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
Music Theatre International
& Cameron Mackintosh Limited
THE WITCHES OF EASTWICK
A Musical

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JOSEF WEINBERGER LIMITED
12 - 14 Mortimer Street
London  W1T 3JJ
United Kingdom

Tel: +44 (0)20 7580 2827
Fax: +44 (0)20 7436 9616
www.josef-weinberger.com

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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 Darryl’s – Playout
13b. Cherry Pits
14. Dance With The Devil
15. Another Night At Darryl’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 SEEKS.

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 Eewwww!

(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?

(Joel 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.
The Witches Of Eastwick

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
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.)

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)

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.)

“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!"

(\textit{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.*

\begin{tabular}{ll}
\textbf{Clyde} & I'm going to need a scotch. Care to join me? \\
\textbf{Felicia} & Honestly, Clyde. Is that your idea of dressing up? \\
\textbf{Clyde} & It's just a concert, Felicia. \\
\textbf{Felicia} & It's a fundraiser, Clyde. For the Preservation Society. \\
\textbf{Clyde} & Oh, the Preservation Society. God forbid someone else put in a claim on that ridiculous house. \\
\textbf{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? \\
\textbf{Clyde} & So now you don't trust me. \\
\textbf{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. \\
\textbf{Clyde} & (\textit{Smiling.}) Rougemont. Sukie Rougemont. \\
\textbf{Felicia} & (\textit{Musical vamp.}) \\
\textbf{Clyde} & I suppose she'll be at the concert tonight. \\
\textbf{Felicia} & Things happen. \\
\textbf{Clyde} & (\textit{Musical vamp.}) \\
\textbf{Felicia} & Oh, really . . .
\end{tabular}
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 cows 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.


(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'рин'.

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 HORN

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 AAAAAAAAAH!!!

(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 hand 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.

(Shakes his head.)

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 . . . beacoup 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.

Jane

When I was twelve
Friday would come,
I'd go to Miss Pittro'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 la la la . . .

(Darryl pulls out a BLOOD RED HANKERCHIEF and places it over his shoulder. He takes out his violin, tunes it, rosin 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 . . .
SUKE TRIES TO TALK A LITTLE AND . . .
WELL . . . JUST . . . YOU KNOW . . .
SUKE RISES UP TO SPEAK AND SHE . . .
ALMOST . . . OH, POOH . . .
SUKE 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, 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 . . .)

(Sarryl 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

Smotherer,

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
SMOTHER AND FULLER

+ Alexandra
AND Soffer AND SOUNDER
SWEETER AND ROUNDER
LITTLE MIRACLES.

Alexandra Jane
SMOTHER G . . .
AND FULLER F SHARP . . .
AND SOFTER F . . .
AND SOUNDER E . . .
SWEETER G . . .
AND ROUNDER F SHARP . . .

Alexandra / Jane
LITTLE MIRACLES

Alexandra Jane Sukie
WARMER G . . . I HAVE TO . . .
AND RICHER F SHARP . . . I NEED TO . . .
AND LARGER F . . . I WANT TO . . .
AND LOUDER E . . . IDEAS . . .
BRAVER G . . . I SEE NOW . . .
AND PROUDER F SHARP . . . A POEM . . .

All Three
LITTLE MIRACLES . . .

Alexandra Jane Sukie
BOLDER G . . . A STANZA . . .
AND TALLER F SHARP . . . I SEE IT . . .
AND BROADER F . . . I'LL WRITE IT . . .
AND LONGER E . . . I'LL BE IT . . .
FREER G . . . A COUPLET . . .
AND STRONGER F SHARP . . . 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.
Act One

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.
The Witches Of Eastwick

The Witches Of Eastwick

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 . . .
(Due to 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 . . .


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 . . .
MAKE HIM . . .

Ours.

What?!

There you go.

All three of us?

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

Second door on the left. By the Jacuzzi.

(To Jane and Sukie.) What the hell?

(Alexandra ushers a giggly Sukie into the house. Jane lags behind. She eyes Darryl.)

(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.

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

You have a job, goofus.

Yeah, in a diner. For tips.

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

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.
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.*) Others
DIRTY LAUNDRY ON THE . . .
ON THE LINE! DIRTY LAUNDRY ON THE . . .
ON THE LINE! DIRTY LAUNDRY ON THE . . .
ON THE LINE! 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.

Darryl (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?

Darryl (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 few ever 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.)
“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 ADJECTIVE THAT COULD CONVEY THE SORT OF MAGIC THAT HE SENDS MY WAY.
JUST THE SMALLEST 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 stationary. Rebecca is taking orders. Clyde spots Michael.*

Clyde  Pink stationary.

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?


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 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 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 . . .

(Sh e w retches 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 . . .
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. 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.


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?

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 . . .


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?

(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.


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!

DARRYL / 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.

SUKE 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 BOUNDR’IES 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


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 HUMBLY 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

DO . . . OW!
DO . . . OW!
DO . . . OW!
DO . . . OW!
DO . . . OW!
DO . . . OW!
DO . . . OW, OW, OW!

Alexandra

I THINK THE WORDS AAH!
I SPEAK THE THOUGHT AAH!

Darryl

Chapter seven.

Jane

THE MOON SHINES BRIGHT. AAH –
THE NIGHT IS BLESSED. AAH –

Darryl

Where are they?

Sukie

LET THE HEAVENS AAH –
GRANT US OUR REQUEST. AAH –

Jane / Sukie

LET THE HEAVENS AAH –
HEAR US IF THEY DARE. AAH –

(Darryl disappears into the crowd.)
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.)

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.)

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

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.)

Argh!!! Yes, that would be it.

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

THE NAT’RAL ORDER’S DEAD, THE SYSTEM IS BROKE.
MAN’S NOW THE PUNCHLINE TO GOD’S MIS’RABLE JOKE.
I DID MY BEST,

AHH – AHH – AHH – AHH –
THE MOST THAT ANYONE CAN
IF I HAD JUST BEEN A WOMAN
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.

Alexandria 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.

Alexandria

(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.”
BUT NOW I SEE

EV’RYTHING I NEEDED
WAS HERE INSIDE OF ME.
BLESSED BE.
TOGETHER WITH MY SISTERS,
PERFECTLY IN TUNE.

THREE MINDS AND HEARTS,

THREE PRACTICED ARTS

MADE ONE

BY THE BLESSING OF THE MOON . . .

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

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

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

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

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
Musical Numbers

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Lyrics by
JOHN DEMPSEY

1. Opening Act One

Music by
DANA P. ROWE

THE WITCHES OF EASTWICK

Allegro

30

Colla voce

2. Eastwick Knows

LITTLE GIRL:

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.

ALEX, JANE, SUKIE:

am. You can ask. East wick knows.

ALL:

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

Eastwick knows all that Eastwick needs to know. Hear the bells from the steeple. Is there a sweeter way to start than day than this? Playful winds. Mindful people.

wink and every stare is the neighborhood's affair. It just shows how much we care when we propose; For the good, for the best, Eastwick knows.
THREE MEN: We should talk about where things are leading to. What say next time we leave the lights on? If I had half a brain I'd leave Felicia and start up somewhere fresh with you.

CLYDE: I don't suppose you're any worse than my wife.

RAY: I feel so desired. You just ruined it.

SUKIE: Do you really mean that?

JANE: You just ruined it.

ALEX: You just ruined it.

GINA: How's that? Ray-mond! Clyde!

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

East-wick hears

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

East-wick sees East-wick knows

Dialogue

ED:

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

va-tion So-cie-ty____ Fel-li-cia Ga-bri-el!

FELICIA:

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

ha-ven for the en-dan-gered Snow-y Eg-ret.
To-day it is with great pride that I that is to say the Preservation Society announces its intentions to buy from the country this historic landmark and restore it to its proper and rightful glory!

Broadly

As flowers bloom, as bees will buzz,

Eastwick thrives as Eastwick does, for Eastwick is as Eastwick was and

A tempo

ALEX, JANE, SUKIE:

Each day the same old nonsense. The same accusing glances.

Always will be. Eastwick shares. Eastwick learns. Eastwick
A thousand prying eyes that size up your circumstances. Heed the
cares for your concerns. Please something happen, somehow. Deliver me from Eastwick
tides, Mind the throes. Eastwick

Please save me quick before I die!

[Thunder on Beat 4] Faster (in 2)

Eastwick
3. Make Him Mine

Alex: "It's a little hard to watch."

MICHAEL:

Jenni-fer, when I'm with you, it's like... there's this... I just feel...

JENNIFER:

A kind of...

Something, deeper than the night I feel this something...

Cue: Oh, Michael. You always know just what to say. //

A perfect

With you there's...

Something...

Something...

Something...

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,
I'd like to find inside my door? What man might fill those Tom Mc-Cann's?

What would I ask?
What would I dare?

Yes, what indeed?

I'd ask if I thought the moon would care.

Alex: "To the power of positive thinking."
Sukie: "Yummy."

[They toast]
SUKIE:
Ev’rything I dreamed of.

JANE:
Ev’rything I dreamed of.

ALEX:
I close my eyes and I see him there.

Smooth, successful...

Warm, attentive...

Stalwart and strong...

I close my eyes and it’s

I close my eyes and it’s

past compare.

past compare.

Ev’rything I pictured.

past compare.

Ev’rything I hoped for.
Ev'rything I wanted all along!
Make him all along! Make him all along!
Make him 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.

Filled with secrets... Dark, enchanted...

Frightened to feel...
I close my eyes and my heart's laid bare.

Ev'rything I hoped for...

Ev'rything I wanted... and it all seems so real.

Ev'rything I pictured... and it all seems so real. I see him

There he is, pure perfection, down to the core.

There he is, pure perfection, down to the core.

A sight to see; very handsome, yes, but so much more.
Some one to touch._
Some one to talk to._

A tow'r of strength...
With cal-loused hands...

A man of means...

Who likes to read...

Who works the land...
Who wears a suit...
Who runs an

Who likes to paint...

A man of war...
A mass of

of-fice...
Smooth and fair...

A gent-le soul...
A mass of
hair... 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 combine. All manner of man in one
man Make him mine.

man Make him mine.

man Make him mine.

The moon shines bright.

I speak the thought.

I think the words.

The night grows hot.

Let the heavens give us all they've got.

All give us all they've got.

All give us all they've got.

All

man n er of man in one man.

man n er of man in one man.

man n er of man in one man.

Make him

Make him

Make him
4. Eastwick Knows (Reprise)

In 2

Poor Little Girl:

LITTLE GIRL:

Poor Chick-en Lit-tle felt an acorn dropping on his head.

rall.

Poor Chick-en Lit-tle took to the streets and cried and screamed and said:
"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!"

Felicia: "I suppose she'll be at the concert tonight."
Clyde: "Things happen."

FELICIA:
Oh, really. 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 -

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."

You're not fooling anyone, Clyde!"
Menacing, dry

[Felicia:]

G - a - b - r - i - e - l R - e - s - i - d - e - n - c - e. F - e - l - i - c - i - a, it's Bre - n - d - a. (etc.)

[Hushed with great intensity]

[Brenda:]

"Take it straight to the people of Eastwick."

[Felicia:]

"The people of Eastwick?"

[I am Eastwick."

[GROUP ONE:]

Run for the hills

[GROUP TWO:]

Can you i - mag - ine poor F - e - l - i - c - i - a thought she

the sky is fall - ing.

[GROUP THREE:]

Can't wait to hear all the de - tails.

[GROUP FOUR:]

Dear God she had it all sewn up. Now it's all gone off the rails.

[Phone Rings]
The nerve of this man; to poach Felicia's claim.

GROUPS TWO & THREE:
must be spitting nails.

GROUPS TWO & THREE:
I hear he's at the concert but has

JOE & RAYMOND:
an- y-bod- y seen him?

MEN:
Ten bucks says the fur flies when she's face to

GINA & GRETA:
Well it's just too good to miss.

TOWNSPEOPLE:
With what's his name.

GROUP THREE:
Some- one find

GROUP TWO:
face with what's his name.

FELICIA:
What is his name? Well, go ask Marge.

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?
[Cue] Darryl: "You ladies like martinis, don't you?"

Jane: Did he just...?
Sukie: No.
Alexandra: What the hell was that?

DARRYL: You got a real fine town on your hands. You got a sky too blue to describe. You got that whole New England-y thing going on and that weird Presbyterian vibe.

You're 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 Darrryl Van Horne can get those girdles to loosen.

I'm tellin' ya Darrryl Van Horne can put some life in this crew. Wherever there's a town in need of some goosin'
Dar-ryl's gonna see the deed through _ And fur-th-er-more Dar-ryl Van Horne S.A.

Dar-ryl Van Horne!

Dar-ryl Van Horne

has got his sights set on you.

Whoo-hoo-hoo...

BRENDA:

What ex-act-ly does that mean, Mis-ter Van Horne?

There's your first clue. I'm gonna

You've got your sights set on who?

I'm gonna add some zing to the pal-lette. And teach you words you wished that you knew_

I'm gonna wring a dit-ty or two from the pi-iper; the

pay-ment I leave up to you. You're in the god-damned hands of the mast-
- er. You'll all be art be-fore this is done. You're all

read-y to blow with your jaws hang-ing low and the show has-nt e-ven be-gun.

- Now heav-en knows Dar-ryl Van Horne can be a lit-tle be-wild-

- rin'. Ad-mit-ted-ly Dar-ryl Van Horne,

To say the least...

Yes, it's all too ab-surd. Dar-ryl Van Horne!

- can put on quite the dis-play._

So what-cha say

The man's a beast...

Yes, pre-cise-ly the word!
come out and play with me children
Life is more than rules to obey

Consider it; Daryl Van Horne is only one wish away

You can try to resist but in time you'll be feeling it too

Am I cause or effect? Would you

Ah

Ah
jump if I asked it of you?  Is it fate or free will?

Who determines the things that you do?  There's the door,

take your cue.  Dive on in.  Step on through.  Step on in.  Step on through!  Step on through!

Ooh ooh  Aaaaah  -  Whoo!

Ooh ooh  Aaaaah  -  Whoo!
89

It's said you're making plans to clear the elms away.

98

Mis-ter Van Horne!

104

where the snowy egrets live; the glory of our bay.

106

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...

109

perhaps the best thing you could do would be to sell. Are we a-greed? Need I go on? Rip up the deed, Mis-ter Van Horne

112

Think about the egrets? What about the egrets? Hon-ey,

114

DARRYL:

117

FELICIA: DARRYL: FELICIA:

120

T U F F Tuff. Tough? Tit-ty. But the

124

DARRYL:

natural order, Mis-ter Van Horne... My pro-erty, my pre-rog-a-tive. I'm here to stay. And
just in case you hadn't noticed, Missus Gabrielle; I happen to be a big fan of

shaking up the natural order. Hit it!

Just leave it to Darrell Van Horne.

Aren't you all glad he supplied your demand?

I'm telling ya Darrell Van Horne can make the fun start to brew.

The Witches of Eastwick
Have faith in Dad-dy; salvation's at hand!

Let's all of us cut loose and pour...

the Bacardi, give those inner demons their due!

How god-damned lucky for you.

We're saddled with Darryl Van Horne!

DARRYL: yeah, say it again...

T.B. D to the A to the double R_ Y L.
mmmm... now, add my last name.

D to the A to the double R Y L

DARRYL:
The man with the

T.B.

D to the A to the double R Y L Van H O R N E!

spell...

For raising up

D to the A to the double R Y L Van H O R N E!

S.A.

D to the A to the double R Y L Van H O R N E!

S.A.T. (solo trio):

Dar ryl Van Horne!

I'm tellin ya
hell... So why should it

D to the A to the double R Y L Van H O R N why should it

D to the A to the double R Y L Van H O R N why should it

Dar ryl Van Horne! why should it

much slower
dictated

be...

be Dar ryl Van Horne is simply heaven to me!

be Dar ryl Van Horne is simply heaven to me!

be Dar ryl Van Horne... is simply heaven to me!

colla voce a tempo

Fly lit-tle child-ren fly free!

Free

Free

Free
Darryl: "That went well."

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

Darryl: "No, Mrs. Gabriel. You don't want to make an enemy of me."

La LITTLE GIRL: la la (etc.)

DARRYL: [whistling...]

Wind chime (Darryl sniffs the air)

JANE: G... F sharp... F... E... G... F sharp... F... E... G...

Marcato

[Cello solo (Jane)]

F sharp... F... E...
6. Waiting For The Music To Begin

Cue - Darryl: "of course you are"

DARRYL:

My God! Look at you. Ear to the strings.

colla voce

hand on the pegs. wholly in tune with that thing between your legs.

Darryl: "Now go beyond them" (visual cue)

mp

Darryl: "Passion, Janey. Passion..." (visual cue)

mf

JANE:

When I was twelve Friday would come, I'd go to Miss Petro's, rosin up my bow.

Stiff as a rail, Warm as an iceberg. Utter precision; That was status quo.

An-y-time I dali- lied with passion I was told to
The Witches of Eastwick

38 stop it, rein it in. And I'd play along, as

43 was the fashion; Waiting for the music

48 to begin. I'd

53 play... I'd play... I'd play...

58 La la la la la la la la la la la la...

63 poco rall.

A tempo

71 JANE: So I grew up, polished and practiced.

75 Over the years, I learned to play my part.

79 Never too rushed. Never with feeling.

83 All this applied in life as well as art.
Jane y at the strings like a sp i - der. Con-stant-ly in
mo - tion, cold and thin. Ter - ri - fied to know what
lay in - side her. Wait - ing for the mus - ic...
Wait - ing for the mus - ic...

rall.

più mosso

ff
no rall.

JANE:

G... F sharp... F... E...

G... F sharp... F... E...

G... F sharp... F... E...

G... F sharp... F... E...

The Witches of Eastwick
Oh, for the days when it all seemed so clear. Stick-ing to the beat.

Stay-ing to the tone. Day af-ter week af-ter month af-ter year.

Per-fect-ly in time. Per-fect-ly a-lone.______ But

what sort of man could lay claim to my soul? Half Ra-vel?

Half Ro-sin-ni? Part Shos-ta-ko-vich and part Pa-ga-

ni-ni? Who knows?______ Who knows?______ For

what sort of man would I lose all con-trol? Mah-ler-esque?

Slight-ly Greig-y? Pep-pered with Brahms plus a pinch of Res-pi-ghi? 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 finally bending in the heat of this unending...

JANE:

G... F-Sharp... F... E... Yes, yes, yes! Oh!

DARRYL:

G... F sharp... F... E... G... F sharp... F... E...

Wait and waiting and waiting and waiting and

Wait- ing... for the music... to be...
6a. Waiting – Playoff

In 2 – tempo di "Chicken Little"

[Band solo] Windchimes

SUKIE: Rhode Island, page seven ad-dum-dum, i-de-a! A poem.
I have to... I need to... I want to... Wait! Where did I leave my

Sukie: "Some other time. Go!"

A tempo

Darryl: My God! Look at you.

Nose in a book. Brow in a crease. What are we getting to-night; a little

Slight rall.
7. Words, Words, Words

Cue - Darryl: "Why don't you tell me about it, Sukie darling?"

Sukie: Dryly

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

rall. A tempo

words, words, words...

I can never find the words.

Smoothly

All these words inside me now... but not much inner peace. All these words inside me now... just

Darryl: poco più mosso

aching for release. 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...

Cue - Darryl:"Confidence, Suke. Confidence."

SUKIE: colla voce

I'd like to talk about the night. I'd like to talk about the day. I'd like to

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

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...

A little faster than Tempo I

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 evening star. I'd like to talk about a lot of things... But Suk-ie, dear you are! Oh, 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 Bach-an-nal. Oh, not that I approve but when it's all been said and done, I mean you got ta give 'em this; the Romans 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
The Witches of Eastwick

Talking way too much?

più mosso

talk about the hero that can always give me hope. I'd like to talk about Debergerac, and

Bateman 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, though I'd really rather not.

Talk about the meadows and the flowers and the birds. I mean I'd talk about it all if I could

only find the words...

Fastest tempo – in 2

talk a bit of this, or maybe talk a bit of that, or maybe talk a little folderol and

chew a little fat. Talk about the A's and 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 a 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! I am! I am! I am!

7a. Words, Words, Words – Playoff

Presto

The Witches of Eastwick
Wind chimes
(Darryl sniffs the air)

[as needed]  ALEXANDRA:

Smoothe__ and fuller_ and

[as needed]  CUE: Darryl: "...something

as insignificant as this. I mean..."

softer_ and rounder_ and rounder_ and rounder_ and

DARRYL:

(passionately)

My God! Look at you. One of a kind._

Ripe for display._ Smelling of earth,_ covered toes to tits in clay.
8. Your Wildest Dreams


[cue - spoken last time] **ALEX:**

misterioso

**DARRYL:**

Sitting at your wheel every day, your little work, far too meager.

You can stop there, Darryl.

**come sopra**

Artists can’t be pliant as clay,

That’s uncalled for Darryl.

too acquisitive or eager.

That’s enough now, Darryl...

**tranquillo**

beg you dear, rise up to the height and size your promise requires, my
con fuoco

Alexandra!

Je - sus Christ Al - migh - ty, the nerve!

teneramente

Clearly not in yours, dear...

What sort of world do you live in?

come sopra

Why so

What's the point of putting me down? What's in it for you?

sweetly
come sopra

quick to bruise, dear?

What I lack or what I de - serve, this is the life I've been gi -

sweetly

Let me be your muse, dear.

- ven.

It sucks to be stuck here in this town.

sweetly

It's ver - y sim - ple -

_ but what on earth can I do?_
magically

D

Dream your wild-est dreams, embrace your potential.

forcefully

D

Dream your wild-est dreams, be all you can be.

smoothly - passionately building

D

Bare it for all God's creation to see. Risk it and explore the extremes.

appassionato

D

Live the larger life and dream the wild-est of dreams.

D

Dar-ryl, just drop the B. S. you're off the mark by a score. Why pick a fight you can't win?

A

Alex, why settle for less when you were put here for more?

A

You're talking things you don't know.

Why picket fence yourself in when you deserve room to grow?
How is it this man can see right into my fears and frustrations?

All the years you've squandered.

Am I really wasting away or can there be more?

Now's the time for you, dear.

moved beyond a handful of clay

and let my instincts explore the larger Canvas.
hypnotically

Smoother and fuller and softer and sounder.

and softer and sounder.

Sweeter and rounder little miracles.

Sweeter and rounder little miracles.

ALEX:

Smoother and fuller and softer and sounder.

JANE:

G F sharp F E

Sweeter and rounder little miracles.

G F sharp little miracles.

ALEX:

Warm and richer and larger and louder.

JANE:

G F sharp F E

SUKIE:

I have to... I need to... I want to... I deas...
The Witches of Eastwick

98
Braver and prouder little miracles.

with great passion

102
Bolder and taller and broader and longer.

106
DARRYL:

A - lex- an - dra,

F - er - er and strong - er little miracles.

A couplet... In rhyme, little miracles.

find your wild - est, trust your wild - est, be your wild - est -
Dream your wild-est dreams, pursue your po-tential.

Dream my wild-est dreams, pursue my po-tential.

Own your own lar-gesse, be all you can be.

Own my own lar-gesse, be all I can be.

Risk it and ex-plore the ex-tremes.

Pound u-pon pound be re-sound-ing-ly me.

Sculpt the lar-ger life... Dare the lar-ger dare... Love the lar-ger me...

Freely

AUX:

(a tempo) and live the wild-est of dreams.

ALEX:
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."

[A dictated]

Go - Jane: "Admirer. Lover. Father."

ALEX:
Make him mine.

Darryl: "Teacher. Master. Slave."

SUKIE:
Make him... the devil...

ALL THREE:
Make him... Make him... Make him handsome as the devil yet...

JANE:

Darryl: "Any-thing your hearts desire. The ultimate companion, the..."

PER-FECTLY DIVINE...

DARRYL:

THE WITCHES:

THE WITCHES:

Go - Darryl:
"Admirer. Lover. Father."

Go - Jane:
So are you coming?

SUDDENLY FASTER slight rall. tempo di "Something"
Softly and sustained

Jennifer: "Let's worry about tomorrow tomorrow and try to concentrate on..."

Cue: - Jennifer: "Let's worry about tomorrow tomorrow and try to concentrate on..."

Jennifer: "Let's worry about tomorrow tomorrow and try to concentrate on...

JENNI: - Jennifer: "Let's worry about tomorrow tomorrow and try to concentrate on...

MICHAEL: All those hopes and dreams,

Some thing in the mo-ment all a-round us.

and now it seems Some thing has fin'ly found us.

Some thing has fin'ly found us.

A lone. But now your love has shown me

Once I felt so emp-ty in-side;

Suddenly Faster rall.

Some thing like no-thing I have known.

Some thing like no-thing I have known.
Passionately

JENNIFER:
One day we'll leave this town behind us, break the ties that bind us to

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.

All of it as real as it can be.

Something, in the sunrise all around us. All our hopes and dreams,
and now it seems Something has fin‘ly found us. It’s
and now it seems Something has fin‘ly found us. It’s

said that given time we’ll grow wise. What for? When here and now we have found
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 more kind than clever, something that time can’t sever,

something that’s ours for ever more,
something that’s ours for ever more,

DIRECT SEGUE
Dry, menacing. No funny sounds.

GINA:

Now heaven knows I'm not one to talk out of school.

But things have gone a little too far.

Van Horne's been cozy now with not one, dear but three.

And not too hard to guess who they are.

Just a bit odd. Down-right bizarre.

Say have you heard the story of what's come to pass?

Deep, deep inside the old Lenox place?

Those wanton tramps have clearly abandoned all sense.

WOMEN:

How long must we endure this disgrace?

Greta: "Well of course not"

Greta: "What things are those, Gina?"

Brenda: "I heard it was actually on the tennis court."

Brenda: "Oh, I'm not one for gossip."

Brenda: "Sense? Oh, please!"
BRENDA, GRETA & GINA:

Dirty laundry, ladies. That's what I see.

WOMEN:

Dirty laundry, ladies. As foul as foul can be.

ALEX, JANE & SUKIE:

Our standards fading, our morals in decline with such dirty laundry on the line, ladies.

WOMEN:

Ladies! Ladies!

GINA:

Come chat for a spell.

GRETA:

How nice to see you out and about with the sun.

MARGE:

Now, why on earth would they be down there?

BRENDA:

Were you just headed back from the bay.

REBECCA:

That's such a lovely dress that you're wearing, my dear.
GINA: Well.

Were you just wearing that yesterday?

MARGE: Good heavens, what a flagrant dis-

play!

WOMEN:

Dirty laundry, people, fresh from the streets. Dirty laundry, sor-
did

torn slips and rump-led sheets.

Our standards fading, our

morals in decline with such dirty laundry on the line.

L'istesso tempo
FELICIA:
Have your fun girls while you may.
Trouble's clearly on the

GINA & GRETA:
Can you mean that we're to blame—
way! The tide's washed in—

MEN:
Hang your heads, for shame for shame.

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


knows.....

Dirt-y laun-dry neigh-bors;

knows......

Dirt-y laun-dry neigh-bors;

knows......

Dirt-y laun-dry neigh-bors;
that's what this is.
Dirty laundry labeled,

FELICIA: "Hers, Hers and Hers and His!"
WOMEN: Just when you're thinking, it's

MEN: Just when you're thinking, it's

dealt with done and gone.
The dirty laundry just goes

dealt with done and gone.
The dirty laundry just goes

DANCE Dixieland March

Dirty laundry people, good gracious me.
Dirty laundry people, good gracious me.
Brisk 4
(bb. 140 / 141-142 / 143 / 144)

Dirty laundry that's been aired out for all to see...

Just when you're thinking it's dealt with done and gone...

Felicia: "Jennifer!" Jennifer: "Mother!"

Felicia: "back to Stanford first thing tomorrow morning." "Clyde!!"

The dirty laundry just goes on and on and on and on and on and on and on and...

WOMEN:

MEN:

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):

poco a poco accel.

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
Ah de cline. They went and morals in de cline. Ev 'ry line we drew in dare,

crossed without a care. No, there's no mis-taking their de sign. So spread the news a-long the
crossed without a care. No, there's no mis-taking their de sign....
FELICIA:
The good of Eastwick's on the line! on the line! on the line!

ALL MEN AND WOMEN:
Dirt y laun dry on the...

Soprano descant (1 voice):
line! on the line! on the line!

WOMEN 1:
Dirt y laun dry on the... Dirt y laun dry on the...

+ WOMEN 2:
Dirt y laun dry on the... Dirt y laun dry on the...

+ WOMEN 3:
MEN 1:
Dirt y laun dry on the... Dirt y laun dry on the...
dim. al fine

WOMEN:

It's on the line!

MEN:

It's on the line!

PLAYOFF AND TRANSITION

FELICIA:

The good of East-wick's on the line!

ALL:

Dirty laundry on the...

Dirt - y laun - dry on... Dirt - y laun - dry on...

Dirt - y laun - dry on... Dirt - y laun - dry on...

Dirt - y laun - dry on... Dirt - y laun - dry on...

Visual cue on Alex entrance

Go to last time on any bar

2

Safety

last time on cue

2

SEGUE "I Wish I May"
11. I Wish I May

Segue as one from last number

ALEX:

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, without a doubt;

inch, without a doubt; One perfect house. Two perfect cars.

SUKIE:

Once upon a time, a little girl asked the moon. She wished on stars. Once upon a time, that girl was me...

all her closest girl friends, not a stitch of clothing on. They im
a-gined when a-lone how they might change when they were grown.

Yet when the stars would fill the glen she wished to stay as she was then.

SUKIE: Once upon a time, that girl was me...

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. In school though she would die each time those boys would catch her eye.

ALEX: The ones who smoked. Who played guitars. Who pledged their love

SUKE: Once upon a
time upon a once upon a time that girl was me.

beneath the stars.

Once upon a time that girl was me.

time upon a once upon a time that girl was me.

Unison

And ev'rything I am is because of who she was, and though it

And ev'rything I am is because of who she was, and though it

And ev'rything I am is because of who she was, and though it

poco rall. A tempo

may not seem to be, she's with me still.

may not seem to be, she's with me still.

may not seem to be, she's with me still.

SUKIE:

Swimming

JANE:

The girl who'd see the boys and run...
That little girl. I close my eyes and there she is beneath the wrinkles and the scars. I'm still that little girl, wishing...
might. Feel the joy I feel to-night, for-ever. This was the mo-ment the

might. Feel the joy I feel to-night, for-ever. This was the mo-ment the

I'll ask the moon... Let this night... Be mine to

magie began: I wish I may. I say I can.

magie began: I wish I may. I say I can.

magie began: I wish I may. I say I can.

magie began: I wish I may. I say I can.

magie began: I wish I may. I say I can.

magie began: I wish I may. I say I can.

magie began: I wish I may. I say I can.

magie began: I wish I may. I say I can.

magie began: I wish I may. I say I can.

magie began: I wish I may. I say I can.

magie began: I wish I may. I say I can.

magie began: I wish I may. I say I can.

magie began: I wish I may. I say I can.

magie began: I wish I may. I say I can.

magie began: I wish I may. I say I can.

magie began: I wish I may. I say I can.

magie began: I wish I may. I say I can.
for always. One perfect moment to hold with me still.

Keep for always. One perfect moment to hold with me still. I wish I

may... I wish I may... I say I will.

I wish I may... I wish I may... I say I will.

Più mosso
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
Darryl: "Let us say this cookie jar is the radiant Felicia."

Darryl: "have a ball"
Sukie drops ball in jar

Cue: Felicia: "Oh my God"
Jane: "Pearls before swine."
Jane drops bracelet in jar

Felicia: "Clyde, honey?"
Clyde: "Felicia? Felicia?"
Clyde: "Felicia?"

Felicia: "Clyde? Clyde?"
Clyde: "Something's gone terribly wrong."
Clyde: "Felicia!"

Cue: Jane: "Teach us, Darryl. Teach us..."
JANE: DARRYL: "spoken"
"sings"

Ev'-ry-thing Close your eyes, breathe deep and focus. It's sur-
ren - der more than try - ing. Send your spi - rits off and
SUKIE, JANE, ALEX:
Let it, let it fly...
"Concentration," that's the byword.

SUKIE, JANE, ALEX:
Soaring, soaring
Send your spirits soaring skyward...

più mosso
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?

SUKIE, JANE, ALEX:
Let it...
Let it...
Just let it come...
Let it grow...
Let it

Darryl: "Once upon a time..."

Let it...
Let it... Let it...
Let it... Let it...
loose... Let it go...
Darryl: "...wish has finally been granted"

Three little ladies__ How truly rare. Where men most come up empty,____

I've drawn a pair... Plus one to spare. As singular as a trio as ever there was. So beautiful spirited, Dev - il - May - Care...

[Sukie, Jane, Alex: A tempo]

Darryl: I wish I may! I wish I may! I wish I

And he does My three little ladies!

[Thunder] Do you see, little ladies? Anything I say you

Grandly - cresc. to end rall. piu mosso molto rall.

End of Act One
12. Opening Act Two

[Music notation]

13. Another Night at Darryl’s

ALEX:

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? Ever time I turn around there’ll be Darryl between...
Colla voce

Su kie and Jane. Friendships are tried, strained beyond pray'r.

Su kie 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

Colla voce

Light swing

The night commences My spirits soar. And soon my senses go wild and what's more,

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?

All my defenses go right out the door. Do I do?

Do I don't? Yes, I will! Till I won't.

Do I don't? Yes, I will! Till I won't.

Another night at Daryl's! His hands caress me and it feels

Another night at Daryl's! His hands caress me and it feels

swell. His words impress me; I'm caught in his spell. His eyes un-

swell. His words impress me; I'm caught in his spell. His eyes un-

dress me. His hands do as well. It's all par for the course. All re-

dress me. His hands do as well. It's all par for the course. All re-

wards.
— no remorse, just... A nother night at Darryl's._ And

I'm scaling the heights_ just_ detailing the sounds and the sights_ of those amorous nights._ All those audacious_ flirtatious_ lascious delights..._ O-K, it's tragic._ What can I say? there's not an adjective that could convey
the sort of magic that he sends my way. Just the smallest amount and I'm down for the count. Oh god.... Another night....

ALEXANDRA: And O - K, it's not a fairy tale. JANE: O - K, it's not ex - act - ly ev'ry dream I've ev - er known. SUKIE: ...any dream I've ev - er known. ALEX: But it's intense. It's head - y stuff. If it's not love, it's close e - nough. And hey... it sure beats being al - one.

A tempo

Light swing

I get con - nec - tion, a bit of fun. I feel af - fe - tion where once I felt none. And in re - flection, what's done is done. So why not do it a - gain? And a - gain... And a - gain... And a - gain...
And again... And again... Where life was once cold and sterile, now it's positively ferocious all thanks to Dar-ryl's guiding light. Another hip, another toe, another tableau. Another sigh, another roar, another passionate encore. Another taste, another bite, another confidence fueled flight. Oh, God! Another night.

Another night at Dar-ryl's!
13a. Another Night – Playout

ALEX, JANE, SUKIE:

Another night at Darryl's!

13b. Cherry Pits

Cue - Felicia: "If I thought for one moment..."
14. Dance With The Devil

Darryl: "Call me Darryl."

DARRYL:

Class is in session. You might want to take notes there, Scooter.

MICHAEL: DARRYL:

It's Michael. 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 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 la—
She likes—you. You'd best believe it boys. Amazing—yes, but true.

She likes to Dance with the Devil. And luckily enough,

there's a Devil in you. And you._ And you and you_ and you and you and..._ you we gotta work on.

Get in the game kid, and make your play._

Go with the music and grind away._ Some like it fast. And

some prefer slow._ A little bit of each won't kill you, you know.

MICHAEL: DARRYL:

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_
Once she gets cook-in’ the lady likes to Dance with the Devil. When God ain’t lookin’ the lady likes to Dance with the Devil.

By day she plays the saint. By night just watch her fall. She likes to Dance with the Devil.

Oooh! She likes to Dance with the Devil.

And Heaven be praised, he’s inside of us all.

Is out for the crown. The Devil inside you...
Has got the dance down.

Devil inside you...

The Devil inside you...

Can make the girls swoon.

He'll be... gettin' there soon.

And if he ain't in there yet...

Ripe for the takin' the lady likes you.

Dance with the Devil.

Dance with the Devil.

Dance with the Devil. Dance with the Devil.

There's no makin' the lady likes you.

She knows the...
moves and how... This I guar-an-tee... She likes to...

DARRYL:
Dance,

MICHAEL:
Dance,

+ MEN:
I said dance, I said dance with the Devil. Dance,

I said dance, I said dance with the Devil. Dance,

Ah - 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,

I said dance, I said Dance with the Devil! Dance,
Up from hell

Bump & Grind

slower burlesque tempo (swing 8ths)

Main Dance

slightly faster than tempo I

Eudora nipple pull

Orgasms

[straight 8ths]
The Witches of Eastwick

WOMEN:

but broth-er she likes to Dance

MEN:

She may be an an-gel, but broth-er she likes to Dance
So goes the tale, oh the lady likes to Dance with the Devil.

She knows the moves and how. This I guarantee.

Oooh! She likes to Dance.
MICHAEL:
Ah ah! Dance with the Devil.

DARRYL & MICHAEL:
Whoever the Devil may be.

be...
201 Playoff

with the Devil.

MICHAEL:

Whoever the Devil may be!

ff

Dance,
Dance,
Dance,

ff

Dance,
Dance,
Dance,

Whoever the Devil may be!

Visual cue from Darryl

Playoff

x 4

Segue
18a. Another Night Reprise

Visual cue as Little Girl enters

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. 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?

ALEX, 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. Was that my son?

MICHAEL: GIRL(S): ALEX: [pelvic thrust] [scream] So why not do it again? And again... And again... And again... And again... And again... and again!

ALEX:

All Eastwick
16. Evil

ALEX: "Let's do it!"

ALEX: Half a pin...  Scaps of tin...  And a

ALEX: ball of purple thread...  Cherry pits...  Bits of paper...  And a spider long since dead...  Toe-nail

ALEX: clip-pings...  Rings and tabs...  From ancient cans of Diet Coke...  Broken

JANE: rall.  molto

JANE: but-toms...  Half a cray-on...  Eye of newt...  That's a joke...  

SUKIE:  

SUKIE:  

SUKIE:  

SUKIE:  

SUKIE:
Steady, crisp

Safety - cut to 18 on any bar [on cue] x 2

Safety - vox last time

FELICIA:

By all means have a drink! That's your answer to ev'ry thing, 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....

Dialogue

Clyde: "Look; a quarter."

FELICIA:

Ev'rywhere it can be I look out and see Ev'il, 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

Clyde: (spit) "Cherry pits?"

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 Rouge-mont? 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. Titleist This is all the doing of that man, Darryl Van Horne. You know what he does in that house with those women, don't ya? That's not any of my business.
FELICIA:
He fucks them, Clyde. All of 'em. Jane Smart, that Spof-ford bitch...

CLYDE:
Now, now sweetness. Oh, and hardest of all he gives it to your precious little Su-kie Rouge-mont. Su-kie Rouge-mont. That's right!

Ev-il, Clyde. You're part of the problem.

Ev-il, Clyde. For just standing by. The town's going mad!

And it's ev'-ry-one's fault! Turn your back to the bad in the face of assault, and the final result is this ultimate Ev-il, Clyde!

Clyde: "...I think we should just call it a day."

Ev-il...! Ev-il...! Ev-il...! Ev-il...! Ev-il...!

The Witches of Eastwick
97
17. Dirty Laundry – Reprise

Funereal [safety] Hushed with energy

WOMEN:

Dirt - y laun - dry, peo - ple, good grac - ious me.

MEN:

Dirt - y laun - dry, peo - ple, good grac - ious me.

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

Understated Jazz feel

dirty - ty laun - dry fouls the plot.

dirty - ty laun - dry fouls the plot.

[on cue] Agitato

ED & BRENDA

Good Lord the trag - ed - y that's o -
The Witches of Eastwick

TOBY:
To two of our friends

REBECCA & GRETA:
ecured in this town!
A horrid scene or so they all

MARGE:
No doubt that Clyde had to much to drink

GINA & JOE:
claim.

And now I hear that Jen-nifers

REBECCA:
To tie up loose ends

FRANK:
headed back home

head - ed back home.

[Dialogue] [Repeat as needed]
Sukie: "Jane? Alex?"

Vox 1st Time Only
3
3

The ques­tion is, who's real-ly to blame?

shame.

Broader

SUKIE:
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]

WOMEN:

Dirt y laun dry, peop le, mangled and marred

MEN:

Dirt y laun dry, peop le, mangled and marred

right in our own back yard.

right in our own back yard.

con fuoco

WOMEN 2 + 3:

Dirt y laun dry, peop le, all grey and glum

MEN:

Dirt y laun dry, peop le, all grey and glum

Dirt y laun dry, with the promise of more to come

Dirt y laun dry, with the promise of more to come

ALL:

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
17a. Waiting For The Music To Begin – Reprise

JANE: "Will I ever get it back?"

JANE:

I dream of a life where the passion rings true. Where music surrounds me, exciting 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: "Get your asses back down here. I'm not kidding around. Ladies? [go] Ladies!"

SEGUE AS ONE
17b. Three Little Ladies

Colla voce (dictated)

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...!

Repeat and fade
Alex & Jane exit

17c. Words, Words, Words – Reprise

Jennifer: "That's what my daddy used to call me."

Simply

Sukie: "...what's there to even talk about?" (vocal last time)

Growing in intensity and passion

The day, the night, the weather, all the point-less things I know.
We could talk about your father, Angel, God, he loved you...

Jennifer: “Who is that?”
“My God”

“Look at you”
Darryl: "At least one of them is in a much better place."

Gently (colla voce)

DARRYL:

Poor little dear; your life's a Greek drama— One thunder-bolt... Your parents are gone— You've got a rough time staring you dead— in the eye—and the whole of this town—looking on—

[short dialogue]

Darryl: "Marge."

—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,
DARRYL:
No honestly, Darryl Van Horne has got a warm side it's true.
what I'm not sure.

DARRYL:
A sensitive new age af

JENNIFER:
You figured in there. My mind is a blur...

Darryl: "You like children, don't you."
Jennifer: "Yes, I do." slight rall.

... Well, what-ch a know; Darryl Van Horne has that in common with

a tempo (They exit.)

MARGE:
Well I was

Gina: "Yes?"

out just walking the shore and who should I see all greasy with charm_

Greta: "Three guesses"

None other than that animal, Darryl Van Horne with a

BRENDA: MARGE:
lad y friend draped on his arm! Please. That's nothing new I know but it was-

The Witches of Eastwick
n't one of the normal three, no it's true._ Now I

could'n't quite see who it was but dear me it seems Van Horne has got some one new!

TOWNSPEOPLE: Marg-ie you must tell us who! DARRYL: Get read-y now;

Dar-ryl Van Horne is back and read-y, be-lieve it!

Dar-ryl Van Horne! Quick, light a can-dle and

Dar-ryl Van Horne! Quick, light a can-dle and

To-geth-er 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!
What ever your dream is, reach out.

Good God the scandal! To think he would dare!

and achieve it, and make those so-called friends of yours pay.

The new motto of Darryl Van Horne; "Let no one stand in your way!"

Darryl Van Horne!

A., J. & S: "Darryl!"

[go on cue]
19. Your Wildest Dreams – Reprise

Darryl: “You had your chance. All of you.”


Sadly [Dialogue]

[Sukie:] “Oh boy, did she ever have us fooled!”

Poor Chick-ken Little felt an acorn dropping on his...
Jane: "Oh, ladies!" [dialogue continues]

Alex: "Your heart get a little scraped up there, Michael"

[dialogue continues]

ALEX: Because you're wearing pants. What the hell happened to you? This

Michael: "I don't remember you getting this crazy..."

Michael: "...over any other man."

Michael: "And there have been a LOT of men, mom!"

In your darkest hours...

In your weakest days...

In your wildest dreams...
20. I Wish I May – Reprise

Visual cue: Sukie exits

Gently

JENNIFER:

I wish I may. Like all girls

do now my dreams have all come true, completely.

Colla voce

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

My God! Look at me...

I am a very patient man.
Who's got this town in hand?  
Who's striking up the band?

"That would be you, Mr. Van Horne"

Ask all of East-wick, and__

SMALL GROUP:

they'll agree.

stor-y be told__ of the Glory of Me.

"He's such a man!"

Who's head-in' off the scale?_
The quint-essential male__

"Hell, I'd sleep with him"

Come on, and tell the tale__. Let the

SMALL GROUP:

Wow-wow-whee!

stor-y be told__ of the Glory of Me!

No one I hold as high__

As Me, My-self and I__

Nor you should.

Who's as good?
Sweet Jesus, What a guy.

Let the glory be!

story be told of the glory of Me.

Darryl:

Shout!

Say!

Women:

Shout! Shout it out from the harbor!

Say! Say it

Men:

Shout! Shout it out from the harbor!

Say! Say it

C’mon, children, and sing!

all, say it true!

Sing! From the bay to the backroads!

all, say it true!

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

Shout it out! Say it out! Sing it out! Oo - Oo - Oo! Let the story be told of the
Who played straight and kept it real?

Glor-y of You!

Who, who, who?

True, true, true!

Who breezed in and bagged three dames?

Hey, hey, hey!

Who played straight and kept it real?

Glor-y of You!

Who, who, who?

True, true, true!

Each and ev'ry way, ideal!

Mod-est, too. Let the stor-y be told of the

Who breezed in and bagged three dames?

Hey, hey, hey!

Glor-y of You!

Hey, hey, hey!
Who exposed your small town games?

What choo say?

Come on folks, start naming names!

We declare; let the story be told of the Glory of Darryl Van Horne!

DARRYL:

Stop, I'm blushing...

Horne! Darryl Van Horne!
DARRYL:
Once again; Let the story be told of this

ALL:
Once again; Let the story be told of this

man among men among men among men, Amen...

man among men among men among men, Amen...

man among men among men among men, Amen...

Shout!
Say!

WOMEN:
Shout! Shout it out from the harbor! Say! Say it

MEN 1+2:
Shout! Shout! Shout it out from the harbor! Say! Say it

MEN 3:
Shout! Shout it out from the harbor! Say! Say it

The Witches of Eastwick
Sing!

all, say it true! Say it... Sing! From the bay to the back-roads!

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!
Shout it out! Say it out! Sing it out! Shout it out! Say it out! Sing it out! ONE

MARGE:
Aaaaahhh!!!!

DARRYL:
One mo' time! Take it home!

DARRYL:
Who's got all the basics down?

ALL:
Who's got all the basics down? Night to morn!
Who knows how to wear the 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 the day?

Who would dare?

Found his kingdom come what may?

Where, where, where?

Here in Narra-gan-sett Bay!

Let the story be told of the

Here in Narra-gan-sett Bay!

Hal-le-lu! Let the story be told of the
Stay in tempo

The Glory... of You!

[Plus assigned ad libs]

Me!

ALL:

Shout it out, Say it out, Sing it out...

A FEW TENORS & ALTOS (true pitch):

Shout it out, Say it out, Sing it out...
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...

Me! Let the

Shout it out, Say it out, Sing it out... Shout it out, Say it out, Sing it out... Let the

Glo - ry! Glo - ry of You! Let the

Shout it out, Say it out, Sing it out... Shout it out, Say it out, Sing it out... Let the

Sto - ry be told...

Sto - ry be told of the Glor - y of

Sto - ry be told... of the Glor - y of
DARRYL:

It's all right there to see: the wonder, the power, the glory of me!

You!

You!

Shout it out, Say it out, Sing it out... Shout it out, Say it out, Sing it out...

Drum fill

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...

Glor-y! Glor-y of You!

Shout it out, Say it out, Sing it out... Shout it out, Say it out, Sing it out...
21. The Wedding

WOMEN: f

MEN: f

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

GINA (upper voice) / GRETA (lower voice):

Ah - Ah - Ah - Ah - Ah - Ah - Ah - Ah - Ah - Ah -
Ah

Dear - ly be - lov - ed, we are gath - ered here to - geth - er, to

join this man and wo - man in the eyes of our Lord... ...And East - wick.

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....

I close my eyes and I wish him gone.

I close my eyes and I

dreamed this never hap - pened.

I close my eyes and I wish our lives un - fet - tered by this
Darryl: 
"Go on. Go on" 

poco meno 

DARRYL:

ED: 
Yeah, yeah 
madness...!
Dearly beloved we are gathered here to gather...


DARRYL:

poco accel.

Ow! Argh! Jeez!

ALEX: 
JANE: 
SUKIE: 
We humbly ask... We simply wish... We merely pray...

poco accel.

Cripes! Stop! God -

ALEX: 
JANE: 
SUKIE: 
With eyes cast down... With thoughts of good... With hope and more...

DARRYL:

"for Christ's sake!"

damn it!

ALEX, JANE & SUKIE: 
That's all we're asking for!

Ow! Ow! Ow!

Do you Darryl, take this woman...? Do you Darryl take...? Do you Darr'l...?
Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow, Ow!

Do...? Do...? Do...? Do...? Do...? Do...?

ALEX: I think the words... I speak the thought... The moon shines bright, the night is blessed...

WOMEN: Ah

MEN: Ah

SUKIE: Let the heav'ns grant us our request... Let the heav'ns hear us if they dare...

JANE & SUKIE: ah ah ah

ah ah ah ah ah

ah ah ah ah ah

AH AH AH AH AH

AH AH AH AH AH

ALEX, JANE & SUKIE: Hear our pray'r! Hear our pray'r! Hear our pray'r!

Ah ah! Ah ah! Ah ah ah!

ah ah! Ah ah ah! Ah ah ah!
DARRYL: "You'd better be saying your prayers, you bitches!"

You think you've won? Re-versed the plot? Well, you're not rid of me that eas'-ly, girls.

I shit you not. You've got no strength! You've got no sting! And in this cock-fight known as life you're miss-ing one cruc-i-al thing...!

The nat'-ral or-der's dead, the sys-tem is broke. Man's now the punch-line to God's mis'-ra-ble joke.
22. Act Two Finale

"Something" Reprise

JENNIFER:
We'll start again and look for something more kind than clever,

MICHAEL:
We'll start again and look for something more kind than clever,

something that time can't sever, something that's ours for ever

something that time can't sever, something that's ours for ever
Brenda: "If you're interested, ladies, the preservation society meets on Thursdays."
Alex: "Thank you."

Look At Me
SUKIE:
Look at me, I'm where I started._

JANE:
Look at me, it's like I've just begun.

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 chapter one. Yet there's a change_ that I can

see._ Look at me, confused but wiser._

see._ Look at me, confused but wiser._

see. Look at me._ Look at
Look at me. Afraid but not alone. Scared to move yet

accel.

standing on my own.

"Make him mine!"

But now I see__

"Make him mine!"

Some-place a light begins to shine.

Standing on my own. Standing on my own.

But now I see__

I said__

"Make him mine!"

So I said__

But now I see__

I said__

"Make him mine!"

Standing on my own.

Standing on my own.

Standing on my own.

Standing on my own.

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Standing on my own.

Standing on my own.
Be. Together with my sisters, perfectly in tune.

Sukie: Rall.

Jane: Made one by the blessing of the

Alex: Three practiced arts, by the blessing of the

Three minds and hearts, by the blessing of the

Tempo giusto

Moon

Moon

Moon

Alex:

Look at me; I'm well worth seeing. A work of art beyond com-
JANE:
Look at me; I am the music, a soaring tune upon the pare.

SUKIE:
Now, I see, the words are always there in the air.

Look at me! And all this time we held the key!

Look at me! And all this time we held the key! Look at me!

A tempo
Look at me, I have the power.

Look at me, I have the power. Look at me! I

Look at me, I have the power. Look at me!
The Witches of Eastwick

69

have the self esteem. Look at me! I have the answered dream.

72

And in my soul, I have the song. I have the magic, the love, the

75

rall.

moon up above; They were mine, all mine... All along!
Look at me...!

Jane: "Huh. I suddenly have the strangest feeling."
Sukie: "Me, too; isn't that bizarre?"
Alex: "Son of a bitch."

[Thunder]

The Witches of Eastwick

Majestic

The End

23. Final Bow and Playout