

Unlawful Assembly

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1 Theatre

1.1 Guess my name

On stage, we witness, briefly, the essentials of the 1606 drama (for details, see Act 2.2). Either as a naturalistic costume drama, or as a movement and mime piece. It gets interrupted pretty quickly by the four archetypes (LOVE, DEATH, TRADE, FIRE). They have been waiting close to, but not in, the wings.

ARCHETYPES:

(They share these lines in an interesting way)

Guess my name

It's a game

Guess my name

Only a game

Wild, tame

You've got to guess

More or less

Who we are

Near or far

You've got to guess

Just say yes

It's only a game

Guess my name

Guess my name

LOVE: I am your inquisitor, I find you out. I show you up. I leave you standing. I am your reckless enemy, your strange attractor, your weird dream.

TRADE: I do a little dance, do a little dance, I mean no harm. Where I am, things grow, you know. They do. People get together, slap hands, I make lovers out of strangers, I make things grow.

DEATH: I am everyone's friend. Always around, I am always around. At your beck, at your call, I shadow you, I stick close. I am your second skin. And kind, oh so kind, I am; I help you out of all your worries, I make them all go away, right away. Anything, however horrible, all your nightmares, I make them small, I make them vanish, I do.

FIRE: Me? I am all three. I am, I really am. I bring lovers together, cosy and warm; I take away appearances, back to the very bone; I cook up deals and meals, I change and range and make everything strange. But be careful of me, when I get out of hand, when I get too big. I am LOVE, I am DEATH, I am TRADE. I am FIRE.

1.2 Arrows of desire

Centre stage is a figure completely hidden in a black cloak and hood, looking down. After a while, s/he looks up, and smiles.

LOVE: My lords, my ladies, whoever you may be, welcome: welcome to my world. Welcome to ... wonderland!

Flings back the cloak. Reveals beautiful colourful outfit. The stage explodes around him/her with PLAYERS, tumbling, juggling, dancing.

Holds up hands to calm the revellers.

LOVE: Welcome to the theatre. Here, anything can happen. Here, it is all possible. And this is where I live and exercise my power. Ladies, lords, angels, strangers, whoever you may be, I have a story to tell. It is, of course, a love story, for that is who I am. I am the love that governs the stars, that tunes the music of the universe. I make everything happen. History, biology, poetry, I do it all. Darwin would be nowhere, without me. I am very pleased to meet you all.

And now, the narrative. First, we need two people, two special people: we need a lover, pure in heart; we need a lady, beautiful and true. And I will choose them, as I do, by the method that never fails: pure random chance.

Bring me my bow of burning gold! Bring me my arrows of desire!

They are brought. They are invisible.

Shows them off to the PLAYERS.

LOVE: See, how wonderful they are: their brightness dazzles!

The PLAYERS look puzzled. They can't see a thing.

LOVE: Only apparent to the pure of spirit, in the eyes of true lovers they shine like the sun!

PLAYERS are duly dazzled.

LOVE: And now, for the purity of random chance: bring me love's blindfold!

S/he is blindfolded. Draws the bow, points the arrow around the audience.

LOVE: This arrow will fly, unerring, to true love's heart: it will seek out, without a doubt, the noblest heart in the auditorium.

Twang!

A member of the audience leaps to his feet. An arrow is sticking out of his chest.

LOVER: Ow! That really hurt!

Pulls out the arrow and looks at it.

LOVE: Congratulations, sir, and welcome to wonderland!
And now, by the very same method, we will find beauty and truth: a lady so lovely, with a mind so pure: an angel, a gentle goddess.

Points arrow. Twang!

Nothing happens. Everyone looks round.

LOVE: Damn. Missed.

PLAYER: Er, maybe there's no-one in the audience who qualifies...

LOVE: Nonsense, it never fails: always there is an angel. I will try again.

Twang!

The LADY stands up. No arrow.

LADY: Oh, that hurt. In a nice way, mind.

LOVE: But you – but there's no –

LADY: No arrow? You mean you can't see it?

LOVE: *(Disconcerted)* Er, er, yes, yes, of course I can, we can all see it, can't we?

PLAYERS: Yes, yes!

LADY smiles. Pulls out an imaginary arrow.

LOVE: *(Recovering)* Come forwards, gentle lovers, prepare to enter the story.

They come up to the stage.

LOVER: What do we do now?

LOVE: What do you do? What do you think you do? This is a theatre, isn't it? What do you do in a theatre? You watch a play. Sit, watch, learn: learn, my dears, about love.

(LOVE invites the actors in the 1606 drama to sit and watch too.)

1.3 The origin of love

The VOICEOVER speaks. The VOICEOVER is a polyphony, with ironic punctuations. The PLAYERS enact what is being described.

VOICEOVER:

Four hundred years ago
In the high middle ages
Or thereabouts
When good king Arthur ruled the world
And Gloriana
Bless her heart
Was queen of the fairies
Adored by all.
There was in England
In the green heart of England
Surrounded by sheep
A beautiful village
A wonderful village
Where everyone was happy.
Even the sheep.
Lords and ladies
Nobles, poets
Knights and dragons
Dragons?
Dragons!
Lived together in peace and plenty

In stately harmony
Knights fought dragons
Nobly, bravely
Knights fought knights
Why did they?
They just did, that's all
But nobody died.
There was plenty for everyone
Feasting, banquets
Where did the money come from?
Just be quiet
And nobody died.

LOVE: Frankly, it got a bit tedious. Actually. Fighting, drinking, dragons, jousting, sheep; there was something missing. Some magic ingredient to make the whole thing make sense. What was it? What could it possibly be?

VOICEOVER: And then a poet
What a genius
Thinking, thinking
Had an idea.
A big idea
A great idea
He invented love.

LOVE: Well, that was it. Everything changed. They had something to fight for, something to write poems about, it was sensational. With love, came dancing. With love, came madrigals. And longing, and agonies,

and all sorts of artifice, and everyone was even happier.

VOICEOVER: Except the sheep. They stayed pretty much the same.

LOVE: *(Turning to the lovers)* And that, my darlings, is how it all began, in an enchanted village, in the green heart of England, a long time ago. Isn't that wonderful?

LOVER: Yes, it is. It is truly inspiring and elegant.

LOVE: *(To LADY)* Isn't that wonderful, my dear?

LADY: *She smiles, looks at her/him, turns to the audience, and clicks her fingers.*

1.4 We're against it

*The MOB speaks, or sings, or dances, or something.
Hey, we just write the words. They are in among the
audience.*

MOB:

Normans out

Romans out

Thatcher out

Anglo Saxons out out out

Down with the corn laws

Down with the poll tax

Down with expressive realism and the proscenium arch

You what?

Ned Ludd, General Ludd

Ned Ludd, General Ludd

Arthur Scargill, Arthur Scargill

When Adam delved and Eve span

Who then was the gentleman?

LOVE:

Excuse me, what exactly is going on here?

MOB:

We're the MOB

Pleased to meet you

We're against it

We don't like love

LOVE: How can you not like love?

MOB: Easily.
Ponce.
Fop.
Poser.
Prat.

LOVE: I make the world go round! I bring lovers together, I
make happiness happen, I am the meaning of life!

MOB: You are the source of all the trouble in the universe,
sunshine.
Yeah!
Right!
It's down to you!
We're against it!
Down with love
Down with love

LOVE: Well, I'm sorry, but this is a theatre, and we're on the
stage, and it's our show. So push off, leave, begone,
and vanish!

MOB: We'll be back
We'll be back
Never fear
We'll be back.

LOVE: And now, my dears, for a change of venue: for your
next lesson in love!

*The PLAYERS banish the MOB, who nip out ahead of
everyone else to be present in the Church by the time
the audience get there. They will be dressed as
choirboys, and hidden behind pillars.*

The PLAYERS turn into troubadours who insist playfully that the characters and audience come with them on a journey. They lead, and LOVE convinces everyone to follow them.

2 Church

2.1 Death's jewel

Mood change. The style of this section is sermon (as in John Donne, not as in Alan Bennett) and raw crude visceral Gospel. The song we have in mind is John the Revelator, version according to Blind Willie Johnson (a download in Itunes; but we'll email an mp3 separately). The MOB sing this song. It would be good if the LADY could do the female line/voice, but, in any case, she should be attracted to them in some way.

LOVE: *(In pulpit)* Dearly beloved, I have brought you here today to give you your next lesson in love. Here, in this beautiful old building, love's threshold, love's stronghold, here you will learn about—well, I'm not sure, actually. So what I'm going to do is to pass you on to, er, someone. Er, hello, is there anyone in charge here?

DEATH: *DEATH can be a character in a hooded cloak, reciting this (quite big) part. Or s/he can be a big voiceover, voice of god effect.*

Be silent, stranger, leave us now. Your place is in daylight, sunshine, triviality. You are not love.

LOVE: How dare you! Outrageous! I know perfectly well who I am!

DEATH: Be quiet! You are not the love that lives in this place, this silence, this ancient stone. Here, you are nothing. Feel the weight of this building, the history, the ancestors, the dead.

LOVE: Yes, it's not very cheerful, is it?

DEATH: I am not generally known for cheerfulness.

LOVE: Who are you?

MOB: Who's that talking

Death the Revelator

Who's that talking

Death the Revelator

Who's that talking

Death the Revelator

In the book of the Seventh Seal.

LOVE: *(Hastily)* Right, I'm out of here. Have fun, children...

LOVER: I'm not sure I like this. I think this is a bit scary. I think I want to go back to the theatre.

DEATH: The first thing you learn is, you can't go back.

MOB: You can't go back

Says Death the Revelator

You can't go back

Says Death the Revelator

You can't go back

Says Death the Revelator

In the book of the Seventh Seal.

2.2 1606

DEATH:

(As he speaks, the PLAYERS enact what he describes).

In late October 1606, four hundred vanished years ago, a shepherd, Thomas Underton, 19 years old, went to the Fair of Saints Simon and Jude, in the newly incorporated Borough and Town of Chipping Norton. To sell wool, to buy cheese and beer, to drink and eat and sing. There, in the winter torchlight, across the dark and flickering street, caught for just one moment in moonlight, he saw Margaret Henshaw, daughter of a shepherd, sixteen years old, laughing at her brother, who was drunk, and dancing, clumsily, happily. That moment, that image, her laughter, remained with him, transforming him completely, for all of the rest of his life.

That evening they met. They talked. Next day, in the cold sunshine, the cold bright perfect sunshine, they walked in the fields near Chipping Norton, not saying much, and after a while he stretched out his hand for her to hold, and she took it, and they walked on.

The staging emphasises this stretching out and taking of hands, for reasons which will become clear.

Those were simple times, simple people. He could not believe that such happiness was possible, as they cast one long shadow together, in the perfect sunshine.

They met next day, and the next, and an understanding grew between them, and their parents were happy with this understanding, and their own happiness grew and grew.

In a bitter December night, five weeks later, wrapped in a cloak of her own wool, woven and dyed by her, she slipped quietly through the streets at midnight and came to his cottage. His father was in Oxford to sell wool. He was alone.

In the flickering firelight, they kissed, for the first time. Wrapped in her cloak, on a sheepskin, in the firelight, they embraced. They discovered, astonished, some of the secrets of love, in the play of warmth and darkness, in the magic firelight, in that cold December, four hundred years ago.

Giles Ashberry of Over Norton, a carrier, had loved Margaret for two years and four months and six days when he first saw her walk hand in hand with her shepherd. He had not told her of this love because her beauty took away his courage and made him empty and full of madness.

When he saw what he saw, their unmistakable perfection, the madness overcame him completely. On that cold December night, avoiding the moonlight, haunting the bleak shadows, he went through the silent streets to Thomas's cottage. In his hand he had a rope's end, soaked in tallow, smouldering. He guarded it carefully, like a dreadful secret.

When he came to the cottage he blew it into flame. Looked at the dark window of the cottage. Did not dream or imagine that his love was inside. He paused, for a moment, then with cold hatred thrust the flaming torch into the bone-dry thatch, and turned, and ran, avoiding the moonlight.

Inside the cottage there was nothing but love and firelight, and, somehow, the love and firelight were the same thing, and the lovers were happy, possessed of a

present, foreseeing a future: golden, distant, a blessed avenue in time.

The thatch caught quickly, and in no time at all the roof fell in, drowning the lovers in fire. For one extreme moment the fire and the love and the perfection they shared were the same thing. Then the pain came quickly, briefly, and then they died.

And now they lie, deep beneath this churchyard, ashes mingled with ashes, their gravestone long gone, amongst all of the other dead.

Giles Ashberry, when he found out who had died in the flames, drowned himself. His bones, dishonoured, are under a forgotten crossroads, outside the town.

MOB:

You can't go back

Says Love the Revelator

You can't go back

Says Love the Revelator

You can't go back

Says Love the Revelator

In the book of the Seventh Seal.

The audience and actors are led out of the Church, by the band and its music. Beginning as sombre funeral music and, New Orleans or Sicilian style, turning to jazz and Jubilate.

3 Diston's Lane

3.1 Masks for sale

At the exit to the church, there are actors with large boxes clearly marked "Donations". They approach the audience members, as if they were about to ask for money, and the audience should feel under pressure. But, in fact, they hand out little packets (cloth bags would be nice) of toy money, so that the audience have something money-like to spend when they hit the market in Diston's Lane.

As we reach the entrance to Diston's Lane, we meet the MASK SALESMAN and his mischievous assistants:

MASK SALESMAN:

Gather round, Ladies and Gents. Gather round if you please, or even if you don't please. I have here for you: THE SALE OF THE CENTURY. Which century? Don't mess me about, Lady. *Any* century. This is your sale of all sales, isn't it? The sale of all centuries. And I can't say fairer than that, now can I?

What am I bid? Ladies and Gents? What am I bid?

Here in this very moment I offer you not one, not two, not three - but a multitude, a plethora, an extravagant extravaganza of amazing possibilities!

The device that does it all. My wonder miracle. My marvellous marvel.

Buy one of these, and what do you get? Endless happiness. Endless freedom. Forever and a day. No, I tell a lie. Forever and a *fortnight!*

No need, ever again, to show them the face they expect you to wear. No need at all to play their game. Or even yours.

No need ever again to be the fiction you have been calling yourself all these years. Endless possibilities. And when I say endless. I truly mean it.

Endless newness. Endless beginnings. From here to—
LOVE has been waiting in the background. DEATH has joined him/her.

LOVE:

Don't say it. Whatever it is. Don't say it. I can feel myself coming alive again. I know where I am and I love it. We can have some fun, live a little, Just don't finish the sentence. I don't want to know how this or anything else finishes. I refuse. I will play.

S/he offers Death a mask in a challenging sort of way, and Death takes it. The three of them link arms and dance joyfully ahead. They will punctuate the market business, popping up here and there to startle the audience - perhaps with catch phrases. Mischievous masked assistants prevent the audience from following till they've "bought" a mask each, using some of the toy money.

The LOVER and the LADY remain unmasked. Throughout this act they are entranced onlookers, taking it all in, reacting.

3.2 Vanity Fair

In Diston's Lane we find a generous selection of stalls and performers. We also find THOMAS, MARGARET, and GILES. Everyone is frozen, in mid movement. Until TRADE appears. He orchestrates a little "getting to know you" encounter between THOMAS and MARGARET. At first they are stiff and awkward like his puppets. He gets them to exchange things; gifts, glances, gestures, trinkets, rings. They get the idea and come alive and become a partnership. TRADE does a high five with LOVE and the street performers and salespeople instantly start to move and call. GILES sticks close to DEATH throughout this act.

All the market characters have fun with repeated street sellers' calls/cries . . . this could be either harmonious or a cacophony. Or both. But not, absolutely not, Oliver! (the musical, that is).

There should be some interplay between the PLAYERS, who buy and sell and perform, and the MOB, who do mischief.

Some examples of who's there:

A living statue who only moves when a coin is thrown for her.

A musician playing a simple familiar tune, note by note, only playing the next note when a coin is thrown

Someone selling more coins. "money! lovely money!"

A juggler who juggles for payment

A riddle salesman

A mime artist

Stalls selling food and drink

Stalls selling the craziest things anyone could imagine

A rumour gets started by actors in the crowd with phrases like the following. They whisper, they sing, they hum - randomly punctuating the business and fun of the stalls and performers:

PLAYERS:

Have you heard about THOMAS and MARGARET?

THOMAS and MARGARET?

Does GILES know?

Don't tell GILES, whatever you do. It'll break his heart.

But he'll need to know sometime.

3.3 Trading

In the middle of the market, the MASK SALESMAN calls for quiet.

MASK SALESMAN: Ladies and Gents. Ladies and Gents. A moment of quiet if you please. A hush. A pause. (*Looks round.*) A SILENCE! I give you. I give you, your friend and mine. Everybody's therapist. TRADE!

TRADE: Welcome to my place. Though in truth I am everywhere. Every moment of every day. And night. Oh yes. Ooooooh yes!

But here is where you can see me for who I really am. This is my place. My cathedral. My fun palace. My *raison d'être*. My theatre.

What will you give me? And what shall I give you?

What shall I give you? And what will you give me in return?

For, of course, there has to be some return, doesn't there? Or else I die. And I am not, I am not, about to give up my life. Not for you. Not for anyone. Not for any cause whatsoever.

You, on the other hand—well—

I'll be here till you've had enough. And that, quite frankly, isn't imminent is it? Isn't even on the cards. Isn't, oddly enough, even.

Spices from India. Salt from the ocean.

I'll be here till you are satisfied. And, you know, and I know, that you will never be satisfied.

Spices from India? Salt from the ocean? Oh yes, I know what you're thinking. That won't last for ever.

That's what you're thinking. Well, you may have a point there, but I am more resourceful than you realise. Than you imagine.

Stardust from galaxies. Unknown galaxies. Heat from beyond the sun. Footprints from Mars. Pictures from the dark side of the Moon. No end to my resourcefulness. No end to my imagining.

LOVE links arms with TRADE

LOVE: We understand each other perfectly my friend. This is my place too. I am so at home, so in place. All is well. Such fun, such pleasure. The give and take. The endless desiring. The endless getting and becoming. Oh I am alive and full of meaning. Full of a future. You and me. We are twin souls. Together we rule the world.

TRADE: Ladies and Gentlemen, let my assistants escort you onward:

MOB: *(With rhythmic and complex handclapping)*

give and take

give and take

tit for tat

and pat a cake

you for me

and one for all

fair day's work for a fair day's wage

give and take

give and take

tit for tat

and pat a cake

me for you

and all for one

fair day's wage for a job well done

3.4 For free

As the audience reach the end of Diston's Lane, there's someone doing a fire poi performance. Maybe with assistants doing poi with LED light balls. The important thing (apart from the beauty of what they're doing) is that they're doing it for free. There should be something (maybe a placard) to make this clear.

TRADE:

Are you mad? Are you completely and utterly out of your mind?

Are you trying to destroy me? Get the better of me?

FIRE:

I get the better of anyone I choose, darling. Absolutely anyone I choose. Follow me. If you dare.

FIRE leads us all away from Diston's Lane and (with appropriate music) towards the Town Hall. To get out into the street, the actors and the audience pass through a generous tunnel of distorting mirrors (mirror card).

NB: THOMAS and MARGARET and GILES don't follow to the Town Hall, they go back the other way to the Theatre, to await our eventual return.

4 Town hall steps

4.1 Through the fire

The theme of this section is fire: the design theme is spectacle. This will be an open air performance, probably with passing traffic and other noise: not easy to get a message over in words. We have provided words, but they can be shown in posters and placards, projected onto surfaces, chanted, sung, handed out on postcards, whatever the designer and director decide; but the main audience impact should be spectacle. Fire. Bewildering, fluid, dangerous, life-giving, vivid, overpowering, vital, spectacular. Transforming.

There should be a sense of interaction and conflict and creativity between the MOB and the PLAYERS.

FIRE is one person who turns into many persons and then back to one.

FIRE:

I am fire

We are fire

Run through the undergrowth

Dazzle the eye

Inside, outside,

Burning, burning

Fire is life

Fire is life.

LOVER: What's going on?
LADY: No idea
LOVER: It's a bit dangerous
LADY: It's amazing
LOVER: I don't feel safe
LADY: *(Joyfully)* Neither do I!

FIRE: Fire flying
Wild fire
We will heal you
We will feed you
We will show you
Who you are
If you dare
If you can
If you want
If you will

We'll burn down your suppositions
Eradicate your shadows
Open up your entrances
Light up your life

We'll cook your food
Change your mood
Light your life

We are strife
Out your hiding
No more riding
We are fire
I am fire
Fire is love
Fire is love
LOVER: This is weird
LADY: This is wonderful
LOVER: We should call the fire brigade
LADY: Sometimes, you can be so boring
LOVER: I know. Someone has to be
LADY: Yes, maybe, but you don't!
LOVER: *(To FIRE)* what do you want from us?
FIRE: Everything!
LOVER: You can't have everything
FIRE: Yes. You can!
Be a man
Don't hold back
Leave the rack
Get off track
Just get higher
Love is fire
Just get higher
Love is fire!

LOVER: Could we possibly move on to the next educational item, please?

LADY: Do you love me?

LOVER: Pardon?

LADY: Do you think you could be a bit more bloody romantic? Now, I'm going to ask you again.

Do you love me?

FIRE: Do you love her?

Are you ready

Will you leap?

It won't be cheap

LOVER: Well, yes, of course, obviously, I think

LADY: OK, prove it

FIRE: Come on, move it

LADY: Take my hand

FIRE: Don't be bland

Love is movement

Soaring, roaring

Burns you away

Nowhere to stay

Love is danger

Don't be a stranger

Go higher

Choose fire

Choose fire

The LOVER takes the LADY'S hand (a somewhat Michelangelo moment) and she leads him into the fire.

Music of the MOB and colour and noise and song persuade the audience to move on to the Theatre.

5 Theatre

5.1 Questions

Back at the theatre, LOVE waits, transformed. s/he is now majestic, inspiring, also wise, also mischievous; all the characteristics of DEATH, TRADE, and FIRE are met in him/her. Perhaps some ritual to signify this—they bow, or give her/him something?

LOVE: Welcome. Welcome back. Welcome back to my place.

LOVER: It's a bit different.

LOVE: It is, it is, and so am I. And so, I hope, are you. Now. Listen. You have been through this beautiful town, you have seen both top and bottom, upside and downside, lawful and unlawful assemblies. You have met DEATH, and TRADE, and FIRE. You have found them all to be: me. Now, tell me this: what have you learned?

LADY: Love is foolish. Love is a foolish fairytale. We learned that from you.

LOVE: *(Pleased)* You did, you did!

LOVER: Lovers die. We learned that from them *(indicates 1606 lovers, who bow)*.

LADY: And there is always evil, danger, despair.

GILES bows.

LOVE: And yet, in the midst of danger, there is...

LADY: Something else—

LOVE: Aha! We have a problem... what shall we do? Will we have a happy ending, or not? It hangs in the balance... what do you think, *(To PLAYERS)* my noble friends?

PLAYERS: *(They cheer)* Yes! Yes!

LOVE: *(To the MOB)* And you, the unruly ones, what do you think?

MOB: No! No! *(enthusiastically)*.

5.2 Endings

In this scene, there is a lot of interplay with the MOB and the PLAYERS, who continue to support their preferred outcomes. There is a sense of colour, vivacity and jovial joshing keeping it lighter than the words might suggest by themselves. But not panto!

LOVE: And there you have it, Ladies and Gentlemen, the choice we always have; resolution or revolution. Backwards and forwards, to and fro, the action and reaction of time and tide. All it takes is one small change in a consonant, and everything changes, Our life stories hang in the balance between a sibilant and a fricative.

LOVER: A what?

LADY: An S and a V. Ssh. This is getting really interesting.

LOVE: We offer you two possibilities; either these two young people get to go off together into the sunset. Or—they don't. It's a choice.

LOVER: Oh no. Not a *choice!* Can't you just fix it for us?

LADY: Haven't you learned anything? Are you the guy who listened to DEATH, chatted with TRADE, walked with me through the FIRE?

LOVER: Yes—but—

LOVE: And there you have it Ladies, Lovers and Gentlemen. The "yes—but" option. The voice of caution, the voice of fear, the refusal to act, the phrase that sounds so promising, sounds so like a yes. But, let's face it, isn't. "Yes but", my dears, is, quite frankly, a "no".

LOVER: But your arrow picked me out! Your arrow picked her out! What's going on here? What's your game?

LADY: Actually, sweetheart, there was no arrow. I was pretending. I picked you out.

LOVER: What! But I thought—Why? Why me?

LADY: Love is like that. That's what love is like.

LOVER: My arrow hurt!

LOVE: Right. It hurt. And was it worth the hurt? Was it worth the pain?

LOVER: *(Looks at LADY, looks at PLAYERS, looks at MOB, looks at audience, looks back at LADY.)*

Yes. Yes. It really was. It really is. And it really will be.

Shyly, but with growing confidence, he repeats the gesture of holding out a hand. This time it is he who leads and she who accepts. Everyone else links hands in similar fashion, echoing his gesture and an intricate dance ensues. Very very very joyful music. The audience is incorporated by clapping time that turns to applause and a choreographed bow from the actors.

END (obviously).