

**GERRY'S
AWAKENING: A
PLAY IN THREE ACTS**

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Gerry's Awakening: A Play in Three Acts by Frances Pusey Gooch

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FRANCES PUSEY GOOCH

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AWAKENING: A
PLAY IN THREE ACTS**

American Dramatists Series

GERRY'S AWAKENING

A Play in Three Acts

FRANCES PUSEY GOOCH



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GERRY'S AWAKENING

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Characters in Order of Speaking

MR. NEWCOME
MRS. NEWCOME
GERALD NEWCOME (*Gerry*)
MRS. CROSS (*Lady-fair*)
HERMIONE DISSETTE
ARTHUR KENT
LITTLE BENJAMIN CROSS
DUNCAN
MARIE

Time *The Present*
Place *A City*

ACT I

Foyer of the Newcome Apartment.

ACT II

Foyer of Lady-fair's Apartment, immediately below the Newcomes, two months later.

ACT III

The same as Act I, a year later.

An interval of a few hours is supposed to take place during the brief darkening of the stage in the middle of Act II.

Gerry's Awakening

ACT I

Scene—The Foyer of the Newcomes' apartment, in the early evening. The furnishings are dull, massive and comfortable, suggesting bachelor quarters except for the glimpse of the drawingroom beyond the half-drawn velour draperies off center. The entrance from the elevator hallway is at the right and faces, on the opposite side of the room, the archway to the hall off which the other rooms open. Both the door and the archway are in diagonal walls. A latch key fumbles the nervous entrance of Mr. Newcome who slams the door after him, strides to a Tiffany-shaded lamp on a large table in the middle of the room, and, without removing hat or overcoat, thrusts a blue bank-check under the light. Not satisfied, he touches electric buttons till the room is brilliantly illuminated. He is a man of about fifty, well dressed and well groomed, but showing the ageing and roughening effect of past hard labor. He is quivering with excited anger. Mrs. Newcome, plump, bejeweled and overdressed, pauses between the curtains and regards him placidly. The bank-check trembles in his grasp till it rustles audibly.

MR. NEWCOME—Damn!

MRS. NEWCOME—Feel better, Daddy?

MR. NEWCOME—(*Turns, in inarticulate wrath, and manages to sputter*). Do you—can you—would you believe it?—that boy of our'n has signed my name to a check for one hundred dollars made payable to himself, endorsed it and collected the money at the bank, with nobody the wiser till I discovered it when the check come in!

MRS. NEWCOME—Dear me!—signed your name? What a clever boy he is! Seems to me, tho', that's goin' a bit too far—you orter reprove him.

MR. NEWCOME—*Re-reprove?* Well, I'll be—

MRS. NEWCOME—Tut, tut, Daddy! you'll spoil your digestion for dinner—an' for a measly hundred dollars that's more'n come back to you in int'rest while you've been fumin' about it.

MR. NEWCOME—But, Mumsey, he signed *my* name.

MRS. NEWCOME—Of course 'twas your name—mine wouldn't adone him no good! (*She scrouges back comfortably into a large arm-chair*). —an' he wouldn't go outside the family for a prank like that—no more'n his rascally little fingers ever pilfered from anybody's pocket-book but his mother's.

MR. NEWCOME—Well, damned if I don't agree with Lady-fair about that boy's raisin'—he never had none!

MRS. NEWCOME—Look here, Daddy, I'm not high falutin' except when company's around, but three of them words in—

MR. NEWCOME—I beg your pardon, Mumsey. (*He removes hat and overcoat and hands them to the man-servant who comes at the sound of voices, then he goes over to his wife's chair and continues apologetically*). I don't often lose my temper, but