# Stage Directions and Blocking Notation Handout

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>UPSTAGE</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>UR</td>
<td>UC</td>
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- **S T A G E**
  - R
  - C
  - L

- **D O W N S T A G E**
  - DR
  - DC
  - DL

*Audience*

- upstage right = UR
- stage right = R
- downstage right = DR
- cross = X

- up center = UC
- center stage = C
- down center = DC
- sit down = __↓__

- upstage left = UL
- stage left = L
- downstream left = DL
- stand up = __↑__
Blocking Example:

EMILY. One must face facts.
VERA. Can any of us afford to throw stones?
EMILY. (Corner-room. Corner-woman. Right-eye.) Even if his wife was no better than she should be—and she must have been a depraved woman—she had no right to take judgment into her own hands.
VERA. (Coldly angrily.) What about—Beatrice Taylor?
EMILY. Why?
VERA. That was the name, wasn't it? (Looks at her challengingly.)
EMILY. You are referring to that absurd accusation about myself?
VERA. Yes.
EMILY. Now that we are clear, I have no objection to telling you the facts of the case—indeed, I should like you to hear them. (Comes down to corner.) It was not a fit subject to discuss before gentlemen—or naturally I refused to say anything last night. That girl, Beatrice Taylor, was in my service. I was very much depended on in her. She had fine manners and was clean and willing. I was very pleased with her. Of course, all that was sheerest hypocrisy. She was a base girl with no morals. Disgusting! It was some time before I found out that she was the kind they call "on the town." (Pleading.) It was a great shock to me. Her parents were decent folks too, (who had brought her up strictly. I'm glad to say they didn't condone her behavior.)
VERA. What happened?
EMILY. (Tearfully.) Naturally, I refused to keep her so near under my roof. No one shall ever say I condoned immorality.
VERA. Did she drown herself?
EMILY. Yes.
VERA. (Shakes her head.) How old was she?
EMILY. Seventeen.
VERA. Only seventeen.
EMILY: (With horror.) Quite old enough to know how to behave. I told her what a low depraved thing she was; I told her that she was beyond the pale and that no decent person would take her into his home. I told her that her child would be the death of

EMILY. Sin and would be branded all its life—and that the man would naturally not dream of marrying her. I told her that I felt soiled by ever having had her under my roof—
VERA. (Shuddering.) You told a girl of seventeen all this?
EMILY. Yes, I'm glad to say I broke her down utterly.
VERA. Poor little bobby.
EMILY. I've no patience with this indulgence toward sin.
VERA. (Moves up Left to above a bit.) And then, I suppose, you turned her out of the house.
EMILY. Of course.
VERA. And she didn't dare go home. (Comes down Right to Corner.) What did you feel like when you found she'd thrown herself?
EMILY. (Puzzled.) Feel how?
VERA. Yes, didn't you know yourself?
EMILY. Certainly not. I had nothing with which to reproach myself.
VERA. I believe—I believe you really feel like that. That makes it even more horrible. (Turns away to Right, then goes up to Corner again.) X. W.
EMILY. Poor girl! Unbalanced. (Come in and take out a small Bible. Begins to read it in a low manner.) "The heathen are shrunk in the pit that they made—(Steps and nods her head) in the act which they hid from their own feet. (Sighs, enters Left so to go."
VERA. (Steps and sits up hours.) "The Lord is known by the judgment He executes, the wicked is snared in the work of his own hand."
ROGER. (Looks disdainfully at EMILY) Breakfast is ready.
EMILY. The wicked shall be turned into hell!" (Turns head sharply.) Be quiet.
ROGER. Do you know where the gentlemen are, Miss? Breakfast is ready. (To above Left sofa.)
VERA. Sir Lawrence Wigram is sitting out there in the sun. Doctor Armstrong and Mr. Blue are search-

ACT II