

CANTERVILLE GHOST

ACT TWO

- Scene 1** Instrumental: **Entr'acte**
A few weeks later. The Canterville Chase, the Main Parlor.
Song: **Take the Prize**
Reprise: **Keeping up Appearances**
- Scene 2** *The Canterville Chase, the Garden.*
Song: **That's How I'll Know**
- Scene 3** *The Canterville Chase, Sir Simon's Chamber/the Main Parlor & Hallway.*
Song: **A Model Man**
- Scene 4** *The Canterville Chase, the Garden.*
Reprise: **The Promise III**
- Scene 5** *The Canterville Chase, the Main Parlor & Hallway.*
Reprise: **When You're Fifteen**
- Scene 6** *The Canterville Chase, Sir Simon's Chamber.*
Reprise: **Our Little Charade**
- Scene 67** *The Canterville Chase, the Main Parlor/Sir Simon's Chamber.*
Song: **The Masked Waltz**
Song: **Movin' It**
- Scene 8** *The Canterville Chase, Virginia's bedroom.*
Song: **Love?**
- Scene 9** *Somewhere dark and unknown.*
Song: **Without Wings**
- Scene 10** *The Canterville Chase, the Main Parlor.*
- Scene 11** *Somewhere dark and unknown.*
Song: **Fly Away**
Reprise: **That's How I'll Know**
The Canterville Chase, the Main Parlor.
Reprise: **The Promise IV**
- Scene 12** *The Canterville Chase, the Garden.*
Song: **Finale—Take Him Home**

ACT II
Scene 1

The Canterville Chase. Main Parlor.

[The parlor is showing signs of several weeks of American occupation. More in the way of modern appliances, and bunting—oh, so much bunting. MR. OTIS is asleep on the sofa. It is obvious that he hasn't been sleeping well. MRS. UMNEY enters carrying tea.]

MRS. UMNEY—Good morning. Sleep well, Mr. Otis? [She touches his shoulder, MR. OTIS rolls over snoring.] My goodness, I think Sir Simon may have gotten the best of you. [Smiles and then realizes what this means. Has hard time staying in “character”.] This is not good. This is not good at all. My little charade can not be destroyed! [Begins pacing back and forth.] If Sir Simon tires them out completely and they move, then Sir Simon will stay. And there will be no girl, which means no curse broken, which means I'm stuck here. [In a manly tenor.] No, this cannot happen! [MR. OTIS stirs.] Oh dear, this is bad. [She sits next to the sleeping MR. OTIS.] Think Oscar, think. [There is a moment of torturous thinking and then an epiphany.] Ummm... [She scoots up closer to MR. OTIS, clears her throat and speaks very deliberately.] Fight back. Fight back. Don't let the ghost win. Don't let the ghost win. Fight back. Use your Yankee prowess, devise a plan, yes a plan to capture this ghost who keeps you from your sleep. Steal him away to American, or better yet Australia. Become rich...rich...rich...fight back, get rich...fight back, get rich...[Aside.] And I'll fly away to heaven on a shiny star!

[MR. OTIS suddenly bolts out of his sleep, throwing MRS. UMNEY to the floor.]

MR. OTIS – Lucretia, Washington, Virginia...boys, come here this instant! [Sees MRS. UMNEY on the floor.] I daresay you're a queer one. [MRS. UMNEY scrambles to get up. The family has not yet arrived.] Luuuu—creeeee—tiaaaaa!

WASHINGTON – Hello Mrs. Umney. [MRS. UMNEY exits for teacakes.] Good morning father, you're awake. Did you happen to notice the spot is back after a two-day hiatus? It's really quite extraordinary, having already gone through every stage of burgundy, rose, pink, magenta and orange. Today, it's more of a pea-soup green.

MR. OTIS – You don't say.

WASHINGTON – Father, you look awful. Are you all right?

MR. OTIS – I don't know that I've slept a wink in the last two weeks with all that incessant moaning and groaning and chain rattling.

WASHINGTON – And to think, just two weeks ago, ghosts didn't even exist.

MR. OTIS – That's the first rule of banking son, “never hesitate to shift the foundation of your entire belief in the universe if things look to be pointing in another direction.” Yes,

there are ghosts. Or one, anyway. I've tried to be reasonable about this ghost fellow, but I'm afraid I have about reached the end of my patience with this intolerable squatter.

WASHINGTON – He never even paid his rent. What do we do father?

MR. OTIS – You're forgetting the first rule of banking son, "Always confront a problem using the resources you have available."

WASHINGTON – That's the first rule of banking? I thought it was—

MR. OTIS – Don't interrupt me son, I'm just building a full head of steam. Yes, we must marshal what resources we have out our disposal, use them to maximum effect in overcoming our ghost dilemma. And as it so happens, I awoke just now with the perfect idea! The greatest advantage we have over this troublesome specter is my expertise on the effective use of capital. [Still no family.] Where is everyone?

WASHINGTON – Father, I hardly think a ghost is going to respond to an offer to buy him out.

MR. OTIS – Pay off the ghost? Never! It's a matter of principle. Besides, I think there is a much more fiscally responsible way to gain the upper hand in this melee.

[Enter MRS. OTIS, VIRGINIA, LEWIS and CLARK.]

VIRGINIA – Is everything all right father?

[MRS. UMNEY enters with teacakes, she busily serves the family.]

MRS. OTIS – You look awful, dear.

MR. OTIS – Lewis, Clark, I have a business proposition for the two of you. This ghost has started to interfere with my getting a good night's sleep. This is something I simply cannot tolerate. As I've told you before, the first rule of banking is—

LEWIS & CLARK – Get a good night's sleep.

MR. OTIS – Exactly. I therefore propose that you two capture this pesky ghost, so we can ship him off to some other building to haunt. Or better yet, we'll sell him to a broker in America...or Austra

MRS. UMNEY – Splendid...I mean beware!

[Song: **Take The Prize!**]

MR. OTIS – Mrs. Umney, one must always take advantage of a good business opportunity...

MR. OTIS
**Here inside our house
lurks a ghost
Yes, a man
Who I believe could be...
Quite valuable.**

He has an attitude.

MRS. OTIS
Yes, he's rude.

MRS. UMNEY
And he broods.

WASHINGTON
He wakes us ev'ry night.

MR. OTIS
**There's no respite.
And so I propose...
to catch this little nuisance
We will cash him for his worth.**

MRS. UMNEY – [Very dramatic.] Oh dear me, what a scandalous idea!

MR. OTIS
**Can we do this children?
Crack him in his mirth.**

**I believe he's ours for taking
With the right supplies.
I propose we catch him,
take the prize!**

Which brings us to the spot

WASHINGTON
Yes, the spot.

WASHINGTON & TWINS
Now it's green.

MRS. UMNEY
A lovely shade of green.

MRS. OTIS
Yes, so we've seen.

MR. OTIS
It proves he's going mad.

WASHINGTON
I agree.

MRS. UMNEY
Be aware!

MR. OTIS
**If we but stay on course,
He's ours to share.**

MR. & MRS. OTIS
And so I propose...

MR. OTIS
**to catch this mangy rascal
We will show him who is who.**

MRS. UMNEY – You're all so very brave.

MR. OTIS
**Use our Yankee prowess
Give the ghost the *boo...t.***

**We are sure to have the edge
We'll take him by surprise.
I propose we snatch him
take the prize!**

(In a round.)

VIRGINIA
**Look, I think we should be careful.
We wouldn't want to wound his pride.**

MRS. OTIS
I just want to get some sleep.

MRS. UMNEY
What if I am in too deep?

WASHINGTON, STARS & STRIPES
Set the snare.
Catch the creep.

MR. OTIS
The rules of banking never fail
The path is straight, we're on his trail.
The rules of banking I uphold.
Take stock, beware, I'm feeling bold!

OTIS FAMILY (except VIRGINIA)
We must be enterprising...
Aggressive and bold.

VIRGINIA – What if he needs help...what if he just wants someone to listen? [No one listens.]

MR. OTIS
Listen to my plan.
Hear me out.

WASHINGTON
Loud and clear.

MR. OTIS
Supplying the demand.
C'est laissez-faire. (*pronounce "set lay-zay fair"*)

LEWIS & CLARK
We'll set the trap tonight.

WASHINGTON
Snag the loot
in his lair.

MR. OTIS
We'll seize our tenant ghost

MRS. UMNEY
Yes, if you dare!

MR. & MRS. OTIS
And so we propose,

MR. OTIS
to catch our pesky squatter
Hold our morals, do what's right.

MRS. UMNEY – Of course...”morals”...bravo!

Why not make a profit
off our sleepless nights.

We could book him right on Broadway,
“Man Who Never Dies”!
I propose we catch him,

MRS. UMNEY (*aside*)
I sure hope they catch him.

WASHINGTON, STARS & STRIPES
We'll be sure to catch him.

MRS. OTIS
I think we can catch him.

ALL (except VIRGINIA)
Take the prize!

VIRGINIA – Just because he's a ghost is no reason to try to cage him like an animal. I'm sure he's already miserable enough without unleashing the Stars and Stripes on him. [No one listens.] Did anyone hear me? [She exits.]

MRS. OTIS – Virginia?!

MRS. UMNEY – I'll see what I can do. [MRS. UMNEY exits.]

MRS. OTIS – Oh dear, I think she must be lonely. We should throw her a party.

LEWIS – So father, your proposal sounds like a reasonable one. Now let's talk terms.

MRS. OTIS – Wait...dear, you didn't say no. Does not saying anything mean you are actually saying yes I can throw a party? [Still no answer.] Really?! I'll start on it this minute. It's going to be a masquerade ball.

WASHINGTON – Oh brother.

MR. OTIS – [Ignoring his wife.] I'm prepared to offer each of you one American dollar for the capture of the ghost of Sir Simon de Canterville.

CLARK – We were thinking of opening the bidding at one hundred dollars apiece.

[MR. OTIS and the boys fall into a rapid back-and-forth. It's clear they've done this before and they all enjoy it.]

MR. OTIS – Two dollars each.

LEWIS – Fifty dollars each and a pony to share.

MR. OTIS – Two-fifty.

CLARK – Twenty-five apiece, a pony, and a bow and arrow.

LEWIS – Two bow and arrows.

MR. OTIS – I'll go as high as three.

LEWIS – Twenty dollars American and 25 English pounds.

CLARK – [to Lewis] You don't even know how much money that is.

LEWIS – [to Clark] I know, but I think it's a lot.

MR. OTIS – I'm holding at three dollars each.

LEWIS – Ten, and we don't have to make our beds for a month.

CLARK – Or brush our teeth.

LEWIS – Or take a bath.

MR. OTIS – Two dollars, and I'll give you a free pass on breaking your mother's vase and gluing it back together without telling anyone.

MRS. OTIS – What?

LEWIS – You know about that?

MR. OTIS – I do now.

MRS. OTIS – Why you little—

[MR. OTIS holds up his hand, and she glares silently. LEWIS and CLARK confer briefly.]

CLARK – We accept. Half up front, half upon completion.

LEWIS – Plus you cover our expenses.

MR. OTIS – Deal. [they shake on it]

[Reprise: **Keeping Up Appearances**]

[The lights change, the family exits as SIR SIMON enters. He is in costume and is wailing. He seems somewhat assured and bored. He scratches the metal of a suit of armor, irritatingly so. He half sings:]

SIR SIMON

**I am wicked as hell,
Debauchéd and scarred [Yawn.]
I'm keeping up appearances.
Fallen from grace just as Lucifer fell,
I'm forced... [Another long yawn.]
...to haunt this Chase.**

ACT II
Scene 2

The Canterville Chase, The Garden.

[VIRGINIA is in the garden. She is upset and confused by what she's feeling. As she sits there, she happens to notice something peculiar in the shrubbery. She pulls away at the weeds and finds a headstone. She begins to read:]

VIRGINIA

*When a golden girl can win
Prayer from out the lips of sin...*

MRS. UMNEY – Hello miss.

VIRGINIA – [She screams. MRS. UMNEY screams back in fright.] You scared me!

MRS. UMNEY – And you me. Saints in heaven above! [Beat.] So what have we found here?

VIRGINIA – It's the same verse that's etched on my mantle.

MRS. UMNEY – That must be the grave of Eleanor de Canterville, God rest her soul.

VIRGINIA – You sure know a lot for being *new* here.

MRS. UMNEY – Yes well...umm...research, yes research is the key.

VIRGINIA – Then tell me what really happened. It's obvious he's unhappy and now my father is going to string him up by his feet.

MRS. UMNEY – Oh, the awful things that have occurred in that house.

VIRGINIA – Please. I'm not sure if I'm more tired out by the incessant shrieking or the incessant morbidity of your terrible stories, the lot of you! I've seen the ghost and he was fairly bland if you don't mind my saying so. Perhaps someone should simply offer to help the poor man, help him relocate to someplace more suitable.

[The FORMER GARDNER enters with a shovel and a dead almond tree.]

FORMER GARDNER – The last straw, I tell you, the last straw. [Sees VIRGINIA and MRS. UMNEY.] Lovely mornin', eh miss? [He begins to plant the tree.]

MRS. UMNEY – I almost forgot. [She produces an envelope from her apron.] A letter miss, from Master Cecil. It must be nice having someone to fawn over your every move, drool over your every phrase. [Sighs.] Au revoir, ma petite chere.

[VIRGINIA opens the letter and reads. A smile comes to her face. She sits down and watches as the FORMER GARDNER plants the tree.]

[Song: **That's How I'll Know**]

VIRGINIA

**It's so hard to explain how I'm feeling
when it seems like it's all a dream.
I will wake up, it will disappear
like so many other things.**

**I want to hold on to this moment
to the happiness that I feel.
Just this one time, can it be for me?
I need some sign to know it's real.**

**Let the moon shine bright
like the sun through the night.
Fill the world with roses--
as a sign.
And that's how I'll know.**

**All my life I have wanted to feel like
Someone really and truly cared.**

**Now I wonder, is this how it feels
to fall in love and not be scared.**

**Let the moon shine bright
like the sun through the night.
Fill the world with roses--
as a sign.
And that's how I'll know.**

**I want to know
Am I dreaming?
Or is this for real?
Am I really in love...
Is this love?
I want to believe...**

**Let the moon shine bright
like the sun through the night.
Fill the world with roses--
as a sign.
And that's how I'll know.**

(Vocal riff: "And that's how I'll know.")

And that's how I'll know.

CHORUS/ELEANOR
Ooh. Ooh...

Ah, ah, ah.

**If I am
dreaming.
If I am
really--
Someone
I want to believe.**

**Let the moon shine bright
Like the sun through the night.
Fill the world with roses--
as a sign.
And that's how I'll know.**

And that's how I'll know.

[An abrupt wind picks up. A flower falls from the almond tree. VIRGINIA picks it up.]

ACT II Scene 3

The Canterville Chase, Sir Simon's Chamber, Hallway, Main Parlor.

[LEWIS and CLARK are in the parlor/hallway, setting up and tripping elaborate traps.]

CLARK – Bam! Bam!

LEWIS – Pow! [They laugh.]

[Lights fade on the twins and come up on SIR SIMON, who is putting on another scary costume. A whole bunch of letters, on yellow legal paper, are tacked to a pin board. OSCAR enters, bringing in another yellow paper.]

SIR SIMON – The eighth notice this week! [He sticks it on his board.] How dare Mr. Otis think he can charge me rent in MY OWN HOUSE!

OSCAR – And yet you told him so, unequivocally. [Beat] Well, on a positive note, the almond tree has “mysteriously” reappeared. I say, what better time to renew your scare efforts, my Lord.

[SIR SIMON paces. He stops.]

[Song: **A Model Man**]

SIR SIMON – You’re right. [Very dramatically, a hardy drum roll.] If it’s war they want, then by Jove, it is war they shall have!

[A montage. Lights should express passing of time.]

[SIR SIMON goes charging off one side of the stage to do battle.]

OSCAR

**Such a trooper, such convictions
What a model of persistence.
There’s much to learn from such a man
With a steadfast plan,
A steadfast plan.**

[There’s a pause of anticipation in the song as OSCAR listens for screaming. SIR SIMON comes stalking down the hallway where he is met with the snaps and pops of firecrackers and LEWIS & CLARK laughing. SIR SIMON comes in the opposite side of the stage he left, somewhat deflated.]

SIR SIMON – They had the hall strewn with firecrackers.

OSCAR – The beasts.

[OSCAR helps change his costume, then SIR SIMON marches out again, a new character.]

SIR SIMON – [A decent drum roll] Tonight, I’ll get them. If it’s war they want, then by Jove, it is war they shall have!

OSCAR

**I give him credit...
All this work it’s oh so taxing.
Me, I’d rather be relaxing
In my velvet robe...it’s new!
Such a lovely blue,
A lovely blue!**

[Again a pause in the song as OSCAR listens. SIR SIMON is tripped up by invisible wires. LEWIS & CLARK laugh. SIR SIMON comes in from the opposite side of the stage, somewhat mussed.]

SIR SIMON – They had tied fishing line across the stair well.

OSCAR – The devils.

[OSCAR quickly takes a few costume pieces, adds a few others. SIR SIMON marches out again.]

SIR SIMON – [Somewhat less enthusiastically. A meager drum roll.] This will be my night, Oscar, mark my word! If it's war they want, then by Jove, it is war they shall have!

OSCAR

As I was saying...

I prefer to look my best

I think a ghost deserves his rest

But there are those who won't let go.

Such a man I know.

He won't let go!

[A pause in the music. SIR SIMON opens a door with gusto and gets a bucket of water or confetti dropped on his head. LEWIS & CLARK laugh. SIR SIMON comes in the opposite side of the stage, soaking wet, and wearing a bucket on his head. SIR SIMON simply points at the bucket.]

OSCAR – The bucket over the door, Sir, of course.

OSCAR

Those heathens.

SIR SIMON

I know.

[OSCAR pulls off the bucket, changes SIR SIMON's costume, all in a dizzying whirl.]

OSCAR – A model of decorum, sir.

SIR SIMON – [deadpan, pathetic drum roll.] Perhaps tonight. Perhaps. If it's war they want, then by Jove, it is war they shall have!

OSCAR

Never giving up...

He pushes on and on

So resolute he works

**all night 'til dawn.
He's a model man,
Such a model...**

(OSCAR stops abruptly, hearing a loud, long, girly scream—SIR SIMON has just seen the fake ghost that the TWINS set up in the hallway.)

Such a model man!

OSCAR – Well done, Sir.

[SIR SIMON comes screaming back into the room. The girlish screams were his. He is in a state of abject terror.]

SIR SIMON – A ghost! I saw a ghost! There was a ghost in the hallway! I think it was trying to kill me!

OSCAR – A what, my Lord?

SIR SIMON – A ghost! I saw a ghost! It was monstrous as a madman's dream!

[SIR SIMON breaks down and sobs on OSCAR's shoulder. OSCAR pats his back gently.]

OSCAR – There, there, my Lord. There, there. Sir Simon? I don't mean to dredge the horrors up anew, but if I may, why, exactly, were you so taken aback?

SIR SIMON – Well, never having seen a ghost before, I was naturally terribly frightened.

OSCAR – [pause] Naturally. Still, you do have some experience with ghosts, my Lord, being a ghost yourself...

SIR SIMON – You just don't understand. You didn't see it. It was a vision of terror.

OSCAR – Perhaps you should go back and talk to it.

SIR SIMON – Talk to it? Are you mad? That thing would as soon rip me neck to navel as listen to me gab.

OSCAR – If you don't mind me saying so, Sir, how much could it do? You are—and I don't mean to belabor the point—already dead. Talk to it. Discern its purposes. Perhaps you and he are of a like mind on the subject of haunting the Otis family.

SIR SIMON – A compatriot? A comrade at arms? Oscar, you're a genius. Of course! I shall go and ask this grisly phantom if there might not be some benefit in combining forces. I'm sure he'll see the wisdom of working together.

OSCAR – Shall I prepare another costume, my Lord?

ACT II
Scene 4

The Canterville Chase, the Garden.

WASHINGTON – I don't get it...pink?! What kind of pansy color is that? [Shakes his head and exits.]

[Lights change.]

[CECIL walks across the stage with pansies in hand. MR. OTIS comes from the other direction.]

CECIL – Hello, Mr. Otis.

MR. OTIS – Hello boy.

[CECIL exits. MR. OTIS sees almond tree.]

MR. OTIS – What the dickens!

[Reprise: **The Promise III**]

CHORUS (*from offstage*)
**When a golden girl can win
Prayer from out the lips of sin,
When the barren almond bears...**

[Washington reenters. Sees father. Music ends abruptly.]

WASHINGTON – Now it's pink!

MR. OTIS – The tree is back!

[WASHINGTON and MR. OTIS stare at the tree as CECIL rushes by behind them.]

MR. OTIS – It's fishy, I tell you.

WASHINGTON – I smell a rat. [The two men exit.]

[CECIL reenters carrying a box of chocolates. He is eating one.]

CECIL – Yum. [Stops.] Will you marry me? Can I have the honor of marrying you? Will you give me your hand in...ah... [Eats another chocolate and exits.]

[Lights.]

ACT II
Scene 5

The Canterville Chase, the Main Parlor/Hallway.

[The hall is very dimly lit, but we see the horrific form as SIR SIMON described it. It is lit to look very scary. Dawn is just beginning to break through the exterior windows and slowly increases over the course of the scene. SIR SIMON approaches timidly.]

SIR SIMON – Excuse me? Lord Ghost? Er, Demon, sir? Good morning. My name is Sir Simon de Canterville. I’ve haunted this Chase for four hundred years, but I don’t believe I’ve ever had the pleasure of making your acquaintance. With the exception, of course, of earlier this evening. How do you do? [SIR SIMON approaches the ghost, but then sits down. Pause.] You know how it is; hardly anyone takes notice these days...although your performance last night was quite excellent. [Worn-out laugh.] Oh...

[Reprise: **WHEN YOU’RE FIFTEEN**]

SIR SIMON

**When you’re four hundred and fifteen
Life is confusing.
And it’s just when you think
That you’ve figured out things
You start over.**

**I’ve been four hundred and fifteen
It feels like forever
Wonder if life will be any clearer for me
When I’m four hundred and sixteen.**

**And I wish I could scream
At the top of my lungs.
Is there anyone there
Who knows what it’s like?
Who knows how it feels...
To be me.
To be me.
When you’re four hundred and fifteen.**

[As the dawn has broken, the audience can see that the ghost is nothing more than a well-lit scarecrow. Old clothes, stuck on brooms, wrapped in a bed curtain, wielding a kitchen cleaver, and with an old turnip for a head.] You’re really a wonderful listener sir. Sir?

Sir? Are you quite all right? [SIR SIMON shakes him gently on the arm, which comes off in his hand, then the whole ghost falls apart. SIR SIMON screams in terror. He then stops, picks up a note that was pinned to the ghost and reads. Reading:] “Ye Otis Ghoste. Ye Onlie True and Originale Spook. Beware of Ye Imitationes. All others are Counterfeite.” What? Counterfeit? I’ve been tricked, foiled again. Outwitted by children. [in a fit of apoplectic rage] Aaahhh...Beware Ye Otis family! I swear by the by the tattered shreds of my own blighted soul that when the cock has sounded twice his merry horn this morn, deeds of blood will be wrought, and Murder shall walk abroad with silent feet at Canterville Chase!

[Underscore: **Four Hundred Years**]

[SIR SIMON exits.]

ACT II
Scene 6

The Canterville Chase. Sir Simon’s chamber.

[OSCAR is putting the final touches on his maids costume for the party.]

[Reprise: **Our Little Charade**]

OSCAR
Manicured and pedicured too.
All the best, nothing shoddy.
The titular maid, now second to none.
Our plot has thickened; it’s almost done.

Once just a butler
So stiff upper-lipped was I
Hiding behind a façade.
Now I play the maid with glee
My chance to be set free.
Thanks to *my* little charade.
Thanks to *my* little charade.

OSCAR -- [Looks in the mirror. Has conversation with self.] You’re so beautiful. Stop. No, really you are stunning. No stop...really?! [Smooches self.]

ACT II
Scene 7

The Canterville Chase, the Main Parlor.

[On one wall of the room, over portraits and tapestries, now hangs a giant American flag. WASHINGTON and MR. OTIS, both wearing costumes, are admiring the flag. Guests filter in throughout the scene. They are wearing exotic costumes and masks.]

MR. OTIS – Just arrived today. I thought the place was missing something; lacking a certain flare, so your mother and I picked it out of a catalogue and I had it shipped over.

WASHINGTON – From America?

MR. OTIS – No, from Canada. Turns out American flags are cheaper in Canada. The demand must not be as high.

WASHINGTON – Go figure. Well, I think it's perfect. And just the right size.

[MRS. UMNEY enters with a tray of drinks.]

MRS. UMNEY – Mr. Otis, sir, your guests are beginning to arrive. Would you care for some—[Screaming at the top of her lungs.] Saints in heaven above!

[When she sees the flag, she reacts as if she were surprised by a loud, barking dog. She nearly drops the tray, but manages to hold on to it.]

MR. OTIS – [Taking a drink.] It's really something isn't it? Just the right décor for a party, I'd say.

MRS. UMNEY – Yes, sir. If you'll excuse me, please.

[MRS. UMNEY exits, cautiously eyeing the flag as if it may bite her.]

WASHINGTON – Father, do you really think it was a good idea to throw a party without having first secured the ghost?

MR. OTIS – The bugger! Although, I must say I haven't heard one shriek since Lewis and Clark's began their little operation. I think he may have been scared into hibernation.

WASHINGTON – That's true, but the bloodstain keeps reappearing every morning, even if no one's heard a peep the night before, although I believe I heard some crying.

MR. OTIS – Well, we can't have everything. What color was the spot this morning?

WASHINGTON – Black. In fact, it looked as if someone had just rubbed some charcoal on the rug. It was no match for the Pinkerton’s.

MR. OTIS – There, you see? He’s even gotten lazy about replacing the bloodstain. I’m sure we won’t have any trouble tonight. Besides, your mother wanted to give Virginia a chance to make some friends.

WASHINGTON – Oh right, Virginia. I think she already has one too many friends if you ask me. How many times has he proposed now?

MR. OTIS – He’s asked me for her hand at least eight times since we arrived—that I can remember—but I’m not keeping track very carefully. You’d have to ask Virginia for the official count.

[Enter MRS. OTIS, VIRGINIA, dressed as a princess, and CECIL, dressed as a devil.]

MR. OTIS – Speak of the devil. Are you ready for an American-style house warming, my boy?

CECIL – Yes, sir. You know I wouldn’t miss the chance to dance with Vir—[yelling] Egad!

[CECIL sees the flag and has a similar reaction to MRS. UMNEY’s.]

MRS. OTIS – Quite the patriotic display, isn’t it?

[LORD CANTERVILLE enters dressed as a Cheshire cat.]

MR. OTIS – So nice to see you. Do come in.

MRS. OTIS – Thank you for coming. What a cute little kitty.

[MRS. UMNEY comes by with a tray of drinks. LORD CANTERVILLE takes one.]

LORD CANTERVILLE – Thank you for inviting us. I must say, the place looks better than it has in years. You’ve really outdone yourselves. The place positively has a new life—[Goes to drink, sees the flag, spits it back into his glass, yelling at the top of his voice.] Anacron in heaven!

MR. OTIS – We’ve done a little redecorating. Adds quite a flare to the room, don’t you think?

[Dance Underscore: **MASKED WALTZ**]

MRS. OTIS – How dramatic! It’s perfect. Dance Lord Canterville?

[The guests begin to dance. With all of the colorful costumes and masks the dance becomes dreamlike, alternating between agitated and proper, festive and grim. The movement becomes an outlet for character subtext. The wall between the dead and living is thin. The flow between the dancing and the scene in SIR SIMON's bedchamber should be seamless.]

[A scrim comes down so as to allow the shadows of the dancers to come through. The music can still be heard faintly. MRS. UMNEY undresses into OSCAR quickly. Light up on SIR SIMON in his bedchamber. He is crying. An abrupt wind causes him to stop.]

SIR SIMON – Eleanor...is that you?

OSCAR – Oh come now, my Lord, there are guests downstairs. You could certainly try to scare them off. [No answer.] Sir, I have never seen you so depressed. Surely you could do something. Sir?

SIR SIMON – I think that maid is up to something?

OSCAR – The maid, sir?

SIR SIMON – That's correct, the maid. I think she's particularly against me...giving away my secrets, turning the family against me.

OSCAR – There, there, I think you're worn-out my Lord.

SIR SIMON – Reduced to rabble in my own house.

[The party noise gets louder.]

OSCAR – Excuse me, sir, I must keep an eye on the Otises...and the maid.

[Lights down on SIR SIMON. OSCAR throws back on his maid costume. He's a bit disheveled. The scrim comes up on the party. The music and dancing again becomes the focus. The movement becomes wild and abandoned.]

CHORUS A *(SATB mixture)*

Plain as the day.

CHORUS B *(SATB mixture)*

Shines bright.

CHORUS A

Dark as the night.

CHORUS B

Void of light.

CHORUS A
Behind the masks.

CHORUS B
Are lies.

CHORUS A & B
Lies you can't tell.

CHORUS A
Something not right.

CHORUS B
Secrets.

CHORUS A
Something is wrong.

CHORUS B
A feeling.

CHORUS A
Here at the ball.

CHORUS B
Dance.

FULL CHORUS (SATB)
**At the Canterville...
Canterville Chase.**

[Lightning. Thunder. Howling Wind. The guests are spooked.]

LORD CANTERVILLE – It's the ghost! [A loud gasp.]

MRS. UMNEY – Sir Simon?! [She faints.]

LEWIS & CLARK – Where?

CLARK – I'll get'em.

LEWIS – He's mine!

MR. OTIS – That’s a boys. [The guests look on in terror.] Ambience, Lord Canterville. Ambience. [MRS. UMNEY is still lying on the ground.] Now Mrs. Umney, you’ll spook the guests. [Helps her up.] How about a round of drinks for all! [A cheer.]

WASHINGTON – If I may have your attention. Thank you all for coming.

MRS. OTIS – [Martini glass in hand.] This is soooo exciting. Brilliant! I just love costume parties!

WASHINGTON – Thank you mother. [Beat.] I thought we’d change the pace with something distinctly American.

[Song: **Movin’ It**]

WASHINGTON (*to one of the girls*)

**Hey you. Yeah you.
C’mon, ya wanna dance?
Here’s yer chance girl
C’mon let’s dance the swing.**

**Everyone’s doin’ it
Everyone’s movin’ it
Everyone’s provin’ that
It’s the modern...**

CHORUS (SATB)
**Everyone’s doin’ it
Everyone’s movin’ it
Everyone’s provin’ that...**

CECIL (*to Virginia*)
**Hey you. Yeah you.
C’mon, you wanna dance?
Here’s your chance girl
C’mon let’s dance the swing.**

**Everyone’s doin’ it
Everyone’s movin’ it
Everyone’s provin’ that
It’s the modern...**

CHORUS (SATB)
**Everyone’s doin’ it
Everyone’s movin’ it
Everyone’s provin’ that...**

(Dance Break: Stride Piano and Ragtime, et al.)

CHORUS

Hey you!

I'm gonna tell it to ya one more time.

Move it,

'cuz you've just gotta feel it.

Ya got to move it,

Groove it,

Anyway ya do it is fine.

Bidin' my time,

Give me a line,

**'cuz yer movin' to the beat now baby
really drivin' me so crazy.**

Now you've got to do it with me...

Oh yeah!

(Shout chorus.)

CHORUS (Soprano/Alto)

Movin'

CHORUS (Tenor/Bass)

I'm movin'

CHORUS (SA)

Movin'

CHORUS (TB)

I'm movin'

CHORUS (SA)

Movin'

CHORUS (TB)

I'm movin'

CHORUS (SATB)

it!

(The following scat chorus turns into a competition between WASHINGTON and CECIL, as they both try to outdo the other.)

CHORUS (SA)

Movin'

WASHINGTON

**Oh yeah, I'm
movin'**

CHORUS (TB) *(Scat.)*
I'm movin'

CHORUS (SA) **Yeah**
Movin' movin'

CHORUS (TB) *(Scat.)*
I'm movin'

CHORUS (SA) **Movin'**
(Scat.)

CHORUS (TB) **Movin'**
I'm movin'

CHORUS (SATB) **it!**
it!

Ev'ryone's doin' it.
Ev'ryone's doin' it.
Ev'ryone's doin' it.
Ev'ryone's doin' it.

CECIL
Let's dance,
Get movin'

Ev'ryone's movin' it.
Ev'ryone's doin' it.
Ev'ryone's movin' it.

Oh yeah
movin'
(Scat.)

Ev'ryone's doin' it.
Ev'ryone's movin' it.
Ev'ryone's provin'
that it's the
modern...

movin'
(Scat.)
Ev'ryone's provin'
that it's the
modern...

WASHINGTON
movin'
(Scat.)
Ev'ryone's provin'
that it's the
modern...

CHORUS (SA)
Come on, we're movin' it...

CHORUS (TB)
Come on, we're provin' that...

CHORUS (Bass)
Doin' the...

CHORUS (Tenor)
Movin' the...

CHORUS (Alto)

Doin' the...

CHORUS (Soprano)

Movin' the...

CHORUS (SATB)

...modern thing!

CECIL

...modern thing!

WASHINGTON

...modern thing!

[VIRGINIA motions to CECIL to follow her as the party is now full swing. They exit. The music picks up again and the guests continue to dance.]

[WASHINGTON eyes a beautiful blonde.]

WASHINGTON – Hello there. Your lips look so lonely, would they like to meet mine?

[She giggles and passes on. He sees another beauty.] Let's you and I *move in* together.

[He takes her by the hand and twirls her on to the dance floor.]

[A scrim comes down on the party so that you can see the outlines of the guests. MRS. UMNEY gets out of her maid costume, exits a bit frantically. Light.]

ACT II
Scene 8

The Canterville Chase, Virginia's bedroom.

[VIRGINIA and CECIL sit awkwardly on her bed.]

VIRGINIA – Thank you for coming tonight, Cecil. You're quite a dancer.

CECIL – I wouldn't miss it for the world. Oh Virginia, say "no" no longer. Agree to be my bride.

VIRGINIA – I think it may be several years too soon for anything so drastic. Why don't we have this conversation again when we are a little bit older?

CECIL – Can't fault a chap for trying, can you? Love can cause a fellow to try just about anything.

VIRGINIA – Really. Well, if you ask me, I think love may be a much more complicated matter than you seem to think.

CECIL – That’s where you are wrong. It’s the simplest thing in the world. You just have to trust what your heart tells you. Give over to that, and everything else just falls in line. Well, so, what is your heart telling you?

VIRGINIA – [Hesitates.] Perhaps we should return downstairs. [She starts to leave.]

[Song: **Love?**]

CECIL

**Don’t go, please stay
There’s no need to hurry.
We could talk all night.
It’s not often we are left alone.
I want to do things right.**

**Since I met you
You’re all that I could think of...
Ev’ry day, ev’ry night!
All I want is to hold your hand forever.
To gaze into your eyes.**

**Have you ever been in love?
And it’s all that you feel
No room for doubt
You just know it’s love for real.
Yes you know it’s love for real.**

VIRGINIA

**I’ll admit, I’ve felt a little different
Is it love? Maybe so.
You’re the first to ever care or listen.**

CECIL

Everything...I want to know!

**Have you ever been in love?
And it’s all that you feel
No room for doubt
You just know it’s love for real.**

VIRGINIA

Are you sure it’s love for real?

CECIL

**My heart is beating wildly
So happy here with you.**

**Say I'm not the only one,
Please say you feel something too.**

VIRGINIA

**Could I really be in love?
Could it really be true?
All that I feel...
Maybe I'm in love with you.**

CECIL & VIRGINIA

**Have you ever been in love?
And it's all that you feel
No room for doubt
You just know it's love for real.**

CECIL

**If you've never felt love
Maybe this is how love feels.**

VIRGINIA

**If I've never felt love
Maybe this is how loves feels.**

[CECIL leans over to kiss VIRGINIA and then stops. VIRGINIA smiles and kisses CECIL. A peck at first, then a full fledged kiss.]

[A cock crows twice. The two lovers stop kissing. All of the sudden, there is a horrifying shriek. Thunder and lightning. Lights go crazy. Menacing laugh. The bedroom door is thrown open and SIR SIMON enters, hidden in all in black. He takes VIRGINIA under his cloak and disappears. The lights return to normal. CECIL is visibly shaken. VIRGINIA is gone, in her stead is a note on yellow legal paper.]

CECIL – [Reads.] “Ye Otis Family and maid. Leave Canterville Chase forever, or the girl will die.”

[OSCAR/MRS. UMNEY comes rushing in half dressed as himself and the maid. CECIL doesn't even notice.]

MRS. UMNEY – My dear boy, you look like you've seen a ghost. Oh heavens...you have. Was it him? Tell me boy was it him? [CECIL hands him the note.] Oh dear lord.

[Lights.]

ACT II
Scene 9

Somewhere dark and unknown.

[SIR SIMON has VIRGINIA in hand. They traverse the darkness and fog. There are non-specific “ghosts”, the chorus, hiding randomly in the shadows.]

[Song: **Without Wings**]

SIR SIMON

**I never thought it would come to this
Never thought I'd see this day.
Eleanor, your spirit still haunts me
I don't know what to say
Why won't these nightmares go away?**

**All of these years I have wandered
These halls with never a tear
Now these same halls hold demons
Set out to fill me with fear.**

**So many years of deceiving.
I never thought it would last.
These hundreds of years of pure terror
I am still living my past.**

**All done, finished.
Why do I hold on to dreams?
Seems so pointless
Just like an eagle without wings.**

**Locked in these old chains forever
They hold me fast in my shame.
Can they finally be broken?
Will I restore my name?**

**All by myself it is hopeless
My heart is as black as the night.
Who would want to come help me?
This constant battle I fight.**

**All done, finished.
Why do I hold on to dreams?
Seems so pointless
Just like an eagle without wings.**

**Can the answer be simple?
Could this girl be the one
who holds the key to the promise**

CHORUS

Doo doo doo. (*vocalizations.*)

Doo doo doo....

...

...

Doo doo doo...Aah, ah.

Doo doo doo...

...

...

Doo doo doo...Aah.

All done, finished.

Why do I hold on to dreams?

Seems so pointless

Just like an eagle without wings.

that will see my misery undone.

Or is it...

**All done, finished.
Why do I hold on to dreams?
Seems so pointless now!**

**Please, can't I just run away?
I am helpless
Just like an eagle,**

**I am that eagle--
without wings!**

**All done, finished.
Why do you hold on to dreams?
Seems so pointless now.
Seems so pointless now.
Don't know why I care.
All done, finished.**

I am helpless

Just like an eagle,

**I am that eagle--
without wings!**

[The CHORUS disappears completely into the blackness on stage. SIR SIMON wails in self pity.]

VIRGINIA – Poor, poor ghost. You know you have been very wicked. Mrs. Umney told us, the first day we arrived here, that you had killed your wife, though I still don't know why. In fact, it seems that's all anyone around here talks about.

SIR SIMON – Well, I quite admit it, but it was a purely family matter, and concerned no one else.

VIRGINIA – It is very wrong to kill or kidnap anyone for that matter.

SIR SIMON – Oh I hate the cheap severity of abstract ethics. And spare me the theatrics of your sweet Puritan gravity. [Beat.] Oh, why do I even care? Look at me... a poor excuse for a family ghost. What was I to do, my departed wife's brothers starved me to death, locked me away in a secret passage, chained me to a wall, and left a jug of water and a plate of food just out of reach...

VIRGINIA – That's terrible. You haven't been hungry all this time have you? I could go down to the kitchen and fix you something to eat.

SIR SIMON – No, thank you, I hear Americans are fast with their food. [Beat.] I never eat anything now; but it is very kind of you all the same. You are much nicer than the rest of your horrid, rude, vulgar and dishonest family.

VIRGINIA – Stop! It is you who are rude, and horrid, and vulgar, and as for dishonesty, I know you're still stealing the paints out of my box to try and keep up that ridiculous bloodstain in the parlor. Who has ever heard of emerald green blood?

SIR SIMON – Well really, what was I to do?

VIRGINIA – The best thing you can do is to emigrate and improve your mind. My father will be only too happy to give you a free passage, and even though there is a heavy duty on spirits of every kind, there will be no difficulty about the Custom House, as the officers are all Democrats. [Beat.] Once in New York, you are sure to be a great success. I know lots of people there who would give up their fortunes to have a grandfather, and much more than that to have a family ghost.

SIR SIMON – I don't think I should like America.

VIRGINIA – Fine, have it your way, but you really must let me go!

ACT II
Scene 10

The Canterville Chase, the Main Parlor.

[A howling wind blows. The guests have all left the party and the parlor is strewn with crepe paper, etc. The OTIS family is obviously upset.]

WASHINGTON – I thought I saw her leave with Cecil.

MRS. OTIS – I should have been more careful. What an awful mother I am to lose my daughter in my very own home. [MRS. UMNEY enters, CECIL follows along with the other FORMER GHOSTS.] Oh, Mrs. Umney have you seen Virginia? Cecil?!

CECIL – We were in her bedroom—

MR. OTIS – What?

CECIL – Sir, we were just talking and well, I kissed her too, but...

MRS. UMNEY – Show them.

[CECIL produces the yellow paper. The family reads it and are horrified.]

MR. OTIS – How dare he!

LEWIS & CLARK – We’ll get him. We’ll blow’em to hell!

MRS. OTIS – Boys! [Faint.] Oh dear, do something.

FORMER COOK – The lout!

FORMER PRIEST – I’ll look outside.

WASHINGTON – I’ll come with you.

FORMER MAID – I’ll take the back.

FORMER COOK – I’ll take the kitchen.

MRS. OTIS – Oh dear. [Fanning herself. MRS. UMNEY helps her lie down on the couch.]

CECIL – I’ve already been through the house. If it’s all right with you, Mr. Otis, I’d like to help Washington search outside.

MR. OTIS – It’s really storming outside, Cecil. Perhaps you should stay inside.

CECIL – Please. I can’t bear the thought of being inside if there’s even a chance that Virginia might be outside in this weather. Besides, if you had let us be engaged when I had first proposed, there never would have been all this trouble.

WASHINGTON – Oh brother.

CECIL – Really, you mean it?!

[Lights.]

ACT II
Scene 11

Somewhere dark and unknown.

[Exactly where we last left off.]

SIR SIMON – I wish I could let you go. But I can’t. Your family would never let me go.

[Long pause.]

VIRGINIA – There is one way to escape. Are you familiar with the verse etched on the mantle in my room?

SIR SIMON – I inscribed it myself.

VIRGINIA – And on your wife’s grave. [He’s a bit startled.] I memorized it:

*When a golden girl can win
Prayer from out the lips of sin,
When the barren almond bears,*

SIR SIMON – I know, I know.

VIRGINIA – [continues to recite.]

*And a little child gives away its tears,
Then shall all the house be still
And peace come to Canterville.*

[beat] It doesn’t rhyme very well.

SIR SIMON – That’s because you’ve got a funny American accent. [Pause. Beat.] It’s impossible! To expect someone to weep for my sins, because I have no tears. And pray for my soul, because I have no faith. And forgive me for what I have done, because I cannot forgive myself. Impossible!

VIRGINIA – Why?

SIR SIMON – Because of the terrible thing I did in life, I have no right to forgive myself. Death has no memory. If I were to stop being a ghost, I might forget the terrible thing I did. As long as I am not allowed to truly die, I must always remember. I killed her.

[VIRGINIA is crying.]

VIRGINIA – [Laughing through the tears.] While it’s true that we women can hold a grudge for a very long time, and I can think of nothing that would earn the holding of a grudge so much as if someone were to kill me, I’ll forgive you Simon...I forgive you. [She takes his hand.] Now you must ask forgiveness from your wife. Go on.

SIR SIMON – Eleanor...are you there...Eleanor..can you hear me? I am sorry. I am sorry for the awful deed I have done to you. My heart weeps for you...Eleanor...

[Song: **Fly Away**]

VIRGINIA

You’re fin’lly free now

Your past is over.

It’s time to look ahead, move on.

It’s never easy to say goodbye.

**I know I've felt it too.
It means your leaving
All that's familiar,
But it means you're headed someplace new.**

**Go on, she's waiting.
You've been forgiven.
It means mistakes have been forgotten.
Go on, you're ready
To see her again
And make your dreams come true.
I bet she's smiling.
She's prob'ly crying
To know she'll finally be with you.**

**Now's your chance
Don't be afraid to move on
Just take that step and trust the unknown.
Here's your chance
You're free to fly away
Take wing and go.**

SIR SIMON
**I never thought this day
would ever come.
I'd given up wishing
I had no hope until today.
So why am I so anxious and awkward
to leave this misery that's been my home.
Am I...
ready to go?!**

[The sound of wind. It stops abruptly. A blinding bright light breaks through the darkness.]

CHORUS (*off stage*)
Then all the house be still
(ELEANOR appears in the light.)
And peace come to Canterville.

SIR SIMON – Eleanor? Eleanor, is that you?

ELEANOR – It's me, Simon

VIRGINIA – You're the voice. The one crying.

ELEANOR – Thank you. [She gives VIRGINIA a flower from the almond tree.]

[VIRGINIA steps back. SIR SIMON and ELEANOR grasp hands, tears come to his eyes.]

SIR SIMON
Now's *my* chance
Don't be afraid to move on.
Just take that step
and trust the unknown.
Here's *my* chance
***I'm* free to fly away**
Take wing and go.

ELEANOR
Now's *your* chance
Don't be afraid to move on.
Just take that step
And trust the unknown.
Here's *your* chance
***you're* free to fly away**
Take wing and go.

VIRGINIA
You'll fly away.

SIR SIMON
I'm free to go.

VIRGINIA & ELEANOR
Yes, fly away.

SIR SIMON & ELEANOR
**We're free to fly...
 away!**

VIRGINIA
**You're free to fly...
 away!**

[ELEANOR and SIR SIMON walk into the bright light together and disappear. VIRGINIA waves goodbye and sits down, a little overwhelmed. Music segues. Lights change, the bright light is the moon. It shines mutedly on VIRGINIA. Time has passed.]

[Reprise: **That's How I'll Know**]

VIRGINIA
I want to hold on to this moment
To the peace that I feel inside.
Life is different, somehow changed for good.
It's something that I cannot hide.

(The moon becomes the focus.)

As the moon shine's bright
Like the sun through the night.

(A garden of roses is intimated in the colors and the lights that burst on the stage.

The OTIS family, CECIL and MRS. UMNEY appear one by one.)

See the world with roses

To the sky.
And that's how I'll know.
Know.
I know.
And now I know.

The Canterville Chase, the Main Parlor.

CECIL – Virginia?! [He takes her in his arms and hugs her. The family stares in disbelief. He notices and steps away awkwardly.]

MRS. OTIS – Oh Virginia! [She hugs her.] Oh sweetie, I love you. I was so worried. [Kisses her.] Are you all right?

MR. OTIS – [Recovering from all his shock.] Where is he? Did he hurt you?

LEWIS & CLARK – We'll blow him up...POW! BANG!! BAM!!!

WASHINGTON – That son of a –

VIRGINIA – Stop! All of you stop! I'm fine.

MRS. UMNEY – [Incredibly nervous.] Sir Simon? Is he alive? Oh dear me... [hugs VIRGINIA.]

VIRGINIA – I'm fine. He's fine too. It's true, he took me rather by force, but he was such a sad soul.

MRS. UMNEY – Oh my child. I was so afraid. He was—

VIRGINIA – Desperate. But he's finally free now. He's been forgiven.

MRS. UMNEY – Free?! I'm free?! [She faints. Thunder and lightning.]

CLARK – Look! [He points to the bloodstain.]

WASHINGTON – Remarkable!

MR. OTIS – [Looking out the window.] Well, I'll be...the almond tree has bloomed.

WASHINGTON – The stain is gone!

MR. OTIS – Only in England son, only in England.

LEWIS – Dad, is she dead?

[Lights change. The FORMER GHOSTS appear. The next song acts as a segue between this and the final scene.]

[Reprise: **The Promise IV**]

GHOST CHORUS (*Subdued.*)

**When a golden girl can win
Prayer from out the lips of sin.
When the barren almond bears,
And a little child gives way its tears,
Then all the house be still, the house so still.
And peace come to Canterville.**

ACT II
Scene 12

The Canterville Chase, the Garden.

[The Promise comes to an end. There is a small gathering of people, including the OTIS family, CECIL, LORD CANTERVILLE, MRS. UMNEY and the FORMER GHOSTS. For the most part, they are dressed for a funeral. They stand at SIR SIMON’s gravesite, next to ELEANOR’s grave, which has been cleaned.]

LORD CANTERVILLE – That was fine service, Reverend. Mr. Otis, I don’t believe I’ve yet introduced you to the Reverent Augustus Damier.

MR. OTIS – A pleasure, Reverend. I have to agree with Lord Canterville. That was a fine, fine service, especially for an Anglican...and a Cambridge man, to boot.

FORMER PRIEST – [“Acting” of course] Thank you, Mr. Otis. Lord Canterville tells me you’re a Harvard man. I trust I didn’t speak too fast? Or use any words that were too big for you to understand? [LORD CANTERVILLE and the FORMER PRIEST laugh. MR. OTIS joins in.]

MRS. OTIS – Four hundred years...he must have been a kind man...confused, but kind.

FORMER COOK – He was a lout.

FORMER PRIEST – [Mockingly reenacts murder.] “You deceive me, my own wife deceive me, you ungrateful—“ [He jumps to other side and takes a stabbing.]

MRS. UMNEY – Stop!

FORMER GARDNER – [Shoveling dirt on to the grave.] I'm done I tell you, the last straw.

FORMER MAID – Stabbed in the heart.

FORMER PRIEST – Actually just below.

MRS. OTIS – That's awful.

VIRGINIA – He's been forgiven now. [Dead silence.]

LORD CANTERVILLE – I almost forgot! The strangest thing occurred last night. As I was laying down to sleep, was I ever tired after such a splendid party Mrs. Otis—I noticed a box on the nightstand. I opened it up and—[Produces a wooden box.] Look.

ALL – Wow!

LORD CANTERVILLE – I had heard tale of the famous jewel necklace that Sir Simon de Canterville presented his wife at their nuptials, but I thought it was lost forever. [Beat.] I believe its rightful owner is now Virginia. I'm sure Eleanor would want you to have it. Thank you Virginia. Thank you. [He kisses her on the forehead.]

MR. OTIS – Those are certainly worth a pretty penny.

WASHINGTON – [Tries to calculate worth.] Oh forgot it! They must be worth well over a million pounds!

LEWIS & CLARK – I wanna see. Lemme see.

VIRGINIA – [LORD CANTERVILLE hands her the necklace.] Thank you.

CECIL – Here let me help you. [CECIL puts the necklace around VIRGINIA's neck.]

MRS. OTIS – So beautiful!

CECIL – Virginia, I should tell you that last night I officially asked your father for your hand in marriage. [Pause.] Again.

VIRGINIA – And what was his response?

CECIL – While not definitive, he did suggest that if you were found, and you were, that my odds were favorable. In three or four years I will have broken him.

VIRGINIA – Then your timing will be just about right. [She kisses him.]

WASHINGTON – Virginia! Have some decency. We're all standing right here.

LEWIS & CLARK – Virginia’s got a suitor! Virginia’s got a suitor!

VIRGINIA – And so what if I do?!

LEWIS & CLARK – [Deflated.] Oh. [They seek another target.] Washington doesn’t have anyone. Washington doesn’t have anyone!

WASHINGTON – Hey! [He chases after them.]

MRS. UMNEY watching this all take place has finally broken down in tears of joy. The FORMER GHOSTS notice.]

FORMER GARDNER – You big sob. You’re such a prissy man...I mean woman. [EVERYONE stops what they are doing and stares.] I’m sorry, I meant *woman*.

MRS. UMNEY – Oh, what the hell...we’re celebrating, right? He’s dead...what do I have to hide! [She takes off her maid’s costume and becomes a man...OSCAR. The FORMER GHOSTS cheer. The OTISES and LORD CANTERVILLE are incredulous.]

MR. OTIS – I always thought you were a queer one, Mrs. ... uh, Mr. Umney.

OSCAR – Call me Oscar!

[Song: **Finale—Take Him Home**]

OSCAR

(Like a lullaby.)

**He was wicked as hell
Debauched and scarred.
Years of keeping up appearances.
This man was our friend.
He’s “touched” all our lives.
It’s hard to see him go.**

(The rhythm kicks in—gospel style. OSCAR “sings” to the dearly departed.)

**The mem’ries will last
All the time spent with you.
Years of keeping up appearances.
I played a large role--**

GHOST CHORUS

Yes, you kept him well dressed.

OSCAR

It’s the least that I could do.

GHOST CHORUS

**Now we're free from the chains
of the spell that was cast.
Forced to keep up all appearances.
We had a swell time
But it's good to be free.
Our evil days are past.**

GHOST CHORUS

Alleluja!

FORMER MAID

Oh, take him home.

GHOST CHORUS

Alleluja!

FORMER PRIEST

Take my brother home.

GHOST CHORUS & OTIS FAMILY

Alleluja!

OSCAR

Oh yes, it's time to take him home.

OSCAR & GHOST CHORUS

Alleluja...

And amen.

ALL

**Now we're free from this man
Who decided our fate.
Kept us keeping up appearances.
But it's time to move on.
Yes, the limit's the sky.
A "red letter" day.**

Alleluja!

FORMER COOK

Oh, take him home.

ALL
Alleluja!

FORMER GARDNER
Take my brother home.

ALL
Alleluja!

CECIL
Yes, it's time to take him home.

ALL
Alleluja...
And amen.

(OSCAR dons a stunning and regal purple jacket. The “Dismal Charade” theme reoccurs.)

OSCAR
Now's my chance
To exit in style.
Such romance
In this purple jacket of mine
So supple and fine.
The perfect ensemble.
It's all ermine.

Time to go!
To say au revoir.
From head to toe, I am ready.
I won't be outdone.
I'm second to none.
Thank you Sir Simon...
Now I can to run.

OSCAR – I'm waiting.

(A gaudy silver and gold star comes swinging down stopping in front of OSCAR. Delighted, OSCAR regally steps onto the star and seats himself, careful to look his best. The CHORUS “ooh” and “ah”.)

OSCAR – Look how well I coordinate! [Smiles and strikes a languid pose.] Take me a way...to the stars and beyond!

(The star rises very slowly and dramatically. The music becomes more raucous with lots of clapping and scatting.)

ALL

Alleluja!

MRS. OTIS

Oh, take him home.

ALL

Alleluja!

MR. OTIS

Take my brother home.

ALL

Alleluja!

WASHINGTON

Oh yes, it's time to take him home.

(Key change.)

CHORUS

Alleluja!

VIRGINIA

Oh, take him home.

ALL

Alleluja!

CECIL

Take our brother home.

ALL

Alleluja!

OSCAR

Oh yes, it's time to take him home.

ALL

Alleluja...

Alleluja...

Alleluja...

OSCAR – Farewell! Adieu!

(OSCAR disappears on the star.)

ALL

And amen!

[The music plays out. The lights go to black on the last note, all except for a spot on SIR SIMON's grave and VIRGINIA. Their spots fade slowly into complete blackout.]

THE END