

PERUSAL SCRIPT



The title 'Fauntleroy!' is written in a large, elegant, blackletter-style font. The letter 'F' is particularly large and stylized, with a decorative flourish. Above the main text is a decorative arch containing a fan-like pattern of radiating lines. The entire title is set against a light, textured background.

**Book and Lyrics by
Max C. Golightly**

**Music and Lyrics by
C. Michael Perry**

(based on the novel "Little Lord Fauntleroy by Frances Hodgson Burnett)



Salt Lake City

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FAUNTLEROY!

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

12Men 15Women 4Teenboys 3Teengirls 8Boys 3Girls

CEDRIC ERROLL -- Ceddi, Lord Fauntleroy, heir to his deceased father's title in England, age 10

BILLY WILLIAMS -- his neighborhood friend, about 11

JAKE WILLIAMS -- neighborhood bully, Dick's dubious business partner, about 16-19

DICK TIPTON -- Ceddie's best friend, about 16-18

MCGAVIN HAVISHAM -- the Earl's lawyer from England, about 43-56

MR. HOBBS -- Ceddie's closest friend, about 60

MARY -- the Erroll's live-in maid, good friend, about 50

EVELYN ERROLL -- Ceddie's mother, about 27-30

BEN TIPTON -- Dick's older brother, about 29

STELLA -- the apple woman

DAWSON -- Headmistress of Dorincourt Castle, about 55

THOMAS -- The Earl's manservant, over 40

SERENA -- A maid in the castle, about 19-25

THELMA -- another maid, 30-40

JOHN ARTHUR MOLYNEUX ERROLL -- The Earl Of Dorincourt, Ceddie's irritable, old grandfather whom he has never met, about 70

REVEREND MORDAUNT -- Rector of the local church, about 40

MR. HEPSICKLE -- his assistant, younger

LADY CONSTANTIA LORRIDALE -- the Earl's sister, about 55-60

SIR LIONEL LORRIDALE -- her husband, same age

MINNA TIPTON DUWARR -- Ben's estranged wife, an actress of questionable ability, about 30

TOMMY TIPTON -- Minna's and Ben Tipton's son who is being passed off as the Little Lord. Quiet and picked on. (Can be played by BILLY)

MR. HARLEY SQUIMM -- her American lawyer, about 35

HOGAN -- A man from Edge Farm, one of the Earl's properties, 40-50

MRS. HOGAN -- Hogan's wife (45)

CHURCH PEOPLE: Mrs. Dibble, Mr. Dibble, Mrs. Perkins, Mrs. Kittredge, Mr. Kittredge, Mrs. Whiff, Mrs. Pate, Mrs. Kinsey. (can double as servants, if needed -- there should be servants everywhere throughout the castle)(Can also double as the New York Citizens)

PASSENGERS: various of assorted ages (Can be played by the Church People)

CEDDIE'S GANG OF BOYS: (4) 10-16 years old (These boys later become Hogan's son's (16 & 10), and Butler's Assistant (12 & 14)

JAKES GANG OF BOYS: (4) 8-15 years old (these boys late become Hogan's son (6), The NEWSBOY (10-11), and two more Butler's Assistants (14 & 16)

SEVERAL GIRLS -- to play chambermaids (1 or 2) ages 10-14, and Hogan's daughters (1 or 2) ages 6-14)

Synopsis of Scenes and Songs

ACT I

- #1 -- Prolog Orchestra
- Scene 1: A New York Street, Brooklyn, near Hobbs's store**
- #2 -- I'M YOUR FRIEND (PATTER) Boys
- #3 -- I'M YOUR FRIEND Dick, Billy, Ceedi and Boys and Crowd
- #4 -- NOBILITY Hobbs
- #4A-- Scene Change (I'm Your Friend) Orchestra
- Scene 2: The nearby Erroll parlor, front door entrance, minutes later**
- #5 -- A REAL ARISTOCRAT Ceedi, Evelyn, Havisham
- #5A -- A REAL ARISTOCRAT (tag) Ceedi, Evelyn
- #6-- Scene Change (Jiggered) Orchestra
- Scene 3: Same street near Hobbs's store, later that day**
- #7 -- I'M YOUR FRIEND (Reprise) Dick, Ceedi, Havisham
- #7a -- Growin' Up! Ben, Dick, Ceedi
- #8 -- I'LL BE JIGGERED Hobbs, Dick, Ceedi
- Scene 4: Wharf, landing dock, ramp, New York harbor, 3 days later**
- #9 -- I'M YOUR FRIEND (Reprise) Ceedi, Ceedi, Billy, Dick and Crowd
- #10 -- Scene Change (I Wonder) Orchestra
- Scene 5: Court Lodge, Northumberland, England, 28 days later**
- #11 -- I WONDER Dawson, Thelma, Serena
- #12 -- A PRIVATE PLACE Evelyn, Havisham, Ceedi
- #12A-- Scene Change (Fauntleroy) Orchestra
- Scene 6: Library, Dorincourt Castle, next day.**
- #13A -- WHO NEEDS HIM? Earl, Havisham
- #13B -- Scene Change (Jiggered) Orchestra
- Scene 7: Ceddie's Room and Hall outside, next day**
- #14 -- GOOD MORNING Dawson, Thelma, Serena, Thomas, Maids & Butlers
- #14A -- GOOD MORNING (Reprise) Dawson, Thelma, Serena, Thomas, Maids & Butlers
- #15-- Scene Change (Just Like You) Orchestra
- Scene 8: Outside Hall and Library, Castle, afternoon, same day**
- #16 -- JUST LIKE YOU Ceedi
- #16A-- Scene Change (And I Hear) Orchestra
- Scene 9: Church front, village, 2 months later**
- #17 -- AND I HEAR . . . Church People
- #17A -- Church Music (Onward Christian Soldiers) Church People and Organ
- #17B -- Scene Change (And I Hear) Orchestra
- Scene 10: Woods near the Castle, a week later**
- #18 -- ACT ONE FINALE Orchestra

Act II

- #19 -- OPENING ACT TWO Orchestra & Ceedi
- Scene 1: Ceedi's bedroom, Castle, 3 days later**
- #20 -- CANDLE IN THE WINDOW Evelyn
- #20A-- Scene Change (Candle) Orchestra
- Scene 2: Entrance Hall, Library at the Castle, next day**

#21-- Scene Change (Just Like You) Orchestra

Scene 3: Entrance Hall, Library, an hour later

#22 -- NEVER SHOULD HAVE HAPPENED Earl, Constantia

Scene 4: Hobbs's Street in New York, same time as previous scene

#23A -- REMEMBER ME Hobbs

#23B-- Scene Change (Jiggered) Orchestra

Scene 5: Parlor, Court Lodge, ten minutes later

#24-- Scene Change (Happened) Orchestra

Scene 6: Room at the Inn in the village, 3 weeks later

#25 -- NO GOOD WITHOUT ME Minna

#25B-- Scene Change (Friend) Orchestra

Scene 7: Main Hall at the Castle, an hour later

#26 -- PARTY PATTERN Company

#27 -- FAUNTLEROY! Company

#28 -- FINALE AND CURTAIN CALL Company

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Max Golightly — is a retired Professor of Playwriting at Brigham Young University. Max has taught High School and College drama for the last forty years. He is nationally recognized as an award winning poet and has served as President of the National Federation of State Poetry Societies, Inc. His plays have been produced all over the western states, and in various other parts of the country. He is a director of considerable reputation in college and community theatre productions. His one-act play "A LITTLE MATTER OF WE" has won awards in national contests. In addition to KEWPIE (now titled ROSE) and "WE" other published plays include PINOCCHIO, THE FORGE AND THE FIRE, TURN THE GAS BACK ON, THE TOKEN, FAUNTLEROY!, A NIGHT ON NEEDLEPOINT and LISTEN TO THE SNOW. *Sadly, we lost Max in 1996. He is sorely missed.*

C. Michael Perry -- was born in Colorado and raised in Chicago. He found the theatre in High School and has made a living in Theatre, Film and Television since then. He has worked on over 25 major network television shows and some 300 commercials along with two feature films. He has performed in front of over 2000 live audiences from Utah to Italy in various plays and musicals. He has received acting awards for his many leading and supporting roles. He has directed over 40 shows on the Community, Educational and Professional level. He has choreographed over 50 productions. He has won awards for lighting and scenic designs in community theatre and continues to design shows at the high school level. He is a graduate of Brigham Young University with a BA in Theatre. He is the composer of over thirty musicals including "CINDERABBIT" for PBS, which won an Emmy Award and a "Best Of The West" Public Television award. He is also a playwright and lyricist for over 20 plays and award winning musicals that have been produced across the nation, many of which are published. Other works composed include, ENTERTAINING MARK TWAIN, FAUNTLEROY!, KEWPIE!, THE APPLE KINGDOM, OF BABYLON, TURN THE GAS BACK ON!, CURSES, FOILED AGAIN!, TOM SAWYER, ONSTAGE!, A CHRISTMAS MEMORY and THE MIRACLE OF MIRADOR, THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL and ANNE with an 'e' - THE GREEN GABLES MUSICAL.

He is a member of The Educational Theatre Association, The International Thespian Society, Christians In Theatre Arts, The Texas Educational Theatre Association, The Utah Theatre Association, Ohio Community Theatre Association, The American Alliance for Theatre In Education and The American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers (ASCAP). He has served as the President of the Theatre Guild Of Utah Valley in central Utah. He is President of Encore Performance Publishing of Orem, Utah -- a young and growing publisher of plays and musicals for amateur and professional markets. He makes his home in Salt Lake City, Utah with his wife Sharon, and son Jon-Christopher. His daughters, Jessica, Janalynn and Joelle are out on their own.

PERUSAL PAGES FOR **Fauntleroy!** by *Max C. Golightly and C. Michael Perry*

FAUNTLEROY!

ACT I

MUSICAL # 1 -- PROLOG

SCENE 1: A NEW YORK STREET -- *the lower East end of Brooklyn, HOBBS store in background, 1886. As Prolog segues into the dance music for the opening, the stage is still dark. A shout is heard offstage and then cheering. As lights come up, two gangs of boys are urging two runners on.*

MUSICAL # 2 -- I'M YOUR FRIEND (PATTER)

(The following is spoken in rhythm)

CEDDI'S GANG:

Come on, Ceddi, you can do it!

JAKE'S GANG:

Come on, Billy, hoof right to it!

BOTH GANGS:

Don't you worry! Come on, scurry!

Put the steam on, hurry, hurry!

Push 'em! Push 'em! Push 'em! Push 'em! Raise 'em high!

We'll be here to pat your back, Hurry! Hurry!

Here they come!

Here they come!

Here they come!

(The two gangs line up on each side. CEDDI and BILLY rush across the stage, between the two lines and cross the 'finish line'.)

CEDDI'S GANG: Hurray! Ceddi won! Way to go!

(They lift CEDDI to their shoulders jubilantly. HAVISHAM is seen in background looking for an address, disappearing down the street)

CEDDI: You were great, Billy! You almost beat me that time!

(JAKE WILLIAMS, who has been watching, steps forward)

JAKE: Just because you beat him, doesn't make you better.

CEDDI: I didn't say it did, Jake.

BILLY: Lay off, he beat me fair and square.

JAKE: He's a runt!

DICK: He's my friend!

JAKE: *(Pushing CEDDI)* I knows a kid could outrun him any time.

(JAKE shoves CEDDI in the face, making his nose bleed)

BILLY: Pick on someone your own size!

JAKE: Yeh? Who sez so?

(Shoves CEDDI again. Boys line up with fists out)

CEDDI'S GANG: We do!

(JAKE and his GANG back away)

JAKE: Aw, come on, gang, we don't wanna get our hands doity wit' dese babies.

(They go)

MUSICAL #3 - I'M YOUR FRIEND

BILLY: Jake's just jealous cause he doesn't have any friends.

(Vocal agreement)

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DICK: Right!

IF YA THOUGHT YOU WAS ALONE IN LIFE, YOU AIN'T
IF YOUR PICTURE WAS AS BAD AS THEY COULD PAINT -- --
THOUGH YOU'RE CRAWLIN' AND YOU'RE BAWLIN'
JUST BECAUSE SOME KID IS CALLIN'
YOU A NAME TO STIR THE IRE OF PETER'S SAINT,
I'LL BE THERE TO LEND A HAND, PUT MY ALL IN--
I'M YOUR FRIEND, I'M YOUR FRIEND, I'M YOUR FRIEND!

BILLY:

IF JAKE'S WALKIN' DOWN THE STREET TO HOBBS'ES STORE
WITH INTENTIONS JUST TO BULLY YOU ONCE MORE,
I WILL TEACH YA HOW TO BASH THROUGH
HIS DEFENSE, AND WHEN YOU CRASH THROUGH,
HE'LL START RUNNIN' AS YOU STEP OUT THROUGH YOUR DOOR!

BILLY AND DICK:

YOU CAN TAG ALONG WITH US, WE'LL PROTECT YOU,
WE'RE YOUR FRIENDS, WE'RE YOUR FRIENDS, WE'RE YOUR FRIENDS.

CEDDI:

IF YOU'RE EVER IN THE JUNGLE DARK AND DEEP,
THEN WHEN EVERYTHING AROUND YOU STARTS TO CREEP,
IF THE FLORA AND THE FAUNA HIDE A HUNGRY, HUGE IGUANA,
I WILL TOSS THE NET TO YOU--HE'S YOURS TO KEEP
THEN YOU CAN CATCH ME ON THE RUN IF YOU WANNA!

DICK:

(HOW I'LL WANNA!)

ALL THREE:

STILL, I'M YOUR FRIEND, I'M YOUR FRIEND, I'M YOUR FRIEND.

CROWD OF BOYS:

IF YOU EVER NEED A BACK-UP IN THE FIELD, (Echoed)
IF YOU EVER NEED A COMPANY TO SHIELD (Echoed)
YOU FROM DANGER FROM A STRANGER,
WE'RE YOUR SMACK-UP DISARRANGER,
YOU CAN COUNT ON US TO KEEP OUR BLINKERS PEELED!
THOUGH WE CAN BE AS MEAN AS BULLS IN A MANGER,
WE'RE YOUR FRIENDS, WE'RE YOUR FRIENDS, WE'RE YOUR FRIENDS!
(DANCE: DICK, BILLY, CEDDI and others)

ALL:

IF YOU FOUND A HUNDRED DOLLARS IN THE STREET
AND YOU LOST IT IN A CARD GAME WITH SOME CHEAT,

DICK:

WHEN YOUR LUCK TURNS, OR YOUR BLOOD CHURNS,

CEDDI & DICK:

JUST REMEMBER WHAT A FRIEND EARNS

CEDDI:

IT'S AS PLAIN AS APPLE PIE, LET ME REPEAT:
WHAT YOU GIVE TO SOMEONE ELSE SOMEHOW RETURNS!
I'M YOUR FRIEND, I'M YOUR FRIEND, I'M YOUR FRIEND!

CROWD:

LET'S ALL SWEAR OUR FRIENDSHIP HERE WILL NEVER END,
I'M YOUR FRIEND, I'M YOUR FRIEND, I'M YOUR FRIEND!
I'M YOUR FRIEND, I'M YOUR FRIEND, I'M YOUR FRIEND! I'M YOUR FRIEND!

(BOYS disappear, leaving DICK and CEDDI alone. HAVISHAM reappears, going off in opposite

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direction. HOBBS emerges from his store and DICK returns to his stall out of earshot)

HOBBS: You and Dick been fightin' with the boys again? Here, use this, you don't want to worry your mother with a bloody shirt.

CEDDI: Thanks, I wouldn't.

HOBBS: (*Opening paper, sitting down*) I'll be jiggered! The English are laying on the tariffs again, bitin' the hand that feeds them! That reminds me, Ceddi, there was a high falutin' man here earlier looking for your mother. He had a highbrow British accent

CEDDI: Mr. Hobbs, why don't you like the English?

HOBBS: Their high airs. Earls and Marquises throwing their weight around!

CEDDI: Did you ever know any Marquises?

HOBBS: Don't need to, don't want to. Don't want none o' them sittin' on my biscuit barrels!

CEDDI: Why not, Mr. Hobbs?

MUSICAL #4 -- NOBILITY

HOBBS:

NOW EARLS IS NOT THE WORST OF SORTS,
BUT THEN THEY'RE NOT THE BEST.
WHEN TALKIN' TO AN EARL YOU'D BETTER BUTTON UP YOUR VEST.
THEY WANT THINGS TRIM AND PROPER-LIKE,
THEIR NOSES IN THE AIR.
WITH COATS AND HATS AND CANES AND SPATS, TAKE CARE.
WHEN YOU TALK TO AN EARL
YOU'RE JUST A ROCK, HE'S A PEARL!
HE FEELS YOU'RE NOT GOOD ENOUGH TO SNIFF SNUFF!
EARLS AND MARQUISES
CAN DO WHAT THEY PLEASURES,
WHILE EVERYONE FREEZES,
THEY WEAR FUR CHEMISES.
THEY'LL NEVER CHANGE
'CAUSE THEY WERE BORN TO BE STRANGE,
IT'S ALL A PART OF THEIR SOUL AND THEIR LOT.
THEY GLORY IN IT
FROM MINUTE TO MINUTE,
THEY'RE REVELING IN IT!
THEY FORGOT
WHAT
THRIVED AT CAMELOT!

(MARY appears, stands listening)

HOBBS: No offense to your father, Ceddi but I'm glad you boys have a chance to grow up in a country where you can have any position in life you can earn!

CEDDI:

BUT IF THEY ONLY KNEW
THAT WE HAD THIS POINT OF VIEW. . .

HOBBS:

WHY, THEY'D CONSIDER IT ALL JUST HOT AIR.
THEIR SYSTEM'S FRILLY, IT'S REALLY A DILLY;
THEIR VIEW'S DOWNRIGHT CHILLY!
THEY DON'T CARE
THEY'RE
SNOBS AND THEY'RE UNFAIR!

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NOBILITY AND GENTRY ARE NEVER COMPLIMENTARY
TO THOSE OF US BELOW THEIR MEANS AND CLASS.
WHILE UP AMONG THE ROSES,
THE AIR IS FULL OF NOSES--
THAT'S WHAT I CALL PRETTY CRASS!

NOBILITY'S A BORE!
SO LISTEN TO HOBBS NOW,
THEY'RE ALL A BUNCH OF SNOBS, NOW,
WHICH THEY'LL BE--FOREVERMORE!

CEDDI: Still, you oughta give them a chance, Mr. Hobbs.

MARY: (*Appearing suddenly*) Ceddi, you and your mother's got a handsome visitor and you're wanted home right away.

CEDDI: See you later, Mr. Hobbs.

(*HOBBS'S store flies as MARY and CEDDI proceed across stage and back as streets go by*)

CEDDI: Our visitor must be important for us to hurry like this.

MARY: (*Stopping*) Let me have a look at ye. You must look your best.

CEDDI: Why?

HOBBS: Probably because of that high falutin' Englishman who was here earlier looking for you and your mother.

CEDDI: Why was he looking for us?

MARY: You'll see.

(*They go. Lights down.*)

MUSICAL # 4A -- SCENE CHANGE

SCENE 2: THE ERROL PARLOR, NEW YORK -- MR. HAVISHAM is seated. CEDDI'S mother, EVELYN stands nearby. A moment of silence, then:)

EVELYN: Would you care for tea?

HAVISHAM: Tea--in America?

EVELYN: (*Pouring*) I married an Englishman, Mr. Havisham.

(*PAUSE*)

I'm reluctant to encourage Ceddi in this.

HAVISHAM: I know of the Earl's rejection of you after your marriage.

EVELYN: He thought me one of those American girls out for all she could get. . . refused to see either of us again. He broke my husband's heart.

HAVISHAM: Men under stress do deplorable things.

(*CEDDI enters and stares, then extends his hand*)

EVELYN ERROL: This is Mr. Havisham, Ceddi. He has come all the way from England to see you.

CEDDI: He has? How do you do, sir?

HAVISHAM: So you're Little Lord Fauntleroy!

CEDDI: (*Startled*) I am?

HAVISHAM: Do you know what an heir is, Lord Fauntleroy?

CEDDI: Yes sir. An heir inherits something. A fortune?

HAVISHAM: Good answer. Since all your grandfather's sons are deceased, that's what you are--an heir.

EVELYN: It's true, Ceddi. Your father was a Lord, the son of an Earl.

CEDDI: Can I not be an Earl?

HAVISHAM: You don't want to be an Earl? That's rather unusual.

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CEDDI: Not in America, sir. Would it mean I will have to go to England?

HAVISHAM: In England you would castles and parks and estates of your own.

CEDDI: Will I have friends there?

(Pause)

Would you be happy there, Dearest?

EVELYN: Would I, Mr. Havisham? The last time I was there, I was not happy.

CEDDI: Then we won't go.

EVELYN: Mr. Havisham means that we must now live in England--with your grandfather.

CEDDI: And leave America? I don't know about that. I've never even met him.

EVELYN: *(To HAVISHAM)* I thought it unlikely we'd ever see him, so I told him very little.

CEDDI: Do I have to be an Earl, even if I should decline to be?

HAVISHAM: I can't imagine anyone declining to be an Earl.

EVELYN: It's your decision, Ceddi. We don't have to go.

CEDDI: When would we have to leave?

HAVISHAM: I have bookings on the Luxembourg for Wednesday--week.

CEDDI: That's so soon!

MARY: *(Bringing tea)* Excuse me mum, but me sister, Bridget, is here. Michael's sick. Davey and Elsa are with her, Ceddi.

CEDDI: You'll pardon me, sir. I have to say hello to my friends.

(He goes with MARY)

HAVISHAM: You've taught your son well, madam.

EVELYN: He has the best of his father's qualities.

HAVISHAM: And some from his mother, too, I suspect.

EVELYN: Will his grandfather. . . like him? I don't care how he treats me, but Ceddi. . .

HAVISHAM: He's an old man with strong prejudices. He still refuses to see you, no matter how much he needs an heir.

EVELYN: But how is that possible?

HAVISHAM: I must be honest. Your son shall be educated under the Earl's supervision at Dorincourt, where he shall live. You are to live at Court Lodge, situated not far from the castle.

EVELYN: Not with him!

HAVISHAM: He offers you an income, and the boy will be allowed to visit you, as long as you do not enter the park gates.

CEDDI: *(Entering excitedly)* Dearest -- if I'm rich, can I help my friends?

HAVISHAM: I am authorized to extend any reasonable amounts of money you may need. . .to make the change from your country to ours.

CEDDI: Like helping my friends with some money?

EVELYN: Ceddi--!?

HAVISHAM: What would you feel is sufficient? Would this two pound note be enough?

EVELYN: But that's ten dollars!

CEDDI: That would be splendid.

(Holding up bills)

If this is what being an Earl is, I might get used to it!

HAVISHAM: Responsibilities go along with such privileges.

CEDDI: I'll try to remember that. May I go and give this to Bridget, Dearest?

EVELYN: All right.

(CEDDI goes)

EVELYN: You've made them very happy, Mr. Havisham.

HAVISHAM: Your son made it possible.

EVELYN: He would not be so unkind as to teach Ceddi not to love me?

HAVISHAM: *(Pause)* I cannot take him away without your consent.

EVELYN: Or his consent. It is all beyond my comprehension at the moment.

HAVISHAM: I can't imagine the Earl teaching him anything he doesn't want to believe.

MARY: *(In high spirits, retrieving tea things)* Pardon, mum. Bridget's flying with her ten smackeroos!

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(EVELYN and MARY exit, CEDDI enters)

CEDDI: I'm back.

(CEDDI sits and stares at HAVISHAM)

Mr. Havisham, how did my grandfather get to be an Earl in the first place?

HAVISHAM: An Earl comes from an ancient lineage of a very old family.

CEDDI: Like the Apple Woman. She's so old it surprises me she can even sit up. Her lineage must have gone into her bones.

HAVISHAM: I didn't mean old age, Ceddi. I mean that the family name has been known in the history of their country for a long time.

CEDDI: Like George Washington! I've heard of him since I was born, and he was known long before that--because of the Declaration of Independence and the Fourth of July.

HAVISHAM: The first Earl of Dorincourt was created an Earl four hundred years ago. Many of your forebears have fought battles, have helped govern England.

CEDDI: My father was brave. Maybe that's why he would have been an Earl if he hadn't died.

HAVISHAM: One advantage in being an Earl is that they often have a great deal of money.

CEDDI: If I had money, I'd buy the Apple Woman a tent and a stove and a shawl so that she could be warm. Then her bones wouldn't feel so ancient. It's probably painful when your bones hurt.

HAVISHAM: I'm sure it is.

(EVELYN has come back, sits quietly listening)

CEDDI: I'd buy Dearest books and fans and an encyclopedia, and a carriage so she wouldn't have to wait for streetcars. And for Dick. . .

HAVISHAM: Who's Dick?

CEDDI: A friend. His partner, Jake, cheats him. Wouldn't you be mad if you were busy blacking shoes and your partner didn't help much? I'd buy Jake out.

HAVISHAM: Nothing for yourself?

CEDDI: I don't need anything. I'd buy Mr. Hobbs a gold watch and chain, and a pipe.

HAVISHAM: *(Taking wallet out)* Will twenty-five pounds be sufficient to do those things?

EVELYN: That's a hundred and twenty-five dollars! Ceddi's never seen that much money.

HAVISHAM: What do you say to that, Lord Fauntleroy?

CEDDI: Well, just because I haven't had money, doesn't mean I can't spend it wisely, does it?

EVELYN: It appears you are learning to make decisions without my assistance.

CEDDI: What does an Earl do, Mr. Havisham?

HAVISHAM: Do you know what a mayor does for a city, Lord Fauntleroy?

CEDDI: He takes care of the needs of the people in the city.

HAVISHAM: *(a look to EVELYN)* That's what a good Earl does. He takes care of the people who take care of the land so they can be happy with their work and provide for their families.

CEDDI: That's the secret behind everything, Mr. Havisham. Dearest, said so.

HAVISHAM: What secret is that, Lord Fauntleroy?

CEDDI: People have to be happy, don't they?

HAVISHAM: Exactly.

CEDDI: Does my grandfather do all that?

(Another look between EVELYN and HAVISHAM)

He must be a great man.

EVELYN: I'm afraid Mr. Havisham has described the ideal Earl, Ceddi.

HAVISHAM: Your grandfather bears a heavy weight on his shoulders. He has lost his wife and three sons within fifteen years.

CEDDI: Maybe he won't want an American for an Earl.

HAVISHAM: I can't imagine him being disappointed in you, Lord Fauntleroy.

CEDDI: Lord Fauntleroy! I could get used to that! How bout you, Dearest?

MUSICAL #5 -- A REAL ARISTOCRAT

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CEDDI:

ISN'T IT THE GREATEST? ISN'T IT EXCITING?
HOW EVERYTHING CAN CHANGE
AND ALL AT ONCE BECOME INVITING.

EVELYN:

MAYBE WE SHOULD NOT GO OVER THERE. . .

CEDDI:

MAYBE WE SHOULD SAY A LITTLE PRAYER?

EVELYN:

CAN IT BE A WHOLE NEW WORLD
A WHOLE NEW DAY--
A START THAT BRINGS GOOD LUCK OUR WAY?

CEDDI:

IT MAY NOT BE TOO BAD AT THAT
TO BE A REAL ARISTOCRAT.

EVELYN:

IT SEEMS WE'LL HAVE TO SEE IT THROUGH!

CEDDI:

LET'S THINK WHAT WE CAN DO!

EVELYN:

WE'LL GO TO COURT AND EVERYTHING,

CEDDI:

WHO KNOWS? WE MIGHT GO VISIT WITH THE KING.

HAVISHAM:

THE KING'S A QUEEN. . .

CEDDI:

I'LL BET SHE'S GREAT--A KIND, GOOD POTENTATE!

(Spoken)

Like my grandfather!

HAVISHAM:

YOUR GRANDPA IS AN EARL!

CEDDI:

I'LL TRY TO MAKE HIM PROUD

HAVISHAM:

HE'LL TEACH YOU ALL AN EARL MUST DO!

CEDDI: *(To "Dearest")*

I WON'T MIND ONE LITTLE BIT IF I'M WITH YOU!

EVELYN:

BUT WHAT IF WE TURN OUT TO BE
THE MISFIT MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL TREE?
IF BY SOME CHANCE, IT WORKS THAT WAY?

CEDDI AND EVELYN:

WE'LL PACK AND RUN AWAY,
WE'LL COME BACK HOME AND STAY.

CEDDI: We're just joking, Mr. Havisham.

EVELYN: Not entirely, Ceddi. We haven't made up our minds to go, yet.

MUSICAL # 5A -- A REAL ARISTOCRAT (TAG)

EVELYN:

IF THINGS SHOULD WORK OUT JUST THAT WAY,
WE'LL PACK AND RUN AWAY.

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BOTH:

AND COME BACK HOME TO STAY,
WE'LL COME BACK HERE AND STAY.

(Scene fades to black)

MUSICAL #6 -- SCENE CHANGE

SCENE 3: PART OF THE STREET OUTSIDE HOBBS'S STORE -- *Sounds of the crowd at the market.*
HAVISHAM and CEDDI appear as lights come up.

CEDDI: *(To Apple Woman)* Good morning Stella, this is my friend, Mr. Havisham.

APPLE WOMAN: Any friend of Ceddi's is a friend of mine. Where you headed this good morning?

CEDDI: To see you. We have something for you.

(Hands her the bills)

APPLE WOMAN: My, my! I don't have that many apples, me boy. Nobody has.

CEDDI: They're not for apples, Stella. They're for making you comfortable.

APPLE WOMAN: Comfortable?

CEDDI: I have to go to England and be a Lord and I don't want your bones on my mind when it rains.

APPLE WOMAN: Bones on your mind, ye say?

(Hands him back the bills)

CEDDI: They're for you, Stella. To buy a tent and a stove and a shawl for rainy days.

HAVISHAM: It's all right. It's a gift from Ceddi.

APPLE WOMAN: Saints be praised!

(Tears)

The good Lord be praised! Bless ye, Ceddi. You, too, sir!

(The APPLE WOMAN'S friends gather around her as CEDDI and HAVISHAM continue up the street)

CEDDI: I fell and cut my knee once and she put something on it and gave me an apple and we've been friends ever since.

You remember people who are kind to you, don't you?

(They arrive at DICK'S bootblack stall where DICK is picking up scattered cans and brushes.)

DICK: Ceddi--hallo!

CEDDI: This is my friend, Mr. Havisham, from England. This is Dick. What happened?

DICK: I had a fight with my good-fer-nuttin' partner. He kin have the woiks. I quit.

CEDDI: You don't have to quit.

DICK: Yis, I do. He's the guy gits the dough. I'm the one does the woik.

CEDDI: Suppose I was to buy Jake out?

DICK: Why?

CEDDI: You don't want me to be your partner?

DICK: Sure. But how. . .? Aw, here he comes again.

(JAKE appears, rings the bell loudly)

That was a nice thing--knockin' things about!

JAKE: You shoulda give me the money in de foist place.

DICK: If I give you all the money, then I ain't got no change.

JAKE: Then quit takin' nickels out of it!

(Another jab at the bell)

DICK: I only takes my lawful cut!

JAKE: *(Throws shoes at DICK)* Here! Fer the watch repair guy, and do 'em in a half hour or I gets me a new partner.

And when they're done, I'm at Dulcy's.

(Starts off)

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CEDDI: Jake! Hold up!

JAKE: *(Stops but doesn't turn)* Do I hear someone of low quality addressin' me?

CEDDI: How much would you sell your partnership for?

JAKE: Who wants ta know?

CEDDI: I do.

JAKE: *(Turning)* You makin' a joke or sump'm?

CEDDI: How much?

JAKE: You gotta rich uncle or sump'm?

(Pause)

Thoity bucks.

CEDDI: Twenty-five.

JAKE: Twenty-seven. That's me last offer.

DICK: Where'll you get that much money, Ceddi?

JAKE: Yeh! Gonna rob a bank or sump'm?

CEDDI: *(Showing DICK the bills)* I got it here.

JAKE: *(Seeing bills)* Thoity bucks and no less.

CEDDI: *(Replacing bills)* You said twenty-seven.

HAVISHAM: Once you accept, you can't recant, young man.

JAKE: I don't even know what dat means. Okay. Twenty-seven.

(Counting bills, chuckling)

DICK: *(Handing shoes back to JAKE)* New rules: Pay in advance for rush jobs.

JAKE: Whatta ya mean? Awright, have 'em ready in ten minutes.

(Pays him)

DICK: Uh-uh. Fifteen minutes the regular time now.

JAKE: Awright, awright. Fifteen.

(Starts off, counting money)

DICK: Diggety dawg! You're a real business poisen, aintcha? Free shines to everybody today! Except Jake!

(Gesturing for HAVISHAM to sit down)

Mr. Havisham.

(HAVISHAM sits, puts feet on the shine bars)

MUSICAL #7 -- I'M YOUR FRIEND (REPRISE)

DICK *(As he polishes HAVISHAM'S shoes)*

SO I THOUGHT I WAS ALONE IN LIFE, I AIN'T,
BUT MY PICTURE SEEMED AS BAD AS YOU COULD PAINT.
I WAS CRAWLIN', SOMETIMES BRAWLIN',
JUST BECAUSE OL' JAKE WAS CALLIN'
ME THOSE NAMES THAT STIR THE IRE OF PETER'S SAINT.
YOU WERE HERE TO LEND A HAND, PUT YER ALL IN,
YOU'RE MY FRIEND, YOU'RE MY FRIEND, YOU'RE MY FRIEND.

CEDDI:

I'M YOUR FRIEND, I'M YOUR FRIEND, I'M YOUR FRIEND!

(The music changes)

HAVISHAM:

IN MY WORLD OF STOCKS AND BONDS AND READING WILLS,
THERE'S NOT MUCH FRIENDLY TALK OR CHUMMY THRILLS.
IT'S A HARD LIFE AND A SAD LIFE
WHEN YOU'RE ALL ALONE WITHOUT A WIFE,
THE KIND OF LIFE THAT ULTIMATELY KILLS!
I'D BE GLAD TO WELCOME YOUR FRIENDS INTO MY LIFE,
I'M YOUR FRIEND.

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DICK AND CEDDI:

I'M YOUR FRIEND.

ALL THREE:

YOU'RE MY FRIENDS!

HAVISHAM: One of the best shines I've ever had, young man!

DICK: Our motto: PUT A SHINE ON THE WORLD, Mr. Have-a-shine!

(They laugh)

HAVISHAM: I have to go now and make our departure plans, Ceddi. I'll see you at the harbor tomorrow morning.

(He leaves)

DICK: Leavin' tomorrow, huh?

CEDDI: Yeah.

DICK: So soon, huh?

CEDDI: Yeah.

DICK: Gee, kid--I'll sure miss ya!

CEDDI: I'll miss you too.

(BEN appears behind CEDDI)

DICK: Ben! Where y'been for six months?

BEN: As far away as I could. Been hidin' out from Minna since me divorce. Good riddance, too. Shine'em up!

(Sits and DICK begins to shine his shoes)

Who's yer friend?

DICK: This is my new partner--Lord Fauntleroy.

BEN: *(Chuckling)* Yeah? Never met a Lord before.

DICK: He really is a Lord, Ben. In England.

BEN: Yeah?

(Puts out hand, still chuckling)

DICK: Ben married a actress--Minna Duwarr.

BEN: The baby came along, then she took off. Said he was my kid.

DICK: Good lookin' women sometimes have nuttin' upstairs.

BEN: Yea. He was wit his Gramma til Minna came and took him off again. Sometimes I wish I'd never growed up!

MUSICAL # 7a -- GROWIN' UP!

BEN:

LIFE IS TOO HARD GROWIN' UP TOUGH!

WATCHIN' YOUR BACK ISN'T ENOUGH TO FILL YER PLATE.

KEEP YOUR HAND OUT SO'S YER READY FER FATE!

DICK:

RUNNIN' A RACE, DOIN' IT WELL,

GIVIN' YER ALL! MAKIN' A PLACE IN HISTORY!

KEEP YOUR HEAD UP, 'TIL YOU'RE ALL YOU CAN BE!

MOVE IT, PROVE IT, GET THIS WICKED WORLD WORKING FOR YOU!

FACE IT, PACE IT, AT THE END OF THE RACE YOU'LL PULL THROUGH!

CEDDI:

SPIN IT! WIN IT! JUST BEGIN IT AND YOU CAN FIGHT!

CEDDI & DICK:

NO TIME TO SPARE! YOU'LL SOON BE THERE!

YOUR FORTUNE'S IN SIGHT!

BEN: Hey, you think so?

CEDDI: My mother says you have to keep at it. no matter what!

BEN: Positive like, huh?

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CEDDI: That's what Dearest says.

BEN: Dearest?

(pause)

I like yer friend, brudder!

GIVE LIFE A CHANCE? GIVE IT A CHEER?

CEDDI:

GREET EV'RY DAY WITH A HELLO THAT SAYS "I'M HERE!"

CEDDI & DICK:

LET THE SUNSHINE CONQUER DARKNESS AND FEAR!

CEDDI: She says:

MOVE IT, PROVE IT! MAKE THIS WONDERFUL WORLD WORK FOR YOU!

CEDDI & DICK:

TAKE IT! SHAKE IT! THERE IS NOTHING THAT YOU CAN NOT DO!

BEN:

I'M GETTIN' IT!

SHINE IT! PRIME IT! NICKEL, DIME IT IT'S YOURS TO HOLD!

DICK: *(holding a newspaper)*

IT'S UNDERLINED!

ALL THREE:

YOU'RE SURE TO FIND YOUR OWN POT OF GOLD!

(DANCE BREAK)

MOVE IT, PROVE IT! MAKE THIS WONDERFUL WORLD WORK FOR YOU!

TAKE IT! SHAKE IT! THERE IS NOTHING THAT YOU CANNOT DO!

SPIN IT! WIN IT! TROUBLE'S IN IT IF YOU DON'T FIGHT!

NO TIME TO SPARE! YOU'LL FORTUNE'S THERE!

JUST KEEP IT IN SIGHT!

IN SIGHT!

(Shine is done)

Good shine, Dickie Boy, better'n usual.

DICK: Price ain't gone up, neither.

BEN: *(Reaching in pocket)* Oh, yeah . . .

DICK: Naw, dis one's on the house.

BEN: Say, brudder, you're turnin' out purty good. Put 'er dere!

(They shake hands)

Well, I gotta go. If you see Minna, you ain't seen me, okay?

(He goes, but turns)

Lord Fauntleroy!

(Goes off chuckling)

HOBBS: *(Appearing at door)* So why was that fancy-hat gentleman talkin' to ya a minute ago?

CEDDI: That was Mr. Havisham, from England.

HOBBS: And what are ye doin', hob-nobbin with Englishmen?

CEDDI: *(As they move to HOBBS store)* Maybe you'd better sit down for this.

DICK: Yeah. Ceddi's my partner now. The rest is kinda difficult to believe.

HOBBS: It already is and I ain't heard nothin' yet.

CEDDI: My name isn't Cedric Errol anymore. It's Lord Fauntleroy.

HOBBS: *(Sitting)* Good joke, boys, now tell me the real whatever it is.

CEDDI: I'm a Lord. I'll be the Earl Of Dorincourt someday. I'm going to England.

HOBBS: *(Standing)* England?

BOTH BOYS: It's the truth!

HOBBS: Lord What's-his-name?

CEDDI: Fauntleroy. My father was going to be a Lord, but he can't, because he's dead, so I have to be.

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MUSICAL #8 --I'LL BE JIGGERED

HOBBS (*Sitting*) Well, I'll . . .be . . .

I'LL BE JIGGERED, THIMBLE-RIGGERED!
IT JUST DOESN'T MAKE MUCH SENSE, IT CAN'T BE FIGGERED.
WE ALWAYS THOUGHT THE SAME, WE ALWAYS SEEN RIGHT EYE TO EYE.
I'LL BE JIGGERED, I'LL BE JIGGERED TO KNOW WHY.
WELL, I'M JOLTED--THUNDERBOLTED!
AND TO TELL THE AWFUL TRUTH,
I'M JUST REVOLTED!
I'M STARTLED, SHOCKED AND STUNNED,
AND DAZED, HORNSWOGGLED AND AGHAST,
I'LL BE JIGGERED, I'LL BE JIGGERED TO THE LAST.
I SAID I'D NEVER HAVE A BRITON, SITTIN' ON MY KEG,
SAID I'D HAVE TO BREAK HIS LEG,
AND NOW YOU SAY THAT YOU'RE A LORD,
I FRET, I STARE, I STEW, TO THINK IT MIGHT BE TRUE!
OH, I'M ASTOUNDED, JUST DUMBFOUNDED,
AND THERE AIN'T NO WAY AROUND IT?

CEDDI: No!

HOBBS:

I'M CONFOUNDED!
PLEASE TELL ME IT'S JUST MAKE-BELIEVE--A GAME OF JUST PRETEND,
OR I'LL BE JIGGERED, I'LL BE JIGGERED TO THE END,
I'LL BE JIGGERED TO THE EVER-LOVIN' END!

CEDDI: I know you're just exaggerating again, Mr. Hobbs.

HOBBS:

WELL, I'M JOLTED, THUNDERBOLTED,
AND TO TELL THE AWFUL TRUTH,
I'M JUST REVOLTED.
I'M STARTLED, SHOCKED AND STUNNED,
AND DAZED, HORN-SWOGGLED AND AGHAST!
I'LL BE JIGGERED, I'LL BE JIGGERED
TO THE LAST!
I SAID I'D NEVER HAVE A BRITON
SITTIN' ON MY KEG,
SAID I'D HAVE TO BREAK HIS LEG,
AND NOW YOU SAY THAT YOU'RE A LORD
I FRET, I STARE, I STEW
TO THINK IT MIGHT BE TRUE.

OH, I'M ASTOUNDED, JUST DUMBFOUNDED,

AND THERE AIN'T NO WAY AROUND IT,

I'M CONFOUNDED!
PLEASE TELL ME IT'S JUST MAKE-BELIEVE,
A GAME OF JUST PRETEND.
I'LL BE JIGGERED, I'LL BE JIGGERED

CEDDI & DICK:

IT CAN'T BE ALL AS BAD AS THAT
TO BE A REAL
ARISTOCRAT.
JUST THINK ABOUT
WHAT I CAN DO FOR
ALL MY
FRIENDS -- LIKE YOU.
I AM (HE IS) NOW A LORD,

CEDDI:

AND THOUGH I FEEL THE SAME,
I CAN THINK OF HOW
IT WILL BE --

CEDDI & DICK:

JUST SITTING, EATING MUFFINS,
DRINKING TEA!
I (YOU) MIGHT BE FORCED TO DUEL
AND SUCH,
AND SO I (YOU) SHOULDN'T TRUST
THEM TOO DARN
MUCH!
I'LL (YOU'LL) NEVER KNOW
WHAT'S RIGHT TO SAY.
CEDDI: I KNOW, I'LL RUN AWAY,

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TO THE END.

CEDDI & DICK:

AND COME BACK HERE TO STAY!
AND COME BACK HERE TO STAY!

I'LL BE JIGGERED TO THE EVER-LOVIN' END!
I'LL BE JIGGERED TO THE EVER-LOVIN' END!

HOBBS: Now that you're one o'them Lords, I might just have to change my mind, Ceddi.

CEDDI: I knew you would. If you could have anything, what would you want, Mr. Hobbs?

HOBBS: For you not to go off to England, laddie.

DICK: You've still got me.

HOBBS: But you're always runnin' to your customers.

DICK: I'm boss now, it'll be different. Customers can wait!

(Bell rings)

Oh! Oh! See Ya!

(He hurries out)

CEDDI: I've got something for you, Mr. Hobbs.

HOBBS: *(Receiving the package)* So I get this and lose you, is that it? A Meerschaum pipe! I'll be--

CEDDI: I know. . .jiggered!

(Hands him the watch box)

HOBBS: *(Raising the lid)* Ceddi, you didn't rob a bank--?

(Opens watch lid)

CEDDI: There's something written inside the lid.

HOBBS: *'WHEN THIS YOU SEE, REMEMBER ME.'*

Remember you? Ask the horse to forget where the water is. Don't you go and forget me neither when you're among the arys-to-crazy over there.

(Watch begins to chime)

CEDDI: It chimes. So you'll remember our friendship.

HOBBS: I'll never forget you, Laddie.

CEDDI: I've got to go now. Our boat leaves tomorrow.

HOBBS: *(wiping away a tear)* I'll be there to see you off.

(CEDDI lingers, then goes. HOBBS watches him out of sight, staring at the empty street. Lights fade. HOBBS'S store moves off. SOUNDS of ship's horn and wharf noises)

SCENE 4: WHARF, LANDING DOCK, RAMP -- *Passengers are checking baggage, conferring with stewards, saying goodbye, etc. Lights reveal CEDDI, EVELYN, HAVISHAM, MARY moving up the ramp. The Captain's whistle is heard, calls for 'ALL ASHORE WHO ARE GOING ASHORE!'* HOBBS, THE APPLE WOMAN and Ceddi's GANG are there. DICK runs onto the wharf.

DICK: Hold the boat, hold the boat!

CEDDI: It's Dick!

DICK: Whew! I thought I wouldn't make it.

(Thrusts a red silk handkerchief at CEDDI)

It's what the swells wear in England--around their necks.

CEDDI: It's a beauty!

(Putting it on)

Do I look like a swell?

HOBBS: You certainly look like a swell "something," Ceddi.

CEDDI: I'll think of you when I wear it, Dick.

BILLY: Remember you're going to write us, Ceddi!

BOY IN GANG: About the castles.

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ANOTHER BOY IN GANG: About your grandfather.

ALL BOYS IN GANG: About the food!

CEDDI: I'll write! I promise!

HOBBS: Here's another little present,

CEDDI: (*opening a box*) A ring!
(*Puts it on*)

It fits! It's beautiful!

HOBBS: Look inside.

CEDDI: "*FRIENDS ARE FOREVER*" They are, Mr. Hobbs.
(*Embraces him*)

They are!

MUSICAL #9 -- I'M YOUR FRIEND (REPRISE)

CEDDI:

AND NOW THAT I'M A LORD,
I'LL TRY TO MAKE YOU PROUD.
I'LL BE THE BEST A LORD CAN BE.

DICK, BILLY & HOBBS

YOU'RE SURE TO STAND OUT WELL IN ANY CROWD!

DICK, BILLY, HOBBS & GANG

THERE IS NOTHING QUITE AS GREAT AS BEING FRIENDS!
BEING FRIENDS WILL ALWAYS PAY YOU DIVIDENDS.

CROWD WOMEN:

THOUGH WE FEEL LIKE WE ARE
STANDING IN THE RAIN
AND OUR MOST
DISTURBING LOSS WILL SOON BE
ENGLAND'S GAIN.
YOUR DEPARTURE IS THE ISSUE

WE WOULD LIKE TO HUG
AND KISS YOU

REFRAIN!

SO WE CAN SAY GOODBYE AND
BON VOYAGE! WE'LL
MISS YOU!
WE'LL BE HERE
WHILE YOU'LL BE THERE.
OVER THERE! OVER THERE!
ALWAYS FRIENDS!

CROWD MEN:

THOUGH WE FEEL
LIKE WE ARE STANDING
IN THE RAIN.
ENGLAND'S GAIN!

SO TO SHOW HOW MUCH WE'LL MISS YOU
WE WISH
YOU WELL!
REFRAIN!
REFRAIN!
SO WE CAN SAY GOODBYE AND
BON VOYAGE! WE'LL
MISS YOU! (YES, WE'LL MISS YOU!)
WE'LL BE HERE!
WHILE YOU'LL BE THERE.

ALWAYS FRIENDS!

(Lights fade; we hear the ship horn growing fainter as the people drift off. Lights finally are out and one more sound of the ship far out in the bay)

MUSICAL #10 -- SCENE CHANGE

SCENE 5: NORTHUMBERLAND, ENGLAND, COURT LODGE --- 28 days later. As music fades, lights reveal the

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parlor of Court Lodge, soon to be EVELYN'S home. Two maids, THELMA and SERENA and MRS. DAWSON, headmistress of Court Lodge, are making the house ready.

SEGUE TO

MUSICAL #11 -- I WONDER

SERENA: She comes from the East side of New York, ye say, Mrs. Dawson?

DAWSON: From Brooklyn--the worst possible place!

THELMA: And the boy--who knows what he'll be like?

SERENA:

I WONDER WHAT SHE'LL LOOK LIKE,
I WONDER WHAT SHE'LL SAY?

THELMA:

I WONDER SINCE SHE'S NEW HERE,
WHATEVER WILL SHE DO HERE?
TO OCCUPY HER DAY?

DAWSON:

AMERICANS AT COURT LODGE--
I THOUGHT I'D NEVER SEE!

SERENA:

NEXT THEY'LL BANISH PORK PIE
AND DO AWAY WITH TEA!

DAWSON:

THE OLD EARL'S LIVED ALONE TOO LONG
WITH GOUT AND ANGRY DREAMS

SERENA:

I PITY THEM, THEY'LL FIND OUT SOON
THE EARL'S NOT WHAT HE SEEMS.

THELMA:

HE'S DAFT.

SERENA:

HE'S MEAN.

THELMA:

HE THINKS HE'S KING!

(They titter, get a reproving look from DAWSON)

BOTH:

HE'LL WISH HE HADN'T TRIED
TO FIND AN HEIR HE'S NEVER SEEN!

(They go back to work again for a moment, then)

DAWSON:

I WONDER, WILL SHE KNOW THINGS,
LIKE KEEPING CHARGE OF HOUSE?

THELMA:

OR WILL SHE PALE AT SHADOWS,
AND BRANCHES AT THE WINDOWS?

SERENA:

OR SCREAM UPON A MOUSE?

(They titter again)

DAWSON:

BY RIGHTS, SHE IS A LADY.

SERENA:

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THE BOY --

DAWSON:

HE IS A LORD.

THELMA:

BUT WHAT THEY'LL HAVE TO GO THROUGH. . .!
IS THAT A JUST REWARD?

DAWSON:

THE OLD EARL USED TO BE SO NICE,
QUITE PLEASANT, THOUGH REFINED.
AT CHRISTMAS TIME--A COIN OR TWO,
WAS ALWAYS MORE THAN KIND.
BUT NOW THE CASTLE'S STILL AND STERN,
THERE'S DOOM UPON THE AIR,
HE BROODS AND STEWS--UNHAPPY,
ABJECT AND SOLITAIRE.
IS THAT ANY PLACE TO BRING A CHILD?
IS THAT ANY WAY TO BE?
WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIS GRACE?
THE FROWN ON HIS FACE
DISGRACES NOBILITY.
IT'S ALWAYS A CASE OF MISPLACED CARE,
IT'S FUTILE TO SAY, "WE'LL SEE,"
THERE'S CHANGE IN THE AIR
BY FINDING AN HEIR
THEY'LL BE A PAIR
BEYOND COMPARE!

SERENA, THELMA:

THE CASTLE'S GHOSTLY, DARK AND GRIM
IT'S NO PLACE FOR A BOY
HOW COULD THAT OLD MAN TAKE HIM THERE?
SHE'S HERE WITHOUT HER BOY!
THEIR FUTURE LOOKS QUITE DIM,
SHE'LL LANGUISH IN DESPAIR!
AND WHO IS THERE TO HELP HIM?
WHO'S THERE TO CARE, OVER THERE?

DAWSON:

I WONDER WHAT SHE'LL

BE LIKE? I

WONDER WHAT SHE'LL

SAY? I

WONDER, SINCE SHE'S

NEW HERE, WHAT-

EVER WILL SHE

DO HERE TO

OCCUPY

HER

SERENA:

IS THAT ANY PLACE TO
BRING A CHILD IS
THAT ANY WAY TO BE? WHAT'S

WRONG WITH HIS GRACE?

THE FROWN ON HIS FACE DIS-
GRACES NOBILITY! IT'S
ALWAYS A CASE OF

MISPLACED CARE. IT'S

FUTILE TO SAY

WE'LL SEE. THERE'S

CHANGE IN THE AIR. BY

FINDING AN HEIR THEY'LL

THELMA:

THAT CASTLE'S GHOSTLY
DARK AND
GRIM. IT'S NO PLACE FOR
A BOY.

HOW COULD THAT OLD
MAN

TAKE HIM THERE. SHE'S
HERE WITHOUT HER BOY.

THEIR FUTURE LOOKS
QUITE DIM.

SHE'LL

LANGUISH IN DESPAIR!

AND

WHO IS THERE TO

HELP HIM?

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DAY. BE BEYOND COMPARE! WHO'S THERE TO
I WONDER? I WONDER? CARE?
I WONDER?
(At conclusion of song, sounds of horses are heard on cobblestone outside, voices of HAVISHAM and others)

DAWSON: They've come. Away with your things!

(They go in a flurry. THOMAS comes flying down the stairs, admits them)

HAVISHAM: Mrs. Dawson. Everything ship-shape, I see.

(DAWSON goes to door as EVELYN and CEDDI appear)

Mrs. Erroll, Lord Fauntleroy--Mrs. Dawson, housemistress of Court Lodge.

EVELYN: How bright everything is! How lovely!

DAWSON: It has always been lovely, madam. And clean.

HAVISHAM: Mrs. Dawson's family has been in charge of Dorincourt for forty years, Mrs. Erroll.

EVELYN: *(Aware of DAWSON'S ice)* What an intriguing legacy!

DAWSON: That is what England is all about, madam. Your parlor maids, madam.

(SERENA and THELMA curtsy)

At your disposal, madam.

EVELYN: *(Attempting humor)* I'm afraid we're unaccustomed to having anyone at our disposal.

DAWSON: Indeed. . .!

CEDDI: Anyone would be lucky to live here.

DAWSON: It is hardly luck that allows one to live here, Lord Fauntleroy.

CEDDI: My friends call me Ceddi, ma'am.

(Smile)

DAWSON: We shall call you Lord Fauntleroy since that is what you are. In England, we are proud of our distinctions.

Thelma and Serena will see that your luggage is put away in your room.

(DAWSON gestures to MAIDS, who take baggage upstairs as MARY appears at the door)

MARY: My, ain't this the place, though?

EVELYN: This is Mrs. Dawson, Mary--the housemistress.

MARY: Housemistress? Ah, well! That we kin work out!

(DAWSON starts upstairs behind MAIDS)

DAWSON: Work out. . .?

EVELYN: Mary's been with me for a long time, Mrs. Dawson. I'm afraid she feels responsible for us.

DAWSON: Then, if madam will permit, I shall go and take care of such things that your Mary cannot do.

(DAWSON takes a quick leave)

EVELYN: Is that going to be a problem?

HAVISHAM: Not at all. She's also housemistress at the castle, so we'll put Mary in charge here.

(Hesitating)

I'm sure you women can take care of things in your own usual way.

EVELYN: What is "our own usual way," Mr. Havisham?

HAVISHAM: You know. . .managing things agreeably. That's women's nature, isn't it?

EVELYN: That's only part of women's nature. A woman's world has its complications, too.

HAVISHAM: You seem to have dealt with your complications admirably.

EVELYN: What do you mean, exactly?

HAVISHAM: Your acceptance of the Earl's treatment of you--your bringing the boy up on your own, so to speak. I mean, you always seem so. . .

EVELYN: Passive, Mr. Havisham?

HAVISHAM: Agreeable, Mrs. Erroll.

EVELYN: Do you find that. . .attractive in women, Mr. Havisham?

HAVISHAM: *(Pause)* I don't know. I can only say that I admire you a great deal. Other women would have fought the Earl tooth and nail.

(Awkward pause)

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Well. . .I'm sure you women can take care of things, here. I'll be on my way.

(At the door)

I'll call for Ceddi tomorrow at. . . quarter past five.

EVELYN: He'll be ready.

(He lingers a few seconds as if wanting to say more, but goes, instead)

CEDDI: *(Appearing down the stairs)* I don't think Dawson likes me.

EVELYN: She doesn't know you yet.

(Pause)

Would you like to stay in here with me, tonight? We'll have a long talk.

CEDDI: Peachy!

(At window)

I can't see any houses that look like they have anyone my age.

EVELYN: I need to explain a few facts about our new home, Lord Fauntleroy.

CEDDI: That's the first time you've called me that.

EVELYN: *(Pause)* Now that you are an Earl . . . you will not be living here.

CEDDI: *(Shocked)* Not live here? Why not?

EVELYN: You will live at the castle--with your grandfather. I will live here.

CEDDI: Why can't both of us live in the castle? There's plenty of room, isn't there?

EVELYN: There are reasons, darling.

CEDDI: Do you want to live over here--away from me?

EVELYN: Of course not.

(Hugs him)

But you are an Earl, and you must be with him--over there.

CEDDI: *(Pause)* Doesn't grandfather like women in his castle?

EVELYN: It isn't that, either, Ceddi. You'll be studying and learning so much.

CEDDI: *(After a few seconds)* It's going to be terribly lonely.

EVELYN: When you come over here we can talk in our own private place.

(Pause)

There's a story about a young boy, like yourself, who'd lost his parents and family, so he was living with his dear old grandmother--in the woods. But the little boy met a wealthy man who lived nearby, who offered to let the boy come and stay with him and go to school. . .

CEDDI: . . . because the grandmother was too poor?

EVELYN: Yes. The boy was worried about leaving her but the grandmother told him not to worry ; she would put a candle in her window, which the boy could see shining through the woods. That's what I'm going to do for you.

MARY: *(At the door)* You've a darlin' little tub off your beautiful room, mum. I can draw a lovely bath when you say. I'll bet his Lordship could use one, too.

CEDDI: Such a beautiful tub! I saw it, Dearest, you'll love it. I've one in my room, too.

EVELYN: A bath would be nice.

(Kissing him)

You all right?

(CEDDI feigns a smile. EVELYN goes up the stairs)

MARY: Now, how about your bath, Master Fauntleroy?

CEDDI: I'd prefer that you not call me that, Mary. Never.

MARY: I'll have to be callin' ye that in the presence of others.

CEDDI: Mother lives here, and I'm to live over there. Isn't that. . . strange, Mary?

MARY: Everyone has to do some things that don't suit their fancy. Your grandfather's not an Earl for nothin'. I'm sure he wants to love you as much as you do him. Give him the chance by lovin' him first.

(As they go up the stairs, her arm around his shoulder; the lights cross-fade to EVELYN standing in her room)

MUSICAL # 12 -- A PRIVATE PLACE

PERUSAL PAGES FOR Fauntleroy! by *Max C. Golightly and C. Michael Perry*

EVELYN:

MAYBE IT WILL WORK.
A PRIVATE PLACE IS GOOD!
PEOPLE HAVE TO TAKE WHAT COMES THEIR WAY.
MAYBE TIME WILL CHANGE WHAT ISN'T UNDERSTOOD.
EV'RY UNDERSTANDING HAS IT'S DAY --
NO MATTER WHAT THEY SAY.

(Lights also come up on HAVISHAM singing somewhere in limbo)

EVELYN:

WHAT DOES A WOMAN NEED--

A FEW AMBITIOUS SCHEMES,
A LIFE OF SECRET DREAMS TO KEEP HER
CHANGING WORLD SOMEHOW INTACT.
BUT DOES SHE REALLY NEED
A WISH FOR LOVE RETURNED,
A FEW BAD BRIDGES BURNED TO FILL IN
WHAT HER LIFE HAS REALLY LACKED!
I'VE BEEN CONTENT TO BE
A MOTHER UP TO NOW
A WOMAN ON HER OWN AND FREE!
BUT LACKING SOMETHING MORE,
NOT MISSED TOO MUCH SOMEHOW.
I THINK I KNOW WHAT
THAT SOMETHING COULD BE.

HAVISHAM:

SHE NEEDS

HAPPINESS.
HOW WOULD IT BE TO
HAVE HER HEART IN MINE.
I NEVER THOUGHT I'D NEED
SOMEONE TO LOVE TOO MUCH,
A LONGING FOR HER TOUCH TO FILL THE
VOID MY LIFE HAS ALWAYS LACKED.
IF SHE GAVE JUST ONE WORD
I'D BE CONTENT TO BE
CONDITIONED TO MY FATE AND HERS.
WITH JOY I'D TAKE THAT VOW!
FOR EVER GLAD TO THINK
THAT SHE COULD
CARE FOR ME.

EVELYN:

A PRIVATE PLACE? IT'S NOT A BAD IDEA AT THAT.
TO MAKE A GOOD THING OUT OF BAD.
THAT'S WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT, THEY SAY.
WHERE WE CAN TALK OUR TROUBLES OUT,
AND SHARE WHAT WE CAN'T DO WITHOUT.
WE'LL THINK THINGS THROUGH AND NEVER DOUBT.
WE'LL HAVE EACH OTHER COME WHAT MAY.

(LIGHTS change to pick up CEDDI)

CEDDI:

A PRIVATE PLACE! THAT'S WHAT SHE SAID.
THE TWO OF US ALONE!
SHE SAYS IT HAS TO BE THIS WAY.
I'LL SEE HER CANDLE BURNING BRIGHT.
WE'LL SEE EACH OTHER VERY DAY.

(LIGHTS change to pick up HAVISHAM)

HAVISHAM:

I KNOW THE EARL!
HE'LL KEEP THEM BOTH APART AND YET,
SHE'LL FIND A WAY TO DEAL WITH HIM.
NO MATTER WHAT, SHE'S HERE TO STAY!
HER SMILE! IT MAKES THIS COLD HEART SPIN!
AND BRINGS A SHIVER TO MY SKIN.
SHE LIGHTS WHATEVER ROOM SHE'S IN!
I'M PUTTY IN HER HANDS; I'M CLAY!

(LIGHTS change to include EVELYN, CEDDI & HAVISHAM)

EVELYN:

HAVISHAM:

CEDDI:

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A PRIVATE PLACE? IT'S
NOT A BAD IDEA AT THAT. TO
MAKE A GOOD THING OUT OF
BAD. THAT'S WHAT IT'S ALL A-
BOUT, THEY SAY.
WHERE WE CAN TALK OUR
TROUBLES OUT,
AND SHARE WHAT WE CAN'T
DO WITHOUT. TO MY SKIN.
WE'LL THINK THINGS THROUGH
AND NEVER DOUBT.
WE'LL HAVE EACH
OTHER COME WHAT MAY.
WE'LL I'M
HAVE EACH PUTTY IN HER HAND
OTHER COME WHAT MAY.
WE'LL
HAVE EACH PUTTY IN HER HAND
OTHER COME WHAT MAY.

I KNOW THE EARL. HE'LL
KEEP THEM BOTH APART,
AND YET, SHE'LL
FIND A WAY TO DEAL WITH
HIM. NO MATTER WHAT SHE'S
HERE TO STAY!
HER SMILE! IT MAKES THIS
COLD HEART SPIN.
AND BRINGS A SHIVER
SEE HER
SHE LIGHTS WHATEVER
ROOM SHE'S IN. I'M
PUTTY IN HER HAND
I'M CLAY!
EV'RY DAY!
BRIGHT. WE'LL
I'M CLAY!
I'M
BRIGHT.
I'M CLAY!

A PRIVATE PLACE!
THAT'S
WHAT SHE SAID. THE
TWO OF US A-
LONE. SHE
SAYS IT
HAS TO
BE THIS
WAY. I'LL
CANDLE
BURNING
BRIGHT. WE'LL
SEE EACH OTHER
SEE EACH OTHER
EV'RY DAY!
WE'LL
SEE EACH OTHER
EV'RY DAY!

(Lights fade on the trio)

MUSICAL # 12A -- SCENE CHANGE

SCENE 6: LIBRARY AND HALL, DORINCOURT CASTLE -- NEXT DAY. *A huge dog lies alongside the EARL'S chair, where the EARL sits, his back to the entrance. DAWSON is about to set a tray of food by him.*

THE EARL: *(Grumpily)* What's that?

DAWSON: I thought a bit of lamb soup would be good for you.

EARL: Well, you thought wrong. Take it away!

(She takes tray)

And bring me some wine as I asked you to do.

DAWSON: But your Lordship, your doctor says. . .

EARL: I don't care what the doctor says. . . am I the master here, or is he?

(Swinging his cane which bangs his bandaged foot)

Aaaaah! Now see what you've done! I'm surrounded by idiots!

(As she retreats, we see that HAVISHAM has been standing in the doorway)

HAVISHAM: I see that you're feeling better, your Lordship.

EARL: So you've returned from your pleasure jaunt into the land of heathens and criminals, eh?

HAVISHAM: You got my wire?

(DAWSON brings wine and two glasses, goes)

EARL: You didn't say much in it.

HAVISHAM: I said the important things, your Lordship.

(Pause)

Lord Fauntleroy and his mother are at Court Lodge.

EARL: *(Pouring himself some wine)* I had to find that out from Dawson. The servants in this house know more about my affairs than I do.

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(Pause)

Well, have you brought the boy?

HAVISHAM: He's waiting outside.

EARL: What kind of a lad is he?

HAVISHAM: Dawson didn't tell you about that?

EARL: A clumsy cub, I suppose?

HAVISHAM: Different than most English children, I dare say.

EARL: American children! I've heard all about them.

HAVISHAM: Shall I call him in, sir?

EARL: There's time, there's time! Let him wait a little, teach him some patience.

HAVISHAM: I have a message from his mother. . .she prefers not to accept the income you offered.

EARL: Wants more, I suppose. Likely poisoned the boy's mind against me, too. I can see that she's already laid the veil across your perception!

HAVISHAM: She asks you not to say anything to the boy that would lead him to believe that you separate him from her because of prejudice. She feels it would make him fear you rather than feel affection for you.

EARL: Come now, you mean she hasn't told him what a hard old miser I am?

HAVISHAM: On the contrary; the boy is excited to meet you.

EARL: Probably told him other things equally as imaginative. Children--why can't they be born adults? Who needs them?

HAVISHAM: Don't you?

(They stare at each other for a beat or two)

EARL: He'll likely be afraid of me, or think I'm a monster--as my own children did.

HAVISHAM: I would caution you, sir, not to speak slightly of his mother.

EARL: He's only ten years old!

HAVISHAM: Ten years which has been spent at his mother's side, giving her the affection he might have shared with you.

EARL: You needn't be impertinent!

HAVISHAM: I am never impertinent to you, sir. Pertinent, yes.

(Waits)

She gives the boy up to you because his father would wish it .

EARL: *(Hobbling to the window)* Well, bring him in and let's get on with it.

(HAVISHAM goes and returns with CEDDI, who stands rather forlornly in the middle of the large room, staring at his grandfather's back)

EARL: *(Without turning)* So--you're going to be an Earl, are you?

CEDDI: I'd rather be your grandson.

EARL: Hmmmph! You already are my grandson. It will take some doing to make you an Earl.

CEDDI: I'm ready if you are, sir.

(The EARL turns and looks upon the boy. CEDDI comes forward, hand extended, which the EARL takes in a quick shake)

CEDDI: I'm glad to see you. I thought I never would.

EARL: Not many people are glad to see me. Not many people would say they are, even if they were.

(The following section can be cut if there is no dog)

CEDDI: That's a very big dog. What's its name?

EARL: MacDougall. He doesn't like strangers.

CEDDI: Come, MacDougall!

(The dog comes to him, licks his hand)

He knows I'm your grandson.

EARL: It appears that way, doesn't it?

(End of optional section)

(Goes painfully to his chair and sits)

CEDDI: *(Staring at him for a second or two)* I've been wondering if you'd look like my father.

EARL: Well, do I?

CEDDI: I've decided to accept the way you looked.

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(Pause)

One should accept relatives, don't you think?

EARL: Especially if they can't do anything about it!

CEDDI: I'm obliged to you for giving me money for my friends.

EARL: And who are they?

CEDDI: The ones Mr. Havisham gave me the money for.

EARL: I should like to hear about that.

CEDDI: Michael had the fever, and Mary's sister. . .

EARL: Hold on! Who are Michael and Mary?

CEDDI: Michael's Mary's sister's husband. Mary lives with us and cooks for myself and Dearest.

EARL: Who is Dearest?

CEDDI: Mother is Dearest. That's what father used to call her and so I do, now.

(Pause)

You'd like my friend, Dick. He's square.

EARL: Square?

CEDDI: He won't cheat anyone or hit a boy littler than he is. He gave me this.

(Brings out red handkerchief)

It's to remember him by.

EARL: How many friends do you have?

CEDDI: Well, there's Mr. Hobbs. . . he doesn't like English people.

EARL: How could anyone not like us?

CEDDI: Because they haven't met you. I bought him a Meerschaum pipe. And a watch and case--with your money. I wish he could come and visit us, so he could see that Englishmen aren't so bad.

EARL: But you're an Englishman!

CEDDI: I'm an American.

EARL: Your father was an Englishman; that makes you English.

CEDDI: My mother was an American. I was born in America. You have to be an American if you're born in America. And Mr. Hobbs told me that if there was another war, I'd have to be an American. Once American--always American!

(The following section can be cut if there is no dog)

EARL: Well. . . MacDougall doesn't seem to know the difference, does he?

CEDDI: Dearest says animals know when you like them--the same as people.

EARL: People are supposed to know that, too, are they? Hmph!

(End of optional section)

CEDDI: Your castle's beautiful. I haven't seen many castles.

EARL: You haven't, eh?

CEDDI: *(Pause)* You're very good at answering questions with questions, aren't you, grandfather?

EARL: Almost as good as yourself?

CEDDI: *(Pause)* Thomas showed me the garden. He said it was too bad no one appreciated it.

EARL: *(As that sinks in)* Why don't you go ask Mrs. Dawson if she has some lemonade, or something?

CEDDI: *(Going)* Do you want some?

EARL: I haven't had lemonade for fifty years.

CEDDI: It's good for what ails you.

(CEDDI goes.)

MUSICAL #13A -- WHO NEEDS HIM?

EARL: Wondering what I look like? Once American--always American! Hmph! Why can't children keep their observations to themselves?!

CHILDREN ARE A BOTHER FROM THE MINUTE THEY START BREATHING,

THEY'LL QUESTION YOU AND PESTER YOU AND BORE YOU!

WHEN YOU'RE READY WITH THE ANSWER TO THEIR QUESTION

THEY'LL IGNORE YOU!

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THEY'LL SET YOU OFF UNTIL YOU'RE SIMPLY SEETHING!
EVERYTHING'S ON TRIAL, HE'S THE COURT, THE JUDGE, THE JURY,
AND YOU ARE JUST THE INNOCENT OFFENDER.
HE'LL TWIST YOUR WORDS AND SLANDER YOU, YET SOMEHOW
HE'S SO TENDER!
IT'S QUITE ENOUGH TO KILL YOU IN A HURRY!
HE SITS THERE SWEETLY SMILING WHILE YOU TAKE IT ON THE CHIN!
HIS SMILE IS SO BEGUILING BUT HE'LL NEVER LET YOU WIN!
HE'S JUST A CRUDE AND IMPUDENT YOUNG YANKEE!
OR IS HE? IS HE?
SOMEHOW THIS CHILD IS DIFFERENT.
HE'S QUITE BEWITCHING--THE WAY HE HAS OF SWITCHING
AN INSULT TO A COMPLIMENT. . . IT'S QUITE MAGNIFICENT!
BUT STILL HE'S JUST A COMMON BOY
AND I DON'T KNOW HOW TO FACE HIM
HE'S FULL OF WONDER--FULL OF JOY;
I WANT SO TO EMBRACE HIM!
BUT NOW, I AM TOO OLD TO CHANGE AN OLD OPINION.
I'VE MADE MY MARK BY BEING BOLD WITH THOSE IN MY DOMINION.

(HAVISHAM enters, unnoticed by the EARL)

THERE MUST BE A WAY TO TEACH HIM;
A SUBTLE WAY TO REACH HIM!
TO MAKE HIM SEE THE REAL WORLD, NOW
INSTEAD OF HIS IDEAL WORLD!
HE'S SO MUCH LIKE HIS FATHER!
OH, THIS BOY IS SUCH A BOTHER!
WHO NEEDS HIM?

HAVISHAM:

YOU DO!

(HAVISHAM glares at the EARL, the EARL starts to say something but stops. HAVISHAM leaves. CEDDI returns with two glasses of lemonade, hands one to the EARL, sits and waits)

CEDDI: Thelma and Serena know how to have fun!

EARL: They do? I've never seen one of them crack a smile.

CEDDI: They were cracking quite a few when I told them what was happening in here.

EARL: What is happening in here?

CEDDI: The dog liking me right off--you answering my questions.

EARL: What you and I talk about is . . . private.

CEDDI: It is? Why?

EARL: Because you share my confidence.

(Tastes lemonade, likes it)

CEDDI: Oh.

(Pause)

You do like lemonade, don't you?

EARL: *(Putting it down)* No, I don't.

CEDDI: *(Pause)* I've never been in such a big kitchen. You could hold a very large birthday party in there. Or a dance.

EARL: We Britons don't dance in the kitchen.

CEDDI: We Americans do. It's fun! Mary and Michael and Bridget used to show us some of their dances!

EARL: Is that what American boys think of all the time--fun? Dances?

CEDDI: Only when they haven't a lot of other things to think about. With such a big house, you could have a lot of fun.

It's almost too big for just two people to live in, isn't it?

EARL: Suits me fine!

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(Silence for a moment, broken by a clock striking the hours. CEDDI goes to the window, looks out wistfully, sighs)

EARL: What are you sighing about?

CEDDI: I was thinking about Dearest.

EARL: *(Pause)* Come over here.

(He does. The EARL feels his forehead)

You aren't ill?

CEDDI: I never was away from my own house before. A person feels strange when he has to stay all night in another person's castle, instead of his own house. I think she's lonely, too. Oh! But I have this.

(Brings out a small velvet-covered case)

She gave this to me so that I could open it and not feel lonely.

(Laying his head on Grandfather's arm)

You press the spring and it opens--and there she is.

(The EARL doesn't want to look but can't resist. He is visibly impressed)

CEDDI: My father left her to me to take care of and when I'm a man I'm going to work and earn money for her.

EARL: And what do you intend doing?

CEDDI: I thought about going into business. I should also like to be President.

EARL: No presidents here! We'll send you to the House Of Lords instead!

CEDDI: If the House Of Lords is a good business, that'd be all right.

DAWSON: *(At the door)* Dinner is served, Your Lordship.

EARL: There was to be no dinner!

DAWSON: But . . . the boy?

EARL: He isn't hungry!

CEDDI: Would you mind if I were, Sir?

EARL: Are you?

CEDDI: Are you?

EARL: I asked first!

CEDDI: I'm flammished!

EARL: You mean--famished!

CEDDI: Yes sir.

EARL: *(Reluctantly)* Well, then--dinner!

(He attempts to rise, waving away the two servants who try to help)

Never mind! I can do this myself!

CEDDI: *(Coming to his side)* And I can be here on this side for you to lean on if you have to.

EARL: You think you can take the place of these two men?

CEDDI: I'm stronger than I look.

(Servants chuckle)

Honest.

(The EARL gets started, leaning on CEDDI, observed by the two SERVANTS, who see how plucky CEDDI is as he struggles under the EARL's weight)

CEDDI: How far do we have to go?

EARL: About a hundred yards far. If both of us can hold out, eh?

(BLACKOUT)

MUSICAL #13B -- SCENE CHANGE

SCENE 7: CEDDI'S BEDROOM AND OUTSIDE HALL -- *THELMA, SERENA and THOMAS, beside CEDDI'S bed, whispering to each other. A rack of clothes and the breakfast cart are with them.*

THOMAS: There he was last night, talkin' to the old Earl as innercent and polite as if he was with his best friend. And

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him fallin' asleep, after supper, the Earl tellin' us not to wake him when we carried him up to his room.
THELMA: I niver knew the Earl to be careful not to wake anyone!
DAWSON: (*Appearing suddenly*) Here, now, what's with his breakfast? We can't spoil the boy!
SERENA: He's still asleep, Mrs. Dawson. Like a lamb he is.
DAWSON: He ought to be awake by now. What about the special things, Thomas?
THOMAS: In the next room. His Lordship said to spare nothing!
DAWSON: His new clothes, Serena?
SERENA: (*Pointing to a rack of new clothes*) There! Such a lot of them!
DAWSON: Somehow, we've got to make a Lord out of a ragamuffin, Serena. We ordered three sizes.
(*DAWSON pushes the door and goes into CEDDI's room, followed by the others as the flat flies away*)
DAWSON: (*Pulling shades*) Good morning!

MUSICAL # 14 -- GOOD MORNING

CEDDI: (*Rising up in bed*) Morning? What happened to evening?

DAWSON: Your Grandfather doesn't tolerate sleeping in.

CEDDI: How did I get here?

THOMAS: I put you there, Master Fauntleroy.

DAWSON: Up up, now, the morning's almost over!

SERENA & THELMA:

GOOD MORNING!

CEDDI:

GOOD MORNING!

THOMAS:

GOOD MORNING!

MAIDS:

IT'S SUCH A GOOD MORNING TO SAY "GOOD MORNING"

THOMAS:

DON'T YOU THINK IT'S QUITE SPLENDID?

DAWSON:

ONLY NOW IT'S ALMOST ENDED!
SO, ENJOY THE MORNING WHILE YOU MAY!
IT WILL SOON BE NOON
THEN YOU CAN SAY "GOOD AFTERNOON"

CEDDI:

OR EVEN SAY "GOOD DAY!"

MAIDS & THOMAS:

THAT'S RIGHT!
IT WILL SOON BE NOON,
ANOTHER BUSY AFTERNOON,
AND SOON THE END OF DAY!

(*MUSIC continues under*)

CEDDI: Gosh! What time is it?

DAWSON: Time all boys were up and about their business!

CEDDI: What happened last night?

DAWSON: You slept it away--right after dinner, while your Grandfather was talking to you.

CEDDI: While he was talking to me?

SERENA: Right in the middle of a sentence.

DAWSON: That's the first time anyone ever did that to your Grandfather.

CEDDI: I never sleep late at home!

DAWSON: I thought all Americans slept 'til ten.

CEDDI: At home I have to get up, sweep the entry, then empty the baskets and tidy up. What am I supposed to do here?

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(MAIDS laugh)

DAWSON: Lords don't sweep. They do other things... more in keeping with their position. Now then, what do you want to do first?

CEDDI: What comes first?

DAWSON & MAIDS *(Rolling the clothes rack over to CEDDI)*

CASTLES ARE A BUSY PLACE
WE WAKE YOU, DRESS YOU, WASH YOUR FACE
AND DOWNSTAIRS FROM THE KITCHEN

THELMA:

COOK SENDS BREAKFAST UP TO YOU.

DAWSON:

THEN THE TIME IS YOURS--AT LEISURE
FOR WHATEVER PLEASURES YOU,
JUST REMEMBER YOU MUST STOP FOR TEA AT FOUR.

SERENA:

THEN ALL TOO SOON THE EVENING GOES

THOMAS:

YOUR MEAL IS DONE, IT'S BEDTIME.

ALL:

SOON TO WAKE, YOU HAVE TO START THE SAME THING UP AGAIN!

(MUSIC continues under)

DAWSON: Enough dawdling, Thelma will dress, Serena will serve your Breakfast, after which Thomas has a surprise for you.

CEDDI: I can dress myself, thank you.

DAWSON: Very well, here are your clothes.

(Gestures to THELMA, who puts some on his bed)

Which do you prefer?

CEDDI: Am I to have them all?

DAWSON: Those that fit.

CEDDI: Then . . . that shirt, those trousers, and these shoes.

(THELMA picks out the articles, takes the others away. CEDDI dresses in the closet or behind a screen)

SERENA: Now -- breakfast!

(A hullabaloo ensues--wheeling carts and carrying trays while they sing)

SERENA, THELMA, THOMAS:

CASTLES ARE A BUSY PLACE
WE WAKE YOU, DRESS YOU, WASH YOUR FACE
WHILE DOWNSTAIRS FROM THE KITCHEN
COOK SENDS BREAKFAST UP TO YOU.

THOMAS:

GOOD MORNING!

SERENA:

GOOD MORNING!

THELMA:

GOOD MORNING!

ALL:

IT'S SUCH A GOOD MORNING TO SAY "GOOD MORNING"
DON'T YOU THINK IT'S QUITE SPLENDID?
ONLY NOW IT'S ALMOST ENDED!
SO ENJOY THE MORNING WHILE YOU MAY!
IT WILL SOON BE NOON
SO YOU'D BETTER FINISH SOON.
NOW HERE'S YOUR BREAKFAST TRAY!

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CEDDI: This is a busy place, isn't it!

(Looking at tray on his bed)

I'm to eat in bed?

DAWSON: Most Lords do!

CEDDI: I'd rather eat at that table over there.

(Starts getting out again but repeats earlier business)

DAWSON: *(Gesturing to others)* We'll turn our backs while you dress behind the screen.

(CEDDI gets up, dresses quickly. MAIDS move trays to table.)

SERENA: If the meal is not to your liking, let us know, your Lordship.

CEDDI: I never had fish for breakfast before.

DAWSON: You'll have many things you've never had before, now that you're an Earl.

CEDDI: Are you a Missus or a Miss?

DAWSON: *(Rather coldly)* Why?

CEDDI: Because my mother says I should address you properly.

DAWSON: *(Flattered)* Just call me Dawson.

CEDDI: Doesn't my Grandfather have any other family, Dawson?

DAWSON: He has a sister--your Aunt Constantia, but she lives in Hertford.

CEDDI: What's she like?

DAWSON: She's a real lady.

CEDDI: Do you have a Grandfather?

DAWSON: No, but I have a granddaughter about your age. You'll probably see her occasionally.

CEDDI: I'd like that. I haven't known many girls, but I always like to look at them.

THOMAS: Spoken like an Earl!

(THELMA and SERENA are tidying up as CEDDI puts on his shoes)

CEDDI: Don't you think I'm quite young to live in such a large castle, Thomas? Without other friends?

THOMAS: There are many things to do, Master Ceddi! You can walk about--see the dogs and the stables. . .

CEDDI: There are horses?!

THOMAS: The best in England!

DAWSON: And Thomas will show you how to ride them! He has some things now to show you--from your Grandfather!

(THOMAS goes. The SERVANTS appear from every corner of the castle, sweeping, dusting, folding laundry in a dance like fashion, fluffing pillows, and other household work)

MUSICAL # 14A -- GOOD MORNING (reprise)

DAWSON, THOMAS & BUTLERS:
GOOD MORNING! GOOD MORNING!
GOOD MORNING! IT'S

SUCH A GOOD MORNING TO
SAY GOOD MORNING! DON'T YOU
THINK IT'S QUITE SPLENDID? ONLY
NOW IT'S ALMOST ENDED! SO, EN-
JOY THE MORNING WHILE YOU
MAY! IT WILL
SOON BE NOON THEN YOU CAN
SAY "GOOD AFTERNOON!" OR
EVEN SAY "GOOD-
DAY!"

(DANCE. Then a quite different DAWSON goes to the doors and signals to the MAIDS. THOMAS opens the doors. The SERVANTS wheel dozens of toys in and around CEDDI)

IT WILL SOON BE NOON THEN YOU

SERENA, THELMA & MAIDS:
CASTLES ARE A BUSY PLACE! WE
WAKE YOU, DRESS YOU,
WASH YOUR FACE WHILE
DOWNSTAIRS FROM THE KITCHEN COOK SENDS
BREAKFAST UP TO YOU!
THEN THE TIME IS YOURS--AT LEISURE,
FOR WHATEVER PLEASURES YOU.
JUST REMEMBER YOU MUST
STOP FOR TEA AT FOUR! THEN
ALL TOO SOON THE EVENING GOES, YOUR
MEAL IS DONE, IT'S BEDTIME,
SOON TO WAKE TO HAVE TO START THE
SAME THING UP AGAIN!

ALL TOO SOON THE EVENING GOES, YOUR

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CAN SAY "GOOD AFTERNOON!" OR
EVEN SAY
"GOOD-
DAY!"

MEAL IS DONE, IT'S BEDTIME,
SOON TO WAKE TO HAVE TO START THE
SAME THING
UP AGAIN!

CEDDI: (*Going from one toy to another*) There's enough for my whole neighborhood back home! This for Dick! This one for Billy! Maybe Mr. Hobbs would enjoy this! I should go and thank him, shouldn't I!

THOMAS: He asked that you join him in the library after your breakfast, Master Ceddi.

CEDDI: (*Taking one of the games with him as he exits*) He must be the kindest Grandfather in the world!

THELMA: Kind Grandfather, indeed! Wait till he sees the old gent in his true colors!

THOMAS: Maybe he already has. . . !

DAWSON: I take it all back; that's no ragamuffin, that's a potential Earl!

THOMAS: "Give him his own way, fill his rooms with toys", the old man said, "and he'll forget his mother. That's boy's nature."

(*Worried*)

He's got a few things up his sleeves the old man has!

SERENA: Aye! The boy'll not last long with him.

DAWSON: I wouldn't be too sure of that. Master Fauntleroy has a few things up his sleeves, too!

(*Lights fade on CEDDI's room*)

MUSICAL #15 -- SCENE CHANGE

SCENE 8 -- LIBRARY AND HALL -- *The EARL is standing at the window with his cane.*

CEDDI: Good morning, Sir. Thank you for all the things you gave me.

(*Pause*)

There's this game that's like Baseball, only you play it on a board with pegs. You should be good at it.

EARL: Is it anything like Cricket?

CEDDI: I don't know Cricket. I brought it along, just in case.

EARL: In case of what?

CEDDI: In case you'd like to play.

(*CEDDI drags a small table and a chair over; lays the game out*)

Would you?

EARL: It appears that I would, doesn't it?

CEDDI: The black pegs are your men; the white are mine. Once around the field is a home run and counts five points. These are outs. This is first base--second and third, and that's home base. You understand?

EARL: Clear as Greek! I may beat your stockings off!

CEDDI: (*Laughing*) You mean "beat my socks off!"

EARL: Yes, that's what I mean.

CEDDI: We start by spinning this little arrow and it tells us how many moves we get . . .

(*As lights fade, we see the EARL, fascinated, absorbed. Lights up on the Hall. REVEREND MORDAUNT and HEPSICKLE are being admitted by THOMAS*)

THOMAS: Yes, Reverend. the Earl is expecting you.

REVEREND: We're a trifle early, Thomas.

THOMAS: Please be seated and I'll announce you, sir.

REVEREND: (*As soon as THOMAS leaves*) You will have to be doing this one day. You might as well learn what a sordid task it is.

HEPSICKLE: He's against the Church and charities, you say? Never invites you to sit down?

REVEREND: Never! Old Scrooge, personified. Won't tolerate illness in anyone but himself, and when his gout's worse,

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he tells you not to bore him with stories about the poor and afflicted. That's why I'm perspiring--I dread going in there.

HEPSICKLE: No tea, no sitting down, no interest in the poor and suffering?

REVEREND: No nothing. You might as well be a beggar off the road. I can't endure these visits much longer.

(Lights fade. Come up on Library)

EARL: *(Spinning)* Ah! Seven! That means I'm about to come into home base.

(Moves)

CEDDI: You did it! You won, Grandfather!

(Hugs the EARL, surprising him)

EARL: Yes--one game to your five!

CEDDI: I just had a winning streak! You want to try again?

EARL: Why stop when I'm winning?

(THOMAS appears at the door)

THOMAS: Excuse me sir, but the Reverend Mordaunt is here.

EARL: I don't want to see anyone, Thomas.

THOMAS: You had an appointment with him, sir--at half past eleven.

EARL: Give him five pounds and send him off. That's all he's here for anyway!

THOMAS: Very well.

(Turns to go)

EARL: *(Seeing CEDDI'S expression, changes his mind)* Hold on! Might as well give the future Earl Of Dorincourt a lesson in dealing with the masses, eh, Thomas?

THOMAS: Very good, Sir.

(Goes)

EARL: Now, then, whose spin is it?

CEDDI: Yours, sir.

EARL: Righto!

(Spins)

Another seven!

CEDDI: You're really hot, Grandfather!

EARL: *(Moving on the board)* You haven't seen anything yet!

CEDDI: You get another spin when you land there, remember?

EARL: So I do!

(Spins)

CEDDI: *(Incredulously)* Grandpa! You're really good at this!

(THOMAS appears at the door with the REVEREND & HEPSICKLE. They are visibly shocked upon seeing the EARL laughing and playing a game)

THOMAS: The right Honorable Reverend Mordaunt, Sir! And his assistant . . . Mr. . . .

REVEREND: Hepsickle!

THOMAS: . . . Hepsickle.

EARL: *(Without turning from the game, taking his spin)* Come in, gentlemen, sit down, I'll be with you shortly.

(As he scores again)

Ha! Ha-ha!

CEDDI: *(Gleefully)* I can't believe it--another seven!

EARL: The Luck of the Dorincourts, me bucky!

(Moves triumphantly and is about to go on, but becomes aware of CEDDI'S attention upon the visitors, turns around)

Ah! Reverend Mordaunt! And his colleague. . .

REVEREND: *(Still in shock)* Hep . . . Hepsickle. My new assistant, sir.

EARL: *(Perceiving that they are still standing)* You don't want to sit down?

REVEREND: *(Recovering)* Oh! . . . Yes . . .

(Sits, stares at HEPSICKLE who also sits)

EARL: I'd get up, but you can see--

(Points to foot)

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I'm indisposed again. And--

(Pointing to game)

I've found new employment.

(Broad smile, again startling the REVEREND, who, not knowing how to act, attempts a smile, which is imitated by HEPSICKLE)

REVEREND: A ... new ... employment ? Uh . . . oh, yes . . . Uh . . .

(Another attempt at a smile)

EARL: You've heard of it--baseball? Jolly good game. This gentlemen, is the new Lord Fauntleroy. Lord Fauntleroy, this is the Reverend Mordaunt and his new assistant Mr. . . ?

HEPSICKLE: Hep--sickle.

REVEREND: Hepsickle.

EARL: Yes . . .

CEDDI: My pleasure, Reverend Mordaunt!

(Shakes his hand)

Mr. . . ?

HEPSICKLE & MORDAUNT: Hepsickle!

REVEREND: *(Pause)* You made a long journey to come to us, young man.

CEDDI: Yes, but my mother was with me and you're never lonely if your mother is with you.

(Afterthought)

Or your Grandfather.

(Pause)

REVEREND: Ah, yes. Of course.

(THOMAS appears with tea and a MAID to serve them)

EARL: Will you take tea with us, Sirs?

REVEREND: *(Incredulous look at HEPSICKLE)* Tea. Uh . . . tea! Oh. Oh, but of course. We will. . . take tea. Won't we, Mr. Hepsickle?

HEPSICKLE: Uh . . . tea -- yes!

REVEREND: *(As they begin to take tea)* I can see his resemblance to your late son, your Lordship.

EARL: You can, can you?

(A deliberate pause)

Who is in trouble this month?

REVEREND: *(Prepared to launch into a sermon)* It is a troubled world, your Lordship--one which scripture tells us . . .

EARL: Why not dispense with the preliminaries this morning and get to the results?

REVEREND: Results. But of course . . . it is the Hogans, your Lordship. Of Edge Farm. He has been quite unfortunate through the entire year . . . his children having scarlet fever, his dear mother passing on, his only other relative . . .

EARL: The results, Reverend--!

REVEREND: Yes . . . as you likely know, already, he is behind in his rent and if not paid within the week, must leave the place, and that would be serious--very serious. His wife being ill and all . . .

(Waits for response from the EARL who is sipping tea)

He . . . came to me yesterday to beg me to ask you for more time? He thinks that would allow him to catch up.

EARL: They always think that.

REVEREND: *(Aware of CEDDI'S extreme interest, directs his remarks to him)* He has six children, you see, and cares for his deceased brother's wife and child . . .

EARL: Hogan is not among the more productive tenants on my land, Reverend Mordaunt. Mr. Mewick tells me that he is often behind in his payments.

REVEREND: His spirit is willing, sir, it is only the flesh that is . . .

EARL: *(Pointedly)* Yes, yes. We all have weak flesh, don't we?

REVEREND: If he loses his place. I don't know what will happen to his starving children. . . his wife . . .

CEDDI: *(Spontaneously)* That's the way it was with Michael!

EARL: And who was Michael?

CEDDI: The one you gave me the money to help.

EARL: *(To REVEREND)* I gave Havisham money for him in America and he gave it to some beggars.

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CEDDI: They weren't beggars.

EARL: Bricklayers, bootblacks, apple women!

(Lays a heavy look on CEDDI, then)

I forgot that we had a philanthropist in our midst. Now, then, Lord Fauntleroy, what would you do in this case?

CEDDI: *(Laying his hand on the EARL'S knee)* You can do anything you like, can't you?

EARL: Within limits.

CEDDI: In this case, the limits are easy for you, difficult for him. Don't you see?

EARL: Go on.

CEDDI: I'd give him the extra time.

(Seeing the EARL sway)

Where's your pen and ink? And paper?

EARL: Over there.

(CEDDI gets the materials)

Can you write such a letter?

CEDDI: Sometimes I misspell words.

EARL: Hogan won't complain over a few misspelled words, will he, Reverend?

REVEREND: *(Rapt astonishment)* Not at all, sir.

CEDDI: How shall I say it?

EARL: It's not my idea, it's yours!

CEDDI: *(Writing)* Then I shall say: "Hogan is not to be inturfear'd with for the present." and sign it "Fauntleroy!"

(Continues writing, enjoying it, finishes it, hands it to the EARL)

What do you think?

EARL: *(Handing it to the REVEREND)* I'd say you said it as well as I could have said it.

CEDDI: *(To REVEREND)* Did I spell "inturfear'd" correctly?

REVEREND: *(Smiling genuinely at last)* It isn't dictionary, but as his Lordship says, Hogan will find it abso . . . abso . . . perfectly acceptable.

EARL: Was there anything else, Reverend?

REVEREND: *(Rising)* I almost wish there were.

(Stares at HEPSICKLE, who also rises)

EARL: Then Thomas will show you out.

(THOMAS steps forward)

REVEREND: *(Profusely)* Thank you sir . . . thank you tremendously!

EARL: Don't thank me, thank him.

REVEREND: But of course! Thank you, Lord Fauntleroy.

(REVEREND shakes CEDDI'S hand. HEPSICKLE also shakes CEDDI'S hand and is about to shake the EARL'S hand but thinks better of it. THEY go)

EARL: You have done your first piece of business as Earl of Dorincourt. How does it feel?

CEDDI: *(At the window)* Dearest says one always feels good if they do the kind thing.

EARL: What are you looking at?

CEDDI: I'm wondering if Dearest is waiting for me at Court Lodge. I promised to have lunch with her.

EARL: Can't that wait awhile?

CEDDI: I never make promises I can't keep. Do you?

EARL: Before you go gallivanting through the park, I'd advise you to go see something in the stable.

(Rings bell)

CEDDI: Can't I see it tomorrow?

THOMAS: You rang, sir?

EARL: Lord Fauntleroy doesn't want to see his new pony.

(CEDDI'S eyes light up)

THOMAS: It's a beauty. Master Fauntleroy--a genuine beauty--registered in your name.

CEDDI: *(Struggling)* I never thought I'd have a pony of my own.

EARL: Come, we'll go see it together.

CEDDI: *(Pause)* I want to see it, but if I did, I'd want to ride it, and I'm afraid there isn't time.

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EARL: Then go! Go to your mother!

CEDDI: *(At the door)* A promise is sacred, sir.

EARL: I'm beginning to believe everything is sacred to you.

CEDDI: You must be the best person in the world, Grandfather, besides Dearest. She says the best kind of people don't think about themselves, but about other people.

(Begins putting the game away)

You've made a lot of people happy--Michael and Bridget and their children, the Apple woman, Dick and Mr. Hobbs. And now Mr. Hogan and all his family. And the Reverend, he was happy, too.

EARL: There seems to be no end to my kindness.

CEDDI: Why don't you come with me? Dearest wouldn't mind.

EARL: "Dearest" will have to excuse me.

(CEDDI goes to the door, turns)

CEDDI: You know what I'm going to tell Mr. Hobbs in my next letter?

MUSICAL # 16 -- JUST LIKE YOU

CEDDI:

I WANNA BE LIKE YOU. SOMEONE WHO'S STRAIGHT AND TRUE!
IF THERE EVER WAS A NICER MAN, PLEASE SHOW ME IF YOU CAN!
BUT I'LL BE JUST LIKE YOU!
I'M GONNA BE LIKE YOU, THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN'T DO.
YOU'RE A FIGHTER WHETHER RIGHT OR WRONG,
YOU'RE HONEST, TOO, AND STRONG.
AND I'LL BE JUST LIKE YOU!

(To THOMAS)

MY GRANDPA IS A WONDER, LIKE THUNDER BRINGS THE RAIN
THAT GROWS THE ROSE,
HE SPREADS A LOT OF SUNSHINE IN EVERY ONE'S DOMAIN.
IT'S FATE--HE'S GREAT!

(To EARL)

WITH ME YOU RATE.
AT FIRST I NEVER KNEW YOU'D BE SO MUCH LIKE YOU.
WELL, I THOUGHT YOU'D BE A GRUMPY BEAR,
BUT NOT YOU, 'CAUSE YOU CARE!
AND THAT'S WHY I CARE, TOO!
NOBODY ELSE IS LIKE YOU.
THEY'RE HAPPY AT YOUR FEET!
IT'S TRUE--THAT'S YOU!
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING MISSING
TO MAKE MY LIFE COMPLETE,
IF DEAREST COULD BE RIGHT HERE WITH ME!
BUT STILL, I'LL BE LIKE YOU.
YOU'RE TRUSTED, YOU'RE TRUE-BLUE.
I LIKED YOU FROM THE VERY START --
I FELT IT IN MY HEART--
AND I WILL BE LIKE YOU!

(CEDDI hugs him again, goes, accompanied by THOMAS. The EARL stands frozen, a deep frown on his face as the lights fade slowly)

SEGUE TO

MUSICAL # 16A -- SCENE CHANGE

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**SEGUE TO
MUSICAL # 17 -- AND I HEAR**

SCENE 9: THE LOCAL CHURCH YARD -- *Lights come up on the REVEREND greeting members. Spots are ready on separate groups; other members of the Parrish remain frozen, moving into church as lighting changes dictate.*

(AREA ONE -- THE DIBBLES, REVEREND)

MRS. DIBBLE (To MR.)

AND I HEAR HE HAS A PONY THAT HE GOT FROM THAT GREAT PHONEY
AND HE RIDES IT WHEN HE VISITS HER!

MR. DIBBLE:

I'D SAY THAT'S VERY LUCKY! SUCH A GALLANT LAD -- AND PLUCKY!

REVEREND:

HE'S MORE THAN THAT--THE NEW EARL SIMPLY DOESN'T EVER ERR.

MRS. DIBBLE:

BUT THE NOTE HE WROTE'S THE GREAT THING,
AND THAT'S ONLY JUST A LATE THING!
WHO CAN GUESS WHAT ELSE MAY BE IN STORE?

REVEREND:

DEAR GOD IN HEAVEN BROUGHT HIM!

MRS. DIBBLE:

YES, BUT LOOK WHERE HE HAS GOT HIM!
RIGHT IN THE WEB! LET'S PRAY THE EARL WONT LAST FOREVER MORE!

(AREA TWO -- PERKINS, KITTREDGES, WHIFF)

PERKINS:

THERE THEY ARE NOW WITH HIS HORSE AND CARRIAGE.

WHIFF:

WHAT A LOVELY BOY!

MRS. KITT.:

WHAT A SAD AND HAPLESS MARRIAGE!
HARDLY ANY HINT OF JOY.

PERKINS:

SEE HOW HE STRUTS AS IF IT WERE NORMAL
TO COME HERE TO CHURCH SO PIOUS AND FORMAL!

MR. KITT.:

HOW TEDIOUS HIS MANNER IS--
HIS IRRITATING FROWN!

MRS. KITT.:

HOW HE PUTS US DOWN!

(AREA THREE -- SERENA, THE PATES, THELMA)

MRS. PATE:

AND I HEARD FROM MRS. PERKIN
WHO HAD HEARD FROM WHERE SHE'S WORKIN'
THAT THE EARL HAD NEVER ASKED HER HERE,
THAT IS TO LIVE WITH HER SON . . .

MR. PATE:

THAT'S NO WAY TO TREAT A PERSON!

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KINSFOLK OR NOT!
BUT THEN THE OLD COOT'S ALWAYS BEEN SEVERE!

SERENA:

WELL, I KNOW HE HASN'T SPOKEN TO HER SINCE HIS HEART WAS BROKEN.

MRS. PATE:

THAT'S INHUMAN! WHAT ABOUT THE BOY!

THELMA:

WELL, IF YOU ASK MRS. DAWSON,
THE BOY HAS A CHARM THAT'S AWESOME!
HE MOLDS THE EARL LIKE PUTTY!

SERENA:

SUCH A CANNY FAUNTLEROY!

ALL:

HE'S HERE TODAY, SWAGGERING LIKE A PEACOCK,
BASKING IN HIS PRIDE.
HE'S AN EVIL-EYED OLD SHYLOCK, WITH A 'HYDE' LOCKED DEEP INSIDE.

(AREA FOUR -- MRS. PATE, KIMSEY & PERKIN)

PERKIN:

I'VE MET THIS MRS. ERROLL AND SHE'S NO CHEAP NEW YORK SPARROW!

KIMSEY:

POOR DEAR WOMAN--SHE MUST BE A SAINT!

PATE:

AND HE'S SOME KIND OF DEMON, THOUGH THE BOY THINKS HE'S A HE-MAN.

PERKIN:

HE'LL HAVE HIS DAY--

KIMSEY:

UNLESS A FLUKE CAN WHITEWASH THAT BLACK TAINT!

ALL:

HE'S HERE TODAY SWAGGERING LIKE A PEACOCK
BASKING IN HIS PRIDE.
HE'S AN EVIL-EYED OLD SHYLOCK
WITH A 'HYDE' LOCKED DEEP INSIDE.

(CEDDI and the EARL appear through the Church gate. The CONGREGATION changes it's tune)

A-a-a-a--men!

(Everyone has begun to move into the church following after the EARL and CEDDI as lights dim, then come up again)

MUSICAL # 17A -- CHURCH MUSIC (ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS)

(Church is over. REVEREND is at the door, shaking hands, HEPSICKLE stands nearby. EVELYN & MARY emerge, followed after a few beats by CEDDI & the EARL)

MARY: Not a glance from him!

EVELYN: You've got to stop thinking the Earl's going to change, Mary.

MARY: Ceddi had his eyes on you all through the service.

(MARY & EVELYN go. Folks are standing around talking, watching CEDDI and THE EARL as they come out, obviously charmed by CEDDI who is looking for his mother)

CEDDI: (Stopping to look at a tombstone in front of the church entrance) That's strange writing.

(Reading)

"Here lythe ye bodye of Gregory Rthyre Fyrst--Earl of Dorincourt, allsoe of Alisone Hiledegarde, hys wyfe." His is spelled H-Y-S and wife -- W-Y-F-E. Who are they?

EARL: Some of your ancestors.

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CEDDI: I must have got my spelling from them. Does the Reverend always talk about fire and brimstone? What is that, anyway?

EARL: A place you definitely want to stay away from.

CEDDI: Dearest says sermons should talk about things you can understand.

EARL: The Reverend's sermons are one of the reasons I don't attend more often.

CEDDI: Dearest could give a better sermon than that.

EARL: I'm sure she could.

CEDDI: She said she wishes she could tell me every wise thing that's known.

EARL: It appears she already has.

CEDDI: She says that the world should be a little bit better because a man has lived in it.

EARL: Are you quite sure she didn't write the Bible?

CEDDI: You're funny, Grandpa. I told her the world was better because you'd lived in it.

EARL: I bet that gave her something to think about.

(A man and three children step forward in front of EARL & CEDDI)

EARL: *(Stopping)* Well, Hogan!

HOGAN: Your Lordship, sir!

EARL: I suppose you want to have a look at your new landlord?

HOGAN: I wanted to thank you, sir, for what you did fer me and the missus.

EARL: Here is the person you should thank, Hogan.

CEDDI: It was my grandfather's idea. You know how he's always being good to everyone.

(Pause)

Are Mrs. Hogan and the children better?

HOGAN: Bless you, yis!

CEDDI: Grandfather was sorry about your children having scarlet fever. He's had children himself.

HOGAN: *(Surprised to hear that)* Oh, yis -- of course! Indeed!

EARL: You people have mistaken my intentions. You see, Hogan, Lord Fauntleroy understands me. When you want reliable information on the subject of my character, apply to him.

(CEDDI & THE EARL move off in direction of their carriage as lights fade)

MUSICAL # 17B -- SCENE CHANGE

SCENE 10: IN THE WOODS NEAR THE CASTLE -- *The EARL is strolling in a walking jacket. THOMAS enters.*

THOMAS: Mr. Havisham is here, sir.

(HAVISHAM appears)

HAVISHAM: I see that your leg has improved. Lord Dorincourt.

EARL: *(Walking vigorously)* If you want to talk you must keep up with me.

HAVISHAM: It was you who wanted to talk to me, your Lordship.

EARL: If only he'd been a puny, offensive American boy! Instead --!

(Pause)

First, that Hogan thing, and in the four months since, a half dozen more. I never cared about Hogan -- about any of them, but he did. He does! I cared whether they pay their rent or not. Now, since he's come, people think I'm getting soft!

HAVISHAM: Are you?

EARL: Soften petrified wood?

(Wait. He stops)

Did you see him on his pony? Rides like a Prince! Dorincourt blood riding that pony! Lent it to a lame boy one day. "That boy's lame and I'm not," he says to Thomas. Now he wants to talk to all the people for whom he'll be responsible someday.

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HAVISHAM: Does that worry you, sir?

EARL: Having a grandson who has ideas like that is a responsibility; the boy's ten--going on fifty! Now his mother's taken to visiting Earls court, claims they're living in terrible conditions.

HAVISHAM: Things in Earls court are bad, sir. You'll recall Mewick bringing our attention to it.

EARL: (*Impatient*) Poppycock! They're chronic complainers!

HAVISHAM: I remember your saying once that if people have full stomachs, they complain less.

EARL: Do you remember everything I tell you?

HAVISHAM: Isn't that what you pay me for?

EARL: He goes to see her everyday! And she sends him back to tell me how I have to do something for them. He has everything he wants--a room full of gadgets and toys--a pony! You'd think that'd be enough.

HAVISHAM: I saw the carriage and the prancers you gave her.

EARL: A gift from him--not from me. She's gallivanting around the countryside, stirring up more trouble in the six months she's been here than anyone in a hundred years before she came. She must be told to stay home! Most English women do needlepoint or something . . .

HAVISHAM: Not American women, they have other ideas.

EARL: You needn't remind me of your admiration for her! Tell her she is not to make any more visits.

HAVISHAM: Is that an order, sir?

EARL: Do you still want to be my lawyer?

(EARL stalks off toward the castle)

HAVISHAM: Sir!

(EARL stops but does not turn)

Earls court is a miserable place, and you are it's master. Children are growing up in squalor, in wretched health. That is not fair, and it is not good management. Mrs. Erroll sees this and knows it shouldn't be! And Ceddi knows it!

EARL: (*Turning*) You are inferring that I am not competent? That my grandson. . .

HAVISHAM: That your grandson sees what you do not--or will not! If you want her to stay at home, then you shall have to tell her yourself!

EARL: I should have known I couldn't trust a man whose head could be turned by a mere woman.

HAVISHAM: And I, to be employed by one who does not know how to distinguish power from responsibility! Good day, sir.

(HAVISHAM goes quickly. EARL stands stricken for a few seconds until CEDDI is seen approaching from the field. He then tries to move off away from CEDDI)

CEDDI: Grandfather!

(As he nears him)

Can I go with you?

EARL: I'm walking very fast.

(EARL walks fast, CEDDI following)

CEDDI: (*Pacing with him*) I wanted to say hello to Mr. Havisham but he was going too fast.

(Pause)

Mother and I have just come from Earls court, again.

EARL: When did you start calling her "mother?"

CEDDI: You don't like me to call her "Dearest."

EARL: (*Guilty*) Nonsense. You may call her whatever you like.

CEDDI: Grandfather, when were you at Earls court last?

EARL: Why . . . ? Am I going to get another lecture from you?

CEDDI: It must have been a long time, or you'd know that people out there aren't very happy.

EARL: (*Stopping*) What I do with my land is my business and no one else's!

CEDDI: (*Stricken*) I only wanted to . . .

EARL: To tell me how to run my estate?

(EARL resumes fast walking)

CEDDI: I wasn't trying to do that, Grandfather!

EARL: (*Stopping again*) Did your mother put you up to this? You can tell her to mind her own business.

(Pause)

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I'm not the wonderful old Grandfather you tell people I am, Ceddi!

CEDDI: Yes, you are--you are!

EARL: I'm not your kind Mr. Hobbs either!

(Moves off, CEDDI following)

I'm the Earl of Dorincourt-- the only Earl. You understand?

(Stops)

And I run it my way! You can go tell your mother that!

(Hurries off at a half-run)

MUSICAL # 18 -- ACT ONE FINALE

CEDDI: Grandfather! What happened?

(Tears)

Grandfather!

(CEDDI watches him in visible distress as the lights dim)

END ACT ONE

INTERMISSION (if desired)

16 more pages in ACT TWO