

## ACT ONE

### Scene One The Stage

Part 1  
Sc 1-4

*(A ghost light burns. After a moment, a figure in the darkness speaks.)*

**MAGGIE.** O.

“O, for a Muse of fire, that would ascend  
The brightest heaven of invention!  
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,  
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!”  
O, indeed. You’re right, Andrew. Our theater – it soaks  
up the words like a grateful sponge.

*(A voice in the darkness, at the back of the house:)*

**CELESTE.** Maggie? Is that you?

**MAGGIE.** *(To herself.)* Here we go.

Celeste, yes! Here, let me get the lights.

*(A clang as general lights up, revealing the space to be an empty stage. Or perhaps one littered with set pieces from past productions. The year is 1942. MAGGIE – a passionate, determined, simply-dressed woman in her forties – greets CELESTE – a diva, more glamorously dressed, in her fifties – who enters from the rear of the theater.)*

*(Of the lights.)* There. That’s more like it.

**CELESTE.** Ah! Hello. Hello, dear old friend.

**MAGGIE.** *(Surprised by the affection.)* Why, hello, Celeste.