**Act ll-1965**

**Scene Ill –** Rough Point **–**

Music room- brighter lighting/light change, couch, table with orchids, turn table. Julia is playing the piano. Doris enters disheveled, with bruised knees.

Julia: (Stands, walks towards Doris, looking down at Doris' knees) What did Madame Lafitte do to you?

Doris: She didn't do anything. I fell on the rinky-dink staircase. Those colonial houses are a mess. Our grand American heritage and Mayor Hambly let them go to hell in a handbasket. Newport City Council is useless….

Julia: (Interrupting her) Just look at you. That's no place for you to go, what did she say? Doris: Madame Lafitte didn't say much, but Rubi did.

Julia: Rubi? (Takes a mini first aid kit from her pocketbook and ministers to Doris' knees). Doris: After all these years, he's still disappointed; he said I cheapened our marriage.

Doris: I bet you take great care of Clayton whenever you're home. Clayton is one lucky man.

Julia: Well. I try to be a good wife. Don't tell me Madame Lafitte impersonated Rubi. (Placing a band-aid on Doris' knee)

Doris: She didn’t impersonate anybody. It was Rubi. It was his beautiful voice. The way he said, "Doris, vida mia." Why Madame Lafitte never even met Rubi.

Doris: Oh, and he hasn't seen Arden. Madame Lafitte said it was too soon. Julia: Too soon? Doris. What did you do to Rubi to disappoint him?

Doris: Something you wouldn't do. Because you went to Julliard, and you're sensible.

Julia: I wouldn't be so sure. I. can't tell you about the times I've been unsensible. This is not the day for that. You should continue to practice after I leave. The best thing for grief is the piano.

Doris: Julia, you keep saying that. You married your high school sweetheart; you're as beautiful as Hazel Scott; for heaven's sake, you got into Julliard. What would you know about grief? Grief is never getting what you really want or losing it over and over…

Julia: Of course, losing your ex-husband, well, the man you loved. This is terrible… And there is nothing worse. I believe. Nothing worse than losing a little one. I'm not saying I lost a husband or an ex-husband. No. But I've known grief and disappointment, and the piano hasn't drowned them all, but it has certainly kept them long enough under water.

Doris: (Shrugging) I don't mean to be mean, Julia, but I don't see… You're always happy unless you're worried about someone else's troubles.

Julia: (Interrupting Doris) Doris, you live from Rough Point, to Duke Farms, to Shangrilah… One gigantic mansion to another. You're in your own Duke world. Growing orchids and throwing money at people.

Doris: I will not be patronized, Julia; I have been meeting Pastor in that rinky-dink Newark neighborhood before you were born. And what's wrong with giving money to people who really need it?

Julia: Pastor said you want to tour with the choir. Doris: Yes. I love the choir.

Julia: Well, do you think Pastor can say no, after you gave the church money for two new buses so they can tour the country comfortably?

Doris: I. Well, the Pastor can say no, if he wants to.

Julia: (Shaking her head, turning her back on Doris) Doris, Clayton, and I can't have children. Well, now you know. I have sorrows too.

Doris: (Moving to hug Julia) I'm so sorry. Julia, you're only 28; there must be something that can be done. And here I am, just wallowing in self-pity.

Julia: 29, I'm 29. I'm the one who's sorry. This was not the day to tell you about that. It was selfish. I know you mean well by offering me $5, 000. It's just that it's very tempting, and you put me in the position where now I'm thinking of going back on my promise. And. I can't disappoint Tim. He… Well, I can't disappoint him.

Doris: He'll find another pianist.

Julia: It's not. It's not that easy. I mean, it's late to get a replacement for vocals and piano. And…Tim. He just really wants me. And. He's helped me a lot; he'll help me….

Doris: (Interrupting ) It’s late for me. I’m 53 and I have the chance to tour with a professional band. Julia, I can help you more. Think about the $5,000. Please.

Julia: Doris. I am thinking about it. But … I have to get to Helsinki. (Julia exits in a rush)