

HARP ON THE WILLOW

A play

by

John Misto



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DO contact ORiGiN™ Theatrical if you have any questions about anything. At all. And we mean anything. One of us that works here (not me) has a peculiar interest in recording the unusual bird calls of the adult hoatzin (a species of tropical bird found in wet forest and mangrove of the Amazon and the Orinoco delta in South America) so we should be able to answer any questions you have about the Hoatzin. Plus we know some things about some other things too.

Thank you for taking the time to read this.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

The Shoe-Horn Sonata

Harp on the Willow

Dark Voyager

Lip Service

Peace Train: The Cat Stevens Story

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

John Misto has been writing plays since 1992. His play, *The Shoe-Horn Sonata* has been reprinted nineteen times and sold more than sixty thousand copies. *The Shoe-Horn Sonata* also won the NSW Premier's Literary Award for Best Play and the Australia Remembers National Playwriting Prize.

Misto's other works include *Dark Voyager* about the turbulent relationship between Joan Crawford and Marilyn Monroe. Misto also wrote the hugely successful play, *Harp on the Willow* which won the Rodney Seaborn Award for Best Play. John Misto is co-writer of *Peace Train: The Cat Stevens Story* which has enjoyed several successful national tours of Australia.

John Misto's most recent play, *Lip Service* had a sell-out season at London's Park Theatre in 2017 (under the title Madame Rubinstein) and a successful season at Sydney's Ensemble Theatre and at the Lawler Theatre in Melbourne. *Lip Service* is to be performed in Poland, Lithuania and Israel.

John Misto is also an established scriptwriter and his telemovies and scripts have won many awards including the Queensland Premier's Literary Award, three Australian Film Institute Awards, three Australian Writers' Guild Awards and a Gold Plaque at the Chicago Television Awards.

John Misto has degrees in Arts and Law from the University of New South Wales.



REVIEWS

*"Beautifully written...inspirational...spiked with Misto's
demonically wicked good humour."*

- Melbourne Stage

*"Refreshing, uplifting...marvellous...a spirit of human
transformation which is universally meaningful."*

- Stage Whispers

"This play has everything."

- The Australian

*"Harp on the Willow sublimely and comically unpacks what
people do when faced with the schism between ancient tradition
and a new generation's hopes...The play unfolds through a series
of songs, hymns, folk tunes and feisty flashbacks...This play (is)
timeless...Harp on the Willow is beautifully written."*

- Paul Andrew, Australian Stage

SPECIAL THANKS

Special thank you to Mary O'Hara and John Sims for the cover
photograph of Mary O'Hara which was taken in 1956 to promote
Mary's appearances on BBCtv's *More Contrary* show.

For more about the life, career and music of Mary O'Hara, visit
maryohara.co.uk
maryohara-travelswithmyharp.co.uk

HARP ON THE WILLOW

Australian Premiere

Presented by Malcolm Cooke and Ensemble Productions

1 March 2007, Comedy Theatre, Melbourne

Starring: Marina Prior and Joan Carden

with Christopher Stollery, Lucy Maunder and Tom Wren



CHARACTERS

This play is inspired by real people and events.

SISTER MIRIAM PERPETUA SELIG: Early 30's, Irish, a Benedictine nun at Stanbrook Abbey in the UK. Before she entered the order, she was the famous singer Mary O'Hara.

MARY O'HARA: 19 years old, Irish, a budding fashion model who has suddenly and unexpectedly become a famous folk-singer. (Also Sister Walburga).

TYRONE KANE: 38, American, a derelict. (Also the Voice of the Priest and the Voice of the Security Guard).

MOTHER RAPHAEL WALKER: 50's, English, the Mother Superior of Stanbrook Convent. (Also the Voice of Elaine).

RICHARD SELIG: 27, American, a poet, extremely handsome. (Also the Voice of the Angry Neighbour, Voice of the Sound Engineer).

*By the rivers of Babylon we sat and wept when we remembered
Zion. There on the willows we hung our harps for how can
we sing God's song while in a foreign land?*

Psalm 137

SCENE ONE

*On the soundtrack we hear **By the Waters of Babylon** sung by Don MacLean.*

The following words are seen above the stage - "Visiting Room, Stanbrook Abbey, English Midlands, 1973".

The lights come up to reveal the Visitors' Room in Stanbrook Abbey, a Catholic convent about one hour's drive from London.

The Visitors' Room, like everything else about the convent, is truly Spartan. A wire rack displays rows of items made by the nuns which are for sale to visitors.

At the centre of the stage is a grille - (made of scrim) - ominous, impenetrable, rising like a wall.

This grille divides the visitors from the nuns. The nuns are not allowed to see their visitors. They can only talk to them.

A nun is sitting beside the grille. She is reading a prayer book. A man is standing on the other side of the grille. He is nervous, no, agitated - as some men are when they need a drink. He is barely on the right side of clean. He could shave more. He could shower more. His clothes, second-hand, have seen better days.

He gropes in his pockets for a pack of cigarettes and some matches. He shakes the match box, and takes out a match. And just as he lights the match, a voice from behind the grille says -

SISTER MIRIAM: (*Irish*) Would you do that in the garden please?

TYRONE: (*startled, looks around*) You've got to be joking. It's freezing out there. (*mutters*) It's freezing in *here*.

Tyrone has forgotten that he is holding a lit match - and it burns him.

TYRONE: Shit!

SISTER MIRIAM: (*more firmly*) We'd rather our guests didn't smoke inside.

TYRONE: Why? (*inhaling with exaggeration*) Because it makes people happy?

SISTER MIRIAM: Because some of the Sisters had to give up when they came here. Nicotine withdrawal on a wet Sunday night is a terrible thing to endure.

TYRONE: (*can't see anyone*) Where the hell are you, anyway?

SISTER MIRIAM: Over here. Behind the grille.

TYRONE: Well open up. I haven't got all night.

SISTER MIRIAM: I'm not *allowed* to show my face. This convent is enclosed.

TYRONE: What?

SISTER MIRIAM: Our rules do not permit us to see any of our visitors. We can only *talk* to the people who come here to ask for our help. So if you'd like this convent to pray for

you, just leave a donation in the little drawer there - in front of the grille.

But Tyrone doesn't believe her.

TYRONE: (*studying the grille*) Where's your peephole?

SISTER MIRIAM: Peephole?

TYRONE: The gizmo that lets you spy on me.

SISTER MIRIAM: (*getting impatient*) I've just gone to great pains to explain it all clearly.

TYRONE: You mean you really can't see me? Not at all?

And Tyrone waves his hand across the grille, then makes a grotesque expression. As he does so -

SISTER MIRIAM: Whenever people ask me that I'm sure they pull a face.

Tyrone stops abruptly, a little unnerved. Then he takes his cigarette from his mouth and grinds it into the floor.

TYRONE: OK. I've put it out. The Marlboro I mean. So I hope you're happy.

SISTER MIRIAM: (*tersely*) Thrilled. (*slightly impatient*) Now it's late. So what can I do for you?

TYRONE: I've come for my thirty-four quid.

Tyrone takes a bottle of whisky from his pocket and has a little swig.

SISTER MIRIAM: We don't give money. But the monks up the road have a refuge for -

TYRONE: I'm not a beggar, sweetheart. I'm a debt-collector. From London.

SISTER MIRIAM: I thought we'd paid the bills last month. Hang on. There was one... Of course. I'm sorry. Do you mind if I ask your company's name? I'll need it for the cheque.

TYRONE: That's OK. You can pay me in cash.

SISTER MIRIAM: Cash? For the gas bill?

TYRONE: This isn't for the gas, doll. It's personal. It's a private debt. Two years ago I sent this convent a cheque for thirty-four pounds.

SISTER MIRIAM: A donation you mean?

TYRONE: No way. It was a contract. I asked you to pray for my intentions and paid you thirty-four pounds to do so. Now either you didn't try hard enough or God's packed it in and become an atheist.

SISTER MIRIAM: We don't always get what we -

TYRONE: (*sternly*) Don't try and fob me off with that *mystical* stuff. I got *nothing* for my dough. So either you pay me a refund now or I'll report this convent to the Fraud Squad.

SISTER MIRIAM: I'd better inform my Superior.

TYRONE: Your Superior? Why?

SISTER MIRIAM: She's in charge of our finances. She'll write you a cheque. For Cash of course. But she's busy now so you'll have to come back.

TYRONE: (*angrily*) Great. Just great! Another trip from London! That's all I damn-well need! Why can't you write it? Or don't you know how? I guess they use you Irish for the cooking and the cleaning.

SISTER MIRIAM: (*also angry*) With a bit of luck you'll spend our money on a plane ticket back to the Bronx. I'm sure you must be greatly missed in the bars along East 56th Street.

TYRONE: (*astonished*) How do you know I'm from the (*Bronx*)

-

SISTER MIRIAM: None of your business. (*in a most Un-Christian way*) Go in peace!

And Sister Miriam slams the grille door shut.

Tyrone looks astonished.

SCENE TWO

*On the soundtrack we hear **Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring**. The lights come up to reveal a hilltop near Stanbrook Abbey at 11.50am on a bright sunny day.*

A Nun in her 50's is sitting on a mound of dirt. She smiles with great satisfaction as she drinks from a thermos. To look at her you'd never guess that she is in charge of a convent. Her veil is pinned back and she is wearing sun-glasses.

There is an oblong hole dug beside her. There are grave stones all around. From time to time dirt flies out of the hole, its spray narrowly missing the Nun whose name is Mother Raphael - the Mother Abbess at Stanbrook Abbey.

SISTER MIRIAM: *(from below, in the grave)* It should be ready by tomorrow.

MOTHER RAPHAEL: *(studying the grave)* Are you sure you're going to fit?

SISTER MIRIAM: I'll have room to wriggle my toes.

MOTHER RAPHAEL: Most people think it's morbid till they actually try it out. There's nothing like spending a day in your grave to get a healthy perspective on life. And don't dwell too much on Death when you're down there. Think about the days ahead - and how best you can use your time.

Sister Miriam, meanwhile, climbs out of her grave.

SISTER MIRIAM: *(panting with effort)* Yes, Mother.

MOTHER RAPHAEL: And be sure to bring a bucket. You'll get quite dizzy. Some Sisters throw up.

SISTER MIRIAM: Dizzy? Down here?

MOTHER RAPHAEL: Oh yes. When you're lying there watching the clouds roll by, you'll feel like you're spinning - and very fast too. *(confidentially, as she pours tea from the thermos for Miriam)* And if you listen hard enough, you can actually hear the world turn...So what did you find out about this thirty-four pounds?

SISTER MIRIAM: I went through our old Account Books. Two years ago we received by post an anonymous donation. For thirty-four pounds cash. The card that came with it said *Pray for Us*.

MOTHER RAPHAEL: *Us?*

SISTER MIRIAM: Should we give him a refund?

MOTHER RAPHAEL: What do *you* think? A man sends us money and asks for our prayers. Then two years later he turns up here drunk and smelly. Doesn't sound like we've managed to help him much at all. I don't blame him for feeling short-changed. (*almost sternly*) Now is there something else we should discuss before the Silence begins?

SISTER MIRIAM: No, Mother.

MOTHER RAPHAEL: Really? I noticed - at breakfast - that your eyes were very red.

SISTER MIRIAM: (*lying*) Conjunctivitis, Mother.

MOTHER RAPHAEL: You've not been crying?

Sister Miriam looks away awkwardly.

MOTHER RAPHAEL: At 20, nun's weep because they're homesick; at 40 because they're childless and at my age because they doubt God's existence and wonder if it's all been for nothing. But you, Sister Miriam, fit none of these categories. (*looking at her calmly but with disarming frankness*)

MOTHER RAPHAEL: I'm sorry you have a problem so great that you cannot confide it in me. It means I have failed you. After Chapel I'd like you to see your Confessor. Perhaps he can help.

SISTER MIRIAM: Mother - I -

Before Mother Raphael can reply, a distant bell begins to ring and the Six Hour Silence begins. No more conversation is allowed.

And Mother Raphael indicates, through sign language, that they must return to the Abbey.

SCENE THREE

The chapel at Stanbrook Abbey. Vespers are about to commence.

*Mother Raphael enters. She stands on stage holding a large, lighted candle. Sister Miriam and another young Nun, Sister Walburga, follow. They, too, are holding lighted candles. They are singing **Pie Jesu** (by Andrew Lloyd Webber).*

Sister Miriam moves away from the two other nuns and kneels in the Confessional.

On the other side of the Confessional - virtually unseen except in silhouette, is the Priest.

We must only see his vague outline.

Convent confessions can be brutal - and this one's no exception. Sister Miriam is very nervous and struggles to hide it.

PRIEST: (*forcefully*) So, Sister Miriam - why were you crying?

SISTER MIRIAM: I had a visitor. A drunken, brash American.

PRIEST: A man?

SISTER MIRIAM: (*uneasy*) Yes. A man.

PRIEST: Did you know him?

SISTER MIRIAM: I've never spoken to him before. And hope not to again.

PRIEST: Then why did he make you cry?

SISTER MIRIAM: (*with great reluctance*) His voice, Father.
His voice - and his accent.

PRIEST: Such a fragile world you must live in if the voice of a drunk can upset it.

SISTER MIRIAM: He reminded me of someone - from my life before the convent.

PRIEST: A man?

SISTER MIRIAM: (*whispers*) Yes.

PRIEST: (*firmly*) I can't hear you.

SISTER MIRIAM: Yes. A man.

PRIEST: (*wearily*) It always comes down to this, doesn't it?
You've been a nun for thirteen years but sex still rears its

ugly head. Why didn't you tell this to the Mother Superior?
Why did you feel the need to lie?

PRIEST: *(no reply)* Sister Miriam?

SISTER MIRIAM: She's a very fine woman - but she's not
very worldly. And -

An awkward pause -

PRIEST: *(sternly)* And?

SISTER MIRIAM: *(with great effort and reluctance)* And I
don't trust her with my memories.

PRIEST: *(sighs, almost bored)* What penance does a lie
deserve? In the good old days you'd have flogged yourself
- and felt much better for it. But since Vatican 2 we have to
be subtle. *(suddenly inspired)* I know! I instruct you to talk
to the Mother Abbess about all these memories that trouble
you so much.

SISTER MIRIAM: *(horrified, tries to change his mind)* But
we're not allowed to talk about the past.

PRIEST: Then I give you permission to do so. After all, Sister
Miriam, this is not the Foreign Legion.

SISTER MIRIAM: *(alarmed)* Father - please -

PRIEST: You must learn to trust your superiors. *(allowing no
further discussion he begins absolution)* Te ab solvo in
nomine Patrii et Filii et Spiriti Sacti. Amen.

*Sister Miriam rises and the Nuns leave the stage, singing **The Flower Duet** by Delibes, in gentle harmony.*

SCENE FOUR

As the lights come up we can see Sister Miriam lying in her grave, contemplating Death. She remains visible throughout the scene.

Behind her, in the Visitors' Room at Stanbrook Abbey, Tyrone has returned to see the nuns. He is sitting, drinking, on one side of the grille.

On the other side of the grille we can see Mother Raphael. She sits facing the audience so that she is sideways to the grille. She has a cheque book on her lap and she is holding a pen.

MOTHER RAPHAEL: Here's the refund then. Thirty-four pounds. For your unanswered prayers. I'm sorry we disappointed you.

No reply from Tyrone. Just a belch.

MOTHER RAPHAEL: *(unfazed)* Now what name shall I write on the cheque?

TYRONE: *(very drunk)* Write - "Pay the Bearer Cash."
Understand?

MOTHER RAPHAEL: *(says aloud as she writes)* Pay the Bearer Cash...

TYRONE: *(accusingly)* You're not Irish.

MOTHER RAPHAEL: No. I'm from London.

TYRONE: Where's the Irish one?

MOTHER RAPHAEL: In our cemetery.

TYRONE: She didn't sound sick to me.

MOTHER RAPHAEL: Every nun in our Order must dig her own grave - and lie in it - for a day - to prepare herself for death.

TYRONE: What if she wants to be buried somewhere else?

MOTHER RAPHAEL: We take a vow of Stability here. It means we can never leave Stanbrook.

TYRONE: So you're telling me that if she gets drunk - falls down and splits her skull - you won't let her out for an X-Ray?

MOTHER RAPHAEL: We get permission from our Bishop first.

TYRONE: (*with a drunk's obsession*) And what if you can't find him? What if he's gone to Brighton with a little piece of ass?

MOTHER RAPHAEL: Then either the nun recovers - or her grave is ready and waiting.

TYRONE: That doesn't sound very stable to me. (*disgusted*) Christ - you don't know - you don't know about Death. If you *did*, you wouldn't play games with it.

MOTHER RAPHAEL: (*interested, not sympathetic*) And what do you know? Can I ask? Is that why we were praying for you?

No reply. Instead Mother Raphael hears Tyrone get up - and lurch towards the door.

MOTHER RAPHAEL: (*calmly calling out*) Excuse me - you forgot your cheque.

And Mother Raphael slides the cheque through the little Offerings Drawer.

As Tyrone bends down to retrieve it, she can obviously smell his boozy breath.

MOTHER RAPHAEL: (*concerned*) Where will you go when you leave here?

TYRONE: (*being honest, not offensive*) Well I'm already drunk - so I might as well get laid. Don't suppose you know a whorehouse that will cash a convent's cheque?

MOTHER RAPHAEL: (*not shocked in the least*) Try the *Blue Garter* - in Soho. They send us a donation every year. (*calling after him*) Just don't expect a discount when you mention my name.

And we hear the door open as Tyrone stomps off.

And Mother Raphael blesses him - desperately - through the grille.

Tyrone - of course - does not see this. He would be furious if he did.

*On the sound-track we hear Eartha Kitt singing her wickedly funny hit **I Want to be Evil.***

SCENE FIVE

Sister Miriam lies in her newly dug grave, eyes closed, arms folded across her chest. Mother Raphael is sitting on the ground above her, peeling an orange.

SISTER MIRIAM: *(almost nervously)* It feels a bit strange - being idle all day.

MOTHER RAPHAEL: It's to remind you, Sister Miriam, how thorough Death is. How it robs us of everything - who we are - what we do - nothing matters in the grave. So enjoy Life while you can. *(leaning over the grave in which Sister Miriam is lying)* I've brought you some lunch. Here!

And Mother Raphael drops an orange into the grave. She has a bag of them with her.

SISTER MIRIAM: *(politely)* No thank you.

And the orange comes rolling back out of the grave.

Mother Raphael shrugs - and begins to peel it for herself.

MOTHER RAPHAEL: *(sitting near the grave)* So what did your Confessor say? Did he give you the Foreign Legion speech?

SISTER MIRIAM: Yes. *(as an after-thought)* Oh - and he feels a good whipping might help.

MOTHER RAPHAEL: (*smiling fondly*) A whipping! Gosh, doesn't *that* take me back. In *my* day we really did it - flogged ourselves - and quite hard too. (*bites into orange and pulls a face*) Wish you'd change your mind about the orange. Sister Anselma gets offended if we don't eat everything in her orchard. Here. I *order* you to have one. (*tosses the orange into the grave*) Catch!

SISTER MIRIAM: Ouch!!

MOTHER RAPHAEL: Sorry.

SISTER MIRIAM: That hurt.

MOTHER RAPHAEL: Offer it up. (*casually*) You know I've never actually asked you why you came to this convent.

And now we see Sister Miriam lying in her grave. She sits up, reluctantly.

SISTER MIRIAM: Must I do this?

MOTHER RAPHAEL: Eat the orange?

SISTER MIRIAM: Answer questions.

MOTHER RAPHAEL: (*calmly peering into the grave*) You cry at night. You're deathly pale. You never ever laugh. I'd say you're clinically depressed. So yes. You must. Now - tell me all about him.

SISTER MIRIAM: (*a little alarmed at the Abbess's perspicacity*) Him?

MOTHER RAPHAEL: Usually when a nun's so coy, it means there's a man involved. Well - was he a tinker - tailor - soldier -

SISTER MIRIAM: Poet. (*covering her face with her hands*) He was a poet.

MOTHER RAPHAEL: (*slightly irritated*) Stop romanticising.

SISTER MIRIAM: He was.

And Sister Miriam tosses the orange back up at Mother Raphael.

MOTHER RAPHAEL: Ow.

SISTER MIRIAM: Sorry.

MOTHER RAPHAEL: Liar....Was he famous?

SISTER MIRIAM: He should have been.

*Mother Raphael, meanwhile, begins to clean a nearby grave.
Perhaps she starts to bury the oranges there.*

MOTHER RAPHAEL: Recite something for me then.
Something of his.

SISTER MIRIAM: (*alarmed at the prospect*) I forget.

Sister Miriam climbs from her grave, as if trying to escape from the questions.

MOTHER RAPHAEL: Then you can't have loved him very much.

SISTER MIRIAM: (*stung, begins to recite*) *Seeing the sky placid, in spite of soot and heartache, I am reminded to pray. Redemption, like our janitor, comes as we go home, a stooped man turning out the lights.*

MOTHER RAPHAEL: Oh. I *like* that.

SISTER MIRIAM: I didn't. Not at first. I always thought Redemption should switch *on* the lights.

MOTHER RAPHAEL: How did you meet him?

SISTER MIRIAM: (*distressed*) Please, Mother, I can't...

MOTHER RAPHAEL: (*firmly*) How did you meet him, Sister Miriam?

SISTER MIRIAM: (*reluctantly*) He met me. He rang me - in my hotel room - after he'd heard me on the radio.

MOTHER RAPHAEL: (*surprised*) *You?* On the wireless.

SISTER MIRIAM: I just sang a few songs sometimes.

MOTHER RAPHAEL: (*smiles and starts weeding the grave*)
And what was this poet's name?

SISTER MIRIAM: (*with real torment*) Is there nothing I can do to make you stop?

MOTHER RAPHAEL: It's pretty hard to bribe someone who's taken a vow of poverty. (*gently but with some determination*) Tell me his name please, Sister Miriam.

A pause.

SISTER MIRIAM: (*trying not to cry as she says the name for the first time in years*) Richard.

Suddenly, on a different part of the stage, the lights reveal a very handsome young man nervously hovering over a telephone as he says - simultaneously -

RICHARD: (*nervously into the telephone*) Richard. My name is Richard. Richard Selig. And I'm downstairs in the foyer.

Young Mary O'Hara is on the other end of the telephone. She is dressed in a beautiful gown. Her harp can be seen nearby.

YOUNG MARY: (*brusquely into the telephone*) And what exactly do you want Richard Selig?

RICHARD: To invite you to dinner of course.

YOUNG MARY: I don't have time for jokes. I'm about to go On Air. Goodbye.

RICHARD: Oh please Miss O'Hara. Don't hang up. I paid the desk clerk two pounds ten to call you to the phone. I heard the show you did last night and - well I knew then and there I just *had* to meet you. Do you believe in Fate?

YOUNG MARY: I believe that it's rude to ring someone in the middle of a radio broadcast.

RICHARD: Well - since I've offended you, let me apologise - by taking you out for coffee.

A male voice calls out -

RADIO STATION EMPLOYEE: (Voice Only) On Air in two minutes, Miss O'Hara!

YOUNG MARY: I hate to disappoint you, Richard, but you've "done" your two pounds ten. I can't *stand* Americans.

RICHARD: (*not the least bit offended - in fact he's interested*) Yeah? Why's that?

YOUNG MARY: They're vulgar, brash and pushy. No self-respecting gentleman would telephone a stranger to whom he hasn't been introduced.

RICHARD: What do you think I'm doing now? And not a bad job, either... (*persuasively*) Listen - do you want to go back to your hotel *alone* when you should be out dancing on this perfect spring evening?

YOUNG MARY: Oh - I never dance.

RICHARD: Why not?

YOUNG MARY: Because I'm six feet tall - and pigeon toed. So it's not a pretty sight.

This is - of course - a lie.

YOUNG MARY: Now if you don't mind -

RICHARD: But they said in the paper that you used to be a model.

YOUNG MARY: (*caught out - but thinking quick*) That's right. I did the before photos - in some ads for tinea cream. My feet are deformed, you see.

RICHARD: This is *amazing* - absolutely amazing. My toes are completely webbed - like a duck's. (*brightly*) And I have a hunchback too! We've known each other a mere thirty seconds and already we have so much in common! Now when can I meet you?

YOUNG MARY: Meet me?

RICHARD: Yes. You can show me round London if you like. I'm a student here. Did I mention that? And not *just* a student. I'm a Rhodes scholar.

YOUNG MARY: Well aren't *you* the confident one? As a matter of fact, I *have* a boyfriend. Several - to be brutally honest.

RICHARD: No you don't. There's no one in your life. There *can't* be. You see...you and I are *meant* for each other.

YOUNG MARY: Do you do this often? Throw yourself at total strangers?

RICHARD: You're not a stranger. Not to *me*. When you sing, you bare your soul completely. You were practically naked on my radio tonight.

YOUNG MARY: (*annoyed*) Mind your mouth now, Mr Selig.

RICHARD: Mr Selig! What happened to "Richard"?

YOUNG MARY: He got a mite too forward.

Richard realises he is making a bad impression. So he says - desperately -