

Exemplar Drama- Our Town: A Play in Three Acts

Wilder, Thornton. *Our Town: A Play in Three Acts*. New York: Perennial, 2003. (1938)

Emily: (softly, more in wonder than in grief) I can't bear it. They're so young and beautiful. Why did they ever have to get old? Mama, I'm here. I'm grown up. I love you all, everything. — I can't look at everything hard enough. *(pause, talking to her mother who does not hear her. She speaks with mounting urgency)* Oh, Mama, just look at me one minute as though you really saw me. Mama, fourteen years have gone by. I'm dead. You're a grandmother, Mama. I married George Gibbs, Mama. Wally's dead, too. Mama, his appendix burst on a camping trip to North Conway. We felt just terrible about it - don't you remember? But, just for a moment now we're all together. Mama, just for a moment we're happy. Let's look at one another. *(pause, looking desperate because she has received no answer. She speaks in a loud voice, forcing herself to not look at her mother)* I can't. I can't go on. It goes so fast. We don't have time to look at one another. *(she breaks down sobbing, she looks around)* I didn't realize. All that was going on in life and we never noticed. Take me back - up the hill - to my grave. But first: Wait! One more look. Good-bye, Good-bye, world. Good-bye, Grover's Corners? Mama and Papa. Good-bye to clocks ticking? and Mama's sunflowers. And food and coffee. And new-ironed dresses and hot baths? and sleeping and waking up. Oh, earth, you're too wonderful for anybody to realize you. *(she asks abruptly through her tears)* Do any human beings ever realize life while they live it? - every, every minute? *(she sighs)* I'm ready to go back. I should have listened to you. That's all human beings are! Just blind people.