

Jay Mullens and Mark Marchan

Dr. Hansen

Theatre History 2

8 April 2017

James M. Barrie

Jay

Alright, folks, and welcome back to Who Wants to be An Improvised Shakespeare--

(Mark whispers something in Jay's ear)

Cancelled? What the—

(Mark whispers something again)

COP DRAMA? There are too many goddamn cop dramas on air as it is! Gotham, Law and Order, Chicago PD, CSI, NCIS, CSI Miami, NCIS LA, NCIS New Orleans, Random abbreviation that you'll totally buy as a cop drama!

(Mark whispers something again)

Still on air! Exactly! I don't remember that one but—OH. Still on air. We're still on air... We're still on air! Hello air! We uh...

(Mark interrupts the awkward silence by “bum”ming out some cop drama-esque tune)

MARK

We've heard reports on a potential suspect.

JAY

Let's see the profile, boss.

MARK

Boss?

JAY

It's cop lingo, GO WITH IT.

MARK

Right. Name's James M. Barrie. Suspected of kidnapping children.

JAY

Wait a minute...

MARK

His home location is a corner house. On the streets of Never and—

JAY

Is this one really bad Peter Pan joke?

MARK

N..

JAY

Because we've been told explicitly that we can't do that one!

MARK

... Fine. Name's still James M. Barrie. NOT a child kidnapper. Supposedly.

JAY

Bro.

MARK

INSPIRATION COMES FROM SOMEWHERE.

JAY

Give me the file. Says he lived from 1860 until 1937. 77 years old. Not too bad! Cricket enthusiast? One of them bug freaks?

MARK

No, sports guy. Really loved it. Started his own team! Called the Allahakbarries.

JAY

Interesting. He's an author? Never heard of him.

MARK

Real popular across the pond. Started as a journalist in Scotland, born in a very small area known as Kirriemuir. He often refers to it as Thrums, and it seems it really shaped his life.

JAY

Why's that?

MARK

Grew up real independent. Obtained his education at Dumfries Academy and Edinburgh University. It was at Dumfries that he would begin to be involved in drama! He ran into a Wellwood Anderson, the acting manager of the drama club at Dumfries who encouraged him to be secretary of the Amateur Dramatic Club.

JAY

So that's where he decided to stick with it?

MARK

Actually, no. When he went to Edinburgh, he focused mainly on novels. It wasn't until his novel *The Little Minister* was performed as a play at Toole's Theatre that he decided theatre was his game! But after that, he decided to stick with it fully. His first big success was *Walker, London*.

JAY

Was he successful?

MARK

Very. Had as many as four plays running at the same time in England. Was called a great storyteller by George Bernard Shaw himself. Even created the story of Peter Pan that has since become so popular.

JAY

So what's the deal? What's the rumor with him? Why is he a suspect? I mean, we still got a chance to ditch this cop drama, shit, really. You get that right?

MARK

Too late! Here's the sitch. We have reason to believe that he's connected to something.

JAY

But... he's dead, bro.

MARK

Yeah, he is, that's what's crazy about this. He still feels... important. Relevant somehow. It's our job to figure out why.

JAY

OH MY GOD. This sounds like a shitty school project.

MARK

It just might be. It just might be.

(BUM BUM DA DUM!)

Our mission detective, should you care about your grade, is to delve into some of his works in hopes of learning a little more about him.

JAY

Alright, boss. Let's start at the beginning! How about... *Quality Street* from 1901? That's within the first... third of his career or so.

MARK

Why the first third?

JAY

Arbitrary. So *Quality Street*! Well, it's about a pair of sisters that own a house with a blue and white room.

MARK

Alright, sisters. Interesting. Names?

JAY

Doc says Miss Susan and Miss Phoebe. Seems like this Miss Phoebe is known for having this huge crush on a man named Valentine Brown.

MARK

Valentine, huh? Seems a little cliché. How does he feel about her?

JAY

Well that's where it gets interesting. See, the two have been dating, practically. Going out on picnics, he comes and visits Miss Susan and Miss Phoebe almost daily. He even announces on the first day that he's coming to their house to make a big announcement.

MARK

He was gonna marry her?

JAY

That's what the sisters certainly thought. Miss Susan was so convinced of it, she altered an old wedding dress to fit Phoebe perfectly.

MARK

No dice?

JAY

As it turns out, he came by and tell the girls that he's actually enlisted in the army.

(Breaks character)

See, this was written in 1901, but it's set in the period of the Napoleonic wars about a 100 years earlier.

MARK

The Napoleonic Code?!

JAY

NO.

MARK

Really? The war? So what happens to Phoebe?

JAY

She and Susan decide to turn their house into a school since they've recently lost all their money on an investment that was actually encouraged by Valentine. Poor bastard was set on ruining this girl's life it seems.

MARK

That's where it ends? At a school? Surely not? I bet they see him again.

JAY

Right. He comes back after 10 years once the war is over. Ten years though, has done an unfortunate number on Phoebe—she can't feel attractive anymore, and is greatly upset that she will never have her love back. That is, until she puts on her old wedding dress and looks much

younger; so much so that Valentine, the big dummy, doesn't even realize that she's the same person.

MARK

Let me see. Says here that she pretends for a whole week to be her own niece who didn't even exist.

JAY

Yes! She lived that way for a week, but grows tired of it. Valentine tells her, assuming she's the niece, that he loves Phoebe and he should've married her instead of going to war. She becomes so embarrassed and distraught that she wants to hang up the disguise—however, it seems her friends have caught on to her act and want to expose her! She's far too embarrassed to allow them to discover the truth, so she pretends that her niece has grown sick and must be quarantined in the house. This would've totally worked except that Valentine shows up at the house, demanding to see Phoebe. And as it turns out, he's figured out the trick! But the girls still try to convince him that she's real by Phoebe leaving the room and reentering as Livvy.

MARK

Well what happens then?

JAY

I think if we stare off left long enough, a reenactment will happen.

(it does. For this staged reading, Jay will play the two ladies, Mark will play Valentine)

VALENTINE

Your servant, Miss Livvy

PHOEBE

How do you do?

VALENTINE

Allow me, Miss Susan.

(He takes Miss Susan's plave; but after an exquisite momet Miss Phoebe Breaks away from him, feeling that she is not worth of such bliss.)

PHOEBE

No, no, I—I can walk alone—see.

MISS SUSAN

How do you think she is looking?

(Valentine makes a profession examination of the patient, and are ashamed to deceive him, but not so ashamed that they must confess.)

What do you think?

VALENTINE

She will recover. May I say, ma'am, it surprises me that any one should see much resemblance between you and your Aunt Phoebe. Miss Phoebe is decidedly shorter and much thick-set.

PHOEBE

No, I am not.

VALENTINE

I said Miss Phoebe ma'am. But tell me, is not Miss Phoebe to join us?

PHOEBE

She hopes you will excuse her, sir.

MISS SUSAN

Taking the opportunity of airing the room.

VALENTINE

Ah, of course.

MISS SUSAN

Captain Brown will excuse you, Phoebe.

VALENTINE

Certainly, Miss Susan. Well ma'am, I think I could cure Miss Livvy if she is put unreservedly into my hands.

MISS SUSAN

I am sure you could.

VALENTINE

Then you are my patient, Miss Livvy.

PHOEBE

'Twas but a passing indisposition, I am almost quite recovered.

VALENTINE

Nay, you still require attention. Do you propose making a long stay in Quality Street, ma'am?

PHOEBE

I—I—I hope not. It—it depends.

MISS SUSAN

Mary is the worst.

VALENTINE

I ask you pardon?

PHOEBE

Aunt Susan, you are quite excited.

VALENTINE

But you are quite right, Miss Livvy; home is the place for you.

PHOEBE

Would that I could go!

VALENTINE

You are going.

PHOEBE

Yes—soon.

VALENTINE

Indeed, I have a delightful surprise for you, Miss Livvy, you are going to-day.

PHOEBE

Today?

VALENTINE

Not merely today, but now. As it happens, my carriage is standing idle at our door, and I am to take you in it to your home—some twenty miles if I remember.

PHOEBE

You are to take me?

VALENTINE

Nay, tis no trouble at all, and as your physician my mind is made up. Some wraps for her, Miss Susan.

MISS SUSAN

But—but—

PHOEBE

Sir, I decline to go.

VALENTINE

Come, Miss Livvy, you are in my hands.

PHOEBE

I decline. I am most determined.

VALENTINE

You admit yourself that you are recovered.

PHOEBE

I do not feel so well now. Aunt Susan!

MISS SUSAN

Sir—

VALENTINE

If you wish to consult Miss Phoebe—

MISS SUSAN

Oh, no.

VALENTINE

Then the wraps, Miss Susan.

PHOEBE

Auntie, don't leave me.

VALENTINE

What a refractory patient it is. But reason with her, Miss Susan, and I shall ask Miss Phoebe for some wraps.

PHOEBE

Sir!

(To their consternation he goes cheerily into the bedroom. Miss Phoebe saves herself by instant flight, and nothing but mesmeric influence keep Miss Susan rooted to the blue and white room. When he returns he is loaded with wraps, and is still cheerfully animated, as if he had found nothing untoward in Livvy's bed-chamber.)

VALENTINE

I think these will do admirably, Miss Susan.

MISS SUSAN

But Phobe—

VALENTINE

If I swathe Miss Livvy in these—

MISS SUSAN

Phoebe—

VALENTINE

She is still busy airing the room.

(The extraordinary man goes to the couch as if unable to perceive that its late occupant has gone, and Miss Susan watches him, fascinated.)

Come, Miss Livvy, put these over you. Allow me—this one over your shoulders, so. Be so obliging as to lean on me. Be brave, ma'am you cannot fall—my arm is round you; gently, gently, Miss Livvy; ah, that is better; we are doing famously; come, come. Goodbye, Miss-Susan, I will take every care of her.

(He has gone, with the bundle on his arm, but Miss Susan does not wake up. Even the banging of the outer door is unable to rouse her. It is heard, however, by Miss Phoebe, who steals back into the room, her cap upon her head to give her courage.)

PHOEBE

He is gone! Oh, Susan, was he as dreadful as that?

MISS SUSAN

Phoebe, he knows all.

PHOEBE

Yes, of course he knows all now. Sister, did his face change? Oh, Susan, what did he say?

MISS SUSAN

He said, "Good-bye Miss Susan." That was all he said.

PHOEBE

Did his eyes flash fire?

MISS SUSAN

Phoebe, it was what he did. He—he took Livvy with him.

PHOEBE

Susan, dear, don't say that. You are not distraught are you?

MISS SUSAN

He did; we wrapped her up in a shawl.

PHOEBE

Susan? You are Susan THrossel, my love. You remember me, don't you? Phoebe, your sister. I was Livvy also, you know, Livvy.

MISS SUSAN

He took Livvy with him.

PHOEBE

Oh, oh! Sister, who am I?

MISS SUSAN

You are Phoebe.

PHOEBE

And who was Livvy?

MISS SUSAN

You were.

PHOEBE

Thank heaven!

MISS SUSAN

But he took her away in a carriage.

PHOEBE

Oh, dear! Susan, you will soon be well again. Dear, let us occupy our minds. Shall we draw up the advertisement for the reopening of the school?

MISS SUSAN

I do so hate the school.

PHOEBE

Come, dear, come, sit down. Write, Susan. The misses Throssel have the pleasure to announce—

MISS SUSAN

Pleasure! Oh, Phoebe.

PHOEBE

That they will resume school on the 5th of next month. Music, embroidery, the backboard, and all the elegancies of the mind. Latin—shall we say algebra?

MISS SUSAN

I refuse to write algebra.

PHOEBE

For beginners.

MISS SUSAN

I refuse. There is only one thin I can write; it writes itself in my head all day. “Miss Susan Throssel present her compliments to Misses Willoughby and Miss Henrietta Turnbull, and requests the honour of their presence at the nuptials of her sister Phoebe and Captain Valentine Brown.

PHOEBE

Susan!

MISS SUSAN

Phoebe! He has returned.

PHOEBE

Oh cruel, cruel. Susan, I am so alarmed.

MISS SUSAN

I will face him

PHOEBE

Nay, if it must be, I will.

VALENTINE

Miss Phoebe, it is not raining, but your face is wet. I wish to always kiss you when your face is wet.

PHOEBE

Susan!

VALENTINE

Miss Livvy will never trouble you any more, Miss Susan. I have sent her home.

MISS SUSAN

Oh, sir, how can you invent such a story for us?

VALENTINE

I did not. I invented it for the Misses Willoughby and Miss Henrietta, who from their windows watches me put her into my carriage. Patty accompanies her and in a few hours Patty will return alone.

MISS SUSAN

Phoebe, he has got rid of Miss Livvy!

PHOEBE

Susan, his face hasn't changed!

VALENTINE

Dear Phoebe Throssel, will you be Phoebe Brown?

PHOEBE

You know everything? And that I am not a garden?

VALENTINE

I know everything, ma'am—except that.

PHOEBE

Sir, the dictates of my heart enjoin me to accept your too flattering offer! (Barrie, J.M.)

JAY

Honestly, I just don't really get why I had to be the girls?

MARK

What's wrong with being a girl?

JAY

Did you just flip that on me?

MARK

Sure did.

JAY

Fuck. Well! On to the next file.

MARK

Next file is *A Kiss for Cinderella*.

JAY

You know, not knowing much about my own mother, I quite—

MARK

NO!

JAY

So this is middle of his career?

MARK

Yes.

JAY

And it's about Cinderella?

MARK

No. Yes. Well... sorta?

JAY

Deets.

MARK

Looks here like we've got a girl who doesn't know much about her life. Orphan. Low-income.

Set during World War I in England.

JAY

Low life?

MARK

No, very sweet girl. Very. She takes care of 4 children whose parents are off at war.

JAY

Okay. So, real, nice mother type. What's the deal?

MARK

Someone called her Cinderella once, and she sort of grows to believe it all. She thinks she's the real Brothers' Grimm fairy tale. Hallucinates because she doesn't eat enough food and one day she truly believes that she's Cinderella.

JAY

Really?

MARK

Yes, she has a friend who tries to help her, but ultimately doesn't understand the gravity of the situation at first. He speaks to a cop, who believes she might be harboring German spies. But then the cop realizes that she is actually a great girl who is trying to be sweet.

JAY

Turns out sweet?

MARK

Not right away. Because of her hallucinations she believes that there's a ball the night she meets the cop and that she's the real Cinderella who's going to be taken away. She sits outside waiting for her pumpkin carriage and almost freezes to death as she imagines that she's at the ball with a prince and the king and all of the land's people.

JAY

Doesn't die there though, right?

MARK

No, Barrie's got too much hope for that. She almost dies in the street, but gets brought into a hospital of sorts. They try to get her back to health, but they say only two things could fix her. Proper nourishment and—

JAY

Don't say love or belonging.

MARK

Human affection!

JAY

God— What happens to her?

MARK

Well the policeman comes to visit her and...

(Both stare off dramatically to the left again as a reenactment starts. Mark starts a line as the policeman, then:)

POLICEMAN

I don't set up to be a prince, Jane;

JAY

No, no, no! WHY AM I ALWAYS THE GIRL?

MARK

Too late, already started.

(He grabs Jay's head and forces him to look off left again. A scene from *A Kiss for Cinderella's* third act).

POLICEMAN

I don't set up to be a prince, Jane; but I love you in a princely way, and if you would marry me, you wonder, I'll be a true man to you til death us do part. Come on, Cinders. It's the only chance that belt of mine, has.

CINDERLLA

No, no, I haven't took you yet. There's a thing you could do for me, that would gratify me tremendous.

POLICEMAN

It's done.

CINDERLLA

I want you to let me have the satisfaction, David, of having refused you once.

POLICEMAN

Willingly; but what for?

CINDERELLA

I couldn't say. Just because I'm a woman. Mind you, I dare say I'll cast it up at you in the future.

POLICEMAN

I'll risk that. Will you be my princess, Jane?

CINDERELLA

You promise to ask again? At once?

POLICEMAN

Yes.

CINDERELLA

Say—I do.

POLICEMAN

I do.

CINDERELLA

It's a honour you do me, policeman to which I am not distasteful. But I don't care for you in that way, so let there be no more on the subject. Quick, David!

POLICEMAN

For the second time, will you marry me, Jane?

CINDERELLA

David, I love thee, even as the stars shining on the parched earth, even as the flowers opening their petals to the sun; even as mighty ocean with its billows; even do so I love thee, David.

POLICEMAN

If only I could have said it like that!

CINDERELLA

That's just a bit I was keeping handy. David do you think I could have an engagement ring?

POLICEMAN

As to tht, Jane, first tell me frankly, do you think the Police Force is romantical?

CINDERELLA

They're brave and strong, but—

POLICEMAN

The general verdict is no. And yet a more romantical body of men do not exist. I have been brooding over this question of engagement rings, and I consider them unromantical affairs.

CINDERELLA

David, what's in the parcel?

POLICEMAN

Humbly hoping you would have me, Jane, I have had something special made for you.—

CINDERELLA

Oh, David, what is it?

POLICEMAN

It's a policeman's idea of an engagement ring—

CINDERELLA

Quick! Quick!

POLICEMAN

For my amazing romantical mind said to me that, instead of popping a ring on the tinger of his dear, a true lover should pop a pair of glass sippers upon her darling feet!

CINDERELLA

Oh, David, you're a poet!

POLICEMAN

It's what you've made me—and proud I would be if, for the honour of the Force, I set this new fashion in engagement rings. They're not for hands.

CINDERELLA

They're terribly small! Maybe they'll not go on.

(they go on.)

They're like two kisses! (Barrie, J.M.)

JAY

You know, I'm beginning to sense a common theme in a lot of his work.

MARK

Really?

JAY

Yeah. It seems like he really likes to give a sort of hopeful, happy endings to his work!

MARK

But like... Peter leaves Wendy and refuses to grow up.

JAY

We can't do that one. But if we could, I would point out that every character more or less gets what he/she wants!

MARK

Uhm...

JAY

HE WAS NEVER GOING TO LOVE HER, SHE'S BETTER OFF LATER WITH THE MAN WHO GIVES HER A CHILD!

MARK

That... that doesn't happen in the play. You should know, you're... you.

(BUM BUM DA DA DUM)

JAY

I think we're really close to cracking the case here, man. Let's look at one last work.

MARK

Can we make it a short one?

JAY

Sure! Let's look at *Old Friends!* Its part a collection of plays all titles after the first, *Shall We Join the Ladies?*

MARK

How long is it?

JAY

It's about 15 minutes or so!

MARK

PERFECT. What's it about?

JAY

Stephen Brand's daughter, Carry, has recently become engaged. To celebrate the family of 3 has an old friend of Mr. Brand's over, Carolyn.

MARK

Interesting. What do we know about them?

JAY

Initially? Not much. This show plays with the normal 10 minute formula.

MARK

(Clearly not getting it) Right. You know... the standard... 10 minute formula. Psh.

JAY

No idea?

MARK

Nope.

JAY

Usually a 10 minute sacrifices a typical exposition for a quick establishment of the given circumstances in an effort to get out of the way for the action to occur since they're so short.

MARK

And this one?

JAY

Well, this one is pretty much just exposition... at least for the first 7 or 8 pages. Then the action, if you really want to call it that, all happens very abruptly. But in reality, even the action is still just more conversation in which one character reveals something to another. So it barely escapes the initial exposition!

MARK

Well, what is that we find out?

JAY

As it turns out, Brand used to be a total alcoholic. Spent years just wasted.

MARK

He kicks it though?

JAY

Yeah, by the top of the play, he's so cool with it that he even has it in the house for his friends even though he refuses to touch it now.

MARK

So he and Carolyn spend the play talking about it.

JAY

Yup. Until Carolyn leaves and Brand stays down in his living room chair like he does every night since he has trouble falling asleep. Then Carry gets caught downstairs, stealing his key to take a drink from his decanter. Then... FUCK YOU I'M PLAYING THE GUY!

(Reenactment.)

STEPHEN

Your mother—if she were to know!

CARRY

Mother knows.

STEPHEN

What?

CARRY

That is why I sleep in her room. Father, I didn't mean to come to-night, but all at once—it—it came over me.

STEPHEN

Came over you!

CARRY

I held my breath til she was asleep, and then—then—I don't know how I can be your daughter.

Here is mother.

(Mrs. Brand enters)

STEPHEN

Agnes! Agnes!

MRS. BRAND

So you know now, Stephen.

STEPHEN

I know now. Why did you keep it from me?

CARRY

Mother said it would be so awful to you to know.

STEPHEN

Not more awful than to you, Agnes.

CARRY

She said that you had always been so good all your life.

STEPHEN

You said that, Agnes?

MRS. Brand

Yes.

STEPHEN

To have kept it from me—and to have given her such a reason—the love of women!

MRS. BRAND

The love of woman! You think it was my love for you that made me spare you?

STEPHEN

What else?

MRS. BRAND

When after I married you I found out what you were, I—yes, the love of man still made me forgive you, pity you, try to help you. But from the day when I discovered what legacy you had given my child—the love of woman changed into something harsher.

CARRY

Legacy?

MRS. BRAND

She doesn't know what I mean, The only reason I haven't told her is that I believed she might be able to fight it better if she thought the blame was hers.

STEPHEN

She must know now. Carry, what your mother means—and it is all true—is that for many years I was as you are, but a hundred times worse.

CARRY

You father—not you—oh no.

STEPHEN

Yes. And what your mother means is that you get it from me; can that be possible!

MRS. BRAND

That is the only way I can reason it out.

CARRY

Mother!

MRS. BRAND

You are not to blame, my own; he never gave you a chance. I have no pity left for you Stephen; it has all gone to her.

STEPHEN

Let her have every drop of it.

CARRY

Father, do you think there is any hope?

STEPHEN

Hope? Of course there is. Carry, I fought it long ago and beat it.

CARRY

Are you sure?

STEPHEN

Your mother knows. Many times I failed, but at last I won. And listen to this, in the end I found it almost easy.

CARRY

Easy?

MRS. BRAND

SO easy that you were sometimes puzzled, Stephen, just as you see it puzzles Carry now.

STEPHEN

Yes, I suppose it was my doggedness.

MRS. BRAND

Oh, Stephen!

Carry

I don't see how it could have been easy.

MRS. BRAND

It was easy, Carry, because he didn't do it.

STEPHEN

Agnes!

MRS. BRAND

He thinks he did.

STEPHEN

Haven't I given it up?

MRS. BRAND

Not as I have thought the thing out, Stephen. I don't think you gave it up—I think it gave up on you. I was looking on; I saw. It wearied of you, and left you. But it has come back now—for her. Easy enough to find a way back to the house—for such an old friend of yours. I may be wrong, but that is what I make of it.

CARRY

There is Dick—There is Dick.

STEPHEN

Dick, yes. Isn't it a shame, Agnes, to keep this from him?

MRS. BRAND

A shame? Yes of course it is a shame. But it is her best chance, and I won't let it go.

CARRY

Mother, I want Dick to know.

MRS. BRAND

If all isn't well, dear, in a year's time he shall be told. That is why I said the engagement must last a year. As for hope, my own, of course there is hope. It is just an ailment you have caught.

CARRY

Please always watch me. But do you think it will be any use? I feel I shall be watching you, and sometimes you will tire, but will I ever tire?

MRS. BRAND

You will tire before I do. Stephen, you will help us, wont you?

STEPHEN

I'll try.

CARRY

Poor Carry, but poor father, too. (Barrie, J. M.)

MARK

Still kind of a hopeful ending, huh?

JAY

Yep. As hopeful as one can be about alcoholism anyway.

MARK

You might have been right. I think we've got all the puzzle pieces.

JAY

I've already assembled them, boss.

MARK

Oh yeah? How's he tied to us then?

JAY

Well he's an incredibly prolific playwright. One of the most successful in his time—having four plays running at the same time? That's huge. It's not easy to do—no matter how much absolute garbage Weber will turn out to make you think otherwise.

MARK

Cheapshot!

JAY

Take 'em where you got 'em.

MARK

So that's it? He's prolific. Really don't think Chief Hansen is gonna settle for that.

JAY

Of course that's not it. Will you calm down? He's also a playwright that happened to stumble out of the more respected world of novels and into the world of playwrighting. Even though theatre was a popular pastime in this era, novels still held a higher title in terms of literary achievement!

MARK

Ah, I see. So he helped better establish theatre?

JAY

In some ways, that argument can certainly be made. Not to mention that he created one of the most widely adapted works with the concept of Peter Pan.

MARK

It's true. Those characters have appeared in many different conceptualized stories.

JAY

He's also had his own life turned into various stories, including Finding Neverland which did fairly well on Broadway!

MARK

So he's had impact on the theatres even after death?

JAY

Yes, in a way that's pretty different from those of his contemporaries such as Shaw and O'Neill.

You don't see many things named after him, and he's not necessarily a household name for

American theatre, but he's definitely had a huge impact with his various characters and stories.

He really represents someone who took a talent naturally born in him and could adapt it for the wonderful world of theatre.

MARK

You mean that thing that several of us in this room are trying to do?

JAY

(noticing people for the first time)

WHO ARE YOU PEOPLE?

END OF PROJECT.

Works Cited

Barrie, J. M. *Plays: in one volume*. New York: Scribner, 1928. Print.

Darton, F. J. Harvey. *J.M. Barrie, by F.J. Harvey Darton*. New York, Holt, 1929. St. Clair

Shores, MI: Scholarly Press, 1970. Print.

Hammerton, J.A. *Barrie: the story of a genius*. London: Sampson Low, Marston, 1929. Print.