

SIMON STIMSON

ACT I

15 *The choir*
silhouetted as they face the stage, while **SIMON**
STIMSON conducts them, facing the audience, –
now slightly drunk.)

SIMON STIMSON. (as 'verse ends) Now look here,
everybody. Music come into the world to give
pleasure.

(Choir starts again, "Blessed Be the Tie That
Binds" with increasing volume. At the end of the
second phrase.)

(gently) Softer!

(They still increase in volume, and he suddenly
becomes furious.)

Softer!

(Choir stops.)

Get it out of your heads that music's only good
when it's loud. You leave loudness to the Meth-
odists. You couldn't beat 'em, even if you wanted
to. Now again. Tenors!

(Choir sings three verses of "Blessed Be the Tie
That Binds".)

SIMON STIMSON. (as the third verse ends) Before I forget
it: how many of you will be able to come in Tuesday
afternoon and sing at Fred Hersey's wedding? –
Show your hands.

(Choir raises hands. **DR. GIBBS** puts down book,
ponders.)

That'll be fine; that'll be right nice. We'll do the
same music we did for Jane Trowbridge's last
month. – Now we'll do: "Art Thou Weary; Art Thou
Languid?" It's a question, ladies and gentlemen,
make it talk. Ready.

(Choir sings two verses of "Art Thou Weary, Art
Thou Languid?"; the lights fading on them as
they start. **SIMON STIMSON** disappears.)

#2

ACT III

SIMON STIMSON. (~~with increasing volume~~, *bitingly*) Yes,
now you know. Now you know! That's what it was
to be alive. To move about in a cloud of ignorance;
to go up and down trampling on the feelings of
those...of those about you. To spend and waste
time as though you had a million years. To be
always at the mercy of one self-centered passion,
or another. Now you know – that's the happy
existence you wanted to go back to. Ignorance
and blindness.