



Lemon Dream

(A Play)



Luciano E. DeSanctis

Copyright

LEMON DREAM © 2020 Luciano DeSanctis ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.
THERE CAN BE NO PRODUCTION OF ANY KIND, INCLUDING
BUT NOT LIMITED TO READINGS, WITHOUT SPECIFIC
WRITTEN PERMISSION.

Caution: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that Lemon Dream Three Act Play is subject to royalty. It is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America. All rights, including but not limited to professional, amateur, film, radio, and all other media (including use on the worldwide web) and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved; and any unauthorized use of the material may subject the user to any and all applicable civil and criminal penalties. Photos / Show Logo © Luciano DeSanctis.

(Copyright 1995 by Luciano De Sanctis under original name Dream Island.
RB 205 377 474 US.)



About The Play

LEMON DREAM: deals with family problems and middle school experiences, and features music and dancing.

The Musical Play was created by Luciano E. DeSanctis solely for Donation purpose. LEMON DREAM is a donation community play set up to provide help at raising money for those in need: the profit gained from the play is solely for charity work to provide practical help for homeless people.

Any other means of profit gained is subject to copyright infringement.

The Donation is for any or more organization listed below:

- The Salvation Army
<https://www.salvationarmyusa.org/usn/provide-shelter/>
- Covenant House,
<https://www.covenanthouse.org/donation-options/donate-now>
- Love And Hope In Action
<http://www.lahia.org/donate/>
- Knights of Columbus
<https://www.kofc.org/un/en/charities/knights-of-charity.html>
- The Treasure Coast Awareness Group
<https://www.tcdownsyndromeag.org>

(Download the play and the agreement letter at: www.booksofmine.org)

Cast of Characters

FAITH VICTORIA SAYLOR . . . A plain looking 12-year-old girl, who is discouraged about life, from an autocratic family structure.

LUCINDA YONKER-MALERBA . . . An 87yr. old American Indian artist, famous in the local area.

VIKKI BODE-ROSS . . . 26yr. FAITH'S dominative mother.

ERIKA SCRIBER . . . 26yr. The hypercritical teacher.

GIGO (the child) . . . FAITH'S imaginative playmates.

AKIRA HOSHI . . . 12yr. FAITH'S classmate from an authentic family structure.

BARNABY ROSS . . . FAITH'S 5yr. old brother with autism.

REX ROSS . . . 26yr. FAITH'S egotistical stepfather.

THE THREE GIRLS, Sixth graders . . . FAITH'S ex-girlfriends.

MR. AMAR GURDEEP . . . 60yr. BARNABY'S special education teacher.

WINSTON SAYLOR . . . FAITH'S biological father. A dancer in Broadway musicals.

GIGO (the teenager) . . . FAITH'S imaginative playmates.

THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL CHILDREN . . . Playing at the school playground.

The Play

THE TIME: The first week of November of 1975.

THE PLACE: A deteriorating urban area in Pittsfield, Mass.

Act I THE PLAYGROUND

Scene one. FAITH and AKIRA in Plunkett elementary school playground. Afternoon.

Scene two. FAITH with LUCINDA in the school playground. Moments after.

Act II IN RESIDENCE

Scene one. In the ROSS and SAYLOR'S residence. FAITH with VIKKI, REX and BARNABY. That late afternoon.

Scene two. In the ROSS and SAYLOR'S residence. FAITH with VIKKI, ERIKA and BARNABY. Early that evening.

Act III DREAM ISLAND

Scene one. In FAITH'S subjective world. FAITH with GIGO (*the child*), That evening.

Scene two. By the Sea. Moments after. FAITH with VIKKI.

Scene three. In the Dome. Moments later. FAITH with GIGO (*the teenager*), VIKKI and LUCINDA.

MUSIC

Overture

Skating Along

Freckly Faced Fool.

Don't Hurt Yourself

See The Children Playing

Play Marching

When I Was That Age

Numbers, Numbers

Dream Island

Unity

Faith, You'll Get Through

Dancing In The wind

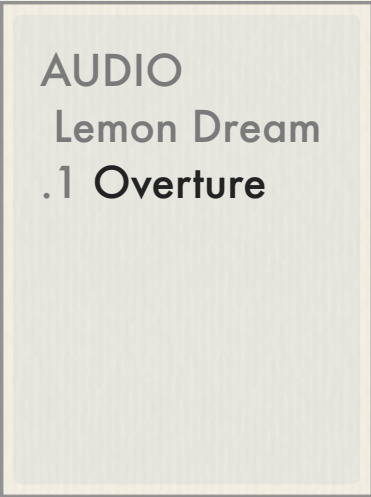
Coda

DOWNLOAD Music: www.booksofmine.org

Poems & Music Page.

Act I Scene I

MUSIC: The Overture is heard.



AUDIO
Lemon Dream
.1 Overture

AT RISE:

SCENE ONE

SETTING: It's a beautiful Indian summer afternoon at the old-school playground.

(Upstage) Among the autumn trees, there are some outmoded playground equipment.

(Downstage right) LUCINDA is seen sitting on the bench. She looks to be a unique individual. She is wearing a colorful denim dress with Indian jewelry, all blending well with her salt and pepper hair, all coiled into a lovely long braid, topped with a black eagle's feather as an ornament. We see the artist at work, being a child herself, joyously sketching, completing a portrait of two first graders playing on the seesaw.

(Downstage left) There's a fountain by the side of the skateboard facility.

(Through the width of the stage) THE CHILDREN are joyfully playing.

MUSIC and LYRIC: Skating Along.

AUDIO
Lemon Dream
.2 Skating
Along

(Some CHILDREN roll in with their skateboards. Singing.)

Skating along

Skating along

Skating along

With the wind, behind me

Roll-Rolling on

In motion, I go

Roll-Rolling on

In motion, I go

Roll-Rolling on on

I'm gliding (Repeat. But everyone on stage joins in, as if to mimic.)

CHILDREN SKATERS

Skating, feels so free

Skating, always be

Skating (Everyone sings Skating.)

CHILDREN SKATERS

Everything moving

Everything moving

Fast by it goes

When skating (Repeat. But everyone joins in.)

CHILDREN SKATERS

Swaying down the curvy road

Waving up the bulgy hills

Swerving by the bulky trees

Rolling through the murky pond

Away we go with the wind

So, free

Everything moving

Everything moving

Fast by it goes when skating. (Repeat. But everyone on stage. Then Music fade.)

LIGHTS: FADE to BLACK.

SETTING: (Downstage) A sign: "PLUNKETT SCHOOL PLAYGROUND"

(Upstage) Among the autumn trees, there's part of the school's track and field.

AT RISE: FAITH is seen running horizontally across the width of the stage. Exhausted and angry, she then suddenly falls on the ground (Center Stage) caused by a cramp attacking her right leg.

FAITH

(Rubbing her right leg. Wails.)

Oh, it hurts! Oh — ooh! (Rubbing the leg until it subsides.) Stinking growing-up pains!

(pauses to catch her breath.) Chances are that it's cancer or something. (Scoffs.) She calls it grown up pains — SOME MOM! (Looks back at Herberg Middle School's across Plunkett Elementary School Playground. Yells in rage.) SOME STINKING SCHOOL — STINKING SKANK TEACHER! (Get up, unzips her long-ragged jacket and straightens her messy hair and then her backpack.) Whew . . . I'm hot. (Looks over the track and field.) Yup, there goes coach O'Connell! I used to be his best runner. (Scoffs.) Damn, I can't race, I can't do shit, all because of babysitting. (A sudden thought with a hurry expression.) Oh crap, Barnaby is waiting!

AKIRA

(From offstage, AKIRA yells.)

Hey Faith, wait up!

FAITH

(Looks back, morosely. FAITH yells back to AKIRA)

What now, Akira? I gotta get going!

AKIRA

Please wait for me.

(After a moment, AKIRA runs to the center stage.) Hey Faith (momentarily stops talking to catch her breath) you are going to tell your parents about her, aren't you?

FAITH

(Looking stoutly.)

Why, you're telling yours?

AKIRA

Of course — everything. You got to tell your parents about what that mean teacher did to us. Please!

FAITH

Sure girl! Go ahead . . . go get more.

AKIRA

What, Punished ? No — not with my parents!

FAITH

Keep it real, girlfriend. Are you telling me that your best buddies with your parents?

AKIRA

Well — aren't you with yours?

FAITH

(Ignores AKIRA'S question.)

Yeah-yeah, sure, and you get no whippings neither.

AKIRA

Well, no, never.

FAITH

Sure Akira!

AKIRA

No, I don't! My parents help me with my problems.

FAITH

(Stunned.)

They what . . . ?

(Voice raises with a disbelieving look.) Girl, don't be lying!

AKIRA

(Defensively.)

I am not lying. We work things out, together.

FAITH

(Dazed, then quickly regains her stoutness with a mocking gesture.)

Is that so . . . well, lucky you.

AKIRA

It's my parent's idea. So, you're going to tell your parents about her, aren't you?

FAITH

Not-a-thing. She'll find out anyway.

AKIRA

(With mouth, open.)

Why — somebody is going to squeal on you? Who Faith . . . who?

FAITH

(Sarcastically.)

Don't you know anything?

AKIRA

Come on, who?

FAITH

(With a frown. She then scoffs.)

You didn't know she's my Mom's best friend. It's been going around Akira!

AKIRA

No . . . Mrs. Scriber . . . honest?

FAITH

No one told you? That's a shocker!

(Thinking.)

Well, I guess you just moved here, that's why.

(Sneeringly.)

You probably never had a skanky witch for a teacher before, huh?

AKIRA

(Reflecting.)

Well — I — I never have. I Never known anyone like MRS. SCRIBER. And she's your mother's friend? Gosh, I'm beginning to understand why you hate middle school so much.

FAITH

(More to herself.)

That's one reason.

AKIRA

I can't believe we were the only ones who had to stay after school. We just talked for a stinking minute! (Agitated.) I can't believe we got double crossed like that!

FAITH

(Frowningly.) She made us an example —get it.

AKIRA

(Looking for an answer.)

What, she's blind? You saw Giocondo spitting spit-balls at Joy, didn't you?

FAITH

Yeah, but —

AKIRA

(Interrupts)

And Chang with her chewing gum, making that ridiculous popping noise.

FAITH

(Smirks.)

Look, she nabbed us for it. Get used to it.

AKIRA

(Shaking her head, irritated.)

I am not a machine to be utilized —better stop singling me out!

FAITH

(Grinning.)

That's the way she'll be girl.

AKIRA

(Talking to herself.)

God, why do I have to have her three times a day?

FAITH

You know, she's really boiling over that stupid gold pen of hers.

AKIRA

Tell me about it, she kept picking my brain about it. I can't believe she told the principal. Who would want her stupid pen anyway?

FAITH

Didn't you know?

(Sarcastically.)

It's supposed to be expensive; her 'Lovie hubby' got it!

AKIRA

(Mockingly.)

Well, whoop-de-doo!

(A short silence.)

She gave you the third degree?

FAITH

(Concerned.)

Yeah.

AKIRA

She thinks you did it, hah?

FAITH

I guess. Or, know who did. Oh, don't worry, she won't quit finding out.

AKIRA

(Voice raises.)

Oh brother, there's no budging with that one, is there?

FAITH

(Gloomy.)

Nope. Be glad she's not your Mama's spy.

AKIRA

What a creepy school! Gee, can't wait till January, we're moving.

FAITH

Your moving again? But, you just moved here.

AKIRA

Not soon enough! We're looking to buy a house in Schenectady, as soon as daddy finishes his nurse training at Saint Luke's Hospital.

FAITH

(A pang of envy with her cold eyes.)

I see —well, you got some luck there. (Looks at AKIRA anxiously.) Well, all righty, I gotta get going and do babysitting for my mama and what have you. So—

AKIRA

Oh — okay, I'll see you tomorrow with my mom.

FAITH

Yup, I guess. Catch you tomorrow, girlfriend.

AKIRA

So long . . . (Both parts offstage.)

LIGHTS: Fade to Black.

ACT I SCENE II

LIGHTS RISES

FAITH

(A moment later, we see FAITH hurrying to get home. Thirsty, she quickly stops at the fountain. She Looks distant and dispirited. She takes a sip of water. Afterwards, FAITH turns a moment to the nearby five storey urban apartment building offstage, beyond the rusted chain-link fence that surrounded the park and begins to feel her stomach turning from anxiety.)

NO — don't tell me that the light is in her bedroom! Oh shit, Mom's home! (puffs.) Oh God, please tell me that she didn't lose her job again. (Puffs.) Damn! Bad enough with detention, now I'm going to have to hear her big mouth on why I was not home on time to watch over her precious boy. (She turns back, drinks again. Thinking) What am I going to say? (Pauses, thinking.) Oh, what's the use, I'm going to be really grounded again! That's what I get for being a bad seed.

(Abruptly, THREE GIRLS appear with their skate boards. They close in, begin to tease by whistling and snapping their fingers at her.)

FAITH

(Alarmed, tries to walk away.)

Leave me be.

MUSIC and LYRIC:

AUDIO
Lemon Dream
.3 Freckly
faced Fool

THE THREE GIRLS

(Rapping. Bullying.)

Freckle face fool

Freckle face fool

Taking her tool (They show-off the gold pen.)

FAITH

(Frightened, she shouts.)

You're all stuck up — a bunch of foolish stuck up stooges!

(Surrounded, her head held high, FAITH tries to walk away again.)

THE THREE GIRLS

(Girls keeps on rapping.)

Teacher the fool

Told on you

Now, Mama gonna beat you

That'll teach you

That'll teach you

They'll put you back in

Plunkett school

(Ends with mocking laughter.)

GIRL I

(A gruff looking GIRL pulled out her stereo plugs from her ears and faced FAITH.)

Hey, ugly! You think you're someone special cause you don't hang out with us no more, hah?

I've told you that I can't hang out with you girls anymore—I gotta watch my brother. (FAITH then makes a repulsive gesture from the odor coming off the girls' clothing.) Whoa! You girls reeking of glue. You been huffing that crap again.

GIRL I

You got a problem with that freckle face?

GIRL II

(Clenching her fist.)

Let me eighty-six the fool! (Surrounded and again, Faith tries to walk away.)

FAITH

(FAITH to GIRL II)

Why don't you go suck a lemon, Sanja!

(GIRL II and GIRL III pushes FAITH toward each other. FAITH pushes them back. Then, GIRL I pulls FAITH to ground. Afterwards, FAITH tries to stand, but GIRL I and II keeps pushing

Faith back to the ground, while GIRL III slips in the golden pen in FAITH'S backpack.)

FAITH

(Shouts.)

I DON'T SQUEAL ON ANYBODY, SO WHY DON'T YOU ALL GO
SUCK A LEMON!

(The THREE GIRLS laugh with mockery.)

GIRL I

Don't worry, freckle face, we aren't going to whip your ass today.

GIRL II

It's going to be your Momma!

THE THREE GIRLS

And then she'll put you back there (points to the old elementary school) in
Plunkett School.

LUCINDA

(As she approaches.)

Girls, now . . . now girls, break it up. Go on now.

THE THREE GIRLS

(Boisterously, they laugh away.)

FAITH'S a thief!

FAITH

(Shouts back. Relieved.)

Am not!

LUCINDA

(Extends a hand to FAITH. FAITH takes LUCINDA'S hand and stands up with dignity.)

(Catching her breath, holding her chest.) Hello child.

(A kind smile.) I have gotten acquainted with every child in the neighborhood but you. You're always in a hurry!

FAITH

(Uneasy with politeness.)

Yeah — I got things to do.

(Changing the subject.)

Well, I was one of those students last Friday, but you didn't see me.

LUCINDA

(Recalling.)

Last Friday . . . oh — yes at the Museum?

(FAITH, nods yes)

That's right, you were with Heberg Middle School.

(FAITH agrees.)

Aw . . . that's too bad that we didn't get the chance to meet up over there. Well, how did you like our little tour?

FAITH

Awesome —you sure know kids for an old lady.

LUCINDA

(A jolly laugh.)

You liked my paintings, uh?

FAITH

(Smiles with admiration.)

Oh yeah, for sure — those are awesome paintings!

LUCINDA

Well, I'm glad to know my paintings have meaning for you.

FAITH

Like I said, you really know kids.

(As they walk toward the bench.)

By the way, I'm Faith Saylor and I live in that (points offstage) blue left building over there.

LUCINDA

(Acknowledging.)

Oh, yes, I know child, I've seen you walking over there with a little boy. We are finally getting acquainted.

I also live nearby (Points to the east side of the stage.) over there on East street. Don't you just love this park? My spirit rises here!

FAITH

(Puzzled.)

But . . . but everything so old here, it's run down, Lucinda?

LUCINDA

(With a chuckle.)

That's what makes it so special. (Gets a new drawing paper ready.)

For many years, it's been a sacred place for me —my sanctuary!

(FAITH doesn't comprehend. A moment after, LUCINDA points at the children in the background.)

You know, you ought to stop and play here once in a while.

FAITH

(In a carefully measured tone.)

Oh, come on . . . I'm too old for that.

LUCINDA

Too old?

(Inquisitively, LUCINDA makes a gesture of wanting to portray FAITH.)

FAITH

(FAITH gives a rebellious look to the white building offstage before nodding and showing pleasure at LUCINDA'S offer. Then FAITH and LUCINDA sits on the bench.)

Yup, too old . . . plus, like I said, I got things to do.

(FAITH poses like a ballerina would, her eyes alive with excitement.)

LUCINDA

(LUCINDA begins sketching in a sober but gentle manner.)

Such as?

FAITH

(Resentfully, ignores the question.)

Just things.

(A short silence. LUCINDA shows a smile, doesn't press the issue.)

I just gotta be home for Barnaby, that's all. He's my five-year-old brother.

LUCINDA

Oh, I see.

(Thinking with concern. Stops sketching.)

Oh, that boy I see you with is your brother. Oh, Child. I hope I'm not keeping you? We can do this —

FAITH

Na-a-aw, don't worry, Mom got off early today and I don't have to watch him.

LUCINDA

How come I never see your brother around here, he's not ill, is he?

FAITH

(With hesitation.)

Naa . . . not really. . .

LUCINDA

Now, spell it out child?

FAITH

(Brushing it off.)

Oh, just nothing!

(Shielding her embarrassment.)

I don't know. We're just not allowed around here, that's all.

LUCINDA

(Resumes sketching with a puzzled expression.)

It's too bad; it's such a nice old park.

FAITH

(Takes a deep breath, becomes assertive.)

Mom wants us home, that's the rule.

You see, Barnaby has this bad condition . . . they call it autism.

LUCINDA

Oh! He's put at a disadvantage, ah child?

FAITH

Yeah, I guess. Because of his condition, he's gotta go to Challenger Elementary School —that's a special learning center for him. * â€˜

LUCINDA

Oh yes, I know the school very well.

Matter of fact, it wasn't long ago — (Stops to recall) — Monday, that's right, I was there a couple of Mondays ago.

(Resumes sketching.) Glorious things happen there, child.

FAITH

(Animated.)

He really digs it there.

LUCINDA

They have magnificent teachers, don't they?

(Thinking.)

Now, is he in Mr. Gurdeep's classroom?

FAITH

For sure!

LUCINDA

(Stops sketching with a chuckle.)

I know Amar Gurdeep quite well. Oh, yeseree, that man is my good friend.

(Resumes sketching.)

FAITH

(With esteem.)

He used to be my Fourth-grade teacher, here at Plunkett. You know, you never get bored in his class—you just never.

LUCINDA

(Chuckles.)

Yes, he's truly an original!

(Recalled.)

I can now picture Barnaby.

FAITH

You've gotta know him, he's real crazy with his paintings.

LUCINDA

(Stops, breaks up laughing.)

Oh yes, I see him clearly now, (Chuckles.) with those little fingers of his; he's out to paint the World over, isn't he?

FAITH

(Giggles.)

He gets himself so messy painting—he's not allowed to paint at home no more, that's for sure!

LUCINDA

He's quite imaginative, that child can artfully express himself very well.

FAITH

(Tittering with passion.)

No kidding, that kid sure can make up things.

LUCINDA

(A short silence, examines Faith's insight, surmising. Then, she springs up with a questing mind.)

Child, you seem so discouraged, what happened with those girls?

FAITH

(A sturdy defense.)

Oh. Them snobs, they just have nothing else to do.

(Fidgety, shrugging her shoulders.)

I guess the older you get, the more stuck-up one gets.

LUCINDA

(With encouraging eyes, a friendly consoling touch.)

Tell me more child.

(Subconsciously, FAITH pulls back. LUCINDA resumes sketching.)

Now, go on, trust me. Go on, go on . . .

FAITH

(Looks up at the sky, depressed in Spirit.)

If you don't breathe it to a soul, Lucinda?

LUCINDA

(Sotto voce. Playfully)

PST! That won't be necessary, now go on, tell me.

FAITH

I used to be friends with them here in Plunkett.

LUCINDA

(Encouragingly.)

And . . .!

FAITH

Well, it started this year in middle school. No one likes me no more.

LUCINDA

I'm listening . . .!

FAITH

(Looks up to the sky, bites her lip, wondering if she should take the chance with the artist.)

You see . . . I can't be doing things my friends do.

Can't be going out —not to mention having a boyfriend —I just don't fit in with them anymore, that's all.

LUCINDA

(Stops with concern.)

Boyfriend! Child, don't fret over it —you're what eleven or twelve?

FAITH

(With a stoutly voice.)

Be thirteen on the 28th of December!

LUCINDA.

Mhmm, next month, you don't say . . .

FAITH

(Looks down with despair.)

I don't think you understand Lucinda, sixth graders are not so cool with people like me.

(Gloomily.)

I'm a year older than everyone in my grade, it can be very annoying at times. Look at me, I'm mixed and I have freckles on my face and arms —I hate it when people see me ugly. The older I get the more of them I get. I don't fit in . . . in anyone's image. The stakes are pretty much against me, don't you think?

LUCINDA

(Resumes sketching.)

I understand, but child, don't go burying yourself in a mask for others.

Mind the mirror, and be!

FAITH

(Looks up to the sky with a disheartened voice.)

Sure. We're talking Middle School here.

(Then to LUCINDA.) Lately, those girls have been nothing but snakes.

They have poison on their tongues!

LUCINDA

Pay no attention. Before long, you'll be stumbling onto new relationships with those who will respect you as you are. It takes time dear.

FAITH

(Disheartened.)

I don't know. I've kind of don't trust relationships.

(Looking at herself.)

Everything is changing LUCINDA.

LUCINDA

(Stops with concern.)

I'm glad you're sharing this with me. Have you talked to your parents about these feelings of yours?

FAITH

(Fidgety, low tone.)

You're kidding, right?

LUCINDA

(Resumes sketching.)

Child, you need to communicate.

(FAITH shrinks back, blots out. Stunned, LUCINDA stops.

Then, compassionately, she moves closer, rubs FAITH'S back as if to say, 'What's wrong?'.)

FAITH

(Bitterly with restless movements.)

Nope! Forget my step dad, Rex, he's too busy with himself. Anyway, I've been one big hassle to both.

(Defying with open contempt.) According to Mom, Barnaby is not her only mistake in her life.

LUCINDA

Oh my . . . it sounds like you're having some difficulty.

But, could you try—you know, in a tactful manner?

FAITH

Nope, I live in a soap drama world. Like I said they're too busy with themselves.

Rex got Mom all worked up now. He's been out more with his friends than with her.

So, she's all cracked up with his drinking or losing him or something—who knows!

Then with Barnaby, they don't take the time to figure him out. So, they kind of leave him be with me, that is! So, it's all pushed on me; I gotta be always looking after him.

LUCINDA

You must feel—

FAITH

I'm losing out. Can't do anything — I'm missing my dancing lessons!

LUCINDA

I hear you.

(Goes back sketching.)

Well then, speak to one of your Grandparents or maybe with a close relative.

FAITH

I don't have any.

(Thinking.) Oh, except my dad, Winston, he's a dancer in a Broadway show.

I finally saw him last year — he got me this awesome foxy dancing doll!

(FAITH saying with compassion.)

We are kind of alike, you know — I'm also really a good dancer — no steps too hard for me.

LUCINDA

Oh well and good!

Have you talked to him, wrote to him recently?

FAITH

Nope. It's just a big hassle.

Mom and Dad don't talk anymore. So, I'm not allowed.

LUCINDA

(Thinking, with concern.)

I see. Then maybe, one of your teachers can help . . .

FAITH

(Taken aback.)

Yeah sure, that's what I need, more of Erika Scriber.

Nope, I don't think so LUCINDA. (Scornful.) I'm not talking to a skank-hag pretending to be a teacher.

LUCINDA

(A half-suppressed laugh in derision.)

A skank-hag? Now child!

(With a facial expression of amusement.)

What else now?

FAITH

(Pours out her soul, scoffing.)

Oh, you don't know how many times I've been judged wrong by that one. She's my math, plus my homeroom teacher. Today, they took her stupid pen and she's too stupid to know who took it.

LUCINDA

A pen?

FAITH

Right, she loves to point it at my face like a knife. (Stirring up to the boiling point.)

She thinks I'm the one who's messing with her. HER PETS DID IT JUST FOR SPITE!

LUCINDA

Oh child!

FAITH

The woman believes anything those three girls tell her, Lucinda.

All they've been doing is playing with her, putting up with her stupid rules.

(With a stabbing gesture.) Until, that woman turns her back.

(A slight pause. LUCINDA shows a gesture of compassion, as she sketches on. FAITH cools off gloomily.)

Erika Scriber happens to be my Mom's best friend. Can you believe that?

What a couple of idiots—can't win—can't do anything with them stupid rules of theirs!

LUCINDA

(Stops. Then, gives FAITH a compassionate touch with her right hand.)

My child, life is full of rules, petty or not, they're here for a purpose.

Without rules, why, there would be chaos. Now, look at our good old Mother Nature, why it's full of rules.

(FAITH, subconsciously, pulls her face away, looks up.

LUCINDA moves closer, soothes FAITH grief with a back rub.) Someday, child, you'll see things in a different light.

FAITH

(Gets up, annoyingly.)

Oh, you don't get it, LUCINDA—they've been on my case—they've killed my life with them rules.

(Gripping her hands in a subdued tone.)

I can't do a thing without them yelping about it.

LUCINDA

(Concerned.)

I understand more than you think I do. Well, let's see now, what can we do?

FAITH

(Looks away.)

Not a thing to do . . . right now.

LUCINDA

(Thinking as she keeps on sketching.)

What, you got plans?

FAITH

(Looks ahead desperately.)

I gotta go from here Lucinda! That's what I really gotta do.

This place is one big dark cloud for me.

FAITH

I'm sick of being looked at with sharp eyes —made a sport of—can't wait to get away from here!

(FAITH looks up into the sky. LUCINDA stops.)

Someday, I'll get the chance, I'll find me a place to go.

LUCINDA

(Gets up, toward FAITH.)

Child! Running away, can't you find a better way?

FAITH

Nope, everything has changed Lucinda . . . I don't fit in with anyone here.

(Looks to the audience.)

It would be neat if I could find me a place like an Island or something like that.

You know, a place where there's just people like me. Yup, I could do things there and be what I want to be. An Island would be cool: kinda like the one I used to — (Breaks-off with embarrassment.) Oh, forget it . . . now, I'm carrying on just like Barnaby!

(A short silence.)

I'll probably go live with my Dad, so I can do dancing again.

I'm just not sure when yet.

LUCINDA

(Rubs her back.)

But child, you do fit in, everyone fits in. Because, we are all a part of each other.

(A slight pause while thinking.)

Have you studied cells, you know in your science class?

FAITH

(Thrown off.)

Very little—why . . . ?

LUCINDA

(A gesture of silence with a joyful smile.)

Well. Your cells, they make up you, your whole body. You see, they're kind of like tiny creatures in a sense. Each one is single-minded, grows and dies by one's self, but they're all connected. They're not alike . . . each type is designed for one purpose for us.

Their mind is part of our mind, so we all work together in unity, being who we are.

You see, each one of us as individuals, are like them cells. We're not alike, we're individual, but we're also a part of each other . . . a part of God.

FAITH

(Unimaginable, with skepticism.)

Yeah, well. . .

LUCINDA

(Grabs FAITH'S shoulders.)

Child, you're one beautiful bright girl, a part of the universe with a purpose.

Don't lose heart on yourself!

You'll be cheating your life away, as well as everyone you'll come to be connected with.

FAITH

Really? Everyone . . . you mean in the whole world?

LUCINDA

Really! Everyone in wholeness.

MUSIC: "Don't Hurt Yourself."

AUDIO
Lemon Dream
.4Don't Hurt
Yourself

(LUCINDA sings.)

Don't hurt yourself

And give up the chance

To be free

Give yourself a chance

To grow

With love

Don't hurt yourself

And give up the chance

To be free

Give yourself a chance

To grow

With love

Beauty is you

One day you'll see

Beauty bears no sin

Only love springs in

Don't hurt yourself

And give up your chance

To be free

Give yourself a chance

To grow

With love

Don't hurt yourself
And give up your chance
To be free

With loving yourself
You'll be a free spirit

With loving yourself
You'll be a free spirit

With loving yourself
You'll be a free spirit

(She smiles, rubs her shoulders for the last time. Then, goes to the bench.)
You know child, you remind of me very much when I was your age.
Back then, I was one bad Whippersnapper!

FAITH

(Giggles.)
What's that?

LUCINDA

(To herself, as she sits down holding her chest in discomfort.)
Darn heartburn.

LUCINDA

(To FAITH, with a silly smile.)

That my child is an old word used to describe overconfident children who get in mischief.

You know, the ones that don't follow grown-up rules.

FAITH

(Takes it with pride.)

That's me for sure!

(Pause. Then, slumped on the bench.)

You like grown-up rules now?

LUCINDA

(With a soft laugh, she goes back sketching.)

I have learned to respect them.

I know, I know, some, can get under your skin sometimes!

FAITH

How can you stand it?

LUCINDA

One trick, is to keep yourself in the center of your emotions, instead of following it blindly on its rim. This way, you'll be able to see it coming, and you won't get so emotionally caught up in it!

It's all in the way you react child, that's what matters.

(A kindly smile, showing an artist's eye, as she goes into the last detail of her work.)

FAITH

That must be an Indian philosophy?

LUCINDA

It helps! (A soft laugh followed. Then, with a sincere look in her eyes.)

You know, it's a form of mindfulness meditation that allows to focus on yourself.

FAITH

(A brief silence followed, Ignoring LUCINDA'S last comment.)

What tribe are you anyway?

LUCINDA

Well, Father was a Mohican decent from Stockbridge. I remember him only from early childhood. He was very sick and he died with kidney and liver failure. Mother was from Dutch descent and her people migrated here from Albany. (With a silly face.) So, that makes me half and half, eh?

FAITH

Hey, Ditto! (A soft giggle.)

LUCINDA

Oh, yes — Ditto! (Chuckles.)

But I was born here in Pittsfield.

FAITH

Not on a reservation?

LUCINDA

No. My Mother worked at the Museum here in town as an exhibit designer. There's an honor plaque bearing her name in the front hall of the Museum. I was her only child born here and I must tell you that being the only Indian-Dutch among all those Irish and Italian whippersnappers — well, I don't wish it on anyone

FAITH

(Sympathetically.)

Going to school must have been a real bummer, aw?

LUCINDA

Oh, yeseree, I was bullied — made fun of — pushed around — tripped — elbowed, and of course being excluded from social activities simply because I was different. I became ashamed that I had Indian blood in me.

;

FAITH

How did you handle the pressure?

LUCINDA

Well, (Recalling.) I spent most of my time in the museum with Mother. It was there that I found my talent, and there I was inspired to become an artist.

FAITH

I can relate. I'm totally inspired too — in dancing that is. But I'm going nowhere living here.

LUCINDA

I understand, however, running away won't do. I remember when mothers short-lived boyfriend who didn't like me, seriously overstepped his boundaries with me during one of his blind rages, and Mother chose to ignore my cries for help. I exploded and ran away to Albany. I found myself wandering the streets of the city alone and scared. Mother came after me, of course. The next day, I never saw my mother so scared out of her wits when she came to the Police Department . . . right there, I knew I was loved

(A sigh escaped FAITH'S lips. LUCINDA continued, as if speaking to an adult.)

I was lucky that I wasn't possibly raped or killed, or that I didn't end up selling myself or becoming a drug addict. I was very lucky because I had a mother who truly cared.

FAITH

Well — I don't have a mother that cares enough!

LUCINDA

I would think you do. You Know, not all parents are complete geniuses! Some, for whatever reasons, have forgotten the way of children. Then, there are those with fear in them; they are governed by blind sinful prejudice that has swallowed up their minds. Most parents treat their children just so because they believe they are doing the right thing. You see, they have feelings too, and they don't want to lose out, becoming incompetent parents.

FAITH

(With cold eyes.)

Nope, I won't let her slide.

LUCINDA

At some point, you are going to need a different point of view, child. You ought to take my advice and talk to someone in your school. I'm sure your guidance counselor can direct you to proper family counseling.

FAITH

(Resentfully.)

Nope, no way! I don't trust any of those people!

LUCINDA

(Worriesome.)

Well, you need to trust someone, or else you're going to get yourself in a heap of trouble.

FAITH

I'm not going to get in trouble, because, as soon as I get the chance, I'm going to go live with Daddy

LUCINDA

Child, there's a right way of doing things and a wrong way, and you running away is the wrong way;

FAITH

(A thought came to mind. Pleading.)

Would you help me find the right way? I don't trust anyone, but you.

LUCINDA

Oh — well — of course. (Chuckles) I'm around here most of the time, that is, until the winter sets in.

FAITH

(Smiles with admiration. Realizes that she has finally found her role model.)

You know, I think we're kind of alike. From now on, I'm going to be just like you, Lucinda. (Rethought the remark.) That is as a dancer.

LUCINDA

Well, I'm flattered! However, my child, you need to nourish and build your own individuality.

FAITH

(Disappointed at the remark.)

Me, really but how can someone like me do that, Lucinda?

LUCINDA

It's all in your point of view. I have learned that we live in unity in two worlds at the same time. One is the world within us, while the other is the world around us. The world within creates the world without. The world within is mental and spiritual; the world without is material and physical. The inner governs the outer, always. The outer reflects the inner. These two worlds are not two separate worlds. They are two different levels of the same world. You see, child, the world is mental. All is in the mind. The universe is mental; as above, so below, as within, so without. This is secret knowledge. The problem with most of us humans is that we tend to be so wrapped up with the world outside that we tend to overlook the inside world. Child — you're overlooking the great advantages of that world within. (LUCINDA signed her name on FAITH's portrait.)

FAITH

Sounds to me like you're talking kids' stuff. I don't get it, you mean my imagination?

LUCINDA

Oh, it's much more child. You see, since the beginning of our childhood, we naturally begin to cultivate our artistry. We all start out the same way, searching for artistic truth. Only very few of us achieve it successfully.

(LUCINDA points her pencil to FAITH's head.)

It's all inside child! Someday, when you're ready, when you do knock on its door, when you do find yourself, in some way — you'll find your bliss. (LUCINDA gives FAITH the portrait.)

FAITH

(Faith looked at her portrait, and gasped at the clear vividness of the picture.)

That's me? (Looking with wide eyes of disbelief. She then erupts into giggles.)

LUCINDA

That's you. (Lucinda chuckled as she put her things away.)

FAITH

(At the portrait.)

She looks like me . . . but with a difference.

LUCINDA

It's what I see when I look at you.

(FAITH read the writing with a puzzled look on her face.)

I have great confidence in your strong range of vision, your friend Lucinda.

LUCINDA

(Aware of FAITH'S confusion.)

Guard your senses well my child, don't let the world outside pollute you with poisonous thoughts. Someday, you'll fully understand me, then, you'll learn to be loyal to yourself.

FAITH

It all sounds kind of neat, but I'm sure I'll never be a dancer like my Daddy, unless I do what he did and leave this place. (Pause.) Well, Mom keeps telling me that my dancing lessons is a waste of my time. Even if that were true, I still love my dancing; it's the best thing in my life! Oh well, I'm longing for the day that Mom gives in and lets me go back to my ballet school.

LUCINDA

Well, I hope that it is very soon. Cause dancing is not a waist of your time. Go with your instinct, child, find a way to keep up with your training, and don't stop dreaming. It's because of the little girl inside me that got me to love my art.

FAITH

Sounds like you've been playing your life away, kind of like Mr. Gurdeep.

You still play at your age?

LUCINDA

I play my part, child. Be convinced, become the dance you dance, the song you sing, the very thing you play. (FAITH looks on with a doubtful face.)

I know child, it's not easy to face family problems. (Rubs FAITH'S back.) Perhaps one day, you'll give it a whirl at playing your part. It's all in your trusting nature.

(VIKKI shouts from offstage with a disturbing aggressive voice.)

Hey Faith — hey girl!

(LUCINDA and FAITH turn offstage, surprise).

FAITH

Yeah! (Faith shouted back.)

VIKKI

Get your ass in here now!

FAITH

(FAITH grudgingly stood up.)

Coming! (Slid her backpack off her shoulders and slid in all she could of the portrait inside the pocket of her three-ring binder notebook.)

So-long Lucinda, I'll catch up with you later — okay! (FAITH slips her backpack on her shoulders and slowly walks away.)

LUCINDA

(In sympathy, LUCINDA nodded with a compassionate smile.)

Of course, my little whippersnapper . . .

(She whispered, holding her chest in discomfort. To herself.)

MUSIC: See the Children Playing."

AUDIO
Lemon Dream
.5See The
Children
Playing

(LUCINDA Sings, as she walks around the children.)

See the children playing

Hear the squeals of joy

Down on the seesaw

Fun for girls and boys

Such freedom to be
Who they really are
Always in search of
all things near and far

Problems, come and go
Such a puzzling world
A solver game

Each child gives it a whirl
By games they learn
By days they grow

See the children playing
Hear the squeals of joy
Up on the seesaw
Fun for girls and boys

See the children playing
Hear the squeals of joy
Freedom in childhood
Cares not in sight

God in his heaven

Making things all right

(To the audience.)

God in his heaven

Making things all right

Making things all right

(She then looks away from the audience.)

LIGHTS: FADE to BLACK.

ACT II SCENE I

SETTING: It's later in the afternoon, in FAITH'S residence.

Besides FAITH'S room, the stage shows orderly area in contrast with all the tattered and worn furniture.

FAITH'S ROOM is located on the down-right part of the stage: an untidy room scattered by some of BARNABY'S toys and things; a Chorus dance doll lays neatly on the pillow of her made-up bed, a pair of old tap shoes on her night table by her night-lamp, more dolls and things on an old faded out desk. A poster of her favorite Ballerina dancer from a Broadway production is seen posted on her wall above the bed.

THE KITCHEN is Offstage, only the breakfast table and booth chairs are shown, facing the upper right side of the stage, with kitchen entrance on its side. On that table, lay the daily mail, an open bottle of beer, and an ashtray full of smoked cigarettes.

THE LIVING ROOM: couch and entertainment center.

There are four doors that goes Offstage: The kitchen, parent's bedroom, brother's room and the other is the front door.

MUSIC and LYRIC: Play Marching

AT RISE:

AUDIO
Lemon Dream
.6 Play
Marching

BARNABY walks in FAITH'S room, playing, vocalizing with himself, as he marches along, deranging FAITH'S room with his ruler. He's wearing both his father's wrist guard and his slippers.

BARNABY

Bang-bang. . .

Daddy bang-bang. . .

Bang bang. . .

Daddy bang-bang. . . .

MUSIC FADES

LIGHTS FADE to BLACK: In FAITH'S room.

LIGHTS RISES: In the LIVING room.

VIKKI

(VIKKI is feverishly looking through the window for FAITH. Looks strained by stress, smoking her cigarette.)

She's at it again — Messing around! Damn it girl, you got another thing coming!

(Takes another puff, walks to the breakfast table, puts down her cigarette on her ashtray. Then, sips her beer down, begins scanning through her mail. The telephone rings.)

Hello? . . . I'm doing fine . . . I guess. Now look Mr. Gurdeep, we talked it over, we don't have time for this seminar—

(Pause. She takes a puff, annoyed by MR. GURDEEP'S interruption.) I know, so it's free . . . But . . . I don't need a lecture on how to raise my kids. Whose idea is this anyway?

(Agitated.) Believe me, I don't need schooling.

(Pause. Takes another puff, controlling herself.)

Yeah . . . OK. (With artificial smile.)

How's Barnaby doing anyway? . . .

VIKKI

(With a concerned look.)

I know Mr. Gurdeep, he loves music, painting and all that. But, I was more concerned about his alphabets and numbers you know —is he picking up or what?

(Pause.)

Well . . . I know it takes time . . . but I have not seen any improvements yet —I want to see him change for the better, you know what I mean?

(Pause.)

If he's trying.

(laugh off.)

OK. I'll pass the word out--I just don't have time for that sort of thing. . .

(Pause.)

OK, if I change my mind. . . OK. Mr. Gurdeep . . . so long.

(She shakes her head in annoyance, and then goes back to mail while sipping her beer.)

REX

(Off-stage, from their bedroom. Annoyingly angry.)

Hey Vikki!

VIKKI

(With a tired voice.)

Yeah, what?

REX

(Comes out of the bedroom. To VIKKI.)

What's the story here? I took off work early to get my stuff, and now I see that I'm missing my wrist guard; damn those kids?

VIKKI

What? Come on, chill and tell me what's going on!

REX

(Looking helpless, with a disturbed tone.)

They have been roaming in my bag again, that's what.

VIKKI

Not that again — damned!

REX

I got off work early today just so I can make it to the tournament on time, and these damn kids got to go ruin my day.

VIKKI

Thanks dude for letting me know that today is your bowling tournament. How the heck did you get off so early, anyway?

REX

(Walking to BARNABY'S room, VIKKI is following him.)

I worked it out with a driver from another Nursing Rehab Center. Is that all right by you?

(opens the door offstage.)

Hey Chump. (REX looks at VIKKI) Where is he?)

VIKKI

He's in her room.

(REX rushes to FAITH's bedroom. VIKKI follows.

LIGHTS FADES to BLACK: In the LIVING room.

LIGHTS RISES: In FAITH'S room.

(Barnaby sat on his bed babbling while thumping on the flashing keys of his toy piano when his father approached him.)

REX

(REX sees his slippers, but no wrist guard.)

Hey boy, stop this nonsense! (Agitated.) Where did you put my wrist guard?

(BARNABY kept playing.)

VIKKI

Now Rex, don't get ugly.

REX

Look at me boy and pay attention. (With anger.) Where is that damn wrist guard?

(Barnaby bit his hand between and broke down with a screeching cry.)

VIKKI

I told you not to get ugly with him. Move aside let me handle him.

(VIKKI comforts BARNABY to silence. REX ignores VIKKI's complain. He saw the wrist guard by the bed and fetches it.)

REX

I need this for my bowling. Mann, nothing is worse than unruly kids! I don't go for this ignorant kind of acting—I want him to leave that stuff of mine alone, you hear me!

(A look of disbelief.)

Now, a day ago, I found him outside with my dart set. You believe that? He's throwing them good darts of mine to that tree! (Points outside the window where a portion of the tree is seen.)

Faith was no were to be seen. Oh, I belted him good this time and then I chewed out your daughter about not being responsible watching this kid!

VIKKI

(Painfully.)

Damn you, you hit Barnaby?

REX

No buts about it. Well, how you deal with him? He can't be messing around with other people's stuff like that — and no matter what you tell them two, they still go at it.

(REX walk out to the bedroom offstage.)

VIKKI

(Resentful.)

It's that brat, showing him things —not paying attention to her brother, that's the cause of all this! She's knows that she's not supposed to be playing her damn video games when she's looking after her brother. She knows that he's prone to running away. I've told her over and over that he'll get himself into a world of trouble if left alone!

REX

Yeah, well, you can't trust her for anything!

(REX goes back to their bedroom, off-stage and puts on his company-bowling shirt, "All Saints Nursing and Rehab Center.)

VIKKI

(VIKKI distressfully looks around the room and notices the deranged room; the Chorus doll, shoes and things scattered on the floor.) Oh, Barnaby . . . not again, damned. . . . I'll fix her!

(In a disturbed fashion, she grabs the shoes, the doll, and briskly hurls it away into the closet.) Damn, that girl, that's all she thinks about.

(Sarcastically) Dancing!

(Checks the messy bed, not made to her expectation. Rearranging the sheets.)

VIKKI

Airhead . . . I keep telling her to tuck them in the corners. (she then leaves the sheets alone, furiously.)

Oh, the hell with it — I'll fix her, damn it!

MUSIC and LYRIC: When I Was That Age.

AUDIO
Lemon Dream
.7 When I Was
That Age

VIKKI sing as she goes through her mail.)

When I was that age

I was a stranger in that stage

No mother to page

I was a loner in a cage

When I was that age

I was a stranger in that stage

No work to wage

My Daddy in rage

No childhood days

No childhood ways

Growing up was much too fast

That's the way life goes

Walking on tippy-toes

When I was that age

I was a stranger in that stage

No sager to save me

Walking life on tippy-tippy toes

That's how life goes

Some of us have to walk on tippy toes

Some of us have to walk on tippy toes

(Vikki walks out of FAITH'S room.)

LIGHTS FADES to BLACK: In FAITH'S room.

LIGHTS RISES: In LIVING room.

(The front door opened, FAITH anxiously walked in.)

VIKKI

(To FAITH, disgusted.)

How many times I got to tell you to keep your brother from going in my bedroom; huh?

FAITH

(Alarmed, FAITH takes a defensive posture.)

It's your sneaky son—

VIKKI

(A malicious stare. Then, a sudden and loud outcry.)

Shut up! Who's coping who, huh? You're supposed to be watching him!

FAITH

I've told he's not easy to watch.

VIKKI

Stop being a baby — damn it! You know you're needed here!

(FAITH tries to back off and away. VIKKI pursues with malice.)

After school, huh . . . messing around again, huh?

(FAITH is silent.)

VIKKI

(Voice raises.) Well, I'm fed up —fed up with your fake nonsense!

I've made you pay with your dancing, and now, you can kiss your Video games good-bye for the night!

FAITH

(Softly under her breath. Points to REX.)

It's Rex's Video game player.

.

VIKKI

No, them games of yours, birdbrain!

FAITH

Don't do that — that's not yours; my Daddy bought them for me.

VIKKI

You brat! Oh, that hurt you, huh? No game for tonight; you hear me!

FAITH

Whatever.

(Attempts to walk away with a Ballet posture.)

VIKKI

(A displeasing stare.)

And don't be walking like a slut!

(FAITH stood still, with rebel expressions.) Look at your hair. I've told you to keep brushing so it won't tangle up. How many times I gotta tell you that, huh?

(A shameful gesture.)

Some daughter . . . look at you . . . don't even respect yourself around here.

(A short silence from both FAITH and VIKKI.)

So, what happen' this time, huh?

(FAITH gave the silent treatment, which further angered VIKKI.)

HUH?

FAITH

What . . . Erika didn't call?

VIKKI

She's your teacher; it's Mrs. SCRIBER to you and don't get smart with me, I'll slug you one right across your face!

No, she didn't tell me everything. So, what happened, huh?

(FAITH stood quiet. REX walks in the living room with his bowling equipment. In a sneering manner, he puts his things on the dining table and looks through the window for his ride.)

(VIKKI to FAITH, eyes her firmly to go.)

Get going . . . Later I'm going to need you to be with Barnaby!

FAITH

(FAITH walks away, mumbling under her breathe.)

That's all I'm here for.

REX

(VIKKI make the motion of snapping back at her, but REX interposed, teasing FAITH with his taunting voice, in a scurrilous fashion.)

My, oh my, now look at Miss FAITH-VICTORIA EDOKEO has she likes to be called.

(FAITH stops with a frozen look. Doesn't look back.) Now look at her all grown up and all. I would have thought by now that she'd do better and be more responsible around here.

VIKKI

(Plays along.)

Ah — don't count on it —that sissy girl.

REX

(Cracks up with laughter.)

Mann, oh Mann, you sure can't count on a sissy to be responsible!

(FAITH doesn't look back, with cold eyes, she walks straight to her bedroom keeping her ballerina posture. She then slammed the door and locked it. Her mother watched her with livid eyes.)

Ah, Mann! Can't say if it helped, it sure don't hurt me none. (A short silence. Then, REX hands go up smirking in disbelief.) Something not set right with that girl, not right at all. She's old enough now to know that I don't go for this foolishness.

VIKKI

(Snaps out of her trance.)

Oh, I'm not done with her! In spite of everything I've done, she's still messing around over there in school.

REX

And what she's done this time?

VIKKI

I can't say, but Erika is coming over and damn it and I'll get to the bottom of this. (Paused to think.) I could use a drink and a cigarette, and then I'll deal with that brat. (VIKKI went for her beer and a cigarette.)

REX

(Sneeringly.)

Mann, these kids, there's gotta to be always a tug of war. There's gotta be a middle ground somewhere.

VIKKI

(With skepticism.) Oh, hush now, she's just a sissy, needs some growing up to do. (Sips her beer, takes a puff and the looks over her mail.)

REX

You know, Momma was right, kids ought to be seen not heard.

REX

(A short silence. Something comes to mind.) You gotta cut this out. Maybe if you let her go back to her dancing, I'll bet then she'll might co-operate.

VIKKI

Oh, hush REX! Dancing is OK for little girls, but now it's getting out of hand.

REX

It's a pretty simple incentive to give her.

VIKKI

Don't give me that, you're never around. She's getting just like that jerk, with the same hare-brained ideas! (Vikki crushed her cigarette butt into the ashtray and blew the smoke out in a burst of frustration.)

REX

What can I say. (Pause.) Look, tomorrow is pay day —lend me a twenty.

VIKKI

Rent is due this week and money is tight. (VIKKI gets her purse for the money.)

REX

Now . . . now . . . why you so hung up? You going to get the supervisors job.

VIKKI

I'm not counting on it. With seven stores to look at, it might go to one of the other stylist.

REX

(Rex taking a twenty-dollar bill from VIKKI.)

Oh babe, you'll get the job with no sweat. You got more experience then all of them managers put together, plus you've been with Heads First Haircutters from the start.

VIKKI

(Precocious, on the lookout.)

We'll see. You're not going to be real late again, are you?

REX

Now, stop looking at me like that! We'll be fine!

(Persuading with awkwardness.) I'll be home when I'm done.

VIKKI

I'm just saying we got to be careful this week.

REX

(Quickly, changes the subject.)

What's cooking anyway?

VIKKI

I'm getting pizza.

REX

(SOUND of a car beeping)

Whops, I gotta go . . .

(Briskly.)

Save me some . . . now babe come on now, give me some love?

(REX makes an attempted to kiss her on the mouth, but VIKKI turned her head slightly so that the kiss falls harmlessly on her cheek instead.)

VIKKI

See you later.

(REX rushed out the door, leaving VIKKI in melancholy.)

LIGHTS FADES to BLACK: In LIVING room.

.LIGHTS RISES: In FAITH'S room

FAITH

(Meanwhile, FAITH had just come in her room. She locks the door, angrily, and then turns and confers with the Ballerina poster.)

They are both a worthless douche bag, aren't they?

(There was no response from the poster and FAITH turns away, disillusioned. She then threw her backpack on the bed, unaware that her teacher's gold pen had popped out onto the floor, and swiftly took her jacket off and threw it on the bed as well. She hopped onto bed and turned her television.)

VIKKI

(Moments after, VIKKI turned the knob and shook the door. The T.V. was loud.)

Open up!

FAITH

What?

VIKKI

I said open this freaking door!!

(Reluctantly, FAITH unlocked the door. Vikki walks in the room, pushes FAITH.)

I heard that you were in detention after school and I want answers. What happened this time?”

(Pause. VIKKI attempts a sardonic smile after seeing that her daughter was much too stubborn.)

VIKKI

Okay, damn it, I'll get to the bottom of this, one way or the other! I'm done with you girl; you're going to learn to do things my way or the highway!

(Walk to the T.V. and pull out the plug.) No T.V.!

FAITH

What are you doing?

VIKKI

You heard me, I'm fed up drumming-in the same old song with you. And you can kiss your stupid T.V. goodbye too!

FAITH

None of it was my fault. I can't tell you about it. I got my troubles at school.

VIKKI

What do you mean you can't tell me, I'm your Mother?

FAITH

I said I got troubles in school with a bunch of girls.

VIKKI

What? Oh, shut up, I don't want to hear your garbage! Girl, if I hear you're skipping class one more time, and pitching money with them boys; I'll break those fingers off, and then, I'll murderize you! Do you hear me?"

FAITH

I haven't been doing none of that in this school! Why can't you take my side?

VIKKI

Because you're one untruthful little bitch!

FAITH

I'm not lying!

VIKKI

(VIKKI looks skeptical at FAITH.)

You — of all people — don't tell me that your being bullied . . .

FAITH

I'm not a sissy!

VIKKI

Well then stop making excuses!

I gave you a chance. I don't want anything from you now, Erika is coming over and I'll get the truth. Clean up this freaking room.

FAITH

But Mom . . .?

VIKKI

You heard me. Do you want me to take your game away for a week?

(Pause. FAITH stood silent, her inflamed eyes said it all. Then VIKKI storms out of the room.)

FAITH

(Looks to the poster.

Crazy bitch!

LIGHTS FADE to BLACK: In FAITH'S room.

ACT II SCENE II

SETTING: The scene opens with BARNABY watching a cartoon show on T.V. He plays, mimicking with composure. By the breakfast table, VIKKI is cutting ERIKA'S hair, showing expressions of an artificer. ERIKA sits, an eye on VIKKI, while fussing with a hand mirror. She's looks very particular with her appearance. FAITH sits out at a table. She's very alert, showing anguish both on her face and posture expression. On that table there's FAITH'S unfinished pizza, drink and utensils. There's tension in the air, although, VIKKI seems tired-out and disturbed, she tries to control her feelings, putting out a jovial front. ERIKA vengefully plays the spectator, relishing the contest between VIKKI and FAITH.

LIGHTS RISES: In LIVING room.

ERIKA

(Looks at herself in the mirror.)

Yes, I'm ready to start a new chapter in my life.

VIKKI

(Chuckles at her hair.)

There's no turning back now is there? This haircut looks beautiful on you!

ERIKA

Good! I need all the help I can get with this shitty hair.

VIKKI

I've told you long ago that you need a body wave.

ERIKA

Don't you remember? I have gotten breakage from those nasty perms.

VIKKI

That happened back in high school. These days, body waves are much better.

(VIKKI looks out the window.)

Damn, it looks like it's getting cold out there.

ERIKA

Didn't you listen to the weatherman last night? We are supposed to be getting snow this weekend.

VIKKI

I'm not looking forward to walking to work this winter.

ERIKA

Didn't he promise you at this time that you would have a car.

(VIKKI nod her head.)

I can't believe it's been a year already.

We're having a hard time getting a loan because we can't catch up with our bills. And that damn insurance company won't give in. (A puff of frustration.) Boy, I miss my Mustang, that old car was all paid free and clear. (Pause) Anyway, I'm supposed to be getting that supervisors job that opened up. And — even though the job is stressful, the money is good

ERIKA

Can't your husband get a full-time job?

VIKKI

He has been trying, but it's hard to find full time a job in this economy, and we have no car. Besides, he's still hurting from that accident. It's been over a year that we've filed lawsuit against that old bitch who wrecked our car and we've haven't heard anything yet.

ERIKA

(Bit her lip.)

Listen girlfriend, I wouldn't hold my breath about your lawsuit, insurance companies are very clever at getting their way. Your husband goes bowling for Christ's sake with a bad back. (Looking regretful.) But wasn't he so involved playing pool?

VIKKI

(Nods her head with a worry with a jovial voice)

Mhm-Mhmm, yup, he's still playing pool, it just happened to be about a month ago that his old buddies formed a bowling team, and you know Rex, he had to be a part of it.

ERIKA

(In a taunting manner.)

So, he bowls with a bad back! Oh, come on now girlfriend — he is what he is — just plain lazy!

VIKKI

(VIKKI ignored her ERIKA'S words, after realizing that her FAITH had been listening to their conversation. VIKKI then stares at her stubborn daughter who sat by the counter with an unfinished piece of pizza on her plate.)

When are you going to finish eating that freaking pizza?

FAITH

(FAITH leers to both ERIKA and VIKKI.)

I told you I don't know who took the stupid pen!

(ERIKA looked at FAITH with a half-smile. VIKKI becomes annoyed.)

VIKKI

I didn't ask you that. AGAIN —when are you going to finish so you can help your brother with his bath?

FAITH

(FAITH attempts to take a bite, but she was too upset to eat.)

I can't finish it! (Tosses her pizza on the plate, and then takes a big gulp of her lemon soda drink.)

VIKKI

(Vikki looked at Erika and shakes her head. Disconcerted.)

She loves to waste food.

VIKKI

(FAITH stares glumly back at VIKKI. ERIKA looks amused. After a moment of silence, VIKKI looks deeply at FAITH'S eyes and then regains composure.)

Okay! Clean up and then go finish your homework. I'll help your brother with his bath.

(FAITH looks surprised.)

GO ON!

(FAITH cleans the counter and then makes her way to the kitchen offstage.)

ERIKA

(Whisper.)

Gosh, she's getting more and more gutsy with you lately, isn't she?

VIKKI

Testy is more like it. She's got some growing up to do, and be responsible around here. I don't know what to do with that brat of mine.

LIGHTS FADES to BLACK: In LIVING room.

SETTING: VIKKI is about done blow-drying ERIKA'S hair. FAITH walks on stage to clean the counter. BARNABY is still watching T.V.)

LIGHTS RISES: In LIVING room.

(VIKKI starts to blow dry ERIKA'S hair. FAITH walks on stage to clean the counter and then goes to her room.)

ERIKA

I don't know why I put up with that man. You know, Todd is no different than Rex — all to himself, another primeval minded beast all hot for one thing.

(VIKKI ignored ERIKA'S statement with a nervous chuckle.)

VIKKI

So, has he been calling you to reconcile?

ERIKA

Of course, that arrogant, deceitful bastard called me today, leading me on that he wants to try again, that he couldn't live without me. I'm supposed to be having lunch with him tomorrow.

VIKKI

AH! Did you ever come to find out who's the slut he's been messing around with?

ERIKA

She's a new worker at the dealership.

(A short silence.)

VIKKI

Oh well, this time I wouldn't take him back so quickly.

ERIKA

(With a vexed look.)

I'm not taking him back at all. (VIKKI looks surprised.)

VIKKI

(A pang of envy.)

Ah! With no kids to tie you down, girl, count your blessing!

ERIKA

kids? (chuckles.)

Yes, after all that I've been through with being a teacher, I want no part of having kids. Besides, I have no mothering instinct to speak of.

FAITH

There's two slices of pizza left in this box, What—

VIKKI

Just leave it in the box on top of the stove, your dad will have it when he comes home tonight. And put back the soda in the fridge.

FAITH

(Whispers.)

He's not my dad. (She then makes her way back to the kitchen offstage.)

VIKKI

Excuse me smart ass — my husband!

(VIKKI rolled her eyes TO ERIKA, gesturing her daughter's lack of respect.)

ERIKA

Boy, your little Miss Vikki needs an attitude adjustment.

VIKKI

Oh Erika, give me a fricking break, my daughter is no way like me. I raised my sister at her age, never whined, and made long faces at every chore I had to do. I got to constantly be on my toes with that one — and even when I do, she still manages to get away with her little pranks.

That girl got a lot to learn . . .

ERIKA

(ERIKA waited for VIKKI to continue, but Vikki showed a bit of sadness and did not.)

Wait a minute . . . oh Vikki, it's today, isn't it?

VIKKI

(Spoke softly.)

Makes it thirteen years ago.

ERIKA

Wow! Page is gone thirteen years. Gosh, I remember her as if it were yesterday. You two always managed to get along like peas and carrots, it's too bad your daughter doesn't have your sister's disposition.

(From offstage, the slamming of the refrigerator's door is heard.)

VIKKI

(VIKKI turns to the kitchen offstage with a loud voice.) watch that temper!

(To ERIKA.) Boy, she loves to eavesdrop.

(She then sarcastically gives ears to FAITH.)

What can I say, that daughter of mine got a lot of learning to do!

ERIKA

(Chuckles.) Well, anyway, at least your daughter respects you enough to keep herself away from those delinquent punks who are getting themselves into deep troubles with sex and drugs. Some of them are so rambunctious! It's the lack of discipline from those namby-pamby mothers, that's what!

VIKKI

Yeah well, you must be firm with these kids, if you want them to respect you. That's how we grew up. (Pause) In my day, I would never dream of giving any lip to my dad—he would smack me silly.

ERIKA

Right! Some of these kids are so spoiled and cocky; they have their parents wrapped around their little finger. There's this one kid, Akira and her mother that's gotten on my nerves.

VIKKI

(Chuckles.) What, this woman could use an attitude adjustment along with her kid, ah?

ERIKA

And how! (Pauses.) well-anyway, on Monday, I'm giving my resignation and then I'm enrolling in UMass.

VIKKI

What? But you told me that you were going to wait till the end of the school year.

ERIKA

I'm not waiting for my divorce to be final. I'm putting the house up for sale, and then moving outta here as soon as possible.

(FAITH walks on stage flabbergasted with the news about ERIKA leaving.)

VIKKI

You're kidding. Look, you were raised in that house, and so was your mother. She would turn in her grave if you sell it!

ERIKA

Well, since I don't want any children in my life, I don't need such a big house.

VIKKI

Come on, you're just bitter. Darn, you're only thirty-two years old, you just wait and see, you will fall in love again soon when you meet the man of your dreams.

ERIKA

Bite your tongue! (A wry smile.) If I ever get married, it certainly won't be for love.

VIKKI

(VIKKI smiled while softly brushing Erika's hair. When she had finished, Vikki leaned back away and looked at her work with an accomplished glitter in her eyes.)

Yeah! Looking good!

(Meanwhile, BARNABY approached FAITH with an empty cup.)

FAITH

(To BARNABY.)

Come on, I'll refill it.

VIKKI

(VIKKI looks at FAITH with a displeasing stare.)

He had enough, you want him to get sick!

FAITH

I'm yelled at, no matter how hard I try. I was just taking care of your son, isn't that what you want?

(VIKKI's eyes softened, and at that, FAITH took a chance to complain about her mother's unfair punishment.) I don't know why I'm being punished when you know that I didn't take anything from anyone.

(Whines.)

Can I play my video game after I finish my homework?

VIKKI

(Firm tone of voice.)

No!

FAITH

But Mom, it's not fair, I swear that Akira and I did not take that stupid pen. Can I at least watch television?

VIKKI

Let me spell it out for you at why you're grounded; it's because you know who took it and you're covering it up.

(Barnaby started to have a temper tantrum.)

FAITH

It's been a while that I stopped hanging around with those girls, and —

VIKKI

Shut up! I told you the reason why you're grounded, and I don't want to talk about it anymore. (BARNABY continuing crying.)

FAITH

Will you ever going to let me go back to ballet school? I'm missing a lot of lessons that my Daddy paid for!

VIKKI

Oh, that's all you think about, dancing: grow up airhead —we got bills to pay!

(In the meantime, ERIKA is so used to the family quarrels that she pays no attention to the three; she becomes involved fussing with her new hairstyle with a mirror.)

FAITH

But that's my money for my dancing.

VIKKI

Enough! Don't you dictate to me!

FAITH

Please! I promise that I'll do a better watching Barnaby

VIKKI

I'll think about it when you get with the program.

(FAITH didn't bother to reply. VIKKI tries to maintain her composure while looking down at her son, but then she started grinding her teeth.)

SHUT UP BARNABY!

(FAITH backs away frightened and BARNABY screams hitting his head.)

Oh Barnaby, Mommy's sorry! (VIKKI quickly embraces BARNABY.) All right — okay, mommy loves you, and it's going to be okay. Shush now — calm down — honey.

(BARNABY settles down. Then VIKKI looks softly at FAITH.)

Give him just a little bit of that chocolate milk, and then go do your homework.

(FAITH did so, and then takes BARNABY to the kitchen offstage.)

ERIKA

Hey, hey girlfriend, you're an artist, I love my hair!

(ERIKA looks over saw at VIKKI all upset.)

Are you all right?

VIKKI

Boy, I need a drink!

Damn it, I can't wait for the day that he grows out of this freakish behavior.

ERIKA

But, I thought that he was doing better with the new medication.

VIKKI

Yeah, he's calmed down a bit, but it keeps him from learning.

The boy is too quiet, he doesn't care, just makes silly noises to himself. It's also that goofy teacher Mr. Gurdeep; I'm telling you he's not right for him. I just don't want to see my son again next year in his classroom!

ERIKA

I understand, but girlfriend—you got to come to terms with that he might always be a bit behind.

VIKKI

(Frustrated.)

Erika, he doesn't need to be going there, Barnaby will eventually outgrow this!

(A sudden thought came to VIKKI.)

Hey, what about this mainstreaming idea I've just heard about?"

ERIKA

Look Vikki, I don't want to discourage you, but with the school budget being cut and now with more teachers being laid off, it put a damper on mainstreaming and so with some other programs.

VIKKI

Damn school, where's the freaking money going to?

ERIKA

(Shrugs her shoulders)

It's not going into teacher's pay, that's for sure.

LIGHTS FADES to BLACK: In LIVING room.

LIGHTS RISES: In FAITH'S room.

FAITH

(FAITH'S on her bed doing homework. Meanwhile, BARNABY discovered the golden pen in the corner of the floor and went to pick it up.)

)

How I hate this stupid algebra! (Huffs and puffs out of frustration.)

Damn numbers, I hate you . . . I hate math! What's so damn good about it, anyway? I sure could use a computer to do it all for me. Boy, if only I had me a computer.

(In wonder, she begins to sing and play as if a computer.)

MUSIC and Lyric: Numbers, Numbers

AUDIO
Lemon Dream
.8 Numbers,
Numbers

Numbers numbers I'm so low
Get me out of this dreary zone
Let go this heart of stone
Help me find a cozy home

Go-go, find me a doorway
A doorway, doorway
On Broadway

But your answer is too cloudy
About this void I've come to know
Let go this heart of stone
Help me find a cozy home

Go-go, find me a doorway
A doorway, doorway
On Broadway

A doorway, doorway
On Broadway

Go-go find me a doorway
A doorway, doorway
On Broadway

FAITH

(Scraping sound. BARNABY writing on the wall.)

What the heck? (FAITH eyed the pen with dread, and then pauses for moments thought.) Oh, damn those girls!

(FAITH quickly approaches BARNABY.)

Come on Barnaby, give that pen to me.

BARNABY

Mine!

FAITH

Barnaby, give it to me — I don't know what you're thinking of doing with that.

(FAITH snatches the pen from BARNABY.)

BARNABY

Mine! Mine!

VIKKI

(The door blasts open.)

What the heck is going on here?

FAITH

(FAITH hid the pen in her back pocket.)

Nothing —Mom. I think your son is tired and ready for his bath.

(BARNABY'S face lit up with glee after hearing the word 'bath'.)

VIKKI

Come on babe, come with me.

(VIKKI takes BARNABY to his room offstage.)

FAITH

(Whispering. Both relieved and frightened.)

Okay-okay, I just have to put this piece of crap back in her desk. (Pauses for thought.) No-no, I have to make it look like she lost it.

(Relieved.) Yup —that's what I have to do, I'll sneak early in class and drop it on the floor at some out of the way place —not far from her desk. Yeah! Someone will find it. (FAITH then resumed doing her homework on her bed.)

Yeah, that what I'll do.

LIGHTS FADES to BLACK: In FAITH'S room.

SETTING: After some time, VIKKI and ERIKA sat on the couch deeply engaged in conversation. BARNABY is in bed and VIKKI is relaxed. There's wine, pretzels and nuts, cigarettes and the television is low in volume.

LIGHTS RISES: In LIVING room.

VIKKI

You know, I can't stand the thought that you're leaving me.

ERIKA

It's only an hour away.

VIKKI

You forget that I don't have a car.

(Sips on her wine, then takes some food.)

ERIKA

Stop it, we'll see each other, besides —we got the phone.

(Grabs a few pretzels and nuts.)

Yes, Monday girlfriend, I'm giving my resignation Monday. (Pauses. Pops food in her mouth. ERIKA then looks at VIKKI gleefully.) And the nice thing about it is that I don't have to take this asinine six-weeks seminar that the school board has shoved down our throats.

VIKKI

(Chuckles and almost chokes on her food.)

Oh, that? That teacher Mr. Gurdeep called me about it.

ERIKA

I didn't know it was available to the public. Why, are you going to the seminar?

VIKKI

Get out of here Erika, that psycho crap is not for me. I'm not wasting my time with that nonsense.

(VIKKI slaps the sky as if to strike someone's face.)

Girl, I'll stick with what works in this house.

(FAITH then walks in living room with her notebook.)

ERIKA

(Laughs.) Mr. Gurdeep, of all people, lecturing this seminar. The man is single and doesn't have children.

VIKKI

(VIKKI takes a drag of her cigarette.)

Anyway, what's this 'positive discipline' supposed to do?

ERIKA

All I was told is that it's some form of discipline that motivates your child by using logical consequences instead of punishment. They say it gives them respect, makes the child responsible for their actions. That's what I heard anyway — that'll be the day we have respect around here.

VIKKI

Consequences? It's pure psycho crap to me. That man can't even teach my son his letters let alone . . .

FAITH

Barnaby knows them, he knows his A, B, C's song.

ERIKA

That's well and good, but what your mother is saying is that your brother needs phonics.

VIKKI

You got that, Knucklehead.

FAITH

(Politely.)

Uh-huh— yup, I got it now.

VIKKI

(VIKKI glances at FAITH'S notebook.)

What's up?

FAITH

(FAITH to ERIKA.)

I just can't figure these algebra problems out. Did I do these right?

ERIKA

(ERIKA looked dumbstruck at FAITH. She then quietly read the numbers on the notebook. She frowns for a moment and then ERIKA looks down at FAITH with disdain.)

Shame on you, we have done fraction problems just like these all week.

(VIKKI makes a shameful face and shakes her head.)

FAITH

(FAITH ignores VIKKI, being very polite to ERIKA.)

Uh-huh —I know we did, but I still don't get it.

ERIKA

Well, these numbers are incorrect, the answer should be one over sixteen . . . and so is this — wrong — it's twenty-four. (Pauses.) Well, do what you can, I'm not going to do your homework for you.

(ERIKA gives back FAITH her notebook while looking for VIKKI for support. VIKKI shows ERIKA a nod of agreement.)

The purpose for doing homework is to let students practice what they've learned. By now, these problems should have been easy for you to do. This is why, it's important to pay attention to what is going on in the front of the classroom, rather than sitting there looking at boys. And we both know that in my classroom you're looking at the boys and doodling is your favorite activity.

FAITH

(FAITH drew back and turns away from VIKKI and ERIKA, mutters.)

What a boring bitch!

VIKKI

What was that?

(VIKKI poured herself another glass of wine.)

FAITH

I was just agreeing with Mrs. Scriber.

ERIKA

I heard boring. Are my lectures too boring and dull for you?

(FAITH stood silent. Pauses.)

Well, Faith — is that so?

FAITH

I just want to have fun learning the way I used to.

VIKKI

What're you talking about?

FAITH

Forget it!

(Walks off to her room in a huff.)

ERIKA

Wait Faith, tell us, what do you mean.

FAITH

(Irked, FAITH keeps walking.)

Nope, it's not wort it . . .

ERIKA

Well then, seeing that you are so clever, how would you run my classroom?

FAITH

(FAITH stops, turned around and put her notebook on the stool by the counter.)

First, I do away with the raising of the hand and let my students talk whenever they want.

ERIKA

That would be chaotic. (FAITH hesitates.) Well, go on.

FAITH

If I have it my way — which I don't, really — I would let my students play math games all the time and I would be assigning fun work for them to do. I would also let my students go online and play games with other students that would be from different parts of the world.

ERIKA

That's total nonsense.

VIKKI

What a Brain!

VIKKI and ERIKA

(To each other, with taunting voice.)

Play games!

FAITH

That's right, I would let my students play all day as long as it's all tied up with schooling. And definitely no homework.

VIKKI

(VIKKI to ERIKA.)

Can you believe this numbskull!

FAITH

And on test or quiz time, I would also let my students look at their notebooks for the answer, that way everyone can pass the test.

ERIKA

(Amused.

Right on Faith! Of course, you will definitely do the same thing with homework?

FAITH

I said definitely no homework! And I don't care what you both think.

What's important is that my students are not bored and they are having fun learning. It would be awesome and having fun playing math, science or any educational games along with dancing and . . .

VIKKI

Oh, shut up Faith! We got it!

ERIKA

That's some pipe dream. I'm afraid that you're overlooking one thing; with the city budget cuts and loss of discretionary funds at hand, laptop computers and other technology tools that you're talking about would have to come out your pocket.

VIKKI

Where are you getting this cock-eyed idea, huh?

FAITH

From Mr. Gurdeep classroom and I sure miss his classroom.

VIKKI

(Outraged.)

Hey airhead, you were with him in the third grade, get with the program, that goofy dude is now teaching Special-Ed and the way he's going, he'll be lucky to be teaching Preschool.

ERIKA

(A vindictive chuckle.)

Gee Faith, I hope you're not thinking of going back to third grade?

(FAITH fell silent for a moment, realizing that her comments were going nowhere. FAITH then turned and stomped off to her room, slamming the door.)

VIKKI

What can I say, she's a dumbass!

(VIKKI and ERIKA both shook their heads with chuckles and then resumes their talk.)

LIGHTS FADES to BLACK: In LIVING room.

LIGHTS RISES: In FAITH'S room.

FAITH

(On her bed, upset.)

Oh, crap— my notebook!

LIGHTS RISES: In LIVING room.

ERIKA

(During VIKKI and ERIKA'S conversation, ERIKA glances at the television.)

Look, Plunkett is on the news.

VIKKI

(VIKKI puts the volume up with the remote and then takes her last puff of her cigarette while listening.)

ANCHORPERSON

Mr. Angelo Rossi, the school principal, feels he did the right thing at the time, considering the situation. Mr. Rossi has received a three-day suspension without pay, a letter of reprimand in his personnel file, and must attend training on state and school board policy for allowing teachers to donate paid sick time to another teacher. The donation was made so Mrs. Northrup, who had used up her own sick time, could take paid time off from work to be with her dying husband and still support their three children. The teachers, who covered Mrs. Josie Northrup's classes said they received "letters of concern" in their files, must attend an ethic-review meeting and were advised that the matter is being forwarded to the State Professional Practices Commission. Should the rule be broken in this case? What kind of message does it give our children, when we punish people for doing a good deed? This is John Talbot for Channel Two news, at Plunkett Elementary School in Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

VIKKI

Sounds like they're going to dismiss some of them teachers, huh?

(VIKKI crushes her cigarette in the ashtray.)

ERIKA

It will soon all be forgotten. You'll see, after the media does its thing.

(In the meantime, FAITH comes out of her room to look for her notebook.)

ANCHORPERSON

Tonight, Pittsfield lost one of its beloved citizens, Lucinda Yonker-Malerba. Police responded to reports of a woman lying face down unresponsive on the Plunkett playground sidewalk.

(By the counter, Faith stood there staring open-mouthed to the television.)

ANCHORPERSON

Apparently, she suffered a heart attack. She was pronounced dead shortly after, at Saint Luke's Hospital. Lucinda was eighty-seven years old, well respected for her paintings of children in their natural state. Art critics compare her style to Norman Rockwell. Some of her fine paintings are displayed at the Berkshire Museum. She leaves no survivors. Friends will arrange memorial service. The weather is next, but first . . .

FAITH

(FAITH mumbles to herself.)

No, not her, oh, not her!

(FAITH stood dazed. Vikki turns down the Television.)

VIKKI

Hmm, I guess she did some good with her art work — you know, with donation to schools around here.

(Pauses. ERIKA sat silent.)

Well, anyway that's too bad that she died.

ERIKA

Vikki, that's a bit hyped up.

VIKKI

But I heard it at the beauty salon some time ago, from my clients. Didn't she receive the 'citizen of the year award' last year for auctioning off them paintings of hers to help raise money?

ERIKA

Yes, and it all went to the art education programs. Of course, it helps having political friends. Berkshire County is full of fine artists. I don't see them meddling in my school.

VIKKI

She bugs you, huh?

ERIKA

Well, yes. All school activity stops for that woman, whenever she visits our school and meddles in with her art presentation. It's a difficult enough time keeping my lectures on schedule and finish the course for the year. I just can't believe that this person has the school board permission to meddle in any schools in this area that she feels like visiting, all because of her donations. That's insanity!

FAITH

SHE'S NOT MEDDLING, YOU IGNORAMUS!

VIKKI

SHUT UP! What's wrong with you?

FAITH

You'll never stand up to her—YOU SKANK! You take it back, you hear me!

VIKKI

(Vikki quickly got up from the couch walks over to her daughter and slapped her face.)

I said shut up!

(FAITH did not budge and retaliates immediately by slapping VIKKI, which Stuns her. VIKKI then pushes FAITH away and slaps FAITH again.)

Do you want more?

FAITH

(Faith fends off the pain. In a standstill, FAITH glares at VIKKI with fiery eyes.

I HATE YOU!

VIKKI

(VIKKI slaps her FAITH again.)

DO YOU WANT MORE?

FAITH

I SAID I HATE YOU — SHE'S AN IGNORAMUS AND SO ARE YOU!

(FAITH runs to her room, locking the door.)

VIKKI

(VIKKI shakes FAITH'S bedroom doorknob.)

Open this door, so I can smack some more of that smart mouth of yours! You know what I'll do . . . damn it — I'll whip you good.

FAITH

That's all your good at — you are such a bitch!

VIKKI

You brat, I'll show you — I'll show you what I'm good at.

FAITH

Give me that number; I want to talk to my Daddy; I want to go live with him!

VIKKI

I've told you before that I got your custody until you turn eighteen!

(VIKKI breaks down crying.)

LIGHTS FADES to BLACK: In FAITH'S room.

ERIKA

Take easy Vikki — let it go, honey. Look, I saw this dangling from her notebook. That is why she's so upset.

VIKKI

(VIKKI wipes her eyes and then looks at the portrait. And reads)

I have great confidence in your strong range of vision, your friend Lucinda.

(VIKKI takes a deep breath and then pauses for thought.)

ERIKA

Listen Vikki, that girl is just upset over that old lady dying, she doesn't know what she's talking about. It will all pass by.

VIKKI

She slapped me — she hates my guts — my daughter never did that before.
(Pauses for thought.)

I got to do something. What can I do? (Pauses for thought.) What can I do?

ERIKA

Listen, honey, it's best that I leave. It's going to be fine.

VIKKI

Maybe I should go to that seminar, huh? What do I know? Yup — because nothing is working out like planned.

ERIKA

Well, it's getting late, we'll talk tomorrow.

VIKKI

Yeah sure; so long Erika.

(As soon as ERIKA exits to the front door offstage. VIKKI bursts into tears.)

LIGHTS FADES to BLACK: In LIVING room.

LIGHTS RISES: In FAITH'S room.


FAITH

(Meanwhile, FAITH lays in bed with her eyes completely shut, in a fit of rage.)

I can't take this crazy place. I got to go back there; I got to get that bitch out of my head!

LIGHTS: Color effects flashes through the room as FAITH goes deeper, and deeper, and then much deeper into her inner world of her imagination. The colors whirl around and around.

MUSIC and Lyric: Dream island



AUDIO
Lemon Dream
.9 Dream
Island

(FAITH sings while going into a deep meditative trance.)

Come on in to Dream Island

Where the sun is so-ho kind

Come on in to Dream Island

Where the flowers bloom all night.

Smell the air so-ho sweet in flavor

See the colors, the colors so-ho in favor.

Come on in to Dream Island

Where the sea is so-ho clear

Come on in to Dream Island

Where You'll feel so-ho neat

Let your senses probe the land

Let the natives make you ever glad.

Come, come along, come along within

See the beauty within you

Walk, walk the way, walk the way of dreams

Come, come along, come along within

See the beauty within you

Walk, walk the way, walk the way of dreams

Come on in to Dream Island

Where the sea is so-ho clear

Come on in to Dream Island

Where You'll feel so-ho neat

Let your senses probe the land

Let the natives make you ever glad.

LIGHTS: A bright white glow shines on FAITH'S face, slowly engulfing her from head to toe.

(NATIVES sings. Faintly from the background with a calling voice. Crescendo with each passing phrase.)

Dream away, in Dream Island

Walk the way, and be all you can be

Dream away, in Dream Island

Walk the way, and be all you can be

Dream Island, Dream Island, Dream Island

Dream Island, Dream Island, Dream Island

Dream away, in Dream Island

Walk the way, and be all you can be

Dream Island, Dream Island, Dream Island

Dream Island, Dream Island, Dream Island

Dream Island, Dream Island, Dream Island

Dream Island, Dream Island, Dream Island

Dream Island, Dream Island, Dream Island

(Repeat and fade.)

LIGHTS FADES to BLACK: In FAITH'S room.

ACT III SCENE I

SETTING: Momentarily within FAITH'S Subjective World.

The Island shows a sign of deterioration; withered, lifeless, and blossomless plants disseminate the Island.

On center stage: (A dome.) a portico roundly shaped structure, made out of see through glowing material, reflects the surrounding area, giving the illusion of unity. Inside this Dome, a cubed stone block lays on its center, surrounded with FAITH'S old childhood artifact, all dusty, abandoned to the wind. On the floor, a boy, GIGO, sleeps. He is dressed in a fancy black leotard, all set for the leading role. His head on the glass block with a hand holding easel with the portrait. Outside, A Great Ocean is seen, located out front of the proscenium part of the stage, circling the Island, going along off-stage. The Ocean radiates from psychic blue light; its shore glitters with white light, resembling Sea Foam.

LIGHTS RISES: Color effects flashes through the island. The colors whirl around and around, giving the place an illusionary daydreaming sensation, until the effect dissipates.

SOUND: Very faintly, mature ghost-like sound of discontent.

FAITH

(FAITH glances around, disgusted and startled by the condition of her island; she tries to suppress the stench of old.)

Where did everyone go?

(FAITH closed her eyes, tries to compose herself at the condition of her dome shaped theater. She ignores GIGO and then walks by the portrait.)

What's that doing there? (FAITH keeps ignoring GIGO, contemplating the place.) What's happening here?

(FAITH glares at the lemon tree.) And what the heck is that doing there?

(Pauses for thought.)

It supposed to be a fairy-tale garden; what happened?

(FAITH straight away walked over to GIGO.)

Gigo, hey listen, wake up! (FAITH shakes GIGO'S shoulder) Come on, wake up!

GIGO

You are here, Faith, you have come back! Where have you been?

FAITH

Never mind about that. Look at this place —Knucklehead. What have you done here, huh?

(GIGO was utterly confused and looked at her with an unsettling facial expression.)

FAITH

Now, look here, get rid of that lemon tree — clean up this stage — I want this stage back to the way it used to be! (Pauses. Looks around again.) And where are the natives gone to, huh? Don't you know that I'm putting on a show today?

GIGO

How can you put on a show when a ghost haunts this Island?

FAITH

Say what? Sure airhead, blame it on me!

GIGO

Why Faith, why did you let that ghost come here and make things ill?

SOUND: The mature ghost-like sound of discontent slowly raises to a crescendo.

FAITH

What that . . .the ghost?

GIGO

You gotta save this Island. That's what you gotta do.

(GIGO points to the shore backstage to the audience.) It's your responsibility Faith. . . only you alone can do it.

FAITH

(Sign of anxiety.)

Nope. I can't . . . nope, I just can't!

(Upon hearing the sound, FAITH saw the fear on GIGO and became also fearful.)

All right, okay, It's my dream Island. I guess I can get rid of it whoever it is.

(GIGO was pleased when he saw FAITH'S confidence.)

HERE ME! I WISH THIS WRATFUL GHOST THING OUT OF MY ISLAND!

GET OUT OF HERE! I WANT THINGS BACK TO NORMAL, YOU HEAR ME!

(The sun casts a soft glow on the island and the dry tropical vegetation tried to show signs of life.)

LIGHTS: A glowing effect like a rising sun.

All right! You see little boy. Now, be a sport and go get everybody around here. It's going to get better here when I give my performance. Come on, let's get on with it; I miss my dancing.

GIGO

(After a moment, GIGO saw that FAITH'S attempt was short-lived.)

LIGHTS: A glowing effect like a rising sun diminishes.

It is not working, Faith.

FAITH

Damn it, why can't I fix this place? Oh, damn it all to hell, this is not my fault; I just came here to get away and do some dancing. I'm going . . .!

GIGO

You should stop feeling so uncertain about this place and face that ghost.

FAITH

What are you talking about Knucklehead, huh?

GIGO

(Gigo shrugged his shoulders.)

That's what I think, in order to make things better here.

FAITH

(With fright.)

Don't think Gigo, I don't need this, not now. Just stop it — stop it! I'm not feeling good and I'm not facing no ghost. (Pause to think. FAITH becomes more frightened.) Look kid, I can't fix this place, and so, I'm outta here.

(Faith closed her eyes and concentrated on leaving, but nothing is happening.)

No, don't tell me that I'm stranded. I have to get the heck out of here! Anywhere would do.

GIGO

Please Faith, face that ghost. It's killing our Island!

FAITH

So, what! This place is not giving me what I want. Look at you, Gigo, you can't be my dance partner anymore. Look at you, you're still a little boy — and how can I dance with you, huh? Damn, even here everything is going against me!

GIGO

How can you be a dancer when you lack the power to believe?

(GIGO then he sadly walked away.)

FAITH

In what Gigo — believe in what?

(GIGO kept on walking quietly offstage.)

You're nothing but a scary baby!

(In silence, FAITH then wanders toward the seashore.)

LIGHTS DIMS: On the DOME.

SCENE TWO

(By the Sea. Moments after. FAITH with VIKKI.)

LIGHTS INTENSIFIES: On the SHORE.

FAITH

(By the seashore, Faith began to have the awful feeling that she was being followed.)

Hey, what are you up to, Gigo? I don't scare easily!

(FAITH glances at a droopy foliage and becomes more scared.)

FAITH

No, it's that freaking ghost.

(FAITH was about to run when she saw the figure slowly emerge from the thick, withered jungle.)

YOU. . . WHAT DO YOU FREAKING WANT HERE?

VIKKI

(VIKKI approaches FAITH as if a zombie would and attempted to grab her and take her in her custody.)

Can't you see you don't belong here anymore? You're needed!

FAITH

(Bewildered, FAITH pushes VIKKI away.)

You — you're the one that don't belong here. Get your big ass outta here!

(FAITH pushes VIKKI again and then runs straight to the dome. VIKKI pursues FAITH with an impassive look pinned to her face. On the dome stage, VIKKI attempted to grab FAITH but FAITH pulled away.)

LIGHTS DIMS: On the SHORE.

ACT III SCENE II

(In the Dome. Moments later. FAITH with GIGO (the teenager), VIKKI and LUCINDA.)

LIGHTS INTENSIFIES: On the DOME.

FAITH

Stay the heck away; I told you that I'm going to go live with my Daddy . . . I said stay away . . . I'll never be with you. Don't you get it that I don't like you . . .? I don't want to be like you!

VIKKI

You have no business here!

FAITH

(FAITH and VIKKI locks eyes.)

You bitch, all along you've been lying, haven't you? You'll never let me go back to ballet school, will you? Sure, that was never in your plan. You're just going to keep using my money, aren't you?

VIKKI

(VIKKI grabs FAITH'S arm.)

I've told you and I'm not going to tell you again, we got bills to pay.

FAITH

It's my money, damn it!

LIGHTS INTENSIFIES: On the LEMON TREE.

(The LEMON TREE becomes LUCINDA. A gentle gleeful laughter interrupted the quarrel. FAITH then yanks her arm away from VIKKI and runs to LUCINDA, lunging into her arms.)

She won't leave me alone, not even here, Lucinda. Look at this place, she has totally polluted it.

LUCINDA

Are you sure that your mother is the one?

FAITH

Yeah, help me get rid of her. I do not want to see that sourpuss anymore.

LUCINDA

Looks like you put your relationship in a deep hole with your mother, and you must be feeling like you're losing out.

FAITH

Yup, that's right, because she keeps on pushing my buttons and makes me feel so damn down and out all the time! Thanks to her, I lost my way here. This place doesn't feel right anymore.

LUCINDA

But this is your dream Island, it helped you connect to what was most real to you: your art. You're not thinking of letting it all go to hell, are you?

FAITH

I have no choice Lucinda; I now feel uneasy and empty here. (Pauses in thought.) I get it now! This place is falling apart all because I've grown up. Yup — before long, this place will all fade away from my mind and I won't be able to come here anymore.

LUCINDA

I see that I did not quite convince you about the great advantages of the World within.

FAITH

(FAITH with a sad and tired voice.)

Nope, you really didn't. Your views are beyond my grasp. I'm just not a kid anymore . . . and I got to come to terms and settle on being a responsible grown-up.

LUCINDA

Come with me, it really would be helpful if you had a better understanding of yourself.

(LUCINDA motions FAITH to follow onto the stage to her portrait.)

Look there, you're overlooking something that is worthy of your attention.

VIKKI

(VIKKI stood with her arms crossed over her chest, resentful.) Girl, I need you, I'm not leaving this place without you. You hear me?

FAITH

Yeah, yeah — when I'm good and ready.

LUCINDA

(Intervenes LUCINDA.)

Are you looking Faith? Go on, look at her.

FAITH

(Eventually, Faith turned away from her hard-headed mother and looked briefly at her portrait, which gave her a spooky feeling.)

So, what's with her? Something different about me there that gives me the creeps.

LUCINDA

I've captured your true self there in this drawing and you're not handling it well.

FAITH

(FAITH frowned at the artist.)

That's not really me! Anyway, what are you getting at?

LUCINDA

Faith, your sour outlook on life has taken a hold of you and that's the real ghost that's slowly destroying your dream.

FAITH

No, it's because of her! (FAITH points at VIKKI.)

She's the ghost, she made me the scapegoat for all of her failures.

LUCINDA

Don't blame your mother or anyone else for that matter, for your negative thinking.

FAITH

Nope — NO! I'm negative because of all the things she has taken away from me. I don't get it, Lucinda, why are you not being on my side?

LUCINDA

Yes, I understand perfectly, you have lost so much: Your old friends on account of losing a grade level, not having visitation with your father, not being allowed to join the track team or participate in your ballet school, and on top of it all, now your video games have been taken away as well. It looks like everything is going bad in your life.

FAITH

That's right, Lucinda.

LUCINDA

(LUCINDA points to the portrait.)

Look further because you are also in the process of losing your true self, which you are about to discover in this Island of yours.

FAITH

(FAITH with a disbelieving look in her eyes, Faith evaded the artist remarks.)

What can I tell you, she's a rotten mom and I need to get away from her!

LUCINDA

Here you go again, being bitter. Put that sour thinking behind you, because it will set you up for failure and worse.

FAITH

(Those words upset Faith and almost made her cry, instead, she held back the tears and gave LUCINDA.)

DON'T YOU GET IT THAT SHE'S NEVER THERE FOR ME! NO ONE IS!

LUCINDA

You are so right. That's why you have become a scapegoat, haven't you?

FAITH

Yup! I want to be the best ballerina in the world, and I don't have a single reliable person in my life to help me. Nobody keeps their promises: including you, Lucinda. I trusted you. Why did you have to die?

LUCINDA

(LUCINDA shrugs her shoulders.)

How can one be a dancer when one loses an eye for beauty?

FAITH

(LUCINDA'S sober, wistful expression on her face was displeasing to FAITH. however, it ignited a spark in FAITH'S mind and made her reckon with her homely image and idea of herself. She turned to her portrait and then reluctantly takes a look some more at the bold face, at the aspiring eyes and wondered if what the artist had said was true.)

What are you're telling me that you drew my true self?

(FAITH kept looking at the portrait and herself from many angles, walking back and forward realizing the implications of what LUCINDA had told her.)

LUCINDA

Everyone's face has a story to tell and a story to live.

FAITH

(In silence, Faith re-reads the writing in her portrait.)

I have great confidence in your strong range of vision, your friend Lucinda.

FAITH

(FAITH hesitated before she gathered up enough courage to look at her reflection. FAITH then grabs a tropical leaf, knelt down and wipes some of the grime off the glass cube, making it reflective enough for her to see herself. She glared at the sullen pouty reflection of her face. She kept looking, back and forth at her portrait and her reflection, until somehow it all began to make sense.)

I really haven't been honest with myself, have I? Instead, I have been acting like someone else.

LUCINDA

(LUCINDA embraced FAITH warmly.)

There are no lies more powerful than those we tell ourselves!

FAITH

(Faith buried her head in the artist's shoulder, whimpering.)

I now understand why your artwork is so awesome; it brings to light all the things you've been saying.

LIGHTS: INTENSIFIES with the effect of revival of the island.

(FAITH pauses to wipe the teardrops from her face as the sun showed its face and the Island returned to a healthy state of life)

I've brushed off this place because I believed that I was too old to come here. Instead, I gotten myself busy with video games.

LUCINDA

Quite so, and in the process, you have neglected your true self, by not expressing your creativity that you so hunger for, because you have stopped trusting your own inner wisdom as your guide.

FAITH

Lucinda, can you help me make it real?

MUSIC and Lyric: Unity

AUDIO
Lemon Dream
.10 Unity

(LUCINDA sings in rapture.)

Unity, in my soul

Unity, is my strength

Through my dreams

I have been shown

Fine art flows from unity

Through my dreams

I have been shown

Fine art flows from unity

Freedom comes around

Round, Round

When I open your gate

Gate, gate

Through my dreams

God's power flows in unity

Fine art flows from unity

(LUCINDA and FAITH sings.)

Unity, in my soul

Unity, is my strength

Fine art flows from unity

Fine art flows

Fine art flows from unity

Cause God's power is everything (Rep and fade.)

Fine art flows from unity

Cause God's power is everything

LUCINDA

(LUCINDA gives a gentle smile to FAITH.)

Start here again, by letting go of everything that isn't you and realize that you're wholly united with nature. And always work on improving your self-expression and creativity. It all comes down to your ability to trust your inner wisdom.

(LUCINDA then gave the FAITH a kiss on her forehead, turned and walked off the stage.)

Great is the person who has not lost his or her childlike heart.

(LUCINDA walks by the lemon tree, she then turns to FAITH with a smile.)

I'll be here in your marvelous island whenever you need me.

LIGHTS INTENSIFIES: On LUCINDA.

(LUCINDA turns back to a LEMON TREE.)

FAITH

(FAITH to the lemon tree.)

It will be my shield — my art will be my shield.

MUSIC and LYRIC: Faith You'll get Through.

AUDIO
Lemon Dream
.11 Faith You'll
Get Through

Ride, girl ride

Let the way guide you ahead

Ride on the path, follow on ahead.

Glide, girl glide

Let the wind lift you ahead

Glide on the air, follow on ahead

Seek girl, seek

Find the inner balance within you

Speak girl, speak

Trust your inner voice within you

Whatever the weather

FAITH you'll get through

Be girl, be

Be with the Spirit

Let your name guide you to your future

Whatever the weather

FAITH you'll get through

(FAITH looks around, tries to regain her composure.)

Sail, girl sail

Let the current carry you ahead

Sail the flow Ahead,

With can-do spirit

Whatever the weather

FAITH you'll get through

Whatever the weather

FAITH you'll get through

Fly, girl fly

Let the stars pull you ahead

Fly to the Heavens, follow on ahead.

Be girl, be

Be with the Spirit

Let your name guide you to your future

(FAITH starts to leave, at first, a little reluctant,
then with a regrettable face, withdraws and goes.)

Seek girl, seek

Find the inner balance within you

Speak girl, speak,

Trust your inner voice within you

Whatever the weather

FAITH you'll get through

Be girl, be

Be with the Spirit

Let your name guide you to your future

Be girl, be girl

Be with the Spirit

Let your name guide you to your future

With a can-do spirit

Whatever the weather

FAITH you'll get through

Whatever the weather

FAITH you'll get through

With can-do spirit

Whatever the weather

FAITH you'll get through

Whatever the weather

FAITH you'll get through

With can-do spirit

VIKKI

MOVE IT, GIRL! I'm waiting!

FAITH

(FAITH looks at VIKKI, boldly.)

Well, you're not so threatening My true self plays out through dancing, and so, I am the dance. And Mom, no matter what you do to me, that will never change.

(VIKKI then vanishes. Faith then runs off the dome when she saw the natives returning, lead by a young man.)

Is it you, Gigo?

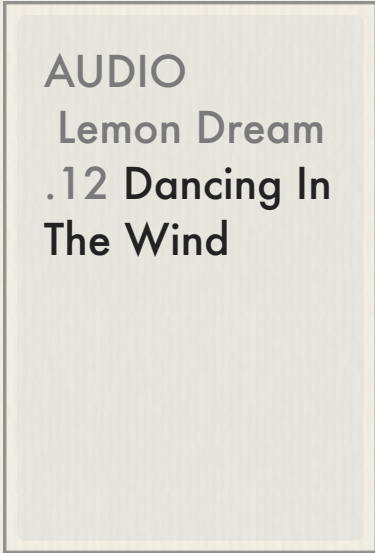
(FAITH smiles with gleam in her eyes. GIGO, now, an attractive young man, smiles back at FAITH with a gentle nod.)

GIGO

Come Faith, let's put on a show.

(GIGO grabs FAITH'S hand and led her onto the stage.)

MUSIC: Dancing in the Wind



AUDIO
Lemon Dream
.12 Dancing In
The Wind

(Exotic drumbeats starting the music. The natives clap and clap and then FAITH and GIGO broke into a dance.)

LIGHTS: A bright white glow shines on FAITH while she dances with GIGO.

LIGHTS FADES to BLACK: In the Dream Island

ACT III SCENE III

LIGHTS RISES: In FAITH'S room. Bright white glow shines on FAITH'S face as she lays on her bed.

(FAITH then gets up from her bed and walks over to her dresser mirror and faced the poster. She took a deep breath, released an even deeper sigh, and then took away the poster on the mirror. She then stood still and slowly stared at herself in the mirror.)

FAITH

I can do this.

(FAITH looks deeper at her reflection.)

Oh — get over yourself!

(After that moment, A soft knock on the door is head from VIKKI).

(FAITH turns her head to the door and stares for a good moment. She then quietly approached the door, her head held high, her posture perfect, and unlocked it.)

LIGHTS FADES to BLACK

MUSIC: Coda

AUDIO
Lemon Dream
.13 Coda

SHEET MUSIC: Overture

Grand Piano

OVERTURE: Lemon Dream

Music by
Luciano DeSanctis



11



15



18



20



Copyright © 2020 Luciano E. DeSanctis
All rights reserved. Except as permitted under the U.S.
Copyright Act of 1976, no part of this publication may be reproduced,
distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, or stored in a
database to retrieval system, without the prior written permission of the publisher.

1

23

26

30

33

36

39

Type to enter text
type to enter text

Copyright © 2020 Luciano E. DeSanctis

Musical score for piano, measures 43-48. The score is written for two staves (treble and bass clef) in 4/4 time. Measures 43-47 show a complex melodic line in the right hand with triplets and a bass line with chords and triplets. Measure 48 features a rapid ascending scale in the right hand and a sustained chord in the left hand.

Copyright © 2020 Luciano E. DeSanctis

SHEET MUSIC: Overture

Oboe

1 of 2

OVERTURE: Lemon Dream

Oboe

Music by
Luciano DeSancti

The sheet music is written for the Oboe part of the Overture: Lemon Dream. It is in 4/4 time and consists of 19 measures. The music is written on a single staff with a treble clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody is characterized by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The first measure starts with a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth notes. The second measure has a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth notes. The third measure has a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth notes. The fourth measure has a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth notes. The fifth measure has a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth notes. The sixth measure has a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth notes. The seventh measure has a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth notes. The eighth measure has a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth notes. The ninth measure has a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth notes. The tenth measure has a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth notes. The eleventh measure has a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth notes. The twelfth measure has a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth notes. The thirteenth measure has a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth notes. The fourteenth measure has a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth notes. The fifteenth measure has a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth notes. The sixteenth measure has a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth notes. The seventeenth measure has a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth notes. The eighteenth measure has a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth notes. The nineteenth measure has a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth notes.

Copyright © 2020 Luciano E. DeSanctis
All rights reserved. Except as permitted under the U.S.
Copyright Act of 1976, no part of this publication may be reproduced,
distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, or stored in a
database to retrieval system, without the prior written permission of the publisher

22

26

30

33

40

48

Copyright © 2020 Luciano E. DeSanctis

SHEET MUSIC: Overture

Strings

OVERTURE: Lemon Dream

Luciano DeSanctis

♩ = 90

10

16

20

31

35

1

39

43

49

This musical score is for a piano piece, spanning measures 39 to 49. It is written in 4/4 time and features a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The score is presented in three systems, each with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs).
- Measure 39: The right hand plays a series of eighth notes, while the left hand has a few notes and rests.
- Measure 40: The right hand continues with eighth notes, and the left hand has a triplet of eighth notes.
- Measure 41: The right hand has a quarter note and a half note, while the left hand has a quarter note and a half note.
- Measure 42: The right hand has a quarter note and a half note, while the left hand has a quarter note and a half note.
- Measure 43: The right hand has a quarter note and a half note, while the left hand has a quarter note and a half note.
- Measure 44: The right hand has a quarter note and a half note, while the left hand has a quarter note and a half note.
- Measure 45: The right hand has a quarter note and a half note, while the left hand has a quarter note and a half note.
- Measure 46: The right hand has a quarter note and a half note, while the left hand has a quarter note and a half note.
- Measure 47: The right hand has a quarter note and a half note, while the left hand has a quarter note and a half note.
- Measure 48: The right hand has a quarter note and a half note, while the left hand has a quarter note and a half note.
- Measure 49: The right hand has a quarter note and a half note, while the left hand has a quarter note and a half note.

SHEET MUSIC: Overture

Guitar

OVERTURE: Lemon Dream

Acoustic Guitar

Music by
Luciano DeSanctis

$\text{♩} = 90$



Copyright © 2020 Luciano E. DeSanctis
All rights reserved. Except as permitted under the U.S.
Copyright Act of 1976, no part of this publication may be reproduced,
distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, or stored in a
database to retrieval system, without the prior written permission of the publisher

1

23

27

30

33

36

39

Copyright © 2020 Luciano E. DeSantis

42

47

Copyright © 2020 Luciano E. DeSanctis

SHEET MUSIC: Skating Along

Skating Along (piano solo)

Steinway Grand Piano

Music and Lyrics by
DeSanctis, Luciano

$\text{♩} = 125$

1

6 Ska ting a long Ska ting a long Ska ting a long

10 With wind be hind me Roll rol ling on in. mo tion I go

13 Roll rol ling on in. mo tion I go Roll rol ling on On I'm gli ding Ska ting a long Ska ting

18 A long Ska ting a long With wind be hind

Copyright © 2019 Luciano DeSanctis
Luciano DeSanctis Publishing
All rights reserved. Except as permitted under the U.S. Copyright Act of 1976, no part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, or stored in a database to retrieval system, without the prior written permission of the publisher.

1

22

me Roll rolling on in motion I go Roll

25

rolling on in motion I go Roll rolling on on

28

I'm gli ding Ska ting Feels so free

32

Ska ting alw ays be Ska ting Every thing Mo

37

ving Every thing mo ving Fa st by it go es when ska ting Every thing

41

mo ving Every thing mo ving Fa st by it go es when Ska

Copyright © 2010 Luciano Delavente
 Luciano Delavente Publishing
 All rights reserved. Except as permitted under the U.S. Copyright Act of 1976, no part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, or stored in a database to retrieval system, without the prior written permission of the publisher.

44

ting Swa ying down the cur vy ro ad Wa ving up the bul gy hil ls

48

Swerv ing by the bul ky tre es Roll ing thro ugh the

51

mur ky po nd A way we go with wi nd So

54

fr ee Every thing mo ving Every thing mo ving Fast

57

by it go es when ska ting Every thing mo ving Every thing mo ving

61

Fast by it goes when ska ting Every thing mo ving Every thing mo ving

Copyright © 2019 Luciano DeSantis
 Luciano DeSantis Publishing
 All rights reserved. Except as permitted under the U.S. Copyright Act of 1976, no part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, or stored in a database or retrieval system, without the prior written permission of the publisher.

64

Fast by it goes when ska__ting__

Copyright © 2019 Luciano DeSanctis
 Luciano DeSanctis Publishing
 All rights reserved. Except as permitted under the U.S. Copyright Act of 1976, no part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, or stored in a database or retrieval system, without the prior written permission of the publisher.

SHEET MUSIC: Freckly Faced Fool

Freckle Face Fool

Echolocation Synth

Music and Lyric
Luciano DeSanctis

$\text{♩} = 96$

1
Freckle Fa—ce Fool Freckle Fa—ce Fool Tak— ing— Her —

4
Tool Hoo— Tea — cher The Fool Hoo To—ld On You Hoo Now Momma Going

8
To Beat You— That'll Teach You That'll Teach You They'll Put You Back In Plu—

12
—kett Scho—ol —

Copyright © 2020 Luciano E. DeSanctis
All rights reserved. Except as permitted under the U.S.
Copyright Act of 1976, no part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, or stored in a database to retrieval system, without the prior written permission of the publisher.

1

SHEET MUSIC: Don't Hurt Yourself

1 of 3

Don't Hurt Yourself

Lemon Dream

Steinway Grand Piano

Music and Lyrics
Luciano DeSanctis

1



4



—Don't Hu—rt Your—self And Gi—ve Up The Chan—ce To Be Free— —Hee— Gi—ve Your— —self

10



A Chan— —ce — — To grow with Lo — — ve — —

15



Don't— Hu— —rt Your— —self And Gi—ve Up— The Chan—ce To Be Free Hee— Gi—ve—

21



Your—self A Cha—n—ce To Grow— — With Lo — — — — — ve

Copyright © 2020 Luciano E. DeSanctis
All rights reserved. Except as permitted under the U.S.
Copyright Act of 1976, no part of this publication may be reproduced,
distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, or stored in a
database or retrieval system, without the prior written permission of the publisher.

1

26 Be--a-u-ty is-- you hoo-- One Day

29 You'll See--Hee-- Be--a-u-ty Bears No Sin-- Hee-- On--

32 --ly Lo--ve Spring-- In-- Don't-- Hu--rt You--re-- And

36 Give And Give Your--self A Chan--ce To Be Free--Hee-- And Give Your--

40 --self A Cha--nce To-- Grow With Lo--ve-- Don't Hurt Your--

46 --self And-- Give-- Up-- The-- Chan--ce To Be Free--Hee--

Copyright © 2001 by the Board of Directors

50

With— Lov—ing Your—self — You'll Be A Fre—e Spi—rit —

54

With— Lov—ing Your—self — You'll Be A Fre—e Spi—rit —

59

With— Lov—ing Your—self — You'll Be A Fre—e Spi—rit —

63

With— Lov—ing Your—self — You'll Be A Fre—e Spi—rit —

Copyright © 2000 Luther E. Stuebner

SHEET MUSIC: See The Children Playing

See the Children Playing [Lemon Dream]

Music and Lyrics
Luciano DeSanctis

♩ = 111
Steinway Grand Piano

The musical score is written for Steinway Grand Piano. It features a single melodic line in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The score is divided into five systems, each containing two staves. The lyrics are written below the right-hand staff. The first system starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The second system begins with a measure rest of 6 measures. The third system begins with a measure rest of 9 measures. The fourth system begins with a measure rest of 14 measures. The fifth system continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are: 'See The Children Playing Hear the Squeals Of Joy Down On The Seesaw Fun For Girls and Boys Such Freedom To Be Who They Really Are Always In Search Of All'. The score ends with a double bar line.

1
6
9
14

See The Children Playing Hear the Squeals Of Joy
Down On The Seesaw Fun For Girls and Boys Such
Freedom To Be
Who They Really Are Always In Search Of All

Copyright © 2009 Luciano E. DeSanctis
All rights reserved. Except as permitted under the U.S.
Copyright Act of 1976, no part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, or stored in a database or retrieval system, without the prior written permission of the publisher.

1

19 Things Near And Far... Pro_ble_ms Co_me And Go...

24 Such A_ Puz_zling_ World_ A Sol_ ver's_ ...

27 Game_ Each Ch_ild Gi_ves It A Whit_ By Games They Learn By

31 Days They Grow_ ...

39 See_ The_ Ch_i dren Pla_ying_ Hear the Squeals Of_ Joy_ Up On The See_ See_ ...

44 Fun For Gals and Boys_ See_ The Ch_i dren Play_ ...

48

ing

Hear The Sops Of Joy

Free dom In Child

51

hood

Cares Not In Sight

God In His Hea ven

55

Making Things All Right

God In His

58

Hea ven

Making Things All Right

61

SHEET MUSIC: Play Marching

Play Marching (Lemon Dream)

 = 120

Steinway Grand Piano

Music by
Luciano DeSanctis



Copyright © 2020 Luciano E. DeSanctis
All rights reserved. Except as permitted under the U.S.
Copyright Act of 1976, no part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, or stored in a database to retrieval system, without the prior written permission of the publisher.



Copyright © 2000 by the University of California

MUSIC SHEET: When I Was That Age

When I was that Age ~

♩ = 100

Steinway Grand Piano

Music and Lyrics
Luciano DeSanctis

1

When I Was That Age_____ I Was

5

A Stranger In That Sta_ge_____ No Mo_th_er To Pa_ge_____

10

I Was A Loner In A Cage_____

15

When I Was That Age_____ A Stranger In

19

That Sta_ge_____ No Work To Wa_ge_____ My Dad_dy

Copyright © 1999 Luciano De Sanctis
All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, or stored in a retrieval system, without the prior written permission of the publisher.

1

24

In A Ra ge No Chl_

27

_ho _od Days No Child hood Ways Gro wing Up_

30

Was Much Too Fast That's The Way Life Goes_

33

Wa king Life On Tip py Tip py To _es_

36

When I Was That Age I was A Stran ger

40

In That Stage No Sag er To Save

Copyright © 2011 Curators of the Commons

44

Me That's how Way Life Goes Wal king Life On Ti py Toes

48

Tha T's How Life Go es So

52

me Of Us Have To Walk On Tippy Toes Some Of Us

56

Have To walk On ti py To es To oh es

Copyright © 2011 by E. Schirmer

When I was that Age ~

 = 100

String Ensemble

Luciano DeSanctis

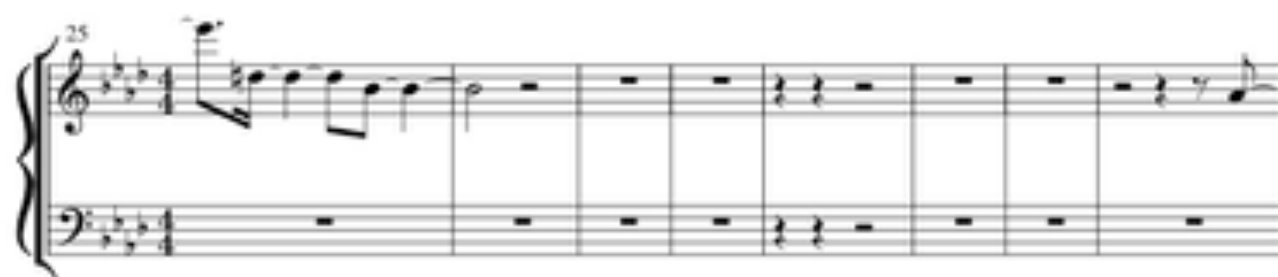


7

10

16

20



Measures 57-60 of a musical score in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. The score is written for piano (p) and consists of two systems. The first system contains measures 57, 58, 59, and 60. The second system contains measures 61 and 62. The melody is in the right hand, and the bass line is in the left hand. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The time signature is 4/4. The score includes various musical notations such as rests, eighth notes, and chords.

Measures 57-60 of a musical score in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. The score is written for piano (p) and consists of two systems. The first system contains measures 57, 58, 59, and 60. The second system contains measures 61 and 62. The melody is in the right hand, and the bass line is in the left hand. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The time signature is 4/4. The score includes various musical notations such as rests, eighth notes, and chords.

When I was that Age ~

 = 100

Flute Solo

Luciano DeSanctis



1



A musical score for piano, measures 57-61. The score is written for a grand piano, with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody in the treble staff begins with a half note chord (F4, A-flat4, C5), followed by a quarter note (F4), a half note (A-flat4), and a quarter note (C5). The bass staff is mostly empty, with a few notes in the final measure. The score is enclosed in a light blue border.

MUSIC SHEET: Numbers, Numbers

1 of 3

Numbers Numbers [piano solo]

Steinway Grand Piano

Music and Lyrics
Luciano DeSanctis

1
Numbers Numbers I'm So Low Ho
6
Get Me Out Of This Dreary Zone Let Go
10
This Heart Of Stone Help Me Find A Cozy Home
14
Go Go Find Me A Door way Door way Door way
18
On Bro ad way
22
But Your Ans wer Is Too Too Clou dy
26
Abo ut This Void
30
I've Come To Know Ho Let Go This He art Of Sto

Copyright © 2020 Luciano E. DeSanctis
All rights reserved. Except as permitted under the U.S.
Copyright Act of 1976, no part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, or stored in a database or retrieval system, without the prior written permission of the publisher.

34

ne Help Me Find A Co_zy Home _oh_

37

Go_Go Find Me A Door_way Door_way Door_way

41

On Broad_way A

46

Door_way Door_way Door_way On Broad_way

Go_Go Find Me A Door_way Door_way Door_way

Copyright © 2020 Luciano E. DeSantis

55

— On Broad way —

Copyright © 2020 Luciano E. DeSantis

Detailed description: This is a musical score for piano and voice. It consists of three measures. The piano part is written in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody in the treble clef starts on measure 55 with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note C5. In measure 56, it continues with a quarter note B4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note G4. In measure 57, it ends with a half note F#4. The bass line is mostly rests, with a few notes in measure 56. The voice part has lyrics 'On', 'Broad', and 'way' corresponding to measures 55, 56, and 57 respectively. The lyrics are written below the staff with lines for the singer to write in. A copyright notice 'Copyright © 2020 Luciano E. DeSantis' is located at the bottom right of the score.

MUSIC SHEET: Dream Island

Dream Island

Flute Solo

Music and Lyrics
Luciano DeSanctis

Musical notation for the song "Dream Island" featuring a flute solo. The score is in 4/4 time with a tempo of 110. It consists of 36 measures across 9 staves. The melody is written in treble clef. The lyrics are: "Come On In To Dream Island Where The Sun Is So Hot. Ki nd Come On In To Dream Island Where The Flowers Bloom All Night Smell The Air So Hot See The Colors The Colors So Hot In Fa vor Come On In To Dre am Is land Where The Sea is so Hot cle ar Come In To Dre am Is land Where You'll Feel so Hot Ne at Let Your Sen ses Your Sen es Pro be The La nd Let The Na ti ves Make You Ever Gla d."

Copyright © 2009 Luciano E. DeSanctis
All rights reserved. Except as permitted under the U.S.
Copyright Act of 1976, no part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, or stored in a database or retrieval system, without the prior written permission of the publisher.

1

171

40 Come Come Along come A long With In See The Bea uty with inn

43 You Walk Walk The Way Wa lk The Way Of Dre_ams Come

48 Come A long come A l ong With In See The Bea uty within You

56 Walk Walk The Way Wa lk The Way Of Dre_ams Come

60 On In To Dream Is land Where The Sea is so Ho Cle

65 ar Come On In To Dre_ams Is land Where You'll

70 Feel so Ho Ne at Let Your Sen ses Your Sen es Pro be The La nd

75 Let The Na ti ves Make You Ever Gla d Dream Away In Dream

80 Is land Walk The Way And Be All You Can Be

Dream Away In Dream Is land Walk The Way And Be All You Can Be

Copyright © 2020 Luciano E. DeGandia

85

Dream ___ Island ___

90

Dream ___ Is ___ land ___

94

In ___ Dream ___ Is ___ land ___ Walk ___ The Way ___ And Be ___ All You Can ___ Be ___ Dream

99

___ Is ___ land ___ Dream ___ Is ___ land ___ Dre ___ am ___ Is ___ land ___ Dream ___ Is ___ land ___

103

107

8

___ Dre ___ am ___ Is ___ land ___ Dre ___ am ___ Is ___ land ___

Copyright © 2020 Luciano E. DeSantis

MUSIC SHEET: UNITY

UNITY [Lemon Dream]

Steinway Grand Piano

Music and Lyrics
Luciano DeSanctis

U_ni_ty In My So_ul U_ni_ty

Is My Stre_n_ght Through My Dreams I Have Been Sho_wn Fi_re Ar_

Flows From Unity Through My Dreams I Have Been Sho_wn

Fi_re Ar_ Flows From Unity Free_dom Comes A_

_round Round Round When I Open Your Gate

Copyright © 2017 Luciano De Sanctis
All Rights Reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, or stored in a retrieval system, without the prior written permission of the publisher.

1

27

Gate Gate Through My Dreams God's Power Flows In Uni-ty

Fl-ne Ar-t Flo-wo From Uni-ty Uni-

38

43 ty In My So-ul Uni-ty

Is My Strenght Fl-ne Ar-t Flow-s From U-ni-ty

Through My Dre-am Fine Ar-t Flow-s Fl-

51

ne Ar-t Flow-s From U-ni-ty Cause God's Po-er

55

Is Every-Thing Fi-ne A-nd

58

Flows From U-ni-ty Cause God's Po-wei-

62

Is Eve-ry-thing

Copyright © 2004 by the Board of Directors

SHEET MUSIC: Faith You'll Get Through

Faith You'll Get Through [Saxophone]

Music and Lyrics
Luciano DeSanctis

Saxophone

120



1
Ride_ Gl_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
Ri_ de_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
Let_ The_ Way_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
Gui_ de_ You_ A_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
head_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _

7
Ride_ On_ The_ Pa_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
th_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
Fol_ low_ On_ A_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
head_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
Glide_ Gl_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _

12
_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
Gl_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
de_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
Let_ The_ Wi_ nd_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
Li_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
You_ A_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
head_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
Gl_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _

17
_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
de_ On_ The_ A_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
ir_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
Fol_ low_ On_ A_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
head_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
See_ k_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _

21
Gl_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
ri_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
Se_ ek_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
hee_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
Find_ The_ In_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
ner_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
Ba_ lance_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _

25

Will_ thin_ You_ Speak Gi_ri_ Spe_ek_ here_ Trust Your

31

Inner Voi_ce Will_ thin_ You_ Wha_ is_ ver_ The Wea_ther_ Fal_

36

_th You'll Get Thro_ugh_ Be_ Gi_ri_ Be_ heed_ Be_

42

here Will_ thin_ The Spi_rit_ Let Your Na_me Guide yo_

46

ur Fu_ture_ Wha_ is_ ver_ The Wea_ther_ Faith You'll Get

51

Thro_ugh_ Sa_i_ Gi_ri_ Sa_i_ Let The _Cur_

Copyright © 2011 by C. S. Lewis & Son

57

rent Carry You A head sa il The Flow A head

62

With Can-Do Spir it Wha te ver

67

The Wea ther Faith You'll Get Thro ugh What ever

72

The Wea ther Faith You'll Get Thro ugh Fly Gi rl

77

Fly Let The Stars Pull You A head

82

Fly To The Hea vers Follow On A head Be

86

Gi_rl Be heee Be heeee With Spi

91

rit LeYour Na-me Guide You To Yo_ur Fu_ture Seek Gi

96

rit Se ek heee Find Your In_ner Ba_lance Within

100

You Speak Girl Spe ek heee

105

Trust Your In_ner Voi_ce With_in You What ev

109

er The Weather Faith You'll Get Thro_ugh Be Girl Be

Copyright © 2007 Lucania R. Bellanova

115

heee Be heeee With Spi rit Let Your Name

120

Guide You A head What ever The Whe ather Fa

125

ith You'll Get Thro ugh Be Gi rl Be heee Gi rl

130

Be heeee With Spi rit Let Your Name Guide You To

135

Your Fu ture With Can Do Spi rit

What ever The Whe ather Faith You'll Get Thro ugh

Copyright © 2001 Luther C. Edwards



SHEET MUSIC: Dancing In The Wind

Dancing in the wind [flute]

Flute Solo

Music by
Luciano DeSanctis

$\text{♩} = 120$

15

20

24

29

Copyright © 2010 by Luciano DeSanctis
All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without the prior written permission of the publisher.

1



Copyright © 2007 by David C. Williams



Copyright © 2000 Curious, Inc. All Rights Reserved.

137

153

165

172

176

180

Copyright © 2005 by Luther H. Anderson

MUSIC SHEET: Coda

1 of 3

Coda

Steinway Grand Piano

Music by
Luciano DeSanctis

Copyright © 2019 by Luciano DeSanctis.
All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, or stored in a retrieval system, without the prior written permission of the publisher.

1

The musical score consists of six systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 4/4. The notation includes various musical elements:

- System 1 (Measures 17-20):** Features a triplet of eighth notes in the treble staff at measure 17. The bass staff has a half note in measure 17 and rests in measures 18-19.
- System 2 (Measures 21-24):** Continues the melodic line in the treble staff with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff has a half note in measure 21 and eighth notes in measures 23-24.
- System 3 (Measures 25-28):** The treble staff has a continuous eighth-note melody. The bass staff features a complex accompaniment with many beamed sixteenth notes.
- System 4 (Measures 29-32):** The treble staff continues with eighth notes. The bass staff has a half note in measure 29 and eighth notes in measures 31-32.
- System 5 (Measures 33-36):** Includes a triplet of eighth notes in the treble staff at measure 33. The bass staff has a half note in measure 33 and eighth notes in measures 35-36.
- System 6 (Measures 37-40):** The treble staff continues with eighth notes. The bass staff has a half note in measure 37 and eighth notes in measures 39-40.

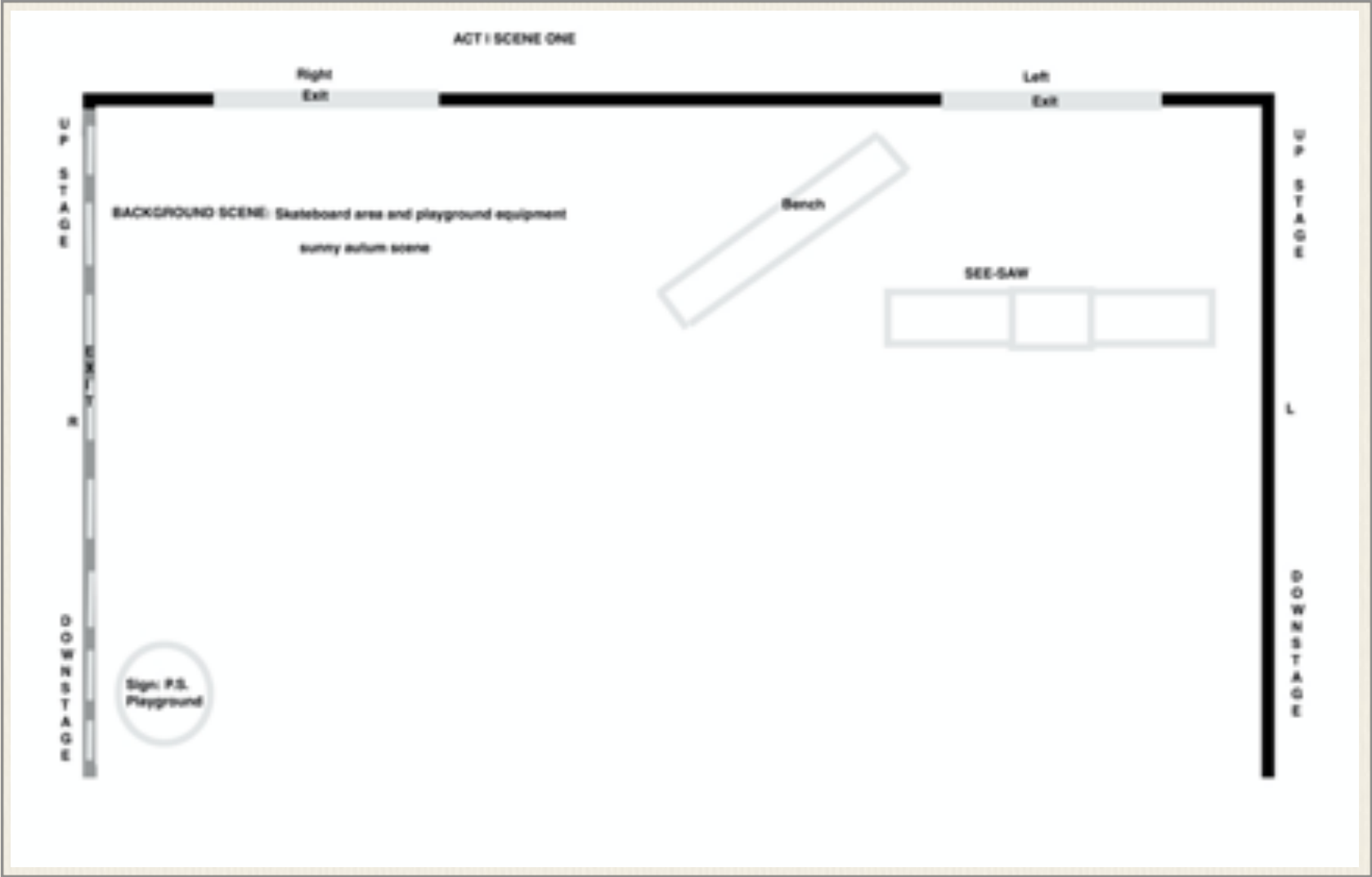
Copyright © 2000 Luciana R. Delgado

37

40

Copyright © 2000 Gordon & Breach

STAGE LAYOUT SUGGESTION: Act I Scene I

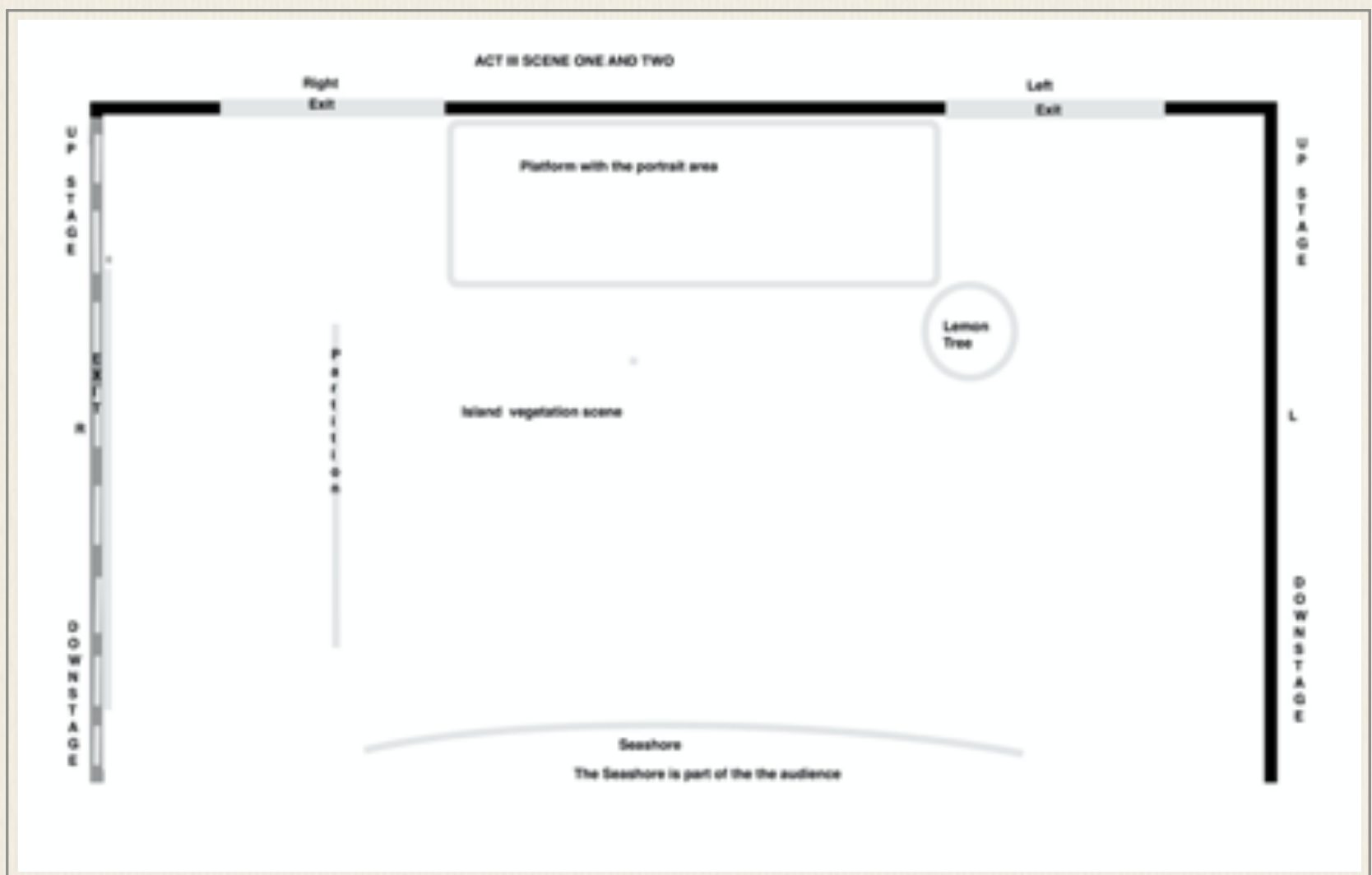


STAGE LAYOUT SUGGESTION:

Act I Scene II



STAGE LAYOUT SUGGESTION: Act II Scene I and Scene II



STAGE LAYOUT SUGGESTION:
Act III Scene I, II, and III.

