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# Helen: An opera in one act

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## HELEN:

## AN OPERA IN ONE ACT

by

Garrett E. Hope

## A DOCTORAL DOCUMENT

Presented to the Faculty of

The Graduate College at the University of Nebraska

In Partial Fulfillment of Requirements

For the Degree of Doctor of Musical Arts

Major: Music

Under the Supervision of Professor Eric J. Richards

Lincoln, Nebraska

May, 2011

#### HELEN: AN OPERA IN ONE ACT

#### Garrett E. Hope, D.M.A

#### University of Nebraska, 2011

Adviser: Eric J. Richards

Helen is a one-act opera that tells the story of a woman whose husband would later betray her trust and love. It begins with her debut as an eligible young woman and ends with the husband's demise. Through the course of the story it becomes apparent that her husband is both verbally and physically abusive as well as unfaithful to her. In the end her situation is redeemed through his death because his bacchanalian behavior resulted in his fatal sickness.

The opera is a retelling of a portion of The Tenant of Wildfell Hall by Anne Brontë, which was adapted as a libretto by Steven Soebbing. Originally published in 1848, Brontë's story challenged traditional gender roles, the rights and power of the church to dictate behavior, the legal status of women and their property, and it highlighted the evils of domestic abuse and alcoholism. The novel is told in three parts framed as a first person narrative by the male protagonist. The libretto for this opera uses most of the events of the second part, a reading of Helen's diary, and some key moments from the third. Librettist Steven Soebbing incorporated published poems of Anne Brontë and her sisters as content for the arias. This opera is designed to be performed with a small cast of two females and two males. The woman playing the antagonist, Annabella, will be double-cast as Helen's aunt. The music is written for a small chamber ensemble of twelve players including winds, strings, piano, and percussion. © 2011, Garrett Evan Hope, Frog Princess Publishing, ASCAP. This work is published with a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-NoDerivs 3.0 Unported license. You are free to share, copy and transmit this work. You must attribute this work to www.garetthope.com. You may not use this work for commercial purposes. You may not alter, transform or build upon this work. For more information on what this license grants please visit http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-nd/3.0/. Sola fide Sola gratia Solo Christus Soli Deo gloria

## Author's Acknowledgements

First and foremost, thank you to my wife. You have put up with a lot while I've been working on this. Thank you for understanding.

Secondly, thank you to my committee members for all the advice, guidance, and counsel you have provided me. I owe a special thank you and a debt of gratitude towards my composition instructors: Dr. Eric Richards, and Dr. Tyler G. White.

Lastly, thank you to my family for supporting me and giving me the all the opportunities that have led me down this road.

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## **Cast of Characters**

HELEN LAWRENCE/HUNTINGDON	mezzo-soprano
HELEN'S AUNT	lyric soprano
ARTHUR HUNTINGDON, Helen's husband	tenor
ANNABELLA WILMOT, Lady Lowborough	lyric soprano
LORD LOWBOROUGH, Arthur's friend	baritone

## Instrumentation

Flute (doubles Piccolo)

Oboe (doubles English Horn)

Clarinet in Bb (doubles Bass Clarinet in Bb)

Horn in F

Percussion (Snare Drum, Bass Drum, Suspended Cymbals, Tam-tam, Tom-toms,

Glockenspiel, Marimba)

Piano

Guitar

Violin 1

Violin 2

Viola

Violoncello

Double Bass

#### **Synopsis**

SCENE 1: Parlor at the estate of Helen's uncle and aunt

Helen's debut as an eligible woman. After discussing issues of marriage and love with her aunt she meets Arthur for the first time.

SCENE 2: Helen's bedroom at the estate of her uncle and aunt

Helen contemplates her potential suitors and begins to fixate on Arthur. Arthur appears in her window and the couple fall in love.

SCENE 3: Sitting room at the estate of Arthur and Helen Huntingdon

Helen and Arthur discuss his restlessness and agree to invite his friends to their estate in lieu of Arthur being away for the season.

SCENE 4: Parlor at the estate of Arthur and Helen Huntingdon

Arthur and Helen greet their guests, Lord and Lady Lowborough. Arthur and Lord Lowborough get drunk early, Helen and Annabella (Lady Lowborough) sing a duet, and Helen and Lord Lowborough play a game of chess.

SCENE 5: Garden at the estate of Arthur and Helen Huntingdon

Lord Lowborough reveals to Helen Arthur's adulterous relationship with Annabella.

SCENE 6: Helen's bedroom at the estate of Arthur and Helen Huntingdon

Helen laments her husbands behavior, Arthur admits to the affair and physically and emotionally abuses her. Helen vows to escape from Arthur.

## SCENE 7: Arthur's bedroom

Helen returns to her husband upon learning that he may be fatally ill. Helen refuses to be intimidated by Arthur and denies him the company of his son until he agrees to release any parental and legal claim on the boy.

### SCENE 8: Arthur's bedroom

Arthur refuses to recognize how his behavior has led to the demise of his marriage and his well-being. Arthur and Helen stake claim in their beliefs before Arthur dies.











































































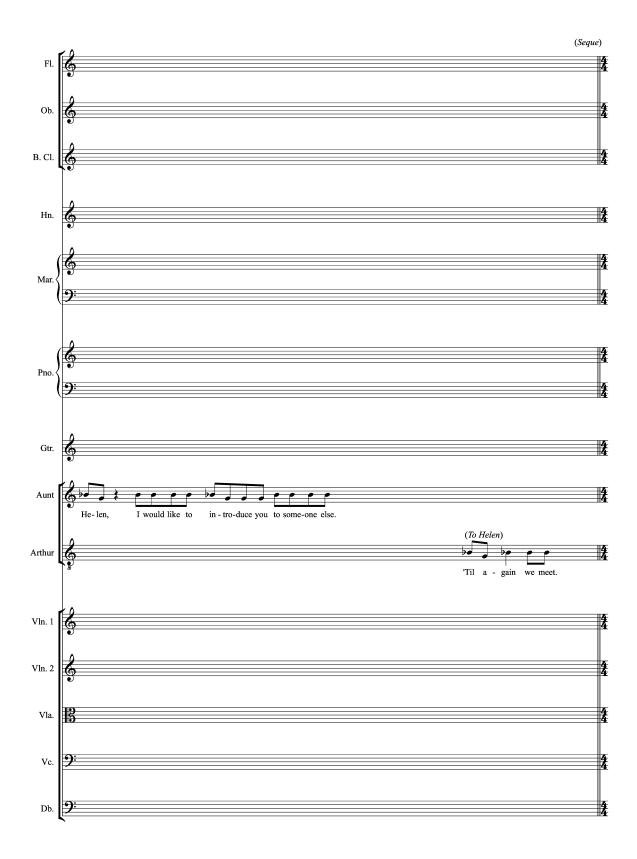








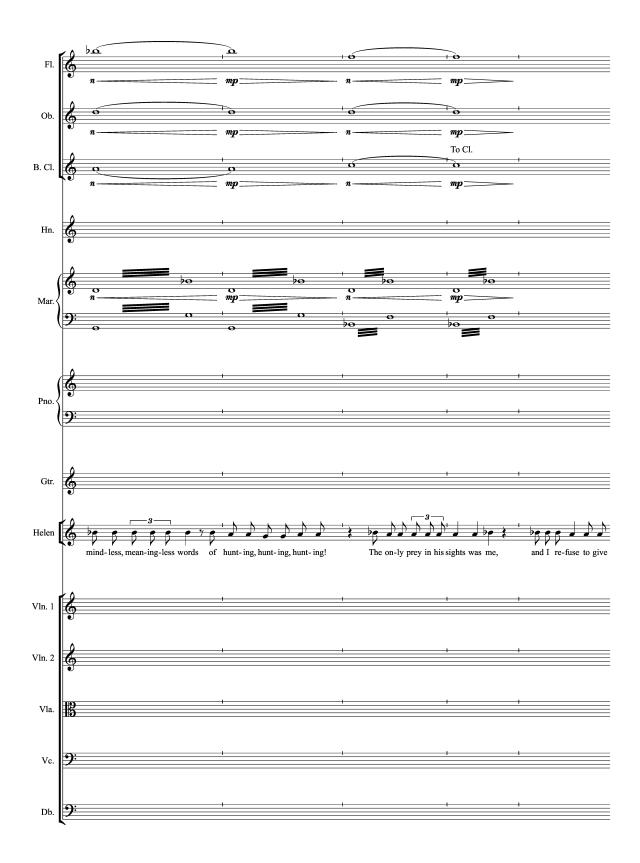
















































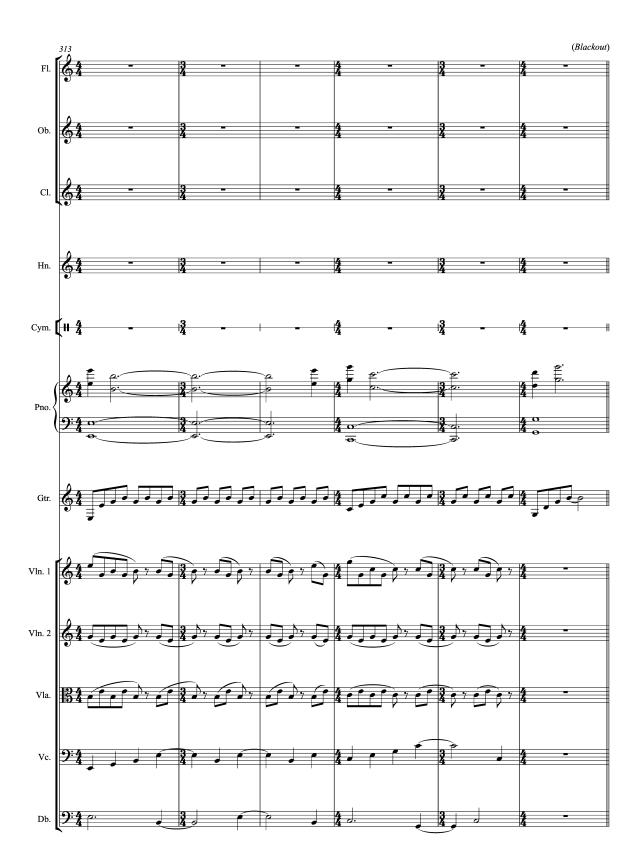








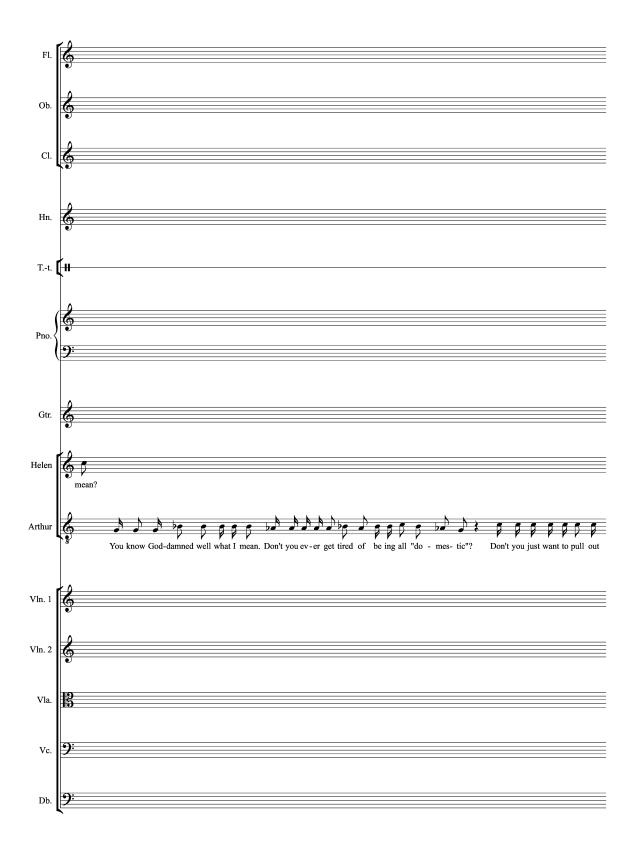


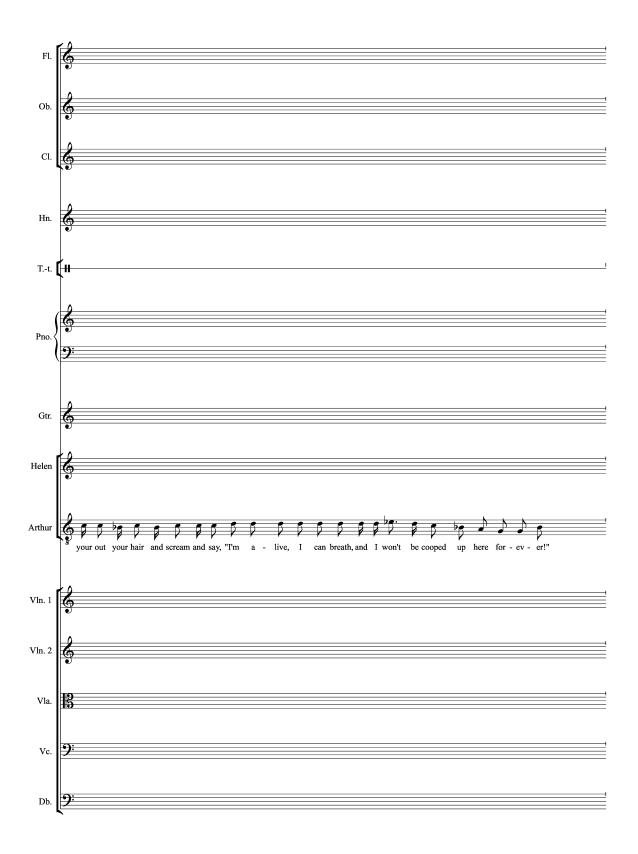


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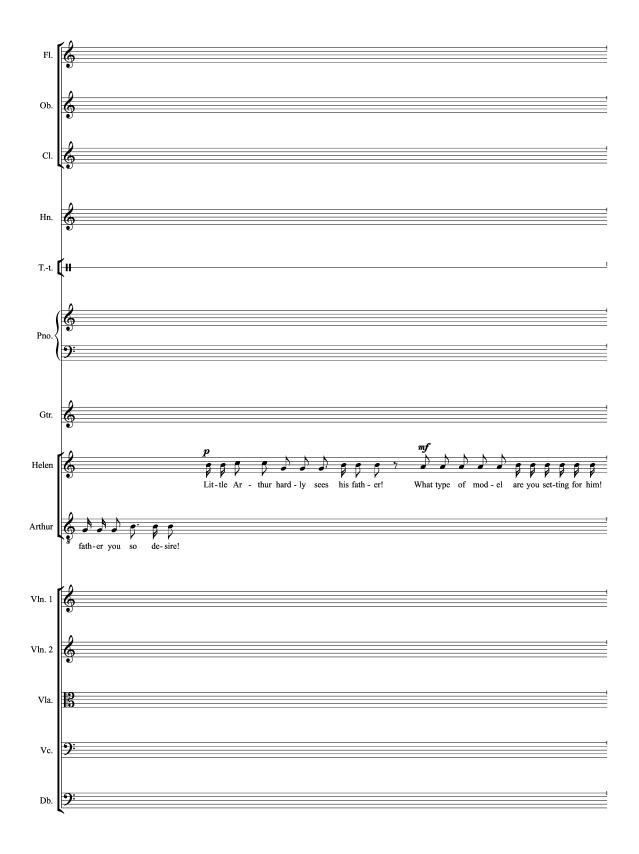






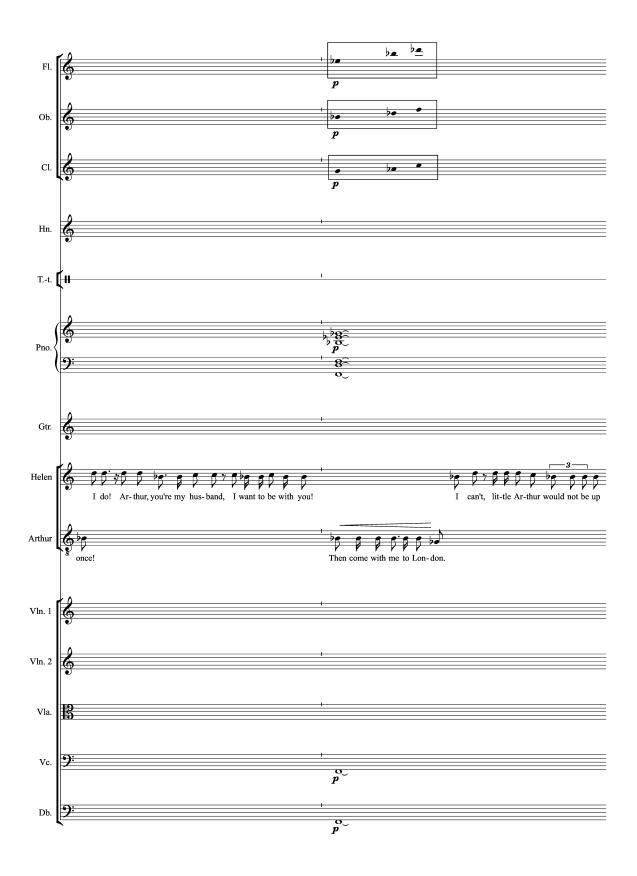
















## Scene 4



















































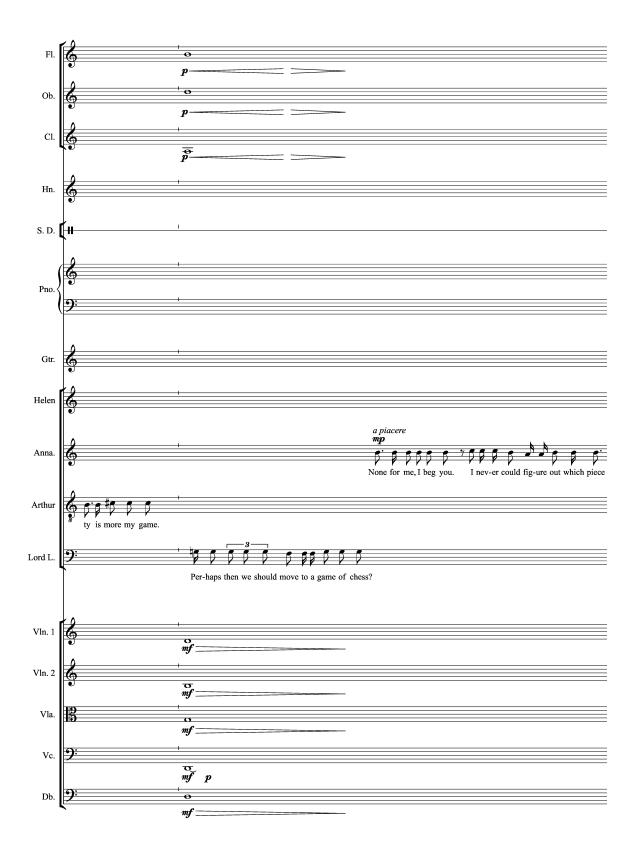


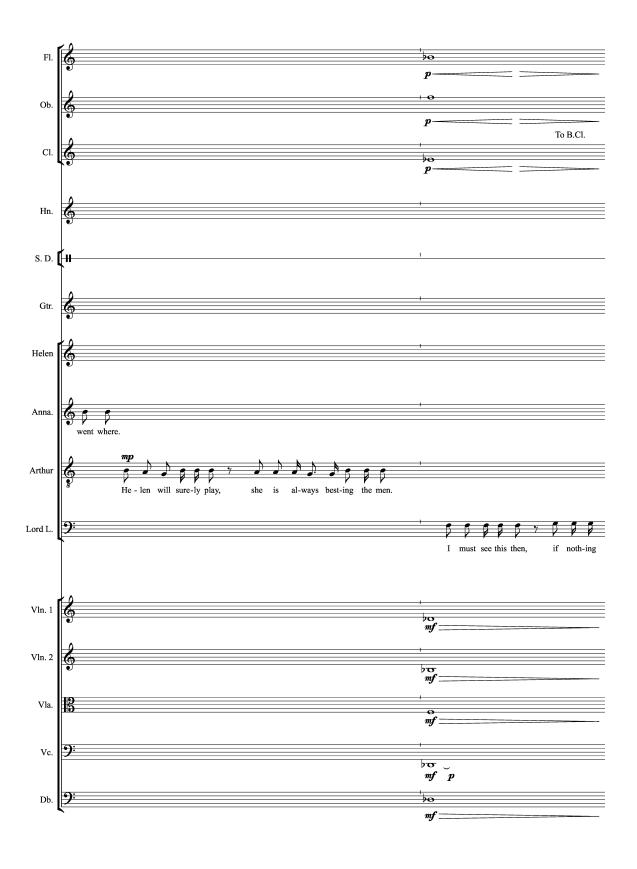




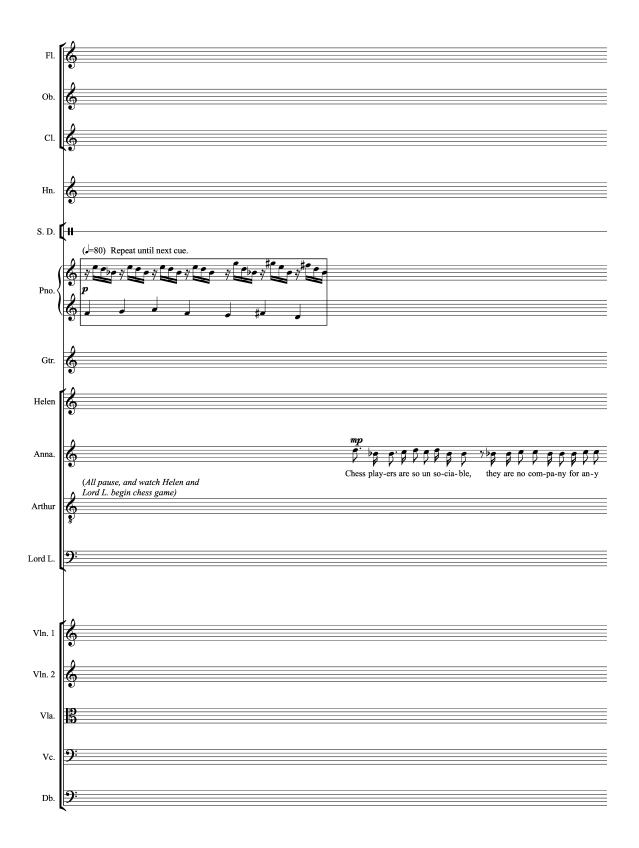




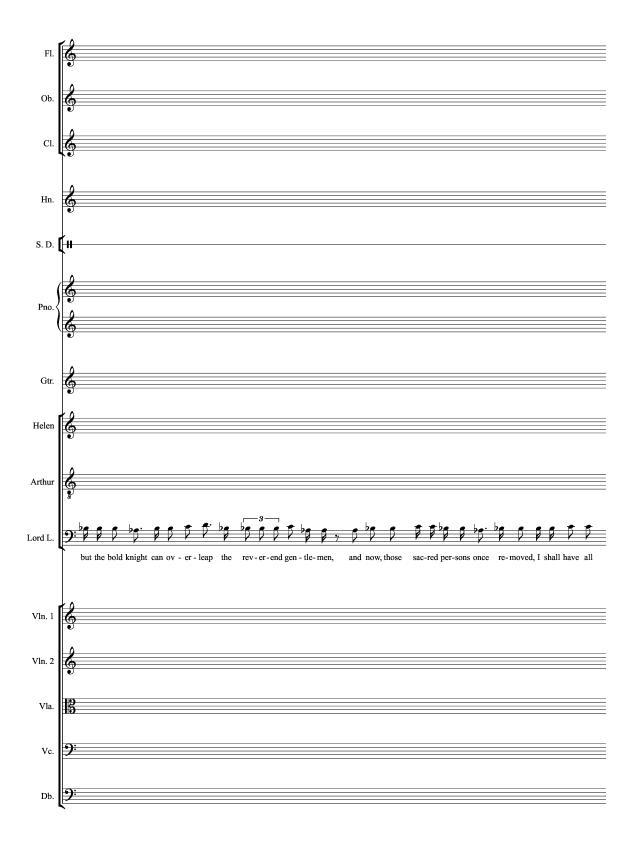


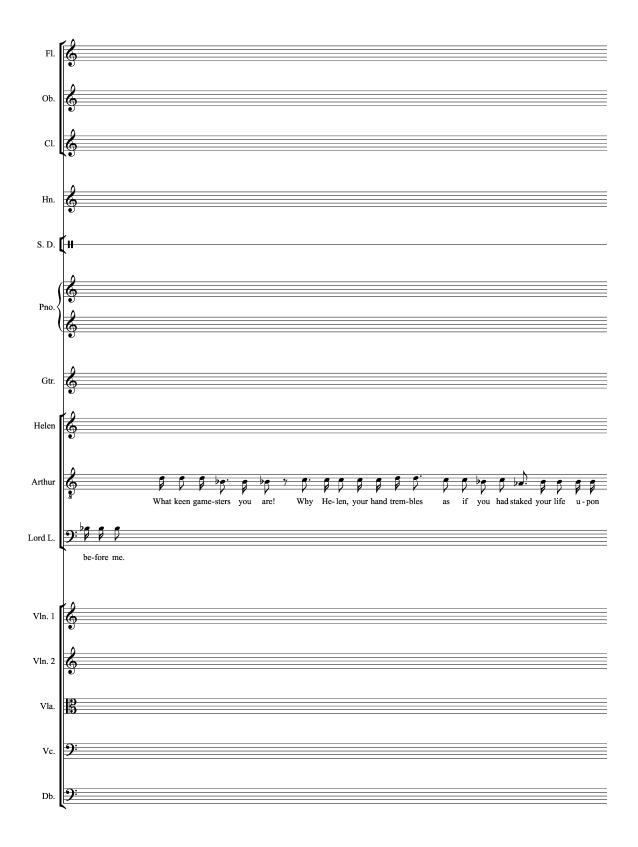






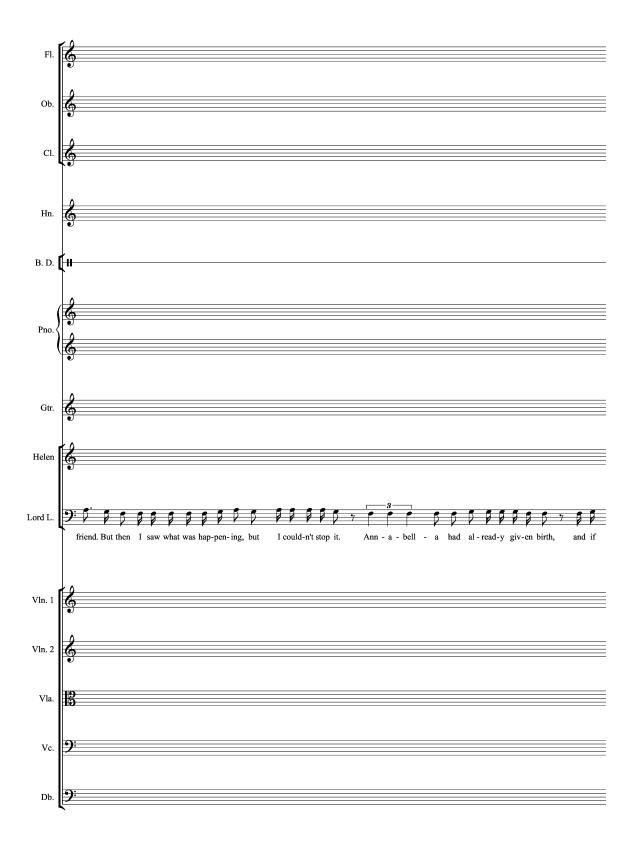


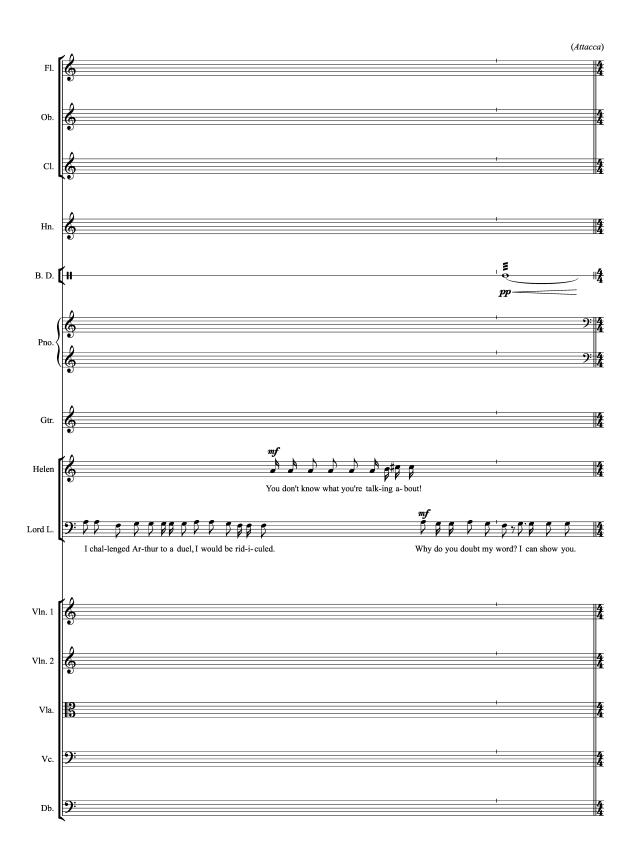










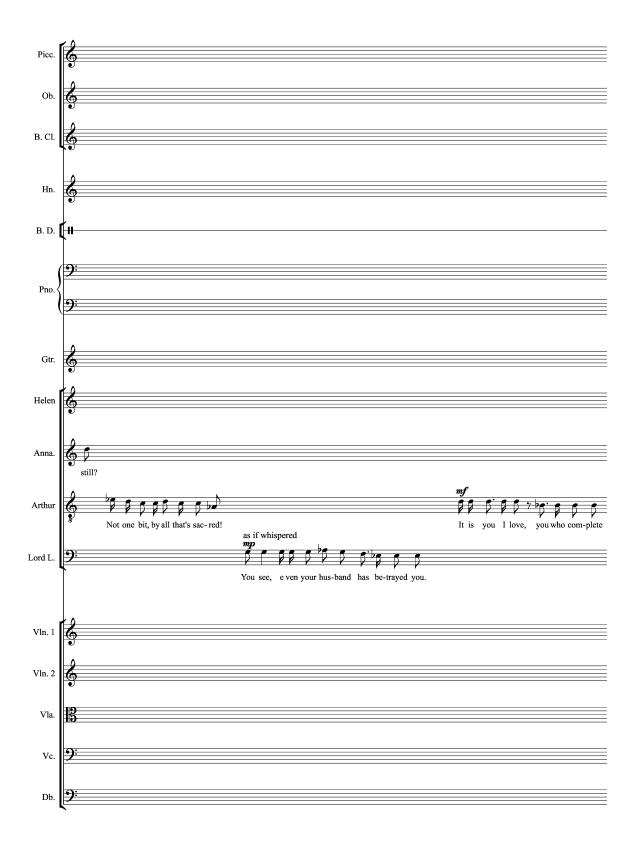
















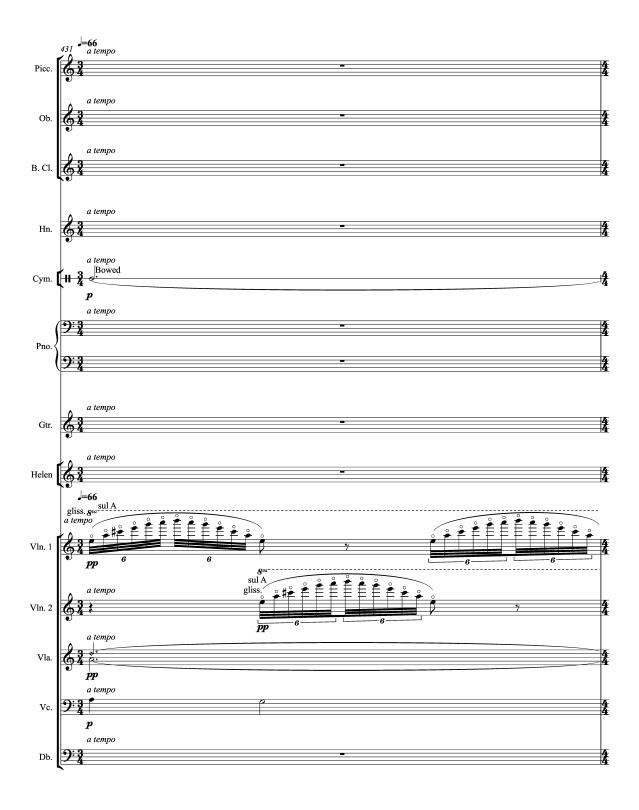


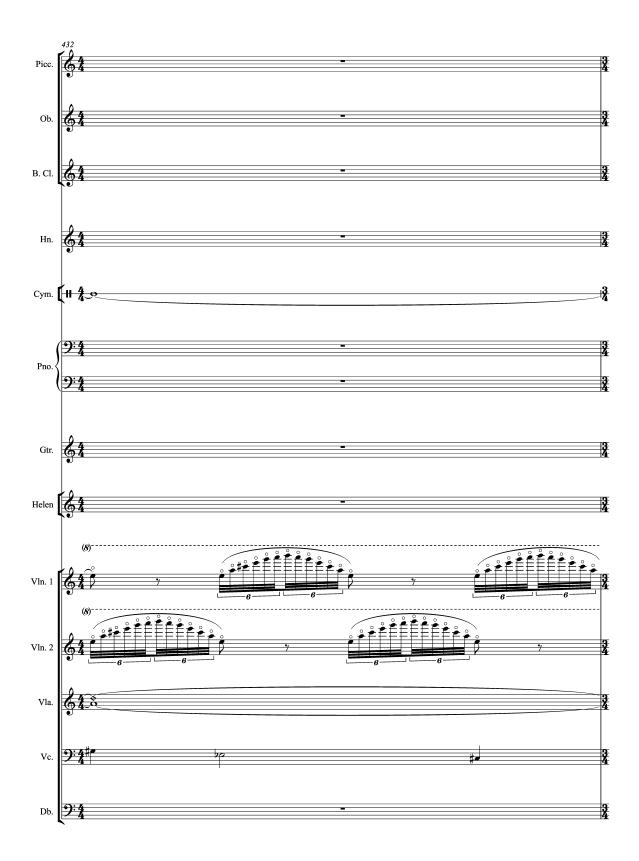


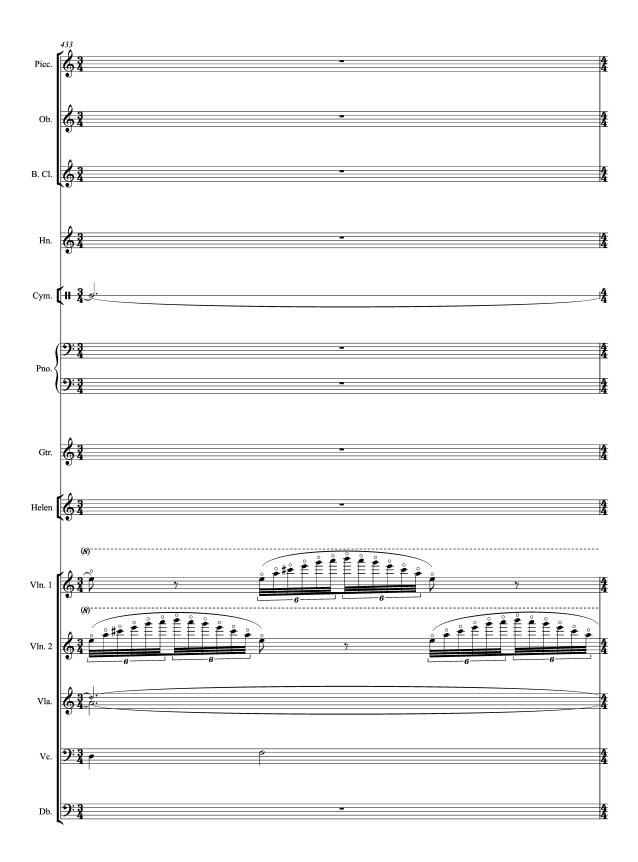


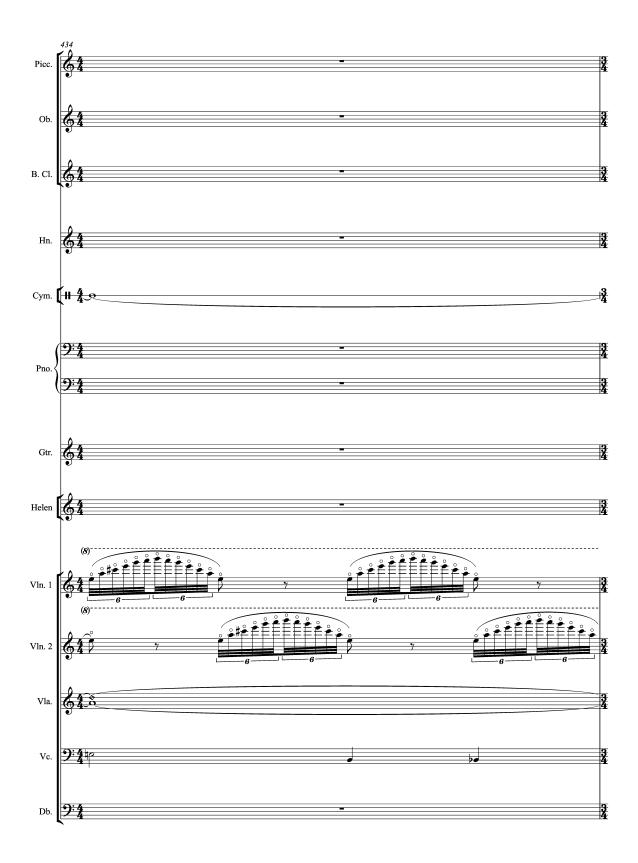


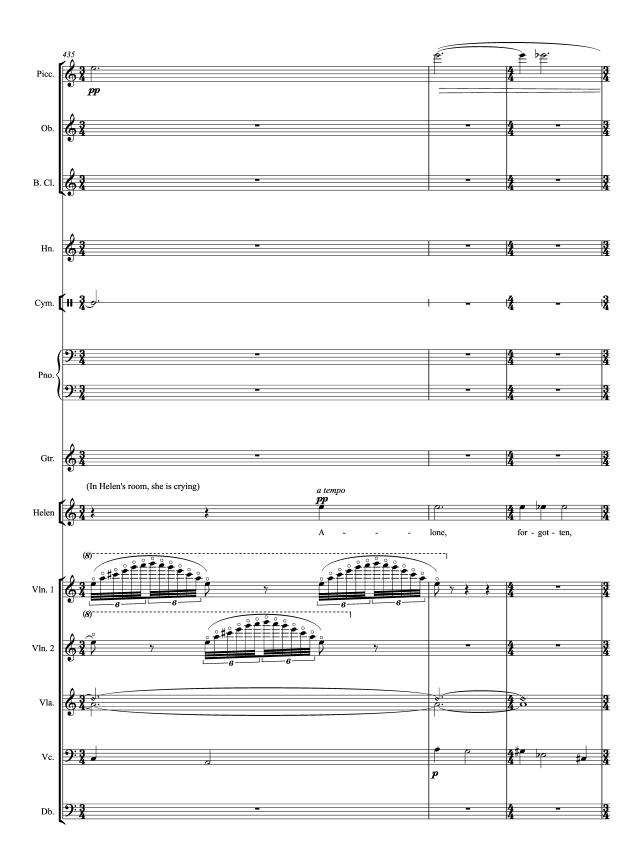
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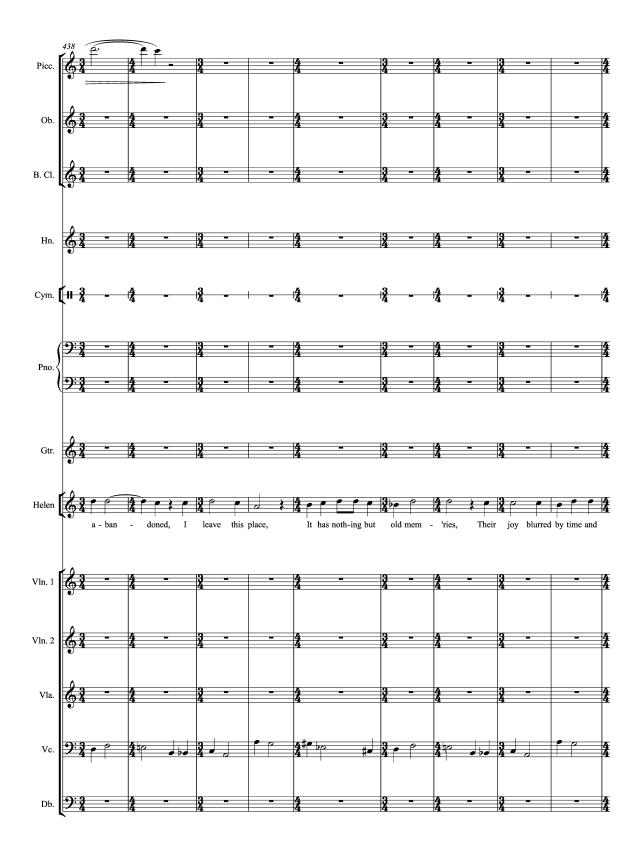
















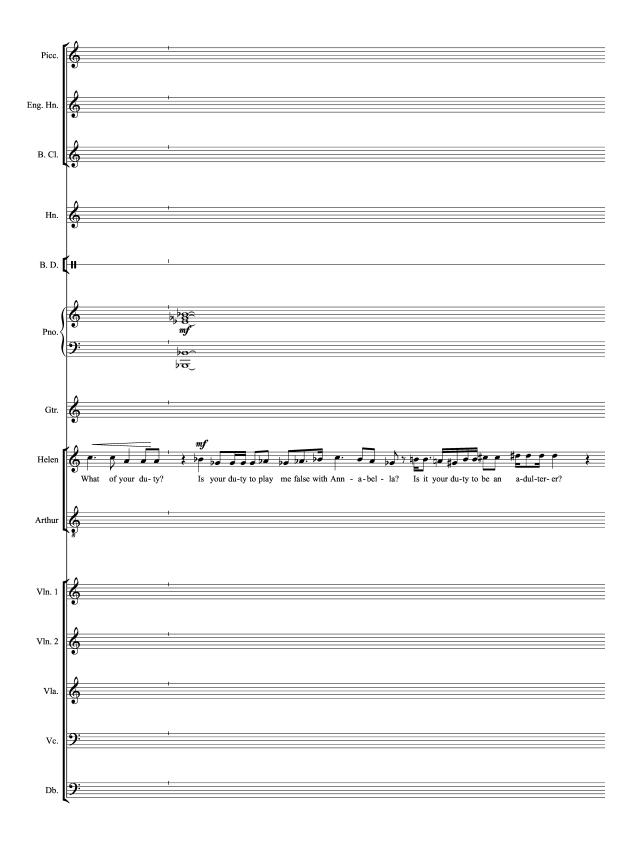




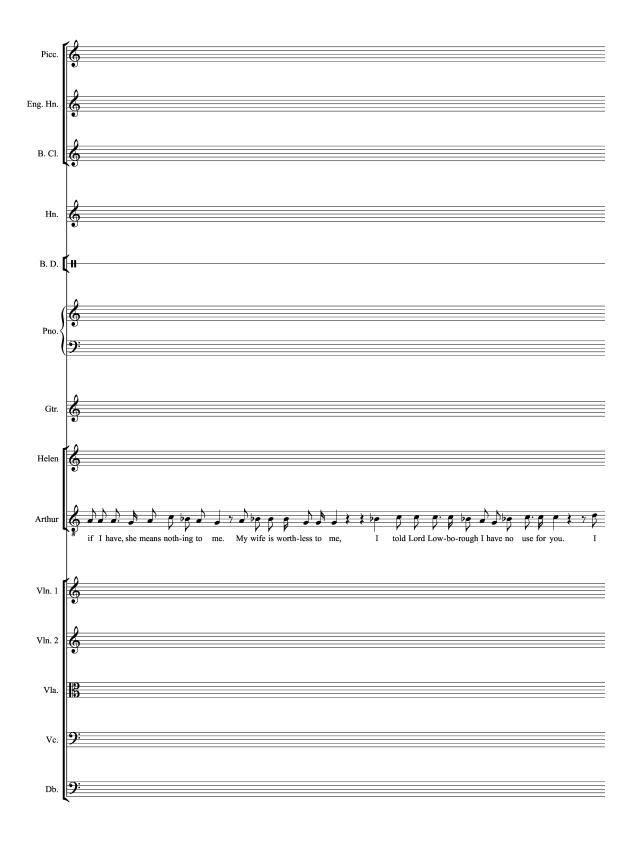












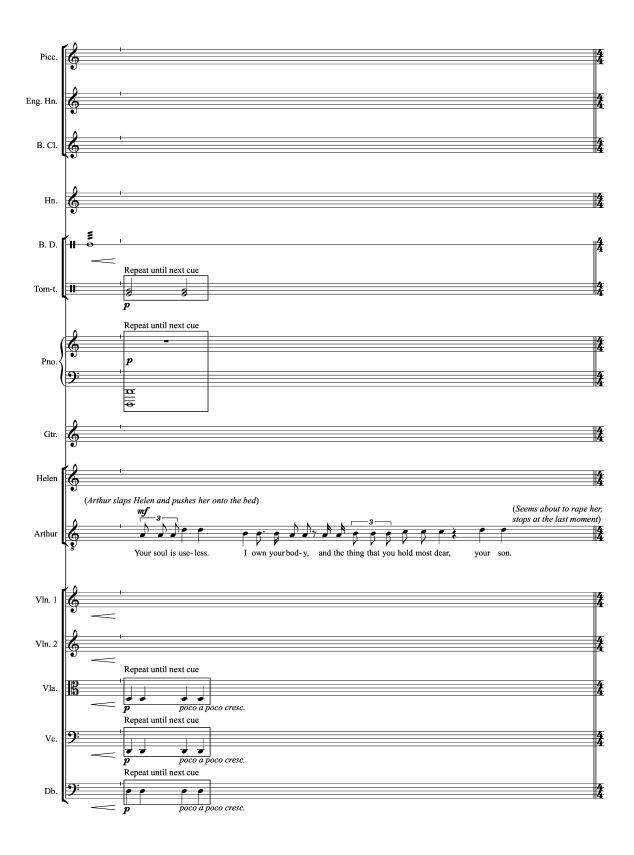






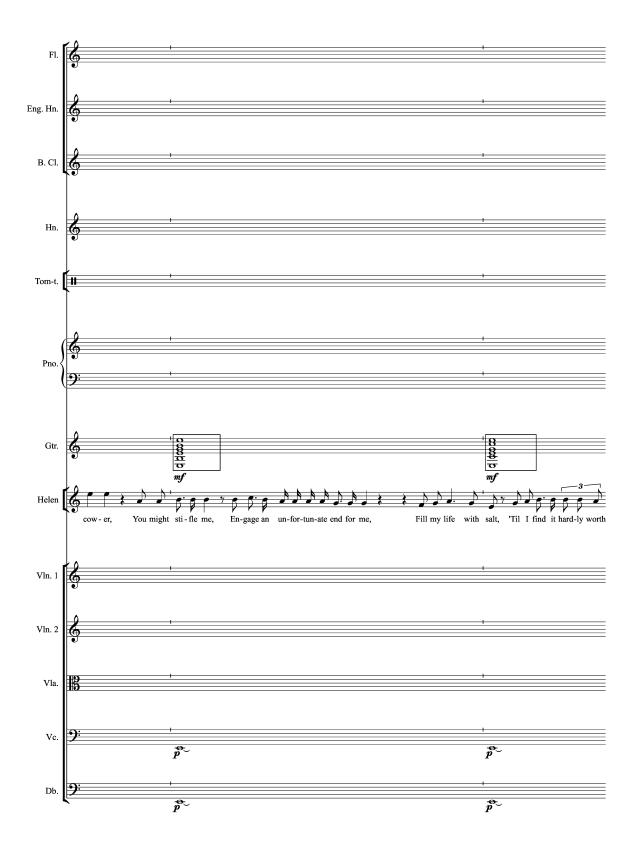


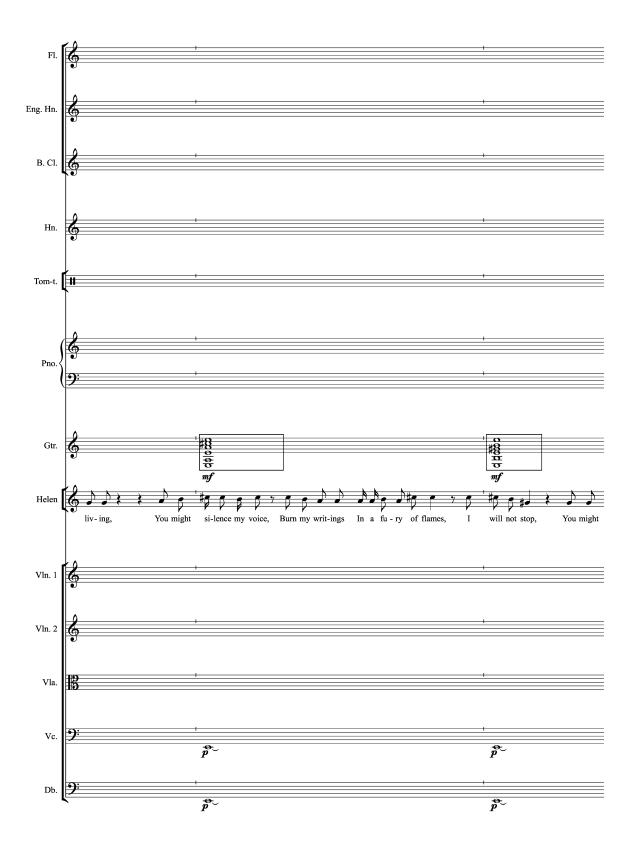


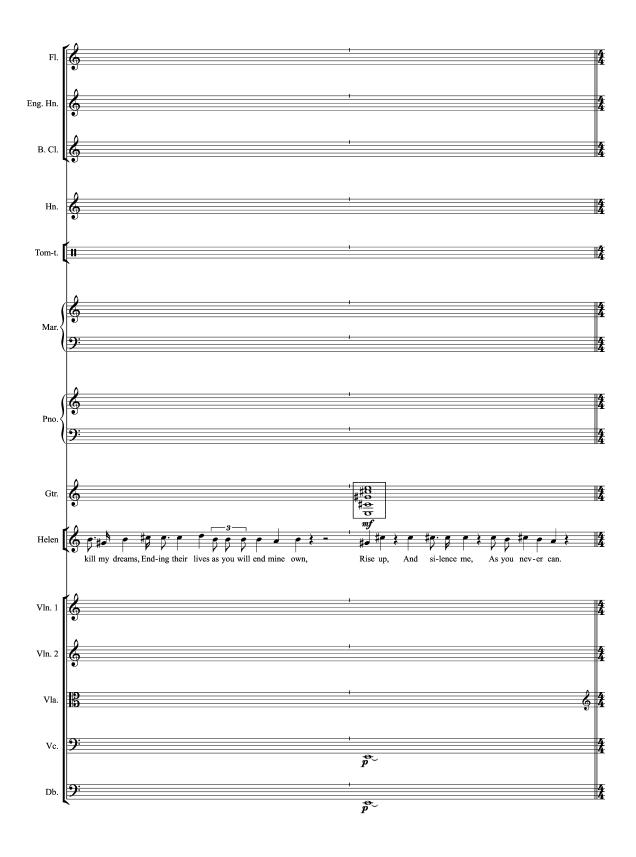




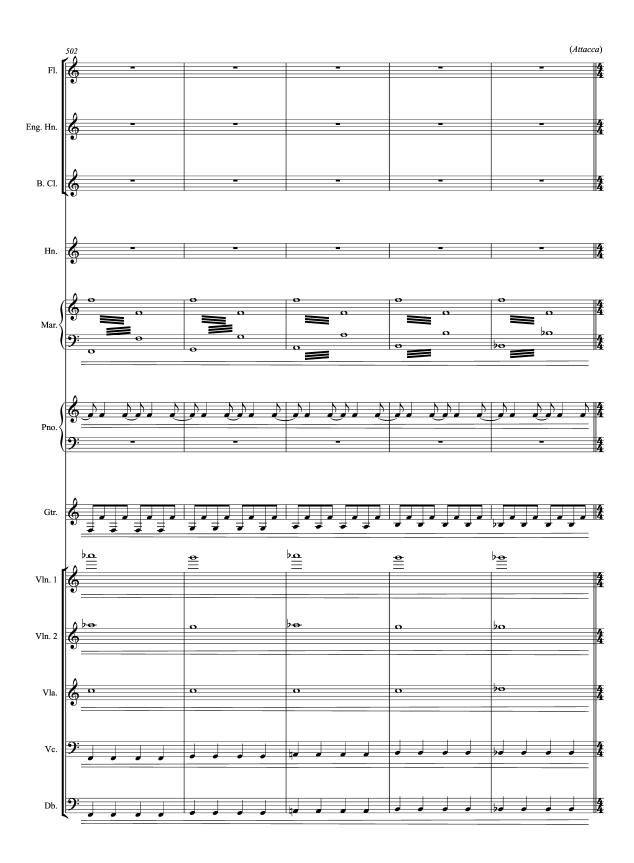






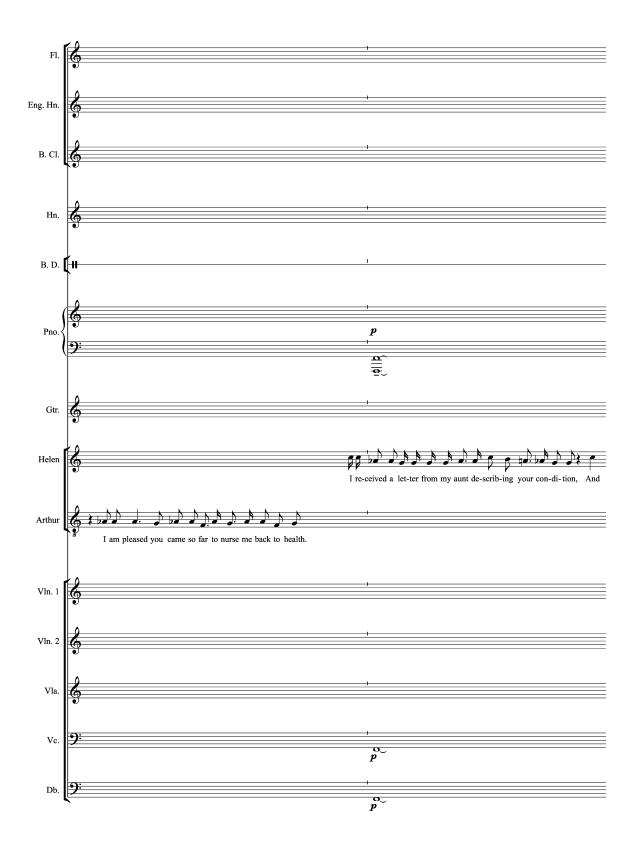






Scene 7















































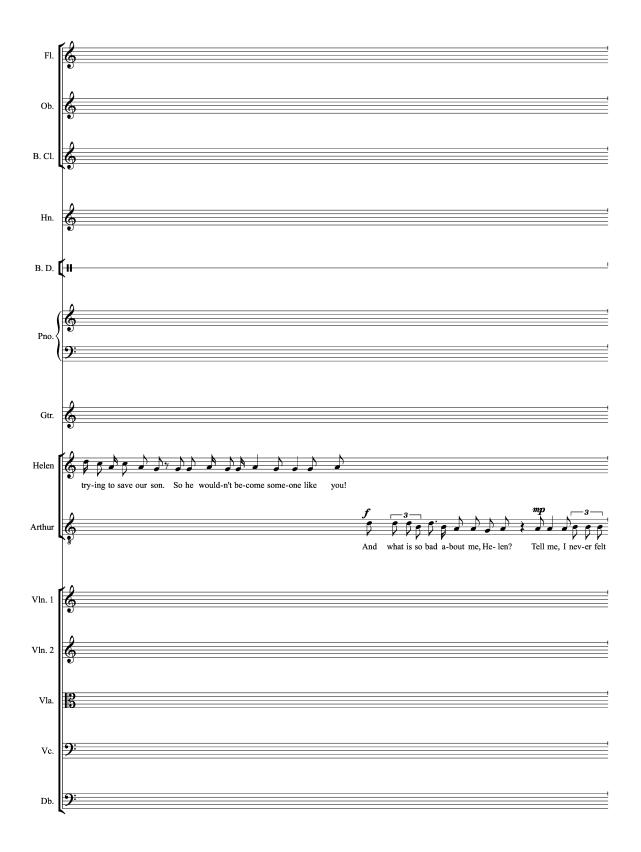


















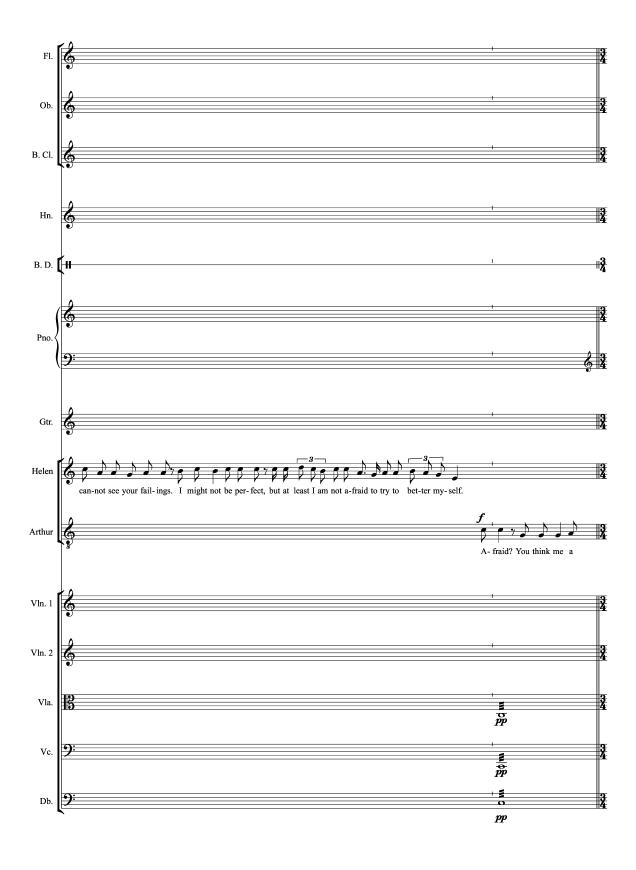














































# **Appendix A: Libretto**

Helen: An opera in one act

# Written by Steven Soebbing

Adapted from the novel, The Tenant of Wildfell Hall, by Anne Brontë

# Scene 1

(dance music, party)

# AUNT

It is past time you were married dear.

## HELEN

I am not in a hurry.

## AUNT

Surely you must think to marry before the end of the season?

## HELEN

No.

#### AUNT

Why?

## HELEN

Of all the men in all the world I would only like a few. And of those few, I will probably never meet most. And if we meet, what are the chances of him being single, or even being interested? So, of all the men in all the world, I would only like a few and those few I will never meet.

## AUNT

Just make sure you choose well, you can boast a good family, a good fortune and prospects, and you have a fair share of beauty. Do not let beauty lead you astray.

## HELEN

How could beauty lead me astray?

### AUNT

Because my dear, beauty is like money, they attract the worst sorts of men. Beauty is like money, you inherit it, through no good of your own self. No toil, no work. Beauty is like money, men who like both could care less for the woman herself. Keep watch, keep a guard over your eyes and ears as inlets of your heart, and over your lips as the outlet, lest they betray you in a moment of unwariness. First study, then approve, then love.

#### HELEN

You worry too much. Besides, all the men here annoy me. Mr. Boarham truly outlives his name, and only speaks of his hounds. Mr. Marshall is merely a boy, and acts and speaks and thinks like one. Mr. Clurem is a narcessitic pig, who has no room in his eye for anyone's image but his own.

## AUNT

Well, for all your words you might not be able to escape. Mr. Boarham is trying to catch your eye.

## HELEN

Then may he not catch it.

Wait, who is that young man over there?

# AUNT

That is the young Mr. Huntingdon, the son of your uncle's old friend.

He looks like he means to speak with me.

## AUNT

He's a fine lad, that young one, but I have heard he is a bit wildish. Be careful!

# HELEN

What does "a bit wildish" mean?

(Arthur arrives, precluding the Aunt from answering)

# AUNT

My niece, Helen Lawrence, may I present to you Arthur Huntingdon.

## ARTHUR and HELEN

Pleased to meet you.

(Aunt is called away)

## HELEN

I am very much obliged to you. You have saved me from some very

unpleasant company.

Don't be too thankful. I take some enjoyment in spiting your tormentor.

Though I feel I have no reason to dread them as rivals do I?

## HELEN

You know I detest them all.

# ARTHUR

And me?

## HELEN

I have no reason to detest you!

(Slyly)

Should I have?

# ARTHUR

(ignoring Helen)

But what are your sentiments towards me? Helen! Speak! How do you

regard me?

(flustered)

How do you regard me?

# ARTHUR

You are quite the most beautiful woman in the room. When you walk in, all the lights turn to you, and certainly all the eyes of the men, and all the envy of the women.

## HELEN

You praise me too highly!

# ARTHUR

How is praise given in truthfulness, praise that is too high?

# AUNT

Excuse me, Helen, I would like to introduce you to someone else.

# ARTHUR

Till again we meet.

## Scene 2

(Change of scene to Helen's room and her changing into dressing gown, speaking/ singing all the time)

### HELEN

Me? Mr. Boarham's wife? What an insult?

What was I supposed to be?

What was I supposed to do?

His mindless, meaningless words of hunting, hunting!

The only prey in his sights was me, and I refuse to give in to him.

(At this point, in her shift and turns to her easel.)

But Arthur? Can he be any better?

(begins to sketch Arthur on her canvas)

His eyes, his hair, his mouth, how can they speak such lovely words?

Can such lovely words be false?

How can I say I love you if I don't know the words? To capture in words what the heart feels is wonderous joy Yet fleeting more than the ever-present birds The dove of my passion lies unsaid within my heart Waiting for my tongue to give it flight And send it home to its resting place in your ear Where it shall flutter its soft words of my pleasure And give rise to tender emotions

Of which only I could only know,

For two....

# ARTHUR

(finishing the poem, coming in through a window)

For two were one and bound are we!

## HELEN

What are you doing here!!!???? You can't be here!

# ARTHUR

But I am here. Do you fear me Helen?

### HELEN

No, I don't fear you. But you shouldn't be here! Go away!

(Arthur closes the distance between them)

# ARTHUR

But why? When I have just met you?

You can go and call tomorrow, at a proper hour.

## ARTHUR

Then I shall do just that ...

(with a slight smile)

if you promise to accept my visit.

If I said I had feelings for you, what would you do?

Would you act surprised and turn aside?

Would you act demure and coy, and give a glance of your eyes as if I said nothing at all?

And if I said I had feelings for you, what would you do?

Would you turn away?

Would I ever see you again, could we still be friends, or would you run

and hide in childhood games?

Is a feeling denied a far better feeling than a feeling spoken with too much truth?

I'll go now.

#### Duet

#### HELEN

If you ever wanted to know how I feel for you, you don't need to ask. Just look into my eyes and you will see how deeply I care for you.

#### ARTHUR

If you ever wanted to know how I feel for you, you don't need to ask. I am not good with words anyway, let my silence do the speaking.

# HELEN and ARTHUR

If you ever wanted to know how I feel for you, you don't need to ask. My lips weren't made to whisper words of passion, let my kiss carry the thousand unspoken words.

If you ever wanted to know how I fell for you, you don't need to ask.

Just look into your eyes, and see the soul that I saw.

And no words to express the beauty I saw within.

(Kiss outside window, Arthur leaves, curtain down)

Scene 3

## HELEN

More tea, dear?

# ARTHUR

I'm tired of it.

(Helen opens her mouth to speak, Arthur slams hand down)

I've had enough.

### HELEN

What do you mean?

# ARTHUR

You know God-damned well what I mean. Don't you ever get tired of being all "Domestic"? Don't you just want to pull out your hair and scream and say, "I'm alive, I can breath, and I won't be cooped up here forever!"

## HELEN

Well, you certainly aren't cooped up here, you spend half the year in London! And what, pray tell, do you do there? I never know, except to get the bills come next season!

Well, I'm sorry if I can't play the role of the doting husband and father you so desire!

# HELEN

Little Arthur hardly sees his father! What type of model are you setting for him!

# ARTHUR

He's only five! What can he know of the world!?

# HELEN

We've been married seven, and I feel I know you even less than when I

married you! We barely see you!

# ARTHUR

And what is that to you? You love that little brat more than you ever loved me! Give me some attention for once!

## HELEN

I do! Arthur, you're my husband, I want to be with you!

Then come with me to London.

## HELEN

I can't, little Arthur would not be up for the ride—it is too long at his age.

# ARTHUR

Then let's have the boys come here.

# HELEN

What?

# ARTHUR

I'll invite all my friends. Instead of months in the city, let's entertain them

for a few months here in the country.

#### HELEN

Are you sure...

# ARTHUR

Yes! We will all get better acquainted. That is, after all, what you wanted, right?

Lord and Lady Lowborough, may I present you to my wife Helen.

## LADY LOWBOROUGH

Please, Annabella. I remember you, didn't we make our debut at the same party?

#### HELEN

Yes, I seem to recall, but that was over seven years ago.

## LADY LOWBOROUGH

Ah, but I still remember you—stealing the most eligible bachelor right before my eyes. Back then, you were very lucky.

#### HELEN

It seems you have done very well yourself. I am pleased to have you here.

## LADY LOWBOROUGH

Come, let us leave the menfolk to their sporting. Walk with me.

(to mirror where Annabella admires herself)

I don't look too bad at all.

You do your husband proud.

# LADY LOWBOROUGH

Yes, I am very beautiful.

## HELEN

I am sure your husband is very pleased with you.

# LADY LOWBOROUGH

But Helen, tell me, is YOUR husband pleased with YOU?

# HELEN

I don't know. I do the best I can.

# LADY LOWBOROUGH

But is your best good enough?

## HELEN

If it is not, may God grant me what I lack.

#### LADY LOWBOROUGH

Pretty words. What they lack for in action, they more than compensate with noble sentiments.

#### HELEN

Are you quite finished...

## LADY LOWBOROUGH

I'm quite finished, and pleased with myself. I hope you make a very GOOD wife for your husband, Helen. Now, I figure we should find them, I can hear them singing—they must have already found the alcohol.

## ARTHUR and LORD LOWBOROUGH

The parson is my friend since he forgives us all our sins. To our pal up in the pulpit let us all raise a stein When I'm saddened you are there, indeed you are a friend of mine Instead of water, give us wine!

Jesus is my friend since he turned water into wine To our pal above in heaven let us all raise a stein When I'm thirsty you are there, indeed you are a friend of mine Instead of water, baptize wine!

My goodne...

# LADY LOWBOROUGH

Men, men, surely you can hold off the cups for another hour—it is just past dinner time.

# ARTHUR

Why forsake pleasure in the presence of such company?

# LADY LOWBOROUGH

Why drink yourself into a stupor before the evenings pleasures can be fully enjoyed?

# LORD LOWBOROUGH

Then let us fill the evening with merriment. Annabella, why not play us a tune.

# LADY LOWBOROUGH

My keyboard skills are as lacking as refinement is lacking in your taste.

#### LORD LOWBOROUGH

Well, obviously your tongue is not lacking, so sing us a tune.

# LADY LOWBOROUGH

Only if our hostess would care to join me in a duet.

# LORD LOWBOROUGH

Yes! Sing us "The Wild Rose Briar." Arthur, are you familiar with it?

## ARTHUR

Only too well.

Duet

#### LADY LOWBOROUGH and HELEN

Love is like the wild rose briar

Friendship, like the holly tree,

The holly is dark when the rose briar blooms

But which will bloom most constantly?

The wild rose briar is sweet in spring,

Its summer blossoms scent the air:

Yet wait till winter comes again

And who will call the wild-briar fair?

Then scorn the silly rose-wreath now

And deck thee with the holly's sheen.

That when December blights thy brow

He still may leave thy garland green.

## LORD LOWBOROUGH

Truer words were never spoken. Don't you agree Arthur?

# ARTHUR

Trite and overhanded. Subtlety is more my game.

## LORD LOWBOROUGH

Perhaps then we should move to a game of chess?

#### LADY LOWBOROUGH

None for me, I beg you. I never could figure out which piece went where.

# ARTHUR

Helen will surely play, she is always besting the men.

## LORD LOWBOROUGH

I must see this then, if nothing else than to restore male honor.

## ARTHUR

Nothing you will ever do could possibly restore male honor.

## LORD LOWBOROUGH

Speak for yourself.

(pause)

# ANNABELLA

Chess players are so unsociable, they are no company for any but themselves.

(Leaves)

## HELEN

I have captured your pawn with my bishop.

## LORD LOWBOROUGH

It is those bishops that trouble me, but the bold knight can overleap the reverend gentlemen, and now, those sacred persons once removed, I shall have all before me.

What keen gamesters you are! Why Helen, your hand trembles as if you had staked your life upon it. I wouldn't beat her, she'll hate you if you do—I see it in her eyes.

(Leaves)

## LORD LOWBOROUGH

I despise your husband.

## HELEN

What do you mean?

## LORD LOWBOROUGH

Don't tell me you don't know! Your husband disappears for months at my estate. At one time I thought it was for me, his old friend. But then I saw what was happening, but I couldn't stop it. Annabella had already given birth and if I challenged Arthur to a duel, I would be ridiculed.

## HELEN

You don't know what you're talking about!

#### LORD LOWBOROUGH

Why do you doubt my word? I can show you.

# Scene 5

(Lord Lowborough and Helen see Arthur and Lady Lowborough without being seen)

# LADY LOWBOROUGH

Ah, Arthur, it was here you kissed that woman.

## ARTHUR

Well, I couldn't help it. You know I must keep straight with her as long as I can. Haven't I seen you kiss your dolt of a husband, scores of times? And do I ever complain?

## LADY LOWBOROUGH

But tell me, don't you love her still?

# ARTHUR

Not one bit, by all that's sacred!

## LORD LOWBOROUGH

You see, even your husband has betrayed you.

It is you I love, you who completes my happiness.

## HELEN

No, he is just trying to make me jealous, just like when we first met!

# LADY LOWBOROUGH

You say that every day and every night, but yet you return to her.

# ARTHUR

Only in body. My heart remains with you.

## HELEN

You should not conspire with your wife and my husband to play tricks on me!

#### LORD LOWBOROUGH

This is no joke.

#### LADY LOWBOROUGH

Say we will be together one day!

In time, but I can never leave Helen and you can never leave your husband.

# LADY LOWBOROUGH

But one day?

# ARTHUR

Yes, sooner I hope rather than later.

# LORD LOWBOROUGH

She is a fool, he will say whatever he can to get what he wants.

# LADY LOWBOROUGH

Truly?

# ARTHUR

I never say a word I don't mean.

# HELEN

There is nothing left for me.

### LORD LOWBOROUGH

# Do you see how he has shamed you?

### HELEN

Yes, it is over.

#### Scene 6

(In Helen's room)

### HELEN

Alone, forgotten, abandoned

I leave this place

It has nothing but old memories

Their joy blurred by time

And events I cannot begin to fathom

Where do I go from here?

I don't know the answer

I am alone

In a night of ever darkening skies

How did this come to pass?

I don't know

I don't know if it was me

I am lost

Forgotten

And abandoned

My soul is stretched

Stretched so thin

I feel it might break

Lost, alone and forgotten

I huddle here

Trying to gather myself

In a world of ever-darkening night

(Arthur enters)

# ARTHUR

Helen, where were you? Our guests were waiting!

# HELEN

For what?

## ARTHUR

For you to do your duty and be their hostess.

My duty? What of your duty? Is your duty to play me false with Annabella? Is it your duty to be an adulterer? For your wife's sake, please cease....

#### ARTHUR

My wife! What wife? I have no wife. Or if I have, she means nothing to me. My wife is worthless to me—I told Lord Lowborough I have no use for you. I told him just that. What say you now?

### HELEN

I say that what he prizes so lightly will not be long in his possession.

### ARTHUR

Poor ignorant Helen. Do you think to be so melancholy as a grand heroine and die for your broken heart!

# HELEN

By no means. My heart is too dried to be broken and I mean to live as long as I can.

You have no other option than to live under my roof. You cannot leave and when I want you for myself, you cannot choose but to yield.

### HELEN

By law, you are a man and free to do as you please, but though you might own my body, you shall never own my soul.

#### ARTHUR

(Slaps her and pushes her onto the bed)

Your soul is useless. I own your body and the thing that you hold most dear—your son.

(seems about to go further into rape, stops at the last moment)

Sleep now, but know that you sleep in a bed that is owned by me, in a house that is owned by me, on an estate that is owned by me. Even your

dreams are not your own.

(Arthur leaves)

### HELEN

I will not bow before you Beneath no man will I cower You might stifle me Engage an unfortunate end for me
Fill my life with salt
Till I find it hardly worth living
You might silence my voice
Burn my writings
In a fury of flames
I will not stop
You might kill my dreams
Ending their lives as you will end mine own
Rise up
And silence me
As you never can.

Scene 7

(Helen walks into her husband's bedroom)

## ARTHUR

Wife.

# HELEN

Mr. Huntingdon.

I am pleased you came so far to nurse me back to health.

### HELEN

I received a letter from my aunt describing your condition—and your debauchery.

Besides, you left me with little choice. You would have taken my son by law.

## ARTHUR

Our son.

### HELEN

There is precious little of you left in him. I have seen to that.

### ARTHUR

That can be rectified. I thought you might enjoy watching me die.

# HELEN

You will not die. The doctor said you would be fine with rest and moderation of drink.

Pish. That fool knows nothing-where is my son?

### HELEN

He is safe. You can see him when you are feeling better.

# ARTHUR

Is he here?

# HELEN

Wherever he is, you will not see him until you have promised to leave him completely under my care and protection. To let me take him away whenever and to wherever I please, if I judge it necessary. But that is for tomorrow.

# ARTHUR

No, let me see him now. It must be so.

# HELEN

No.

I swear it, as God in Heaven! Now, let me see him!

# HELEN

I cannot trust your oaths or promises.
You have led me astray before.
I trusted you, I loved you
I sacrificed and toiled for you
I clung to you, begged for your love
I was in awe of you you, my beloved.
And then there was nothing
You had it all and pushed it all away
away for painted whores and empty bottles
Did they fill you? Did you rest easy in their arms?
Did they make you forget?
I was your fool, your clown, your joke.
your promises are nothing,
your words empty
I must have a written argreement.

Do you have nothing to say then?

Bring it to me.

# Scene 8

# ARTHUR

You've been watering the wine again.

# HELEN

Don't you think you have had enough? The doctor warned you...

## ARTHUR

To hell with him...

# HELEN

Regardless, even watered, you have had three bottles today!

# ARTHUR

Three bottles of your watered wine is one glass of true wine.

# HELEN

Arthur please, don't exert yourself

Woman, I will do as I please.

(to Helen)

What, do you think I am your precious Jesus and can turn your water into my wine?

(recap of drinking song from Scene 4)

Jesus is my friend since he turned water into wine To our pal above in heaven let us all raise a stein When I'm thirsty you are there, indeed you are a friend of mine Instead of water, baptize wine!

La, la la...

(getting weaker)

### HELEN

Arthur, stop this!

# ARTHUR

I will do what I want! You wanted to keep me down, to control me. I am my own man!

Please, let me help you!

### ARTHUR

Oh yes, now you help me-- where were you when I got into this mess? Off on holiday?

# HELEN

I was trying to save our son-- so he wouldn't become someone like you!

# ARTHUR

And what is so bad about me, Helen? Tell me, I never felt good enough for you. I tried at first, but you wore me out. Always so damn perfect all the time. Can't you just live a little bit? Would that be so bad? Your goodness comes at the expense of any fun- when was the last time you smiled?

### HELEN

I am still here and healthy.

### ARTHUR

But at what price!?

You take everything to excess. You drink, you whore, you gamble

### ARTHUR

Well at least I do it with passion!

### HELEN

That isn't true and you know it. Whatever I am today you made me it.

### ARTHUR

So I am responsible for what you have become but You are not responsible for what I have become. Come now, Helen. I am here dying now-- how much of a hand did you play in that?

### HELEN

None that I wished. I might have my failings, but I am trying to do the best I can with what God gave me.

### ARTHUR

God again, can't you begin to see past him and see the people right in front of you? You are so in awe of God that you are blind to the world!

I am not so blind that I cannot see your failings. I might not be perfect, but at least I am not afraid to try to better myself.

# ARTHUR

Afraid? You think me a coward?

No coward soul is mine No trembler in the world's sphere

I see Heaven's glories shine

But Hell I do not fear.

Vain are the thousand creeds

From empty churches on the way

Worthless as withered weeds

I will not listen to what you say

My guide is my heart My passions and my lust The greatest joy from any part In that and only that I trust Come down o hell, Painful, tortourous and hot In flames let me dwell I fear you not

Duet

# ARTHUR

I believe in one god the father and the almighty creator of desire and lust of all that is seen and unseen. I believe in one lord, myself eternally begotten of pleasure. Sex from sex, and drink from drink. One woman or two women, bedding, or playing with our being with each other. Through all this joy was made. For us and for our happiness

I believe in myself, and only myself. I acknowledge nothing and no authority. I look for the next day and the next conquest, and the life that might or might not come. Amen.

### HELEN

I believe in one god the Father and the Almighty Creator of heaven and earth of all that is seen and unseen. I believe in one Lord, Jesus Christ, the only Son of God, eternally begotten of the Father.

For us and for our salvation he came down from heaven: he suffered death and rose again

I believe in one Lord, Jesus Christ. Amen.

(Arthur dies)