

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD / THE AWAKENING

Lyric selections from the CD of the new musical
Music by Gary Schocker
Book and Lyrics by Barbara Campbell

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(Note: Lyrics are presented in the order in which they appear on the CD, not in show order.)

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD

SELECTION #1 - WONDER WHAT SHE'D TELL ME NOW?

(From Far from the Madding Crowd: ACT ONE - Scene 1. Weatherbury Farm in rural England. A cold, bleak day in December.)

BATHSHEBA

MOTHER ALWAYS TOLD ME DEATH WAS UGLY.
MOTHER ALWAYS HATED UGLY THINGS.
PRETTY GIRLS SHOULD SMILE.
DRESS THEMSELVES IN STYLE.
WONDER WHAT SHE'D TELL ME NOW?

AUNTIE TOLD ME DEATH WAS PART OF LIVING.
COMES ALONG LIKE SUMMER FOLLOWS SPRING.
CRY A BIT AND THEN
PICK UP LIFE AGAIN.
WONDER WHAT SHE'D TELL ME NOW?

MOTHER TAUGHT ME PETIT POINT.
HOW TO SERVE TEA.
HOW TO PLEASE MEN.
AUNTIE TAUGHT ME HOW TO MAKE A CHARM FOR LUCK
AND HOW TO PLUCK A HEN.

FUNNY THING, THEY NEVER THOUGHT TO TEACH ME
HOW I OUGHT TO MANAGE ON MY OWN.
WHERE ARE THEY TODAY?
WONDER WHAT THEY'D SAY?
NOW THAT I AM ALL ALONE.

MISTRESS WITH A FARM TO RUN.
CROPS TO BE SOWN.
BILLS TO BE PAID.
MISTRESS MUSN'T WAVER NOW OR DARE ADMIT
SHE'S JUST A BIT AFRAID.

MOTHER, KEEP ME DREAMING OF TOMORROW.
AUNTIE, KEEP ME PLANTED HERE AND NOW.
AND WITH BOTH OF YOU,
I WILL MUDDLE THROUGH SOMEHOW.

SMILE THE FEARS AWAY.
TAKE IT DAY BY DAY.
MAYBE THAT'S WHAT THEY WOULD TELL ME NOW.

SELECTION #2 - AN EVERYDAY MAN

(From Far from the Madding Crowd: ACT ONE - Scene 7. Bathsheba's parlor, early spring.)

GABRIEL

I'll not go to any woman till I'm my own man again with my own land under my feet. Nor will I settle for a maid who'd have it otherwise. And I'll tell her that flat out.

BATHSHEBA

Delicacy usually works better than flat out in courtship.

GABRIEL

I'm a plainspoken man, miss. And I can't change that.

BATHSHEBA

Not even to win a woman's heart?

GABRIEL

Especially then.

WOULDN'T PROMISE HER JEWELS.
COULDN'T DRESS HER IN SILK.
I'M AN EVERYDAY MAN, YOU SEE.

AND THE FARM THAT I'LL OWN
ISN'T FANCY OR GRAND
BUT IT'S SNUG AS A FARM CAN BE.

AND THERE'S ROOM FOR HER OWN PIANO.
AND AT NIGHT, SHE COULD PLAY A SONG.
AND I'D PRACTICE MY FLUTE
SO I COULD FOLLOW ALONG.

BATHSHEBA

BUT YOU'D HAVE TO BE SURE
THAT THE WOMAN YOU LOVE
LOVES THE EVERYDAY LIFE YOU LEAD.
GETTING UP WITH THE SUN.
WATCHING OVER THE FLOCKS.
FINDING PASTURE WHERE THEY CAN FEED...

GABRIEL

BUT AT NIGHT, I'D BE THERE TO HOLD HER.
COMB HER HAIR BY THE FIRE'S GLOW.
AND LIKE IVY AND OAK
WE'D TWINE TOGETHER AND GROW.

(She smiles at him, charmed.)

GABRIEL
I COULDN'T PROMISE TROUBLES NEVER WOULD COME OUR WAY.
COULDN'T PROMISE I'D NEVER MAKE HER CRY.
BUT I CAN SWEAR THAT I WOULD LOVE HER WITH BREATH AND BONE
TILL I DIE...

(They suddenly realize how close they are standing. BATHSHEBA steps back awkwardly.)

BATHSHEBA
Well...

GABRIEL
Well...

COULDN'T WIN HER WITH WORDS.
I'M NOT CLEVER THAT WAY.
I'M AN EVERYDAY MAN, YOU KNOW.

BUT THE LOVE WE COULD SHARE
ISN'T EVERYDAY LOVE
BUT THE KIND THAT'D LAST AND GROW

THROUGH THE YEARS, WITH A BROOD OF CHILDREN.
EVERY YEAR, SOMEONE NEW ARRIVES.
AND THERE'S WOOL AND THERE'S BREAD
TO CLOTHE AND FEED 'EM.
AND A ROOF OVERHEAD
AND BOOKS TO READ 'EM.
ALL THE EVERYDAY THINGS
WE'LL CHERISH ALL OF OUR LIVES.
ALL OF OUR LIVES.

SELECTION #3 - ISN'T THAT THE WAY?

(From Far from the Madding Crowd: ACT ONE - Scene 3. Bathsheba's parlor at Weatherbury, several weeks after her arrival.)

BATHSHEBA
(with pretended disinterest)
Is Mr. Boldwood a young man?

LIDDY
Oh no, miss. Forty, I would say.

SOBERNESS
(with a pointed glance at BATHSHEBA)
And a bachelor.

MRS. COGGAN
And likely to stay that way.

NEVER SEE HIS WEDDING DAY.
THAT MAN'LL NEVER CHANGE.

NO MATTER IF THE MAIDENS SMILE OR WEEP.

PROBABLY IT'S BEST THAT WAY.
IN TRUTH, HE'S RATHER STRANGE:
'TIS SAID HE SAVES HIS PASSION FOR HIS SHEEP.
(LIDDY and SOBERNESS gasp and giggle.)

WELL, AS FOR ME, I'VE SEEN IT ALL FIRSTHAND:
THE BIGGEST FISH ARE ALWAYS HARD TO LAND.

AND ISN'T THAT THE WAY WITH MEN, MISS?
OFTENTIMES THE BEST ONES BOLT AND RUN.
THOUGH IT DOESN'T MATTER TOO MUCH IN THE END.

FOR THAT'S THE THING YOU LEARN WITH MEN, MISS:
ONE OF 'EM IS MUCH LIKE T'OTHER ONE.
ONLY ONE THING MATTERS MUCH BETWEEN THE SHEETS...

IF HE'S BOLD? SOBERNESS

BUT REFINED! LIDDY

IF HE'S KIND... MRS. COGGAN
WITH A WARM PAIR OF FEET. *(shaking her head)*

You're not much of a romantic, are you, Mrs. Coggan? BATHSHEBA

Lord, miss, who's got time? MRS. COGGAN

Well, why bother to marry at all if you don't love the man? BATHSHEBA

Passionately! LIDDY
(with romantic soulfulness)

Passionately! SOBERNESS
(with heartfelt lust)

(MRS. COGGAN just smiles and shakes her head.)

I'LL BE DANCIN' AT A BALL... LIDDY

I'LL MEET HIM AT A FAIR... SOBERNESS

YOU'LL WORK BESIDE HIM AS YOU THRESH THE HAY. MRS. COGGAN

I DON'T LOOK AT HIM AT ALL...
LIDDY

I'LL LET HIM MUSS MY HAIR...
SOBERNESS

YOU'LL SHARE A BIT O' CHEESE AROUND MIDDAY.
MRS. COGGAN

HE'LL GAWK AT YOU...
BATHSHEBA

HE'LL BOW...
LIDDY

HE'LL LAUGH...
SOBERNESS

HE'LL CHEW.
MRS. COGGAN

MRS. COGGAN/LIDDY/SOBERNESS
AND SOMETHIN' TELLS YOU HE'S THE ONE FOR YOU.
AND ISN'T THAT THE WAY THAT LOVE WORKS?
COMIN' ON YE LIKE A LIGHTNIN' BLAST.
STRIKIN' DOWN A MAN AND MAID WITHOUT A CARE.

MRS. COGGAN
BUT FUNNY THING YOU LEARN WITH LOVE, GIRLS.
POETRY AND ROMANCE SELDOM LAST.
SOON THE AUTUMN CHILL'LL STEAL THAT SUMMER HEAT.

AND YOU SIGH.
LIDDY

AND YOU'RE SAD.
SOBERNESS

MRS. COGGAN
BUT YOU'RE GLAD FOR THE WARM PAIR OF FEET.

MRS. COGGAN/LIDDY/SOBERNESS
LOVE YOUR MAN.
BIRTH YOUR BABES.
EAT YOUR BACON AND BREAD.

BATHSHEBA
DAY BY DAY.
DRIFTING BY.
TILL THE DAY THAT YOU'RE DEAD.

IS THAT THE KIND OF LIFE TO DREAM OF?
HUSBANDS TO OBEY AND COWS TO MILK.
BUTTER TO BE CHURNED AND CHILDREN TO BE FED.

MRS. COGGAN
BUT FUNNY THING YOU LEARN FROM LIFE, MISS.

LIDDY AND SOBERNESS
FUNNY THING ABOUT IT.

MRS. COGGAN/LIDDY/SOBERNESS
WOOL'LL LAST YOU TWICE AS LONG AS SILK.
FANCY HAT'LL BLOW RIGHT OFF IN ANY STORM.

MRS. COGGAN
SO BE GLAD
FOR THE BREAD...

LIDDY
AND THE COW...

SOBERNESS
AND THE BED...

MRS. COGGAN/LIDDY/SOBERNESS
AND THE MAN WHO'LL KEEP YOUR COLD PAIR OF FEET
SAFE AND WARM.

SELECTION #4 - THE GAME BEGINS

(From Far from the Madding Crowd: ACT ONE - Scene 12. On the grounds of the farm, Midsummer night.)

TROY
BLAME IT ON THE NIGHT, MISS.
SOMETHING IN THE AIR.
YOU CAN ALMOST TASTE THE MUSKY SCENT
THAT LINGERS EVERYWHERE.

BATHSHEBA
What nonsense!

TROY
BLAME IT ON THE MOON, MISS.
POETS ALWAYS DO.
SEEING HOW THE MOONLIGHT FILLS YOUR FACE,
I'D ALMOST BLAME IT, TOO.

(BATHSHEBA turns away angrily, only to be pulled up short by her petticoat which is caught on TROY's spur.)

I COULD BLAME THE MIST THAT KISSED YOUR HAIR.
THE SMILE THAT CAUGHT ME UNAWARE.
I COULD CURSE MY FATE AND WAIT TILL DAWN,
WHEN I'D PRETEND THIS DREAM WOULD END
AND YOU'D BE GONE.

JUST MIDSUMMER MADNESS?

BLAME IT IF YOU WOULD.
I BELIEVE IT'S REALLY BEAUTY'S CHARM
WHICH DOES MORE HARM THAN GOOD.
(He shakes his head sorrowfully.)

BATHSHEBA

You've caught my petticoat on your spur. Kindly free me at once.

TROY

As you wish, my lady. *(He kneels and toys with her petticoat.)*

BATHSHEBA

You're making it worse - on purpose!

TROY

Never.

BATHSHEBA

Oh, I'll do it myself.

(She kneels and they are suddenly face to face.)

TROY

HOW COULD HE FORETELL THE SPELL SHE'D CAST
THAT HELD THE ERRANT SOLDIER FAST?

(He caresses her petticoat.)

HEAVENLY EMBRACE OF LACE AND SPUR.
BUT MANLY STEEL GROWS WEAK
AND FREELY YIELDS TO HER.

I UNTIE THE KNOT, MISS.
(He frees her petticoat. BATHSHEBA turns to go but he catches her hand.)
BUT I'LL NOT BE FREE
NOW I KNOW THAT BEAUTY'S WON THE GAME
AND LAID A CLAIM ON ME.

(BATHSHEBA breaks away from him and runs off. TROY calls after her:)

Farewell, Beauty!

THE GODDESS FLIES.
THE BATTLE PRIZE.
(He smiles.)
THE GAME BEGINS.

SELECTION #5 - FANNY

(From Far from the Madding Crowd: ACT TWO - Scene 2. On the road to Casterbridge.)

(Single spot comes up on FANNY standing on one side of the stage. Her clothes are ragged and she looks sick and slightly disoriented.)

FANNY

WHEN THE DOWNS TURNED GREEN IN THE SPRING,
WHEN YOU HEARD THE FIRST ROBIN SING,
DID YOU FEEL THE BREEZES GENTLY WHISPERING,
"FANNY, FANNY?"

WHEN THE ROSES STARTED TO BLOOM,
WHEN YOU SMELLED THEIR SOOTHING PERFUME,
DID THEIR SOFT AND TINY BUDS REMIND YOU OF
FANNY?

AUTUMN DAYS WHEN THE LEAVES TURNED GOLD,
WINTER NIGHTS WHEN THE WIND BLEW COLD,
DID YOU DREAM,
SAFE FROM THE STORM,
FANNY'S KEEPING YOU WARM?

WHEN THE DOWNS TURN GREEN ONCE AGAIN,
OH MY LOVE, I'LL BE WITH YOU THEN.
NEVER, NEVERMORE WILL WE BE PARTED FOR
FANNY LOVES YOU SO.

(She stumbles and clings to a road marker for support. She looks up and her expression of exhaustion is replaced by a radiant smile as she "sees" Troy before her.)

AUTUMN DAYS WHEN THE LEAVES TURN GOLD,
WINTER NIGHTS WHEN THE WIND BLOWS COLD,
YOU CAN DREAM
SAFE FROM THE STORM,
FANNY'S KEEPING YOU WARM.

(Gathering her strength, she pulls herself erect.)

WHEN THE DOWNS TURN GREEN ONCE AGAIN,
OH MY LOVE, I'LL BE WITH YOU THEN.
NEVER, NEVERMORE WILL WE BE PARTED FOR
FANNY LOVES YOU SO.

(She starts slowly down the road.)

SELECTION #6 - THE WHEEL OF THE YEAR

*(From Far from the Madding Crowd: ACT TWO - Scene 6. Upper and Lower Weatherbury Farms
in the eight months following Troy's disappearance.)*

*(MEN in CHORUS place chairs in the two parlors, as well as a small writing desk for BOLDWOOD.
BATHSHEBA sits apathetically. BOLDWOOD paces with barely contained excitement. When not singing,
WOMEN remain loosely grouped on BATHSHEBA's side of the stage, MEN on BOLDWOOD's.)*

ONE MAN

AFTER EVERY SMILE
IS A TIME TO WEEP.

WHAT YOU PLOW AND PLANT
YOU ARE BOUND TO REAP
AS THE WHEEL OF THE YEAR TURNS ON.

ONE WOMAN

BUT IF WINTER COMES
BRINGIN' COLD AND PAIN,
SOON THE SPRING ARRIVES
WITH ITS HEALIN' RAIN,
AND THE WHEEL OF THE YEAR TURNS ON.

BOTH

AND ON.

(BOLDWOOD sits and pulls out writing materials, then pauses uncertainly. GABRIEL enters BATHSHEBA's parlor and speaks quietly.)

GABRIEL

Good morning, mistress.

BATHSHEBA

Good morning, Gabriel.

GABRIEL

Do you have any special instructions for me today?

BATHSHEBA

No.

GABRIEL

(after a pause) Well then, I'd best be off.

(BATHSHEBA is silent. GABRIEL hesitates, then exits.)

TWO MEN/TWO WOMEN

NOTHIN' EVER CHANGES BUT THE SEASONS.
NOTHIN' EVER PASSES BUT THE TIME.
AND BE YE SAINT OR SINNER,
ON SUNDAY MORNIN' ALL THE CHURCH BELLS CHIME.

(Lighting changes. GABRIEL enters BOLDWOOD's parlor. BOLDWOOD is distracted by the letter he is attempting to write.)

GABRIEL

Your shepherd asked me to look in, Mr. Boldwood. Two of your lambs took sick.

BOLDWOOD

Mmm?

GABRIEL

I think the danger's past now.

BOLDWOOD

Ah.

GABRIEL

If there's anything else I can do...

BOLDWOOD

No. Thank you, Oak. I'll just finish this letter. *(GABRIEL leaves. BOLDWOOD starts to write again.)* My dear Mrs. Troy... *(He pauses and slowly, carefully, tears up letter. Lighting changes.)*

THREE MEN/THREE WOMEN

AND THEN APRIL COMES
AND YOU SOW THE CORN
AND THE LAND TURNS GREEN
AND A BABE IS BORN
AND THE WHEEL OF THE YEAR TURNS ON.
AND ON.

(GABRIEL enters BATHSHEBA's parlor. He has shed his shepherd's smock for a sturdy coat. His boots are shiny and he looks more prosperous. BATHSHEBA is reading a scrap of paper which she tucks away in a book when he enters.)

BATHSHEBA

Gabriel. Good! I'll have Liddy bring tea.

GABRIEL

I'm sorry, ma'am, I can't. Now that I'm bailiff for Mr. Boldwood as well as you, I must go over his accounts with him.

BATHSHEBA

Yes, of course.

(He starts to go. She opens book and pulls out paper again. He turns back and sees her actions.)

GABRIEL

You were reading it again, weren't you?

BATHSHEBA

It's not to be morbid, Gabriel, truly. I just can't help thinking...

GABRIEL

What?

BATHSHEBA

Death should be different from this. They never even found his body. This obituary is the only proof. That and his clothes.

GABRIEL

(gently) He's gone, Bathsheba.

BATHSHEBA

It doesn't feel...over yet.

Perhaps by summer... GABRIEL

(*not truly believing*) Perhaps... BATHSHEBA

(*GABRIEL leaves her.*)

CHORUS
NOTHIN' EVER CHANGES BUT THE SEASONS,
EBBIN' AND A'FLOWIN' LIKE THE TIDE.
AS SPRING BEGETS THE SUMMER,
A WIDOW CAN BECOME A BLUSHING BRIDE.

(*Lighting changes. GABRIEL joins BOLDWOOD in his parlor. BOLDWOOD is cleaning a pistol but his mind is elsewhere.*)

GABRIEL
And if the weather holds, you should have a fine harvest this year...

(*interrupting*) Yes, yes. Oak? BOLDWOOD

Sir? GABRIEL

Mrs. Troy...is she well? BOLDWOOD

(*after a moment*) Quite well, sir. GABRIEL

She's been visiting her aunt, I understand. BOLDWOOD

Yes sir, she returned just yesterday. GABRIEL

And is she more cheerful now? BOLDWOOD

She seems...happier - yes, sir. GABRIEL

(*with growing intensity*) Well, after all, nine months have passed since Sgt. Troy was lost. Though of course his death was never proved - not absolutely. And in the eyes of the law, she must wait seven years. BOLDWOOD

Wait? For what, sir? GABRIEL

BOLDWOOD

Why, to marry again.

CHORUS

SO YOU RAISE YOUR BABES
AND YOU WATCH THEM WED
AND YOU WORK YOUR LAND
AND YOU MOURN YOUR DEAD
AND THE WHEEL OF THE YEAR TURNS ON.

WHEN AT LAST YOU DIE
AS WE ALL MUST DO
STILL YOUR CHILDREN LIVE
AND THEIR CHILDREN TOO.
AND THE TREE OF YOUR LIFE GROWS ON...
AND THE STREAM OF YOUR DAYS FLOWS ON...
AND THE WHEEL OF THE YEAR TURNS ON...
AND THE WHEEL OF THE YEAR TURNS ON...
AND THE WHEEL OF THE YEAR TURNS ON AND ON AND ON AND ON...

(Music fades as the scene changes to the Greenhill Sheep Fair.)

SELECTION #7 - A FEW HOURS MORE

(From Far from the Madding Crowd: ACT TWO - Scene 8. Christmas Eve in various locations including Bathsheba's parlor, Boldwood's supper room, a tavern in Casterbridge, and Gabriel's cottage.)

BATHSHEBA

Perhaps a marriage built on respect and friendship would bring me happiness...in time.

GABRIEL

Perhaps.

BATHSHEBA

But you don't think it's right.

GABRIEL

RIGHT OR WRONG, MA'AM,
TIME FOR YOU TO END THIS.
FINISH WHAT YOUR VALENTINE BEGAN!

RIGHT OR WRONG, MA'AM,
MAKE A CHOICE AND TELL HIM.
HAVE A LITTLE PITY FOR THE MAN.
HAVE A LITTLE PITY IF YOU CAN.

(He stalks out. Bathsheba begins to pace anxiously.)

BATHSHEBA

JUST A FEW HOURS MORE - NO ESCAPING.
NO MORE TIME TO ELUDE OR EVADE.

NEVER MIND THE REGRETS
FOR BY MIDNIGHT ALL DEBTS MUST BE PAID.

JUST A FEW HOURS MORE AND IT'S FINISHED.
WHAT BEGAN WITH A VALENTINE CARD.
I'LL JUST SAY I'LL BE HIS.
SAYING YES ISN'T REALLY SO HARD.

YES, HE'S KIND.
YES, HE'S GOOD.
I WOULD LOVE HIM IF I COULD.
IF MY HEART WOULD OBEY.

SAY A WORD.
YIELD A KISS.
THERE ARE FAR WORSE FATES THAN THIS.
LET IT ALL END THIS WAY.
LET IT END THIS WAY.

JUST A FEW HOURS MORE AND I'LL SEE HIM.
AND HE'LL SMILE AS HE SILENTLY PLEADS.
CAN I SMILE AND SAY YES?
GIVE THE PROMISE HE DESPERATELY NEEDS?

(Lights up on BOLDWOOD's supper room where frantic last minute preparations for his Christmas Eve party are underway. BOLDWOOD enters in shirtsleeves and waistcoat with VALET trailing after him, arms filled with ties, frock coat, etc. BOLDWOOD is feverishly excited, fidgeting and directing the SERVANTS who are setting up the room.)

BOLDWOOD

No, no! The musicians' chairs in the far corner!
The settee over there – against the wall!
Champagne on the sideboard. More candles! More light!

THE HOUSE MUST BE PERFECT TONIGHT.

JUST A FEW HOURS MORE AND SHE'LL BE HERE.
VERY SOON, SHE'LL BE WEARING MY RING.
WHO'D HAVE GUESSED AT MY AGE
ALL THE JOY AN ENGAGEMENT COULD BRING?
(He pulls a ring box from his waistcoat and smiles.)
Bathsheba Boldwood.

(Lights dim on them. Up on tavern where TROY is seated in a corner, cradling a tankard of ale.)

TROY

IN A FEW HOURS MORE, I WILL BE THERE.
I'M THE CHRISTMAS GIFT NO ONE EXPECTS.
AND I'LL WAGER OUR HOST
WILL COLLAPSE WHEN THE GHOST RESURRECTS.

AND THE GODDESS - AT FIRST - WILL BE ICY,
BUT SHE'LL MELT WHEN I GAZE IN HER EYES.
AND I'LL HOLD HER IN THRALL
WITH THE TALE OF MY ALMOST-DEMISE.

(He downs his drink. Lights down on him and up on GABRIEL, pacing in his cottage.)

GABRIEL

SAY THE WORDS:

I LOVE YOU.

SUCH A SIMPLE THING TO DO.

HURRY UP - THE CLOCK'S STRIKING EIGHT.

HURRY UP OR YOU MIGHT BE TOO LATE!

(Lights come up on full company, all in final stages of preparations for the party.)

BATHSHEBA

JUST A FEW HOURS MORE - NO ESCAPING.

TROY

NO MORE TIME TO ELUDE OR EVADE.

GABRIEL

NEVER MIND THE REGRETS.

BOLDWOOD

FOR BY MIDNIGHT ALL DEBTS MUST BE PAID.

BATHSHEBA/TROY/GABRIEL

JUST A FEW HOURS MORE...

ALL

WHO CAN SAY EVEN NOW WHAT WILL HAPPEN?

WHO CAN GUESS WHAT THE NIGHT HAS IN STORE?

WOMEN SERVANTS

BUT THE MUSIC WILL PLAY.

MEN SERVANTS

AND THE FOOD WILL BE GOOD.

ALL

AND WITH LUCK ALL WILL TURN OUT THE WAY THAT IT SHOULD.

WE'LL FIND OUT...

BATHSHEBA/BOLDWOOD/GABRIEL/TROY

I'LL FIND OUT FOR SURE...

ALL

IN A FEW HOURS MORE.

SELECTION #8 - AFTER ALL

(From Far from the Madding Crowd: ACT TWO - Scene 11. In the graveyard, the following spring.)

(Gabriel has just told Bathsheba he is leaving England. He walks away, leaving her to stare after him in disbelief.)

BATHSHEBA

WELL, I CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S TRUE.
AFTER ALL THAT WE'VE BEEN THROUGH,
YOU'RE LEAVING ME BEHIND.

IS THIS HOW THE STORY ENDS?
AFTER ALL, WE'RE SUCH OLD FRIENDS.
THE KIND YOU SELDOM FIND.

(Recovering some of her old stubborn pride.)

AFTER ALL, I CAN MANAGE MY LIFE ALONE.
I'VE DONE RATHER WELL LIVING ON MY OWN.
A MONTH, MAYBE TWO,
AND I'LL HARDLY MISS YOU.

BUT I'LL MISS THAT RUMPLED SUIT
AND THE ECHOES OF YOUR FLUTE
ON QUIET SUMMER NIGHTS.

AND OUR ENDLESS CUPS OF TEA
AND THE SMILE YOU KEPT FOR ME
AND ALL OUR SILLY FIGHTS.

(She begins walking slowly after Gabriel.)

I'LL REPEAT ALL THE WORDS THAT I MEANT TO SAY.
REGRET ALL THE CHANCES WE BOTH LET SLIP AWAY.
MAYBE THERE'S STILL TIME.
SURELY YOU STILL CARE.
SURELY YOU RECALL.
WE JUST NEED ANOTHER CHANCE, AFTER ALL.

(By song's end, she is at the door of Gabriel's cottage.)

DUSKY SALLY

SELECTION #9 – WEEDS

(From Dusky Sally: Act One. Jefferson's Paris townhouse. A cold spring morning.)

(Jefferson complains about the bleakness of the Paris spring, prompting Sally to wistfully recall that the bloodroot would be blooming in Virginia. Surprised that she would long for wildflowers, Jefferson instructs Sally in the pleasures to be derived from creating formal gardens, such as those at Monticello.)

JEFFERSON

YOU PLAN THE DESIGN.
YOU PICTURE THE HUES.

WHICH COLORS ON THE PALETTE WILL THE GARDENER CHOOSE?

(He gestures at an imaginary garden as he sings.)

THE REDS – OVER THERE.

AND HERE, HE'LL PUT MAUVES.

CREATING ARCADIA'S GROVES.

CONSIDER EACH PLANT.

ITS TEXTURE, ITS SMELL.

YOU'RE STORYTELLER, SCIENTIST, AND FARMER AS WELL.

THE LILY – SO PROUD.

THE PANSY – DEMURE.

THE BLUEBELLS YOU PLANTED FOR HER.

(His face darkens for just an instant at his inadvertent reference to his late wife.)

EACH BLOOM MUST BE PART OF AN ORDERLY PLAN

FOR BEAUTY BEGINS IN THE MIND OF MAN.

AND YET, IN THE END,

WHATEVER YOU DO,

THEIR FRAGILE REIGN OF SPLENDOR LASTS A MOMENT OR TWO.

THEY WITHER. THEY DIE.

PERHAPS THAT IS WHY

EACH FLOWER IS PRECIOUS TO YOU.

SALLY

(Trying to lighten JEFFERSON's pensive mood)

All the more reason to like wildflowers.

(JEFFERSON frowns. SALLY sings tentatively.)

SALLY

YOUR ROSES LOOK GRAND.

YOUR LILACS SMELL SWEET.

YOUR GILLYFLOWERS SPREAD AROUND AND TICKLE MY FEET.

YOUR LILIES ARE...TALL.

YOUR PANSIES ARE...LOW.

BUT MASTER, ALL THEY HAVE TO DO IS LOOK NICE AND GROW.

BUT WEEDS, AS YOU CALL 'EM, DO MORE THAN YOU KNOW.

JEFFERSON

(grudgingly) For instance...?

SALLY

(hesitantly) For instance...

SKUNK CABBAGE – IT DON'T SMELL SWEET

BUT IT'S GOOD FOR CRAMPS AND PAINS.

AND SOAPWORT – IT'S A SCRUFFY THING

BUT IT CANNOT BE BEAT ON STAINS.

HEAL-ALL – THERE'S A STUMPY PLANT

BUT IT MAKES YOUR BREATH SMELL NICE.

PUSSYTOES GOT A SILLY NAME

BUT THEY KILL OFF THE TOUGHEST LICE.

(As she sings, JEFFERSON opens a small notebook at his desk and proceeds to take occasional notes.)

BLOODROOT – THAT’S FOR MAKIN’ DYES.
GOLDENSEAL – IT HEALS THE EYES.
BEEBALM – THAT’S FOR HORNET STINGS.
AND BINDWEED...

JEFFERSON
(quill pen poised)

Well...?

SALLY
(with an embarrassed laugh) ...For women’s things.

(JEFFERSON puts down the quill, distinctly uncomfortable.)

SALLY
DAYFLOWER’S SKINNY LITTLE LEAVES
KEEP AN OLD MAN STRONG OLD NIGHT.
HEARTLEAF CURES THE WHOOPIN’ COUGH.
CELANDINE MAKES WARTS FALL OFF,
TURNS YOUR NASTY FRECKLES WHITE.

(Catching sight of the expression on JEFFERSON’s obviously freckled face, SALLY quickly adds:)

Nasty – for women, I mean.

JEFFERSON
(with a small smile)

Exception noted, Sally.

SALLY
ASTERS KEEP AWAY THE SNAKES.
YARROW CURES YOUR BELLYACHES.
“DANDYLINE” MAKES DANDY WINE.

JEFFERSON
Forget-me-nots?

SALLY
MEANS HIS LOVE IS MINE.
WEEDS IS MIGHTY FINE.

WILDFLOWERS DON’T NEED MUCH.
MAYBE THAT’S WHY THEY’RE CALLED WEEDS.
BAKE ALL SUMMER IN THE SUN.
BACK AS SOON AS WINTER’S DONE,
EVERY ROUGH AND TUMBLE BREED.

BUT WILDFLOWERS DO MUCH MORE
THAN A STORE-BOUGHT PACK OF SEEDS.
POULTICE, OINTMENT, HERBAL TEA.
PERFECT HOMEMADE REMEDY.
AND THEY DON’T ASK MUCH FROM YOU AND ME
‘CEPT TO LET ‘EM GROW UP WILD AND FREE.

JEFFERSON
(throwing up his hands in surrender)

Agreed!
ALL HAIL YOUR BEAUTIFUL...

SCRAPPY!
SALLY

PHARMACEUTICAL...
JEFFERSON

LEAVE-ME-BE...
SALLY

WEEDS!
BOTH

SELECTION #10 - MY WEDDING DAY

(From Dusky Sally: Act Two. On the front porch of Monticello.)

SALLY
WAKE UP AT DAWN AND EVERYONE'S SLEEPIN'.
AIN'T GONNA BE NO WORK TODAY.
WAKE UP AT DAWN – OL' JAYBIRD IS CHEEPIN'.
"GET OUTTA BED," HE SEEMS TO SAY.

YOU HEAR A NOISE. YOU THINK, "IS IT RAININ'?"
"WAS THAT A STORM LAST NIGHT?"
YOU SAY A PRAYER AND RUN TO THE WINDOW...

(She pauses a moment, then smiles.)

LORDY, THERE AIN'T A CLOUD IN SIGHT.

JEFFERSON
(correcting)
Isn't a...

SALLY
(teasing)
ISN'T A CLOUD AND ISN'T A RAINDROP.
ISN'T A BETTER DAY IN MAY.
ISN'T IT GRAND TO WAKE UP AND KNOW
THIS IS MY WEDDING DAY?

(Lights change. Now SALLY's daydreams are being played out for all of us. As she sings, CHORUS enters, as if arriving for the wedding.)

SALLY
SOON FOLKS ARRIVE FROM MILES AROUND.
BASKETS OF VITTLES – SET 'EM ON THE GROUND.

TUNE UP THOSE FIDDLES, NOW!
OH, WHAT A HAPPY SOUND.

CHORUS

OH, WHAT A SOUND!
OH, WHAT A SOUND!

SALLY

WOMENFOLK GOSSIP. CHILDREN SHOUT.
EVERYONE'S LAUGHIN' – EVERYONE'S DECKED OUT.
SO MANY FOLKS ABOUT.
MORE THAN YOU'VE EVER SEEN.

(JEFFERSON rises and joins the scene as TOM, the bridegroom. Two or three men attend him. Similarly, two or three girls help SALLY prepare.)

TOM

MEANWHILE,
SHE'S PUTTIN' ON HER RED-CHECKERED APRON
AND MAYBE FLOWERS IN HER HAIR.
FORGET-ME-NOTS...THEY GIVE HER SUCH AN AIR.

SALLY

(overlapping)

HE'S PUTTIN' ON HIS SHIRT WITH THE RUFFLES.
I THINK THEY GIVE HIM SUCH AN AIR.

WOMEN

HURRY!

TOM

NOW WHERE'D I PUT THE RING THAT I MADE HER?

MEN

HURRY!

SALLY

NOW WHERE IS MY BOUQUET?
WHERE IS THE RING?
COME ON – PREACHER'S WAITIN'.

CHORUS

(overlapping)

YOU BETTER HURRY!
COME ON – PREACHER'S WAITIN'.
YOU'RE GONNA MISS YOUR WEDDING DAY.

SALLY/TOM

DON'T WANT TO MISS MY WEDDING DAY.

(By now, the attendants have maneuvered SALLY and TOM so that they are facing each other from opposite sides of the stage. They turn – it is as if they are seeing each other for the first time.)

SALLY

IS THAT THUNDER I HEAR OR THE BEAT OF MY HEART?
ISN'T THIS HOW I DREAMED IT WOULD END RIGHT FROM THE START?

TOM
(overlapping)

YOU ARE MINE.

BOTH
TILL DEATH OR DISTANCE DO US PART.
ONLY YOU...
YOU...
YOU...

(SALLY and TOM slowly cross towards each other as the CHORUS sings.)

CHORUS
(overlapping)

MIGHTY HANDSOME PAIR.
PUT THE BROOMSTICK THERE.
PREACHER'S GONNA SAY A PRAYER.

BRIDEGROOM AND BRIDE ARE HAND IN HAND.
BRIDEGROOM AND BRIDE BEFORE THE PREACHER MAN.
BRIDEGROOM AND BRIDE THEY STAND,
SAYIN' THEIR HOLY VOWS.
JUMP! JUMP! JUMP!

(As the music builds to a crescendo, SALLY and TOM jump over the broomstick. While they stand there still lost in the moment, the CHORUS begins to disperse for the wedding supper.)

ONE WOMAN
OH, THAT WAS NICE. I DO LOVE A WEDDIN'.

ANOTHER WOMAN
THE LITTLE BRIDE WAS MIGHTY SWEET.

MEN
SURE, IT WAS NICE. WE ALL LOVE A WEDDIN'.
HOW 'BOUT WE GET SOME FOOD TO EAT?

TOM
AND THERE THEY STAND – THE BRIDE AND THE BRIDEGROOM.
THERE IN THE MASTER'S HALL.

(As the last men pass TOM, they clap him on the shoulder. TOM turns to them and they laugh together.)

SALLY
YOU HEAR HIM LAUGH WITH SOME OF THE MENFOLK.
SEEMS LIKE IT WASN'T REAL AT ALL.
DOESN'T IT?

(As the CHORUS members drift away, JEFFERSON returns to his position on the front porch.)

SALLY
MAYBE THAT'S WHY YOU STAND THERE A MOMENT.
DON'T WANT TO LET IT FADE AWAY.
MAYBE THAT'S WHY YOU STAND THERE AND WHISPER,
"THIS IS MY WEDDING DAY."

(By song's end, SALLY is back on the porch with JEFFERSON. They are in the same positions as at the top of the song. With an effort, SALLY shakes off her lingering wistfulness.)

THE AWAKENING

SELECTION #11 - ALWAYS THE SEA

(From The Awakening: ACT ONE - Scene 2. The Pontellier bedroom in the pension on Grand Isle. A hot July night.)

(Moonlight streams in. We hear the sound of the sea. An owl hoots. EDNA sits in a rocking chair. After a moment, she picks up ROBERT's copy of Leaves of Grass and reads from "Song of Myself.")

EDNA

"Twenty-eight young men bathe by the shore,
Twenty-eight young men and all so friendly;
Twenty-eight years of womanly life and all so lonesome..."

(She closes the book and looks out into the night.)

THE DAYS ARE SO HOT.
LEONCE SAYS I'M DRIFTING.
IT'S HARD TO DO ANYTHING ELSE.
I LOUNGE IN THE SHADE.
I SIT DRINKING JULEPS.
AND WATCH AS THE ICE SLOWLY MELTS.

AND ALWAYS THE SEA...
WHISPERING.
ALWAYS THE SEA...
MURMURING.
TENDERLY BATHING THE SUN-DAZZLED SAND.
COOLING THE LAND WITH A SIGH.

THE NIGHTS ARE SO HOT.
NO WONDER WE QUARREL.
THE AIR IS TOO THICK AND TOO STILL.
THE MOON'S NEARLY FULL.
NO WONDER I'M RESTLESS.
THE CRICKETS - TOO NOISY, TOO SHRILL.

AND ALWAYS THE SEA...
BECKONING.
ALWAYS THE SOUND...
RUMBLING.
LINGERING, LOST IN THE ROOTS OF A TREE.
WAITING FOR ME.
WAITING LIKE ME...

(Impatiently, she tries to talk herself out of her mood.)

SILLY WOMAN!
FULL OF SILLY LITTLE MOODS.
LEONCE IS RIGHT.
SILLY CREATURE!
ALWAYS SITS ALONE AND BROODS.
LEONCE IS RIGHT.
OTHER WOMEN VISIT FRIENDS WHO LAUGH WITH THEM AND CHAT.
OTHER WOMEN SHOP FOR CLOTHES AND LET THEMSELVES GROW FAT.
OTHER WOMEN LIVE SUCH LIVES AND WHAT'S SO WRONG WITH THAT?
WHY CAN'T I BE LIKE THAT?

(She trails off, staring out into the night, listening to the sea.)

THE DAYS AND THE NIGHTS.
THEY'RE GONE IN A MOMENT.
THE SUMMER BLENDS INTO THE FALL.
THIS ONE SLEEPLESS NIGHT
IS GONE IN A MOMENT.
IT CAN'T REALLY MATTER AT ALL.

BUT ALWAYS THE SEA...
BEAUTIFUL.
ALWAYS THE SEA...
PROMISING
"MY VOICE WILL ECHO EACH BREATH THAT YOU TAKE,
AND WHEN YOU WAKE,
I'LL BE HERE."

(She opens the book and reads again.)

"Dancing and laughing along the beach came the twenty-ninth bather.
The rest did not see her, but she saw them and loved them."

"MY VOICE WILL ECHO EACH BREATH THAT YOU TAKE,
AND WHEN YOU WAKE,
I'LL BE HERE...
WAITING FOR YOU."

SELECTION #12 - LITTLE GIRLS

(From The Awakening: ACT ONE - Scene 4. On the beach, several days later.)

ADELE

PRETTY LITTLE GIRL
ON HER FATHER'S KNEE.
PLAYING WITH HER DOLLS.
SERVING CAKES AND TEA.
PRETTY LITTLE GIRL
LISPING OUT A DUTIFUL PRAYER.
PRETTY LITTLE GIRL
WITH HER GOLDEN HAIR.

SILENT LITTLE GIRL
IN HER SILENT ROOM.
READING BY HERSELF
IN THE EVENING GLOOM.
SILENT LITTLE GIRL
TUCKS HER MOTHER'S PICTURE AWAY.
DRESSES UP IN BLACK
WATCHES FATHER PRAY.

EDNA

SOFT AND SMILING.
ALWAYS SMILING.
PRETTY GIRLS DON'T POUT.

ADELE

ALWAYS WATCHING.
ALWAYS WAITING.
SOON SHE'LL HURRY OUT.
OUT INTO THE SUN.

EDNA

PRETTY LITTLE GIRL
DRESSING UP FOR MASS.

ADELE

SILENT LITTLE GIRL
IN A SEA OF GRASS.

EDNA

STANDING VERY STRAIGHT
WITH A BRIGHT PINK BOW IN HER HAIR.
BREATHING IN THE SCENT
OF THE MORNING AIR.

ADELE

BREATHING IN THE SCENT
OF THE MORNING.

EDNA
(overlapping)

(She turns to ADELE and touches her hand shyly.)

PRETTY LITTLE GIRL
LEARNING HOW TO WALTZ.

SILENT LITTLE GIRL
TURNING SOMERSAULTS.

ADELE

RADIANT AND PALE
IN A CLOUD OF RUFFLES AND LACE.

EDNA

RUNNING WITH THE SUN
BEATING DOWN ON HER FACE.

ADELE

LAUGHING IN THE SUN.
DREAMING OF HER ONE...

EDNA

BELOVED.
MY BELOVED,
COME FOR ME TODAY.

BOTH

TO THE PARLOR...

ADELE

TO THE MEADOW...

EDNA

TAKE ME FAR AWAY.

BOTH

TAKE ME TO THE SEA.
SET ME FREE.

EDNA

MARRY ME.
I'LL BE YOUR PRETTY LITTLE WIFE.

ADELE

PRETTY LITTLE LIFE.

EDNA
(sighing)

(EDNA lays her head on ADELE's shoulder. ADELE smooths her hair as she would with one of her own little ones.)

SELECTION #13 - SPIRIT OF THE SUMMER NIGHT

(From The Awakening: ACT ONE - Scene 8. Outside the cottages, not long after Edna's swim.)

(following EDNA) Are you all right?

ROBERT

Why didn't you stay with the others?

EDNA

I couldn't.

ROBERT

What do you want?

EDNA

Nothing.

ROBERT

EDNA
Then why did you come? *(He is silent.)* I'm so tired.

ROBERT
I know.

EDNA
No you don't!

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND.
NOTHING'S MAKING SENSE AT ALL.

EVERYTHING IS STRANGE.
NOT COMPLETELY REAL.
LIKE A DREAM YOU HALF-RECALL.

MAYBE IT'S THE HEAT.
MAYBE IT'S THE MOON.
MAYBE IT'S THE RESTLESS SEA.
MAYBE IT'S JUST ME!

(She walks away, then stops, leaning wearily against a tree. ROBERT observes her quietly for a moment.)

ROBERT
THERE'S A LEGEND:
ONCE A YEAR,
WHEN THE AUGUST MOON IS SHINING FULL AND CLEAR,
FROM THE GULF MIST, SOMETHING RISES.
IT'S THE SPIRIT OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

FLYING SHADOW
FAR ABOVE.
SEARCHING FOR A MORTAL WORTHY OF HIS LOVE.
COUNTLESS LIFETIMES DISAPPOINTED.
LONELY SPIRIT OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

AND THEN TONIGHT,
WHEN HE TOOK FLIGHT,
A STRANGE THING HAPPENED:
A MORTAL PASSED HIM ON THAT VAST AND MIRRORED SEA.

CALL IT LEGEND.
CALL IT TRUE.
BUT TONIGHT, I THINK THE SPIRIT CAME FOR YOU.
BRUSHING PAST YOU IN THE SHADOWS.
IN THE SILENCE, ONLY YOU
AND THE SPIRIT OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

EDNA
OUT THERE ALONE,
I'D NEVER KNOWN
SUCH FEAR, SUCH TRIUMPH.

A RECKLESS CHILD WHO STRIKES OUT WILDLY ON HER OWN.

IN THE MOONLIGHT.
IN THE SEA.
FOR A MOMENT, THERE WAS SOMETHING TOUCHING ME.
CALL IT DANGER.
CALL IT SPIRIT.
COULD A MORTAL LOVER'S KISS
AWAKEN ME LIKE THIS?

HE HAS FOUND YOU. ROBERT

HE HAS FOUND ME. EDNA
(overlapping)

I CAN TELL. ROBERT

I CAN TELL. EDNA
(overlapping)

AND THERE'S NO ESCAPING HIS BEGUILING SPELL. BOTH

WHEN THE SUNLIGHT MELTS THE SHADOWS,
SOMETHING LINGERS IN THE GLOOM... ROBERT

A BITTERSWEET PERFUME... EDNA

AND THE MEMORIES OF A SUMMER NIGHT. BOTH

SELECTION #13 - DIMANCHE APRES-MIDI

(From The Awakening: ACT ONE - Scene 9. The morning after Edna's swim on the nearby island of Cheniere Caminada.)

(EDNA pauses at the entrance of the church to look at MARIEQUITA who stares back at her with a mocking smile. After a moment, EDNA follows ROBERT into the church and MARIEQUITA turns to the men mending their fishing nets.)

SHE'S A COLD ONE - WHAT DOES MONSIEUR ROBERT WANT WITH HER? MARIEQUITA

SHE'S A LADY. TONIE

MARIEQUITA

(with heavy sarcasm) Oh. A lady.

CITY LADY LIE IN HER BED ALL MORNIN'.
CAJUN GIRL UP FRYIN' BACON AND BREAD.
CITY LADY PAINT PRETTY WATER COLORS.
CAJUN GIRL SWIMMIN' IN THE WATER INSTEAD.

YEH, YEH - DRINK A LITTLE WINE.
YEH, YEH - PLAY A LITTLE TUNE.
YEH, YEH - DANCE A LITTLE CLOSE.
MAKE A LITTLE LOVE ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

TONIE

CITY LADY SOFT AND SHE SMELL SO PRETTY.

MARIEQUITA

LADY DON'T WORK SO THE LADY DON'T SWEAT.

TONIE

CITY LADY DOES LIKE HER HUSBAND TELL HER.

MARIEQUITA

SPEND A LOTTA MONEY AND SHE LEAVE HIM IN DEBT.

CITY LADY PALE 'CAUSE SHE GOT THE VAPORS.
CAJUN GIRL BROWN 'CAUSE SHE LIE IN THE SUN.
CITY LADY COOL ON HER BIG VERANDA.
CAJUN GIRL IS HOT AND SHE'S PLENTY MORE FUN.

MARIEQUITA AND MEN

YEH, YEH - DRINK A LITTLE WINE.
YEH, YEH - PLAY A LITTLE TUNE.
YEH, YEH - DANCE A LITTLE CLOSE.
MAKE A LITTLE LOVE ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

MARIEQUITA

YOU LIKE HER?
SCRUB YOURSELF DOWN, BOY.
MOVE INTO TOWN, BOY.
THEN YOU CAN BE WED.

ONCE A YEAR -
MAYBE AT CHRISTMAS -
IF SHE LET YOU IN HER BED,
YOU CAN PROVE "MONSIEUR" AIN'T DEAD.

(She gestures disdainfully at TONIE's crotch and he scowls at her. Meanwhile, lights up to half on opposite side of the stage. EDNA and ROBERT kneel in church along with other PARISHIONERS. A PRIEST begins giving them communion.)

MARIEQUITA

CITY LADY SIT IN THE CHURCH ON SUNDAY.
CAJUN GIRL SIT ON THE BLAZIN' WHITE SANDS.
CITY LADY PRAY WITH HER BEADS ON SUNDAY.
CAJUN GIRL GOT BETTER THINGS TO DO WITH HER HANDS.
(She touches herself suggestively.)

MARIEQUITA AND MEN

YEH, YEH - UN PEU DU VIN.
YEH, YEH - LA JOIE DE VIE.
YEH, YEH - DANSER COLLE.
TOUT LE MONDE FAIT L'AMOUR DIMANCHE APRES-MIDI.

(As the PRIEST prepares to give EDNA the communion wafer, she suddenly jumps to her feet and stumbles out. ROBERT hurries after her. PRIEST and PARISHIONERS stare. Lights out on church.)

MARIEQUITA AND MEN

YEH, YEH - DRINK A LITTLE WINE.
YEH, YEH - PLAY A LITTLE TUNE.
YEH, YEH - DANCE A LITTLE CLOSE.
MAKE A LITTLE LOVE ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

(MARIEQUITA watches ROBERT lead EDNA away and laughs scornfully.)

MARIEQUITA

CITY LADY PALE 'CAUSE SHE GOT THE VAPORS.
CAJUN GIRL BROWN 'CAUSE SHE LIE IN THE SUN.
CITY LADY COOL ON HER BIG VERANDA.
CAJUN GIRL IS HOT AND SHE'S PLENTY MORE FUN.

MARIEQUITA AND MEN

YEH, YEH - DRINK A LITTLE WINE.
YEH, YEH - PLAY A LITTLE TUNE.
YEH, YEH - DANCE A LITTLE CLOSE.
MAKE A LITTLE LOVE ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

SELECTION #14 - WHEN I TOUCH THE KEYS

(From The Awakening: ACT TWO - Scene 7. Mlle. Reisz's apartment in New Orleans, on a cold and dreary afternoon some weeks after Mr. Pontellier's departure for New York.)

MLLE. REISZ

If I was young and in love with a man, it seems to me he would have to stand out from all other men. I should never deem an ordinary man worthy of my devotion.

EDNA

Then you've never been young or in love, Mademoiselle.

MLLE. REISZ

Are you in love with him, then?

EDNA

I don't know. Yes!

MLLE. REISZ

And why do you love him?

(EDNA smiles.)

EDNA

MAYBE BECAUSE HIS CHIN IS SO SQUARE, HIS EYES SO BLUE.
MAYBE BECAUSE HE READS THE SAME BOOKS THAT I READ TOO.
WHY FIGURE OUT WHAT LOVE IS ABOUT? WHO CARES? WHO SHOULD?
CATEGORIZE THE HOWS AND THE WHYS? I CAN'T.

MILLE. REISZ

I COULD.

WHEN I TOUCH THE KEYS,
EVERY NOTE IS CLEAR.
AND THE TAUNTS OF MY CHILDHOOD ARE GONE.
THEY CAN'T FOLLOW ME HERE.
WHEN I START TO PLAY,
ALL THE PAIN AND THE LONELINESS ENDS.
AND THE SOUND IS SO PERFECT AND PURE
AND MY HANDS ARE SO SURE
WHEN I TOUCH THE KEYS.

AND THE LIGHT DANCES ON THE MUSIC
TILL THEY BLEND, SOMEHOW INTERTWINED.
AND I LAUGH, DAZZLED BY THE PLEASURE.
OH, IT'S SWEET AND IT'S KIND.

THE KEYS DON'T LIE
AND THEY DON'T BETRAY.
AND SOME FUMBLING TOUCH IN THE DARK
COULDN'T MOVE ME THIS WAY.
WHEN THE MUSIC SOARS
AND I'M TOUCHING MY TRUEST OF FRIENDS,
EVERY NOTE SEEMS TO POUND IN MY BLOOD
AND I'M SAFE AND I'M SUDDENLY BEAUTIFUL
WHEN I TOUCH THE KEYS.

REMEMBER, MA CHERE,
THE WORLD'S FULL OF MALICE.
THE WORLD'S FULL OF HATRED AND LYING.

BOTH

THE WORLD'S FULL OF GRIEF,
PAIN AND PRETENSION,
BOREDOM AND ANGER AND CRYING.

MILLE. REISZ

BUT YOUR TOUCH IS SURE
AND YOUR HAND IS STRONG.

EDNA

AND I KNOW IN THE DEPTHS OF MY SOUL
THIS IS WHERE I BELONG.
BUT WHEN NIGHT ARRIVES,
AND I FEEL SO COMPLETELY ALONE,
I REMEMBER THE MOON IN HIS HAIR.
AND THAT THRILL OF DESPAIR
WHEN HE TOUCHED MY HAND.

AND THE MOON FLOATED ON THE WATER.
AND THE SEA CHASED IT WITH ITS SPRAY.
IN HIS EYES, I SAW MY REFLECTION
AND MY PAIN WENT AWAY.

WHEN HE TOUCHED ME...

MLLE. REISZ
(interrupting sardonically)

SO HE TOUCHED YOU
WITH THE MOON ABOVE,
WELL, ENJOY EVERY THRILL BUT MA CHERE,
DON'T CONFUSE IT WITH LOVE.
LOVE IS MORE THAN FLESH.
LOVE IS TRUE AND IT NEVER PRETENDS.
SEX IS ALL VERY NICE
BUT IT'S NOT WORTH THE PRICE.
SO I CLING TO WHAT'S REAL
AND RECALL HOW I FEEL
WHEN I TOUCH THE KEYS.
WHEN I TOUCH THE KEYS.

MLLE. REISZ
So what will you do when he comes back?

EDNA
I don't know. Try to have everything, I guess. *(MLLE. REISZ lays her hands on Edna's shoulders, feeling them.)* What are you doing?

MLLE. REISZ
I'm seeing if your wings are strong.

SELECTION #15 - AFTER MIDNIGHT

(From The Awakening: ACT TWO - Scene 6. Various locations.)

(As EDNA crosses to her desk and begins writing a letter, lights come up on another part of the stage, revealing MR. PONTELLIER in his hotel room in New York. He has just returned from a business dinner.)

MR. PONTELLIER
THOUGH I KNOW
YOU'RE AT LEAST
SEVERAL HUNDRED MILES AWAY,
WHEN I'M HERE
TIRED OUT
FROM THE BUSINESS OF THE DAY,
I SEE YOUR FACE
EVERY NIGHT.

AFTER MIDNIGHT,
SHE'LL RECOUNT EVERY SMALL EVENT.
WHO SHE DINED WITH,
WHERE SHE SHOPPED AND HOW MUCH SHE SPENT.

THE DETAILS THAT DEFINE A LIFE.
THE DETAILS THAT CONNECT A HUSBAND AND WIFE.
AFTER MIDNIGHT
WHEN I KNOW SHE BELONGS TO ME.

(Lights fade on MR. PONTELLIER. Up on ROBERT in his room in Vera Cruz. He stands by an open window, a glass of wine in his hand. A woman lies naked in the disheveled bed. As he sings, EDNA picks up a book from the desk, rises and crosses to the window.)

ROBERT

THOUGH I KNOW
IN MY HEART
YOU'RE ANOTHER WORLD AWAY,
YOU ARE HERE
IN THIS ROOM
EVERY MOMENT OF THE DAY
AND EVERY NIGHT...
EVERY NIGHT.

AFTER MIDNIGHT,
SHE'LL REMEMBER A MOONLIT SEA.
GENTLE BREEZES
AND A SAD CAJUN MELODY.
AND SHE'LL CRADLE THE BOOK WE READ,
EVERY PAGE WILL BE BLURRED WITH TEARS SHE HAS SHED.
AFTER MIDNIGHT
WHEN SHE DARES TO REMEMBER ME.

(Lights fade on ROBERT. Up on AROBIN at his men's club in New Orleans. He smokes a cigarette and cradles a brandy. As he sings, EDNA crosses to the fire, unpinning her hair.)

AROBIN

THOUGH I KNOW
YOU BELIEVE
YOU ARE GLAD I WENT AWAY,
IN YOUR HEART
YOU MUST KNOW
THAT YOU LONGED FOR ME TO STAY
WITH YOU TONIGHT...
EVERY NIGHT.

AFTER MIDNIGHT
WITH HER HAIR TUMBLING TO HER WAIST.
LIGHTS A FIRE.
LICKS THE LIPS I CAN ALMOST TASTE.
AND HER HANDS TRACE EACH CURVE, EACH SWELL.
AND SHE SMILES FOR HER HANDS CAN PLEASE HER SO WELL.
AFTER MIDNIGHT
WHEN SHE ACHES TO BE TOUCHED BY ME.

(Lights up on all the men. EDNA sits passively, brushing her hair.)

MEN

AFTER MIDNIGHT

PONTELLIER

AT HER DESK...

ROBERT

'NEATH THE MOON...

AROBIN

BY THE FIRE.

MEN

NO ONE KNOWS HER LIKE ME.

PONTELLIER

FOOLISH WHIMS...

ROBERT

ANXIOUS THOUGHTS...

AROBIN

DARK DESIRE.

MEN

NOTHING'S HIDDEN FROM ME.

AFTER MIDNIGHT,
WHEN THE HOUSE IS AS STILL AS DEATH.
AFTER MIDNIGHT,
I IMAGINE EACH STEP, EACH BREATH.
IN THE DAY, WE LEAD SEPARATE LIVES
BUT I KNOW SHE'LL BE THERE WHEN MIDNIGHT ARRIVES.

PONTELLIER

SHE'S MY WIFE...

ROBERT

SHE'S MY SOUL...

AROBIN

SHE'S MY LOVER...

MEN

SHE'S MINE.

SELECTION #15 - FAIRY TALES

(From The Awakening: ACT TWO - Scene 12. Edna's cottage.)

EDNA

Why have you been fighting against this?

ROBERT

Because you were not free. You were Leonce Pontellier's wife. And a mother. But that didn't stop me from thinking about you...and remembering...

EDNA

What?

ROBERT

Everything. The night of our swim, the afternoon at Madame Antoine's...

EDNA

(remembering the game they played)

When I slept for a hundred years...

ROBERT

Guarded by your faithful cavalier.

YOU WERE THE PRINCESS IN THE TOWER,
WATCHING THE PASSING OF EACH DAY.
I, THE CAVALIER,
WAITING TO APPEAR
AND CARRY YOU AWAY.

YOU WERE THE DREAMY LITTLE MAIDEN.
WAITING FOR SOMEONE, BRAVE AND BOLD.
HOPING THAT WE MIGHT
SLIP INTO THE NIGHT
IN SEARCH OF PIRATE GOLD.

ONLY FAIRY TALES.
PRETTY FAIRY TALES.
EVERY NIGHT SOME FANTASY
WOULD BRIDGE THE MILES AND BRING YOU CLOSE TO ME.

I came back, full of romantic ideas.

I'D FIND YOUR HUSBAND AND CONFRONT HIM -
"SIR, YOU MUST SET THIS WOMAN FREE.
LOVE CAN'T BE DENIED.
PUT ASIDE YOUR PRIDE
AND LET HER COME WITH ME."

I'D BE THE HUSBAND WHO'D PROTECT YOU.
YOU'D BE MY WELL BELOVED WIFE.
FEASTING ON OUR LOVE,
BLESSING GOD ABOVE
FOR GIVING US THIS LIFE.

CALL THEM FAIRY TALES.
PRETTY FAIRY TALES.
IF YOU REALLY WANT THEM TO,
THE MOST UNLIKELY FAIRY TALES COME TRUE.

(EDNA laughs and gently kisses him.)

EDNA

FAIRY TALES ARE FOR CHILDREN, ROBERT.
BEDTIME STORIES THAT YOU READ.
FAIRY TALES LET YOU DRIFT AND DREAM, DEAR.
THAT ISN'T WHAT WE NEED.

THAT ISN'T WHAT I NEED.

I'M NOT A PRINCESS IN A TOWER.
NOBODY NEEDS TO RESCUE ME.
I WON'T SIT AND WAIT.
I'LL UNLOCK THE GATE.
I'VE ALWAYS HAD THE KEY.
DEAREST, CAN'T YOU SEE?

I'M NOT LEONCE'S PRIZED POSSESSION.
I'M NOT YOUR DREAMY LITTLE MAID.
I AM SOMEONE NEW.
FREE TO CHERISH YOU
AND NEVER FEEL AFRAID.

NO MORE FAIRY TALES.
SILLY FAIRY TALES.
NO MORE DREAMS OF WHAT MIGHT BE
FOR NOW WE FINALLY KNOW THAT WE ARE FREE.

NO MORE SECRET LOOKS. ROBERT

NO MORE SECRETS. EDNA

NO MORE SILENT PAIN. ROBERT

NO MORE PAIN. EDNA

NO MORE THOUGHTS WE MUST DENY BOTH
AND NO MORE NIGHTS WE HAVE TO SAY GOODBYE.
NO MORE NIGHTS WE HAVE TO SAY GOODBYE.

SELECTION #18 - YOU ARE THE SEA

(From The Awakening: ACT TWO - Scene 15. The beach.)

(EDNA walks slowly down to the shore, shoes and stockings in hand.)

EDNA
THE CHILDREN WANT A MOTHER.
THE HUSBAND WANTS A WIFE.
THE LOVER WANTS A LOVER WHO WILL FILL HIS LONELY LIFE.
THE ARTIST WANTS AN AUDIENCE WHO'LL WEEP AT EVERY SONG.
AND EDNA WANTS
WHAT EDNA WANTS.
IS THAT SO VERY WRONG?

(She stands looking out to sea.)

DAY AFTER DAY.
NOTHING MADE SENSE.
KEEPING MY PLACE IN SOCIETY.
LOSING MY SOUL.

ALL THE REMORSE.
ALL THE PRETENSE.
ALL OF THE PEOPLE I TRIED TO BE.
PLAYING A ROLE.

MOTHER AND WIFE.
THOSE ARE THE SELVES I AM SUPPOSED TO BE.
WHERE IS THE SOUL, THE SELF THAT IS ONLY FOR ME?
WELL, I FOUND IT BEFORE
IN THE ARMS OF THE SEA.

YOU ARE THE SEA.
BRILLIANT AND BLUE.
YOU ARE THE RHYTHM THAT'S ECHOING
EACH BREATH I TAKE.

YOU ARE THE SEA.
ANCIENT YET NEW.
YOU ARE THE WOMB THAT CREATED ME.
NOW I'M AWAKE.

YOU ARE THE SEA.
YOU UNDERSTAND
ALL THAT I WANT TO BE.
YOU ARE THE HOME, THE LOVER, THE MOTHER TO ME.
WHERE THE FAIRY TALE'S TRUE.
WHERE I'M UTTERLY FREE.

(Music continues under as lights change. COMPANY members enter one by one, forming a circle around her. EDNA begins undressing. As they speak, COMPANY members accept articles of clothing from her.)

MLLE. REISZ

To succeed, one must possess the courageous soul.

MR. PONTELLIER

I can't help but worry, you know.

AROBIN

I only live when I'm near you.

ADELE

Think of the children.

ROBERT

I love you.

MARIEQUITA

Tell me again what she looked like!

TONIE

Venus.

(The circle breaks open. In the dim light, we see that she is naked, her back to us. A warm bright spot hits her from behind, silhouetting her figure as she moves slowly upstage.)

COMPANY

YOU ARE AWAKE.
YOU ARE ALIVE.
TESTING A NEW POSSIBILITY.
YOU'RE COMING HOME.

YOU ARE AWAKE.
YOU ARE ALIVE.
VENUS ARISING TRIUMPHANTLY
OUT OF THE FOAM.

I AM THE SEA.
I UNDERSTAND
ALL THAT YOU WANT TO DO.
I AM THE ONE WHO'S ALWAYS BEEN WAITING FOR YOU.
NOW YOU'VE FOUND ME AGAIN.
NOW YOU'RE STARTING ANEW.

YOU ARE AWAKE.
YOU ARE ALIVE.
YOU ARE THE NEW POSSIBILITY.

YOU CAN BE FREE.
YOU ARE THE SEA.
YOU ARE THE SEA.

(EDNA reaches up to the sun. She laughs joyously.)

(Blackout)

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(Passage from "Song of Myself" from The Deathbed Edition of Leaves of Grass by Walt Whitman, first published in 1892.)