

# SHIRLEY

FOR YOUR CONSIDERATION

*production designer*  
SUE CHAN







*EXT. JACKSON HOUSE*

*FILM STILLs*





*INT. JACKSON HOUSE - DINING ROOM*

*FILM STILL*





*INT. JACKSON HOUSE - VARIOUS*

*FILM STILLs*





*INT. JACKSON HOUSE - KITCHEN*

*BEFORE - LOCATION PHOTOS*





*INT. JACKSON HOUSE - KITCHEN*

*FILM STILL*





*INT. JACKSON HOUSE - KITCHEN*

*FILM STILLS & SKETCH UP MODEL*

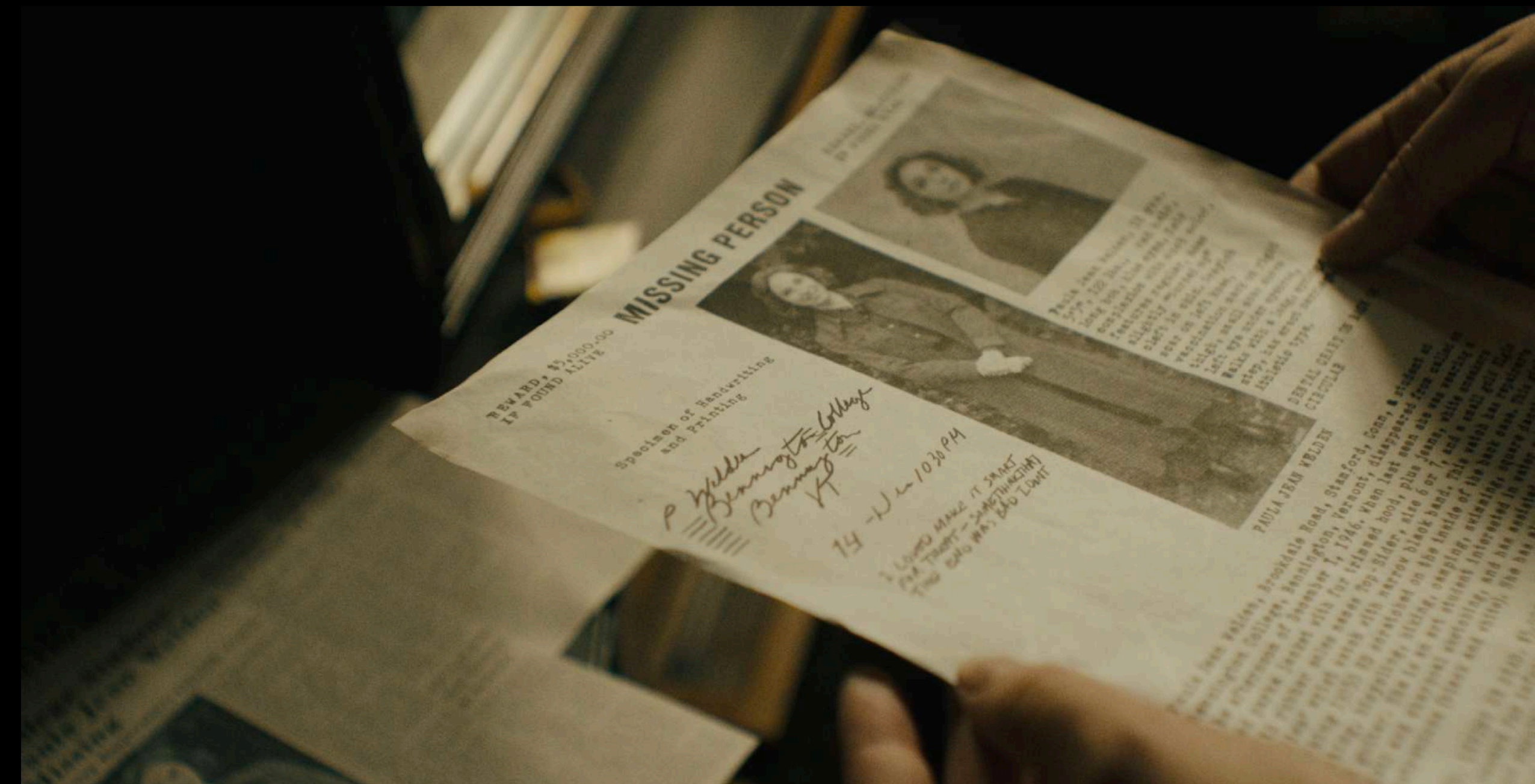




*INT. JACKSON HOUSE - SHIRLEY'S OFFICE*

*FILM STILL*





*INT. JACKSON HOUSE - SHIRLEY'S OFFICE*

*FILM STILLS*





*INT. JACKSON HOUSE - SHIRLEY'S OFFICE*

*FILM STILL*





*INT. JACKSON HOUSE - ROSE'S BEDROOM*

*FILM STILLs*

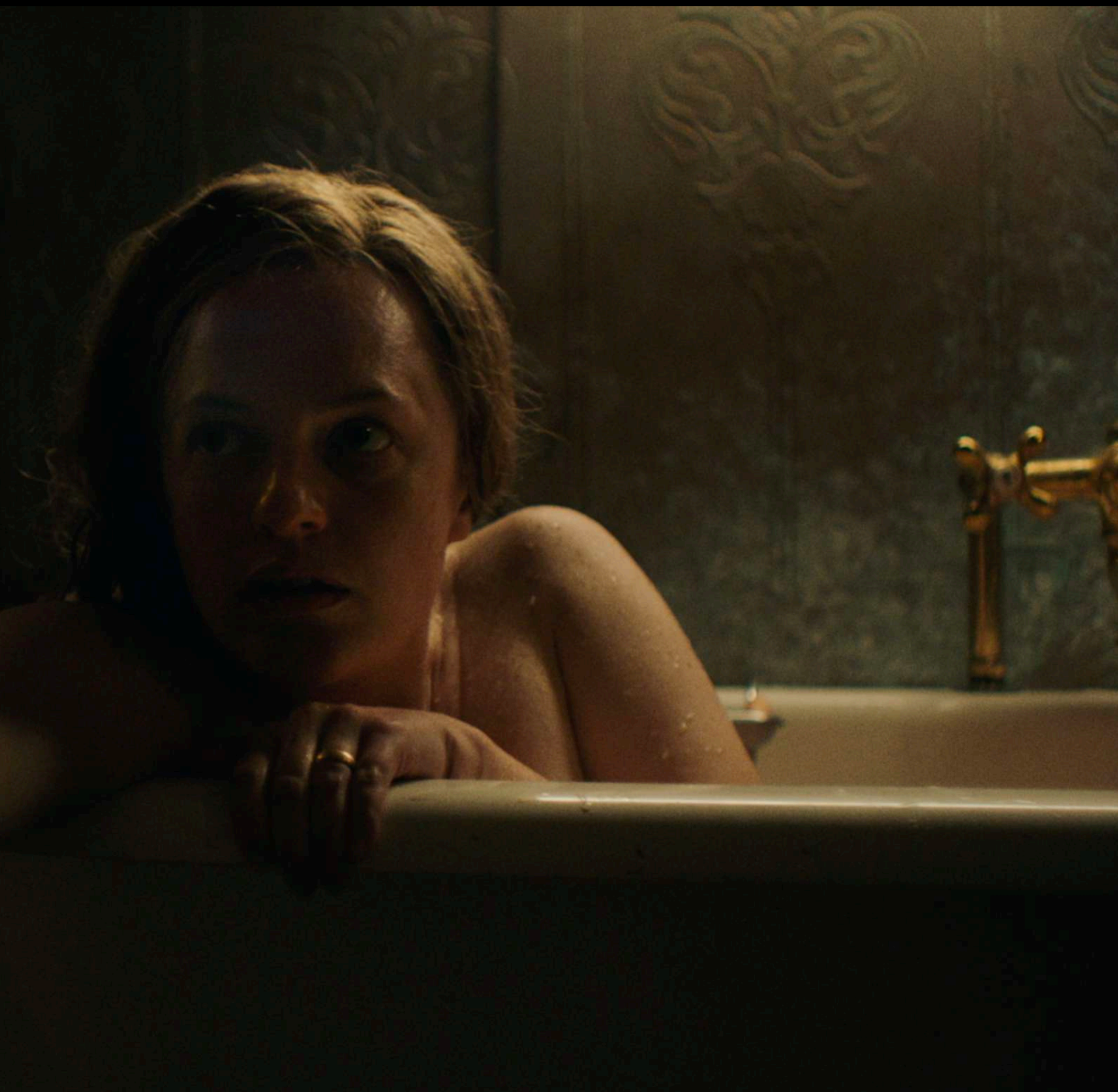




INT. JACKSON HOUSE - SHIRLEY'S BATHROOM

SKETCH UP MODEL





*INT. JACKSON HOUSE - SHIRLEY'S BATHROOM*

*FILM STILL*

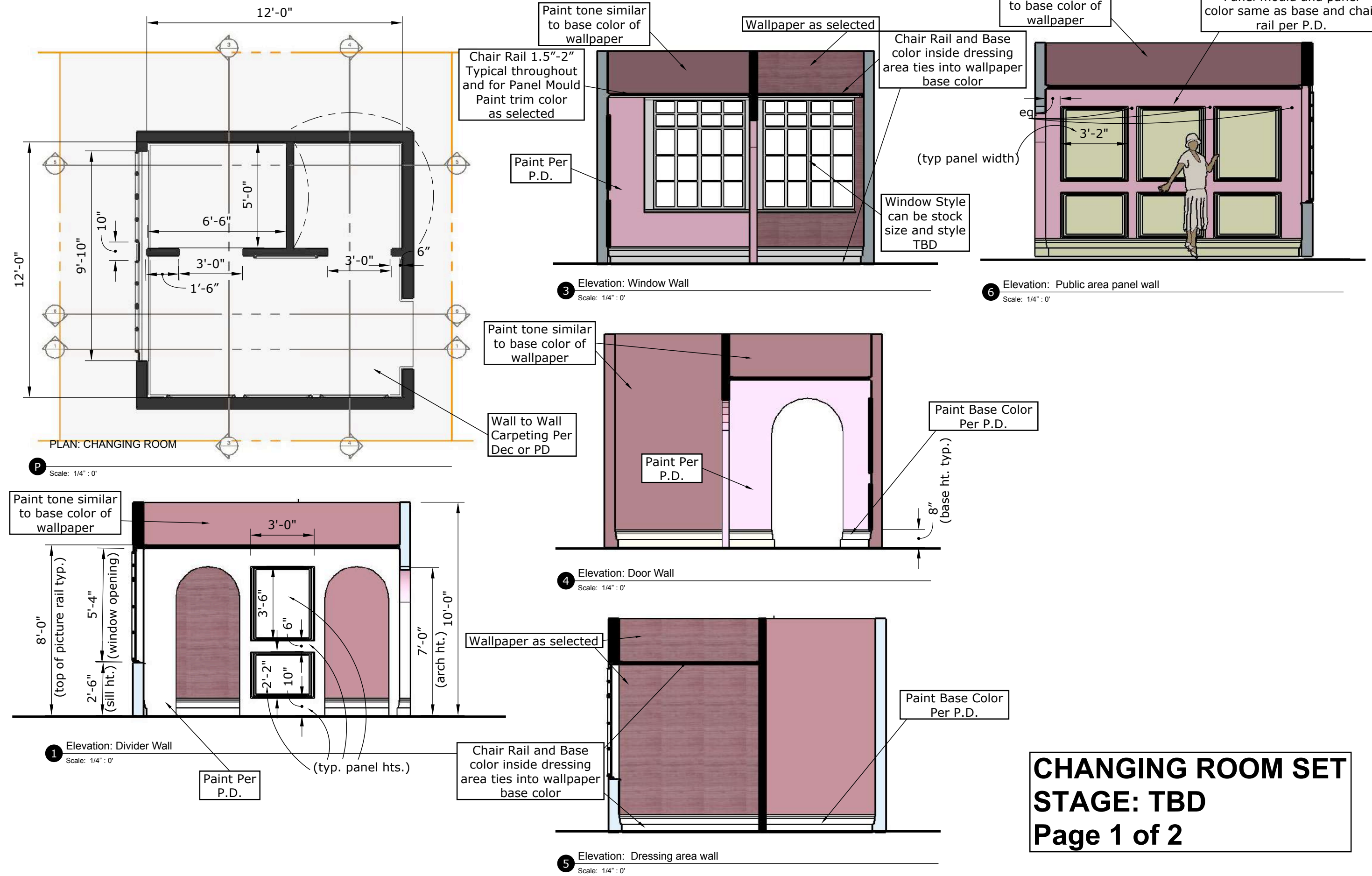




*INT. JACKSON HOUSE - SHIRLEY'S BEDROOM*

*FILM STILLs*





INT. FITTING ROOM

PLAN AND SKETCH UP MODELS





*INT. FITTING ROOM*

*FILM STILL*

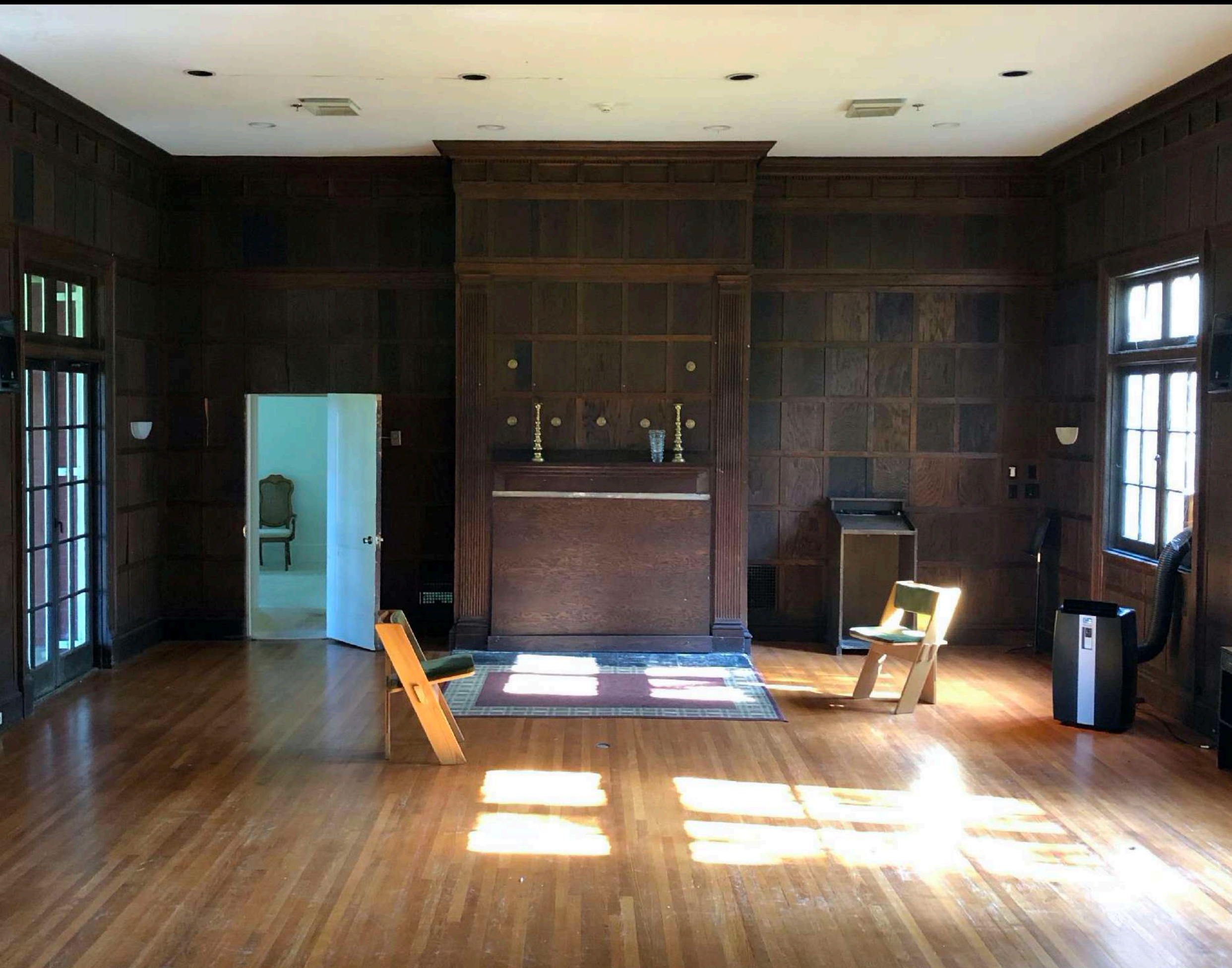




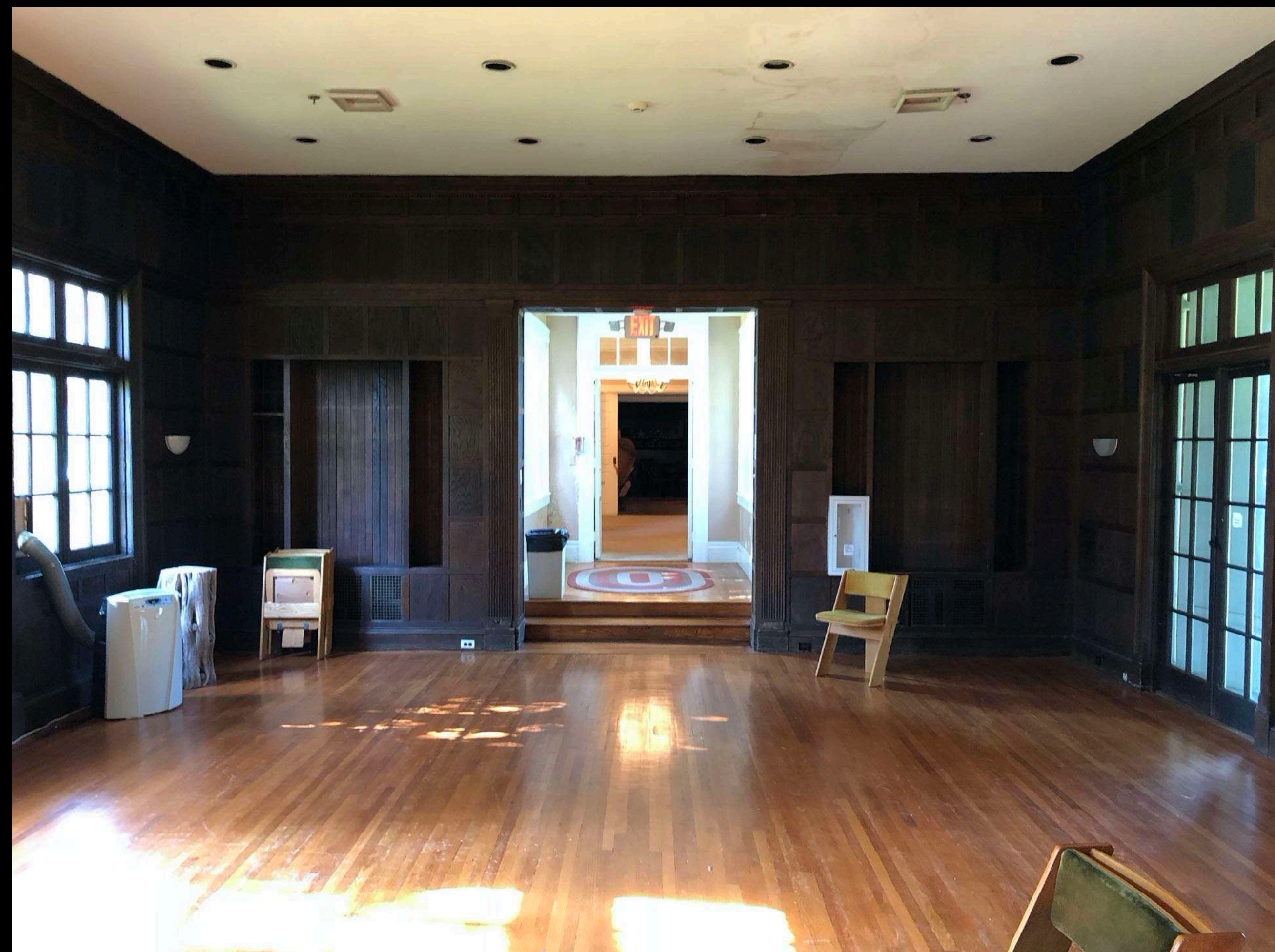
*INT. FITTING ROOM*

*FILM STILL*





*INT. DEAN'S HOUSE*



*BEFORE- LOCATION PHOTOS*





*INT. DEAN'S HOUSE*

*AFTER - SET PHOTO*





*INT. DEAN'S HOUSE*

*FILM STILL*





*INT. DEAN'S HOUSE*

*FILM STILLS*





*INT. TRAIN*

*FILM STILL*





INT. TRAIN

## THE LOTTERY

THE morning of June 27th was clear and sunny, with the fresh warmth of a full-summer day; the flowers were blossoming profusely and the grass was richly green. The people of the village began to gather in the square, between the post office and the bank, around ten o'clock; in some towns there were so many people that the lottery took two days and had to be started on June 26th, but in this village, where there were only about three hundred people, the whole lottery took less than two hours, so it could begin at ten o'clock in the morning and still be through in time to allow the villagers to get home for noon dinner.

The children assembled first, of course. School was recently over for the summer, and the feeling of liberty sat uneasily on most of them; they tended to gather together quietly for a while before they broke into boisterous play, and their talk was still of the classroom and the teacher, of books and reprimands. Bobby Martin had already stuffed his pockets full of stones, and the other boys soon followed his example, selecting the smoothest and roundest stones; Bobby and Harry Jones and Dickie Delacroix—the villagers pronounced this name “Dellacroy”—eventually made a great pile of stones in one corner of the square and guarded it against the raids of the other boys. The girls stood aside, talking among themselves, looking over their shoulders at the boys, and the very small children rolled in the dust or clung to the hands of their older brothers or sisters.

Soon the men began to gather, surveying their own children, speaking of planting and rain, tractors and taxes. They stood together, away from the pile of stones in the corner, and their jokes were quiet and they smiled rather than laughed. The women, wearing faded house dresses and sweaters, came shortly after their menfolk. They greeted one another and exchanged bits of gossip as they went to join their husbands. Soon the women, standing by their husbands, began to call to their children, and the children came reluctantly, having to be called four or five times. Bobby Martin

ducked under his mother's grasping hand and ran, laughing, back to the pile of stones. His father spoke up sharply, and Bobby came quickly and took his place between his father and his oldest brother.

The lottery was conducted—as were the square dances, the teen-age club, the Halloween program—by Mr. Summers, who had time and energy to devote to civic activities. He was a round-faced, jovial man and he ran the coal business, and people were sorry for him, because he had no children and his wife was a scold. When he arrived in the square, carrying the black wooden box, there was a murmur of conversation among the villagers, and he waved and called, “Little late today, folks.” The postmaster, Mr. Graves, followed him, carrying a three-legged stool, and the stool was put in the center of the square and Mr. Summers set the black box down on it. The villagers kept their distance, leaving a space between themselves and the stool, and when Mr. Summers said, “Some of you fellows ‘want to give me a hand?’” there was a hesitation before two men, Mr. Martin and his oldest son, Baxter, came forward to hold the box steady on the stool while Mr. Summers stirred up the papers inside it.

The original paraphernalia for the lottery had been lost long ago, and the black box now resting on the stool had

been put into use even before Old Man Warner, the oldest man in town, was born. Mr. Summers spoke frequently to the villagers about making a new box, but no one liked to upset even as much tradition as was represented by the black box. There was a story that the present box had been made with some pieces of the box that had preceded it, the one that had been constructed when the first people settled down to make a village here. Every year, after the lottery, Mr. Summers began talking again about a new box, but every year the subject was allowed to fade off without anything's being done. The black box grew shabbier each year; by now it was no longer completely black but splintered badly along one side to show the original wood color, and “and in some places faded or stained.”

Mr. Martin and his oldest son, Baxter, held the black box securely on the stool until Mr. Summers had stirred the papers thoroughly with his hand. Because so much of the ritual had been forgotten or discarded, Mr. Summers had been successful in having slips of paper substituted for the chips of wood that had been used for generations. Chips of wood, Mr. Summers had argued, had been all very well when the village was tiny, but now that the population was more than three hundred and likely to keep on growing, it was necessary to use something that would fit more easily into the black box. The night before the lottery, Mr. Summers and

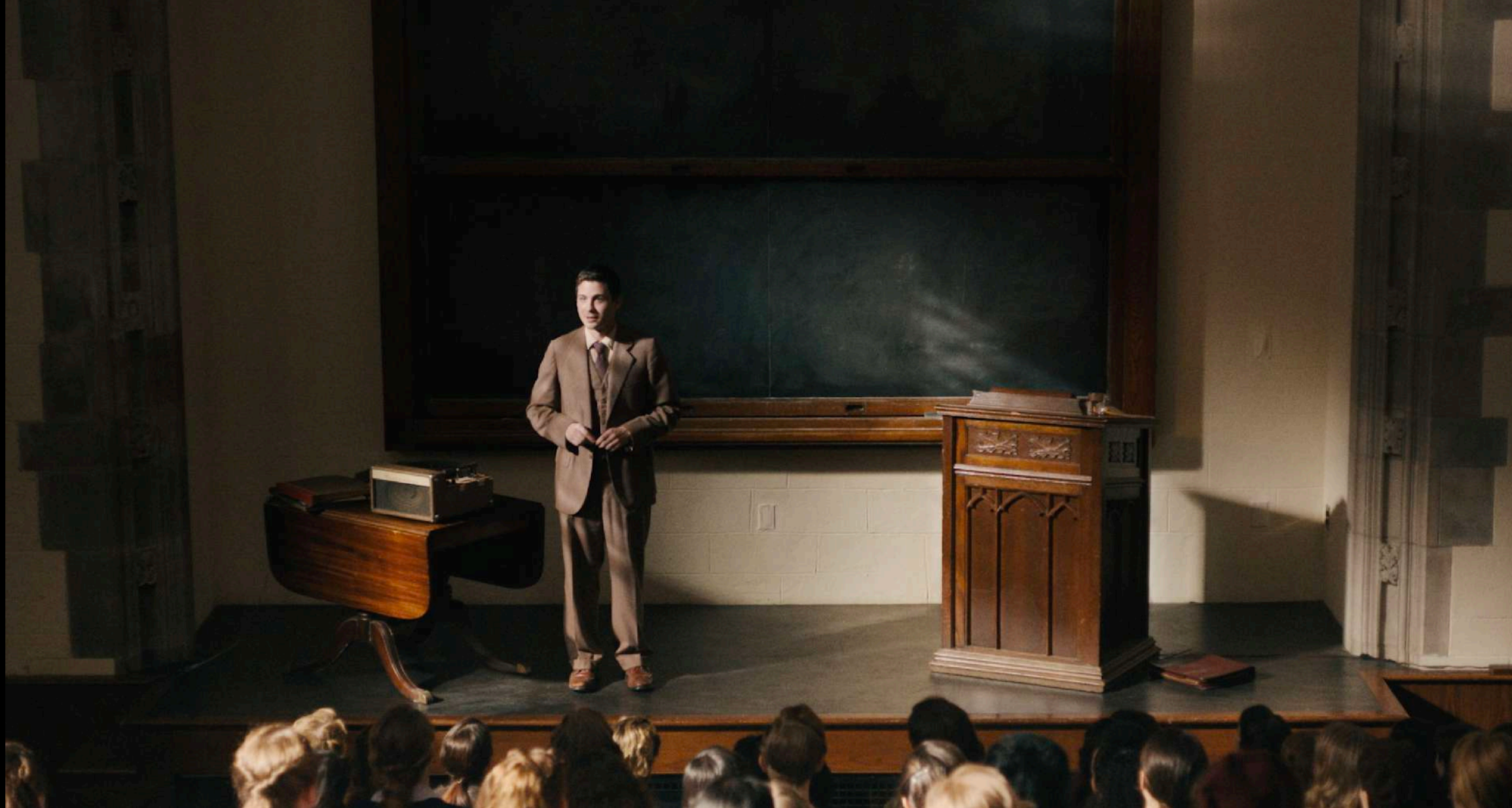


FILM STILL &amp; GRAPHICS









*INT/EXT. BENNINGTON COLLEGE*

*FILM STILLs*





*INT. NURSE'S OFFICE*



*FILM STILL*



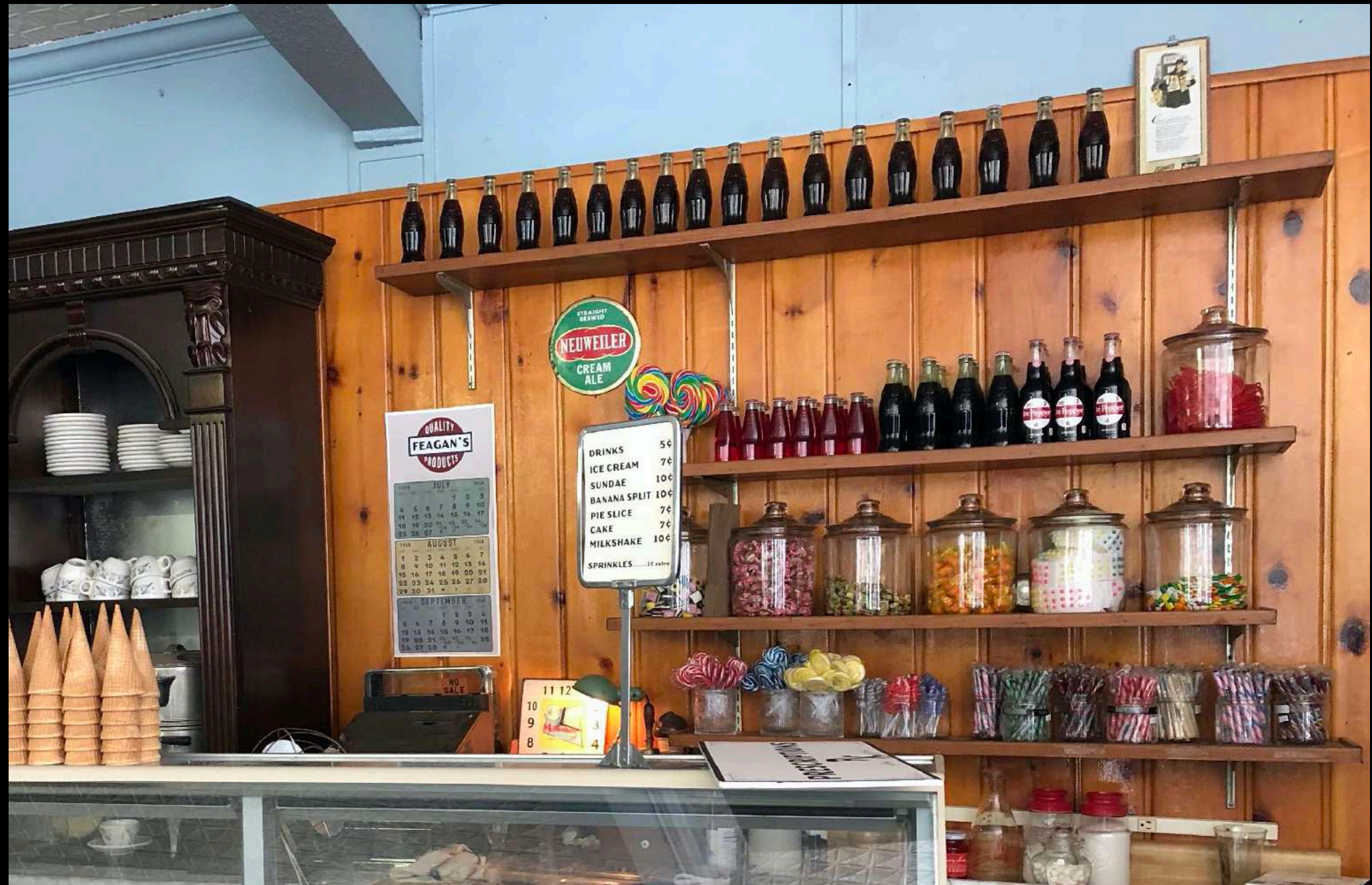
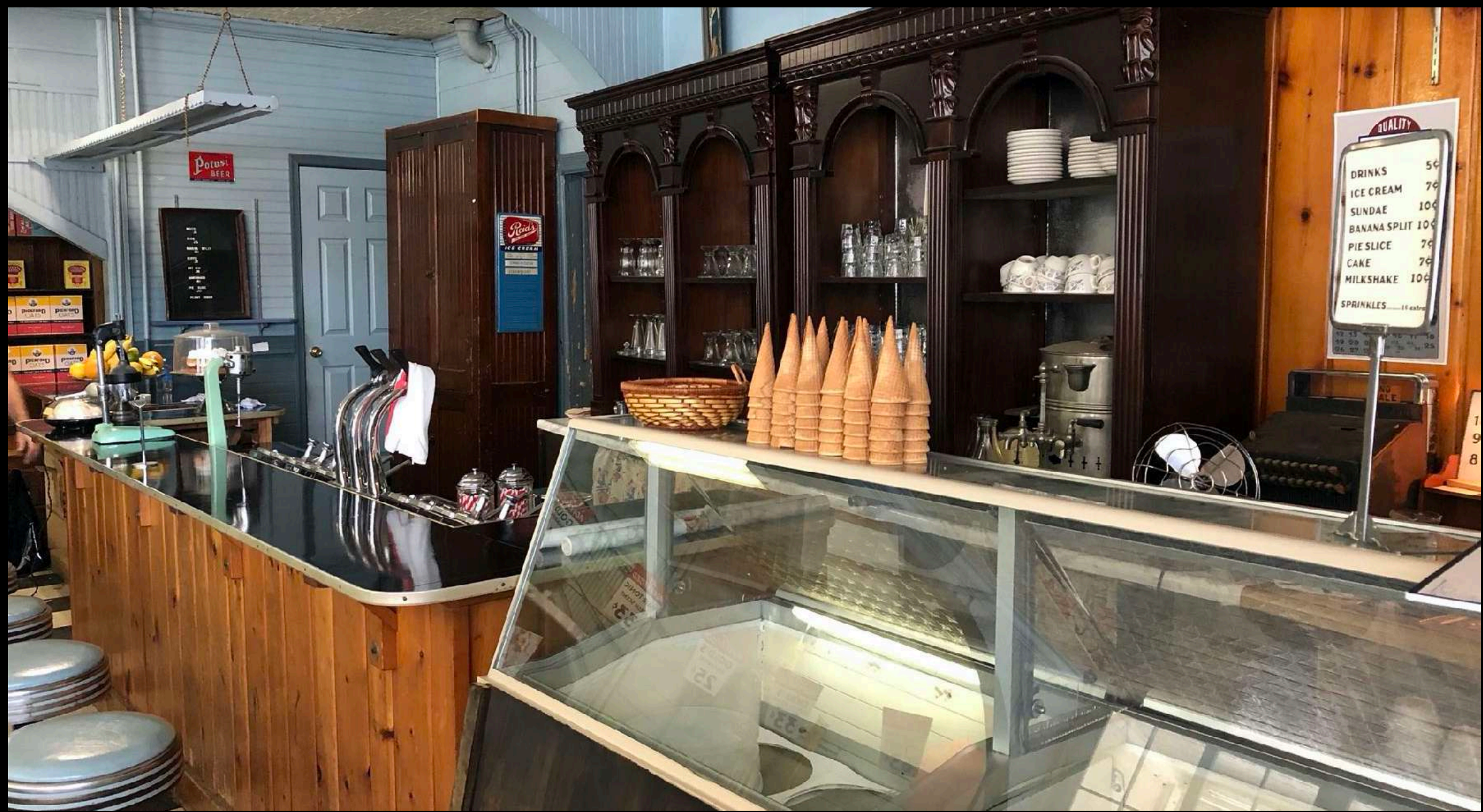
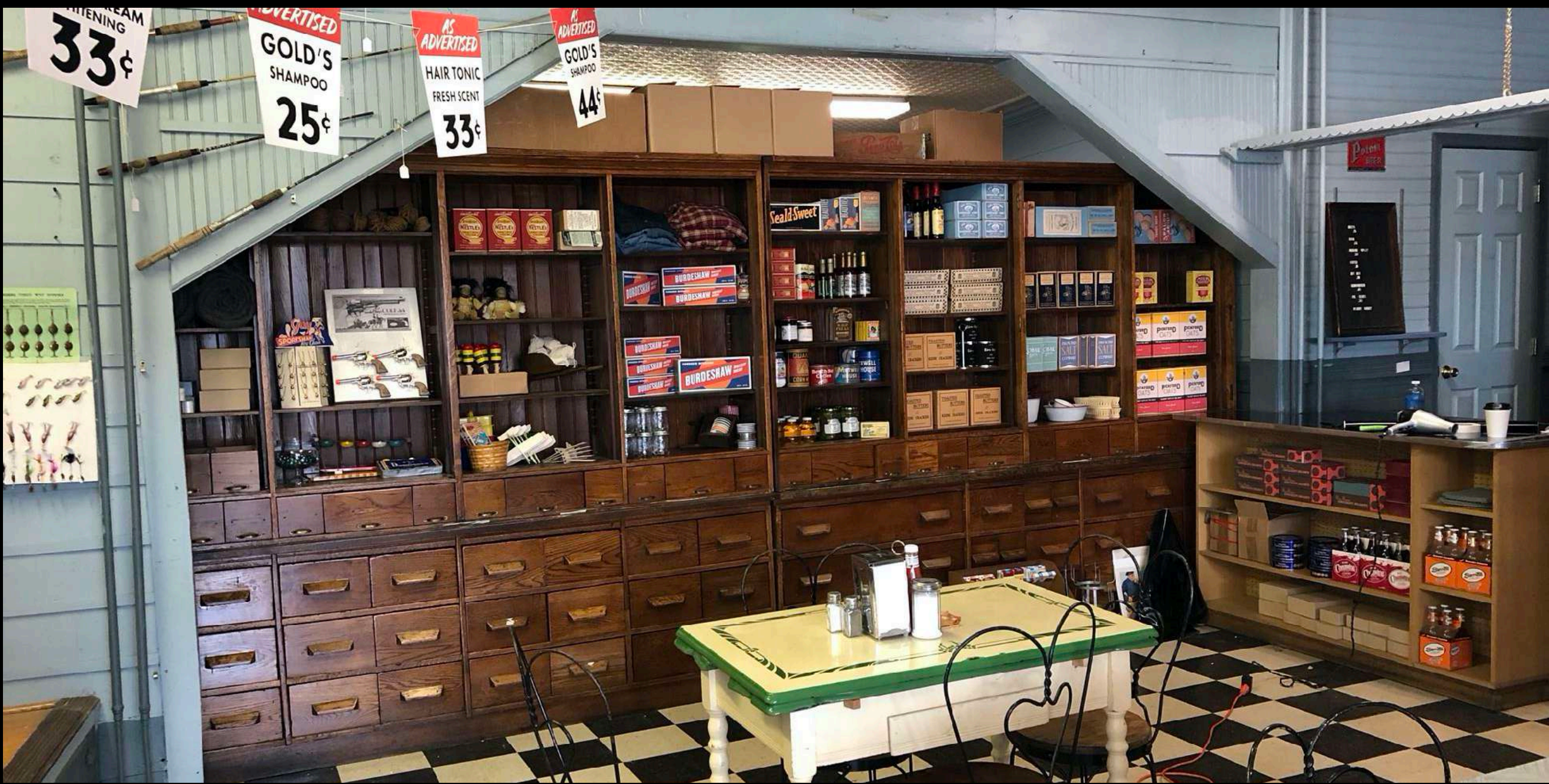


*INT. SODA SHOP*



*BEFORE - LOCATION PHOTOS*

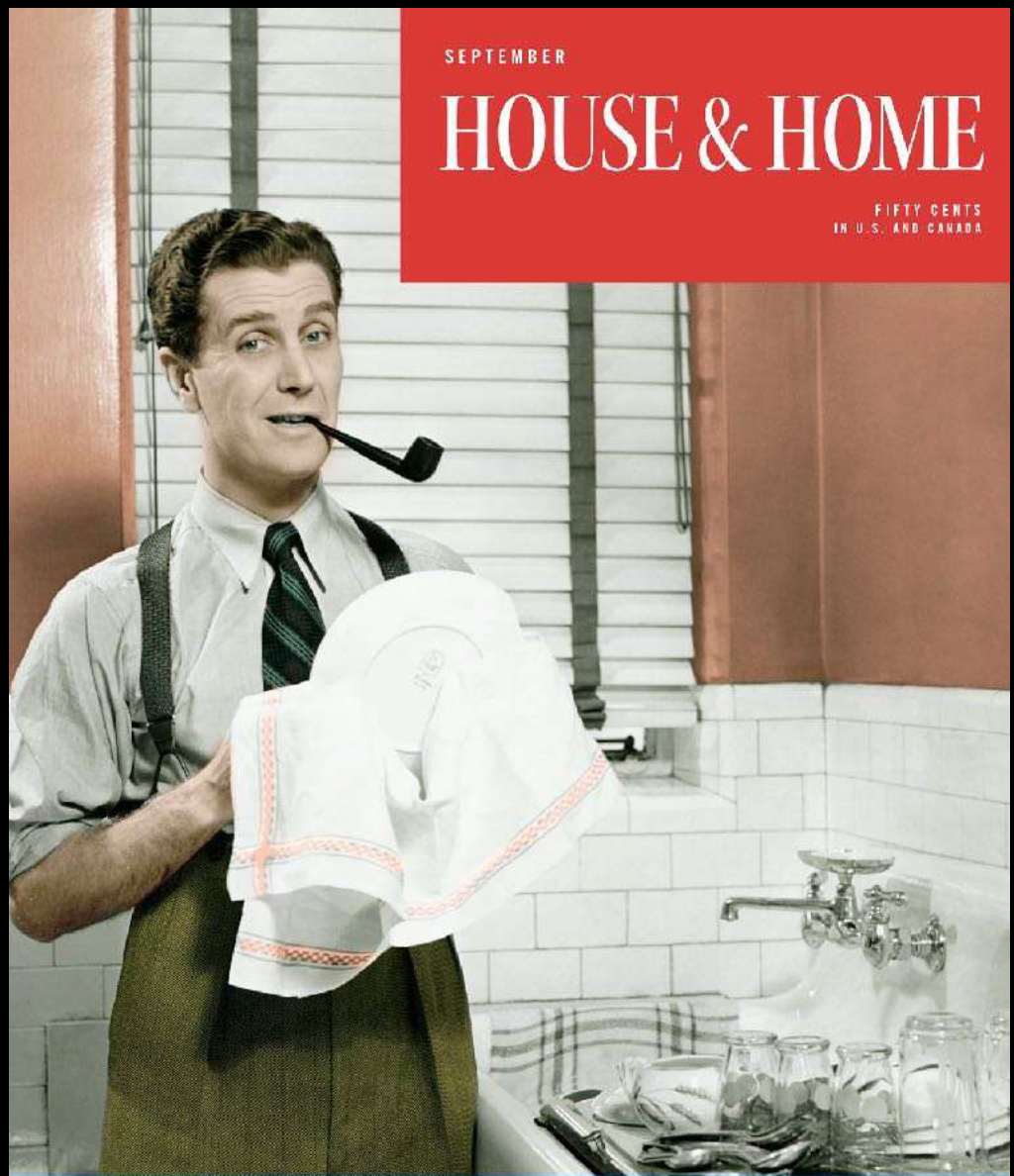




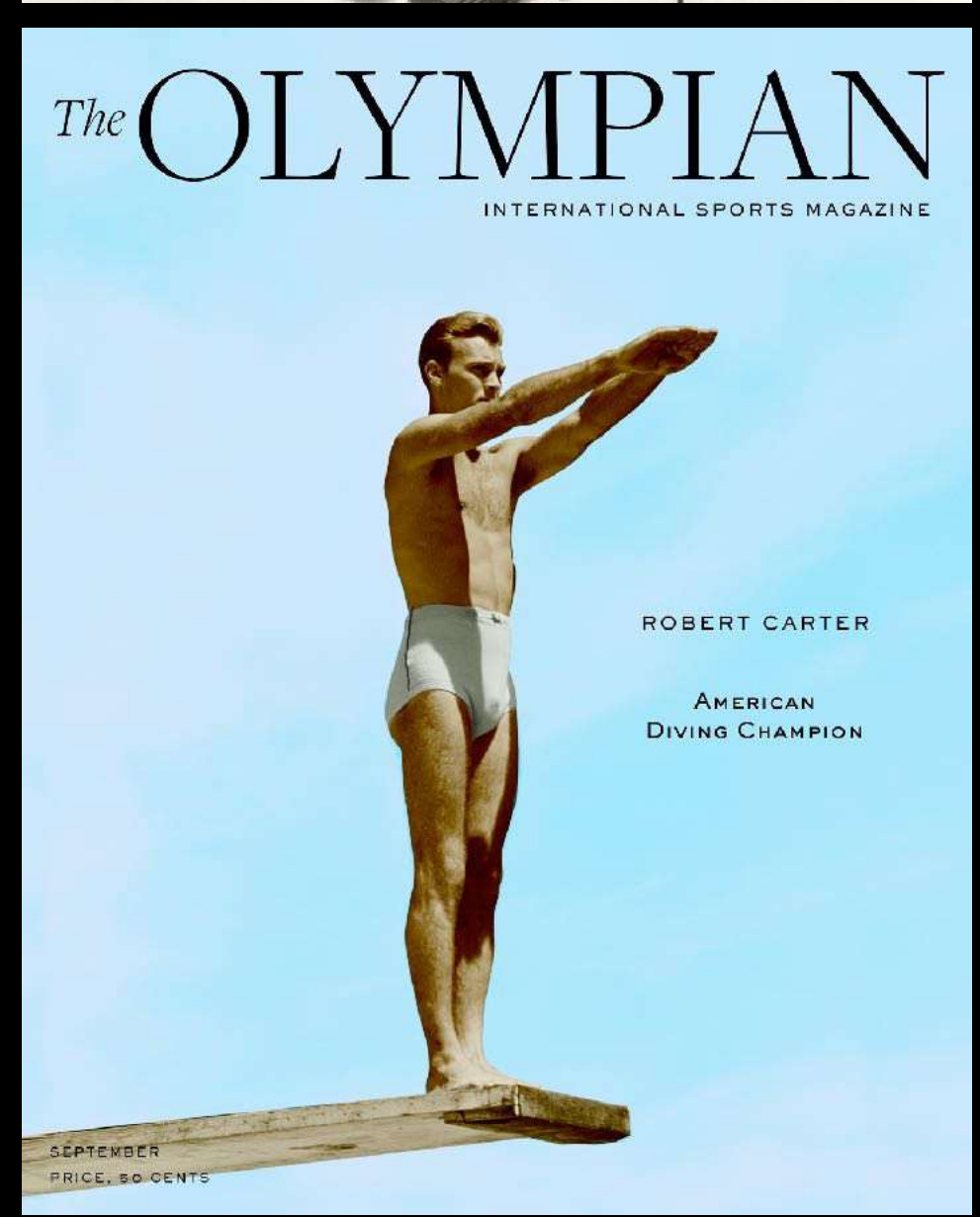
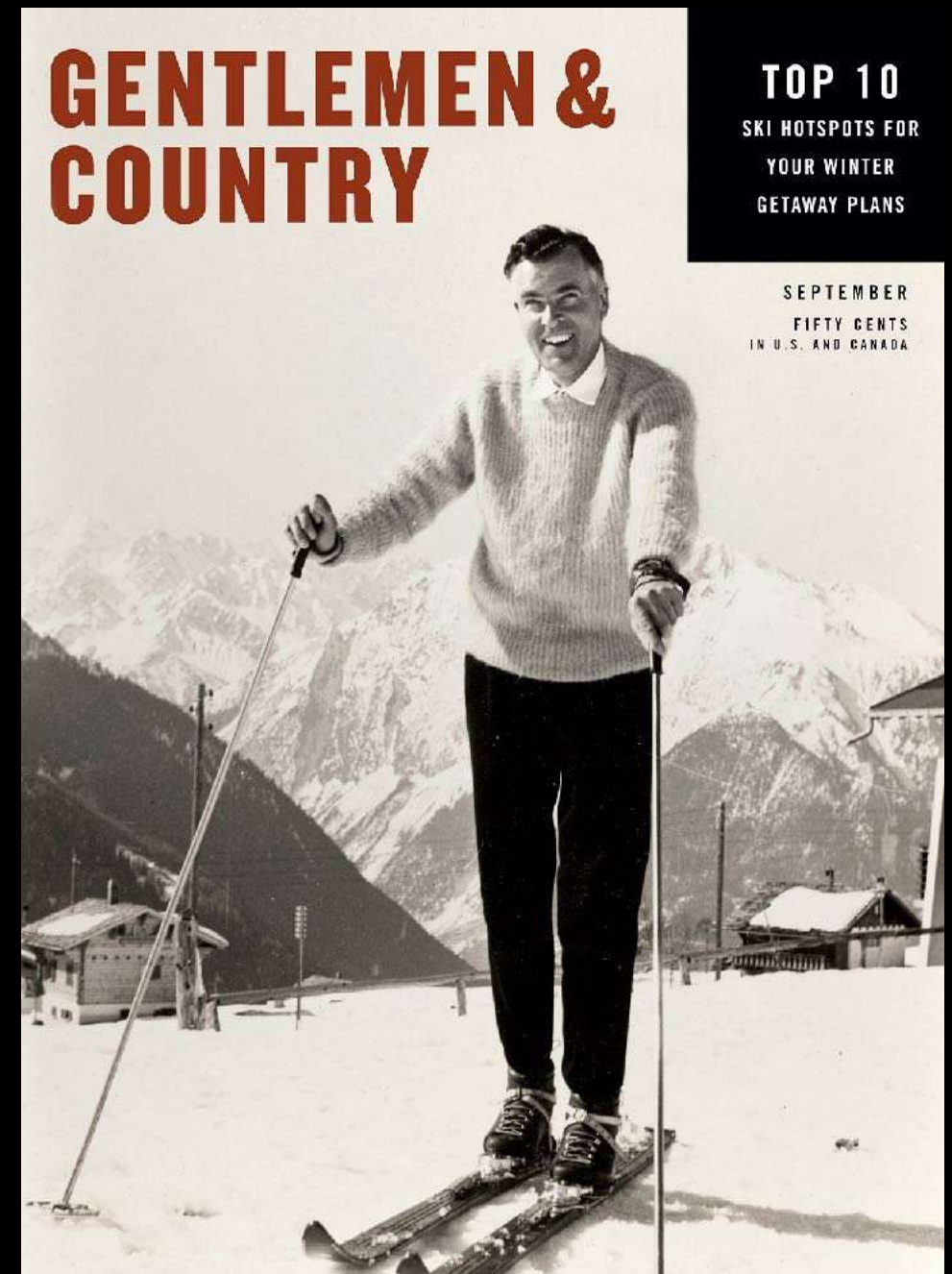
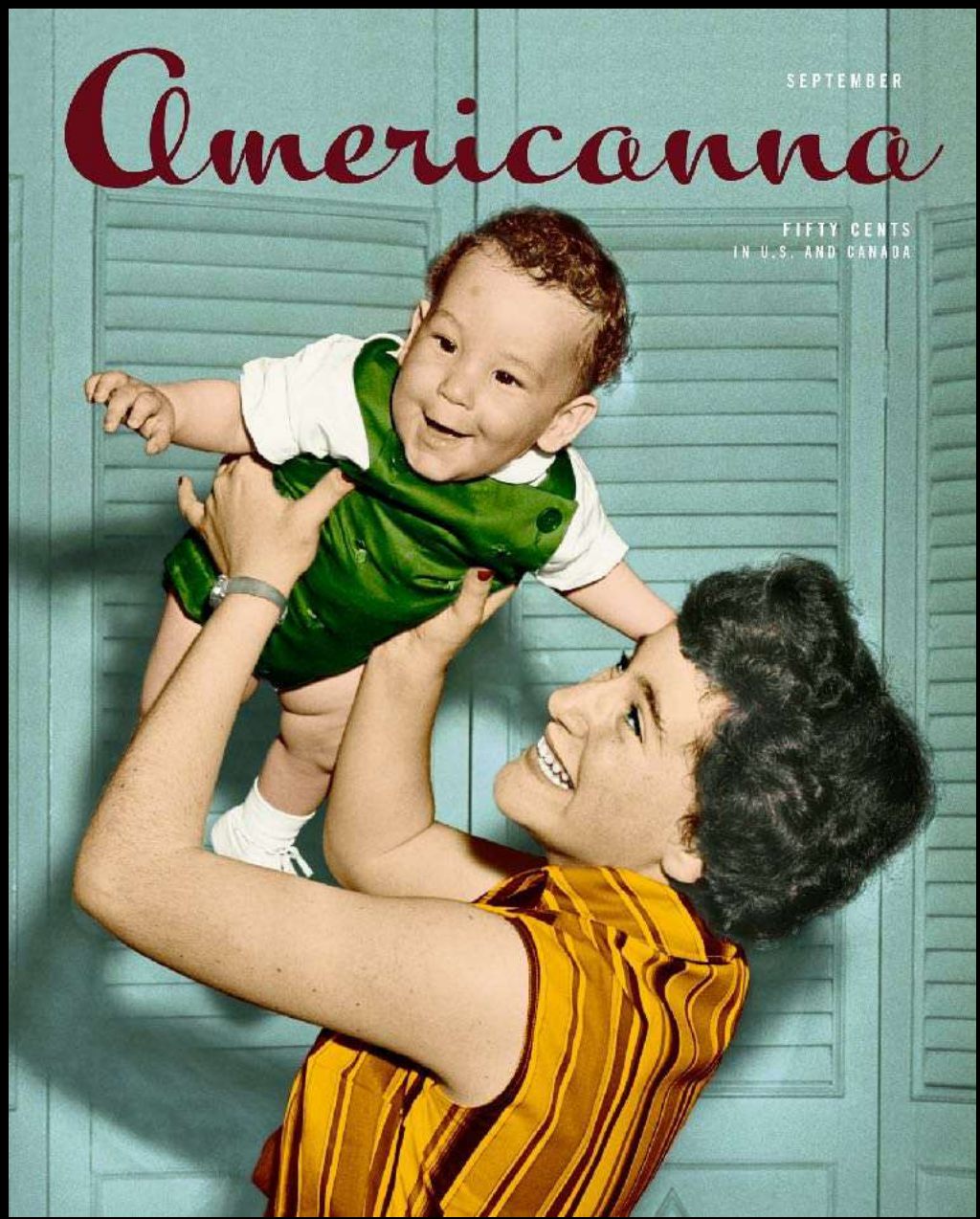




INT. SODA SHOP



From now on, HE does the dishes! Put YOUR feet up for once!



SET PHOTOS & GRAPHICS





*INT. POST OFFICE*

*FILM STILLs*





*EXT. BENNINGTON TRAIL HEAD*

*FILM STILLs*



# *SHIRLEY*

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