

The Witches Of Eastwick

by
John Updike

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THE WITCHES OF EASTWICK

Music by
DANA P. ROWE

Book & Lyrics by
JOHN DEMPSEY

Based on the novel by
JOHN UPDIKE
and the Warner Bros. motion picture

LIBRETTO / VOCAL BOOK



Josef Weinberger Limited

on behalf of

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THE WITCHES OF EASTWICK

A Musical

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THE WITCHES OF EASTWICK

LIST OF CHARACTERS

PRINCIPALS

DARRYL VAN HORNE – A newcomer from New York –

“Harold Hill” type baritone with a touch of “Rock & Roll” or Jerry Lee Lewis to solid high E-flat – 40-ish

Has major sex appeal. Women become hypnotised by his manner and charm. He breaks all the rules and wins all the women over. Is sexy without being beautiful.

ALEXANDRA SPOFFORD – A sculptress

Belt Mezzo with good head tones or mix – Mid to late 30’s

An artist. Creates with passion, bestowing her own individuality on each piece. Unique and yet affecting in her manner. Is the leader of the three women. Has a teenage son – Michael.

JANE SMART – A cellist

Belt Mezzo with good head tones or mix – Mid 30’s

A musician who seems reserved and quiet. Has a straight-laced appearance but she can turn into a sexpot – her passion for music matches her sexual drive. Energetic with emotion. Acerbic sense of humour.

SUKIE ROUGEMOUNT – A writer

Belt Soprano with good head tones or mix – Late 20’s or early 30’s

A journalist who is not focused in her work. Conveniently scatterbrained from time to time. Talks faster than she thinks. She is on the shy side and a follower rather than a leader. Sees Jane and Alexandra as the sisters she never had.

FELICIA GABRIEL – Town gossip. Eastwick’s First Lady

Belt soprano – 40-ish

She doesn't have class but thinks she does. Veneer of happiness is always on. She has money. Does not have a close relationship with her daughter. She is the self appointed leader of society and has an unshakeable belief that she knows what is best for the town. Her brand of

dictatorship is dispensed with a saccharine sweetness. She takes an instant dislike to Darryl on his arrival in Eastwick and becomes his nemesis.

JENNIFER GABRIEL – Felicia's daughter

Light belt soprano – 18

Main juvenile lead. Direct opposite of mother. Complete natural innocence. Looks 18 – young. Her mother is a smothering presence. Accustomed to acting in a certain way to keep her mother happy. Felicia has tried to mould her into a “Barbie” doll for whom she will find the perfect “Ken” – it isn't going to be Michael.

MICHAEL SPOFFORD – Alexandra's son

Lyric tenor up to A plus pop falsetto to C – 18

Main juvenile lead. Innocence with a wild edge. Has a non-conformity about him. He has naïveté and sweetness but becomes hip later on. Is more a friend to his mother than a son.

CLYDE GABRIEL – Felicia's Husband

Character Baritone – 40-ish

A pathetic down-trodden man, who realises he is trapped in a loveless marriage. He is having an affair with Sukie. However, your sympathies are with him because of the relationship he has with his wife. He is hen-pecked but stays with Felicia because it is easier too; he is scared of her. She is also in control of all their money which demoralises him as a man. Has a good relationship with his daughter. Good voice but not a huge range.

FIDEL – Darryl's servant

Singing not essential – age immaterial.

Physical extreme of exotic looks. Bizarre – as Darryl says, “Not of this world.”

ENSEMBLE

A varied and diverse group of individuals who populate the town of Eastwick. They are all “characters” and should represent a range of ages and physical types.

GINA MARINO – Joe's wife

Belt Soprano with good head tones or mix – 30's

Joe's wife. Is a very sexy character. Big Felician crony. One of the Felicia trio. Volunteers in

the library and has the hots for Toby.

BRENDA PARSLEY – Ed's wife

Belt soprano with legit sound. 40's

Minister's wife. Lacquered hair. Busybody. Takes over running the town once Felicia is killed. Part of the Felicia Trio.

GRETA NEFF – Raymond's wife

Belt Mezzo with good head tones or mix – 30's

One of Felicia's cronies. Church, city council and housewife. All the ladies come to her house for the lacquered hair look. Married to Raymond, the school principal, and runs string quartet.

MARGE PERLY – Homer's wife, also a real estate agent

Belt Mezzo with good head tones or mix – 30's

Gossip of the town. Uses Eudora to find it all out. More of a follower. Wants to be accepted and fit into Felicia's crowd. Married to Homer.

JOE MARINO – Gina's Husband, a construction worker

Tenor – 30's

Handsome and fancied by many of the townswomen. Good actor / singer.

RAYMOND NEFF – Greta's Husband, a school principal

Tenor – 30's

Mousey school principal – is quite camp. Strong actor / singer

TOBY BERGMAN – Works at the library restocking the bookshelves

Lyric Tenor with belt – 20's

Contemporary of Michael's. Just out of high school. Handsome / cute.

ED PARSLEY – Minister of the town church

Baritone – 40's

A good man but been in the church too long. Not in touch with his faith anymore – just doing it as a job, not as a calling. It's convenient for him and it is too late to start over.

FRANK OGDEN – Owns the grocery store

Bass / Baritone – 30's

Friendly. Caters to all the townsfolk.

REBECCA – Waitress at Nemo's Diner

Mezzo

LITTLE GIRL

CLAIRE – An ordinary young school girl

A "Young Cosette" type Soprano – Over 16 but looks much younger

Needs to be the clean slate of the town women. She has not been painted like the rest.

MAVIS JESSUP – Cake decorator at the Grocery store

Light belt soprano – late teens

A contemporary of Jennifer. No college education. Still lives with her parents till she marries.

She was the Homecoming Queen.

MABEL OGDEN – Frank's wife. A Bank teller

Soprano – 30's

Married 10-12 years. Frank & Mabel were High School sweethearts. Knits in her spare time making baby sweaters for new-borns in Eastwick.

MARCY WILLS – Jennifer's friend. Cashier at the grocery store

Soprano – Late teens, early 20's (possible Lead Dancer)

Still in high school. One year behind Jennifer. Has a huge crush on Michael. Kinda slow and has unreasonable expectations for her life. She started at the store as a summer job and will be there the rest of her life.

FRANNY LOVECRAFT – Proprietor of a local crafts store

Mezzo – 40's or older.

Has lived in Eastwick all her life. Current day hippy – very bohemian. Alexandra could possibly grow up to be like her. No strong alliances to either side of the town. Takes in all the stray animals.

EUDORA BRYCE – A retired seamstress

Mezzo – 40's or older.

She is a Widow and has enough money to live. Takes a walk every day. Knows everyone's business. Quite eccentric. Lives in her house with lots of cats.

CURTIS HALLEYBRED – A clerk at the hardware store. Friend of Michael's

Tenor – Late Teens / early 20's

Graduated from high school and is working at the hardware store. Was Homecoming King. He peaked in High school. Realises life isn't that great. Was an item with Mavis in High School.

HOMER PERLY – A Real Estate Agent

Tenor – 30's

He and Marge are a husband & wife duo. Lets Marge run with all the contacts. Does the books and keeps business running. Been in Eastwick ten years.

DR HENRY PATTERSON – Town physician

Baritone – 40's or older.

Is privy to everything but doesn't tell. Widower.

Other townsfolk, as available.

Musical Numbers

ACT ONE

1. Opening Act One
2. Eastwick Knows
3. Make Him Mine
4. Eastwick Knows – Reprise
5. Darryl Van Horne
- 5a. Darryl Van Horne – Playoff
6. Waiting For The Music To Begin
- 6a. Waiting For The Music To Begin – Playoff
7. Words, Words, Words
- 7a. Words, Words, Words – Playoff
8. Your Wildest Dreams
- 8a. Tennis
9. Something
10. Dirty Laundry
11. I Wish I May

ACT TWO

12. Opening Act Two
13. Another Night At Darryl's
- 13a. Another Night At Darry's – Playout
- 13b. Cherry Pits
14. Dance With The Devil
15. Another Night At Darry's – Reprise
16. Evil
17. Dirty Laundry – Reprise
- 17a. Waiting For The Music To Begin – Reprise
- 17b. Three Little Ladies
- 17c. Words, Words, Words – Reprise
18. Darryl Van Horne – Reprise
19. Your Wildest Dreams – Reprise
20. I Wish I May – Reprise
- 20a. The Glory Of Me
21. The Wedding
22. Act Two Finale
23. Final Bow and Playout (*Instrumental*)

THE WITCHES OF EASTWICK

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE: THE BAY

Music No. 1: OPENING ACT ONE

A blank stage, except for rows and rows of white picket fences; beautiful, perfect and upright.

Center, a LITTLE GIRL stands, holding a faceless doll.

ALEXANDRA, JANE and SUKIE enter as the LITTLE GIRL sings. They watch her.

Music No. 2: EASTWICK KNOWS

LITTLE GIRL
EV'RY DAWN.
EV'RY SUNRISE.
MAY THEY FIND ME IN THIS TOWN I CALL MY HOME.
IN THE PARK.
IN THE SCHOOLYARD.
MAY THE NEIGHBOR'S WATCHFUL EYE
GUIDE MY STEPS AS I WALK BY.
SUCH A LUCKY GIRL AM I,
YOU MIGHT SUPPOSE.
WELL I AM.
YOU CAN ASK;

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE (*Turning out.*)
EASTWICK KNOWS.

(Enter the TOWNSPEOPLE OF EASTWICK, en masse in parade formation. Heading the parade; the imposing and formidable FELICIA GABRIEL.)

ALL
EASTWICK KNOWS
HEAVEN SMILES UPON RHODE ISLAND.
EASTWICK HEARS
NOT A WHISPERING OF WOE.
EASTWICK SEES
AN IMMACULATE NEW ENGLAND.
EASTWICK KNOWS
ALL THAT EASTWICK NEEDS TO KNOW.

TOWNSWOMEN
HEAR THE BELLS
FROM THE STEEPLE.
IS THERE A SWEETER WAY
TO START THE DAY THAN THIS;
PLAYFUL WINDS,
MINDFUL PEOPLE.

FELICIA
EV'RY WINK AND EV'RY STARE IS THE NEIGHBORHOOD'S AFFAIR.

+ GINA / GRETA
IT JUST SHOWS HOW MUCH WE CARE WHEN WE PROPOSE:

+ ALL
FOR THE GOOD, FOR THE BEST, EASTWICK KNOWS.

(A dais appears in front of a GRAND MANSE. DEAD ELM TREES, bedecked with SNOWY EGRETS frame the picture. A ceremony begins to form. There is much hubbub and socializing.

THREE MEN sneak out from the crowd and covertly approach ALEXANDRA, JANE and SUKIE in three separate areas.)

JOE
ALEXANDRA . . .

RAYMOND
JANE . . .

CLYDE
SUKIE . . .

JOE / RAYMOND / CLYDE

WE SHOULD TALK ABOUT WHERE THINGS ARE LEADING TO.

JOE

WHAT'S SAY NEXT TIME WE LEAVE THE LIGHTS ON . . . ?

RAYMOND

I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'RE ANY WORSE THAN MY WIFE . . .

CLYDE

IF I HAD HALF A BRAIN I'D LEAVE FELICIA, AND . . .

JOE / RAYMOND / CLYDE

START UP SOMEWHERE FRESH WITH YOU.

SUKIE Do you really mean that?

JANE I feel so desired.

ALEXANDRA You just ruined it.

(Music in.)

GINA Joe?

GRETA Raymond.

FELICIA Clyde!

(The three men fold themselves back into the crowd, joining their wives.)

ALEXANDRA, JANE and SUKIE sheepishly make the walk of shame across the stage, to the rear of the assemblage. FELICIA, GRETA, GINA, and indeed the whole town eye them with suspicion.)

TOWNSPEOPLE

EASTWICK KNOWS . . .

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE

. . . THINGS THEY HAVE NO BUSINESS KNOWING.

TOWNSPEOPLE

EASTWICK HEARS . . .

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE

... AND SOON THE GOSSIP'S CHANGING HANDS.

TOWNSPEOPLE

EASTWICK SEES ...

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE

... WHAT EASTWICK ISN'T MEANT TO WITNESS.

TOWNSPEOPLE

EASTWICK KNOWS ...

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE

... BUT IT NEVER UNDERSTANDS.

REV. ED PARSLEY (*Stepping up to the dais.*) A hearty welcome, please, for the
chairperson of the Eastwick Preservation Society; Felicia Gabriel.

FELICIA (*Gesturing to the house behind her.*) The Lenox House! Home to the
majestic elms, haven for the endangered Snowy Egret. Today, it is
with great pride that I . . . that is to say the Preservation Society
. . . announces its intentions to buy from the county this historic
landmark and restore it to its proper and rightful glory!

(*The town wildly applauds her.*)

TOWNSPEOPLE

AS FLOWERS BLOOM,
AS BEES WILL BUZZ;
EASTWICK THRIVES
AS EASTWICK DOES
FOR EASTWICK IS
AS EASTWICK WAS
AND ALWAYS WILL BE.
EASTWICK SHARES.

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE

EACH DAY THE SAME OLD NONSENSE,

TOWNSPEOPLE

EASTWICK LEARNS.

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE
THE SAME ACCUSING GLANCES,

TOWNSPEOPLE
EASTWICK CARES

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE
A THOUSAND PRYING EYES THAT

TOWNSPEOPLE
FOR YOUR CONCERNS.

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE
SIZE UP YOUR CIRCUMSTANCES.

TOWNSPEOPLE
HEED THE TIDES.

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE
PLEASE SOMETHING HAPPEN, SOMEHOW.

TOWNSPEOPLE
MIND THE THROES.

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE
DELIVER ME FROM EASTWICK.

TOWNSPEOPLE
EASTWICK SEES.

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE
PLEASE SAVE ME QUICK BEFORE I . . .

TOWNSPEOPLE
EAST

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE
. . . DIE!

TOWNSPEOPLE
WICK . . .

(THUNDER! A storm hits. Everyone screams and runs for shelter in a panic. FELICIA is aghast. ALEX, JANE and SUKIE look up in amazement at the seeming coincidence, then run themselves.)

SCENE TWO: ALEXANDRA'S DEN

The scene wipes to ALEXANDRA'S living room. ALEXANDRA, JANE and SUKIE all rush in, soaking wet.

ALEXANDRA Quick! Inside, inside!

JANE Ugh. *(Shaking the water off.)* The heavens sob on New England.

SUKIE Careful; the hardwood.

ALEXANDRA Let it warp. It suits me.

JANE Did you see how steamed Felicia was? Her precious fundraising announcement; completely washed out.

ALEXANDRA A little rain was just what was called for.

JANE I for one couldn't be happier. It's always the same thing – the whole town singing the glory of Felicia Gabriel.

SUKIE I know she's my boss at the paper, but I was actually praying . . . for something to . . . you know . . . end it. Wishing . . .

ALEXANDRA I was thinking the same thing. Hoping for . . .

ALL THREE . . . something to happen!

(A small flash of LIGHTNING and a RUMBLE OF THUNDER.)

JANE I was, too. Isn't that bizarre?

ALEXANDRA *(Exiting to the kitchen.)* Does anyone want brownies? With peanut butter?

SUKIE I am getting so fat.

JANE You're a twig.

SUKIE I'm a trunk.

ALEXANDRA Who wants what to drink?

SUKIE I'd love a half of cup of coffee.

ALEXANDRA (*Re-entering with a tray of martinis.*) Too bad, baby. We're having martinis.

JANE / SUKIE Ooooh!

ALEXANDRA You know, I really thought Ozzie would have taken the martini set with him when he ran off. Then again, the girl he ran off with probably wasn't old enough to drink.

SUKIE Was she really that young?

ALEXANDRA Sukie, if she'd been any younger . . .

JANE Or thinner.

ALEXANDRA . . . she'd have been a fetus.

JANE (*Sitting on a little statue.*) Ow!

ALEXANDRA There she is.

JANE Still making these little bubbie statues, I see.

ALEXANDRA Not that anyone's buying them anymore, but yes. Hey, do you girls want . . . ?

SUKIE / JANE No!

JANE Sorry Lexa, but if I put any more little naked ladies in my house, the whole town's going to think I'm a lesbian.

ALEXANDRA As opposed to what they think now?

JANE I have no idea what you're talking about.

(Thunder. JANE reacts.)

- ALEXANDRA It's getting bad, I wonder where my offspring is off to. Does he work on Thursdays now?
- SUKIE I think I saw him go off with Jennifer when the storm hit.
- JANE It's getting serious, isn't it?
- ALEXANDRA It can't be. She's going to Stanford in the fall, thank God.
- SUKIE Distance lends enchantment. Maybe they'll get married.
- ALEXANDRA Bite your tongue, Sukie. I'm praying it's just casual sex.
- JANE Not likely. You're a woman, look at her; Jennifer Gabriel is clearly a virgin.
- ALEXANDRA Sometimes I think her mother is, too.
- JANE Can you imagine having Clyde and Felicia for parents? I'd have hanged myself with my training bra by now.
- SUKIE Clyde wants to leave Felicia. He told me this morning.
- ALEXANDRA He won't, Sukie. She owns half the property in this town. She owns the newspaper.
- JANE Lexa . . .
- SUKIE It's not like . . . I'm not trying to steal him away from his family, Alex. It's just sometimes I . . . I need someone. For me.
- JANE It's no different than you and . . . Well, what's his name *this* week?
- ALEXANDRA Joe Marino.
- JANE Did this one stick around long enough for you to at least take off your dress?
- ALEXANDRA You don't approve?
- JANE Of you keeping your dress on? Or the whole thing?

SUKIE Who wants another martini?

JANE I just don't know why you let men use you like that.

SUKIE Jane!

ALEXANDRA Just making up for lost time, Janey. You know; since the *divorce*.

JANE I told you that in confidence. I said I didn't want to talk about it tonight.

SUKIE Talk about what? Her divorce? (*Off a withering look from JANE.*)
Your divorce.

JANE I swear, Lexa.

SUKIE Oh, honey. Did the papers from Phil finally come through?

JANE Yes. Three years to the day he walked out the door.

SUKIE Amazing.

ALEXANDRA Why are all the good ones gay?

JANE He wasn't that good.

SUKIE There's always Raymond Neff.

ALEXANDRA Oooh, yes. Give us details.

JANE Sorry, Lexa, but unlike you these days, I have no details to give.

SUKIE You mean you still haven't . . . ?

JANE His choice. I've decided to take it personally.

ALEXANDRA Do you think he still sleeps with Greta?

SUKIE Oh . . . oh God, I don't even want to picture it.

JANE No, he does. Listen to this; he says he has to "give it to her" at least once a week or she starts breaking things.

SUKIE Can you imagine? It would be like making love to excited sauerkraut.

JANE / SUKIE Eeewwww!

(MICHAEL and JENNIFER enter and stand talking at the fence outside the house. ALEXANDRA spies them through the front door window.)

ALEXANDRA Michael?

MICHAEL I know!

ALEXANDRA Are you working tonight?

MICHAEL Okay. Jeez, I'm coming.

ALEXANDRA *(To JANE, leaving the window.)* He used to be so sweet.

SUKIE Alex? Do you really keep your dress on when you, ya know?

ALEXANDRA Honey, don't knock it. I haven't had to shave under my arms in years.

JANE And here I was worrying about people thinking I was a lesbian.

(They all laugh. MICHAEL and JENNIFER enter the room.)

JANE Hi, Michael.

SUKIE Michael.

MICHAEL I need my tie.

ALEXANDRA And hello to you, too.

MICHAEL Mom; my tie?

ALEXANDRA I think it's in your room, on your bed.

MICHAEL *(To JENNIFER.)* I'll be right back.

ALEXANDRA She's allowed in your room, Michael.

MICHAEL Mom!

ALEXANDRA What? What did I say?

 (MICHAEL *runs off to his room.*)

JENNIFER Hi. Are you having a party tonight? Is it someone's birthday?

ALEXANDRA God forbid.

JENNIFER Oh now, Mrs. Spofford, you're so young. You must have been a baby when you got married.

ALEXANDRA Actually, Jennifer, I was eighteen when I got married. Of course I was seventeen when I got pregnant, but then . . .

+ JANE / SUKIE . . . that's another story.

MICHAEL (*Re-entering, tying his tie.*) I'm closing tonight. I'll be home late.

SUKIE Do you need a ride home, Jennifer?

JENNIFER Oh no, I'm going to walk Michael to the diner.

ALEXANDRA In the rain? To the other side of town?

JENNIFER (*Beaming at MICHAEL.*) I don't mind.

 (MICHAEL and JENNIFER *gaze at each other, sigh and leave.*
ALEXANDRA *closes the door.*)

ALEXANDRA It's a little hard to watch.

 (*Beat. They rush to the window and watch MICHAEL and JENNIFER at the fence again.*)

Music No. 3: MAKE HIM MINE

MICHAEL Jennifer, when I'm with you, it's like . . . there's this . . . I just feel . . .

MICHAEL
SOMETHING
DEEPER THAN THE NIGHT.
I FEEL THIS

SOMETHING . . .

JENNIFER
A KIND OF . . .

MICHAEL
SOMETHING . . .

JENNIFER
A PERFECT . . .

MICHAEL
SOMETHING . . .

JENNIFER
WITH YOU THERE'S . . .

MICHAEL
(*Beat.*) SOMETHING.

JENNIFER Oh, Michael. You always know just what to say.

(Holding hands, they exit.)

SUKIE and ALEXANDRA sit on the couch. JANE starts to pour herself another martini, thinks better of it and swigs from the pitcher instead. She sits. They all look out, glumly.)

ALEXANDRA Look at us.

SUKIE It's so pathetic.

JANE Why is it every time I see someone young and happy like that I just want to smack 'em?

ALEXANDRA I dunno. But that's an interesting quality in a teacher.

(THUNDER. They all laugh uproariously. They stop. They sigh.)

SUKIE What is it we want, anyway?

ALEXANDRA Who knows? Maybe . . . a man?

JANE Another man? Jesus, Lexa. Besides, I thought we all agreed; men are not the answer.

ALEXANDRA Well, someone . . .

SUKIE . . . new.

ALEXANDRA Yes.

SUKIE And mysterious.

ALEXANDRA Artistic.

SUKIE Simple and honest. You know; like a caveman.

ALEXANDRA But devastatingly handsome.

SUKIE A prince on horseback.

JANE In Eastwick? We don't even have our own post office.

ALEXANDRA Well, there's no harm in dreaming, is there?

ALEXANDRA
IF I COULD ASK,

JANE
IF I COULD CHOOSE,

SUKIE
WHAT SORT OF MAN MIGHT FILL THE SHOES

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE
I'D LIKE TO FIND INSIDE MY DOOR?

ALEXANDRA
WHAT MAN MIGHT FILL THOSE TOM MCANN'S?

SUKIE
WHAT WOULD I ASK?

ALEXANDRA
YES, WHAT INDEED?

JANE

WHAT WOULD I DARE?

SUKIE

WHAT WOULD I DARE?

ALEXANDRA

I'D ASK THE MOON . . .

JANE

I'D ASK THE MOON . . .

SUKIE

I'D ASK . . .

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE

IF I THOUGHT THE MOON WOULD CARE . . .

(Behind them a GIANT NEW MOON appears, glowing.)

ALEXANDRA

(Lifting her glass.) To the power of positive thinking.

SUKIE

Yummy.

ALEXANDRA

I CLOSE MY EYES AND I SEE HIM THERE.

JANE / SUKIE

EV'RYTHING I DREAMED OF.

ALEXANDRA

WARM, ATTENTIVE . . .

JANE

SMOOTH, SUCCESSFUL . . .

SUKIE

STALWART AND STRONG . . .

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE

I CLOSE MY EYES AND IT'S PAST COMPARE.

ALEXANDRA

EV'RYTHING I HOPED FOR . . .

JANE

EV'RYTHING I PICTURED . . .

SUKIE

EV'RYTHING I WANTED . . .

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE

ALL ALONG.

MAKE HIM MINE.

MAKE HIM MINE.

MAKE HIM HANDSOME AS THE DEVIL

YET PERFECTLY DIVINE.

MAKE HIM MINE.

THE ULTIMATE COMPANION,

THE IDEAL DESIGN.

ALL MANNER OF MAN IN ONE MAN –

MAKE HIM MINE.

I CLOSE MY EYES

AND I SEE HIM THERE;

A STRANGER AT THE DOORSTEP.

ALEXANDRA

DARK, ENCHANTED . . .

JANE

FILLED WITH SECRETS . . .

SUKIE

FRIGHTENED TO FEEL . . .

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE

I CLOSE MY EYES AND MY HEART'S LAID BARE.

ALEXANDRA

EV'RYTHING I HOPED FOR . . .

JANE
EV'RYTHING I PICTURED . . .

SUKIE
EV'RYTHING I WANTED . . .

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE
AND IT ALL SEEMS SO REAL.

JANE
I SEE HIM THERE . . .

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE
THERE HE IS –
PURE PERFECTION,
DOWN TO THE CORE.
A SIGHT TO SEE.
VERY HANDSOME, YES, BUT SO MUCH MORE.
SOMEONE TO TOUCH.
SOMEONE TO TALK TO.

SUKIE
A TOW'R OF STRENGTH . . .

JANE
A MAN OF MEANS . . .

ALEXANDRA
WHO LIKES TO READ . . .

SUKIE
WITH CALLUSED HANDS . . .

JANE
WHO WEARS A SUIT . . .

ALEXANDRA
WHO LIKES TO PAINT . . .

SUKIE
WHO WORKS THE LAND . . .

JANE
WHO RUNS AN OFFICE . . .

ALEXANDRA
A GENTLE SOUL . . .

SUKIE
A MAN OF WAR . . .

JANE
SMOOTH AND FAIR . . .

ALEXANDRA / SUKIE
A MASS OF HAIR . . .

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE
THAT'S ALL I'M ASKING FOR –

MAKE HIM MINE,
MINE TO HOLD. MAKE HIM
BRILLIANT AS A DIAMOND
AND BEAUTIFUL AS GOLD.
BRIGHT AND BOLD.
LET ALL OUR MANY WISHES
CONJOIN AND COMBINE.
ALL MANNER OF MAN IN ONE MAN –
MAKE HIM MINE.

ALEXANDRA
I THINK THE WORDS.

JANE
I SPEAK THE THOUGHT.

SUKIE
THE MOON SHINES BRIGHT.

ALEXANDRA
THE NIGHT GROWS HOT.

JANE / SUKIE
LET THE HEAVENS

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE
GIVE US ALL THEY'VE GOT.
ALL MANNER OF MAN IN ONE MAN –
MAKE HIM MINE.
ALL MINE.

(They clink their glasses together once again. This time, a BOLT OF LIGHTNING strikes.)

THUNDER reverberates throughout the theatre.)

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE
MAKE HIM MINE!

(Blackout.)

SCENE THREE: FELICIA'S GREAT ROOM

The LITTLE GIRL enters, carrying a Perley Real Estate "SOLD" sign.

Music No. 4: EASTWICK KNOWS (REPRISE)

LITTLE GIRL
POOR CHICKEN LITTLE
FELT AN ACORN
DROPPING ON HIS HEAD.
POOR CHICKEN LITTLE
TOOK TO THE STREETS
AND CRIED AND SCREAMED AND SAID:

(FELICIA enters from the other side and watches the child curiously.)

LITTLE GIRL *(cont'd)*
"RUN FOR THE HILLS,
THE SKY IS FALLING!
SOUND THE ALARM!
SOMEONE WARN THE TOWN!
FAST AS YOU CAN
RUN LOW, RUN HIGH!

THE SKY IS FALLING DOWN!"

(She exits, FELICIA watching her as she goes.)

Lights up on the Gabriel living room. CLYDE, dressed in a CARDIGAN SWEATER, stands at the wet bar.)

CLYDE I'm going to need a scotch. Care to join me?

FELICIA Honestly, Clyde. Is that your idea of dressing up?

CLYDE It's just a concert, Felicia.

FELICIA It's a fundraiser, Clyde. For the Preservation Society.

CLYDE Oh, the Preservation Society. God forbid someone else put in a claim on that ridiculous house.

FELICIA Do you want it developed into condos, Clyde? Do you want a summer person moving in there? The wrong sort? It wasn't that many generations ago that house was in my family. I will have it. It's my birthright. The birthright of all of Eastwick, thank you very much; including your own daughter. Where is Jennifer, anyway? You didn't let her go out with that Michael Spofford boy again, did you?

CLYDE So now you don't trust me.

FELICIA Well, you're never here, are you, Clyde? You're always tucked away at the newspaper office with that stuttering dimwit Sukie What's-Her-Name.

CLYDE *(Smiling.)* Rougemont. Sukie Rougemont.

(Musical vamp.)

FELICIA I suppose she'll be at the concert tonight.

CLYDE Things happen.

(Musical vamp.)

FELICIA Oh, really . . .

FELICIA

DO YOU THINK I DON'T SEE
THE WAY YOU LOOK AT SUKIE ROUGEMONT?
THE WAY YOU DROOL AND GAPE?
IT DOESN'T ESCAPE ME. OH YOU WANT HER, IT'S TRUE
BUT YOU CAN'T SEE IT THROUGH
'CAUSE YOU DON'T HAVE THE . . .

CLYDE *(Picking up the bottle by the neck.)* Felicia, I swear to God!

FELICIA You have something to say, Clyde? Spit it out; I'm all ears.

(Beat. CLYDE puts down the bottle.)

CLYDE I'll go change into a suit, darling. *(He gives her a peck on the lips and exits.)*

FELICIA

(As he exits.) YOU'RE NOT FOOLING ANYONE, CLYDE!

(The phone rings and she answers it cheerfully.)

FELICIA Gabriel residence.

(BRENDA appears, phone in hand.)

BRENDA Felicia, it's Brenda. Big news. I just got off the phone with Marge Perley over at Perley Real Estate.

FELICIA Don't tell me she sobered up long enough to actually sell a house.

BRENDA Not just any house, Felicia.

FELICIA No!

BRENDA It hurts to be the one to have to tell you.

FELICIA The Lenox House? But how?

BRENDA She says the new owner paid cash. Moved in this very morning, from New York.

FELICIA Heaven help us.

BRENDA Word is he's already planning all sorts of "improvements" to the property; filling in the wetlands out back.

FELICIA No.

BRENDA Tearing down the elm trees.

FELICIA *My* elm trees? No. I will not stand for this.

BRENDA Nor should you, dear. Take your case to the Zoning Commission. Take it straight to the people of Eastwick.

FELICIA The people of Eastwick? (*Music out.*) I am Eastwick.

 (*FELICIA strides off.*)

SCENE FOUR: THE CHURCH BASEMENT

Music in. The Church Basement. One by one, TOWNSPEOPLE enter, gossiping. The mood is tense but delicious.

TOWNSPEOPLE GROUP ONE
RUN FOR THE HILLS . . .

TOWNSPEOPLE GROUP TWO
CAN YOU IMAGINE?
POOR FELICIA
THOUGHT SHE HAD IT ALL SEWN UP.

GROUP ONE
THE SKY IS FALLING.

GROUP TWO
NOW IT'S ALL GONE OFF THE RAILS.

GROUP THREE
CAN'T WAIT TO HEAR ALL THE DETAILS.

GROUP FOUR
DEAR GOD,

SHE MUST BE SPITTING NAILS.

GROUP ONE

THE NERVE OF THIS MAN;
TO POACH FELICIA'S CLAIM.

GROUPS TWO & THREE

I HEAR HE'S AT THE CONCERT,
BUT HAS ANYBODY SEEN HIM?

GINA / GRETA

WELL, IT'S JUST TOO GOOD TO MISS

JOE / RAYMOND

TEN BUCKS SAYS THE FUR FLIES

+ MEN

WHEN SHE'S FACE TO FACE

+ WOMEN

WITH WHATSISNAME.

(FELICIA enters, loaded for bear. Everyone cowers in her presence.)

FELICIA

WHAT IS HIS NAME?

GROUP TWO

YES, WHAT'S HIS NAME?

FELICIA

WELL, GO ASK MARGE.

GROUP THREE

SOMEONE FIND MARGE.

FELICIA

I WANT HIS NAME.

GROUP FOUR

SHE WANTS HIS NAME.

ALL

(*As MARGE is brought forward.*) WHAT IS HIS NAME?
WHAT IS HIS NAME?!

MARGE Well . . .

(*LIGHTNING. The LIGHTS DIM. Everyone looks around, confused.*)

DARRYL (O.S.) Darryl Van Horne.

(*THUNDER! The lights SNAP BACK ON. And there's DARRYL, all smiles.*)

DARRYL Speak of the Devil and up he pops.

(*Instantly, everyone swarms round him.*)

TOWNSPEOPLE (*Variously, simultaneously.*) Mr. Van Horne! Are you getting settled in all right . . . ? Clyde Gabriel, editor of the Eastwick Word; we'd love an interview for next week's edition . . . If you need any help getting settled in . . . Plumbing, carpentry, anything you need, Mr. Van Horne . . . Please say you'll come to our Bridge Club on Tuesday . . . *etc.* . . .

FELICIA *silences everyone with a BLOW OF HER WHISTLE. Everybody takes a giant step backward, away from DARRYL. Icy silence.*)

FELICIA Felicia Gabriel, Mr. Van Horne. Chairperson, Eastwick Preservation Society.

DARRYL Ah, the lady in charge. My, my. If I told you you had a beautiful body . . . (*Beat.*) . . . I'd have to be pretty drunk, huh?! (*Bursting into laughter.*) Just kidding, just kidding. Quite the shindig you're throwin' here, Mrs. Gabriel. What exactly are we raising funds for?

FELICIA I think you know.

DARRYL Ooh. You're feisty; I like that. I extend my hand to you madam, and beg you welcome me to your lovely little town.

(He takes her hand and there is a SHOCK OF MUSIC.)

FELICIA Your skin; it's so cold.

DARRYL It's my body temperature. Runs a tad cooler than most. Would it interest you to know I even pee cold?

FELICIA Dear God.

GRETA Greta Neff, Mr. Van Horne. I teach English down at the high school. *(Pointing to a medallion hanging around DARRYL's neck.)* That is such a remarkable medallion.

DARRYL You like that? It's Egyptian.

GRETA Where did you get it?

DARRYL Egypt.

RAYMOND So what brings you to our little concert tonight?

DARRYL Well, to be frank, there was nothing on TV. I thought it might do me some good to get out, see what Eastwick has to offer in the way of nightlife.

ED Oh, I'm afraid there isn't much of that around here. If that's what you moved all the way from New York to find, you're bound to be sorely disappointed.

DARRYL Au contraire, padre. Look around you: The music. The culture. The couture. The Marshmallow Squares. What more could a man ask? Aside, that is, from a perfectly mixed martini.

(A SCENT hints DARRYL's nostrils. Finally! He turns to ALEXANDRA, JANE and SUKIE, smiling.)

DARRYL *(cont'd)* And you three ladies like martinis, don't ya?

Music No. 5: DARRYL VAN HORNE

JANE Did he just . . . ?

SUKIE No.

ALEXANDRA What the hell was that?

DARRYL
(*To all.*) YOU GOT A REAL FINE TOWN ON YOUR HANDS HERE.
YOU GOT A SKY TO BLUE TO DESCRIBE.
YOU GOT THAT WHOLE NEW ENGLAND-Y THING GOING ON,
AND THAT WEIRD PRESBYTERIAN VIBE.
YOUR ONLY ONE PIECE SHORT OF THE PUZZLE.
YOU NEED FUN IN YOUR LIVES, I MUST SAY.
GOT YOUR BACKS TO THE WALL
AND YOUR SHORTS IN A BALL.
WELL FOLKS, ALL OF THAT CHANGES TODAY.

GET READY 'CAUSE
DARRYL VAN HORNE
CAN GET THOSE GIRDLES TO LOOSEN.
I'M TELLING YA
DARRYL VAN HORNE
CAN PUT SOME LIFE IN THIS CREW.
WHEREVER THERE'S
A TOWN IN NEED OF SOME GOOSIN'
DARRYL'S GONNA SEE THE DEED THROUGH.
AND FURTHERMORE

+TOWNSPEOPLE
DARRYL VAN HORNE . . .

DARRYL
HAS GOT HIS SIGHTS SET ON YOU.

BRENDA What exactly does that mean, Mr. Van Horne . . . ?

DARRYL
WHOO-WHOO-WHOO . . .

BRENDA You've got your sights set on . . . (*Magically goosed.*) . . . whooooo!?

DARRYL There's your first clue.

(*In ALEXANDRA's direction.*) I'M GONNA ADD SOME ZING TO THE PALETTE.

(*In SUKIE's direction.*) AND TEACH YOU WORDS YOU WISHED THAT YOU KNEW.

(*In JANE's direction.*) I'M GONNA WRING A DITTY OR TWO FROM THE PIPER;

(*Directly to FELICIA.*) THE PAYMENT, I LEAVE UP TO YOU.

(*To everyone.*) YOU'RE IN THE GODDAMNED HANDS OF THE MASTER.
YOU'LL ALL BE ART BEFORE THIS IS DONE.
YOU'RE ALL READY TO BLOW
WITH YOUR JAWS HANGING LOW
AND THE SHOW HASN'T EVEN BEGUN.

NOW HEAVEN KNOWS

+ TOWNSPEOPLE
DARRYL VAN HORNE . . .

DARRYL
CAN BE A LITTLE BEWILD'RIN'.

FELICIA
TO SAY THE LEAST . . .

ED
YES, IT'S ALL TOO ABSURD.

DARRYL
ADMITTEDLY

+ TOWNSPEOPLE
DARRYL VAN HORNE . . .

DARRYL
CAN PUT ON QUITE THE DISPLAY.

FELICIA
THE MAN'S A BEAST.

GINA
YES, PRECISELY THE WORD.

DARRYL
SO WHATCHA SAY;
COME OUT AND PLAY WITH ME CHILDREN.
LIFE IS MORE THAN RULES TO OBEY.
CONSIDER IT;

+ TOWNSPEOPLE
DARRYL VAN HORNE

DARRYL
IS ONLY ONE WISH AWAY.

(DARRYL moves about the TOWNSPEOPLE. He touches cheeks, tousles hair, fills drinks. Each Townsperson slowly falls under his "spell.")

DARRYL
YOU CAN TRY TO RESIST

TOWNSPEOPLE
AAH-AAH

DARRYL
BUT IN TIME YOU'LL BE FEELING IT TOO.

TOWNSPEOPLE
AAH-AAH

DARRYL
AM I CAUSE OR EFFECT?

TOWNSPEOPLE
AAH-AAH

DARRYL
WOULD YOU JUMP IF I ASKED IT OF YOU?

TOWNSPEOPLE
AAH-AAH

DARRYL
IS IT FATE OR FREE WILL?

TOWNSPEOPLE
AAH-AAH

DARRYL
WHO DETERMINES THE THINGS THAT YOU DO?

TOWNSPEOPLE
AAH-AAH

DARRYL
THERE'S THE DOOR.
TAKE YOUR CUE
DIVE ON IN
STEP ON THROUGH

+ TOWNSPEOPLE
STEP ON IN . . .
STEP ON UP . . .
STEP ON THROUGH . . .
OOH-OOH AAAAAAAAAAH!!!

(With a giant step forward, they all launch into a FRANTIC DANCE, seemingly against their control. As it proceeds, though, they begin to enjoy themselves. FELICIA watches aghast.)

FELICIA Mr. Van Horne . . . ?

(Pulling DARRYL aside, out of earshot.)

FELICIA
IT'S SAID YOU'RE MAKING PLANS
TO CLEAR THE ELMS AWAY,
WHERE THE SNOWY EGRETS LIVE;
THE GLORY OF OUR BAY.
IT'S NOT THAT WE WOULD WANT
TO MAKE YOUR LIFE A LIVING HELL,
BUT THAT WE WOULD, SIR,
YES, THAT WE WILL AND WELL,
PERHAPS THE BEST THING YOU COULD DO
WOULD BE TO SELL.

ARE WE AGREED?
NEED I GO ON
RIP UP THE DEED,
MISTER VAN HORNE –
THINK ABOUT THE EGRETS.
WHAT ABOUT THE EGRETS?

DARRYL Honey, T-U-F-F. Tuff.

FELICIA Tough?

DARRYL Titty.

FELICIA But the natural order, Mr. Van Horne . . .

DARRYL *My property, my prerogative. I'm here to stay. And just in case you hadn't noticed, Mrs. Gabriel; I happen to be a big fan of shaking up the "natural order." (To the crowd.) Hit it!*

TOWNSPEOPLE
JUST LEAVE IT TO
DARRYL VAN HORNE
TO MAKE THIS PARTY A PARTY.

DARRYL
AREN'T YOU ALL GLAD HE
SUPPLIED YOUR DEMAND?

TOWNSPEOPLE
I'M TELLING YA
DARRYL VAN HORNE
CAN MAKE THE FUN START TO BREW.

DARRYL
HAVE FAITH IN DADDY;
SALVATION'S AT HAND.

TOWNSPEOPLE
LET'S ALL OF US
CUT LOOSE AND POUR THE BACARDI,
GIVE THOSE INNER DEMONS THEIR DUE.

WE'RE SADDLED WITH
DARRYL VAN HORNE . . .

DARRYL
HOW GODDAMN LUCKY FOR YOU.

TOWNSPEOPLE
D-TO-THE-A
TO-THE-DOUBLE-R-Y-L.

DARRYL
YEAH, SAY IT AGAIN.

TOWNSPEOPLE
D-TO-THE-A
TO-THE-DOUBLE-R-Y-L.

DARRYL
MMMM, NOW ADD MY LAST NAME.

TOWNSPEOPLE
D-TO-THE-A
TO-THE-DOUBLE-R-Y-L
VAN H-O-R-N-E

DARRYL
THE MAN WITH THE SPELL . . .

TOWNSPEOPLE
D-TO-THE-A
TO-THE-DOUBLE-R-Y-L
VAN H-O-R-N-E

DARRYL
FOR RAISING UP HELL . . .

TOWNSPEOPLE
D-TO-THE-A
TO-THE-DOUBLE-R-Y-L
VAN H-O-R-N . . .

+ DARRYL
 SO WHY SHOULD IT BE
 DARRYL VAN HORNE
 IS SIMPLY HEAVEN TO ME?

DARRYL
 FLY LITTLE CHILDREN, FLY –

+ TOWNSPEOPLE
 FREE!

(As the last note is held out, the white picket fences raise magically up of the stage floor, turn upside down and hang in the air like fangs. Final tableau.)

Music No. 5a: DARRYL VAN HORNE – PLAYOFF

(Playoff. As everyone exits, DARRYL glares directly at FELICIA.)

DARRYL That went well.

FELICIA Eastwick is a small town, Mr. Van Horne. You don't want to make an enemy of me.

(She starts to leave. DARRYL grabs her arm and pulls her back, forcibly.)

DARRYL *(Hissing in her ear.)* No, Mrs. Gabriel. You don't want to make an enemy of me.

(He snaps his jaws at her, then releases her. She exits fearfully.)

SCENE FIVE: JANE'S LIVING ROOM

The scene "wipes." The music changes. Three houses appear. DARRYL peruses them, strolling along the street. The LITTLE GIRL skips by, la la-ing along with the music.

LITTLE GIRL
 LA LA LA etc.

(She carries a violin case. DARRYL joins in, whistling. He takes the violin case from her.)

A sound catches DARRYL's ear. A scent hits his nose.

From within the first house, JANE appears, practicing her cello.)

JANE
G . . .
F SHARP . . .
F . . .
E . . .
G . . .
F SHARP . . .
F . . .
E . . .

(This pattern turns into a difficult passage, which JANE messes up.)

JANE Damnit.

DARRYL *(Entering.)* Knock, knock.

JANE *(Startled)* Jesus Christ!

DARRYL No, no; Darryl. *(Offering his hand.)* Van Horne.

JANE Jane Smart.

DARRYL Of course you are. My God! Look at you –

Music No. 6: WAITING FOR THE MUSIC TO BEGIN

DARRYL
EAR TO THE STRINGS,
HAND ON THE PEGS,
WHOLLY IN TUNE
WITH THAT THING BETWEEN YOUR LEGS.

JANE *(Embarrassed.)* Mr. Van Horne!

DARRYL Darryl. I insist.

- JANE Darryl, fine, but I have to tell you this is most inappropriate; barging into my house like this, with your . . . dear Lord; what is that? Did you bring a violin with you?
- DARRYL Just the everyday one. I have an honest-to-God Stradivarius at home.
- JANE Heavens.
- DARRYL You should come over sometime. We'll make a little music, play a little tennis.
- JANE Wait; what is this all about? How did you know where I lived?
- DARRYL I tried to talk to you after the recital the other evening. But then that crazy egret lady . . .
- JANE Oh, you mean Felicia Gabriel?
- DARRYL That's the one. Is she always like that?
- JANE Five days a month, she's worse.
- DARRYL This too shall pass. But let's not ruin a perfectly lovely evening talking about small minds. Let's take a look at you. Ah, l'artiste.
- (He extends his hands. JANE extends her right hand, tentatively. He shakes his head.)*
- DARRYL No, no. The other.
- (She gives him her left hand.)*
- DARRYL Yes. Yes. This is where the magic lies. You feel these?
- JANE What?
- DARRYL Lovely little calluses. Earned in service to a flawless intonation.
- JANE Oh, Darryl.
- DARRYL Don't think me a madman. I know music, I truly do. It's one of the few things that keeps me humble.

- JANE You like my intonation? Raymond Neff always said my intonation was “prissy.”
- DARRYL Precision isn't prissy. Precision is where passion begins. Without precision, well . . . beaucoup de rien, oui?
- JANE Oui?
- DARRYL (*Grabbing her other hand.*) No. I'm afraid it's this hand that's the flyin the ointment.
- JANE How so?
- DARRYL Your bowing.
- JANE What about it?
- DARRYL It sucks. Your spiccato sounds like marcato, your legato like détaché. You're not playing notes; you're playing lines, for Christ's sake. Cries from the heart, screams from the soul. It's like making love, Janey. You gotta give in! You gotta let go!!
- JANE I thought I was.
- DARRYL It's like that music you were just trying to play.
- JANE Huh? That? Oh, I'd hardly call that music. Sentimental, indulgent slop is more like it.
- DARRYL You're only saying that because you can't do it justice. Yet.
- JANE I'm really not in the mood for that piece.
- DARRYL Darling, you're always in the mood for that piece. (*Forcing her legs apart.*) You just don't know it yet. You know the notes. (*Handing her her bow.*) Now, go beyond them.
- (*JANE starts playing the cello then stops.*)
- JANE I'm sorry; I can't.
- DARRYL Passion, Janey – passion.

JANE

WHEN I WAS TWELVE
FRIDAY WOULD COME,
I'D GO TO MISS PIT'TRO'S,
ROSIN UP MY BOW.
STIFF AS A RAIL.
WARM AS AN ICEBERG.
UTTER PRECISION;
THAT WAS STATUS QUO.
ANYTIME I DALLIED WITH PASSION
I WAS TOLD TO STOP IT,
REIN IT IN.
AND I'D PLAY ALONG AS
WAS THE FASHION,
WAITING FOR THE MUSIC
TO BEGIN.

I'D PLAY . . .

I'D PLAY . . .

I'D PLAY . . .

LA LA LA LA LA,

LA LA LA LA LA . . .

*(DARRYL pulls out a BLOOD RED HANDKERCHIEF and places it
over his shoulder. He takes out his violin, tunes it, rosins the bow, etc.
. . .)*

JANE

SO I GREW UP,
POLISHED AND PRACTICED.
OVER THE YEARS, I
LEARNED TO PLAY MY PART.
NEVER TOO RUSHED.
NEVER WITH FEELING.
ALL THIS APPLIED IN
LIFE AS WELL AS ART.
JANEY AT THE STRINGS LIKE A SPIDER.
CONSTANTLY IN MOTION;
COLD AND THIN.

TERRIFIED TO KNOW WHAT
LAY INSIDE HER.
WAITING FOR THE MUSIC . . .
WAITING FOR THE MUSIC . . .

(JANE and DARRYL begin a passionate duet.)

JANE
G . . .
F SHARP . . .
F . . .
E . . .
G . . .
F SHARP . . .
F . . .
E . . .

(The cello CONTINUES TO PLAY, even as JANE steps away from the instrument, in amazement. She considers DARRYL.)

JANE (cont'd)
OH, FOR THE DAYS WHEN IT ALL SEEMED SO CLEAR.
STICKING TO THE BEAT,
STAYING TO THE TONE.
DAY AFTER WEEK AFTER MONTH AFTER YEAR.
PERFECTLY IN TIME,
PERFECTLY ALONE.
BUT WHAT SORT OF MAN
COULD LAY CLAIM TO MY SOUL?
HALF RAVEL,
HALF ROSSINI,
PART SHOSTAKOVICH AND PART PAGANINI?
WHO KNOWS?
WHO KNOWS?
FOR WHAT SORT OF MAN
WOULD I LOSE ALL CONTROL?
MAHLER-ESQUE,
SLIGHTLY GREIG-Y.
PEPPERED WITH BRAHMS, PLUS A PINCH OF RESPIGHI.
HERE GOES . . .

HERE GOES . . .
THE NOTES CARRY ON
IN THEIR ENDLESS CAMPAIGN.
THE CHORDS HAVE TURNED DARKER
WHERE ONCE THEY WERE PLAIN.
THE AIR'S GROWING WARMER
WITH EV'RY REFRAIN.
THE ROOM'S GETTING HOTTER,
THE SOUND IS INSANE!

IS THE BOWING
FIN'LLY BENDING
IN THE HEAT OF
THIS UNENDING

DARRYL
G . . .

JANE
G . . .

DARRYL
F SHARP . . .

JANE
F SHARP . . .

DARRYL
F . . .

JANE
F . . .

DARRYL
E . . .

JANE
E . . .

DARRYL
G . . .

JANE
YES . . . !

DARRYL
F SHARP . . .

JANE
YES . . . !

DARRYL
F . . .

JANE
YES . . . !

DARRYL
E . . .

JANE
OH . . . !

WAITING AND WAITING
AND WAITING AND WAITING . . .
AND WAITING
FOR THE MUSIC
TO BEGIN –

(The music EXPLODES. And in a fashion. so does JANE.)

DARRYL Cigarette?

(Light change. DARRYL leads JANE to the bedroom.)

Music No. 6a: WAITING – PLAYOFF

SCENE SIX: SUKIE'S PORCH AND PARLOR

He reappears on the street.

The LITTLE GIRL skips on again, her nose in a book. DARRYL regards her again with a sly smile.

He snatches the book from her. The GIRL exits. DARRYL catches sight of someone approaching. He smells something in the air. He ducks out of sight.

SUKIE comes down the street and to her front door, juggling a stack of books, reading through the top one.

SUKIE

“RHODE ISLAND . . .”

“PAGE SEVEN . . .”

“ADDENDUM . . .”

IDEA!

A POEM.

I HAVE TO . . .

I NEED TO . . .

I WANT TO . . .

. . . Wait! Where did I leave my journal?

FELICIA (O.S.) Come along, Jennifer. Clyde.

SUKIE Oh dear God, no . . .

(SUKIE braces herself. FELICIA, CLYDE and JENNIFER all enter.)

SUKIE . . . hi! Jennifer. Felicia, hi. (*Indicating the books.*) I was just doing a little research for next week's edition. About the Lenox House.

FELICIA You have a nice day, Sukie.

(FELICIA and JENNIFER exit. CLYDE moves to speak to SUKIE.)

SUKIE Clyde; not now, not here.

CLYDE But I haven't seen you outside work in weeks now.

SUKIE I know.

(*They kiss again, passionately.*)

FELICIA (O.S.) Clyde!

SUKIE Another time. Go!

(He exits. SUKIE walks into her house only to see DARRYL sitting there, going through her books.)

DARRYL My God! Look at you –

DARRYL
NOSE IN A BOOK.
BROW IN A CREASE.
WHAT'RE WE GETTING TONIGHT;
A LITTLE WAR,
A LITTLE PIECE?

DARRYL Get it? Homonym.

(Chord.)

SUKIE Homonym?

(Chord.)

SUKIE Oh. Oh! What are you doing here? You just about scared me to death.

DARRYL I do have that effect on people sometimes. *(Offering his hand.)*
Darryl Van Horne.

SUKIE I know. Sukie Rougemont.

DARRYL Rougemont, you say?

SUKIE My ex-husband's name.

DARRYL What was he, a French Canuck?

SUKIE He said his family was Swiss. He certainly acted Swiss. It's all ancient history.

DARRYL Enter your henpecked friend out there on the street.

- SUKIE Who? Clyde? Oh, that sweet, sweet man. (*Wistfully, looking out the window.*) Let's just say that after the divorce, Clyde was the one person who didn't judge me for it. And I'll always be grateful to him for that.
- DARRYL So I gather. And what's with all the books? Starting your own library?
- SUKIE Oh, no. Just reading up. On your house, actually.
- DARRYL All these books about my humble little abod-ee? My, my. (*Grabbing a notebook.*) Even this one?
- SUKIE My journal! Oh, no! No, that's my . . . it's, well . . . it's personal. Please. It's scribblings, really. Don't laugh. It's . . . (*Beat, catches breath.*) It's poetry.
- DARRYL Ah. So Miss Swiss is a budding poetess. (*Politely handing it back to a relieved SUKIE.*) Just promise me a signed first edition.
- SUKIE Hmmm? Oh . . . no, no, it's not like . . . I mean, I'm not a real writer or anything . . . well, I mean I'm a real writer . . . for the paper. But these, these are . . . well, they're . . . they're . . .
- (*She gives up and punctuates her sentence with a dramatic sigh.*)
- DARRYL Do you write like you talk, or do you use complete sentences?
- SUKIE No, my writing's fine. But talking, well, you know; the cat's always getting my tongue.
- DARRYL Lucky cat.
- SUKIE It's always been that way, I'm afraid. Even back in school. Way, way back in school.
- DARRYL Why don't you tell me all about it, Sukie darling?
- SUKIE Really?
- DARRYL Really.

Music No. 7: WORDS, WORDS, WORDS

SUKIE Well . . . Just picture it:

SUKIE
SITTING IN THE CORNER AND . . .
WELL . . . JUST . . . YOU KNOW . . .
SUKIE TRIES TO TALK A LITTLE AND . . .
WELL . . . JUST . . . YOU KNOW . . .
SUKIE RISES UP TO SPEAK AND SHE . . .
ALMOST . . . OH, POOH . . .
SUKIE SITS BACK DOWN POLITELY AND . . .
HERE'S HOPING THAT . . . YOU KNOW
CAUSE I DON'T HAVE A CLUE.

OH, WORDS, WORDS, WORDS . . .
I CAN NEVER FIND THE WORDS, WORDS, WORDS . . .
I CAN NEVER FIND THE WORDS.

ALL THESE WORDS
INSIDE ME NOW
BUT NOT MUCH INNER PEACE.
ALL THESE WORDS
INSIDE ME NOW
JUST ACHING FOR RELEASE.

DARRYL
AND IF I SAID
THAT I WOULD LISTEN,
MIGHT THAT EASE THE DOUBT?
YES, IF I SAID,
"I'M HERE TO LISTEN,"
WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO TALK ABOUT?
WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO TALK ABOUT . . . ?

SUKIE Well . . . You don't want to hear this.

DARRYL Confidence, Sukie – confidence.

SUKIE

I'D LIKE TO TALK ABOUT THE NIGHT.
I'D LIKE TO TALK ABOUT THE DAY.
I'D LIKE TO TALK ABOUT THE WEATHER,
BUT I GUESS THAT'S JUST CLICHÉ.
I'D LIKE TO TALK A LITTLE LATIN.
MAYBE TALK A LITTLE GREEK.
I'D LIKE TO TALK ABOUT THE ARTS.
I RENTED "HAMLET" JUST LAST WEEK.
I'D LIKE TO TALK ABOUT MY POEMS,
WHY I SHY AWAY FROM RHYMES.
I'D LIKE TO TALK ABOUT THAT LETTER
I HAD PUBLISHED IN THE TIMES.
I'D LIKE TO TALK ABOUT EURIPIDES
AND SCHOPENHAUER AND BACH.
AND IF THERE'S ANY DOUBT REMAINING,
I'D BE HAPPY JUST TO TALK . . .

BUT WORDS, WORDS, WORDS,
I CAN NEVER FIND THE WORDS, WORDS, WORDS,
WORDS, WORDS, WORDS, WORDS –

I'D LIKE TO TALK ABOUT THE DEEPEST
SORT OF SECRETS THAT I HOLD.
I'D LIKE TO TALK ABOUT THE UNDERLYING TRUTH,
IF TRUTH BE TOLD.
TALK ABOUT THE TOUCHING
THAT CAN BRING THE TENSION OUT.
I'D LIKE TO TALK ABOUT THE THINGS
I GUESS I SHOULDN'T TALK ABOUT.
I'D LIKE TO TALK ABOUT MY FEELINGS
WHEN THE LIGHTS ARE TURNED DOWN LOW.
I'D LIKE TO TALK ABOUT MY NEEDS
ABOVE THE COVERS AND BELOW.

I'D LIKE TO TALK ABOUT MY FANTASIES
BY LIGHT OF EV'NING STAR.
I'D LIKE TO TALK ABOUT A MILLION THINGS . . .

DARRYL

. . . AND SUKIE, DEAR, YOU ARE.

SUKIE

BUT, WORDS, WORDS, WORDS,
WORDS, WORDS, WORDS, WORDS . . . !

I'D LIKE TO TALK ABOUT THE WORLD
I NEVER GET TO SEE FROM HOME.
I'D LIKE TO TALK ABOUT CARACAS
AND THE PLEIADES AND ROME.
I'D LIKE TO TALK ABOUT THE RISE.
I'D LIKE TO TALK ABOUT THE FALL.
OR MAYBE TALK ABOUT THE DOINGS
AT YOUR BASIC BACCHANAL.
OH, NOT THAT I APPROVE,
BUT WHEN IT'S ALL BEEN SAID AND DONE
I MEAN, YOU GOTTA GIVE 'EM THIS;
THE ROMANS SURE COULD HAVE SOME FUN.
AND THEN, OF COURSE, YOU'VE GOT THE FRENCH.
THE PAKISTANI AND THE DUTCH,
AND TELL ME, DARRYL, IS IT ME,
OR AM I TALKING WAY TOO MUCH?

DARRYL

You're doing great, sweetheart . . .

(DARRYL *pulls out the HANDKERCHIEF again and mops SUKIE's brow.*)

SUKIE

I'D LIKE TO TALK ABOUT THE HEROES
THAT CAN ALWAYS GIVE ME HOPE.
I'D LIKE TO TALK ABOUT DE BERGERAC,
AND BATMAN AND THE POPE.
TALK ABOUT THE FUTURE,
MAYBE TALK ABOUT THE PAST
OR MAYBE TALK A LOT OF NOTHING,
ONLY SAY IT REALLY FAST.
TALK ABOUT SOCIETY
OR TALK ABOUT THE ROT,

OR MAYBE TALK ABOUT THE EGRETS,
 BUT I'D REALLY RATHER NOT.
 TALK ABOUT THE MEADOWS
 OR THE FLOWERS OR THE BIRDS.
 I MEAN I'D TALK ABOUT IT ALL
 IF I COULD ONLY FIND THE WORDS . . .

I'D LIKE TO TALK A BIT OF THIS,
 OR MAYBE TALK A BIT OF THAT,
 OR MAYBE TALK A BIT OF FOLDEROL
 AND CHEW A LITTLE FAT.
 TALK ABOUT THE A'S.
 OR MAYBE TALK ABOUT THE Z'S.
 AND TRY TO MAKE IT THROUGH THE ALPHABET
 AS PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE.
 TALK ABOUT A BOOK.
 OR MAYBE TALK ABOUT A PLAY.
 OR MAYBE TALK ABOUT MILLION THINGS
 I'LL NEVER GET TO SAY.
 I'D TALK ABOUT MYSELF
 BUT WHO WOULD GIVE A DAMN?
 I'D LIKE TO TALK ABOUT A LOT OF THINGS
 AND LOOK AT ME – I AM!
 I AM – !
 I AM – !
 I AM – !
 I . . . AM!!!

(Light change. DARRYL and SUKIE run into the back bedroom.)

Music No. 7a: WORDS, WORDS, WORDS – PLAYOFF

SCENE SEVEN: ALEXANDRA'S STUDIO

He reappears on the street.

The LITTLE GIRL enters in an art smock carrying one of ALEX's bubbie statues. They confront each other. She hands it over to DARRYL and exits.

Again, a sound. Again, a scent.

Lights up on ALEXANDRA's art studio; a squalid room with clay in blocks and a POTTER'S WHEEL. ALEXANDRA's bubbie figures litter the room.

Dressed in far too many layers, she sculpts one of her figurines, using her own body for a model. Setting down her work, she closes her eyes and massages her body momentarily, pushing her shirt up in the process. DARRYL enters, unseen by her.

ALEXANDRA
SMOOTHER,
AND FULLER,
AND SOFTER,
AND ROUNDER . . .
AND ROUNDER . . .
AND ROUNDER . . .
AND . . .

ALEXANDRA *(Stopping, looking at her own body.)* . . . Ech. Disgusting.

DARRYL Perfectly glorious.

ALEXANDRA What? Oh my God!

DARRYL Perfectly natural.

ALEXANDRA *(Covering herself up.)* "Perfectly natural?" Please. That's what my father used to say when the dog would lick himself in front of company.

DARRYL Lady, if I could do that, I'd never leave the house. *(Offering his hand.)* Darryl Van Horne.

ALEXANDRA Alexandra . . .

DARRYL . . . Spofford. I know. Believe me, I know. This has been a long time coming.

ALEXANDRA What has?

DARRYL You and me. I'd seen these little bubbie figurines of yours in the local shoppes. "Shoppes?" "Shops?" Screw it. Who cares? Point is, one look and I knew; the artist was in need of rescue.

ALEXANDRA Rescue? Rescue from what?

DARRYL Herself. Yourself.

ALEXANDRA Whoa; time out.

DARRYL You have to stop treating yourself like crap, Alex.

ALEXANDRA How do they all find me?

DARRYL You want proof? I'm here ten seconds, what's the first thing I hear out of your mouth: "Disgusting. Look at me, I'm fat."

ALEXANDRA I would prefer "Ruebenesque", thank you very much.

DARRYL AKA, fat. What is it with you women that can never call a thing what it is? So you're a little fat. What's wrong with fat? There's nothing wrong with fat. Though clearly you think there's something wrong with fat. And that makes you feel small. That's a sad irony, isn't it? (*Holding up the bubbie.*) Fat makes Alexandra feel small. Why? Why should someone as magnificent as you be wasting your time on something as insignificant as *this*? I mean . . . My God! Look at you – (*Taking off his shirt.*)

DARRYL
ONE OF A KIND,
RIPE FOR DISPLAY,
SMELLING OF EARTH,
COVERED TOES TO TITS IN CLAY . . .

ALEXANDRA Hey! Who do you think you are?

DARRYL Just your average horny little devil. (*Rubbing his chest.*) Feel free to touch.

ALEXANDRA Who the hell are you to talk to me like this? You don't know me.

DARRYL Alexandra Spofford: I know you.

(Music in, pulsing and seductive.)

Music No. 8: YOUR WILDEST DREAMS

DARRYL The chubby teenager giving handies in the back of school bus 62,
now the zaftig housewife any man can have the price of a sideways
glance. Fully clothed, mind you. And always with the lights off.

ALEXANDRA *(Turning away.)* Go to hell.

DARRYL
SITTING AT YOUR WHEEL EV'RY DAY
YOUR LITTLE WORK, FAR TOO MEAGER.

ALEXANDRA You can stop there, Darryl.

DARRYL
STIFLING IN YOUR COT EV'RY NIGHT
ON TRIFLING DESIRES.

ALEXANDRA That's uncalled for, Darryl.

DARRYL
ARTISTS CAN'T BE PLIANT AS CLAY,
TOO ACQUIESCENT OR EAGER.

ALEXANDRA That's enough now, Darryl.

DARRYL
I BEG YOU DEAR, RISE UP TO THE HEIGHT
AND SIZE YOUR PROMISE REQUIRES,
MY ALEXANDRA . . .

(He tenderly tries to remove her smock. She recoils, covering herself up further.)

ALEXANDRA
JESUS CHRIST ALMIGHTY, THE NERVE.
WHAT SORT OF WORLD DO YOU LIVE IN?

DARRYL

CLEARLY NOT IN YOURS, DEAR . . .

ALEXANDRA

WHAT'S THE POINT OF PUTTING ME DOWN?

WHAT'S IN IT FOR YOU?

DARRYL

WHY SO QUICK TO BRUISE, DEAR . . . ?

ALEXANDRA

WHAT I LACK OR WHAT I DESERVE;

THIS IS THE LIFE I'VE BEEN GIVEN.

DARRYL

LET ME BE YOUR MUSE, DEAR . . .

ALEXANDRA

IT SUCKS TO BE STUCK HERE IN THIS TOWN,

BUT WHAT ON EARTH CAN I DO?

DARRYL

IT'S VERY SIMPLE . . .

DREAM YOUR WILDEST DREAMS.

EMBRACE YOUR POTENTIAL.

(He attempts to caress her face. She smacks his hand away.)

DARRYL

DREAM YOUR WILDEST DREAMS.

BE ALL YOU CAN BE.

(Ditto with the other hand.)

DARRYL

BARE IT FOR ALL GOD'S CREATION TO SEE.

RISK IT AND EXPLORE THE EXTREMES.

LIVE THE LARGER LIFE AND DREAM

THE WILDEST OF DREAMS.

ALEXANDRA

DARRYL, JUST DROP THE B.S.
YOU'RE OFF THE MARK BY A SCORE.
WHY PICK A FIGHT YOU CAN'T WIN?
YOU'RE TALKING THINGS YOU DON'T KNOW.

DARRYL

ALEX, WHY SETTLE FOR LESS
WHEN YOU WERE PUT HERE FOR MORE?
WHY PICKET FENCE YOURSELF IN
WHEN YOU DESERVE ROOM TO GROW?

ALEXANDRA (*To herself*)

HOW IS IT THIS MAN CAN SEE RIGHT
INTO MY FEARS AND FRUSTRATIONS?

DARRYL (*A voice in ALEX's mind.*)

ALL THE YEARS YOU SQUANDERED . . .

ALEXANDRA

AM I REALLY WASTING AWAY
OR CAN THERE BE MORE?

DARRYL

LIVING LIFE FOR WHO, DEAR?

ALEXANDRA

IF I DARED TO LET IN SOME LIGHT
PUT MYSELF IN MY CREATIONS

DARRYL

NOW'S THE TIME FOR YOU, DEAR.

ALEXANDRA

MOVED BEYOND A HANDFUL OF CLAY
AND LET MY INSTINCTS EXPLORE
THE LARGER CANVAS . . .

(DARRYL leads her to the potter's wheel and places her hands in the clay, sensuously. He tenderly undresses her as she begins to surrender.)

Upstage, in hazy light, SUKIE and JANE appear at work on their respective arts.)

DARRYL

SMOOTHER AND FULLER

+ ALEXANDRA

AND SOFTER AND SOUNDER

SWEETER AND ROUNDER

LITTLE MIRACLES.

ALEXANDRA

SMOOTHER

AND FULLER

AND SOFTER

AND SOUNDER

SWEETER

AND ROUNDER

JANE

G . . .

F SHARP . . .

F . . .

E . . .

G . . .

F SHARP . . .

ALEXANDRA / JANE

LITTLE MIRACLES

ALEXANDRA

WARMER

AND RICHER

AND LARGER

AND LOUDER

BRAVER

AND PROUDER

JANE

G . . .

F SHARP . . .

F . . .

E . . .

G . . .

F SHARP . . .

SUKIE

I HAVE TO . . .

I NEED TO . . .

I WANT TO . . .

IDEAS . . .

I SEE NOW . . .

A POEM . . .

ALL THREE

LITTLE MIRACLES . . .

ALEXANDRA

BOLDER

AND TALLER

AND BROADER

AND LONGER

FREER

AND STRONGER

JANE

G . . .

F SHARP . . .

F . . .

E . . .

G . . .

F SHARP . . .

SUKIE

A STANZA . . .

I SEE IT . . .

I'LL WRITE IT . . .

I'LL BE IT . . .

A COUPLET . . .

IN RHYME . . .

ALL THREE

LITTLE MIRACLES . . .

DARRYL (*As SUKIE and JANE disappear.*)

ALEXANDRA,

FIND YOUR WILDEST . . .

TRUST YOUR WILDEST . . .

BE YOUR WILDEST . . .

ALEXANDRA / DARRYL

DREAM MY/YOUR WILDEST DREAMS,

PURSUE MY/YOUR POTENTIAL.

OWN MY/YOUR OWN LARGESSE,

BE ALL I/YOU CAN BE.

ALEXANDRA

POUND UPON POUND, BE RESOUNDINGLY ME.

DARRYL

RISK IT AND EXPLORE THE EXTREMES.

(DARRYL pushes the clay aside. He helps ALEXANDRA to stand atop the pottery wheel, which becomes a pedestal. Lit like a statue, ALEX becomes a LIFE-SIZED BUBBIE STATUE.)

ALEXANDRA

SCULPT THE LARGER LIFE.

DARE THE LARGER DARE.

LOVE THE LARGER ME!

(DARRYL reaches for her last layer of clothing. She stops him.)

ALEXANDRA / DARRYL

AND LIVE THE WILDEST OF DREAMS!

(ALEXANDRA removes the last layer of clothing herself, revealing her NAKED BODY to DARRYL.

He falls to his knees; the artist admiring his art.

Blackout.)

SCENE EIGHT: DARRYL'S TENNIS COURT

Music No. 8a: TENNIS

An answering machine BEEP sounds. DARRYL's voice is heard as the scene changes.

DARRYL (O.S.) My darling; change of plans. I'm having friends over for tennis. You'll join us. Merriment will ensue. Refreshments will follow. I'm expecting it to be quite the foursome. My friends are going to love you. And you, my dear, are going to love my friends . . .

(Lights up on DARRYL's BIZARRE TENNIS COURT. JANE enters, tarted up, smoking a cigarette and dressed for tennis. SUKIE enters, also dressed for tennis. They see each other and stop cold.)

JANE You?

SUKIE You?

ALEXANDRA *(Entering and seeing them both.)* You!

JANE / SUKIE /
ALEXANDRA Oh my God . . .

SUKIE How sweet.

ALEXANDRA Sweet? Don't you get it, Sukie?

SUKIE Get what?

JANE He's been sleeping with all three of us.

SUKIE All three of us?

ALEXANDRA Yes, he . . . Wait a minute. What makes you think I slept with him?

JANE Oh, please, Lexa.

SUKIE It's not our fault.

ALEXANDRA What are you saying, Jane?

JANE Nothing.

SUKIE He had those hairy knuckles and those hairy . . .

ALEXANDRA No, really.

SUKIE . . . hairy . . .

JANE Okay, Lexa, you're a slut.

SUKIE . . . well, hairy everything! Before I knew it, he was taking me right there on the sun porch . . .

ALEXANDRA A slut?

SUKIE . . . in front of God and the paperboy . . .

ALEXANDRA Well the truth finally comes out.

JANE Oh, no, we've known about your being a slut for years.

DARRYL (*Entering in his version of a tennis outfit.*) My God! Look at you –

SUKIE / JANE /
ALEXANDRA

Shut up Darryl!

ALEXANDRA Come on, girls, we're going.

JANE Did you honestly think you could get away with this? Well, today's just not your lucky day, is it? (*Sotto voce.*) Friday's pretty open, though. Maybe late afternoon?

ALEXANDRA Jane!

JANE What?

DARRYL Ladies. It's a beautiful day. Why can't we put aside our petty differences, enjoy each other's company, and play a little tennis? I brought the balls.

ALEXANDRA Tennis would be lovely, Darryl.

SUKIE Yeah . . .

ALEXANDRA But some of us are a little too intent on hitting outside the line.

SUKIE Yeah . . .

JANE Touchy, touchy, Lexa . . .

Music No. 9: SOMETHING

DARRYL (*As a LOW RUMBLE is heard.*) Ladies?

JANE I guess we don't need to ask where you were last Thursday . . . !

ALEXANDRA Or you the Thursday before that.

JANE Out shopping for a Lady Schick, evidently . . .

(*The RUMBLE GROWS. THUNDER begins to sound.*)

DARRYL Ladies?

SUKIE And because of a man? I thought we had a pact.

JANE Well that didn't seem to stop you, did it, Sukie?

(*More RUMBLE. More THUNDER.*)

DARRYL Ladies?!

ALEXANDRA Any of us. All dressed for tennis and not a one of us even knows how to . . .

JANE / SUKIE /
ALEXANDRA . . . play the damn game!!!

(*An EXPLOSION above. The skies change color. The three women stand there stunned.*)

JANE What was that?

DARRYL Don't you know, darling? Don't you know what you can do? Don't you know who you are? (*To SUKIE.*) Air.

(He kisses SUKIE sensuously, then turns to JANE.)

DARRYL Water.

(He kisses JANE sensuously, then turns to ALEX.)

Earth.

(He kisses ALEX sensuously, then turns to them all.)

Each of you, singularly, a formidable creature. But put together?
Holy shit! Put together, ladies; you will never know fear again. Let
me show you.

SUKIE Who are you?

DARRYL You already know the answer.

ALEXANDRA
(Remembering.) MAKE HIM MINE . . .

DARRYL Admirer. Lover. Father.

JANE
(Getting it, too.) MAKE HIM MINE . . .

DARRYL Teacher. Master. Slave.

SUKIE
(Not quite there yet.) MAKE HIM HANDSOME AS THE DEVIL

+ JANE / ALEX
(Helping her to see the light.) YET PERFECTLY DIVINE.

DARRYL Anything your hearts desire.

DARRYL
THE ULTIMATE COMPANION,
THE IDEAL DESIGN;
ALL MANNER OF MAN IN ONE MAN . . .

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE
MAKE HIM . . .

ALEXANDRA Ours.

JANE What?!

DARRYL There you go.

SUKIE All three of us?

ALEXANDRA All four of us. (*Beat, eyes locked on DARRYL.*) Who wants a martini?

DARRYL Second door on the left. By the Jacuzzi.

ALEXANDRA (*To JANE and SUKIE.*) What the hell?

(ALEXANDRA *ushers a giggly* SUKIE *into the house*. JANE *lags behind*.
She eyes DARRYL.)

JANE (*Slyly.*) So are you coming?

(DARRYL *basks a moment, leering to heaven*. He then follows them all
into the house.)

SCENE NINE: A GRASSY BLUFF

The scene changes. MICHAEL and JENNIFER run on, laughing.

MICHAEL . . . A car? How am I supposed to afford a car?

JENNIFER You have a job, goofus.

MICHAEL Yeah, in a diner. For tips.

JENNIFER Well you're going to have to think of something. If you want to visit me out in California.

MICHAEL I do.

JENNIFER You could stay in my dorm room.

MICHAEL Wouldn't your mother be upset?

JENNIFER Maybe. I doubt your mother would mind.

MICHAEL Hey. That's kind of a mean thing to say.

JENNIFER That's not what I meant. I'm just saying our parents don't matter.
Not when two people love each other the way we do.

MICHAEL Yeah?

JENNIFER Totally. When two people love each other the way we do, Michael,
anything goes. *Anything.*

(She moves in for a kiss and he avoids it.)

MICHAEL So, are you scared Jennifer?

JENNIFER *(Muttered.)* Oh my God.

MICHAEL About going off to college next week, I mean?

JENNIFER Let's worry about tomorrow tomorrow and try to concentrate on
tonight.

MICHAEL Jennifer, when I'm with you . . .

JENNIFER Yeah?

MICHAEL There's this . . .

JENNIFER Yeah?

MICHAEL I just feel . . .

JENNIFER *(Leaning in for that kiss.)* What?

MICHAEL
SOMETHING

JENNIFER Jesus . . .

MICHAEL

IN THE MOMENT, ALL AROUND US.

(Taking her hand, melting her.) ALL THOSE HOPES AND DREAMS,
AND NOW IT SEEMS

JENNIFER / MICHAEL

SOMETHING HAS FIN'LLY FOUND US.

MICHAEL

ONCE, I FELT SO EMPTY INSIDE.

JENNIFER

ALONE.

JENNIFER / MICHAEL

BUT NOW YOU'RE LOVE HAS SHOWN ME
SOMETHING LIKE NOTHING I HAVE KNOWN . . .

*(She moves in for another kiss. This time, she lands it. They are
transported to a STARSCAPE, dreamlike and fantastic.)*

JENNIFER / MICHAEL

ONE DAY WE'LL LEAVE THIS TOWN BEHIND US,
BREAK THE TIES THAT BIND US
TO ANYTHING BUT ONE ANOTHER.
ONE DAY

OUR DREAMS WILL SET US FREE.
WONDERS UNEXPECTED.
MAGIC UNIMAGINED.
ALL OF IT AS REAL AS IT CAN BE.

SOMETHING

IN THE MOMENT
ALL AROUND US.

ALL OUR HOPES AND DREAMS
AND NOW IT SEEMS

SOMETHING

HAS FIN'LLY FOUND US.

IT'S SAID

THAT GIVEN TIME WE'LL GROW WISE.

WHAT FOR?

WHEN HERE AND NOW WE HAVE FOUND
SOMETHING MORE KIND THAN CLEVER,
SOMETHING THAT TIME CAN'T SEVER,
SOMETHING THAT'S OURS FOR EVERMORE.

(Back in the real world, they kiss again, then exit.)

SCENE TEN: THE BACKYARDS OF EASTWICK

The Women enter, hanging their laundry.

Music No. 10: DIRTY LAUNDRY

GINA

NOW, HEAVEN KNOWS I'M NOT ONE TO TALK OUT OF SCHOOL.

GRETA

Well, of course not.

GINA

BUT THINGS HAVE GONE A LITTLE TOO FAR.

GRETA

What things are those, Gina?

GINA

VAN HORNE'S BEEN COZY NOW WITH NOT ONE, DEAR, BUT THREE.

GRETA

You don't say.

GINA

AND NOT TOO HARD TO GUESS WHO THEY ARE.

GRETA

JUST A BIT ODD.

GINA

DOWNRIGHT BIZARRE.

(BRENDA enters with her laundry.)

BRENDA Good morning, girls.

GINA Brenda . . .

GRETA

SAY HAVE YOU HEARD THE STORY OF WHAT'S COME TO PASS

BRENDA Oh, I'm not one for gossip.

GRETA / GINA

DEEP, DEEP INSIDE THE OLD LENOX PLACE.

BRENDA I heard it was actually out on the tennis court.

GRETA / GINA

THOSE WANTON TRAMPS HAVE CLEARLY ABANDONED ALL SENSE.

BRENDA Sense? Oh please!

WOMEN

HOW LONG MUST WE ENDURE THIS DISGRACE?

BRENDA / GINA / GRETA

DIRTY LAUNDRY, LADIES;

THAT'S WHAT I SEE.

DIRTY LAUNDRY, LADIES;

AS FOUL AS FOUL CAN BE.

+ WOMEN

OUR STANDARDS FADING.

OUR MORALS IN DECLINE.

WITH SUCH DIRTY LAUNDRY ON THE LINE.

(ALEXANDRA, JANE *and* SUKIE *enter from the other side.*)

ALEXANDRA /

JANE / SUKIE Ladies.

WOMEN

Ladies.

GRETA

HOW NICE TO SEE YOU OUT AND ABOUT WITH THE SUN.

GINA

COME CHAT FOR A SPELL.

BRENDA

WERE YOU JUST HEADED BACK FROM THE BAY?

MARGE

NOW, WHY ON EARTH WOULD THEY BE DOWN THERE?

REBECCA

THAT'S SUCH A LOVELY DRESS THAT YOU'RE WEARING, MY DEAR.

GRETA

FAMILIAR AS WELL.

GINA

WEREN'T YOU JUST WEARING THAT YESTERDAY?

(JANE lifts her skirt to reveal a pair of DARRYL's gaudy JOCKEY SHORTS. The three women exit.)

MARGE

GOOD HEAVENS, WHAT A FLAGRANT DISPLAY . . .

WOMEN

DIRTY LAUNDRY, PEOPLE;
FRESH FROM THE STREETS.
DIRTY LAUNDRY, SORDID
TORN SLIPS AND RUMPLED SHEETS.
OUR STANDARDS FADING.
OUR MORALS IN DECLINE.
WITH SUCH DIRTY LAUNDRY ON THE LINE.

(DANCE - In which the women mimic and mock ALEXANDRA, JANE and SUKIE. FELICIA comes marching in, the MEN following her.)

FELICIA

HAVE YOUR FUN, GIRLS, WHILE YOU MAY.

GINA / GRETA

NO HARM DONE; IT'S JUST A GAME.

FELICIA

TROUBLE'S CLEARLY ON ITS WAY.

MEN

HANG YOUR HEADS, FOR SHAME, FOR SHAME.

FELICIA

THE TIDE'S WASHED IN . . .

MEN

SADLY SO.

FELICIA

. . . A WEALTH OF SIN.

WOMEN

OH!

FELICIA

WE'RE FALLING TO THE DEPTHS,
THE LOWEST OF ALL LOWS,

+ TOWNSPEOPLE

AND WHAT COMES NEXT,
WELL, HEAVEN ONLY KNOWS – !

ALL (*Sotto voce.*)

DIRTY LAUNDRY, NEIGHBORS;
THAT'S WHAT THIS IS.
DIRTY LAUNDRY, LABELED;

FELICIA

“HERS, HERS AND HERS AND HIS.”

ALL

JUST WHEN YOU'RE THINKING
IT'S DEALT WITH, DONE AND GONE,
THE DIRTY LAUNDRY JUST GOES . . .

(DANCE – FELICIA rallies them all to her cause.)

ALL
DIRTY LAUNDRY, PEOPLE;
GOOD GRACIOUS ME.
DIRTY LAUNDRY THAT'S BEEN
AIRED OUT FOR ALL TO SEE.
JUST WHEN YOU'RE THINKING
IT'S DEALT WITH DONE AND GONE –

(JENNIFER and MICHAEL are revealed behind the sheets, kissing.)

FELICIA Jennifer!

JENNIFER Mother!

FELICIA Inside, young lady.

MICHAEL Mrs. Gabriel, I just wanted . . .

FELICIA Yes, Michael, I think we all know what you wanted. The acorn
never falls far from the tree.

JENNIFER But Mother . . .

FELICIA Back to the house, Jennifer, and start packing. We're taking you to
Stanford first thing tomorrow morning. Clyde!

(CLYDE ushers JENNIFER away. MICHAEL runs off in the other
direction.)

ALL
THE DIRTY LAUNDRY JUST GOES ON
AND ON AND ON AND ON
AND ON AND ON AND ON AND ON

AND . . .

GROUP ONE
DIRTY LAUNDRY, PEOPLE;
GOOD GRACIOUS ME.
DIRTY LAUNDRY, THAT'S BEEN

GROUP TWO
DIRTY LAUNDRY
ON THE LINE.
GOOD GRACIOUS ME.

AIRED OUT FOR ALL TO SEE.
OUR STANDARDS FADING.
OUR MORALS IN DECLINE.

AIRED OUT FOR ALL TO SEE.
WHAT CAN WE DO
TO STEM THIS DECLINE?

GROUP ONE
EV'RY LINE
WE DREW IN DARE . . .

GROUP TWO
THEY WENT AND CROSSED
WITHOUT A CARE.

ALL
NO, THERE'S NO MISTAKING THEIR DESIGN.
SO SPREAD THE NEWS ALONG THE VINE

FELICIA
THE GOOD OF EASTWICK'S ON THE LINE!

FELICIA (*Add others.*)
DIRTY LAUNDRY ON THE . . .
ON THE LINE!
ON THE LINE!
ON THE LINE!

OTHERS
DIRTY LAUNDRY ON THE . . .
DIRTY LAUNDRY ON THE . . .
DIRTY LAUNDRY ON THE LINE!

ALL
IT'S ON THE LINE!

(*Blackout.*)

SCENE ELEVEN: THE LENOX HOUSE

Music No. 11: I WISH I MAY

ALEXANDRA *enters, dressed in a beautiful gown. She is breathtaking.*

ALEXANDRA
ONCE UPON A TIME
A LITTLE GIRL

USED TO CLIMB THE GRASSY HILLS,
USED TO HIKE THE FOREST THROUGH,
SHE'D BOSS AROUND HER BROTHERS
AND SHE'D TELL THEM WHAT TO DO.
HER FUTURE ALL PLANNED OUT,
WITHIN AN INCH, WITHOUT A DOUBT.
ONE PERFECT HOUSE.
TWO PERFECT CARS.
SHE ASKED THE MOON.
SHE WISHED ON STARS.
ONCE UPON A TIME
THAT GIRL WAS ME.

(SUKIE enters, dressed every bit as beautifully.)

SUKIE
ONCE UPON A TIME
A LITTLE GIRL
USED TO LAZE ABOUT THE LAKE.
USED TO SWIM IN IT AT DAWN,
WITH ALL HER CLOSEST GIRLFRIENDS,
NOT A STITCH OF CLOTHING ON.
THEY IMAGINED WHEN ALONE
HOW THEY MIGHT CHANGE WHEN THEY WERE GROWN.
YET WHEN THE STARS
WOULD FILL THE GLEN,
SHE WISHED TO STAY
AS SHE WAS THEN,
ONCE UPON A TIME
THAT GIRL WAS ME.

(JANE enters, yet another angel.)

JANE
ONCE UPON
A TIME A LITTLE GIRL
USED TO DREAM ABOUT ROMANCE.
USED TO DANCE THE EVENING THROUGH.
SHE'D LAUGH AND TOSS HER HAIR BACK

LIKE THE MOVIE STARS WOULD DO.
AT SCHOOL THOUGH SHE WOULD DIE.
EACH TIME A BOY WOULD CATCH HER EYE
THE ONES WHO SMOKED.
WHO PLAYED GUITARS.

ALEXANDRA / SUKIE
ONCE UPON A TIME . . .

JANE
WHO PLEDGED THEIR LOVE

ALEXANDRA / SUKIE
UPON A, ONCE UPON A TIME . . .

JANE
BENEATH THE STARS.
ONCE UPON A TIME

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE
THAT GIRL WAS ME.

(The LITTLE GIRL appears upstage, dancing.)

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE
AND EV'RYTHING I AM
IS BECAUSE OF WHO SHE WAS.
AND THOUGH IT MAY NOT SEEM TO BE,
SHE'S WITH ME STILL.

JANE
THE GIRL WHO'D SEE THE BOYS AND RUN . . .

SUKIE
SWIMMING CIRCLES IN THE SUN . . .

ALEXANDRA
WHO RACED HER BROTHERS UP THE HILL . . .

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE
THAT LITTLE GIRL.

I CLOSE MY EYES AND THERE SHE IS
BEHIND THE WRINKLES AND THE SCARS.
I'M STILL THAT LITTLE GIRL
WISHING BLINDLY ON THE STARS.

I WISH I MAY
I WISH I MIGHT
FEEL THE JOY I FEEL TONIGHT
FOREVER.
THIS WAS THE MOMENT
THE MAGIC BEGAN.
I WISH I MAY.
I SAY I CAN.

I'LL ASK THE MOON
BEFORE I SLEEP,
LET THIS NIGHT BE MINE TO KEEP
FOR ALWAYS.
ONE PERFECT MOMENT
TO HOLD WITH ME STILL.

ALEXANDRA
I WISH I MAY . . .

SUKIE
I WISH I MAY . . .

JANE
I WISH I MAY . . .

ALEXANDRA
I WISH I MAY . . .

SUKIE / JANE
I WISH I MAY . . .

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE
I SAY I WILL.

(We are now in DARRYL's house and it is a sight. Scattered about are a series of GAUDY, STUFFED EGRETS. We see DARRYL entering from the top of the stairs, singing to himself.)

DARRYL
LOOK AT THESE THREE;
BURSTING WITH POW'R.
BARELY CONTAINED.
GROWING STRONGER BY THE HOUR.
I'VE SEEN MY SHARE OF WONDERS,
YOU'D AGREE.
BUT NEVERTHELESS, THERE'S NOT ANYTHING
I'LL EVER SEE
THAT COULD SCARCE COMPARE TO
THE ECSTASY,
THE ARTISTRY,
THE MYSTERY
OF THESE THREE LITTLE LADIES.

DARRYL *(Crossing to the women.)* Music. Lights.

(FIDEL, DARRYL's diminutive manservant enters with a tray of glasses.)

DARRYL Ah, Fidel. Fidel, everyone; everyone, Fidel. There'll be four for dinner tonight. Be a sport and poach up something nice for the ladies, huh? Por favor. S'il vous plait? Domo arigato?

(FIDEL exits without a word.)

DARRYL I have no idea what language he speaks, but he's such a cute little guy.

ALEXANDRA And the surprises keep coming.

JANE *(Drinking from her glass.)* This is delicious.

DARRYL Napoleon Brandy.

ALEXANDRA A man of great taste and tremendous appetites.

SUKIE What are we drinking to?

DARRYL To our fondest wishes.

(They drink and there is a RUMBLE OF THUNDER.)

DARRYL You know what my wish is? To be a woman. No, really. Just think of what the female body can do. Make a baby, then make milk to feed it. That is magic.

SUKIE You really mean that, don't you?

DARRYL You think I'd make something like that up?

JANE Sorry Darryl, but there are a lot of creeps out there who like to talk feminism just so they can get into your panties.

ALEXANDRA That would be a grand speech, Janey, if you were actually wearing panties.

DARRYL If I could, I would have dozens of children. Hundreds.

JANE That's a lot of stretch marks.

DARRYL All women are potential witches, but so fewever realize their powers. That's what makes women such great artists, you know? That ability to create, to nurture.

ALEXANDRA Not all women know how to nurture, Darryl.

DARRYL To wit, your friend Felicia Gabriel.

JANE That woman is no one's friend.

ALEXANDRA Just ask her husband.

SUKIE Clyde? Oh my God; Clyde! I'd forgotten all about him. *(Draining her glass, laughing uncontrollably.)* Isn't that funny?

JANE Sometimes I just wish that woman was dead.

ALEXANDRA Janey, don't say that.

DARRYL Why not? No, really – why not? Let me show you a little something.

(DARRYL produces a cookie jar from the shelves.)

DARRYL To make things happen, you simply have to visualize them. Let us say this cookie jar is the radiant Felicia.

(FELICIA appears across the stage in her home, in her nightgown, reading.)

DARRYL Go ahead, Sukie; have a ball.

(SUKIE tosses a tennis ball into the jar. There is a SHOCK OF MUSIC.)

SUKIE Where did it go?

ALEXANDRA Right where you wanted it to.

(Across the stage, FELICIA reacts to a SECOND CHORD and pulls the ball out of her mouth.)

FELICIA Oh my God.

DARRYL Janey?

JANE *(Removing her bracelet.)* Pearls before swine . . .

(She drops it in. It comes out of FELICIA'S mouth.)

FELICIA Clyde? Clyde, honey . . . ?

DARRYL Alex?

(ALEXANDRA pulls feathers from the pillow.)

ALEXANDRA A little something to tickle her fancy . . .

(She drops the feathers into the jar. They stream out of FELICIA'S mouth.)

FELICIA Clyde? Clyde?!

(CLYDE *staggers on, drunk, and sees the mess.*)

CLYDE Felicia? My God.

FELICIA Something's . . . urgh . . . something's gone terribly wrong!

(*She runs out.*)

CLYDE (*Collecting up the ball and the bracelet.*) Felicia . . . !

(*He runs out after her. The lights return to DARRYL and the WOMEN.*)

DARRYL Mind you, with the right instruction just about anyone can do these sorts of things. (*Tossing JANE a book.*) Here.

JANE The Maleficia?

DARRYL A little book of parlor tricks to entertain the kiddies, one step above balloon animals. Truth is, though, you are capable of so very much more.

JANE Teach us, Darryl. Teach us everything.

DARRYL
THEN CLOSE YOUR EYES,
BREATHE DEEP,
AND FOCUS.

IT'S SURRENDER,
MORE THAN TRYING.
SEND YOUR SPIRITS
OFF AND FLYING.

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE
LET IT . . .
LET IT FLY.

DARRYL
"CONCENTRATION,"
THAT'S THE BYWORD.
SEND YOUR SPIRITS

SOARING SKYWARD.

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE
SOARING . . .
SOARING HIGH.

DARRYL
DEEP WITHIN THE NIGHT,
OR DEEP INSIDE OF YOU?
WHY CONSULT THE MOON, MY DEARS,
WHEN ANYTHING YOU WANT,
YOU'VE BUT TO DO?
JUST LET IT COME.

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE
LET IT . . .

DARRYL
LET IT GROW.

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE
LET IT . . .

DARRYL
LET IT LOOSE.

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE
LET IT . . .

DARRYL
LET IT GO.

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE
LET IT . . .
LET IT . . .

ALEXANDRA /
JANE / SUKIE Aaaaaaaaah!

*(The THREE WOMEN RISE UP IN THE AIR, shocked and thrilled.
JANE screams. SUKIE holds on to ALEXANDRA.)*

DARRYL “Once upon a time / A little girl looked to the sky / She dreamed
the dream all children dream / And wished that she could fly.”

SUKIE I never dreamt that!

DARRYL Ladies, your wish has finally been granted.

*(Soon, the WOMEN become accustomed to the height and begin to
move with grace. They DANCE.)*

DARRYL
THREE LITTLE LADIES,
HOW TRULY RARE.
WHERE MOST MEN COME UP EMPTY,
I'VE DRAWN A PAIR . . .
PLUS ONE TO SPARE.
AS SINGULAR A TRIO
AS EVER THERE WAS.
SO BEAUTIFUL,
SPIRITED,
DEVIL-MAY-CARE . . .

DARRYL . . . and he does.

(LIGHTNING and THUNDER strike.)

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE
I WISH I MAY.

DARRYL
MY THREE LITTLE LADIES.

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE
I WISH I MAY

DARRYL
DO YOU SEE, LITTLE LADIES?

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE
I WISH I MAY.

DARRYL
ANYTHING I SAY . . .

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE
I . . .

DARRYL
YOU . . .

DARRYL / ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE
. . . WILL!

(Blackout.)

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

SCENE ONE: ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE'S HOUSES

Music No. 12: OPENING ACT TWO

The "Entr'acte" concludes with a BEEP on an answering machine. DARRYL's voice is heard.

DARRYL (O.S.) My darling, my love, my favorite. You will be coming over tonight, won't you? The hot tub's been repaired from last week's debacle. Fidel is making his famous Egret Cacciatore. I predict . . . magic.

(ALEXANDRA *appears in her workshop, dressed in an old paint-spattered shirt.*)

Music No. 13: ANOTHER NIGHT AT DARRYL'S

ALEXANDRA
WELL, IT'S SIX O'CLOCK
I'VE GOT ONE FOOT OUT THE DOOR.
IT'S SIX O'CLOCK.
TIME TO CONVINCE MYSELF ONCE MORE;
IT'S NOT WEIRD
WHAT WE DO.
YEAH KID,
WHO'S FOOLING WHO?
FOR HOW MANY MONTHS NOW
HAS LIFE BEEN INSANE?
EV'RY TIME I TURN AROUND
THERE'LL BE DARRYL
BETWEEN SUKIE AND JANE.
FRIENDSHIPS ARE TRIED,
STRAINED BEYOND PRAY'R.
TRUTHS GET REVEALED
WHEN THE FLESH GETS LAID BARE.
STILL . . . ONCE YOU'VE FOUND TRUE BLISS
INSIDE A SINNER'S DEN

WHAT'S THERE TO DO
BUT GO THERE AGAIN?
AND AGAIN . . .
AND AGAIN . . .
AND AGAIN . . .
AND AGAIN . . .

*(A dropcloth flies off a giant sculpture behind her, exposing an
obscenely ENORMOUS BUBBIE STATUE.)*

ALEXANDRA
THE NIGHT COMMENCES;
MY SPIRITS SOAR.
AND SOON MY SENSES
GO WILD AND WHAT'S MORE;
ALL MY DEFENSES
GO RIGHT OUT THE DOOR.
DO I DO?
DO I DON'T?
YES, I WILL,
TILL I WON'T.
ANOTHER NIGHT AT DARRYL'S.

HIS LIPS CARESS ME
AND IT FEELS SWELL.
HIS WORDS IMPRESS ME;
I'M CAUGHT IN HIS SPELL.
HIS EYES UNDRESS ME.
HIS HANDS DO AS WELL.
IT'S ALL PAR
FOR THE COURSE.
ALL REWARDS,
NO REMORSE, JUST . . .
ANOTHER NIGHT AT DARRYL'S.

(JANE appears in her home, playing her cello with jazzy abandon.)

JANE
AND I'M SCALING THE HEIGHTS
JUST DETAILING THE SOUNDS AND THE SIGHTS

OF THOSE AMOROUS NIGHTS.
ALL THOSE AUDACIOUS . . .
FLIRTATIOUS . . .
SALACIOUS . . .
DELIGHTS.

(SUKIE appears in her home, surrounded by endless sheets of loose paper, scribbling away.)

SUKIE
OK, IT'S TRAGIC.
WHAT CAN I SAY?
THERE'S NOT AN ADJEC-
TIVE THAT COULD CONVEY
THE SORT OF MAGIC
THAT HE SENDS MY WAY.
JUST THE SMALL-
EST AMOUNT
AND I'M DOWN
FOR THE COUNT.
OH GOD.
ANOTHER NIGHT . . .

(All three are onstage now.)

ALEXANDRA
AND OKAY, IT'S NOT A FAIRY TALE.

JANE
OKAY, IT'S NOT EXACTLY
EV'RY DREAM I'VE EVER KNOWN . . .

SUKIE
. . . ANY DREAM I'VE EVER KNOWN.

ALEXANDRA
BUT IT'S INTENSE.

JANE
IT'S HEADY STUFF.

SUKIE
IF IT'S NOT LOVE,
IT'S CLOSE ENOUGH.

JANE
AND HEY,

ALEXANDRA /
JANE / SUKIE
IT SURE BEATS BEING ALONE . . .

(They put away the implements of their art and head into THREE SHOWERS. At the end of the instrumental, they emerge from their respective showers FULLY DRESSED, looking spectacular.)

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE
I GET CONNECTION,
A BIT OF FUN.
I FEEL AFFECTION
WHERE ONCE I FELT NONE.
AND IN REFLECTION,
WHAT'S DONE IS DONE.
SO WHY NOT DO IT AGAIN – ?
AND AGAIN,
AND AGAIN,
AND AGAIN,
AND AGAIN,
AND AGAIN,
AND AGAIN?

ALEXANDRA
WHERE LIFE WAS ONCE COLD AND STERILE,

JANE
NOW IT'S POSITIVELY FERAL,

SUKIE
ALL THANKS TO DARRYL'S GUIDING LIGHT.

ALEXANDRA
ANOTHER HIP,

ANOTHER TOE,
ANOTHER BEAUTIFUL TABLEAU.

JANE
ANOTHER SIGH,
ANOTHER ROAR,
ANOTHER PASSIONATE ENCORE.

SUKIE
ANOTHER TASTE,
ANOTHER BITE,
ANOTHER CONFIDENCE-FUELED FLIGHT . . .

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE
ANOTHER NIGHT –
ANOTHER NIGHT AT DARRYL'S!

(Blackout.)

Music No. 13a: ANOTHER NIGHT – PLAYOUT

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE
ANOTHER NIGHT AT DARRYL'S!

SCENE TWO: NEMO'S DINER

Lights up on Nemo's Diner, half filled with BOWLING-SHIRT CLAD MEN, CLYDE included. A uniformed MICHAEL reads a letter on pink stationery. REBECCA is taking orders. CLYDE spots MICHAEL.

CLYDE Pink stationery.

MICHAEL Hey, Mr. Gabriel.

CLYDE I bet I know who that's from. My angel.

MICHAEL Yeah. Jennifer really seems to love it out there at Stanford.

CLYDE Well, can you blame her? It's an exciting place.

MICHAEL I guess. I mean, I know. I mean, I'm happy for her and everything. I just wish she was a little more homesick. I'm sorry. You're probably not the person I should be talking to about this.

CLYDE No, no. I'm flattered. You know, I think this is the first time anyone's ever asked me advice about women.

(FELICIA *enters*.)

FELICIA Clyde!

CLYDE And in walks the reason why.

MICHAEL Thanks anyway, Mr. Gabriel.

FELICIA There you are, Clyde. Is this what you call an important errand?

CLYDE I was just on my way . . .

FELICIA Where Clyde? Where were you just on your way to?

CLYDE Home, Felicia. I was just on my way home.

FELICIA And is that supposed to make me feel better? You know there are days when I can't imagine my life getting any worse.

(DARRYL *enters with a grocery-bag-laden FIDEL*.)

DARRYL My God . . .

FELICIA And yet, somehow it always does.

DARRYL . . . would you get a load of this place.

FELICIA Come along, Clyde. We're leaving.

DARRYL We-ell, if it isn't the lovely . . . No, no, no. Don't tell me. Felicity? Fiona? Faruka?

FELICIA Felicia.

DARRYL I think I prefer Faruka.

FELICIA Honestly. Some days it just doesn't pay to get out of bed.

DARRYL You're preaching to the choir, sweetheart. Oh, don't look so sour. Have a cherry.

FELICIA Keep your fruit to yourself, Mr. Van Horne.

DARRYL What did I ever do to you to warrant such animosity?

FELICIA To me, nothing. To this town, plenty.

DARRYL Christ. Are you still pretending this is about those goddamn egrets?

FELICIA Those birds are an endangered species, Mr. Van Horne, and thanks to you they have no place to live.

DARRYL Boo-fuckin'-hoo.

MICHAEL (*Making his presence known.*) Actually, Mrs. Gabriel, there are dead elm trees all across the bay. They could nest anywhere.

FELICIA Michael Spofford. Given your upbringing I don't expect you to fully understand this; but jumping from bed to bed does not a home make. Now, why don't you just attend to the dirty cutlery and leave the good of this town to those of us who know better.

DARRYL You don't get much, do you?

FELICIA I beg your pardon?

DARRYL (*Picking a cherry from one FIDEL's bags.*) Listen, honey. This town – hell, life itself – it's like this cherry. Everywhere you care to look is bright, juicy, sweet red flesh. Yours for the enjoying. (*He bites into the cherry, lasciviously.*) But some people – people like you – all they see, all they know, is the pit. Pity. (*He spits the pit into his hand.*)

FELICIA If I thought for one moment . . .

Music No. 13b: CHERRY PITS

(*CHORD OF MUSIC. She pulls a cherry pit out of her mouth. She looks at it, ashen and genuinely terrified.*)

FELICIA My God. A cherry pit.

DARRYL What are the odds?

(With a wicked grin, he opens his palm to reveal that it is empty.)

FELICIA Come along, Clyde. We're leaving.

(FELICIA exits, panicked, but DARRYL blocks CLYDE.)

DARRYL Is it just me, or are the women in this town a little tense? *(To all the other men.)* I mean, Jesus Christ – is there not one man here who knows how to satisfy a woman?

REBECCA Nope.

(She blows a kiss toward FIDEL and exits into the kitchen. FIDEL runs after her.)

DARRYL *(Turning to MICHAEL.)* Spofford, huh? I know your mom.

MICHAEL I know you do.

DARRYL You have her smile. Or you would if you were actually smiling. Why the long face?

MICHAEL Girlfriend problems. You know how it is.

DARRYL Not really, no.

MICHAEL I guess you really understand women, huh? *(Taking out that letter again.)* Hey, maybe you could . . .

DARRYL What?

MICHAEL Nothing. Never mind.

DARRYL Son, if you want my help, you have to ask for it. You have to lift up your non-existent chin, swallow your girlish pride, and say, "Mr. Van Horne, help me."

MICHAEL Mr. Van Horne, help me.

DARRYL Call me Darryl.

Music No. 14: DANCE WITH THE DEVIL

DARRYL: (*Music in.*) Class is in session. You might want to take notes there,
Scooter.

MICHAEL It's Michael.

DARRYL No one cares.

DARRYL

YOU SEE THIS GIRL, AND YOUR HEART STOPS COLD.
HER EYES ARE BLUE AND HER HAIR IS GOLD.
YOU KNOW IT'S BEST NOT TO STOP AND STARE.
THE GIRL'S AN ANGEL AND YOU DON'T HAVE A PRAY'R.
YOU CATCH HER EYE AND SHE TURNS AWAY.
BUT DON'T BE FOOLED BY THE GAMES SHE'LL PLAY.
THERE AIN'T A GIRL CAN RESIST ROMANCE.
SHE MAY BE AN ANGEL, BUT BROTHER SHE LIKES TO . . .

DANCE WITH THE DEVIL.
DANCE WITH THE DEVIL.
RIPE FOR THE TAKIN', THE LADY LIKES TO
DANCE WITH THE DEVIL.
DANCE WITH THE DEVIL.
THERE'S NO MISTAKIN' THE LADY LIKES YOU.

(*Out to the other MEN.*) YOU'D BEST BELIEVE IT BOYS;
AMAZING, YES, BUT TRUE.
SHE LIKES TO DANCE WITH THE DEVIL.
AND LUCKY ENOUGH, THERE'S A DEVIL IN YOU,
AND YOU, AND YOU, AND YOU, AND YOU,
AND YOU, AND YOU, AND . . .

(*Coming back to Michael.*) . . . you we gotta work on.

(DARRYL *takes* MICHAEL *aside.*)

DARRYL

GET IN THE GAME KID, AND MAKE YOUR PLAY.
GO WITH THE MUSIC AND GRIND AWAY.

MICHAEL

SOME LIKE IT FAST,

DARRYL

AND SOME PREFER SLOW.

A LITTLE BIT OF EACH WON'T KILL YOU, YOU KNOW.

DARRYL / MICHAEL

SO HOLD HER TIGHT, AND ATTEND THAT NEED.

THEN WHEN IT'S RIGHT, LET HER TAKE THE LEAD.

ROLL UP YOUR SLEEVES, AND HIKE YOUR PANTS.

SHE MAY BE AN ANGEL, BUT BROTHER SHE LIKES TO . . .

DANCE WITH THE DEVIL.

DANCE WITH THE DEVIL.

ONCE SHE GETS COOKIN', THE LADY LIKES TO

DANCE WITH THE DEVIL.

DANCE WITH THE DEVIL.

WHEN GOD AIN'T LOOKIN', THE LADY LIKES TO . . .

BY DAY SHE PLAYS THE SAINT,

BY NIGHT, JUST WATCH HER FALL.

+ MEN

SHE LIKES TO DANCE WITH THE DEVIL.

DARRYL

AND HEAVEN BE PRAISED, HE'S INSIDE OF US ALL.

MEN

THE DEVIL INSIDE YOU –

MICHAEL

IS OUT FOR THE CROWN.

MEN

THE DEVIL INSIDE YOU –

MICHAEL

HAS GOT THE DANCE DOWN.

MEN

THE DEVIL INSIDE YOU –

MICHAEL

CAN MAKE THE GIRLS SWOON.

MEN

AND IF HE AIN'T IN THERE YET –

DARRYL

HE'LL BE . . .

(Slapping CLYDE on the ass.) . . . GETTING' THERE SOON.

(FIDEL enters from the kitchen, smoking a cigarette.)

MEN

DANCE WITH THE DEVIL.

DANCE WITH THE DEVIL.

DARRYL

RIPE FOR THE TAKIN' THE LADY LIKES TO . . .

MEN

DANCE WITH THE DEVIL.

DANCE WITH THE DEVIL.

DARRYL

THERE'S NO MISTAKIN' THE LADY LIKES YOU . . .

MEN

SHE KNOWS THE MOVES AND HOW.

THIS, I GUARANTEE . . .

SHE LIKES TO . . .

DARRYL

DANCE, I SAID DANCE, I SAID DANCE WITH THE DEVIL.

DARRYL / MICHAEL / MEN

DANCE, I SAID DANCE, I SAID DANCE WITH THE DEVIL.

DANCE, I SAID DANCE, I SAID DANCE WITH THE DEVIL.

DANCE, I SAID DANCE, I SAID DANCE WITH THE DEVIL.

(DANCE - NIGHTMARE VERSIONS of the WOMEN enter over the counter, and take charge of the MEN. MICHAEL and even CLYDE loosen up. DARRYL supervises.)

ALL

SHE MAY BE AN ANGEL, BUT BROTHER SHE LIKES TO . . .

DANCE WITH THE DEVIL

DANCE WITH THE DEVIL

SO GOES THE TALE, OH, THE LADY LIKES TO

DANCE WITH THE DEVIL

DANCE WITH THE DEVIL

BENEATH THE HALO, THE LADY LIKES TO

SHE KNOWS THE MOVES AND HOW

THIS, I GUARANTEE.

SHE LIKES TO DANCE WITH THE DEVIL . . .

DANCE WITH THE DEVIL . . .

DANCE WITH THE DEVIL . . .

DANCE WITH THE DEVIL . . .

DARRYL / MICHAEL

WHOEVER THE DEVIL MAY BE!

ALL

DANCE WITH THE DEVIL

DANCE WITH THE DEVIL

DANCE WITH THE DEVIL

DANCE WITH THE DEVIL

DANCE, DANCE, DANCE, DANCE

WHOEVER THE DEVIL MAY BE!

(The lights return to normal.

The WOMEN disappear. DARRYL places his HANDKERCHIEF in CLYDE's pocket. The MEN all run off; ashamed, excited or both, leaving only a satisfied DARRYL.

Blackout.)

SCENE THREE: THE STREETS OF EASTWICK AND THE LENOX HOUSE

Music No. 15: ANOTHER NIGHT – REPRISE

The LITTLE GIRL enters with a letter in hand.

LITTLE GIRL
POOR CHICKEN LITTLE HAD A MISHAP
EARLY ONE FINE DAY.
MILKED IT FOR ALL THAT IT WAS WORTH,
OR SO THE STORIES SAY

(A mailbox appears.)

LITTLE GIRL
“RUN FOR THE HILLS,
THE SKY IS FALLING!”
THAT'S WHAT HE YELLED
WELL INTO THE NIGHT.
MY, WHAT A LAUGH HIS FRIENDS ALL HAD . . .
BUT WHAT IF HE WAS RIGHT?

(The LITTLE GIRL puts the letter in the mailbox and exits.)

ALEXANDRA, JANE and SUKIE all enter in MATCHING COATS,
walking across the stage.

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE
I GET CONNECTION,
A BIT OF FUN.
I FEEL AFFECTION
WHERE ONCE I FELT NONE.
AND IN REFLECTION
WHAT'S DONE IS DONE.

*(MICHAEL chases REBECCA across the stage. He THRUSTS HIS
HIPS OUT and she SQUEALS in delight. They run offstage.)*

ALEXANDRA Was that my son?

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE

SO WHY NOT DO IT AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN
AND AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN . . . ?

*(The WOMEN of the town enter in shadow behind ALEX, JANE and
SUKIE, pointing and talking amongst themselves.)*

ALEXANDRA

ALL EASTWICK ACTS LIKE IT'S FORBIDDEN

SUKIE

THEIR HIDDEN DISGUST NOT ALL THAT HIDDEN

JANE

T'WARD OUR LIBIDINOUS DELIGHT.

SUKIE

ANOTHER SNUB.

ALEXANDRA

ANOTHER SLIGHT.

JANE

ANOTHER SNEER.

SUKIE

ANOTHER FIGHT.

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE

ANOTHER NIGHT . . .

(The TOWNSWOMEN disappear.)

*ALEX, JANE and SUKIE arrive at DARRYL'S. He is in bed, waiting for
them. They remove their coats to reveal DELICIOUS LINGERIE.)*

DARRYL

Mmm, mmm, mmm! I gotta tell you ladies, I am loving this dress
code. So, who's up for a little dip in the pool?

SUKIE

Oh, Darryl. Maybe we should just skip the pool for one night.

JANE

And the brandy.

ALEXANDRA And the hot tub.

DARRYL So what? What did you come over for then?

(The WOMEN all raise an eyebrow.)

DARRYL I feel like such a whore.

ALEXANDRA It couldn't hurt to be a little more discreet.

JANE *(Rolling her eyes.)* This again.

SUKIE There's been a little talk in town.

ALEXANDRA A little talk?

JANE Oh, they're just being babies, Darryl. I haven't heard a thing.

ALEXANDRA Well, they're not going to say anything to our faces. I know they're talking. Call it intuition.

JANE Call it paranoia.

SUKIE Guys, come on.

DARRYL You're doing it again, Alex. Just when you're starting to get some size to your work, you're letting the little things pull you back down to earth. What about your education?

JANE Agreed. *(Pulling The Maleficia from her purse.)* Teach us something new tonight, Darryl. Ooh, chapter seven. "Poppets and Voodoo Dolls."

(FIDEL enters with a letter on a tray.)

DARRYL *(Still glaring at ALEX.)* Do svidaniya, Fidel.

JANE Doesn't he ever knock?

DARRYL *(Reading over the letter)* Oh, crap . . .

SUKIE What is it?

- DARRYL The Eastwick Preservation Society is suing me for zoning violations. Goddamnit! Do you know how many town council yahoos I had to grease to make this place livable?!
- JANE Poor baby. Let's get those pajamas off.
- DARRYL "An affront to nature." An affront to nature?! Jesus H. Christ! I painted the backyard green! What the hell do they want from me?!
- ALEXANDRA You see? Too many people know, Darryl.
- DARRYL "Felicia Gabriel, Chairperson." That miserable little harpy.
- SUKIE That woman's got the whole town on a tight leash. There's no telling what she can do, if she puts her nasty little mind to it.
- ALEXANDRA You keep riling her. And she's got a real issue here, too, you know; this whole wetlands business.
- DARRYL Yeah? Well someone oughta fill in her wetlands.
- ALEXANDRA This just proves my point.
- DARRYL No, this just proves my point. (*Climbing off the bed and exiting.*) Fidel!
- JANE That battle-axe is doing everything she can do to ruin our lives.
- SUKIE She's hated us from the get-go. All of us.
- ALEXANDRA Michael, too. That awful, awful woman.
- JANE One of these days she's going to get hers.
- ALEXANDRA And I'd love to be the one to give it to her.
- (*DARRYL and FIDEL re-enter with the cookie jar and a small trash can.*)
- DARRYL Ladies; consider this a mid-term exam.
- (*HE and FIDEL exit.*)
- ALEXANDRA Let's do it.

Music No. 16: EVIL

ALEXANDRA
HALF A PIN . . .

JANE
SCRAPS OF TIN . . .

SUKIE
AND A BALL OF PURPLE THREAD . . .

ALEXANDRA
CHERRY PITS . . .

JANE
BITS OF PAPER . . .

SUKIE
AND A SPIDER, LONG SINCE DEAD . . .

ALEXANDRA
TOENAIL CLIPPINGS . . .

JANE
RINGS AND TABS . . .

SUKIE
FROM ANCIENT CANS OF DIET COKE . . .

ALEXANDRA
BROKEN BUTTONS . . .

JANE
HALF A CRAYON . . .

SUKIE
EYE OF NEWT . . .

SUKIE That's a joke.

ALEXANDRA /
JANE Oh.

SCENE FOUR: FELICIA'S GREAT ROOM

Lights up on the Gabriel living room. FELICIA has been coughing up scores of TRASH and FILTH. She spits out the remains of a WET AND VERY DEAD EGRET. CLYDE enters, drunk and dancing.

FELICIA Where the hell were you? I needed you.

CLYDE I'm going to have a scotch. Would you like to join me?

FELICIA
BY ALL MEANS HAVE A DRINK!
THAT'S YOUR ANSWER TO EV'RYTHING, ISN'T IT?
THERE ISN'T A PROBLEM ON GOD'S GREEN EARTH
THAT CAN'T BE SOLVED BY A CHIVAS NEAT.
AND EIGHT DRINKS ON,
LIFE'S LOOKING SWEET.
YOU GET LOST IN A HAZE;
AN ANESTHETIZED TROLL,
BLIND TO THE BLACKNESS
THAT THREATENS
TO SWALLOW THIS TOWN WHOLE.

CLYDE I don't know what you're talking about, Felicia.

FELICIA You never do, Clyde. You never d . . .

(She coughs up a stream of LOOSE CHANGE onto the hearth.)

CLYDE Hey, look at that; she's finally paying off.

FELICIA
EVIL, CLYDE.
EV'RYWHERE IT CAN BE
I LOOK OUT AND SEE.
EVIL, CLYDE.
WOULD YOU JUST LOOK AROUND?
IT'S THERE IN THE WOODS,
IN THE TREES,
IN THE MOON AS IT GLOWS.

IN THE WINDS
IN THE BREEZE . . .
THE POW'R OF THE NIGHT'S COME TO PLAY.
IT'S ALL PLAIN AS DAY –

EVIL, CLYDE.
AND NO ONE WILL DISCUSS
THIS INSIDIOUS
EVIL, CLYDE.
THERE'S NO HOPE TO BE FOUND
IT STARTS IN OUR FLESH
IN OUR SKINS.
THAT'S WHERE THE EVIL GROWS.
FROM OUR LUSTS,
FROM OUR SINS.
MADNESS, AS REAL AS CAN BE;
THIS INSANITY –
THE WORLD'S LOST ITS MIND.

BUT YOU,
NO, YOU'RE DOING FINE
A SAD LITTLE KING
IN A DRUNKEN DECLINE.
FROM YOUR WEAK LITTLE CHIN
TO YOUR WEAK LITTLE SPINE;
YOU'RE NOT FOOLING ANYONE, CLYDE.
NOT YOU, MORE WITHERED THAN WISE.
A DO-NOTHING DRUNK
SPINNING PITIFUL LIES.
FROM YOUR COMBED-OVER HAIR
TO YOUR GLAZED-OVER EYES;
YOU'RE NOT FOOLING ANYONE . . .

(She wrenches something up and spits it into a COPPER SPITOON.)

CLYDE Cherry pits . . . ?

FELICIA
EVIL, CLYDE.

AND IT FEEDS BY DEGREE
 ON OUR APATHY
 EVIL, CLYDE.
 CREEPING IN WITHOUT SOUND.
 IT STARTS IN OUR HOMES,
 IN OUR BEDS
 IN OUR FLOORS STREWN WITH CLOTHES
 LIKE A PLAGUE
 HOW IT SPREADS . . .
 AND PITY THE WOMAN WHO KNOWS.

DO YOU THINK I DON'T SEE
 THE WAY
 YOU LOOK AT SUKIE ROUGEMONT?
 THE WAY YOU DROOL AND GAPE?
 IT DOESN'T ESCAPE ME.
 OH, YOU WANT HER, IT'S TRUE,
 BUT YOU CAN'T SEE IT THROUGH.
 YOU DON'T HAVE THE BALLS . . .

(She coughs up a GOLF BALL, holding it up for CLYDE to see.)

CLYDE Titleist.

FELICIA This is all the doing of that man; Darryl Van Horne. *(Rubbing up against CLYDE in a highly sexual manner.)* You know what he does in that house with those women, don't ya?

CLYDE That's not any of my business.

FELICIA He *fucks* them, Clyde. All of 'em. Jane Smart, that Spofford bitch . . .

CLYDE Now, now sweetness.

FELICIA . . . oh, and hardest of all he gives it your precious little Sukie Rougemont.

CLYDE Sukie Rougemont.

FELICIA That's right . . . !

FELICIA
EVIL, CLYDE.
YOU'RE PART OF THE PROBLEM.
EVIL, CLYDE.
FOR JUST STANDING BY.
THE TOWN'S GOING MAD.
AND IT'S EV'RYONE'S FAULT.
TURN YOUR BACK TO THE BAD
IN THE FACE OF ASSAULT,
AND THE FINAL RESULT
IS THIS ULTIMATE
EVIL, CLYDE!
EVIL . . .
EVIL . . .
EVIL . . .
EVIL . . . !

(CLYDE rises from his chair.)

CLYDE Felicia, I think we should just call it a day.

(He picks up a FIREPLACE POKER and swings it furiously at his wife's head. There is a CLAP OF THUNDER, a SHOCK OF LIGHTNING and the lights BLACK OUT.

LIGHTNING illuminates the scene in FLASHES as we witness SNAPSHOTS of CLYDE BASHING in FELICIA'S skull. The music does not resolve.)

SCENE FIVE: THE BEDROOMS OF EASTWICK

Music No. 17: DIRTY LAUNDRY – REPRISE

A SIREN sounds, and flashing red and blue lights are seen. Lights up as the town, led by BRENDA and ED. They stand in shock, like a row of ZOMBIES.

TOWNSPEOPLE
DIRTY LAUNDRY, PEOPLE.
GOOD GRACIOUS ME.

DIRTY LAUNDRY, PEOPLE
EXPOSED FOR ALL TO SEE.
JUST WHEN YOU'RE HOPING
IT'S BURIED AND FORGOT
MORE DIRTY LAUNDRY FOULS THE PLOT . . .

(DARRYL *appears on the phone, his hair slightly ruffled.*)

DARRYL (*In contrastingly good spirits.*) Alex! Heard the news? Two birds, one stone. Speaking of stones, who knew ol' Clyde had any, huh? The story goes after he did the little woman in, he hanged himself in the closet. Hanged himself? Hung himself? Screw it. Who cares? Point is, I hadn't heard from you gals in a few days. Everything alright? Call me.

(*He disappears. The TOWNSPEOPLE reappear.*)

ED / BRENDA
GOOD LORD, THE TRAGEDY THAT'S OCCURRED IN THIS TOWN.

TOBY
TO TWO OF OUR FRIENDS.

REBECCA / GRETA
A HORRID SCENE, OR SO THEY ALL CLAIM.

MARGE
NO DOUBT THAT CLYDE HAD TOO MUCH TO DRINK.

(JENNIFER *crosses the stage, suitcase in hand.*)

JOE / GINA
AND NOW I HEAR THAT JENNIFER'S HEADED BACK HOME.

REBECCA
TO TIE UP LOOSE ENDS.

FRANK
BOTH PARENTS GONE, IT'S TRULY A SHAME.

ALL TOWNSPEOPLE
THE QUESTION IS, WHO'S REALLY TO BLAME?

(ALEXANDRA, JANE *and* SUKIE *appear on their phones.*)

JANE You can't possibly mean that, Sukie.

ALEXANDRA How is this our fault?

SUKIE That sweet man.

JANE It was a prank, for Christ's sake.

SUKIE I never told him.

ALEXANDRA It was all in fun.

JANE No one knows exactly what happened in that house, Sukie.

SUKIE He wanted to leave Felicia. He told me. To think that he could do something like this. It's just . . . just . . . just . . . just . . .

JANE (*Hanging up.*) You're stammering again, Sukie.

ALEXANDRA (*Hanging up.*) I can't talk about this.

SUKIE Jane? Alex?

ALEXANDRA
LOOK AT ME . . .

JANE
LOOK AT ME . . .

SUKIE
LOOK AT ME . . .

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE
WHAT HAVE I DONE?

(*The TOWNSPEOPLE retake the stage, lurching forward.*)

ALL
DIRTY LAUNDRY, PEOPLE;
MANGLED AND MARRED.
DIRTY LAUNDRY, PEOPLE,

RIGHT IN OUR OWN BACKYARD . . .

(DARRYL appears in dark shadows, hunched over, talking on the phone.)

DARRYL I'm getting sick of talking to this damn machine. Where the hell have you girls been the last two weeks? Two weeks! This isn't because of that Clyde and Felicia nonsense, is it? Honey, you make an omelet, you're bound to break a few rotten eggs. Now get the hell over here. I'm lonely!

TOWNSPEOPLE *(Taking over the stage.)*
DIRTY LAUNDRY, PEOPLE;
ALL GREY AND GLUM.
DIRTY LAUNDRY WITH THE
PROMISE OF MORE TO COME.
JUST WHEN YOU'RE THINKING
IT'S DEALT WITH DONE AND GONE
THE DIRTY LAUNDRY JUST GOES ON AND ON . . .
AND ON . . . AND ON . . . AND ON!

SCENE SIX: THE LENOX HOUSE

The scene changes to the Lenox House. It is very dark, and looks cluttered. SUKIE, ALEXANDRA and JANE enter cautiously. JANE holds a lighter in her hand.

SUKIE Darryl?

JANE It's creepy. Not even Fidel's around.

ALEXANDRA Good. Let's just find our stuff and leave, okay?

JANE There's gotta be a light switch around here somewhere . . .

(The lights snap on, and DARRYL is standing there at an ironing board, frantically pressing a shirt. There are piles of laundry around. Steam shoots from the iron. He looks horrid, decaying. The three women scream.)

DARRYL If you're here for dinner, you're three weeks late.

JANE Darryl. We didn't know.

ALEXANDRA My God, look at this place. Look at you.

SUKIE We just wanted to get our things.

DARRYL You wanted? You wanted? Fuck you. What about what I want?
Huh? What about what I need?

ALEXANDRA Calm down.

DARRYL Three weeks. Three lousy, lonely weeks. What the hell happened?

ALEXANDRA What happened?

SUKIE Because of us people died, Darryl.

DARRYL Not people: Felicia.

SUKIE And Clyde.

DARRYL That's your problem, sweetheart; not mine. Ladies, c'mon; Felicia
Gabriel? We should be singin' in the streets. We should be getting
a fuckin' medal for community service.

ALEXANDRA No one was getting hurt when it was just us playing around. But it
went too far, Darryl.

SUKIE How can we ever look poor Jennifer Gabriel in the face, knowing
what we did?

DARRYL Blah, blah, blah. Everything I have given the three of you. And all
I ever asked in return was a little company, a little companionship.
A little slap, a little tickle, a little game of hide the pickle, but no;
that was too much.

SUKIE We can't just pretend this never happened.

ALEXANDRA What did you expect, Darryl?

DARRYL What did I expect? What did I expect?! I dunno. What do people normally expect? A life. A cocker spaniel. A white picket fence. Children.

SUKIE Children? Why would you want children?

DARRYL Gee, I don't know. Maybe because children don't walk out on you at the first sign of trouble.

ALEXANDRA Oh my God. He wants sons.

DARRYL Sons? No, no. I want daughters.

ALEXANDRA Come on, girls . . .

DARRYL Wait, wait, wait. (*Blocking their way.*) You need me. When I came here, you were nothing. No, no, you were less than nothing: you were women. You were empty vessels and I filled you. Everything you think you are, everything you think you can do, that's all because of me, you know. So you better think long and hard before you walk out that door; do you really want to go back to where you started? Huh? (*Beat.*) How about it, Alex?

ALEXANDRA Forget it.

DARRYL Sukie?

SUKIE I hate you.

DARRYL Janey?

 (*JANE does not turn away, nor does she respond.*)

DARRYL Ah. And then there was one.

ALEXANDRA Janey.

DARRYL Think for a moment, Jane.

SUKIE Don't listen to him, Jane.

DARRYL Think of everything I've given you.

SUKIE Please.

ALEXANDRA What did you ever give her?

DARRYL I'll give you a little clue, lady; they came in multiples. Now, back off! Let her make up her own mind. How 'bout it, Janey? Don't you want the music? That beautiful, beautiful music.

JANE Oh, Darryl . . .

SUKIE Jane, no!

JANE You don't understand! Neither of you. Men are always wanting to take care of you, Sukie. And Alex, men are always wanting you to take care of them. But this is the first time a man has really wanted me since . . . This is the first time a man has really wanted me. And I can't help but think – if I turn away now, if I walk away from all this, will I ever get it back?

(The sounds of a violin tremolo fades in.)

Music No. 17a: WAITING FOR THE MUSIC TO BEGIN – REPRISE

JANE
I DREAM OF A LIFE
WHERE THE PASSION RINGS TRUE.
WHERE MUSIC SURROUNDS ME,
INSPIRING AND NEW.
WHERE GOOD COMES TO GOOD
AND THE BAD GET THEIR DUE.
AND OH, WHAT A LIFE
I COULD LIVE HERE WITH YOU –

(DARRYL pulls her in for a forceful kiss, sucking energy out of her. She pulls away, repulsed.)

JANE I just don't think I could live with myself. I'm sorry. Good-bye.

(She whisks ALEXANDRA and SUKIE out of there in a panic.)

DARRYL Get your asses back down here. I'm not kidding around. Ladies? Ladies!

17b: THREE LITTLE LADIES

DARRYL
 THREE LITTLE LADIES;
 RUN, RABBITS, RUN.
 YOU THINK IT'S GONE TOO FAR NOW?
 WAIT TILL WE'RE DONE;
 I'VE JUST BEGUN.
 AND ALL TOO SOON YOU'LL CURSE
 THE VERY DAY YOU WERE BORN.
 AND WHAT'S MORE, YOU'LL RUE
 THE DAY YOU CHOSE TO SCREW
 WITH MISTER DARRYL VAN HORNE!

(Blackout.)

SCENE SEVEN: A SEASIDE GRAVEYARD

The scene changes. We are in a seaside graveyard. JENNIFER sits on the ground in front of her parents' gravestones, flowers in hand. MICHAEL runs on upstage, outside the gates, chasing REBECCA.

JENNIFER Michael?

(MICHAEL and REBECCA disappear in one direction as SUKIE, JANE and ALEXANDRA enter from the other. JANE is the first to notice JENNIFER.)

JANE Oh crap.

SUKIE What?

JANE Jennifer Gabriel.

ALEXANDRA *(Exiting swiftly with JANE.)* Orphan at twelve o'clock, orphan at twelve o'clock.

JENNIFER Sukie?

- SUKIE (*Caught short.*) Jennifer, hi. I didn't know you were . . . We were just cutting through the . . . I am so sorry about . . . Well, you probably want to be alone with . . . Okay.
- JENNIFER No, that's alright. Stay. I just needed to get out of the house for a little while. There's so much that needs to be done now, it's a little overwhelming.
- SUKIE I understand. There must be, you know, a lot of . . .
- JENNIFER Loose ends. Yeah. Boxes and boxes of papers and old photographs and letters.
- SUKIE Letters?
- JENNIFER It's okay, Sukie. I knew about you and Daddy. The two of you saw each other for so long. Nothing you could say would really shock me.
- SUKIE I wish that was true.
- JENNIFER I've just been sitting here, talking out loud like some sort of crazy person. Asking Mommy and Daddy what I should do next. Do I stay here? Do I go back to college? (*Beat.*) Maybe you have some advice.
- SUKIE Advice? Me? Well, Jennifer, college is so . . . And of course Eastwick will always be . . . You know what; I am the last person you should be asking for advice right now, angel. I've got to go.
- JENNIFER "Angel?" That's what my daddy used to call me.

Music No. 17c: WORDS, WORDS, WORDS – REPRISE

- SUKIE Jennifer . . . Angel . . . I wish there was something I could do. Or undo. Or say. But right now, what's there to even talk about?
- SUKIE
THE NIGHT, THE DAY, THE WEATHER;
ALL THE POINTLESS THINGS I KNOW?
WE COULD TALK ABOUT YOUR FATHER, ANGEL,
GOD, HE LOVED YOU SO . . .

(She suddenly hugs JENNIFER.)

SUKIE Oh, Jennifer.

(SUKIE breaks off the hug just as suddenly.)

SUKIE Forgive me.

JENNIFER For what?

SUKIE I'm so sorry.

(SUKIE runs offstage.)

JENNIFER Sukie? Sukie!

(DARRYL enters from the other side, unobserved.)

DARRYL Lovely evening, isn't it?

JENNIFER Who is that?

DARRYL My God. Look at you.

JENNIFER Do I know you?

DARRYL Darryl Van Horne.

JENNIFER Darryl Van Horne? Right. Of course. My mother knew you.

DARRYL Oh, yes. And I knew your mother. *(Leaning on Felicia's headstone.)*
She was a big fan of mine, you know.

JENNIFER No. No, I didn't.

DARRYL She hid it well. I'm so sorry about the passing of your folks. Swell people, truly. But Jennifer, you have to know; at least one of them is in a much better place.

Music No. 18: DARRYL VAN HORNE – REPRISE

DARRYL
POOR LITTLE DEAR; YOUR LIFE'S A GREEK DRAMA;
ONE THUNDERBOLT . . .

(Thunder.)

. . . YOUR PARENTS ARE GONE.
YOU'VE GOT A ROUGH TIME STARING YOU DEAD IN THE EYE
AND THE WHOLE OF THIS TOWN LOOKING ON . . .

(MARGE walks by, upstage of the gates. She spots DARRYL, but JENNIFER'S back is to her.)

DARRYL Marge.

(She scurries off. DARRYL turns back to JENNIFER.)

DARRYL
YOU'RE MAYBE ONE TWITCH SHORT OF A BREAKDOWN.
THE CAMEL'S BACK BEFORE THAT LAST STRAW.
YOU'RE SO SAD YOU COULD PLOTZ,
GOT YOUR KNICKERS IN KNOTS.
WELL ANGEL, JUST LEAVE YOUR KNICKERS TO MOI.

'CAUSE JENNIFER,
DARRYL VAN HORNE
CAN BE A FONT OF COMPASSION.

JENNIFER
MOTHER ONCE WARNED ME;
OF WHAT I'M NOT SURE . . .

DARRYL
NO HONESTLY,
DARRYL VAN HORNE
HAS GOT A WARM SIDE, IT'S TRUE.

JENNIFER
YOU FIGURED IN THERE.
MY MIND IS A BLUR . . .

DARRYL
A SENSITIVE
NEW-AGER, AFTER A FASHION.
BUT CONFIDENT AND FATHERLY, TOO . . .

DARRYL You like children, don't you?

JENNIFER Yes, I do.

DARRYL
WELL, WHATCHA KNOW;
DARRYL VAN HORNE
HAS THAT IN COMMON WITH YOU.

(They exit.)

SCENE EIGHT: DOCK STREET

There is a light change. We are on Dock Street, now. A group of TOWNSPEOPLE enter, MARGE leading the charge.

MARGE
WELL I WAS OUT JUST WALKIN' THE SHORE, AND

GINA Yes?

MARGE
WHO SHOULD I SEE, ALL GREASY WITH CHARM?

GRETA Three guesses.

MARGE
NONE OTHER THAN THAT ANIMAL, DARRYL VAN HORNE
WITH A LADY-FRIEND DRAPED ON HIS ARM.

BRENDA Please.

MARGE
THAT'S NOTHING NEW, I KNOW, BUT IT WASN'T . . .

TOBY What?

MARGE
. . . ONE OF THE NORMAL THREE; NO, IT'S TRUE.
NOW I COULDN'T QUITE SEE WHO IT WAS, BUT DEAR ME
IT SEEMS, VAN HORNE HAS GOT SOMEONE NEW.

TOWNSPEOPLE

MARGIE, YOU MUST TELL US WHO . . .

(DARRYL *enters from the other side of the stage with a DOLLED UP*
JENNIFER *in tow.*)

DARRYL

GET READY NOW,
DARRYL VAN HORNE
IS BACK AND READY, BELIEVE IT.

TOWNSPEOPLE

QUICK, LIGHT A CANDLE! AND OFFER A PRAY'R!

DARRYL

TOGETHER WITH
DARRYL VAN HORNE,
YOU'RE GETTING STRONGER EACH DAY.

TOWNSPEOPLE

GOOD GOD, THE SCANDAL.
TO THINK HE WOULD DARE.

DARRYL

WHATEVER YOUR
DREAM IS, REACH OUT AND ACHIEVE IT.
MAKE THOSE SO-CALLED FRIENDS OF YOURS PAY.
THE NEW MOTTO OF

+ TOWNSPEOPLE

DARRYL VAN HORNE . . .

DARRYL

"LET NO ONE STAND IN YOUR WAY."

(MICHAEL *enters, being chased by REBECCA. He spots JENNIFER.*)

MICHAEL

Jennifer?

JENNIFER

Oh. I knew I was forgetting something.

MICHAEL

What are you doing with him?

JENNIFER What are you doing with her?

DARRYL For shame, young man. Carrying on like that.

MICHAEL But you were the one who . . . who . . .

DARRYL Who what? I didn't do a thing, kid. The only one with control over what you do is you. And frankly, I expected better of you, Skippy.

MICHAEL Michael.

DARRYL No one cares.

MICHAEL Jennifer!

DAR. / JEN. No one cares.

 (ALEXANDRA and JANE enter, arms around a crying SUKIE.)

ALEX. / JANE Darryl?

DARRYL Jackpot! Ladies, you all know Jennifer, don't you? (*To JENNIFER.*) Show 'em the rock, baby.

ALEXANDRA The rock?

DARRYL Just when you think you're down and out, God throws you a bone. Throws *me* a bone? Throws *her* a bone? Screw it. Who cares? Point is; look at her. Brains, sensuality, and Lordy Lordy, that tight little body. You could eat ice cream off that ass. And I have. Butter Pecan.

SUKIE How could you? (*To JENNIFER.*) Do you know who this man is?

ALEXANDRA You son of a bitch.

DARRYL (*To ALEX, JANE and SUKIE.*) What can I say? It's a man's world.

ALEXANDRA Meaning what?

DARRYL Meaning kiss my ass. You had your chance. All of you. (*Back to JENNIFER, music in.*) Come along, my angel.

Music No. 19: YOUR WILDEST DREAMS – REPRISE

TOWNSPEOPLE (*As DARRYL and JENNIFER exit.*)

MESS WITH THE BOUNDRIES OF COMMON DECENCY
AND IN RETURN YOU GET
T TO THE R TO O-U-B-L-E,
AND IT'S NOT OVER YET.

(The TOWNSPEOPLE exit. The THREE WOMEN and MICHAEL stand there in shock, not even looking at each other. JANE, in particular, is in another world.)

ALEXANDRA He's right. We had our chance.

SUKIE I don't have any words; I feel sick.

ALEXANDRA Oh my God. It's really over now.

SUKIE This can't be happening.

ALEXANDRA We walked out on him. We ran away from him. And that girl just slipped right into his bed. Our bed. Goddamnit!

SUKIE I am so stupid.

ALEXANDRA And she's young and smooth and she's thin.

SUKIE She is a whore.

ALEXANDRA Yes! Yes, that's exactly what she is. She's a whore.

MICHAEL Mom.

SUKIE And oh boy, did she ever have me fooled.

(The LITTLE GIRL enters, doll in hand.)

LITTLE GIRL
POOR CHICKEN LITTLE
FELT AN ACORN
DROPPING ON HIS . . .

SUKIE Shut up! Who the hell are you anyway? Scram!

(The GIRL screams, drops her doll, and runs offstage. JANE stirs.)

JANE Oh ladies. Chapter seven . . .

ALEXANDRA /
JANE / SUKIE . . . Poppets and Voodoo Dolls!

ALEXANDRA Yes!

SUKIE That's what we'll do to Jennifer Gabriel. We'll kill that little bitch!

MICHAEL Whoa! How is any of this Jennifer's fault?

SUKIE The voice of reason speaks.

ALEXANDRA This is what it's like, Michael. It's yourgoddamn father all over again.

MICHAEL What? You're nuts. You've completely lost it.

ALEXANDRA *(Overlapping a bit.)* Don't you dare speak to me like that. I am your mother.

JANE Leave him alone, Alex. He's just a boy. He doesn't get it.

MICHAEL Other people got hurt here, too, you know?

ALEXANDRA Aw. Your heart get a little scraped up there, Michael? Big deal. You'll bounce back by dinner. Your kind always does.

MICHAEL My kind?

ALEXANDRA It's not the same for us. You'll never know what it's like to let someone in as deeply as we do, to make yourself vulnerable, to allow your heart to be ripped apart. You'll never know any of this, Michael, because you're wearing pants.

MICHAEL What the hell happened to you?

ALEXANDRA
THIS BOND BETWEEN WOMEN AND MEN; WHAT A LAUGH.
FOR WOMEN, HELL, IT'S MORE LIKE A WAR.
IN YOUR DARKEST HOURS . . .

MICHAEL I don't remember you getting this crazy . . .

ALEXANDRA
IN YOUR WEAKEST DAYS . . .

MICHAEL . . . over any other man . . .

ALEXANDRA
IN YOUR WILDEST DREAMS..

MICHAEL . . . and there have been a *lot* of men, Mom.

(She smacks him.)

JANE Alex.

MICHAEL If this is really about how “evil” men are; why are you blaming Jennifer?

(He exits.)

ALEXANDRA It's true.

JANE Stop it.

SUKIE What is?

ALEXANDRA What he said about Jennifer. Why are we blaming Jennifer?

JANE Oh get off it, Lexa. You saw that girl. With the make-up.

SUKIE And the hair.

JANE And the heels.

SUKIE And the skin tight little outfit.

JANE That girl was behaving exactly like . . .

SUKIE Behaving exactly like . . .

ALEXANDRA /
JANE / SUKIE . . . Us.

ALEXANDRA Yes.

SUKIE Us.

JANE Look at us.

SUKIE Oh God. Oh dear God. What's going to happen to her?

ALEXANDRA Nothing. Nothing is going to happen to her.

SUKIE Oh. Oh, crimeny. You're not suggesting . . .

JANE I think we have to. Before it goes too far.

SUKIE But we'll never get away with it. He's too strong.

ALEXANDRA Is he? Think about it, Sukie. Have we ever really seen him do anything? It's always been us. The three of us.

JANE Exactly. It's written everywhere in that book: there is enormous power in threes. If we join our powers, if we do this together, we can send him back to wherever he came from. Now, come on.

SUKIE Where?

(They all run off. In a sort of limbo, JENNIFER appears in her WEDDING DRESS.)

Music No. 20: I WISH I MAY – REPRISE

JENNIFER
 I WISH I MAY.
 LIKE ALL GIRLS DO.
 NOW MY DREAMS
 HAVE ALL COME TRUE
 COMPLETELY.
 IT'S ALL I COULD HOPE FOR,
 AND ALL FOR MY SAKE;
 A SEA OF FLOW'RS.
 A THREE-TIERED CAKE.
 AND LIKE MOST BRIDES
 I CAN'T HELP BUT THINK . . .

(DARRYL *appears in a spot*. JENNIFER *beams at him, the devoted fiancée.*)

DARRYL (*Fumbling with his tie.*) Black tie, my white ass.

JENNIFER (*Back to us.*) . . . I'm making a huge mistake.

OPTIONAL SCENE

(Incl. *Music No. 20a: The Glory of Me*)

**This scene is optional. If you so choose,
you can cut straight to Scene 9.**

SCENE 8a: SOMEWHERE BEYOND EASTWICK

Music No. 20a: THE GLORY OF ME

DARRYL My God. Look at *me*. No, really; look at me. I'm a goddamned saint. Underappreciated in that larger world, mayhaps, but big fucking deal. If it takes another generation or two, so be it. I am a very patient man.

(*The TOWNSPEOPLE OF EASTWICK enter, one by one.*)

DARRYL
WHO'S GOT THIS TOWN IN HAND?

ED That would be you, Mr. Van Horne.

DARRYL
WHO'S STRIKING UP THE BAND?

GINA / GRETA Oh, Darryl!

DARRYL
ASK ALL OF EASTWICK, AND

+ SMALL GROUP
THEY'LL AGREE.

DARRYL

LET THE STORY BE TOLD
OF THE GLORY OF ME.

WHO'S HEADIN' OFF THE SCALE?

RAYMOND He is such a man.

DARRYL

THE QUINTESSENTIAL MALE.

MARGE Hell, I'd sleep with him.

DARRYL

COME ON, AND TELL THE TALE.

SMALL GROUP

WOW-WOW-WHEE.

DARRYL

LET THE STORY BE TOLD
OF THE GLORY OF ME!

NO ONE I HOLD AS HIGH

TOWNSPEOPLE

NOR YOU SHOULD.

DARRYL

AS ME, MYSELF AND I.

TOWNSPEOPLE

WHO'S AS GOOD?

DARRYL

SWEET JESUS, WHAT A GUY.

TOWNSPEOPLE

GLORY BE –

DARRYL

LET THE STORY BE TOLD
OF THE GLORY OF ME.

SHOUT!

ALL

SHOUT! SHOUT IT OUT FROM THE HARBOR.

DARRYL

SAY!

ALL

SAY! SAY IT ALL, SAY IT TRUE.

DARRYL

SING!

ALL

SING!

FROM THE BAY TO THE BACKROADS.

SHOUT IT OUT.

SAY IT OUT.

SING IT OUT.

OO-OO-OO.

LET THE STORY BE TOLD

OF THE GLORY OF YOU!

DARRYL

I mean really children, when you think about it . . .

DARRYL

WHO PLAYED STRAIGHT AND KEPT IT REAL?

ALL

WHO, WHO, WHO?

DARRYL

TOLD THE TRUTH AND SKIPPED THE SPIEL?

ALL
TRUE, TRUE, TRUE.

DARRYL
IN EACH AND EV'RY WAY, IDEAL.

ALL
MODEST, TOO.
LET THE STORY BE TOLD
OF THE GLORY OF YOU!

DARRYL
WHO BREEZED IN AND BAGGED THREE DAMES?

ALL
HEY, HEY, HEY.

DARRYL
WHO EXPOSED YOUR SMALL TOWN GAMES?

ALL
WHATCHOO SAY?

DARRYL
COME ON FOLKS, START NAMING NAMES.

ALL
WE DECLARE –
LET THE STORY BE TOLD
OF THE GLORY OF DAR-
-RYL VAN HORNE,
DARRYL VAN HORNE!

DARRYL Stop, I'm blushing.

(Dance break.)

ALL
ONCE AGAIN –
LET THE STORY BE TOLD
OF THIS MAN AMONG MEN

AMONG MEN,
AMONG MEN,
AMONG MEN,
AMEN –

SHOUT!
SHOUT IT OUT FROM THE HARBOR.
SAY!
SAY IT ALL, SAY IT TRUE.
SING!
FROM THE BAY TO THE BACKROADS.
SHOUT IT OUT,
SAY IT OUT,
SING IT OUT. (*etc. . . .*)

DARRYL One mo' time! Take it home!

ALL
WHO'S GOT ALL THE BASICS DOWN
NIGHT TO MORN?
WHO KNOWS HOW TO WEAR THAT CROWN?
D.V. HORNE.
SPARE THE EGRETS; SPOIL THE TOWN
THROUGH AND THROUGH.
LET THE STORY BE TOLD
OF THE GLORY OF YOU!

WHO SET OUT TO SEIZE THAT DAY?
WHO WOULD DARE?
FOUND HIS KINGDOM COME WHAT MAY?
WHERE, WHERE, WHERE?
RIGHT HERE IN NARRAGANSETT BAY.
HALLELU!
LET THE STORY BE TOLD
OF THE GLORY OF YOU!
THE GLORY, THE GLORY –

DARRYL
THE GLORY OF ME! (*etc. . . .*)

ALL
SHOUT IT OUT,
SAY IT OUT,
SING IT OUT . . . (*etc. . . .*)

LET THE STORY BE TOLD
OF THE GLORY OF YOU!

DARRYL
IT'S ALL RIGHT HERE TO SEE:
THE WONDER,
THE POWER,
THE GLORY OF ME!

SCENE NINE: THE CHURCH

We are in the inside of the Church. The Town is in attendance. JENNIFER is being marched down the aisle by RAYMOND. ALEXANDRA, JANE and SUKIE sneak in, unobserved.

Music No. 21: THE WEDDING

TOWNSPEOPLE
THE GROOM'S IN BLACK.
THE BRIDE'S IN WHITE.
THE ANGELS SING
AS WELL THEY MIGHT.
LET HEAVEN SHINE
ITS SACRED LIGHT
ON THIS BLESSED EVENT.
AH AH AH AH
AH AH AH AH . . .

ED
DEARLY BELOVED,
WE ARE GATHERED
HERE TOGETHER
TO JOIN THIS MAN AND WOMAN
IN THE EYES OF OUR LORD . . .

TOWNSPEOPLE

. . . AND EASTWICK.
THOSE WHOM GOD WOULD JOIN,
LET NO MAN OR WOMAN
TEAR ASUNDER.

ALEXANDRA

I CLOSE MY EYES
AND I WISH HIM GONE.

JANE

I CLOSE MY EYES
AND I DREAM THIS NEVER HAPPENED.

SUKIE

I CLOSE MY EYES
AND I WISH OUR LIVES UNFETTERED BY THIS MADNESS . . .

(ALEXANDRA *jams a needle into the poppet she carries*. DARRYL
reacts.)

DARRYL Argh!

ED Mr. Van Horne?

DARRYL It's nothing. Go on, go on.

ED
DEARLY BELOVED,
WE ARE GATHERED HERE TOGETHER . . .

DARRYL

YEAH, YEAH,
YADDA, YADDA, YADDA, YADDA,
YADDA, YADDA, YADDA, YADDA . . .

DARRYL Cut to the chase, already.

ALEXANDRA (*Continuing to prick the poppet.*)
WE HUMBL Y ASK . . .

DARRYL Ow!

JANE
WE SIMPLY WISH . . .

DARRYL Argh!

SUKIE
WE MERELY PRAY . . .

DARRYL Jeez!

ALEXANDRA
WITH EYES CAST DOWN . . .

DARRYL Cripes!

JANE
WITH THOUGHTS OF GOOD . . .

DARRYL Stop!

SUKIE
WITH HOPE AND MORE . . .

DARRYL Goddamnit!

ED Mr. Van Horne.

DARRYL Hurry it up, Rev; for Christ's sake.

JANE
THAT'S ALL WE'RE ASKING FOR . . .

ED
DO YOU DARRYL
TAKE THIS WOMAN . . . ?

DARRYL
OW!

ED
DO YOU DARRYL
TAKE . . . ?

DARRYL
OW!

ED
DO YOU DARR'L . . . ?

DARRYL
OW!

| | |
|----------|-------------|
| ED | DARRYL |
| DO . . . | OW! |
| DO . . . | OW! |
| DO . . . | OW! |
| DO . . . | OW! |
| DO . . . | OW! |
| DO . . . | OW, OW, OW! |

| | |
|---------------------|-------------|
| ALEXANDRA | TOWNSPEOPLE |
| I THINK THE WORDS | AAH! |
| I SPEAK THE THOUGHT | AAH! |

DARRYL Chapter seven.

| | |
|-------------------------|-------------|
| JANE | TOWNSPEOPLE |
| THE MOON SHINES BRIGHT. | AAH – |
| THE NIGHT IS BLESSED. | AAH – |

DARRYL Where are they?

| | |
|-----------------------|-------------|
| SUKIE | TOWNSPEOPLE |
| LET THE HEAVENS | AAH – |
| GRANT US OUR REQUEST. | AAH – |

| | |
|-----------------------|-------------|
| JANE / SUKIE | TOWNSPEOPLE |
| LET THE HEAVENS | AAH – |
| HEAR US IF THEY DARE. | AAH – |

(DARRYL *disappears into the crowd.*)

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE
 HEAR OUR PRAY'R.
 HEAR OUR PRAY'R.
 HEAR OUR PRAY'R.
 HEAR OUR PRAY'R.

DARRYL (*Appearing right behind the WOMEN.*) You'd better be saying your prayers, you bitches!

(*DARRYL tries to get the WOMEN, who, in turn, torment the doll even further.*)

DARRYL
 YOU THINK YOU'VE WON?
 REVERSED THE PLOT? WELL,
 YOU'RE NOT RID OF ME THAT EAS'LY, GIRLS;
 I SHIT YOU NOT . . .

(*They continue to abuse the poppet.*)

DARRYL Ow, ow, ow, ow . . . Christ!

DARRYL
 YOU'VE GOT NO STRENGTH.
 YOU'VE GOT NO STING.
 AND IN THIS COCKFIGHT KNOWN AS
 LIFE YOU'RE LACKING ONE CRUCIAL THING.

(*Sukie BITES the poppet's CROTCH.*)

DARRYL Argh!!! Yes, that would be it.

(*A GREAT WIND whips up, the whole structure of the church starts to shake.*)

| | |
|---------------------------|-------------|
| DARRYL | TOWNSPEOPLE |
| THE NAT'RAL ORDER'S DEAD, | AHH – |
| THE SYSTEM IS BROKE. | AHH – |
| MAN'S NOW THE PUNCHLINE | AHH – |
| TO GOD'S MIS'RABLE JOKE. | AHH – |
| I DID MY BEST, | AHH – |

THE MOST THAT ANYONE CAN AHH –
 IF I HAD JUST BEEN A WOMAN AHH –
 AND NOT BEEN A MAN!!!

(DARRYL ASCENDS into the heavens, screaming out his last note. The church collapses. The WHITE PICKET SLATS fall from all the suspended fences with a BAM!)

Everyone stands there looking at the wreckage of the church aghast. FIDEL steps forward, looks out.)

FIDEL Right then.

(He strolls off.)

ALEXANDRA embraces MICHAEL, then nudges him toward JENNIFER. MICHAEL moves to kiss her, but she stops him.)

Music No. 22: ACT TWO FINALE

MICHAEL / JENNIFER
 WE'LL START AGAIN AND LOOK FOR
 SOMETHING
 MORE KIND THAN CLEVER,
 SOMETHING
 THAT TIME CAN'T SEVER,
 SOMETHING
 THAT'S OURS FOREVER . . .

(She offers her hand. He takes it. They exit.)

The TOWNSPEOPLE exit, BRENDA lagging behind.)

BRENDA *(To ALEX, JANE and SUKIE.)* If you're interested, ladies; the
 Preservation Society meets on Thursdays.

ALEXANDRA *(Taken aback.)* Thank you.

(BRENDA goes, leaving only ALEX, JANE and SUKIE.)

SUKIE
 LOOK AT ME,

I'M WHERE I STARTED.

JANE

LOOK AT ME,
IT'S LIKE I'VE JUST BEGUN.

ALEXANDRA

LOOK AT ME,
I'M BACK AT CHAPTER ONE.

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE

YET THERE'S A CHANGE THAT I CAN SEE.

ALEXANDRA

LOOK AT ME –

SUKIE / JANE

LOOK AT ME,
CONFUSED, BUT WISER.

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE

LOOK AT ME,
AFRAID, BUT NOT ALONE.
SCARED TO MOVE
YET STANDING ON MY OWN.

ALEXANDRA

SOMEWHERE A LIGHT BEGINS TO SHINE –

SUKIE

“MAKE HIM MINE.”

JANE

SO I SAID.

ALEXANDRA

“MAKE HIM MINE.”

JANE / SUKIE
BUT NOW I SEE

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE
EV'RYTHING I NEEDED
WAS HERE INSIDE OF ME.
BLESSED BE.
TOGETHER WITH MY SISTERS,
PERFECTLY IN TUNE.

ALEXANDRA
THREE MINDS AND HEARTS,

JANE
THREE PRACTICED ARTS

SUKIE
MADE ONE

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE
BY THE BLESSING OF THE MOON . . .

(An ENORMOUS MOON glows in the sky above them.)

ALEXANDRA
LOOK AT ME;
I'M WELL WORTH SEEING.
A WORK OF ART BEYOND COMPARE.

JANE
LOOK AT ME;
I AM THE MUSIC,
A SOARING TUNE UPON THE AIR.

SUKIE
NOW I SEE,
THE WORDS ARE ALWAYS THERE.
LOOK AT ME.

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE
AND ALL THIS TIME WE HELD THE KEY –

ALEXANDRA
LOOK AT ME!

JANE / SUKIE
LOOK AT ME,

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE
I HAVE THE POWER.

JANE
LOOK AT ME!

SUKIE / ALEXANDRA
IN MY LIFE,

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE
I HAVE THE SELF-ESTEEM.

SUKIE
LOOK AT ME!

ALEXANDRA / JANE
IN MY HEART,

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE
I HAVE THE ANSWERED DREAM.
AND IN MY SOUL, I HAVE THE SONG.

JANE
AND IN MY FRIENDS

ALEXANDRA / JANE / SUKIE
I HAVE THE MAGIC, THE LOVE,
THE MOON UP ABOVE;
THEY WERE MINE,
ALL MINE,
ALL ALONG.
LOOK AT ME . . .

(Meditative. Eyes closed. Arms outstretched. Faces to the wind.)

SUKIE
LOOK AT ME . . .

ALEXANDRA
LOOK AT ME . . .

JANE
LOOK AT ME . . .

(A MUSICAL FIGURE. JANE slowly puts her hand on her stomach.)

JANE (Huh. I suddenly have the strangest feeling.

(A MUSICAL FIGURE. SUKIE slowly puts her hand on her stomach.)

SUKIE Me, too; isn't that bizarre?

(A MUSICAL FIGURE. ALEX slowly puts her hand on her stomach.)

ALEXANDRA Son of a bitch.

(HUGE THUNDER CRASH.

Their eyes fly open. They look first at each other, then to their bellies.

*They turn around and stare in amazement as the moon above them
turns a DEEP, OMINOUS CRIMSON. They join hands.*

Blackout.)

THE END

Music No. 23: FINAL BOW AND PLAYOUT (Instrumental)

THE WITCHES OF EASTWICK

Music by
DANA P. ROWE

Book & Lyrics by
JOHN DEMPSEY

Based on the novel by
JOHN UPDIKE
and the Warner Bros. motion picture

VOCAL BOOK



Josef Weinberger Limited

on behalf of

Music Theatre International
& Cameron Mackintosh Limited

THE WITCHES OF EASTWICK

A Musical

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THE WITCHES OF EASTWICK

Lyrics by
JOHN DEMPSEY

1. Opening Act One

Music by
DANA P. ROWE

Musical score for the opening of Act One, measures 10 to 30. The score is in 4/4 time, key of D major. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). Measure 10 is marked with a '10' above the staff. Measure 17 is marked with 'Allegro' above the staff and a '17' above the staff. The score continues with various musical notations including eighth notes, quarter notes, and rests. Measure 30 is marked with a '30' above the staff. The score ends with a double bar line and a key signature change to D minor (F# and C#).

SEGUE

2. Eastwick Knows

LITTLE GIRL:

Colla voce

Musical score for 'Eastwick Knows' by the Little Girl, measures 1 to 11. The score is in 4/4 time, key of D major. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). Measure 1 is marked with a '1' above the staff. The score continues with various musical notations including eighth notes, quarter notes, and rests. Measure 5 is marked with a '5' above the staff. Measure 9 is marked with a '9' above the staff. The score ends with a double bar line and a key signature change to D minor (F# and C#).

Ev'-ry dawn. Ev'-ry sun-rise. May they find me in this town I call my
home. In the park. In the school-yard. May the neigh-bor's watch-ful eye guide my
steps as I walk by. Such a luck-y girl am I, you might sup- pose. Well I

rall.

Musical score for 'Eastwick Knows' by Alex, Jane, and Sukie, measures 12 to 16. The score is in 3/4 time, key of D major. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). Measure 12 is marked with a '12' above the staff. The score continues with various musical notations including eighth notes, quarter notes, and rests. Measure 16 is marked with a '2' above the staff. The score ends with a double bar line and a key signature change to D minor (F# and C#).

am. You can ask. East wick knows.

Musical score for 'Eastwick Knows' by All, measures 17 to 21. The score is in 3/4 time, key of D major. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). Measure 17 is marked with a '17' above the staff. The score continues with various musical notations including eighth notes, quarter notes, and rests. Measure 21 is marked with a '2' above the staff. The score ends with a double bar line and a key signature change to D minor (F# and C#).

East - wick knows heav - en smiles up - on Rhode Is - land. East - wick hears not a

20

whis - per-ing of woe. East - wick sees an im - mac - u - late New Eng - land.

23 **WOMEN:**

East - wick knows all that East - wick needs to know. Hear the

25

bells from the steep - le. Is there a sweet - er way to start than day than

28 **FELICIA:**

this? Play - ful winds. Mind - ful peop - le. Ev' - ry

31 **+ GINA & GRETA:**

wink and ev' - ry stare is the neigh - bor - hood's af - fair. It just

33 **ALL:**

shows how much we care when we pro - pose; For the good, for the

36 **JOE:** **CLYDE:**

Al - ex - an - dra... Su - kie...

RAY:

best, East - wick knows. Jane...

40 **THREE MEN:**

JOE:

We should talk a - bout where things are lead - ing to. What say next

We should talk a - bout where things are lead - ing to.

42

CLYDE:

time we leave the lights on? If I had

I don't sup - pose you're an - y worse than my wife.

44

half a brain I'd leave Fel - i - cia and start up some - where fresh with you.

start up some - where fresh with you.

46

SUKIE:

JANE:

ALEX:

Do you real - ly mean that? I feel so de - si - red. You just ru - ined it.

49

GINA:

GRETA:

FELICIA:

ALEX, JANE, SUKIE:

Joe! Ray - mond! Clyde! Things they

TOWNSPEOPLE:

East - wick knows

52

have no busi-ness know-ing. And soon the gos - sip's chang-ing hands.

Eas - wick hears

55

What East-wick is - n't meant to wit-ness. But it nev - er un-der -

East wick sees East - wick knows

59 **Dialogue**

stands.

ED:

A heart - y wel - come please for the chair - per - son of the East - wick Pre - ser -

61

va - tion So - ci - e - ty Fe - li - cia Ga - bri - el!

63 **FELICIA:**

The Len - ox House! Home to the ma - jes - tic elms,

65


ha - ven for the en - dan - gered Snow - y E - gret.

67

To - day it is with great pride that I that is to say the Pre - ser -

Detailed description: This musical score shows measure 67. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#), and a common time signature (C). The melody consists of quarter notes: D4 (quarter rest), E4, F#4, G#4, A4, B4, A4, G#4, F#4, E4, D4. There are two measures of whole rests following the first half of the staff. The lyrics "To - day it is with great pride that I" are aligned under the first half, and "that is to say the Pre - ser -" are aligned under the second half.

69



va - tion So - ci - e - ty an - noun - ces its in - ten - tions to

71

buy from the coun - ty this his - tor - ic land - mark and re - store it to its

73

Broadly

pro - per and right - ful glo - ry!

ALL:

As flow - ers bloom, as bees will buzz,

77

East - wick thrives as East - wick does, for East - wick is as East - wick was and

81 **a tempo**
ALEX, JANE, SUKIE:

Each day the same old non-sense. The same ac-cus-ing glanc-es.

al-ways will be. East-wick shares. East-wick learns. East-wick

85

A thou - sand pry - ing eyes that size up your cir - cum - stan - ces.
cares for your con - cerns. Heed the

87

Please some - thing hap - pen, some - how. De - liv - er me from East - wick
tides, Mind the throes. East - wick

89

[Thunder on Beat 4] **Faster (in 2)**

Please save me quick be - fore I die!
sees. East - wick

3. Make Him Mine

Alex: "It's a little hard to watch."

MICHAEL:

Jen - ni - fer, when I'm with you, it's like... there's this... I just feel...

JENNIFER:

A kind of...
Some - thing, deep - er than the night I feel this Some - thing...

rall.

Cue: Oh, Michael. You always know just what to say. //

A per - fect With you there's...
Some - thing... Some - thing... Some - thing...

Alex: "Well, someone..."

Sukie: "...new."

Alex: "Yes."

Sukie: "And mysterious."

Alex: "Artistic."

Sukie: "Simple and honest. You know; like a caveman."

Alex: "But devastatingly handsome."

Sukie: "A prince on horseback."

Cue - Alex: "Well there's no harm in dreaming is there?"

SUKIE:

what sort of man_ might fill the shoes.

JANE:

if I could choose, _

ALEX:

If I could ask, _

21

I'd like to find__ in - side my door?__

I'd like to find__ in - side my door?__

I'd like to find__ in - side my door? What man might fill those Tom Mc-Cann's?__

23

What would I ask?__ What would I dare?_

What would I dare?_

Yes, what in - deed?__

25

I'd ask if I thought the moon would

I'd ask the moon...__ if I thought the moon would

I'd ask the moon...__ if I thought the moon would

27 **più mosso**

Alex: "To the power of positive thinking."
Sukie: "Yummy." [They toast]

care._____

care._____

care._____

31

SUKIE:
Ev' - ry-thing I dreamed of.____

JANE:
Ev' - ry-thing I dreamed of.____

ALEX:
I close my eyes and I see him____ there.____

34

Smooth, suc-cess - ful.____

Warm, at - tent - ive.____

37

Stal - wart and strong... I close my eyes and it's

I close my eyes and it's

I close my eyes and it's

40

past com - pare.____

past com - pare.____ Ev' - ry-thing I pict - ured.____

past com - pare.____ Ev' - ry-thing I hoped for.____

43

Ev' - ry - thing I want - ed all a - long! Make him
all a - long! Make him
all a - long! Make him

46

mine. Make him mine. Make him hand-some as the dev - il, yet
mine. Make him mine. Make him hand-some as the dev - il, yet
mine. Make him mine. Make him hand-some as the dev - il, yet

49

per - fect - ly di - vine. Make him mine. The
per - fect - ly di - vine. Make him mine. The
per - fect - ly di - vine. Make him mine. The

52

ult - i - mate com-pan - ion, the i - deal de - sign. All man - ner of man in one
ult - i - mate com-pan - ion, the i - deal de - sign. All man - ner of man in one
ult - i - mate com-pan - ion, the i - deal de - sign. All man - ner of man in one

55

man - Make him mine.

man - Make him mine.

man - Make him mine.

58

I close my eyes and I see him there... A strang-er at the door-step...

I close my eyes and I see him there... A strang-er at the door-step...

I close my eyes and I see him there... A strang-er at the door-step...

61

Filled with se-crets...

Dark, en-chant-ed...

64

Fright-ened to feel...

66

I close my eyes and my heart's laid___ bare.____

I close my eyes and my heart's laid___ bare.____

I close my eyes and my heart's laid___ bare.____ Ev' - ry-thing I hoped for....__

69 **rall.**

Ev' - ry-thing I want-ed... and it all seems so real.____

Ev' - ry-thing I pict - ured... and it all seems so real.____ I see him

and it all seems so real.____

72 **A tempo**

There he is, pure per-fect-ion,____ down to the core.____

there... down to the core.____

There he is, pure per-fect-ion,____ down to the core.____

75

A sight to see;__ ver - y hand-some, yes, but so much more.____

A sight to see;__ ver - y hand-some, yes, but so much more.____

A sight to see;__ ver - y hand-some, yes, but so much more.____

77

Some - one to touch... Some - one to talk__ to...__

Some - one to touch... Some - one to talk__ to...__

Some - one to touch... Some - one to talk__ to...__

79

A tow'r of strength... With cal-loused hands...

A man of means...__

Who likes to read...

81

Who works the land...

Who wears a suit...__ Who runs an

Who likes to paint...__

83

A man of war...__ A mass of

of - fice... Smooth and fair...

A gent - le soul... A mass of

85

hair... That's all I'm ask - ing for... Make him

That's all I'm ask - ing for... Make him

hair... That's all I'm ask - ing for... Make him

88

mine. Mine to hold. Make him bril - liant as a dia - mond, and

mine. Mine to hold. Make him bril - liant as a dia - mond, and

mine. Mine to hold. Make him bril - liant as a dia - mond, and

91

beaut - i - ful as gold. Bright and bold. Let

beaut - i - ful as gold. Bright and bold. Let

beaut - i - ful as gold. Bright and bold. Let

94

all our man - y wish - es con - join and com - bine. All man - ner of man in one

all our man - y wish - es con - join and com - bine. All man - ner of man in one

all our man - y wish - es con - join and com - bine. All man - ner of man in one

97

man Make him mine._____

man Make him mine._____

man Make him mine._____

100

The moon shines bright._____

I speak the thought._____

I think the words._____

The night grows hot._____

102

Let the heav - ens give us all they've got._____ All

Let the heav - ens give us all they've got._____ All

_____ give us all they've got._____ All

105

man - ner of man in one man. Make him

man - ner of man in one man. Make him

man - ner of man in one man. Make him

108

mine... All mine...

112

rall. **A tempo**

[They toast] Make him mine!

[Thunder] Make him mine!

Make him mine!

SEGUE

4. Eastwick Knows (Reprise)

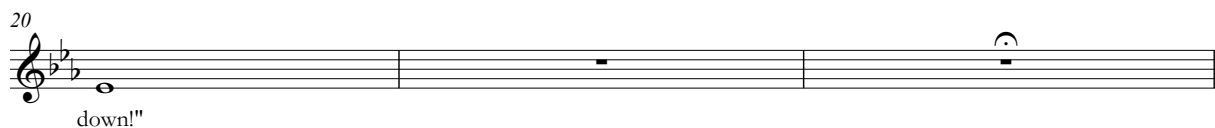
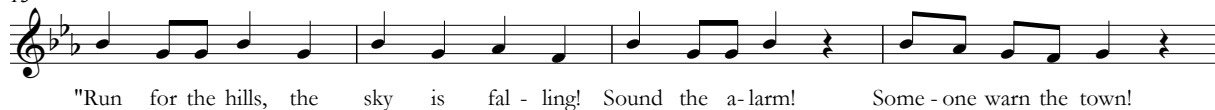
In 2 **4**

5 **LITTLE GIRL:**

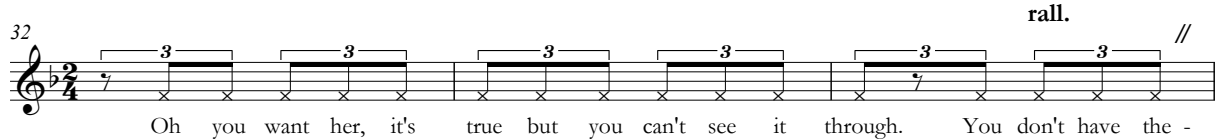
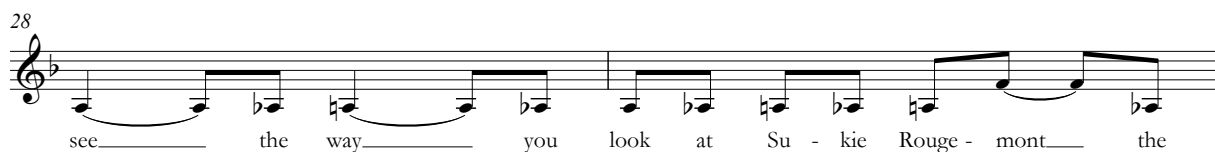
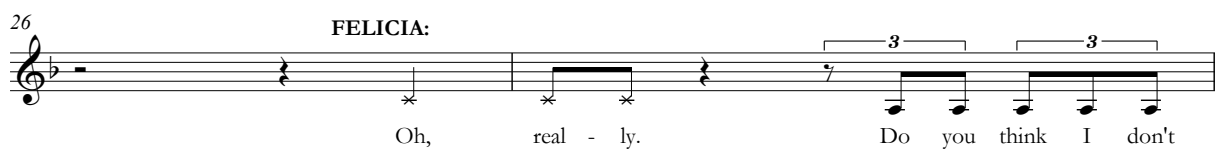
Poor Chick-en Lit - tle felt an a - corn drop - ping on his head.

9 **rall.**

Poor Chick-en Lit - tle took to the streets and cried and screamed and said:

13 **A tempo**

Felicia: "I suppose she'll
be at the concert tonight."
Clyde: "Things happen."



Clyde: "Felicia! I swear to God."
Felicia: "You have something to say, Clyde?
Spit it out; I'm all ears."
Clyde: "I'll go change into a suit, darling."

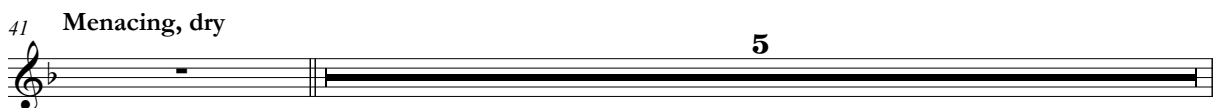


38 [Phone Rings] **FELICIA:** **BRENDA:**



Ga - bri - el Res - i - dence. Fe - li - cia, it's Bren - da. (etc...)

41 **Menacing, dry**



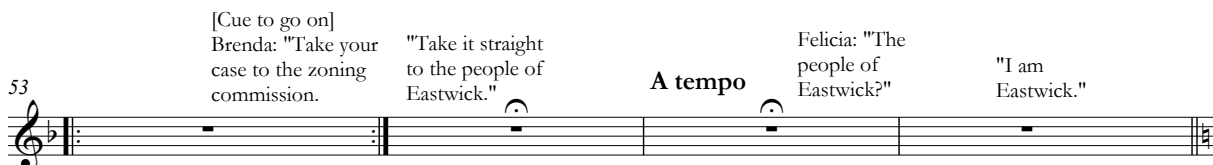
47



50



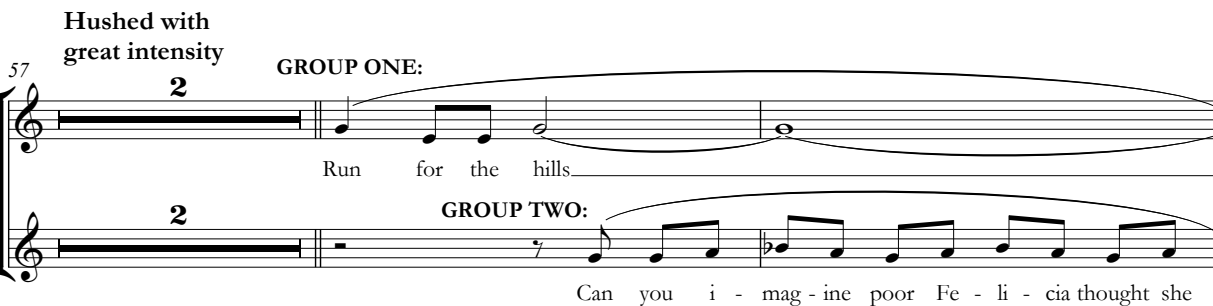
53 [Cue to go on]
Brenda: "Take your case to the zoning commission." "Take it straight to the people of Eastwick." **A tempo** Felicia: "The people of Eastwick?" "I am Eastwick."



Hushed with great intensity

57 **GROUP ONE:** Run for the hills.

GROUP TWO: Can you i - mag - ine poor Fe - li - cia thought she



61 the sky is fall - ing.

had it all sewn up. Now it's all gone off the rails. Dear God she

GROUP THREE: Can't wait to hear all the de-tails.



65

The nerve of this man; to poach Fe-li-cia's claim.

GROUPS TWO & THREE:

must be spit-ting nails. I hear he's at the con-cert but has

69

an - y - bod - y seen him? Ten bucks says the fur flies when she's face to

JOE & RAYMOND: MEN:

GINA & GRETA:

Well it's just too good to miss.

73

TOWNSPEOPLE: GROUP THREE:

With what's his name. Some-one find

GROUP TWO:

face with what's his name. Yes, what's his name?

FELICIA:

What is his name? Well, go ask Marge.

76

molto rall.

ALL:

Marge. What is his name? What is his name?

GROUP FOUR:

She wants his name. What is his name? What is his name?

I want his name. What is his name? What is his name?

Marge: "Well..."
Voice: "Darryl Van Horne."
[Thunder crash.]

5. Darryl Van Horne

[Cue] Darryl: "You ladies like martinis, don't you?"

Jane: Did he just...?

Sukie: No.

Alexandra: What the hell was that?

Bright

DARRYL:

The musical score is written for a single melodic line in treble clef, key of D major (two sharps), and 4/4 time. It consists of nine staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words hyphenated across lines. The score begins with a key signature change from D major to D minor (one sharp, one flat) at measure 10, indicated by a double bar line and a key signature change symbol. The lyrics are as follows:

You got a real fine town on your hands.
 — here. — You got a sky too blue to de - scribe. — You got that
 whole New Eng-land - y thing — go - ing on — and that weird Pres - by - ter - i - an vibe.
 — You're on - ly one piece short of the puz - zle. You need
 fun in your lives. — I must say. — Got your backs to the wall — and your shorts.
 — in a ball, — well folks, all of that chang - es to - day! — Get read - y cause
 Dar - ryl Van Horne — can get those gird - les to loos - en.
 I'm tel - lin' ya Dar - ryl Van Horne — can put some life in this crew.
 — Where - ev - er there's a town in need — of some goos - in' —

29

Dar-ryl's gon - na see the deed through— And furth-er-more Dar - ryl Van Horne

S.A. Dar - ryl Van Horne!

T.B. Dar - ryl Van Horne

32

has got his sights set on you - . Whoo-hoo - hoo...

BRENDA: What ex - act - ly does that mean, Mis-ter Van Horne?

35

— There's your first clue. I'm gon - na

You've got your sights set on who?

39

add some zing to the pal - lette. And teach you words you wished that you knew—

42

— I'm gon - na wring a dit - ty or two— from the pi - per; the

45

pay - ment I leave— up to you— You're in the god - damned hands of the mast -

48

- er. You'll all be art be - fore this is done — You're all

51

read - y to blow — with your jaws — hang-ing low — and the show has - n't e - ven be - gun.

54

— Now heav-en knows Dar - ryl Van Horne — can be a lit - tle be - wild' -

S.A.
Dar - ryl Van Horne!

T.B.
Dar - ryl Van Horne!

57

- rin'. Ad - mit-ted - ly Dar - ryl Van Horne —

FELICIA: S.A.
To say the least... Dar - ryl Van Horne!

ED: T.B.
Yes, it's all too ab - surd. Dar - ryl Van Horne!

60

— can put on quite the dis - play — So what-cha say

FELICIA:
The man's a beast...

MARGE:
Yes, pre - cise - ly the word!

63

come out and play with me child - ren Life is more than rules to o - bey

66

Con - sid - er it; Dar - ryl Van Horne is on - ly one wish a - way

S.A.
Dar - ryl Van Horne!

T.B.
Dar - ryl Van Horne!

70

You can try to re - sist but in time you'll be feel - ing it too

T.B.
Ah

74

Am I cause or ef - fect? Would you

S.A.
Ah

Ah

77

jump if I asked it of you? Is it fate or free will?

Ah

Ah

80

Who de - term - ines the things that you do? There's the door,

Ah

Ah

Ah

Ah

83

— take your cue. Dive on in. Step on through Step on in Step on up Step on through!

S.A.

Step on in Step on up Step on through!

T.B.

Step on in Step on up Step on through!

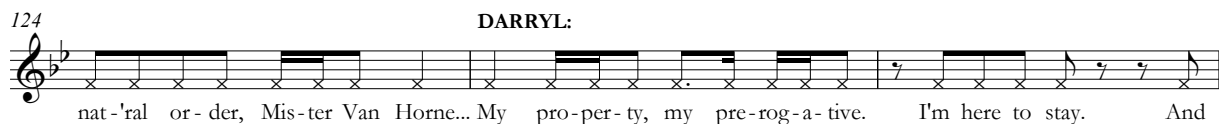
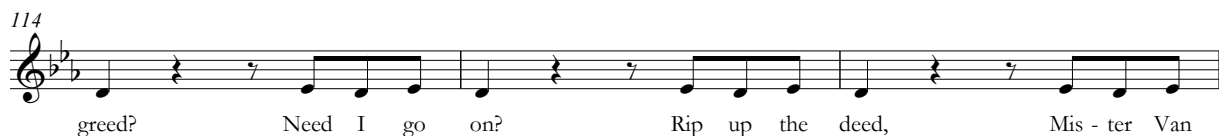
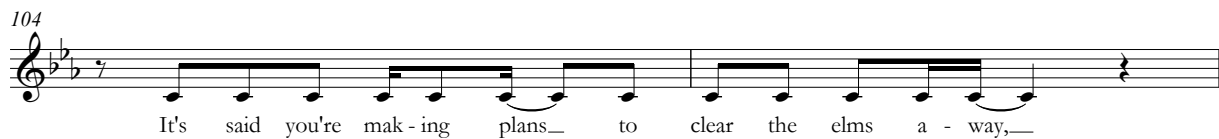
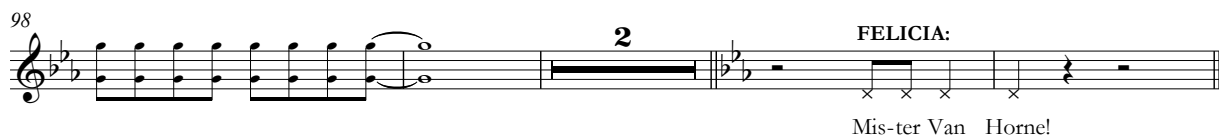
86

Ooh ooh Aaaaah - - - Who!

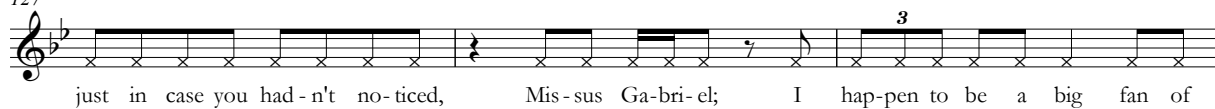
(vocal fall-off)

Ooh ooh Aaaaah - - - Who!

(vocal fall-off)



127



130



S.A.

Just leave it to

Dar - ryl Van Horne...

T.B.

Just leave it to

Dar - ryl Van Horne...

133



135



138

Have faith in Dad-dy; sal - va-tion's at hand!

Let's all of us cut loose and pour...

Let's all of us cut loose and pour...

141

the Ba - card - i, give those in - ner dem - ons their due!

the Ba - card - i, give those in - ner de - mons their due!

143

How god-damned luck - y for you.

We're sad-dled with Dar - ryl Van Horne!

We're sad-dled with Dar - ryl Van Horne!

146

DARRYL:

yeah, say it a - gain...

T.B.
D to the A to the doub - le R Y L

148

mmm... now, add my last name.

D to the A to the doub - le R Y L

150

DARRYL:

The man with the

T.B.

D to the A to the doub - le R Y L Van H - O - R - N - E !

152

spell... For rais - ing up

S.A.

D to the A to the doub - le R Y L Van H - O - R - N - E - !

S.A.T. (solo trio):

Dar - ryl Van Horne! I'm tel - lin ya

154

hell... So why__ should it

D to the A to the doub - le R__ Y L Van H - O - R N why__ should it

D to the A to the doub - le R__ Y L Van H - O - R N why__ should it

Dar - ryl Van Horne! why__ should it

much slower
dictated

156

be...

be Dar - ryl Van Horne is sim - ply heav - en to me!__

be Dar - ryl Van Horne is sim - ply heav - en to me!__

be Dar - ryl Van Horne... is sim - ply heav - en to me!__

158

colla voce**a tempo**

Fly lit - tle child - ren fly free!__

Free__

Free__

Free__

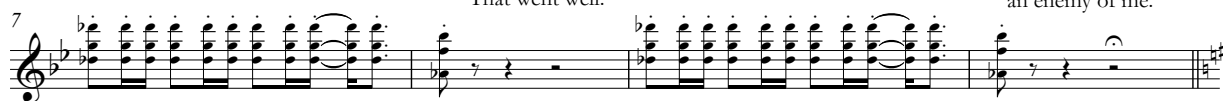
5a. Darryl Van Horne – Playoff

[2 Bar drum solo - ad lib]



Felicia: "Eastwick is a small town, Mr. Van Horne. You don't want to make an enemy of me."

Darryl:
"That went well."



Darryl: "No, Mrs. Gabriel. You don't want to make an enemy of me."

Tempo di "Eastwick"
LITTLE GIRL:



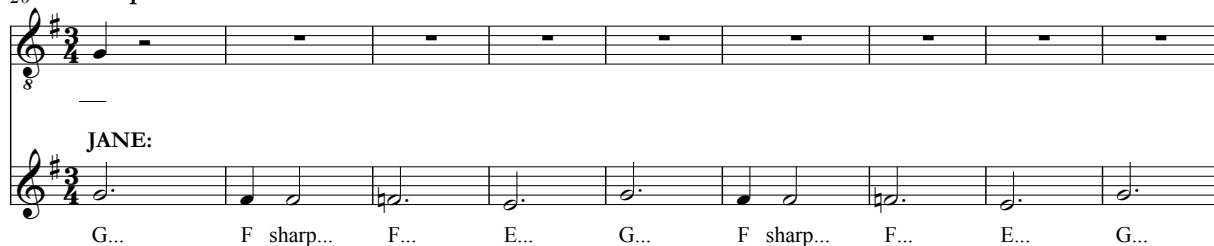
much slower

DARRYL:



a tempo

Wind chime (Darryl sniffs the air)



Marcato

[Cello solo (Jane)]



6. Waiting For The Music To Begin

Cue - Darryl: "of course you are"

DARRYL:

My God! Look at you. Ear to the strings,—

4 **colla voce**

hand on the pegs,— whol - ly in tune— with that thing be - tween your legs.

Solo pizz. *f*

7 Darryl: "Now go beyond them" (visual cue)

mp

13 Darryl: "Passion, Janey. Passion..." (visual cue)

mf

17 **JANE:**

When I was twelve Fri-day would come, I'd go to Miss

22

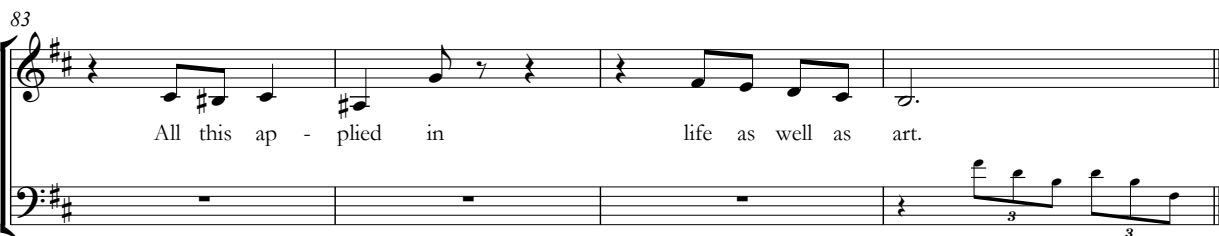
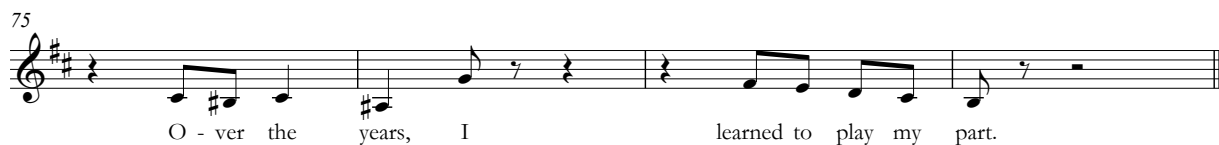
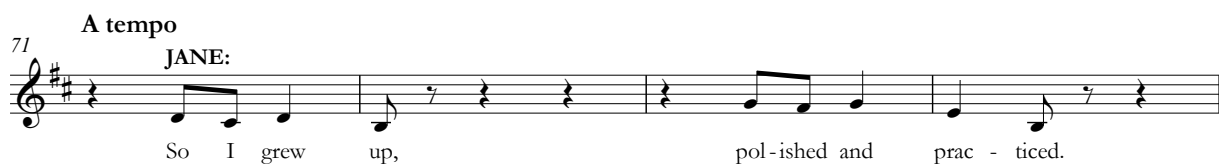
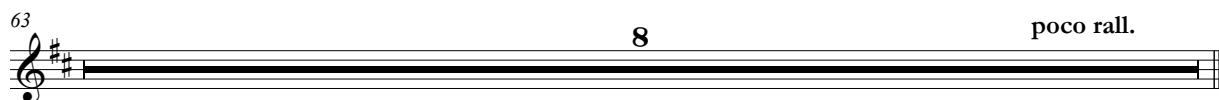
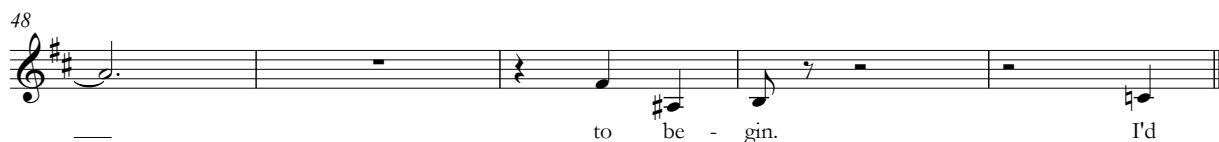
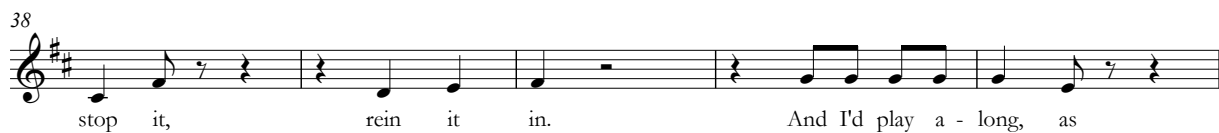
Pit - tro's, ros-in up my bow. Stiff as a rail, Warm as an

28

ice - berg. Ut - ter pre - cis - ion; That was sta - tus quo.

33

An - y - time I dal - lied with pas - sion I was told to



87

Jane - y at the strings like a spi - der. Con - stant - ly in

92

mo - tion, cold and thin. Ter - ri - fied to know what

97

lay in - side her. Wait - ing for the mus - ic...

[Solo violin]

102

Wait - ing for the mus - ic...

rall.

più mosso

107

Wait - ing for the mus - ic...

ff

113 **no rall.**



119 **JANE:**



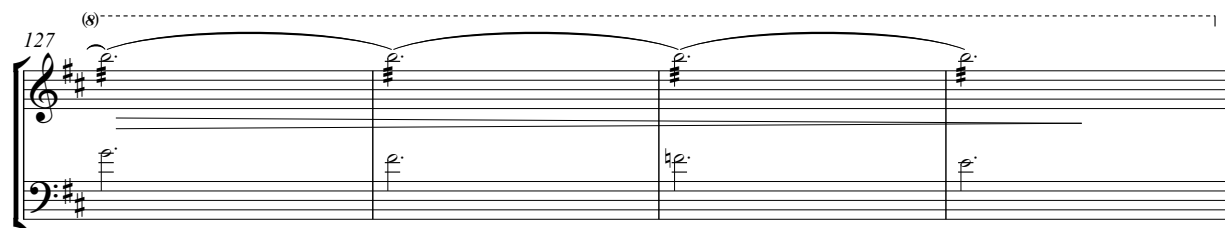
G... F sharp... F... E...

123



G... F sharp... F... E...

127



131



135

Oh, for the days when it all seemed so clear. Stick - ing to the beat.

141

Stay-ing to the tone. Day af - ter week af - ter month af - ter year.

147

Per-fect-ly in time. Per-fect-ly a - lone. But

153

what sort of man could lay claim to my soul? Half Ra - vel?

159

Half Ro - sin - ni? Part Shos - ta - ko - vich and part Pa - ga -

164

ni - ni? Who knows? Who knows? For

169

what sort of man would I lose all con - trol? Mah - ler - esque?

175

Slight - ly Greig - y? Pep - pered with Brahms plus a pinch of Res - pi - ghi? Here

181

goes. Here goes... The

185



189



193



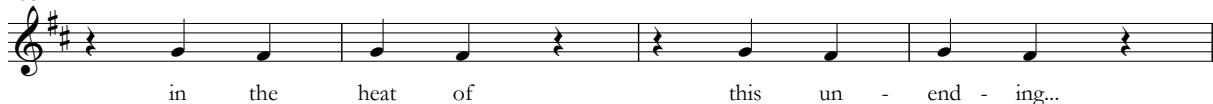
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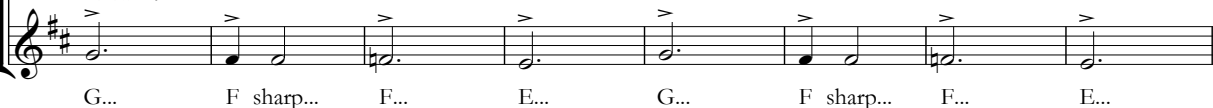
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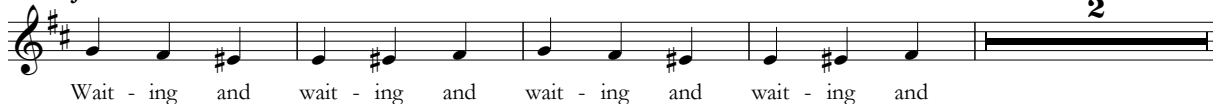
208



212

JANE:**DARRYL:**

220

JANE:

226

rall.

232 **A tempo**

gin...!

239

Ah, _____

Darryl: "Cigarette?"

SEGUE

6a. Waiting – Playoff

4

5 In 2 – tempo di "Chicken Little"

4

9 [Band solo]

13

rall.

Windchimes
17 (Darryl sniffs the air)

SUKIE:

Rhode Is-land, page sev-en ad-den-dum, i - de - al! A po-em.

21

I have to... I need to... I want to... Wait! Where did I leave my

24 **tempo di "Eastwick"**

jour- nal?

28

Sukie: "Some other time. Go!"

// **much slower**

A tempo

32 **DARRYL:**

My God! Look at you.

34

Nose in a book. Brow in a crease. What are we get-ting to-night; a lit - tle

37 **slight rall.**

Darryl: "Get it? Homonym."

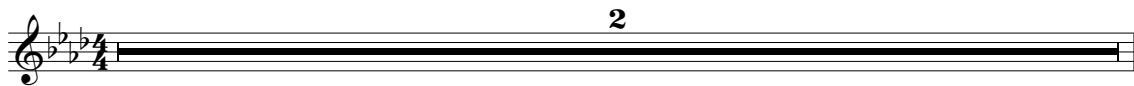
Sukie: "Homonym?"

2

war, a lit - tle piece?

7. Words, Words, Words

Cue - Darryl: "Why don't you tell me about it, Sukie darling?"



SUKIE:

Dryly



22

if I said, "I'm here to lis- ten." What would you like to talk a- bout? What would you like to talk a - bout...?

Cue - Darryl: "Confidence, Suke. Confidence."

25 **SUKIE: colla voce**

I'd like to talk a - bout the night. I'd like to talk a - bout the day. I'd like to

29

talk a - bout the weath- er, but I guess that's just cli- che. I'd like to talk a lit - tle Lat - in, may - be

32

talk a lit - tle Greek. I'd like to talk a - bout the arts. I rent - ed "Ham - let" just last week. I'd like to

35

talk a - bout my po - ems, why I shy a - way from rhymes. I'd like to talk a - bout that let - ter I had

38 **poco accel.**

pub - lished in The Times. I'd like to talk a - bout Eu - rip - i - des and Schop - en - hauer and Bach. And if there's

41 **poco più mosso**

a - ny doubt re - main - ing, I'd be hap - py just to talk. But words, words, — words,

44 **rall.**

I can nev - er find the words, words, — words, — words, words, words, words, words... —

49 **A little faster than Tempo I**

I'd like to talk a - bout the deep - est sort of se - crets that I hold, I'd like to

53

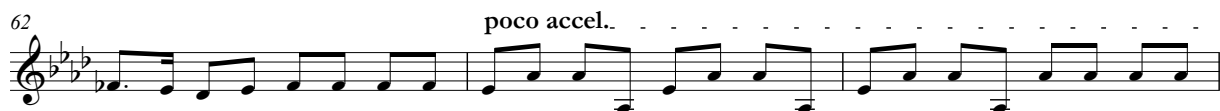
talk a - bout the un - der - ly - ing truth if truth be told. Talk a - bout the touch - ing that can



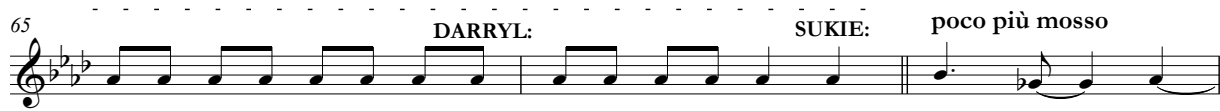
bring the ten-sion out. I'd like to talk a - bout the things I guess I should - n't talk a - bout. I'd like to



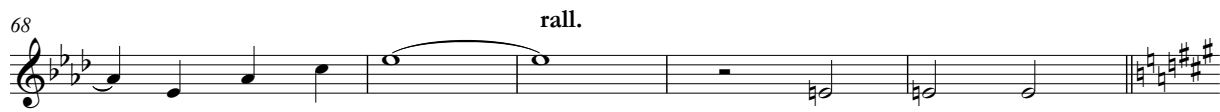
talk a - bout my feel-ings when the lights are turned down low. I'd like to talk a - bout my needs a - bove the



cov - ers and be - low. I'd like to talk a - bout my fan - ta - sies by light of ev' - ning star. I'd like to



talk a - bout a lot of things... But Suk - ie, dear you are! Oh, words, words, — words, —



— words, words, words, words... —

I'd like to



talk a - bout the world I nev - er get to see from home. I'd like to talk a - bout Cur - a - cus and the



Plei - a - des and Rome. I'd like to talk a - bout the rise. I'd like to talk a - bout the fall. Or may - be



talk a - bout the do - ings at your bas - ic Bach - an - nal. Oh, not that I ap - prove but when it's



all been said and done, I mean you got - ta give 'em this; the Ro - mans sure could have some fun. And then of



course, you've got the French, the Pak - is - tan - is and the Dutch and real - ly... Dar - ryl, is it me or am I

88

talk - ing way too much? I'd like to

92 **più mosso**

talk a - bout the he - ros that can al - ways give me hope. I'd like to talk a - bout De - ber - ger - ac, and

95

Bat - man and the Pope. Talk a - bout the fu - ture, may - be talk a - bout the past or may - be

98

talk a lot of no - thing, on - ly say it real - ly fast. Talk a - bout so - ci - e - ty or

101

talk a - bout the rot, or may - be talk a - bout the e - grets, though I'd real - ly ra - ther not.

104

Talk a - bout the mea - dows and the flo - wers and the birds. I mean I'd talk a - bout it all if I could

107 **rall.** - - - - -

on - ly find the words... I'd like to

111 **Fastest tempo – in 2**

talk a bit of this, or may - be talk a bit of that, or may - be talk a lit - tle fol - der - ol and

114

chew a lit - tle fat. Talk a - bout the A's and may - be talk a - bout the Z's and try to

117

make it through the alph - a - bet as pret - ty as you please. Talk a - bout a book or may - be

120

talk a - bout a play. Or may - be talk a - bout a mil - lion things I'll

122

nev - er get to say. I'd talk a - bout my - self, but who would give a damn? I'd like to

pochiss. rall.

125

talk a - bout a lot of things and look at me, I am! I am! I

colla voce

poco meno mosso

130

am! I am! I am! I am!

Presto

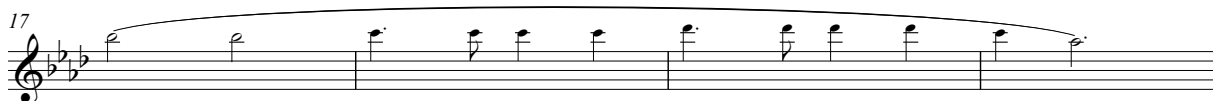
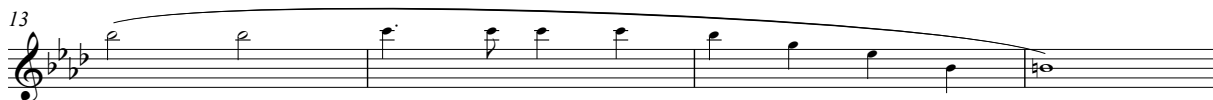
137

7a. Words, Words, Words – Playoff

Presto

5

9



Wind chimes
(Darryl sniffs the air)

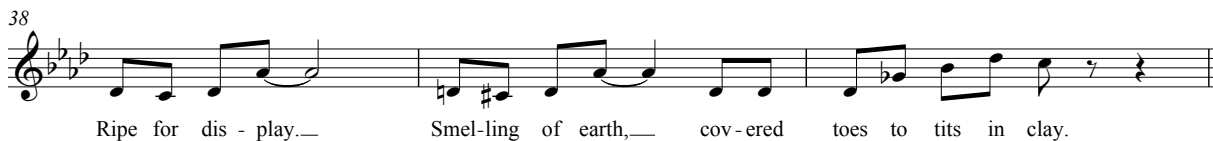
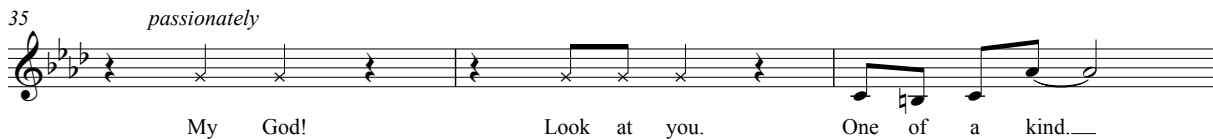


CUE: Darryl: "...something
as insignificant as this. I mean..."



DARRYL:

passionately



8. Your Wildest Dreams

[cue] Darryl: "Alexandra Spofford, I know you."

2 [cue - spoken last time] **ALEX:**

Go to hell.

misterioso
DARRYL:

5

Sit - ting at your wheel ev - 'ry day, — your lit - tle work, far too mea - ger.

A

You can

come sopra

8

Stif - ling in your cot ev - 'ry night — on trif - ling de - sires.

A

stop there, Dar - ryl.

come sopra

11

Art - ists can't be pli - ant as clay, —

A

That's un - called for Dar - ryl.

14

— too ac - qui - es - cent or ea - ger. I

A

That's e - nough now, Dar - ryl...

tranquillo

17

beg you dear, rise up to the height — and size your pro - mise re - quires, — my

A

20 **con fuoco**

D A - lex - an - dra!

A Je - sus Christ Al - migh - ty, the nerve!...

23 **teneramente**

D Clear - ly not in yours, dear...

A — What sort of world do you live in?

26 **come sopra**

D Why so

A What's the point of put - ting me down? — What's in it for you? —

29 **sweetly** **come sopra**

D quick to bruise, dear?

A What I lack or what I de - serve, — this is the life I've been gi -

32 **sweetly**

D Let me be your muse, dear.

A - ven. It sucks to be stuck here in this town.

35 **sweetly**

D It's ver - y sim - ple -

A — but what on earth can I do? —

38 **magically**

D 


Dream your wild-est dreams, em-brace your po-ten-tial.

42 **magically** **forcefully**

D 

Dream your wild-est dreams, be all you can be.

46 **smoothly - passionately building**

D 

Bare it for all God's cre-a-tion to see. Risk it and ex-plore the ex -

49 **appassionato**

D 

tremes. Live the lar-ger life and dream the wild-est of

52 **marcato**

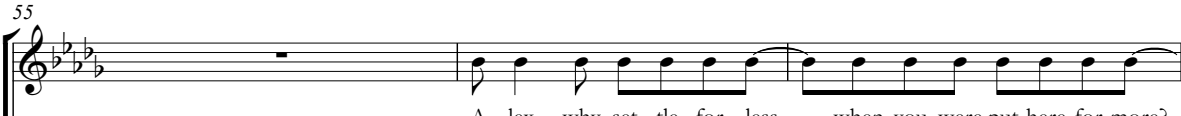
D 

dreams.

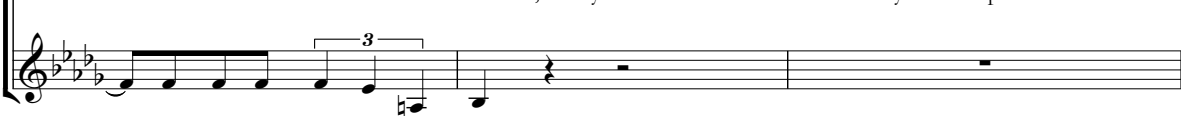
A 

Dar-ryl, just drop the B. S., you're off the mark by a score. Why pick a fight you can't win?

55


D 

A-lex, why set-tle for less when you were put here for more?

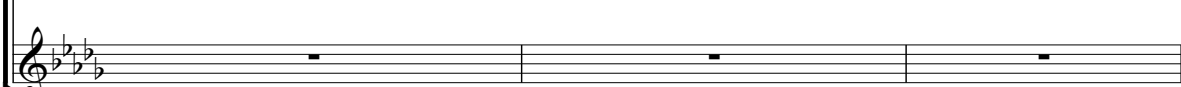
A 

You're talk-ing things you don't know.

58

D 

Why pick-et fence your-self in when you-de-serve room to grow?

A 

61

D

A

How is it this man can see right— in - to my fears and frust - ra -

64

D

A

All the years you've squan - dered..

- tions? Am I real - ly wast - ing a - way..

67

D

A

Liv - ing life for who, dear?—

— or can there be more?—

70

D

A

Now's the

If I dared to let in some light,— put my - self in my cre - a - tions

73

D

A

time for you, dear.—

moved be - yond a hand - ful of clay—

75

D

A

— and let my in - stincts ex - plore— the lar - ger - Can - vas.

78 **hypnotically**

D Smoo - ther and ful - ler___ and soft - er___ and sound - er.____

A and soft - er___ and sound - er.____

82

D Swee - ter___ and round - er___ lit - tle mir - a - cles.

A Swee - ter___ and round - er___ lit - tle mir - a - cles.

86 **ALEX:**

A Smoo - ther___ and ful - ler___ and soft - er___ and sound - er.____

JANE:

J G___ F sharp F___ E___

90

A Swee - ter___ and round - er___ lit - tle mir - a - cles.

J G___ F sharp lit - tle mir - a - cles.

94 **ALEX:**

A Warm - er___ and rich - er___ and lar - ger___ and loud - eer.

JANE:

J G___ F sharp F___ E___

SUKIE:

S I have to... I need to... I want to... I - de - as...

98

A Brav - er___ and proud - er___ lit - tle mir - a - cles.

J G___ F sharp lit - tle mir - a - cles.

S I see now... A poem lit - tle mir - a - cles.

102 with great passion

A Bold - er___ and tal - ler___ and broad - er___ and long - er___

J G___ F sharp F___ E___

S A stan- za... I see it... I'll write it... I'll be it...

106 DARRYL:

D A - lex - an - dra,

A Fre - er___ and strong - er___ lit - tle mir - a - cles._____

J G___ F sharp lit - tle mir - a - cles._____

S A coup- let... - In rhyme, lit - tle mir - a - cles._____

110

D find your wild - est, trust your wild - est, be your wild - est -

113 "Rock"

D Dream your wild - est dreams, — pur - sue your po - ten - tial.

A Dream my wild - est dreams, — pur - sue my po - ten - tial.

117

D Own your own lar - gesse, — be all you can be. —

A Own my own lar - gesse, — be all I can be. —

121

D Risk it and ex-plore the ex-tremes.

A Pound u-pon pound be re - sound - ing - ly me. —

125 ALEX: rall. //

A Sculpt the lar-ger life... Dare the lar-ger dare... Love the lar-ger me...

Freely

130 DARRYL: a tempo rall.

D (ossia) and live the wild - est of dreams. —

ALEX:

A and live the wild - est of dreams. —

8a. Tennis

Go on applause

Dance (band solo)

Cue: Darryl: "You're gonna love my friends"

Kick-it!
(12/8 Jazz Feel)

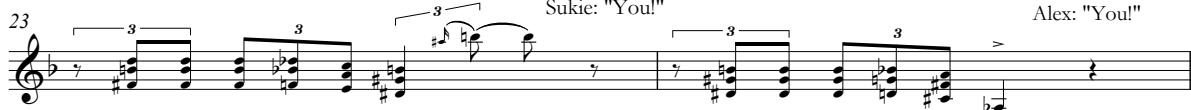


Jane: "You!"



Sukie: "You!"

Alex: "You!"



CUE: Jane: "We've know about your being a slut for years."

A tempo
DARRYL:



My God!

Look at you.

9. Something

[Full page of dialogue - note warning cue]

CUE: Jane: "Touchy, touchy, Lexa."

Go - Alex, Jane, Sukie:
"How to play the damn game."

Go - Darryl: "Air!"

Go - Darryl: "Earth!"

Go - Darryl: "Earth!"

Cue - Darryl: "You already
know the answer."

[dictated]

Darryl: "Admirer.
 Lover. Father."

ALEX:

Make him mine.

12 JANE: Darryl: "Teacher.
 Master. Slave." SUKIE: ALL
THREE:

Make him mine. Make him hand - some as the dev - il yet

16 DARRYL:

An - y - thing your hearts de - sire. The ul - ti - mate com pan - ion, the
per - fec - tly di - vine...

19 THE WITCHES: Go - Jane:
 So are you coming?"

i - deal de - sign; All man - ner of man in one man... Make him...

23 Suddenly Faster slight rall. tempo di "Something"

3 3

Passionately

62 **JENNIFER:**

One day we'll leave this town be-hind us, break the ties that bind us to

MICHAEL:

One day we'll leave this town be-hind us, break the ties that bind us to

65

an - y - thing but one a - noth - er. One day our dreams will set us free.

an - y - thing but one a - noth - er. One day our dreams will set us free.

68

Wond - ers un - ex - spect - ed. Ma - gic un - im - ag - ined.

Wond - ers un - ex - spect - ed. Ma - gic un - im - ag - ined.

70

All of it as real as it can be.

All of it as real as it can be.

72

Some - thing, in the - sun - rise all a - round us. All our hopes and dreams,

Some - thing, in the - sun rise all a - round us. All our hopes and dreams,

75

and now_ it seems Some - thing has fin' - lly found us._____ It's

and now_ it seems Some - thing has fin' - lly found us._____ It's

79

said_____ that giv - en time we'll grow wise._ What for? When here and now we have found

said_____ that giv - en time we'll grow wise._ What for? When here and now we have found

83

some - thing more kind than clev - er, some - thing that time can't sev - er,

some - thing more kind than clev - er, some - thing that time can't sev - er,

87

Softly and sustained

some - thing that's ours for ev - er - more._____

some - thing that's ours for ev - er - more._____

DIRECT SEGUE

10. Dirty Laundry

Dry, menacing. No funny sounds.

Moderato

GINA:

4

Now heav - en knows I'm not one to


Greta: "Well' of course not"

Greta: "What things
are those, Gina?"

6

Greta: well of course not"

Greta: what things are those, Gina?"



talk out of school._ But things have gone a lit - tle too far.

9 

GRETA:

GINA:

11

GRETA: **GINA:**

And not too hard to guess—who they are. Just—a bit odd. Down-right bi-

Brenda: "Good morning, girls."

Gina: "Brenda..."

GRETA:

14 GINA: "Brenda..."

GRETA:

zarre.

Say have you heard the stor - y of

Brenda: "Oh, I'm not one for gossip."

GRETA & GINA:

Brenda: "I heard
it was actually on
the tennis court."

17 not one for gossip." **GRETA & GINA:** it was actually G...
the tennis court."



what's come to pass? — Deep, deep in - side the old — Len - ox place?

Brenda: "Sense?
Oh, please!"

20



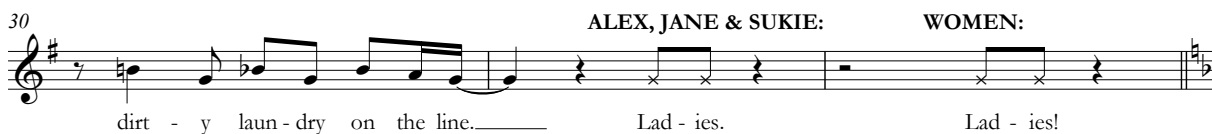
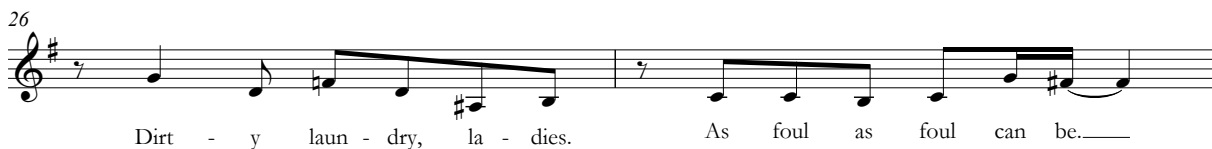
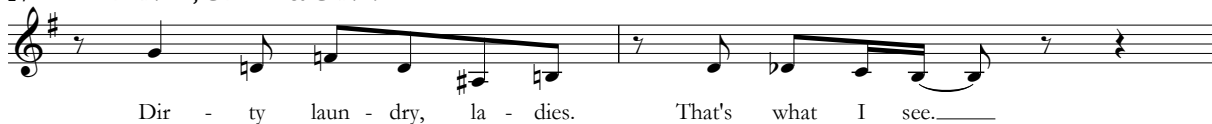
Those want - on tramps have clear - ly a - ban - doned all sense._____

WOMEN:

22 **WOMEN:**

How long must we en - dure _____ this dis - grace?

The musical notation is on a single staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It begins with a 7-measure rest, followed by a melody: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), C#5 (quarter), B4-A4 (beamed eighth notes), G4 (quarter), F#4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (half). The melody concludes with a 7-measure rest. The lyrics are aligned under the notes: 'How' under G, 'long' under A, 'must' under B, 'we' under C#, 'en - dure' under the beamed eighth notes, 'this' under G, and 'dis - grace?' under F#.

24 **BRENDA, GRETA & GINA:**

39

well.

GINA:

Were you just wear - ing that__ yest - er - day?

MARGE:

Good heav - ens, what a flag - rant dis -

41 **WOMEN:**

Dirt - y laun - dry, peop - le, fresh from the streets... Dirt - y laun - dry, sor - did

Dirt - y laun - dry, peop - le, fresh from the streets... Dirt - y laun - dry, sor - did

play!

44

torn slips and rump - led sheets... Our stand - ards fad - ing, our

torn slips and rump - led sheets... Our stand - ards fad - ing, our

46

mor - als in de - cline__ with such dirt - y laun - dry on the line...__

mor - als in de - cline__ with such dirt - y laun - dry on the line...__

49 **L'istesso tempo** **17**

♩ = ♩

69 **FELICIA:**

Have your fun girls while you may. Trou-ble's clear-ly on the

GINA & GRETA:

Can you mean that we're to blame—

72

way! The tide's washed in... a wealth of sin... we're

f Sad - ly so *f* Oh!

MEN: *f* Hang your heads, for shame for shame. *f* Sad - ly so *f* Oh!

75

fal - ling to the depths! The low - est of all lows! And what comes next well hea - ven on - ly

And what comes next, well hea - ven on - ly

And what comes next, well hea - ven on - ly

78 *p* (whispered)

knows..... Dirt - y laun - dry neigh - bors;

WOMEN: *p* (whispered)

knows..... Dirt - y laun - dry neigh - bors;

MEN: *p* (whispered)

knows..... Dirt - y laun - dry neigh - bors;

81

that's what this is.____ Dirt - y laun - dry lab - eled,

that's what this is.____ Dirt - y laun - dry lab - eled,

83

FELICIA: *f* **WOMEN: *f***

"Hers, Hers and Hers and His!____ Just when you're think - ing, it's

MEN: *f*

Just when you're think - ing, it's

85

dealt with done and gone..... The dirt - y laun - dry just goes

dealt with done and gone..... The dirt - y laun - dry just goes

87

L'istesso tempo $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

DANCE 7 **Dixieland March 16** **[Felicia motto] 12**

122

126

Dir - ty laun - dry peo - ple, good gra - cious me.____

Dir - ty laun - dry peo - ple, good gra - cious me.____

130

Dir - ty laun - dry that's been aired out for all to see.____

Dir - ty laun - dry that's been aired out for all to see.____

134

Just when you're think - ing it's dealt with done and gone....

Just when you're think - ing it's dealt with done and gone...

137

Felicia: "Jennifer!" Jennifer: "Mother!"

Brisk 4
(bb. 140 / 141-142 / 143 / 144)

145

Safety Felicia: "back to Stanford first thing tomorrow morning." "Clyde!!"

WOMEN:
The dirt - y laun-dry just goes

MEN:
The dirt - y laun-dry just goes

148

rall.

on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on and...

on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on and...

A bit broader**Soprano descant (1 voice):**

150

Ah

WOMEN 1: Dirt - y laun - dry on the line, good grac - ious me..

WOMEN 2+3: Dirt - y laun - dry, peop - le, good grac - ious me!__

MEN 1+2: Dirt - y laun - dry, peop - le, good grac - ious me!__

MEN 3: Dirt - y laun - dry on the line, good grac - ious me..

poco a poco accel.

152

Ah,

Ah

— Aired out for all to see. What__ can we do to stem this

Dirt - y laun-dry, that's been aired out for all to see.. Our stan-dards fad - ing our

Dirt - y laun-dry, that's been aired out for all to see.. Our stan-dards fad - ing our

— Aired out for all to see. What__ can we do to stem this

155

Ah Ah

de - cline. They went and

mo - rals in de - cline___ Ev - 'ry line we drew in dare___

mo - rals in de - cline___ Ev - 'ry line we drew in dare,___ They went and

de - cline. Ev - 'ry line we drew in dare___

157

crossed with - out a care._ No, there's no___ mis-tak-ing their de - sign. So spread the news a-long_ the

No, there's no___ mis-tak-ing their de - sign. So spread the news a-long_ the

crossed with - out a care._ No, there's no___ mis-tak-ing their de - sign....

No, there's no___ mis-tak-ing their de - sign....

160

FELICIA:



vine

The good

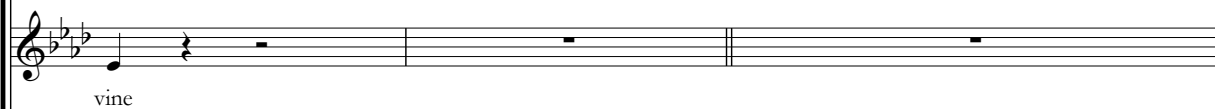
of

East - wick's

on the

line!

the



vine

ALL MEN AND WOMEN:



Dirt -

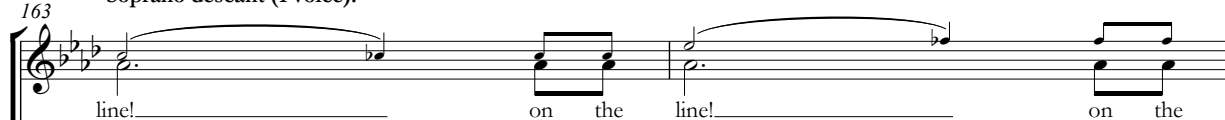
y

laun - dry

on the...

163

Soprano descant (1 voice):



line!

on the

line!

on the

WOMEN 1:



line!

on the

line!

on the

+ WOMEN 2:



Dirt -

y

laun - dry

on the...

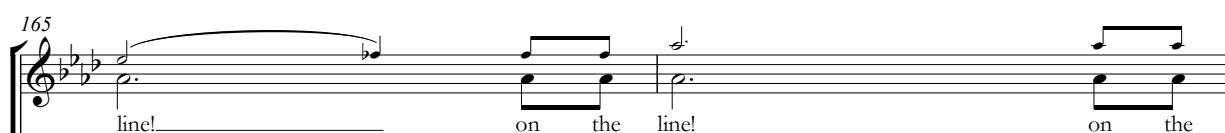
Dirt -

y

laun - dry

on the...

165



line!

on the

line!

on the

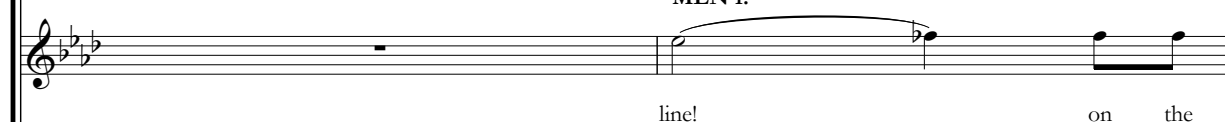
+ WOMEN 3:



line!

on the

MEN 1:



line!

on the



Dirt -

y

laun - dry

on the...

Dirt -

y

laun - dry

on the...

167

line! It's on the line!

WOMEN:

line! It's on the line!

MEN:

line! It's on the line!

PLAYOFF AND TRANSITION

169

FELICIA: **dim. al fine**

The good of East - wick's on the line!

ALL:

Dirt - y laun - dry on the...

173

Dirt - y laun - dry on the... Dirt - y laun - dry on the...

175

Dirt - y laun - dry on the... Dirt - y laun - dry on the...

177

Dirt - y laun - dry on the... Dirt - y laun - dry on the...

179

Visual cue on Alex entrance

183

Go to last time on any bar

Safety

last time on cue

SEGUE "I Wish I May"

11. I Wish I May

Segue as one from last number

ALEX:

Once u - pon a time, a lit - tle girl used to climb the gras - sy hills, used to
 hike the for - est through, she'd boss a - round her broth - ers and she'd
 tell them what to do. Her fu - ture all planned out, with - in an
 inch, with - out a doubt; One per - fect house. Two per - fect cars.

SUKIE:

Once u - pon a time, a lit - tle
 She asked the moon. She wished on stars. Once _____ u - pon a

girl used to laze a - bout the lake, used to swim in it at dawn, with
 time, that girl was me...

all her clos - est girl - friends, not a stitch of cloth - ing on. They im -

19



a - gined when a - lone how they might change when they were grown.

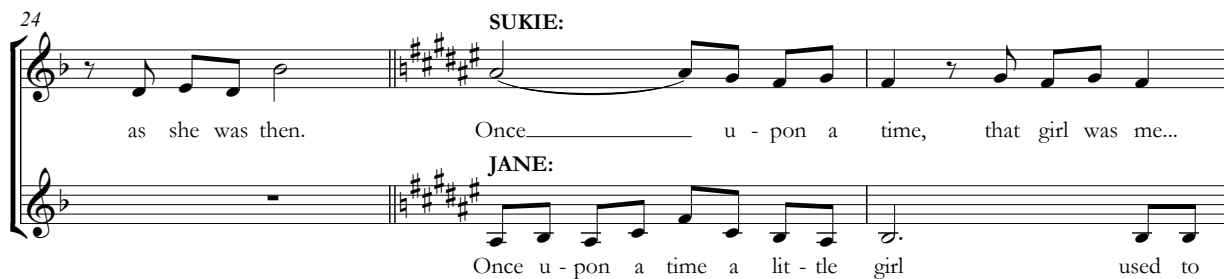
21



Yet when the stars would fill the glen she wished to stay

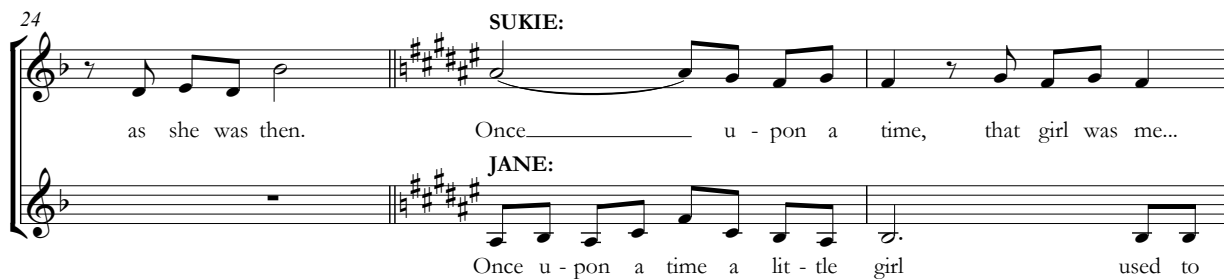
24

SUKIE:



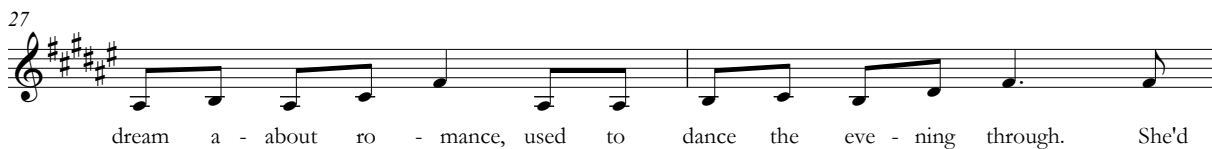
as she was then. Once u - pon a time, that girl was me...

JANE:




Once u - pon a time a lit - tle girl used to

27



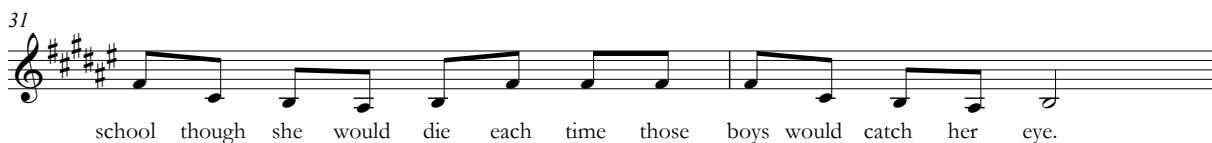
dream a - about ro - mance, used to dance the eve - ning through. She'd

29



laugh and toss her hair back like the mov - ie stars would do. In

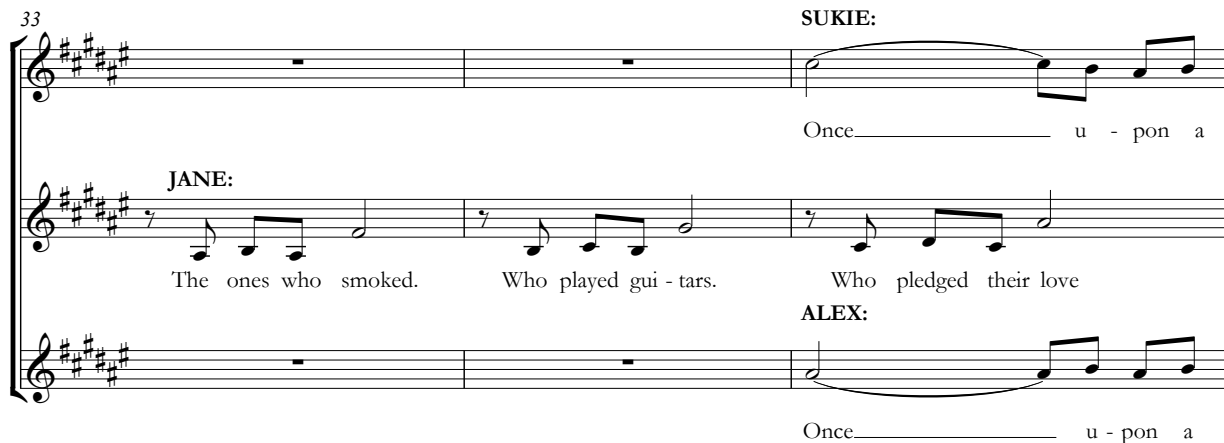
31



school though she would die each time those boys would catch her eye.

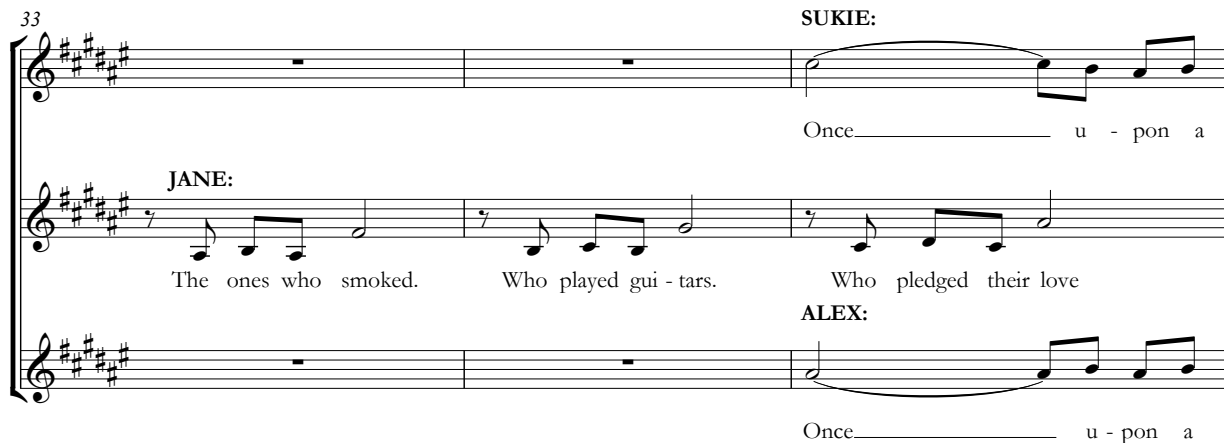
33

SUKIE:



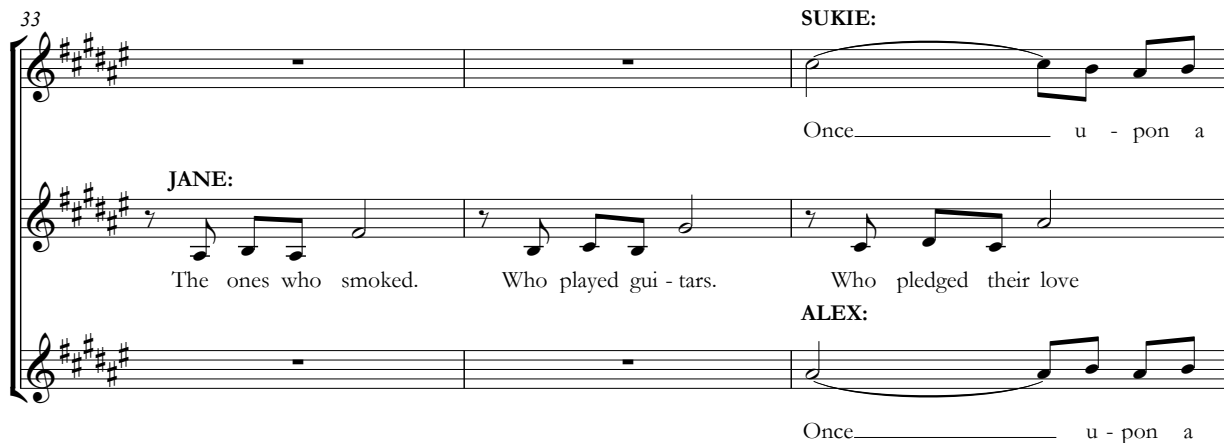
Once u - pon a

JANE:



The ones who smoked. Who played gui - tars. Who pledged their love

ALEX:



Once u - pon a

36

time u - pon a once u - pon a time that girl was me.

be-neath the stars. Once u - pon a time that girl was me.

39

Unison

And ev' - ry - thing I am is be - cause of who she was, and though it

42

poco rall. A tempo

SUKIE:

may not seem to be, she's with me still.

SUKIE:
Swim - ming

JANE:
The girl who'd see the boys and run...

may not seem to be, she's with me still.

45 **rall.**

cir - cles in the sun... That lit - tle girl. I close my

That lit - tle girl. I close my

ALEX:

Who raced her bro - thers up the hill; That lit - tle girl. I close my

48 **Freely - colla voce**

eyes and there she is be - neath the wrink - les and the scars. I'm still that lit - tle girl, wish - ing

eyes and there she is be - neath the wrink - les and the scars. I'm still that lit - tle girl, wish - ing

eyes and there she is be - neath the wrink - les and the scars. I'm still that lit - tle girl, wish - ing

51 **Don't slow too much** **A tempo - Gently**

blind - ly on the stars. I wish I may. I wish I

blind - ly on the stars. I wish I may. I wish I

blind - ly on the stars. I wish I may. I wish I

55

might. Feel the joy I feel to - night, for - e - ver. This__ was the mo-ment__ the

might. Feel the joy I feel to - night, for - e - ver. This__ was the mo-ment__ the

might. Feel the joy I feel to - night, for - e - ver. This__ was the mo-ment__ the

59

ma - gic__ be - gan: I wish I may. I say I can.___

ma - gic__ be - gan: I wish I may. I say I can.___ I'll ask the

ma - gic__ be - gan: I wish I may. I say I can.___

JANE:

63

Be - fore I sleep... Let this night...

moon... Be - fore I sleep Be mine to

I'll ask the moon... Let this night...

ALEX:

66

for al - ways. One___ per-fect mo-ment___ to hold with me still. I wish I

keep for al - ways. One___ per-fect mo-ment___ to hold with me still.

for al - ways. One___ per-fect mo-ment___ to hold with me still. I wish I

69

I wish I may... I wish I may... I say I will. I wish I may... I wish I may... I say I will.

I wish I may... I wish I may... I say I will.

may... I wish I may... I say I will.

Più mosso
DARRYL:

73

Look at these three;___ burst-ing with pow'r,___ bare - ly con - tained, grow-ing

76

strong - er by the hour. I've seen my share of wond - ers, you'd a -

78

grec. But nev - er - the - less there's not an - y - thing

80

I'll ev - er see that could scarce com - pare to the

82

Ec - sta - sy, the Art - is - try, the Myst - e - ry of these

85 **rall.**

three, — lit - le la - dies...

Dialogue **12**

100

three, — lit - le la - dies...

118

three, — lit - le la - dies...

123 **On cue**

three, — lit - le la - dies...

127 **On cue**

three, — lit - le la - dies...

132b

three, — lit - le la - dies...

134

three, — lit - le la - dies...

139

three, — lit - le la - dies...

142

SUKIE, JANE, ALEX:

Let it, let it fly...

fly - ing... "Con - cen - tra - tion," that's the by - word.

145

SUKIE, JANE, ALEX:

Soar - ing, soar - ing

Send your spi - rits soar - ing sky - ward...

147

più mosso

high...

DARRYL:

Deep with - in the night or deep in - side of you?

151

Why con - sult the moon, my dears when an - y - thing you want, you've but to do?

154

SUKIE, JANE, ALEX:

Let it... Let it...

Just let it come... Let it grow... Let it

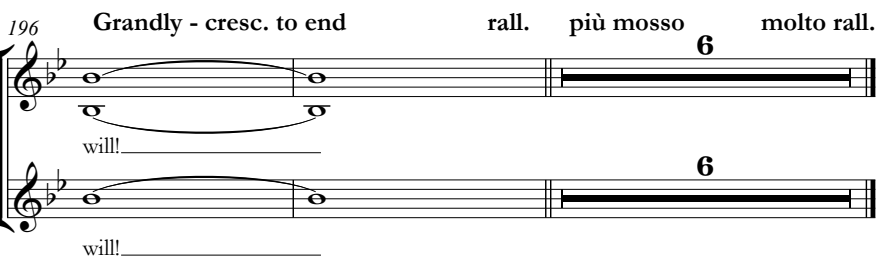
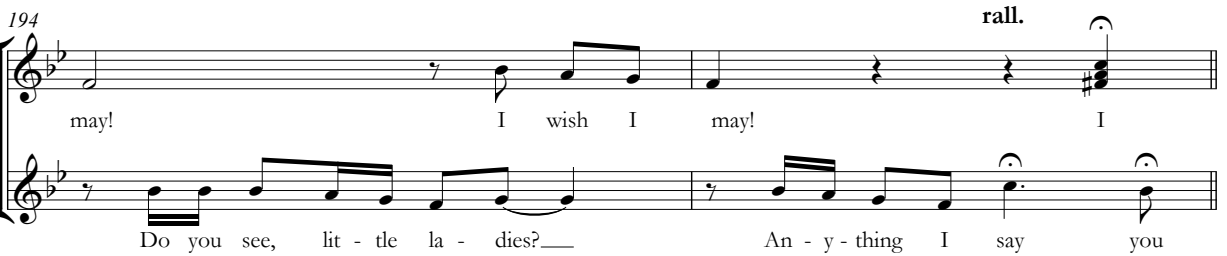
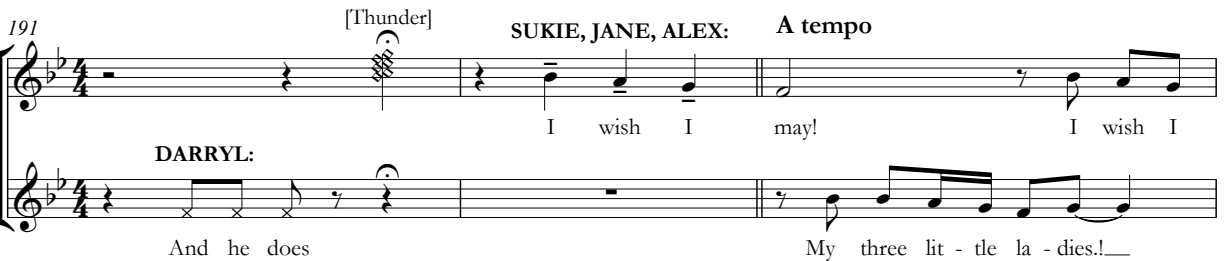
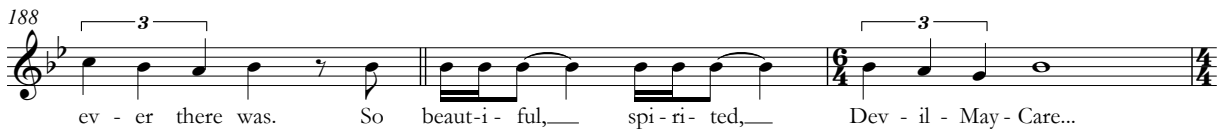
157

Darryl: "Once upon a time..."

Let it... Let it... Let it...

loose... Let it go...

Darryl: "...wish has
finally been granted"



End of Act One

12. Opening Act Two

Musical score for 'Opening Act Two'. The score is written in 4/4 time and consists of three staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The second staff continues the melody. The third staff includes lyrics and performance instructions. Above the third staff, the lyrics are: 'Answering machine (should be a "B" natural) Darryl: "I predict..." Darryl: "...magic."' Below the staff, the instruction 'ff' is written, followed by '[Wind chimes]'.

SEGUE ON CUE

13. Another Night at Darryl's

Musical score for 'Another Night at Darryl's'. The score is written in 4/4 time and consists of five staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The second staff includes lyrics and performance instructions. Above the staff, the instruction '3' is written, followed by 'ALEX:'. Below the staff, the lyrics are: 'Well, it's'. The third staff continues the melody. The fourth staff includes lyrics and performance instructions. Above the staff, the instruction '3' is written. Below the staff, the lyrics are: 'six o' - clock, I've got one foot out the door. It's six o' - clock, time to con-'. The fifth staff continues the melody. The sixth staff includes lyrics and performance instructions. Above the staff, the instruction '3' is written. Below the staff, the lyrics are: 'vince my - self once more: It's not weird what we do. Yeah kid, who's fool - ing who. For how man - y months now has life been in - sane? Ev' - ry time I turn a-round there' - ll be Dar - ryl be-tween'.

15

Su - kie and Jane. — Friend - ships are tried, — strained be - yond pray'r. —

18

Truths get re - vealed — when the flesh gets laid - bare. — Still,

21

once you've found true bliss — in - side a sin - ner's den What's there to do but

24

Colla voce **Light swing**

go there a - gain? And a gain... And a - gain... And a - gain... And a - gain...! The night com -

28

men - ces; — My spir - its soar. And soon my sen - ses go wild and what's more; —

31

— All my de - fens - es — go right out the door. — Do I do? —

34

— Do I don't? Yes, I will! — Till I won't. —

36

A - noth - er night at Dar - ry'l's! — His hands ca - ress me — and it feels

39

swell. His words im - press me; I'm caught in his spell. — His eyes un -

42

dress me. — His hands do as well. — It's all par — for the course. All re - wards, —

45 JANE:

 — no re - morse, just... A - noth - er night at Dar - ryl's! And

48 ["Jazz" Cello Solo]

 I'm scal - ing the heights just de - tail - ing the sounds and the sights.

51

 — of those am - or - ous nights. All those aud - ac - ious,

54

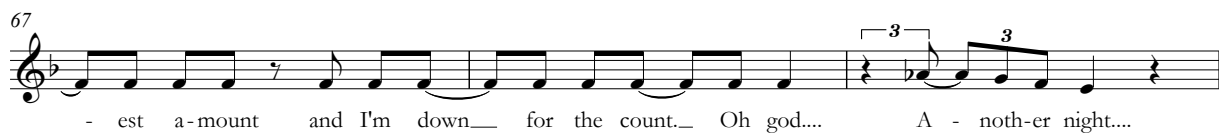
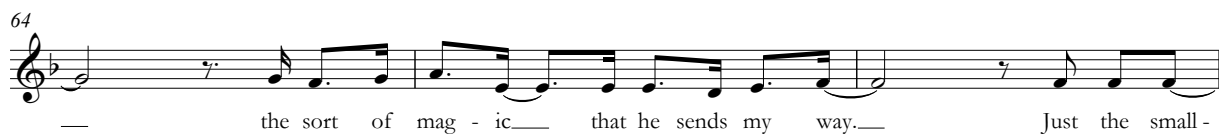
 flirt - a - tious, sa -

57

 lac - ious de - lights.... O - K, it's

61 [etc.]

 trag - ic. What can I say? there's not an ad - jec - tive that could con - vey



98 ALEX:

— And a - gain... And a - gain...! ————— Where life was

101 JANE: SUKIE:

once cold and ster - ile, — now it's pos - i - tive - ly fer - al, — all thanks to Dar-ryl's guid - ing —

104 ALEX:

— light. — A - noth - er hip, — a - noth - er toe, — a - noth - er beau -

106 JANE:

- ti - ful tab - leau. — A - noth - er sigh, — a - noth - er roar, — a - noth - er pas -

108 SUKIE:

- sion - ate en - core. — A - noth - er taste, — a - noth - er bite, — a - noth - er con -

110 ALEX & JANE: ALL:

- fi - dence fueled flight. Oh, God! A - noth - er night —————

112 Rude Stripper Brass 6

—

120 ALEX, JANE, SUKIE:

A - noth - er night at Dar - ryl's! —————

13a. Another Night – Payout

Rude Stripper Brass

6

8 **ALEX, JANE, SUKIE:**

A - noth - er night at Dar - ry!s!_____

Detailed description: This musical score is for a scene titled '13a. Another Night – Payout'. It features a brass section labeled 'Rude Stripper Brass' and three vocalists: Alex, Jane, and Sukie. The music is in 4/4 time with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The brass part begins with a whole rest, followed by a double bar line, and then a six-measure rest. The vocalists enter at measure 8 with the lyrics 'A - noth - er night at Dar - ry!s!'. The melody consists of quarter notes and half notes, with a final half note tied to the next measure. The lyrics are written below the notes, with a long line following 'Dar - ry!s!'.

13b. Cherry Pits

Cue - Felicia: "If I thought for one moment..."

2

Detailed description: This musical score is for a scene titled '13b. Cherry Pits'. It features a cue for Felicia. The music is in 4/4 time with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The score begins with a whole rest, followed by a double bar line, and then a two-measure rest. The lyrics 'Cue - Felicia: "If I thought for one moment..."' are written above the first measure.

14. Dance With The Devil

Darryl: "Call me Darryl."

DARRYL:

Class is in ses - sion. You might want to take notes there, Scoot - er.

MICHAEL: It's Mich - ael.

DARRYL: No one cares. You see this girl and your heart stops cold..

Her eyes are blue and her hair is gold. You know it's best not to

stop and stare. The girl's an an - gel and you don't have a pray'r.

You catch her eye and she turns a - way. But don't be fooled by the

games she'll play. There ain't a girl can re - sist ro - mance.

She may be an an - gel, but broth - er she likes to Dance with the Dev - il. Dance

with the Dev - il. Ripe for the tak - in' the la - dy likes to Dance.

with the Dev - il. Dance with the Dev - il. There's no mis - tak - in' the la -



60

— with the Dev - il. Once she gets cook - in' the la - dy likes__ to Dance__

63

— with the De - vil. Dance__ with the Dev - il. When God ain't look - in' the la -

66

DARRYL & MICHAEL:

- dy likes__ to... By day she plays the saint.__ By

MEN: *p*

Oooh!_____

69

night just watch her fall.__ She likes__ to Dance__ with the Dev - il.

Oooh!_____ She likes__ to Dance__ with the Dev - il.

72

DARRYL:

And Heav - en be praised, he's in - side__ of us

75

MICHAEL:

all. Is out for the crown.

MEN:

The Dev - il in - side__ you... The

78

Has got the dance down. Can

Dev - il in - side__ you... The Dev - il in - side__ you...

81

DARRYL:

make the girls swoon. He'll be... get - tin' there soon.

f

And if he ain't in there yet...

84

DARRYL:

Ripe for the tak - in' the la -

MEN:

Dance with the Dev - il. Dance__ with the Dev - il.

87

- dy likes__ to

Dance__ with the De - vil. Dance with the Dev - il.

90

MEN:

She knows the

DARRYL:

There's no mis - tak - in' the la - dy likes__ you.

93

moves and how... This I guar - an - tee... She likes to...

DARRYL:

Dance, —

96

MICHAEL:

Dance, —

+ MEN:

— I said dance, — I said dance — with the Dev - il. Dance, —

98

— I said dance, — I said dance — Ah - Dance, —

— I said dance, — I — dance — with the Dev - il Dance, —

100

— I said Dance — I said dance — with the Dev - il. — Dance, —

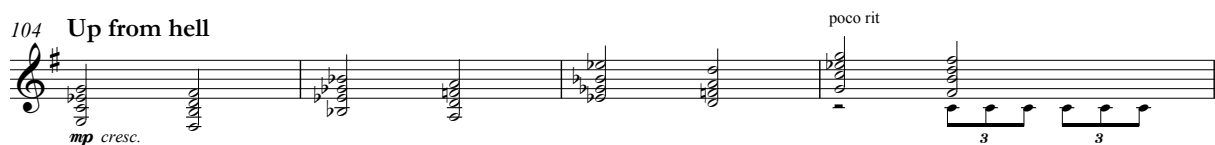
— I said dance, — I said dance — with the Dev - il. — Dance, —

102

— I said dance, — I said Dance — with the Dev - il!

— I said dance, — I said Dance — with the Dev - il!

104 Up from hell



Bump & Grind

108 *slower burlesque tempo (swing 8ths)*

116 Eudora nipple pull



Main Dance

124 *slightly faster than tempo I*

144 *Jetés*
mf

149 *poco accel.*

154 *poco più mosso*
Clyde
f

158

162 *Wave*

166 *I'm So Happy*

170

174

178 **WOMEN:**
 but broth - er she likes__ to Dance__

MEN:
 She may be an an - gel, but broth - er she likes__ to Dance__

180

— with the Dev - il. Dance with the Dev - il. So goes the tale, oh the la -

+ MICHAEL:

— with the Dev - il. Dance with the Dev - il. So goes the tale, oh the la -

183

- dy likes to Dance with the Dev - il. Dance with the Dev - il.

- dy likes to Dance with the Dev - il. Dance with the Dev - il.

186

DARRYL & MICHAEL:

She knows the

Be-neath the ha - lo the la - dy likes to... Oooh!

Be-neath the ha - lo the la - dy likes to... Oooh!

189

moves and how. This I guar - an - tee. Oooh! She likes to Dance.

Oooh! She likes to Dance.

Oooh! She likes to Dance.

192 **MICHAEL:**

Ah - ah! _____ Dance__

with the Dev - il. Dance__ with the Dev - il. Dance__ with the Dev - il. Dance__

with the Dev - il. Dance__ with the Dev - il. Dance__ with the Dev - il. Dance__

cresc.

cresc.

195 **DARRYL & MICHAEL:**

with the Dev - il. Who - ev - er the Dev - il may__

with the Dev - il.

with the Dev - il.

f

f

f

198

be... _____

sub. p *cresc.* *f*

Dance with the Dev - il. Dance__ with the Dev - il. Dance__ with the Dev - il. Dance__

sub. p *cresc.* *f*

Dance with the Dev - il. Dance__ with the Dev - il. Dance__ with the Dev - il. Dance__

201

with the Dev - il. Dance_

with the Dev - il. Dance_

204

MICHAEL:

Who - ev - er the Dev - il may be!_

Dance,_ Dance,_ Dance,_ Who - ev - er the Dev - il may be!_

Dance,_ Dance,_ Dance,_ Who - ev - er the Dev - il may be!_

Playoff

Visual cue from Darryl

x 4

207

Dance_

Dance_

SEGUE

18a. Another Night Reprise

Visual cue as Little Girl enters

Allegretto **2** **LITTLE GIRL:**

Poor Chi - cken Lit - tle had a mis - hap ear - ly one fine

day. Milked it for all that it was worth or so the sto - ries

say. Run for the hills the sky is fal - ling That's what he yelled

well in - to the night. My, what a laugh his friends all had, but what if he was

18 ALEX, JANE, SUKIE:

right? I get con - nec - tion, — a — bit of

22

fun. I feel af - fec - tion where once I felt none. — And in re -

25 **MICHAEL:** **GIRL(S):** **ALEX:**

flec - tion. what's done is done. — [pelvic thrust] [scream] Was that my son?

30 ALEX, JANE, SUKIE:

So why not do it a - gain? — And a - gain.... And a - gain...

33 **ALEX:**

— And a - gain.... And a - gain.... And a - gain.... and a - gain! — All East - wick

37 **SUKIE:**

acts like it's for - bid - den, Their hid - den dis - gust not all that hid - den__

39 **JANE:** **SUKIE:**

t'ward our li - bi - di - nous__ de - light__ A - noth - er snub__

41 **ALEX:** **JANE:** **SUKIE:**

__ A - noth - er slight,__ a noth - er sneer__ A - noth - er fight__

43 **ALEX, JANE, SUKIE:** **meno mosso**

A - noth - er night._____

16. Evil

ALEX: "Let's do it!"

ALEX: **JANE:** **SUKIE:**

Half a pin... Scraps of tin... And a

4 **ALEX:** **JANE:** **SUKIE:** **ALEX:**

ball of purp-le thread... Cher-ry pits... Bits of pap - er... And a spid - er long since dead... Toe - nail

7 **JANE:** **SUKIE:** **ALEX:**

clip - pings... Rings and tabs... From an - cient cans of Di - et Coke... Brok - en

9 **JANE:** **rall. molto** **SUKIE:** **colla voce**

but - tons... Half a cray - on... Eye of newt... That's a joke...

11 **Steady, crisp** **Safety - cut to 18 on any bar** **[on cue]** **x 2**

Safety - vox last time
FELICIA:

15

By all means have a drink! That's your an - swer to ev' - ry - thing, is - n't it?

17

There is - n't a prob - lem on God's green earth that can't be solved by a Chiv - as

19

neat. And eight drinks on, life's look - ing sweet. You get lost in a

22

haze; an an - esth - e - tized troll, blind to the

24

black - ness that threat - ens to swal - low this town whole....

26 **Dialogue** **4** **Clyde: "Look; a quarter."** **Safety** **FELICIA:**

E - vil, Clyde!_____

33

Ev' - ry - where it can be I look out and see E - vil, Clyde!_____

35

Would you just look a - round? It's there in the woods, in the trees, in the

37

moon as it glows. In the winds, in the breeze.... The pow'r of the night's come to

40

43

46

49

52 **Poco più mosso**

56 **A tempo**

60

63 **Poco più mosso**

67 **A tempo**

71

75 And it feeds by de - gree on our ap - a - thy. E - vil, Clyde!_____

77 Creep - ing in with - out sound. It starts in our homes, in our beds, in our

79 floors strewn with clothes. Like a plague, how it spreads... And pit - y the wo - man who

82 knows, Do you think I don't see_____ the way_____ you look at Su - kie Rouge-mont?_ The

85 way_____ you drool_____ and gape? It does - n't es - cape me.____

87 Oh, you want her, it's true, but you can't see it through. You don't have the

90 balls. CLYDE: Ti - tle - ist FELICIA: This is all the do - ing of that man,

94 Dar - ryl Van Horne. You know what he does in that house

96 with those wo - men, don't ya? That's not an - y of my bus' - ness.

98 **FELICIA:**

He fucks them, Clyde. All of 'em. Jane Smart, that Spof - ford

100 **CLYDE:** **FELICIA:**

bitch... Now, now sweet - ness. Oh, and hard - est of all he gives it to your

102 **CLYDE:** **FELICIA:**

prec - ious lit - tle Su - kie Rouge - mont. Su - kie Rouge - mont. That's right!

104

Ev - il, Clyde. You're part of the prob - lem.

106

Ev - il, Clyde. For just stand - ing by. The town's go - ing mad!

109

And it's ev' - ry - one's fault! Turn your back to the bad in the face of as -

111

sault, and the fi - nal re - sult is this ult - i - mate Ev - il, Clyde!

114

Ev - il...! Ev - il...! Ev - il...! Ev - il...! Ev - il...!

Clyde: "...I think we should just call it a day."

119

11 [Sirens]

17. Dirty Laundry – Reprise

Funereal
[safety]

Hushed with energy

WOMEN:

Dir - y laun - dry, peo - ple, good grac - ious me.

Dir - y laun - dry, peo - ple, good grac - ious me.

Dir - ty laun - dry, peop - le ex - posed for all to see.

Dir - ty laun - dry, peop - le ex - posed for all to see.

Just when you're hop - ing it's bur - ied and for - got. More

Just when you're hop - ing it's bur - ied and for - got. More

dirt - ty laun - dry fouls the plot.

dirt - ty laun - dry fouls the plot.

Good Lord the trag - ed - y that's o -

17 **TOBY:**
To two__ of our friends

REBECCA & GRETA:
ccured in this town!__ A hor - rid scene or so__ they all

19 **MARGE:**
No doubt that Clyde had to__ much to drink

GINA & JOE:
claim. And now I hear that Jen - nif - ers

21 **REBECCA:**
To tie__ up loose ends

FRANK:
head - ed back home__ Both par - ents gone, it's tru - ly a

23 **ALL:** [Dialogue] [Repeat as needed] Sukie: "Jane? Alex?"
Vox 1st Time Only 3 3 [safety]

The ques - tion is, who's real - ly to blame?

shame.

32 **Broader** **SUKIE:** **accel.**
Look at me What have I done?

JANE:
Look at me What have I done?

ALEX:
Look at me__ What have I done?

Pedantic

[Please voice in true two-part]

36 **WOMEN:**

Dirt - y laun - dry, peop - le, man - gled and marred_ Dirt - y laund - dry, peo - ple,

MEN:

Dirt - y laun - dry, peop - le, man - gled and marred_ Dirt - y laund - dry, peo - ple,

39 **[Dialogue]** **[repeat as needed]** **poco rall.**

right in our own back - yard.

right in our own back - yard.

con fuoco

44 **WOMEN 2 + 3:**

Dirt - y laun - dry, peop - le, all grey and glum_

MEN:

Dirt - y laun - dry, peop - le, all grey and glum_

46

Dirt - y laun - dry, with the pro - mise of more to come_

Dirt - y laun - dry, with the pro - mise of more to come_

48 **ALL:**

Just when you're think - ing it's dealt with done and gone. The dir - ty

Just when you're think - ing it's dealt with done and gone.

51

laun - dry just goes on _____ and on _____ and on _____ and

(sustain through safety and fade on cue)

55

on (Ah) _____

[safety]

17a. Waiting For The Music To Begin – Reprise

JANE: "Will I ever get it back?"

JANE:

I dream of a life where the pas - sion rings

5

true. Where mu - sic sur - rounds me, ex - ci - ting and

9

accel. **2** **piu mosso**

new. _____ Where good comes to good and the

15

bad get their due. And oh, what a life I could

19

rall. **A tempo** **2**

live here with you.....

DARRYL: "Get your asses back down here. I'm not kidding around. Ladies? *[go]* Ladies!"

SEGUE AS ONE

17b. Three Little Ladies

Con fuoco **colla voce (dictated)**
DARRYL:

Three lit - tle lad - ies. Run, rab - bits, run! You

think it's gone too far now, wait till we're done. I've just be - gun! And

all too soon you'll curse the ver - y day you were born. And what's

more you'll rue the day you chose to screw with Mis - ter Dar - ryl Van Horne...!

Repeat and fade
Alex & Jane exit

17c. Words, Words, Words – Reprise

Jennifer: "That's what my daddy used to call me."

Simply **Growing in intensity and passion**

The day, the night, the wea - ther, all the

point-less things I know. We could talk a - bout your fath - er, An - gel, God, he loved you...

Jennifer: "Who is that?" "My God" "Look at you"

18. Darryl Van Horne – Reprise

Darryl: "At least one of them is in a much better place."

Gently (colla voce)

DARRYL:

Poor lit - tle dear; your life's a Greek dra - ma One thun - der -

4 bolt... Your par - ents are gone You've got a rough time star - ing you dead -

7 — in the eye and the whole of this town look - ing on....

[short dialogue]

9 Darryl: "Marge."

— You're may - be one twitch short of a break - down, The cam - el's

12 back be - fore that last straw. You're so sad you could plotz, got your knick

15 - ers in knots. Well, An - gel, just leave your knick - ers to moi. Cause Jen - nif - er,

18 Dar - ryl Van Horne can be a font of com - pas - sion.

JENNIFER:

Moth - er once warned me, of

21 **DARRYL:**



No hon-est-ly, Dar - ryl Van Horne has got a warm side it's true.
what I'm not sure.

24 **DARRYL:**



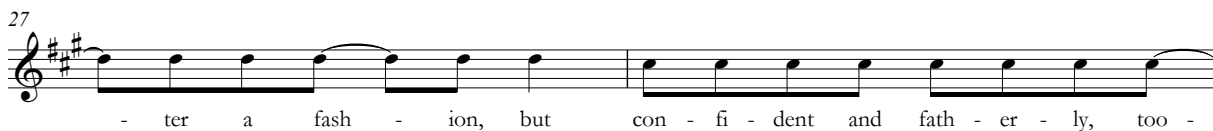
A sens-i-tive new age - er af -

JENNIFER:



You fig-ured in there. My mind is a blur...

27



- ter a fash - ion, but con - fi - dent and fath - er - ly, too -

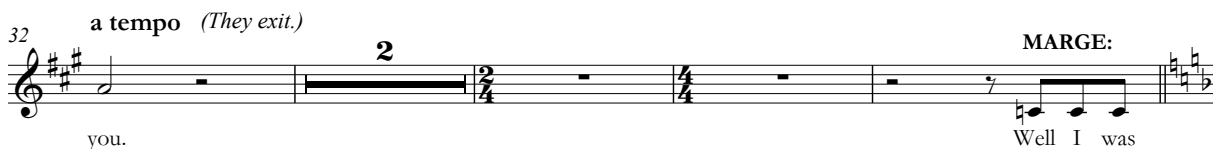
Darryl: "You like children, dont' you."
Jennifer: "Yes, I do."

29 **slight rall.**



... Well, what-cha know; Dar - ryl Van Horne has that in com-mon with

32 **a tempo (They exit.)**

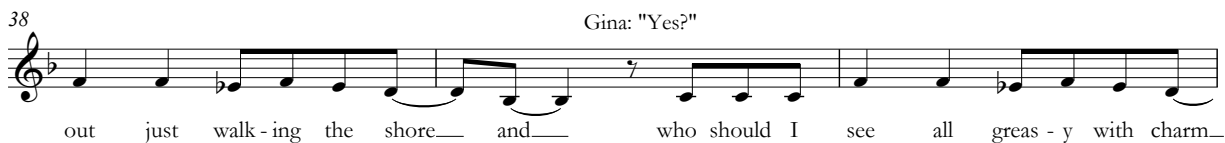


you.

MARGE:

Well I was

38 **Gina: "Yes?"**



out just walk - ing the shore and who should I see all greas - y with charm

41 **Greta: "Three guesses"**



None oth - er than that an - i - mal, Dar - ryl Van Horne with a

44 **BRENDA: MARGE:**



lad - y friend draped on his arm! Please. That's no - thing new I know but it was -

47

- n't one of the nor - mal three, no it's true. Now I

Detailed description: This musical staff contains measure 47. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody consists of quarter notes G4, A4, B-flat4, C5, D5, E5, F5, and G5. There are rests before the first note and after the eighth note. The lyrics '- n't' are under the first note, 'one of the' under the next three notes, 'nor - mal three, no it's true.' under the next five notes, and 'Now I' at the end of the staff.

50



could - n't quite see___ who it was___ but dear me___ it seems Van Horne has got___ some one new!

53

TOWNSPEOPLE:

DARRYL:

Marg - ic you must— tell us who!

Get read - y now;

Detailed description: This is a musical score for two parts. The first part, 'TOWNSPEOPLE:', is a melody in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It starts with a whole rest, followed by a half note G, a quarter note A, a quarter note B, a half note C, a quarter note D, a quarter note E, and a half note F#. The second part, 'DARRYL:', is a melody in G major and 4/4 time. It starts with a whole rest, followed by a quarter note G, a quarter note A, a quarter note B, a half note C, a quarter note D, a quarter note E, and a half note F#. The score ends with a double bar line and a key signature change to G major (one sharp).

56

The musical score is written for three parts: a vocal solo (S.A.) and a three-part harmony (T.B.). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 8/8. The vocal solo part begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are: "Dar - ryl Van Horne is back and read - y, be - lieve it!". The three-part harmony consists of two staves, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are: "Dar - ryl Van Horne! Quick, light a can - dle and".

Dar - ryl Van Horne is back and read - y, be - lieve it!

S.A.
Dar - ryl Van Horne! Quick, light a can - dle and

T.B.
Dar - ryl Van Horne! Quick, light a can - dle and

59

To-gether with Dar-ryl Van Horne— you're get-ting strong-er each day.

of-fer a pray'r. Dar-ryl Van Horne!

of-fer a pray'r. Dar-ryl Van Horne!

62

What - ev - er your dream is, reach out_

Good God the scan-dal! To think he would dare!

Good God the scan-dal! To think he would dare!

65

and a - chieve_ it, and make those so - called friends of yours pay._

67

The new mot-to of Dar - ryl Van Horne; "Let no one stand in your way!"

S.A.

Dar - ryl Van Horne!

T.B.

Dar - ryl Van Horne!

70 [Dialogue]

[Band Solo]

A., J. & S: "Darryll!"

[go on cue]

76

A., J. & S: "Darryll!"

[go on cue]

19. Your Wildest Dreams – Reprise

Darryl: “You had your chance. All of you.”

Tempo di “Darryl Van Horne” **2**



3 S.A.
Mess with the bound'-ries of com - mon dec - en - cy and in re - turn you get:

Tenor
8 Mess with the bound'-ries of com - mon dec - en - cy and in re - turn you get:

Bar/Bass
Mess with the bound'-ries of com - mon dec - en - cy and in re - turn you get:

5
T to the R to the O - U - B - L - E, and it's not o - ver yet!

8 T to the R to the O - U - B - L - E, and it's not o - ver yet!

T to the R to the O - U - B - L - E, and it's not o - ver yet!

7 Sadly [Dialogue]
Musical staff with a treble clef, key signature of one flat, and 4/4 time signature. The staff contains a series of eighth notes and a half note, with a fermata over the final half note.

13 [as needed]
Musical staff with a treble clef, key signature of one flat, and 4/4 time signature. The staff contains a series of eighth notes and a half note, with a fermata over the final half note.

Sukie: “Oh boy, did she ever have us fooled!”

Sukie: “Shut up! Who the hell are you anyway? Scram!”

17 LITTLE GIRL:
Poor Chic-ken Lit - tle felt an a - corn drop - ping on his

*[as needed]*21 Jane: "Oh, ladies!" *[dialogue continues]*

26

Alex: "Your heart get a little
scraped up there, Michael"31 *[dialogue continues]*

37



42

*[as needed]***ALEX:**

Be -

47

**MICHAEL:****ALEX:**

cause you're wear - ing pants. What the hell hap-pened to you?

This

49



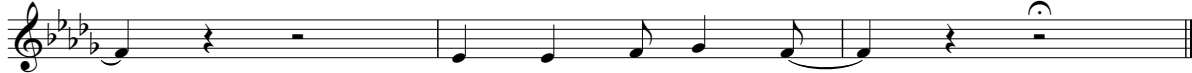
bond be-tween wom - en and man,___ what a laugh. For wom-en, hell, it's more like a

52

Michael: "I don't remember
you getting this crazy..."

war_____ In your dark-est hours...___ In your weak-est days...

56

Michael: "...over any
other man."Michael: "And there have been
a LOT of men, mom!"

— In your wild - est dreams...—

20. I Wish I May – Reprise

Visual cue: Sukie exits

Gently **3** **JENNIFER:**

I wish I may. Like all girls
do now my dreams have all come true, com - plete - ly.
It's all I could hope for and all for my sake. A sea of
flow'rs, a three - tiered cake. And like most
brides I can't help but think...

SEGUE - to No. 20a: The Glory of Me (Optional)
If omitting No. 20a, segue directly to No. 21: The Wedding.

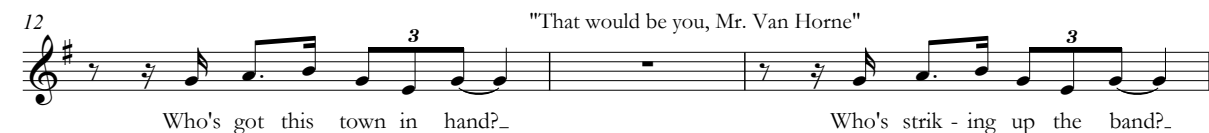
20a. The Glory Of Me

Darryl: "Black tie, my white ass!"
Jennifer: "I'm making a huge mistake."

DARRYL: **Cool Jazz feel** **4** **2** **x 2**

My God! Look at me...
[Safety]
I am a ve - ry pa - tient man.

12 "That would be you, Mr. Van Horne"



Who's got this town in hand?_ Who's strik - ing up the band?_

15 "Oh Darryll!"



Ask all of East-wick, and_ Let the they'll_ a - gree.

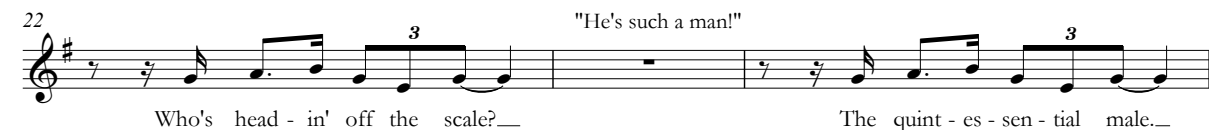
SMALL GROUP:

18



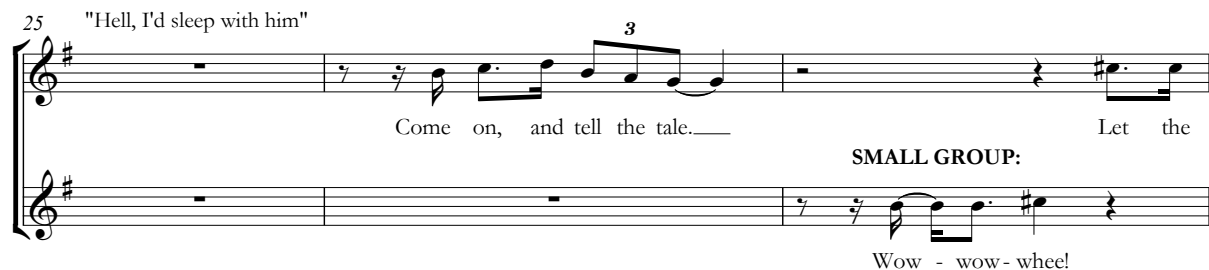
stor - y be told_ of the Glor - y of Me.

22 "He's such a man!"



Who's head - in' off the scale?_ The quint - es - sen - tial male._

25 "Hell, I'd sleep with him"



Come on, and tell the tale._ Let the Wow - wow - whee!


SMALL GROUP:

28



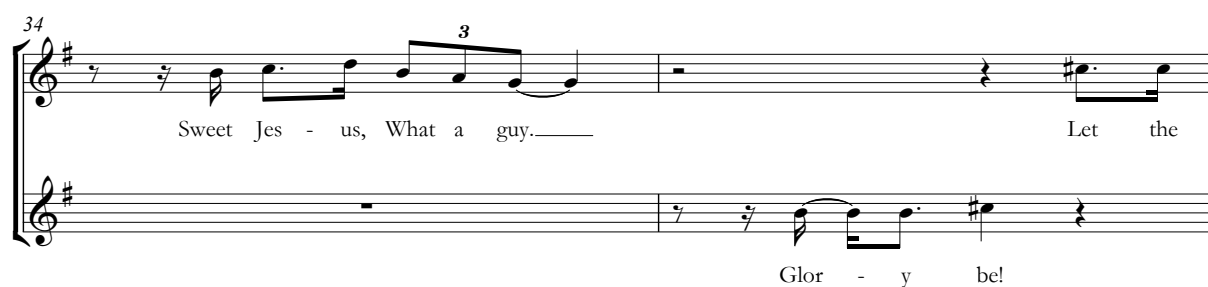
stor - y be told_ of the Glor - y of Me! No one I hold as high,_

31



As Me, My - self and I._ Nor you should. Who's_ as good?

34



Sweet Jes - us, What a guy. Let the

Glor - y be!

36



stor - y be told of the Glor - y of Me.

38 **DARRYL:**



Shout! Say!

WOMEN:



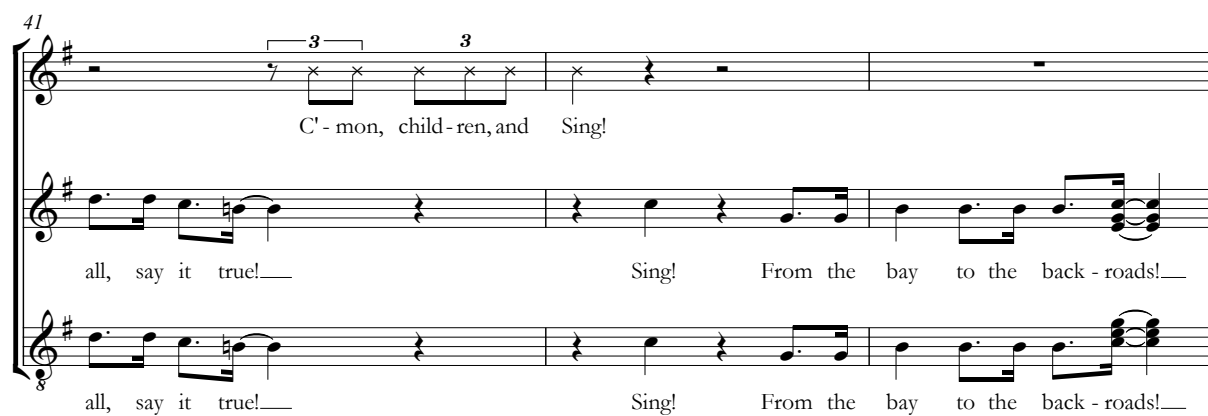
Shout! Shout it out from the har - bor! Say! Say it

MEN:



Shout! Shout it out from the har - bor! Say! Say it

41



C' - mon, child - ren, and Sing!

all, say it true! Sing! From the bay to the back - roads!

all, say it true! Sing! From the bay to the back - roads!

44



Shout it out! Say it out! Sing it out! Oo - Oo - Oo! Let the stor - y be told of the

Shout it out! Say it out! Sing it out! Oo - Oo - Oo! Let the stor - y be told of the

47 **slight rall.** **Funky Rock - Gospel**

Who played straight and kept it real?___

Glor - y of You!

Glor - y of You!

53

Told the truth and skipped the spiel?___ In

Who, who, who? True, true, true!

Who, who, who? True, true, true!

56

each and ev' - ry way, i - deal!___

Mod - est, too. Let the stor - y be told___ of the

Mod - est, too. Let the stor - y be told___ of the

59

Who breezed in and bagged three dames?___

Glor-y of You! Hey, hey, hey!

Glor-y of You! Hey, hey, hey!

62

Who ex - posed your small town games?___

What - choo say?

64

Come on folks, start nam - ing names!__

We___ de - lare; Let the

66

stor - y be told___ of the Glor - y of Dar - ryl___ Van

68

DARRYL:

Stop, I'm blush - ing...

Horne!___ Dar - ryl___ Van Horne!___

72 **5** **DARRYL:**

Once a - gain; Let the stor - y be told of this

5 **ALL:**

Once a - gain; Let the stor - y be told of this

5

Once a - gain; Let the stor - y be told of this

79

man a - mong men a - mong men a - mong men, a - mong men, A - men...

man a - mong men a - mong men a - mong men, a - mong men, A - men...

man a - mong men a - mong men a - mong men, a - mong men, A - men...

81

Shout! Say!

WOMEN:

Shout! Shout it out from the har - bor! Say! Say it

MEN 1+2:

Shout! Shout! Shout it out from the har - bor! Say! Say! Say it

MEN 3:

Shout! Shout it out from the har - bor! Say! Say it

84

Sing!

all, say it true! Say it... Sing! From the bay to the back - roads!

all, say it true! Say it... Sing! Sing! From the bay to the back - roads!

all, say it true! Say it... Sing! From the bay to the back - roads!

87

Shout it out! Say it out! Sing it out! Shout it out! Say it out! Sing it out!

Shout it out! Say it out! Sing it out! Shout it out! Say it out! Sing it out!

Shout it out! Say it out! Sing it out! Shout it out! Say it out! Sing it out!

89

Shout it out! Say it out! Sing it out! Shout it out! Say it out! Sing it out!

Shout it out! Say it out! Sing it out! Shout it out! Say it out! Sing it out!

Shout it out! Say it out! Sing it out! Shout it out! Say it out! Sing it out!

91

Shout it out! Say— it out! Sing it out! Shout it out! Say— it out! Sing it out!oNE

Shout it out! Say— it out! Sing it out! Shout it out! Say— it out! Sing it out!

Shout it out! Say— it out! Sing it out! Shout it out! Say— it out! Sing it out!

93

MARGE:

Aaaaahhhh!!!!

DARRYL:

One mo' time! Take it home!

96

DARRYL:

Who's got all the bas - ics down?__

ALL:

Who's got all the bas - ics down?__ Night__ to morn!

Who's got all the bas - ics down?__ Night__ to morn!

98

Who knows how to wear the crown?_

Who knows how to wear the crown?_ D. V. Horne!

Who knows how to wear the crown?_ D. V. Horne!

100

Spare the e - grets; spoil the town_ Let the

Spare the e - grets; spoil the town_ through_ and through. Let the

Spare the e - grets; spoil the town_ through_ and through. Let the

102

stor - ry be told_ Let me hear it!

stor - ry be told_ of the Glor - y of You!

stor - ry be told_ of the Glor - y of You!

104

Who set out to seize the day?__

Who set out to seize the day?__ Who__ would dare?

Who set out to seize the day?__ Who__ would dare?

106

Found his king - dom come what may?__ Right

Found his king - dom come what may?__ Where,__ where, where?

Found his king - dom come what may?__ Where,__ where, where?

108

here in Nar - ra - gan - sett Bay!__ Let the sto - ry be told__ of the

Here in Nar - ra - gan - sett Bay!__ Hal - le - lu! Let the sto - ry be told__ of the

Here in Nar - ra - gan - sett Bay!__ Hal - le - lu! Let the sto - ry be told__ of the

111

The Glo - ry...

Glo - ry of You!... The Glo - ry...

Glo - ry of You!... The Glo - ry...

113

Stay in tempo

Glo - ry... The Glo - ry of

[Plus assigned ad libs]
Glo - ry...

Glo - ry...

116

Me! The Glor - y of

ALL:
Shout it out, Say it out, Sing it out... Shout it out, Say it out, Sing it out...

A FEW TENORS & ALTOS (true pitch):
Shout it out, Say it out, Sing it out... Shout it out, Say it out, Sing it out...

Shout it out, Say it out, Sing it out... Shout it out, Say it out, Sing it out...

118

Me! Me, me, me,

Shout it out, Say it out, Sing it out... Shout it out, Say it out, Sing it out...

Glo - - ry! Glo - ry of You!

Shout it out, Say it out, Sing it out... Shout it out, Say it out, Sing it out...

120

Me! Let the

Shout it out, Say it out, Sing it out... Shout it out, say... Let the

Glo - - ry! Glo - ry of You! Let the

Shout it out, Say it out, Sing it out... Shout it out, say... Let the

122

Sto - ry be told... of the Glor - y of

Sto - ry be told... of the Glor - y of

Sto - ry be told... of the Glor - y of

124 **DARRYL:**

It's all right there to see; the won-der, the pow-er, the glo-ry of me!

You!

You!

128 **Playout** *f*

f Shout it out, Say it out, Sing it out... Shout it out, Say it out, Sing it out...

f Glor - y! Glor-y of You!

Drum fill *f* Shout it out, Say it out, Sing it out... Shout it out, Say it out, Sing it out...

131

Shout it out, Say it out, Sing it out... Shout it out, Say it out, Sing it out...

Glor - y! Glor - y of You!

Shout it out, Say it out, Sing it out... Shout it out, Say it out, Sing it out...

133

Shout it out, Say it out, Sing it out... Shout it out, Say it out, Sing it out...

Shout it out, Say it out, Sing it out... Shout it out, Say it out, Sing it out...

Shout it out, Say it out, Sing it out... Shout it out, Say it out, Sing it out...

22 *subito p*

Ah

subito p ED:

Dear - ly be - lov - ed, we are gath - ered here to - geth - er, to

subito p

26 WOMEN: *f*

join this man and wo - man in the eyes of our Lord... ...And East - wick.

MEN: *f*

...And East - wick.

29

Those whom God would join let no man... ...or wo - man... tear as - sun - der....

Those whom God would join let no man... ...or wo - man... tear as - sun - der....

poco più

33 ALEX: JANE:

I close my eyes and I wish him gone. I close my eyes and I

36 SUKIE:

dreamed this nev - er hap - pened. I close my eyes and I wish our lives un - fet - tered by this

39 Darryl: "Go on. Go on" **poco meno** **poco più** DARRYL: Yeah, yeah

mad - ness...! Dear - ly be - lov - ed we are gath - ered here to geth - er...

43 yad - da, yad - da, yad - da, yad - da, yad - da, yad - da, yad - da, yad - da... Cut to the chase, al - read - y!

45 DARRYL: **poco accel.** Ow! Argh! Jeez!

ALEX: JANE: SUKIE: We humb - ly ask.... We simp - ly wish.... We mere - ly pray....

48 **poco accel.** Cripes! Stop! God -

ALEX: JANE: SUKIE: With eyes cast down... With thoughts of good... With hope and more...

51 DARRYL: // "for Christ's sake!" damn - it!

// ALEX, JANE & SUKIE: That's all we're ask - ing for!

55 Do you Dar - ryl, take this wo - man...? Do you Dar - ryl take...? Do you Darr'l...?

58

Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow,

Do...? Do...? Do...? Do...? Do...? Do...?

59

ALEX: **JANE:**

I think the words, I speak the thought... The moon shines bright, the night is blessed...

WOMEN:

Ah ah

MEN:

Ah ah

61

SUKIE: **JANE & SUKIE:**

Let the heav-ens grant us our re - quest... Let the heav - ens hear us if they dare...—

ah ah ah

ah ah ah

64

ALEX, JANE & SUKIE:

— Hear our pray'r! Hear our pray'r! Hear our

ah Ah ah! Ah ah!

ah Ah ah! Ah ah!

DARRYL:
 "You'd better be saying
 your prayers, you bitches!" **più mosso**

DARRYL:

67

pray'r! Hear our pray'r! You think you've

Ah ah! Ah ha!

Ah ah! Ah ha!

70

won? Re-vers'd the plot? Well, you're not rid of me that eas'-ly, girls.

73

I shit you not. You've got no

76

strength! You've got no sting! And in this cock - fight known as life you're miss - ing

79

DARRYL:

one cruc - ial thing...! The nat' - ral or - der's dead, the

f ALL:

Ah

82

sys-tem is broke. Man's now the punch-line to God's mis'-ra - ble joke.

Ah

85

I did my best, the most that an - y - one can! If I had just been a wom - an and

Ah

88

Church collapse
più mosso

not been a maaaaannnn!!!

22. Act Two Finale

"Something" Reprise

2 rall. A tempo 2

5

JENNIFER:

We'll start a - gain and look for some - thing more kind than clev - er,

MICHAEL:

We'll start a - gain and look for some - thing more kind than clev - er,

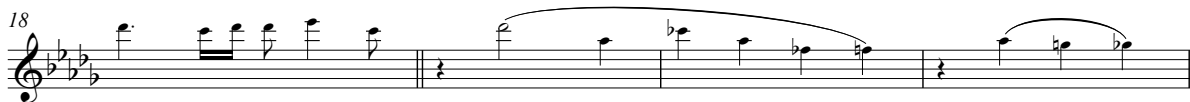
9

some - thing that time can't sev - er, some - thing that's ours for ev - er

some - thing that time can't sev - er, some - thing that's ours for ev - er



Brenda: "If you're interested,
ladies, the preservation society
meets on Thursdays."
Alex: "Thank you."



Look At Me

22 **SUKIE:**

Look at me, I'm where I start- ed.____

JANE:

Look at me, it's like I've just be- gun.

26 **SUKIE:**

Yet there's a change____ that I can

JANE:

Yet there's a change____ that I can

ALEX:

Look at me, I'm back at____ chap-ter one. Yet there's a change____ that I can

29

see.____ Look at me, con- fused but wis- er.____

see.____ Look at me, con- fused but wis- er.____

see. Look at me____ Look at

32

Look at me. A - fraid but not a - lone.. Scared to move yet

Look at me. A - fraid but not a - lone.. Scared to move yet

me, A - fraid but not a - lone.. Scared to move yet

35 **accel.** **SUKIE:**

stand-ing on my own. "Make him

stand-ing on my own.

ALEX:

stand-ing on my own. Some-where a light_ be - gins to shine.

38 **Più mosso**

mine!" But now I see__

JANE:

So I said__ But now I see__

"Make__ him mine!"

40

ev' - ry - thing I need - ed__ was here in - side of me. Bles - sed

ev' - ry - thing I need - ed__ was here in - side of me. Bles - sed

ev' - ry - thing I need - ed__ was here in - side of me. Bles - sed

43

be. To - geth - er with my sis - ters, — per - fect - ly in tune.

be. To - geth - er with my sis - ters, — per - fect - ly in tune.

be. To - geth - er with my sis - ters, — per - fect - ly in tune.

46

SUKIE: **rall.**

made one by the bles - sing of the

JANE:

three pract - iced arts — by the bles - sing of the

ALEX:

Three minds and hearts, — by the bles - sing of the

48 **Tempo giusto**

moon. — 2

moon. — 2

moon. — 2

52 **ALEX:**

Look at me; I'm well worth see - ing. — A work of art be - yond com -

55 JANE:

Look at me; I am the mu-sic, a soar-ing tune u - pon the

pare.

59 SUKIE:

Now, I see, the words are al-ways there

air.

63 **rall.**

Look at me! And all this time we held the key!

And all this time we held the key!

And all this time we held the key! Look at

66 **A tempo**

Look at me, I have the pow-er. In my life, I

Look at me, I have the pow-er. Look at me! I

me! I have the pow-er. In my life, I

69

have the self es-teem... Look at me! I have the an-swered dream.

have the self es-teem... In my heart, I have the an-swered dream.

have the self es-teem... In my heart, I have the an-swered dream.

72

And in my soul, I have the song... I have the ma-gic, the love, the

And in my soul, I have the song... And in my friends I have the ma-gic, the love, the

And in my soul, I have the song... I have the ma-gic, the love, the

75 **rall.**

moon up a-bove; They were mine, all mine... All a - long!

moon up a-bove; They were mine, all mine... All a - long!

moon up a-bove; They were mine, all mine... All a - long!

79

Look at me...! Look at me...!

Look at me...! Look at me...!

Look at me...! Look at me...!

84

Jane: "Huh. I suddenly have the strangest feeling."

Sukie: "Me, too; isn't that bizarre?"

Alex: "Son of a bitch."
[Thunder]

90 Majestic 4 rall.

The End

23. Final Bow and Playout