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CONCORD
THEATRICALS

BITTER SWEET

by Noël Coward

SAMUEL FRENCH

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BITTER SWEET

Originally produced at His Majesty's Theatre, London, on July 18th, 1929, with the following cast

THE MARCHIONESS OF SHAYNE (SARAH MILLICK)	Peggy Wood
CARL LINDEN	George Metaxa
MANON	Ivy St. Helier
DOLLY CHAMBERLAIN	Dorothy Boyd
LORD HENRY JEKYLL	William Harn
THE HON. HUGH DEVON	Robert Newton
MRS. MILLICK	Elaine Inescott
SIR ARTHUR FENCHURCH	Clifford Heatherley
HERR SCHLICK	Clifford Heatherley
LADY DEVON	Winifred Davis
THE MARQUIS OF STEERE	Robert Algar
VINCENT HOWARD	Billy Milton
LORD EDGAR JAMES	Victor Robson
LORD SORREL	Gerald Nodin
MR. VALE	Peter Gibson
MR. BETHEL	John Gatrell
MR. PROUTIE	Richard Cornish
VICTORIA	José Fearon
HARRIET	Maie Drage
GLORIA	Rose Hignell
HONOR	Eva Sternroyd
JANE	Eileen Carey
EFFIE	Mary Pounds
GUSSI	Norah Howard
LOTTE	Millie Sim
FREDA	Betty Huntley Wright
HANSI	Marjorie Rogers
LIEUTENANT TRANISCH	Arthur Alexander
CAPTAIN AUGUST LUTTE	Austin Trevor
MARQUIS OF SHAYNE	Alan Napier
NITA	Joan Panter
HELEN	Nancy Bevill
JACKIE	Maureen Moore

MRS. DEVON	Keira Tuson
VERNON CRAFT	Eric Lauriston
LORD HENRY JADE	Penryn Bannerman
CEDRIC BALLANTYNE	William Harn
BERTRAM SELLICK	Hugh Cuenod
PARKER	Claude Farrow
BURLEY	Anthony Brian
ACCOMPANIST	Leonard Pearce
SINGER	—
FRITZ	—

SIX PRATER GIRLS, FOUR FOOTMEN, THREE MUSICIANS, SIX WAITERS, FOUR CLEANERS, TWO CHARWOMEN, GUESTS AND CUSTOMERS

CHARACTERS

THE MARCHIONESS OF SHAYNE (**SARAH MILLICK**)
CARL LINDEN
MANON
DOLLY CHAMBERLAIN
LORD HENRY JEKYLL
THE HON. HUGH DEVON
MRS. MILLICK
SIR ARTHUR FENCHURCH
HERR SCHLICK
LADY DEVON
THE MARQUIS OF STEERE
VINCENT HOWARD
LORD EDGAR JAMES (Rifle Brigade Officer)
LORD SORREL (Artillery Officer)
MR. VALE (Naval Officer)
MR. BETHEL
MR. PROUTIE (Scotch Officer)
VICTORIA
HARRIET
GLORIA
HONOR
JANE
EFFIE
GUSSI
LOTTE
FREDA
HANSI
LIEUTENANT TRANISCH
CAPTAIN AUGUST LUTTE
MARQUIS OF SHAYNE
NITA
HELEN
JACKIE
MRS. DEVON
VERNON CRAFT
LORD HENRY JADE
CEDRIC BALLANTYNE
BERTRAM SELLICK
PARKER (Butler, ACT I, Scene One)
BURLEY (Butler, ACT III, Scene One)

ACCOMPANIST (ACT III, Scene One)
SINGER (ACT I, Scene One)
FRITZ
SIX PLATTER GIRLS
FOUR FOOTMEN
THREE MUSICIANS
SIX WAITERS
FOUR CLEANERS
TWO CHARWOMEN
GUESTS
CUSTOMERS

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I

Scene One – Lady Shayne's House in Grosvenor Square.
(Present Day.)
Scene Two – The Millicks' House in Belgrave Square. (1875)
Scene Three – The Ballroom of the Millicks' House. (1875)

ACT II

Scene One – Herr Schlick's Café in Vienna. (1880)
Time:12 o'clock noon.
Scene Two – Herr Schlick's Café in Vienna. (1880)
Time – 2 am.

ACT III

Scene One – Lord Shayne's House in Grosvenor Square.
(1895.)
Scene Two – Same as ACT I, Scene One.

INDEX OF VOICES REQUIRED FOR SINGING PARTS

THE MARCHIONESS OF SHAYNE (SARAH MILLICK)	Soprano
CARL LINDEN	Tenor
MANON	Mezzo-Soprano
MARQUIS OF STEERE	Tenor
LORD EDGAR JAMES	Baritone
LORD SORREL	Bass
MR. VALE	Baritone
MR. BETHEL	Baritone
MR. PROUTIE	Top Tenor
VICTORIA	High Soprano
HARRIET	Mezzo
GLORIA	Soprano
HONOR	Deep Contralto
JANE	Contralto
EFFIE	Contralto
GUSSI	Mezzo
LOTTE	Mezzo
FREDA	Mezzo
HANSI	Mezzo
LIEUTENANT TRANISCH	Baritone
NITA	Mezzo
HELEN	Mezzo
JACKIE	Mezzo
SINGER (ACT I, Scene One)	Top Tenor
VERNON CRAFT	Baritone
LORD HENRY JADE	Baritone
CEDRIC BALLANTYNE	Baritone
BERTRAM SELLICK	Baritone

THE FOOTMEN	should consist of	2 Basses and 2 Baritones
THE CLEANERS	” ”	2 Sopranos and 2 Contraltos
THE CHARWOMEN	” ”	1 Soprano ” 1 Contralto
THE WAITERS	” ”	3 Tenors ” 3 Basses

ACT I

Scene One

LADY SHANE'*s house in Grosvenor Square at the present day.*

At right are two French windows leading to a balcony and by the windows is a jazz band consisting of **VINCENT HOWARD**, *the leader and pianist, a saxophone, a drummer and a singer. Up right centre are large double doors leading to a hall. Up left centre are similar doors leading to the supper room. Down left is a smaller door leading to the library. Small tables by the walls up centre and down left. Chairs at sides to dress the scene, leaving the centre clear for dancing. A settee is placed diagonally up left.*

Lighting: Pink, white and amber in floats and battens. Lengths, floods and spots as required. Fittings alight.

About ten couples are dancing a foxtrot.

At the music cue at the end of the overture the curtain rises and simultaneously the jazz band on stage takes up its cue to play ***"THAT WONDERFUL MELODY"****.*

When the curtain rises the stage is crowded with dancers (about ten couples), and the conversation and laughter combined with the band music should give an effect almost of pandemonium.

SINGER *(through his megaphone)*

PLAY SOMETHING ROMANTIC,
PLAY ME A ROMANTIC TUNE.
I'M WEARY OF FRANTIC SYNCOPATION,
JAZZ SENSATION PLAYED BY A CROON.
PLAY ME SOMETHING ROMANTIC
AS SWEET AS CAN BE.
CARES WILL NOT DISMAY ME,
IF YOU'LL JUST SIT DOWN AND PLAY ME
A ROMANTIC MELODY.

The music comes to an end with the usual flourish and there is a smattering of applause from the dancers. **PARKER** *throws open the double doors up left centre and announces supper. All go in laughing and talking and can be seen taking their places at small tables. The double doors are closed by* **PARKER** *and the members of the band retire on to the balcony for a little fresh air, with the exception of* **VINCENT HOWARD**, *who remains at the piano improvising syncopations softly.*

DOLLY CHAMBERLAIN *and* **HENRY JEKYLL** *come in from the library.* **DOLLY** *is pretty and attractive, about twenty.* **HENRY** *is a trifle older and inclined to be faintly pompous.*

DOLLY *(going towards supper-room)* They've all gone in to supper—come on.

HENRY It's damned hot. *(Flings himself on to settee up left)*

DOLLY *(stopping and turning to him)* You've been grumbling about one thing and another all the evening.

HENRY Sorry, old darling.

DOLLY *(goes to settee and sits right of him)* Do you think you love me really?

HENRY Of course. Don't be an ass.

DOLLY Enough?

HENRY Enough for what?

DOLLY *(rises and crosses to centre)* Oh, I don't know—enough to spend your life with me, I suppose.

HENRY It's a little late to worry about that now—with the wedding next Monday.

VINCENT *strikes a chord with some viciousness.* **DOLLY** *looks sharply over her shoulder at him. She crosses down left and takes a cigarette from the box on table.* **VINCENT** *goes on improvising.*

DOLLY You're right, it is hot.

HENRY Where's Lady Shayne?

DOLLY *(pointing to supper-room)* In there, I expect.

HENRY Strange old girl.

DOLLY I hope I shall be like that when I'm seventy. *(Lighting cigarette)*

HENRY She can't be as much as that.

DOLLY She is—she was at school with my grandmother.

HENRY Good God!

DOLLY It must be funny to look back over so many years. I wonder if she minds.

HENRY Minds what?

DOLLY Being old, of course *(looks at* **VINCENT***)* —to have led such a thrilling life and then suddenly to realize there's nothing left to look forward to.

HENRY *(rises and crosses to centre)* Well, she certainly is a gay old bird.

DOLLY *(going up to left of him)* Henry! *(She looks at him almost shocked)*

HENRY What?

DOLLY How silly that sounds—A gay old bird.

HENRY Well, it's true, isn't it? —That's what she is, always travelling around and giving parties and staying up all night—it's almost indecent—I wouldn't like to see my grandmother going on like that.

DOLLY Well, you needn't worry. *(She laughs)*

HENRY How do you mean?

DOLLY All your relations are too pompous to enjoy anything.

HENRY Dolly!

DOLLY Well, they are—they've all got several feet in the grave, there's no life left in them, if ever there was any, which I doubt—you'll probably be like that too in a few years.

HENRY You think Lady Shayne's life has been thrilling, do you? *(He smiles superciliously)* That's funny.

DOLLY Yes, I do—I do—and it isn't so funny either.

HENRY Now look here, Dolly, if you knew some of the things about Lady Shayne that *I* know—

DOLLY I know more than you know—I know that she justified her existence—she lived for something—

HENRY She was thoroughly immoral in her youth—lovers and awful second-rate people round her all the time. It was lucky for her she met Shayne and got back.

DOLLY Got back to what?

HENRY Decent people—society.

DOLLY Oh, dear. I can laugh now.

HENRY Now, Dolly, my girl—I—

He touches her. She recoils.

DOLLY *(suddenly with vehemence)* Shut up—shut up—go away from me—you're pompous and silly and I can't bear it—

HENRY Dolly!

DOLLY *(wildly)* Go away—go away!

HENRY You're impossible.

He stamps off into the supper-room.

As he opens the door the **GUESTS** *should be seen and heard enjoying themselves. As he shuts the door* **DOLLY** *crosses to settee up left and sits down miserably.*

VINCENT Can I stop playing now?

DOLLY *(in a stifled voice)* No—go on.

VINCENT I can't bear it much longer—darling.

DOLLY Vincent—don't.

VINCENT Please come over here and sit close to me.

DOLLY I'd better not, I think.

VINCENT Afraid?

DOLLY Yes.

She goes over and sits beside him, facing down stage—he goes on playing.

VINCENT I love you so. *(He stops improvising, kisses her and starts playing again)*

DOLLY Oh, God! I'm so utterly, utterly miserable. *(She buries her head in her arms)*

VINCENT *(stops playing)* Don't cry—you're going to marry a rich man and have rich friends and a rich house and rich food and some day if you're really rich enough you'll be able to engage me to come and play for you. *(He laughs bitterly)*

DOLLY How can you be so horrid!

VINCENT You'll be safe anyhow.

DOLLY I don't want to be safe.

VINCENT Come away with me then—I've got no money—nothing to offer you—you'd look fine singing my songs in some cheap cabaret somewhere—and living in third-rate hotels and just—well, earning your living—

DOLLY It sounds marvellous.

VINCENT Don't be a damned fool!

DOLLY Vincent—

VINCENT It's hell— *(He strikes some notes by running his finger across the keys, then rises and goes to the lower window right as though to go out)*

DOLLY Where are you going?

VINCENT *(stopping and turning to her)* To call the boys—we've got to work some more.

DOLLY I shan't see you again until—until—after I'm married.

VINCENT Never mind—safety first.

DOLLY What am I to do? — *(Rises and goes to right centre)* Oh, what am I to do?

VINCENT *(crosses to right of her)* Goodbye, you poor little kid—

He suddenly takes her in his arms and kisses her. She twines her arms round his neck and they stand there clasped tight. **LADY SHAYNE** *enters from the supper-room. (The* **GUESTS** *are seen and heard as the door opens) She watches them silently for a moment. She is seventy years old, but her figure is still slim; her hair is snow white, and her gown is exquisite. She has a walking stick.*

LADY SHAYNE *(as she reaches centre)* Dolly!

DOLLY *and* **VINCENT** *break away from each other.*

I come on an errand of peace from your fiancé. If it is inopportune, I apologize.

DOLLY Oh, Lady Shayne.

LADY SHAYNE *(to* **VINCENT***)* You are the piano player in the band, aren't you?

VINCENT I'm the leader of the band.

LADY SHAYNE What a pity! It's not a very good band.

VINCENT I'm sorry for what happened just now, your ladyship. It—it was an accident.

LADY SHAYNE In what way—an accident?

VINCENT I—er—we were saying goodbye.

LADY SHAYNE Your drummer is too loud, and I can't bear the man who plays the saxophone.

DOLLY Lady Shayne—I—let me explain.

LADY SHAYNE When a man plays off key the only explanation is that he is a bad musician.

DOLLY Lady Shayne—I love Vincent and—and he loves me.

LADY SHAYNE And this is Vincent?

DOLLY Yes, of course.

LADY SHAYNE And you are sure he loves you? Would he live for you? Die for you?

VINCENT Oh! Come, your ladyship, is that necessary?

LADY SHAYNE Yes! Absolutely.

VINCENT Oh! *(***LADY SHAYNE** *laughs)* You're laughing at us, your ladyship.

LADY SHAYNE I laugh at almost everything now—it's only when one is very old indeed that one can see the joke all the way round.

DOLLY What joke?

LADY SHAYNE Life and death and happiness and despair and love. *(She laughs again)*

VINCENT Don't laugh like that, please—your ladyship.

LADY SHAYNE So you're a musician—an amiable, sensitive-looking young man—and you've been making love to this child—or has she been making love to you? —everything seems to have changed round lately.

VINCENT It just happened—we—at least that is—I don't know.

LADY SHAYNE Are you a married man?

VINCENT No—of course not.

LADY SHAYNE Well, you needn't be so vehement. I merely thought you might have forgotten—

DOLLY Are you angry?

LADY SHAYNE Not in the least, my dear. What do you intend to do?

DOLLY I don't know.

LADY SHAYNE Well, if I were you I should make up my mind. *(She turns towards the supper-room)*

DOLLY You *are* angry.

LADY SHAYNE I detest indecision.

DOLLY I don't understand—

Several people come out of the supper-room, including **NITA** *and* **HELEN**, *who come down to left centre.*

NITA Dolly—what have you been doing to Henry—he's plunged in gloom.

HELEN He's sending out thought waves of depression and I got the lot, being next to him.

JACKIE *rushes out of the supper-room with several others. She goes to the piano.*

JACKIE What's happened to the band? Oh, Mr. Howard, play something—play something romantic—I want to dance.

LADY SHAYNE *(laughing)* Yes—play something romantic.

VINCENT *(savagely)* I'll play anything anybody wants—that's what I'm hired for— *(He goes to the piano)* Here's romance for you—how's this—

He plays a few bars of a swift jazz tune. Everyone begins to dance and jig about, **NITA** *Charlestons a few steps, while* **HELEN** *and* **JACKIE** *clap their hands and sing. Suddenly* **LADY SHAYNE** *taps the floor with her stick. All stop and look at her.* **JACKIE** *is on her left.* **DOLLY**, *who has not danced, has remained close to her right.*

LADY SHAYNE Stop—stop—it's hideous—none of you know anything or want anything beyond noise and speed.

DOLLY What do you mean? What do you mean?

LADY SHAYNE Your dreams of romance are nightmares. Your conception of life grotesque. Come with me a little—I'll show you—listen—listen—

HELEN *(softly)* Oh God, what's the old girl up to now?

DOLLY Be quiet.

LADY SHAYNE *begins to sing—everyone squats down on the floor, some of them giggling furtively,* **VINCENT** *and* **DOLLY** *stare at her as though transfixed.*

"THE CALL OF LIFE"

LADY SHAYNE

YOUR ROMANCE COULD NOT LIVE THE LENGTH OF A DAY,
YOU HESITATE AND ANALYSE,
BETRAY YOUR LOVE WITH COMPROMISE,
TILL GLAMOUR FADES AWAY;
AND ALL TOO SOON YOU REALIZE
THAT THERE IS NOTHING LEFT TO SAY.

CHORUS

HEY, HEY—HEY, HEY,
HOW DOES SHE GET THAT WAY;
SHE'D BE MORE LIGHT-HEARTED

IF SHE STARTED—TO CHARLESTON;
SHE'S NEVER DANCED IT,
SHE'S NEVER CHANCED IT;

MEN

PERHAPS HER MUSCLES ARE DISINCLINED,

CHORUS

PERHAPS SHE HASN'T THE STRENGTH OF MIND.

LADY SHAYNE

LOVE THAT'S TRUE CAN MEAN NAUGHT TO YOU BUT A NAME,
A THING THAT ISN'T PART OF YOU;
CAN NEVER TOUCH THE HEART OF YOU;
IT'S NOTHING BUT A GAME,
A FIRE WITHOUT A FLAME.

MEN

WE FIND IT DIFFICULT TO GRASP YOUR MEANING.

LADY SHAYNE Maybe the past is intervening.

The **CHORUS** *rises and groups round her in a semicircle.*

MEN

WE VERY MUCH REGRET THAT TIMES HAVE CHANGED SO,
LIFE IS MORE SPEEDILY ARRANGED SO.

All turn outwards and move away a little.

LADY SHAYNE

IN YOUR WORLD OF SWIFTLY TURNING WHEELS
LIFE MUST BE EXTREMELY GREY.

All turn towards her and stand round her again.

MEN

WE'VE NO TIME TO WASTE ON LOVE IDEALS,
THAT WHICH TO OUR SENSES MOST APPEALS
IS ALL WE CAN OBEY.

LADY SHAYNE

NO—NO. NOT SO;
THERE MUST BE SOMETHING FURTHER ON,

A VISION YOU CAN COUNT UPON,
TO HELP YOU TO ACQUIRE
A MEMORY WHEN YOUTH IS GONE
OF WHAT WAS ONCE YOUR HEART'S DESIRE.

All re-group, sitting round her as before. **DOLLY** *remains standing at right of her.*

THERE IS A CALL THAT ECHOES SWEETLY
WHEN IT IS SPRING AND LOVE IS IN THE AIR;
WHATE'ER BEFALL, RESPOND TO IT COMPLETELY,
THO' IT MAY BRING YOU SADNESS AND DESPAIR;
FLING FAR BEHIND YOU
THE CHAINS THAT BIND YOU,
THAT LOVE MAY FIND YOU
IN JOY OR STRIFE;
THO' FATE MAY CHEAT YOU,
AND DEFEAT YOU,
YOUR YOUTH MUST ANSWER TO THE CALL OF LIFE.

CHORUS

AH! —

Lighting – Gradually check out everything, the last to go being a front of house white spot on **LADY SHAYNE,** *which dies out on last word of song.*

LADY SHAYNE

THO' FATE MAY CHEAT YOU
AND DEFEAT YOU
YOUR YOUTH MUST ANSWER TO THE CALL OF LIFE.

The curtain is lowered immediately on the word "life".

Lighting – Working light on stage.

The change which follows must be done as quickly as possible. A quick change room on stage must be provided for **SARAH.** *The music continues throughout, and when ready,* **SARAH***'s voice, now grown young, is heard singing in the darkness.*

SARAH

THO' FATE MAY CHEAT YOU
AND DEFEAT YOU,
YOUR YOUTH MUST ANSWER TO THE CALL OF LIFE.

On the last note the curtain is raised.

Lighting – Before the curtain is raised the working light should be blacked out.

Then, as the curtain rises, fade in slowly floats white and amber to 3/4. Lengths, spots and floods as required. Fittings out.

Scene Two

The music-room of the **MILLICKS***' house in Belgrave Square in 1875.*

There are two large windows at the back with a sofa in front of them. A grand piano is at left with the keys to right. The only door is right.

SARAH *is standing centre facing front,* **CARL** *is seated at the piano and strikes the last chord with the orchestra as it finishes.*

When **SARAH** *finishes singing,* **CARL** *allows his hands to drop from the keys, and still gazing into her eyes, he speaks:*

CARL That was excellent, Miss Sarah—you are improving in a very marked manner.

SARAH *(demurely)* Thank you.

CARL *(rises and moves towards her a little)* I wrote that song for you when I was sixteen years old.

SARAH But, Mr Linden, that cannot be true—we have only known each other during the past year.

CARL I mean that I wrote it for someone like you.

SARAH *(quickly)* Oh!

CARL Not a real person—just an ideal in my mind, someone young and charming—holding out her arms as you did just now—expectantly.

SARAH Expectant of what, Mr Linden?

CARL *(hopelessly turning away)* I don't know.

SARAH I think it is the loveliest song I ever heard.

CARL *(looking at her again)* Do you?

SARAH *(meeting his eyes)* Yes—of course.

CARL You took the high note too much at the back of your throat.

SARAH *(sits on sofa)* I'm sorry.

CARL It doesn't matter.

SARAH Oh, but, surely it does.

CARL Nothing matters but just these few moments. *(Goes to left end of sofa)*

SARAH Why do you say that, Mr Linden?

CARL Because it's spring, and I—I—

SARAH Yes?

CARL I fear I am talking nonsense.

SARAH *(smiling)* Perhaps a little.

CARL We have festivals in the spring in my country—and the young boys and girls dance and their clothes are brightly coloured, glinting in the sun, and the old people sit round under the trees, watching and tapping their sticks on the ground and reviving in their hearts memories of when they, too, were young and in love.

SARAH In love.

CARL Yes—as you are in love with your handsome Mr Devon.

SARAH Oh—Hugh—yes, of course. Tell me more about your country, Mr Linden.

CARL *(crosses to left below piano)* There is nothing to tell really—it seems so very far away—I've almost forgotten.

SARAH You're homesick though, I can see you are.

CARL Can you?

SARAH Perhaps it's the climate here, it *is* depressing—

CARL Yes, a little. *(He leans on the piano and sings, looking at her)*

THO' THERE MAY BE BEAUTY IN THIS LAND OF YOURS,
SKIES ARE VERY OFTEN DULL AND GREY;
IF I COULD BUT TAKE THAT LITTLE HAND OF YOURS,
JUST TO LEAD YOU SECRETLY AWAY,
WE WOULD WATCH THE DANUBE AS IT GENTLY FLOWS,
LIKE A SILVER RIBBON WINDING FREE;
EVEN AS I SPEAK OF IT MY LONGING GROWS,
ONCE AGAIN MY OWN DEAR LAND TO SEE.
IF YOU COULD ONLY COME WITH ME,
IF YOU COULD ONLY COME WITH ME.

SARAH *(staring straight in front of her)* Oh, Mr Linden.

CARL Yes.

SARAH How very strange everything is today.

CARL Will you forgive me, Miss Sarah, when I tell you that I shall be unable to play at your wedding reception.

SARAH *(disappointed)* Oh!

CARL I must go away on that day—to Brussels.

SARAH Brussels?

CARL *(hurriedly)* Yes, a concert—I have to play at a concert—it is very important.

SARAH I understand.

CARL Do you?

SARAH Yes—but it is very, very disappointing.

CARL But I am deeply grateful for the honour you have done me in asking me.

SARAH *(lightly, rising and moving right a little)* This is the last time we shall meet then for ever so long.

CARL Tonight—I am playing tonight for the dance.

SARAH But that is different. There will be so many people—

CARL *(crosses to centre)* This is indeed the last time we shall be alone together.

SARAH *(looking down)* Yes. *(Turns to him at centre)*

CARL You have been a charming pupil—I shall always look back on these months with happiness.

SARAH Happiness?

CARL And sadness too.

SARAH Oh, dear.

CARL There are tears in your eyes.

SARAH In yours also.

CARL I know—I am sorry to be so foolish.

SARAH Dear Mr Linden—

She gives him her hand, he kisses it fervently, then pulls himself together with a tremendous effort.

CARL Once more now—your exercises—just once more through. *(He goes to piano and sits)*

SARAH *(tearfully)* Very well.

CARL *strikes a chord.*

"I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN"

CARL

NOW MISS SARAH, IF YOU PLEASE,
SING A SCALE FOR ME.

SARAH

AH—AH—AH—

CARL *(striking another chord)*

TAKE A BREATH AND THEN REPRISE
IN A DIFFERENT KEY.

SARAH

AH—AH—AH—

CARL

ALL MY LIFE I SHALL
REMEMBER KNOWING
YOU,
ALL THE PLEASURE I HAVE
FOUND IN SHOWING YOU
THE DIFFERENT WAYS
THAT ONE MAY PHRASE
THE CHANGING LIGHT, AND
CHANGING SHADE;
HAPPINESS THAT MUST DIE,
MELODIES THAT MUST FLY,
MEMORIES THAT MUST
FADE,
DUSTY AND FORGOTTEN BY
AND BY.

SARAH

AH—AH—AH!

SARAH

AH—AH—AH!

He rises and goes to left of her at centre.

SARAH

LEARNING SCALES WILL
NEVER SEEM SO SWEET
AGAIN
TILL OUR DESTINY SHALL
LET US MEET AGAIN.

CARL

THE WILL OF FATE
MAY COME TOO LATE.

SARAH

AH—AH—AH!

SARAH

WHEN I'M RECALLING THESE
HOURS WE'VE HAD
WHY WILL THE FOOLISH
TEARS
TREMBLE ACROSS THE
YEARS,
WHY SHALL I FEEL SO SAD,

CARL

TREASURING THE MEMORY
OF THESE DAYS
ALWAYS?

SARAH

AH—AH—AH!

BOTH

I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN,
WHENEVER SPRING BREAKS
THROUGH AGAIN;
TIME MAY LIE HEAVY
BETWEEN,
BUT WHAT HAS BEEN
IS PAST FORGETTING.
THIS SWEET MEMORY,
ACROSS THE YEARS WILL
COME TO ME;
THO' MY WORLD MAY GO
AWRY,
IN MY HEART WILL EVER LIE
JUST THE ECHO OF A SIGH,
GOODBYE.
I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN,
WHENEVER SPRING BREAKS
THROUGH AGAIN;
TIME MAY LIE HEAVY
BETWEEN,
BUT WHAT HAS BEEN
IS PAST FORGETTING.

SARAH *crosses left to right end of piano,* **CARL** *moves centre.*

THIS SWEET MEMORY
ACROSS THE YEARS WILL
COME TO ME;
THO' MY WORLD MAY GO
AWRY,
IN MY HEART WILL EVER LIE
JUST THE ECHO OF A SIGH,
GOODBYE.

CARL *moves left to* **SARAH** *and kisses her hand. Voices off right are heard. They straighten out as* **MRS MILLICK** *enters and comes to right centre. She is followed by* **HUGH DEVON**, *who stands in the doorway. They both stand*

still for a moment as though they suspected something and then **MRS MILLICK** *speaks.* **HUGH** *comes down stage right.* **CARL** *backs up stage centre a little, leaving the line clear between* **SARAH** *and her mother.*

MRS MILLICK Darling child—your lesson should have been over a quarter of an hour ago. There is so much to be done—I declare I'm nearly frantic—Hugh has been telling me about his aunt—poor Lady Ettleworth, she developed acute gastritis yesterday evening, and it may mean postponing the wedding, and on the other hand it may not. I'm certain it was the peas she ate at lunch here. They were like bullets. Good afternoon, Mr Linden.

CARL *(bowing)* Good afternoon, Mrs Millick.

HUGH Good afternoon.

CARL *(bowing)* Good afternoon.

HUGH You look tired, Sarah.

SARAH I am a little—I—it is quite hot today.

MRS. MILLICK I fear I must hurry you away, Mr. Linden—Sarah has a dressmaker at four-thirty—and there is so much to be done.

CARL I quite understand.

MRS. MILLICK Doubtless Sarah will resume her lessons with you when she is settled down in her new home.

SARAH Mother—I—please—

MRS MILLICK It will be an occupation. I always believe in young married women having an occupation.

CARL I should have thought being married would be sufficient.

MRS MILLICK *(slightly scandalized)* Mr Linden—

CARL *(bitterly)* Your daughter must learn from someone else when she is a young married woman, Mrs Millick. I shall not be here.

MRS MILLICK Well, I'm sure I'm very sorry, I—

CARL *(looking fixedly at* **SARAH***)* I shall be far away in my own country—but each year when spring comes round again, I shall remember you, Miss Sarah, and what a charming pupil you were, and how, although you sometimes sang your top notes from the back of your throat, and your middle notes through your nose, you always sang your deep notes from your heart. *(He bows to* **SARAH***)*

MRS MILLICK My dear Mr Linden!

CARL This is goodbye, Miss Sarah, except for tonight, when there will be so many people—too many people.

He bows abruptly to **MRS MILLICK** *and goes quickly out right, passing between* **MRS MILLICK** *and* **HUGH. HUGH** *advances towards* **SARAH**, *who goes up centre and falls sobbing on the sofa.* **MRS. MILLICK** *is going up to her as the curtain is lowered.*

Lighting – Front of house arcs and floats out.

WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

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