



Block the movements of Beneatha (B), Walter (W), and Ruth (R) on the stage area diagram. Use arrows to indicate their movements from one area to another. The first movement for each character has been done for you. You might want to use a different color pencil for each character.

A Raisin in the Sun

by Lorraine Hansberry (1959)

RUTH (*Crossing R.C. to ironing board, like someone disinterested and old*) Don't be so nasty, Bennie.

BENEATHA (*Still to her brother*) And the day before that and the day before that!

WALTER (*Defensively*) I'm interested in you. Something wrong with that? Ain't many girls who decide—

WALTER AND BENEATHA (*In unison*)—"to be a doctor." (*Silence*)

WALTER Have we figured out yet just exactly how much medical school is going to cost?

BENEATHA (*Rises, exits to bathroom. Knocks on door*) Come on out of there, please! (*Re-enters to stand by ironing board.*)

RUTH Walter Lee, why don't you leave that girl alone and get out of here to work?

WALTER (*Looking at his sister intently*) You know the check is coming tomorrow.

BENEATHA (*Turning on him with a sharpness all her own. She crosses D.C. and sprawls on sofa.*) That money belongs to Mama, Walter, and it's for her to decide how she wants to use it. I don't care if she wants to buy a house or a rocket ship or just nail it up somewhere and look at it—it's hers. Not ours—hers.

WALTER (*Bitterly*) Now ain't that fine! You just got your mother's interests at heart, ain't you, girl? You such a nice girl—but if Mama got that money she can always take a few thousand and help you through school too—can't she?

BENEATHA I have never asked anyone around here to do anything for me!

WALTER No! But the line between asking and just accepting when the time comes is big and wide—ain't it!

BENEATHA (*With fury*) What do you want from me, Brother—that I quit school or just drop dead, which!

WALTER (*Rises, crosses down back of sofa*) I don't want nothing but for you to stop acting holy around here—me and Ruth done made some sacrifices for you—why can't you do something for the family?

RUTH Walter, don't be dragging me in it.

WALTER You are in it—Don't you get up and go to work in somebody's kitchen for the last three years to help put clothes on her back—?

(*BENEATHA rises, crosses, sits armchair D.R.*)

RUTH Oh, Walter—that's not fair—

WALTER It ain't that nobody expects you to get on your knees and say thank you, Brother; thank you, Ruth; thank you, Mama—and thank you, Travis, for wearing the same pair of shoes for two semesters—

BENEATHA (*In front of sofa, falls on her knees*) WELL—I DO—ALL RIGHT? THANK EVERYBODY—AND FORGIVE ME FOR EVER WANTING TO BE ANYTHING AT ALL—FORGIVE ME, FORGIVE ME! (*She rises, crosses D.R. to armchair.*)

RUTH Please stop it! Your Mama'll hear you.

WALTER (*Crosses U.C. to kitchen table. Ties shoes at chair R. of table*)—Who...told you you had to be a doctor? If you so crazy 'bout messing around with sick people—then go be a nurse like other women—or just get married and be quiet—

BENEATHA (*Crossing toward L. end of sofa*) Well—you finally got it said—It took you three years but you finally got it said. Walter, give up; leave me alone—it's Mama's money.

WALTER HE WAS MY FATHER, TOO!
(*Crossing D.C. to stand behind sofa*)

(*continued*)



BLOCKING ACTIVITY



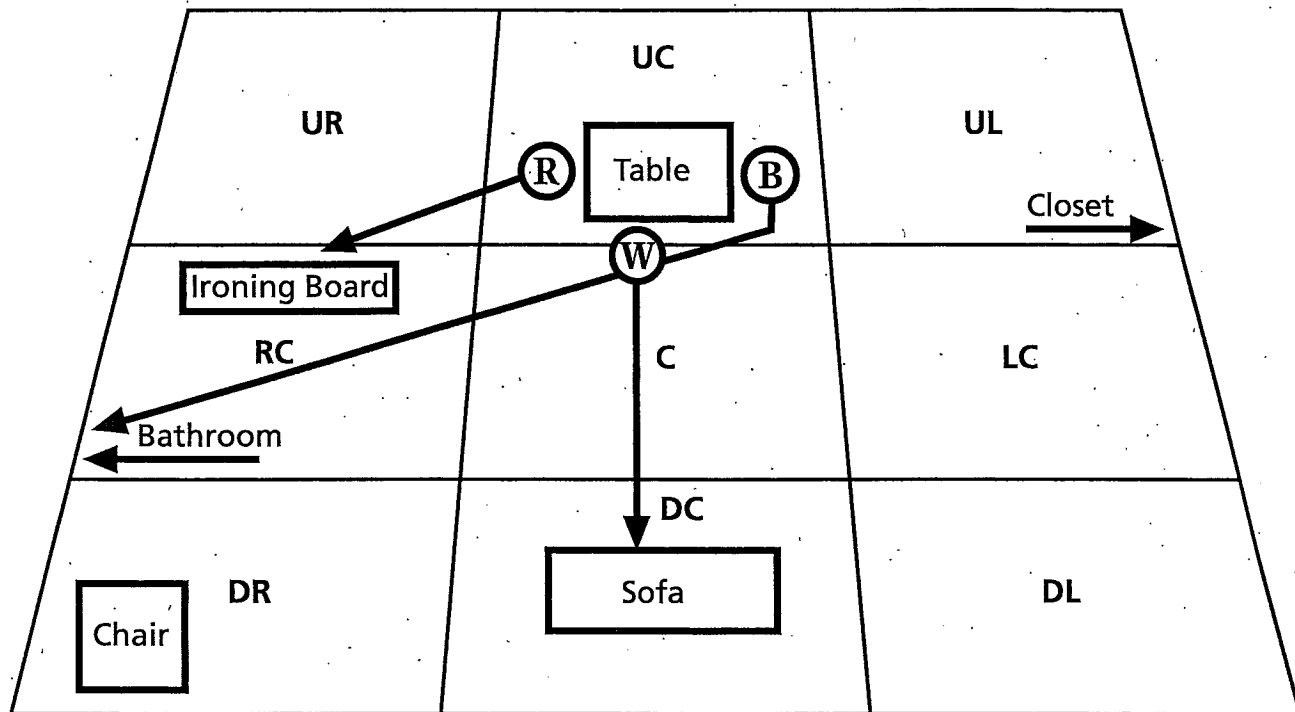
(continued)

BENEATHA So what? He was mine, too—and Travis' grandfather—**BUT** the insurance money belongs to Mama. Picking on me is not going to make her give it to you to invest in any liquor stores—*(Sits armchair D.R. Under her breath)* And I for one say, God bless Mama for that!

(On BENEATHA'S line RUTH crosses U.L. to closet.)

WALTER *(To RUTH)* See—did you hear?—Did you hear!

RUTH *(Crosses D.C. to WALTER with WALTER'S jacket from the closet)* Honey, please go to work.



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