
AUDITION INFORMATION

The Glass Menagerie

Written by
Tennessee Williams

Directed by
Susi Brown

WELCOME

Thank you for your interest in auditioning for a Coaster Theatre Playhouse production. We've compiled this information packet for you to help you learn a little bit more about the play, the characters and to give you some idea of what to expect during auditions.

If you've auditioned for us before, welcome back!

If this is your first time auditioning at the Coaster Theatre, welcome, we are excited to have you here! We are a community theatre that takes "community" to heart. It is our volunteer actors that breathe life into the Coaster Theatre and we are excited that you have joined us. Whether you're a veteran performer who recently moved to the North Coast or new to the stage, we want to encourage everyone to audition at the Coaster Theatre.

WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT AUDITIONS

- * Coaster Theatre auditions are open to all – we try our best to discourage directors from pre-casting roles.
- * At some auditions you will cold read from sides from the show, some directors prefer you prepare sides from the show or a monologue or a song for a musical production. Be sure to read the director's notes on this production so you'll be ready.
- * Auditions vary from director to director. Each has their own unique audition process.
- * Copies of the script for each show of the season are available to check out from the Coaster Theatre if you want the chance to read the full script before auditions. A \$20 refundable deposit is required to check out a script. Please note, not all musical scripts are available in advance of auditions. You can check with the theatre regarding the availability of musical scripts.
- * We know that it can be disappointing not to get a part. If we have more people audition than roles available, directors have to weigh several factors when choosing a cast. We encourage you to come and audition often. Just because you weren't right for one role doesn't mean that you won't be perfect for another.
- * Keep your options open when auditioning. It is easy to say "there's no part for me" or "I'm too old, young, tall, short, etc. for this role" but you never know what the director has in mind and could be just what they are looking for in a role.
- * We also like to encourage performers to get involved on the production side of shows. Helping backstage, with props, in the booth or as a Stage Manager is a great way to get involved with the theatre.

THE PLAY

THE GLASS MENAGERIE

Performance dates: January 22-February 14, 2027 (10 shows)

Shows start time: 7:30 pm. Sunday shows begin at 3 pm

A DRAMA OF CHARM, BEAUTY & TENDERNESS

A faded remnant of Southern gentility, Amanda Wingfield lives in poverty in a dingy St. Louis apartment with her son Tom and daughter Laura. Focused on securing their future but shattered by her husband's abandonment, Amanda collides with her children's dreams and ambitions. While Tom feels trapped by his life – seeking escape through alcohol and the movies – Amanda pressures her sensitive, physically handicapped daughter Laura to find a husband, crushing their relationship and Laura's fragile self-esteem. As attention turns to securing a suitor for Laura, Tom invites his acquaintance Jim to dinner, and the fine thread that connects dignity to desperation is pulled taut as their mother sees a possibility for her daughter.

THE DIRECTOR

SUSI BROWN (Director). A teacher for over 30 years, Susi became involved with community theatre in Clatsop County after retiring from the Oregon public school system. She holds an MFA in directing from the University of Portland and lists over 150 titles to her theatrical endeavors, be they acting, directing, costuming or any of the many other aspects that are involved in putting on a play. Her directorial pieces at the Coaster Theatre include *Bullshot Crummond*, *Almost Maine*, *A Doll's House*, *Vanya*, *Sonia*, *Masha and Spike*, and *The Mystery of Marie Roget*. Most recently, her company, Astoria Readers Theatre brought *Outside Mullingar* to this stage.

She is pleased to return for the Coaster Theatre's 2027 season and considers it a privilege to direct a Tennessee Williams classic. At first glance, *The Glass Menagerie* seems a simple story of people trapped in circumstances, not of their own making. However, the poetry of Tennessee Williams creates the emotional appeal that this play has on us. We will visit it again and again. The story is for everyone, timeless in its telling, wondrous in its long life. Who among us has not dreamed of a better time, better place, better self?

AUDITION DETAILS

DATES: Wednesday, October 14 & Thursday, October 15

TIME: 6:30 pm

LOCATION: Coaster Theatre Playhouse

- * Arrive prepared to fill out an audition form or download an audition form to fill out and bring with you and make sure to bring your schedules and conflicts. Everyone will read from pre-selected sides from the show. You are welcome to perform a prepared monologue from *The Glass Menagerie*.

In addition, please note the following:

- * All characters listed are open to actors of all racial backgrounds and types.
- * Age ranges are flexible for the characters.
- * The director is open to casting actors in non-traditional gender roles.

REHEARSAL SCHEDULE

Rehearsals will begin in October with a read through of the play and a few others spent getting to know the cast members and the play. Since there are many monologues, we are starting this process early to allow ample time for memorization and exploration of the playwright and his work. A specific schedule which will accommodate individual conflicts, holiday plans and activities throughout November, December and January. The final schedule will be dependent on the actor's conflict calendars. All actors must be able to commit to all performance dates and tech week rehearsals.

PERFORMANCE SCHEDULE

JANUARY:

Friday, 1/22 — Saturday, 1/23 — Friday, 1/29 — Saturday, 1/30

FEBRUARY:

Thursday, 2/4 — Friday, 2/5 — Saturday, 2/6 — Friday, 2/12 — Saturday, 2/13
Sunday, 2/14

Friday & Saturday performances begin at 7:30 pm. Sunday shows start at 3 pm

CHARACTERS

AMANDA WINGFIELD: Laura and Tom's mother, Amanda is a proud, vivacious woman who clings to memories of the past and is at the same time courageous and foolish, charming and pitiable. She is driven by the need to do well by her children.

LAURA WINGFIELD: Amanda's daughter and Tom's older sister, Laura suffers the results of a childhood illness which left one of her legs malformed and in a brace. As a result, Laura is painfully shy and has withdrawn herself from the outside world. She is much like her beloved glass figurines: delicate and frail, with an underlying strength that hides under the surface.

TOM WINGFIELD: Amanda's son and Laura's younger brother, Tom supports his mother and sister by working at a shoe factory, but he aspires to be a poet. Like the others, he is trapped and must decide what measures to take to escape his life's tediousness.

JIM O'CONNOR: The gentleman caller, Jim is an old high school acquaintance of Laura and Tom and now works in the same shoe factory as Tom. He is an energetic, compassionate man with a keen eye for humanity.

COASTER THEATRE PLAYHOUSE

AUDITION FORM

THE GLASS MENAGERIE

Performance Dates: January 22-February 14 (10 shows)

Name _____

Mailing Address _____

Email _____

Best Phone Contact _____

Age Range _____ Height _____ Hair Color _____ Vocal Range _____

For musicals only

Which role(s) do you prefer? _____

Will you consider any other role(s)?

Yes or no answer ONLY

☐ Yes

☐ No

All, are you willing to alter or color your hair?

☐ Yes

☐ No

Are you willing to wear a wig?

☐ Yes

☐ No

Are you willing to alter your facial hair?

☐ Yes

☐ No

Are you willing to play a role of a different gender?

☐ Yes

☐ No

List a few roles recently played and the theatre or attach a resume:

If not cast are you interested in helping with technical aspects of the show (Lighting, Stage Crew, Stage Management)? _____

Attached is a calendar that includes the performance schedule. Please mark any conflicts including regular meetings, work, school, intended travel, etc. that will take place after 5pm Monday - Friday or anytime on Saturday and Sundays.



COASTER THEATRE PLAYHOUSE
108 N Hemlock Street
Cannon Beach OR 97110

Phone: 503-436-0609
Email: info@coastertheatre.com
Web: coastertheatre.com

OCTOBER 2026						
Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
			Auditions			
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31
						Halloween

NOVEMBER 2026						
Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
1 Daylight Savings Time Ends	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11 Veteran's Day	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26 Thanksgiving	27	28
29	30					

DECEMBER 2026						
Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	Christmas Eve	Christmas

JANUARY 2027						
Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	New Year's Day	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
Tech Week	MLK Jr Birthday				Opening Night 7:30 pm	Show 7:30 pm
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
					Show 7:30 pm	Show 7:30 pm
31						

FEBRUARY 2027

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
	1	2	3	4 Show 7:30 pm	5 Show 7:30 pm	6 Show 7:30 pm
7	8	9	10	11	12 Show 7:30 pm	13 Show 7:30 pm
14 Show 3 pm Super Bowl	15 President's Day	16	17	18	19	20
21 Valentine's Day	22	23	24	25	26	27
28						

TOM — SIDE 1

Any monologue from the script or
one of the following options

TOM. I have tricks in my pocket—I have things up my sleeve—but I am the opposite of the stage magician. He gives you illusion that has the appearance of truth. I give you truth in the pleasant disguise of illusion. I take you back to an alley in St. Louis. The time, that quaint period when the huge middle class of America was matriculating from a school for the blind. Their eyes had failed them, or they had failed their eyes, and so they were having their fingers pressed forcibly down on the fiery Braille alphabet of a dissolving economy.—In Spain there was revolution.—Here there was only shouting and confusion and labor disturbances, sometimes violent, in otherwise peaceful cities such as Cleveland—Chicago—Detroit... That is the social background of this play... The play is memory.

MUSIC CUE #2.

Being a memory play, it is dimly lighted, it is sentimental, it is not realistic.—In memory everything seems to happen to music.—That explains the fiddle in the wings. I am the narrator of the play, and also a character in it. The other characters in the play are my mother, Amanda, my sister, Laura, and a gentleman caller who appears in the final scenes. He is the most realistic character in the play, being an emissary from a world that we were somehow set apart from.—But having a poet's weakness for symbols, I am using this character as a symbol—as the long-delayed but always expected something that we live for.—There is a fifth character who doesn't appear other than in a photograph hanging on the wall. When you see the picture of this grinning gentleman, please remember this is our father who left us a long time ago. He was a telephone man who fell in love with long distance—so he gave up his job with the telephone company and skipped the light fantastic out of town. ... The last we heard of him was a picture postcard from the Pacific coast of Mexico, containing a message of two words—"Hello—Goodbye!" and no address. _]

TOM — SIDE 2

TOM. (*Leans against grill of fire-escape, smoking.*) After the fiasco at Rubicam's Business College, the idea of getting a gentleman caller for my sister Laura began to play a more and more important part in my mother's calculations. It became an obsession. Like some archetype of the universal unconscious, the image of the gentleman caller haunted our small apartment. An evening at home rarely passed without some allusion to this image, this spectre, this hope... And even when he wasn't mentioned, his presence hung in my mother's preoccupied look and in my sister's frightened, apologetic manner. It hung like a sentence passed upon the Wingfields! But my mother was a woman of action as well as words.

TOM — SIDE 3

TOM. I didn't go to the moon. I went much farther. For time is the longest distance between two places... I left Saint Louis. I descended these steps of this fire-escape for the last time and followed, from then on, in my father's footsteps, attempting to find in motion what was lost in space... I traveled around a great deal. The cities swept about me like dead leaves, leaves that were brightly colored but torn away from the branches. I would have stopped, but I was pursued by something. It always came upon me unawares, taking me altogether by surprise. Perhaps it was a familiar bit of music. Perhaps it was only a piece of transparent glass... Perhaps I am walking along a street at night, in some strange city, before I have found companions, and I pass the lighted window of a shop where perfume is sold. The window is filled with pieces of colored glass, tiny transparent bottles in delicate colors, like bits of a shattered rainbow. Then all at once my sister touches my shoulder. I turn around and look into her eyes... Oh, Laura, Laura, I tried to leave you behind me, but I am more faithful than I intended to be! I reach for a cigarette, I cross the street, I run into a movie or a bar. I buy a drink, I speak to the nearest stranger—anything that can blow your candles out!—for nowadays the world is lit by lightning! Blow out your candles, Laura...]

Laura blows out candles still burning in candelabrum and the whole interior is blacked out.

And so—goodbye!

AMANDA — SIDE 1

Any monologue from the script or one of the following options

AMANDA. Ida Scott?

During this speech Tom enters dining-room U. R. unseen by audience, not wearing overcoat or hat. There is an unlighted reading lamp on table. Sits c. of dining-room table with writing materials.

This is Amanda Wingfield. We missed you at the D.A.R. last Monday. Oh, first I want to know how's your sinus condition? You're just a Christian martyr. That's what you are. You're just a Christian martyr. Well, I was just going through my little red book, and I saw that your subscription to the *Companion* is about to expire just when that wonderful new serial by Bessie Mae Harper is starting. It's the first thing she's written since *Honeymoon for Three*. Now, that was unusual, wasn't it? Why, Ida, this one is even lovelier. It's all about the horsey set on Long Island and a debutante is thrown from her horse while taking him over the jumps at the—regatta. Her spine—her spine is injured. That's what the horse did—he stepped on her. Now, there is only one surgeon in the entire world that can keep her from being completely paralyzed, and that's the man she's engaged to be married to and he's tall and he's blond and he's handsome. That's unusual, too, huh? Oh, he's not perfect. Of course he has a weakness. He has the most terrible weakness in the entire world. He just drinks too much. What? Oh, no, honey, don't let them burn. You go take a look in the oven and I'll hold on... Why, that woman! Do you know what she did? She hung up on me.

AMANDA — SIDE 2

...ought to be dangerous, just enough to make me restless and giddy. Oh, it was lovely. Invitations poured in from all over. My mother said, "You can't go any place because you have a fever. You have to stay in bed." I said I wouldn't and I took quinine and kept on going and going. Dances every evening and long rides in the country in the afternoon and picnics. That country—that country—so lovely—so lovely in May, all lacy with dogwood and simply flooded with jonquils. My mother said, "You can't bring any more jonquils in this house." I said, "I will," and I kept on bringing them in anyhow. Whenever I saw them I said, "Wait a minute, I see jonquils," and I'd make my gentlemen callers get out of the carriage and help me gather some. To tell you the truth, Laura, it got to be a kind of a joke. "Look out," they'd say, "here comes that girl and we'll have to spend the afternoon picking jonquils." My mother said, "You can't

AMANDA — SIDE 2

AMANDA (Standing c., holding flowers.) It used to be. It used to be. It had a lot of flowers on it, but they got awful tired so I had to take them all off. I led the cotillion in this dress years ago. I won the cake-walk twice at Sunset Hill, and I wore it to the governor's ball in Jackson. You should have seen your mother. You should have seen your mother how she just sashayed around (Crossing around L. of day-bed back to c.) the ballroom, just like that. I had it on the day I met your father. I had malaria fever, too. The change of climate from East Tennessee to the Delta—weakened my resistance. Not enough to be dangerous, just enough to make me restless and giddy. Oh, it was lovely. Invitations poured in from all over. My mother said, "You can't go any place because you have a fever. You have to stay in bed." I said I wouldn't and I took quinine and kept on going and going. Dances every evening and long rides in the country in the afternoon and picnics. That country—that country—so lovely—so lovely in May, all lacy with dogwood and simply flooded with jonquils. My mother said, "You can't bring any more jonquils in this house." I said, "I will," and I kept on bringing them in anyhow. Whenever I saw them I said, "Wait a minute, I see jonquils," and I'd make my gentlemen callers get out of the carriage and help me gather some. To tell you the truth, Laura, it got to be a kind of a joke. "Look out," they'd say, "here comes that girl and we'll have to spend the afternoon picking jonquils." My mother said, "You can't bring any more jonquils in the house, there aren't any more vases to hold them." "That's quite all right," I said, "I can hold some myself." Malaria fever, your father, and jonquils. /

AMANDA & LAURA — SIDE 1

AMANDA. What have you been doing every day when you've gone out of the house pretending that you were going to business college?

LAURA. I've just been going out walking.

AMANDA. That's not true!

LAURA. Yes, it is, Mother, I just went walking.

AMANDA. Walking? Walking? In winter? Deliberately courting pneumonia in that light coat? Where did you walk to, Laura?

LAURA. All sorts of places—mostly in the park.

AMANDA. Even after you'd started catching that cold?

LAURA. It was the lesser of two evils, Mother. I couldn't go back. I threw up on the floor!

AMANDA. From half past seven till after five every day you mean to tell me you walked around in the park, because you wanted to make me think that you were still going to Rubicam's Business College?

LAURA. Oh, Mother, it wasn't as bad as it sounds. I went inside places to get warmed up.

AMANDA. Inside where?

LAURA. I went in the art museum and the bird-houses at the zoo. I visited the penguins every day! Sometimes I did without lunch and went to the movies. Lately I've been spending most of my afternoons in the Jewel-box, that big glass house where they raise the tropical flowers.

AMANDA. You did all that to deceive me, just for deception! Why? Why? Why? Why?

LAURA. Mother, when you're disappointed, you get that awful suffering look on your face, like the picture of Jesus' mother in the museum! *(Rises.)*

AMANDA. Hush!

LAURA. *(Crosses R. to menagerie.)* I couldn't face it. I couldn't.

AMANDA & LAURA — SIDE 2

AMANDA My goodness, Laura, haven't you ever liked some boy?

AMANDA. *(Sits in armchair.)* Oh—a high-school boy.

LAURA *(Yes. His name was Jim. (Kneeling on floor, gets yearbook from under menagerie.)* Here he is in *The Pirates of Penzance*.

AMANDA. *(Absently.)* The what?

LAURA. The operetta the senior class put on. He had a wonderful voice. We sat across the aisle from each other Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays in the auditorium. Here he is with a silver cup for debating! See his grin?

AMANDA. So he had a grin, too!

*Amanda looks at picture of Father on wall behind phonograph. * Hands yearbook back.*

LAURA. He used to call me—Blue Roses.

AMANDA. Blue Roses? What did he call you a silly name like that for?

LAURA. *(Still kneeling.)* When I had that attack of pleurosis—he asked me what was the matter when I came back. I said pleurosis—he thought that I said “Blue Roses.” So that's what he always called me after that. Whenever he saw me, he'd holier, “Hello, Blue Roses!” I didn't care for the girl that he went out with. Emily Meisenbach. Oh, Emily was the best-dressed girl at Soldan. But she never struck me as being sincere... I read in a newspaper once that they were engaged.

She puts yearbook back on a shelf of glass menagerie.

That's a long time ago—they're probably married by now.

AMANDA. That's all right, honey, that's all right. It doesn't matter. Little girls who aren't cut out for business careers sometimes end up married to very nice young men. And I'm just going to see that you do that, too!

LAURA. But, Mother—

AMANDA. What is it now?

LAURA. I'm—crippled!

AMANDA. Don't say that word!

Amanda rises, crosses to C., turns to Laura.

How many times have I told you never to say that word! You're not crippled, you've just got a slight defect.

Laura rises.

If you lived in the days when I was a girl and they had long graceful skirts sweeping the ground, it might have been considered an asset. When you've got a slight disadvantage like that, you've just got to cultivate something else to take its place. You have to cultivate charm—or vivacity—or charm!

Photograph illuminates, then dim out (if illumination used).

That's the only thing your father had plenty of—charm!

AMANDA & LAURA — SIDE 3

LAURA. What did you say his name was?

AMANDA. O'Connor. Why?

LAURA. What is his first name?

AMANDA. (*Crosses to armchair.*) I don't remember—Oh, yes, I do too—it was—Jim! (*Picks up flowers.*)

LAURA. Oh, Mother, not Jim O'Connor!

AMANDA. Yes, that was it, it was Jim! I've never known a Jim that wasn't nice.

Amanda crosses L. behind day-bed, puts flowers in vase.

LAURA. Are you sure his name was Jim O'Connor?

AMANDA. Why, sure I'm sure. Why?

LAURA. Is he the one that Tom used to know in high school?

AMANDA. (*Sits on day-bed.*) He didn't say so. I think he just got to know him—at the warehouse.

LAURA. There was a Jim O'Connor we both knew in high school. If that is the one that Tom is bringing home to dinner—Oh, Mother, you'd have to excuse me. I wouldn't come to the table!

AMANDA. What's this now? What sort of silly talk is this?

LAURA. You asked me once if I'd ever liked a boy. Don't you remember I showed you this boy's picture?

AMANDA. You mean the boy in the yearbook?

LAURA. Yes, that boy.

AMANDA. Laura, Laura, were you in love with that boy?

LAURA. (*Crossing to R. of armchair.*) I don't know, Mother. All I know is that I couldn't sit at the table if it was him.

Amanda rises, crosses L. and works up L. of day-bed.

AMANDA. It won't be him! It isn't the least bit likely. But whether it is or not, you will come to the table—you will not be excused.

LAURA. I'll have to be, Mother.

AMANDA. (*Behind day-bed.*) I don't intend to humor your silliness, Laura. I've had too much from you and your brother, both. So just sit down and compose yourself till they come. Tom has forgotten his key, so you'll have to let them in when they arrive.

TOM & AMANDA — SIDE 1

TOM. Mother, will you please go away and let me finish my writing?

AMANDA. (*Squares his shoulders.*) Why can't you sit up straight? So your shoulders don't stick through like sparrows' wings?

TOM. Mother, please go busy yourself with something else. I'm trying to write.

AMANDA. (*Business with Tom.*) Now, I've seen a medical chart, and I know what that position does to your internal organs. You sit up and I'll show you. Your stomach presses against your lungs, and your lungs press against your heart, and that poor little heart gets discouraged because it hasn't got any room left to go on beating for you.

TOM. What in hell...!

Inner curtains between living-room and dining-room close. Lights dim down in dining-room. Laura crosses, stands c. of curtains in living-room listening to following scene between Tom and Amanda.

AMANDA. Don't you talk to me like that—

TOM. —am I supposed to do?

AMANDA. What's the matter with you? Have you gone out of your senses?

TOM. Yes, I have. You've driven me out of them.

AMANDA. What is the matter with you lately, you big—big—idiot?

TOM. Look, Mother—I haven't got a thing, not a single thing left in this house that I can call my own.

AMANDA. Lower your voice!

TOM. Yesterday you confiscated my books! You had the nerve to—

AMANDA. I did. I took that horrible novel back to the library—that awful book by that insane Mr. Lawrence. I cannot control the output of a diseased mind or people who cater to them, but I won't allow such filth in my house. No, no, no, no, no!

TOM. House, house! Who pays the rent on the house, who makes a slave of himself to—!

AMANDA. Don't you dare talk to me like that!

Laura crosses D. L. to back of armchair.

TOM. No, I mustn't say anything! I've just got to keep quiet and let you do all the talking.

AMANDA. Let me tell you something!

TOM. I don't want to hear any more.

AMANDA. You will hear more—

Laura crosses to phonograph. Tom crosses through curtains between dining-room and living-room. Goes upstage of door R. where, in a dark spot, there is supposedly a closet, as—

TOM. Well, I'm not going to listen. I'm going out. (*Gets out coat.*)

AMANDA. (*Coming through curtains into living-room, stands c.*) You are going to listen to me, Tom Wingfield. I'm tired of your impudence.—And another thing—I'm right at the end of my patience!

JIM & LAURA — SIDE 1

JIM. Say, you know something, Laura?

He rises to sit on day-bed R.

People are not so dreadful when you know them. That's what you have to remember! And everybody has problems, not just you but practically everybody has problems. You think of yourself as being the only one who is disappointed. But just look around you and what do you see—a lot of people just as disappointed as you are. You take me, for instance. Boy, when I left high school I thought I'd be a lot further along at this time than I am now. Say, you remember that wonderful write-up I had in *The Torch*?

LAURA. Yes, I do!

She gets yearbook from under pillow L. of day-bed.

JIM. Said I was bound to succeed in anything I went into! Holy geez! *The Torch*!

She opens book, shows it to him and sits next to him on day-bed.

LAURA. Here you are in *The Pirates of Penzance*!

JIM. *The Pirates*! "Oh, better far to live and die under the brave black flag I fly!" I sang the lead in that operetta.

LAURA. So beautifully!

JIM. Aw...

JIM. You heard me then, huh?

LAURA. I heard you all three times!

JIM. No!

LAURA. Yes.

JIM. You mean all three performances?

LAURA. Yes!

JIM. What for?

LAURA. I—wanted to ask you to—autograph my program.

She takes program from book.

JIM. Why didn't you ask me?

LAURA. You were always surrounded by your own friends so much that I never had a chance.

JIM. Aw, you should have just come right up and said, Here is my—

LAURA. Well, I—thought you might think I was—

JIM. Thought I might think you was—what?

LAURA. Oh—

JIM. *(With reflective relish.)* Oh! Yeah, I was beleaguered by females in those days.

LAURA. You were terribly popular!

JIM. Yeah...

LAURA. You had such a—friendly way—

JIM. Oh, I was spoiled in high school.

LAURA. Everybody liked you!

JIM. Including you?

LAURA. I—why, yes, I—I did, too...

JIM. Give me that program, Laura.

She does so, and he signs it.

There you are—better late than never!

LAURA. My—what a—surprise!

JIM. My signature's not worth very much right now. But maybe someday—it will increase in value! You know, being disappointed is

JIM & LAURA — SIDE 1 (continued)

one thing and being discouraged is something else. Well, I may be disappointed but I am not discouraged. Say, you finished high school?

LAURA. I made bad grades in my final examinations.

JIM. You mean you dropped out?

LAURA. (*Rising.*) I didn't go back.

She crosses R. to menagerie. Jim lights cigarette, still sitting on day-bed. Laura puts yearbook under menagerie. Picks up unicorn—small glass object—her back to Jim. MUSIC CUE #16-A. When she touches unicorn:

How is—Emily Meisenbach getting along?

JIM. That kraut-head!

LAURA. Why do you call her that?

JIM. Because that's what she was.

LAURA. You're not still—going with her?

JIM. Oh, I never even see her.

LAURA. It said in the Personal section that you were—engaged!

JIM. Uh-huh. I know, but I wasn't impressed by that—propaganda!

LAURA. It wasn't—the truth?

JIM. It was only true in Emily's optimistic opinion!

LAURA. Oh...

She turns R. of Jim. Jim lights a cigarette and leans indolently back on his elbows, smiling at Laura with a warmth and charm which lights her inwardly with altar candles. She remains by the glass menagerie table and turns in her hands a piece of glass to cover her tumult. CUT MUSIC #16-A.

JIM. What have you done since high school? Huh?

LAURA. What?

JIM. I said what have you done since high school?

LAURA. Nothing much.

JIM. You must have been doing something all this time.

LAURA. Yes.

JIM. Well, then, such as what?

LAURA. I took a business course at business college...

JIM. You did? How did that work out?

LAURA. (*Turns back to Jim.*) Well, not very—well... I had to drop out, it gave me—indigestion...

JIM. (*Laughs gently.*) What are you doing now?

LAURA. I don't do anything—much... Oh, please don't think I sit around doing nothing! My glass collection takes a good deal of time. Glass is something you have to take good care of.

JIM. What did you say—about glass?

She clears her throat and turns away again, acutely shy.

LAURA. Collection, I said—I have one.

JIM & LAURA — SIDE 2

JIM I guess you think I think a lot of myself!

LAURA. No—o-o-o, I don't.

JIM. Well, now how about you? Isn't there some one thing that you take more interest in than anything else?

LAURA. Oh—yes...

JIM. Well, then, such as what?

LAURA. Well, I do—as I said—have my—glass collection...

JIM. Oh, you do. What kind of glass is it?

LAURA. *(Takes glass ornament off shelf.)* Little articles of it, ornaments mostly. Most of them are little animals made out of glass, the tiniest little animals in the world. Mother calls them the glass menagerie! Here's an example of one, if you'd like to see it! This is one of the oldest, it's nearly thirteen.

She hands it to Jim.

Oh, be careful—if you breathe, it breaks!

THE BELL SOLO SHOULD BEGIN HERE. This is last part of CUB #16-A and should play to end of record.

JIM. I'd better not take it. I'm pretty clumsy with things.

LAURA. Go on, I trust you with him!

Jim takes horse.

There—you're holding him gently! Hold him over the light, he loves the light!

Jim holds horse up to light.

See how the light shines through him?

JIM. It sure does shine!

LAURA. I shouldn't be partial, but he is my favorite one.

JIM. Say, what kind of a thing is this one supposed to be?

LAURA. Haven't you noticed the single horn on his forehead?

JIM. Oh, a unicorn, huh?

LAURA. Mmmm-hmmmm!

JIM. Unicorns, aren't they extinct in the modern world?

LAURA. I know!

JIM. Poor little fellow must feel kind of lonesome.

LAURA. Well, if he does he doesn't complain about it. He stays on a shelf with some horses that don't have horns and they all seem to get along nicely together.

JIM. They do. Say, where will I put him?

LAURA. Put him on the table.

Jim crosses to small table & of day-bed, puts unicorn on it.

They all like a change of scenery once in a while!