

TWO LIVES ADRIFT

WORKSHOP SCRIPT READ THROUGH

WINSTON INTRODUCTION - in Bold

In a New York hospital one night in 1946 a photographer, LIZZIE, forty-two years old and originally from France, recounts moments from her life to her son, who is in a coma. With her is the ghost of her father, PIERRE, telling his story alongside hers. Their stories come together as they are about to emigrate to America, when she is eight years old.

TWO LIVES ADRIFT follows the life of LIZZIE, a survivor of the Titanic, alongside the story of her father, PIERRE - leading up to the moment he placed her in a lifeboat while he went down with the ship. Two lives on different timelines, their stories, intertwined by hope, courage

Prologue: LIZZIE'S FLASHBACK DREAM

FADE IN: TOTAL DARKNESS. The year is 14th April 1912.

TIMELINE DEVICE - SHIP'S COMPASS

Throughout the show, the year is shown on a projected image of a ship's compass.

Instead of degrees, the compass indicates different timelines according to the scenes. These are:

1891-1911- Pierre's village in France

1912 - The sinking of the Titanic

1913-1945 - Lizzie in New York

1946 - Adult Lizzie in a New York hospital

DURING THE PROLOGUE

PROJECTIONS BEGIN: Projections: Flickering black-and-white footage - Titanic passengers rush to lifeboats, the ship tilts, flares light the night.

There is distant shouting, crashing waves, groaning steel, muffled screams. We hear the *Lifeboat* prologue music beneath the chaos. Where a voice over of a young Lizzie calls to her Father.

*(Voiceover from Lizzie
calling out to her Father,
urgent, desperate)*

LIZZIE *desperate*)

Papa! Papa!

OVERLAPPING VOICES: Distressed
passengers call out for loved ones.
Crew members shout orders. Sobs and
weeping.

LIZZIE
Don't Leave me!

*The noise of the ocean surges,
creaks of lifeboat ropes swallowing
her words.*

LIZZIE
Papa!

***Her voice echos and fades.
We hear a slow, heart beat.
Transitioning to 1946.***

Scene One

**LIZZIE, age forty-two, in 1946. A
hospital in New York at Night. She
is talking to her son Peter who is
in a coma.**

LIZZIE
I thought this was going to be a happy ending. We made it through,
safe and sound, didn't we? This side of the ocean, at least. Sure,
in Europe they're still in pieces. Japan - I know, I know. But
here. Things had started looking up. The war's over. Normal service
has been resumed, like they say on the radio. Then you go and do
this. Come on, Pete, you're in Eighth Grade. You're not a little
kid any more. You know better. So what's the big idea? Two whole
days, now. Enough is enough. We have things to do, places to go, we
don't have time for this. They say people in comas can still hear,
so I'm hoping that somehow, somewhere, my voice is finding you.

You can hear me, can't you? The doctor said you probably could. Or was it possibly? Either way. I'm talking all night long, like it or not. Same as last night. Same as the last thirteen years, I guess you'd say. You know the score by now. You're not getting out of this until I get what I want. I'm chewing your ear until you open your eyes. Deal?

Deal.

So let me tell you what your bedtime story is going to be tonight. It's a little non-fiction piece, entitled 'How We Wound Up Here'. What d'you think? That appeal to you? Don't worry, not the birds and the bees bit. I won't make you squirm through all that again. Not racing downhill on your brand new bicycle, either. Hitting your poor dumb head on the sidewalk, so you end up looking as if you did six rounds with Joe Louis. No.

I'm going to tell you about me. The stuff you haven't heard. That should wake you up, if only to beg me to stop, right? I bet you feel like shrugging those shoulders now, Pete, don't you? What did your Mom ever do, 'cept take pictures of other people doing stuff?

Oh, you know all about me leaving France, the things everybody knows. I wouldn't try to keep it secret from you, even if I could. But about why we left? Anything at all about your Grandpapa? Or my mother. I never told you all that, did I? Always meant to, just didn't get around to it yet. Now's as good a time as any, I guess.

PIERRE enters, aged forty. He appears as in her mind, which is how he will remain for the rest of the show.

Tell the truth, there's a whole lot even I don't know. Might need him to fill things in. That OK? Having my Papa tell us his part of the story? See, this is how I remember him, back when I was a little girl. You take after him, you know. When your face isn't all smashed up.

I haven't gone crazy, don't panic. We get to see things at night we don't see in the daytime, that's all. No need to yell for the nurse. Just lie there and listen. Watch the pictures in your mind. Think of it as a series of snapshots. Seen through my viewfinder. And his. A proof sheet. It won't be everything. Only a few, carefully selected scenes from both our lives, Grandpapa's and mine.

She turns to PIERRE.

You'll do that, won't you, Papa? Tell Pete what happened to us. While he's out there, drifting on a sea of his own.

No.1: Two Lives Adrift

PIERRE

ONE MAN
NEEDING ADVENTURE
HIS LIFE
FEELING CONFINED
WE'LL SEE
WHAT WILL CHANGE HIS MIND

LIZZIE

ONE GIRL
GROWN TO A WOMAN
HER LIFE
STATUS UNKNOWN
YOU'LL SEE

SHE FEELS SO ALONE

BOTH

PARTED
BY WATER
A FATHER
A DAUGHTER
TWO LIVES
ADRIFT

LIZZIE & (PIERRE)

TWO HEARTS (ONE TALE)
BARELY TOGETHER (PARALLEL STORIES)
HER LIFE (TWO LIVES)
FALLING APART (SO FAR APART)
AT SEA (AT SEA)
WOND'RING WHERE TO START (FATED FROM THE START)

BOTH

PARTED
BY WATER
A FATHER
A DAUGHTER
TWO LIVES
ADRIFT
ADRIFT

PIERRE takes out a newspaper and
begins to read.

LIZZIE

Picture him younger, back in his village. Not quite out of his
teens. Long before I turned up. It was eighteen-ninety-three. No,
wait, ninety-four.

Suddenly, PIERRE lowers the newspaper, excited by what he has read. He hasn't heard her.

PIERRE

It's the best time to be alive! In eighteen-ninety-one!

LIZZIE

Know what? I'll let him tell you this part.

Scene Two

PIERRE, nineteen, in 1891. A village in France.

PIERRE

Paris! Have you heard? It's fantastic! This new Tower. These new dances. These artists. I've got to go there. You can actually climb this thing, did you know? Looks like it comes from Mars. Goes higher than anything ever built before. Think of the view! Then there's this lucky fellow, spends all night in a club, drinking, drawing pictures of these delectable dancers showing their... fancy anyone not wanting to go to Paris! Especially when all you've known your whole life is what's round here. Mud. Fields. Manure. Filthy cart tracks. More mud.

I mean, I'm perfectly happy here, really. I am. Everyone here knows me. Pierre, the greengrocer's son. They see me every day. Cycling round the village, delivering fruit and vegetables. Waving, whistling, smiling. Serving in the shop. Good morning, Madame, good morning, Monsieur. Care for some fruit? Maybe some veg?

I draw a bit, paint a bit. Exceptionally talented artist, as a matter of fact, if I say so myself. Still life, mostly. Fruit, you know. And vegetables. An all-round good lad. Always ready with a jaunty quip. And fruit and veg.

Eventually, I expect I'll settle down right here, in the village.
Run the shop. And sell fruit. Like my father before me. And his
father before him. And just... vegetate.

Who needs Paris?

No.2: So Far From Here

WHO'D WANT TO CLIMB SO HIGH
THAT YOU CAN KISS THE SKY?
THE TALLEST TOWER IN THE WORLD - SO WHAT?
IS DRAWING DANCING GIRLS
DOING THEIR CRAZY TWIRLS
REALLY SO MUCH FUN?

CAUSE WHEN YOU'RE DOWN TO EARTH
YOU KNOW WHAT LIFE IS WORTH
IT DOESN'T MATTER IF IT'S DULL OR NOT
AND WHEN YOU'RE COLD AND STIFF
WHO'S EVEN BOTHERED IF
YOU BECAME SOMEONE?

LIZZIE

HE HAD A DREAM THAT HE
HAD TO FOLLOW.

BUT WHERE WOULD IT LEAD
TOMORROW?

PIERRE

HOW WILL I GET MY CHANCES?
WHEN WILL I COME HALF NEAR?
CAN I DEFY CIRCUMSTANCES WHEN IT'S SO FAR FROM HERE?

Of course I can! And I will! Just try and stop me. My days as a
delivery boy will soon be a distant memory.

ONE DAY I'LL HAVE IT ALL
I'LL BE THE ONE THEY CALL
THE GREATEST ARTIST UNDER SUN AND MOON
AND I'LL WEAR SILK CRAVATS
ONE OF THOSE FLOPPY HATS
THINK HOW SUAVE I'LL BE

I MAY NEED BODYGUARDS
TO WALK THE BOULEVARDS
AND AS I'M PASSING PRETTY GIRLS WILL SWOON
OR GET ALL UNCONTROLLED
AND TRY TO GRAB A HOLD
OF A PIECE OF ME

SO WHEN I
GET MY CHANCES
SEE ME FLY
DISAPPEAR
TO WHERE THE EYE
OF ALL FRANCE IS
SOMEWHERE SO FAR AWAY

One day, my paintings will be on show in every gallery in Paris.
Sensitive, sophisticated connoisseurs of art will give their right
arm for them. I can see it now.

GIRLS WILL SIGH FOR
MY GLANCES
I'LL CLIMB HIGH
WITH NO FEAR
THAT'S WHEN I
SEIZE MY CHANCES
SOMEWHERE SO FAR FROM HERE.

I'M GOING FAR SOMEDAY.
SEE ME FLY
DISAPPEAR
MY TIME IS NOW,
SOMEWAY, SOMEHOW.
SOMEWHERE SO FAR AWAY

SO FAR FROM HERE

Scene Three

LIZZIE, in the Hospital, 1946.

LIZZIE

Daydreams, we all have 'em. Are you dreaming, Pete? I wonder what's going through your mind.

Underscore of the Lifeboat theme we heard during the Prologue.

There's a dream I have. Had it every night, more or less, since I was little. Same thing, each time. I'm eight years old. Asleep in bed, all comfy and warm. Couldn't be safer. Couldn't be happier. That's how it starts.

The music starts with LIZZIE in a gentle dream state speaking over the music. It builds to nightmarish music where she relives her Titanic ordeal.

No.3: Lifeboat

SLEEP

DREAM

SLEEP

DREAM

SLEEP

DREAM

SAFE

SOUND

SLEEP

DREAM

SAFE SOUND

A NOISE

A SHUDDER

THEN SHOUTING

AND SHOUTING

THEN PAPA

AND CROWDS

THIS BOAT
THESE WOMEN
THE CRYING
NO PAPA JUST
CRYING I
DON'T
UNDERSTAND
WHAT'S
HAPPENING?
COLD
IT'S COLD
WATER
AND CRYING
CRYING
AND WATER
AND CRYING
AND COLD
THERE'S
NO SHIP
NO PAPA
PAPA
PAPA

The music ends abruptly. A beat.

Some things you never escape.

She looks at PIERRE.

Other things you can, though. Like that village grocery store? A couple of years later.

Scene Four

**PIERRE, twenty-one, 1893. He is
ecstatic.**

PIERRE

I thought nothing would ever happen in a stagnant backwater like this. But it did! That one day. That magical day. I'm standing behind the counter. This incredible young woman walks in. The most wonderful, beautiful - I mean, she's a miracle. A living, breathing - listen, I'll tell you what happened.

No.4: Heavenly Marie

SHE STEPPED FROM A CLOUD
AND INTO THE SHOP
TO SEE HER WALK IN MADE MY HEART NEARLY STOP
I KNEW SHE'D COME DOWN
FROM HEAVEN ABOVE
AND I HAD JUST FALLEN IN LOVE

I STRUGGLED TO BREATHE
IT SEEMED TO MY EYES
THE BRIGHTEST OF STARS HAD DESERTED THE SKIES
I FELT THE WORLD SPIN
AS SHE TURNED HER HEAD
AND GAZING AT ME SHE SAID

A BUNCH OF RIPE BANANAS
FOUR LARGE ONIONS, PLEASE
SOME GARLIC AND A CAULIFLOWER
AND HALF A POUND OF PEAS

I ALWAYS WILL REMEMBER
ALL SHE ASKED OF ME
THE MORNING WHEN I MET MY
HEAVENLY MARIE
THE NEXT DAY SHE BOUGHT CABBAGES
PEARS AND TANGERINES

CARROTS AND TOMATOES
AND A BAG OF RUNNER BEANS

AND THEN SHE KEPT RETURNING
EV'RY DAY TO SEE
WHAT ELSE MIGHT TAKE HER FANCY
HEAVENLY MARIE

LIZZIE
TURNS OUT SHE DIDN'T NEED THE SHOPPING
SHE DOESN'T EVEN COOK
SHE NOTICED HIM AND THOUGHT SHE'D TAKE A CLOSER LOOK
HE SAID, WELL, I CAN MAKE YOU DINNER IF YOU PREFER
SHE LOVED HIS COOKING LIKE HE LOVED HER.

PIERRE
MY MARIE
SPENDS EV'RY DAY WITH ME
LIFE IS SUDDENLY GREAT

WONDERF'LLY
WHEN I WENT ON ONE KNEE
SHE SAID, JUST NAME THE DATE

SHE SAID, 'PARIS WAITS FOR YOU, PIERRE
YOU'LL BECOME A FAMOUS ARTIST THERE' ONCE I
AM, HERE'S WHAT I'LL PAINT FOR HER -

CHESTNUTS SHINY LIKE HER EYES
GRAPES WITH TINY PIPS
ARTICHOKES TO WIN A PRIZE
RED CHERRIES LIKE HER LIPS.

A BASKET FULL OF APPLES.
SWEET AS THEY CAN BE
AND ARMFULS OF COURGETTES FOR
HEAVENLY MARIE

HER VOICE IS MUSIC WHEN SHE SPEAKS
HER BEAUTY IS DIVINE.

PEACHES ROSY LIKE HER CHEEKS
PLUMS AS RICH AS WINE

THE LIST IS NEVER-ENDING
LIKE OUR LOVE WILL BE

I NEVER WILL FORGET I
FOUND WITH NO REGRET MY
APPLE-CART UPSET BY
MY DEAR BRIDE-TO-BE
THE MORNING WHEN I MET MY
HEAVENLY MARIE

LIZZIE is still in 1946.

LIZZIE

And that's how your grandparents fell in love.

Scene Five

LIZZIE (contd.)

You know, last time I did this - went over all this - I was pretty much the same age you are now. Had to give a talk at school about myself. It was a class assignment, they made everyone do it, but I was terrified. Didn't sleep a wink the whole week. You'd think I'd been through much worse, but it sure didn't feel like it. There I was, in front of all these faces. I'm this shy, skinny girl...

**LIZZIE, thirteen in 1917, reads
from a hand-written script.**

No.5: Longing to Belong

MY NAME IS LISETTE
MY AGE IS THIRTEEN
I CAME TO AMERICA FROM FRANCE

MY PAPA AND I WERE ON A BIG SHIP
HE SAVED ALL HIS MONEY FOR OUR TICKET

WE HAD A SMALL CABIN, WAY DOWN BELOW
I WAS ASLEEP WHEN THE SHIP HIT THE ICEBERG
PAPA CARRIED ME OUT, NO ONE KNEW WHAT WAS COMING
IT WAS WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST

AFTER THE SHIP, A NICE LADY FOUND ME
SHE SPOKE FRENCH AND TOLD ME PAPA WAS LOST
SHE SAID I COULD STAY WITH HER, SAID I MUST BE BRAVE
SAID SOMETHING ABOUT GOD'S WILL I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND
I SAID, "I'VE GOT NOWHERE ELSE TO GO"

(her inner voice)

I'M NOT SURE WHO I AM, NOT SURE WHERE I BELONG
I PRETEND I FEEL FINE
I WANT SOMEWHERE TO BELONG, NOT JUST TO GET BY
IS THIS HOME? GIVE ME A SIGN

I TAKE A DEEP BREATH, AND I COUNT TO THREE
MY VOICE IS SMALL, IT DOESN'T COME FROM ME!
LOOK AT EVERYONE LOOKING AT ME
I DON'T LIKE THEM LOOKING AT ME

MY HANDS ARE SHAKY, MY KNEES ARE WEAK
I WANT TO HIDE, I DON'T WANT TO SPEAK
I WISH THAT I COULD DISAPPEAR
I WISH I WAS ANYWHERE BUT HERE

(Back to the class reading)

The judge said I could stay here, said I could become a citizen.
The people looking after me seemed pleased at first.
I don't live with them anymore though.
One day they said, "We're sorry but there's no room... We've got a
child of our own on its way."

SO I AM LIVING SOMEWHERE DIFFERENT, WITH ANOTHER FAMILY
THEY'RE KIND, BUT I'M NOT SURE IT'S HOME

I KEEP GETTING MOVED FROM PLACE TO PLACE
WHILE FEELING SO ALONE.

I'M SCARED MY FEET NEVER TOUCH THE GROUND
I CLOSE MY EYES AND DREAM
OF SOMEWHERE SAFE WHERE LOVE IS FOUND
WHERE I CAN JUST BE ME

(her inner voice)

I'M NOT SURE WHO I AM, NOT SURE WHERE I BELONG
I PRETEND I FEEL FINE
I WANT SOMEWHERE TO BELONG, NOT JUST TO GET BY
IS THIS HOME? GIVE ME A SIGN

MAYBE ONE DAY, I'LL FIND MY WAY
NO LONGER BE AFRAID AND FINALLY KNOW WHERE I BELONG

Back in 1946.

Two World Wars I've lived through now, Pete. And the rest. That's life, though, isn't it? Got to go with the flow. Constantly adjusting to new situations. Papa, he married the girl of his dreams. Then they moved to the city of his dreams. Things couldn't have been better. But it didn't pan out quite the way he expected. Dreams often don't.

Scene Six

PIERRE, twenty-five, 1897. Paris.

PIERRE

Paris is everything they say it is. Fantastic! Only one tiny little, infinitesimal thing. We've been here over three years and, so far, no-one's actually noticed the new artistic genius in town. Me, that is, I'm talking about me. Frankly, I'm slightly disappointed in them, the people here. I'm not sure how much they

actually know about Art. But they do know what they don't like. My paintings.

I've been doing some of my best stuff, too! Masses of it. Churning out works of sheer genius. Marie agrees. But then. I overslept. Missed my shift at the factory. Twice, as it happens. I said, look, I swear on my mother's grave it won't happen again. But. It happened again. I mean, it's all right, it's not like I broke my word or anything. My mother's not actually dead, either. Mind you, it would kill her if she found out her son lost his job.

I got another one easily enough, though. I won't say what it is, but after I've done the day's deliveries there's plenty of time to paint. When Marie's not busy working in the cafe, she's going from gallery to gallery, showing them my pictures. She won't tell me what they say, but I get the gist. We tried setting up a stall in the street but turns out you need a licence. Plus, no-one was interested. No accounting for lack of taste. Marie says I mustn't give up. That's the kind of woman she is. Even when we can't make ends meet. Wonder how we'll survive. Her faith in me never falters. The last thing I want to do is let her down, you know?

So that's why - I couldn't believe it! I found this incredibly simple way to make money. Can you imagine? I was so relieved. I thought to myself, Pierre, you're a genius! I always knew I was.

No. 6 : It's Only Luck

THERE IS THIS GAME NO-ONE IS LEGALLY SUPPOSED TO PLAY
BUT WHEN YOU KNOW THE PLACE TO GO YOU PLAY IT ANYWAY
THEY SPIN A WHEEL AND THROW ON IT THIS LITTLE BALL
AND THEN YOU GUESS THE NUMBER ON WHICH IT'LL FALL

AND THEN AS ANYONE WITH HALF A BRAIN'LL UNDERSTAND
YOU GET A KICK OUT OF PREDICTING WHERE THE BALL WILL LAND
AND WHEN YOU GET IT RIGHT WHY WOULD YOU EVER STOP?
YOU GET YOUR MONEY BACK AND THEN A BIT ON TOP

IT'S ONLY LUCK AND NOTHING MORE
A LITTLE LUCK AND WHEN YOU WIN

YOU WALK MORE WEALTHY OUT THE DOOR
THAN YOU WALKED IN

THEN WHEN YOU'RE ON A WINNING STREAK
SOMEHOW YOU NEVER MAKE MISTAKES
YOU CAN RISK ALL YOU EARN ALL WEEK
AND UP THE STAKES
LUCK'S ALL IT TAKES

LIZZIE

BECAUSE AT LAST HE FOUND A PLACE
HE FELT HIS FACE FIT WELL
AND BETTER YET, THE MORE HE BET
THE MORE HIS PROFITS SWELL
IT'S CLEARER BY THE MINUTE
THAT HE'S GOT THE KNACK
AND ALL HE HAD TO DO
IS PICK THE RED OR BLACK

PIERRE & (LIZZIE)

IT'S ONLY LUCK BUT THAT'S ENOUGH (HE KEPT ON TELLING HIMSELF)
IT'S ALL YOU NEED TO SEE YOU THROUGH (THAT HOPE WOULD SPIN
INTO WEALTH)
WHEN LIFE IS TREATING YOU TOO ROUGH
LUCK'S GOOD TO YOU

PIERRE

BUT THEN ONE DAY YOU BLINK YOUR EYES
YOU START TO LOSE MORE THAN YOU GET
TILL PRETTY SOON YOU REALISE
YOU'RE DEEP IN DEBT
FORGET ROULETTE

THEN SOMEONE TELLS YOU, WHY NOT TRY THE HIPPODROME?
YOU SIMPLY BACK THE HORSE THAT'S ALWAYS WON
BUT WHEN THAT DOESN'T WORK YOU DON'T DARE GOING HOME

IN CASE MARIE DISCOVERS WHAT YOU'VE DONE

YOU HOPE THE CARDS WILL SEE YOU RIGHT
YOU BET YOUR SHIRT, IT'S ALL YOU'VE GOT
YOU PRAY YOUR LUCK COMES BACK THAT NIGHT
BUT IT DOES NOT

AND WHEN IT HITS YOU GET CONCUSSED
YOU NEVER HAVE THE CHANCE TO DUCK
YOU STAY ALIVE BUT ONLY JUST
WHEN YOU GET STRUCK (AND HE GOT STRUCK)
BY SUCH BAD LUCK

LIZZIE & PIERRE

IT'S ONLY
LUCK

PIERRE

I can't go home. I don't know what to tell Marie.

LIZZIE, 1946. Talking to Peter, who
is still in a coma.

LIZZIE

He went home. He and Maman worked it out. Another job, cheaper
rooms. More unsold paintings. He resisted the urge to gamble. Most
of the time.

The first job I had was working on a telephone switchboard. I was
nineteen. Living in Brooklyn with the latest set of foster parents.
I was still kind of quiet. Kept to myself, you know? But I liked
meeting people. Seeing new places. Just preferred to keep a healthy
distance.

Scene Seven

LIZZIE, nineteen, 1923, New York.

She picks up a photograph album.

LIZZIE (contd.)

I love to look at this, my photograph album. Pictures I've taken. I mean, of course, they aren't like in Photoplay or Motion Picture Classic or anything. Just my own little record. I started working, see? For this company near Madison Avenue? Not right on the Avenue, but thereabouts. And, well -

No.7: Frenchie

WITH MY FIRST PAYCHECK
SECRETLY I'D ALWAYS PLANNED
TO BUY A CAMERA
A CHEAP BOX BROWNIE, NOTHING GRAND
FOR TAKING SNAPSHOTS
OF ALL THE PLACES I WOULD GO
TAKE SIMPLE PORTRAITS
OF ALL THE PEOPLE THAT I KNOW

She looks through her photos

Now let me see, here take a look at this.

THIS ONE IS TOMMY
HE KIDS AROUND WITH ME A LOT
HE CALLS ME FRENCHIE
AND NOW THE NAME HAS KIND OF CAUGHT
AND HERE'S MISS LUCAS
I LIKE THAT HAT, IT'S AWFUL CUTE
I LOVE HER LIPSTICK
AND THAT'S THE NEATEST TWO-PIECE SUIT

THIS ONE'S ROBERTA
THEY CALL HER BOBBY, LIKE THE PIN
HERE'S MR ANDREWS

WE ALL STAND UP WHEN HE WALKS IN
AND THEN THESE OTHERS
ARE JUST SOME PEOPLE WHO I MET
I SNAP THEM WORKING
I WOULDN'T SAY WE'RE BEST FRIENDS YET

THEY CALL ME FRENCHIE
THE SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR
THEY SAY, FRENCHIE
HURRY, PUT ME THROUGH
MISS, IT'S URGENT
DON'T YOU SIT AROUND AND DREAM
THE ADVERTISING INDUSTRY WILL NOT STAND STILL FOR YOU

It's what they say. Everyone is in such a big hurry!

REMEMBER TOMMY?
HE STARTED GETTING FRESH, THE RAT
I SAID, HEY, MISTER!
THE ELEVATOR'S NOT FOR THAT!
HE SAID, LOOK, FRENCHIE
I GOTTA ASK YOU THIS FOR SURE
WHAT'S WITH THE CAMERA?
YOU LIKE TO WATCH, BUT D'YOU TAKE PART?

The music stops.

Just because I was born in France, Tommy thinks I'm some kind of loose woman.

Music picks up again.

Anyway, look at this one.

I LIKE THIS PHOTO
THOUGH I'M NOT REALLY CERTAIN WHY
THIS IS MY CITY
BENEATH THE BIG OLD EMPTY SKY
AND HERE'S MY FAV'RITE

IT'S BROOKLYN BRIDGE, I GUESS YOU KNOW
IF YOU LOOK CLOSELY
YOU CAN MAKE OUT THE BOATS BELOW

NOW EV'RY EVENING
I SIT ALONE HERE IN MY ROOM
ME AND MY ALBUM
UNTIL THE TWILIGHT TURNS TO GLOOM
AND WHEN THE STREETLAMP
IS CASTING SHADOWS ON MY WALL
AND I'M HALF SLEEPING
I DREAM I HEAR MY PAPA CALL

HE CALLS ME FRENCHIE
THE SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR
THOUGH HE NEVER KNEW IT'S
WHO I'D BE
IN THE DREAM I SHOW THESE
PHOTOGRAPHS TO HIM
AND SAY, "THE ADVERTISING INDUSTRY'S WAITING FOR ME!
THE ADVERTISING INDUSTRY IS READY FOR ME!"
I KNOW THAT HE'D BE PROUD OF ME
HIS PHOTO-SNAPPING FRENCHIE
THAT'S ME!

- not in the pictures. Behind the lens. Who cares what Tommy says?
I like taking photographs.

THAT'S ME

I think.

Scene Eight

LIZZIE (in 1946)

**PIERRE, thirty-two, 1904, Paris. He
nervously picks up a sleeping baby.**

LIZZIE (in 1946)

That's me, too. When I was almost as young as it's possible to be.
I do remember this date. Nineteen-Oh-Four. A very good year. You've
got to agree I was adorable. He certainly thinks so. Look at him.

PIERRE

Who's my little love, then? My precious little love?

LIZZIE

Cute. Sure.

PIERRE

Doesn't matter what they say, you know me. You do, don't you? You
know who I am. I saw it plain as day, no question.

No. 8 : You Smiled at Me

YOU SMILED AT ME

THEY SAY YOU'RE HALF ASLEEP BUT I KNOW OTHERWISE
CAUSE I CAN TELL YOU KNOW ME FROM
THE GLIMMER IN YOUR EYES

YOU SMILED AT ME

YOUR TINY HANDS ARE HANGING ON MY FINGERTIPS
YOU GURGLE AND I UNDERSTAND
THE SOUND THAT LEAVES YOUR LIPS

YOU SMILED AT ME

AND I COULD SEE THE ANSWER I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR
CAUSE EVEN THOUGH YOU CAN'T YET TALK
YOU COULDN'T TELL ME MORE
YOU SMILED AT ME

AND WITH THAT SMILE YOU SWEEPED AWAY MY HISTORY
I'M NOT THE MAN I USED TO BE
BEFORE YOU SMILED AT ME

THE THINGS I SAW IN THAT MOMENT
I NEVER WILL FORGET
IT'S CHANGED MY LIFE FOR GOOD
FOR GOOD LISETTE, LISETTE, LISETTE

I promise you, my little love, whatever happens from now on, I'll
be here for you. I'll work. I'll save. Oh, I'll still paint, I
suppose, when there's time. But I'm going to earn a proper living.
From now on, everything I do will be to make a home for us. My
family. Your mother and you.

LIZZIE (in 1946)

I STILL REMEMBER YOUR SMILE,
AS YOU PLACED ME IN THE LIFEBOAT.
IT SNUGGLED ME LIKE A BLANKET,
WRAPPED ROUND ME LIKE A COAT.
AND THOUGH YOUR SMILE WAS FADING
AS THE BOAT DRIFTED AWAY
THE THOUGHT OF IT CAN STILL CHASE
ALL MY FEARS AWAY TODAY.

YOU DISAPPEARED BENEATH THE TIDE
BUT STILL YOU WALK HERE BY MY SIDE
I FOUND MY WAY, I LIVED, I GREW
AND ALL OF IT BEGAN WITH YOU

YOU SMILED AT ME.

PIERRE

YOU SMILED AT ME
AND AS YOU DID YOU WRINKLED UP YOUR BUTTON NOSE
YOU KICKED YOUR CHUBBY LITTLE LEGS
YOUR PERFECT TINY TOES

YOU SMILED AT ME
AND IN YOUR FACE I SAW WHAT GOD ABOVE MUST SEE
THE UNIVERSE WAS FORMED BECAUSE
TODAY YOU SMILED AT ME

LIZZIE (in 1946)

WHEN YOU SMILED AT ME.

LIZZIE (in 1946)

Pete, your Mom was a baby once. But babies grow.
I grew, and so did my interest in taking photographs. I got
promoted! Seems they did like my photographs. They called those
years the "Roaring Twenties". I did my share of roaring.

Scene Nine

LIZZIE, twenty-four, 1928. New York. She is taking photographs with a Simplex camera, trying out a new personality.

No.9: Hey, New York!

LIZZIE

Watch the birdie! And - smile!

HEY! PEOPLE ARE GRINNIN'
JUMPIN' A STREETCAR, WALKIN' THE SIDEWALK, TAKIN' THE SUN
SEEMS EV-ER-Y DAY
RIGHT FROM THE BEGINNIN'
'S LONG AS THEY CAN, NEW YORKERS PLAN ON HAVIN' FUN

IT'S LIKE THEY FEEL THE HEAT
RISE UP BENEATH THEIR FEET
MAKIN' 'EM SKIP AS THEY HIT THE GROUND
I WAS LOST AND NOW I'M FOUND

HEY! HEY! HEY! HEY!
HEY! LOOK AT 'EM WAVIN'
LEAVIN' THE SUBWAY, HAILIN' A CAB, WHATEVER THEY DO
AND I GOTTA SAY
THEY'RE ONLY BEHAVIN'
EXACTLY THE SAME WAY I'M BEHAVIN' LATELY TOO

I WANNA SHOUT OUT LOUD
AND ASK THE WHOLE DARN CROWD
BEHIND THOSE WINDOWS HIGH ABOVE
SAY, NEW YORK! ARE YOU IN LOVE?

NEW YORK DAYS
PASS IN A CRAZY HAZE
AT NIGHT THE CITY LIGHTS
BEGIN TO BLAZE

MANHATTAN TASTES
LIKE GASOLINE IN SPRING
THE MOON MAY RISE BUT HOW
YOUR EYES'LL STING!
WHADDYA MAKE OF THIS SHINY RING?

She displays her left hand,
appropriately adorned.

SAY! DIDN'T I MENTION?
I MET A GUY AND THE GUY AND I ARE GONNA GET HITCHED
SO COME ON 'N' PAY
A LITTLE ATTENTION
UNDER MY SPELL THIS FELLA FELL AND HE'S BEWITCHED

I GUESS BY NOW IT'S CLEAR
MY LIFE CAME GOOD THIS YEAR
GOD BLESS NINETEEN-TWENTY-EIGHT
HOLD THAT POSE! YOU'RE LOOKIN' GREAT!

NEW YORK SKIES
FEEL LIKE YOU WON THE PRIZE
THEY FILL YOU FULL OF
BOPPIN' BUTTERFLIES
MANHATTAN QUICKSTEPS
TO A FRENZIED SWING
YOU HEAR IT START 'N' SOON
YOUR HEART'LL SING
OH MY GOD, LOOK AT THIS SWANKY RING!

YES! THE ROCK'S A PRETTY FAKE
SO MAYBE IT'S NOT A FORTY-CARAT SOLITAIRE
BUT NEVERTHELESS
THINK OF THE SPLASH YOU'LL MAKE!
I KNOW HE AIN'T GOT NO DOUGH SO, NO SIR, I DON'T CARE
THIS IS THE CAT'S MIAOW
THE WAY I'M FEELIN' NOW
IS MAKIN' ME QUIVER AT THE KNEES
HEY, NEW YORK! C'MON, SAY CHEESE!

Frank. That's his name. He calls me Lizzie, which I kinda like. He saw me with this Simplex and asked me to take his picture. Must've taken a million of him by now. Frank says my shots are good enough to be professional. You know what? I might try sellin' some to the magazines, at that. Why not? Dizzy Lizzie, Ace Photographer, that's me!

WHO I WAS
I THOUGHT I COULDN'T TELL
BUT FINDIN' HIM
I FOUND MYSELF AS WELL
MANHATTAN SMILES
ON WHO YOU WANNA BE
SO HEY, NEW YORK!
COME ON AND SMILE FOR ME

HEY HEY HEY

HEY, NEW YORK! LOOK AT ME!
HEY, NEW YORK! WHERE I BELONG,
HEY, NEW YORK! I'M READY, I'M STRONG!
HEY, NEW YORK! BRING IT ON!

HEY!

Scene Ten

PIERRE, 1906, Paris.

LIZZIE, 1930, New York.

No.10: Pictures

PIERRE

IT'S VERY ODD TO ME
I USED TO WANT TO BE
SO AVANT-GARDE I'D MAKE THE ART WORLD GASP

NOW THAT AMBITION'S GONE
I'VE GOT MY SIGHTS UPON
QUITE ANOTHER ROLE

THE THING I WANT TO GET
ON WHICH MY HEART IS SET
IS OUT THERE WAITING AND WITHIN MY GRASP

AND IT'S NOT LIKE BEFORE
I WANT IT SO MUCH MORE
WITH MY HEART AND SOUL

MAKING A LIFE
WITH MY WIFE AND DAUGHTER
THAT HAS TO BE MY GOAL

I CAN SEE
PICTURES FORMING
SEEMS TO ME
I WILL FIND
THAT THE WORLD
IS TRANSFORMING

THE PICTURES I HAVE IN MIND
AREN'T THE OLD KIND.

LIZZIE, 1930, New York.

LIZZIE

ALTHOUGH MY HUSBAND SAID
I OUGHTTA GO AHEAD
WITH MY PHOTOGRAPHY, HE CHANGED HIS TUNE
HE'S GETTIN' KINDA SORE
SEEIN' ME EARNIN' MORE
THAN HE EVER COULD

WHAT WOULD HE HAVE ME BE?
A LITTLE HOMEBODY?
CLEAN THE APARTMENT EV'RY AFTERNOON?
OR AT THE STOVE ALL DAY
TILL HE COMES HOME TO SAY
'DINNER SURE SMELLS GOOD!'

NO, THAT'S NOT A ROLE
I AM EVER PLAYING
LET THAT BE UNDERSTOOD

I CAN SEE
PICTURES FORMING
THEY MAY BE
UNDEFINED
BUT STILL HE
NEEDS FOREWARNING
THE PICTURES I HAVE IN MIND
WON'T BE HIS KIND

TO GET THE PICTURE RIGHT

PIERRE

I SWEAR

LIZZIE

IS ONLY HALF THE FIGHT

PIERRE

I'LL WORK

LIZZIE

CAUSE OTHER PEOPLE HAVE TO LIKE IT TOO
YOU GOTTA HAWK IT ROUND

PIERRE

BE THERE

LIZZIE

UNTIL YOU RUN TO GROUND
SOMEONE WHO WILL PAY

PIERRE

I WON'T EVER SHIRK

LIZZIE

CAUSE TILL YOU MAKE A NAME

PIERRE

I'LL SWEAT

LIZZIE

YOU GOTTA PLAY THE GAME

PIERRE

AND SAVE

LIZZIE

AND MAKE THE EDITORS APPROVE OF YOU
AND IF YOU DO YOUR BEST

PIERRE

WON'T BET

LIZZIE

THEY'LL MAYBE BE IMPRESSED
THEY MAY EVEN SAY

PIERRE

PROMISE I'LL BEHAVE

LIZZIE

THIS IS A PICTURE
THAT WE CAN PUBLISH

BOTH

I THINK I KNOW THE WAY

I CAN SEE
PICTURES FORMING
SEEMINGLY
UNCONFINED
LOOK AT ME
I'M TRANSFORMING
THE PICTURES I HAVE IN MIND
ARE A NEW KIND.

LIZZIE

It wasn't easy for Papa, but he kept his word. Didn't once go gambling. Supported us. Stopped dreaming. Paid off his debts. Should have had a reward for all that. But don't let anyone tell you life is fair, Pete. You wouldn't be in this hospital if it were. When it comes, it comes out of the blue, doesn't it?

It was the same for us in 1910. No-one expected it.

Scene Eleven

PIERRE, thirty-eight, 1910. Paris.

PIERRE

They say this city is famous for its sewers. We should be proud, they say. What happens when the sewers don't work, though? When they overflow? Our homes get full of stinking, filthy water... and worse. People fall ill, like Marie. Are we still supposed to feel proud?

No. 11 : Think of the Child

DAY AND NIGHT
THE RAIN WILL NOT STOP FALLING
AS IF GOD
HAS SENT ANOTHER FLOOD

FOR A WEEK
MARIE HAS TROUBLE BREATHING
WHEN SHE COUGHS
ONE MORNING THERE IS BLOOD

RIGHT AWAY
I KNOW TO FETCH A DOCTOR
WHEN HE COMES
HE ONLY SHAKES HIS HEAD

I SAY, WAIT
THERE SURELY MUST BE SOMETHING?
BUT HE LEAVES
THERE'S NOTHING TO BE SAID

OUR YOUNG GIRL
IS ANXIOUS FOR HER MOTHER
SIX YEARS OLD
TOO FRIGHTENED FOR HER YEARS
ON MY KNEES
I CALL ON GOD IN HEAVEN
TO AT LEAST
TAKE PITY ON HER TEARS

THINK OF THE CHILD, I PRAY
SHE'S STILL SO SMALL

SHE NEEDS HER MOTHER MOST OF ALL
I HAVE BEEN SELFISH, YES
I HAVE BEEN WILD
NOT FOR MYSELF I ASK
BUT FOR OUR CHILD

THROUGH THE FLOOR
WE SEE THE WATER SEEPING
PRETTY SOON
OUR THINGS ARE ALL WET THROUGH

I CLEAR UP
BUT NOW MARIE IS SHAKING
AND HER HANDS
AND FEET ARE TURNING BLUE

NOTHING WORKS
I JUST CAN'T SEEM TO HELP HER
POOR LISETTE
IS WATCHING IN DISMAY

AND HER TEARS
ARE MINGLED WITH THE DAMPNESS
I'M SO LOST
IN HELPLESSNESS I PRAY

THINK OF THE CHILD, I BEG
WHAT HAS SHE DONE?
HER LIFE HAS ONLY JUST BEGUN
THEY SAY YOU'RE MEEK, DEAR LORD
THEY SAY YOU'RE MILD
PLEASE SPARE THIS WOMAN'S LIFE
FOR HER DEAR CHILD

BUT GOD WON'T GIVE
HE TAKES AWAY
HE DOESN'T LISTEN
TO WHAT YOU SAY

BY THE TIME
THE STREETS ARE CLEAR OF WATER
MY MARIE
LIES BURIED IN THE EARTH

I DESPISE
THE PETTY WORLD AROUND ME
NOTHING'S LEFT
AND NOTHING'S WHAT IT'S WORTH

THERE'S NO GOD
OR IF THERE IS, HE'S HEARTLESS
IF HE'S NOT
WHY WOULD HE TAKE MY WIFE?

WITHOUT HER
HOW CAN I GO ON LIVING?
NOW SHE'S GONE
WHAT USE TO ME IS LIFE?

BUT THEN ALL AT ONCE
IT'S AS IF I HEAR
A VOICE REPLYING
IN MY EAR

THINK OF THE CHILD, IT SAYS
SHE NEEDS YOU MORE
MORE THAN SHE EVER DID
BEFORE
THINK BACK TO HOW YOU FELT
WHEN FIRST SHE SMILED
YOUR GIRL DEPENDS ON YOU
THINK OF THE CHILD
LIVE FOR YOUR CHILD
THINK OF THE CHILD

It's just me and you now, Lisette. I've failed so much already . .
but I won't fail you.

Scene Twelve

LIZZIE, 1946.

LIZZIE

I kind of remember that. The room being freezing cold and wet. How Papa closed up like a clam when we lost her. How it was afterwards, when she was gone. Her, though? She's more like a silhouette. The light behind her. Hard to make out her features. I think I remember the feel of her shawl. Or a comforting smell will sometimes take me back.

Maman.

Other memories are a whole lot sharper. That New Year's Eve, for instance. When your Dad told me he wasn't going to stick around? Wasn't much of a family man, as it turned out. And oh, I so wanted us to be a family. Wanted you for so long.

That night, when midnight struck, it was also just the two of us. You were fast asleep back then, too. Still holding tight to that blue baby blanket. With me gazing through the bars of your cot. Eleven and a half short years ago.

LIZZIE, thirty-one, 1935. New York.

Happy New Year, kid.

When people say, sleeping like a baby, this must be what they have in mind. Not when you holler the whole night through. This. This peace. It's good. Been enough hollering, one way and another, in this apartment, hasn't there? And not all of it yours. Let's make it our New Year's resolution not to have any more, ever. From now on, we're living the quiet life together. Just you and me.

No.12: When the North Wind Blows

LISTEN TO YOUR MOTHER

CAUSE YOU KNOW A MOTHER MUST KNOW BEST

I'M THIRTY-ONE
YOU'RE NOT YET TWO
PETER

EV'RY MINUTE, EV'RY MOMENT
UNTIL YOU FLY THE NEST
I WILL BE HERE
TO CARE FOR YOU

THOUGH THINGS TURNED OUT LIKE THEY DID
DON'T YOU WORRY, KID
I'M GONNA
WATCH YOU WHEN YOU SLEEP AT NIGHT
STICK WITH ME, YOU'LL BE ALRIGHT

I THOUGHT MARRIAGE WAS FOR LIFE
THOUGHT I WAS HIS WIFE
FOREVER
OR AT LEAST UNTIL I DIE
DIDN'T THINK HE'D SAY GOODBYE
DISAPPEAR AND LEAVE US HIGH AND DRY

JUST REMEMBER YOU GOT SOMEONE
TO BE BESIDE YOU COME WHAT MAY
THAT'S WHAT I HAD
AND YOU DO, TOO
PETER

DON'T KNOW HOW WE'RE GONNA MANAGE
BUT I KNOW WE'RE GONNA FIND A WAY
IF THINGS GET ROUGH
WE'LL SEE IT THROUGH

WHEN THEY ASK US WHERE HE WENT
NO NEED TO INVENT
SOME FICTION
WE CAN SAY HE DIDN'T CARE
RAN AWAY TO WHO KNOWS WHERE
GROWING UP WAS MORE THAN HE COULD BEAR

IT'S TOO BAD, TOO BAD,
ONLY SHOWS.
IT'S NOT SO SAD
SOME DOORS CLOSE

WHEN THE NORTH WIND BLOWS

His job went down the tubes. So? He's not the only one. I told him,
I can earn. Like I did before I got pregnant. He wouldn't listen. I
said, Frank, it's a depression, you want us to starve? Guess that
made him mad. He damn near broke my -

Aw, what the hell. We're better off without that louse. You're all
mine now, kid! And that's great.

JUST AS WELL YOU WON'T HAVE HEARD THIS
DREAM YOUR DREAMS, IT'LL ALL BE FINE
THE LIFE YOU LIVE WILL BE MUCH MORE
THAN HIS OR MINE

GONNA TRY TO FIX THE IMAGE
MAKE IT CLEAR IN BLACK AND WHITE
AS I GET OLD YOU'LL GROW UP TALL
WE'LL BE ALL RIGHT

ONLY GOOD TIMES LIE AHEAD NOW
SEE THE DISTANT HILLS IN VIEW
WE'RE GETTING CLOSE, WE'LL MAKE DRY LAND
JUST ME AND YOU

FOR YOUR MOTHER KNOWS
OFTEN SOMEONE GOES
WHEN THE NORTH WIND BLOWS

**LIZZIE is back in 1946, talking to
Pete, who is still in a coma.**

Couple of years after my mother died, your Grandpapa and I left
Paris. I was eight years old. Never went back. We travelled North,

to Cherbourg. To the harbour there. This is the part I guess you know about.

Scene Thirteen

**PIERRE, forty, and LIZZIE, eight,
1912. Cherbourg harbour.**

PIERRE

Come on, cuddle up. That wind is sharp, isn't it? It's coming from somewhere very cold. Once the boat gets here, we'll be fine.

They wrap their arms around one another.

LIZZIE

I don't want to live in a cold place, Papa.

PIERRE

No, no, where we're heading, it's warm and safe. It'll be the start of a new story for us.

LIZZIE

What's wrong with the old story?

PIERRE

Don't worry. We'll be fine. There's a statue there that looks after everyone. On an island by a great big city. And underneath the statue is a poem.

LIZZIE

I don't like poems.

PIERRE

Well, you'll like this one.

LIZZIE

Why? What does it say?

PIERRE

It says, anyone is welcome, especially when they're huddled up against the cold, like we are. Do you know where it came from, that statue?

LIZZIE

Where?

PIERRE

It was a gift from France - from us! Because we love freedom too. The statue's named after freedom, *la liberté*.. It's the Statue of Liberty.

LIZZIE

Is it a man or a lady?

PIERRE

It's a lady, like Maman, lighting the way for people like us. That's why we're going there in a big ship. You'll be happy there, I promise.

LIZZIE

Will you be happy, Papa?

PIERRE

I will.

LIZZIE

Then I will, too.

No.13 : Let the Story Begin

PIERRE

That's my girl.

THERE IS A LAND OUT THERE ACROSS THE SEA
AND IT'LL WELCOME US IN
IT WANTS TO SAVE US ALL FROM MISERY
LET A NEW STORY BEGIN

WE'LL TAKE THE HAND
OF LIBERTY
IN THAT BRAND NEW LAND
YOU KNOW WHAT WE'LL SEE?
THERE'LL BE SUCH A GRAND OPPORTUNITY
TO LET THE STORY BEGIN

FAREWELL FOREVER TO THE LIFE WE HAD
A LIFE OF SORROW OR SIN
TOO MANY TIMES THINGS HAVE BEEN SO BAD
BUT...?

LIZZIE
...WE'LL LET THE STORY BEGIN?

PIERRE
Yes!

THE STATUE THERE
WILL BECKON YOU
AND THEN WE WILL SHARE
IN A WORLD THAT'S NEW
WHEN WE BREATHE THAT AIR WHO KNOWS WHAT WE'LL DO
SO LET THE STORY BEGIN

LIZZIE
WE'LL LET THE STORY BEGIN, PAPA

BOTH
LET'S LET THE STORY BEGIN

PIERRE
OVER THE WATER

LIZZIE
MY PAPA

PIERRE
MY DAUGHTER
STARTING

ANEW

BOTH

A NEW LIFE ME AND YOU

LIZZIE

Will the big ship come right up to us here?

PIERRE

It's so big, it won't fit in the harbour. We have to get aboard a small boat first to ferry us out.

LIZZIE

And then the big one will take us to the safe place?

PIERRE

That's it. Since Maman went to Heaven, I've saved and saved so we can start afresh. It won't be a fancy berth, Lisette, but we won't mind. We'll be moving, won't we? Towards a better life at last. That's what matters.

ALTHOUGH YOU'RE ALL OF EIGHT
I HOPE IT'S NOT TOO LATE
TO STOP YOU STEPPING INTO PAPA'S SHOES
MAMAN WAS WAY TOO KIND
HER FAITH IN ME WAS BLIND
I WAS BLINDED, TOO

IT STARTED WAY BACK WHEN
THE THINGS I WANTED THEN
WERE ALTOGETHER WHAT A FOOL WOULD CHOOSE
UNTIL YOU CAME ALONG
SO MUCH I DID WAS WRONG
I FOUND MY WAY WITH YOU

He takes out the newspaper cutting,
now yellowing with age.

I read this when I wasn't much more than a boy, Thought it held the answers. It filled my head with nonsense - dreams of fortune. I'll never be that fool again.

He rips it into shreds and drops
the pieces in the water.

LIZZIE shivers.

LIZZIE

Will the boat come soon, Papa?

PIERRE

It will. And take us to the biggest ship you've ever seen. A ship from your dreams, my little love.

LIZZIE

What's the big ship called?

PIERRE

It's named after the giant gods from ancient times. The Titans. And it's taking us to Paradise.

WHERE WE ARE GOING IS BEYOND COMPARE

LIZZIE

SOMEWHERE WE NEVER HAVE BEEN

PIERRE

THE SUN WILL SHINE ON US WHEN WE GET THERE

BOTH

SO LET THE STORY BEGIN

PIERRE

THEN EVERYTHING

LIZZIE

WILL BE ALRIGHT
EV'RY DAY WE'LL SING

PIERRE

AND WE'LL DANCE ALL NIGHT
EACH BREATH WILL BRING US A NEW DELIGHT

BOTH

LET'S LET THE STORY BEGIN

LIZZIE

AND SO THE STORY BEGINS.

OVERLAPPING VOICES: Distraught
passengers call out for loved ones. Crew
members shout orders. Reprise of Prologue
music which builds.

PIERRE

(the urgent echo of a ghost)
Take her! Take my daughter!

(The ocean surges and swallows his words. Distant cries echo in the background.)

PIERRE

Lisette! Hold tight – hold tight!
(The creak of lifeboat ropes. Voices calling out in panic.)

PIERRE

You must go, my darling! Live your life!
(His voice begins to fade, overtaken by the swelling sound of rushing water.)

LIZZIE

(Lizzie responds to Pierre)

I have lived my life, Papa!
I'm still living it!

(her voice echos as her vision clears)

I go on surviving – thanks
to you.

It is 1946 again. The first light
of morning.

LIZZIE

When the ship started going over, Papa saved me. Put me in the
lifeboat. And he does it over and over, every night. In my dream.

Funny how things work out. Spend your life wanting to be someone,
get somewhere. Then you realise, whoever you are, wherever you got
to, that's it. That's all there is. You survived. It's all we can
ever hope for. Just to keep going. That's the only new beginning
there is.

So that's it, Pete. Story time over. Hoped you liked it. Maybe it
was nothing special. Maybe it wasn't worth waking up for, anyway.

She suddenly reacts.

Hold it. Did I just see what I thought I saw? Pete? Did you move
your eyelids? You moved them. You did, didn't you? Do it again.
Please, Petey. For your Momma.

Papa, come over here and look. I swear he -

**PIERRE kisses her on the forehead
and turns and leaves.**

(The vision of PIERRE fades away)

(to Pete) So come on, now. Flutter those shutters one more time for
Momma, I know you can. Then wake up and show me that great big
smile you got from your Grandpapa. Give me the sign I've been
waiting for! Tell me you're home and dry!

LET'S LET THE STORY BEGIN

Curtain