ENCHANTED APRIL

BY MATTHEW BARBER

FROM THE NOVEL BY
ELIZABETH VON ARNIM

* Revised Edition

DRAMATISTS PLAY SERVICE INC.
ENCHANTED APRIL
by Matthew Barber
from the novel by Elizabeth von Arnim

2003 JOHN GASSNER AWARD WINNER
OUTSTANDING NEW AMERICAN PLAY

2003 TONY AWARD NOMINEE — BEST PLAY

3M, 5W

When two frustrated London housewives decide to rent a villa in Italy for a holiday away from their bleak marriages, they recruit two very different English women to share the cost and the experience. There, among the wisteria blossoms and Mediterranean sunshine, all four bloom again — rediscovering themselves in ways that they — and we — could never have expected.

"ENCHANTED APRIL is that rarity: a play where every single element falls perfectly into place ... a show that leaves you positively glowing."
—nytheatre.com

"As good as they come: a lush, thoroughly refreshing theatrical holiday. Escape had seldom seemed so sweet. A magical triumph."
—The Los Angeles Times

"A comical, restorative journey of discovery ... from darkness to light, from inhibition to unrestrained joy. Beautiful and theatrically rewarding."
—Daily Variety

"The kind of play that reminds you of why you love theatre."
—The Hartford News

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ENCHANTED APRIL
by Matthew Barber
from the novel by Elizabeth von Arnim

The following acknowledgments must appear on the title page in all programs distributed in connection with performances of the Play:

Originally produced on Broadway by The Enchanted April Company, LLC.

World premiere February 24, 2000, at Hartford Stage.

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Sound design and original music by John Gromada.

SPECIAL NOTE ON MUSIC
A CD with cue sheet of the sound design and original music composed for this Play by John Gromada is available through the Play Service for $35.00, plus shipping. The nonprofessional fee for the use of this music is $20.00 per performance.

ENCHANTED APRIL was originally produced by the Hartford Stage Company (Michael Wilson, Artistic Director) in Hartford, Connecticut, in February 2000. It was directed by Michael Wilson; the set design was by Tony Straiges; the lighting design was by Rui Rita; the original music and sound design were by John Gromada; the costume design was by Jess Goldstein; and the production stage manager was Wendy Beaton. The cast was as follows:

LOTTY WILTON ........................................ Isabel Keating
MELLersh WILTON .................................. John Hines
ROSE ARNOTT ...................................... Enid Graham
FREDERICK ARNOTT ............................... Christopher Donahue
CAROLINE BRAMBLE .............................. Stephanie March
ANTONY WILDING .................................. Christopher Duva
MRS. GRAVES ........................................... Jill Tanner
COSTANZA ........................................... Irma St. Paule

ENCHANTED APRIL opened on Broadway at the Belasco Theatre on April 29, 2003, produced by Jeffrey Richards/Richard Gross/ Ellen Berman, Raymond J. and Pearl Berman Greenwald, Irving Welzer, Libby Adler Mages/Mari Glick, Howard R. Berlin, Terry E. Schnuck and Frederic B. Vogel. It was directed by Michael Wilson; the set design was by Tony Straiges; the lighting design was by Rui Rita; the original music and sound design were by John Gromada; the costume design was by Jess Goldstein; and the production stage manager was Katherine Lee Boyer. The cast was as follows:

LOTTY WILTON ........................................ Jayne Atkinson
MELLersh WILTON .................................. Michael Cumpsty
ROSE ARNOTT ...................................... Molly Ringwald
FREDERICK ARNOTT ............................... Daniel Gerroll
CAROLINE BRAMBLE .............................. Dagmara Dominczyk
ANTONY WILDING .................................. Michael Hayden
MRS. GRAVES ......................................... Elizabeth Ashley
COSTANZA ........................................... Patricia Conolly
CHARACTERS
LOTTY WILTON, 30, a Hampstead housewife
MELLERSH WILTON, 32, her husband, a solicitor
ROSE ARNOTT, 38, a Hampstead housewife
FREDERICK ARNOTT, 45, her husband, a writer
CAROLINE BRAMBLE, 25, a socialite
ANTONY WILDING, 25, an artist
MRS. GRAVES, 70s, a London matron
COSTANZA, 60s, an Italian housekeeper

PLACE
ACT ONE

ACT TWO
Mezzago, Italy.

TIME
1922.

ENCHANTED APRIL

ACT ONE

Scene 1

Darkness. Half-light rises on two tables, four chairs, a coat rack with coats and umbrellas. Rose Arnott sits at one table. Lotty Wilton stands at the other, looking off. Thunder, followed by the sound of steady rain. Lights up in a London ladies' club, 1922. “The Great War” is over by four years, and with it the lives of one million British men. Rose reads a copy of the London Times. Lotty gazes out of a large window. Both are dressed heavily in dark colors, hair up, with hats on or nearby. Lotty's appearance suggests uncertainty. Rose is spare to the point of severity. Lotty speaks to us. Her essence is of deep sadness and withering valiance, from which genuine hope spontaneously and regularly bursts forth, leaving her endlessly off-balance.

LOTTY. I was once told the story of a man who, while surveying the grounds of his home, dug his walking stick into the earth, as a reminder of where he wished to one day have an acacia tree. One he could watch from his veranda, and lie under with his wife on warm summer afternoons, cooled in the shadow of its white flowers, and blanketetd in their sweet scent. But when planting season came 'round and he returned with a spade and an acacia sapling, the man was vexed. The stick he had left had taken root and begun to grow. It was nearly as tall as himself now, in fact, with young, awkward branches and small clusters of frail new leaves. This, on the very spot that was to be his acacia. The man buried his spade into the ground to unearth the strange thing ... but stopped. For among the leaves, underneath, he spied a small blossom.
(Enchanted.) It was acacia. (Smiles.) “Enchantment,” some would say. Or “providence,” perhaps. I suppose the only real certainty is that the fellow had lost a perfectly good walking stick. If that’s the part you choose to see. The rest is open to opinion. (Sighs, thinks.) Were it only that some enchantment would step in for us all, to change what we have into what we wish for. To bridge the awkward gap between all of our many befores and afters. Because, for every after found, a before must be lost. And loss is, by nature, an unbalancing thing. More unbalancing, however, is to discover your before gone without an after having taken its place. Leaving you merely to wait and to wonder if there is to be an after at all. Or if, perhaps, waiting and wondering are your after in themselves. (Thinks.) I wasn’t expecting my after to begin that day at my ladies’ club. I wasn’t waiting for enchantment to show itself, or providence. I had merely been gazing out of the window, wondering if the rain was ever going to stop. And what my husband might like for dinner that night. And about the fact that the day before I had wondered the same things. And surely would the following day, and the day after that, and the day after when I came upon the advertisement.

ROSE. (Reading.) “To those who appreciate wisteria and sunshine ...”

LOTTE. A small advert, placed discreetly in the agony column of the Times.

ROSE. “Small castle on the Mediterranean, Northern Italy ...”

LOTTE. “Heaven!”

ROSE. “To be let for the month of April. Cook, gardens, ocean view. Reply Box Eleven.”

LOTTE. (Beaming.) The words washed over me, filling me suddenly with warmth and peacefulness, as if the advertisement were there especially for me, and was pleased I’d found it. “To those who appreciate wisteria and sunshine.” That’s me! (Thunder. Thinks.) But who am I to be reading about Italian castles, and Aprils on the Mediterranean? Who am I? (Inspired.) But then, why would I bother to read the newspaper at my ladies’ club, when I surely would read my husband’s copy tomorrow morning after housekeeping? And why would I come to my club at all on a Tuesday, when my regular club day is Wednesday? And certainly why would I notice the lady, that particular lady I see so often at church, and was thinking of only moments ago? Providence? Enchantment? (She smiles excitedly. To Rose, with great enthusiasm.) Are you reading about the castle and the wisteria?

ROSE. (Invaded, stone-faced throughout.) I beg your pardon?

LOTTE. (Breathlessly.) The advertisement about the castle. It sounds so wonderful, doesn’t it? Can you just imagine? Italy and sunshine and wisteria. And when I saw you ... you, of all people ... well, I couldn’t help but think ... well, I mean, all this rain ... and, oh, the Mediterranean ... imagine ... and this not even being my city day ... well, I ... I ... (Flustered, suddenly painfully uncomfortable, realizing that her intensity has once again escaped.) Oh, I am sorry. Here we’ve only just met and I must apologize already. My husband says that my mind is like a hummingbird. One seldom sees it land. I feel I know you. And yet we’ve never actually met. My husband and I see you in church in Hampstead.

ROSE. I see.

LOTTE. You are our “disappointed Madonna.” I see you each Sunday, marshalling the children from Sunday School, always so right on time for services, and with the schoolchildren so very well-behaved. And I once commented to my husband that you looked to me somewhat like a disappointed Madonna.

ROSE. (Looking about self-consciously.) I ...

LOTTE. My husband had been speaking to me about finding satisfaction through doing one’s job well. Saying something about that if one does one’s job well, then one will not be depressed, but will instead be automatically bright and brisk with satisfaction. And, seeing you, I just felt that ... well, that surely there is also the chance for a certain ... disappointment.

ROSE. (Patiently.) Perhaps it would be best if we begin at the beginning. I am Mrs. Arnott. Rose.


ROSE. Right, then.

LOTTE. (Sadly.) I don’t expect that conveys much to you, “Wilton.” Sometimes it doesn’t seem to convey anything to me, either. Such a small, sad name. I don’t like names.

ROSE. Do you need some kind of advice, Mrs. Wilton?

LOTTE. Oh, no. It was just the advertisement. It sounded so wonderful, that’s all.

ROSE. I’m sure it’s only this gloomy weather that makes it seem so.

LOTTE. Then you were reading it?

ROSE. (Caught.) I ... was.

LOTTE. (Excitedly.) I knew it! I saw it!

ROSE. Saw it?

LOTTE. The two of us. At the castle.
ROSE. Yourself and your husband.
LOTTY. Oh no, me and you!
ROSE. (Losing her patience, self-consciously hushed.) Mrs. Wilton!
LOTTY. Do you ever see things in a kind of a flash before they happen?
ROSE. Never.
LOTTY. Really? Well, when I saw you, I suddenly saw us both, you and me, on the shores of the Mediterranean. Surrounded by beauty. Beauty and blissful peace.
ROSE. Really, Mrs. Wilton. And our husbands? (Lotty thinks.)
LOTTY. I didn’t see them. I’ve never seen Mr. Arnott. He is “with us,” then?
ROSE. Oh, yes. Quite.
LOTTY. One never knows these days. So many war widows.
ROSE. (Sincerely.) Sad times.
LOTTY. Perhaps that’s why we need something beautiful now. To remind us of the possibility. I did see us, Rose.
ROSE. Well, that is really most extraordinary, Mrs. Wilton.
LOTTY. Isn’t it? Isn’t it wonderful enough just to think about? April in Italy. And here it’s February already. In two months we could be in it all.
ROSE. It’s easy to think of such things, Mrs. Wilton. But it’s no use wasting one’s time thinking too long.
LOTTY. Oh, but it is! It’s essential! And I really do believe, if one considers hard enough, things can happen!
ROSE. I’m not sure I believe that.
LOTTY. (Becoming increasingly emotional.) But you must! Even if it isn’t true. I’ve been saving a nest egg, from my dress allowance. It’s not much, but my husband himself encouraged me to save it for a rainy day. My husband speaks often of rainy days. My husband speaks often of many things. I could never have imagined spending it on a holiday, but if this isn’t that rainy day, well …
ROSE. I fear …
LOTTY. Rose. Close your eyes and think with all of your heart of getting away from Hampstead, from husbands, from this relentless rain, from everything. To heaven!
ROSE. You shouldn’t say things like that, Mrs. Wilton.
LOTTY. But it would be heavenly!
ROSE. Heaven isn’t somewhere else. It is here and now, within us. We are told that on the very highest authority. The kindred points of heaven and home. Heaven is in our home. (Lotty thinks.)

LOTTY. But it isn’t.
ROSE. But it is. It is there, if we choose, if we make it.
LOTTY. (Upset, near tears.) I do choose, and I do make it. And it isn’t. I’ve done nothing but what was expected of me all of my life, and thought that was goodness. I thought I would be … well … rewarded in some way, I suppose. That’s selfish, I know. But it was what I was told. One prepares, is good, and is rewarded. I didn’t know how quickly things change. That one must keep an eye on what one is preparing for, in case it no longer even exists. Someone forgot to tell me that. Where everyone is racing to, I don’t know. I only know that I’ve been left behind. No. Now I’m convinced that there are blind sorts of goodness and there are … enlightened sorts of goodness. Women such as ourselves have been living the blind sort. Preparing for nothing but … oblivion.
ROSE. (Flummoxed, scowling.) Mrs. Wilton. I assure you that I am a most happy individual.
LOTTY. (Defeated.) Yes. Of course. Will you believe that I have never in my life spoken like this to anyone?
ROSE. It’s the weather. I’m sure.
LOTTY. (Lost.) Yes. And the advertisement.
ROSE. Yes.
LOTTY. And both of us being so miserable. (Sadly.) Something has been lost, Rose. Something has shifted, and I don’t recognize anything anymore.
ROSE. (Moved.) We must all deal with loss, Mrs. Wilton. Each in his way.
LOTTY. Yes. That’s true. But don’t you ever wish you could go back, to hold on tighter? But we can’t, can we? We can only go forward. But how? This I haven’t seen.
ROSE. Do you see things often, Mrs. Wilton?
LOTTY. Lotty. Yes, I do. But seeing and doing are two different things, aren’t they? (They think.) “To those who appreciate wisteria and sunshine.” (Lotty smiles wistfully.) That’s you and me, Rose. That much I do see. (Thunder. Half-light.)
Scene 2

Rain. Lights up in the Wilton home. A table, two chairs, a coat rack with coats and umbrellas. Mellersh Wilton sits at the table, looking into a small table mirror, trimming his moustache. A towel is draped around his neck, underneath which he is dressed for an evening business engagement, save for an untied tie. Lotty prepares herself hurriedly around him.

MELLERSH. (Who believes his image to be of premature wisdom, a misconception redeemed somewhat by a deeper vein of abject terror. He speaks to Lotty without looking at her.) Charlotte! It's unlike you to be late and make us have to hurry so. A wife's impunctuality always reflects poorly on the husband, I believe, if not in one way, then in another.
LOTTY. I'm sorry, Mellersh.
MELLERSH. At the least it conveys a lack of concern on her part, and, at the most, a lack of control on his.
LOTTY. Forgive me, Mellersh, but I got into a most interesting conversation at my ladies' club.
MELLERSH. That's all very well, but ...
LOTTY. Do you know a gentleman from here in Hampstead by the name of Arnott?
MELLERSH. Why? What has he done?
LOTTY. Oh, nothing that I'm aware of. I'm sure he's quite the usual, in fact. I just thought you might know him through business.
MELLERSH. The name's not familiar. It will look very bad if we are late, Charlotte.
LOTTY. I am sorry, Mellersh. I wish that you would just go without me, really. You know I only feel awash with these artistic sorts.
MELLERSH. But a family solicitor must show his family, now, mustn't he? It's not so important that you enjoy yourself, but that you simply are there. (He checks his teeth.)
LOTTY. It's just that I always feel so ... negligible. I never know what to say. And if, by chance, I do have something to say, it only comes out wrong.
MELLERSH. If you're asked for your opinion, you need merely say "marvelous," or something of that nature, and leave it at that. That's all they want to hear anyhow. Try it.
LOTTY. "Marvelous."
MELLERSH. You'll be surprised how far it will get you.
LOTTY. It's Impressionists again, then?
MELLERSH. Why?
LOTTY. It's all just a bit of a muddle. To my eye.
MELLERSH. Sometimes one has to step back a bit. Have you tried that?
LOTTY. And then what?
MELLERSH. And then ... "Marvelous." It's not so much the artists I'm interested in, anyhow, but their patrons and sponsors, who might be in need of legal counsel.
LOTTY. I understand. Might we go to dinner afterward?
MELLERSH. We will eat at home. Where have you put my Times, Charlotte?
LOTTY. "Times," Mellersh?
MELLERSH. Yes.
LOTTY. You mean the newspaper?
MELLERSH. Of course the ... have you taken leave of your senses? What else would I mean by "my Times"?
LOTTY. (Busying herself nervously) Of course that's what you meant. (Mellersh waits.)
MELLERSH. Well?
LOTTY. Well what, Mellersh?
MELLERSH. (Steadying himself) Where have you put today's Times?
LOTTY. It seems I forgot to pick one up. (Mellersh side her, Lotty moves on.)
MELLERSH. I shall miss it now.
LOTTY. Yes. Perhaps it would be best if, in future, you picked up your own Times.
MELLERSH. But you pick up my Times, Charlotte. I see no reason to change procedure now. You need merely be sure to remember.
LOTTY. Yes, but ...
MELLERSH. (Raising a hand) Case closed, my dear. Case closed. (Lotty burns.)
LOTTY. Mellersh?
MELLERSH. Yes.
LOTTY. Do you know what the weather is like in Italy in April?
MELLERSH. Quite lovely, I imagine. Why do you ask?
LOTTY. Oh, no reason, really. We were just talking about it today.
About holidays.
MELLERSH. And what were you discussing about holidays?
LOTTY. Just that they must be nice, that’s all.
MELLERSH. I’m certain they are. Although I have heard some shocking stories to the contrary. There is an inherent element of risk in holidays that tends to color quite nicely the sureties of home. (Lotty thinks.)
LOTTY. The piano needs tuning.
MELLERSH. What made you think of that?
LOTTY. I don’t know. It doesn’t matter. Unless, of course, you think I should tune it myself.
MELLERSH. Charlotte.
LOTTY. I’m ready, Mellersh. (Mellersh looks up. Lotty is glowing with thrift.)
MELLERSH. Right, then.
LOTTY. Do I look all right, Mellersh?
MELLERSH. Fine, fine. You do manage quite well with your dress allowance, my dear. Your ability with thrift is highly admirable.
LOTTY. The sureties of home.
MELLERSH. And much appreciated for it. (He kisses two fingers and touches her nose.)
LOTTY. Off we go, then. (Starts to exit.)
MELLERSH. (Taken aback.) Charlotte?!
LOTTY. Yes, Mellersh? (He stares expectantly. She waits, suddenly realizes.) How silly of me. (She goes to him, ties his tie. Mellersh thinks, quite used to being attended to.)
MELLERSH. Do you think this Arnott is someone I should look up?
LOTTY. Oh, no. I didn’t mean that. I don’t know anything about him, really. I only met his wife, that’s all.
MELLERSH. Well, that’s very clever of you. You can make many connections for me at your ladies’ club, I imagine, if you steer your conversation in a useful direction.
LOTTY. Yes, Mellersh, I’m sure. (Mellersh thinks.)
MELLERSH. I will miss my Times, Charlotte.
LOTTY. I am sorry. There shall be another tomorrow. (Mellersh sighs with great patience. The tie is tied.) There.
MELLERSH. Right, then. Now . . . (Takes a monocle from his pocket, places it, poses.) How do I look? (Lotty looks him over.)
LOTTY. Marvelous. (Thunder. Half-light.)

Scene 3

Rain. Lights up in the Arnott home. A table, two chairs, a coat rack with coats and umbrellas. Frederick Arnott stands at his mirror, tying his tie, preparing himself for a social engagement. He is jovial and in a party mood, singing “Ma, He’s Making Eyes At Me” to himself between poses. Rose enters, returning from the club.

ROSE. (Surprised.) Frederick.
FREDERICK. Rose.
ROSE. You’re here.
FREDERICK. Here I am.
ROSE. And there you go, it seems. Who is it tonight?
FREDERICK. The Bacon-Cateses. A party for my new book.
ROSE. (Coldly.) That should be a posh set.
FREDERICK. Hurry and you can join me.
ROSE. Wouldn’t that be comical. (Frederick picks up a book and pen.)
FREDERICK. Madame DuBarry has all the appearance of being my most successful book yet, even more so than Pompadour. The Bacon-Cateses never invited me for Madame Pompadour. (He opens the book and signs.) Sin must have taken a step up in respectability if even the Bacon-Cateses have asked for the pleasure of meeting “Mr. Florian Ayers.”
ROSE. Sin cannot take a step up, Frederick. And you know how I feel about that name.
FREDERICK. (Rolling the name off of his tongue.) “Florian Ayers.” Even you must admit that as a pen name, it is most imaginative.
ROSE. Your imagination has never been in question.
FREDERICK. Yes. Well, don’t dislike that name too much, darling. When God comes to browse through my literary oeuvre, He’ll damn “Florian Ayers” straight to Hell, but you and I shall be spared. (He smiles. Rose does not respond.) There was a time when you laughed at my humor, Rose. You could light up a room when you laughed.
ROSE. That was before.
FREDERICK. Before my books, you mean? My poetry never afforded charity. Your church should be thanking Madame DuBarry. Those
boots you bought the schoolchildren this winter? Stout with sin.
ROSE. I didn’t mean your books. (She thinks.) You were a good poet, Frederick. And Frederick Arnott is a good name.
FREDERICK. To whom?
ROSE. To me.
FREDERICK. Rose. I am a weak and wicked man. I wish you could forgive me that.
ROSE. You are not wicked, Frederick.
FREDERICK. You’re right. “Florian Ayers” is wicked. I’m merely weak.
ROSE. It’s just … one should not write books God would not like to read. (Frederick laughs.)
FREDERICK. Madame DuBarry has nothing over Mary Magdalen, I assure you.
ROSE. Is everything funny to you?
FREDERICK. No darling, it’s not. God knows.
ROSE. Does He? We are judged by our actions, Frederick, not by our intentions.
FREDERICK. He’s keeping score you say?
ROSE. Something like that.
FREDERICK. And what of those who say we are loved all the more for our … humanness? (Rose thinks.)
ROSE. I would say that they are mistaken. (Moving toward him.) Here. You’ve muffed your tie.
FREDERICK. (Pulling away) I have it.
ROSE. Do you know anyone by the name of Wilton?
FREDERICK. Wilton?
ROSE. A solicitor and his wife. (Frederick shudders.)
FREDERICK. I make quite a point of avoiding solicitors.
ROSE. I met the wife today. A most unusual woman.
FREDERICK. (Enthused.) Really?
ROSE. She spoke of heaven and home.
FREDERICK. (Disappointed.) Oh. (He starts to sing.)
ROSE. And of loss. She claims to see things. She said that I looked to her like a disappointed Madonna. What is that exactly?
FREDERICK. What is what?
ROSE. The song you’re singing.
FREDERICK. Just a little jazz number I’ve heard. (Sings to Rose, dancing.) “Ma, he’s making eyes at me! Ma, he’s awful nice to me!”
ROSE. “Making eyes?”
FREDERICK. Yes. You know … (He gives her a seductive look.)

Valentino. (Rose finds the image a bit more appealing than she’d like.)
ROSE. Chaplin, perhaps. (She pulls away, thinks.) This Mrs. Wilton. She wondered how one is to go forward when so much has been lost.
FREDERICK. (Concerned.) Exactly what did the two of you discuss?
ROSE. Nothing specific. I’m not at all certain she heard a word I said, actually.
FREDERICK. Rose. My book tour lasts from the end of March through all of April. Come with me.
ROSE. (Looking at him, moved.) April? With you? (Thinks.) As what? “Mrs. Florian Ayers”? Really, you and Mrs. Wilton are two of a kind. (She hands him the book.) You don’t want to miss your party.
FREDERICK. No. (He gets his hat, starts to exit, defeated.) Rose? Should the things you have faith in ever include the people who love you … (He pops his hat on his head.) … be in touch. (Thunder. Half-light.)

Scene 4

Rain. Lights up in a church. Rose is searching for something. Lotty enters, glancing over her shoulder.

LOTTY. (Whispering loudly.) Mrs. Arnott! Rose!
ROSE. (Aghast.) Mrs. Wilton!
LOTTY. I’ve only a moment. I told Mellersh I left my gloves in our pew.
ROSE. Lying to your husband, Mrs. Wilton, in Our Father’s house?
LOTTY. Oh, but I didn’t lie. I really left them, so that I wouldn’t be lying. (She retrieves her gloves. Rose looks heavenward, sighs.) I got it, Rose! A reply to our inquiry about the castle!
ROSE. (Sternly) Please. We really must talk.
LOTTY. It is most kind, from a Mr. Antony Wilding, of Knightsbridge. It smells of cinnamon!
ROSE. Cinnamon?
LOTTY. Isn’t that delightful? But, brace yourself. Sixty pounds for the month of April.
ROSE. Mrs. Wilton ...
LOTTY. I know it would be a stretch for us both.
ROSE. Corresponding with someone we know nothing of. We've
gone too far already.
LOTTY. But, Rose.
ROSE. And all of this talk of money. Please. It has, indeed, been
grand dreaming of this. But no further.
LOTTY. (Taking a stand.) I have made up my mind, Mrs. Wilton.
LOTTY. Lotty. If it's only the money, then I have an idea.
ROSE. It is not only the money.
LOTTY. I thought perhaps if we advertise for traveling compa-
nions ... 
ROSE. Companions?
LOTTY. Ladies. There must be dozens of ladies in our situation
who would enjoy sharing such a holiday. Not that we'd want
dozens, of course. But another couple, say, would certainly ease the
burden.
ROSE. Please ... we really mustn't discuss this here. It's wrong. I
feel as if we're plotting.
LOTTY. But we are! Plotting our escape! Have you lost some-
thing?
ROSE. One of the schoolchildren somehow misplaced his boots
and stockings during services. (Lotty laughs.)
LOTTY. "Put thy shoes from off thy feet, for this is holy ground."
ROSE. Angus O'Shea is no Moses. As any number of schoolgirls
will tell you.
LOTTY. Rose ... 
ROSE. You've taken leave of your senses, Mrs. Wilton.
LOTTY. Don't say that!
ROSE. Start with your nest egg. What if there is an actual need?
LOTTY. This is an actual need.
ROSE. I don't want to hear any more.
LOTTY. But Rose ... if we don't go forward ... well ... (Inspired.)
... we will be depriving two perfectly innocent traveling compa-
nions of their holiday. Two good, unhappy ladies like ourselves.
Perhaps in even greater need than ourselves. (Rose thinks.)
ROSE. (Strongly.) You are a bully, Mrs. Wilton!
LOTTY. Meet me at the club on Wednesday for tea.
ROSE. Yes. No!
LOTTY. We can compose our advert.
ROSE. Mrs. Wilton!

LOTTY. Lotty, Rose. You really must call me Lotty.
ROSE. We are not placing an advertisement, because we are not
responding to Mr. Wilding.
LOTTY. But I have.
ROSE. What?
LOTTY. I have sent him my nest egg, as a deposit.
ROSE. (Stunned.) Lotty.
LOTTY. It is done, Rose. The castle is ours! (Thunder. They look
heavenward.) Have you told your husband?
ROSE. Of course not.
LOTTY. We should tell them. (Thinks.) Even Moses asked per-
mission.
ROSE. (Near tears.) Please stop talking about Moses.
LOTTY. You're right. It's more like David and Goliath. Rose. All
I'm asking for is your faith. (Mellersh calls from outside.)
MELLERSH. (Offstage.) Charlotte!
LOTTY. Gad! It's Goliath. Wednesday! (She starts to exit.)
ROSE. (Lost.) Husbands, Lotty! (Lotty stops.)
LOTTY. What?
ROSE. Husbands.
LOTTY. Yes. Isn't it terrible. But who could resist an invitation
to heaven? (Imagining.) "Two ladies seek other ladies who appreci-
ate ... " (Blend to Scene Five.)

Scene 5

The home of Caroline Bramble. A table, two chairs, a coat
rack with coats and umbrellas. Caroline enters, reading from
the Times.

CAROLINE. "... seek other ladies who appreciate wisteria and sun-
shine." (Lotty and Rose sit attentively. Caroline wears a loose, colorful silk
nèglierié. Her youthfulness shines through a weary air. She prepares a glass
of aspirin powder and lights a cigarette, clearly hung over.)
LOTTY. We were so pleased to receive your reply, Lady Bramble.
Although we never expected that our advertisement would attract
someone ... such as yourself.
CAROLINE. Oh?
ROSE. We've read about you often in the newspapers, Lady Bramble. Your life seems so ... full.
CAROLINE. (With chily aloofness.) Yes.
ROSE. You do realize that the castle is very quiet and remote.
CAROLINE. I hope so. Is there a telephone?
LOTTY. No.
CAROLINE. Good.
ROSE. Mrs. Wilton was telling me, in fact, Lady Bramble, of something she read about your dancing on tables.
CAROLINE. In Paris.
ROSE. Really.
LOTTY. You must be very tired. (Explaining herself.) Whenever I see moderns such as yourself I always see a certain ... weariness. Modernity being such a shifty beast.
CAROLINE. Yes. Have you received many replies to your advertisement?
ROSE. To our surprise, I'm afraid, only two.
LOTTY. The other is from a Mrs. Clayton Graves. Do you know her, Lady Bramble?
CAROLINE. I don't believe so.
LOTTY. You know so many people.
CAROLINE. That's just it, I'm afraid. Mother insists on my knowing everyone, or at least on everyone she knows knowing me. She fancies herself a "patroness of the arts," which for her simply means the chance to give parties. An opportunistic group, artists. They never miss a party. Always grabbing and making eyes. Now she's collecting writers, the sorriest lot yet. Trying to create what's lacking in their own lives. Do you know any writers?
LOTTY. No. (They look to Rose, who looks away.)
CAROLINE. I'm in great need of an escape right now. From all of it.
LOTTY. We are of like minds, then, Lady Bramble. Mrs. Arnott and myself are escaping too!
ROSE. Lotty.
CAROLINE. Escaping? (Joking.) You aren't "wanted women," are you?
LOTTY. (Laughing.) Oh, Lady Bramble! We're not wanted at all! We're just in need of a holiday, that's all. And I believe the castle will be the perfect place.
CAROLINE. Yes. It seemed so to me as well. I had replied to the original advertisement, actually, but was answered that someone had already placed a deposit.

LOTTY. I do hope we haven't spoiled your plans, Lady Bramble.
CAROLINE. Oh, I really didn't care. A month alone had seemed appealing. But strange surroundings and simple company may prove most acceptable.
ROSE. (Smoothly.) We may pale in comparison with your usual acquaintances, Lady Bramble, but I assure you that Mrs. Wilton and myself are by no means "simple."
CAROLINE. (Unusually uncertain.) Oh, I never meant that you were. What I meant was ...
LOTTY. No grabbing!
CAROLINE. (Relieved.) Precisely. What I really meant, I suppose, is that you aren't ... men.
LOTTY. (Smiling.) Yes.
ROSE. (Not smiling.) That is true.
CAROLINE. With men it would be impossible to be as ... unrestricted as I'd like. (She stretches, revealing a silky chemise.)
ROSE. Unrestricted?
CAROLINE. Part of what intrigued me about your advertisement is that it would be quite a novelty, really, to be among lady friends. I haven't many.
LOTTY. Oh?
ROSE. And why do you think that is, Lady Bramble?
CAROLINE. Perhaps at the end of April you could tell me. Should I join you. (Thunder.) Isn't this rain a nuisance?
LOTTY. (Feeling a kinship.) Oh, yes!
CAROLINE. May I offer you a cognac?
ROSE. It is eleven in the morning, Lady Bramble.
CAROLINE. Yes. (With a hint of sadness.) May I ask you something?
LOTTY. Of course, Lady Bramble.
CAROLINE. Were your husbands lost?
ROSE. Lost?
CAROLINE. In the war.
LOTTY. Well, no, Lady Bramble.
ROSE. Our husbands have not been lost at all, Lady Bramble.
CAROLINE. (Relieved.) Oh! Isn't that funny? You look like widows! Had I seen you on a street corner, I would have been inclined to give you a donation.
ROSE. (Beginning to burn.) Lady Bramble ... 
CAROLINE. I should like to join you at the castle, then.
LOTTY. Grand! (Rose scowls.)
CAROLINE. (Aware of Rose.) And, should we find that things don't work out, I shall simply move on and you may keep my payment in full.
ROSE. But that would be unfair to you, Lady Bramble.
LOTTY. But things will work out, Lady Bramble. You'll see. I'm quite sure we're all going to be the very best of friends. Better than friends! Sisters!
CAROLINE. (Warily.) Yes. Well, let's start then by not calling me Lady Bramble. Mother is Lady Bramble. Call me Lady Caroline.
LOTTY. (Beaming.) Lady Caroline!
CAROLINE. Well. (She lifts her hand in a graceful salute.) All'Italia! (Lotty and Rose stare, perplexed. Caroline explains.) To Italy. (Lotty smiles and lifts her hand, fumbling enthusiastically.)
LOTTY. All'Italia! (They look at Rose. She frowns, considers, lifts her fist with stiff reluctance. Thunder. Half-light.)

Scene 6

Rain. Lights up in the home of Mrs. Graves. A table, two chairs, a coat rack with coats and umbrellas. Lotty and Rose are seated, silent. Mrs. Graves paces regally. She is heavily dressed, highly proper, and walks with the aid of a stick.

MRS. GRAVES. If we are to spend the whole of a month together, I consider it preferable that certain ground rules be spelled out sooner rather than later. I do not approve of modern language, behavior or thinking. I find informal idioms of speech unacceptable, and will not tolerate them. I take breakfast promptly at seven in the morning, luncheon at noon, tea at half past four, and dinner at quarter to eight. I like nuts. I am not interested in idle conversation. My only desire is to sit quietly and remember.
ROSE. Yes, well ...
MRS. GRAVES. (Not listening, sitting down to a bowl of nuts.) Although I have great fondness for the Italian seaside, I have no fondness whatsoever for those native customs so many find charming. I would expect such behavior to remain outside of our retreat.
LOTTY. Yes, I'm sure ...

MRS. GRAVES. Now to which of you does the castle belong?
LOTTY. Oh, to none of us, Mrs. Graves. We haven't even seen it. It was advertised. Mrs. Arnott and I have rented it.
MRS. GRAVES. (Appalled.) Rented?! How do you know it isn't a dilapidation?
ROSE. We've corresponded with the owner, a Mr. Antony Wilting. It appears to be most agreeable.
LOTTY. There's a private beach, and olive groves, and bushes of wisteria. (Mrs. Graves thinks.)
MRS. GRAVES. I am very fond of wisteria. The house at Box Hill was covered with it. I remember once my father and I ...
LOTTY. Your father lived at Box Hill, Mrs. Graves?
MRS. GRAVES. Of course not. George Meredith lived at Box Hill. The writer. My father often took me there on invitation.
ROSE. You knew George Meredith, Mrs. Graves?
MRS. GRAVES. My father traveled among all the great men. (She waves her stick, pointing at photographs.) Carlyle. Arnold. Tennyson.
LOTTY. Tennyson, Rose. Imagine!
MRS. GRAVES. As I was saying ...
LOTTY. (Pointing.) Is that a photograph of Tennyson, Mrs. Graves?
MRS. GRAVES. No. That is a photograph of Mr. Clayton Graves, my late husband. A sizable difference, I assure you. (She points her stick, barely missing Lotty and Rose.) That is Tennyson. And I am the young girl with the pigtail. Which, I might add, gave the great one no small delight. He would often tell my father ...
LOTTY. (Excitedly.) Did you know Keats, Mrs. Graves?
ROSE. Lotty! (Mrs. Graves freezes.)
MRS. GRAVES. Keats?!
LOTTY. Yes. John Keats. The poet.
MRS. GRAVES. I am well aware ... (Frigidly.) I did not know Keats, Mrs. Wilton.
LOTTY. Oh.
MRS. GRAVES. And if that is the direction in which you are heading, I regret to inform you that I was also unacquainted with Shakespeare.
LOTTY. Of course. The immortals seem so alive, don't they? One forgets sometimes that they are dead.
MRS. GRAVES. Many for quite some time.
LOTTY. It was just that I thought I saw Keats the other day.
ROSE. Lotty!
MRS. GRAVES. Saw Keats?!
LOTTY. Yes. Crossing the street in Hampstead, in front of his house.
ROSE. Mrs. Graves ... 
LOTTY. But then I suppose it was his ghost, naturally. (Mrs. Graves
eyes Lotty, who looks at Rose, who looks away, pained.)
MRS. GRAVES. Do you have references?
ROSE. Shouldn't we be the ones asking for references from you,
Mrs. Graves?
MRS. GRAVES. (Surprised that this came from Rose. Gathering all of
her dignity.) If you must, you may communicate with the President
of the Royal Academy, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the
ROSE. I see.
LOTTY. (Deflecting.) Is the large portrait of your father, Mrs.
Graves?
MRS. GRAVES. Yes. That is himself. But we were speaking of ref-
cences, Mrs. Wilton.
LOTTY. And the other portrait is your mother?
MRS. GRAVES. My mother?!! That, Mrs. Wilton, is the good Queen
Victoria.
LOTTY. I don't think references are nice things between decent
English women. We needn't distrust each other. We're not Americans.
ROSE. (Rising.) References bring an atmosphere into our holiday
plan that isn't quite what we want, Mrs. Graves. Good day. (She
pushes Lotty toward the exit.)
MRS. GRAVES. How are the expenses to be divided?
LOTTY. (Excitedly.) Fifteen pounds each for rent, plus food. A real
bargain!
MRS. GRAVES. I'm an old woman. I don't eat much.
ROSE. That would certainly be your choice to make, Mrs. Graves.
LOTTY. Perhaps we can catch our own, Mrs. Graves. How are
you with a bow? (Mrs. Graves is stricken again.)
MRS. GRAVES. Your advertisement clearly stated that there would
be a cook. My stick prohibits me from entering kitchens.
ROSE. There is a woman by the name of Costanza.
MRS. GRAVES. Costan...? Fifteen pounds. Really, ten seems
most reasonable, considering the circumstances.
ROSE. Fifteen, Mrs. Graves.
LOTTY. Fifteen is fair, Mrs. Graves.
MRS. GRAVES. The wisteria is guaranteed?
ROSE. Look ... 
LOTTY. Mrs. Graves, Mr. Wilding has assured us that we shall
have wisteria.
MRS. GRAVES. (With great reluctance.) I shall waive references.
But no wisteria and I'll expect a deduction.
ROSE. Thank you, Mrs. Graves. You've been most ... (Mrs. Graves
gestures for them to sit. They do.) I can't seem to find the word I'm
looking for.
MRS. GRAVES. Is the fourth of our party a widow as well? (Lotty
and Rose look at each other, perplexed.)
LOTTY. A widow, Mrs. Graves? Well, no. Actually ... (Mrs. Graves
raises her hand for silence.)
MRS. GRAVES. (Gravely.) All in good time. All in good time.
(Reciting, frighteningly.) "Old sisters of a day gone by / Gray nurses,
loving nothing new / Why should they miss their yearly due / Before
their time? They too will die." (Lotty and Rose sit, frozen. Mrs. Graves
cracks a nut, smiles.) May I offer you a nut? (Thunder. Half-light.)

Scene 7

Rain. Lights up in the flat of Antony Wilding. A table, two
chairs, a coat rack with coats and umbrellas. Lotty and Rose
stand attentively.

WILDING. Oh yes, the wisteria is everywhere, as advertised. You
can see some of the view in these photographs here. (The ladies turn
their eyes away from Wilding himself, who wears a loose, open shirt
and an even more open smile.) I took these myself, I'm afraid. You'd
hardly mistake them for professionals. (He turns the photo. They
huddle together, turning their heads.) It's a small castle, but of course
it has most of the "modern improvements," as an estate agent
would say. Its name is San Salvatore. (Salvator-ay.)
LOTTY and ROSE. (Trying it out.) San Salvatore.
LOTTY. It sounds sacred, Rose.
ROSE. What is that there, Mr. Wilding?
WILDING. (Looking at Rose, distracted by something in her face.)
What, Mrs. Arnott?
ROSE. (Pointing.) That. (He continues to stare, pulls himself away
to look at the photo.)
WILDING. That, I'm afraid, appears to have been my left thumb. (The ladies smile discreetly.) But had it not been there, it would be a view of the sea and of the lower garden. The castle has both upper and lower gardens, with a lovely terrace between. (He hands them a card.) For you. A postcard of the village below.

LOTTY and ROSE. (Reading.) Mez-ago.

WILDING. (To Rose, enunciating.) Mez-ago.

ROSE. (Self-consciously.) Mez-ago. (Willing smiles.)

WILDING. I like your face, Mrs. Arnott. (Rose freezes.) But here, let's make you comfortable. (He removes their coats.) In April, you know, the area is simply a mass of flowers. (Admiring Rose's figure.) To her. You must wear white.

ROSE. (Embarrassed.) White?

WILDING. Yes. There's a dock and small boat, if ... well, if your husbands are so inclined.

LOTTY. Our husbands, Mr. Wilding? (In mock mourning.) They will not be with us, I'm afraid.

WILDING. Forgive me. So many widows these days.

ROSE. No ...

LOTTY. There will be four of us, however. Lady friends.

WILDING. Really? San Salvatore should be filled with friends. It can be a bit lonely.

ROSE. Is San Salvatore a family home?

WILDING. Yes. Or it was. I've no longer any family, so it's no longer a home, I suppose.

LOTTY. Oh.

WILDING. Father's parents had the place built. A love nest of sorts, from the way he told it. I never knew them, unfortunately, but some of the stories are delightful.

LOTTY. It sounds wonderful.

WILDING. (At Rose.) Yes. It's beautiful. (Pulling away.) Father loved the place. Mother never cared for it much, really, until her later years alone. And then, while I was away in the Army, she and San Salvatore seemed to become one.

LOTTY. Where did you serve, Mr. Wilding? (His smile fades.)

WILDING. Flanders, mostly.

LOTTY. (Sincerely.) Brave battles.

ROSE. We are indebted to you, Mr. Wilding. (Willing nods.)

WILDING. I lost Mother last year, sad to say. She always said that there was something enchanted about the castle in April. I have to miss it this year, but I've work in Rome.

ROSE. What is your work, Mr. Wilding?

WILDING. I paint. Portraits. Classical, of course. Two eyes, one mouth, and so on. (Lotty thinks.)

LOTTY. Marvelous!

WILDING. I've a studio in Bloomsbury. Perhaps you both could visit sometime and be studied. I'm said to have a particular talent with the female form. (Rose lets out a small gasp. Lotty hurriedly hands an envelope to Wilding.)

LOTTY. Our final payment, Mr. Wilding.

WILDING. Well. (Takes the envelope.) Now I'm richer ... (He hugs Lotty, to her delight.) ... and you're happier. (He starts toward Rose, but she cringes.) What would you say to celebrating our union, as it were, over a cup of hot tea?

LOTTY. Oh, that would be lovely.

ROSE. That's very kind, Mr. Wilding.

WILDING. Good. Now, I have plain English black, or, for the more daring, a Moroccan blend I'm fond of with just a dash of cinnamon that goes by the rather audacious name of "Indiscreet."

LOTTY. (Bursting out in giggles.) Oh, my! The "Indiscreet" sounds most intriguing.

WILDING. Wonderful! And for you, Mrs. Arnott? (Rose considers.)

ROSE. I shall have the black.

WILDING. Right. (Serving.) Now you must tell me all about the friends you are taking.

ROSE. We hardly know a thing about them, really.

LOTTY. We took your lead, Mr. Wilding, and placed an advertisement.

WILDING. Oh?

LOTTY. There's Lady Caroline Bramble, who likes cognac and dancing. And Mrs. Clayton Graves, who knew Tennyson and likes ... (Thinks.)

ROSE. Nuts.

WILDING. How interesting. Well, I'm certain that you will all find San Salvatore to your liking. Mrs. Arnott, this will sound a bit extraordinary, but there is a portrait of you there.

ROSE. A portrait of me?

WILDING. Yes. A Madonna. There's one on the stairs really exactly like you. (Rose is stunned.)

ROSE. Well ... (Thunder.)

WILDING. San Salvatore will certainly be a nice change from this weather.
LOTTY. Yes.
WILDING. You'll find the place has lots of sunshine, whatever else it hasn't got.
ROSE. What else hasn't it got, Mr. Wilding?
WILDING. Troubles. Worries. The plumbing is a bit antique, but Costanza can help you with that. And to think you'll be among it all in only two days.
LOTTY. We leave tomorrow.
WILDING. You've squared away all of your affairs? (Lotty and Rose share a guilty glance.)
ROSE. A couple of things remain. (Thunder. Half-light.)

Scene 8

Rain. Lights up in both the Arnott and Wilton homes. Two tables, four chairs. Rose sits alone. Mellersh sits, finishing a dessert, a napkin hanging from his collar. Lotty tends to him. The scene is of escalating fury.

MELLERSH. Well, now. I am the fat cat tonight, aren't I? All my favorites for dinner.
LOTty. Was everything to your liking, Mellersh?
MELLERSH. All quite delicious, my dear. One would think this was a special evening of some sort. And perhaps it is! (Frederick enters, foggy from an evening party.)
FREDERICK. Well, now. You're up late!
ROSE. Yes, Frederick. There's something I need to speak to you about.
LOTty. May I speak to you about something, Mellersh?
MELLERSH. It so happens I have something to speak to you about as well. You tell me yours, and then I'll tell you mine.
FREDERICK. Could it wait until morning? Once again Mr. Ayers was a success, and once again Mr. Arnott is exhausted.
LOTty. No. You first, Mellersh.
MELLERSH. Very well.
FREDERICK. Sometimes I think a little less attention would still do the trick, really.
ROSE. And perhaps a little less champagne.
FREDERICK. No. That helps.
MELLERSH. Do you remember last month your asking me about holidays?
LOTty. Well, yes, Mellersh. It's funny you should mention that.
ROSE. I wonder if I might have some money.
MELLERSH. I believe it will please you to know ... that I am taking you!
FREDERICK. So that's it.
ROSE. Extra money, I mean.
LOTty. "Taking me," Mellersh?
MELLERSH. To Italy!
FREDERICK. (Taking out his billfold.) What is it this time? Boots or Bibles?
ROSE. I'm going away, Frederick.
MELLERSH. Did you hear me? I said that I am taking you on holiday!
LOTty. That is really the most extraordinary coincidence.
FREDERICK. Going away?
MELLERSH. Coincidence?
ROSE. For a rest.
LOTty. Yes, really most extraordinary. Because I was just about to tell you that I am ... going.
ROSE. Someplace by the sea.
MELLERSH. Going? Going where?
LOTty. To Italy.
FREDERICK. Come with me on my book tour.
MELLERSH. Have you taken leave of your senses, Charlotte?
ROSE. That is impossible, Frederick.
MELLERSH. How could you be going to Italy? Ridiculous!
FREDERICK. It is not impossible!
LOTty. It is not ridiculous!
FREDERICK. Listen to me, Rose.
LOTty. Listen to me, Mellersh. I've been invited.
ROSE. I've listened enough.
LOTty. A friend has invited me. With a home there.
ROSE. I've waited enough.
LOTty. And I am going.
FREDERICK. So have I.
MELLERSH. You have no friends ... with homes in Italy!
ROSE. So we agree then.
LOTTY. I have, Mellersh. I've mentioned her to you.
MELLERSH. Who?
FREDERICK. Rose?
LOTTY. Rose.
MELLERSH. Rose? (Lotty and Rose look at each other.)
ROSE. We can't go back, Frederick.
MELLERSH. Rose who?
ROSE. We can only go forward.
MELLERSH. You've kept secrets, Charlotte!
FREDERICK. But not alone!
MELLERSH. Secrets are like rust!
FREDERICK. It's been two years, Rose!
MELLERSH. And now I am to believe that you are actually asking me...
LOTTY. I am not asking you anything, Mellersh. I'm telling you!
ROSE. I am alone, Frederick.
FREDERICK. As am I.
MELLERSH. This is ridiculous!
FREDERICK. (Holding out cash.) Take your money then, Mrs. Arnott.
LOTTY. This time tomorrow I shall be on a train.
FREDERICK. I shall write up my itinerary ...
MELLERSH. Tomorrow?
LOTTY. To Italy!
FREDERICK. ... should you wish to be in contact. (Thunder.)
LOTTY. Damn this rain!
MELLERSH. Rain?!
FREDERICK. Just know that you were the one who closed the door, Rose.
MELLERSH. If you think you are taking one step out of that door, Mrs. Wilton.
ROSE. (Hopelessly.) I'm sorry, Frederick. (She takes the money, exits.)
LOTTY. (Sharply.) I'm sorry, Mellersh. (She snatches the napkin from Mellersh's collar, exits. A train whistles loud and long. Mellersh and Frederick look at each other, stunned. Half-light.)
ANNOUNCEMENT. Signore e signori, avere prego tutti i documenti pronti per il controllo. Grazie, e benvenuti in Italia! (“Ladies and gentlemen, please have your papers ready for inspection. Thank you, and welcome to Italy!”)

Scene 9

The sound of a train in motion. Lights up on a train compartment. Rose reads from an Italian phrase book. Lotty sleeps. Travel bags are at their feet, coats and hats at their sides.

ROSE. (Gravely trying out words from the book.) Smarrito. Mi scusi, mi sono smarrito. No, Mi sono smarrito. I am lost, feminine. Mi scusi, mi sono smarrito. (“Excuse me, I am lost.” Lights flash and the train whistles loudly as it passes through a tunnel. Lotty awakens, frightened.)
LOTTY. Mellersh!
ROSE. (Nervously.) It was only a tunnel, Lotty. Tunnel. (She thumbs through the book.) Tunnel.
LOTTY. (Looking out of the compartment window.) Have we crossed the Italian border?
ROSE. I can't tell. It's so dark out. We're running so late.
LOTTY. I wish we were there.
ROSE. We are in God's hands now, Lotty.
LOTTY. I can't see a thing. Why is the window damp?
ROSE. It's raining. (Lotty nearly loses all hope.)
LOTTY. I'm sure Italian rain is better than English rain.
ROSE. We were expected hours ago. We'll never find our way alone.
LOTTY. When we get to Genoa, Mr. Wilding said we need merely ask for Mez-zago.
ROSE. Mezzago.
LOTTY. Why do they pronounce it “Mez-zago”? It doesn't have a “t.” (She takes the book from Rose, looks through it.)
ROSE. (Adrift.) You're certain you saw us at San Salvatore, Lotty?
LOTTY. Yes, Rose.
ROSE. And Lady Caroline and Mrs. Graves? Did you also see them?
LOTTY. No, I didn't.
ROSE. They aren't the ladies I would have chosen.
LOTTY. Perhaps they've been chosen for us. When we get to San Salvatore, let's prepare everything for them, shall we? Make things perfect for their arrival.
ROSE. That would be proper.
LOTTY. We can choose the rooms that would please them, and
fill them with flowers.
ROSE. If there are flowers.
LOTTY. There will be. There must be. (They look out, lost. Train sounds steadily increase.)
ROSE. What is the Italian for “help”? 
LOTTY. Oh, Rose.
ROSE. Please, Lotty. Look it up. (Lotty does so. Rose stands, panicking.) How do we stop the train?
LOTTY. We can’t stop the train, Rose.
ROSE. (Dressing.) I’m sure if we simply explain that there has been a dreadful mistake.
LOTTY. This is not a mistake.
ROSE. (Forcefullyirate.) I told you that I was a happy individual. And I was. I am. Happy! But you spoke of peace. And … and of sisters. And … and cinnamon! And you got my head quite turned around. You’re not a hummingbird at all, Lotty Wilton. You’re a hawk! Clear-eyed and … and … Why aren’t you dressing? (Lotty holds up the book.)
LOTTY. “Aiuto.”
ROSE. What?
LOTTY. The Italian for “help.” “Aiuto.” (Rose crumbles, sitting.)
ROSE. (Adrift.) Aiuto. (The ladies fall silent, lost in thought.)
LOTTY. It isn’t fair, Rose. To think that we ought to be so happy now, and we’re not. (Sighs.) Husbands.
ROSE. (Sighs.) Husbands. (Train sounds rise. Rose begins to pray.)
Aiuto. Mi sono smarrita.
LOTTY. It’s going to be lovely, Rose.
ROSE. Mi scusi!
LOTTY. It’s going to be heaven.
ROSE. (Dropping to her knees.) Perdonna me!
LOTTY. Sunshine!
ROSE. Aiuto!
LOTTY. Wisteria!
ROSE. Aiuto! (Another tunnel. Lotty drops to her knees in fright, begins praying.)
LOTTY. Aiuto!
ROSE. What have we done, Lotty? What have we done?
LOTTY. I don’t know, Rose. But whatever it is … (She looks at Rose, then heavenward.) … we’ve done it! (The train whistles loud and long as darkness envelops them.)

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ACT TWO

Scene 1

Lights up on the terrace at San Salvatore, the following morning. A table and chairs, a chaise. Exits from the terrace into the villa and into the garden. The impression of beautiful garden surroundings, sunshine. Costanza sits at the table, singing to herself, snapping beans and placing them in a large bowl. She is dressed in simple, comfortable clothing and sandals. Caroline reclines on the chaise in a thin summer ensemble, reading a book. Mrs. Graves enters from the villa, carrying a small pitcher. She walks with her stick and is dressed much too warmly for the weather, from high-buttoned shoes to a rather imposing hat. She holds out the pitcher.

MRS. GRAVES. What is this?! (Caroline and Costanza shiver, their patience already waning.)
COSTANZA. (Looking heavenward.) Santa Maria! (Sighs, resigned.) Cosa ho fatto adesso, Signora? Qual’è il problema adesso? (“What have I done now, Madame? What problem have you found now?”)
MRS. GRAVES. You may rattle on and on all you wish, my friend, and I still will not understand you. I speak only the Italian of Dante.
COSTANZA. Cosa c’è? Qual’è l’argomento? (“What is it? What is the matter?”)
MRS. GRAVES. Lady Caroline, would you please determine from Costanza the origin of this milk. (Costanza gets up to look at the contents of the pitcher.)
CAROLINE. The “origin,” Mrs. Graves?
MRS. GRAVES. Yes. (Costanza takes the pitcher.)
CAROLINE. You mean the vendor?
MRS. GRAVES. I mean the animal. (Mrs. Graves goes to the table, pulls a large bell and playing cards from her pockets, staking her claim.)
COSTANZA. (To Caroline.) Il latte è buono, Donna Carolina. (“The milk is good.”)
CAROLINE. Si, si. La Signora vorrebbe sapere che tipo di latte è questo, Costanza. ("The lady would like to know what kind of milk this is.")

COSTANZA. Che tipo di latte, Signorina? Non capisco. È latte! ("What kind of milk, Miss? I don't understand. It's milk!")

CAROLINE. La signora vorrebbe sapere ... l'animale. ("The lady would like to know the animal.")

COSTANZA. L'animale? ("The animal?" She eyes Mrs. Graves.) Eh! Una mucca, naturalmente, Donna Carolina. ("A cow, of course.")

CAROLINE. Si, grazie, Costanza. Sono spiacente per il problema. ("I'm sorry for the problem.")

COSTANZA. (Already charmed by Caroline.) Il problema non è con voi, Signorina. ("The problem is not with you, Miss." She eyes Mrs. Graves. Under her breath.) Animale! (She retrieves the bowl and exits into the villa.)

MRS. GRAVES. (Sitting.) What was she saying?

CAROLINE. Nothing of concern. Cow.

MRS. GRAVES. What?

CAROLINE. It is cow's milk. It seems Italian milk also comes from cows. (She rises to retrieve another pillow, returns to the chaise.)

MRS. GRAVES. You look as if you had nothing on underneath.

CAROLINE. I haven't.

MRS. GRAVES. How very imprudent. And how highly improper.

CAROLINE. But there are no men here, so how can it be improper? Have you noticed how difficult it is to be improper without men?

MRS. GRAVES. God is a man, Lady Caroline. God is a man.

(Caroline rushes from the villa in a white nightgown, barefooted and wide-eyed. She looks out at the gardens and sea, but then sees Caroline and Mrs. Graves.)

LOTTY. Oh!

CAROLINE. Good morning.

LOTTY. Lady Caroline!

MRS. GRAVES. (Disapprovingly.) You've arrived.

LOTTY. Mrs. Graves. Yes, late last night. But ...

MRS. GRAVES. Without clothing, apparently. (Rose rushes in, also in a white nightgown, also barefooted and wide-eyed, clutching her Italian phrase book. She sees Caroline and Mrs. Graves and is embarrassed.)

LOTTY. Oh! Ladies! Excuse me!

LOTTY. Yes, excuse us, Mrs. Graves, Lady Caroline. We hadn't thought you'd arrived.

LOTTY. Here we are!

LOTTY. Mrs. Graves and I arrived yesterday morning. (Wincing.) Together.

LOTTY. (Looking out, entranced.) Look at this place, Rose. When I woke this morning, I prepared myself to accept whatever I found. But I couldn't have imagined! The flowers! Snapdragons and pimpernelles! Daphnes and irises! And lavender! And cherry trees! And wisteria. Mrs. Graves, simply tumbling over itself!

MRS. GRAVES. (Disappointed.) Yes.

LOTTY. And sunshine! (She raises her face to the sun.) Heaven! Look up "heaven," Rose. (Rose opens the phrase book, does so. A distant church bell rings. LOTTY drinks it in.) Listen! Their church bell sounds so light and inviting! Our church bell never sounded like that. (Mrs. Graves rings her bell furiously. The ladies jump.)

MRS. GRAVES. (Bellowing.) Costanza!

LOTTY. It appears you two have everything under control.

MRS. GRAVES. It does save time.

LOTTY. Rose! Remember Mr. Wilding said that there was an upstairs sitting room with a view. Let's go first thing after breakfast. I suddenly want to write to everyone I know!

MRS. GRAVES. That is my sitting room, Mrs. Wilton.

LOTTY. Your sitting room?

MRS. GRAVES. I am an old woman. I need a place to myself.

LOTTY. But it is a sitting room, Mrs. Graves.

MRS. GRAVES. There is another room you and Mrs. Wilton may use downstairs at the back next to Costanza's room. I must have quiet. (She rings the bell.) Your bedrooms were acceptable?

LOTTY. Oh ...

MRS. GRAVES. There were two beds in my room, filling it up unnecessarily, so I had one taken out. It has made it much more agreeable.

LOTTY. That's why I have two beds in my room.
ROSE. I have two in mine as well.
MRS. GRAVES. Yours must be Lady Caroline's second bed. She
also had hers removed.
LOTTY. I see. What was it, Rose?
ROSE. What?
LOTTY. (Weakly) "Heaven." (Rose returns to the book.) You are
chic, Lady Caroline.
MRS. GRAVES. She needs a hat. One mustn't get too much sun
too soon, Mrs. Wilton.
ROSE. (Finding the word. Flatly) "Paradiso." Heaven. (Costanza
enters from the villa.)
COSTANZA. (Seeing Lotty and Rose, pleased.) Ah, buona mattina,
Signore! Scusatemi. ("Good morning, ladies! Excuse me." Stone-faced
to Mrs. Graves.) Si, Signora? ("Yes, Madame?")
MRS. GRAVES. It is time for breakfast.
COSTANZA. Adesso? ("Now?")
MRS. GRAVES. (Shouting) Breakfast!
COSTANZA. Si, si. Signora. "Breakfast." (Instructing) "Colazione."
(To Mrs. Graves' back.) Capitalista! (She exits.)
MRS. GRAVES. I saw it to it breakfast was delayed one hour for your
first day. It will not be done again. (Standing.) Come, ladies. We must
be punctual or Costanza will take it as a sign that she too may be lax.
ROSE. (Taking a stand.) Mrs. Graves.
MRS. GRAVES. Yes?
ROSE. About the sitting room.
MRS. GRAVES. What?
LOTTY. (Smoothly.) We are only too glad for you to have it; if it
makes you happy, Mrs. Graves. We wouldn't have suggested using
it had we known. (Mrs. Graves tries to understand Lotty's intentions,
decides not to bother; begins to exit into the villa.) Not until you had
invited us, anyhow. As I'm sure you soon shall. (Mrs. Graves stops
in disbelief.)
MRS. GRAVES. (To Lotty.) Do pull yourself together! (She exits.
Lotty sighs happily.)
LOTTY. We had so hoped to prepare things before your arrival,
Lady Caroline.
CAROLINE. Everything has been seen to.
LOTTY. It must be very assuring to be independent, and to know
exactly what one wants.
CAROLINE. Quite.
ROSE. (Flatly) But independence, Lady Caroline, does snub the
benevolences of others.
CAROLINE. I'm sorry about the beds. I gave no directions. I
merely asked Costanza to remove them.
LOTTY. (Looking out.) It seems silly to be talking about beds in
heaven.
CAROLINE. It is lovely, isn't it?
LOTTY. It's as if you belonged here all along.
CAROLINE. What do you mean?
LOTTY. In a setting as beautiful as yourself. (Caroline smiles. Rose
frowns.)
ROSE. Beauty is a gift.
CAROLINE. Yes.
ROSE. I hope you make the most of it, Lady Caroline.
CAROLINE. I've been making the most of it ever since I can
remember.
ROSE. Good. Because it won't last. (Caroline quiets, looks down,
rises.)
CAROLINE. Please tell Mrs. Graves that I don't care to take
breakfast now. I'd like to go into the village. (She starts to exit into
the garden.)
LOTTY. (A little hurt.) Oh. Hurry back, then.
CAROLINE. (Stopping. To Lotty.) I am glad you've arrived safely.
(She exits. Rose watches after her. Lotty looks around.)
LOTTY. Oh, Rose. We haven't been punished. We've been blessed!
ROSE. She's treading on the periwinkles.
LOTTY. They're hers as much as ours.
ROSE. It doesn't seem right.
LOTTY. One mustn't question in heaven. It isn't done.
ROSE. We've been displaced as hostesses.
LOTTY. None of us is the hostess. Here we are equal. (She closes
her eyes and takes a deep breath.) Smell the fragrance, Rose. It's posi-
tively ... sensual!
ROSE. Lotty!
LOTTY. It makes me want to kiss someone! (Lotty takes Rose's hand
and kisses it.) You know who would love all of this?
ROSE. Who? (Lotty thinks, frowns.)
LOTTY. Never mind. (From within the house, the sound of Mrs.
Graves furiously ringing her bell. The ladies shudder.)
ROSE. That woman!
LOTTY. Mrs. Graves doesn't know yet that she's in heaven. Oh,
take it in, Rose! (Shouting to the skies.) Paradiso! (To Rose, beaming.)
Our first day in heaven! (Mrs. Graves' bell rings.) And Gabriel here
to greet us! (She runs into the villa.) Paradiso! (Rose looks out, uncer-
tain. She says a tiny prayer, closes her eyes and takes a deep, sensual
breath. Something within her stirs. For the first time, she truly smiles.
The church bell rings. Lights down.)

Scene 2

Lights up on the terrace at San Salvatore, nine days later.
Towels thrown about. Mrs. Graves sits at the table, hatless,
face to the sun, sleeping. Costanza enters from the villa with
a tray of tea and unshelled nuts, humming a tune gaily.

COSTANZA. Buon giorno, Signora Graves. (“Good day,” Mrs.
Graves doesn’t hear. She continues to hum, and then suddenly shouts.)
Tè?! (“Tea?! ”)
MRS. GRAVES. (Jumping.) Ah! Yes! Yes. (Opens her parasol and
composes herself.) Have you found the cracker yet?
COSTANZA. (Serving tea.) “Cracker,” Signora?
MRS. GRAVES. The nutcracker. For the nuts.
COSTANZA. (Nodding.) Ah, si, si, “thee cracker.” No. (Offering
cream. Teasingly.) Latte?
MRS. GRAVES. (With great patience.) Thank you. (Costanza pours.)
COSTANZA. (Like a goat.) Ba-a-a-a-a. (She exits. Mrs. Graves looks
at the tea suspiciously. Caroline enters, sees Mrs. Graves, tries to exit
again, but is caught.)
MRS. GRAVES. Ah! Lady Caroline. There is tea if you like. More
than a week now and it’s still the only thing Costanza appears capa-
ble of preparing. There hasn’t been a meal served yet that did not
present some sort of primitive challenge. Although I am not at all
certain why I bother. I am the only one in this party who arrives
promptly for meals. Or arrives at all, for that matter. I spent break-
fast quite alone.
CAROLINE. (Taking tea.) That must have given you plenty of
time to sit and remember.
MRS. GRAVES. Remembrance and digestion should never be
performed simultaneously. (Rose enters. Her appearance has changed
considerably. She is dressed in a white summer dress, with her hair
down, tied in the back. But she has been crying.)
ROSE. Ladies.
CAROLINE. Hello.
MRS. GRAVES. Ah, Mrs. Arnott. You neglected breakfast.
ROSE. Have you seen Mrs. Wilton, Lady Caroline?
CAROLINE. Yes. She took the boat out.
MRS. GRAVES. Took the boat?
CAROLINE. The small rowing boat. She has quite a strong arm,
our Lotty. (Rose eyes Caroline.)
MRS. GRAVES. Of that I have no doubt.
CAROLINE. Are you all right?
ROSE. All of these flowers make my eyes water a little.
MRS. GRAVES. (To Rose.) That is a lovely frock you’re wearing.
ROSE. (Sighing cynically.) Except for what, Mrs. Graves?
MRS. GRAVES. Sorry?
ROSE. You’ve nothing more to add?
MRS. GRAVES. No. Why?
CAROLINE. You’ve just complimented someone, Mrs. Graves.
MRS. GRAVES. (Dumbfounded.) Oh. (Lotty enters from the garden
in a swimming outfit, barefooted, breathless, beaming. She has gone
wild from head to toe, flowers in hand and in her flowing hair.)
LOTTY. Good day, everyone!
ROSE. Hello, Lotty.
MRS. GRAVES. Good Lord.
CAROLINE. Lotty! You look brilliant!
LOTTY. I feel brilliant, Lady Caroline! This has been the most glo-
rious morning! Mrs. Graves, doesn’t it all just make you want to burst?
MRS. GRAVES. I have never had a desire to burst.
LOTTY. (Drying herself with a towel.) I am famished! Is luncheon
nearly ready?
ROSE. I believe so.
MRS. GRAVES. Not macaroni again?
ROSE. Yes.
MRS. GRAVES. (With disdainful regret.) From the land of Donatello.
LOTTY. Will you be joining us for luncheon today, Lady Caroline?
CAROLINE. (Visibly annoyed that she is now surrounded.) No,
thank you. (She begins to exit into the villa.) I ... I have a headache.
Excuse me. (She exits.)
ROSE. What is the Italian for aspirin? (She gets her phrase book.)
MRS. GRAVES. The remedy for headache is castor oil.
LOTTY. She doesn't have a headache.

MRS. GRAVES. Carlyle suffered at one point terribly from headache...

LOTTY. She doesn't have a headache. She only wants to be left alone.

MRS. GRAVES. Something else you've "seen," Mrs. Wilton?

LOTTY. Yes. When I looked at her just now, I saw inside of her.

MRS. GRAVES. I think I may burst after all.

LOTTY. San Salvatore is working its charms on Lady Caroline.

(Sneaking up behind Mrs. Graves and placing a flower in her hair, which Mrs. Graves doesn't notice.) It's working its charms on all of us, just at different rates, that's all. You really must take the boat out.

Both of you. I've never felt so calm, or been able to think so clearly.

MRS. GRAVES. I think quite clearly enough, thank you.

LOTTY. And I've never wept so. A boat is a lovely place for weeping. (Mrs. Graves has had enough.)

MRS. GRAVES. (Rising.) I've castor oil in my room. (She starts to exit.) Mrs. Wilton, if you were a woman of greater age, your behavior could be understood as dotage. (Lotty considers.)

LOTTY. Well, if I did have a choice, Mrs. Graves, I suppose I would prefer dotage to condescension. (Mrs. Graves stops, glares.)

MRS. GRAVES. Cover your legs! (She exits.)

LOTTY. (Inhales, looks about.) Isn't it gorgeous to be part of this all, Rose? The dandellions and the lilies, me and Mrs. Graves ... all let in, all welcome!

ROSE. (At exit's end.) Honestly, Lotty. You'd make Pollyanna ill.

LOTTY. I can't help it. For the first time I feel such a part of everything!

ROSE. And what about me?

LOTTY. You must open yourself to it, Rose. You're angry.

ROSE. (Strongly) Yes, I am.

LOTTY. That's good!

ROSE. You're all so independent.

LOTTY. Perhaps you don't want to be independent.

ROSE. I do!

LOTTY. Nine days without husbands. Perhaps that doesn't suit you, Rose. I have a confession myself. Since we arrived here there hasn't been one moment when I wasn't thinking of Mellersh.

ROSE. I dreamed of him last night.

LOTTY. Mellersh?

ROSE. Frederick.

LOTTY. "Frederick." So that's his name!
LOTTY. And Mrs. Graves, and …
ROSE. *Desperately.* LISTEN TO ME! He wouldn't come!
LOTTY. Don't be silly.
ROSE. I lost a child, Lotty, I lost my child. Our child.
LOTTY. *Quietly.* Oh, Rose.
ROSE. It's been two years now, but …
LOTTY. No …
ROSE. Two years of trying to understand such a … punishment.
LOTTY. (Going to Rose, holding her.) No. No. (Rose embraces her, crying.) Rose. (Thinks.) I can't pretend to know what you're feeling, Rose. But I do know that you are not alone.
ROSE. I have you now.
LOTTY. Not me. Frederick.
ROSE. You're not listening.
LOTTY. You must invite him.
ROSE. He won't come.
LOTTY. He will. I've seen it! Frederick and Mellersh. At San Salvatore. (Rose smiles.)
ROSE. How can you see Frederick, Lotty? You don't know a thing about him.
LOTTY. You're such a damned logical woman, Mrs. Arnott. (Lotty extends her hand.) Come, let me take you boating, you can tell me everything.
ROSE. You said you were hungry.
LOTTY. Well, pick berries. You're right, Rose. I haven't been listening. But we're sisters, remember? And I'm listening now. (Rose takes Lotty's hand. They exit into the garden. Caroline enters from the villa, sees them leaving, sighs, relieved. She goes to the chaise, retrieves a flask from behind the pillows, opens it, drinks, exhales deeply. Mrs. Graves enters from the villa, flower in hair and castor oil in hand. She watches Caroline replace the flask.)
MRS. GRAVES. Castor oil! (Caroline smooths herself.) I expect the sun has caused you to feel ill. You should take some castor oil and go to bed.
CAROLINE. But I don't want castor oil, and I don't want to go to bed. I just want to be alone to think.
MRS. GRAVES. No one wants a woman who thinks. You should go to bed and get well.
CAROLINE. I am well.
MRS. GRAVES. Then I have had all the trouble of coming after you for nothing.

CAROLINE. Wouldn't you prefer coming after me and finding me well to coming after me and finding me ill? (Mrs. Graves lets out a small laugh, walks into the sun and looks up, inhales deeply. Costanza enters with a telegram.)
COSTANZA. Un telegramma, per la Signora Wilton. ("A telegram, for Mrs. Wilton.")
CAROLINE. È nel giardino, Costanza. ("She is in the garden.")
COSTANZA. Ab. Grazie, Donna Carolina. (She exits into the garden, calling.) Signora Wilton! Un telegramma! Signora Wilton!
MRS. GRAVES. Now who could be sending Mrs. Wilton a telegram?
CAROLINE. You shouldn't be so hard on Lotty, Mrs. Graves.
MRS. GRAVES. That woman must be curbed.
CAROLINE. She understands things, I think, in her way.
MRS. GRAVES. She "sees" things, you mean. Just a moment ago she said she saw inside of you.
CAROLINE. If that's so, then she's one of the few people who has ever bothered. (Mrs. Graves considers.)
MRS. GRAVES. You are an intriguing creature, Lady Caroline. I am very glad there are no men about. You are precisely the sort of woman who unbalances men. My mother unbalanced men, and I dare say it can come at quite a cost.
CAROLINE. Pricey, was she? (Mrs. Graves glares.) I apologize, Mrs. Graves. Sometimes I can go too far.
MRS. GRAVES. I understand some things myself, Lady Caroline, in my way. The burden of wit on our sex, for example. You should be thankful for your beauty. At least you are allowed credit for that.
CAROLINE. I would gladly trade it all, Mrs. Graves.
MRS. GRAVES. (Chuckling.) For what?
CAROLINE. Things lost.
MRS. GRAVES. How so?
CAROLINE. Jolly war, wasn't it? Except for those who never returned. And those of us who loved them. (Mrs. Graves softens.)
MRS. GRAVES. A brother?
CAROLINE. Never mind.
MRS. GRAVES. You are impossible.
CAROLINE. A husband.
MRS. GRAVES. A husband? I … (Moved.) I am sorry … I didn't know.
CAROLINE. No one did. We secretly married the night before his duty. For good luck. Funny, no?
MRS. GRAVES. I ... I am very surprised you've told me this, Lady Caroline.
CAROLINE. You have such a warm way of drawing people in, Mrs. Graves.
MRS. GRAVES. I grieved terribly when I lost my Clayton. That came as quite a surprise, I must say. Not nearly as surprising as it would have been to him.
CAROLINE. I had a reputation to uphold. I danced instead.
MRS. GRAVES. You've not found another?
CAROLINE. Another? We are the "moderns" now, Mrs. Graves. There's always another. When the wine has been spilled, there's still the dregs. Artists who want to "mold" me, photographers who want to "capture" me. And writers ... well, what woman wouldn't want to be studied, annotated, indexed?
MRS. GRAVES. They adore you, I'm sure.
CAROLINE. They don't even know me.
MRS. GRAVES. Are you certain that's their fault? (Caroline softens.)
CAROLINE. To be fair, there is one. Are you familiar with Florian Ayers? (Mrs. Graves shudders.)
MRS. GRAVES. Florian Ayers? That writer?!
CAROLINE. Mother's latest social acquisition.
MRS. GRAVES. "Romantic biographies."
CAROLINE. Indeed.
MRS. GRAVES. Salacious!
CAROLINE. And wildly successful.
MRS. GRAVES. Good God. (Thinks.) I once had a dog that chased his own tail.
CAROLINE. And?
MRS. GRAVES. People praised him, too.
CAROLINE. But Florian is sweet, really. And sad somehow. A lost soulmate, perhaps. (Mrs. Graves thinks, stirred.)
MRS. GRAVES. A lost soulmate. I feel so restless today.
CAROLINE. You've gotten some sun, Mrs. Graves. (Mrs. Graves retrieves her parasol, starts to open it.) It becomes you. (Mrs. Graves smiles, closes the parasol. Lotty lets out a great yelp from the garden.)
Lotty. (Offstage.) Mrs. Graves! Lady Caroline!
MRS. GRAVES. Lady Caroline. About the cognac.
Lotty. (Offstage.) Paradiso!
MRS. GRAVES. Don't trade everything for that. (Lotty enters from the garden excitedly, with Rose and Costanza, who have been dressed in flowers.)
Arnott. You must not write to him.
ROSE. As you wish, Mrs. Graves. (Gathering strength.) I'll telegraph him!
MRS. GRAVES. Oh! Well ... I am going to invite a guest!
ROSE. Who, Mrs. Graves? Tennyson or Carlyle? (Lotty gasps. Mrs. Graves burns.)
MRS. GRAVES. Kate Lumley! (The ladies laugh louder.) There is nothing funny about Kate Lumley, I assure you. I shall write to her this instant, and she shall have the spare room! There are to be no men roaming San Salvatore as long as I am staying here. Kate Lumley will see to that! (Wilding enters from the villa.)
WILDING. Cheers, everyone!
MRS. GRAVES. (Appalled.) Oh!
LOTTY. (Thrilled.) Mr. Wilding!
WILDING. Is this a bad time? I was passing through to Rome and thought I'd see how things were going.
LOTTY. This is too much!
MRS. GRAVES. I should say! (She rings her bell furiously.)
CAROLINE. (Noticeably impressed.) You may remember my letter, Mr. Wilding. (Lifts her hand.) Lady Caroline Bramble. (Wilding nods, looks to Rose excitedly.)
WILDING. Mrs. Arnott! (He goes to Rose, takes her hand, spins her around.) And you were white!
ROSE. (Beaming.) Mr. Wilding!
WILDING. It's just as I saw it!
LOTTY. It's just as I saw it! (Costanza enters, sees Wilding.)
COSTANZA. Tonio! (She runs to Wilding. They embrace.)
WILDING. Costanza!
COSTANZA. Bambino mio! (“My little boy!”)
MRS. GRAVES. Oh, good God!
COSTANZA. (To Wilding, pointing at Mrs. Graves.) Piazza! (Miming hours in your lovely company, and the promise of hearing your golden memories of the great Lord Tennyson. (Mrs. Graves opens her mouth, but is wordless. She slowly smiles, then coquettishly takes the bag.)
MRS. GRAVES. (Bubbling over.) Make yourself at home! (Lights down.)

Scene 3

Lights up on the terrace of San Salvatore, the following afternoon. Rose sits on the chaise in a summer dress, hair loose, with parasol, posing for Wilding, who stands before a canvas and easel, sketching her.

WILDING. That's it. And just a little ... there. Would you lift your chin just a ... (She does so.) Yes. You have a fine chin, Mrs. Arnott. And now it is ... caught. I must say you have shown admirable patience.
ROSE. I hope that won’t be the tone of the portrait, Mr. Wilding.
WILDING. Oh?
ROSE. I should hate to one day find myself used in textbooks as an illustration of "admirable patience." (Costanza enters from the villa with tea.)
COSTANZA. Te.
WILDING. (Not looking up from his work.) Grazie, Costanza. (Costanza sees Rose.)
COSTANZA. Ah! Squisita! Bellissima! (“Lovely! Beautiful!”)
ROSE. Is that good?
WILDING. Quite. (Costanza looks at the sketch.)
COSTANZA. Oh, Tonio. Meravigliosa! ("Marvelous!")
WILDING. Vi ricorda qualcuno, Costanza? (“Does she remind you of anyone?”)
COSTANZA. Mi ricorda? (“Remind me?”) Thinks, realizes, sadly.)
Ah, si. Lo vedo. (“Yes, I see it.” Changing the subject.) Ma quando dipingerai il ritratto di Costanza? (“But when are you going to paint Costanza's portrait?”) She poses.
WILDING. Ho già fatto! Troppo difettoso non posso mostrarlo in
COSTANZA. (Realizes he's teasing, laughs, embarrassed.) Oh tu! Diavolino! Tu sei il figlio del tuo papa, non c'è dubbio! ("Oh, you! Little devil! You are your father's boy, no doubt about it."
Wagging her finger as she exits into the villa.) Sì il figlio di papa!
ROSE. (Still posing.) Costanza is very fond of you.
WILDING. Oh, yes. Part of the family. Part of her family, I mean.
Costanza is the mother of nine.
ROSE. Nine?!
WILDING. Ten, counting me now, I suppose.
ROSE. Speaking of admirable patience.
WILDING. I owe Costanza a great deal. She was wonderful with
Mother. Here ... you've worked enough. Let's have some tea.
(Wilding pours tea and prepares a small plate of biscuits. Rose stands,
stretches. She's unusually relaxed. She motions toward the sketch.)
ROSE. May I?
WILDING. Of course. (She takes a look.) Mind you, it's only a
sketch.
ROSE. (Moved.) It's lovely, Mr. Wilding.
WILDING. I shall finish it properly in Rome. (Rose smiles, walks
to the tea.)
ROSE. Rome must be fascinating.
WILDING. (Handing her a cup of tea.) Very beautiful. Very
romantic. And one must have one's escape, mustn't one? (They are
close. Rose smells the tea.)
ROSE. Cinnamon.
WILDING. "Cannella."
ROSE. Cannella.
WILDING. Si. Biscotto? (He offers her the plate of biscuits.)
ROSE. (Blushing.) Grazie. (She takes the plate.) Is Mrs. Wilton still
out?
WILDING. Yes. Well, out again, that is. She and Mrs. Graves
got to the village.
ROSE. To the village? Mrs. Graves?
WILDING. Does that surprise you?
ROSE. I suppose yesterday it would have. But since you've arrived,
Mr. Wilding, we seem to have a somewhat altered Mrs. Graves.
WILDING. Really? I find her most delightful.
ROSE. You've doted on her properly. You've doted on us all.
WILDING. Sometimes all it takes is a little attention to do the
trick. (Looking at her.) You must admit, Mrs. Arnott, that I was cor-
rect about something.
ROSE. What?
WILDING. That you were meant to be at San Salvatore.
ROSE. (Thoroughly, pleasantly embarrassed.) You and Costanza just
now ...”
WILDING. Yes?
ROSE. Were you comparing me with the original? (Wilding is
stunned.)
WILDING. The ... what? (Rose senses she's said something wrong.)
ROSE. The portrait of the Madonna? Above the stairs?
WILDING. (Relieved.) Oh. Yes. You have to admit the likeness is
extraordinary.
ROSE. I didn't know I looked so solemn.
WILDING. You don't. Not today.
ROSE. I don't think my vicar would approve of such comparisons.
WILDING. No. no. But then that's what vicars do, don't they?
(Rose smiles. Wilding looks at her.) Actually, it's someone else you
remind me of.
ROSE. Not some "old flame," I pray.
WILDING. Oh, no, no. Nothing of that nature. (Wilding thinks.
Rose becomes a little uncertain, but smiles inquisitively.) There are
moments, Mrs. Arnott, when you remind me so much of my
mother. (Total silence. Rose keeps her composure. Except for the
biscuits, which spill onto the floor.)
ROSE. Oh!
WILDING. Oh, dear. (He picks up the biscuits and takes the plate.)
Here, I'll get you more.
ROSE. No, no. (She looks out as Wilding busies with the biscuits,
catches her breath, thinks.) I know you were very close to your
mother, Mr. Wilding. So it's very nice of you to say such a thing.
WILDING. I saw it the first time we met.
ROSE. I see. Are there any photographs of her here?
WILDING. I wish there were. Mother was much too modest for
that. Father and I both tried, but she'd have none of it, I'm afraid.
ROSE. And what was your father like, Mr. Wilding?
WILDING. Father? Father loved beauty. He loved life. He lived
life. Mother was always a little embarrassed by that, I think. A
shame, really. Because she was his life. He flat out adored her.
ROSE. Sweet.
WILDING. (Looking out, pointing.) Do you see that acacia tree
there? (Rose looks out.) Father told a story that his father, my grand-
father, while walking one day with my grandmother, thrust his walking stick into the ground at that spot and said, "Here we shall have an acacia." He left the stick in the ground as a reminder, and presently, how long afterward nobody seems to remember, the stick began to sprout. And it was an acacia. (Rose smiles.) After duty, in hospital, I tried to paint that tree, but could never do it justice.

ROSE. Were you wounded?

WILDING. Just a bit tired. I came straight from hospital to San Salvatore, in fact. And Mother and Costanza.

ROSE. I'm sure that cured you. (Willing smiles, sadly. Lotty yells from the garden.)

LOTTY. (Offstage.) Yoo Hoo!

WILDING. Here they are.

ROSE. They look as if they've bought the whole place! (Lotty enters from the garden with Mrs. Graves on her arm. Mrs. Graves' mode of dress has lightened. Lotty is bright and well-groomed. They are laden with packages, with which Wilding helps.)

LOTTY. We're almost there, Mrs. Graves.

MRS. GRAVES. Good God, you've been saying that for an hour.

LOTTY. And now it's true! Thank you, Mr. Wilding.

WILDING. I should have gone along, ladies.

LOTTY. Oh, no. We made much progress on our own, didn't we, Mrs. Graves?

MRS. GRAVES. We march on Rome tomorrow.

LOTTY. We are in for a treat, everyone!

MRS. GRAVES. Well, I make no promises, but I have at least procured the makings of a proper meal. Tonight I shall teach Costanza how to prepare steak and kidney pie.

LOTTY. Rose, perhaps you'd help me with Costanza. There's teaching to be done!

ROSE. Yes. (Lotty and Rose gather the packages.)

WILDING. Shall I have Costanza bring tea inside?

MRS. GRAVES. (Sweetly.) I should like to take my tea out here with you, Mr. Wilding.

WILDING. Very well.

LOTTY. Thank you for a grand time, Mrs. Graves. (She kisses Mrs. Graves on the cheek, exits. Mrs. Graves is aghast.)

ROSE. And thank you, Mr. Wilding. For everything.

WILDING. I haven't done anything, Mrs. Arnott.

ROSE. (Sincerely.) You have. (She exits.)

MRS. GRAVES. Mr. Wilding. I would like tonight's dinner to be

my thanks for your generous company. I am sorry you are leaving tomorrow. It is so nice to have a man about the place.

WILDING. I'm glad San Salvatore agrees with you, Mrs. Graves.

MRS. GRAVES. How could it not? You are very young to be a man of property.

WILDING. I can hardly take credit for that.

MRS. GRAVES. But you should. Inheritance is so much more respectable than acquisition.

WILDING. How did you fare in the village?

MRS. GRAVES. Oh, that Mrs. Wilton is a stubborn thing. From day one I have tried to make peace with her, but to no avail.

WILDING. With some people there seems to be no choice but to relent.

MRS. GRAVES. No! To relent is to surrender, Mr. Wilding. That is not the English way at all. You have spent far too much time in Italy, I fear. (She walks to the sketch.)

WILDING. Perhaps you are right.

MRS. GRAVES. This Mrs. Arnott is a particular case herself.

WILDING. Yes.

MRS. GRAVES. (Watching his reaction.) Yes. Tell me, Mr. Wilding, what do you make of our Lady Caroline?

WILDING. She's lovely. I seem to have made a poor impression, however.

MRS. GRAVES. There's more to Lady Caroline than meets the eye.

WILDING. She is very solitary.

MRS. GRAVES. A common thing today, it seems, since the war.

WILDING. And you? I picture you in London surrounded by grandchildren.

MRS. GRAVES. Grand...? Oh no, no. One needs children to have grandchildren, Mr. Wilding. (Caroline enters.)

WILDING. Ah! Lady Caroline.

MRS. GRAVES. Who missed dinner again last night.

CAROLINE. I wasn't feeling well.

WILDING. I do hope you are feeling better.

MRS. GRAVES. Our Lady Caroline has a remarkable inclination toward rapid recovery. (She sits and places her stick aside.)

CAROLINE. Mr. Wilding. Since you are here, perhaps something can be done about the bath. It is really quite a confusion.

WILDING. (Cordially.) A confusion?

CAROLINE. One shouldn't have to risk one's life merely for the convenience of warm water.
FREDERICK. Yes, well. It doesn't really.  (Weakly.) But I was already in Lisbon ...  
CAROLINE. You are a wicked thing, Mr. Ayers.  
FREDERICK. No, no. Just weak, I'm told.  
CAROLINE. Didn't mother tell you I was doing a rest cure?  
FREDERICK. Yes, she did. That's why I haven't intruded on you earlier in the day. I thought you would probably sleep all day and get up just in time for tea.  (Crumbling.) I couldn't help myself, Caroline.  (Costanza clears her throat.)  
CAROLINE. Grazie, Costanza.  
FREDERICK. (Looking at his watch.) One more for dinner?)  
CAROLINE. Si. Grazie.  (Costanza exits into the villa.)  
FREDERICK. What did you say?  
CAROLINE. I told her to add you to dinner.  (Finding it difficult to maintain her carefree pose.) Mother didn't send you, did she, Florian?  
FREDERICK. Oh no, on my word, Caroline.  
CAROLINE. I wanted to have a month that was perfectly blank.  
FREDERICK. And now I've interrupted.  
CAROLINE. (Sincerely.) I feel all a jumble.  
FREDERICK. (Attempting again to lift the mood.) Perhaps it's good I came then! There's a jazz club in Genoa! I was given the name. Something “Eeny,” “Leeny,” “Cheeny.” I'm told it's quite the thing!  
CAROLINE. I'm so tired, Florian.  
FREDERICK. (Uncomfortably.) You, Caroline?  (Seeing the sketch, reflecting.) Have you taken up art now?  (He goes to the sketch, studies it, at first with pleasure, and then with utter bewilderment.)  
CAROLINE. I don't know what to do anymore.  
FREDERICK. (Scratching his head, transfixed.) Nothing a little jazz and gin won't cure, is there? Speaking of which ...  (Turning back to Caroline, dazed.) I seem to be a little dry at the moment. Any “refreshments” hereabout?  
CAROLINE. There's tea.  
FREDERICK. (Disappointed.) Oh.  
CAROLINE. Here.  (She retrieves the flask.) This will help.  
FREDERICK. There's my girl.  (He drinks, glances toward the sketch. Caroline thinks.)  
CAROLINE. (Sadly.) Florian? Have you ever lost hold of something? Something so vital that you didn't know how to go on?  (Frederick considers.)
FREDERICK. (Sincerely.) I have.
CAROLINE. What did you do?
FREDERICK. I went on.
CAROLINE. But it's not the same.
FREDERICK. No.
CAROLINE. You've always seemed like someone I could talk to, Florian. There's something disarmingly... honest about you.
FREDERICK. (Dropping all pretense.) We should talk, Caroline. Perhaps we can find a restaurant in the village.
CAROLINE. Yes? Oh, but there's to be a special dinner here tonight.
FREDERICK. We can make an early appearance and then go. Here. (He hands her the flask. Caroline smiles, decides not to drink, closes the flask.)
CAROLINE. (Indicating the chaise.) You lie down and rest a bit, then. Let me go change.
FREDERICK. I could do with a rest. (Goes to the chaise.) That's really quite a climb up from the village. There was a motorcar at the station, but the driver was too busy arguing with some other chap. So many English in Italy this time of year.
CAROLINE. Well, rest, and then you can regale all of us at dinner with stories of your tour.
FREDERICK. "All of us"? I hope I'm not interrupting anything.
CAROLINE. Ladies.
FREDERICK. Ah! (Caroline starts to exit into the villa, stops.)
CAROLINE. Tell me something. The jazz and the gin. Would you ever give it all up? (Fredderick thinks, sighs.)
FREDERICK. Gladly. (Caroline smiles, gives him a quick kiss, exits. Frederick looks around, relaxes back on the chaise, settles in, shuts his eyes, rests. Rose enters from the villa, goes to the sketch, studies it. Frederick begins singing "Ma, He's Making Eyes at Me" under his breath. Rose looks up, sees him, freezes in disbelief: She walks to him.)
ROSE. Frederick?
FREDERICK. (Dreaming.) Rose.
ROSE. Frederick! (Frederick opens his eyes, stares.)
FREDERICK. Rose? (He jumps up, amazed at her appearance, stunned by her presence.) Rose! (Rose throws her arms around him, kissing him passionately. Costanza enters, sees, crosses herself, exits.)
ROSE. Frederick! Oh, Frederick! When did you start?
FREDERICK. (Trying to decipher between kisses.) Start?
ROSE. Yes. When did you leave?
FREDERICK. (Attempting an acceptable answer, weakly.) Yesterday morning?
ROSE. The very instant then!
FREDERICK. Yes! The very instant!
ROSE. How quickly my telegram must have got to Lisbon!
FREDERICK. (Understanding.) Telegram! Yes, yes, didn't it though!
ROSE. Oh, Frederick! Frederick! (She kisses him fully. Wilding enters from the villa, sees.)
WILDING. Well, I'm damned.
ROSE. Oh! Oh, Mr. Wilding! Mr. Wilding. Forgive me. I'm so embarrassed.
WILDING. No, no.
ROSE. (To Frederick.) This is Mr. Frederick, Wilding ... (laughs.
To Wilding.) Oh ... I mean, this is Mr. Arnott, Frederick. (Laughs, composes herself.) Mr. Wilding, this ... (smiles.) ... is my husband ... Mister Arnott.
FREDERICK. How ... how do you do? (They shake hands.)
WILDING. I'm not quite sure, really.
ROSE. Mr. Wilding owns the castle, Frederick.
FREDERICK. (Wide-eyed, ready to say anything.) Ah! Beautiful!
WILDING. Yes.
ROSE. (Giddily.) Oh, Frederick. I didn't know whether to write or not, whether you wanted ... but Lotty made me believe!
FREDERICK. Oh, well, Lotty, yes. Who's Lotty?
ROSE. Lotty! Mrs. Wilton. One of the other guests. She's from Hampstead as well. And, oh, there's Mrs. Graves. I don't know what you'll make of her. And Lady Caroline Bramble!
FREDERICK. (Weakly.) Really? Lady Caroline Bramble?
WILDING. If you'll excuse me ...
ROSE. (Choosing her words as discreetly as possible, trying to hide her excitement, gathering Frederick's things.) Oh, no. If you'll be so kind to excuse us, Mr. Wilding, I think it would be best if Mr. Arnott and myself retired presently to our room to ... prepare for dinner.
WILDING. Right. Right, then. A pleasure meeting you, Mr. Arnott.
FREDERICK. Likewise.
ROSE. Oh, Frederick! (Taking his hand and leading him toward the villa.) Lotty always said we must believe that anything can happen. And it can!
FREDERICK. (Flumloosed.) Yes. Apparently it can! (They exit.
Costanza enters from the villa, holds out a card.)
COSTANZA. Tonio! Un altro! ("Another.")
WILDING. Un altro? (He takes the card. A newly humbled Mellersh
timidly enters from the villa, clutching his travel bag, hat, coat, and Italian phrase book.) Buon giorno.

PELLERSH. (Attempting Italian, badly.) Bu-on gi-or-no. Par ... parla ... Ing ... Ing ... ("Do you speak English?")

WILDING. Inghese? Not only do I speak English, I am English.

PELLERSH. Ah! Thank heavens! (He hands his things to Costanza.)

PELLERSH Wilton, family solicitor.

WILDING. So it says. Antony Wilding. (They shake hands.)

PELLERSH. How do you do?

WILDING. You are a relative of our Mrs. Wilton?

PELLERSH. You could say that. (Looking about. Completely out of his element.) Then my wife is here?

PELLERSH. Mrs. Wilton.

WILDING. (Stunned.) Your wife!! Yes, yes. She's just in the kitchen with Mrs. Graves. (To himself.) Now she's a widow, surely. (Composing himself.) Costanza, prenda Signora Wilton, prego. ("Get Mrs. Wilton.

COSTANZA. At wit's end.) Sì, Tonio. Quanti sono per cena adesso?

"How many for dinner now?"

WILDING. Sette. A meno che non ci aspettino altre sorprese. ("Seven. Unless there are even more surprises.

COSTANZA. Sì, è una sorpresa dopo l'altra! ("It's just one surprise after another!") She exits, pointedly leaving Pellersh's things.

WILDING. Costanza will fetch her for you. You look parched. Would you like some tea?

PELLERSH. Oh, please!

WILDING. (Serving.) Any trouble finding the place?

PELLERSH. A struggle or two, but I rallied.

WILDING. You're familiar with Italy?

PELLERSH. (Weakly.) I've read books. (Takes the tea, drinks.)

WILDING. Thank you. (Assessing Wilding, uncomfortably.) My wife wrote that this was a party of four ladies.

PELLERSH. Yes. (PELLERSH waits.)

PELLERSH. And you?

WILDING. I suppose I'm what you'd call the landlord.

PELLERSH. You mean you are the owner of the place?

WILDING. Yes.

PELLERSH. Oh? (Pleased.) Oh! My wife also wrote that Lady Caroline Bramble was among the guests.

WILDING. Yes.

PELLERSH. (Even more pleased.) Well! (Lotty enters from the villa.)

LOTTY. (Softly.) Hello, Pellersh. (PELLERSH grins, turns, but turns away again and composes himself.)

PELLERSH. Mrs. Wilton. (A nervous moment. Lotty is ready to burst, and she does. She rushes toward Pellersh.)

LOTTY. Oh, Pellersh! Welcome! (PELLERSH jumps. His tea cup flies from its saucer and is caught by Wilding.)

PELLERSH. Good heavens, Charlotte!

LOTTY. Have you and Mr. Wilding introduced yourselves?

PELLERSH. Surely.

LOTTY. Are you all right, Mr. Wilding?

PELLERSH. (Dazed.) What? Oh, no ... I mean yes! Fine, fine. (He returns the cup to its saucer.) I suppose I should go check on the steak and kidney pie. (To himself; exiting.) Widows!

LOTTY. I am so glad to see you, Pellersh!

PELLERSH. Really? But you couldn't meet me at the station?

LOTTY. Oh, but I had so much to do! And the time ... well, San Salvatore has a way of making one forget all about time.

PELLERSH. (Attempting control.) Forget about time? Absurd.

LOTTY. It's not absurd. You'll see.

PELLERSH. I would like to pay my respects to your hostess, Charlotte.

LOTTY. Hostess?

PELLERSH. This Mrs. Arnott who invited you here.

LOTTY. There is something I haven't told you, Pellersh.

PELLERSH. There appear to be many things you haven't told me.

LOTTY. (Nervously.) I ... wasn't invited here.

PELLERSH. Not...? You named three ladies in your telegram.

LOTTY. Yes. The four of us are here.

PELLERSH. And this Mr. Wilding.

LOTTY. I know it must seem confusing, Pellersh, and it should to you, and for that I do apologize. But, you see ... it's just that the four of us ladies, we ... well ... we have rented the castle.

PELLERSH. Rented?

LOTTY. Yes. Together. Each of us is paying her own share.

PELLERSH. (Aghast.) Paying?! How much?

LOTTY. That, Pellersh ... I'm afraid ... is really not at all your affair. (She gasps and covers her mouth. Pellersh's jaw drops.) It came out of my dress allowance. My nest egg. I know you have every reason to be angry and hurt, Pellersh, but I hope you won't and will forgive me instead. This holiday has meant everything to me. Look at me! I've been translated!
LOTTY. Well, I assure you, Mellersh ...  
MELLERSH. Lady Caroline Bramble? Really, Charlotte.  
LOTTY. Well, I ...  
MELLERSH. You've been very clever, my dear!  
LOTTY. Clever?  
MELLERSH. I have planned precisely what I should say.  
LOTTY. Oh, but you mustn't disturb Lady Caroline.  
MELLERSH. I shall be the soul of discretion.  
LOTTY. This isn't a business trip, Mellersh.  
MELLERSH. No, but ...  
LOTTY. Mellersh! (Costanza enters with a towel and bath brush.)  
COSTANZA. Bagno pronto, Signore. ("The bath is ready, sir.")  
LOTTY. I'll prepare your things. (She gets his bag, leaves his hat.)  
MELLERSH. Thank you.  
LOTTY. And be careful with the bath, Mellersh. It's very old. You mustn't turn the fire on until ...  
MELLERSH. (Impatiently.) Thank you, Charlotte. (Lotty exits. Mellersh stays for the villa, but Costanza blocks the entrance.) Bagno pronto, you say?  
COSTANZA. Bagno pronto.  
MELLERSH. Very well, then. Thank you. Grat-zee.  
COSTANZA. Il bagno è molto vecchio e pericoloso, Signore. ("The bath is very old and dangerous, sir.")  
MELLERSH. Pericoloso?  
COSTANZA. (Nodding.) Si. Bagno pericoloso. (Mellersh thinks, huffs, takes out his phrase book, thumbs through it. Costanza rolls her eyes, enunciates.) Pe — ri — co — lo ...  
MELLERSH. Yes, yes. Pericoloso. (Finds it.) Dangerous. A bath?  
COSTANZA. Si. Bagno "boom!"  
MELLERSH. Bag-no boom? Good Heavens, I'm a big boy, thank you very much. I can surely take care of myself in a bath.  
COSTANZA. (Emphatically.) No, no! Bagno "boom," Signore! Deve stare molto attento! ("You must be very careful.")  
MELLERSH. Very well, bag-no boom, bag-no boom. (He snatches the towel and brush.) Now, shoo! Go on! (Costanza scurries onto the terrace.) Grat-zee, Signorina. (He enters the villa.)  
COSTANZA. (Curtsying sarcastically.) Sig-norina! (She huffs, bites her knuckle, clears the tea service, muttering. Lotty enters from the villa, looking for Mellersh's hat.)
LOTTY. (Aglow.) Oh, Costanza! Paradiso, Costanza, Paradiso!
COSTANZA. (Humoring her.) Si, sì, Signora. Paradiso! (Under her breath.) Inferno! ("Hell!") (Caroline enters from the villa, dressed for dinner, looking for Frederick.)
LOTTY. Caroline! You are beautiful!
CAROLINE. Have you seen a man?
LOTTY. It's Mellersh! He's arrived!
CAROLINE. Oh, Lotty, good!
LOTTY. It's just as I saw it! But look here. Don't pay Mellersh any mind if he asks you a lot of questions.
CAROLINE. Questions?
LOTTY. With Mellersh, it's best to just say "marvelous," and leave it at that.
CAROLINE. I really am happy for you.
LOTTY. Thank you, Caroline! I can't wait for you to meet him! I am about to burst! (There is an explosion from within the villa, followed by a pained wail. Clouds of steam pour forth. Mellersh runs out clad only in a small towel. The ladies stand, stunned, unnoticed.)
MELLERSH. Damn that bath!
COSTANZA. Bagno pericoloso! Bagno "booma!" (Mellersh spins, fumbles.)
MELLERSH. (To Costanza.) Woman!
LOTTY. Mellersh! (He spins.)
MELLERSH. Charlotte!
LOTTY. This is most inappropriate, Mellersh.
MELLERSH. I could say as much!
CAROLINE. (With great formality.) I don't believe we've met.
MELLERSH. (Spinning, agast.) Ah! Ha! No! No ... No, we haven't. I ... I'm afraid I used unpardonable language.
CAROLINE. (Trying not to laugh.) I thought it most appropriate. (Lifting her hand, making the most of it.) Lady Caroline Bramble.
MELLERSH. (Smiling weakly at her hand.) How do you do? (Clears his throat, launches into what he had prepared, as if nothing were wrong.) I had so been looking forward to our meeting. Mellersh Wilton, family soli ... (He attempts to extend his hand, but the towel slips.)
COSTANZA. Ah!
MELLERSH. Oh! (Mrs. Graves enters from the villa.)
MRS. GRAVES. (Gasping, catching an eyeful.) Oh!
MELLERSH. (Surrounded.) Good God!
CAROLINE. Mr. Wilton, may I introduce Mrs. Clayton Graves.

MRS. GRAVES. The pleasure is all mine!
LOTTY. Now you've met nearly everyone, Mellersh!
MELLERSH. How fortunate. (To Mrs. Graves.) How do you do? (His towel slips again, exposing his backside. The ladies gasp, smiling. Costanza quickly covers Mellersh with his hat.)
COSTANZA. Signore. (He takes the hat.)
MELLERSH. Grat-zee. (He covers himself haphazardly with the hat and towel and inches toward the villa. The ladies can barely contain their laughter.) Well ... well, this has been nice, but ... but you ... you ... you will ... perhaps another time would be ... (With sudden formality, placing his hat on his head, bowing.) Excuse me, ladies. (He bolts into the villa. The ladies laugh. Wilding runs from the villa.)
WILDING. Ladies, ladies. I am sorry. I should have tended to that heater immediately.
MRS. GRAVES. "In the flesh," indeed, Mrs. Wilton! (Rose and Frederick run from the villa, straightening themselves.)
ROSE. Lotty? What on earth?
LOTTY. Oh, it was only Mellersh, Rose.
CAROLINE. (To Frederick.) There you are! (Frederick clutches Rose.)
LOTTY. He's arrived!
WILDING. I suppose I had better make some introductions. Mrs. Graves, Mrs. Wilton, Lady Caroline, allow me to introduce Mrs. Arnott's ... Mister Arnott. (Frederick smiles helplessly.)
ROSE. Say hello, Frederick.
FREDERICK. (Managing only a weak squeak.) Hello!
MRS. GRAVES. (Knowingly.) You look flushed, my boy. One mustn't get too much sun too soon. Isn't that right, Lady Caroline? (Caroline is frozen. She looks at Rose, who is beaming. She looks at Frederick.)
CAROLINE. (With complete grace.) Yes, Mr. Arnott. We must find you a hat. (The sound of piano music, Albéniz's "Suite Española No. 1 — Granada." Lights down.)
Scene 4

Lights up on the terrace, later that evening. Deep blue moonlight. Caroline stands looking out into the garden. Music floats from the villa. Lotty enters from the villa, dressed for dinner.

Lotty. There you are. We're having a lovely time inside. What's the matter, Caroline? (Caroline gathers herself.)

Caroline. (Lost.) I was looking for ghosts. (Lotty thinks, looks out.)

Lotty. They're everywhere, aren't they?

Caroline. Yes.

Lotty. Mr. Wilding was asking about you.

Caroline. Mr. Wilding is very charming. As is your Mr. Wilton.

Lotty. Thank you, Caroline. I should have never gotten him started on that piano, though.

Caroline. He plays beautifully.

Lotty. He does, doesn't he?

Caroline. Did you see the full moon?

Lotty. Somehow everything seems full tonight.

Caroline. It's love.

Lotty. I suppose it is.

Caroline. The whole place reeks of it. I'll be leaving tomorrow, Lotty.

Lotty. No, Caroline. (Rose enters from the villa, dressed for dinner.)

Rose. Ladies, there's coffee if you'd like. Oh! A full moon! Beautiful!

Caroline. (Warming.) It must be great comfort to be so adored, Mrs. Arnott.

Rose. Oh?

Caroline. You and your husband have been making eyes all evening.

Rose. (Glowing.) We have, haven't we? It's been so long since Frederick has read his poetry.

Lotty. It's wonderful, Rose.

Rose. Even Mrs. Graves thought so!

Caroline. (Genuinely.) I really am so happy for you, Rose.

Lotty. Caroline is lonely, Rose.

Caroline. Lotty!

Lotty. I hadn't seen it until now, but look. (Rose looks.)

Rose. We were sisters all along then, Caroline. (Frederick enters from the villa, dressed for dinner.)

Frederick. Is the party moving out here now?

Lotty. Just admiring the view, Mr. Arnott.

Frederick. Ah!

Rose. I'm surprised Mrs. Graves let you away.

Lotty. Your poetry is lovely.

Frederick. Really?

Lotty. Yes.

Frederick. No.

Rose. (Going to him.) Don't be modest, Frederick.

Frederick. It's wonderful to see you like this, Rose.

Rose. You as well. (They kiss.)

Caroline. You are a very lucky man, "Mr. Arnott."

Frederick. Thank you, "Lady Caroline."

Caroline. Rose, you should show your husband the lower garden. In the moonlight it will be extraordinary.

Lotty. Yes!

Rose. Would you like to, Frederick?

Frederick. Very much.

Rose. Very well. (They walk toward the garden, stop.) Lotty, tomorrow you must take Caroline boating.

Lotty. Well, of course!

Caroline. No, I don't think ...

Rose. You'll like that, Caroline. I see it! (The ladies smile. Rose salutes.) All'Italia!

Lotty. All'Italia, Rose!

Caroline. All'Italia! (Rose and Frederick exit into the garden. Lotty and Caroline watch after them, then look out.) Is this really an enchanted place, Lotty?

Lotty. Perhaps. You have to stay and find out. (The piano has stopped, followed by soft applause and laughter from within the villa. Mrs. Graves enters from the villa arm-in-arm with Mellersh and Wilding. They are dressed for dinner and carry filled apertif glasses.)

Mrs. Graves. Well, I'm not sure London would be ready for Costanza's steak and kidney pie, but for a first effort I thought it exceptional. (She sees Lotty and Caroline.) Look, gentlemen. Sirens! Mellersh. You know, you might find this a bit fantastic, but
MELLERSH. We should have proposed a toast to you at dinner.
MRS. GRAVES. (To Wilding.) Is there nothing that will convince you
to stay with us a while longer?
WILDING. But I've already packed my things, so that Mr. Wilton
may have the spare room tonight.
MELLERSH. The spare room?
LOTTY. Oh ... oh, no, Mr. Wilton shall share my
room, of course.
WILDING. Well, then, I would be honored.
MELLERSH. (Under his breath.) The spare room, Charlotte?
LOTTY. What of Kate Lumley, Mrs. Graves? Have you written?
MRS. GRAVES. Kate Lumley? Oh, no, no. What Kate Lumley
would make of macaroni alone I can but wonder. (Thinks.) Mr.
Willing, have you told Lady Caroline the story of the acacia?
WILDING. Well, no.
LOTTY. It's a lovely story, Caroline.
MRS. GRAVES. Perhaps you could show her the tree itself.
WILDING. I would like that very much. (Caroline smiles.)
CAROLINE. As would I.
WILDING. Well, right then. I'll get your stick, Mrs. Graves.
MRS. GRAVES. No, no. I've been without my stick all night. I'm
not even sure where I left it. Go on now.
WILDING. Very well. (Goes to Caroline.) I'm afraid I've been
remiss in my duties as host, Lady Caroline. I've been here two days
now and I scarcely know a thing about you.
CAROLINE. You must not read the newspapers, Mr. Wilding.
WILDING. No, I don't.
CAROLINE. Well, you should. (She looks at Lotty.) You never
know what you'll find. (Wilding and Caroline exit into the garden.
Mrs. Graves watches after them proudly.)
MRS. GRAVES. There. That's better.
LOTTY. Mrs. Graves, perhaps you would read to us from the
works of some of your great friends.
MELLERSH. Yes.
MRS. GRAVES. Somehow I'm not interested in hearing from my
great friends tonight. They always say the same things, don't they?
MELLERSH. But surely their wisdom ...
LOTTY. The Arnotts. Is Mrs. Arnott familiar to you, Mellersh?
MELLERSH. Mrs. Arnott? No.
LOTTY. From church. She's our disappointed Madonna.
MELLERSH. Is she? Well, fancy. I don't recall her being so attractive.
LOTTY. She's bloomed again. And there go the Carolines!
MELLERSH. Really, Charlotte.
LOTTY. Very well, Mellersh. The Wildings, then. And I'd wager we'll find Mrs. Graves' stick planted somewhere in the garden.
MELLERSH. Planted?
LOTTY. I'm sorry, Mellersh, but I see it. (Mellersh opens his mouth to object. Lotty raises her arm confidently.) Case closed, Mellersh.
MELLERSH. (Softly.) I thought I'd lost you, my dear.
LOTTY. Sometimes one just has to step back a bit. Your words, Mellersh.
MELLERSH. (Surprised, pleasantly.) Really?
LOTTY. (In full glory.) It's just a shame this all has to end. What could possibly follow such an enchanted April?
MELLERSH. I should think ... an enchanted May! (Lotty beams, turns and kisses him fully. They are silent for a moment. Softly.) I should go see to Mrs. Graves. (He kisses Lotty, starts to exit, stops.) Come in soon. (He smiles and exits into the villa. Lotty looks after him, hugs herself, takes it all in. Albéniz's "Suite Española No. 1 — Granada" resumes. Finally, to us, completely enchanted.)
LOTTY. "To those who appreciate wisteria and sunshine ... " (Sighs.) Not long after that evening, the wisteria at San Salvatore gave way, and, though a loss, the castle now dressed itself in triumphant white. There were white stocks and white pinks and white banksia roses, syringa and jessamine, and above all, the crowning glory of Mr. Wilding's acacia. A season had passed, and would pass again. And what I see now is that, enchantment aside, what had really been handed down that month was ... (Sincerely.) ... a lesson in gardening. The wisteria would return the following April. We all would, in fact. And there would be a wedding, and a new child. And Kate Lumley. But that first April we had only just planted our futures. And on our final day, as we reached the bottom of the hill and passed through the castle's gates, a great warm wind blew through and against our backs, as if to blow away our before-forever, now that our after-had begun. And with the wind came all the scents of San Salvatore ... the gardens and the sea, cinnamon and macaroni. And dancing among them,
PROPERTY LIST

Towels
White petals
London Times (ROSE, LOTTY, CAROLINE)
Scissors, mirror, towel (MELLERSH)
Monocle (MELLERSH)
Book and pen (FREDERICK)
Gloves (LOTTY)
Bowl of nuts, nutcracker (MRS. GRAVES)
Photographs, postcard (WILDING)
Envelope (LOTTY)
Tea service (WILDING)
Dessert, napkin (MELLERSH)
Billfold with money (FREDERICK)
Italian phrase book (ROSE)
Travel bags (ROSE and LOTTY)
Beans, bowl (COSTANZA)
Book (CAROLINE)
Pitcher (MRS. GRAVES)
Bell (MRS. GRAVES)
Cards (MRS. GRAVES)
Pillow (CAROLINE)
Tea tray, bowl of nuts (COSTANZA)
Parasols (MRS. GRAVES, ROSE)
Flowers (LOTTY)
Flask (CAROLINE)
Bottle of castor oil (MRS. GRAVES)
Telegram (COSTANZA, LOTTY)
Bag of nuts (WILDING)
Canvas and easel (WILDING)
Tea tray with biscuits (COSTANZA)
Packages (LOTTY and MRS. GRAVES)
Card (COSTANZA)
Travel bag, hat, coat, phrase book (MELLERSH)
Towel (MELLERSH)
Filled aperitif glasses (MELLERSH, WILDING, MRS. GRAVES)
Bowl of nuts (COSTANZA)

SOUND EFFECTS

Thunder
Rain
Train whistle
Train in motion
Church bell
Bell
Explosion
Albéniz’s “Suite Española No. 1 — Granada”
NEW PLAYS


★ THE MYSTERY PLAYS by Roberto Aguirre-Sacasa. Two interrelated one acts, loosely based on the tradition of the medieval mystery plays. "...stylish, spine-tingling...Mr. Aguirre-Sacasa uses standard tricks of horror stories, borrowing liberally from masters like Kafka, Lovecraft, Hitchcock...But his mastery of the genre is his own...irresistible." -NY Times. "Undaunted by the special-effects limitations of theatre, playwright and Marvel comic-book writer Roberto Aguirre-Sacasa maps out some creepy, twilight zones in THE MYSTERY PLAYS, an engaging, related pair of one acts...The theatre may rarely deliver shocks equivalent to...Dawn of the Dead, but Aguirre-Sacasa's work is fine compensation." -Time Out. [4M, 2W] ISBN: 0-8222-2038-5


NEW PLAYS


★ HANK WILLIAMS: LOST HIGHWAY by Randal Myler and Mark Harelik. The story of the beloved and volatile country-music legend Hank Williams, featuring twenty-five of his most unforgettable songs. "LOST HIGHWAY has the exhilarating feeling of Williams on stage in a particular place on a particular night...serves up classic country with the edges raw and the energy hot...By the end of the play, you've traveled on a profound emotional journey: LOST HIGHWAY transports its audience and communicates the inspiring message of the beauty and richness of Williams' songs...forceful, clear-eyed, moving, impressive." -Rolling Stone. "...honors a very particular musical talent with care and energy...smart, sweet, poignant." -NY Times. [7M, 3W] ISBN: 0-8222-1985-9

★ THE STORY by Tracey Scott Wilson. An ambitious black newspaper reporter goes against her editor to investigate a murder and finds the last story...but at what cost? "A singular new voice...deeply emotional, deeply intellectual, and deeply musical..." -The New Yorker. "...a conscientious and absorbing new drama..." -NY Times. "...a riveting, thought-provoking drama about race, reporting and the truth..." -A.P. "...a stylish, attention-holding script that ends on a chilling note that will leave viewers with much to talk about." -Curtain Up. [2M, 7W (doubling, flexible casting)] ISBN: 0-8222-1998-0

★ OUR LADY OF 121ST STREET by Stephen Adly Guirgis. The body of Sister Rose, beloved Harlem nun, has been stolen, reuniting a group of life-challenged childhood friends who square off as they wait for her return. "A scorching and dark new comedy...Mr. Guirgis has one of the finest imaginations for dialogue to come along in years." -NY Times. "Stephen Guirgis may be the best playwright in America under forty." -NY Magazine. [8M, 4W] ISBN: 0-8222-1965-4


★ INVENTING VAN GOGH by Steven Dietz. A haunting and hallucinatory drama about the making of art, the obsession to create and the fine line that separates truth from myth. "Like a van Gogh painting, Dietz's story is a gorgeous example of excess—one that reestablishes reality with broad, well-chosen brush strokes. At evening's end, we're left with the author's unique opinions on art and artists, and provoked by his constant query into which is greater: van Gogh's art or his violent myth..." -Phoenix New Times. "Dietz's writing is never simple. It is always brilliant. Shaded, compressed, direct, lucid—he frames his subject with a remarkable understanding of painting as a physical experience." -Tucson Citizen. [4M, 1W] ISBN: 0-8222-1954-9
NEW PLAYS

★ INTIMATE APPAREL by Lynn Nottage. The moving and lyrical story of a turn-of-the-century black seamstress whose gifts hands and sewing machine are the tools she uses to fashion her dreams from the whole cloth right of her life's experiences. "...Nottage's play has a delicacy and eloquence that seem absolutely right for the time she is depicting." -NY Daily News. "...thoughtful, affecting...The play offers poignant commentary on an era when the cut and color of one's dress—and of course, skin—determined whom one could and could not marry, sleep with, even talk to in public." -Variety. [IM] ISBN: 0-8222-2009-1

★ BROOKLYN BOY by Donald Margulies. A witty and insightful look at what happens to a writer when his novels hit the bestseller list. "The characters are beautifully drawn, the dialogue sparkles..." -nytheatre.com. "Few playwrights have the mastery to smartly investigate so much through a laugh-out-loud comedy that combines the vintage subject matter of successful writer-returning-to-ethnic-roots with the familiar mid-life crisis." -Show Business Weekly. [IM] ISBN: 0-8222-2074-1

★ CROWNS by Regina Taylor. Has become a springboard for an exploration of black history and identity in this celebratory musical play. "Taylor pulls off a Hat Trick: She scores thrice, turning CROWNS into an artful amalgamation of oral history, fashion show, and musical theater..." -Theatremania.com. "...wholly theatrical...Ms. Taylor has created a show that seems to arise out of spontaneous combustion, as if a bevy of department-store customers simultaneously decided to stage a revival meeting in the changing room." -NY Times. [IM, 6W (2 musicians)] ISBN: 0-8222-1963-8

★ EXITS AND ENTRANCES by Athol Fugard. The story of a relationship between a young playwright on the threshold of his career and an aging actor who has reached the end of his. "[Fugard] can say more with a single line than most playwrights can in an entire script...Paraphrasing the title, it's safe to say this drama, making its memorable entrance into our consciousness, is unlikely to exit as long as a theater exists for exceptional work." -Variety. "A thought-provoking, elegant and engaging new play..." -Hollywood Reporter. [IM] ISBN: 0-8222-2041-5

★ BUG by Tracy Letts. A thriller featuring a pair of star-crossed lovers in an Oklahoma City motel facing a bug invasion, paranoia, conspiracy theories and twisted psychological motives. "...obscenely exciting...top-flight craftsmanship. Buckle up and brace yourself..." -NY Times. "...[a] thoroughly outrageous and thoroughly entertaining play...the possibility of enemies, real and imagined, to squash has never been more theatrical." -A.P. [IM, 2W] ISBN: 0-8222-2016-4

★ THOM PAIN (BASED ON NOTHING) by Will Eno. An ordinary man muses on childhood, yearning, disappointment and loss, as he draws the audience into his last-ditch plea for empathy and enlightenment. "It's one of those timeless plays in the theater—treasured nights anywhere, for that matter—that can leave you both breathless with exhilaration and...in a puddle of tears." -NY Times. "Eno's words...are familiar, but proffered in a way that is constantly contradictory to our expectations. Beckert is certainly among his literary ancestors." -nytheatre.com. [IM] ISBN: 0-8222-2027-6


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NEW PLAYS

★ I AM MY OWN WIFE by Doug Wright. Winner of the 2004 Pulitzer Prize and 2004 Tony Award. The fascinating tale of Charlotte von Mahlsdorf, a real-life German transvestite who managed to survive both the Nazi onslaught and the repressive East German Communist regime. "...the most striking new work to appear on Broadway this fall...both moving and intellectually absorbing." -NY Times. "...riveting, subdue and powerful, with a marvelous emotional complexity." -The New Yorker. "A tense family drama...spare, emotionally brutal." -Time Out. [IM, 3W] ISBN: 0-8222-1998-3

★ ANNA IN THE TROPICS by Nilo Cruz. Winner of the 2003 Pulitzer Prize. When a new labor, employed to educate and entertain the workers in a Cuban-American cigar factory, begins to read aloud from Anna Karenina, he unwittingly becomes a catalyst in the lives of his listeners, for whom Tolstoy, the tropics and the American dream prove a volatile combination. "...Mr. Cruz has created a work as wistful and affecting as its characters. ANNA IN THE TROPICS reaches for the artistic heavens..." -NY Times. "...enticing and exotic—extraordinarily lovely." -Variety. [IM, 3W] ISBN: 0-8222-2000-8

★ TAKE ME OUT by Richard Greenberg. Winner of the 2003 Tony Award. Darren Lemming, the star center fielder of the world champion New York Empires, is so convinced of his popularity that when he casually announces his gay, he assumes the news will be readily accepted by everyone. It isn't. "...what an enchanting and enchanted take on baseball Mr. Greenberg has created...It's a sensibility that is so smart, raw and sincere at all once that you may find tears in your eyes..." -NY Times. "...a heady, heartfelt and enormously appealing romance...never in my theatergoing experience have I experienced such an overwhelming—and spontaneous—surge of affection sent across the footlights." -Variety. [IM (doubling)] ISBN: 0-8222-1993-X

★ TOPDOG/UNDERDOG by Suzan-Lori Parks. Winner of the 2002 Pulitzer Prize. Two brothers, Three Card Monte and a history of deception inhabit one room in this darkly comic fable of brotherly love and family identity..."an utterly mesmerizing evening of theater...the vitality, freshness and gritty lyricism of Parks' writing are unlike anything to be heard on a Broadway stage..." -Variety. "[a] vibrant comic drama of shifting identity and betrayal..." -NY Times. [IM] ISBN: 0-8222-1983-2

★ THE GOAT OR WHO IS SYLVIA? by Edward Albee. Winner of the 2002 Tony Award. "Powerful and extraordinary...Mr. Albee still asks questions that no other major American dramatist dares to ask." -NY Times. "...as challenging as it is funny—as theater gets..." -NY Post. "...as fine a piece of theatrical art as any Edward Albee has created—and perhaps boldest of them all." -Houston Chronicle. [IM, 1W] ISBN: 0-8222-1976-X

★ FROZEN by Bryony Lavery. Nominee for the 2004 Tony Award. A murder, its psychology and the mother of one of the young victims challenge us to explore our capacity for change, remorse and forgiveness. "...[a] fine play...so concentrated and unflinching that at times it takes your breath away." -Observer (London). "A major play...thrilling, humane and timely." -Time Out (London). [IM, 2W] ISBN: 0-8222-1945-X


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from the novel by Elizabeth von Arnim

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3M, 5W

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—Daily Variety

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