Caption: [Sketch and notes: Honor Among the Bradleys]

Honor Among the Bradleys

Chris Bradley (daughter)
Sister Bradley
Miss Springern — Any
mode — the little quiet people.

Scene — The dining room of a small apartment in West 15 Street, New York City.

On the left, front, a covehuch and cushions. Further back, a doorway screened by dark curtains, leading to the sitting room. In the rear, left, a door leading to the main hall. To the right of it, a sideboard. On the right, rear, a door leading to sister Bradley's bedroom.

There is a table in center, two chairs, and several straight-backed chairs placed against the walls. All of this furniture is of the cheap Mission variety. A hanging lamp, encrusted by a tatter of the grime of the building, as in the table.

It is about two-thirty on a fall morning. Time — the present.
The Signature.

James Atwood, Senior.
James Atwood, Junior.
Thomas Paine, Head Engraver of Atwood and Son.
One office boy.

Scene — The private office of Atwood Junior via the offices of Atwood & Son, Locke and Indian magnets of a town in New England. On the left, two windows looking out on a side street. Between the windows, a table with a typewriter. A chair is placed before the table. On the move wall from window looking out on the main street, a window to the left & right windows, facing right, a large roll of paper with a model drawn before it. On the right, the chair and, forward, a door with private painted wood on its pegged glass.

28 November, 1916. Written in the morning.
Scene: The office room in the public library of a small town on the U.S. east coast. 

On the left, forward, are double doors, with storm doors outside them, of the main entrance. To the rear, extending two-thirds of the distance from left to right, is the librarian's counter. Behind it, two table lamps with card indexes are set, and a chair. Four windows, one on the left, three on the rear of counter, let in a flood of the early afternoon sunshine of a cold, dreary day of December. To the right of the counter, a doorway. The remaining space in the room is occupied by bookshelves, as is also the entire length wall on the right.

At the rear foot of these shelves, a staircase leading to the reading room on the second floor.

In the rear above the windows, a sign is hung giving notice in large lettering:

"Talking in loud tones is forbidden."
**Scene:** A small bedroom in an inhabited building. Occupying the entire upper floor of a building, an inside door leads to a room on the first floor. The room is filled with objects: a bed, a desk, a chair, and other furniture. The walls are covered with posters and photographs. A window is located on the far side of the room. A small window in the corner of the room has a view of the street outside.

**Exorcism**

- **Door:** Entrance to the room.
- **Bed:** A bed is placed against the wall.
- **Desk and Chair:** A desk and chair are located in the center of the room.
- **Window:** A small window in the corner of the room.
- **Objects:** Various objects are scattered throughout the room, including books, a lamp, and a picture frame.

**Characters:**
- Mark McLaughlin
- John Carpenter
- Mayor Anderson

**Notes:**
- The room is a typical bedroom, with a bed, desk, and chair. The window provides a view of the street outside. The room is well-lit, with natural light streaming in. The walls are decorated with posters and photographs. The room is used as a study or office space.
Caption: [Sketch and notes: Silence]
Scene — A corner of the grill of the New York club of a large Eastern University. Six Tables with chairs placed about them are set to regular intervals in two rows of three from left to right. In the left wall, three windows looking out on a side street. In the rear, from windows opening on an avenue. On the right, forward, the main entrance to the grill.

It is the middle of the afternoon of a hot day in September, 1918. Through the open windows, the whole content of the street being motordines, motordines, by the postman, a saltpeter of dust-draped sunlight can be seen streaming over the sticky asphalt. Here, on the grill, is a red, the dressingrumory of an electric fan on the left wall forms an audible background of silence. A bound, middle-aged waiter stands leaning morbidly against the wall between the tables in the room, gazing and staring listlessly out at the avenue. Even now and then he casts an inquisitive glance at the only other occupant of the room, a young man, buried in the uniform of a captain in the Red Cross, who is sitting at the middle table, front, sipping a glass of ice water and reading a newspaper. The captain is medium height, slight and weary with a thin, pale face, light brown hair and moustache, and gray, weary eyes peering through Fielding-worn spectacles.
Act I Scene I

Scene — Turning The Bent Gommon near Smith Street, New York City. On the left, forward, a large auditorium looking out on the street. To the right, the main entrance, a double revolving door. To the left, another entrance. The bar runs from left to right nearly the whole length of the rear wall. In back of the bar, there show some displaying a few bottles of cigar pipes for which there is practically little sale. The remainder of the rear space in front of the large room is occupied by half length of rotating of smoking room. On the right in the open entrance leading into a back room. Down front, in center and right of center are two round wooden tables with four chairs grouped about each. It is late afternoon of a day in early fall.