

PERUSAL SCRIPT

Sofia!

A Musical Inspired by A Southwest Legend

Book and Lyrics by

Joanna H. Kraus

(based on her play, *The Last Baron of Arizona*)

Music and Lyrics by

C. Michael Perry



Newport, Maine

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Sofia!

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CAST — 4f, 11m, + ensemble

MIGUEL — Storyteller and schemer

ISABEL — his scheming, dreaming partner

JAMES ADDISON REAVIS — is a handsome man about 30, charming, confident and unfettered by ordinary scruples. His attire suggests his present impecunious status, but his bearing suggests that of a would-be gentleman.

SOFÍA — She is an impressionable seventeen-year-old, who works as a domestic on a California ranch. Her dark-haired beauty suggests a Spanish ancestry. She has an innate grace.

FELIPE — a ranch hand

OFFSTAGE VOICE — (*female*)

ROYAL JOHNSON — Head of the office of Surveyor General for Arizona. He's a conscientious civil servant.

MATT REYNOLDS — Attorney.

TOM WEEDIN — Editor of the Arizona Weekly Enterprise, a fiery, eloquent man.

ELLIE BIGELOW — a determined woman in her twenties.

SETTLER —

MME. De GUY — Couturier, runs a dress shoppe for fashionable women

ARCHIVES CLERK — in his 50's, wears a guard's uniform, honorable but overtired part-time worker

SHERWOOD — a prospector, former guardian to Sofia

CHIEF JUSTICE REED —

REPORTER — is a blunt, straightforward man.

MR. MALLET-PREVOST — is a distinguished lawyer, conversant with the complexities of Spanish and Mexican law. He speaks with a trace of a cultured Spanish accent. He is in his 50s and has a dark bushy mustache and a trim goatee.

VILLAGERS

OTHER SETTLERS

SHOP ASSISTANTS

PERSONS IN THE COURTROOM

TIME: Circa 1895

PLACE: The American West (Arizona and California), Spain, New York City

MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT ONE

MUSICAL #1 — *LEGENDS AND SECRETS* — (Miguel, Isabel and Company)

MUSICAL #2 — *DISCREET* — (Miguel, Isabel)

MUSICAL #3 — *ALL IN GOOD TIME* — (Reavis)

MUSICAL #4 — *PAPER AND INK AND PEN* — (Reavis, Miguel, Isabel)

MUSICAL #5 — *EL BARON DE ARIZONA* — (Miguel, Isabel)

MUSICAL #6 — *I'LL KNOW HER* — (Reavis)

MUSICAL #7 — *TOO SOON TO GROW OLD* — (Sofia)

MUSICAL #8 — *THE NEW ME* — (Sofia)

MUSICAL #9 — *MUCH MORE* — (Johnson & Reynolds)

MUSICAL #10 — *THIS LAND IS OURS* — (Company)

MUSICAL #11 — *ALL FOR YOU* — (Reavis)

MUSICAL #12 — *ABOVE THE CLOUDS!* — (Reavis)

MUSICAL #12a — *SCENE CHANGE*

MUSICAL #12b — *SCENE CHANGE*

MUSICAL #12c — *SCENE CHANGE*

MUSICAL #13 — *SOMETHING ISN'T RIGHT PART 1* — (Sofia)

MUSICAL #13a — *CHASE MUSIC UNDERSCORE (Something Isn't Right)*

MUSICAL #14 — *SOMETHING ISN'T RIGHT PART 2* — (Sofia)

ACT TWO

MUSICAL #15a — *LEGENDS AND SECRETS (REPRISE 1)* — (Miguel, Isabel and Company)

MUSICAL #15b — *LEGENDS AND SECRETS (REPRISE 2)* — (Miguel, Isabel)

MUSICAL #16 — *MY PRINCESS* — (Sherwood)

MUSICAL #17 — *WHAT A HEADLINE!* — (Johnson, Weedin)

MUSICAL #18 — *SCENE CHANGE (LEGENDS)* — (Orchestra)

MUSICAL #19 — *SIMPLY SOFIA* — (Sofia)

MUSICAL #20 — *SOMETHING ISN'T RIGHT (REPRISE)* — (Chief Justice)

MUSICAL #21 — *EVERY INCH & LEGENDS (REPRISE 3)* — (Company)

PERUSAL SCRIPT — SOFIA!

Act One

(COMPANY bursts onto stage singing with a Bullfight/Fiesta type of introduction, waving hats and playing instruments.)

MUSICAL #1 — *LEGENDS AND SECRETS*

MIGUEL:

A SLIP OF THE TONGUE

ISABEL:

A LITTLE LIE

MIGUEL:

A NUGGET OF TRUTH

ISABEL:

THE QUESTION: WHY?

MIGUEL:

WHERE LITTLE IS KNOWN
RUMORS HAVE FLOWN.

BOTH:

THIS WORLD IS FULL OF SECRETS.

EVERYONE KNOWS A LEGEND;
OR A STORY — LOVE AND GLORY.
CALL IT FORGERY OR FRAUD

ISABEL:

A BIT OF SIN,

MIGUEL:

A DIF'RENT GOD,
OR ANYTHING ELSE THAT'S ODD,
THERE ARE SECRETS NO ONE KNOWS

ISABEL:

UNTIL THE DAY THEIR SECRET SHOWS.

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BOTH:

AS LONG AS THE SUN SHINES, AND THE WIND BLOWS
AND THE GRASS GROWS,
A SMILE AND A WINK
CAN MAKE YOU THINK
IT'S A SECRET NOT EVERYONE KNOWS.

WHISPERINGS IN THE NIGHTTIME,
WRONG OR RIGHT, THEY ALL TAKE FLIGHT. I'M
HERE TO TELL YOU THAT IT'S TRUE,
IT SEEMS AS OLD AS IT DOES NEW,
WITH SOMETHING TO HIDE THE THREAT,
MEET THE ROGUE YOU HAVE'NT MET,
YOU WON'T BELIEVE IT, BUT IT'S TRUE
WE WERE THERE — NOW, SO ARE YOU!

(All leave but MIGUEL and ISABEL. MIGUEL with a bow introduces himself.)

MIGUEL: I'm Miguel and this is Isabel

(ISABEL curtsies)

We're a team.

ISABEL: *Sí*, a dream of a team.

MUSICAL #2 — DISCREET

MIGUEL:

I CAN CARRY THE BAGS,
AS LONG AS NO ONE SEES ME.
WOULD GO TO JAIL,
AS LONG AS SOMEONE FREES ME!
DINE BY CANDLELIGHT
I'LL ADD WINE AND SONG FOR HER DELIGHT!

ISABEL:

BE CLEVER!

MIGUEL:

NEVER!
BE DISCREET!

MIGUEL:

DISCRETION, AS THEY SAY,
IS THE BETTER PART OF VALOR.

ISABEL:

BE DISCREET OR SOMEONE
MAY SUFFER LOSS OF PALLOR.

MIGUEL:

WE MUST USE CIRCUMSPECTION,

ISABEL:

IF IT'S JUST FOR YOUR PROTECTION.
EVERY WHISPERED WORD:

MIGUEL:

A MESSAGE TO BE HEARD.

ISABEL:

WITH A TOUCH OF DECEIT,

MIGUEL:

BE DISCREET!

MIGUEL: I can say, "hello, how are you, my name is Miguel," in Spanish, English, French, and Portuguese. And when I'm hungry I can ask in seven more.

ISABEL:

I WILL FOLLOW BEHIND,
WATCH ALL THOSE OUT TO HURT YOU.
SWEET, AND SO KIND,

MIGUEL:

SHE'LL NEVER ONCE DESERT YOU!
SCRUPLES AREN'T SECURE,

ISABEL:

SO, YOU CAN'T DENY I HAVE ALLURE!

MIGUEL:

BE CAUTIOUS!

ISABEL:

NAUSEOUS!

MIGUEL:

BE DISCREET!

BOTH:

DISCRETION, AS THEY SAY,
IS THE BETTER PART OF VALOR.
BE DISCREET OR SOMEONE
MAY SUFFER LOSS OF PALLOR.
WE MUST USE CIRCUMSPECTION,
IF IT'S JUST FOR YOUR PROTECTION.
IT CAN ALL GO WRONG.

ISABEL:

EVEN IN A SONG
WE MUST STAY ON THE BEAT.

ISABEL:

BE FLIGHTY, YET FLEET.

BOTH:

BECOME LIKE THE ELITE.

MIGUEL:

NOW REPEAT:

BOTH:

BE DISCREET!

ISABEL: *¡Mira!*

MIGUEL: Look!

(JAMES ADDISON REAVIS enters, starts to walk down the street. He carries a small travel bag in one hand and a thick leather volume in the other. MIGUEL and ISABEL intercept him.)

REAVIS: What do you want?

MIGUEL: *Buenos días, Señor* I'm Miguel. And this is Isabel. Let us be your guides

ISABEL: *Bienvenido.* Welcome. What brings you to our beautiful Guadalajara?

REAVIS: I'm here to investigate the territory for my readers.

MIGUEL: Readers? You are a writer?

REAVIS: I'm James Addison Reavis, correspondent for the San Francisco Examiner.

MIGUEL and ISABEL: AH-h-h

ISABEL: *A sus órdenes.*

MIGUEL: At your service

MIGUEL and ISABEL: *Vámonos*

MIGUEL: You must need a small hotel.

ISABEL: *(eyeing his book)* A quiet place to read.

MIGUEL: Meals included

REAVIS: How did you know?

ISABEL: That's our job.

MIGUEL: When times are hard, one makes a living the best one can,

REAVIS: Yes, precisely.

(They understand each other.)

MIGUEL, ISABEL and REAVIS: Let's go. *Vámonos.*

(MIGUEL takes his small travel bag THEY escort him around the stage as MIGUEL puts up a sign that says "Villa Hermosa (or image of a shabby hotel.)

MIGUEL: ¡Mira!

REAVIS: Well, It's hardly a villa, but all that will come.

MUSICAL #3 — ALL IN GOOD TIME

EVERY LITTLE HOPE,
EVERY LITTLE DREAM,
EACH OF THEM IS NEVER WHAT THEY SEEM.
RED CAN TURN TO BLUE.
RAIN CAN TURN TO SUN.
TWO CAN JOIN AS ONE —
IT'S A SIMPLE SORT OF SCHEME.

EVERYTHING CHANGES,
OR REARRANGES,
ALL IN GOOD TIME.

MOUNTAINS ARE SMALLER,
OAK TREES ARE TALLER,
ALL IN GOOD TIME!
WHEN LIFE LAUGHS AND LEAVES YOU ON YOUR OWN.
YOU MAKE UP WHAT YOU NEED TO TIL IT'S WRITTEN IN STONE.

STREAMS BECOME RIVERS,
“CLEVER” DELIVERS,
ALL IN GOOD TIME.

WAITING IS CRUCIAL,
LEARN THAT AND YOU SHALL
CONQUER THE CLIMB —
ALL IN GOOD TIME.

(ISABEL keeps looking at the book and tries to see the title.)

ISABEL: Señor, needs a translator?

(reaching for it)

REAVIS: Leave that alone!

ISABEL: *¿Es muy importante?* It's very important, *señor?*

(REAVIS doesn't respond and MIGUEL reveals a dark, dingy room.)

MIGUEL: Here's the room. Very quiet. No one will disturb you.

(ISABEL lights the candle on the desk. MIGUEL brings the bag inside.)

REAVIS: That's exactly what I need. Thank you.

MIGUEL: *Señor*, now you are in Mexico, you must say, ' *gracias.*'

REAVIS: *Gracias*

MIGUEL: *Bueno, Bueno, señor.*

(holds out hand expectantly.)

REAVIS: *(dips in pocket and takes out some coins)* *Gracias.*

MIGUEL: Ah, *señor*, you learn quickly.

REAVIS: Yes, I always have. Very quickly.

(ISABEL and MIGUEL exit. Quickly REAVIS locks the door, sits down at the desk and pores over the contents of the book. When MIGUEL and ISABEL hear the key tun in the lock, they look at each other and with the same thought in mind, they tiptoe away and return a once with a chair (or a step ladder) to stand on. MIGUEL pulls out a spyglass and peers down through the transom and watch what Reavis is doing. REAVIS searches and finds the page he wants.)

ISABEL: What's he doing?

MIGUEL: Reading.

ISABEL: I know that. But what does it say?

MIGUEL: *(Reading)* to the city of Guadalajara, 1742. Isabel, it's signed by Phillip V of Spain.

ISABEL: *(pushing him off)* Let me see.

(THEY keep alternating places as they spy. REAVIS goes to his travel bag unlocks it, removes blank paper, ink, and pen. Laboriously, he tries to copy the 18th century script using different pens, constantly comparing his work to the original

MUSICAL #4 PEN, PAPER AND INK

REAVIS:

A CAPITAL 'E',

A CAPITAL 'A',

A CAPITAL 'B'

A CAPITAL 'J'.

A CURL HERE.

A FLOURISH THERE.

A WHORL HERE.

THAT'S TOO MOORISH, THERE.

MORE CASTILLIAN?

LESS MAXIMILLIAN?

(A look at the writing)

IS THIS THE WAY THE KING WROTE?

PHILLIP THE FIFTH?

(REAVIS studies his handiwork)

NO, NOT QUITE.

NOT YET, NOT RIGHT.

(REAVIS ruminates)

WITH A PEN, PAPER AND INK

IT IS NOT HARD AS YOU THINK

YOU CAN CHANGE THE WORLD.

YOU CAN CHANGE THE WORLD.

WHAT'S A LITTLE SUENO OR CEDILLA?

IT'S IN THE EXECUTION, THE IDEA.

WITH A PEN, PAPER AND INK

AND A LITTLE FLAME

(Crumples paper, then picks it up and burns it in the candle.)

AND FAME,

I WILL CHANGE THE WORLD.

MY WORLD!

(REAVIS starts practicing again.)

MIGUEL: He's getting better

ISABEL: Let me see, too.

(watches)

Muy Bueno.

MIGUEL: Sh-h. He'll hear.

(takes his turn on chair)

Isabel, he's good. ¡Es el mismo! It's the same.

(REAVIS goes to bag and removes a bottle of acid, soft rags and thin paintbrushes.)

MIGUEL: He's erasing the name.

(As ISABEL takes her turn.)

ISABEL: But not the date. It's still 1742. It's still to the city of Guadalajara.

REAVIS: *Gracias*, your majesty.

MUSICAL #5 - EL BARON DE ARIZONA

MIGUEL:

WITH A TALENT LIKE THAT...

ISABEL:

...WE COULD BE RICH!

MIGUEL:

IT'S A GIFT!

ISABEL:

IT'S A KNACK!

MIGUEL:

IT'S IN THE SACK!

ISABEL:

"BAG," YOU MEAN!

MIGUEL:

AH, SI!

WITH A TALENT LIKE THAT...

ISABEL:

...WE'LL SCRATCH AN ITCH!

MIGUEL:

AND SO SWIFT!

ISABEL:

I'LL BE BACK!

MIGUEL:

SO, DON'T UNPACK

ISABEL:

UN-'BAG', YOU MEAN?

MIGUEL:

AH, ME!

ISABEL: What's he doing now.

MIGUEL: Isabel, it's a land grant; a Spanish land grant.

REAVIS:

WITH A FEW MORE STROKES, AND A CAREFUL LINE,
THE PERALTA GRANT IS NEARLY MINE!

ISABEL:

MIGUEL, WHERE IS IT?

MIGUEL:

AH! EXQUISITE!

(pronounces it as though he's never heard of it before.)

EL BARON

DE ARIZON-A.

(REAVIS looks around as if he heard something.)

MIGUEL: Sh-h. Quick.

(THEY tiptoe away.)

REAVIS: And now Baron, of course, you must have an heir. Someone to inherit all this land. Yes, you definitely need an heir.

(A brilliant idea.)

Or why not? Why not? An heiress. I'll make an heiress.

MUSICAL #6 — I'LL KNOW HER

REAVIS:

IF SHE'S POORER THAN A MOUSE,
I'LL KNOW HER!
AN OLD, RAMSHACKLE HOUSE,
I'LL KNOW HER!
SHE'LL WEAR AN WORN AND TATTERED DRESS,
HER HAIR WILL BE A MESS!
OH YES,
THAT'S HOW I'LL KNOW HER.

FROM THE DAY SHE SPENT IN SCHOOL,
I'LL KNOW HER!
IF SHE LIVES THE GOLDEN RULE,
I'LL KNOW HER, SOMEHOW!
IT COULDN'T MATTER LESS
IF SHE WILL ACQUIESCE!
ONE GUESS,
THAT'S HOW I'LL KNOW HER!

DREAMING MAY BE HER PASSION!
IF WISHES COME HER WAY,

SHE'LL HAPPILY OBEY.
YES, THAT WILL BE THE DAY
SHE'LL BE MY PROTEGE!
IT'S MY FASHION!

THERE'S ONLY ONE AND I
WILL KNOW HER!
HER PAST I MUST SUPPLY;
I'LL SHOW HER THE WAY.
THERE'S MONEY TO BE MADE.
THIS IS MY STOCK AND TRADE;
I'LL PERSUADE THIS MAID!
I'LL KNOW HER!

MIGUEL and ISABEL: ¡*Vámonos!*

(THEY turn hotel room around and a sign now reads Woodland, California, 1882.)

(SOUND: cows mooing, and in the background we hear a hired band with fiddler warming up. SOFÍA wearily enters, sits on stool and begins to peel potatoes. FELIPE enters, hesitates.)

FELIPE: Evening, Sofía You still working?

SOFÍA: Evening, Felipe. Want to help?

FELIPE: My day's done. Just birthed a heifer. Come say hello to her.

SOFÍA: I've got to finish these potatoes or cook will be screaming at me. You ever get tired of tending cows?

FELIPE: Never. And I've named them all.

SOFÍA: I know. But I can't name a potato.

FELIPE: And they don't talk back.

(SFX: a loud moo.)

SOFÍA: Sure they do. Listen.

FELIPE: What's that cake you like so much?

SOFÍA: *Pan tres leches*. And cook only makes it for parties. Not for me.

FELIPE: She couldn't make it without fresh cow's milk.

(shy)

Sofía, someday I'll have my own ranch. Then you can make *pan tres leches* any time you want. A whole cake. Every day.

SOFÍA: *(A light laugh)* Right now I have to finish peeling potatoes for the round-up party. Fifty guests coming.

FELIPE: *(As he exits)* We're having our own round-up party down at the barn. With a fiddler too. So come when you're through.

SOFÍA: Thanks, Felipe.

MUSICAL #7 — *TOO SOON TO GROW OLD*

WORK THAT'S NEVER DONE
SEEMS TO BE MY LOT.
MOST OF IT WITHOUT THE SUN!
THAT'S EVERY HOUR I'VE GOT!
COWS AND POTATOES,
SHEEP AND TOMATOES,
DISHES AND DOORMATS,
POISONS AND POLECATS,
IT ALL GETS LEFT TO ME!

I WORK ALL DAY, FROM DARK TO DARK I'M TOILING.
I TILL THE SOIL, I'M IN THE KITCHEN BOILING.
I PEEL, AND SCRUB, AND WASH AND RUB,
BUT I'M RARELY RELAXING IN THE TUB!

THEY NEVER SEE ME FOR WHO I COULD BE.
THEY NEVER SEE IN ME WHAT I CAN SEE!
I WANT A GENTLEMAN TO DANCE WITH ME,
BUT ROMANCE WITH ME HAS NOT A CHANCE WITH ME!

THE DOORS ARE CLOSED TO EV'RY FANCY DINNER.
NO ONE'S PROPOSED, AT LEAST THERE IS NO WINNER.
PAN TRÉS LÉCHES ON MY PLATE?
A DREAM THAT WILL EVAPORATE!
WHY AM I THE ONE THEY ALL SCOLD?
SEVENTEEN IS TOO SOON TO GROW OLD.

(SOUND: sound of party music.)

(Unable to resist, SOFÍA starts to waltz by herself.)

REAVIS has entered. Entranced, he cuts in. Neither misses a step.

SOFÍA: *(Breathlessly.)* Oh! I should be working.

REAVIS: *(Enchanted by her grace and natural beauty.)* No, you should be dancing with me.

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SOFÍA: The cook will be furious. But if I wait until all the work's done, the band will be gone. They only come at round-up time.

REAVIS: Besides, don't you know whenever there's a new moon, it's good luck to dance with a stranger.

SOFÍA: *(Delighted by him)* You made that up!

REAVIS: You're right.

SOFÍA: You don't sound like any cowboy I've ever met. Are you one of the guests?

REAVIS: *(with a slight bow.)* I'm James Addison Reavis, correspondent for the San Francisco Examiner.

SOFÍA: I'm Sofía. What are you doing here?

REAVIS: Investigating the territory for my readers. Looking for good stories.

SOFÍA: Did you find any?

REAVIS: I always do. Sometimes in the most unexpected place

(Looking at her.)

I find something....extraordinary.

SOFÍA: Like right here?

REAVIS: Like right here.

SOFÍA: Tell it to me.

REAVIS: It's a true story.

SOFÍA: *(disappointed)* At this ranch the only true stories I hear are all about cows.

REAVIS: *(enjoying her)* You don't like hearing about cows?

SOFÍA: Not all the time.

REAVIS: If I tell you, if I promise you, that there isn't a single cow in the whole story, will you listen?

SOFÍA: Um-hmm.

REAVIS: First, you have to imagine a stone castle in Spain, and a brave nobleman who fought of the king's enemies.

SOFÍA: *(flirting)* Was he as handsome as you?

REAVIS: *(pleased.)* I haven't seen his portrait...yet.

SOFÍA: What was his name?

REAVIS: Don Miguel Nemecio Silva de Peralta de la Córdoba.

SOFÍA: *(repeating the name.)* Don Miguel Nemecio Silva de Peralta de la Córdoba.

REAVIS: Second, you have to remember that in the eighteenth century, whenever a king wanted to reward a loyal subject, he gave him land.

SOFÍA: Is this true?

REAVIS: Sofia, The truth can be more fantastic than any fairy tale.

SOFÍA: Around here, it's not even interesting.

REAVIS: Then why don't you leave?

SOFÍA: I can't. I work here. I don't have any other place to go. Finish the story. They'll be screaming for the potatoes in a minute. What happened to Don Miguel?

REAVIS: King Phillip the Fifth made him Knight of the Golden Fleece and the first Baron of Arizona.

SOFÍA: Arizona. You mean the territory?

REAVIS: Yes.

SOFÍA: Did he give him a ranch there?

REAVIS: Better. The king bestowed upon him ... a piece of paper.

SOFÍA: A piece of paper?

REAVIS: Called a cédula.

SOFÍA: What's that?

REAVIS: A royal decree. Sofia, that one small piece of paper represents half the territory. The Peralta Grant is worth a fortune.

SOFÍA: Why are you telling me all this?

REAVIS: Because it has to do with you.

SOFÍA: Me?

REAVIS: Sofia, A great deal.

(Leans in close.)

I'm going to tell you something that no one else knows....yet.

SOFÍA: Go on!

REAVIS: Sofia, exactly how old are you.

SOFÍA: Seventeen.

REAVIS: About seventeen years ago a Peralta baby was born in California and then mysteriously disappeared.

SOFÍA: What happened to it?

REAVIS: The grant had been handed down by the first baron to the second, when a tragedy occurred.

SOFÍA: What?

REAVIS: The Baron's daughter died in childbirth. The baby never saw her mother's face.

SOFÍA: I never did either.

REAVIS: *(Touches her hair lightly.)* I know. Unfortunately, the baron had urgent business back in Spain, and so he temporarily left the baby with an American friend.

SOFÍA: Did he come back?

REAVIS: Before he could, he died in Spain.

SOFÍA: But what happened to the baby?

REAVIS: That's the mystery. You see, all they knew was her name., Doña Sofia Loreta Micalca Maso y Silva de Peralta.

SOFÍA: What a beautiful name. Like music.

REAVIS: It suits her.

SOFÍA: You found her?

REAVIS: Yes.

SOFÍA: Here?

REAVIS: Yes.

SOFÍA: Will she be at the party tonight? Is that why you came?

REAVIS: *(takes her face in his hands.)* Sofía, you don't know who you are, do you?

SOFÍA: Of course I do. I'm Sofía. Simply Sofia.

REAVIS: You're the one I've been searching for.

SOFÍA: You're making fun of me.

REAVIS: Never,

SOFÍA: You're making a mistake.

REAVIS: I don't make mistakes. I'm James Addison Reavis. She would have been seventeen this year.

SOFÍA: Just like me.

REAVIS: And she would have been a Spanish beauty like you.

SOFÍA: Like me?

REAVIS: She was an orphan.

SOFÍA: So am I.

REAVIS: Exactly. When I heard a rumor of a Spanish orphan working at a ranch, I came at once.

SOFÍA: Did you say her name was Sofia?

REAVIS: Yes.

SOFÍA: The same as mine?

REAVIS: The same:

(Looks in her eyes.)

Doña Sofía Loreta Micaela Maso y Silva de Peralta.

SOFÍA: *(looks in his eyes and repeats the name.)* Doña Sofía Loreta Micaela Maso y Silva de Peralta.

REAVIS: Sofia, what kind of work do you do on this ranch?

SOFÍA: Most of the time I'm in the kitchen. Scrubbing pots and pans.

REAVIS: You should have a maid doing that for you.

SOFÍA: But I am the maid. That's what I'm trying to tell you. Every day I peel potatoes. And when there's a party, buckets of them. If I never see another one, I wouldn't mind.

REAVIS: Peel potatoes. Now I know why fate brought me here tonight.

SOFÍA: Fate?

REAVIS: The stars, that sliver of a moon. They led me here to you.

SOFÍA: That doesn't make sense.

REAVIS: It will. Trust me. It will.

(Kisses her hand,)

These hands should be wearing rings.

SOFÍA: What kind of rings.?

REAVIS: Gold, diamond, ruby, pearl. And you will have them too. Sofia, listen to me and the whole world can be yours.

SOFÍA: I'm listening.

REAVIS: *(bows formally)* You are the lineal descendent and sole surviving heir of Don Miguel Nemecio Silva de Peralta de la Córdoba, Baron of Arizona.

SOFÍA: I don't understand.

REAVIS: It means you're an heiress. It means silken shawls, Spanish pearls and servants of your own. Sofia, you must let me help you

SOFÍA: How?

REAVIS: *(carefully looks around him. Removes decree from his coat pockets and reverently shows it to her.)* This is the king's decree. You see, there is the royal seal and signature and there is the name, Peralta.

SOFÍA: *(embarrassed, admits)* I can't read.

REAVIS: Ah-h. Then I'll read it to you.

(Places her finger and gently places it on the word.)

This is your great-grandfather.

SOFÍA: *(struggling.)* Why would you go to all this trouble to help me, if it were true?

REAVIS: *(Shocked)* Why to restore what is rightfully yours.

SOFÍA: I don't understand.

REAVIS: You are Doña Sofia. You always have been. You always will be. Any fool can see that.

SOFÍA: No. I'm a servant girl on the ranch. Nothing more.

REAVIS: Sofia, you are so much more. You are descended from a fine noble family who would weep to see you working so hard. You must carry out the honor of your family. Sofia, if you leave here the music will never stop. It'll play each night until the stars fade from the sky. But if you stay here, you'll scrub pots and pans till your feet are flat and your hand are red and swollen.

(SOFÍA crosses away from him. He crosses to her.)

What is it?

SOFÍA: I'm afraid in the morning this will all be a dream. You'll be gone.

REAVIS: Yes, I'll be gone. So I can help you claim all that is yours. You were a baroness from the moment you were born.

(Half means it.)

Anyone who can't see that doesn't deserve to be in the same room with you.

SOFÍA: Mr. Reavis, if what you say is true....

REAVIS: Not if, Doña Sofía. Never use the word “if.” It is true. And together we can prove it.

SOFÍA: What will you need.

REAVIS: Papers proving your identity. Sofía, I can’t let you stay here now that I’ve found you. You must permit me to assist you.

SOFÍA: If I do, will you come back to the ranch? Soon?

REAVIS: On the fastest horses I can find.

SOFÍA: But what if you can’t find what you need.

REAVIS: But I can. I will. It’s a true story, remember.

SOFÍA: *(Smiling.)* With no cows.

REAVIS: *(smiles back.)* No cows.

(Kisses her hand as though in court.)

Adios, Doña Sofía

MUSICAL #8 — THE NEW ME

SOFÍA:

I NEVER HEARD OF HER BEFORE.

A WHOLE NEW WORLD WITH SOMETHING MORE!

NO POTATOES TO PEEL.

NO MORE VEG’TABLES TO WHEEL AROUND.

I’VE A FUTURE THAT’S FOUND ME,

WON’T CEASE TO ASTOUND ME!

THIS NEW ME WILL HOUND ME

UNTIL I GROW IN

TO THIS CURIOUS NEW SKIN!

WILL IT DO ME?

THE NEW ME?

A TERRIBLE THOUGHT:

WAS HE MAKING FUN?

BUT LOOK WHAT HE’S BROUGHT:

A NEW LIFE BEGUN!

VOICE: *(off-stage)* Sofía. Hurry up.

SOFÍA:

THIS NEW ME,
WILL IT UNDO ME?
OR WILL I LIVE THE LIFE OTHERS ONLY CAN DREAM?
THIS NEW ME,
WHAT'S COMING TO ME?
THESE POSSESSIONS AND PLACE, ARE THEY ALL THAT THEY SEEM?
THIS DREAM!
THE NEW ME!

(Holds out hand he has just kissed.)

Doña Sofia Loreta Micaela Maso y Silva de Peralta

VOICE: *(offstage)* Sofia, I need those potatoes **now**.

(LIGHTING: fades on ranch and come up on the Office of the Surveyor General for Arizona. Matt REYNOLDS and Royal JOHNSON are in discussion.)

REYNOLDS: Mr. Johnson, in your experience as Surveyor General have many Spanish land grants been brought to your office for approval?

JOHNSON: Yes, but frankly many of them aren't worth the paper they're written on.

REYNOLDS: Why is that?

MUSICAL #9 — MUCH MORE

JOHNSON:

LOOSELY DRAWN.
CARELESSLY EXECUTED.
BOUNDARIES ARE HOPELESSLY INEXACT!

REYNOLDS:

THAT A FACT?
AND THE PERALTA GRANT?

JOHNSON:

HE SEEMED CONFIDANT,
EVEN ARROGANT!
BUT I HAVE TO TELL
IT WAS EXECUTED WELL.

(displays papers bound together like a pamphlet with a cloth cover.)

They were original title papers to the Barony. The royal decree...a description of the land...

REYNOLDS: Is that the document?

(Takes document.)

JOHNSON:

YES. BUT THE COVER IS TORN.

BE CAREFUL.

THE PAGES ARE WORN.

BE CAREFUL.

REYNOLDS:

IS IT CUSTOMARY TO HONOR THESE?

IS THERE SOME OFFICIAL WE MUST APPEASE?

JOHNSON: It's the law. The Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo — 1848. The Gadsen Purchase — 1853.

THAT WHY I HAVE A JOB,

TO HINDER THOSE WHO WISH TO ROB.

I INVESTIGATE AUTHENTICITY

TO THE BEST OF MY ABILITY

REYNOLDS: *(returns document.)*

AND THE TYPICAL SIZE

OF SUCH A PRIZE?

JOHNSON: ABOUT SEVENTEEN THOUSAND ACRES.

MORE OR LESS.

REYNOLDS:

AND THIS REAVIS MESS?

JOHNSON:

MUCH MORE!

(MIGUEL crosses stage with a sign that reads "Mass Indignation Meeting, May 24, 1884. Tom WEEDIN, is leading the meeting.)

MUSICAL #10 — THE LAND IS OURS

WEEDIN: Ladies and gentlemen, I thought it was a joke when he showed those reporters in California forty feet of Spanish documents, and they called him the Baron of Arizona. But I'm here to tell you today, it's no joke. He wants to take the land away from under your feet, and if we don't stop him, he'll swallow you up alive.

SETTLERS:

FIVE YEARS!

WE'VE WORKED THE LAND FOR FIVE YEARS!

OUR BLOOD, OUR BREATH, OUR SWEAT, OUR TEARS!

THE LAND IS OURS!

JOHNSON: Now, some of you may have heard that this Baron, this great mogul of the Territory, this lord of the limber tongue, says he's willing to sell you quit claim deeds. Quit claim deeds! So you can have the privilege of staying on your own land. Trying to get you to pay for what's already yours. Well, out in Arizona we have a word for that. Extortion!

SETTLER 1: I've heard all I want to know about that scoundrel.

SETTLER 2: I ain't got time to be wastin'.

SETTLER 3: Let's just string him up from the nearest cottonwood.

SETTLER 4: Gotta catch him first!

ELLIE: (*shouts out*) We brought everything we owned out to the territory by wagon train.

FIVE YEARS!

THE GOVERNMENT SWORE FIVE YEARS!

OUR DEEDS, OUR LAND, OUR HOMES, OUR LIVES!

THE LAND IS OURS!

PHOENIX, MESA, TEMPE, FLORENCE,

MARICOPA, CASA GRANDE, CLIFFORD, GLOBE!

THE SALT RIVER VALLEY AND THE SILVER KING MINE!

THE BEST OF THE LAND OF GOD'S DESIGN!

SETTLER 5:

WE DON'T WANT NO QUIT-CLAIM DEEDS!

SETTLER 6:

DOES HE THINK WE'RE GONNA PAY TWICE?!

SETTLER 7:

WHAT IF WE DON'T PAY?

WEEDIN: Then he'll evict you!

SETTLER 8:

WHAT IF WE ALL STAY?

WEEDIN: Then he'll convict you!

SETTLERS:

HECK, YOU SAY, THAT CAN'T BE RIGHT!

ELLIE:

WE'RE NOT MOVIN' WITHOUT A FIGHT!

WEEDIN: The Arizona Weekly Enterprise is going to fight him to the finish because it represents all the farmers, ranchers, and miners living in the Territory.

SETTLERS:

THE LAND IS OURS!
THE BEST THERE IS!
NO STATE OR
COUNTY COULD BE GREATER.
THE LAND IS OURS.
BOUGHT WITH CASH AND SWEAT.
TRUSTED GOVERNMENT!
BLASTED GOVERNMENT!
WE GAMBLERD AND WE LOST THE BET!

ELLIE:

THERE'S A DOCUMENT THAT'S SIGNED BY A KING LONG DEAD.

WEEDIN:

THERE'S A TALL THIN CLOUD THAT'S HANGIN' OVERHEAD.

JOHNSON:

KINDA STILLS YOUR HEART AND FILLS YOUR SOUL WITH DREAD!

WEEDIN and JOHNSON:

THAT'S THE BARON OF ARIZONA!

JOHNSON: You can't act rashly in such matters. Any land owner can do what he likes on his own property.

We must prove this case conclusively. I need to examine every document.

SETTLER: Well, how long is all that gonna take, Mr. Surveyor General?

JOHNSON: It could take years.

SETTLER: Years! Whose side are you on? His or ours?

ELLIE:

FIVE YEARS!
LIVED IN OUR HOMES FOR FIVE YEARS!
WE CARVED THE LAND FOR FIVE YEARS!
MADE WATER FLOW FOR FIVE YEARS!
WE PLANTED CROPS FOR FIVE YEARS!

JOHNSON: It's only fair to warn you that if the claim is valid, Congress will confirm it. That's plain American justice.

SETTLERS:

FIVE YEARS!
THE GOVERNMENT SAID FIVE YEARS!

FOREVER OURS FOR FIVE YEARS!
NO ONE CAN CLAIM OUR FIVE YEARS!
WE’LL LIVE OR DIE FOR FIVE YEARS!

ELLIE: That’s Arizona justice!

SETTLERS:

FIVE YEARS!

(Lighting: fades on indignation scene.)

(MIGUEL, ISABEL ENTER.)

MIGUEL: Every town in the territory had meetings.

ISABEL: But every deed, every decree,

MIGUEL: Every cédula, every codocil

ISABEL and MIGUEL: Looked real.

MIGUEL: He told the world he wanted to right a wrong

ISABEL: To let his ward fulfill her destiny, to be...

ISABEL and MIGUEL: Doña Sofía Loreta Micaela Maso y Silva de Peralta.

*(MIGUEL crosses stage with sign, “MME. De GUY, Couturier, New York City, 1885.”
REAVIS leads SOFIA there.)*

SOFÍA: But James, why is it taking so long? Three years.

REAVIS: They are just being careful, Sofía...

SONG #11 — ALL FOR YOU

...After all, they have to examine hundreds of documents.

NEVER FEAR, DEAR.

I AM HERE, DEAR.

DREAMS FOR YOU WILL SOON COME TRUE

BECAUSE I DO IT ALL FOR YOU.

A BRAND NEW DRESS,

OR TWO OR THREE,

WILL TOAST OUR SUCCESS,

MY DEAR BARONESS.

IT’S NO GOOD UNLESS IT’S ALL FOR YOU!

THERE’S SOMETHING TO SEE IN THIS.

IT’S ALL FOR YOU.

THERE'S NOTHING FOR ME IN THIS.

IT'S ALL FOR YOU.

(MUSIC CONTINUES as they enter the shop and SOFIA's eyes grow huge at the finery displayed there. MME. DeGUY comes over to REAVIS as squeals of delight issue from SOFIA.)

REAVIS: Ah, Madame De Guy, my ward needs a few pieces of your best. Everyday wear, morning wear, and a gown.

(THE FASHION SHOW — MUSIC whirls as MME. DEGUY claps her hands and her ASSISTANTS fly into action, displaying dresses. REAVIS manages to get SOFIA to sit with him as the choices are presented. She loves them all, but is especially excited about a flowered silk dress as it whirls by. REAVIS motions to have the silk brought to her, and motions her to go and try it on. SOFIA runs off with the ASSISTANTS in tow.)

MME. De GUY: She is *très charmante*. A real lady. You can always tell. The quality of a real lady shines through, *n'est-ce-pas?*

(REAVIS only smiles.)

But of course, she is still young, and many adventures await.

J'AIME LES JEUNES

THEY ARE SO FREE,

FREE TO THINK,

FREE TO DO,

FREE TO LOVE.

SUCH A DEBUT!

SO FULL OF WHAT?

JOIE DE VIVRE?

But without our years of experience.

(REAVIS laughs.)

Ah, what things await this young lady!

(SOFIA floats in, radiant. Looks at gown in mirror)

Ah, *Mademoiselle*. You are the first woman to do this gown justice.

(To Reavis)

Most women, they cannot wear such a gown. But on *Mademoiselle*, *c'est magnifique*.

REAVIS: *(smiling)* I'll take that flowered silk...

(A squeal of delight issues from SOFIA as REAVIS motions her to go and get changed.)

...and the grey walking suit, and the mauve morning dress, and add a white fur muff as a surprise.

MME. De GUY: *Quelle surprise!*

REAVIS: Would you wrap it separately?

MME De GUY: *Mais oui!*

REAVIS: They are to be sent round to the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

MME. De GUY: Would you like the muff gift wrapped, *Monsieur*?

REAVIS: Yes. As a birthday present.

MME. De GUY: Ah, we shall attach a rose then.

REAVIS: Oh, very nice.

MME. De GUY: The pleasure is mine, Monsieur. A perfect choice for Mademoiselle.

(A bell rings and MME DeGUY moves off as SOFIA enters in the grey walking suit.)

REAVIS:

A BRAND NEW DRESS,

OR TWO OR THREE,

WILL TOAST OUR SUCCESS,

MY DEAR BARONESS.

IT'S NO GOOD UNLESS IT'S ALL FOR YOU!

SOFÍA: *(admiring the silk dress that she holds in her hands)* Oh, James, I've dreamed of a dress like this. I feel like a princess. Look at the work on it. It's all handmade lace. What do you think?

REAVIS: I think every man in New York City will fall in love with you instantly.

SOFÍA: Oh, be serious! Anyway, I'm not interested in every man in New York City.

(Carefully)

Just one.

REAVIS: *(indignant)* Just one? Who!

SOFÍA: I'm nearly twenty.

REAVIS: Not till Friday, you're not. I'm still your guardian. Who is he?

SOFÍA: You know I never had a birthday before I met you. I never knew what day I was born. Not until you found my name at the San Bernardino Mission. But for the last two years, James, you've given me enough presents to make up for every birthday I ever missed!

REAVIS: Stop changing the subject. Who is he? Do I know him?

SOFÍA: *(playing a game)* Um-hmm.

REAVIS: Well, why haven't you ever told me about him?

SOFÍA: I was afraid to.

REAVIS: Afraid?

SOFÍA: That you'd stop me from seeing him so much.

REAVIS: Well, you're absolutely right. Where have you been seeing him?

SOFÍA: At the theatre. And at the concerts. And sometimes in the park.

REAVIS: Well, you can't go on meeting him like this. It has to stop at once. Sofia, I've had the top lawyers in New York examining your papers. They all think you're entitled to your property. So, I will not allow you to ruin your life just because you think you're in love with some fool. When this claim is settled and

the Peralta Grant is yours, you'll be one of the wealthiest women in America., Everyone knows that. Even the shopkeeper here. And my dear Sofia, you're still a child about these things. There are, to put it bluntly, men who'd take advantage of that.

SOFÍA: He wouldn't! I know he wouldn't.

REAVIS: He may be a greedy fortune hunter for all you know.

SOFÍA: He isn't! He gives me beautiful gifts.

REAVIS: Gifts! Sofia! You must return them at once. Why haven't you come and talked to me about all this?

SOFÍA: Well, lately you've been so busy. Reading, writing, I don't know what you do when you're alone in your study. You keep the door locked. But you told me I must never bother you when you're working.

REAVIS: Well, that's right. You must never go into my study, and you must never bother me when I'm working. But we can't have secrets between us, can we? Now, look me in the eye and tell me the truth. Has he ever said he loved you?

SOFÍA: No-o-o.

REAVIS: Are you in love with him?

(SOFÍA hesitates, then turns away without answering)

SOFÍA!

(She turns around to face him)

How could you have been seeing someone without asking my permission? How could you have let it go this far without my even knowing? When? Where? I've taken you to every ball, every concert, every play, every dinner party you've ever been to in your life.

SOFÍA: I know.

REAVIS: *(indignant)* And he's always there? Wherever we are? He gets himself invited!

SOFÍA: *(bursting with happy excitement)* Yes!

REAVIS: Well, where is he now? I'll talk to him straightaway. This is sheer nonsense. I won't let you run off with some idiot. What do you know about love?

SOFÍA: I know it's unpredictable! That it doesn't come when you want it to or go away just because you tell it to.

REAVIS: *(surprised)* That's a great deal, Sofia. Well, you better tell me what he looks like and where I can find him. The truth now.

SOFÍA: *(the game has gone too far.)* Do you really want to know?

REAVIS: I certainly do!

SOFÍA: *(coldly)* Then turn round slowly, James, and look straight ahead!

(Starts to run out. Stops, turns)

And you're right. He's a perfect idiot!

(REAVIS turns around and sees himself in the mirror. Runs after SOFÍA, catches her, and takes her in his arms)

REAVIS: (*embraces her. Wipes tears from her cheek. Takes out ring box.*) You know, I've been carrying this around for a week.

SOFÍA: (*through tears*) What is it?

REAVIS: A ring. An engagement ring.

SOFÍA: An engagement ring. For who?

REAVIS: Oh, my dear Sofia, for you! Who else but you? You're all the stars in my sky, don't you know that? The simple truth is I was afraid to ask.

SOFÍA: Afraid? Why?

REAVIS: Afraid you'd say no.

SOFÍA: Why would I say no? How could I say no? You gave me my birthday. You gave me my name. You gave me my world. The simple truth is, James, you are my world.

REAVIS: Oh, my dearest Sofia, how could they have kept you in the kitchen peeling potatoes!!

(Puts ring on her finger. Excitedly)

Sofia, the Southwest is a desert that's going to bloom. You and I are going to make it happen.

SOFÍA: How, James?

REAVIS: (*Envisions*) Roads, canals, dams. A transcontinental railroad going through. Telephones, telegraphs. There's no end to the possibilities. No end to what I can do out there. Sofia, you'll never see another potato except when it's served to you on a silver plate.

SOFÍA: Oh, James.

REAVIS: Every man in the world will tip his hat to us. You'll see.

SOFÍA: (*Laughs happily*) James, you're a dreamer!

REAVIS: And so are you, my darling. So are you. But if you're going to dream, Sofia, dream big. DREAM BIG!!!

MUSICAL #12 — ABOVE THE CLOUDS!

ABOVE THE CROWDS!

THAT'S WHERE YOU ARE!

ABOVE THE CLOUDS!

THAT'S WHERE YOUR STAR IS!

BEYOND OUR REACH?

IF SO, THAT'S WHERE WE SHOULD GO!

WHERE THE THOUGHTS ARE HIGHER.

WHERE THE DREAMS ASPIRE TO BE OURS.

WHERE HE VOICES OF HEAVEN SPEAK

TO HELP US NOT BE WEAK;
TO FIND OUR RIGHTFUL POWERS!

ABOVE THE SKY!
WHERE WE BELONG!
DON'T ASK ME WHY.
I'VE KNOWN IT ALL ALONG!

TO BE,
TO LIVE,
TO BREATHE,
TO DREAM
ABOVE THE CLOUDS!

(MIGUEL and ISABEL speak to the audience.)

MIGUEL: But the road to fame and fortune isn't smooth.

ISABEL: True. *Es verdad.*

MUSICAL #12a — SCENE CHANGE

(Lighting comes up on WEEDIN and REAVIS on a street.)

WEEDIN: How much money did you collect in quit claim deeds?

REAVIS: I really couldn't say. My lawyers handled all that.

WEEDIN: But you do admit you sold quit claim deeds?

REAVIS: I offered people the opportunity to settle at a fair consideration.

(SFX: CHICKENS as REAVIS crosses. LIGHTS fade out on courtroom and come up simultaneously on the Bigelow farm. MIGUEL puts a sign in the ground, "Bigelow Farm.")

ELLIE: *(with a broom)* Get off my land!

REAVIS: The price is fair enough—one thousand dollars.

ELLIE: NO!

REAVIS: Payable in three installments.

(Looks around)

Nice farm you've got here. You ought to protect it.

ELLIE: I don't need to protect it—except from the likes of you! I'll move when I have to—not before.

REAVIS: Now, Miss Bigelow, no one said a word about your moving.

ELLIE: Don't you "Miss Bigelow" me! My grandfather and I built this farm.

REAVIS: I bet he's proud of it.

ELLIE: You bet he is.

REAVIS: An old man builds something as fine as this, why he wants to live out his days admiring all he's done.

ELLIE: That's just what he aims to do.

REAVIS: I was fond of my grandfather too. May he rest in peace. Seeing your farm here makes me wish he were still alive.

ELLIE: *(Softening)* It does?

REAVIS: Wish I could give him a farm like this...But it's too late now. Miss Bigelow, I'd like to meet your grandfather. Shake his hand.

ELLIE: Well, he's ailing now. He hardly recognizes me. But he still likes to look out at his garden.

REAVIS: Is that the garden?

ELLIE: Yes. I planted it this year. Just the way he always did, so's to comfort him. But the yellow roses didn't come up right. A couple of 'em died.

REAVIS: Roses, hm-m. You're a remarkable woman, Miss Bigelow, I want to make you an offer.

ELLIE: An offer?

REAVIS: Out of respect for my grandfather. I never had a chance to do anything for him.

ELLIE: The one that passed on?

REAVIS: What? Oh yes. Yes, that one. Now the Jones family, ten miles down the road, paid me one thousand dollars for their quit claim deed.

ELLIE: They did?

REAVIS: Ask them if you don't believe me! And that's a lot cheaper than it will be later. But your situation is unusual. Let's say three hundred and I'll sign a paper today saying that you can live on the Peralta Grant forever with no further charge.

ELLIE: Well, I dunno.

REAVIS: You won't regret this, Miss Bigelow. The land's worth a lot more than that. But your grandfather can live out his days in peace.

ELLIE: I can only give you fifty dollars now. That's all I got.

REAVIS: That's fine, Miss Bigelow.

(ELLIE goes to get money. From briefcase he takes out traveling desk with nib, ink bottle and deed, and signs with a flourish. She reads and gives him the money.)

ELLIE: *(As she signs)* Mr. Reavis, I don't want Grandpa ever to know there was a speck of trouble. It could kill him.

REAVIS: He'll never hear it from me.

(Starts to exit, turns)

Oh, and Miss Bigelow, I'm sending you a yellow rose bush for that garden of yours. Prettiest garden in the whole Peralta Grant!

MUSICAL #12b — SCENE CHANGE

(Lights come up on the courtyard of Hotel Sevilla, 1886. MIGUEL hangs the sign written in Española script. They carry and place a wrought iron bench.)

ISABEL: Soon James took Sofia, to meet her family, the Peraltas. They were respected throughout Spain.

MIGUEL: *Si, una familia distinguida.* But...a LARGE family. A family that did not know the names of all its cousins.

ISABEL: And Dona Sofia had so many cédulas to prove that she was a Peralta.

MIGUEL: They welcomes her like a lost daughter.

ISABEL: The Baron and Baroness stayed right here. The Hotel Sevilla.

MIGUEL: *El mejor.*

ISABEL: The best. Out there was the street. Hot, noisy, dirty. But in here, behind the high stucco wall, they had their own courtyard.

(Gestures.)

You see.

MIGUEL: *Muy caro.*

ISABEL: Very expensive. Every day, every night, there were fiestas, bullfights, balls.

MIGUEL: And the music never stopped – till the stars faded from the sky. Just as he promised her.

MUSICAL #12c — SCENE CHANGE

(MIGUEL exits. Isabel strums guitar under REAVIS' entrance, then exits. REAVIS enters followed by MIGUEL, who carries two loosely wrapped paintings. REAVIS indicates that MIGUEL should wait outside a minute.)

REAVIS: SOFÍA! SOFÍA!

(SOFÍA enters.)

SOFÍA: Oh, James, I was just trying to arrange my hair for the ball tonight. But I'm too excited to sit still. The Queen! The Queen of Spain invited us! Queen Maria Christina!

REAVIS: Why not? She wants to see for herself the most beautiful woman in Seville.

SOFÍA: *(Amused affection)* James, it's a masked ball!

REAVIS: Sofia, you'll never guess who I just found.

SOFÍA: Not more Peralta relatives.

REAVIS: Yes!

SOFÍA: Where are they? Oh, James, I don't think I can spend one more afternoon trying to speak Castillian Spanish.

REAVIS: *(Beckons MIGUEL to come in)* You won't have to speak to them at all.

(Kisses her cheek)

They've been dead for years!

SOFÍA: What!

(MIGUEL enters, bows to SOFÍA)

MIGUEL: *Buenos días, Señora.*

(SOFÍA nods to him. Unwraps two identically framed portraits of an eighteenth century nobleman and his wife)

REAVIS: *Muchas gracias, Miguel.*

(Indicates he should wait outside. SOFÍA looks at paintings, startled by the resemblance in the woman's face.)

SOFÍA: James, who are they?

REAVIS: Look in the mirror at your eyes.

(She does.)

Now look at the eyes in the portrait.

SOFÍA: Oh-h-h!

REAVIS: I knew it from the moment I saw it. Then the owner of the shop asked if I knew the famous Don Miguel de Peralta. And when I checked the name was written on the back.

(Turns painting over)

See?

SOFÍA: *(Softly)* James, you know I can't read that.

REAVIS: *(Looks at her)* That's right.

(Presents portraits)

Now my dear, look carefully. These are your great grandparents, Don Miguel and Doña Sofia Ava Maria.

SOFÍA: Oh, James, what a wonderful wedding present. But if you've found these, why do you have to hunt for a lost cédula? Aren't these even better?

REAVIS: To us, yes. But not the Surveyor General! Your real wedding present, Doña Sofia, is still in my satchel. Here.

(Takes out tiny jewelry box and hands it to her. Inside is a cameo brooch, a miniature of the portrait.)

SOFÍA: It's Doña Sofia Ava Maria!

REAVIS: You were named after her.

SOFÍA: I was? How do you know?

REAVIS: I read it in one of the documents I found.

SOFÍA: Oh, I wish I could read that too!

REAVIS: *(Indicates brooch)* Do you like it?

SOFÍA: Oh, James!

REAVIS: I thought the setting suited you.

SOFÍA: Such delicate pearls and tiny diamonds. You have exquisite taste.

REAVIS: *(looking at her)* I know.

SOFÍA: *(fastening it to her gown)* I shall wear it every day to remind me of my family, the Peraltas. My family that you found.

REAVIS: *(apologizes)* My dear, I have to go out again.

SOFÍA: Again? James, couldn't I go with you?

REAVIS: No, I have to read more papers in the Archives. There's nothing you could do there.

SOFÍA: *(cross to paintings)* I wish I could read like you.

REAVIS: *(laughs)* How absurd!

SOFÍA: It's not absurd! All my Peralta relatives read. I saw their books. Every home was filled with them. James, couldn't I learn, too? Couldn't you teach me?

REAVIS: Sofia, whatever for?

SOFÍA: So I could recognize my name on the back of these paintings. So I could read the King's decree. So I could help you.

REAVIS: NO!

SOFÍA: So I'd know more!

REAVIS: Now, Sofia, can't you ask me anything you need to know?

SOFÍA: Ye-es.

REAVIS: And don't I give you everything you want?

SOFÍA: Oh, yes, James, you do. But...

REAVIS: No "buts." It's a foolish idea.

SOFÍA: That's not an answer, James

REAVIS: Sofia, this is utter nonsense. I must leave!

(REAVIS exits. SOFÍA grabs painting, tries to read words written on the back. We can see that the painting is upside down.)

SOFÍA: Peralta?

(She looks at the front of the painting, sees mistake, and turns the painting right side up. Then, frustrated, she throws the picture across the floor.)

MUSICAL #13 — *SOMETHING ISN'T RIGHT (PART 1)*

SOFÍA: Why won't you teach me? WHY? JAMES!

WHAT WAS IN HIS POCKET, I WONDER?
CENTURIES OLD LOCKET? I WONDER!
HE IS LOVING, THEN ALOOF.
CAN'T I HELP HIM FIND THE PROOF?
HOW MUCH MORE DOES HE NEED
FOR US BOTH TO SUCCEED?

(MUSIC fades as LIGHTS come up as MIGUEL and ISABEL put together two pieces of a sign that reads Reavis' study)

MIGUEL: That day

ISABEL: She tried to see the royal decree.

(SOFÍA enters, looks around cautiously, afraid to be seen by anyone, slips in and closes the door quietly.-SOFÍA hunts on the bookcase shelves, the floor, and rifles through papers on his desk.)

SOFÍA: It must be here someplace!

(REAVIS opens door and is startled to see her there.)

REAVIS: Sofia! What are you doing?

SOFÍA: *(Surprised)* I thought you went out.

REAVIS: I forgot something. What are you doing in here?

SOFÍA: The door was unlocked.

REAVIS: You know you are never, under any circumstance, to come into my study. What are you doing in here?

SOFÍA: I wanted to see the King's decree.

(Picks up a paper from his desk. The ink is still wet.)

I wanted to know why you like these old things better than me.

REAVIS: Sofia, put that down. Put it down at once!

SOFÍA: I want to see it, James.

REAVIS: You can't even read!

SOFÍA: I can recognize the King's gold seal! James, you're in here every night—sometimes till the sun rises. Sometimes I think you love Doña Sofía more than you love me.

REAVIS: *(Relieved)* Now that's silly, and you know it. You are Doña Sofía.

(Takes paper from her and puts it back on desk.)

SOFÍA *(Gesturing to room)* I mean all these books, all these papers, all these old maps, and inks and pens. I hate this room!

REAVIS: *(Soothes her)* Sofia! As soon as our case comes to court, we'll take a long vacation. England, France, Italy.

SOFÍA: Oh, could we?

(Extends her arms as though dancing)

And dance all night the way we used to!

REAVIS: The day after the case ends.

SOFÍA: *(Suddenly notices her hands)* James, there's ink all over my hands! Why would there be ink on my hands, James, unless...

(She looks at him horrified.)

REAVIS: *(Panicked)* I told you never to come in here! You are never to come in here again!

SOFÍA: *(Unable to face her discovery)* No, James. I will never come in here again. NEVER!

(She quickly turns to go. REAVIS races around in front of her, and stops her so that she faces him. She won't look up.)

REAVIS: Sofia, do you miss your life on the ranch? Do you miss peeling potatoes?

(SOFÍA shakes her head no.)

Hasn't everything I promised you come true?

(SOFÍA nods yes.)

So, we must trust one another, mustn't we?

SOFÍA: *(Frowning)* But why is there ink on my hands?

REAVIS: My dear, there's no reason to sound so upset.

(Attempts affection.)

SOFÍA: *(lifting her hands, but not her eyes)* Why?

REAVIS: I'm embarrassed to tell you. A clumsy mistake. I spilled my morning coffee. And with such old and delicate paper I was afraid if I tried to wipe it off, it would tear. So, I left it to air dry.

SOFÍA: But you always said no food or drink in the study.

REAVIS: You're right, my dear. You're right. Now, go wash your hands and take a rest, so you can dance and sing the whole night through. Would you like that?

SOFÍA: *(finally lifting her face)* You know I would.

REAVIS: Queen Maria Christina's approval will impress everyone. Everyone.

(Touches her forehead and kisses her cheek)

No more frowns. Let the whole court see you smiling. And tonight, Doña Sofía, will you wear the Peralta cameo?

SOFÍA: I will, James,

(REAVIS ushers her out. MIGUEL and ISABEL cross towards him.)

REAVIS: And now take me to the...

MIGUEL: Los Archivos...

ISABEL: De Indes.

REAVIS: Yes, how did you know?

MIGUEL: To know what you want, Señor, is how we live.

(They walk. MIGUEL and ISABEL turn the courtyard around, and it becomes the interior of an old stone building with an atmosphere of stifling heat and years of accumulated dust. There is a wooden cabinet, table and chair. MIGUEL attaches an ornate sign that reads "Los Archivos de Indias." Near the entrance the ARCHIVES CLERK dozes. When they enter, the ARCHIVES CLERK sits up with a start.)

REAVIS: James Addison Reavis, correspondent for the San Francisco Examiner. I'm researching eighteenth century land grants for my readers.

(MIGUEL and ISABEL gesture towards REAVIS and translate in mime as he speaks.)

ARCHIVES CLERK: *Investigar? El Director de los archivos esta de vacaciones, y yo solo estoy aqui los domingos. Cerramos a las cinco.*

REAVIS: AH! They close at five. Did he say that the director's on vacation? Still, I can get an idea of what's here. I particularly want to look at eighteenth century cédulas from King Charles III.

(MIGUEL and ISABEL rapidly translate in mime, wink at each other, and exit. The ARCHIVES CLERK unlocks the drawer and sets out thick files and bundles of loose papers on the table, blowing off the dust. REAVIS opens and scans bundles, occasionally taking a few notes, consulting his Spanish dictionary He keeps turning around hoping to find the ARCHIVES CLERK fast asleep again, so he can insert the paper hidden in his leather satchel. But although the ARCHIVES CLERK starts to doze, he wakes up with a start, remembering his job, smiles and shrugs apologetically that he can't be of more assistance. REAVIS consults his gold pocket watch. Time is running out. Suddenly REAVIS feigns illness from heat and lack of air.)

REAVIS: *(As though ill)* Water! ¡Agua, por favor!

ARCHIVES CLERK: ¡Si, si, si!

(Rushes out in great consternation. As soon as the ARCHIVES CLERK leaves, REAVIS immediately recovers. He removes an envelope from his coat and cautiously withdraws a document from within. Holds it up. Surreptitiously, using a white linen handkerchief as a cover, he bends down to insert the false document.)

REAVIS: And the long lost cédula is miraculously found!

(The ARCHIVES CLERK, rushing back, enters before REAVIS can finish. Shocked, the ARCHIVES CLERK drops the container of water. REAVIS freezes. Slowly his back straightens.)

SFX: church BELL strikes five.

ARCHIVES CLERK: *(With icy disdain) ¡Señor! Los Archivos estan cerrados!*

(MIGUEL and ISABEL reappear as REAVIS hastily stuffs the document back into his leather satchel. Quickly he attempts to bribe the ARCHIVES CLERK by pressing a wad of money in his hand. The ARCHIVES CLERK angrily throws the money on the floor, yelling and gesticulating.)

¡Se lo dire al Director de Los Archivos! ¡Usted la pagara, Señor!

MUSICAL #13a — CHASE MUSIC UNDERSCORE (SOMETHING ISN'T RIGHT)

(ISABEL picks up the money as REAVIS hastily gathers his belongings and departs. As MIGUEL and ISABEL start to escort REAVIS, the ARCHIVES CLERK's voice follows them.)

¡Se lo dire al Director de Los Archivos!

(MIGUEL and ISABEL lead REAVIS through a maze of streets. They stop once to see if they are being followed. They are. The ARCHIVES CLERK runs on and past them in hot pursuit. MIGUEL and ISABEL dart into an alleyway and stand flat in the shadows of a building.)

REAVIS: *(A moment of panic)* Why is he yelling about the Chief of the Archives. What could he do?

ISABEL: He could arrest you when he returns.

REAVIS: When's that?

ISABEL: In two weeks.

REAVIS: *(smiling)* We certainly must leave before then.

ARCHIVES CLERK: *(Yells from the opposite side of the stage.) ¡Usted la pagara!*

(There is a moment when audience can see all of them, but they are hidden from each other, ARCHIVES CLERK holds his heart and catches his breath. MIGUEL points another way. REAVIS, MIGUEL and ISABEL escape, unseen by the ARCHIVES CLERK. MIGUEL and ISABEL race to turn the courtyard back into view.)

SFX: *an iron gate clanging shut.*

(REAVIS sees SOFÍA coming, whispers to MIGUEL and ISABEL, who exit.)

(MUSIC UNDERSCORING fades.)

REAVIS: *(Sinks onto wrought iron bench)* Sofia!

SOFÍA: *(Enters, sees REAVIS and rushes to him, concerned)* James, what's wrong? Your face is all red.

REAVIS: It's the heat.

SOFÍA: Should I call a doctor?

REAVIS: No. Just give me a moment to rest.

ARCHIVES CLERK: *(offstage, his voice coming clearly over the wall beside them) ¡Usted la pagara!*

SOFÍA: What's that?

REAVIS: A street vendor, that's all.

ARCHIVES CLERK: *(offstage) Señor, usted la pagara!*

SOFÍA: It sounds more like he's calling someone—someone in here. James, Are you in trouble? Tell me.

REAVIS: We have to leave, my dear. Sooner than anticipated.

ARCHIVES CLERK and Offstage VOICES: ¡Señor, se lo dire al Director de los Archivos! ¡USTED LA PAGARA!

SOFÍA: *(Standing stock still)* But the ball. Queen Maria Christina's masked ball. You said it was important to be there.

REAVIS: Yes, yes, it is. But tell the maid to start packing. We leave tomorrow at dawn.

SOFÍA: Then you found the certificate you needed.

REAVIS: No. But another will have to suffice.

SOFÍA: James, I think the heat's confusing you.

REAVIS: Sofia, I...I can't...there's something I should tell....

SOFÍA: What is it? Tell me.

REAVIS: Nothing! Nothing that can't be fixed.

ARCHIVES CLERK: *(offstage, his voice coming clearly over the wall beside them) ¡Usted la pagara!*
(She shudders from the ominous voice.)

SOFÍA: Why doesn't he leave? James, I'm frightened.

REAVIS: Come inside, my dear, where you won't hear him.

(She starts to exit with him, then hears the cry of the ARCHIVES CLERK yelling from just behind the wall.)

ARCHIVES CLERK and Offstage VOICES: ¡Señor, se lo dire al Director de los Archivos! ¡USTED LA PAGARA!

MUSICAL #14 — SOMETHING ISN'T RIGHT (PART 2)

(The action freezes as the LIGHTS fade except for a spotlight on SOFÍA, who moves slowly in her own thoughts.)

SOFÍA:

SOMETHING IS WRONG.

HOW LONG?

WHERE DOES HE GO?

DON'T KNOW.

WHY CAN'T I TOUCH THE KING'S DECREE?
IS THAT WHOLE ROOM ALL ABOUT ME?

SOMETHING IS WRONG.
HOW LONG?
WHERE DOES HE GO?

DON'T KNOW.

WHY CAN'T I SEE WHAT I SHOULD SEE?
ARE THESE SECRETS ALL ABOUT ME?

HE LEAVES FOR HOURS
THEN RETURNS WITH A GIFT.
BOUQUETS OF FLOWERS
AND I'M STILL LEFT ADRIFT.
THERE'S TIME TO TEACH
ME TO READ AND WRITE.
ALL THESE YEARS NOT LEARNING,
HAVE NOT STILLED THAT YEARNING.
IS IT JUST SOME SECRET,
OR IS IT OVERSIGHT.

SOMETHING IS WRONG.
HOW LONG?
WHERE DOES HE GO?
DON'T KNOW.
ONE DAY HE MIGHT FORGET ABOUT ME.
OH, MY JAMES I WANT TO SEE
IF THE WORK IN YOUR STUDY IS ALL ABOUT ME!
IT APPEARS TO BE.
THERE IS NO LIGHT!
SOMETHING ISN'T RIGHT!

(END OF ACT ONE)