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The Fantasticks

Book and Lyrics by

TOM JONES

Music by

HARVEY SCHMIDT

Suggested by a play
LES ROMANESQUES
by Edmund Rostand

Drawings by Harvey Schmidt

Original Cast

The Fantasticks was first presented by Lore Noto at the Sullivan Street Playhouse, New York City, on May 3rd, 1960, with the following cast:

THE MUTE Richard Stauffer

EL GALLO Jerry Orbach

LUISA Rita Gardner

MATT Kenneth Nelson

HUCKLEBEE William Larsen

BELLOMY Hugh Thomas

HENRY Thomas Bruce

MORTIMER George Curley

THE HANDYMAN Jay Hampton

* * *

THE PIANIST Julian Stein

THE HARPIST Beverly Mann

Directed by WORD BAKER

Musical Director and Arrangements by

JULIAN STEIN

Production designed by ED WITTSTEIN

Associate Producers

SHELLY BARON, DOROTHY OLIM,

ROBERT ALAN GOLD

Musical Numbers

Act One

OVERTURE	The Company
TRY TO REMEMBER.....	El Gallo
MUCH MORE	Luisa
METAPHOR.....	Matt and Luisa
NEVER SAY “NO”	Hucklebee and Bellomy
IT DEPENDS ON WHAT YOU PAY	El Gallo, Bellomy, and Hucklebee
SOON IT’S GONNA RAIN	Matt and Luisa
THE RAPE BALLET	The Company
HAPPY ENDING	Matt, Luisa, Hucklebee and Bellomy

Act Two

THIS PLUM IS TOO RIPE	Matt, Luisa, Hucklebee and Bellomy
I CAN SEE IT	El Gallo and Matt
PLANT A RADISH	Hucklebee and Bellomy
ROUND & ROUND	El Gallo, Luisa and Company
THEY WERE YOU.....	Matt and Luisa
TRY TO REMEMBER (REPRISE).....	El Gallo

ACT I

This play should be played on a platform. There is no scenery, 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 is night. When the audience enters the auditorium, the platform is clearly in sight, and there is a tattered drape across the front of it upon which is lettered THE FANTASTICKS.

During the OVERTURE, the members of the Company arrive and prepare to do the play. They take down the lettered drape, set out the Wooden Bench, and put the finishing touches on their costumes. When the MUSIC is over, they take their places and wait while the NARRATOR (EL GALLO) sings to the audience.

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,
Then follow.

LUISA: Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow, follow, follow.

EL GALLO: 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,
Then follow.

LUISA: Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow, follow . . .

MATT: Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow.

FATHERS: Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow, follow, follow.

EL GALLO: 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.

(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.

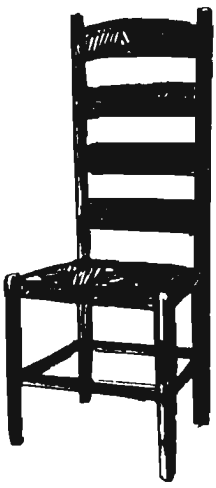
(MUTE comes forward, tips his hat.)

Anything else that's needed
 We can get from out this box.

(EL GALLO and the MUTE quickly cross up to the large Trunk and remove the Prop Box, which they place on the stage floor.)

It's hard to know which is more 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: LUISA steps off the platform and walks in a semicircle, in rhythm to the MUSIC. At the end of it, during the "button," the MUTE places the chair on the stage floor, so that LUISA may, on the final note, seat herself in it.)

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

(On the platform, BELLOMY tips his hat and nods to the audience.)

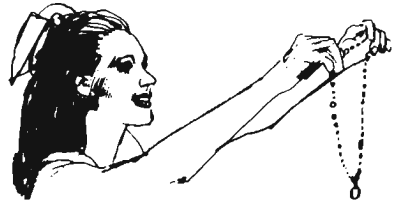
EL GALLO: She has a glue paste necklace
 Which she thinks is really real.

(EL GALLO nods to the MUTE, who quickly moves to the Prop Box, opens it, removes necklace, and hands it to LUISA.)

LUISA: I found it in the attic
 With my Mother's name inside.
 It is my favorite possession.

EL GALLO: It's her fancy.

LUISA: It's my pride!



(She has given him a reproachful look. EL GALLO nods and then steps back and sits on the Trunk, indicating that the stage is hers.)

This morning a bird woke me up.



(MUSIC.)

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 mauve.

No, honestly! Mauve!
And then red.
And then sort of a deep blue when the sun hit it.

I'm sixteen years old,
And everyday 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.

Oh! Oh! Oh!

(MUSIC begins "under" and continues to build in speed and volume as she clasps her arms around herself and pours forth a torrent of pent-up passion.)

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!

(Suddenly she clasps her hands in a fervent and heartfelt prayer as the MUSIC stops.)

Please, God, please!

Don't — let — me — be — normal!

(And, rapturously, she 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.

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!



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

(MUSIC: MATT rises and takes his place as the MUTE)

gets a Biology book and tosses it to him on the last note of the MUSIC.)

MATT: There is this girl.

EL GALLO: That is the essence.

MATT: There is this girl.

EL GALLO: I warn you: it may be monotonous.

MATT: There is this girl.

(Since he gets no interruption from EL GALLO, he continues.)

I'm nearly twenty years old.
I've studied Biology.
I've had an education.
I've been inside a lab:
Dissected 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!

(MUSIC as 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, 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!

EL GALLO: Look!

(Snaps his fingers and points to MUTE.)

This is the wall their fathers built between their houses.



(Everyone moves into position as the MUTE stands up-stage center on the platform and holds out a stick to represent the "Wall.")

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

(MUSIC: A Bell Tone. Ah! He has just thought of the perfect name. And he sings it.)

Juliet?

LUISA: *(Sings.)*
Yes dear!

MATT: Helena?

LUISA: Yes, dear?

MATT: *(Speaks.)*
And Cassandra. And Cleopatra. And Beatrice. And also

(Sings.)

Guinevere?

LUISA: What, dear?

MATT: *(Speaks to audience.)*
I think she's there.

(He moves to the Bench and sits, facing front. Thus, LUISA and MATT are on either side of the Bench, each not seeing the other because of the "Wall" between them.)

Can you hear me?

LUISA: Barely.

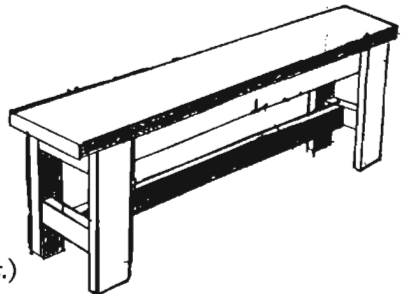
MATT: I've been speaking of you.

LUISA: To whom?

MATT: To them.

(He points to audience and she smiles.)

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.

LUISA: Speak a little louder.

MATT: *(Suddenly stands and sings vigorously.)*
I love you!

(LUISA swoons.)

If I were in the desert deep in sand,
And the sun was burning like a hot pomegranate:
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: *(Rising from the floor.)*
What, dear?

MATT: Water!

(And down she goes again.)

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 —
And 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: Repeat.

MATT: You are heat!

(She swoons, then revives immediately to join him in song.)

Love!

(I am love!)
 You are love!
 (I am love!)
 Better far than a metaphor
 Can ever, ever be!

Love!
 (I am love!)
 You are love!
 (I am love!)
 My mystery —
 (His mystery —)
 Of love!

*(During this held note, they both climb up upon the
 Bench and grab each other by the hand.)*

You are Polaris,
 The one trustworthy star.
 You are!
 (I am!)
 You are!
 (I am!)

You are September,
 A special mystery
 To me!
 (To he!)
 To me!
 (To he!)

MATT: You are sunlight! Moonlight!
 Mountains! Valleys!
 The microscopic inside of a leaf!
 My joy!

LUISA: Yes, I am his joy!

MATT: My grief!

LUISA: Yes, I am his grief!

MATT: My star!

LUISA: Yes, I am his star!

MATT: My leaf!

LUISA: Yes, I am his leaf!



MATT: Oh, Love —

LUISA: I am love.

MATT: You are love —

LUISA: I am love.

BOTH: Better far than a metaphor
Can ever ever be.

MATT: Love —

LUISA: I am love.

MATT: You are love —

LUISA: I am love.

MATT: My mystery.

LUISA: His mystery —

BOTH: Of love . . .

Love . . .

Love . . . !

LUISA: (*When the applause is over.*)
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.

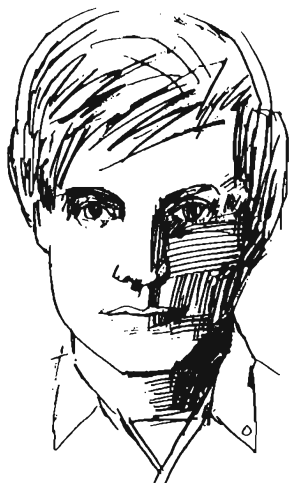
LUISA: Oh God, be careful!
Suppose you were to fall!

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.

MATT: Azaleas . . . ?

LUISA: I dreamed I was picking azaleas
When all at once this Duke —
Oh, he was very old,
I'd say 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 leapt out!

MATT: God. I hate him!

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

MATT: And I was nearby!

LUISA: Yes. Yes! You come rushing to the rescue.
And, single-handed, you fight off 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: *(To the audience.)*

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

(HUCKLEBEE clears his throat.)

Someone's coming!

MATT: It's my father.

LUISA: Kiss me!

(They kiss as MUSIC begins and HUCKLEBEE comes in with pruning shears and prunes away at a massive imaginary plant.)

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 bog-wort 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. That's my son's foot.

MATT: Hello, Father.

HUCK: What are you doing up in that tree?

MATT: Writing 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 now "writing verses." 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?

LUISA: Sweet God, he's clever!

HUCK: Son, you are an ass. There you stand every day, writing 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.

(Starts to climb, then stops.)

Ahh! There's that stiffness again.

(Confidentially, to the audience.)

The result of my Navy career. Here, son. You climb. You can see for me.

MATT: All right, Father.

(MUSIC as MATT leaps onto the Bench and smiles down at LUISA.)

HUCK: What do you see?

MATT: *(Stage whisper, giving her the flower.)*
I love you.

LUISA: I love you, too.



(Blows him a kiss.)

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

MATT: I obey.

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

LUISA: 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 girl. 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: 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.

(HUCKLEBEE starts to speak, but MATT cuts him off.)

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.

HUCK: You will do —

MATT: No!

(MUSIC as MATT gets more and more carried away.)

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!
 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!



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.

*(MUSIC as MATT and HUCKLEBEE cross upstage
 and sit on the platform, their backs to the audience.
 Meanwhile, BELLOMY stands up, watering can in
 hand, and comes downstage, pantomiming watering the
 plants in his garden.)*

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

(To the audience.)

I'm her father. And believe me, it isn't easy. Perhaps
 that's why I love vegetables. So dependable. I mean,
 you plant a radish, and you know what you're about.
 You don't get a turnip or a cabbage, no. Plant a tur-
 nip, 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!

(Shouts over the "Wall.")

Him and his no-good son!

(LUISA angrily steps off the platform.)

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 crosses up and sits on the platform, her back to the audience.)

Is she gone? — Ah, yes, she's gone.

(Quickly he moves to the stage right pole and, holding on with one hand, he cups his other hand to his mouth and yodels.)

Oh, lady le di le da loo . . .

(As BELLOMY listens for a reply, HUCKLEBEE quickly rises and crosses to the stage left pole, where he takes the same stance and echoes the same yodel.)

HUCK: Oh, lady le di le da loo . . .

(MUSIC as they scramble up the bench and noisily embrace over the "Wall.")

BELL: Hucklebee!

HUCK: Bellomy!

BELL: Neighbor!

HUCK: Friend!

BELL: How's the gout?



HUCK: I barely notice. And your asthma?

BELL: A trifle.

(Coughs.)

I endure it.

HUCK: Well, it's nearly settled.

BELL: *(Hasn't a clue.)*

What is?

HUCK: 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!

BELL: Hurray!

HUCK: *(To audience.)*

My son — he is fantastic!

BELL: *(To audience.)*

My daughter is fantastic, too.

They're both of them mad.

HUCK: They are geese!

BELL: It was a clever plan we had:

To build this wall.

HUCK: Yes. And to pretend to feud.

BELL: Just think if they knew

That we wanted them wed.

HUCK: A prearranged marriage —

BELL: They'd rather be dead!

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 —



BOTH: No . . .

(Sing.)

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 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:
S'been swimmin' ever since!

BOTH: S'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!

Ohhhhhh —

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: *(When the song is over.)*
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 ab-duc-tion!

BELL: Who's ab-duc-ted?

HUCK: Your daughter.

BELL: Who abducts her?

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

(MUSIC as EL GALLO enters with a flourish.)

EL GALLO: Gentlemen, good evening.

BELL: What the devil?

HUCK: Who are you?

EL GALLO: I was sent for.
A maiden in distress.

HUCK: Oh, yes, of course, you are the famous El Gallo.

(He pronounces it American, like the wine.)

EL GALLO: *(Pronounces it Spanish, like the bullfighter.)*
El Gayo!

(And, quick as lightning, EL GALLO flicks his red scarf from out of his shirt, causing both FATHERS to start nervously.)

HUCK: Oh — si, si.

EL GALLO: Si.

HUCK: (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.

(HUCKLEBEE and EL GALLO look at BELLOMY, who shows no signs of comprehension.)

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!

(Then, craftily, to EL GALLO.)

How much for such a drama?

EL GALLO: That, Señor, depends.

BELL: On what?

EL GALLO: What else? The quality of the “rape.”

BELL: No.

(He starts to leave, but EL GALLO intercepts him.)

EL GALLO: Forgive me. The attempted “rape.” The abduction. The seizure. The kidnapping. Call it what you will. To plunder. To pillage. To carry off by force. From the Latin “rapere,” meaning “to seize.” You’ve heard, of course, of *The Rape of Lucrece*.

HUCK: Of course.

EL GALLO: *The Rape of the Lock?*

HUCK: Absolutely. Absolutely! — 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 interrupts 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? And so forth.

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.

(Sings as he leaps onto platform and strikes a Flamenco pose.)

Rape!
R-a-a-a-pe!
Raa-aa-aa-pe!

A pretty rape.
A literary 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, señors,
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 new and gay.
So you see the sort of rape
Depends on what you pay.
It depends on what you
Pay.

HUCK: *(To BELLOMY.)*
The kids will love it.
It depends on what you



BELL: Pay!

HUCK: So why be stingy?
It depends on what you —

EL GALLO: 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.
A major production.
Requires a set.

BELL: Sounds expensive.

EL GALLO: Just try to see it,
And you will soon si, si señors,
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 distingué.
So you see the sort of rape
Depends on what you pay.

EL GALLO
& 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
Pay.

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.

Romantic rape:
Done while canoeing on a moonlit creek.

BELL: That's kind of pretty.

EL GALLO: The gothic rape!
I play "Valkyrie" on a bass bassoon!
The drunken rape.
It's done completely in a cheap saloon.

BELL: Nothing cheap!

EL GALLO: The rape Venetian —
Needs a blue lagoon.
The rape with moonlight
Or without a moon.
Moonlight is expensive but it's in demand.
A military rape!
It's done with drummers and a band.
You understand?

HUCK: I understand.

EL GALLO: It's very grand.

BELL: It's very grand.

EL GALLO: It's done with drums and a great big brass band!
Yeah!

(EL GALLO and the FATHERS dance.)

BELL: It's so Spanish. That's why I like it!

HUCK: I like it, too. Ai, yi, yi.

(At the end of the dance, EL GALLO strikes a Flamenco-like pose on the platform and sings.)

EL GALLO: Just try to see it!

BELL: I see it!

HUCK: I see it!

EL GALLO: And you will soon si, si señors,

ALL THREE: Why —
Invite regret
When you can get the sort of rape
You'll never ever forget!



(*EL GALLO leaps up onto the Bench and strikes an opera-type pose, with hands clasped, as he sings in over-dramatic fashion: "Oh, rape! Sweet rape!" etc.*)

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 is new and gay.

ALL THREE: 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.
Depends a lot on what you —

(*Suddenly MUSIC stops as HUCKLEBEE excitedly grabs BELLOMY by the arm and says:*)

HUCK: I say they're only young once. Let's order us a
"First Class!"

ALL THREE: (*Sing.*)
Ra — aa — aa — pe!
Olé!

EL GALLO: (*When the number is over.*)
One Rape, "First Class."

BELL: With trimmings!

EL GALLO: 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 immediate 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.

(MUSIC. The FATHERS sing as they hurry back to their places.)

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.
It depends on what you pay.
Olé!

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 Trunk.)

There — you hear? What did I tell you?

(The MUTE opens the Trunk 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.)

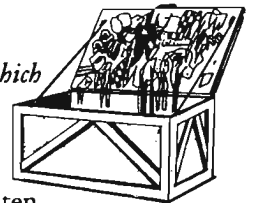
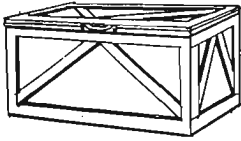
HENRY: *(Climbs out of the Trunk, crosses to the center and strikes a pose on the Prop Box after being helped onto it by MORTIMER.)*

Sir, the Players have arrived!

(He throws into the air a small handful of confetti, which unfortunately comes falling down onto his face.)

EL GALLO: Señor, the Players are most welcome.

HENRY: Don't look at us like we are, sir. Please. Remove ten pounds of road dust from these ag-ed 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, 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 which he has hurriedly retrieved from the Trunk.)

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: 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?

(Steps onto the Bench with MORTIMER's help and strikes a suitably dramatic pose.)

Watch this.

"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 . . .
Is . . ."

How's that?

EL GALLO: Amazing!

HENRY: Try to see it under light! I assure you — it's 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.

(MORTIMER laughs. Seeing that no one else is amused, especially HENRY, he abruptly cuts short his laughter.)

This is Mortimer. He does death scenes. He's been with me for forty years. He's an expert. Want to see one?

(EL GALLO hesitates and then nods "yes.")

Go ahead, Mortimer. Die for the man.

(MORTIMER, rather shyly, steps to center and "takes the stage." First he pantomimes seeing something in the distance. Then, also in pantomime, he gets his bow and places an arrow in it. Drawing the string of the bow to its full potential, the very "pull" begins to turn the whole thing around. To his amazement and horror, MORTIMER watches as the arrow comes slowly around to point at his own stomach. Then, with a sudden movement, the arrow fires into his mid-section and he falls forward — hoist, as they say, upon his own petard.)

HENRY: You see! What did I tell you! Now, down to business! You, sir, need players?

EL GALLO: For a love scene. Have you done romantic drama, Henry?

HENRY: That, sir, is my speciality. Have you never seen my . . .

(Creaks down to one knee.)

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!

HENRY: *(In the "scene" already.)*

Ah ha!

EL GALLO: We'll have these players play something like the

abduction of the maiden before this lover!

HENRY: And if he but blench!

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

HENRY: Nobly done!

EL GALLO: This way, Henry.

HENRY: Young man.

(EL GALLO, who has moved to the side, turns back. HENRY indicates by a gesture that he needs help, so EL GALLO returns and helps him down from the Bench.)

Thank you.

(HENRY starts to exit, when suddenly there is heard:)

MORT: Psst. Psst.
'Enry.

HENRY: *(Trying to locate who it is through his myopic eyes.)*
Hmm?

MORT: *(Speaks with a thick Cockney accent.)*
Where do you want me?

HENRY: Oh! Off Left, Mortimer. Off Left.

(To audience.)

Indians are always Off Left!

MORT: 'Enry

HENRY: Hmm?

MORT: Wot's me cue?

HENRY: I'll tell you when it's time.

MORT: Righto.

(Starts off.)

HENRY: Oh. And Mortimer. Don't forget: dress the stage, dress the stage! Dear friend, don't cluster up when you die!

(MORTIMER, willing but confused, nods in agreement and exits left, bumping into scenery on the way.)



HENRY: *(Speaking to audience.)*
He's not really an Indian, you know.

(To EL GALLO.)

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

EL GALLO: Oh.

(Snaps his fingers and MUTE goes to the Prop Box and removes the wooden Moon which he holds up in the air.)

I nearly forgot. I promised them moonlight.

(MUSIC: A HARP glissando as EL GALLO takes the Moon and hangs it on one of the poles. The lights become romantic and soft as the MUTE takes a delicately tattered blue and green china-silk "Glen Drop" and hangs it between the two upstage poles on the platform.)

HENRY: *(Looking up at the blue lights, touched.)*
Amazing!

EL GALLO: Beautiful, eh? A lover's moon. You go ahead, Henry. I'll be right there.

(As HENRY exits, EL GALLO takes his place on the platform and speaks to the audience.)

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.

(As MUSIC begins "under.")

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.

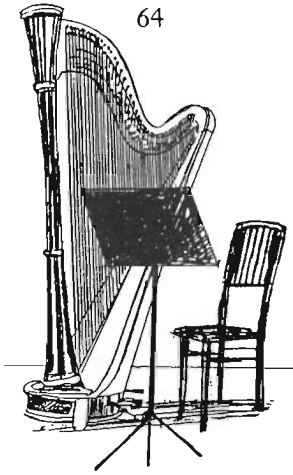
Celebrate sensation.

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
 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.

*(MATT and LUISA have risen and now come forward
 into the moonlight.)*

MATT: Hello.

LUISA: Hello.
 My father is going to be very angry.

MATT: I know. So is mine.

LUISA: We've never been here at night.

MATT: No.

LUISA: It's different from the day.

MATT: Are you frightened?

LUISA: Yes. — No.

(She looks at him.)

It's cold here. There's going to be a storm.

MATT: *(Indicating his sweater.)*
 Would you like my jacket?

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. MUSIC. LUISA
 rushes into MATT's arms as the MUTE throws some
 paper "leaves" into the air. Then EL GALLO and the
 MUTE retire to the side and watch.)*

MATT: 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.

(Holds out his hand.)

Look.

LUISA: What?

MATT: My hand is trembling, too.

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.

(Both of them sit on the Prop Box as the MUTE appears above and behind the Glen Drop, observing.)

MATT: *(Sings.)*

Soon it is 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?



(MUTE holds out small tree branches as MATT and LUISA move up to the platform and sit on the Bench.)

We'll find four limbs of a tree.
We'll build four walls and a floor.
We'll bind it over with leaves,

And duck inside to stay.

(MUTE begins to sprinkle them with confetti "rain.")

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 own four walls.

MATT: *(As MUSIC continues.)*
Would you like for me to show you around the
castle?

LUISA: Oh. Yes, please.

*(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, MATT sings.)*

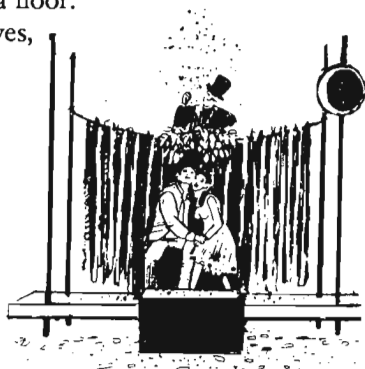
MATT: We'll find four limbs of a tree.
We'll build four walls and a floor.
We'll bind it over with leaves,
And run inside to stay.

LUISA: Soon it's gonna rain!

MATT: Come run inside to stay!

LUISA: Soon it's gonna rain!

MATT: For soon it's gonna rain.
I can see it.
I can feel it.
Run inside and —



*(And now she rushes into his arms, and as they sit on the
Bench the MUTE, standing above and behind the drape,
sprinkles them with paper "rain.")*

BOTH: Then we'll let it rain.
We'll not feel it.
Then we'll let it rain.
Rain pell-mell.

MATT: And we'll not complain

LUISA: Happy ending!

MATT: If it never stops at all.

LUISA: Then we'll let it rain.
Why complain?

BOTH: We'll live and love within our walls.
Happily we'll live and love,
No cares at all.
Happily we'll live and love
Within our castle walls.

(At the end of the number, during the applause, HENRY emerges from the side, wearing a short, tattered black cape.)

HENRY: *(Accepting the applause as his own.)*
Thank you. Thank you.

(Signals to MUSICIANS.)

Orchestra! *Accelerando con molto!*

(As the MUSIC begins for the Rape Ballet, HENRY calls out "Swords" to the MUTE, who rushes to the Prop Box and removes four wooden sticks.)

Indians, ready? Indians — Rape!

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

No, no. Off Left, damn it!

MORT: All right. All right.

(And he faithfully totes her towards stage left. But now MATT has recovered himself sufficiently to intercept them. He struggles with MORTIMER as HENRY grabs up the disentangled LUISA. MORTIMER and HENRY pick up the girl and try to carry her out. 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: "Ready? Cavalry!" Which is the cue for EL GALLO to enter into the fray. EL GALLO sweeps on with a flourish, wearing a beautiful, full black cape with a red lining. The MUTE supplies both him and MATT with wooden 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, risen, rushes forward — is killed dramatically. HENRY rises — and as he charges, cries out:)

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 crisscrossed "sabers." In the end, EL GALLO allows himself to be stabbed in the stomach — and he dies in so grand a manner that 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.)

(After the Ballet, when EL GALLO has gone 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.)

LUISA: Matt!

MATT: Luisa!

HUCK: Son!

BELL: Daughter!

HUCK: *(To BELLOMY.)*
Neighbor!

BELL: *(To HUCKLEBEE.)*
Friend!

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.

MORT: *(Gathering up the wood swords.)*
Oh, you get a bit sore at first, dying like that. It's not the easiest 'fing 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 off a twenty foot cliff — backwards! People used to cry out: "Die again, Mortimer — die again!" But of course I never did.

(And now MORTIMER returns swords to MUTE and hurries over to help HENRY rise from the dead.)

EL GALLO: Well, Henry. Are you off now?

HENRY: *(Taking Moon off pole.)*
Yes. Going somewhere. There's not much left to the old company anymore. Just Mortimer and me. But we make out. I recite Shakespeare. And Mortimer dies. There's usually an audience — somewhere.

(Starts to go.)

EL GALLO: Henry.

HENRY: Mmm?

(EL GALLO points.)

Oh. I nearly forgot. Here's your moon.

EL GALLO: Thank you. "Good night, Sweet Prince."

(HENRY turns to him, enthralled. He strikes a pose upon the platform, but as he starts to declaim, a Spotlight comes up on MORTIMER.)

HENRY: "And flights of angels sing thee . . .

(He stops. Looks at MORTIMER. Looks at Light. Then, cupping his hands to his mouth, he shouts out to the Light Crew.)

That's my light!

(Light goes out on MORTIMER and comes up on HENRY.)

Thank you.

(Resumes pose.)

"And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest. Why doth the drum come hither?"

(Thinking this is a cue, MORTIMER steps forward and hits his drum with all his strength, causing HENRY to almost expire of cardiac arrest. Seeing he has "goofed" again, MORTIMER steps upstage and lowers his head so that HENRY may pluck out his one Indian feather.)

Remember, Mortimer, there are no small actors. Only small parts.

(HENRY and MORTIMER have stepped back into the Trunk, and just before he disappears under the lid which the MUTE is closing, 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 platform. Like a choral conductor, he conducts them in a short contrapuntal selection called "Happy Ending" as they break from the freeze and begin to assemble the tableau with much posing and embracing and shaking of hands.)

FATHERS: Ha, ha, ha, ha. — Ha, ha, ha, ha. Etc.

LUISA: Ha — ha, ha, ha, ha. Ha, ha, ha.

Ha — ha, ha, ha, ha. — Ha, ha, ha. Etc.

MATT: Love,
 You are love.
 Better far than a metaphor
 Can ever, ever be!
 Love.
 You are love.
 My mystery —
 Of love.
 Love, love, love, love!

ALL: Love! Love! Love!

(And the FATHERS and the CHILDREN “freeze” into place in an intricate tableau.)

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.

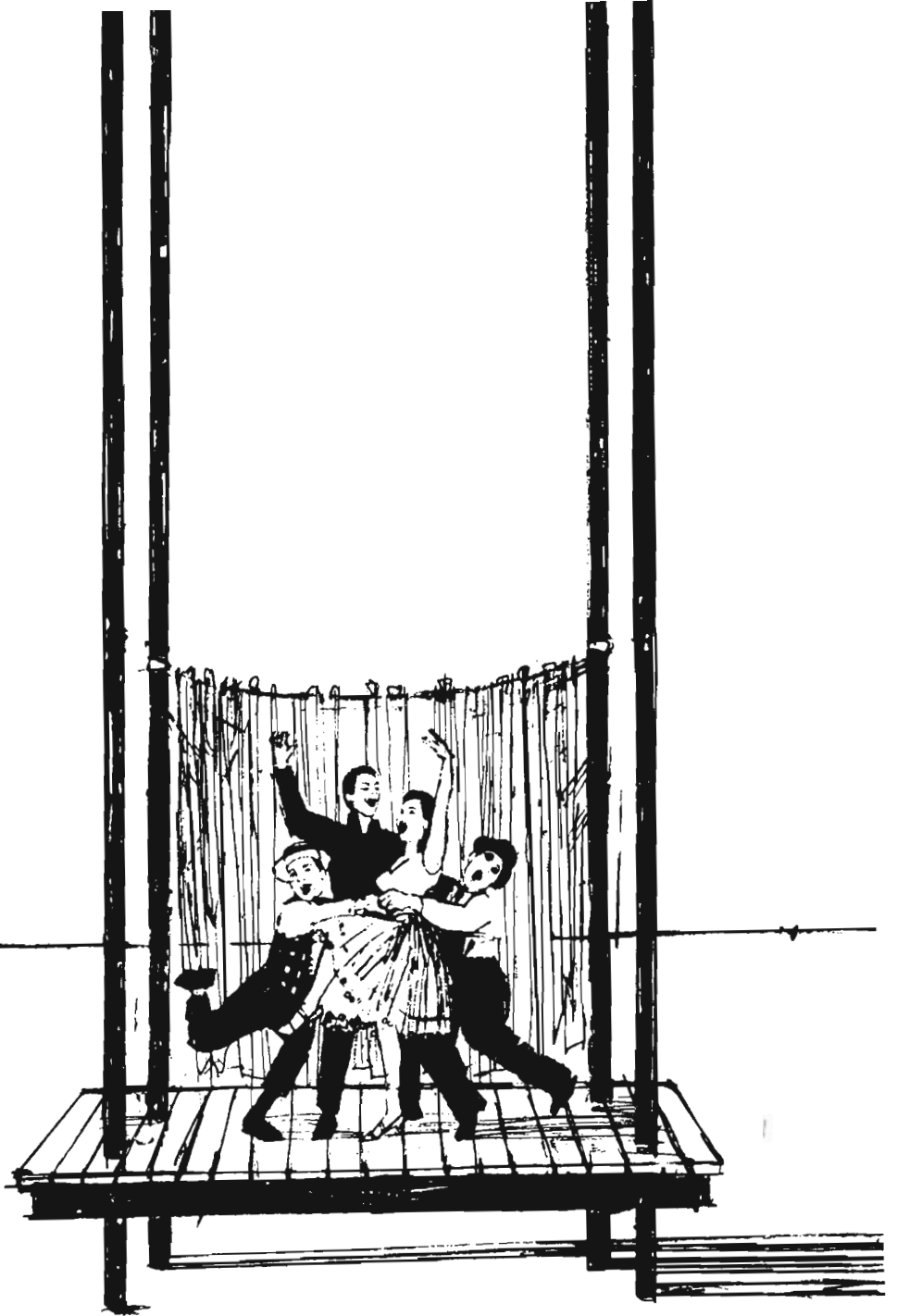
Hmmmm.
 I wonder if they can hold it.
 They'll try to, I suppose.
 And yet it won't be easy
 To hold such a pretty pose.

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. EL GALLO starts to leave, but the MUTE taps him on the shoulder and EL GALLO, remembering, smiles and says to the audience:)

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





 ACT II

MUSIC as EL GALLO enters, carrying the Moon. He nods to the MUTE, who undoes the rope and removes the FANTASTICKS drape 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: 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. The MUSIC changes — grows more intense as EL GALLO hangs the Sun on one of the poles and then sits on the Trunk to watch. And one by one, the PARENTS and the CHILDREN begin to break the perfect image of the tableau. Their eyes sting in the red hot sun. The MUSIC underneath is sour, disgruntled.)

HUCK: It's hot.

BELL: What?

HUCK: Hot!

BELL: Oh. Ssssssss.

(MUSIC, as they all try unsuccessfully to regain the pose.)

LUISA: And now we can meet in the sunlight.

MATT: And now there is no more wall.

LUISA: Aren't we happy?

MATT: Yes. Aren't we?

(MUSIC: a sour CHORD.)

LUISA: (Speaking to audience.)
He looks different in the sunlight.

MATT: (To audience.)
I'm not ready to get married yet.

LUISA: I thought he was taller, somehow.

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

(CHORD.)

HUCK: Neighbor.

BELL: Friend.

HUCK: In-law.

BELL: Ugh.

(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

(HUCKLEBEE gets his clippers and BELLOMY his
watering can.)



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 take my hair down and go swimming in a stream.

(*CHORD.*)

HUCK: Water, Water, Water!

BELL: What did you say?

HUCK: I said, Water, Water, Water!

BELL: Clip, Clip, Clip!

HUCK: What?

BELL: You're clipping my kumquat!

HUCK: Rot!

(*MUSIC begins "under."*)

LUISA: This plum is too ripe!

MATT: Sorry.
Please don't watch me while I'm eating.

LUISA: Sorry!

HUCK: You're about to drown that magnolia!

BELL: Sorry!
You're — standing — in — my — KUMQUAT!

HUCK: Sorry!

(*And the MUSIC for the quartet begins, first as solos, and then as a round, as each of them takes his turn pacing around the stage.*)

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.

HUCK: Take away the sense of drama.
Take away the puppet play.
What at night seems oh so scenic
May be cynic by today.

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.

ALL: So take it away and paint it up right!
So take it away and decorate it!
So take it away; that sun is too bright!

LUISA: I say that it really is a pity.

LUISA
& MATT: It used to be so pretty.

(And now they begin the round, snapping their fingers vigorously as they each of them joins in. All are facing front in a very presentational manner. Each of them drops out at a certain point of the round, and they stop snapping their fingers when they do.)

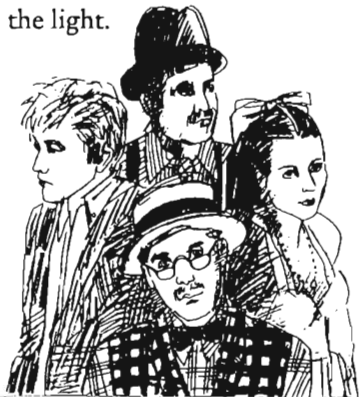
LUISA: Take away the golden moonbeam.
Take away the tinsel sky.
What at night seems oh so scenic
May be cynic by and by.

MATT: *(Beginning with LUISA's second line.)*
Take away the painted sunset.
Take away the blue lagoon.
What at night seems oh so scenic
May be cynic much too soon.

HUCK: *(Beginning with MATT's second line.)*
Take away the sense of drama.
Take away the puppet play.
What at night seems oh so scenic
May be cynic by today.

BELL: *(Beginning with HUCKLEBEE's second line.)*
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 &
BELL: By today,
HUCK,
BELL &
MATT: Much too soon.



ALL: By and by.

MATT: (*Speaks.*)
This plum is too ripe!
(*Tosses plum to MUTE.*)

HUCK,
BELL &
LUISA: Sorry!

MATT: (*As soon as the MUSIC is over.*)
I miss the moon.

LUISA: So do I.

HUCK: I was a fool to tear down that wall.

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

HUCK: What do you mean, your garden? I want you to know —

BELL: (*Simultaneously.*)
Mine! That's what I mean — mine! This is —

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.

LUISA: Well!

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

HUCK: 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.

(*Both giggle knowingly.*)

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: You forget that I'm a hero.
After all, there's my rapier.

LUISA: And my rape!

MATT: Ah. What swordplay!

(As he pantomimes slashing.)

Ah ha! — Now, that was really living!

LUISA: That handsome bandit — ah, what hands! He
grabbed me — here! I've put a little ribbon on the
spot.

(She holds it up for audience to see.)

MATT: Hot-blooded bandits!
And I cut them down like wheat!
Ha! Ah! Hah!

HUCK: I could speak, but I won't.

BELL: It's tempting, but we shouldn't.

LUISA: It should be made into an epic poem.

MATT: I'll write it.

LUISA: Or better yet — a shrine.

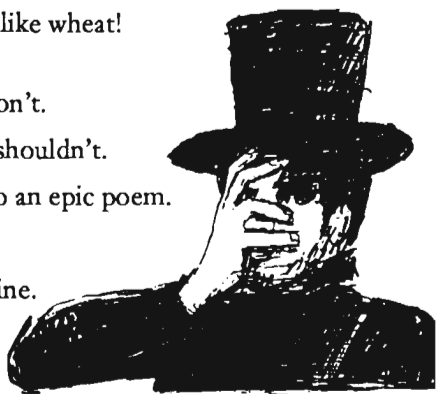
MATT: Divine! I'll build it.

LUISA: Where the wall was.

MATT: This very spot I heard your call,
And here beside our fathers' wall,
I drew my sword and slew them all.
How many — twenty?

LUISA: Thirty!

MATT: Yes! — Or even thirty-two.
And every one there was to slay,
I slew!



(And LUISA swoons in his arms. As they stand there in this romantic pose, HUCKLEBEE speaks with suppressed fury.)

HUCK: Ass.

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!

(And this sends them both into gales of laughter.)

HUCK: By God, that does it!

BELL: Wait!

HUCK: No. I'm no pantaloon!

(To the children.)

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.
Or do you think such things can be?
You think a First Class Rape comes free!
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 of gold to the famous El Gallo."

(He pronounces it Gal-oh, like the wine.)

HUCK: *(Taking some pleasure in correcting him.)*
Gay-oh.

MATT: — Gay-oh. — "For allowing himself to seem wounded by a beardless, callow boy."

(He looks at LUISA, a bit discontented.)

"Item — one moon —"

(Looks at the FATHERS.)

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: *(Turns to her as it sinks in.)*
We were just puppets!

LUISA: A marriage of convenience!

(They look at each other, horrified, and then turn their backs and walk to opposite sides of the stage.)

BELL: *(To HUCKLEBEE.)*
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 kumquat!

(And he gives HUCKLEBEE a shove.)

HUCK: Damn your kumquat!

(He clips it down to the ground and BELLOMY gasps.)

BELL: That does it! You're a murderer!

HUCK: And you're a fool!

BELL: *(Rushing over to HUCKLEBEE's garden and turning his watering can upside down.)*

Drown! Drown!

HUCK: *(Rushing to him and giving him a shove.)*

Stop that! You aquamaniac!

BELL: You — you cliptomaniac!

(They struggle briefly. EL GALLO jumps up on the platform, looking at the FATHERS.)

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

HUCK: I, too!

BELL: I'll lime up mine with bottles!

HUCK: I'll jag mine up with glass!

(The FATHERS hold up their watering can and clippers as if they were swords, and as they prepare to battle, EL GALLO speaks forcefully.)

EL GALLO: Pardon me.

FATHERS: Damn!

(And they exit. EL GALLO starts to leave, but MATT calls out and EL GALLO stops.)

MATT: Wait!

LUISA: Oh, look! It's my bandit.

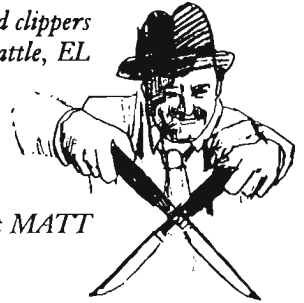
MATT: You are —

(Looks at the bill.)

El Gayo?

EL GALLO: *(Flipping the red scarf outside his shirt collar.)*

Sometimes.



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

EL GALLO: You made it rather 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 suddenly appears with a real sword and puts it in MATT's hand. MATT looks at it in surprise, then swings it around to hear the slashing sound.)

MATT: En garde!

(Strikes the fencer's basic pose.)

EL GALLO: *(As MATT follows his instructions and he casually defends himself with his naked hand, like a master giving a lesson in swordplay.)*

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.

(EL GALLO disarms MATT and hands the sword back to the MUTE.)

Another lesson?

(MATT merely hangs his head in shame, so EL GALLO goes on off, pausing first to tip his hat to LUISA before he leaves.)

MATT: God, I'm a fool!

LUISA: Always bragging.

MATT: Don't be sarcastic.

LUISA: I shall be sarcastic whenever I choose.

MATT: You think I couldn't do it?

LUISA: *(Admiring the ribbon on her wrist.)*

I think you'd better grow up.

MATT: Grow up! Grow up!

(To the audience.)

And this from a girl who is sixteen!

LUISA: Girls mature faster.

MATT: 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.

LUISA: What?

MATT: Everything. All the flaws.
You're childish.

LUISA: Child-like.

MATT: Silly.

LUISA: Soulful.

MATT: And you have freckles!

LUISA: *(Suddenly outraged.)*
That's a lie!

MATT: I can see them under those pounds of powder.
Look. 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!

(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 a stream.



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

(EL GALLO appears in the shadows behind them.)

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: Good-bye forever!

LUISA: See if I care!

(They break and start to run off, but they suddenly stop — frozen in their tracks — as EL GALLO leaps onto the platform and snaps his fingers. He looks at them understandingly, then he goes to LUISA and picks a tear from her cheek. The Lights, by the way, have gone to black, except for two pools of light on the BOY and GIRL.)

EL GALLO: This tear is enough — this tiny tear —

(He carefully puts it in his pocket.)

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

(LUISA crosses to the platform and sits, facing upstage. MATT is still frozen, caught in the middle of a dream. EL GALLO steps up on the platform and looks at him.)

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

(The MUSIC has begun and now MATT sings as EL GALLO echoes him cynically.)

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.

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! — burn! — burn!

MATT: Let me learn! Let me learn!

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 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!

BOTH: Who knows — may be
All the visions I (he) can see
May be waiting just for me (him) to—

EL GALLO: *(He raises his hands as if casting a spell on the BOY.)*
Say —

MATT: I can see it!

EL GALLO: Say —

MATT: Shining somewhere!

EL GALLO: Say —

MATT: Let me see it!

EL GALLO: Say —

MATT: Take me there
And make me a 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!

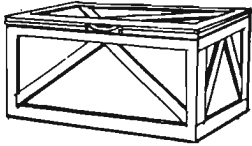
EL GALLO: Make him feel it!

BOTH: I (he) know(s) it's so —
I (he) know(s) that it really may be!

MATT: Just 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 Trunk 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, which he continues to shake lightly until MORTIMER rises and points to the BOY.)

MORT: Hold on there a minute, Matie!

MATT: What?

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

MORT: I see it, too — them beady little eyes!

HENRY: You go for the goose — the golden goose that lays the platinum-plated egg, right?

MORT: Right!

HENRY: I am Lodevigo. Just like yourself — a young man looking for the pleasant pinch of adventure.

(He adjusts his ratty wig. HENRY, by the way, has painted his lips bright crimson for this scene. And darkened his eyebrows. And thickened his lashes. And painted on a beauty spot.)

MATT: Young man?

HENRY: Yes!

(Strikes a pose, showing off his scrawny leg.)

And to your left, observe this seamy individual. He

is my companion who goes by the name of —
Socrates.

MORT: (*Steps close to MATT and breathes on him.*)
I'm Roman.

HENRY: Romanoff, he means. A blue-blood.
He is descended from the T-zars.

MATT: The T-zars?

HENRY: Yes. The T-zars! He is, in fact, the noblest Roman-
off of them all. But enough of this chit-chat.

MORT: Enough. Enough.

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

MORT: We'll take him, all right!

HENRY: To the places you've dreamed of — Venice —
Egypt! Ah Egypt! "I am dying; Egypt!"

(*HENRY falls to the floor dramatically. Then he rises
and speaks to the audience.*)

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?

MORT: 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.

MORT: We know all the ropes!

HENRY: And the ropes to skip as well!

MORT: 'Eathen idols!

HENRY: Whirling girlies!

MORT: Tipsy Gypsies!

HENRY: Fantastic beauty!
Just waiting to be —
(MORTIMER makes a zipper sound.)
Unzipped!

MATT: But I —

HENRY: *(As he and MORTIMER both clap hands over MATT's mouth.)*
Don't bother to thank us!
(Calls out to the PLANIST.)
Maestro!
(And they sing as they up-end the BOY and carry him out.)

HENRY &

MORT: Beyond that road's an episode —
An episode —
An episode.
Beyond that road lies an episode

HENRY: Look out; you nearly tripped!

MORT: Hip! Hip!

BOTH: Beyond that road's an episode —
An episode —
An episode.
Beyond that road lies an episode
Just waiting to be unzipped!

(As they exit, they sing lustily, mocking MATT and EL GALLO's earlier song.)

I can see it!
Shining somewhere!

(When they have gone, EL GALLO takes down the Sun and stands with the Moon side facing the audience. The MUTE gets the grey cloth and, as EL GALLO speaks, the MUTE crosses the stage carrying the long grey cloth of china silk.)

EL GALLO: Now grant me in your minds a month.
October is over and the sky grows grey.
A month goes by,



It's a little bit colder.
A month goes by.
We're one month older.

(Enter BELLOMY wearing his winter scarf.)

BELL: *(To the MUTE, who is kneeling by the Bench.)*
That's fine. There's nothing better than a good thick wall. Keep working, friend. Keep working.

(He exits and HUCKLEBEE comes in. He, too, sports his winter garb.)

HUCK: *(Coming over to MUTE.)*
Still progressing? Good. We want to get it finished before snowfall.

(He exits and BELLOMY returns.)

BELL: Hmm. Getting colder. I'll just take a look at the wall.

(Crosses over to MUTE.)

Fine! Keep on working.

(To audience.)

Lord, this weather makes a man feel old.

(Exits.)

HUCK: *(Re-entering.)*
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?

(MUTE gives him a look.)

Oh. I forgot. You're not supposed to talk.

BELL: *(Entering and crossing to LUISA, carrying blue scarf in both hands.)*

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.



(BELLOMY drapes the shawl over LUISA's head, then he moves to the Bench. The FATHERS see each other. They hesitate, and then bow gravely. Then BELLOMY speaks to the MUTE.)

BELL: 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.

(EL GALLO nods to the MUTE, then exits. The MUTE grabs the grey cloth, steps on to the platform, turns front, and "snaps" the grey cloth. Then he follows EL GALLO off to the side. Both FATHERS grab their shoulders and shiver at the snap of the cloth. Then BELLOMY speaks.)

BELL: By the way.

HUCK: Yes?

BELL: Oh — nothing.

(HUCKLBEE begins to chuckle.)

BELL: What's so funny?

HUCK: I was just thinking how we used to meet.

BELL: Climbing over the wall.

HUCK: Secret meetings —

BELL: Just to play a little game of cards.

(They both laugh. Then BELLOMY speaks seriously.)

How's your son?

HUCK: Not a word.

BELL: He'll be back — when he runs out of your money.

HUCK: Thank you. And your daughter?

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

HUCK: Pity. — How's your garden?

BELL: Growing!

HUCK: Mine, too.

BELL: So dependable.
Gardens go on growing.

HUCK: Yes, indeed, they do.

BELL: I tell you, I love vegetables.

HUCK: It's true. I love them, too.

(They shake hands and sing.)

BELL: Plant a radish.
Get a radish.
Never any doubt.
That's why I love vegetables;
You know what you're about!

HUCK: Plant a turnip.
Get a turnip.
Maybe you'll get two.
That's why I love vegetables;
You know that they'll come through!

BELL: They're dependable!

HUCK: They're befrienable!

BOTH: They're the best pal a parent's ever known!

BELL: While with children,

HUCK: It's bewilderin'.

BOTH: You don't know until the seed is nearly grown

BELL: Just what you've sown.

BOTH: So
Plant a carrot,
Get a carrot,

HUCK: Not a brussel sprout.

BOTH: That's why I love vegetables.
You know what you're about!

BELL: Life is merry,

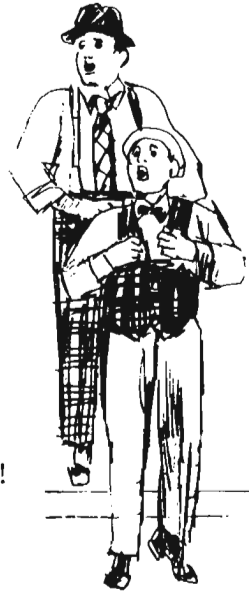
HUCK: If it's very

BOTH: Vegetarian!

A man who plants a garden
Is a very happy man!

*(This second chorus they sing like a vaudeville team
complete with little dance steps.)*

HUCK: Plant a beanstalk.
Get a beanstalk.
Just the same as Jack.
Then if you don't like it,
You can always take it back!



BELL: But if your issue
Doesn't kiss you,
Then I wish you luck.
For once you've planted children,
You're absolutely stuck!

BOTH: Every turnip green!
Every kidney bean!
Every plant grows according to the plot!

HUCK: While with progeny,

BELL: It's hodge-podgenee.

BOTH: For as soon as you think you know what kind you've
got,

BELL: It's what they're not!

BOTH: So —
Plant a cabbage.
Get a cabbage.

HUCK: Not a sauerkraut!

BOTH: That's why I love vegetables.
You know what you're about!

Life is merry
If it's very
Vegetarian.

A man who plants a garden
Is a very happy man!

HUCK: A vegetari —

BELL: Very merry —

BOTH: Vegetarian!

(When song is over, during the applause, they turn to each other and shake hands.)

BELL: Say, what about that little game of cards? 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: He's a nice chap.

HUCK: *(Looking down at the MUTE noncommittally.)*
Umm.

(And they exit. LUISA, meanwhile, has begun to come out of her trance.)

LUISA : *(Sings as Light comes up on her.)*
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 as Light comes up on him)*
Just once.
Just once.
Just once before you're old . . .

LUISA: 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 favorite 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: Oh, yes. 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.
- 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: It 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.
- LUISA: (*Deeply touched.*)
"It is a far better thing that I do now than I have
ever done before!" Isn't that beautiful? That man
was beheaded.

EL GALLO: *(Not deeply touched.)*
I'm not surprised.

LUISA: Take me there!

EL GALLO: Where?

LUISA: To the parties! To the world!

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

LUISA: Oh! I was hoping there would be!
(MUSIC.)

EL GALLO: You and I!
Us together!

LUISA: Yes. Dancing forever and forever!

(As EL GALLO sings, he holds his hand above her, her eyes closed — as if casting her in a trance.)

EL GALLO: 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!

Round and round,
'Neath a magic spell.
Velvet gown,
Pink lapel.
Life is a colorful carousel.

Reckless and terribly gay!

(EL GALLO raises his hand. She lifts her head and her eyes suddenly open.)

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 gondolier'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 plastic mask of a laughing-hollow 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, now transformed into a puppet-like 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 MATT who is the object of their fury.)

(At EL GALLO's urging, LUISA takes the mask and holds it up to her face.)

LUISA: *(Speaks as she looks through mask.)*
 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: Arrivederci!

LUISA: What fun! I adore pyrotechnics!

(MATT slowly rises, writhing, as HENRY and MORTIMER turn to him, and billow their "flames" up and down his twisting body. LUISA puts down her mask and speaks to EL GALLO.)

LUISA: 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.

(*LUISA puts on mask.*)

MATT: Help!

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

MATT: (*Writhing in pain.*)
Help!

LUISA: You look lovely!

(*With one last flash of flame, HENRY and MORTIMER pull MATT down out of sight on the little "puppet stage."*)

EL GALLO: (*As LUISA sings a wild obbligato.*)
We'll just dance!
We'll kick up our heels to music and dance!
Until my head reels with music.
Just 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: But you can't be.
The evening's just started!

(*MUSIC. As he sings, LUISA turns slowly round and round on the Prop Box, the mask up to her face, like a mechanical doll.*)

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 Acrop'lis, it's terribly Greek.
 There's Venus, Adonis, 'n us — cheek to cheek.

(As Venus and Adonis have been mentioned, HENRY and MORTIMER pop out from behind the "puppet stage," trying to look Greek.)

LUISA: Oh how chic!

EL GALLO: To be Greek cheek to cheek!
(Once again MATT rises into sight.)

LUISA: Observe the friendly natives!

HENRY &
 MORT: *(Waving their "whips" of colored ribbons at the audience.)*
 Hello there!

LUISA: La, how gay.

(HENRY and MORTIMER turn up to MATT and begin to "whip" him in rhythm with their streamers.)

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

(Puts down mask; looks at EL GALLO.)

I wonder why anyone should be beating a monkey?
(Looks front.)

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!

(Once again she lifts the mask up to her face.)

MATT: Help!

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!

(The "puppets" disappear again, as EL GALLO and LUISA dance.)

EL GALLO: *(Sings as LUISA resumes her obligato.)*

We'll just dance!
We'll kick up our heels to music and dance!
Until my head reels with music.
Just 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: Couldn't we just sit this one out?

EL GALLO: Ridiculous! When there's music to be danced to.
Play, Gypsies!

(Shouts are heard from behind the "puppet stage." Then everyone, including the OLD ACTORS, joins in singing.)

EL GALLO

(& ALL): Round and round
'Neath the 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 G.: Gay —
We're so gay!
Terribly gay!

Gay —
We're so gay!
Terribly gay!

EL GALLO: We'll be in Bengasi 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.*)
Arrivederci!

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 —
There'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!
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!

(And we go into the last chorus, with LUISA singing the obligato and the entire company — except the MUTE — singing in the background.)

EL GALLO: *(As the others sing their variations.)*

We'll —

Just —

Dance—!

We'll kick up our heels to music

And dance!

Until my head reels with music.

Just like a lovely real romance —

(HENRY and MORTIMER come forward and kneel on either side of LUISA, joined by the MUTE who comes with his red flame and kneels just below her. As they do so, all three continue to move their flames up and down, so they are licking LUISA's body as she turns round and round, the laughing mask barely covering her own horrified face.)

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 —

(The OLD ACTORS and the MUTE rush back up to the platform and resume flaming the BOY as LUISA stops turning and stands facing front, her face just below EL GALLO's.)

All we'll do is just —

All we'll do is just —

All we'll do is just —

All we'll do is just —

EL GALLO

& LUISA: All we'll do is just

MATT: *(Calls out.)*
HELP!

EL GALLO
& ALL: Dance!

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

(When the Lights come back up, the feeling is dark and somber. The MUSIC softly picks up a delicate, eerie underscoring of "Round and Round.")

EL GALLO: *(Taking the mask from her.)*
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 forget that kiss. I'll go now.

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?

EL GALLO: I promise.

LUISA: All right, then.

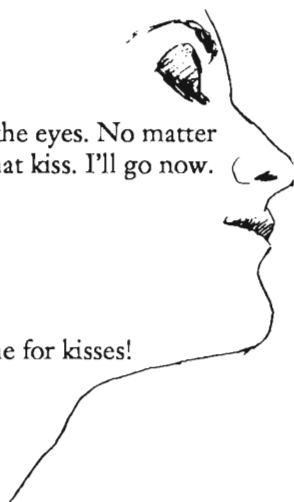
EL GALLO: Wait! Give me a trinket — to pledge that you will come back. That necklace —

LUISA: Was my mother's.

EL GALLO: Good. It will serve as your pledge.

(He holds out his hand. She considers, then removes necklace and places it gently in his hand.)

LUISA: All right. I leave you this necklace because it is my favorite 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?

EL GALLO: Of course.

(EL GALLO moves to pole, alongside LUISA, and points "off." As he sings, and the BOY echoes, LUISA remains transfixed, gazing at the distant point.)

EL GALLO: Beyond that road lies a shining world.

MATT: *(Appearing, dirty and disheveled.)*
Beyond that road lies despair.

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

MATT: People who are scheming.

EL GALLO: Beauty!

MATT: Hunger!

EL GALLO: Glory!

MATT: Sorrow!

EL GALLO: 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.

(When LUISA has gone, EL GALLO wraps his hand around the necklace. Then he turns to exit quickly, but he is interrupted by MATT.)

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. EL GALLO raises his hand sharply and, as if struck, the BOY falls back against the pole, and then slowly sinks into a sitting position on the platform, his head bowed. Then EL GALLO moves on off into the shadows, out of sight.)

(LUISA returns. She calls out for EL GALLO, but he isn't there. Suddenly, as if by some quick instinct, she realizes she has been left. Slowly, sadly, she sits on the platform and bows her head.)

(EL GALLO returns and moves to the center of the platform to address the audience.)

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: 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: 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.

LUISA: Did you serenade señoras?

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: I'm sorry, Matt.

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

LUISA: I have, too. Believe me.
More than you.

(Simply — very simply — they sit facing forward 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.

MATT: Every secret prayer,
 LUISA: Every fancy free,
 MATT: Everything I dared for both
 BOTH: You and me.

All my wildest dreams
 Multiplied by two —

MATT: They were you.

LUISA: They were you.

BOTH: They were you.

LUISA: They were you.

MATT: They were you.

BOTH: They were you.

LUISA: *(Speaks as the MUSIC continues.)*
 I missed you, Matt.

MATT: I missed you, too.

LUISA: Oh. You've been hurt.

MATT: Yes.

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

(MATT sits as LUISA kneels beside him and the MUTE appears above them.)

MATT: *(Taking her face in his hands, and looking at her intently.)*
 You've been hurt, too.

LUISA: Yes.

(The MUTE begins to sprinkle them with white confetti.)

MATT: Look. 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 as the MUTE continues to sprinkle "snow," and they sing.)

BOTH: Love.
 You are love.
 (You are love.)
 Better far than a metaphor
 Can ever, ever be.

Love.
 (You are love.)
 You are love
 (You are love.)
 My mystery —
 (My mystery —)
 Of love!

(And the FATHERS, who have been sitting upstage, now rise and come forward.)

BELL: Look!

EL GALLO: Shh.

HUCK: They've come back!

BELL: It's a miracle. Let's take down the wall.

EL GALLO: No. Leave the wall.
 Remember —
 You must always leave the wall.

(Sings, as the others hum.)

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.

(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. Then, when the stage is as it was in the beginning, the Lights dim down. And the play, of course, is done.)



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