

THE SEWING CIRCLE

Characters:

Mrs. Smith - *Rum*
Mrs. Green - *Tda.*
Mrs. White - *Kate*
Mrs. Brown - *Donna*
Miss. Grey - *Bonia*
Miss. Jones - *Glenda*
Johnny - *Jonathan*

Scene: A sitting room.

A group of ladies each with a piece of sewing.

Smith: Now ladies, I shall have to leave you while I get supper. You must entertain yourselves as well as possible.

Green: Certainly, Mrs. Smith, we will get along nicely.

White: Yes, we will visit while we sew, and if we can't think of anything else to talk about there is always the weather to fall back on.

Smith: Well, you must excuse me

****Exits****

Brown: I do hope she will have something good for supper.

Gray: And I hope there will be plenty of it. I do think it is awful mean to cook such a little that there isn't enough to go around.

Jones: Well, I'm not of the kind that goes places with an empty stomach so's to eat a whole lot, but I do hope we will have a good supper.

**** Johnny Enters ****

Green: Why, how-do-you-do Johnny? Come and sit down and visit with us for awhile.

Gray: Come sit by me. I like boys. I'd just like to take you home with me and have you for my little boy.

Johnny: If I was your little boy would you paint my cheeks red, too, like you do yours?

Gray: Why you naughty little boy! Who said I painted my cheeks red?

Johnny: Oh, Ma did! Pa said he wished he had a red color to paint the barn with and ma told him to get the color you use of your cheeks' cause it's so pretty.

Gray: **rising** Ladies - if you wish to stay in the house of that dreadful woman, all

right, but I'm going home immediately. You may take my name off the sewing society list, for I shall never go again. Johnny, tell your mother I shall not forget what she said. Good afternoon ladies.

Green: Well it was mean of Mrs. Smith to say that, but everyone knows that Miss Gray paints her cheeks red.

White: Of course. Well Johnny, haven't you got anything interesting to tell us?

Johnny: Are you better now Miss Jones?

Jones: Why I haven't been sick. What made you think that?

Johnny: Why ma said you were dying.

Jones: Said I was dying? Oh, I guess not. I haven't been sick at all.

Johnny: Well, ma said you was dying to get married and I wondered if you was better.

Jones: *rising* Dying to get married, the very idea! How insulting! Mrs. Smith is downright wicked. The rest of you can stay here if you want to but I won't. You can withdraw my name from the sewing society too. Johnny tell your mother I'm much obliged to her.

White: Oh, don't go Miss Jones.

Jones: Certainly I shall. Good afternoon.
exit

Brown: Well she needn't get so mad. Everyone in town knows she has wanted a man for the last ten years. She tried to get Sam Jenkins and then when Len Wilson's wife died she tried to get him, and she tried to get the new minister, too.

Green: Yes, and a lot of others too.

Johnny: Say, Mrs. White, how does a penny sound when it hollers?

White: Why, what in the world do you mean? I never heard of such a thing.

Johnny: Well pa said you was awful stingy and ma said yes, you was so stingy that you'd pinch a penny till it hollered.

White: *rising* Of all the audacious, back biting women that ever walked the streets of this town, Amanda Smith is the worst. I won't stay in this house another minute.
exits

Johnny: Humph! I don't see what got her so mad. Say, Mrs. Brown do the clocks tick at your house?

Brown: Why yes - yes they do. What makes you ask such a thing?

Johnny: Cause pa said your husband was awful ugly and ma said he was ugly enough to

stop a clock: so I wondered if any of your clocks could run.

Brown: Of course they do. Oh, to talk so mean about my dear husband when he is the best man living. *cries* He may not be so handsome, but, that does not matter when he is good. There are other men worse looking than he is too. Mrs. Green I shall not stay in the house of that unkind woman another instant. Good bye. *exits*

Green: Well she needn't have got so mad. Her man is ugly. Johnny, I guess you and I will have all the supper we want, seeing the rest are gone.

Johnny: Say Mrs. Green, are you really a newspaper?

Green: Me! A newspaper? What makes you ask that?

Johnny: Why ma told pa she'd get all the news today 'cause the village newspaper was coming and pa said who's that and ma said it was you.

Green: *rising* Newspaper indeed! Johnny Smith, you tell your mother I know a few things about her she wouldn't like told, and she better look out what she says. I don't wonder the rest went home. I shall never come here again. *exit*

****Enter Mrs. Smith****

Smith: Why, where are all the ladies? Supper is all ready.

Johnny: They went home.

Smith: Mercy Sakes! What for?

Johnny: *shrugging shoulders* I dunno.

Smith: John Smith, tell me, why they went home?

Johnny: They got mad.

Smith: What in the World did they go and get mad about I'd like to know.

Johnny: *shrugging shoulders* I dunno

Smith: Young man, you do know, you tell me what they got mad about.

Johnny: Just some little things I said. It wasn't anything at all.

Smith: What did you say?

Johnny: Why, I only told Miss ^{Jones} ~~White~~ that you said she was dying to get married and ...

Smith: Oh, you awful boy.

Johnny: and I told Mrs. Green you said she was the village newspaper and

Smith: JOHN SMITH

Johnny: And I told Mrs. White you said she was so stingy she'd pinch a penny till it hollered and ...

Smith: Boy! come out to the woodshed till I see if I can find a stick large enough to whip you with. **** Ma leads Johnny out by the ear****