

STAGE MANAGER. No. *(pause)* The saints and poets, maybe – they do some.

EMILY. *(calmly, as she absorbs the thought)* I'm ready to go back.

(She returns to her chair beside MRS. GIBBS. As she does so the lights dim, leaving only a deep blue except for amber on the Dead.)
(pause)

MRS. GIBBS. Were you happy?

EMILY. No...I should have listened to you. That's all human beings are! Just blind people.

MRS. GIBBS. Look, it's clearing up. The stars are coming out.

EMILY. Oh, Mr. Stimson, I should have listened to them.

SIMON STIMSON. *(with mounting violence; biting)* 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.

MRS. GIBBS. *(spiritedly)* Simon Stimson, that ain't the whole truth and you know it. Emily, look at that star. I forget its name.

A MAN AMONG THE DEAD. My boy Joel was a sailor, – knew 'em all. He'd set on the porch evenings and tell 'em all by name. Yes, sir, wonderful!

ANOTHER MAN AMONG THE DEAD. A star's mighty good company.

A WOMAN AMONG THE DEAD. Yes. Yes, 'tis.