

Vidal, Ursula

1-6-49

CHARITY (Cont'd)

(SHE gets out and rushes to the food table and quickly makes herself a fat sandwich. Then rushes back towards closet.)

... If you get a chance, I'd love a cold beer.

(SHE gets back into the closet and VIDAL shuts the door and nods to MANFRED, who crosses and opens the other door.

The Audience can now see CHARITY in the closet. We are in a split-set. The closet is very small. Three or four coats are hanging up, along with several garment bags, the kind with a zipper up the side ... and other assorted items.

MANFRED opens the door and URSULA rushes in.)

URSULA

What's going on? I heard voices. Who are you talking to?

VIDAL

Is that why you came back? To accuse me again?

(MANFRED tiptoes out.)

All right, it's that girl I picked up in front of the club. She's been with me all night and she's in that closet right now.

(HE points to the closet.)

Go on. Look for yourself.

(CHARITY hides inside a camel hair overcoat.)

URSULA

All right, I will.

(SHE walks to the closet and opens it as CHARITY is immobile inside the coat. But URSULA does not look in. SHE closes the door.)

What's wrong with me? Thinking you could stoop so low as to hide a girl in a closet. Oh, Vittorio, forgive me, forgive me.

(CHARITY takes the sleeve of the sports jacket and wipes her brow.)

... I don't know what comes over me. The thought of you with another girl drives me insane.

(CHARITY puts her ear right next to the door so SHE can hear better.)

URSULA (Cont'd)

I try to fight it, Vittorio, but I can't. Why do I torture myself? Why? Why? Why?

(On the final "Why," SHE pounds on the closet door with her fist ... CHARITY, with her head on the other side of the door, holds her head as though SHE's just been kicked by a horse.)

Oh, Vittorio, if I knew you really cared, I'd forgive you anything.

VIDAL

Care? Cara mia, do you think a man as passionate as me could suddenly stop caring?

(VIDAL has edged to closet with a bottle of beer. He surreptitiously passes it to CHARITY, who drinks a long draught.)

URSULA

(Smiles.)

Oh, Vittorio, and to think I was even jealous of that little nothing you picked up tonight.

(CHARITY reacts. Then SHE pantomimes "Up yours" to URSULA.)

VIDAL

Why do we say the things we do? Why do we torture each other like this?

URSULA

Because I'm an immature, foolish child, that's why.

(CHARITY nods.)

VIDAL

It's my vanity. My stupid, egotistical vanity.

(CHARITY shakes head "no.")

URSULA

No, darling, it's my fault. It's all mine.

(CHARITY nods.)

VIDAL

I don't know anymore. I just don't know whose fault it is.

(CHARITY points to URSULA and mouths silently, "Hers!")

URSULA

I never want to be away from you. Ever again.

VIDAL

It's no good without you, Ursula. No good at all.

URSULA

Without you, Vittorio, there is no love.

VIDAL

(Postures.)

And without love, life has no purpose!

(Music cue)

(HE reads it much the way CHARITY did before. SHE mouths it in unison.)

CHARITY, in the closet, is overcome by emotion. SHE bawls. The orchestra starts to play. CHARITY looks through the keyhole again.)

VIDAL

Ursula, Ursula. My darling.

URSULA

Oh, Vittorio, Vittorio.

(THEY kiss. CHARITY watches the kiss which is a long one.)

19

SONG: "TOO MANY TOMORROWS" (VIDAL)

PLEASE DON'T GO MY LOVE
I'M FRIGHTENED OF
TOO MANY TOMORROWS
AROUND THIS HAUNTED PLACE
IF I SET YOU FREE
WHAT'S LEFT FOR ME
TOO MANY TOMORROWS
I SIMPLY CANNOT FACE
THOSE PASSIONATE WORDS WE FIND
TO GRIEVE EACH OTHER
DO NOT MEAN
WE'D LEAVE EACH OTHER

SO COME FILL MY ARMS
AND WE'LL FORGET
THE MEANINGLESS SORROWS
EACH TIME WE SAY WE'RE THROUGH
DARLING CAN'T YOU SEE
THERE CAN'T EVER BE
TOO MANY TOMORROWS
IF YOU STAY WITH ME