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ABSTRACT

The human relations units, intended especially for the benefit of slow learners who may have emotional problems but also valuable for other children, help students become more aware of the dynamics of intra and interpersonal relations. Emphasis is upon involving all class members in participation at their own level. Discussion of all common concerns is a primary technique involved in the units stimulated by pictures, stories, and role plays. Students discuss feelings of anger, fear, love, hate and anxiety; types of circumstances; how to deal with circumstances; and how our feelings affect other people. Three units, each of which combines a dramatic picture, an incomplete story, and a role play are presented. Units can be given in a single day or over a period of weeks, and may be used in a sequential manner or altered by the teacher. (SJM)

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UNIT ON HUMAN FEELINGS AND RELATIONS

Prepared for
The Wellesley School System
by
Abt Associates Inc.

Sp 003 502

UNIT ON HUMAN FEELINGS AND RELATIONS

PURPOSE: To help children to become more aware of the dynamics of intra and interpersonal relations.

RATIONALE: A number of children in a class can typically be described as "slow learners." It is assumed that emotional factors enter into the problem where no organic or "native intelligence" deficiencies can be found. Some difficulty may arise out of inability to express oneself well in the typical class learning situation. Through the use of techniques requiring various communications skills, all children can be helped to participate together in an activity which is of value to all. Each can participate at his own level. Opportunity also presents itself for the alert teacher to reward an individual who has done poorly in other activities.

MATERIALS: A primary technique involved in this unit is discussion of common concerns, stimulated by dramatic pictures, incomplete stories, and role plays. There are a total of three pictures showing people in difficult situations. Their reactions suggest such feelings as anger, fear, love, hate, anxiety, etc. There are three incomplete stories which are used to develop class participation in discussion of relations between people. There are three role play situations in which students act out parts expressing these feelings.

There are a total of three units, each combining a dramatic picture with a story and a role play. In each unit the teacher can present the picture first for group discussion, followed by the short story, and finally the role play. However, if the teacher feels that the sequence should be altered, she should feel free to do so. The various materials are placed into "units" for purpose of variety and convenience. They may be given in a single day, or may be given over a period of weeks.

Teachers may elect to form "work groups" which stay together for all of the exercises. "Slow learners" should be distributed throughout the groups. This may be particularly desirable to aid

children in overcoming shyness by becoming more acquainted with one group.

TEACHER'S ROLE: The teacher presents the materials to the class (to be discussed). Her role is to help individuals in the class to participate and contribute their own reactions to the materials. She should be particularly attuned to the slow learning child, for this unit is especially for his benefit (but should be equally valuable for other children). Summary of feelings as they occur within an individual, in relationship with one other person, and in the context of the group are good subjects for discussion. In concluding this section, the teacher is in an excellent position to review with the class 1) the feelings they have discussed; 2) under what types of circumstances these arise; 3) how they can best be dealt with; and 4) how our feelings affect other people.

PICTURE UNIT

The teacher should have the class divide into groups of four to five students each, following which pictures are distributed to each group. All groups get the same picture. Each group makes up a story about the picture.

The stories should include:

1. What is happening in this picture?
2. What are the people feeling?
3. The outcome of the story

The groups can present their stories to the class (and the class can vote for the "best story") and discuss what feelings were brought out in these stories. Following this, the teacher should conduct a class discussion which:

4. Brings out examples of things in the lives of the children which lead to similar feelings on their part.
5. Focus on the ways in which children deal with these feelings (e. g., by expressing them; holding them in; taking them out elsewhere, etc.)

STORY UNIT

1. Read the story to the class.
2. Have all students complete the story, then gather into small groups and agree upon an ending.
3. All groups present their endings to the class.
4. Focus on the different ways that the stories bring out feelings of the characters in the stories, and how these are reflected in the endings arrived at by the individual groups.
 - a.) How did (a specific character) feel about what happened to him?
 - b.) What would you have done in his situation?
 - c.) What are some of the other ways a person might have responded in a similar situation?
 - d.) Have any of you had a similar experience?
 - e.) How did you feel about it?
 - f.) What did you do?

In addition to the more general types of questions, teachers can utilize information provided by the children's story endings and by comments they make in the general discussion. The basic idea is to work back to the nature of people's feelings and how they reflect the individuality of the person.

ROLE PLAY

1. Select children to participate as the "actors." Each role play should involve different children, including slow learners.
2. Present the situation to them briefly, away from the class, explaining that they are to act as if they were the people involved.
3. Each child studies the role he is to play.
4. The Teacher reads the introduction to the role play.
5. The role play is enacted.
6. Class discussion follows. Focus is on the type of feelings which were expressed, how they came out, what the group did in response to the feeling, was it handled well, etc. Finally the class can discuss how feelings arise and the impact they have on other people.
7. Various questions can initiate discussion:
 - a.) What feelings did you see expressed in this role-play?
 - b.) Why did people feel the way they did?
 - c.) How was this feeling dealt with by the individuals?
 - d.) How did the group respond?
 - e.) Have we seen other situations where similar feelings were present?
 - f.) What experiences have you had which lead you to feel the same way?
 - g.) Why do people feel this way?
 - h.) Why and how should people take their own feelings into consideration when making a decision?
 - i.) When should we exercise some restraint in expressing our feelings? When we restrain certain feelings, is there anything we can do to let off tension?

UNIT 1



WELLESLEY

Story #1 THE OUTSIDER

He swung the bat in a sure, steady curve, and felt in his shoulders the crack as ball met bat. "It's a good one--this one'll get me there!" He whirled his body around, sensing rather than seeing the high, smooth arch of the ball--smudged but glaring white against the broad blue sky--and felt a surge of energy flood his body in place of nervous uncertainty. Concentrating on the square of battered cardboard that was first base, he dug his feet against the sandy ground and felt his whole body answer in a surge forward.

Then he was no longer conscious of his running--only of the cool air rushing against his face and neck, and the shimmering gold and green of the trees on his right. He could do it--he could play as well as any of them. Now they'd have no reason for leaving him out. He wasn't clumsy, he didn't wreck everything he touched.

As he approached the base, he glanced triumphantly at the first baseman, and then froze at the look of horror he saw in the other boy's face. At the same time he realized that the other boys weren't calling his name in encouragement--they were calling him back. They were spitting his name out--some of them were screaming it hysterically. His first impulse was to keep running for second, but the others were running too. They couldn't do that. It was his hit--a double at least. He was going to make it, and they couldn't spoil his chance for him. What were they doing?

He turned, heading for second, and then glimpsed the catcher lying in a crumpled heap behind home plate. Suddenly the cool air no longer refreshed him--it sent an icy chill to the pit of his stomach. "What did I do with the bat? I dropped it--I know I dropped it." He wanted to run again--to follow the others in their flight. But in the silence of the deserted field he found himself bending over the still form, watching the bright red slowly spread through matted blonde hair and trickle into the dry dust beneath the boy's head. So quiet, where only moments ago

all had been life and movement. Even the wind had stopped. The gay patterns of gold on the deep green fields had ceased their dancing, and the tall grass surrounding the field drooped lifelessly. There was no more rippling motion, no occasional glimpse of blue cornflowers hidden among the grasses.

WELLESLEY

Role Play 1

The Migrants - Introduction

The truck was very old - a 1938 Ford which creaked and strained as it climbed the last long, dusty hill into the migrant camp. The engine steamed under the weight of its heavy human cargo; cargo to pick the crops.

The truck had large open slats along the side, and four rows of benches for the people to sit on...men with their wives and children - 40 in all. A tattered tarpaulin protected the people from the wind, but when it rained the truck became cold and wet, and the migrants worried about the children catching pneumonia.

The end of the summer was near. The workers had begun their picking in May in Tallahassee with cotton, then swung north into the lush peach farms of Georgia, went into Missouri for beans and potatoes, and then back eastward to the farms of Southern Ohio and Kentucky. They traveled over 2,500 miles, working the fields, and while the crops changed, the work was the same. Six o'clock in the morning and out to the fields under the searing sun - it was already too hot by 7 a.m. Ground crops were the worst; you had to bend over 12 hours a day and your muscles were stretched and strained beyond belief - and the sweat stung your eyes. A few of the youngest children were left at home - those under 7, and they were watched by 8- and 9-year olds. The rest worked along side their parents. When the summer was over you received you pay - \$1,200.00 for the year. That figured out to about 22 cents an hour. You went back to Florida and waited out the long dreary winter. Winter meant rain and cold winds; it meant beans and pork; if a family was lucky, some of the kids might be in school and they would get a decent meal. Not many of the migrants could be called happy. It was the only way of life for them and they accepted it.

Stiff from hours of riding and being jarred around in the truck, the migrants climbed slowly down. This new camp was in Southern New Jersey. Long rows of wooden shacks with grey board coverings - the kind of grey that wood turns after years of sun, rain, and wind, with no paint to protect the boards against the elements. A large juke box blared out a rock and roll tune which was popular a few years ago. Quietly each migrant family sought out their own place

of refuge. In the morning the foreman would come around and give out assignments. Now was a good time to feed the children and put them to bed; then to talk long into the night.

But not all was well in the camp. There was unrest - a quiet anger which seethed below the surface and strained the dark faces. In the last month too many things had gone bad. Two kids had died, one of food poisoning from a can of beans. Two men had fought over a pack of cigarettes - a knife had flashed and there was death all over again. That was in Georgia and the Sheriff had come and taken the other man. No questions, he just grumbled about trouble and what pigs the migrants were. Nobody saw them leave--the men never returned. Now the food was late in coming, and the younger men were angry. Most of the workers were Negroes or Latins; a few were white, but they came in their own broken-down cars. One of the long buildings was a tavern. They sold pop and cheap beer. Some of the men were sitting there, not talking when Papa Max came in. No work tomorrow. The crops needed another day in the sun. If it rained it would be two days at least. No work, no pay. This was not new; it happened before on many occasions, but the story was always the same - you took what you got. They dished it out and you took it. Anger began to rise - how much was a man to take. But they had heard some new things - things in the wind all the way from California - a new word that used to be heard only from the other world - the world of the factory and city folk - Strike. Someone heard that after the Braceros had left, the grape pickers of the Imperial Valley were striking - going for better housing, schools, food, and maybe even self-respect. Why should we always be the downtrodden? Why can't we get ours? Why not fight? People started talking. Anger, pent up through years of pain and sorrow, exploded to the surface. Strike! Strike back at those who keep us like animals. A meeting - that's it! A meeting, "We've got to plan!"

REV. BIGGS: For years you have suffered inside over the injustices done to the migrants. Each year they come and earn a little money and a lot of misery. They never seem to have a chance. Now maybe there is one. If they can organize and fight against the crop owners, they might have a way out. You think that they can stand some outside help. You have come to encourage them, to be sure they speak and then act. You are convinced that if they strike, the crop owners will come across with a very sizable raise in salary in a few days. But they must strike!

EZRA: You've picked the crops for forty years and probably will pick for another forty. You don't see any reason for change. These young ones are always stirring up trouble and now they'll just get us in trouble with the boss man. They should know that life's like that, and you take hwat you can get.

SHERIFF: You are sympathetic with the strikers, but figure that they must do things in a civil manner. Your goal is to keep things peaceful. You realize that your support of the migrants could cost you the election, but if they can earn a decent living, you would like to help them. (In addition, you also know that local residents figure the migrants are getting a raw deal, and are not really in support of some of the crop owners.) You will stop any trouble makers - using persuasion and force if need be. Serious trouble could ruin all.

SAM, BUZ AND EVE: All of you are young, energetic, and want to get out of this mess. You agree with Jeb and there must be a strike. In fact, you would like to see a fight; not just strike but striking out. You would all like to get back at all these rich landowners who pay you dirt and make a fortune. You try and figure ways you can start "real trouble."

ROLES

JEB BUTLER: You are young. Strong. You hate this way of life and want it to be better. The fields are nice, and the people are the best in the world, but you take too much from the boss man. You've been reading about this word Strike, and you want some action. You aren't married, but nobody can raise a decent family the way things are now. Now is the time for change, and you are itching to make change. You are going to take advantage of the anger and resentment that has been building up for years. Your idea is to organize all the pickers and force them to stop work. They are scared, but you figure that the only way is to scare them worse. Make them more afraid of not striking than of fighting back. You want more money and you want the shacks fixed before next summer. You realize you must get good organization and want a meeting. Violence would wreck any chance of success -- it could set you back years.

MR. MORRIS: You are the plantation owner. You have no respect for these migrant trash. They are here to pick your crops, and they should be glad to get what they do. You have already given them free housing. You believe that the best way to work with them is to put the fear of God in them, threaten; do anything to keep them on the job. Give them an inch, and they'll take a mile. No strike for them. If they do, you will have to give in to their demands.

MRS. WALKER: For years you have worked the fields along side of your husband. You've raised 14 kids - they all made it. Now they are mostly in the fields. The way of life is hard, but you can eke out a living and you don't see any reason for changing things. This young Jeb is out to make trouble - he's rocking the boat. You think Mr. Morris is all wet in the way he views the migrants; but you agree that they shouldn't strike. It wouldn't be "fair" to the crop owners. You will argue vehemently against a strike.

ALICE: You are 18, three years younger than Jeb. You idolize him. He speaks out for what he believes - he's not afraid of anyone and he can lead the people to the promised land just like Moses did. You want him to know you support him. You want to leave this way of life and go with Jeb to the city, but if he can organize the workers

against the crop bosses, you stay with him. Encourage him and agree with him.

UNIT 2



WELLESLEY

Story 2

THE RAFT

The captain was on watch and now he stirred beneath the protection of the tarpaulin to pick up his insignia pin. He opened it carefully to avoid putting a hole in the raft, tied a parachute shroud line to it and then dropped it into the water. Before long a fish struck the shiny pin. After killing it with a blow on the head, the captain pulled it eagerly aboard, careful to keep the fish's spine from touching the inflated rubber. Then he turned to the others, wanting to share his catch with them.

They were all asleep, and he didn't want to wake them. Sleep was most important. He decided to keep the fish intact until they awakened. He secured it to the side of the raft, letting it trail deep in the water to keep it away from the sun. A moment later he realized that he had made a terrible mistake. Not more than a hundred yards away from the raft a dorsal fin split the blue water like a huge black sickle. Then it was gone, the shark plunging down deep below the surface with a great splash of his tail fin.

Had it gone, or was it after the bait? The captain reached for the line trailing in the water. Now he remembered the warning in his operations and survival manual. "Avoid attracting or annoying sharks. Most of them are scavengers continually on the move for food. If they don't get it from you they will lose interest and swim on. Don't fish from your raft if sharks are nearby. Abandon hooked fish if a shark approaches."

The captain didn't call the others. He sat alone, stonily silent, waiting...pulling the line in as fast as he could. Then the huge dorsal fin broke the surface again and he could have touched the shark. Breathlessly, he waited. The line snapped, and his fish was gone. The captain pulled in the cord and sat back, praying he'd seen the last of the shark who could so easily slash the rubber raft and sink it.

He wondered how ferocious sharks really were. Some people said that unless driven to fury sharks were perfectly harmless; others thought they were willing to eat anything that came within reach. "Quiet now," the captain told himself. "Don't move. Maybe he's gone away."

But the shark reappeared, swimming around the raft, his dorsal fin raised high. Again and again he circled, coming so close that the captain scarcely dared to breathe. Would the shark charge? Would he make a quick pass at the raft?

The captain watched, not daring to move. He counted the number of times the shark circled the raft. He considered calling to the others but decided to put it off for another few seconds. He was scared. He picked up an oar.

The shark whipped the water with his tail and disappeared below again. Where would he come up now? Beneath the raft?

It was time to call the others, quickly! But before the captain could make a move the dorsal fin broke the surface more than 50 feet away. The captain breathed easier, "Get out of here, you. Get!" he almost screamed aloud. His hands tightened about the oar.

Suddenly the shark turned and twisted completely around, streaking directly for the raft! The huge fin cut through the water, leaving whorls and ripples behind.

The captain struck the water with the flat of the oar, hoping the noise would scare the shark away. The sharp retort shattered the quiet and the others in the raft sat up abruptly as though they had been struck in the face.

WELLESLEY

Role Play #2

THE DECEPTION - Introduction

Bill Martin and his younger sister Christing were raised in a small community outside of Boston. Together with Daphne Porter who lived down the block, they played, studied, and grew up as very close friends. Bill was older than Christine by a year, and always felt a responsibility to take care of his "kid sister". In high school, Daphne and Christine took many classes together and always dated boys who were part of the crowd. One boy, Peter, was a close friend of Bill's, but studied a great deal of the time and did not get to know the others as well as he would have liked.

The four friends, as it happened, all went to the same State University together and continued to go around together, although they soon began to make new friends.

One day Christine met Robery Boyer, a foreign student from France, whose parents had recently moved to this country. It was not long before Christine and Robert were going out on a fairly regular basis. This did not sit well with either Bill or Daphne, who felt that while it was alright to have friends who were not from home, it was really better not to get seriously involved outside of their circle of friends. In addition Daphne had a crush on Robert. During the week of finals, just before Christmas vacation, Bill told his sister that Robert did not want to see her anymore, and not to call him. He also told this to Robert. Christine was shocked and very disappointed for they had even talked of marriage on occasion. Robert tried to call, but Daphne would always answer and confirm Bill's story -- Christine did not wish to speak to him.

During Christmas vacation Christine sat home wondering what had happened, feeling very sorry for herself. After school started again Christine began to date Peter, and the two of them hit it off quite well, but she still longed to see Robert again.

One day, quite by accident, Robert and Peter met--they were trying out for the baseball team, and found that Christine was a mutual friend. Robert told Peter of how much he missed her and how he could not understand why she had lost interest in him so suddenly.

peter was also a little puzzled as Christine frequently spoke of Robert and he always thought that Robert had left her! Peter decided to ask Christine about it that evening. Christine was amazed by the news and ran to the phone. She called Robert-- "Would he see her again? He would! Please come right over."

Within minutes Robert was there. When they compared stories they found that it was Bill and Daphne who had told each that the other was no longer interested in dating. After the initial shock, Christine decided to find her brother and Daphne. Bil and Daphne were just coming in as she was prepared to leave. Christine said--"Bill, will you and Daphne come into the living room. We need to have a talk!"

ROLES

CHRISTINE: You felt a tremendous sense of relief and joy when Peter told you why Robert had not called. At the same time you are angry with your brother and Daphne for what they have done to you and Robert. Actually you wonder if Daphne has a crush on Robert. You like Peter and don't want to hurt his feelings, but it is clear that you want to be back with Robert. While you wish to make the point clear to your brother, you don't want him to hold a grudge against you.

PETER: You like Christine - and see her as a good friend. You felt an obligation to pass on the information you received from Robert. You are somewhat at a loss to understand why Bill and Daphne lied to Christine. You also like Robert, and believe it is important for everybody involved to sit down and talk this through. You are sort of a peace maker.

ROBERT: Christine was the first girl who really meant a great deal to you. You were very hurt by her not talking to you, and never understood this until you found out how her brother, Bill, and Daphne deceived you. You are very angry with them, but recognize that they are important to Christine. Your main goal is to win back Christine. You also are very thankful to Peter and don't wish to hurt his feelings.

DAPHNE: You are beginning to wonder if you really did the best thing by telling a lie to Christine. You want to convince her that you are sorry, but try to convince her that she shouldn't date Robert (without letting on that you have had a crush on him yourself). You realize that you would be pretty upset if somebody had tricked you. You also believe that Bill was right in his concern for his sister and don't wish to make him angry at you.

BILL: Your goal is to convince Christine that you are sorry she was hurt, but that she still should not go out with Robert. You consider that it is your responsibility to watch out for your little sister. You would be perfectly happy if Christine continued to go out with Peter. You believe that Robert is a nice enough guy, but just not from your group.

UNIT 3



WELLESLEY
Story 3
AIR FORCE ONE

Air Force One is the name of a very special airplane; a KC-135 that can fly the nation's President to any destination in the world. Twenty-four hours a day, it stands under heavy guard, ready to become a flying white house in any emergency. The pilots who fly this giant aircraft are experienced, tough men who have made flying their career.

On December 17, 1965, at 2:00 a.m. a special red bulb flashed on the board of the "scramble room", a small lounge where the pilots remain on standby duty for immediate takeoff. It signaled that the President would be arriving immediately for emergency takeoff.

This was the first time in three years that the emergency bulb had flashed. The last time had signaled a major Air Force alert. For a moment there was a state of utter confusion. What had happened? Was this a false drill, or was something seriously the matter? Perhaps an attack was coming. Nobody knew. These drills had been rehearsed a hundred times or more; nothing could go wrong; at least nobody thought anything could go wrong. Within seconds, the emergency staff car was pulling up to the door to pick up the Air Force One crew. The pilots, carrying their necessary gear, piled into the car, followed by the navigator and crew chief.

Within minutes the plane was warming up. Eyes searched for the helicopter which would be bringing the President through the darkened skys. It seemed that hours had dragged by, when suddenly small blinking lights appeared on the horizon. Seconds later the helicopter settled down within a few feet of the giant 135. The pilot saw the President climb out and hurry quickly aboard with a few staff members running behind him. A command arose "Get this plane off the ground." Nothing else was said.

At 185 knots the plane tilted upward, the rear wheels of the jet left the runway, and it climbed mightily into the darkness. Takeoff was complete! No hitches. Further orders came - circle over the mid-Atlantic--cruise at 35,000 feet - 7 miles above the earth!

Soon after takeoff, the tower signaled. "Come in, AF1, do you read me, AF1, Come in!"

"AF1 to tower--we read you."

"Please report your position, heading, altitude and approximate speed."

The Navigator responded. "AF1 to tower, Longitude 75° W. 38° N., heading 037°, cruising at 35,000 feet, 690 knots. Preparing to circle in a 300 mile arc."

The tower confirmed, and signed off. The President came forward to the cockpit. His face was clouded; and he grunted an almost inaudible "hello." "What's up?" The pilot asked. The President was quiet for a moment. Then he spoke slowly--"There is a full-scale SAC alert. We don't know any more at this time." With that he left.

Minutes later the pilot reached over, adjusted the radio, and called the Pentagon. The radio was silent. By this time the U.S. coastline was well out of sight. The captain pressed the mike button. "Calling Control, come in, calling Control". There was absolute silence. The President came forward, his face a mask of concern. The radio man in the rear had been unable to establish contact with the Department of Defense in Washington, D. C., during the past 3 minutes.

The President thought to himself for a moment. The emergency had not been for any planes or missiles sighted over normal paths of potential enemy attack. Rather, five extremely large objects had been tracked on Radar, traveling at incredible speed; they came from beyond the atmosphere of the earth and were first reported by SAC¹ headquarters in Omaha. This sighting was confirmed by the NORAD² people in Colorado Springs. At first it had been thought that these objects were a cluster of large Meteorites, but then they had turned and altered speed. They were under some type of control. Perhaps human, perhaps something else. It had been decided to call the alert after the objects made several approaches toward the Northeast coast of the U.S.

The Command Pilot looked at the President, who could not conceal his worry. The President wondered whether he should share the information with the pilot. For the moment he decided against it.

¹SAC - U. S. Air Force Strategic Air Command

²NORAD - North American Defense Command (a joint United States-military defense program.)

The pilot again attempted to contact the Pentagon. Still silence. Suddenly, there was a bright glow in the sky. Out of the windows strange objects could be seen. They appeared to move along side of the plane--perhaps some twenty miles away. All eyes watched. The President took the intercom and related the information he knew about the unidentified flying objects. Quickly attention returned to the objects.

All of a sudden, the radio cracked. "Control to AF1. Do you read me?" The pilot broke in--yes he did. Control confirmed sighting of the objects on radar. Silence had been maintained for fear that the objects would track the President's plane if they had radio signals to follow. The Pentagon confirmed that the objects appeared to be converging on the plane, but so far had taken no unusual actions.

The objects were now within a mile or two of the plane. They were giving off a pink glow, which seemed to pulsate in the darkness.

WELLESLEY

Role Play 3

ROSES AND THORNS - Introduction

It is late summer in upstate New York. For the past three months the cast of a small playhouse has been working on a new play, Roses and Thorns. Critics in New York City are looking forward to the opening, for it promises to be a bright spot in an otherwise dismal theatre season. However, as the weeks have passed, the director, Art Blakely, has been very concerned about the quality of the play and the ability of the actors and actresses to give a good performance. Frank Blare and Janice Dominique have both come from successful runs on Broadway, and view this play as a further step up in their acting careers. They want the play to be a big success. During the past weeks they have been working hard and seem to have been a source of inspiration to the other cast members. After long days of rehearsal, the players usually spend their evenings hashing out things that went well or poorly that day.

One night, toward the end of the summer, after a long rehearsal session, the cast takes a break. It is still quite hot out, and tempers are short. The director, Art Blakely, was disgusted with the day's performance. During coffee break, the actors are relaxing, and members of the stage crew take the opportunity to stretch out a canvas backing on which a large mural for the play is being drawn.

The actors, deciding to let off some steam, begin to horse around. Janice runs after Frank, he ducks and she runs into a ladder, knocking over a large can of paint, right on the middle of the canvas. One month's work is ruined! Everybody goes into an uproar. The director jumps up and roars at the actors. "You stupid irresponsible idiots. You don't care if the play ever gets off the ground. I don't think it's worth saving--let's cancel the whole thing. Paychecks will be available in the morning, and you can all go home!" The actors, stage hands, and artists join in the uproar, and everybody yells at everybody else. With that Art Blakely stamps out of the theatre.

ROLES

Frank Blair: You are the star of the play. You have worked very hard over the past three months to make the play a success, but are not happy with the director. You are horrified when Art Blakely announces that the play is now to be cancelled. You also know that he was tired, and that you may be able to get the cast to come together and agree on talking Art Blakely into changing his mind. Up to this point you were almost ready to "tell him off," but you realize that this is not the best approach. You believe the actors should meet all his demands.

Janice Dominique: You are the co-star of the play. You like Frank very much, and have great respect for his acting skill. You also feel that the director is doing an excellent job. You feel rather guilty about the incident with the paint. When the director announces that the play is to be cancelled, you can't believe it. You feel that something must be done to change his mind.

Jack Lapin: As stage manager of the play, you are quite angry with both Frank and Janice. It is their fault that the director cancelled the play, and you are also angry about the mural being ruined. As far as you are concerned you are almost glad the director cancelled the play; you have a job offer elsewhere and would just as soon leave. However, you are interested in sticking around and speaking your mind about the actors' goofing off too much. If they were nicer to you you might go along with them in their effort to get the play started again.

Phyllis Jaffy: You are the under'study of Janice and have learned a great deal working under her. You were sure that if the play went on the road after its New York run, you would have a good chance at getting the lead role. You have also enjoyed working with Jack Lapin (the stage manager)--he's a nice guy, and you feel that many of the actors don't realize what a contribution he has made to the production with his excellent art work. You are upset by the way the paint ruined his canvas.

Art Blakely: After leaving you realize that you may have acted hastily about the incident, but you have been considering closing the play for a while. You decide to return to the theatre in a few minutes and see what happens. If the members of the cast really care about the play, you could be talked into starting again. It all depends on them. Whatever happens you figure you should give them a good argument before giving in.

2 Stage Hands: Both of you are angry about the actors, who you feel always look down upon your efforts. This paint spilling is typical of how they act. No concern for others. You have enjoyed sitting around in the evening and listening to them talk about the play, but neither of you say much since they only listen to other actors. You realize that in order for Frank to talk Art Blakely into doing the play, he will have to get you on his side. You figure that you can get them to pay more attention to you under these circumstances. Now is a good time for you to say that you want to be more a part of things if you continue to work with them.

One Actor and One Actress: Both of you have smaller parts in the play. You have been somewhat uncertain as to whether this will make a good play, but have been impressed by the high hopes of the people in New York. You both feel that Janice and Frank have been rather removed from the cast, and would like them to pay more attention to other people from time to time. You are uncertain about facing Art Blakely but will go along with Frank if he figures out a good way to approach him. You also would like to see Art Blakely be a little "nicer" if you are to continue the play. Therefore, you don't agree with Frank that you should do everything the director wants. You think the director should give a little ground too. You are prepared to argue.