BARTLEMEW FAIR
A Musical Adaptation of Ben Jonson’s comedy,
Bartholomew Fair

Songs and Music
Steve McCauley

Book
Andrew Vorder Bruegge

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Dramatis Personae

Nightingale, a Free Spirit
John Littlewit, a Clerk
Win-the-Fight Littlewit, his Laboring Wife
Ned Winwife, a Gentleman
Will B. Quarlous, a Gentleman
George Wasp, Valet to Cokes
Bartholomew Cokes, a Wealthy Bumpkin
Mrs. Overdo, Matronly Wife of Justice Overdo
Grace Wellborn, a Lady
Dame Purecraft, Win-the-Fight's Widowed Mother
Reverend Zeal-of-the-Land Busy, a Preacher
Justice Adam Overdo, the Sheriff
Mooncalf, Cook and Bartender
Ursula Rumproast, Restauranteuse and Fence
Dale Knockem, a Gypsy Thief and Fortune Teller
Eliza Edgeworth, a Gypsy Thief
Chorus of Londoners
MUSICAL NUMBERS

1. Overture

PROLOGUE

2. “Laurel and Heather”
3. Prologue Dance

ACT ONE

4. Transition Music to Act One, Scene One
5. “Modern Woman”
6. “Lucky You, Lucky Me”
7. “Temptation”
8. “Come to Me Quick”
9. “I Live”
10. “A Madman’s Eyes”
11. “I’ll Take Good Care of You”
12. “Gold”
13. “My Kind of Man”
14. Transition Music
15. “My Kind of Man” Reprise
16. “Moved in the Spirit”

ACT TWO

17. Overture
18. “Beware the Night”
19. “Same Old Sad Old Song”
20. “Call Me Love”
21. “Call Me Love” Reprise
22. Transition to Act Two, Scene Two
23. “Deadlines”
24. “Shame”
25. “Wild Child”
26. “Friendship”
27. “Wild Child” Reprise
28. Transition Music to Act Two, Scene Four
29. “Don’t We Have a Ball?”
30. Curtain Call
MUSIC #1: Overture

(The scene reveals an empty stage. Nightingale enters on cue from the music.)

PROLOGUE

MUSIC #2: “Laurel and Heather”

NIGHTINGALE:
ONCE I GATHERED LAUREL AND HEATHER,
LAUREL AND HEATHER TO GIVE TO MY LOVE.
WILD WAS THE WIND AND SWEET WAS THE WEATHER,
WE DANCED TO THE SONG OF THE DOVE.

BUT WINTER COMES AND FREEZES THE HILLSIDE.
ALL AROUND ALL IS BROWN, AND THE DOVE IS FLOWN AWAY.
STILL, IN MY HEART GROWS LAUREL AND HEATHER,
FOR LAUREL AND HEATHER WILL STAY FOREVER,
LAUREL AND HEATHER WILL STAY.

(Offstage from wings, alleys and auditorium entrances, company hums melody beneath Nightingale’s lyrics.)

SO, FAREWELL TO WINTER, ENOUGH OF THE COLD.
WELCOME TO SUMMER, BRAZEN AND BOLD.
BECKON ME YONDER, WE WANDER AWAY
THROUGH LAUREL AND HEATHER,
DANCE, DANCE ME AWAY.

MUSIC #3: Prologue Dance

(Enter cast from all over auditorium and stage—up, down, back, front, sides, boxes, etc., for dance. The choreography makes the dancers appear like puppets, jerked around on strings. This choreography will appear again in “Don’t We Have a Ball?” in Act Two. Nightingale begins the following speech while the music and dance continues.)

NIGHTINGALE: They’re all dancing today, because it’s a day of fun, festivity and frivolity. It’s the opening of Bartholomew Fair! I cast my magic spell over all, and send them reeling and spinning into a world of dreams and fantasies, (She indicates Busy, Dame Purecraft, Littlewit, and Mrs. Littlewit) a world of thieves and rogues, (She indicates Ursula, Edgeworth, Mooncalf, and Knockem) of truewits, (She indicates Grace, Winwife and Quarlous) and lackwits (She indicates Cokes, Wasp, Overdo, and Mrs. Overdo) whirled and twirled together into surprise for all. It’s time for the unexpected. I will cast a magic spell and begin the play! (Nightingale spells the dancers off the stage. Whenever Nightingale casts a magic spell, she uses glitter or confetti.)
ACT ONE, SCENE ONE

MUSIC #4: Transition Music for Act One, Scene One

(During transition music, chorus members set up scenery for John Littlewit’s house—a doorway with a “Notary” shingle hung over it and a clothesline stretching offstage. All scenery in the show is two-dimensional, cartoonish, cardboard-cutout style, and lightweight. Nightingale speaks as the transition music continues.)

NIGHTINGALE: Let the scene represent the house of John Littlewit in the suburbs of London.

(Exit Nightingale. Enter John Littlewit from his house.)

LITTLEWIT: Share my good fortune, friends. Let me tell you all about it. Master Bartholomew Cokes, Esquire, has ordered me to prepare his license to marry Mistress Grace Wellborn. And when do they marry? Today! The opening day of Bartholomew Fair. The biggest party day of the year! I, John Littlewit, Notary, have drawn up the contract. It’s a good thing, too, because I need the money. You see, my wife is going to have a baby. Look, here she comes now. (Enter Mrs. Littlewit from the house, very pregnant, in houseclothes to hang up laundry on the clothesline.) Isn’t she wonderful! Isn’t she beautiful! I’m going to surprise her with a song I’ve written to celebrate the opening of the Fair. (He snaps his fingers for a chorus member to bring his guitar and for the orchestra to begin.)

SONG #5: “Modern Woman”

LITTLEWIT: (Accompanying himself on the guitar, he serenades his wife who is trying to do the laundry, sweep, beat carpets, etc.)

    SHE’S MY MODERN WOMAN,
    STRONG AND SURE AND CERTAIN,
    AND SHE KNOWS JUST WHAT TO DO.
    SHE’S MY MODERN WOMAN,
    AND IF YOU KNEW HER,
    YOU WOULD LOVE HER, TOO.

    BUT DON’T EVER TRY TO STOP HER WHEN SHE’S GOT A JOB TO DO.
    SHE TAKES THE WORLD AND SPINS IT LIKE A TOP.
    AND DON’T EVER LET HER FOOL YOU,
    ‘CAUSE SHE COULDN’T LOVE A FOOL.
    JUST LET HER GO UNTIL SHE WANTS TO STOP.

(Littlewit plays one verse of the melody on a kazoo during the lines below.)

MRS. LITTLEWIT: The opinions expressed in this song by the husband are not necessarily those of the wife—and mother. I mean, the man’s wonderful, kind, and he’s
great in bed. Don’t get me wrong, I really love him. It’s just that, sometimes, he’s such a clown! (She removes Littlewit’s pants while he continues to sing. He is wearing outrageous boxer shorts—cartoon characters or some other clownish design. She puts the pants in the dirty clothes hamper, then puts a fresh pair of pants on her husband.)

LITTLEWIT:
BUT DON’T EVERY TRY TO STOP HER WHEN SHE’S GOT A JOB TO DO.
SHE TAKES THE WORLD AND SPINS IT LIKE A TOP.
AND DON’T EVER LET HER FOOL YOU,
‘CAUSE SHE COULDN’T LOVE A FOOL.
JUST LET HER GO UNTIL SHE WANTS TO STOP.

YES, SHE’S MY MODERN WOMAN,
FINE AND FAIR AND FUNNY,
AND SHE’S EASY WITH HER LOVE.
YES, SHE’S MY MODERN WOMAN,
SHE KNOWS JUST WHERE I STAND.
SHE’S GOT ME IN HER HAND.
AND HOW I LOVE HER,
SHE FITS ME LIKE A GLOVE.

LITTLEWIT: Come, dear, kiss me.

(They kiss. Enter Ned Winwife.)

WINWIFE: (Aside.) Aaaagh! A public display of domestic affection. How disgusting! (Aloud.) How now, Littlewits?

LITTLEWIT: Hello, Ned. (Aside.) Master Winwife comes a-courting to my wife’s mother here, and may be my father-in-law. (To Winwife.) We know you’re a suitor, sir. Win and I both wish you well, but you’re going about it all wrong.

MRS. LITTLEWIT: Yes, all wrong.

WINWIFE: Why?

LITTLEWIT: You’re not mad enough.

WINWIFE: Is madness the way to her money, I mean heart?

MRS. LITTLEWIT: Sir, my mother has had her fortune told, and the gypsy says she’ll never be happy unless she marries a madman within the week.

LITTLEWIT: Aye, but it must be a gentleman madman.

WINWIFE: Does she believe it?
MRS. LITTLEWIT: Yes, and has been on the lookout every day for a gentleman madman.

WINWIFE: Is she here?

LITTLEWIT: Yes, inside with a preacher from Bunbury. He’s an old windbag. He never misses a chance to sermonize.

MRS. LITTLEWIT: He never misses a meal, either. He’s in there now putting away half his own weight in roast duckling.

WINWIFE: When came this proselyte?

LITTLEWIT: Three days ago. Now, Win, go in, please, and wait for Mr. Cokes’ servant, Mr. Wasp, who will call for the license.

(Exit Mrs. Littlewit with guitar. Enter Quarlous.)

QUARLOUS: Hello, Ned. How goes your love life?

WINWIFE: My love life languishes, Will. A preacher has cut in on me.

QUARLOUS: What’s his name?

LITTLEWIT: Rabbi Busy, sir.

QUARLOUS: Oh, I know him. His Christian name is Zeal-of-the-Land Busy.

WINWIFE: That’s his name?

QUARLOUS: A hypocritical vermin, his is. He’s violent, loud, obnoxious, fanatical, vengeful, narrow-minded . . .

(Enter Mr. Wasp. Enter Mrs. Littlewit from the house carrying a box.)

WASP: Hello, gentlemen. Yes, it’s a nice day. I’m fine. Glad you are. That’s fine. Master Littlewit, my business is with you. Is the license ready?

LITTLEWIT: Oh, be civil, Mr. Wasp. There’s the license in that box.

WASP: Why, the pox on your box. Let your little wife rot in it. Now, here’s the money.

(Wasp pays Littlewit who eagerly counts it with his wife. Enter Cokes, Mistress Grace and Mrs. Overdo. Cokes’ costume should be multi-layered with numerous large pockets.)
Grace notices Quarlous and Winwife. She moves towards them and meets them during the dialogue below.)

COKES: Oh, Wasp! Here you are! I’m here. And Mistress Grace, and my sister, Mrs. Overdo, are here, too. We’ve all come together now.

WASP: To find me? Why, did you all think I was lost?

MRS. OVERDO: Nay, good Master Wasp. Sometimes you speak enormities, as my husband, the sheriff, says.

WASP: Turd in your teeth, goody she-justice. Where is that husband of yours, the sheriff?

MRS. OVERDO: Justice Overdo is at the Fair, of course, enforcing the law!

COKES: Is this the license, Wasp?

WASP: Yes. See? (He shows contents of box quickly.) I’ll mind it carefully.

COKES: Well, Wasp, I’m now ready for another adventure. The Fair, Wasp!

WASP: The Fair? Don’t you know we’ll be robbed and swindled by gypsies and probably mugged by hooligans?

COKES: Well, I just wanted to show Mistress Grace my Fair. Ah, my love, you are my one, true, only, best beauty. I can’t wait till we’re married. How my love will grow.

GRACE: (Aside.) Yes, it’ll grow horns on your head.

MUSIC #6 “Lucky You, Lucky Me”

COKES:

LUCKY YOU, LUCKY ME.
LOVE’S A KEY THAT SETS US FREE.
LOVE IS THE LIGHT THAT LETS US SEE.

GRACE:

LUCKY YOU, AND LUCKY, LUCKY ME.
LUCKY ME, LUCKY YOU.
HE THINKS HE’S FOUND A LOVER TRUE.
I’LL TURN HIM TO A FUNKY BLUE

COKES:

LUCKY ME, AND LUCKY, LUCKY YOU.
LUCKY ME, LUCKY YOU.
HOW OUR LOVE GREW AND GREW.
I SEE LOVE, I SEE HOPE
WHEN I LOOK IN YOUR EYES.
MY SURPRISE IN YOUR EYES,
LOVE’S A LOOK YOU CAN’T DISGUISE.

THOUGH MY LIFE MAY LAST BUT AN INSTANT,
I PRAY THAT MY FATE SHALL BE
STANDING HERE, SIDE BY SIDE,
WITH MY HAND IN YOURS,
WILLINGLY,

GRACE: Killingly,

COkses: JOYFULLY,

GRACE: Woefully,

COkses: FAITHFULLY,

GRACE: Hatefully,

COkses AND GRACE: THROUGH ETERNITY.

COkses: To the Fair, everyone!

WASP: God protect you, sir. I’ve got the license!

COkses: Oh, Wasp, thank you. Will you come with us, then? Come, Mistress Grace, and sister. We’ll all go.

(Exit Cokes Grace, Wasp, and Mrs. Overdo.)

QUARLOUS: What a boob he is to force that beautiful, gracious lady to marry him.

WINWIFE: Yes, . . . Well! I’m going to the Fair, Quarlous. These idiots ought to create lots of fun for us, no? And Miss Wellborn would make an excellent wife for some nice gentleman, wouldn’t she?

QUARLOUS: We’ll give chase and battle for her hand. Farewell, John.

(Exit Quarlous and Winwife.)
LITTLEWIT: Win, you see everyone goes to the Fair, so we must go, too. You see, I’ve been working on something. It’s a surprise.

MRS. LITTLEWIT: If it’s anything like that song you just surprised me with . . .

LITTLEWIT: No, I’ve written a puppet play for the new puppeteer at the Fair. You must see it. I dedicated it to you.

MRS. LITTLEWIT: Oh, John, that’s so sweet. (They kiss.) But my puritanical mother will never consent to such a “profane motion” as she calls it. All she cares for is to find a madman.

LITTLEWIT: Then we must trick her into going. Let’s see . . . let’s see . . . I have it, Win! You’re pregnant. You must crave something at the Fair, something exotic to eat. I know, crave some pig meat, see? And not just any pig. Say you crave some of that pig meat the way they roast it at the Fair. Rump Roast on a Stick! Say you must have Rump Roast on a Stick! Your mother will do anything to satisfy and comfort you, you know. So pretend to crave pig meat. Go on, moan for it.

MRS. LITTLEWIT: Like this? (She groans.)

LITTLEWIT: Yes, wonderful! Now, pant for pig meat. (Mrs. Littlewit pants.) Yes, good! Keep it up. I’ll go fetch her.

(Exit Littlewit.)

SONG #7: “Temptation”

MRS. LITTLEWIT: (Singing in half-time.)
MOMMA, MOMMA, MOMMA, MOMMA,
TAKE ME TO THE FAIR.

(Enter Littlewit and Dame Purecraft.)

PURECRAFT: Oh, my dear child! How are you, Win-the-Fight? What polluted one was it that put pig meat in your head?

MRS. LITTLEWIT: (Up tempo.)
MOMMA, MOMMA, MOMMA, MOMMA,
TAKE ME TO THE FAIR.
MOMMA, MOMMA, MOMMA, MOMMA,
TELL ME, ARE WE THERE?

PURECRAFT: But who did this? You?

LITTLEWIT: Not I, mother. Who was it, Win?
MRS. LITTLEWIT:
MOMMA, MOMMA, MOMMA, MOMMA,
It was the devil!

PURECRAFT: Oh! Resist it, Win-the-Fight! It’s the tempter!

LITTLEWIT: Good mother, please let her eat some pig. Don’t cast away your own child, and one of mine, to, with your tale of the tempter. How are you, Win? Are you sick?

MRS. LITTLEWIT:
MOMMA, MOMMA, MOMMA, MOMMA,
TAKE ME TO THE FAIR.
MOMMA, MOMMA, MOMMA, MOMMA,
TELL ME, ARE WE THERE?

PURECRAFT: To the Fair? Oh, dear. What shall we do? I know, we’ll call our zealous Brother Busy hither, for his faithful fortification in this matter. My child, you shall eat pig. Go get Brother Busy, John.

(Exit Littlewit.)

MRS. LITTLEWIT: Thank you, mother. I do crave pig meat, but it must be pig meat from the Fair. From the Fair, mother.

MOMMA, MOMMA, MOMMA, MOMMA,
TAKE ME TO THE FAIR.
MOMMA, MOMMA, MOMMA, MOMMA,
TELL ME, ARE WE THERE?

PURECRAFT: It will be in the Fair, child, if it can be made or found lawful. Where is our Brother Busy? Will he ever come?

BUSY: (Offstage.) I come to fight the demon beast who appears now in the form of a longing to eat pig meat.

(Enter Littlewit and Busy. Busy has a napkin tucked under his chin, a fork in his and, and he is chewing the last bite of a meal.)

PURECRAFT: Oh, Brother Busy! Your help here to edify and raise us up. My daughter, Win-the-Fight, is visited with a natural disease of woman, called “a longing to eat pig meat.”

LITTLEWIT: Aye, sir, a longing to eat a fat, sweet, juicy, succulent Roast Rump on a Stick at the Fair.
(Busy begins to quiver with gluttonous lust.)

PURECRAFT: And you must say whether a widow of the church or a widow’s daughter may commit the act without sin.

BUSY: Verily, let us pray together on it. (He stuffs his napkin and fork in his pocket.)

OUR FATHER, WHICH ART IN HEAVEN!
Hallowed, Hallowed by Thy Name.
Thy Kingdom come, Thy Will be Done

PURECRAFT: On Earth as it is in Heaven.

ALL:
AMEN, AMEN, AMEN, AMEN.

BUSY: Verily, for the disease of longing, it is a carnal disease. Now pig, it is a meat that is nourishing, and so consequently eaten. But in the Fair, to eat it so is a spice of idolatry.

LITTLEWIT: Aye, but in an emergency, can’t we overlook that, Master Busy?

PURECRAFT: Good Brother Zeal-of-the-Land, please help us, please, please, please!

BUSY: Let us pray some more.

ALL:
GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD
AND FORGIVE US OUR SINS AND HEAR OUR PRAYERS
AND TO PRAY FOR OURSELVES
AND FOR THOSE WHO DO US WRONG.
AMEN, AMEN, AMEN, AMEN.

BUSY: Eating of pig meat hath a face of offense with the weak. A great face, a foul face. But that face may have a veil put over it, so that it may be eaten, and in the Fair.

ALL: Hooray!

BUSY: But we must be religious in the midst of the profane, eating with a reformed mouth. Not gorge with gluttony or greediness, for should she go there to feed the lust of the palate, it were not well, it were not fit, it were abominable, and not good.

LITTLEWIT: Nay, I knew that and told her so. But courage, Win, we’ll be humble enough and we’ll eat at the homeliest pig booth in the Fair. (Aside to Win.) And see the puppet play.
PURECRAFT: I’ll go with you myself, Win-the-Fight, and my Brother Zeal-of-the-Land Busy shall go, too, for our better consolation.

MRS. LITTLEWIT:
MOMMA, MOMMA, MOMMA, MOMMA,
I’m feeling better already!

ALL: Hallelujah! Praise God!

BUSY: Let us pray in thanksgiving for this sign from heaven.

PURECRAFT, LITTLEWIT, MRS. LITTLEWIT:
LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION,
BUT DELIVER US FROM ALL EVIL.
THY KINGDOM COME, THY WILL BE DONE.
AMEN, AMEN, AMEN, AMEN.

BUSY: In the way of comfort to the weak, I will go and eat. I will eat exceedingly And proselytize. I Will therefore eat, Yea, I will eat Exceedingly! (He brandishes fork during above speech.)

ALL:
AMEN, AMEN, AMEN, AMEN!

(Purecraft and Busy exit singing last four “Amens.” Littlewit and Mrs. Littlewit follow singing, but stop.)

LITTLEWIT: We’ll ditch Rabbi Busy somewhere at the Fair.

LITTLEWIT AND MRS. LITTLEWIT:
FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM,
FOR THINE IS THE GLORY,
WORLD WITHOUT END, AMEN.

(Exeunt Littlewit and Mrs. Littlewit. Enter Nightingale.)
ACT ONE, SCENE TWO

(Nightingale is at center in a spotlight.)

MUSIC #8: “Come to Me Quick”

NIGHTINGALE:
COME TO ME QUICK AND BE MY DARLING,
COME TO ME QUICK, IT’S TIME TO PLAY.
COME TO ME QUICK AND BE MY LOVE,
AND NEVER GO AWAY.

(Chorus enters during next verse.)

TIME FLIES QUICKLY EVEN WHEN YOU’RE YOUNG.
EAT, SLEEP, LOVE, LAUGH.
SEE, YOUR LIFE IS DONE.

ALL:
COME TO ME QUICK AND BE MY DARLING,
COME TO ME QUICK, IT’S TIME TO PLAY.
COME TO ME QUICK AND BE MY LOVE,
AND NEVER GO AWAY.

NIGHTINGALE:
WE’LL MAKE MUSIC AND FLING IT TO THE SKY.
MUSIC LIVES,
EVEN WHEN WE DIE.

ALL:
COME TO ME QUICK AND BE MY DARLING,
COME TO ME QUICK, IT’S TIME TO PLAY.
COME TO ME QUICK AND BE MY LOVE,
AND NEVER GO AWAY.

FRIENDS ARE WATCHING, WAITING AT THE FAIR.
ONE, TWO,
THREE, SURPRISE, YOU’RE THERE.

(Dance sequence. Nightingale casts a spell on the chorus. Chorus removes Littlewit scenery and transforms stage into the Fair, setting up two booths, including Ursula’s Pigmeat Palace, etc. during the dance interlude. Ursula’s booth is on a wagon that can turn around to reveal the “back room” needed in Act Two, scene two. Above Ursula’s booth is a large, neon “EATS” sign. The other booth is a gaming booth like a ring toss or milk bottle pitch. Between the two is a gateway with a large “Bartlemew Fair” sign over
it. During the dance sequence and set change, the chorus members add “Fair” accessories to their attire—cotton candy, prizes, stupid hats, soft drink cups, toys, balloons, bags of popcorn, etc. They retain these through the rest of the show when they are portraying Fairgoers. When the chorus resumes singing below, the speaking characters enter in groups: Cokes, Wasp, Mrs. Overdo, and Grace; Quarlous, Winwife and Justice Overdo who is in disguise; Busy, Purecraft, Littlewit, and Mrs. Littlewit.)

ALL:

COME TO ME QUICK AND BE MY DARLING,
COME TO ME QUICK, IT’S TIME TO PLAY.
COME TO ME QUICK AND BE MY LOVE,
AND NEVER GO AWAY.

TIME FLIES QUICKLY EVEN WHEN YOU’RE YOUNG.
EAT, SLEEP, LOVE, LAUGH.
SEE, YOUR LIFE IS DONE.

(Music and choral dance continue under following speech.)

NIGHTINGALE: And they came to the Fair. They swept into the field like a flock of hungry birds darting after some delicious great butterfly that spread its wings like a rainbow. They came longing for its delicacies, (She indicates Busy, Purecraft, Littlewit, Mrs. Littlewit who freeze in a tableau.) looking at its wonders, (She indicates Wasp, Cokes, Mrs. Overdo, and Grace who freeze in a tableau.) pursuing its diversions. (She indicates Justice Overdo in disguise, Quarlous and Winwife who freeze in a tableau.) And they were swept into its great colored wings and were lost. (Grace breaks free of Cokes and goes over to the side where Quarlous and Winwife are frozen. Dame Purecraft breaks free of Busy and goes over to Justice Overdo who is frozen on the other side of the stage.) Happily lost. (Music stops on the last word of the above speech and all other cast members freeze.) I saw them when they first stepped into the circle. And I saw how the Fair welcomed them, and I saw how they changed. I saw them come alive and live! And weren’t they surprised? Aren’t we all, always? Always surprised to live?

(Exit Nightingale.)

MUSIC #9: “I Live”

GRACE:

I LIVE WHERE I LIVE.
I SEE WHAT I SEE.
BUT THE DREAM I DREAM IS FRIGHTENING.
YOU’D KNOW IF YOU WERE ME.

PURECRAFT:

I STAND VERY STILL.
BUT LIFE IS SO SURPRISING,
AND DEEP INSIDE
A SONG IS SLOWLY RISING.

GRACE:
I LIVE WHERE I LIVE.
AND I SEE WHAT I SEE.
AND THE DREAM I DREAM IS WONDERFUL AND FREE.

BOTH:
SO I CAN’T AND I WON’T STAND STILL.
I CAN’T AND I WON’T STAY QUIET.
BECAUSE DEEP INSIDE A RIOT IS ARISING, RISING.

PURECRAFT:
MY FRIENDS GATHER ROUND,
AND THEY THINK THAT THEY HAVE FOUND ME,
BUT THEY DON’T SUSPECT THAT SOMETHING IN ME FLYING,
FLYING.

BOTH:
WE LIVE WHERE WE LIVE.
AND THEY LIVE AS THOUGH THEY KNEW ME.
BUT THE DON’T SUSPECT THE NEW ME THAT’S GROWING, GLOWING.

GRACE:
I’M LOOKING AT A LIGHT THAT BLINDS ME.

PURECRAFT:
I’M THROWING OFF MY LIFE BEHIND ME.

GRACE:
FORGET IT ALL AND DON’T REMIND ME.

PURECRAFT:
I’M BREAKING ALL THE CHAINS THAT BIND ME.
AND I LIVE,

GRACE:
I LIVE!

BOTH:
YES, I LIVE!

(Cast breaks from the freeze and moves about the stage like a crowd in the Fair. Grace, Quarlous and Winwife move to center together singing a capella. Overdo skulks across
and off the stage as Purecraft pursues him off. Cokes and his party wander around looking for Grace.)

GRACE, QUARLOUS, WINWIFE:  (As they move center.)
COME TO ME QUICK AND BE MY DARLING.
COME TO ME QUICK, IT’S TIME TO PLAY.
COME TO ME QUICK AND BE MY LOVE,

COKES:  (From across the stage.) Grace?

(Grace, Quarlous and Winwife dodge around the stage among the chorus, hiding from Cokes. During the verse below, all other speaking characters exeunt.)

ALL:  (music joins in with voices)
COME TO ME QUICK AND BE MY DARLING.
COME TO ME QUICK, IT’S TIME TO PLAY.
COME TO ME QUICK AND BE MY LOVE,
AND NEVER GO AWAY, NEVER GO AWAY,
NEVER GO . . .

COKES:  Grace, where are you?

GRACE:  Go away!

(Grace, Quarlous and Winwife exeunt.)

COKES:  Grace?

(Nightingale casts spell and chorus swirls Cokes offstage. Exit Nightingale as music concludes. Enter Overdo skulking and disguised as a madman—dark sackcloth tunic, bare legs and feet, dirty, ragged cloak with hood, carrying a beggar’s bowl.)

OVERDO:  Here I am, Adam Overdo, sheriff of this county, in the disguise of a madman. Everyone will be on the lookout for the sheriff, but I’ll catch them looking the other way! I want to find out for myself all the crime and evil corruption that seethes through the Fair. I’ll all the tricksters, thieves, muggers, and gross enormities, then arrest them all! Maestro!

MUSIC #10:”A Madman’s Eyes”

I’VE NEVER LOOKED THROUGH A MADMAN’S EYES TILL TODAY.
I’VE NEVER TALKED WITH A MANDMAN’S TONGUE.
BUT THIS IS THE DAY THAT I TAKE MY PART IN THE PLAY,
WITH A MADMAN’S HEART AND HANDS, I’M GOING TO HAVE SOME FUN.

Here is my little black book for recording all enormities. Behind this disguise I shall see and not be seen.
I’VE SEEN YOU BEFORE, AND I’VE SEEN YOU LOOKING AT ME.
WE PLAYED A GAME OF LET’S PRETEND.
SACRED AND SANE, SO ALOOF AND FILLED WITH DISDAIN,
OH, MY DEAR, YOU’RE TALKING TO A MADMAN FOR A DAY
AND A NIGHT, ALRIGHT!
AND I DARE YOU, DARE YOU,
COME ON OUT AND PLAY.

No one knows me at all. They treat me like a fool. Ha, ha! If only they knew! This really is deliciously exciting! Onward, Christian soldiers! Grant no quarter! Cut away the masts! The honeymoon is over! Remember the Maine! This madman stuff is getting to be fun!

WELL, MY DEAR, A NEW GAME’S BEGUN, REST ASSURED.
AIN’T WE GOT FUN, TILL I’M CURED.
YOU’RE TALKING TO A MADMAN, CAN’T YOU SEE . . .

(A fight breaks out in Ursula’s booth. Knockem and Nightingale emerge shaking down a customer. Nightingale exits back into booth with customer’s money while Knockem takes customer off to side. Overdo watches and notes it in his book.)

More enormities! That booth seems to be the source of them all!

WELL, MY DEAR, A NEW GAME’S BEGUN, REST ASSURED.
AIN’T WE GOT FUN TILL I’M CURED.
YOU’RE TALKING TO A MADMAN CAN’T YOU SEE?
YOU’RE TALKING TO A MADMAN . . . ME.

(Overdo skulks about and then to a stool at Ursula’s booth. Chorus members pass by, Ursula emerges from her booth.)

URSULA: Soooooey! What a life I have sitting over a hot fire roasting pigs. And doing three floor shows a night! And puppet plays, now! Hell’s a cold cellar to this! Hey, Mooncalf!

MOONCALF: (Inside.) Here, Mistress Ursula.
URSULA: Bring my chair and a bottle of ale. (Enter Mooncalf with chair and ale.)
Come, dolt, set it here. Well, fill, sot, fill. Can’t you do anything? (She drinks and yells at Mooncalf.)

OVERDO: (Aside.) Surely this is an enormity. I’ll write it down.

URSULA: Fill again, you twit.

OVERDO: Good woman, hath thy ale virtue or thy beer strength?

URSULA: Who the hell are you?

MOONCALF: It’s a madman out of the asylum, I think. Be nice to him, Ursula. He can’t help himself. (To Overdo.) Good sir, is it ale or beer?

OVERDO: Your best, pretty boy, your best! (Exit Mooncalf. Overdo speaks aside.) My disguise works perfectly. He thinks I’m a madman.

(Enter Knockem.)

KNOCKEM: Well, if it isn’t little lean Ursula, the she-bear. Still plugging away with pig meat and grunting out another Bartlemew Fair?

URSULA: Yes, you old cutpurse, and to see you strung up on the gallows like the gypsy thief you are.

OVERDO: (Aside.) Another enormity. A cutpurse. (Enter Mooncalf with drinks. Knockem shows Ursula a card trick.) Boy, is this person here a cutpurse?

MOONCALF: Oh, sir. Far from it. This is Madam Dale Knockem. Part-time smuggler and sometimes a fortune-teller.

OVERDO: That dainty dame, there, called her a cutpurse.

MOONCALF: Oh, yeah. She calls her everything in the world. She may have done some thieving in her day.

URSULA: Mooncalf! Get over here. It’s time for the show. Round up a crowd while I get ready.

(Exit Ursula into booth. Mooncalf moves forward and addresses audience. Spotlight on.)

MOONCALF: Step right up, ladies and gents, right up to Ursula’s Pigment Palace! Don’t miss it. The best booth in the Fair. And enjoy the all-new puppet play tonight. But now, it’s time to bring on the headliner act. (Enter from booth Nightingale with a
huge ham on a platter. She works the audience with it.) You won’t be disappointed. She’ll serve you a great, big, juicy, steaming, dripping piece of meat you won’t ever forget. Can’t you just taste it? And now, here she is, straight from Paris, Ursula Rumproast and her Cloved Hams! (Mooncalf, Knockem and Nightingale move upstage. Enter Ursula and chorus.)

MUSIC #11: “I’ll Take Good Care of You”

URSULA:
COME ON IN AND CHEW THE FAT.
GRAB A SEAT. HAVE A CHAT.
TAKE A LOAD OFF AND HANG YOUR HAT,
I’LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOU.

LOVING CARE’S MY SPECIALTY.
COME ON, I INSIST.
WITH A LITTLE BIT EXTRA ON THE SIDE,
HOW CAN YOU RESIST?

SLIDE RIGHT IN AND STAY A WHILE.
SETTLE BACK. GO IN STYLE.
I KNOW HOW TO MAKE YOU SMILE.
I’LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOU.

MOMMA KNOWS JUST WHAT YOU WANT.
SHE SAVES THE BEST FOR YOU.
YOU CAN EVEN COME FOR SECONDS.
YOU CAN COME BACK TILL YOU’RE BLUE, OOH, OOH, OOH.

SO, HURRY DOWN TO MOMMA’S PLACE,
THEN TAKE YOUR TIME, FILL YOUR SPACE.
YOU’LL MEET YOUR MAKER FACE TO FACE.
SHE’LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOU.

Take it away, Hams!

ALL: (Dancing and singing as Ursula works audience.)
MOMMA KNOWS JUST WHAT YOU WANT.
SHE SAVES THE BEST FOR YOU.
YOU CAN EVEN COME FOR SECONDS.
YOU CAN COME BACK TILL YOU’RE BLUE, OOH, OOH, OOH.

SO, HURRY DOWN TO MOMMA’S PLACE,
THEN TAKE YOUR TIME, FILL YOUR SPACE.
YOU’LL MEET YOUR MAKER FACE TO FACE.
SHE’LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOU.
URSULA:
SLIDE RIGHT IN AND STAY A WHILE.
SETTLE BACK. GO IN STYLE.
I KNOW HOW TO MAKE YOU SMILE.
I’LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOU.

I’LL TAKE YOU AND SHAKE YOU,
AND MAKE YOU FEEL SO HAPPY, PAPPY.
SO DON’T WAIT TOO LONG,
HOW CAN IT BE WRONG?
I LOVE TO TAKE CARE OF YOU.

ALL:
SHE’LL TAKE YOU AND SHAKE YOU,
AND MAKE YOU FEEL SO HAPPY, PAPPY.
SO DON’T WAIT TOO LONG,

URSULA: I just love a satisfied customer.

ALL:
HOW CAN IT BE WRONG?

URSULA: It’s greasy, but it’s good.
I LOVE, LOVE, LOVE, LOVE, LOOOOOOVE TO TAKE CARE OF YOU.
Nobody spreads it like Momma!

(After applause, Ursula reprises and chorus exits during it. Nightingale takes ham back into booth.)

I’LL TAKE YOU AND SHAKE YOU,
AND MAKE YOU FEEL SO HAPPY, PAPPY.
SO DON’T WAIT TOO LONG,
HOW CAN IT BE WRONG?
I LOVE TO TAKE CARE OF YOU.

(Ursula returns to her chair.)

KNOCKEM: Alas, poor Urs. The hot weather makes you sweat and stink. Yes, I see it in the cards, you will cook pigmeat for the next twenty-three years . . .

URSULA: Hang yourself, you bean pole.

KNOCKEM: Same to you, Ursula. Listen, I hear Eliza Edgeworth coming. She owes me a drink.
(Enter Edgeworth.)

EDGEWORTH: Hello, suckers! (To Mooncalf.) Fetch some ale, boy! (Exit Mooncalf. Enter Nightingale right behind Edgeworth.) Hey! Nightingale! (She turns right into Nightingale.)

KNOCKEM: How does she do that? How do you do that?

NIGHTINGALE: I don’t know. I just do it.

(Enter Mooncalf who serves drinks. The gypsy thieves ad-lib toasts, jokes, etc.)

OVERDO: Child of the bottles! Who’s that?

MOONCALF: Some say she’s a witch, but I know she’s just a good magician.

OVERDO: A witch?

MOONCALF: No, no. Magic. Illuuuusion!

KNOCKEM: . . . and so she’s looking all over London for a madman to marry! (They laugh.)

EDGEWORTH: Listen, everyone. Today, let’s bring all the purses we cut here to Ursula’s Pigmeat Palace and hide them under the oven. Meet back here at dark. Nightingale will create diversions with her singing and her magic and Knockem with her palm-readings.

KNOCKEM: But watch out for Justice Overdo. He’s sworn to arrest all gypsies.

URSULA: I’ll be waiting and roasting. Let’s drink to our success, then hit the trail. For Gold!

MUSIC #12: “Gold”

EDGEWORTH: Just think, by tonight we’ll have every ounce of gold in the Fair!

NIGHTINGALE: In London!

KNOCKEM: In England!

GOLD, SO I’M TOLD,
CAN MAKE MEN MAD,
AND WHAT’S SO BAD ABOUT THAT?
HA, HA HA!
GOLD, SO I’M TOLD
CAN BUY A LITTLE DREAM,
EDGEWORTH:  
    CAN BUY A LITTLE CREAM,

URSULA:  
    TO MAKE ME FAT!

ALL:  
    GOLD, GOLD, GOLD, GOLD, GOLD.

EDGEWORTH:  Just think of all that money, Mooncalf!

MOONCALF:  Yeah, we’ll start a real pork barrel!
    GOLD, SO THEY SAY,
    CAN DRIVE MEN WILD,
    AND NO ONE’S WILDER THAN US!
    WITH GOLD, SO THEY SAY,
    YOU CAN BUY A LITTLE SPREE,
    YOU CAN MAKE A LITTLE WHOOPEE,
    BEFORE YOU BUST!

ALL:  
    GOLD, GOLD, GOLD, GOLD, GOLD.

URSULA:  Knockem, if I had all the gold in the Fair, I’d buy the gallows so I could see you hang!

KNOCKEM:  Oh, Urs, I’ll hang . . . from your pursestrings.  (Holds up Ursula’s purse that she has just lifted.  Ursula claws to get it back.  Edgeworth interrupts.)

EDGEWORTH:  Purse?  You just said the magic word, so pay me $100.  (Snatches purse and fondles it during her verse.)
    GOLD, SO I’M TOLD,
    CAN FEED THE NEEDY.
    ISN’T IT WONDERFUL STUFF?  HA, HA!
    AND GOLD, SO I’M TOLD,
    CAN MAKE YOU GREEDY,
    BUT NOT TOO SEEDY.
    I JUST CAN’T GET ENOUGH!

ALL:  
    GOLD, GOLD, GOLD, GOLD, GOLD.

    GOLD, SO WE’RE TOLD,
    WILL MAKE YOU RICH.
    THERE’S NOTHING BAD ABOUT THAT, HA, HA!
AND GOLD, SO WE’RE TOLD,
WILL GIVE YOU SUCH AN ITCH,
SO WE’VE GOT OUR PLANS DOWN PAT!
GOLD, GOLD, GOLD, GOLD, GOLD, GOLD.

(Exeunt Nightingale, Knockem and Edgeworth. Mooncalf exits into booth. Ursula sits.)

OVERDO: Enormities! All enormities!

URSULA: How’re the pigs, Mooncalf?

MOONCALF: (Inside.) Roasting to a “golden” brown.

(Enter Quarlous, Winwife and Grace.)

GRACE: Good gentlemen, let’s stop here. Old Cokes will never find us here among the low-lifes.

QUARLOUS: Body of the Fair! What’s this? Mother of the Furies.

WINWIFE: Nay, she’s too fat to be a Fury. She looks more like a walking bathtub.

URSULA: Hang you all. A pox on the lot of you.

WINWIFE: Her language grows greasier than her pigs.

QUARLOUS: Look!

GRACE: He’s found us! Let’s hide quickly, and watch the funniest show at the Fair: Master Cokes!

(Winwife, Quarlous and Grace make themselves inconspicuous at another booth. Enter Cokes, Wasp and Mrs. Overdo.)

OVERDO: My wife! I’ll rant and rave just to convince them I’m mad.

COKES: Come, Wasp, come. Where are you? Welcome to the Fair, sister.

OVERDO: Thirst not after that frothy liquor, ale, for who knows when he openeth the stopple, what may be in the bottle!

COKES: A freak show! Let’s listen, Wasp. We’ll find Grace soon enough.

WASP: And stand here waiting for some thug to rob us? Come, let’s go find Mistress Wellborn.
OVERDO: Neither do you lust after that tawny weed, tobacco.

(Enter Edgeworth and Nightingale. Several chorus members wander in separately to listen.)

COKES: Well spoken, there.

EDGEWORTH: There’s our pigeon. Let’s blend in.

OVERDO: As some late writers affirm, the lungs of the tobacconist are rotted, the liver spotted, the brain smoked like the backside of the pigwoman’s booth, here and the whole body within, greasy as her cooking pan.

COKES: (To Edgeworth, who is trying to pick his pocket.) Is her pan really greasy?

EDGEWORTH: Oh, aye, sir. (Edgeworth motions Nightingale to cast a spell.)

COKES: Who would have missed this, sister?

MRS. OVERDO: Not anyone but Wasp.

COKES: He doesn’t understand.

(Nightingale casts a spell. All are magically frozen.)

EDGEWORTH: (As she picks Cokes’ pocket.) Nor you feel. (She tosses purse to Nightingale.) Quick! Into Ursula’s, Nightingale!

(Exit Nightingale.)

MUSIC #13: “My Kind of Man”

EDGEWORTH:
YOU’VE WAKENED A HUNGER WITHIN ME.
YOU’VE PROMPTED A DARING TYPE OF PLAN.
YOU’VE OPENED THE CAGE OF A TIGRESS WITH HUNGRY JAWS,
AND SHE’S ROARING, YOU’RE MY KIND OF MAN.

HE MAY BE A FOOL, BUT SEE HOW HE SHINES IN THE CROWD.
I’VE GOT TO HAVE HIM. HE’S GOT ME CRYING OUT LOUD.
HE’S MY GOLDEN BOY. HE’S MY SECRET JOY.
HE’S MY VERY, VERY, VERY FAV’RITE TOY.

I SEE THAT YOU’VE GOT IT WHERE IT COUNTS, DEAR.
YOU GET MY ATTENTION LIKE NOBODY CAN.
NOW YOU STAND FACE TO FACE WITH A CAT WITH CLUTCHING CLAWS,
AND I’M GROWLING, YOU’RE MY KIND OF MAN.

(On next verse chorus begins tango behind Cokes and Edgeworth.)
HE’S SUCH A DANCY, SEE HOW HE GLITTERS AND GLEAMS.
HE’S TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE. HE’S THE MAN OF MY DREAMS.
(Edgeworth moves Cokes about the floor during spoken lines below.)
It seems he’s rare, and I like them . . . rare.
And he’s simply wonderful, and I like them simple.
And, of course, he’s very, very, very, very, rich.
Ain’t I a bitch? I do what I can.

HE STANDS EYE TO EYE WITH A TIGRESS WITH ITCHING PAWS,
AND SHE’S PURRING, YOU’RE MY KIND OF MAN.
I’M PURRING, YOU’RE MY KIND OF MAN.
PURRING . . . This sucker’s mine!

(Enter Nightingale, who breaks the spell. Edgeworth and Nightingale hide upstage.)

OVERDO: Hark, oh you sons and daughters of Smithfield, and hear what malady it doth the mind. It causeth swearing, it causeth swaggering, it causeth snuffling, and snarling, and now and then, a hurt.

MRS. OVERDO: This madman sounds like my husband, Justice Overdo.

COKES: I thought so, too, sister.

WASP: Madman, shmadaman! Are you glued here? Will you never leave?

OVERDO: I will conclude briefly . . .

WASP: Just shut up now. (To Cokes.) By Jove, I’ll carry you away on my back if you will not leave. (Tries to pick up Cokes.)

COKES: Put me down. Stop, Wasp. Please . . . oh, oh, I’ve lost my purse, Wasp. Oh, my purse! One of my fine purses is gone.

MRS. OVERDO: Are you sure, brother? Oh, dear.

COKES: Oh, curse all pickpockets.

WASP: Bless them with all my heart. See what you get for bringing money to the Fair, and listening to this idiot?

COKES: Don’t worry, Wasp. It’s not my real purse.
WASP: What? Not your real purse?

COKES: No gold, Wasp. I still have that. Look here, sister. *(He shows other purse.)*

EDG EWORTH: That sneaky little trickster! Why I’ll . . .

NIGHTINGALE: Shhhh! *(Restrains Edgeworth.)*

MRS. OVERDO: Please, keep better care of that, brother.

COKES: So I will. I promise you. I dare all cutpurses to get this. Sister, just watch this. I will put it just where the other was, and if we have good luck, we’ll catch the cutpurse nibbling at the bait.

EDG EWORTH: She’ll be biting you in the butt before the day is done, buster! Nightingale, this means war! No country bumpkin is going to outsmart Eliza Edgeworth on her own turf! I’ll have the shirt . . . .

NIGHTINGALE: Shhhh!

COKES: Well, let’s not worry about a little pocket change. Nobody here looked like a cutpurse, though, except Wasp.

WASP: What? I look like a cutpurse? Your sister is a cutpurse, and your mother and father and all your relations were cutpurses. And here is to the chief cutpurse, who preaches lunacies to distract you while his confederates skin you. I’ll beat him to shut him up and get you out of here. *(Wasp grabs Overdo and beats him.)*

MRS. OVERDO: He’s probably preaching without a license, too! I arrest you in the name of my husband! *(She joins Wasp in working him over. They chase him offstage.)*

EDG EWORTH: This sucker’s mine! *(Exits following Cokes.)*

MUSIC #14: Transition Music

*(Chorus members dance about the stage as Fairgoers. Edgeworth pursues Cokes, making several unsuccessful attempts to steal his purse. Cokes buys things and stacks them up in Wasp’s arms. Meanwhile, at Ursula’s Knockem tells fortunes to Fairgoers while Mooncalf steals their purses.)*

NIGHTINGALE: *(Coming forward to audience.)* Aren’t we thieves despicable? *(She looks upstage to see more thieving business as music continues.)* There are others who are practicing deception here at the fair. Look here. *(Enter Busy, Purecraft, Littlewit, Mrs. Littlewit. Exit Nightingale. Music fades and other cast members drift offstage.)*
BUSY: So, walk on in the middle way, fore-right. Let not your eyes be drawn aside with vanity, nor your ear with noise. These wares are the wares of the devil, and the whole Fair is the shop of Satan.

MOONCALF: Gentles, the weather’s hot. Relax here and cool yourselves in the shade. Have some food and drink. Have your fortune told while you wait!

LITTLEWIT: This looks just fine. It looks like the best place to eat pigmeat in all the Fair. And look! They show puppet plays here, too.

PURECRAFT: (Indicating Knockem and speaking aside.) There’s the gypsy who told me to marry a madman. I must see her again, but how? (Aloud.) Son, were you not warned of the vanity of the day? Have you forgotten this wholesome admonition so soon?

MRS. LITTLEWIT: Oooooooooohhh!

LITTLEWIT: Good mother, how shall we find pigmeat if we don’t look for it? Can’t you see the state your daughter’s in?

BUSY: Your mother conceiveth that pigmeat may offer itself by way of steam, which I think it doth here. And it were a sin of obstinancy, great obstinancy, high and horrible obstinancy to decline the good titillation of the faelic sense. (Busy gets out his fork and puts on his napkin.) Therefore, enter the tents of the unclean and satisfy your wife’s frailty. Your zealous mother and my suffering self will also be satisfied.

(Busy exits into the booth. Purecraft goes to Knockem.)

LITTLEWIT: Come, Win, let’s eat. (Aside to Win.) Then we’ll see my puppet play, just you and me.

(Littlewit and Mrs. Littlewit exeunt into booth, with much groaning. Enter from the side Cokes, Mrs. Overdo and Wasp, who is loaded with packages.)

COKES: Come, sister, here’s more to see. We may find Grace here. Mercy, where’s Wasp.

WASP: Here, here, here. Why not buy a whip to drive me along in front of you?

COKES: Oh, Wasp, set those down. We’ll rest.

(Enter Edgeworth and Nightingale, pursuing Cokes.)

EDGEWORTH: There he is with his booty. Start quick and draw a crowd before he spends all his money.
(Enter Overd, on one side and Quarlous, Winwife and Grace on the other. They remain hidden from Cokes. Chorus members enter severally as they are attracted by the music. Purecraft sees Overdo. Knockem urges her to pursue him.)

NIGHTINGALE: La, la, la, la.

COKES: Ballads! Music! Good Wasp, keep an eye on our things. I want to hear this. Sing something for me, pleeeease?

NIGHTINGALE: I have a new song called “My Kind of Man.” It’s a song about cutpurses.

COKES: “My Kind of Man?” Cutpurses? Singer, are there any cutpurses around here?

NIGHTINGALE: Sir, this is a spell against them. If a purse should be cut while I’m singing this song, it’s not my fault.

COKES: Oh, I hope someone tries. Go ahead, sing it.

MUSIC #15: “My Kind of Man” Reprise

NIGHTINGALE: (a capella, mocking Edgeworth’s singing.)

YOU’VE WAKENED A HUNGER WITHIN ME.
YOU’VE PROMPTED A DARING TYPE OF PLAN.
YOU’VE OPENED THE CAGE
OF A TIGRESS WITH HUNGRY JAWS,
AND SHE’S ROARING,
YOU’RE MY KIND OF MAN.
HE MAY BE A FOOL, BUT SEE
HOW HE SHINES IN THE CROWD.
I’VE GOT TO HAVE HIM.
HE’S GOT ME CRYING OUT LOUD.
HE’S MY GOLDEN BOY.
HE’S MY SECRET JOY.
HE’S MY VERY, VERY, VERY FAV’RITE TOY.

I SEE THAT YOU’VE GOT IT
WHERE IT COUNTS, DEAR.
YOU GET MY ATTENTION LIKE NOBODY CAN.
NOW YOU STAND FACE TO FACE
WITH A CAT WITH CLUTCHING CLAWS,
AND I’M GROWLING,
YOU’RE MY KIND OF MAN.

HE’S SUCH A DANCY,

QUARLOUS: Look at that ass, hanging out his purse again to be stolen. (Cokes shows off his purse.) By God, I’d give half the Fair to see another cutpurse now.

COKES: Look, sister, here, here, where is it now? Which pocket is it in?

MRS. OVERDO: Please, act your age.

COKES: No, look, sister, I am an ass. I cannot keep my purse. (He drops it on the ground, puts it on his head, etc.)
SEE HOW HE GLITTERS AND GLEAMS.
HE’S TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.
HE’S THE MAN OF MY DREAMS.
HE’S MY GOLDEN BOY.
HE’S MY SECRET JOY.
HE’S MY VERY, VERY, VERY FAV’RITE TOY.

HE STANDS EYE TO EYE
WITH A TIGRESS WITH ITCHING PAWS,
AND SHE’S PURRING,
YOU’RE MY KIND OF MAN.
I’M PURRING, YOU’RE MY KIND OF MAN.
PURRING, MY KIND OF MAN.

MRS. OVERDO:
Brother, put it away and listen.
(Edgeworth sneaks up and tickles Cokes’ ear with a feather, then goes for his pockets.)

GRACE: Look, there’s the same cutpurse now.

QUARLOUS: My wish has come true! Oh, she’s gotten the wrong pocket.

(Edgeworth is rifling Cokes’ pockets, finding a variety of flotsam and jetsom. Finally, she gets the purse.)

OVERDO:
Enormities!

(Purecraft goes to Overdo and tries to get his attention, but he is watching and writing.)

WINWIFE: No, she has it. By God, she’s a brave one. Pity she should be seen again by three upstanding, honest citizens like us who want to see justice done.
GRACE: Let’s find the sheriff.

QUARLOUS: I think I can find a better way to dispense justice on our little friend than to clap her in the stocks. We’ll make her our slave.

WINWIFE: Why, Quarlous, that’s blackmail.

QUARLOUS: Yes.

WINWIFE: Extortion.

QUARLOUS: Yes.

GRACE: Cruel and unusual punishment.

QUARLOUS: Yes.

WINWIFE AND GRACE: When do we start?

(Song should end now or Edgeworth should signal Nightingale to finish the song once the purse is stolen. When the song is over, all applaud. Edgeworth approaches Nightingale as if to congratulate her, and hands her the purse. Crowd disperses.)

EDGEWORTH: Yes, wonderful, just wonderful. (Sotto voce to Nightingale.) AM-SCRAY!

(Exit Nightingale into Ursula’s booth.)

WINWIFE: Did you see that? She gave the purse to the singer.

COKES: (To Edgeworth.) Oh, hello. I met you today, didn’t I? Oh, God! My purse is gone. My purse! My purse!

WASP: Enough jokes. Let’s get out of here!
EDGEWORTH: Are you sure you’ve lost it, sir?

COKES: Oh, God! Yes, yes!

MRS. OVERDO: Where’s my husband, the sheriff, when we need him?

OVERDO: (Aside.) I shall be beaten again if they see me. (He tries to skulk off.)

EDGEWORTH: Look that old man is sneaking away. I’ll bet he did it!

MRS. OVERDO: yes, it’s that mad preacher. Beat him.

(All grab Overdo and beat him.)

OVERDO: Help! Help! Spare me!

COKES: Villain! Criminal! No less than two purses in a day?

MRS. OVERDO: I see he’s a lewd and pernicious enormity, as Justice Overdo would say!

(Cokes and Mrs. Overdo beat and drag Overdo offstage as Wasp follows with packages. Purecraft goes into Ursula’s booth. Edgeworth starts to follow behind her, laughing. Winwife, Quarlous and Grace come forward.)

QUARLOUS: Stop right there, thief.

EDGEWORTH: Who, me, sir? What can I do for you?

QUARLOUS: Don’t deny it. You’re a cutpurse. We saw you.

EDGEWORTH: Mercy! Help! Spare me! (On her knees before Quarlous.) I’m just a poor girl who’s trying to get by as best she can.

QUARLOUS: Oh, shut up. We won’t turn you in. I want you to do something for us. You saw that old fellow with the black box there?

EDGEWORTH: The old twerp?

QUARLOUS: Exactly. Get that box and bring it to us.

EDGEWORTH: Do you want to box, sir, or what’s in it?

WINWIFE: Oh, that good, are you? Then leave the box and just bring the contents.
QUARLOUS: Get on with it, woman. And keep your word, or . . .

EDGEWORTH: Sir, if ever I break my word with a gentleman, may I never pick pockets again. Where shall I find you?

QUARLOUS: Somewhere in the Fair, hereabouts. Now go. (Edgeworth exits.) What fun. Now we’ll have the marriage license and save Grace from marrying that big boob.

GRACE: Once you have it, what do you intend to do with it?

WINWIFE: Perhaps, you might find a more suitable husband here at the Fair. Perhaps, one of us? We’ll soon have a license.

GRACE: I’ll test your suitability and marry the winner.

QUARLOUS: Yes, one of us who loves you. They’re all fools for ignoring your beauty and wit as they do.

WINWIFE: Yes, let one of us save you from a ghastly fate. But how will you choose between us?

GRACE: We shall see, gentlemen.

QUARLOUS: Look, here comes Busy.

WINWIFE: Quick, this way. To compete for Grace’s hand. A hand of exquisite grace!

(Exeunt Winwife, Quarlous and Grace to the side. Enter Busy and Purecraft from Ursula’s booth. They both have eaten exceedingly.)

PURECRAFT: Brother Zeal-of-the-Land, what shall we do? My daughter is fallen into her fit of longing again.

BUSY: For more pigmeat? I thought we ate it all.

PURECRAFT: No, she now longs to see the sights of the Fair. (Aside.) And I long to see a madman again. The gypsy said it must be today!

BUSY: Sister, let her fly the impurity of the place swiftly, lest she partake of the pitch thereof.

(Enter from the booth Littlewit and Mrs. Littlewit. She is looking all about.)

LITTLEWIT: Look, Win. I know you can’t help it. I won’t deprive you of your longing.
PURECRAFT: Aye, child. So you hate them as our Brother Busy does, you may look on the sights of the Fair.

BUSY: These longings are too much! The sin of the Fair provokes me. I cannot be silent.

PURECRAFT: Good Brother Busy, calm yourself. We’re here to save my daughter.

BUSY: Hinder me not, woman. I was moved in the spirit to be here this day in the Fair, this wicked and foul Fair and fitter may it be called foul than fair. *(Chorus wanders in severally, attracted by Busy’s yelling.)* To protest against the abuses of the Fair in regard of the afflicted saints, that are troubled, very much troubled, exceedingly troubled, with the opening of the merchandise of Babylon. Gather to me ye sinners. Hear the voice of Salvation.

MUSIC #16: “Moved in the Spirit”

BUSY:

I AM MOVED IN THE SPIRIT.
I AM SHINING IN THE SPIRIT.
I AM BLAZING IN THE SPIRIT
OF THE LORD, LORD, LORD.
AND I’LL SHOUT IN THE SPIRIT,
SO YOU CAN’T HARDLY HELP BUT HEAR IT.
I AM MOVED IN THE SPIRIT
OF THE LORD, LORD, LORD.

I AM MOVED IN THE SPIRIT.
I AM MOVED IN THE LORD.
SIN IS A LUXURY THAT WE CANNOT AFFORD.
IN THE LAND OF MILK AND HONEY,
WE DON’T SELL OUR SOULS FOR LOVE OR MONEY.
WE ARE MOVED IN THE SPIRIT
OF THE LORD, LORD, LORD.

ALL:

WE ARE MOVED IN THE SPIRIT.
WE ARE SHINING IN THE SPIRIT.
WE ARE BLAZING IN THE SPIRIT
OF THE LORD, LORD, LORD.
AND WE’LL SHOUT IN THE SPIRIT,
SO YOU CAN’T HARDLY HELP BUT HEAR IT.
WE ARE MOVED IN THE SPIRIT
OF THE LORD, LORD, LORD.

BUSY:
I AM MOVED IN THE SPIRIT.
BROTHER, REACH OUT FOR MY HAND.
YES, WE’LL ALL BE BROTHERS
IN THAT FAR-OFF PROMISED LAND.
WE’LL BE STRONG, WE’LL BE STABLE.
SO CAIN BETTER KEEP HIS EYE ON ABEL.
WE ARE MOVED IN THE SPIRIT
OF THE LORD, LORD, LORD.

ALL:
WE ARE MOVED IN THE SPIRIT.
WE ARE SHINING IN THE SPIRIT.
WE ARE BLAZING IN THE SPIRIT
OF THE LORD, LORD, LORD.
AND WE’LL SHOUT IN THE SPIRIT,
SO YOU CAN’T HARDLY HELP BUT HEAR IT.
WE ARE MOVED IN THE SPIRIT
OF THE LORD, LORD, LORD.

BUSY:
SO DON’T THINK YOU CAN CONFUSE ME. NO!
DON’T THINK YOU CAN ABUSE ME. NO!
DON’T THINK THAT YOU CAN LOSE ME.
NO, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO.
‘CAUSE I’VE GOT YOU NOW, I WON’T LET YOU GO.
UNLESS THE DEVIL WANTS TO TAKE YOU DOWN BELOW.

ALL:
OH!

BUSY:
THEN YOU’LL BE MOVED BY THE SPIRIT.

ALL:
OH!

BUSY:
MOVED BY THE SPIRIT.

ALL:
OH!

BUSY:
MOVED BY THE SPIRIT.

ALL:
OH!

BUSY:
AND I WILL LET YOU GO.

SO YOU BETTER MOVE IT, FATHER.
MOVE IT, SISTER, MOVE IT, BROTHER.
SAY, YOU BETTER MOVE IT, MOTHER.
LET’S GO. LET’S GO!

ALL: (Half-time. Busy goes upstage to get electric bullhorn.)
WE ARE MOVED, YES, IN THE SPIRIT, YES.
WE ARE MOVED, YES, IN THE SPIRIT, YES.
WE ARE MOVED, YES, IN THE SPIRIT, YES.
OF THE LORD, LORD, LORD.

WE ARE MOVED, YES, IN THE SPIRIT, YES.
WE ARE MOVED, YES, IN THE SPIRIT, YES.
WE ARE MOVED, YES, IN THE SPIRIT, YES.
OF THE LORD, LORD, LORD.

BUSY: (Using bullhorn.)
Alright, I want you to come Out with your hands up in Ecstasy. I know you can do It. Get down on your knees and pray. Your mother wants you to do it. Join our chorus of sinners. Let’s go.

BUSY: (Up tempo.)
AND IF YOU DON’T BELIEVE ME,
WHY, IT WON’T EVEN GRIEVE ME.
FOR I’M MOVED IN THE SPIRIT
OF THE LORD, LORD, LORD.

I’LL GO MARCHING OFF TO GLORY,
AND YOU SINNERS’LL BE ANOTHER STORY.
BUT WE’RE ALL MOVED,

ALL:
WE’RE ALL MOVED,

BUSY:
WE’RE ALL MOVED,

ALL:
WE’RE ALL MOVED,

BUSY:
WE’RE ALL MOVED IN THE SPIRIT
OF THE LORD, LORD, LORD.

ALL:
WE ARE MOVED IN THE SPIRIT.
WE ARE SHINING IN THE SPIRIT.
WE ARE BLAZING IN THE SPIRIT
OF THE LORD, LORD, LORD.
AND WE’LL SHOUT IN THE SPIRIT,
SO YOU CAN’T HARDLY HELP BUT HEAR IT.
WE ARE MOVED IN THE SPIRIT
OF THE LORD, LORD, LORD.

BUSY:
WE ARE MOVED IN THE SPIRIT
OF THE LOOOOOOOOOORD!!!!!

(Hold for applause. All clear stage and exit during reprise, carrying Busy off on their shoulders through the auditorium and out into the lobby.)

ALL:
WE ARE MOVED IN THE SPIRIT.
WE ARE SHINING IN THE SPIRIT.
WE ARE BLAZING IN THE SPIRIT
OF THE LORD, LORD, LORD.
AND WE’LL SHOUT IN THE SPIRIT,
SO YOU CAN’T HARDLY HELP BUT HEAR IT.
WE ARE MOVED IN THE SPIRIT
OF THE LORD, LORD, LORD.
MUSIC #17: Act Two Overture

ACT TWO, SCENE ONE

(All of Act Two occurs at night. This scene opens in a secluded, barren part of the Fair. A “To the Egress” sign hanging above. Enter Nightingale humming.)

NIGHTINGALE: It’s time for magic, again. (She spells the house lights to go out.) Night has fallen at the Fair. (She gestures for “night” to fall. Nothing happens.) Night has fallen!!!!!! (She gestures magically again. The lights go to “night.”) But the merry-making continues even in the long shadows of darkness. Under the same shroud of darkness, the cutpurses of the Fair ply their trade even more cleverly than in the day. You shall see.

(Enter Cokes with a lantern. Nightingale retires to the side.)

COKES: Oh, it’s dark. I can’t find my girlfriend nor my sister anywhere. I don’t know the way out, and I have no money.

(Enter Edgeworth to Nightingale.)

EDG EWORTH: There he is! I’ll disguise myself as a vendor here. You go distract him with some music. You know how it works.

NIGHTINGALE: (Moving to Cokes.) La, la, la, la.

COKES: Oh, friend! The singer! What was that you were humming?

NIGHTINGALE: Just a new song I’m practicing.

COKES: Sing then. I’ll join you. Maybe it’ll cheer me up. (They sing together.)

EDG EWORTH: (Disguised.) Buy any pears! Very find pears, pears.

(Nightingale trips Edgeworth. Cokes helps Edgeworth pick up the fruit as Nightingale hides the lantern beneath her cloak. Cokes is blind in the dark. The cutpurses can see by magic.)

MUSIC #18: “Beware the Night”

NIGHTINGALE:

THE NIGHT IS A SECRET PLACE.  
IT’S A DARKENED SPACE 
BETWEEN HEAVEN AND THE HEART. 
NIGHT IS A DANGER ZONE. 
NEVER BE ALONE. 

(Cokes stumbles about. Edgeworth steals his cloak.)
BEWARE THE NIGHT!

BUT I WILL PROTECT YOU. (Nightingale uncovers the lantern. Cokes is mesmerized by the light and moves towards it. Edgeworth prepares to attack again.)
I WILL KEEP YOU SAFE
AND FREE FROM HARM.
NO ONE WILL REJECT YOU.
YOU HAVE MY MAGIC CHARM.
BEWARE THE NIGHT!

THE DAY IS A TIME WE THINK.
WHERE WE SWEAT AND STINK,
WHERE WE PLAN AND PLOT.
WHERE LIGHT MELTS INTO THE NIGHT,
WHERE IT’S COOL AND QUIET
AND DANGEROUS AND DARK.
BEWARE THE NIGHT!

(Nightingale covers the lantern again. Cokes is blinded. Edgeworth steals his hat and any purse he has left.)

BUT I WILL BE YOUR BEACON.
I WILL BE YOUR LIGHT.
I WILL BE YOUR FAITH AND HOPE,
AND WE’LL MAKE IT THROUGH THE NIGHT.
BEWARE THE NIGHT!

(Nightingale uncovers lantern. Cokes is mesmerized and follows the light. Edgeworth prepares to attack again.)

NIGHT IS A NIGHTMARE DREAM.
NOTHING’S AS IT SEAMS.
NOTHING’S SAFE OR SANE.
BUT TRUST, YOU CAN ALWAYS TRUST THAT TOMORROW NIGHT WILL COME AGAIN.

(Nightingale covers the Lantern, and Cokes is blind. Edgeworth steals his shoes, pants and shirt.)

NIGHTINGALE AND EDGEWORTH: Beware the Night! (Exeunt Nightingale and Edgeworth, leaving lantern on the ground. Cokes slowly gets his bearings.)

COKES: What? Who? Oh, no! My cloak! My hat! My CLOTHES! Thieves! Thieves! (Chorus enters severally to see what the trouble is.) Oh, what’s the use? Wasp will have it out with me now. Everybody just takes advantage of me. Takes me to the cleaners, or at least my clothes, anyway. (To chorus members.) You want my socks? My undershirt? Anybody want a good set of drawers? Go ahead. Laugh all you want. I’m the butt of every joke.

MUSIC #19: “Same Old Sad Old Song

COKES:
QUICK PICK YOUR PARTNER, THE MUSIC IS PLAYING AND THE LINE’S FORMING FAST IN THE REAR.
ALL: FORMING IN THE REAR.

COKES:

QUICK LEARN YOUR STEPS ‘CAUSE YOU’RE STUCK IN THE MIDDLE
AND THERE’S NO ROOM TO SEE WHO YOU’RE NEAR.

ALL: WHO YOU’RE VERY NEAR.

COKES:

LIFE CAN SURPRISE YOU,
HE STEPS UP AND SHAKES YOUR HAND AND
GIVES YOU YOUR BIG CHANCE.

ALL: DON’T BELIEVE HIM.

COKES:

IT’S THAT SAME OLD SAD OLD SORRY SONG AND DANCE.

HURRY, MY DEAR, AND DON’T GET HURT,
HANG ON TIGHT, DON’T LOSE YOUR SHIRT.
WATCH YOUR TOES AND DON’T LOSE YOUR PANTS.

ALL: LIKE HE DID.

COKES:

WHEN YOU DO THAT SAME OLD SORRY SONG AND DANCE.
QUICK KICK ‘EM QUICK ‘CUASE THE LAST ONE’S THE LOSER,
AND IT’S BETTER TO PICK THAN BE PICKED.

ALL: PICK YOUR POCKET?

COKES:

QUICK SLICK YOUR HAIR, SHINE YOUR SHOES, LICK YOUR SMILE,
WOULDN’T YOU RATHER LOOK SLICK THAN BE SLICKED?

ALL: PRETTY SLICK.

COKES:

BUT DON’T TRUST THE TEMPO, AND DON’T TRUST THE LYRIC,
AND DON’T TRUST THE ROTTEN RHYME, OR YOU’LL BE
SAME OLD SAD OLD SONG AND DANCED AGAIN.

ALL: One mo’ time. (Half-tempo. Cokes joins the chorus.)

THEY WRESTLE, THEY REEL, THEY JIG AND THEY JITTER,
IT’S HARD, DEAR, I KNOW, BUT TRY NOT TO BE BITTER.
REHEARSED AND REHASHED AND DISPERSED AND DISPIRITED,
YOU’LL SOON LEARN THE TUNE.

COKES: And toughen up like mum and daddy did.

ALL: (Accelerando to original tempo.)
WE ALL MUST GO THROUGH IT. WE ALL HAVE TO DO IT.
IT’S ALL WRITTEN DOWN IN THE BOOK.

COKES: So, try to be sunny.

ALL:
DEEDLE-DEE, DEEDLE-DEE-DEE.

COKES: And try to be funny.

ALL:
DEEDLE-DEE, DEEDLE-DEE-DEE.

COKES:
OR YOU’RE GONNA GET THE HOOK!

ALL: Yeth, thir!

COKES:
SO DON’T BE BEWITCHED, AND DON’T BE BEDAZZLED,
AND FOR GOD’S SAKE DON’T BE ENTRANCED, OR YOU’LL BE
THE SAME OLD SAD OLD SONG AND DANCED,
SAME OLD SAD OLD SONG AND DANCED,
SAME OLD SAD OLD SONG AND DANCED, AGAIN.

ALL:
GOOD EVENING, FRIENDS!

(Chorus carries Cokes offstage. Enter from other side Winwife and Quarlous. They
begin to pace off the ground for a pistol duel.)

GRACE: (Rushing in between them.) Gentlemen! This is not the way to woo me. It’s
indecent. I will not be quarreled for by gentlemen with pistols.

QUARLOUS AND WINWIFE: Shoot! We both love you. You know we do.

QUARLOUS: We’ve bought you gifts.

WINWIFE: Played every game of skill at the Fair.
QUARLOUS: Eaten every kind of food.

WINWIFE: To show you who’s the better man.

GRACE: So why not show me how well you sing? *(Snaps her fingers to the orchestra.)*

MUSIC #20: “Call Me Love”

WINWIFE:

NOW I SEE YOU, AND I WANT YOU,
AND I NEED YOU LIKE I NEED MY HEART AND SOUL.
DON’T YOU SEE ME, DON’T YOU WANT ME,
DON’T YOU NEED ME TO COMPLETE AND MAKE YOU WHOLE AGAIN?

TWO IS MY MAGIC NUMBER, ONE IS MY SECRET SHAME.
NOW THAT YOU’VE GOT MY NUMBER, TAKE MY NAME.
CALL ME LOVE. CALL ME LOVE. CALL ME LOVE.

QUARLOUS:

IF YOU WANT LOVE, I GOT IT.
IF YOU NEED LOVE, I GOT IT.
IF YOU GOT LOVE, I WANT IT NOW. I WANT IT NOW!

IF YOU GOT LOVE, I’LL TAKE IT.
IF IT’S NOT REAL, THEN FAKE IT.
WE’LL GET TOGETHER SOMEHOW.

GIVE AND TAKE, GIVE AND TAKE.
WE CAN MAKE IT WORK OUT RIGHT, SO
IF YOU WANT LOVE, I GOT IT.
IF YOU NEED LOVE, I GOT IT.
IF YOU GOT LOVE, I WANT IT NOW.

GRACE: You both sing beautifully—one with such romance *(sighing towards Winwife)*, and the other with such passion *(She growls at Quarlous.)*. How could I choose between the two of you? What if you gamble to decide who will marry me?

WINWIFE AND QUARLOUS: Anything! May the best man win. Grrrr!

GRACE: Both of you, write a word or name—whatever you like—on a piece of paper. And the next person that comes this way, I’ll ask him which one he likes better. I’ll marry the one with the winning word.

QUARLOUS: Agreed. You go with the winner.
WINWIFE: You’re on.

(They write their words as they sing. Grace goes back and forth, looking at each of their pieces of paper.)

WINWIFE:
NOW I SEE YOU,
AND I WANT YOU,
AND I NEED YOU,
LIKE I NEED MY
HEART AND SOUL.
DON’T YOU SEE ME?
DON’T YOU WANT ME?
DON’T YOU NEED ME
TO COMPLETE AND MAKE
YOU WHOLE AGAIN?

QUARLOUS:
IF YOU WANT LOVE,
IF YOU NEED LOVE,
IF YOU GOT LOVE,
IF YOU GOT LOVE,
IF IT’S NOT REAL, THEN
IF YOU WANT LOVE,
IF YOU WANT LOVE,
IF YOU GOT LOVE,

GRACE:
I LIVE
I GOT IT.
I LIVE
I GOT IT.
WHERE I LIVE.
WHERE I LIVE.
WHERE I LIVE.
WHERE I LIVE.
WHERE I LIVE.

(TWO IS MY MAGIC NUMBER,
ONE IS MY SECRET SHAME.
NOW THAT YOU’VE GOT
MY NUMBER,
TAKE MY NAME.
CALL ME LOVE.
CALL ME LOVE.
CALL ME LOVE!

GIVE AND TAKE.
GIVE AND TAKE.
WE CAN MAKE IT
WORK OUT RIGHT, SO
IF YOU WANT LOVE,
I GOT IT.
I GOT IT.
IF YOU GOT LOVE
I WANT IT NOW!

I LIVE
WHERE I LIVE.
I LIVE
WHERE I LIVE.
I LIVE
WHERE I LIVE.
I live!

(Winwife and Quarlous give their papers to Grace.)

QUARLOUS: Here comes our judge now.

(Enter Mooncalf carrying puppets.)

GRACE: Excuse me, sir. Spare me a moment of your time. Look at these two scribblings. Which one do you like better?

MOONCALF: I guess they’re about the same.

GRACE: Oh, but I must make a decision. Help me. Which one do you prefer?

MOONCALF: I have to get to the puppet play. I can’t say . . .
QUARLOUS AND WINWIFE: (Leaping at Mooncalf and holding their pistols to either at each of his ears.) Choose, you fool!

WINWIFE: Or we’ll blast you.

MOONCalf: I like that one. Good-bye. (Exit Mooncalf.)

WINWIFE AND QUARLOUS: Which is it? Is it me? Who is it?

GRACE: Here is the winner. It’s Winwife.

WINWIFE: Yipeee! Oh, Grace, you will never be sorry for your good luck. I’ll be true to you forever.

GRACE: You’d better be. (She snatches his pistol and points it at him.)

MUSIC #21: “Call Me Love” Reprise

WINWIFE:
NOW I’VE WON YOU, AND I’LL HOLD YOU,
‘CAUSE I NEED YOU
LIKE I NEED MY HEART AND SOUL.
NOW YOU SEE ME, NOW YOU’VE WON ME,
I HOPE YOU’LL NEED ME
TO COMPLETE AND MAKE YOU WHOLE AGAIN.

WINWIFE AND GRACE:
TWO IS OUR MAGIC NUMBER,
IT’S NO LONGER THE SAME OLD GAME.
NOW THAT I’VE GOT YOUR NUMBER,
WE’LL PLAY A NEW GAME.

WINWIFE:
I’LL CALL YOU LOVE.

GRACE:
I’LL CALL YOU LOVE.

BOTH:
I’LL CALL YOU LOVE.

(Exeunt Winwife and Grace.)

QUARLOUS: I thought I had it.

(Enter Edgeworth.)
EDGEWORTH: Sir, I have that little Wasp corned in Ursula’s Pigmeat Palace with my fellows. Come watch me do my work and learn a little respect for my profession. Don’t you see? Ursula, Knockem and Nightingale are confederates in my plan. They have him and that Mrs. Overdo in there telling fortunes and drinking. Wasp is drunk as a lord and makes easy work.

QUARLOUS: It’s no use. Winwife has won Grace’s heart. The game’s up.

EDGEWORTH: No, don’t you see? If we get the license from Wasp, then Winwife is without one. I’ll bet he’ll pay handsomely for it to marry Grace.

QUARLOUS: You’ve always got an angle, don’t you? Ha! We’ll have some fun yet, as the plot thickens. Lead on, MacDuff.

EDGEWORTH: To Ursula’s.

MUSIC #22: Transition Music to Act Two, Scene Two.
ACT TWO, SCENE TWO

(Revealed in the back room of Ursula’s booth are Ursula, Knockem, Mooncalf, Nightingale, Mrs. Overdo, and Wasp. They are drinking, carousing and dancing.)

KNOCKEM: (Reading cards on a table.) I see a great career for you on the stage, Mistress Overdo. Please, honor us with a song to show us your talent!

(General hoots for her to sing. She finally agrees.)

MUSIC #23: “Deadlines”

MRS. OVERDO:
I’VE WATCHED SEASONS TURN WITHOUT REASON.
I’VE WATCHED THE TIDE RIDE IN ON THE SHORE.
I’VE WORKED HARD ALL MY LIFE.
I’VE DONE EVERYTHING RIGHT.
I DON’T BELIEVE IN THAT CRAP ANYMORE.

I’M SLIGHTLY DISCONNECTED.
SO PLEASE DON’T FEEL REJECTED.
BUT I AIN’T GOT NO DEADLINES TILL I’M DEAD.
MAYBE YOU’VE SUSPECTED,
SINCE YOU GOT IT ALL CONNECTED.
I AIN’T GOT NO DEADLINES TILL I’M DEAD.

TAKE TOMORROW, PITCH IT IN THE OCEAN.
I’M NO FOOL, I’VE GOT A BETTER NOTION.
LEAD THE WAY, BUT KNOW I’LL NOT BE LEAD.
I’LL BE HERE COMF’TABLE AND CUSHY,
SETTLED BACK, SITTING ON MY TUSHY.
I AIN’T GOT NO DEADLINES,
I AIN’T GOT NO DEADLINES,
I AIN’T GOT NO DEADLINES TILL I’M DEAD!

ALL: Bravo! More, more! Another verse!

(Mrs. Overdo agrees to sing another verse, but chugs another mug of ale, first.)

MRS. OVERDO:
ONCE I MEASURED MY LIFE OUT IN SECONDS,
LIKE A MISER MINDING A STORE, but now . . .

ALL:
WE’RE TURNING THE TIDE, SIDE BY SIDE,
WE DON’T BELIEVE IN THAT CRAP ANYMORE.
(Mrs. Overdo responds in counterpoint.)

I’M (WE’RE) SLIGHTLY DISCONNECTED, 
SO PLEASE DON’T FEEL REJECTED, 
BUT I (WE) AIN’T GOT NO DEADLINES TILL I’M (WE’RE) DEAD. 
MAYBE YOU’VE SUSPECTED, 
NOW THAT I’VE (WE’VE) CORRECTED YOU. 
I (WE) AIN’T GOT NO DEADLINES TILL I’M (WE’RE) DEAD.

(Music continues under dialogue.)

URSULA: Hey, hey, hey! I’ve got a joke!

ALL: Alright! Hey, great! Let’s hear it.

URSULA: Knock, knock.

ALL: Who’s there.

URSULA: Alcohol.

ALL: Alcohol who?

URSULA: Al-co-hol you off to jail for drunkenness!

(Quarlous and Edgeworth appear upstage but remain hidden from the revelers.)

MRS. OVERDO: 
TAKE TOMORROW, PITCH IT IN THE OCEAN.

MOONCALF AND KNOCKEM: 
WE’RE NO FOOLS, WE’VE GOT A BETTER NOTION.

ALL: 
LEAD THE WAY, BUT KNOW WE’LL NOT BE LEAD.

MRS. OVERDO: 
WE’LL BE HERE SMILIN’ AND A-SCRATCHIN’

NIGHTINGALE AND URSULA: 
YOU’LL BE THERE, AND WE HOPE IT ISN’T CATCHIN’.

ALL: 
WE AIN’T GOT NO DEADLINES. 
WE AIN’T GOT NO DEADLINES. 
WE AIN’T GOT NO DEADLINES
MRS. OVERDO:  
    TILL I’M DEAD!

(Music continues under dialogue. Revelers mime activity.)

QUARLOUS:  Look!  Wasp and Mrs. Overdo in with the thieves!  And drunk!  You’re a genius!

EDGEWORTH:  It was nothing.  I just fixed them up at dinner.  You know, some people just can’t hold their lemonade.

ALL:
    WE AIN’T GOT NO DEADLINES.
    WE AIN’T GOT NO DEADLINES.
    WE AIN’T GOT NO DEADLINES TILL WE’RE DEAD!

(Music continues under all dialogue between choruses.)

URSULA:  Hey, I got another one.  Why did the little moron put his new trousers out in the sun?

ALL:  I don’t know, why?

URSULA:  To see if they were sweat pants!

ALL:
    WE AIN’T GOT NO DEADLINES.
    WE AIN’T GOT NO DEADLINES.
    WE AIN’T GOT NO DEADLINES TILL WE’RE DEAD!

(Music continues under dialogue. Revelers mime activity.)

QUARLOUS:  What is all this?

EDGEWORTH:  Sir, it’s a game.  They call it vapours.  Everybody must think up the stupidest, unfunniest joke he knows.  On my cue, I’ll steal the license from old Wasp.  Watch this.

ALL:
    WE AIN’T GOT NO DEADLINES.
    WE AIN’T GOT NO DEADLINES.
    WE AIN’T GOT NO DEADLINES TILL WE’RE DEAD!
EDGEWORTH:  *(Jumping into the group.  Music stops.)* He did it.  He’s the one who stole all the purses.  *(Pretends to find one of Cokes’ purses on Wasp, and waves it for all to see.)* He’s the thief!  Police!  Police!  He’s in here!  Arrest this man!

ALL:  Let’s get him out of here!  Scram!  This guy’s trouble!  Hide the moonshine!  *(In the general commotion, Edgeworth slips the license out of the box.  Edgeworth and Quarlous move back to the rear to watch.)*

MRS. OVERDO:  Why, Wasp, in Justice Overdo’s name I arrest you!  *(She begins to beat Wasp, and the others join in the fun.)*

WASP:  Oh, Turd in your teeth, all of you!

*(Knockem finally hits Wasp on the head.  Wasp passes out.)*

KNOCKEM:  Hey, what do we do with him now?

MRS. OVERDO:  *(Rather drunk.  Pulls handcuffs out of her purse.)* Hee, hee . . . why don’t we throw him in the stocks?

*(Exit Knockem, Nightingale, Ursula, Mooncalf, Mrs. Overdo, carrying Wasp.)*

QUARLOUS:  Masterfully done!  Thank you.

*(Edgeworth gives Quarlous the license.  Quarlous exits as Edgeworth picks his pocket.)*

EDGEWORTH:  Thank you.

*(Exit Edgeworth in other direction.  Enter Nightingale, who gestures a magic spell that causes the scene change and the music for the beginning of the next scene.)*
ACT TWO, SCENE THREE

MUSIC #24: “Shame”

(Enter Knockem, Mrs. Overdo, Ursula, Mooncalf, Chorus, carrying Wasp. They throw him in the stocks.)

WASP: 
DON’T LOOK BACK WHEN YOU LEAVE ME.
DON’T REMEMBER MY NAME.
I LOST A LOT, BUT I’LL SAVE YOU A WORD, SHAME!

ALL: 
MURDER IS DONE IN THE MOONLIGHT.
TRUTH SHINES BRIGHT AS THE SUN.
I SEE WHAT I SEE, YOU’RE FREE, NOT ME. NOW RUN!

WASP: Come back!


WASP: Come back!

WE WON’T LOOK BACK WHEN WE LEAVE YOU.
WE WON’T REMEMBER YOUR NAME.
YOU’VE LOST A LOT, BUT WE’LL SAVE YOU A WORD, SHAME!

WASP: Shame! Shame!

ALL: 
MURDER IS DONE IN THE MOONLIGHT.
TRUTH SHINES BRIGHT AS THE SUN.
I SEE WHAT I SEE,

WASP: 
YOU’RE FREE, NOT ME. Now run!
SHAME IS YOUR NAME.

ALL: Whip it!

WASP: 
AND SHAME IS YOUR GAME.

ALL: Whip it!
WASP:
    WHAT A SHAME I KNOW YOU, AND IT’S YOU THAT I BLAME.
    HELL IS A HIGHWAY

ALL: Whip it!

WASP:
    WITHOUT ANY SIGNS.

ALL: Whip it!

WASP:
    IT GOES STRAIGHT, AND YOU’RE LATE,
    SO STOP WASTING MY TIME.

ALL:
    STOP WASTING MY TIME!

(Dance sequence. They put Wasp in the stocks.)

WASP:
    SHAME IS YOUR NAME.

ALL: Whip it!

WASP:
    AND SHAME IS YOUR GAME.

ALL: Whip it!

WASP:
    WHAT A SHAME I KNOW YOU, AND IT’S YOU THAT I BLAME.
    HELL IS A HIGHWAY

ALL: Whip it!

WASP:
    WITHOUT ANY SIGNS.

ALL: Whip it!

WASP:
    IT GOES STRAIGHT, AND YOU’RE LATE,
    SO STOP WASTING MY TIME.

ALL:
    STOP WASTING MY TIME.
When finished, the chorus exits. Ursula, Knockem, Nightingale, Mrs. Overdo, and Mooncalf move upstage to drink and laugh at Wasp.

WASP: (Half time.)
SHAME IS A STRANGER YOU’D BEST LEAVE ALONE.
DON’T TEMPT HIM TO VISIT, HE’S READY TO ROAM.
HE’S READY TO CHEAT YOU, HE’LL TELL YOU HIS LIES.
HE’LL TRICK YOU AND LAUGH, AND THEN BURN OUT YOUR EYES.

(Enter Busy.)

BUSY: Oh, sinner, stand with me now and lift up your head, yea, lift up your heart, your eyes, nose, hands, and feet heavenward! Pray for that lifegiving sustenance of God. Pray. Pray for it.

KNOCKEM: (Upstage.) Look, there’s that old wailer.

MRS. OVERDO: Let’s pitch him in with the other and shut him up. Mooncalf, go distract him.

MOONCALF: (Moving to Busy.) Excuse me, sir. Have you got the time?

(Knockem hits Busy on the head. They put him in the stocks.)

KNOCKEM: In you go!

(Exit Knockem, Ursula, Mrs. Overdo, Nightingale, and Mooncalf. Busy revives. Overdo enters on one side, Quarlous on the other. It is dark, so they grope along.)

BUSY: What? Oh, oh! The lion may roar, but he cannot bit. I am glad to be thus separated from the heathen of the land and put apart in the stocks for the holy cause.

WASP: Oh, shut up.

(Enter Dame Purecraft with a lantern. Quarlous and Overdo hide upstage.)

PURECRAFT: I thought I saw the madman over here. I must find him! (Sees Busy.) Oh, me! In the stocks! Have the wicked prevailed?

BUSY: Peace, religious sister. It’s my calling. Comfort yourself, an extraordinary calling, and done for my better standing, my surer standing hereafter.

(During Busy’s line above Dame Purecraft sees Overdo, who is trying to sneak off. She chases him offstage. Overdo returns, carrying his disguise as a bundle. He then sees who is in the stocks. He goes up behind Wasp and beans him. Wasp passes out.)
OVERDO: There’s revenge on you, you old croak, for calling me a cutpurse and beating me.

BUSY: Justice Overdo! Why the disguise before? Are you the devil’s own right arm? You see me chained . . .

(Overdo beans Busy, who passes out.)

OVERDO: Let these two enormities sit here and stew where they belong. But I must withdraw. Too many people think I’m the cutpurse, and this one knows I’m the sheriff. He’ll not tell anyone for a while. I must find another disguise and unload these rages on some other fool.

(Exit Overdo. Enter Purecraft on the other side.)

PURECRAFT: That was a madman, I’m sure of it! I must love him, just as the gypsy fortune-teller said. But he eludes me everywhere. Oh, that I might find him and be mad with him! (She kneels and prays.)

MUSIC #25: “Wild Child”

PURECRAFT:

WILD CHILD, CAN’T YO HEAR ME CALLING FOR YOU?
WILD CHILD, CAN’T YOU SEE ME FALLING FOR YOU?
YOU ARE THE PUREST, YOU ARE THE SUREST, YOU ARE MY GOAL.
TAKE ME AND TURN ME, TORTURE AND BURN ME, TATTER MY SOUL,
WILD CHILD.

WILD CHILD, I WILL GIVE YOU SUCH A TREASURE.
WILD CHILD, MORE THAN YOU COULD EVER MEASURE.
STAY, DON’T GO AWAY, HEAR ME, I PRAY, DON’T LAUGH AT FATE.
JUST TAKE A CHANCE, CHEAT FATE AND DANCE, BEFORE IT’S TOO LATE,
WILD CHILD.

(Dame Purecraft bows her head and prays silently. Quarlous comes out of hiding to see her more closely.)

QUARLOUS: That’s Dame Purecraft. The widow Purecraft. The RICH widow Purecraft. What’s this about a madman? She loves him? Strange. Aha! If I become a madman, maybe she’ll love me. I’ve got a license! Now, where can I get a madman’s disguise?

(Enter Overdo disguised as a loanshark.)

QUARLOUS: *(Taking and examining the madman disguise.)* I’ll take it. Here’s a gold piece. . . . Oh! My purse is gone. I’ve no money!

OVERDO: No problem. Take it! Pay me later. *(Exits quickly.)*

QUARLOUS: Now, I’ll look just like that other fellow did. Dame Purecraft will fall for me! I’ll change in one of those booths over there and return to claim my bride! *(Exit Quarlous.)*

PURECRAFT:

YOU ARE A DANG’ROUS CREATURE.  
COME, WON’T YOU BE MY TEACHER?  
YOU KNOW JUST WHAT DO DO,  
SO COME AND MAKE ME,  
COME AND MAKE ME,  
COME AND MAKE ME  
A WILD CHILD, TOO.

*(Purecraft exits. Busy and Wasp revive.)*

BUSY: Oh, my head hurts.

WASP: I wonder how long we’ll be trapped here. Two buffoons, two nasty characters getting their just desserts. Well, I’m not going to let it happen, do you hear? I refuse to be mocked. Let’s show them. Let’s show them we’re human, just like they are.

BUSY: Well, how do we do that?

WASP: We sing a song together, what else?

BUSY: Not at wicked “Shame” thing you were singing earlier, I hope?

WASP: No, even worse. A cute friendship number. It’s absolutely disgusting, but they’ll eat it up. Maestro?

MUSIC #26: “Friendship”

WASP:

I ALWAYS HOPE THAT I’D BE LUCKY,  
BUT I NEVER HAD MUCH LUCK,  
ALWAYS ALONE WHEN THE ROAD GOT ROCKY,  
I WAS THE ONE THAT GOT STUCK.  
I NEVER THOUGHT YOU’D EVER FIND ME.
NOT THAT I’M ONE TO COMPLAIN, ‘cause
I’VE GOTTEN USED TO BEING CAUGHT IN THE COLD,
I’VE GOTTEN USED TO BEING WET IN THE RAIN.

BUSY: Hey, not a bad song! Let’s try that again.

WASP: 
I ALWAYS HOPED THAT I’D BE LUCKY,
BUT I NEVER HAD MUCH LUCK.

BUSY: 
NO, NO, NO.

WASP: 
ALWAYS ALONE WHEN THE ROAD GOT ROCKY,
I WAS THE ONE THAT GOT STUCK.

BUSY: 
IN THE MUCK.

WASP: 
I NEVER THOUGHT YOU’D EVER FIND ME.
NOT THAT I’M ONE TO COMPLAIN, ‘cause

WASP AND BUSY: 
I’VE GOTTEN USED TO BEING CAUGHT IN THE COLD,
I’VE GOTTEN USED TO BEING WET IN THE RAIN.

BUSY: 
BUT SOMETIMES,

WASP: 
YOU LOOK AROUND AND ALL OF A SUDDEN,
YOU ARE NO LONGER ALONG.

BUSY: 
NO, NO, NO.

WASP: 
ALL OF A SUDDEN YOU’RE SINGING A SONG

WASP AND BUSY: 
AND THE HARMONY’S COMING ON STRONG.
ALL OF A SUDDEN, YOU FEEL ELATED

BUSY: 

AND THE MUSIC IS GETTING SYNCOPATED.

WASP:  And your toes start to tap.

BUSY:  And you fingers snap.

WASP AND BUSY:  
AND BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, 
BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, 
YOU’RE FRIENDS.

(Soft-shoe dance sequence.)

WASP AND BUSY:  (Double time.)
YOU LOOK AROUND AND ALL OF A SUDDEN 
YOU ARE NO LONGER ALONE.

BUSY:  NO, NO, NO.

WASP AND BUSY:  
ALL OF A SUDDEN YOU’RE SINGING A SONG, 
AND THE HARMONY’S COMING ON STRONG.

BUSY:  Yeah!

WASP AND BUSY:  
ALL OF A SUDDEN YOU FEEL ELATED

BUSY:  
AND THE MUSIC IS GETTING SYNCOPATED.

WASP AND BUSY:  And your toes start to tap.  And your fingers snap.  
AND BEFORE YOU KNOW IT,  
(Retard tempo.)
BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, 
YOU’RE ALONG AGAIN, ALONG AGAIN, 
ALONE AGAIN, You’re alone.

(Lights fade on Busy and Wasp.  Enter Quarlous disguised as a madman.)

QUARLOUS:  So far, so good.  No one has recognized me.  I’ll stay hereabouts and look for Dame Purecraft.  Now where did she go?

(Enter Dame Purecraft.)
PURECRAFT: The madman!

MUSIC #27: “Wild Child” Reprise

PURECRAFT:

WILD CHILD, CAN’T YOU HEAR ME CALLING FOR YOU?
WILD CHILD, CAN’T YOU SEE ME FALLING FOR YOU?
YOU, YOU ARE THE PUREST, YOU ARE THE SUREST, YOU ARE MY SOUL.
TAKE ME, TAKE ME AND TURN ME, TORTURE AND BURN ME,
TATTER MY SOUL.
WILD CHILD.  WILD CHILD.

(By this point, she has him in a dip and holds him there through the dialogue below.)

Hear me, sir. For seven years I’ve been a good little widow. That Brother Busy courts me, but I really hate him. He’s an ass. I’m rich. I’m in love with you. Will you take me?

(During the verse below, Purecraft removes her puritanical garments to reveal Ophelia-like “mad” clothes. She lets down her hair, kicks off her shoes and puts on a wreath of flowers, etc. At the end she throws herself at his feet.)

WILD CHILD, I WILL GIVE YOU SUCH A TREASURE.
WILD CHILD, MORE THAN YOU COULD EVER MEASURE.
STAY, DON’T GO AWAY, HEAR ME I PRAY, DON’T LAUGH AT FATE.
CHANCE, JUST TAKE A CHANCE, CHEAT FATE AND DANCE
BEFORE IT’S TOO LATE.
WILD CHILD.  WILD CHILD.

QUARLOUS: Ha, ha! What luck! I’m rich! Forget Grace. Forget love! Ugh! Give me cold cash!
YOU, YOU ARE A DANG’ROUS CREATURE.

PURECRAFT: (Getting up.)
COME, COME, WON’T YOU BE MY TEACHER?
YOU, YOU KNOW JUST WHAT TO DO,
SO COME AND MAKE ME.

QUARLOUS:
COME AND TAKE ME.

QUARLOUS AND PURECRAFT:
COME AND I’LL/YOU’LL BE A WILD CHILD, TOO!

(Exeunt Purecraft and Quarlous. Enter Nightingale.)
NIGHTINGALE: It’s almost over, folks. Where else could all this madness end except back at Ursula’s Pigmeat Palace for the all new puppet play review? (She casts a spell that initiates the scene change.)
ACT TWO, SCENE FOUR

MUSIC # 28:  Transition Music

(Chorus brings on a few benches and the puppet booth in front of Ursula’s place during music. Wasp and Busy in the stocks move over to the side. Also enter Littlewit and Mrs. Littlewit, carrying prizes. Overdo skulks on, still disguised as a loan shark. Cokes enters alone. Knockem and Ursula are behind the puppet booth serving as the puppeteers. Grace and Winwife enter together and join the crowd. Quarlous and Purecraft enter and sit. Edgeworth and Nightingale are working the crowd for purses. All are present.)

LITTLEWIT:  Win, come, Win.  It’s time for my puppet play.  I’ve dedicated it to you, you know.

MRS. LITTLEWIT:  Alright, John.  Alright.  But after, let’s go back to the booths.  I just love the hobby-horse.

MOONCALF:  Right this way, only one-tenth of a crown to see the all new puppet show. Get your seats.  We’ll start in just a moment.  Have your tickets ready.  Thank you. Step right up.  See the amazing world-renowned puppets.  (He moves next to the puppet booth and waits for quiet.) Now, we’ll begin.  Preeeeeessenting “The Ancient Modern History of Hero and Leander” otherwise called “The Touchstone of True Love.”  With as true a trial of friendship between Damon and Pythias, two faithful friends of the Bankside.

Gentles, that no longer your expectations my wander, Behold our chief actor, the amorous Leander.

(Leander puppet appears.  Hoots from the audience.)

With a cloth wrapped round his head like a scarf, He serves his father, a dyer at Puddle Wharf. Now, as he is beating to make the dye fuller, Who chances by but fair Hero in a sculler?

(Hero puppet appears.)

And seeing Leander’s naked leg and goodly stance, Casts at him a long, low glance. They meet, as lovers will, and make merry. Over their loving protestations, we will not tarry.

(Catcalls and hoots from audience.  Hero and Leander puppets exit.)

Now, gentles, to the friends, who in number are two, And lodged in that alehouse where Hero lives, too. Damon, for some kindness done him last week,
Comes for fair Hero this morning to seek.

(Enter Damon puppet.)

Pythias does smell the knavery of the meeting.
And now you shall see their true friendly greeting.

(Enter Pythias puppet.)

PYTHIAS: You whoremasterly knave, you.

DAMON: Whoremaster yourself. Pimp and a scab.

COKES: Well acted, well acted, indeed.

MOONCALF: Wait, there’s more to come.
Thus you perceive without denial,
Between Damon and Pythias true friendship’s trial.

(Exit Damon and Pythias puppets. Enter Leander and Hero puppets.)

Meanwhile, Leander with fair Hero is drinking,
And Hero is drunk, to any man’s thinking.

HERO: Oh, Leander, my dear, dear Leander.
I'll forever be thy goose, so you will be my gander.

LEANDER: And sweetest of geese, before I go to bed,
I'll swim over the Thames, for thee to tread.

MOONCALF: Now, here come the friends again, Pythias and Damon,
And under their cloaks, they itch for some gamin’!

(Enter Damon and Pythias puppets.)

PYTHIAS: What’s here?

DAMON: Mistress Hero’s a whore.

(Damon and Pythias puppets kick Hero puppet.)

HERO: Oh, my haunches, my haunches!

MOONCALF: Leander, where art thou? Standest thou still like a sot? Give fight!

LEANDER: You goat-bearded slaves!
(Leander puppet gets club and beats Damon and Pythias puppets, who retreat. Audience cheers Leander.)

MOONCALF: And so it endeth with Leander and Hero. The score: lovers one, the brothers . . .

(Justice Overdo reveals himself.)

OVERDO: Stay! Hold! Desist! I, Adam Overdo, arrest you all!

COKES: My brother-in-law!

GRACE: My guardian!

EDGEWORTH AND NIGHTINGALE: Justice Overdo!

OVERDO: It’s time to take enormity by the horns and brand it, for I have seen enough.

EDGEWORTH: Please, have mercy on us!

OVERDO: Now, I will deal with everyone. First, Rabbi Busy over there in the stocks. (He moves to the side and unlocks Wasp and Busy.) You’re a superlunatical hypocrite. And Wasp, you’re a foolish busybody. Both of you, mend your ways and hold your tongues. Now, the cutpurses. (To Edgeworth.) She’s the ringleader of all the gypsy thieves in the Fair. I’ll drag you off to jail in a moment and give you your due. And lastly, the pig-woman, that giant great spot. Where is she? (Ursula and Knockem come from behind puppet booth.) Oh, Ursula, sow of enormity! Stand there with the cutpurses and tremble. (To Quarlous.) Is this the madman?

QUARLOUS: Here I am, mad, mad, mad, madly in love.

OVERDO: No, it’s Quarlous. An imposter! Stand over there.

WINWIFE: but look over here, Justice Overdo. Your wife!

MRS. OVERDO: PEG O’ MY HEART, I LOVE YOU……

OVERDO: My wife! Drunk! And at a lewd puppet show! Treachery! Enormity! How will I live down the shame?

QUARLOUS: Sir, you can’t live it down. Here, I’ll finish your sentencing for you. Cokes, there, is a fool and so deserves to lose all his money. Mistress Grace, there, is a true gentlewoman, and so deserves the hand of Master Winwife, a true gentleman. And Wasp, I thank him for the license, so I can marry Dame Purecraft. (Wasp looks in the box for the license.) It’s true, Wasp, I have it. (To Overdo.) To Justice Overdo, I say show a
little mercy to the people of the Fair, both high and low. Remember, sir, you are but flesh and blood, as is your wife, and so you have frailty. Besides, what happens at the Fair, stays as the Fair! Now, forget all this arresting and sentencing, and invite us to feast with you at your home.

OVERDO: This madman has more judgment than I. All’s well here, and only I’m the worse for wear. Let’s forgive and forget. What’s Bartlemew Fair without its rogues and thieves? There’s a fool for every one of them to play upon.

MUSIC #29: “Don’t We Have a Ball?”

OVERDO: *(First verse chanted in rhythm.)*

WE ARE PUPPETS WHO DANCE ON THE EDGE OF A SWORD,
DANGLING AND DIPPING, WE’RE JERKED AND WE’RE JARRED.
LIFE IS IMPOSSIBLE, LIFE IS HARD,
BUT DON’T WE HAVE A BALL?

ALL:
YEAH, DON’T WE HAVE A BALL?

OVERDO: *(Cast snaps fingers during this verse.)*

WE’RE PUPPETS WHO DANCE ON THE EDGE OF A SWORD,
TILTING AND TIPPING AND TANGLING THE CORD.
WRANGLING AND STRANGLING, BUT SELDOM BORED.
DON’T WE HAVE A BALL?

ALL:
DON’T WE HAVE A BALL?
FOR WE SING, SING SHADOWS AWAY,
WE SING THE SUN, WE SING THE DAY.
WE SING A SONG OF BONE AND CLAY,
AND DON’T WE HAVE A BALL?

THIEVES (URSULA, EDGEWORTH, KNOCKEM, NIGHTINGALE, MOONCALF): *(Cast stomps feet along with this verse.)*

WE’RE PUPPETS WHO DANCE ON THE TIP OF A SWORD,
TANGLING AND TRIPPING AND CUTTING THE CORD.
WHO CARES IF WE TOTTER, WHO CARES IF WE FALL,
‘CAUSE DON’T WE HAVE A BALL?

ALL:
DON’T WE HAVE A BALL?
AND WE DANCE, DANCE, DANCE TILL WE CRY,
DANCE TILL WE LAUGH, DANCE TILL WE DIE
AND DON’T TAKE TIME TO WONDER WHY,
‘CAUSE DON’T WE HAVE A BALL?
LOVERS (WINWIFE, GRACE, QUARLOUS, PURECRAFT, LITTLEWIT, MRS. LITTLEWIT): (Cast snaps fingers and stomps feet on this verse.)

WE’RE PUPPETS WHO DANCE ON THE EDGE OF A SWORD,
TILTING AND TIPPING AND TANGLING THE CORD.
WRANGLING AND STRANGLING, BUT SELDOM BORED.

ALL:

DON’T WE HAVE A BALL?
FOR WE SING, SING SHADOWS AWAY,
WE SING THE SUN, WE SING THE DAY.
WE SING A SONG OF BONE AND CLAY,
AND DON’T WE HAVE A BALL?

FOOLS (COKES, BUSY, WASP, MRS. OVERDO, JUSTICE OVERDO): (Cast percussive accompaniment is syncopated combinations of rhythms.)

WE’RE PUPPETS WHO DANCE ON THE TIP OF A SWORD,
TANGLING AND TRIPPING AND CUTTING THE CORD.
WHO CARES IF WE TOTTER, WHO CARES IF WE FALL,
‘CAUSE DON’T WE HAVE A BALL?

ALL:

DON’T WE HAVE A BALL?
AND WE DANCE, DANCE, DANCE TILL WE CRY,
DANCE TILL WE LAUGH, DANCE TILL WE DIE
AND DON’T TAKE TIME TO WONDER WHY,
‘CAUSE DON’T WE HAVE A BALL?
YES, DON’T WE HAVE A BALL?
Hell, yes!
WE HAVE A BALL!

OVERDO: To my house for drinks!

ALL: Hooray!

MUSIC #30: Curtain Call

(Cast clears the stage, taking all props, furniture, etc. Cast returns for curtain call on cue. The curtain call occurs in this order: 1) Chorus; 2) Knockem, Wasp, Mrs. Overdo, Justice Overdo; 3) Ursula, Busy, Littlewit, Mrs. Littlewit; 4) Mooncalf, Cokes, Nightingale, Edgeworth; 5) Purecraft, Grace, Quarlous, Winwife; 6) orchestra. At the end of the curtain call, Nightingale steps forward into the spotlight. The music plays beneath her lines.)

NIGHTINGALE: Gentle audience, we hope you’ve had a “Fair” day, and to all a good night!
(Nightingale leads the cast in a final bow. With her magic, Nightingale makes the
curtain close rapidly and the lights to fade. The orchestra jams as the house lights come
up and the audience leaves.)