

JOHN

I won't read it. It's just a scribbling. He's sick.

LUCIA

But what has he written?

BOB

Just let this sordid

Game be over!

JOHN

It's not sordid. It's just, -

SAM

I despise him for that. That's what he writes!

MARCELLA

Let me have that page. *I despise him for that.*
That's what he feels?

JOHN

He doesn't mean it in
That way, he is only expressing his, -

SAM

Since when did you begin to take his side?
Proud you aren't the one that he despises?

JOHN

You misunderstand him.

MARCELLA

That Pretentious hack!

LUCIA

Let's go, Sam.

BOB

We need to let the man finish.

MARCELLA

Why should we?

BOB

Otherwise he'll never stop.

SAM

This has nothing to do with you, Bob.

LUCIA

What has he done to deserve such hatred?

JOHN

He doesn't mean it in a malicious way.
He only wishes he could love you in
The way he should.

SAM

But he hates me!

JOHN

No, Sam.

It's himself he hates. He can't love anyone.

MARCELLA

But this isn't some fantasy, John.
This is no little game he plays on canvas.
I have forgiven him one too many nights;
Letting him hurt me over and over
And over again. But I won't let him
Hurt my child more.

SAM

I can defend myself!

MARCELLA

I'll kill that man, -

SAM

I will kill him!

JOHN

You're all

Over-reacting. You don't understand him.
I'm sure that if you give him just a - My God.

(LAWRENCE enters, dressed extravagantly.)

MARCELLA

You vain, pretentious son of a bitch.

LAWRENCE

(He recites by memory)

Epilogue: As a failure

SAM

Why'd you write it?

LAWRENCE

A brave man moves the world to suit his pleasure.

SAM

Why did you make me build this?

LUCIA

Leave him, Sam.

LAWRENCE

And the coward lets his meager self be moved.

MARCELLA

What have we done?

SAM

What did I ever do?

LAWRENCE

*I owned the smartest glances at my leisure,
Tainting or restoring minds as it behooved
The scarlet muse that allowed my dominance.*

MARCELLA

Listen to him! Fantastic liar!
And we are made to listen to this?

JOHN

Mother, -

MARCELLA

This is what we've been forced to wait for?

LAWRENCE

*I have been the picture of male influence,
Of sensibility and affluence,
With two sons to add to the magnificence.*

SAM

Tell me what I've done and I can fix it.

LAWRENCE

*Yet that lush portrait is all of a barren
Landscape now, as, -*

LUCIA

Don't listen to him, Sam.

LAWRENCE

*Yet that lush portrait is all of a barren
Landscape now, as mortal as my bloodline.
Handsome nothings for an emptier time;
One whose own election makes him barren, -*

JOHN

Bastard.

LAWRENCE

*One whose own election makes him barren
And the other made sterile by accident.*

SAM

I'll kill you!

(He moves to strike, but JOHN restrains him.)

JOHN

No! Don't give him the pleasure!

SAM

(As he struggles)
Liar! Liar! Liar! Liar. Liar.

(He collapses into his brother's arms)

MARCELLA

This is strength to you? Does this make you
Feel like a powerful man, Lawrence?
Look at what you have done to - Look at him!

LAWRENCE

And I remain a statue made of sand.

MARCELLA

Of Nothing! Of lies! Of lies. How could you?

JOHN

Lucia. Would you help us into the house?

Yes. Yes.

LUCIA

JOHN
Lucia, a hand?

LUCIA
What? Oh, yes.

JOHN
Mother. Mother!

MARCELLA
Yes?

JOHN
Take his other side, please.

MARCELLA
What?

JOHN
With Sam. Help her with Sam.

MARCELLA
Oh. Yes. I will.

(MARCELLA, LUCIA, and SAM exit.)

JOHN
I've tried my best to be patient with you.
I've tried to pity you as a sickly failure
Rather than despise you as my Father.
But you hurt him in a way that betrays
All sympathy.

LAWRENCE
And what of honesty?

JOHN
What about your son?

LAWRENCE
She wanted honesty.

JOHN
Why'd you have to tell him like that?

BOB
It's the
Only way he knows.

JOHN
Hidden behind artifice, -

BOB
His dead Mother In a photograph.

JOHN
I understand you, now. More than ever.
But that doesn't mean you have my respect.

LAWRENCE
I never wanted your respect.

BOB
What did
You want out of this?

LAWRENCE
I need to be alone.

BOB
You don't even remember, now, do you?

LAWRENCE
Please, I would like to be let alone now.

BOB
You subject your loved ones to a sadistic
Masque, and for what purpose?

JOHN
Bob, don't.

BOB
For what purpose?

JOHN
Bob!

BOB

And don't think I am fooled by your distant
Gaze and noble posture. I've been watching you.
Inside you weep like a little child,
Like the little boy who wept for his Mother,
And wondered how he could hurt the most
The very things he loved. I pity you
For the guilt you must have, but you must know,
"There is none so foolish as to love his own death."

LAWRENCE

Surprising to hear such moral eloquence
From the man who is fucking my youngest son.

(BOB punches LAWRENCE in the stomach. LAWRENCE falls.)

BOB

I'm so sorry, John. That was unlike me.

JOHN

He deserves more. But nothing from us.

(They exit, and Lawrence rises.)

Roll camera. You may begin to film again.

JOAO

I have all that I need.

LAWRENCE

Roll camera!

JOAO

I'm finished here, friend.

LAWRENCE

I shall tell you when
You are finished!

(JOAO laughs.)

LAWRENCE

Ask me another question.

(SVEN enters.)

SVEN

John says we get to pick one each.

JOAO

You've stooped!

SVEN

I watched through the window.

JOAO

Hard to resist, eh?

LAWRENCE

Ask me another question, please.

JOAO

Quiet. You're dead.

Since you walked out early, I pick first.

SVEN

That's fair.

Which one do you like?

JOAO

(He takes one off an easel)

I've got a taste for this one.

SVEN

Good. I like the self-portrait.

JOAO

I do too.

SVEN

But you can't have it. It's mine.

JOAO

I know it's yours.

LAWRENCE

They aren't yours!

JOAO

Sure they are.

SVEN

We earned them.

LAWRENCE

They're mine!

JOAO

But you're dead.

SVEN

Rightfully ours now.

JOAO

Your reputation is worth more than these, -

SVEN

And if we forget what happened tonight, -

JOAO

Our amnesia is worth quite a bit to that John.

SVEN

Worth a couple of his pretty pictures, at least.

LAWRENCE

They're not his!

SVEN

You're right.

JOAO

They're ours, now.

LAWRENCE

(As JOAO and SVEN exit)

All right. I don't care about the paintings.
Take them all!

JOAO

Not for a carcass to give!

LAWRENCE

But won't you ask me another question - please?
Ask me another goddamn question, I beg you!
I would tell you anything. Anything.

(JOAO and SVEN exit with the paintings.)

LAWRENCE

Please don't leave me alone!

JOAO

(singing) *The rain, it falls..*

(MARCELLA enters.)

MARCELLA

You.

LAWRENCE

Marcella! Thank you! Let me explain.
I'm sorry if I was misunderstood.

MARCELLA

I understood you. I understand you.
And a moment ago, a part of me hoped
To find you dead in here.

LAWRENCE

Yet here I am.

MARCELLA

There you are.

LAWRENCE

I want you to hear my ap, -

MARCELLA

Do you think I'm here for you?

LAWRENCE

There's no one else.

MARCELLA

The world's bigger than this room.

LAWRENCE

But don't

You want to hear my reasons?

MARCELLA

I don't give a damn
About your reasons. I'm here for my son.

LAWRENCE

I revealed the painful truth to the boy, -

MARCELLA

Shut up! Listen. I want you to lie to him, now.

LAWRENCE

You sound yourself again.

MARCELLA

Don't you mock me!

Don't you dare lay your sardonic wit on me!

LAWRENCE

You're hysterical!

MARCELLA

I'm responsible.

LAWRENCE

And honest?

MARCELLA

Honesty nearly killed him!

If you can persuade him it all was a joke,
I don't know. If we could wait a while,
Until he has had some rest, and you're gone,
And the memories are not so near to him,
Then he'll be fit to understand the truth.

LAWRENCE

The memory is the problem, Marcella.
He heard what I said.

MARCELLA

He's a simple man.

And he'll always mistake you for a God, Lawrence.
A lie will help us ease him into the truth.
I'll tell him it was all for play, as always.
And he'll want to believe me, to keep loving you.
You promised you would clean up your mess.

LAWRENCE

How do you recommend I go about this?

MARCELLA

You'll do it?

LAWRENCE
Have I any choice?

MARCELLA
No.

LAWRENCE
Fine.

MARCELLA
You're an artist.

LAWRENCE
I am?

MARCELLA
Be artistic.

(LUCIA enters.)

MARCELLA
Lucia. We didn't hear you coming.

LAWRENCE
She moves so gracefully.

MARCELLA
Like a dancer.

LAWRENCE
Or a forest nymph, shimmering in the rain.

LUCIA
Stop singing those false ringing tones at me!

MARCELLA
Lucia, we did not mean to, -

LUCIA
Quiet!
The only words you people speak are lies.
Oh, and I see you've already given
In to his grotesque, false apologies.

MARCELLA
I have not.

LAWRENCE

She has not.

MARCELLA

See?

LUCIA

Listen to me.

When this nightmare has ended, And Sam is freed
From this house of lies, He and I will be
Lost to all of you! And, And, -

MARCELLA

And what?

LUCIA

And nothing. I want to be so vicious
Towards the both of you right now.
I want to wretchedly scream, "liars! Liars!"
And tear one of your horrible pictures
to shreds.

MARCELLA

Lucia, -

LUCIA

But I am not that selfish.

I concern myself with so much more than the
Satisfaction of my grotesque fantasies.
I am capable of loving someone
Other than myself. So tell me what
You've hidden all this time from us.

LAWRENCE

I'll tell her.

MARCELLA

No. She's waited for the truth,
And you would muck it up with lies.

LUCIA

Then tell me.

MARCELLA

When he was fourteen Lawrence bought him
A motorcycle. And at sixteen he

Had an accident.

LUCIA
What kind of accident?

LAWRENCE
He had an accident! That's enough.

MARCELLA
And the doctor told us he may be, -

LUCIA
What?

MARCELLA
Unfit to Father, -

LAWRENCE
After the accident.

LUCIA
What happened?

LAWRENCE
It was a cruel accident!
Why should you need to know more?

LUCIA
So it's not my fault
That we don't have a daughter?

MARCELLA
No, Lucia.
It's not any one's fault.

LUCIA
You're both at fault!
How could you? You told him he was perfect,
When inside a gaping wound was festering?

MARCELLA
I promise we weren't sure. Right, Lawrence?

LUCIA
You knew. You know him so well, Marcella.
I'm sure you could sense the emptiness inside him.
I always could. And now, it spreads through me.

MARCELLA

We'd tell him, -

LAWRENCE

I told him, -

LUCIA

You didn't! You gave
Him a stinking mass of cruel artifice
That he still only vaguely understands.

MARCELLA

And we will keep it that way. At least for
A while; until he is fit to bear the truth.

LUCIA

He'll never be fit for the truth, you see?
It's too late. You raised him on illusions,
And that is all he shall ever live on.

LAWRENCE

What are you saying?

LUCIA

He must never know.
He'll never find out. The truth would kill him.
But I must be sure he will never know.
We'll have a baby, Someday really soon,
And she'll be his, in all the ways that matter.
I'll lie to him, but with the best intentions,
And justified by what you've placed me in.

LAWRENCE

That's absurd!

MARCELLA

Unthinkable!

LAWRENCE

Unnatural!

LUCIA

And the only way your son can survive!

LAWRENCE

Has he hinted, -

LUCIA

I'm his wife! I love him -
 Though I don't think you know what that entails.
 He needs not tell me anything. He would
 End his life thinking it was the best for me.
 I've been blind in my ambition to bear
 A child, to the point of forgetting myself.
 And if he knows he'll never provide for us,
 He will set me free of him.

LAWRENCE

I don't believe you.

MARCELLA

I think I believe her.

LAWRENCE

You're both insane!

LUCIA

What else do you expect of me? You'd rather
 Me float in some delicate fantasy,
 Like some pale and idle heroine,
 Waiting for horrors I know are imminent,
 But am too pure and virtuous to prevent?
 Should I martyr myself for the sake of
 Inaction, and untried innocence?
 What you see is a girl from another time,
 But what I am is a woman of action,
 Who doesn't bathe herself with pretty lies
 Of half-confronted wounds. Let me suffer,
 So long as I know I live! And have a choice.
 A martyr is the conqueror's gift
 To the defeated and defiled.
 I have no trust for such ideal illusions.

MARCELLA

I've never known a woman of more strength.

LAWRENCE

But I still doubt, -

LUCIA

You don't have a right to doubt me!

LAWRENCE

I'm his Father!

LUCIA

Listen how strange that sounds!
Your word means nothing to my decision, for you've
Been just as lethal to your son as that
Cancer in your brain will soon be to you.
Have you anything to say to that? Good.

MARCELLA

But who do you plan to? I can't say this.

LUCIA

It's John I will ask.

MARCELLA

You will?

LUCIA

He loves Sam.

And will understand.

(The laughter of John is heard
outside.)

MARCELLA

John!

(John enters.)

JOHN

Hello.

MARCELLA

What's so funny?

JOHN

What? Nothing.

MARCELLA

Where's Sam?

JOHN

He's gone to the beach.

MARCELLA

What? For how long?

JOHN

I don't know.

LAWRENCE

He would always run off there.
I'd hear him rinse the sand off his shoes at dawn,
Many mornings.

MARCELLA

But why'd you let him go?

JOHN

He makes a choice for himself the first time
In years and you ask me why?

LUCIA

We're just asking.
We just care so much about, -

JOHN

You women.
You think with your tits and your wombs you can
Fix everything.

MARCELLA

John!

JOHN

They make you so much
Less interesting, but so much more dangerous.

(John begins to exit)

MARCELLA

Where are you going?

JOHN

To wait by a warm fire.
I've been out in the rain too long.

(John exits.)

MARCELLA

He knows.

LAWRENCE

He was outside, listening.

LUCIA

He'll tell Sam.

LAWRENCE

No, he won't. I'll set him straight. This is likely
All my fault, in the first place.

MARCELLA

No. You stay

Here. It's best I go.

LAWRENCE

No. It's my job, -

MARCELLA

It's not.

It's best I go, and you stay here, with Lucia.
I love you both. So much. And Sam. And John.
We don't have time. But we'll make things right again.

(MARCELLA exits.)

LUCIA

You believe that, don't you? That we can make
This right, and that everything will be fixed?

LAWRENCE

Yes. Yes, I do.

LUCIA

Good. Because it's possible,
And perfectly reasonable.

LAWRENCE

I know.

LUCIA

And it's not some crazy plot like John thinks.

LAWRENCE

No. It's the right thing to do. The right thing
To do for the situation we have
Found ourselves in. Or have placed ourselves in.

LUCIA

Good, good. You seem to not be in so much pain.
And I can tell you're not hiding it like before.

LAWRENCE

The pain is gone. Or at least, distracted.

LUCIA

That's a relief. But what happened to your paintings?

LAWRENCE

Oh. Don't worry about those.

LUCIA

I want to know.

LAWRENCE

The reporters ran off with them.

LUCIA

And you

Didn't stop them?

LAWRENCE

Those paintings bought my dignity.

LUCIA

You'll see them again soon, on the walls
Of some distinguished museum.

LAWRENCE

You think so?

LUCIA

I think your work will live forever.

LAWRENCE

No, Lucia. These days, fine art is a plastic
Yellow triangle in the corner of a
Whitewashed room.

LUCIA

Not for long.

LAWRENCE

At my last show,

A young artist, but I can't call him an artist;
But a little punk that some call an artist
Approached me half-drunk in front of his
Young hangers on and smiled, and told me he
"Questioned the viability of paint",
And then walked away, reveling in it.
I felt like a beat-up old watch.

LUCIA

He's only angry he could be so young,
And have so little imagination.

LAWRENCE

But he's young, and pretty, and that's all that matters.
Don't you see that he is replacing me?
I'm being replaced by nothing, Lucia.
Nothing.

LUCIA

He's merely a distraction
From all that's timeless. And he knows it, I'm sure.
But you'll remain.

LAWRENCE

Do you really think so?

LUCIA

Even if you wished to be forgotten.

LAWRENCE

I can't imagine ever having that
desire.

LUCIA

I can't imagine it either.

(They exit together
as the lights fade.)

ACT FOUR

(An hour has passed. The rain falls harder, now. SAM and JOHN enter the studio.)

SAM

When I was young, I walked along the shore
At night and felt so small and lonely;
And mad that I could matter so little
But still dream myself a hero; and still
See myself as serious and as perfect
As those stars that had once been named for Gods.
Sometimes I thought I was for all of them,
As they had at once been made just for me,
And some nights I even lived without a body,
Until the tide rose into my tennis shoes
And told me I was human, and ashamed.
So I'd beat myself to silence, to deform
That part of me that I knew God spoke through.
It would have been too much pressure, otherwise.
But part of me, I think, stayed pure until tonight.
Now I look up at that vast speckled egg
Of a sky, up at all the stars - some living,
Some dying, some already dead, all without me -
And all I feel is relief. I've won, you see?
I can look at that teeming mess of life
Without envy. No matter what I do,
I won't do too much harm to anything.
No matter how hard I try.

JOHN

Don't say that.

(SAM turns on the radio. The Chopin Mazurka is heard that played in Act One.)

JOHN

I have something important to tell you.

SAM

I like this song.

JOHN

Sam.

SAM
Yes?

JOHN
I said I need
To speak to you.

SAM
That's what you said at the beach.

JOHN
Could you turn the radio down, please?

SAM
Fine.

(He turns the radio off.)

JOHN
I found you down there and brought you in here
Because I think there is something you need
To know that no one else is telling you.

SAM
Calm down. You don't sound yourself.

JOHN
Neither do you.
But I think that as your brother, it's my job
To be absolutely honest with you,
And to give you the respect and honesty
You deserve.

SAM
Calm down, John.

JOHN
I'm upset, Sam.
This family has lied to you. I've lied
To you.

SAM
I've lied to you, too.

JOHN
No, you haven't.
Not like we have. But I'll make this right.

SAM

We all lie to those we love.

JOHN

Not like this.

SAM

Otherwise we don't love them.

JOHN

Don't say that.

We've been horrible to you!

SAM

I forgive you.

JOHN

I don't want you to forgive me!

SAM

Why not?

JOHN

Can't you see what they are doing to you?

SAM

I understand.

JOHN

Do you care?

SAM

I forgive them.

JOHN

Are you alive? Have you any passion?

BOB (from outside)

John!

(Enter MARCELLA and BOB)

JOHN

What happened?

BOB
I tried.

MARCELLA
How was the beach?

SAM
It was beautiful.

MARCELLA
Oh, that's wonderful.
Even in the rain?

SAM
It's the best in the rain.

MARCELLA
Well, Bob and I came down to ask if you'd
Help us with the dishes.

SAM
Of course.

MARCELLA
Your hands
Are so cold, Sam.

JOHN
Are you an idiot?
Or do you just not even give a damn?

MARCELLA
Come with me, Sam.

JOHN
You've got to hear me!
They've no respect for you! Are you a man?

MARCELLA
He's full of lies.

JOHN
Are you even human?

SAM
Let me go, John. Let me make my own choices.

JOHN

Oh, don't give me that - He's taken her, Sam;
All that you could ever share; he has her!
Now he has it all. Now he has enough!

MARCELLA

He's hates you, Sam. He's envious of you.
The degenerate wishes he could love
And be loved in the way we are meant to!

JOHN

Mother?

MARCELLA

Ones like him are not to be trusted.
Your Father wants to talk to you, Sam.
And Lucia as well. They are waiting.
In the kitchen. Come.

SAM

No.

MARCELLA

Sam?

SAM

Why'd you hurt him?

MARCELLA

I'm trying to protect you.

SAM

Liar.

MARCELLA

Come, Sam.

SAM

No.

MARCELLA

Come with me!

SAM

No!

MARCELLA
You prefer to stay with these?

SAM
I'll wring your neck if you say any more!

MARCELLA
I only love you, Sam!

SAM
Get out of here!

MARCELLA
Don't you love your Mother?

SAM
Leave us alone,
Or I'll hurt you back, just like you hurt him!

MARCELLA
But Sam, -

SAM
(As he forces her out of the studio)
Liar! You can't lie to him anymore!

(MARCELLA exits.)

SAM
You know she didn't mean it, right?

JOHN
I don't care.

SAM
She loves you. She only wanted my attention.

JOHN
Oh?

SAM
I'd feel guilty if you thought that I'd, -

JOHN
You've never been guilty of anything.
Come with us, Sam. You're too honest for this place.

Not yet.

SAM

JOHN
We'll wait for you.

SAM
I know the way.

(LAWRENCE enters.)

JOHN
Come. Whenever you're ready. I can't.

SAM
Goodbye.

(JOHN and BOB exit.)

LAWRENCE
Sam?

SAM
It's been very hard to be your son.

LAWRENCE
I know.

SAM
To be the lowly son of brilliance.

LAWRENCE
Sam, -

SAM
The world itself must be in love with you.

LAWRENCE

No, -

SAM
Listen to me. Some even call you a genius.

LAWRENCE
Not anymore.

SAM

Listen to me.

LAWRENCE

I'm a fraud!

SAM

No, you're not! Do you know what it feels like
To be the son of a great man like you?

LAWRENCE

No.

SAM

I only knew you loved me when you said
It in an interview; when they asked you about
Your children and you said you cherished them.
I was so proud to have been mentioned.

LAWRENCE

Sam.

SAM

I'm not sore about it. It's not your fault.
The world said you were too much for just me.
You were meant for all to love, and live within.
They decided that, Father. All you did was paint.

LAWRENCE

Their love for me is as illusory as my art.

SAM

No, their love is real! And it's worth much more than me.
That's why I've forgiven Lucia, Dad.
I know it's impossible not to love you.

LAWRENCE

She doesn't love me. She lives for you!

SAM

She loves me?

LAWRENCE

That's the only reason why, -

SAM

How could she love me? I'm nothing, Dad.

LAWRENCE

No, Sam. You're not seeing things clearly.

SAM

The world just wasn't made for things like me.

LAWRENCE

I will get Lucia, Sam. She'll explain.

SAM

But I'm so grateful you let me build this.
I got to see the world how you designed it.
And it was so beautiful, I never
Wanted to finish.

LAWRENCE

Just wait here, Sammy.

(LAWRENCE goes out to the garden.)

LAWRENCE

Lucia! Lucia! Lucia!

(SAM opens the coffin. Then,
he takes out a knife and cuts
his wrists.)

SAM

Father!

(LAWRENCE enters.)

LAWRENCE

Sammy. Sammy, what have you done?

SAM

(He drops the knife)
I'm sorry, Dad. I had to see even more.

LAWRENCE

Sammy!

SAM

Don't touch me! Please, would you let me keep this?

LAWRENCE

Sam.

SAM

For once I can see this place as you do.

LAWRENCE

I'm so sorry, Sam.

SAM

It's overwhelming.

LAWRENCE

Won't you let me help you?

SAM

It's sublime, Father.

LAWRENCE

I'm a monster.

SAM

You're beautiful.

LAWRENCE

No, Sam.

SAM

You're everything I always knew you were.
You will live forever.

LAWRENCE

Don't say those words.

SAM

But would you help me finish this?

LAWRENCE

I'll get help.

SAM

Damn you! Won't you give me something of my own?
Just let me have this. And I'll be happy.

(SAM dies. LAWRENCE lifts him into the coffin.)

LAWRENCE

Oh, Sam.

(He shuts the coffin)

(Lightning strikes the roof,
and kills the power.)

LAWRENCE

(As he looks for the knife)
Curse me. Take me once and for all. I've waited.

(He finds the knife, and rises)

Behold the sublime monster!

(he raises the knife to his chest)

Behold him!

(He drops the knife)

Monster!

(LUCIA enters. LAWRENCE hides
in the dark.)

(LUCIA lights a candle as the
door slams shut. LAWRENCE has
gone. LUCIA opens the coffin,
And weeps furiously for a few
moments; but then a strange
calm envelops her.)

(She picks up the knife, and
blows out her candle. Darkness
again.)

(MARCELLA rushes in with a
lantern. MARCELLA drops the
lantern and grabs Lucia in the
dark.)

MARCELLA

Lucia, no!

LUCIA

Let me go! Set me free!

MARCELLA

But you can't, Lucia! You can't do this!

(She restrains LUCIA)

Put that knife away. You can't be up to
Silly tricks like that. You are not alone.
You're to be a Mother soon, Lucia.
There is another life besides your own.
I can see her in the twinkle of your eye.

LUCIA

You can see her?

(LUCIA drops the knife, and MARCELLA quickly puts the
weapon away, finds Lucia's candle, and relights it.
Then, she holds LUCIA tenderly.)

MARCELLA

Yes, I can see her.

LUCIA

You can?

MARCELLA

Not a year lies between the two of you.
I can see you now, in the quiet room
Of a hospital in the middle of
The night.

LUCIA

We are all alone together?

MARCELLA

Yes, and you're holding her very closely;
And you can see your reflection in her
Pretty blue eyes.

LUCIA

But has she been crying?

MARCELLA

No.

LUCIA
She's peaceful?

MARCELLA
Yes.

LUCIA
And happy?

MARCELLA
Very happy.

LUCIA
And beautiful?

MARCELLA
She looks just like her mother.

LUCIA
I whisper to her softly, -
(MARCELLA begins to lead her out of the studio.)

MARCELLA
What do you tell her?

LUCIA
I promise her we'll be the best of friends, -

MARCELLA
Yes?

LUCIA
And that she will never be alone, -

MARCELLA
Yes?

LUCIA
And she will never know despair, -

MARCELLA
Never.

LUCIA
Because all I will tell her is the truth.
(MARCELLA and LUCIA exit.)