

The Miraculous Journey of Edward Tulane was originally commissioned by and produced at Childsplay (David P. Saar, artistic director; Steve Martin, managing director) in Tempe, Ariz. The play was developed in Childsplay's Whiteman New Plays Program and premiered on Oct. 26, 2013, at the Tempe Center for the Arts.

Cast:

The Traveler Katie McFadden
 The Musician Kyle Sorrell
 The Man David J. Dickinson
 The Woman Debra K. Stevens

Production staff:

Director David P. Saar
 Dramaturgy Jenny Millinger
 Scenic design Jeff Thomson
 Costume design Addy Diaz
 Lighting design Rick Paulsen
 Sound design Christopher Neumeier
 Rabbit design and construction Jim Luther
 Original music Kyle Sorrell
 Stage manager Sarah G. Chanis

The Miraculous Journey of Edward Tulane

CHARACTERS

THE TRAVELER: The storyteller who portrays Pellegrina, Society Lady, Martin, Margory, Lolly, Jack, the Watchman, the Old Lady, Crow Pellegrina, Marlene, Lucius Clarke.

THE WOMAN: Portrays Abilene, Nellie, Lucy the dog, various other hobos, Star 1, Sarah Ruth, Neal, Doll, the Old Doll, the Shopper.

THE MUSICIAN: Plays guitar and is the voice of Edward's thoughts and emotions.

THE MAN: Portrays Abilene's Father, Amos, Lawrence, Bull, various hobos, Bryce, Star 2. Plays harmonica and perhaps other instruments.

PRODUCTION NOTES

The story of Edward Tulane takes place over 20 years, starting in the mid-1920s. The Traveler is the leader of a group of timeless storytellers sharing this story. The actors and the setting are transformational. Actors change characters quickly and effortlessly. The costumes for characters within the story should be minimal pieces added to the actors' base costumes. The actors never leave the stage. Set pieces should be kept to a minimum, with the same pieces being used in different configurations for the different locations.

The Musician voices the thoughts of the china rabbit, Edward Tulane. The Musician and his music are, perhaps, the spirit or soul of Edward. I've indicated some possible places for the Musician to play; however, these are just suggestions, and his music shouldn't be limited to what is indicated in the script.

Edward is NOT a puppet. He is never manipulated to suggest that he can move by himself. Once the Musician starts voicing Edward's thoughts, he stays close to Edward. Due to the fast costume changes and the various states of repair, the play requires a number of Edward dolls. There were seven different Edward dolls in the original production.

The Traveler quickly switches from the role of storyteller to specific roles in the story, sometimes going back and forth. It is intended that these quick shifts won't always require costume adjustments, rather just a shift of focus and physicality for the actress; therefore, not all transitions are noted within the stage directions. All storyteller lines are marked Traveler.

If needed, the voice of Edward could be played by an actor separate from the Musician. In the original production, the Musician was sometimes joined by the Man playing the violin. If interested, the music from the original production is available for licensing from Kyle Sorrell (kylesorrell@yahoo.com).

Larger numbers of actors can be used to play the many characters; however, the Traveler and Pellegrina should always be played by the same actor. It is the playwright's preference that actors play multiple roles.

The Miraculous Journey of Edward Tulane

ACT I

(Scene. Lights rise as THE MUSICIAN, THE TRAVELER, THE MAN and THE WOMAN enter. The MUSICIAN carries a guitar on his back, and the TRAVELER carries a large suitcase. The four stop and look at the audience. The TRAVELER nods to the others. They move to their places. The MUSICIAN adjusts the guitar and begins to play. The TRAVELER removes a large china rabbit from the suitcase. The beautiful toy is dressed in a specially made, expensive-looking suit. The music stops.)

TRAVELER. Once, in a house on Egypt Street, there lived a rabbit made almost entirely of china. But how did such a thing come to be? Did the rabbit belong in this fine house? Was this the rabbit's home? Ah. Now that is an interesting question.

(The TRAVELER becomes PELLEGRINA. The WOMAN becomes ABILENE.)

ABILENE. Grandmother! You're back!

PELLEGRINA. You didn't think I would miss your birthday, did you?

(PELLEGRINA offers the china rabbit to ABILENE.)

ABILENE. Oh, grandmother! For me?

PELLEGRINA. Yes, Abilene. Happy birthday.

(ABILENE takes the rabbit.)

ABILENE. He is the most beautiful thing I have ever seen.

PELLEGRINA. You are the most beautiful. But, yes, he is indeed quite handsome.

ABILENE. What's he made of?

PELLEGRINA. China. The finest china. His ears and tail are made of real fur.

ABILENE. They are so soft! And look! His ears bend!

PELLEGRINA. He was made especially for you by the best doll maker in Paris.

ABILENE. I love his clothes. They are so stylish. And look at his shoes!

PELLEGRINA. He must always look his best if he's going to be seen with you, my lady. This isn't his only suit either. He has an entire wardrobe. His trunk is in your room.

ABILENE. Thank you! I love him. I will always love him.

PELLEGRINA. I'm glad. I thought you could use some company in this big old house. A special friend. Now what shall be his name?

ABILENE. Edward.

PELLEGRINA. Why Edward?

ABILENE. Just look at him. He's so dignified and refined.

(PELLEGRINA takes the rabbit and gazes into his eyes.)

PELLEGRINA. Edward. Yes, you do look like an Edward.

ABILENE. Edward Tulane.

PELLEGRINA. Oh. You've already made him part of the family, have you?

ABILENE. Of course.

PELLEGRINA. Well, Edward Tulane. I hope you realize how fortunate you are.

ABILENE. I want to show Mother and Father!

(ABILENE hugs PELLEGRINA, takes EDWARD and moves away. The MUSICIAN begins to play.)

TRAVELER. And so it was that Edward Tulane came to live at the house on Egypt Street.

(ABILENE appears with EDWARD.)

ABILENE. And this is the parlor. This is where we entertain. We'll have tea here this afternoon. Come on. I'll show you the garden.

(ABILENE carries EDWARD away.)

TRAVELER. He was very fortunate indeed.

(ABILENE appears with EDWARD.)

ABILENE. What's that, Edward? Oh, I would be delighted to dance with you.

(ABILENE and EDWARD do a courtly dance.)

ABILENE *(cont'd)*. You dance divinely, Lord Edward.

TRAVELER. As she said she would, Abilene loved the china rabbit.

(ABILENE holds EDWARD as if they are in an airplane.)

ABILENE. Hang on, Edward. We're going to loop the loop!

(The MAN appears as ABILENE's FATHER.)

FATHER. Abilene, it's time to get ready for bed.

ABILENE. But we're in the middle of the Trans World International Air Show.

FATHER. Land the plane. Grandmother Pellegrina will be up soon to tuck you in.

ABILENE. Come on, Edward. Time to put on your silk pajamas.

(ABILENE and her FATHER step out of the scene.)

TRAVELER. So fortunate. How many china rabbits have their own silk pajamas?

(ABILENE appears with EDWARD in silk pajamas.)

ABILENE. Good morning, Edward! Now, would you like to wear your blue pinstripe or your gray suit today?

TRAVELER. Of course, Edward didn't answer. He never did. He couldn't, you see. His mouth was painted on his china head, as was the rest of his face. But still he had his thoughts.

(The TRAVELER nods to the MUSICIAN, who then moves near EDWARD. Throughout the play, the other characters always relate to the rabbit, EDWARD, and never to the MUSICIAN as he voices EDWARD's thoughts.)

EDWARD. What? Oh. The gray suit. And the dark red tie.

Yes. The gray suit today.

ABILENE. I agree. The blue pinstripe it is.

EDWARD. Oh dear. Well, don't forget the hat. I am devilishly handsome in the hat.

(ABILENE and EDWARD leave. Her FATHER appears.)

FATHER. Abilene! Come along now. You'll be late for school, and I'll be late for work.

(ABILENE approaches with EDWARD, now dressed.)

ABILENE. I'm almost ready, father. I just have to put Edward in his chair.

FATHER. Oh, I know. Edward must be at his station to keep watch.

ABILENE. Father?

FATHER. Oh. Good morning, Edward. You're looking dapper as always.

(ABILENE holds up EDWARD to her ear.)

ABILENE. What's that, Edward? Oh. *(To her FATHER.)* He says thank you, and that you look rather dapper yourself.

FATHER. Thank you, Edward.

(FATHER exits.)

TRAVELER. Now, Edward didn't say any such thing. He couldn't, with his painted mouth after all. And what he was really thinking was ...

(ABILENE sets EDWARD in the chair.)

EDWARD. What? Oh, right. I do look good. Somehow I make the pinstripe work, don't I? Now be careful you don't wrinkle my jacket. And fix the tie. I'm sure it's crooked. You really should be more careful with the tie.

ABILENE. Oh, your watch. I remember.

(She removes a pocket watch from one of his pockets. She winds it and sets it on one of his legs.)

ABILENE (*cont'd*). There you are. Now remember, when the big hand is on twelve and the little hand is on three, I will come home to you. You'll see me coming right up that walk. Have a pleasant day looking out the window.

(*FATHER reappears.*)

FATHER. Abilene.

(*ABILENE and FATHER leave. EDWARD calls after them.*)

EDWARD. The tie! Fix the tie! Oh, dear.
TRAVELER. And so Edward Tulane spent his days, staring out upon Egypt Street, listening to the ticking of his watch. And at three o'clock Abilene would return.

(*ABILENE appears.*)

ABILENE. Hello, Edward. I'm home. And how was your day?

EDWARD. What? Oh, you're back.

(*ABILENE picks up EDWARD.*)

EDWARD (*cont'd*). What are you doing? Don't move me now. It'll be dark soon, and I'll be able to see my reflection in the window.

ABILENE. Oh, Edward. I wish everyone were as considerate and as nice as you.

EDWARD. Uh-huh.

ABILENE. Cynthia Worthington is so mean. She wouldn't let me have a turn at recess today.

EDWARD. You don't say.

ABILENE. You're right, Edward. It doesn't matter. I'm home with you now. Let's go for a walk in the garden and forget all about Cynthia Worthington.

TRAVELER. Life continued this way for quite some time, a few years in fact. Abilene shared all of her thoughts and secrets with Edward. And she made sure that other members of the family included Edward in their conversations as well.

(*FATHER appears. He sits with ABILENE. They are having tea. EDWARD sits between them. FATHER is speaking to others who are unseen by the audience.*)

FATHER. And so tomorrow, I'm going to have lunch with the gentleman.

ABILENE. Excuse me, father. I don't believe Edward heard what you just said.

FATHER. Oh. Pardon me, Edward. I said I was having lunch tomorrow with the president of the bank. I'm quite looking forward to it. You see, he should be able to tell me if it's possible ...

(*FATHER continues in pantomime during the following.*)

EDWARD. Blah, blah, blah. Must he go on so? I mean really.

(*ABILENE, her FATHER and EDWARD leave.*)

TRAVELER. Yes, Edward had little patience for people. What they said didn't interest him, unless they were talking about him, of course. Now, nobody knew this. Nobody could read his thoughts. That is, nobody except for perhaps one.

(*The TRAVELER becomes PELLEGRINA. ABILENE enters, carrying EDWARD, who is in his pajamas now. PELLEGRINA tucks ABILENE into bed.*)

ABILENE (*yawning*). I'm not really that sleepy, grandmother.

PELLEGRINA. I can see that, but nonetheless, to sleep you must go. You have school in the morning.

ABILENE. Edward isn't sleepy either.

EDWARD. Don't hold me so tightly. You'll wrinkle the silk.

(PELLEGRINA looks at EDWARD. She picks him up.)

PELLEGRINA. China rabbits don't need as much sleep as little girls. I imagine that Edward spends the hours remembering how lucky he is to have you.

EDWARD. What's that supposed to mean?

ABILENE. Will you tell us a story tonight?

PELLEGRINA. Hm? Oh. Not tonight, lady, but soon. Soon there will be a story.

EDWARD. Why does she stare at me like I'm some criminal?

(PELLEGRINA lays EDWARD on his back next to ABILENE.)

EDWARD *(cont'd)*. And why can't she ever lay me on my side so I can look out the window? There are stars out there.

ABILENE. Good night.

PELLEGRINA. Good night, my lady. Pleasant adventures in the land of Nod.

(PELLEGRINA leaves.)

ABILENE. I love you, Edward. Good night.

(ABILENE rolls over to go to sleep.)

EDWARD. Wait! Turn me on my side! What is so difficult to understand? Oh, that Pellegrina. She does this on purpose, I know it. And that staring ... how ... how rude!

TRAVELER. One day it was announced that the family would take a voyage on a great ship.

(ABILENE sits up in bed as PELLEGRINA enters.)

ABILENE. But why won't you sail to London with us tomorrow?

PELLEGRINA. Because I will not. That's why.

ABILENE. But I'll miss you.

PELLEGRINA. I'm glad.

ABILENE. You're glad?

PELLEGRINA. Yes. When those we love are not with us, we miss them. I will miss you. But instead of feeling sad, I will look forward to the wonderful moment when we see each other again.

ABILENE. It seems to me that it would be better to stay together in the first place.

PELLEGRINA. We are all on our own journeys, my lady. We can't always be with those we love.

ABILENE. Well, we can try!

(PELLEGRINA laughs.)

PELLEGRINA. Yes, we certainly can! Now, tell me, will you take Edward on this voyage?

ABILENE. Of course! How could I possibly go on a journey without Edward?

PELLEGRINA. Hmmm. Yes. How could you possibly?

(PELLEGRINA picks up EDWARD.)

ABILENE. Edward watches out for me.

PELLEGRINA. Does he? I see.

EDWARD. There she goes staring at me again.

ABILENE. Will you tell us a story tonight, grandmother?

PELLEGRINA. Yes. I believe tonight there will be a story.

ABILENE. Shall Edward listen too?

PELLEGRINA. Oh yes. Edward should pay particularly close attention.

EDWARD. I don't like the sound of that at all.

(PELLEGRINA hands EDWARD to ABILENE. The following story may be told as simply or as complicatedly as desired. Perhaps PELLEGRINA uses puppets, dolls or shadow puppets in the storytelling.)

PELLEGRINA. This story begins with a princess.

EDWARD *(not interested)*. A princess?

ABILENE. A beautiful princess?

PELLEGRINA. A very beautiful princess.

ABILENE. How beautiful?

PELLEGRINA. You must listen—both of you. Once there was a princess who was very beautiful. She shone as bright as the stars on a moonless night.

EDWARD. Bright as the stars on a moonless night. That's kind of nice, actually.

PELLEGRINA. But, what difference did it make that she was beautiful? None. No difference.

ABILENE. Why did it make no difference?

PELLEGRINA. Because she was a princess who loved no one and cared nothing for love, even though there were many who loved her.

(PELLEGRINA stares at EDWARD.)

PELLEGRINA *(cont'd)*. And so ...

EDWARD. What?

ABILENE. And so, what?

PELLEGRINA. Hm? And so, her father, the king, said that she must marry. One day shortly after, a prince from another kingdom came. As soon as he saw the princess, he fell in love with her. He gave her a ring of pure gold. Placing it on her finger, he said, "I love you." But do you know what the princess did?

(ABILENE shakes her head.)

PELLEGRINA *(cont'd)*. She took the ring off her finger, put it in her mouth, and she swallowed it. "That is what I think of love," she said, and she ran out of the castle and into the woods. Deep, deep into the woods she ran until she finally stopped to catch her breath. Looking around, she realized that she was lost. And she remained lost for many days.

ABILENE. Did the prince come and find her?

PELLEGRINA. Listen. Eventually, she came upon a little hut. She knocked on the door, "Let me in. I am cold." But there was no answer. She knocked again, "Let me in. I am hungry." Suddenly a terrible voice from inside the hut said, "Enter if you must." Opening the door, the princess saw an old witch. "I am lost." "What of it?" "I am hungry." "Not my concern." "But I am a beautiful princess. My father is a powerful king. You must help me or there will be consequences." At this, the witch said, "Consequences? You dare talk to me of consequences? Very well, then, tell me the name of the one you love." The princess stamped her foot, "Love! Why must everyone talk of love." "You must tell me the name. Whom do you love?" "I love no one," said the princess proudly. "You disappoint me," said the witch raising her hand. Pointing at the princess the witch said one word, "Fartfegery." And in

an instant, the beautiful princess was changed into a warthog. The warthog princess ran from the hut, back into the woods. There she came across several men. They had been sent by the king to find a beautiful princess, so when they found an ugly warthog, they shot it. Pow.

ABILENE. No!

PELLEGRINA. Yes. The men took the warthog back to the castle. There, the cook slit open its belly and found a ring of pure gold. The cook put the ring on her finger and finished butchering the warthog. And the ring shone on the cook's hand as she did her work. The end.

ABILENE. No!

PELLEGRINA. Yes. The end.

ABILENE. But it can't be. It came too quickly. And no one is living happily ever after.

PELLEGRINA. Ah, but how can a story end happily if there is no love? Now, it's late, and you must go to sleep. Tomorrow, a new adventure begins.

(PELLEGRINA tucks in ABILENE, kissing her. PELLEGRINA lifts EDWARD and turns away from the bed.)

ABILENE. What are you doing with Edward?

PELLEGRINA. I'm saying bon voyage, should I not have the chance tomorrow. I'll return him in a moment.

(PELLEGRINA looks at EDWARD closely in the eyes.)

PELLEGRINA *(cont'd)*. You disappoint me.

(PELLEGRINA places EDWARD back on the bed. She speaks to ABILENE.)

PELLEGRINA *(cont'd)*. Good night.

ABILENE. Good night, Grandmother.

(PELLEGRINA steps out of the scene.)

EDWARD. What was that? This is why I don't listen to stories! They are always pointless. A warthog! How grotesque!

ABILENE. I love you, Edward. I don't care how old I get, I will always love you.

(ABILENE goes to sleep.)

EDWARD. Yes, yes, but turn me on my side so that I can see the stars. Oh, dear. As bright as the stars on a moonless night. What a wonderful phrase.

(As the MUSICIAN plays, the scene transforms to the deck of the ship during the following.)

TRAVELER. And the next day, Edward, Abilene and her parents set sail for England. Now, the ship was a marvelous thing: shiny wooden decks, round windows and well-dressed people everywhere. While Edward had little use for people in general, he appreciated the fact that he was now surrounded by ones of such high social standing.

(The TRAVELER becomes a SOCIETY LADY on the ship. ABILENE appears carrying EDWARD. EDWARD is now in a sailor suit.)

ABILENE. Shall we sit up here on deck, Edward? I believe the sea air will do us good.

EDWARD. Is my hat on straight? I'm sure to be complimented on the hat.

SOCIETY LADY. What a singular rabbit!
EDWARD. What did I tell you?

ABILENE. Thank you.

SOCIETY LADY. Yes, indeed. I've never seen such a ... such a singular rabbit!

EDWARD. I know.

ABILENE. His name is Edward. Edward Tulane.

SOCIETY LADY. Oh, I say. That is the perfect name for one such as he. Brava, my dear. Brava!

EDWARD *(to the SOCIETY LADY)*. Why are you saying brava to her? She didn't do anything.

SOCIETY LADY. Lady Kensington must see this delectable creature.

EDWARD. *Lady Kensington?*

ABILENE. A lady? Like an English one?

SOCIETY LADY. Yes. Her husband is an earl or duke or some such thing. Now, I must find her. She will be so impressed with Master Edward Tulane.

(The SOCIETY LADY moves away.)

EDWARD. Did you hear that? I will impress her. *(Practicing his British accent.)* How'd you, doooo, m'Lady Kensington?

ABILENE. Let's sit here, Edward. *(Laying him down on a deck chair.)* There. You look like you were born for the sea in your sailor suit. Oh, your watch. I forgot to wind it this morning. I'd better take care of that. What would you do if you didn't know the correct time, hmm? You might miss tea! We can't have that.

(ABILENE winds the watch. She holds onto the watch throughout the following scene. The SOCIETY LADY becomes MARTIN. The MAN becomes his brother, AMOS. The boys approach.)

EDWARD *(to ABILENE)*. Look. I have more admirers approaching. Get out of the way.

MARTIN. Hey. What does he do? *(Referring to EDWARD.)*

ABILENE. He doesn't do anything.

AMOS. Does he wind up?

ABILENE. Certainly not.

MARTIN. Then what's the point of him?

ABILENE. The point is that he is Edward.

EDWARD. Humpf. Well said.

AMOS. What's he supposed to be wearing?

ABILENE. It's a sailor suit. It's very fashionable.

AMOS. It's silly.

ABILENE. That's your opinion.

EDWARD. I don't like these two heathens. Take me away.

Let's find Lady Kensington.

MARTIN. Does it come off?

EDWARD. What?

ABILENE. Of course it does. He has many different outfits. He even has his own silk pajamas.

MARTIN. You hear that, Amos? He has silk pajamas. Let me see him.

(MARTIN grabs EDWARD and runs away from ABILENE. AMOS blocks ABILENE as MARTIN starts pulling the shoes off of EDWARD.)

ABILENE. No!

EDWARD. Stop it! Young man, I demand you release me at once.

MARTIN. Would you look at that? He's even got socks!

AMOS. Take them off, Martin!

ABILENE. No!

EDWARD. Don't you dare!

(MARTIN removes EDWARD's socks as ABILENE escapes from AMOS and approaches MARTIN.)

ABILENE. Give him to me!

EDWARD. This is humiliating!

MARTIN. Oh, I'm sorry. Here you are.

(MARTIN throws EDWARD to AMOS.)

EDWARD. Nooooo!

MARTIN. Oops. Good catch, Amos!

ABILENE. Don't throw him, he's made of china! He'll break!

MARTIN. Throw him back to me!

(The boys continue to toss EDWARD back and forth. AMOS runs near the railing at the edge of the deck.)

ABILENE. He's mine. Give him to me!

(Just as AMOS is about to throw EDWARD, ABILENE tackles AMOS. EDWARD flies over the railing. The TRAVELER holds EDWARD. ABILENE and the ship slowly pull back away from EDWARD and the others.)

TRAVELER. And Edward flew over the railing and sailed out over the ocean.

ABILENE. Edward! No!

EDWARD. How does a china rabbit die? Can a china rabbit drown? Is my hat still on my head?

TRAVELER. He caught one last glimpse of Abilene, standing on the deck, holding his gold pocket watch in her outstretched hand.

EDWARD. My pocket watch! I'll need that!

TRAVELER. Abilene disappeared from view, as Edward Tulane hit the water.

EDWARD. Lady Kensing ...

(A splash as EDWARD hits the water. The scene transforms to an underwater world as EDWARD sinks.)

TRAVELER. And he began to sink. He went down and down. EDWARD. If I were going to drown, certainly I would have done so by now.

TRAVELER. He kept his eyes open the whole time. Not because he was brave, but because he had no choice.

EDWARD. It's getting awfully dark.

TRAVELER. Finally he landed on the ocean floor, facedown in the muck.

EDWARD. I don't like this. I don't like this one bit.

TRAVELER. Hours passed.

EDWARD. Abilene will come and find me. It's just like waiting for her to come home from school. If only I had my watch.

TRAVELER. Days passed. And Abilene didn't come. Edward, for lack of anything better to do, started to think.

EDWARD. Are the stars still shining even though I can't see them anymore?

TRAVELER. More days passed.

EDWARD. As bright as the stars on a moonless night. I'll never see the stars again.

TRAVELER. Weeks passed.

EDWARD. Why did the beautiful princess become a warthog? Why? Because the ugly witch turned her into one, that's why. TRAVELER. And then months.

EDWARD. Pellegrina is like the witch. No, she is the witch. She didn't turn me into a warhog, but just the same. Why is she punishing me?

TRAVELER. On the two hundred and ninety-seventh day, a powerful storm came.

(EDWARD is tossed around in the storm. During this, his clothes and hat are removed.)

EDWARD. I'm out of the muck! At last! Whoa! Wait—my hat! Come back! What's going on? What is this? No, no, no, no, no! Not my sailor suit! Whoa! Help! Wait! I can see light! I can see light!

TRAVELER. Up to the surface he came. For a moment he saw the angry sky, and the wind rushed through his ears. It almost sounded like laughter.

(The TRAVELER laughs like PELLEGRINA.)

EDWARD. Pellegrina? Is it you?

TRAVELER. Before he could hear an answer, he was tossed back down into the depths.

EDWARD. Oh no! Help me! I can't go back there! Please!

TRAVELER. Suddenly, Edward found himself in the middle of a net. A fisherman's net. And before he knew what had happened, Edward was pulled up out of the water.

(The MAN becomes the old fisherman, LAWRENCE.)

LAWRENCE. Eh, what's this?

(LAWRENCE picks up EDWARD.)

LAWRENCE *(conf'd)*. You ain't no fish, that's for sure. You're a rabbit, I reckon. Or you were one once. A toy rabbit. I'll

take you home to Nellie. She'll fix you up. Now, you sit yourself right down here, and you can have a nice view for the ride home.

(LAWRENCE sets down EDWARD on a crate.)

EDWARD. Don't bother. I never want to look at the ocean again. LAWRENCE. That was quite a storm we had, wasn't it. But, it's passed now. It's turned into a fine sunny day.

TRAVELER. And as the fishing boat made its way back to shore, Edward felt the sun on his face and the wind blowing through the little bit of fur left on his ears.

EDWARD. I'm alive. I'm alive!

LAWRENCE. Looks like you're enjoying the ride.

EDWARD. I believe I am.

TRAVELER. Back on land, the old fisherman paraded Edward through the seaside village.

LAWRENCE. Wait till Nellie gets sight of you. You'll like Nellie, you will. She's had her sadness, but she's an all-right girl.

(The TRAVELER becomes a towns person, MARGORY.)

MARGORY. What have you got there, Lawrence?

LAWRENCE. Fresh catch. Rabbit from the sea.

MARGORY. I see. It doesn't look very tasty.

EDWARD. It?

LAWRENCE. No, Margory, I don't suppose so.

MARGORY. You takin' it home to Nellie, are you?

EDWARD. It?

LAWRENCE. Ayuh. That was my thinking.

MARGORY. I can't imagine what she'd want with it.

EDWARD. Really?

LAWRENCE. You never know.

MARGORY. Ain't that the truth? Well, have a good evening, Lawrence.

LAWRENCE. Pleasant evening to you, Margory.

(MARGORY walks away. EDWARD calls after her.)

EDWARD. I am not an "it," thank you very much.

LAWRENCE. Look up there. That's your North Star.

EDWARD. The North Star. Do all the stars have names?

LAWRENCE. You don't never have to be lost when you know where that fella is.

EDWARD. The North Star. I didn't think I would see the stars again.

(LAWRENCE continues walking.)

TRAVELER. The fisherman and Edward finally arrived at a little green cottage.

LAWRENCE. Nellie, look here. I've brought you something from the sea.

(The WOMAN becomes NELLIE.)

NELLIE. I don't want nothing from the sea.

LAWRENCE. Now don't be like that. Look.

NELLIE. A rabbit! Oh, Lawrence. You brung me a rabbit.

LAWRENCE. Must have got clumped up in the storm.

(LAWRENCE bends EDWARD as if EDWARD is bowing.)

NELLIE. Oh, my.

(LAWRENCE gives EDWARD to NELLIE.)

NELLIE *(cont'd)*. Have you ever seen anything so fine?

EDWARD. This is one very discerning woman.

NELLIE. She's beautiful!

EDWARD. She?

NELLIE. What shall I call her?

EDWARD. Do I look like a girl?

LAWRENCE. I was thinking Susanna.

NELLIE. Susanna. Just right.

EDWARD. First I'm an it, now I'm a she. Oh dear.

NELLIE. Well, Susanna, you will be needing some clothes now, won't you?

(LAWRENCE, NELLIE and EDWARD exit the scene.)

TRAVELER. And so the next morning, Nellie made some clothes for Edward Tulane, who was now Susanna. The dress she made was cotton and simple. She remade his ears and tail as well, though not in real fur.

(NELLIE returns with the dressed and repaired EDWARD.)

NELLIE. Susanna, if I don't get that bread going we won't have any for supper. Now, you sit right there and keep me company.

(NELLIE sets him down on the counter and begins kneading bread.)

EDWARD. No. Don't set me by the window. Anyone walking by will see me in this ridiculous dress.

NELLIE. It gets lonely here all day while Lawrence is out to sea. Back when the children were little, I had my hands full, you can be sure. But now the days can seem awful empty.

EDWARD. At least you're not on the bottom of the ocean with your head in the muck.

NELLIE. I wonder, Susanna, how you ever came to be in the ocean.

EDWARD. Pellegrina.

NELLIE. You poor thing. Stuck down there in the cold and dark. Separated from the ones you love.

EDWARD. Love?

NELLIE. I guess you know a thing or two about loneliness, yourself.

EDWARD. Loneliness. Yes.

NELLIE. But now you're here, Susanna from the sea. Do you like the dress? I never was much of a seamstress, but it's the best I could do.

EDWARD. It doesn't really matter what I wear.

NELLIE. My daughter, Lolly, always makes fun of the clothes I make. She says that people should only wear clothes sold in shops. She's a working girl, my Lolly. She is a secretary in one of those tall buildings up in Boston. She works on the ninth floor. She has to ride up in an elevator to get to work, can you imagine? You'll never see me in one of those things.

EDWARD. No. I don't suppose I will.

NELLIE. Lolly is the oldest, then there is Ralph. He's working in a lumber mill up north. We don't see much of him. Then there was Raymond, our youngest. He died, you see, when he was just five years old. Pneumonia. He drowned inside of himself. It is a horrible, terrible thing—the worst thing—to watch somebody you love die right in front of you, and not be able to do nothing about it.

EDWARD. You've had your sadness.

NELLIE. I dream about him most nights.

EDWARD. What is it like to dream?

NELLIE. I suppose you think I'm daft, talking to a toy. But it seems to me that you're listening, Susanna.

EDWARD. I am, Nellie. I am.

TRAVELLER. One night before supper, Lawrence went digging in the attic.

(*LAWRENCE appears carrying an old highchair.*)

NELLIE. What are you doing with that highchair? You know that I don't want to see anything ...

LAWRENCE. It's for Susanna.

NELLIE. Susanna?

EDWARD. Me? I, sir, am not a baby. I'm a rabbit.

LAWRENCE. I thought she'd like to sit at the table with us. I've been feeling bad about ignoring her at supper.

NELLIE. Oh, Lawrence. You're right. Come, Susanna. Let's try it out.

(*NELLIE lifts EDWARD.*)

EDWARD. No. Now, I've put up with Susanna and the dress, but I must draw the line at ...

(*NELLIE places EDWARD in the highchair.*)

NELLIE. There you are.

EDWARD. I mean really, would you like it if ... Oh. You have quite a nice view from here, don't you?

LAWRENCE. I think she looks happy there.

NELLIE. Ayuh. I believe she likes feeling a part of things.

EDWARD. I do.

LAWRENCE. Well then, what's for supper?

NELLIE. We're having a stew. Though I don't think Susanna is hungry herself.

EDWARD. That's right. None for me.

NELLIE. You set yourself down, and I'll dish it up.

TRAVELER. After supper, Lawrence would lift Edward onto his shoulder and go out for a walk.

(LAWRENCE sets EDWARD on his shoulder)

LAWRENCE. Every sailor needs to know his constellations, Susanna. That's Andromeda, you see? And over there is Pegasus.

EDWARD. Andromeda. Pegasus.

LAWRENCE. Right there is Cassiopeia.

EDWARD. Cassiopeia.

LAWRENCE. And there's Ursa Major.

EDWARD. Ursa Major.

LAWRENCE. I find comfort in the stars. There's comfort in knowing my old friends are out there watching.

EDWARD. Yes.

LAWRENCE. Our little Raymond, God bless him, he could name your constellations. Five years old, and he could name nearly any star you pointed at. He had the sea in his soul, he did. Poor little boy.

EDWARD. Poor little boy.

TRAVELER. The rabbit stayed with the old fisherman and his wife for many weeks, listening to their stories and memories. And when his own troubling memories haunted him ...

EDWARD. Warthogs. Witches. Oceans. Darkness.

TRAVELER. Nellie was always able to comfort him.

(LAWRENCE hands EDWARD to NELLIE, who rocks EDWARD in a chair. Perhaps LAWRENCE plays a banyo or some other instrument to accompany her)

NELLIE *(singing)*.

HUSH, LITTLE BABY, DON'T SAY A WORD,
MAMA'S GONNA BUY YOU A MOCKINGBIRD.
AND IF THAT MOCKINGBIRD DON'T SING,
MAMA'S GONNA BUY YOU A DIAMOND RING.

(The music continues under the following. The MUSICIAN joins in the playing.)

TRAVELER. Night after night, Nellie sang to the rabbit, gently allowing him to let go of those dark thoughts.

NELLIE *(singing)*.

AND IF THAT DIAMOND RING TURNS BRASS,
MAMA'S GONNA BUY YOU A LOOKING GLASS.
AND IF THAT LOOKING GLASS GETS BROKE,
MAMA'S GONNA BUY YOU A BILLY GOAT.

(The music continues under the following.)

TRAVELER. And so, for a very long time, life was sweet.

(The music ends. LAWRENCE moves away from the scene.)

TRAVELER *(cont'd)*. And then, one day, they had a visitor.

(The TRAVELER becomes LOLLY)

LOLLY. Hello, Ma.

NELLIE. Lolly! What a surprise!

LOLLY. I just had to get out of the city, you know? It just gets to be too much sometimes. You know what I mean? Just too much.

NELLIE. I'm sure it does, dear.

LOLLY. So I thought I'd surprise you and Pop, and spend a weekend in the old hometown. You know what I mean?

NELLIE. What a lovely thing to do. If only I knew you were coming, I would have tidied up a bit. I'm afraid the house is a mess.

LOLLY. It looks fine to me, Ma. I can't stand housework myself. Someday I'm going to get myself a maid, I tell you.

NELLIE. A maid! Can you imagine?

LOLLY. What's this?

(LOLLY picks up EDWARD.)

NELLIE. That's Susanna.

LOLLY. Susanna? You got yourself a toy rabbit named Susanna?

NELLIE. Your father found her. She came up in the net. She didn't have no clothes on her, so I made her a dress.

LOLLY. Have you gone 'round the bend, Ma? Rabbits don't need clothes.

NELLIE. Well, this one seemed to.

LOLLY. I see your sewing skills haven't improved much.

EDWARD. How dare you? This dress is perfect.

NELLIE. Well, you know me. I do the best I can.

LOLLY. This Susanna has kind of a creepy look about her.

NELLIE. Oh? I don't think so.

LOLLY. Well, I do.

EDWARD. I don't like the look of you either, with your painted cheeks and lips. Why don't you go back to your ninth floor and your elevator?

(LOLLY drops EDWARD on the counter.)

LOLLY. What's that old highchair doing here? It's not for the rabbit, is it?

NELLIE. Oh no. Don't be silly. Your father is fixing it up, that's all. We thought we might try to sell it. Your father is out back. Won't he be surprised to see you!

(NELLIE leaves. LOLLY starts to follow, then turns.)

TRAVELER. That night at supper, Edward didn't sit in his chair. And the next morning ...

(LOLLY lifts EDWARD by the ears.)

EDWARD. Put me down, you vulgar woman! How would like it if someone picked you up by the ears?

LOLLY. You got the old folks bewitched, don't you, Susanna? They've been treating you like some kind of rabbit child. The whole town is talking about it. It ain't right. It's sick, that's what it is. Well, we're going to put an end to it right now. *(Calling off.)* Hey, Ma!

NELLIE *(from off)*. Yes, dear?

LOLLY. I'm going to take the truck and run some errands.

NELLIE *(from off)*. Oh? That's wonderful, dear. Goodbye then.

EDWARD. Wait! Help! Nellie! Lawrence!

(LOLLY becomes the TRAVELER, still holding EDWARD. As the MUSICIAN plays, the scene transitions to a dump. The TRAVELER places EDWARD on the garbage pile.)

TRAVELER. Lolly took Edward to the town dump. She threw him onto the garbage pile, and she drove away, leaving the rabbit alone, lying among the orange peels, the coffee grounds and the rancid bacon.

EDWARD. I'll show her. I'll pick her up by the ears and throw her on a garbage pile! That's what I'll do.

TRAVELER. As the days passed, more and more garbage was thrown onto the pile, and soon Edward was completely buried. EDWARD. It's like I'm back on the bottom of the ocean. No. It's worse. How is that possible? How could anything be worse?

TRAVELER. Weeks passed.

EDWARD (*singing*).

HUSH LITTLE BABY, DON'T SAY A WORD.
MAMA'S GOING TO BUY YOU A MOCKINGBIRD.

TRAVELER. Edward lost track of time.

EDWARD. If only I had my watch.

(*The TRAVELER speaks as PELLEGRINA in EDWARD's memory.*)

PELLEGRINA. Pointing at the princess the witch said one word, "Fartfigery."

EDWARD. Fartfigery.

PELLEGRINA. And in an instant, the beautiful princess was changed into a warthog.

EDWARD. Because the princess loved nobody.

PELLEGRINA. You disappoint me.

EDWARD. Why? Why do I disappoint you?

(*The MAN becomes BULL the hobo, carrying a bedroll. The WOMAN becomes LUCY THE DOG.*)

TRAVELER. Then, on his one hundred and eightieth day at the dump, Edward felt the garbage around him shifting.

(*LUCY starts digging in the garbage pile.*)

EDWARD. What's happening? Help!

TRAVELER. Suddenly he saw the light of day again. There, staring him in the face was a dark and shaggy dog.

EDWARD. The sky! I'm free!

BULL. What have you found there, girl?

(*LUCY drags EDWARD out of the garbage pile. She moves to BULL, holding EDWARD in her teeth.*)

EDWARD. Stop it!

BULL. Ah, you think you've found the makings of a delicious rabbit pie, do you?

(*LUCY shakes EDWARD.*)

EDWARD. Put me down!

BULL. Yes, rabbit pie is one of the true pleasures of existence.

(*LUCY drops EDWARD and barks happily.*)

EDWARD. Never, never carry me in your mouth ever again.

BULL. This particular rabbit won't make for very good eating. He's made of china.

EDWARD. Of course I'm made of china. I was very expensive—once.

(*BULL picks up EDWARD and looks him in the eye.*)

BULL. You're a toy, aren't you? And somehow you got separated from the child who loves you.

TRAVELER. Edward felt a sharp pain in his chest.

EDWARD. Abilene. Abilene loved me.

BULL. So, Malone, you are lost. Well, Lucy and I are lost, too.

If you'd like, you can be lost with us. I have found it much more agreeable to be lost in the company of others. My name is Bull. And this here is Lucy. Would you care to join us?

EDWARD. Well, as long as that dog doesn't...

(BULL moves EDWARD's head as if he is nodding "yes.")

BULL. Look, Lucy. Malone is saying yes, he will travel with us. Isn't that swell?

TRAVELER. And so it was that Edward Tulane took to the road with a hobo and his dog.

BULL. Now, Malone. I hope you understand that we are always on the move. We walk mostly. Sometimes we'll enjoy a ride on a train—if there happens to be an empty boxcar available. Occasionally, we'll hitch a ride on the back of a farmer's truck. We are always moving, though, in truth, we are going nowhere. That, my friend, is the irony of our constant movement.

TRAVELER. As the sun set in the west, the three stopped at the edge of a field.

BULL. This seems like a down right comfortable place to spend the night. What do you think, Lucy?

(LUCY barks.)

BULL *(cont'd)*. I don't think anybody will mind if we sleep here. Now Malone, I don't suppose your kind sleeps very much, so I'll lay you so you can look up at the stars.

(BULL lays EDWARD on the ground facing up, then unrolls his bedroll and lies down beside him.)

EDWARD. Thank you.

BULL. Now I don't mean to offend you or comment negatively on your choice of garb, but I'm forced to tell you that that princess dress is rather impractical for a life on the road.

EDWARD. Princess dress?

BULL. However, I have a solution to this problem. In the morning I'm going to fix you up with the proper outlaw look. Yes, sir, you will look like a genuine rabbit on the run. *(Yawns)*

EDWARD. A rabbit on the run.

BULL. Yes, sir. First thing in the morning.

(LUCY curls up beside EDWARD and puts her muzzle on him.)

BULL. It looks like you have made yourself a new friend, Malone.

EDWARD. I think I've made two.

(BULL falls asleep.)

TRAVELER. And to the comforting sounds of Bull's snoring and Lucy's whimpering in her sleep, Edward looked at the stars.

EDWARD. Andromeda, Pegasus, Cassiopeia, Ursa Major, and there's the North Star. We're not really lost. We can see the North Star.

(During the following, BULL changes EDWARD's clothes.)

TRAVELER. The next day, true to his word, Bull created an outfit for Edward: using a bandana and an old hat. Edward Tulane now looked like a genuine rabbit on the run indeed. Susannah was gone. Edward was now Malone.

(LUCY barks.)

BULL. Hold on, Lucy. We're almost ready. *(Finishes dressing EDWARD.)* There.

TRAVELER. And the three travelers set off for nowhere.

(BULL tucks EDWARD into his bedroll so that EDWARD is facing backward as he hangs on BULL's back. BULL and LUCY begin walking.)

BULL. Now, Malone, your job is keep watch of where we've been. Will that be all right with you?

EDWARD. I'd rather see where we're going, but this will do.

BULL. I'll take your silence as agreement.

IT'S A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY,

IT'S A LONG WAY TO GO.

IT'S A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY,

TO THE SWEETEST GIRL I KNOW!

TRAVELER. They journeyed for a very long time.

(The MUSICIAN starts accompanying the song.)

BULL *(singing)*.

GOODBYE TO PICCADILLY

FAREWELL, LEICESTER SQUARE!

BULL & EDWARD *(singing)*.

IT'S A LONG LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY,

BUT MY HEART'S RIGHT THERE.

(LUCY howls on the last note of the song. BULL and EDWARD join her in a moment of group howling. The scene transforms into a hobo camp during the following.)

TRAVELER. Occasionally, they met up with others who were lost, and together they would all spend an evening around a campfire.

(The TRAVELER becomes JACK the hobo.)

BULL. Hello there, Jack.

JACK. Hey, Bull.

BULL. How's the foot?

JACK. It is what it is. Hello, Lucy.

(LUCY barks happily.)

JACK. Say, where's Malone?

BULL. He's right here. *(Lifting EDWARD onto his knee.)*

JACK. Malone!

EDWARD. Hello, Jack!

BULL. You've become quite the celebrity, Malone.

JACK. So where have you been, Bull? Haven't seen you in a while. Thought maybe you had settled down somewhere.

BULL. Now, I would settle down, but Lucy and Malone like the traveler's life. We stop anyplace for more than a day, and Malone just gets that restless look.

JACK. You run into any trouble on the railroad?

BULL. No. Why?

JACK. They been cracking down on folks like us. Hired a bunch more of them watchmen. You know Old Pete, don't you? He got roughed up pretty good.

BULL. Now why would anyone want to pick on Old Pete?

JACK. We need to be extra careful nowadays.

BULL. I have Lucy and Malone to protect me. Right, Lucy?

(LUCY barks.)

JACK. I used to have a dog. His name was Bullet. He was a good dog, I tell you. Smart, too. You would have liked him, Lucy. Maybe he'd be your boyfriend.

(LUCY barks and curls up at BULL's feet.)

BULL. I think you embarrassed her. What happened to Bullet?
 JACK. He's watching after my family back in North Carolina.
 EDWARD. North Carolina.

JACK. Look at Malone. He's listening to every dang word we're saying.

BULL. He's a great listener. I've bent his rather impressive ears with all kinds of stories from back home. He helps me to remember.

JACK. Does he? Say, do you think I could have a word with Malone?

BULL. Of course you can.

(As JACK reaches for EDWARD, LUCY growls.)

BULL *(cont'd)*. There, there, Lucy. It's all right. Jack will give him right back. Go to sleep, girl.

(Perhaps BULL plays a harmonica. LUCY stops growling but continues to eye JACK with suspicion. JACK moves a little away from the others and whispers to EDWARD. The music continues under the following.)

JACK. You are listening, aren't you, Malone. I want to tell you about my kids. There are three of them, you see? Helen and Jack Junior and Taffy—she's the baby. They're all back in North Carolina. I had to leave them. I had to. There was no work, and I had to find some. I'm still looking, though I don't think there's any out there nowhere. Now, something could happen to a guy like me. And then my kids—who would . . . ? Helen, Jack Junior and Taffy. You remember their names, OK, Malone?

EDWARD. Helen, Jack Junior and Taffy. I'll remember, Jack.

(JACK becomes the TRAVELER.)

TRAVELER. And word spread about the toy rabbit and his gift for remembering. Soon, wherever they went, a hobo would take Edward aside and whisper the names of his children in the rabbit's ear.

(BULL stops playing and becomes MAN as the MUSICIAN continues. The WOMAN and MAN become various hobos.)

MAN. Betty.

WOMAN. Jimmy.

MAN. Patrick.

WOMAN. Nadine.

MAN. Bobby and Frances.

WOMAN. Peg and Joe.

MAN. Billy, Hank and Sue.

TRAVELER. And Edward listened.

WOMAN. Ted—he plays baseball.

EDWARD. Ted plays baseball.

MAN. Eileen sure looks like her mother.

EDWARD. Eileen looks like her mother.

WOMAN. Frankie and Molly—gosh, they are quite a pair.

EDWARD. Frankie and Molly are quite a pair.

MAN. Barbara, Sid and Michael—he's got a sweet tooth.

EDWARD. Barbara, Sid and Michael with a sweet tooth.

(The MAN becomes BULL, and the WOMAN becomes LUCY.)

TRAVELER. The rabbit listened to every name, to every story.

EDWARD. So many have lost. And yet, they still hold on.

TRAVELER. And his heart opened wide and then wider still.

EDWARD. This is love. This must be love.
TRAVELER. The rabbit traveled with Lucy and Bull for seven happy years.

(The scene transitions to an empty country road. BULL appears alone.)

BULL. Lucy? Lucy? Now where are you and Malone hiding?

(LUCY appears with EDWARD in her mouth, surprising BULL.)

EDWARD. Here we are!

(LUCY runs away with EDWARD.)

BULL. What? Why ... I'm going to get you, you sneaky pair of bandits!

(BULL runs after LUCY EDWARD is loving this.)

EDWARD. You'll never catch us! Run, Lucy!

(BULL tries to catch them. The three run off. EDWARD and BULL are laughing. The scene transitions to an empty railroad car.)

TRAVELER. And then, one night in a rail yard outside of Memphis ...

BULL. Here's an empty boxcar. Now in you go.

(BULL helps LUCY into the rail car, then gets in himself. He sets EDWARD by the door.)

BULL *(cont'd)*. Malone, you keep the first watch. Old Lucy and I are going to get a little shut-eye.

(BULL and LUCY lie down to sleep. The TRAVELER becomes the WATCHMAN. He sneaks up to the rail car with a flashlight.)

EDWARD. Bull! Someone's coming! Bull!

(The WATCHMAN jumps into the railcar and, seeing BULL, kicks him.)

WATCHMAN. Hey, you bum! Wake up!

(LUCY starts to bark protectively.)

WATCHMAN *(cont'd)*. Shut up!

(The WATCHMAN kicks LUCY. She whimpers in a corner.)

EDWARD. Lucy!

BULL. You don't have to kick my dog, mister. It's not her fault.
WATCHMAN. You dirty bums. You think this is a motel? Well it ain't. Not on my watch.

(The train starts to move.)

WATCHMAN *(cont'd)*. You just got lucky. They don't let us throw you out of moving trains no more. But when we stop up at the junction, your luck is going to end. They don't care how we throw you off when we're not moving.

BULL. We'll get off, mister. There's no need for any more violent behavior.

WATCHMAN. What do you think gives you the right to ride for nothing, huh? What gives you the right when working stiffs like me got to pay our own way?

(BULL doesn't answer. The WATCHMAN lightly kicks BULL. LUCY doesn't like this but stays in the corner.)

WATCHMAN (*cont'd*). Answer me.

BULL. We are lost.

WATCHMAN. Lost? Ha. I bet you're lost. Lost in a bottle.

That's the trouble with all you bums.

EDWARD. You don't know anything about us!

(*The WATCHMAN sees EDWARD. He picks him up.*)

WATCHMAN. What's this?

BULL. That's Malone.

EDWARD. Bull ...

WATCHMAN. Malone, huh? Now I've seen everything. A bum with a toy rabbit.

(*LUCY growls.*)

EDWARD. It's all right, Lucy.

BULL. It's all right, Lucy.

WATCHMAN. Sure it's all right. Hey, Lucy, you ever see a rabbit fly? Watch. Better yet, fetch!

(*As the WATCHMAN winds up to throw EDWARD off of the train, LUCY leaps toward the WATCHMAN. BULL grabs her.*)

BULL. Lucy, no!

(*Just as the WATCHMAN is about to throw EDWARD, the action on the train freezes. The TRAVELER steps out of the boxcar with EDWARD.*)

TRAVELER. As he flew through the air, Edward Tulane caught one last glimpse of the boxcar before it disappeared into the night.

EDWARD. Bull! Lucy!

(*BULL and LUCY exit. The TRAVELER lays EDWARD on the ground.*)

TRAVELER. And then he was on the ground staring up at the night sky. He could hear Lucy's howls fading into the distance. And then the world was silent. He could not hear Lucy. He could not hear the train. He was alone.

(*NOTE: If an intermission is not desired, the TRAVELER can proceed directly to the next page here, beginning with the line, "So he lay there all night ..."*)

(*If an intermission is desired, continue as written.*)

TRAVELER (*cont'd, to the MUSICIAN*). We will leave him here for a bit.

(*The MUSICIAN steps away from EDWARD. The MAN and the WOMAN re-enter and step forward.*)

TRAVELER (*cont'd*). His journey isn't over, and there are miracles still to come. But not yet.

(*The four actors exit.*)

End of ACT I

ACT II

(EDWARD lies on the ground in the same spot. The TRAVELER, the MUSICIAN, the MAN and the WOMAN enter.)

TRAVELER. He's still here. Good. Although, in truth, where was he going to go? It's not like he was going to get up and walk away on his own. No. Edward Tulane was going nowhere until someone came along to move him. So he lay there all night with the stars—and memories.

(The MUSICIAN sits by EDWARD and begins to play.)

EDWARD. Andromeda ... Pegasus ... Cassiopeia ... Eileen looks like her mother ... Michael has a sweet tooth ... Bull ... Lucy ... I'm sorry, Lucy ... I'm sorry I couldn't stop that terrible man from kicking you. I can't do anything ... I can't do anything but lie here ... Ursa Major ... the North Star ... Lawrence ... and Nellie ... and Abileel! Abileel ... Egypt Street ... Looking out the window ... You coming home ...

TRAVELER. The stars faded as night became day.

EDWARD. Coming home to me.

(The TRAVELER becomes the OLD LADY carrying a basket.)

OLD LADY *(singing)*.

NOBODY KNOWS THE TROUBLE I'VE SEEN.

NOBODY KNOWS MY SORROW.

(She trips over EDWARD.)

OLD LADY *(cont'd)*. Hmph. What's this? Huh. Looks like a rabbit, a toy rabbit. How'd it end up out here? Hmph. Well, there's a use for everything and everything has its use. That's what I say.

(The OLD LADY picks up EDWARD.)

OLD LADY *(cont'd)*. Ha! I know exactly how to use you.

(The OLD LADY places EDWARD in the basket and starts walking.)

OLD LADY *(cont'd, singing)*.

NOBODY KNOWS THE TROUBLE I'VE SEEN.

NOBODY KNOWS MY SORROW.

NOBODY KNOWS THE TROUBLE I'VE SEEN.

GLORY HALLELUJAH!

EDWARD. I've seen troubles, too. All sorts of troubles.

TRAVELER. And so Edward Tulane was on the move once again. From the basket, he watched the passing fields and farms. Eventually the old woman opened a gate in an unpainted picket fence, and Edward found himself in a vegetable garden next to an old run-down farmhouse. A boy was there, too.

(The scene transitions to the garden. A pole stands in the middle of the garden. There are pie tins hanging from the pole. The MAN becomes the boy, BRYCE. He stands, hoeing near the pole. BRYCE is always wiping his nose with his sleeve.)

BRYCE. What do you got there?

OLD LADY. None of your business. Get back to work. I don't pay you to stand around asking questions.

BRYCE. Yes'm.

(BRYCE returns to hoeing. The OLD LADY attaches EDWARD to the pole.)

OLD LADY. I thought those tins would be enough, but they weren't. So now it's his turn. There. That ought to do it.

BRYCE. He's a rabbit, isn't he?

OLD LADY. No. From now on, he's a scarecrow.

BRYCE. He don't look too scary. He looks kind of nice.

OLD LADY. What do you know? Stop gawking at the thing, and get back to work. I ain't telling you again.

BRYCE. Yes'm.

OLD LADY. Now, Clyde, you scare them away.

EDWARD. Clyde.

OLD LADY. Go on, Clyde! You got to act ferocious!

EDWARD. Ferocious.

(The sound of caws, as crows invade the garden.)

OLD LADY. Get to work, Clyde. Scare them birds off. I'm going to eat some lunch.

(The OLD LADY walks away. BRYCE shoos the crows.)

BRYCE. Get away from there, you crows. You leave him be.

OLD LADY. Bryce! I ain't payin' you to do Clyde's job.

BRYCE. But, I was just ...

OLD LADY. And I ain't payin' you nothin' at all till you've hoed this whole garden.

BRYCE. Yes,m.

(BRYCE waves at EDWARD and goes back to work.)

OLD LADY. And you! Scare away them crows!

(The OLD LADY walks away. The birds continue to dive and swoop.)

EDWARD. Go away, birds! Go on! Oh, how pointless. I'm no good as a scarecrow either.

TRAVELLER. The birds attacked Edward, nipping at his clothing, circling his head. One crow showed particular interest in him.

(The TRAVELLER becomes CROW PELLEGRINA.)

CROW PELLEGRINA. Caw! Caw! Caw!

EDWARD. Pellegrina? Is it you?

CROW PELLEGRINA. Caw! Caw! Caw!

EDWARD. Go ahead! Turn me into a warthog! Anything would be better than this.

(The scene transitions to night. BRYCE leaves the garden.)

TRAVELLER. Night finally came, and the birds flew away.

EDWARD. If I had wings I would fly away, too. I would fly away high up to the stars.

TRAVELLER. But on this night, even the stars seemed to mock him.

(The stars words overlap as written. The WOMAN voices)

STAR 1. The MAN voices STAR 2.)

STAR 1. You can't fly.

STAR 2. You can't fly.

STAR 1. You can't fly.

STAR 2. You are stuck down there all alone.

STAR 1. You are stuck down there.

STAR 2. Stuck.

STAR 1. Stuck.

STAR 2. Stuck.

STAR 1. All alone.

STAR 2. All alone.

STAR 1. All alone.

STAR 2. We are up here together.

STAR 1. We are up here together.

STAR 2. We are up here together.

STAR 1. Together.

STAR 2. Together.

STAR 1. Together.

STAR 2. Together.

EDWARD. I have not always been alone. I have been loved.

STAR 2. What difference.

STAR 1. What difference.

STAR 2. What difference does that make?

STAR 1 & 2. You are alone now.

STAR 1. You are alone now.

STAR 2. You are alone now.

STAR 1. You are alone.

STAR 2. You are alone.

STAR 1. Alone.

STAR 2. Alone.

STAR 1. Alone.

EDWARD. Alone. Useless and alone.

(BRYCE sneaks into the garden.)

BRYCE. Pssst! Over here! Hey! I bet you didn't think I'd come back. But here I am. I come to save you.

(During the following, BRYCE unhooks EDWARD from the pole.)

EDWARD. Save me? Why?

BRYCE. She sure got you up here good. But I'll get you down.

EDWARD. I am Clyde the useless scarecrow.

BRYCE. This ought to do it.

(BRYCE removes one last nail. EDWARD falls into BRYCE's arms.)

BRYCE *(cont'd)*. I got you. See? I saved you. Now let's get out of here before the old lady catches us.

EDWARD. You saved me, but for what?

(BRYCE carries EDWARD and begins to walk. The scene shifts to the shack during the following.)

BRYCE. My little sister had herself a baby doll that was made out of china just like you. She loved that baby doll, but he broke it. He come home drunk, stepped on the doll's head and smashed it into a hundred million pieces. Them pieces was so small I couldn't make them go back together. I couldn't. I tried and tried.

(BRYCE stops and wipes his nose.)

BRYCE *(cont'd)*. Sarah Ruth ain't had nothing to play with since. He won't buy her nothing.

EDWARD. So you want me to be the replacement for a doll.

BRYCE. He says she don't need nothing because she's sick and ain't gonna live. But he don't know.

(BRYCE and EDWARD enter the shack. BRYCE sets EDWARD at the foot of one of two beds and lights a kerosene lantern. The WOMAN has become SARAH RUTH and is sleeping in one of the beds.)

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TRAVELER. They arrived at a house. It was small and crooked—not much more than a shack.

BRYCE. Sarah? Sarah Ruth. You got to wake up now, honey. I brought you something.

(SARAH RUTH sits up and starts to cough violently.)

BRYCE (cont'd). That's all right. You go on ahead and cough all you want. That's OK.

(SARAH RUTH stops coughing.)

BRYCE (cont'd). You want to see what I brought you?

(SARAH RUTH nods.)

BRYCE (cont'd). You got to close your eyes.

(SARAH RUTH closes her eyes. BRYCE holds up EDWARD.)

BRYCE (cont'd). All right now, you can open them.

(SARAH RUTH opens her eyes. BRYCE moves EDWARD as if he is dancing. SARAH RUTH laughs.)

EDWARD. A dancing doll. Go on, and have a good laugh.

SARAH RUTH. Rabbit!

EDWARD. Yes. I'm a rabbit.

BRYCE. He's for you, honey.

SARAH RUTH. Mine?

BRYCE. Yours. I got him special for you.

SARAH RUTH. Special for me.

(SARAH RUTH starts coughing again. She stops and holds EDWARD to her open her arms. BRYCE hands EDWARD to her.)

BRYCE. There you go.

EDWARD. Special.

SARAH RUTH. Baby.

(SARAH RUTH holds EDWARD like a baby. She gazes into his eyes.)

BRYCE. From the minute I first seen him, I knew you two belonged together. What's his name going to be?

SARAH RUTH. Jangles.

BRYCE. Jangles, huh?

EDWARD. I like it. It's a good name.

SARAH RUTH. Jangles.

EDWARD. Nobody has ever held me like this.

SARAH RUTH. Jangles.

EDWARD. Sarah Ruth.

SARAH RUTH. Hush.

(SARAH RUTH rocks EDWARD back and forth. BRYCE plays a harmonica, as rain starts to fall on the shack. During the following, BRYCE and SARAH RUTH lie in their beds. SARAH RUTH holds EDWARD.)

TRAVELER. Bryce and Sarah Ruth had a father. Later that night, after the brother and sister had fallen asleep, a large figure appeared over Sarah Ruth's bed. Edward felt himself being poked.

(The TRAVELER voices the father. However the father is never really seen. Perhaps his shadow appears.)

BRYCE (cont'd, as Bryce's father). I ain't never.

(BRYCE and SARAH RUTH awaken. SARAH RUTH coughs.)

BRYCE. It's a baby doll.

TRAVELER *(as BRYCE's father)*. Don't look like no baby doll to me.

SARAH RUTH *(grabbing EDWARD)*. Jangles.

BRYCE. He's hers. He belongs to her.

TRAVELER *(as BRYCE's father)*. Oh he does, does he? Well, it don't matter anyway. It don't matter.

BRYCE. It does so matter.

TRAVELER *(as BRYCE's father)*. Don't you sass me.

(The shadow raises a hand and strikes. The sound of a slap on the face. BRYCE reacts as if hit. The shadow leaves the shack.)

TRAVELER. And their father left.

(BRYCE moves over to the other bed.)

BRYCE. I'm all right. He hardly touched me. But he'll feel bad about it and won't come around for a while. And that's just fine with us, ain't it, Sarah Ruth?

SARAH RUTH. Bully.

BRYCE. That's right. He ain't nothing but a bully. Now you go back to sleep, OK?

EDWARD *(to SARAH RUTH)*. I wish I could protect you from that man. I wish I could.

(During the following, BRYCE leaves and SARAH RUTH gets out a box of buttons.)

TRAVELER. Days passed. Every morning Bryce went out to find food for his sister. Edward spent all his time with Sarah Ruth. Some days they played with an old cigar box filled with buttons.

SARAH RUTH. Pretty.

(SARAH RUTH starts to cough. She grabs EDWARD and holds him tightly. As the coughing subsides, she sucks on one of his ears as she continues to play with the buttons.)

EDWARD. I wish I could protect you—from everything. But I can only ... You just hold on tight.

(BRYCE appears, holding a biscuit and string.)

BRYCE. Hey there, honey. I brought you a delicious biscuit tonight. It's the kind you like best. Now, I'll hold Jangles, and then him and me got a surprise for you. But only if you eat that biscuit. OK?

(BRYCE gives the biscuit to SARAH RUTH. He takes EDWARD and hides the rabbit from SARAH RUTH while he attaches the strings.)

BRYCE *(cont'd)*. I got this idea the first night I brung him to you. Today, I was working for the junk man. And he said I could have some of this here twine. Course he took it out of my pay, but I still had enough for a little supper for me, and a biscuit for you. So how are you doing with that thing? Are you done?

(SARAH RUTH has eaten some of the biscuit. Not all.)

SARAH RUTH. No more.

BRYCE. But, honey, you got to keep up your strength. One more bite, please?

SARAH RUTH. No. Can't.

BRYCE. Well, I guess you ate enough. Are you ready for your surprise?

SARAH RUTH. Yes.

BRYCE. When you were really little, Mamma used to dance with you. She used to hold you and dance you around the room.

SARAH RUTH. Mamma. Died.

BRYCE. Well now we have another dancer in the house. Dance, jangles.

(BRYCE has rigged EDWARD with strings like a marionette. BRYCE manipulates EDWARD with one hand while playing the harmonica with the other.)

EDWARD. What's happening to me?

(SARAH RUTH is delighted and laughs.)

SARAH RUTH. Dancing!

EDWARD. Do you like it, Sarah Ruth?

(SARAH RUTH applauds and laughs.)

EDWARD *(cont'd)*. Keep playing, Bryce! Make my legs kick again! She loves that!

(EDWARD joins the laughing. SARAH RUTH's laughing turns to coughing. BRYCE goes to her, setting EDWARD on her bed. BRYCE rubs her back and rocks her.)

BRYCE. There, there. That's all right.

(The coughing subsides.)

BRYCE *(cont'd)*. You want some fresh air? Let's go take a peek at the stars for a minute.

(SARAH RUTH picks up EDWARD. BRYCE and SARAH RUTH move to the door of the shack. They stand in the open doorway facing out.)

EDWARD. If I had wings, I would fly high up to the stars, where the air is clear and sweet. I would hold Sarah Ruth in my arms, and there, high above the world, she could breathe and laugh and talk, and she wouldn't ever have to cough again.

SARAH RUTH *(pointing)*. Look!

BRYCE. A falling star. Make a wish, honey. You make a wish for anything you want.

SARAH. I wish ...

SARAH RUTH & EDWARD. I wish ...

(SARAH RUTH and BRYCE come back into the cabin during the following. SARAH RUTH gets into bed. She holds EDWARD. BRYCE sits beside her.)

TRAVELER. Days and weeks passed. The sun rose and set and rose and set again and again. Sometimes the father came home. Most often he did not. Every evening Bryce would play the harmonica, and Edward would dance, as Sarah Ruth grew weaker.

(BRYCE plays the harmonica as EDWARD dances.)

EDWARD. Why isn't she laughing? Sarah Ruth? I'm doing the kicks you like. Sarah Ruth?

(BRYCE stops playing and goes to SARAH RUTH's side.)

EDWARD *(cont'd)*. Don't stop! Keep playing, Bryce! Keep playing!

TRAVELER. But Bryce stopped playing.

(BRYCE sits beside SARAH RUTH. She holds EDWARD.)

BRYCE. Please, honey, you've got to eat something. Try, for jangles and me.

SARAH RUTH. Can't.

(SARAH RUTH starts coughing again. She notices that she's coughed up blood.)

BRYCE. Blood. It's all right, honey. You probably just been coughing so hard you broke a blood vessel, that's all. Don't you worry about it.

TRAVELER. Bryce stopped leaving the house. He never left her side.

(SARAH RUTH breathes raggedly. It takes great effort.)

BRYCE. Breathe, honey.

EDWARD. Breathe. Please, please, breathe.

TRAVELER. At night, after Bryce would slip into an exhausted sleep, Edward Tulane listened as Sarah Ruth struggled.

EDWARD. Breathe. Breathe!

TRAVELER. Then, on a bright morning in September, six months after Edward first came to the shack, Sarah Ruth stopped breathing.

BRYCE. She's gone, Jangles.

EDWARD. Gone. Where did she go?

TRAVELER. Their father came. They wrapped her in a blanket, and buried her under a tree she had liked. Their father left.

(BRYCE picks up EDWARD and the button box.)

BRYCE. No reason to stay here no more. Come on, Jangles. We're going to Memphis.

TRAVELER. Under a hot, late-summer sun, the boy silently carried the rabbit all the way into the city.

(The scene transitions to a city street corner.)

BRYCE. I bet nobody's ever seen a dancing rabbit before. Well, they're going to see one now.

(BRYCE plays the harmonica and manipulates EDWARD to dance.)

TRAVELER. So Edward Tulane danced on a dirty street corner in Memphis. Bryce set out Sarah Ruth's button box in front of them, and people dropped pennies and nickels into it. On and on, Bryce played. On and on, Edward danced.

(BRYCE plays as he tries not to sob.)

EDWARD. Are you crying, Bryce? Tears. Do they help?

TRAVELER. People came and went.

EDWARD. Keep playing, Bryce! Keep playing!

(The TRAVELER becomes an older PELLEGRINA. She approaches EDWARD. She stops and stares at him.)

EDWARD. Pellegrina?

(PELLEGRINA nods.)

EDWARD (cont'd). Look at me. You got your wish. I have learned how to love, and it's a terrible thing.

(PELLEGRINA touches EDWARD, nods and hobbles away.)

EDWARD (cont'd). Come back! Help me!

(BRYCE stops playing and manipulating EDWARD.)

BRYCE. I'm done now. I ain't gonna cry no more.

(BRYCE wipes his nose and picks up the button box.)

BRYCE (*cont'd*). Looks like we got us enough money to get something to eat. Come on, Jangles.

(BRYCE walks away, carrying EDWARD and the box. The scene transitions to the diner.)

TRAVELER. The diner was called Neal's. Bryce sat at the counter. He set Edward on the stool next to him.

(The TRAVELER becomes MARLENE the waitress. She holds a coffee urn.)

MARLENE. Hey there, sugar. Who's your friend?

BRYCE. Jangles. He was my sister's. Now he's mine. Him and me's in show business.

MARLENE. Well ain't that something. What'll you have?

BRYCE. Give me some pancakes, and some eggs, and I want steak, too. I want a big old steak. And some toast, and some coffee.

TRAVELER. He ate it all, and drank two cups of coffee.

MARLENE. Well, you was hungry for sure.

BRYCE. Yes'm.

MARLENE. I reckon show business is hard work. You want anything else, darlin'? More coffee?

BRYCE. No thank you, ma'am.

(MARLENE gives BRYCE the check and walks away.)

BRYCE looks at the check and counts his money.)

BRYCE (*cont'd*, to EDWARD). I ain't got enough.

EDWARD. I have nothing.

(MARLENE approaches BRYCE.)

MARLENE. Is there a problem, sugar?

BRYCE. I ... I ain't got enough.

MARLENE. I see. Now you're going to have to talk to Neal about that. (*Calling off*) Neal!

(The WOMAN becomes NEAL.)

NEAL. You came in here hungry, right?

BRYCE. Yes, sir.

NEAL. You ordered some food—a lot of food—and I cooked it, and Marlene brought it to you. Right?

BRYCE. I reckon.

NEAL. You reckon?

BRYCE. Yes, sir. I mean, no, sir.

EDWARD. Run, Bryce.

NEAL. You ordered food. I cooked it. Marlene served it. You ate it.

BRYCE. Yes, sir.

NEAL. Yes.

EDWARD. Now! Run as fast as you can!

NEAL. Now, I want my money.

BRYCE. You ever seen a rabbit dance?

NEAL. What?

BRYCE. You ever before in your life seen a rabbit dance?

(BRYCE starts manipulating EDWARD to dance.)

BRYCE (*cont'd*). He could dance for you. He could dance to pay for what I ate.

EDWARD. I can! Watch! I'll pay for him! I will!

(NEAL grabs EDWARD.)

NEAL. This is what I think of dancing rabbits.

BRYCE. What are you doing? Give him back! Stop it! TRAVELLER. Edward felt himself swinging through the air. He was moving so quickly he couldn't see Bryce. He couldn't see Neal. He couldn't see the counter top.

BRYCE. No!

(NEAL slams EDWARD's head into the counter top.)

TRAVELLER. And the world—Edward's world—went black.

(The scene transitions to a dream vision of outside the house on Egypt Street. The MUSICIAN now becomes EDWARD physically. The TRAVELLER takes the guitar from him. He walks toward the front door of the house.)

EDWARD. I am walking. No stings. No one is controlling me. I am walking. Wait. I know this house. I'm on Egypt Street. How did I get here? Abilene?

(As EDWARD approaches, the door slowly opens, revealing LUCY, who barks. The MAN and the WOMAN do not change costumes throughout this scene. Rather, by simply changing their voices and postures, they become the different characters quickly and fluidly. This scene should be very different in feel and tone from the rest of the play. EDWARD has entered a different reality.)

EDWARD (cont'd). Lucy!

(BULL appears.)

MAN (as BULL). Hello, Malone. Are you ready to hit the road?

EDWARD. Bull.

MAN (as BULL). Lucy's been sniffing her way through every dump in the country, trying to find you again.

EDWARD. She has?

(NELLIE and LAWRENCE appear.)

WOMAN (as NELLIE). Oh, Susanna! It's you!

EDWARD. Nellie! Lawrence!

MAN (as LAWRENCE). I knew you'd follow the stars back to us.

EDWARD. The stars.

(EDWARD looks up at the stars.)

WOMAN (as NELLIE). We still have the high chair, just waiting for you to come back.

EDWARD. Lawrence, what's the name of those stars? I've never seen them before.

MAN (as LAWRENCE). Why, that's the Sarah Ruth constellation.

EDWARD. Sarah Ruth?

(ABILENE appears.)

WOMAN (as ABILENE). Edward!

EDWARD. Abilene! (Pointing to the stars.) Look!

WOMAN (as ABILENE). I've never forgotten you. I say your name every day.

(BRYCE appears.)

MAN (as BRYCE). Hey, Jangles.

EDWARD. Bryce! (Pointing to the stars.) Sarah Ruth is in the stars!

MAN (*as BRYCE*). Yep, she is.

EDWARD. She's so far away.

MAN (*as BRYCE*). Yeah, but she's still there.

EDWARD. I want to be with her. If I had wings, I could fly to her. If only I had wings.

(*Colorful, magnificent wings are slowly revealed on EDWARD's back during the following.*)

EDWARD (*cont'd*). What is happening to me? Wings! Sarah Ruth! I'm coming!

(*The MUSICIAN/EDWARD slowly takes flight.*)

WOMAN (*as ABILENE*). No! You can't go yet!

EDWARD. I'm flying. Sarah Ruth!

WOMAN (*as ABILENE*). Catch him!

(*BULL grabs EDWARD, pulling him back down.*)

MAN (*as BULL*). I've got him.

EDWARD. Bull, no! Let me go!

MAN (*as BULL*). I can't do that, Malone. Much as I'd like to let you go free, we need you here.

WOMAN (*as ABILENE*). Yes. Please, Edward, stay with us.

(*The MUSICIAN/EDWARD weeps. During the following, his wings are removed.*)

MAN (*as BULL*). I couldn't stand to lose you again.

WOMAN (*as ABILENE*). Neither could I. It would break my heart.

MAN (*as BRYCE*). It would break my heart.

WOMAN (*as NELLIE*). It would break my heart.

MAN (*as LAWRENCE*). It would break my heart.

WOMAN (*as ABILENE*). It would break my heart.

EDWARD. It has broken already!

(*Silence. The others are gone. The MUSICIAN/EDWARD is isolated in a pool of light.*)

EDWARD (*cont'd*). My heart is broken.

(*The scene transitions to the doll shop. The TRAVELER becomes LUCIUS CLARKE, the doll mender. He is bent over the china rabbit EDWARD.*)

LUCIUS. Exceedingly well made. A work of art, I would say.

Yes, I would. A work of art. You don't see craftsmanship like this every day. French, I believe. Yes. French. How did you end up here, so dirty and abused? Well, dirt can be dealt with. I fixed your broken head. Now I'll fix the rest of you.

(*The MUSICIAN is once again the voice to EDWARD's thoughts. LUCIUS looks into the rabbit's eyes.*)

EDWARD. Where am I?

LUCIUS. Ah, there you are. You are listening to me now.

Hello. Your head was broken. I fixed it. I brought you back from the world of the dead.

EDWARD. But my heart—my heart is still broken.

LUCIUS. No need to thank me. It's my job. It is. I'm Lucius Clarke. I'm a doll mender, and a rather good one at that.

Your head, young sir, was in twenty-one pieces.

EDWARD. Twenty-one pieces.

LUCIUS. Twenty-one. I must say, all modesty aside, that only a doll mender of my advanced abilities could possibly have pulled you back from the brink of oblivion. A crying little boy brought you here. He couldn't afford my services so he gave you to me if I promised to repair you.

EDWARD. Bryce.

LUCIUS. Quite extraordinary, really. He let you go, so that you may live, so to speak. Well, I have much to do, but when I am done, I shall sell you and make a handsome profit. Someday. Eventually. All in good time. In the doll business, we have a saying: there is real time, and there is doll time.

EDWARD. Real time or doll time, it doesn't matter. You should have left my head in twenty-one pieces. I will never be truly whole again.

TRAVELER. Edward Tulane entered doll time – a time of waiting. Slowly and carefully, Lucius Clarke did everything he said he would.

(The TRAVELER reveals the restored EDWARD.)

TRAVELER *(cont'd)*. Except for the different cut of the suit, and the very faint lines on his face, Edward Tulane looked the same as he did the day he left the Paris doll maker all those many years ago. Edward was placed on a high shelf for display.

(The TRAVELER sets EDWARD on a shelf)

TRAVELER *(cont'd)*. The shelves were filled with dolls in all sorts of dress. Edward had never cared for dolls. And dolls didn't seem to care much for him either.

(The WOMAN becomes the voice of a DOLL. She laughs.)

DOLL. I hope you don't think anyone is going to buy you. Who would want to buy a rabbit?

EDWARD. I have no interest in being bought.

DOLL. Don't you want some little girl to take you home and to love you?

EDWARD. Don't talk to me about love. I have known love.

TRAVELER. The dolls didn't know how to respond to Edward, and so they didn't. They never spoke to him again. Time passed. The dolls came and went. Every time the door opened, all of them were filled with the hope that this time would be theirs. But not Edward Tulane.

EDWARD. I am done with hope. I am done with love. I am done.

(The TRAVELER becomes LUCIUS. He sets an old doll that has been restored on the shelf next to EDWARD.)

LUCIUS. Here you go, my lovely. Sit here, next to this gentleman. You two have much in common. You have both been saved.

(LUCIUS moves to the side, where he quietly works during the following. The WOMAN becomes the voice of the OLD DOLL.)

OLD DOLL. How do you do?

EDWARD. Hello.

OLD DOLL. Have you been here long?

EDWARD. Yes, months and months. But I don't care. One place is the same as the other.

OLD DOLL. But that's not true! I've lived for a hundred years and I've been in countless places and every one of them was different. Some were wonderful and some were dreadful. But they are never the same. And I am never the same either. In every place I become a different doll. That's part of the adventure, you know?

EDWARD. One hundred years?

OLD DOLL. At least. That's what the doll mender said.

EDWARD. You don't act like the other dolls.

OLD DOLL. From the cracks on your face I would guess that you have seen much more of life than what these young ones have seen. Am I right?

EDWARD. Yes.

OLD DOLL. My face has its share of cracks as well. I too have seen life. We mustn't be too hard on the young ones. They will learn. Like we have, yes?

EDWARD. Yes. Hard lessons.

OLD DOLL. Wonderful lessons. And we keep learning, don't we? Every time a new person comes into our lives, we start off on a new adventure. I wonder who will come for me this time. Someone will come. They always do—eventually.

EDWARD. I don't care if anyone comes for me.

OLD DOLL. Don't say that! You must keep your heart open, ready to love and to be loved.

EDWARD. I'm done with being loved. I'm done with loving. It's too painful.

OLD DOLL. Pish! Where is your courage?

EDWARD. I guess I'm done with that, too.

(LUCIUS moves so that he is on the opposite side of EDWARD than the OLD DOLL. LUCIUS transforms into PELLEGRINA and whispers into EDWARD's ear.)

OLD DOLL & PELLEGRINA. You disappoint me.

(PELLEGRINA transforms to LUCIUS, who moves away.)

EDWARD. What did you say?

OLD DOLL. You heard me. You disappoint me. If you have no intention to love and be loved, then the whole journey is pointless. You might as well leap from this shelf right now and get it over with.

EDWARD. I would leap if I were able.

OLD DOLL. Shall I push you?

EDWARD. No, thank you. Not that you could, anyway.

OLD DOLL. Open your heart. Someone will come. Someone will come for you. But first, you must open your heart.

(The TRAVELER approaches. She removes the OLD DOLL.)

TRAVELER. That very next morning, a little girl and her mother came to the shop and took away the old doll. Edward felt her absence, and long after she had left, her words echoed in his ears.

EDWARD. Someone will come. Someone will come. No! I don't believe it. It can't be possible! And how could I go through it all again? It's too much ... Someone will come.

TRAVELER. And every time he thought those words, he allowed himself to hope a little more. Weeks passed.

EDWARD. Someone will come.

TRAVELER. Weeks turned into months. Months into seasons.

EDWARD. Someone will come. Someone will come.

TRAVELER. Seasons turned into years.

EDWARD. Someone will come.

TRAVELER. Then one rainy spring morning, someone came.

(The WOMAN appears as an adult SHOPPER. She wears a gold locket on a chain around her neck. The TRAVELER becomes LUCIUS.)

SHOPPER. Good morning.

LUCIUS. Good morning, madam. Frightful weather we're having.
SHOPPER. My grandmother always said that rain is the price we pay for flowers.

LUCIUS. A wise woman. How may I help you today?

SHOPPER. Well, I'm looking for something for my daughter.

A special friend.

LUCIUS. Of course. I'm sure you'll find what you are looking for. This beauty right here is quite popular.

(LUCIUS shows her a doll.)

SHOPPER. She's lovely. But I was hoping for something a little more ... unique.

LUCIUS. Ah, I understand. How about this one here? She is one of a kind. The maker never repeats himself.

(LUCIUS shows her another doll.)

SHOPPER. She is beautiful, but I don't know. Perhaps a doll isn't right. Perhaps I should think about it a little more. Thank you for your time.

LUCIUS. Madam, if I may, I do have one other thing to show you. This one's not a doll. Perhaps he is what you are looking for.

(LUCIUS lifts EDWARD off the shelf.)

LUCIUS *(cont'd)*. He is not new, but he was exquisitely made and masterfully restored.

(The SHOPPER appears shocked. She walks slowly toward LUCIUS and EDWARD.)

LUCIUS *(cont'd)*. Ah, the rabbit intrigues you, I see.

(The SHOPPER takes EDWARD from LUCIUS. She stares at EDWARD.)

EDWARD. I know you. Who are you? Why do I know you?
TRAVELER. A memory came to Edward Tulane. The memory of a little girl, many years ago. A little girl who had grown up into a woman.

(The SHOPPER holds up the locket.)

EDWARD. My watch? Abilene!

SHOPPER. Edward?

EDWARD. Edward! Yes! My name!

SHOPPER. Edward!

(The SHOPPER/ABILENE hugs EDWARD.)

EDWARD. It's me!

(The shop dissolves. The TRAVELER hands the MUSICIAN his guitar. He plays. During the following, the WOMAN dances with EDWARD. Eventually, the MUSICIAN joins in the dancing.)

TRAVELER. Once, there was a china rabbit who was loved by a little girl. On an ocean journey, the rabbit fell overboard and was rescued by a fisherman who gave the rabbit to his wife. The rabbit was buried under garbage and unburied by a dog. He traveled with hobos and for a short time was a scarecrow.

Once there was a rabbit who loved a little girl and watched her die. The rabbit danced on the streets of Memphis to the music of a sad little boy. The rabbit's head was broken in a diner and put together again by a doll mender. And the rabbit swore that he would not make the mistake of loving again.

Once there was a rabbit who danced in a garden with the daughter of the woman who had loved him at the beginning of his journey. As they danced in circles it was almost as if they had wings and were flying.

(For a moment, all four actors join in the dance. The music pauses.)

TRAVELER *(cont'd)*. Once, oh marvelous once, there was a rabbit who found his way home.

(The WOMAN hugs the rabbit. The music ends.)

End of play