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THE FANTASTICKS

A Parable About Love

Words By

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This is suggested by a play called
"LES ROMANESQUES" by Edmund Rostand

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FACULTAD DE HUMANIDADES
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RECINTO DE RIO PIEDRAS

T H E C O M P A N Y

THE MUTE

THE NARRATOR

THE GIRL .

THE BOY

THE GIRL'S FATHER

THE BOY'S FATHER

THE OLD ACTOR

THE MAN WHO DIES

T H E P L A C E

On a simple platform stage.

T H E P E R I O D

Then.

ACT ONE TAKES PLACE IN MOONLIGHT

ACT TWO TAKES PLACE IN THE SUN

M U S I C A L N U M B E R S

ACT I

OVERTURE	The Company
TRY TO REMEMBER	The Narrator
MUCH MORE	The Girl
METAPHOR ...	The Boy and The Girl
NEVER SAY "NO"	The Fathers
IT DEPENDS ON WHAT YOU PAY	The Narrator and The Fathers
SOON IT'S GONNA RAIN	The Boy and The Girl
THE RAPE BALLET	The Company
HAPPY ENDING	The Boy, The Girl and The Fathers

ACT II

THIS PLUM IS TOO RIPE	The Girl, The Boy and The Fathers
I CAN SEE IT	The Boy and The Narrator
PLANT A RADISH	The Fathers
ROUND & ROUND	The Narrator, The Girl and Company
THERE WERE YOU	The Boy and The Girl
TRY TO REMEMBER (REPRISE)	The Narrator

A WORD ABOUT THE STYLE

It is very difficult to make clear the style of a play. We all know what regular musicals are like, and how they are normally staged. And yet this musical is different. It has a small cast. It has no scenery to speak of. The people in it are realistic and at the same time stylized too.

This being so, I would like to preface this script with one or two notes about the concept of production. If they help you, good. If you don't need them, then that is even better.

First of all, this musical was intended ideally for an open stage - a simple space surrounded on three sides by audience. It may be played and has been played, successfully upon proscenium stages and in the round. One thing is important, however. It should be played as closely to the audience as possible, whatever kind of stage may hold it. People speak to the audience at many points. And even when characters are not "taking their case" directly to the audience, it is well for them to keep the audience specifically in mind. Thus, when the old actor in his first scene asks El Gallo to imagine him in wig and make-up, he is speaking to the audience just as much as he is to El Gallo. When the parents and the children quarrel in the beginning of Act Two, each of the four speaks often to the audience. When Luisa says "I put a little ribbon on the spot," I feel sure that she is showing her bruised arm, not to Matt or to the fathers, but to the audience. Perhaps the best way to explain it is that each actor considers the audience to be his friend. Each actor, upon entering into the play, has been given a speech directly to the audience. Therefore, each quite naturally assumes that the audience will understand him even if the other characters in the play do not.

Given this somewhat stylized premise of presentation, it is not necessary for the actors to add any theatrical icing of their own. That is to say, asides are not spoken in the melodramatic "theatrical" way, but simply and directly. And the parts should not be "spoofed", even when the romanticism becomes extreme. The people should be people, not cardboard rococo.

Point: The actors do not leave the stage, but wait outside the center of action for their turn to "come back on". Sometimes they watch the actors in the light, as in the beginning, when Luisa and Matt have their solos. Later on, after the show is underway, they simply sit on the back of the platform with their backs toward us - or upon benches upstage which have been left there for that purpose. They are soon accepted and

forgotten by the audience. And their presence serves to underline the basic point of view - i.e., this is not real literally. We are players, this is a stage. You are an audience. What we do together is to create a special reality - the reality of the mind and the emotions.

Point: Lights become vastly important when there are no sets. A careful use of light will help to set up the moods and to relieve the visual sameness.

Point: Costumes should be theatrical - should have a flair - should even suggest comedia in a way. But they should be basically contemporary. No tights, please! But B.V.D.'s are okay.

Point: The Mute should not be coy or elfin. He should not intrude with pantomime specialties. His function is essentially to function. He hands out and returns props - swiftly. He provides chairs and benches as needed. And removes them the instant we don't need to make use of them anymore. He holds up a stick to represent the wall - but only when we feel that we need it. He hangs up a multi-colored drape before "Soon It's Gonna Rain" and holds up a cardboard butterfly during the "Glen speech" of El Gallo. He should not be a butterfly himself. His job is a hard one. He must move well, have a prodigious memory and concentration for detail. His face should be pleasant -- but not distracting. He is always there. We must always sense his presence and yet he must never intrude.

Point: It is difficult to indicate in a reading script all of the musical underscorings of a piece such as this without cluttering the pages with notes about notes. Also, obligatos and vocalize sections become ludicrous in print. Therefore, I would like to suggest that the original cast album of the show, recorded by MGM (E38720C) might be a helpful tool in clarifying any points which are not covered in detail by this script or by the music score which accompanies it.

THE FANTASTICKS

This play should be played on a platform. There is no scenery as we generally know it, but occasionally a stick may be held up to represent a wall. Or a cardboard moon may be hung upon a pole to indicate that it's night.

When the audience enters the auditorium, the platform is clearly in sight. There is a tattered drape across the front of it upon which is lettered "THE FANTASTICKS". There is a bench down center. And at the stage right side of the platform there is a large box in which the props are kept. This is the extent of the setting, although it is desirable if possible to have four iron poles inset near the corners of the platform and extending up into the ceiling. And in some proscenium productions, you may wish to add a ladder.

When the Overture begins, the Mute comes walking on in tempo to the music. He sees the audience and signals for the other actors to come on.

The Boy's Father (Hucklebee) enters irately, dressed in his shirt and his b v d's. He mumbles "I know my cue!" Then he notices the audience and makes an embarrassed bow. He is followed by The Girl's Father (Bellamy) who walks directly to center with a benign smile and bows repeatedly, until Hucklebee beckons him to get to work. They pick up the bench from down center and carry it out of sight behind the drape.

The Girl (Luisa) enters in her white petticoats and tries a couple of dance steps on the newly polished

floor. She sees the audience, smiles, and begins to back off Stage Left; then the Fathers stick their heads around from the right side of the drape and "psst" to her that she is supposed to join them there. She does so, pausing only long enough to bestow one last dazzling smile at the audience.

The Boy (Matt) strides on, carrying a tall wooden chair, which he tosses up for the Mute to catch and place upon the platform. Matt comes to the center, checks the lights, checks the drape to see that it is straight; then he smiles at the audience and joins his fellow actors behind the lettered drape.

Last of all, the Narrator (El Gallo) comes striding in. The Mute hands him a dashing hat which the Narrator places rakishly on his head. Then he comes to the center of the stage and bows grandly to the audience. After this, the Narrator and the Mute go to either side of the lettered drape, undo the ropes which hold it to the poles, and drop it to the floor, revealing the Boy, the Girl, and the Fathers in a hastily assembled dramatic tableau. As the music grows faster and more and more frantic, the parents and the children break from the tableau and rush to be ready. Props are pulled from the Prop Box. Luisa gets her skirt; Matt his sweater; Bellamy his little checkered vest; and Hucklebee his pants, with which he wrestles frantically. The Narrator juggles three bright oranges, and finally, as all of the actors climb back on the platform and take their places

for the play, the Mute throws bright squares of colored paper spiraling into the air, making the area alive with color and movement.

When the Overture is over, the Narrator sits upon the platform and sings directly to the audience. Behind him, the actors are in a relaxed informal pose on the platform - listening to him, and occasionally singing to the audience too, asking them to "follow."

(SONG: TRY TO REMEMBER)

EL GALLO

TRY TO REMEMBER THE KIND OF SEPTEMBER
WHEN LIFE WAS SLOW AND OH, SO MELLOW.
TRY TO REMEMBER THE KIND OF SEPTEMBER
WHEN GRASS WAS GREEN AND GRAIN WAS YELLOW.
TRY TO REMEMBER THE KIND OF SEPTEMBER
WHEN YOU WERE A TENDER AND CALLOW FELLOW.
TRY TO REMEMBER, AND IF YOU REMEMBER,
THE FOLLOW.

(LUISA: Follow, follow, follow, follow.)

TRY TO REMEMBER WHEN LIFE WAS SO TENDER
THAT NO ONE WEPT EXCEPT THE WILLOW.
TRY TO REMEMBER WHEN LIFE WAS SO TENDER
THAT DREAMS WERE KEPT BESIDE YOUR PILLOW.
TRY TO REMEMBER WHEN LIFE WAS SO TENDER
THAT LOVE WAS AN EMBER ABOUT TO BILLOW.
TRY TO REMEMBER, AND IF YOU REMEMBER,
THE FOLLOW.

(LUISA: Follow, follow, follow, follow
MATT: Follow, follow, follow, follow
FATHERS: Follow, follow, follow, follow)

DEEP IN DECEMBER IT'S NICE TO REMEMBER
ALTHOUGH YOU KNOW THE SNOW WILL FOLLOW.
DEEP IN DECEMBER IT'S NICE TO REMEMBER
WITHOUT A HURT THE HEART IS HOLLOW.
DEEP IN DECEMBER, IT'S NICE TO REMEMBER
THE FIRE OF SEPTEMBER THAT MADE US MELLOW.
DEEP IN DECEMBER OUR HEARTS SHOULD REMEMBER,
AND FOLLOW.

EL GALLO

(Speaks to audience)

Let me tell you a few things you may want to know
Before we begin the play.

First of all, the characters:

A boy; A girl; Two fathers;

And a wall.

Anything else that's needed

We can get from out of this box.

(EL GALLO and the MUTE open the
large prop box stage right and
remove from it a smaller prop
box which THEY place down stage
center)

It's hard to know which is most important,
Or how it all began.

The Boy was born.

The Girl was born.

They grew up, quickly,

Went to school,

Became shy,

(In their own ways and for different reasons)

Read Romances,

Studied cloud formations in the lazy afternoon,

And instead of reading textbooks,

Tried to memorize the moon.

And when the girl was fifteen

(She was younger than the boy),

She began to notice something strange.

Her ugly duckling features

Had undergone a change.

In short, she was growing pretty;

For the first time in her whole life pretty.

And the shock so stunned and thrilled her

That she became

Almost immediately

Incurably insane.

Observe:

(Music as LUISA walks forward and
sits on the large wooden chair, which
the MUTE has thoughtfully placed
just beneath her)

LUISA

(To audience)

The moon turns red on my birthday every year and it always
will until somebody saves me and takes me back to my palace.

EL GALLO

That is a typical remark.

The other symptoms vary.

She thinks that she's a princess;

That her name must be in French,

Or sometimes Eurasian, although she isn't sure what that is.

LUISA

(To audience)

You see, no one can feel the way I feel
And have a father named Amos Babcock Bellomy.

EL GALLO

She has a glue-paste necklace
Which she thinks is really real.

LUISA

(Putting on the necklace which
the MUTE has just removed from the
prop box and given to her)

I found it in the attic
With my Mother's name inside;
It is my favourite possession.

EL GALLO

It's her fancy.

LUISA

It's my pride.

(Now LUISA talks to the accompaniment
of the harp)

This morning a bird woke me up.
It was a lark or a peacock,
Or something like that.
Some strange sort of bird that I'd never heard.
And I said "hello"
And it vanished: flew away.
The very minute that I said "hello".
It was mysterious.

So do you know what I did?
I went over to my mirror
And brushed my hair two hundred times without stopping.
And as I was brushing it,
My hair turned gold!
No, honestly! Gold!
And then red.
And then sort of a deep blue when the sun hit it.

I'm sixteen years old,
And every day something happens to me.
I don't know what to make of it.
When I get up in the morning to get dressed,
I can tell:
Something's different.
I like to touch my eyelids
Because they're never quite the same.

(Music begins underneath her
speaking)

LUIISA (Continued)

Oh! Oh! Oh!
 I hug myself till my arms turn blue,
 Then I close my eyes and I cry and cry
 Till the tears come down
 And I taste them. Ah!
 I love to taste my tears!
 I am special.
 I am special.
 Please, God, please --
 Don't let me be normal!

(And, rapturously, SHE sings)

(SONG: MUCH MORE)

I'D LIKE TO SWIM IN A CLEAR BLUE STREAM
 WHERE THE WATER IS ICY COLD;
 THEN GO TO TOWN IN A GOLDEN GOWN,
 AND HAVE MY FORTUNE TOLD.
 JUST ONCE.
 JUST ONCE.
 JUST ONCE BEFORE I'M OLD.

I'D LIKE TO BE - NOT EVIL,
 BUT A LITTLE WORLDLY WISE.
 TO BE THE KIND OF GIRL DESIGNED
 TO BE KISSED UPON THE EYES.
 I'D LIKE TO DANCE TILL TWO O'CLOCK,
 OR SOMETIMES DANCE TILL DAWN,
 OR IF THE BAND COULD STAND IT,
 JUST GO ON AND ON AND ON!
 JUST ONCE,
 JUST ONCE,
 BEFORE THE CHANCE IS GONE!

I'D LIKE TO WASTE A WEEK OR TWO,
 AND NEVER DO A CHORE,
 TO WEAR MY HAIR UNFASTENED
 SO IT BILLOWS TO THE FLOOR.
 TO DO THE THINGS I'VE DREAMED ABOUT
 BUT NEVER DONE BEFORE!
 PERHAPS I'M BAD, OR WILD, OR MAD,
 WITH LOTS OF GRIEF IN STORE,
 BUT I WANT MUCH MORE THAN KEEPING HOUSE!
 MUCH MORE!
 MUCH MORE!
 MUCH MORE!

(At the end of the song, LUIISA half
 swoons with ecstasy, and the MUTE
 moves the chair beneath her just as
 SHE is about to fall)

EL GALLO

Good.
 And now the boy.
 His story may be a wee bit briefer,
 Because it's pretty much the same.

(MUSIC. As MATT rises and stands upon the platform center, the MUTE opens the center prop box, gets a biology book and tosses it up to MATT)

MATT

(To audience)
 There is this girl.

EL GALLO

That is the essence.

MATT

(To audience)
 There is this girl.

EL GALLO

(Crossing to the side and sitting)
 I warn you: it may be monotonous.

MATT

There is this girl.
 I'm nearly twenty years old.
 I've studied Biology.
 I've had an education.
 I've been inside a lab;
 Disected violets:
 I know the way things are.
 I'm grown-up, stable;
 Willing to conform.
 I'm beyond such foolish notions,
 And yet -- in spite of my knowledge --
 There is this girl.

She makes me young again, and foolish,
 And with her I perform the impossible:
 I defy Biology!
 And achieve ignorance!

(HE tosses the book back to the MUTE)

There are no other ears but hers to hear
 The explosion of my soul! There are no other eyes
 but hers to make me wise, and despite what they say of
 species,

MATT (Continued)

there is not one plant or animal or any growing thing
that is made quite the same as she is. It's stupid, of
course,
I know it. And immensely undignified, but I do love her!

So, that's my situation in a nutshell.
I've gone mad.

My knowledge -- pfft; it's vanished. And since that's so,
I intend to go hatter-mad, or madder.
Mad as Hamlet.

As unrestrained as Lear.

I'm going to poke my sword at shadows
And write sonnets to the moon.

And swoon

And swear

And curl my hair

And grow an enviable moustache!

And the reason, if you ask me, is
Because there is this girl.

EL GALLO

Look! There is the wall their fathers built between
their houses.

(EL GALLO snaps his fingers and
everyone moves quickly into position
for the action of the play. LUISA
rises and crosses up to sit on the
long bench upon the platform.
BELLOMY grabs her wooden chair,
carries it to the back of the plat-
form, and sits on it, his back to
the audience. HUCKLEBEE sits on
the upstage side of the platform
with his back to us. EL GALLO seats
himself comfortably to the side, on
top of the stage right prop box. And
the MUTE gets a wooden stick and
stands directly up center on the
platform, holding up the stick --
to represent the wall. LUISA and
her father are on the Stage Right
side of the stick; MATT and his father
on the Stage Left side.

Throughout the next scene -- and
indeed, up until the time the MUTE
takes away the stick, the ACTORS ob-
serve the imaginary line of the wall,
extending from the MUTE's little
stick directly down the center line
of the stage)

MATT

(As soon as EVERYONE is in place)
They built it ages ago last month when I came home from
school. Poor fools, they built it to keep us apart.
Maybe she's there now. I hope so -- I'll see.

(HE goes up to the stage left side
of the platform)

... I don't know what to call her. She's too vibrant for
a name. What shall I call her? Juliet?

LUIZA

Yes, dear!

MATT

Helena?

LUIZA

Yes, dear!

MATT

And Cassandra. And Cleopatra. And Beatrice.
And also Guinevere?

LUIZA

What, dear?

MATT

I think she's there.

(HE climbs up on his side of the
bench. LUIZA meanwhile is leaning
eagerly on the other side of the
stick)

Can you hear me?

LUIZA

Barely.

MATT

I've been speaking of you.

LUIZA

To whom?

MATT

To them -- I told them that if someone were to ask me to
describe you I would be utterly and totally speechless,
except to say perhaps that you are Polaris or the inside
of a leaf.

LUIZA

Speak a little louder.

(SONG: METAPHOR)

MATT

(Sings)
I LOVE YOU!

(SHE swoons)

MATT (Continued)

(Singing vigorously)

IF I WERE IN THE DESERT DEEP IN SAND, AND
THE SUN WAS BURNING LIKE A HOT POMAGRANATE:
WALKING THROUGH A NIGHTMARE IN THE HEAT OF
A SUMMER DAY, UNTIL MY MIND WAS PARCH-ED!
-- THEN YOU ARE WATER!
COOL CLEAR WATER!
A REFRESHING GLASS OF WATER!

LUISA

(Spoken)

What, dear?

MATT

(Spoken)

WATER!

(SHE swoons)

LOVE! YOU ARE LOVE!
BETTER FAR THAN A METAPHOR
CAN EVER EVER BE.
LOVE! YOU ARE LOVE!
MY MYSTERY -- OF LOVE!

IF THE WORLD WAS LIKE AN ICEBERG,
AND EVERYTHING WAS FROZEN,
AND TEARS TURNED INTO ICICLES IN THE EYE!
AND SNOW CAME POURING -- SLEET AND ICE --
CAME STABBING LIKE A KNIFE!
-- THEN YOU ARE HEAT!
A FIRE ALIVE WITH HEAT!
A FLAME THAT THAWS THE ICEBERG WITH ITS HEAT!

LUISA

(Spoken)

Repeat.

MATT

(Spoken)

YOU ARE HEAT!

(SHE swoons; then revives immediately
to join him in song)

LOVE! YOU ARE LOVE! (I AM LOVE!)
BETTER FAR THAN A METAPHOR
CAN EVER EVER BE.
LOVE! YOU ARE LOVE! (I AM LOVE!)
MY MYSTERY -- (HIS MYSTERY)
YOU ARE POLARIS, THE ONE TRUSTWORTHY STAR!
YOU ARE! YOU ARE!

LUISA

I AM! I AM!

MATT

YOU ARE SEPTEMBER, A SPECIAL MYSTERY
TO ME! TO ME!

LUISA

TO HE! TO HE!

MATT

(As LUISA does an obligato)
YOU ARE SUNLIGHT! MOONLIGHT!
MOUNTAINS! VALLEYS!
THE MICROSCOPIC INSIDE OF A LEAF!
MY JOY! MY GRIEF!
MY STAR! MY LEAF!
OH --

(In her exuberance, SHE grabs his hand
under the stick, and HE quickly lifts
it up and over the "wall.")

BOTH

LOVE! YOU ARE LOVE! (I AM LOVE!)
BETTER FAR THAN A METAPHOR
CAN EVER EVER BE!
LOVE! YOU ARE LOVE! (I AM LOVE!)
MY MYSTERY -- (HIS MYSTERY)
OF LOVE!

(And THEY reach over the top of the
stick, and embrace)

LUISA

Matt!

MATT

Luisa!

LUISA

Shh. Be careful.
I thought I heard a sound.

MATT

But you're trembling!

LUISA

My father loves to spy.

MATT

I know; I know.
I had to climb out through a window.
My father locked my room.

LUISA

Oh God, be careful!
Suppose you were to fall!

MATT

It's on the ground floor.

LUISA

Oh.

MATT

Still, the window's very small.
I could get stuck.

LUISA

This is madness, isn't it?

MATT

Yes, it's absolutely mad!

LUISA

And also very wicked?

MATT

Yes.

LUISA

I'm glad.

MATT

My father would be furious if he knew.

LUISA

Listen, I have had a vision.

MATT

Of disaster?

LUISA

No. Of azaleas.
I dreamed I was picking azaleas.
When all at once, this Duke --
Oh, he was very old,
I'd say he was nearly forty.
But attractive.
And very evil.

MATT

I hate him!

LUISA

And he had a retinue of scoundrels,
And they were hiding behind the rhododendrons,
And then, all at once,
As I picked an azalea --
He lept out!

MATT

God. I hate him!

LUISA

In my vision, how I struggled.
Like the Rape of the Sabine Women!
I cried "help".

MATT

And I was nearby!

LUISA

Yes. You came rushing to the rescue.
And, single-handed, you fight all his men,
And win --

MATT

And then --

LUISA

Celebration!

MATT

Fireworks!

LUISA

Fiesta!

MATT

Laughter!

LUISA

Our fathers give in!

MATT

We live happily ever after!

LUISA

There's no reason in the world why it can't happen exactly
like that.

(Suddenly SHE stiffens)

Someone's coming!

MATT

It's my father.

LUISA

Kiss me!

(THEY kiss as MUSIC begins and HUCKLEBEE
comes in with his pruning shears and
prunes away at a massive imaginary plant.
Miraculously, although the plant is just
beneath the bench where the LOVERS are
kissing, HUCKLEBEE is too engrossed with
the pruning to look up and see the embrace)

HUCK

Too much moisture!

(To audience)

There are a great many things I could tell you about myself. I was once in the Navy; that's where I learned Horticulture. Yes, I have been the world over. I've seen it all; mountain cactus, the century plant, Japanese Ivy. And exotic ports where bogwort was sold in the open market! I'm a man of experience and there is one thing that I've learned: Too much moisture is worse than none at all. Prune a plant. Avoid water. And go easy on manure. Moderation. That's the moral. Hmmm. That's my son's foot.

(Which HE was just about to clip)

MATT

(On the bench)

Hello, Father.

(By now, LUISA has ducked down on the other side of the stick)

HUCK

What are you doing up in that tree?

MATT

Reading verses.

HUCK

Curses.

MATT

How's that?

HUCK

I offer a father's curses
To the kind of education
That makes our children fools.
I sent this boy to school -- to college
And I hope you know what that costs.
Did he learn to dig a cesspool, no.
He's up there reading verse.

(Suddenly suspicious)

Why do I always find you
Standing beside that wall?

MATT

I'm waiting for it to fall.
Besides, I like it.
I like its lovely texture,
And its pretty little eyes.

HUCK

Walls don't have eyes!

MATT

Then what do you call -- this flower?
(And the MUTE hands him a flower)

LUISA

(From her side)
Sweet God, he's clever!

HUCK

(Pulling MATT down from the bench)
Son, you are an ass. There you sit every day, reading verses, while who knows what our neighbor is up to on the other side of that wall. He's a villain. I'll not have it! I'll strip down those branches where an enemy could climb! I'll lime that wall with bottles! I'll jag it up with glass!

LUISA

Ahh!

HUCK

What was that?

MATT

Some broken willow -- some little wounded bird.

HUCK

Maybe. But walls have ears even though they don't have eyes. I'll just take a look.

(LUISA crouches down fearfully as HUCKLEBEE starts to climb. However, HE stops short of the top, and grabs his back in pain)

Ahh! There's that stiffness. The result of my Navy career. Here, son, you climb. You can see for me.

MATT

All right, Father.
(MATT bounds up the bench and reaches down to take LUISA by the hand on the other side)

HUCK

What do you see?

MATT

I love you.

LUISA

I love you, too.

HUCK

What are you mumbling about? Get down from there if there's nothing to be seen! Down I say.

MATT

I obey.
(And MATT hops down)

HUCK

You're an idiot. I've decided you need to be married. So I went shopping this morning and picked you out a wife.

LUIZA

Ahh!

HUCK

There's that sound again.

MATT

Anguished bird.

HUCK

Weeping willow?

It may be.

But let's get back to business:

Son, I've picked you out a pearl.

MATT

And if I prefer a diamond?

HUCK

How dare you prefer a diamond

When I've just offered you a pearl!

MATT

(As his father tries to interrupt)

Listen carefully to what I have to say.

Listen, Wall. And flowers. And willow, too.

And wounded bird. And Father, you

May as well listen too.

I will not wed by your wisdom.

I will not walk neatly into a church

And contract out to prolongate my race.

I will not go wedding in a too-tight suit

Nor be witnessed when I take my bride.

No!

(Music as HE speaks)

I'll marry, when I marry,

In my own particular way;

And my bride shall dress in sunlight,

With rain for her wedding veil.

Out in the open,

With no one standing by.

No song except September

Being sung in the busy grass!

No sound except our heartbeats, roaring!

Like a flower alive with bees!

(Getting faster and more and more carried away)

Without benefit of neighbor!

Without benefit of book!

Except perhaps her handprint

As she presses her hand in mine;

Except perhaps her imprint

As she gives me her golden hair;

In a field, while kneeling,

Being joined by the joy of life!

MATT (Continued)

There!
In the air!
In the open!
That's how I plan to wive!

HUCK

Son, you need pruning. Come inside and write SIMPLICITY two hundred times without stopping. Perhaps that will improve your style.

(MATT and HUCKLEBEE exit to upstage left of platform and sit, as MUSIC begins and BELLOMY enters on his side, carrying an enormous watering pail with a long spout)

BELL

That's right, drink away. Open up your thirsty little mouths.

(To audience)

I'm her father. And believe me, it isn't easy. Perhaps that's why I love vegetables. So dependable. You plant a radish, and you know what you're about. You don't get a turnip or a cabbage, no. Plant a turnip, get a turnip; plant a cabbage, get a cabbage. While with children -- I thought I had planted a turnip or at worst perhaps an avocado: something remotely useful. I'm a merchant -- I sell buttons. What need do I have for a rose? -- There she is. Missy, you must go inside.

LUISA

I've told you; I'm a princess.

BELL

You're a button-maker's daughter. Now, go inside as you're told. Our enemy is beyond that wall. Up to something: I can feel it! Him and his no-good son. Look out, you've stepped in my peppers. That settles it. I'll put a fence here by this wall. A high fence, with barbed stickers! An arsenal of wire!

LUISA

A fence is expensive, Papa.

BELL

Expensive? Well, I'll build it myself. Go inside; do as I tell you!

(LUISA exits to the rear of the platform and sits)

Is she gone? -- Ha, yes -- she's gone.

(Yodels)

Oh lady le di le da loo!

(HE puts his hand to his ear and we hear in the distance an answering yodel. BELLOMY yips with delight and rushes over to the bench as HUCKLEBEE does the same on his side. THEY scramble up the bench and noisily embrace over the "wall.")

Hucklebee! BELL

Bellomy! HUCK

Neighbor! BELL

Friend! HUCK

How's the gout? BELL

I barely notice. And your asthma? HUCK

A trifle. (Coughs) BELL
I endure it.

Well, it's nearly settled. HUCK

What is? BELL

The marriage. They're nearly ready. I hid in the bushes to listen. Oh, it's something! They're out of their minds with love! HUCK

Hurray. (Front) BELL

My son -- he is fantastic! HUCK

My daughter is fantastic, too. They're both of them mad. BELL

They are geese! HUCK

BELL

(To audience -- making sure THEY
get it)

It was a clever plan we had.
To build this wall.

HUCK

(Also to audience)

Yes. And to pretend the feud.

BELL

Just think if they knew
That we wanted them wed.

HUCK

A pre-arranged marriage --

BELL

They'd rather be dead!

(MUSIC. And BELL climbs over the
stick which the MUTE is still holding
up to represent the wall. Once BELL
has climbed over the stick to the
other "side", the MUTE removes himself
over to the large prop box, and we
forget the wall completely until we
need to suggest it again. All of
which means that now the FATHERS are
free to play this scene and song
without any make-believe wall to hamper
their movements. THEY are, in effect,
now in "another part of the garden")

HUCK

Children!

BELL

Lovers!

HUCK

Fantasticks!

BELL

Geese!

HUCK

How clever we are.

BELL

How crafty to know.

HUCK

To manipulate children,

BELL

You merely say "no."

(And THEY sing)

(SONG: NEVER SAY NO)

OHHHHHHHHH --

DOG'S GOT TO BARK; A MULE'S GOT TO BRAY.
SOLDIERS MUST FIGHT AND PREACHERS MUST PRAY.
AND CHILDREN, I GUESS, MUST GET THEIR OWN WAY
THE MINUTE THAT YOU SAY NO.

WHY DID THE KIDS POUR JAM ON THE CAT?
RASPBERRY JAM ALL OVER THE CAT?
WHY SHOULD THE KIDS DO SOMETHING LIKE THAT,
WHEN ALL THAT WE SAID WAS "NO"?

HUCK

MY SON WAS ONCE AFRAID TO SWIM;
THE WATER MADE HIM WINCE.
UNTIL I SAID HE MUSTN'T SWIM;
BEEN SWIMMIN' EVER SINCE!

BOTH

BEEN SWIMMIN' EVER SINCE!

OHHHHHHHHHH --

DOG'S GOT TO BARK; A MULE'S GOT TO BRAY.
SOLDIERS MUST FIGHT AND PREACHERS MUST PRAY.
AND CHILDREN, I GUESS, MUST GET THEIR OWN WAY
THE MINUTE THAT YOU SAY NO.

WHY DID THE KIDS PUT BEANS IN THEIR EARS?
NO ONE CAN HEAR WITH BEANS IN THEIR EARS.
AFTER A WHILE THE REASON APPEARS.
THEY DID IT CAUSE WE SAID "NO".

BELL

YOUR DAUGHTER BRINGS A YOUNG MAN IN,
SAYS 'DO YOU LIKE HIM, PA?'
JUST TELL HER HE'S A FOOL AND THEN,
YOU'VE GOT A SON-IN-LAW!

BOTH

YOU'VE GOT A SON-IN-LAW!

OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH --

SURE AS A JUNE COMES RIGHT AFTER MAY!
SURE AS THE NIGHT COMES RIGHT AFTER DAY!
YOU CAN BE SURE THE DEVIL'S TO PAY,
THE MINUTE THAT YOU SAY NO.
MAKE SURE YOU NEVER SAY --
NO!

BELL
But there's one problem left.

HUCK
How to end the feud?

BELL
Exactly; you guessed it.
We mustn't let them know.

HUCK
Oh no, if they knew --
We're finished.

BELL
We're through.

HUCK
I think I've found the answer.
It's delicious. Very theatrical.

BELL
Tell me.

HUCK
An abduction!

BELL
Who's abducted?

HUCK
Your daughter.

BELL
Who abducts her?

HUCK
A professional abductor.
I've hired the very man!

(EL GALLO, who has throughout this first portion of the play been seated in the shadows at the side, steps forward -- puts on his bandit hat -- and enters the scene with a flourish)

EL GALLO
Gentlemen, good evening.

HUCK
(Startled)
What the devil?

BELL
Who are you?

EL GALLO

I was sent for.

(Holds up note -- one of the colored squares from the Overture)

A maiden in distress.

HUCK

Of course, you are El Gallo.

(HE pronounces it American -- Gal-oh.)

EL GALLO

El Gallo.

(Which HE pronounces Spanish -- Gayo)

HUCK

Oh -- si, si.

(To BELLOMY)

See, this is what I was about to tell you. We hire this man to assist us. He starts to kidnap your daughter. My son runs in to save her. Then, a battle.

(HUCK and EL GALLO look at BELL, who doesn't seem to get it)

EL GALLO

I allow the boy to defeat me ...

HUCK

My son becomes a hero ... And the feud is over forever.

BELL

(HE finally gets it)

Oooh!

(To EL GALLO)

How much for such a drama?

EL GALLO

That, Senor, depends.

BELL

On what?

EL GALLO

What else? The quality of the Rape.

BELL

The WHAT?

(HE starts to leave, but THEY catch him)

EL GALLO

Forgive me. The attempted Rape. I know you prefer Abduction, but the proper word is Rape. It's short and business-like.

HUCK

I heard her speak of Sabine Women.

BELL

Well, it doesn't sound right to me!

EL GALLO

It is though, I assure you.

As a matter of fact, it's standard.

(Acts it out)

The lovers meet in secret. And so forth.

A group of villains interrupt them. And so forth.

The boy fights off pirates, Indians, bandits.

The parents relent. Happy ending. And so forth.

All of it quite standard.

BELL

What about the cost?

EL GALLO

Cost goes by type. In your case, I think I would recommend a "First Class".

BELL

You mean we get a choice?

EL GALLO

Yes, of course. With regular Union rates.

(Suddenly EL GALLO springs up on the platform bench, strikes a flamenco pose, and sings lustily, as the FATHERS sit on the center prop box to listen)

(SONG: IT DEPENDS ON WHAT YOU PAY)

EL GALLO

(Sings)

RAPE!

R-A-A-A-PE!

RAA-AA-AA-PE!

A PRETTY RAPE.

SUCH A PRETTY RAPE!

WE'VE THE OBVIOUS OPEN SCHOOLBOY RAPE,
WITH LITTLE MANDOLINS AND PERHAPS A CAPE,
THE RAPE BY COACH; IT'S LITTLE IN REQUEST.
THE RAPE BY DAY; BUT THE RAPE BY NIGHT IS BEST.

JUST TRY TO SEE IT,
AND YOU WILL SOON AGREE, SENORS,
WHY INVITE REGRET,
WHEN YOU CAN GET THE SORT OF RAPE
YOU'LL NEVER EVER FORGET!

EL GALLO (Continued)

YOU CAN GET THE RAPE EMPHATIC.
 YOU CAN GET THE RAPE POLITE.
 YOU CAN GET THE RAPE WITH INDIANS,
 A TRULY CHARMING SIGHT.
 YOU CAN GET THE RAPE ON HORSEBACK,
 THEY ALL SAY IT'S NEW AND GAY.
 SO YOU SEE THE SORT OF RAPE
 DEPENDS ON WHAT YOU PAY.
 IT DEPENDS ON WHAT YOU PAY.

HUCK: THE KIDS WILL LOVE IT.
 IT DEPENDS ON WHAT YOU -

BELL: PAY!

HUCK: SO WHY BE STINGY,
 IT DEPENDS ON WHAT YOU -

EL GALLO

(Dramatizing the whole thing)

THE SPECTACULAR RAPE, WITH COSTUMES ORDERED FROM THE
 EAST.

REQUIRES REHEARSAL -- AND TAKES A DOZEN MEN AT LEAST.
 A COUPLE OF SINGERS
 AND A STRING QUARTET. (BELL: Sounds expensive)
 A MAJOR PRODUCTION -- REQUIRES A SET.

JUST TRY TO SEE IT,
 AND YOU WILL SOON SI, SI, SENOR,
 WHY INVITE REGRET,
 WHEN YOU CAN GET THE SORT OF RAPE
 YOU'LL NEVER EVER FORGET!

YOU CAN GET THE RAPE EMPHATIC.
 YOU CAN GET THE RAPE POLITE.
 YOU CAN GET THE RAPE WITH INDIANS:
 A TRULY CHARMING SIGHT!
 YOU CAN GET THE RAPE ON HORSEBACK,
 THEY ALL SAY IT'S DISTINGUE!
 SO YOU SEE THE SORT OF RAPE
 DEPENDS ON WHAT YOU PAY.

EL GALLO AND HUCK

SO YOU SEE THE SORT OF RAPE
 DEPENDS ON WHAT YOU PAY.

EL GALLO

IT DEPENDS ON WHAT YOU PAY.

HUCK: SO WHY BE STINGY.
 IT DEPENDS ON WHAT YOU -

BELL: PAY, PAY, PAY!

HUCK: THE KIDS WILL LOVE IT;
 IT DEPENDS ON WHAT YOU -

EL GALLO

THE COMIC RAPE!

PERHAPS IT'S JUST A TRIFLE TOO UNIQUE. (HA HA)

ROMANTIC RAPE.

DONE WHILE CANOEING ON A MOONLIT CREEK (BELL: That's
kinda pretty)

THE GOTHIC RAPE!

I PLAY VALKYRIE ON A BASS BASSOON!

THE DRUNKEN RAPE.

IT'S DONE COMPLETELY IN A CHEAP SALOON. (BELL: Nothing
cheap!)

THE RAPE VENETIAN - NEEDS A BLUE LAGOON.

THE RAPE WITH MOONLIGHT - OR WITHOUT A MOON.

MOONLIGHT IS EXPENSIVE BUT IT'S IN DEMAND.

THE MILITARY RAPE, IT'S DONE WITH DRUMMERS AND A BAND.

YOU UNDERSTAND?

IT'S VERY GRAND!

IT'S DONE WITH DRUMS AND A GREAT BIG BRASS BAND!

YEAH!

SCOOBIDOOBI.

(EL GALLO leads the FATHERS around
the stage in a wild little dance as
the MUSIC becomes momentarily
boogie-woogie)

BELL

(Speaks)

It's so Spanish; that's why I like it!

HUCK

(Speaks)

I like it, too. Ai, yi, yi!

(Now the MUSIC becomes once more
Flamenco as EL GALLO and the
FATHERS begin to clap their hands
and click their heels in Spanish
fashion as THEY sing)

EL GALLO

JUST TRY TO SEE IT.

BELL

I SEE IT!

HUCK

I SEE IT!

EL GALLO

AND YOU WILL SOON SI, SI, SENOR.

WHY - INVITE REGRET,

WHEN YOU CAN GET THE SORT OF RAPE

YOU'LL NEVER EVER FORGET!

FATHERS

WE CAN GET THE RAPE EMPHATIC
WE CAN GET THE RAPE POLITE.
WE CAN GET THE RAPE WITH INDIANS
A TRULY CHARMING SIGHT.
WE CAN GET THE RAPE ON HORSEBACK,
THEY ALL SAY IT'S NEW AND GAY.
SO YOU SEE THE SORT OF RAPE
DEPENDS ON WHAT YOU PAY.
SO YOU SEE THE SORT OF RAPE
DEPENDS ON WHAT YOU PAY.
SO YOU SEE THE SORT OF RAPE
DEPENDS ON WHAT YOU PAY.
IT DEPENDS ON WHAT YOU PAY.
IT DEPENDS ON WHAT YOU PAY.
IT DEPENDS ON WHAT YOU PAY.

EL GALLO
OH, RAPE!
SWEET RAPE.
OH, RAPE.
AH - RAPE ----

RA -- AA -
AA -- AA -
AA -- PE!

ALL THREE

DEPENDS A LOT
ON WHAT YOU --

HUCK

(Speaks)
I say they're only young once
Let's order us a First Class!

ALL THREE

(Sing)
RA - AA - AA - PE! OLE!

EL GALLO

(With pad and pencil)
One Rape First Class.

BELL

With trimmings!

EL GALLO

(Makes note)
With trimmings. Now, let's see -- is it to be a big affair,
or intimate?

BELL

We thought -- just the children.

EL GALLO

I mean afterwards, at the party.

BELL

No. Just the immediately family.

EL GALLO

No guests? Perhaps a gathering on the lawn?

BELL

Too expensive. Just the immediate family will be enough.

EL GALLO

As you wish. That means the orchestra can go home. Still, big affairs are nice.

HUCK

Perhaps some other time.

EL GALLO

All right then. You'd better go home and rehearse your parts.

(And the FATHERS, as THEY exit, sing a short chorus of "DEPENDS ON WHAT YOU PAY", then THEY sit again on the back of the platform. Perhaps the MUTE may even hold up the stick again for a short second while BELL climbs back over to his "side." At all events, when THEY are seated, EL GALLO speaks to the audience)

EL GALLO

La. Time is rushing. And a major production to do. I need actors -- extra actors -- to stage my elaborate Rape. But I'm not worried. Something will turn up. I can sense it in the air.

(Drumbeat is heard from deep inside the Stage Right prop box)

There -- you hear? What did I tell you?

(The MUTE opens the prop box and MORTIMER emerges, dressed in a loin cloth and a feather, and playing a drum. HE is followed at once by HENRY, an ancient actor down on his luck)

HENRY

(Strikes a pose on d.c. box, after being helped onto it by MORTIMER)
Sir, the Players have arrived!

EL GALLO

Senor, the Players are most welcome.

HENRY

Don't look at us like we are, sir. Please. Remove ten pounds of road dust from these aged wrinkled cheeks. See make-up caked, in glowing powder pink! Imagine a beard, full blown and blowing, like the whiskers of a bear! And hair! Imagine hair. In a box I've got all colors, so I beg you -- imagine hair! -- And not these clothes. Oh no,

HENRY (Continued)

no no. Dear God, not rags like any beggar has. But see me in a doublet! Mortimer, fetch the doublet.

(MORTIMER sheathes him in a worn out doublet)

There -- Imagine! It's torn; I know -- forget it. It vanishes under light. That's it! That's the whole trick; try to see me under light! I recite. Say a cue. You'll see. I'll know it. Go on. Say one. Try me.

EL GALLO

"Friends, Romans, Countrymen."

HENRY

(Who has reached the platform, stops, and crosses back to EL GALLO)

It's what?

EL GALLO

"Friends, Romans, Countrymen."

HENRY

-- Don't tell me, I can get it. Let's see. "Friends, Romans, Countrymen".

(MORTIMER whispers it to him)

Why yes! Of course! That's easy. Why didn't you pick something hard?

(Strikes a pose)

Friends, Romans, Countrymen --
Screw your courage to the sticking place!
And be not sick and pale with grief
That thou -- her handmaidens --
Should be far more fair
Than she ...

How's that?

EL GALLO

Marvellous.

HENRY

Try to see it under light. I assure you it is dazzling. I'm Henry Albertson. Perhaps you recall my Hamlet?

EL GALLO

Of course.

HENRY

(Stunned)

You remember? Would you like to see the clippings?

EL GALLO

Perhaps later.

HENRY

As you wish. I preserve them. Who knows -- I may write a book someday. This is Mortimer; he does death scenes. He's been with me for forty years. Want to see one? He's an expert. Mortimer, die for the man.

(MORTIMER dies)

You see! What did I tell you! -- Now, down to business. You need Players?

EL GALLO

For a love scene. Have you done romantic drama?

HENRY

That sir, is my specialty. Have you never seen my Romeo?

EL GALLO

I'm afraid not.

HENRY

Oh well, I have the clippings.
(Starts to get them, but EL GALLO
grabs him)

EL GALLO

Henry, here's the path: We'll have these players play something like the abduction of the maiden before this lover --

HENRY

(Catching the spirit)
And if he but blench!

EL GALLO

We'll stand our ground. And fight until the lot of us is downed!

HENRY

Nobly done!

MORTIMER

(Rising from the dead, and speaking
with a very thick Cockney accent)
Where do you want me, 'enry?

HENRY

(Who has some trouble locating him
through his myopic eyes)
Hm? Oh! Off left, Mortimer. Indians are always off left.

MORTIMER

Wot's my cue?

HENRY

I'll tell you when it's time.

MORTIMER

Righto.

(And HE exits -- off stage left)

HENRY

(Calling out after him)

Don't forget, Mortimer: dress the stage, dress the stage.
Don't cluster up when you die.

(To EL GALLO)

Well, that does it, I think. I imagine we'd better hide.

EL GALLO

Oh, I nearly forgot. I promised them moonlight.

(HE snaps his fingers and a moon
drops into place as the MUTE hangs
a delicately tattered blue and green
drop between the back two poles, and
the stage lights become blue)

HENRY

Amazing!

EL GALLO

Beautiful, eh? A lover's moon --
Go ahead, Henry. I'll be right there.

(HENRY exits, and EL GALLO speaks
to the audience as the MUTE mimes
the sensations and the words)

You wonder how these things begin.

Well, this begins with a glen.

It begins with a Season, which, for want of a better word,
We might as well call September.

(MUSIC)

It begins with a forest where the woodchucks woo
And leaves wax green,

And vines entwine like lovers; try to see it:

Not with your eyes, for they are wise;

But see it with your ears:

The cool green breathing of the leaves.

And hear it with the inside of your hand:

The soundless sound of shadows flicking light.

Celebrate sensation.

Recall that secret place;

You've been there, you remember:

That special place where once --

Just once -- in your crowded sunlit lifetime,

You hid away in shadows from the tyranny of time.

That spot beside the clover

Where someone's hand held your hand,

EL GALLO (Continued)

And love was sweeter than the berries,
Or the honey,
Or the stinging taste of mint.
It is September,
Before a rainfall --
A perfect time to be in love.

(At the end of the speech MATT
and LUISA rise and come to the
downstage edges of the platform;
HE on the left and SHE on stage
right. The MUTE and EL GALLO
stand above them, on the platform,
watching)

Hello. MATT

Hello. LUISA

(THEY gaze at each other for a
minute)

My father is going to be very angry.

I know. So is mine. MATT

(The wind has begun to hum softly.
THEY are both a little awkward
and self-conscious)

We've never been here at night. LUISA

No. MATT

It's different from the day. LUISA

Are you frightened? MATT

Yes; no. LUISA

(SHE looks at him)
Brr. It's cold here. There's going to be a storm.

Would you like my jacket? MATT

LUISA
No thank you. Matt.

MATT
Yes?

LUISA
My hand is trembling.

MATT
Don't be afraid. Please.

LUISA
All right. I promise.

(EL GALLO signals for thunder.
LUISA rushes into MATT's arms as
the MUTE throws some paper leaves
into the air. Then EL GALLO retires
to the side)

MATT
(Soothingly)
There, there. It's all right.

LUISA
Matt, take care of me. Teach me. I don't want to be
awkward -- or afraid. I love you, Matt. I want there
to be a happy ending.

MATT
I promise that there will be.
(Kisses her)
Look.

LUISA
What?

MATT
(Smiles)
My hand is trembling too.

(SONG: SOON IT'S GONNA RAIN)

LUISA
(Sings)
HEAR HOW THE WIND BEGINS TO WHISPER,
SEE HOW THE LEAVES GO STREAMING BY.
SMELL HOW THE VELVET RAIN IS FALLING,
OUT WHERE THE FIELDS ARE WARM AND DRY.
NOW IS THE TIME TO RUN INSIDE AND STAY.
NOW IS THE TIME TO FIND A HIDEAWAY -
WHERE WE CAN STAY.

MATT

SOON IT'S GONNA RAIN;
 I CAN SEE IT.
 SOON IT'S GONNA RAIN;
 I CAN TELL.
 SOON IT'S GONNA RAIN;
 WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO?

SOON IT'S GONNA RAIN;
 I CAN FEEL IT.
 SOON IT'S GONNA RAIN;
 I CAN TELL.
 SOON IT'S GONNA RAIN;
 WHAT'LL WE DO WITH YOU?

WE'LL FIND FOUR LIMBS OF A TREE.
 WE'LL BUILD FOUR WALLS AND A FLOOR.
 WE'LL BIND IT OVER WITH LEAVES.
 THEN DUCK INSIDE TO STAY.

THEN WE'LL LET IT RAIN;
 WE'LL NOT FEEL IT.
 THEN WE'LL LET IT RAIN;
 RAIN PELL-MELL.
 AND WE'LL NOT COMPLAIN
 IF IT NEVER STOPS AT ALL.
 WE'LL LIVE AND LOVE
 WITHIN OUR OWN FOUR WALLS.

(THEY talk now, as the MUSIC
 continues)

Would you like for me to show you around the castle?

LUIZA

Oh yes, please.

MATT

The lookout tower. And the throne. And this, the family
 pride and joy: the ballroom!

LUIZA

My, how grand.

MATT

(Bows)
 Princess.

LUIZA

(Curtsies)
 Your highness.

(And THEY begin to dance -- at first
 grand and sweeping and then more and
 more tenderly as the wind continues to

swirl in. As the thunder rolls again, MATT pulls her up on the platform and the MUTE, standing above and behind the drape, sprinkles them with paper rain)

MATT

WE'LL FIND FOUR LIMBS OF A TREE.
WE'LL BUILD FOUR WALLS AND A FLOOR.
WE'LL BIND IT OVER WITH LEAVES,
THEN DUCK INSIDE TO STAY.

BOTH

THEN WE'LL LET IT RAIN;
WE'LL NOT FEEL IT.
THEN WE'LL LET IT RAIN;
RAIN PELL-MELL.
AND WE'LL NOT COMPLAIN
IF IT NEVER STOPS AT ALL.
WE'LL LIVE AND LOVE
WITHIN OUR CASTLE WALLS.

(MUSICAL NUMBER: RAPE BALLET)

(At the end of the number, HENRY comes creeping back in. HE signals for the audience to be quiet; then HE speaks to the MUSICIANS)

HENRY

Accelerando con molto!

(As the MUSIC begins for the Rape Ballet, HENRY calls out "Swords" to the MUTE, who rushes to the down center prop box and removes four wooden sticks. Then HENRY calls out:)

Indians, ready?
Indians - Rape!

(And MORTIMER springs out of his hiding place. HE snatches up the astonished LUISA right before the eyes of the equally astonished MATT and starts to carry her out Right. But HENRY, in a fury, interrupts him)

No, no. Off Left, damn it!

MORTIMER

All right, all right.

(And HE faithfully totes her left. By now MATT has recovered himself sufficiently to interrupt their

progress. HE struggles with MORTIMER as HENRY grabs up the disentangled LUISA. MORTIMER rushes over. HE and HENRY pick up the girl and try to carry her out -- each in a different direction, of course. The MUTE hands MATT the drum sticks to MORTIMER's Indian Drum, and MATT floors both the old actors with a mighty whop of the sticks. LUISA rushes up to her protector as HENRY struggles to his feet)

HENRY

(Feeling his head)

"A touch, A touch. I do confess it."

(Now, the moment is ripe for the big scene. HENRY rushes to the side and yells out: "Cavalry!" Which is the cue for EL GALLO to enter into the fray. EL GALLO sweeps on with a flourish. The MUTE supplies both HE and MATT with wood swords and THEY begin to fight. During the midst of their battle, EL GALLO is thrown to the side and HENRY catches him and yells out: "Once more, dear friends, into the breach!" At this signal the MUTE supplies HENRY and MORTIMER with stick swords and all three "villains" swordfight our young hero at once -- not at all unlike the Douglas Fairbanks movies of the good old days. THEY advance. THEY retreat. Then -- with a mighty push, MATT sends them all sprawling to the floor. MORTIMER rises, -- rushes forward -- is killed dramatically. HENRY rises -- and as HE charges, cries out --)

HENRY

"God for Harry, England, and Saint Geo - -- ough!"

(The last word becomes a vivid "ouch" as HE is wounded and falls dead. Only EL GALLO is left now. HE and MATT square off and have at it. For a while it's nip and tuck as the two men fight up and down the prop box, and upon the platform, and clash together every once in a while so that THEY stand gritting, tooth to tooth, across the criss-crossed sabers. In the end, EL GALLO allows himself to be defeated and HE dies in so grand a manner that even MORTIMER

cannot resist a look of admiration.
EL GALLO dies like a diva in the
opera, rising again and again from
the floor, to give one last dramatic,
agonized twitch)

(When EL GALLO goes down for the last
time, the MUSIC becomes jolly and
triumphant. The young lovers rush upon
the little platform and embrace in a
pretty tableau. The FATHERS rush in
too. And embrace too. And get upon
the platform to finish off the
"Living Statues" type of tableau)

(All these speeches are over MUSIC)

		LUISA
Matt!		
		MATT
Luisa!		
		HUCK
Son!		
		BELL
Daughter!		
		HUCK
Neighbor!	(To BELL)	
		BELL
Friend!	(To HUCK)	
		LUISA
	(To the world)	
I always knew there would be a happy ending!		
	(The MUSIC suddenly stops. THEY all freeze as EL GALLO rises, rather painfully from the dead)	
		EL GALLO
	(Feeling his back)	
I think I pulled something.		

MORTIMER

Oh, you get a bit sore at first; dying like that. It's
not the easiest thing in the business. But I like it.
I've been dying for forty years, ever since I was a boy.
Ah, you should have seen me in those days. I could die

MORTIMER (Continued)

backwards off a twenty foot cliff. People used to cry out:
"Die again, Mortimer -- die again!" But of course I never
did.

EL GALLO

(Smiles at HENRY)

Well, Henry. Are you off now?

HENRY

Yes. Going somewhere. There's not much left to the old
Company anymore -- just Mortimer and me. But we make out.
I recite Shakespeare. Mortimer dies. There's usually an
audience somewhere. Oh -- here's your moon.

(HENRY hands EL GALLO the
tattered cardboard moon)

EL GALLO

Thank you -- "Good night, Sweet Prince."

HENRY

(After first gently pushing
MORTIMER out of "his" light)

"And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest --
Why doth the drum come hither?" Remember, Mortimer, there
are no small actors -- only small parts.

(HENRY and MORTIMER step back
into the prop box, and -- just
before HE disappears under the
lid, HENRY looks out to the
audience and speaks)

Remember me -- in light!

(And HE is gone. EL GALLO looks
at the LOVERS and their PARENTS
still frozen on the stage. Like
a choral conductor, HE conducts
them in the short contrapuntal
selection called "HAPPY ENDING")

EL GALLO

(When THEY are through singing)

Very pretty, eh?
Worthy of Watteau.
A group of living statues:
What do they call it?
A tableau.

Hmmm.

I wonder if they can hold it.
They'll try to, I suppose.
And yet it won't be easy
To hold such a pretty pose.

EL GALLO (Continued)

We'll see.
We'll leave them for a little
Then we'll see.

(EL GALLO and the MUTE hang the
"FANTASTICKS" DRAPE, in front of
the actors)

Act One is over.
It's the Intermission now.

(As HE and the MUTE exit, the
stage lights quickly black-out)

END ACT ONE

ACT II

PROLOGUE

(When the intermission is over, and the MUSICIANS have returned to their places, there is a BLACKOUT. During this moment of silence, we can hear a rustle of movement as the ACTORS grope their way back into place. In the darkness, we hear a loud "Shhh!" answered by LUISA's plaintive voice: "But I can't see!"

Then a bit more movement. A heart-felt "Ouch" from the vicinity of the platform. And one final suppressed male "dammit" before the lights come up)

ACT II

EL GALLO re-enters, carrying the moon, and smiles at the audience. Then HE nods to the MUTE, who undoes the flap and lowers the curtain on the little platform stage. The PARENTS and the LOVERS are still there, poised in their pretty tableau. But THEY seem less graceful now, as if there were some pain involved in holding the pose so long.

EL GALLO

(Speaks over music)

Their moon was cardboard, fragile.
It was very apt to fray,
And what was last night scenic
May seem cynic by today.
The play's not done.
Oh no -- not quite,
For life never ends in the moonlit night;
And despite what pretty poets say,
The night is only half the day.

So we would like to truly finish
What was foolishly begun.
For the story is not ended
And the play is never done
Until we've all of us been burned a bit
And burnished by -- the sun!

(HE reverses the moon. On the other side is the sun. HE throws it into the air, making daylight. Then HE sits on the S.R. prop box. And one by one, the PARENTS and the CHILDREN begin to break from the tableau. Their eyes sting in the hot red sun. The music underneath is sour -- disgruntled. LUISA wilts first, letting her arm come down from the pose to rest on her FATHER's head, to his vast discomfort)

HUCK

Whew! It's hot.

BELL

What?

Hot! HUCK

Oh. Sssss -- BELL

(Chord of music, as THEY all try,
unsuccessfully, to regain the pose)

And now we can meet in the sunlight. LUISA

And now there is no more wall. MATT

Aren't we happy? LUISA

Yes. Aren't we. MATT

(Chord)

He looks different in the sunlight. LUISA
(Sitting down suddenly)

I'm not ready to get married yet. MATT
(Also sitting)

I thought he was taller, somehow. LUISA

When you get right down to it, she's only the girl
next door. MATT

(Chord)

Neighbor. HUCK

Friend. BELL

In-law. HUCK

Ugh. BELL

(Chord)

HUCK
This is what we've always wanted.
Our gardens are one.

BELL
We're merged.

HUCK
Related.

BELL
Amalga-

HUCK
Mated.

BELL
Well.

(Chord! As MATT and LUISA step
down off the platform, HUCK gets
his clippers and BELL his watering
pail)

LUISA
What shall we do today?

MATT
Whatever you say.

LUISA
And tomorrow?

MATT
The same!

(Chord!)

I wonder where that road goes.

LUISA
I'd like to swim in a clear blue stream --

(Chord)

HUCK
(Looking testily at BELL)
Water, water, water!

BELL
What did you say?

HUCK
I said, Water, Water, Water!

Clip, Clip, Clip! BELL

What? HUCK

You're clipping my cumquat! BELL

Rot! HUCK

(The music for the quartet has begun as the FOUR PRINCIPALS pace back and forth, MATT and LUISA eating plums which the MUTE has given to them)

(SONG: THIS PLUM IS TOO RIPE)

This plum is too ripe! LUISA

Sorry. MATT

(Music)

Please don't watch me while I'm eating.

Sorry. LUISA

(Music)

You're about to drown that magnolia! HUCK

Sorry! BELL

(Music)

You're -- standing -- in -- my -- CUMQUAT!

SORRY! HUCK

(And the quartet begins, first as solos, and then as a round)

LUISA

TAKE AWAY THE GOLDEN MOONBEAM.
TAKE AWAY THE TINSEL SKY.
WHAT AT NIGHT SEEMS OH SO SCENIC,
MAY BE CYNIC BY AND BY.

MATT

TAKE AWAY THE PAINTED SUNSET.
TAKE AWAY THE BLUE LAGOON.
WHAT AT NIGHT SEEMS OH SO SCENIC,
MAY BE CYNIC MUCH TOO SOON.

BELL

TAKE AWAY THE SECRET MEETINGS.
TAKE AWAY THE CHANCE TO FIGHT.
WHAT AT NIGHT SEEMS OH SO SCENIC
MAY BE CYNIC IN THE LIGHT.

HUCK

TAKE AWAY THE SENSE OF DRAMA.
TAKE AWAY THE PUPPET PLAY.
WHAT AT NIGHT SEEMS OH SO SCENIC
MAY BE CYNIC BY TODAY.

ALL

SO TAKE IT AWAY AND PAINT IT UP RIGHT!
YES, TAKE IT AWAY AND DECORATE IT!
SO TAKE IT AWAY, THAT SUN IS TOO BRIGHT!
I SAY THAT IT REALLY IS A PITY;
IT USED TO BE SO PRETTY.

(And now the round, ending with)

MATT

(Spoken)
This plum is too ripe!

ALL

SORRY!

HUCK

(When the music is over)
I was a fool to tear down that wall.

BELL

So was I. I hate people tromping in my garden!

LUISA

Please. No fighting.
You see, I come like Cassandra
With a figleaf in my hand.

BELL

It was Minerva.

HUCK
And that's a plum sprout.

LUISA
(Insulted)
Well!

MATT
Don't mind them, Dear.
I think they're jealous.

HUCK
(Surprised)
Jealous?

MATT
Of us. Of our passion -- and our youth.

BELL
Fantastic!

MATT
You see -- they are jealous!

LUISA
It's sweet -- just like drama.
Fathers always play the fool.

HUCK
I could speak, if I chose to --

MATT
Speak what?

BELL
Shh. Better not.

HUCK
No. I'll be silent.
(To MATT)
But you'd better not push it much further.

MATT
(Laughs)
You forget that I'm a hero.
After all, there's my record --

LUISA
And my rape!

MATT
Ah, what swordplay! Now, that was really living!

MATT

I beg your pardon?

HUCK

I say that you're an ass!

MATT

(Laughs)

Charming!

LUISA

(Also laughing)

Isn't it? He behaves like a pantaloon!

HUCK

By God, that does it!

BELL

Wait!

HUCK

No. I'm no pantaloon!

You think that walls come tumbling down?

You think that brigands find an open gate --

The way prepared -- You think it's Fate?

MATT

What do you mean?

HUCK

You think that fathers play the fool
To children barely out of school?

LUISA

They do in books.

HUCK

In books, maybe.

It's not the same in reality.

No, children --

Children act on puppet stages

Prepared by parents' hard-won wages.

(EL GALLO hands bill to BELL,
who nearly faints when HE sees
it)

Or do you think such things can be?

You think a First Class Rape comes free!

(BELL hands bill to HUCK)

By God, look at that; it's the villain's fee!

MATT
 What is this?

BELL
 An itemized bill for your pretty little Rape.

LUISA
 But the feud?

HUCK
 We arranged it.

MATT
 And the wall?

BELL
 Built to fall.

MATT
 I don't believe it.

HUCK
 Read on, Macduff!

MATT
 (Reads)
 "Item -- a silver piece for actor to portray Indian Raiding Party -- body paint included."
 "Item -- a piece in gold to the famous El Gallo for allowing himself to seem wounded by a beardless, callow boy."
 "Item -- one moon -- "
 (MATT looks up)
 I see you spared no pains.

LUISA
 You mean it wasn't real? The Bandit? The moonlight -- ?

MATT
 Everything!

LUISA
 But it isn't fair. We didn't need your moon, or bandits. We're in love! We could have made our own moons!

BELL
 (Touched)
 My child.

MATT
 (Very bitter)
 We were just puppets!

BELL

(To HUCK)
You see. You've spoiled everything!

HUCK

I told you it wouldn't work.

BELL

You told? You? Why, you liar.
Get out of my cumquat!

HUCK

Damn your cumquat!
(And HE clips it down to the
ground as BELL gasps in horror)

BELL

That does it! You're a murderer!

HUCK

And you're a fool.

BELL

Let go of my arm!

HUCK

Stop clipping my hat!

(THEY struggle briefly)

BELL

By God, that does it! I'm going to build up my wall!

HUCK

I too!

BELL

I'll lime mine up with bottles!

HUCK

I'll jag mine up with glass!

EL GALLO

(Comes center to break up the
fight)

Pardon me.

FATHERS

Damn!

(And THEY exit)

MATT

Wait!

(Springs up)

LUISA

Oh look! It's my bandit.

MATT

You are --

(Looks at the bill)

El Gallo?

EL GALLO

Sometimes.

(And again HE puts on the
bandit hat)

MATT

About this bill. I think you earned it rather easily.

EL GALLO

You made it easy to earn.

MATT

That's true. But now I will make it harder. Where is my
sword! Somebody get me a sword!

EL GALLO

Nice boy.

(The MUTE hands MATT a sword --
a real one this time)

MATT

En garde!

(MATT lunges forward furiously)

(EL GALLO does not draw his sword,
but defends himself with his naked
hand, like a master giving a fencing
lesson)

EL GALLO

Up a bit with the wrist.
That foot back more.
Aim at the entrails.
That's good -- encore!
Thrust One -- Thrust Two;
Bend the knee -- Thrust Three!

But then be sure to parry --
Like this, see.

(HE disarms MATT and throws the
sword back to the MUTE)

Another lesson?

MATT

God, I'm a fool!

Always bragging.

LUISA

Don't be sarcastic.

MATT

I shall be sarcastic whenever I choose.

LUISA

You think I couldn't do it?

MATT

I think you'd better grow up.

LUISA

Grow up! Grow up!
And this from a girl who is sixteen!

MATT

Girls mature faster.

LUISA

No. This can't be happening.
If I'm not mad,
If I'm not gloriously insane,
Then I'm just me again.
And if I'm me --
Then I can see.

MATT

What?

LUISA

Everything. All the flaws.
You're childish.

MATT

(Lightly)
Child-like.

LUISA

Silly.

MATT

Soulful.

LUISA

And you have freckles!

MATT

(Suddenly outraged)
That's a lie!

LUISA

MATT

I can see them under those pounds of powder. Look.
(Smears powder with his thumb)
Freckles!

LUISA

I hate you.

MATT

You see: self deception. It's a sign of immaturity to wear lavender perfume before you're forty.

LUISA

You're a poseur. I've heard you talking in the garden, walking around reciting romantic poems about yourself. Ha -- the bold hero.

MATT

You're adolescent.

LUISA

Ahh!

(And SHE slaps him. There is a pause. Then as THEY speak, their anger is underscored by music)

MATT

Beyond that road lies adventure.

LUISA

I'm going to take my hair down and go swimming in the stream.

MATT

You'll never hear of me again my dear. I've decided to be bad.

LUISA

I'll sit up all night and sing songs to the moon.

MATT

I'll drink and gamble! I'll grow a moustache. I'll find my madness -- somewhere, out there.

LUISA

I'll find mine too. I'll have an affair!

MATT

Goodbye forever!

LUISA

See if I care!

(And THEY break and start for different sides of the stage. But just before THEY exit, THEY suddenly stop -- frozen in their tracks -- as EL GALLO snaps his fingers. HE looks at them understandingly, then HE goes to LUISA and picks a tear from her cheek as the lights grow darker)

EL GALLO

This tear is enough -- this tiny tear --
To save the entire world.

(HE carefully puts it in his pocket)

A boy may go;
The girl must stay.
This runs the world away.

(LUISA walks up right, her back to the audience. MATT is still frozen front, caught in the middle of a dream)

See, he sees it.
And the world seems very grand.

(The music has begun, and now MATT sings, as EL GALLO echoes him cynically)

(SONG: I CAN SEE IT)

MATT

BEYOND THAT ROAD LIES A SHINING WORLD.

EL GALLO

BEYOND THAT ROAD LIES DESPAIR.

MATT

BEYOND THAT ROAD LIES A WORLD THAT'S GLEAMING --

EL GALLO

PEOPLE WHO ARE SCHEMING.

MATT

BEAUTY!

EL GALLO

HUNGER.

MATT

GLORY!

EL GALLO

SORROW.

MATT

Never a pain or care.

EL GALLO

He's liable to find a couple of surprises there.

(Now EL GALLO sings and MATT echoes)

THERE 'S A SONG HE MUST SING;
IT'S A WELL-KNOWN SONG
BUT THE TUNE IS BITTER
AND IT DOESN'T TAKE LONG TO LEARN.

MATT

I CAN LEARN!

EL GALLO

THAT PRETTY LITTLE WORLD THAT BEAMS SO BRIGHT.
THAT PRETTY LITTLE WORLD THAT SEEMS DELIGHTFUL
CAN BURN!

MATT

LET ME LEARN!
LET ME LEARN!

(And as the tempo picks up, MATT sings of his vision)

FOR I CAN SEE IT!
SHINING SOMEWHERE!
BRIGHT LIGHTS SOMEWHERE INVITE ME TO COME THERE
AND LEARN!
AND I'M READY!

I CAN HEAR IT!
SIRENS SINGING!
INSIDE MY EAR I HEAR THEM ALL SINGING
COME LEARN!

WHO KNOWS -- MAYBE --
ALL THE VISIONS THAT I SEE
MAY BE WAITING JUST FOR ME
TO SAY -- TAKE ME THERE, AND

MAKE ME SEE IT!
MAKE ME FEEL IT!
I KNOW IT'S SO, I KNOW THAT IT REALLY
MAY BE!
LET ME LEARN!
I CAN SEE IT!

EL GALLO

HE CAN SEE IT.

MATT

SHINING SOMEWHERE!

EL GALLO

SHINING SOMEWHERE.

THOSE LIGHTS NOT ONLY GLITTER, BUT ONCE THERE --
THEY BURN!

MATT

I CAN SEE IT!
I CAN HEAR IT!

EL GALLO

HE CAN HEAR IT.

MATT

SIRENS SINGING!

EL GALLO

SIRENS SINGING.

DON'T LISTEN CLOSE OR MAYBE YOU'LL NEVER
RETURN!

MATT

I CAN HEAR IT.

BOTH

WHO KNOWS -- MAY BE --
ALL THE VISIONS HE (I) CAN SEE --
MAY BE WAITING JUST FOR ME
TO SAY -- TAKE ME THERE -- AND SAY

MATT

I CAN SEE IT!
SHINING SOMEWHERE!
LET ME SEE IT!
TAKE ME THERE AND MAKE ME PART OF IT!

MAKE ME SEE THOSE SHINING SIGHTS INSIDE OF ME!

EL GALLO

MAKE HIM SEE IT!

MATT

MAKE ME FEEL THOSE LIGHTS INSIDE DON'T LIE TO ME!

EL GALLO

MAKE HIM FEEL IT!

MATT

I KNOW IT'S SO I KNOW THAT IT REALLY
MAY BE.
IT'S WHAT I'VE ALWAYS WAITED FOR!
THIS IS WHAT MY LIFE'S CREATED FOR!

BOTH

LET ME (HIM) LEARN!

EL GALLO

(Speaks when the music is over)

The world will teach him
 Very quickly
 The secret he needs to know.
 A certain parable about Romance;
 And so -- we let him go.

We commit him to the tender mercies
 Of that most stringent teacher -- Time.
 But just so there's no slip-up
 We'll add a bit -- of spice.

(MUTE opens the prop box and MORTIMER
 sticks his head out, dressed in pirate
 garb with a patch across his eye. HE
 is joined soon by HENRY, in a lamentable
 long blond wig and carrying a tambourine)

MORTIMER

Hold on there a minute, Matie!

MATT

What?

HENRY

And where may you be going, my fiery-eyed young friend?
 Don't answer; I can see it in your eyes.

MORTIMER

I see it too -- them beady eyes!

HENRY

You go for the goose -- the golden goose that lays the
 platinum-plated egg, right? Right! I am Lodevigo --
 just like yourself -- a young man looking for the pleasant
 pinch of adventure.

MATT

Young man!

HENRY

Yes! And to your left, observe this seamy individual;
 he is my companion who goes by the name of -- Socrates.

MORTIMER

I'm Roman.

HENRY

Romanoff, he means. A blue-blood.
 He is descended from the Czars.

MATT

The Czars?

HENRY

He is, in fact, the noblest Romanoff of them all.
But enough of chit-chat.

MORTIMER

Enough. Enough.

HENRY

You long for adventure? We will take you,
won't we, Socci?

MORTIMER

We'll take him, all right!

HENRY

To the places you've dreamed of --
Venice -- Egypt! Ah -- Egypt --
(And HE suddenly falls and is
caught by MORTIMER)
"I am dying, Egypt!" -- that's a line from
something. I don't recall just what.

MATT

I thought I would --

HENRY

Seek your fortune! Exactly why we're here.
Right, Socci?

MORTIMER

Right, Loddi. We're going to give you the works!

HENRY

The fireworks, he means.

MATT

It was my intention --

HENRY

Forget intentions! They paved the road to hell.
We'll see to your education.

MORTIMER

We know all the ropes!

HENRY

And the ropes to skip, as well!

MORTIMER

'Eathen idols!

HENRY

Whirling girlies!

MORTIMER

Tipsy gypsies!

HENRY
 Fantastic beauty -- just waiting to be unzipped!

MATT
 But I --

HENRY
 (Clapping his hand over MATT's
 mouth)
 Don't bother to thank us!

MORTIMER
 (Doing likewise)
 Right! Let's hurry, Loddi -- Hurry!

BOTH
 (Singing as THEY up-end him)
 BEYOND THAT ROAD --
 IS AN EPISODE --
 AN EPISODE --
 AN EPISODE --
 BEYOND THAT ROAD IS AN EPISODE --
 LOOK OUT, YOU NEARLY TRIPPED!
 HIP. HIP!
 BEYOND THAT ROAD IS AN EPISODE,
 AN EPISODE, AN EPISODE --
 BEYOND THAT ROAD IS AN EPISODE --
 JUST WAITING TO BE UNZIPPED!
 HEY!

(THEY exit through the auditorium
 carrying MATT)

(As EL GALLO continues to talk, the
 MUTE comes back in and begins to
 build a wall where the old one used
 to be. It might be of tissue -- or
 of lights -- or, simply the long
 wood bench placed center to stand
 for the wall)

EL GALLO
 Now grant me in your minds a month.
 October is over and the sky grows gray.
 A month goes by,
 It's a little bit colder.
 A month goes by.
 We're one month older.

(EL GALLO steps back in the shadows.
 In just a moment, BELLOMY comes in,
 wearing his winter scarf)

BELL
 (To MUTE)
 That's fine. There's nothing better than a good thick

BELL (Continued)
 wall. Keep working, friend. Keep working!

(HE exits, and HUCKLEBEE comes in on his side. HE too sports a winter scarf)

HUCK
 Still progressing? Good. We want to get it finished before snowfall.

(HE exits, and BELLOMY returns, with a fur hat)

BELL
 Hmm. Getting colder. I'll just take a look at the wall. Fine! Keep on working -- Lord, this weather makes a man feel old.

(Exit. Enter HUCKLEBEE, with earmuffs)

HICK
 Not a word. He's been gone for a month, and I haven't had a single word.

(To the MUTE)

How's it going? Hmm? Oh, I forgot. You're not supposed to talk.

(HUCKLEBEE sits in his garden as BELLOMY reappears, all bundled up in a coat)

BELL
 Luisa? -- Now dear, listen. It's silly to stand in the garden. You'll catch pneumonia. You'll catch asthma. Luisa?

(No response)

Well, anyway -- I brought you a little shawl.

(The FATHERS see each other. THEY hesitate, and then bow gravely. Then THEY stand, face to face, watching the MUTE at work)

(To the MUTE)

I don't suppose you'd care to see my garden?

HUCK
 He won't answer.

BELL
 I don't recall addressing that remark to you, sir.

HUCK
 He's not supposed to speak.

BELL
 Oh -- Oh, well.
 (THEY pace, then BELLOMY starts forward)

By the way -- BELL (Continued)

Yes? (Eagerly) HUCK

Oh -- nothing. BELL

(THEY pace. And then HUCKLEBEE begins to chuckle)

What's so funny?

I was just thinking how we used to meet. HUCK

(Smiles) BELL
Climbing over the wall.

Secret meetings -- HUCK

Just to play a little game of cards. BELL

(THEY both laugh in delight)

(Becoming serious)
How's your son?

Not a word. HUCK

He'll come back -- When he runs out of your money. BELL

Thank you. And your daughter? HUCK

Like a statue. Does nothing but dream all day. BELL

Pity. -- How's your garden? HUCK

Growing! BELL

Mine too. HUCK

BOTH (Continued)

PLANT A BEANSTALK;
GET A BEANSTALK.
JUST THE SAME AS JACK.
THEN IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT,
YOU CAN ALWAYS TAKE IT BACK!

BUT IF YOUR ISSUE
DOESN'T KISS YOU,
THEN I WISH YOU LUCK.
FOR ONCE YOU'VE PLANTED CHILDREN,
YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY STUCK!

EVERY TURNIP GREEN!
EVERY KIDNEY BEAN!
EVERY PLANT GROWS ACCORDING TO THE PLOT!
WHILE WITH PROGENY,
IT'S HODGE-PODGENEE,
FOR AS SOON AS YOU THINK YOU KNOW WHAT KIND YOU'VE GOT
IT'S WHAT THEY'RE NOT!

SO
PLANT A CABBAGE;
GET A CABBAGE;
NOT A SAUERKRAUT!
THAT'S WHY I LOVE VEGETABLES,
YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE ABOUT!

LIFE IS MERRY
IF IT'S VERY
VEGITARI -- AN.
A MAN WHO PLANTS A GARDEN
IS A VERY HAPPY MAN!

HE'S A VEGITARI --
VERY MERRY --
VEGITARI -- AN!

BELL

(When the song is over)
Say, what about that game of pinochle?

HUCK

I prefer poker.

BELL

All right, but let's hurry!

HUCK

You still owe me from last time.

(To the MUTE)

You keep on working.

BELL

(As THEY exit)

He's a nice chap.

(Now THEY are gone. The MUTE places a stool or perhaps a ladder up center for EL GALLO to sit on. Then the MUTE exits to the side. LUISA meanwhile has begun to come out of her trance)

LUISA

Oh! Oh! Oh!

(Sings)

I'd like to swim in a clear blue stream
Where the water is icy cold.
Then go to town in a golden gown
And have my fortune told.

EL GALLO

(Sings)

Just once!
Just once!
Just once before I'm old!

LUISA

(Looking up at him)

It's my bandit!

EL GALLO

Your bandit, yes.

LUISA

What are you doing up in that tree?

EL GALLO

Growing ripe.

LUISA

Don't grow too ripe or you'll fall.

EL GALLO

Very wise.

LUISA

What do you see from up there?

EL GALLO

Everything.

LUISA

Really?

EL GALLO

Nearly.

LUISA
 Do you see Matt?
 EL GALLO
 Do you care?
 LUISA
 No, I just wondered.
 Can I climb up there beside you?
 EL GALLO
 You can if you can.
 LUISA
 (Climbs up beside him. The stage
 is dark now, and only the "TREE"
 is lit)
 There!
 I don't see everything.
 EL GALLO
 It takes a little while.
 LUISA
 All I see is my own house. And Matt's.
 And the wall.
 EL GALLO
 And that's all?
 LUISA
 All.
 Is it fun to be a bandit?
 EL GALLO
 It has its moments.
 LUISA
 I think it must be fun.
 Tell me,
 Do you ride on a great white horse?
 EL GALLO
 I used to.
 LUISA
 But no longer?
 EL GALLO
 I developed a saddle rash.
 Very painful.
 LUISA
 How unglamorous.
 I never heard of a hero
 Who had a saddle rash.

EL GALLO

Oh, it happens. Occupational hazard.

LUISA

Tell me,
What is your favourite plunder?

EL GALLO

Plunder?
I think that's Pirates.

LUISA

Well then, booty.

EL GALLO

You've been reading too many books.

LUISA

Well, you must steal something!

EL GALLO

I steal fancies. I steal whatever is treasured most.

LUISA

That's more like it --
Precious rubies!

EL GALLO

(Looking at her necklace)
Precious rhinestones.

LUISA

Rhinestones?

EL GALLO

Can be precious.
It depends on the point of view.

LUISA

Well, it doesn't sound very sound.
Economically, I mean.

EL GALLO

(Touched, in spite of himself)
Pretty child.

LUISA

Do you think so?
Do I attract you?

EL GALLO

Somewhat.

LUISA

Oh, but that's splendid!
Look, see this ribbon.
That's where you gave me a bruise.

EL GALLO

I'm so sorry.
(And gently HE kisses her arm)

LUISA

Don't be silly. I adore it!
I kiss it three times every day.
Tell me,
Have you seen the world?

EL GALLO

A bit, yes.

LUISA

Is it like in the books?

EL GALLO

Depends on which books you read.

LUISA

The adventures. The Romances.
"Cast off thy name.
A rose by any other name -- "
Do you know that?

EL GALLO

Sounds familiar.

LUISA

"Put up thy sword. The dew will rust it!"
That's Othello. He was older than Desdemona,
But she loved him because he had seen the world.
Of course he killed her.

EL GALLO

Of course. (Dryly)

LUISA

"It's a far better thing that I do now
than I have ever done before!"
Isn't that beautiful? That man was beheaded.

EL GALLO

I'm not surprised.

LUISA

Take me there!

Where?
EL GALLO

To the parties! To the world!
LUISA

But I'm a bandit.
There is a price upon my head.
EL GALLO

I was hoping that there would be!
LUISA

You and I!
Us together!
EL GALLO

Yes. Dancing forever and forever!
LUISA

(MUSIC. And as EL GALLO sings,
HE holds his hand above her -- her
eyes closed -- as if casting her
in a trance)

(SONG: ROUND AND ROUND)

EL GALLO
(Sings)
ROUND AND ROUND
TILL THE BREAK OF DAY.
CANDIES GLOW,
FIDDLES PLAY.
WHY NOT BE WILD IF WE FEEL THAT WAY?
RECKLESS AND TERRIBLY GAY!

ROUND AND ROUND,
NEATH A MAGIC SPELL.
VELVET GOWN,
PINK LAPEL.
LIFE IS A COLORFUL CAROUSEL.
RECKLESS AND TERRIBLY GAY!

(HE lifts her off their "tree"
perch onto the stage floor)

LUISA
I'M READY ANYTIME.
IF YOU'LL TAKE ME, I'M
READY TO GO!

SO SHOW THE WAY TO ME,
I WILL TRY TO BE,
READY TO GO!

EL GALLO

I SEEM TO SEE VENICE
 WE'RE ON A LAGOON.
 A GOLDOLIER'S CROONING
 A GONDOLA TUNE.
 THE AIR MAKES YOUR HAIR BILLOW BLUE IN THE MOON.

LUISA

I COULD SWOON!

EL GALLO

YOU'RE SO BLUE IN THE MOON!

(And now THEY begin to dance.
 The MUTE hands her a mask -- a
 paper mask of a blank face; a
 laughing-hollow mask; a stylish
 face that is frozen forever into
 unutterable joy. This mask is
 upon a little hand-stick -- so
 that when held in front of one's
 visage, it blocks out any little
 tell-tale traces of compassion or
 of horror)

(As LUISA and EL GALLO go on
 dancing, we see -- in a stylized
 blaze of light -- MORTIMER and
 HENRY up on the platform stage --
 waving "flames" of torn red silk.
 At first THEY are gondoliers --
 but as the action gets wilder, THEY
 change into rioting peasants. In
 each of these sequences, it is
 poor MATT who is the object of
 their fury)

LUISA

(Spoken)

Look at the peasants.
 They're lighting candelabras.
 No, I believe they're lighting torches.
 Yes see --
 They've started burning the palaces.
 -- There goes the Doge!

HENRY

A rivederci!

LUISA

Oh, what fun!
 I adore pyrotechnics!

(Suddenly MORTIMER and HENRY set MATT on fire -- in a bright red spotlight -- and LUISA gasps in horror)

LUISA (Continued)
That man -- look out; he's burning.
My God, he's on fire!

EL GALLO
(Pleasantly)
Keep on dancing.

LUISA
But he's burning --

EL GALLO
Just put up your mask --
Then it's pretty.

MATT
Help! Help!

(EL GALLO raises the mask to her face, and -- almost against her will, SHE begins to laugh and babble)

LUISA
Oh yes, isn't he beautiful!
He's all sort of orange.
Red-orange.
That's one of my favorite colors!

MATT
Help!

LUISA
You look lovely!

(MORTIMER and HENRY pull MATT down and out of sight as the MUTE holds up a silk cloth to shield them -- the effect being rather like a Punch and Judy show that is being performed on the platform)

EL GALLO
(As LUISA sings a wild obligato)
WE 'LL JUST
DANCE!
WE 'LL KICK UP OUR HEELS TO MUSIC
AND DANCE!

EL GALLO (Continued)

UNTIL MY HEAD REELS WITH MUSIC
LIKE A LOVELY REAL ROMANCE.
ALL WE 'LL DO IS DAILY DANCE.

ALL WE 'LL DO IS JUST DANCE.
ALL WE 'LL DO IS JUST DANCE.
ALL WE 'LL DO IS JUST --

LUISA

(Speaks)

Whee. I'm exhausted.

EL GALLO

(Speaks)

But you can't be.
The evening's just started!

(MUSIC. As HE starts singing
again)

ROUND AND ROUND
TILL THE BREAK OF DAY.
CANDLES GLOW.
FIDDLES PLAY.
WHY NOT BE WILD IF WE FEEL THAT WAY.
RECKLESS AND TERRIBLY GAY!

LUISA

I'M READY ANYTIME,
IF YOU'LL TAKE ME, I'M
READY TO GO!

SO SHOW THE WAY TO ME,
I WILL TRY TO BE,
READY TO GO!

EL GALLO

I SEEM TO SEE ATHENS, IT'S TERRIBLY CHIC.
ATOP THE ACROPLIS, IT'S TERRIBLY GREEK.
THERE 'S VENUS, ADONIS, 'N US -- CHEEK TO CHEEK.

LUISA

OH HOW CHIC!

EL GALLO

TO BE GREEK CHEEK TO CHEEK!

(Once more we see MORTIMER and HENRY
in colorful attire. And once more
MATT is along with them. HE is ragged
and disheveled -- and HE is much the
worse for wear)

LUISA

Observe the friendly natives!
La, how gay.

Look dear, they're beating a monkey.
Isn't that fun.

I wonder why anyone should be beating a monkey?
Oh no, that's it.
It's not a monkey at all.
It's a man dressed in a monkey suit.

That man -- they've hurt him!

EL GALLO

Put up the mask.

LUISA

But he is wounded.

EL GALLO

The Mask! The Mask!

MATT

Help!

(And once more EL GALLO presses
the sophisticated mask up to her
face)

LUISA

Oh, isn't that cute.
They're beating a man in a monkey suit.
It's a show. La, how jolly.
Don't stop; it's charming.
Don't stop.

MATT

Help!

LUISA

That's it. Writhe some more.

(And the "puppets" disappear again,
as the MUTE holds up the cloth in
front of them)

EL GALLO

WE'LL JUST
DANCE!
WE'LL KICK UP OUR HEELS TO MUSIC
AND DANCE!
UNTIL MY HEAD REELS WITH MUSIC
LIKE A LOVELY REAL ROMANCE.
ALL WE'LL DO IS DAILY DANCE.

EL GALLO (Continued)

ALL WE'LL DO IS JUST DANCE.
ALL WE'LL DO IS JUST DANCE.
ALL WE'LL DO IS JUST --

LUISA

(Speaks)

Couldn't we just sit this one out?

EL GALLO

(Speaks)

Ridiculous! When there's music to be danced to -- play gypsies!

BOTH

(With the whole company singing
in the background)

ROUND AND ROUND
NEATH A MAGIC SPELL.
VELVET GOWN.
PINK LAPEL.
LIFE IS A COLORFUL CAROUSEL.
RECKLESS AND TERRIBLY GAY.

LUISA

I'M READY ANYTIME.
IF YOU'LL TAKE ME, I'M
READY TO GO!

SO SHOW THE WAY TO ME,
I WILL TRY TO BE,
READY TO GO!

EL GALLO

WE'LL BE IN BEGASI OR MAYBE BOMBAY.
I UNDERSTAND INDJA IS TERRIBLY GAY.
THE NATIVES ASSEMBLE ON FEAST DAY AND PLAY

LUISA

WITH THEIR SNAKES!

EL GALLO

WHAT A RACKET IT MAKES!

LUISA

I think I'm going to love Indja.
Such a big population, and
I adore crowds!
Oh look, there's a fakir --
Hi, Fakir!

HENRY

(A bit confused)

A rivederci!

LUISA

See -- he's there with his assistants.
They all know Yogi --
And they're just loads of fun!
There's one -- a young one --
They're putting him down on some nails.

(SHE puts down her mask)

If he fails,
He'll be cut to bits by those nails.

MATT

Help!

LUISA

Someone help him.

EL GALLO

The mask!

LUISA

But he's bleeding!

EL GALLO

Mask!

LUISA

Horrible!

EL GALLO

MASK!

(And HE forces it up to her face.
Once more, the transition)

LUISA

Go on. Sit down harder.
He's a sissy.
I don't believe he's a real fakir.
They never complain.
He's a fake fakir.

MATT

Help!

LUISA

Fake!

EL GALLO, LUISA and COMPANY

WE'LL --
JUST --
DANCE -- !

EL GALLO, LUISA and COMPANY (Continued)

WE'LL KICK UP OUR HEELS TO MUSIC
AND DANCE!

UNTIL MY HEAD REELS WITH MUSIC.
LIKE A LOVELY REAL ROMANCE,
ALL WE'LL DO IS DAILY

I CAN SEE THE FRIENDLY NATIVES!

ALL WE'LL DO IS JUST DANCE.
ALL WE'LL DO IS JUST DANCE.
ALL WE'LL DO IS JUST -- ROUND AND ROUND IN A MAGIC
SPELL.
ALL WE'LL DO IS JUST; ALL WE'LL DO IS JUST; ALL WE'LL
DO IS JUST --
DANCE!

(At the end of the number, HENRY,
MORTIMER and MATT have gone, and
LOUISA and EL GALLO are back in the
tree, exactly like the scene before)

EL GALLO

Now hurry. You must pack so that we may run away.

LUISA

Kiss me first.

EL GALLO

All right.

LUISA

Ahh.

EL GALLO

What is it?

LUISA

At last! I have been kissed upon the eyes. No matter
what happens, I'll never never ever forget that kiss.
I'll go now.

(And SHE starts out)

EL GALLO

One word, Luisa listen:
I want to tell you this --
I promise to remember too
That one particular kiss.
... And now hurry; we have a lifetime for kisses.

LUISA

True. You'll wait here?

I promise. EL GALLO

All right then. LUISA

Wait. Give me a trinket -- to pledge that you will come back. That necklace -- EL GALLO

(Instinctively, her hand goes up to guard it)
Was my mother's. LUISA

Good. It will serve as your pledge. EL GALLO

All right. I leave you this necklace because it is my favourite thing. Here, guard it. I won't be long.
(SHE starts to go and then turns back)
It's really like that? The world is like you say? LUISA

Of course. EL GALLO
(Sings)
BEYOND THAT ROAD LIES A SHINING WORLD.

(And suddenly we see MATT coming back down the aisle where HENRY and MORTIMER had carried him off. HE is in shadow, and neither LUISA nor EL GALLO take any notice of him as HE sings:)

Beyond that road lies despair. MATT

Beyond that road lies a world that's gleaming. EL GALLO

People who are scheming. MATT

Beauty! EL GALLO

Hunger! MATT

Glory! EL GALLO

Sorrow!
MATT

EL GALLO
With never a pain or care.

MATT
She's liable to find a couple of surprises there.

LUISA
I'm ready. I won't be long.
(Once more, SHE turns back)
You will be here?

EL GALLO
Right here. I promise.

(THEY have played this scene in
a certain definite area of light)

(When LUISA has gone, EL GALLO
slowly, sadly, turns to walk
away from the spot. HE is in-
terrupted by MATT, who limps
forward to stop him)

MATT
Wait.

EL GALLO
Well. The Prodigal Son comes home.

MATT
Don't leave her like that.
It isn't fair.

EL GALLO
It's her misfortune,
What do you care?

MATT
She's too young.
I said, don't leave her!

(MATT tries to stop him. With the
same slow deliberate sadness, EL
GALLO raises his hand and hits
the BOY, knocking him down to his
knees, then EL GALLO moves on away)

(LUISA returns. SHE calls out for
EL GALLO, but HE isn't there. SHE
continues to call his name as SHE
begins to realize that SHE has been

left. Then slowly SHE sinks to her knees, on the opposite side of the stage from MATT. And the MUTE, with slow and deliberate compassion, reaches into his bag of stage tricks and with a sort of eerie grace, sprinkles them BOTH with snow. As we see the CHILDREN in this dim and winter light, EL GALLO addresses us directly)

EL GALLO

There is a curious paradox
That no one can explain.
Who understands the secret
Of the reaping of the grain?

Who understands why Spring is born
Out of Winter's laboring pain?
Or why we all must die a bit
Before we grow again.

I do not know the answer.
I merely know it's true.
I hurt them for that reason
And myself a little bit too.

(HE steps back into the shadows)

(MATT looks over at the weeping
LUISA)

MATT

It isn't worth tears, believe me.
Luisa, please -- don't cry.

LUISA

You look awful.

MATT

I know.

LUISA

What's that swelling?

MATT

That's my eye.

LUISA

Oh. And those scratches.
What in the world happened to you?

MATT

The world happened to me.

LUISA

Did you drink and gamble?

MATT

The first day, yes.
 But the drink was drugged,
 And the wheel kept hitting sixes.
 Until I played a six.
 And then it kept hitting sevens,
 Until I played a seven.

LUISA

Did you serenade senoras?

MATT

I did for a little while.
 Until I got hit.

LUISA

Hit?

MATT

With a slop pot.

LUISA

What?

MATT

A Spanish slop pot.
 Believe me, it defies description.

(SHE cannot help but smile
 at this)

LUISA

(Trying to hide the smile)
 I'm sorry, Matt.

MATT

No. It's all right. I deserve it.
 I've been foolish.

(MUSIC)

LUISA

I have too. Believe me.
 More than you.

(SONG: THEY WERE YOU)

(And simply -- very simply --
 THEY face each other and sing:)

MATT

WHEN THE MOON WAS YOUNG,
 WHEN THE MONTH WAS MAY
 WHEN THE STAGE WAS HUNG FOR MY HOLIDAY,
 I SAW SHINING LIGHTS
 BUT I NEVER KNEW
 THEY WERE YOU
 THEY WERE YOU
 THEY WERE YOU.

LUISA

WHEN THE DANCE WAS DONE,
 WHEN I WENT MY WAY
 WHEN I TRIED TO FIND RAINBOWS FAR AWAY,
 ALL THE LOVELY LIGHTS SEEMED TO FADE FROM VIEW,
 THEY WERE YOU
 THEY WERE YOU
 THEY WERE YOU.

BOTH

WITHOUT YOU NEAR ME,
 I CAN'T SEE.
 WHEN YOU'RE NEAR ME
 WONDERFUL THINGS COME TO BE.
 EV'RY SECRET PRAYER,
 EVERY FANCY FREE,
 EV'RY THING I DARED FOR BOTH YOU AND ME,
 ALL MY WILDEST DREAMS MULTIPLIED BY TWO,
 THEY WERE YOU
 THEY WERE YOU
 THEY WERE YOU.

MATT

THEY WERE YOU.

LUISA

THEY WERE YOU.

BOTH

THEY WERE YOU.

LUISA

(As the music continues)

I missed you, Matt.

MATT

I missed you too.
 (Sways)

LUISA

Oh, you've been hurt.

MATT

Yes.

LUISA

But you should have told me.
You should have told me that right away.
Here, sit down. Maybe I can bind it.

(THEY sit on the platform, as
the MUTE stands above and behind
them and sprinkles them with
paper "snow")

MATT

You've been hurt, too.

LUISA

Yes.

MATT

It's beginning to snow.

LUISA

I know.

MATT

Here. Take my coat.

LUISA

No. Both.
There's room enough for both.

(THEY pull close together and
THEY sing)

MATT and LUISA

LOVE.
YOU ARE LOVE. (YOU ARE LOVE)
BETTER FAR THAN A METAPHOR CAN EVER, EVER BE.
LOVE -- YOU ARE LOVE. (YOU ARE LOVE)
MY MYSTERY -- (MY MYSTERY)
OF LOVE --

(And the FATHERS, who have been
sitting upstage with their backs
to us, now rise and come forward)

BELL

Look!

EL GALLO

(Who has watched it all, steps
forward)

Shh.

HUCK

They've come back.

EL GALLO

No. Leave the wall.

Remember --

You must always leave the wall.

(Sings, as the others hum
beneath him)

DEEP IN DECEMBER, IT'S NICE TO REMEMBER
ALTHOUGH YOU KNOW THE SNOW WILL FOLLOW.
DEEP IN DECEMBER, IT'S NICE TO REMEMBER
WITHOUT A HURT THE HEART IS HOLLOW.
DEEP IN DECEMBER, IT'S NICE TO REMEMBER
THE FIRE OF SEPTEMBER THAT MADE US MELLOW.
DEEP IN DECEMBER, OUR HEARTS SHOULD REMEMBER
AND FOLLOW.

(And as the MUTE gets the FANTASTICKS
drape from the prop box, and HE and
EL GALLO carefully hang it on the
poles in front of the PARENTS and the
LOVERS -- when the stage, in fact, is
as it was in the beginning, the lights
dim down. And the play, of course,
is done)

THE END

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