

**MONTY** *(Recorded V-O)*

*(To AUDIENCE:)*

I had so ingratiated myself to the beekeeper that I was soon invited back as a weekend guest. Just enough time for me to educate myself as to the extraordinary attraction of English lavender to your average honeybee.

*(MONTY sprays some lavender.)*

Upon my return to Salisbury, I paid a discreet visit to the honey shack as soon as I saw an opportunity.

*(MONTY sprays lavender into HENRY'S beekeeping hat, and emerges from the honey shack to find himself face to face with PHOEBE D'YSQUITH [20's, earnest and lovely]. SHE is reading a book of poetry.)*

Start

**PHOEBE**

Oh...!

*(Love at first sight?)*

**MONTY & PHOEBE**

*(At the same time:)*

Oh...

*(MUSIC fades out.)*

**MONTY**

Do pardon me...

*(Courtly:)*

Miss D'Ysquith, I presume...?

**PHOEBE**

You are...?

**MONTY**

Mr. Navarro. But please, do call me Monty.

**PHOEBE**

My brother tells me you are a cousin?

**MONTY**

Yes. My mother was Isabel D'Ysquith.

**PHOEBE**

Isabel. Forgive me, but I don't recall ever hearing about her.

**MONTY**

Shall I tell you why?

**PHOEBE**

I wish you would.

**MONTY**

You see, my father was considered ... unsuitable. Because my mother married for love and not for money or property –

**PHOEBE**

They cut her off.

**MONTY**

Without a schilling. They ever after behaved as if she and I had never even been born.

**PHOEBE**

Why, Mr. Navarro...

**MONTY**

I warned your brother you ... may not care to receive me...

**PHOEBE**

On the contrary, I am most intrigued. What a beautiful story. Horrid, yes, I'm certain, but still beautiful: she dared to marry for love! Tell me, did your father have his own fortune, or were you quite penniless?

*(HE hesitates. SHE admonishes herself.)*

Oh! You must forgive me; Henry often scolds me for being indelicate.

**MONTY**

No, no, not at all. My father left no legacy; he died when I was quite young. But we managed to scrape by, Mother and I.

**PHOEBE**

When I think of the indignities you've suffered. It must have inspired an awful resentment of the upper classes.

*(Admonishing herself again:)*

Oh no! There I go again! And now I'm making *assumptions* about you, when there's nothing I despise more than people making assumptions about *me*.

*(PHOEBE sits on a vine-and-flower bedecked swing.)*

I know they talk about me in the village. They see a girl who's rich and from an important family and not unattractive and they assume ... well, they assume a lot of things.

#11 "INSIDE OUT"
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**PHOEBE** *(Cont'd.)*

The truth is ... none of them know me at all. Not who I truly am.

*(Singing:)*

**Stop**