

## Street Scene Non-Singing Sides:

**STEVE SANKEY** (the charming, sneaky lover of Mrs. Maurant):

**Sankey:** Good evening, folks! Is it hot enough for you?

The Other: Good evening/

Mrs. Maurant: Good evening, Mr. Sankey!

**Sankey:** I don't know when we've had a day like this. It was up to 94 at 3 p.m.

*Maurant appears at window.*

Jones: Six dead in Chicago. An' no relief in sight.

**Sankey:** Well, it's good for the milk business.

Mrs. Jones: Yeah, I'm just after pourin' half a bottle down the sink.

Mrs. Fiorentino: You shouldn't throw it away. You should make. . . what do you call it. . . schmierkas.

**Sankey:** Oh yes, pot cheese. My wife makes it, too, once in a while.

Mrs. Maurant: Is your wife all right again, Mr. Sankey? You were telling me last time, she had a cold.

**Sankey:** Was I? Oh sure, sure, that was a couple of weeks ago. Yes, sure, she's all right again.

Mrs. Jones: You got a family too, ain't you?

**Sankey:** Yes. Yes, I have two little girls. Well, I told my wife I'd go down to the drug store to get her some nice cold ginger ale.

Mrs Jones: If you ask me, all that gassy stuff don't do you a bit of good.

*Maurant leaves window.*

**Sankey:** I guess you're right at that. Still, it cools you off. Well, good night, folks. See you all again.

**SHIRLEY KAPLAN** (the sacrificing, old maid sister of Sam):

**Shirley:** Miss Maurant, there's something I'd like to ask you. A girl like you can get plenty of fellows. Why must you pick out my brother Sam?

Rose: Why, we're just good friends, that's all.

**Shirley:** It'll be three years yet before he's a full fledged lawyer. And maybe ten years before he can support a family. Anyhow, it's better to marry with your own kind. You can't mix oil and water.

Rose: I'm not trying to take Sam's mind off his work. We just happen to. . .

**Shirley:** I could have had my chances too. Only I wanted to give Sam an education. But he sees a pretty face and right away, he forgets everything.

Rose: I know I haven't as much brains as Sam, or as you either, if that's what you mean.

**Shirley:** I haven't got anything against you. Only he's all I've got in the world. What else have I got to live for?

**VINCENT JONES** (the aggressive cab driver neighbor, hits on Rose every time he gets a chance, bordering on assault):

**Vincent:** Hello, Rosie.

Rose: Good evening.

**Vincent:** *(blocking the way)* What's your hurry?

Rose: It's late.

**Vincent:** You don' wanna go to be yet. Come on, I'll take you for a ride in me hack.

*He puts his arms around her. Same appears at the window.*

Rose: *(struggling to escape)* Please let me pass.

**Vincent:** You got a lot o' strength, ain't you? Say, do you know you're getting' fat?

**OFFICER MURPHY** (authoritative, keeps the crowd under control, likes flirting with the nursemaids):

**Office Murphy:** Keep movin', ladies. No loiterin' aroun' here.

Second Nurse Maid: Say, have they caught him, yet?

**Officer Murphy:** Why, ain't you hoid? He was last seen, flyin' over Nova Scotia, on his way to Paris.

First Nurse Maid: Who are you trying to string, anyhow?

Second Nurse Maid: Say, will you let us come up and look around?

**Officer Murphy:** Why, sure, sure. Bring de babies, too. De commissioner is soivin' tea, up here, at four thoity.

First Nurse Maid: You're awful smart, aren't you?

**Officer Murphy:** Yeah, dat';s why dey put me on de entertainment committee. I'm handsome Harry Moiphy, de boy comedian o' Brooklyn.

Second Nurse Maid: (*looking at her watch*) Oh, say, I ought to be getting back. Clarice darling would throw a duck-fit, if she knew I brought her precious Dumplings to a neighborhood like this.

First Nurse Maid: (*turning her carriage*) There is not so much to see, anyhow. It's nothing but a cheap, common dump.

**Officer Murphy:** Over de river, goils. See you in de funny paper.

First Nurse Maid: Don't get so fresh.

*Both Nurse Maids start to walk.*

**Officer Murphy:** Drop in again, when you're in de neighborhood. An' tell Mrs. Vanderbilt, Harry was askin' for her.

**CITY MARSHAL** (the big boss on scene; in charge of the eviction despite the murder)  
**FRED CULLEN** – cast from Marshal reading

**Marshal:** *(pushing crowd back)* Keep back, now! Back off de stoop, everybody! *(looking at his watch)* Better git busy wit' dat foinicher, Fred. We got two udder jobs today.

Fred: Yeah, sure, Jimmy.

*He enters the house. The Ambulance-driver appears at the left, carrying a stretcher.*

Ambulance Driver: Get out o' the way!

**Marshal:** *(pushes crowd off steps)* Git back, can't youse? What de hell's de matter wit' youse?

*The Ambulance Driver enters the house.*

Officer Murphy: *(at window)* Are dey bringin' day stretcher?

**Marshal:** On de way up! *(to the crowd)* Keep back!

## **MRS. HILDEBRAND**

**Mrs. Hildebrand:** What do you think, folks? Jenny won a . . .

Jenny: Oh, Ma, please!

**Mrs. Hildebrand:** Why you ought to be proud of it. Just think she won the art prize and a scholarship at the art school.

Lippo: Dot's fine Messes Hildebran'. Makes you feel OK I betcha.

**Mrs. Hildebrand:** Oh yes, it does. I feel so proud and happy. But when I think of tomorrow and how we're all going to be dispossessed – Oh, it's just so awful!

**CHILDREN - ALL READ WILLIE'S LINES:** Willie Maurant, Charlie Hildebrand, Mary Hildebrand, Joan, Myrtyl, Grace David (Henry – the janitor's daughter), Sally, Joe

**Willie:** Hey, ma!

Mrs. Jones: Why don't you go upstairs, instead of yellin' like that?

**Willie:** Hey. Ma!

Mrs. Maurant (at window): What do you want, Willie?

**Willie:** Gimme a dime, will ya? I wanna get a cone.

Mrs. Maurant: How many cones did you have today, already?

**Willie:** I'm hot! All de other guys is having cones. Come on, gimme a dime.

Mrs. Maurant: Well, it's the last one.

**Willie:** Thanks, Ma! (run off)

**NO SIDES FOR:**

DR. WILSON – no need for audition

Milkman – 3lls.

Policeman – 2lls

Old clothes man

Hospital Intern – few lines as taking Mrs. Maurant out; brings stretcher

Ambulance Driver – 1 line

Married Couple – few lls at end about apartment for rent

Neighbors – women at graduation song and at death scene and Maurant's return. Can create ad lib lines.

Workman – construction site next door

Extra graduation girls for graduation chorus and dance – HOW MANY?