

MATT  
side of scene

(3)

LUISA: No. Of My star! My leaf!  
Oh—

BOTH: Love! You are love! (I am love!)  
Better far than a metaphor  
Can ever ever be!  
Love! You are love! (I am love!)  
My mystery—(his mystery)  
Of love!

LUISA: And he *And THEY reach over the top of the stick, and embrace.*

START

LUISA: Matt!

MATT: Luisa!

LUISA: Shh. Be careful.  
I thought I heard a sound.

MATT: But you're trembling!

LUISA: My father loves to spy.

MATT: I know; I know.  
I had to climb out through a window.  
My father locked my room.

LUISA: Oh God, be careful!  
Suppose you were to fall!

MATT: It's on the ground floor.

LUISA: Oh.

MATT: Still, the window's very small.  
I could get stuck.

LUISA: This is madness, isn't it?

MATT: Yes, it's absolutely mad!

LUISA: And also very wicked?

MATT: Yes.

LUISA: I'm glad.

MATT: My father would be furious if he knew.

LUISA: Listen, I have had a vision.

MATT: Of disaster?



- LUISA: No. Of azaleas.  
I dreamed I was picking azaleas.  
When all at once, this Duke—  
Oh, he was very old,  
I'd say he was nearly forty.  
But attractive.  
And very evil.
- MATT: I hate him!
- LUISA: And he had a retinue of scoundrels,  
And they were hiding behind the rhododendrons,  
And then, all at once,  
As I picked an azalea—  
He lept out!
- MATT: God, I hate him!
- LUISA: In my vision, how I struggled.  
Like the Rape of the Sabine Women!  
I cried "help."
- MATT: And I was nearby!
- LUISA: Yes. You come rushing to the rescue.  
And, single-handed, you fight all his men,  
And win—
- MATT: And then—
- LUISA: Celebration!
- MATT: Fireworks!
- LUISA: Fiestal!
- MATT: Laughter!
- LUISA: Our fathers give in!
- MATT: We live happily ever after!
- LUISA: There's no reason in the world why it can't happen exactly like that.
- Suddenly SHE stiffens.*
- Someone's coming!
- MATT: It's my father.



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LUISA: Kiss me! **END**

~~THEY kiss as MUSIC begins and HUCKLEBEE comes in with pruning shears and prunes away at a massive imaginary plant.~~

HUCK: Too much moisture!  
To audience.

There are a great many things I could tell you about myself. I was once in the Navy; that's where I learned Horticulture. Yes, I have been the world over. I've seen it all: mountain cactus, the century plant, Japanese Ivy. And exotic ports where bogwort was sold in the open market! I'm a man of experience and there is one thing that I've learned: Too much moisture is worse than none at all. Prune a plant. Avoid water. And go easy on manure. Moderation. That's the moral. Hmm. That's my son's foot.

MATT: Hello, Father.

HUCK: What are you doing up in that tree?

MATT: Reading verses.

HUCK: Curses.

MATT: How's that?

HUCK: I offer a father's curses  
To the kind of education  
That makes our children fools.  
I sent this boy to school—to college;  
And I hope you know what that costs.  
Did he learn to dig a cesspool, no.  
He's up there reading verse.  
Why do I always find you  
Standing beside that wall?

MATT: I'm waiting for it to fall.  
Besides, I like it.  
I like its lovely texture,  
And its pretty little eyes.

HUCK: Walls don't have eyes!