

GROUP 3

Silas, Millie, Richard

Description: It is 1940. Silas and Millie are moving into their house. Millie is very pregnant. They are a happy couple, full of hope for the future. They age throughout the play, but in this scene are playing younger, perhaps early thirties. Richard is their neighbor who has come to welcome them to the neighborhood at a very opportune time.

Note: People auditioning in this scene will also be considered for all adult roles in the script.

SILAS: This weather has been something else.

RICHARD: An adventure, to be sure.

SILAS: Can't say I was expecting a blizzard today.

MILLIE: Especially after all that rain last week!

RICHARD: Ayuh. The railroad tracks on North Street were under water, and the Post Office basement flooded.

MILLIE: Oh no!

RICHARD: Last week when the ice came out of the river, it seemed to all go into the woolen mill. That's where I work.

SILAS: Any other buildings damaged downtown?

RICHARD: Nothing too bad. That new New Star they've been building...

SILAS: You mean the Center Theatre?

RICHARD: That's right, that's what they're calling it. Right across from where the New Star burned down. The concrete piers there were just fine.

MILLIE: Silas worked on the crew that built the Center Theatre.

RICHARD: Is that right?

SILAS: Yes sir. *(with some pride)* It will be opening soon. *(beat)* I spent a lot of time finding work with different building crews, travelling around. Ended up here working on the Theatre, and fell in love with the place. Seemed like a good place to start a family.

RICHARD: Oh, it is. Plenty of work to be found. That's what brought me here.

SILAS: How about I get you that cup of coffee, Dick?

RICHARD: Thank you kindly, but I should go. The wife and I just wanted to send our welcome. You two must be busy with the unpacking and.. well, with the baby on the way. Is it your first?

MILLIE: Yes.

RICHARD: Isn't that something? My wife and I just had our first a month and a half ago.

SILAS: Well, now! Congratulations to you!

RICHARD: Ayuh, thank you! A little boy, Richard after me, but we call him Ricky. That's why Rachel didn't come with me to say hello, you see. She's at home with him. He keeps us running.

MILLIE: I'm sure he does.

SILAS: I'm happy to hear our little one will already have a friend and playmate nearby.

RICHARD: *(smiling)* I was just thinking the same.

MILLIE: Before long our neighborhood will be filled with clotheslines of drying diapers waving in the breeze!

SILAS: If this snow ever stops and spring decides to show its face.

RICHARD: *(Smiling, but concerned)* Speakin' of the snow, it's really starting to come down. Nice as it is talking to you folks, I ought to be getting home before it gets worse. It's supposed to last all weekend, even through Monday.

SILAS: *(his turn to be concerned)* Through Monday? Really?

RICHARD: Could be up to 15 inches.

(Silas looks at Millie, but Millie is preoccupied with the fact that something is ready to move in her.)

SILAS: I didn't think it would be so bad.

MILLIE: Silas...?

SILAS: *(preoccupied, to Richard)* Do you know how the roads are here in town when there's a blizzard like this?

MILLIE: Silas...?

RICHARD: I guess it depends. Why?

SILAS: Would it block the road to Bangor?

RICHARD: It could. For a day, maybe two. What's the matter?

SILAS: *(his concern really showing on his face)* Our doctor's in Bangor. That's where we were living, you see, with my brother, and we know the hospital here in Dover-Foxcroft doesn't have a maternity ward...

MILLIE: Silas!

SILAS: *(turning to her)* What is it, darlin'?

MILLIE: I don't think it's going to matter if we can make it to Bangor or not.

SILAS: I should say it does matter!

MILLIE: *(a little annoyed)* I don't like disagreeing with you in front of company, but we need to forget about Bangor. Right now.

SILAS: Why?

MILLIE: Because I think the baby coming.

SILAS: What?

RICHARD: Oh, my.

SILAS: It can't be. You're not due until next week.

MILLIE: Well someone wants out and doesn't care about the calendar!

SILAS: Ummm... ummm... All right, just... Are you sure!

MILLIE: I don't know!

SILAS: All right, all right. Just stay calm and take some deep breaths.

(Millie takes some deep breaths and lets and then lets out a big groan)

RICHARD: Oh, my. *(thinking)* Listen, Dr. Valentine's office is just a few streets over.

SILAS: Who?

RICHARD: Dr. Valentine.

SILAS: I don't know him.

MILLIE: What does it matter?! He's a doctor!

SILAS: Right.

RICHARD: I'm going to go fetch him, tell him it's an emergency!

SILAS: All right, all right. That sounds...

MILLIE: Silas!

(he takes her hand)

SILAS: I'm right here. Thank you, Dick.

(Dick nods and rushes out the door)

MILLIE: I can't believe this is happening! What am I going to do?

SILAS: It's all right, pretty girl, I'm right here. The doctor's coming. Everything is going to be all right.

MILLIE: Sing!

SILAS: What?

MILLIE: Sing with me! I've been singing and humming a song to the baby...

SILAS: What is it, darlin'?

MILLIE: *(more grunting and shouting than singing)* "Sunshine! My only sunshine! You make me happy..." Sing, Silas.

SILAS: All right, pretty girl, all right. *(singing)* "You make me happy when skies are gray..."

MILLIE AND SILAS: *(together as the lights dim)* "You'll never know dear, how much I love you/
Please don't take my sunshine away."