

A LITTLE PRINCESS

From the novel by Frances Hodgson Burnett
Book, music and lyrics © 2001 Frumi Cohen
Additional music: A. Graham

ACT I

Scene 1

SETTING: A room in MISS MINCHIN'S Select Academy.

AT RISE: After the house lights dim, in the dark, we hear a blood curdling whine.

LOTTIE

Nooo! Noo! Stay away from me. Leave me alone!

(Lights up. MISS AMELIA is trying to get to LOTTIE to brush her hair.)

AMELIA

But Lottie, I have to. It's almost time.

LOTTIE

Nooo. I want my maaama!

(She throws a toy mouse at MISS AMELIA who jumps on a chair screaming. JESSIE, LAVINIA, ERMENGARDE and other girls enter, all dressed up but LAVINIA.)

JESSIE

Miss Amelia! What are you doing up there?

MISS AMELIA

There was a mouse! It brushed against my feet.

LAVINIA

(Retrieving the mouse And tossing it.)

Oh, you mean this?

(AMELIA screams, then realizes it is a toy and starts brushing LOTTIE'S hair.)

LOTTIE

Owww. That hurts. Why is everybody getting all sweaty about a new girl from Bombville?

MISS AMELIA

Bombay, Lottie. It's in India.

ERMENGARDE

I heard she has her own carriage and a pony.

LOTTIE

Her own pony? Why can't I have a pony?

LAVINIA

Because your father isn't a millionaire, that's why. Have you seen how they decorated her room?

JESSIE

It's absolutely gorgeous. Oriental rugs and her own little sitting room.

LAVINIA

Who cares? I'm not going to any trouble for *Miss Sara Crewe*.

JESSIE

I believe you're jealous, Lavinia Herbert.

LOTTIE

Jealous, jealous, Lavinia is jealous!

LAVINIA

Shut up, Lottie.

LOTTIE

(Wailing.) Miss Amelia, Lavinia told me to shut up.

(Wailing, confusion, bickering. MISS MINCHIN enters.)

MISS MINCHIN

Girls! Why aren't you dressed, Lavinia? She'll be here in less than an hour.

LOTTIE

So, what's the big deal?

MISS MINCHIN

Miss Crewe has traveled all over the world but she has never seen London. And we want her to like it here at Miss Minchin's Select Academy so she'll stay. And if we want her to want to stay here with us, we must...be polite, make her feel special...and of course, most importantly, impress her.

MISS MINCHIN

**Make an indelible first impression
Good impressions go a long long way
Wealthy father in a lucrative profession
Could pay off quite a bit someday.**

**Make an indelible first impression
No request is too big or small
No expense is too much of a concession
When a millionaire comes to call.**

MISS MINCHIN

(Spoken.) You had all better be pressed, dressed and on time. The wealthy do not wait.

(MISS MINCHIN leaves the girls and inspects the SERVANTS who have entered with a cleaning arsenal. The girls sing.)

GIRLS

**She gets chocolate éclairs
Her own little table and chairs
She gets a fireplace,
Curtains that are trimmed in lace
It's just not fair!**

She gets a four poster bed

**Down pillows under her head
Paintings on every wall
Maids at her beck and call
We might as well be dead!**

MISS MINCHIN
(Addresses SERVANTS.)

Becky, clean under the carpets, don't just shove things under like you usually do. Clarence, use some elbow grease on those windows. Every inch of this place should sparkle like the jewels in Queen Victoria's crown. Remember, rich Captain, large gratuities.

(MISS MINCHIN exits. BECKY and SERVANTS fall all over one another to "wait on" SARA who is played by CLARENCE. He is smothered and mauled by overly attentive servants.)

SERVANTS

**Can I help you?
Can I help you?
Can I help help help help help you?
Miss, let me take your coat?
Miss, may I take your hat?
Always at your service.**

**Can I help you?
Can I help you?**

CLARENCE

(Spoken.) Help!

SERVANTS

**Can I help help help help help you?
Miss, let me serve your tea
Miss, may I move your chair?
At your beck and call.**

(Lights up on the COOK with her rowdy CREW in the kitchen helping her dismember a chicken. OPTIONAL: Next two entries may be sung simultaneously.)

COOK and KITCHEN CREW

**-- Skin and pluck--and cut their little hearts out
Chop, chop, stuff, stuff
Rip- their- vital parts out.
Chop-chop chop etc.**

MISS MINCHIN (and KITCHEN CREW)

**Make an indelible first impression
Good impressions go a long long way
Wealthy father, lucrative profession
--Could pay off quite a bit someday**

ALL

**Make an indelible first impression
No request is too big or small
No expense is too much of a concession
When a millionaire comes to call.**

(Lights up on CAPTAIN CREWE and SARA as they make their way downstage toward the front door, down center.)

SARA

Please take me back home, Papa. The streets are so foggy and dreary.

CAPTAIN

Now we've been through all this. I know you love India, but you must go to a proper school. And the school is in London.

SARA

But what if no one likes me? What if I don't like them? What if they always serve runny scrambled eggs for breakfast? What if no one likes me?

CAPTAIN

Sara Crewe, if no one likes you, I will immediately set sail from India and bring you back home. You have my word. But you have to promise to try.

SARA

All right. You have my word.

(They sing as indicated.)

CAPTAIN

**Make an indelible first impression
First impressions go a long long way
Smile at each young lady in succession...**

SARA

Very pleased to meet you, have a lovely day.

(SARA and CAPTAIN slowly make their way towards the school, arriving by the end of the number. The following is a two part section where the GIRLS, SERVANTS/COOK sing their songs together.)

ALL SERVANTS

Can I help you?
Can I help you?
Can I help help help help help you?
Miss, let me take your coat?
Miss, may I take your hat?
Always there for you.

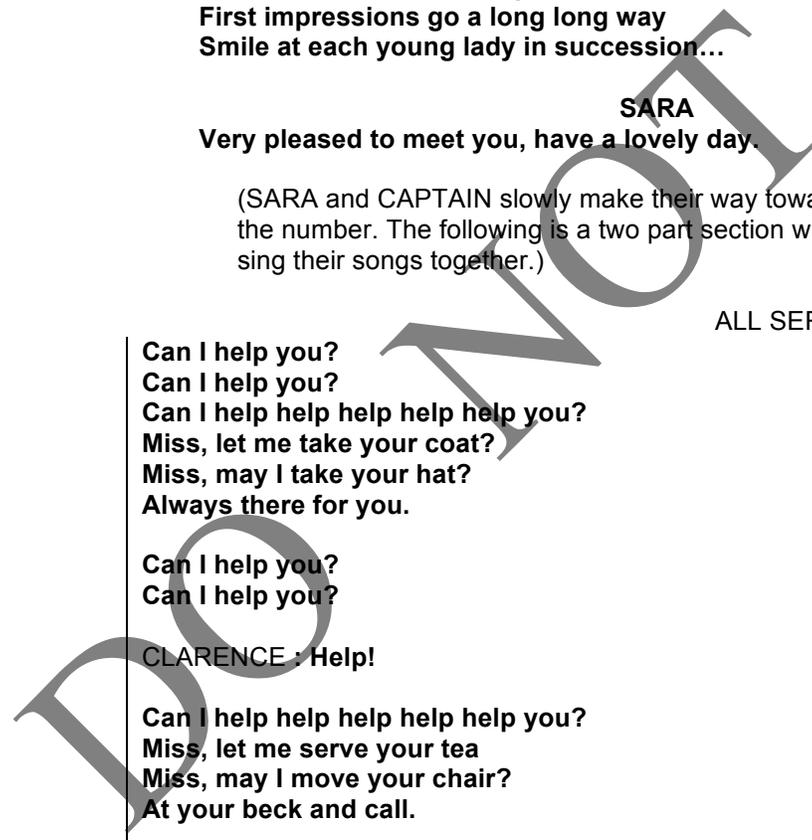
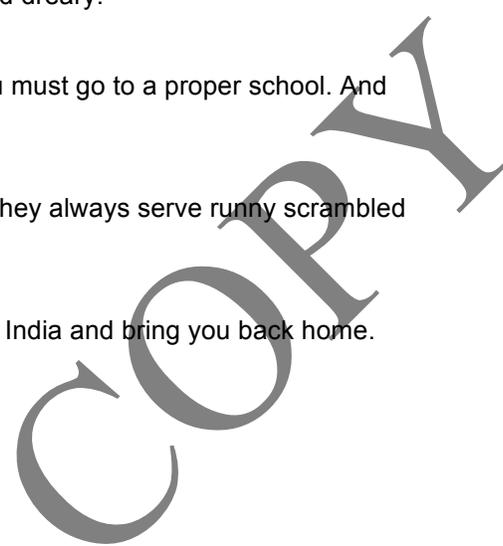
Can I help you?
Can I help you?

CLARENCE : Help!

Can I help help help help help you?
Miss, let me serve your tea
Miss, may I move your chair?
At your beck and call.

GIRLS

She gets chocolate éclairs
Her own little table and chairs
She gets a fireplace,



**Curtains that are trimmed in lace
It's just not fair!**

**She gets a four poster bed
Down pillows under her head
Paintings on every wall
Maids at her beck and call
We might as well be dead!**

Make an indelible first impression

ALL

That's how Romeo got Juliet

CAPTAIN, GIRLS, SARA, AMELIA

If we don't, she'll go into a depression...

SERVANTS, COOK, GIRLS, AMELIA

**Stage is ready, smiles bright
Collars starched, aprons white
Pure excitement head to toe
Door is knocking, here we go**

ALL

**Make an indelible first impression
Raise the curtain now and strike a pose
Now it's time to show 'em what we're made of
We'll put on the show of shows—tonight.**

(CAPTAIN knocks on the door of Miss Minchin's Academy.)

COPY

NO

DO

Scene 2

SETTING: Large entry hall. There is a grand staircase that winds up to a second floor where the girl's bedrooms are situated. Sara's room is among them.

MISS AMELIA

Welcome, welcome, Captain Crewe! I trust your voyage was uneventful? And you must be Sara. I can't tell you how very excited we all are that you're finally here. The girls can't wait to meet you, and you must see your room—

(MISS MINCHIN enters.)

MISS MINCHIN

(Curtly.) Thank you, Amelia. I'll take it from here. (Saccharine.) Captain Crewe,

I am so pleased and privileged to host such distinguished guests. Sara, dear, so very pleased to meet you.

(She takes SARA'S hand and strokes it with rehearsed professionalism.)

SARA

(Indicating her doll.) This is Emily. Say hello, Emily. (Listens.) Emily's feeling a bit shy just now. But I assure you, she is glad to make your acquaintance. Aren't you, Emily?

MISS MINCHIN

How very charming. A clever child is a great treasure in an establishment like mine, you know.

CAPTAIN CREWE

Sara is my little gem, Miss Minchin. I can't bear the thought of leaving her.

MISS MINCHIN

You may rest easily knowing that your little jewel will be in very capable hands. I have--I mean, we have a reputation for educating some of the finest young women in London.

We rise at seven sharp. Girls must be groomed, dressed and seated in the dining room by eight. Immediately after breakfast they have French followed by mathematics. I trust a bright girl like Sara is up to date on her computations? Reading takes place in the library and we have a marvelous new...

(MISS MINCHIN'S voice drones on. SARA, distracted, wanders away and sits on a bench. LAVINIA and JESSIE appear on the stairs.)

SARA

So dark and dreary. It's nothing at all like Bombay is it, Emily? But we shall have to make the best of it, won't we? We promised Papa we'd bear it, and we shall.

JESSIE

She isn't very pretty, is she? But she does have unusually big green eyes. Or are they gray?

LAVINIA

My mother says beauty is in the eye of the beholder, but it doesn't hurt if you have a naturally curly hair, clear skin and a large inheritance.

(GIRLS giggle and exit. Lights up on MISS MINCHIN and CAPTAIN who re-enter the hall and take SARA to her private bedroom.)

MISS MINCHIN

...and I don't tolerate lateness and we do have a dress code, although we will make slight allowances for Sara's *exquisite* wardrobe. Her room, private, just as you requested, Captain. I trust Sara will find it comfortable. Fire place and sitting room. There, try the chair. I'll leave you now to say your goodbyes. Classes begin tomorrow morning sharply at eight.

CAPTAIN CREWE

Miss Minchin, take good care of my little girl. She's all I've got in the world.

MISS MINCHIN

You have my word, Captain. (Exit.)

SARA

This place is ugly and uncomfortable, just like her. And this chair.

CAPTAIN CREWE

Sara, you have to give her a chance. (SARA stares at him intently) What are you doing? Trying to memorize me, little Sara?

SARA

No, silly, I already know you by heart. I'm just thinking.

CAPTAIN CREWE

And what are you thinking?

SARA

How much I'm going to miss you, Papa.

CAPTAIN CREWE

I'm going to miss you too. But you have Emily. You know about Emily, don't you?

SARA

What about her?

CAPTAIN CREWE

Dolls are the best imaginers in the world. If you have trouble thinking of something, just hold Emily tight and close your eyes. Try it, it's magic.

(They close their eyes. He sings.)

**CAN YOU PICTURE THE EVENING SKY IN BOMBAY?
CAN YOU SEE FIELDS OF ORCHIDS IN BLOOM?
CAN YOU HEAR THE SITAR AND TAMBOURAS PLAY
WITHOUT EVER LEAVING THE ROOM?**

**NOW PRETEND YOU'RE A PRINCESS, IN TROUBLE, OF COURSE
I CAN FLY YOU AWAY ON MY MYTHICAL HORSE?
THEN RUN-THROUGH THE DRAGON AND LEAVE HIM FOR DEAD
IT'S AMAZING WHAT'S POSSIBLE HERE IN YOUR HEAD...**

**IF YOU CAN IMAGINE
FANTASTIC IS REAL
A STALE CRUST OF BREAD CAN BE A FABULOUS MEAL
YOU CAN MAKE A FESTIVAL FROM AN ORDINARY DAY
IT'S ANYTHING YOU SAY
IF YOU CAN IMAGINE.**

CAPTAIN CREWE

Try it. Just once, for me.

(She closes her eyes tightly. Sings.)

SARA

I'M IMAGINING THIS IS A COMFORTABLE CHAIR.

CAPTAIN CREWE

(Spoken.) That's good.

SARA

I'M PRETENDING THIS CRUMPET'S A CHOCOLATE ÉCLAIR.

CAPTAIN CREWE

(Spoken.) That's very good.

SARA

**I AM WISHING OUTSIDE IT WAS SUNNY AND HOT
NOT SO DREARY AND FOGGY AND COLD
I'M PRETENDING MY STOMACH IS NOT IN A KNOT
AND THIS HOUSE ISN'T CREEPY AND SCARY AND OLD.**

CAPTAIN CREWE

(Spoken.) Just hold on tight to Emily and the time will go faster than you think.
Goodbye, my little princess.

SARA

Goodbye, Papa.

(They hold each other's hands as if they can't let go.)

CAPTAIN & SARA
IF YOU CAN IMAGINE

THERE'S ALWAYS A DAWN
A STAR WILL RISE FOR TWO FROM THIS MOMENT ON
WHEN EVENING COMES WE'LL BOTH LOOK UP AND FIND OUR SPOT OF
LIGHT

CAPTAIN CREWE
CAN YOU CAN IMAGINE

SARA
YES, I CAN IMAGINE--

BOTH
CAN YOU IMAGINE...
I'LL BE KISSING YOU GOODNIGHT.

(Spots out.)

COPY

NOT

DO

Scene 3

SETTING: The next morning, SARA'S bedroom and the hall outside.

AT RISE: SARA is dressed in her finery, ready for her first day. She talks to Emily who has been perched in life-like pose on a chair. At least two other dolls, an Emily look-alike and another male doll are present. ERMENGARDE and LOTTIE pass SARA'S partially open door, peering in, listening. BECKY sweeps in the hall nearby, listening in spite of herself.)

SARA

He is out at sea by now, Emily. Perhaps he is standing on the deck leaning on the rail and staring out at the horizon. Do you think he's missing me this very minute as much as I am missing him?

LOTTIE

Hey, who is the new girl talking to?

SARA

(To Emily.) Now, here is a book to read if you want while I'm downstairs. I won't be long.

ERMENGARDE

Come on, Lottie, we'll be late for breakfast.

LOTTIE

No! I want to see...

SARA

(Coming out.) Oh, hello. I was just saying goodbye to Emily.

LOTTIE

Who's Emily?

SARA

If you give me your names, I'll give you a proper introduction.

LOTTIE

I'm Lottie. Lottie Deborah Elise Denkshaw.

ERMENGARDE

(Shy.) I'm Ermengarde St. John.

SARA

If we go in very quietly, maybe we'll catch her.

LOTTIE

Catch her doing what?

SARA

Shhh. Let's be very quiet. Ready?

(SARA creeps and the girls follow suit. Then suddenly she throws open the door, revealing Emily sitting in the exact position as before.)

Drat! She got back into her seat before we could catch her. Of course they always do, they're quick as lightning.

LOTTIE

It's just a doll.

SARA

Ermengarde and Lottie, this is Emily.

ERMENGARDE

Emily can walk?

SARA

I believe she can.

LOTTIE

Dolls can't walk. My Penelope and Josie just sit on the bed all day, staring.
(She imitates a vacant glassy eyed look of a doll.)

SARA

How do you know what they do when you're not there? Maybe right now, they're climbing off the bed and stretching to get the cricks out of their backs from sitting so still all the time. And perhaps just at this very moment, Penelope is beginning to tell Josie a story.

ERMENGARDE

Emily tells stories?

Sure. Haven't you ever made up stories?

ERMENGARDE

No.

SARA

It's easy. All you have to do is sit here and think of something.

ERMENGARDE

I'm not really good at anything. You won't laugh if I can't do it, will you?

SARA

Of course not. Let's try. Ready?

LOTTIE

Ready!

SARA

You have to close your eyes.

(SARA crouches and sings the following with meditative, mystical fervor and conjuring hand motions. RAM DASS appears doing the same motions but over her head. BECKY out in the hall is involved, hypnotized.)

SARA

**Come--we summon the stories
Mahabarata,
Come---purani kahini
Ramayana , san nyassi.**

LOTTIE

(Whining.) Nothing's happening! I want a story. I want a story!

ERMENGARDE

I knew it wouldn't work. I'm bad luck.

SARA

No you're not. You don't just pick up a rope and jump it two hundred times straight, it takes practice, practice, practice. Now, keep your eyes closed and no matter what, DON'T open them.

(SARA chants below solo once. BECKY sits too and meditates from outside, unseen by the girls. RAM DASS conjures over the girls heads.)

**Come--we summon the stories
Mahabarata,
Come---purani kahini
Ramayana , sannyassi.**

(The girls eyes open in dreamlike lighting. From behind the real Emily, the EMILY doll emerges inviting us into the imagined "story world" through a doll's dance. She invites LOTTIE to join her. ROBIN HOOD and MERRY MEN dolls enter and go through an exciting athletic sequence inviting ERMENGARDE and then a surprised BECKY into the scene. SARA continues to sing the chant at appropriate intervals. Right at the end of the dance a school bell rings twice. The dolls and RAM DASS retreat.)

ERMENGARDE

That's the breakfast bell. We're late!

LOTTIE

(Whining.) I don't want breakfast. I want the dolls! Where are the dolls?

SARA

We'd better hurry. I don't want to get in trouble my first day.

(MISS MINCHIN enters. BECKY scurries out, terrified.)

MISS MINCHIN

You should have thought of that fifteen minutes ago. What were you doing in here, Miss St. John? You of all people should know better.

SARA

Wait a minute---

MISS MINCHIN

Miss Ermengarde, I am suspending your sweets privileges and restricting you to your room for tonight. I should have had you miss breakfast entirely, but I had the cook hold your plates. Come along or none of you will have a bite to eat until lunch.

(All exit. End scene)

COPY

NOT

DO

Scene 4

SETTING: Classroom.

AT RISE: Girls gather waiting for class to start as they whisper amongst themselves. LOTTIE and ERMENGARDE rush in and take their seats.

JESSIE

Is it true she has a whole trunk full of just petticoats?

ERMENGARDE

With lace on them. And frills and frills!

LOTTIE

Tell them about the dolls, Ermy.

LAVINIA

I suppose they wear fur collars and have lace petticoats as well.

LOTTIE

They can walk around and they dance.

LAVINIA

Oh, sure.

(MISS MINCHIN enters with SARA.)

MISS MINCHIN

Young ladies, I'd like to introduce you to our new pupil. This is Sara. Sara Crewe.

GIRLS

Good morning, Sara.

MISS MINCHIN

I expect you all to be very nice to Miss Crewe, she's come to us all the way from India. After French class, you must make each other's acquaintance.

(Monsieur DeFarge enters.)

M. DeFARGE

Ah! Bonjour, Madame Minchin. Bonjour, mes eleves.

GIRLS

Bonjour, Monsieur DeFarge.

M. DeFARGE

This lovely young lady is the new student, *n'est ce pas?*

MISS MINCHIN

Yes, Sara, this is Monsieur DeFarge. I trust you are ready for your first lesson in French?

SARA

Beg your pardon, Miss Minchin, but no one's ever made me study French.

MISS MINCHIN

I am afraid that you have never been made to do anything, Miss Crewe. French is a requirement here, of course.

(Hands SARA a text book.)

SARA

But, it's just that I never had to because--

MISS MINCHIN

Then you must begin at once. Monsieur?

M.DeFARGE

Bien. Maintenant, classe. Ecouter et repeter. Le Pere.

GIRLS

Le Pere means father.

M. DeFARGE

La mere.

GIRLS

La mere is mother. *Le fils* is the son and *le frere* means the brother.

DeFARGE

Mademoiselle St. John.

ERMENGARDE

(With a labored accent.)

Le Peere means the father. *La meere* is mother. *Le fillls* isthe boy? No, the dog...

(The girls titter.)

DeFARGE

The son, Mademoiselle. And *le pain*?

ERMENGARDE

Is that the daughter?

(More giggling from the girls.)

DeFARGE

Non, Mademoiselle, *le pain* means bread!

(Louder laughing from the girls.)

SARA
That's not funny.

MISS MINCHIN
Perhaps you would do better, Miss Crewe?

SARA
But--

MISS MINCHIN
Sara! Young ladies do not say "but" when they are told to do things. Now begin.

SARA
Le Pere means father. *La mere* is mother. *Le fils* is the son and—

MISS MINCHIN
Go on.

SARA
(To M. LeFARGE in a rush.)
Monsieur, s'il vous plait, Je n'ai pas appris le francais-pas des livres, mais ma mere etait francaise et bian qu'elle sait marte quand j'etais un bele, nous avons continue a le parler francais parce que Papa aimait tant la langue.

(All chatter excitedly.)

MISS MINCHIN
Quiet, class! Sara, what is going on here?

M.DeFARGE
Ah, Madame. There is not much I can teach this child. She not only speaks fluent French, she *is* French. (To SARA.) And where in France was your maman born?

MISS MINCHIN
Her mother was French? (Coldly.) You ought to have told me this, Sara.

SARA
I--I tried, but I guess it came out wrong.

LAVINIA
No it didn't, it came out in French.

(Giggling and general excitement erupt. ERMENGARDE has leaned forward on her desk and falls out of it. Uproar.)

MISS MINCHIN

Silence! Silence at once! Miss St. John, you've already lost evening privileges for this evening, shall I start on tomorrow evening?

ERMENGARDE

No, Miss Minchin. I'm sorry Miss Minchin.

MISS MINCHIN

(Recovering.) We are very fortunate to have-- such a talented girl in our class. I'm sure Miss Crewe will be a very helpful to all of us. Especially you, Ermengarde. Carry on, Monsieur.

(She exits.)

ERMENGARDE

(Begins to sniffle, then cry .)

I can't help it, it just doesn't stick in my head. No matter how much I try.

M. DeFARGE

(Uncomfortable.) No, don't cry Mademoiselle. Mademoiselle!

ERMENGARDE

(Sobbing harder.) I'm stupid. That's all. Just stupid.

DeFARGE

Oh, Mon Dieu...Mon Dieu, someone get Madame Minchin--

SARA

I'll help Ermengarde. She can come study with me.

M. DeFARGE

(Relieved.) Oh, merci, Mademoiselle Sara, merci beaucoup. (To the class.) Now, *mes jeunes filles, les jours de la semaine*. Monday-

(SARA sits in a separate spot with ERMENGARDE, helping her.)

CLASS

Lundi.

M.DeFARGE

Tuesday-

CLASS

Mardi.

M.DeFARGE

Wednesday-

CLASS

Mercredi.

M. DeFARGE
Thursday is—

CLASS
Jeudi...

(Lights begin a slow dim as the class drones on then fades. A dim light stays up on ERMENGARDE and SARA.)

COPY

DO NOT

Scene 5

SETTING: Somewhere in the house.

AT RISE: SARA helps ERMENGARDE study.

SARA
Jeudi is Thursday.

ERMENGARDE
Judy.

SARA
No, it's Jeudi.

ERMENGARDE
Judy. That's what I said. Judy.

SARA
Friday is Vendredi.

ERMENGARDE
I wish it were Friday, then we'd be having veal for supper.

SARA
Ermengarde, we'll never get through the days of the week if you don't concentrate.

ERMENGARDE
I'm sorry, it's just that learning French always makes me hungry.

SARA
Hey, wait a minute. Do we always have veal on Fridays?

ERMENGARDE
Of course. Veal medallions, veal marsala and my favorite--veal scaloppini.

SARA
Veal and vendredi both start with a "V". Do you think you can remember that?

ERMENGARDE
Friday- veal- Vendredi. That's easy.

SARA
And Saturday and Samedi both start with "S". You can remember that.

ERMENGARDE
Saturday—S-Samedi, Friday-veal-Vendredi and Thursday—Judy.

Saturday-Samedi, Friday-veal-Vendredi and Thursday—um...Thursday—Judy.

SARA

Keep practicing. You'll get it.

(Musical vamp. The following is a montage of passing time. Different characters are lit and freeze as indicated. ERMENGARDE continues to study. SARA moves to a central spot and writes a letter to CAPTAIN CREWE who is in his mining set writing to SARA. MISS MINCHIN is having tea with prospective parents. LAVINIA , JESSIE, LOTTIE and MISS AMELIA as indicated.)

SARA

(Writing .)

Dear Papa, How can it only be a week since we said goodbye? Things here are all right I guess but always the same, always the same. Miss Minchin is always dragging me in to talk to Lady someone or other..

MISS MINCHIN

Sara, dear, you must come and speak French with Lady Pitikin this afternoon. She's just returned from Paris. And I promised Mr. Farnsworth you'd tell him all about India. (Freeze.)

SARA

...and there's this girl named Lavinia who is the meanest, mouthiest girl I've ever met.

LAVINIA

(Engaged in some activity.)

Sara, Sara, Sara. You might think the rest of us were imbeciles, the way Minchin shows off that spoiled little brat.

JESSE

You hate her, don't you Lavvy?

LAVINIA

Of course, doesn't everybody?

(LAVINIA and JESSIE freeze. AMELIA enters chasing a hysterical LOTTIE with a hair brush. They enter and exit quickly each after their lines.)

SARA

Thank goodness for Ermengarde and Lottie. They are the nicest girls here, although Lottie can be a little cranky. And Miss Amelia...what can I say about her?

LOTTIE

No! Stay away from me.

AMELIA

Please, Lottie, it's all tangled! Just let me get the brush through it once at least—

LOTTIE

Noooo! No brush! I want my Mama. I want my Maaaama.

SARA

Miss Amelia—means well. Papa, I can bear it, but I'd be a lot better if you were here with me. Love, Sara.

CAPTAIN CREWE

(Speaking as he writes. SARA reads it.)

Dear Sara, I can't believe its only been a month since I left, so much has happened! An old school friend of mine has tracked me down in India. He has found diamonds on his land and he's asked me to be his business partner. We're going to own a diamond mine, my little Sara! I miss you. I'm counting the minutes until we're together again.

MISS MINCHIN

(Spoken.)

Becky, where is my tea? No, not there, put it here, stupid girl. And where are the scones? I told you scones, not biscuits.

JESSE

Diamond mines! Now, she's going to be so rich, it will be ridiculous.

LAVINIA

She's already rich. Perhaps we should start calling her "Your Royal Highness".

CAPTAIN CREWE

(Writing.) Dear Sara, Many of the miners have yellow fever. But don't worry, your papa knows what he's doing. I miss you. -Papa.

SARA

Dear Papa, I miss you even more than I did yesterday. How can it be possible? Please, be very careful. Will I see you for my birthday? -Sara

CAPTAIN CREWE

(Becoming ill.)

Princess, It seems that everyone here has yellow fever, including me. Perhaps if think straight I could figure out what to do. If you were here, I know you'd straighten everything out. I'll try to make it for your birthday but--

FOREMAN

(Enters.) Captain, The miners have gone on strike. They have had no food and no rest for thirty-six hours.

CAPTAIN

(Obviously ill.)

Please, can you talk to them? Tell them, tell them I'll double their salaries as soon as we hit diamonds. (FOREMAN freezes. CAPTAIN writes.) Things are not going as I planned, Princess. The healthy miners have walked off the job but most are too sick to care. What I wouldn't give to have your arms around me right now. I miss you terribly.

SARA

(Writing.) Dear Papa, I miss you so much. I try to talk to Emily, but she's just—Oh, Papa, I miss you terribly.

(Music swells and stops.)

FOREMAN

Captain. There's nothing I can do or say to the miners, because I believe they're right. What good will I be to my wife and children if I die of yellow fever? You'll have my resignation by the end of the day. I'm sorry, sir. (Exit.)

CAPTAIN CREWE

(Thinking, realizing, writing over underscoring.)

Dear Sara, I don't know what I was thinking all this time. (Crosses it out.) I mean I'm sorry. (Crosses it out.) What I'm trying to say is -- I'll be on the next boat to London. A year is way too long. I can't wait to see you. All my love, Papa.

SARA

Oh, Emily, he's coming! He's coming to see us!
(Hugs EMILY tight. Lights up on ERMENGARDE.)

ERMENGARDE

Lundi-Monday, Tuesday-marmalade-Mardi, Thursday-Judy, Friday veal scallopini ,
Vendredi. Saturday-Samedi...Sunday...Sara, hey Sara! You were right. I can do it!

SARA

I knew you could. All you needed was a little time.

ERMENGARDE

No, all I needed was a friend. (Hugs SARA. Lights dim.)

(IMAGINE music.)

Scene 6

SETTING: SARA'S bedroom. A late afternoon. EMILY presides over the room.

AT RISE: A tired BECKY enters, struggling with a heavy large coal bin, which she sets down by the fire. She looks around making sure she is alone before she begins her ritual. Smoothing her coal smudged dress, removing her cap and tidying her hair as best she can she places one of SARA'S luxurious fur hats upon her head. Choosing a book, she sits in SARA'S chair by the fire, next to EMILY. Putting her feet up on the stool, with a contented sigh, she opens the book.

BECKY

There now Lady Em'ly, milk or sugar? Now where were we? The beginning again? Why not? I can't read a single word an' you can't hear a blessed thing, so it doesn't much matter where we start. (Reads.) "Once upon a time there lived a poor scullery maid an' her thirteen children. They ate nothing but porridge for breakfast, dinner and supper. The smallest of the family, was called Rebecca an' she was...well she was a bit different from the rest. Sometimes she would ...close her...close her eyes.... and see ...

(She falls asleep. After a moment, SARA enters.)

SARA

What should we do, Emily? She looks so tired. But if I don't wake her and Miss Minchin catches her in here----

(Finally, SARA gets the book off of BECKY'S lap and drops it on the floor.)

BECKY

Oh! Oh Miss! Please, Miss pardon me, Miss. I beg you!

SARA

It's alright. Don't be afraid.

BECKY

I really didn't mean to...Miss, truly I didn't. It was the warm fire an' me bein' so tired, it weren't on purpose at all. Are you going to tell the missus?

SARA

No, I'm not. Why should I? We are both little girls, you and I. It's just an accident that you are not rich and that I am not a scullery maid.

BECKY

An accident, is it? (Bows.) If you say so, Miss.

SARA

Can you stay a few minutes?

BECKY

Stay here? Me?

SARA

(Running and checking the hall.)

No one is around. I thought you might sit with me and I might tell you a story.

BECKY

You want t' tell me stories, Miss, like I was one of the girls?

SARA

It's just that I have so many that they are nearly popping out of my head.

BECKY

I wouldn't want to see your head burst, miss.

SARA

It won't if you come and clean up my room last thing everyday and let me tell you a bit of a story each day.

BECKY

If I might have that to look forward to each day, I wouldn't mind how heavy the coal box is or how tired my poor legs are.

SARA

It's settled then. We'll meet here tomorrow at four. See you tomorrow.

BECKY

Tomorrow, then, Miss.

(BECKY hoists her coal box with new enthusiasm and walks out proudly. Lights out.)

Scene 7

SETTING: The schoolroom, decorated elaborately for SARA'S birthday party. The desks have been cleared and in the center of the room is a table with a large gift in the center. The head of glamorous, little-girl sized doll is visible.

AT RISE: GIRLS gather around the table in barely contained excitement. Gasps and exclamations about the doll. BECKY sweeps nearby. SARA enters finely dressed. BECKY can't help but be drawn to the doll.

SARA

I want to thank you all for coming to my party.

MISS MINCHIN

Very pretty indeed. That is how a true princess behaves when the populace applauds her.

LAVINIA

(Snort.) Oh, yes, let me be the first to kiss your diamond ring, your majesty.

MISS MINCHIN

That will be enough out of you, Lavinia. Becky, you are dismissed.

SARA

If you please Miss Minchin, can Becky stay?

MISS MINCHIN

My dear Sara, Becky is a scullery maid—not a little girl.

SARA

Please let her stay. It's my birthday.

MISS MINCHIN

Well. It is irregular, but—as a birthday favor, she may stay.

LAVINIA

(Snorting.) I can't believe this.

MISS MINCHIN

Miss Lavinia. I can arrange for you to spend the afternoon alone in your room if you wish.

(A doorbell sounds.)

SARA

Papa! It's Papa! He said it would be a surprise. He's arrived for my birthday.

(AMELIA enters.)

AMELIA

Captain Crewe's solicitor to see you right away. Girls, follow me.

(ALL but MISS MINCHIN exit. MR. BARROW enters.)

MR. BARROW

All these birthday presents...for a child just ten years old. It's madness. Indulgent madness.

MISS MINCHIN

My dear Mr. Barrow, Mr. Crewe is a man of fortune. The diamond mines alone—

MR. BARROW

There aren't any diamond mines!

MISS MINCHIN

What are you talking about? Has there been trouble?

MR. BARROW

There is no gentle way to say this, Madame. Captain Crewe is dead of jungle fever. Jungle fever, a dear friend and business troubles, a very bad combination.

MISS MINCHIN

What?

MR BARROW

His friend put all of his own money into the diamond mines and then so did the Captain. Then the dear friend disappeared. The Captain was weak with the fever, but he went off into the jungle to try to find his friend. The letter says, he died raving about his little girl and didn't leave a penny.

MISS MINCHIN

Do you mean to tell me that he left *nothing*? No fortune?

MR BARROW

I'm afraid so, Madame. Her father is gone and she hasn't any family in the world that we know of. She has no one but you.

MISS MINCHIN

Let me see that. (Grabs the letter.) It's monstrous! At this very moment, she's in my sitting room giving a party which I paid for with my own money. Captain's check is due to arrive tomorrow.

MR. BARROW

There will be no check. Captain Crewe died without paying our last bill. However, I trust that you'll come up with something acceptable. Good day, Madame. Sorry about all this, of course. (Exit.)

MISS MINCHIN

(Imitating him.) Sorry about all this, of course. What does he care? I'm hundreds of pounds in debt and stuck with another mouth to feed. That's what I get for my level head and sound business plan. Well, Sara Crewe, there'll be no more nice for you. Andrew!

ANDREW

Yes M'um.

MISS MINCHIN

Send me Miss Sara Crewe. Then go and make up the bed in the attic.

ANDREW

Beg pardon, M'um but that bed hasn't been slept in for thirty years. It has bugs, M'um.

MISS MINCHIN

Thirty! That's even better. I thought it was only ten. Dismissed!. Well, Sara get ready for your new life. Spider webs, bugs, mice..

I've been patient beyond patient
I have worn a plaster smile
Sweet, attentive, calm, compliant
Oh so very versatile

I've only just begun, Miss Crewe
To reap the profits I am due
If you thought I was tough before
Then brace yourself for war.

No more nice
No more fair
No more paradise
You ex-millionaire
You'll scour, soak and polish
Then scrub out underwear
No more nice
No more fair
No more anything for you, Miss Sara

Perhaps I should take pity
Give the girl a break
But I can't help feeling giddy
When there's vengeance left to take

No more nice
No more fuss,
You'll have to work yourself
Into the ground like all of us
Spider webs and mice await you in your attic room
Climb the stair, no more nice
Say a prayer, say it twice
'Cause there'll be no more sugar no more spice
No More
No More Nice! (She cackles. Lights out.)

Scene 8

SETTING: The attic. A drab, cold dark room under the roof with a dirty skylight. There is nothing but a hard bed covered with a threadbare quilt and a couple of dilapidated pieces of furniture.

AT RISE: SARA, wearing a black dress stands clutching Emily, also in black. She hugs herself as she walks around, trying out a drooping chair which is missing a leg. She touches an old picture that falls off the wall, then goes to dust off the top of a chest of drawers raising enough dust to make her choke and cough. She props Emily on the leaning chair and sits on the bed.

SARA

It's not true. Maybe there is a mistake. He was coming here to see us, it's right here in the letter. He always comes when he says he will. Emily, do you hear me? He promised. (Gets the doll.) Oh, Emily, where is Papa? Why don't you answer me? Why can't you answer me!

(Frustrated and overcome, she throws the doll down and begins to cry. MISS MINCHIN enters, and SARA scrambles to retrieve the doll, composing herself..)

MISS MINCHIN

You might as well, put that down, Miss Crewe. You'll have no time for dolls in the future.

SARA

I won't. My papa gave her to me. She's all I have left.

MISS MINCHIN

Then Miss Amelia has explained things to you.

SARA

(In shock.) Yes. My papa is dead and he left me nothing. I must live here in the attic. I'm poor now.

MISS MINCHIN

You are a beggar with no home --unless I choose to keep you here out of the goodness of my heart. Why do you stare at me like that? Don't you understand? You are a penniless orphan.

SARA

(SARA stares, struggling not to cry.)
I understand.

MISS MINCHIN

Do you? Did you know that I paid the entire bill for your birthday party, and I will get none of it back.

SARA

I'm sorry, Miss Minchin.

MISS MINCHIN

No tears at all. Still playing the noble princess, I see. Well, you are a princess no longer. You must now work for your living here.

SARA

What will I do?

MISS MINCHIN

Everything you are told. Run errands, help the cook, teach French to the younger ones. You can stay as long as you make yourself useful. If you don't please me, you will be sent away. (Begins exit.) Aren't you going to thank me?

SARA

What for?

MISS MINCHIN

For my kindness. After all, I've given you a home.

SARA

You are not kind. You are not kind and this will never be a home.

MISS MINCHIN

You little ingrate. The servants have breakfast at five in the morning. See that you're on time. (She exits. SARA searches for coal to burn in the old fireplace.)

SARA

It's so cold, Emily. I don't think I'll ever feel warm again. (She drapes a thin quilt over herself and settles on the floor.)

CAPTAIN'S VOICE
(Echoing.)

But you have Emily. Don't forget about Emily..

SARA

What? Who's there?
(Captain's ghost enters all in white, accompanied by RAM DASS. The CAPTAIN can see her but she can only hear his voice. RAM DASS is also invisible to her.)

CAPTAIN

When you're afraid, just hold Emily tight and close your eyes. Try it, it's magic.

SARA

Papa? Is that you?

CAPTAIN

Try it, it's magic.

SARA

Papa! (Singing.)

**I AM WISHING OUTSIDE IT WAS SUNNY AND HOT
NOT SO DREARY AND FOGGY AND COLD
I'M PRETENDING MY STOMACH IS NOT IN A KNOT
AND THIS HOUSE ISN'T CREEPY AND SCARY AND OLD.**

CAPTAIN CREWE
IF YOU CAN IMAGINE
THERE'S NO ROOM FOR FEAR
THEN ANY TIME YOU WISH--I'LL ALWAYS BE HERE
WHEN EVENING COMES WE'LL BOTH LOOK UP
AND FIND OUR SPOT OF LIGHT

CAPTAIN CREWE
CAN YOU CAN IMAGINE

SARA
YES, I CAN IMAGINE--

BOTH
CAN YOU IMAGINE...(CAPTAIN exits with RAM DASS)

SARA
Papa! Papa?
(There is a knock. BECKY enters.)

BECKY
Beg pardon, miss, I jus 'ad to come to see if you were all right. I'm so terribly sorry, miss.

SARA
Oh, Becky, remember I told you we were really the same—just two little girls? Now you see how true it really is. There is no difference, I'm not a princess anymore.

(BECKY grabs SARA'S hand, hugs it to her chest and kneels beside her.)

BECKY
Oh, yes you are. Miss. No matter what 'appens, you'd be a princess all the same, inside yourself, —an nothin' couldn't make you no different.

(The girls hug as IMAGINE music swells and resolves. Lights dim.)

END ACT I

ACT II**Scene 1**

SETTING: The parlor. Four months later.

AT RISE: SERVANTS are making the room ready for yet another social. SARA sweeps the floor. MISS MINCHIN enters.

Sara. MISS MINCHIN

Yes? SARA

Yes, what? MISS MINCHIN

Yes Miss Minchin. SARA

Did you finish the laundry? MISS MINCHIN

Yes, Miss Minchin. SARA

And polished my boots? MISS MINCHIN

Yes, and made all the beds, and polished the silver just as you asked.. SARA

Go sweep the ballroom again. I want everything perfect for the Duchess this evening. And then go to the kitchen, cook has some chores for you to do.

(MISS MINCHIN and SARA exit.. The servants who have been polishing, cleaning and dusting gather and play out a scene.)

CHARLES (as MISS MINCHIN)
Ladies, I expect you'll all be on your very best behavior for the Duchess.

SERVANTS (as GIRLS)
Yes, Miss Minchin.

CHARLES
We are young ladies. We will impress and ingratiate. We will be--

CLARENCE
Delicate, delightful and demure.

CHARLES
We will say--

SERVANTS
BUT AN-- OMELETTE
ANDREW
NEVER A TWIRL , BUT A--PIROUETTE.

CHARLES
“PLEASE M’AME” AND “THANK YOU”
AND NEVER FORGET

SERVANTS
THAT MINCHIN GIRLS PERSPIRE, WE NEVER SWEAT.

(In a round.)
LADIES DON’T WALK--WE FLOAT
LADIES DON’T TALK--WE QUOTE
LADIES DON’T CUT---WE SNIP, SNIP, SNIP, SNIP
LADIES DON’T DUNK OR DIP, DIP, DIP, DIP

CHARLES/ ANDREW / SERVANTS.
SO SQUARE YOUR SHOULDERS AND MARCH WITH PRIDE INTO THE FUTURE
WE’LL PROUDLY WEAR THE LINEN WHITE AND NAVY BLUE

CHARLES
YOUR CHARMING LIVES WILL THEN UNFURL

ANDREW
OUR VALUE SEEN BY ALL THE WORLD

CHARLES
I’LL TURN THESE GRAINS OF SAND ALL INTO PEARLS

ALL SERVANTS
AND THE WORLD WILL BE OUR OYSTER---
WE’RE MINCHIN GIRLS!

(Lights out.)

Scene 2

SETTING : Both attic roofs. Sunset.

AT RISE: SARA, sitting on her roof takes out a crust of bread, closes her eyes and tries to imagine. She opens them, tastes the bread which she can hardly bite because it is hard. She tries again.

SARA

I knew it. Emily, it's finally happened. No matter how hard I try I can't forget how hungry I am. The magic doesn't work, Emily. I don't think I can pretend anymore. Oh, Papa, what do I do now? You never told me what to do when the magic disappears.

(She is in despair. RAM DASS appears at his skylight which is slightly higher and set back a few feet from SARA'S so she can't see him without turning.)

RAM DASS

It is extraordinary, isn't it?

SARA

Oh! You scared me.

RAM DASS

I beg your pardon, Missy Sahib, I did not intend to startle you.

SARA

It's just that I've gotten used to seeing an empty skylight there. But I've been wishing for it not to be empty everyday.

RAM DASS

Then your wish has come true. And so has mine.

SARA

Were you wishing too?

RAM DASS

I was feeling very lonely just before and now a friendly face has appeared.

SARA

Do you live there alone?

RAM DASS

No, this is my master's house. He is very ill and I take care of him.

SARA

You are far from your real home, aren't you?

RAM DASS

Yes. Quite far.

SARA

And the sunset has reminded you of it just now and made you a little homesick.

RAM DASS

That is true. How did you know that?

I don't know, just a feeling.

SARA

Where do you come from?

RAM DASS

(A bell rings downstairs.)

I have to go. I hope your master feels better soon.

SARA

(Bowing to her.) Good evening, Missy Sahib.

RAM DASS

Good evening.

SARA

(Lights out.)

COPY

DO NOT

Scene 3

SETTING: The parlor of TOM CARRISFORD. Two weeks later.

AT RISE: MR. CARMICHAEL speaks to TOM CARRISFORD.

CARRISFORD

Ram Dass has been telling me about a servant girl who lives in the attic room next door. She eats stale bread and sleeps, he says, on a hard narrow bed, if you can call it that, with only a thin quilt for warmth. And here I am tossing and turning on my comfortable satin pillows.

CARMICHAEL

My dear fellow, the sooner you stop tormenting yourself the better you'll be. You are already doing everything you can.

CARRISFORD

But it's possible that the other child, the child I am looking for—could be living in the same way as that poor little servant girl next door.

CARMICHAEL

Let's hope the child we are looking for is the one we've located in Paris. Now, are you sure the child was left at a boarding school there?

CARRISFORD

I am sure of nothing. I was so absorbed in the magnificent promise of those wretched mines I thought of little else. Neither did he. The whole thing was so huge and glittering that we half lost our heads. I only knew the child had been sent to school somewhere.

CARMICHAEL

But you had reason to think the school was in Paris.

CARRISFORD

Yes. He mentioned he wanted the child educated in France because the child's mother was French.

CARMICHAEL

That would seem to make perfect sense, of course.

CARRISFORD

Why was I not man enough to stand my ground when things looked bleak? Poor Crewe trusted me and he died thinking I had ruined him. And then I ran away like a coward because I couldn't face him. How is a man to get back his nerve with a thing like that on his mind?

CARMICHAEL

You were delirious, Tom. You were strapped down in a bed for four days raving with yellow fever. Remember?

CARRISFORD

I'll never forget. I was mad, hadn't slept for weeks. I staggered out of my tent one night hearing voices in the night mocking me and laughing. It was horrible. I had to get away so I ran and ran like a coward. I can't even remember if he ever mentioned her name. All we talked about was the mines. Always the cursed mines!

CARMICHAEL

We will find her. And when we do, you'll have a small fortune to give her. I'll leave for Paris in the morning.

CARRISFORD

If I weren't so pathetic I could go with you, but I can only sit here and stare at the fire. And when I look into it, you know what I see? Captain Crewe's face. And you know what he says to me?

CARMICHAEL

Carrisford, please don't--

CARRISFORD

(Very distraught.) He says, "Tom, old boy, where is she? Where is my little princess?" I must be able to answer him. Help me find her, Carmichael. Please.

CARMICHAEL

Tom, listen to me. If she is anywhere, I will find her, I promise. Now, you must rest.

CARRISFORD

I won't rest until she is found. Ram Dass!

RAM DASS

(Entering.) Sahib?

CARRISFORD

Show Mr. Carmichael out. He has an early start tomorrow.

CARMICHAEL

I'm leaving for Paris in the morning. We have reason to believe the girl might be there.

RAM DASS

Yes, of course. (Bows.) A prayer for a safe journey, then.

CARMICHAEL

And a successful one, I hope. Goodnight.

(He exits.)

RAM DASS

You must sleep, now, master. I will get your tea.

CARRISFORD

No tea will help me sleep. I may never sleep again! All I can do is sit and stare and wonder and worry. Tell me again about the little girl in the attic.

RAM DASS

She is a brave one, I think. The mistress of the house sends her out on errands at all hours of the day or night and she does not complain.

CARRISFORD

And during the day, when she can steal away, she makes friends with the birds who come when she calls and land on the rooftop near her skylight window.

RAM DASS

Yes, they are sparrows.

CARRISFORD

And she tells stories.

RAM DASS

Not only stories, she has visions. And she makes them come alive for others. One night when I could not sleep, I opened my window and heard her telling the other servant about what her miserable room might be like if there were a real fire in the fireplace, and a warm cover on the bed with cushions all around and shelves of books. For a moment, I could --I could feel the heat of the fire. I could see the pictures she fancied appearing on the walls, the fur rug and thick satin comforter she imagined on the bed. It was a most fantastic dream.

CARRISFORD

Then it will be a dream no longer.

RAM DASS

What do you mean?

CARRISFORD

At the very least, I can help make one little girl's dreams come true. If it's the last thing I do, at least I know I will have helped one child, even if it isn't his little girl. But I'll need your help. I have a lot of planning to do. I think I will have that tea now.

(Lights out.)

COPY

NOT

DO

Scene 4

SETTING: SARA and RAM DASS' attic roofs.

AT RISE: Sara, looks out into the distance, a sunset. RAM DASS enters into his window set as indicated.

SARA

Not even a stale crust of bread today. I must have walked a thousand miles and do you know why? She wanted rutabaga. I couldn't find any rutabagas so she refused to give me supper. (Pause.) Do you hear that, Emily? I'm starving and all because of rutabaga.

RAM DASS

Another beautiful sunset, Missy Sahib. Are you making a wish?

SARA

Not today. I think I've run out of wishes.

RAM DASS

One never runs out of wishes. For you there are many more wishes.

SARA

How do you know that?

RAM DASS

It is sunset, that is how I know. Anything can happen at sunset.

(Sings.)

**Neither day nor night
Neither dark nor light
There's a strange enchanted time
At sunset
Then the moment's gone
Don't waste another dawn
Make a wish and fly it to
The sunset**

**Servant or seeker
Beggar or prince
No matter who you are when the day begins,
The path before you winds and bends
And you don't have to be the same--when it ends.**

SARA

It is a splendid one, isn't it? That deep purple cloud and the little red ones all around. Makes me feel all tingly inside. Maybe ... maybe...

RAM DASS / SARA

**Nothing is in stone / (I feel it stirring.)
Reach for the unknown / (There's beauty all around.)**

BOTH

There's magic everywhere you look at sunset

RAM DASS / SARA

Take a different turn / (I feel the power now.)
You are bound to learn / (And I am not afraid.)
There are many journeys to the sunset. (All I have to do is be myself)

RAM DASS / SARA

No fate compels us-no destiny / (I am free-)

BOTH

And no one else can tell us who we're meant to be
So travel on and never hide

RAM DASS: Be the one you truly are

SARA: Be the one you truly are

RAM DASS: Be the one you truly are

SARA

I'm a princess...

BOTH

Inside.

COPY

NOT

DO

Scene 5

SETTING: CARRISFORD'S parlor.

AT RISE: SARA passes CARRISFORD'S window on her way out to do errands. RAM DASS bows slightly to her. She nods and walks on. When she is out of sight, the two men go into action.

She is gone.
RAM DASS

Are you sure? Check again.
CARRISFORD

RAM DASS
(He checks.) I'm positive, master. She is out of sight. Gone on her errands. She won't be back for hours.

CARRISFORD
Have you gotten everything? Check the list.

RAM DASS
We've checked the list three times already.

CARRISFORD
The nails for the paintings? Do you have them?

RAM DASS
Twenty of them, yes.

CARRISFORD
And the rug?

RAM DASS
A beautiful rug.

CARRISFORD
And the satin quilts?

RAM DASS
All upstairs waiting for your command.

CARRISFORD
Ram Dass, are you sure you're going to be able to move all of this across a rooftop?

RAM DASS
Not to worry. I will move with feet of velvet. No one will know I have been there.

CARRISFORD
Just don't fall and break anything. Two of us in wheelchairs would be a disaster.

RAM DASS
Master, you are looking flushed. Do you feel alright?

CARRISFORD
I don't know. I suddenly feel like going up with you and moving furniture.

RAM DASS

A very kind thought, but under the circumstances, it might be wise for to stay here and keep watch in case she returns early.

CARRISFORD

You're right, of course. I'll just have to content myself with that.

(RAM DASS bows and begins exit.)

You're sure you won't get caught?

RAM DASS

Feet of velvet, remember?

CARRISFORD

Right. Feet of velvet.

(RAM DASS exits. CARRISFORD restlessly wheels himself to the window and back, having trouble settling. Lights dim.)

COPY

NOT

DO