

STARBOARD HOME  
(The New Turn-of-the-Century Musical)

Music by Chuck Muckle  
Book and Lyrics by David Eisner

CONTACT:

Chuck Muckle  
[muckcj@aol.com](mailto:muckcj@aol.com)  
845-264-3900 mobile/text  
3875 Waldo Ave. Apt. 6J  
Riverdale, NY 10463

TIME AND PLACE: It is New Year's Eve. All are preparing to board ship for a voyage from Southampton, England to Marseille, France.

### Cast of Characters

ROSIE O. GRADY - feisty Cockney lady's maid to LADY GOODENOUGH; belt and soprano (some mock opera)

DAVY JONES - earnest butler to LORD GOODENOUGH, short to medium stature, tenor

PAMELA POSTLETHWAITE - a no-nonsense "modern woman," physically agile, alto belt

LORD GOODENOUGH - a dashing rogue, sophisticated in demeanor; tall, baritone

LADY GOODENOUGH - his discontented "trophy wife"; tall (5'9" and up), soprano and high belt

CAPTAIN CATHCART - the bumbling skipper at the helm of this New Year's cruise; character man, bass/baritone

All British/UK accents.

Ages: late 20s to early/mid 40s

## STARBOARD HOME      VOCAL SELECTIONS / SCRIPT PAGE

## ACT I

AT SEA – full cast	p. 4
WAKE UP AND LOVE ME - Rosie and full cast	p. 11
LIE, LIE, LIE - Lord	p. 15
DECISIONS, DECISIONS – Captain and full cast	p. 18
LOOKING FOR THE JOY - Lady	p. 22
TAKE CARE - Davy	p. 23
FIT FOR THE FIGHT – Pamela and full cast	p. 25
PICCADILLY POSH - full cast	p. 31

## ACT II

SINGULARLY UNPREPARED – full cast	p. 34
NO MORE – Rosie and Captain	p. 37
NEVER MIND – Lord, Pamela and full cast	p. 44
THE TIME AND PLACE – Davy, Lady	p. 47
HARDER (Lexi's Lament) – Lady	p. 47
TIME AND PLACE (CON'D) – Davy, Lady	p. 49
LITTLE ONE - Rosie and full cast	p. 56
HARDER REPRISE - Lady and full cast (BIG MAMA WAS WRONG)	p. 63
TAKE THE TURN – full cast	p. 65

## ACT I

(As the overture ends, a ship horn blows.)

ALL

Dockside. All aboard. Southampton, England to Marseille, France. 1899. New Year's Eve. The turn of the century.

(It is New Year's Eve. All are preparing to board ship for a voyage from Southampton, England to Marseille, France. Lights up on ROSIE, a letter in her hand.)

ROSIE

JUST HOLDING THIS HAS MADE ME FEEL BETTER.

ALL (as chorus)

ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.

ROSIE

MY DAVY SENT HIS ROSIE A LETTER.

ALL

FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE.

ROSIE

HE'S FINALLY PROPOSING TO GET HER,

ALL

BY NEW YEAR'S DAY,

ROSIE

TO LOVE AND HONOR AND OBEY.

(Lights up on DAVY. ROSIE mouths the words as he sings.)

DAVY

DEAR ROSIE MY GIRL, HOW I MISSED YOU THIS CHRISTMAS.  
AND I PRAYED TO PERSUADE YOU TO SPEND 1900 WITH ME;  
SO SORRY I CAN'T, FOR I SAIL WITH THE GOODENOUGHS;  
WE ARE SPENDING THE ENDING OF 1899  
AT SEA.

ROSIE

At sea?  
IF YOU CANNOT STAY,  
THEN LAST YEAR'S RESOLUTION ALSO SAILS AWAY;  
I SWORE BY THE END OF THIS YEAR WE'D BE MARRYING,  
YOU AND ME.

(Lights up on LORD and LADY)

LORD

IT SOUNDS VERY RICH, JUST A FEW DAYS SINCE CHRISTMAS.  
SO APPEALING, TO BE STEALING AWAY FOR THIS NEW YEAR'S EVE FETE.

LADY

I SIMPLY CAN'T MOVE, SINCE MY TREASURE HAS VANISHED;  
I'M DESPAIRING, DECLARING MY FIN-DE-SIECLE REGRET.

LORD

YOU'VE BEEN SO DEPRESSED,  
MY DEAREST, PLEASE BELIEVE YOUR HUSBAND KNOWS WHAT'S BEST:  
THE FANCIEST, WEALTHIEST, HAPPIEST NEW YEAR'S EVE  
AT SEA.

LADY

At sea?  
SINCE I LOST MY RING,  
I'D LIKE TO FORESTALL THE NEW YEAR TILL THE SPRING,  
AND SURELY, YOU KNOW, SINCE IT'S MISSING I HAVE BEEN ALL  
AT SEA.

ROSIE

I SHAN'T BE A BRIDE,  
AND GOODNESS HOW I'LL GRIEVE WITHOUT HIM BY MY SIDE,  
TO SPEND THE NEXT CENTURY'S VERY NEXT NEW YEAR'S EVE

DAVY

AT SEA.

ROSIE

WITH ME.

DAVY and LORD

AT SEA.

ROSIE

WITH ME.

DAVY, LORD. LADY

AT SEA.

ROSIE

WITH ME, AT SEA, WITH-ME-AT-SEA-WITH-ME-AT-SEA!

(DAVY places a phone call.)

LORD

WE'LL SING AULD LANG SYNE,

LADY

WHO'LL SING AULD LANG SYNE?

LORD AND LADY

AND GIVE THE OLD HEAVE TO EIGHTEEN NINETY NINE,  
AND SPEND THE NEXT CENTURY'S VERY FIRST NEW YEAR'S EVE  
AT SEA.

(Lights up on PAMELA'S office, phone ringing. She answers.)

PAMELA

"Enlightened Women for the Eradication of Men." Pamela Postlethwaite here.

DAVY

(Disguising his voice.)

I know a MAN who stole a WOMAN's ring.

PAMELA

WHAT'S THE SCOUNDREL'S NAME?

DAVY

OWEN GOODENOUGH!

PAMELA

OH! YOU KNOW HIS LORDSHIP WELL?

DAVY

YES!

PAMELA

YOU'RE SURE HE IS TO BLAME?

DAVY

YES!

PAMELA

THEN I SHALL BE THRILLED TO CONFRONT HIM  
THIS NEW YEAR'S EVE  
AT SEA.

(They hang up.)

THIS SCHEME HAS NO FLAWS  
THAT I CAN DISCERN, SO FOLLOWING MY CAUSE,  
I'M SURE MY REVENGE WILL BE SWEET ON THIS NEW YEAR'S EVE  
AT SEA.

ALL (except CAPTAIN)

WITH ME...AT SEA...

WITH-ME-AT-SEA-WITH-ME-AT-SEA,

THE VERY NEXT CENTURY'S VERY FIRST NEW YEAR'S EVE  
AT SEA.

(Lights up on CAPTAIN, with schedule upside down. He notably rights it.)

CAPTAIN

All aboard, Southampton to Marseille!

THIS SCHEDULE'S LONG, IT'S TIME TO BEGIN IT.

ALL

WITHOUT A DOUBT.

CAPTAIN

I DON'T KNOW HOW I GOT MYSELF IN IT.

ALL

WITHOUT A DOUBT.

CAPTAIN  
TO RUN IT RIGHT, I STUDIED EACH MINUTE,

ALL  
WITHOUT A DOUBT.

CAPTAIN  
AND SUBSEQUENTLY RETCHED MY SCOUT.

ALL  
YOU SUBSEQUENTLY SKETCHED YOUR ROUTE.

CAPTAIN  
NOTHING'S TO BE MISSED,  
BUT FIRST YOU MUST PERCEIVE WHAT'S ON MY LITTLE LIST  
OF THINGS TO DO ONCE YOU ARE ON THIS SHIP  
NEW YEAR'S EVE:  
SIX O'CLOCK, SAIL AWAY;  
SEVEN O'CLOCK, SOCIALIZE;  
EIGHT O'CLOCK (OPTIONAL), EXERCISE;  
NINE O'CLOCK, DRESSING TIME;  
TEN O'CLOCK, MASQUERADE;  
FIREWORKS MARK THE END OF THE YEAR  
(WHAT AM I DOING HERE?),  
STEP THIS WAY, IF YOU PLEASE.

(Lights up on ALL as they board the ship during the sextet.)

CAPTAIN  
IT IS CLEAR THAT I AM JITTERY. THIS SHIP IS SO LARGE I'M  
SKITTERY. IT IS NEAR NEW YEAR'S EVE, ISN'T IT? IT IS CLEAR  
THAT I AM JITTERY. IT IS NEAR NEW YEAR'S EVE, ISN'T IT? ISN'T  
IT? ISN'T IT? RING OUT THE OLD YEAR AND RING IN THE NEW YEAR  
AT SEA.

LADY  
NO! NO NO NO NO! NO NO NO NO! NO! NO! NO! AND WHAT OF  
MY RING?  
I SHALL CERTAINLY BE  
AT SEA.

LORD  
YES! YES! YES! YES! YES!  
WHAT RING? YES, WE'LL RING IN THE CENTURY'S NEW YEAR'S EVE  
AT SEA.

DAVY  
AND WHAT IF THEY SHOULD RING FOR ME? I'LL SHOW'EM WHAT'S UP MY  
SLEEVE.

THIS VERY NEXT NEW YEAR'S EVE, THIS VERY NEXT NEW YEAR'S EVE,  
THIS VERY NEXT NEW YEAR'S EVE  
AT SEA.

PAMELA

WRINGING NECKS IS SURE TO BE THE SWEETEST WAY OF RINGING IN THE  
 NEWEST  
 CENTURY  
 AT SEA.

ROSIE

DID HE SAY HE HAD A RING, DID HE? DID HE SAY HE HAD A RING?  
 SURPRISE ME WITH  
 THE RING ON THIS NEW YEAR'S EVE  
 AT SEA.

ALL

WE'LL SING AULD LANG SYNE,  
 AND NEVER BEREAVE OLD EIGHTEEN NINETY NINE,  
 AND SPEND THE NEXT CENTURY'S VERY FIRST NEW YEAR'S EVE  
 AT SEA!

OFF-STAGE VOICES

SIX O'CLOCK, SAIL AWAY  
 ON THE NEXT, VERY NEXT CENTURY'S VERY FIRST NEW YEAR'S EVE  
 AT SEA.

(CAPTAIN, PAMELA and GOODENOUGHS exit. Four bells.)

OFF-STAGE VOICES

SIX O'CLOCK: SAIL AWAY,  
 ON THE NEXT, VERY NEXT CENTURY'S VERY FIRST NEW YEAR'S EVE  
 AT SEA

(DAVY is struggling with the GOODENOUGHS' trunk. ROSIE sees him  
 and stops him.)

ROSIE

(in a deep voice)

Well, sir, it looks like you could use some help with that  
 baggage.

DAVY

I am not in need of any help in this circumstance.

ROSIE

Whoa, Davy, don't you recognize me?!

DAVY

Rosie? How? Who? Where? What are you doing here?

ROSIE

Well, Davy, after that sweet note what you wrote me, you didn't  
 think that I would allow you to leave without our saying  
 goodbye...

DAVY

Rosie, that not WAS my saying goodbye.



ROSIE

Well, then, I came to say my goodbye to you, and to hear if you had anything else that you'd like to say to me.

DAVY

Yes, several things, actually...

ROSIE

Yes, Davy???

DAVY

First of all, the truth is, that...

ROSIE

Excuse me, Davy, but I believe I have told you that that expression rubs me the wrong way.

DAVY

What expression?

ROSIE

"The truth is." Whenever you say "the truth is...", it makes me feel like I'm being lectured to, like when I was a little girl in convent school. And everybody knows what a lovely experience that was...

DAVY

In any case, the facts are...

ROSIE

Better.

DAVY

...this: One: You are spending New Year's Eve aboard ship, whether you planned it or not.

ROSIE

Naaah! She ain't leavin' till six o'clock. And I just hear four chimes, not six.

DAVY

Rosie, four bells on a ship means six o'clock. Also ten o'clock and two o'clock, but this time four bells meant six o'clock. And we have already left port.

ROSIE

Is that what all that fuss was about?

DAVY

Fuss? FUSS? Yes. Second. I take it you have neither a ticket nor the pounds sterling to pay for the trip.

ROSIE

You take it correctly. But I know that there is someone on board who is willing to take care of me, isn't that right, Davy?

DAVY

Who might that be?

ROSIE

Oh never mind, you wouldn't understand.

DAVY

Thirdly, the major problem: you were not invited to this celebration.

ROSIE

How do you know I didn't receive an invitation?

DAVY

Because — I sent them.

ROSIE

YOU did!

DAVY

Well, of course, I own this ship.

ROSIE

So why were you the Goodenoughs' butler for the last year?

DAVY

Rosie, no time to explain now. I'll tell you next year. For right now, I propose...

ROSIE

Yes, Davy, YES!

DAVY

...that you stow away all night...

ROSIE

WHAT???

DAVY

...or I could get you a disguise...if you care to appear at all.

ROSIE

If I care to appear at all?!

DAVY

You wouldn't want the Goodenoughs to see you after what happened...

ROSIE

After WHAT happened?

DAVY

We are all aware of the circumstances surrounding your dismissal.

ROSIE

Oh, we are, are we?

DAVY

Yes, Rosie, we are. And although I know you are not the thief,  
the truth is..

ROSIE

GRRRRR.

DAVY

The truth is, you were the last one seen in Lady Goodenough's  
room before the ring was discovered missing.

(ROSIE knocks DAVY out)

ROSIE

Davy, you don't understand. I swore to mother Superior I'd  
become a nun if I wasn't a bride by New Year's. Davy? DAVY?

I HOPE YOU KNOW THIS LITTLE LASS IS IN A PLIGHT:  
OUR WORDS ARE SHIPS THAT PASS EACH OTHER IN THE NIGHT.  
AND WHEN YOU'RE LYING CLOSE TO ME AND YOU DON'T SAY A THING,  
PLEASE LIST TO THE SUGGESTION THAT TO YOU I SING:

WAKE UP AND LOVE ME IS ALL YOU NEED TO DO.  
WAKE UP AND LOVE ME BEFORE THE YEAR IS THROUGH.  
WAKE UP AND LOVE ME, AIN'T A MOMENT TO SPARE!  
OPPORTUNITY'S KNOCKING, BUT THERE'S NO ONE THERE!

SINCE ALL I ASK IS A LITTLE WARMTH BEFORE WE'RE OLD.  
MY TEMPER STARTS TO GET HEATED UP AND YOU'RE OUT COLD!  
AND WHEN YOU'RE FLAT AS A FLOUNDER FISH, I FEEL I MUST INQUIRE:  
CAN'T YOU LEAP FROM YOUR FRYING PAN INTO MY FIRE?!

WAKE UP AND LOVE ME, IS ALL YOU NEED TO DO.  
WAKE UP AND LOVE ME, BEFORE THE NIGHT IS THROUGH.  
WAKE UP AND LOVE ME,, AIN'T A MOMENT TO SPARE —  
OPPORTUNITY'S KNOCKING, BUT THERE'S NO ONE THERE!

POOR SLEEPING BEAUTY, SHE SLEEPS AROUND A HUNDRED YEARS.  
SHE'S NEVER BATTING AN EYELID TILL HER PRINCE APPEARS.  
YOU KNOW THAT IF IT WOULD HELP YOU., I WOULD KISS AND MAKE IT  
WELL.  
YOU'RE NO BEAUTY AND I'M NO PRINCE, BUT WHAT THE H...

(ROSIE is interrupted by the others, as Chorus.)

ALL (but ROSIE and DAVY)

WAKE UP AND LOVE ME, IS ALL YOU NEED TO DO.  
WAKE UP AND LOVE ME, BEFORE THE SONG IS THROUGH.  
WAKE UP AND LOVE ME, AIN'T A MOMENT TO SPARE!  
OPPORTUNITY'S KNOCKING, BUT THERE'S NO ONE THERE!

ROSIE

NOW I AM SURE THAT THE REST OF YOU ALL KNOW SOMEONE

WHO'S FALLING DOWN AS YOU'RE GETTING UP TO HAVE SOME FUN!  
 YOU REALLY DON'T NEED TO BEAT 'EM JUST TO SHOW 'EM THAT THEY'RE  
 WRONG --  
 EVERYONE WHO IS SMART ENOUGH WILL SING THIS SONG.

(LORD, LADY, PAMELA and CAPTAIN hold up lyric cards for the  
 audience. ROSIE points out the words as all but DAVY sing the  
 last chorus.)

C'mon, Everybody!

ALL (but DAVY)

WAKE UP AND LOVE ME, IS ALL YOU NEED TO DO.  
 WAKE UP AND LOVE ME, BEFORE THE SONG IS THROUGH.  
 WAKE UP AND LOVE ME,, AIN'T A MOMENT TO SPARE!  
 OPPORTUNITY'S KNOCKING, BUT THERE'S NO ONE THERE!  
 OPPORTUNITY'S KNOCKING, OPPORTUNITY'S KNOCKING,  
 OPPORTUNITY'S KNOCKING BUT THERE'S NO ONE THERE!

All but DAVY and ROSIE exit.)

ROSIE

Oh, dear dear dear dear dear. Here comes the good Lord  
 Goodenough himself. Whatever shall I do?

(She crawls inside the trunk. LORD enters.)

LORD

Falling down on the job again, eh, Jones? Come, come, up and at  
 'em!

DAVY

Oh, thank you sir.

LORD

You don't look well, Have you been hit by influenza?

DAVY

(looking around)

Nope! Not by influenza, I assure you. The truth is...

LORD

Do get that trunk to Lady Goodenough. She is waiting for it.

DAVY

I am to be with Lady Goodenough without you present, sir?

LORD

Don't be so provincial, Jones. This is practically the  
 twentieth century, you know. I'm off to Captain Cathcart's  
 study.

(LORD exits.)

DAVY  
(aside)

Captain Cathcart?? That bumbler?! Ohhh, first Rosie, now Cathcart. And I must destroy the Goodenoughs' marriage before midnight. Nothing's turning out the way I'd planned.

(DAVY exits with trunk.)

OFF-STAGE VOICES

SEVEN O'CLOCK, SOCIALIZE,  
ON THE NEXT, VERY NEXT CENTURY'S VERY FIRST NEW YEAR'S EVE  
AT SEA.

CAPTAIN  
(off-stage)

Raise anchor!

(LORD knocks at his door.)

Lower anchor!

(LORD knocks again.)

Oh, leave it half-way.

(CAPTAIN enters, then exits.)

I'll get back to you.

(He enters again, allows the LORD to enter.)

Good evening, Lewd Gored-enough. And how are you rooming in the state fair?

LORD  
(slowly)

I'm faring quite well in the state room, thank you.

CAPTAIN

The view is to your liking?

LORD

Everything is perfect, absolutely perfect.

CAPTAIN

And how is the little woman?

LORD

Everything is almost perfect, almost absolutely perfect.

CAPTAIN

Good. Oh, dear...well...what do I can you for?

LORD

What can you do for me? Well, sir, it's rather embarrassing. It's been rather a costly year, new wife and all, and it seems I left my townhouse without a penny in my pocket. I was wondering if you might be able to help me. I want you to have — this ring.

CAPTAIN

This a bit sudden. Sir, and a bit out of the ordinary. And if I may say so, a bit showy for day wear. Nonetheless, I shall bear it to tonight's wall.

LORD

Wear it to tonight's ball? Nay, nay, you don't understand. Tell me, Captain, would you do me the honor of purchasing this from me?

CAPTAIN

Or I could lend you the money and you could return the ring to..

LORD

Lady Goodenough?

CAPTAIN

Yes.

LORD

Impossible. (No.)

CAPTAIN

Why?

LORD

Then she will begin to suspect me, and her trust is most important to my scheme.

CAPTAIN

Suspect you? Scheme?

LORD

Are you willing to keep a secret as an officer and a gentleman? Lady Goodenough is going to die.

CAPTAIN

O my Lord!

LORD

Yes?

CAPTAIN

No, no, I meant my Lord up above. What a wastable whore!

LORD

What?! Yes, it is a horrible waste. Pity that a woman blessed with such beauty should be cursed with such poor health.

CAPTAIN

But isn't it kinder to permit her to be with her treasured possessions to the very end?

LORD

Don't you read your New Testament, sir? It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man, or woman, to pass through the kingdom of Heaven. And I'm relieving Lady Goodenough of that terrible burden before she passes on.

CAPTAIN

I see it says something inside. "Mama Was Wrong Big." Rather unique inscription. Has an American Indian quality to it, don't you think? "Mama Was Wrong Big."

LORD

Indian, yes, well actually...something the little woman picked up travelling stateside last year. It IS extremely rare.

CAPTAIN

Here is my cash, sir. (The LORD pockets all of it.) Take what you feel is an appropriate amount. I must go now. Please feel free to use the study for as long as you need to. Back to the bridge. You know my motto: Cool the two dead sheep.

(The CAPTAIN leaves.)

LORD

(calling after him)

Keep to the schedule.

(to himself)

Keep to the schedule. O that life were that simple. Well- it is, really. I simply have no money to my name. I simply stole my wife's ring to pay for this voyage. I simply did NOT give her that ring to begin with. She thinks I did. She thinks I'm a man of means. She also thinks I love...(he stops himself) Well, I say- what's one more simple little deceit?

GENTLEMANLY BUSINESS IS BORING, SAILING ON A SHIP LEAVES ME COLD.

PEOPLE ARE THE SEAS I'M EXPLORING, STORIES ARE THE GOODS I HAVE SOLD;

IF THEY THINK YOU'RE GREEDY THEY WILL NEVER BUY. I JUST HINT THAT I'M NEEDY AND LIE, LIE LIE.

IF THEY HESITATE OR THEY STIFLE GENEROUS RESPONSES AND SUCH, SPEAKING OF A POOR, SICKLY WIFE'LL OFTEN YIELD A FINISHING TOUCH.

DOESN'T MATTER IF THE LADY'S FIT AND SPRY,  
I LET A TEAR GENTLY FALL AND LIE, LIE, LIE.

IF YOUR COMRADES OR RELATIONS DISREGARD SOLICITATIONS,  
IF THEY'RE TAKING YOU TO TASK FOR ALL THE MONEY THAT YOU ASK FOR,  
THERE'S A SIMPLE WAY TO PACIFY - LIE.

ONCE YOU HAVE FINALLY GRIPPED YOUR VICTIMS' ATTENTION LIKE THIS,  
QUOTE FROM THE OLD SACRED SCRIPTURE, TRUST ME, IT NEVER WILL MISS;

DON'T SAY I INSTRUCTED YOU FOR I'LL DENY. KNOW THIS, MY ONE RULE FOR LIVING: LIE, LIE, LIE - LIE, LIE, LIE.

(He leaves. The CAPTAIN is crossing by, strolling rather aimlessly.)

(Eight bells)

OFF-STAGE VOICES

EIGHT O'CLOCK: (OPTIONAL) EXERCIZE,  
ON THE NEXT, VERY NEXT CENTURY'S VERY FIRST NEW YEAR'S EVE  
AT SEA

CAPTAIN

(panicking)

Optional? How's a person supposed to know what to do?  
(He passes a door and hears something.)

A damsel in distress! To her rescue! It does sound as if somebody is in pain. Or perhaps not. And if this is a domestic quarrel, I most certainly do not want to fall into the middle of anything.

(He enters PAMELA's stateroom; she is in a shoulder stand. He grabs her legs.)

Oh, no, this poor, semi-naked young thing has been attacked and then placed in a most awkward position.

(Her legs fall, pushing him to the ground.)

And speaking of awkward positions, it appears that I am in one as well.

PAMELA

Sir! You have entered my boudoir uninvited! Leave at once! I shall inform the captain of this intrusion. He shall have you locked in irons.

CAPTAIN

Oh. No. Miss, not that. I couldn't bear to be locked in irons. Of course, it may not be so unpleasant after all! I shall leave the decision up to you.

(sings)

OH, DECISIONS, DECISIONS, I HATE TO MAKE DECISIONS.

PAMELA

Heavens above! It couldn't be! It mustn't be! And yet it is! Cyril!

CAPTAIN

Pamela?

BOTH

Why are you in that preposterous position? Oh.  
(They both straighten up.)



CAPTAIN

Now look what I've done. I've paved my foot...

PAMELA

(sighing as in "here we go again")

You've put your fate...

CAPTAIN

No, no, my very existence into the hands of a woman who hates me...

PAMELA

Now, Cyril...

CAPTAIN

A woman who hates me because I broke off our engagement without any explanation...

PAMELA

Cyril, I don't...

CAPTAIN

Who hates me because I could never make any decisions of any worth at any time...(sings)  
OH, DECISIONS, DECISIONS, I HATE TO MAKE DECISIONS.

PAMELA

(clamps her hand over his mouth)

Please, Cyril, listen, I do not hate you.

CAPTAIN

(tries to speak through her hand)

Really?

PAMELA

I could never hate you. Cyril...

CAPTAIN

Pamela...

PAMELA

...loathe, despise and detest you, surely...

CAPTAIN

Pamela...

PAMELA

...but never hate. I know, I know, we should discuss this further...

CAPTAIN

Pamela...

PAMELA

...but another time, Cyril. I see you have already received your costume for tonight's ball.

CAPTAIN

No no no no no...

PAMELA

I wonder what mine will be...

CAPTAIN

(tearing her hand away)

Pamela! I'm only selling you these turds for your own wake!

PAMELA

(after a pause)

You're only telling me these words for my own sake?

CAPTAIN

Yes. This is not a costume, Pamela.

PAMELA

No?

CAPTAIN

No. I went to sea soon after we parted, Pamela.

WELL, I GUESSED I COULD REST  
FROM COMMITTING TO THESE OR THOSE OR OTHERS.  
IF I'D BE OFF AT SEA  
I'D HAVE NO CHANCE OF HAVING MY DRUTHERS.  
AS A SLAVE TO THE NAVY  
'T WAS HEAVEN FOR ME TO BE TRAPPED IN;  
THEN ONE DAY TO REPAY  
MY DEVOTION SOME DOLT MADE ME CAPTAIN.

PAMELA

Oh, no. You're the Captain? The poor passengers.  
(calling out)

Row back! Row back!

CAPTAIN

IF THEY START TO DEPART,  
THERE WOULD ONLY BE ME TO DIRECT THEM.  
I CONFESS, UNDER STRESS,  
THERE ARE RULES, BUT I CAN'T RECOLLECT THEM.  
UPPER CLASS GOES EN MASSE,  
AND FOR LOWER THERE ARE NO PROVISIONS,  
I REHEARSED "WOMEN FIRST,"  
BUT THAT'S ONE OF SO MANY DECISIONS:

DECISIONS, DECISIONS, I HATE TO MAKE DECISIONS.  
IN CHOOSING WHETHER THIS OR THAT,  
MY STOMACH IS THE HABITAT  
FOR SOME MISGUIDED ACROBAT  
OR TWO OR MAYBE THREE, SIR.  
MY EYEBROWS TIE UP IN A KNOT,  
AND THEN MY FOREHEAD FEELS SO HOT,  
IT SEEMS MY SKULL HAS SOMEHOW GOT  
ON SOME POOR TAILOR'S CREASER!

DECISIONS, DECISIONS, I HATE TO MAKE DECISIONS.  
 I'LL TELL YOU ALL EXACTLY WHY  
 SELECTING MAKES ME GO AWRY:  
 THERE IS A GOOD AND BAD AND I  
 PREFER TO SIT ON FENCES.  
 AND THOUGH YOU SAY, "FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE,  
 WE ALL HAVE MADE SOME GRAVE MISTAKE!"  
 BUT WHEN YOU MAKE A CHOICE YOU MAKE  
 SOME MORE AS CONSEQUENCES.

(DAVY, ROSIE, LORD and LADY, as Chorus, all enter with suicide  
 props: DAVY a bottle of pills, LORD a revolver, LADY a noose,  
 ROSIE a knife. They dangle them over the CAPTAIN's head.)

DAVY  
 OVERWHELMING, THIS REALM  
 OF THOSE EVER-ENLARGING SELECTIONS...

LORD  
 THERE'S NO FUSS, DO LIKE US,  
 AND YOU CERTAINLY WON'T HEAR OBJECTIONS.

LADY  
 YOU'LL AGREE, WE ARE FREE  
 AND OUR METHODS ARE UP FOR ADOPTION.

ROSIE  
 HAVE NO FEAR, DISAPPEAR,  
 EXERCISING YOUR ONE FINAL OPTION.

ALL (except PAMELA)

DECISIONS, DECISIONS, I HATE TO MAKE DECISIONS.  
 DECISIONS, DECISIONS, I HATE TO MAKE DECISIONS.

CAPTAIN  
 BUT WHEN I THOUGHT OF SUICIDE,  
 THERE WAS NOBODY WHO WOULD GUIDE  
 ME AS TO TAKING CYANIDE  
 OR OTHER FOUL ELIXIR,  
 OR HANG MYSELF OR SLIT MY THROAT,  
 I NEVER HAD THE NERVE TO VOTE,  
 SO NOW I'M STUCK HERE ON THIS BOAT!  
 THE MORAL? PLEASE, YOU PICK, SIR!  
 THE MORAL? PLEASE, YOU PICK, SIR!  
 THE MORAL? PLEASE, THE MORAL? PLEASE,  
 THE MORAL? PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE,  
 YOU PICK, SIR!

(DAVY, LORD, LADY and ROSIE exit.)

PAMELA

Cyril, stop! I promise I shall not warn the passengers.  
Besides, even a strong woman can only take so much singing.

CAPTAIN

Oh, thank you thank you thank you. I am forever in your debt.

PAMELA

Good. Then you can have no objection to my giving a little  
speech tonight.

CAPTAIN

Yes. No. Perhaps. What sort of speech?

PAMELA

On total suffrage for all women on land, sea and air.

CAPTAIN

Air?

PAMELA

Balloonists.

CAPTAIN

Looks rather lengthy.

PAMELA

Mother wrote it.

CAPTAIN

(quite amused)

Your mother?

PAMELA

Just before she died.

CAPTAIN

Oh.

PAMELA

If I cannot give my speech tonight, I shall do whatever it takes  
to bring a villain down. I shall disclose the identity of that  
villain at the masquerade party tonight, at the stroke of  
midnight.

CAPTAIN

No no no no no.

PAMELA

It is melodramatic, I admit, but nonetheless effective.

CAPTAIN

You can't. Please.

PAMELA

But I must.

CAPTAIN

But it's not on my schedule. And the schedule is what I depend  
on.

PAMELA

"One can only depend on oneself."

CAPTAIN  
(panicked)

What?

PAMELA  
Sorry, Cyril, forget I said anything.

CAPTAIN  
Depend on myself?

PAMELA  
If you do not allow me to make this revelation, I shall tell everyone all about you.

CAPTAIN  
No, please don't. Isn't there something else that I could do for you? Here. This ring.

PAMELA  
We tried all that once before, Cyril.

CAPTAIN  
No no no no no. As recompense for remaining mum. An esteemed member of the peerage recently gave it to me and told me it was worth a pretty penny.

PAMELA  
I see there's an inscription. "Was Wrong Big Mama." Hmmph. I see. "Was Wrong Big Mama." Some man gave a woman a trinket with an apology inscribed. Then she would not expose him for the fool or the cad he really was. A way of buying her silence. I am glad that sort of thing is on the decline.

CAPTAIN  
Yes, yes, on the decline. Well, Pamela, I suppose that I shall see you at tonight's ball?

PAMELA  
Yes, of course. But whether you will see through my disguise is another story.

CAPTAIN  
Must I decide what to wear? (sings) OH, DECISIONS...

PAMELA  
(clamps her hand over his mouth)  
No. Cyril, costumes will be provided.

(PAMELA pushes him out the door. He walks on, and hears something at the next door.)

## CAPTAIN

A damsel in distress! To her rescue! It does sound as if somebody is in pain. Or perhaps not. And if this is a domestic quarrel, I most certainly do not want to fall into the middle of anything. This seems so familiar. I am working too hard.

(He leaves. The LADY is revealed at her dressing table, with the empty ring box.)

## LADY

ONCE UPON A TIME, I THOUGHT HE LOVED ME.  
ONCE UPON A TIME, I THOUGHT I LOVED HIM TOO.  
BUT THERE IS SIMPLY NOTHING LEFT TO REMIND ME  
OF ALL THE HAPPINESS I LEFT BEHIND ME.

LOOKING FOR THE JOY,  
THAT ONCE I KNOW I KNEW,  
LOOKING FOR THE JOY,  
AND AS I AM PURSUING IT,  
I SEE I'VE BEEN PURSUING IT BEFORE.

LOOKING AT MY PAST,  
AWARE OF WHAT I'VE DONE,  
LOOKING AT MY PAST,  
AND SOON I SEE I'M RUNNING TO  
THE OTHER TIMES I'M RUNNING TO RESTORE —  
THE DAYS GONE BY,  
THE MOMENTS I WAS TRULY HAPPY —  
BUT SOMEHOW THEY  
REFUSE TO STAY  
TO MAKE ME HAPPY ONCE MORE.

ALL I SEE IS  
LOOKING FOR THE JOY,  
SO MANY YEARS AGO,  
LOOKING FOR THE JOY,  
BELIEVING IF I'D KNOW THE TIME,  
THEN I COULD REALLY KNOW THE TIME TO SOAR —  
AND TELL YOU ALL  
THAT I RECALL  
I CAN BE HAPPY.  
BUT I FORGOT  
EXACTLY WHAT  
WOULD MAKE ME HAPPY ONCE MORE.

STRAIGHT AHEAD I'M  
LOOKING FOR THE JOY,  
THROUGH ALL MY FUTURE YEARS,  
LOOKING FOR THE JOY,  
AND ALL I SEE ARE TEARS I SHED,  
AND ASKING ALL THOSE TEARS I SHED:

WHAT FOR?  
 WHAT FOR?  
 WHAT FOR?

(Lights down on LADY. PAMELA is on deck at the rail.)

PAMELA

Oh, dear, what shall I do? I promised Cyril I would remain silent, but I must take some action tonight, for the good of all womankind. That haughty old Lord Goodenough, who knew that when his word was pitted against that of a lowly maidservant, my mother, that he would of course prevail. How like a man. And now he's done yet another woman wrong. I must bring him down. Oh, what to do, what to do. I know. I shall do my breathing exercises to clear my head. Alone is good, alone is fine, alone is good, alone is fine..

(She begins to exercise. DAVY enters, pushing the Goodenoughs' trunk. With ROSIE inside, of course.)

DAVY

(aside)

That's Pamela Postlethwaite. Her eyes are filled with the desire for revenge. What a relief! Perhaps my plan will work after all. (Observing her) Revenge certainly does bring a flush to the cheek.

(Aloud, trying to get the trunk past her)

Excuse me, miss. Excuse me, miss. Excuse me, miss.

(He practically knocks her overboard. She stumbles. He panics.)

Oh, no miss, please don't jump! You'll ruin everything. Really, you must...

TAKE CARE! SINGS THE NIGHTINGALE, DAYLIGHT IS THROUGH.  
 TAKE CARE! IS THE GREETING HE'S SINGING TO YOU.  
 THOUGH DAY IS GONE, YOU MUST GO ON,  
 SO SAY TO THE SUNSET, TAKE CARE, AND ADIEU.  
 WHENE'ER THE LIGHT OF YOUR LOVE BEGINS TO FADE  
 AND YOU GAZE ABOVE TO THE STARS FOR THEIR AID,  
 YOU'LL STUMBLE, YOU'LL FALL, FOR YOU CAN'T SEE  
 AS YOU TRY TO RECALL LOVE'S DARK MEMORY.  
 BUT-WHEN FAREWELL IS SOPKEN, THE MOONBEAMS CAN START  
 TO LIGHTEN THE BROKEN LITTLE BITS OF YOUR HEART.  
 AND BY THE NEXT DAWNING, YOU'LL KNOW WHERE  
 TO FIND SOME YOUNG MAN WHO'LL TAKE CARE! TAKE CARE!  
 AND BY THE NEXT DAWNING, YOU'LL KNOW WHERE  
 TO FIND SOME YOUNG MAN WHO'LL TAKE CARE!

(PAMELA knocks him out cold.)

ROSIE  
(knocking)

Help! Me! Inside the trunk!

(PAMELA opens it; ROSIE comes out.)

Thank you, miss.

PAMELA  
I am appalled! Shocked! Chagrined!

ROSIE  
She did? I didn't think it was all that funny.

PAMELA  
I'm Pamela Postlethwaite. That's P O S T L E T H W A I T E, the same way it sounds. And you?

ROSIE  
Rosie O. Grady.

PAMELA  
Your name sounds so familiar to me. Have we ever met? Perhaps at the rally in Thwickham?

ROSIE  
I don't believe so, miss.

PAMELA  
Rather unusual. Cockney accent on an Irish girl.

ROSIE  
Naah, we ain't Irish. It's Rosie O. Grady. O's me middle initial.

PAMELA  
Really? What's it stand for?

ROSIE  
O. My family was too poor to afford a complete middle name. I'm just a ladies' maid...or was, until last week.

PAMELA  
I'd like to - emasculate - the slime that locked you in that trunk.

ROSIE  
Oh, he didn't out me there, I crawled in.

PAMELA  
Worse yet. Packed yourself away just to be near that sorry-looking particle of humanity that you call "husband."



ROSIE  
But Davy is not my husband.

PAMELA  
Not your husband?

ROSIE  
Naaah.

PAMELA  
Good.

ROSIE  
What's good about it?

PAMELA  
I can still teach you to become a new woman.

ROSIE  
I was just getting used to the old one.

PAMELA  
Rosie. There are three simple steps to becoming a twentieth century woman. Step one: become physically strong. Two: become emotionally strong as well. Three: obtain total independence, and no man will ever take advantage of you again.

ROSIE  
Never take advantage of me???

PAMELA  
NEVER!!!

ROSIE  
Well...I don't know...

PAMELA  
COMMIT TO BE FIT FOR THE FIGHT  
AS I AM FIT FOR THE FIGHT.  
MEN WILL NOT HAVE THE TIME TO THINK  
IT OUT IF YOU ARE IN THE PINK.  
IF ATTACKED,  
YOU SHOULD ACT  
UNTIL PRACT-  
I-CAL-LY NOTHING'S LEFT INTACT.  
THOUGH IT MAY SEEM IMPOLITE,  
COMMIT TO BE FIT FOR THEN FIGHT.

YOU MUST BE SOUND FOR THE SIEGE,  
YOU HEAR ME? SOUND FOR THE SIEGE.  
THE PRINCE HIMSELF MAY INVADE  
BUT YOU NEED NOT BE AFRAID.

PUT YOUR KNEE  
 QUIETLY  
 JUST WHERE HE  
 WOULD NEVER LOOK FOR IT TO BE.  
 SUBMERGING HIS NOBLESSE OBLIGE,  
 IT'S DROWNED WHEN YOU'RE SOUND FOR THE SIEGE.

(LORD, LADY and CAPTAIN enter. They form a Salvation Army-style quartet with Rosie.)

LORD  
 NOW HAMLET SAID THAT READINESS IS ALL AND I AGREE;

CAPTAIN  
 HAD SOMEONE LISTENED TO HIM, THERE WOULD BE NO TRAGEDY.

LADY  
 THOSE MURDERERS AND DUELLISTS ACTED SO UNCIVILIZED.

ROSIE  
 OPHELIA COULD HAVE STOPPED THEM,

LORD, LADY, CAPTAIN  
 (STOPPED THEM)

PAMELA  
 IF SHE'D ONLY EXERCISED!

LORD, LADY, CAPTAIN, ROSIE  
 (SHE'D EXERCISED!)

PAMELA  
 (backed by "Salvation Army Band", who "sing" their instruments)

JUST GET ROBUST FOR THE RACE  
 AS I'M ROBUST FOR THE RACE.  
 AND IF SOME ROMEO SHOULD WIN,  
 HERE'S ONE SURE WAY TO DO HIM IN:  
 FOR A WHILE,  
 GIVE A SMILE,  
 THEN, WITH STYLE,  
 JUST KICK HIM UP HIS CENTER AISLE.  
 TO STOP THAT DISGUSTING EMBRACE,  
 YOU MUST BE ROBUST FOR THE RACE.  
 BETRUSTINGLY ROBUST FOR THE RACE;  
 RESOUNDINGLY BE SOUND FOR THE SIEGE;  
 AND SINCE YOU NOW KNOW WRONG FROM RIGHT,  
 DON'T QUIT, JUST GET FIT FOR THE FIGHT!  
 FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!

(LORD, LADY and CAPTAIN march off.)

ROSIE

Well, I don't know, miss. My mother always told me that I needed to have a ring on my finger before I could do anything else.

PAMELA

A simple ring would enable you to stand up to a man?

ROSIE

Well, if not stand up to him, then at least stand next to him.

PAMELA

(handing her the ring)

Here. take this. Given to me by a man to apologize for his weakness. I was going to use it to finance my lectures, but I feel that freeing one bird is better than giving 1000 a glimpse of the sky from within their cages. (glass) Not a bad phrase. Excuse me, I must write that down.

ROSIE

But really, miss...

PAMELA

(as she leaves)

No need to thank me...alone is good, alone is fine, and alone is good...

ROSIE

This isn't the sort of thing I had in mind. I wanted to get a ring from Davy. It's not bad-looking, though. And maybe it'll make him jealous. Oh, look, there's something written on the inside..."Snort Sam Awawsim." Oooh, she didn't tell me she'd been involved with a foreigner. Aaah, silly me, I had it upside down. "Wrong big mama was." Well, that makes about as much sense. "Wrong big mama was." Oooh, I get it. "Wrong, Big Mama was!" It's as clear as day. She once was in love with a man, much shorter than she, and she called him Little Papa, and he called her Big Mama. And then he has to go away to fight in a war, and he gets captured by the enemy, who cut out his tongue because he won't tell them anything. And when the war is over, she comes to visit him in hospital, and she says to him, "I still love you and I want to be married." But he doesn't want to burden her with his infirmity. Undaunted by his silence, she sends him this wedding band with a note what says, "Little Papa, I know that you are in love with me still." He painfully puts pen to paper and scrawls a reply: "Wrong, Big Mama, was." And dies. The nurse sees the note and the ring, has it engraved and sends it back to her. And she has been wearing it all these years until she met me, and she felt that my freedom from this slavery of love was more important than her most cherished memory. And I am so undeserving. I feel like crawling into a hole. Perhaps a trunk will do. I'll just put the ring in Davy's

pocket. He'll know what to do with it. Maybe he'll even give it to me.

(ROSIE crawls back into the trunk. Two bells. DAVY awakens.)

OFF-STAGE VOICES

NINE O'CLOCK, DRESSING TIME,  
ON THE NEXT, VERY NEXT CENTURY'S VERY FIRST NEW YEAR'S EVE  
AT SEA.

(The LORD enters.)

LORD

Have you not gotten that trunk to Lady Goodenough yet? It is time to dress for the ball.

(A black hooded and cloaked figure silently drops parcels and then exits.)

What was that?

DAVY

I believe it was a mysteriously cloaked and hooded figure delivering parcels.

LORD

Yes, yes, I know, but to what end?

DAVY

The invitations stated that costumes and masks for tonight's ball were to be provided.

LORD

Ah, yes, of course, how clever. But how do they know which costumes to give to whom?

DAVY

I suppose that's catch-as-catch-can, sir.

LORD

But how can they assure that these costumes will fit us?

DAVY

It says right here on the package, sir: "SY=MYTHE COSTUME BALL SERVICE FOR ALL OCCASIONS, ESPECIALLY NEW YEAR'S EVE — ONE SIZE FITS ALL."

LORD

Another achievement of British ingenuity.

(Hooded figure appears with more costumes, slams them down on trunk — ROSIE responds, DAVY and LORD hear. DAVY tries to cover it up; now he knows ROSIE is inside. DAVY takes another costume.)

One question, Jones. Why did you take another package? Do you have some sweet young thing hidden away somewhere?

DAVY  
(grasping)

No, no – for Lady Goodenough, of course.

LORD

Well – better luck next time.

DAVY

Indeed, better luck.

(DAVY stashes a costume inside trunk while the LORD is not looking.)

LORD

Hadn't we better get that trunk to Lad Goodenough quickly?

DAVY

Yes, sir, right away, sir.

LORD

I think that this time I shall accompany you to make sure it gets there.

DAVY

Very good, sir.

They go to the GOODENOUGHS' stateroom. The LADY is in the same position she was in when we last saw her.)

LORD

Alexandra, my treasure. I hope you haven't been too bored having to sit here all alone while I went out to round up Jones.

(He notices the open case.)

Oh, my own darling, I trust that you haven't become depressed again over the loss of that ring. I swear to you that someday I shall buy you another exactly like it and..

LADY

Don't be ridiculous, Owen. Even if a duplicate existed, I shouldn't want it. One cannot replace something of sentimental value. That is why it is said to have sentimental value.

LORD

Yes, yes, my jewel. Oh, I see you've received your costume.

LADY

Yes, this strange person dressed all in black...

LORD

Yes, yes, we know. Shall we take a peek?

(All three open their packages. They each glance inside and quickly grasp them closed, wide-eyed.)

Well, what will you be wearing, dearest?

LADY

A disguise is a disguise after all. Don't you think that we should play this charade according to the rules?

LORD

Quite right.

DAVY

Quite proper.

LADY

Quite.

(Four bells.)

OFF-STAGE VOICES

TEN O'CLOCK, MASQUERADE,  
ON THE NEXT, VERY NEXT CENTURY'S VERY FIRST NEW YEAR'S EVE  
AT SEA.

LADY

Ten O'clock! Jones, my trunk.

(Each begins to their own dressing room when ROSIE is heard from within the trunk.)

ROSIE

(Sings to the tune of Bizet's "Habanera")

AHHHH, 'TIS TIME TO LET ME OUT!

AHHHH, 'TIS MORE THAN TIME TO LET ME OUT!!

AHHHH, ALL RIGHT ALREADY, LET ME OUT!!!

(They let her out. She has already changed into her costume, Cleopatra. She winks to DAVY during the next speech.)

(She also says something like "Good Lord, the Goodenoughs!" then recovers and puts on her mask.)

LADY

That voice! Mlle Mary Garden of the Opera-Comique! Oh, Owen, this is a lovely surprise. You took all that trouble to find her and bring her here. However did you do it?

LORD

Well, it was really Jones' idea. Perhaps he should be the one to tell you.

DAVY

Ahh, actually, I...perhaps I'll let Mlle Rose explain it in her own way.

LADY

Mlle Rose? You are not Mary Garden?

ROSIE

(trying to cover her accent, but it slips out sometimes)  
Naaah, I am afraid not, My Lady. I hope that doesn't disappoint you too much. I am her sister, Rose.

LORD, DAVY, LADY

Rose Garden?

ROSIE

(still covering etc)

Yes. I heard that Lady Goodenough is a great fan of my sister's, and I know that Mary would never have forgiven me had I not stopped by to give New Year's greetings to such a great patroness of the opera such as yourself. And always on the lookout for new ways to make effective entrances..

(She sings grandly in the style of a prima donna.)

IN CASE ANYBODY'S WOND'RING JUST WHAT IS MY TALE,  
TO HIDE IN A TRUNK, ON A BOAT, UNDER SAIL, IT'S EASY TO EXPLAIN,  
SO PLEASE GIVE ME A CHANCE.

(She thinks a moment, gets a bright idea.)

I BLAME IT ALL UPON THAT BRAND NEW LONDON DANCE.

Mr. Jones, shall we demonstrate the "Piccadilly Posh" for these unfortunates?

DAVY

IT STARTED IN THE SERVANTS' HALL WHEN WE PUT ON THOSE AIRS,  
PRETENDING TO BE MIDDLE-CLASS AT ALL THOSE POSH AFFAIRS.  
WE WALTZ A BIT HERE, TAKE A LONG STEP, WALTZ A LITTLE MORE.

ROSIE

THE OBJECT IS TO MOVE YOUR PARTNER RIGHT ACROSS THE FLOOR.  
AND IF YOU SEE A SPOT YOU HAVEN'T BEEN, PLEASE DON'T BE SLOW.

DAVY

THE OBJECT IS TO MOVE YOUR PARTNER RIGHT ACROSS THE FLOOR.  
AND IF YOU SEE A SPOT YOU HAVEN'T BEEN, PLEASE DON'T BE SLOW.

ROSIE

THE PLACE TO BE IS NEVER WHERE YOU WERE TWO BEATS AGO.

ALL  
(while ROSIE speaks)

LA LA LA LA...

ROSIE  
Your trunk seemed perfect. After all, the divine Sarah Bernhardt spends a great deal of time in a coffin, don't she?

DAVY  
AND THOUGH WE FEEL THAT SERVICE IS A VERY FINE CAREER,

ROSIE and DAVY  
THE BOURGEOISIE HAS GOT SOME THINGS WE NEVER HAVE HAD HERE.  
SO WE'RE DANCING TO THE PICCADILLY —  
DON'T YOU THINK IT'S AWFULLY SILLY?  
DANCING TO THE PICCADILLY PO-HA-HA-SHHH.  
BECAUSE OVER THERE IS BETTER THAN O-O,  
OVER THERE IS BETTER THAN O-O  
OVER THERE IS BETTER THAN OVER HERE. HERE! HERE!

(Each to their own room; all arrive in costume. PAMELA is "Beauty," LORD is "Beast," LADY is "Scheherazade," DAVY is "Sheik," ROSIE is "Cleopatra," and CAPTAIN is "Caesar.")

PAMELA  
SINCE INDEPENDENT WOMEN ARE THE TYPE THAT I CONDONE,  
THE WORLD EXPECTS ME TO BE PLEASED WHEN I MUST DANCE ALONE.

CAPTAIN  
MOST EVERYONE THINKS I MUST HAVE A WIFE IN EV'RY PORT.

PAMELA  
AND MOTHER'S RAISED ME TO SUSPECT ALL MEN OF EV'RY SORT.

CAPTAIN  
ALTHOUGH I LEAD A SAILOR'S LIFE, IT'S NOT AS ONE PRESUMES,  
FOR I HAVE MARRIED MANY GIRLS, BUT ALL TO OTHER GROOMS.

ALL  
(while CAPTAIN and PAMELA speak)

LA LA LA LA...

CAPTAIN  
I trust tonight will run smoothly enough. Oh no! Must I make resolutions?

PAMELA  
Alone is good, alone is fine, alone is good, alone is fine..

PAMELA and CAPTAIN  
MY WORK IS SO IMPORTANT I MUST DO IT BY THE BOOK:  
SINCE MARRIED PEOPLE LOOK SO NICE, IT'S BEST THAT I DON'T LOOK!



ALL

SO WE'RE DANCING TO THE PICCADILLY —  
 DON'T YOU THINK IT'S AWFULLY SILLY?  
 DANCING TO THE PICCADILLY PO-HA-HA-SHHH.  
 BECAUSE OVER THERE IS BETTER THAN O-O,  
 OVER THERE IS BETTER THAN O-O  
 OVER THERE IS BETTER THAN OVER HERE. HERE! HERE!

LORD and LADY

NOW EVERYBODY THINKS MY LIFE IS ABSOLUTELY FINE,  
 NOT NOTICING THE PROBLEMS LIKE WITH WHOM AND WHERE TO DINE.  
 WE TAKE A DANCE HERE, GIVE A BALL THERE, FEATURING THIS WALTZ.  
 YOU MUST ADMIT THAT OUR EXISTENCE HAS ITS MAJOR FAULTS.

LADY

AND WHEN IT COMES TO DANCING WITH SOME BORING DUKE OR EARL,  
 IT'S THEN I WISH THAT I WERE JUST A SIMPLE COUNTRY GIRL.

LORD

(speaks to LADY, not recognizing her)

I don't see my wife...what do you think of a New Year's kiss?

(She stomps on his foot.)

WELL, ALWAYS BEING BRIGHT AND WITTY GETS TO BE A CHORE.

LORD and LADY

'THO' SERVANTS HAVE FAR LESS THAN WE DO, LESS LOOKS LIKE IT'S  
 MORE.

ALL

SO WE'RE DANCING TO THE PICCADILLY —  
 DON'T YOU THINK IT'S AWFULLY SILLY?  
 DANCING TO THE PICCADILLY PO-HA-HA-SHHH.  
 BECAUSE OVER THERE IS BETTER THAN O-O,  
 OVER THERE IS BETTER THAN O-O  
 OVER THERE IS BETTER THAN OVER...

(There is a sudden giant lurch of the ship.

The CAPTAIN peers out of a porthole, then addresses the rest.)

CAPTAIN

There is absolutely nothing to worry about,

(The others breathe a sigh of relief.)

It seems a large sperm whale has gotten hold of our anchor and  
 is towing us towards America.

ALL

Oh my, oh dear, etc.

CAPTAIN

It is a rather startling turn of events, and one for which I am  
 singularly unprepared.

ALL  
 OVER THERE IS BETTER THAN O-O,  
 OVER THERE IS BETTER THAN O-O  
 OVER THERE IS BETTER THAN OVER HERE. HERE! HERE!

(All freeze in just-been-lurched positions. Blackout.)

ACT II

(All are in the same position as the end of ACT I.)

CAPTAIN  
 SUDDENLY I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.  
 CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT WE ARE GOING THROUGH.  
 A GIANT WHALE HAS THIS SHIP IN TOW.  
 NOT ON THE SCHEDULE AND I AM SO  
 SINGULARLY UNPREPARED TO FIND A GOOD WAY OUT OF THIS.

LORD  
 PANIC HAS SET INTO EVERYONE,  
 AND ON A SHIP THERE'S NO PLACE TO RUN.

DAVY  
 ADDING TO THIS GREAT FUTILITY,  
 I KNOW THIS CAPTAIN IS SURE TO BE

MEN  
 SINGULARLY UNPREPARED TO FIND A GOOD WAY OUT OF THIS.

ROSIE  
 FINDING THIS CAPTAIN IS SUCH A CHORE,

LADY  
 DON'T EVEN KNOW WHOM WE'RE LOOKING FOR.

PAMELA  
 DO NOT ASSUME HE'LL TURN UP TOMIGHT.

WOMEN  
 I HAVE HEARD RUMORS THAT HE IS QUITE  
 SINGULARLY UNPREPARED TO FIND A GOOD WAY OUT OF THIS.

ALL (except CAPTAIN)  
 IF ONLY I WERE CAPTAIN,

LORD

I'D SOON HAVE THE CURE.

PAMELA

I'D SOLVE THE PROBLEM QUICKLY.

LADY

I'D SET UP SOME LURE.

ROSIE

NO ONE WOULD BE AFRAID NOW.

DAVY

YOU'D HAVE NO COMPLAINT.

ALL (except CAPTAIN)

IF ONLY I WERE CAPTAIN,

ROSIE

BUT FACE IT, WE AIN'T.

(The following speeches are spoken simultaneously.)

LORD

Jones! Where are the servants when you most need them? How could he have put on a costume without telling me. Me. Me. Me. Me.

LADY

Doesn't surprise me a bit. Every since last New Year's, things have been going down, down, down, down, down, down, down.

PAMELA

It would be a sperm whale. Just like a man, to drag others around with nary a thought of what we want, want, want, want.

DAVY

You plan and plan and plan, and it makes absolutely no difference whatsoever. It's all a mess, mess, mess, mess.

ROSIE

That's no whale. Just one of those rich society types in an elaborate costume. Tomb, tomb, tomb, tomb, tomb.

CAPTAIN

Oh no no no no no no no no no no no no no no no no no no...

ALL

SINGULARLY, SINGULARLY, SINGULARLY UNPREPARED!  
BRITISHERS DON'T LEAVE A SINKING SHIP;  
THEY REMAIN WITH A STIFF UPPER LIP;

FACING DISASTER WHILE STANDING TALL.  
 ANYWAY, TRUTH TO TELL, WE ARE ALL  
 SINGULARLY UNPREPARED TO FIND A GOOD WAY OUT OF THIS!

(Lurch throws everyone. CAPTAIN peers out a porthole.)

CAPTAIN

Has anyone thought of using the lifeboats?

(All scream "lifeboats" and run for the doors.)

Well, don't bother thinking about it now. They have all been taken. The rest of the passengers and crew are now floating back to England. Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear. Let's draft a bill – er, build a raft. And perhaps we can save a few single fags – er, wave a few signal flags. Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear. I can't get it right. I *never* get it right. Ladies and gentlemen, whoever I am and whoever you are, it's certainly time to *spray your rears* – er, *say your prayers*.

(The CAPTAIN is on his knees; bangs his head on deck rail.)

(gliss)

The increased relativistic mass of a body comes from the energy of motion of a body divided by the speed of light squared. Which is to say, whenever you're in a tight corner, you can always find some angle out. When decisions are needed, decisions must be made.

ROSIE

Hail, Caesar!

ALL

Hail, Caesar!

ROSIE

And such a limber tongue.

(Six bells, very far away)

OFF-STAGE VOICES

ELEVEN O'CLOCK, ENTERTAIN,  
 ON THE NEXT, VERY NEXT CENTURY'S VERY FIRST NEW YEAR'S EVE  
 AT SEA.

CAPTAIN

Ah yes, the schedule. Eleven o'clock, entertain.

ROSIE

Excuse me, sir, but the entertainers, having consumed all the food, were the first to jump ship.

CAPTAIN

We shall entertain! (ALL groan)

ROSIE

And there's no crew.

CAPTAIN

You — shall crew. (ALL groan more)

ROSIE

A man who makes choices through thick and thin and doesn't care about the consequences thereof — is definitely the sort of man with whom I would like to spend such a dire emergency.

CAPTAIN

Where might we find such a man?

ROSIE

And a sense of humor as well. Necessary for a man who wears a garnish on his head.

CAPTAIN

Yes. And I should like to say that forever afterward and for eternity — which, from now, may now be too long — I am forever in your debt. We shall lead them — and you shall help me.

'CAUSE

THERE'S NO MORE LEAVIN' IT UP TO THEM, FOR US,  
THERE'S NO MORE LEAVIN' IT UP TO THEM.  
IF SOMEONE SAYS. "DEAR MISS,  
THIS IS THE WAY TO DO IT,"

ROSIE

I'LL FIND A SMALL ABYSS  
AND QUICKLY SEND HIM THROUGH IT.  
IF SOMEONE WHO'S ABOVE  
SUGGESTS SOME ALTERATION,

CAPTAIN

I'LL SAY, "I'VE NO NEED OF  
YOUR WORTHLESS APPROBATION."

BOTH

'CAUSE THERE'S NO MORE LEAVIN' IT UP TO THEM, FOR US,  
THERE'S NO MORE LEAVIN' IT UP TO THEM.

ROSIE

I say I say I say. What would you do if someone came up to you and said "Go find Cleopatra and Caesar?"

CAPTAIN

I'd say..."Seize her? I hardly know her!"

LORD

(groans)

Oh, really, I don't believe I've ever heard a worse joke.

(ROSIE starts for him; CAPTAIN intercedes.)

CAPTAIN

(tough)

Please, Cleo, let me handle this one.

(softening again)

If you would be so kind, sir...

(ROSIE clears her throat to remind CAPTAIN.)

Swab the decks – that'll teach him. And smile while you're at it. This here's a party.

LADY

I don't think you can just force a person into enjoying themselves.

ROSIE

Oh, you don't, eh? Well, you know where you can stick those Union Jacks?

(Astounded silence; ROSIE resumes sweetly.)

Back up on the wall, so we can celebrate a proper British New Year's Eve.

(to the CAPTAIN)

This is a fine party, you know, and I wasn't even invited originally.

ROSIE

THERE'S NO MORE LEAVIN' IT UP TO THEM, FOR ME,  
THERE'S NO MORE LEAVIN' IT UP TO THEM.  
I HERA AND NOW PROCLAIM  
I'M TAKING UP SEDUCTION.

CAPTAIN

IF YOU DESTROY YOUR NAME.

ROSIE

AT LEAST IT'S MY DESTRUCTION.

CAPTAIN

DON'T LEASH ME UP INSIDE,  
I'M NOT YOUR LITTLE MASCOT.

ROSIE

HE DON'T WISH TO BE TIED,

CAPTAIN

SO HANDS OFF OF MY ASCOT.

BOTH

THERE'S NO MORE LEAVIN' IT UP TO THEM, FOR US,  
THERE'S NO MORE LEAVIN' IT UP TO THEM.

(DAVY and PAMELA dance.)

CAPTAIN

Hello hello hello. What's going on here?

ROSIE

Dancin' in the streets. You'd think it was New Year's Eve or something.

CAPTAIN

It is New Year's Eve.

ROSIE

Right. Hey, did anyone ever tell you that you dance well enough to be on the stage?

DAVY and PAMELA

(flattered)

No, they didn't.

ROSIE

Well, they never will neither. Why don't you find us some champagne?

(They do so.)

ROSIE and CAPTAIN

WE KNOW MORE NOW THAN WE EVER DID BEFORE,  
WE KNOW MORE NOW THAN WE EVER DID.  
BUT IF WE FIND WE'RE WRONG  
ABOUT THESE RESOLUTIONS,  
WE'LL FIND ANOTHER SONG  
WITH SPANKING NEW SOLUTIONS.  
'CAUSE THERE'S NO MORE LEAVIN' IT UP TO THEM,  
LEAVIN' IT UP TO THEM,  
NO MORE LEAVIN' IT UP TO THEM,  
NO MORE!

LADY

Bravo! Brava!

PAMELA

Jolly good!

LORD

Excellent!

CAPTAIN

In order to keep to the schedule, we must take turns entertaining each other. You too are next.

(He indicates PAMELA and LORD.)

ROSIE

That's to keep our minds off the you-know-what.

LORD and PAMELA

Off what you-know-what?

(There is a lurch of the ship.)

Oh, him.

ROSIE

Yes, him.

LORD

I'm not going up on a stage for all the world to see.

DAVY

You needn't think of us as the entire world. Perhaps you might try looking at us merely as five persons whom you hardly know dressed in ridiculous costumes being dragged westward through the North Atlantic by an oversized aquatic mammal.

LORD

Well, I don't know...

PAMELA

I prefer to do a solo anyway. This is one Beauty who is willing to entertain, beast or no beast.

LADY

I'll wager ten pounds that this beast is truly a beast.

LORD

I could never resist a wager.

LADY

Yes, indeed, a beast.

PAMELA

Any ideas?

LORD

What do you think of Cinderella, where a prince saves a poor waif...?

PAMELA

Nix it, What a hateful idea. The girl looks such a fool. Now Little Red Riding Hood and the Big Bad Wolf, where she cuts open the beast...?

LORD

Nay, nay, sounds revolting. Perhaps something historical...

PAMELA

Pastoral...



LORD

Comical...

PAMELA

Political...

DAVY

Is this the point at which you take suggestions from the audience?

PAMELA and LORD

Fine.

(DAVY, ROSIE, LADY and CAPTAIN confer.)

We want to see the pantomime suggested by the costumes you are wearing.

LORD

As long as I'm not required to do much.

LADY

No, all you have to do is act beastly.

(They perform a mime of "Beauty and the Beast." When she finally kisses him, the embrace lasts a bit longer than necessary.)

ROSIE

They told the story so clearly and no one needed to say a single word.

LADY

But I have several words to say.

CAPTAIN

Ready to entertain us with one of your thousand-and-one tales, Scheherezade?

LADY

No. Rather to say that this revoltingly public display is no way for a married man to act.

LORD

How do you know that I am married? Is Scheherezade a soothsayer as well?

LADY

I'd recognize those hairy legs anywhere, Lord Goodenough.  
(She storms out.)

DAVY

Oh dear, I really must follow her.

CAPTAIN

Right. Cleopatra and I shall go to the left, and you to the right. You two stay here in case Scheherezade returns.

LORD

Very well.

(CAPTAIN, ROSIE and DAVY exit. PAMELA has been gazing at the LORD since the LADY left.)

PAMELA

What do you suppose she meant by that?

LORD

About my being married? My dear, all that is behind me now..

PAMELA

No, no, what she said after that.

LORD

She could have seen my hairy legs anywhere really. Well, almost anywhere..

PAMELA

No what she said after that..

LORD

I don't recall her saying anything after that.

PAMELA

About YOU being Lord Goodenough.

LORD

Ah, yes, well, there's no use denying it.

PAMELA

This is really awfully difficult.

LORD

Why?

PAMELA

When I was told to embarrass Lord Goodenough, acting out my mother's revenge, I assumed it would be your father. I never dreamed it would be you, Owen.

LORD

How do you know my name?

PAMELA

How you've changed in twenty years.

LORD

Twenty years? What are you talking about?

PAMELA

The day when you father dismissed my mother.

LORD

Peepee? Peepee Postlethwaite?

PAMELA

I was only five then. Now I use Pamela.

LORD

A charming name.

PAMELA

Certainly an improvement over Peepee, my lord.

LORD

Yes, my Lord indeed.

PAMELA

Not the Lord above. I was addressing you by your proper title.

LORD

Please, call me Owen. And I shall call you...

PAMELA

Pamela.

LORD

Very well, Pamela.

PAMELA

Yes, Pamela. For Mother's sake. Mother always preferred all things proper. I can still hear her warning me to stay away from the son of a lord and employer whose own less-than-proper advances towards her were properly rejected.

LORD

I do sometimes lie awake hearing Father accusing her of stealing the silverware and unjustly dismissing her. He was vehement that we be separated.

LORD and PAMELA

Ah, well...

PAMELA

So – your father is...

LORD  
Deceased. And your mother?

PAMELA  
Dead as a doornail.

LORD  
Sorry.

PAMELA  
Thanks.

LORD  
Well, it looks like there is no longer anyone to prevent us from falling in love and getting married when we grow up.

PAMELA  
Only Lady Goodenough.

LORD  
Ah, yes. Lady Goodenough. And the memory of your mother.

PAMELA  
Yes, Mother. And society...

PAMELA and LORD  
At large.  
(music begins)

Oh no!

(The others enter with banners across their chests: CAPTAIN as "Teachers," DAVY as "Clergy," ROSIE as "Parents," LADY as "Et cetera.")

THE OTHERS  
WE LITTLE VOICES ARE ABOUT TO START  
TO TELL YOU WHAT TO DO ABOUT YOUR HEART;  
WE WON'T SHUT UP,  
TEARING YOU MIND AND SOUL APART.

PAMELA and LORD  
HOW ALL THAT ENDLESS CHATTER MAKES ME ILL!  
I WONDER WHAT TO DO TO KEEP THEM STIL.  
I SAY TO YOU, "DEAR VOICES, YOU'VE BEEN SO KIND,  
AND THANK YOU BUT NEVER MIND.  
I SAY TO YOU, "DEAR VOICES, YOU'VE BEEN SO KIND,  
AND THANK YOU

THE OTHERS  
BUT...

PAMELA and LORD

NEVER MIND,  
 THAT IS ALL YOU NEED TO SAY,  
 TO MAKE THOSE VOICES GO AWAY,  
 AS THEY TRY TO TELL YOU WHEN YOU'RE HARD AT PLAY:

THE OTHERS

ALL THAT FUN CAN'T LAST FOREVER!

PAMELA and LORD

NEVER MIND.  
 NEVER MIND.  
 WHEN YOU DUMP YOUR INTELLECTS,  
 HERE'S A PHRASE WITH NO DEFECTS,  
 THAT IS WHAT TO ANSWER WHEN THAT VOICE OBJECTS:

THE OTHERS

WHAT YOU'RE DOING'S NOT SO CLEVER!

PAMELA and LORD

NEVER MIND.

THE OTHERS

HERE WE ARE AGAIN (HERE WE ARE, ARE AGAIN),  
 INSIDE YOUR BRAIN (HERE WE ARE, INSIDE YOUR BRAIN),  
 REFRAIN FROM USING THAT REFRAIN.

PAMELA and LORD

NEVER MIND.

DAVY

WHAT ABOUT THAT FINE LADY TO WHOM YOU ARE MARRIED?

PAMELA and LORD

NEVER MIND.

ROSIE

WHAT ABOUT THAT RESENTMENT THAT YOU ALWAYS CARRIED?

PAMELA and LORD

NEVER MIND.

THE OTHERS

REPUTATIONS THAT YOU HAVE COMPLETELY MALIGNED?

PAMELA and LORD

NEVER, NEVER MIND.

LADY

WHAT ABOUT ALL YOUR FAMILY AND EDUCATION?

PAMELA and LORD

NEVER MIND.

CAPTAIN

WHAT ABOUT YOUR ADHERENCE TO LAWS OF OUR NATION?

PAMELA and LORD

NEVER MIND.

THE OTHERS

THEY'RE NOT AFFECTED BY MOTHER OR FATHER,  
LET'S GIVE IT UP, FIND ANOTHER TO BOTHER,

ALL

NEVER MIND, NEVER MIND, NEVER MIND, NEVER MIND, NEVER MIND.

(THE OTHERS scurry away, leaving PAMELA and LORD embracing, as  
lights fade.)

(Lights up on LADY'S stateroom. DAVY knocks at the door.)

LADY

Under no circumstances are you to enter.

(DAVY enters.)

Come in, do.

DAVY

I'm afraid I shall have to pull rank on you, Scheherezade, since  
you are only a member of the harem and I am a sheik. Besides, I  
own this boat.

LADY

Well, as your invited guest, I respectfully decline to go on  
with this ridiculous charade. If you would be so kind as to  
leave, I would like to change out of this costume.

(She tries to undo her mask and discovers she cannot.)

Perhaps you might assist me in starting..

DAVY

No, I think not, my good woman. We cannot afford to lose this  
moment. Everything that has happened tonight has been expertly  
planned.

LADY

The whale?

DAVY

Almost everything that has happened tonight has been expertly planned. And if you removed your mask, then I should have to remove mine, and then I might not find it possible to say the words that I have to say.

LADY

"Words that I have to say?" Un petit peu dramatique, n'est-ce pas?

(There is a lurch; he falls into her.)

DAVY

These are dramatic times, so perhaps dramatic words are not inappropriate.

I KNOW THERE IS A TIME AND PLACE FOR ALL THINGS,  
BUT WHEN IT IS AND WHERE I CANNOT TELL.  
IT'S DIFFICULT WHEN I START TO RECALL THINGS;  
I WANT SOME GUARANTEE IT'S SITTING WELL  
WITH ALL WHO LISTEN TO ME WHEN I START  
TO BRING SOME FACTS TO LIGHT.  
ONLY THEN I START  
WHEN THE TIME AND PLACE ARE RIGHT.

(Lurch)

LADY

It may be the only time and place you have left.

DAVY

True.

WHEN STATESIDE, YOU REMEMBER WHERE YOU TRAVELLED;  
DO YOU RECALL THE BIJOU THEATRE TOO?  
SO HERE'S THE GREATEST MYSTERY UNRAVELLED:  
I KNOW THAT YOU ARE MAD'MOISELLE LARUE.

LADY

Who?

DAVY

I KNOW THAT YOU ARE MAD'MOISELLE LARUE!

OFF-STAGE VOICES

LARUE, LARUE, LARUE, LARUE...

(There is a flashback to December 31, 1898 at the Bijou Theatre  
in New Hope, MD.)

## ANNOUNCER

The Bijou Theatre of New Hope, Maryland, is proud to present, here on New Year's Eve, in here absolutely final encore of 1898, the lovely and long-legged Lexi LaRue!

## LADY (as LEXI)

I'VE A FAMILY OF SISTERS, WE ARE VIRTUOUS MAIDENS ALL,  
WE SIT POLITELY ON DIVANS WHEN THE GENTELMEN COME TO CALL.  
WE NOD AND SMILE AND SMILE AND NOD TO WHATEVER THE CALLERS SAY.  
BUT WHEN WE WALK THEM TO THE DOOR, WE REMAIN IN DEMI-PLIE.

MY SISTER BETH IS LOVELY IN REPOSE,  
YOU NEVER SEE A MAN'S ATTENTION SHIFTING.  
BUT SINCE THE GIRL IS SIX-SIX ON HER TOES,  
HER PARTNERS VIEW THE DANCE AS LESS UPLIFTING.  
IT'S DIFFICULT FOR HER TO STAY RECLINED, WHEN "MAY I HAVE THIS  
DANCE" SEEMS TO BOMBARD HER.  
WHEN BETH COMPLAINED, "BIG MEN ARE HARD TO FIND,"  
BIG MAMA SAID, "GOOD MEN ARE EVEN HARDER."  
HARDER, HARDER,  
BIG MAMA SAID, "GOOD MEN ARE EVEN HARDER."

WHEN YOU LISTEN TO THIS STORY, YOU WILL SE IT'S AN AWFUL TALE.  
MEN LOVE US HORIZONTALLY, BUT VERTIAL MAKES THEM QUAIL.  
WE GIRLS HAVE TRAVELED FAR AND WIDE, THIS PROBLEM OF SIZE TO  
ADDRESS.  
WE EVEN WENT TO FRANCE THIS YEAR, WHERE ALL THEY SAID WAS  
"QUELLE LARGESSE!"

MY SISTER SUE ENTICES WITH HER GAZE,  
ONE LOOK FROM HER HAS SENT MEN'S SENSES REELING.WHEN GREETING  
BEAUS, SHE LIES UPON THE CHAISE;  
SWEET SUZY ON HER BACK LOOKS QUITE APPEALING.  
MEN ASK TO DANCE, AND, NOT TO BE UNKIND,  
WE ALL ARISE AND FEEL THEIR SHRKINING ARDOR.  
WHEN SUE COMPLAINED, "BIG MEN ARE HARD TO FIND,"  
BIG MAMA SAID, "GOOD MEN ARE EVEN HARDER."  
HARDER, HARDER,  
BIG MAMA SAID, "GOOD MEN ARE EVEN HARDER."

WHAT OUR DEAREST MOTHER TOLD US, WE KNOW SHE BELIEVED TO BE  
TRUE.

"NOW LISTEN TO ME CLOSELY,GIRLS,THIS ADVICE THAT I GIVE TO YOU:  
IN LOVE, IT'S NOT THE HEIGHT THAT COUNTS, IT'S THE HEIGHTENED  
WAY ONE FEELS.

AND MY DEARS, IN THE DANCE OF LOVE, IT IS HEAD OVER HEAD OVER  
HEELS!

MY DEARS!

WHEN WE COMPLAINED "BIG MEN ARE HARD TO FIND,"



BIG MAMA SAID, "GOOD MEN ARE EVEN HARDER."  
 HARDER, HARDER,  
 BIG MAMA SAID, "GOOD MEN ARE EVEN HARDER."  
 The men in her audience join in.)

HARDER, HARDER,  
 BIG MAMA SAID, "GOOD MEN ARE EVEN HARDER."

(During the applause, A man's gloved hand offers LEXI a ring case with a note – she reads aloud–)

"I'm sure I'm good enough, and I'm sure not hard to find."  
 Well, well, well...wherever you are, come here, you!

(The LORD pushes DAVY out of the way, takes DAVY'S flowers and offers them to LEXI.)

OFF-STAGE VOICES

LARUE, LARUE, LARUE, LARUE...

(Flash forward, back to present time; DAVY continues singing.)

DAVY

I KNOW THAT YOU ARE MAD'MOISELLE LARUE,  
 AND I KNOW YOU CAN'T PRESENT THAT RING,  
 BUT SOON YOU'LL REUNITE  
 WITH HE WHO SENT THAT RING,  
 WHEN THE TIME AND PLACE ARE RIGHT.

LADY

REUNITE?

DAVY

YES1

LADY

PLEASE DON'T BOTHER,  
 SINCE I DON'T CARE IF I EVER SEE LORD GOODENOUGH AGAIN.

DAVY

DID YOU THINK...

LADY

WHAT?

DAVY

THAT HE SENT IT?

LADY

WELL, HE LED ME TO BELIEVE HE DID...

DAVY

ALLOW ME TO EXPLAIN:  
 WHEN YOU SANG...

LADY

YES?

DAVY  
 IN YOUR NUMBER,  
 THAT YOUR MOTHER SAID GOOD MEN ARE HARDER THAN BIG MEN TO FIND,  
 THERE I WAS...

LADY  
 YES?

DAVY  
 SUCH A GOOD MAN,  
 AND QUITE EASILY DISCOVERED SO I HAD THE RING DESIGNED  
 AND SENT AHEAD TO YOU,  
 AND WISHING THAT I MIGHT  
 SOMEDAY BE WED TO YOU,  
 WHEN THE TIME AND PLACE ARE RIGHT.

LADY  
 But..."I'm sure I'm Goodenough and I'm sure not hard to find.'  
 Oh, I see, Good enough.

DAVY  
 IT WAS I.

LADY  
 YES, BUT WHO ARE YOU?  
 I DEMAND A FORTHRIGHT ANSWER.

DAVY  
 I'LL NO LONGER WALK ON EGGS.  
 DON'T YOU KNOW?

LADY  
 NO.  
 DAVY and LADY  
 I'M SO SORRY.

LADY  
 FOR YOUR VOICE IS SO FAMILIAR BUT I CANNOT PLACE THE LEGS.

DAVY  
 THIS SURPRISE...

LADY  
 YES?

DAVY  
 IS A DOUBLE,  
 FOR MY REAL NAME'S DAVID TAYLOR-SMYTHE...

(There is a drum-piano roll and DAVY delivers this speech in one  
 breath to the audience.)

...heir to Smythe Costumes-for-all-Occasions-Especially-New-Year's  
 Eve Co. and a fleet of sailing vessels including this very  
 one...formerly the world's foremost Lothario until that night at  
 the Bijou Theatre in New Hope, MD, when I felt myself drawn  
 forever to a much larger calling in the person of Miss Lexi  
 LaRue...nightly I sat hidden in front of the footlights, until at

last I felt compelled to send a ring...a ring with a sentiment so enormous I could not bring myself to utter it out loud, for I was just poor, little, very rich...

DAVID-TAYLOR-SMYTHE, BUT IN MY OTHER LIFE,  
(He removes his mask.)

LADY

DAVY JONES?!

DAVY

YES!

LADY

OWEN'S VALET!

DAVY

I DISGUISED MYSELF TO WORK FOR HIM TO SEE IF AS A WIFE  
YOU'D EVER MOURN THAT DAY  
HIS LORDSHIP CAME IN SIGHT;  
I'D BE REBORN THAT DAY,  
WHEN THE TIME AND PLACE WERE RIGHT.

(They kiss.)

LADY

Well, thank you for explaining it all.  
(She shakes his hand.)  
Happy New Year.  
(She starts to leave.)

DAVY

Au revoir.  
(He pulls her back.)

ONE MORE THING:

LADY

YES?

DAVY

ABOUT YOUR WEDDING;  
IT WAS BACK IN NEW HOPE WITH AN IRISH JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

LADY

WERE YOU THERE?

DAVY

YES.

LADY

DID I SEE YOU?

DAVY

(in an Irish brogue)  
WELL, DOES THIS VOICE SOUND FAMILIAR TOO?

LADY

WILL WONDERS NEVER CEASE?!

IS IT TRUE?

DAVY

YES!

LADY

THEN IT FOLLOWS

THAT LORD GOODENOUGH AND I HAVE ALWAYS LIVED OUR LIFE IN SIN.

DAVY

PLEASE FORGIVE!

LADY

NO, DON'T BE SILLY,

FOR IT ALSO MEANS THAT YOU AND I ARE ABLE TO BEGIN

OUR LIVES ANEW ONCE MORE,

BUT FIRST WE'LL SAY GOOD-NIGHT,

LADY and DAVY

I'LL KISS YOU ONCE MORE,

WHEN THE TIME AND PLACE ARE RIGHT.

(A lurch of the ship pushes them into a passionate embrace.)

ALL THOSE YEARS SPENT WOND'RING WHERE'S MY LOVE,

AND WHEN WILL WE EMBRACE,

BUT WHO CARES, MY LOVE,

NOW'S THE TIME AND HERE'S THE PLACE-

NO BETTER PLACE NOR BETTER TIME THAN HERE,

RIGHT HERE, RIGHT NOW!

(They kiss; there is a lurch; lights out in stateroom. Lights up on ballroom. PAMELA and LORD are still kissing. Another lurch does not faze them. Suddenly the LORD pulls away.)

LORD

How stupid, foolish and utterly ridiculous.

PAMELA

I beg your pardon?

LORD

I just remembered we were on a ship.

PAMELA

True.

LORD

And that ships usually have captains.

PAMELA

"Usually" is the operative word here.

LORD

Whatever do you mean?

PAMELA

I think that you will find this particular captain, if he is still on board, to be singularly unprepared.

LORD

Singularly unprepared?

PAMELA

Yes.

LORD

Isn't that the phrase that Roman-person used when the whale first appeared?

PAMELA

Yes, I believe so.

LORD

Well, then he must be the Captain.

PAMELA

Why are you so eager to find the Captain?

LORD

Two reasons. Firstly, I gave him a ring earlier and I would like to get it back so that I might give it to you.

PAMELA

How romantic. Let's go.

(She stops.)

And secondly?

LORD

Captains of sea-going vessels are empowered to marry people, aren't they?

PAMELA

How incredibly romantic. A legal problem, though. (LORD shrugs.) Lady Goodenough.

LORD

Ah, well. Perhaps this Captain is able to grant divorce decrees as well. Let us find him, at least.

(They kiss; there is a lurch; lights out in ballroom. Lights up on prow of ship. ROSIE and CAPTAIN are found in a kiss mode; there is a lurch.)

CAPTAIN

I wonder if there is any way we can calm him down a bit.

ROSIE

We could kill him, I suppose.

CAPTAIN

One problem with that.

ROSIE

Yes?

CAPTAIN

I believe that whales sink to the bottom of the ocean once they die.

ROSIE

So?

CAPTAIN

He has our anchor in his mouth.

ROSIE

How long is the chain on the anchor?

CAPTAIN

How deep is the ocean?

ROSIE

How high is the sky?

CAPTAIN

How much do I love you?

ROSIE

Eh?

CAPTAIN

It must have come to your attention, Miss Cleo, that I have become enamored of you in the last few minutes.

ROSIE

Have you now?

CAPTAIN

Yes. And I fully intend that we should be married as soon as possible.

ROSIE

And if we do it before midnight, I won't have to become a nun.

CAPTAIN

And, as Captain of a sea-going vessel, you know that I am empowered to marry people.

ROSIE

You're the Captain?

(He slowly takes off his mask.)

CAPTAIN

Yes yes yes yes yes. So now our only problem is to find witnesses and a ring.

ROSIE and CAPTAIN

It really is a shame I had to give that ring away today. What? A ring? You did? Well, what a coincidence.

(Lurch pushes them together.)

CAPTAIN

If we do get married, I do want to live to enjoy it. I think our first priority is calming this whale.

ROSIE

I know what we can do!

CAPTAIN

What is that?

ROSIE

Pray to St, David.

CAPTAIN

I understand the praying idea, but why St. David in particular?

ROSIE

Patron Saint of whales.

CAPTAIN

No, no, my dear. That's Wales, not whales, Wales.

ROSIE

(not understanding at all)

Of course, silly me. Perhaps we could read to him, you know, as if he were a child.

CAPTAIN

Cleo, you are a genius. I have a copy of Moby Dick in my cabin.

(Great lurch pulls them apart.)

ROSIE

Must have read it already.

CAPTAIN

What else might we do?

ROSIE

I know! Whales stay afloat when they sleep, don't they?

CAPTAIN

Moby always did.

ROSIE

Well, then, let's sing him a lullaby.

CAPTAIN

Wonderful.

ROSIE

(By the end of this verse, the CAPTAIN falls asleep on her shoulder.)

I KNOW THAT YOU'RE DISTRESSED, LITTLE ONE,  
IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO REST, LITTLE ONE,  
AND I KNOW YOU'RE THE BEST LITTLE ONE,  
BUT IT'S LATER THAN YOU THINK.  
AND AS YOUR EYELIDS CLOSE, LITTLE ONE,  
BEGINNIN GYOUR REPOSE, LITTLE ONE,  
THE MOON IS TIRED, SO'S LITTLE ONE,  
AND YOU BOTH BEGIN TO SINK  
INTO A SLEEP, A DEEP, DEEP SLEEP.  
THERE'S NOTHING THAT'LL KEEP LITTLE ONE  
FROM HIS DEEP, DEEP SLEEP.

(The whale seems to doze; PAMELA and LORD appear.)

LORD

Aha! So there you are, Captain!

(There is a lurch – the whale awakens with tossing and splashing.)

A simple "don't bother me" would have sufficed, sir. No need to spit in my face.

PAMELA

I believe that was the whale, dearest, not the Captain.

LORD

Ridiculous, Whales don't spit.

ROSIE

Perhaps not, but they do toss and turn and spout and sleep, if we could get some help with this lullaby.

PAMELA and LORD

Very well.

ALL

SO HERE WE ARE ONCE MORE, LITTLE ONE,  
AWAITING YOUR GREAT SNORE, LITTLE ONE,



WE KNOW WE CAN'T IGNORE LITTLE ONE,  
 IF WE DO NOT CARE TO DROWN.  
 WE'RE AT THAT END OF ROPE, LITTLE ONE,  
 OUR PROBLEM'S OUT OF SCOPE, LITTLE ONE,  
 NO REASON LEFT TO HOPE LITTLE ONE,  
 WILL AGREE TO SINKING DOWN  
 INTO A SLEEP, A DEEP, DEEP SLEEP.  
 WHERE YOU'LL NOT HEAR A PEEP, LITTLE ONE  
 IN YOUR DEEP, DEEP SLEEP.

(They try to sneak away. A huge lurch and much splashing.  
 Everyone is furious.)

PAMELA

I LOATHE YOUR ATTITUDE, LITTLE ONE,

ROSIE

SINCE YOU HAVE BEEN SO RUDE, LITTLE ONE,  
 CAPTAIN and LORD  
 WE'D HASTEN TO EXCLUDE LITTLE ONE  
 FROM PARTIES WE MAY GIVE.

(Lurch)

ALL

NO NEED TO PAY THAT PRICE, LITTLE ONE,  
 SO HERE IS OUR ADVICE, LITTLE ONE,  
 WE'D THINK YOU SUCH A NICE LITTLE ONE,  
 IF YOU WOULD LET US LIVE!  
 SO GO TO SLEEP, A DEEP, DEEP SLEEP.  
 NO POINT IN COUNTING SHEEP, LITTLE ONE,  
 AND YOU'LL NOT HEAR A PEEP, LITTLE ONE,  
 AND NO ONE HERE WILL KEEP LITTLE ONE...

(Whales snores on bass fiddle. All four smile.)

FROM HIS DEEP, DEEP SLEEP.

CAPTAIN

Well, I should certainly like to thank the two of you for  
 assisting Cleo and me in calming this whale. Did the irritated  
 Scheherezade make a reappearance?

PAMELA

Afraid not. We came to look for you because we thought you  
 might assist us.

CAPTAIN

Yes?

LORD

Do you recall that earlier I gave you a ring?

CAPTAIN

"Mama was wrong big."

LORD

Whatever. I should like to have it back.

CAPTAIN

Sorry. I gave it to a long lost lover of mine.

LORD

Oh, horror.

PAMELA

I thought it said, "Was wrong, Big Mama."

LORD

Peepee! You were this man's long-lost lover?

PAMELA

Twenty years is a long time to wait for someone, Owen.

LORD

But...him?

PAMELA

Also, I notice you didn't wait for me.

LORD

Ah, yes. Well, in any event, you have the ring.

PAMELA

Nix. I gave it to a young lady so that she might become a new woman.

LORD and CAPTAIN

And where is she?

(Silence. They all look at each other and then ROSIE, who grins and shrugs.)

PAMELA

Rosie O. Grady, you are still in possession of the ring?

ROSIE

"Wrong Big Mama, Was!"

CAPTAIN

Cleo - er, Rosie, you have the ring?

ROSIE

Naaah, I slipped it into Davy's pocket.

LORD  
Are you the Rosie O. Grady?

ROSIE  
Which the Rosie O. Grady?

LORD  
Why, the maid discharged from Lady Goodenough's service after I stole the ring.

ROSIE  
Yeh, that's me...you stole it?

LORD  
Ooops. Yes. Sorry about the misunderstanding regarding your employment.

ROSIE  
Yeh. That's alright.

LORD  
So, you gave it to Davy Jones?

ROSIE  
Yes!

PAMELA  
Any idea if he is still aboard?

ROSIE  
He'd never leave any place without making sure that the Lady was safe..

CAPTAIN  
Good.

PAMELA  
Find her..

ROSIE  
...find him..

CAPTAIN  
...find the ring.

(They start off. The music to LEXI'S LAMENT filters through to them.)

LORD  
What is that music?

(The LADY gives a few trills off-stage.)

CAPTAIN

Perhaps we are approaching the Pearly Gates.

(The LADY hits a clinker.)

ROSIE

Naaah. Heaven never sounded like that.

(Blackout. Lights up on the ballroom. DAVY is playing the piano and the LADY is holding a lyric sheet.)'

LADY

I SETTLED ON HIS LORDSHIP FOR A YEAR...

(She stops and sighs.)

DAVY

What is it, Lexi? Are the words too difficult?

LADY

It's these shoes. It's been so long since I have had on toe shoes, and these seem to be several sizes too small.

DAVY

They didn't used to be.

LADY

How do you mean?

DAVY

Well, after you assumed Lord Goodenough sent the ring and you became affiances and before I impersonated the Irish Justice of the Peace in New Hope, Maryland...

LADY

A span of perhaps two hours...

DAVY

I rescued these very dance shoes from the trash where you had thrown them.

LADY

You really are too terribly sweet.

DAVY

And I have slept with them every night since then.

LADY

Strange, but sweet.

(She sighs again.)

DAVY

What now?

LADY

When I think of how stupid I was to confuse Goodenough with good enough, and how I believed Owen when he said that we could only be happy if I allowed him to make me over, and how he threatened to disclose my past if I didn't do everything he said, I could just...

DAVY

(interrupting her with a kiss)

I know. That is why you must reveal to the whole world your identity, which you will do by singing your song.

LADY

But must we go through with this tonight? If we could wait a bit...

DAVY

If we wait, an obscure New Hope, Maryland law goes into effect.

LADY

Really?

DAVY

Yes. People who live in sin for a year automatically become legally and irrevocably married, with no opportunity for divorce whatsoever. But a public declaration of your love for another, say, me, voids that law.

LADY

I see. From the top, then?

DAVY

That's my Lexi.

(They embrace and, as she grabs his bottom, discovers something in his back pocket.)

LADY

What is that?

DAVY

(finding the ring, falls to one knee)

Alexandra, I know this is awfully sudden, and also awfully overdue, but I should like to ask you to be...

LADY

My ring!

DAVY

To be my ring. Nope. I should like to ask you to be..

(The doors burst open; all enter.)

LADY

My maid!

DAVY

Ask you to be my maid. Nope, that isn't it.

LORD

My wife!

DAVY

Thank you! Yes, ask you to be my wife.

LORD

She can't. She is already my wife.

DAVY

(in an Irish brogue)

I wouldn't count on that, sir, at all, at all.

LORD

(after a moment)

Alexandra! You arranged a mock marriage! I now feel perfectly justified in demanding the return of that lovely ring I gave you.

LADY

You gave me?

ROSIE

But Davy, I put that ring in your pocket for safekeeping.

PAMELA

And I gave it to you so you'd stay away from him.

CAPTAIN

And you promised not to make any speeches tonight.

LADY

And where did you get it, sir?

LORD

From me.

LADY

(grabs the ring from him)

If you gave this ring to me, what does it say inside?

LORD

I can't be expected to remember that after such a long time..

DAVY

Yet you remember the Bijou theatre and Miss Lexi LaRue..

LORD

Well..

PAMELA

Owen, give up. No more lies. If knowing the inscription is all it takes to claim the ring..

ROSIE

Wrong, Big Mama, Was.

(LADY shakes her head.)

PAMELA

Was wrong, Big Mama.

(LADY shakes her head.)

CAPTAIN

(Indian-like)

Mama was wrong big?

LORD

Alexandra, give me that ring or I shall reveal exactly who you are.

DAVY

This does look like the time and place, Miss LaRue.

ROSIE, CAPTAIN, PAMELA

Not Lexi LaRue?!

DAVY

The very same.

LADY

'T WAS A GRAND MISUNDERSTANDING, 'T WAS THE TEENSIEST TWIST OF FATE.

WE STRAIGHTENED OUT THE PROBLEM, BUT IT WAS ALMOST A YEAR TOO LATE!

AND AS FOR LOOKING FOR THE JOY, IT WAS RIGHT THERE ALL ALONG. MY GOOD MAN WAS A SNAP TO FIND, WHICH ONLY PROVES BIG MAMA WAS WRONG!

(She points out the correct reading of the ring; all get it.)

I SETTLED ON HIS LORDSHIP FOR A YEAR,  
AND FOLLOWED MAMA'S FORECAST TO THE LETTER.

BUT NOW THAT DAVY CHOSE TO REAPPEAR,  
I'LL GIVE UP GOODNEOUNG FOR SOMETHING BETTER!

ROSIE  
THERE'S SOMEBODY OUT THERE WHO'S RIGHT FOR YOU.

PAMELA  
AND YOU ARE PERFECT FOR SOMEBODY, TOO.

LADY  
AND ONCE YOU FIND YOUR LOVE, YOU'LL JOIN THE SONG:  
WE ALL ARE GOOD FOR SOMEONE, SO BIG MAMA WAS WRONG!

WOMEN  
BIG MAMA WAS WRONG! BIG MAMA WAS WRONG!  
WE ALL ARE GOOD FOR SOMEONE, SO BIG MAMA WAS WRONG!

ALL  
BIG MAMA WAS WRONG! BIG MAMA WAS WRONG!  
WE ALL ARE GOOD FOR SOMEONE, SO BIG MAMA WAS WRONG!

LADY  
(passing ring to ROSIE)  
I think the ring should go to you, after what you've been  
unjustly accused of...

ROSIE  
(passing ring to CAPTAIN)  
This is for saving our lives...

CAPTAIN  
(passing ring to PAMELA)  
For sparing my reputation...

PAMELA  
(passing ring to LORD)  
For remembrance of things past...

LORD  
(passing ring to DAVY)  
For bring such a good man...

DAVY  
For crying out loud!

(DAVY throws ring out porthole. It hits the whale; there is a  
great lurch. CAPTAIN looks out in direction of the whale. Then  
he looks in the other direction.)



CAPTAIN

It appears our little one has changed his mind. We are now enroute to England.

ALL

Oh, no!

CAPTAIN

Oh, yes. I wish I could say that I think there is absolutely nothing to worry about, but I can't.

ALL

Oh?

CAPTAIN

No. Don't you see, we're going back to where all the trouble started. Where, inevitably, other troubles lie ahead.

SO LONG TO THAT SILVERY LINING.

PAMELA

I SAID WHEN IT SHONE, "I'M NO LONGER ALONE."

DAVY

THIS NEW CLOUD IS ALL TOO CONFINING.

CAPTAIN, DAVY, PAMELA

THE LATEST PREDICTION IS KNOWN:  
THE FUTURE IS LONGER ALONE.

LORD and LADY

AU REVOIR TO THE SWEET EXPECTATION;  
MY FUTURE WAS CAST FROM THE LONG-AGO PAST.  
BUT NOW THERE'S THIS REALIZATION:  
IT'S FOOLISH TO BE HOLDING FAST  
TO LOVE THAT'S SO LONG AGO PAST.

ROSIE

BYE-BYE TO THE MARRIAGE THAT BECKONED;  
HOW I'VE LONGED FOR THIS DAY,  
NOW I'M FRETTEING AWAY,  
UNITL I AM...(she pauses)  
HEY, WAIT A SECOND!  
NOW LOOK HERE AND WHAT-DO-YOU-SAY,  
LET'S THROW ALL THIS FRETTEING AWAY.

ALL

WELL, LOOK HERE AND WHAT-DO-YOU-SAY,  
LET'S THROW ALL THIS FRETTEING AWAY.

ROSIE

REMEMBERING WHAT WE HAVE BEEN THROUGH TONIGHT  
WON'T BE EASILY DONE, BUT WE'LL DO IT:  
SHAKE HANDS WITH THE TWENTIETH CENTURY NOW

AND THEN WE WILL GO BARRELING THROUGH IT!  
AND HERE IS THE SAYING I'M SAYING WE ALL  
NEED TO LEARN:

ALL  
LEARN?

ROSIE  
LEARN!  
WHAT ELSE CAN YOU DO AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY?  
TAKE THE TURN!!!

DAVY  
YOU'LL PROMPT ME, DEAR, IF I FORGET LIFE IS SIMPLE, FOR SIMPLE  
SOLUTIONS ASTOUND ME.

LADY  
AND YOU MUST REMIND ME I DON'T NEED TO LOOK  
FOR THE JOY WHEN MY GOOD MAN'S AROUND ME.

LADY and DAVY  
FROM ALL OF OUR TRIALS AND GREAT TRIBULATIONS,  
LET US ADJOURN:  
WHAT ELSE CAN YOU DO AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY?  
TAKE THE TURN!!!

PAMELA  
I CANNOT FORGET THAT I'VE GIVEN UP NOTHING AND GOTTEN SO MUCH  
WITHOUT FIGHTING.

LORD  
AND BETTER THAN THAT IS THE MEM'RY  
THAT THINKING OF OTHERS IS SOMEHOW EXCITING.

CAPTAIN  
AND I HAVE DECIDED I'M MARRYING EVERYONE STEM TO STERN.

ALL  
WHAT ELSE CAN YOU DO AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY?

(Fireworks are seen off the coast of England.)

SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT  
AND NEVER BROUGHT TO MIND,  
SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT  
AND DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE.  
FOR AULD LANG SYNE, MY DEAR, FOR AULD LANG SYNE.  
WE'LL TAKE A CUP OF KINDNESS YET, FOR AULD LANG SYNE.

PAMELA, CAPTAIN, LORD, LADY  
WE'VE SUNG AULD LANG SYNE,  
AND GIVEN THE OLD HEAVE  
TO EIGHTEEN NINETY-NINE...

(DAVY and ROSIE speak over the others)

DAVY

I just thought of something.

ROSIE

Yes?

DAVY

There was no year called zero, so the truth is...

ROSIE

Grrrrr.

DAVY

The truth is that 1900 is the end of the 19<sup>th</sup> century, not the beginning of the 20<sup>th</sup>.

ROSIE

(dejectedly)

You mean we may have to go through all this next year?

DAVY

Not at all. What I mean is

(joyously)

We may have to go through all of this again next year!!!

AND HERE IS THE SAYING I'M SAYING

WE ALL HAVE A YEAR TO LEARN:

ALL

WHAT ELSE CAN YOU DO AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY?

TAKE THE TURN!!!