

SIDE 1 - LYSETTE / SARAH

SARAH

Enough poetry and enough ghosts. I'm done for the day. Ba BA ba BA ba BA!

*He is gone. Lysette considers Sarah.*

LYSETTE

It doesn't always work like that.

SARAH

We'd all kill ourselves if it did. It intrudes. On the sense. It gets in the way, all that ba Ba ba Ba, of course not for Ophelia, she doesn't have to do it as much. Just few times with Laertes and Polonius and you can justify that, she hides herself in the verse.

LYSETTE

I saw your Ophelia. You were heartbreaking. It makes me nervous, sometimes, to do the scenes. I think you must be watching me and thinking I'm so terrible.

SARAH

I'm not thinking about it honestly; Hamlet takes up a lot of room in my head. I'm sorry. No, you're very good. Lovely. And that dress--is that your costume?

LYSETTE

It doesn't have to be.

SARAH

The silhouette is charming but the color's not quite right, is it? We'll see what else we have in stock.

LYSETTE

Now?

SARAH

Tomorrow morning is fine.

LYSETTE

Well, good night.

*She starts to go again.*

SARAH

(defensive)

I am not wrong to do this.

*Lysette stops, turns.*

LYSETTE

You are not wrong to do anything.

SARAH

Please don't agree with me just because I'm me. That gets--tiring.

LYSETTE

Does it?

SARAH

You'd be surprised.

LYSETTE

Sarah. We are grateful for what you do. If you not you, then who? Then no one.

SARAH

The women are whispering against me. I hear it. Through the walls.

LYSETTE

Envy is the failing of the weak, you know that. It is their only power.

SARAH

It is, and they use it. Marcelline and her minions in the costume shop go silent as soon as I show up and shoot daggers at me with their eyes, as soon as my back is turned. You'd think I was the devil incarnate. Not him. Lilith, his succubus sister. Why do you think I send everyone else down there, she wears me out. I tell you, I'm tired.

LYSETTE

Then be tired.

SARAH

Do not interrupt me. I am tired and--oh god. I am just tired!

*She looks at Lysette, expects and answer. Lysette just looks at her.*

SARAH

(thinking)

I must always be strong. But Hamlet is not strong.

LYSETTE

He forces himself to be strong.

SARAH

So what? I must force myself to be weak so that then out of weakness I can force myself to be strong? It is too much, they ask too much of me. Maybe that's why women never try this. Who in her right mind would take her strength and then force it into weakness?

LYSETTE

Why do you doubt yourself?

*Sarah cannot bring herself to answer that. Lysette nods.*

LYSETTE

He'll come back.

SARAH

What if he doesn't?

LYSETTE

If he doesn't, there are a great many who love you, Madame Sarah.