



"Mary Marie"

Book by Chana Wise
Music by Carl Johnson
Lyrics by Chana Wise



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Chana Wise
4712 E. 2nd St. #426
Long Beach Beach, CA 90803
chana@chanawise.com

Carl Johnson
PO Box 959
Los Olivos, CA 93441
cj@carljohnsonmusic.com

website: www.marymariemusical.com

"Mary Marie"

CHARACTERS:

3 females/2 males

MARY MARIE

Thirteen years old

MOTHER -

Mary Marie's Mother, early-thirties

FATHER -

Mary Marie's Father, early-forties

FEMALE UTILITY PLAYER -

AUNT HATTIE - *Mother's older sister, late-30'S to early-40'S*

AUNT JANE ANDERSON - *Father's older sister*

GRANDMOTHER ANDERSON - *Mary Marie's paternal grandmother*

COUSIN GRACE - *Mid-thirties*

ANDERSONVILLE NEIGHBOR

BOSTON MAID

MALE UTILITY PLAYER -

PETER - *Aunt Hattie's Chauffeur/30 years old*

BANK MAN/PAINTER/ACTOR/THE VIOLINIST - *Mother's suitors*

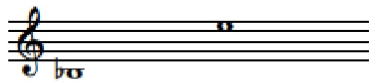
ANDERSONVILLE SERVANT

CONDUCTOR

TIME, SETTING, ACTION

Boston area/1920 - The action moves fluidly between the home of Father, in Andersonville, outside of Boston, and the Desmond family home, in Boston proper. Father's home should have suggestions of a parlor with a piano, a main living area, a library, and dining area. There is also an observatory indicated by a standing telescope just off the library. HATTIE'S home has a welcoming main room with a window seat, shelves of curios, books, magazines and fresh flowers. A sofa can be shared by both locations. There should also be a suggestion of Mary Marie's bedroom in each location.

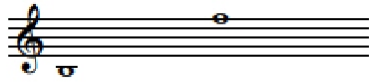
VOCAL RANGES OF PRICIPLE CHARACTERS



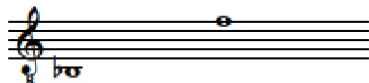
MARY MARIE (child alto)



MOTHER (soprano)



FEMALE PLAYER (mezzo soprano) plays AUNT HATTIE, AUNT JANE ANDERSON, COUSIN GRACE, ANDERSVILLE NEIGHBOR, BOSTON MAID, STAGE ACTRESS



FATHER (baritone)



MALE PLAYER (baritone) plays PETER, BANK MAN, PAINTER, ACTOR, VIOLINIST, ANDERSONVILLE SERVANT, CONDUCTOR, STAGE ACTOR

SCENES

Act One

- Scene One - Andersonville home/Train station
- Scene Two - Boston home
- Scene Three - Boston home/Boston Street/theatre/train stations/carriage
- Scene Four - Andersonville home
- Scene Five - Andersonville home
- Scene Six - Andersonville school/train station
Boston Home/Boston street/Andersonville home

Act Two

- Scene One - Andersonville home
- Scene Two - Andersonville home
- Scene Three - Train station
- Scene Four - Boston home/train stations
- Scene Five - Andersonville home

Authors Notes:

Any speech placed within brackets [] is to assist the actor in knowing what he would say had another character not interrupted or overlapped his speech. Much of music from the score is included in the demo. If the reader would like to listen to the recorded music while reading the script, where "<<Track #>>" is indicated, denotes the corresponding track number in the demo.

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ACT ONEScene One

Andersonville home. At curtain, MARY MARIE stands to the side, in a neutral area of the stage, addressing the audience as she reads from her book. FATHER and MOTHER each stand a distance away on either side of her, facing upstage, dimly lit.

MARY MARIE

(reading)

Chapter one.

(pauses reflectively. **#1A Intro Underscore.**)

MARY MARIE

No.

(crosses out something, then satisfied, writes.)

Introduction. That... which explains things.

My name is Mary. *And*, my name is Marie.

(stops writing; then reads)

You see, I was told that Father wanted to call me Abigail Jane after his mother and sister; but Mother said -

(Lights up on MOTHER. MARY MARIE writes as MOTHER speaks.)

MOTHER

(turning to Father)

If you think we are going to name my darling little girl after that mean, boring, Abigail Jane, you are very much mistaken!

MARY MARIE

(reading)

And Mother wanted to call me Viola, after her mother, but Father said-

(Lights up on FATHER. SHE writes as HE speaks.)

FATHER

(to Mother)

No, no. My daughter is a human being, not a fiddle.

(NEIGHBOR enters to work in her garden.)

MARY MARIE

And then a neighbor said--

NEIGHBOR

How about "Mary"?

FATHER

Yes.

MOTHER

"Mary"? But that's so dull!

(FATHER glares at Mother. SHE glares back.)

MARY MARIE

(to audience; gradually setting down book)

My parents are like vinegar and baking soda; just fine separated. It's when you put them in the glass together that they make such a great mess.

MOTHER

Oh, very well. We may call her *Mary*.

(beat; smugly)

Only, I shall pronounce it "Marie".

MARY MARIE

So Father called me *Mary*, and Mother called me *Marie*, and that's the way it's been ever since.

(SERVANT enters with the morning newspaper.)

SERVANT

(to Father)

Paper, Sir?

FATHER

(to SERVANT, taking paper)

Her Mother is determined to make her a "Marie", spoiled, impetuous and altogether unruly.

(MARY MARIE stops dancing and readjusts her clothing, guiltily, while FATHER reads, frozen. SERVANT moves on.)

MOTHER

(to Servant)

Her father won't be happy until he's made her into an insipid little "Mary"- cold, proper and without an atom of life of her own!

(MOTHER and FATHER exchange glares, then MOTHER silently gives instructions to SERVANT as MARY MARIE pulls out her book.)

MARY MARIE

And it's all a little complicated. So, I've decided to get all the jumbley thoughts out of my head by writing them down.

(showing book to Father)

It's going to be a novel, Father!

FATHER

(leaving telescope)

Mary, novels are a silly waste of time. But a diary would be an excellent lesson in self-discipline, I think. You must take care not to become light-minded and frivolous like...

(HE stops himself, looks in MOTHER'S direction then turns back to his book.)

Transition:

MARY MARIE goes to her bedroom to pack her bag, addressing audience.

MARY MARIE

So, for Father's sake, I will call my book a diary if I must, but it's going to be a love story! Oh, not *my* love story -- I'm only thirteen. But Mother's new love story...and who knows? Maybe even Father's.

MOTHER

(calling to Mary Marie, but speaking to Father)

Hurry, Marie. We mustn't miss our train!

FATHER

(to Mary Marie, but looking at Mother)

No you mustn't.

(MOTHER and FATHER glance at, and then avoid each other. MOTHER escapes, by going to the

garden and saying goodbye to NEIGHBOR. MARY MARIE goes to her room and packs.)

MARY MARIE

(yelling to Mother)

Coming Mother!

(to audience)

And I can't wait!

(#1B. At The End of the Line. <<Track 1>>)

MARY MARIE

ISN'T IT SUPERB?

ISN'T IT EXCITING?

ISN'T IT AN EXCELLENT CHANCE FOR DEPICTING ROMANCE
IN MY WRITING?

OBSERVING EVERY LOOMING AFFAIR,
TO ACTUALLY BE THERE WHILE EACH PARENT IS COURTING.
WON'T IT BE ENLIGHTENING SEEING THEIR CONSORTING?
MOTHER MIGHT BE CAREFREE AND BOLD,
FATHER VERY TIGHTLY CONTROLLED,
CAPTIVATING TALES TO BE TOLD;
DIVORCE!

(SERVANT enters and goes to Mary Marie's
room for her suitcase.)

NEIGHBOR

(to Mother)

It's a shame is what it is...

SERVANT

(to Mary Marie)

It's always the children who suffer...

MARY MARIE

(looks at Servant; then to audience)

But I'm not going to suffer at all! And I don't think Mother and
Father will either.

(SERVANT exits with suitcase. MARY MARIE
grabs her hat and dances out of her room.)

MARY MARIE

WHY SHOULD I BE SAD?

WHY SHOULD I BE GRIEVING?

KNOWING THAT WITH MOTHER I'M FREE

TO BE ME AS "MARIE".
 HOW RELIEVING!
 BUT THEN AGAIN, WITH FATHER, OH DEAR...
 I'LL HAVE TO HAVE A HALF A WHOLE YEAR BEING "MARY".
 THAT'S ANOTHER STORY.
 THAT'S A LITTLE SCARY!
 ANYWAY, I'M SURE I'LL MAKE DO.
 MIGHT BE KIND OF INT'RESTING, TOO.
 COULDN'T HURT TO TRY SOMETHING NEW.
 DIVORCE!

MARY MARIE

WHEN YOU DIVORCE,
 THEN, YOU CAN TURN INTO THE PERSON WHO YOU WERE BEFORE
 YOU MARRIED;
 WHEN YOUR ROMANTIC LIFE WAS VAST AND VERY VARIED,
 AND ALL UNHAPPINESS AT ONCE, IS GONE AND BURIED!
 SO NOW MY FATHER AND MY MOTHER
 WILL BE RID OF ALL REMINDERS OF EACH OTHER--
 EXCEPT FOR ME.

(SHE accidentally twirls into FATHER; drops
 her hat.)

FATHER	MARY MARIE
Mary please!	Oh!

(FATHER looks at her harshly, and annoyed,
 escapes to his telescope.)

MARY MARIE

Sorry, Father...

(looking at him at his telescope; to herself)
 BARELY TALKING TO ME.
 GAZING FAR ABOVE ME.
 MAYBE IF HE KNEW ME.
 HE MIGHT EVEN LOVE ME.

(putting on her hat; sadly)

When all you want to do is be "Marie", it's so hard to be
 "Mary". But for now...

(happily defiant)

I don't have to be!

MOTHER

(re-entering from the garden)

Marie!

(MOTHER sees Father. They pause awkwardly.
SHE continues getting ready to leave as
FATHER tries to look busy.)

MARY MARIE

Coming Mother!

(MARY MARIE grabs her jacket, waves at
FATHER briefly, then SHE and MOTHER take a
few steps and are immediately transported to
the train station.)

MARY MARIE

Because I'm going to Boston!

CONDUCTOR

All aboard!

MARY MARIE

With Mother!
SO...

(MOTHER and MARY MARIE settle onto the train
as FATHER anxiously ambles, picks up a book,
sits, stands, etc. <SFX: train whistle>.)

MARY MARIE
ISN'T IT UNIQUE?
(bouncing gently on the train)
ISN'T IT OUTRAGEOUS?
TRULY, I BELIEVE THESE EVENTS
REALLY ARE, IN A SENSE, ADVANTAGEOUS.
THE OTHER GIRLS 'LL WISH THEY WERE ME.
I'LL ACTUALLY BE ENVIED, YOU SEE?
THAT'S MY THEORY.

ORDINARY PARENTS—
WOULDN'T THEY BE DREARY!
BUT, OF COURSE WITH PARENTS LIKE MINE
TENSION AND ADVENTURE COMBINE!
WAITING AT THE END OF THE LINE...

NEIGHBOR/SERVANT
ISN'T IT A SHAME?
ISN'T IT A PITY?
LEAVING THE COUNTRY
AND OFF TO THE CITY.
MARY MARIE...
SAD AS CAN BE.
BRAVELY FOREBEARING,
BARELY ENDURING
HER PARENTS'

Boston Station!

CONDUCTOR

DIVORCE!

ALL

Scene Two

Boston home. MARY MARIE stands in a neutral stage area, writing in her book. MAID prepares the main room as MARY MARIE speaks.

MARY MARIE

(writing)

Chapter one.

(pauses, then writes)

When I am Marie. We're living at my Aunt Hattie's house! Where there are flowers, and curtains, and--

(SHE steps into the main room where the MAID offers her from a tray of cookies.)

MAID

Cookie, Miss?

MARY MARIE

(grabbing several cookies; to Maid)

Yes, please!

(The MAID gives her a look, sets down the tray, turns her back and proceeds to transform into HATTIE as MARY MARIE speaks to audience.)

And a maid serving cookies, and there are just loads of magazines everywhere! Novels, and love stories... Aunt Hattie met us at the train station.

(MOTHER enters, looking all around. HATTIE, transformed from the maid, turns warmly.)

MOTHER

Oh, Hattie, the house looks wonderful!

MARY MARIE

Why have I never been here before?!

HATTIE

(with good humor)

Because our family was thought to be a bad influence, that's why! But you know that your father and mother met right here in Boston -- at a convention attended by astronomers from all over. And there was a ball, so we went with our Father.

MARY MARIE

(sits to write in her book)
What was it like? Was there dancing?

MOTHER

Yes.

(#2. Ball Flashback.)

(HATTIE joins MARY MARIE and inaudibly recounts the story in the following flashback, both oblivious to the flashback itself. Mother's flashback: The stage becomes a dance floor. FATHER enters and moves towards MOTHER's younger self.)

FATHER

I hope your card is not filled yet, Miss Desmond, and that you will give me the honor of-- that is...

MOTHER

(quickly)
Yes. I would love to dance with you!
(suddenly refined)
I mean...I should like to very much.

(entranced, HE makes no move.)

Or were you planning to give me your thoughts on meteoric craters?

FATHER

Uh, no, I--

MOTHER

Good. Because my Father has already...

(SHE stops as THEY lock eyes.)

FATHER

Shall we--

MOTHER

Please.
(embarrassed)
I mean...with pleasure.

(Completely enraptured, MOTHER and FATHER dance a bit. Flashback ends. THEY part. MOTHER returns to the scene, sullen; FATHER exits.)

MARY MARIE

Father? Dancing?

HATTIE

And then he scooped up your mother, married her, and brought her back with him to Andersonville, where she stayed until she escaped.

MOTHER

Oh, Hattie.

HATTIE

Well, it's true.

MARY MARIE

These cookies are delicious!

(SHE jumps up and grabs more cookies.)

HATTIE

(goodheartedly)

Marie! You've had plenty, don't you think?

MOTHER

No, no, it's fine, Hattie. Marie and I have had more than enough "self-discipline" in our lives!

MARY MARIE

I'm going to see my room now!

(MARY MARIE exits excitedly.)

HATTIE

(eyeing the empty cookie dish)

You know, it really wouldn't hurt to make her aware of just a few little rules of propriety...

MOTHER

Rules? No Hattie.

(#3 Not My Marie. <<Track 2>>)

MOTHER

No more rules! That's all in the past!

I DON'T CARE IF SHE'S TERRIBLY PROPER.
I WON'T TELL HER SHE MUSTN'T OR CAN'T.
IF SHE ACTS ON A WHIM, WILL I STOP HER?
NO I SHAN'T!

SHE WILL NEVER BE MADE TO BE DOCILE,
NOR BE FORCED TO BE BORING OR BORED,
OR AS HORRIBLY DRY AS A FOSSIL,
OR IGNORED.
NO, DEAR LORD.

NOT MY DAUGHTER.
NOT MY MARIE!

SHE WILL NEVER BE STIFLED OR BLUNTED.
NOR BE PRISSY OR PRIGGISH OR PRIM.
NOT CONSTRAINED OR CONSTRICTED OR STUNTED.
UNLIKE HIM.

HATTIE

Well, I understand what you mean, but [you don't mean to say that she'll...]

MOTHER

SHE WON'T NEED TO BE OVERLY FORMAL.
LET HER MOVE WITHOUT WRITTEN DECREE.

HATTIE

IF SHE RUNS THROUGH THE HOUSE?

MOTHER

WHY, THAT'S NORMAL. MY WORD, LET HER BE!

HATTIE

But...

MOTHER

PARDON ME!

NOT MY DAUGHTER.
NOT MY MARIE!

HATTIE

Very well. She is your daughter, but...

MOTHER

NO, HER FREEDOM WILL NOT BE FORSAKEN.
I'LL NOT BADGER NOR NAG HER TO DEATH.

HATTIE

But dear—

MOTHER

IF YOU THINK I'LL CONCEDE YOU'RE MISTAKEN—

(HATTIE is about to speak again but doesn't
get out a word.)

I KNOW! SAVE YOUR BREATH!

(now in her own world)

AND NO MEDDLERS WILL MISUNDERSTAND HER!
SHE'LL NOT HAVE TO DEFEND WHAT SHE'S DONE!
WHILE ONE MOMENT EXPECTED TO PANDER...
THEN SUBJECTED TO SLANDER!

HATTIE

Are we still discussing Marie, dear?

MOTHER

She mustn't suffer for the mistakes I've made.

HATTIE

Madge, Marie will be just fine. You both will.

(HATTIE smiles and exits. MOTHER looks in
direction of Mary Marie.)

MOTHER

SHE IS CLEARLY CREATIVE AND CLEVER.
AND HER SPIRIT HAS ALWAYS BEEN STRONG.
DOES SHE PITY HERSELF? NO NOT EVER.

Well,

NOT FOR LONG.

MIGHT IT TAKE SOME ADJUSTMENT? WELL, MAYBE.
WILL SHE YEARN FOR THE COUNTRY? WE'LL SEE.
BUT HOW AWFUL COULD MOVING AWAY BE?

(suddenly guilty)

FROM HER FATHER...

MOTHER

(justifying)

SHE'S MY BABY...

(lamenting again)

Oh! What have I done?

(redetermined)

WELL SHE'LL NOT BE CONSIGNED TO A LIFE SO DEFINED THAT
SHE'S DESTINED TO WIND UP LIKE ME!

NOT MY DAUGHTER!

NOT MY MARIE!

Scene Three

Spring, Boston. In her room, MARY MARIE writes a bit in her book, and then dances to the main room as SHE speaks.

MARY MARIE

We've been here a month already. And even though my new school is a little different, I just love it in Boston. What with the visitors, and tea parties, and all the people Aunt Hattie has to dinner, and--

(PETER passes through the main room.)

Peter?

PETER

Yes, Miss.

MARY MARIE

(indicating Peter to audience)

Oh! Peter is Aunt Hattie's driver. He's awfully nice. And good-looking! But not very helpful...

(to PETER)

Peter, how long do folks who get a divorce usually have to wait before they can have another romance?

PETER

Uh, well...I..I couldn't really say, Miss.

(He exits. MAID enters with tea and cakes while MARY MARIE shrugs off Peter and hides at the window seat.)

MARY MARIE

Still, the maid showed in several gentlemen who'd come to visit Mother and I really couldn't help but notice. Of course, Mother tried not to pretend they were nothing, but I knew exactly what they were!

(SHE writes eagerly in her book as MOTHER enters nervously. **#4 Prospective Suitors.**
<<Track 3>>)

MARY MARIE
"PROSPECTIVE SUITORS"!
SO HANDSOME AND FINE.
SO SMART AND ATTENTIVE AND PRACTICALLY
STANDING IN LINE.

(MAID shows in the BANK MAN, who is greeted
by MOTHER.)

"PROSPECTIVE SUITORS"!
THEY'RE EASY TO SPOT.
AND FROM THIS PERSPECTIVE, I PLAN ON
PERCEIVING A LOT.

(MOTHER moves around the room coyly; more
nervous than flirtatious. BANK MAN follows
her around the room as they chat silently.
BOTH are oblivious to Mary Marie, who,
moving from the window seat, introduces the
bank man as if she were a master of
ceremonies.)

THE FIRST IS A BANK MAN.
HE CARRIES A CANE.
HE WEARS GIANT HATS AND FANCY SPATS,
AND A FINE-LOOKING WATCH ON A CHAIN.
AND HE PARTS HIS HAIR STRAIGHT DOWN THE MIDDLE.
IS HE TERRIBLY HANDSOME?
A LITTLE...

(MARY MARIE rushes back to the window seat
and writes eagerly.)

BANK MAN

(to Mother)
A WOMAN IN YOUR FISCAL SITUATION
COULD BENEFIT IMMENSELY FROM THE RIGHT COLLABORATION.
I WILL GLADLY BE OF SERVICE.
TAKE MY COUNSEL AND YOU'LL SEE
HOW REWARDING A TRULY SUCCESSFUL JOINT VENTURE CAN BE.

(BANK MAN looks to Mother questioningly.
THEY freeze as MARY MARIE observes.)

MARY MARIE

(as if to the suitor; skeptically)
My, your eyeglasses are round, aren't they?

(MOTHER and the BANK MAN thaw. MOTHER cordially guides him to the door. THEY converse silently and HE exits. MARY MARIE comes forward away from window seat.)

MARY MARIE

WELL IT'S MOTHER'S DECISION
 (weighing the options on either hand)
 GOOD-LOOKING. GOOD VISION.
 YET, IF MOTHER SHOULD CAST HIM ASIDE
 I SHOULD THINK IT WAS FINE.
 FOR THEY'D NOT BE THE GLASSES I'D CHOOSE FOR A
 SUITOR OF MINE.

(MARY MARIE, still unnoticed, watches as the MAID shows in the PAINTER. HE and MOTHER move around the room together as they chat silently.)

THIS ONE'S A PAINTER
 SO PALLID AND THIN.
 HE'S GOT FUNNY TIES AND FLITTING EYES
 AND A RAINBOW OF PAINT ON HIS SKIN.
 AND HE SPEAKS VERY FONDLY AND FREELY.
 DOES SHE MADLY ADORE HIM?
 NOT REALLY...

(MARY MARIE rushes back to the window seat and writes eagerly.)

PAINTER

(to MOTHER)
 A WOMAN OF SUCH LUMINOUS COMPLEXION
 MUST PARTNER WITH A PAINTER WHO WILL PAINT HER TO
 PERFECTION.
 I CAN MASTERFULLY CAPTURE
 EVERY SHADOW, EVERY BLUSH.
 AND THE LIGHT ON YOUR HAIR HAS ME YEARNING TO DAMPEN
 MY BRUSH.

(THEY freeze as PAINTER looks up at Mother.)

MARY MARIE

(as if to the suitor)
Imagine! Our very own artist!
(suddenly skeptical)
BUT HE'S NOT BOTTICELLI.
AND PAINT'S RATHER SMELLY.
AND THOUGH MOTHER ADMIRES ALL THE TALK
OF VAN GOGHS AND RENOIRS...

(MOTHER and the PAINTER thaw. MOTHER cordially guides him to the door. HE exits. MARY MARIE comes forward away from window seat, as MAID ushers in the ACTOR.)

I WOULD BET THAT SHE'D FIND IT AS BORING AS
COMETS AND STARS.

(MARY MARIE delightedly notices the ACTOR, whose gaze lingers offstage a moment before smiling cordially at Mother.)

MARY MARIE

Oh! Here's another!
THIS ONE'S AN ACTOR
HE'S VERY WELL-DRESSED.

(MARY MARIE moves toward the window seat observing. Distracted, HE continually looks offstage while he's with Mother.)

AND A DANDY SORT WHEN HE COMES TO COURT
THOUGH HE'S NOT AS INTENT AS THE REST.
STILL, I'M SURE THAT HE COULDN'T BE SWEETER,
FOR HE'S EVER SO FRIENDLY...

(Quite distracted, ACTOR waves to someone offstage, excitedly.)

MARY MARIE

TO PETER.

(ACTOR looks to Mother, then suddenly excuses himself and races off. MOTHER follows him. MARY MARIE emerges from window seat and pauses trying to figure out what just happened, then shrugs cheerfully.)

MARY MARIE

But I am very curious about who Mother might choose. For I suppose it means he could be my next father...

HE MIGHT READ THE PAPER OR SMOKE ON A PIPE,
OR BE HANDSOME AND RICH OR THE REGULAR TYPE,
OR THE KIND YOU DON'T PESTER OR BOTHER,
THE "DON'T ASK ME, DON'T TALK TO ME NOW" KIND OF
FATHER LIKE MINE.

(Brushing off a wave of melancholy, SHE
gathers her coat and hat.)

PROSPECTIVE SUITORS!
THEY'RE FLOODING THE TOWN
BUT SINCE MOTHER CANNOT CHOOSE THEM ALL
SHE MUST NARROW THEM DOWN.

PROSPECTIVE SUITORS.
THE LIST ONLY GROWS.
STILL, I WONDER HOW ALL WOULD COMPARE WITH
THE CLEARLY UNSUITABLE SUITOR WHOM SHE
FORMERLY CHOSE!

(PETER enters to get his coat and HE and
MARY MARIE walk out to the car together.)

MARY MARIE

Peter, if Mother did have a new love story, you don't suppose she'd get married right away, do you?

PETER

Hm. No, I think that since widows are supposed to wait a year, women who are, well... *like your mother*, ought to do the same.

MARY MARIE

Women like my...Pardon me, Sir, but there is nothing wrong with my mother! She and Father had a perfectly respectable divorce. Well nobody shot anybody or anything! It was just about incompatibility, which means that you just naturally get on each other's nerves. That's all!

(SHE turns away from him in a huff.)

Some people don't understand anything.

(HE playfully pulls her hat off and runs. SHE
races after HIM as THEY wrestle for the hat.)

MOTHER enters, catching THEIR interplay before THEY freeze innocently. PETER sheepishly lets MOTHER in the car, slyly sticks his tongue out at Mary Marie and starts to drive.)

MARY MARIE

(smiling, now having forgiven Peter)
But Mother is ever so much happier here in Boston.
(shrugging as SHE puts her book down)
She can't seem to pack our summer full enough!

Transition:

THEY start to exit the car. MARY MARIE tries to keep up with MOTHER'S pace as MOTHER ponders her "to do" list.

MOTHER

(overlapping)
It's good to stay busy, Marie. We'll go to museums and gardens, Bunker Hill and Boston Harbor, and... and the theatre!

(THEY seamlessly move to two theatre seats facing the audience as the STAGE ACTRESS enters and PETER transforms into STAGE ACTOR. THEY play to Mother and Mary Marie as if on stage.)

STAGE ACTOR

I don't like it. It's thoughtless, reckless behavior, and I've had enough of it!

STAGE ACTRESS

Enough of what, James? Enough of my finding a little enjoyment out of life!?

STAGE ACTOR

Enough of you gallivanting around morning and night with--

STAGE ACTRESS

How dare you! I refuse to listen to you any longer. Good-bye James!

(STAGE ACTOR and ACTRESS strike a pose as if it were the end of the act.)

MOTHER

Come Marie, we're going home. It...isn't very warm in the theatre.

Transition:

As STAGE ACTOR and ACTRESS exit, MOTHER pulls MARY MARIE out of the theatre and immediately into the vicinity of the house. MARY MARIE drops MOTHER'S hand and stops.

MARY MARIE

But I wasn't a bit cold, Mother!

(to audience)

I wasn't a bit cold...

(Upset, MOTHER enters the main room and speaks mutely to HATTIE as MARY MARIE grabs her packed bag, stopping just outside the room.)

...and when we returned I *accidentally* heard Mother and Aunt Hattie discussing it.

(SHE positions herself to eavesdrop. MOTHER and HATTIE, now continue audibly.)

HATTIE

Well, I think perhaps that play upset you more than it did her.

MOTHER

Nonsense, Hattie. I just feel that Marie has had enough of that wretched stuff in her life already and I want her to enjoy every minute that she's with me. I can't bear to think of her living in Andersonville for six long months with no one to go to but Charles and his *sister*, Jane!

(MARY MARIE hugs HATTIE goodbye)

Transition:

During the following MARY MARIE and MOTHER take a few steps and are immediately transported to the train station. MOTHER moves to say a few words privately to the conductor as MARY MARIE boards.)

MARY MARIE

(cheerfully)

I never met my Aunt Jane. All I know is that she wouldn't come to Mother and Father's wedding. Maybe she's afraid to travel. Well, she's coming all the way from St. Paul to help Father with me now, so she must have gotten over it.

CONDUCTOR

All Aboard!

(MOTHER boards the train to find MARY MARIE.)

MOTHER

Oh, Marie! How I shall miss you!

(MOTHER and MARY MARIE stand by her seat.)

MOTHER

You won't forget me, will you? And please don't love your father better than you do me.

(MOTHER hugs and kisses Mary Marie again, then nervously debarks the train.)

...And write every hour!

(<SFX: train whistle>. MOTHER waves to MARY MARIE tearfully.)

MARY MARIE

And then I was off! I know I will miss Mother too! Very Much! But at least I'll have Father's love story to watch for back in...

(<SFX: train whistle>.)

CONDUCTOR

Andersonville Station!

MARY MARIE

(standing to disembark)

Andersonville.

Transition:

MARY MARIE disembarks. JANE looks at HER with disapproval.

MARY MARIE

(to audience;)

I'm not quite sure how Aunt Jane was supposed to recognize me-

JANE

How do you do, Mary?

MARY MARIE

(to audience while boarding the carriage)

But she did. Although, I'm fairly certain she disapproved of my hat.

(trying to make conversation)

My, but these horses are slow, aren't they? Aunt Hattie has an auto, and a maid, and a driver named Peter, and--

JANE

(turning abruptly)

Mary!

(#5. Yes, Aunt Jane <<Track 4>>)

JANE

With regard to your Aunt Hattie and... your mother.

MAKE NO REFERENCE TO HER DRIVER,
NOR HER AUTO. NO INDEED.

AND KINDLY SPARE US THE DETAILS OF EVERY LETTER.
We're simply not interested. Is that understood?

MARY MARIE

YES, AUNT JANE.

JANE

SHOW SOME DEFERENCE TO YOUR FATHER.
THIS IS NEWS HE DOESN'T NEED.

NO, THE LESS WE HEAR OF BOSTON - THE BETTER.
The situation is bad enough, don't you think?

MARY MARIE

YES, AUNT JANE.

(to audience)

I WAS SO POLITE AND PROPER
JUST LIKE ANY MARY SHOULD BE,
BUT I CAN TELL YOU THAT INSIDE
MARIE WAS STORMING.
MY WELCOME HOME WAS HARDLY WARMING.

Transition:

The carriage arrives. SERVANT helps JANE out of carriage and gets MARY MARIE'S suitcase.

MARY MARIE

Aunt Jane is tall and thin, and wears black and a stiff white collar. Her eyes are the kind that say, "I'm surprised at you!" And her mouth is the kind that never shows any teeth when it smiles. Which it doesn't.

(THEY enter the house.)

JANE

Now you should expect a few changes since you were here last. A few small rules...

DO BE CONSCIOUS OF YOUR CONDUCT,
NEVER SCREAM OR RUN ABOUT.

AND PLEASE BE TIDY WITH YOUR SEWING AND YOUR KNITTING.
Books must always be returned to their proper places, Mary.

MARY MARIE

YES, AUNT JANE.

JANE

AND REGARDING YOUR APPEARANCE,
I CAN SAY, WITHOUT A DOUBT,
THAT YOUR CLOTHING IS COMPLETELY UNBEPFITTING.

You'll need a far more serviceable wardrobe, don't you think?

MARY MARIE

YES, AUNT JANE!

(to audience)

AFTERWARDS I SMILED AND NODDED.

JUST AS ANY MARY MUST DO.

BUT I CAN TELL YOU THAT INSIDE
MARIE WAS REELING.

THE THOUGHTS SHE THOUGHT I'M NOT REVEALING!

MARY MARIE

Aunt Jane, where is Father?

JANE

Your father works, Mary. He is observing a lunar eclipse in the West with his students and won't be back for a week.

(seeing MARY MARIE's disappointment)

You understand the earth cannot alter its orbit to accommodate your visitations.

MARY MARIE

Well, I understand that, but...

JANE

(warning)

Mary...

MARY MARIE

YES, AUNT JANE.

Scene Four

Andersonville home. Fall. Morning.
 FATHER sits reading a newspaper.
 MARY MARIE, in her bedroom, writes.

MARY MARIE

(reading)

Chapter two. When I am Mary.

(a beat; puts down book, then to audience)

Father's home! He came home yesterday, but I didn't know it and I forgot I was Mary and came dancing into the room just like Marie would and--

(leaps; freezes, gasps in surprise)

Ohh!

(FATHER stands, equally startled. THEY stare at one another for a moment.)

FATHER

You?

(suddenly remembering)

Oh! Oh, yes. That's right. You are here now, aren't you?

(approaching her; hand held out to shake)

How do you do, Mary?

(FATHER awkwardly pats her on the shoulder, and at a loss, leaves for the dining table.)

MARY MARIE

(to audience)

...And I didn't see him again until suppertime,

(heading to dining table.)

Where I tried to make certain to act all stiff and proper - with my napkin, and my elbows, and my fork just so. To please him.

(MARY MARIE sits and JANE joins them at the table. FATHER looks at her wistfully, then turns away. SHE continues to audience.)

But all he did was look at me from across the table. And I'm pretty sure it was disappointment that I saw in his eyes.

(to Father and Jane)

Mother and I went on several picnics when I was in Boston, and-

JANE

Mary, please don't talk while you chew!

MARY MARIE

Yes, Aunt Jane.

FATHER

Must you fidget so?

MARY MARIE

Sorry, Father.

JANE

Mary, your napkin has fallen!

(with barely concealed disdain)

She really is so like her mother, isn't she Charles?

6. Like Her Mother <<Track 5>>.)

FATHER

Like her Mother...

(During the following, MARY MARIE and JANE are both oblivious to Father. JANE babbles almost continuously, though her voice fades to inaudible during Father's sung moments.)

JANE

(as if Mary Marie weren't there)

Well, she does bear a striking resemblance to her, I'm afraid. Of course, when I met her mother she was just a little wisp of a thing, wasn't she?

FATHER

WILL SHE TWIST ME AND CONFUSE ME
LIKE HER MOTHER?

JANE

I thought you had adopted a little street urchin. [But you hadn't of course...]

FATHER

OR AMAZE ME AND AMUSE ME
LIKE HER MOTHER?

JANE

And this girl is younger than her Mother was then, [but not by much...]

FATHER

WILL SHE MOCK ME?
MISCONSTRUE ME?
WILL SHE CLAIM SHE CAN TRULY SEE THROUGH ME?
WILL SHE STICK BY MY SIDE OR UNGLUE ME--?
LIKE HER MOTHER!

JANE

(to Mary Marie)
Your father was acting most ridiculously in those days. [Most
ridiculously, indeed...]

FATHER

WILL SHE CHARM ME AND ENTHRALL ME
LIKE HER MOTHER?

JANE

(to Mary Marie)
Bewitched by a pretty face I would say. [Yes, she was very
pretty, of course, but...]

FATHER

WILL SHE MOVE ME, YET APPALL ME
LIKE HER MOTHER?

JANE

(to Father)
Who knows what you saw in her. [But you must have seen
something...]

FATHER

WILL SHE FIGHT ME,
OR DELIGHT ME?
STOP AND HEAR ME OR QUICKLY INDICT ME?
WILL SHE DO WHAT SHE PLEASES DESPITE ME?
LIKE HER MOTHER!

JANE

(appalled at Mary Marie's elbows on the table)
Mary!

(MARY MARIE quickly removes her elbows from
the table as JANE continues giving her a
silent lecture on table manners.)

FATHER

WILL SHE THINK I'M TO BLAME?
WILL SHE END UP MISUSING ME?
SIMPLY BIDDING HER TIME 'TIL HER FINAL ESCAPE.
YES, OF COURSE THEY'RE THE SAME.
SHE'S ALREADY CONFUSING ME.

(FATHER and MARY MARIE'S eyes meet. HE looks away immediately, but SHE does not.)

AND THE WAY THAT SHE LOOKS AT ME...

(Music pauses. MARY MARIE returns to her supper as FATHER is distracted by the voice of Mother in: FATHER'S FLASHBACK: MOTHER enters the parlor. FATHER rises from the table and anxiously greets MOTHER as his happy, former, younger self. JANE continues to inaudibly babble to MARY MARIE through supper. BOTH are oblivious to the flashback.)

MOTHER

Oh, Charles, it's a lovely home! And what a beautiful piano! Does anyone play?

FATHER

Jane used to play when we were growing up. Hymns mostly. And some funeral marches I think.

MOTHER

(sitting at piano)

Oh, how gloomy! I like cheerful tunes, don't you?

(SHE starts to play a tune on the piano.)

I don't play very well, do I?

(HE approaches her at the piano, lovingly.)

FATHER

You play beautifully.

MOTHER

No I don't, but I do love music just the same.

(MOTHER stops playing and stands)

MOTHER

And I love this house. And I absolutely love the garden! And I'm sure I'll do quite well away from the city!

FATHER

Good. I so want you to be happy, Margaret.

MOTHER

Oh, darling, I am Mrs. Charles Anderson! How could I be anything but happy?

(HE laughs and kisses her. SHE dances away.)

MOTHER

And I can't wait to get to know your family better!

(FATHER looks back at Mary Marie, still sitting at the table. MOTHER exits. HE looks to see Mother again, but realizes SHE's gone, Flashback ends. Father continues. <<Track 6>>)

FATHER

WILL SHE MOVE ME OR DIVERT ME
LIKE HER MOTHER?

JANE

(now audible; to Mary Marie)
Of course, your mother was the same way, so it's no surprise.

FATHER

WILL SHE LOVE ME? WILL SHE HURT ME
LIKE HER MOTHER?

(Having had enough, JANE clears her plate.)

JANE

Constantly flitting from here to there.

(JANE exits.)

FATHER

WILL SHE BLIND ME?
OR UNWIND ME?
OR PERHAPS SHE WILL MERELY REMIND ME
OF THE THINGS I AM PUTTING BEHIND ME...
LIKE HER MOTHER.

(FATHER exits to library, as MARY MARIE stands and speaks to the audience.)

MARY MARIE

And that was that. And just like he'd always done before the divorce, Father spent the rest of the night with his telescope.

(SHE closes her book in frustration. There is a brief pause. She opens her book again.)

...and the next morning too! And the one after that!

(SHE closes her book and walks to main room.)

So as far as a love story for my book, well...

(FATHER begins to leave the telescope but upon hearing "Mildred" looks toward offstage voice and hightails it to back.)

JANE (V.O.)

See you at church on Sunday Mildred.

(JANE enters. MARY MARIE looks off toward "Mildred" curiously.)

MARY MARIE

Aunt Jane? Is Mrs. Darling married?

JANE

(startled; annoyed)

Oh! Why, no, Mary. She's a widow. Her husband died last year and she is very well off.

MARY MARIE

(sincerely)

Because she no longer has to live with him?

JANE

No! Certainly not! What I'm saying is that Mr. Darling left his wife a lot of money and she is now very well off, financially! You see, unlike your poor Father's, not all marriages are tragedies. They don't all have a skeleton in the closet!

MARY MARIE

Well, I guess Father is just as much of a skeleton in Mother's closet as she is in his!

JANE

Mary!

MARY MARIE

And if you could see how happy Mother is now, you'd understand what Father's skeleton had done to her all those years she'd had to live with it!

(JANE stares down MARY MARIE.)

JANE

Miss Mary Anderson, you will stop your impertinence this instant and meditate on your sins!

(JANE stares down Mary Marie. #7. Meditating.
<<Track 7>>)

MARY MARIE

YES, AUNT JANE.

JANE

I have an excruciating headache.

(MARY MARIE watches JANE exit.)

MARY MARIE

Well, I refused to meditate on my sins! Why should I? I had no sins on which to meditate!

I DO MY SEWING.

Well, Mary does.

BECAUSE I'M TOLD, OF COURSE, I MUST,
THOUGH IT'S SOMETHING WHICH I ABSOLUTELY DREAD.
I DO MY READING.

Sort of.

THOUGH THESE BOOKS ARE DRY AS DUST,
AND THERE'S NOT A ONE THAT'S ASKING TO BE READ.
BUT AUNT JANE!

SINCE THE MOMENT I ARRIVED
NEVER WELCOMED WITH A SMILE NOR A KISS.

And same with Father!

SOMEONE TELL ME
HOW A GIRL SO YOUNG AND FAIR
SHOULD HAVE TO LIVE IN SUCH A HEARTLESS WORLD AS THIS.

MARY MARIE

AND I WONDERED, IF I DIED, IF ANYONE WOULD CARE;
AND I THOUGHT HOW LOVELY AND PATHETIC I WOULD LOOK
INSIDE MY COFFIN.

WITH MY LILY-WHITE HANDS COLDLY FOLDED ON MY
BREAST.

AND I HOPED THEY'D HAVE THE FUNERAL IN THE
DAYTIME, FOR IF IT WERE AT NIGHT, THERE NO
DOUBT WOULD BE SOME STAR, OR SOMETHING KEEPING
FATHER FROM COMING.

AND I WANTED HIM TO COME.

AND I HOPED THAT HE'D FEEL BAD.

BUT HE'D REALIZE TOO LATE FOR I'D BE GONE.

AND *THAT*,

AND *THAT*, AUNT JANE

THAT IS WHAT I MEDITATED ON.

(Angrily, MARY MARIE leaves her room and
storms through the house.)

HOW DISTURBING.

NOT A MAGAZINE IN SIGHT;

NOT A CURTAIN, NOT A FLOWER NOR A VASE!

PICTURE PERFECT.

EVERY TABLE, EVERY CHAIR,

EVERY ITEM, EVERY WHAT-NOT IN ITS PLACE.

SO MARIE--

FLIPPED THE CARPET AT THE CORNER

PULLED THE SHADE AND REPOSITIONED FATHER'S CHAIR.

(devilishly pulls shade and moves chair)

Ha! How's that?!

BUT THEN MARY

PUT IT PROPER ONCE AGAIN

SO THERE WASN'T ANY SATISFACTION THERE.

(SHE puts everything back as it was. MALE
and FEMALE GHOST appear in the parlor.)

<p>MALE GHOST</p> <p>COME HERE MARY</p> <p>GREAT-GRANDFATHER'S COFFIN PLATE SITTING IN ITS PLACE ON THE BLACK VELVET CLOTH</p> <p>ANDERSON FAMILY FUNERALS. MARY, MARY, MARY, MARY MARY, MARY,</p> <p>THAT WAS CRAFTED FROM THE HAIR OF SEVENTEEN DEAD ANDERSONS- MARY MARY MARY MARY MARY MARY MARY MARY</p> <p>WE ARE FAM'LY</p> <p>MARY, ARE YOU HERE?</p> <p>MARY, ARE YOU HERE? WHY? THAT IS HOW WE LIKE IT MARY, MARY</p>	<p>FEMALE GHOST</p> <p>MARY, MARY</p> <p>BY THE UGLY WAX CROSS</p> <p>ANDERSON FAMILY FUNERALS. AHHH-----</p> <p>THAT WAS CRAFTED FROM THE HAIR OF SEVENTEEN DEAD ANDERSONS- MARY MARY MARY MARY MARY MARY MARY MARY</p> <p>WE ARE FAM'LY</p> <p>MARY, ARE YOU HERE?</p> <p>MARY, ARE YOU HERE? WHY? THAT IS HOW WE LIKE IT MARY, MARY</p>	<p>MARY MARIE</p> <p>Then something drew me to the parlor. Mother and I used to spend lots of time here. But Aunt Jane's got to it now and it's...so different.</p> <p>THAT WAS USED AT THREE ANDERSON FAMILY FUNERALS.</p> <p>AND IMPOSSIBLE TO MISS IS THAT HORRIBLE WREATH</p> <p>AND FIVE LIVE ONES, NONE OF WHOM I'D REALLY EVEN KNOWN. AND I WONDERED HOW IT WAS THAT A ROOM COULD BE SO COLD, WHY THE LIGHT WAS DIM AND DRAPES WERE ALWAYS DRAWN.</p> <p>AND THAT, AND THAT, AUNT JANE...</p>
---	--	--

(MARY MARIE gestures strongly and the GHOSTS
disappear back through the walls.)

MARY MARIE
THAT IS WHAT I MEDITATED ON!

BUT THEN I SPOTTED IT.
(crosses to piano and touches a few keys)
THE OLD PIANO.

(FATHER, enters and seeing Mary Marie,
surreptitiously watches and listens as she
starts to play the piano. After listening a
bit, HE sneaks away to the library and sits
in his chair as she continues.)

MARY MARIE
AND SUDDENLY, IT BECKONED ME TO PLAY.
AND WHEN I TRIED,
I PLAYED THE WAY I FELT INSIDE,
AND THEN
I MEDITATED MOST OF IT AWAY.

(As JANE enters the library, FATHER quickly
picks up a book.)

JANE
Charles, I'm sorry to disturb you, but you received a letter
from the museum today.

MARY MARIE
(to audience)
But then I stopped, fearing I might be heard.

(MARY MARIE rises and starts toward her
room, but stops outside the library upon
hearing voices.)

JANE
They're opening an astronomy exhibit after the new year and they
would like you to speak at the opening ceremony.
(waits for a response but gets none)
Naturally, I'll write that you'll accept.

FATHER
Thank you, Jane.

JANE
And there is something else. I'm quite concerned about your
daughter.

(MARY MARIE listens more intently outside
the library door.)

Here already two months and she has very little to show for it.
You know she hardly sews, rarely reads without prodding, and...
frankly, she shows a complete lack of self-discipline.

FATHER
Yes.

JANE

Of course, it's no wonder with the clothing they had her bring with her. Silks and ruffles. Quite improper for a girl of her age, don't you think?

FATHER

Yes. Of course.

JANE

Now I've been trying to manage her the very best I can but... Well, I thought it was my duty to tell you what's what.

FATHER

(still distracted)

What?

JANE

Oh, Charles!

(Giving up, JANE exits. MARY MARIE starts to walk back to her room.)

MARY MARIE

And Father said nothing in my defense!

(FATHER exits the library almost running into HER.)

MARY MARIE/FATHER

Oh!

MARY MARIE

Good night, Father.

FATHER

(starting to leave)

Good night, Mary. Uh, Mary...? When you're not in school - what is it you do to amuse yourself?

MARY MARIE

N-nothing.

FATHER

Nonsense! You can't be doing nothing. Nobody but a dead man does nothing - and we aren't so sure about that...uh...him.

(HE laughs lamely. SHE doesn't respond.)

FATHER

Perhaps we should sit.

MARY MARIE

Yes, Father.

(SHE sits overly uprightly.)

FATHER

(as if cross examining her.)

Mary, are you keeping up with your -- sewing?

MARY MARIE

Why, yes, Father. I don't care much for it though...

FATHER

How about reading? Don't you care for reading?

MARY MARIE

(beginning to bounce on the cushion)

Oh, of course I do. I read lots at home! I mean -- in Boston. But, the books here are... *different* and they always have to be put away just exactly where they belong, so I'm always so afr--

FATHER

Well, shouldn't they be?

(annoyed)

Aren't the books down in Boston put back where they belong?

MARY MARIE

(about to say "no", SHE reassesses)

Yes, Father.

(FATHER turns and walks to the window. SHE addresses audience.)

Then I just sat there... waiting good and patiently.

(SHE quietly stares at her hands, waiting to be spoken to, oblivious to the flashback.
FATHER'S flashback: A young MOTHER moves lightly through the room, pulling books of shelves, glancing at them and then leaving them wherever. FATHER reshelves in HER wake.)

MOTHER

So many books! Have you read them all?

FATHER

Well, no, not all...

MOTHER

(spotting a framed portrait of him)

Oh, Charles, is this a portrait of you? Such a serious look you have!

(flirtatiously)

We had better do something about that, hadn't we?

(MOTHER brushes portrait as SHE walks past and moves to the telescope while HE resets the portrait correctly.)

Truly, not a month back from our wedding trip and it seems your eyes are either occupied by some serious book or pointed to the sky.

(MOTHER brushes the telescope; moving it slightly. HE carefully positions it correctly again.)

MOTHER

You know Darling, I expect to have at least as much attention as your telescope.

FATHER

(tenderly kissing her on the forehead)

And I expect to give it to you...

MARY MARIE

(still sitting; oblivious to the flashback)

May I look through the telescope, Father?

FATHER

...You are a most wonderful distraction.

MARY MARIE

He said nothing. Just stood there staring into space as usual...

(debating what to do.)

So, while I waited for him to return to Earth I guessed it would be all right.

(MARY MARIE tentatively starts toward the telescope. FATHER switches gears.)

FATHER

(a bright idea; to Mother re: telescope)
Would you like to look through it?

MOTHER

Don't be silly, darling. Remember, I'm the daughter of an astronomer. I had my fill of stars growing up. No now I'd much prefer something else. Something alive, and here, and close enough to touch.

(FATHER hesitates momentarily, but draws away from the telescope and toward MOTHER just as MARY MARIE accidentally arrives at and jostles the telescope. Flashback ends. MOTHER exits. FATHER back to reality, now sees MARY MARIE by the telescope.)

FATHER

(shouting)
Mary! Please don't touch that.

MARY MARIE

(overlapping, startled)
Oh!

FATHER

(overlapping, bristling)
That is a delicate instrument! You know the rule, it mustn't be fiddled with!

MARY MARIE

I'm sorry, Father! I just thought...Excuse me...

(SHE races out and stops, upset, in her neutral space, getting out her book.)

FATHER

Wait, I didn't mean for you to... Mary, I don't...

(HE stops, frustrated, exits in another direction.)

MARY MARIE

(to audience; writing)

Then, as if things weren't bad enough at Father's, the school year started.

(spotting someone in the distance)

Oh, Carrie! Carrie!

(Obviously ignored, SHE again addresses audience.)

MARY MARIE

And it seemed my friends at school were not at all like they were before I went to Boston.

(MARY MARIE sets down book. **#8. I Don't Understand It. <<Track 8>>**)

MARY MARIE

I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT.
 I WAS ONLY GONE A WHILE YET ALMOST NOTHING IS THE WAY IT
 USED TO BE.
 I WILL JOIN A GROUP OF FRIENDS BUT THEN THEY'LL WANDER OFF
 'TIL NO ONE'S LEFT BUT ME.
 AND I WISH I WERE IN BOSTON.
 BEING HERE, IT'S LIKE I'M LOST IN SOMEPLACE STRANGE.
 AND I CAN'T IMAGINE WHY
 IN SUCH A SMALL AMOUNT OF TIME SO MUCH COULD CHANGE.
 I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT.

Like at the fall harvest festival -- We were all carving jack-o-lanterns and...

I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT.
 TOOK MY PUMPKIN TO THE TABLE, BUT THEN SOMEONE SAID THERE
 WASN'T ANY SPACE.
 THEN I GO TO GRAB MY SACK AND I DISCOVER I'VE NO PARTNER
 FOR THE RACE.
 BUT I VOWED I WOULDN'T CRY AND
 IT WAS HARD, SO HARD TO TRY AND MAKE PRETEND
 (goes back to bench, collects books)

My best friend, Carrie, paired up with the new girl in school. I guess she was only being nice, but...

STILL, I CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT
 COULD BE SO NICE ABOUT ABANDONING A FRIEND.
 I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT.

Transition: Continuous. SHE walks to the area of the train station, now more cheered. FATHER enters. HE joins HER.

MARY MARIE

So I decided I'd put it out of mind for the moment. After all, I was going back to Mother's for Christmas! Besides, I'd be back in two weeks, and I'd heard that that new girl, Stella Mayhew, was going to be throwing a huge after-New-Years party, so all would be fine then.

(FATHER and MARY MARIE sit waiting.)

FATHER

You haven't forgotten anything, have you?

MARY MARIE

No.

(to Father)

You needn't stay with me Father.

FATHER

Don't be silly, Mary.

(SHE looks at him briefly as HE pretends to read the paper, then checks his pocketwatch. SHE turns disappointedly to the audience. Once HER head is turned HE gazes at her from behind the paper.)

MARY MARIE

HE PRETENDED TO READ

SO HE'D NOT HAVE TO TALK TO ME

ALWAYS CHECKING THE TIME

SO IMPATIENT TO GO.

THAT HE BROUGHT ME AT ALL

WAS A BIT OF A SHOCK TO ME

(looking at Father)

TALK TO ME...

(SHE looks at him, registers HIM looking back momentarily but then SHE looks away.)

FATHER

DOES SHE CAST ME WITH BLAME?

I CAN BARELY CONVERSE WITH HER.

(looks at his watch)

AND I HAVEN'T A CLUE

HOW TO EVEN BEGIN.

I DON'T KNOW HER AT ALL.

NO, I COULDN'T DO WORSE WITH HER.

(not looking at her)

AND THE WAY THAT SHE LOOKS AT ME.

(looking at her)

HOW SHE LOOKS AT ME...

CONDUCTOR

All aboard!

(**<SFX train whistle blows>**. FATHER rises and go to speak to the conductor.)

MARY MARIE

FIRST HE SPOKE TO THE CONDUCTOR, JUST LIKE MOTHER HAD,
AND SAT ME IN MY PLACE.

(FATHER catches up with HER and lays her jacket neatly over the seat. HE awkwardly pats her on the head "good bye".)

THEN DISCREETLY SAID GOOD-BYE TO ME WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST
HINT OF AN EMBRACE.

But then...

(About to leave, instead FATHER turns to MARY MARIE, mouths something, quickly brushes her hatted head with a kiss and runs off.)

MARY MARIE

THEN HE MAY HAVE SAID HE'D MISS ME
AND I MIGHT HAVE FELT HIM KISS ME QUICKLY TOO.

But I think I must have imagined it. Or maybe he felt he *had* to say that... and give me that kiss.

FOR TO KISS ONE'S CHILD AT CHRISTMAS, I SUPPOSE, IS QUITE
THE *PROPER* THING TO DO.

Scene Five

Boston home. As MARY MARIE stands in her neutral area, writing in her book, MAID enters and exits the main room leaving a tray of small cakes.

MARY MARIE

We have had a wonderful Christmas! We went Christmas caroling, and to an elegant party, and Mother let me wear the shawl that Father bought for her on their wedding trip! And then she took me shopping for clothes and not a single thing would have been appropriate for "Mary".

(MARY MARIE wearing the shawl, sets down her book. MOTHER enters with a shopping bag. MARY MARIE twirls toward her and THEY walk down the "street" together.)

(peaking in the shopping bag)

Oh, Mother! I love my new dress! And can I wear it whenever I want?

MOTHER

Whenever you want!

MARY MARIE

And it doesn't matter a bit if it should get a wrinkle or two, does it?

MOTHER

Not to me! Let's get... ice cream!

(MOTHER and MARY MARIE hold hands as they swing down the street.)

And you can have as much as you like! Why not? In fact, why don't we skip dinner altogether!

Transition:

MOTHER splits off to main room as MARY MARIE grabs her book and twirls to the window seat, stopping to stuff several cakes into her mouth.

MARY MARIE

(to audience)

Actually, I had to miss breakfast too... but I was fine by lunch time!

(HATTIE enters and begins folding napkins.)

(to Hattie)

Aunt Jane would have thought our Christmas "highly improper", don't you think? And Father would have found it...

(stopping herself; unsure)

I'm not sure how Father would have found it.

MOTHER

Unless it's up in the sky, your Father wouldn't find it at all.

(MARY MARIE grabs her book and lays down to write at the window seat. Lights dim on her and HATTIE. MOTHER's flashback: Andersonville main room. As FATHER tightens his tie, MOTHER enters. MARY MARIE and HATTIE are oblivious.)

FATHER

Good morning, Margaret.

MOTHER

Charles, it's such an unusually warm day we should have a picnic!

(running to HIM playfully)

By the riverbed!

(HE kisses and pats her patronizingly.)

FATHER

Sorry, darling - I have far too much work! Maybe another time.

MOTHER

But, Charles, you're always working or have some silly meeting. Certainly you can take one day off to-

FATHER

(sincerely)

I am sorry. Really. But I've got to give another report on my comet after the new year and there is still so much information I need to find out about its orbit.

MOTHER

(annoyed)
Of course.

(FATHER leaves abruptly; MOTHER stays
in flashback.)

HATTIE

(walking as if to exit)
Although, I suppose your Father is not entirely to blame. That
Mother of his... not the warmest cozy on the teapot was she.

MARY MARIE

Grandmother Anderson?

(Instead of exiting, the character of HATTIE
transforms into GRANDMOTHER Anderson. MOTHER
approaches HER excitedly; still in flashback.)

MOTHER

You wanted me, Mother Anderson? Oh, I'm so glad! Now, what shall
I do-- read to you? Or sing to you? Or shall we play games?

GRANDMOTHER

Margaret, must you always run down the stairs and bounce into a
room as if you were a rubber ball?

MOTHER

Oh! I'm sorry...

GRANDMOTHER

I did not call you because I desire to be read to or sung to or
because I wish to play games. I called you in to have a serious
talk with you.

MOTHER

Yes, of course.

GRANDMOTHER

I wonder Margaret, now that you are married to my son and are
living in our home, if you've seen fit to give a moment's
thought to what being Mrs. Charles Anderson means?

MOTHER

Certainly, Mother Anderson, I think I know quite well--

(#9. Yes, Yes, Yes. <<Track 9>>)

GRANDMOTHER

(turns abruptly)

Really? Because although I'm very glad you have been enjoying the garden here in Andersonville, the fact is, had my son merely required a florist I'm fairly certain he wouldn't have had to marry one.

MOTHER

(taken aback)

Oh. I'm not sure I understand what I've done to--[make you quite so upset]

GRANDMOTHER

Yes, yes, yes.

MY DEAR, THIS FAMILY
IS VERY PROUD,
BUT YOUR BEHAVIOR IS UNDIGNIFIED AND LOUD.
QUITE SHAMEFUL.
QUITE SHOCKING.
ARE YOU LISTENING?

MOTHER

Why, of course I--

GRANDMOTHER

STOP TALKING.

MOTHER

Oh...

(pause; swallowing hard)

Is there anything else?

GRANDMOTHER

Yes, yes, yes.

YOU'RE PLAINLY SELFISH
IT ISN'T RIGHT!
MY LORD! YOUR HUSBAND CAN'T ATTEND YOU DAY AND NIGHT!
YOU'RE D'MANDING,
DERAILING.
AS A WIFE,

MOTHER

As a wife?

GRANDMOTHER

YOU'RE FAILING.

MOTHER

What? But I don't think that--

GRANDMOTHER

Your husband is an important man. With many responsibilities.

YOU SHOULD HAVE UNDERSTOOD YOUR DUTY TO SUPPORT HIM
BY MAKING FRIENDS OF OTHER FACULTY AND STUDENTS.

BUT OH, NO, NO, YOU ONLY FURTHER SEEM TO THWART HIM
WITH YOUR NEEDING AND YOUR PLEADING AND IMPRUDENCE.

You do know that Charles will likely be president of the college
someday, like his father before him.

BUT HOW COULD HE POSSIBLY REALIZE HIS GOAL
WITH A WIFE WHO SEES FIT TO BURDON HIM EACH DAY?
WHO'S IMPULSIVE AND CARELESS AND LACKING CONTROL,
LOOKING SOUR AND CROSS IF SHE DOESN'T GET HER WAY.

MOTHER

But, I...

GRANDMOTHER

Yes, yes, yes.

YOU'RE VERY CHILDISH.

IT'S VERY CLEAR.

MOTHER

(getting indignant)

That's not exactly fair--

GRANDMOTHER

AND ALSO HIGHLY ARGUMENTATIVE, I FEAR.

YOU GALL ME.

YOU GRIEVE ME.

DO YOU HEAR ME?

MOTHER

Of course. And I will try to help Charles in every way I--

GRANDMOTHER

Yes, yes, yes.

NOW LEAVE ME!

(Angry, MOTHER exits hastily. Flashback Ends.
GRANDMOTHER turns back into HATTIE. Lights up
on MARY MARIE and HATTIE as HATTIE collects

the linens, preparing to exit. MARY MARIE flops into another position on the sofa.)

MARY MARIE

(imitating Jane)

"Miss Mary Anderson, lying on the sofa is highly improper! You must sew with your right hand and knit with your left, while you read this horrible book which has been in our family since the pilgrims landed at--"

HATTIE

(laughing with MARY MARIE)

Oh, you silly thing!

(to Mother, assuming she's still in the room)

Madge, are you--?

(realizing Mother has exited)

Oh! Well, come along, Marie. Your Mother is expecting a visitor. Let's give them a little privacy.

(MARY MARIE nods "yes". HATTIE exits, then MARY MARIE shakes her head "no," and peaks out the window excitedly. MAID enters, sets down a tray of cakes, and exits. MARY MARIE jumps up, grabs a few cakes, ducks down again at the window seat and writes. MOTHER enters with VIOLINIST, who starts to play his violin as if finishing the final moments of a piece. MOTHER watches admiringly. His playing underscores MARY MARIE, who jumps up by her spot at the window seat and addresses the audience. **#10. Violin Intro.**)

MARY MARIE

Chapter three. The Violinist! He's lovely! So handsome and distinguished-looking. Mother seems especially fond of him from what I've observed. And I've observed quite a bit. For my book of course.

(MARY MARIE quickly ducks down again and writes in her book. HE finishes with a flourish. MOTHER applauds the music; charmed.)

MOTHER

It's enchanting!

(HE strokes her cheek. **#11. It Says, "Darling" <<Track 10>>.**)

VIOLINIST

(to MOTHER)

Well, if it is - it is only because I could think of nothing but you when I composed it. You know, my violin cannot keep a secret. To hear it play is to hear my very soul.

MOTHER

(coyly)

Really?

VIOLINIST

IT SAYS, "DARLING,
OH, WHAT A THRILL BEING NEAR TO YOU."
IT SAYS, "DARLING,
HEAR HOW MY MELODY SINGS
IT SAYS, "LOOK AT YOU, CAUTIOUS AND DUTIFUL.
MODEST, BUT GOD, ARE YOU BEAUTIFUL.
YOU COULD FOSTER A CONCERT WORTHY OF KINGS."
IT SAYS, "DARLING,
WHY DON'T WE LOOSEN SOME STRINGS?"

MOTHER

Your violin says all that?

VIOLINIST

Oh no. It says much more.

IT SAYS, "DARLING,
YOU COULD INSPIRE A SYMPHONY."
IT SAYS, "DARLING,
HAUNTING AND TEASING AND SLOW."
I WILL SERENADE AWAY THE DAYS FOR YOU.
EV'RY POLONAISE IS PURELY PRAISE FOR YOU.
AND I'M FEELING THIS WHOLE RELATIONSHIP GROW.

MOTHER

(coyly warning him)

Frank...

VIOLINIST

Shhh.

IT SAYS, "DARLING,
WAIT 'TIL I ROSIN MY BOW."

MARY MARIE

(overlapping)

She called him by his first name!

VIOLINIST

I'LL ATTEMPT TO ROMANCE YOU
WITH THE TRILL OF MY VIBRATO.
HOW I HOPE TO ENTRANCE YOU
WHEN I PLUCK MY PIZZICATO.

MOTHER

I think you might be playing a bit too quickly. I can't keep up with you.

VIOLINIST

Forgive me. I'm not usually so forward, but something tells me you're not like the others.

MOTHER

What tells you that?

VIOLINIST

My...heart, I think...

MARY MARIE

He is very romantic!

VIOLINIST

IT SAYS, "DARLING,
OH, HOW I WISH YOU MIGHT HUM WITH ME."
IT SAYS, "DARLING,
WE'D MAKE A DARING DUET."
AND WITH EV'RY NOTE SO LONG AND LINGERING.
PERFECT TIMING, FAULTLESS FINGERING.
I'VE AN ENCORE IN STORE THAT YOU'LL NEVER FORGET.
I COULD PLAY IT SOON IF YOU SAY IT'S ALL RIGHT.

MARY MARIE

(to audience)

And he certainly does love music.

VIOLINIST

I SHALL PLAY UNTIL YOU ARE FILLED WITH DELIGHT.

MARY MARIE

He simply can't get enough of it!

VIOLINIST

I CAN PLAY MY TUNE SEVERAL TIMES IN ONE NIGHT...

(VIOLINIST whispers in MOTHER'S ear,
seductively, then approaches HER smoothly.)

MARY MARIE

And Mother seems very anxious to please him!

(Escaping his advance, MOTHER shoves a plate
of cake between herself and the VIOLINIST.)

MOTHER

Have another cake.

(VIOLINIST sighs in resignation.)

(MARY MARIE continues to audience as the
VIOLINIST checks his watch and kisses
Mother's hand as SHE sees HIM to the door
and HE rushes out. MARY MARIE emerges from
the window seat. MOTHER returns, surprised
to see her.)

MOTHER

Oh! Marie...but, how did you...? You weren't- [there this whole
time were you?]

MARY MARIE

Mother, do you think you will choose the violinist over the
other gentlemen?

(MOTHER and MARY MARIE gather their coats
and hats.)

MOTHER

Don't be silly, Marie. I like them all. They are all my friends.
Just friends.

MARY MARIE

(to audience)

Now, that doesn't make for a very exciting love story, does it?

(PETER enters with suitcase, sets it by HER
side, and exits. MOTHER and MARY MARIE kiss
and hug good-bye.)

(to Mother)

I'm awfully glad I'm allowed to take some of my "Marie" things
with me to Father's.

MOTHER

(breaking away from Mary Marie)
Just be certain to hide them from Aunt Jane or the earth will
shake.

(MOTHER exits.)

Transition:

Continuous. MARY MARIE is suddenly
standing in her home in
Andersonville.

MARY MARIE

(to audience)
And before you know it...

(JANE crosses to supper table.)

JANE

Mary, your supper is getting cold.

MARY MARIE

(to audience; crossing to supper table)
Chapter four. Mary. Again.
(suddenly seeing Father.)
Father?

FATHER

(standing abruptly)
Good evening, Mary. Welcome...home. Uh...back. Um...here.

(Awkward; HE sits again.)

MARY MARIE

(sitting)
Thank you. I wasn't sure you'd be-[home this time]

JANE

Sit down and pass the bread to your Father now, Mary.

MARY MARIE

(passing the bread)
I had a wonderful Christmas! We went to--

JANE

And please don't prattle on during supper.

MARY MARIE

Yes, Ma'am.

JANE

We had a very nice, Christmas, thank you. Quiet, as it should be. We went to church...as I'm sure you did.

MARY MARIE

Well, we-- Yes, that's what we did, too.

(As FATHER exits, JANE and MARY MARIE get up from the table, JANE turning upstage. MARY MARIE writes in her book as SHE crosses to the other side of the stage.)

MARY MARIE

The only thing that made supper tolerable was thinking about Stella Mayhew's party. I couldn't wait to get my invitation so I practically ran to school. But, I did not stay long...

(MARY MARIE storms back to center. JANE whips back around, speaking as if in mid-conversation.)

JANE

Of course you will go back to school! Why the very idea...

MARY MARIE

(to JANE)

No, Aunt Jane. I won't! I will not set foot in that schoolhouse again. It's a matter of conscience.

JANE

(shocked)

Mary! What do you mean by such talk to me? If you think I shall permit...

(FATHER enters.)

Charles!

(FATHER, concerned, goes to JANE, who angrily, but inaudibly begins to explain.)

MARY MARIE

(to audience)

And Father stood there with his hands in his pockets and listened to Aunt Jane while I waited. And when she was finished, she looked very smug and victorious.

FATHER

(concerned, but calm)

Mary... Your Aunt Jane tells me you have been disobedient and disrespectful to her.

(MARY MARIE is silent.)

JANE

You see, Charles?

FATHER

(trying again)

She says you're refusing to go back to school.

MARY MARIE

Yes, sir.

FATHER

Well then, you shall tell her now please, that you are sorry and that you will go to school tomorrow and that's all there is to it!

(MARY MARIE doesn't move. Father angers.)

Are you defying me now as you did your Aunt Jane?

MARY MARIE

Father, I can't go back! Not after what Stella Mayhew said.

FATHER

What? Who...?

(MARY MARIE begins to pace. **#12. Could It Be? <<Track 11>>**)

MARY MARIE

She didn't know I was listening because all the other girls were too swarmed around. But I was.

(mimicking Stella)

"Oh, that Mary Marie... Ha! Two names!?"

MARY MARIE

"IT'S AWF'LY ODD.
SHE ISN'T NORMAL. THAT'S THE TRUTH, SO HELP ME GOD.
SHE'S CALLED MARY BY HER FATHER
AND MARIE BY HER MOTHER
WHY, SHE'S JUST A SINGLE PERSON!
GO BY ONE NAME OR THE OTHER!
IS IT REALLY ALL THAT HARD TO JUST DECIDE!
OR COULD IT BE? -- THAT MARY MARIE--
IS JUST LIKE DOCTOR JEKYLL AND MISTER HYDE."
(no longer mimicking Stella; to Father)
That's a book, father!

FATHER

Yes, I know, but--

MARY MARIE

(overlapping)
But she didn't stop there. Not at all.
(mimicking Stella)
"THOSE AWFUL CLOTHES."
(not mimicking; looking down at her clothes)
SHE SAID ONE LOOK WOULD BE ENOUGH TO CURL HER TOES.
AND SHE COULDN'T FIGURE OUT
HOW MY FRIENDS COULD EVEN BARE ME.
(mimicking Stella)
"OH, HER SHOES, OF COURSE, ARE UGLY,
BUT HER DRESSES TRULY SCARE ME.
IT'S A WONDER SHE CAN EVEN SHOW HER FACE.
OR COULD IT BE--? THAT MARY MARIE--
IS REALLY JUST A CREATURE FROM OUTER SPACE."

JANE

Must we continue to listen to--?

MARY MARIE

(overlapping)
If she had only called *me* names, I wouldn't mind so awfully
much. But then she started talking about Mother.
(to Father)
STELLA SAID SHE'D HEARD IT WAS A SCANDALOUS DIVORCE.

FATHER

(overlapping)
But how would she--?

MARY MARIE

(overlapping)

Her mother told her.

STELLA SAID HER MOTHER HAD A VERY TRUSTED SOURCE.

JANE

(overlapping; to Father)

We knew this would happen, didn't we?

MARY MARIE

STELLA SAID THE STORY WAS THAT MOTHER HAD BEEN VERY
WELL ACQUAINTED IN THE TOWN

AND AT THE SCHOOL.

AND WHILE HER HUSBAND STAYED AT HOME

THAT SHE WOULD RUN ABOUT

AND MAKE HIM LOOK AN UTTER FOOL.

She said it was years ago. Before any of us girls were even born. But that Mother would spend her time sleigh-riding and skating and snowshoeing with all kinds of unmarried gentlemen. At first no one believed Stella. But she swore it was the truth!

(mimicking Stella)

"I WOULDN'T LIE.

MY MOTHER HEARD IT, CROSS MY HEART AND HOPE TO DIE.

SO YOU'RE WELCOME TO STAY FRIENDS WITH HER

DESPITE THIS INFORMATION.

BUT FORGET ABOUT MY PARTY AND IGNORE THE INVITATION.

IF SHE'S THE KIND OF FRIEND THAT YOU WOULD CHOOSE.

OR IT COULD BE -- THAT MARY MARIE--

IS THE KIND OF FRIEND IT WOULDN'T HURT

(no longer mimicking Stella)

TO LOSE...

FATHER

Mary, I...

MARY MARIE

But Stella's family wasn't even living here then, so what do they know? And Stella wasn't born yet either, so what does she know? And anyway, Mother was only making friends! Mother loves making friends. Everyone knows that! No one knows anything!

(SHE turns and walks to the other side of
the room, her back to FATHER and JANE.)

JANE

(to MARY MARIE)

Well, your mother did have an unusually friendly nature.

FATHER

Jane, please...

(JANE and MARY MARIE freeze during the following; FATHER's flashback. MOTHER enters confidently, dressed for an evening out, also wearing the shawl.)

MOTHER

Working? What a surprise. I'm off to a reception.

FATHER

You're going alone?

MOTHER

Well, yes, but I won't be alone once I get there, will I? You needn't wait up.

FATHER

Margaret, I don't like it. It's thoughtless, reckless behavior, and I've had enough of it!

MOTHER

Enough of what, Charles? Enough of my finding a little enjoyment out of life!

FATHER

Enough of your gallivanting around morning and night with--

MOTHER

How dare you? They are people from the college! Your people!

FATHER

Yes! My colleagues! My students! Even if you have no interest in your own honor and decency, one might think you'd at least... What you're doing is a scandal, Margaret!

MOTHER

What I'm... The scandal, Charles, is that you'd dare make such accusations! Especially when I'm only obeying your mother's orders!

FATHER

My mother's or--?!

MOTHER

Of course! She made it very clear that it's my wifely duty to do everything I can to assist you in becoming president of the college. And, you do seem to need a lot of assistance!

FATHER

Well, I appreciate your generosity, Margaret, but I think if you took a little more interest in our home, as many women might, and a little less interest in "my people"...

(MOTHER exits as MARY MARIE and JANE thaw.)

...You would be of far greater assistance...

MARY MARIE

(overlapping Father's last line)

And so what if Mother went on a sleigh ride without you?

(FATHER back to reality as Flashback ends.)

You never go anywhere, so I don't see what's so wrong with her going on a stupid sleigh ride.

JANE

Charles!

MARY MARIE

(ignoring Jane)

--Even if every stupid girl in that stupid school does! Including my best friend. So no, Father, I will not go back. I will not associate with anyone who won't associate with me on account of Mother!

(defensively to JANE)

...who is the best Mother!

FATHER

(pause; sadly)

People like to gossip, Mary. And other people believe them. Perhaps they shouldn't. But often the damage is already done...

MARY MARIE

Is that why you got divorced?

FATHER

What?

(back to reality)

Mary, your mother and I...were simply incompatible.

MARY MARIE

I know! That's why I wish that it would hurry up and be a year so Mother could get married.

FATHER

She's thinking of getting married?

(FATHER begins pacing.)

MARY MARIE

Well, I'm certain she wouldn't 'til her year is up, but—

FATHER

You don't know who she'll take, do you?

JANE

Charles, if Mary is going to school at all tomorrow, it is high time she got to bed.

(FATHER, distracted, does not respond.)

JANE

Charles! I said if Mary--

(Father turns abruptly.)

FATHER

Yes, I understand. But Mary is not going to school.

(JANE stiffens. **#13. Mark My Words <<Track 12>>.**)

JANE

But, she must!

MARK MY WORDS, BROTHER.

THIS GIRL IS BEFUDDLING YOU JUST LIKE HER MOTHER DID.

CHARLES! WILL YOU BE DISOBEYED?

FOR YOU SEEM TO BE BENDING, AND I...

I'M DISMAYED.

Tell me, what do you suppose Mary shall do with all her time?

FATHER

Why, what she always does; read, sew, study-

JANE

Read?! Sew?! Well-

CALL ME SUSPICIOUS.

BUT MARY HAS PROVED TO BE LESS THAN AMBITIOUS AND,
CHARLES! THIS IS POORLY ADVISED.

IF YOU THINK SHE WILL STUDY, WELL I--
I'M SURPRISED!

DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT IS YOU'VE AGREED TO?
KINDLY GIVE IT SOME THOUGHT.
DO YOU REALIZE WHAT IT COULD LEAD TO?

FATHER

JANE, I RE-A-LIZE SOME THINGS YOU DO NOT.

No, Mary will not go back to school any more this spring. No,
I'll teach my classes in the morning as usual...

FATHER

AND AS FAR AS HER LEARNING,
WE'LL STUDY TOGETHER
UPON MY RETURNING, AND
(cutting Jane off)
JANE!

JANE

IT'S THOUGHTLESS.
SO FOOLISH.
WHAT DO YOU--?

MARY MARIE

FATHER.

FATHER.

FATHER

THIS IS WHAT I'D PREFER.

SHE WILL STAY WITH HER STUDIES AND I'LL...

STAY WITH HER.

She can recite her lessons to me each afternoon in the library.

JANE

Oh, I simply cannot believe you would yield to that child's
whims like this!

FATHER

I thank you Jane for all you've done and for your concern. But
my mind is made up and I'll hear no more about it.

(HE grabs a book; JANE stands, immobile.)

MARY MARIE

(to audience)

I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING.
NOT ONE SINGLE WORD.
AND IT'S HARD TO EXPLAIN.
BUT THAT WONDEROUS MOMENT
ONE PERSON WAS HEARD.
AND IT WASN'T AUNT JANE!

SUCH AN INTERESTING TWIST FOR MY BOOK.
YOU SEE FATHER WAS ANGRY-
I SAW FROM HIS LOOK WHEN HE HEARD WHAT THEY SAID
ABOUT MOTHER.
HE WAS MAD. I COULD SEE.
AND HE SIDED WITH ME.

MARY MARIE

(sarcastically)

Poor Aunt Jane!

SHE COULD NOT CONTRADICT HIM.
BUT AM I THE VICTOR OR MORE LIKE THE VICTIM?
WHO KNOWS? I'LL FIND OUT I SUPPOSE.
BUT FOR NOW, IT'S TOO EARLY TO GAUGE.
So, I guess just like in really truly novels -
I WON'T KNOW WHAT WILL HAPPEN 'TIL I...

JANE

I pray you do not regret this, Charles.

(JANE eyes Mary Marie. FATHER looks up from
his book as both NEIGHBOR and SERVANT enter.)

MARY MARIE

TURN THE PAGE!

ALL

TURN THE PAGE!

(MARY MARIE looks at Father with trepidation.)

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

Scene One

Andersonville. MARY MARIE stands with her book in a neutral area of the stage and addresses the audience.

MARY MARIE

Chapter five. The next page.

(SHE walks to dining table and sits.)

JANE

(walking to the table)

Mary, You had better be certain that you learn your lessons well. You wouldn't want to annoy your father.

(#14. Yes, Aunt Jane [Reprise] <<Track 13>>)

MARY MARIE

YES AUNT JANE.

JANE

Now listen to me carefully.

YOU WILL SPEND YOUR MORNING READING.

THIS IS NO EXCUSE TO PLAY.

NO, I ASSURE YOU I'VE A PLAN FOR YOU TO FOLLOW.

Sit up properly in your seat, Mary. Elbows?

MARY MARIE

(quickly removing her elbows from the table)

YES, AUNT JANE.

JANE

PLEASE STOP FIDDLING WHILE YOUR FEEDING.

TURN YOUR FORK THE OTHER WAY.

AND COULD YOU GENTLY CHEW YOUR FOOD BEFORE YOU SWALLOW.

All that chomping is very disquieting!

MARY MARIE

YES, AUNT JANE.

BREAKFAST WAS THE SAME AS ALWAYS
SO UNLIKE THE EVENING BEFORE.
AND THOUGH I TRIED TO DO MY WORK

MY HEAD WAS SPINNING.
A WHOLE NEW CHAPTER JUST BEGINNING...

JANE

Mary! Must you touch every muffin?

MARY MARIE

(oblivious)
YES, AUNT JANE.

Transition:

Exasperated JANE rises to check the day's schedule. MARY MARIE leaves the table and heads toward her room as FATHER enters and gathers his things to leave.

MARY MARIE

So this chapter was turning out to be no more interesting than the others had been. Geography with Father; sewing. Math with Father; knitting. And I miss Mother.

(MARY MARIE exits to her room.)

FATHER

(finishing gathering his things)
I must be off to my class. Good bye, Jane. Tell Mary that--

JANE

Charles, you won't forget about your talk later at the museum will you? I know how easy it is for you to become distracted.

FATHER

Yes. No.

JANE

And I would suggest you go there straight from the school.

FATHER

I can manage my day. Thank you, Jane.

(HE exits, unnoticed by JANE who continues to speak as if he were there.)

JANE

Good. Because you won't have much time in between and...
 (suddenly noticing his absence)
 Charles?

(SHE stops, realizing he is gone, and humphs, annoyed. SHE then turns abruptly, almost bumping into MARY MARIE who has just re-entered.)

JANE

Mary, your Father has an important engagement after his classes today and since I'll be away all day as well, you will have to try and learn your lessons on your own as best you can. You must also sew an hour, weed an hour, dust the house downstairs and up, and read some improving book for an hour. The rest of the time you might amuse yourself until supper.

(#15. Nothing Happens. <<Track 14>>)

MARY MARIE

YES, AUNT JANE.

(JANE exits. MARY MARIE, to herself.)

NO AUNT JANE!

NO AUNT JANE!

NO AUNT JANE! NO!

Amuse myself! Oh, what a jolly time that will be! I have nothing amusing at all to write about in my book. Of course, if it was just a story I could make up things - interesting things, like having Mother elope with the violinist, and Father shoot him and fall in love with Mother all over again, or else with somebody else, and shoot that one's lover. But this is a real story, so you can only write what really happens. And...

NOTHING HAPPENS.

SO THIS BOOK IS RIDICULOUS AND STUPID.

FOR MY LIFE IS MONOTONOUS AND DULL.

IN THIS UGLY DRESS, AND THESE CLUMPY SHOES,

IN THIS FREEZING PLACE, DOING NOTHING AMUSING AT ALL!

AND YOU'LL PAY IF YOU HAPPEN TO RUN DOWN THE HALL.

(angrily runs a few steps down the hall)

NOTHING HAPPENS!

(heading for her room)

I CAN'T BEAR ONE MORE MINUTE BEING MARY!

I CAN'T STAND ONE MORE DAY OF BEING BORED.

NO, I SHALL NOT SEW, AND I CAN'T CROCHET,
 I REFUSE TO DUST, NO I JUST WANT A DAY TO BE FREE!
 ONE IMPROPERLY GLORIOUS DAY AS MARIE!

And then I thought - No one would be home all day.

(acting out the following as SHE speaks)

So I ran to the chest where I'd hidden all my Marie dresses and
 I just threw my ugly Mary clothes into the corner and got all
 dressed up as Marie and pretended I was in Boston with Mother.

(grabbing her shawl; dancing through the house)

HAVING CAKES AND TEA AND HONEY
 AND SHE'S LAUGHING AS I TWIRL AND PIRHOURETTE
 THROUGH THE ROOM.
 AND IT'S AIRY AND IT'S SUNNY, AND AS WELCOMING AND
 WARM AS IT COULD GET,
 NOT A TOMB
 WHERE NOTHING HAPPENS.

(SHE makes a grand twirl which sends her
 suddenly back into the parlor; shocking her.)

(SHE looks all around. MALE and FEMALE GHOST
 appear in the parlor.)

MALE GHOST	FEMALE GHOST	MARY MARIE
MARY, MARY, MARY,	MARY, MARY, MARY, MARY,	But then, suddenly there they
MARY, COME HERE	MARY, MARY, MARY, MARY,	were; the coffin plate, and the
MARY, Ooo-	MARY, MARY, MARY, MARY,	wax cross, and that awful hair
Ooo--	Ooo--	wreath, and...

MARY MARIE

AND I KNEW THAT I COULDN'T BE IN BOSTON.
 AND I KNEW I NO LONGER WAS MARIE!
 AND THERE WAS NO SUN, JUST AN ICY DRAFT.
 AND THERE WERE NO CAKES, AND NO MOTHER WHO LAUGHED AS I
 TWIRLED...

I DON'T WANT TO BE MARY!

I DON'T WANT TO BE MARY!

I DON'T WANT TO BE, WANT TO BE, WANT TO BE, WANT TO BE--!

(starts to break down.)

FATHER

Mary...?

(tenderly)

WHAT IN THE WORLD...?

MARY MARIE

(trying to compose herself)

You're home!

FATHER

Yes, of course... your lessons.

MARY MARIE

But I thought... but Aunt Jane said... Oh, my...

(to audience)

SOMETHING HAPPENED.

FATHER

Mary, what happened? Are you sick?

MARY MARIE

Aunt Jane said that you wouldn't be home...

FATHER

Did you hurt yourself?

MARY MARIE

No, I...

FATHER

It isn't your mother? You haven't had bad news, have you?

MARY MARIE

No. No - but I wish I had! I wish I had, because then I could go to her, and go away from here!

(SHE claps her hand to her mouth.)

FATHER

Mary, what is it!?

MARY MARIE

I'm sorry, Father! But it just gets so hard being Marie for Mother and Mary for you!

FATHER

(confused)

Marie for Mother, and...

MARY MARIE

(steamrolling through)

I only wanted to be Marie for a little while.

FATHER

Marie... So those clothes--?

MARY MARIE

(overlapping)

They are Marie clothes, Father. Mary can't wear them, of course. You wouldn't let me!

FATHER

No, of course.

MARY MARIE

Heavens, no. Mary must wear brown serge or stupid gingham dresses with calfskin boots that are ugly and wear well! And Mary has to read dusty books while Marie dreams of fantastic stories!

FATHER

Go on.

MARY MARIE

Marie wants to have ice cream for dinner and move the chairs out of their little sockets on the carpet, and leave books around handy, but Mary never would. And I'm afraid that I'm just like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, because Marie wants to play the piano, but Mary wouldn't dare because Aunt Jane says I mustn't and you don't like it, and--

FATHER

But, that's not true. I wouldn't mind it, Mary. I...I used to listen to your mother play, and we would... You can play it if you like.

(MARY MARIE takes off Mother's shawl and begins playing the piano. #16. **Mother's Tune**).

(MARY MARIE hesitates; about to stop.)

FATHER

It's all right. Play something. Please.

(FATHER quietly watches her, but then looks away. As HE does, MOTHER enters and sits at the piano. FATHER'S flashback: Looking back to the piano, FATHER sees MOTHER's half of the duet while MARY MARIE plays the other half in real time. MOTHER spots Father and stops playing. MARY MARIE continues miming playing the piano as Father's flashback continues.)

FATHER

No need to stop on my account, Margaret.

MOTHER

(she stands; moves from the piano)

Good morning, Charles.

FATHER

So you're here. I'm surprised you don't have some party or other to attend.

(MOTHER goes to her chair and begins to put away some knitting supplies she left out.

FATHER glances at her; amused.)

Knitting something?

MOTHER

Yes, actually. A blanket.

FATHER

(chuckling)

A blanket? Whatever possessed you to do that?

MOTHER

(matter-of-factly)

I suppose it's because we're having a baby.

FATHER

What?!

MOTHER

Yes, so I thought I might try and knit something. But as I'm sure you would expect, I'm failing miserably.

FATHER

(rushing to HER; elated)

Margaret! That's wonderful news! Why didn't you--

(SHE moves away from him quickly, putting her materials away altogether and cutting him off from embracing HER.)

MOTHER

I'm glad that you're happy, Charles. I wasn't sure you would be.

FATHER

What? Why?

MOTHER

Well, it is a baby after all. It may disturb you from your work, you know.

(THEY look at one another for a moment.)

Actually, I think I'll go rest a bit.

(SHE finishes putting away her things and starts to exit.)

FATHER

(gathering his nerve)

Am I the one to be congratulated?

MOTHER

(stopping in her tracks)

I shall pretend you never asked me that horrible question.

FATHER

(following her to the door)

You didn't answer the question, though, did you?

(SHE exits. HE grimaces in self-frustration as flashback ends; mournfully gazing after Mother.)

She didn't answer the...

(HE turns back around to piano and suddenly registers Mary Marie as SHE continues to play. **#17. Like Her Mother [Reprise] <<Track 15>>.**)

FATHER

WILL SHE TEST ME? WILL SHE TAUNT ME
LIKE HER MOTHER?
WILL SHE STIR ME? WILL SHE HAUNT ME
LIKE HER MOTHER?
WILL SHE FLEE ME OR EMBRACE ME?
WILL SHE ACT OUT IN WAYS THAT DISGRACE ME?
WILL SHE WORK TO COMPLETELY ERASE ME?
OR REPLACE ME...

(MARY MARIE sees the pained look in Father's face.)

MARY MARIE

Father?

FATHER

(numbly)

You are so like your mother...

(MARY MARIE believes he means this as a bad thing and is hurt; bravely.)

MARY MARIE

Is that why you don't care for me much?

FATHER

Mary, you-- you're my daughter.

MARY MARIE

Well, Mother was your wife.

(HE turns, taken aback.)

She says you cared more for your stars than you did her.

FATHER

That's not true! I always loved your Mother and always wi...

(stopping himself)

You must be much happier in Boston, aren't you, Mary? I'm sure your mother is. I hope... I hope she is.

(abruptly heading for the library)

We had better begin your lessons, hadn't we?

(opening a book)

Now where were we?

(SHE takes off her shawl and drapes it over a chair in the library.)

MARY MARIE

But I thought you were going some--

FATHER

Why don't you start where you left off last time?

MARY MARIE

Well, All right...

(reading)

*"One if by land, and two if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."*

FATHER

Who wrote that?

MARY MARIE

Longfellow. Mother and I visited that church in Boston. Did you know that Paul Revere was never a member there?

FATHER

No?

MARY MARIE

No. But when he was a boy he was paid to ring the church bells every week and that's when he first noticed the view from the top of the steeple.

FATHER

I didn't know that. Mary, what else did you do in Boston?

(HE stands decisively, then starts to pace.

(#18. Albireo <<Track 16>>.)

MARY MARIE

(surprised)

Oh! Well...

FATHER

DID YOU GO ROWING ON THE RIVER?

MARY MARIE

Yes! Was that ever fun!

FATHER

AND DID YOU VISIT COPLEY SQUARE?

MARY MARIE

I liked the library.

FATHER
AND HAS YOUR AUNT HAD MANY PARTIES?

MARY MARIE
Oh has she ever.

FATHER
CAN YOU TELL ME WHO WAS THERE?

MARY MARIE
Loads of people.

FATHER
AND ARE YOU FRIENDLY WITH THE NEIGHBORS?

MARY MARIE
Quite friendly, actually.

FATHER
HAVE YOU INVITED THEM TO TEA?

MARY MARIE
Many times!

FATHER
SO THEN YOU LIKE IT THERE IN BOSTON?

MARY MARIE
I love it!

FATHER
AND YOUR MOTHER - HOW IS SHE...?

MARY MARIE
Oh.

(to audience)
Aunt Jane had told me never to mention Mother around Father.
But of course, I'd already broken that rule and Father hadn't
shattered into a trillion pieces. So...

MARY MARIE
(to FATHER)
Oh, Mother's very well! She's very busy with all the parties
and the auto rides, and there are so many folks who come round
to see her.

FATHER

What kind of folks?

MARY MARIE

(excitedly)

Well, there's the bank man, and the painter, and that actor, he was very elegant, and - Oh! And the violinist. He is very handsome, Father. And I think Mother is especially fond of him because she gets a little fluttery whenever he comes to call and--

FATHER

(suddenly uncomfortable)

Mary, that's enough of that lesson, I think. Maybe we--

(HE accidentally knocks some papers off a table. MARY MARIE helps retrieve them.)

Oh. Thank you. Now where were we?

MARY MARIE

(spotting a colorful drawing amongst the papers.)

Father, this is pretty. What is it?

FATHER

Oh, that's just a drawing for my class tomorrow. It's nothing for you to bother about.

MARY MARIE

It's not the sun, is it?

FATHER

No, it's... It's a special kind of star.

MARY MARIE

Which star? Can you show me?

FATHER

No, Mary, it's...

(HE goes to the window and peers out. SHE follows curiously.)

FATHER

Well, we might be able to...but this time of year it's very low.
Too low, I think to really... Wait!

(suddenly spotting it in the distance.)

THERE!

IT'S A PART OF THAT CLUSTER.

MARY MARIE

WHERE?

FATHER

THE SHINIEST STAR.

MARY MARIE

(pointing)

RIGHT THERE?

FATHER

GOODNESS NO, THAT IS JUST A
REFLECTION OF DUST, IT'S
MUCH BRIGHTER BY FAR.

MARY MARIE

What's it called?

FATHER

ALBIREO.

MARY MARIE

ALBIREO.

But I can't see it...

FATHER

THERE! JUST ABOVE THE HORIZON.

MARY MARIE

WHERE?

FATHER

RIGHT NEXT TO THE TREE.

MARY MARIE

RIGHT THERE?

FATHER

(moving HER head with HIS hands)
NO, LOWER YOUR EYES AND--
YOU SEE WHERE IT LIES?
IT'S AS BRIGHT AS CAN BE!

MARY MARIE

I THINK I CAN SEE!
ALBIREO.

FATHER

ALBIREO.

MARY MARIE

What an interesting name.

FATHER

It looks just like a single star, doesn't it? One bright shiny
star.

MARY MARIE

Like the sun.

FATHER

Yes, but it's actually brighter than the sun, and bigger, but
also much farther away. So if you really want to see it best,
you must use a telescope.

AND WHEN YOU DO,
YOU DISCOVER IT ISN'T ONE STAR.

FATHER

IT'S ACTUALLY TWO.
TWO PERFECT COMPANIONS

ONE YELLOW, ONE BLUE

MARY MARIE

PERFECT COMPANIONS...

ONE YELLOW, ONE BLUE.

FATHER

It's called a double star, Mary.

MARY MARIE

Double star?
OH!

FATHER

ALBIREO.

ALBIREO.

MARY MARIE

FATHER

So you see, the two stars are very different, but still one orbits around the other.

MARY MARIE

So they're not as lonely.

FATHER

(chuckling)

I guess you could say that!

MARY MARIE

And why is one yellow and one blue?

FATHER

Because they have different temperatures.

MARY MARIE

Different tempers...

FATHER

Different temperatures. But, different tempers too, I suppose.

MARY MARIE

How big are they?

FATHER

Bigger than anything you could imagine. And more beautiful. And together, when viewed through the proper lens, the contrast between them is remarkable and quite dazzling.

ONE PURPLE AND SAPPHIRE,

MARY MARIE

ONE YELLOWY GOLD,

FATHER

ONE FAINTER AND MUTED,

MARY MARIE

ONE FLASHY AND BOLD.

FATHER

AND IT'S TOTALLY DIFFERENT DEPENDING ON WHETHER YOU'RE ABLE TO SEE THEM APART OR TOGETHER.

FATHER

ALBIREO.

MARY MARIE

ALBIREO.

FATHER/MARY MARIE

TWO HALVES OF THE SAME.

MARY MARIE

BUT SHARING A NAME...

I want to see it. I want to see both of the stars through the telescope - separately.

FATHER

Well, Mary, I'm afraid... Well, as I said it is awfully low now. It's best to try during the summer when it's high in the sky and easier to view.

MARY MARIE

But I won't be here this summer, I'll be at Mother's!

FATHER

That's right... Well, I would need to move the telescope a bit, but...

(moves the telescope's position.)

THERE...

PERHAPS WE CAN VIEW IT.

MARY MARIE

WHERE?

FATHER

(adjusting the height)

WE'LL VARY THE HEIGHT...

MARY MARIE

TAKE CARE.

FATHER

YES, I THINK WE CAN DO IT.

(looking through telescope)

I'M JUST LOOKING THROUGH IT
TO FOCUS IT RIGHT.

(to HER)

AND OH, WHAT A SIGHT!

FATHER/MARY MARIE

(looking at each other)

ALBIREO.

ALBIREO.

ALBIREO.

ALBIREO.

(HE starts to move her into position behind
the telescope, but stops short.)

FATHER

Mary. I've been thinking about you and your... well about you, and
it occurs to me that it might be better if you were to--

(JANE enters suddenly, interrupting.)

JANE

Charles! What are you doing here?

FATHER

(taken by surprise)

Jane!

JANE

You are expected at the museum! Your speech, remember? You don't
have time for this!

FATHER

Oh. Yes, that's right. I'll just collect some of my papers
and...

(FATHER nervously gathers his papers.)

JANE

Careful! You are losing your notes!

(FATHER continues to collect his things
while JANE turns to MARY MARIE.)

FATHER

I'm not losing anything. I'm fine. I still have plenty of time.

(MARY MARIE starts to gather her books as
FATHER collects his papers.)

JANE

(to Mary Marie)

You know it's very selfish of you to distract your father from his--

FATHER

(stopping Jane; suddenly firm and composed)

Jane. I've decided that Mary will be leaving us early to return to her mother.

JANE

Charles!

MARY MARIE

Return to Mother?! Really?

(racing to hug HIM)

Oh, thank you, Father! Thank you!

JANE

Mary, what are you wearing?! Go and change your clothes this instant.

MARY MARIE

Yes, Aunt Jane!

(MARY MARIE breaks away from Father and runs toward her room while JANE mimes admonishing Father.)

(to audience)

But as I went to stuff Marie back in the chest and get Mary out from the pile on the floor, I realized I'd left Mother's shawl in the library, so--

(SHE turns back around towards the library, but stops short upon hearing JANE.)

JANE

...but surely you will not give in to your daughter again by allowing her to --

FATHER

I'm not giving in at all, Jane. I am consulting my own wishes in the matter. I *prefer* to have Mary go. I *want* her to go.

(Overhearing the exchange, MARY MARIE cringes, slinks back, and almost bumps into

the entering SERVANT who sets down Mary Marie's travelling bag. **#19. Albireo Tag**
<<Track 17>>.

JANE

Well, I can certainly understand *that*, but--

FATHER

Jane, it's...

(FATHER mimes correcting JANE as MARY MARIE stops just out of his sight.)

MARY MARIE

I almost cried out then. And although I suppose I always knew it, it still hurt to have him say it right out like that. And suddenly I could feel a lump gathering in my throat.

(JANE and SERVANT exit. FATHER spots the shawl, folds it gently and sets it on a shelf, then exits quickly, as MARY MARIE looks out of the window longingly)

MARY MARIE

ALBIREO...

(grumpily)

What kind of name is that anyway?

Scene Two

The train station. FATHER stands silently talking to the CONDUCTOR, and then joins MARY MARIE at the platform. <SFX: Train Whistle.>

MARY MARIE

When we got to the station, Father waited with me at the platform and spoke to the conductor but said nothing to me. He just cleared his throat and looked at his watch as usual. It's very disappointing to think you might have found your father for the smallest moment one night, only to lose him again. But maybe I never really found him to begin with.

FATHER

Um... Mary. Please give my regards to your Mother. And your Aunt Hattie. Would you do that?

MARY MARIE

Yes, Father.

(beat)

You really needn't wait with me. I can find my own seat beautifully by myself.

FATHER

I don't mind waiting.

MARY MARIE

I am consulting my own wishes in the matter. I prefer to have you go. I want you to go.

FATHER

But...

CONDUCTOR

All aboard!

MARY MARIE

(extending her hand)

Good-bye, Father.

FATHER

(taking her hand; puzzled by her sudden coldness)

Good-bye, Mary.

(SHE turns to leave, but FATHER stops her.
#20. At the End of the Line [Reprise]
<<Track 18>>.)

FATHER

Mary, I hope Marie didn't have an entirely awful time.

(HE kisses HER quickly; awkwardly. SHE turns quickly, boards the train and finds her seat, but then stops short; looking out at FATHER.)

MARY MARIE

BARELY TALKING TO ME.
GAZING FAR ABOVE ME.
MAYBE IF HE KNEW ME.
HE MIGHT EVEN LOVE ME.

(SHE races out to FATHER before he leaves.)

Father!? Marie did not have an entirely awful time... Not entirely.

(SHE suddenly hugs him tightly, runs back to the train, and looks back out at him from the window. To audience, suddenly hopeful.)

And as I waved to Father from the train, I noticed he had this look in his eyes as if...!

(sullen again)

No, that's silly. I'm sure it was just the glare in his glasses as the train pulled away from the station. But maybe not...

Scene Three

Boston. MARY MARIE's bedroom.
MOTHER and MARY MARIE unpack.

MARY MARIE

It is nice to be home again! And have folks around you dressed in something besides don't-care black alpaca and stiff collars.

MOTHER

It was very kind of your father to let you go early.
(beat)

I imagine he still spends a lot of his time with his stars.

MARY MARIE

Yes, Mother. I told you that in my letters. Didn't you read them?

MOTHER

Well, of course I did! I'd just forgotten that part.

MARY MARIE

He said to give you his regards.

MOTHER

(pleased)

He did?

MARY MARIE

And Aunt Hattie, too.

MOTHER

Oh. Of course.

(pause)

And did he seem lonesome to you?

MARY MARIE

I don't think so. Anyway, he could have all the ladies' company he wanted.

(Having finished packing, MARY MARIE dances her way to the main room. MOTHER follows, suddenly curious.)

MOTHER

(concerned)

Really? Well, I do honestly hope your father finds someone who will make him happy.

MARY MARIE

That's funny. Father said the same thing about you! Well, no actually. He said he hoped you were happier here than you were with him.

MOTHER

He did?

MARY MARIE

(very matter-of-factly)

Yes, and that I'm very much like you, and that he'd always loved you, and that he used to like to listen whilst you played the piano.

MOTHER

(staring at Mary Marie; taken aback)

He said all that?

MARY MARIE

Yes Mother.

MOTHER

You must write to him right away, Marie. Do you hear me?

MARY MARIE

Yes, Mother.

Transition:

MARY MARIE speaks to the audience as she heads to the window seat to write her letter. Meanwhile, lights up on FATHER as HE enters the library with her letter in hand, and reads.

MARY MARIE

And of course, I did write to him. Because even though he told Aunt Jane he wanted me to go, somehow, it also seemed like he might not mind a letter or two.

(writing)

Dear Father. I am very happy being back in Boston.

FATHER

Mother and Aunt Hattie still give lots of parties and have lots of visitors. Especially gentlemen!

(FATHER sets the letter down grumpily, then frustrated, picks it up and reads again.)
MARY MARIE switches positions and begins writing another letter.)

MARY MARIE

And though they all seem to be very interested in Mother, not a one of them is as good-looking as the violinist!

FATHER/MARY MARIE

Why, the two of them go to all sorts of places together!

(SHE folds the letter and puts it in an envelope, just in time to give it to MOTHER as MOTHER re-enters. FATHER flips the letter over frustrated by the cliffhanger.)

MARY MARIE

(to MOTHER)

I've written him loads of times, Mother, but I haven't heard from him yet.

MOTHER

Well, Marie, your Father's a very busy man. Busy providing for us.

(MOTHER exits with the letter.)

MARY MARIE

(to audience)

Mother? Defending Father?!

(MARY MARIE lounges casually in another area of the Boston house while JANE enters the room FATHER is in, grumpily hands FATHER another letter and exits. HE opens the letter and reads as MARY MARIE writes.)

MARY MARIE

Dear Father. Although I haven't yet heard from you, I thought you might be interested to know that I continue to do well here in Boston.

(pauses, annoyed)

Still. As I was the last time mother had me write. My school in Boston is getting better. I still don't know anyone very well, but it's not nearly so horrible as my school in Andersonville! Fact is-

FATHER

Fact is-

MARY MARIE/FATHER

I don't miss a single thing about Andersonville!

FATHER

(to himself)

Yours Truly... Your daughter.

MARY MARIE

...Marie.

(crosses it out)

FATHER/MARY MARIE

Mary.

(Perplexed by the letter, FATHER debates to himself, then, still unsure, HE sits down, gets out a pen and, struggling for words, starts to write back.)

FATHER

(writing)

Dear Mary, I... I...

(HE tries to write, but not knowing how to begin, crumples the letter and begins to pace. JANE enters and notices his frustration.)

JANE

Charles, whatever is the matter?

FATHER

(taken aback by her entrance)

Oh! Uh...nothing, Jane.

(Father, suddenly drawn to the window, looks out thoughtfully.)

JANE

Well, if you say so. But I—

FATHER

Jane, how is it that I understand the planets and stars better than my own daughter?

(FATHER picks up MARY MARIE'S letter again, scans it, puts it down and stares out the window again. **#21 Stars <<Track 19>>.**)

JANE

(unsympathetically)

I'm afraid I can't help you there. I understand neither.

(JANE humphs and exits.)

FATHER

Yours truly... Your daughter...

DAUGHTERS, SO BEWILDERING.
CHANGING EVERY DAY.
NEEDING OR RESISTING YOU.
TWISTING YOU EITHER WAY.

BUT STARS ARE EXPLAINABLE.
STARS KNOW THEIR PLACE.
FAR MORE ATTAINABLE
THEN DAUGHTERS IN SOME FAR OFF SPACE.

(Seeing the shawl folded on the shelf, he gently picks up, holding it fondly before resetting it.)

WOMEN, SO MYSTERIOUS.
TURNING, LIKE THE TIDE.
LOVING OR DECEIVING YOU.
LEAVING YOU TO DECIDE.

BUT STARS NEVER FIGHT WITH YOU.
STARS CAN ALIGN.
STARS SPEND THE NIGHT WITH YOU,
INVITING YOU TO ALSO SHINE.

(FATHER exits. MARY MARIE suddenly pops up excitedly; to audience.)

MARY MARIE

But then, the most awful thing happened! The Violinist had come to visit, and even though Mother and Aunt Hattie were still in town, the maid showed him in anyway and--

(The MAID, enters with the VIOLINIST. MARY MARIE ducks down at the window seat.)

MAID

(flirtatiously)

I can't be certain how long they will be, Sir.

VIOLINIST

(pinning the MAID against the wall.)

Good.

MAID

(coyly)

Frank, no. You mustn't.

VIOLINIST

Why not? A good musician often plays more than one instrument.

(HE draws HER closer and continues pursuing her. **#22. It Says, "Darling" [Reprise].**)

VIOLINIST

Darling,

MY PERFORMANCE WILL BE THUNDEROUS.
EACH CRESCENDO WARM AND WONDROUS.
AND WITH YOU IN MY ARMS I CAN PLAY IT BY HEART
IT SAYS, "DARLING,"...

(HE kisses HER passionately just as MOTHER enters and catches them mid-clutch.)

MOTHER

Frank, I'm sorry to make you wait - I - Oh!

VIOLINIST

(caught)

Oh.

(HE drops the maid.)

MAID

Ow!

MAID/VIOLINIST

(looking at one another)

Uh...

MOTHER

Out!

(Petrified, VIOLINIST and MAID exit hastily. MOTHER pained, pulls herself together, and exits as well. MARY MARIE pops up from the window seat and walks to her room as FATHER enters the library and sits to write.)

MARY MARIE

(to audience)

It was all such a horrible scene. And not only was I quite angry at the Violinist on account of Mother, but now there is *still* no real love story for my book. Except for the one with him and the maid. But I don't think that's a real love story!

(enters her room and sits; pause)

Anyway, nowadays Mother seems to talk to me much more than her perspective suitors.

(MOTHER enters Mary Marie's room with a letter and a package and hands it to MARY MARIE.)

MARY MARIE

Especially when Father's letter finally came!

(MARY MARIE jumps for the letter and opens it. Lights up on FATHER as HE writes.)

FATHER

My Dear Mary: I'm sorry it's taken so long for me to respond. But I received your letters and found them all to be very informative...

I suppose I had a very fine Easter. Your Aunt Jane says I did, so of course, I must have. She had a very fine supper, and she invited Mrs. Darling and several other fine neighbors to have it with us. She said she didn't want me to feel lonesome. But you can feel real lonesome in a crowd sometimes can't you, Mary? -- Even a very fine one. Not long after that I took quite ill but was fortunate enough to be nursed back to health by my cousin Grace.

(GRACE enters and sets a cup before him. HE smiles at HER and then continues writing as SHE exits.)

MOTHER

Your father was ill?

MARY MARIE

Maybe that's why he didn't respond to my letters.

MOTHER

I've never heard of Cousin Grace.

FATHER

(looking off to where Grace exited)
And I've been feeling much better ever since. Soon it will be your birthday. I wanted to send you a special gift, but I realized I hadn't the slightest idea what would please you. So I hope you will like this.

MARY MARIE

(reading)
With love. Your Father.

MOTHER

Who is Cousin Grace...?

(FATHER folds the letter, stands, and exits.
MARY MARIE pauses; smiles at the letter.)

MARY MARIE

(to MOTHER)
May I open the package now Mother, or must I wait 'til my really truly birthday?

MOTHER

(seeming not to have heard)
Well, I guess it doesn't matter - as long as he was well-cared for... I suppose he has quite forgotten me.

MARY MARIE

(non-chalantly)
No more than you've forgotten him. Actually, he asked me quite a few questions about you.

MOTHER

What did he...?

MARY MARIE

About how you were and what you did, and about the violinist and all.

MOTHER

The violinist!? You told your father about *him*!?

MARY MARIE

Just how handsome he was and how often he came to call.

MOTHER

Oh my...

MARY MARIE

And I told him about the others, too; but, of course, I said I didn't know which one you'd take, because--

MOTHER

You told him you didn't know which one I'd take!?

MARY MARIE

Well I tried to guess, but I couldn't tell him if I didn't really know for certain, could I?

MOTHER

Oh, Marie...

MARY MARIE

May I open the package now, Mother? I'm sure Father wouldn't mind.

MOTHER

(exhausted)

Well, yes, but...

MARY MARIE

(preoccupied with tearing into the package)

You know he really does talk, Mother. I think you just have to be still long enough to listen.

(The package reveals a box of chocolates.)

Mother, look! It's an entire box of chocolates just for me! I know what I'm having for supper tonight!

MOTHER

No wait, Marie. I think perhaps, not.

MARY MARIE

(assuming Mother is joking)

Oh, you're so right! What I truly need is a --

(mimicking Jane)

"good lesson in self-discipline"!

MOTHER

(gently but firmly)

No, I mean it, Marie. I believe...I believe you may have...
three pieces of chocolate a day and not a bit more!

MARY MARIE

What? - With that whole big box of chocolates sitting there the
whole time making my mouth water?

MOTHER

A little self-discipline really isn't such a bad thing.

MARY MARIE

(pauses; astounded)

Oh no! Not you too!

MOTHER

The chocolates will keep until later, I promise.

MARY MARIE

But what if I don't want to wait until later?

(MOTHER starts to close the box back up while
MARY MARIE quickly grabs three chocolates,
popping one in her mouth and holding the others
as if her life depended on them. **#23. You Can't
Go Back <<Track 20>>**)

MOTHER

Darling--

YOU CAN'T ALWAYS HAVE WHAT YOU WANT JUST WHEN YOU WANT IT.
THAT'S SOMETHING I WISH I'D BEEN TAUGHT.
IF I HAD MARIE, MAYBE THINGS WOULD BE DIFF'RENT.
AND SHOULD YOU LEARN ANY LESS
THEN THE LESSON I HAVE GOTTEN IS FOR NAUGHT.

(MARY MARIE begins packing her bag.)

MARY MARIE

But, I don't believe that at all! Why, women can even vote now Mother. And they can do what they like and talk as they like. Why, they're even free to get un-married if they like. That's what I'm going to do if I grow tired of my husband.

MOTHER

Oh Marie...

MARY MARIE

Because if it doesn't work out, you can just go right back to the way you were before any of it happened. Like you and Father did.

MOTHER

Oh no...

NO YOU CAN'T, MARIE.
YOU CAN NEVER GO BACK.
WHAT'S BEEN DONE HAS BEEN DONE
SO YOU ADD THAT MISTAKE TO THE STACK.
BUT YOU CHANGE WHAT YOU CAN
FOR THE DIE ISN'T CAST
AND YOU DO IT WHILE NEVER DENYING THE PAST.
BUT YOU CAN'T GO BACK.
YOU CAN NEVER GO BACK.

You must listen to me, Marie. I'm afraid that I have not been a very good example to you...

MARY MARIE

May I have my Mother back please?

MOTHER

You have her, Marie. You have her.

YOU CAN'T ALWAYS GET WHAT YOU NEED RIGHT WHEN YOU NEED IT.
BUT DARLING, IT ISN'T SO BAD.
TAKE SOME TIME MARIE, GET TO KNOW WHAT'S BEFORE YOU.
OR YOU FIND BEFORE LONG,
THAT YOU LONG FOR WHAT YOU NEVER KNEW YOU HAD.

(FATHER re-enters his part of the stage holding the package containing the box of chocolates. HE ponders a moment than quickly grabs pen and paper to write a note.)

MARY MARIE

(to audience)

And I had a feeling we were no longer discussing the chocolates.

(As MOTHER whisks away the chocolates, MARY MARIE sees something attached to the box.)

Wait, Mother, what is that?

MOTHER

(looking at the box curiously)

What is wh--?

(MARY MARIE grabs what appears to be a note.

#24. For The Summer <<Track 21>>.)

MARY MARIE

It's a note to you from Father. I told you he remembered you.

(MOTHER takes and anxiously opens the note as FATHER simultaneously writes it. Segue to:)

FATHER

DEAR MARGARET: IT OCCURRED TO ME I OUGHT TO WRITE A LETTER,
IN VIEW OF THE EVENTS WE'VE ALL BEEN THROUGH.
THE FACT IS, THAT I'M WOND'RING
IF IT MIGHT NOT BE MUCH BETTER
TO LET MARY STAY THE SCHOOL YEAR THERE WITH YOU.

SHE COULD COME HERE FOR THE SUMMER
AND RETURN THERE IN THE FALL.
AND HER TROUBLES OF THE WINTER
WON'T AFFECT HER THEN AT ALL.
IT'S PERFECT HERE IN SUMMER.
AND SOMEHOW I RECALL--

A JOURNEY TO A WATERFALL,
A RAMBLE THROUGH THE WOOD.
WHEN ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE
AND EVERYTHING IS GOOD.
THE PICNICS AT THE RIVERBED,
ENCHANTING AND SECLUDED.
IT'S LOVELY IN THE SUMMER.
SHE WILL LOVE IT
JUST LIKE YOU DID.

MOTHER

Do you see that, Marie? Your Father is willing to give you up for almost three months of his six, so that you can stay in school here the entire year.

MARY MARIE

Yes, Mother.

MOTHER

It's very kind. You must write to him right away and thank him!
Why, I think I might just write and thank him, myself!

DEAR CHARLES: I THANK YOU SO FOR BRINGING UP THE QUESTION.
AND TRUTHFULLY, I CANNOT DISAGREE.

THE FACT IS, I'M SO GRATEFUL
FOR YOUR GENEROUS SUGGESTION
THAT MARIE SHOULD STAY THE SCHOOL YEAR HERE WITH ME.

SHE COULD GO THERE FOR THE SUMMER
AND RETURN HERE IN THE FALL.
AND HER TROUBLES OF THE WINTER
WON'T AFFECT HER THEN AT ALL.
IT'S PERFECT THERE IN SUMMER.
AND ALSO I RECALL—

A JOURNEY TO A WATERFALL,
A RAMBLE THROUGH THE WOOD.
WHEN ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE
AND EVERYTHING IS GOOD.
THE PICNICS AT THE RIVERBED,
THE STORIES WE CONFIDED.
IT'S LOVELY IN THE SUMMER.
SHE WILL LOVE IT
JUST LIKE I DID.

FATHER

JUST LIKE I DID.

FATHER/MOTHER

BEFORE...

(FATHER and MOTHER simultaneous look at the
letters before them, smiling, as MARY MARIE
continues to the audience.)

MARY MARIE
AND ISN'T IT FUNNY?

SHE COULDN'T STOP
SMILING. IT'S FUNNY--

FATHER. MOTHER.
AND ISN'T IT FUNNY?

FUNNY OR SAD.
THAT YOU SHOULD
SOMEHOW, SOMEWAY,
SUDDENLY LONG FOR WHAT
YOU NEVER KNEW YOU
HAD.

MOTHER

AND ISN'T IT FUNNY,

FUNNY

TO CHANGE?

AND ISN'T IT FUNNY?

FUNNY OR SAD.
THAT YOU SHOULD
SOMEHOW, SOMEWAY,
SUDDENLY LONG FOR WHAT
YOU NEVER KNEW YOU
HAD.

FATHER

AND ISN'T IT FUNNY?

IT'S STRANGE--
THAT A DAUGHTER WHO
YOU HARDLY KNOW CAN
CAUSE THE MAN WITHIN
YOU TO CHANGE?

AND ISN'T IT FUNNY?

FUNNY OR SAD.
THAT YOU SHOULD
SOMEHOW, SOMEWAY,
SUDDENLY LONG FOR WHAT
YOU NEVER KNEW YOU
HAD.

Transition:

Continuous. MOTHER, MARY MARIE and
PETER, carrying Mary Marie's bag,
step out of the scene and into the
train station.

MOTHER

Now, Marie, I want you to be especially well behaved for your
Father this summer. People ought to be grateful and not too
demanding and try their best to make each other happy.

MARY MARIE

(to audience)

And with all that talk about making people happy, I began to
wonder if that's why Mother had me pack my ugliest "Mary"
clothes to take to Father's.

MARY MARIE/MOTHER/FATHER

ISN'T IT FUNNY?

MARY MARIE

But these clothes are hideous, Mother!

MOTHER

Lower your voice, Marie, you can be heard without shouting. And while we're at it, you oughtn't laugh quite so loudly either, it could be disturbing to your father.

MARY MARIE

(looking askance at MOTHER.)

Why are you suddenly so concerned about Father?

(to audience)

I would have asked Peter...

(PETER, standing up straight and subserviently, nods to Mary Marie.)

PETER

Have a fine trip, Miss.

MARY MARIE

...but I think they got to him too.

MOTHER

Your father is a good father and a good man, and there are not nearly so many of them as you might think.

CONDUCTOR

All aboard!

(MARY MARIE races to the train, followed by Mother.)

MARY MARIE

(now at her seat; hugs Mother)

Good bye, Mother.

MOTHER

Wait. Darling, I want to give you something. A sort of a present.

(MOTHER gives and MARY MARIE takes the book.)

MARY MARIE

It's an astronomy book.

MOTHER

I know. But, just because it doesn't have stories, doesn't mean it isn't interesting. And I think it's a good thing to keep improving oneself and to have something you can talk to your father about.

MARY MARIE

Like Albireo! That's a double star, Mother.

MOTHER

Oh. Well...Yes. I guess... Something you can share together. Your father and I-- we didn't share much.

MARY MARIE

You shared me.

MOTHER

No. We split you.

MARY MARIE

(beat)

Mother, do you regret having a divorce?

MOTHER

(avoiding, hugs Mary Marie)

Mary, you mustn't romp around so noisily when you get to your father's. It's distracting.

MARY MARIE

Mary!?

MOTHER

And chew your food quietly, please!

(<<SFX: train whistle blows>>.)

MARY MARIE

(to audience)

Mother has truly turned into Aunt Jane.

Transition:

Continuous. Train to Andersonville. MARY MARIE writes and addresses the audience. FATHER and GRACE enter, waiting for the train.

MARY MARIE

Chapter six: When I am both. Or neither.

CONDUCTOR

Andersonville station!

MARY MARIE

(gathering her things; to audience)

I was sure that Father had gotten over my being Marie the last time I was with him, but I decided, even before Mother's suggestions, that I would try, this time, to be the very best Mary I could be. Even Aunt Jane wouldn't find fault with me.

(SHE disembarks)

FATHER

Mary!

MARY MARIE

(waving)

Father!

(goes excitedly to him; to audience)

I was so glad that Father came instead of Aunt Jane. Why, I could have hugged him!

(stopping herself)

But I didn't. I acted properly of course.

(SHE calmly walks the rest of the way to Father, who stands by GRACE, smiling.)

FATHER

Now, I know it might come as a bit of a surprise, but...

(Not knowing what to think/do, HE looks to Grace. SHE nods pleasantly, affirmatively.)

...your Aunt Jane had to leave, you see, so... Mary, this is Mrs. Whitney. You may call her Cousin Grace.

(MARY MARIE looks to a smiling GRACE, who takes her hand warmly.)

Scene Four

Andersonville library. MARY MARIE lounges, writing a letter to Mother, who simultaneously appears on the other side of the stage in Boston, reading it.

MARY MARIE

Dear Mother: Andersonville is nothing like I expected it to be. For one thing, Aunt Jane is gone! And Cousin Grace is keeping house for Father.

MOTHER

(reading the letter)

I'm still trying to be as good a "Mary" as I can possibly be, but the entire time I've been here neither Cousin Grace nor Father have said one word about dusting or reading or weeding for an hour. Isn't that funny?

(MOTHER quickly gets a pen and paper and begins to write back, and MARY MARIE reads it simultaneously.)

MOTHER/MARY MARIE

Dear Marie: I was so happy to get your letter. Now...

MARY MARIE

Tell me all about Cousin Grace.

(MARY MARIE pulls out stationary.) #25.
Cousin Grace <<Track 22>>)

MOTHER

DID SHE MEET YOU AT THE STATION?

MARY MARIE

Yes, Father brought her.

MOTHER

IS SHE VERY VERY OLD?

MARY MARIE

Yes. About your age.

MOTHER

WHAT, AGAIN, IS HER RELATION?

MARY MARIE

I'm not quite certain...

MOTHER

(to herself)

WONDER WHY I WASN'T TOLD...

MARY MARIE

But I plan to hear all about it!

MOTHER

DO YOU FIND HER VERY PLEASANT?

MARY MARIE

Oh, ever so much.

MOTHER

OR CANTANKEROUS AND GRIM?

MARY MARIE

Grim? Not at all!

MOTHER

IS SHE HAPPY WITH YOUR FATHER...?

MARY MARIE

Yes, I'm quite sure of that.

MOTHER

AND YOUR FATHER... WHAT OF HIM?

MARY MARIE

(writing)

Dear Mother. Oh! Do I ever have a story for you!

FATHER'S THIRD COUSIN TOOK A TRIP TO ARGENTINA

AND HE BROUGHT ALONG HIS BRAND NEW BRIDE.

BUT HE QUICKLY CAUGHT THE FEVER THERE

AND SADLY HAD TO LEAVE HER THERE

'CAUSE SUDDENLY THE COUSIN UP AND DIED!

BUT SHE VOWED TO GO ON WITH HER LIFE.

WITH A COLD, LONELY, FUTURE TO FACE.

AND THIS BRAVE AND REMARKABLE WIFE--

WAS COUSIN GRACE!

(During the following, GRACE and FATHER enter conversing congenially while Grace happily arranges flowers. SERVANT enters, serves tea, and is especially taken with Grace. MOTHER, reading the letter grows increasingly irritated.)

MARY MARIE

(writing)

So she isn't really Father's relation at all. Father's just known her a long time. So he said it would be best if we called her "cousin" to everyone. And since she didn't have a husband of her own to care for, and Father got sick, Aunt Jane asked her to come here. And she did. And Aunt Jane left. And now everyone is awfully glad.

FATHER

COUSIN GRACE IS SIMPLE.

SERVANT

NEVER OSTENTATIIOUS.

FATHER/SERVANT/MOTHER

(Mother reads)

COUSIN GRACE IS TASTEFUL AND SHE'S GRACEFUL AND SHE'S GRACIOUS.

FATHER

COUSIN GRACE IS CHARMING.

SERVANT

COUSIN GRACE IS GLOWING.

MARY MARIE

AND SHE DOESN'T GIVE A HOOT ABOUT MY KNITTING AND MY SEWING!

(writing)

In fact, she's nothing like Aunt Jane!

(GRACE takes a plate of cakes of the servant's tray and offers it to Mary Marie. Servant follows her like a puppy.)

GRACE

Mary. Please help me. I got a little carried away and made far too many cakes. You do like cinnamon, I hope?

(SHE offers the tray to MARY MARIE, who begins to eagerly reach for the cakes, but then checks herself, looks at FATHER, and takes only one, with ladylike reserve.)

Only one? Well I suppose the sparrows will have a feast this afternoon, then.

(MARY MARIE looks longingly at the cakes. GRACE offers them to FATHER.)

Charles?

(MARY MARIE notices as FATHER and GRACE smile at one another as he takes a cake. SERVANT looks at Father worriedly.)

MARY MARIE

(writing)

FATHER'S QUITE RESTED AND DESPITE HIS LENGTHY ILLNESS
HE IS REALLY NOT AT ALL DOWNCAST.
AND HE'S FINE WITHOUT HIS SISTER HERE,
AND CLEARLY HASN'T MISSED HER HERE.
IN FACT, HE HAS ADAPTED RATHER FAST.
WHEN I THINK OF THE TROUBLE WE HAD.
HOW IT'S VANISHED WITH BARELY A TRACE.
FATHER SEEMS SO REMARKABLY GLAD
WITH COUSIN GRACE!

MARY MARIE	SERVANT	FATHER	MOTHER	GRACE
	COUSIN GRACE IS	COUSIN GRACE IS	COUSIN GRACE IS	
	VERY CHARISMATIC	CARING	KIND-	
COUSIN GRACE IS		COUSIN GRACE IS	ALWAYS SO AT	
FAIR AND RARELY		FAIR	EASE	
OVERLY DRAMATI				
	WHEN COUSIN		EVERYONE AGREES-	HAVE ANOTHER
	GRACE IS PRESENT			CAKE
		REALLY SUCH A		
	WORRIES SIMPLY	HELP TO ME		WOULD YOU CARE
	CEASE			FOR TEA (to servant)
				YOU SHOULD HAVE A
				BREAK

SERVANT, MARY MARIE
MOTHER, FATHER
AND POSSIBLY SHE HAS THE KEY TO UNIVERSAL PEACE!

(MOTHER puts down the letter in frustration.)

FATHER
Mary, why is it you no longer seem to care to play the piano like you had done, or to dance or sing?

MARY MARIE
Why, Father I'm fourteen now. I no longer do those sorts of silly things.

(THEY smile at one another, but as SHE looks away, HE turns; confused, looking to GRACE. HE walks to window. MOTHER picks up letter and reads again.)

MARY MARIE
(writing)
FATHER SEEMS DIFFERENT AND I'M PLEASSED TO SAY I'VE NOTICED THAT HE'S HAPPIER THAN WHO KNOWS WHEN. AND THOUGH HE'S WORKING JUST HAS MUCH, HE HASN'T FROWNED AND FUSSED AS MUCH AND ISN'T NEAR AS DISTANT AS HE'D BEEN.

(looking at Father gazing out the window)
THOUGH HE STILL HOLDS A LOT IN HIS HEAD, AND HIS MIND OFTEN STRAYS INTO SPACE. I WOULD BET THAT WILL CHANGE WHEN HE'S WED...

MOTHER
Wed?!

MARY MARIE, MOTHER, SERVANT,
TO COUSIN GRACE!

MARY MARIE
(to audience)
And won't *that* be a love story!
(writing again)
More later. Love. Your faithful daughter. Marie.

(SHE looks up from the letter cheerfully at the same time as MOTHER, who looks up woefully and exits.)

FATHER

(really trying)

So, Mary - what will you do this afternoon? Pick wildflowers?
Plan a tea party?

MARY MARIE

(as if being tested)

Why, no father. I will dust, sew, read, and weed in the garden.

FATHER

(at a loss; to Grace)

But--

GRACE

Mary, after I tidy up my mess in the kitchen, I thought we might go into town and do some shopping. And if we're feeling very naughty we might even get an ice cream. Would you like that?

MARY MARIE

If you would, Cousin Grace.

(GRACE and FATHER glance at one another.
GRACE exits. FATHER perplexed, paces. HE notices the astronomy book.)

FATHER

That isn't a novel is it?

MARY MARIE

No, Father. It's a book about astronomy. That's a fine, serious, subject, isn't it?

FATHER

Yes.

(beat; struggling)

Mary, are you happier here now than you were before?

MARY MARIE

Why, yes, Father. Cousin Grace is ever so nice. And since she's been here you don't hide away working nearly so mu-

(SHE covers her mouth fearing she's misspoken)

FATHER

It's all right. Did I miss quite a lot, Mary?

MARY MARIE

(cautiously)

I couldn't say... But I do hope you might spend more evenings with us once you're married.

FATHER

What?

MARY MARIE

When you and Cousin Grace get married, I was just saying that...

FATHER

W-w-w-w-wait...

MARY MARIE

It would be nice if--

FATHER

Mary, Grace and I are not getting... Married? Where did you get the idea that--

MARY MARIE

(suddenly realizing her error)

Well, Aunt Jane is gone, and you and Cousin Grace seem so nice and folksy together, and it has been a year hasn't it?

FATHER

Well, yes, I supposed it has but, no...!

MARY MARIE

And Mrs. Darling doesn't come around anymore...

MARIE

Why, I even wrote mother about it!

FATHER

You wrote your Mother?

MARY MARIE

(overlapping)

But that's just because I...

FATHER

Listen to me, Mary. Grace was very kind to be here while I was ill, but, that's all it was -- is. I couldn't just... Mary, it's not that easy to cut someone from your life, even when you think it's the only thing to be done.

MARY MARIE

Maybe I should write to Mother again.

FATHER

Yes! I mean...certainly, you might.

(SHE steps to leave, but comes back.)

MARY MARIE

But Father, you do seem so much happier -- much more than the last time I was here.

FATHER

Mary, if I seem happier, that's because of you.

MARY MARIE

Oh, thank goodness! I've been trying so hard to be a good "Mary" for you and--

FATHER

No, I mean--

MARY MARIE

And Mother... why she practically begged me to have proper manners like "Mary" would, and she said I should be grateful and not demanding, and that I should try my best to please you because you're such a good man and she gave me the astronomy book to read because she thought it would make you happy and that people should try to make each other happy.

FATHER

Your mother said that?

MARY MARIE

Yes, and that it's good to show interest in something someone else is doing - especially someone you love. And so I thought that if I really tried, that you might find a way to like me just a bit, and then you wouldn't prefer I go.

FATHER

But why would you think I wanted you to--

MARY MARIE

I heard you say so. To Aunt Jane! You said that you preferred to have me go; that you wanted me to go.

FATHER

I wanted you to go only because you were miserable and I couldn't allow it to continue any longer. And I thought that Cousin Grace would be the perfect person to help me make you feel welcome. Darling, so far as I'm concerned, if I could consult no one's wishes but my own, I should keep you here always.

MARY MARIE

(to FATHER)

Then you really don't dislike Marie?

FATHER

No. I really don't. No, not at all. I like every bit of her.

MARY MARIE

Even though I'm like Mother?

FATHER

Especially so.

MARY MARIE

(smiling with understanding; to audience)

So I thought I'd write mother about that too. And I told her that I had been mistaken about Cousin Grace and Father, and that if she should, by chance, want to come for a little visit, I didn't think Father would mind in the least.

FATHER

You know Mary, you needn't read a book on astronomy just to make me happy.

MARY MARIE

But Father, it makes me happy, too; all the comets and constellations and the whole sky. And the double star - Albireo.

FATHER

Albireo.

MARY MARIE

I guess in some ways, I'm a little like you.

FATHER

(good humouredly)

Poor thing. It isn't so awfully bad, is it Marie?

MARY MARIE

No, it's...

(suddenly realizing)

Marie!

(MARY MARIE looks at the audience, beaming.
FATHER smiles and goes directly to the
telescope followed quickly by MARY MARIE.)

FATHER

(showing her a chart next to the telescope)
Now, this chart shows all the different constellations. Here is Sagittarius, the archer.

MARY MARIE

It looks more like a teapot.

FATHER

Yes it does!

(pointing reverently to the chart)
Now just above it, that is the constellation of Cygnus - the swan. Shall we take a look?

(HE sets down the chart. THEY step to the telescope. HE stands affectionately behind her directing her face to the sky through the telescope. **#26. Albireo [reprise]**
<<Track 23>>.)

MARY MARIE

(to audience)
And then we finally looked through the telescope. It was such a twinkling, lovely world.

FATHER

MARY, CAN YOU MAKE OUT THE ARCHER?

MARY MARIE

THERE!
BUT WHERE IS THE SWAN?

FATHER

IT'S THERE.
SEE THEY'RE NOT FAR APART.
NOW YOU KNOW FROM THE CHART
WHAT YOU'RE GAZING UPON.

MARY MARIE

ALBIREO?

FATHER

ALBIREO!
Can you see it?

MARY MARIE

I'm not sure.
WHERE?

FATHER

I'LL FOCUS IT CLEARER

(HE does)

THERE!

NOW GIVE IT A PEEK.

(HE positions HER again)

IT'S THERE!

NOW THE SWAN'S EVEN NEARER.

IT CAN'T DISAPPEAR, MARY,

LOOK IN ITS BEAK.

MARY MARIE

ALBIREO!

FATHER/MARY MARIE

ALBIREO!

MARY MARIE

Oh, Father! It's especially nice when you can see it clearly!

AND WHEN YOU DO,

YOU DISCOVER IT ISN'T ONE STAR.

MARY MARIE

IT'S ACTUALLY TWO.

TWO PERFECT COMPANIONS

ONE YELLOW, ONE BLUE

FATHER

ACTUALLY TWO.

CONTRASTING COMPANIONS...

ONE YELLOW, ONE BLUE.

FATHER

LIKE YOU AND MARIE...

MARY MARIE

Yes.

OR MOTHER AND YOU...

(THEY trade places so that FATHER now looks through the telescope as MARY MARIE addresses the audience. Still in Boston, Mother enters transfixed, reading the letter.)

MARY MARIE

And suddenly, I think I understood why Father loved his stars so much. They are beautiful. And maybe it did seem like he loved them more than he loved Mother and me. But it wasn't true. I just don't think he quite knew how to say.

(In Boston, MOTHER decisively folds the letter, grabs her wrap and exits, while in Andersonville, together, FATHER and MARY MARIE stop looking through the telescope and begin to gently place a cover on it. GRACE and SERVANT gradually enter and observe THEM.)

FATHER

(to Mary Marie as he covers telescope)
ONE PURPLE AND SAPPHIRE,

MARY MARIE

ONE YELLOWY GOLD,

FATHER

ONE FAINTER AND MUTED,

MARY MARIE

ONE FLASHY AND BOLD.

GRACE

ONE COOLER AND SUBTLE,

SERVANT

ONE EASY TO FIND,

FATHER

ONE GLOWS IN THE FOREFRONT,

MOTHER

ONE SHINES FROM BEHIND.

ALL

THEY'RE TOTALLY DIFFERENT, BUT SOMEHOW OR OTHER

FATHER

THEY FILL OUT THE PICTURE,

GRACE/SERVANT

THEY BALANCE EACH OTHER.

FATHER

ALBIREO.

MARY MARIE

ALBIREO.

(FATHER suddenly turns to see MOTHER entering.
THEY linger for a moment looking at each other.
HE walks away from the telescope to greet her.)

And somehow, it didn't matter whether I was Mary or Marie,
because Father said I could be either one, or both, or someone
else entirely, if I liked.

(MOTHER extends her hand in friendship to
FATHER. HE takes it, but clings to it. SHE
does not back away.)

And when mother came to visit, she agreed with him. Isn't that
funny? Albireo. What a wonderful name.

ALL

ALBIREO.

THE END