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*Dramatic Publishing*



A Full-Length Play

**Tell Me  
That You Love Me,  
Junie Moon**

by

D.D. BROOKE

Adapted from the novel by MARJORIE KELLOGG



*THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY*



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(TELL ME THAT YOU LOVE ME, JUNIE MOON)

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TELL ME THAT YOU LOVE ME, JUNIE MOON

*A Full-Length Play*

For Six Men and Six Women

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CHARACTERS

JUNIE MOON

ARTHUR

WARREN

MINNIE

DR. KIRKLAND

MISS HOLT

MISS OXFORD

JOHN GOREN

MARILYN

SIDNEY WYNER

GREGORY

MARIO

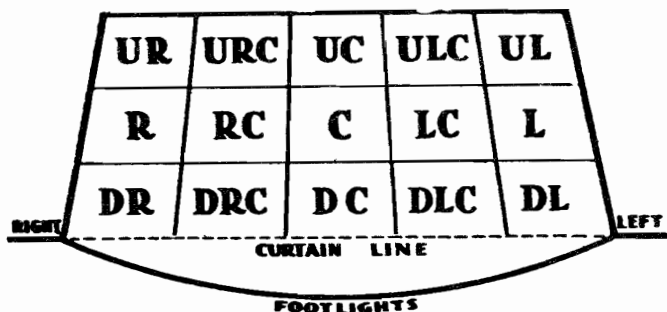
Offstage Voices

PLACE: *A hospital day room, and  
the yard of a rented house.*

TIME: *Summer. The present*

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## CHART OF STAGE POSITIONS



## STAGE POSITIONS

*Upstage* means away from the footlights, *downstage* means toward the footlights, and *right* and *left* are used with reference to the actor as he faces the audience. R means *right*, L means *left*, U means *up*, D means *down*, C means *center*, and these abbreviations are used in combination, as: UR for *up right*, RC for *right center*, DLC for *down left center*, etc. A territory designated on the stage refers to a general area, rather than to a given point.

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**NOTE:** Before starting rehearsals, chalk off your stage or rehearsal space as indicated above in the *Chart of Stage Positions*. Then teach your actors the meanings and positions of these fundamental terms of stage movement by having them walk from one position to another until they are familiar with them. The use of these abbreviated terms in directing the play saves time, speeds up rehearsals, and reduces the amount of explanation the director has to give to his actors.

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# ACT ONE

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(AFTER THE HOUSE LIGHTS GO DOWN, in the darkness, we hear over a hospital intercom:)

VOICE. Dr. Willoughby, please call your office.  
. . . Dr. Willoughby, please call your office.

(The curtain rises on a corner of a patients' day room in a hospital. This can be a small set or be played before a curtain. [See Scenery Notes in back.] Right of C there are two small armchairs with a table between them. Up stage, left of C, is a window. Left of that and a little downstage, is a large arm chair. On the left wall is a small telephone table with a chair. There is a telephone on the table and a small mirror either on the table or on the wall above it. Entrances are DL and DR. The furniture is tacky-institutional, chrome and leatherette or possibly wicker. There may be lamps or vases or pictures but they are inexpensive and impersonal-looking.)

(AT RISE OF CURTAIN: ARTHUR is seated in the left chair of the grouping at R. He is a victim of a progressive neurological disease which affects his muscular control. Therefore he walks in a careening gait,

favoring his right leg, which is weak. He will occasionally toss his hands and arms about or shake his head involuntarily. He is apt to knock things over. He is playing checkers with JUNIE MOON, seated across the table in the right chair. She suffers a facial disfigurement [see notes in back] and therefore combs her hair long and loose, over the left, disfigured, side of her face. She wears a short cotton glove on her left hand at all times. Watching them play from a wheel chair left of ARTHUR, is WARREN, a paraplegic. In the chair L, MINNIE, an elderly patient, dozes fitfully. All patients wear pajamas, robes and slippers. Staff wears white uniforms. As the curtain rises, MISS HOLT, a young nurse, is C, walking R. She goes off R.)

JUNIE (to ARTHUR). It's your move.

ARTHUR. I'm thinking.

JUNIE. That's not gonna help.

WARREN. My dear friends, I have come to a decision. I have a solution to our collective dilemma. (ARTHUR moves a checker. Triumphantly, JUNIE makes a double jump.)

JUNIE. One . . . two . . . king me. (She picks up the checkers she has taken. ARTHUR takes a checker to king her man but, with an involuntary jerk of his arm, manages to upset the board.) Arthur!

ARTHUR. Sorry. (He tries to pick up checkers.)

JUNIE (to WARREN). How can you play with him? Whenever you start winning he gets upset and knocks everything over.

ARTHUR (offended). I'm not upset. I can't help it.

JUNIE (kneeling to pick up checkers). Let me . . .

(DR. KIRKLAND, the young resident, enters DL.  
He moves to MINNIE, gently shakes her  
shoulder.)

KIRKLAND. Come on, Minnie. Wake up.

MINNIE (waking). Mmm? Oh, you Dr. Kirkland.  
You gonna do me in for good for sure to-  
day?

KIRKLAND (helping her up). Minnie, you look as  
fresh as an April day. Let's just go in-  
side and run a few tests for Dr. Willoughby.

MINNIE. Only test worth runnin' on me, is holdin'  
up a mirror to my mouth. If it don' cloud  
up, you pack me away.

KIRKLAND (he's got her up by now). Can't do that,  
Minnie. I gotta keep running Dr. Willoughby's  
tests. He won't let me outa this place till  
I get 'em right. (JUNIE rises; she and  
ARTHUR set up new game. MINNIE laughs  
as she and DR. KIRKLAND start off L.  
She walks slowly, painfully.)

MINNIE. I won me a test when I was ten years old.  
A spelling bee, it were . . . "inconse-  
quential."

KIRKLAND. That's not inconsequential. It's a very  
nice memory, winning a spelling bee. . . .

MINNIE. I know that, y' fool. "Inconsequential" were  
the word I won it on. I . . . N . . . C . . .  
O . . . N . . . (They are off).

WARREN (starting again). My dear friends, I have a  
solution for our collective dilemma . . .

JUNIE. What do you want, Warren? (To ARTHUR.)  
You go first this time. (ARTHUR moves a  
checker.)

WARREN. After our discharge, from this anti-septic



hole, with the various pittances we could collect from this and that source, we could live fairly comfortably . . . (JUNIE raises her hand to make a move.) . . . if we lived together. (JUNIE stops, hand in the air, not moving. ARTHUR just looks at him. A beat.) What do you think?

JUNIE (looking at her gloved hand). Nobody wants to live with me . . . (She puts the gloved hand to her scarred cheek.) . . . so shut up about it! (With an effort of will, she lowers her hand and moves a checker.)

ARTHUR. I think the idea stinks.

WARREN. Don't pretend that either of you have a place to go, because you haven't. (ARTHUR moves a checker.) You'll end up at the old ladies' home, Junie Moon, living on peanut butter.

JUNIE. That's better than oatmeal. (She moves a checker.)

WARREN. It's better to live together. You will find me more responsible than the inferior quality of directors who run old ladies' homes.

JUNIE (a funny bark-laugh). Ho!

ARTHUR. Baloney! (Upset, he sets off a spasm which causes his body to shake, almost lifting him from the chair. JUNIE grabs for the checkerboard and steadies it. WARREN puts a steadying hand on Arthur's shoulder, which quiets him.) You are many things, Warren, but responsible is not one of them.

JUNIE. But . . . he may be better than the poorhouse. What did you have in mind?

WARREN (with an organizing manner). Well, now!

We will each have our own room. Junie Moon will do the cooking. Arthur will go to the store. I can see it all now.

ARTHUR. And I see you are planning to supervise . . . and nothing else. As usual.

JUNIE. Who in their right mind would rent us an apartment? Three freaks, one a female.

WARREN. We'll do it by phone. We'll say we're much too busy to come in person.

JUNIE. And what a nice surprise when the landlord sees us. Winken, Blinken and Nod. He'll throw us out.

ARTHUR. He couldn't. We represent at least three different minority groups.

JUNIE. It's bad enough seeing the two of you every day in this hospital, let alone living with you. . . .

WARREN. You're no prize yourself!

ARTHUR. And you probably have a lot of disgusting personal habits we won't find out about until we sign the lease.

JUNIE (to WARREN). Let's not talk about prizes. If we did, you might take the cake. (Upset, she rises, goes to window and looks out.)

ARTHUR (realizing she's hurt, following her). I suppose none of us would take a prize . . . (She doesn't answer.) . . . on the other hand, we have a few things in our favor.

WARREN (wheeling himself over). More than a few . . .

JUNIE. Name two!

(MISS OXFORD, the head nurse, an overbearing woman who disguises her imperiousness with a false comradely approach, enters L, looks at them.)

MISS OXFORD. Together again? What are you three up to?

WARREN (with a pleasant smile). We are plotting your demise. (MISS OXFORD, with a startled look, rushes off R.)

JUNIE (looking after her). We've got to find some way to get that nurse before we leave here and set up housekeeping . . .

(MISS HOLT enters R escorting JOHN GOREN.

GOREN is an embittered young man who has lost a leg. [See character notes.]

ARTHUR. You'll do it, Junie Moon?

JUNIE. Sure. Why not? It's only practical. With inflation the way it is, three can live as cheaply as four.

WARREN. It will be beautiful. I know it will be beautiful. It will be like having a family, living together . . .

GOREN (amazed). You three are gonna live together?

JUNIE. Is it any of your business?

WARREN. In a tastefully furnished apartment . . . or perhaps a small cottage . . . one that has . . . a personality.

GOREN. And a sign on the door reading "Freaksville." (ARTHUR, upset, lurches back to chair R and sits.)

JUNIE (annoyed that GOREN has upset ARTHUR). If that's supposed to be sick humor, it's coming from the right mouth.

MISS HOLT. Hey . . . easy . . . easy. Get on with your walk, Mr. Goren.

WARREN (rolling his chair back, next to ARTHUR). Perhaps, next week, if you're good, they'll give you tap-dancing lessons.

MISS HOLT. Warren! (WARREN takes scrapbook,

magazines, scissors and tape from the basket on the arm of his chair, opens them, begins to clip pictures and tape them into book.)

GOREN (to MISS HOLT, walking L). Well, do you think it makes sense? The three of them setting up housekeeping?

MISS HOLT (tactfully). It's an interesting idea . . .

GOREN. Each of them is bad enough by himself. Why do they want to make it worse by living together?

JUNIE. You sound like we asked you to join us. (She moves to her chair and sits.)

GOREN. Me? Are you kidding? You think I haven't got any place to go?

MISS HOLT. Come along, Mr. Goren. You're doing very well.

GOREN. I've got a place to go. Two or three places, if you must know!

MISS HOLT. Yes, of course.

GOREN. I've got a girl . . . we're engaged . . . we're going to be married as soon as . . . as soon as . . . everything straightens out. (He walks another step or two.) Oh, hell!

MISS HOLT. You're absolutely right. (They go off L.)

(LIGHTS DIM but do not go out. JUNIE and ARTHUR freeze, motionless, over the checker game. A special light or spot picks up WARREN. This light separates him from the others and the audience must understand this next sequence goes on in his mind. As he talks, he is cutting and taping pictures into the scrapbook.)

WARREN. It must be beautiful . . . it's very important to have beauty around you. (Music is heard--a record of something romantic--perhaps Chopin.) . . . and that doesn't mean it has to be expensive. Taste and imagination. . . . You can get ideas from magazines . . . cut the pictures . . . make a scrapbook. . . .

GUILLES' VOICE. Learn to make a scrapbook, Warren, then you'll have something to look back on. . . .

WARREN (speaking as though Guiles were there and as though Warren were a little boy). Yes, Guiles.

GUILLES' VOICE. I brought a magazine home from the gallery. There are some excellent reproductions. Renoir . . . Degas . . . Matisse . . . I thought you could make a scrapbook. The effort of cutting and pasting will make you remember. . . .

WARREN. I remember, Guiles, I do remember . . . (The music ends abruptly, the needle scratched away from the record. WARREN looks pained at a memory but continues cutting.) And kitchens . . . a kitchen needn't look like a hospital. . . . My grandmother's kitchen was the warmest room in the house. . . .

GRANDMA'S VOICE. Since you've come to live with me, Warren, and you sleep in your mother's old room, I suppose you wonder about her.

. . . .  
WARREN (tense). No! I don't!

GRANDMA'S VOICE. Did Guiles tell you much about her?

GUILLES' VOICE. She was extraordinarily beautiful . . . that last summer in Provincetown,

someone ought to have painted her. I see her always, standing on the deck . . . pulling at the ropes . . . the deep tan . . . the wind billowing the gold streaked hair

. . .  
WARREN (upset). He never mentioned her!

GRANDMA'S VOICE. Oh?

WARREN. Grandma . . . was Guiles my father?

GRANDMA'S VOICE (evasive). He was a friend of both your parents who wanted to look after you. . . . I had my work, Warren. What could I do with a small boy? (Not wanting to have said that; hastily:) But don't worry, dear. We'll manage now that Guiles is . . . (That's worse. Changing the subject.) What do little boys like to do? Your mother, at your age, loved to make brownies . . .

WARREN (reflectively). Brownies . . .

(His spot goes out. LIGHTS COME BACK UP to full. Other actors unfreeze. WARREN shows JUNIE a picture he has cut.)

WARREN. How do you like this conversational grouping?

JUNIE (not looking). Terrible! You have the taste of a Hungarian fisherman.

WARREN. But it lends itself . . . it says right here, "This unique grouping lends itself . . ."

JUNIE. That's Danish Modern! How many times do I have to tell you, Warren, I hate Danish Modern!

WARREN. It has elegance and chic.

JUNIE. Exactly! That's what's wrong with it!

WARREN. There must be beauty . . . I must have

beautiful things around me.

JUNIE. Wrong! Wrong! Wrong! Beautiful things would only clash with us!

WARREN (changing the subject; handing her another clipping). Would you like a Colonial kitchen?

JUNIE. Not unless it comes with a Colonial cook.

WARREN. We must make plans.

JUNIE. You've been making plans all week!

WARREN. If we are to have any kind of establishment we must make plans. How do you feel about the Mediterranean look? Do you like antique? Traditional? For pity's sake, say something constructive.

JUNIE. I do not like to make plans! I do not like the Mediterranean look! I like things to be functional . . . and . . . (Jumping up and grabbing the scrapbook.) I hate scrapbooks! (She throws it on the floor. ARTHUR rises, upset by the argument.)

WARREN. You are gross, Junie Moon. You are also exasperating.

JUNIE. And you are looking at me with a funny look on your face. Your eyes look mean and distrustful.

WARREN. I read some place you see yourself in another's eyes.

JUNIE. Oh, you did, did you? How one man can read and remember so much trash is beyond me!

WARREN. There's a lot that's beyond you!

JUNIE. Don't plot anything behind my back! You're just the type to do it. (She turns and exits R.)

WARREN. Well! (He settles himself in his chair, hurt. ARTHUR painfully stoops and picks up the scrapbook, putting it in WARREN'S

lap as a peace offering.)

ARTHUR. She's just nervous.

WARREN (in a decided, injured tone). I've decided we would be foolish to include a woman in our plans.

ARTHUR. What?

WARREN. Junie Moon is a liability.

ARTHUR (his head jerking convulsively). I like Junie Moon.

WARREN. Naturally. I like her, too. As a matter of fact, I think she's a fine person. But that's not the issue.

ARTHUR. No. The issue is you . . . you . . . you . . . You've made all the decisions. You made the scrapbook . . . and . . . and got the m-m-m-map of the city . . . and the . . . and the . . . apartment ads and . . . and . . .

WARREN. Somebody has to do something.

ARTHUR. But . . . but . . . but nobody has to do everything. You . . . you can't just forget Junie Moon. You already asked her. What are you going to do about that?

WARREN. I thought we would both talk to her . . .

ARTHUR. Both? Do . . . do . . . do your own dirty work. (He starts off L.)

WARREN (following in chair). Don't run away. I'm talking to you.

ARTHUR. That's why I'm running away.

WARREN. But if we're going to live together, we can't start by developing bad habits. We're adults. We must talk things through.

ARTHUR (turning, looking at him). I'm . . . I'm . . . I'm not sure any more that any of us are going to live together. (He looks down at the floor. WARREN is shocked, upset.)



WARREN (all fight gone). All right. You can have Junie Moon. I don't care enough about it to waste my breath. (He starts to wheel himself off, looks back for a final crack.) Of course, it may be like living in an institution.

ARTHUR. I have lived in an institution.

WARREN. Then, doubtless we will profit by your experience.

(WARREN wheels himself off L. ARTHUR, still upset, sits in the chair at L. The LIGHTS DIM DOWN, and a special spot picks him up.)

DIRECTOR'S VOICE. Have you any savings or other assets, madam?

ARTHUR'S MOTHER'S VOICE. He was perfectly all right till he was twelve. Then he started dropping things . . .

ARTHUR. Momma!

DIRECTOR'S VOICE. Any insurance, pensions, annuities or dividends?

ARTHUR'S MOTHER'S VOICE. There's nothing left. Nothing. Six years, Mister . . .

DIRECTOR'S VOICE. I must ask the questions. Of course, the boy is entitled to care

. . .

ARTHUR'S MOTHER'S VOICE. Thirty-five hospitals and clinics . . . thirty-five, I've had him to. A progressive neurological disease, they tell me. I ask you, what does that mean?

ARTHUR (trying to get her attention). Momma. . . . (Now, a different reading, asking a question.) Momma?