

1/- (The lights start to glow into a dawn effect, which is followed by a gradual morning light, which increases to noon through the action of the act.)

STAGE MANAGER. (cont.) The First Act shows a day in our town. The day is May 7, 1901. The time is just before dawn.

♪ (Cock crows offstage.)

The sky is beginning to show some streaks of light over in the East there, behind our mount'in. The morning star always gets wonderful bright the minute before it has to go – doesn't it?

(He stares at it for a moment, then goes upstage.)

SM plucks
note of light
either fr. sky or
pocket, "expands"
it w/ gesture, to
overbleed projection
of Qjai aerial

kitchen sets
start to move
in

6- Well, I'd better show you how our town lies. Up here – (that is: parallel with the back wall) – is Main Street. Way back there is the railway station; tracks go that way. Polish Town's across the tracks, and some Canuck families. (toward the left) Over there is the Congregational Church; across the street's the Presbyterian. Methodist and Unitarian are over there. (off down right) Baptist is down in the holla' by the river. Catholic Church is over beyond the tracks. Here's the Town Hall and Post Office combined; jail's in the basement. Bryan once made a speech from these very steps here. Along here's (Main Street, parallel with the back wall) a row of stores. Hitching posts and horse blocks in front of them. First automobile's going to come along in about five years – belonged to Banker Cartwright, our richest citizen...lives in the big white house up on the hill. Here's the grocery store and here's Mr. Morgan's drugstore. (pointing right and left behind him) Most everybody in town manages to look into those two stores once a day. Public School's over yonder. High School's still farther over. Quarter of nine mornings, noontimes, and three o'clock afternoons, the hull town can hear the yelling and

"early may"
"springtime"?
Emily's age? (16)

SM collapses map,
tucks it away
(projection closes)

screaming from those schoolyards. (*He approaches the table and chairs downstage right.*) This is our doctor's house, – Doc Gibbs'. This is the back door. (*Two arched trellises, covered with vines and flowers, are pushed out, one by each proscenium pillar.*)

There's some scenery for those who think they have to have scenery. This is Mrs. Gibbs' garden. Corn...peas...beans...hollyhocks...heliotrope... and a lot of burdock. (*crosses the stage*) In those days our newspaper come out twice a week – the *Grover's Corners Sentinel* – and this is Editor Webb's house. And this is Mrs. Webb's garden. Just like Mrs. Gibbs', only it's got a lot of sunflowers, too. (*He looks upward, center stage.*) Right here's... a big butternut tree. (*He returns to his place by the right proscenium pillar and looks at the audience for a minute.*) Nice town, y'know what I mean? Nobody very remarkable ever come out of it, s'far as we know. The earliest tombstones in the cemetery up there on the mountain say 1670-1680 – they're Grovers and Cartwrights and Gibbises and Herseys – same names as are around here now. Well, as I said: it's about dawn. The only lights on in town are in a cottage over by the tracks where a Polish mother's just had twins. And in the Joe Crowell house, where Joe Junior's getting up so as to deliver the paper. And in the depot, where Shorty Hawkins is gettin' ready to flag the 5:45 for Boston.



(*A train whistle is heard. The STAGE MANAGER takes out his watch and nods.*)

Naturally, out in the country – all around – there've been lights on for some time, what with milkin's and so on. But town people sleep late. So – another day's begun. There's Doc Gibbs comin' down Main Street now, comin' back from that baby case.