

PERUSAL SCRIPT



Enchanted
April *a musical*

Book and Lyrics

Elizabeth Hansen

Music and Lyrics

C. Michael Perry

HP

HANSEN PERRY PRODUCTIONS

© 2018 by Elizabeth Hansen & C. Michael Perry

All Rights Reserved

www.enchantedaprilamusical.com

cmichaelperry53@gmail.com

© 2018 by Elizabeth Hansen & C. Michael Perry

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

CAUTION:

Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that

AN ENCHANTED APRIL A MUSICAL

being fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States Of America, the British Empire, including the Dominion Of Canada, and the other countries of the Copyright Union, is subject to royalty. Anyone presenting the play without the express written permission of the Copyright owners and/or their authorized agent will be liable to the penalties provided by law.

Script and music copies must be rented and Royalty must be paid to the HANSEN PERRY PRODUCTIONS for each and every performance before an audience whether or not admission is charged. A performance license must first be obtained from the publisher prior to any performance(s).

Federal Copyright Law -- 17 U.S.C. section 504 -- allows for a recovery of a minimum of \$250 and a maximum of \$50,000 for each infringement, plus attorney fees.

The professional and amateur rights to the performance of this play along with the lecturing, recitation, and public reading rights, are administered exclusively through HANSEN PERRY PRODUCTIONS without whose permission in writing no performance of it may be made. For all other rights inquiries may be made to the authors through HANSEN PERRY PRODUCTIONS Any adaptation or arrangement of this work without the author's written permission is an infringement of copyright. **Unauthorized duplication by any means is also an infringement.**

FOR PUBLIC PERFORMANCE RIGHTS YOU MUST APPLY TO THE PUBLISHER OR YOU ARE BREAKING THE LAW!

The possession of this PERUSAL SCRIPT does not constitute permission to perform the work herein contained, in public or in private, for gain or charity. Proper prior application must be made and license granted before a performance may be given. Copies of this PERUSAL SCRIPT and all other rehearsal materials may be rented from:

HANSEN PERRY PRODUCTIONS
P.O. Box 536 Newport, ME 04953-0536
www.hansenperryproductions.com
Printed in the United States Of America

THIS NOTICE MUST APPEAR IN ALL PROGRAMS, ON ALL POSTERS AND PUBLICITY MATERIALS AND INTERNET ADVERTISING/WEBPAGES FOR THE PLAY:

“An Enchanted April’ is presented through special arrangement with Hansen Perry Productions. All authorized materials are also supplied by HPP.”

AN ENCHANTED APRIL:
A Musical

book by
Elizabeth Hansen

music by
C. Michael Perry

lyrics by
Elizabeth Hansen & C. Michael Perry

based on the novel by
Elizabeth von Arnim

© Elizabeth Hansen
C. Michael Perry
P.O. Box 536
Newport, ME 04953-0536
cmichaelperry53@gmail.com
801.550.7741

LOTTY WILKINS - (*early 30s*) - in the beginning is a mousey, dowdy, becoming woman who is a "seer" of things. She is candid, sincere and guileless, so much so that it both intrigues, charms and annoys. Her yearning for a respite from her dreary and loveless life propels her toward the enchanted April where she blossoms into the confident, strong, desirable woman hidden beneath.

ROSE ARBUTHNOT - (*mid-30s*) - is a rigid, reserved and sad sort of woman constrained by restrictions and duties. She and her husband, whom she is unable to approach, have grown apart since the death of their only child. She longs for a bit of beauty in her life, a rest from her self-imposed obligations.

MRS. FISHER - (*60s*) - is a forthright and solid woman ensconced in a world of dark dusty old things and is on the verge of becoming a "dusty, old thing" herself. She does not "suffer fools gladly," and is intolerant of impertinence, idiocy, and youth, and pines for a place she can sit and forget.

LADY CAROLINE DESTER - (*late 20s*) - a ravishing, yet melancholy beauty who has sustained her despondency with liquor and men, and only the liquor does she embrace. She is tired of her station, her life, her parents, her...everything, and aches for a place she can ponder the existential questions facing her.

MELLERSH WILKINS - (*mid to late 30s*) - is a handsome, distinguished and overbearing solicitor. Used to commanding his wife in all things, he has long since discounted her as a lost cause and has found an acceptable state of tolerance. Meticulous in his appearance and ambitious in nature, success and partnership are what he wants.

FREDERICK ARBUTHNOT - (*early 40s*) - is an amiable man hovering on the precipice of middleage. With a slight paunch and kind face, he is confused by his current relationship with Rose and a bit baffled by her and her "causes." A successful author of lurid novels, Frederick misses his wife...the wife he remembers from their youth, and wonders if she will ever return to him.

THOMAS BRIGGS - (*early 30s*) - is a respectable-looking, bespectacled, solitary man. Wealthy, but unassuming, is smitten with Rose upon their first meeting. Assuming she is a war-widow, he wishes for the family and home he's never had, and sees that possibility in Rose.

FRANCESCA - (*50s*) - is San Salvatore's housekeeper and cook. Long-suffering with visitors to Italy, she does her best to feed and understand these odd English people.

ACT I

SCENE 1

LONDON: FEBRUARY, 1922

A SCRIM acts as the curtain. On the SCRIM is a page out of the CLASSIFIEDS of the London Times: "To Those who Appreciate Wisteria and Sunshine. Small medieval Italian castle on the shores of the Mediterranean to be let furnished for the month of April. Necessary servants remain. Z, Box 1000, The Times."

(The lights rise. Through the SCRIM we see dreariness, an almost rain-soaked backdrop of London. There are outlines of buildings, but the outlines are fuzzy, like a watercolor washing away. And the dim sound of rain.)

LOTTY WILKINS enters holding an umbrella, drenched, fighting against the rain.)

#1A - I WISH/WISTERIA

LOTTY SINGS:

I WISH!

(She turns and gazes at the ad on the scrim, while, on another part of the stage, a light rises on a Victorian sitting room where MRS. FISHER lowers her Newspaper.)

MRS FISHER SINGS:

I WISH!

(The luxurious bedroom of LADY CAROLINE DESTER who lowers her newspaper.)

LADY CAROLINE SINGS:

I WISH!

(The SMOKING ROOM of a WOMEN'S CLUB where ROSE ARBUTHNOT lowers her newspaper.)

ROSE SINGS:

I WISH!

ALL WOMEN SING:

A VILLA, ITALIAN, NOT TOO FAR FROM ROME.
 WITH SERVANTS AND SEA COAST;
 A SHRINE!
 WITH HILLTOP AND CASTLE AND ACRES TO ROAM;
 LACED WITH WISTERIA AND SUNSHINE!

(A HUGE clap of THUNDER and the ever-present sound of rain.)

#2 - ENDLESS RAINALL WOMEN SING:

RAIN, IT'S ALWAYS RAIN.
 NO SUN AT ALL.
 NO EMPTY DRAIN.

LOTTY SINGS:

WITH FIVE MORE CHORES MY LIST'S COMPLETE.

ROSE SINGS:

TOO MANY DUTIES I MUST MEET.

MRS. FISHER SINGS:

I'LL HAVE TO STAY INSIDE AGAIN.

LADY CAROLINE SINGS:

WHEN DID I EVER LIKE THE RAIN?

ALL WOMEN:

AS IT INVADES MY HOME
 I STAY INSIDE AND CLOSE THE DOOR.

LADY CAROLINE SINGS:

THE RAIN IS SEEPING;

LOTTY AND MRS. FISHER SING:

JUST WEeping ON THE FLOOR.

(They sigh. The scrim rises. LOTTY walks into the Women's Club and sits by ROSE.)

LOTTY SINGS:

I CANNOT BREATHE.

LOTTY AND ROSE SING:

I'M THUNDERSTRUCK.

LOTTY, ROSE AND LADY CAROLINE:

I SCREAM INSIDE.

LOTTY, ROSE, LADY CAROLINE AND MRS. FISHER:

I'M ALWAYS STUCK HERE WITH THIS RAIN...

LOTTY, MRS. FISHER AND ROSE SING:
THIS STIFLING RAIN...

LOTTY AND ROSE SING:
THIS ENDLESS RAIN.

(The LIGHTS on MRS. FISHER and LADY CAROLINE
 fade. LOTTY and ROSE return to their
 newspapers. ROSE sighs. LOTTY to her.)

LOTTY

Are you reading about the medieval castle and the wisteria?

ROSE

Are you speaking to me?

LOTTY

(Nods.)

A-are you reading about the medieval castle and the wisteria?

ROSE

Why would you ask me that?

LOTTY

Because I saw it too, and I thought, perhaps, I thought that
 somehow, perhaps.... And I know you. You're Mrs. Arbuthnot. I see
 you e-every Sunday. I see you in church every Sunday. You march in
 the poor and the needy.

ROSE

Well, I don't think I "march" them in—

LOTTY

Oh, yes you do. Every Sunday.

(They both go back to their papers.)

And this seems such a wonderful thing—this advertisement about the
 wisteria, and, and, and it's such a miserable day...

#3 - JUST THINK/WISTERIA & SUNSHINE

ROSE

It's February. It always rains in February.

LOTTY

But...

LOTTY SINGS:
JUST THINK...

ROSE SINGS:
RAIN!

LOTTY SINGS:
MY DREAM...

ROSE SINGS:
RAIN!

LOTTY SINGS:
I WANT...

ROSE SINGS:
WANT...

LOTTY AND ROSE SING:
TO SEE SUN AND FLOWERS!

LOTTY SINGS:
TO FLY...

ROSE SINGS:
FLY...

LOTTY SINGS:
TAKE WING...

ROSE SINGS:
WING!

LOTTY SINGS:
AND SOAR...

LOTTY AND ROSE SING:
OVER BRIDGE AND TOWERS.

LOTTY SINGS:
A MEDIEVAL CASTLE,

ROSE:
JUST THINK OF ME!

LOTTY SINGS:
NEAR VIEWS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA,
NOT JUST FOR THE RICH,

ROSE SINGS:
OR THE BOURGEOISIE,

LOTTY AND ROSE SING SING:
AN INCREDIBLE DABBLE IN LUXURY.

ROSE SINGS:
I'D GET AWAY EVERYDAY
LIVE IN THE RAPTURE OF ROSES ON THE VINE!

LOTTY SINGS:

A RUNAWAY HOLIDAY GIFT TO MYSELF
WHERE THERE'S MORE THAN SUN THAT'S SHINING!

ROSE SINGS:

AFTERNOON NAPS WITH A DIP IN THE SEA
JUST BEFORE SUNSET HOVERS AND LINGERS!

LOTTY SINGS:

MORNINGS WITH FLOWERS AND WALKS ON THE BEACH
AS THE SAND RUNS THROUGH MY FINGERS!

LOTTY AND ROSE SING:

IMAGINE THE LIGHT AND THE FRAGRANCE, TOO,
FOR CASTLE GUESTS LOOKING FOR ROMANCE: WHO
ABIDE NEAR THE SEA: AN ENTRANCING VIEW,
SO ENCHANTED BY RIPPLES OF DANCING BLUE.

LOTTY (cont.)

Isn't it a wonderful thought?

ROSE

I'm sorry?

LOTTY

An Italian castle full of flowers and—

ROSE

Yes, but it's no use wasting one's time thinking of such things.

LOTTY

Oh, but it is! And, and, and just the considering of "such things" is worthwhile in itself and sometimes I believe—I really do believe—if one considers hard enough one gets things.

ROSE

Who are you?

LOTTY

Oh, yes, how stupid of me. I'm Mrs. Wilkins. Mrs. Mellersh-Wilkins. Mellersh is my h-husband. Mellersh is a solicitor and very handsome.

ROSE

Well, that must be a great pleasure to you.

LOTTY

Not really... I mean...why?

ROSE

Well, because, beauty is...a gift from God.

LOTTY

Well, Mellersh isn't. Mellersh has seen you at church as well.

Really? ROSE

He calls you the "Field Marshal." LOTTY

Does he. ROSE

What does your husband do? LOTTY

Frederick? Frederick...writes. ROSE

Really? What? LOTTY

Books. ROSE

Honestly?! Have I read him? LOTTY

I-I don't wish to be rude, but I— ROSE

(LOTTY gasps.)

Uh-oh. LOTTY

What is it? ROSE

I see us there. LOTTY

#3B - I SEE US THERE

You see us where? ROSE

LOTTY SINGS:
SITTING TOGETHER;

Sitting together where? ROSE (cont.)

LOTTY SINGS:
I SEE US THERE.

ROSE (cont.)
 Where is there?

LOTTY SINGS:
TRAILING WISTERIA.

ROSE (cont.)
 What on earth are you talking about?

LOTTY SINGS:
I SEE US...THERE!

MUSIC CONTINUES UNDERNEATH.

LOTTY
 You and I...at the medieval castle. I see us there!

(LOTTY gapes at ROSE.)

ROSE SINGS:
WHY IS SHE LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT?
WHAT IS SHE THINKING?
WHY DOESN'T SHE LEAVE ME ALONE?

LOTTY SINGS: [PROMINENT]
IF WE ARRANGE THINGS,
CAREFULLY PLAN,
LIE TO OUR HUSBANDS...
WE COULD BE THERE!

ROSE SINGS: [SUBDUED]
WHY WAS SHE LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT?
WHAT IS SHE THINKING?
WHY DOESN'T SHE
LEAVE ME ALONE?

ROSE
 Really, Mrs. Wilkins, dreams are lovely things, but—

LOTTY
 Let's get it?!

MUSIC STOPS ABRUPTLY.

ROSE
 Get it?

LOTTY
 Yes!

ROSE
 But...how do you mean..."get it?"

LOTTY
 Rent it! Hire it! Have it! Not just sit here and say how beautiful, and then go home to Hampstead without having put out a finger—go home just as usual and see about the dinner and the fish
 (MORE)

LOTTY (Continued)
 just as we've been doing for years and years...
 (Working herself into a frenzy.)
 And will go on doing for years and years! In fact, I see no end to it!

ROSE
 Shh!

LOTTY
 (Whispers)
 There is no end to it! Why, we would really be unselfish to go away and be happy for a little because we would come back so much nicer, wouldn't we?

ROSE
 Do you mean you...and I?

LOTTY
 Yes!

#3C - WISTERIA AND SUNSHINE

ROSE SINGS:
SHE IS QUITE MAD.

MUSIC CONTINUES UNDERNEATH.

LOTTY (cont.)
 We could share. Between us. Then it would only cost half.

ROSE
 But, but we don't know each other.

LOTTY
 But just think how well we would if we went away for a month!

ROSE SINGS:
SHE'S UNBALANCED.

LOTTY (cont.)
 And I have a nest egg, and I expect so have you...

ROSE SINGS:
SHE WOULD SAY SUCH THINGS.

LOTTY (cont.)
 A whole month!

ROSE SINGS:
IT IS ABSURD TO THINK I—

LOTTY (cont.)
 In heaven...

ROSE SINGS:
WOULD ABANDON MY "CHORES",
AND MY DUTIES,
AND LIFE!

LOTTY (cont.)

And you look so...you look exactly as if you wanted it just as much as I...as if you ought to have a rest...have something happy happen to you.

ROSE

But my nest egg?

ROSE SINGS:
I COULDN'T, I SHOULDN'T,
I WOULDN'T, JUST USE IT FOR ANYTHING.
TO SPEND IT ON ME
NOT THE POOR OR THE SICK IS UNTHINKABLE.

IT'S TRUE, ITALY, WOULD BE BEAUTIFUL.
YES, TRUE, ITALY, SOUNDS SO BEAUTIFUL.
IT'S SELFISH, TO SPEND SUCH TIME IN COMFORT.
IT'S SINFUL, THOUGH SURE A TRUE DELIGHT.

ROSE (cont.)

But there are many delightful things one would like to do, but why is strength given to one, except to help one not to do them?

LOTTY

But we haven't been doing them, and it's time to start! It's time to be happy!

ROSE

I am happy.

LOTTY

No, you're not.

ROSE

Mrs. Wilkins!

LOTTY

I see us there, you and me, this April in the medieval castle.

ROSE

Do you?

LOTTY

Don't you ever see things in a kind of flash before they happen?

ROSE

Not anymore.

LOTTY

Well, I do! It's a gift...or a curse. I see things, places, people, when I need to see them and I see them now...you and I amid the wisteria...and I need something, I long for something else, now.
(She starts to cry. ROSE hands her a hanky.)

Would you believe that I've never spoken to anyone like this in my life?

ROSE

I would believe it.

LOTTY

I can't think...I simply don't know what's come over me.

ROSE

It's the advertisement.

LOTTY

Yes... And us both being so miserable.

ROSE

I'm wondering...I don't think it would do any harm to answer the advertisement.

(LOTTY brightens.)

Just an inquiry.

LOTTY

Yes, yes, yes!

ROSE

And it isn't as if it committed us to anything.

LOTTY

No, no, of course not!

LOTTY SINGS:

A VILLA ITALIAN, NOT
TOO FAR FROM ROME, WITH
SERVANTS AND SEACOAST:
A SHRINE!
WITH HILLTOP AND CASTLE, AND
ACRES TO ROAM.
LACED WITH WISTERIA AND
SUNSHINE.

ROSE SINGS:

PICTURE ME, BY THE SEA
BASKING IN LUXURY
SERVANTS AT MY CALL.
COULD I BE, ON A SPREE?
WANDERING ON AN ESTATE
WOULD BE ENTHRALLING.

LOTTY SINGS:

AFTERNOON NAPS WITH A
 DIP IN THE SEA,
 JUST BEFORE SUNSET
 HOVERS AND LINGERS.
 MORNINGS WITH FLOWERS
 AND WALKS ON THE BEACH,
 AS THE SAND RUNS THROUGH
 MY FINGERS!

ROSE SINGS:

STAYING ON A,
 SEACOAST
 WE MOSTLY WOULD
 LOUNGE IN THE LIGHT.
 COULD I, OR WOULD I?
 THE PERFUME IN MY ROOM IN A
 CASTLE COULD BE A DELIGHT.

LOTTY AND ROSE SING:

JUST THINK OF THE TIME I WILL HAVE TO INHALE
 ALL THE SCENTS, AS MY SENSES START REELING!
 THE FEELING IT GIVES ME I CAN'T QUITE CONVEY;
 OF FRAGRANT WISTERIA AND SUNSHINE.

(They move to a writing table. ROSE
 takes paper, pen and writes:)

ROSE

To Mr. "Z" Box one thousand. The Times. Please
 send..."particulars."

LOTTY

Marvelous!

LOTTY AND ROSE SING:

LET'S HOPE FOR
 WISTERIA AND SUNSHINE!

(LOTTY exits. The lights around ROSE dim
 as a CLAP of THUNDER is heard and the set
 moves off. ROSE dons her raincoat and
 opens her umbrella as the LIGHTS CROSS-
 FADE.)

ACT I

SCENE 2

The SOUND of rain intensifies. From above, a sea of umbrellas descend as well as a sign reading: VICTORIA STATION. PLATFORM 6. HAMPSTEAD HEATH. ROSE crosses CENTER.

#4 - WISTERIA AND FREDDIE**ROSE SINGS:**

WISTERIA... WOULD BE DELIGHTFUL...
 I'M READY NOW, I WANT TO FLY AWAY
 TO BEAUTY...
 I WANT SOME BEAUTY...
 SO LITTLE BEAUTY...
 OH, TO GET AWAY.
 FROM DUTY; THE POOR. AND DUTY;
 THE SICK. AND DUTY...
 THESE MEM'RIES THAT I CANNOT CHANGE.

(ROSE crosses into her home.)

I SAW HIM ON THE FLOOR,
 OUR LITTLE FREDDIE THERE,
 WITH TOYS ENOUGH TO SHARE.
 AND THEN PERHAPS A LITTLE SISTER;
 BUT THAT NEVER HAPPENED.

I HEARD HIS SIGHS,
 I FELT HIS CRIES,
 I SAW HIS EYES!

OUR FREDDIE HAD...
 EYES LIKE FRED'RICK
 HAIR LIKE FRED'RICK.

(The SOUND of a door opening and closing.)

ROSE

Frederick?

(FREDERICK ARBUTHNOT, an attractive man on the precipice of middle age, dressed in evening clothes, peeks in.)

FREDERICK (O.S.)

Hello? Rose? Are, are you waiting up for me?

ROSE

Yes, well, only because, I-I wanted to—

ROSE SINGS:
EYES LIKE FRED'RICK...
HAIR LIKE FRED'RICK...

ROSE (cont.)

Were you at a party?

FREDERICK

Yes, at Lord and Lady Dester's?

ROSE

Dester?

FREDERICK

Yes, Dester. Certainly you've heard of the Desters? They're in all the papers. Oh, that's right, you don't read the papers. Anyway, it was their daughter's engagement party to Lord Darlington. Quite a bash, I must say. Everybody was there.

(ROSE looks to him.)

Not to worry, I went as my "nom de plume" B.D. Baxter. Your reputation is quite safe.

ROSE

How reassuring. Have they all read your books?

FREDERICK

Yes, I believe they have.

ROSE

And they still invited you?

(FREDERICK turns, hurt.)

And how did Mr. Baxter do? Was he charming? Cavalier? Debonair?

FREDERICK

Me, debonair? No, but I'm flattered you think I could be. Made a good joke or two at dinner, though. Lady Dester laughed. The daughter, Caroline, didn't seem too keen on the whole affair. Kept slipping away. More than likely to avoid being grabbed by every male in the room, regardless of the circumstances. A looker that one is.

(ROSE looks at him.)

Not that I've ever grabbed, or looked! Lord, no. She thinks I'm old and boring.

ROSE

How do you know she thinks that?

FREDERICK

Because she said, "Baxter, you're old and boring."

(An awkward pause.)

I started a new book.

ROSE

Really? Does it contain the word "lurid" or "titillating" in the

(MORE)

ROSE (Continued)
title?

FREDERICK
"Lurid," actually.
(Another pause.)
So...were you waiting up for me?

ROSE
No, not at all. Well, yes, I—I wanted to... I wanted to tell you...
I should go to bed.

FREDERICK
No, please. Don't leave. Tell me about your day.

ROSE
Well, I was at the club and I met this most interesting woman...We
started talking...well, we talked about... Oh, nevermind. I met
with the Vicar.

FREDERICK
Ah, the Vicar.

ROSE
We are to buy boots for the poor. In Cheapside.

FREDERICK
I see. How fortunate for the poor.

ROSE
(Summoning her courage.)
Frederick, I'm thinking of, well, I'm entertaining the idea of going
to Italy for the month of April.

FREDERICK
Are you?

ROSE
Yes. I would like to go, I want to go—

FREDERICK
Really?

ROSE
Unless you need me—

FREDERICK
It's a splendid idea!

ROSE
But if you need me—

FREDERICK
No, no. Do it. You should. Enjoy yourself for a change. I have
(MORE)

FREDERICK (Continued)

to start that wretched book tour, anyway. How much will you need?

(He moves to a desk, and writes a check.)

ROSE

Oh, no, no, no, I shall use my nest egg—

FREDERICK

Nonsense. I have plenty. I would like to do it. Would two hundred pounds be enough?

ROSE

No, no, please, nothing so extravagant. One hundred. One hundred would be more than plenty.

FREDERICK

One hundred it is then.

ROSE

You could write the other hundred to the Parish Charities.

(Hands her the check.)

FREDERICK

Here you go. One hundred pounds. I shall let the poor fend for themselves.

ROSE

Thank you. It's...very generous. But if you need me to stay, you need only say the word.

FREDERICK

Really...?

(He turns from her.)

#5 - EVERYTHING WAS CHANGED

FREDERICK SINGS:

**YOU MEAN THERE'S JUST A WORD?
JUST ONE WORD TO CHANGE YOUR TACK?
I'VE TRIED EVERY WORD I KNOW,
BUT I ALWAYS SEE YOUR BACK AND NOT YOUR
EYES LIKE ROSIE...
HAIR LIKE ROSIE...**

FREDERICK (cont.)

No. I'm glad you're going.

ROSE SINGS:

YOU'RE SOMEONE I DON'T KNOW.
 YOU LEFT ME YEARS AGO
 AND EVERYDAY SINCE THEN
 WE'VE BOTH LIVED HERE ALONE TOGETHER.
 OH, HOW DID THAT HAPPEN?

FREDERICK SINGS:

WE SIT NIGHT AFTER NIGHT.
 WE SMILE BUT NEVER SPEAK,
 A TEAR SLIPS DOWN YOUR CHEEK.
 WE SEEM TO BE JUST THROWN TOGETHER.
 OH, HOW DID THAT HAPPEN?

FREDERICK (cont.)

You'll enjoy Italy.

ROSE

Yes, I thought as much.

FREDERICK

You used to love to
 travel...

ROSE

I used to love to
 travel...

FREDERICK AND ROSE

Until.

ROSE AND FREDERICK SING:

EVERYTHING WAS CHANGED IN A SECOND.
 THIS WAS NOT THE LIFE THAT HAD BECKONED.

FREDERICK SINGS:

I COULDN'T GET IT THROUGH TO YOU
 THAT IT WAS NEVER DUE TO YOU
 THAT FREDDIE DIED AND LEFT US.

ROSE AND FREDERICK SING:

WHEN HE LEFT, THEN WE LEFT
 AND HERE WE ARE GONE TOGETHER.

FREDERICK

(He touches her arm. She pulls away.)

At least you'll get some sun. Miserable weather here.

ROSE

Yes...

ROSE SINGS:

AND WE'RE MISERABLE IN IT.
 IRONIC, BUT IT'S TRUE
 I LOST HIM, THEN LOST YOU.
 A CHILD WE ALMOST KNEW.
 WE LOST WHAT WE HAD KNOWN TOGETHER.

ROSE AND FREDERICK SING:
 DID I LET THAT HAPPEN?
 EVERYTHING WAS CHANGED IN A SECOND.
 THIS WAS NOT THE LIFE THAT HAD BECKONED.

ROSE SINGS:
 MY LIFE IS DANGLING ON A ROPE,
 MY LOVE IS LOST WITHOUT SOME HOPE;
 I CAN NO LONGER BEAR IT...

OH, FRED'RICK

ROSE SINGS:
 I NEED TO GO...
 IF I DON'T GO...
 I'M SURE I'D NEED TO LEAVE.

I LOVE YOU SO,
 IF I DON'T GO
 THERE WILL BE NO REPRIEVE.

FREDERICK SINGS:
 YOU'RE SOMEONE I DON'T KNOW.
 YOU LEFT ME YEARS AGO
 AND EVERYDAY SINCE THEN
 WE'VE BOTH LIVED HERE ALONE
 TOGETHER.
 OH, HOW COULD IT HAPPEN?

WE SIT NIGHT AFTER NIGHT.
 WE SMILE BUT NEVER SPEAK,
 A TEAR SLIPS DOWN YOUR CHEEK.
 WE SEEM TO BE JUST THROWN
 TOGETHER.
 OH, HOW DID THAT HAPPEN?

ROSE AND FREDERICK SING:
 EVERYTHING WAS CHANGED IN A SECOND.
 THIS IS NOT THE LIFE THAT HAD BECKONED.

ROSE SINGS:
 YOU WROTE THE BOOKS I DREAD,
 I HELPED THE POOR INSTEAD
 CAUSE FREDDIE DIED AND LEFT
 US.

FREDERICK SINGS:
 HOW CAN I GET IT THROUGH TO
 YOU
 THAT IT WAS NEVER DUE TO YOU
 THAT FREDDIE DIED AND LEFT US.

ROSE SINGS:
 THEN I LEFT

FREDERICK SINGS:
 THEN I LEFT

ROSE AND FREDERICK SING:
 AND HERE WE ARE GONE TOGETHER.

SO YOU/I MIGHT AS WELL LEAVE,
 LEAVING'S BETTER THAN TO GRIEVE.
 AND IT WON'T BE MISERABLE IN IT'LY
 MISERABLE AS LONDON IS...

ROSE (cont.)

Well... Good-night, then.

FREDERICK

Yes...good-night.

(They stand facing each other.)

ROSE AND FREDERICK SING:
EYES LIKE FREDDIE,
HAIR LIKE FREDDIE,
WE WERE SO ALIVE WITH FREDDIE.
HE WAS SUCH A JOY
OUR DARLING LITTLE BOY.

ROSE

Thank you again for the...

(ROSE exits, leaving FREDERICK alone. The
lights:)

BLACKOUT.

ACT I

SCENE 3

Lights up on the WOMEN'S CLUB.
 LOTTY enters, a letter in hand. ROSE
 enters from the opposite direction.

LOTTY

It's called San Salvatore and it's owned by a Mr. Briggs of London. It has beds enough for eight, exclusive of servants, three sitting-rooms, battlements, dungeons—we might not need a dungeon but one is always nice to have—and electric light. And it's only...

(LOTTY stands stunned.)

ROSE

What? It's only what?

(ROSE takes the letter and reads.)

Sixty pounds! That's a small fortune.

(Back to the letter.)

And the servants' wages are extra! Then there will be food, and the rail out and home!

LOTTY

Don't you have your half in your nest egg?

ROSE

That's not the point!

(Reading.)

And the man wants references!

(LOTTY snatches the letter, dismayed.)

LOTTY

References!?

ROSE

From a solicitor.

LOTTY

References?

ROSE

Or a doctor.

LOTTY

But references?!

ROSE

Or a clergyman.

LOTTY

The only reference I have is the man who sells me fish. Whatever shall we do?

ROSE

We shall do without.

LOTTY

Do without!? But...I see us there?

ROSE

I know you do, but...

(A thought hits.)

I don't understand why I'm doing this, but...we shall find two others to share!

LOTTY

Marvelous idea! But what about the references?

(ROSE thinks a moment.)

ROSE

I'll take care of the references! You take care of the others!

(ROSE exits. LOTTY moves to the desk, pulls out a piece of paper and writes. The ad appears on the scrim.)

LOTTY

Needed: Women to share just a slice of heaven in April...

(Lights up on LADY CAROLINE in her bedroom and MRS. FISHER in her parlor reading the newspaper.)

MRS. FISHER

Heaven...

LADY CAROLINE

In April...

MRS. FISHER & LADY CAROLINE

Fifteen pounds!

MRS. FISHER

Overpriced.

LADY CAROLINE

Perfect.

(LIGHTS CROSS-FADE to:)

SCENE 4

ACT I

The room of MR. BRIGGS, a respectable-looking man in his 30s. ROSE enters and hands him the envelope.

BRIGGS
All of it?

ROSE
Is that all right?

BRIGGS
Of course.

ROSE
Now about the references...

BRIGGS
To whom should I make the receipt?

ROSE
Mrs. Rose Arbuthnot. So about the references—

BRIGGS
(He moves to his desk and writes.)
You can send them 'round.

ROSE
But I was thinking—

BRIGGS
(Thunder.)
Nasty day, isn't it? You'll find the old castle has lots of sunshine, whatever else it hasn't got.

ROSE
But you see, my hope, my intention, rather, was to pay in advance so that we would have no need of references.

BRIGGS
Really?
(He looks to her.)
Is your husband going?

ROSE
Ah, well, you see, my husband...rather, I...I'm afraid that my husband...

BRIGGS
Oh! Oh, yes, of course, yes I understand. Forgive me. I didn't mean to pry. The war took so many young men, didn't it?

ROSE

Yes...it did. There were a great many tragedies because of it.

BRIGGS

I am so sorry. Of course references will not be needed.

ROSE

You're very kind.

BRIGGS

It's the least I can do. I'm off to Italy as well. Business...in Rome.

ROSE

Are you?

BRIGGS

Yes. April in Italy. There's nothing like it.

(He hands her a receipt.)

There you are. Now...I've got money, and you've got San Salvatore. I wonder which "got" is best.

(He laughs just a little too much.)

ROSE

Thank you, Mr. Briggs.

(She starts to leave.)

Oh, and our plan is to have four of us ladies.

BRIGGS

Four?!

ROSE

They will need no references, I can assure you.

BRIGGS

May I ask who they are?

ROSE

I don't know. But their character will be beyond reproach.

BRIGGS

If they are your friends, I'm sure that goes without saying.

ROSE

Thank you, again.

(She offers her hand. He takes it.)

BRIGGS

My pleasure.

(She tries to go, but he holds her fast.)

ROSE

Ah, I'll have that back if you don't mind?

(She points to her hand.)

BRIGGS

Oh, I'm sorry, yes. I suppose you'll need that.

(They laugh. ROSE exits.)

Enjoy San Salvatore.

(ROSE stops looks back to BRIGGS, then continues off.)

Rose Arbuthnot. Rose...pretty name.

#6 - GLANCE AT ME

BRIGGS SINGS:

**SO MANY THINGS TO ATTEND TO.
FIRST, I MUST WRITE TO THE STAFF,
TELL THEM THERE'S SOMEONE TO TEND TO...
AND YOU KNOW, SHE MADE ME LAUGH.**

**SO MANY THINGS TO ARRANGE FOR...
THE WAY THAT THE LIGHT CAUGHT HER HAIR...
DON'T BE A HALF-WIT NOW, OLD MAN, JUST BEWARE!
CAN'T LIVE A FANCY! IT COULD NEVER BE!**

**THERE ISN'T A CHANCE...
DID I SEE HER GLANCE AT ME?**

(The lights...)

BLACKOUT.

ACT I

SCENE 5

The lights rise on the WOMEN'S CLUB.
LOTTY enters, waving two envelopes.

LOTTY

We have two responses!

ROSE

Only two?

LOTTY

We only need two. The first is... Lady Caroline Dester!

(The lights rise on a fashionable parlor.)

ROSE

Dester? Why does that name sound familiar?

LOTTY

Because she's Lady Caroline Dester! She's the most beautiful, the most elegant, the most...everything! She's going to marry Lord Darlington, the fifth Duke of something or other.

ROSE

(It hits her.)

Oh, good lord!

LOTTY

It's in all the papers—

ROSE

I know who she is. No, Lotty, we cannot have her.

(They move into the Dester's parlor.)

LOTTY

Why?

ROSE

Because...we can't, is all! She'll ruin everything.

LOTTY

She couldn't possibly. She's the most beautiful, the most elegant the most everything—

LADY CAROLINE (O.S.)

I-said-no!! Judas Priest, stop badgering me, Mother! I know what's expected and I don't care!! Damn the woman!

(She enters, a note in her hand, slams the door, then spots LOTTY and ROSE. She)

(immediately smiles with ease, and grace:)

LADY CAROLINE (cont.)

Oh, hello.

(LOTTY and ROSE smile. LADY CAROLINE regards the note.)

One of you must be Mrs. Wilkins.

(LOTTY curtsies.)

How do you do? And you are Mrs. Ar-BUTH-not.

ROSE

AR-buthnot. Mrs. Frederick Arbuthnot.

LADY CAROLINE

I'm Lady Caroline Dester. Do pardon the outburst. My mother and I were having a...discussion. One of many, I'm afraid. Would you like some tea?

(LOTTY nods.)

ROSE

No, thank you.

(LOTTY shakes her head.)

We just came round to speak with you about our holiday.

LADY CAROLINE

Yes, it sounds just what I need.

ROSE

But, we have some reservations.

LADY CAROLINE

Reservations? About?

ROSE

You and us.

LADY CAROLINE

You? Have a reservation about me? Shouldn't it be the other way 'round?

ROSE

Perhaps, but it is our holiday.

LOTTY

What she means is, why do you want to go with us?

ROSE

One can only imagine the friends and the possibilities one of your station can afford. So why, on earth, would you want to come to so quaint, so remote, so antiquated, a place as San Salvatore?

LADY CAROLINE

Remote is exactly what I wish.

ROSE

Are you sure? There will be no room for Lady's Maids.

LADY CAROLINE

Excellent, for I shan't bring one. I want to get away from being waited on and looked over and grabbed at. I loathe being grabbed. I need to think. To sort things out.

LOTTY

Then a holiday sounds just what you need.

ROSE

But, Lotty—

LADY CAROLINE

More a rest cure.

ROSE

But Lotty!

(To LADY CAROLINE.)

Perhaps you might be more comfortable...elsewhere.

LOTTY

But Rose...I see her there.

LADY CAROLINE

I beg your pardon?

LOTTY

I-I s-see you there, in the g-gardens.

LADY CAROLINE

Really? How intriguing. I change my mind. I will go. Good day.

(LADY CAROLINE moves off.)

ROSE

Oh, Lotty. Who is the other one?

(They move to MRS. FISHER'S place. LOTTY opens the other envelope and reads as they move to MRS. FISHER'S place.)

LOTTY

It's a Mrs. Fisher.

MRS. FISHER

This Lady Caroline person. Will she be disruptive?

ROSE

I don't see why—

MRS. FISHER

For I shall not tolerate disruptions of—

(LOTTY points to a photograph.)

LOTTY

Rose, look at these. Did you really know Tennyson?

MRS. FISHER

Yes. Do you doubt the personal, hand-written signature on my photograph?

LOTTY

No, of course not. Did you know Keats?

MRS. FISHER

No, and I didn't know Shakespeare either.

LOTTY

I thought I saw Keats the other day.

MRS. FISHER

I beg your pardon?

LOTTY

In Hampstead, crossing the road in front of that house, you know the house where he lived.

MRS. FISHER

You saw Keats!?

ROSE

Lotty, not now. We must be going.

(ROSE grabs LOTTY and drags her to the door. LOTTY stops her.)

LOTTY

Uh-oh.

ROSE

No, Lotty, no.

LOTTY

I see her there.

ROSE

Do you see everybody there.

LOTTY

Mrs. Fisher. You must come. I see you there.

ROSE

She's not feeling well.

MRS. FISHER

What? You "see" me?

LOTTY

Yes, there. At the c-castle, in Italy. I see it's just what you need.

ROSE

Lotty!

MRS. FISHER

How could you possibly presume to see what I need?

LOTTY

We all need little peace and quiet every now and again. A room over-looking the sea where one can sit and reflect.

MRS. FISHER

Yes...yes. To reflect.

LOTTY

And remember the happier times.

(MRS. FISHER looks to LOTTY.)

MRS. FISHER

Very well, I shall come. I will be there on the first.

(The lights go out on MRS. FISHER'S apartment. ROSE and LOTTY move CENTER.)

ROSE

Well, I suppose there's no getting out of it now. The only thing left is...

LOTTY AND ROSE

Mellersh.

(LOTTY nods. ROSE exits.)

#7 - "A SOLICITOR'S WIFE"

(LOTTY takes a deep breath, girds her loins, turns and enters the FLAT. LIGHTS CROSS-FADE to...)

ACT I

SCENE 6

The WILKINS' FLAT. MELLERSH, a handsome, distinguished and overbearing man in his 30s, enters, a napkin in his collar, carrying a plate of apricot tart. LOTTY hangs up her hat and coat, then joins him at the table. He sits and takes a final, satisfying bite.

MELLERSH

My dear...

#7 - "A SOLICITOR'S WIFE" (CONT.)MELLERSH SINGS:

YOU HAVE OUTDONE YOURSELF,
SIMPLY OUTDONE YOURSELF.
YOU'RE TURNING OUT QUITE NICELY,
QUITE NICELY, FOR ME.

I WAS WORRIED FOR A TIME,
IT WAS QUITE AN UPHILL CLIMB.
THOUGH IT'S DIFFICULT TO SEE,
YOU MIGHT, JUST QUITE, TURN OUT TO BE
A HALF-WAY DECENT SOLICITOR'S WIFE FOR ME.

LOTTY

I'm...pleased you're pleased.

MELLERSH

I am.

(LOTTY begins to clear the table.
MELLERSH takes out a pipe fills it.)

MELLERSH SINGS:

I'D HAVE AN ADVANTAGE...
YES, AN ADVANTAGE.
A WIFE LIKE YOU IS HELPFUL
AND JUST WHAT I NEED.

NOT TOO PRETTY, NOT TOO PLAIN,
NOT TOO BRIGHT, BUT NOT INSANE!
YOU'RE NOT CLEVER, NEVER RUDE,
YOU'RE NOTHING TOO OUTSTANDING! YOU'D
BE A HALF-WAY DECENT SOLICITOR'S WIFE FOR ME.

THINGS AT THE OFFICE ARE GOING WELL.
AND APRIL IN LONDON'S A LOT LIKE HELL!
NORWAY IS COLD. GERMANY'S OLD.

FRANCE HAS THE FROGS AND HOLLAND'S ALL BOGS.
 RUSSIA'S NOT THERE. THE IRISH JUST GLARE.
 AUSTRIA, PORTUGAL, SWITZERLAND, HUNGARY ALL TO PLAIN!
 THERE'S SPAIN...NO!
 THAT'S WHY I'M THINKING OF TAKING YOU
 TO ITALY...FOR EASTER.

(A deafening CRASH from the kitchen.)

MELLERSH (cont.)

Lotty?

LOTTY (O.S.)

Yes...

MELLERSH

Are you all right?

LOTTY (O.S.)

Yes...

MELLERSH

Did you hear me? About taking you to Italy for Easter?

LOTTY (O.S.)

Yes...

MELLERSH

Well, I couldn't very well go without you. Besides a second person is always useful for holding things, for waiting with the luggage. Did you hear me? I'm-going-to-take-you-to-Italy.

LOTTY

(Peeking out.)

Yes, I heard and its, it's, extraordinary, really, quite extraordinary, I was just standing in there wondering at really the most extraordinary coincidence.

(Easing into the room.)

You see I was just, you really will never believe it, I was just going to tell you how, how, how I have been invited, a friend has invited me, for Easter as well, Easter is in April, isn't it?

MELLERSH

Lotty, do come out with it!?

LOTTY

A friend, a good friend of mine has a house there.

MELLERSH

Where?

LOTTY

In Italy. A house in Italy.

MELLERSH

What of it?

LOTTY

She has invited me to her house in Italy for April.

MELLERSH

What part of April?

LOTTY

All the parts. Every bit of April.

MELLERSH

Well, you won't go. Do you really have a friend?

LOTTY

Yes, I do, and she's taking me to Italy.

MELLERSH

No, she isn't.

LOTTY

Why isn't she?

MELLERSH

Because I'm taking you to Italy.

LOTTY

But how can you take me to Italy when I'm already there?

MELLERSH

But you're not there!

LOTTY

I'm not there yet, but I will be!

MELLERSH

Yes, you will be! With me!

#8 - THE JOURNEY

MELLERSH SINGS:

**I'LL GO GET THE TICKETS
STOP THE POST AND PAPER.
WE'RE LEAVING NEXT WEEK.**

LOTTY

No!

MELLERSH SINGS:

**IT'LL TAKE ME THAT LONG TO
FINISH UP AT WORK.**

(As he sings LOTTY exits and returns with)

(her suitcase. Then affixes her hat,
puts on her coat.)

LOTTY (cont.)
Mellersh, I said, "No!"

MELLERSH SINGS:
WE'LL LEAVE SUNDAY MORNING
SPEND THE DAY IN BRIGHTON.

LOTTY (cont.)
Mellersh, please!

MELLERSH SINGS:
WE'LL SIT ON THE BEACH!

LOTTY (cont.)
Did you hear me?

MELLERSH SINGS:
THERE'S NOTHING TO SAY, LOTTY,
YOU SHALL GO WITH ME!

LOTTY (cont.)
Argh!!

(LOTTY trudges OFF STAGE.)

MELLERSH
Lotty...? Lotty...? What the devil...?
(He looks around.)
Well, damn.

(He sits and opens his paper as the lights
fade to...)

BLACKOUT.

ACT I

SCENE 7

An impressionist painting of a busy VICTORIA STATION appears on the backdrop. LOTTY and ROSE enter from opposite sides of the stage, coats on and carrying their luggage.

#8 - THE JOURNEY (CONT.)

LOTTY AND ROSE SING:
HE WON'T EVEN MISS ME

LOTTY SINGS:
HE CAN READ HIS PAPERS!

ROSE SINGS:
AND GO TO HIS CLUB!

LOTTY AND ROSE SING:
IF HE HAD CARED AT ALL

(They see each other and come together
CENTER.)

LOTTY SINGS:
HE'D TELL ME, "GO!"

ROSE SINGS:
HE'D TELL ME, "STAY!"

(As they sing they arrange their luggage into a train's bench seat. The SOUND of STEAM then the SOUND of a TRAIN chugging out of a station is HEARD. THE MUSIC CHANGES as LOTTY and ROSE sit in their "seats" and jostle with the imaginary train. They "Victoria Station" is replaced by images sign slides off as a painting of the dreary and foggy English landscape appears on the backdrop and continues to change periodically throughout the scene.)

ROSE SINGS:
I LEFT A NOTE.

LOTTY SINGS:
I JUST WALKED OUT.
I COULDN'T STAY ANOTHER MINUTE
WITH THAT LOUT!

ROSE SINGS:
YES, I HAVE NO DOUBT.

LOTTY SINGS:
ROSE, WAIT YOU LEFT A NOTE FOR HIM?

ROSE SINGS:
HE STAYS AWAY DAY AFTER DAY.

LOTTY SINGS:
OH, ROSE....

ROSE SINGS:
IT'S FRED'RICK'S WAY.

(THE MUSIC CHANGES as a BOAT HORN sounds,
 deep and low. The women rearrange their
 luggage into "deck chairs.")

(LIGHTS RISE on FREDERICK at home reading
 Rose's note.)

FREDERICK SINGS:
"DEAR FRED'RICK, I'M LEAVING TODAY, IT IS APRIL FIRST
ITALY CALLS ME AWAY FOR A MONTHS HOLIDAY!
WE BOTH NEED A REST AND I'M TAKING MINE NOW..."

I'M GLAD SHE'LL BE GONE FROM THE POOR
AND THAT VICAR WHO MAKES HER A SLAVE.

ROSE SINGS:
OH, THAT WAVE!

(BOAT HORN SOUNDS as ROSE doubles over.)

LOTTY SINGS:
I SEE YOU THERE.
ALL WILL BE CLEARER ONCE YOU'VE ARRIVED.
YOU'LL UNDERSTAND...

ROSE SINGS:
UNDERSTAND WHAT?

LOTTY SINGS:
WHAT YOU WILL NEED TO BE BACK IN HIS ARMS.

ROSE SINGS:
MUST THIS BE ABOUT FRED'RICK!

LOTTY SINGS:
I SEE THAT IT'S FRED'RICK, FOR YOU!

ROSE SINGS:

AND FOR YOU IT IS MELLERSH COMPLETELY.
 YOU SEE INSIDE OTHERS SO WELL
 WHILE REFUSING TO GLIMPE YOU, SO NEATLY.

LOTTIE SINGS:

ROSE YOU ARE CERTAINLY RIGHT?
 THERE'S A FAULT IN MY SIGHT.
 IF ONLY MELLERSH WANTED ME FOR A WIFE
 WHO IS NOT JUST FOR SERVING.
 I NEED TO BE CHERISHED AND LOVED
 (I AM) TO BE SOMEONE WHO MERITS DESERVING.

IS THAT TOO MUCH TO ASK?
 IS THAT TOO MUCH TO WANT?

ROSE SINGS:

IF YOU WANTED ALL THESE THINGS,
 AND YOU NEEDED ALL THESE THINGS,
 THEN WHY DID YOU MARRY HIM?

LOTTY SINGS:

BECAUSE HE ASKED.
 NO ONE HAD ASKED.
 AT LEAST HE ASKED.

(The two of them sit a moment. THE MUSIC
 CHANGES as a light rises on MELLERSH,
 half dressed for work, a button missing
 on his vest.)

MELLERSH SINGS:

A BUTTON IS MISSING. I CAN'T DO WITHOUT!
 A DAMNED INCONVENIENCE—WIVES GADDING ABOUT.

(He rips off his vest and puts on a
 different one.)

MELLERSH SINGS: (CONT)

WHILE SHE IS AWAY,
 I'LL GET WORK DONE TODAY.
 I CAN'T DENY IT, I FEAR,
 IT'S AWFULLY QUIET IN HERE.

(The lights rise on MRS. FISHER and LADY
 CAROLINE, on a different train, crammed
 together; their luggage arranged as train
 seats. LADY CAROLINE is surrounded by
 trunks.)

MRS. FISHER

Where are we now?

LADY CAROLINE
(Under her breath.)

In hell.

MRS. FISHER SINGS:
HOW LUCKY WE ARE TO HAVE MET ON THE TRAIN.

(She drops her book.)

MRS. FISHER SINGS:
PLEASE FETCH THAT, I CAN'T QUITE, BECAUSE OF MY CANE.

(LADY CAROLINE hands it to her rises and paces and takes a drag on her cigarette.)

MRS. FISHER SINGS:
OH, DO PUT THAT OUT!
AND STOP PACING ABOUT!

LADY CAROLINE SINGS:
I'VE HEARD THIS MADDENING REFRAIN!
GOOD LORD, IT'S MOTHER AGAIN!

MRS. FISHER
Where are we now?

LADY CAROLINE
Still in hell.

ROSE SINGS:
WE'RE JUST LEAVING PARIS AND NIGHTTIME IS HERE.

MRS. FISHER
What?!

LADY CAROLINE SINGS:
TORINO! JUST PASSED IT?

MRS. FISHER SINGS:
GOOD LORD, THE FRONTIER!

LADY CAROLINE SINGS:
I'LL KILL HER I SWEAR
TIE HER DOWN TO HER CHAIR
AND DISAPPEAR!

WOMEN SING:
WISTERIA AND SUNSHINE...
PLEASE SAY YOU'RE NEAR!

(Lights rise on MR. BRIGGS' office. He sits at his desk and checks his watch.)

BRIGGS SINGS:

PAST GENOA TO NERVI, WILL THEY SEE THE SIGN?
 CAN ROSE READ DIRECTIONS, I'M SURE SHE'LL BE FINE.
 SHE'S SURELY GOT GRIT,
 LIKE THE GIRL WHO'S GOT "IT"
 SHE'LL FIND HER WAY THERE!

BRIGGS AND FREDERICK SING:

I'M SUDDENLY SEEING HER EVERYWHERE!

MRS. FISHER (cont.)

Where are we now?

LADY CAROLINE

On a bloody train for bloody ever!

WOMAN SING:

A VILLA, ITALIAN, NOT TOO FAR FROM ROME.
 A PLACE TO REPOSE AND RECLINE!
 THE AIR IS SO CLEAN, SO MUCH FRESHER THAN HOME.
 WE'LL BASK IN WISTERIA AND SUNSHINE!

MEN SING:

ITALY, WITTILY,
 SPELLBOUND A WOMAN AND SHE COULD NOT DECLINE!
 ADMITTING HERE, SITTING HERE,
 WISH SHE HADN'T LEFT FOR THAT DAMNED ITALIAN SUNSHINE!

(LOTTY and ROSE move off the train and
 move DOWN CENTER.)

WOMAN SING:

A VILLA, ITALIAN, NOT TOO
 FAR FROM ROME.
 A PLACE TO REPOSE AND
 RECLINE!
 SO WE CAN RETURN SO MUCH
 NICER TO HOME.
 WE'LL BASK IN WISTERIA AND
 SUNSHINE!

MEN SING:

ITALY, WITTILY
 SPELLBOUND A WOMAN AND SHE
 COULD NOT DECLINE!
 ADMITTING HERE, SITTING HERE,
 WISH SHE HADN'T LEFT FOR THAT
 DAMNED ITALIAN SUNSHINE!

(A HUGE CLAP of THUNDER resounds.
 Everyone looks up. ROSE AND LOTTY look
 at each other.)

LOTTY

Damn!

BLACKOUT.

ACT I

SCENE 8

The MUSIC continues into the scene as the gray and blue light of dawn rises, the stage and levels are the same as in ACT I and as the lights rise, the stage transforms into an Italian villa: flowers grow, trees and shrubs move on as SAN SALVATORE blooms before our eyes, abundant with flowers and plants, the sea in the background.

(As the stage "transforms" LOTTY enters in a loose robe, her hair down.)

#9 - IN DREAMS**LOTTY SINGS:**

ALONE ON A HILL, AND A MONTH BY THE SEA...
 IN DREAMS...
 I HAVE SEEN THIS...
 FELT THIS...
 TOOK A **BREATH.**

NO DREAM COULD COMPARE, NOW...
 SWEAR NOW
 THIS IS **REAL.**

HERE I WILL EMBRACE,
 ALL THE BEAUTY AND THE GRACE?
 ALL THE MAGICAL SOUNDS.

A GARDEN FULL OF CHARMS
 I'LL JUST TAKE IT IN MY ARMS!
 IT ABOUNDS!

FEEL THAT LOVELY BREEZE?
 SMELL THE FRAGRANCE OF THE TREES.
 TRULY GOD'S OWN DESIGN.

(She spots a WISTERIA vine beside her.)

LOOK, WISTERIA...

(As she picks the blossom, the lights rise.)

AND SUNSHINE.

**MY DREAM IS FULFILLED NOW,
 STILLED NOW,
 I CAN REST.**

**STRANGE THOUGH, VISIONS CHANGE...UH-OH
OH, MELLERSH, I SEE...HIM...HERE...**

(ROSE enters, who wears a silk oriental robe, her hair also down.)

ROSE

Good morning.

LOTTY

Good morning.

(Holds up the wisteria.)

Imagine. Wisteria.

(She offers the bloom to ROSE who ignores it. LOTTY kisses ROSE warmly on the cheek.)

I swore to myself that the first thing to happen in this house would be a kiss.

ROSE

Dear Lotty.

LOTTY

Dear Rose. Were you ever, ever in your life so happy?

ROSE

Yes...long ago.

(LOTTY looks to her. ROSE wanders away as MRS. FISHER appears on her battlement and LADY CAROLINE ambles on.)

ROSE (cont.)

Look. It's Lady Caroline.

LOTTY

I didn't expect her until this afternoon.

ROSE

She treading on the lilies.

LOTTY

They're hers as much as ours.

ROSE

Only one-fourth of them.

LOTTY

(Calling to LADY CAROLINE)

Hello!

(MRS. FISHER sees them and hurries back inside.)

When did you arrive?

LADY CAROLINE

Yesterday morning.

ROSE

It's a pity, because we were going to choose the nicest room for you.

LADY CAROLINE

I've already done that.

ROSE

I see.

LOTTY

And we had meant to make it all pretty for you with flowers.

LADY CAROLINE

Francesca did that. She's the housekeeper and the cook.

ROSE

It's a fine thing, of course, to be independent, and to know exactly what one wants.

LADY CAROLINE

Yes, it saves trouble.

ROSE

But one shouldn't be so independent, as to leave no opportunity for others to exercise their benevolences on one.

LADY CAROLINE

Benevolences? Is that what you're exercising?

LOTTY

(Jumping between them.)

Have you had breakfast?

LADY CAROLINE

(Replacing her glasses.)

Yes. In my room.

ROSE

I was under the impression that all meals—

LOTTY

I didn't realize you were so pretty.

LADY CAROLINE

Yes. I've been told that before.

LOTTY

Why... You're... You're lovely.

LADY CAROLINE
 ...That's kind of you.

LOTTY
 Quite, quite lovely.

ROSE
 I hope you make the most of it.

LOTTY
 Come, Rose.

ROSE
 Because, it won't last.

(LOTTY pulls ROSE toward their rooms and exits.)

#11 - SICK OF BEAUTY

LADY CAROLINE SINGS:
ALONE ON A HILL AND A MONTH BY THE SEA...

**I'VE MADE THE MOST OF IT
 BUT BEAUTY'S INANE.
 THE MEN I KNOW LOVE IT
 AND THOSE MEN I CAN'T ENTERTAIN.**

**SICK OF BEAUTY,
 TIRED OF LIVING MY LIFE ON DISPLAY
 TIRED OF GRABBERS, THEY'RE SUCH A CLICHE.
 TIRED OF MEN WHO SHOULD JUST GO AWAY.**

**MOTHER'S SOLD ME
 TO A RICH MAN TO SAVE FATHER'S FACE,
 TO DECLINE HIM WOULD BE A DISGRACE
 BUT MY HEART ISN'T UP FOR THIS RACE.**

**I KNOW
 WHAT'S EXPECTED FROM ME AND MY KIND
 BUT TO LET IT PLAY OUT AS DESIGNED
 SCARES ME TO DEATH, I FIND.**

**I CAN'T GO BACK THERE.
 HE IS THERE WAITING.
 I'M SO OFF TRACK THERE
 SO I'M STUCK DEBATING.**

SOMEHOW
I HAVE GOT TO FIND SOMETHING TO CURE
THIS MALAISE FULL OF WRETCHED ALLURE.
BUT I AM SO UNSURE.

I WANT MAGIC:
I WANT MORE THAN A TITLE OR HEIR.
I WANT SOMEONE WHOSE LIFE I CAN SHARE:
LIKE A COUPLE OLD SHOES MAKE A PAIR.

I NEED MAGIC:
THAT WOMAN SAID SHE SAW ME HERE,
WAS I SMILING OR SHEDDING A TEAR?
SHOULD I STAY...OR DISAPPEAR?

(The lights fade to...)

BLACKOUT.

ACT I

SCENE 9

The DINING ROOM. MRS. FISHER enters with her walking stick and sits at the table.

(She SMACKS a small gong and waits. She SMACKS it again. Nothing. Then she SMACKS it like a madwoman.)

FRANCESCA

No, signora, quest' mia gong. [No, signora, this is MY gong.]

MRS. FISHER

Dove sono l'altri? [Where are the others?]

(FRANCESCA shrugs.)

Batti ancora il gong. [Beat the gong again.]

(FRANCESCA hammers on the gong.)

Lax, lax, lax. That Lady Caroline! Spoiled. That's what she is, spoiled. Expects everyone to tend to her every need.

(She points to a pillow on a chair.)

Francesca, per favore, bring me that pillow and then bring the breakfast.

(FRANCESCA gets the pillow.)

Behind my back. Dietro la mia prate posteriore.

(She puts it behind MRS. FISHER'S back.)

Grazie. Giusto servalo, pronto. [Just serve me, quickly.]

FRANCESCA

Si, signora.

(Under her breath.)

È un dolore. [She is a pain.]

MRS. FISHER

I heard that!

(LOTTY and ROSE enter. LOTTY has a wisteria blossom in her hair.)

ROSE

There's still Mrs. Fisher—

(They enter the dining area and see MRS. FISHER. They stop, dead.)

MRS. FISHER

Yes?

ROSE

You're here, too?

MRS. FISHER

Evidently.

(ROSE sits on one side of MRS. FISHER as LOTTY moves toward LADY CAROLINE and waves. LADY CAROLINE turns from her.)

ROSE

It's a great disappointment because we had meant to give you such a welcome.

MRS. FISHER

Then I'm glad you didn't. I don't need a welcome, I need people to be on time.

(FRANCESCA enters with a tray of tea things.)

Tea or coffee?

ROSE

Ah...Coffee.

(MRS. FISHER pours.)

I do feel as though I should be offering you coffee rather than the other way 'round.

(LOTTY crosses to the table and sits.)

LOTTY

I suppose you realize, don't you, that we've got to heaven? I'm positively tingling all over!

MRS. FISHER

Well, stop it.

(ROSE and MRS. FISHER stare at her. ROSE turns to MRS. FISHER.)

ROSE

I hope your room is comfortable.

MRS. FISHER

Sufficient, though rather small.

ROSE

Mrs. Fisher, perhaps you would like to take a relaxing bath after your long journey.

MRS. FISHER

Not in that tub. Didn't you see the sign? "Pericoloso." You can't turn the water off or the confounded thing will explode. Who ever heard of anything so ridiculous? Even in France you can turn the water off. You might not want to get into the filthy stuff, but you can turn it off. No, a sponge bath in my room will do.

(To ROSE.)

Here, let me give you a little more coffee.

ROSE

No, thank you. But won't you have some more?

MRS. FISHER

No, indeed. Would you like an orange?

ROSE

No, thank you. Would you?

MRS. FISHER

Do you always answer a simple question with the same question?

ROSE

Not always...Do you?

(MRS. FISHER stares at her.)

Do pardon me, I'll attend to my duties.

MRS. FISHER

What duties?

ROSE

Well, the meals for instance. What time would you like to have dinner?

MRS. FISHER

Dinner is at eight thirty.

ROSE

I shall tell Francesca.

(ROSE starts to the kitchen.)

MRS. FISHER

Francesca knows. Lady Caroline took care of it.

ROSE

Really?

MRS. FISHER

Yes, I can't go into the kitchen because of my stick. If I were able to go, I fear I shouldn't be understood for whereas Lady Caroline speaks the Italian of cooks, I speak, as it were, the Italian of Dante.

ROSE

But it was my understanding, that it was our duty to care for the running of the house.

LOTTY

But, Rose, no, don't you see! It's too wonderful! We've got positively nothing to do, except be happy.

(To MRS. FISHER.)

You wouldn't believe how terribly good we have been for years without stopping.

MRS. FISHER

No, I wouldn't and I wouldn't care. Now if you could only get "her

(MORE)

MRS. FISHER (Continued)

ladyship" off of that chaise lounge and up here to breakfast. I cannot go out to her because of my stick.

LOTTY

Perhaps she doesn't want breakfast.

MRS. FISHER

Nonsense. Who wouldn't want breakfast? Everyone eats breakfast. It's the best meal of the day. Go and fetch her.

ROSE

Mrs. Fisher is quite right.

LOTTY

But she—

ROSE

Come along, Lotty. We must take care of our guest.

(ROSE rises and strides to LADY CAROLINE.
LOTTY follows.)

LOTTY

But she's fine, she just wants to be—

(ROSE ignores her and stops in front of
LADY CAROLINE. LOTTOMY "studies" LADY
CAROLINE.)

ROSE

We are afraid you are not well.

LADY CAROLINE

I have a headache.

ROSE

I'm so sorry. Shouldn't you have some tea or coffee?

LOTTY

I expect what would really be best for her is to be left quiet.

(LOTTY pulls ROSE away.)

ROSE

But—

LOTTY

She only wants quiet.

ROSE

But—

LOTTY

Rose. Quiet.

(LOTTY leads ROSE back to the house.)

ROSE

I'm afraid Lady Caroline has a headache. Do you know what "aspirin" is in Italian?

MRS. FISHER

The proper remedy for headaches is castor oil.

LOTTY

But she hasn't got a headache.

MRS. FISHER

Tennyson suffered at one period terribly from headaches and he constantly took castor oil as a remedy. He took it, almost to excess and called it, in his interesting way, the oil of sorrow.

LOTTY

But she hasn't got a headache! She only wants to be left alone!

MRS. FISHER

I am sure I don't know why you should assume Lady Caroline is not telling the truth.

LOTTY

Because when I was out there just now, I...I saw inside her.

MRS. FISHER

Really!

(LOTTY pulls ROSE off.)

LOTTY

Rose, let's go for a walk. Have a lovely day, Mrs. Fisher.

ROSE

Don't get too much sun.

MRS. FISHER

I shan't get any sun.

(LOTTY and ROSE exit. MRS. FISHER is left alone at the table. She looks around, awkwardly. Then looks toward LADY CAROLINE.)

MRS. FISHER (cont.)

I hear you are not well.

(LADY CAROLINE ignores her. MRS. FISHER rises and moves to the edge of the patio.)

I-hear-you-are-not-well!

LADY CAROLINE

(To herself.)

You can hear, too bad you can speak.

(MRS. FISHER makes her way down to LADY CAROLINE.)

MRS. FISHER

Now you take my advice and not neglect what may very well turn into an illness. Your mother would wish— Have you a mother?

LADY CAROLINE

If anyone ever had a mother, it is I.

MRS. FISHER

You should go inside—

LADY CAROLINE

I don't want to go inside. If I wanted to go inside, I would be inside. What I want to do here is think. To be left alone to clear my mind and find some answers.

MRS. FISHER

Nonsense. Answers to what?

LADY CAROLINE

Life, Mrs. Fisher. What I want in life. Oh, you wouldn't understand, you're like mother.

MRS. FISHER

I should say that what a young women like you should want is a husband and children.

LADY CAROLINE

That's what mother says and that's what mother wanted, and she's been miserable her whole life. Tell me, Mrs. Fisher, is that what you wanted?

MRS. FISHER

Y-yes, yes, of course.

LADY CAROLINE

And were you happy?

MRS. FISHER

With Mr. Fisher?

(Too convincingly.)

Certainly. I was perfectly happy. He was everything my father wanted. He had a fine intellect and fit-in perfectly at my father's table and like my father, demanded only the best from all around him.

LADY CAROLINE

Sounds more like a Head Master than a husband? And children? Where

(MORE)

LADY CAROLINE (Continued)

are your children?

MRS. FISHER

Mr. Fisher never wanted children and that was best. So you see, things work out, so I shouldn't trouble my head if I were you with answers. Women's heads weren't made for thinking, I assure you. I should go to bed and get well.

LADY CAROLINE

I am well.

MRS. FISHER

Then why did you send a message you were ill?

LADY CAROLINE

I didn't.

MRS. FISHER

Then I've had all the trouble of coming out here for nothing?

LADY CAROLINE

But wouldn't you prefer coming out and finding me well, than coming out and finding me ill?

MRS. FISHER

Really! I mean...really!

(MRS. FISHER exits. LADY CAROLINE pours herself a glass of Champagne.)

LADY CAROLINE SINGS:

**IT'S A SWEET THOUGHT...
WITH A HUSBAND AND KIDS; IT WOULD SEEM
LIKE A STORYBOOK PICTURE'S THE THEME
BUT AT MY AGE DARE I EVEN DREAM?**

**ONE OF MILLIONS
IF I MET HIM WOULD I EVEN KNOW?
WOULD I THINK HE WAS QUITE APROPOS
IF HE WERE TO SHOW?**

**MY HEAD IS SPINNING?
MY THOUGHTS ARE RACING?
IS IT BEGINNING
THIS "SOMETHING" I AM CHASING?**

**ONE OF MILLIONS
AND I DON'T LIKE THE ODDS THAT I SEE
SWIRLING QUESTIONS ARE ALL AROUND ME,
I JUST NEED SOME TEA.**

**MAKES ME DIZZY
ALL THESE THOUGHTS IN MY HEAD RUNNING ROUND,
THEY'RE CONFUSING, YET DEEPLY PROFOUND.
IS THE ANSWER HERE...**

(LADY CAROLINE pauses and looks around.)

**LADY CAROLINE:
NOT A SOUND.**

BLACKOUT.

ACT I

SCENE 9-A

The lights rise on LOTTY and ROSE lounging in the sun.

LOTTY

I've been thinking about Mellersh.

ROSE

What on earth for?

LOTTY

I keep seeing him here. The first day I saw him in the garden; Yesterday I saw him taking a swim; the day before I saw him overlooking the sea; last week I saw him going into the bath.

ROSE

Well, that's disturbing?

LOTTY

I try to ignore it, but the more I do, the more I see him. I can't make heads or tails out of it. It did occur to me that I've been a "mean dog."

ROSE

What are you talking about?

LOTTY

All the time I was planning to go to Italy by myself, he was planning to go to Italy...with me. He had never done such a thing—be thoughtful—and I was horrified.

ROSE

I don't blame you.

LOTTY

But I behaved like a "mean dog." He has every reason to be both angry and hurt. So, I'm going to write and tell him.

ROSE

Tell him what?

LOTTY

About San Salvatore.

ROSE

You mean about the advertisement and your nest egg and all?

LOTTY

Good heavens, no, I'm not an idiot. I'll tell him that when he comes.

ROSE
When he comes?

LOTTY
I must invite him to come and stay with us.

(ROSE looks at her, shocked.)

ROSE
Oh, Lotty, no.

LOTTY
But I have to.

ROSE
Please, no.

LOTTY
Rose, don't you see. I'm stuck. I'm unstuck here, but as soon as I go back, I'll be stuck again; unless he comes to this place and we can be "unstuck" together.

ROSE
But Lotty...

#13 - IN DREAMS (REPRISE)

ROSE SINGS:

WE'VE SPENT WEEKS AND WEEKS CRAFTING EACH DETAIL:
TO GET AWAY, TO REST, TO BE ALONE.
I'VE TRIED TO SEE IT YOUR WAY—I'VE GONE ALONG!
BUT NOW, TO BRING HIM HERE, I CAN'T CONDONE!

LOTTY SINGS:

SEE HIM—TRY TO BE HIM—HE NEEDS WHAT IS HERE!
I NEED SECOND CHANCES, ROMANCES TO APPEAR!

ROSE SINGS:

WE'VE SPENT WEEKS AND
WEEKS CRAFTING EACH
DETAIL:
TO GET AWAY, TO REST,
TO BE ALONE.
I'VE TRIED TO SEE IT

ROSE SINGS: (cont.)

YOUR WAY—
I'VE GONE ALONG!
BUT NOW TO BRING HIM HERE,
I CAN'T CONDONE!

LOTTY SINGS:

SEE HIM—TRY TO BE HIM—
HE NEEDS WHAT IS HERE!
I NEED SECOND CHANCES,
ROMANCES TO APPEAR!

ROSE SINGS:

LIFE'S NEVER QUITE AS SIMPLE AS A VISION OR A HOPE!
THINGS ARE NEVER SOLVED BECAUSE YOU "SEE"!
I HAVE SEEN SOME THINGS AND THEY NEVER ONCE CAME TRUE.
I HAVE HOPED AND DREAMED AND WISHED AND PRAYED!
NOW THAT I AM HERE, MAGIC SEEMS SO FAR AWAY.
LONDON WAS HOME! HOW I WISH I'D STAYED!

LOTTY SINGS:

BE PATIENT AND OPEN—WE'VE NOT EVEN BEEN HERE A WEEK AND A
DAY!

LOTTY

You must open your heart and let this place in.

ROSE

Oh, Lotty, sometimes I think you're such a...

LOTTY

Fool? Idiot? Dreamer? I am...and hopeful. That's why I will
write him.

LOTTY SINGS:

"MELLERSH, I LEFT TOO QUICKLY. I'M SORRY, NOW.
I'M HERE AT LAST. IT'S EVERYTHING I HOPED."

LOTTY (cont.)

"Please. Come and join me at this wondrous place as soon you can.
Your Lotty." I am going to go down to send Mellersh a telegram.
Care to join me?

ROSE

Thank you, no. I...I want to think.

LOTTY SINGS:

DON'T THINK TOO LONG.
WRITE TO HIM NOW.
HE WILL COME.
WRITE HIM.

(LOTTY exits, leaving ROSE alone.)

BLACKOUT.

ACT I

SCENE 10

Evening. A light rises on the dining table with MRS. FISHER already in her chair, food on the table, waiting. Then the lights rise on LADY CAROLINE in her room. She wears a beautiful evening dress pours herself a tall glass of wine and takes long drink. FRANCESCA enters and smacks her gong. LADY CAROLINE looks toward FRANCESCA, downs her wine and pours another.

MRS. FISHER

Nobody! Again, nobody!

FRANCESCA

Lax-a, lax-a, lax-a.

MRS. FISHER

Lax, lax, lax.

MRS. FISHER (cont.)

The food is going to be cold! Squillilo ancora il gong. [Ring it again.] And loudly!

(FRANCESCA goes to the stairs and WHACKS the gong several times then exits. MRS. FISHER sits at her place as LOTTY and ROSE exit their rooms.)

ROSE

Do you know how to say, "throw-the-gong-away" in Italian?

(LOTTY laughs as she and ROSE move to the dining area. In her room, LADY CAROLINE pours herself another glass and drinks.)

LOTTY

Good evening, Mrs. Fisher.

MRS. FISHER

Am I the only one here who knows how to tell time?

LOTTY

We're just fashionably late.

MRS. FISHER

No, you're just late. And where is Lady Caroline? Is she ever going to be on time! She's doing this just to provoke me.

LOTTY

Oh, I don't think she's trying to provoke anybody.

(LADY CAROLINE finishes her wine and starts down.)

MRS. FISHER

Really. And how do you know? I suppose you've seen inside her.

LOTTY

Well, yes, actually. Not to worry. She'll work it out and be right as rain, in time, in this place. Besides, one doesn't provoke in heaven.

MRS. FISHER

(Pointedly at LOTTY.)

Oh, yes one does.

(LADY CAROLINE enters.)

LADY CAROLINE

Good evening.

MRS. FISHER

Do you have any idea what time it is?

LADY CAROLINE

No.

MRS. FISHER

It's nearly 8:45! You know we can't start without you.

LADY CAROLINE

Why not? I'd start without you.

MRS. FISHER

Really!

LOTTY

That's a beautiful dress, Lady Caroline.

MRS. FISHER

You look as if you had nothing at all on underneath.

LADY CAROLINE

I haven't. At least, hardly anything.

(LADY CAROLINE pours herself some wine as everyone starts eating.)

MRS. FISHER

How very imprudent, and how highly improper.

(LADY CAROLINE stares at her. MRS. FISHER stares right back. LADY CAROLINE drinks. Awkward pause, until:)

LOTTY
I've had the most wonderful day...

MRS. FISHER
Again?

LOTTY
Yes, and I've gotten a telegram.
(To ROSE.)
I told you I saw it.

MRS. FISHER
Saw what?

LOTTY
Mellersh.

MRS. FISHER
What's a "Mellersh?"

LOTTY
It's not a "what" it's a whom. Who? Whom?

MRS. FISHER
Who is it?

LOTTY
My husband. I've invited him to come.

MRS. FISHER
You what?

LADY CAROLINE
Why? One's whole idea was to get away from everybody.

LOTTY
Yes, but I find I can't be happy shutting him out. I must share.

(LADY CAROLINE pours herself more wine.)

LADY CAROLINE
What is he like?

LOTTY
Well, he's a wonderful man...almost...and we have three empty beds.
They each ought to have somebody happy inside them.

MRS. FISHER
Really!

LOTTY
(To ROSE.)
Husbands, preferably.

(ROSE gives LOTTY a reproachful look.)

MRS. FISHER

Really! In my day, loose talk about husbands was never encouraged. In my day, husbands were taken seriously, as the only real obstacle to sin. Beds, too, if they had to be mentioned, were approached with caution; and a decent reserve prevented them and husbands ever being spoken of...in the same breath.

(To LOTTY.)

You do realize, don't you, that though there may be three empty beds, there is only one unoccupied bedroom in this house!

LOTTY

Who are in all the others?

MRS. FISHER

We are!

LOTTY

Oh. Oh! What a problem.

LADY CAROLINE

Isn't one room enough for him?

LOTTY

Oh, yes, quite. But then there won't be any room left at all, any room for somebody you may want to invite.

LADY CAROLINE

I shan't want to.

(LADY CAROLINE pours herself more wine.)

MRS. FISHER

I...have a friend.

LADY CAROLINE

I don't believe it.

MRS. FISHER

I do. I do have a friend. Kate Lumley.

LOTTY

That is a problem, for I want Rose to invite her husband, too, though I'm sure she would love sharing her room with him.

ROSE

Lotty!

LOTTY

Well, you would.

ROSE

Even if I would— That's no reason— I mean... Lotty!

(She hurls her napkin on the table and strides to her "place.")

MRS. FISHER

That was rude. Presumptuous and rude.

LOTTY

It's the truth. She wants him here so desperately. It's what I see in her. It's all I see in her.

(She rises from the table.)

Now, please excuse me. It would be a crime to waste this moonlight.

(LOTTY exits. LADY CAROLINE and MRS. FISHER sit alone at the table.)

MRS. FISHER

Lady Caroline.

LADY CAROLINE

Mrs. Fisher. Alone at last.

(LADY CAROLINE empties the bottle into her glass.)

MRS. FISHER

That Mrs. Wilkins...she...sees things.

LADY CAROLINE

So she says.

MRS. FISHER

Do you?

LADY CAROLINE

Not yet.

(LADY CAROLINE raises her glass.)

But soon.

(She downs the rest of her wine.)

#14 - I WISH

MRS. FISHER SINGS:

I WISH...

LADY CAROLINE SINGS:

I WISH...

ROSE SINGS:

I WISH...

(LADY CAROLINE and MRS. FISHER move to their "places.")

ROSE SINGS:
I WISH I HAD HER VISION.

LADY CAROLINE SING:
I WISH THIS WAS HEAVEN.

MRS. FISHER SINGS:
I WISH I HAD THE KEY
TO SEE IN ME...

MRS. FISHER, LADY CAROLINE, ROSE SING:
THE THINGS I'M HOPING FOR.

ROSE SINGS:
SO I COULD SEE IN FRED'RICK'S HEART.

LADY CAROLINE:
SO I COULD HAVE THE ANSWERS START.

MRS FISHER SINGS:
SO I COULD NOT LIVE SO APART.

MRS. FISHER, LADY CAROLINE, ROSE SING:
HOLD STEADY.

ROSE SINGS:
WOULD FRED'RICK NOT RETURN TO ME?

LADY CAROLINE:
COULD "MOTHER'S BOY" NOT YEARN FOR ME?

MRS. FISHER SINGS:
SHOULD I LET MR. FISHER BE?

MRS. FISHER, LADY CAROLINE, ROSE SING:
HOLD STEADY.

(LOTTY opens her doors and watches from
above.)

I HOPED HERE
IN THIS PLACE
I'D FIND A LITTLE PEACE.

LOTTY SINGS:
THE PEACE IS HERE. JUST LET GO.

MRS. FISHER, LADY CAROLINE, ROSE SING:
THE ANSWERS TO THE QUESTIONS
THAT I POSE.
LOTTY THINKS SHE KNOWS.

LOTTY SINGS:
SOON YOU'LL KNOW IT, TOO.

ROSE SINGS:
IF I COULD GLIMPSE WHAT LOTTY SEES...

LADY CAROLINE SINGS:
I'D HAVE MY ANSWERS AT MY EASE...

MRS. FISHER SINGS:
AND NOT BE LEFT WITHOUT THE KEYS!

MRS. FISHER, LADY CAROLINE, ROSE SING:
I'M READY!

(LOTTY takes a blossom of wisteria.)

LOTTY SINGS:
IF YOU'RE READY TO LIVE THEN LET
IT IN.

ROSE, MRS. FISHER,
LADY CAROLINE SING:
I'M READY!

LOTTY SINGS:
IF YOU'RE READY TO LOVE THEN
LET'S BEGIN.

ROSE, MRS. FISHER,
LADY CAROLINE SING:
I'M READY!

LOTTY SINGS:
MORE THAN WISHING MUST FILL THE
VOID WITHIN.

ROSE, MRS. FISHER,
LADY CAROLINE SING:
I'M READY, NOW!

LOTTY SINGS:
I KNOW YOU'LL CATCH THE VISION.
YOU'LL FIND ALL THE ANSWERS.
I KNOW YOU'LL FIND YOUR HEART.

ROSE, MRS. FISHER,
LADY CAROLINE SING:
I WISH TO CATCH THE VISION.
TO FIND ALL THE ANSWERS.
I WISH TO FIND MY HEART.

LADY CAROLINE SINGS:
I WISH...

MRS. FISHER:
I WISH...

ROSE:
I WISH...

LOTTY SINGS:
AND YOU WILL SEE.

ROSE, MRS. FISHER,
LADY CAROLINE SING:
I WISH TO SEE.

BLACKOUT
END ACT I

INTERMISSION