

WHEN THE SUN RISES

A Dramatic Reading

by
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From the One-Act Play. Exclusive permission to sell as a reading granted by the Walter H. Baker Company to the WETMORE DECLAMATION BUREAU, Sioux City, Iowa.

The scene is a comfortably furnished living-room, dimly lighted by a floor lamp. At the left, through a French window, beautiful in architecture and drapery, comes the gray-blue light of early morning.

As the curtain rises, a white-gowned nurse enters to answer the insistent ringing of the telephone.

NURSE: Miss Manton speaking--Oh, yes, Dr. Ware--Yes, just as you directed--Not yet. He regains consciousness for a few minutes at a time, only to slip off again. Yes, very restless--The girl? Just as you left her. I think there's quite a doubt whether--Yes, I will--Miss Price is lying down. I persuaded her to get some rest--Oh, of course, a great shock to her. Not many people would have taken in two perfect strangers--Yes, certainly, Doctor, I'll notify you of any change. Goodbye.

The nurse exits and Louise, a pretty young girl in evening dress, enters.

LOUISE: Tom! Tom! Where are you? He must come!--Tom! Tom, dear, are you there? Here I am--out here. Come to me. Quick!

Through the doorway comes a young man in evening attire.

TOM: (Dazed) Someone call me? That you, Louise? Where are you?

LOUISE: (Hurrying to him) Oh, Tom, I was afraid you'd left me.

TOM: (Expressionless) Left you? What's the idea? Whew! I'm sleepy.

LOUISE: No, no, you mustn't be! Wake up, darling. It's our only hope of staying together. Wake up! (Frantically shakes him) Listen to me, Tom. Can you hear me? Can you see me?

TOM: (Drowsily) Of course I can hear you--and I could see you if I could keep my eyes open long enough.

LOUISE: Oh, try, Tom. You must! Look at me. (With hand under his chin, lifts his head) Look at me!

TOM: (With effort brushes hand across eyes and looks at her. Becomes alert) Well, you're certainly worth looking at.

LOUISE: Oh, thank goodness--you've come. I thought you'd never get through to me.

TOM: Silly of me to fall asleep--didn't know I was so tired. We'd better get back to the ballroom--mustn't miss the last dance.

LOUISE: The last dance? But, Tom, think--what happened last night?

TOM: Last night? Nothing. I sat home and read a dumb book and thought about you.

LOUISE: No, that was the night before! I mean last night--the dance.

TOM: Last night, she says, when the dance is right now.

LOUISE: Do you hear music? Does this look like Joan's house? Come here to the window. Look.

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