



Mary and the Meaning of Life

A play by Albert Fried-Cassorla

Version 9 February 26, 2025

SETTING:

A sidewalk within Rittenhouse Square in Philadelphia.

CHARACTERS with ACTOR-READER NAMES:

MARY (older) --a woman in her mid-70's, widowed, has a son, Benedict, in his 40's. Wears a shawl and rosary beads. Her mom, not seen, is Elizabeth.

MARY YOUNGER-- A younger version of a previously introduced older Mary character. Mary Younger can be in her twenties or thirties, or older yet believable as younger. She encounters Mary Older in Rittenhouse Square and confronts her with urgent advice.

CARLA (no longer spelled Karla) - In Sicily, she was the girlfriend of YOUNG UMBERTO. She is a young woman of the early 1960's who is a divinity student in Sicily and a love interest of KARL YOUNGER.

KARL YOUNGER and YOUNG UMBERTO –Karl is in his early 20's. He encounters Mary Older in Rittenhouse Square and confronts her with urgent advice.

DEAD KARL –Mary's deceased husband. He may sometimes be unseen, uses a strange voice.

UMBERTO - – playing a man in his 70's, a neighbor of Mary's who lives a few houses away. He lost his wife, Magda, 10 years ago. He is Italian, as his grandfather was born in Sicily.

MONSIGNOR –A priest official in Sicily.

MAGDA – Umberto's deceased wife, who returns.

SOUND EFFECTS –

ALBERT – the playwright, as an onstage character – read by
Albert Fried-Cassorla

JUDITH – a neighbor –a coop neighbor, an actual neighbor in her
80's. She is the historian of the coop and has seen a lot in her
days.

STAGE MANAGER –

PEARL – a resident

ALBERT, the playwright played by ALBERT FRIED-CASSORLA-
onstage character

(incidental characters, who can be audience members)

DOROTHY -- a neighbor in her mid-50's, who lives in the coop,
who is a singer adept in various genres.

JIM -- Also a singer, and Dorothy's husband

ACT I

AT RISE:

(Stage Manager is standing, talking to the audience)

STAGE MANAGER

Welcome to a park near my co-op apartment building. This is
Rittenhouse Square in downtown Philadelphia.... And it's my
neighborhood! One I enjoy very much, thank you! I live not far
from here, just a few blocks away. Perhaps my neighborhood's a
lot like yours. Or not. Maybe you live in a suburb of a major
American city. No matter. Wherever you live, it's filled with
people living out their lives, more or less with equanimity. For
some, their present is filled with the past. Like a persistent,
talkative friend.

(turns to an audience member) Sir (or miss), would you say your neighborhood is probably like mine? *(they improvise)*

And does your past live with you? *(they improvise some more)*

Well, I think anything can happen in my neighborhood, and probably has. Do you agree about yours?

Hmm. Let me show you where we are... Let's look quickly at a map. Here it is.... *(extracts a paper map)*

Well tonight's story could have happened anywhere, perhaps, because all neighborhoods harbor secrets and remarkable stories.

But this story happened right here, one block away in Rittenhouse Square where life is very rich.... Well, one of my neighbors is about to join another who's already in the Square. He's a bit late, to tell the truth... Let's join them, shall we?

*[MARY is strolling along, humming or whistling a tune. She wears a **ROSARY BEADS** around her neck. She has a slight limp.]*

(MARY calls out across a stretch of the park and crosses to stage right.)

MARY

YOO-HOO! UMBERTO! UMBERTO, come on now! You're late, but I forgive you today.

(a beat. She looks up to listen to or imagines bird or pre-recorded sounds and admires the trees. UMBERTO takes awhile to cross over to MARY, stopping to see what she is looking at.)

What a lucky, lucky woman I am to live to see such a lovely day! ... UMBERTO, come here right next to me! Come see the peregrine falcon in that sycamore tree. *(points, then calls to UMBERTO)* Step lively, young fellow.

(UMBERTO reaches MARY. She acknowledges him.)

UMBERTO

Hello, Mary, Mary. How sweet to see you. I hope you don't mind my saying it again and again.

MARY

Oh, go ahead. It's always music to my ears. But look at that falcon. They don't normally stay in one place just for us!

UMBERTO

It's an exceptional accipiter.

MARY

I bet you can't say that five times in a row.

UMBERTO

You're right, as usual. But why look at a silly bird when I can gaze atupon you?! ... So, my glorious friend, let me look at you. (*gazes at her*)

MARY (*slightly embarrassed*)

Why, you sly man. You know there's nothing new to see. How can you say that every morning? What's wrong with you?

UMBERTO

You mean what's *right* with me! Indulge me, even if you're slightly uncomfortable with praise. How sweet to see you looking so resplendent... And even your rosary beads make you look even prettier. (*he fingers her beads lightly,*)

MARY

Don't be sacrilegious! The Monsignor wouldn't have approved of that.

UMBERTO

You're right. You make me forget myself....

MARY

Oh, it's my fault. I like looking pretty. It's a failing.

UMBERTO

Not to me. And pardon my tardiness this morning. I was falling asleep again, even after a full eight hours. But I'm alert enough to notice that you're are looking especially lovely in that silk shawl.

MARY

Why thank you. And you are quite dapper today in that stylish shirt.

UMBERTO

Do you think? Hmm. (*adjusts hat to a jaunty angle*)

Shall we go around the perimeter of the Square today.... (*points in one direction, probably to his right*). Or do you prefer the center route by the fountain and duck-lady statue?

MARY

Oh, the center is fine. And we'll be "greeting or recalling" all we can, all right?

(*UMBERTO nods agreement. They link arms and proceed.*)

UMBERTO

Of course. Greet and recall. Did you hear the good news about our neighbors Carolyn and Jim? They're to be grandparents again.

MARY

Again? Why this is their third! Blessing after blessing.

UMBERTO

Our building is filled with them -- between the tragedies, that is.

MARY

Yes, there must be tragedies as well. They add meaning to life.

UMBERTO

Yes, but this is a blessing, my dear. Jim told me they'd be flying out to Cincinnati when the baby is born to be there to help Esther and Jacob. I am so happy that people still want to bring babies into this world!

MARY

Yes, it reassures one. With all that's going on. Did you hear what the Pope said about that last week?

UMBERTO

The dogs comment?

MARY

Indeed. Too many people caring for dogs and not enough babies being born. "Don't choose pets over people," he said. "It takes some of our humanity away."

UMBERTO

Well... There's a truth for us.... I suppose.

Look, I remember when Jim and Maureen's little Esther was riding her first two-wheeler right there in front of our building. Right there! If I close my eyes, I can see her yelling with the thrill of it all. So much life has passed among us on these streets, in the halls, in the Square.... Let's visit and listen for a moment.

(SFX: children's laughter is heard)

MARY

It's always so spooky when you do that. But it's wonderful too! Your memory is unbelievable.... Umberto, how long have we been going on these daily walks? It feels like a long, long time.

UMBERTO

Five years to the day. This is our five-year anniversary of walking together. If you can call it walking together. It's more like stopping together! *(they laugh)*

MARY

Yes, we never miss a day, walking -- or stopping. *(both smile)* Not since our first. A month after Karl passed. Five years ago.

UMBERTO

Yes, I thought that was a decent interval. Before I invited you, that is...

MARY

I remember how inconsolable I was the month before accepting your invitation.... Was I being sinful when I finally said yes?

UMBERTO

Noooo, my dear. You were being human. I was lonely too, missing my Magda after all.

MARY

Yes, she was a wonderful woman, so *of course* you missed her... and you needed companionship.

UMBERTO

Mary, like you said - I believe this is a special day, five years and all. Don't you think we're remarkable?

MARY

You are. Not so sure about me. I'm just a grey-haired, grey-faced widow. There're a million like me.

UMBERTO

Nonsense. I don't want to hear any of that self-belittling chatter from you today.... I thought I would share a secret with you.

(MARY clutches her chest.)

MARY

You're not sick are you?

UMBERTO

Definitely not. (*THEY walk again.*) I am the healthiest seventy-eight year-old for miles around. Well, except for Anthony, that darned incorrigible... er- marathoner.

No, its....

MARY

Well, what's the secret for heaven's sake?

UMBERTO

First, forgive me for asking, but... you know, some parishioners at St. Mary of the Assumption are not exactly full believers. I mean for all our joint attendance, we don't talk doctrine much, do we?

MARY

No, not as such.

UMBERTO

So I have to ask: you believe in our dear lord don't you?

MARY

Of course! See? (*pauses to say Hail Maries and finger her rosaries*). I carry my rosaries blessed by the Pope every day!

UMBERTO

And the Lord has the ability to raise the dead and to give hope where there was none, does he not?

MARY

He does. Where are you going with all of this? You're frightening me!

UMBERTO

And he has the power to someday grant eternal salvation to us?

MARY

Yes, if we are good. Where is this conversation going? I thought we were going for a nice, casual walk around the block, as usual.

UMBERTO

Well, not every walk's just like the previous, nor is every day.

(They stroll less confidently. MARY stops abruptly.)

MARY

Umberto, cut to the chase. You've got me terribly worried!

UMBERTO

Things've changed, Mary. I can see so much. And I *know* so much. Too much sometimes.

MARY

Oh? Oh really?? So, can you foresee life and death?

(UMBERTO nods and looks into her eyes meaningfully.)

MARY

This **is** different. I can't deny that I've always thought... I've always suspected you have special powers. But I told myself it was for trivial things, like talking a police officer out of a parking ticket. I saw you do that once, you rascal!

UMBERTO

Ha! But I'm serious, Mary. So, you did have suspicions? Why?

MARY

(They pause again) Your eyes. They're so soulful. And far-seeing. Like no one else's. *That's* how I know.

UMBERTO

You know it started with a dream I had before we met. Saint Peter, the custodian of God's church here on Earth, as you know -- well, he came to me and said he had special projects for me here, down here on *terra firma*. Monsignor Joseph once told me very specifically that if any saint asked me to do his bidding, *that* would be a very holy obligation. I was only seven then, just after my first communion. Saint Peter, in his visitation, asked if I agreed to his giving me those special powers... At first, I said I respectfully did not accept. I was frightened of the responsibility, Mary!

MARY

You refused a saint? Ya know, Saint Peter once said, "Humble yourself, therefore under the mighty hand of God. So that at the

proper time he may exalt you, casting all your anxieties on him because he cares for you."

UMBERTO

Mary, I tell you I was scared!

MARY

Let's take a break here... (*MARY sits.*) That gift would be a miracle.... But then, who would want to have those powers? Not me, I'd be petrified, like I bet you were.

UMBERTO

So... I can foretell the future... Including yours. Are you interested?

MARY

No! Not me!

UMBERTO

What if that giant sycamore tree over there (points) were to fall and injure young Wally Pickerel from our building, five years from now, age 9. He is just 4 now.

MARY (screaming)

No more! I will faint! And don't you dare injure that darling young boy! Pardon me, Umberto. And forgive me Saint Peter –

for I don't want any of your past and future business. None at all!
I know what counts. Let's walk now.

(They walk silently for several seconds.)

UMBERTO

Yes, you do know what counts, Mary, at least on a certain level.
That's one of the reasons I love you.

[MARY stops abruptly.]

MARY *(stunned)*

You love me?

UMBERTO *(catching himself)*

I love your company, that is.

(stops abruptly)

MARY

Oh... That's different? *(she is obviously relieved; both start walking again)*

UMBERTO *(ignoring that comment)*

So tell me, as we stroll, what counts the most in your life?

MARY

I'm not sure we're going to stroll much today.... Why so profound?
We usually chat about such mundane things... the perfect weather
we've been having, my mah jong club, my macrame art... and I
watch your eyes glaze over.

UMBERTO

Yes. You do. I admit to not being the most attentive companion – only at times, when I have a lot on my mind.

MARY

And you tell me about your sister's psoriasis...

UMBERTO

Yes. I do.

MARY

And about the high price of kohlrabi and celeriac.

UMBERTO

Yes. Celeriac - don't remind me. And I usually complain about expensive escarole too.

MARY

You could write a scroll about it.

UMBERTO

Boring old me. Guilty as charged.

MARY

But I don't mind when you walk about stuff we both love..... like the delicious new flavors of ice cream over at Jeni's Ice cream. I want to try their new caramel mango crunch!

UMBERTO

Oh yeah! Shall we go tonight?

MARY

Possibly.... And about those talking dogs...

UMBERTO

Talking dogs?

MARY

Ha! I just wanted to see if you were listening!

(Sits for a moment.)

UMBERTO

Really, Mary!

MARY

(calming down, softly humming "Oh what a beautiful morning" to herself)

All right. I don't know what's making me giddy... Maybe all the seriousness.

UMBERTO

And seriousness at the right times is what we need, after all, right?

MARY

Right, and so I will answer what you asked me before...

Well, what counts in a well-lived life is having people who love you -- and who you love back.

UMBERTO

Yes, that's probably the most important. And you do have that in your life. Now as before.

And?

MARY

Taking care of others, enjoying life. And where I see injustice working for change. Appreciating art and walking the righteous path. How's that for a list, huh? (*pleased with herself*) Ha, ha, ha! Those are *my* meanings of life, and I'm not at all certain you're adding to my knowledge, Umberto Cellini!

(*MARY rises to toss bark*)

UMBERTO

You've taught me as well.

MARY

One thing you could help me figure out...is... Why, if I am with the way of the Lord, do I feel I still need....

UMBERTO

Something more? (*MARY nods*)

(*He picks up a leaf from the ground*)

Take this leaf.... Hold it. (*she does*) The Lord wants us to gather the most meaning and beauty from our lives... as you do every day. St. Peter said: "What matters is not your outward appearance. . . but your inner disposition. Cultivate inner beauty, the gentle gracious kind that God delights in."

MARY (*picking up a piece of tree bark*)

You're right, like about this pretty piece of sycamore bark, if we look at it closely, I see all its beautiful structure and color... But some things I hear are so confusing... Tell me something Umberto, tell me about existence-ism. I heard about it on the radio. I couldn't follow it. But I bet you could give me the

Umberto version. Nice and clear-cut. Can you do that for Old Mary?

UMBERTO

Well, I can try. You see, an existentialist – and that's what they're called – they don't see that amazing sky above us, and think, the way we do: "How glorious is the Lord's creation!"

MARY

That's a shame.

UMBERTO

Look up now, Mary.

MARY

Oh, it is sooo lovely! *(suddenly turning and acting semi-confrontational)* And yet, despite all this calm beauty, *you* are involved in some very spooky business.

(a beat, and UMBERTO looks stunned)

Well, aren't you? I mean, this is not all sweetness and light with you, is it?

UMBERTO

Well, I--

MARY

This has to be a burden for you hasn't it? *(seeing he is unresponsive, she moves on.)* And also I don't think you've shared this with anyone, have you?

UMBERTO

Honestly, you're the person I've been closest to in the last year or so. So no, I haven't told anyone.

MARY

Well, that's ending right now. So dish!

MARY to UMBERTO

Umbie, I'm very curious about how all of this began. You must have been very frightened!

UMBERTO

Oh. I was. But it was also a tremendous excitement for me. A thrill, even. It was back in Sicily in the 1950's. I was reciting my catechism and trying to please Monsignor Joseph, who watched over me like a hawk. Here, let me show you....

(UMBERTO clashes finger-cymbals. Fade to black. Then lights up, and we see YOUNG UMBERTO and MONSIGNOR, who wears a cassock and swings an incense burner.)

YOUNG UMBERTO

Oh father who art in heaven, give us our daily bread. I beseech thee, show me the way to Christ almighty....

MONSIGNIOR

Very well, my lad. You are becoming ever more humble.

YOUNG UMBERTO

It does take diligence, father. I must continually work at it.

MONSIGNOR

You must – at all times! Do not weaken.

YOUNG UMBERTO

But I find myself thinking of Alfa Romeo sports cars and of Carla, a girl in my class. I fight these thoughts with all my will!

MONSIGNOR

You must. Avarice and concupiscence are the devil's allies. Beware of them. I know you will fight the good fight, my son. Have faith... Now I have to speak with Father Anthony for a moment. I will be back soon.

(Exit MONSIGNOR. After a beat, enter CARLA, who sits down next to YOUNG UMBERTO and begins to read.)

CARLA

How wonderful to see you again, Umberto!

YOUNG UMBERTO

And you as well, Carla. Are you here to study?

CARLA

Why certainly. I have been re-reading St. Matthew's Gospel. But my thoughts often turn wicked. Instead, I have tucked in Alberto Moravia's *The Empty Canvas*. See? Do you know it?

YOUNG UMBERTO

Oh! What a great story! I fell in love with the Cecilia character.

CARLA

As I did with Dino. Ya know in the Damiano movie, Dino was played by Horst Buchholz. They called him the German James Dean. He was such a dreamboat.

YOUNG UMBERTO

Was he?

CARLA

Yeeess... You remind me of him. You have the same dreamy big eyes and insolent attitude...

YOUNG UMBERTO

Insolent? Yeah, I can dig that. Watch. *I'll* show you insolent.

(UMBERTO mugs, and CARLA does her own version of insolent too. They laugh and carry on flirtatiously. They fall over, embrace and kiss.)

CARLA

This is so much fun. No, YOU are so much fun... But are you really cut out for the priesthood, Umberto? (points) I have my doubts about you, young man.

YOUNG UMBERTO

Why do you say that?

CARLA

Have you felt your internal discernment?

YOUNG UMBERTO

Cosi cosi. I do hear voices... telling me things. Things I don't always want to know or hear.

CARLA

Ha! I think you should ignore those stupid voices. What can they do for you that's positive? (*UMBERTO shrugs; CARLA switches mood*) Umbie, do you know about the big concert in Palermo this Friday? It's this Friday. Mina and Adriano Celentano will be performing.

YOUNG UMBERTO

Oooh! I love them! They get me tapping,

(*re-enter MONSIGNOR*)

MONSIGNOR

How fine to see you two here! Umberto, I have been meaning to ask you something... Would you like to attend our next Come and See dinner? Our most dynamic young priests will be there. The next one is this coming Friday evening.

YOUNG UMBERTO

Maybe... What are they about?

MONSIGNOR

Well, as it says in John 1:45-46: Philip found Nathanael and told him, "We have found the one whom Moses wrote in the law, and also the prophets, Jesus, son of Joseph, from Nazareth'.

But Nathanael said to him "Can anything good come from Nazareth?"

Philip said to him, "Come and see." So will you come and see?

YOUNG UMBERTO

Mmm. Can I let you know?

MONSIGNOR

Certainly. And Carla, you can come too. But now, I hope you will excuse me. I have my sermon to prepare.

(EXIT MONSIGNOR)

KARLA

Umberto, so, will you come to the big concert in Palermo?

YOUNG UMBERTO

I should probably not care, but tell me.

CARLA

Well, Elvis Presley is playing there with Little Eva. I am dying to go! Will you come with me? We can bike to Palermo together.

YOUNG UMBERTO
(singing "Love me Tender" in Italian)

Amami teneramente, amami dolcemente Non lascarmi mai
andare

CARLA

Is that a yes?

YOUNG UMBERTO

Love me tender, love me sweet.... Never let me go...

Oh, I'm so excited.

So for now, yes.... But what will we tell our parents? And what will
I tell the Monsignor?

CARLA

We'll tell them we're going on a Cistercian retreat to pray and
drink wine with the monks! They'll eat that up like a bowl of *pasta*
y fazole (note to actors: pronounced *pasta fazool*)! You're such
a good fibber when you want to be.

YOUNG UMBERTO

God forbid the Monsignor should find out. Those lovely lips must
forever stay sealed about this. (*touches her lips*) But I have one
major concern.

CARLA

And what might that be?

YOUNG UMBERTO

There will probably be an eruption on Mount Etna that night. I can feel it down here. *(he points to his abdomen).*

CARLA

Oh, that's probably indigestion. Take some brioschi tonight. Do you often get these premonitions?

YOUNG UMBERTO

No, just sometimes. But they're very powerful. I don't always like them. Sometimes, I can act to protect myself and those I love... but not always. But never mind. I want to ask you something silly.

CARLA

I adore silly! *Digame* (Italian equivalent)

YOUNG UMBERTO

When we're in Palermo, can we stop by the Alfa-Romeo dealership? I want to check out the car I'm going to buy and drive you in -- to the ferry to Capri!

CARLA

Of course! You dog. Rrrr-fuf!

YOUNG UMBERTO

You ain't nothin' but a hound dog. Doing novenas all the time.

(They laugh and cuddle and kiss.)

CARLA (alarmed)

Oh, I think I hear the Monsignor!

(They return to their prior seats apart, reading. Enter Monsignor.)

MONSIGNOR

Hmm. I am very pleased to see you two engaged in pious study. May your blessings continue.

(Exit MONSIGNOR humming under his breath "You ain't nothin' but a hound dog. At the edge of the stage, Stage Manager clashes Cymbals)

STAGE MANAGER

And thus you have the inklings of his strange powers. "And what became of Carla?" you may well wonder. Well, she and Umberto did continue to be lovers for awhile, even touring the Alps and Lake Como a few years later in that Alfa Romeo which our own Romeo did finally manage to buy. Now Mount Etna did erupt, *(SFX: eruption sounds)*

...but the debris drifted eastwards and away from our lovers, who remained safe. But Umberto's premonition was not entirely mistaken. Now was it?

Alas, their ardor faded, and she took up the rock 'n roll guitar and became the Rosetta Tharpe of Italy, a lass of talent and even of erotic distinction. As to our prophetic hero, he did indeed have a religious calling – not an undiluted one, for he continued to croon rock songs in the shower for many decades, trying his best all the

while to sublimate his concupiscence. *(hand up to the mouth in an aside to the audience)* That's priest-talk for lust.... And as to avarice?.... Call it greed or bourgeois tendencies or whatever, but he did later also manage to purchase a Ferrari for outings on weekends. Do I fault him? Do any of you? I cannot, since one cannot live on wine and wafers alone.

His calling was nonetheless genuine, and he entered the priesthood and studied at St. Josph's University near Philadelphia. He did meet his beloved Magda and had many happy years with her.

Now we have not recently dropped in on Mary, you might have noticed. And that must change. After all, think of the title of this play!

(At the edge of the stage, Stage Manager clashes Cymbals)

(DOROTHY and JIM sing quietly at first, as if in the distance and then as the couple approaches, louder and louder.)

MARY

Sure... OMG, listen up – coming from that direction. Isn't that Dorothy and Jim rehearsing one of their songs from La Boheme? I love the delicacy of her trills in the more understated passages, don't you, Umbie?

UMBERTO

I always have. And Jim, with that handsome tenor voice, he absolutely beatifies me! And every time I walk by their apartment, I hear such beautiful tones emanating. They should charge a rate for hallway bystanders!

DOROTHY (*overhearing their talking. DOROTHY opens the door She and JIM step out to talk on the hallway.*)

We'll make it discounted for you two!

UMBERTO

Don't let us distract you. But thanks again for your artistry and what you do for our building and the neighborhood.

MARY

I might even want to take voice lessons from you, if you're taking new students.

UMBERTO

Ya know, Dorothy, Mary here has a lovely voice She just needs a professional touch and encouragement.

MARY (*self-deprecating*)

Yes, I'm a regular Maria Callas! Don't listen to him.

DOROTHY

Sing this! (*she sings*)

MARY (*echoes the musical phrase*)

JIM

Not bad, young lady!

UMBERTO

You two add so much to the beauty of our neighborhood!

DOROTHY

With us it's not an avocation.

JIM

It's a calling.

DOROTHY

No exaggeration.

(waving good bye to Dorothy and JIM)

We'll see you two soon.

UMBERTO

They really are amazing! ... You should call her right away pick up a few tips for your own singing, Mary.

MARY *(affronted)*

Ex-cuuse me! Don't mis-underestimate me. Don't tell me what I should and should not do. Even if you're gettin' your coaching from... Saint Peter.

(MARY and UMBERTO continue their strolling.

A beat later...)

UMBERTO

Well, I... *(sees people ahead)* Mary. I will soon have something very important to tell you. But not now.

MARY

Jesus, Mary and Joseph— stop scaring me! (*suddenly contrite*)
Forgive me, Lord, for using your name in vain.

UMBERTO (*looking to their left*)

Now, up ahead... Here is a young lady you're going to enjoy meeting!

MARY (*amazed, looks stage left*)

MARY

Why she looks like me -- when I was nineteen! (*after a significant pause, approaching, hand to mouth on amazement*) Are... are you **me?!!!**

MARY YOUNGER

Yes, I am.

MARY

(*screams, seeks refuge in Umberto's arms; then shows more stunned silence*)

MARY YOUNGER

And I know about your life. I'm very pleased with the way I've turned out. The way you've lived it in the days I haven't experienced yet.

MARY (to UMBERTO)

The way I've *turned out!!* Can you imagine? (to YOUNGER) Are you are pleased? *Pleased?* How do you know me? Umberto, how can she say such a thing?

UMBERTO

Shhhh.

MARY YOUNGER

Well, here they let you go backwards and forwards. So I've followed you.

MARY (*worried*)

What? ... Are you haunting me?

MARY YOUNGER

No, only looking out for your best interests. I like your direction!

MARY (to UMBERTO)

(*mini-screams*) **Whooa!!** She likes my direction! Oh? What in the world?

UMBERTO

Maybe best not to ask too many questions.

MARY

(speaking rapidly, perhaps cowering behind UMBERTO)

How can I help myself? She seems too real. ... If she knows the past, maybe she knows my future. How will I turn out? What's ahead? *(gasps)* I really don't want to know.

MARY YOUNGER

It looks good. Like your friend says, best not to ask too many questions. Look at me closely *(holds Mary's face aggressively)* --- Take advantage of every day. *(beat)* And we'll both be fine...

MARY *(dis-believing)*

Frankly, I'm having a hard time with all of this.

MARY YOUNGER

But now, you'd better call the police about the fire around the block... It's about to engulf the Browns... They're very old and extremely weak... and might not get out in time...

MARY

But why? Why them?

*(All characters freeze except for STAGE MANAGER
who dons a fedora.)*

STAGE MANAGER

Why indeed does anything happen? Ya know, you can seize your opportunities. Both past one and present ones. What do I mean by that? Think about it and let me know after the show.

Now back to one of our realities....

As our story resumes, the Browns' apartment is still on fire.

KARL YOUNGER *(on an old-fashioned land line phone)*

Hello? I'd like to report a raging fire on the 5th floor at the William Penn House at 19th and Chestnut. Yes.... Two elderly disabled people inside and in extreme danger.... It's very urgent! Please get here as soon as possible.

(to MARY YOUNGER)

My God, hurry up! Let's go see if we can help!

(Sfx: Characters freeze on stage; a fade out.)

FIRST chime indicating passage of time.

(SFX: deafening fire engine sirens. MARY holds her ears)

BOTH MARYS

My god!!

*(MARY YOUNGER and KARL YOUNGER are standing
looking in amazement at the blaze across the street.*

MARY YOUNGER

Why don't they forget about hooking up the fire hoses and just go in?

KARL YOUNGER

They'd better go in soon!

(SFX screaming)

MARY YOUNGER

I can't believe this is happening! *(takes shelter in KARL's arms)*

KARL YOUNGER

Damn! If **they** don't go in soon, I'LL go in!

MARY YOUNGER

Oh no, Karl, my god – you'll get killed!

KARL YOUNGER

I don't know. I just don't know. The firemen look like they're about to go in! But those flames! Sweet Jesus!!!

BOTH MARYS

My god!

MARY YOUNGER

Those crazy flames! Why don't they go in? Oh, oh oh! Those poor people! I can't take it!

(MARY YOUNGER screams and faints.

KARL YOUNGER catches her at stage left. Fade out.

*KARL YOUNGER AND MARY YOUNGER exit
or retreat to darkness at the side of the stage. BLACKOUT.)*

Scene 2

(SFX: church bell chimes. Back in the present)

(On stage fade up.)

UMBERTO

Too bad their apartment was scorched. I feel so sorry for them, going through all of that madness.

MARY

Yes, they were a quiet couple... I'm ashamed I didn't follow up with them... I was too wrapped up in my own business back then.... Where did they go from Center City?

UMBERTO

They moved to a nursing home, where they were well cared for, for many years.

MARY

But after, what about their fate? One that perhaps St. Peter set for them?

UMBERTO

Who can know?

MARY

Oh *you* know. You just don't want to say.

UMBERTO *(cagily with a sly smile)*

Well, I do know that the apartment burned so hot that it's amazing the building re-opened so soon. ... *That* might happen to the world someday, as Revelation tells us. Including the seven-headed dragon. I don't want to remind you of what he does.

MARY

Please don't. ~~I need you to be discreet.~~ Even if it's scripture, there's only so much I can--

UMBERTO

Mary, there're lots of things I won't say and don't want to say.

(MARY throws down something, such as a pocketbook, in exasperation)

MARY

Lord! How many horrible memories do you have stored in that calm head of yours?

UMBERTO

But so many happy, even ecstatic memories too. Stay with me, and you might hear them.

MARY *(scolding tone)*

Umberto, don't be so very flippant. ~~about these things.~~ I believe what you said about knowing things now, and still I'm very disturbed about something. I've been meaning to ask you or maybe Karl, if you can't do it, about--

UMBERTO

Patience is a virtue, Mary.... If I must...

STAGE MANAGER (donning hat)

You know, when people leave an apartment building.... Because they died, or perhaps illness, a marriage break-up, or anything... there's often a powerful feeling of absence in those remaining... It might be felt more intensely than in the burbs because of the prior physical closeness- you know, her morning greetings, the events. Yes, it's loss wherever it happens. True. But people also recover and appreciate what they still possess. *(points to the audience)* If they're smart! Ha!

[UMBERTO and MARY resume their walk in silence.

They can be in a different position on the stage. Lights up]

MARY

Our neighborhood has so many talented people, each singing a unique song, don'tcha think, UMBERTO?

UMBERTO

Mmm. Yes. But not as a cacophony. More as a polyphonous work.

MARY

Yes, or if we were creatures, I see us as an iridescent fish, a rainbow trout maybe. So many lovely colors, gliding through the through the river.... *(sings)* Somewhere over the Schuylkill.... *(UMBERTO laughs)* Oh Humbie, I always like it when I make you laugh!

UMBERTO

Indeed. Our souls are so alike! Oh, there's Judith. Hi Judith! How are you?

JUDITH

Very well. I was just sitting here reminiscing about something terrible and something wonderful.

MARY

Okay, start with the terrible, so I can get over it,

JUDITH

It was right there at that intersection, Walnut and 20th, where I had the worst fall of my life. I was just moving across the street when I fell and I think injured every part of my body! I was a mess!

UMBERTO

That's terrible! Did anybody help you?

JUDITH

Oh yes, a group of teenagers helped me to my feet and took me to the hospital. But something good came of it. And you won't believe it!

MARY

Tell us. We need good news.

JUDITH

The doctor at the emergency room gave me an ultrasound and found that I was in danger of an aneurysm in my head!

UMBERTO

Oh my! Like a tire about to blow. How could they help you?

(QUIETLY, MARY YOUNGER and KARL YOUNGER, RE-ENTER)

JUDITH

I don't know technically, but basically they coated it, so that if it burst it wouldn't flood my brain. I call that *Beshert!* It means on the one hand your destiny or on the other, your soul mate. In this case I took it to mean destiny. And I have found Beshert everywhere since. You should too!.... And so should this couple. We haven't been introduced.

UMBERTO

Forgive us, but they are Mary's younger self and her dear Karl.

JUDITH

Younger selves?

JUDITH

Oh my God! How did this happen?

MARY YOUNGER

It's all thanks to the miracle of Quantum Physics.... But excuse us. We are being summoned back to the Shadows.)

(MARY YOUNGER and KARL YOUNGER fade or exit temporarily)

JUDITH (rising to leave)

Pardon me, but I too must leave your strange Quantum world and attend to matters in my apartment. I wish you well, and may you

have many marvelous insights. Just remember bashert and you'll be fine.

(JUDITH walks off.)

UMBERTO

(moving on) Do you see what this means, Mary?

MARY

What? That we can walk around the neighborhood and chat with our friends or meet ghosts?

UMBERTO

These are all meanings of your life. And just some of your meanings! Look, lady! There's richness all round you. So you should never despair or think you haven't gotten enough from life.

(Actors walk in elongated circles. Then They sit again.)

MARY

What about all the injustice in the world? The poverty, the wars, the need for universal health care in our rich nation? I mean, we have plenty of billionaires. Why can't they help out? Don't they know any poor people?

UMBERTO

Jesus said in Matthew 26, "The poor you will always have with you." So maybe you're expecting too much.

MARY

Oh, quotes. Quotes from scripture or anything else.... Forgive me, Mother Mary, and St. Peter, and you, Umberto... but I always feel cheated. I must have a case of spiritual FOMO.

UMBERTO

Hmm?

MARY

You know, Fear of Missing Out. And I worry too much about those around me. For example, what the heck *else* is going to go wrong with my son and his selfish wife? And his darned alcoholic daughter. What did he --- or we - do to deserve this? I pay my taxes! I follow the Scripture! So why am I missing out?

UMBERTO

Now now now. Please calm down, Mary. [*MARY gets a hold of her emotions.*] Some of these quotes you dismissed are actual remedies, so let's not discard them all. Instead, recall Matthew 25. We must care for the "least of these." Including the poor and the sick.

(MARY thinks on this for a moment.)

MARY

Thank you for correcting me. I over-reacted.

UMBERTO

And you will do the same for me when I err or stray. Hmm. Here, let me check your heart rate. (*leans in a bit, hand to ear.*)

MARY

Yes, doctor.

UMBERTO

I detect a strong ticker... one that *usually* cares too much. Hmm... [*spies young Karl and Mary Younger*] Hmm. I see those young people from your past reappearing.... Let's watch something from long ago...

(re-enter young Karl and Mary Younger]

MARY

Why those are... I'm getting upset again.... Karl and I were even younger then!

(UMBERTO hands MARY a water bottle. She takes a sip.

MARY spies MARY YOUNGER and KARL. MARY gasps.

She cowers behind UMBERTO as the younger pair enter.)

MARY YOUNGER

Oh Karl! You say the sweetest things!

KARL YOUNGER

But I always mean them. You *are* the prettiest girl on campus. And the most intelligent and articulate.

MARY YOUNGER

Do you say that to Ellen too? I see how you look at her. Don't deny it.

KARL YOUNGER

Jeez, a guy has to look.

I mean I'm not made of ceramic. But she can't hold a candle to you... not even an incense candle!

(MARY YOUNGER and KARL step back

and fade from the scene)

MARY

Oh Umbie, how can you just do that? I feel as if I'm hallucinating. What did you put in that water? How are we both seeing things you couldn't know about? The strong younger me and sweet Karl when he was young and vigorous?

UMBERTO

Oh yes, that and more. But I have to use these powers judiciously. Am I frightening you?

MARY

... You are, but I'm a big girl. I can take it.... I think.

UMBERTO

So I have to ask.... What meaning of life do you accept from that little interlude?

MARY

Well, I see that we were so happy back then.

UMBERTO

And?

MARY

And that Karl and I, we didn't do the, uh....

UMBERTO

The deed?

MARY

Well, not until we got married. And I saw that the good lord meant for us to have so many beautiful experiences, and if we are fortunate, to feel true love.

UMBERTO

It's all part of the same continuum, including now.

MARY

Yes, but please don't stop! Are they going to reappear?

UMBERTO

I'm not sure. Let's ask Albert. I think that's him there right now.
(points, then waves)

(CHIME)

MARY

Albert, how are you?

ALBERT *(played by ALBERT FRIED-CASSORLA, writing on a pad)*

Fine! This play is almost as much fun to write as living life!

MARY

Really? Are you Albert, the playwright?

ALBERT

No, not really. I play him, and I know the real one. I do have some influence on both, true. But let's leave it at that.

UMBERTO

Can I ask you just one more question?

ALBERT

No, but you'd better have a wise answer to the question that Mary is going to pose.

UMBERTO

You have a question for me?

MARY

Haven't you been listening? It's about my mother and maybe Albert can also help--

ALBERT

Excuse me now. I have to get back to my writing. *[ALBERT begins to pack up and leave.]*

MARY

Wait! What are you working on, and how can it be so important?

UMBERTO

You can't just leave! Aren't you even going to give me some smart dialogue?

ALBERT

No. You figure it out this time. You're b very creative. Ciao!

(Albert walks off. MARY and UMBERTO walk some more.)

UMBERTO

Quite a nervy fellow... My powers can't solve every situation.

MARY

But I'm sure you'll figure it out, as Albert says. Before we discuss my mother, why don't you begin by telling me a bit about Magda. I've often wondered about her, as I walk along with you... What was your relationship like?

UMBERTO

Well, as you know, nobody can see inside another relationship. But I can tell you this... She enjoyed all that there is to love about life. Here, let **her** show you....

(MAGDA APPEARS)

Magda. So good to see you!

MAGDA

With me dead all these years, that's all you can say?

UMBERTO

I've only begun, my dear. You're looking so well in your afterlife... Here, allow me to introduce you to Mary, my friend.

MAGDA

Your friend already? You have no loyalty to my memory?

UMBERTO

My dear, Mary is only my strolling partner. And a very close one to me. You don't want me to be lonely, do you?

MAGDA

Well, a little respect respectful solitude could be helpful.

MARY

(extending her hand to Mary, who does not accept it)

It is so very sweet to meet you. I've heard so much about you, Magda.

MAGDA

I can't say the same about you. I think Umberto ~~less~~ keeps some developments to himself.

MARY

Why can't we think keep things on the positive side, Mary? Magda? I mean we are part of the same Umberto fan club aren't we?

MAGDA

I'm not so sure. After today I may be turning in my membership card. And you -- what do you bring to the relationship with my husband?

MARY

I have taught him and shown him how to appreciate so many things – and from what I can tell, that's more than you ever did!

(MAGDA tries to thrash MARY. She hides behind UMBERTO who tries to shield her)

MAGDA

Ohh, you brazen strumpet! How dare you claim to be a better partner than I was! *[MARY tries to evade the still thrashing MAGDA as they spin around UMBERTO.]*

UMBERTO

Now stop it ladies! Be civil!

MARY

Let me prove it to you good. I can out-appreciate you any day. What do you detect here now in the Square? Can you smell the enchanting aroma of aromatic foliage?

MAGDA

You mean the stink of pot? You've got to be kidding.

MARY

No, no, not at all. One woman's idea of a bad odor is another woman's sweet perfume. It all depends on how you train your nose to appreciate it. I am helping Umberto to understand all of this.

UMBERTO

Ladies, please!! All of this arguing is giving me a colossal cosmic headache! Mary, I need you to be quiet now while I speak with Magda.

MARY

Do you want me to leave?

UMBERTO

No, just watch. (*points to an area*) Over there, please.

MAGDA and UMBERTO SCENE

MAGDA

So, why did you bring me here?

UMBERTO

You know I talk to you every night.

MAGDA

Yes... And I do to with you. We discuss our day... mainly yours, your joys and errors.

UMBERTO

But I never told you about this woman I am friendly with, Mary.

MAGDA

No you didn't. But I always sensed that there was another presence. Is she the one? Are you in love with her?

UMBERTO

Yes, she's the one. And I don't think I'm in love with her.

MAGDA

Well, are you or aren't you?

UMBERTO

If you care about someone and share experiences, is that love? Or is that friendship?

MAGDA *(totally exasperated)*

Oh, you and your damned definitions!

UMBERTO

Magda, please! I must be precise or I risk hurting you.

MAGDA

What? Hurting a dead person?

UMBERTO

I know you! Your sensitivities go well beyond the grave.... Listen, I want you to allow me to continue to be close to this person. Will you allow that? Come here. Allow me to hug you.

(UMBERTO approaches MAGDA. She is reluctant.)

MAGDA

Okay. Just don't damage my ectoplasm.

(UMBERTO embraces MAGDA, around her waist and she does not appear to mind but is somewhat hesitant)

UMBERTO

Hmm. You feel solid enough.

MAGDA

That's because I want to feel solid for you. Otherwise you'd be grasping air.

UMBERTO

So here's what I have to say... We had a long and wonderful marriage, didn't we? (MAGDA nods.) (*Actors, read these next lines slowly, MAGDA reacts each time. BOTH actors begin to weep.*)

And we cared for each other through thick and thin, didn't we? Skinny or fat, euphoric or morose, damaged or whole, when we had trouble having children, when our parents died and when we lived and laughed with them, yes? When Rachel and David grew up and left for college, and you were inconsolable. Yes?

MAGDA (*warming up*)

Yes, you were there for me, sweetheart. (*she embraces him more strongly*)

UMBERTO

And we spoke about now if one of us were gone, we'd like the other to begin anew, didn't we? We both wanted that. (MAGDA nods) So now I need you to let me stay close to this woman. She helps me, as you did when alive and as you do now. Can you do that for me?

MAGDA

I don't know. It's one thing to say what you'll do. It's quite another to do it... But I'll try. (*raises a finger in admonishment*)

Now no hanky-panky!

(*UMBERTO releases his embrace. Stage Manager chimes. Magda disappears. UMBERTO is left holding a circle of air and sobbing. MAGDA sits or is otherwise "offstage".*)

STAGE MANAGER

Have you noticed? We keep our undertakers pretty busy around here... (*awaits audience reaction for a second.*) Now, as our strolling friends were saying to each other...

MARY

My god. That was awkward! Was she always that way?

UMBERTO

Certainly not. My egregious error. It was a mistake to have the two of you here at the same time.

MARY

Will she be mad at you for Eternity?

UMBERTO

No, not at all. Ultimately, she is very forgiving. I'm the one who may need time to recover... I'll make it up to her with **lovely** blandishments, fragrant roses, sweet conversation and intergalactic bon-bons.

MARY to UMBERTO

That was a strange interlude. Well, since you were asking about my dilemma awhile ago... I need you to advise me, please.

UMBERTO

So what **is** your question?

MARY

I'm going crazy over what to do about my mom!

UMBERTO

Elizabeth? I haven't seen her in awhile.

MARY

Well, you know – she's been in my guest bedroom in my apartment, decompensating more every day. I can't even have a conversation with her anymore....

I've prayed to Mother Mary for guidance.

UMBERTO

And?

MARY

Mary, blessed Mary says: Do the compassionate thing. And *this* Mary – me (*meaning and pointing to herself*) – says if I keep paying for healthcare aides, I'll go bankrupt.

UMBERTO

Have you considered a nursing home?

MARY

Of course I have, but I promised her long ago that I'd never put her in a home. What should I do?

UMBERTO

I saw this day coming.

MARY

You did?

UMBERTO

Yes.... St. Peter put it simply to me... If Elizabeth in a nursing home is happy, as she may very well be...

MARY

Yes.

UMBERTO

And she will barely know where she is.

MARY

I think not, I say a rosary every day that she won't be aware.

UMBERTO

Then your promises to her may be forgiven... As Blessed Mary said to you -- Do the compassionate thing. That's all that can be asked of you. Compassionate towards you and towards your mom.

Doesn't that sound right... in your head and in your heart?

MARY (elated)

Why, yes! Thank you... I needed to hear it from someone I trust...

(MARY looks meaningfully, reaches over to possibly kiss UMBERTO. He graciously demurs.)

UMBERTO

Not yet, Mary. Not yet. We have our work.

MARY

[MARY turns sideways and mutters angrily]

We have our work!

UMBERTO

Look – there's Pearl!

MARY

Pearl, great to see you out and about!

PEARL

I'm equally delighted. Want to sit with me a bit?

UMBERTO

Si, si.

PEARL

Whenever I see you two strolling together, I feel so, so... why it's just like Charles and I were in the 1940's. And it was bliss!

UMBERTO

Pearl, Mary and I were having a discussion about some difficult choices that must be made soon. You've had a few of those, eh?

PEARL

Oh my, haven't I? I think sometimes about back during the blitz in London, I was too young to appreciate everything. But I knew, I knew. And people were so brave. We Brits. We brits were an inspiration to the world. The sounds of the V1 buzz bombs got closer and closer while we hid in the air raid shelters. Even while the Buzz bombs were exploding, people were helping one another. And somehow, they got me to safety in the countryside. Those were trying times, let me tell you.

UMBERTO

Pearl, what can you tell Mary and me about keeping our sanity, when we're unsure, when we are stressed?

PEARL

Well, as you might recall, I am deep into Yoga-- Practicing and teaching. I find it gives me tremendous peace of mind. Remember, you have a standing offer for a free lesson from me, anytime, okay?

UMBERTO

I'm not sure our Monsignor would approve of that.

PEARL

Oh he will once I talk with him. It's very compatible with all of your beliefs. Hey, I know you have to move on but I want to share a thought with you...

Remember that people have dealt with far worse than you're facing and kept their heads, placing one foot ahead of the other, like this. Remember to love all that's around you... and you'll be fine. So nice seeing you!

(PEARL leaves or waves good-bye)

UMBERTO

Good-bye, Pearl. And thank you.

(They walk a little more.)

MARY

Good bye Pearl. And thank you! Ya know, first I'm hearing Pearl.... And now I'm also enjoying these majestic oaks and tulip trees above us! How... superb life is!

UMBERTO *(picking up a piece of bark)*

Those trees have seen so much of our neighborhood. Especially the oaks and sycamores. They carry the weight of our decades within them.... It's almost as if they remember our histories in these fragments of bark...

Well, just one tour around the Square has been pretty amazing. Wouldn't you agree?

MARY

Yes... I do. You know, I've been so worried about my mom, so much to appreciate, to learn from. *Different* meanings of life, I think. So much that I forgot there's so much we can learn from Jesus, Mary and Joseph. And from ourselves.

UMBERTO

And those who've taught us the Golden Rule... Every religion teaches it, don't they? Hey... look who's behind that giant magnolia? Do they look familiar?

MARY YOUNGER

Mary! Learn from us! Learn from your own past!

KARL

And your present. What we had together, what you can have again.

MARY YOUNGER

Don't waste this time – your time.

KARL

It's all you have!

KARL and MARY YOUNGER

(retreating, facing forward, getting quieter and more distant)

Don't waste! Don't Waste! It's all you have! All you have!

MARY

Dear Lord!

UMBERTO

I have one more stop planned for us on this stroll.

MARY

Stroll? Haven't we had enough?

UMBERTO

Yes. Well... There's someone who's been wanting to speak with you...

MARY

Who?

UMBERTO

Just listen to his voice... Someone you used to know quite well.

MARY

Not...

UMBERTO

Yes.

MARY

Karl?

UMBERTO

Here he is.

(She hesitates)

DEAD KARL

(raspy voiced, at first not seen by the characters, who act as if they do not know where the voice is coming from)

Mary?

MARY

Karl?

DEAD KARL

Yes... It's me.

MARY

Is it really you?

DEAD KARL

I'll prove it to you... Remember dancing at the Edison Ballroom with me in Manhattan? 1962?

MARY

Yes! *Begin the Beguine!* It was an old tune even then! How are you?

(DEAD KARL emerges from the shadows and now lies on a bench as if half-dead)

DEAD KARL

(this exchange can be played for humor.

Not so well....

I'm dead.

Pretty unpleasant. From a human perspective. Mostly deteriorated. I thought I was deteriorated before I died, but let me tell you, this being dead is something else.... So, your friend here has a passport to St. Peter, and I beseeched him to let me communicate with you. And here I am.

We stiffs don't mind it after awhile. We kind of get used to the inactivity.... Mary, you know I'm kidding. My soul is fully alive.

MARY

I imagine that as lively as you were all your life, you're a standout. You still have that crazy sense of humor.

DEAD KARL

That's what they say. That I'm the wildest headstone in the cemetery. Although it is pretty hard to do standup.

MARY

Tell me, Karl... Do you ever get to eat angel-food cake?

DEAD KARL

Ask me about the devil's food cake here. It lives up to its name!

MARY

I am so stunned! ... I thought it must be absolutely miserable being dead. It must be really, all humor aside, I mean -- How can you stand it?

DEAD KARL

I have no choice, to tell the truth.... But I have a special message for you.

MARY

(to herself) Why do I feel my life will be changed by this? *(to KARL)* Oh? I'm listening.

DEAD KARL

Seize every opportunity. So many living people don't. Just grab life and enjoy it. Mother Mary protects us all. She wants you to know everything will work out.

(MARY nods in agreement)

DEAD KARL

Promise me you will follow your heart. It's the path to happiness.

MARY

All right, I promise. Though I have to warn you, I'm not always good about keeping promises.

KARL DEAD

I don't keep score, that's St. Peter's job. I may not get another chance to talk to you. And Mary?

MARY

Yes, Karl.

KARL

I still love you, Mary. Good bye.

MARY

Good Bye, dear one.... I love you too.

(long pause, then to UMBERTO)

That was so strange, and lovely. Thank you.

SFX: CHIME

STAGE MANAGER (to audience)

And there you have it. A slice of life, and of death. In an ordinary city. Well, maybe not so ordinary. *(slight laugh)* We hope you've enjoyed our little odyssey... And now we return you to your pilgrimage.

UMBERTO *(to MARY)*

Continue our walk?

MARY

By all means.

UMBERTO

I feel a song coming on, Will you join me?

MARY

If I know the tune. It's about your name, a grand ole name.

(Mary's a Grand Old Name

By George M. Cohan)

Mary: Ohhh...

Umberto:

And it was Mary, Mary
Plain as any name can be
But in propriety society
We'll say Marie

[Young Mary & Young Karl enter ALL singing and waving for the audience to join in:]

For it was Mary, Mary
Long before the fashions came
And there is something there
That sounds so square

ALL:

...It's a grand old name.

(They sing or hum and dance to Mary's A Grand Old Name (George M. Cohan) from 1:14 onwards on this site: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9JdQDff4QcE&list=RD9JdQDff4QcE&start_radio=1

MARY

Oh I do love that one!

(strolling happily, arm in arm or dancing)

THE END