peggy dear.

PEG Fay--you're not--do you understand?

FAY Of course!

PEG Fay, you aren't going to let this matter come between us? I mean you and me?

FAY Why should I? There is one thing that matters though and I wonder if I can dig it out of your funny little head.

PEG What is it, Fay?

FAY Do you think you're in love with Glenn?

PEG Oh yes--that is--well, it's all happened so suddenly and Glenn seems to feel--

FAY I'm not asking you how Glenn feels--I'm asking how you feel-- Oh, well, skip it.

PEG I've told you how I feel. Oh, I--I'm not used to being up this early, and after such a beautiful night--it just seems like I'm still dreaming.

FAY Well, pleasant dreams. Some day you're going to wake up, Peg, and find you're really in love. I'd like to give you some kind of a brace for that day, because you'll need it, but I guess every girl has to find out what it's like for herself.

PEG You don't believe I am--

FAY This is just another conquest for you, darling. I know you. I haven't grown up with you for nothing. But you can take it from me, Peg, love isn't just a few kisses in the moonlight. You're sweet and you have plenty of time to make yourself charming and attractive, but you're naive and you're spoiled and you're not very deep, darling, and some day you're going to get quite a wallop.

MRS. FAIRCHILD (GOING DOWNSTAIRS) Who's talking about a wallop? Personally, I'd rather have a waffle. Who'll join me? You, Peg?

PEG No, thanks, Aunt Nellie. I've just got to get home. Thanks for being so swell about everything, Fay. I'll think over what you said.

FAY You do that. (PEG EXITS)

MRS. FAIRCHILD I wonder how Peg manages to always look like something out of Vogue.

FAY I don't know but if she comes over here again looking like that so early in the morning, I'm going to rub her face in the mud.

MRS. FAIRCHILD You didn't sleep much last night, dear. I heard you moving about in your room.

FAY Sorry if I kept you awake. We had quite a time sorting the steers and leading. It was late when I got to bed. I guess I was restless.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Is everything all right, Fay?

FAY Fine--shipment went off on schedule.

MRS. FAIRCHILD I didn't mean about that. I mean about you.

FAY About me?

MRS. FAIRCHILD And Glenn and Guy. Or would you rather not talk about it to your poor old mother.

FAY Silly--you're not old and you're not poor and I don't need to tell anything to anyone who has your uncanny intuition.

MRS. FAIRCHILD I'm afraid my intuition and my judgment stayed up most of the night having an argument.

FAY Very inconsiderate of them--What were they arguing about?

MRS. FAIRCHILD My judgment says my daughter should marry one man and my intuition says she should marry the other.

FAY Am I supposed to guess which is which?

MRS. FAIRCHILD No, we shouldn't turn something as big as love into a guessing game.

FAY You know what it is to love someone very much, don't you?

MRS. FAIRCHILD Yes, dear, I do. Sometimes the ache of it is almost too much to bear.

FAY Yes. Sometimes the pain of hate is too much, too.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Hate? What do you mean?

FAY I mean this war. I hate this damnable war and the beasts that started it.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Fay, dear--



FAY I mean it. I hate them. They're not men--They're monsters, barbaric monsters. The war and the pressure of it on his business killed Daddy. The war twists our lives and forces us to say things and do things we were never meant to do.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Fay, you're unhappy.

FAY Who isn't?

MRS. FAIRCHILD It's the farms and being away from your music--And all this time you've never complained.

FAY What's the good of complaining? Of course I want my music, I want to get back to my music desperately and I want what every other girl wants--But what I personally want doesn't seem to be very important--Not now--The boys who are out there fighting aren't getting much personal happiness. And yet when one of them comes home hoping for a little happiness--Oh, don't mind me, Mother. I'm edgy and upset and slightly confused.

MRS. FAIRCHILD I know, dear.

FAY I feel like an electric pad with all my wires exposed.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Let's have some breakfast--I'll feel better--Up all hours with those steers--

FAY I never used to mind it--It used to be sort of a thrill, sorting and loading but last night I could have kicked each and every steer right in his Porterhouse.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Poor things, it's not their fault.

FAY No but they didn't need to look so snug about it.

GUY (ENTERING) Breakfast ready?

FAY Good heavens--another early bird.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Good morning, Guy.

GUY I've been up a good while. Just came by to tell you Zachary's operation went all right. Am I really such an early bird?

FAY From the worm's point of view it's too early to be decent.

GUY There's nothing like starting the day with an exalted opinion of yourself.

MRS. FAIRCHILD I'm going to start my day with some breakfast. Come on into the dining room. Let's see what Della has. (SHE EXITS)

GUY You're quite a contrast to the girl who loaded steers with me last night.

FAY A futile attempt to shake off the hay. I'm glad you appreciate it.

GUY I suppose you know I didn't make such an early call just to give you a report of Zachary.

FAY What then?

GUY I wanted to see you before Glenn does.

FAY What makes you think he'll ever see me again?

GUY He left his bag. He'll have to come back for that. But aside from that, he'll see you.

FAY I'm not so sure.

GUY He'll see you because he is deeply in love with you, Fay.

FAY No. You're wrong about that. Glenn is in love with a memory, a dream. He's in love with what I was or what he thought I was. I've just been all over it with Peg.

GUY I should be the last man in the world to try convincing you that some other man is in love with you, but I am also in a position to know love when I see it.

FAY Glenn is in love with a symbol, Guy, a pattern of life that just doesn't exist any more. Things have changed and I've changed. We're worlds apart.

GUY But that isn't the way you want it.

FAY I don't know what I want. I'm tired and I'm all tangled up inside. Oh, Guy, I'd just like to crawl off somewhere and have a good, long cry.

GUY Why don't you?

FAY I can't. I felt like crying all night but tears just won't come.

GUY Well, if you need a good shoulder--how about a nice, stout onion sandwich?

FAY That would be just the thing before breakfast.

GUY Now look, Fay. Let's get this thing before us and try to look at it objectively. Glenn's quite an idealist you know--tough, hard-boiled marine officer though he is. Well, he comes back expecting to find things just as they were. He visualizes you looking lovely with flowers in your hair and playing something misty and romantic at the piano.

FAY And I had to make an entrance in overalls with hay in my hair and smelling like cattle.

GUY That was shock number one. Then he couldn't grasp the emergency of the situation last night. You know it's kind of hard for a man to have to play second fiddle to a bunch of steers.

FAY That's what I mean--everything has changed so.

GUY Well, that was shock number two. Then he got the notion that I was cutting in on his girl--a perfectly natural strain of jealousy--very understandable.

FAY Guy, it's terribly sweet of you--but don't you see--it's all over. It's just all over and that's that.

GUY Does that mean that it's over as far as you're concerned, too?

FAY (AFTER A PAUSE) Yes.

GUY All right. Have it your own way. I don't know why I go sticking my slide trombone in on this anyway.

FAY Because you're a kind, sensitive person who cares about what happens to people.

GUY I care about what happens to you.

FAY I know you do and I'm grateful, but it's not very kind of me to go on letting you care as much as you seem to.

GUY I'm afraid there isn't much you or anybody can do about that. I used to have big ideas about the kind of a life you and I might build together, Fay.

FAY Do you think I didn't know?

GUY I haven't felt that I had the right to tell you before, but after what you've said about things being over, and more than that because of a decision I came to last night, I can tell you now.

FAY What do you mean--a decision?

GUY I'll tell you later. The thing I want to tell you now is that I dreamed of coming home from divinity school to ask you to marry me.

FAY And I shattered your dream. I seem to be awfully good at shattering dreams.

GUY It's just that when I got back, Glenn was in the picture.

FAY And if there never had been any Glenn?

GUY Then I guess that would have been up to you.

FAY And if there were no Glenn now? No, wait--it isn't fair of me to ask you that.

GUY The answer is there is a Glenn. By some strange twist of fate there is a Glenn. He's seen his comrades killed by the hundreds and he's faced death more times than he can remember, and yet destiny or God, call it what you will, has brought him back to this little town.

FAY Guy, I can't bear it any longer, I can't go on hurting you. I must somehow let you understand. I said my question "if there were no Glenn" was unfair. It was unfair and unkind because I know my own answer.

GUY There is a Glenn.

FAY Even if there weren't--I mean, even though it's all just a memory or a dream of what might have been, I can't think about marrying you, Guy.

GUY Because you really love Glenn.

FAY No, that has very little to do with it, really.

GUY You don't care enough.

FAY I care very deeply for you, Guy. Oh, I don't actually know what I feel or for whom I feel it. It's just that I've let Glenn go and he's going out to face danger and to--possibly even give his life for his dream, the dream that I failed to fulfill, and you--Guy, you--well it's hard to explain without hurting you.

GUY Don't try. I understand. Glenn is facing danger and offering his life for his dream, for his country, and in a way for you; while I stay safely at home and don't give my life for anything or anybody.

FAY That's not quite true. You are giving your life everyday for those you love and for the things you believe in.

GUY But it's not the same. (WITH SUDDEN RESOLUTION) Fay, you said a while ago that you are a symbol to Glenn.

FAY I was a symbol.

GUY All right. Be that symbol. Be that dream he's fighting to save.

FAY I couldn't now even if I were sure it were the thing to do.

GUY Of course you can. To Glenn you are a symbol of everything he believes in.

FAY I was. You're in the wrong indicative.

GUY Look, give up this farming idea and get back to your music. That's your forte after all. It's people like you that should be keeping alive the--the grace of living, as Clem calls it.

FAY God knows I'd like to, but it simply can't be done. Oh Guy why is it I can't be articulate about the things I feel most.

GUY I guess the things we feel deepest are often the things we can never quite express. Funny--we go stumbling through this crazy old world. Then maybe one day we see the thing that is inevitable--the thing that has to be done. Then if we have the guts we do it.

FAY That sounds a little profound, what does it mean?

GUY Just that I got a glimpse of the inevitable last night while I was thinking things over.

FAY Do I get a peek at it? I'd rather like to see what the inevitable looks like.

GUY I may be able to show you my inevitable quite soon--possibly even this morning.

FAY This sounds like something that might come out in your sermon.

GUY Sermon? I hadn't thought of it like that, but it may be just that. It may be the first real sermon I've ever preached.

FAY Do I get a preview?

GUY Possibly--if I get a phone call.

FAY Must you tantalize me with mystery? You know I have an overdose of feminine curiosity.

GUY You're quite sure your word is final about not living up to the symbol?

FAY Do you think a girl likes being called a symbol? It sounds like something that ought to be struck, and I don't want to be struck before breakfast. Why don't you come in and have some toast with me and let me in on this mystery?

GUY I'll join you in a minute. It occurs to me that I'd better let the operator know where I can be reached.

FAY Well, I've got to have some coffee. I'm just not the type to tackle life without a stimulant.

GUY (IN TELEPHONE) Hello, Mrs. Brander. This is Guy Walker. Has anybody been trying to get me? That's good. I'm expecting a call and I'm over at the Fairchilds. O. K. Thanks. (AS HE HANGS UP GLENN APPEARS AT THE FRONT DOOR) Oh, hello, Glenn. Come in. (GLENN ENTERS)

GLENN I've been looking for you, Guy.

GUY I've been hopping around a good bit this morning.

GLENN I had to come over for my bag and I figured I might find you here.

GUY Fay and her mother are having breakfast. I'll call them. Or shall we join them?

GLENN I'd like to talk to you first, if you don't mind.

GUY Surely. Sit down, won't you?

GLENN I paid you a call at an ungodly hour this morning, but you weren't in your room.

GUY No, I wasn't in my room all night. I spent the night--most of it--walking, Glenn.

GLENN So did I. (THE TWO MEN LOOK AT EACH OTHER AND A SLOW GRIN CREEPS INTO THEIR FACES) Funny what a girl can do to a man, isn't it?

GUY Funny too how a man can keep his sense of humor.

GLENN Thank God for a sense of humor.

GUY And thank God for a girl? (AFTER A PAUSE) That tobacco smells good, Glenn.

GLENN This is the pipe I won from Fay's father.

GUY A pipe's a good pal.

GLENN This one has seen me through a lot. It came just the day before I got the news of Mr. Fairchild's death. (PAUSE) Guy, I'm not much good at apologies. I guess I've never learned to accept failures graciously.

GUY People who seldom fail rarely do.

GLENN I got a lot of things straightened out in my mind, and I want to say that I'm sorry I acted like a love-sick sophomore last evening.

GUY I think I would have acted the same under similar circumstances.

GLENN I can tell you now that there have been times when I hated you--times when I felt contempt--

GUY I can understand that and I don't blame you.

GLENN We get to feeling pretty ugly toward anybody who is sitting safely at home. We have to put up quite a fight out there to keep from turning into savages sometimes, so it's only natural that some of the old primitive emotions creep in. As I say, I can tell you these things now because I don't feel anything but esteem and respect for you now.

GUY That's pretty big of you, Glenn.

GLENN No, it isn't. Guy, there are three kinds of pacifists--the coward, the opportunist, and the man with guts. If you were staying out of the fighting because of fear that would be one thing, but I know that isn't true in your case. I know what it must cost you to stick to your convictions. You're fighting your own particular war, going through your own special kind of hell and it's all happening inside.

GUY That's darned decent of you but--convictions get to be something of an indulgence.

GLENN Out there we do it with hand grenades and tommy guns, but it's all on the surface. You have to fight your battles with ideas and words, and I suppose, prayers.

GUY My weapons seem pretty ineffective.

GLENN Don't you believe it. There's got to be men like you, Guy, to keep things going. Somebody has to keep the world full of such things as religion and culture and music and laughter.

GUY And farming?

GLENN And farming.

GUY Fay feels she has let you down, Glenn.

GLENN I'm the one who has let her down.

GUY She thinks she has shattered all that you thought you were fighting for.

GLENN Illusions are the damndest things, Guy.

GUY Tell me, just what is it that you think you're fighting for.

GLENN I thought I knew--it's like this--my people came up the hard way. I had things a little easier, God knows, but I'd like to feel that all the things man has earned by sweat and brawn aren't going to pass out of the picture while we fight a war to save them.

GUY Such things as--

GLENN Such things as--well, I've told you--religion, music, the light of learning--such things as the means of living and a way of life that is dignified and civilized and worthy of the best man has dug up out of his heritage.

GUY I'm with you in your fight to save that sort of world, but I'm convinced that in saving it we've got to lose part of it at least for a while. We'll lose it and we'll have to work all the harder to win it back again.

GLENN Well, I'm glad you're with me in the fight.

GUY I am, Glenn, I--(THE TELEPHONE RINGS. GLENN WHO IS CLOSE TO IT ANSWERS)

GLENN Hello. Just a minute. (TO GUY) Someone official sounding is asking for the Reverend Guy Walker. Are you here?

GUY I don't owe any bills and I don't think I'm wanted for murder, so I guess I'm here. (IN PHONE) Hello. Speaking. Oh, yes, Mr. Evans.

MRS. FAIRCHILD (ENTERING WITH SMALL COFFEE TRAY) Oh, good morning, Glenn. I didn't hear you come in. I'll tell Fay you're here.

GLENN Please don't bother her. Let her finish. I'm talking to Guy a minute anyway.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Well, you'd better have a sip of coffee with me. I'm taking mine out on the terrace. I have a sort of rendezvous with the wrens every morning. They make such a fuss over me--builds up my ego.

GLENN I wouldn't have you disappoint the wrens for the world. Give them my best.

MRS. FAIRCHILD (GOING OUT) Join me later if you like.

GUY (IN PHONE) I see--well, that's awfully decent of them. I'm a little overcome at being given a choice in the matter--I see--(DURING THE TELEPHONE CONVERSATION GLENN TAKES OUT HIS PIPE AND FILLS IT) Yes--that puts it squarely up to me, doesn't it? All right. Thank you, Mr. Evans. Yes, call me back--I'll be here a few minutes longer. After that you can get me at the church. All right. I'll wait till you call me back. (HE HANGS UP THE PHONE AND TURNS TO GLENN) Yes, I think I'm with you in your fight.

GUY Did I hear Mrs. Fairchild say something about coffee?

GLENN Yes, she said we could join her on the terrace if we wished.

GUY I wish. Do you?



GLENN I'm running along. I haven't really said what I wanted to say to you, Guy. We've gone all round Robin Hood's barn.

GUY Maybe what you want to say to me would be easier to say to Fay.

GLENN No. It isn't easy to say to either of you. I'm not much good at this magnanimous stuff. (HE PUTS HIS PIPE IN AN ASH TRAY ON THE MANTEL) I brought a little remembrance for Fay from the South Pacific. I'd be very grateful if you would give it to her. (HE TAKES A SMALL PACKAGE FROM HIS POCKET AND STARTS TO HAND IT TO GUY)

GUY (NOT TAKING IT) Don't you think you'd better give it to Fay yourself?

GLENN I'd rather you did, but I don't want to make it awkward for you. I'll leave it here. (HE PUTS IT ON THE EDGE OF THE MANTEL) You might just see that she finds it. I hate to lug the thing all the way back with me.

GUY It would be quite a nuisance--a package like that.

GLENN Yes--have to travel light, you know. (GLENN PICKS UP HIS BAG)

GUY You're making a mistake, Glenn.

GLENN My mistake was in coming back. (HE EXTENDS HIS HAND) So long, Guy. I wish you all the luck in the world and all the happiness.

GUY (TAKING HIS HAND) If I thought I could manage it, I'd throw you down and sit on you till Fay comes.

GLENN The best man wins, but I'm pretty good at jujitsu. (HE HUMRIES TO THE DOOR) See you sometime. (HE DASHES OUT)

GUY Glenn, don't be a damned--darned fool! (GUY IS ABOUT TO DASH OUT AFTER GLENN WHEN THE PHONE RINGS. AFTER AN INSTANT'S HESITATION, GUY ANSWERS IT)

GUY Hello.

FAY (COMING IN) Surely all the telephone calls aren't for you.

GUY (IN PHONE) Yes, I'm still here. Well, if I'm not, try me at the church. (HE HANGS UP AND RUSHES TO THE FRONT DOOR. ONE LOOK DOWN THE LAKE CONVINCES HIM HE IS TOO LATE TO CAUTION GLENN. MRS. FAIRCHILD ENTERS)

MRS. FAIRCHILD Guy, I have some flowers out here for the service this morning. Do you want to take them when you go?

GUY All right, Mrs. Fairchild.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Mrs. Hartwig will be there to arrange them. She's awfully good at arranging. Peg nearly cleaned us out. You can see if you think those out here are enough and if they aren't you can take those from the piano.

(MRS. FAIRCHILD AND GUY EXIT. FAY NOTICES THAT GLENN'S BAG IS GONE. SHE STANDS STARRING AT WHERE IT WAS FOR A MOMENT. SHE MOVES TO THE WINDOW AND SINKS TO THE SEAT, BURNING HER FACE IN HER HANDKERCHIEF. DELLA ENTERS. FAY TURNS HER FACE TOWARD THE WINDOW SO DELLA DOES NOT REALIZE SHE IS CRYING)

DELLA Land a goodness. Sunday paper all over the place. (SHE STARTS PUTTING IT TOGETHER AND IS AMUSED BY THE COINCS. SHE HAS TO HAVE ANOTHER LOOK AT HER FAVORITE. SHE BEGINS TO LAUGH) That Dagwood! Did you read it yet, Fay? Blondie says, "I certainly hated to give up 20 points but we haven't had a steak for a month. This is a special treat". Then she can't find Dagwood and the rest of her family--and they go huntin' one another all over the neighborhood. (DELLA LAUGHING) Then here in the next picture they get back and the steak's burned to charcoal! But Blondie says "20 points and it's as tough as shoe leather. You're going to eat every bite of it even if I have to use the hatchet to cut it".

(FAY SAYS NOTHING, BUT SITS STARRING OUT THE WINDOW)

DELLA Well, this ain't doin' the breakfast dishes. Has everybody had everything he wants?

FAY (CONTROLLING HER VOICE) Yes, Della--I'm sure everybody has had everything he wants.

DELLA Well then, I'll do up the dishes. (LAUGHING) That Dagwood. (SHE EXITS. FAY LIES AND LACES THEN SITS AGAIN. GLENN ENTERS, HE DOESN'T SEE FAY. HE GOES STRAIGHT TO THE TABLE AND PICKS UP HIS PIPE WHICH HE HAD FORGOTTEN, HE KNOCKS IT OUT IN THE ASH TRAY. FAY LOOKS UP WITH A START. SHE IS ABOUT TO SPEAK. THEN, CHANGING HER MIND, SHE SITS AT THE PIANO AND BEGINS PLAYING "MISLENTINA". GLENN LOOKS AROUND SURPRISED AT FINDING HER HERE. HE STANDS LISTENING FOR A MOMENT. HIS EYES FALL ON THE GIFT PACKAGE. HE PICKS IT UP AND CROSSING TO FAY, TAKES A NECKLACE OUT OF THE PACKAGE AND PLACES IT AROUND FAY'S NECK WHILE SHE IS STILL PLAYING. AWARE OF THE NECKLACE, FAY STOPS PLAYING, HER HANDS AND EYES GO TO THE NECKLACE)

FAY (BREAKING DOWN AND CRYING FOR THE FIRST TIME AUDIBLY) Oh, Glenn-- Glenn, darling--

GLENN I came back for my pipe. I have a sentimental attachment to this pipe.

FAY Why, Glenn, they're jade--don't tell me it's really a jade necklace.

GLENN Some of my men took some Chinese booty from a nest of Japs.

FAY It's perfectly wonderful--Oh, it's--it's wonderful--Glenn.

GLENN I meant to give it to you yesterday, but there didn't seem to be the right moment. I wanted you to have it before I left.

FAY I thought you didn't have to leave till Tuesday.

GLENN My mission here is fulfilled. I've seen you looking beautiful, I've heard you play, and I've delivered my trophy.

FAY So your mission is fulfilled.

GLENN Except to apologize for my adolescent behavior yesterday and to wish you and Guy all the happiness in God's green earth.

FAY I owe you an apology, Glenn, not only for last evening, but for the whole past year. I've disappointed you and I'm so sorry that I have no words for it.

GLENN That's all straight in my mind, so don't let it bother you. I know now that we can't come home to the past. Guy said a while ago that convictions get to be indulgences in times like these. I guess memories are indulgences, too.

FAY Time is such a devil--I'd give anything to go back a year to that night we stood here looking out at the moonlight on the meadow.

GLENN Yes, but as I say, memory is an indulgence.

FAY Possibly, but memory is what's keeping us going--memory and hope.

GLENN Memory and hope.

FAY I've shattered them both for you. I broke my promise. I promised that things wouldn't change and that I wouldn't.

GLENN Change is inevitable. I had pictured everything just as it was. I came back starved for everything just as I left it--hungry for the happiness I had known here. I'm over the shock now. I'm C. K. Everything is--fine--just as it should be. Try to believe that I believe that.

FAY I don't believe it any more than you do. Everything is not fine. The change has let you down and I'm sorry.

GLENN The change has let me see through to the real Fay Fairchild. I didn't get it at first, but I do now. The change doesn't make any difference in the way I feel and that's what makes it tough.

FAY Then you still feel as you did that night a year ago!

GLENN It hardly seems fair for me to say how I feel now, but I'm not the saint Guy is--I wish I were--yes, I still feel as I did a year ago only a million times more so.

FAY You were about to ask me something that night you left. You said it could wait till you got back.

GLENN That question seems a little out of place now.

FAY Because you think Guy is in love with me?

GLENN Because I know Guy is in love with you.

FAY Do you think I'm in love with Guy?

GLENN I--I don't know, Fay.

FAY You've been carefully avoiding my eyes, Glenn. I know they're a little red and not very attractive, but--

GLENN (AFTER LOOKING DEEPLY INTO HER EYES) Fay--I--Oh well, I'm no damned good at this heroic, magnanimous business--I'm trying to give you up, Fay darling, because that seems the only decent, intelligent thing to do. I didn't ask for your love a year ago because everything was so uncertain. I didn't know when I would be back, if ever. I thought I might even change and possibly forget you.

FAY But you didn't?

GLENN You followed me half way round the world.

FAY Do you think I won't again?

GLENN I know now that you will follow me everywhere and forever.

FAY I'm a hard little number to shake, aren't I? That's because my heart has itself all tied up with the beating of your heart and if yours should ever stop beating, I think mine would stop, too. And wherever eternity is, I'll go on following you.

GLENN (HOLDING HER CLOSE TO HIM) Fay, sweetheart, I love you more than anything in life.

FAY I love you, Glenn, completely and forever.

(THEY ARE IN EACH OTHERS ARMS AS THE TELEPHONE RINGS. THEY IGNORE IT. AS IT RINGS AGAIN AND GLENN BREAKS THE EMBRACE AS THOUGH TO ANSWER IT, GUY ENTERS)

GUY As you were, Lieutenant. I'll get it. It's my call. (IN PHONE) Yes, (MRS. FAIRCHILD ENTERS. GLENN AND FAY ARE GLAZING INTO EACH OTHERS EYES. MRS. FAIRCHILD TAKES IT IN AND SMILES TO HERSELF) My answer is yes, Mr. Evans. (FAY AND GLENN LOOK AT GUY AND THEN AT MRS. FAIRCHILD)

GUY (IN PHONE) I can leave as soon as we can find someone to take the parish. Thank you, sir. Goodbye. (HE HANGS UP AND HIS EXPRESSION IS ONE OF RELIEF AND SATISFACTION FOR HAVING MADE A GREAT DECISION)  
Well, I'm in the army--practically. I'm going in as a chaplain.

FAY Guy, that's--that's wonderful.

MRS. FAIRCHILD He's been telling me all about it. Quite a surprise, isn't it?

GLENN (SHAKING HANDS WITH GUY) Congratulations! You're a great guy. I take my hat off to you.

GUY You'll have to do more than that. If I go in as a chaplain I may get a captain's rating. You'll have to salute me.

GLENN Like heck I will. I'm getting my captaincy the minute I get back.

FAY Glenn! You didn't tell me--that's marvelous.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Well, congratulations!

GUY I guess it's my turn to offer congratulations--congratulations and (LOOKING AT FAY) felicitations.

GLENN Thanks.

FAY Thank you.

GUY I'm getting Gracie to play the organ this morning so Fay can sit with you in church, Glenn. You'll come, won't you? This might just possibly be my last sermon, you know.

GLENN Why, yes, I'll be glad to, but isn't there some local custom connected with a young couple appearing in your church for the first time together?

GUY There certainly is.

GLENN Then I guess it's up to Fay.

GUY How about it, Fay?

FAY How about it, mother?

MRS. FAIRCHILD We've always raised you to make your own decisions. I just guess you'll have to make this one.

GUY Mrs. Fairchild, I have always wanted to marry your daughter. I should like to ask for that honor now. I should like to have the honor of marrying her to Lieutenant Glenn Graig.

FAY (MELTING IN GLENN'S ARMS) Oh, Glenn!

GLENN Looks like a deal, chaplain.

(A CHURCH BELL IS HEARD RINGING IN THE DISTANCE. GUY GLANCES AT HIS WATCH EXCITEDLY)

GUY Good grief, I'm late to my Sunday School class--and after my lecture last time about punctuality. Won't I get the royal razz. See you all later.

GLENN (AS GUY GETS TO THE DOOR) Oh, Guy.

GUY (STOPPING AT THE DOOR) Yes?

GLENN You're not in uniform yet, but--(HE SALUTES GUY)

GUY (RETURNING THE SALUTE) Thanks. (A LOOK OF NAIVE UNDERSTANDING IS EXCHANGED BY THE TWO MEN AND GUY HURRIES OFF)

MRS. FAIRCHILD (KISSING GLENN'S CHEEK AND FAY'S LIPS) Children, I don't know that you need it, but I'd like to give you a mother's blessing.

GLENN Thanks, Mrs. Fairchild.

FAY Thanks, mother darling.

GLENN If I'm going to be married, it looks like I'm stuck here till Tuesday. (HE BRINGS HIS BAG, WHICH HE HAD LEFT OUTSIDE THE DOOR, INSIDE)

FAY Mother, you unobserving darling, look! (FINGERING HER NECKLACE)

MRS. FAIRCHILD (RUSHING TO EXAMINE THE NECKLACE) Oh, Fay, how perfectly beautiful--why, they're jade--I guess I was too excited to notice--

FAY Real jade, mother, from China. Isn't he wonderful--I've never had anything so perfect in my life.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Glenn, it's lovely.

GLENN (LOOKING THROUGH A LOCK AT DOORCASE) Speaking of China reminds me of a bit of Chinese verse I found here last time--I never got to finish it--Yes, here it is--

"I suddenly remember the distance that I must travel;  
I spring from bed and look out to see the time.  
The stars and planets are all grown dim in the sky;  
Long, long is the road; I cannot stay.  
I am going on service, away to the battle-ground.  
And I do not know when I shall come back.  
I hold your hand with only a deep sigh;  
Afterwards, tears--in the days when we are parted.  
With all your might enjoy the spring flowers,  
But do not forget the time of our love and pride.  
Know that if I live, I will come back again,  
And if I die, we will go on thinking of each other."

(AFTER A MOMENT OF SILENCE FAY CROSSES TO THE PIANO AND SHE IS  
PLAYING SOFTLY AS THE CURTAIN FALLS)

Manuscript as Produced

for

Thesis Performance



## Explanation of Terms

D	down stage
U	upstage
L	left stage
R	right stage
C	center stage
LC	left of center
RC	right of center
DC	down stage at center
UC	up stage at center
DR	down stage right
UR	up stage right
DL	down stage left
UL	up stage left
Xs	crosses

All stage directions are given from the actor's viewpoint.

Act I

(AT THE MICE FAY FAIRCHILD IS PLAYING THE LAST FIVE MEASURES OF BEETHOVEN'S "SYMPHONY." GLENN CRAIG, LIEUTENANT U.S. MARINES, IS SEATED ON THE WINDSOR SEAT NEAR THE PIANO WATCHING FAY AND LOST IN THE MUSIC. MRS. FAIRCHILD, FAY'S MOTHER, IS ARRANGING FLOWERS ON THE MANTEL; PEG AND GRACIE BRADSHAW, COUSINS, ARE SEATED ON THE DAVENPORT AND THE FLOOR RESPECTIVELY.)  
(ALL AD LIB AS FAY FINISHES PLAYING)

MRS. FAIRCHILD (SITTING AT SMALL C AS FAY FINISHES) Oh, that's lovely, dear. (Ks UP C TO ARR. FLOWERS)

PEG (ON COUCH L) So that's what a year at Julliard does for you. Fay, it's swell.

(FAY PLAYS SOFTLY THROUGH FOLLOWING DIALOGUE)

GRACIE (LYING BY COUCH L) Do you think in a couple of hundred years I could play like that?

GLENN (QUIETLY AND WITH FEELING LEANING ON THE PIANO) Thanks, Fay. That will be something to take away with me.

PEG I could hear a lot more like that.

GRACIE (SITS UP, Ks LIPS) So could I. I wish you were staying around this summer, Fay.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Well, I wish she were too. Two weeks seems a pretty short time to be home after being way off in New York all year.

GLENN (Ks DR) With an audience like this I don't see how you can run out on them, Fay.

FAY (STOPS PLAYING, RISES. LAUGHING) Oh, you know how mothers and cousins are. They like to bolster me up--make me think I'm good. (Ks DL TO SMALL SOFA)

GLENN (SITS DOWN ON SMALL SOFA BESIDE FAY) I think you're good and I'm neither your cousin or your mother.

FAY You just happen to like Beethoven.

PEG (INSINUATINGLY) Or maybe he just likes your playing--

GRACIE Or maybe he just likes you. ?

FAY Well, Glenn, what shall we do now till the others come?

GLENN Others?

FAY Have you forgotten?

GRACIE Oh, Glenn's off in another world. It's your playing, Fay. I'll bet he's forgotten all about the farewell party.

GLENN Golly, I had forgotten. That's awfully nice of you, Fay, but--

FAY Oh, it was Peg and Gracie's idea really. They thought we ought to give our visiting lieutenant a regular send off before he sails the briny deep.

GLENN (RISES, XS AROUND PIANO UR, FUSSES WITH PIANO MUSIC DURING NEXT LINES) Oh, these socially minded cousins of yours, Fay! It's swell of you, Peg and Gracie, but big parties scare me.

GRACIE I didn't think anything could scare a marine.

PEG It's not a big party, Glenn--just some of the town kids you met when you were here last Christmas.

MRS. FAIRCHILD They ought to be getting here. There won't be much time for a party if Glenn has to catch that train.

PEG Has anyone called to see if the train is on time?

FAY Gracie did--didn't you, Gracie?

GRACIE (XS TO DESK FOR CANDY) Yes. It's on time.

PEG Are you sure?

GRACIE Mr. Jenkins down at the station said it was sure to be late, so it's on time. \*

MRS. FAIRCHILD What kind of double talk is that Gracie?

GRACIE (SPRAWLING ON DESK) Well, when he says it's on time it's always late, so it must work the other way round. \*

(MRS. FAIRCHILD IS HAVING TROUBLE MAKING ONE FLOWER STAY WITH THE REST. GLENN HAS MOVED AROUND AND IS WATCHING HER)

GLENN (XS TO MRS. FAIRCHILD) Looks like you've got a rooky in the midst, Mrs. Fairchild.

MRS. FAIRCHILD It certainly is out of step, isn't it?

GLENN Do you mind if I stick my big paw in?

MRS. FAIRCHILD I think it needs your commanding touch.

GLENN (FIXING THE FLOWER IN POSITION. TOUCH) There, baby, now you stay there or I'll pin your ears back. \*

MRS. FAIRCHILD Splendid!

GRACIE It takes a marine to put them in their place.

FAY He does it with black magic. (GROUP LAUGHS)

(DELLA Ks TERRACE U)

MRS. FAIRCHILD Well, Della, is everything ready for the lawn party?

(DELLA ENTERS UR, THROUGH FRENCH DOORS)

DELLA Land, yes. The place is lit up like a Pythian convention. \*

MRS. FAIRCHILD That's fine, Della.

DELLA They'll be here any minute. I'll go fix the punch pretty soon. (STARTS OUT UL)

GRACIE What are you going to put in it?

DELLA (WITH A LOOK THAT SAYS "WHAT DO YOU THINK?") Cassafrass tea. \*

GRACIE Well!

GLENN (Ks ULC) Della, how am I ever going to thank you for all the bother I've caused you these past three days?

DELLA (Ks BACK LC) Pshaw, it hasn't been any bother. We just hate to see you go, don't we Mrs. Fairchild?

MRS. FAIRCHILD We certainly do, Della.

DELLA It's like I always say to Mrs. Fairchild, the best thing about her having an attractive daughter like Fay is the nice young men she brings home. \*

GLENN (MISCOMIEVUSLY TO FAY) Oh, so she brings home others. (TO DELLA) Here I thought I was special.

(GLENN Ks BACK TO PIANO)

GRACIE Oh, you are special, Glenn. You're very special. \*

FEG (Ks TO DESK FOR SANDY) Gracie, do you ever stop to think that maybe somebody else ought to be saying what you say?

GRACIE Who? Fay? Well, why didn't she say it? \*

FAY There are some things that don't have to be said, Gracie.

GRACIE Oh, I don't think so, I think everybody ought to say everything he thinks. \*

GLENN (SMILING) You're a delightful exponent of your own philosophy, aren't you, Gracie?

DELLA (WHO HAS BEEN COUNTING ON HER FINGERS) Eleven, I count eleven who's been invited. Is that right?

FAY That's right, isn't it, Peg?

PEG Uh-h, eleven.

GRACIE (Ks UP TO DELLA) I'm hungry. Count me as two. "H

DELLA (EXIT THROUGH HALL) Two! Ahh, you act it! "H

GRACIE Well, I like that. "H

MRS. FAIRCHILD You see, there's one person at least who doesn't spoil you, Gracie.

GRACIE (Ks AND STRETCHES ON SOFA L) Oh, she does, though. Everybody spoils me. You watch--Della will give me a double portion of cake and ice cream. See if she doesn't. "H

PEG Well, I'm glad you recognize that everybody spoils you.

GRACIE (FOOLS WITH PILLOW, GETTING SELF COMFORTABLE) Oh we're all spoiled. Even you, Fay. Grandma Bradshaw says the Bradshaws and the Fairchilds have all been spoiled from way back. We've had things too soft.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Well, Gracie, maybe you can change all that when you grow up and have your family.

GLENN I shouldn't think the farming business would be soft enough to spoil anybody.

(MRS. FAIRCHILD Ks R OF PIANO AND PICKS BOWL OF FLOWERS ON PIANO)

GRACIE Oh, it isn't the farming. It's the money. Take Fay for instance. Wasn't she always had everything? Uncle Frank is just like Daddy. Life is all served up and handed to us on a silver platter.

GLENN (Ks UC) Well, for my money, I'll take that kind of serving and a good big helping of it. I don't know so much about you Bradshaw girls, but from what I've seen of this home--well, it's just about tops.  
(LEANS ON LIBRARY TABLE)

FAY Thank you, lieutenant. That's a very pretty speech.

GLENN No, it isn't. I'm no good at pretty speeches, but I've been trying to find my tongue all day to say thanks. I guess there's something contagious about Gracie's chatter.

MRS. FAIRCHILD You don't need to say thanks to anybody. We're just so happy to have you visit us and it's been nice that you and Fay could be together before she has to take that summer position and you go sailing off to goodness knows where.

PEG How soon do you go to this summer hotel, Fay?

FAY In a couple of weeks. It's really not much of a position. I just play the piano evenings for the guests. It's the experience and the contacts that mean most.

PEG Oh, it sounds wonderful. I'm green with envy.

GRACIE How could you be green with envy? You can't even play chopsticks.

PEG Well, you're not so hot yourself.

GRACIE (SITS UP) (VENERABLY) I am, too. I'm good. I'm good enough to get invited to play the organ in church.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Why, Gracie, that's fine.

(PEG STEALS GRACIE'S PILLOW)

GRACIE (BOASTING, AND VERY QUICKLY) Guy Walker said if he stayed here and preached and if Fay wasn't going to be here and if Mrs. Ramsey's arthritis didn't get better that maybe I could play organ some this summer.

FAY Oh, Peg, you asked Guy to come tonight, didn't you?

PEG Uhuh, he'll be here.

FAY You remember Guy, don't you, Glenn--Guy Walker--the town boy you met when you were here last Christmas.

GLENN (IS DR) Sure. He's the Yale Divinity student. Nice chap, but he beat the shirt off me at ice hockey. I've been wondering if he was still around.

GRACIE (LOOKS FOR PILLOW, SCRATCHES IT FOR PEG) Oh, he's very much around. He and Fay practically grew up together, you know.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Guy Walker is now Reverend Walker. We're all quite proud of him. He finished his study at Yale Divinity School this spring and he's preaching in our community church this summer. (PICKS UP REMAINDER OF FLOWERS)

GLENN Well, that's fine.

GRACIE Our little town is small potatoes to him now, though. He has a chance for a big city church next fall.

MRS. FAIRCHILD (K L TO DECK AND PINES FLOWERS THEME) Well, he may not take it, he told me last Sunday. He feels rather attached to this little farm community. His parents were killed in an auto accident when he was still in high school and the town has more or less adopted him.

GRACIE You mean the Fairchilds more or less adopted him. Uncle Frank practically paid his way through college.

PEG Gracie, do you have to tell everything you know?

GRACIE Well, what's wrong with that? Everybody knows what Uncle Frank has done for Guy Walker.

GLENN (WHO HAS MOVED TO THE TERRACE DOOR AND IS LOOKING OUT WHERE THE LAST GLOW OF TWILIGHT IS LEAVING THE GARDEN) Well, I can see how he would be attached to this country, all right. I don't see how anybody ever tears himself away from this little bit of heaven. I'd like to wrap up that flower garden and take it with me; but then I'd like to take the sunset and the fields and those rolling hills out toward the river.

FAY (LAUGHING) We'll try to have it all here for you when you come back.

GLENN (STARTS TO CROSS TO FAY) Is that a promise?

FAY Cross my heart.

(GRACIE KS UR TO TERRACE DOOR)

GLENN This is the life, really. Why didn't somebody tell me there were places like this and people like this? I've been gyped.

(THE SOUND OF A CAR HAS COME UP AND GRACIE HAS COME TO THE FRONT DOOR)

GRACIE Here they are--first car load anyway.

PEG Good. (CROSSING TO G) Shall we bring them in, Fay, or take them into the garden?

FAY Why don't you just take them right into the garden? It's all ready.

(GRACIE AND PEG RUN OUT WHISTLING AND CALLING)

MRS. FAIRCHILD I wonder what's keeping your father, Fay. Goodness, I hope he gets home before Glenn has to go. (KS UR) I'll slip out and welcome the guests, but don't you two hide away in here all evening.

FAY We won't, Mother.

GLENN Much as I shake at the thought of a party, I'll face the music if only for you, Mrs. Fairchild.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Thank you. (EXITS OUT TERRACE DOOR)

GLENN (KS TO DESK LEFT) I want to see your father. I sure hope he does get back. The big so and so owes me a pipe.

FAY Oh, did you slick him again at gin rummy?

GLENN (LEANS AGAINST DESK) Oh, I cleaned him out at that last night--won every peanut he could scrape up. The pipe is a result of a little bet, though.

FAY Well, how did you win a pipe from him, Glenn?

GLENN When I was here last time, I said a Chinese philosopher said, "Keep off your thoughts from things that are past and done," and he said I was all wet and that Muhammad said it. Perfectly silly thing to argue over, but we went round and round for the better part of an evening.

FAY (LAUGHING) (KS TO GLENN) Oh, I remember that you got off into a terrific philosophic discussion.

GLENN Well, the distinguished gentleman and scholar your father was wrong. I found my proof this afternoon right here in his own library. (HE HAS CROSSED TO BOOKSHELF) Here, I've got the place marked.

GLENN (THUMPING THROUGH AND BACK) You know, this is a fascinating old volume. I wonder where your father picked it up. It's full of ancient Chinese verse and famous sayings.

FAY Goodness only knows where he found it. Daddy used to be quite a collector, you know. He used to drag mother to every rare book shop in this country.

GLENN What I wouldn't give for a library like this. I'd like to toss every book into my bag and smokk them away.

FAY (KS BACK TO SOFA L) (JUMPING) Wouldn't that be just the thing? You could read the Marines to sleep every night.

GLENN (DEEM SEVERE) It wouldn't hurt some of those raggedy-old leathernocks to know the stuff in those books. (HE READS A MOMENT TO HIMSELF) Here's something--listen to this: "A Chinese General To His Wife Two Thousand Years Ago--

Since our hair was plaited and we became man and wife,  
The love between us was never broken by doubt.  
So let us be merry this night together,  
Feasting and playing while the good time lasts.

I suddenly remember the distance that I must travel--"



(HE IS INTERRUPTED BY GUY'S ENTRANCE)

GUY (POKING HIS HEAD IN THE FRONT DOOR) Hello. I hear there's a party and I'm invited.

FAY Oh, hello, Guy, come in. Guy, you remember Glenn?

GUY Sure. How are you, Glenn?

GLENN Hello, Guy--glad to see you again. Been skimming anybody at ice hockey lately?

GUY (AS TO CHAIR NO) Guy, some ice hockey would go good in weather like this.

GLENN We'd have to play in bathing suits, I guess.

GUY We would at that. Look, I didn't mean to intrude. The party apparently is on the lawn--

GLENN It's all right. I'm glad for a chance to see you again. Fay and I were just filching a little wisdom from some of the Fairchild books. (GLENN PUTS BOOK BACK DOWN AND WENDS TO DASH)

GUY I was raised on that library. I'll bet I've borrowed more of those books than all the neighbors put together.

FAY (LAUGHING) And forgotten more and had to be told to bring them back or you would get spanked.

GUY That's right. Guy, how is your father, Fay? I haven't seen him since I got back except to say hello to him at church.

FAY Daddy isn't well, Guy. Mother worries about him a lot.

GUY (XS DR TO SOFA) I'm sorry to hear that--not that old heart business again?

FAY I'm afraid it is. His heart isn't strong and he just keeps on working like a mad man.

GUY Why the Dickens does he?

FAY Oh, it's the war and Daddy thinks he's got to feed the Army, the Marines and everyone else.

GUY He could retire, and he ought to.

FAY Not Daddy. He'll go down with his boots on. (LAUGHING) We're restless pioneer stock, we Fairchilds.

GLENN That's the stock that has made this country the best darned nation in the world.

FAY Glenn, did I ever tell you about old grandfather Fairchild? He's the one who used to have carrier pigeons bring him the market reports.

GLENN Carrier pigeons?

(PEG ENTERS--CROSSES TO TABLE OUTSIDE DOOR U L, SETS FLORA FROM VASE AND PUTS IT IN HER HAND. SHE SMILES)

FAY It was back in the days before they had ticker tapes and the telegraph wasn't reliable. He would ship these pigeons into Chicago every few days and friends in there connected with the stock market would fasten the data on the pigeons and release them. Then home they would fly and grand-dad would get up in the middle of the night and ride around like Paul Revere telling all the farmers to ship their beef the next day.

GLENN Why, the old fox. He must have made a fortune.

FAY He made enough to start a bank.

GUY He made money for all his neighbors, too. I heard that story ever since I was a kid.

PEG (CROSSING TO SCIA DR, SITS ON AILE) If the Fairchilds ever need a biographer, I guess you'd be the man, wouldn't you, Guy?

FAY Guy has grown up with Peg and Gracie and me.

GUY Yeah, we've had some great old times.

PEG Guy, do you remember the time you and Fay and a gang of us rode horseback to old Professor Finkley's place, you know the funny little baldheaded fellow that use to teach history in the high school? (GUY AND FAY BOTH LAUGH)

FAY Huh--I'll bet Guy would rather forget that little incident.

GLENN Sounds good. Let's hear about it.

GUY Well, there isn't much to it. Seems pretty silly now--

PEG But it was fun at the time.

(MRS. FAIRCHILD COMES INTO HALL, SWITCHES ON LIGHT TABLE)

FAY You see we rode up to the professor's house at midnight--

PEG A whole gang of us on horses and--

MRS. FAIRCHILD (ENTERING FROM HALL, TURNS ON DECK AND FLOOR LAMPS)  
You know I got the notion the party was out on the lawn. (MRS. FAIRCHILD GETS SEWING BASKET FROM WINDOW SEAT)

FAY All right, Mother, we're coming.

PEG Guy's just telling Glenn about the time we rode--

FAY And we all yelled and yelled until old Prof Finkley came to the door in his night shirt.

GLENN Then what happened?

GUY Then we all shouted at the top of our lungs--

FAY The British are coming.

GUY AND PEG TOGETHER The British are coming.

GUY Then we rode away like a bat out of--well, like a bat.

MRS. FAIRCHILD (SITS AT C CHAIR) Yes, I remember that. And that's what we have for a preacher, Glenn.

GUY Looks like you're stuck with me till September anyway.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Aren't you going on with the rest of the story, Guy?

GUY The rest of it isn't so good. Word got round that they were the Fairchild horses and of course Fay's father got the blame.

MRS. FAIRCHILD He came very nearly taking a slipper to you too, young man.

GUY Oh, he gave me quite a talking to, and, do you know what he said?

GLENN I'll bet it wasn't anything he learned in Sunday School.

GUY He used some pretty strong language and then he said, "Guy, you've got a brand new set of brains and you ought to be able to sell them second hand for a good price because they certainly never have been used." (THEY ALL LAUGH)

MRS. FAIRCHILD I'll bet you never rode horses to Professor Finkley's again--

GUY Not horses--we tried it later with cows but we weren't happy about it--

FAY (Is C) I don't like to mention it, but do you suppose we're being missed out there?

PEG This is supposed to be a send-off for Lieutenant Craig.

FAY Glenn, shall we tell them you're just a myth?

PEG Do you think he'd never be mithed? (THEY GIVE HER A LOOK AND GRIN A LITTLE) Oh, dear--It's a pity I'm not witty. "

FAY It's a pity you're so pretty with men like Glenn around. (Xs UP TO TERRACE DOOR) Coming, Lieutenant? "

GLENN (Xs TO C) Sure--Coming, Guy?

GUY (Xs C TO GLENN) (TAKING A SMALL PRAYER BOOK FROM HIS POCKET) Oh, Glenn, in case I don't get another chance, I brought you a little going-away token.

GLENN (TAKING THE PRAYER BOOK) Well, that's darned nice of you. Thanks, Guy.

FAY A prayer book. That's very touching, Guy.

GUY Oh, I'm just a sentimental preacher at heart, I guess.

GLENN (READING) "For the powers of heaven shall be moved; and then they shall see the son of man coming in a cloud with great power and majesty. But when these things begin to come to pass, look up, and lift up your heads; because your redemption is at hand." (PUTS BIBLE AWAY) You know, if people could just learn how to use the Bible, we could build a pretty good world.

FAY Well, Lieutenant, do you feel brave enough to face the Merriment?

GLENN (Xs UP AND OFFERS ARM TO FAY) Now that I'm fortified with the word of God I can face even a party.

FAY (TO GUY) Coming, Guy?

GUY In a minute. I have to tell your mother she's on a new committee.

FAY So that's why she wanted you for the local preacher--so she could be important and serve on all the committees.

PEG Wait for me. (Xs UP TO THEM)

(FAY AND GLENN AND PEG EXIT)

MRS. FAIRCHILD (NOTES ON EMERGENCY THROUGHOUT HERE) Now what have you cooked up, Guy Walker? You know I don't like being on committees.

GUY (Xs DR TO SOFA) Oh, this isn't much. I just want you to head the flower committee.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Does that mean I do all the work?

GUY It means you furnish the flowers. "

MRS. FAIRCHILD Oh, well, if that's all, I can do that. Heavens, the place is swimming in flowers.

GUY I know it is. I don't think I can ever remember your place looking as nice as it does this summer.

MRS. FAIRCHILD It's been a good year for flowers.

GUY Is Mr. Fairchild around? I want to get his advice about that loan the church has down at the bank.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Frank ought to be back. He took the car--said he had to see Teel Watson over on our Riverside place. I can't think what's keeping him. He wanted to say goodbye to Glenn.

GUY Well, there's no hurry about seeing him. I can talk it over with him tomorrow or the next day. The loan doesn't come due until the first.

MRS. FAIRCHILD How much is the loan now?

GUY It's getting whittled down--only \$550.00 now.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Well, I'm sure Frank will renew it gladly.

GUY As long as I'm to be minister for a while, I'm going to see if I can't get that loan paid off this summer.

MRS. FAIRCHILD (As TO DASH AFTER SCHOOLS AND BACK TO CHAIR) Fay's sorry she isn't going to be here to play the organ for you this summer at the church.

GUY Maybe you think I'm not sorry. But I guess this situation at the lake means a good deal to her.

MRS. FAIRCHILD It really does, Guy. It's a very nice hotel on the shores of Lake Michigan and it's quite a center for important people. She says it means more to her in some ways than her year of study at Juilliard.

GUY Yes, I can see how it might. I mean in the musical profession so much depends on contacts.

MRS. FAIRCHILD (SINGS) Well, it would be awfully nice having her home. It seems she's hardly been with us at all since she first went away to college.

GUY (RESUMES As DA AND UP AROUND PIANO) Well, you know how it is--once we chicks start scratching for ourselves.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Do you think that you'll take that church in Chicago?

GUY Well, a city church is quite an opportunity, but I don't know how Chicago people would like some of my convictions.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Do you mean your stand on pacifism?

GUY (ARMED A CF PIAIK) Yes. A pacifist is a marked man these days.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Of course you know how I feel, but far be it from me to try to argue anybody out of his beliefs.

GUY (PUZZLED, THUGHTFUL) When I see chaps like Glenn going into the hideous affair, I get a terrible feeling inside. I don't know--I want to do my part to make the crazy old world better, but--well, I've had a lot of ideals preached into me all my life. It isn't easy to think my way through. (As BACK OF CHAIR C)

MRS. FAIRCHILD You've thought a lot more than most young men and I know that whatever convictions you have, you've come by honestly and by the hard way.

GUY (LEANS AGAINST DESK) Is Fay going back to New York next fall?

MRS. FAIRCHILD Yes, she has another year at Juilliard.

GUY Then what?

MRS. FAIRCHILD (ENTHUSIASTIC) I suppose it sounds a little funny for a country girl like Fay, but she really has ambitions for a concert career and her Juilliard teachers seem to think she has a good chance.

GUY She has a great gift. But then she's gifted in so many ways.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Some of the farm people think we've been awfully foolish to give Fay so much schooling instead of training her for something practical, but--well, I guess an only child just naturally gets spoiled a little.

GUY The thing about Fay is that she is so damned practical in spite of all her talent and training.

MRS. FAIRCHILD I guess children raised on farms absorb a lot of practicality no matter what they study in school.

GUY Yes, I think they do. (SUBBLET REMARKS) (As C TO MR) Say, I came out here for a lawn party and here I am chinning with the hostess.

MRS. FAIRCHILD I'm not the hostess. I'm probably not even missed, but I'll bet you are. You'd better get out there and liven things up. But mind you, no horseback excursions.

GUY (STOPS E OF CHAIR) How about cows?

MRS. FAIRCHILD No cows either.

DELLA (ENTERING WITH A HUGE TRAY OF DRINKS) Now about some punch and cookies, Mrs. Fairchild?

MRS. FAIRCHILD (TO GUY) Now you see, here's Della with the punch and cookies. People will say you just dropped in for the refreshments.

GUY Well, who wouldn't drop in for Della's wonderful refreshments. I'll bet these are some of your famous cookies, Della.

DELLA Didn't get a very good do on them this time.

GUY (GRABBING A HANDFUL OFF THE PLATE) No, they're not fit to eat.

(TELEPHONE RINGS AND GUY WHO IS NEAREST ANSWERS IT) (MRS. FAIRCHILD TAKES PUNCH AND TASTES IT)

GUY Hello. No, you're right. This is the Fairchild place. Yes, she's right here. (HANDING PHONE TO MRS. FAIRCHILD) It's for you, Mrs. Fairchild. (Ks Dr. C)

MRS. FAIRCHILD (IN PHONE) Hello--(DELLA STARTS TO GO BUT GUY MOTIONS HER TO STAY) Yes--Yes, Dr. Cook (WITH SUDDEN SHOCK) Oh--oh, dear God--I'll be right over. (SHE HURRS UP LOOKING STUNNED)

DELLA (Ks TO MRS. FAIRCHILD) What is it, Mrs. Fairchild?

MRS. FAIRCHILD It's Frank--He's had another heart attack.

GUY Where is he? I'll take you to him. My car's just outside.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Dr. Cook has him over at the hospital. Somebody found him parked at the side of the highway, unconscious.

GUY Was he hurt?

MRS. FAIRCHILD No, I don't think so. He just pulled off the road--you don't need to come, Guy. It's just a step to the hospital.

GUY (PUTTING AN ARM AROUND HER SHOULDER) I'm going with you. (THEY START OUT HALL ARCH)

DELLA I'll get Fay. (Ks TOWARD TELEPHONE)

MRS. FAIRCHILD No, don't Della. There isn't anything to do. I'd rather Fay wouldn't know till I see how he is. Then I can tell her myself.

DELLA You want me to come, Mrs. Fairchild?

MRS. FAIRCHILD No--just keep things going--Come on, Guy--Oh, poor Frank--Thank goodness somebody found him--(SHE AND GUY GO OUT AS HER VOICES TRAIL OFF)

(DELLA IS ABOUT TO EXIT INTO THE GARDEN WHEN FAY AND GLENN ENTER)

GLENN Better let me give you a hand, Della.

DELLA Poo, it's light as a feather.

FAY (As DA) Daddy back yet, Della?

DELLA No.

FAY Where's Mother?

DELLA Went somewhere with Guy. She'll be right back.

FAY (As BACK L) Went with Guy? Well, what's the idea? (BUT DELLA IS OFF) Oh, (LAUGHING) (As R) I'll bet Guy's got her involved in another committee. Mother hates committees like you hate parties.

GLENN Aw, they make me feel like Frank Sinatra's understudy--such a fuss over a uniform.

FAY It couldn't be the man inside the uniform?

GLENN (As C TO CHAIR AND SETS ON ARM) Oh, they're a swell bunch, really. I can never thank you, Fay, for these three days of heaven. Believe me, this little time on the Fairchild farm will be something to think about and remember.

FAY (As TO HIM AND PUTS HANDS ON SHOULDERS) Come back to us, Glenn. That's all the thanks I want.

GLENN (PUTS UPSTAGE ARM AROUND WAIST) You bet I will--the first darned chance.

FAY Sure you won't change your mind and let me take you to the train?

GLENN That's a queer twirp in me you won't understand.

FAY (DROPS HANDS AND As AROUND BACK OF CHAIR TO R) I can understand you not wanting the whole gang to see you off like they wanted to, but--

GLENN (RISES, As UP L) It's just that I--well, I hate saying goodbye.

FAY So do I.

GLENN That's why I thought if I could just slip away--Jake Harvey, your local taxi man is picking me up at the foot of the lane. (As BACK C) Do you know what I really want most of all, Fay?

FAY What?

GLENN I guess it's pretty sentimental--



FAY Who cares how sentimental who is?

GLENN I'd like to leave with your music ringing in my ears. Will you play something and just let me slip away?

FAY If that's the way you want it, I'd love to, Glenn. (Xs TO PIANO) What shall I play? Anything you'd especially like to hear?

GLENN Play what you played a while ago--Bethoven's "Symphony" isn't it?

FAY Yes. (FLIRTS) It's supposed to be the most romantic music in the world.

GLENN No. If you feel what I hope you feel, I couldn't bear it. If you don't--well, that would be even tougher.

FAY (TURNS TO PIANO WITH BACK TO GLENN) I'm a spoiled, pampered person. All my life I've had everything I wanted. I'm beginning to know now what it's like to want something very, very much.

GLENN (Xs TO FAY) If you've always had what you want, maybe we'd better see that you get this. We can't have you throwing a tantrum.

FAY I want--I want the war over.

GLENN That's a large order, but I'll do my damndest.

FAY (TRYING TO KEEP FROM SMILING) I want it over right away.

GLENN (TRYING TO BE LIGHT) Well, you've got to give me and my battalion time to meet the enemy.

FAY Oh, Glenn--(THINKS TO HIM) I want this--just this, forever. (HAND ON HIS ARM) Time in the afternoon of summer, time when the snow is deep and you come to spend Christmas-time--just time with you. (SHE TURNS AWAY FROM HIM FIGHTING BACK THE TEARS) I told myself I wasn't going to do this.

(GLENN TAKES HER IN HIS ARMS AND KISSES HER. WILD FOR ABOUT 30 SECONDS THEN UP TO TEARS, AND AROUND WINDOW) (AS THEY STAND IN SILENCE FOR A MOMENT, DELLA ENTERS, SNEAKING THE LIGHT ON AND "WHIMPERING" NO ONE IS IN THE ROOM SHE TURNS THE SWITCH. ONLY A SHIRT TAIL END IS LEFT FLIPPING AND ROCKING IN SPINDS THROUGH THE WINDOW ENVYING GLENN AND FAY)

DELLA (AS SHE CROSSES AND GLIPS THROUGH THE DINING ROOM DOOR) Land a goodness, place ablaze with lights.

FAY Economical girl, Della.

GLENN Nice of her, wasn't it? (LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW WITH HIS ARM STILL AROUND FAY) Beautiful night.

FAY Gorgeous.

GLENN Look how the moonlight picks out that field of grain.

FAY It's like a silver lake. (As TO PIANO)

GLENN (TURNS TO WATCH HER) One thing is sure--no matter where they ship me, there won't ever be any place as wonderful as this or any people who know so well how to live. You've given me a taste of the real thing, Fay. I know now what the fighting is all about.

FAY I wish I did.

GLENN I can tell you. It's to kill the demon that threatens to destroy all this.

FAY I'll try to see that it's all here for you to come home to. (AT PIANO)

GLENN You do that. Don't let a thing change. The fields in the moonlight, and fragrance of gardens, music--

FAY They'll all be here waiting for you.

GLENN And you in that beautiful gown--don't you change either, Fay.

FAY Oh--can't I progress a little?

GLENN You're perfect just as you are. You're what's going to keep me ticking. I'll think of you a thousand times just as you are in this moment of moonlight.

FAY Oh, Glenn--(UNABLE TO FIND WORDS SHE SIGNS)

GLENN (As D TO HER) I want to think of you playing the piano, swimming, laughing, and being happy always.

FAY Can't I work a little?

GLENN Not if it spoils those marvelous hands. (HOLDS HANDS) You leave work to the male animal. You were born to be a lady.

FAY (PULLS HANDS AWAY, As 2 STEPS R) Glenn, dearest, you mustn't put me on a pedestal. I'm not the pedestal type really.

GLENN (LOOKING OUT AGAIN) There's a mist gathering over the hills by the river.

FAY Magical, isn't it?

GLENN Didn't Paul Engle write a poem about that once?

FAY If he didn't he should.

GLENN Look it up and read it for me sometime.

FAY I'm to keep up culture for two now, huh?

GLENN That's right. It's up to you to keep the grace of living a going concern.

(FROM SOMEWHERE IN THE NIGHT COMES THE DISTANT WHISTLE OF A TRAIN. GLENN LOOKS AT HIS WATCH)

GLENN I guess that's it. (GETS SUITCASE FROM L OF TABLE)

FAY It's miles away. We never used to leave for the station till after we'd heard the whistle.

GLENN You'll explain to the others how I'm a puppy about saying goodbye?

FAY I'll explain. I wish Mother would get back, though. I can't imagine why she isn't. She'll be sunk if she isn't here to wave you off.

GLENN I'd like to say so long to your dad too.

FAY And collect your bet? (HE TO PIANO, STARTS PLAYING)

GLENN That's right.

FAY I'll see that he sends it to you.

GLENN Don't you let him forget it.

FAY He won't. Daddy never forgets a promise.

GLENN You and your dad are a lot alike, do you know it?

FAY That's the nicest compliment anybody could possibly pay me.

GLENN Pretty fond of the old guy, aren't you?

FAY There's never been any other man in my life--until now.

GLENN Thank you, Fay. That makes me feel--just swell. I couldn't be travelling in better company because your dad is a right guy if I ever saw one.

(ANOTHER DISTANT TRAIN WHISTLE IS HEARD, THIS TIME A LITTLE NEARER. THEY BOTH HEAR IT BUT SAY NOTHING. FAY SLIPS QUIETLY TO THE PIANO AND BEGINS TO PLAY. GLENN PICKS UP HIS LAY AND MOVES TOWARD THE DOOR. HE PAUSES AND HOLDS FOR AN INSTANT LOOKING BACK AT FAY)

GLENN Fay--

FAY (STOPPING HER FLAMING, SOFTLY) Yes, Glenn--

GLENN I--Nothing. I guess--I wanted to ask you something, but-- it can wait.

FAY (RISING AND THROWING HERSELF INTO HIS ARMS) Oh, Glenn, darling--  
(SHE IS TRYING HARD NOT TO CRY)

GLENN Goodbye, sweetheart.

(HE KISSES HER LIPS AND THEN TEARS HIMSELF AWAY, LICKS UP SUITCASE,  
PICKS UP HAT, AND HURRIES OFF L. ANOTHER WOMAN IS HEARD. FAY  
LISTENS TO THE PIANO AND CONTINUES FLAMING)

PEG (ENTERING FROM HALL AS FAY IS FLAMING AFTER GLENN LEAVES) I  
thought I'd find you two in here--and with the lights out. (SHE  
TURNS ON THE LIGHTS) Oh--where's Glenn?

FAY Gone.

PEG Gone? But we wanted to tell him--You mean he's gone just like  
that without saying goodbye?

FAY Yes, Peg.

PEG (Ks DL TO COFA) (SUSPICING THAT SHE IS DEEPLY DISAPPOINTED) Oh--  
and I didn't get to tell him goodbye?

GRACIE (ENTERING FROM REARAGE) Fay, are you in here? Oh, you're  
here too, Peg. Listen, don't let them serve the ice cream till we  
get back.

FAY Who's we?

GRACIE George Summers and me. He wants me--

PEG Corporal Summers--remember he's a corporal now.

GRACIE All right, Corporal Summers. We're going down in the Orchard.  
He wants to teach me to bivvack. Say, what is bivvack anyway?

FAY I'm not just sure knowing George Summers, but I think Peg better  
go with you.

PEG (STARTING FOR THE STAIRS) Not now. (Ks UL) I'm going upstairs  
a minute. Do you mind if I borrow one of your handkerchiefs, Fay?  
(EXITS)

FAY Help yourself.

GRACIE They're all asking for you and Glenn, Fay.

FAY (RISES AND AS UL) (GOING TOWARD THE DOOR AS BRADIE EXITS) Yes, I'm coming.

GUY (ENTERING FROM HALL AND STOPPING FAY) Fay--Fay.

FAY (STOPPING SUDDENLY) (SHE NOTICES GUY'S FACE AND KNOWS SOMETHING IS WRONG) Guy, what is it? (XS TO HIM)

GUY Brace yourself, Fay dear.

FAY (INTUITIVELY COMPREHENDING) Something has happened to Daddy.

GUY He's had a slight heart attack.

FAY (HOLDING TO BACK OF CHAIR C) Oh--

GUY (CROSSING TO COMFORT HER) (PATS HER ON SHOULDER) It's probably not too serious--a little rest and he'll be O.K.

FAY Where is he?

GUY Doc Cook has him down at the hospital. Your mother is with him.

FAY Take me to him.

GUY (REASSURING) Your mother said you were to wait here. (XS DL) Everything is all right and there isn't a thing for you to do. She didn't want me to tell you till she got back but I thought I should.

FAY Of course, you should. (FOLLOWS HER) Guy, tell me the truth. Please don't hold anything back.

GUY I'm not holding back a thing, Fay. You know I wouldn't. Your father is O.K. Just that old heart flare up. Doc says he must have a good long rest. That's the straight of it.

FAY (XS BACK H) Is Daddy conscious?

GUY (XS TO HER, PATS SHOULDER) Sure--take it easy, honey. You're trembling like a leaf. I hate upsetting you but I had to tell you.

FAY (XS C) I feel I ought to go to him--poor Daddy--he works so hard.

GUY (FOLLOWS HER) Just take it easy now. Your mother will be here directly. Doc Cook's bringing her out. Where's Della?

FAY In the kitchen I'll get her.

GUY I'll get her. Della was here when the call came. (CALLS) Della! I want to put her mind at ease. (GUY IS CROSSING TO HALL AS DELLA ENTERS WITH TRAY OF ICE CREAM) It's all right Della. Doc says he's going to be all right.

DELLA Oh, thank the good Lord. (PUTS TEACUP ON SMALL TABLE AND CROSSES  
TO FAY) Now don't you be upset none, dearie. It's just a stroke--  
people have 'em every day.

FAY Stroke--Guy, you didn't tell me--

GUY Look, are you going to take my word or Della's--

DELLA Oh, dear, I've gone and said the wrong thing. I'll go fix  
some hot coffee. Your mother will want some. (GIE DELL)

GUY (AROUNDS L TO FRONT OF SOFA) Leave it to Della to make things  
around worse than they are, huh?

FAY Guy, I'm an awful heel. (SINGLES CHAIR)

GUY Are you? I hadn't noticed.

(MARBLE D.)

FAY All my life I've taken Daddy for granted. He's worked like a  
slave to put me through college and give me music and all I've ever  
done is just accept and be a--a--a--lady of leisure.

GUY Well, it's given your father and mother a lot of pleasure and  
satisfaction to see you through. You know that. You're a talented  
kid and--

FAY (KS RC) Talented--what have I ever done with my talent? What  
have I ever done for my family or for anybody for that matter?

GUY (KS C) Now what has come over you? You do loads of wonderful  
things for people all the time.

FAY (CROSSING TO TELEPHONE) I'm going to start doing something. (IN  
PHONE) Long distance, operator.

GUY Now what are you up to?

FAY (TO GUY) You said Doctor Cook said a long rest--(IN PHONE)  
Operator, I want to talk to Mr. Lee, Lakeshore Hotel, Lakeshore,  
Michigan. Yes, please, this is 8-2730. No, I'll wait--

GUY (KS UP C) Fay, you're giving up your summer job! Don't you  
think you ought to think this over?

FAY Job nothing--my job is here. Anyway it was more of a vacation  
than a job.

GUY Well, a little vacation, a change--

FAY My whole life has been a vacation. Daddy is going to be laid up for the rest of the summer. I'll be needed here.

GUY You're right, Fay. (Xs DL) I'm really glad to see you take this stand. Only I just hate to see you do it without thinking it over. I know that Lakeshore business means a lot to you, Fay. (Xs BACK C) Say, I've got an idea--Hang up--cancel that call.

FAY Don't be silly.

GUY Listen, Fay. My parish work in the summer won't amount to more than a couple of hours a day. You go ahead with your Lakeshore job. I'll help your folks.

FAY Guy, don't talk foolishness. We couldn't let you do that.

GUY I'd like to know why not. Hang that phone up and cancel the call. I'll handle things for the Fairchilds. They've done plenty for me, goodness knows.

FAY Guy, that's terribly sweet of you but we couldn't--

GUY Now let's not have an argument.

FAY Don't you see that this is something I've got to do?

GUY No, it isn't. Running a farm is no job for you.

FAY Oh, you think I can't--You think--(IN PHONE) Hello--(TO GUY) I wasn't raised on this farm for nothing. What I don't know I can learn.

GUY You're being impulsive and heroic. (Xs TO COUCH)

FAY I'm being nothing of the sort. (TURNS TO AUDIENCE) (IN PHONE) Hello, Mr. Lee. This is Fay Fairchild. Mr. Lee, I won't be able to take that position. My father has had a heart attack and I'm needed at home. Yes--Yes, that's right. I'm terribly sorry--Well, that's awfully kind of you. Thank you for understanding. Yes, Mr. Lee, and thanks again. Goodbye. (SHE HANGS UP. DELLA ENTERS UL)

GUY (FRONT OF SOFA) Well, Della, meet the new manager of the farm. (HE INDICATES FAY)

DELLA (STOPPED BY THAT) What? (UL OF SOFA)

FAY (QAYLY Xs DL) I'm stepping into Daddy's shoes, Della, while he takes a long earned rest.

(MRS. FAIRCHILD ENTERS AND FAY CROSSES UL TO HER)

FAY How is he, Mother?

MRS. FAIRCHILD (C.H. OF FAY) Oh, so Guy told you--Well, I knew he would--Daddy is fairly comfortable.

DELLA (HURRYING OFF UL) I'll get you some coffee, Mrs. Fairchild. I've just been hottenin' it up.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Thank you, Della. (SETS C CHAIR) I'll come into the dining room for it.

GUY Well, Mrs. Fairchild, what do you think--Pay has cancelled her job at Lakeshore to help run the farm.

MRS. FAIRCHILD What?

FAY That's right, mom. Now don't tell me I won't be any good at it.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Well, Pay dear. I--well, we can talk about it later.

DELLA (ENTERING UL) Coffee's ready, Mrs. Fairchild.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Thank you Della--I'm coming.

GRACIE (ENTERING FROM GARDEN) I'm back--How about refreshments?

DELLA Land a goodness--The ice cream--(GOES TO HALL TABLE AND BRINGS IN TRAY)

GRACIE (XS LC) Let me at it. Pivwacking gives you quite an appetite.

DELLA Look at it. Looks like a heat wave struck it.

GRACIE Whee--Soupey as a soap opera. (BUSINESS WITH SPOON) Oh, well, some people like their ice cream just like they like their kisses. \*

DELLA How's that?

GRACIE Wet. \*

DELLA Ah, you--(TAKES ICE CREAM AND TRAY OUT TO PORCH DOOR) Gracie, you go get the cake while I take this out.

GRACIE Oh, boy, will I--(ONE DASHES OFF LEFT)

GUY Here let me give you a hand, Della. (AS UL) (HE OPENS THE TERRACE DOOR FOR HER) Coming out, Pay, or would you rather not?

FAY Yes, I'd better join the guests. (AS ONE AND GUY EXIT) (DELLA-  
LINEDLY CHIEFEL) Well, Guy it looks like I'll be around to pls.  
organ for you after all.

GUY (AS THEY ARE OFF) That's right.



DELLA (CALLING FROM TERRACE) Gracie, are you coming with that cake?

(GRACIE ENTERS CARRYING A LARGE CAKE FROM WHICH ONE VERY BEETLE NOSE HAS BEEN LIFTED. SHE HAS A HUGE PIECE IN HER MOUTH. SHE LAUGHS AN INARTICULATE SOUND AS THE CURTAIN FALLS) .

Act II

(MRS. FAIRCHILD IS USING A HAND VACUUM ON THE SOFA BY AS MRS. ZACHARY ENTERS FROM THE HALL)

MRS. ZACHARY Mrs. Fairchild! Mrs. Fairchild! (MRS. FAIRCHILD TURNS OFF VACUUM)

MRS. FAIRCHILD Come in, Mrs. Zachary. All through with the canning?

MRS. ZACHARY (As DIS) Now, I'm not. I got just enough of that apple butter to fill another couple of quart jars if I had the jars.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Let's see--I believe you'll find some jars on that top shelf in the pantry behind all those boxes.

MRS. ZACHARY Yesum. (STARTS OUT. COMES BACK AS MRS. FAIRCHILD SPEAKS)

MRS. FAIRCHILD Ay, you've done well with those apples, Mrs. Zachary. There's usually so much waste with early apples.

MRS. ZACHARY Well, there's them that throw away instead of cuttin' out--I always hold to cuttin' out.

MRS. FAIRCHILD I guess I'd have had to throw most of the fruit away if you hadn't offered to do the canning on shares.

MRS. ZACHARY Well, I was just real glad to do it. I says to the Lister, I says, that poor Mrs. Fairchild's just got more than she can handle.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Oh, I wouldn't say that. Does look like it though when I don't get around to my cleaning till late Saturday afternoon.

MRS. ZACHARY Well, it's hard when there ain't a man'around--(STARTS OUT) top shelf in the pantry, you say?

MRS. FAIRCHILD Yes. (TAKES CLEANER AGAIN)

MRS. ZACHARY (STARTING TO GO) I says to the Mister, I don't know what Mrs. Fairchild would do if it wasn't for that daughter of hers. Why that Fay's a regular farmer. The Mister says she knows might near as much about the cattle business as he does. Top shelf, you say--I tell him she gets it from her pa. (SHE EXITS) (MRS. FAIRCHILD TURNS VACUUM ON)

(DELLA TAKES OFF HAT, PUTS HAT AND PURSE ON HALL TABLE BEFORE ENTERING)

DELLA (ENTERING) Now Mrs. Fairchild, I told you I'd do that cleaning soon as I got home from the packing plant. (MRS. FAIRCHILD TURNS VACUUM OFF)

MRS. FAIRCHILD I know you did, Della, but you're tired and there's no reason why I shouldn't do my own clearing.

DELLA Tired nothing. Saturday's a short day. As long as I make my home with you, Nellie Fairchild, I'm going to do my stint. I told you that when I took that packing house job. (SHE HAS TAKEN THE VACUUM CLEANER FROM MRS. FAIRCHILD AND BEGINS TO VACUUM THE SOFA)

MRS. FAIRCHILD All right, Della. I'll do the dusting. (SHE BEGINS DUSTING) (Xs UP TO TABLE) Did you think to go by the post office, Della?

DELLA (YELLING ABOVE THE VACUUM) What was that?

MRS. FAIRCHILD Did you remember--

DELLA (TURNING OFF VACUUM) I didn't get what you said.

MRS. FAIRCHILD I was wondering if you got the mail.

DELLA Oh yes--I nearly forgot to give it to you.

(Xs CUT TO HALL AND GETS MAIL FROM PURSE. SHE TAKES SEVERAL CARDS AND LETTERS FROM HER PURSE AND HANDS THEM TO MRS. FAIRCHILD WHO GLANCES AT THEM, THEN PLACES THEM ON TABLE INSIDE DOOR)

DELLA (Xs BACK TO SOFA DR AND TURNS ON VACUUM) Doesn't look like there's anything there from Fay's lieutenant.

MRS. FAIRCHILD No. She'll be awfully disappointed--

DELLA What was that? (SHE TURNS OFF THE CLEANER)

MRS. FAIRCHILD It's been more than a month since we heard from Glenn.

(FAY ENTERS, UNSEEN BY MRS. FAIRCHILD AND DELLA. SHE IS DRESSED IN OVERALLS AND LOOKS HOT AND TIRED. SHE CROSSES AT ONCE TO THE TABLE WHERE THE MAIL LIES AND LOOKS THROUGH IT HURRIEDLY)

DELLA (TURNS VACUUM ON AGAIN) (SHOUTING ABOVE THE CLEANER AND STILL NOT NOTICING FAY) Folks in town think Fay and Guy Walker are getting pretty thick.

MRS. FAIRCHILD (NOT NOTICING FAY AND SHOUTING ABOVE CLEANER) People like to talk.

DELLA What was that?

MRS. FAIRCHILD (STARTING TO SHOUT THEN DELLA TURNS OFF CLEANER) I say-- I say people like to talk. Guy's a good boy and so is Glenn. I'm very fond of both the boys.

FAY (AS DELLA STARTS UP THE CLEANER) Is this all the mail?

DELLA (TURNING THE CLEANER OFF AND FOCUSING ON MRS. FAIRCHILD ASSUMING IT IS SHE WHO SPOKE) What?

FAY Is this all the mail, Mother?

MRS. FAIRCHILD Ch, hello Fay. (DELLA TURNS VACUUM OFF AS SHE HEARS FAY'S NAME) I didn't hear you come in!

DELLA (EMBARRASSED OVER WHAT SHE HAS JUST BEEN SAYING) Heavens to Betsy--Neither did I.

FAY I finished raking the hay over on the river side place.

MRS. FAIRCHILD So soon? That's splendid.

FAY I take it this is the mail?

MRS. FAIRCHILD I'm afraid that's all Della could find at the post office.

FAY (Xs DC) You wouldn't hold out on me, would you, Della?

DELLA Land no--And I didn't mean anything by what I was saying when you came in, in case you heard me. I was just telling your mother how people talk, but you know how folks are and, well, Glenn's been gone now a year or more. (DELLA STARTS TO DUST BEHIND FAY'S)

MRS. FAIRCHILD Are you home to stay, dear?

FAY (SITS ON ARM OF CHAIR C AND LOOKS OVER OTHER LETTERS) No. I have to run over to Pete's place. Zachary is shipping in the morning and we're sending a dozen of Pete's steers with Zachary's shipment. (MRS. ZACHARY ENTERS)

FAY Ch hello, Mrs. Zachary.

MRS. ZACHARY (JENNY PLEASED) How do, Fay. Well, that does it, Mrs. Fairchild--twenty-six quarts and a pint. It was only by squeezing and the grace of God that I got the pint.

FAY Is your husband all set to ship those steers in the morning, Mrs. Zachary?

MRS. ZACHARY Yesum. He don't like to ship on Sunday that away, but nowadays you got to ship when you can get the trucks.

FAY That's right and we've got to make the Monday market or run the risk of quite a loss. (SHE IS RUMORING OUT THE DOOR) I'll be back before supper time, Mother. (SHE EXITS) (LEAVES LETTERS ON HALL TABLE)

MRS. ZACHARY Beats all how they turn out, don't it? Folks all said how the Fairchilds was spoilin' their daughter with all that education-- Now look at her--Regular farmer.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Well, it isn't the kind of a life her father and I had wanted for her, but, when he died--Well, there was no stopping Fay from taking over the management of the farms.

MRS. ZACHARY Well, I always say, if they got it in 'em, they'll turn out all right in spite of education, and if they ain't got it in 'em, you might just as well let 'em get educated cause they won't amount to nothin' anyway.

DELLA Hello, Mrs. Zachary.

MRS. ZACHARY Well, hello, Della. I didn't see you.

DELLA (STARTING THE CLEANER ON THE CHAIR) I'm fine. How's everybody over at the Zachary place?

MRS. ZACHARY (SHOUTING) Just fine except he's ailin' some. I was just tellin' Mrs. Fairchild--

DELLA (STOPPING THE CLEANER) What?

MRS. ZACHARY I was just saying he's ailin' some. It's his stomach, you know. (DELLA STARTS THE CLEANER AGAIN) Well, I'll be over Monday, Mrs. Fairchild, and put up them berries.

MRS. FAIRCHILD (RAISING HER VOICE ABOVE THE CLEANER) All right-- thanks again, Mrs. Zachary. Tell Mr. Zachary to take care of himself. We'd be up against it if he were to get really ill, you know.

MRS. ZACHARY What? Oh, yes. Well, he'll be all right. It's just his stomach. (SHE EXITS)

MRS. FAIRCHILD (DUSTING THE BOOKCASE) I certainly miss those books we gave to the U.S.C.

DELLA (POOLS WITH VACUUM WHICH ISN'T WORKING) Yes, it's just that much more space for dust to collect.

MRS. FAIRCHILD My, a lot can happen in a year.

DELLA It sure can. There's that Evie Roscoe, married just a year and she's got two babies and a mother-in-law.

MRS. FAIRCHILD I wonder how she's getting on with the twins.

DELLA Oh, she says the twins are no trouble--(SHAMES VACUUM ON THIS LINE) it's the mother-in-law.

GUY (DRIFTLING FROM REARDOOR THROUGH HALL ENTRANCE WEARING OVERALLS) Well, I finished the cultivating, Mrs. Fairchild. (As C)

MRS. FAIRCHILD Oh, hello, Guy.

DELLA Well, maybe you can fix this vacuum cleaner. "

GUY (As DA) What's the matter with it?

DELLA It's on a strike. (CHUCKLES AT CHAIR C) "

GUY Maybe it wants partial to partial pay. (TAKING BAG OUT AND REVEALING IT FILLED TO CHAIR C) Ah, looks to me as if it's suffering from inflation. "

MRS. FAIRCHILD Guy, you're a regular handy-andy. I don't know what we'd do without you.

GUY Nothing to it. How are you anyway, Della?

DELLA Kinda tired. I'm glad it's Saturday. I'm going into town tonight and just relax. "

GUY Better be careful, Della. A lot of those cadets from the training camp are in the village this evening. "

DELLA Humph. What do you take me for--little red riding hood? "

GUY (HANDING HER CLEMENT BAG) Sure. Do you want to take this over to your grandmother?

DELLA (TAKING BAG) (As VLS) It might surprise you if I did have a date with one of them Navy men. "

MRS. FAIRCHILD Della--really?

DELLA What's more--he's an officer. "

MRS. FAIRCHILD An officer?

GUY Ensign or lieutenant?

DELLA He says he's the chief petting officer. Ought to be some date. (GRIPS THROUGH ARCH) "

MRS. FAIRCHILD (As TO DESK DL) While I'm thinking about it, I want to make out a check for your time, Guy.

GUY Aw, forget it. (SITS DOWN ON FLOOR TO WORK ON VACUUM) That's just a little gift from the preacher. Got a screw driver?

MRS. FAIRCHILD It's nothing of the kind. The Fairchild's pay their hired help. Let's see, you've put in about three weeks all together since that last time. (SHE HAS TAKEN A CHECK BOOK FROM THE DESK AND IS MAKING OUT A CHECK)

GUY I wish you wouldn't do that. (PUTTING CLEANER DOWN) I'm stymied till Della gets me a screw driver.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Well, I'm doing it, so save your wishes.

GUY All right, if you insist. Just make it out to the Red Cross and we'll toss it in on the church's allotment.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Well, I think you ought to have a little something for yourself. I'll make it out to you and you can do as you like with it. Is this July 9th or 10th?

GUY July 10th, nineteen hundred and forty-three according to the newspapers.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Never believe all you see in a newspaper. (KE DS TO GUY) (HANDING CHECK TO GUY) Here you are, Guy, and thanks a million for everything.

GUY This is about twice as much as I'm worth.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Nonsense. You're a first rate farmer. (RETURNS TO DESK, SITS, AND PUTS CHECK BOOK AND PEN AWAY)

GUY Yes, I sometimes think I'm more of a farmer than I am a preacher.

(DELLA ENTERS WITH EMPTY CLEANER BAG)

MRS. FAIRCHILD You preach good sermons, you have large congregations--

DELLA (KE DS TO GUY) And the young folks are crazy about you--

MRS. FAIRCHILD So what more do you want?

GUY Well, I want a screw driver.

DELLA What?

GUY A screw driver. You know--(PANTOMIMING) Little thing for unscrewing screws.

DELLA Oh. (EXITS)

GUY Fay come in yet?

MRS. FAIRCHILD In and out--she'll be back directly.

DELLA (RE-ENTERING WITH COFFIN DRIVER AND HANDING IT TO GUY) I'll see about supper. (STARTS TOWARD ALCOH, STEPS UP) Is that stove still giving trouble, Mrs. Fairchild?

MRS. FAIRCHILD Oh, yes, it is, Della. I tried to get a man out to fix it, but there just wasn't anyone who could come.

GUY All right, Della, I'll have a look at it.

MRS. FAIRCHILD See if it's working first, Della. It takes spells of working just fine.

GUY Temperamental, huh?

DELLA It works for everybody but me. I don't think it likes my packing house fragrance. (EXITS)

MRS. FAIRCHILD (OBSERVING THAT GUY IS HAVING SOMETHING OF A MOOD) What's the trouble, Guy?

GUY (LIGHTLY) Loose connection.

MRS. FAIRCHILD I don't mean that. Why are you so pessimistic about your preaching?

GUY Oh, I don't know. Just a feeling I get.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Well, it's nonsense. Everybody likes your preaching and people like you, too.

GUY Oh, this town has been grand to me, though I sometimes wonder if it isn't just because everybody thought so much of my folks. You know how it is when a kid loses his parents--

MRS. FAIRCHILD People like you for what you are, Guy.

GUY I guess the trouble is I don't always like me for what I am. I shouldn't bother you with my worries, but you are about the only one I can come to with personal matters.

MRS. FAIRCHILD (HE CAME OUT OF THE CHURCH) Well, I'm glad you feel that way. Now, what is it?

GUY I get to thinking out in the field--I get to thinking about all the fellows I used to know. Some of them right from this town. They're all out there helping end this war. Gus Turnies, killed in New Guinea, Bill Franklin in some Nazi prison camp, and--well, you know the list as well as I do.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Don't you think what you're doing is pretty important, too?



GUY Yeah--I guess somebody has to fix the vacuum cleaners.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Seriously.

GUY Oh, I know all the arguments. I've been over and over them a thousand times, but just who am I that I should have this soft security?

MRS. FAIRCHILD Is it so soft? You haven't come by your convictions without struggle, I know that.

GUY I wonder what right I have to convictions that seem to contradict the actions of so many chaps. They have their convictions too.

MRS. FAIRCHILD What is all the fighting for if it isn't to save and make safe the right to believe--freedom of speech, freedom of religion, and all the rest of it?

GUY (RISES AND SITS ON SOFA) I'm not doing much to help win the fight.

MRS. FAIRCHILD You're standing by what you believe and I guess that is winning a fight in a way. It's really harder for you than it is for us who follow the pattern.

GUY It isn't easy for those who have had to give up their normal pattern. I remember how all of us--Pete Blake, Shorty Baker, Mugs Beatty--we used to sit and chin about the big things we were going to do. It hasn't been easy for those boys to put aside their dreams.

MRS. FAIRCHILD I know it hasn't. Nobody would choose warring and killing.

GUY (RISES, HS DR AROUND TIP OF FIANG) Those fellows are as much pacifist as I am at heart.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Aren't we all pacifists at heart?

GUY I think the real trouble with me is that pacifism is not just a conviction. It's a promise.

MRS. FAIRCHILD A promise?

GUY You know how my father was. (HS UR AROUND FIANG) He had an unhappy experience in the last war. He got to be almost a fanatic about pacifism. I've never told anyone, but it was almost his dying request that I give my life in the fight for peace.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Your beliefs are what they are--mind you, I don't hold with all your beliefs or with all your father's--but I guess what I'm trying to say is, we have to be true to ourselves.

GUY (Xs TO FRENCH WINDOWS AND LOOKS OUT) The thing that got me started on this again must have been a dream I had last night. I haven't been able to get it out of my mind all day.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Do you want to tell me about it?

GUY It's one of those illusive, subconscious things that can't really be told. I dreamed about Glenn Graig. A terrible battle was going on--I was watching from some place of safety--it all happened in air and water. Glenn was wounded and he was trying to swim. Just before he went under, he turned and looked at me. (TURNS TO AUDIENCE) It's that look that has haunted me all day. It wasn't a look accusation--but there was something in his eyes, a kind of pity--then, (TURNS TOWARD MRS. FAIRCHILD) you know how sometimes in dreams you get a guilty feeling--(Xs DR TO CHAIR) well, it was as though I instead of Glenn were facing eternity and I was facing it with an awful feeling of guilt.

MRS. FAIRCHILD (RISES, Xs TO TABLE UC AND CONTINUES DUSTING) Well, I don't put much stock in dreams. If they're pleasant I like to recall them. If they're not, I think the best thing to do is forget them.

GUY I keep thinking something has happened to Glenn. Do you think there is such a thing as telepathy?

MRS. FAIRCHILD I don't know, Guy. We haven't heard from him in a long while.

GUY Is he still in the South Pacific?

MRS. FAIRCHILD (TAKES LETTERS, Xs TO DESK AND PUTS THEM IN LETTER HOLDER) Yes, I suppose he is. He said something about being sent back to the states on some sort of mission.

GUY Oh? That would make Fay very happy.

MRS. FAIRCHILD How about you? Would it make you very happy?

GUY Why, yes--yes, I'd like to see Glenn. (SITS ON FLOOR AGAIN)

MRS. FAIRCHILD (Xs C) Guy, I wonder if you're being fair to yourself, or for that matter, to Fay.

GUY What do you mean?

MRS. FAIRCHILD Don't you suppose I know how you feel about Fay?

GUY (SMILING AT HER) People don't fool you much, do they, Mrs. Fairchild?

MRS. FAIRCHILD (Xs TO CHAIR UC) Of course, I know you didn't give up that chance in the Chicago church just to help us with the farms and to be near Fay, but that did have a little to do with it.

GUY When you come right down to it, I guess Fay, or rather my feeling for her, has a lot to do with all this other I've been telling you about.

MRS. FAIRCHILD (SITS IN CHAIR) I thought so. No, Guy, I don't want to be a meddlesome mother and you must understand that I'm very fond of Glenn just as I'm very fond of you, but don't you think you owe it to yourself and to Fay, and even to Glenn, to give yourself--well, an even break as you young folks call it?

GUY You mean tell Fay what I feel? Fay's in love with Glenn, Mrs. Fairchild.

MRS. FAIRCHILD She was in love with Glenn. He's been away over a year. A lot has happened--Fay has changed a good deal. How do we know who she's in love with now? Or for that matter who Glenn is in love with?

GUY I know--I've thought about it a lot--I just want to do the square thing.

MRS. FAIRCHILD (RISES AND XS BACK TO DESK) Well, I won't say any more. I just hate to see people be hurt, that's all.

GUY We can't get through this crazy old world without getting a little hurt now and then.

(PEG AND GRACIE BOUNCE IN. PEG FROM TERRACE, GRACIE THROUGH HALL)

PEG Hello, Aunt Nellie. Hello, Guy. )  
GRACIE What's cooking? ) (TELESCOPE)

MRS. FAIRCHILD Oh, hello, Peg and Gracie. )  
GUY Hello, kids. ) (TELESCOPE)

PEG Is Fay home yet?

MRS. FAIRCHILD No, she's gone over to Pete's place to see about some cattle. She'll be here directly. Sit down, girls. (PEG SITS ON ARM OF CHAIR C, GRACIE SPRAWLS ON SOFA L)

GRACIE We want Fay to come to a swell party we're giving tonight for some of the cadets from the training camp.

MRS. FAIRCHILD That sounds nice. I hope Fay won't be too tired.

PEG So do I. Gee, Fay used to be the life of the town. Now nobody ever sees her.

GRACIE You shouldn't let her work so hard, Aunt Nellie.

GUY Let her! Try and stop her.

PEG Guy, what are you doing tonight?

GRACIE Yeah, why don't you bring Fay and come along?

GUY Thanks, girls, I'd love to but I've got a sermon to prepare. Tomorrow is my working day, you know.

PEG Well, you'd better at least look in to see that we're behaving ourselves. <sup>W</sup>

GUY Oh, so you just want me for moral atmosphere, huh? Sorry, no can do. <sup>W</sup>

GRACIE (FLIPS OVER ON STOMACH, WAVES FEET) If you ask me, I think you're making a grave mistake, Guy. You'd ought to be making hay while the sun shines. You know, before Glenn gets back. <sup>W</sup>

GUY Fay is making the hay. I only do the cultivating. (MRS. FAIRCHILD PUTS GRACIE'S FEET DOWN)

PEG Gracie, why don't you go chew your handkerchief? What's the news from Glenn, Aunt Nellie? <sup>W</sup>

MRS. FAIRCHILD (SITS ON SOFA L. GRACIE STAYS FOR PIANO) Well, we haven't heard from him in quite a while.

PEG Oh?

GRACIE You see what I mean, Guy? (STOPS ABOVE GUY)

GUY (TEASING) You know, since you've come into my life, Gracie, my desire for feminine companionship is completely satiated.

GRACIE (GOES TO PIANO) Are you kidding? (SHE IS THUMPING THE PIANO NOW) Does anybody ever play this thing anymore? <sup>W</sup>

MRS. FAIRCHILD It isn't like it used to be around here, Gracie. Why don't you come over and play it evenings for us?

PEG Oh, heavens--better not suggest it, Aunt Nellie--she might do it.

MRS. FAIRCHILD This house was happier when there was music in it.

(DELLA ENTERS UL AS GRACIE CONTINUES TO STOMP ON THE PIANO)

DELLA Stove's actin' up again.



MRS. FAIRCHILD (ENTERING) What in the world is biting you girls?

PEG It's a wire for Fay from Glenn.

GRACIE He's here! He's on his way.

(MRS. FAIRCHILD TAKES THE MAGAZINE AND READS ALF TO HERSELF WHAT THE GIRLS HAVE SCRAMBLED)

GRACIE (STOPS RO) Why didn't those girls down at the telegraph office phone that out hours ago?

PEG It probably just came, silly. Isn't it exciting, Aunt Nellie?

MRS. FAIRCHILD (ALMOST AS EXCITED AS THE GIRLS) Late Saturday afternoon--I can hardly believe it--You girls aren't up to some joke?

PEG No, Aunt Nellie.

GRACIE (Xs LC) Let's go meet him--let's go get Fay and meet him.

PEG Meet him? Where?

GRACIE (SINGS ON COUCH L) That's so--there's no train at this time of day.

MRS. FAIRCHILD No, there isn't. He must be motoring out with someone.

PEG Probably got a ride--it's quicker.

GRACIE (JUMPS UP) Maybe he's flying out.

PEG (Xs TO SOFA R) Golly, he may be here any minute.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Mercy, I look a sight.

GRACIE Yippy! (FALLS OVER ARM OF COUCH)(SINGS) From the halls of Montezuma, to the shores of Tripoli--(DELLA SINGS IN)

MRS. FAIRCHILD (WHILE GRACIE SINGS) I'll tell Della and Guy.

(DELLA ENTERS AND GRACIE GRABS HER AND DOES A ROCK JITTERBUG, STILL SINGING) (DELLA AD LIES PROTESTS)

GRACIE If the army and the navy ever reach those heavenly scenes--

PEG Gracie, behave yourself.

DELLA What in thunder has struck everybody?

GRACIE (SIGHING ECSTATICALLY, FALLS ON COUCH AGAIN LEAVING DELLA DL)  
Think of it--a Marine hero.

MRS. FAIRCHILD (Xs DC SLIGHTLY) Glenn's coming, Della.

DELLA Glenn? When?

PEG Right away.

GRACIE Any minute.

MRS. FAIRCHILD A wire just came.

GRACIE We took it over the phone. (SHE GRABS THE MAGAZINE FROM MRS. FAIRCHILD AND SHOVES THE MAGAZINE INTO DELLA'S HANDS WHO READS IT)

DELLA (READING) Make your legs beautiful. You too can have a suntan. Use--

GRACIE Not that, simpleton--This--the writing. (DELLA READS TO HERSELF)

PEG (Xs UR) Come on, Gracie. We're going to get Fay.

MRS. FAIRCHILD You'll only miss her.

PEG Not if we hurry. (STOPS) Or would she rather be surprised?

MRS. FAIRCHILD Heavens, no. Not the way she's dressed. You'd better sneak her in the back way and let her get cleaned up. She'd have a fit if Glenn saw her like that.

GRACIE O.K. Come on. (THE GIRLS RUN OFF THROUGH THE FRENCH WINDOWS)

MRS. FAIRCHILD (LOOKING THE ROOM OVER) We just finished cleaning in time. The place still isn't very tidy.

DELLA (PICKING UP PAPERS DL) I'll red up--You leave it to me.

MRS. FAIRCHILD (HELPING TIDY DR) I never thought the time would come when I couldn't get round to my cleaning until Saturday afternoon. I wish we had some flowers.

DELLA Want me to try and find some?

MRS. FAIRCHILD (Xs UL TO KIDN) No, you go tell Guy the news while I run up and change.

DELLA (FLUFFING UP PILLOWS ON COFA L) Guy's gone--went somewhere to get something or other for the stove.

MRS. FAIRCHILD My, I'm a sight. I certainly hope Glenn doesn't come until--

(SHE IS HEADING FOR THE STAIRS AND IS STARTING UP, WHEN IN RUSHES GLENN FROM THE THROAT DRESSED IN HIS WHITES AND CARRYING A BAG)

GLENN (Ks RC) Hello, Mrs. Fairchild.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Glenn! (SHE GIVES HIM A HUG AND Ks LC) How are you? I'm so glad--

GLENN How are you, Mrs. Fairchild. You're looking great. (NOTICING DELLA AND RUSHING TO HER WITH AN IMPULSIVE EMBRACE) Della--How are you? (MRS. FAIRCHILD Ks DR AS GLENN STARTS DELLA OFF HER FEET)

DELLA Just fine, Lieutenant. My, what a surprise this is.

GLENN Surprise? Didn't you get my wire?

MRS. FAIRCHILD It just came, not five minutes ago. I guess it was delayed.

GLENN Oh, that's too bad. (LOOKS AROUND) Golly, it's good to be here. Where is everybody and how is everyone? (Ks RC) Where's Fay?

MRS. FAIRCHILD She went over to Pete's place. (SITS ON SOFA DR) Peg and Gracie went to get her.

GLENN How are they, Peg and Gracie? (Ks C) Oh, this marvelous old house--I can't believe I'm here. Kept pinching myself all the way out.

MRS. FAIRCHILD How did you come?

GLENN (Ks L AROUND SOFA AND UP CONSTANTLY LOOKING AROUND) I caught a ride with an army colonel who was driving out this way--Air Corps man.

DELLA You mean you flew out here?

GLENN (Ks R TO C) Well, that Buick he was driving didn't have wings but the colonel didn't seem to know that. It's a wonder to me the cops didn't get us.

DELLA For speeding?

GLENN Well, you might say for flying too low. (Ks DC) How have you all been? How's Fay?

MRS. FAIRCHILD Fay's fine, Glenn. (Ks CES) I'll bet you're tired and hot from your drive. Would you like to go up to your room?



GLENN (Xs UR) No, I'm fine--I just want to take everything in. (HE HAS BEEN LOOKING THE PLACE OVER AND NOW STANDS LOOKING OUT THE FRENCH DOORS) What happened to all the flowers?

MRS. FAIRCHILD Oh, we still have a few.

GLENN But that wonderful flower garden--It's all vegetables.

DELLA You gotta grow food before flowers these days.

MRS. FAIRCHILD That's some of the best garden soil on the place. Speaking of food, I'll bet you're hungry.

DELLA I'll fix you something. (STARTS OUT ARCH UL)

GLENN (STOPS HER) No, don't bother.

MRS. FAIRCHILD (SITS ON SOFA R) Dinner's not for a good while.

GLENN Who wants to waste time eating?

DELLA (AT ARCH UL) Well, I'll fix you something cool to drink anyhow.

GLENN (Xs C) (AS DELLA IS ABOUT TO LEAVE) Della, you're just the same as ever. (JOINTLY) You're looking younger though.

DELLA Ah, you--

GLENN (Xs DL) I'm telling you, ladies, I'm pretty starved for the sight of American femininity.

DELLA What about all those native girls out there in the South Pacific?

GLENN Well, if you like them unshod, unshowered and unshampooed, they're all right. But, after nearly twelve months among the grass skirts, I'll take civilized women with all their drawbacks.

DELLA (EXITING) Ah, Lieutenant, you tickle me--he's a card, isn't he, Mrs. Fairchild?

GLENN (Xs TO MRS. FAIRCHILD DR AND SITS ON AUL OF CHAIR C) Well, Mrs. Fairchild. How have you been really?

MRS. FAIRCHILD We're fine, Glenn. Of course, it's not the same here as it was when Frank was living.

GLENN I never wanted to be any place so much in my life as I did to be here with you and Fay when I got the news. He was one of the finest men I ever knew, your husband.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Frank and I had a beautiful life together, Glenn. I just hope Fay will be as happy when she--(SHE CAN'T FINISH FOR FIGHTING BACK THE TEARS)

GLENN She will be--I've got to see that she is. (RISES AND MOVES AROUND BACK OF CHAIR C) You've given her a wonderful example to go on, Mrs. Fairchild. This home with it's books and music and it's people who know how to live--I've thought about you a lot.

MRS. FAIRCHILD When did you arrive in the states?

GLENN (WANDERS AROUND LEFT AREA STILL LOOKING) We put in at San Francisco yesterday morning.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Yesterday morning, but how--

GLENN I caught a plane as far as Omaha.

MRS. FAIRCHILD And you came straight to us. But what about your family, will you get to--

GLENN (LOOKS OUT WINDOW L) Mother's on the coast. I had a few hours with her yesterday and I'm seeing her again on my way back. Dad's overseas, you know.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Then you're going back.

GLENN Yes, but I have until Tuesday. Let's not waste time talking about me. (Xs LC) Is Fay playing piano a lot? You know, it's a funny thing, I think I want to hear her play almost as much as I want to see her. Say, how's Guy? Is he still around? (Xs C)

MRS. FAIRCHILD Oh, yes. I don't know what we'd have done without Guy. He's been such a help with the farming.

GLENN That's great.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Guy will be back any minute. Shall I ask him and Peg and Gracie to stay for dinner, or would you rather have your first evening with Fay alone?

GLENN (Xs DC) Well, if you wouldn't mind and Fay's all for it, I thought I'd like to take her somewhere.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Of course, but where do you think you can go in this little town?

GLENN Oh, we can drive somewhere. Nothing wrong with your car, is there?

MRS. FAIRCHILD Nothing wrong, but mind you we only have a A card. We're really entitled to a C card but Fay doesn't think it's patriotic.

GLENN (Xs L) A card--C card--Oh, sure. See, you kinda lose touch.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Part of the rationing plan. The idea is to save gasoline, but in order to hold a C card you have to drive a minimum of seven hundred miles a month whether you need to or not.

GLENN Sounds like Lend-Lease in reverse.

GRACIE (SINGING OFF STAGE) If the army and the navy ever reach those heavenly scenes, they will find the gates are guarded by United States Marines.

GLENN (AS HE HEARS THE SINGING) What's that?

MRS. FAIRCHILD The marines have landed.

GLENN (INCREDULOUS) Is that Gracie singing?

MRS. FAIRCHILD It isn't Gladys Swarthout. (LOOKING OUT)

GLENN (LOOKING OUT) But where's Fay? Fay isn't with them.

MRS. FAIRCHILD (MEETING THE GIRLS AT THE DOOR) He's here girls.

GRACIE (BOUNCING IN AND RUNNING INTO GLENN'S ARMS) Glenn--how wonderful!

GLENN Hello, Gracie. (HE SWINGS HER AROUND AND PUTS HER DOWN)

PEG (BRING MORE DIGNIFIED BUT TALKING ON THE CHAIR) Glenn, it's awfully good to see you! (SHE OFFERS BOTH HANDS)

GLENN (CASUALLY TAKES ONE HAND) How are you, Peg.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Where's Fay?

GRACIE (KS TO SOFA L) We missed her, Aunt Nellie.

PEG (KS TO CHAIR C, SITS ON ARM) We took the short cut.

MRS. FAIRCHILD (KS UP TO ARCH) Oh, she probably went around through town. Will you girls excuse me? I'll get rid of this apron. (SHE EXITS UPSTAIRS)

GLENN (KS TO COUCH L AND SITS) Well, Peg and Gracie, what's doing? Golly, it's good to see you.

PEG It's terribly nice to have you home, Glenn. I got your last letter just this morning. Thanks so much for writing to me.

GLENN I'm the one who should say thanks. Letters are life itself out there. You're looking wonderful, Peg.

GRACIE (ON HER KNEES BESIDE GLENN, FUSING WITH HIS MEDALS) How about me? Aren't I looking wonderful?

GLENN (REMALES HER HAIR) You're as sweet and crazy looking as ever, Gracie.

GRACIE Sweet and crazy, huh. Happenat, that's me.

PEG You know, it's quite a coincidence, your coming home this afternoon. We're having a big party tonight.

GLENN Swell.

PEG Oh, but I forgot--you don't like big parties--

(GUY STARTS IN FROM HALL)

GLENN I never used to like them, but I'm so starved for a little fun I can take even a party.

PEG Oh, it's just wonderful to see you, Glenn.

GUY (KS DS) Well, knock me down!

GLENN (KS C) Guy--how are you! (THEY RUSH TO EACH OTHER AND SHAKE HANDS)

GUY I thought Della was kidding. This is a real surprise. You're looking great, Glenn.

GRACIE It's the tan. Doesn't he have a gorgeous tan? I wish I had a tan like that.

GLENN (PINCHES GRACIE'S CHEEK) I'll send you one, Gracie, and maybe a grass skirt to go with it.

GRACIE That's a promise. I'll hold you to it. Especially the grass skirt.

PEG That sounds like you're going back, Glenn.

GLENN (KS DL) Yes, I only have till Tuesday. I'm only here on one of those fluke chances.

GUY That's not very long. (KS TO PIANO BENCH)

GLENN No. It isn't. (KS TO LIBRARY)

(HE HAS BEEN RESTLESSLY MOVING ABOUT THE ROOM, TRYING TO TAKE IT ALL IN AS THOUGH ATTEMPTING TO RECAPTURE HIS MEMORY OF THE PLACE, NOW HE IS BEFORE THE BOOK CASE WHICH IS MORE THAN HALF EMPTY)

GLENN What happened to this marvelous library?

PEG They gave a lot of books to the army.

GRACIE Fay and Aunt Nellie never seem to have time to read anymore.

GUY There's a million questions I want to ask you, Glenn, but I expect you're tired answering questions about the war.

GLENN Oh, you get used to it. (TALKS AROUND BACK OF SOFA L) By the way, I met a chaplain who said he knew you, Guy.

GUY Is that so?

GLENN (Xs R TO GUY) Yes--a big, blondish chap with a nice smile. Taylor was his name--Steve Taylor.

GUY Oh, sure, I remember Steve. He was a year ahead of me at Yale Divinity. I used to get into terrific arguments with him.

GLENN (HAND ON GUY'S SHOULDER AS GLENN SCDS BY) Well, he's a hard hitting, God fearing son of the marines now.

GUY I envy him.

GLENN (Xs DR, LEANS ON PIANO) He should envy you. I don't think he does, though.

GUY My situation isn't an enviable one.

GRACIE You don't envy Guy, do you, Glenn? I mean, his staying home where he can see a lot of Fay while you're out fighting.

PEG Gracie, go thank Della for mailing that package for mother, will you?

GRACIE I will later. I should think Guy would be the one who is envious. I know I would be of a handsome hero coming home.

PEG Gracie, will you please do as I say?

GLENN (LISSING THE MUSIC FROM THE PIANO) What happened to all the music? The piano used to be full of it.

PEG Oh, it's around.

GRACIE It's all put away. Fay doesn't have time to play except for church.

GLENN But she's got to play. Music is her life.

GUY I'll bet you get pretty hungry for music out there, don't you, Glenn? (Xs TO SOFA R)

GLENN You get hungry for a lot of things when you have time to think about it. (HE BEGINS STRUMMING THE PIANO)

PEG We'll have to treat you specially to all the things you've missed most.

GLENN When I was here last there was a huge bowl of flowers on the piano.

PEG (TRYING TO BE LIGHT) They withered and had to be thrown out.

(DURING THE FOLLOWING DIALOGUE PEG FINDS A PAIR OF GARDEN SCISSORS AND GOES INTO THE GARDEN)

GLENN Got tired waiting for me to come back and smell them, huh?

MRS. FAIRCHILD (COMING DOWNSTAIRS) (Is DAD) Well, girls, how does it seem to have a hero in the town?

GLENN (GOING TO HER) I'm no hero, Mrs. Fairchild. Save that hero stuff for the boys that stop the flack.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Well, we're mighty proud to have you here.

GUY (STANDS UP) If you will all excuse me, I'd like to get home for a shower and a change. Glenn's spotless uniform make me feel pretty shabby.

GLENN Would you like to trade outfits? You look mighty cool and relaxed in those overalls.

GUY I'm afraid swapping outfits wouldn't change our situations. (Xs UP) I'll see you all later. (HE OFFERS HIS HAND TO GLENN WHO TAKES IT) It's good to have you home, Glenn.

GLENN (Xs G) Oh, before I forget it, I want to thank you for something, Guy. Do you remember giving me a little prayer book before I left?

GUY Yes.

GLENN (PRODUCING A RIDDLED PRAYER BOOK FROM HIS POCKET) Well, I want to thank you for it again. I saved me from getting scratched up a bit. It's a holy book for sure now.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Mercy, it's riddled with bullet holes.

GRACIE (RUSHES TO GLENN G, TAKES BOOK BACK TO SHOW MRS. FAIRCHILD) How exciting! I thought that only happened in stories.

GLENN You can tell your parishioners there's nothing like a prayer book for stopping shrapnel.

GUY I wish we could find some way of stopping it at the source.

GLENN Just wishing doesn't seem to do it, but we're making head-way.

GUY That's why you're going back?

GLENN Yes.

GUY (Ms DR) Well, maybe your way is right, Glenn.

GLENN (SLIGHTLY ANGRY, Ms DL) It would be nice to believe that your way is the right one, Guy, but you see, I've had the pleasure of meeting the enemy.

GUY (QUICKLY) The trouble is we didn't start meeting the enemy soon enough.

GLENN (BITTERLY) For which we can thank our pacifist up bringing.

GUY I mean we should have met the enemy before he had a chance to become our enemy.

GLENN (ANGRY) And given him a prayer book?

(THEY HAVE TURNED TOWARD EACH OTHER AND ARE REALLY ARGUING)

GUY And given him the kind of treatment in economic and political relations the prayer book implies.

GLENN The cold facts are, we didn't, and from what I've seen of a race raised on hatred, passive resistance would have meant that we passively passed out of the picture.

GUY Passive resistance failed because it never had a fair trial.

GLENN But it did fail.

GUY Possibly--in a way--

MRS. FAIRCHILD (INTERLUPTING WHAT SHE PERCEIVES PRESENTS TO BE AN ARGUMENT) So, Glenn, you are going back to the South Pacific?

GLENN (Ms L TO DECK AS GUY GOES N TO HIS BENCH) Well, I'm going back to the Pacific area. I'm being sent into China. I can't tell you what part, of course.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Oh, dear. I was so in hopes you could remain in this country. It seems to me you boys who've seen so much action deserve to be sent home now.

GLENN As a matter of fact I was given my choice between a station in China and one in the states. (Ms BEHIND SOFA L)

MRS. FAIRCHILD And you chose China?

GLENN Yes.

GRACIE Whatever for? I should think you would want to be in this country so you could spend your furloughs with Fay.

GLENN (SUFFLES HER HAIR) Well, Gracie, you don't always do what you want to in this business.

MRS. FAIRCHILD But you said you were given a choice.

GLENN (HE BEHIND SCRAM L, LEANS ON DESK) In a way I was, but men with combat experience aren't too plentiful, and you kinda get the feeling you're needed.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Yes, I guess we all have to fit in where we're most needed. (THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE TERRACE DOOR) I'll go, Gracie. (STOPPING HER)

GRACIE O.K. (GRACIE HE BEHIND SCRAM AFTER SHEARING HER IT IS)

MRS. FAIRCHILD (OPENING THE DOOR) Oh, it's Beulah, Beulah Zachary. Come in, Beulah.

BEULAH (ENTERING. SHE IS A GAMMY GIRL ABOUT THIRTEEN BUT LARGE FOR HER AGE) It's about--

MRS. FAIRCHILD (INTRODUCING HER AROUND) Beulah, this is Lieutenant Craig.

GLENN (STANDS) How do you do, Miss Zachary.

BEULAH Oh, how do you do. You're Fay's fella--(SHE IS DEEPLY IMPRESSED) How do you do. It's about--(BEULAH FINDS ON THE CHAIRS AND SITTING PLACES WITH GRACIE AS SHE TOLD HER IN THE PAST)

MRS. FAIRCHILD And Beulah, I guess you know Gracie--

GRACIE Hi, Beulah! (SITS ON SCRAM L)

BEULAH Yes mam. I've come--

MRS. FAIRCHILD You know Reverend Gay Walker, of course.

GOY Hello, Beulah. How are all the Zacharys?

BEULAH Just fine, thanks. Mrs. Fairchild, it's about papa that I've come.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Yes. Wouldn't you like to sit down?

(BEULAH FINDS A CHAIR C, SITS DOWN, AND THEN TRIES AGAIN) (GLASS ON THE SCRAM ON SCRAM L, MRS. FAIRCHILD SIT)



BEULAH Well, it's about papa. Mama said I should run right over-- only she said it's the daughter I should tell to come.

MRS. FAIRCHILD You mean Fay. She isn't here right now.

GRACIE But we're expecting her any minute. We went to get her but she'd left and I guess she came round by town.

BEULAH Yes, mam. Well, mama said for me to come right over so I came right over and mama said for me to tell the daughter.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Perhaps I could take the message, Beulah.

BEULAH Well, it's about papa.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Yes, it's about your father--

BEULAH Yes, mam. Well, he's real sick and mama wants your daughter to come right over.

MRS. FAIRCHILD If your father's quite ill maybe I'd better run over myself.

BEULAH Well, mama didn't say for you to but I reckon it would be all right because he's awful sick, papa is.

GUY What's the trouble, Beulah?

BEULAH Well, mama says the doctor says it's the appendicitis. Came on him all of a sudden like.

MRS. FAIRCHILD (RINGS) Merciful goodness--I'll come right over.

GUY I'll take you, Mrs. Fairchild.

GLENN Shall I come along? (SEEMS TOWARD HER)

MRS. FAIRCHILD Oh, I don't think you need to, Glenn. Did you say the doctor's there, Beulah?

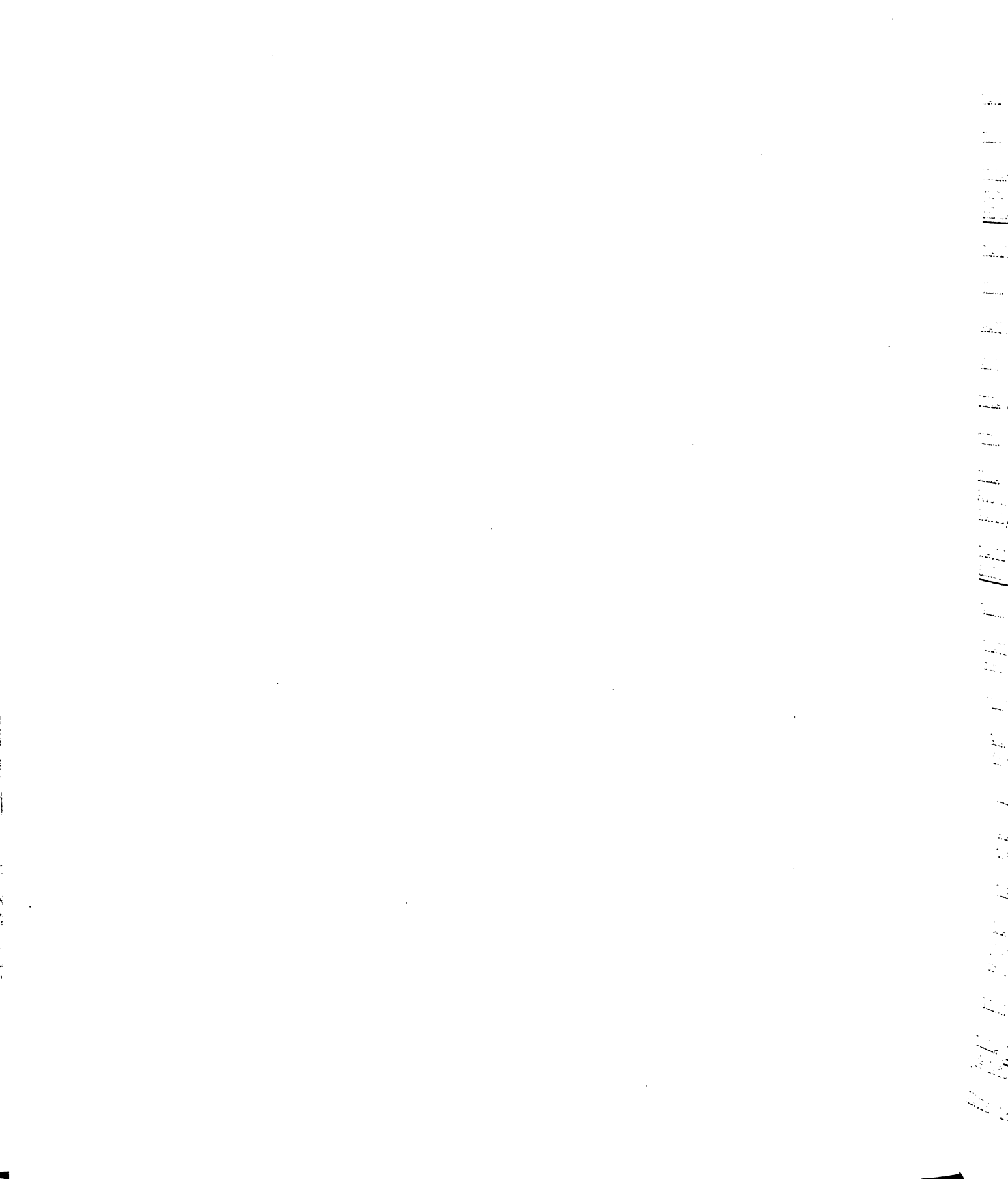
BEULAH Yes, mam. He hurried right out cause papa was all doubled up like.

GRACIE We could take you in our car, Aunt Nellie.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Guy can take me. You stay here and keep Glenn company till Fay comes. (MRS. FAIRCHILD AND GUY RUSH OFF UP)

GUY (AT THE EXIT) Come on, Beulah, don't you want to ride down with us?

BEULAH Oh, yes, mam--I mean, yes, sir--(SHE TURNS TO TAKE ONE MORE LOOK AT GLENN IN HIS UNIFORM AS SHE DROPS OUT UP)



GRACIE 'Bye, Deulah.

GLENN I hope your father gets along all right.

DEULAH (EMBARRASSED WITH ALL THE ATTENTION) Yes, mam. Thank you--  
goodbye--I'm pleased to meet you--(SHE EXITS) (GLENN RUNS INTO DOOR AS  
SHE BACKS OUT)

GRACIE (GIGGLING) You made quite a hit with Deulah.

GLENN (Xs TO SOFA L AND SITS) Funny little kid, isn't she?

GRACIE You make quite a hit with all the girls, don't you, Glenn?

GLENN I don't know. It's been so long since I've been around any.

DELLA (ENTERING UL) I fixed you a pitcher of iced tea.

GLENN Oh, thanks, Della.

DELLA Well, it's kinda hot and I thought it might taste good. (SHE  
PUTS THE PITCHER ON A TABLE AND POURS A GLASS FOR GLENN AND ONE FOR  
GRACIE) There's enough for the others if they want some.

GRACIE You know what I think you ought to do, Glenn? (GRACIE IS  
SERIOUS THROUGHOUT THIS, BUT GLENN IS PALPATING HEART)

GLENN What?

GRACIE I think you ought to take Fay to church tomorrow and be  
sure to sit with her.

GLENN Any special reason?

GRACIE There certainly is. I guess you don't know about the custom  
in this town.

GLENN What custom is that?

GRACIE When a fellow takes a girl to church and sits with her, it's  
the sign they're engaged to be married.

GLENN Well, that's quite a custom.

GRACIE I think you just ought to rush Fay right off her feet--while  
you're home I mean, cause Guy's around all the time while you're away--  
or don't you consider Guy competition?

GLENN I'd never thought much about it, Gracie.

DELLA (INTERLUPTING) Gracie, there's a big piece of lemon custard  
pie left out in the kitchen.

GRACIE Lemon custard, oh boy.

DELLA It will just go to waste if I don't get some nice girl to give me a hand for a minute.

GRACIE (SETTLES BACK) Oh, bribing me into some sort of labor, huh?

DELLA 'Tain't much labor to it--I just need four hands and I only got two.

GRACIE Sure, I'll help you. (RISES) Excuse me, Glenn--or maybe you'd like to earn the lemon custard--

GLENN No thanks--bad for my figure.

GRACIE (AS SHE FOLLOWS DELLA OFF) Mine too, but oh, well, who ever said my charm was in my figure. (POTS DOWN HER GLASS ON THE LIBRARY TABLE)

(LEFT ALONE, GLENN WANDERS TO THE WINDOW AND STANDS LOOKING OUT AS FAY ENTERS UL. SHE IS DRESSED IN OVERALLS AND LOOKS TIRED, HOT, AND DIRTY. GLENN TURNS AND DOESN'T REALIZE IT IS FAY)

GLENN They've all gone--

FAY Glenn!

GLENN Fay! I didn't know you--

FAY (GASPS--SWALLOWS WORDS--SMILES) I'm dreaming, Glenn--It's Glenn, where did you--who did you--Oh, Glenn--Why didn't you tell me?

GLENN (TAKING HER IN HIS ARMS) Hello, sweetheart.

FAY Oh, Glenn, what a thrilling surprise--why didn't you let me know?

GLENN I didn't mean it to be a surprise really. I wrote you I was heading back to the states. I guess my letter didn't come through.

FAY You said you might in one of your letters, but I had no idea--Oh, this is wonderful.

GLENN I guess my wire was delayed, too.

FAY (KS DR) Oh, it doesn't matter. You're here--or am I dreaming? I just can't believe it's true. Did you just come? You've seen mother?

GLENN (KS DC) Yes, she and Guy just got called over to the Zachary place. Mr. Zachary has an attack of appendicitis. (THROUGHTOUT THIS SCENE GLENN FOLLOWS FAY)

FAY Really--Oh, that's probably only another false alarm. Mrs. Zachary is an awful alarmist. He gets a stomach ache and she thinks he's dying. Glenn, you're looking wonderful!

GLENN I've been pining away for sight of you.

FAY Uhuh--you look it.

GLENN It's darned good to see you, Fay.

FAY Overalls and all?

GLENN Sure. But I didn't know you for a minute, dressed like that. I honestly didn't.

FAY Oh, I wish I'd known you were coming. I'm tired and sticky and totally unattractive.

GLENN (TAKING HER IN HIS ARMS AGAIN AND KISSING HER) I seem to be making the best of it.

FAY (BRUSHING HIS UNIFORM) There, I've gotten dirt on your gorgeous uniform.

GLENN No, you haven't. Anyway, who cares? What have you been doing?

FAY (Xs C) I spent the afternoon raking hay.

GLENN Go on--you're not really raking hay. You mean you're doing it yourself?

FAY (Xs L) Raking it, bailing it, feeding it to cattle. I'm a farmer, Glenn.

GLENN Golly, I don't get it.

FAY You didn't believe me when I wrote you I was taking over the farms, huh?

GLENN You said managing the farms. You didn't say anything about doing the actual work in the fields.

FAY You don't manage the Fairchild farms with your feet on a desk. (Xs TO DESK) My people never have run their farms like that and I couldn't now even if I wanted to.

GLENN Well, I'll be darned--it's swell--I mean, I admire your spunk and all that, but what about your music, what about all your plans?

FAY (LEANING AGAINST DESK) What about your plans? You hadn't exactly counted on a military career, had you?

GLENN No, but that's different.

FAY No, it isn't. This is my war time job, Glenn.

GLENN Oh, but Fay darling, this is no life for a talented kid like you. Managing the farms, maybe--looking after things, yes--but can't you hire men to do the actual work?

FAY I guess you have been away. You haven't heard about the man shortage. Farm hands are as scarce as hen's teeth.

GLENN Do you mean that draft boards are taking men off the farms now?

FAY Not if they can fill their quotas otherwise, but Uncle Sam needs a lot of men. You didn't think you and a few marines could win the war alone, did you?

GLENN You wouldn't think a marine would think anything else, would you?

FAY For your cockiness, you get a kiss. (SHE KISSES HIM)

GLENN (HOLDING HER HANDS AND STARING AT THEM) Fay darling--your hands--what have you done to those marvelous hands?

(PULLS HANDS AWAY QUICKLY AND TUCKS THEM IN HER POCKETS. FROM NOW ON SHE CONCEALS THEM AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE)

FAY Handsome young officers who descend upon girls without warning ought to be courtmarshalled or something.

GLENN I'm sorry. I'm just so darned glad to see you.

FAY You're disappointed though, aren't you?

GLENN (TRYING NOT TO APPEAR DISAPPOINTED) Aw, no, Fay.

FAY You are, though. (TURNS HIM BACK ON HIM) You're terribly disappointed. You came back expecting to find me--well, looking much as I did the night you went away.

GLENN Well, I guess the image I've been carrying around with me wasn't in overalls, but--

FAY (TURNS TO HIM) Oh, I wish I had known you were coming--I can still look fairly decent, you know.

GLENN Fay, sweetheart, forget it--you're wonderful--what do I care what you have on--what does it matter?

FAY (XS R IN FRONT OF GLENN) You do care and it does matter. So it's no good your pretendings.

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GLENN (EXPLAINING) It's like this--I've seen you a million times, day and night--each time I always thought of you looking your loveliest. That was natural because I never used to see you when you weren't looking quite stunning. But believe me, Fay, what you happen to be wearing or the fact that you're tired and hot when I come popping in unexpected--well, that doesn't matter. It's--it's what's happening to you that matters.

FAY (BLAMING HERSELF) I was afraid you'd feel this way. I promised you things wouldn't change, didn't I, Glenn, and that I wouldn't change.

GLENN Things have changed, all right. (Ks R) You know, I can't get used to the idea that I won't be able to settle down for a nice chat with your father after dinner.

FAY Your letters after Daddy's death were wonderful, Glenn. You'll never know how near you seemed to be through all that.

GLENN That's good. I certainly wanted to be right here.

FAY I suppose if you could have been, maybe things wouldn't have changed so. At least not in the same way.

GLENN I got back as soon as I could. (LITTLING) We've been kinda busy out there, you know. I jumped at this chance to come home mostly because I had to see you and--make sure I hadn't been dreaming all year.

FAY (Ks TO HIM) Oh, I thank all the gods that ever were that you're here. (STEPS CLOSER) You can stay--I mean, you're back in this country for keeps, aren't you?

GLENN I have until Tuesday. I'm off for China in a week.

FAY Oh, Glenn--Oh, darling--I wish--(Ks LC) and you've come all the way out here--and everything is so different from what you expected. Glenn, I haven't wanted to let you down. I haven't wanted things to change and I haven't wanted to change either.

GLENN But you have?

FAY You seem to think I have, so I suppose I have changed.

GLENN (STRANGELY) Do you want to know what I think?

FAY Of course.

GLENN I think it's a damned shame that a talent like yours is going to waste.

FAY (Ks DL) Somebody has to rake the hay and feed and fatten up the cattle.



GLENN But not you--not you, darling. Somebody has to keep beauty and the grace of living alive too. Somebody has to keep the cock-eyed world singing and laughing and believing. God knows not many have the gift for that, but you have. Farming isn't for you, Fay. Your forte is keeping the dream alive, the dream we're all trying so desperately to save.

FAY (WITH QUIET DECISION AND RESOLUTION) No. That chapter in my life is over, Glenn.

GLENN But it can't be over. You have a destiny.

FAY My destiny is here--doing just what I'm doing.

(GLENN READS IN HER FACE A DARK DETERMINATION WHICH HE CANNOT PENETRATE. THEN HE TURNS AWAY. HE IS THINKING "THEN WHAT IN THE HELL IS ALL THE FIGHTING FOR?")

PEG (ENTERING FROM TERRACE OR WITH HER ARMS FULL OF FLOWERS) I had to comb the garden, but I got a few. (PUTS THEM ON THE LIBRARY TABLE)

GLENN So there are still flowers in the world--thank God.

PEG You'd better appreciate them because they've started my hay fever. (SHE GIVES A SNUTTING SNEEZE) There, you see?

FAY Peg darling, they're lovely. Thanks so much. (KISS)

PEG Excuse me--I left Aunt Nellie's scissors straddling a gladiolus. (SHE EXITS)

FAY (IN AN EFFORT TO LIGHTEN THE MOOD) Glenn, dear, this is silly of us to waste precious time arguing. Will you let these horrid overalls out of your sight long enough for me to go up and change?

GLENN (FALLING IN WITH HER MOOD) I don't know--you might toss them down and I could talk to them while I wait for you.

FAY What would you like to do?

GLENN Oh, I'd like to paint the town. I haven't had a leave, you know, since I left.

FAY Neither have I.

GLENN Peg and Gracie said something about a party--

FAY Oh, are they having that? Well, we can get out of that if you don't want to go.

GLENN I think it might be fun. I tell you what, how about Bohemian Pete's for dinner, where we used to go--you know, out by Picnic Point.

FAY That's closed.

GLENN What about Cross-roads Inn?

FAY Closed too. But there is a funny little place over on the river that's still open.

GLENN Good. How about a canoe? There'll be a moon.

FAY Splendid.

GLENN And if we like the canoeing--

FAY And if we like the moon--

GLENN We might forget all about the party. (THEY EMBRACE)

(PEG COMES IN FROM THE GARDEN WITH THE SCISSORS, SNEEZING)

PEG Excuse me. (SNEEZE)

FAY If you can keep from sneezing long enough, entertain Glenn, will you, while I try to regain whatever glamour I may have had. I'll hurry, Glenn.

PEG You're coming to our party. Didn't Glenn tell you?

FAY Oh, we'll drop in later. (STARTS OUT UL) You're going out with a farm hand, Glenn, like it or not.

GLENN I'm going out with a gorgeous girl and she'd better be gay.

FAY I'm as stiff as a beef ready for market, but I'll be gay if it kills me. (SHE DASHES OUT)

(PEG SNEEZES)

GLENN God bless you.

PEG I like God bless you better than Gesundheit.

GLENN I didn't mean it just for the sneeze. I was blessing you for bringing in those flowers.

PEG Sneezes and all?

GLENN Sneezes and all. I'm a sucker for flowers.

PEG (XS TO L UP TO TABLE) Well, maybe you'd like to make the things hang together while I get some water for them. (STARTS OUT UL)

GLENN (XS TO BACK TABLE) Here--let's use ice tea. Tea's good for them.

PEG Is there enough?

GLENN There is if we use Gracie's glass too. Let me fix them and you go sit down and nurse your allergy.

PEG (SHOOTING INTO HER HANDKERCHIEF) (NO TO SOFA BL) Whee--I never do this except when I get right next to flowers. It's really not a bad allergy.

GLENN (ARRANGING FLOWERS) That's good. I'd hate to have this act of kindness spoil your evening.

PEG It won't. But you and Fay better show up or the evening will be spoiled.

GLENN Are we that important?

PEG You're very important. You're making a mess of that bouquet, though, if you don't mind my saying so.

GLENN I'm really not very good at it. I just like playing with them.

PEG (RISCS AND NO TO HIM GOING TO HELP) I guess you'll have to endure my gerundheits. (SHE STIFLES A CRY)

GLENN (SNEEZING) Now you've got me doing it. (THEY BOTH LAUGH. THEN THEY BOTH LET GO WITH LOUD SNIFFS)

GLENN Together we make quite a chorus.

PEG Want a handkerchief?

GLENN Thanks, I have one.

PEG Government issued?

GLENN No, I had to buy this one myself. It's Malayan linen.

PEG Oh, it's lovely.

GLENN It's much bigger than that one you have. You'd better take it.

PEG Oh, it's brand clean. I shouldn't.

GLENN Go ahead. I only use it to shine my shoes.

PEG I suppose you think I need it to shine my nose.

GLENN (SHUCKLING) On the contrary.

PEG (TAKING A QUICK LOOK IN HER COMPACT MIRROR) I see what you mean. (SHE DIPS SOME POWDER ON HER NOSE WITH THE HANDKERCHIEF AND HANDS IT BACK)

GLENN Keep it. It's a gift from King Woo-woo of the Fiji Islands.

PEG Oh, I shouldn't.

GLENN Sure, keep it. I've got another one.

PEG There's some sort of inscription or brodered on it.

GLENN That's Fiji dialect.

PEG Oh? What does it say?

GLENN. (HOLDING THE HANDKERCHIEF AND BEGINNING TO READ) Uga pug, pug, cow, cow, cow, cow. (PEG GIGGLES) In translation that means "From a lone leatherneck to a girl who likes flowers and sneezes."

PEG Quaint people those islanders. (THEY BOTH SNEEZE. THEN THEY BOTH TURN AND LOOK AT THE HANKIES. THEN THEIR EYES SHUT AGAIN. PEG IS ABOUT TO SNEEZE)

GLENN God bless you. (THE SNEEZE IS STOPPED BY THE BLESSING)

PEG Thank you. You saved my life.

GLENN Did I?

PEG Yes. Didn't you know that some psychologist has proved the heart stops dead during the fleeting instant of a sneeze?

GLENN Did your heart stop on that last sneeze?

PEG It stood still.

(SOUND OF CAR MOTOR OUTSIDE)

GLENN Well, maybe it will do a double quick to make up for a lost beat.

PEG Yes.

GLENN If I didn't know that was your heart pounding I'd swear it was a car motor. (THEY BOTH LAUGH)

PEG Too bad to disillusion a marine, but that pounding is only Guy's old jalopy. (THE MOTOR STOPS)

GLENN I hope they didn't find anything seriously wrong.

PEG I hope so, too. The Zachary's run the hill top place for Fay and Aunt Nellie.

GLENN Are they good farmers?

PEG (As DL TO SOFA AND SITS) They're good beef feeders. That's what they do. They fatten beef. The Fairchild farms are mostly beef farms, you know.

GLENN Yes, I know. That's a pretty important business right now.

(MRS. FAIRCHILD AND GUY ENTER UR) (GUY GOES DL)

MRS. FAIRCHILD Where's Fay? (As C)

PEG She's up changing. Shall I get her?

MRS. FAIRCHILD No, I'll go up. (MRS. VOICE TRAILS OFF AS SHE GOES UL) (OFF STAGE) Fay dear, the Zacharys are in a bad spot. Mr. Zachary has gone to the hospital--

GLENN What's the situation, Guy? (As C)

GUY Emergency operation.

PEG What happened?

GUY Zachary is to have an appendectomy, but he's in good hands. Doc Cook is getting Dr. Sawlines. Our real trouble isn't Zachary.

PEG What then? (GLENN As BACK TO DESK)

GUY Well, it's the fact that he's got 60 steers that have to be ready to ship tomorrow morning and there's nobody to take over the details.

PEG Can't Mrs. Zachary?

GUY No. She knows nothing about that end of the business. Anyway, she's having forty kinds of fits--poor woman.

MRS. FAIRCHILD (As SHE AND FAY COME IN UL. FAY IN A DRESSING GOWN) He kept saying "Get Fay Fairchild, get Fay--she's the only one that knows the ropes."

FAY (As DL) I wish I did know the ropes. Zachary handles his own shipping details. All I know is we have to ship in the morning or take a loss. (TURNS TO GLENN) Oh, Glenn, isn't this a piece of rotten luck?

GLENN Well, I don't know, but whatever it is, let's see it through.

FAY I've got to take over the details of getting those steers ready for loading. It just means no party for me tonight.

GLENN (As LC) That won't kill us. Forget about the party. We'll all help.

FAY There isn't anything for you to do. Thanks anyway, Glenn, but it's a complicated business. Anybody who hasn't been through it just wouldn't be any help.

GUY (STEERS GLIDES TO FAY) Well, I've been through it. I helped Zachary a couple of times, so I'm taking it over and you're going right on with your plans.

FAY I couldn't let you do that, Guy. Besides there are details about this shipment only Zachary and I know about. The sorting is complicated and I have to get truckers.

GUY I can figure things out. Let me handle it.

GLENN So can I. Steers shouldn't be any tougher to handle than a company of Marines.

PEG We've just got to have you and Glenn at the party.

MRS. FAIRCHILD You go along, Fay dear, and Guy and I will work this thing out somehow.

FAY Am I managing these farms or aren't I? Glenn darling, you go along with Peg to the party and I'll see you tomorrow.

GLENN (XS TO MRS) Now look, Fay. I don't know much about this sort of thing, but is this something that you have to do tonight?

FAY Yes, it is, Glenn. Oh, I hate it like anything and I know I'm disappointing you but it can't be helped.

PEG But Fay, Glenn's here for such a short time.

FAY That's why I insist that you take him to the party and show him a little fun.

GLENN Well, couldn't I just tag along behind you and the steers? That would be fun.

FAY It wouldn't be a bit of fun, either for you or for me.

GLENN Or the steers? (XS TO DESK)

FAY Or the steers. Now please--I've got this thing on my mind--please, all of you--why make it more complicated than it is?

MRS. FAIRCHILD Well, however you work it out, you'll all need some supper. I'll go and see what Della has ready. (SHE EXITS UL)

GUY Everything would be simple if you'd only let me handle this, Fay.

FAY That's terribly nice of you, Guy, but I've told you I'm the only one that can manage it.

GUY Well, you can't do it alone. There's the feeding--Zachary only just started the feeding. That's no job for a woman.

GLENN If you ask me, none of it isn't any job for a woman.

FAY All right, Guy, you can help me with the feeding.

GLENN (BITTERNESS CREATING IN) (Ks ULS) O.K. you two go handle the beef industry and Peg and I will keep pleasure alive.

FAY Glenn, you're hurt.

GLENN (TRYING TO CONTROL HIMSELF) Hurt?

FAY Glenn, I'm sorry if you can't understand.

PEG Don't you see, Glenn, this is something that Fay and Guy have to do together.

GLENN (SUDDENLY GETTING THE IMPLICATION OF THE SITUATION) Oh, I see. All right, if that's how things are.

FAY Glenn, I knew you don't understand and I'm sorry. (STEPS TOWARD HIM)

GLENN (Ks DC TO FAY) Sure. I understand. I came back for something that isn't here. And if it isn't here, it isn't anywhere. So--back to the barracks. (STARTS SETT UP)

GUY Glenn, you're jumping to conclusions.

GLENN Pretty obvious conclusions. I used to wonder why the clergy was considered essential to civilian life. I know now. So they can take care of the beef--and the girls.

FAY Don't be sarcastic. That isn't like you.

GUY I'm only trying to do my part.

GLENN Well, you picked a nice, snug spot for it. I wish you luck.

FAY (TURNS TO HIM) Glenn, that isn't fair.

GLENN It looks like anything is fair in love and war.

FAY You're bitter because you don't find things just as you left them, and--well, that's too bad. (LENS LACK ON HIM)

GLENN All right, so I'm bitter. My business doesn't sweeten up the soul much. It helped a little when I thought I knew what I was fighting for.

(FROM HERE ON THE LINES SHAVE)

PEG Fay's right, though, Glenn. You see, everything has changed so here at home.

GLENN Sure. I've changed a little, too.

FAY Yes, you have, Glenn.

GUY But you're misunderstanding both--

FAY There's no misunderstanding.

GLENN It's all quite clear.

PEG It's just inevitable.

GUY But Fay--Glenn--

FAY I don't like arguments.

PEG You see, Guy--

GUY Peg, will you please--

FAY Please, everyone--I'm tired and I've got things to do.

GRACIE (RUSHING ON UP) Peg, do you know what time it is? We've got to scoot.

PEG (RISES) Coming along, Glenn?

GLENN Sure. Let's see if there's any fun left in this country. (HE HURRIES OFF UP WITH PEG AND GRACIE. FAY STANDS STUNNED FOR AN INSTANT. GUY IS TRYING TO DECIDE WHAT TO DO NEXT WHEN DELLA ENTERS UL)

DELLA That confounded stove again.

GUY Isn't it working?

DELLA Works fine--only every time I touch it I get a shock. Can't get supper offen it and the vittles are burnin'. (GUY RUSHES OFF UL FOLLOWING DELLA)

(FAY POUNDS OUT SOMETHING TEMPESTUOUS ON THE PIANO, BUT AFTER A COUPLE OF MEASURES SHE PUTS HER HEAD DOWN ON HER ARMS AND SOBS)



Act III

(AT THE RISE DELLA IS DISCOVERED ON SOFA L READING THE COMIC SECTION OF THE SUNDAY PAPER. SHE CHUCKLES TO HERSELF. IN A MOMENT THE FRONT DOOR OPENS AND PEG ENTERS FROM PARLOR)

PEG Any body up yet? (DELLA DOES NOT HEAR AND CONTINUES CHUCKLING)  
Good morning, Della. (Is G)

DELLA Oh, good morning, Peg.

PEG (Is TO EDGE OF SOFA L) I know it's awfully early for Sunday morning, but I just have to see Fay.

DELLA I don't think she's awake yet. They was up till all hours with them steers.

PEG I was up terribly late, too. (Is H) Oh, Della, I had a wonderful time. I don't think I've ever had such a wonderful time.

DELLA Oh, you mean at the party.

PEG We didn't stay late at the party. (FACES) We went for a long drive--I was certainly grateful for Daddy's C card.

DELLA Whereabouts did you go?

PEG Oh, for miles and miles along the river road.

DELLA Who all went along?

PEG Just Glenn and I. Oh, it was lovely in the moonlight. Glenn's a wonderful boy, Della--he's just wonderful. (SINGS)

DELLA (PUTS PAPER DOWN--TO EDGE OF SOFA--DELLIGHERENT) You mean you was out till all hours with Glenn?

PEG Uhuh.

DELLA Hmum. Does Fay know?

PEG That's what I came over to tell her. She knew of course that Glenn went with me to the party because--well, you see, Fay and Guy had to take care of that emergency over at the Zachary place, but I thought I ought to come over and tell Fay--well, about developments.

DELLA What sort of developments?

PEG I mean about Glenn and me and what's happened between us.

DELLA (SUSPICIOUS OF SOMETHING JUICY) (LAUGHING IT--RISES) Peg Bradshaw, have you gone and done something you shouldn't a?

PEG Well, in a way I guess I have--but in a way I haven't.

DELLA Either you did or you didn't--you ought to know which.\*

PEG Oh, I did--I mean, he did--well, we did, but it was all perfectly natural.\*

DELLA Uhuh. That's what that chief petting officer said. It may be natural but it ain't innocent. (As CLOSER TO PEG) Now you'd better tell me all about it before folks start talking.\*

PEG There isn't much to tell, really, we just stopped along the river road and watched the moon go down.

DELLA What happened when the moon went down?

PEG Well, we were just talking and suddenly he put his arm around me and said, "You're a sweet kid," and then he kissed me.

DELLA And then--

PEG Then he brought me home.

DELLA Oh--mine brought me home too--convoyed by the taxi driver, the choir director and three deaconesses. (WALKS AWAY, STEPS, TURNS BACK) (SUSPICIOUSLY) Glenn didn't come back here because his bag is right where he left it.\*

PEG He said he was going to get a room at the inn. It was so late he didn't want to disturb you. I told him he could stay at our house but he didn't think he ought to.

FAY (COMING FROM THE HALL IN A HOUSE-COAT, LOOKING TIRED BUT PRETTY) (As C, STRETCHING AND Yawning) I thought I heard voices down here. Good morning, Peg.

PEG Hello, Fay. I hope I didn't wake you up but I had to see you. (As L)

DELLA I'll fix you some breakfast, Fay. I'm thinkin' you'll need it. (EXITS UL)\*

FAY (SITS IN CHAIR C, STRETCHES) Well, Peg--did the party go off all right?

PEG It was nice, but we didn't stay long. (PEG WALKS FROM L TO C, BACK TO L, ETC.)

FAY You mean you and Glenn?

PEG Yes. Oh, Fay, I feel kinda like a heel, but after what happened last evening--between you and Glenn, I mean--

FAY Where is Glenn now?

PEG He said he was going to the inn. It was so late when--

FAY It was nice of you to show him a good time, Peg. I'm sure he appreciated it.

PEG It was Glenn who showed me a good time. He's awfully nice.

FAY Yes--I know.

PEG You know, he can really be the life of a party. Remember how he use to hate parties? Well, he was just the life of the party last night. I've never seen him so gay.

FAY Oh?

PEG He just talked a blue streak.

FAY That's nice--what did he say?

PEG You know that's the funny thing, Fay--he never talked a bit about you and Guy.

FAY Oh, didn't he?

PEG No, I don't think he mentioned either of you all night and he never once mentioned the little quarrel.

FAY That was very thoughtful of him. And you didn't bring it up.

PEG Well--no. I thought--well, as long as he saw how things are between you and Guy--he just seemed to accept that--

FAY Just like you did, eh?

PEG (STANDS STILL DLS) It's all worked out sort of natural--like when he kissed me.

FAY (RISES SLOWLY) Oh, he kissed you.

PEG Yes.

FAY (KS DL) That was nice.

PEG (PACING AL L) Oh, and talked on and on about all his experiences in the South Pacific--not gruesome things--but about moonlight in the tropics and all the funny things that happened and the scrapes some of his men got into with the native girls.

FAY Thanks for coming to see me about it. I'll come over sometime and get you out early. (KS C AND UP, STOPS) Want some coffee and toast? "

PEG No, I'll have to get back. Glenn might just possibly drop round for breakfast.

FAY So he might. Well, thanks again, Peggy dear.

PEG (Xs UC) Fay--you're not--do you understand?

FAY Of course!

PEG Fay, you aren't going to let this matter come between us? I mean you and me?

FAY Why should I? (Xs UC) There is one thing that matters though and I wonder if I can dig it out of your funny little head.

PEG What is it, Fay?

FAY (TURNS TO HER) Do you think you're in love with Glenn?

PEG Oh yes--that is--well, it's all happened so suddenly and Glenn seems to feel--

FAY I'm not asking you how Glenn feels--I'm asking how you feel-- (TURNS AWAY) Oh, well, ship it.

PEG I've told you how I feel. Oh, I--I'm not used to being up this early, and after such a beautiful night--it just seems like I'm still dreaming.

FAY Well, pleasant dreams. (Xs C TO PEG) (VENERABLY) Some day you're going to wake up, Peg, and find you're really in love. I'd like to give you some kind of a brace for that day, because you'll need it, but I guess every girl has to find out what it's like for herself.

PEG You don't believe I am--

FAY This is just another conquest for you, darling. I know you. I haven't grown up with you for nothing. But you can take it from me, Peg, love isn't just a few kisses in the moonlight. You're sweet and you have plenty of time to make yourself charming and attractive, but you're naive and you're spoiled and you're not very deep, darling, and some day you're going to get quite a wallop. .

MRS. FAIRCHILD (ENTERING UP) Who's talking about a wallop. (Xs C) Personally, I'd rather have a waffle. Who'll join me? You, Peg? (FAY Xs DR)

PEG No, thanks, Aunt Nellie. I've just got to get home. (PEG Xs UP, STOPS) Thanks for being so swell about everything, Fay. I'll think over what you said.

FAY You do that. (PEG EXITS UN)

MRS. FAIRCHILD I wonder how Peg manages to always look like something out of Vogue.

FAY (Xs C) I don't know but if she comes over here again looking like that so early in the morning, I'm going to rub her face in the mud.

MRS. FAIRCHILD You didn't sleep much last night, dear. I heard you moving about in your room.

FAY Sorry if I kept you awake. (SITS IN CHAIR C) We had quite a time sorting the steers and loading. It was late when I got to bed. I guess I was restless.

MRS. FAIRCHILD (SITS ON SOFA L) Is everything all right, Fay?

FAY Fine--shipment went off on schedule.

MRS. FAIRCHILD I didn't mean about that. I mean about you.

FAY About me?

MRS. FAIRCHILD And Glenn and Guy. Or would you rather not talk about it to your poor old mother.

FAY Silly--You're not old and you're not poor and I don't need to tell anything to anyone who has your uncanny intuition.

MRS. FAIRCHILD I'm afraid my intuition and my judgment stayed up most of the night having an argument.

FAY Very inconsiderate of them--What were they arguing about?

MRS. FAIRCHILD (Xs TO C) My judgment says my daughter should marry one man and my intuition says she should marry the other.

FAY Am I supposed to guess which is which?

MRS. FAIRCHILD No, we shouldn't turn something as big as love into a guessing game.

FAY You know what it is to love someone very much, don't you?

MRS. FAIRCHILD Yes, dear, I do. Sometimes the ache of it is almost too much to bear.

FAY Yes. Sometimes the pain of hate is too much, too.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Hate? What do you mean?

FAY I mean this war. (RISES) I hate this damnable war and the beasts that started it.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Fay, dear--

FAY (Is C) I mean it. I hate them. They're not men--they're monsters, barbaric monsters. The war and the pressure of it on his business killed Daddy. The war twists our lives and forces us to say things and do things we were never meant to do.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Fay, you're unhappy.

FAY (Is UP TO FRENCH WINDOWS) Who isn't?

MRS. FAIRCHILD (Is BACK LC) It's the farms and being away from your music--And all this time you've never complained.

FAY (TURNS AND COMES D A FEW STEPS) What's the good of complaining? Of course I want my music, I want to get back to my music desperately and I want what every other girl wants--But what I personally want doesn't seem to be very important--Not now--The boys who are out there fighting aren't getting much personal happiness. And yet when one of them comes home hoping for a little happiness--(SITS ON PIANO BENCH) Oh, don't mind me, Mother. I'm edgy and upset and slightly confused.

MRS. FAIRCHILD (Is TO HER) I know, dear.

FAY I feel like an electric pad with all my wires exposed. #

MRS. FAIRCHILD Let's have some breakfast--You'll feel better--Up all hours with those steers--

FAY I never used to mind it--It used to be sort of a thrill, sorting and loading but last night I could have kicked each and every steer right in his Porterhouse. #

MRS. FAIRCHILD Poor things, it's not their fault.

FAY No, but they didn't need to look so smug about it. #

GUY (ENTERING UL) Breakfast ready?

FAY (RISES, GOES TO FAY WILSON AND LOOKS OUT) Good heavens--another early bird.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Good morning, Guy.

GUY (Is DL) I've been up a good while. Just came by to tell you Zachary's operation went all right. Am I really such an early bird?

FAY From the worm's point of view it's too early to be decent. #

GUY There's nothing like starting the day with an exalted opinion of yourself. #

MRS. FAIRCHILD (As Flight of Guy and Whitey) I'm going to start my day with some breakfast. Come on into the dining room. Let's see what Della has. (She exits)

GUY You're quite a contrast to the girl who loaded steers with me last night.

PAY (Turns and looks at the time) A futile attempt to shake off the hay. I'm glad you appreciate it.

GUY I suppose you know I didn't make such an early call just to give you a report of Zachary.

PAY What then?

GUY I wanted to see you before Glenn does.

PAY What makes you think he'll ever see me again?

GUY (As DL) He left his bag. He'll have to come back for that. But aside from that, he'll see you.

PAY I'm not so sure.

GUY (Turns and faces her) He'll see you because he is deeply in love with you, Pay.

PAY (As Dr. Arnold Hanco) No. You're wrong about that. Glenn is in love with a memory, a dream. He's in love with what I was or what he thought I was. I've just been all over it with leg.

GUY I should be the last man in the world to try convincing you that some other man is in love with you, but I am also in a position to know love when I see it.

PAY Glenn is in love with a symbol, Guy, a pattern of life that just doesn't exist any more. Things have changed and I've changed. We're worlds apart.

GUY But that isn't the way you want it.

PAY I don't know what I want. (Sits on sofa R) I'm tired and I'm all tangled up inside. Oh, Guy, I'd just like to crawl off somewhere and have a good, long cry.

GUY Why don't you? (As toward her)

PAY I can't. I felt like crying all night but tears just won't come.

GUY Well, if you need a good shoulder--How about a nice, stout onion sandwich? \*

FAY That would be just the thing before breakfast."

GUY Now look, Fay. (SITS IN CHAIR C) Let's get this thing before us and try to look at it objectively. Glenn's quite an idealist you know--tough, hard-boiled Marine officer though he is. Well, he comes back expecting to find things just as they were. He visualizes you looking lovely with flowers in your hair and playing something misty and romantic at the piano.

FAY And I had to make an entrance in overalls with hay in my hair and smelling like cattle.

GUY That was shock number one. Then he couldn't grasp the emergency of the situation last night. You know it's kind of hard for a man to have to play second fiddle to a bunch of steers.

FAY That's what I mean--everything has changed so.

GUY Well, that was shock number two. Then he got the notion that I was cutting in on his girl--a perfectly natural strain of jealousy--very understandable.

FAY Guy, it's terribly sweet of you--but don't you see--it's all over. It's just all over and that's that.

GUY Does that mean that it's over as far as you're concerned, too?

FAY (AFTER A PAUSE) Yes. (RISES--Ks R)

GUY All right. (RISES, Ks L) Have it your own way. I don't know why I go sticking my slide trombone in on this anyways.

FAY Because you're a kind, sensitive person who cares about what happens to people.

GUY I care about what happens to you.

FAY I know you do and I'm grateful, but it's not very kind of me to go on letting you care as much as you seem to.

GUY I'm afraid there isn't much you or anybody can do about that. I used to have big ideas about the kind of a life you and I might build together, Fay.

FAY Do you think I didn't know?

GUY (Ks C) I haven't felt that I had the right to tell you before, but after what you've said about things being over, and more than that because of a decision I came to last night. I can tell you now.

FAY What do you mean--a decision?



GUY I'll tell you later. The thing I want to tell you now is that I dreamed of coming home from divinity school to ask you to marry me.

FAY And I shattered your dream. I seem to be awfully good at shattering dreams.

GUY It's just that when I got back, Glenn was in the picture.

FAY And if there never had been any Glenn? (STARTS TALKING GUY)

GUY Then I guess that would have been up to you.

FAY And if there were no Glenn now? (STARTS AG) No, wait--it isn't fair to me to ask you that.

GUY The answer is there is a Glenn. By some strange twist of fate there is a Glenn. He's seen his comrades killed by the hundreds and he's faced death more times than he can remember, and yet destiny or God, call it what you will, has brought him back to this little town.

FAY Guy, I can't go on hurting you. I must somehow let you understand. I said my question "if there were no Glenn" was unfair. It was unfair and unkind because I know my own answer.

GUY There is a Glenn.

FAY Even if there aren't--I mean, even though it's all just a memory or a dream of what might have been, I can't think about marrying you, Guy.

GUY Because you really love Glenn.

FAY No, that has very little to do with it, really.

GUY You don't care enough.

FAY I care very deeply for you, Guy. (TURNS AWAY FROM HIM. AS DL) Oh, I don't actually know what I feel or for whom I feel it. It's just that I've let Glenn go and he's going out to face danger and to--possibly even give his life for his dream, the dream that I failed to fulfill, and you--Guy, you--well it's hard to explain without hurting you.

GUY (AS DL) Don't try. I understand. Glenn is facing danger and offering his life for his dream, for his country, and in a way for you; while I stay safely at home and don't give my life for anything or anybody.

FAY That's not quite true. You are giving your life everyday for those you love and for the things you believe in.

GUY But it's not the same. (WITH SUDDEN RESOLUTION) (AS G) Fay, you said a while ago that you are a symbol to Glenn.

FAY I was a symbol.

GUY All right. Be that symbol. Be that symbol's flapping tail.

FAY I couldn't now even if I were sure it were the thing to do.

GUY Of course you can. No Clean you are a symbol of everything he believes in.

FAY (As SINS IN CHAIR 3) I was. You're in the way, indicative.

GUY Look, give up this farming idea and get back to your music. That's your forte after all. It's good to like you that is adding keeping alive the--the grace of living, as Clean calls it.

FAY (ALONG A-D PACE 11) God knows I'd like to, but it simply can't be done. Oh say why is it I can't be articulate about the things I feel most.

GUY I guess the things we feel deepest are often the things we can never quite express. Funny--we go stumbling through this crazy old world. Then maybe one day we see the thing that is inevitable--the thing that has to be done. Then if we have the guts we do it.

FAY That sounds a little profound, what does it mean?

GUY (As 1) Just that I got a glimpse of the inevitable last night while I was thinking things over.

FAY Do I get a peek at it? (SINS IN CHAIR 3) I'd rather like to see what the inevitable looks like.

GUY I may be able to show you my inevitable quite soon--possibly even this morning.

FAY This sounds like something that might come out in your sermon.

GUY Sermon? (As 15) I hadn't thought of it like that, but it may be just that. It may be the first real sermon I've ever preached.

FAY Do I get a preview?

GUY Possibly--if I get a phone call.

FAY Must you tantalize me with mystery? You know I have an aversion of feminine coquetry.

GUY (As 3) You're quite sure your word is final about not living up to the symbol?

FAY (RINGS) Do you think a girl likes being called a symbol? It sounds like something that ought to be struck, and I don't want to be struck before breakfast. (STARTS OUT UP) Why don't you come in and have some toast with me and let me in on this mystery?

GUY I'll join you in a minute. It occurs to me that I'd better let the operator know where I can be reached.

FAY Well, I've got to have some coffee. I'm just not the type to tackle life without a stimulant. (ONE RINGS UP, WHILE GUY GRABBED TO PHONE UP. AS HE TALKS, GLENN WALKS ON AND ENTERS)

GUY (IN TELEPHONE) Hello, Mrs. Brander. This is Guy Walker. Has anybody been trying to get me? That's good. I'm expecting a call and I'm over at the Fairchilds. O.K. Thanks. (AS HE HUNG UP GLENN APPEARS AT THE FRONT DOOR) Oh, hello, Glenn. Come in. (GLENN LUTHERS UP)

GLENN I've been looking for you, Guy.

GUY I've been hopping around a good bit this morning.

GLENN I had to come over for my bag and I figured I might find you here.

GUY Fay and her mother are having breakfast. I'll call them. (STARTS OUT) Or shall we join them?

GLENN I'd like to talk to you first, if you don't mind.

GUY Surely. (He Da) Sit down, won't you?

GLENN No, thanks. I paid you a call at an ungodly hour this morning, but you weren't in your room. (GLENN LUNGES AGAINST TOP OF FAY'S)

GUY No, I wasn't in my room all night. I spent the night--most of it--walking, Glenn.

GLENN So did I. (THE TWO MEN LOOK AT EACH OTHER AND A SLOW GRIN CREEPS INTO THEIR FACES) Funny what a girl can do to a man, isn't it?

GUY Funny too how a man can keep his sense of humor.

GLENN Thank God for a sense of humor.

GUY And thank God for a girl? (AFTER A PAUSE) (GLENN KNOCKS PIPE) That tobacco smells good, Glenn.

GLENN This is the pipe I won from Fay's father.

GUY A pipe's a good pal.

GLENN This one has seen me through a lot. It came just the day before I got the news of Mr. Fairchild's death. (RUCSS) Guy, I'm not much good at apologies. I guess I've never learned to accept failures gracefully.

GUY That's because you fail so rarely.

GLENN I got a lot of things straightened out in my mind, and I want to say that I'm sorry I acted like a love-sick sophomore last evening.

GUY I think I would have acted the same under similar circumstances.

GLENN I can tell you now that there have been times when I hated you--times when I felt contempt--

GUY I can understand that and I don't blame you.

GLENN (As I AND FARMER ON THIS) We get to feeling pretty ugly toward anybody who is sitting safely at home. We have to put up quite a fight out there to keep from turning into savages sometimes, so it's only natural that some of the old primitive emotions creep in. As I say, I can tell you these things now because I don't feel anything but esteem and respect for you now.

GUY That's pretty big of you, Glenn.

GLENN No, it isn't. (As G, SING ON END OF GLENN'S) Guy, there are three kinds of pacifists--the coward, the opportunist, and the man with guts. If you were staying out of the fighting because of fear that would be one thing, but I know that isn't true in your case. I know what it must cost you to stick to your convictions. You're fighting your own particular war, going through your own special kind of hell and it's all happening inside.

GUY That's damned decent of you but--convictions get to be something of an indulgence.

GLENN Out there we do it with hand grenades and tommy guns, but it's all on the surface. You have to fight your battle with ideas and words, and I suppose, prayers.

GUY My weapons seem pretty ineffective.

GLENN (RUCSS, As I) Don't you believe it. There's got to be men like you, Guy, to keep things going. Somebody has to keep the world full of such things as religion and culture and music and laughter.

GUY And farming?

GLENN And farming.

GUY Fay feels she has let you down, Glenn.

GLENN I'm the one who has let her down.

GUY She thinks she has shattered all that you thought you were fighting for.

GLENN Illusions are the damndest thing, Guy.

GUY Tell me, just what is it that you think you're fighting for.

GLENN (Xs C) I thought I knew--it's like this--my people came up the hard way. I had things a little easier, God knows, but I'd like to feel that all the things man has earned by sweat and brawn aren't going to pass out of the picture while we fight a war to save them.

GUY Such things as--

GLENN Such things as--well, I've told you--religion, music, the light of learning--such things as the means of living and a way of life that is dignified and civilized and worthy of the best man has dug up out of his heritage.

GUY (WIGGS Xs C) I'm with you in your fight to save that sort of world, but I'm convinced that in saving it we've got to lose part of it at least for a while. We'll lose it and we'll have to work all the harder to win it back again.

GLENN Well, I'm glad you're with me in the fight.

GUY (Xs DR) I am, Glenn, I--(THE TELEPHONE RINGS. GLENN WHO IS CLOSE TO IT ANSWERS)

GLENN Hello. Just a minute. (TO GUY) Someone official sounding is asking for the Reverend Guy Walker. Are you here?

GUY I don't owe any bills and I don't think I'm wanted for murder, so I guess I'm here. (GLENN WALKS AWAY DR) (IN PHONE) Hello. Speaking. Oh, yes, Mr. Evans.

MRS. FAIRCHILD (ENTERING UL) Guy, would you like to--Ch, good morning, Glenn. I didn't hear you come in. I'll tell Fay you're here.

GLENN Please don't bother her. Let her finish. I'm talking to Guy a minute anyway.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Well, you'd better have a sip of coffee with me. I'm taking mine out on the terrace. (Xs RC) I have a sort of rendezvous with the wrens every morning. They make such a fuss over me--builds up my ego.

GLENN I wouldn't have you disappoint the wrens for the world. Give them my best.

MRS. FAIRCHILD (GOING OUT) Join me later if you like.

GUY (IN PHONE) I see--well, that's awfully decent of them. I'm a little overcome at being given a choice in the matter--I see--(DURING THE TELEPHONE CONVERSATION GLENN TAKES OUT HIS PIPE AND FILLS IT) Yes--that puts it squarely up to me, doesn't it? All right. Thank you, Mr. Evans. Yes, call me back--I'll be here a few minutes longer. (GLENN XS L AND PUTS PIPE ON DESK) After that you can get me at the church. All right. I'll wait till you call me back. (HE HANGS UP THE PHONE AND TURNS TO GLENN) Yes, I think I'm with you in your fight.

GUY (XS DC) Did I hear Mrs. Fairchild say something about coffee?

GLENN Yes, she said we could join her on the terrace if we wished.

GUY I wish. Do you?

GLENN I'm running along. I haven't really said what I wanted to say to you, Guy. We've gone all round Robin Hood's barn.

GUY Maybe what you want to say to me would be easier to say to Fay.

GLENN No. It isn't easy to say to either of you. I'm not much good at this magnanimous stuff. I brought a little remembrance for Fay from the South Pacific. I'd be very grateful if you would give it to her. (HE TAKES A SMALL PACKAGE FROM HIS POCKET AND STARTS TO HAND IT TO GUY)

GUY (NOT TAKING IT) Don't you think you'd better give it to Fay yourself?

GLENN I'd rather you did, but I don't want to make it awkward for you. I'll leave it here. (HE PUTS IT ON THE DESK) You might just see that she finds it. I hate to lug the thing all the way back with me.

GUY (AT C) It would be quite a nuisance--a package like that.

GLENN Yes--have to travel light, you know.

GUY You're making a mistake, Glenn.

GLENN My mistake was in coming back. (HE EXTENDS HIS HAND) So long, Guy. I wish you all the luck in the world and all the happiness.

GUY (TAKING HIS HAND) If I thought I could manage it, I'd throw you down and sit on you till Fay comes.

GLENN The best man wins, but I'm pretty good at juijitsu. (GLENN PICKS UP HIS BAG) (HE HURRIES TO THE DOOR) See you sometimes. (HE DASHES OUT THE TERRACE)

GUY Glenn, don't be a damned--damned fool! (GUY IS ABOUT TO DASH OUT AFTER GLENN WHEN THE PHONE RINGS. AFTER AN INSTANT'S HESITATION, GUY ANSWERS IT)

GUY Hello. (IN PHONE) Yes, I'm still here. Well, if I'm not, try me at the church. (HE HANGS UP, MRS. FAIRCHILD ENTERS)

MRS. FAIRCHILD (IN DOROTHY) Guy, I have some flowers out here for the service this morning. Do you want to take them when you go?

GUY All right, Mrs. Fairchild. (EXITS UP)

MRS. FAIRCHILD Mrs. Hartwig will be there to arrange them. She's awfully good at arranging. Peg nearly cleaned us out. You can see if you think these out here are enough and if they aren't you can take these from the piano. (FADDES OUT)

(MRS. FAIRCHILD AND GUY EXIT. FAY ENTERS UP, Ks C, AND NOTICES THAT GLENN'S BAG IS GONE. SHE STANDS STARRING AT WHERE IT WAS FOR A MOMENT. SHE MOVES TO THE WINDOW WINDOLS, BURNING HER FACE IN HER HANDKERCHIEF. DELLA ENTERS. FAY TURNS HER FACE TOWARD THE WINDOW SO DELLA DOES NOT REALIZE SHE IS CRYING)

DELLA (Ks DC AND L) Land a goodness. Sunday paper all over the place. (SHE STARTS PUTTING IT TOGETHER AND IS ARRESTED BY THE COMICS. SHE HAS TO HAVE ANOTHER PEER AT HER FAVORITE. SHE BEGINS TO LAUGH) That Dagwood! Did you read it yet, Fay? Blondie says, "I certainly hated to give up 20 points but we haven't had a steak for a month. This is a special treat." Then she can't find Dagwood and the rest of her family--and they go huntin' one another all over the neighborhood. (DELLA LAUGHS) Then here in the next picture they get back and the steak's burned to charcoal! But Blondie says "20 points and it's as tough as shoe leather. You're going to eat every bit of it even if I have to use the hatchet to cut it."

(FAY SAYS NOTHING, BUT SITS STARRING OUT THE WINDOW)

DELLA Well, this ain't doin' the breakfast dishes. Has everybody had everything he wants?

FAY (CONTROLLING HER VOICE) Yes, Della--I'm sure everybody has had everything he wants.

DELLA Well then, I'll do up the dishes. (LAUGHING) That Dagwood. (SHE EXITS UP) (FAY GOES TO THE WINDOW AND PLAYS DREYFUS'S "SOMETHING." GLENN COMES BACK AND BEGINS FOR A MOMENT. HIS EYES FALL ON THE GIFT PACKAGE. HE PICKS IT UP AND UNROLLING TO FAY, TAKES A NECKLACE OUT OF THE PACKAGE AND PLACES IT AROUND FAY'S NECK WHILE SHE IS STILL PLAYING. AWARE OF THE NECKLACE, FAY STOPS PLAYING, HER HANDS AND EYES GO TO THE NECKLACE)

FAY (DREAMING DOWN AND CRYING FOR THE FIRST TIME ANDERLIN) Oh, Glenn-- Glenn, Darling--

GLENN I didn't mean to come back but I forgot my ring. I have a sentimental attachment to this ring.

FAY Why, Glenn, they're jade--don't tell me it's really a jade neck-lace.

GLENN Some of my men took some Chinese booty from a nest of Japs.

FAY It's perfectly wonderful--Oh, it's--it's wonderful--Glenn.

GLENN I meant to give it to you yesterday, but there didn't seem to be the right moment. I wanted you to have it before I left.

FAY I thought you didn't have to leave till Tuesday.

GLENN My mission here is fulfilled. I've seen you looking beautiful, I've heard you play, and I've delivered my trophy.

FAY (As G) So your mission is fulfilled.

GLENN Except to apologize for my adolescent behavior yesterday and to wish you and Guy all the happiness in God's green earth.

FAY (As G) I owe you an apology, Glenn, not only for last evening, but for the whole past year. I've disappointed you and I'm sorry that I have no words for it.

GLENN (As G) That's all straight in my mind, so don't let it bother you. I know now that we can't come home to the past. Guy said a while ago that convictions got to be indulgences in times like these. I guess memories are indulgences, too.

FAY Time is such a devil--I'd give anything to go back a year to that night we stood here looking out at the moonlight on the meadow.

GLENN Yes, but as I say, memory is an indulgence.

FAY Possibly, but memory is what's keeping us going--memory and hope.

GLENN Memory and hope.

FAY I've shattered them both for you. I broke my promise. I promised that things wouldn't change and that I wouldn't.

GLENN Change is inevitable. I had pictured everything just as it was. I came back starved for everything just as I left it--hungry for the happiness I had known here. I'm over the shock now. I'm O.K. Everything is--fine--just as it should be. Try to believe that I believe that.

FAY (TURNS TO HIL) I don't believe it any more than you do. Everything is not fine. The change has let you down.



GLENN The change has let me see through to the real Fay Fairchild. I didn't get it at first, but I do now. The change doesn't make any difference in the way I feel and that's what makes it tough.

FAY Then you still feel as you did that night a year ago!

GLENN It hardly seems fair for me to say how I feel now, but I'm not the saint Guy is--I wish I were--yes, I still feel as I did a year ago only a million times more so.

FAY (Xs TOWARD HIM) You were about to ask me something that night you left. You said it could wait till you got back.

GLENN That question seems a little out of place now.

FAY (MOVES CLOSER) Because you think Guy is in love with me?

GLENN Because I know Guy is in love with you.

FAY Do you think I'm in love with Guy?

GLENN I--I don't know, Fay.

FAY (CLOSE TO HIM NOW AT C) You've been carefully avoiding my eyes, Glenn. I know they're a little red and not very attractive, but--

GLENN (AFTER LOOKING DEEPLY INTO HER EYES) Fay--I--Oh hell, I'm no damned good at this heroic, magnanimous business--I'm trying to give you up, Fay darling, because that seems the only decent, intelligent thing to do. I didn't ask for your love a year ago because everything was so uncertain. I didn't know when I would be back, if ever. I thought I might even change and possibly forget you.

FAY But you didn't?

GLENN You followed me half way round the world. .

FAY Do you think I won't again?

GLENN I know now that you will follow me everywhere and forever.

FAY I'm a hard little number to shake, aren't I? That's because my heart has itself all tied up with the beating of your heart and if your's should ever stop beating, I think mine would stop, too.

GLENN (HOLDING HER CLOSE TO HIM) Fay, sweetheart.

(THEY ARE IN EACH OTHERS ARMS AS THE TELEPHONE RINGS. THEY IGNORE IT. AS IT RINGS AGAIN, GLENN BREAKS THE EMBRACE AS THOUGH TO ANSWER IT. GUY ENTERS,

GUY As you were, Lieutenant. I'll get it. It's my call. (FAY AND GLENN X DE AEM IN AEM) (IN PHONE) Yes, (MRS. FAIRCHILD ENTERS. GLENN AND FAY ARE GLAZING INTO EACH OTHER'S EYES. MRS. FAIRCHILD TAKES IT IN AND SMILES TO HERSELF) My answer is yes, Mr. Evans.

GUY (IN PHONE) I can leave as soon as we can find someone to take the parish. Thank you, sir. Goodbye. (HE HANGS UP AND HIS EXPRESSION IS ONE OF RELIEF AND SATISFACTION FOR HAVING MADE A GREAT DECISION) (Xs DC) Well, I'm in the army--practically. I'm going in as a chaplain.

FAY Guy, that's--that's wonderful.

MRS. FAIRCHILD (Xs DLS) He's been telling me all about it. Quite a surprise, isn't it?

GLENN (SHAKING HANDS WITH GUY) Congratulations! You're a great guy. I take my hat off to you.

(TELESCOPE)

GUY You'll have to do more than that. If I go in as a chaplain I may get a captain's rating. You'll have to salute me.

GLENN Like heck I will. I'm getting my captaincy the minute I get back.

FAY Glenn! You didn't tell me--that's marvelous.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Well, congratulations!

GUY I guess it's my turn to offer congratulations--congratulations and (LOOKING AT FAY) felicitations. (MRS. FAIRCHILD SITS ON SOFA R)

GLENN Thanks.

FAY Thank you.

GUY I'm getting Gracie to play the organ this morning so Fay can sit with you in church, Glenn. You'll come, won't you? This might just possibly be my last sermon, you know.

GLENN Why, yes. I'll be glad to, but isn't there some local custom connected with a young couple appearing in your church for the first time together?

GUY There certainly is.

GLENN Then I guess it's up to Fay.

GUY (Xs A FEW STEPS TO HER) Mrs. Fairchild, I have always wanted to marry your daughter. I should like to ask for that honor now. I should like to have the honor of marrying her to Lieutenant Glenn Craig.

FAY (PEEPIING IN GLENN'S ARMS) Oh, Glenn!

GLENN Looks like a deal, chaplain. (ALL AROUND FAY)

(A CHURCH BELL IS HEARD RINGING IN THE DISTANCE. GUY GLANCES AT HIS WATCH ENLIGHTENEDLY)

GUY Good grief, I'm late to my Sunday School class--and after my lecture last time about punctuality. Won't I get the royal razz. See you all later. (GLANCES OUT)

GLENN (AS GUY GOES TO THE DOOR) Oh, Guy.

GUY (STOPPING AT THE DOOR) Yes?

GLENN You're not in uniform yet, but--(HE SALUTES GUY)

GUY (RETURNING THE SALUTE) Thanks. (A LOOK OF RAUC UNDERSTANDING IS EXCHANGED BY THE TWO MEN AND GUY NODS OFF)

MRS. FAIRCHILD (Is He) Children, I don't know that you need it, but I'd like to give you a mother's blessing.

GLENN Thanks, Mrs. Fairchild.

FAY Thanks, mother darling.

GLENN If I'm going to be married, it looks like I'm stuck here till Tuesday. (HE BRINGS HIS BAG, WHICH HE HAD LEFT OUTSIDE THE DOOR, INSIDE)

FAY Mother, you unobserving darling, look! (FINGERING HER NECKLACE)

MRS. FAIRCHILD (RUSHING TO EXAMINE THE NECKLACE) Oh, Fay, how perfectly beautiful--why, they're jade--I guess I was too excited to notice--

FAY Real jade, mother, from China. Isn't he wonderful--I've never had anything so perfect in my life.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Glenn, it's lovely.

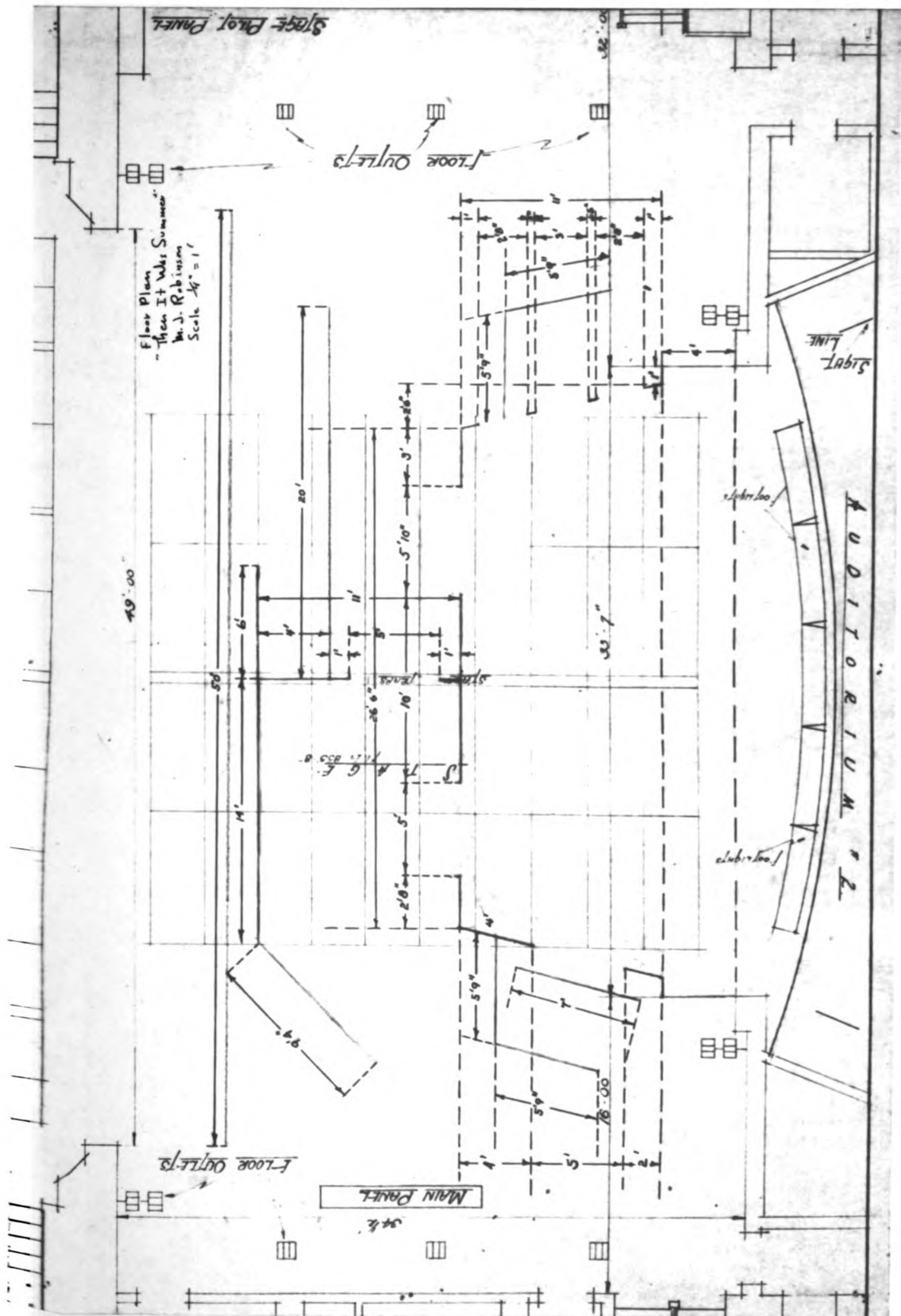
GLENN (LOOKING THROUGH A LOCK AT DOORCASE) Speaking of China reminds me of a bit of Chinese verse I found here last time--I never got to finish it--Yes, here it is--

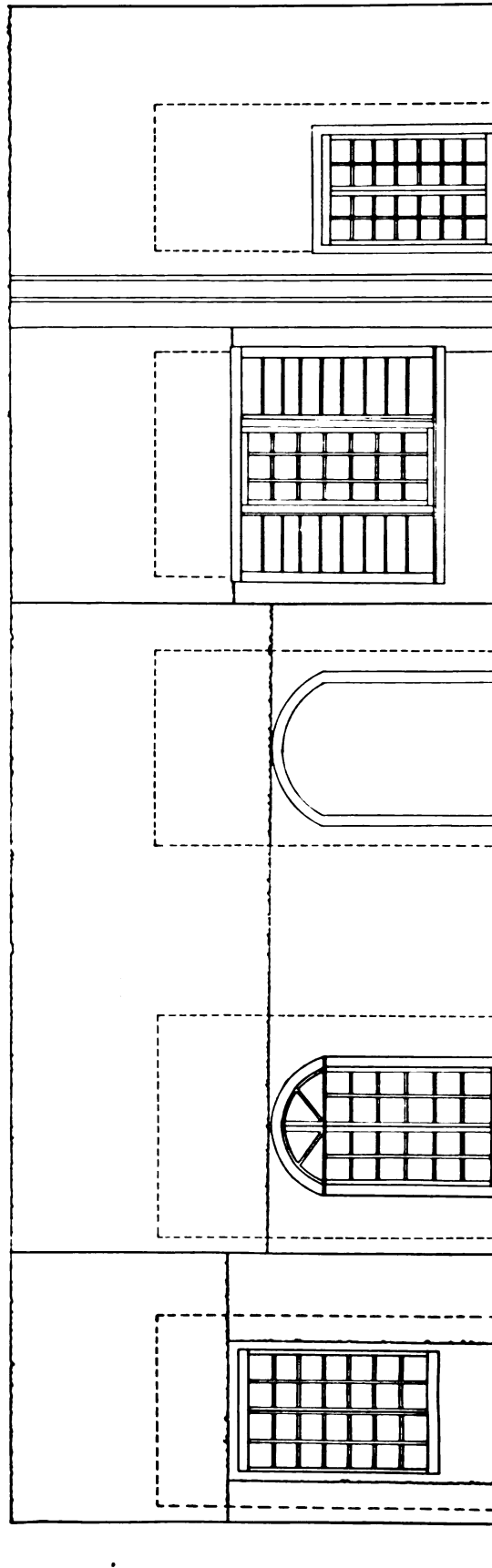
"I suddenly remember the distance that I must travel;  
I spring from bed and look out to see the time.  
The stars and planets are all grown dim in the sky;  
Long, long is the road; I cannot stay.  
I am going on service, away to the battle-ground.  
And I do not know when I shall come back.  
I hold your hand with only a deep sigh;  
Afterwards, tears--in the days when we are parted.  
With all your might enjoy the spring flowers,  
But do not forget the time of our love and pride.  
Know that if I live, I will come back again,  
And if I die, we will go on thinking of each other."

(MRS. FAIRCHILD SITS ON THE SOFA R. FAY HAS MOVED TO THE PIANO  
AS GLENN LEADS AND SHE TURNS SOFTLY AS THE CURTAIN FALLS)

## Part II

Production Material





Elevation Drawing

PROPERTY LIST

ON STAGE

Furniture

grand piano  
piano bench  
two-seater sofa  
full size sofa  
end table  
long library table  
hall table  
hall chair  
desk  
desk chair

Trim

Floor lamp  
hanging on wall center  
books in bookcases  
book of Chinese poetry on bottom right shelf  
stack of magazines on bottom left shelf  
knick-knacks on shelves  
wastebasket  
curtains  
wine drapes over bay window curtains  
6 colored pillows on large sofa  
2 colored pillows on small sofa  
on piano  
    highly colored scarf  
    large vase  
    stacks of music  
on library table  
    colored scarf  
    book ends  
    3 books  
    table lamp  
    telephone  
    3 magazines  
    small vase  
    2 figurines  
on end table  
    colored scarf  
    cigarette box  
    ash tray  
    glass snow storm  
    silent butler  
on desk  
    vase  
    desk lamp



desk pad  
desk pen and pencil set  
blotter  
letter opener  
letter holder  
desk calendar  
writing paper  
ashtray  
scissors in drawer  
check book in drawer  
on hall table  
table lamp  
colored scarf  
knick-knacks

### ADDITIONAL PROPS

#### For Act 1

##### On Stage

box of candy on desk  
scissors on library table  
flowers for 3 vases on library table  
sewing basket with embroidery on piano

##### Personal

suitcase beside library table---Glenn  
hat on library table---Glenn  
flower for hair---Peg  
prayer book---Guy  
tray with plate of cookies and 4 glasses of  
punch---Della  
tray with 4 saucers of ice cream---Della  
cake on cake plate---Gracie

#### For Act 2

##### On Stage

vacuum hand cleaner  
connected line for vacuum  
2 dust cloths

##### Personal

hat and purse---Della  
5 letters in purse---Della  
straw hat---Guy  
screw driver---Della  
suitcase---Glenn  
garden flowers---Peg  
prayer book with holes in it---Glenn  
handkerchief---Beulah  
tray with pitcher of iced tea and 2 glasses---  
Della

handkerchief and compact---Peg  
handkerchief with inscription---Glenn

**For Act 3**

**On Stage**

Sunday paper

**Personal**

pipe---Glenn

tobacco pouch---Glenn

small box with jade necklace inside---Glenn

coffee cup and saucer---Mrs. Fairchild

COSTUME INFORMATION FOR "Then It Was Summer"

Actor's Name Annette Suravits

Character Mrs. Fairchild Age late 40s

Height 5'5" Weight 135

ACT 1 formal black gown  
black evening sandals  
earrings, rings, bracelet

ACT 2 green and white striped house dress  
white apron  
brown shoes

ACT 3 checked brown and blue 2 piece linen dress  
brown shoes

COSTUME INFORMATION FOR "Then It Was Summer"

Actor's Name Betty Wright Burden

Character Peg Bradshaw Age 19

Height 5'3" Weight 120

ACT 1 peach chiffon formal  
flower in hair  
white evening sandals  
rhinestone bracelet and clip  
 ACT 2 beige summer frock  
spectator pumps  
white handkerchief

ACT 3 red linen 2 piece dress  
white pumps  
flower in hair



# COSTUME INFORMATION FOR "When It Was Summer"

Actor's Name Harriet Wilcox  
 Character Gracie Age about 14  
 Height 5'3" Weight 112

- ACT 1 light blue linen dress with white lace trim  
white ankle socks  
Mary Jane shoes  
blue hair ribbon  
 ACT 2 green, yellow and white figured dress  
green hair ribbon  
 ACT 3

# COSTUME INFORMATION FOR "When It Was Summer"

Actor's Name Cyril Jones  
 Character Glenn Age 25  
 Height 5'11½" Weight 150

- ACT 1 Marine's dress uniform  
white hat  
black shoes  
 ACT 2 same with service ribbons added  
 ACT 3 same as 2



COSTUME INFORMATION FOR "When It Was Summer"

Actor's Name Margaret Mosher

Character Fay Age 23

Height 5'3" Weight 120

ACT 1 formal white chiffon with red figured top  
white evening sandals  
rhinestone bracelet, rings

ACT 2 blue jeans, checked shirt  
loafers and ankle socks  
white silk jersey dress with colored sash  
white pumps

ACT 3 peach satin negligee  
white mules  
aquamarine dress with wine belt  
white pumps

COSTUME INFORMATION FOR "When It Was Summer"

Actor's Name Sally Clark

Character Della Age 40

Height 5'5" Weight 112

ACT 1 black and white short sleeved dress  
white serving apron  
black shoes

ACT 2 rose and white flowered house dress  
old hat and purse

ACT 3 same as 2

[The page contains approximately 25 lines of extremely faint, illegible text, likely a scan of a document with low contrast or significant degradation. The text is arranged in a single column and appears to be a continuous paragraph.]



COSTUME INFORMATION FOR "When It Was Summer"

Actor's Name John McCaughna

Character Guy Age 24

Height 5'11" Weight 160

ACT 1 navy blue suit

white shirt

maroon tie

ACT 2 black shoes

blue overalls

old brown shoes

straw hat

ACT 3 same as 1

COSTUME INFORMATION FOR "When It Was Summer"

Actor's Name Rosemary Ward

Character Mrs. Zachary Age 55

Height 5'6" Weight 135

ACT 1

ACT 2 brown and white striped house dress

purple figured apron

low heeled black shoes

ACT 3 cotton stockings

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses, which appears to be a directory or a list of contacts. The names are written in a cursive script, and the addresses are listed below them.

2. The second part of the document is a list of names and addresses, which appears to be a directory or a list of contacts. The names are written in a cursive script, and the addresses are listed below them.

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the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are under 15 years of age is expected to increase from 1.1 billion to 1.5 billion. The number of people aged 65 and over is expected to increase from 200 million to 400 million. The number of people aged 15 and over is expected to increase from 3.5 billion to 4.5 billion. The number of people aged 15 and over is expected to increase from 3.5 billion to 4.5 billion. The number of people aged 15 and over is expected to increase from 3.5 billion to 4.5 billion.

1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the problem.

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NAME	Carol Reihmer		
CH	Beulah	Age	13
	5'6"	Weight	140
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11.	brown striped house dress		
12.	barefoot sandals		
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## MAKE UP LIST

The letters F, S, K and M stand for Factor, Stein, Kresge and Miner, respectively, and the numbers are those used by the firms whose letters are indicated.

### FUNDAMENTAL COLORS

Tube	
1 very light pink	F
1½ light pink	F
2½ flesh	F
3½ sunburn	F
4a special cream	F
3 deeper flesh	F
6 sallow	F
10 Indian	F
11 mulatto	F
12 Mikado	F
Liquid	
6 tan	F
Stick	
flesh	M

### LINING COLORS

3 light brown	F
4 special blue	F
5 yellow	F
6 blue gray	F
8 lavender purple	F
12 white	F
14 vermillion	S
17 black	S
18 carmine	S
19 green	S

### ROUGE

dry--medium	K
moist--3, medium	S F
moist--4, dark	S F

### EYEBROW PENCILS

black	K
brown	K

### FACE POWDER

1 white	S F 1
2 light pink	S F 2
4 flesh	S F 10B
3 Othello	S F 20
14 Chinese	S
15 Indian	S F 18
18 natural	S F 6

### CREPE HAIR

dark brown	F S
medium gray	F S
light brown	F S

### MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS

mascara--dark brown	K
mascara--black	K
black tooth wax	
enamel	F
corn starch	
nose putty	S
paper liners	S F
absorbent cotton	
spirit gum	
palette	
cold cream	
denatured alcohol	

MAKE UP INFORMATION FOR "When It Was Summer"

Actor's Name Annette Suravits

Character Mrs. Fairchild Age late 40s

Type sympathetic, active, out-door mother

Base 1½, 2½ and touch of 3½ Powder 2

Liners 6, brown pencil Rouge 3  
maroon lines

General Instructions - Special Effects Character needs  
sunburned effect, but skin is not coarse.  
Emphasize eye and forehead lines, chin lines slightly.  
Match arms and hands with base. Corn starch slightly  
through sides of hair.

MAKE UP INFORMATION FOR "When It Was Summer"

Actor's Name Betty Wright Burden

Character Peg Age 19

Type spoiled, sophisticated, dressy young girl

Base 1½, touch 2½ Powder 2

Liners 4, brown pencil Rouge 3

General Instructions - Special Effects Give effect of  
being made up. She is to look made up and carefully  
so--not the sunburned type.  
Sophisticated coiffure.

[The page contains extremely faint, illegible horizontal lines of text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side.]

MAKE UP INFORMATION FOR "Then It Was Summer"

Actor's Name Harriet Wilcox

Character Gracie Age about 14

Type vivacious, perky, impudent youngster

Base 1½ and touch of 3½ Powder 2

Liners 4, light blue liner Rouge 3

General Instructions - Special Effects

Blend rouge so she looks healthy and apple-cheeked.

Youthful hair-do---mass of curls.

Do arms, hands and legs with liquid 2½.

MAKE UP INFORMATION FOR "Then It Was Summer"

Actor's Name Cyril Jones

Character Glenn Age 25

Type healthy out-door type, very masculine, typical Marine

Base 2½ and touch of 3½ Powder 18

Liners 6, blue liner Rouge 4

General Instructions - Special Effects

Give tropical sunburn on return from duty in the

Pacific. Add 3½ base and touch of 3 liner and use

3½ powder for Act 2.





MAKE UP INFORMATION FOR <u>"Then It Was Summer"</u>	
Actor's Name <u>Margaret Mosher</u>	
Character <u>Fay</u>	Age <u>23</u>
Type <u>artistic, sensitive, but healthy girl</u>	
Base <u>1½ and touch of 2½</u>	Powder <u>4</u>
Liners <u>4, light blue</u>	Rouge <u>3</u>
<b>General Instructions - Special Effects</b> <u>For Act 2 add a little 3½, but not too much sunburn.</u> <u>Do arms and hands to match.</u>	

MAKE UP INFORMATION FOR <u>"Then It Was Summer"</u>	
Actor's Name <u>Sally Clark</u>	
Character <u>Della</u>	Age <u>40</u>
Type <u>typical old maid, keen sense of humor</u>	
Base <u>2½, touch of 4a, and 3½</u>	Powder _____
Liners <u>blue gray, brown pencil</u>	Rouge _____
<b>General Instructions - Special Effects</b> <u>Corn starch through hair on sides. Not too many</u> <u>lines---a weathered face. Few marked lines at eyes.</u> <u>Use blue gray shadow mostly.</u>	

1. The first part of the report is a general introduction to the subject of the study. It discusses the importance of the study and the objectives of the research.

2. The second part of the report is a detailed description of the methodology used in the study. It includes information about the sample size, the data collection methods, and the statistical analysis techniques.

3. The third part of the report is a discussion of the results of the study. It presents the findings of the research and compares them with the previous studies in the field.

4. The fourth part of the report is a conclusion and a list of references. The conclusion summarizes the main findings of the study and provides recommendations for future research.

5. The fifth part of the report is an appendix containing additional information related to the study, such as raw data, questionnaires, and interview transcripts.

6. The sixth part of the report is a bibliography listing all the sources used in the study.

7. The seventh part of the report is a list of figures and tables included in the study.

NAME OF CHARACTER FOR MAKEUP			
Character Name <u>John McCaughna</u>			
Character	<u>Guy</u>	Age	<u>24</u>
Type	<u>athletic, ministerial, Y.M.C.A. face</u>		
Base	<u>2½ and a little 3½</u>	Neck	<u>18</u>
Lipstick	<u>blue, brown pencil</u>	Neck	<u>4</u>
General instructions - Special Effects: In Act 2 add quite a bit of 3½ base and powder.			

NAME OF CHARACTER FOR MAKEUP			
Character Name <u>Rosemary Ward</u>			
Character	<u>Mrs. Zachary</u>	Age	<u>55</u>
Type	<u>washed out, drawn, hard working, worrier and gossip</u>		
Base	<u>2½ and a touch of 4 and 6</u>	Neck	<u>4</u>
Lipstick	<u>blue gray, maroon lines</u>	Neck	<u>3</u>
General instructions - Special Effects: Use just enough rouge to give color--needs washed out, drawn look. Emphasize mouth and throat lines and worry lines in forehead. Cornstarch on sides of hair.			



THIS IS INFORMATION FOR \_\_\_\_\_

Model's Name Carol Reihmer

Where Beulah Age 13

What apple-cheeked, awkward, gawky farm girl

Build 2½ and a little 1½ \_\_\_\_\_ 2

Hair 6, blue \_\_\_\_\_ 3

General instructions - Special Effects  
Not too much rouge. Get the healthy look with  
blended rouge. Pig-tail hair-do. Strive for  
awkward age look.

THIS IS INFORMATION FOR \_\_\_\_\_

Model's Name \_\_\_\_\_

Character \_\_\_\_\_

Type \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

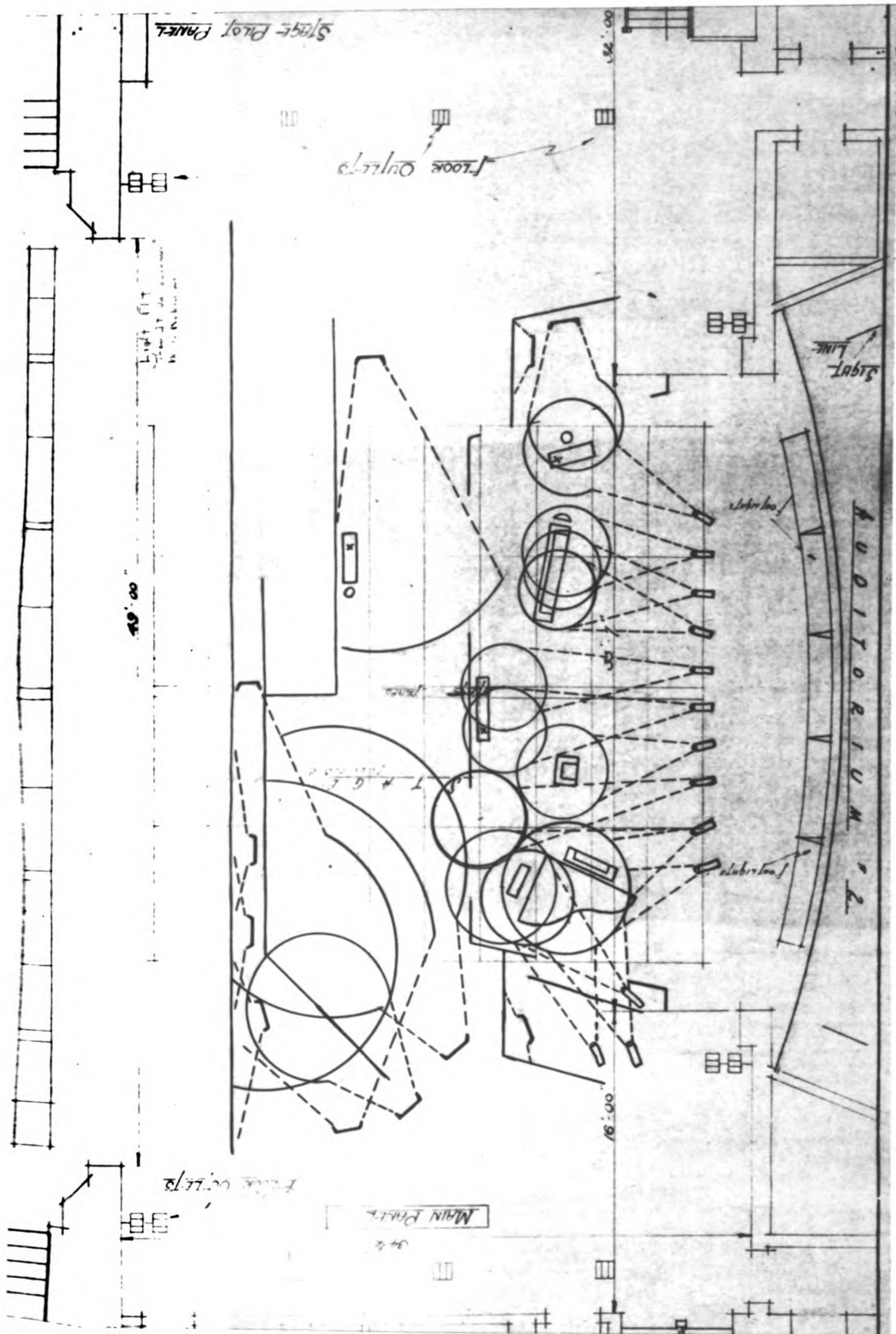
General instructions - Special Effects \_\_\_\_\_

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# LIGHT CHART

Light Beams	Area	Dimmer Number	Circuit Number	Color	I	I	II	III
1,2,9,10		7A		straw	10-0	10	10	
3,4,11,12		7B		pink	10-0		10	10
6,7,8		7C		day blue	10-10		10	10
5	on flag	6D		white				
Bridge								
1	floorlight	1A	59	straw	10-0	5	10	10
2	door left	2A	58	pink	10-0	5	10	10
3	chair right	3A	66	straw	10-0	5	10	10
4	floorlight	4A	57	straw	10-7		10	10
5	davenport	1B	56	pink	10-0	5	10	10
6	door left	2B	55	day blue	10-6		10	10
7	floorlight	3B	67	straw	10-0	8	10	10
8	door right	4B	54	pink	10-0	5	10	10
9	door right	1C	53	day blue	10-8		10	10
10	floorlight	2C	52	straw	10-0	8	10	10
Seventh Border								
white				white	6-0		6	9
red				red	7-0	7	7	10
blue				blue	6-0	8	6	10
amber				amber	9-0	6	9	
Third Section of Foots								
		1D		white	7-0		7	7
		2D		amber	6-0	6	6	
		3D		red				10
		4D		blue				10
Floods								
1,2	offstage R	5A	90-91	amber in 1 and 2	9-0		9	9
3,4	offstage R	5B	92-72	pink in 3 bluegreen in 1 dayblue in 2 and 3	6-6		6	6
5	hall	6A	93	straw	6-4		6	5
6	window left stage	6B	101	amber in 1 and 2 pink in 3	7-0		7	10



Light	Area	Dimmer Number	Circuit Number	Color	I	I II	III
<b>Spotlights</b>							
1000W1	right window	5C	86	amber in 1 and 2	10-0	10	10
1000W2	right window	4C	85	pink in 3 bluegreen in 1	-7		10
1000W3	right window	4C	84	dayblue in 2 and 3 bluegreen	-7		10
<b>Individual Lines</b>							
1 Floorlight	spot 7	3B	70				
2 Floorlight	spot 10	2C	89				
4 Floorlight	spot 4	4A	100				
5 Floorlight	flood 5	6A	97				
<b>Sky Border</b>				white			10
				red			9
				blue	10-10	10	10
				amber			
<b>Floods</b>							
		5D	26,77, 94,69, 96	bluegreen in 1 dayblue in 2, 3	10-8	10	10

### Notes

First figure under I is at the opening of the play.  
 Second figure is just before the lights go out.  
 Second I is when the lights come on again.

The sky floods are all hooked together.

Floorlight 1 is connected with bridge spot 7.  
 Floorlight 2 is connected with bridge spot 10.  
 Floorlight 4 is connected with bridge spot 4.  
 Floorlight 5 is connected with flood 5.

## INSTRUCTIONS FOR LIGHTS

### ACT 1

Start out in amber.

The last glow of twilight comes about page 5.

Floorlights on stage should be lighted by page 8.

Moonlight is up before page 14.

Floorlights are turned on again by page 16.

Have floor lights and spots covering them and borders on wall switch. After borders are dimmed out, switch them over to wall switch. Desk lamp and its spot are not on the wall switch.

### ACT 2

The time is late afternoon.

Have line on stage for vacuum cleaner.

### ACT 3

The time is early morning.

# REHEARSAL SCHEDULE FOR

## "THEN IT WAS SUMMER"

Tuesday	January	18	Nursery	Finish blocking
Wednesday	January	19	Stage	Act 1
Thursday	January	20	Stage	Act 1
Friday	January	21	Nursery	Acts 1 and 2
Monday	January	24	Storeroom	Act 1 memorized
Wednesday	January	26	Nursery	Act 2
Thursday	January	27	Stage	Act 2
Friday	January	28	Nursery	Acts 2 and 3
Tuesday	February	1	Nursery	Act 2 memorized
Wednesday	February	2	Storeroom	Act 3
Thursday	February	3	Nursery	Act 3 memorized
Friday	February	4	Stage	Acts 2 and 3
Monday	February	7	Stage	Act 1 with props
Tuesday	February	8	Stage	Act 2 with props
Wednesday	February	9	Stage	Act 3 with props
Thursday	February	10	Stage	All Acts
Friday	February	11	Stage	All Acts
Monday	February	14	Stage	Dress Rehearsal
Tuesday	February	15	Stage	Dress Rehearsal
Wednesday	February	16	Stage	PERFORMANCE

All rehearsals start at 7:00. Friday rehearsals will last beyond 10:00, so plan on it!

For performance calls are as follows:

Cast call--7:00      Crew--7:15      Curtain--8:15

## CREW RECORD

### Construction

3 people                      total number of hours 28

The scenery units used for the production were already constructed. For future productions an allowance of 50 construction hours and 15 painting hours should be made.

### Setting and Striking Set

12 people                      total number of hours  
for setting set                      51

10 people                      total number of hours  
for striking set                      22

### Property Crew

5 people                      total number of hours 50

### Costuming Crew

2 people                      total number of hours 30

### Lighting

5 people                      total number of hours 34

### Makeup

5 people                      total number of hours 10

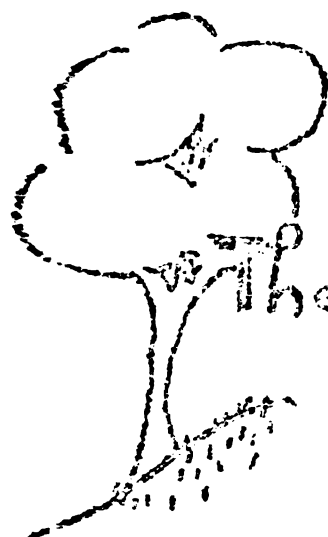
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Grand Total 225

## PUBLICITY

PLAY

TAUTOUS



For

Then It Was Summer ..



---

130 MONTESSORI HALL

---

Wednesday  
January 5

and

Thursday  
January 6

7:15

to

10:00

---

Presented by

THE DEPARTMENT OF SPEECH

Directed by  
M. J. Robinson

---

*[Faint handwritten notes at the bottom of the page]*

[illegible]

the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are illiterate has increased from 1.2 billion to 1.5 billion. The number of illiterate people in the world is projected to reach 1.7 billion by the year 2015. The number of illiterate people in the world is projected to reach 1.7 billion by the year 2015. The number of illiterate people in the world is projected to reach 1.7 billion by the year 2015.

MICHIGAN STATE COLLEGE  
OF AGRICULTURE AND APPLIED SCIENCE  
EAST LANSING

February 12, 1944

DIVISION OF LIBERAL ARTS  
DEPARTMENT OF SPEECH AND DRAMATICS

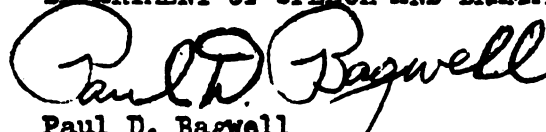
The Department of Speech and Dramatics wishes to extend to you a special invitation to attend the premiere performance of **THEN IT WAS SUMMER**, a new play by Albert Johnson, Director of Dramatics at Cornell College in Iowa. This is the first graduate thesis production sponsored by the department and we are fortunate in securing such an interesting play. The theme deals with the return of our boys to a changed postwar world and the adjustments which they will be forced to make.


The director of **THEN IT WAS SUMMER** is Miss Marie J. Robinson, of Lockport, New York. She comes to us with a Bachelor's degree from Emerson College in Boston and with many years' experience as Director of Dramatics in the Lockport High School. The play will be staged using the full facilities of Fairchild Theater; the cast will include many of the promising younger actors of the department.

We are looking forward to this production of an original play, and we hope that you will be our guests on Wednesday evening, February 16th, at 8:15 o'clock.

Sincerely yours,

DEPARTMENT OF SPEECH AND DRAMATICS

  
Paul D. Bagwell  
Acting Head

  
Donald O. Buell  
Director of Dramatics



Further publicity will be found in the February 15, February 16 and February 17 issues of the "Michigan State News", copies of which are in the pocket of the back cover of this book.

## Part III

### Director's Problems

## A. TECHNICAL

### 1. Action

Action is the term given to stage business, to the movement and positions of the characters on stage. It includes crosses, gestures, handling of properties--all details of movement and business.

According to Brown and Garwood<sup>1</sup> there are two kinds of action:

1. fundamental
2. imposed

Fundamental action is the movement inherent in the play, which is required for the plot. Most of the purely fundamental action, such as the playing of the piano, exits and entrances, was given in the original script in Part I. This had to be analyzed, however, for rightness. That is, it had to bring out the thought of the play, add to the character, or in some way contribute to the understanding of the audience in regard to that character. It had to fit the people who were acting the characters as well as the characters themselves. Otherwise, the action would have been unnatural, stiff and awkward.

Imposed action is that business which is added to the play. In the form of stage movement it is essential to interpret the thought, build atmosphere and create,

<sup>1</sup>Gilmor Brown and Alice Garwood, "General Principles of Play Direction", Samuel French, 1937, New York



vitalize and embellish the characters. Such imposed business is also necessary to keep the attention and interest of the audience as well as helping to enlist their sympathy and insure their understanding.

Further consideration must be given stage action so that important characters are placed in prominent positions for essential lines. They must be spaced properly to insure attention and to strengthen domination of the scene at the time required to gain meaning. At all times the audience's attention must be focused on that which serves to further the plot.

These are the things that are emphasized and pointed up by the use of stage action.

The imposed business will be found underlined in the script as produced. By the use of such descriptive adjectives as gaily, jokingly, defensively, etc., one perceives the interpretation. With movement about stage one holds the interest of the audience. Through special action for each person, such as constant sprawling and jumping about for Gracie, restless movement for Glenn upon his return from active duty, etc., one creates the characterization.

Care always must be taken, however, that all action is motivated, characteristic and natural.

To illustrate the above remarks, let us take specific scenes from the play. At the beginning of Act 1 the feel-

ing of "at-homeness", of easy and casual living must be shown to the audience. Mrs. Fairchild was given some action with flowers--fundamental action, since it was mentioned in the lines on page 83, when Glenn put a flower in place for her. More fundamental action was present. Fay's piano playing, Della's entrance and exit and Glenn's looking out the window as he talked of the view of the countryside he would miss--these were all inherent in the original script.

However, this was not enough to keep the attention of the audience. Therefore, I have added a great deal of imposed business. Mrs. Fairchild fixed three vases of flowers to give the impression of a huge flower garden and to bring out the fact that she had leisure to fuss over the niceties of life, rather than having to prepare refreshments for the party. Glenn wandered around the room to point out the things that impressed him. He went to the piano and the audience started to realize the importance of music in the play. He helped Mrs. Fairchild with the flowers; listened to and joined in the chatter and repartee of the party atmosphere; moved up to the French window to look at the countryside several times; perched on the desk to strengthen the impression of being at ease in the house; took a book from the bookcase, etc.--all of which served to keep attention, dress action and build character. Further it laid the foundation for his feeling of unfamiliarity and loss in Act 2, when he wandered about the room missing the

flowers, the books and the music, as well as the relaxed and easy pattern of life.

Gracie I used to enliven the act, to build party atmosphere and a feeling of joviality. I felt she should be the epitome of lighthearted enjoyment, uninhibited and unworried by any war clouds or curbing of her pleasures. To give this impression to the audience I had her sprawled on the floor as the curtain rose, but sitting up after her first few lines, so that she continuously effervesced in both lines and action. Furthermore, I placed a box of candy on the desk so that Gracie and later Peg could move about and thus help to keep the audience alert and interested. Gracie, of course, had several pieces of candy to support the greedy child type of character, indicated in the lines regarding refreshments. Another bit of imposed business for Gracie was sprawling on the sofa, adjusting pillows to make herself thoroughly comfortable. This also gave rise to an opportunity to add to the feeling of barbed sisterliness indicated as existing between Peg and Gracie on page 86 in the lines about piano playing. Peg was given the action of taking Gracie's pillow, which allowed Gracie to look for and finally retrieve it. All this served to point up the important trivialities of people not directly concerned with anything but pleasure and personal happiness.

In Act 1, page 85, it was important that the audience

realized exactly how much being at the Fairchilds had meant to Glenn. They had to understand that the atmosphere of home, the beauty of life as the Fairchilds were living it, had made an indelible impression on Glenn's mind. This was illustrated by his first two speeches on Page 85. Because there were so many people on stage at this time, Glenn had to be so located that audience attention would be centered on him. Therefore, I had him cross upstage center. Since attention is drawn to a moving object in preference to a still one, this caught the eye of the audience. Placing Glenn at center and having him stand, while the others were seated, with the exception of Mrs. Fairchild (who was standing behind the piano at right in a subordinate position), emphasized Glenn's lines in the mind of the audience.

Again on page 91 of Act 1 the long scene between Mrs. Fairchild and Guy needed breaking up to prevent monotony. This was obtained by having Mrs. Fairchild work on her embroidery and subsequently cross to the desk for scissors and return to her chair. Guy also moved about the room--around the piano, across to the desk, back toward Mrs. Fairchild--not only to break the unrelieved conversation, but also to indicate his uncertainty, his struggle between patriotism and pacifism. This also illustrates what I mean by motivating action. A man torn between two alternatives usually does not sit quietly in a chair and meditate. He



feels the need of action. This was obviously characteristic of both Guy and Glenn, for, according to their lines in Act 3 on page 153, they spent the night walking as they attempted to decide their future actions.

This continued throughout the play. Imposed action with letters and dust cloth was added to the inherent action with the vacuum cleaner in Act 2 on pages 107, 108 and 109. Gracie bounced about the stage, playing the piano, dancing and singing on pages 117, 118 and 119 of Act 2. At the top of page 118 is a thumb nail sketch showing how she skipped around all the furniture--more imposed business added to the inherent business of dancing a mock jitterbug with Della. At the end of her song, Gracie fell over the arm of the sofa, but quickly bounced up again to show Della the magazine with the message written on it--more imposed business to show her vivaciousness and childishness. To point up the fact that Glenn was glad to get back to the Fairchild's I had him swing Della off her feet as he hugged her on page 120. Glenn's continuous wandering on pages 120, 121 and 122 was deliberately added to indicate his restlessness and his evident hunger for things as he remembered them. Beulah's handkerchief twisting and awkward handling of her feet on pages 128, 129 and 130 pointed up her preoccupation with and worship of the Marine hero. Throughout the scene between Fay and Glenn on pages 132, 133, 134 and 135 both characters were continuously moving. This was to give the impression

of uneasiness, of a feeling of restraint between them which could not be eliminated. Therefore, they never relaxed enough to sit down and just quietly talk.

At the beginning of Act 3 a contrast in action served to heighten the impact of certain lines. I had Peg, who was elated, dreaming and definitely catty at this time, moving about stage from left to right and from right to left as she pictured herself in a hazy wonderland with Glenn. She was too high in the clouds to remain prosaically seated on mere furniture. In contrast Fay was tired out physically from loading the cattle, mentally from being unable to make Glenn understand her responsibilities and emotionally from her quarrel the previous night. Therefore, I had her remain almost motionless in her chair as Peg paraded her conquest. This allowed me to build a minor climax in having Fay break her motionlessness by rising when Peg told her of Glenn's kiss. Then the friction between the two increased both in action and in lines until they were facing each other at the top of page 146 almost in the attitude of two fighting cocks. On page 148 Fay told her Mother how she really felt about losing her music and Glenn. This was important to the plot, so I had her turn from the French window and come downstage right center as she broke out with, "What's the good of complaining?" This position and turning to face the audience emphasized the lines sat-



isfactorily. The scene between Guy and Fay on pages 150, 151 and 152 required for the most part that they be separated to point up the fact that Fay was not in love with Guy. On page 150 when he was trying to help her, he moved to the center chair to be closer to the sofa on which Fay was seated. This was a natural action, in that you move closer to those you try to help. The rest of the time, however, Guy's general position was at left, while Fay was at right. This brought out more adequately the barrier between them. In the same way when Glenn apologized to Guy, he was at the tip of the piano and Guy was seated on the sofa down right, but as they went on talking Glenn wandered away and came back, following the mood of the conversation.

All the way through the play you will note that the character whose lines were most essential at a certain time was either placed center stage, as in the examples given above, or on one side with all the others ranged against him, as when Fay made her decision to run the farm and give up her music, or had attention called to him by action and difference in standing or sitting, as in all the examples given.

It is in this way, then, that action is motivated, characteristic and natural and is used to interpret the thought, build atmosphere, create characterizations, hold the audience's attention and insure their understanding and sympathy.

## 2. Pantomime

As everyone undoubtedly realizes "pantomime" is the term given to action without words. It is the telling of a story, a thought or a mood through the use of bodily action or gesture without spoken lines. It is used to dress the action, emphasize important lines and build characterizations. For this particular play the main value of pantomime was in the development of character.

Thus, Gracie's constant eating of candy was but an additional indication of the childishness indicated in her lines concerning her desire to be counted as two when refreshments were prepared and portraying her interest in the ice cream. Further pointing up of this characteristic was found in having her eat a piece of cake as she carried it out to the party at the end of Act 1. This was actually pantomime, since no lines were necessary to add to the impression of a greedy child.

Fay's piano playing must be placed in the same category. Actual dialogue conveyed the information and brought about the realization of the importance of music to her happiness. It was a vital and integral part of her. By adding the pantomimic business of having her turn to the piano in times of high emotional stress, credibility and a feeling of rightness was given to Glenn's protest against the complete change in her life. Therefore, it was wise to emphasize the predominance of music in her life by having her

play after Glenn's departure in Act 1, by having her seek solace in music after the quarrel in Act 2 and by having her relieve her sorrow in music after realization that Glenn's suitcase was gone in Act 3.

Further pantomime was essential for Glenn. By his wandering about the living room on his return a year later, his fingering of the books, seeking for music, looking for flowers--by all these pieces of pantomime to support his lines, one obtained the impression that he had been dreaming of and picturing for himself all these things. His disappointment in and anger with Fay was then more understandable, as was his disappointment that things were not as they had been when he left.

The same held true for all characters. Beulah's awkwardness and hero worship was much more evident through the addition of shy smiles in Glenn's direction, through twisting a handkerchief almost to shreds and through difficulty in handling her feet. The ease and grace of living was well typified by Mrs. Fairchild's floral arrangements and embroidery work in Act 1, just as the change of war was noticeable in her use of dust cloth and vacuum in Act 2. Peg's preoccupation with pleasure and flirtatious behavior was pointed up when she fussed with a flower in her hair, attached herself to Glenn at the slightest provocation and draped herself artistically on the sofa.



Mrs. Zachary was given the business of wiping her hands on her apron, as well as putting hands on hips to emphasize her canning work and the awkwardness of her character. Guy I treated in a different way. Since he was in the ministerial profession, where one is more or less self-contained, well-controlled and observant, I felt it might be advantageous to have him correspondingly inactive for the most part. He was, therefore, restricted to shaking hands, working with the vacuum cleaner and occasionally using a few hand gestures. His pantomimic business was negligible, unless one considers inaction a type of pantomime.

It should be realized that such action is usually the director's and actor's contribution, rather than the author's.

At this point it might be well to explain why I have not included pantomime as necessary for the development of atmosphere. I have found that the developing of character brings with it a corresponding building of atmosphere. Instead of added action for the purpose of creating certain atmosphere, I have worked with the character. As the actor responds completely to the character and parallels in his imagination what the character lives in reality, he submerges his own personality in that of the person he is enacting. Then he uses the pantomimic action which is that of the character to unconsciously create the atmosphere,



the mood necessary for that particular time. I have always found that concentration upon the character and his reactions in any given scene brings about a more effective atmosphere, since it is an unconscious and natural development as was originally intended in the play.

Unlike stage business, which completes the picture or character, pantomime may further the story without the use of lines, as is well illustrated in Act 3 on page 157. Fay noticed that Glenn's suitcase was gone and went to the piano for consolation. Glenn returned for his pipe, listened to the music for a moment and then picked up the necklace. As he placed the jade pendant about Fay's throat the audience knew that things were going to turn out satisfactorily, although not a word had been said. The whole mood and feeling was sustained through pantomime.

In addition to building characterization and telling the story pantomime is valuable for dressing the action. Thus, when Fay laughingly promised Glenn that she would try to keep things just as they were, it added to the lightness of the mood to have her childishly cross her heart as she promised. Also, as Mrs. Fairchild in Act 2 put the mail on the desk, the action was completed by having her naturally look over the letters as she crossed with them. In Act 3 on page 158 the misunderstanding between Fay and Glenn was emphasized by keeping them apart. It was heightened with

the additional business of having her turn her back to him until they started to build to the reunion. This is the type of thing that is meant by dressing action.

Another asset derived from pantomime is that of emphasizing lines. In Act 1 this was exemplified on page 98 with Glenn's line, "Not if it spoils those marvelous hands." This was emphasized by having him hold her hands. This also brought about the means of underlining Fay's next line--she pulled her hands away. By having Peg offer both hands to Glenn on page 123, Act 2, her delight at seeing him once again was more definitely brought out. Again in Act 3 on page 156 Glenn's decision to leave was made very definite as he left a package for Fay, picked up his bag and departed in spite of Guy's protests.

Obviously then, pantomime is essential in dressing the action, conveying the story, emphasizing important lines and building characterizations.



### 3. Picturization

In the matter of picturization the most concrete definition is given by Alexander Dean<sup>2</sup>, who says:

"Picturization is the visual interpretation of each moment in the play. It is the placing of characters so as to suggest their mental and emotional attitudes toward one another so that the dramatic nature of the situation will be conveyed to an audience without the use of dialogue or movement. (This visual interpretation of the play should be developed as fully as the auditory.)"

Although picturization is the means of setting the locale, dressing the action and assisting the interpretation of a play, its main value lies in the atmosphere it can produce. It is by the blending of color and lines in furniture, scenery, lights and costumes, by the grouping and positions of the actors that one achieves the desired result. Through minor details the result is intensified.

Thus, in Act 1 the feeling of ease, relaxation, happiness and luxury, and gracious, unhurried living was gained by the use of harmonizing colors in costumes, lighting and furniture as well as by the party chatter and music and gayness of the lines. Flowers, books, ornaments, highly colored scarfs, soft lights--such small details conveyed a subtle sense of happiness and security as well as lasting beauty. Just as subtly the feeling of unhurried living was removed as parts of the picture were

<sup>2</sup>Alexander Dean, "Fundamentals of Play Directing", Farrar and Rinehart, Inc., 1941, New York

destroyed. Flowers were removed, music put away, books taken off the shelves--in short, the elimination of the trim emphasized the privations and exigencies of the shift to the "home front". There was a contrast between easy living and war living--an atmosphere suggested to the mind by the pictures drawn on the stage.

The balance in furniture may be noted by a quick glance at the stage setting. Counter balancing the piano at right was the sofa left; the small sofa right was offset by the desk and chair right; the chair down center compensated for the table up center and so on.

Lighting effects are also of assistance in obtaining a desired picture balance. The flood of moonlight through the French doors and bay window right was off-set by the moonlight through the smaller window left and the illumination of the lamp on the hall table left..

It is also vital that stage pictures balance for the audience--that is, that there is a sense of equilibrium on the stage which is apparent to the audience. This may be achieved by the positions of the actors on stage, the placement of furniture and lighting. Therefore, in Act 1 Fay, as the dominant figure toward the end of the act, successfully balanced her Mother, Della and Guy, who were center and left of her, without disturbing the audience's sense of equilibrium. In the party at the beginning of the

play, however, when no one character was outstanding, the grouping was more mathematically divided. Fay and Glenn were right stage, Peg and Gracie left and Mrs. Fairchild was at center. Variations in position were necessary to avoid monotony of picturization. In the constant ebb and flow of positions and resulting pictures a play resembles the fluid light changes of a prism.

At the beginning of beginning of Act 1 a definite attempt was made to present a pretty picture in order to emphasize the beauty and grace of this way of life. This was achieved through a blending of scenery and the grouping of the characters. Fay in a white and red-figured chiffon formal was playing at the piano. Glenn in the colorful dress uniform of the Marines leaned in the curve of the piano, so placed to emphasize his feelings toward Fay and his delight in her music. Mrs. Fairchild, gowned in a formal black crepe, was in the gold and wine striped chair at center, relaxed and at ease. Peg was on the sofa, with her formal peach crepe carefully draped on the blue sofa, but she was turned toward the piano and Fay. Sprawled at full length on the floor in a typical child's attitude and dressed in a pale blue "small girl" party dress was red-haired Gracie. She, too, directed attention to the music by propping herself up on both arms as she watched Fay play. This concentration upon one central point gave the entire picture a feeling of harmony, a sense of fitting

together. A dull, rich wine two-seater sofa; a colorful Spanish shawl on the piano; pale yellow, pink and peach gladiola on the table, desk and piano; richly oriental scarfs on end table and library table; multi-colored pillows on the sofa; books in a riot of blue, green, gold, purple, yellow, black and orange colors; wine drapes on the bay window; various knick-knacks on book shelves and tables--all these added life, color and beauty to the set.

With the removal of the flowers, some of the pillows, the shawl from the piano, several shelves of books, etc., one obtained the feeling of a stepped-up routine of only time enough to handle the necessities of living. There was no settling down into pretty pictures in the next two acts. People bustled in and out intent upon raking hay, canning apple butter, arranging for parties, cleaning and dusting, fixing a stove--there was no time for family and friends to gather for relaxation and music. This chopping up, this brusqueness made the type of pictures for Acts 2 and 3 different. It was hard to construct a lovely scene with but two or three people dressed for the most part in everyday or working clothes. There was empty space that had to be filled with only a few characters, so that one did not get the pictorial quality present in Act 1. The problem here was to make a few characters build pictures for a group. This demanded a corresponding change in the type of picture used--the use of two people in a smaller area, as when Guy

and Fay talked together in Act 3; the use of the entire stage, as when Peg and Fay clashed in Act 2, and when Glenn and Fay explained themselves in Act 3. In these last two acts the attention was centered on individuals and not on people as a whole and the pictures reflected the importance of these two-somes.

Only the quarrel scene in Act 2 brought a group on stage. The problem in this scene was to give the effect of discord, of disjointure. This was obtained by having Guy downstage right, Mrs. Fairchild upstage right center, Fay downstage right center, Peg seated on the sofa left and Glenn off center left. In this way there were no parallel lines allowing the fusing of several characters or their body positions, either vertically or horizontally. Further there was no focal point of interest, such as Fay's piano playing at the beginning of Act 1. All were intent upon their own reactions in the quarrel. Then, too, there was no blending of colors--Fay in white, Peg in beige, Mrs. Fairchild in green and white, Guy in blue overalls--all these were more or less negative and, since the colors were not harmonious, the discordant effect was heightened.

Through the use of certain stage areas one embellishes and varies the stage pictures. For those scenes where a feeling of intimacy and understanding was essential, I used the downstage right or left. Thus, Guy and Mrs. Fairchild in Acts 1 and 2 were down right; Glenn and Fay were downstage



left with the book, and right and center for their reunion in Act 3; Glenn and Guy were downstage right in Act 3, when Glenn made his apologies for the insults of the quarrel, etc.. Conversely the area upstage right was used when a feeling of idealization was needed. Thus, Glenn stood at the French window, looking over the countryside and dreaming aloud about the things he would remember while away, as Fay played softly at the piano. He was removed from the audience by being upstage and was at the same time removed from reality in his thoughts. A few minutes later both Fay and Glenn stood in the moonlight, impressed and almost overcome by the beauty of the night and their love for each other. It was an area that lent itself superbly to this type of idealization. That it made a beautiful picture was evident from the exclamations of delight the audience made upon seeing it. A more compact sense was gained by the use of the sofa area. Small family groups and conversations of no particular importance were placed in this section. Thus, Glenn and Gracie, seated on the sofa in Act 2 while Glenn waited for Fay to arrive, achieved a friendliness through their proximity, but were neutral enough in area so that the scene did not gain undue significance.

In planning the set itself I took into consideration definite pictorial qualities. Obviously the piano had to be as prominent on stage as it was in the lives of the char-

acters. Therefore, all of the right side of the stage was devoted to the piano. Then, by placing the French window and bay window up right and down right respectively, it was easy to plan an atmosphere of beauty with moonlight picking out Fay at the piano and Glenn at the French doors. The use of an arch gave me a chance to give more depth to the stage, which always enhances a picture, so the hall was added to the set. This was balanced on the other side by the terrace. The space between the two openings in the rear wall needed breaking up. This was obtained by placing the library table with lamp, telephone, magazines, books, vase and knick-knacks on it between the two openings and suspending a hanging with floral design above it. Since Mr. Fairchild was an avid collector of books, high bookcases with many shelves were placed prominently on the left. It was saved from being too dull by having a window between the two sections, which also assisted in regard to lighting effects and more effective pictures. Two sofas were used to give the impression of spaciousness, of a leisurely way of life that had time for easy conversation and relaxation and for the slow building of friendships. Indicative of this, also, was the use of the center chair, which could be turned to make a cozy corner with the two-seater sofa, or moved so it became part of the entire room. With the furniture thus spaced it lent itself adequately to the grouping of the actors in the attempt to create atmosphere through picturi-

zation.

Picturization, then, is essential in setting the locale, dressing the action and assisting in the interpretation of the play. It achieves these things through a blending of color and lines in furniture, scenery, lights and costumes and through the balance of set and movement. However, as has been pointed out, the main value of picturization is in the creation of atmosphere. This depends more particularly on the actors themselves, on their positions, their grouping, their relationships to each other through placement and contact, their facial expressions as well as bodily movements, emotional attitudes and feeling in regard to each other. It is only when all these things are technically as perfect as possible to the director that his picturization may be called complete, artistic and effective. Its importance to the director may be estimated when one realizes that the audience gains the mood and feeling of the play from the pictures drawn for it on the stage.



#### 4. Rhythm

The speed of movement of lines and action is called the rhythm of the play. This refers to the pace at which the lines are given as well as the reactions, gestures and movements of the characters. According to Brown and Garwood rhythm may be used "to stimulate and unify an emotional response in the audience". That is, increased pace will bring increased interest, while sustaining and building the speed over a period of time brings about a corresponding tension and emotional build in the audience.

The rhythm of this play may be clearer if musical terms are used in explaining it. At the beginning of the play, when the exposition is being given, the rhythm was a slow andante movement. There was no particular rush apparent in any of the lines. With Glenn's departure, however, one built up to a minor crescendo, with a slight accelerando, which took him away. The major crescendo of the first movement was found in the report of Mr. Fairchild's illness, and the accelerated pace was apparent in Fay's quick decision to run the farms herself and her subsequent telephone call. As Mrs. Fairchild returns and Fay's decision was accepted and the party went on there was a ~~diminuendo~~ diminuendo both in interest and in pace followed by a slow curtain. The second movement found a definite accelerando in pace until the play proceeded at allegro. This was step-

ped up almost to tempo di marcia with the excitement of Glenn's return. It subsided somewhat as Fay and Glenn made plans for the evening, but returned prestissimo and accelerando as Fay and Glenn quarreled over the loading of the cattle. This part of the act was enacted con spirito, con fuoco and con brilliance, for it was the high spot of the entire play. The third movement was a moderato one, which increased to allegro moderato in the conflict between Peg and Fay and then found a slower movement in the conversation between Guy and Fay. With the reunion of Fay and Glenn the tempo increased to allegretto, but soon resolved itself to the andante grazioso of the beginning of the play with poetry and music once more important. Throughout the play the basic theme was present in a steady, continued beat, but the variations upon that pace, the rate of speed, added life and vitality to the entire production. Cues as to the changes were obtained from the fact that it was a problem solving play and therefore could not be too fast; from the lines, which were for the most part long and thoughtful; from the actions and motives of the characters; from the fact that the play took place during war time and was located in the country. These are the factors that determine your speed of movement and give you the rhythm of the play. The lines must change for change in rhythm, although a fundamental rhythm prevails throughout the entire play. Where the lines do not build it is difficult to have

a climax. Since rhythm is greatly dependent on the spacing of climaxes, lack of such peaks may bring about a lack of rhythm and a corresponding lack of response in the audience.

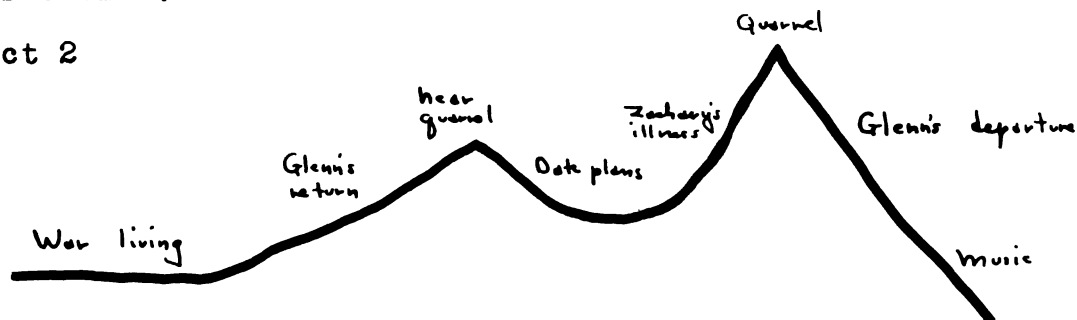
The rhythm of "Then It Was Summer" may best be portrayed by a graph of the acts.

#### Act 1



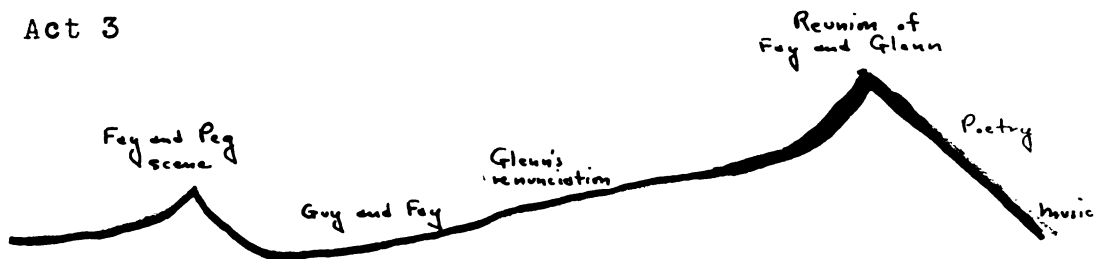
I found the rhythm of Act 1 in the piano playing of Fay and the party atmosphere prevalent in the household. It was a slow, relaxed rhythm, calling for a corresponding easiness in the delivery of lines, quickening only slightly with the wrench of Glenn's departure and speeding up only temporarily with Mr. Fairchild's stroke. Della was the exception to this slow rhythm. I deliberately picked up her pace to vary the slower rhythm and make it more effective.

#### Act 2



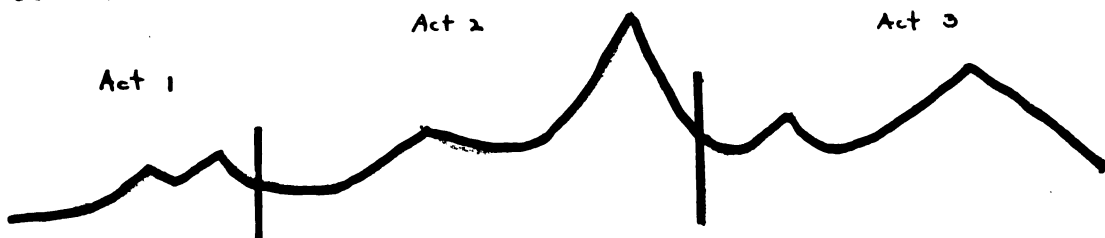
Act 2 brought about an increased tempo due to the necessary changes for war on the home front. People were rushed; there was not as much time to do nothing in as formerly; therefore, the pace also quickened. Beulah was intentionally slowed down to pick up her character and provide necessary contrast in pace. The peak of speed and interest came in the quarrel between Fay and Glenn.

### Act 3



The third act fell into a slower rhythm, with falling action throughout most of the act. So many problems had to be resolved that action had to be sacrificed. Even the reunion scene, climaxing because of interest, had long lines and weighty deliberations, which could not help but slow down the rhythm.

### Condensed



From the opening of the play to the quarrel scene, then, the rhythm built. From the quarrel to the end of the play it definitely slowed down.



## B. DRAMATIC

The basic problem of the director in the production of a play is that of coordination. He uses the technicalities already enumerated and discussed--action, movement, pantomime, picturization, rhythm, balance, costumes, scenery, setting, lighting, construction and rehearsals--and coordinates and bends them so that they interpret the basic purpose for which the author has written his play. The director must make a smooth whole out of the multiple details of dramatic technique and play presentation.

To do this he must first decide what is the main idea which must be conveyed. As a result of the many problems touched in this play there was a rather confusing mixture, making it difficult to decide which should be stressed in preference to what other idea. Was Guy's attempt to combine war and religion more important than Della and Mrs. Zachary's contributions to the home front? Was Fay's sacrifice of her cherished concert career of equal significance with Glenn's desire to have nothing change? Was it more essential to maintain the beauty of life men were dying to preserve or to promulgate the idea of women at war? How did butterfly Peg rate? Was Mrs. Fairchild doing all she could to help win the war and yet maintaining morale and family relationships? From all these had to be selected the ideas that needed emphasis and those which required subordination.

A careful analysis of "Then It Was Summer" brought me to the conclusion that the play is primarily a problem-solving play. It is a warm, straight-forward attempt to analyze the effect of war on a normal, happy American family. One difficulty is that of adjustment for those whose lives have been dedicated to peace, as is illustrated by Guy, the divinity student. An ardent pacifist, he is torn between his convictions and his patriotism. Women and their jobs on the home front is another problem. The main one, however, concerns the inevitable change at home and the difficulty of returning soldiers realizing the inevitability and necessity of this change--Fay and Glenn's special nemesis. More particularly, Glenn, returning from active combat in the Pacific is hurt and resentful that things are not just as they were when he left. Flower gardens have been turned into victory gardens to meet the food shortage; women have taken over men's jobs to meet the man power shortage. This confuses Glenn, who had felt that he was fighting to preserve the grace of living and now discovers that that is a way of life no longer existing. How he and Fay face this problem of change is the story of the play. The main problem, then, concerns the adjustments of war, which are necessary for the people at home as well as the soldiers abroad. The other problems listed are the minor ones of the play and must be subordinated to the main idea.

The play attempted to accomplish its purpose in three ways:

## 1. Lines

There were few comedy lines in the play, with the exception of the characters of Beulah and Gracie. There was an attempt at lightness in a few lines between Glenn and Fay, but they soon became engrossed in sentiment and consequent seriousness. The lines of Mrs. Zachary and Peg could not be classed as comedy, since each contributed more to the plot than to comedy. Della added some comedy, but even she was more practical than humorous, while Guy's lines indicated that he was a serious theologian.

There were, however, many long speeches in the play expressing the various theories mentioned. This presented a difficulty in interpretation, for they had to be vitalized in order to hold the attention of the audience. For the most part this was accomplished by adding action which broke up the speeches. Further cutting up of the lines was accomplished through the use of pauses, gestures and facial expressions.

This also necessitated the actual cutting of some lines. Part of the scene between Guy and Mrs. Fairchild in Act 1, page 93, was eliminated, since it simply reiterated what the audience already knew. Fay's constant repetition of "I'm sorry" in Act 3 was ineffectual and was consequently deleted. Most of the lines, however, were cut by action, as has already been explained in the material under action and pantomime.

## 2. Characters

The author used nine dissimilar characters, but each is characteristic of a school of thought rather than of a personality. Not once did the humaneness of a character transcend or supersede the idea, the philosophy, the thought the author implanted in him.

The main problem with characters in this play was to prevent the minor ones from taking the spotlight. Gracie could easily have stolen every scene in which she appeared simply because of the vivaciousness of her character. Therefore, she had to be toned down. Her action had to be carefully planned so that it never detracted from any important lines of the others on stage with her. The same applied to Della, Beulah and Mrs. Zachary. Since all were comedy characters to some extent and were very sharply drawn, caution was necessary to prevent their domination of the more important characters. Glenn was assisted because of the natural glamor attached to a man in Marine uniform. Peg, however, had to have specific action with her lines in order to compete successfully with her more lively younger sister and with Fay as the leading lady. Fay and Guy presented more of a problem since many of their lines were theoretical and since they were for the most part extremely well poised. Fay was given important stage positions to build her dominance, but Guy was allowed to form a contrast by a deliberate "un-stressing" the majority

of the time. Mrs. Fairchild was emphasized by action and position. In this way the main characters were brought into prominence in the minds of the audience, while the minor ones were subordinated.

To some extent the characters may be ranged thus:

Fay (women at war)	Glenn (grace of living)
--------------------	-------------------------

Mother  
(equally divided)

Guy (practical application of religion in a war world)

Peg (gayness and enjoyment)

Della (re-stressing the home front idea)

Gracie (atmosphere)

Beulah  
(comedy relief)

Mrs. Zachary  
(slight furtherance of plot)

This points out the fact that there are as many on one side as on the other. Balance in the original script was almost too perfect for the stressing of any one problem.

### 3. Action

Once more one realizes that each idea has its equivalent in action. In Act 1 Fay's piano playing and evident genius; the gaiety of a party; the memory of a lovely home to sustain one in elemental struggle for life and the right to such gracious living; church committees, flowers, dusting--all these things helped to express ideas. The only difficulty was that there was action backing for almost every idea expressed, which made it hard to emphasize the main one. Action in Act 2 consisted of dusting and vacuuming, repair work and farm work, telegram excitement and party planning, hilarious singing and the bustle of Glenn's return, Zachary's illness and the conflict between business and pleasure, anger and tears--more action really than in either Act 1 or Act 3. Act 3 presented more talk than action. Della read the funnies with great enjoyment; Peg indulged in some feminine cattiness and gloating; Mrs. Fairchild carried on as usual with coffee on the terrace; Guy made a series of phone calls resulting in his decision to become a chaplain; Fay and Glenn solved their problem and found happiness in each other--but there was really little action present.

Most of the action in the play seemed to be included for the purpose of building characterizations. There was little action supporting the ideas, which brought about a problem in vitalization.

### C. CONCLUSION

To recapitulate, the director's main problem is to decide on the author's primary purpose. He must first select the main idea of the play, the thing the author intended when he wrote the play. Then this idea must be brought out by the various devices discussed in the fore-going pages.

The next problem the director faces is one of selection, of emphasis and subordination, of blending of lines, characters and actions, of mastery of dramatic technique--in short, a problem requiring understanding and technical skill and a command of both technical and dramatic values as enumerated. The director is the creator drawing on his understanding, sympathy and knowledge of life to aid him in vitalizing the basic idea of the play.

In "Then It Was Summer" I tried to remember that the characters were enacting roles which found a ready parallel in reality in the world of today. They were facing problems that the people in the audience were having to solve. Therefore, I attempted to keep the play as natural, as real and human as possible, so that the audience might obtain a clearer understanding of their own problems.

## Part IV

### Critical Analysis





## CRITICAL ANALYSIS

"Then It Was Summer" deals with a timely theme--what effect will the war have on people? That Mr. Johnson understands the problem is evident from his script and that he handles it well was evident from the reception the production received.

Certainly one must realize that Mr. Johnson has courage in presenting a play of current interest when the main trend of plays today is toward the "escape" type of thing. Obviously the commercial interest is secondary with him and he presents what he feels is important with great sincerity.

Due to the timeliness of the theme, the understanding and sympathetic portrayal of the problems and the sincerity of the presentation, the audience thoroughly enjoyed the play. They also liked the lighter touches evident in most of the minor characters. With all its seriousness the play still brought about 105 laughs--about 30 in Act 1, 50 in Act 2 and 25 in Act 3. These were carefully recorded on scripts by two graduate students of the Department of Speech and Dramatics of Michigan State College and are indicated in the script as produced with a red star, thus:

In working on the play I discovered that it played much better than it read. Once the actors got into the play they were much interested in seeing what they could give to the characters. They wanted to make the people as

real to the audience as they had become to them. They wanted to present the problems of the play so clearly that they would become important to the audience. That we were successful in this attempt was evident in the favorable commentary of the audience.

We had an invited college audience with many professors present. These older, more seriously minded people were more interested in the problem of adjustment to a war world, although the college students present were also concerned. The timeliness of the theme certainly caused a great deal of interest in the play.

However, the test production of the play revealed several weak points, which have already been covered to some extent in Part III. More specifically, lines, character predominance and lack of action on stage presented problems.

The lines, as indicated on page 152, were mostly serious, long and undramatic, demanding the addition of a great deal of action and the actual cutting of some of them in order to retain vitality and interest. The author seems to be so concerned with the idea behind the person that he forgets the character and propounds theories at every opportunity. Thus, Guy discusses his indecision with Fay, with Mrs. Fairchild and with Glenn--with almost everyone who will listen to him. One scene of such length as that with Mrs. Fairchild is really enough to make evident

his struggle between conviction and patriotism. Again Mr. Johnson theorizes even in the love scene between Fay and Glenn. He creates an emotional build, then suspends it while he has the actors make speeches to each other. This does not seem natural. Further, more comedy lines are needed for relaxation. Although this is primarily a problem play, one cannot preach most of the time and hold the attention of the audience. Just as the doctor sugar-coats the pills, so must the author disguise the lesson. It is much easier to swallow the moral when it is coated with laughter, for example. Moliere satirized his contemporaries and criticized them most definitely, but he did it in such a way that even those being criticized laughed at themselves. When their laughter died away they were left with something to think about and perhaps a few corrections to be made. This does not mean that comedy lines should predominate. The suggestion is that bits of humor be added to Guy and Glenn and Fay and Mrs. Fairchild, which would not only add to the effectiveness of the theories, but would also help to humanize the characters.

This brings us to a consideration of the characters, which has also been discussed in Part III. As pointed out, the balance is too even to allow the main characters to stand out. All through Act 1 it is difficult to know what characters to watch and at the end of the act one is no nearer a solution. This may arouse curiosity, but it undoubtedly

brings confusion, which is not conducive to understanding or sympathy. According to lines and characters all scenes are of equal importance, which causes doubt as to which scenes should be stressed. Such doubt is detrimental to the well-knit play, in which each line and every character should in some way further the plot. Since the characters are not clear cut, there is an additional problem of giving them business and of creating a reality in their problems. The suggestion in this regard is that the minor characters be made minor and the major ones be given more emphasis. All the characters need to talk more naturally rather than be forced to sound the author's ideas.

The third big problem was the lack of dramatic action, also covered in Part III. In the entire play there is but one scene which moves by itself, which allows for a major climax. This is the quarrel scene at the end of Act 2. Lines are shorter, feelings are loosed, theories are subordinated and the characters come alive for a few moments. However, by Act 3 they are once again concerned with talk. Again the second act curtain is the only one that may be called a dramatic curtain and even that is removed from the moment of action by Della's complaint about the stove. Naturally it weakens the emphasis on the quarrel. There is no sense of excitement, of completeness, surprise or curiosity when the other curtains descent.

They are in stage terminology "weak" curtains. Most of the play is exposition with the entire third act devoted to falling action. All theories are resolved, all problems solved--supposedly. Unless one accepts the suggestion that change is inevitable and adjustments are necessary, however, the main problem is no nearer solution than when it first appeared. At the close of the play Fay and Glenn still hold to the same opinion they had at the beginning of Act 2 and their marriage cannot be considered the answer to all their disagreements. Does Fay go back to her music? What will happen to the farm? These things are not clear. Really the entire play seems to be a talking about what has happened offstage, although very little happens on stage while the play is in progress. Things take place and the audience is told about them rather than going through the occurrence with the actors.

These three things, then, are serious faults which should be corrected, although they combined to make a better problem for a thesis production. They were a definite challenge to any director. How I met them has already been discussed.

Mr. Johnson deserves a great deal of credit for his main idea, which is excellent. He has realized a problem which is existent today and he has tried to envision what its implications will be. He has grasped one of the major problems of the war and attempted to bring it home to the

audience. With more attention to technical and dramatic form, this play might well become one of the most important dealing with contemporary war problems. I feel that if he had been content to get the one lesson of inevitability of change over to the audience a much better job would have been done on the play. Instead he has tried to solve several problems--women on the home front, war jobs, pacifism and its place in the world today--too much to be encompassed by any one play. His realization of the existing problems, however, indicate that he is one of the alert and thinking men of the country. With revision of the play he might also become one of the better known contemporary dramatists.

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