

PERUSAL SCRIPT



THE STORY OF Rose O'Neill

"THE KEWPIE LADY"

Book by **Neil K. Newell**
& **Max C. Golightly**

Lyrics by **Max C. Golightly,**
C. Michael Perry,
& **Neil K. Newell**

Music by **C. Michael Perry**
& **Neil K. Newell**

LEICESTER BAY THEATRICALS

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Rose

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Scene and Song Synopsis

Act One

Scene 1: 1945, Bonnie Brook.

MUSICAL #1 -- BY ANY OTHER NAME

Company

Scene 2: 1945, Bonnie Brook. .

MUSICAL #2 -- BREAD AND CABBAGE DAYS

Callista

Scene 3: New York City, 1910

MUSICAL #3: WHAT IS IT?

Millie, Rose, Office Workers

MUSICAL #3A WE'LL LIKE IT HERE!

Millie, Rose, Office Workers

Scene 4: 1945, Bonnie Brook

Scene 5: Paris, France

Scene 6: Germany. Factory.

MUSICAL #4 TAKE CARE OF THE TINIEST!

Rose, Tista, Factory Workers

Scene 7: Bonnie Brook.

Scene 8: Carabas.

Musical #5 --BELLS OF THE HEART

Rose

Scene 9 the hospital.

MUSICAL #6 --NO ROOM FOR FROWNS

Rose, Tista, Nurse, Children

Scene 10: 1945, Bonnie Brook.

Scene 11: Dance Floor, New York

MUSICAL #7 -- The Waltz

(Orchestra)

MUSICAL #8 -- GREY'S TANGO

Rose, Grey, Tista

Scene 12: Bonnie Brook, 1945

Musical #9 IS THAT ASKING TOO MUCH?

Callista, Edith

Scene 13: Wyoming Cabin

MUSICAL #10 HERE WE ARE

Rose, Harry

Scene 14: 1945, Bonnie Brook

MUSICAL # 11 -- Underscore

(Orchestra)

Scene 15: Omaha, 1885?

MUSICAL # 11B -- The Jig

(Orchestra)

MUSICAL #12 -- A LITTLE BIT OF THIS

Papa, Rose, Family, Instructors

Scene 16: Bonnie Brook, 1945

Scene 17: Café, New York, 1905

MUSICAL # 13 -- DIVORCING

Rose, Grey

Scene 18: Bonnie Brook, 1945

Scene 19: BonnieBrook.1909

Scene 20: BonnieBrook.1909. A little later.

MUSICAL # 14 -- Grey's Tango Underscore

(Orchestra)

MUSICAL # 15 -- WHO'LL TELL ME?

Rose

Act Two

MUSICAL # 16a -- Prelude

(Orchestra)

Scene 21: BonnieBrook.1945

MUSICAL # 16b -- ANOTHER ROSE

Callista

Scene 22: Carabas

Scene 23: Carabas

**MUSICAL # 17 -- BELLS OF THE HEART (rep) &
WE HAVE NOT BEEN FAIR**

Rose

Scene 24: BonnieBrook.1945

MUSICAL # 18 -- SWIFT MOMENTS

Callista, Rose, Tista, Harry, Gray,
Meemie, Poppa

Scene 25: BonnieBrook.1945

MUSICAL # 19 -- SAD/HAPPINESS SONG

Callista, Edith

Scene 26: Hospital, 1944

MUSICAL # 20 -- NO ROOM FOR FROWNS (reprise) Rose, Child, Poppa, Meemie,
Gray, Harry

MUSICAL # 21 -- FINALE: BY ANY OTHER NAME

Edith, Callista & Company

MUSICAL # 22 -- CURTAIN CALL

MUSICAL # 23 -- EXIT MUSIC

NOTE: If it is technologically possible, each time that ROSE sits to draw something, the drawing appears on a screen located at a particular point in the set. It would be even better if the drawing could happen stroke by stroke, as she draws, not just appears.

Cast of Characters

Callista O'Neill -- older sister to Rose and the story teller
Edith Sojourner -- Reporter for the Ladies Home Journal

THE FAMILY

Rose O'Neill -- creator of the Kewpies and others
Tista O'Neill -- younger version of the older sister (Callista)
Clink O'Neill -- mentally challenged brother to Rose

AT THE LADIES HOME JOURNAL

Edward Bok -- Editor
Millicent -- Fashion Editor
Office Workers

AT THE GERMAN FACTORY

Mr. Krup
Office Staff 1
Office Staff 2
Factory Workers

AT CASTLE CARABAS

Ted Shawn
Lyle
Gerry
Lucille
Morris
Murray

AT THE HOSPITAL

Nurse
Theresa -- child (also plays LEE)
Bobby -- child (also plays THOMAS)
Anne -- child (later plays CHILD as her granddaughter and ROSE at 11)
Other children in Hospital

THE HUSBANDS

Grey Latham
Harry Wilson

AT HOME IN OMAHA

Instructors for Rose -- Dance, Oration, Singing, Painting, Acting
(John) Hugh O'Neill Rose's brother (teen 15),
Tista O'Neill (teen 13),
Rose (11),
Clink, (9)
Thomas (8)
Lee (6)
Poppa O'Neill -- Rose's father
Meemie O'Neill -- Rose's mother

FRIENDS OF ROSE

Booth Tarkington
Louisa Tarkington
Mr. Spangler
Mrs. Spangler
Another Couple

Rose

Act I

Scene 1: 1945, Bonnie Brook.

As audience files into the theatre, the stage is in shadows. At stage left, the interior of a two story house, Bonnie Brook, is seen. Upstairs is Rose O'Neill's study. Although barely visible, the walls of this study are covered with paintings of her Kewpies and her monsters. An easel with an unfinished painting stands by a window.

MUSICAL #1 -- OPENING: BY ANY OTHER NAME

Downstairs, in the living room, a simple, black coffin is surrounded by several chairs. The following action will take place as the audience takes their seats: CALLISTA enters, rearranges the flowers, places a hand upon the coffin and hangs her head. CLINK enters and silently comforts CALLISTA. Slowly, other mourners fill in the room until there are a dozen or so. Some of them are from town and dressed in black, others are hillbillies who have dressed as formally as they can. The mourners stand silently, surrounding the coffin. After a few minutes six pallbearers pick up the coffin and the group walks to the grave site which is not far from the house. The grave site is backlit so that we see only the silhouettes of the mourners can be seen. The coffin is lowered into the grave and several of the men pantomime shoveling dirt into the grave. Still, no word is spoken and the awkwardness of this moment is apparent. No one knows what to say. No one offers a eulogy. Slowly, the mourners bow to CALLISTA and awkwardly leave. House lights dim as only CALLISTA, CLINK, and a few others remain. CLINK falls to his knees and lets out a painful, sorrowful wail. Instantly, the music rises as the CHORUS begins singing.

TISTA:

THERE COMES A TIME IN EVERY LIFE
THAT YOU CAN'T CALL SOMEONE BY ANY OTHER NAME.

HUGH:

SOME PEOPLE COME, SOME PEOPLE GO;
THE CIRCLE SPINS JUST LIKE IN ANY OTHER GAME!

GREY:

YOU KISS THEM AND YOU MISS THEM JUST THE SAME.

HARRY:

YOU TRY TO HOLD THE CANDLE, NOT THE FLAME.

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ENSEMBLE:

BUT WHEN THE CIRCLE TURNS,
IT'S EVERYONE WHO LEARNS
THAT WHEN THEY'RE GONE YOU CAN'T GO ON;
WHEN THEY WERE HERE THEY WEREN'T NEAR
AND SO -- YOU'LL CALL THEM ANY OTHER NAME.

TISTA:

ROSE -- IS IT HEARTACHE OR PAIN?

ENSEMBLE:

CHARMING AND CHUBBY ADORABLE CREATURES.

TISTA:

DID YOU CHOOSE TO BE WHAT YOU BECAME?

ENSEMBLE:

KEWPIES, KEWPIES, KEWPIES, KEWPIES, CHEER FOR HERE YOU ARE!

MEEMIE & POPPA:

NO ROOM FOR FROWNS OR FEELING FRAZZLED!
FORGET THE BROWNS WHEN COLORS DAZZLED!

HARRY & GREY:

DIVORCING!

(DIALOG over melody of BY ANY OTHER NAME ending again with a scream from CLINK)

ONE: She was bigger than life!

TWO: I was down on my luck and she was there to help.

GREY: I loved her.

HARRY: I loved her more.

THREE: She could paint!

FOUR: She wrote the ambrosia of the soul!

FIVE: In public I never saw her anything but vivacious...alive!

SIX: A pagan.

SEVEN: An eccentric.

EIGHT: She marched for Women's rights!

NINE: She told stories to children.

TEN: I've never been to such an odd funeral.

ELEVEN: She could talk for hours about anything...

TWELVE: ... or nothing.

MEEMIE: She was my dear one...

POPPA: My do anything girl....

LEE: My sister...

TISTA: My friend...

HUGH: My light, and my dark...

THIRTEEN: By any other name she was still...

ALL: ...Rose.

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CLINK: (*Screams*)

ALL:

NO SINGLE SOLITARY ROSE COULD BE THE SAME.
SHE WAS THE ONE ROSE -- NOT BY ANY OTHER NAME
FOR BY ANY OTHER NAME
SHE WOULD HAVE BEEN TAME!

Scene 2: 1945, Bonnie Brook. *CALLISTA* walks slowly around room looking at photographs and objects as though each object were capable of transporting her back through time allowing her to relive moments she had with Rose. Enter *CLINK*.

CLINK: I know what you're thinking. Too much dying.

CALLISTA: You're right, Clink. Too much dying.

CLINK: So, is that what you're going to do from now on? Look at photographs and be sad?

CALLISTA: I like to remember.

CLINK: It won't bring her back.

CALLISTA: It brings her back to me

(*CLINK exits*).

MUSICAL #2 -- BREAD AND CABBAGE DAYS

CALLISTA:

LOOKING BACK ON THE PAST IS A GOOD THING TO DO
WHEN THE DREARY THINGS THAT HAPPEN SEEM TO GET THE BEST OF YOU.
FOR THE VERY WORST OF ALL THESE TIMES
CAN LOSE ITS EDGE, SOMEHOW,
WHEN SOMETHING COMES BACK THAT IS WONDERFUL,
AS WE REMEMBER NOW!
THOSE BREAD AND CABBAGE DAYS,
BEYOND THAT YETSTER-GLAZE
THAT GRIN-AND-BEAR-IT PHASE OF THE OLD TIMES!
THOSE EVER-TURNING WHEELS,
THOSE OLD-TIME MOVIE REELS
THOSE BASEBALL HOME PLATE STEALS
IN THE OLD TIMES, THE OLD DAYS.
I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED THOSE TIMES WOULD END SOMEDAY,
BUT DID WE THINK OF THAT ALONG THE WAY?
I THOUGHT THOSE TIMES WERE POOR, BUT NOW, I FIND
I MISS IT ALL SO QUICKLY LEFT BEHIND.

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THE HITCHES ON THE TRAIN
THE PICNICS IN THE RAIN
WHAT FUN TO BE INSANE IN THE OLD TIMES.
THOSE RAILROAD BLUES AGAIN
THOSE TEARS OF NOW AND THEN
THE BEARDED, MOUSTACHED MEN OF THE OLD TIMES, THE OLD DAYS
WHO WOULD TRADE THEM, ANY SINGLE ONE,
FOR SOMETHING TRANSIENT CAVIAR OR FUN?
THOSE DEAR OLD BREAD AND CABBAGE DAYS ARE GONE!
I RECALL THEM EVERY SINGLE ONE
THOSE DAYS WE KNEW SO CARELESSLY UNDONE.
THOSE DAYS OF BREAD AND CABBAGE CAN'T BE GONE.
THEY STAY, THEY HAUNT YOU, AND THEY LINGER ON.

As song ends, EDITH SOJOURNER approaches house and rings doorbell. She is a prim, young, and immaculately dressed journalist. CALLISTA is shaken from her reverie and answers door.

EDITH: You're her sister, aren't you? Callista O'Neill?

CALLISTA: *(Unsure of who this is)* I am.

EDITH: I'm Edith. Edith Sojourner?

CALLISTA: I'm sorry . . .

EDITH: From New York? The Ladies' Home Journal?

CALLISTA: Oh, was that today?

EDITH: You knew I was coming?

CALLISTA: Yes, the telegram. . . . I'm afraid it must have slipped my . . .

EDITH: Is this a bad time?

CALLISTA: No, no. Please, come in. Don't mind me. I'm just a little absent minded lately.
You've come to talk about Rose?

(They sit)

EDITH: It's very exciting. The Journal gave birth to the Kewpies 36 years ago this December and we all thought it would be a wonderful idea now that . . . I mean since . . .

CALLISTA: It's all right, dear. You can say it.

EDITH: Since your sister passed away . . . there's new interest in them . . . her Kewpies, you know.

CALLISTA: So I hear.

EDITH: We thought we might do a retrospective on them, the dear things. We thought one of our illustrators could give them a more modern look dressed as G.I.s, you know, returning from the war. Little rifles slung over their shoulders and too-big helmets, it will be so darling.

CALLISTA: *(bristling)* You'll hire someone else to draw . . .

EDITH: Not without your approval, of course. We won't do anything without your say. The Journal wants to pay tribute to your sister. I'll be writing an article about her. This could introduce her Kewpies to a whole new generation. Wouldn't that be wonderful?

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CALLISTA: May I ask you a question? What do you know of Rose O'Neill?

EDITH: What everyone knows -- she's the mother of the Kewpies.

CALLISTA: Did you know she was a novelist?

EDITH: No, I . . .

CALLISTA: Playwright? Actress?

EDITH: You don't understand, I'm just here about . . .

CALLISTA: That she was accepted into the Paris Societe des Beaux Arts?

EDITH: I'm sure she was very talented. But the story I'm interested in... the story America is interested in -- is the Kewpies.

CALLISTA: Rose O'Neill was one of the great shining lights of her day. I remember once at the Castle Carabas . . .

EDITH: Callista . . . May I call you Callista? This probably sounds harsh, but trust me when I tell you that what America wants to hear about is the Kewpies--everything about them. The instant the journal starts talking about whether Rose O'Neill preferred sausage or bacon, it loses my audience. In the eyes of the world, without the Kewpies there is no Rose O'Neill.

CALLISTA: (*Laughs sadly*) I see.

EDITH: The Kewpies are Rose O'Neill's legacy. That's what the world knows her for. . . . what she'll always be known for.

CALLISTA: It's funny how seventy years of life can be summed up in a word.

EDITH: If I publish this story, perhaps others will want to know more about her.

CALLISTA: Perhaps.

EDITH: And wouldn't your sister have wanted her Kewpies to live?

CALLISTA: She once said her Kewpies would outlive her a hundred years.

EDITH: There, you see? And what better way to keep her Kewpies alive than to help me write about them? Now then, I'm absolutely all ears. You must tell me all about the Kewpies, everything you know. How did they come into being?

Scene 3: *CALLISTA speaks as though she herself is in a dream. As she speaks the stage is transformed into New York City, 1910.*

CALLISTA: In a dream. They came in a dream. And from the very first moment they appeared, the entire world was captured by their charm. They were first published, I think, in December of 1909 and from that day on, nothing was ever the same for any of us.

MUSICAL #3: WHAT IS IT?

VARIOUS VOICES: Kewpies! Kewpies? KEWPIES!! What are they? Who are they?

ANOTHER VOICE: That's all I hear wherever I go!

VOICE: That's what they're all talking about in Manhattan!

Lights up to reveal the busy publishing office of the Ladies' Home Journal, women and men performing their office duties. MILLIE, fashion editor, enters, followed by her male secretary. EDWARD BOK, editor is busy reviewing the proofs of the next issue.

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MILLIE: WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S HAPPENING? WHAT'S GOING ON?

THREE FEMALES: IT'S NOTHING! JUST TALKING!

MILLIE: ABOUT WHAT?

ALL MALES: THE STRANGEST PHENOMENON!

SECRETARY: I'VE SEEN THEM! THEY'RE STUNNING! THEY'RE SO UNIQUE!

ALL FEMALES: THEY'RE DARLING! THEY'RE PRECIOUS!

FOUR FEMALES: THEY'RE SWEET AND DEAR AND MEEK!

MILLIE: MEEK?

MALE: AND DEAR.

ANOTHER MALE: AND SWEET!

ALL FEMALES: AND THEY DON'T EVEN SPEAK!

ALL: THEY'RE CHARMING AND CHUBBY ADORABLE CREATURES.

THEY'RE ROSY AND PINKISH WITH BEWITCHING FEATURES.

THEY'RE FRISKY AND BUMPKIN AND ROUNDISHLY TINY!

THEY'RE WINSOME, WILEY AND ALWAYS SUNSHINEY!

MILLIE: THEY? WHO THEY?

ALL: WHY THEY!

MILLIE: OH, THEY!

ALL: OH, WHERE ARE THERE ARE THEY!

ROSE O'NEILL, TISTA, stand in the office doorway as though they just stepped in from the train.

Rose is wearing contemporary New York fashion, Tista looks like she's come in from the prairie.

BOK notices them and greets them warmly.

BOK: Wonderful! I can't tell you how glad I am you're here. How was the train? We have so much work to do, these little creatures of yours have absolutely captivated the city! We want to make them a regular feature! Oh, we have big plans for them. Millie, come here quickly! I want you to meet Rose O'Neill, creator of the Kewpies.

MILLIE: Kewpies?

BOK: Although, I must say, I had a little bit to do with their coming about, didn't I Rose? What's wrong, Millicent, you look like you've swallowed an albatross.

MILLIE: It's just that I wasn't aware that these . . . Kewpies . . . were going to become a regular feature.

BOK: A six page spread in the June issue. You'd better get acquainted.

ROSE: (*Noticing Tista*) Where are my manners? This is my little sister, Callista. We call her Tista.

OFFICE GIRL: (*To Rose*) Pardon me, but can I have your autograph?

ROSE: How nice of you!

(She signs and others bring books)

And here is my autograph book for you to sign.

MILLIE: Did you say six pages, Mr. Bok?

BOK: These are the hottest thing in New York! In one month they'll be the rage of the country and in six these little fellows are going to steal the world!

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MILLIE: But they're . . . naked!

BOK: Yes!

MILLIE: Will the women who read our magazine buy naked babies, Mr. Bok?

BOK: Where have you been, Millie? These Kewpies are all anyone is talking about.

MILLIE: What did you call them?

ROSE: Babies! They're my babies!

BOK: They're going to be everyone's babies now!

MILLIE: But they're just little cupids!

ROSE: No! Cupids sometimes get people into trouble. Kewpies get them out!

MILLIE: SO THAT'S IT! IT'S HAPPENING! SUCH A SURPRISE!

TWO FEMALES: ONE OF US!

MILLIE: DON'T KNOW YET!

THREE FEMALES: SHE'S SO CHIC!

MALES: I LOVE HER EYES! JUST THINK SHE'LL BE WORKING RIGHT HERE WITH US!

MILLIE: HOW LUCKY!

THREE MALES: HOW WONDROUS!

ALL FEMALES: HOW SIMPLY A-ONE PLUS!

MILLIE: SUCH FUSS!

ROSE & TISTA: OVER US!

ALL MALES: SHE IS THE PERFECT STIMULUS!

ALL: THEY'RE CUDDLY AND CHEERFUL AND UTTERLY WILLING

TO SMILE THROUGH OUR GREY SKIES AND SEE WHAT IS THRILLING!

WHATEVER WE'RE DOING WE'RE SURE TO BE SMILING!

THEIR HAPPY FACES ARE ALWAYS BEGUILING!

BOK: OH, KEWPIES, KEWPIES!

ALL: KEWPIES, KEWPIES! CHEER FOR HERE YOU ARE!

SEGUE TO

MUSICAL #3A WE'LL LIKE IT HERE!

It is as though ROSE and Tista are alone in their own world as the bustling magazine office continues in silence behind them.

TISTA: ONCE CITY LIGHTS AND FAMOUS SIGHTS

WERE ONLY CASTLES IN THE AIR.

ROSE: SINCE OUR DREAMS CAME TRUE WE STOP AND STEW,

WE STRETCH AND STARE

BOTH: FOR WE HAVE FOUND THAT ALL AROUND US

A CITY SHINES WITH CHANCES RICH AND RARE!

TISTA: NO MORE EARLY MORNING HOUSEHOLD CHORES!

BOTH: HEY, NEW YORK, WE'RE YOURS!

TISTA: HICK TO SLICK TOWN

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ROSE: TAKE YOUR PICK TOWN!

TISTA: I HOPE WE'LL LIKE IT HERE!

ROSE: CAN YOU DOUBT IT?

I'D LIKE TO SHOUT IT!

WHO CAN TELL? IT'LL BE LIKE A NEW FRONTIER!

BOTH: EVERY DAY WE FIND OUR WAY! AND I KNOW WE'LL LIKE IT HERE!

OFFICE WORKERS:

SO THAT'S IT!

IT'S HAPPENING!

SUCH A SURPRISE!

WHAT IS IT?

WHAT'S HAPPENING?

THE STRANGEST PHENOMENON!

I'VE SEEN THEM! THEY'RE STUNNING!

THEY'RE SO UNIQUE!

THEY'RE DARLING! THEY'RE PRECIOUS!

THEY'RE SWEET AND DEAR AND MEEK!

MEEK AND DEAR AND SWEET

AND THEY DON'T EVEN SPEAK!

THEY'RE CUDDLY AND CHEERFUL

AND UTTERLY WILLING

TO SMILE THROUGH OUR GREY SKIES

TO SEE WHAT IS THRILLING!

CAN YOU DOUBT IT?

I'D LIKE TO SHOUT IT!

WHO CAN TELL? EVERYTHING'S

LIKE A NEW FRONTIER!

EVERY DAY WE FIND OUR WAY,

AND I KNOW FOR SURE

WE'LL LIKE, WE'LL LOVE IT HERE!

ROSE & TISTA:

ONCE CITY LIGHTS AND

FAMOUS SIGHTS WERE ONLY

CASTLES IN THE AIR!

SINCE OUR DREAM'S COME

TRUE WE STOP AND

STEW AND STRETCH AND STARE,

FOR WE HAVE FOUND THAT

ALL AROUND US A

CITY SHINES WITH

CHANCES RICH AND RARE!

HEY, NEW YORK, WE'RE YOURS!

HICK TO SLICK TOWN

TAKE YOUR PICK TOWN.

I HOPE WE'LL LIKE IT HERE!

WHATEVER WE'RE DOING

WE'RE SURE TO BE SMILING!

THEIR HAPPY FACES

ARE ALWAYS BEGUILING!

SO, KEWPIES! KEWPIES!

KEWPIES! KEWPIES!

CHEER, FOR

HERE YOU ARE!

Scene 4: *The scenes will meld into each other seamlessly. As song ends, lights again come up on CALLISTA & EDITH.*

CALLISTA: Edward Bok was right. Rose's Kewpies did steal the world. Magazines began bidding against each other for the chance to publish Rose's drawings. Soon, they began appearing everywhere, not only in magazines but in store windows, on marquees, in newspapers. I remember the day Rose opened a letter written by a child. "Please make me a Kewpie I can hold in my hand," it said. And that's exactly what Rose did. She sculpted a

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Kewpie and sent it to Germany for manufacture. I can't tell you how excited we were when the package containing the first prototype arrived from Germany.

Scene 5: *Paris, France. Tista, now dressed in Parisian fashion of 1910 enters with parcel.*

TISTA: It's here, Rose! The first one!

ROSE: My baby?

TISTA: *(Opening)* I give the world it's first . . .
(pulls it out)

Kewpie!

Both are astonished at the doll. It is hideous and not at all like the one Rose had sent.

ROSE: Oh!

TISTA: Dear me.

ROSE: This won't do at all.

TISTA: They couldn't have used the doll you sent as a model.

ROSE: It doesn't look anything like my babies.

TISTA: *(Reading letter)* Says they're planning to start making them by the thousands.

ROSE: No, I won't let them.

TISTA: But Rose . . .

ROSE: These aren't my Kewpies, they're just common. There's nothing magical about them at all.

TISTA: What are you going to do?

ROSE: I suppose it just wasn't meant to be. Ship it back, Tista. Tell them I will not allow this abomination.

TISTA: Just like that?

ROSE: I can't have children thinking that my Kewpies look anything like this monstrosity.

TISTA: You're going to give up? Without a fight?

ROSE: What can we do?

TISTA: I'll tell you what we're going to do. We're going to march over there and insist they start over!

ROSE: March on over?

TISTA: Yes!

ROSE: To Germany?

TISTA: Yes!

Scene 6: *Germany. Factory. KRUP & STAFF in office. On a nearby table a dozen first-version Kewpies.*

KRUP: She's what?

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STAFF 1: Just outside the door!

KRUP: You can't be serious!

STAFF 2: She claims the prototype is unacceptable.

KRUP: We've already started production!

STAFF 2: Nevertheless, she and her sister are here.

KRUP: Dismiss them.

STAFF 1: They won't go away.

KRUP: Make them.

STAFF 1: It's just that . . .

KRUP: Am I surrounded with incompetents?

STAFF 2: It's just that they're very persuasive, sir.

KRUP: Show these Americans in. And stay in the room both of you. Perhaps you can learn something about what it takes to run a business.

ROSE and Tista enter. They are both ravishing and almost instantly the three men are charmed.

ROSE: (*approaching KRUP*) You must be . . .

KRUP: (*Instantly charmed by the women*) Herr Krup.

ROSE: The instant I saw you, I knew you were a man of authority.

KRUP: You did?

ROSE: Oh yes, your bearing gave it away.

KRUP: Do you think so?

TISTA: And the face.

ROSE: Of course, the face.

TISTA: Kind, and compassionate.

ROSE: While at the same time wise and shrewd.

KRUP: Seventy-three people in this factory depend on me to make . . .

ROSE: Seventy-three! Did you hear that, Tista.

TISTA: How fortunate for them, Herr Krup is a shrewd businessman.

KRUP: Twenty-three years in the business.

ROSE: Exactly. Twenty-three years.

TISTA: And we love your dolls, Herr Krup.

KRUP: Oh?

ROSE: And we are so looking forward to holding in our hands the first three- dimensional Kewpies.

KRUP: You are?

TISTA: Of course we are, and we only have a few little changes in mind.

KRUP: Changes?

ROSE: Minor, really.

(Pulling out drawing)

MUSICAL #4 TAKE CARE OF THE TINIEST!

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ROSE:

THIS'LL NEVER DO!

KRUP:

BUT, MADAM!

ROSE:

UGLY AS YOUR SHOE!

KRUP:

BUT, MADAM!

THOUSANDS HAVE BEEN CAST

UND WE ARE WAITING FOR THE CELEBRATING.

ROSE:

NOT A GOOD EXCUSE!

KRUP:

BUT, MADAM!

MORE WE MUST PRODUCE?

ROSE:

I'VE HAD IT UP TO HERE!

YOU WILL RE-DRAW, RE-CAST, RE-POUR, RE-FIRE,

REMOVE! RE DO!

KRUP: What do you expect me to do, smash them all?

(A look from ROSE)

BUT MADAM, WE CANNOT!

ROSE:

DON'T TELL ME!

KRUP:

LOOK AT ALL WE GOT!

ROSE:

WON'T SELL ME!

KRUP:

WE HAVE DONE OUR BEST

UND I REFUSE...

ROSE:

YOU'LL HAVE TO EAT THE REST!

KRUP:

A SIMPLE LITTLE WHY

IS WHAT I WANT TO KNOW.

ROSE:

WELL, I WILL TELL YOU EACH DETAIL!

SO, GET YOUR PENCIL READY.

HOLD HIM STEADY!

HERE'S THE LIST.

DEAR SIR, YOU'RE LOOKING PALE!

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KRUP: I think I got to sit down!

TISTA: Good idea!

ROSE:

THE EYES ARE WRONG. THE NOSE IS WRONG.
THE EARS ARE WRONG. THE TOES ARE WRONG.
THE LIPS ARE WRONG, THE NECKS TOO LONG.
THE COLORS THAT YOU CHOSE ARE WRONG.
THE BELLY: WRONG!
THE SHOULDER: WRONG!
THE MODELS THAT YOU MOLD ARE WRONG!
THE ELBOW: WRONG!
THE LEG LENGTH: WRONG!

KRUP:

THIS LIST IS VERY LONG!

ROSE: So, you see, Mr. Krup. We must re do them all.

KRUP: But all the money I have...

ROSE: I'll cover it!

(KRUP's face erupts in a slow, wide smile. ROSE flourishes with her pencil on paper. ALL watch her as she hands a fresh drawing to KRUP)

NEW PLANS!

NEW PAINT!

NEW MOLDS!

DON'T FAINT!

(They get KRUP back on his feet. As the song progresses the workers dash around, busily retooling and the like. SHE starts slowly.)

TAKE CARE OF THE TINIEST THING;

EACH EYELASH, ELBOW AND WING.

THESE PAINTED FACES SHOULD SING,

"I'M SO HAPPY TO BE HERE!"

EACH DOLL MUST BE CAUGHT IN A WINK,

AND SLIGHTLY LIGHTER THAN PINK.

IT'S NOT JUST PENCIL AND INK

MAKING TROUBLES DISAPPEAR!

(They run everything by ROSE. ROSE and TISTA and KRUP are delighted by the new prototypes.)

THERE'S SOMETHING SPECIAL TO SEE:

EACH SMILE, EACH ARM, EACH KNEE!

SO, MAKE THEM THE SHINIEST,

TAKE CARE OF THE TINIEST THING.

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(They move into factory where the new Kewpies are in manufacture. ROSE and TISTA exhort factory workers to take care of the tiniest Kewpies because they are the ones that will end up in the hands of the poorest children)

A SWEET LITTLE CURL IS ON TOP!
IT SHOULDN'T LOOK LIKE A MOP.
IT SHOULD RESEMBLE A CROP
OF THE SWEETEST SMELLING HAY!

THE DAINTY FINGERS AND TOES!
THE LITTLE SNUB OF A NOSE!
AND ALMOST EVERYONE KNOWS
WHAT THOSE FEATURES HAVE TO SAY:

EACH KEWPIE'S SPREADING THE WORD
SO LET IT'S VOICE BE HEARD:
JUST MAKE THEM THE SHINIEST,
TAKE CARE OF THE TINIEST THING!

PRETEND THAT KEWPIE'S ON YOUR SHOULDER THERE.
THAT SMILE SHOULD BE A LITTLE BOLDER THERE.
AND KEEP IN MIND, THE WORLD IS NEVER COLD OR BARE
WITH KEWPIE'S LAUGHING STARE.

TAKE CARE OF THE TINIEST ONE.
EACH CHILD SHOULD LIVE IN THE SUN.
AND HAPPY FACES SHOULD RUN
THROUGH THE WORLD WITHOUT A CARE.

EACH CHILD SHOULD BE PINK IN THE CHEEK;
EACH FUTURE BRIGHTER THAN BLEAK.
EACH CHILD SHOULD NOT HAVE TO SEEK
THROUGH THE WORLD TO FIND A PRAYER.

EACH CHILD IS SPECIAL TO ME.
SO, HELP THEM LIVE IN GLEE!
AND MAKE THEM THE SHINIEST,
TAKE CARE OF THE TINIEST ONE.

PRETEND A KEWPIE'S ON YOUR SHOULDER THERE
AND SMILES WILL BE A LITTLE BOLDER THERE.
AND KEEP IN MIND, THE WORLD IS NEVER COLD OR BARE

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WITH KEWPIES LAUGHING STARE!

(DANCE (3 MUSIC SECTIONS) -- A PARADE OF KEWPIES AS ROSE REALLY IMAGINED THEM NOT AS THE FACTORY BUILT THEM)

TAKE CARE OF THE TINIEST CHILD.
SOFT-SPOKEN, CAREFREE OR WILD,
EACH HUMAN HEART IS BEGUILLED
BY THOSE WILD, GOOD, CHILDHOOD WAYS!

SO, START BY SPREADING THE WORD.
LET EVERY VOICE BE HEARD:
JUST MAKE THEM THE SHINIEST,
TAKE CARE OF THE TINIEST THING!

Scene 7: *Bonnie Brook. CALLISTA and EDITH.*

CALLISTA: Rose was right, of course. The whole world fell in love with her Kewpies. Every home in America had at least one, sometimes dozens. They spread to Europe and then throughout the world. Xxx, one of Rose's friends said he saw one at the end of a trail in xxx.

EDITH: I am told they made your sister a very wealthy woman.

CALLISTA: Xxx once said if you lined up all the sculptors in the history of the world from xxx to Rodin and pooled together every cent they received from the work of their hands, it would pale in comparison to the money Rose made from the manufacture of the Kewpies.

EDITH: What did she do with all her money?

CALLISTA: She made people's dreams come true.

Scene 8: *Carabas. The chorus in the form of artists, writers, dancers, poets, and philosophers mill about the Connecticut home known as Castle Carabas. Many of them are involved in creative activities. Enter TED SHAWN, bags in tow. Three of his dancers accompany him. ROSE is dressed in a loose fitting wine-colored robe. A design of her own making. TISTA is dressed in a similar, emerald robe.*

TED: I'm looking for Rose? Rose O'Neill?

(But everyone is caught up in their own world)

LYLE: Miss O'Neill, I've finished the sonnets!

(Handing her manuscripts)

You wanted to read them.

ROSE: Wonderful, Lyle! You must read one after dessert tonight. Promise?

LYLE: The one on sparrows, I think. Or perhaps the Ode to the xxx thrush?

TED: Rose! Rose!

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ROSE: Ted! Welcome to Castle Carabas!

(To everyone)

Everyone! I want to introduce dancer and choreographer, Ted Shawn!

(Applause).

TED: Thank you, everyone!

ROSE: I am delighted you came!

TED: How can anyone refuse an invitation from The One Rose?

ROSE: That's part of my magic, no one can.

(To TISTA)

Tista, this is Ted Shawn, the dancer.

(Back to TED)

I hope you brought your company with you?

TED: Three tonight, more on their way!

ROSE: When I heard you were coming, I had a pavilion built in the back. For you to practice on!

TED: You shouldn't have!

ROSE: Let me introduce you. Kahlil Gibran, he's a wonderful artist you know, and a philosopher.

This is Gerry. How is the novel coming, Gerry?

GERRY: *(deeply immersed in his writing)* It's not coming at all.

ROSE: *(To TED)* Poor thing, his novel has been 'not coming' for six months now. This is Lucille.

LUCILLE: The muse has only now touched me. A series of sonnets comparing our Rose O'Neill with the budding and fruiting of the pomegranate.

ROSE: Another sonnet to me? That will be the sixth one this month. Why don't you compose something in honor of Mr. Shawn?

LUCILLE: *(Transfixed)* The muse! "The sun Shawn fell upon a fawn"

ROSE: Perhaps you will read it to us tomorrow?

LUCILLE: "And in the dawn upon the meadowed lawn it danced upon . . ."

(gushing and running to grab paper and pen)

I honestly don't know where it comes from.

(A look between ROSE & TISTA)

MORRIS: *(Announcing to all)* I am ready to unveil!

ROSE: *(To TED)* An exciting moment, would you like to come see?

TED: Of course.

(A crowd gathers around a draped canvas. TED is toward the back, standing next to TISTA as ROSE moves to the place of honor directly in front of the painting).

MURRAY: I call it . . . The Sword of Damocles!

(Triumphantly unveils painting. We see a distorted balloon shape on a white canvas. Many accolades. "Wonderful" "Stunning" "I think he's really captured something there").

TED: *(To TISTA)* Are all these people . . . ?

TISTA: They're all guests! This is an environment free of any restrictions or financial worry. The only rent Rose asks is that each person works on some creative endeavor. Carabas is a place of freedom and acceptance where artists can stretch their wings. People here are free

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to do whatever they want whenever they want. By the way, I hope you're not easily offended by nudity.

TED: Nudity?

TISTA: (*Fat man enters wrapped in loincloth*) Rose believes that to allow the creative spirit to thrive, the environment must be completely free!

TED: How long do they stay?

TISTA: Some of them come for a weekend and end up staying a year. Charles, there, has been with us nearly three years.

MURRAY: What do you think, Rose?

ROSE: You have done it again, Murray.

MURRAY: No, Rose, you must be frank. I must know what you really think.

TED: Where did she come up with the name? Castle Carabas?

TISTA: It's from the fairy tale. Puss In Boot's? The castle? You have no idea how long it took to find it. Rose insisted it be a place of magic, necromancy, mystery, and a that it possessed a touch of terror. That combination is not all that easy to find.

ROSE: I was just wondering, where it is?

MURRAY: Where is what?

ROSE: The Sword of Damocles.

MURRAY: (*Triumphant. As though waiting for exactly that question*) But you see, my dear Rose, that is the point. You can't see the sword. And that is what creates the suspense!

TED: It must be horribly expensive . . . supporting all these people.

TISTA: What you see is only the tip of the iceberg. Rose likes to reach down into people and pull talent out of them, Mr. Shawn. Like what Poppa did for her.

MURRAY: (*To LYLE*) Is there something wrong?

LYLE: (*Considering painting*) It's just that it looks something like . . . I want to say balloon.

MURRAY: Yes, that's the point. How fragile is a balloon? And does it know that a sword could at this very moment be dangling over its head ready to strike?

TISTA: Rose is supporting dozens of artists, writers, poets, musicians. She sends some of them to school, others to Europe, she gives others a stipend to pursue their course wherever and whenever they wish.

TED: Has anyone published? Has anyone sold a painting?

TISTA: Not so far, but we are quite hopeful.

LYLE: So, are you suggesting that balloons are afraid of swords?

MURRAY: (*Becoming frustrated*) Popped! They are afraid of being popped!

ROSE: I think it's wonderful.

(ROSE applauds and others politely follow suit although the applause is anything but encouraging.)

TED: I don't understand what keeps her going.

TISTA: When Rose was a girl, her friends would come to the door and plead with her to come out and play. Rose was in her mythology period and was spending hour upon hour drawing Apollo and Aphrodite and Pan. Day after day they begged her, but Rose was inseparable from her

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pad and pencil. I remember one time a friend came to the door and begged me to go get her. I said it was no use, nothing in the world could get Rose to leave her work. She was making gods!

TED: I'm not sure I understand.

TISTA: That is what Castle Carabas is all about: Rose O'Neill making gods.

LYLE: If its great fear is of being popped, why didn't you call it the pin of Damocles?

MURRAY: You don't understand, you can't call a painting "The Pin of Damocles!"

LYLE: It's just that if I were a balloon, I would be far more afraid of the pin of Damocles than the sword of Damocles, if you get my drift.

(MURRAY looks as though he is about to blow)

MUSICAL #5 -- BELLS OF THE HEART

IF YOU LISTEN, BELLS OF THE HEART,
THEY'RE RINGING, THE SECRET IS WAITING THERE.
HIDDEN IN THE BELLS OF THE HEART
YOU'LL FIND WHO YOU REALLY ARE; IF YOU DARE.
IN YOUR HEART, HIDDEN INSIDE THERE IS YOUR ART.
LISTEN, TRUST IN THE BELSS OF THE HEART,
THEY'RE SINGING THE WONDERFUL SONG OF YOU.
IN THEIR RINGING, BELLS OF THE HEART,
REVEALING A MUSTICAL RENDEZVOUS.
IN YOUR HEART, HIDDEN INSIDE, THERE IS YOUR ART.

GOD SET THE GALAXIES SWIRLING.
ALL THE WHILE DANCING AND TWIRLING.
THE STARS ARE HIS BANNER UNFURLING.
ROLL UP YOUR SLEEVES. DRINK IN THE FIRE.
HE WHO BELIEVES TRANCENDS THE PYRE.
WE CAN PARTAKE OF THE ETERNAL FIRE IF WE TRY!
SO TRY!

IF YOU LISTEN, BELL SOF THE HEART,
THEY'LL TELL YOU TO NOT DELAY; DON'T BE LATE!
THINK OF ALL THE BELLS OF THE HEART,
ARE TRYING SO HARD TO COMMUNICATE.
TRUST YOUR HEART, PICK UP YOUR BRUSH, TAKE UP YOUR PEN.

As the chorus takes over the song ROSE grabs a large basket filled with Kewpies. She motions for Tista to "escape" with her.

ROSE:
HEAR THEM, TRUST THEM,

ENSEMBLE:
IF YOU LISTEN

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BELLS OF THE HEART, THEY'LL
SHOW YOU A SECRET AND
VERDANT LAND.
JOURNEY FORWARD
BELLS OF THE HEART, THEY'LL
HELP YOU TO SEE IT AND
UNDERSTAND.
TRUST YOUR HEART,
PICK UP YOUR BRUSH,
TAKE UP YOUR PEN.

BELLS OF THE HEART, THEY'RE
SINGING THE SECRET IS
WAITING THERE; IF YOU DARE.
HIDDEN IN THE
BELLS OF THE HEART YOU'LL
FIND WHO YOU REALLY ARE,
DEEP INSIDE, HIDDEN THERE.
IF YOU LISTEN,
BELLS OF THE HEART, THE
SECRET IS WAITING THERE; HIDDEN THERE.

TAKE A DEEP BREATH OF CREATION.
FEEL THE UNBOUNDED ELATION.
DRINK DEEPLY OF THE LIBATION.
HERE'S TO THE HEAR, BELLS HEAR THEM RING,
HERE'S TO OUR ART, PRAISES WE SING.
TAKE UP THE TORCH OF THE IMMORTAL GODS AND MAKE LIFE!
BREATHE LIFE!

IF YOU LISTEN, BELLS OF THE HEART,
THE SECRET IS WAITING THERE.

TISTA & ROSE:

WILL YOU GO THERE?

Scene 9 *They slip away from Carabas and make their way to the hospital.*

TISTA: Thanks for rescuing me.

ROSE: Isn't the fresh air wonderful?

TISTA: Is it me, Rose, or was that the worst painting you've ever seen in your life?

ROSE: Perhaps Murray is just misunderstood.

TISTA: Fuzzy balloon on white canvas?

ROSE: The Societe' des Beaux Artes were murder to Seurat and Gaugin when they first submitted their work. Rejected, every single painting they submitted. But now— people think they're geniuses.

TISTA: Are you saying Murray is a genius?

ROSE: Perhaps . . .

(Tista looks at her gravely)

Oh, all right, it was horrible.

(They both laugh)

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But the poor dear is trying so hard and what possible good would it do to...

(she surpresses a laugh)

burst his balloon?

TISTA: Rose, we need to talk about all the visitors.

ROSE: Tista, you know how I feel about this . . .

TISTA: Do you have any idea how many people have stayed at Carabas over the last three years? More than one hundred and fifty! Some stay for a weekend, some forever. They're taking advantage of you, Rose.

ROSE: I want to give them what I had . . . what Poppa gave to us: a place where they can have free reign for their creative fantasies and bring art to life.

TISTA: Who did you ask to manage your finances?

ROSE: I hate it when you talk to me like an accountant.

TISTA: What good would I be to you if I didn't tell you the truth. Rose, you have no idea how much money . . . why, in food alone. . . And you keep sending people to France, enrolling them in art school, paying off their debts.

ROSE: It's what makes me happy, Tista.

TISTA: What if something happened to you? What if the Kewpies stopped selling? At the rate you're spending money, it wouldn't take long . . .

ROSE: My dear little sister, I love how you worry about me. Please, can't we talk of something else?

TISTA: Going to the hospital again? It's the second time this week.

ROSE: I feel so much better every time I go.

TISTA: Rose, you are the most incredible person I have ever known in my entire life.

ROSE: Here we are!

(They enter children's ward of hospital. NURSE is guarding front desk.)

NURSE: Miss Rose! How nice of you to come again!

(Escorts her to the children's quarters).

Three new patients since Tuesday.

ROSE: Can I see them?

NURSE: Can you see them? That's all the children talk about, "When will the Kewpie lady come?"

NURSE escorts ROSE and into hospital room with a half-dozen beds. In each one, is a child.

This is Theresa. She's having her tonsils removed tomorrow.

ROSE: How do you do, Theresa?

THERESA: (Hoarse) Very well, thank you.

NURSE: (Moves to boy with leg in cast) This is Bobby. He likes to climb trees, don't you Bobby.

ROSE: Nice to meet you, Bobby.

BOBBY: You're not going to give me one of those dolls, are you?

(ROSE hands one to him but he refuses to take it. He desperately wants to take it but is afraid the others will laugh at him).

ROSE: Can I tell you a secret? Since I created the Kewpies, I can talk to each one of them. And this one here, didn't want to come with me to the hospital tonight and do you know why?

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Because he said he wanted a little boy to play with and he didn't think there would be one here. But I told him to not worry that maybe there would be a boy who would be just right for him and the two together would play and play and be the best friends in all the world and spend their days and nights together having the most wonderful time! But, I guess if you don't want him . . .

BOBBY: (*Taking Kewpie*) I guess it would be all right . . .

(He hugs it and takes it away whispering to it as he goes)

NURSE: And this is Anne. The doctors don't really know what's wrong with Anne, do they, child?

ANNE: They said my blood would talk to them.

NURSE: We took a sample of her blood . . .

ROSE: (*To Anne*) How are you feeling?

ANNE: (*On the verge of tears*) Scared.

ROSE: Oh, Sweetie, why are you scared?

ANNE: Because of Matty.

ROSE: Matty?

ANNE: Matty was my brother and he died.

NURSE: Scarlet fever. Six months ago.

ANNE: Bobby Hansen says I probably have scarlet fever too and that I'm sure to come home in a coffin.

ROSE looks at NURSE as if to ask if Anne has scarlet fever as well, but it's obvious the NURSE doesn't know.

ROSE: (*To Anne*) I think I have something that will help.

ANNE: You do?

ROSE: (*Handing ANNE a Kewpie doll*) Do you know what this is?

ANNE: A Kewpie!

ROSE: That's right, and do you know what Kewpies do?

ANNE: Make everything better?

ROSE: That's right, they make everything better. And this Kewpie is for you.

ANNE: For me? My very own?

ROSE: Your very own!

ANNE: Will it make me better? So I won't die?

ROSE: This is a very special Kewpie. One made especially for you. And I know for a fact that what this Kewpie wants more than anything else in the world is for you to get healthy and strong.

ANNE: So I can beat up Bobby Hansen?

ROSE: So you can do anything you want!

ANNE: (*Hugging Kewpie*) How will it make me better?

MUSICAL #6: NO ROOM FOR FROWNS

TISTA:

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WHEN LIFE SEEMS DULL AND BORING
OR EVEN WORTH IGNORING;
YOU MIGHT THINK IT'S DEPRESSING
WITH TEN WOES TO EVERY BLESSING.

ROSE:

BUT THERE'S A LITTLE CREATURE
WITH A SMILE IN EVERY FEATURE.
WHEN HE APPEARS
IT'S TIME FOR FEARS TO GO AWAY.

NO ROOM FOR FROWNS! IT'S SMILING ONLY
THAT BRINGS THE CLOWNS AND CHEERS THE LONELY.

TISTA:

EACH LITTLE KEWPIE FACE CAN MAKE A HAPPY PLACE
TO SEND YOUR BLUES!
NO MORE ENNUI! JUST WAIT AND SEE--
THERE'LL BE GOOD NEWS

ROSE:

YOU'LL FIND A BETTER WAY TO BRIGHTEN UP YOUR DAY!
NO ROOM FOR FROWNS.

AND WHEN THOSE CLOWNS BEGIN THE LAUGHTER
PUT DOWN THE FROWNS AND RAISE A RAFTER
WITH EVERY ANTIC YOU BECOME MORE FRANTIC TO
KICK OFF YOUR SHOES!
IT'S VERY CLEAR YOU CANNOT FEAR WHAT ISN'T HERE!
SO CHOOSE TO GRIN A LOT AND YOU'LL TAKE IN A LOT
NO ROOM FOR FROWNS!

WHEN SOMEONE CARES,
WHEN SOMEONE SHARES,
WHEN SOMEONE LOVES A LITTLE MORE,
THE GOOD YOU GAIN WILL EASE THE PAIN
AND YOU WILL FIND WHAT LIFE IS FOR.

NO ROOM FOR FROWNS OR FEELING FRAZZLED
FORGET THE BROWNS WHEN COLORS DAZZLED!
LOOK FOR THE BRIGHTER HUE AND SEE THE LIGHTER VIEW
THAT BRINGS THE SMILE!
JUST SHOW YOUR TEETH. WHAT'S UNDERNEATH
WILL SHINE RIGHT THROUGH!
A MILE OF HAPPY TIMES WILL EASE YOU PAST THE CLIMBS

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Rose by Neil K. Newell & C. Michael Perry -- PERUSAL SCRIPT

THAT HOLD YOU DOWN!
NO ROOM FOR FROWNS!

Scene 10: *1945, Bonnie Brook. CALLISTA & EDITH.*

EDITH: That was important to her, wasn't it? Finding love?

CALLISTA: The ironic thing is that love followed her wherever she went.

EDITH: *(Uncomfortable)* Forgive me, but . . . It's just that I've heard Rose was so . . . lonely.

CALLISTA: *(Showing her photo)* Did you know my sister was considered one of the 6 most beautiful women of her time?

EDITH: But I've heard, particularly at the end . . .

CALLISTA: Rose had three things men found irresistible. By the time she was 16, she was ravishingly beautiful, by the time she was 35 she was obscenely wealthy, and by the time she had money, she was completely unattainable.

EDITH: So she did know love?

CALLISTA: Oh, my goodness. If every man who dreamed of being with Rose were to stand in a line it would have stretched from one end of Broadway to the other. It was a problem, I'll tell you.

EDITH: *(Becomes noticeably emotional)* If only I had such problems.

CALLISTA: You're in love, aren't you, dear?

(EDITH nods.)

CALLISTA: And things aren't going so well?

(EDITH shakes her head.)

CALLISTA: What's wrong?

EDITH: I feel silly talking about it.

CALLISTA: Does he love you?

EDITH: He says he does.

CALLISTA: Then what could be wrong?

EDITH: He never . . . not once has he . . . if only he were more . . .

CALLISTA: Romantic?

(EDITH nods.)

Scene 11: *Dance Floor, New York As CALLISTA speaks, lights up on dance floor. ROSE and TISTA are surrounded by suitors. The crowd parts for a dashing Grey as he approaches the group.*

CALLISTA: What you want is a Gray Latham.

EDITH: A what?

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CALLISTA: Gray Latham. He was Rose's first love. He was magnificent . . . From the first moment Rose saw him . . . ecstasy, confusion, and devastation! She was seventeen. . . .

TISTA: (*Motioning to Grey*) He's looking at you.

ROSE: No he's not.

TISTA: Wouldn't it be delicious . . . if our future husbands were here tonight? Do you ever wonder, doesn't it fill you with suspense . . . thinking about where he is? I think of it endlessly. . . . He is looking at you.

ROSE: Tista for heaven's sake.

TISTA: Just knowing that in five minutes your whole life could change . . . you can't tell me you don't think about it a little?

ROSE: The great moments in life, the great realizations the great revelations . . . they come announced. The universe speaks to us if only we will listen.

TISTA: You think the universe is going to give you a sign?

ROSE: Something like that.

TISTA: Tell you who to marry?

ROSE: Without a doubt.

TISTA: And just how do you think the universe will speak to you?

ROSE: Now that is what keeps me in suspense.
(*GRAY LATHAM, the epitome of a Southern gentleman approaches.*)

GREY: (*To Rose*) Forgive me, but I was wondering if you would be willing to settle a debate?

ROSE: A debate? With whom?

GREY: Myself. The question I have been debating during the last several minutes is this: "What is the greater risk, to approach the most beautiful woman in the world and be rejected or to detest myself the rest of my life for not having the courage to approach you?"

ROSE: And you need me to settle this debate?

GREY: What you will settle is whether or not the remainder of my life is cloaked in misery or bliss.

ROSE: That's quite a line Mr. . . .

GREY: Grey Latham at your service.

ROSE: Are you from Georgia?

GREY: Is that where you want me to be from?

ROSE: Only if it's the truth.

GREY: Then I must confess you see before you a proud son of the great state of Virginia.

ROSE: Virginia?

GREY: Named after Queen Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen.

ROSE: The home of Thomas Jefferson

GREY: Patrick Henry

ROSE: Robert E. Lee

GREY: And the home of my father, XXX Latham. Have you ever heard of moving pictures, projected upon a screen?

ROSE: I believe you are having fun at my expense.

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GREY: I assure you, I am not. You see, my father invented the mechanism. It is a machine that has some promise. I myself, will be going to Mexico in a few weeks. Taking pictures of bullfights. Imagine, if you will, the drama, suspense, the danger of a bullfight projected in life-size moving pictures?

MUSICAL #7 THE WALTZ

ROSE: The picture actually moves? How is that possible?

GREY: If you will be so kind to dance this waltz with me, I will do my best to explain. But first, if you would be so kind . . . your name?

ROSE: My name is Rose.

GREY: *(pleased)* Of course it is!

ROSE agrees and she and Grey begin dancing a waltz. Lights and music dim on ROSE and Grey. Up on BonnieBrook.

CALLISTA: He was irresistible. Handsome and debonair. The perfect Southern gentleman. I'm afraid a match was struck the day they met that burned brighter and brighter until . . . Well, I've gone on too long.

EDITH: What happened? Were they married?

CALLISTA: *(amused)* I thought you weren't interested in anything but the Kewpies.

EDITH: Please, I must know what happened.

(Lights up on Dance Floor as Waltz ends and dancers applaud the band.)

GREY: I have danced with hundreds of women but never have I enjoyed myself more.

ROSE: I'm not quite sure I believe you.

GREY: Rose, I will never say anything to you that I wouldn't want you to believe.

ROSE: And a sense of humor . . . Is there anything you don't have, Mr. Latham.

GREY: You. But I plan to correct that unfortunate tragedy as well.

ROSE: And how will you do that?

GREY: By asking you to marry me.

ROSE: Sense of humor again?

GREY: It will be the purpose of my life to convince you that I have never been more serious.

ROSE: You don't even know my last name.

GREY: And that is where you are wrong, fair lady.

ROSE: You know my last name?

GREY: Of course. Latham. Rose Latham.

MUSICAL #8 GREY'S TANGO

GREY: May I have this dance?

ROSE: Oh, it's a tango.

ROSE attempts to go but Grey takes her arm and moves as if to go into the dance. ROSE pulls away.

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ROSE: But I can't dance tangos. And last I checked, it takes two.

GREY: *(He puts his hands on her hips)* Do you trust me?

ROSE: Should I?

They move onto the floor with the other dancers.

GREY:

START WITH YOUR HIPS JUST SO.

IT CAN BE FAST OR SLOW.

START CHEEK TO CHEEK, DEAR, AND IN A WEEK, DEAR,

YOU'LL KNOW THE STEPS I KNOW.

SLIDING ACROSS THE FLOOR,

DIP WHILE YOU GLIDE ONCE MORE.

YES! THAT'S THE RIGHT TOUCH,

LADY, THERE'S SO MUCH,

I'LL TEACH YOU WHAT IT'S FOR!

ROSE:

I'VE NEVER FELT LIKE THIS BEFORE.

I FIND I'M WANTING SO MUCH MORE.

JUST GLIDING HERE LIKE THIS WITH YOU,

IGNITES A FIRE I NEVER KNEW!

WHY I COULD DANCE LIKE THIS ALL NIGHT,

(aside)

AND LOOK HE THINKS I'VE GOT IT RIGHT.

THEY'RE STARING AT US HOW DIVINE!

BUT TISTA THINKS I'M OUT OF LINE.

TISTA: *(To Rose, so Grey can't hear)*

STOP! THIS HAS GONE TOO FAR!

YOU'LL NEVER KNOW . . .

SEE WHERE HE LEADS YOU?

THINKING HE NEEDS YOU?

YOU'RE ACTING SO BIZARRE!

YOU SHOULD KNOW BETTER!

GREY:

SUDDENLY I FEEL NUMB.

PARALYZED AND OVERCOME!

HER EYES ARE TWINKLING

GIVES ME AN INKLING

OF WHAT WE COULD BECOME!

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ROSE:

I THINK HE THINKS I'M ACTING DUMB
OR THAT I'M SMOKING OPIUM!
I KNOW HOW SOME MEN'S EYES BEGUILE,
BUT HELP, I CAN'T RESIST HIS SMILE.

GREY:

HAVE I COME ON TOO STRONG?
IS WHAT I'M FEELING WRONG?
THROWING THE RICE NOW
THAT WOULD BE NICE NOW,
THIS IS WHERE I BELONG.

ROSE:

HOW CAN I KNOW IF HE'S SINCERE?
HE'S MUCH TOO PUSHY, MUCH TOO NEAR!
OR IS THIS PART OF HIS DESIGN?
TO GET ME HANGING ON HIS LINE?

TISTA:

LOOK AT THEM, THEY'RE ACTING STRANGE,
OUT OF KILTER, OUT OF RANGE!
LOOK AT HER, HER CHEEK'S AFLAME!
SUDDEN ROMANCE, THAT'S HIS GAME?
BETTER INTERCEPT THEM QUICK!
I COULD USE SOME ARSENIC!
HOW DID HE, NO HOW DID SHE
GET SO CHUMMY, KITCHY KEE?
LOOKING LIKE THEY'LL BOTH EXPLODE.
IF THEY DON'T THEY'LL BOTH CORRODE!
YET, HE'S LIKE A ROMAN GOD,
AND MY SISTER, SHE'S NO CLOD.
HELP ME! HELP THEM! HELP US ALL.
IT'S CLEAR SHE'S HEADING FOR A FALL!

ALL THREE TOGETHER:

STOP! THIS HAS GONE TOO FAR!
YOU NEVER KNOW
WHERE IT CAN LEAD YOU
SHE'LL/HE'LL ONLY BLEED YOU
WE'RE/YOU'RE ACTING TOO BIZARRE,

Rose by Neil K. Newell & C. Michael Perry -- PERUSAL SCRIPT

YOU/I SHOULD KNOW BETTER!

GREY:

SUDDENLY I FEEL
NUMB, SHE
KNOWS WHERE
RANGE!
SOMETHING ODD,
I'M COMING
FROM.
HER EYES ARE
TWINKLING. GIVES
ME AN INKLING OF
WHAT WE COULD
BECOME!
BUT HELP, I CAN'T
RESIST HIS SMILE!

ROSE:

HE THINKS I THINK
HE'S ACTING DUMB
BUT I KNOW
HE'S COMING FROM
MY FATHER TOLD
ME EYES BEGUILE
BUT HELP,
I CAN'T
RESIST
HIS SMILE
CLEAR SHE'S FALLEN
SMILE!

TISTA:

LOOK AT THEM, THEY'RE
ACTING STRANGE. OUT OF
KILTER, OUT OF
PLANNING
I'M SURE, WELL, I'D BETTER
WATCH THE DOOR. YET,
A ROMAN GOD, AND MY
SISTER, SHE'S NO CLOD.
HELP ME! HELP THEM!
HELP US ALL. IT'S QUITE
IT'S IN HER
SMILE!

Scene 12: Bonnie Brook, 1945

EDITH: So romantic.

CALLISTA: It matters that much?

EDITH: I just don't want to spend the rest of my life reading newspapers and talking about price earning ratios and reconciled balance sheets.

CALLISTA: He's an accountant?

EDITH: Yes, my Tommy's an accountant. Served under General Patton in the xxx corps.

CALLISTA: That sounds interesting.

EDITH: The only thing he tells me is his name rank and serial number. You'd think I was the Gestapo and he a prisoner of war.

CALLISTA: Your Tommy isn't much of a talker?

EDITH: That's the funny thing. Before the war we had so much to talk about. Now, we mostly just nod and smile and say things people say to each other at church.

CALLISTA: And you wonder if you married Tommy if it would last?

EDITH: Is it so wrong to want a little fire?

CALLISTA: Fire isn't always such a great thing.

EDITH: Your sister knew fire.

CALLISTA: For awhile.

EDITH: It didn't last?

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CALLISTA: Rose and Gray were scandalously passionate. Everywhere they went, they were in each others arms. People said they fit perfectly together . . .

EDITH: But it didn't last? What happened, I thought they were in love?

CALLISTA: Don't ask me to spoil a perfectly wonderful love story by talking about grief. Not just yet.

EDITH: But if they were so much in love . . .

MUSICAL #9 -- IS THAT ASKING TOO MUCH?

EDITH:

DOES IT EVER LAST?

DOES IT HAVE TO FADE?

DOES IT BURN TOO FAST?

WHY AM I AFRAID?

IS IT SO IMPOSSIBLE FOR FIRE TO FLAME FOR ALWAYS?

WHY IS IT LOVE SO OFTEN CHANGES AND BETRAYS?

ALL I EVER WISHED FOR WAS TO FINE A MAN TO SAY:

"LOVE THAT'S HERE TODAY STAYS THE SAME TOMORROW!"

LIFE DOESN'T NEED TO BORROW SORROW.

IS THAT ASKING TOO MUCH?

Rose from the previous scene walks into Bonnie Brook scene. She passes a partition and out walks her double, someone who looks like Rose and who the audience assumes IS Rose. She is dressed differently, of course, and the transition is symbolic of the move from NYC to Bonnie Brook. As CALLISTA speaks, ROSE is changing into an identical costume and will replace the double as soon as she is ready.

CALLISTA:

ROMANCE IS A FIRE

BRIEFLY BURNING BRIGHT!

PROBLEM IS THAT FIRE ONLY LASTS THE NIGHT.

WHEN THE FIRE IS DONE THERE'S NOTHING LEFT BUT COALS AND CINDERS.

AND WHEN THE FIRE IS OUT YOU CAN'T BEGIN AGAIN!

IS THAT ASKING TOO MUCH?

FUNNY, THOSE WORDS, ROSE OFTEN SAID!

WHAT IS LEFT TO SAY WHEN SOMEONE KILLS THE FIRE STILL BURNING?

IS THAT ASKING TOO MUCH?

EDITH:

ALL I EVER

WISHED FOR WAS TO

CALLISTA:

IS THAT

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Rose by Neil K. Newell & C. Michael Perry -- PERUSAL SCRIPT

FIND A MAN TO	ASKING TOO
SAY:	MUCH?
“LOVE THAT’S HERE TO- FUNNY, THOSE	
DAY	WORDS,
STAYS THE SAME TO-	ROSE OFTEN
MORROW!”	SAID!
LIFE DOESN’T	WHAT IS LEFT TO
NEED TO BORROW	SAY WHEN SOMEONE
SOR-	KILLS THE FIRE STILL
ROW!	BURNING?
IS THAT ASKING	IS THAT ASKING
TOO MUCH?	TOO MUCH?

CALLISTA: Funny, I think those are the very words Rose spoke after she left Gray. She returned here, to Bonnie Brook, you know, and lived here for awhile. Rose always returned here when she needed to feel love and wild and hope. Oh, it was hard for her those first few months. I thought her heart would break. She was so alone. She came here with the idea that she could devote herself to her work, but the hurt was so deep. Just as I was beginning to despair of her ever smiling again, something remarkable happened.

(ROSE walks over to tree and pulls out of the "Mail Branch" a package. It is addressed to her and she opens it. Inside is a letter and a book. She reads the letter and is puzzled because there is no signature. Then she opens the book and reads the inscription. She smiles. ROSE walks up to her studio, (the third floor of Bonnie Brook) and TISTA enters. Rose shows TISTA her latest package and adds it to a table top filled with letters, books, and magazines. TISTA pantomimes asking if she has discovered who it is from, but Rose does not know. They scour the new package looking for some clue that will give them a hint as to who Rose's secret admirer really is. But they find nothing.)

At the time, our mailbox was the branch of an old tree that bordered the road. Not long after Rose arrived at Bonnie Brook, the mail tree began to bear fruit. Rose had a secret admirer. Someone, a very ardent someone, was sending her letters and books, writing her poetry . . . and the words in those letters! They were like a down mattress that Rose could sink into. She read every letter a hundred times. They were so romantic. The letters praised her the most beautiful, most intelligent, most creative woman in the world. And persistent! Nearly every day, another parcel arrived for Rose. But always unsigned. What a delicious mystery it was. We racked our brains but we couldn't think of who it could be. And the language so poetic and wonderful and haunting. I think Rose fell in love with Harry Wilson before she even knew his name . . . before she had ever laid eyes on him.

EDITH: Harry Wilson, the novelist?

CALLISTA: And playwright. He and Booth Tarkington collaborated on a number of things. He was quite famous, you know.

EDITH: How did you discover it was him?

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CALLISTA: Harry told her, eventually. Rose could barely remember having met him. That sort of thing happened frequently with Rose someone would catch a glimpse of her and the next thing they knew they were madly infatuated. But Harry was something different, much different from Grey. Harry was a poet. And that was something Rose found completely irresistible.

(HARRY appears at Bonnie Brook. He is an intellectual and a snob, although one infatuated with Rose. When he arrives, ROSE falls into his arms and looks into his eyes. She drags him up to her studio and shows him his letters and books all neatly arranged. It is quite a pile. They laugh. They kiss. They exit only to appear moments later in their wedding dress.)

It was too quick, of course. Harry proposed and Rose agreed and before we knew it, Harry was part of the family.

Scene 13: *Wyoming Cabin -- HARRY carries ROSE across the threshold of a rustic cabin. He goes outside to get their luggage as ROSE inspects the place. There is not much to inspect, a wash basin, a mirror, a wood stove, a rickety bed. HARRY brings in the bags.*

ROSE: You were right, Wyoming is perfectly charming!

HARRY: Not too rustic?

ROSE: You forget I grew up on the prairie. Bonnie Brook lies hidden deep within the tangled woods. I love rustic.

HARRY: *(opens suitcase and pulls out marriage certificate)* There it is, the document that makes it official..

ROSE: *(Reading)* Is that what makes me Mrs. Harry Wilson?

(Harry Thinks about it a moment, tears up marriage certificate and drops pieces into stove.)

ROSE: Harry!

HARRY: *(Kisses Rose)* I fell in love with you the first time I saw you. I fell in love with you years before you knew I was alive.

ROSE: Why did you tear up our marriage certificate?

HARRY: You asked if that was what made you my wife.

ROSE: It was our marriage certificate!

HARRY: *(Kissing Rose again)* This is our marriage certificate.

ROSE: Is that so?

HARRY: That is so.

ROSE: I hope it has a daily renewal clause.

HARRY: Hourly.

ROSE: I think I like that kind of marriage certificate.

(Harry picks up basin and goes to door).

Where are you going?

HARRY: Water

(He leaves)

Rose by Neil K. Newell & C. Michael Perry -- PERUSAL SCRIPT

ROSE: (*Shouting*) Better hurry back, it would be a shame if the certificate expired.

(*Rose strikes a seductive pose on the bed*)

HARRY: (*From off stage*) Don't worry, I'll never let the . . .

ROSE: Harry?

Harry screams.

ROSE: Harry!

(*Harry bursts into the room, his face white with terror. He slams the door behind him and leaps onto the bed and into Rose's arms.*)

ROSE: Harry! What on earth is the matter?

HARRY: If it happens, it must happen to us together!

ROSE: What! If what happens?

HARRY: Skunk!

ROSE: Skunk?

HARRY: SKUNK!

(*Rose's concern melts away instantly and in its place, she is overcome with laughter that begins slowly, but overtakes her completely.*)

ROSE: Skunk?

HARRY: (*Hurt by Rose's reaction*) Have you ever . . . do you know what would happen . . . IT'S NOT FUNNY?

ROSE: (*She can barely speak*) I know, Harry, but . . .

HARRY: What are you laughing at?

ROSE: Harry, I don't think the skunk is going to open the door.

HARRY: You don't know skunks.

ROSE: (*Toying with him*) Wait a minute, did I hear knocking?

HARRY: Now you're being cruel.

ROSE: I think I hear something . . .

(*Trying to not move her lips and in a skunk-like voice*)

"Parcel. For Mr. Wilson."

HARRY: I suppose you think that's quite funny.

ROSE: (*Trying very hard to stop laughing*) Only a little.

HARRY: No one likes to be laughed at, especially on their honeymoon.

ROSE: Is my itto bitty buppy angwy?

HARRY: Stop it, Rose. You know I can't be angry at you when you talk like that.

ROSE: But we can't have our sweetie itto bumpkins mad at us!

HARRY: You are the most bewitching woman. Why is it that you look so beautiful when I'm mad at you?

ROSE: Oh, Harry. When you were young did you ever imagine that one day you would be here with me, in bed . . . with a skunk at the door?

HARRY: I don't believe that image ever came to mind.

ROSE: It's precisely the kind of thing I imagined . . . the kind of delicious thing I had hoped for. . . isn't it exquisite, Harry? The bitter-sweet irony of life!

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MUSICAL #10 HERE WE ARE

ROSE:

WHEN I WAS A GIRL,
I THOUGHT OF THIS MOMENT.
YEARNING TO KNOW WHAT
EVERY BRIGHT GLOW MEANT . . .

HARRY:

I SEARCHED FOR CANDLELIGHT!

ROSE:

WHEN I WAS A GIRL,
I FOUGHT EVERY MINUTE
PUSHING AT LIFE TO GET
WHAT WAS IN IT . . .

HARRY:

I LOOKED FOR SIGNS OF LIFE!
I WAS IMPATIENT,

ROSE:

NO, PENSIVE . . .

HARRY:

I KNOW.

ROSE:

I WAS REBELLIOUS . . .

HARRY:

NO! I WAS BUT HALF
OF A WHOLE RENDEZVOUS.
YOU ARE MY LIFE AND SOUL!

BOTH:

HERE WE ARE!
DOING WHAT OTHERS HAVE DONE
BLIND IN THAT RADIANT SUN
CAPTURED, FINDING IT FUN!
HERE WE ARE!

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SKATING ON ICE MUCH TOO THIN,
RISKING OUR LIVES WITH A GRIN,
IN GOOSE-PIMPLED SKIN!

HARRY:
SOMEHOW I JUST KNEW,
THERE WAS SOMEONE LIKE YOU.

ROSE:
SOMEONE WHO'D TAKE
MY HAND IN HIS HAND

HARRY:
SOMEHOW, I ALWAYS KNEW.

ROSE:
SOMEHOW, I JUST KNEW . . .

HARRY:
YOU WOULD LIGHT MY DARKNESS!
WHAT ONCE WAS NIGHT
IS FILLED WITH A BRIGHT

ROSE:
WONDERFUL, GOLDEN HUE!

BOTH:
HERE WE ARE!
CAUGHT IN THIS MOMENT OF TIME

HARRY:
CAUGHT IN THE RHYME OF LOVE
HERE WE ARE FLYING
LIKE BIRDS IN THE BLUE

ROSE:
HIGHER THAN NIGHT ABOVE!

BOTH:
HERE WE ARE
NOT WITH A WHIMPER, A BASH!
DOING IT ALL IN A FLASH

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HURRIED, IN LOVE, AND RASH!
HERE WE ARE,
OUT OF OUR MINDS IN THE AIR,
BOGGLE-EYED, LIT LIKE A FLARE,
WITH HARDLY A CARE!

ROSE:

WHEN I WAS A GIRL,
I THOUGHT OF THIS MOMENT, I FOUGHT EVERY MINUTE
YEARNING TO KNOW WHAT PUSHING AT LIFE TO
EVERY BRIGHT GLOW MEANT FIND A SPOT IN IT.
I SEARCHED FOR CANDLELIGHT! I LOOKED FOR SIGNS OF LIFE.

HARRY:

WHEN I WAS A BOY,
I THOUGHT OF THIS MOMENT, I FOUGHT EVERY MINUTE
YEARNING TO KNOW WHAT PUSHING AT LIFE TO
EVERY BRIGHT GLOW MEANT FIND A SPOT IN IT.
I SEARCHED FOR CANDLELIGHT! I LOOKED FOR SIGNS OF LIFE.

BOTH:

SOMEHOW I JUST KNEW,
THERE WAS SOMEONE LIKE YOU.
SOMEONE WHO'D TAKE MY
HAND IN HIS/HER HAND,
SOMEHOW I ALWAYS KNEW.

HARRY:

I WAS WHAT . . .

ROSE:

JADED?

HARRY:

NO FADED'S THE WORD.

ROSE:

YOU WERE FIRST-RATED,

HARRY:

OR THIRD.

I HAD CREATED A VACANT . . .

ROSE:

I HEARD.

HARRY:

MORE LIKE A STALE HORS D'OEUVRE

BOTH:

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HERE WE ARE!
SOARING AND SPREADING OUR WINGS
THINKING A THOUSAND DEAR THINGS
THINKING "I DO'S" AND RINGS.
HERE WE ARE!
BRIGHT-EYED, RIDICULOUS, WISE.
SWIMMING IN EACH OTHER'S EYES,
THROWING AWAY DISGUISE.
D'LERIOUSLY, D'LIGHTFULLY
D'LECTABLY, D'SIROUSLY
HERE!

They embrace and laugh.

Scene 14: 1945, Bonnie Brook

EDITH: Your sister lived a golden life. Success, love, admiration—Is it any wonder her art reflects the perfect bliss of her life?

CALLISTA: (*troubled laugh*) The perfect bliss of her life?

EDITH: You have to admit, she lived as close to a fairy tale life as anyone could.

CALLISTA: Can I show you something?

MUSICAL # 11 -- UNDERSCORE (Swift Moments)

(Dramatic and moody background music . Callista removes the coverings from three canvases that rest on three easels. The paintings are of Rose's "monsters." They are dark, brooding, and troubling. As each one is revealed, the painting appears projected on the set, large and overpowering. EDITH stands and looks. She is obviously moved by them.)

CALLISTA: Here is the product of Rose's blissful life Rose's fairy-tale life. No one who knew Rose knew her torment, her loneliness, her desperation. She rarely spoke of it. She was a master at hiding her pain. But these paintings, 'her monsters' she called them, they spoke for her.

EDITH: I consider myself a respectable judge of art.

(Surprised)

These are quite good.

CALLISTA: The French Academy thought so as well. They sponsored three shows for Rose.

EDITH: (*Moving from painting to painting*) The Paris Academy? Le Societé des Beaux Arts? But that is the most respected art society in the world. They rejected Gaugin and Monet. Three times, you say?

Rose by Neil K. Newell & C. Michael Perry -- PERUSAL SCRIPT

CALLISTA: People always judged Rose by her Kewpies.

EDITH: Such power. They're troubling. Where did your sister learn to draw like this?

CALLISTA: William Patrick Henry O'Neill

EDITH: I don't think I've ever heard of him.

CALLISTA: He wasn't an artist.

EDITH: Who was he?

CALLISTA: Book salesman, vagabond, and gentleman but we just called him Poppa. He's the one who taught Rose to draw.

EDITH: How could a book salesman teach your sister to draw?

Scene 15: *Omaha, 1885? -- We are in the O'Neill cabin. Books everywhere books used as chairs and tables. Little other furniture. POPPA is dressed in gentleman's attire with his ever-present Union Army cape draped around his shoulders. MEEMIE is cleaning. ROSE (age 11) is playing with her brothers HUGH, CLINK, and THOMAS(?) And her sister LEE*

POPPA: *(With a flourish of his cape)* Gather round, children, it's story time
Children are excited about this and surround him.

ROSE: Tell us the story of Red-hand!

HUGH: Yes, Red-hand!

POPPA: But I told you that story just yesterday!

CHILDREN: *(They each beg him in their own way)* Please! Tell us about Red-hand. I don't care, I want to hear Red-hand. We don't care! Don't tease us, Poppa, and etc.

POPPA: *(Dramatically)* The story of Red-hand
(cheers)

The O'Neill who kept his word.

MEEMIE: Poppa, don't tell them that horrible story again.

CHILDREN: Please! Please!

POPPA: They want to hear it, Meemie. What can I do?

MEEMIE: Tell them a fairy-tale. Something nice.

POPPA: But the Red-hand story is a defining moment in the O'Neill legacy!

MEEMIE: The story of a man who cuts off his hand and throws it ashore because he swore he'd be the first on the boat to touch land?

CHILDREN: *(Groans)* Aw, you spoiled it.

POPPA: Can I help it if they like the story?

MEEMIE: It's barbaric and I don't like such young ears hearing about severed hands.

POPPA: *(To children)* We'll do story time tomorrow, children.

CHILDREN: *(Groans)* Will you tell us the story of Red-hand tomorrow?

POPPA: We'll see.

Rose by Neil K. Newell & C. Michael Perry -- PERUSAL SCRIPT

CHILDREN return to playing. ROSE goes under the kitchen table and begins drawing frogs on lily pads in the fly leaf of books.

MEEMIE: You could have told them a different story.

POPPA: *(To children)* She's doing it again!

MEEMIE: Poppa!

POPPA: *(This is not affected or manipulative, but comes from his heart)* Looking radiant! Look at her eyes, children, and you have looked into the eyes of heaven itself. Makes me want to dance a jig!

He dances a jig and holds out his hand to MEEMIE to join him.

MUSICAL # 11b -- The Jig

MEEMIE: *(Dancing with POPPA)* Can anyone resist someone who dances so wonderfully? *They finish dancing with a flourish Children applaud. ROSE brings out her book and shows MEEMIE and POPPA her drawings.*

ROSE: See? They're frogs!

MEEMIE: Rose, I've told you about drawing in Poppa's books. He won't be able to sell them if you draw in them.

ROSE: I didn't mean to.

POPPA: Look at that, Meemie, these frogs are actually quite remarkable!

MEEMIE: Just the same, Rose . . .

POPPA: *(Examining the drawings)* Meemie, I have a proposition.

MEEMIE: What kind of proposition?

POPPA: Give me this child.

MEEMIE: Rose?

POPPA: The same. I want to make an experiment. Specialize. She shall have no studies except those conducive to the arts.

MEEMIE: For pity's sake, let the poor little creature get an ordinary education first.

POPPA: She will have no occasion for an ordinary education

MEEMIE: But she can't say two and two make four!

POPPA: Why should she? I don't expect her to be at such a loss for something to say.

MEEMIE: And which one of the arts have you decided to choose for her?

POPPA: All! I intend to expose this child to every artistic endeavor known to man. She shall not only learn to paint but to speak, act, dance, swim, play instruments, sing, and recite! I predict she will be another Leonardo Da Vinci!

MEEMIE: But what if she doesn't care to be another Da Vinci?

POPPA: What do you say, Rose? Do you want to be another Da Vinci?

ROSE: I suppose.

POPPA: Let the experiment begin!

MUSICAL #12 -- A LITTLE BIT OF THIS

Rose by Neil K. Newell & C. Michael Perry -- PERUSAL SCRIPT

POPPA:

VERDI AND PUCCINI
MANET AND MICHELANGELO
IBSEN, CHEKHOV, SHAKESPEARE
EVERYTHING YOU SHOULD KNOW.

I shall expose this child to every art known to man.

OPERA AT NINE.
AN HOUR IS FINE.
ELOCUTION'S AT TEN.
SIXTY MINUTES AND THEN--
WE'LL PREPARE FOR THE STAGE;
ELIZABETHEAN AGE!

AT NOON WE'LL SIT FOR LUNCH.
AND THEN I HAVE A HUNCH
THAT AT ONE WE'LL HAVE AN APPETITE FOR DANCE.

BALLET WILL START THE AFTERNOON.
TO BE FOLLOWED AT TWO WITH A BASS BASSOON.

AT THREE THE LESSONS IN LITERATURE.
THERE'S A NOVEL IN THIS CHILD. I'M ABSOLUTELY SURE!
AT FOUR WE DON OUR SMOCKS AND FILL OUR CANVAS WITH
COLORS AND SHAPES BOTH BOLD AND BRIGHT.
THIS CHILD WILL BE FAMOUS OVERNIGHT.

NO THAT'S AN EDUCATION FOR A PRODIGY!
JUST MARK MY WORDS, JUST WAIT AND SEE!
THIS CHILD WILL LEAVE A BRIGHT AND CHEERING, CULTURE STEERING,
GENIUS NEARING, SOON APPEARING MARK ON HISTORY.

MEEMIE: But it's too much!

POPPA: Nonsense! It's perfect!

MEEMIE: You'll only confuse the poor dear.

POPPA: Confuse her? She'll thrive on it!

SINGING TEACHER:

TRY A LITTLE BIT OF THIS:
DON'T SLOUCH -- BREATHE DEEPLY.

Rose by Neil K. Newell & C. Michael Perry -- PERUSAL SCRIPT

FROM THE LIPS MAKE AN "AH" THAT'S AN "E".
STILL AND "E".
STAND STRAIGHT!
CHEST OUT!

(He sings terribly)

AND "AWWWWWWWWWWWGH"

ROSE: *(Perfect tone)* AHHHHHHHH!

SINGING TEACHER:

NO CHILD -- YOU'LL NEVER BE A SINGER THAT WAY!

ROSE:

BUT ...

SINGING TEACHER:

SING AWGH!

ROSE:

AHHHHHH!

SINGING TEACHER:

I DON'T KNOW WHY I TRY! LISTEN CAREFULLY CHILD...

ELOCUTION TEACHER:

TRY A LITTLE BIT OF THIS--

"A" "E" "I" "O" "U"

PUT THESE PEBBLES IN YOUR MOUTH!

LIKE THIS:

(He pops them in his mouth)

"EI" "EH" "AH" "UH" "EW"

ROSE:

ARE THEY CLEAN?

ELOCUTION TEACHER:

NO QUESTIONS! JUST DO IT!

PUT THE PEBBLES IN YOUR MOUTH!

LIKE THIS:

(He pops them in his mouth)

"EI" "EH" "AH" "UH" "EW"

ROSE:

ALL RIGHT

(Pebbles in)

ROSE:

"A" "E" "I" "O" "U"

ELOCUTION TEACHER:

TOO TIMID. MORE SOUND.

YOU MUST DO JUST AS I TELL YOU!

YOU'LL NEVER BE A SPEAKER IF YOU LISTEN TO YOUR INSTINCTS.

Rose by Neil K. Newell & C. Michael Perry -- PERUSAL SCRIPT

NOW REPEAT AFTER ME!

(Over done)

“FOUR SCORE AND SEVEN YEARS AGO”

ROSE: *(Repeating perfectly and naturally)*

“FOUR SCORE AND SEVEN YEARS AGO”

ELOCUTION TEACHER:

NO! NO! NO! NO! NO PASSION!

NO FEELING! NO TONE!

ACTING TEACHER:

TRY A LITTLE BIT OF THIS...

DEL SARTE! VERY FRENCH! SO, HE’S GOOD!

LISTED 26 EMOTIONS.

HOW TO SHOW THEM!

HERE’S FEAR...

(DOES IT)

HERE’S JOY...

(DOES IT)

NOW SURPRISE...

(DOES IT)

NOW YOU!

(SHE DOES IT)

THAT’S NOT SURPRISE!

ROSE:

NO, IT’S BOREDOM!

ACTING TEACHER:

NO! -- HERE’S BOREDOM! ...

(Does it)

ROSE:

YOU’VE GOT THAT RIGHT!

ACTING TEACHER:

NOW YOU! ...

(She does it)

THAT’S NOT BOREDOM!

ROSE:

NO -- IT’S DISGUST!

ACTING TEACHER:

NO! NO! WILL YOU NEVER LEARN!?

HERE’S DISGUST!

(He does it)

DANCING TEACHER:

TRY A BIT, JUST A LITTLE,
WON'T YOU COME AND TRY A LITTLE BIT OF THIS?!
NOW, FOLLOW ME!
FIRST POSITION, SECOND POSITION, THIRD, FOURTH, FIFTH POSITION!

(SHE DOES)

FIRST POSITION, SECOND POSITION, THIRD, FOURTH, FIFTH POSITION!
THE SECRET TO BALLET IS THAT EVERY MOVE IS EXACTLY WHAT IT IS!
A PLIER'S A PLIER; NOTHING MORE!
A RELEVER'S A RELEVER; NOTHING LESS!
PERFECTION COMES FROM PRACTICE! EV'RY MOVE IS PRECISE;
THAT'S WHY BALLET IS NICE!
FIRST POSITION, SECOND POSITION, THIRD, FOURTH, FIFTH POSITION!

TISTA: *(To friends and associates elsewhere, who are inquiring after ROSE)* It's no use, Rose won't play, she's making Gods.

DANCING TEACHER:

DID I TELL YOU OF THE GRAND NEW YORK BALLET?
ROBERT CAME FROM PARIS WITH HIS OWN VALET!

OUR LIPS WILL TOUCH WITH PASSION EACH TIME THE CURTAIN CLOSES.
OUR AUDIENCES SHOWER US WITH CHEERS AND ROSES!

ROSE:

HOW'S THIS?

DANCING TEACHER:

THAT'S NICE!

PAINTING TEACHER:

AHEM! TRY A LITTLE BIT OF THIS!
BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE DOING BEAUTIFUL THINGS!
THAT'S WHAT TO PAINT, DEAR, ANGELS WITH WINGS!
NOT A SHACK BUT A PALACE!
NOT A CUP, BUT A CHALICE!
AND A BELL'S NOT A BELL 'TIL IT GLISTENS AND RINGS!

(ROSE shows him what she has done.)

NO, DEAR, TOO DREARY!
AND THIS ONE'S TOO WEARY!
YOU CAN'T BECOME FAMOUS BY DEALING WITH DOOM!
DEPRESSION IS FATAL; IT CLEARS OUT A ROOM!
TRY BEING CHEERY! AND LIFT PEOPLE, DEARIE!

Rose by Neil K. Newell & C. Michael Perry -- PERUSAL SCRIPT

PAINT BABIES AND CHILDREN AND FLOWERS THAT BLOOM!
TRY A LITTLE BIT OF THIS!

DANCING TEACHER:

NO, DEAR, TRY A LITTLE BIT OF THIS!
DO IT THIS WAY!

ACTING TEACHER:

NO, DEAR, TRY A LITTLE BIT OF THIS!
DO IT THIS WAY!

SINGING TEACHER:

NO, DEAR, TRY A LITTLE BIT OF THIS!
DO IT THIS WAY!

ALL TEACHERS:

NO, DEAR, TRY A LITTLE BIT OF THIS!

Scene 16: *Bonnie Brook, 1945*

CALLISTA: When she was 15, Poppa sent one of her paintings to a contest sponsored by the Omaha World Herald. She won first prize. They couldn't believe a 15-year old girl could have drawn it and so they invited her to draw something else, this time while they watched. They were stunned. More than one artist in Omaha offered to teach her to draw "properly" as they put it, but Rose couldn't abide it. Her teachers wanted her to walk. Rose wanted to fly. So she did what she had always done, she drew to please herself, rather than to please those who wanted to teach her how.

EDITH: *(To herself)* No lessons? This all came naturally?

CALLISTA: After Rose won the contest, Poppa began sending her drawings to other newspapers. The most amazing thing started happening Rose began receiving checks in the mail. Newspapers were paying her for her drawings!

EDITH: At fifteen?

CALLISTA: Four years later, she moved to New York City.

EDITH: Your father accompanied her?

CALLISTA: Goodness no, she went alone to make her fortune!

EDITH: At nineteen?

CALLISTA: She stayed at the Convent of the Sisters of St. Regis. The nuns accompanied her everywhere she went.

Through the following scenes we should see the NUNS always in the background, watching and protecting.

When Rose visited a publisher, she came with one of the sisters of St. xxx. When she went to a dance, she went with one of the sisters of St. xxxx.

Rose by Neil K. Newell & C. Michael Perry -- PERUSAL SCRIPT

EDITH: She drew mostly for magazines?

CALLISTA: I'll show you.

(While she speaks, she opens a scrapbook and shows examples of her early art to Edith. These drawings simultaneously appear overhead.)

EDITH: These are very good, but they're not the same as the drawings on the easel. Where did they come from?

CALLISTA: Those? They came from her pain. They came from the tragedies of her life.

EDITH: Tragedy? But everything she touched turned to gold!

CALLISTA: You don't know about Thomas? Or Jamie?

EDITH: Should I?

CALLISTA: Brothers. Dead.

EDITH: I'm sorry.

CALLISTA: Rose took it harder than the rest of us.

EDITH: What happened?

CALLISTA: And then, there was Grey.

EDITH: Grey Latham?

The actions described with GREY should happen in the background or even be written into dialog

CALLISTA: He turned out to be something of a scoundrel. He'd go to Rose's publishers and take her paychecks. She tried to talk with him, but he just said he was not cut out to live like a pauper. He had expenses.

EDITH: He took her money?

CALLISTA: Regular work was beneath him.

EDITH: Wasn't he good at anything?

CALLISTA: The only thing he could do with any competence was be charming. And unfortunately for Rose, his being charming depended on Rose providing him with shoes, overcoats, hats, and canes.

EDITH: I can't believe your sister would let him get away with it.

CALLISTA: She tried to beat him to the publishers but he had this uncanny knack of getting there first. Sometimes, Rose would arrive only a few minutes after.

EDITH: Why didn't she tell her publishers not to give the money to Grey?

CALLISTA: She was too humiliated. Besides, every time she confronted him, he swore he'd never do it again and pleaded with her to forgive him.

Scene 17: *Café, New York, 1905 -- Grey is sitting in café, flirting silently with WAITRESS. ROSE enters. There is an obvious tension between them. Each phrase seems forced and uncomfortable.*

CALLISTA: Finally, Rose knew that even though she was still very much in love with him . . .

ROSE: Sorry I'm late

GREY: I'm used to it.

Rose by Neil K. Newell & C. Michael Perry -- PERUSAL SCRIPT

ROSE: I didn't hear you come in last night.

GREY: It's quite amusing, actually, I ran into an old friend. We spent the entire evening talking about business.

ROSE: That's very good, Grey. Business.

GREY: He wants me to join him in a new enterprise he's starting.

ROSE: I hope it works out for you.

GREY: It combines moving pictures and . . . I'm boring you.

ROSE: (*Disinterested*) No, really, go ahead.

GREY: Rose, you have to believe me about last night.

ROSE: It's not that. Oh, Grey, it's . . .

(She can't find the words)

GREY: This is awkward.

ROSE: Yes.

GREY: (*Uncomfortable*) You look ravishing. As usual. New hat?

ROSE: Yes. No. I was going to, but . . .

BOTH lapse into their own thoughts.

MUSICAL # 13 -- DIVORCING

ROSE: (*To herself*)

NOTHING SEEMED RIGHT,

TRY AS I COULD

NOTHING SEEMED FITTING

GREY: (*To Himself*)

HOW DID WE STRAY SO FAR?

ROSE:

I HOPED WE MIGHT TALK

TALK SENSIBLY, LIKE FRIENDS

GREY:

THIS WAITING, THIS SILENCE,

ROSE:

THIS HAUNTING, WILL IT END?

GREY:

I CAN'T BELIEVE

THIS IS HAPPENING TO US

LIKE HOLDING FIRE,

LIKE BEING HIT BY A BUS!

WHAT DID I SAY,

WHAT DIDN'T I DO?

ROSE:

WE HAVE TO FACE IT,
WE'RE THROUGH.

GREY:

SO FINAL . . .

ROSE:

WHAT CAN I SAY?

GREY:

SO CALLOUS . . .

ROSE:

IS THERE ANY OTHER WAY?

BOTH:

DIVORCING . . .

(PAUSE)

ROSE: You ordered?

GREY: Escargot.

ROSE: That's what I would have ordered

GREY: I know . . .

(To himself)

COULDN'T IT WAIT?

CAN'T WE PRETEND?

THIS IS LIKE . . . DYING!

ROSE:

DOES DREAMING HAVE TO END?

GREY:

IF ONLY WE COULD TALK THROUGH OUR PRIDE!

ROSE:

I THINK HE'S TRYING . . .

GREY:

I'M BLEEDING INSIDE!

ROSE:

I CAN'T GO ON, IT'S TEARING ME APART

I WRING MY HANDS, TRY TO RUN, STILL MY HEART

ACHES WITH THE WORDS WE SHOULDN'T HAVE SAID.

Rose by Neil K. Newell & C. Michael Perry -- PERUSAL SCRIPT

GREY:

WITHOUT YOUR LOVE, ROSE
I'M DEAD!

ROSE:

I'M BURSTING!

GREY:

SHE HATES ME!

ROSE:

I'M WEAKENING!

GREY:

WHO'D HAVE EVER THOUGHT WE'D BE . . .

BOTH:

DIVORCING.

DIVORCING!

ROSE: Oh, Grey.

GREY: Rose!

ROSE: It's just that . . .

MUSIC CHANGES TO A TANGO

GREY: They're playing a tango.

ROSE: We're so different.

GREY: We're so much alike.

ROSE: We have the same friends . . .

GREY: They think we're the perfect couple . . .

ROSE: You're a day person . . .

GREY: You can work all night long.

ROSE: You don't like jazz.

GREY: We both like Dickens!

ROSE: You don't like modern art!

GREY: We move so well together!

ROSE: It's impossible.

BOTH: *(Singing)*

DIVORCING!

Lights slowly fade.

Rose by Neil K. Newell & C. Michael Perry -- PERUSAL SCRIPT

Scene 18: *Bonnie Brook, 1945*

CALLISTA: So you see, in the end, romance isn't everything people imagine.

EDITH: Must it come to that? Can stability come only at the price of boredom?

CALLISTA: Rose was often sad . . . especially later on. But I don't think I ever saw her bored.

EDITH: Because she was beautiful and rich and everyone adored her.

CALLISTA: In the end Rose lost everything that made her life a fairy tale--her beauty, her money, her friends. Like sands through an hourglass, every day she seemed to lose a little more.

During her final years, I don't think anyone would call her life a fairy tale.

EDITH: But she had love. Harry loved her, I'm sure. Was he with her when he died?

CALLISTA: No, not Harry.

EDITH: But he was a poet and a writer! Surely he didn't take Rose's money?

CALLISTA: What Harry tried to take was Rose's soul.

EDITH: But he was the one who pursued her. Sent her books, letters. He begged her to marry him.

CALLISTA: Rose once told me Harry reminded her of a sad puppy. She couldn't bear to break his heart.

EDITH: I'm going to assume the marriage didn't last?

CALLISTA: Harry was a little moody.

EDITH: That doesn't sound so bad.

CALLISTA: Once, Harry didn't say a word to Rose for fourteen days.

EDITH: It happens, people get mad . . . give each other the silent treatment.

CALLISTA: On their honeymoon?

EDITH: Oh.

CALLISTA: When he married Rose, he quit his job and came here to Bonnie Brook to write his novel.

EDITH: How did he get along with the family?

CALLISTA: It's funny. Meemie and Hugh always liked him. Believe it or not, Meemie wrote to him from time to time even after the divorce.

We see the family at the dining table. HARRY enters. POPPA stands in mock respect, bows to him and, with a flourish, offers his seat at the head of the table to HARRY.

Poppa never liked him. Thought he was pretentious and condescending. Harry was always muttering something under his breath about how unrefined and crass we were. And Poppa, for his part, returned the favor. We called him the lion because he paced back and forth and, if ever disturbed, he became furious. Rose tried to be cheerful around him, tried to be engaging and encouraging, but he looked down his nose and asked if she didn't have something better to do. Once, he said it was easy for him to be kind to a dog or a child, but that there was something about a woman that brought out the worst in him.

EDITH: I don't understand. He was secretly in love with Rose for years, went to immense pains to court her, he would have done anything for Rose. What happened? Why did things change?

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CALLISTA: At heart, I think Harry was afraid. Afraid of how bright Rose was, afraid of how talented she was, afraid of how desirable she was. Most of all, Harry was afraid he would lose Rose. And somehow, he thought if he could break Rose—he could keep Rose.

Scene 19: *Bonnie Brook, 1909. HARRY and ROSE are entertaining three high-society couples. Rose is engaged in conversation with Louisa Tarkington and they are not paying attention to the others.*

HARRY: Who do you think will win at Cowes?

SPANGLER: Ah, you enjoy yacht racing?

BOOTH: Not just any yacht race, the races at Cowes are the talk of Paris, England, and America!

HARRY: The Paris team has all but assured victory this year.

SPANGLER: During the next week, the eyes of the entire world are focused on Cowes.

ROSE: *(Laughing, trying to become a part of the conversation)* Cows? What in heavens name can cows be doing to warrant the focus of the entire world?

(HARRY is humiliated, there is an uncomfortable silence)

BOOTH: Cowes, England. Off the Isle of Wight? Host to the Cowes yacht race?

ROSE: I'm sorry . . . I thought you were talking about Holsteins.

HARRY: No, we were speaking of yachts.

ROSE: I'm sorry, I'm afraid I don't follow yachts.

BOOTH: That is apparent.

ROSE: *(In baby talk)* But I do fowwow woses. Hawy has my buppy seen me booteefow woses?

HARRY: *(Humiliated)* Rose, I swear if you say woses one more time, I will divorce you.

(To the others, trying to lighten the moment)

She's does it constantly, baby-talk. It drives me crazy.

ROSE: I thought my buppy-wuppy wiked my baby talk?

HARRY: *(To the others)* So, any predictions about the race at Cowes?

ROSE: But Hawwy, you haven't noticed my woses. Awen't they the most pefect itto woses you eview saw?

Scene 20: *BONNIE BROOK. Rose is upstairs in her study, crying.*

CALLISTA: What most people noticed about Rose was the light in her eyes. They twinkled as though they were lighting up a Christmas tree. But after five years with Harry, the light in her eyes had dimmed. She knew if she stayed with Harry much longer, there wouldn't be much left of her.

(TISTA enters.)

TISTA: Oh, dear, what's the matter.

Rose by Neil K. Newell & C. Michael Perry -- PERUSAL SCRIPT

(ROSE doesn't answer)

It's Harry.

ROSE: What is wrong with me? Why am I such a failure?

TISTA: Rose O'Neill? A failure?

ROSE: I tried so hard, Tista.

TISTA: I know.

ROSE: That's twice, Tista. I've been trying to remember. When we were young, did we ever talk of divorce?

TISTA: Never

ROSE: That's what I thought. It wasn't possible then, was it? The only thing that existed was happily ever after.

TISTA: It wasn't your fault.

ROSE: What do you think Gray will say when he hears about this?

TISTA: Rose . . .

ROSE: What?

TISTA: . . . It's bad news.

ROSE: What? What is it, Tista? Is it Poppa?

TISTA: *(Crying herself now. Shakes her head)* Poppa is fine.
(Pause)

A telegram. It's for you.

ROSE: Meemie? Tista, tell me!

TISTA: It's Gray. He's dead.

ROSE: No!

TISTA: Murdered.

ROSE: No!

TISTA: He was involved with some bad people, Rose.

MUSICAL # 14 -- Grey's Tango Underscore

ROSE: Not Grey. Please, no. Not Grey.

TISTA: Rose, I'm so sorry.

ROSE: It's not fair. It's just not fair.

CALLISTA: He was her first love and I think she never stopped loving him. After, she kept to herself. Stayed upstairs in her studio. Secretly drawing her monsters. . . I don't think anyone knows how deeply Rose hurt. She never talked about it with me. She was always cheerful. But the depth of her grief was unimaginable. When I go up to her study even today, that's the Rose I see. Desperately hurting. Desperately trying to be cheerful. Desperately searching for something I don't think she really believed she would ever find.

MUSIC # 15 -- WHO'LL TELL ME?

Rose by Neil K. Newell & C. Michael Perry -- PERUSAL SCRIPT

ROSE:

IF I GET CARELESS ONCE IN AWHILE,
WHO'LL TELL ME?
IF I DON'T START EACH DAY WITH A SMILE,
WHO'LL TELL ME?
WITHOUT YOU NEAR,
EACH DAY IS TOO LONG,
THE NIGHTS ARE ENDLESS WITH TEARS,
EACH DAY BEGINS WITH HUMMING OUR SONG,
I'M WHISTLING ALONG,
BUT CAN'T SEEM TO DROWN MY FEARS.
YOU DISAPPEAR I ASK WHERE YOU'VE GONE,
WHO TELLS ME?
WHEN DOES THIS END, THE TORMENT GOES ON,
THEY TELL ME.
I WAIT EACH HOUR, I PACE AND I BURN,
THE TIME GOES BY AND I CRY
YOU SEEM UNCHANGED, WON'T I EVER LEARN?
OH, WHERE SHOULD I TURN,
IF YOU CANNOT CHANGE, SHOULD I?
THE NIGHTS ARE TOO LONG,
I YEARN FOR YOUR TOUCH,
KNOWING YOU'RE WARMING SOME OTHER BED,
SO MUCH HEARTACHE AND PAIN,
OH, I CARE FAR TOO MUCH,
I CAN'T BEAR TO THINK WHAT'S AHEAD!
I SCHEME AND PLAN AND ASK EVERY ONE
WHERE YOU ARE
THEY LIE AND JOKE, TELL ME TO HAVE FUN,
BUT YOU ARE
SO GONE, SO LOST, I CAN'T LIVE UNLESS
YOU NEED MY CARESS, PLEASE DO.
IF YOU ARE PUTTING ME TO THE TEST,
I'LL GIVE IT MY BEST,
BUT I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT YOU.

END OF ACT ONE

14 MORE PAGES IN ACT TWO

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LEICESTER BAY THEATRICALS

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