

**LITHUANIA: A
DRAMA IN
ONE ACT**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649013180

Lithuania: A Drama in One Act by Rupert Brooke

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Cover @ 2017

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RUPERT BROOKE

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A Drama in One Act

By
RUPERT BROOKE



CINCINNATI
STEWART KIDD COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

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Printed in the United States of America.
THE CANTON PRESS.

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CHARACTERS

A STRANGER ✓
THE MOTHER ✓
THE DAUGHTER ✓
THE FATHER ✓
A YOUNG MAN
A VODKA-SHOPKEEPER
THE VODKA-SHOPKEEPER'S SON

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LITHUANIA was originally produced at THE CHICAGO
LITTLE THEATRE on October 12, 1915, with the following
cast:

A STRANGER	<i>Edward Moseman</i>
THE MOTHER	<i>Miriam Kiper</i>
THE DAUGHTER	<i>Ellen Van Volkenburg</i>
THE FATHER	<i>Maurice Browne</i>
A YOUNG MAN	<i>George Wolff</i>
A VODKA-SHOPKEEPER	<i>Louis Alter</i>
THE VODKA-SHOPKEEPER'S SON	<i>Allan Ross MacDougall</i>

LITHUANIA

The inside of a hut in Lithuania. Table in Centre. To the left of the table a ladder up to the upper story. Behind, in the back wall, a long low window. Doors in the right end of the back wall, and the near end of the left wall. Projecting from the right wall, a large stone stove. Beyond it, a dresser with a basin, etc. It is early night in autumn. Outside the window is a space of moonlight; pine trees are vaguely visible beyond.

At the left end of the table, facing sideways, is sitting the Stranger, finishing a meal. The Daughter is sitting on a stool before the stove, back to the audience, occasionally glancing at the Stranger. The Mother is moving to and fro with plates, food, etc., between the table, the stove, and the dresser. There is a lamp on the table.

The Stranger is in young middle-age, expensively, rather flashily dressed, medium height, rather weakly-built, with black, greased hair, mustaches, and a small pointed beard. Excitable manner. The Mother is fifty or more, medium height, strongly built, but worn and rather bent, thin face, quiet, and occasionally voluble. The Daughter is just past her youth, a little shorter than the Mother, but squarer, heavy-faced and immobile.

STRANGER (*pushing chair back, and finishing vodka*)
That's good. That's good. I think I'll be

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turning in now. I'm dog-tired after that tramp through the woods. By Jove, I was lucky to find this house!

MOTHER

If you'd bide a small bit. My man'll be in from the fields, any minute now.

STRANGER (*getting up*)

And aren't you two women afraid, being alone in a lonely house like this, these evenings . . . ?

MOTHER

What's there for fear? Who'd want anything here, to rob us? And is it likely any one 'ld want me? And Anna—Anna 'ld give them more than they came for. She's stronger than most men.

STRANGER (*rather uneasily, bowing slightly*)

Your daughter's a very well-built girl.

MOTHER

She's strong. She has to work in the fields, with her Dad.

STRANGER

Ah, I suppose it's hard enough to keep things going, with only one man in the family,—or (*quickly*) have you some sons, no doubt?

MOTHER

No. There was one. He ran off when he was thirteen.

STRANGER (*with a nervous, polite little laugh*)

It's a pity. Women want someone to protect them, I always think. Now wouldn't you, as a

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mother, welcome him if ever he came back again to help you in your old age?

MOTHER (*undecidedly*)

Well, I don't know — —

DAUGHTER

He was drowned.

(*Short pause.*)

STRANGER

Oh! I beg your pardon—But your husband, does he leave you alone—

(*A man's shout, from some distance.*)

MOTHER

That's him. I'll go and meet him. If you'd bide a minute—I'd rather you saw him before you go to bed. (*Exit.*)

(*Stranger strolls, rather swaggeringly, to the stove.*)

STRANGER (*apparently with slight suppressed excitement*)

I suppose a fine young girl like you must sometimes be sick of a life of working, working, in this gloomy place,—beautiful as it is.

DAUGHTER (*looks at him steadily*)

Um — —

STRANGER

I'll warrant there's not much fun round here; not many young men, no dancing and so on; ah, you ought to be in a big town!

DAUGHTER (*half to herself*)

I have my fun—

STRANGER

It's wonderful in a big city! The glare and the roar of the streets. Your blood swims with it.