DELIRIUM

BY Yulia, Emily, James



DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Lady Godiva(LAD.)

Zoe Starn(ZOE.)

Lord Fillmore(LOR.)

Edward(EDW.)

Stacy(STA.)

Summary

“Tell me about your new drama then…”

“Her stud muffin… ” “…a hex”

“My Actaeon…” “…I’ll devote my whole life…”

NO ONE CAN MATCH FOR THE DRESS

EXCEPT…

ARE YOU READY ?

**Act1, Scene1**

England. In the Ethereal Theatre.

*Enter the theatre, Lady Godiva and Zoe Starn.*

ZOE.  
My lady, may I?  
  
LAD.  
You’re so sweet, Zoe.  
  
*Zoe take off her mink cloak.*ZOE.  
(What an ineffable cloak…)  
Oh, my fair lady. Your glory overwhelms the unlabouring brood of the skies. Your gaze will melt the most callous frozen desert enduring the ages, whilst I’m afraid the aqua tint is overshadowed by your scarlet robe, thus nothing it is than a drag to your paramount fairness.  
  
LAD.  
True it is. I don’t need it anymore, take it away.  
  
*A complacent smile flickers in Zoe’s face, and he amiably obeys.*(Hide the cloak)  
  
LAD.  
Now, tell me about your new drama, young Actaeon.  
  
ZOE.  
There’s no more Actaeon, my lady, no longer I am.  
  
LAD.  
What’s that?  
  
ZOE.  
I…the patron changed my role. I’m one of the fellow-huntsmen now.  
  
LAD.  
Patron? I see, it must be Countess Mara and her stud maffin. The crinkled hex…Oh don’t furrow your petrel eyebrows, Mara’s an ant that my boot will tread her over thereupon her business shall die out with her bulging face. There’ll be only one Actaeon, and I’ll book the whole theatre at that time.  
  
ZOE.  
And I’ll devote my whole life only for you, my divine Diana.  
(Hand-kissing, gazing at Godiva affectionately)  
  
A Midsummer Night’s Dream is on.

EXEUNT

**Act1, Scene2**

England. Outside the Ethereal Theatre.

*Enter Lady Godiva and Zoe Starn.*

ZOE.  
Love looks not with the eyes, but with mind.(A Midsummer Night’s Dream) My lady, my love, come with me.  
  
*They roam alongside Avon.  
  
Zoe gently holds Godiva’s hand and leads her to spin.*  
LAD.  
Waltz… Fillmore detests it… he said it was boorish and ignoble.  
ZOE.  
How about you?  
  
*Another spin.*LAD.  
……It’s ebullient… minuet makes me a dumb marionette…so does Fillmore.

ZOE.  
Oh my lady.  
  
LAD.  
Godiva.  
  
ZOE.  
…Godiva. Fillmore’s a jerk. His eyes are misted by Beelzebub’s grease so that your glamour could not stream into such a wretch. Your beauty, is an unworldly, immortal beauty…which will never resort to any crafts of mortal hands.This ivory brooch…is stigmatizingyour beauty…  
*(Take off the brooch)*And these…  
*(A spin)*green-jade earrings…how shoddy they are when caught by your eyes that habor a still water comes to the world from an eternal winter with aromatic serenity.  
*(Take off the earrings)*Let alone the tortoiseshell necklace, it spitefully shackles your panache that a mediocre moral like me will shed tears for a pearl like you spotted by murk.  
Godiva, you are a goddess who need no jewelry cause all it can do is to wither your beauty. You are so irresistible. And my love for you will outlive the end of mine.  
  
LAD.  
Oh Zoe.  
Sweet love you, precious, I disdained the situation with regard emperors swap.(By Shakespeare)

*EXEUNT*

**Act2, Scene1**

England. Outside the Mansion.  
  
 *Enter Lady Godiva and Groom from the carriage.*

*Within a short horse-drawn Lady Godiva arrived at her home before she changed her mind, not* *to wear any jewelry , or any splendid adornments.*   
*With groom coming downwards from the carriage at once and opening the door for Lady Godiva fulfilled with esteem, Lady Godiva was about to left from the carriage, but is still totally immersed in the gleeful affair this night.*  
  
LAD.   
(murmuring) You're telling the truth, Godiva. You *are* telling the truth! (Reassuring herself again and again)  
   
*Godiva pretends to be even more poised than Jesus in the last supper; but unfortunately she is not. Believe it or not, she ,for god sake, is no more composed than the Judas.*  
GRO.   
*(Bowing for a long time ,make a cough to remind Godiva who is still at the carriage)*  
Excuse me, my Lady. Lord Fillmore is looking forward to your coming back to home.  
   
LAD.  
*( forgetting to get off the carriage. Hustling)*  
...I see. Well, How fragrant and shiny are those flowers are! An agreeable trip, isn't it? Anyway, thank you very much.  
  
GRO.  
*(Smiling mildly)*   
My pleasure, Lady.

**Act2, Scene2**England. In the Mansion.  
  
 *Enter Lady Godiva, Lord Fillmore and Edward.*

*Lady Godiva gets off the carriage. When noticing her arrival, Lord Fillmore puts down the coffee he is drinking, turns his back and puts a triple pats on Edward‘s shoulder.*LOR.  
Guess who is coming back?  
   
EDW.  
*(Pondering for a while)* Is that mommy?  
*(Rising abruptly, looking around with his eyes wide open)*   
Where is mommy? (Disappointed ) Oh...(Annoyed) I hate you daddy! You are always making fun of me. I hate you!   
*(Punching Lord Fillmore)*  
  
LOR.  
*(Grabbing Edward’s fist and pointing at one direction)*  
Say "I love you ".  
*(Holding Edward's arms)*  
  
EDW.  
*(rolling his eyes and smiling)*  
 I...(dragging his voice) still hate you.  
*(Making a face)* HAHAHA*....(dashing towards Lady Godiva)*  
  
*LAD.  
Don‘t you miss me? My sweetheart.(Stroking his hair tenderly)  
   
EDW.  
Absolutely I do. (with a decisive voice)  
Edward takes Lady Godiva’s hand and holds it without any seam, which is the most blessed moment is his life. To him, the more he squeezes, the more his mother will love him. However, so intensively did he hold that Lady Godiva feels a little hurt and she tend to shake off his hand in vain.  
   
LOR.  
Eddie, you’ve hurt mommy, let go. Go and eat your waffle.*

*EXIT EDWARD*

*LAD.  
…Fillmore…why are you here?  
   
LOR.  
I’m waiting for you.  
   
LAD.  
…I’m not you Daphne.  
   
LOR.  
I know why you finally applied my court, but my love to you is…*

*LAD.  
Enough, Fillmore, I’m tired.  
   
(Go upstairs)  
 EXIT FILLMORE   
   
LAD.  
(In the bed)  
When will my dress be finished? I can’t wait to see it anymore, and my Actaeon…  
(Fall asleep)*

*EXIT GODIVA*

**Act3, Scene1**

**England. In the textile factory**

*Enter Stacy.*

*rows of textile workers are working on the finishing process, Embroidery, with the sound of the spinners waken a sleeping embroiderer.*

STA.

What’s this place? Where am I?

I know… I know… I’m no Lady Godiva, who owns nothing but her alluring body, her nobel house and the lover who devotes his heart and soul to.

Oh…[sigh] Look at this delicacy! I sketch it in my wildest dream. I stitch on these shining sequins, and the holy white pearls!

Ha, no one could ever match for the dress except me! *(screwy grin)*

*EXIT STACY*