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*Dramatic Publishing*



REGINALD ROSE'S

*The Remarkable Incident  
at Carson Corners*

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS  
BY KRISTIN SERGEL  
ADAPTED FROM THE TELEVISION  
SHOW BY REGINALD ROSE

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**THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY**

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# THE REMARKABLE INCIDENT AT CARSON CORNERS

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“This play has a powerful message, and skillfully develops how many—the janitor, the doctor, the business leader, the parents—are stunned with the realization of their own contributory responsibility for a tragedy. I finished reading it choked with emotion.”

—DON C. ROGERS

*Assistant Superintendent of Schools*

Chicago, Illinois

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A Play in Three Acts

# The Remarkable Incident at Carson Corners

by  
**REGINALD ROSE**

Stage Version by  
**KRISTIN SERGEL**

Adapted from the  
Television Show of the Same Name.  
Initially Presented on *STUDIO ONE*, CBS TV.



**THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY**  
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THE REMARKABLE INCIDENT AT CARSON CORNERS

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(THE REMARKABLE INCIDENT AT CARSON CORNERS)

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# The Remarkable Incident at Carson Corners

*A Play in Three Acts*

FOR THIRTEEN MEN, THIRTEEN WOMEN AND EXTRAS

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## CHARACTERS

DR. and MRS. CALDWELL  
MR. and MRS. PRINCE  
MR. and MRS. ROGERS  
MR. and MRS. WOODBRIDGE  
MR. and MRS. WRIGHT  
MR. and MRS. MCGINNIS  
MISS FRANK ..... *an English teacher*  
MR. KOVALESKY ..... *the school janitor*  
BOB MCGINNIS  
BERT HENDRICKS  
ELIZABETH WRIGHT  
JANET  
CAROL  
MADGE  
TOMMY PRINCE  
ALICE WOODBRIDGE  
SUSAN CALDWELL  
JOEY ROGERS  
BILL MCGINNIS  
PAINTER ..... *on the fire escape*  
ANNOUNCER'S VOICE, VOICES OF STUDENTS ..... *extras*  
PLACE: *The stage and auditorium of the high school at Carson  
Corners.*

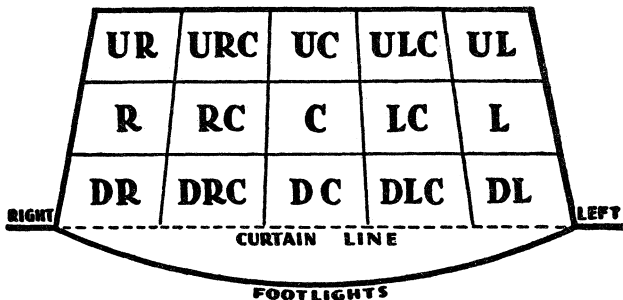
TIME: *The present.*

## SYNOPSIS

ACT ONE: *Early evening.*  
ACT TWO: *Immediately following.*  
ACT THREE: *A few moments later.*

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## CHART OF STAGE POSITIONS



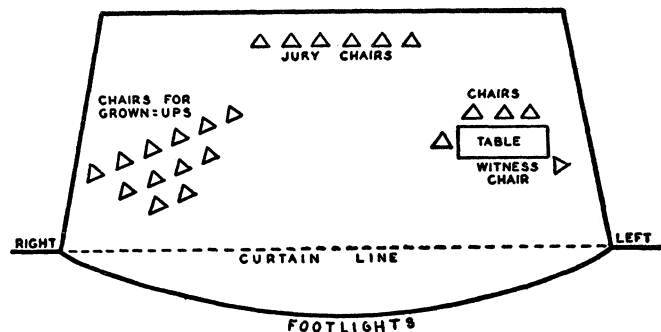
### STAGE POSITIONS

*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: U R for *up right*, R C for *right center*, D L C for *down left center*, etc. One will note that a position designated on the stage refers to a general territory, 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.

## STAGE CHART



## PROPERTIES

**GENERAL:** Twelve folding chairs for grown-ups; six similar chairs for jury; table and four chairs; on table: Bible, paper bag containing several cans of money labeled "Community Fund," papers; witness chair; section of fire escape railing; wooden bench, tools, tool chest, lunch box with sandwich and newspaper; splintered pieces of wood; armchair, table and table radio; counter, with box of aspirin.

**BERT:** Folding chairs, books.

**JOEY:** Gavel, box of band-aids.

**SUSAN:** Sheet of paper, book and handkerchief.

**BILL:** Books.

**JANET:** Apple.

**KOVALESKY:** Broom, handkerchief.

**DR. CALDWELL:** Doctor's bag.

**MRS. WRIGHT:** Change in purse.

**ALICE:** Two blackboard erasers, bar of candy.

**MR. PRINCE:** Notebook and fountain pen.

**MISS FRANK:** Handkerchief.

**PAINTER:** Can of paint and brush, watch.

**MR. MCGINNIS:** Tools.

**MRS. MCGINNIS:** Toy in paper bag.



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## PRODUCTION NOTES

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**FLASHBACK SCENES:** Split-second timing is of prime importance in staging the flashback scenes in the play. Actors appearing in the flashbacks should be ready to move into their positions as soon as the stage lights have lowered sufficiently. A ground cloth (or carpeting) on the stage floor will help to silence their movement, or the actors can wear shoes with rubber soles and heels, or some such composition that will deaden sound. As soon as a flashback scene is over, the actors return to their original positions (or leave the stage, as the case may be). It is imperative that the action as it moves from one scene to another be uninterrupted. Each transition, both at the beginning and at the conclusion of a flashback, should be timed in rehearsals with a stop watch. Allow the maximum number of seconds to make the changes and rehearse them until they are made smoothly in the allotted time. All props (hand or otherwise) used in the flashback scenes should be readily available and put into position or handed to the actors by stagehands trained for this particular task. In some instances, the actors must leave the stage and make their entrance D L; whenever possible, they can come into the spotlighted area from their original positions on the stage.

**CUES:** Nothing adds more to the polish of a production than the quick picking up of cues. Unless there is a definite reason for a pause, train your actors to come in with their speeches "on the heels," so to speak, of the preceding speeches. When a production lags, audience interest likewise will lag. It is always advisable during the last week of rehearsals to hold one or more sessions during which the actors merely sit around in a circle and go through lines only with the express purpose of snapping up cues.

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# ACT ONE

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SCENE: *As the house lights fade out, the curtain rises, revealing a stage that is bare of scenery. (A curtained background of any neutral shade can be used, or a stage that is bare either of scenery or curtains.) At R stage, at an angle, are six or eight folding chairs, set up in rows. (More are added later.) Directly U C, facing the audience, is a row of six similar chairs. A table is at L C stage. Behind it are three chairs; to the right of it, a single chair. By the downstage corner of this table and slightly to the left is a single chair which faces directly R stage. After a few seconds the house lights start to come up slowly again, but never full. DR. and MRS. CALDWELL and MR. and MRS. PRINCE arrive at the rear of the auditorium. They are a bit late, and start conversing in stage whispers, meanwhile coming down the right aisle as they face the stage to find seats.]*

MRS. CALDWELL [*with concern*]. Goodness—they've started already.

DR. CALDWELL [*softly*]. I think the curtain just this second went up.

MRS. PRINCE [*to her husband*]. We're late, Harry. Come on!

MR. PRINCE. Ssh!

MRS. PRINCE [*chiding tone*]. You and your second helping of dessert. . . .

MR. PRINCE. Well, I had to eat *something*! You call that a dinner you served tonight?

[MR. and MRS. ROGERS come bustling down the same aisle—worried about being late.]

MR. PRINCE [*as MR. ROGERS nears them*]. Hey, slow down, Mr. Rogers.

MR. ROGERS. Have they started yet?

MR. PRINCE [*to MR. ROGERS*]. I don't know. But let's not try to run a four-minute mile at your age!

MRS. ROGERS. He was rushing to close the store, and a boy came in with a skinned elbow.

MR. ROGERS. He skinned it good.

MRS. ROGERS [*plaintively*]. Why couldn't he run to his mother?

[*At this point BOB MCGINNIS comes onto the stage from D L. He is a senior, an attractive boy with a quiet manner. Just now he looks very serious.*]

MRS. CALDWELL. Look—it's Bobby McGinnis!

MRS. PRINCE. Ssh! . . . [*All stand quietly in aisle.*]

BOB [*coming D C, announcing*]. Ladies and gentlemen—good evening, and welcome to Carson Corners High School.

MRS. CALDWELL [*as DR. CALDWELL begins to lead them toward seats, resisting*]. Fred, you know I can't hear too far back.

DR. CALDWELL. Oh, for heaven's sake!

BOB [*who has paused during interruption*]. Dr. Caldwell.

DR. CALDWELL [*trying to pull his wife away*]. Sorry, Bob, pay no attention.

BOB. We'd like you people to sit up here.

DR. CALDWELL. Up there—on stage?

BOB. We've got plenty of chairs. [*Calls toward D L.*] Bert—bring a few more chairs!

MRS. PRINCE. Come on, Harry!

[*BERT HENDRICKS comes in D L with some more folding chairs. He places them at R stage as the scene continues and then goes out D L again.*]

MRS. CALDWELL [*protesting in a fluttery tone*]. I'll feel terribly silly.

DR. CALDWELL [*as group crosses down, over in front of first row of seats in auditorium to steps at right (actor's right) side leading on to stage*]. You ought to!

[*As the first group goes up on the stage, two more couples*

*arrive late. They are the WOODBRIDGES and the WRIGHTS. The latter are better dressed than the other parents—obviously among the more influential people in town. They all come down the right aisle, talking as they come.]*

MRS. WRIGHT. Mervin, what in the world is Dr. Caldwell doing on the stage?

MR. WRIGHT. Haven't any idea.

MRS. CALDWELL. Look, there're Bill and Henny Woodbridge—and the Wrights.

MRS. PRINCE [*waving at the WRIGHTS*]. Yoo-hoo—come on up!

MRS. WRIGHT [*indignantly, to her husband*]. Why, I'll do no such thing!

MR. WOODBRIDGE [*as he comes to foot of aisle*]. What's going on, Bob?

BOB. You're welcome to sit up here, Mr. Woodbridge—and Mr. and Mrs. Wright.

MR. WOODBRIDGE. How about it, Henrietta?

MRS. WOODBRIDGE [*schrugging, humorously*]. You heard what the boy said.

MR. WRIGHT. We might as well. [*The WRIGHTS and WOODBRIDGES cross over in front of first row of seats to steps at actor's right, and go up on stage.*]

[*As those on the stage take seats at R stage, ELIZABETH WRIGHT, a high school senior, enters D L and calls to BOB.*]

ELIZABETH. Bobby, could you come back for a sec?

BOB. What is it?

ELIZABETH [*urgently*]. Please!

BOB [*to group on stage*]. Excuse me. [*Goes quickly out D L with ELIZABETH.*]

DR. CALDWELL [*to MR. WOODBRIDGE*]. How's that cough?

MR. WOODBRIDGE. Well, it was killing me, but I got your bill this morning and phfft—it disappeared just like that. [*DR. CALDWELL chuckles. Women have removed or are removing their coats.*]

MRS. PRINCE [*to MRS. WRIGHT, who is sitting beside her*]. Hello, Julia. That's a lovely coat.

MRS. WRIGHT. Thank you. [*Slight silence.*]

DR. CALDWELL [*looking toward wing D L*]. Say, does anyone know what they're up to?

MR. WOODBRIDGE. You mean the program?

MRS. CALDWELL [*nodding*]. Susie's been looking like a spy all week. What's the mystery?

MR. WOODBRIDGE [*sbrugging*]. I'm only the principal of this school. I'm not supposed to know anything. [*Polite laugh from others.*]

MRS. PRINCE. I think it's cute—our Tommy's been working on it all week and he won't tell me a *thing*.

MR. WRIGHT. Couldn't get a word out of Liz, either.

MRS. WRIGHT. Elizabeth.

MR. WRIGHT. What?

MRS. WRIGHT. Your daughter's name is *Elizabeth*.

MR. WRIGHT. I know what her name is!

[*MISS FRANK, the English teacher, comes bustling down the left aisle of the auditorium.*]

MISS FRANK [*as she reaches foot of aisle by D R stage corner*].

Mr. Woodbridge! [*She seems upset.*]

MR. WOODBRIDGE. What is it, Miss Frank?

MISS FRANK. Where's Bobby McGinnis?

MR. WOODBRIDGE. Just went backstage.

MISS FRANK. Will you tell him for me? I've got to rush.

MR. WOODBRIDGE. Tell him?

MISS FRANK. I wanted him to know—I have to leave right away. I can't stay. And I'm not sure when I'll get back.

MRS. PRINCE. Miss Frank, what have you put these young people up to?

MISS FRANK. Put them up to? Me?

MRS. PRINCE. Surely *you* know what this program's all about?

MISS FRANK. They wouldn't tell me a thing.

MRS. CALDWELL. Really?

MISS FRANK [*nodding*]. I said they ought to tell their English teacher about a dramatic performance—and you know what they did?

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MRS. CALDWELL. What?

MISS FRANK. Told me to go back to the English lesson!

MRS. PRINCE. Can you imagine!

MISS FRANK [*to MR. WOODBRIDGE*]. I have to hurry. [*As she goes back up aisle.*] Explain to them—I couldn't stay.  
[*Goes out.*]

MRS. WOODBRIDGE. Poor Miss Frank!

MRS. WRIGHT. Really, I'm getting curious.

MR. ROGERS. My boy Joey's been mighty close—

MRS. ROGERS. Couldn't get a word out of him.

MR. ROGERS. "Just be there," he said. "Just come and see!"

MRS. CALDWELL. I can hardly wait!

[*MR. KOVALESKY enters D L, hesitantly. He is the janitor of the school—old, but with the agelessness of people who have spent their lives around children. He is a mild little man with an accent. He is dressed in overalls, and has served the school for over thirty years. He smiles humbly at the others as he comes to C stage.*]

KOVALESKY. Good evening, Mr. Woodbridge—Mrs. Woodbridge.

MR. WOODBRIDGE [*kindly, but a little surprised to see him on the stage*]. Hello, Kovey. Are you invited, too?

KOVALESKY. Yes, sir. The kids say be sure to come.

MR. WOODBRIDGE. Well, that's fine.

KOVALESKY [*explaining his janitor's outfit*]. I just fix the furnace to be sure we got plenty heat.

MR. WOODBRIDGE. Good.

MR. PRINCE [*as KOVALESKY hesitantly takes a chair with group at R*]. Glad you're here. Anything goes wrong with the lights, you'll know what to do.

KOVALESKY [*nodding proudly*]. After thirty years, Mr. Prince, I know all right!

MR. PRINCE. Attaboy!

KOVALESKY. The show—it starts soon?

MRS. PRINCE. We're not even sure if it is a show!

MRS. CALDWELL. I asked my Susie, "Why such a big secret?"

And she just said, "You come and find out."

MRS. WOODBRIDGE. Alice told me the same thing.

MR. ROGERS. Well, they're just having their fun.

MR. PRINCE. Bobby McGinnis seems to be running things.

DR. CALDWELL. If he ever gets back here!

KOVALESKY. That Bobby—he's a good boy.

MRS. CALDWELL [*seriously, in a slightly lowered tone*]. Every time I see him I think of the other one.

MRS. WRIGHT. It was a terrible shame.

[MR. and MRS. MCGINNIS now enter at the back of the auditorium and quietly come down the left aisle.]

MRS. CALDWELL [*continuing in her mother-ben tone*]. Those things make me wonder if there is any justice.

MRS. PRINCE [*looking at the newest latecomers*]. Ssh—the parents! [*Nudges MRS. CALDWELL.*]

MRS. CALDWELL [*noticing them*]. Oh! [*Group on stage sits very still, all eyes on MR. and MRS. MCGINNIS, who approach timidly.*]

MR. WOODBRIDGE [*rising, speaking to them in a kindly tone*].

Mr. and Mrs. McGinnis?

MRS. MCGINNIS. Sorry we're so late.

MR. WOODBRIDGE. Never mind about that. Have a seat up here. [*Indicates chair R.*]

MR. MCGINNIS [*questioning MR. WOODBRIDGE nervously*]. Us?

MRS. WOODBRIDGE [*her best, winning manner*]. Do join us—please!

MR. MCGINNIS [*to his wife*]. I don't like it, Katie.

MRS. MCGINNIS. Go ahead. [*To MR. WOODBRIDGE, as they come up onto stage.*] Thank you.

DR. CALDWELL [*jokingly*]. They'd better start whatever-it-is—or they won't have any room left!

[BOB enters D L as his parents are being seated. He pauses at L C when he sees them.]

MR. MCGINNIS [*seeing BOB, remaining standing*]. Hello, son.

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BOB [*quietly*]. Hello, Dad. [MRS. MCGINNIS *smiles sadly at BOB.*]

MR. MCGINNIS. What is this?

BOB. I can't tell you.

MRS. MCGINNIS. You promised not to ask the boy again, Ralph.

MR. MCGINNIS. Your mother and I didn't want to come here now. All these people . . . I asked you if there was gonna be a lot of people. . . .

BOB [*moving C*]. Dad, please. . . .

MRS. MCGINNIS [*firmly*]. Sit down, Ralph. [MR. MCGINNIS *does so, reluctantly.*]

BOB [*coming to KOVALESKY*]. Kovey—I mean, Mr. Kovalesky.

KOVALESKY. It's all right you call me Kovey, Bobby.

BOB. Would you come with me?

KOVALESKY [*rising, following BOB toward L C*]. Sure, Bobby.

BOB [*indicating chair at right end of table*]. We'd like you to sit over here.

KOVALESKY. *Here* you want me to sit?

BOB [*nodding*]. Yes.

KOVALESKY [*embarrassed, looking back at others*]. I sit over there. [*Points R.*] Is good enough.

BOB [*taking his arm firmly*]. This is where you're supposed to sit, Mr. Kovalesky.

KOVALESKY [*shrugging*]. All right. [*Sits. As BOB starts D L, MR. PRINCE starts to raise his hand and wave it frantically at BOB.*]

MR. PRINCE [*imitating a "student"*]. Teacher! Teacher!

MRS. PRINCE [*as BOB ignores him and goes out D L*]. Harry, stop it, will you, please! [*Others start to laugh, but laughter dies quickly.*]

MR. PRINCE [*puzzled, and a bit hurt*]. Hey, Bobby—what's the matter?

MRS. PRINCE. Harry, stop it!

MR. PRINCE. What's he so serious about?

MR. WRIGHT [*bearty, humorous tone*]. I say it's time we found out. [*Starts a light applause, which a few of the others join.*]



MR. PRINCE [*as he joins clapping*]. Let's have the show!

MRS. WRIGHT [*humorously chiding*]. Mervin, for heaven's sake, act your age!

MR. WRIGHT [*enjoying himself, grinning at her like a child*]. Start the show!

[*As if in answer, the house lights are lowered again, and some high school students begin to file in from D L stage. They look serious and walk with dignity. BOB comes in first and stands just upstage of the entrance as they come in—a position he maintains later. The students are BERT HENDRICKS, who looks younger than the other boys, being about fourteen; three girls, JANET, CAROL and MADGE; and last of all, ELIZABETH WRIGHT. ELIZABETH wears a dark sweater and skirt. The others move U C and stand in front of the chairs. ELIZABETH stops in front of BOB when she comes in. She looks worried, as if about to say something to him; he shakes his head and she joins the others U C with a slight shrug.*]

MR. WRIGHT [*proudly, to MR. PRINCE*]. There's my girl. [*He says this as ELIZABETH walks over to join others. Students sit.*]

MRS. WRIGHT [*to MRS. CALDWELL, about Elizabeth*]. Now why did she have to wear that outfit? Dark colors are terrible on her.

MRS. CALDWELL. Elizabeth looks pretty no matter what she wears. [*ELIZABETH looks at them, frowning slightly, then looks away quickly.*]

[*TOMMY PRINCE enters D L and crosses to a position above the table L C, near the right chair. As he comes in, MR. and MRS. PRINCE nudge each other. MRS. PRINCE waves and blows him a kiss, but he ignores this completely and sits down. The PRINCES look at each other, smile and shrug. The rest of the parents are rustling and whispering. Their behavior contrasts sharply with that of the youngsters. Now ALICE WOODBRIDGE enters D L. She is a studious girl with glasses, dressed very plainly.*]

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MR. WOODBRIDGE [*taken aback*]. Alice!

MRS. WOODBRIDGE [*to her husband*]. I didn't even know she had a part.

MR. WOODBRIDGE [*gently*]. Ssh. . . . [*During this, ALICE goes above table L C to right of KOVALESKY. She shakes hands with him in formal fashion.*]

KOVALESKY [*to ALICE*]. Hello, Alice—you gonna sit with me? [*ALICE nods and sits in chair above table, to the left. KOVALESKY smiles companionably to her, but she doesn't return smile.*]

[*Now SUSAN CALDWELL enters D L. She is a cute, friendly-looking girl, adopting the serious manner of the others, which doesn't seem right for her.*]

MRS. CALDWELL [*at SUSAN'S entrance*]. Will you look at Susie's face! Sarah Bernhardt! [*Tries to suppress a giggle.*]

DR. CALDWELL [*lightly*]. Be quiet, Cess. [*SUSAN goes above table and stands behind vacant chair, facing audience. There is a silence, as she is evidently going to speak. Students watch her intensely.*]

SUSAN [*summoning up a loud, clear voice*]. The court will rise! [*It is too loud. MRS. CALDWELL'S giggle bursts out; others smile; women join giggling as they all look at each other incredulously. Students rise, as usual ignoring commotion. SUSAN continues in a more collected tone.*] His honor, Judge Joseph Rogers.

[*As the students look D L, JOEY ROGERS enters D L, carrying a gavel. He has a sweet, serious face and looks the type that gets to be president of the student council.*]

MRS. ROGERS [*proudly, as JOEY enters*]. Joey—a judge! [*MR. ROGERS smiles proudly, too, but quiets his wife with an admonishing gesture. JOEY walks slowly to vacant chair above table, stands in front of chair and raps his gavel a couple of times.*]

JOEY. This court is now in session. [*Sits down, and others*

*follow suit. SUSAN crosses U C and sits in chair at extreme left end of row.]*

MRS. WOODBRIDGE [*as grown-ups are buzzing again*]. Bill, if this isn't the most original idea! I never— [*But another sharp rapping of gavel from JOEY silences her, and grown-ups sit up with humorous expectation.*]

JOEY [*turning to SUSAN*]. Clerk. . . . [*SUSAN looks up at him nervously, still sitting.*]

BOB [*who is still standing near entrance D L*]. Go ahead, Susie.

SUSAN [*rising, looking at BOB, who nods gently to her; she holds up a sheet of paper, steps downstage and reads from it in a loud, strained voice*]. This court will now try the case of the people of Carson Corners against— [*Looks at KOVALESKY, who is smiling broadly at her.*—Mr. Peter Kovalesky. [*Grown-ups exchange wondering looks, and shift in their seats as SUSAN pauses, summoning a firm tone.*] Against Mr. Peter Kovalesky—for murder! [*There is a startled gasp from grown-ups, then a stunned silence. KOVALESKY begins to rise, shocked suddenly, and confused; he turns and faces SUSAN. Students in jury shrink back, and a couple of the girls whisper. For a moment they drop deadpan expressions and behave like high school students.*]

MR. WRIGHT [*loudly*]. What do you kids think you're doing?

MRS. WOODBRIDGE [*shrill tone*]. Did you hear that, Bill!

MRS. WRIGHT. Why, I never heard of such a thing!

MR. PRINCE. What's the idea? I suppose you think that's funny.

MRS. CALDWELL [*rising*]. Susie! Susie Caldwell, you come here this minute! [*She uses tone of one disciplining a wayward six-year-old. DR. CALDWELL pulls her back to her seat.*]

KOVALESKY [*now more collected, looking about at students as others subside and listen, speaking in a soft, shocked voice*]. No . . . no. What kind of a thing to say? You make a joke—Susie! [*Moves toward her and she looks away, frightened. His voice rises as he gets more excited.*] You make a

joke. That's not a good joke. [*Takes hold of SUSAN's arm.*]  
Murder! Not good!

DR. CALDWELL [*standing and shouting, when KOVALESKY takes SUSAN's arm*]. Get your hands off her! [*Strides toward them.*]

MR. WOODBRIDGE [*shouting over clamour which now arises*].  
Quiet! Quiet! [DR. CALDWELL *pauses as KOVALESKY lets go of SUSAN. MR. WOODBRIDGE takes charge, rising.*] Kovey, sit down. Now, be quiet, all of you! [*There is silence. SUSAN sits again. DR. CALDWELL, finding himself standing in middle of room, crosses back and sits down sheepishly. KOVALESKY sits, too—hesitantly. MR. WOODBRIDGE, keeping his place, addresses grown-ups.*] I know as little about what's going on here as any of you. But whatever it is, we're going to have order. Let's talk one at a time.

MR. WRIGHT [*loudly*]. Right!

MRS. WRIGHT. Well—I'd certainly like to know why——

MR. WOODBRIDGE [*to MRS. WRIGHT, his hand lifted*]. Mrs. Wright. Just a minute—*please*. [*To JOEY.*] Joey, are you in charge of this?

JOEY [*with dignity*]. No, sir. We all are.

MR. WOODBRIDGE. But you're a judge—doesn't that mean——  
JOEY. They chose me for that, sir.

MR. WOODBRIDGE [*slightly ominous tone*]. Well, then. . . .

ELIZABETH. You're wrong if you think Joey dreamed this up,  
Mr. Woodbridge.

BOB. Elizabeth!

ELIZABETH [*to BOB, tauntingly*]. That's right—you'd better speak up.

BOB. That's what I'm doing.

ELIZABETH. It was your idea.

ALICE [*interrupting her*]. You know that isn't true!

JOEY. The rest of us felt the same way.

ELIZABETH. Maybe we did, but I think he's afraid to take the responsibility.

ALICE [*to MR. WOODBRIDGE*]. Dad, *all* of us are responsible.

TOMMY. She's right.