

Stage Directions and Blocking Notation Handout

	UPSTAGE	
<u>UR</u>	<u>UC</u>	<u>UL</u>
S T A G E R I G H T	<u>C</u>	S T A G E L E F T
<u>DR</u>	<u>DC</u>	<u>DL</u>
	DOWN STAGE	

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

downstage left = DL

stand up = --↑--

Blocking Example:

EMILY. One must face facts.
 VERA. Can any of us afford to throw stones?
 EMILY. (*Cowers down Center; sits Right sofa*) Even if his wife was no better than she should be—and she must have been a depraved woman—he had no right to take judgment into his own hands.
 VERA. (*Coldly angry*) What about—Beatrice Taylor?
 EMILY. Who?
 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 alone, I have no objection to telling you the facts of the case—Indeed I should like you to hear them. (*Vera sits Left sofa*) It was not a fit subject to discuss before gentlemen—so naturally I refused to say anything last night. That girl, Beatrice Taylor, was in my service. I was very much deceived in her. She had nice manners and was clean and willing. I was very pleased with her. Of course, all that was sheerest hypocrisy. She was a loose girl with no morals. Disgusting! It was some time before I found out that she was what they call "in trouble." (*Pause*) 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. (*Self-righteously*) Naturally, I refused to keep her an hour under my roof. No one shall ever say I condoned immorality.
 VERA. Did she drown herself?
 EMILY. Yes.
 VERA. (*Rises to Left*) How old was she?
 EMILY. Seventeen.
 VERA. Only seventeen.
 EMILY. (*With horrible fanaticism*) 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 their house. I told her that her child would be the child of

X
SR
to chair

X SL

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 that?
 EMILY. Yes. I'm glad to say I broke her down utterly.
 VERA. Poor little devil.
 EMILY. I've no patience with this indulgence toward sin.
 VERA. (*Moves up Left to above sofa*) 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 Center*) What did you feel like when you found she'd drowned herself?
 EMILY. (*Puzzled*) Feel like?
 VERA. Yes. Didn't you blame 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 Center windows*)
 EMILY. That girl's unbalanced. (*Opens bag and takes out a small Bible. Begins to read it in a low mutter*) "The heathen are sunk down in the pit that they made— (*Stops and nods her head*) In the net which they hid is their own foot taken." (*ROGERS enters Left*) "The Lord is known by the judgment He executeth, the wicked is snared in the work of his own hand."
 ROGERS. (*Looks doubtfully at EMILY*) Breakfast is ready.
 EMILY. "The wicked shall be turned into hell." (*Turns head sharply*) Be quiet.
 ROGERS. Do you know where the gentlemen are, Miss? Breakfast is ready. (*To above Left sofa*)
 VERA. Sir Lawrence Wargrave is sitting out there in the sun. Doctor Armstrong and Mr. Blore are search-

X UC

X SR

en for UL

X SR

