

MRS. DICKSON. <sup>①</sup>Yes. It's an innocent enough flirtation, and I had my share in my youth. And believe me when I say I was romanced by many bright and willing young men. *(Mrs. Dickson takes Esther's hand.)* It's potent, I know, but I ain't ashamed to admit that my pride ultimately led to compromise. And if you're not careful, Esther <sup>②</sup>

ESTHER. DON'T! This quilt is filled with my hard work, one hundred dollars for every year I been seated at that sewing machine. It's my beauty parlor. *So you see I don't need Mr. Charles* <sup>③</sup> for his good job and position. *(Mrs. Dickson pulls the quilt off of the bed.)*

MRS. DICKSON. <sup>④</sup>You think this is enough? Do you? You think this gonna make you happy when another half dozen girls waltz away in camisoles of your making. When the Bellman's Ball come around another year and you here fluffing ruffles for some girl from Kentucky, who just happy to be wearing shoes.

ESTHER. No, I don't think that. And I'd give this quilt and everything in it to be with someone I care for, I would.

MRS. DICKSON. <sup>⑤</sup>This man in Panama, he's paper and I'll show how easily he goes away. *(Mrs. Dickson rips up the letter.)*

ESTHER. Mrs. Dickson!

MRS. DICKSON. You'll thank me! <sup>⑥</sup>*(Mrs. Dickson exits. Esther picks up the pieces of the letter. Lights crossfade to George in Panama, as he picks up pieces of fabric.)*

GEORGE. Dear Esther, I opened the letter and these tiny bits of fabric tumbled out onto the ground. Imagine my surprise, gray wool, pink silk and the blue flannel, which I tucked in the <sup>⑦</sup>back of my shirt this morning. *(Lights crossfade to Marks boudoir. Marks unrolls a cobalt-blue roll of silk. Esther touches the various fabrics — muslin, taffeta, satin, tulle. Marks unfurls a vibrant roll of magenta cloth.)*

MARKS. <sup>⑧</sup>It is hand-dyed silk, I washed it yesterday and look.

ESTHER. Yes, beautiful.

MARKS. Have you ever seen anything like that?

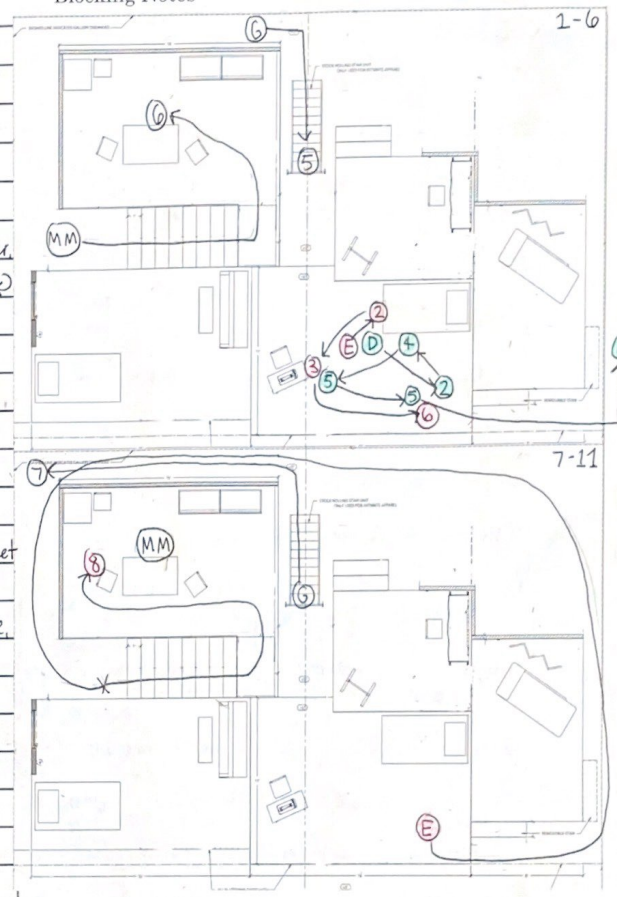
ESTHER. No.

MARKS. It looks fragile, but feel! <sup>⑨</sup>*(Esther runs her hand across the blue material and smiles.)* Ah, it will feel even better against your back. <sup>⑩</sup>

ESTHER. The ladies will like this indeed. <sup>⑪</sup>You shouldn't have shown me this ... *(She pulls the fabric around her shoulders. He then wraps a strip of magenta cloth around his shoulders.)*

## Blocking Notes

① D G E → D D, hold hands  
 ② E x → bed foot, put quilt  
 (D G, x DSL)  
 ③ E x → SL of sewing, D SR  
 ④ D x → DS of bed, put quilt  
 ⑤ D x → SL of sewing, put letter  
 tear letter 1x, drop letter, x DSL, 2  
 (G ent USC)  
 ⑥ D x it SL, E x DSL, K + put  
 letter, x → SL of sewing put basket.  
 (G open letter, fabric)  
 (MM ent SR → shop)  
 ⑦ G x it USC  
 (E x US 5) → MM, put basket  
 @ Plat A, → shop)  
 ⑧ E SR of table, (MM) US of table.  
 (E) + (MM) G @ fabric  
 ⑨ E km fabric  
 ⑩ MM put fabric, hand → E  
 ⑪ E wrap fabric → shoulders,  
 x SR



## Props

- quilt  
 - sewing basket  
 - opened letter  
 - blue fabric  
 - George letter w/ fabric pieces

## Costumes

- No Shawl in Marks

## Lighting

## Sound

- Transition Music