

LILY **A Musical Portrait**

Inspired by The House of Mirth by Edith Wharton

(5 Women, 5 Men)

April 15, 2010
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MAINSTREET MUSICALS SUBMISSION
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CAST

LILY BART
LAWRENCE SELDEN
BERTHA DORSET
CARRY FISHER / MRS. BART / MRS. ROSEDALE
JUDY TRENOR / FOREWOMAN
MAID / MRS. HAFFEN / MATTIE GORMER
GUS TRENOR / LAWYER
GEORGE DORSET / BUTLER
SIMON ROSEDALE / MR. BART
NED SILVERTON / CHEMIST'S CLERK / SECURITY GUARD

SCENES & MUSICAL NUMBERS

Prologue: The Metropolitan Museum of Art -- 1925

#1 - *What is Doing in Society?*..... Society

Portrait 1: "Woman at Rest" -- 1905

#2 - *Good Morning, Miss Bart*..... Maid, Lily

#3 - *Dearest Lily (#1)*..... Judy

#4 - *Free to Breathe*..... Lily

Portrait 2: "A Walk in the Park"

#5 - *The Walk*..... Instrumental/Underscoring

#6 - *Clothes Make the Woman*..... Lily

#7 - *Freedom*..... Selden, Lily

#8 - *You Had Better Go*..... Playout

Portrait 3: "Playing Croquet"

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Portrait 4: "The Bargain"

#10 - *Lawrence, Darling*..... Bertha

Portrait 5: "Tableaux Vivants"

#11 - *Tableaux Vivants*..... Society

#12 - *In This Moment*..... Selden, Society

Portrait 6: "An Unexpected Assignment"

Portrait 7: "What is Doing in Society"

#13 - *What is Doing in Society?* (Reprise)..... Society, Lily

Portrait 8: "Still Life of Fading Roses" -- 1895

#14 - *The Death of Mr. Hudson Bart*..... Society, Mrs. Bart

Portrait 9: "On the Sabrina" -- 1906

#15 - *Ah! Sabrina!*..... Silverton

Portrait 10: "Lady with a Cigarette"

#16 - *What is Doing? Waltz*..... Instrumental/Underscoring

#17 - *The Death of Aunt Peniston*..... Society

#18 - *My Dear Miss Bart (#1)*..... Dorset

#19 - *My Dear Miss Bart (#2)*..... Rosedale

#20 - *Dearest Lily (#2)*..... Mattie, Bertha, Carry, Lily

#21 - *Excuse Me, Miss Bart*..... Maid, Lily

#22 - *How Will I Live?*..... Lily

#23 - *Dance of the Hat Girls*..... Instrumental

#24 - *How Will I Live? (Reprise)*..... Lily

Portrait 11: "A Cup of Tea"

Portrait 12: "The Visitor"

#25 - *You Could See Into My Heart*..... Lily

#26 - *In a Moment*..... Lily

#27 - *In This Moment (Reprise)*..... Selden, Lily

Epilogue: The Metropolitan Museum of Art -- 1925

#28 - *Yes, She Was*..... Playout

PROLOGUE

SETTING: A gallery in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

TIME: 1925. Evening.

MUSIC #1: WHAT IS DOING IN SOCIETY?

AT RISE: Members of SOCIETY attend a private unveiling of a recent acquisition.

SOCIETY

WHAT IS DOING IN SOCIETY?

WHAT'S THE NEWS IN NEW YORK SOCIETY?

WE'VE BEEN DOING --

BUSY BUSY DOING

IN NEW YORK SOCIETY!

TONIGHT WE ARE HAVING A PRIVATE SOIREE

WITH ONLY THE CREME DE LA CREME.

THE MET HAS A RECENT ACQUISITION!

IS IT MODERN? IT'S CLASSIC.

NO! THAT'S NOT RIGHT.

IT'S AN IMPRESSIONIST PAINTING ...

IT'S VERY EXPENSIVE!

A SPLENDID EVENT. (IT IS SPLENDID!)

A GRAND AFFAIR. (IT IS LOVELY.)

WE DON'T KNOW THE ART,

BUT WE KNOW WHAT TO WEAR!

WHAT IS DOING IN SOCIETY? (WHAT IS DOING?)

WHAT'S THE NEWS IN NEW YORK SOCIETY?

WE'VE BEEN DOING -- (WE HAVE BEEN DOING!)

BUSY BUSY DOING (BUSY, BUSY, BUSY DOING)

IN NEW YORK SOCIETY!

JUDY

Welcome! We're so glad you could join us tonight for this special unveiling of the Metropolitan Museum's most recent acquisition to its growing collection of American paintings.

(Golf claps)

And of course this evening would not have been possible without the particular generosity of Mr. and Mrs. Simon Rosedale.

(Golf claps. ROSEDALE and CARRY wave, take a nod)

Mr. Rosedale, would you like to do the honors?

ROSEDALE

Thank you, Mrs. Trenor. Ladies and Gentlemen, it gives me great pleasure to present to you -- "Woman at Rest."

(ROSEDALE steps forward and removes the cover with a flair)

SOCIETY (Group 1)

AHH ...

SOCIETY (Group 2)

AHH ...

SOCIETY (All)

A MASTERPIECE -- THIS WORK OF ART.

AHH ...

SELDEN

LILY ...

MATTIE

PERFECT.

SILVERTON

FLAWLESS.

CARRY

PRETTY.

BERTHA

NO! NOT PRETTY.

CARRY

BUT IT'S CHARMING!

BERTHA & JUDY

IT'S ALARMING!

MAID & SILVERTON

SUCH PERSPECTIVE.

TRENOR

AMAZINGLY PRETTY.

SELDEN

SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL ...

SILVERTON, ROSEDALE & DORSET
IT'S MODERN! A MASTERPIECE! IT'S SUPERB!

CARRY, BERTHA & JUDY
(At a painting they can all agree on)
EXQUISITE.

SELDEN
EXQUISITE.

TRENOR
THE LIGHT AND THE COLORS!

MATTIE
LOVELY.

(By now, the SOCIETY have all left the gallery, leaving SELDEN alone on stage)

SELDEN
LILY ...

SOCIETY
(Offstage)
AHH ...

(The lights shift focus from SELDEN looking at the painting -- to the painting itself -- which turns into a living tableau ...)

END OF PROLOGUE
(Segue to Portrait One)

PORTRAIT ONE
"Woman at Rest"

SETTING: Lily's bedroom at Bellomont, the Trenor's country home in the Hudson Valley.

TIME: 1905. An early, mid-September morning.

AT RISE: LILY lies asleep in the bed.

MUSIC #2: GOOD MORNING, MISS BART

(Lily's MAID enters with a breakfast tray – harmonious porcelain and silver, a handful of violets in a slender glass, and the morning paper folded beneath her letters)

MAID

(With great cheer)

GOOD MORNING, MISS BART.

(She sets the tray down and crosses to the window)

IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY.

(She draws the curtains open, light pours in, and LILY hides under the covers)

WHERE WOULD YOU LIKE YOUR BREAKFAST TRAY?

SHOULD YOU LIKE IT IN BED?

OR HERE ON THE TABLE INSTEAD?

(LILY mutters unintelligibly from underneath her pillows)

MAID

I'LL LEAVE IT HERE IF THAT'S ALRIGHT.

(A grunt of agreement sounds from the bed)

(The MAID begins to pick up the clothes from the previous night that are strewn about)

I see you undressed yourself last night. Why didn't you ring for me?

LILY

(Emerging from the covers with a yawn and sitting up)

I didn't want to wake you.

MAID

But that's two nights in a row, Miss. You ought to let me help you. 'Tis my job ...

LILY

Yes ... Well ... And what is the rest of the house-party up to?

MAID

MR. GRYCE WAS UP EARLY -- HE IS EVERY DAY --
AND ALREADY EATING THE BREAKFAST BUFFET.

MRS. FISHER IS DRESSING -- SHE'LL JOIN HIM SOON.
MRS. DORSET IS BREAKFASTING IN HER ROOM.

MR. DORSET IS TAKING A MEAL OF DRY TOAST.
MR. TRENOR IS WITH HIM -- HE'S READING THE POST.

LILY

And Mrs. Trenor?

MAID

OUR HOSTESS IS ALREADY UP AND ABOUT.
(Bringing a note over from the tray to LILY)
OH! -- SHE SENT A NOTE. IT'S ON YOUR TRAY.

LILY

(Opening the note)

And what does Judy have to say? ...

MUSIC #3: DEAREST LILY

(JUDY TRENOR appears)

JUDY

*"DEAREST LILY,
IF IT IS NOT TOO MUCH OF A BORE,
BE DOWN BY TEN
TO HELP ME WITH SOME TIRESOME THINGS --
TIRESOME, TIRESOME, TIRESOME THINGS."*

(JUDY fades from view)

*(LILY tosses the note aside and subsides on her pillows with a dramatic
sigh)*

MAID

Miss Bart?

LILY

Mrs. Trenor's secretary has been called away. I've been "asked" to fill the gap.

(LILY gets out of bed)

LILY

Whoever pays the piper calls the tune. It appears that this morning I am the piper.

MAID

(Teasing)

Oh! Poor Miss Bart. All work and no play. Let's get you dressed.

(At the wardrobe)

Which dress will you wear?

LILY

(Crossing to the vanity)

Hmm ... the blue. And bring me my jewel case?

MAID

Yes, Miss.

(The MAID takes a small jewelry box out of the wardrobe and takes it to LILY)

LILY

(Pouting prettily)

The lack of sleep left lines on my face.

MAID

Oh no, Miss!

LILY

(Turning to MAID)

Are you sure, Hartley?

MAID

(Looking critically at LILY'S face)

Oh, yes, Miss Bart. You are always beautiful. Everyone says so.

LILY

Dear Hartley, you always know what to say to make me feel better.

(LILY pulls out a key and unlocks the case. The MAID continues to lay out LILY'S clothes for the day. LILY looks under the tray in the box for a small roll of bills)

LILY

(Counting)

Only twenty dollars left ...

(She puts the money away and sighs)

MAID

Miss?

LILY

People are getting tired of me, Hartley. I've been "Miss Bart" too long. It is time for me to get married and become a "Mrs. Well-to-Do."

MAID

(The MAID begins putting up LILY'S hair)

Mrs. Trenor's maid said Mr. Percy Gryce was invited here for you.

LILY

Oh, yes, Mr. Gryce!

MAID

What sort of a man is he?

LILY

The sort who attends church every Sunday because he wants to!
(She laughs)

MAID

Miss Bart!

LILY

It's the truth!

(Rising)

Perhaps I can ask Judy not to make me play bridge again this evening...

MAID

Doesn't he like cards?

(She begins to help LILY dress)

LILY

Oh no! No gambling, no smoking, no conversation -- he's horribly shy. Unless you mention his book collection, of course -- I had the honor of being bored by Mr. Gryce all day yesterday.

MAID

(Laughing)

Miss Bart!

LILY

What do you think, Hartley? Shall I let him do me the honour of boring me for life?

MAID

(Finishing up)
Which jewels?

LILY
You choose. -- Nothing too shocking! We don't want to scare Mr. Gryce away.
(The MAID selects earrings, a necklace/broach and a bracelet)
Yes, those will do. Well?

MAID
(Finishing touches, with great admiration)
You are beautiful, Miss Bart.

LILY
Thank you, Hartley. I suppose I shouldn't complain. Look at where we are.

MAID
Oh, yes! Of all of the houses we visit, Miss Bart, Bellomont is the grandest by far.

(LILY crosses to the window. The MAID finishes tidying up the room)

MUSIC #4: FREE TO BREATHE

LILY
HOW FORTUNATE TO BE AMID THE BEAUTY OF THIS
ELEGANT, TRANQUIL SCENE:
THE SPARKLING FRESHNESS OF SEPTEMBER,
THE PERFUMED FRAGRANCE OF LATE BLOSSOMS,
THE RUSTLING BOUGHS OF PALE-GOLD MAPLES,
VELVET FIRS ...

MAID
Anything else, Miss?

LILY
That will be all.
(MAID exits)
WITH EVERYTHING SO CHARMING, BEAUTIFUL AND CLEAN,
I CAN BREATHE.
I WANT TO BE FREE ...

FREE FROM VULGAR CARES.
FREE TO LIVE MY LIFE AS I PLEASE.
FREE TO SOAR. FREE TO BREATHE!
AH. AH.

FREE FROM OTHERS' WHIMS.

FREE TO DECIDE WHERE I GO.
FREE FROM WORRY.
FREE TO BREATHE.
AH. AH!

I AM HORRIBLY POOR AND VERY EXPENSIVE,
I HAVE TAKEN TOO LONG.
I MUST MARRY A MAN WITH A GREAT DEAL OF MONEY.
MONEY ...

FREE FROM VULGAR CARES.
FREE TO LIVE MY LIFE AS I PLEASE.
FREE TO SOAR. FREE TO BREATHE!

AND WITH EVERY BREATH I WILL PULL MYSELF UP.
WHEN I AM THE HOSTESS THEY WILL DRINK FROM MY CUP.
AH! AH! FREE!

END OF PORTRAIT ONE

PORTRAIT TWO
"A Walk in the Park"

SETTING: The grounds of Bellomont.

TIME: Afternoon of the same day.

AT RISE: LILY enters, walking slowly. She stops midway and digs at the ferny edge of the pathway with her parasol. Hearing a footstep behind her, she turns to see SELDEN enter.

SELDEN

(Entering)

Waiting for me, I hope?

LILY

(With a blush of surprise)

Mr. Selden!

SELDEN

You see I came after all.

LILY

I thought these big country parties bored you.

SELDEN

They do.

(LILY is taken aback)

LILY

But a few days ago ... when you tempted me to have tea alone with you in your apartment ... you led me to believe that your work would keep you in New York. So why are you here?

SELDEN

I came to see you.

LILY

Dear Mr. Selden, it's stupid of you to make love to me.

SELDEN

Dear Miss Bart, I wouldn't dream of it. I know you wouldn't waste your gun powder on me. I'm small game.

LILY

Which reminds me -- I must be off. I have another engagement.

Oh? SELDEN

Mr. Percy Gryce. LILY

(Impressed)
SELDEN
Oh! Big game! Is he coming this way?

LILY
That is my business to know.

SELDEN
Then it is my business to prevent your meeting him.
(HE offers HER his arm)

LILY
Did you really come to Bellomont to see me?

SELDEN
Of course I did. Shall we?

(SHE takes HIS arm)

MUSIC #5: THE WALK

(THEY begin to walk through the Park)

LILY
Do you ever wish you were rich and could do what you want?

SELDEN
Don't I just? Do you take me for a saint on a pillar?

LILY
And having to work -- do you mind?

SELDEN
Oh, the work itself is not so bad -- I'm rather fond of the law.

LILY
(She shakes her head)

No; but the being tied down: the routine -- don't you ever want to get away, to see new places and people?

SELDEN

Horribly -- especially when I see all my friends rushing to the steamer.

LILY

But do you mind ... mind enough ... to marry ... for money?

SELDEN

(Breaking into a laugh)

Ha! God forbid!

LILY

(With a sigh)

See?! There's the difference -- a girl must marry, a man may if he chooses.

MUSIC #6: CLOTHES MAKE THE WOMAN

LILY

(Surveying HIM critically)

WHEN YOUR COAT'S A LITTLE SHABBY, WHO CARES?
PEOPLE STILL ASK YOU TO DINE.
BUT IF MY CLOTHES ARE JUST AS SHABBY, EVERYONE CARES!
I SUFFER FROM STARES AND GLARES AND AIRS ...

CLOTHES MAKE THE WOMAN, NOT THE MAN --
THEY ARE PART OF HER SUCCESS.
AND SO I MUST MARRY AS RICH AS I CAN;
MONEY WILL ANSWER MY PRAYERS.

SELDEN

Hence your "engagement" with Mr. Percy Gryce?

LILY

Precisely!

IF I MUST MARRY -- IF I MUST MUST WED --
THE MAN MUST BE WEALTHY AND EASILY LED.

A man cannot marry me if he does not see me. And how can he see me if I am not properly dressed?

NO MAN WANTS A DINGY WOMAN -- WOULD YOU?
DON'T SAY "YES!" YOU KNOW IT'S NOT TRUE.
ALL MEN WANT A PRETTY WOMAN TO WEAR!
FOR SOCIAL AFFAIRS AND BEARING THE HEIRS!

CLOTHES MAKE THE WOMAN -- NOT THE MAN.
 HIS SUCCESS IS IN HER DRESS.
 SO I IF MARRY AS RICH AS I CAN
 IT WILL ANSWER BOTH OF OUR PRAYERS!

SELDEN

So! How are you getting on?

LILY

It seems I've broken my engagement with Mr. Gryce for you.

(Music stops)

What have you broken for me?

SELDEN

(Calmly)

Nothing. My only engagement at Bellomont is with you. Although I doubt my presence will interfere with your "engaging" Percy Gryce. You have a talent for profiting from the unexpected. That is your genius.

LILY

(Warily)

My genius? The only test of genius is success, and I certainly haven't succeeded ... yet.

SELDEN

Then what is your definition of success?

MUSIC #7: FREEDOM

(SHE hesitates)

LILY

Why ... to get as much out of life as one can, I suppose. Isn't that your idea of it?

SELDEN

(He considers)

No. My idea of success is freedom.

LILY

Freedom?

(SELDEN turns and smiles at LILY)

SELDEN

Success is freedom.

FREEDOM FROM EVERYTHING.

FREEDOM FROM WANT.
 FREEDOM FROM WORRY.
 FREEDOM FROM POVERTY.
 FREEDOM FROM EVERYTHING.
 SUCCESS IS FREEDOM.

To keep a kind of Republic of the Spirit.

LILY

And how does one find the Republic of the Spirit?

SELDEN

Oh, there are signs. And if you will look for them,
 YOU WILL FIND FREEDOM FROM EVERYTHING.
 FREEDOM FROM WANT.
 FREEDOM FROM EASE.
 FREEDOM FROM ANXIETY.
 FREEDOM FROM EVERYTHING.
 SUCCESS IS FREEDOM.

LILY

I KNOW ...

SELDEN

FREEDOM ...

LILY

HOW STRANGE ...

SELDEN

FREEDOM ...

LILY

JUST WHAT I'VE BEEN FEELING ...
 AHH AHH ...
 FREEDOM FROM EVERYTHING.
 FREEDOM FROM WANT.
 FREEDOM FROM WORRY.
 FREEDOM TO BREATHE.

SELDEN

FREEDOM FROM EVERYTHING.
 SUCCESS IS
 FREEDOM.

LILY

AHH ...

FREEDOM.

BOTH

FREEDOM FROM EVERYTHING.

FREEDOM FROM WANT --

SELDEN
-- IN THE REPUBLIC OF THE SPIRIT.

FREEDOM FROM CARE.

LILY

SELDEN
AHH ...

SELDEN
DO YOU WANT TO JOIN ME THERE?

LILY
I WANT FREEDOM FROM EVERYTHING!

SELDEN
SUCCESS IS FREEDOM.

LILY
AHH ... SUCCESS ...

SELDEN
AHH ...

BOTH
FREEDOM.

(SELDEN glances at HER with amusement and draws out his cigarette case. LILY reaches her hand toward the case)

LILY
Oh, do give me one -- I haven't smoked for days!

SELDEN
(Shocked, lighting his cigarette)
What! Everybody smokes at Bellomont.

LILY
Smoking is not becoming in a *jeune fille a marier*.

(SHE leans forward, holding the tip of her cigarette to his)

SELDEN
Hmm -- then I'm afraid we can't let you into the Republic.

LILY
Why not?

SELDEN

Because *jeune fille a marier*, You will marry someone ... Rich.

(Anglican Chant-like)

*And the Republic of the Spirit is like the Kingdom of Heaven ...
Difficult for The Rich to get into.*

LILY

That's unfair! I thought your Republic was free. Free from care. Free from worry ... The only way I know not to think about money is to have a great deal of it!

SELDEN

You might as well say that the only way not to think about air is to have enough to breathe. That is true enough in a sense; but your lungs are thinking about the air, if you are not. And so it is with your rich people -- they may not be thinking of money, but they're breathing it all the while. Take them out of their element and see how they squirm and gasp!

(HE pretends to cough -- suffocating)

(LILY gazes absently through the blue rings of her cigarette-smoke. At length ...)

LILY

It seems to me you spend a great deal of your time with those you disapprove of.

SELDEN

Yes! It's useful.

LILY

Useful?

SELDEN

(Nodding)

Society provides beauty -- the best music, the best art, the best of everything ... It's useful because it helps me escape my work. That is putting Society to its proper use. But when Society becomes the thing worked for, everything is distorted, and those are the people who become trapped in its gilded cage.

LILY

So you think I'm trapped? And you think I can never get my foot across the threshold of your Republic of the Spirit?

(Considering)

You despise my ambitions -- you think them unworthy of me!

SELDEN

Well, isn't that a tribute?

LILY

But money stands for all kinds of things! And if I had the opportunity, I would make better use of it. Its purchasing quality isn't limited to diamonds and motor-cars.

SELDEN

Yes! Atone for your wealth. Found a hospital.

LILY

You mock me.

SELDEN

Not at all.

LILY

So you think I will enjoy my ambitions -- that they are good enough for me.

SELDEN

Perhaps they are. But will you be happy? Will you be free?

LILY

(SHE draws a deep breath)

What a miserable future you foresee for me!

SELDEN

Well -- have you never foreseen it for yourself?

LILY

(Blushing)

Often and often. But it looks so much darker when you show it to me!

(Silence. Suddenly LILY turns on HIM with torment)

Why do you do this? Why do you make me hate the things I have chosen, if you have nothing to give me instead?

SELDEN

No, I have nothing to give you. If I had, it should be yours.

LILY

Do you want to marry me?

(SELDEN breaks into a laugh)

SELDEN

No -- but perhaps I should if you did!

LILY

Ah, for all your fine phrases of freedom, you're nothing but a coward.

SELDEN

Very well -- Marry me.

LILY

I must go.

SELDEN

To meet Mr. Gryce?

LILY

(Turning back)

It is a hateful fate -- but what choice do I have?

SELDEN

And who's the coward?

LILY

You weren't serious?

SELDEN

You had better go.

MUSIC #8: YOU HAD BETTER GO

(SHE exits)

END OF PORTRAIT TWO

PORTRAIT THREE
 “Playing Croquet”

SETTING: The sidelines of the croquet lawn at Bellomont.

TIME: Afternoon. The following day.

AT RISE: JUDY, BERTHA and CARRY lounge on the sidelines of the croquet lawn. Reading the society pages, drinking lemonade, tea, etc. Women of leisure ...

MUSIC #9: A WOMAN MUST MARRY

BERTHA

“A quiet wedding last week was that of Leon Marie and Mrs. Gordon on Wednesday. Mr. Marie was a widower. His first wife was Miss Hoe.”

CARRY

Yes, I remember that wedding. Leon was so handsome ... now he’s just bald.

JUDY

“Count Seckendorff of Washington and Mrs. Donner were married in New York on Wednesday and sailed for Europe.”

CARRY

Money for a title. Not a bad bargain.

(Reads)

“The engagement is announced of Mrs. Fannie Iselin, --

BERTHA

A WOMAN MUST MARRY.

CARRY

(Continues)

-- the younger daughter of C. Oliver Iselin by his first wife, who was Miss Garner, to Phillip W. Livermoore, the younger son of the Baroness Selliere ...”

JUDY

A WOMAN MUST WED.

BOTH

SOMEONE WITH MONEY AND
EASILY LED.

BERTHA
A WOMAN MUST MARRY ...

CARRY
SOMEONE WITH CLASS.

JUDY
A WOMAN MUST WED ...

SOMEONE WELL-BRED.

BOTH
SOMEONE WITH MONEY AND
EASILY LED.

AND THEN SHE CAN CHOOSE
WHOM TO TAKE TO HER BED.

CARRY
WHO CARES IF HE'S OLD?

ALL
AGE DOESN'T MATTER.

CARRY
WHO CARES IF HE'S FAT?

ALL
IF HIS BANK ACCOUNT'S FATTER!

CARRY
WHO CARES IF HE'S DULL?

ALL
YOU CAN STILL HAVE A BALL.

CARRY
AND IF NOT, DIVORCE HIM!

JUDY
-- IF YOU HAVE THE GALL.

BERTHA
-- IF YOU HAVE THE GALL.

CARRY
-- IF YOU HAVE THE GALL.

(DORSET scores a point on the croquet field. Golf claps)

JUDY
Ah! Well done.

CARRY

It looks like George is winning.

BERTHA

You mean, Miss Bart is letting him win.

JUDY

She certainly has a way with people.

BERTHA

Yes and she has somehow managed to convince George that his stomach ulcers make for riveting conversation. He just goes on and on and on!

JUDY

Bertha, dear. Every husband goes on about something. Gus is constantly talking about that Simon Rosedale. As if I would ever invite that man to dine in my house! But Gus won't let up! He just goes on and on and on!

CARRY

Men!

ALL

(In canon)

THEY CAN GO ON AND ON AND ON ...

IT IS A PRIVILEGE TO BE BORED FOR LIFE
WHEN YOUR HUSBAND IS RICH AND YOU ARE HIS WIFE.

BERTHA

But Carry doesn't have that privilege right now.

JUDY

No -- she's taken young Ned Silverton under her wing.

(Turning to CARRY)

Haven't you dear?

CARRY

Oh! Yes! Neddy. He can go on and on and on --

JUDY

Carry!

CARRY

He's a poet. He has a way with ... words.

Really? BERTHA

CARRY
 (Laughing)
 Oh yes! He's a wonderful addition to the usual set. In fact, he's helping me with the Tableaux Vivants I'm organizing. You are still participating, aren't you Bertha?

BERTHA
 (Bored)
 Of course.

CARRY
 Judy, can't I persuade you? It's for a good cause.

JUDY
 No. It's so tiresome. Why pose and not speak?

CARRY
 Because you get to dress up and have some fun. And this one is sure to be spectacular. Ned has such an artistic eye. Bertha! Won't you consider inviting him to join the party aboard the Sabrina this spring? The Mediterranean would be so much more bearable if he were to come.

BERTHA
 Perhaps ...

CARRY
 (Tempting HER)
 He could write you a poem. Artists are an oasis in the matrimonial desert.

BERTHA
 Of George.

JUDY
 Of Gus.

CARRY
 Of both my husbands.

BERTHA
HE AN GO ON AND ON
AND ON AND ON ...

JUDY
A WOMAN MUST
MARRY. A WOMAN
MUST WED.
SOMEONE WITH
MONEY AND EASILY
LED.

CARRY
WHO CARES IF HE'S
OLD? AGE DOESN'T
MATTER.
WHO CARES IF HE'S
FAT?
IF HIS BANK
ACCOUNT'S FATTER!

ALL
IT IS A PRIVILEGE TO BE BORED FOR LIFE
WHEN YOUR HUSBAND IS RICH AND YOU ARE HIS WIFE.

(THEY react to what they see on the croquet lawn. Golf claps)

(LILY and DORSET enter, croquet mallets in hand)

LILY

Well played, George!

DORSET

Thank you, Miss Bart. There's nothing quite so invigorating as a game of croquet.

LILY

I completely agree. Shall I pour the victor some lemonade?

DORSET

Oh! No, thank you. I can't drink the stuff. Knocks out my digestion.

BERTHA

(Rolling her eyes)

George, dear, don't bore us with the saga of your stomach.

DORSET

Yes, Bertha ... dear.

BERTHA

(To the LADIES)

I must stop him, or he will regale us with a sermon on the many toxic qualities of melted butter.

(Awkward laughter. DORSET is not amused)

LILY

It's such a lovely afternoon! Bellomont is so beautiful at this time of year.

BERTHA

And how few of us are left! Losing both Mr. Selden and Mr. Gryce in one day! I do so enjoy the quiet -- don't you, Lily? It's really much nicer without all the men. Oh, husbands don't count, George. Poor Mr. Selden had to return to work, but I wonder what drove Mr. Gryce away? Didn't he intend to stay for the rest of the week, Judy? He's such a nice boy -- in an old-fashioned way. Do you know, Lily, he told me he had never seen a girl play cards for money till he saw you doing it the other night?

CARRY

He is so easily shocked! I cannot fathom how such a wealthy young man fails to understand the laws of his own Society.

BERTHA

(Glancing at CARRY quietly)

He does understand the divorce laws, Carry. I heard him say he meant to sign a petition against it.

(CARRY reddens)

JUDY

I really don't see what all the fuss is about! Nowadays, there is a case of divorce and appendicitis in every family one knows.

BERTHA

Yes -- but our dear Carry has married and divorced twice.

(To CARRY)

Must you always overdo things?

CARRY

(Laughing it off)

It was the only way I could get a penny out of old Fisher.

DORSET

I suppose Gryce is thinking of marriage -- poor devil! -- He's looking to protect his assets.

CARRY

They say he has eight hundred thousand a year -- and he spends nothing, except on some rubbishy old books. And his mother has heart-disease and will leave him a lot more.

BERTHA

(Pointedly, to LILY)

The girl who marries him will always have enough to be comfortable. It's really too bad he's gone away. Isn't it, Lily?

(Silence. Rising)

Come, George. I'm in a winning mood.

(BERTHA takes the mallet from LILY and leaves for the croquet lawn.
DORSET follows HER out like a puppy)

JUDY

(Admonishing LILY with personal despair)

Lily Bart, I swear I cannot make you out! Haven't I told you Bertha is dangerous?

CARRY

She delights in making people miserable.

JUDY

You have known Lawrence Selden for years.

CARRY

Years!

JUDY

And you acted like you just discovered him!

CARRY

If only you'd let Bertha think Selden came here for her!

LILY

But I thought their affair was over!

JUDY

It is ... on his side, but her hopes were raised when Selden turned up!

CARRY

You know better than to drag away a single man from a married woman, and now she has it out for you!

LILY

But I don't need protecting from Bertha.

JUDY

Oh, Lily. I invited Percy Gryce to stay the whole week -- just for you! But Bertha raked up everything and poisoned him thoroughly.

CARRY

She knew just what to tell him.

JUDY

Percy's horribly shy and easily shocked and ... and ...

CARRY

(Interrupting)

-- and she brought up old lovers, implied you were "fast," *on the hunt! -- the hunt for a rich husband and of your having borrowed money.

JUDY

(Joining back in, CARRY and JUDY speak over each other)

*-- and she spun some story, some story about how much you like to gamble, and of your having borrowed money.

JUDY

Bertha's revenge frightened poor Percy so much --

CARRY

-- She did it so well!

BOTH

He ran home straight to his mother!

LILY

(Confused)

But I thought Mr. Gryce and I had come to an understanding ...

JUDY

Until you ignored him and went off with Lawrence Selden!!!

CARRY

Lily, that's you all over again! You work like a slave, preparing the ground, sowing your seed. But the day you should reap, you over-sleep or go off on a picnic!

JUDY

You missed your opportunity!

(GUS TRENOR, JUDY'S husband, arrives from the house and pours himself a glass of lemonade -- and livens it up with a splash from his personal flask)

TRENOR

Ladies.

JUDY

Talk some sense to her Gus!

(JUDY leaves in a huff with her mallet. CARRY follows)

TRENOR

What's this?

LILY

(Shaking her head with a sigh)

Judy is angry with me.

TRENOR

Angry with you? Oh, come, nonsense -- Why, you know Judy's devoted to you. She has been ever since your mother died.

LILY

(Embarrassed)

And that is why I hate disappointing her. But she had her heart set ... on my marrying ... Percy Gryce ...

(SHE pauses)

TRENOR

Gryce?!? Good Lord, Gryce! Did Judy really think you could marry that portentous little ass?

LILY

Maybe you can explain it to Judy? -- How I can't make that kind of marriage ... But I can't go on living as I have either. I can't afford to play cards any longer, or dress as smartly as the other women --

TRENOR

But you look a stunner, Miss Lily!

LILY

Oh, Gus. You're sweet to pretend not to notice one of Judy's old hand-me-downs ... But I shouldn't talk to you about my worries --

TRENOR

Nonsense, Miss Lily. I can't bear to see you out of spirits. But your Aunt Julia?

LILY

She gives me no regular allowance.

TRENOR

But you are supposed to inherit her fortune.

LILY

As I understand it, when the time comes her estate shall provide for me -- but right now I have such a tiny income -- I worry that it is badly invested ...

TRENOR

Oh, Lily! This will never do. I am sure if -- Trust me -- I can help you.

LILY

Can you?

TRENOR

Of course! I recently did a very neat stroke of business with Simon Rosedale. By the way, Miss Lily, I wish you would persuade Judy to be decently civil to that chap.

LILY

(Trying to hide her disgust)
But Mr. Rosedale is ... 'impossible'!

TRENOR

Oh, hang it -- because he's a Jew?! Well, all I can say is that in a few years, he's going to be rich enough to buy us all out -- and the people who are clever enough to know it now will make a mighty good thing of it.

LILY

I suppose ... I'll speak with Judy.

TRENOR

There's a good girl.

(Patting HER hand)

Just leave it to me, Miss Lily. I can make you a handsome sum of money without any risk to yourself -- and quickly too. Now -- no more worrying!

LILY

Thank you, Gus. You are a true friend.

TRENOR

(Leaning back in his seat)

How on earth could Judy think you would marry Gryce?

(HE pulls out his flask and offers it to LILY. SHE refuses politely)

END OF PORTRAIT THREE

PORTRAIT FOUR

"The Bargain"

SETTING: The drawing-room of Mrs. Peniston's (Lily's aunt) Fifth Avenue residence.

TIME: October. Afternoon.

AT RISE: MRS. HAFFEN looks around at the wealthy, but dated, furnishings. LILY enters.

LILY

You wish to see me?

(MRS. HAFFEN turns around -- arms folded in her shawl. SHE looks familiar to LILY)

(MRS. HAFFEN unwinds her arms and produces a small parcel wrapped in dirty newspaper)

MRS. HAFFEN

I have something here that you might like to see, Miss.

LILY

I don't understand. Do I know you?

MRS. HAFFEN

Mrs. Haffen, Miss. I seen you at the Benedick -- comin' out of Mr. Selden's rooms last month. Mr. Lawrence Selden.

(LILY blushes)

LILY

(Warily)

Go on ...

MRS. HAFFEN

My husband and me used to work at the Benedick, but we was put out -- it wasn't no fault of our own, neither -- and since then my Haffen can't get nothing to do.

(LILY remains silent)

It's hard for me with him being so long out of a job.

LILY

I am sorry you have been in trouble --

(Impatiently)

If you have anything to say to me --

MRS. HAFFEN

Yes, Miss; I'm coming to that.

(Pause. Eyes on LILY)

When we was at the Benedick I had charge of some of the gentlemen's rooms; leastways, I swep' 'em out on Saturdays. Some of the gentlemen got the greatest sight of letters: I never saw the like of it. Their waste-paper baskets 'd be fairly brimming, and papers falling over on the floor. Maybe havin' so many is how they get so careless. Some of 'em is worse than others. Mr. Selden, Mr. Lawrence Selden, he was always one of the carefulest: burnt his letters in winter, and tore 'em in little bits in summer.

(Loosening the string from the parcel in her hand)

But sometimes he'd have so many he'd just bunch 'em together, the way the others did, and tear the lot through once -- like this.

(SHE draws forth a letter and lays it on the table between THEM. The letter has been torn in two -- but MRS. HAFFEN pieces the torn edges together and smoothes out the page. The handwriting catches LILY'S eye)

MUSIC #10: LAWRENCE, DARLING

MRS. HAFFEN

(Reading the letter)

"My darling Lawrence ..."

(BERTHA appears in an isolated light)

BERTHA

*"LAWRENCE, DARLING,
I CANNOT BEAR THE WAY WE PARTED.
I'M SO ASHAMED OF THE WAY I BEHAVED.
BUT YOU MADE ME ANGRY WITH WHAT YOU SAID --*

(Lights widen out to reveal a NYC hotel room. Afternoon. SELDEN is dressing. BERTHA lies in bed, covered with a sheet)

SELDEN

This was a mistake.

BERTHA

Mistake!

SELDEN

It ends here, Bertha. It ends here.

BERTHA

*We are not a mistake!
 WE CAN'T BE OVER.
 WE WILL NEVER BE OVER!
 IT'S BEEN FOUR YEARS!!!"*

SELDEN

Don't do this, Bertha.

BERTHA

*There is someone else, isn't there! Who is she Lawrence?!?!
 (SHE throws a pillow at him)*

Who is she?!?!

(Lights fade on the scene)

LILY

*(Moving away, trying not to let her imagination run away with her)
 Why do you suppose this is mine? This letter is not signed.*

MRS. HAFFEN

Because I seen you. I told you, I seen you comin' out of Mr. Selden's rooms. And I seen you talkin' to Mr. Rosedale. He owns the Benedick. He told me who you were.

(The blood rushes to LILY'S forehead)

(MRS. HAFFEN arranges all of the pieced together letters -- about a dozen or so -- on the table. LILY picks up another letter)

MUSIC #10A: LAWRENCE, DARLING (Continued)

(BERTHA appears in an isolated light)

BERTHA

*"LAWRENCE, DARLING, MY LOVE,
 PLEASE DON'T LET IT END LIKE THIS.
 THESE LAST FEW WEEKS HAVE BEEN TORTURE.*

*WHY WON'T YOU SPEAK TO ME?
 WHY WON'T YOU LOOK AT ME?
 WHY WON'T YOU ANSWER ME?*

LAWRENCE! DARLING, MY LOVE!

*I CAN DREAM OF NOTHING BUT YOU.
 NO OTHER MAN WILL MAKE ME HAPPY.*

*LAWRENCE DARLING ...
I LOVE YOU.
PLEASE DON'T LET IT END LIKE THIS.*

*DON'T YOU KNOW ...
(She searches for the words)
I AM AND WILL FOREVER BE -- YOURS?"*

(Lights fade)

LILY

(In a low voice)
What do you want for them?

(MRS. HAFFEN'S face reddens with satisfaction)

MRS. HAFFEN

Six hundred oughta do it.

(Pause)

LILY

Three hundred.

(MRS. HAFFEN stiffens)

MRS. HAFFEN

They're worth more to you than to me, Miss. Six hundred.

LILY

Three hundred.

MRS. HAFFEN

(Feigning tears, applying the corner of her shawl to her eyes)
On my honour, Miss. I ain't got no other way of raising money. The poor has got to live as well as the rich.

LILY

Three hundred.

(SHE crosses to a desk, to get the cash)

MRS. HAFFEN

I'm not a bad person! I never done anythin' of this kind before --

LILY

(Crossing back to MRS. HAFFEN)

Then you will take what you can get. You will accept three hundred.

(SHE offers the cash)

(Pause while MRS. HAFFEN weighs her options. She concedes)

MRS. HAFFEN

Yes. Yes. Three hundred. Miss Bart.

(SHE takes the money and leaves)

(LILY looks at the bundle of letters -- wondering what to do with them now that she has them)

END OF PORTRAIT FOUR

PORTRAIT FIVE
"Tableaux Vivants"

SETTING: The ballroom of a high society Fifth Avenue home.

TIME: An evening in spring.

AT RISE: A stage (with lowered curtains) has been constructed for a *Tableaux Vivants*. GUESTS in attendance mingle with one another as they wait for the entertainment to begin.

MUSIC #11: TABLEAUX VIVANTS

SOCIETY

MONEY TALK IS SUCH A BORE.
THOSE WHO "HAVE" KNOW WHAT IT'S FOR:
DINNER PARTIES, LAVISH BALLS,
EXPENSIVE MUSIC PLAYED IN OUR GILDED HALLS.
ENTERTAINMENTS LIKE *TABLEAUX VIVANTS*!

(SOUND: Bell. NED SILVERTON appears with a program to announce the first *tableau*)

SILVERTON

(Announcing)

"The Mourning Portrait of the Duchess of Alba" by Francisco Goya. Represented by Mrs. Carry Fisher.

(The curtains draw back and CARRY appears in tableau)



"Portrait of the Duchess of Alba" (c. 1797) by Francisco Goya

SOCIETY
TABLEAUX VIVANTS! TABLEAUX VIVANTS!
 CAREFULLY POSED -- A THEATRICAL TREAT.
TABLEAUX VIVANTS! TABLEAUX VIVANTS!
 A GRAND ENTERTAINMENT WITH NEW YORK'S ELITE.

(The curtains close on CARRY)

MAID (as SOCIETY WOMAN) and JUDY
 CARRY FISHER'S DRESS WAS STUNNING.
 GOYA'S PAINTING SHOWS HER CUNNING.
 SHE DISPLAYS WHAT WE ADMIRE:

MAID (as SOCIETY WOMAN)
 FACE AND FIGURE!

with JUDY and ROSEDALE
 INNER FIRE!
 MADE MORE BRILLIANT WITH *TABLEAUX VIVANTS*.

DORSET, SELDEN, TRENOR
TABLEAUX VIVANTS.

(SOUND: Bell. NED SILVERTON re-appears)

SILVERTON
 (Announcing)
 "The Love Letter" by Jean-Honoré Fragonard as portrayed by Mrs. George Dorset.

(The curtains draw back and BERTHA appears in tableau)



"The Love Letter" (c. 1770) by Jean-Honoré Fragonard

SOCIETY

OOH! AHH!
 WE ENJOY BEAUTY -- AND ART!
 MRS. DORSET, WE ARE MOVED.
 (IT'S PERFECTION!)
 YOUR IMAGE COULD NOT BE IMPROVED
 IN THIS *TABLEAUX VIVANTS!*
TABLEAUX VIVANTS!

ROSEDALE

THE CURVES OF A WOMAN ...

DORSET

AN EROTIC DISPLAY!

SOCIETY

TABLEAUX VIVANTS! TABLEAUX VIVANTS!

MAID (as SOCIETY WOMAN)

THE EVENING'S INTRIGUING!

ROSEDALE

EXOTIC!

JUDY

CLICHE.

(The curtains close on BERTHA)

JUDY

THESE PARTIES ARE TIRESOME, TIRESOME, TIRESOME.
 WHY POSE AND NOT SPEAK?
 IT SEEMS LIKE I ATTEND THEM AT LEAST ONCE A WEEK.
 A CHARITY BALL SHOULD NOT FEEL LIKE A CHORE.
 I'LL WITHDRAW MY SUPPORT IF I HEAR OF ONE MORE --

SOCIETY

WE ADORE *TABLEAUX VIVANTS!*

(CARRY and BERTHA appear from backstage, still in costume, to mix with the GUESTS)

JUDY

-- *TABLEAUX VIVANTS.*

SOCIETY

MUSIC AND WOMEN AS RARE WORKS OF ART.
TABLEAUX VIVANTS! TABLEAUX VIVANTS!
 THE CURTAINS WILL PART
 ON THE TABLEAU,
 THE PAINTING,
 THE PICTURE,
 THE PORTRAIT OF ...

(SOUND: Bell)

SILVERTON

(Announcing)

"Mrs. Richard Bennet Lloyd" by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

(The curtains part revealing LILY in a tableau)

(SOCIETY turns back to the stage and gasp at the sight of ...)

SOCIETY

LILY BART ...



"Mrs. Richard Bennett Lloyd" (c. 1775-1776) by Sir Joshua Reynolds

MUSIC #12: IN THIS MOMENT

SELDEN

(Observing LILY in her tableau)

IN THIS MOMENT,
SHE REVEALS THE ESSENCE OF HER BEAUTY.
IN THIS MOMENT,
SHE IS BARE, STRIPPED OF ALL THE FINERY
AND EXTRAVAGANCE OF OUR LITTLE WORLD.

IN THIS MOMENT,
A FLOWER BLOOMS WITH FRAGRANCE ALL CONSUMING.
IN THIS MOMENT,
SWEET PERFUME FILLS THE ROOM WITH LIVING GRACE.

AH! LILY ... (LILY ...)
LILY ... (LILY ...)

SOCIETY

(Gossiping, admiring)

LILY ... LILY ...

SELDEN

LILY: A Musical Portrait
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IN THIS MOMENT,
I CAN HEAR A LUSCIOUS SONG RESOUNDING.
IN THIS MOMENT,
AS IT SWELLS, THE MELODY AND HARMONY
JOIN FOR ALL ETERNITY,
ECHOING THE MUSIC OF HER NAME.

SOCIETY

(Gossiping to each other)

LILY ... LILY ...

SILVERTON

(Nudging DORSET in the ribs)

What's a woman want with diamonds and rubies when she's got herself to show?

DORSET

She's half-naked!

SILVERTON

Quite a feast for the eyes, eh Dorset?

BERTHA

Don't encourage him, Mr. Silverton. Lily Bart delights in making a spectacle of herself.

SILVERTON

(Whispering in her ear)

I wager she's not nearly as delicious as you.

DORSET

What's that? Eh?

BERTHA

Nothing, dear.

(SHE makes eyes at SILVERTON)

MATTIE

(To CARRY)

Dear Mrs. Fisher, it was so good of you to put me on the invitation list. I should have been so sorry to miss seeing it all.

CARRY

My pleasure, Mrs. Gormer. I am so glad you are enjoying yourself.

SOCIETY

LILY ... LILY ...

CARRY

Isn't Lily too beautiful, Mr. Rosedale? Don't you like her best in that simple dress?

ROSEDALE

What an outline!

TRENOR

(Jealous of the attention LILY is getting from the other MEN)
Deuced bold thing to show herself in that get-up.

CARRY

She puts us all to shame, Mr. Rosedale.

SOCIETY

LILY ... LILY ...

TRENOR

(Growling)
It's damned bad taste.

ROSEDALE

It's perfection! If someone painted her exactly like that -- the portrait would double in value in no time at all!

(HE whistles. CARRY laughs)

(The curtains close. Collective applause from SOCIETY)

SELDEN

(With indignant contempt)
ARE THESE THE STANDARDS BY WHICH YOU ARE MEASURED?
IF ONLY YOU KNEW HOW MUCH YOU ARE TREASURED.

LILY!
WHY LIVE THIS TRAGEDY?
WHY CAN'T YOU SHARE YOUR LIFE WITH ME?
WHY MUST YOU BE A RICH MAN'S WIFE?

IN THIS MOMENT,
SHE IS TRAPPED WITHIN A GILDED CAGE.
BUT IN A MOMENT
WE ONCE SHARED, BOTH OF US WERE FREE –
FREE FROM THIS SOCIETY,
FREE FROM THOSE WHO CHEAPEN PRICELESS BEAUTY ...

(LILY appears from backstage. A CROWD gathers to congratulate HER,
but TRENOR pulls HER away)

TRENOR

By Jove, Lily, you do look a stunner!
 (Pulling HER closer)
 I've got a cheque for you in my pocket.

LILY

(Smiling and drawing near so as not to be overheard)
 Another dividend?

TRENOR

(Handing HER the cheque, becoming a bit too close for comfort)
 I sold out on the rise and I've pulled off four thou' for you.

LILY

(Tucking the cheque into her bodice)
 Dear, Gus. You are the kindest of friends --
 (SELDEN approaches, SHE sees her escape)
 -- but I can't thank you properly now.

(CARRY sounds a gong)

CARRY

It is time to make our way into the dining room. Find your dinner partners and follow me!

(SHE leads a parade of GUESTS off to the dining-room)

(SELDEN offers his arm to LILY and leads HER away from the crowd, against the tide, finding a private corner. TRENOR fumes and JUDY retrieves HER HUSBAND to go to dinner)

LILY

(Murmuring)
 You never speak to me -- you think hard things of me ...

SELDEN

I think of you at any rate, God knows!

LILY

Then why do we never see each other? Why can't we be friends? You don't know how much I need a friend. Why won't you help me?

SELDEN

(In a low voice)
 The only way I can help you is by loving you.

("She made no reply, but her face turned to him with the soft motion of a flower. His own met it slowly, and their lips touched.")

(LILY draws back. THEY stand facing each other. Suddenly, SHE catches HIS hand and presses it against her cheek)

LILY

Ah, love me, love me -- but don't tell me so!
(SHE sighs with HER eyes in HIS)

(Before HE can speak, LILY turns and disappears into the dining room)

SELDEN

(Watching HER go)
MOMENTS COME,
MOMENTS GO, JUST AS IN TABLEAUX.
CURTAINS PART,
THEN THEY CLOSE.
EVEN IF SHE CHOSE ME
I DO NOT HAVE THE FORTUNE TO INVEST IN LILY BART.
SHE WANTS TO BUY HER HAPPINESS,
BUT CANNOT SELL HER HEART.
SO I MUST KEEP THE CAGE DOOR OPEN
AND LOVE HER ...
LOVE HER ...
BUT NEVER TELL HER SO ...

(SELDEN leaves the party)

(Lights fade on a tableau of the empty ballroom)

END OF PORTRAIT FIVE

PORTRAIT SIX
 “An Unexpected Assignment”

SETTING: The den of the Trenor’s New York house on Fifth Avenue.

TIME: 11:00 pm. The following night.

AT RISE: SOUND: Door bell. TRENOR stands over a sidebar, preparing two cognacs with soda water from a decanter and seltzer bottle. LILY enters the room.

LILY

(Expecting to find JUDY)

Oh! Hello, Gus!

TRENOR

Hallo, Lily. Come to the fire; you look dead beat.

(Relieving LILY of her cloak)

There's a good girl.

(Gesturing to a cigarette box)

There -- Have one of my new Egyptians -- that little Turkish chap at the Embassy put me on to a brand that I want you to try. If you like 'em I'll get out a lot for you.

LILY

(Helping herself to a cigarette)

Where's Judy? She's expecting me.

TRENOR

(Crossing to the sidebar, retrieving the glasses)

Would you like a drop of cognac?

LILY

Gus, where's Judy?

TRENOR

Judy? -- Why, you see, Judy's got a devil of a head ache -- quite knocked out with it, poor thing -- she asked me to explain -- make it all right, you know -- Come, have a seat.

(TRENOR takes LILY'S hand and draws her toward a low seat by the hearth; but she stops and frees herself quietly)

LILY

Judy isn't well? Shall I go upstairs?

TRENOR

No! The fact is ... she's not up to it. It came on quite suddenly -- and she asked me to tell you how awfully sorry she was. Why not sit down? Just for a minute? We can have a nice quiet jaw together. Tell me what you think of that cigarette. Why, don't you like it? What are you chucking it away for?

LILY

I am chucking it away because I must go, if you'll have the goodness to call me a cab?

(TRENOR moves himself between LILY and the door)

TRENOR

If Judy'd been here you'd have sat gossiping till all hours -- and you can't even give me five minutes! It's always the same story. Last night I couldn't get near you -- I went to that damned vulgar party just to see you, and there was everybody talking about you, and asking me if I'd ever seen anything so stunning, and when I tried to come up and say a word, you never took any notice.

(LILY stands composedly in the middle of the room, while her slight smile puts an ever-increasing distance between herself and TRENOR)

LILY

Don't be absurd, Gus.

(TRENOR draws a step nearer and lays HIS hand on HER arm)

TRENOR

Look here, Lily -- won't you give me five minutes?

LILY

Not tonight, Gus. It's past eleven, and I must really ask you to ring for a cab.

TRENOR

And supposing I won't ring for one -- what'll you do then?

LILY

I shall go upstairs to Judy if you force me to disturb her.

TRENOR

(Bursting into a laugh, stepping aside)

Go upstairs and welcome, my dear; but you won't find Judy. She ain't there.

(Stunned pause)

LILY

Nonsense -- I don't believe you. Judy is expecting me.

TRENOR

She decided to return to Bellomont.

LILY

Then she would have sent me word.

TRENOR

I was to let you know.

LILY

I received no message.

TRENOR

I didn't send one. I've been waiting for a quiet time to talk things over, and now I've got it I mean to make you hear me out.

(THEY measure each other for a moment)

LILY

I don't understand what you want.

TRENOR

I'll tell you what I want: I want to know just where you and I stand. Hang it, the man who pays for the dinner is allowed to have a seat at the table.

LILY

I don't know what you mean -- but you must see, Gus, that I can't stay here talking to you at this hour --

TRENOR

Gad, you go to men's houses fast enough in broad day light.

(LILY gasps)

That's right -- Rosedale told me you were seen coming out of Selden's apartment.

LILY

We were having tea!

TRENOR

Is that what they're calling it nowadays? Well, it strikes me you're not too careful of appearances.

LILY

(Blushing)

If you have tricked me into coming here just to say insulting things --

TRENOR

(Laughing)

Don't talk stage-rot. I don't want to insult you. But a man's got his feelings -- and you've played with mine long enough. I didn't begin this business, Lily. You were the one who rummaged me out and set to work to make an ass of me -- thought you could turn me inside out, and chuck me in the gutter like an empty purse. But, by gad, that's dodging the rules of the game. And I tell you what, Miss Lily, you've got to pay up!

LILY

Do you mean that I owe you money? It was your money you gave me then -- not mine?

(HE laughs)

You told me you'd made it for me --

TRENOR

I believe that's the usual way of putting it.

LILY

You said you could help me without any risk --

TRENOR

And so I did -- a dead sure thing. All women know what that means.

LILY

(Realizing)

You never invested my money ...

(To TRENOR)

I shall pay you back -- every penny.

TRENOR

(He laughs)

Oh, I'm not asking for payment in kind. But there's such a thing as fair play -- and interest on one's money.

LILY

(Terrified)

But I thought you were helping me ... as my friend!

TRENOR

I was. -- I am, Lily. I'm only asking for a word of thanks from you. -- But hang me if I've had as much as a look from you.

LILY

(Desperate)

Haven't I thanked you, Gus? Shown I was grateful?

TRENOR

Don't look at me like that -- I know I'm not talking the way a man is supposed to talk to a girl -- but if you don't like it you can stop me quick enough --

(Advancing threateningly towards HER)

You know I'm mad about you --

(HE kisses her roughly)

Damn the money, there's plenty more of it -- Lily! -- just look at me --

(HE continues to kiss HER -- wildly -- shaking HER for her attention)

Look at me! -- Look at me! Look at me!!!

(TRENOR clutches LILY in his hands. SHE surrenders)

LILY

(Detached and cold)

I am here alone with you. What more do you want?

(TRENOR is caught by LILY'S manner and words, realizes what he is doing)

TRENOR

(Stammering)

Go home. Go away.

(HE turns HIS back on HER and walks back to the side bar to pour himself a drink. LILY leaves)

END OF PORTRAIT SIX
(Segue to Portrait Seven)

PORTRAIT SEVEN
 “What is Doing in Society”

SETTING: LILY’S dream. An empty stage -- a ballroom -- a void.

TIME: Suspended.

AT RISE: SOCIETY, dressed for a masked ball, waltz around the stage.

MUSIC #13: WHAT IS DOING IN SOCIETY? (Reprise)

SOCIETY

WHAT IS DOING IN SOCIETY?
 WHAT’S THE NEWS IN NEW YORK SOCIETY?
 WE’VE BEEN DOING --
 BUSY BUSY DOING
 IN NEW YORK SOCIETY!

NEW YORK HAS HAD A VERY GAY WEEK
 WITH DINNERS AND PARTIES AND BALLS.
 LAST NIGHT WAS THE METROPOLITAN OPERA.

WAS IT VERDI OR MOZART? NO ONE RECALLS.
 IT WAS SOMETHING ITALIAN? I KNOW IT WAS FOREIGN.
 A SPLENDID EVENT; (IT WAS SPLENDID!)
 A GRAND AFFAIR. (IT WAS LOVELY.)
 I DON’T KNOW WHO SANG, BUT I KNOW WHO WAS THERE!

WHAT IS DOING IN SOCIETY? (WHAT IS DOING?)
 WHAT’S THE NEWS IN NEW YORK SOCIETY?
 WE’VE BEEN DOING -- (WE HAVE BEEN DOING!)
 BUSY BUSY DOING (BUSY, BUSY, BUSY DOING)
 IN NEW YORK SOCIETY!

(LILY enters the dream, wearing her costume from the *Tableaux Vivants*.
 SHE winds her way through the couples. SOCIETY ignores HER)

LILY
Hello? Can you help me?
I'm alone and I need help.
(SHE thinks she
sees SELDEN)
Is that you, Mr. Selden?
Can you help me?
You said you could help
me.

SOCIETY
(Hushed)
WHAT IS DOING IN
SOCIETY?
WHAT'S THE NEWS IN
NEW YORK SOCIETY?
WHAT IS DOING?
WHAT NEWS HAS BEEN
BREWING
IN NEW YORK SOCIETY?

SOCIETY
(Hushed)
WHAT IS DOING
IN SOCIETY?
WHAT'S THE
NEWS IN NEW
YORK
SOCIETY?
WHAT NEWS HAS
BEEN
BREWING?

SOCIETY
PEOPLE SAY ...

CARRY
SHE'S DONE IT ONCE AGAIN ...

LILY
I admit I was careless ... I gambled too much
...

SOCIETY
PEOPLE SAY ... PEOPLE SAY ...
PEOPLE SAY ... PEOPLE SAY ...

SILVERTON
... SHE CARRIES ON WITH MARRIED MEN ...

LILY
But that's not true!
I was worried about my bills!

SOCIETY
WHAT IS DOING IN SOCIETY?
PEOPLE SAY ... PEOPLE SAY ...
WHAT'S THE NEWS IN NEW YORK
SOCIETY?
PEOPLE SAY ... PEOPLE SAY ...

SOCIETY
PEOPLE SAY THEY MEET ALONE.
PEOPLE SAY HE'S IN LOVE WITH HER.
PEOPLE SAY SHE CAN'T ATONE FOR?
BEING GUS'S LOVER.

LILY
Gus Trenor lied!

LILY

He was supposed to invest my money for me, not pay me nine thousand dollars from his own pocket. I didn't know -- and I spent it all ...

SOCIETY

PEOPLE SAY HE
GAVE HER
MONEY.

PEOPLE SAY SHE
BLED HIM DRY.

PEOPLE SAY HER
COMPANY IS
EASY TO
PROCURE AND
BUY.

SOCIETY

PEOPLE SAY HE
GAVE HER
MONEY AND
SHE

(GUS GAVE HER
MONEY ...)
BLED HIM DRY.
PEOPLE SAY HER
COMPANY IS
EASY TO BUY!

LILY

I can't think! I can't think! I don't know what to do! I don't know!

SOCIETY

(Waltzing around LILY)

WHAT IS DOING IN SOCIETY?
WHAT WE DO IN NEW YORK SOCIETY
IS WHAT IS DOING.
WE ARE WHAT'S DOING
IN NEW YORK SOCIETY!

LILY BART IS ON THE FRINGE;
SHE'S LOST APPEAL; SHE LOOKS HER AGE.
WHAT IS DOING? ... PEOPLE SAY ...
IF MISS LILY IS NOT CAREFUL,
SHE WILL BE BANISHED FROM THE GILDED CAGE!

END OF PORTRAIT SEVEN

PORTRAIT EIGHT
 “Still Life of Fading Roses”

SETTING: Luncheon parlor in the New York home of Mr. and Mrs. Bart.

TIME: Ten years earlier -- 1895. Saturday. Lunchtime.

AT RISE: SOUND: A ticking clock. The clock chimes “three.” A nineteen year old LILY sits at the luncheon table with her mother -- MRS. BART. They eat *chaufroix* and cold salmon -- leftovers from the previous night's dinner party. In the centre of the table, between the melting *marrons glaces* and candied cherries, a pyramid of American Beauties lift their vigorous stems, heads still held high, but their rose-colour has turned to a dissipated purple.

LILY

(Reproachfully)

I really think, mother, we might afford a few fresh flowers for luncheon.

(MRS. BART stares at her DAUGHTER)

Just some jonquils or lilies-of-the-valley --

(MRS. BART does not care how the luncheon-table looks when there are no guests to admire it)

MRS. BART

(Calmly -- amused at her DAUGHTER'S innocence)

Lilies-of-the-valley cost two dollars a dozen.

LILY

(Arguing -- she knows very little of the value of money)

It would not take more than six dozen to fill that bowl.

MR. BART

(Appearing in the doorway)

Six dozen what?

(LILY and MRS. BART look up in surprise. MR. BART drops into a chair, and sits gazing absently at the fragment of jellied salmon which the BUTLER places before HIM)

LILY

I was only saying that I hate to see faded flowers at luncheon; and mother says a bunch of lilies-of-the-valley would not cost more than twelve dollars.

(Leaning confidently toward her FATHER who seldom refuses HER anything)

Mayn't I tell the florist to send a few every day?

(MR. BART sits motionless, his gaze still fixed on the salmon, and his lower jaw drops. HE looks even paler than usual, and his thin hair lies in untidy streaks on his forehead. Suddenly HE looks at LILY and laughs. The laugh is so strange that LILY colours under it)

MR. BART

Twelve dollars -- twelve dollars a day for flowers? Oh, certainly, my dear -- give him an order for twelve hundred.

(HE continues to laugh. MRS. BART gives HIM a quick glance to control himself)

MRS. BART

(To the BUTLER)

You needn't wait, Poleworth -- I will ring for you.

(The BUTLER withdraws with an air of silent disapproval, leaving the remains of the *chaufroix* on the sideboard)

MRS. BART

(Severely -- annoyed that HE should make a show of himself in front of the servants)

What is the matter, Hudson? Are you ill?

(HE keeps laughing. SHE repeats)

Are you ill?

MR. BART

Ill? ---- No, I'm ruined.

(LILY makes a frightened sound)

LILY

Ruined----?!?! Oh -- Father!

(MRS. BART rises to her feet)

MRS. BART

(Controlling herself instantly, she turns a calm face to LILY. Her voice has a ghastly cheerfulness)

Your father is not well -- he doesn't know what he is saying.

(MR. BART'S continued laughter borders on hysteria. LILY crosses to comfort HIM)

LILY

Oh -- Father!

MRS. BART

You may be sorry for him now, Lily -- but you will feel differently when you see what he has done to us. Go upstairs.

(Adding)

-- And don't talk to the servants.

(LILY obeys and exits. MR. BART sits with both elbows on the table, the plate of salmon between them, and his head bowed on his hands. MRS. BART stands over HIM with a white face. MR. BART begins to cry)

MRS. BART

Well done, Hudson. What are we to do? Live like pigs?

MUSIC #14: THE DEATH OF MR. HUDSON BART

(The lights fade to black with a spotlight on the faded roses. LILY appears in mourning with a small bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley. MRS. BART leads in a procession of SOCIETY MOURNERS to join LILY at her father's grave)

MRS. BART

It is up to you now, Lily.

SOCIETY

LILY MUST MARRY; LILY MUST WED.
SOMEONE WITH CLASS; SOMEONE
WELL-BRED;
SOMEONE WITH MONEY AND
EASILY LED.
(Etc.)

MRS. BART

Escape from the dinginess if you can.
Don't let it creep up on you and drag you
down.
Fight your way out of it somehow --
You are beautiful. You can get it all back
with your face.

MRS. BART

Only stupidity prevents a beautiful woman from succeeding.

SOCIETY
SHE MUST BE SERIOUS.
SHE HAS TO BE SMART.
OR ELSE SHE WILL ALWAYS BE LILY
-- LILY -- LILY --
MISS LILY BART ...

LILY MUST MARRY.
LILY MUST WED.
SHE CAN GET IT ALL BACK!
LILY MUST MARRY.
LILY, LILY, GET IT ALL BACK!
LILY MUST WED.

SHE CAN GET IT ALL BACK WITH
HER FACE.

MRS. BART
YOU CAN GET IT ALL BACK!
GET IT ALL BACK!
YOU CAN GET IT ALL BACK WITH
YOUR FACE!

(LILY and MRS. BART lead the MOURNERS offstage)
(Lights fade to black. SOUND: Ocean waves and seagulls)

END OF PORTRAIT EIGHT
(Segue to Portrait Nine)

PORTRAIT NINE
"On the Sabrina"

SETTING: The deck of the Sabrina -- the Dorset's yacht. In the harbor of Monte Carlo.

TIME: Mid-April. 1906. Late afternoon.

AT RISE: BERTHA lounges. SILVERTON serenades her from his poetry book.

MUSIC #15: AH! SABRINA! (Inspired by John Milton's "Comus")

SILVERTON

AH! SABRINA!
SABRINA FAIR,
LISTEN WHERE THOU ART RECLINING.
LISTEN TO THE COOL TRANSLUCENT WAVES.
LISTEN FOR DEAR HONOUR'S SAKE.
SABRINA! SEDUCTIVE GODDESS OF THE SEA,
LISTEN AND SAVE ME. SABRINA!

SABRINA!
THOU ART A NYMPH WHO DANCES THROUGH NIGHT.
LIKE A SPRITE YOU DANCE WITH THE RUSH OF THE WAVES,
BECKONING FORTH THE OCEAN'S MIST
FROM THE SPRAY OF ITS SURGING WATERS.

AH! SABRINA!
YOUR BEAUTY DELIGHTS ME!
SABRINA!
YOUR SWAY EXCITES ME!

AH! SABRINA!
SABRINA FAIR.
LISTEN WHERE THOU ART RECLINING,
ALLURING GODDESS OF THE SEA.

BERTHA

(Coyly)
Oh, Ned. Did you write that for me?

SILVERTON

(Intimately)
You inspire me.

(SELDEN enters. HE has been with DORSET below deck)

BERTHA

Mr. Selden!

(BERTHA and SILVERTON quickly distance themselves from one another)

SELDEN

Mrs. Dorset.

(Nodding)

Mr. Silverton.

BERTHA

I didn't know you were on board. How long have you been here?

SELDEN

Only a short while.

SILVERTON

What brings you to Monte Carlo?

SELDEN

I had to meet with a client in Paris; I decided to slip away for a week.

BERTHA

And what brings you aboard the Sabrina?

SELDEN

Your husband.

BERTHA

Oh?

SELDEN

He asked to see me.

(BERTHA and SILVERTON give each other a look)

SELDEN

How about you, Silverton?

SILVERTON

Hm?

SELDEN

Have you enjoyed your cruise?

SILVERTON

(Waxing poetic)

Ah! What's not to enjoy? Two months of beauty ... beautiful companions ... beautiful views ...

(Pouting)

Although we had to chuck our trip to Sicily short on account of Miss Bart.

SELDEN

Miss Bart?

SILVERTON

She persuaded Dorset that Italian food was bad for his stomach.

BERTHA

Oh, she can make him believe anything -- anything! Although I won't hear a word against her. Miss Bart is an intimate friend after all.

SELDEN

And how is Monte Carlo?

BERTHA

The same. The casino. The royalty. It's rather tiresome.

SILVERTON

We did take the train over to Nice yesterday for a change of scene.

SELDEN

I heard.

BERTHA

Did you? Hmm. From George, I suppose? The trip became somewhat of a debacle I'm afraid. Didn't it, Ned?

SILVERTON

Rather.

BERTHA

And now, if you'll excuse me -- I must check on the arrangements for dinner. Come, Ned. I am in need of your artistic eye. Mr. Selden, will you be joining us?

SELDEN

No, but I thank you for the invitation, Mrs. Dorset.

BERTHA

Ah! Our loss. Bon voyage!

(THEY exit. SELDEN turns to leave. LILY enters)

LILY

Mr. Selden! This is a surprise.

SELDEN

Good evening, Miss Bart. You've been out?

LILY

Yes -- I luncheoned with the Dutchess of Beltshire.

(Awkward pause)

It's been a long time since we last met.

SELDEN

Yes.

(Pause. THEY both remember the *Tableaux Vivants*)

I have wanted to see you.

LILY

(Bitter and disappointed from HIS abandonment)

You have kept your wishes under remarkable control.

SELDEN

Why should I have come? -- Unless I thought I could be of use to you ...

LILY

So you followed me? And you are here now because you think you can be of use to me?

SELDEN

I came to see George, but -- Yes. Lily, I beg of you ... leave this yacht.

LILY

Leave!?! Why? Whatever for?

SELDEN

Trouble is brewing, Lily. I beg you -- Leave.

LILY

Trouble! What has happened?

SELDEN

Nothing yet. But when it does, why be in the way of it?

LILY

(Laughing with disbelief)

How overly dramatic you are, Mr. Selden! Thank you for your concern. But I am quite content where I am.

SELDEN

But you don't know where you are!

LILY

(Stiffening, coldly)

Then may I ask where you mean me to go?

SELDEN

Back to New York -- back to your Aunt's -- back to where you are out of harm's way. Anywhere! But away from Bertha Dorset.

LILY

(With a quick flash of anger)

Bertha has been a true friend to me. She has helped me. Unlike you. Just because you broke it off with her --

SELDEN

Don't be so naive, Lily. Everyone knows that when Bertha wants to have a good time she has to provide occupation for George.

LILY

And I am George's occupation?

SELDEN

Of course you are! That's why she invited you on this cruise. You are in a false position, and now, people are saying she's jealous of you.

LILY

Jealous! Nonsense.

SELDEN

(Pressing on)

Bertha is dangerous, Lily! And rumor has it there is going to be a break any day.

LILY

I don't believe you.

SELDEN

Good God! Why won't you listen to me?

(BERTHA enters with DORSET. It is clear THEY have been arguing)

BERTHA

Mr. Selden, you're still here? Ah. Lily.

LILY

Bertha! I tried to see you this morning before I left, but you were not yet up.

BERTHA

No -- I got to bed late. No thanks to you. After Mr. Silverton and I missed you and George at the station --

LILY

You missed us?

BERTHA

We thought we should wait for you until the last train.

LILY

But I thought you didn't get to the station till after the last train had left!

BERTHA

Who told you that?

LILY

(Looking to DORSET for confirmation)

George -- He said that you missed the train -- all the trains -- and that you had to drive back.

BERTHA

Ah, is that George's version? Poor George, darling -- you were in no state to remember what I told you -- were you dear?

DORSET

(Eyes cast down)

I was rather upset.

BERTHA

There now! See what you've done, Lily? You've upset George!

LILY

I?

BERTHA

My dear, you are rather a big responsibility -- you and George alone -- after midnight.

(Accusing)

Positively scandalous!

LILY

But it was you who burdened him with the responsibility!

BERTHA

How was I to know that you would insist on taking the train together without us? My dear Lily, you are not a child to be led by the hand!

LILY

Nor to be lectured, Bertha. Really!

BERTHA

Lecture you? Heaven forbid! I was merely trying to give you a friendly hint. But it's usually the other way round, isn't it? I'm expected to take hints, not to give them: I've positively lived on them these last two months.

LILY

Hints -- from me to you?

BERTHA

Oh, negative ones merely -- what not to be -- what not to do -- what not to see. And I think I've taken them to admiration --

(Grabbing DORSET'S arm)

-- considering it was our generosity that brought you along on this cruise in the first place!

LILY

Generosity! I thought you brought me along for your convenience!

(LILY'S implication hangs in the air)

BERTHA

(Coldly)

Mr. Selden, would you be so kind as to accompany Miss Bart off our yacht?

(A startled pause)

DORSET

Bertha! -- Miss Bart ... this is some misunderstanding ... some mistake ...

BERTHA

Miss Bart is leaving us, George. And, I think, Mr. Selden, we had better not detain you any longer either.

(To LILY)

Do send us your forwarding address, Miss Bart. Your luggage will follow.

DORSET

(Completely at a loss)
Miss Bart -- Selden -- I --

BERTHA

(Beginning to exit)
George! It's for the best.

LILY

You needn't worry about me, George. I didn't have time to tell you -- I've promised to join some friends.

DORSET

Oh, well that's alright, then, isn't it?

BERTHA

George!!!

(BERTHA exits. DORSET follows. Silence)

LILY

(To SELDEN)
Do you know of a quiet hotel? I can send for my maid in the morning.

SELDEN

A hotel -- in Monte Carlo -- that you can go to alone? It's not possible, Lily.
(With a burst of anger)
Good God! -- Will you never learn?

LILY

(With the gentle mockery of her smile)
But am I not following your advice? You told me to leave the yacht, and I am leaving it.

(Lights fade to black)

END OF PORTRAIT NINE

PORTRAIT TEN
"Lady with a Cigarette"

SETTING: New York City.

TIME: One month after the previous scene.

AT RISE: SOUND: Horn of a steamer ship. Lights up on LILY -- all alone.

MUSIC #16: WHAT IS DOING? WALTZ

(SOCIETY swirls in -- at a masked ball. NOTE: SOCIETY un.masks when they appear as their primary characters. They wear their masks when they act as a chorus or as minor characters like the Clerk, Lawyer, Forewoman, Hat Girls, etc.)

(JUDY and CARRY -- followed by TRENOR and ROSEDALE -- pass by)

LILY

Hello, Judy ... Carry.

CARRY

Lily!

JUDY

Hello, Lily. How surprising to see you. Gus, dear. Look who it is.

TRENOR

Ah. Yes. Miss Bart. I say Rosedale, isn't that the fellow you were introducing me to the other day?

(Tipping his hat)

Excuse me, ladies.

(Surprised, and a bit awkwardly, ROSEDALE tips his hat)

ROSEDALE

Miss Bart, you're looking lovely as ever.

(HE follows TRENOR off)

JUDY

Yes, well.

(Pause)

I suppose we must be off. Goodbye, dear.

LILY

Goodbye.

(THEY melt into the swirl of Society)

MUSIC #17: THE DEATH OF AUNT PENISTON

(The SOCIETY dance turns into a funeral procession. LILY'S aunt has died. SOCIETY files into rows to await the reading of the will)

SOCIETY

POOR AUNT JULIA HAS DIED.
POOR THING!
SHE LIVED A GOOD LONG LIFE.
LIVED A GOOD LIFE.

(LILY walks past SOCIETY and stands to the side. Heads turn)

AND WHERE WILL ALL HER MONEY GO?
LILY BART.
LILY BART WILL GET IT ALL, DON'T YOU KNOW!

LAWYER

(Reading from the will)

"... and to my niece, Lily Bart, a legacy of ten thousand dollars --"

(SOCIETY gasps, surprised by
the news)

LILY

Ten thousand?

LAWYER

"... and the remainder of my estate shall go to my cousin, Miss Grace Stepney ..."

(There is a rapid turning of heads away from LILY, and wailing from one of the MOURNERS)

LILY

But that was to be my legacy!

LAWYER

The will was recently changed.

LILY

Then my aunt heard of my break with the Dorsets ...

SOCIETY

POOR AUNT JULIA HAS DIED.

POOR THING!
 SHE LIVED A GOOD LONG LIFE.
 LIVED A GOOD LIFE.
 AND WHERE WILL ALL HER MONEY GO?
 NOT TO LILY BART.
 NOT TO LILY.
 LILY BART GOT NOTHING!
 LILY BART GOT NOTHING!
 LILY BART GOT NOTHING!
 NOTHING! NOTHING! NOTHING!

LILY

(To the LAWYER)

And when will the legacies will be paid?

LAWYER

It may take some time. It usually does. You will be notified ...

(The LAWYER follows the procession out)

LILY

(Protesting)

But \$10,000 ... How am I to live on \$10,000?

SOCIETY

POOR THING!
 POOR THING!

LILY

Ten thousand dollars! And all of it must go to Gus Trenor.

(CARRY comes upon LILY)

CARRY

My dear, you don't mean to say you're still in town? When I saw you the other day ...

(With a burst of frankness)

The truth is I was horrid, Lily, and I've wanted to tell you so ever since.

LILY

(Drawing back, protesting)

Oh --

CARRY

(With her usual directness)

Look here, Lily, I can only say I'm thoroughly ashamed of myself, and I'm sorry. But what have you done to Judy Trenor? At the very mention of your name she flames out about some money you got from Gus.

(LILY tries to interject, continuing on)

-- Now ... don't let's beat about the bush: You must marry as soon as you can. And I have two candidates for you. Well, perhaps I ought to say one and a half -- for the moment.

LILY

(With increasing amusement)

I think I should prefer a half-husband: who is he?

CARRY

George Dorset.

LILY

(Murmuring reproachfully)

No.

CARRY

(Pressing on, unrebuffed)

Well, why not? Bertha and George had a few weeks' honeymoon after you ... parted ways ... but now things are going badly again. Bertha has been behaving more than ever like a madwoman. The end will have to come soon.

LILY

(With an incredulous gesture)

The end will never come -- Bertha will always know how to get George back when she wants him.

CARRY

(Observing LILY tentatively)

Not if he has someone else to turn to!

(Lights up on DORSET: **His face, with its tossed red hair and straggling moustache, had a driven uneasy look, as though life had become an unceasing race between himself and the thoughts at his heels.**)

MUSIC #18: MY DEAR MISS BART (#1)

DORSET

*MY DEAR MISS BART!
I'VE BEEN HOPING TO MEET YOU --
AND NOW I ENTREAT YOU --
PLEASE LET ME EXPLAIN.*

My God!

*WHAT COULD I DO
WHEN SHE TURNED AGAINST YOU?
THE THOUGHT OF IT CAUSES ME PAIN.*

*CAN'T YOU SEE? -- YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE --
THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS ABOUT BERTHA.*

(DORSET waits for LILY to say something)

*DON'T STAND THERE ALOOF.
I KNOW YOU HAVE PROOF.
PLEASE, JUST SAY A WORD.*

*SAY WHAT'S TRUE.
THERE MUST BE SOMETHING YOU CAN DO!
PLEASE, MISS BART, WON'T YOU?*

I'll be forever in your debt ...

(Lights down on DORSET)

LILY

No, Carry. Marrying George Dorset would only confirm what everyone is already accusing me of -- luring him away from Bertha.

(With a laugh to lighten the mood)

But who is your second candidate?

CARRY

Sim Rosedale.

(LILY gazes thoughtfully at her friend. The thought has crossed her mind once or twice before)

LILY

Mr. Rosedale wants a wife who can establish him in the bosom of the Trenors and their friends.

CARRY

And so you could -- with his money! Don't you see how beautifully it would work out for you both?

(Lights up on ROSEDALE)

MUSIC #19: MY DEAR MISS BART (#2)

ROSEDALE

MY DEAR MISS BART!
I'VE ALWAYS ADMIRERD YOU.
YOU KNOW I'VE DESIRED YOU.
I'VE WANTED YOUR HAND.

BUT HOW YOU'VE SURPRISED ME!
I THOUGHT YOU DESPISED ME.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

WHY ARE YOU COMING TO ME NOW
WHEN ALL OF THE TABLOIDS ARE FULL OF YOUR NAME?
THEY'RE BRINGING ABOUT THE WRONG KIND OF FAME.

DON'T YOU KNOW YOUR SITUATION
HAS BESMIRCHED YOUR ... REPUTATION?

WE COULD HAVE BEEN GREAT,
BUT NOW IT'S TOO LATE.
WE CANNOT BE WED.
MAY I PROPOSE WE BE GOOD FRIENDS INSTEAD?
(HE offers out his hand in friendship)

(Lights down on ROSEDALE)

LILY

Mr. Rosedale has lost faith in my ability to secure his place in society.

CARRY

(Exasperated)

Then if you won't get married, Lily, you must work. Perhaps I can get you a job as a sort of social secretary for the Gormers. Mattie is the laziest woman alive and she wants someone to arrange things for her. She's got social ambition, and she doesn't know you ... it will keep you out of sight till everyone realizes how much they miss you.

MUSIC #20: DEAREST LILY (#2)

(SOCIETY swirls by, trading MATTIE GORMER for CARRY)

MATTIE

DEAREST LILY,
THANK GOD CARRY HAS SENT YOU HERE.
THERE'S MUCH TO DO,
SO BE A DEAR AND HELP ME WON'T YOU?

LILY

Of course!

MATTIE
SO MANY OBLIGATIONS AND INVITATIONS.
HOW DID I EVER SURVIVE WITHOUT YOU?

I'VE NOTES TO ANSWER, CARDS TO WRITE.
ALL BEFORE WE DINE TONIGHT.

THIS INVITATION! SEND REGRETS, PLEASE!
BUT WE'LL ACCEPT BOTH OF THESE.

AND DON'T FORGET, HAVE THIS FILLED!
I'VE A FITTING FOR A NEW GOWN ...

(BERTHA swoops into the scene)

Mrs. Gormer! BERTHA

(Flattered)
Mrs. Dorset! Hello! MATTIE

BERTHA
Oh, call me Bertha, please. And may I call you Mattie?

MATTIE
Of course!

(BERTHA sweeps MATTIE away into the center of SOCIETY)

BERTHA
MATTIE, DARLING!
I should take great care if I were you. I hate having to say this, Lily Bart and I were once
such close friends, but I'm afraid she cannot be trusted --

MATTIE
No!

BERTHA
(Shaking her head sadly)
-- with money. Or husbands. I can only speak from my personal experience, but my poor
George was quite bewildered by her.

MATTIE

Oh dear!

BERTHA

If you don't believe me, you only need to speak with Judy Trenor ...

JUDY

Lily Bart has a reputation, Mrs. Gormer. She worked on my Gus -- asked him for money!
And if you're not careful, your husband will be next!

MATTIE

Oh dear!!!

(CARRY approaches LILY)

CARRY

DEAREST LILY,
BERTHA DORSET HAS WON AGAIN.
Mattie had aspirations, and Bertha did her work.

LILY

And I'm all alone.

CARRY

I've told you, you must get married!

LILY

I fear I shall never be married ... If only I were rich and could do what I want.

(LILY is left bewildered, with MATTIE'S prescription paper still in her hand.
As SOCIETY swirls by, a CHEMIST'S CLERK trades LILY the prescription
for a bottle of chloral)

LILY

Will this help? ...

(LILY opens the bottle and drinks from it. A wave of relief rushes over her.
Lily's MAID approaches)

MUSIC #21: EXCUSE ME, MISS BART

MAID

EXCUSE ME, MISS BART,
ARE YOU FEELING UNWELL?
I AM SURE YOU ARE ILL.

LILY

(Hiding the bottle behind her back)
OH NO. I AM ONLY TIRED.

(Pause)

But I'm afraid I must let you go.

MAID

Oh no! Miss Bart!

LILY

I'm sorry ... I can't afford to keep you on. I'm in great trouble.

MAID

It cannot be so. I'm sure there's no truth in the things people say.

LILY

The truth? What is the truth? Where a woman is concerned, it's the story that's easiest to believe. In this case it's a great deal easier to believe Bertha Dorset's story than mine, because she has a big house and an opera box. It's convenient to be friends with her; it is not so convenient to be friends with me. Besides, the truth about any girl is that once she's talked about she's done for; and the more she explains her case the worse it looks. That is the truth.

MAID

Miss Bart ... The truth --
-- IS, YOU ARE KIND
AND YOU ARE GOOD.

BUT SOMETIMES, MISS BART,
SOMETIMES PEOPLE ARE UNKIND.
SOMETIMES PEOPLE ARE NOT GOOD.
SOMETIMES PEOPLE WILL BE CRUEL
JUST BECAUSE THEY CAN.

LILY

My dear Hartley, you don't happen to have a cigarette about you? I could really use a cigarette.

(The MAID pulls out a cigarette and lights it for LILY)

MAID

I wish I could help you.

(LILY smiles at the irony)
(The MAID exits)

MUSIC #22: HOW WILL I LIVE?

LILY

(Smoking)

THERE ARE PEOPLE WHO THINK A WOMAN LIKE ME
LIVES ON THE RICH, NOT WITH THEM.

I FEAST AT THEIR DINNERS, DRINKING THEIR WINE,
AND SMOKE TURKISH CIGARETTES.
I RIDE IN THEIR CARRIAGE OR MOTOR CAR
AND SAIL ON THEIR PRIVATE YACHTS ...

But believe me, a tax has been paid on every one of those luxuries.

I HAVE PAID IT BY GIVING BIG TIPS TO THE SERVANTS.
I'VE PAID IT BY GAMBLING FOR HIGH STAKES AND LOST.
I'VE PAID IT BY BUYING EXPENSIVE THINGS THAT COST.

I MUST GO TO THE VERY BEST HAT AND DRESS MAKERS
WHO MAKE ME THE CLOTHES FOR MY DAYS AT "THE BREAKERS"
AND KEEP MYSELF FRESH AND EXQUISITE
AND ALWAYS, ALWAYS BE AMUSING.

I AM SICK OF IT! SICK OF IT!
SICK TO DEATH OF IT!
IT KEEPS ME AWAKE AT NIGHT,
AND THE THOUGHT OF NOT HAVING IT NEARLY KILLS ME.
IT IS MAKING ME CRAZY.

THIS CANNOT GO ON; I AM REACHING THE END OF THE LINE.

(LILY drinks more of the chloral)
(CARRY returns)

CARRY

Well, it took considerable negotiation, but I was able to get you a position as a displayer of hats.

LILY

Oh! No! --

CARRY

I'm at my wit's end, Lily.

LILY

No! -- I mean -- I don't mind working. I know I must work. But can't I be out of the way? Out of sight? Might I be employed in the work-room instead?

CARRY

(With a frustrated sigh)

But it isn't respectable.

LILY

I don't mind. It would be useful to learn a trade ...

(CARRY whirls off with a heavy sigh -- wiping her hands clean of Lily Bart)

MUSIC #23: DANCE OF THE HAT GIRLS

(HAT GIRLS construct "hats" at a high-end milliner's workshop. LILY joins the line: ** There were twenty of them in the work-room, their fagged profiles, under exaggerated hair, bowed in the harsh north light above the utensils of their art; for it was something more than an industry, surely, this creation of ever-varied settings for the face of fortunate womanhood.**)

(LILY is unable to match the speed, precision, and industry of their work: **Her untutored fingers blundered over the rudiments of the trade.**)

FOREWOMAN

Look at those spangles, Miss Bart -- every one of 'em sewed on crooked.

(SHE passes on to the next HAT GIRL. A titter passes down the line. LILY is an object of criticism and amusement to the other work-women)

LILY

I'm sorry.

(LILY begins to deconstruct her "hat:" **She began to rip the spangles from the frame, listening absently to the buzz of talk which rose and fell with the coming and going of Miss Haines's active figure.**
Lily's head was so heavy with the weight of a sleepless night that the chatter of her companions had the incoherence of a dream.)

FOREWOMAN

(Drily -- she never wanted LILY hired in the first place)

Miss Bart, if you can't sew those spangles on more regular you'd better give the hat to one of the others. Go back to binding edges.

LILY

I -- I'm sorry; I'm afraid I am not well.

(LILY hands the "hat" to one of the other HAT GIRLS)

(SOUND: A whistle indicates the end of the work day. LILY follows the HAT GIRLS out -- they dance away smirking, leaving LILY behind)

MUSIC #24: HOW WILL I LIVE? (Reprise)

LILY

HOW WILL I LIVE?
WHAT CAN I DO?
I TRY AND I TRY, BUT I HAVEN'T THE SKILL
AND I LIVE LIKE A PIG! LIKE A PIG!

THE SMELL OF THE WORKROOM IS MAKING ME ILL!
I AM SICK OF IT! SICK OF IT!
SICK TO DEATH OF IT!
IT KEEPS ME AWAKE AT NIGHT.
IT'S SO HARD TO SLEEP.

(LILY drinks from the bottle of chloral. It is empty. SHE returns to the CLERK. SHE gives HIM her empty bottle of chloral. In handing HER a new bottle, HE pauses)

CLERK

You want to be careful with chloral, you know. It's a queer-acting drug: a drop or two too much, and off you go --

LILY

(Murmuring, holding out her hand)

Of course. I understand. Not too much.

(LILY walks away from the clerk, package in hand: **At length she emerged safely from the shop, almost dizzy with the intensity of her relief.**

The mere touch of the packet thrilled her tired nerves with the delicious promise of a night of sleep, and in the reaction from her momentary fear she felt as if the first fumes of drowsiness were already stealing over her.)

(SOCIETY sweeps up the CLERK in a swirl of movement. LILY drinks from the new bottle)

LILY

THERE IS ALWAYS A TAX ONE MUST PAY LOR LIVING!
A TAX I HAVE PAID FOR DEARLY.
THIS CANNOT GO ON,
I AM REACHING THE END OF THE LINE.

HOW WILL I LIVE?
WHAT CAN I DO?
HOW WILL I LIVE?
WHAT MUST I DO?

(Blackout)

END OF PORTRAIT TEN

PORTRAIT ELEVEN

"A Cup of Tea"

SETTING: A small cafe off of Fifth Avenue.

TIME: A day in late April. The sweetness of spring is in the air.

AT RISE: LILY and ROSEDALE sit over tea, mid-conversation.

ROSEDALE

But where are you living?

LILY

At Richardson's boarding-house.

ROSEDALE

My goodness -- you can't live there!

LILY

I am not sure that I can; but I have gone over my expenses very carefully, and I rather think I shall be able to manage it.

ROSEDALE

Be able to manage --? That's not what I mean -- Richardson's is no place for you!

LILY

It is what I mean; I have been out of work for the last week. I cannot afford --

ROSEDALE

(Interrupting)

Out of work! The idea of your having to work --

(Spluttering)

it's preposterous.

LILY

(Offended)

I don't know why I should regard myself as an exception --

ROSEDALE

Because you are; that's why; and your being in a situation like this is a damnable outrage.

(LILY is uncomfortable and not knowing what to say, SHE gathers her things to leave)

ROSEDALE

Miss Lily -- stop. You know I don't believe those stories -- I believe they were all got up by Bertha Dorset.

LILY

Please, Mr. Rosedale, let's not discuss it.

ROSEDALE

I don't want to discuss anything; I just want to put a plain case before you.

(SHE pauses. HE continues)

Why don't you use those letters of hers you bought last year?

LILY

(Astonished)

How did you find out about --

(ROSEDALE leans closer. With low-toned directness)

ROSEDALE

Perhaps you've forgotten that I'm the owner of the Benedick -- but never mind about that now. The wonder to me is why you bought them, but never had the good sense to use them -- to get square with that woman.

(LILY is aghast, speechless under the shock)

Everybody knows what Mrs. Dorset is. The way I see it, you've simply been sacrificed.

(LILY bows her head and cannot speak)

Isn't that a pretty fair statement of the case? -- Well, you've got the answer in your hands: George Dorset would marry you tomorrow, if you'd tell him all you know, and give him the chance to show that bitch to the door.

(LILY flinches)

Sorry, Miss Lily, but I say what I think, and I think George Dorset would marry you; but you don't seem to care for that particular form of getting even, and, taking a purely business view of the question, I think you're right. In a deal like that, nobody comes out with perfectly clean hands, and the only way for you to start fresh is to get Bertha Dorset to back you up, instead of fighting her.

(LILY pauses)

You see how simple it is, don't you? Well, don't be carried away by the idea that it's too simple. It's one thing to get Bertha Dorset into line -- but what you want is to keep her there ... by showing her that you're more powerful than she is. All the letters in the world won't do that for you as you are now; but with big money to back you, you'd keep her just where you want her to be. That's my share in the business -- that's what I'm offering you. If you'd only let me, I'd -- I'd set you up over them all and put you where you could wipe your feet on Bertha Dorset!

(Leaning in suddenly)

What do you say, Miss Lily? I've always loved you, you know. And maybe one day, you could find your way to love me.

LILY

-- Mr. Rosedale -- you are mistaken -- quite mistaken --

(ROSEDALE stares a moment, puzzled by HER sudden dash in a direction so different from that toward which she had appeared to be letting him guide her)

ROSEDALE

I suppose it's because the letters are to Lawrence Selden?
(Flummoxed)

Well, I'll be damned if I see what thanks you've got from him!

LILY

(Murmurs)

I'm sorry.

ROSEDALE

(Pulling back)

Look here, Miss Lily, things are worse with you now than they have been before, and you must see that you've got to accept help from somebody.

(With more gentleness)

At least let me pay off your debt to Gus Trenor.

LILY

I can't ... while I appreciate and am grateful for your offer, I cannot. You know I cannot.
(SHE rises to leave and turns to HIM)

ROSEDALE

But it would be a business arrangement -- a plain business arrangement.

LILY

That is exactly what Gus Trenor proposed; and I can never again be sure of understanding the plainest business arrangement.

(With feigned cheerfulness)

Mr. Rosedale, thank you, for the tea. For everything. I appreciate your kindness.

ROSEDALE

Hang it, Lily. My offer stands -- if you can see your way to changing your mind.

(Pause. LILY smiles gently)

LILY

Thank you, Mr. Rosedale. I will think about it.
(SHE exits)

END OF PORTRAIT ELEVEN

PORTRAIT TWELVE

"The Visitor"

SETTING: Selden's rooms at The Benedick -- an apartment house for bachelors. Outside is dark and rainy.

TIME: The following day. After 5 o'clock.

AT RISE: The library. Dimly lit. "The green-shaded lamps made tranquil circles of light in the gathering dusk, a little fire flickered on the hearth."

SELDEN

(From offstage)

Lily!

LILY

May talk to you?

SELDEN

Yes -- of course -- come in.

(LILY enters the room, followed by SELDEN, dressed in evening attire)

SELDEN

This is a surprise.

LILY

(Spontaneously)

I came to tell you that I was sorry for the way we parted -- for all of the unkind things I said to you that day on the Sabrina.

SELDEN

(Smiles)

I was sorry too that we should have parted in that way; but I am not sure I didn't bring it on myself. I was too high handed. But we can talk of all that later. Come -- sit by the fire. I can recommend that arm-chair, if you'll let me put a cushion behind you.

(SHE moves slowly to the middle of the room. Pause)

SELDEN

(Gently)

You look tired -- do sit down.

LILY

(Seeming to not hear)

I wanted you to know that I am grateful to you. For helping me.

(SELDEN doesn't know what to say)

Before you came to Monte Carlo I had already begun to see that things were not ... ideal; but I wouldn't admit it -- I was too proud.

(SELDEN tries to protest. SHE insists)

It was not that -- I was not ungrateful --

(SHE stops. Feeling a tremor in her throat. Tears gathering in her eyes)

SELDEN

(Moves forward and takes HER hand)

You are very tired. Please, won't you sit down? Let me make you comfortable.

(HE draws HER to the arm-chair near the fire, and places a cushion behind her shoulders)

SELDEN

And now you must let me make you some tea.

(LILY shakes her head, and tears begin to fall)

LILY

(Making a gesture of refusal)

No: I drink too much tea. I would rather sit quiet --

(Adding confusedly)

I must go in a moment. But I wanted to see you ...

MUSIC #25: YOU COULD SEE INTO MY HEART

(SELDEN stands near LILY, quietly. Waiting)

LILY

... and I wanted to tell you that I have never forgotten the things you said to me at Bellomont, and that sometimes -- sometimes when I seemed farthest from remembering them -- they helped me, and kept me from becoming what many people have thought me.

SELDEN

I am glad; but nothing I have said has really made the difference.

LILY

(Rising to stand before HIM)

Ah, don't say that -- don't say that you've made no difference. It shuts me out -- it leaves me all alone ...

(Gathering strength, looking at SELDEN gravely in the eyes)

LILY

Do you remember how you once told me ... told me I ought to break free from Society? Not once, but twice you gave me the chance to escape from my life, and I refused it: refused it because I was a coward. That was my mistake. You were right, and after I saw my life through your eyes, I saw I could never be happy with what had contented me before.

YOU COULD SEE INTO MY HEART.
 BUT IT WAS TOO LATE,
 TOO LATE FOR HAPPINESS.
 BUT NOT TOO LATE TO BE HELPED BY THE THOUGHT OF YOU.
 YOUR WORDS.
 YOUR WORDS KEPT ME FROM BECOMING WHAT SOCIETY THINKS OF
 ME.
 YOU BELIEVED IN ME.

YOU COULD SEE INTO MY HEART,
 BEYOND MY DESIRE, MY DESIRE FOR MONEY.
 AH! AH! MONEY ...
 AND NO MATTER HOW I TRIED,
 I WAS NEVER SATISFIED.

I never forgot what you said. Now do you understand? That is what you did for me. You could see into my heart.

(SHE breaks off suddenly. Tears rising again. SHE draws out a handkerchief and feels the packet of letters in the folds of her dress. Lifting HER eyes to HIS.)

-- that is what I wanted to thank you for. I have tried hard -- but life is difficult. So what can I do? I must get back to it or be thrown out into the rubbish heap --

(Music stops suddenly)

and you don't know what it's like in the rubbish heap!

SELDEN

(Blood rising, abruptly)

So you mean to marry?

LILY

(With a faint smile)

I had an offer ...

(Pause)

SELDEN

I always knew you would come to it sooner or later.

MUSIC #26: IN A MOMENT

LILY

(Gently)
 IN A MOMENT WE ONCE SHARED,
 YOU LET YOURSELF EMBRACE ME.
 FOR A MOMENT I WASN'T SCARED;
 BOTH OF US WERE FREE,
 FREE FROM WORRY.
 FREE TO BREATHE.
 AH! AH!

BUT THE MOMENT PASSED;
 IT WAS I WHO LET THE MOMENT GO.

(SHE lays her other hand on HIS, and THEY look at each other with a kind
 of solemnity)

Promise me we will always be friends.

SELDEN

Yes, of course.

(SHE looks into HIS eyes)

LILY

Goodbye.

(SHE exits, leaving a bewildered SELDEN behind)

MUSIC #27: IN THIS MOMENT (Reprise)

SELDEN

IN THIS MOMENT,
 SHE REVEALED AN ESSENCE OF HER BEAUTY.
 IN THIS MOMENT,
 SHE WAS BARE, STRIPPED OF ALL THE FINERY
 AND EXTRAVAGANCE OF HER FORMER WORLD.
 AH! AH!

(LILY enters HER room at the boarding-house. *NOTE: The room should
 look exactly like the room from Scene One, but shabbier and without
 decoration)

LILY

THERE IS ALWAYS A TAX ONE MUST PAY FOR LIVING!
 A TAX I HAVE PAID DEARLY.
 BUT I WANT TO BE FREE!

(Looking at BERTHA'S letters)

FREE! FREE! FREE!

IN THIS MOMENT, NOW I KNOW I LOVE HIM.

SELDEN

I LOVE HER.

LILY

I LOVE HIM. AND NOW I CAN BE FREE.

SELDEN

I LOVE HER. TOGETHER WE ARE FREE.

BOTH

FREE!

SELDEN

FREE FROM EVERYTHING.
FREE FROM WANT.
FREE FROM WORRY.
FREE IN SPECIAL MOMENTS.

MOMENTS COME,
MOMENTS GO,
BUT LIFE IS NOT TABLEAUX.
I LOVE HER.
LOVE HER.
AND I MUST TELL HER SO ...

LILY

FOR HE HAS FAITH IN ME.

AND WITH HIS FAITH I WILL FIND
MY WAY EVEN THOUGH WE
ARE APART.
I MUST GATHER UP THE
FRAGMENTS OF MY LIFE.

I LOVE HIM
AND MUST HAVE FAITH I CAN
BECOME THE WOMAN HE
BELIEVES ME TO BE.

LILY

I'M SO TIRED.

SELDEN

I MUST TELL HER.

LILY

I WILL START AGAIN IN THE MORNING.

SELDEN

I MUST TELL HER.

LILY

I WILL REST --
(LILY drinks the chloral)

I MUST TELL HER. SELDEN

-- AND TELL HIM ... LILY
AFTER I SLEEP ...

I MUST TELL HER. SELDEN

AFTER I SLEEP ... LILY
(Finishing the bottle, she climbs into bed)

I MUST TELL HER ... SELDEN
(SELDEN'S portrait ends)

AFTER I SLEEP. LILY

(LILY yields to the warmth flowing through her and sinks into sleep. The living portrait seen in Scene One is re-established. SOUND: A bell chimes)

END OF PORTRAIT TWELVE
(Segue to Epilogue)

EPILOGUE

SETTING: A gallery in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

TIME: 1925. Later in the evening.

AT RISE: The scene from the Prologue resumes. SELDEN is now alone in the gallery, still looking at "Woman at Rest."
SOUND: The closing bell. A GUARD enters the gallery.

GUARD

The museum is about to close, Mr. Selden.

SELDEN

Thank you.

(GUARD walks over to join SELDEN by the painting)

GUARD

It sure is beautiful.
(HE exits)

SELDEN

Yes, she was.

MUSIC #28: YES, SHE WAS

(Lights fade to black -- lingering on the painting)

END OF EPILOGUE

END OF PLAY