

GHOST STORIES
The Legend Of Oliver's Landing

a musical chiller
-by-
David Jacklin

. . . sometimes, things *do* go bump in the night . . .

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THE CHARACTERS

JOHN OLIVER, a ferryman and inn-keeper

MRS OLIVER, his wife and help-meet

ELSPETH MARTIN, an innocent

ARCHIBALD STRITCH, a clerk

CONSTABLE DONAGHIE, the district officer of the law

IOYAN, an Anicinàbe woman, who rescues Archibald

THE NARRATOR, MR. MARTIN, Elspeth's father

RUFUS BUMFRY, a downright bad'un

OTHERS, who are variously drunks, whores, scoundrels, good and honest folk – in general, people.

Minimum cast is 13, 8 male and 5 female, if **MARTIN** and **THE NARRATOR** are doubled by the same actor

THE SETTING

Oliver's Landing (now Rideau Ferry), Upper Canada (now Ontario)

The Fall of 1822.

The Oliver's inn and environs.

Martin's house in nearby Perth and environs.

The woods along Big Rideau Lake.

Setting should be simultaneous, as much as possible, with no breaks from scene to scene; if possible, unusual placement of the acting areas within the auditorium should be undertaken.

There should be a sense of the omni-present natural forces, waiting to drag the characters down: the presence of the ever-threatening storm, the relentless wash of the lake, the brooding, pressing quality of the wet, cold woods where the alien whites are carving spots for their roads and cabins.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

1.	p. 2	Overture	<i>Instrumental</i>
2.	pp. 2-4	A Happy Life	<i>Oliver, Mrs. Oliver</i>
2a.	p. 10	A Happy Life, button	<i>Oliver</i>
3.	pp. 10-13	What If?	<i>Archy, Elspeth, Oliver, Mrs. Oliver, Bumfry</i>
4.	pp. 17-19	Before You Judge . . .	<i>Narrator, Others</i>
5.	pp. 20-22	Gelt!	<i>Oliver, Mrs. Oliver</i>
6.	p. 24	For You	<i>Elspeth, Archy</i>
7.	p. 25-26	Pleasant Little Murders	<i>Company</i>
8.	pp. 28-29	Human Nature	<i>Martin</i>
9.	p. 30-31	What If?, reprise	<i>Elspeth, Archy</i>
9a.	p. 31	Chase Music	<i>Instrumental</i>
10	pp. 35-36	Rationale	<i>Mrs. Oliver, Oliver</i>
 Act Break			
11.	pp. 37-39	Victims	<i>Oliver</i>
12.	pp. 40-41	Isn't This Lovely, Love?	<i>Mrs. Oliver, Oliver</i>
13.	p. 44	Elspeth	<i>Archy</i>
14.	pp. 46-47	Song in which Elspeth expounds her broad knowledge of inter-sex relationships.	<i>Company, Elspeth</i>
15.	pp. 49-50	Foolish Youth	<i>Company</i>
16.	pp. 51-55	Constable Donaghie	<i>Mrs. Oliver, Oliver</i>
17.	p. 56	Before You Judge . . . , 1st reprise	<i>Company</i>
18.	pp. 56-57	Love Song	<i>Elspeth, Archy</i>
19.	p. 58	Before You Judge . . . , 2nd reprise	<i>Company</i>
20.	pp. 62	Gelt!, reprise	<i>Mrs. Oliver</i>
21.	pp. 64-65	Isn't This Lovely, Love?, reprise	<i>Oliver</i>
22.	pp. 65-67	Finale (Life Is . . .)	<i>Company</i>
23.	p. 68	Finale Ultimo	<i>Instrumental</i>

THE LEGEND OF OLIVER'S LANDING

In 1822, John Oliver and his wife made a nice living ferrying travellers across Big Rideau Lake at a place people called, naturally, Oliver's Landing. To accommodate the occasional guest, they turned their small cabin into a little inn, and opened the area's first tavern. All the settlers in the area were well-acquainted with jovial, congenial John Oliver.

Travellers who arrived after dark would put up at the Olivers' for the night, for Mr. Oliver, being a prudent man, would never cross the lake after sunset. Mrs. Oliver would feed her guests a bowl of her famous stew and show them upstairs for the night, promising they would be ferried across the lake at first light. The Olivers would then indulge in a unique way of enhancing their personal fortunes --- you might say they made a killing at it.

Now, no one knows exactly what happened; communication was almost non-existent at that time, in the back-water that was Upper Canada. All we know is that both Oliver and his wife were murdered in a dispute involving their dead son, a native woman and the local constable. Years later, when the inn was torn down, many human skeletons were found in the cellar. There are rumours of a contemporary diary still in existence which details the events in question, but the locals won't give. In fact, they went so far as to change the name of the place, first to Rideau Landing, then to Rideau Ferry. An inn still stands on the spot and modern travellers cross the narrows on a bridge which starts almost from the site of John Oliver's old dock.

I may be forgiven, I hope, for using some amount of license in filling in the details of this story. Please bear in mind that, basically, it is true. Basically.

The Author

GHOST STORIES, *The Legend Of Oliver's Landing* was given its first public performance on August 2, 1984 by Perth Summer Theatre at the Agricultural Building, Perth, Ontario, with the following credits:

Director: Douglas Campbell; Stage Manager: Laurie Hirst; Costume Design: Cheryl Headon;
Production Design: David Jacklin; Administrator: Normalyn McLellan

NARRATOR David Jacklin
JOHN OLIVER Tim O'Ray
MRS OLIVER Janice Perry
ARCHIBALD STRITCH Robin Mossley
ELSPETH MARTIN Laurie Fyffe
MARTIN/BUMFRY Steve Hostetler
INDIAN WOMAN Sandy Hilgendorf
CONSTABLE DONAGHIE Timothy Molloy

With: Michael Erion
Brian Mount
Colleen Mott
Krista Dunkley
Max Cardinal

GHOST STORIES

The Legend Of Oliver's Landing

Act One

*(the set suggests an area which has been left to decay; piled-up crates, barrels, iron-mongery of obscure and lethal-looking purpose; dead weeds, cattails, and brush push out of cracks and crevices; dead tree branches are silhouetted against a cyc; a few touches of green and red relieve the grey; closer inspection would show these spots to be **belladonna**; light should come from unusual angles and should not be consistent)*

(platforms SL and SR with a ramp connecting them; a lower central platform with two posts suggesting the remains of a door-frame; a thrust extending down into the audience, suggesting a dock; a battered door in the facer of the SL platform; crates and junk are used throughout to create needed set pieces)

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*(the **NARRATOR** enters; he is an immaculately dressed, severely disciplined man in his mid-fifties; close-cropped hair and beard or sideboards)*

NARRATOR: The place you have entered – this place – is on the edge of a world which most of you have never imagined; which some of you dream of; and which a few of you live in, day after day, night after night – and, most especially, the night! You unwary travellers, who come here with your innocence, with your daylight behind you – look for it no more! While you are here, daylight is banished. Perhaps we shall let some in, but it will be the grey of rain and mist, the black of the storm and not the comforting sunshine you are looking for now!

*(lights have gone to black; sudden spot on **NARRATOR**)*

Look at me! You have entered a world where sanity has no part, no place, no jurisdiction. A place where your mind, and your fears and the blackness behind the cellar door reign supreme. And, as you sit here, in that blackness, I want you always to remember that a few of you are part of this world, are not only familiar with it, but crave its release with every cell of their bodies.

(he starts to exit and turns back)

NARRATOR cont'd: And, by the way, we've locked the doors. Overture!

(MUSIC CUE 1 - Overture)

(as the music sounds, the characters in the next scene drift on, one by one, and assume their places; as it ends, John OLIVER is seen on the dock, puttering around his ferry; the music becomes bouncier and he sings)

(MUSIC CUE 2 - A Happy Life)

OLIVER: ALL IN ALL, WHEN I THINK ABOUT THIS LIFE,
I REALLY CAN'T COMPLAIN.
I'M HAPPY HERE AND SO'S MY WIFE;
WE WORK, BUT NEVER STRAIN.
AND, WHEN OUR BOY DIED,
WE WERE BROKEN, BUT
LIFE GOES ON AGAIN.
LIFE GOES ON AGAIN.

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AND, THE INN AND THE FERRY ARE ENOUGH FOR ME.
ALL IN ALL, IT'S A HAPPY LIFE!

AND, WE DON'T SEEM TO PUT AWAY A LOT,
BUT WE EAT AND DON'T GO COLD.
I'VE TEN GOOD YEARS OR MORE AHEAD;
NOT YOUNG, BUT NOT YET OLD.
BUT, WITH OUR BOY GONE,
THINGS SEEM EMPTY,
AND, WINTERS GROW MORE COLD.
WINTERS GROW MORE COLD.

BUT, THE INN AND THE FERRY ARE ENOUGH FOR ME.
ALL IN ALL, IT'S A HAPPY LIFE!

(lights on the inn interior; MRS OLIVER serves the COMPANY)

MRS OLIVER: WE'VE NOT MUCH MORE THAN WHAT IS ON OUR BACK,
AND NO GREAT WEALTH TO BUY THE THINGS WE LACK,
WHY DO WE NEED MONEY
(THOUGH IT SURELY WOULD BE GRAND!)
WHEN WE HAVE A LIFE THAT WE CAN
WALK THROUGH HAND IN HAND?

MRS OLIVER: WE HAVE THE INN TO BUY OUR DAILY FARE.
cont'd THE FERRY BUYS A RIBBON FOR THE HAIR.
AND, WHY DO WE NEED MORE THAN THAT?
WE LAUGH AND WE SURVIVE!
STILL IT MIGHT BE DIFFERENT IF OUR
BOY WERE STILL ALIVE!

OLIVER: (echoing) . . . BOY WERE STILL ALIVE!

BOTH: OUR BOY WOULD BE SEVENTEEN, THIS YEAR.
HE WAS NO ANGEL, SURE BUT THEN . . .

OLIVER: WHO WANTS AN ANGEL FOR A SON?

MRS OLIVER: HE WAS HANDSOME; HE WAS STRONG;

OLIVER: WOULD HAVE HAD THE GIRLS A-TWITTER,

BOTH: BUT HE DIDN'T LIVE THAT LONG.

OLIVER: I HAD THE DREAMS THAT A FATHER HAS.

MRS OLIVER: I HAD THE PAIN THAT A MOTHER KNOWS.

BOTH: WE HOPED TO GROW OLD AND WATCH HIM FLY!

OLIVER: IT WAS MY FONDEST HOPE THAT I WOULD LIVE TO
SEEM HIM BE A GENTLEMAN . . .

MRS OLIVER: RESPECTABLE . . .

BOTH: A MAN OF PROPERTY!

OUR BOY COULD HAVE HAD THE WORLD FOR FREE,
INSTEAD HE CHOSE BAD COMPANY!

MRS OLIVER: WE PUT A MARKER ON THE HILL.

OLIVER: HE WAS HANDSOME, HE WAS STRONG.

MRS OLIVER: COULD HAVE BEEN THE MAN HE WANTED . . .

BOTH: BUT HE DIDN'T LIVE THAT LONG.

WHEN WE CAME HERE, WE THOUGHT THAT LIFE WOULD BE

BOTH: A SWEET, IDYLLIC DREAM,
cont'd BUT, AS THE WORLD GOES RUSHING PAST,
WE STRUGGLE ON UPSTREAM.

WE KNOW OUR LIFE MIGHT HAVE BEEN DIFFERENT,
BUT, WHAT WE HAVE IS OURS . . .
WHAT WE HAVE IS OURS . . .

AND, IF FATE SHOULD SMILE,
THEN WE'LL TAKE WHAT COMES!
ALL IN ALL, IT'S A HAPPY LIFE!

*(OLIVER finishes at the ferry; MRS OLIVER calls from
the door-frame)*

MRS OLIVER: Mr. Oliver! You, Mr. Oliver!

OLIVER: Is that you, Mrs. Oliver?

MRS OLIVER: It is, Mr. Oliver. There's another here.

OLIVER: There's another?

MRS OLIVER: There's another.

OLIVER: Another what?

MRS OLIVER: Another to go across.

OLIVER: What, you mean across there, where I just came from? There's someone here, wanting to go there?

MRS OLIVER: That's what I'm saying.

OLIVER: Did you tell them I never go across after dark, Mrs. Oliver?

MRS OLIVER: I did, Mr. Oliver.

OLIVER: And, what did they say to that, Mrs. Oliver?

MRS OLIVER: He seemed in a particular, queer kind of hurry. Said he should pay you twice the usual fee, Mr. Oliver.

OLIVER: In a hurry, with money to throw about? Do you know, Mrs. Oliver, I am reminded that there are desperate characters about, these days.

MRS OLIVER: Without doubt, Mr. Oliver, there are.

(they come into the inn; a couple of ANICINÀBE in the corner, out of place in the European setting; a couple of disreputable-looking WOMEN talking to a couple of equally disreputable MEN; a fat, pompous-looking man, Rufus BUMFRY, approaches the OLIVERS)

BUMFRY: Ah! Yes! Mr. Oliver, I presume? The, ah, mmm, ferryman, yes?

OLIVER: I am, sir.

BUMFRY: Hah, hah! Yes, thought so. Bumfry, Rufus.

(he offers his hand; OLIVER shakes it, then wipes his on his pants)

Now, then, Oliver, what's this about not getting across the lake, tonight? Have to, you know – His Majesty's business, what?

OLIVER: Lake's dangerous at night, Mr. Bumfry. Shoals, deadheads. Just not worth the risk.

BUMFRY: I'll make it worth the risk.

(he pulls out a fat bag of coins)

Name your price, man.

OLIVER: You don't have enough. It's no good to me if I'm drowned, is it?

WOMAN: Why don't you ask me my price?

OLIVER: Get out of it.

BUMFRY: Come, man, you crossed that lake thousands of times.

OLIVER: But, never at night. First thing in the morning, Mr. Bumfry, I promise.

MRS OLIVER: You're flogging a dead horse, Mr. Bumfry. Why are you so particular to get across tonight? Surely, His Majesty's business can wait for one day?

BUMFRY: There's someone I must see, tonight.

MRS OLIVER: What? Across the lake? Who?

WOMAN: Never mind, dear. You can see me, tonight, instead.

BUMFRY: Get away, you disgusting creature!

WOMAN: Oh, well, pardon me! My mistake, I'm sure.

ANICINÀBE MAN: *KWAGWAJITO NÌBÀGOM AWADE.* (kwag-WAY-zhee-to nee-BAH-goom ah-WAH-day)

BUMFRY: What'd he say?

IOYAN: He says, he take you across, in canoe.

ANICINÀBE MAN: *KÌJÌKÀZOWIN SHINAWÀBIKISIN NISWI.* (kee-ZHEE-kah-zoh-wihn shee-nah-wah-BEE-kiss-in NEEZ-wee)

IOYAN: For three shilling.

ANICINÀBE MAN: *ANOKIWIN OBODÈY "WHISKY".* (ah-NOH-ki-win oh-BOW-day)

IOYAN: Or, for bottle of

OLIVER: Alright, we understood it. Shut up, you!

BUMFRY: Do you think I should go with him?

OLIVER: Do you have more than the price of a quart of whisky on you?

BUMFRY: You know I do.

OLIVER: For the price of a quart of whisky, they'd slit your throat. They disgust me.

BUMFRY: And, that's what I'm on about, sir.

*(he pulls **OLIVER** aside)*

Mr. Oliver, you're an honest man.

OLIVER: To my sometime regret, yes, I am.

BUMFRY: I, sir, am carrying a large amount of cash. I don't wish to spend any more time in the company of ruffians than I have to.

OLIVER: What ruffians?

*(a brief scuffle ensues between the two **MEN** in the corner)*

OLIVER: Oh, those ruffians.

BUMFRY: And, those horrible savages. Looking for scalps, no doubt.

OLIVER: No, just whisky.

BUMFRY: And, I'm sure that woman has loose morals.

OLIVER: Do you know, I've been trying to put my finger on it for some time now . . .

BUMFRY: So, you'll take me across?

OLIVER: No.

*(**MRS OLIVER** bustles up)*

MRS OLIVER: Here, we are, now, Mr. Bumfry. You sit down and have some stew, while I make up a room for you. That's the ticket. Nothing to worry about. Safe as houses, I assure you.

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*(a rather frightened-looking young woman enters,
ELSPETH Martin)*

First thing in the morning, we'll get you across, Mr. Bumfry.

*(**ELSPETH** doesn't seem to find whoever she is looking for; she approaches **MRS OLIVER**)*

ELSPETH: Please, I'm looking for a young man.

WOMAN: We all are, dear.

ELSPETH: What?

MRS OLIVER: Don't pay any mind. What young man?

ELSPETH: He said he'd meet me here. Has no one been asking?

WOMAN: Like that is it? And, a nice girl, like you?

ELSPETH: What?

MRS OLIVER: Hush up, you! No one's asking, Miss.

*(the door opens and Archibald Stritch, **ARCHY**, a rather clerical young man, with glasses, enters)*

ELSPETH: Archy!

ARCHY: Elspeth!

*(they move together; overcome with emotion, **ARCHY** wipes his glasses)*

BOTH: I thought that . . .

ELSPETH: You, first.

ARCHY: No, you.

ELSPETH: I was afraid you might not come.

ARCHY: I was afraid you wouldn't.

MRS OLIVER: So, you'll want a room.

ARCHY: Yes . . . what? No!

MRS OLIVER: Busy night. I've only got a single bed, but I don't suppose that will bother you.

ARCHY: No, you see . . . uhm . . . what we . . . we're not . . . we didn't come here for a room.

MRS OLIVER: No?

ARCHY: No, we came for the ferry. We need to cross the lake.

MRS OLIVER: Right. So, you'll want a room. I've only got a single bed.

ARCHY: No! We want a ferry, across the lake.

MRS OLIVER: There's no ferry 'til the morning, so you'll have to stay overnight, and I've only got a single bed.

ARCHY: But, we're not . . . !

*(**ELSPETH** kicks him)*

MRS OLIVER: What do I care? It's a long walk back home.

ELSPETH: Archy.

ARCHY: Dearest?

ELSPETH: Archy, we can't cross until morning . . .

ARCHY: No.

ELSPETH: And, we can't go back to Perth.

ARCHY: No!

ELSPETH: And, I know I can trust you not to do anything which could insult me.

ARCHY: Uhm . . . no . . . UH . . . yes.

ELSPETH: We'll take the room.

MRS OLIVER: Tuppence.

ELSPETH: Pay her, Archy.

ARCHY: But, Elspeth . . .

ELSPETH: Pay her.

(ARCHY does so; MRS OLIVER turns to the others)

MRS OLIVER: Alright, closing time! Goodnight, all! Time to go home!

(general rousal)

WOMAN: Might as well; there's nothing doing here.

(she stares pointedly at the two MEN, who are staggering out, supporting each other; the WOMAN exits; OLIVER turns to the ANICINÀBE pair.)

OLIVER: *(with gestures)* Closing time! You go, now!

IOYAN: *(with gestures)* Good, mister, we go now.

ANICINÀBE MAN: Goodnight, Mrs. Oliver; pleasant dreams.

(they exit)

OLIVER: You might have said, Mrs. Oliver.

MRS OLIVER: I thought you knew, Mr. Oliver.

(they smile at each other, then turn to their guests)

Well, then, come along, Mr. Bumfry, Mr. and Mrs. – ah, yes. Come along. Up the stairs, here, Mr. Bumfry. You don't look well, you know.

(all exit but OLIVER)

(MUSIC CUE 2A - Happy Life, button)

OLIVER: ALL IN ALL, IT'S A HAPPY LIFE!

(lights down on OLIVER; up on the NARRATOR; as he speaks the OLIVERS convert the lower platform into a bedroom; BUMFRY is on the upper SL platform and ARCHY and ELSPETH, the upper SR)

NARRATOR: This is a play of dreams, too. Of the dreams we all have, but won't admit to. Of the innocent little game of "What If?" that we all play, privately, secretly, and that we never let get out of hand, for we all know that "what if's" can never happen. But, what if . . . ? No, not yet. Let's hear them, first. Now is a time of innocence for all; of hope, brightness, clarity. Look at it; examine it well; be able to recognize it. We shall see but little of it, again, for, after this, "What if . . ." shall rule.

(MUSIC CUE 3 - What If?)

(lights down on NARRATOR; up on ARCHY and ELSPETH who have arranged some sort of barrier between themselves and are preparing for bed)

ARCHY: WE'RE HERE IN THE ROOM,
ALL ALONE WITH THE MOONLIGHT.
THE CANDLES SEND SHADOWS THAT DANCE!

AND, THERE, 'CROSS THE ROOM,
I CAN FEEL ELSPETH BREATHING.
WHAT IF I DARED TAKE THE CHANCE?

ELSPETH: IF ONE OF US DARED SPEAK,
DARED CALL TO THE OTHER . . .
MY HEART POUNDS TO THINK SUCH A THOUGHT!

BUT, WHAT IF I DARED TO?
DARED CALL HIM TO ME?
WHAT IF . . . I'D REALLY BEST NOT!

ARCHY: WHAT IF I (CALLED OUT HER NAME?

ELSPETH: (WHAT IF I CALLED OUT HIS
(NAME?

ARCHY: (WHAT IF SHE'S (FEELING THE SAME?

ELSPETH: (WHAT IF HE'S FEELING THE
SAME?

BOTH: AND, WHAT IF SHE'S (HE'S) STANDING THERE,
THINKING OF ME;
NOT KNOWING THAT I AM AS FRIGHTENED AS SHE (HE) IS
AND, WHAT IF I SIMPLY WENT 'CROSS TO HER (HIS) SIDE?

ARCHY: COULD I DARE?

ELSPETH: COULD I DARE?

ARCHY: COULD I DARE?

ELSPETH: COULD I DARE?

BOTH: COULD I DARE?
AND, WHAT IF SHE (HE) WANTS ME THERE?

*(music changes; lights change to the **OLIVERS** in bed on
the lower platform)*

MRS OLIVER: WHAT IF THAT BUMFRY'S A THIEF, MR. **OLIVER**?

OLIVER: WHAT IF THE STARS SHOULD FALL?

MRS OLIVER: WHAT IF WE'RE ROBBED IN OUR SLEEP, MR. **OLIVER**?

OLIVER: WHAT IF HE KILLS US ALL?

(he grabs her playfully)

MRS OLIVER: Aah!
I DON'T WANT TO SEEM LIKE A BUSYBODY, WORRYWART.
YOU KNOW I'M NOT GEN'RALLY THAT WAY.

OLIVER: I know.

MRS OLIVER: . . . BUT
THOSE YOUNGSTERS I PUT AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS?
COULD HE BE MURDERING HER?

OLIVER: Go to sleep, woman!

*(they turn over; music as **OLIVER** thinks)*

WHAT IF WE HAD THAT MUCH GOLD, MISSUS OLIVER?

MRS OLIVER: "WHAT IF" IS CATCHING, IT SEEMS.

OLIVER: WHAT IF WE FOUND BUMFRY COLD, MISSUS OLIVER?

MRS OLIVER: "WHAT IF" CAN MAKE PLEASANT DREAMS.

OLIVER: I WISH MISTER BUMFRY NO VIOLENCE, NO ACCIDENTS.
AT HEART, I'M A PEACEFUL MAN.

MRS OLIVER: I know.

OLIVER: . . . BUT!
WHY SHOULD A PUFF-GUT LIKE HE GET AHEAD?
WELL, I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND!

*(music changes again and lights change to **BUMFRY** on
the SL platform in a nightshirt)*

BUMFRY: WHAT IF THEY'VE GUESSED, THIS TIME?
WHAT IF THEY KNOW WHO I'M?
WHAT IF THEY FOUND WHERE THE GOLD COME FROM?
WHAT IF THEY SENSE THAT I'M ON THE RUN?

WHAT IF I STOLE A CANOE?
WHAT WOULD THAT INDIAN DO?
WHAT IF I WENT 'CROSS THE LAKE, TONIGHT?
WHAT IF IT SANK, THOUGHT, THEY SAID IT MIGHT?

WHAT IF SHE POISONED THAT STEW?
WHAT IF . . . AND WHAT SHALL I DO?

(lights bump on each person as they sing)

ARCHY: WE'RE HERE IN THE ROOM, ALL

(ALONE WITH THE MOONLIGHT.

BUMFRY: (
(WHAT IF I'M CAUGHT?

MRS OLIVER: WHAT IF HE (KILLS US ALL?

BUMFRY: (
(WHAT IF I'M NOT?

ELSPETH: WHAT IF I (DARED TO? DARED CALL HIM TO ME?

BUMFRY: (
(WHAT IF THEY COME FOR ME?

OLIVER: WHAT IF WE FOUND HIM COLD?

ALL FIVE: "WHAT IF" HAS MUCH TO RECOMMEND IT.
DON'T BE AFRAID TO DREAM YOUR SWEETEST DREAMS.

BUMFRY: YET, I'M AFRAID!

ALL FIVE: WE KNOW FROM THE START THAT, IN THE END, IT
CANNOT BE AS SWEET AS NOW IT SEEMS.

PLEASE DON'T TAKE THE AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS
YET, STILL WE'LL DREAM..!
DREAM OUR DREAMS..!
FOR WHAT IF WE DARED TO DREAM OUR DREAMS?

(music continues under as they settle down for bed)

BUMFRY: Nonsense. Of course, they'll never catch up with me. Just being silly, that's all. What?

(lights down on BUMFRY)

MRS OLIVER: Now, Mr. Oliver, you've got the blankets all twisted.

OLIVER: I was thinking.

MRS OLIVER: About what?

OLIVER: Just thinking, that's all.

MRS OLIVER: Strange; so was I.

(they lay there, wide awake, side-by-side, staring into the night; lights down on them)

ARCHY: Elspeth?

ELSPETH: Yes, Archy?

ARCHY: I've been wondering . . .

ELSPETH: Yes, Archy?

ARCHY: Just wondering, that's all.

ELSPETH: Yes, Archy.

(a pause)

ARCHY: Elspeth?

ELSPETH: Yes, Archy?

ARCHY: What if..?

ELSPETH: Yes, Archy?

ARCHY: What if..?

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(he gets up enough nerve and pulls the barrier down)

ELSPETH: Oh, yes, Archy!

*(lights down on them as they leap into bed and the music changes; lights on Constable **DONAGHIE**, as he approaches the door-frame and knocks; music stops as he does, then continues; he notices someone in the shadows)*

DONAGHIE: Here, you! Get away, now!

*(**IOYAN** emerges briefly into the light, glares at him and exits; music continues; he knocks again; light on the **OLIVERS**)*

OLIVER: We're coming! We're coming!

*(**DONAGHIE** knocks again; the **OLIVERS** come to the door of the inn)*

MRS OLIVER: Hold your horses! We're coming!

(she opens the door; music ends)

Oh! It's Constable Donaghie! It's Constable Donaghie, Mr. Oliver.

OLIVER: So, I see.

MRS OLIVER: Now, what do you want at this hour?

DONAGHIE: Beg pardon, ma'am, sir. Sorry to be waking you at this hour, but I've just had a visit from a irate father. (*sic*)

MRS OLIVER: A what?

DONAGHIE: A Mr. Martin, from up Perth way. Well, I'll have to make an inspection of your premises. If you don't mind.

MRS OLIVER: What is this? This is a respectable house!

DONAGHIE: Beg pardon, ma'am, but Mr. Martin believes his clerk, one Archibald Stritch, may have eloped with his daughter, Martin's daughter that is, and may have brought her here for the purposes of unlawful carnal knowledge.

THE OLIVERS: No! PERUSAL COPY ONLY

DONAGHIE: Yes! PLEASE CONTACT THE AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

MRS OLIVER: And, to think, we opened our hearts to them. Isn't that so, Mr. Oliver?

OLIVER: It is, Mrs. Oliver.

DONAGHIE: They're here, then?

OLIVER: This way, officer!

(*he leads DONAGHIE to ARCHY and ELSPETH*)

There they are, sir! Caught in the act!

MRS OLIVER: Disgusting, I call it.

ARCHY: (*with as much bravado as one can muster in one's nightshirt*) What is the meaning of this?

DONAGHIE: Are you Mister Archibald Stritch?

ARCHY: I am, sir.

DONAGHIE: And, are you Miss Elspeth Martin?

ELSPETH: I am. Oh, Archy!

DONAGHIE: I am authorized to arrest you, sir, for the crime of seduction, and to convey you, miss, back to your lawful premises.

ARCHY: Oh, Elspeth, we are undone.

MRS OLIVER: Disgusting.

ARCHY: I mean . . ! Oh, Elspeth . . !

ELSPETH: Oh, Archy!

(they are about to embrace)

DONAGHIE: Now, now, now! We'll have none of that! Come along, now. Get something on yourselves.

(they start to dress)

ARCHY: Sir, if you will allow me to explain . . .

DONAGHIE: You'll do your explaining to a magistrate, boy-o. Hurry along, Miss, your father's waiting.

ELSPETH: My father sent you! Oh, how I hate him!

DONAGHIE: Now, don't be angry, Miss. It's for your own good, you know.

ELSPETH: And, what's to stop us from simply attacking you on the way back? There are two of us, you know, and only one of you.

ARCHY: Elspeth!

DONAGHIE: Well, you could try, Miss, and I sure wouldn't hurt you . . . much, but your boyfriend'd suffer.

ELSPETH: We'll go along quietly, Constable.

DONAGHIE: Thought as much.

(they are dressed again)

Let's go, now.

(they start to leave)

DONAGHIE: One other thing, ma'am, sir. There was someone outside when I come up – lurking, as it were.

OLIVER: Oh? Indian woman?

DONAGHIE: Why, yes, sir, so it was. I chased her off.

MRS OLIVER: Why, thank you. She will lurk about. Can't seem to scare her off.

OLIVER: There's only one way to get rid of that kind.

MRS OLIVER: I know, I know. Hush up, now.

DONAGHIE: So, I'm sorry for all the trouble. Just doing my duty, you know.

MRS OLIVER: Of course you are, Constable.

OLIVER: Always glad to oblige. Goodnight, then.

(DONAGHIE, ARCHY and ELSPETH exit; OLIVER closes the door)

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I hate that man.

MRS OLIVER: Yes.

(BUMFRY comes down, apparently rather ill)

BUMFRY: What was that about? The . . . the officer . . . what did he . . . that is . . . what was . . . ?

MRS OLIVER: Mr. Bumfry! You look positively unwell!

BUMFRY: I . . . uhm . . . yes, I don't feel too . . . that is . . . what was that fellow after? Hm?

OLIVER: The constable? Nothing to do with you. Why should you be upset?

BUMFRY: No, no, I'm just not . . . I'm not well. Not well, at all. I think I'd best . . .

(MUSIC CUE 4 - Before You Judge)

(a musical sting as BUMFRY clutches his chest and falls; music continues as lights change; up on NARRATOR)

NARRATOR: BEFORE YOU JUDGE WHAT HAPPENS HERE,

LET'S TRY TO GET JUST ONE THING CLEAR:
THERE ISN'T ONE OF US THAT CAN AFFORD DISDAIN!

FOR IF THE CIRCUMSTANCE WERE OURS,
THEN IT MUST SURELY GIVE US PAUSE,
AND IN THE END, YOU KNOW, WE ALL COULD DO THE SAME!

*(lights back to **BUMFRY** and the **OLIVERS**)*

BUMFRY: Sweet Jesus! Help me!

*(**MRS OLIVER** steps forward; **OLIVER** grabs her arm)*

OLIVER: Stay back, woman!

MRS OLIVER: But, he's dying, Mr. Oliver!

OLIVER: Yes, Mrs. Oliver, he is.

*(the **OLIVERS** each pull up a chair and watch)*

BUMFRY: For the love of God...!

*(lights back to the **NARRATOR**)*

NARRATOR: NO MATTER WHAT OUR PLACE IN LIFE,
IT'S COME FROM COMPETITION, STRIFE,
AND CUTTING THROATS OF PEOPLE WHO GET IN OUR WAY.

BUT, THAT'S THE WAY IT'S ALWAYS BEEN,
AND FROM THE THINGS THAT I HAVE SEEN,
I GUESS THE WORLD IS STILL AS MURDEROUS, TODAY!

*(lights down on **NARRATOR**; up on **BUMFRY** and the
OLIVERS)*

BUMFRY: Monsters! How could you . . . ?

*(he dies, grotesquely sprawled; lights change back as
COMPANY join the **NARRATOR**; they sing half-time)*

**NARRATOR:
& COMPANY** AND, UP AND DOWN, WE GO!
AND, 'ROUND AND 'ROUND, WE GO!
AND EVERYONE WE KNOW IS
LOOKING FOR THE END.

BUT IN THE END, WE KNOW
THERE IS NO ANSWER, SO
WE ALL GET UP!
AND, 'ROUND WE GO, AGAIN!

(music changes to full tempo)

AND, UP AND DOWN, WE GO!
AND, 'ROUND AND 'ROUND WE GO!
AND, EVERYONE WE KNOW IS
LOOKING FOR THE END.

BUT, IN THE END, WE KNOW
THERE IS NO ANSWER, SO
WE ALL GET UP!

NARRATOR: . . . and, 'round we go, again!

(COMPANY and NARRATOR exit; lights go back to

*OLIVERS, with BUMFRY's body; a long silence as they
look at him)*

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MRS OLIVER: Mr. Oliver?

OLIVER: Mrs. Oliver?

MRS OLIVER: I think he's dead.

*(OLIVER gets up, crosses to BUMFRY's body and pokes
it)*

OLIVER: I think so, too. What was it, do you think?

MRS OLIVER: His heart?

OLIVER: Must have been.

(another silence)

MRS OLIVER: Where would he keep it?

OLIVER: It will be on him, somewhere.

(they start to search the body)

A money-belt!

(they strip it off him)

MRS OLIVER: How much? How much?

(coins spill out)

MRS OLIVER: Well?

OLIVER: Not as much as I'd hoped. Maybe a hundred and fifty.

MRS OLIVER: Pounds!

OLIVER: Mm.

MRS OLIVER: That's more than we make in three years.

OLIVER: I thought there'd be more!

*(he grabs **BUMFRY's** shirt-front)*

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There must be more! Where is it? Where?

MRS OLIVER: Mr. Oliver, he can't answer, now.

*(**OLIVER** realizes what he is doing)*

OLIVER: No, the loquacious Mr. Bumfry is silent, at last, but, there should be more.

MRS OLIVER: But, Mr. Oliver, we could be comfortable for years on that.

OLIVER: Comfortable?

*(**MUSIC CUE 5 - Gelt!**)*

We could be comfortable here! We could be comfortable anywhere, but, for one instant, we had the chance to be rich!

RICH!

THINK OF THE CHANGES THAT MONEY CAN BRING.
THINK OF THE EASY LIFE.

MRS OLIVER: Oh, I am.

OLIVER: NO NEED TO WORK FOR A SINGLE THING;
GONE IS THE TOIL AND STRIFE!

DI'MONDS OR PEARLS OR FASH'NABLE CURLS,
SILK GOWNS AND ALL THE REST!
RINGS ON YOUR FINGERS OF SOLID GOLD –
FOR YOU, MY DEAR, ONLY THE BEST!

GIVE ME ENOUGH OF THE GELT, MY DEAR.
PILE THE LUCRE HIGH.

I'LL MAKE A PURSE FOR A QUEEN, MY DEAR,
OF ANY PIG'S EAR IN THE STY.

PICTURE YOURSELF IN A TWENTY-ROOM HOUSE,
WITH A SERVANT IN EVERY ONE.
A PALL MALL ADDRESS AND A COUNTRY ESTATE,
AND PARTIES FROM SUN TO SUN!

Down to up, of course; none of this early rising for us.

MRS OLIVER: I'D BE A LADY AND YOU'D BE A GENT!
NOT CARING A FIG FOR THE FORTUNES WE'VE SPENT!
LIVERIED SERVANTS TO JUMP AT OUR CALL, AND
BREAKFAST IN BED – SUMMER, WINTER AND FALL!

OLIVER: Not in spring?

MRS OLIVER: Musn't overdo.

BOTH: GIVE ME ENOUGH OF THE GELT, MY DEAR.
PILE THE LUCRE HIGH!
THE LIFE WE HAVE HERE IS SO GOOD, MY DEAR,
WE'LL CRY AS WAVE GOODBYE!

MRS OLIVER: I can see us being presented to royalty! Lord and Lady Oliver!

*(OLIVER lugs BUMFRY to a chair, and throws a
tablecloth around his shoulders; MRS OLIVER crowns
him with a chamber pot)*

OLIVER: Presenting their Graces, the Duke and Duchess of Leeds, Lord and Lady
Oliver!

(he and MRS OLIVER bow low to BUMFRY)

MRS OLIVER: Oh, your majesty, ever so charmed, I'm sure.

OLIVER: So, George . . . don't mind if I call you George, do you? How's the old gout, what? How about a spot of grouse shooting at my estate, say, Monday, if I can squeeze you in?

MRS OLIVER: Not very talkative, is he?

OLIVER: A serene highness.

BOTH: I'D (YOU'D) BE A LADY AND YOU'D (I'D) BE A GENT!
WE'D GO WHERE WE WANT AND WE'D SPEND WHERE WE WENT.
TRAVEL IS BROADENING, THE WISE MEN SAY,
BUT GOING FIRST CLASS IS THE ONLY WAY!

GIVE ME ENOUGH OF THE GELT, MY DEAR.
PILE THE LUCRE HIGH!
ALL THAT WE LACK, AND ALL THAT WE NEED
ARE THE GOOD THINGS, THE GRAND THINGS,
THE BANGLES AND BAND-THINGS,
THE GOOD THINGS THAT MONEY CAN BUY!

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(they collapse, laughing; at length, their laughter fades)

MRS OLIVER: And, his majesty?

OLIVER: We'll take him back upstairs and put him in his bed. In the morning, I'll go to Perth and get the doctor, tell him we found him that way.

MRS OLIVER: And, the money?

OLIVER: What money?

*(they cross to **BUMFRY** and lift him from the chair; he has stiffened and stays in the seated position)*

MRS OLIVER: *Rigor mortis!* We'll never unbend him! Now, what?

OLIVER: We'll sit him in a chair and say he died there.

MRS OLIVER: The kind of pain he was in? They'll never believe he died sitting down.

OLIVER: Then what?

MRS OLIVER: We bury him.

OLIVER: What?

MRS OLIVER: In the root cellar. We bury him down there and, if anyone asks, you took him across and we never saw him again. Yes?

OLIVER: Yes.

(they pick him up and start OFF)

But, there should have been more.

MRS OLIVER: What?

OLIVER: Money.

*(they exit with the body; lights come up on the
NARRATOR)*

NARRATOR: How simply, how easily, with what familiarity the mantle can fall upon us; so softly, so unexpectedly, that we do not know when we have stepped over the boundary. We find ourselves, suddenly, on the outside, looking in, and, oh, how different the world looks from there! But, why am I telling you this? You know, don't you?

*(ARCHY, ELSPETH, and DONAGHIE enter past the
NARRATOR; a moment as the NARRATOR gazes at
ELSPETH, then he exits)*

DONAGHIE: Right. This is far enough. Young fellow, do you know what kind of trouble you're in?

(ARCHY shakes his head)

You could get five years in prison, boy-o.

ELSPETH: Archy!

DONAGHIE: Now, we don't want that, do we? 'Cause, quite frankly, friends, you haven't done nothing to be ashamed of. You're young and in love and that's the best way to be. But, I've got my duty, and that means taking this young lady back to her father. But, my duty don't include sending young lads to prison for being, well, a bit rash. It don't, at all. I did one young lad no good by trying to take him in, and I won't do it again. Now, you see, my boot-lace is loose, and it being so dark here, if you was to run off while I was tying it up, why, I'd never find you, would I? And, I hasn't leave this poor girl alone in the woods. No, I doubt if we'd ever find you.

ARCHY: Thank you, sir!

DONAGHIE: Don't mention it, and I mean, don't mention it. Ever. But, see here, Archibald Stritch! If you come back, or if you come around this young lady again, I won't let you off a second time.

ARCHY: No, sir, I mean, yes, sir.

DONAGHIE: And, one more thing. Next time, get her across the county line before you stop for the night. Now, get!

(MUSIC CUE 6 - For You)

(ARCHY starts OFF)

ELSPETH: Goodbye, sweetheart!

HERE WE PART AND HERE I LEAVE
A PROMISE FOR THIS DESPERATE EVE
THAT HERE I SHALL RETURN ONCE MORE
TO WAIT . . . TO WAIT FOR YOU.

ARCHY: PROMISES WE BOTH HAVE MADE WILL
HOLD US TO THE PLANS WE'VE LAID,
SO BE ASSURED OF ONE THING, DEAR,
I'LL COME . . . I'LL COME FOR YOU.

DONAGHIE: Alright! Alright! Let's go.

*(he drags **ELSPETH** along)*

**ELSPETH &
ARCHY:**

SHADOWS LIE UPON THE NIGHTMARE LANDSCAPE –
CHILDHOOD FEARS, FORGOTTEN LONG AGO.
YET, SOMEHOW, THROUGH THOSE FEARS, I FEEL YOU WITH ME.
YOU CAN FEEL ME WITH YOU, TOO, I KNOW.

SO, HERE WE PART AND HERE WE LEAVE
A PROMISE FOR THIS DESPERATE EVE ---
I ONLY ASK THAT YOU BELIEVE
I'LL WAIT (COME)
I'LL WAIT (COME) FOR YOU!

*(**ELSPETH** and **DONAGHIE** exit; as **ARCHY** leaves
opposite, he meets **IOYAN** suddenly in the shadows; lights
change to **OLIVERS**, coming up from the cellar)*

OLIVER: . . . but, suppose someone comes looking for him?

MRS OLIVER: Why should they look here? Who knew he was here?

OLIVER: Those two youngsters . . .

MRS OLIVER: . . . have enough trouble of their own without borrowing ours. Let's got to bed, shall we?

OLIVER: I wanted to count the money.

MRS OLIVER: Never mind that. Just put it somewhere. All this excitement has had a strange effect on me.

OLIVER: Well, wait, then.

(he hides the money)

OLIVER: There, that'll do. There's lots of room, there; plenty of room.

MRS OLIVER: What?

OLIVER: Nothing. Let's go to sleep, shall we?

(he heads upstairs; she follows)

(MUSIC CUE 7 - Pleasant Little Murders)

MRS OLIVER: Sleep?

(lights down on them; up on the COMPANY)

COMPANY: WITH BUMFRY IN THE CELLAR,
SAFELY TUCKED OUT OF SIGHT,
(OOH-OOH-OOH!),
NO ONE COULD SUSPECT A THING!
(OOH-OOH-OOH!)

WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT,
WHO COULD BELIEVE
WHAT THOSE TWO WERE
HIDING UP THEIR SLEEVE?

PLEASANT LITTLE MURDERS SEEMED TO FLOAT ACROSS
THEIR MINDS.
WAITING FOR OCCASION TO KNOCK.

(knock, knock)

THE LIFE OF EVERY STRANGER, EVERY TRAVELLER PASSING
THROUGH,
COULD BE MEASURED BY THE MINUTES ON THE CLOCK!

(tick-tock)

PLEASANT LITTLE MURDERS!
THE SOPHISTICATE OF CRIMES!
TAKES A CULTURED PALATE FOR THAT
RAREST OF ALL WINES!

NOW, THE WHEELS ARE TURNING,
THE SCHEMES BEGIN TO FLOW.
(OOH-OOH-OOH!)
OLIVER HAS JUST BEGUN TO THINK!
(OOH-OOH-OOH!)

THE FIRST ONE WAS SO EASY,
MERELY CHILD'S PLAY!
WHY NOT TRY ANOTHER ONE OR TWO?

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PLEASANT LITTLE MURDERS SEEM TO PEEK THROUGH EVERY
DOOR,
WAVING TO HIM – “LET'S GO OUT AND PLAY!”

MRS OLIVER: YOO-HOO!

COMPANY: OLIVER IS THINKING UP THE NEAT AND PERFECT WAY
TO COMMIT THE CRIME THAT'S SURE TO PAY!

PLEASANT LITTLE MURDERS!
A QUICK CRRK! AND, THEN – GOODNIGHT!
KNIFE OR GUN OR POISON
ARE ENOUGH TO DOUSE YOUR LIGHT!

*(lights down on the COMPANY; up on ELSPETH and
MARTIN; he is an influential-looking man, who is so sure
of himself that he never needs to raise his voice)*

MARTIN: You've not shown respect, Elspeth, that's what you've not done. Respect is
the essential element in cordial relationships.

ELSPETH: But, father . . .

MARTIN: Don't interrupt me when I'm talking. Your mother (rest her soul) and I did our duty to you faithfully, all these years. You have a duty to me, do you not?

ELSPETH: I . . . yes, father.

MARTIN: And, what is that duty a child owes her parent?

ELSPETH: Obedience in all things.

MARTIN: I should think so. *(he fumes a bit)* With a clerk! A . . . a . . . nothing like that fellow! My own clerk, of all things!

ELSPETH: Archibald is very intelligent and has . . .

MARTIN: Desist! I'll not have you defending that philanderer. It's a good thing for him, he got away from the constable. I'd have had him horse-whipped, or worse!

ELSPETH: But, he did nothing!

MARTIN: Enough! I've no way of knowing, so we'll drop the matter.

ELSPETH: Yes, father.

MARTIN: You shall stay in this room and consider what you have done. I suggest prayer.

(he softens a bit)

MARTIN: Now, now, my girl, don't be so down. I'm expecting some news shortly that should cheer you up.

ELSPETH: What kind of news?

MARTIN: Now, that will be my secret for awhile, but I know you'll like it.

*(MARTIN exits, locking the door behind him;
DONAGHIE waits below)*

And that's that.

DONAGHIE: What should I do about the lad?

MARTIN: Oh, leave him be, by all means. It's working perfectly. You've played your part excellently.

DONAGHIE: Well, I try, sir. I do hope I won't have to go out to the Olivers' again, sir. It's uncomfortable, what with their boy drowning, and all.

MARTIN: That was not your responsibility. If the lad had not run . . .

DONAGHIE: I know, sir. I know. It may have been an accident, but it's still uncomfortable.

MARTIN: Well, we can probably avoid that.

DONAGHIE: I must say, I don't understand this, at all, at all.

MARTIN: Ah, but, I do, sir. I know exactly what I'm doing. It's planned in every detail.

(MUSIC CUE 8 - Human Nature)

Have you a daughter, sir?

DONAGHIE: None that anyone's ever told me about.

MARTIN: A DAUGHTER IS A FRAGILE THING,
DEMANDING CAREFUL NURTURING.
IT'S NOT LIKE RAISING BOYS, AS I WOULD SAY..
YOU HAVE TO BRING THEM UP A SPECIAL WAY.

AND, SINCE MY WIFE HAS PASSED AWAY,
I'VE A MOTHER'S ROLE TO PLAY,
AS WELL AS BEING STERN AND GRAVE PAPA!

SO, I THINK TO MYSELF,
"MARTIN, WHAT'S THE SUREST WAY
TO MAKE HER DO THE THINGS SHE OUGHT TO DO?"
AND, THE ANSWER WAS, OF COURSE,
THE OLD PROVERB OF THE HORSE –
"YOU CAN LEAD A HORSE . . . "
DOES THAT MAKE SENSE TO YOU?

FOR HUMAN NATURE IS A WONDROUS THING!
THE STEPS WE'LL TAKE TO DO THE STUPID THING!
WHEN THOUGHT AND WISDOM FIND

THAT A CERTAIN PATH WILL PAY,
YOU CAN COUNT ON ALL MANKIND
TO SET OFF A DIFFERENT WAY.

AND, THERE'S NOTHING YOU OR I COULD EVER DO.
THEY'D KILL THEMSELVES JUST TO SPITE ME AND YOU.

DONAGHIE: So, you told her . . . ? Ah, I see!

MARTIN: Now, you're catching on!

I MADE HER THINK IT WAS A LARK.
I SAID "STAY CLEAR OF THAT YOUNG CLERK."
OF COURSE, SHE COULDN'T WAIT TO MEET THE BOY.
A CHILD WITH HER FIRST CHRISTMAS TOY.

THEN I LET NATURE TAKE ITS COURSE,
AND WHILE I SCREAMED MY POOR THROAT HOARSE,
I SET IT UP SO THEY WOULD RUN AWAY.

FOR I SAID TO MYSELF,
"MARTIN, THAT'S THE MAN FOR HER;
I'LL MAKE HER FALL IN LOVE WITH THAT BRIGHT LAD."

BUT HOW LONG WOULD THIS MATCH LAST,
I KNOW THAT IT WOULD CRUMBLE FAST,
IF EVER THEY FIND OUT THAT THEY'VE BEEN HAD!

FOR HUMAN NATURE IS A WONDROUS THING!
THE STEPS WE'LL TAKE TO DO THE STUPID THING!
WHEN THOUGHT AND WISDOM FIND
THAT A CERTAIN PATH WILL PAY,
YOU CAN COUNT ON OLD MANKIND
TO SET OFF A DIFFERENT WAY.

AND, THERE'S NOTHING YOU OR I COULD EVER DO.
THEY'D KILL THEMSELVES JUST TO SPITE ME AND YOU.

NO, THERE'S NOTHING YOU OR I COULD EVER DO.
THEY'LL FALL IN LOVE, JUST TO SPITE ME AND YOU.

DONAGHIE: I take my hat off to you, sir.

MARTIN: Now, this young fellow should be along shortly. They'll probably do a short balcony scene, so we'll have to catch them at the climax and chase him off. I quite like the theatricality of it, don't you?

DONAGHIE: Well, I never been to any theatricals, sir. 'Least, none with balconies in them.

(they exit)

(MUSIC CUE 9 - What If?, reprise)

*(lights up on **ELSPETH** at the window of her room, on the upper SR platform)*

ELSPETH: I'M HERE IN THE ROOM,
ALL ALONE WITH THE MORNING;
THE LONG NIGHT IS STARTING TO DIE!
I'M WATCHING AND WAITING,
HOPING AND PRAYING,
LONGING THE MOMENT TO FLY!

*(**ARCHY** enters, not far away)*

ARCHY: IF ELSPETH IS WAITING, THERE,
SOFT IN THE WINDOW,
HER HAIR PAINTED RED WITH THE SUN!
THEN, WE'LL STEAL AWAY
WITH THE MORNING'S FIRST STIRRING.
AWAY WITH THE SUNRISE, WE'LL RUN!

ELSPETH: WHAT IF I (CALLED OUT HIS NAME?

(
ARCHY: (WHAT IF I CALLED OUT HER
(NAME?

(
ELSPETH: (WHAT IF HE'S (FEELING THE SAME?

(
ARCHY: (WHAT IF SHE'S FEELING THE
SAME?

BOTH: AND, WHAT IF SHE'S (HE'S) STANDING THERE,
THINKING OF ME;
NOT KNOWING THAT I AM AS FRIGHTENED AS SHE (HE) IS
AND, WHAT IF I SIMPLY WENT 'CROSS TO HER (HIS) SIDE?

ARCHY: COULD I DARE?

ELSPETH: COULD I DARE?

ARCHY: COULD I DARE?

ELSPETH: COULD I DARE?

BOTH: COULD I DARE?
AND, WHAT IF SHE (HE) WANTS ME THERE?

(ARCHY crosses to beneath ELSPETH's window, as music continues under)

ARCHY: Elspeth?

ELSPETH: Archy? Is that you?

ARCHY: Elspeth, fly with me!

ELSPETH: When?

ARCHY: Now! Tonight!

ELSPETH: I want to, dearest, but where would we go? He'd find me, again;
I know he would.

ARCHY: I won't let him take you from me, Elspeth! I love you!

ELSPETH: I love you, Archy!

(music ends)

(MUSIC CUE 9A - Chase Music)

ARCHY: Then, come to me, now!

ELSPETH: Yes, Archy!

(MARTIN and DONAGHIE enter from opposite sides)

MARTIN: Now, we have him! Catch him, Constable!

ARCHY: In the woods, Elspeth!

(DONAGHIE grabs for him; he sidesteps and runs OFF)

I'll be waiting!

(he exits; MARTIN glares at ELSPETH)

MARTIN: Inside, miss! At once!

(she pulls her head in and shuts the window)

Capital night's work, sir! They'll be married in a month. Splendid boy; did you see the way he took to his heels? Anyone else would have fought it out, but not he! Sensible fellow! Capital night's work!

(they shake hands and exit; lights change; after a moment, ARCHY stumbles in; he has lost his baggage and banged his head, which he holds as he walks; IOYAN moves through the shadows behind him)

ARCHY: God!

(he leans on something for support, and peers into the shadows)

ARCHY: Who's there? Who is that? Come out!

IOYAN: *(from shadows)* Ho! A loud voice for one so frightened.

ARCHY: I'm not frightened! Show yourself!

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You, again! What do you want?

(she doesn't answer)

I'm lost. I don't know which way to go.

IOYAN: That way is the town.

ARCHY: I can't go back there.

IOYAN: HOPAH! Go another way.

ARCHY: I will! I will.

(he starts OFF)

And, quit following me! Leave me alone!

(he exits; she watches and then goes out another way; lights change to NARRATOR)

NARRATOR: Let us move ahead, now, for daylight is creeping up on us, and we told you we would not allow day to enter here. So, we shall remove and find comfort in the night, once again. Time has gone by – how much is not

important. We'll let you decide that for yourself.

(lights down on him; up on the OLIVERS, sitting in front of the fire-place of an evening; OLIVER is counting coins)

OLIVER: . . . one-hundred, eighty-three; one-hundred, eighty-four; one-hundred, eighty-five; one-hundred, eighty-six; and a sovereign and one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight shillings; six-pence, ha'p'ny. One-hundred, eighty-seven pounds, nine shillings, six-pence, ha'p'ny.

MRS OLIVER: Oh! Ha'p'ny more than yesterday. Not bad for one day's work. Let's see, if we add ha'p'ny a day to this, we should be rich in . . . three-hundred years?

OLIVER: There's another way . . .

MRS OLIVER: Now, we can't go doing in every customer who comes through the door, can we?

OLIVER: No. Not every customer . . .

MRS OLIVER: What are you thinking, Mr. Oliver?

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There's another one!

(she throws something into the corner, just past OLIVER's head)

OLIVER: What?

MRS OLIVER: Rat! Another rat! I missed, too.

OLIVER: Say, I've got the stuff for him.

(he puts the bag of money in its hiding place and goes out; MRS OLIVER crosses to the stew-pot)

MRS OLIVER: It's on account of His Majesty in the cellar, you know!

(she stirs the stew)

Doesn't seem much point in keeping this simmering, does there?

OLIVER: *(OFF, muffled)* What was that?

MRS OLIVER: *(shouting)* I said, "Doesn't seem much point in keeping this simmering . . ."

(OLIVER returns with a bag of something or other)

" . . . does there!"

OLIVER: No need to shout.

MRS OLIVER: I . . .

(she glares at him)

OLIVER: Here, we'll put some of this down. That'll take care of the rats.

MRS OLIVER: What is it?

(she pokes her nose into the bag and sniffs several times)

OLIVER: Rat poison.

(she jerks her head back quickly)

Arsenic.

MRS OLIVER: You might have said.

OLIVER: I thought you knew.

MRS OLIVER: Where did you get it?

OLIVER: Bought it years ago, to get rid of those raccoons.

MRS OLIVER: Oh, yes. Pesky things. Well, watch where you put that down. Don't get it near the pantry or the fire-place.

OLIVER: Alright. Alright.

(he puts down the poison)

We need one thousand.

MRS OLIVER: We've got too many, now.

OLIVER: Not rats. Pounds. We need one thousand pounds.

MRS OLIVER: Yes, well, let's make it ten thousand while we're wishing.

OLIVER: No! No! One thousand is enough! We could live the rest of our lives on that – and live well, too.

(MUSIC CUE 10 - Rationale)

MRS OLIVER: What are you thinking?

(they look at each other)

Are you thinking what I think you're thinking, Mr. Oliver?

OLIVER: That depends on what you think I'm thinking, Mrs. Oliver.

MRS OLIVER: I THINK I DON'T LIKE THE TONE OF YOUR VOICE;
I THINK YOU'VE BEEN GETTING IDEAS!
YOU'D BEST JUST FORGET WHATEVER YOU'VE PLANNED
AND QUIET DOWN, 'FORE SOMEONE HEARS!

OLIVER: There's no one about..!
AND, WHAT IF THERE WERE?
HE'S DOWN THERE AND THAT'S WHERE HE STAYS!
WE'VE STARTED IT NOW, SO WHY SHOULD WE QUIT?
WE'VE YET TO TRY SO MANY WAYS!

(he holds up the poison)

MRS OLIVER: BUT, IT'S WRONG, MISTER OLIVER!
IT'S MURDER, AFTER ALL!

OLIVER: NO, IT'S NOT, MISSUS O., YOU SEE,
WE PUNISH THEM, THAT'S ALL!

THAT FAT BUMFRY WITH HIS STOLEN MONEY
DID NOT DESERVE TO LIVE ANOTHER DAY.
WE'LL JUST DO THE ONES WHO NEED IT.
WE'LL BE HANDING JUSTICE OUT,
THAT'S WHAT THEY'LL SAY.

MISSUS OLIVER, THE WORLD IS FULL OF PEOPLE
WHO DESERVE A GRAVEYARD PLOT.
WE'LL BE DOING THE WORLD A FAVOUR ---
DOING IN THE VILLAINS THAT THE WORLD CANNOT!

BOTH: THE WORLD, MIS-(TER)SUS OLIVER,
IS NOT A HAPPY PLACE!
IT'S FILLED WITH PAIN AND MISERY!
IF WE CAN DO OUR PART TO
HELP THE HUMAN RACE,
THEN, WE'LL DO IT WILLINGLY!

OLIVER: CUT A FEW THROATS . . .

MRS OLIVER: . . . OR POISON THEIR TEA . . .

BOTH: . . . OR, BASH IN THEIR BRAINS IN THEIR SLEEP!

OLIVER: IF WE CAN DO A FEW VILLAINS IN . . .

MRS OLIVER: I DON'T THINK THE WORLD WOULD WEEP!

THAT FAT BUMFRY WAS A DOWNRIGHT BAD'UN.
I COULD DETECT A CERTAIN EVIL AIR!
THERE'VE BEEN OTHERS WHO'VE COME IN HERE
WHO COULD USE A RAZOR PLACED WITH LOVING CARE!

MISTER OLIVER, THE WORLD KEEPS SPINNING 'ROUND
AND, DOESN'T REALLY CARE WHO GETS AHEAD.
WE'LL REMOVE A FEW UNDESIRABLES ---
DISTRIBUTE ALL THAT WEALTH AROUND TO US, INSTEAD.

BOTH: THE WORLD, MIS-(TER)SUS OLIVER,
RESEMBLES A STY!
IT'S FILLED WITH GRAFT AND LARCENY!
BUT, WE, MIS-(TER)SUS OLIVER,
CAN CLEAN IT, IF WE TRY,
AND, WE'LL DO IT LOVINGLY!

MRS OLIVER: SHARPEN YOUR AXE!

OLIVER: . . . AND BREW UP SOME TEA!

BOTH: THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE, TONIGHT!
IF WE CAN DO A FEW VILLAINS IN . . .
AND, SOMEHOW, I THINK WE MIGHT!

*(music continues; a couple, fairly well-to-do, enter the inn;
outside a storm crashes suddenly)*

THE MAN: Oh, dreadful night! Do you have a room, sir? Our horse has come up lame,
and I think we're lost.

OLIVER: Really, sir? Well, I think we can . . .accommodate you.

(lights to black as the music ends)

END OF ACT ONE

GHOST STORIES

The Legend Of Oliver's Landing

Act Two

*(as the audience wait for the act to begin, there is the sound of waves and **OLIVER** comes onto the dock; he stares off into the distance; at length, the waves change into music)*

(MUSIC CUE 11 - Victims)

OLIVER: I HAD A LIFE ONCE, OH, A CENTURY AGO,
OF COMMONPLACE THINGS, AND A COMMONPLACE GOAL:
TO SEE MY BOY, A MAN, BUT THAT WAS
CENTURIES AGO.

I HAD A DREAM ONCE, OH, AN ORDINARY DREAM,
OF COMMONPLACE THINGS AND A COMMONPLACE GOAL:
TO MAKE A LIVING AND A HOME, BUT THAT WAS
CENTURIES AGO.

SO MANY DAYS HAVE COME AND GONE SINCE THEN;
SO MANY DREAMS, I CAN'T REMEMBER THEM.
THE VICTIMS PILE HIGH AND
NONE OF THEM KNOW WHY –
ANY MORE THAN WE KNOW WHY.

AND, THEIR SILENT SCREAMS NOW
FILL MY DREAMS AND
MOUTHLESSLY ASK "WHY?"
"WHY DID I HAVE TO DIE" AND, I SAY,
"I DON'T KNOW. NOT I."

*(ARCHY comes onstage opposite; he is ragged and wild-looking; he has obviously been living in the woods; **OLIVER** sees him)*

You! Get away! Go!

ARCHY: Is she here, sir?

OLIVER: Get away from here! Go on!

(ARCHY stumbles out)

I HAD A LIFE ONCE, OH, A MILLION YEARS AGO, OF
EVERYDAY THOUGHT AND AN EVERYDAY SOUL,
BUT THEN MY BOY WAS KILLED AND
THAT'S JUST MINUTES AGO.

AND, I CAN'T FORGIVE AND I WON'T FORGET
AND, THE ONE WHO HAS DONE THIS I'LL SETTLE WITH YET!

And, that's a promise.

AND, IN THE MEANTIME...
AND, IN THE MEANTIME..!
I'LL HAVE REVENGE ON THEM ALL!

(a MAN and WOMAN enter)

MAN: Sir! Are you the ferryman, hereabouts?

OLIVER: Oh, yes, sir! I am, indeed!

MAN: What do you charge?

OLIVER: Thruppence a head.

MAN: Fine! Shall we?

OLIVER: But, it's too late, tonight. I'm just tying down the ferry.

MAN: Damn!

WOMAN: Samuel.

MAN: Sorry, my dear. Do you have accommodation, then, sir?

OLIVER: Oh, absolutely, sir! Finest accommodation around. Snug, cozy, quiet as the grave.

MAN: Splendid.

WOMAN: Can we get something to eat?

OLIVER: No trouble, ma'am. My wife always has some of her special stew on. Like nothing you've ever tasted. Just go in and tell her I said to give you the Royal treatment.

MAN: That's wonderful! Shall we, my dear?

*(they enter the inn; they talk to **MRS OLIVER**, who seats them and gives them each a bowl of stew, while **OLIVER** sings)*

OLIVER: SO MANY DREAMS HAVE COME AND GONE SINCE THEN;
SO MANY DAYS, I CAN'T REMEMBER THEM.
THE VICTIMS PILE HIGH AND NONE OF THEM KNOW WHY –
ANY MORE THAN WE KNOW WHY.

AND, THEIR SILENT SCREAMS, NOW, FILL MY DREAMS AND
MOUTHLESSLY ASK "WHY?" –
AND, I SAY,

(the couple suddenly collapse)

"Why not?"

(lights down on OLIVER and the inn; up on ARCHY, as he stumbles through the woods; he is clutching a pilfered ear of corn and seems feverish; he finds a spot to stop)

ARCHY: For what we are about to receive, may the Lord make us truly thankful.
Amen.

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*(he starts to gnaw at the corn; we become aware of **IOYAN**, watching)*

What do you want? Get away! Go on!

(she comes closer and touches his forehead)

IOYAN: You got fever.

ARCHY: Get away! Elspeth! Elspeth! She's dead . . . dead . . . Elspeth . . .

*(**IOYAN** has produced a bowl and mixed some herbs and water in it)*

IOYAN: Here, you drink this. Come, man, you feel better, then. HOPA!

*(**ARCHY** drinks)*

You are pretty sick man. I fix you, huh?

*(she covers **ARCHY** with a fur, as the lights fade; up on **NARRATOR**)*

NARRATOR: Have you forgotten? You have, haven't you? You've forgotten! The darkness around you; the eyes that, right now!, are staring at your back; the uncertainty, not knowing whether the one behind you knows, in their heart, what will happen next. Do you remember, now? Do you feel the tension in your spine? Do you sense its vulnerability? Good. Don't forget again. It's important that you remember. Remember this...

*(lights change, coming up on the **OLIVERS**, sitting around of an evening, watching the fire)*

(MUSIC CUE 12 - Isn't This Lovely, Love?)

MRS OLIVER: ISN'T THIS LOVELY, LOVE?
IT'S JUST DELIGHTFUL, DOVE!
THERE'S NOT A THING I'D RATHER DO
THAN SIT HERE WITH YOU!

THE FIRE ALL TOASTY WARM
WILL KEEP OUT THE RAGING STORM.
THERE IS NO PLACE I'D RATHER BE
IF YOU'RE HERE WITH ME!

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*(from OFF, there is a blood-curdling scream; the **OLIVERS** ignore it)*

WE'LL JUST SIT FOR HOURS IDLY CHATTING
OF "WHETHER" AND OF "IF" AND OF "JUST SO".
WE CAN EVEN DO WITHOUT THE CHATTING;
WE'LL SIMPLY WATCH THE TRANQUIL EMBERS GLOW.

(two more screams; no reaction)

ISN'T THIS COZY, DEAR?
LIFE IS JUST ROSY, HERE!
EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE CHEERFUL AND GRAND
WHEN I'M HOLDING YOUR HAND!

THE STORM THAT IS RAGING, NOW,
SEEMS MERRY AND BRIGHT, SOMEHOW.
THE HARDER THE WIND MAY BLOW,
THE CLOSER WE'LL GROW!

WITH HANDS ENTWINED, WE'LL FACE THE WORLD TOGETHER,
AND NEVER LET OUR CARES OR WORRIES SHOW.
IN FACT, WHEN WE'RE SITTING HERE, TOGETHER,
THERE'LL NEVER BE A WORRY THAT WE KNOW!

*(a **WOMAN** enters behind them; she is dying some kind of horrible, slow death)*

THE OLIVERS: ISN'T THIS LOVELY, LOVE?
IT'S JUST DELIGHTFUL, DOVE!
THERE'S NOT A THING ---
NOT ONE SINGLE THING THAT I'D RATHER DO...
THAN BE HERE WITH YOU!

*(the **WOMAN** has advanced a couple of steps, then, with a last scream, falls over dead)*

LA, LA, LA, LA!
LA, LA, LA, LA!
ISN'T THIS LOVELY, LOVE?

OLIVER: She took a long time.

MRS OLIVER: She must not have eaten as much as her husband.

(she indicates upstairs; she goes to the fire and looks at the stew-pot)

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Best find a new place to dump this. Can't have poisoned animals about, can we?

OLIVER: Animals! What about their horse and trap?

(he has gone upstairs and returns going through a wallet)

MRS OLIVER: Take it down the lake a piece, cut the traces and dump the trap in the water. They'll think the harness broke and they went over the bank. Drowned and gone to the bottom. But, first, give me a hand, dumping this.

*(**OLIVER** finishes counting)*

OLIVER: Not bad.

MRS OLIVER: Oh, yes?

OLIVER: Nearly fifty pounds.

*(he holds up a sheaf of bills; they grab the stew-pot and head off, **OLIVER** still with the money)*

Watch it. Don't step on her.

MRS OLIVER: I don't think she cares, Mr. Oliver.

(they exit; after a moment, the inn door opens; IOYAN enters)

IOYAN: Missus? Missus? You here, huh?

(she sees the WOMAN's body)

HOECAH . . . INYUN . . .

(she checks it over)

HOPIDAN!

MRS OLIVER: *(from OFF)* The man's going to be heavy. We should pick lighter ones.

(IOYAN hides as the OLIVERS enter)

Let's take her first.

OLIVER: Let me put this with the rest.

(he crosses to the hiding spot and takes out a bog of money, adding the new bills to it)

Nearly there.

(he puts the cash away and crosses to the WOMAN's body)

Grab the arms.

MRS OLIVER: Right.

(they grab the WOMAN and carry her off)

OLIVER: Don't bump her head!

MRS OLIVER: Mr. Oliver, it doesn't matter in the least!

(when they have gone, IOYAN takes out the money, examines it and puts it back, as the OLIVERS are heard coming back; she exits, quietly and the OLIVERS enter)

Oh, I'm all of a puff!

(trying to get her breath)

OLIVER: I'll take the heavy end, this time.

MRS OLIVER: That'd be nice. Why don't we just do light ones, from now on?

OLIVER: Well, one more big one, for sure.

MRS OLIVER: Who?

OLIVER: Donaghie.

MRS OLIVER: Now, Mr. Oliver, you said we'd only do ones who won't be missed. Besides, justice is one thing; revenge is quite another. Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, or something like that . . .

OLIVER: *(starting upstairs for the MAN)* Coming?

MRS OLIVER: Half a tick.

(she takes a deep breath, exhales and follows him)

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There must be an easier way.

(lights down on them; up on ARCHY, still feverish, asleep in the forest; music as he wakes)

(MUSIC CUE 13 - Elspeth)

ARCHY: I WAKE AND FIND YOU HOLDING ME;
YOUR GENTLE HAND LAID SOFTLY ON MY BROW!
IN SLEEP, I WANDERED FEVERISHLY,
BUT, STILL, YOU SEEMED TO BE WITH ME SOMEHOW!

I OPENED MY EYES, JUST NOW,
AND WANTED YOU NEAR,
AND FEEL MY SURPRISE:
SOMEHOW, YOU WERE HERE!

YOUR SILKEN HAIR IS LIKE A CROWN
THAT'S LIT IN SPLENDOUR BY THE FIRE.
ITS SHINE AS NOW YOU BRUSH IT DOWN,
SENDS RAYS THAT FAN THE EMBERS HIGHER.

I SINK IN YOUR EYES AND FALL
IN DEEPEST, DARK SEAS.

I'VE NO WILL TO FIGHT, AT ALL,
SO RESCUE ME, PLEASE!

ELSPETH, I LIVE FOR THE MOMENTS YOU GIVE ME,
SO PLEASE!
GIVE ME MY LIFE!

(IOYAN enters as the music ends and sits by him)

Elsbeth!

(he focuses on her)

I thought that . . . I thought . . .

IOYAN: No.

ARCHY: I've been ill.

IOYAN: Better, now.

ARCHY: How long?

IOYAN: Days. Week. More.

ARCHY: Elspeth! She'll be waiting; she said she'd be waiting.

IOYAN: Lady at Oliver house. I saw her, with you. I see her before, too. In the town.

ARCHY: In town! Do you know where she lives? Her house?

IOYAN: Could be.

ARCHY: Do you?

IOYAN: *HAN.* Yes.

ARCHY: Will you take a message to her? For me?

IOYAN: *HAN.*

ARCHY: Tell her that I'll meet her, in the woods, as soon as I can, but I've been ill and I have to find money and I have to . . . oh, what do I have to do? Plan! I have to plan, and she has to trust me and I love her, and . . . and . . . and that's all. Do you understand all that?

IOYAN: Sure.

ARCHY: Hurry, please, I don't know what she's thinking. She might . . . and don't let her father see you talking to her! He's . . . he's . . .

(exhausted, he falls back, nearly asleep)

IOYAN: Man . . .

(ARCHY stirs)

Man, you love this lady? This Elspeth'?

ARCHY: Yes . . .

IOYAN: *HOPIDAN! HIROQUAY.*

(she goes out; lights change; up on the COMPANY)

(MUSIC CUE 14 - Song In Which Elspeth Expounds Her Broad Knowledge Of Inter-Sex Relationships)

COMPANY: ELSPETH THINKS THAT ARCHY HAS DESERTED HER.
(OOH-OOH-OOH!)
HOW COULD SHE KNOW HE'S DEATHLY ILL?
(OOH-OOH-OOH!)
BITTER, SHE'S BROODING,
THINKING ARCHY'S GONE;
CRYING 'TIL HER POOR HEART'S HAD ITS FILL.

(lights down on COMPANY; up on ELSPETH)

ELSPETH: STUPID ME, I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT MEN ARE FICKLE;
NOTHING MORE THAN YEARS OF TOIL AND TROUBLE AT THE
BEST.
NOT A ONE OF THEM HAS EVER CHANGED A TUNE OR LEAF,
WHATEVER,
AND, I SEE THAT ARCHY IS THE SAME AS ALL THE REST!

LIES THEY TELL OF LASTING LOVE ARE SECOND TO THE
HURRY OF
THE EXITS THAT THEY MAKE WHEN TIMES ARE BAD.
DON'T BELIEVE A BIT OF IT, FOR, ONCE THEY'VE HAD A BIT OF
IT,
YOU'LL FIND THAT WHAT YOU HAVE IS YOU'VE BEEN HAD!

WE KEEP OURSELVES PURE FOR THEM,
CHASTE AND DEMURE FOR THEM.
NEVER A THOUGHT FOR OURSELVES,
BUT ALWAYS "FOR THEM".

NEVER AN ANGRY WORD,
NOR A COMPLAINT IS HEARD;
ONLY THE COMFORTING SOUNDS
FROM THE DEPTHS OF OUR LOVE,
AND PATIENCE WITH ALL THEY DO . . .

WOULD DISTRESS SOMEONE LESSER THAN WE.

TAKE, FOR INSTANCE, ARCHY. NOW, YOU KNOW I'M NOT
UPSET;
I HAVEN'T SAID A SINGLE THING THAT'S HARSH OR CRASS!
HERE, HE'S GONE, DESERTED ME. HE TURNED AND RAN.
A THING LIKE THAT JUST MAKES ME WANT TO FIND THE MAN
AND KICK HIM . . . I mean . . .

DON'T YOU THINK HE OWES ME SOMETHING?
AFTER ALL, I GAVE MY BODY TO HIM.
WELL, I WOULD IF WE'D HAD TIME! (I think)

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BUT, HE'S DISAPPEARED AND GOD KNOWS
WHAT OR WHO HE'S FOUND TO SLEEP ON NOW.
I HOPE THE SLUT GIVES HIM THE POX!

I DON'T CARE, MISTER ARCHIBALD STRITCH!
SLEEP WITH WHOM YOU WILL
AND, MAY SHE GIVE YOU THE ITCH!

DON'T COME LOOKING FOR SYMPATHY FROM ME.
YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE . . .
AND THE SECOND TIME AIN'T FREE!

BUT, IF YOU SHOULD LOVE ME STILL!

(music ends and MARTIN enters)

MARTIN: Well, it's come!

ELSPETH: What's come?

MARTIN: The news I've been waiting for! I've finally heard from my good friend, the Baron. He's agreed and everything's set.

ELSPETH: What's been set? Agreed to what?

MARTIN: Brace yourself, my dear. You and the Baron's son, Claude, will be married in the New Year!

ELSPETH: Me! Married to that military idiot!

MARTIN: You're supposed to be overjoyed at this.

ELSPETH: Never! I'll never marry anyone but Archy!

MARTIN: I've forbidden you to speak that name.

ELSPETH: Why? It's a wonderful name! Archy! Archy! Archibald Stritch!

MARTIN: That's quite enough. You will marry Claude in the New Year.

ELSPETH: I'll die first!

MARTIN: Hah! You'll do nothing of the kind. And, don't look for young Stritch to come for you. I'm sure he's found someone else, by now.

ELSPETH: Don't you dare to speak of him that way!

(she throws something at him)

He'll come for me! I know he will!

MARTIN: Hah!

(he leaves her room; outside, he rubs his hands)

Human nature!

(IOYAN enters below, as MARTIN exits; she tosses pebbles at ELSPETH's window)

IOYAN: Lady! Lady!

(another pebble)

Lady!

ELSPETH: Archy!

(she goes to the window)

Archy!

IOYAN: No, lady. Me!

ELSPETH: Who are you?

IOYAN: He sent me to tell you. The skinny man.

ELSPETH: Archy?

IOYAN: Sure. Archy been sick man.

ELSPETH: Oh, I knew he hadn't just run off! But, he's ill?

IOYAN: No. Better, now. Some. He said you meet him in woods, you know where?

ELSPETH: Oh, yes! Yes!

IOYAN: He said he needs money. You need money?

ELSPETH: Oh, dear, I suppose we will! Where can we get money?

IOYAN: Lady, you love this skinny man?

ELSPETH: He's not skinny!

IOYAN: You love him?

ELSPETH: Oh, yes!

IOYAN: I know where to find money. You go now to meet Archy. Tell him I get money, I find you, not worry.

ELSPETH: Why are you helping us like this?

IOYAN: This skinny man – this Archy. He says to me, "Yes, I love this lady." You, *HAN? HIROQUAY*. I help. Now, I find money; you hurry to Archy!

(IOYAN exits; lights come up on the COMPANY; as the music plays, ELSPETH packs a bag and rushes off)

(MUSIC CUE 15 - Foolish Youth)

COMPANY: FOOLISH YOUTH!
ONCE AGAIN, THEY GO
RUSHING IN

WHERE ANGELS FEAR TO GO.

THEY'RE IN LOVE, THEY SAY,
EVEN THOUGH THEY OUGHT TO KNOW BETTER! BETTER!
THEY ARE YOUNG, THEY SAY, BUT
SHOULD THEY TAKE THE TIME TO GROW OLDER? OLDER?

*(music continues as they watch **ARCHY**, still a little
light-headed, stumble through the woods to meet
ELSPETH)*

FOOLISH YOUTH!
SO IMPETUOUS.
TIME WILL PASS ---
ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH.

THEY WANT LOVE, THEY SAY,
EVEN THOUGH THEY OUGHT TO KNOW BETTER! BETTER!
THEY ARE YOUNG, THEY SAY, BUT
SHOULD THEY TAKE THE TIME TO GROW OLDER? OLDER?

*(music continues as **MARTIN** and **DONAGHIE** meet; a
short mime as **DONAGHIE** reports and **MARTIN** gives
instructions; they go off)*

FOOLISH YOUTH!
UNCONTROLLABLE.
THEIR RASH ACTS
ARE CONDONABLE.

THEY'RE IN LOVE, THEY SAY,
EVEN THOUGH THEY OUGHT TO KNOW BETTER! BETTER!
THEY ARE YOUNG, THEY SAY, BUT
SHOULD THEY TAKE THE TIME TO GROW OLDER? OLDER?

SHOULD THEY TAKE THE TIME TO GROW UP?

*(the **COMPANY** exit, leaving only the **NARRATOR**)*

NARRATOR:

Soon, very soon, we shall lose the dreams, finally and forever, and the only thing we shall have left is the blackness. There is yet one bright, hopeful moment to come, but when that is gone, things will change, and, like the step that isn't there, we shall tumble head over heels into the blackness – into the cellar of ourselves.

(lights change; up on the empty inn; after a moment,

DONAGHIE enters and knocks at the door, a frighteningly loud knock)

MRS OLIVER: *(entering with bloody apron and knife)* Who is it?

DONAGHIE: Donaghie, ma'am! Official business!

MRS OLIVER: One moment, officer!

(she tears off her apron and hides it)

I'm in no condition to be seen, right now!

(she finds a hiding spot for the bloody knife, checks to see that all is in order and opens the door)

Constable Donaghie! You always call late, it seems.

DONAGHIE: Business, again, ma'am. Those two young people I pinched last time are at it again. I'm to catch 'em and take 'em back to her father – who'll see to it that they get married, proper.

MRS OLIVER: I see. I think I see.

DONAGHIE: Her father wanted them to get married, so he told them not to see each other, and, of course, they did, and now that everything's arranged, he can reluctantly agree to it. You see?

MRS OLIVER: If you say so. They're not here.

DONAGHIE: *(pushing in)* Ah, but they will be.

MRS OLIVER: Ah.

(MUSIC CUE 16 - Constable Donaghie)

Well, where are my manners? Do sit down, won't you, Constable?

DONAGHIE: Well, thank you, ma'am. It's a long walk.

(OLIVER sticks his head out of the cellar door, unseen by DONAGHIE)

MRS OLIVER: WOULD YOU LIKE A DROP OF WHISKEY . . .
(to OLIVER) . . . CONSTABLE DONAGHIE!

(OLIVER pulls his head back in)

IT'S SUCH A TIRESOME JOURNEY,
AND, I KNOW YOU MUST BE DRY.

DONAGHIE: Well, I don't mind if . . .

MRS OLIVER: AS I SAY TO MY HUSBAND,
"MISTER OLIVER, THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A LITTLE DROP
TO HELP YOU FACE THE DAY."

(she pours a drink for him and one for herself)

IT'S BEEN JUST SUCH HORRID WEATHER, AIN'T IT . . .
(loudly so OLIVER can hear) . . . CONSTABLE DONAGHIE!
I DON'T RECALL THE LIKE OF IT IN YEARS.

DONAGHIE: I hadn't noticed, really.

*(OLIVER sticks his head back out and signals "What
now?")*

MRS OLIVER: AS I SAID TO MY HUSBAND,
"MISTER OLIVER, THE SEASONS . . .
(to OLIVER) . . . GO AROUND!
FASTER, EACH AND EVERY . . . CHEERS!

(they drink; she pours more)

AND, HOW IS MRS. DONAGHIE? SHE'S . . .

DONAGHIE: I'm not . . .

MRS OLIVER: FINE? THAT'S GOOD.
AND, ALL THE LITTLE DONAGHIE'S WELL, TOO?

DONAGHIE: I'm not married, ma'am!

MRS OLIVER: NOW, SOMEONE SAID THAT YOU HAD WED,
A COUPLE OF SUMMERS BACK.
YOU CAN'T BELIEVE A THING YOU . . . CHEERS!

(they drink; she pours more)

DONAGHIE: Thanks for the hospitality.

MRS OLIVER: CORDIALITY AND HOSPITALITY, MISTER DONAGHIE, ARE WHAT WE'RE FAMOUS FOR. I CAN'T LET YOU JUST GO OUT INTO THE COLD. HAVE JUST ANOTHER DROP BEFORE YOU OPEN UP THE DOOR!

CHEERS!

*(before they drink, **OLIVER** enters the inn from the front door; **MRS OLIVER** knocks back her drink and collapses, exhausted)*

OLIVER: Constable Donaghie! What a surprise! I was tying down the ferry. Bit of a storm brewing.

DONAGHIE: What? Out there in your shirt-sleeves? I don't believe it.

(a frozen moment)

You'll catch your death of cold.

OLIVER: Oh, not my death.
(he laughs heartily)

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MRS OLIVER: WOULD YOU LIKE A DROP OF WHISKEY, MISTER OLIVER! I'VE BEEN SHOWING MISTER DONAGHIE SOME OF OUR HOSPITALITY.

OLIVER: Yes! AS I SAY TO MY WIFE, HERE, "MISSUS OLIVER, THE REPUTATION THAT WE HAVE FOR SERVICE IS OUR PRIDE AND JOY."

OF COURSE, WE WORK MUCH HARDER THAN WE DID, JUST A WHILE AGO. SINCE OUR BOY WAS KILLED, IT'S HARDER EVERY YEAR TO MAKE THINGS MEET, YOU KNOW.

DONAGHIE: Yes, I quite understand.

OLIVER: I DON'T THINK YOU KNEW HIM WELL, DID YOU,
CONSTABLE DONAGHIE?
I GUESS YOU NEVER REALLY KNEW HIM WELL?

DONAGHIE: No, I didn't.

OLIVER: BUT, IF YOU HAD, YOU SEE,
YOU'D HAVE SEEN THE HELP THAT HE
WAS ALWAYS TO HIS MOTHER AND TO ME.

DONAGHIE: Well, perhaps I'd best be . . .

OLIVER: CORDIALITY AND HOSPITALITY, MISTER DONAGHIE,
ARE WHAT WE'RE FAMOUS FOR!
I CAN'T LET YOU JUST GO OUT INTO THE COLD.
HAVE JUST ANOTHER DROP BEFORE YOU
OPEN UP THE DOOR!

(MRS OLIVER pulls him aside)

MRS OLIVER: What do you think you're doing?

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(he shakes her off)

Well, should you be looking for those children, Constable?

DONAGHIE: Yes, I think I'd best.

OLIVER: I HAD A LIFE, ONCE, OH, A MILLION YEARS AGO,
OF EVERYDAY THOUGHTS AND AN EVERYDAY SOUL . . .

DONAGHIE: I see . . .

OLIVER: BUT, THEN MY BOY WAS KILLED . . .

(he smiles reassuringly)

BUT, THAT WAS MANY YEARS AGO.

*(MRS OLIVER tries to cover her husband's mood by
chattering; OLIVER sings quietly to himself)*

MRS OLIVER: (WELL, THOSE TWO SHOULD BE HERE BY NOW
(OR ELSE, THEY SHOULD BE COMING, VERY SOON!
(

OLIVER: (AND, I CAN'T FORGIVE,
(AND, I WON'T FORGET!

MRS OLIVER: (PERHAPS, YOU OUGHT TO HIDE OUTSIDE;
(IT'S PLENTY DARK AND VERY LITTLE MOON!
(

OLIVER: (AND, THE ONE WHO HAS DONE THIS,
(I'LL SETTLE WITH, YET!
And, that's a promise . . .

*(DONAGHIE's back is to him; OLIVER's hand falls on the
knife)*

MRS OLIVER: (IT WAS LOVELY CHATTING WITH YOU,
(BUT, WE REALLY SHOULD BE HEADING UP TO BED!
(

OLIVER: (AND, HERE'S A CHANCE SENT FROM HEAVEN..!
(I'LL HAVE MY REVENGE..!

(DONAGHIE starts to leave)

DONAGHIE: Certainly, ma'am. Well, thanks for the drinks and all. Goodnight, ma'am.
Goodnight, sir.

(DONAGHIE turns to shake hands)

OLIVER: PLEASANT DREAMS, MISTER DONAGHIE!

(OLIVER drives the knife into him)

GOODBYE!

*(DONAGHIE stares at OLIVER, in shock, at the knife, at
OLIVER)*

DONAGHIE: It was an accident . . .

(OLIVER pulls out the knife and DONAGHIE falls dead)

MRS OLIVER: Oh, now you've done it.

(lights change; up on the COMPANY)

(MUSIC CUE 17 - Before You Judge, 1st reprise)

COMPANY: AND, UP AND DOWN, WE GO!

AND, 'ROUND AND 'ROUND, WE GO!
AND, EVERYONE WE KNOW IS LOOKING FOR THE END!
BUT, IN THE END, WE KNOW,
THERE IS NO ANSWER, SO,
WE ALL GET UP..! AND, 'ROUND WE GO AGAIN!

(MUSIC CUE 18 - Love Song)

(ARCHY and ELSPETH enter from opposite sides and meet)

ARCHY: LOVE, WE'RE TOGETHER AND
NEVER AGAIN SHALL WE PART.

ELSPETH: LOVE, NOW YOU HAVE ME AND
WITH WHAT WE HAVE, WE SHALL START.

BOTH: LOVE, WE SHALL FLY! WE SHALL NEVER LOOK BACK
FOR WE'LL NEVER AGAIN NEED TO TRAVEL THIS TRACK.
WE'RE AWAY AND A NEW LIFE BEGINS!
WE HAVE LOVE AND A LOVE SURELY WINS!
WE HAVE LOVE!
WE HAVE LOVE!
WE HAVE . . .

LOVE, WE'RE TOGETHER AND
NEVER AGAIN SHALL WE PART.

(music continues under dialogue)

ARCHY: I haven't any money.

ELSPETH: The woman . . . that woman you sent said she would find money.

ARCHY: Where shall we go?

ELSPETH: I don't care. Away from here.

ARCHY: Away from here. Yes!

BOTH: LOVE, WE SHALL FLY! WE SHALL NEVER LOOK BACK
FOR WE'LL NEVER AGAIN NEED TO TRAVEL THIS TRACK.
WE'RE AWAY AND A NEW LIFE BEGINS.
WE HAVE LOVE AND A LOVE SURELY WINS.
WE HAVE LOVE!
WE HAVE LOVE!

WE HAVE LOVE . . .

(they embrace as IOYAN enters)

IOYAN: Here! Here is money! Take it! Hurry, now!

ARCHY: Where did you get all this?

IOYAN: No time; no talk. A man comes.

ELSPETH: My father!

IOYAN: Her father. You must hurry, now.

(MARTIN enters)

ELSPETH: Father!

MARTIN: You!

ARCHY: Stay away from us! I warn you! I won't be pushed anymore!

MARTIN: You warn me, do you? Well, I warned you before, sir, now, you'll have to face the consequences! This is the last time, sir! I won't have any more of this!

(he is having trouble keeping a straight face)

ARCHY: No! No more warnings! No more consequences! No more!

(he grabs MARTIN's walking stick and attacks him with it; MARTIN falls heavily and lies motionless; ELSPETH screams; IOYAN grabs ARCHY)

IOYAN: You stop! Stop! Run, now! Run away!

(ARCHY realizes what he has done and turns to ELSPETH)

ELSPETH: You've killed him!

ARCHY: And, no more he deserves! Let's go.

ELSPETH: No!

ARCHY: Yes!

*(he holds out his hand; **ELSPETH** thinks; after a moment, she takes his hand; they exit; **IOYAN** watches as **MARTIN** slowly gets to his feet)*

MARTIN: *(at length)* Elspeth!

IOYAN: No. Now, she is gone. Mister man, I don't think she comes back.

*(defeated, **MARTIN** slowly limps away in the direction he came from)*

HOECAH! HIROQUAY . . .

(MUSIC CUE 19 - Before You Judge, 2nd reprise)

COMPANY: AND, UP AND DOWN, WE GO!
AND, 'ROUND AND 'ROUND, WE GO!
AND, EVERYONE WE KNOW IS LOOKING FOR THE END!
BUT, IN THE END, WE KNOW,
THERE IS NO ANSWER, SO,
WE ALL GET UP!

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(they whisper)

. . .and, 'round we go again!

*(lights change to the **OLIVERS** in the inn; **DONAGHIE** lies dead; **OLIVER** is at his money cache)*

OLIVER: It's gone!

MRS OLIVER: The money?

OLIVER: What else? It's gone!

MRS OLIVER: It can't be!

OLIVER: It is!

(she looks)

MRS OLIVER: It is.

(they sit dejected)

Who could have stolen it? No one even knew it was there.

OLIVER: No one but me . . . and you.

MRS OLIVER: What are you thinking? Are you thinking what I think you're thinking?

OLIVER: That depends on what you think I'm thinking, doesn't it?

MRS OLIVER: I think you'd better stop thinking!

OLIVER: Who else knew about it?

MRS OLIVER: Why should I steal something that's already mine?

OLIVER: Ours!

MRS OLIVER: Ours!

OLIVER: Maybe, you planned to run off, somewhere!

MRS OLIVER: Where? With who?

OLIVER: I don't know! Paris! With him!

*(he kicks **DONAGHIE**'s body)*

MRS OLIVER: How dare you? And, him the man that drowned my own boy!

*(she tries to slap him; he grabs her and they struggle; the door of the inn opens and **ARCHY** and **ELSPETH** enter; there is a moment where they all look at each other, at the body, and back to each other; **ELSPETH** faints; **ARCHY** catches her; **MRS OLIVER** faints; **OLIVER** doesn't catch her; she has to give up the faint)*

OLIVER: He was drunk and attacked my wife.

MRS OLIVER: Oh, yes. You can smell the liquor on him.

ARCHY: I don't care. I just killed a man, myself.

*(**ELSPETH** pulls away from him)*

We have to get across the lake. Now; tonight.

OLIVER: Not possible.

ARCHY: Don't tell me that. I've already killed once, tonight.

OLIVER: *(laughs and points at DONAGHIE)* So have I.

ARCHY: I can pay you.

(the OLIVERS exchange looks)

Fifty pounds.

OLIVER: Where did you get that much?

ARCHY: There's plenty where that came from.

(the OLIVERS exchange looks)

MRS OLIVER: Now, there's no need to argue, is there? Why don't you sit down? Come along, dear, you look done in.

(she helps ELSPETH to a chair)

ELSPETH: I'm afraid Archy's killed my father!

MRS OLIVER: Oh, dear me! Here, have a sip of this.

(she gives ELSPETH some whiskey; ELSPETH drinks it down and holds out the mug for more; MRS OLIVER fills it)

That's right. It's good for you.

OLIVER: *(to ARCHY)* How about you?

ARCHY: No. We have to get across.

OLIVER: Fifty pounds, you said?

ARCHY: Yes.

OLIVER: One hundred.

ARCHY: Done. Let's go.

OLIVER: Wait a moment.

MRS OLIVER: Yes. Let's see your money, first.

(OLIVER has gone to the fireplace, where some logs are stacked; ARCHY watches him, warily)

ARCHY: You'll see it when we get across.

OLIVER: Then, you won't get across.

(OLIVER has one hand resting on the logs; MRS OLIVER "accidentally" knocks over the whiskey jug; ARCHY turns to the sound; OLIVER hits him from behind with a log; he falls; the OLIVERS turn to ELSPETH, who screams and faints)

MRS OLIVER: That was handy.

(she starts to tie up ELSPETH)

OLIVER: Why are you bothering with that? Kill them, now!

MRS OLIVER: Mr. Oliver, he said there was more where that came from. How much more and where is it?

OLIVER: I don't know.

MRS OLIVER: He does.

(OLIVER ties up ARCHY)

OLIVER: Now what?

MRS OLIVER: I'm sure we'll think of something. Sort of exciting, isn't it? Here, let's clear the way.

(they drag the various bodies away from the middle and clear a space)

Get your axe!

OLIVER: What for?

MRS OLIVER: Never mind, just get your axe!

(OLIVER glances at the tied-up lovers, at MRS OLIVER and exits)

(MUSIC CUE 20 - Gelt!, reprise)

THINK OF THE CHANGES THAT MONEY CAN BRING.
THINK OF THE EASY LIFE.
NO NEED TO WORK FOR A SINGLE THING.
GONE IS THE TOIL AND STRIFE.

(she gets the knife and starts to whet it)

DI'MONDS OR PEARLS OR FASH'NABLE CURLS,
SILK GOWNS AND ALL THE REST . . .

(MRS OLIVER approaches ARCHY and ELSPETH with the knife; FX: thunder as IOYAN enters)

What do you want here?

IOYAN: *HOECAH!* You are *WENDIGO!* I see you; you will not!

MRS OLIVER: Not? Not what? I was going to untie these two poor children. That horrible beast had them tied up like sheep for the slaughter.

(she indicates DONAGHIE)

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You can help me.

IOYAN: No! I see you! And, before, I see you. Many times; many people. All dead, I see. I see the money, under the stone, there!

MRS OLIVER: You stole it!

IOYAN: *HAN!* Gave it to him, help him run away with lady.

MRS OLIVER: You gave it away? Why?

IOYAN: So, you don't have it. So, Oliver don't have it. I see you; I see him.

MRS OLIVER: What we did for that money, and you . . . !

(she rushes at IOYAN with the knife; they grapple; MRS OLIVER is stabbed and dies amid much blood; IOYAN starts to free ELSPETH; OLIVER enters with his axe)

OLIVER: Storm's getting worse! We'll have a blizzard, soon! What was all that noise?

(he sees MRS OLIVER's body)

AAAH!

(he stares blankly, then sees IOYAN)

You! You did this! Murderer!

(ELSPETH has regained her senses; IOYAN rushes out; OLIVER follows, roaring; ELSPETH has been untied sufficiently that she can now get free of her bonds)

ELSPETH: Archy! Archy, please wake up. We must leave this terrible place. Archy! Wake up!

(she unties him as she talks; there is a horrible scream from off; ELSPETH freezes in terror and OLIVER enters again, spattered with blood and the axe bloodied; he kneels beside MRS OLIVER's body)

(MUSIC CUE 21 - Isn't This Lovely, Love?, reprise)

OLIVER: ISN'T THIS LOVELY, LOVE?
IT'S JUST DELIGHTFUL, DOVE!
THERE'S NOT A THING I'D RATHER DO
THAN SIT HERE WITH YOU!

THE FIRE ALL TOASTY WARM
WILL KEEP OUT THE RAGING STORM.
THERE IS NO PLACE I'D RATHER BE
IF YOU'RE HERE WITH ME.

WE'LL JUST SIT FOR HOURS, IDLY CHATTING
OF "WHETHER" AND OF "IF" AND OF "JUST SO".
WE COULD EVEN DO WITHOUT THE CHATTING;
WE'LL SIMPLY WATCH THE TRANQUIL EMBERS GLOW.

(IOYAN, covered with blood and with a vicious axe-wound, stands, swaying in the door-way; ELSPETH screams and OLIVER snaps out of his reverie)

What? Not yet? Die!

(he strangles IOYAN, making sure she is dead)

ELSPETH: Archy! Archy!

(she is smacking him across the face; ARCHY comes to

with a start)

ARCHY: AAAH!

*(**OLIVER** looks up as if remembering them for the first time; musical sting)*

OLIVER: ONE DEAD! TWO TO GO!

(he picks up the axe)

LA, LA, LA, LA!
LA, LA, LA, LA!
ISN'T THIS LOVELY, LOVE?

*(**ARCHY**, still groggy, tries to grapple with him, but **OLIVER** pushes him away; **ARCHY** sprawls among some crates, one hand outstretched; **OLIVER** swings the axe and it lands in a crevice of the crates, where **ARCHY**'s hand is; **ARCHY** screams and tries to pull his hand back, but it is apparent that the axe has pinned it to the crates; **ELSPETH** has found the knife and rushes at **OLIVER**; she stabs him in the back; **OLIVER** turns and staggers toward her as she slowly stumbles backward, finally, he topples over, dead, just as he reaches her; **ELSPETH** shudders and faints the **NARRATOR** enters and surveys the scene)*

NARRATOR: And, now you've seen it all. And, now, perhaps, you understand it all. And, now, you may go. Go to your warm, bright homes, to your quiet, safe beds . . . and never think of this, again.

*(music as the **NARRATOR** crosses to **OLIVER** and helps him up; they go around to the others as they sing, helping each to his or her feet)*

*(**MUSIC CUE 22 - Finale**)*

THE RICH GET RICHER,
THE POOR GET POORER,
THE SICK GET SICKER
AS THE WORLD GOES 'ROUND.

OLIVER: BUT, ONE THING'S CERTAIN: THERE'LL BE ONE LAST CURTAIN

BOTH: AND, WE'LL ALL LAND IN LITTLE BOXES UNDERGROUND!

OLIVER: THERE ARE THOSE WHO ARE DOERS . . .

NARRATOR: AND, THOSE WHO ARE WOOERS . . .

MRS OLIVER: AND, THOSE WHO'LL HAVE NOTHING WHEN THE LIGHTS GO OUT!

OLIVER: BUT, IF YOU'D HAVE YOURS, IT'S BEST YOU GRAB YOURS.

THE OLIVERS: DON'T WAIT FOR THE OTHERS, WHILE THEY STAND ABOUT!

ELSPETH & ARCHY: LIFE IS FOR THOSE WHO WANT TO LIVE!

NARRATOR: THOSE WHO'LL TAKE ALL THAT LIFE CAN GIVE!

ALL THREE: LIVE EVERY MOMENT AS IF IT'S YOUR LAST!

OLIVER: IT COULD BE, IT MIGHT BE . . .!

MRS OLIVER: IT'S ALREADY PAST!

DONAGHIE & IOYAN: LIFE IS QUITE SIMPLY ALL YOU CAN KNOW.

NARRATOR: THINK HARD ABOUT IT, IT YOU'LL FIND THAT IT'S SO.

**ARCHY, NARRATOR,
ELSPETH, IOYAN,
& DONAGHIE:** WHAT YOU PUT INTO IT'S WHAT YOU GET BACK!

THE OLIVERS: AND, MAYBE SOME EXTRAS!
SOME THINGS THAT YOU LACK!

*(by now, the whole **COMPANY** has assembled)*

PRINCIPALS: THE RICH GET . . .

THE OTHERS: THE RICH GET . . .

PRINCIPALS: THE POOR GET . . .

THE OTHERS: THE POOR GET . . .

PRINCIPALS: THE SICK GET . . .

THE OTHERS: THE SICK GET . . .

ALL: THE WORLD GOES 'ROUND!

PRINCIPALS: BUT, ONE THING . . .

THE OTHERS: YES, ONE THING . . .

PRINCIPALS: FOR CERTAIN . . .

THE OTHERS: FOR CERTAIN . . .

ALL: WE'LL ALL LAND IN LITTLE BOXES UNDERGROUND!

(the music takes on a distinct waltz feel)

LIFE HAS NOTHING BUT LIFE TO GIVE!
NO GUARANTEES, JUST A CHANCE TO LIVE!
EACH DAY THAT GOES PAST HOLDS A LESSON TO LEARN,
AND ONLY KNOCKS ONCE, AND WILL NEVER RETURN.

PRINCIPALS: LIFE IS . . .

THE OTHERS: LIFE IS . . .

PRINCIPALS: LIFE IS . . .

THE OTHERS: LIFE IS . . .

ALL: LIFE IS FOR THOSE WHO WANT TO LIVE!
THOSE WHO'LL TAKE ALL THAT LIFE CAN GIVE!
LIVE EVERY MOMENT AS IF IT'S YOUR LAST!

OLIVER: IT COULD BE!

MRS OLIVER: IT MIGHT BE!

NARRATOR: IT'S BEST NOT TO ASK!

(all but NARRATOR begin to exit)

PRINCIPALS: LIFE IS . . .

THE OTHERS: LIFE IS . . .

PRINCIPALS: LIFE IS . . .

THE OTHERS: LIFE IS . . .

(only NARRATOR remains)

NARRATOR: LIFE IS FOR THE ALIVE!

(lights to black)

(MUSIC CUE 23 - Finale Ultimo)

(lights up for curtain call, then black as the music ends)

END OF MUSICAL

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