

ROSE. Lily, you've been dancing with that gloomy Archibald all evening!

LILY. He's just shy, Rose. I think Archie has the tenderest heart I've ever known.

ROSE. Silly Lily. Have you been so busy looking into his eyes, that you've missed the hump on his back?

*(ROSE laughs and they exit.)*

START

ARCHIBALD. *(Turning to leave.)* I do hope you'll enjoy the gardens.

MARY. But I want to know what happens to dead people.

*(He stops. Death is a subject he cannot resist.)*

ARCHIBALD. Yes. Well. Quite natural that you should wonder that. *(A moment.)* We bury them. We put their things away, we remember things they said. We...talk to them, sometimes...in our minds, of course...

MARY. Can they hear us?

ARCHIBALD. *(And now he seems angry at himself.)* And then one morning, when we think we're over them at last, we find ourselves in the ballroom, knowing full well we have been here all night, and we draw the painful conclusion that we have been dancing with them again.

MARY. I don't understand.

ARCHIBALD. Nor will you ever. They're not gone, you see. Just dead.

MARY. Is my Aunt Lily a ghost now?

ARCHIBALD. *(He stops.)* Why, have you heard her?

MARY. I heard *someone* crying in the house last night. But I don't know anything about ghosts. Is my father a ghost now? Does everyone who dies become a ghost?

ARCHIBALD. They're only a ghost if someone alive is still holding onto them.

MARY. Maybe what I heard was Mother, telling me to be nice so you'll keep me.

*(Now, perceiving her fear, he attempts to reassure her.)*

ARCHIBALD. The house *is* haunted, child. Day and night. But it is yours to live in as long as I am master here. I offer you my deepest sympathies on your arrival.

*(Then he walks away. But when he is gone, MARY calls after him.)*

MARY. Did my mother have any *other* family?

*(MARY exits.)*

[MUSIC NO. 09 - "IT'S A MAZE"]