

# THE GENTLEMEN'S PLOY

Version 6.1

adapted from Farquhar's *The Beaux' Stratagem*

Book, Lyrics, and Music by

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# THE GENTLEMEN'S PLOY

## CHARACTERS:

### MEN:

TOM FANSHAWE, *a young gentleman of limited means.*

FRANK HUGHES, *his friend and another young gentleman of limited means.*

SQUIRE PODMARSH, *Lady Goodwin's son, Julia's half-brother.*

DIGGES, *a servant in Lady Goodwin's house.*

SLINGSBY, *the head of the Highwaymen.*

SIR WILLIAM FREEMAN, *Lucinda's uncle.*

### MALE CHORUS:

HIGHWAYMEN (Hounslow, Bagshot, Gibbet, et al)

YOUNG MEN (Edwin, Egbert, et al)

### WOMEN:

MRS. BINGHAM, *the innkeeper of The Goat and Porcupine Inn.*

CHERRY, *the innkeeper's daughter.*

LADY GOODWIN, *a rich woman.*

JULIA, *Lady Goodwin's daughter.*

LUCINDA, *the wife of Podmarsh.*

COUNTRY WOMAN, *a rustic who has lost her husband*

### FEMALE CHORUS:

SERVING GIRLS (Penny, Gabby, Sadie, Millie, et al)

YOUNG LADIES (Rose, Violet, Daisy, Lily, et al)

### Note on the cast size:

Four men (more if the budget allows) are needed for the male chorus so that they can believably overpower Fanshawe and Hughes in the fight scene.

The same number of women are needed in the female chorus so they can pair up with the men at the end.

In order to limit the number of actors, one actor can play both Slingsby and either Podmarsh or Sir William, and one actor can play both Mrs Bingham and Lady Goodwin. The Country Woman can be played by either a member of the female chorus or the actor playing Mrs Bingham (if not also playing Lady Goodwin).

If this doubling is done, however, the change from one character to another must be so complete that the audience does not notice it is the same actor. Otherwise, when Cherry comes on at the end dressed as a gentlewoman, the audience may think that the actor is playing a different character.

# THE GENTLEMEN'S PLOY

## MUSICAL NUMBERS:

### ACT I

- 1A. The Life of a Highwayman .....SLINGSBY and male chorus
- 1B. Why Do Girls Love Outlaws?.....CHERRY, with chorus
- 2. What Will They Do Without Us? .....HUGHES and FANSHAWE
- 3. Kiss Me, Pretty Maid .....HUGHES
- 4. We Can Dream.....JULIA and female chorus
- 5. Keep It Clean .....CHERRY and HUGHES
- 6. Something Fresh .....LUCINDA, with chorus
- 7. Knickers .....HUGHES and DIGGES
- 8. Paradise .....HUGHES and LUCINDA
- 9. Husbands.....LADY GOODWIN, with LUCINDA
- 10. Elysian Shore .....FANSHAWE, with female chorus
- 11. Counting the Hours .....JULIA and FANSHAWE
- 11B. Act I Finale .....HUGHES and FANSHAWE

### ACT II

- 13. The Life of a Highwayman (reprise) .....male chorus
- 14. Hooray for Mrs Bingham.....MRS BINGHAM, SLINGSBY, and male  
chorus
- 15. The Man Who Has Everything .....SIR WILLIAM, with female chorus
- 17. My Guardian Angel Sleeps.....LUCINDA
- 18. Love Conquers All.....FANSHAWE and chorus
- 19. Finer than Silver.....FANSHAWE and JULIA
- 20. The Age of Miracles .....HUGHES and LUCINDA
- 20A. Act II Finale .....SIR WILLIAM, CHERRY, and company

# THE GENTLEMEN'S PLOY

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## ACT I Scene 1

*The action takes place in Kittsfield, a small town in a rural part of what is sort of like England, but isn't, in what is sort of like the 18th century, but isn't. Please note that there is no reason the Kittsfieldians should slavishly speak or dress like 18th century Englishmen.*

*PLACE: The tap room of the Goat and Porcupine, Mrs. Bingham's Inn. It is furnished rustically, and meant as a place for men to drink. UR there is a bar and behind it taps, cupboards and a window looking out to the inn's entrance courtyard. UL there is a large arch leading to the main entrance. L is an entrance to the bedrooms, and R is the service entrance to the kitchen, dining room, stables, etc. The room is furnished with small, sturdy tables and chairs, etc.*

*TIME: Late one Saturday night.*

*At the curtain, MRS BINGHAM enters running from R. She is a middle-aged woman, plump, gregarious, and a talker. And although she is very polite with her guests, she constantly insults the serving girls, including her daughter.*

### **Music 1. Entrance Music**

**BINGHAM:** Hey, Cherry! Girls! Ya lazy crotchets. What are you, asleep, or something? Get yer over-blown keesters out here; our crew is coming!

*[Enter CHERRY running from R, followed by SERVING GIRLS. CHERRY is a charming, attractive young woman, about 18 or 20, with whom all the HIGHWAYMEN are in love.]*

**CHERRY:** All right, ma! What's with the screaming? We ain't deaf, you know.

**BINGHAM:** You sure act like it, you rabid bunch of scraggy baggage!

*[The music segues to the opening chorus. SLINGSBY and the HIGHWAYMEN burst in at UL, singing. These HIGHWAYMEN, although dressed in the colorful garb of their profession, are a surprisingly good-looking gang, and clean-cut, except for their luxurious moustaches. SLINGSBY, their leader, loves to hear himself speak, and thinks of himself as a gentleman. While MRS BINGHAM works the tap, CHERRY and SERVING GIRLS circulate among them passing around tankards.]*

**Music 1A. Chorus: "The Life of a Highwayman"**

**H-MEN:** OH, THE LIFE OF A HIGHWAYMAN  
IS THE LIFE I LOVE TO LEAD;  
A CLOSE CIRCLE OF BROTHERS,  
THERE'S NO PRIDE OR GREED;  
AND IF WE STICK TOGETHER  
WE KNOW WE'LL SUCCEED,  
AS OFF INTO THE NIGHT WE GO.  
LOOKING FOR HAPLESS, HOPELESS WAYFARERS;  
WAITING TO STRIKE THAT FATAL BLOW.  
OH, THE LIFE OF A HIGHWAYMAN  
IS A PLEASANT SORT OF LIFE:  
THERE'S NOT MUCH TO UPSET YOU,  
THERE'S NOT TOO MUCH STRIFE;  
AND WE ARE NEVER BOTHERED  
BY THE LITTLE WIFE.  
HEY, HO,  
GIVE IT A GO!

**SLINGSBY:** I LIKE THE ROAD AT NIGHT.

**HOUNSLOW and BAGSHOT:**  
NOTHING CAN BEAT THE FEELING  
WHEN YOUR TARGET IS IN SIGHT.

**SLINGSBY:** I LIKE TO TERRORIZE;

**HOUNSLOW and BAGSHOT:**  
SNEERING AT THEIR DESP'RATE CRIES;

**SLINGSBY:** CAUSING THEM

**H-MEN:** HORROR,

**SLINGSBY:** CAUSING THEM

**H-MEN:** PANIC,

**SLINGSBY:** WATCHING THE  
FEAR SUDDENLY FILL THEIR EYES.

**H-MEN:** OH, THE LIFE OF A HIGHWAYMAN  
IS THE LIFE I LOVE TO LEAD;  
A CLOSE CIRCLE OF BROTHERS,  
THERE'S NO PRIDE OR GREED;  
AND IF WE STICK TOGETHER  
WE KNOW WE'LL SUCCEED.  
HEY, HO,  
GIVE IT A GO!

[Segue to:]

**Music 1B. Song: “Why Do Girls Love Outlaws”**

**CHERRY:** I KNOW THE TYPE OF MAN I SHOULD LIKE  
IS THE MORAL, HONEST SORT OF MAN;  
THE KIND WHO’S GOOD AND KIND AND TRUE,  
WHO WILL HELP YOU ANYWAY HE CAN.  
HE WOULD ALWAYS BE TENDER  
AND HIS SMILE WOULD NEVER FAIL.  
AND YET, IN TRUTH, THE MAN OF MY DREAMS  
IS JUST A BIT MORE MALE.

[Refrain.]

WHY DO GIRLS LOVE OUTLAWS?  
IS IT BECAUSE THEY’RE SO ROUGH?  
IS IT BECAUSE THEY’RE SO CRUDE?  
WHY DO GIRLS LOVE OUTLAWS?  
WHY DO WE PUT UP WITH STUFF  
THAT IS SO OBVIOUSLY RUDE?  
  
MAYBE WE JUST LIKE THAT THEY’RE COURAGEOUS AND STRONG;  
MAYBE IT’S THEIR CHARM THAT MAKES US PRIZE THEM.  
MAYBE IT’S THE THRILL OF KNOWING ALL ALONG  
THAT WE COULD CIVILIZE THEM.  
  
WHY DO GIRLS LOVE OUTLAWS?  
IS IT THE CHANCES THEY TAKE?  
OR THAT THEY LIKE TO RAISE HELL?  
WHY DO GIRLS LOVE OUTLAWS?  
IS IT THE HEARTS THAT THEY BREAK?  
OR JUST THE WAY THAT THEY SMELL?  
  
THOUGH WE KNOW THAT THEY MAY BE IN DISREPUTE  
OUR DEVOTION TO THEM WILL STAY ABSOLUTE.  
OH, WHY DO GIRLS LOVE OUTLAWS?  
I THINK IT’S ’CAUSE THEY’RE SO VERY CUTE.

[Refrain.]

**H-MEN:** WHY DO GIRLS LOVE OUTLAWS?  
IS IT BECAUSE WE’RE SO ROUGH?  
IS IT BECAUSE WE’RE SO CRUDE?  
WHY DO GIRLS LOVE OUTLAWS?  
WHY DO THEY PUT UP WITH STUFF  
THAT IS SO OBVIOUSLY RUDE?  
  
MAYBE THEY JUST LIKE THAT WE’RE COURAGEOUS AND STRONG;  
MAYBE IT’S OUR CHARM THAT MAKES THEM PRIZE US.

MAYBE IT'S THE THRILL OF KNOWING ALL ALONG  
THAT THEY WOULD CIV... [*lapses into general muttering and disapproval*]

**S. GIRLS:** WHY DO GIRLS LOVE OUTLAWS?

**H-MEN:** IS IT THE CHANCES WE TAKE?  
OR THAT WE LIKE TO RAISE HELL?

**S. GIRLS:** WHY DO GIRLS LOVE OUTLAWS?

**H-MEN:** IS IT THE HEARTS THAT WE BREAK?  
OR JUST THE WAY THAT WE SMELL?

**S. GIRLS:** THOUGH WE KNOW THAT THEY MAY BE IN DISREPUTE,

**H-MEN:** WE KNOW THEY CAN'T FIND A DECENT SUBSTITUTE.

**ALL:** OH, WHY DO GIRLS LOVE OUTLAWS?  
WE THINK IT'S 'CAUSE THEY'RE/WE'RE SO VERY CUTE.

[*End of song.*]

**SLINGSBY:** Gentlemen! I think a toast to our hostess would not be unwarranted. [*he toasts her*] Madam, your health!

**H-MEN:** Your health! [*they drink*]

**BINGHAM:** Thank you, gentlemen, as they say. Please let us know in what way we can serve you.

**SLINGSBY:** We thank you, madam. Your hospitality is, as always, much appreciated. But duty calls. Gentlemen, while I can think of nothing more pleasing than to spend the rest of the evening drinking our charming landlady's extraordinary ale, I am afraid we have a full night's work ahead of us! Again, madam, we thank you. Gentlemen, onward!

[*The HIGHWAYMEN gather up their weapons and gear and exit UL. The SERVING GIRLS gather up the tankards, etc., and exit R. SLINGSBY comes down to talk to CHERRY and BINGHAM.*]

**SLINGSBY:** I think, Mrs Bingham, if tonight proves no less rewarding than last night, we will have over two thousand dorins locked up with you.

**BINGHAM:** Oh, no, Mr Slingsby, we already have two thousand and seventeen dorins locked up for the crew. Safe and sound, as they say.

**SLINGSBY:** Music to my ears, madam. Enough to make a man into a gentleman. Well, good evening, ladies. I look forward to seeing you tomorrow.

[*SLINGSBY exits UL. FANSHAW and HUGHES enter UL, getting tangled up with the last of the HIGHWAYMEN. FANSHAW is a handsome, young, impecunious gentleman, about 30, who is attempting to marry into a fortune. He is hampered in this endeavor by being susceptible to falling in love. He is dressed for riding. HUGHES is also a handsome, young, and impecunious gentleman, about the same age, and also*]

*trying to marry into a fortune. He has a sharp and ready wit, and is not at all sentimental. He is dressed as a footman in extravagant livery, with a coat for riding, and is hauling a small strong box and a large portmanteau.]*

**BINGHAM:** Good evening, sir! Welcome to the Goat and Porcupine!

**FANSH:** [*to Hughes*] Put that down and go see that the horses are rubbed down.

**HUGHES:** Yes, sir.

[*BINGHAM directs him R and he exits.*]

**FANSH:** This is your inn, madam?

**BINGHAM:** Yes, sir, I'm old Mrs. Bingham, as they say—pretty well known in these parts—and this my inn. How can I be of service?

**FANSH:** I'd like to get a room, and something to eat if possible.

**BINGHAM:** Of course, of course, of course. And can I get you anything to drink?

**FANSH:** Ah, maybe with supper.

**BINGHAM:** We're famous for our ale. The best in three counties.

**FANSH:** [*not listening, looking around*] Uh-huh.

**BINGHAM:** Smooth as silk and clear as spring water, but strong enough to put hair on your chest, as they say. It saved my little girl's life!

**FANSH:** [*his attention caught*] What's that?

**BINGHAM:** Oh, yes, sir. I drank it while I nursed her. Kept her from catching whooping cough that killed half the children round here. At least that's what Lady Goodwin says.

**FANSH:** Ah. And who is Lady Goodwin?

**BINGHAM:** Who's Lady Goodwin? She's the nicest, the noblest—and the richest—woman in the whole county! Her third husband left her a thousand a year when he kicked the... I mean, when he passed on, and she must lay out half of it for her young women. That is, for young women in, um... distress, as they say. [*knowingly*]

**FANSH:** Ah! [*knowingly*] And has the lady any daughters, herself?

**BINGHAM:** Oh, yes, sir. She has a daughter by that same third husband—the richest girl around here, and the prettiest too. From her second husband she got a son who just got married to a lady from the city. From her first husband, she got squat... I mean, “nothing.”

**FANSH:** From the city, huh? Who else is in town?

**BINGHAM:** Well, we have the French bird-watchers.

**FANSH:** Oh. You have those here, too?

[*Enter HUGHES from R.*]

**BINGHAM:** Oh, yes. We're overrun with them, just like everywhere else. But they throw around a lot of money, as they say.

**HUGHES:** Excuse me, madam, but some French gentlemen downstairs are calling.

**BINGHAM:** Just as I was saying. [*to Hughes*] I'll see to them. [*to Fanshawe*] That will be your room, sir, the first on the left, there, if you'd like to take a look.

[*BINGHAM points L. FANSHAWE goes to the door indicated and opens it; BINGHAM drags HUGHES DR.*]

**BINGHAM:** Are you here for business, or pleasure, as they say?

**HUGHES:** Can't say, as they say.

**BINGHAM:** Is your master staying long?

**HUGHES:** No idea.

**BINGHAM:** You come from the city?

**HUGHES:** No.

**BINGHAM:** Headed to the city, perhaps?

**HUGHES:** No.

[*She is disconcerted by this response and looks at him quizzically then shrugs.*]

**BINGHAM:** [*to Fanshawe*] Be right back, sir. Bring you some of that ale?

[*Exit R.*]

**FANSH:** [*returning from the room; checks to see that the coast is clear*] Hughes, welcome to Kittsfield, my partner in crime!

**HUGHES:** Crime? I see no crime. The only serious crime I know of is poverty.

**FANSH:** That's true. Why, my brother—

**HUGHES:** —that worthy lord—

**FANSH:** —will dine with any crook as long as he's rich.

**HUGHES:** Just as it should be. No poor person should ever be tolerated.

**FANSH:** Fortunately, anyone looking at us now would swear I am a respectable gentleman of substance and you my [*looks him over*] fairly respectable—

**HUGHES:** Hey!

**FANSH:** —servant, even though our actual resources...

**HUGHES:** Resources? Our resources are limitless! Our minds are attuned to making money! Still, it's lucky we got out of the city when we did. I was afraid our friends would start to notice our purses were a little thin.

**FANSH:** And lucky for us there's this war going on so we could pretend to enlist and then disappear.

**HUGHES:** A very handy little war. But if this plan of ours doesn't work I'm afraid we'll have to enlist for real.

**FANSH:** If our money runs out I suppose we will. But, man, I hope it doesn't come to that.

**HUGHES:** Nor do I. But if it does, we'll be off to the front, where we may die as we have lived: in a blaze of glory!

**FANSH:** And we've lived well, Hughes.

**HUGHES:** Oh, we have. If I had millions, I'd go back and spend it the same way. You know what I don't understand is men like your brother,—

**FANSH:** —that worthy lord—

**HUGHES:** —who hoard their fortunes instead of spending them as God intended. Give me a man who keeps horses and lets me ride them, who keeps a cellar and lets me drink, who keeps a fine house and lets me stay, who appreciates women and...

**FANSH:** I was with you up to that last point.

**HUGHES:** Bah. You're such a sentimental fool you'll ruin our game. If I hadn't torn you away, you'd be married to that milkmaid, or whatever she was.

**FANSH:** Barmaid. Ah, but she was sweet.

**HUGHES:** Sweet doesn't pay the bills.

**FANSH:** Maybe not, but true love will always win out over mere cynical sport.

**HUGHES:** Well, I won't argue; you won the toss and you're in charge today. But don't forget that at Stumpford I'll be the boss.

**FANSH:** Yes, and then I will again at Henscross.

**HUGHES:** And I will at Cowslick. [*ruminating*] Cowslick.... Another podunk town.... I wonder what's going on back in the city. I wonder how they're surviving. You consider that, Fanshawe? They depend on us!

**FANSH:** They absolutely depend on us!

**HUGHES:** How they going to be able to get along without us?

**Music 2. "What Will They Do Without Us?"**

**HUGHES:** I'M AFRAID THE CITY'S ALL IN MOURNING,  
SINCE WITHOUT WARNING WE FLED;

**FANSH:** AND THEY FIND THEIR LIVES WITHOUT DIRECTION,  
FILLED WITH DEJECTION AND DREAD.

**HUGHES:** EV'RYONE IS DESP'RATE,

**FANSH:** EV'RYONE IS TENSE:

**HUGHES:** LIFE WITHOUT US DOESN'T MAKE MUCH SENSE.

**FANSH:** SO YOU SEE THE TEARS RUN DOWN THEIR FACES,

**HUGHES:** AND FIND THE PLACE IS ALL BUT DEAD. OH,

*[Refrain 1]*

EV'RYONE IS FEELING THE STRESS,  
THE CITY'S IN A TERRIBLE MESS;  
OH, WHAT WILL THEY DO WITHOUT US?

**FANSH:** DUCHESSES ARE GETTING UPSET,  
AND COUNTESSSES ARE STARTING TO FRET;  
OH, WHAT WILL THEY DO WITHOUT US?

**BOTH:** SO MUCH DISMAY  
WE'VE GONE AWAY,  
THAT THEIR HAIR IS TURNING GRAY.

**HUGHES:** MARKETS FACE AN IMMINENT FAULT,

**FANSH:** THE GOVERNMENT WILL GRIND TO A HALT;

**BOTH:** OH, WHAT WILL THEY DO WITHOUT US?

*[Refrain 2]*

**FANSH:** NO ONE WILL GET ANYTHING DONE,  
AND NO ONE WILL HAVE ANY MORE FUN;  
OH, WHAT WILL THEY DO WITHOUT US?

**HUGHES:** DEBUTANTES WILL SIT DOWN AND CRY,  
AND HOSTESSES WON'T BOTHER TO TRY;  
OH, WHAT WILL THEY DO WITHOUT US?

**BOTH:** LIFE'S OUT OF WHACK  
TILL WE GET BACK:  
BARS WILL ALL BE DRAPED IN BLACK.

**FANSH:** ACTRESSES FORGET ALL THEIR CUES,

**HUGHES:** SOPRANOS WHICH HIGH NOTES TO ABUSE;

**BOTH:** OH, WHAT WILL THEY DO WITHOUT US?

*[Verse 2]*

**FANSH:** JUST IMAGINE HOW THOSE SOULS ARE GRIEVING  
WHEN OF OUR LEAVING THEY LEARN;

**HUGHES:** THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND, THEY WONDER WHY, AND  
THEY SIT AND SIGH, AND THEY YEARN.

**FANSH:** EV'RYONE IS ANXIOUS,

**HUGHES:** EAGER FOR THE DAY  
**FANSH:** WHEN AT LAST WE'RE COMING BACK TO STAY;  
**HUGHES:** AND THEIR LITTLE HEARTS ARE PALPITATING  
**FANSH:** WHILE THEY'RE AWAITING OUR RETURN. OH,

[*Refrain 2*]

**FANSH:** STARLETS WON'T KNOW HOW TO BEHAVE,  
AND NO ONE TAKES THE TROUBLE TO SHAVE;  
OH, WHAT WILL THEY DO WITHOUT US?  
**HUGHES:** BOOKIES WILL HAVE NO ONE TO CHASE,  
AND HORSES FIND NO REASON TO RACE;  
OH, WHAT WILL THEY DO WITHOUT US?

**BOTH:** WHILE WE ARE GONE;  
BLINDS WILL BE DRAWN  
LIFE JUST BARELY WILL GO ON.

**FANSH:** BABIES WILL REFUSE TO BE BORN.  
**HUGHES:** AND GABRIEL WILL LAY DOWN HIS HORN.  
**BOTH:** OH, WHAT WILL THEY DO WITHOUT US.

[*Dance.*]

**FANSH:** BABIES WILL REFUSE TO BE BORN.  
**HUGHES:** AND GABRIEL WILL LAY DOWN HIS HORN.  
**BOTH:** OH, WHAT WILL THEY DO WITHOUT—  
**FANSH:** [*spoken*] They'll sure be blue without—  
**BOTH:** WHAT WILL THEY DO WITHOUT—  
**HUGHES:** [*spoken*] They'll sit and stew without—  
**BOTH:** WHAT WILL THEY DO WITHOUT US?

[*End of song.*]

**HUGHES:** Ah, well. [*scowling*] Cowslick. You know, Fanshawe, we better have found our rich wives by Cowslick, 'cause that's about as far as our money will last.

**FANSH:** How much do we have left?

**HUGHES:** Two hundred dorins.

**FANSH:** Two hundred dorins? That's supposed to last us through Cowslick?

**HUGHES:** Well, with our horses and clothes and everything, that's a decent fortune for moderate persons.

**FANSH:** You think?

**HUGHES:** With our experience, two hundred dorins is better than the ten thousand we've gone through already.

**FANSH:** [*skeptically*] Maybe. But how are we supposed to impress anyone when we're pinching pennies?

**HUGHES:** You just have to know when to flash it around, when it will impress, and when it's not needed. Take a cue from your brother—

**FANSH:** —that worthy lord. Good point. Here comes the landlady; I'll start with her.

[*BINGHAM enters R.*]

**BINGHAM:** Sorry to leave you like that, sir. Now, what would you like for supper?

**FANSH:** What have you got?

**BINGHAM:** Anything a man could want, as they say. What would you like?

**FANSH:** How about beef stew?

**BINGHAM:** Oh, we have the best beef stew with vegetables and spices and so tender it would melt in your mouth. But the French bird-watchers just took the last of it.

**FANSH:** Oh. Maybe roast pig?

**HUGHES:** I hate pork.

**FANSH:** [*to Hughes, severely*] Hold your tongue! Have you forgotten yourself? [*to BINGHAM*] How about veal?

**BINGHAM:** Oooh. We had a succulent loin of veal last Wednesday, sir, but we're out today.

**FANSH:** Actually, fish would be nice.

**BINGHAM:** We're an inland town, as they say, sir, and so we don't get much by the way of fish.

**FANSH:** Do you have quail?

**BINGHAM:** As for quail. . .

**FANSH:** Or any kind of fowl.

**BINGHAM:** We should be getting our fowl in tomorrow, but I'm afraid we don't have any today.

**FANSH:** What *do* you have?

**BINGHAM:** We have a pair of rabbits.

**HUGHES:** Bunnies?!

**FANSH:** [*to Hughes, severely*] Again? Take the trunk to my room. Stop! [*to Bingham*] That will be fine. But first I need you to take care of something for me. I have a small sum of money, and I believe it may be safer with you. [*to Hughes*] Here, hand me the strong-box.

**HUGHES:** Yes, sir. [*Brings Fanshawe the box.*]

**FANSH:** [*to Bingham*] It's just over two hundred dorins. Keep it where I can get it quickly. My affairs are a little up in the air right now: I don't know if I'll be staying for a while or have to leave suddenly. And make sure my horses are ready to go at a moment's notice.

**BINGHAM:** Of course, sir. I'll see that's it's secured.

**FANSH:** Oh, and one other thing: don't let my footman have any of your ale; he's a terrible lush. [*to Hughes*] Here, carry the trunk to my room.

[*FANSHAWE exits L, with HUGHES hauling portmanteau.*]

**BINGHAM:** Cherry! *Cherry*, ya hybridized sloth! Come here girl!

[*CHERRY enters R.*]

**CHERRY:** What's the ruckus, ma?

**BINGHAM:** Hey, check this out. This here's a box full of money.

**CHERRY:** What!

**BINGHAM:** Yeah. It's from that fancy-pants guy that just come in.

**CHERRY:** How'd he know it was my birthday?

**BINGHAM:** Don't get smart, ya rat-eared tramp.

**CHERRY:** Ah, go fry an egg. Who is the big stiff, anyway?

**BINGHAM:** I da' know; I can't make 'em out: says we gotta keep his horses ready 'cause he could blow any minute, or then again he says maybe he'll stick around a while.

**CHERRY:** What! Ten to one, ma, says he's gotta be a highwayman!

**BINGHAM:** A highwayman? Geez, you might be right. And this here's his swag. Hey, you don't think he's trying to horn in on our crew's territory, do you? If we could find him out, the goods'd be ours!

**CHERRY:** You'd double-cross him?

**BINGHAM:** Why not? He don't belong to our crew. And I don't think it's legal to hide no thieves but our own.

**CHERRY:** Says who?

**BINGHAM:** I read it somewhere.

**CHERRY:** [*mock astonishment*] You read now?

**BINGHAM:** Ah, can it, ya blowzy scow. But we need proof, so we gotta be clever. The guy's servant likes his liquor, so I'll work 'em on the booze end, and I'll bet he likes the dames, so you work 'em on your end. [*shakes her posterior*]

**CHERRY:** [*not liking the implication*] Wadda ya mean?

**BINGHAM:** I mean, use *your* end! You oughta be able to handle *that!* It's the only part of you that's good for anything, anyway, ya mudwort!

**CHERRY:** Ma! You'd trade my modesty for a bit of cash?

**BINGHAM:** [*ringing without*] A bit of cash? Two hundred dorins? That's a lot of simoleons, girl! And where'd you find that modesty, anyway, ya tainted tart? [*going*] Keep yer shirt on! I'm coming!

[*Exits R.*]

**CHERRY:** Unbelievable! My own mother would double-cross her guest and debauch her own daughter—and to a footman too!

[*HUGHES enters L.*]

**HUGHES:** What footman is so lucky to be the subject of your thoughts? Not me, I'm sure.

**CHERRY:** What if it was?

**HUGHES:** Then I would be in heaven. From now on all my dreams shall be of you.

**CHERRY:** Oh, that's real pretty.

**HUGHES:** Almost as pretty as you, kid.

### **Music 3. "Kiss Me, Pretty Maid"**

[*Verse 1.*]

**HUGHES:** A HUMBLE FOOTMAN ONCE A MAID DID SPY  
SITTING 'NEATH A TREE.  
HER PRECIOUS BEAUTY QUICKLY CAUGHT HIS EYE:  
SUCH A KNOCK-OUT, SHE.  
HE KNEW A FOOTMAN SHOULD NOT AIM SO HIGH;  
HE KNEW THAT HE WAS JUST A HUMBLE GUY;  
AND THO HE KNEW THAT HE WAS SIMPLY MAD TO,  
HE JUST HAD TO TRY.  
SO HE SAID:

[*Refrain.*]

KISS ME, PRETTY MAID.  
THAT MAGIC IN YOUR LIPS:  
HOW COULD I RESIST?  
I THINK ENCHANTMENT JUST FELL ON ME;  
I'M SURE THAT YOU CAST A SPELL ON ME.  
SO COME AND HOLD ME IN YOUR ARMS,

YOUR CHEEK SO CLOSE TO MINE:  
THINK OF ALL WE'VE MISSED.  
YOU KNOW LIFE WON'T REALLY BE WORTH LIVING  
TILL, MY PRETTY MAID, WE'VE KISSED.

[Verse 2.]

THE MAID WAS PRISSY, SO PRECISE AND PRIM:  
"DO BE GONE," SAID SHE.  
THE FOOTMAN DIDN'T LET IT BOTHER HIM:  
"THAT'S MY GIRL!" SAID HE.  
"SHE HAS A FIGURE THAT'S SO TRIM AND NEAT,  
THE KIND OF FACE YOU'D SIMPLY DIE TO MEET;  
IN BEAUTY SHE IS SUCH A VIRTUOSO,  
AND JUST, OH, SO SWEET."  
AND HE SAID:

[Refrain.]

KISS ME, PRETTY MAID.  
THAT MAGIC IN YOUR LIPS:  
HOW COULD I RESIST?  
I THINK ENCHANTMENT JUST FELL ON ME;  
I'M SURE THAT YOU CAST A SPELL ON ME.  
SO COME AND HOLD ME IN YOUR ARMS,  
YOUR CHEEK SO CLOSE TO MINE:  
THINK OF ALL WE'VE MISSED.  
YOU KNOW LIFE WON'T REALLY BE WORTH LIVING  
TILL, MY PRETTY MAID, WE'VE KISSED.

[Dance.]

[End of Song.]

**CHERRY:** That's a pretty song. Will you teach it to me?

**HUGHES:** Of course. It goes something like this. [*kisses her*] Good Lord! Her lips are honey.

**CHERRY:** And there shoulda been bees to sting you for your nerve.

**HUGHES:** No, but there was a swarm of Cupids that stung me to the core.

**CHERRY:** Oh, you're a smooth one. What's your name?

**HUGHES:** Oh!... [*it takes him a moment to remember his alias*] Ah... Martin.

**CHERRY:** [*realizing he's lying*] Right. Then, see ya later, *Bud*. [*She says it like an epithet.*]

**HUGHES:** No!

**CHERRY:** You can count on it, *Bud*.

**HUGHES:** On what?

**CHERRY:** That you're rude.

**HUGHES:** That you're beautiful.

**CHERRY:** That you're a footman.

**HUGHES:** That you're an angel. [*takes her hand*]

**CHERRY:** Let go!

**HUGHES:** Give me a kiss. [*kisses her*]

**BINGHAM:** [*calling off*] Cherry! Cherry!

**CHERRY:** I'm—my mother's calling. How dare you kiss me like that!

**HUGHES:** [*playing innocent*] Like what?

**CHERRY:** [*grabs him and kisses him back*] Follow me, if you dare.

[*Exits R, running.*]

**FANSH:** [*calling off*] Martin!

**HUGHES:** A fair challenge!

[*Exits L. Music starts.*]

## Scene 2

*The Gallery in Lady Goodwin's House, Sunday morning. R is an arch to the corridor to Lucinda's bedroom. L is a corridor that leads to Lady Goodwin's and Julia's bedrooms. UL is a large arch leading to the great hall and to the entry of the house. UR is an arch leading to the other parts of the house. The gallery is hung with many paintings of various sizes. There is a settee upstage and various other occasional furniture.*

*A chorus of YOUNG LADIES discovered; they are preparing to go to church. JULIA enters L. She is a young woman, about 20, very pretty, with a naïve sense that people in this world are basically good. She herself is.*

**ROSE:** Good morning, Miss Julia.

**JULIA:** Good morning, Rose. Good morning, girls. Are you off to church?

**ROSE:** Yes. [*YOUNG LADIES giggle*]

**JULIA:** You seem to like the thought of going.

**ROSE:** You see, Miss Julia, we always hope that we'll meet a handsome stranger in church.

**JULIA:** That seems pretty unlikely in a small town like this.

**VIOLET:** Yes, but we do like to dream.

**DAISY:** Don't you ever dream of meeting a stranger in church, Miss Julia?

**JULIA:** Well, yes. I don't think it will actually happen, but of course you have to dream.  
Especially in this town.

**Music 4. "We Can Dream"**

**JULIA:** PICK A GENTLEMAN AT RANDOM FROM THIS VILLAGE;  
YOU MAY HOPE THAT HE'S A DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH;  
BUT WHILE IT IS ALL TOO CLEAR  
THAT HE IS QUITE SINCERE,  
SINCERITY IS, SADLY, NOT ENOUGH.  
THOUGH THE MALE POPULATION YOU MAY PILLAGE,  
I'M AFRAID THERE IS NOT ONE YOU'D DEEM  
WORTHY OF A SECOND GLANCE,  
LET ALONE A TRUE ROMANCE.  
THERE'S LITTLE HOPE, IT WOULD SEEM.  
THAT'S WHY WE MUST DREAM.

*[Refrain.]*

WE CAN DREAM OF A JASMINE-SCENTED NIGHT;  
WE CAN DREAM OF A MAGIC CARPET FLIGHT;  
WE CAN DREAM A HANDSOME STRANGER COMES AND  
SWEEPS US OFF OUR TOES.  
HEAVENS KNOWS.  
HEAVENS KNOWS.

WE CAN WISH FOR A FURTIVE, STOLEN GLANCE;  
WE CAN HOPE THAT IT LEADS US TO ROMANCE,  
AND THAT SLIGHTLY FLUSTERED FEELING IN THE  
MOMENT THAT WE MEET.  
BUT IT'S SWEET;  
IT'S SO SWEET.

THERE'S A KNIGHT, LOOKING BRAVE AND BOLD,  
AND QUITE VALIANT, I CONFESS—  
WILL THIS KNIGHT, AS IN THE TALES OF OLD,  
SAVE A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS?

IN OUR DREAMS OUR ONE TRUE LOVE WILL APPEAR;  
IN HIS ARMS, HE WILL ALWAYS HOLD US NEAR.  
THOUGH SOME DAYS IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE WE'LL  
FIND A LOVE SUPREME,  
WE CAN DREAM.  
WE CAN DREAM.

*[Refrain.]*

**YOUNG LADIES:**  
WE CAN DREAM OF A JASMINE-SCENTED NIGHT;  
WE CAN DREAM OF A MAGIC CARPET FLIGHT;

WE CAN DREAM A HANDSOME STRANGER COMES AND  
SWEEPS US OFF OUR TOES.

HEAVENS KNOWS.

HEAVENS KNOWS.

WE CAN WISH FOR A FURTIVE, STOLEN GLANCE;  
WE CAN HOPE THAT IT LEADS US TO ROMANCE,  
AND THAT SLIGHTLY FLUSTERED FEELING IN THE  
MOMENT THAT WE MEET.

BUT IT'S SWEET;

IT'S SO SWEET.

**JULIA:** THERE'S A KNIGHT, LOOKING BRAVE AND BOLD,  
AND QUITE VALIANT, I CONFESS—  
WILL THIS KNIGHT, AS IN THE TALES OF OLD,  
SAVE A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS? **Y.L.:** AH—  
AH—  
AH—  
AH—

**Y.L.:** IN OUR DREAMS OUR ONE TRUE LOVE WILL APPEAR;  
IN HIS ARMS, HE WILL ALWAYS HOLD US NEAR.

**ALL:** THOUGH SOME DAYS IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE WE'LL  
FIND A LOVE SUPREME,  
WE CAN DREAM.  
WE CAN DREAM.

[*End of Song.*]

[LADY GOODWIN *enters UR. She is a matronly woman, rather scatter-brained, who is inclined to speak in adages. She is primarily interested in helping people that she sees as needing it, according to her own logic. She maintains her group of Young Ladies, as they look for husbands.*]

**JULIA:** Good morning, mother!

**LADY G:** Good morning Julia, girls. Now girls, we need to get ready for church. Remember:  
the early bird gets the womb, uh, worm.

**ROSE:** But, do we really *want* worms, Lady Goodwin?

**DAISY:** What I want is an earl.

**VIOLET:** [*dreamy*] Or a duke.

**ROSE:** I'd take a baronet.

**LADY G:** Now girls, I've told you about those baronets. We'll find you all husbands  
eventually, but we won't sink that low. Now, come along, girls, let's get a wiggle on.

[LADY GOODWIN *herds the YOUNG LADIES and they exit UR, as LUCINDA enters R. She is a woman of means, lately of the city, and so is more fashion-conscious than the other women. She is attractive, in her late twenties, with a sharp tongue and a sardonic sense of humor. She goes to Julia.*]

**LUCI:** [*saccharine*] Aren't they sweet? [*sardonic*] It's enough to make your molars ache.

**JULIA:** Lucinda, are *you* going to church this morning?

**LUCI:** That depends: is there a prayer to get rid of bad husbands?

**JULIA:** Of course not, but there's divorce court, if you're that unhappy. But what claim would you make against my brother?

**LUCI:** I wouldn't need a claim. I'd only have to show him to the judge.

**JULIA:** But isn't he dependable?

**LUCI:** Oh, yes, most dependable.

**JULIA:** And he always comes home at night.

**LUCI:** Yes, he always sleeps with me, and isn't that a treat.

**JULIA:** He gives you a generous allowance.

**LUCI:** Yes, and it makes me feel just like a child again. A child who has to beg his parents for money for candy. I brought ten thousand dorins to this marriage, and I get an *allowance*?

**JULIA:** But what would you like?

**LUCI:** I'd like to be amused occasionally.

**JULIA:** But you get all the amusements the country has to offer.

**LUCI:** Oh, yes, country entertainment: Here we have ditch leaping. There we have cow tipping. And if that's too exciting, you can spend your day drinking and smoking.

**JULIA:** [*hurt*] I'm sorry we can't entertain you better.

**LUCI:** Julia, darling, don't be angry. But wouldn't you say he's a sad excuse for a husband?

**JULIA:** I wouldn't like to say anything against my brother.

**LUCI:** But he's only *half* your brother and you're *all* my friend. I mean, look. At four this morning he comes careening into the room like a drunken sailor, knocking over anything that isn't nailed down; flops into bed like a dead flounder, dragging all the covers onto his side; and then snores all night like an elephant in heat.

**JULIA:** Like a what?

**LUCI:** Never mind. Here's my sweet now. You'll get to see how prettily he apologizes.

[PODMARSH enters R. He is a country squire who is interested only in drinking, hunting, and gaming. Mostly drinking. He is a friendly drunk, but he is still a drunk. This morning, as with most mornings, he is not feeling his best.]

**POD:** Oh, my head.

**LUCI:** My dear, will you have tea with us this morning?

**POD:** [*said as a groan*] No.

**LUCI:** It might help your head.

**POD:** [*ditto*] No.

**JULIA:** Perhaps coffee, then?

**POD:** [*ditto*] No.

**LUCI:** Will you change and go to church with me? Fresh air may help you.

**POD:** [*taken aback; calls*] Digges!

[DIGGES *enters UR. He is a very earnest servant who, although perhaps not too bright, is very serious about his position and tries to keep a certain tone in all his interactions, although when under pressure he gets flustered. He is dressed in simple livery and must not look like a dancer.*]

**DIGGES:** You called, sir?

**POD:** What day is it, Digges?

**DIGGES:** Sunday, sir.

**POD:** [*surprised*] Jesus!

**DIGGES:** So I am given to understand, sir.

**POD:** Digges, I'd like to have breakfast.

**DIGGES:** Very good, sir. Whiskey or beer?

**POD:** [*thinking; very slowly*] Yes.

**DIGGES:** Ah, the usual. *Very* good, sir.

[DIGGES *exits UR. PODMARSH starts to follow.*]

**JULIA:** Wait a minute, brother. We need to talk to you before you go. You were very inconsiderate last night; you must apologize to your wife.

**POD:** [*not comprehending*] What?

**JULIA:** For being drunk.

**POD:** [*surprised*] Oh. [*considers*] I was drunk?

**LUCI:** Just as you are every night.

**POD:** [*concerned*] Oh. [*happy thought*] Then you must be used to it by now! [*going*]

**JULIA:** Why would you treat your wife this way?

**POD:** [*ingenuous*] It seems to work. [*calls*] Digges! Is my breakfast ready?

[*Exits UR.*]

**LUCI:** And that is my darling husband.

**JULIA:** Lucinda, I'm shocked. I can see why you're angry.

**LUCI:** Oh, I'm beyond anger and into denial.

**JULIA:** What are you going to do?

**LUCI:** I have no idea. Maybe my uncle can think of something. He's a man of the world. And he'll be here in a day or two.

**JULIA:** Oh, that's right.

**LUCI:** [*suddenly*] If I could find someone to make him jealous, perhaps he might show me some interest.

**JULIA:** [*astonished*] Your uncle?

**LUCI:** [*with derision*] My spouse. [*reminding her*] Squire Podmarsh?

**JULIA:** Oh. Aren't you worried he'd turn violent?

**LUCI:** Can you really imagine your brother violent?

**JULIA:** Well, no. But where in this town would you find someone to make him jealous?

**LUCI:** That... is a singularly depressing thought.

**JULIA:** Well, while you think, we'd better run for church or we'll be late!

[*They exit UL.*]

#### **Music 4A. scene change**

#### Scene 3

*The Goat and Porcupine.* FANSHAWE and HUGHES discovered. FANSHAWE is dressed for church and adjusting his tie (or hat or something) in front of a large mirror.

**FANSH:** So you've made progress.

**HUGHES:** [*putting on airs*] No: the lady doth give herself airs. [*normal*] She won't consider anything less than a gentleman!

**FANSH:** Let me take her in hand.

**HUGHES:** [*chuckling at the thought*] No, no, no. It'd be the milkmaid all over again.

**FANSH:** [*resigned*] Barmaid.

**HUGHES:** You'd like her, though. Just your type. [*straightens FANSHAWE's collar*] But, why are you so dressed up? Where are you off to?

**FANSH:** I thought I'd go to church.

**HUGHES:** [*snorts in disbelief*] Pfffff! When was the last time you were in church?

[*He pulls out a handkerchief and during the following speech polishes Fanshawe's shoes.*]

**FANSH:** [*ignoring him*] You know, there's something about a stranger in a country church. As soon as he comes in, the whisper goes round: "Who is he?" "Where does he come from?" "Why is he here?" I take the best pew in the church, bow to the bishop, and then single out a beauty, and fix my eyes on her the whole time. After the service, everyone assumes I'm in love with her. Of course the lady is sure that I am, so the tables are turned, and she falls in love with me.

**HUGHES:** But, Tom, instead of fixing your eyes on a beauty, try to fix them on a fortune. That's the goal, after all.

**FANSH:** Ha! No woman can be a beauty without a fortune. [*going*]

**HUGHES:** [*to himself*] That's logic. [*suddenly*] Tom!

**FANSH:** [*returning*] What?

**HUGHES:** What are you calling yourself?

**FANSH:** [*as if announcing himself*] The Viscount Fanshawe!

**HUGHES:** That worthy lord.

**FANSH:** My brother's never given me anything else, so I may as well take his title.

[*Exits UL.*]

**HUGHES:** The man is not unreasonable.

[*CHERRY enters L.*]

**CHERRY:** What's unreasonable, *Bud*?

**HUGHES:** *Not* unreasonable, kid. It's *not* unreasonable that you help me make my master's bed, now that's he's gone. [*suggestively*].

**CHERRY:** Housekeeping? Housekeeping's all I do all day and you want me to do yours as w... [*on the offensive*] Do you know the first thing about housekeeping?

**HUGHES:** [*dumbstruck*] Uh—

**CHERRY:** Let me tell you.

### **Music 5. "Keep It Clean"**

**CHERRY:** HOUSEKEEPING CAN BE DAUNTING,  
THE THINGS YOU HAVE TO DO;  
THERE'S SO MANY YOU  
CAN'T EVEN LIST 'EM.

**HUGHES:** BUT WHAT IF I AM WANTING  
TO FIND A SIMPLER WAY,  
JUST FOR DAY-TO-DAY,  
HAVE YOU A SYSTEM?

**CHERRY:** WHILE THERE ARE SOME THINGS YOU CAN SAFELY SET ASIDE,

CLEANLINESS IS ONE THAT YOU CANNOT LET SLIDE.

[Refrain 1.]

**CHERRY:** GRAB THE SOAP AND ROLL YOUR SLEEVES, 'CAUSE YOU'LL BE GETTING WET.

**HUGHES:** YOU LIKE IT WHEN IT'S REALLY GETTING DIRTY, I WOULD BET.

**CHERRY:** WELL, BUDDY, LET'S JUST SAY THAT I LIKE WORKING UP A SWEAT. YOU'VE GOT TO KEEP IT CLEAN.

**HUGHES:** WASHING UP THE DISHES I WOULD THINK WOULD TAKE A TOLL.

**CHERRY:** AND BREAKING ANY CROCKERY WILL PUT YOU IN THE HOLE.

**HUGHES:** I'D REALLY LIKE TO HELP, SO WILL YOU LET ME LICK THE BOWL?

**BOTH:** YOU'VE GOT TO KEEP IT CLEAN.

**CHERRY:** YOU THINK, "A WEE BIT OF DIRT,  
OH, WHAT CAN IT HURT?"  
WELL, THAT'S WHERE YOU'D BE WRONG.  
SO CLEANING'S WHAT I PROPOSE,  
AND EV'RYONE KNOWS,  
YOU'RE GONNA DO IT ALL NIGHT LONG UNTIL THE COCK CROWS.

**HUGHES:** YOUR BAR GETS ALL THE BUSINESS.

**CHERRY:** IT'S THE HOTTEST SPOT IN THE TOWN.

**HUGHES:** THE WOOD GETS KINDA STICKY, AND THE BRASS IS ICKY BROWN.

**CHERRY:** SO EV'RY NIGHT I'VE GOT TO SHINE IT UP, AND RUB IT DOWN.

**BOTH:** YOU'VE GOT TO KEEP IT CLEAN.

[Refrain 2.]

**HUGHES:** THE BED IS SO ESSENTIAL.

**CHERRY:** IT'S SO HARD TO DO IT RIGHT.

**HUGHES:** I LIKE MY PILLOWS PLUMP.

**CHERRY:** MY SHEETS ARE ALWAYS SNOWY WHITE.

**HUGHES:** BE SURE TO PULL THEM SNUG, YOU KNOW THE MASTER LIKES IT TIGHT.

**BOTH:** YOU'VE GOT TO KEEP IT CLEAN.

**CHERRY:** YOU CAN TELL IT'S LAUNDRY TIME: JUST TAKE A LITTLE SNIFF.

**HUGHES:** TO CLEAN AND PRESS? I'LL BET THAT YOU COULD DO IT IN A JIFF.

**CHERRY:** OF COURSE. AND I USE LOTS OF STARCH; I LIKE IT NICE AND STIFF.

**BOTH:** YOU'VE GOT TO KEEP IT CLEAN.

**HUGHES:** YOU THINK, “A WEE BIT OF GRIME,  
IT’S NOT WORTH MY TIME.”

**BOTH:** WELL THAT’S WHERE YOU’D BE WRONG.

**CHERRY:** SO, WIPE IT DOWN! I SUPPOSE  
YOU KNOW HOW IT GOES:

**BOTH:** YOU’RE GONNA DO IT ALL NIGHT LONG UNTIL THE COCK CROWS.  
OH!

**HUGHES:** KITCHEN CLEANING SEEMS TO ME LIKE IT WOULD BE A BORE.

**CHERRY:** THE SCRUBBING THAT WE DO THERE I HAVE NEVER FOUND A  
CHORE.

**HUGHES:** YOU DO IT ON THE COUNTER?

**CHERRY:** YES, AND DO IT ON THE FLOOR.

**BOTH:** YOU’VE GOT TO KEEP IT CLEAN.

[*End of song.*]

**HUGHES:** [*suggestively*] Now about making my master’s bed—

**CHERRY:** [*suddenly serious*] Mr. Martin! You’re a fraud. You don’t know the first thing  
about making a bed.

**HUGHES:** What?

**CHERRY:** I don’t believe for a minute you’re a footman.

**HUGHES:** What brought this on?

**CHERRY:** I hate being a servant. Someday I’m gonna get out of this dump, but one thing I’m  
never gonna do is fall for a footman.

**HUGHES:** So if tell you who I really am—

**CHERRY:** ’Course. And if you swear you’re *crazy* about me—

**HUGHES:** [*suggestively*] Then while my master’s away...

**CHERRY:** Oh, you know it, Bud.

**Music 5A. “I was born”**

[*The music swells and HUGHES prepares to sing grandly.*]

**CHERRY:** Cut the song and dance, Bud. Just the straight story. [*Music stops.*]

**HUGHES:** Okay: I was born a gentleman, but I went to the city and fell in with some, ah,...  
unsavory characters who relieved me of all my money. Naturally, my friends all disowned  
me. And so here I am, reduced to a footman.

**CHERRY:** Then, Mr. Martin, say you'll marry me, and I've got two thousand dorins that will be yours!

**HUGHES:** Two thousand dorins!

**CHERRY:** Two grand. In my possession. So, take off that ridiculous getup, get into some decent clothes, and I'll go get the parson.

**HUGHES:** What? A parson!

**CHERRY:** What's wrong?

**HUGHES:** Nothing... But, uh... Two thousand dorins, you say?

**CHERRY:** And more.

**HUGHES:** [*fighting with himself*] But, kid, why make me master of both you and the money when you can have just as much fun and keep the dough?

**CHERRY:** Then you won't get married?

**HUGHES:** I would, but—

**CHERRY:** Ha! I caught you, *Bud*! You can't be a gentleman. No gentlemen could resist two grand when it would get him out of wearing that monkey suit. It was just a little test to check you out, see how much respect I should give you. I hope you don't mind. [*going*]

**HUGHES:** [*conflicted*] Damn! [*to Cherry*] Stop! Stop! Listen, kid. You actually got two thousand dorins?

**CHERRY:** Oh, I got secrets too, *Bud*. When you show me yours, I'll show you mine.

[*Exit CHERRY R.*]

**HUGHES:** Damn! Two thousand dorins. But when the money runs out, an innkeeper's daughter? Damn!

[*Exit HUGHES L. Music starts.*]

#### Scene 4

*Outside the Church. The church, L, is a heavy, old stone church, blackened with time. However, the surroundings are all bright greenery and flowers. YOUNG LADIES and YOUNG MEN enter L buzzing with excitement.*

#### **Music 6. "Something Fresh"**

**ROSE:** GOOD HEAVENS! DID YOU SEE HIM WHEN HE FIRST—

**ROSE and DAISY:** —CAME WALKING THRU THE DOOR?

**VIOLET:** I SWEAR THAT THERE HAS NEVER BEEN A MAN—

**YOUNG LADIES:** —THAT DREAMY HERE BEFORE.

**DAISY:** YOU KNOW THAT WHEN HE CAUGHT MY EYE, I VERY NEARLY HIT THE FLOOR.

**VIOLET:** [*to Daisy*]

YES, THAT IS SOMETHING WE ATTEMPTED TO IGNORE.

**ROSE:** DID YOU OBSERVE HIS PERFECT MANNERS.

**DAISY:** AND THE SPLENDID CLOTHES HE WEARS.

**ROSE:** AND HE HAS SUCH A CHARMING SMILE.

**VIOLET:** I TELL YOU, NO ONE ELSE COMPARES.

**YW:** I WONDER WHO. I WONDER WHO. I WONDER WHO. I WONDER WHO. I WONDER WHO.

**EDWIN:** WHAT A LOT OF BOTHER.

**EGBERT:** WHAT A LOT OF FUSS.

**ROSE:** HERE IS MISSUS PODMARSH TO EXPLAIN IT ALL TO US.

[*LUCINDA enters L. The YOUNG LADIES run to her and crowd around, buzzing with excitement, improvising, "Mrs Podmarsh!", "Did you see the stranger?", "Isn't he wonderful?", etc.*]

**LUCI:** Children! Children!

[*Verse*]

**LUCI:** YES, I KNOW; YES, I KNOW:  
LIFE IS DULL AND DRAB AND SLOW  
IN THIS DAZ-ZL-ING JEWEL OF A TOWN.  
SO YOU SIT AND YOU SIGH,  
AND, GOOD LORD!, THE TEARS YOU CRY;  
I'M AFRAID THAT YOU'RE LIABLE TO DROWN.  
AND YOU YEARN AND YOU PINE  
AND YOU PRAY AND YOU WHINE:  
"WON'T SOME STRANGER PLEASE APPEAR?"  
FOR YOU KNOW IN YOUR HEART  
LIFE WILL ONLY TRULY START  
WHEN THAT VITAL THING IS HERE:

[*Refrain*]

SOMETHING FRESH, YES, SOMETHING NEW,  
SOMETHING YOU CAN SEE IS TRUE,  
SOMETHING BRIGHT AS MORNING DEW,  
THAT SETS YOU OFF ON YOUR DAY.

SOMETHING BOLD, YES, SOMETHING GRAND,  
SOMETHING NEVER EVEN PLANNED,

SOMETHING THAT IS RIGHT AT HAND,  
THAT MAKES YOU SMILE ON YOUR WAY.

STUCK IN A RUT,  
SITTING HOME MOPING;  
KICK THAT OLD HABIT;  
LIFE IS SHORT: GO OUT AND GRAB IT.

AND FIND SOMETHING FRESH, YES, SOMETHING NEW,  
SOMETHING STRAIGHT OUT OF THE BLUE,  
SOMETHING EV'RYONE CAN DO,  
COME ON AND LAUGH WHILE YOU MAY.

[Refrain]

**CHORUS:** SOMETHING FRESH, YES, SOMETHING NEW,  
SOMETHING YOU CAN SEE IS TRUE,  
SOMETHING BRIGHT AS MORNING DEW,  
THAT SETS YOU OFF ON YOUR DAY.

SOMETHING BOLD, YES, SOMETHING GRAND,  
SOMETHING NEVER EVEN PLANNED,  
SOMETHING THAT IS RIGHT AT HAND,  
THAT MAKES YOU SMILE ON YOUR WAY.

**LUCI:** STUCK IN A RUT,  
SITTING HOME MOPING;  
KICK THAT OLD HABIT;  
LIFE IS SHORT: GO OUT AND GRAB IT.

**CHORUS:** AND FIND SOMETHING FRESH, YES, SOMETHING NEW,  
SOMETHING STRAIGHT OUT OF THE BLUE,  
SOMETHING EV'RYONE CAN DO,  
COME ON AND LAUGH WHILE YOU MAY.

[End of Song.]

[JULIA enters L and the YOUNG MEN retire upstage while the YOUNG LADIES crowd around JULIA ad libbing "Miss Julia!", "How do you like him, Miss Julia?," etc. LUCINDA shoos them off.]

**LUCI:** Go on, girls. Miss Julia and I have some business to discuss.

[The YOUNG LADIES retire upstage apart from the YOUNG MEN, and when Digges enters, they all exit bit by bit.]

**LUCI:** Well, I think you just set the record for falling. I timed it at two-point-five seconds.

**JULIA:** What are you talking about? Do you think I'm the kind of girl to fall in love at first sight?

**LUCI:** Well, why not? If men can do it, why shouldn't we? I'll bet the gentleman has already told his friends all about you, describing your hair, your eyes, your lips, your neck, your...  
[*She has been indicating on herself the body parts described, but when she gets past "neck" realizes she must sum up.*]  
*everything.* And I'll bet his friends are lapping it up.

**JULIA:** Your hand, darling, I don't feel well.

**LUCI:** So out with it, child. Don't you like him?

**JULIA:** He seems nice.

**LUCI:** "Nice." That's it? Is he not a god? A veritable Adonis? A star in the firmament?

**JULIA:** O, Lucinda, please, I'm ill!

**LUCI:** Shall I call a doctor for some medicine?—or shall I send for the gentleman to provide something better? Come on, let your hair down. He's a handsome fellow; I noticed him when he first came into church.

**JULIA:** I saw him too, and with an air that shone round him like rays of the sun!

**LUCI:** Oh, my!

**JULIA:** No flirting, no calculated looks or poses.

**LUCI:** Yes?

**JULIA:** But then his eyes—did you observe his eyes?

**LUCI:** I saw that he had two of them.

**JULIA:** So bright. They seemed to see everything, but never gazed on anything but me. And then his looks were so humble, and yet so noble—they seemed to say that he would gladly die for me, but for no one else.

**LUCI:** That's better. How do you feel now?

**JULIA:** Ahem. Much better, thank you. Oh, here comes our Mercury!

**LUCI:** Well, in our case, Digges.

[*DIGGES enters R.*]

**JULIA:** Well, Digges, did you find out anything about the gentleman?

**DIGGES:** Oh, yes, miss, a great deal.

**JULIA:** Tell us, then. And quickly, please.

**DIGGES:** Well, miss, of course I spoke with a number of people.

**JULIA:** Of course.

**DIGGES:** I wanted to get as much information as I could.

**JULIA:** Naturally.

**DIGGES:** And naturally, my first question to them was, “Who is the gentleman?”

**JULIA:** Quite right.

**DIGGES:** Yes. And everyone was in agreement.

**JULIA:** Oh?

**DIGGES:** He’s a stranger.

**JULIA:** [*disappointed*] Oh.

**DIGGES:** Second, I asked them if they knew what business he had here.

**JULIA:** Yes?

**DIGGES:** I thought that might be important.

**JULIA:** Yes, good thought.

**DIGGES:** But no one could say.

**LUCI:** Digges, could you speed this up a bit?

**DIGGES:** Of course, ma’am, of course. Third, I asked where the gentleman came from, but no one knew. And, fourth, I asked where he was going, but they had not heard. That was what I discovered.

**LUCI:** But what are people saying? Can’t they guess?

**DIGGES:** Oh, yes, ma’am. Some folks think he’s a grifter, some think he’s a traveling salesman, some say one thing, some say another. But I think he’s a spy.

**JULIA:** A spy! Why a spy?

**DIGGES:** His footman speaks French, miss.

**LUCI:** His footman!

**DIGGES:** Yes, ma’am. He and those French bird-watchers were parlay-voo-ing like nobody’s business. And they looked suspicious.

**LUCI:** How so?

**DIGGES:** They kept looking at me and laughing.

**LUCI:** Yes. Highly suspicious.

**JULIA:** What sort of livery is the footman wearing?

**DIGGES:** Livery, miss! Why, I took him to be a captain, he’s got so much braid and gold! He is a completely different sort of man than I am, miss!

**LUCI:** I can believe that. [*to Julia*] But what shall we do now?

**JULIA:** I have an idea! Digges!

**DIGGES:** Miss?

**JULIA:** We're interested in finding out who this gentleman is, just to satisfy our curiosity.

**DIGGES:** Yes, miss, I'm sure it would be satisfying.

**JULIA:** So, *you* get acquainted with the *footman*. Invite him home to share some ale.

**DIGGES:** Yes, miss, I can do that.

**LUCI:** Oh darling, it's brilliant: your mother will be out with her girls, my spouse will be at the Goat and Porcupine, the house will be empty. These two drink their ale, we drop in by accident, ask the fellow a few questions ourselves—it's perfect. Digges, go and find the footman.

**DIGGES:** Yes, ma'am.

[DIGGES *exits R*, JULIA and LUCINDA *exit L*. *Music starts*.]

### Scene 5

*The Servants' Hall in Lady Goodwin's House. DIGGES and HUGHES enter UR, each with tankard, singing and leaning on one another, apparently tipsy. JULIA is listening, concealed.*

#### Music 7. Knickers

**HUGHES and DIGGES:** [*drunkenly, tunelessly, and a capella*]

HE WAS A DEVIL WITH THE LADIES,  
WITH THE SARAHS AND THE SADIES,  
WHEN HE CAUGHT 'EM WITH THEIR KNICKERS DOWN.

[*End of Song*.]

**HUGHES:** You have a wonderful voice.

**DIGGES:** That's very kind of you to say so—

**HUGHES:** Oh, you're welcome.

**DIGGES:** —but you have a wonderfuller voice.

**HUGHES:** Oh, thankyou, thankyou, thankyou.

**DIGGES:** Let's sit down. [*sits wearily*]

**HUGHES:** Are you tired?

**DIGGES:** I am worn down, sir. If it's not one thing it's another. This is not what I planned for my life.

**HUGHES:** No? What did you want to do?

**DIGGES:** I always wanted to be... No, you'll laugh.

**HUGHES:** I won't laugh.

**DIGGES:** No. I know you'll laugh.

**HUGHES:** I swear I won't laugh. We're brothers, aren't we?

**DIGGES:** Are we brothers?

**HUGHES:** Of course we're brothers. Here, give me your hand, brother Digges. [*they shake; they embrace*]

**DIGGES:** Brother Martin!

**HUGHES:** Brother Digges, I swear I won't laugh.

**DIGGES:** Well, what I always wanted to be [*looks around suspiciously*]... was a dancer.

**HUGHES:** [*bursts out with a laugh and covers it with coughing*] A dancer?

**DIGGES:** You laugh, brother Martin.

**HUGHES:** No, no, brother Digges. That's admirable.

**DIGGES:** I have the look of a dancer, don't I?

**HUGHES:** [*caught off guard, but recovering*] Uh... Yes! That's... uh... that's exactly what I thought when I first saw you.

**DIGGES:** See, I knew it. I was meant to be a dancer.

**HUGHES:** What kind of dancer? Morris?

**DIGGES:** [*rapturously*] Oh, no: the Ballet! To float in the divine arms of Terpsichore, to soar as on a cloud, to swirl, to sweep, to swoon as if in a dream. [*He makes some clumsy ballet leaps, etc.*]

**HUGHES:** Did you ever try it.

**DIGGES:** [*back to earth*] No, no. I had to earn a living, so I ended up here where my talents will remain unknown and unappreciated. [*suddenly*] You won't tell anyone, brother Martin?

**HUGHES:** Never! [*conspiratorially*] In fact I have a secret too, brother Digges.

**DIGGES:** Really!

**HUGHES:** My master, the viscount—

**DIGGES:** Viscount! Viscount who?

**HUGHES:** [*shakes his head*] Uh, I've said too much already.

**DIGGES:** My lips are sealed, brother Martin.

**HUGHES:** But you know why he's down here?

**DIGGES:** No!

**HUGHES:** He fought a duel in the city a few days ago. Wounded the other guy badly. Thought he better lie low till he hears if the other guy's gonna live or, you know. . . gwhhkh.

**DIGGES:** Whoa! So how'd he end up here?

**HUGHES:** He's never been around these parts before so no one knows him; that's all.

[JULIA *is visibly excited by this and exits R.*]

**DIGGES:** Was the duel with swords or pistols?

**HUGHES:** Oh! I don't know. I wasn't there.

**DIGGES:** You weren't there?

**HUGHES:** We never know about our masters' duels.

**DIGGES:** No? Oh! Around here when our masters get a challenge, the first thing they do is to tell their wives, the wives tell the servants, the servants tell their neighbors, and in half an hour the whole county's in a lather.

**HUGHES:** [*laughs*] And all for something they'd die to get out of. [*concerned*] So now I suppose *you'll* go around telling everyone.

**DIGGES:** Oh, no, brother Martin. I've learned to hold my tongue or I'd have never lasted so long in a great household. Come on, we'll finish our tankards.

[JULIA *enters R, dragging LUCINDA.*]

**HUGHES:** And it's a great household, brother Digges. Here's to the health of your ladies. [*drinks*] But what ladies are those? [*conspiratorially*] And I'll take the tall one.

**DIGGES:** Ours, ours. Don't pay any attention to them; drink up, man.

**LUCI:** He's a viscount who was just in a duel?

**JULIA:** That's what he said. Let's see what else the footman can tell us.

**LUCI:** Ooh! I like this year's model of footman. I'll throw out some bait and see if he bites.

[JULIA *and LUCINDA walk a turn towards the opposite side of the stage. LUCINDA drops her glove. HUGHES runs, takes it up and gives to her with an elaborate flourish, so elaborate only a gentleman would be acquainted with it. He no longer appears tipsy.*]

**HUGHES:** Madam—your ladyship's glove.

[*Every time JULIA and LUCINDA have asides to deliver, they change places and speak into the other's ear as they pass.*]

**LUCI:** Oh, thank you! [*aside to Julia*] My, what a pretty bow!

**HUGHES:** Mr Digges, why don't you introduce me?

**DIGGES:** Ladies, may I present Mr Martin, the servant of that gentleman you saw at church today. Mrs Podmarsh and Miss Julia. Knowing he's from the city, I invited him over so he could show me the latest flourishes in knife sharpening.

**JULIA:** And I trust it's proven beneficial?

**HUGHES:** Oh yes, madam, but your ladyship's ale is a little too strong for me.

**LUCI:** Do you not usually drink ale?

**HUGHES:** No, madam; my master prefers I drink tea.

**JULIA:** How long have you served your present master?

**HUGHES:** Not long; my life has been spent mostly in the service of the ladies.

**LUCI:** And which service do you like best?

**HUGHES:** The ladies pay the best: the honor of serving them is wages enough.

**LUCI:** [*aside to Julia*] That's a footman? [*to Hughes*] And, Martin, would you serve a lady again?

**HUGHES:** As a groom of the chamber, madam, but not as a footman.

**LUCI:** But you have served as footman before?

**HUGHES:** Yes, and for that reason I would not serve as one again.

**JULIA:** Oh?

**HUGHES:** You see, my memory is too weak for the length of messages that the ladies give their servants. My last mistress told me one morning, "Martin, go to my Lady Whoozit; tell her I was to wait on her ladyship yesterday, and left word with Miss Rebecca, that the preliminaries of the affair she knows of are stopped until we know the concurrence of the person I referred to, for which there are circumstances wanting which we shall accommodate at the old place; but that in the meantime there is a person about her ladyship, that from several hints and surmises, was accessory at a certain time to the disappointments that naturally attend things, that to her knowledge are of more importance—"

**JULIA:** [*Laughs.*]

**LUCI:** [*laughs*] Where is this leading?

**HUGHES:** Why, I'm not half done! The whole message was half an hour long. I misplaced two syllables, and was fired.

**JULIA:** [*aside to Lucinda*] A pleasant fellow! [*to Hughes*] But, Martin, if your master is married, I presume you still serve a lady?

**HUGHES:** No, madam, I'm careful never to come into a married household; the commands of the master and mistress contradict so much that it's impossible to please both.

**LUCI:** [*aside to Julia*] Not married! [*to Hughes*] I would think, Martin, that having served in so many capacities, you must be a man of many talents.

**DIGGES:** Ma'am, he sings sublimely!

**LUCI:** Does he, now?—Pray, sir, will you oblige us with a song?

**HUGHES:** If you insist, madam. What sort of song would you prefer?

**LUCI:** This being Sunday, perhaps a religious subject might be appropriate?

**HUGHES:** Of course. We'll begin at the beginning.

[During the song, DIGGES watches in amazement, as if he were watching a tennis match, because a mere footman is interacting with a gentlewoman as with an equal. JULIA is watching in amusement that her friend is falling at first sight with this man she has already figured out is not a footman.]

### **Music 8. “Paradise”**

[Verse 1.]

**HUGHES:** GOD WAS WATCHING ADAM DOWN IN EDEN:  
“ADAM, ARE YOU LONELY THERE, MY BOY?”  
ADAM SAID, “OH, NO,  
IT’S NEVER DULL OR SLOW;  
EACH DAY IS FILLED WONDER AND WITH JOY.”  
“WELL, MY WIFE MAINTAINS THAT YOU LOOK LONELY,  
SO A MISSUS YOU ARE GOING TO GET,  
AND WITH THAT BRAND-NEW BRIDE,  
A SLIGHT PAIN IN YOUR SIDE:  
IT’S NOTHING YOU SHOULD SWEAT.”  
THESE WERE WORDS THAT ADAM SOON LIVED TO REGRET.

[Refrain 1.]

EDEN WAS SWELL, EDEN WAS SWEET,  
EDEN WAS MORE THAN JUST NICE.  
IT WAS A TRIP, IT WAS A TREAT,  
IT WAS A TRUE PARADISE.  
NO RULES TO OBEY:  
NO, “DO THINGS THIS WAY.”  
NO, “GET UP AND BE PRODUCTIVE.”  
NO, “APPLE A DAY.”  
EV’RYTHING FREE, EV’RYTHING FUN,  
EV’RYTHING TOTALLY COOL;  
LONG, LAZY DAYS OUT IN THE SUN;  
COCK-TA-ILS OUT BY THE POOL.  
THEN EVE CAME ALONG,  
AND EV’RYTHING WENT WRONG.  
USED TO BE SWELL, USED TO BE NICE,  
USED TO BE PARADISE.

**LUCI:** [*spoken*] I think you have your story mixed up a bit.

[Verse 2.]

**LUCI:** GOD WAS SCARED TO TALK TO EVE IN PERSON,  
SO HE SENT HIS WIFE AROUND INSTEAD.  
“EVE, I’VE GOT SOME NEWS.  
DEPENDING ON YOUR VIEWS,  
IT COULD BE EITHER GOOD OR BAD,” SHE SAID.  
“YOU’LL BE ADAM’S PARTNER DOWN IN EDEN—

THE GARDEN'S LOVELY, IF I RECOLLECT—  
BUT ADAM'S SUCH A DUD:  
THEN, HE WAS MADE FROM MUD,  
SO WHAT CAN YOU EXPECT?  
STILL, NOTHING THAT A WOMAN COULDN'T SOON CORRECT.”

[Refrain 2.]

**LUCI:** YES, EDEN WAS A SIGHT,  
A BIG, SPLENDID MESS;  
I WORKED BOTH DAY AND NIGHT,  
YET IT WAS FUN, I MUST CONFESS.  
BUT, OH!, THAT ADAM:  
THINK OF FAULTS, AND HE HAD 'EM;  
RUNNING ROUND LIKE A BEAST.  
AT LEAST I SOON MADE SURE THAT THAT CEASED.  
I GOT HIM SCRUBBED AND DRESSED  
AND DEODORIZED;  
HIS HABITS AREN'T THE BEST,  
BUT NOW HE'S HALFWAY CIVILIZED.  
I WORKED SO DEARLY;  
NOW THE PLACE IS QUITE NICE,  
AND I CAN SAY SINCERELY THAT  
IT IS A PARADISE.

[Refrain 3.]

**LUCI:**  
YES, EDEN WAS A SIGHT,  
A BIG, SPLENDID MESS;  
I WORKED BOTH DAY AND NIGHT,  
YET IT WAS FUN, I MUST CONFESS.  
BUT, OH!, THAT ADAM:  
THINK OF FAULTS, AND HE HAD 'EM;  
RUNNING ROUND LIKE A BEAST.  
AT LEAST I SOON MADE SURE THAT THAT CEASED.  
I GOT HIM SCRUBBED AND DRESSED  
AND DEODORIZED;  
HIS HABITS AREN'T THE BEST,  
BUT NOW HE'S HALFWAY CIVILIZED.  
I WORKED SO DEARLY;  
NOW THE PLACE IS QUITE NICE,  
AND I CAN SAY SINCERELY THAT  
IT IS A PARADISE.

**HUGHES:**  
EDEN WAS SWELL, EDEN WAS SWEET,  
EDEN WAS MORE THAN JUST NICE.  
IT WAS A TRIP, IT WAS A TREAT,  
IT WAS A TRUE PARADISE.  
NO RULES TO OBEY:  
NO, “DO THINGS THIS WAY.”  
NO, “GET UP AND BE PRODUCTIVE.”  
NO, “APPLE A DAY.”  
EV'RYTHING FREE, EV'RYTHING FUN,  
EV'RYTHING TOTALLY COOL;  
LONG, LAZY DAYS OUT IN THE SUN;  
COCK-TA-ILS OUT BY THE POOL.  
THEN EVE CAME ALONG,  
AND EV'RYTHING WENT WRONG.  
USED TO BE SWELL, USED TO BE NICE,  
USED TO BE PARADISE.

[End of Song.]

**LUCI:** Thank you very much, sir; we're much obliged. Something for a pair of gloves. [*Offers him money.*]

**HUGHES:** I humbly beg leave to be excused, madam: my master pays me, and I dare not take money from anyone else, without injuring his honor.

[HUGHES bows elaborately then he and DIGGES exit UR.]

**JULIA:** What a surprise! Did you ever see such a charming fellow? And handsome too!

**LUCI:** [*facetiously*] Oh, really? I hadn't noticed. [*seriously*] The devil take him for wearing that livery!

**JULIA:** I suspect it's a pose.

**LUCI:** What?

**JULIA:** He's too much of a gentleman for a footman. Did you see the way he bows? I'll bet he's a friend of the viscount, and was his second in that duel.

**LUCI:** [*getting excited*] Of course! That's it! That must be it! Because I do think he's rather wonderful.

**JULIA:** Now who's acting like a school girl?

**LUCI:** [*herself again*] Yes, don't we make a pair?

**JULIA:** But now, darling, how do we go about meeting his master?

**LUCI:** *We* go about? Trust me, the viscount will take care of that. You just need a little patience.

**JULIA:** Patience! Where will I find that?

[ROSE enters UR.]

**ROSE:** A letter for you, Ma'am. It just arrived.

[LUCINDA takes the letter and starts to read while ROSE edges toward the exit, waiting to see if he's still wanted.]

**LUCI:** Oh, it's from my uncle.

[LUCINDA opens it and starts to read.]

**LUCI:** Oh, Rose.

**ROSE:** [*starting to return*] Yes, Ma'am?

**LUCI:** Could you let Lady Goodwin know that Sir William will be here for dinner tomorrow?

**ROSE:** Yes, ma'am. I'll let her know directly.

[ROSE exits UR.]

**JULIA:** What gossip does your uncle have?

**LUCI:** Ah! Let's see. [*skimming and paraphrasing letter, and adding her own comments*] Mm-hm. Mm-hm. Oh! The prince is down with the gout again. (Well what do you expect

when you drink two quarts of brandy a day?) Um. Lady Codmore was discovered *in flagrante delicto* with her driver.

**JULIA:** [*incredulously*] Her driver!

**LUCI:** You've never seen her husband have you?

**JULIA:** [*mumbles*] Well, no.

**LUCI:** Mm-hm. Mm-hm. Oh. Lord Fanshawe is suing Lord Piddlebrook for infringement upon—

**JULIA:** Fanshawe! Don't mention that name in my presence! I hate that man!

**LUCI:** Really?

**JULIA:** He ruined my poor, dear father.

**LUCI:** [*curious*] Did you ever know your "poor, dear father"?

**JULIA:** He died when I was two; but I know he was a dear and that Lord Fanshawe ruined him.

**LUCI:** He couldn't have been too ruined, not with the nest egg he left you.

**JULIA:** Well, yes... But I'm sure that Lord Fanshawe was the death of my father.

**LUCI:** I thought stepping in front of the mail coach while drunk was the death of your father.

**JULIA:** Well, I'm sure he never would have been drinking if it hadn't been for that horrible man. Anyway, I will never have anything to do with the viscount as long as I live.

**LUCI:** He's very rich, you know. You might keep that in mind.

**JULIA:** No. I wouldn't touch him with a barge pole, not if you brought him to me on a platter with watercress round him.

**LUCI:** With watercress... Aren't you mixing your metaphors?

**JULIA:** Oh, pff!

[*JULIA exits disgustedly L. LUCINDA starts to exit R but nearly collides with COUNTRY WOMAN entering from UR. She is not unattractive and, although it is hidden by shapeless clothes, she is quite voluptuous.*]

**LUCI:** Oh!

**C.W:** [*very nervous and upset*] Excuse me, I—I'm—ah—oh dear—uh—could you—um—  
You're Lady Goodwin, aren't you?

**LUCI:** Well, what is it you need, child?

**C.W:** [*near tears*] I've lost my husband!

**LUCI:** I see. And you're sure you had one to start with?

**C.W:** Oh, yes. We got married in a church, and everything.

**LUCI:** Fine. Now how did you lose him? Did he fall out of your pocket or something?

**C.W:** Out of my pocket?

**LUCI:** Never mind. I'm just wondering how someone goes about losing a husband.

**C.W:** He ran away. [*cries*]

**LUCI:** Now why didn't I think of that? How did you get him to run away? You must have had a system, or something.

**C.W:** [*drying her tears*] A system?

**LUCI:** I'm just wondering how it worked.

**C.W:** How it worked?

[*LADY GOODWIN enters UR, trailed by YOUNG LADIES.*]

**LUCI:** Why would you want a husband anyway?

[*COUNTRY WOMAN opens her coat and reveals she is quite pregnant.*]

**LUCI:** Oh, yes, I see.

**LADY G:** Come, child, pay no attention to this mad woman. I am Lady Goodwin. Girls, take her to the pantry and get her something to eat. I'll be down shortly. Remember, the proof is in the pudding, uh, pudding.

[*Exit COUNTRY WOMAN and YOUNG LADIES UR.*]

**LADY G:** I don't see what you have against marriage, Lucinda.

**LUCI:** I have nothing against marriage. I just think you'd be better off avoiding *husbands*.

**LADY G:** Surely you can't mean that. All my young ladies are looking for husbands.

**LUCI:** They may be, but what possible good are they?

**LADY G:** Husbands?

**LUCI:** Yes!

**LADY G:** Well...

### **Music 9. "Husbands"**

[*Refrain 1.*]

**LADY G:** A HUSBAND IS A SPECIAL SORT OF CREATURE,  
NEEDING A SPECIAL SORT OF CARE:  
HE'S A FRAGILE THING,  
A MOTH'S FRAIL WING,  
AND THERE'S LITTLE THAT HE CAN BEAR.  
A SIMPLE GRACE BESTIRS HIS EV'RY FEATURE,  
LENDING HIM, SOMEHOW, A CERTAIN CHARM;  
THAT IS WHY, MY DEAR,  
WE HOLD HIM NEAR,  
AND KEEP HIM SAFE FROM HARM.

[Verse 1.]

**LUCI:** BUT THEY'RE FILTHY SLOBS!

**LADY G:** SO AMONG YOUR JOBS  
IS TO SEE THAT THEY GET COMPLETELY LAUNDERED.

**LUCI:** AND THEY'RE CLUMSY LOOTS!

**LADY G:** YES, AND HAVE NO DOUBTS  
ANYTHING THAT IS SPENT ON THEM IS SQUANDERED.  
BUT THEY'RE STRONG AND THEY'RE BRAVE,  
SO JUST SMILE AND WAVE  
AS THEY'RE LED OFF TO THEIR NURS'RY.

**LUCI:** BUT WHY COME TO TERMS  
WITH THOUGHTLESS WORMS  
WHO WILL ALWAYS FORGET YOUR ANNIVERS'RY?

[Refrain 2.]

**LADY G:** A HUSBAND IS A SPECIAL SORT OF CREATURE,  
NEEDING A SPECIAL SORT OF CARE:  
HE'S THE AWKWARD KIND:  
TO STYLE HE'S BLIND,  
AND OF MANNERS HE'S UNAWARE.  
A SIMPLE LOOK BEDECKS HIS EV'RY FEATURE,

**LUCI:** JUST LIKE THE LIVESTOCK ON A FARM.

**LADY G:** [*unperturbed*] THAT IS WHY, MY DEAR,  
WE HOLD HIM NEAR,  
AND KEEP HIM SAFE FROM HARM.

[Verse 2.]

**LUCI:** BUT THEY THINK THEY'RE SMART!

**LADY G:** YES, DEAR, IT'S AN ART  
ACTING AS IF, IN FACT, YOU DID BELIEVE THEM.

**LUCI:** AND THEY PATRONIZE!

**LADY G:** MERELY BAT YOUR EYES,  
AND PRETEND THAT YOU SIMPLY DON'T PERCEIVE THEM.  
YES, THEY'RE ALL SELFISH BOYS,  
WHO MUST THINK THEIR TOYS  
THE BEST IN THIS WHOLE CREATION.

**LUCI:** WHY SUCH LENIENCE HERE,  
WHEN IT'S ALL TOO CLEAR,  
THEY'LL BE OFF HUNTING DOWN SOME NEW FLIRTATION?

[Refrain 3.]

**LADY G:** A HUSBAND IS A SPECIAL SORT OF CREATURE,  
NEEDING A SPECIAL SORT OF CARE:  
HE'S A TIMID CHILD,  
SO MEEK AND MILD,  
AND THERE'S LITTLE THAT HE WILL DARE.

**LUCI:** A VAPID FOG BESMEARS HIS EV'RY FEATURE,  
GIVING HIS NURSE CAUSE FOR ALARM.

**BOTH:** THAT IS WHY, MY DEAR,  
WE HOLD HIM NEAR,  
AND KEEP HIM SAFE FROM HARM.

[End of Song.]

[JULIA enters R and runs to Lucinda.]

**JULIA:** Oh, Lucinda! News! Look!

[HUGHES enters UL, running.]

**HUGHES:** Where is my Lady Goodwin? Which of you three is the old lady?

**LADY G:** I am.

**HUGHES:** O madam, the fame of your kindness has encouraged me to ask for your help on behalf of my master, who is at this moment breathing his last.

**LADY G:** Your master! Where is he?

**HUGHES:** At your gate, madam. He was walking up the avenue, admiring your house, when suddenly he was taken ill with something mysterious. Down he fell, and there he lies.

**LADY G:** Here, Digges! Rose! Run and help the gentleman into the garden. Quick, quick!

[DIGGES and ROSE enter UR, cross, and exit UL. The other YOUNG LADIES come on looking tentative, then follow.]

**HUGHES:** Heaven reward your ladyship.

**LADY G:** Does your master have these fits frequently?

**HUGHES:** O yes, madam: I have known him to have five or six in a night.

**LADY G:** Ah, poor gentleman! I'll go and see him myself.

[MRS. GOODWIN and HUGHES exit UL.]

**JULIA:** O Lucinda, my heart is beating so hard! I can hardly resist running to help him.

**LUCI:** And I'll bet he would appreciate your help more than Lady Goodwin's. Didn't I tell you that the viscount would arrange things? Love's his only illness, and I think you'll be the doctor.

**JULIA:** But what if I give him the wrong medicine?

**LUCI:** Just don't give him too much at first, and you'll be fine.

[JULIA and LUCINDA exit UL.]

**Music 9A. scene change**

Scene 6

*The Courtyard in Lady Goodwin's House. FANSHAWE faking a swoon and carried by HUGHES and DIGGES enter UL; LADY GOODWIN and YOUNG LADIES follow. JULIA and LUCINDA enter R.*

**LADY G:** Here, Digges, a glass of brandy! His fit's very strong. Bless me, how his hands are clinched!

[DIGGES exits UR.]

**HUGHES:** Ladies, why don't you help us? [to Julia] Please, miss, take his hand, and open it, if you can, while I hold his head.

[JULIA takes his hand.]

**JULIA:** Poor gentleman!—Oh!—he's got my hand; he squeezes it too tightly.

**LADY G:** It's the violence of his convulsion, child.

**JULIA:** Oh, my hand! my hand!

**LADY G:** What's the matter with the foolish girl? I've got his hand open, with a great deal of ease.

**HUGHES:** Yes, but, madam, your daughter's hand is somewhat warmer than your ladyship's, and the heat draws the spirits that way.

**LUCI:** You seem to know an awful lot about these sorts of fits.

**HUGHES:** It's no wonder; I often get them myself. In fact I'm not feeling too well right now.  
[looking hard at Lucinda]

**LADY G:** His fit is gripping him a long time.

**HUGHES:** Longer than usual, madam. Pray, miss, open his coat and give him air.

**LADY G:** Your master should never go without smelling salts. Violet, bring the smelling salts. Oh—he recovers! He's coming to his senses!

[FANSHAWE awakes, seemingly in a daze.]

**JULIA:** How are you feeling, sir? [*music starts*]

**FANSH:** Where am I? [*rising*]

**Music 10. "Elysian Shore"**

**FANSH:** FAITH, WHAT'S THIS PALE LIGHT,  
AS DAWN WERE AT HAND,  
BANISHING NIGHT  
FROM THIS STRANGE, BARREN LAND?  
O, SURELY I HAVE GONE  
THROUGH DEATH'S SILENT DOOR,  
LANDING UPON  
THE ELYSIAN SHORE.

**YOUNG LADIES:**

O—

**FANSH:** LO, 'TIS THE GODDESS OF THIS LAND ASCENDENT;  
BRILLIANT PERSEPHONE, THOU ART RESPLENDENT.  
THUS DOTH A PILGRIM KNEEL,  
THY GRACE TO EXTOL:  
HEAV'NS BREATH MADE REAL,  
LIGHT OF THE EARTH, SONG OF MY SOUL.

[*End of Song.*]

[FANSHAWE *kneels to Julia, and kisses her hand.*]

**LADY G:** Delirious, poor gentleman!

**HUGHES:** Extremely so, madam.

**FANSH:** Martin's voice, I think.

**HUGHES:** Yes, My Lord. How does your lordship?

**LADY G:** [*aside to Julia and Lucinda*] "Lord," did you notice, girls!

**FANSH:** Where am I?

**HUGHES:** In very good hands, sir. You were taken just now with one of your old fits. Lady Goodwin took you in, and has miraculously brought you to yourself.

**FANSH:** I am overcome with shame, madam; I beg your pardon. I won't trouble you any further. Martin! Give two dorins to the servants. [*going*]

[HUGHES *takes LADY GOODWIN aside to speak to her.*]

**JULIA:** But, sir, you don't seem to be completely recovered.

**FANSH:** That, madam, I shall never be. The illness has me too strongly in its grip, and I fear I will take it to my grave.

**LUCI:** Don't despair: I've known several gentlemen who've managed to shrug it off after a couple of weeks.

**LADY G:** Come, sir, your servant tells me you could relapse if you stay outside. Your good manners won't get the better of ours. Go on, girls, take the gentleman inside and show him around the house. Show him the pictures, or something. You know, a picture's worth a thousand worms, uh, words.

[JULIA and LUCINDA start to take Fanshawe off L.]

**FANSH:** Ladies, could my servant join us? He is an expert on art.

**LUCI:** Is that it? I knew he was an expert on something.

**JULIA:** Of course! This way, please.

[JULIA, LUCINDA, FANSHAWE, and HUGHES exit L.]

**LADY G:** [noticing the Young Ladies hovering up stage] Girls, whatever are you doing here? Come on, now, we've got to go help that poor country woman.

[LADY G and YOUNG LADIES exit UR.]

### **Music 10A. scene change**

#### Scene 7

*The Gallery in Lady Goodwin's House.* FANSHAWE, JULIA, HUGHES, and LUCINDA enter UL. FANSHAWE and JULIA are oblivious to the gallery and to the other two. They wander off and exit as the other two talk.]

**LUCI:** Welcome to our gallery! [SHE notes that FANSHAWE and JULIA are not paying attention, so speaks to Hughes.] Maybe you can answer a question about a painting that's always baffled me.

**HUGHES:** I can try.

**LUCI:** [stopping in front of a painting] It's this one. What can you tell me about it?

**HUGHES:** Ah, yes. Poor Ovid in his exile.

**LUCI:** Oh! What was he banished for?

**HUGHES:** Ambitious love: he fell in love above his station. [bowing] His misfortune touches me.

**LUCI:** I can see where it might. But was he successful?

**HUGHES:** There he has left us in the dark. He was too much of a gentleman to tell.

**LUCI:** I've never met a gentleman yet who didn't tell. But then I don't get around much. Still, if he had to keep it secret, I pity him.

**HUGHES:** And if he were successful, I envy him.

**LUCI:** What about this Venus over the chimney?

**HUGHES:** Venus! I protest! I thought it was you! But now that I look at it again, I can see it's not nearly beautiful enough.

**LUCI:** You do say the most... accurate things. If you'd like to see my picture, it's that little daub above the cabinet. Do you like it?

[FANSHAWE and JULIA exit UR.]

**HUGHES:** I must admire anything that has the least resemblance of you. But... [*looks at the picture and then Lucinda three or four times, then peers at the signature*] Oh, I see it's by Cannelloni, and so should be unexcelled. And yet... Well, yes, your eyes are shown, but where is their sparkle? And there are your cheeks, but not the fresh morning dew in their complexion. The lips are drawn, too, but where's the pouting ripeness that tempts the taste in the original? And your neck is there, but not the ivory as in life. And he has painted your breasts—presumptuous man! What, paint Heaven!

**LUCI:** And, apropos, next to it you'll find a painting of Narcissus, who was turned into a daffodil just by listening to you talk.

**HUGHES:** [*looking down the hall and ignoring her*] Why, I believe I can see the finest Madonna at the end of that hallway.

**LUCI:** That would be the painting above the bed in my bedroom.

**HUGHES:** I can't quite see the detail at this distance. [*goes toward hallway, R*]

**LUCI:** I'm afraid that portion of the house is not on today's tour.

**HUGHES:** If I could get just a little closer. Would you mind, madam?

[HUGHES exits R.]

**LUCI:** [*to herself*] Oh, what could it hurt? [*going; returns*] What am I saying? Julia! Julia!

[LUCINDA exits L. HUGHES returns, doesn't see her.]

**HUGHES:** Hey!

[HUGHES runs out UL. FANSHAWE and JULIA enter from UR. *Music starts.*]

[HUGHES enters UL towards the end of the song, but seeing them there he hides in the doorway to listen.]

**FANSH:** Till tomorrow, then.

**JULIA:** Yes, until tomorrow. And yet it seems so far away. How will I occupy the time?

**FANSH:** I guess we'll be counting the hours.

**JULIA:** [*wonderingly*] Counting the hours?

### **Music 11. "Counting the Hours"**

[*Verse 1.*]

**JULIA:** HOW CAN YOU SUGGEST THAT IN THIS OFFHAND, CARELESS WAY?  
I SUPPOSE FOR YOU IT IS AN EASY THING TO SAY—

SOMETHING, WITHOUT THINKING, YOU CASUALLY PROPOSE—  
BUT FOR ME, MY APPREHENSION GROWS,  
FOR I'M AFRAID IT'S HOPELESS, JUST HOPELESS, HEAVEN KNOWS.

[Refrain.]

COUNTING THE HOURS, UNTIL YOU RETURN:  
THAT'S SOMETHING I COULDN'T DO;  
THE MINUTES ALL WEAR ON A YEAR, I COULD SWEAR,  
WHENEVER I'M WAITING FOR YOU.  
COUNTING THE SECONDS, BUT ALL THAT I LEARN  
IS EACH ONE SEEMS INFINITE, DEAR!  
AND I AM SURE THAT TIME SIMPLY STOPS WHENEVER I'M  
COUNTING THE HOURS TILL YOU'RE NEAR.

[Verse 2.]

**FANSH:** NEVER SHRANK FROM ANY TASK THAT NEEDED TO BE DONE;  
MADE SURE I HAD FINISHED EV'RYTHING I HAD BEGUN.  
BUT NOW I'M IN A QUAND'RY THAT I COULD NOT FORESEE:  
HERE'S A JOB TOO DIFFICULT FOR ME;  
FOR AS YOU SAID, IT'S HOPELESS, JUST HOPELESS, I AGREE.

[Refrain.]

**FANSH:**  
COUNTING THE HOURS, UNTIL I RETURN:  
THAT'S SOMETHING I COULDN'T DO;  
THE MINUTES ALL WEAR  
ON A YEAR, I COULD SWEAR,  
WHENEVER I'M WAITING FOR YOU.  
COUNTING THE SECONDS, BUT ALL THAT I LEARN  
IS EACH ONE SEEMS INFINITE, DEAR!  
AND I AM SURE THAT TIME  
SIMPLY STOPS WHENEVER I'M  
COUNTING THE HOURS TILL YOU'RE NEAR.

**JULIA:**  
I COULDN'T DO—;  
THE MINUTES ALL WEAR  
ON A YEAR, I COULD SWEAR,  
EVER I'M WAITING FOR YOU—.  
THE SECONDS, BUT ALL THAT I LEARN  
IS EACH ONE SEEMS INFINITE, DEAR!  
AND I AM SURE THAT TIME  
SIMPLY STOPS WHENEVER I'M  
COUNTING THE HOURS TILL YOU'RE NEAR.

[Dance.]

[End of Song. Music continues after applause.]

### **Music 11A. Act I Finale**

**JULIA:** Until tomorrow.

**FANSH:** Until tomorrow.

[JULIA exits L.]

**HUGHES:** [*leaning casually against the door frame*] So, Tom, been having fun?

**FANSH:** [*coming, with a start, out of a trance*] Frank, she's wonderful! So sensitive and attentive, such understanding. I hate myself for having to deceive her.

**HUGHES:** If you're going to talk like that, you can stop right now.

**FANSH:** I can't stop; I love her to distraction. I dine here tomorrow!

**HUGHES:** That's fast work. This is promising.

**FANSH:** Don't make it sound like a business deal.

**HUGHES:** Why not? Isn't that—

[DIGGES enters UR, in a hurry. Music changes to lively music and the YOUNG LADIES enter separately from all entrances, bustling about, carrying things, coming in one door and going out another then returning carrying other articles.]

**DIGGES:** Brother Martin!

**HUGHES:** Brother Digges!

**DIGGES:** Could you do me a favor?

**HUGHES:** Of course, brother Digges.

**DIGGES:** My master, Squire Podmarsh, has forgotten his house key again. He's always forgetting his key, and he never comes in until after the family is asleep. Now I am *not* to let it out of my sight, but since we're brothers, if you're going to the Goat and Porcupine, could take it to him?

**HUGHES:** I'd be glad to.

**DIGGES:** I'd take it to him myself, but we're preparing for Sir William's arrival tomorrow and I'm up to my neck in work.

**HUGHES:** *Who's* that?

**DIGGES:** Sir William Freeman. He's coming to dinner tomorrow.

**HUGHES and FANSH:** [*look at each other and say, in perfect unison*] Pongo?!

[*At the word "Pongo" the music stops abruptly and the YOUNG LADIES all freeze with all eyes on the two boys.*]

**DIGGES:** Do you know him?

**HUGHES:** I've, uh... heard the name.

[*The music restarts and the YOUNG LADIES start bustling as before.*]

**DIGGES:** Well, he'll be here tomorrow, and the whole house is in a frenzy. Now, mind you get that key to the squire.

**HUGHES:** [*in a daze*] Of course.

**DIGGES:** Thank you, brother Martin. I'll show you out, if you'd like. [*to Fanshawe*] And you too, your lordship.

**HUGHES:** Thank you, brother Digges.

**DIGGES:** After you, your lordship. [*when he realizes that neither of them are moving, he shrugs*] You won't believe what I've got to get done before they...

[DIGGES *exits UL ad libbing.* FANSHAWE and HUGHES *stand looking at each other.*  
*The YOUNG LADIES bustle around them, oblivious of them.*]

**HUGHES** and **FANSH**: [*discouraged*]

WHAT WILL THEY DO WITHOUT US?

[*A very small bit of a very dejected dance.*]

[*Curtain.*]

ACT II  
Scene 1

*The Goat and Porcupine that night. HUGHES and FANSHAWE discovered; HUGHES is pondering while repeatedly tossing and catching the house key. FANSHAWE is pacing and fretting. They are not paying attention to each other.*

**Music 12. Entrance Music**

**HUGHES:** I wonder why old Pongo is coming to Kittsfield.

**FANSH:** What are we going to do?

**HUGHES:** Maybe he's a friend of Lady Goodwin.

**FANSH:** He'll be here tomorrow.

**HUGHES:** Maybe he's related to one of her dead husbands?

**FANSH:** He'll expose us as bounders.

**HUGHES:** I suspect he'll be a little surprised to find us here. [*chuckles*]

**FANSH:** We'll be a laughing stock.

**HUGHES:** Under assumed names.

**FANSH:** We'll never marry a fortune.

**HUGHES:** When we're supposed to be in the army.

**FANSH:** [*to Hughes*] Would you please concentrate!

**HUGHES:** [*stops the key tossing*] I'm sorry. What were you saying?

**FANSH:** What are we going to do? Pongo is going to be here tomorrow and expose us as bounders and ruin whatever chances we had to marry a fortune!

**HUGHES:** [*starts tossing the key again*] You'll just have to work faster.

**FANSH:** But how? I don't see her again until dinner! By which time Sir William will be here and expose us as bounders and—

**HUGHES:** [*snatches the key and says simply:*] Look. Do you think you can get a parson on short notice?

**FANSH:** I should hope so, with what I put in the collection plate this morning.

**HUGHES:** And she said "yes" when you popped the question?

**FANSH:** Yes.

**HUGHES:** So as long as you can arrange to see her, the rest should be a piece of cake. Oh, and don't forget that we split her fortune fifty-fifty.

**FANSH:** I'm not worried about that. But how am I supposed to see her?

**HUGHES:** [*offhand*] You'll think of something. You have until dinner tomorrow. You've got all night!

**FANSH:** I've got all night? What are you doing?

**HUGHES:** I've got some business to attend to.

**FANSH:** [*indicating the key*] What's that?

**HUGHES:** I think a lady may need my help this evening.

**FANSH:** That's the housekey for Lady Goodwin's, isn't it?

**HUGHES:** [*ignoring him*] I can sense she is going to require the kind of assistance only I can provide.

**FANSH:** What are you planning?

**HUGHES:** You know, Fanshawe, I like her enough I may have to become a gentleman again.

**FANSH:** But what if I can't see Julia before dinner tomorrow?

**HUGHES:** Well, personally, I plan to be long gone before Sir William appears. Ta-ta!

[*HUGHES exits UL. FANSHAWE shrugs, then exits L. HIGHWAYMEN enter UL, singing; HUGHES nods as he passes them and exits UL.*]

**Music 13. "The Life of a Highwayman" (reprise)**

**H-MEN:** OH, THE LIFE OF A HIGHWAYMAN  
IS THE LIFE I LOVE TO LEAD;  
A CLOSE CIRCLE OF BROTHERS,  
THERE'S NO PRIDE OR GREED;  
AND IF WE STICK TOGETHER  
WE KNOW WE'LL SUCCEED.  
HEY, HO,  
GIVE IT A GO!

[*End of song.*]

[*BINGHAM enters L, having heard them.*]

**BINGHAM:** Gentleman, quiet please! We don't want the girls to hear.

**SLINGSBY:** I am sorry, Mrs Bingham. On the behalf of my comrades, I apologize.

**BINGHAM:** Ah, that's all right. Now, you know where to break in at Lady Goodwin's, right?

**SLINGSBY:** Yes, we've got that. And we know where to find the plate.

**BINGHAM:** Oh, and this will be silver like you've never seen before.

[*HIGHWAYMEN murmur expectantly.*]

**SLINGSBY:** And then we're supposed to divide at the head of the stairs?

**BINGHAM:** Yes, that's right. Down at one end of that gallery is Lady Goodwin and her daughter, and at the other end is Mrs. Podmarsh. As for the squire, he's safe enough.

**SLINGSBY:** In his usual state?

**HOUNSLOW:** Yeah, he's plastered.

**GIBBET:** Blotto.

**BAGSHOT:** Stewed to the gills.

**SLINGSBY:** And there are no other men in the house?

**BINGHAM:** Only Digges, and he shouldn't be a problem.

**SLINGSBY:** No, Mr Digges, I'm afraid, is a poltroon. [HIGHWAYMEN *giggle*] Madam, however can we express our gratitude?

**BINGHAM:** [*dismissively*] Ah, don't mention it.

**Music 14. "Hooray for Mrs Bingham"**

**SLINGSBY:** GENTLEMEN, WE OWE A MOST PRODIGIOUS DEBT  
TO OUR GRACIOUS HOST;  
SHE HAS FOUND WHAT'S SURE TO BE OUR RICHEST VENTURE YET.  
I PROPOSE A TOAST!

**BINGHAM:** SIR, YOU'RE MUCH TOO KIND!

**SLINGSBY:** NO, YOU SHOULD BE ENSHRINED!  
TELL US HOW YOUR BRAIN GOT SO REFINED.

**BINGHAM:** CERTAIN THOUGHTS I ALWAYS BEAR IN MIND:

[*Refrain 1.*]

**BINGHAM:** DON'T BE A SUCKER: ALWAYS TAKE THE EASY WAY.

**H-MEN:** HIP-HIP-HOORAY FOR MRS BINGHAM!

**BINGHAM:** DON'T LET YOUR CONSCIENCE EVER SEE THE LIGHT OF DAY.

**H-MEN:** HIP-HIP-HOORAY FOR MRS BINGHAM!

**BINGHAM:** DON'T BE A HEEL;  
DON'T EVER SQUEAL;  
DON'T BEG OR BORROW: ALWAYS STEAL.  
AND IN THE END YOU'LL FIND THAT CRIME INDEED WILL PAY.

**H-MEN:** HIP-HIP-HOORAY FOR MRS BINGHAM!  
THIS IS TRUTH FOR THE AGES  
WE SO LONG HAVE SOUGHT;  
KNOWLEDGE THAT COMES ONLY FROM SAGES.  
PLEASE, JUST ONE MORE SHOT!

**BINGHAM:** IF AN OLD FRIEND IS IN THE HOUSEGOW FOR A STAY,

BEGGING YOU PLEASE TO COME AND SPRING 'IM,  
WHAT'S IT TO YOU?  
JUST LET 'IM STEW.

**H-MEN:** HIP-HIP-HOORAY FOR MRS BINGHAM!

[Refrain 2.]

**H-MEN:** DON'T BE A SUCKER: ALWAYS TAKE THE EASY WAY.  
HIP-HIP-HOORAY FOR MRS BINGHAM!  
DON'T LET YOUR CONSCIENCE EVER SEE THE LIGHT OF DAY.  
HIP-HIP-HOORAY FOR MRS BINGHAM!  
DON'T BE A HEEL;  
DON'T EVER SQUEAL;  
DON'T BEG OR BORROW: ALWAYS STEAL.

**BINGHAM:** AND IN THE END YOU'LL FIND THAT CRIME INDEED WILL PAY.

**H-MEN:** HIP-HIP-HOORAY FOR MRS BINGHAM!

**HOUNSLOW, GIBBET, and BAGSHOT:**  
THIS IS TRUTH FOR THE AGES  
WE SO LONG HAVE SOUGHT;  
KNOWLEDGE THAT COMES ONLY FROM SAGES.

**BAGSHOT:** NOW, WHAT ELSE YOU GOT?

**BINGHAM:** LIFE IS SO SHORT YOU BETTER BURGLE WHILE YOU MAY!

**SLINGSBY:** THAT'S WORTHY OF PRAISES, SO LET'S SING 'EM!

**H-MEN:** SHE HAS THE BRAIN!  
HIT THAT REFRAIN!  
HIP-HIP-HOORAY FOR MRS BINGHAM!

**HOUNSLOW:** [*spoken*] So the amazing!  
HIP-HIP-HOORAY FOR MRS BINGHAM!

**BAGSHOT:** [*spoken*] Worth the praising!  
HIP-HIP-HOORAY FOR MRS BINGHAM!

[End of song.]

**SLINGSBY:** Well, gentlemen, as it is now one o'clock, we should set out at once. I will meet you outside shortly.

**HOUNSLOW:** Sure, boss.

**GIBBET:** Right, boss.

**BAGSHOT:** Anything you say, boss.

[HIGHWAYMEN *start to leave.*]

**SLINGSBY:** My dear Mrs Bingham, this should prove as profitable as taking a Spanish galleon.

**BINGHAM:** Yes, I should think so. If you pull this off you'll be rich as dukes.

**HOUNSLOW:** "If"?

**GIBBET:** Someone say "if"?

**BAGSHOT:** Did I hear an "if"?

[*General hubbub from HIGHWAYMEN*]

**BINGHAM:** No, no. I didn't say "if," I said "when," "*When* you pull this off!"

**HOUNSLOW:** She said "if."

**GIBBET:** We're jinxed.

**BAGSHOT:** Might as well just chuck it in.

[*More hubbub from HIGHWAYMEN.*]

**SLINGSBY:** Gentlemen, gentlemen! Please, please! I heard our charming landlady distinctly say "when." It was merely the wind howling through the window frame that made it sound like that other word, which I would kindly request that you not repeat.

**HOUNSLOW:** You sure, boss?

**SLINGSBY:** Of course I'm sure. Everything is going to be fine. This is going to be a smoothly running operation. An easy accumulation of capital.

**BINGHAM:** Oh, like taking candy from a child, as they say.

**SLINGSBY:** Yes, like taking candy from the proverbial child. Now, please, gentlemen, let us carry on.

**HOUNSLOW:** Okay, boss.

**GIBBET:** Right, boss.

**BAGSHOT:** Anything you say, boss.

[*HIGHWAYMEN exit UL.*]

**BINGHAM:** Sorry about that.

**SLINGSBY:** [*wiping his brow*] Not at all your fault, madam, although I must admit they can be difficult at times. Perhaps I should think about retiring. A place in the country appeals to me. I can see myself as a gentleman farmer. [*going*]

**BINGHAM:** And what about my Cherry for a gentleman farmer's wife?

**SLINGSBY:** Oh, no. Cherry's a peach, but I have a strict policy against a wife who knows enough to have me hanged.

[SLINGSY exits UL. BINGHAM starts to clean up, singing to herself, but hears something outside. She looks out the window and calls for the girls.]

**BINGHAM:** Girls! Girls!! Get yer reupholstered fannies in here! There's a coach and six just arrived! Six steaming horses, girls! Girls!!

[SERVING GIRLS enter R.]

**SERVING GIRLS:** [*Ad lib.* "Coach and six?"... "Who could it be?" etc.]

**BINGHAM:** [*still peering out window*] At this time of night? Must be some rich stiff, too good take the public coach.

[*There is knocking at the door. SADIE exits UL, while BINGHAM waits at the arch. SIR WILLIAM enters UL followed by SADIE. SIR WILLIAM is a charming, middle-aged man who likes people and whom people like. He finds life amusing.*]

**BINGHAM:** Good evening, sir, and welcome to the Goat and Porcupine!

**SIR W:** Thank you, madam. I apologize for arriving so late.

**BINGHAM:** Oh, no, sir. We're all up, as they say.

**SIR W:** Well, that's fine. Do you know the Podmarsh family?

**BINGHAM:** Yes, of course, sir.

**SIR W:** I don't suppose they would be up at this hour?

**BINGHAM:** Oh, no, sir. They wouldn't be up this late. Except for the squire himself; he's here at the inn.

**SIR W:** Really! At this hour! Doing what?

**BINGHAM:** Drinking. Like every night.

**SIR W:** [*laughing*] Must be a good drinker.

**BINGHAM:** I could get him if you'd like to speak to him.

**SIR W:** Sure. Why not? [*to himself*] I can see what my niece is up against.

**BINGHAM:** What was that?

**SIR W:** Uh, nothing. My knees. They're acting up again.

**BINGHAM:** Oh. Then I'll be right back. Girls, make sure the gentleman gets everything he needs while I'm gone. [*aside to Penny*] And it might take a while to rouse the squire.

[*She exits R. Music starts.*]

**PENNY:** Excuse me, sir,—

**Music 15. "The Man Who Has Everything"**

**PENNY:** WOULD YOU LIKE A CUP OF TEA?

**SIR W:** No thank you.

**GABBY:** WOULD YOU LIKE A PIECE OF PIE?  
**SIR W:** No thank you.  
**PENNY:** WOULD YOU LIKE SOME CAKE?  
**SIR W:** No.  
**GABBY:** OR A JUICY STEAK?  
**SIR W:** No.  
**SADIE:** MAYBE JUST A SHOT OF RYE?  
**SIR W:** No thank you.  
**PENNY:** WOULD YOU LIKE A PINT OF ALE?  
**SIR W:** No thank you.  
**SADIE:** OR A ROASTED QUAIL?  
**SIR W:** No.  
**GABBY:** WITH A SIDE OF KALE?  
**SIR W:** Yuck!  
**PENNY:** A GLASS OF STOUT?  
**GABBY:** A RAINBOW TROUT?  
**SADIE:** PERHAPS SOME SAUERKRAUT?  
**SIR W:** No.  
**PENNY:** SOME PINK CHAMPAGNE?  
**GABBY:** A QUICHE LORRAINE?  
**SADIE:** WE MAKE A MEAN CHOW MEIN.  
**SIR W:** No.  
**GABBY:** A LEG OF LAMB?  
**SADIE:** A CANDIED YAM?  
**PENNY:** A BUTTERED SCONE?  
**GABBY:** AN ICE CREAM CONE?  
**SADIE:** A SWISS FONDUE?  
**GABBY:** AN IRISH STEW?  
**PENNY:** OR DOWN-HOME BARBECUE?  
**SIR W:** [*after thinking for a moment*] No thank you.  
**GABBY:** CAN'T WE REALLY BRING YOU ANYTHING?

**SADIE:** OR ARE YOU THE MAN WHO HAS EV'RYTHING?

**SIR W:** Yep.

[*Refrain 1.*]

**SIR W:** I'M THE MAN WHO HAS EV'RYTHING;  
THAT'S WHAT YOU'VE JUST GOT TO UNDERSTAND.  
YES, SIREE, I'VE GOT EV'RYTHING;  
AND I CAN TELL YOU THAT IT IS GRAND.  
I'VE GOT A FABULOUS CITY HOUSE,  
IT'S ONE YOU'D REALLY ADORE;  
AND ROUND THE COUNTRYSIDE,  
SCATTERED FAR AND WIDE,  
I'VE GOT, I THINK, FOUR MORE.  
I'M THE MAN WHO HAS EV'RYTHING:  
VALETS AND BUTLERS AND MAIDS AND COOKS;  
ALL THE FINEST OF EV'RYTHING:  
OF FANCY WINES, FEATHER BEDS, AND BOOKS.  
AND WHEN YOU PUT IT ALL TOGETHER  
I'M SURE YOU'LL SEE IT IS TRUE  
THAT I'M THE MAN WHO HAS EV'RYTHING,  
AND I WILL SHARE IT ALL WITH YOU.

[*Dance?*]

[*Refrain 2.*]

**CHORUS:** HE'S THE MAN WHO HAS EV'RYTHING;  
THAT'S WHAT YOU'VE JUST GOT TO UNDERSTAND.  
YES, SIREE, HE'S GOT EV'RYTHING;  
HE'S GOT SUPPLY TO MEET OUR DEMAND.

**PENNY:** HE'S GOT A COACH THAT IS

**CHORUS:** ERMINE-LINED,

**PENNY:** WITH FOOTMEN TRIMMED

**CHORUS:** ALL IN GOLD,

**SADIE:** AND HORSES BY THE SCORE,

**GABBY & SADIE:**  
REGAL POMP GALORE:

**CHORUS:** IT'S PRETTY SWANK, ALL TOLD.  
HE'S THE MAN WHO HAS EV'RYTHING,  
AND IF YOU EVER ARE ASKED TO DINE,

**GABBY:** YOU'LL HAVE PARTRIDGES

**PENNY:** AND PEPPER POT

**SADIE:** AND PIGEON PIE,

**SIR W:** [*Spoken*] Maybe porcupine!

**CHORUS:** AND IF YOU ASK FOR SECOND HELPINGS,  
HE'LL NEVER MAKE A BIG FUSS,  
'CAUSE HE'S THE MAN WHO HAS EV'RYTHING,  
AND HE WILL SHARE IT ALL WITH US!

[*End of song.*]

[BINGHAM and PODMARSH, *drunk, enter R. SERVING GIRLS exit R.*]

**BINGHAM:** Here, sir, is Squire Podmarsh.

**POD:** [*confused*] What? [*focusing*] Oh! How d'ye do, sir.

**SIR W:** Fine thank you. How do you do, sir?

**POD:** [*happy*] Jus' fine. [*sad*] Only, I got myself a problem.

**SIR W:** Oh?

**POD:** I can't find anyone to drink with.

**SIR W:** That's rough.

**POD:** Yes, sir, it is rough. There were some lads around, but, I dunno, they've all disappeared.  
[*looks around*]

**SIR W:** I'm sorry to—.

**POD:** They were around here somewhere; I just don't know where they went. [*looks harder, finds Bingham*] Oh!

**BINGHAM:** Oh!

[*Exits R.*]

**SIR W:** I'm sorry to hear that.

**POD:** I'm sorry to hear that too. 'Cause I need someone to drink with.

**SIR W:** You need someone to *drink* with?

**POD:** I do. So come have a pint with me, or I'll have to go home to my wife.

**SIR W:** Is that bad?

**POD:** Pfff. I'd rather go... I'd rather go to the devil.

**SIR W:** [*laughing*] But you're swizzled, sir. You're squiffed. You're sloshed, you're sozzled, you're soused. Truly, sir, I trust you don't go to bed with your wife when you're like this.

**POD:** What? Not go to bed with my wife! What do you take me for, sir, an atheist or a libertine?

**SIR W:** [*laughing*] I take it you don't like your wife.

**POD:** Pfff!

**SIR W:** Why don't you get rid of her?

**POD:** Yeah. Who's gonna take 'er? You?

**SIR W:** Sure. I'd take her in a second.

**POD:** Really? Well, you can have 'er in the morning. And I'll throw in breakfast.

**SIR W:** And her fortune too, of course.

**POD:** Pfff! Fortune? I got no problem with her fortune. I only hate the lady; you only get the lady.

**SIR W:** But her fortune, sir—

**POD:** Ah, come on, have a drink with me. We'll talk about it.

**SIR W:** What, now?

**POD:** Of course, now! Come on!

**SIR W:** Well, a half hour couldn't hurt. But it's late, sir.

**POD:** Late? This isn't late. I'm jus' getting started.

**SIR W:** [*laughing*] It is late.

**POD:** Ah, come on. I like you, sir. You'll dine with me tomorrow.

[*SIR W and PODMARSH exit R, ad libbing. The stage is empty for a moment then CHERRY enters R, looks around furtively, then runs across and knocks on Fanshawe's door. FANSHAWE enters.*]

**CHERRY:** [*very excited*] Oh, excuse me, sir!

**FANSH:** What's the matter, child? You look frightened.

**CHERRY:** I should be, sir; there's a gang of goofers just about to cash out Lady Goodwin's joint.

**FANSH:** A what?

**CHERRY:** A pack of yobs, 'bout to bust up her place for fair. [*he doesn't understand*] You know, a crew of crooks; a team of toughs. [*he still doesn't understand; she takes a deep breath and slows down*] Highwaymen!

**FANSH:** Highwaymen!

**CHERRY:** They're going to rob Lady Goodwin!

**FANSH:** What! How do you know?

**CHERRY:** I followed them there; saw them breaking in.

**FANSH:** Have you told anybody?

**CHERRY:** I was going to tell your man Martin; I looked everywhere but I can't find him.

**FANSH:** Don't worry about that. Will you show me the way?

**CHERRY:** Yes, sir. Lady Goodwin is my godmother, and Miss Julia—

**FANSH:** Julia! The name inspires me. The glory and the danger shall be mine alone! Quick, let's go.

[*They exit UL.*]

**Music 15A. scene change**

Scene 2

*Lucinda's bedroom in Lady Goodwin's house. There is one entrance. There is a large bed with comforter or quilt, a table with chair, a dresser, and a wardrobe. LUCINDA and JULIA discovered in nightgowns.*

**LUCI:** Well, darling!

**JULIA:** Well, darling!

**LUCI:** How does My Lord?

**JULIA:** And how does his servant?

**LUCI:** Servant! He's more charming, and more of a gentleman, than his master.

**JULIA:** You'd never say that if you'd heard My Lord speak.

**LUCI:** Oh, please. I'll bet you a dorin that my fellow said finer things to me than yours did to you.

**JULIA:** Done. What'd your fellow say?

**LUCI:** Mine mistook the picture of Venus for a painting of me.

**JULIA:** But mine took me for Venus herself.

**LUCI:** What a cliché. If mine had called me Venus directly, I would have known he was a footman.

**JULIA:** Mine spoke the sweetest things, kissed my hands ten thousand times.

**LUCI:** Ran out of things to say, huh?

**JULIA:** And he proposed marriage.

**LUCI:** Marriage! Good Lord! Do you call that sweet?

**JULIA:** Oh, darling, it's the sweetest thing he could have said! I may sit on my fortune a lifetime and attract nothing but buffoons. But if I marry a viscount, there will be:

**Music 16. Title, Place**

Title! [*trumpet fanfare*] Place! [*trumpet fanfare*] Precedence! [*music starts*] The park, the play, and the drawing-room; lights, bustle, and splendor! “My Lady’s servants there!” “My Lady’s coach here!” “Make room for her ladyship!”

[JULIA *grabs* LUCINDA *and dances with her, but it is quickly clear* LUCINDA *is not happy. The music stops.*]

**JULIA:** Lucinda! Suddenly sad?

**LUCI:** No, I’m just tired.

**JULIA:** I’ll bet you wouldn’t be so tired if your pretty fellow were here.

**LUCI:** What, here! In my bedroom! At two in the morning! With me in my nightgown, the family asleep, my husband away, and my gentleman at my feet? That sounds ghastly!

**JULIA:** Well, darling, thoughts are free. And I’ll leave you to yours. Good night.

[JULIA *exits.*]

**LUCI:** Sweet dreams, Julia.

[*Music starts; LUCINDA sighs.*]

### **Music 17. “My Guardian Angel Sleeps”**

**LUCI:** MARRIAGE IS MADE IN HEAVEN: THAT’S HOW THEY SAY IT’S DONE:  
TWO LOVING HEARTS ARE UNITED INTO ONE.  
IF IT’S TRUE, THEN MY GUARDIAN ANGEL’S DROPPED THE BALL,  
SLEEPING INSTEAD OF HELPING ME AT ALL.  
SHE IGNORES MY FERVENT PRAYERS,  
LEAVES ME TO MY OWN AFFAIRS.  
I’M CONVINCED THAT NOBODY UP THERE CARES.

[*Refrain.*]

A BABY LAUGHS, A CHILD IS SHY;  
THEIR YOUNG MOTHER SINGS A LULLABY;  
AND YET THESE SIMPLE JOYS WILL PASS ME BY,  
BECAUSE MY GUARDIAN ANGEL SLEEPS.

A TIMID SMILE, AND THEN A KISS,  
THEN A GIDDINESS THAT BORDERS BLISS;  
BUT ALL THESE LITTLE THINGS I’LL SURELY MISS,  
BECAUSE MY GUARDIAN ANGEL SLEEPS.

SOME FOLKS’ ANGELS WORK STEADILY,  
HELPING THEM THROUGH THE YEARS:  
THEY’LL FIND HAPPINESS READILY;  
I’LL FIND ONLY TEARS.

TWO COZY SEATS, A FIRE’S WARM GLOW,  
SHARING MEMORIES OF YEARS AGO;

BUT SUCH CONTENTMENT I WILL NEVER KNOW  
BECAUSE MY GUARDIAN ANGEL SLEEPS.  
BECAUSE MY GUARDIAN ANGEL SLEEPS.  
BECAUSE MY GUARDIAN ANGEL SLEEPS.

[*End of song.*]

[HUGHES *steals out of a wardrobe behind her.* LUCINDA *turns a little and sees him, shrieks, and runs to the other side of the bed.*]

**LUCI:** Good heavens! You're here!

**HUGHES:** Of course I'm here.

**LUCI:** Are you man or devil?

**HUGHES:** Man, I can assure you. [*coming round the bed*]

**LUCI:** Assure me how?

**HUGHES:** Like this. [*takes her hand*]

**LUCI:** You're trying to compromise me. [*she pulls her hand away and runs to other side of bed*]

**HUGHES:** I've always been a great believer in compromise. [*edging towards her, bit by bit, with each answer*]

**LUCI:** How did you get in here?

**HUGHES:** I flew in on a moonbeam.

**LUCI:** Right, Mr Moonbeam. What's your plan?

**HUGHES:** To ravish you. Do you mind?

**LUCI:** When you put it that way, yes!

**HUGHES:** [*goes down on one knee*] How beautiful she looks!

**LUCI:** Oh, here we go.

**HUGHES:** Spring smiles in her face.

**LUCI:** Keep talking.

**HUGHES:** When she was conceived, her mother smelled roses, looked on lilies. [*rises and tries to take her in his arms*]

**LUCI:** [*shrieks*] Ah!

**HUGHES:** Madam, what are you doing? You'll wake the whole house.

**LUCI:** I'll wake the dead before I allow that! I'm glad you were so rude. You've brought me back to my senses.

**HUGHES:** If this be insolence— [*kneels again*] No pilgrim ever bowed before his saint with more devotion.

**LUCI:** [*finding him hard to resist*] Get up, you rogue. Your silver tongue won't work its magic on me. Yes, I'm a woman, but unlike other women I can admit my weakness, even admit I have a weakness for you, without—

**HUGHES:** For me! [*going to embrace her*]

**LUCI:** Stop right there, or you'll have my everlasting hatred. Now, leave!

**HUGHES:** Then you'll promise—

**LUCI:** Why should I promise you anything?

**HUGHES:** I must see you again.

**LUCI:** No. Go.

**HUGHES:** I'll go if you promise to see me.

**LUCI:** Fine. Anything. Just go.

**HUGHES:** I'll come tomorrow, then. Your lips must seal the promise.

**LUCI:** [*exasperated*] No. Just go!

**HUGHES:** They must! They must! Just one kiss. That's all I ask.

**LUCI:** No, I refuse! You'll have to kill me first!

[*HUGHES starts toward her.*]

**LUCI:** Murder! Help! Help!

[*DIGGES in nightshirt and nightcap enters R.*]

**DIGGES:** Murder! Help! Help!

**HUGHES:** Hold your tongue. [*draws, and threatens to stab Digges.*]

**DIGGES:** [*kneeling, pleading*] O please, sir, spare all I have, and take my life!

**LUCI:** [*holding Hughes's hand*] What's the fellow mean?

**HUGHES:** [*sideways*] I was going to ask you.

**DIGGES:** O ma'am, down on your knees! He's one of them.

**HUGHES:** One of what?

**DIGGES:** One of the rogues—I mean, one of the honest gentlemen that have just now broken into the house.

**HUGHES:** What!

**LUCI:** You didn't come to rob me, did you?

**HUGHES:** Of course I did, but not of anything you couldn't spare. But your crying "murder" woke this fool up from a nightmare, and he takes it seriously.

**DIGGES:** It is serious, sir. They've broken into the house and will be here any minute.

**HUGHES:** What, thieves?

**DIGGES:** Yes, sir, I believe so.

**LUCI:** What'll we do?

**HUGHES:** Madam, I wish you a good night. [*prepares to leave*]

**LUCI:** Good night? What! Don't leave me!

**HUGHES:** Good lord! Didn't you just order me to leave you?

**LUCI:** No, but... [*takes hold of him*]

**HUGHES:** [*laughs*] Now comes my turn to be ravished. You see, you must use men one way or the other: only a fool would defend you without getting something as part of the bargain. How are they armed, Digges?

**DIGGES:** [*recognizing him*] Oh! Brother Martin! I didn't recognize you. With sword, sir.

**HUGHES:** Hush! I see a lantern coming. Don't worry, madam, I'll protect you, or lose my life.

**LUCI:** Your life! No, they couldn't take anything that valuable. You must leave.

**HUGHES:** What? Leave you again? No, no, we'll trick them. Do you have enough courage to stand up to them?

**LUCI:** Yes, of course; since I escaped *your* hands, I can face anything.

**HUGHES:** [*to Digges*] This way—here.

[*HUGHES and DIGGES hide behind the coatrack. SLINGSBY enters R with a lantern in one hand, and a sword in the other.*]

**SLINGSBY:** Oh, good. This is the room, and the lady is alone.

**LUCI:** Who are you? Did you come here to rob me?

**SLINGSBY:** Yes, madam, I'm afraid that is my intention. And if you make any noise, I shall have no choice but to run you through. But don't be afraid, madam, I have never been rude to a lady. [*placing the lantern and sword on the table*] Now, your rings, madam—thank you very much. Please do not be nervous, madam; I can assure you that I have profound respect for you, madam. Your keys, madam—thank you. Please do not be frightened, madam, for you can rest assured that I am truly a gentleman. Your necklace, madam—thank you so much. I have a veneration—for this necklace—

[*Here HUGHES, having come round, trips SLINGSBY, and LUCINDA throws her comforter over him and sits on him. DIGGES takes sword from the table and holds it awkwardly.*]

**HUGHES:** Now, madam, we'll kill the villain!

**SLINGSBY:** [*muffled protests*]

**HUGHES:** How many are there, Digges?

**DIGGES:** Forty-seven, sir.

**HUGHES:** Then I've got to kill this one, to get him out of the way.

**SLINGSBY:** [*more energetic muffled protests*]

**LUCI:** He seems to want to say something.

**HUGHES:** Watch him, Digges.

[*HUGHES takes the comforter off of Slingsby enough to let him speak.*]

**SLINGSBY:** Stop, please, sir; there are only six of us, upon my honor. [*adjust number as appropriate*]

**HUGHES:** [*puts the comforter back on Slingsby*] He says there are only six of them.

**DIGGES:** There were hordes of ruffians, sir.

**HUGHES:** Digges, can you tie him up?

**DIGGES:** Not I, sir. Kill him, please, sir.

**HUGHES:** The dog shall die, madam, for having caused my disappointment tonight.

**SLINGSBY:** [*more muffled protests*]

**LUCI:** Please don't kill him, sir. I can tie him.

[*SHE takes a cord from her table and with HUGHES guarding him, binds Slingsby's hands.*]

**HUGHES:** Now, Digges, I suppose you can handle him. Lock him in the cellar. If he resists, run him through with his own sword. And come back as fast as you can.

**DIGGES:** Yes, yes. Come with me, you villain.

[*DIGGES exits R with SLINGSBY.*]

**LUCI:** And now— [*shrieking without*]

**HUGHES:** Damn! The rogues must have got to the other ladies. I've got to help them. Will you stay here or come with me?

**LUCI:** [*taking him by the arm*] Oh, with you, dear sir, with you.

[*They exit R.*]

### **Music 17A. scene change**

### Scene 3

*The Gallery in Lady Goodwin's house. Enter HIGHWAYMEN from L, hauling in LADY GOODWIN and JULIA.*

**GIBBET:** Gimme yer keys, ya old woman!

**HOUNSLOW:** And yer jewels, miss!

[FANSHAWE and CHERRY enter R.]

**FANSH:** Stop, [*music stops*] you villains!

**BAGSHOT:** Yeah, and who's gonna make us?

*[A trumpet sounds and FANSHAWE looks at them with contempt before singing. The H-MEN are confused by his belligerence and are not sure what to do with him. They can't attack while he's singing (musical comedy rules) and yet he won't fight; he won't deign to draw his sword. At the line "bare your claws," FANSHAWE draws his sword partway, but then contemptuously puts it right back. Before the first refrain the H-MEN prepare to attack, but then he starts singing again. At "Down on your knees" one of the H-MEN is so confused that he starts to kneel until one of his buddies stops him. However, by the second refrain they are getting impatient and so start taunting him and closing in on him. (Even the YOUNG LADIES join in a bit.) Finally at the last note, FANSHAWE draws his sword and holds it aloft valiantly.]*

**Music 18. "Love Conquers All"**

**FANSH:** YOU THINK THAT I WILL CRINGE AND COWER NOW?  
YOU THINK THAT I'M SO SCARED I'LL TRY TO TURN AND FLEE?  
YOU THINK THAT I AM IN YOUR POWER NOW  
SIMPLY BECAUSE YOU FIND YOU OUTNUMBER ME?  
AND SO YOU BARE YOUR CLAWS.  
LIKE THIS MIGHT GIVE ME PAUSE.  
WHOLE ARMIES I WOULD FIGHT IN SUCH A CAUSE!

[*Refrain 1.*]

LOVE MAKES A MAN VICTORIOUS!  
LOVE NEVER LETS HIM FALL!  
LOVE MAKES HIS VICT'RIES GRAND AND GLORIOUS  
LOVE CONQUERS ALL!

LOVE MAKES A MAN A GIANT!  
LOVE MAKES HIM TEN FEET TALL!  
LOVE MAKES HIM FEARLESS AND DEFIANT!  
LOVE CONQUERS ALL!

YOU PESTILENT LITTLE MEN  
SWARM IN LIKE VERMIN, TO BE SWEEPED OUT AGAIN.  
YOU TERRORIZE ALL THAT'S GOOD  
OF HEARTH AND HOME AND OF LOVELY MAIDENHOOD.

DOWN ON YOUR KNEES,

FOR HERE I TAKE MY STAND.  
ABANDON ALL OF YOUR HOPE,  
FOR VENGEANCE IS AT HAND!

QUAKE, YOU REPELLENT ROACHES!  
QUAKE, YOU WHO CREEP AND CRAWL!  
QUAKE; YOUR DESTRUCTION FAST APPROACHES!  
LOVE CONQUERS ALL!

[Refrain 2.]

**CHORUS:** LOVE MAKES A MAN VICTORIOUS!  
LOVE NEVER LETS HIM FALL!  
LOVE MAKES HIS VICTORIES GRAND AND GLORIOUS!  
LOVE CONQUERS ALL!

**FANSH:**  
LOVE MAKES A MAN A GIANT!  
LOVE MAKES HIM TEN FEET TALL!  
LOVE MAKES HIM FEARLESS AND DEFIANT!  
LOVE CONQUERS ALL!

YOU BOTHERSOME LITTLE BOYS,  
YOUR LITTLE SWORDS AND  
YOUR OTHER PRECIOUS TOYS;  
WELL, NOW YOU'LL GET WHAT YOU'VE EARNED,  
FOR YOU'LL DISCOVER  
THE TABLES HAVE BEEN TURNED.

**FANSH:**  
AND VENGEANCE STRIKES  
YOUR WICKED HOPES AND DREAMS,  
FOR LOVE WILL ALWAYS DEFEAT

**FANSH:**  
SUCH VILE AND EVIL SCHEMES!

QUAKE, OH YOU FOOLISH MORTALS!  
QUAKE, FOR YOU SOON SHALL DIE!  
QUAKE, FOR YOU SEE HELL'S PORTALS  
DRAWING NIGH!

**FANSH:**  
THUS ENDS YOUR LAST AFFAIR,  
SO GO SAY A PRAYER  
WHEN YOU HEAR THE BLARE  
OF THAT FINAL CLARION  
CALL!

LOVE CONQUERS  
ALL!

**CHORUS:**  
MAN A GIANT!  
TEN FEET TALL!  
FEARLESS AND DEFIANT!  
LOVE CONQUERS ALL!

LITTLE BOYS  
SWORDS AND  
PRECIOUS TOYS  
JOIN THE FIGHT,  
JOIN THE FIGHT, JOIN THE FIGHT.  
THEY HAVE BEEN

**GIRLS:**  
AH—  
HOPES AND DREAMS  
AH—

**CHORUS:**  
VILE AND EVIL SCHEMES!

QUAKE, OH YOU FOOLISH MAN!  
QUAKE, FOR YOU SOON SHALL DIE!  
SEE HELL'S PORTALS  
DRAWING NIGH, OH DRAWING NIGH!

**GIRLS:**  
  
FINAL CLARION  
CALL!

LOVE CONQUERS  
ALL!

**BOYS:**  
GO, GO, GO, GO...  
GO, GO, GO, GO...  
GO, GO, GO, GO...  
GO, GO, GO, GO  
OR ARE YOU SCARED  
ARE YOU SCARED  
ARE YOU SCARED  
OH ARE YOU SCARED?  
LOVE CONQUERS  
COME ON BRING IT ON,  
BRING IT ON, YEAH,  
BRING IT ON!

[spoken] NOW!

[spoken] NOW!

[spoken] NOW!

[End of song.]

**Music 18A. sword fight**

[*Music continues after applause. Between the H-MEN and FANSHAWE there is preliminary sizing up and jockeying for position, then FANSHAWE makes a grand thrust or sweep, the music stops, and the COMBATANTS freeze.*]

**JULIA:** Oh, I wish I had a sword to help this brave man!

[*The music continues, FANSHAWE makes another grand sweep, the music stops, and the COMBATANTS freeze.*]

**LADY G:** There's one hanging in the hall. Go fetch it!

[*The music resumes, FANSHAWE makes another grand sweep, the music stops, and the COMBATANTS freeze. JULIA exits L, followed in a line by the YOUNG LADIES, like ducklings after their mother. The music resumes and the fighting continues. HUGHES and LUCINDA enter from R.*]

**HUGHES:** I'm right behind you, My Lord!

[*FANSHAWE and HUGHES fight valiantly but being outnumbered are losing and eventually end up back-to-back at sword point (the music ends in a violin tremolo). JULIA rushes in from L.*]

**JULIA:** [*to Lady G*] I couldn't find the sword, but I found something better. [*to Highwaymen*] Drop your swords! Up with your hands!

[*Music stops. Enter the YOUNG LADIES at every entrance, each armed with a pistol, all aimed at the HIGHWAYMEN. The HIGHWAYMEN surrender. When CHERRY sees this she is alarmed and dashes out R. FANSHAWE and HUGHES take charge.*]

**HUGHES:** Shall we kill the scoundrels?

**FANSH:** No, no, we'll bind them.

**HUGHES:** All right. [*to Lucinda*] Here, madam, lend me your garter.

**LUCI:** [*in exasperation*] The devil! He fights, woos, and banters all in one breath. [*to Hughes*] Here's a rope the rogues brought with them, I suppose.

[*Enter DIGGES R.*]

**HUGHES:** Well, Digges, have you secured your beast?

**DIGGES:** Yes, sir. I left him complaining about the spiders.

**HUGHES:** Good. Then take these away and tie them up in the cellar. Don't worry, the girls'll keep 'em from causing any trouble.

[*DIGGES, YOUNG LADIES and HIGHWAYMEN exit R.*]

**LUCI:** So, Julia, how is it the viscount happened to be here?

**JULIA:** Yes, darling. And how did his footman happen to show up?

**LUCI:** You'll never believe how outrageous—

[*They move upstage and talk in dumb show.*]

**FANSH:** Hughes, I'll bet you had more luck with your business than the robbers did.

**HUGHES:** Never mind my business, concentrate on yours. Ask the girl to marry you. Now, while she's still grateful that you saved her.

**FANSH:** But how do I get her alone?

**HUGHES:** You call yourself a lover and can't figure that out! Let me see...

[*He strokes his chin; FANSHAWE notices his arm.*]

**FANSH:** You're bleeding, Hughes.

**HUGHES:** What? That'll do. I'll distract the old lady and Mrs. Podmarsh with this, while you carry off the girl.

**LADY G:** Gentlemen, he who lives by the squid—

**HUGHES:** Come, come, Madam, this is no time for adages; I'm wounded.

**LADY G and LUCI:** Wounded!

**LADY G:** Let me see your arm. O my! An ugly gash! We must put you to bed immediately.

[*FANSHAWE and JULIA move slowly upstage.*]

**HUGHES:** Yes, madam, a bed would do very well. [*to Lucinda*] Madam, will you be so kind as to conduct me to a bed.

**LADY G:** Yes, do, daughter, do—while I get the bandages and plaster ready.

[*LADY GOODWIN exits L, FANSHAWE and JULIA exit UR.*]

**HUGHES:** What's wrong? Why don't you obey your mother's commands?

**LUCI:** After what's happened, how can you have the impudence to ask me?

**HUGHES:** After what's happened, how can you have the impudence to deny me? Didn't I shed this blood in your defense? Look, I'm not a romantic fool that fights for nothing. My valor is strictly mercenary: I'm a soldier of fortune, and must be paid.

**LUCI:** I can't believe you to expect me to pay for your services.

**HUGHES:** I can't believe you refuse to reward them.

**LUCI:** How! At the expense of my honor?

**HUGHES:** Honor! Can honor coexist with ingratitude? If you want to be a woman of honor, do like a man of honor. Do you think I would deny you in such a case?

[*ROSE enters UL.*]

**ROSE:** Madam, Sir William is at the gate.

**LUCI:** My uncle! Heaven be praised! *He* will be able to thank you for your service.

**HUGHES:** Sir William is your uncle?

**LUCI:** Yes. Excuse me, I must go greet him.

[ROSE, LUCINDA *exit UL.*]

**HUGHES:** Fanshawe!!!

[HUGHES *exits UR, running.*]

**Music 18B. scene change**

Scene 4

*Lady Goodwin's Great Hall. FANSHAWE and JULIA wander into a cozy nook from R.*

**FANSH:** My angel, you've made me the happiest man in the world.

**JULIA:** And you, my love, have made me the happiest woman.

**FANSH:** I hope, my dear, that I wasn't too sudden.

**JULIA:** Oh, no, my precious. No, not sudden at all. I'm only hoping you'll excuse my hasty surrender.

**FANSH:** No, no, my sweet! The rush was all on my side!

**JULIA:** But you know, darling, I couldn't help myself when you were so brave, so strong, so... so... manly.

**FANSH:** Well, really, it was nothing...

**JULIA:** But, my treasure, you were wonderful! Did I mention that?

**FANSH:** Well, you were pretty darn good yourself, you know.

**JULIA:** Yes, but darling, when I saw you battling those scores of ruffians, my heart skipped a beat.

**FANSH:** Oh, my little acorn, for you I'd do it again in a moment.

**JULIA:** Maybe two beats.

**FANSH:** Two beats for me? Oh, my little lambkin, let's get married right away, shall we?

**JULIA:** Oh, yes, let's do.

**FANSH:** Do you suppose we can get the parson this early?

**JULIA:** This morning? Now, darling, you are in a rush.

**FANSH:** But you said you wanted to get married right away!

**JULIA:** I do. I do. But let's get to know each other a little first. Why, I don't even know your name.

**FANSH:** It's Fanshawe. But I have a confession—

**JULIA:** [*recoiling*] Fanshawe!

**FANSH:** Yes, but I—

**JULIA:** [*leaping up*] You're Viscount Fanshawe?!

**FANSH:** No, you see, I'm not actually the viscou—

**JULIA:** You villain!

**FANSH:** No! But I—

**JULIA:** You scoundrel! You cheat!

**FANSH:** What I—

**JULIA:** I have been nursing a bosom at my serpent! Bursting a nosom at my—

**FANSH:** [*confused*] What?

**JULIA:** I have been nursing a serpent at my bosom!

**FANSH:** But I'm not really—

**JULIA:** You're a fraud! Courting me on spurious grounds!

**FANSH:** Yes, that's what I'm trying to—

**JULIA:** One thing I can tell you for certain, My Lord: I will never marry a Fanshawe! [*she tries to make a grand exit, but trips a bit*] Ouch!

[*JULIA exits L as HUGHES runs in from R, in a lather.*]

**HUGHES:** Tom! Are you married yet?

**FANSH:** [*still in a daze*] What?

**HUGHES:** Are you married yet?

**FANSH:** No.

**HUGHES:** Then we have to run!

**FANSH:** What?

**HUGHES:** Pongo's here!

**FANSH:** Already?

**HUGHES:** Yeah, it turns out he's Mrs Podmarsh's uncle.

**FANSH:** I thought he wasn't going to be here till dinner.

**HUGHES:** Well, I didn't invite him! [*he suddenly stops to ponder*] Imagine Pongo having such an attractive niece. And with a fortune of ten grand. [*Pause*] I wonder why he never

mentioned her. [*another pause, then again in a lather*] But we don't have time for that now. Quick, this way!

[HUGHES and FANSHAWE attempt to exit R, but DIGGES enters just as they get there.]

**DIGGES:** Brother Martin! The highwaymen are all bound and the girls have them under control.

**HUGHES:** Oh, Digges. Did you notice if one of the highwaymen had a tattoo?

**DIGGES:** A tattoo? No, sir, I can't say that I did.

**HUGHES:** Could you check on that, please? If there's one with a tattoo, he's very dangerous. You'll need to take extra precautions with him.

**DIGGES:** A tattoo. [*thinks*] What sort of a tattoo, sir?

**HUGHES:** Oh. [*thinking quickly*] It would be a cross with a circle round it and an inscription in Latin. Can you read Latin, Digges?

**DIGGES:** I'm afraid not, sir.

**HUGHES:** No, of course not. But you'll recognize it all right.

**DIGGES:** Very good, sir.

**HUGHES:** But hurry!

**DIGGES:** [*very pleased with himself*] *Tempus Fugit*, sir.

**HUGHES:** What?

**DIGGES:** *Tempus Fugit*. It means "time flies," in Latin, sir.

**HUGHES:** And flying what you should be doing now, Digges.

**DIGGES:** [*as if it were a compliment*] Oh, thank you, sir. I'll go check that, right away, sir.

[DIGGES exits R.]

**FANSH:** What was that all about?

**HUGHES:** I have no idea. Quick, this way!

[HUGHES and FANSHAWE attempt to exit L, but SIR W, LUCINDA, and JULIA enter just as they get there.]

**SIR W:** There you boys are!

**FANSH:** [*trapped; contrite*] Hello, Sir William.

**HUGHES:** [*resigned*] Hi, Sir William.

**SIR W:** Funny running into you in Kittsfield, of all places. And in fancy dress. You look good in that, Hughes. Going to a costume party? [*laughing*] Yeah, it's funny you're here in Kittsfield because everyone thought you'd joined the army and were headed for the front. I

guess we thought that because that's what you told us! [*laughing*] I should have known you boys better than that. [*suddenly serious*] But, Fanshawe, I'd like to know why it is you were courting Miss Julia under false pretenses. Trying to take advantage of a poor, innocent girl.

**FANSH:** Well, no... I mean, I admit, Sir William, that at first I was pretending to be my brother because I was only after her money—

**SIR W:** I can believe that.

**FANSH:** But just now I was trying to explain to her that I wasn't really the viscount. Because after I met her, after I got to know her... [*music starts*] well, she is so wonderful, so sympathetic, so sweet—so lovely and so charming—that I couldn't bring myself to deceive her. [*to Julia*] That's why I had to tell you that I wasn't the viscount, that I find that *your* wellbeing is more important to me than my own. But could you ever forgive me? Could you ever learn to love someone who is no viscount, is just an ordinary gentleman, but one who loves you beyond measure, and will love and treasure you till the end of time?

**SIR W:** Oh, hold it. [*music stops*] Just a minute... There's something I forgot to tell you. Now, what was that?... Oh, yeah! I've got some news for you: congratulations! You're Viscount Fanshawe!

**JULIA & LUCI:** What!

**HUGHES:** You're joking.

**SIR W:** No, no. Your brother just up and died.

**FANSH:** What? When?

**SIR W:** The day I left the city. They said his ticker stopped ticking. [*laughing*] Although with the friends he had I wouldn't be surprised if someone had poisoned him. So, congratulations! You've got the title, the estate, the whole kit and caboodle.

**HUGHES:** That's better than the good news they brought from Ghent, Sir William. My Lord, congratulations. Madam, congratulations to you as well.

**JULIA:** My Lord, your sense of honor kept you from deceiving me. And so my sense of justice requires me to release you from your pledge. Now that you have assumed the title, you are free to choose whether you wish to marry me or not. [*Music starts.*]

**FANSH:** Oh, Julia.

### Music 19. "Finer Than Silver"

[*Verse 1.*]

**FANSH:** WHAT IS THERE TO CHOOSE?  
HOW COULD THERE BE ANY DOUBT?  
I'LL GO SPREAD THE NEWS  
I WANT THE WORLD TO FIND OUT!  
IT'S MY LUCKY DAY!  
GOOD HEAVENS! COULD IT REALLY BE?  
I NEVER DREAMED THAT THIS COULD HAPPEN TO ME.

ALL MY HOPES AND ALL MY YEARNINGS,  
ALL MY WISHES ALL CAME TRUE;  
I'VE FOUND THEM ALL IN YOU.

[Refrain.]

FINER THEN SILVER, MORE PRECIOUS THAN GOLD,  
RARER THAN ALL THE WORLD'S JEWELS:  
YOU'RE SO MUCH DEARER, AND YET I BEHOLD  
THOSE THINGS ARE WORSHIPPED BY FOOLS.  
ONCE I SOUGHT THEM, I MUST CONFESS,  
GREED WAS ALL THAT I KNEW;  
BUT WONDER OF WONDERS, I'VE SUDDENLY FOUND  
MY TREASURE IS YOU.

[Verse 2.]

**JULIA:** KINGDOMS COME AND KINGDOMS GO SO QUICKLY;  
EMPIRES, IN THEIR GLORY, JUST AS SWIFTLY RISE AND FALL;  
IT IS ALWAYS RICHES  
THEY THINK THE GREATEST PRIZE;  
AND IT SO BEWITCHES,  
THAT THEY COME TO TRUST  
ALL ELSE IS DUST.  
BUT I HAVE FOUND WHERE TRUE WORTH LIES.

[Refrain.]

FINER THEN SILVER, MORE PRECIOUS THAN GOLD,  
RARER THAN ALL THE WORLD'S JEWELS:  
YOU'RE SO MUCH DEARER, AND YET I BEHOLD  
THOSE THINGS ARE WORSHIPPED BY FOOLS.  
ONCE I SOUGHT THEM, I MUST CONFESS,  
GREED WAS ALL THAT I KNEW;  
BUT WONDER OF WONDERS, I'VE SUDDENLY FOUND  
MY TREASURE IS YOU.

[Refrain.]

**BOTH:** FINER THEN SILVER, MORE PRECIOUS THAN GOLD,  
RARER THAN ALL THE WORLD'S JEWELS:

**JULIA:** YOU'RE SO MUCH DEARER,  
**FANSH:** AND YET I BEHOLD

**BOTH:** THOSE THINGS ARE WORSHIPPED BY FOOLS.

**FANSH:** ONCE I SOUGHT THEM,

**BOTH:** I MUST CONFESS,  
GREED WAS ALL THAT I KNEW;  
BUT WONDER OF WONDERS, I'VE SUDDENLY FOUND  
MY TREASURE IS YOU.

[End of song.]

**HUGHES:** A word, My Lord. Do you remember our little agreement that entitles me to half of this lady's fortune, which I think will amount to eight thousand dorins?

**FANSH:** Ah, that. Well, so there's no argument, let's divide the fortune: you can have the whole sixteen thousand, or the lady, if you prefer.

**JULIA:** What!

**HUGHES:** [*laughs*] Don't worry, Madam, it's just a joke. He knows I'll take the money. I leave you to his Lordship, and we're both happy.

**SIR W:** Now, gentlemen, as long as you're here, I wonder if you would help me in a little plan I've hatched to part my unfortunate niece from her husband.

**HUGHES:** Sure, I'll help.

**FANSH:** Of course.

**SIR W:** The squire said he'd return... Oh, here he is.

[*PODMARSH enters L, drunk.*]

**POD:** [*to Lucinda*] What's all this? They tell me you were nearly robbed tonight.

**LUCI:** Yes, dear, we would have been robbed, if these two gentlemen hadn't stepped in.

**POD:** These men? Why were they here?

**LUCI:** That's just his way of saying thanks.

**SIR W:** Still, it's an interesting question, but we'll let it pass. [*suddenly serious*] Squire Podmarsh, you promised last night that you'd give your lady to me this morning.

**POD:** Did I? [*waving it off*] That's just silly.

**HUGHES:** What do you mean, "silly"? If you promised, you promised. We saved your home and your family. If you're not civil, we'll set the bandits free and help them burn down the house!

**LUCI:** Hold on! Hold on! We can't do this by force. Let my darling and me present our cases, and you can judge between us.

**POD:** Okay. But who are the judges? [*to Sir W*] Who are... Don't I recognize you, sir?

**SIR W:** I was drinking with you last night.

**POD:** Oh, yeah. I like you! [*thinks*] Who are you?

**SIR W:** Sir William Freeman, here to take your wife away.

**POD:** And you, sir?

**FANSH:** Viscount Fanshawe, here to take your sister away.

**POD:** And you, sir?

**HUGHES:** Francis Hughes, esquire, here to take—



**SIR W:** Then you won't return it?

**POD:** Nuh-uh. Not a penny.

**SIR W:** Then I'm afraid, Lucy, you're stuck.

[LADY GOODWIN *and* COUNTRY WOMAN *enter R.*]

**LADY G:** Lucinda, did you get the—

**C.W:** [*seeing Podmarsh*] Charlie!

**POD:** [*jumps*] What! Who are you?

**C.W:** Charlie, where have you been? You go out to buy a pack of cigarettes and I don't see you for six months!

**LUCI:** Why do you call him Charlie?

**C.W:** Because he's my husband, Charles Smith.

**LUCI:** Husband!

[*General uproar of "Husband!"*]

**POD:** This woman is crazy. I've never seen her before in life.

**C.W:** What do you mean? [*suddenly serious and business-like*] I've got the marriage certificate right here [*pulling it from her costume*], notarized and signed, and I've got three witnesses I can produce at any time who can swear that we were married on the sixteenth of October of last year. And of course, you have an heir on the way. [*patting her belly, and getting sentimental*]

**HUGHES:** Sir, you have two wives!

[*General outrage.*]

**LADY G:** [*not understanding*] What's wrong with that? I've had three husbands.

**SIR W:** How do you explain this, sir?

**POD:** [*edging UR*] Oh, my head.

**LUCI:** Yes, my sweet, but what do you have to say for yourself?

**POD:** [*about to exit*] Well, gentlemen, it appears you shall have her fortune after all. But I'm done here. Digges!

[*Exits R.*]

**C.W:** Charlie, wait! Charlie! Charlie!

[*Exits after him.*]

**LUCI:** [*with sudden respect*] I'm impressed he had it in him!

**SIR W:** So, Lucy, now that you're free and have your fortune back, what are your plans?

**LUCI:** I'm thinking of throwing it all away on a footman. What would you think of that?

**SIR W:** [*indicating Hughes*] This footman?

**LUCI:** The same.

**SIR W:** Well, he's a nice fellow. I'll give him that. As long as you get a good lawyer to make you an air-tight wedding contract, you should be all right.

**HUGHES:** Why this lack of confidence, Sir William?

**SIR W:** [*laughs*] The problem is, I know you, Hughes.

**HUGHES:** [*surprised*] No, you don't! You only know the old Hughes! You don't know the new Hughes, [*to Lucinda, increasingly poetically*] the Hughes who now sees the glimmer of stardust in the last glow of evening. Who senses the first hint of spring after the cold and endless winter. [*kneeling*] Who finds himself on reverent knees, penitent before the gates of heaven.

**LUCI:** [*crossing to Sir W*] Oh, stand up, already. You're embarrassing me.

**HUGHES:** [*following her on his knees*] Who has discovered the only woman in the world, the only woman he could ever give his heart to, and places it at her feet.

**LUCI:** [*extending her hand to him*] All right, you've made your point.

[*HUGHES stands.*]

**LUCI:** But I'm still talking to my lawyer.

[*HUGHES throws up his hands in disbelief.*]

**SIR W:** I never thought I'd see you doing this, Hughes.

**HUGHES:** [*laughing at himself*] Me neither.

### **Music 20. "The Age of Miracles"**

**HUGHES:** I ALWAYS THOUGHT I'D BE THE LAST ONE TO FALL;  
I JUST ASSUMED I WAS IMMUNE TO IT ALL.  
BUT NOW BEFORE ME A NEW WORLD HAS APPEARED;  
IT FEELS AS THOUGH THE CLOUDS HAVE FIN'LLY CLEARED,  
AND THESE ARE BRILLIANT, BRIGHT, BLAZING DAYS,  
HOPE-RAISING DAYS  
WE HAVE HERE;  
THEY ARE AMAZING DAYS.  
THAT'S BECAUSE WE'RE

[*Refrain 1.*]

LIVING IN THE AGE OF MIRACLES, WHERE EV'RYTHING IS NEW,  
WONDERS NEVER CEASE, AND WISHES ALL COME TRUE.  
NOW, WHAT YOU HAD THOUGHT IMPOSSIBLE IS SIMPLE AS CAN BE,  
AND YOUR EV'RY DREAM BECOMES REALITY.  
OUT OF THE BLUE, LOVE EXPLODES,  
AND THERE'S LOADS

OF LAUGHTER, JOY, AND SINGING;  
YOU NEVER THOUGHT YOU'D SEE ROMANCE:  
NOW'S YOUR CHANCE.  
LIFE IS ALL AROUND, SO FRESH AND SWEET, ITS COLORS ALL  
UNFURLED;  
LIVING IN THE AGE OF MIRACLES, IN A BRAND NEW WORLD!

[*Refrain 2.*]

**LUCI:** LIVING IN THE AGE OF MIRACLES, WHERE EV'RYTHING IS NEW,  
WONDERS NEVER CEASE, AND WISHES ALL COME TRUE.

**LUCI and HUGHES:**

NOW, WHAT YOU HAD THOUGHT IMPOSSIBLE IS SIMPLE AS CAN BE,  
AND YOUR EV'RY DREAM BECOMES REALITY.  
OUT OF THE BLUE, LOVE EXPLODES,  
AND THERE'S LOADS  
OF LAUGHTER, JOY, AND SINGING;  
YOU NEVER THOUGHT YOU'D SEE ROMANCE:  
NOW'S YOUR CHANCE.  
LIFE IS ALL AROUND, SO FRESH AND SWEET, ITS COLORS ALL  
UNFURLED;  
LIVING IN THE AGE OF MIRACLES, IN A BRAND NEW WORLD!

[HUGHES embraces LUCINDA. CHERRY enters L, now dressed as a gentlewoman.]

**CHERRY:** Excuse me, Lady Goodwin, but...

[*She sees them embracing and breaks down crying. The music stops.*]

**LADY G:** Why, Cherry! What's the matter, dear?

**CHERRY:** I just came over to tell Mr Martin that I'd saved his strongbox when the inn was  
robbed, and I find him kissing... [*continues crying*]

**HUGHES:** The inn was robbed!

**FANSH:** [*simultaneously*] What!

[CHERRY nods and continues crying.]

**HUGHES:** Who robbed it?

**CHERRY:** [*crying*] My Muh, Muh, Muh...

**LADY G:** What, child?

**CHERRY:** [*crying*] My Muh, Muh, Muh...

**LADY G:** I can't understand you.

[LADY G bends down so CHERRY can whisper in her ear.]

**LADY G:** She says Mrs Bingham robbed the inn herself.

**FANSH:** The innkeeper robbed the inn?

**CHERRY:** [*she nods, still tearful*] When she found out the robbers were captured here, she cleaned out the inn and ran.

**HUGHES:** Well, how do you like that?

**SIR W:** [*impressed by Cherry*] Who is this intriguing young person?

**HUGHES:** [*seizing the opportunity*] Why, she is the only child of one of the most respected squires in the county who died, sadly, and left her without a penny.

**CHERRY:** [*thinking quickly*] Oh, no, sir, he left me 200 dorins.

[*HUGHES drags CHERRY DL.*]

**HUGHES:** Say, kid, you suddenly have 200 dorins?

**CHERRY:** [*nodding*] M-hm.

**HUGHES:** And now I suppose my strongbox is missing?

**CHERRY:** [*nodding*] M-hm.

**HUGHES:** I see. [*thinks*] Where'd you get the outfit?

**CHERRY:** Lost and found.

**HUGHES:** Clever kid.

[*HUGHES and CHERRY return to group.*]

**HUGHES:** [*to Sir William*] Why, she is the only child of one of the most respected squires in the county who died and left her only 200 dorins. And, sadly, her mother is recently departed.

**SIR W:** You poor orphan child. You haven't anyone in the world to take care of you?

**CHERRY:** [*shaking her head sadly*] No.

**SIR W:** Maybe I could take care of you?

**CHERRY:** [*cheering up considerably*] And I could take care of you!

**SIR W:** We could take care of each other!

[*SIR W and CHERRY sing to each other and by the end of the reprise have their arms around each other.*]

### **Music 20A. Act II Finale**

**SIR W and CHERRY:**

OUT OF THE BLUE, LOVE EXPLODES,  
AND THERE'S LOADS  
OF LAUGHTER, JOY, AND SINGING;  
YOU NEVER THOUGHT YOU'D SEE ROMANCE:  
NOW'S YOUR CHANCE.

LIFE IS ALL AROUND, SO FRESH AND SWEET, ITS COLORS ALL  
UNFURLED;  
LIVING IN THE—

[*Music continues.*]

[*At the last line, ROSE runs on excitedly from L, followed by the YOUNG LADIES and HIGHWAYMEN.*]

**ROSE:** [*interrupting the singing*] Excuse me, Lady Goodwin... Oh, I'm sorry.

**LADY G:** That's all right dear. What is it?

**ROSE:** I just wanted to tell you we have found ourselves husbands.

**LADY G:** Husbands? But wherever did you find them? Who are they?

**ROSE:** These gentlemen.

**LADY G:** What? They're the bandits who tried to rob us!

**DAISY:** But they're so cute!

**LADY G:** They're ruffians! Villains! How could you ever trust them?

**ROSE:** Oh, we've figured out how to control them.

[*The YOUNG LADIES pull out their pistols and the HIGHWAYMEN cower.*]

**LADY G:** Well, as I always say: you can't make an omelet without breaking legs, I mean, eggs.

**COMPANY:** LIVING IN THE AGE OF MIRACLES, WHERE EV'RYTHING IS NEW,  
WONDERS NEVER CEASE, AND WISHES ALL COME TRUE.  
NOW, WHAT YOU HAD THOUGHT IMPOSSIBLE IS SIMPLE AS CAN BE,  
AND YOUR EV'RY DREAM BECOMES REALITY.  
OUT OF THE BLUE, LOVE EXPLODES,  
AND THERE'S LOADS  
OF LAUGHTER, JOY, AND SINGING;  
YOU NEVER THOUGHT YOU'D SEE ROMANCE:  
NOW'S YOUR CHANCE.  
LIFE IS ALL AROUND, SO FRESH AND SWEET, ITS COLORS ALL  
UNFURLED;  
LIVING IN THE AGE OF MIRACLES, IN A BRAND NEW WORLD!

[*Curtain.*]

### **Music 21. Curtain Music**