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On deck. Later that night.  
EVELYN paces, clutching a notebook and pen. He crosses something out, examines his work, and then reads aloud.

EVELYN

"Moonlight," by Lord Evelyn Oakleigh:  
"A lonely figure walks the deck,  
The moonlight glancing off his beano.  
'Tis not the ship, 'tis he the wreck--"  
His heart dashed on a girl named--"  
(RENO enters, carrying a glass  
and a half empty bottle of gin)  
--Miss Sweeney!  
(Hiding his poem)  
I say, you startled me!

RENO

Sorry. I couldn't sleep.

EVELYN

Nor I.

RENO

The Lord works in mysterious ways, Evie, but this time he's got even me stymied. My two best friends are in the slam and tomorrow morning -- but, hey, you know all about that.  
(She pours herself a shot of gin  
and raises the glass)  
Here's to the happy groom.  
(She drinks. He sighs dramatically,  
takes the bottle and drains it)  
Make that: Here's to the groom.

EVELYN

Miss Sweeney, you see before you a man staggered by a revelation. It hit me like a stone hammer in the middle of your service. The woman I'm destined to marry tomorrow is not one and the same with the woman I love.

RENO

You mean you're not in love with Hope? That's great! I mean, gee, it's a good thing you found out. I mean, just in time and everything...

EVELYN

Ah, there's the rub. You know the Oakleigh motto? Nostrum fuglium sentorum.

RENO

What's that mean?

EVELYN

No one really knows. But we're not supposed to go around backing out of engagements. Ah, well... Adieu, Miss Sweeney.

(He starts to exit)

RENO

You know there's one thing that I just can't figure.

(He turns)

That business in the rice paddy. Plum Blossom. How does that fit in with "nostrum fuglium whatever?"

EVELYN

Goodness. This is most embarrassing. Must I explain?

RENO

(Shrugs)

It's your motto.

EVELYN

Miss Sweeney, I've never told this to anyone before (Music starts). It's the Oakleigh family secret. There's something dark and savage in our blood. In mine especially.

/20/ ; "The Gypsy In Me"

LONG, LONG AGO,  
SO LONG AGO  
I HARDLY KNOW WHEN,  
MY GREAT-GREAT-GRANDMOTHER  
NOW AND THEN STEPPED OUT WITH A GYPSY.  
OF COURSE YOU WILL SAY SHE WAS  
A LITTLE BIT TIPSY.  
BUT TIPSY, NO, NO.  
OF THEIR LOVE THERE WASN'T A DOUBT,  
SO I CAN'T WAIT TO GET THE STAGE ALL SET  
SO I CAN LET THE GYPSY IN ME OUT.

HIDING AWAY  
THERE'S A LITTLE BIT OF GYPSY IN ME  
THAT'S NEVER BEEN FOUND,  
WAITING ITS DAY.  
THERE'S A LITTLE BIT OF GYPSY IN ME  
JUST HANGING AROUND  
TILL THE MAGICAL NIGHT  
WHEN THE STARS BY THEIR LIGHT  
GIVE MYSTERY TO THE SLEEPING LAGOON,  
WHILE A HAUNTING GUITAR  
NOT TOO NEAR, NOT TOO FAR,  
GAILY STRUMS AWAY,  
HUMS AWAY  
A TITILLATING TUNE.