

7th draft of *Georgia O'Keeffe Paints Paradise*

(The **Overture** will begin as the audience is settling in. The music will include Hawaiian themes blended in with the musical's original music. During this music we'll see slides of Georgia as a student, as a model for Stieglitz, as a maturing artist, in New Mexico, as an elderly woman, etc. Mixed in with these images will be four or five of her best-known works of art. The final images of the overture will be of the Hawaiian islands from an airplane and then the image and sound of an airplane getting ready to land will come up to end the overture...during applause Patricia will enter talking to her dog, Lucky—a yappy little creature who is always offstage.)

SLIDE1: Maui airport—not a grand sign (if side slides will be used then Hawaiian flowers—O'Keeffe paintings can fill those screens)

Patricia

Now Lucky...don't get so excited. You've seen airplanes land before, haven't you?

(yaps in response)

CUE 1

Lucky...be good or we'll lock you in the car...(yapping stops—and a moan is heard). Now we've been sent on a very important mission today and we can't have you ruining things—do you understand?

(dog moans louder...hates to be blamed for anything...) CUE 2

Now that's her plane so she'll be on the ground in just a few minutes...the notorious Georgia O'Keeffe—the most famous woman artist in the world coming to Maui—to our home! Have you heard that she let her photographer husband take pictures of her with no clothes on? And that those same photos are displayed in galleries in New York City and some of them get purchased for money to hang on strangers' walls?

(dog moans, again...)

CUE 3

Mother did not want me coming by myself to meet Mrs. O'Keeffe but with father busy planting and her getting ready to leave for San Francisco I was the only family member left.

1 A Visitor is Coming

PATRICIA: A VISITOR IS COMING

IT'S LIKE A FANTASY

WHO'S TO SAY WHAT GREAT ADVENTURES LIE AHEAD FOR HER AND ME?

SOON SHE'LL BE ARRIVING
FROM FAR ACROSS THE SEA
PAINTING EVERYTHING IN SIGHT-HECK, MAYBE SHE'LL PAINT ME!

RUMOR IS, SHE'S BOSSY
STUBBORN TO THE CORE
MAYBE SHE'S A MONSTER... WELL, AT LEAST I WON'T BE BORED ANYMORE!

A VISITOR IS COMING
SHE'S COMING HERE TODAY
LIFE WILL CHANGE IN EACH AND EVERY WAY

(instrumental break)

A VISITOR IS COMING
SHE'S COMING HERE TODAY
LIFE WILL CHANGE IN EACH AND EVERY WAY
LIFE WILL CHANGE IN EACH AND EVERY WAY

CUE 4

(at end of song the sound of plane landing takes over as applause dies down...dog starts to yap again...plane engine turns off and it'll be quiet for a moment once the dog starts yapping...Georgia will enter carrying a small suitcase)

Patricia
Lucky...quiet!

(dog stops yapping...)

(a moment of silence—Patricia stares at Georgia...)

Georgia

Thank god...

Patricia

You don't like dogs?

Georgia

Despise them—especially little yappy ones.

Patricia

Oh.

Georgia

Are there a lot of them here? And where is here, anyway? I've been in Hawaii for just over a week and this is the third island they've put me on. O'ahu...Hawaii...and, now, what is this Hana? (long "a")

Patricia

(corrects her) Hana.

Georgia

(repeats) Hana.

(Patricia and Georgia stare at each other...pause)

Patricia

Our home is on the Hana coast but this island is Maui.

Georgia

A bit confusing wouldn't you say?

Patricia

Well, not really...I mean if you took two minutes to look at a map it would make perfect sense to—

Georgia

(interrupts) Who is going to get the rest of my bags, my easels, my painting supplies?

Patricia

My father—Mr. Willis Jennings—has sent his driver to collect all of your things and then drive us directly to our home where we have set up the guest house for your use during your ten-day stay. There is a porch on back of the guest house that gives you an unimpeded view of Hana Beach—one of the wildest in all of the Hawaiian Islands.

Georgia

Wildest?

Patricia

Huge waves—the native boys ride their boards on them—when they come crashing in they can be 30, even 40 feet tall.

Georgia

Huge waves—native boys on boards—sounds perfect.

Patricia

(disapproves of Georgia's comment) Not that you'll have much time for enjoying or even painting those sights. Even though my Mother—Mrs. Marie Jennings—will be leaving for the mainland tomorrow she has put together a very detailed and comprehensive itinerary for your ten-day stay on Maui.

(Patricia takes a typed, multi-page schedule out of her bag and hands it to Georgia—who looks at it quickly and then hands it back...)

Patricia

My Mother is very thorough when it comes to such things as schedules and guests and—

Georgia

I'm sure she is...

(Lucky starts to yap...)

CUE 5

Georgia

There it is again—that dog! Do they run wild on this island—are visitors allowed to shoot them?

Patricia

That's my dog—Lucky—and I would most appreciate it if you didn't shoot it.

(a few more yaps from Lucky and then it quiets down)

Georgia

(looks around and then sits on her suitcase—gesturing for Patricia to come closer)

Listen here, kid. What is your name by the way?

Patricia

Patricia.

Georgia

So may I call you Pat or Patty?

Patricia

My Mother—Mrs. Marie Jennings—prefers people call me Patricia.

Georgia

I'm sure she does. Say can I have a cigarette? (starts to take one out of purse)

Patricia

You can do whatever you want.

Georgia

I mean would it be alright with you—the natives—your Mother—if people saw me sitting here on the airfield having a cigarette by myself.

Patricia

It would be a highly unusual sight—you would be talked about...probably even written up in the Maui Times.

Georgia

Swell...(stands)

Patricia

You do have an International reputation and are a bit “exotic” for this island...so whatever you do will be noticed—and commented on.

Georgia

I got the idea. (stares at her for a brief pause) Say, Patricia...what I want to talk to you about before we get to your home is that schedule—my time—my “freedom”. I’m used to being by myself in New York City—getting up when I want...painting when I want...spending afternoons thinking or napping or...

Patricia

I understand—once I get my work done for my schooling at home I get to do what I want until it is time to help with dinner.

Georgia

Good...I’m glad we understand each other. Well, Patricia, do you think once your Mother—Marie Jennings—leaves--you could help find some time for me to be by myself?

(Music starts: I Haven't Had a Minute to Paint)

Patricia

You haven't had much time to paint, yet?

#2: I Haven't Had a Minute to Paint!

GEORGIA:
I'VE BEEN DRAGGED TO AND FRO
FROM HAUAI TO HILO
BEEN PRESENTED WITH LAIE
IN EVERY PODUNK TOWN ALONG THE WAY

IT'S A SHAME
 THE PRICE OF MY FAME
 THAT EVEN ON THIS ISLAND
 EVERY FOOL KNOWS MY NAME
 THOUGH I'M EVER POPULAR
 I HAVE ONE COMPLAINT
 I HAVEN'T HAD A MINUTE TO PAINT

PATRICIA:
 CROSS, BORED, STUBBORN, RUDE
 ALL AROUND BAD ATTITUDE
 DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO DRESS FOR LUNCHEONS
 RUINS EVERY SOCIAL FUNCTION

DISTANT, ILL-MANNERED, COLD
 POSES NAKED, SO I'M TOLD
 AFTER 15 MINUTES I'M
 SURE THIS IS A WASTE OF TIME
 IS IT ANY WONDER I DON'T SHOW MORE RESTRAINT
 WHEN ALL SHE WANTS TO DO IS PAINT?

GEORGIA: BACK IN NEW YORK I USED TO FANTASIZE
 ABOUT VIRIDIAN PALMS 'NEATH AZURE SKIES
 THERE ON THE SAND, I'D CAPTURE EVERY HUE
 PAINTING PARADISE AS ONLY I CAN DO...

GEORGIA: SO MAYBE I'M MEAN

CRASS AND OBSCENE

GEORGIA: BUT WHAT GOOD IS A PAINTER
 TO

LUNCHEONS

IF SHE'S NOT ALLOWED TO PAINT WHAT SHE'S SEEN?

IT'S A CRIME
 MANNERED,

SOON I'LL RUN OUT OF TIME

AND I'LL HAVE WASTED EV'RY SINGLE COMPANY DIME

PATRICIA: CROSS, BORED,
 STUBBORN, RUDE
 ALL AROUND
 BAD ATTITUDE
 DOESN'T KNOW HOW

DRESS FOR

RUINS EVERY SOCIAL
 FUNCTION

DISTANT, ILL-

COLD
 POSES NAKED,
 SO I'M TOLD

AFTER 15 MINUTES I'M
 SURE THIS IS A

WASTE OF TIME

BOTH: IS IT ANY WONDER I DON'T SHOW MORE RESTRAINT?

WHEN I HAVEN'T HAD A MINUTE....

ALL SHE WANTS TO DO

IS

I HAVEN'T HAD A MINUTE TO PAINT!

PAINT, PAINT, PAINT!

Patricia

I think we can help each other out...

Georgia

Once your Mother—Marie Jennings—is gone? (they shake hands)

Slide2: the Jennings' large, late 1920's car

(side slides would change to other Hawaiian flowers as they begin to drive)

Patricia

Lucky!

Georgia

Swell...this kid who is going to be my savior is also the owner of a yappy little dog!

(deciding to change the subject for now—speaks to the driver who is off stage)

Careful with my easels. Without them I'd be—

(dog growls as Georgia moves towards the car—low and menacing...)

“

“Unlucky”!?! You see? I'm not a total yappy dog hater—I can make a joke about—

Patricia

(Patricia decides to be the mature party in this argument and moves on)

This car will be yours the entire time you're on Maui. This should be a help in avoiding those afternoon teas, ladies' luncheons, dinner parties, etc. etc.

Georgia

Do you think the driver will help us in “rearranging” the schedule? If he tells anyone our little secret the plan will be--

Patricia

Oh, no. The Driver—Duke—is a very important man on the plantation. After today my father needs him back at work to help with the planting.

Georgia

Well, who will drive the car my dear Patricia?

Patricia

You will. Duke, Lucky, ready to go?

Georgia

Me!?

Patricia

Yes, you...look happy. It was part of the negotiation my father worked out for you—the Company car is yours the entire time you're our guest on Maui.

Georgia

But...But I don't know where I'm going—I'm from New York—all we do there is put our hand in the air and some nice man in a yellow vehicle comes and picks us up and takes us to wherever we need to go.

Patricia

Mt. Jennings—dear old dad—has thought of everything. For the next ten days I will be your guide.

Georgia

But don't you have school—don't you need to do what other little girls your age do? What is your age by the way?

Patricia

I'm 12—and you?

Georgia

Older than 12.

(Georgia looks at Patricia...suspicious still...the dog growls low and mean.)

Patricia

My Mother is my teacher so with her gone I'm free to be your full-time guide.

Georgia

But surely there is someone else on the plantation...the island who can do the driving—

Patricia

You don't like to drive?

(pause, Georgia looks uncomfortable)

Georgia

I don't drive.

Patricia

Perfect...because I do—so, no problem!

Georgia

But you're only 12.

Patricia

My Mother doesn't let me drive so I have to be careful not to get caught but she's going to San Francisco so we're all set. Ready?

Georgia

Well, yes.

Patricia

Lucky!?

(dog yaps in response as Georgia and Patricia bring out cubes they will use whenever they are driving...)

#3 I'm Here

GEORGIA: OH DEAR...

PATRICIA: NO FEAR!

GEORGIA: GOD, I NEED A DRINK AND A SMOKE

PATRICIA: I'LL BE YOUR TOUR GUIDE

GEORGIA: TELL ME THIS IS SOME KIND OF JOKE

PATRICIA: LET'S TAKE A RIDE!

GEORGIA: WHAT ARE YOU-11 YEARS OLD?

PATRICIA: TWELVE AND A HALF!

GEORGIA: FORGIVE ME IF I'M NOT QUITE SOLD

PATRICIA: I'LL TAKE YOU EVERYWHERE

WITH LUCKY RIDING SHOTGUN

GEORGIA: I HATE DOGS...

PATRICIA: UP MOUNTAINS, THROUGH LAGOONS

YOU'LL HAVE SO MUCH FUN

BECAUSE YOU'RE HERE!

(Lucky yaps, barks and howls)

CUE

GEORGIA: I HOPE YOUR FRIDGE IS WELL-STOCKED WITH BEER

PATRICIA: "Of course!"

WE'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOU-NEVER FEAR, MY DEAR

GEORGIA: WELL THAT'LL BE A FIRST

I SWEAR TO GOD I'M CURSED

BOTH: FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE (YOU'RE) (I'M) HERE!

Slide 3: shows car moving—slides moving from one to the next or looping video—like a film)

Patricia

Do you mind having the window open—

Georgia

Please do—the air in that airplane was so stuffy—and does every man in Hawaii smoke stogies?

Patricia

Stogies?

Georgia

Cigars.

Patricia

Oh, I guess so—never really thought about it before
Georgia

Have you lived your entire life here, on this island?

Patricia

Since I was three.

Georgia

Nine years...just think about it.

Patricia

Now is that supposed to be rude or sarcastic? “Nine years”...

Georgia

Both?

Patricia

You know my parents heard terrible things about you from your hosts on the other islands.

Georgia

Do tell—
(looking out the window, ignoring Patricia)

you know it is so beautiful—this Maui.

Patricia

They said you were rude, sarcastic...generally all around unpleasant and that the only times you were civil is when someone asked you about your paintings.

Georgia

That's all they had to say about me?

Patricia

(has memorized the list) Aloof...stuck up...bored...prickly—

Georgia

Like your pineapples—that one I like.

Patricia

Distant...ill-mannered...doesn't know how to dress for social occasions...

Georgia

Oh, I know how—I have my husband—Stieglitz—to thank for that. I just sometimes—especially when no one is allowing me time to paint—when I don't feel like it.

Patricia

Oh. Painting is really that important for you?

Georgia

It is.

(They ride in silence—a new flower appears...)

Georgia

Stop...stop...what is that flower? That's a new one for me...

Patricia

Duke...can you pull over please?

(car stops moving and Georgia gets out to look closely at the image on a screen)

Georgia

What is it?

Patricia

Bella Donna. Have you ever heard of—

(Georgia takes a long moment to drink in the flower...)

Georgia

Oh My...oh, my...(pause)

#4. Belladonna

GEORGIA: SO THIS IS BELLADONNA
I'VE NEVER SEEN THE FLOWER BEFORE
SO SMOOTH AND VIRGINAL

SO THIS IS BELLADONNA
YOUR DEADLY BEAUTY
LEAVES ME WANTING SO MUCH MORE...

I KNOW I SHOULD BEWARE
BUT WHEN I LOOK AT YOU
I JUST DON'T CARE...
BELLADONNA, I LONG TO PAINT YOU

“...the white doesn't stop-just goes deeper and deeper.”

PATRICIA: “This flower makes a very serious poison...”

GEORGIA: COME CLOSER, BELLADONNA
O PERFECT POISON, SWEET AND PURE
I CAN'T RESIST YOU

O LOVELY BELLADONNA
YOUR REPUTATION ONLY ADDS TO YOUR ALLURE

YES, I SHOULD STAY AWAY
BUT IN YOUR PRESENCE
ALL MY SENSES STRAY
BELLADONNA, I LONG TO PAINT YOU

PATRICIA: “I'm afraid to even get near it for fear of touching it.”

GEORGIA: A MOMENT WITH YOU, I AM FORCED TO CONCEDE
IS MORE THAN A LIFETIME WASTED ON WEEDS
IN YOU I HAVE SUDDENLY FOUND EVERYTHING THAT I NEED

SO THIS IS BELLADONNA
I'VE NEVER SEEN THE FLOWER BEFORE
SO SMOOTH AND VIRGINAL

PATRICIA: STAY AWAY
DON'T TOUCH THAT FLOWER

SO THIS IS BELLADONNA
YOUR DEADLY BEAUTY
LEAVES ME WANTING SO MUCH MORE...

IT WILL SLAY YOU
WITHIN THE HOUR

I KNOW I SHOULD BEWARE
BEWARE
BUT WHEN I LOOK AT YOU
I JUST DON'T CARE...
BELLADONNA, I LONG TO PAINT YOU

YOU KNOW YOU SHOULD

HOW IS IT YOU
JUST DON'T CARE?
BELLADONNA

Mrs. O’Keeffe I think it is time to go...our island does not have street lights like O’ahu or the Big Island...it is better not to drive after dark.

Georgia

Looks like the mutt wants to get home also...

CUE

(Lucky growls with menace...as Georgia gets back in the car and the car begins to move, again)

Patricia

She didn’t mean it, Lucky...I know in her heart she really didn’t...

(Lucky stops growling lulled to sleep, again, by the car moving...)

Georgia

Thank you, Duke. (to Patricia) Will Duke tell on you about the driving?

Patricia

He’s the one who taught me to drive.

Georgia

I see...

(pause...they are enjoying the sights as they change on the slides...Patricia is still not sure of herself around Georgia so Georgia breaks the silence...)

Georgia

So. The reports you got from the other islands said I’m not the warm and fuzzy type. (pause, looking out window) Do you agree?

Patricia

It’s too early to tell—(nice big smile for Georgia which she hates)

Georgia

Okay. (watches scenery go by) It is so...so beautiful...a true island paradise...

Patricia

This part of Maui—around the airport is the worst part of our island—wait until you see the Hana coast where the plantation is...the beaches, the jungles, the mountains, the valleys, the flowers, the views of the ocean...I don't think there is any place on earth that is like it.

Georgia

But you don't know because you've never been anywhere else—

Patricia

Look—I'm 12 years old! Duke, stop the car!

(Car jerks to a stop...Lucky wakes up and starts to yap...)

CUE

Georgia

Duke—keep going!

(Car jerks as it starts to move again)

Georgia

And you—(to the dog) Shut up!

(Lucky moans and stops barking)

Patricia

I want to discuss this right now. If we're going to spend the next ten days together...if I'm going to help you get out of the social situations you hate so you can paint then we have to come to an understanding! Do you hear me!?

Georgia

Loud and clear, Patricia...loud and clear. Duke, darling, stop the car, please?

(Car stops moving. There is a pause...Georgia points at dog.)

Georgia

And not a yap out of you.

(silence...Patricia looks out one window—Georgia the other...the slides are stopped on a field of pineapples...Music #3 comes up softly underneath after a moment...)

Patricia

On your right you'll see a field of those pineapples that you've been brought over here—at great expense according to my father I might add—

Georgia

You don't need to say that...it is rude.

Patricia

Well then I won't.

(pause...both looking out the car windows...Lucky moans—needs to get out of the car...)

Georgia

Quiet! (Music underscoring stops)

Patricia

He has to go.

Georgia

Then let him out. He can go in the pineapple field, right?

(Patricia opens the door enough so the little dog can get out...)

Patricia

If he has to.

Georgia

(another pause) I didn't want to take this commission—this job. I had just finished a big commission at Radio City Music Hall—do you have any idea of what Radio City Music Hall is my dear?

Patricia

I read newspapers...magazines...so, yes I know what—

Georgia

I was exhausted and couldn't wait to get back to my own work...and I was beginning to realize that if I was going to survive in New York I would need to get my own place—away from my husband.

Patricia

Steiglitz the gallery owner and photographer?

Georgia

Yes! Steiglitz the—now look who's being sarcastic!

Patricia

Sorry...when you're twelve sometimes you can't control yourself.

Georgia

So I needed money to gain my independence...I needed to do my own work, not commissions for my own well-being and I needed to be somewhere where I could rest and be healthy again. The pineapple commission seemed perfect—all they wanted was two paintings—the rest of my time I was free to paint whatever I wanted whenever I wanted. So I patted my husband on the back as a good-bye, packed my bags and my paints, brushes and easels and took trains, boats and an airplane to get here—ready to relax-rest-make some money and paint.

Patricia

And here you are.

Georgia

It's not nice to interrupt your elders.

Patricia

Oh, right—I forgot that one...sorry.

Georgia

I get here and I have no time to paint, I'm moved about from lunch to tea to dinner and back again—with a few breakfasts thrown in for good measure—the breakfasts I like by the way—having been raised on a dairy farm in Wisconsin I've always been a big fan of breakfast.

Patricia

I'll try to remember that.

Georgia

So I get here and there's no time to paint...after five days on one island then I'm flown off to some other island where after two days they send me packing to this island—

(Patricia thinks for a moment and then is honest...)

Patricia

They really didn't like your manners on the big island.

Georgia

I wanted to get to know the workers—the field hands. Learn something about your wonderful, rich history—become one of the people during my stay here. Instead I'm going to parties, luncheons—

Patricia

I've heard this before, Mrs. O'Keeffe

Georgia

And you want to know the biggest irony of this entire trip--the biggest joke on me and the Dole pineapple company?

(pause, she looks at Duke and whispers this)

I hate pineapples.

Patricia

What? Duke forget you are hearing this, please! You what?

Georgia

I hate pineapples...the way they look...the way they grow...the fact they have no smell...no real flower...just green, spiky leaves...the rows they grow in are interesting but the pineapple flower—what I am being paid to paint—is a disaster...I will return home having spent all the company's money and not having produced even a poor pencil sketch of a pineapple.

Patricia

Duke...go! As fast as you can! Go!

(The car starts driving again—faster this time...the dog has been forgotten about...)

Go...Duke...Go!

(Looks at Georgia horrified...Music starts...)

#5 It's All About Me

GEORGIA: I DON'T PAINT FOR THE MONEY
 I DON'T PAINT FOR THE FAME
 I DON'T PAINT TO MAKE PEOPLE HAPPY
 HELL, I DON'T EVEN CARE IF THEY KNOW MY NAME
 I HAVE ONE MOTIVATOR
 AND IT SUITS ME TO A "T"
 YOU CAN BE SURE MY ART IS PURE 'CAUSE
 I DO IT FOR ME

IT'S ALL ABOUT ME
 IT'S ALL ABOUT ME
 I CAN'T CONTROL MY GENIUS
 SO THAT'S HOW IT HAS TO BE
 IT'S ALL ABOUT ME
 IT'S ALL ABOUT ME
 PINEAPPLES BE DAMNED!
 IT'S ALL ABOUT ME

Patricia: "So, what if you leave the island without painting a single pineapple? Doesn't that bother you?"

GEORGIA: "Of course it does. But I can't lose sight of the big picture here..."

IT'S ALL ABOUT ME PATRICIA: INDUBITABLY
 IT'S ALL ABOUT ME I CAN'T DISAGREE
 I CAN'T CONTROL MY GENIUS
 SO THAT'S HOW IT HAS TO BE
 IT'S ALL ABOUT ME IT'S ALL ABOUT YOU
 IT'S ALL ABOUT ME THAT'S CERTAINLY TRUE
 PINEAPPLES BE DAMNED!
 THEY'RE A POX UPON THE LAND!
 YES, PINEAPPLES BE DAMNED
 IT'S ALL ABOUT ME
 IT'S ALL ABOUT ME
 IT'S ALL ABOUT ME

CUE—after applause
 (when music is over we'll hear the dog yapping and the car will stop then back up to get him—
 film clip will run backwards)

Georgia

Sorry that we almost lost the dog.

Patricia

You are?

Georgia

(caught, laughs) Not really.

(Music repeats as underscoring as the car continues down the road—both Georgia and Patricia are now looking out the same window of the car, together...pause...)

Georgia

Lovely...so, so lovely...look, we're going into the mountains—(stops herself)

Patricia

It's how you get to our beach—on the other side.

Georgia

You must promise me, Patricia, that you'll bring me back here—tomorrow, the day after at the latest so I can paint.

Patricia

(looks at schedule) You'll miss tea with the von Tempsky's—Aunt Dora von Tempsky, Mamma von Tempsky, Poppa von Tempsky Grandma Armine Tempsky and their smelly little runt of a son, Robert—"Boy" von Tempsky. "Boy" likes to pull my hair and when I was younger made me cry.

Georgia

Look at that valley—Duke, please, please stop.

(Car stops—we see one of the Iao Vally paintings...Georgia gets out and drinks it in. Patricia enjoys sharing this image through the stranger's eyes.)

Patricia

It will soon be dark.

Georgia

What is this magical place called?

Patricia

If I tell you will you get back in the car?

Georgia

Only if you promise to bring me back.

Patricia

But what about the von Tempsky's? (teasing her) They will be so disappointed—

Georgia

(getting into the car) The name, please, Patricia!?

Patricia

The Iao Valley.

Georgia

(savors saying it) The Iao valley.

(Car starts moving again as the sunlight begins to disappear and the stage gets darker. Patricia writes a note as they drive and Georgia looks behind her to get one last glimpse of the valley.)

Patricia #6. Dear Aunt Dora

PATRICIA: DEAR AUNT DORA,
WELL, I'VE PICKED UP THE INFAMOUS MRS. O'KEEFFE
AND SHE IS EVERYTHING THEY SAID SHE WAS AND WORSE!
AMONG OTHER ISSUES SHE IS VERY MUCH
A MODERN NEW YORK WOMAN

MOTHER DID WARN US
AND SHE SEEMS TOTALLY EXHAUSTED
BY HER VISIT TO THE BIG ISLAND
AND OAHU SO I'M AFRAID SHE
WILL NEED SEVERAL DAY OF REST
MEANING SHE WILL NOT BE ABLE TO JOIN YOU
GEORGIA: I WILL NOT BE ABLE TO JOIN HER

PATRICIA: SHE WILL NOT BE ABLE TO JOIN YOU
GEORGIA: I WILL NOT BE ABLE TO JOIN HER
BOTH: (SHE) (I) WILL NOT BE JOINING YOU
AND YOUR FAMILY FOR TEA

PATRICIA: "I know she'll want to reschedule this important social event as soon as she is able to."

WITH REGRETS, YOUR NIECE, PATRICIA

(Patricia signs the note and puts it in an envelope then smiles at Georgia who sits back, smiles...herself then looks relaxed for the 1st time...)

Georgia

You're brilliant. Now what can we do about tomorrow's schedule?

Intimidating men—the O'Keeffe curse.

#7. The Long Awaited Visitor (reprise of #1)

PATRICIA: FIRST YOU'LL REASSURE MY MOTHER
THAT THINGS WILL BE OK
THAT HER DAUGHTER AND HER HUSBAND
WILL BE IN GOOD HANDS WHILE SHE'S AWAY

THEN YOU'LL TAKE A TOUR
OF THE PLANTATION WITH MY DAD

"That is why you're here, yes?"

GEORGIA: NOW YOU'RE MAKING ME FEEL BAD!"

PATRICIA: FATHER CAN'T SAY "NO" TO ME
SO I WILL BE THERE TOO
ALL THE LADIES WORSHIP HIM
BUT DON'T LET THAT INTIMIDATE YOU

GEORGIA: "Intimidating men-the O'Keeffe curse."

PATRICIA: AND TOMORROW NIGHT THERE'S GONNA BE
A LUAU JUST FOR YOU

AND GIVEN WHAT YOU'VE TOLD ME
WE'LL INVITE ALL OF THE WORKERS TOO

GEORGIA: SOUNDS LIKE QUITE A HASSLE
AND WON'T YOUR PARENTS MIND?

PATRICIA: MOTHER WOULDN'T STAND FOR IT
BUT FATHER WILL BE FINE!

GEORGIA: PATRICIA-YOU'RE A GODSEND.
LOOK-THE OCEAN!

PATRICIA: HANA BEACH...
IT MEANS WE'LL BE HOME SOON.

Georgia: (repeats) Hanna...

Patricia: Hana.

Georgia: (rises up in her seat to get a better look) It is spectacular! Patricia.

(Car hits a bump. Georgia falls down on Lucky who starts to yap and lights fade as it is gets dark.)

Georgia: Ahhh!

Patricia: (in the dark) I've got you, Mrs. O'Keeffe! I've got you!

PATRICIA: THE LONG-AWAITED VISITOR HAS LANDED HERE TODAY
LIFE WILL CHANGE IN EACH AND EVERY WAY!
BOTH: LIFE WILL CHANGE IN EACH AND EVERY WAY!

Day 2

CUE

Stieglitz photo and offstage Voice

(in the darkness before music starts) Oh, no...another letter full of complaints from Georgia—she hates Hawaii...hates the people...hates pineapples...Georgia, darling...remember this commission is covering our rent back in cold, dark New York City...try to find something you like there, my dearest...try...please?

Slide 4: Georgia is at her easel, painting. Side slides will show one of her first fish hook paintings.

(Lights come up as song #8 starts...Both women are in comfortable clothes...Georgia is getting help from Patricia setting up the easel, moving it into better light, etc. as they begin to sing.)

#8 I Know What You Want

PATRICIA: IN THE MORNING I WILL BE YOUR ALARM CLOCK
 TAKE YOUR HAND AND HELP YOU OUT OF BED
 DRAW THE CURTAINS BACK AND HAND YOU THE **SUN BLOCK**
 BRING YOU ASPIRIN FOR YOUR ACHING HEAD
 FIX YOU BREAKFAST BY 8AM
 PACK THE CAR AND THEN WE'LL HIT THE ROAD AGAIN
 I KNOW WHAT YOU WANT
 I KNOW WHAT YOU NEED

TAKE THE SCENIC ROUTE TO OUR DESTINATION
 POINT OUT EVERY SIGHT ALONG THE WAY
 MAKE YOU FEEL LIKE YOU ARE HERE ON VACATION
 FEEL THE SUNLIGHT, TASTE THE OCEAN SPRAY
 WHEN WE STOP I'LL UNPACK THE CAR
 WHILE YOU'RE WORKING I WILL WATCH YOU...

(Georgia looks at her)

FROM AFAR
 I KNOW WHAT YOU WANT
 I KNOW WHAT YOU NEED

GET YOU OUT OF EVERY SOCIAL ENGAGEMENT
 I'LL SAY YOU'RE...OUT OF TOWN
 MAKE YOU SMILE EVERY TIME YOU'RE FEELING DOWN

WHEN YOU'RE FINISHED I WILL PACK UP YOUR PAINT KIT
 DRIVE YOU HOME IN TIME FOR HAPPY HOUR
 FIX YOUR COCKTAIL JUST THE WAY THAT YOU LIKE IT
 SO THAT PUT YOUR FEET UP, OR TAKE A NICE HOT SHOWER
 TIME FOR DINNER THEN IT'S OFF TO BED
 PLUMP THE PILLOW WHERE YOU REST YOUR WEARY HEAD
 I KNOW WHAT YOU WANT
 I KNOW WHAT YOU NEED

I KNOW WHAT YOU WANT
 I KNOW WHAT YOU NEED

(Patricia and Georgia are working together in this song—it should be fun and reflect this spirit. Lucky isn't with them...Song ends with Georgia painting—we see the fish hook appearing above the water. Patricia is watching her, quite relaxed.)

Patricia

Do you mind me watching you? While you paint?

Georgia

Apparently not. (keeps painting)

Patricia

Oh...does that mean yes you do mind or no—

Georgia

Let's not make a habit of it.

(Georgia is working quickly—the fish hook rises out of the ocean—it is a water color.)

Patricia

Do you always paint so fast?

Georgia

No.

Patricia

(pause) Do you like to talk while you are painting?

Georgia

No.

Patricia

Oh. I see. It hurt Lucky's feelings leaving him behind this morning.

(Georgia looks at her for a moment and actually stops to think what to say...)

Georgia

He'll get over it. He's a dog.

Patricia

He's used to getting his way. Did I tell you he's the son of the von Tempsky's world champion show dog, Jed the Genial Lad of Ware?

Georgia

No.

Patricia

Do you care?

Georgia

(thinks for a moment) No.

Patricia

We could have been there right this moment—sitting down for tea with all of the von—

Georgia

But you saved me.

Patricia

Ah, yes...I did. (pause)

Georgia

Thank you...again.

Patricia

(after a pause) Father wants to take a moonlight stroll on the beach tonight Mrs. O’Keeffe.

Georgia

You can call me Georgia.

Patricia

That’ll seem weird.

Georgia

What will?

Patricia

Calling you—an adult—by their first name.

Georgia

Mrs. O’Keeffe was my Mother.

Patricia

Oh, I see. About that walk on the—

Georgia

If you’ll let me finish this painting before the light is gone, I’ll do whatever you want me to!

Patricia

Oh...well...fair enough. Although it isn’t my idea to take the walk on the beach it is my—

(Georgia stops her by intently focusing on the last few brush strokes.)

Georgia

I paint fast because this is a watercolor. If the paint doesn't go on quickly the water will make it run right off the paper. Think of this as a fast sketch in color. Does that make sense?

Patricia

Ah, yes. But why do you do water colors? I would think one of your nice slow oil paintings or a pencil sketch would be much more calming.

Georgia

I like the danger of the watercolor—the fear that pushes me to get it done!

Patricia

Hmmn...

(pause as Georgia finishes up and starts putting the painting and the easel away)

Patricia

Mrs. O'Keeffe (she scowls at Patricia)...Georgia. I understand fear—it was what I felt this morning when I got in the car and started it up. (Georgia looks at her) I've never driven without Duke before. I was afraid I might get into an accident, might get lost, might get seen by one of Mother's friends...

Georgia

So, our trip back to the house will be the 2nd time you drive by yourself.

(Patricia nods, looking scared...helps Georgia pack easel up)

Then I guess we best get going. If you don't mind I'm going to write a letter—it'll keep my mind off...your driving...

(After they get in the car the lights shift to a light on Georgia's face as she works on a letter she is writing...she tries to ignore Patricia's sharp turns and jerky movements at the wheel.)

(Underscore music comes up...)

CUE

Slide 5: A moonlit beach. If there are side images they should be dark or dark images of frightening jungle...Patricia focuses on the road—not the letter being written...)

#9. Dear Mr. Stieglitz

GEORGIA: DEAR MR. STIEGLITZ
WITH **ONE** EXCEPTION
PEOPLE HERE ON MAUI
ARE OF THE SAME SORT AS THE ONES
ON THE OTHER ISLANDS.

GOSSIPY, THEY TREAT ME
LIKE THE FLAVOR OF THE MONTH
WITH NO INTEREST WHATSOEVER
IN ALLOWING ME TIME TO PAINT

AND IT IS SUCH A SHAME
BECAUSE IT IS SPECTACULAR HERE
WE ARE SIXTY MILES
OUT IN THE COUNTRY
UP THE COAST
HARD TO DESCRIBE
BECAUSE IT VARIES SO
SOMETIMES GRASS
SOMETIMES CANE
SOMETIMES BAMBOO

IT'S VERY STEEP,
HIGH CLIFF-LIKE HILLSIDES
COVERED WITH SMALL...

Patricia (interrupting): “Out of the way pigs!!!”

(She honks the horn...jerks the steering wheel...slams on the brakes—pitching them both forward. Smiles at Georgia then starts driving again—has trouble seeing over steering wheel)

GEORGIA: THERE ARE MANY WATERFALLS
MASSES OF DARK TREES AND BUSHES
ALL NEW TO ME...

Patricia (interrupting again): “Ah, another one!”

(Patricia slams on the brakes again and pitches them both forward...Georgia puts her pen and paper away then smiles at Patricia who smiles nervously back at her.)

Georgia

I'll finish the letter later...need any help, dear?

(underscoring music ends as Patricia starts up again and light fades on the car...in the dark the next slide comes up...)

Slide 6: Stieglitz reading a letter from Georgia

CUE

Stieglitz voice:

Look, a letter from Georgia. No complaints...she actually seems to be happy...she must finally be painting...and she's found one person she likes...maybe two...and look...bless her soul...a check!

Day 3

CUE

Slide 7: Georgia in the car painting...side slides show darker paintings of waterfalls and flowers

(A large clap of thunder then the sound of rain coming down, steady...lights come up...) CUE

Patricia

So, I forgot to ask. What does a painter do when they can't be outside, painting?

Georgia

I learned to set up my easel in a car in New Mexico—it gets so hot there by mid-day I often paint in the car to cool off...

Patricia

What are we working on today?

Georgia

(looks at her and smiles) “We” are painting the big Waterfall—in the Iao Valley—the mist from the rain rises off it like some old fashioned lace veil...this is perfect.

Patricia

(feeling a bit cramped with the way the easel is set up) We could be having lunch with the ladies at Alexa von Zabriske's home.

Georgia

No thanks. (keeps on working)

Patricia

Lucky wouldn't have come along today even if we had asked him—he hates rain.

(Big bolt of lightning and loud rumble of thunder.)

CUE

Georgia and Patricia

Ahhhh!

Patricia

Are you afraid of the weather?

Georgia

Lightning—a friend of mine in Wisconsin was killed by a lightning strike when she was four years old. You?

Patricia

Snow.

Georgia

Snow?

Patricia

Yes.

Georgia

You live in Hawaii and you're afraid of snow? Do you ever get snow?

Patricia

Sometimes...at the top of the volcano. My father drove me up there after it snowed when I was little and I was so afraid I wouldn't get out of the car!

Georgia

My-my...

Patricia

Are you afraid of anything else...besides lightning?

Georgia

(points at easel...) Not finishing...or finishing too early.

Patricia

How about people?

Georgia

All the time.

Patricia

People who aren't like you...people who come from somewhere else...people who don't like you...

Georgia

Or, worse...your work.

#10. Catalogue of Phobias

PATRICIA: OH, THERE'S SO MUCH TO BE AFRAID OF
IF YOU LET IT GET THE BEST OF YOU
GO SHOW THE WORLD WHAT YOU ARE MADE OF
A LITTLE CONFIDENCE WILL SEE YOU THROUGH

PATRICIA: SOLVING FRACTIONS
GEORGIA: SOCIAL INTERACTIONS
PATRICIA: NAILS ON CHALK
GEORGIA: AND MAKING SMALL TALK
PATRICIA: FLYING, DYING...
GEORGIA: INFANTS CRYING
PATRICIA: ALLIGATORS
GEORGIA: ELEVATORS!

BOTH: OH, THERE'S SO MUCH TO BE AFRAID OF
IF YOU LET IT GET THE BEST OF YOU
GO SHOW THE WORLD WHAT YOU ARE MADE OF
A LITTLE CONFIDENCE WILL SEE YOU THROUGH

GEORGIA: HEARING VOICES IN MY HEAD
 PATRICIA: OR MONSTERS LURKING UNDER MY BED
 GEORGIA: COLD, DARK PLACES
 PATRICIA: TINY SPACES
 GEORGIA: BEING BURIED...
 PATRICIA: GETTING MARRIED!

BOTH: OH, THERE'S SO MUCH TO BE AFRAID OF
 IF YOU LET IT GET THE BEST OF YOU
 GO SHOW THE WORLD WHAT YOU ARE MADE OF
 A LITTLE CONFIDENCE WILL SEE YOU THROUGH

OH, THERE'S SO MUCH TO BE AFRAID OF
 PATRICIA: LIKE WHEN SOMEONE SNEAKS UP AND YELLS "BOO!"?
 GEORGIA: AAH!
 PATRICIA: SORRY!

BOTH: GO SHOW THE WORLD WHAT YOU ARE MADE OF
 A LITTLE CONFIDENCE WILL SEE YOU THROUGH

(as applause dies down rain is coming to an end and Georgia is packing up her easel...slide
 continues to show waterfall in Iao Valley...)

Patricia

So, I didn't get a chance to ask you how the walk on the beach was.

Georgia

I'm sorry you couldn't join us...it was...(looks at Patricia and changes the word) really
 something.
(musical cue)

Patricia

Father was mad at me for not taking Lucky with us yesterday. My punishment was spending
 time with him while you guys walked on the beach. And did Father tell you about the telegram
 he got from the Corporate Headquarters? They are wondering if any of us have seen a painting
 of a pineapple yet.

Georgia

Odd...he didn't say anything about that.

Patricia

He's letting me be the giver of bad news...so, what should I tell him?

Georgia

About what?

Patricia

Georgia—focus...about the pineapple paintings?

Georgia

I'm doing a watercolor a day.

Patricia

But are any of them of pine—

Georgia

Let's circle the entire island tomorrow...show me all the fields—the old ones, the ones just planted...we'll stop where we want...when we want...our goal will be to come home with a pineapple painting—

Patricia

A watercolor?

Georgia

It'll have to be...and while we're driving teach me some native words...tell me an ancient story or two...does that sound fun?

Patricia

Sure, Georgia.

Georgia

Good...then that's just what we'll do. And tonight I'll wire those men in NYC and tell them that Georgia has a plan. (slight pause) So, tell me Patricia...is there anything else you fear?

Patricia

(thinks for a moment...Song #5 comes up in the background...)

Growing up?

Georgia

Ah, that.

Day 4

CUE

Slide #8: short film on a loop of driving along the coast of the island...side slides show watercolors Georgia has done of a variety of Hawaiian scenes.

#11. Aloha Aku, Aloha Mai

PATRICIA: ALOHA AKU
GEORGIA: ALOHA AKU
PATRICIA: GIVE LOVE
GEORGIA: GIVE LOVE

PATRICIA: ALOHA MAI
GEORGIA: ALOHA MAI
PATRICIA: GET LOVE
GEORGIA: GET LOVE

PATRICIA: ALOHA AKU
GEORGIA: ALOHA AKU
PATRICIA: ALOHA MAI

TWO SIMPLE PHRASES IN A ROW
WILL TEACH YOU ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW

WHEN YOU'RE IN HAWAII

GEORGIA: FROM AFAR IT SOUNDED SO NICE
 TO BE PAINTING PARADISE
 BUT NOW THAT I'M HERE I'M STARTING TO LEARN
 THAT IF YOU FLY TOO CLOSE TO THE SUN
 YOU JUST MIGHT BURN
 BUT STILL I YEARN...

PATRICIA: ALOHA AKU
 GEORGIA: ALOHA AKU
 PATRICIA: ALOHA MAI

BOTH: TWO SIMPLE PHRASES IN A ROW
 WILL TEACH YOU ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW
 WHEN YOU'RE IN HAWAII

Georgia

Give love...get love, I like that.

Patricia

More?

Georgia

Definitely.

Patricia

Hala...

Georgia

Hala.

Patricia

In the air---see, these trees have roots upside down—in the air. So they are called hala trees. That's also how you came here—hala—through the air.

(Georgia smiles at the thought...)

Georgia

Kapu

Patricia

What?

Georgia

That sign says Kapu, right? What does Kapu mean?

Patricia

Kapu means Keep Out! Forbidden! Taboo!

Patricia

You know Taboo?

Georgia

I know “taboo”... (a little smile) Stop the car. Let’s go in.

(Car stops...side slides show a cave...)

Patricia

But Georgia it says we can’t—it is Kapu.

Georgia

Why is it Kapu?

Patricia

Well...(looks around). It is a very romantic, very scary story...

Georgia

Why, Patricia—romantic, scary? Do tell...

Patricia (*with musical underscoring*):

There once was a princess who had to sneak off to this cave to meet her—(thinks) boyfriend because her father the King didn't like him. The King found out and killed the boyfriend—his blood is still on the walls of the cave—I know...and the princess killed herself when she learned this!

Georgia

Love the story—and the red on the walls... Tell me you grew up on this island and never once have been in this cave.

Patricia

I used to go in with Duke.

Georgia

I'll be your Duke...come on!

(Georgia goes into the cave—behind one of the screens...Patricia follows despite herself. Incidental cave music starts up...)

Patricia

Mrs. O'Keeffe—I've never seen you like this—never seen any adult like this!

Georgia

(from the cave...) There's a first time for everything my dear!!...

Patricia

But Georgia--be careful!!!'

Georgia

Oh...it's all wet—the whole floor—wet and slippery! Help!

Patricia

Oh, dear...I knew she would—I've got you! Grab onto me...

Georgia

I've got you...my savior! My personal angel!!!

(Georgia comes out hanging onto Patricia—perhaps with some wet clothes...)

Whoo! Wasn't that fun!

(Music ends...Georgia is laughing—looking at a very stern Patricia.)

Should we do it again?

Patricia

(looking at her...still stern...)

No...we should not do it again.

Georgia

Oh.

Patricia

Do you ever think about what an impact you could have on your world—our world?

Georgia

Huh?

Patricia

Just think about it—you are being called one of the greatest female artists who has ever lived—
people watch you...they admire you...they would listen to what you say!!!

Georgia

(her mood changes when she realizes Patricia is serious.)

Don't lecture me, Patricia.

Patricia

But do you understand what I'm trying to—

I can't wait to write to Mr. Stieglitz and tell him all about it...do you think we could take a photograph of it and include it in the letter?

Patricia

Sure, why not?

Georgia

You're a dear. And your Father—how did he know I needed a hat?

Patricia

He's paying very close attention to you.

(Georgia looks at Patricia...then back at the easel...she decides to put the paint brush down...)

Georgia

Are you, alright, Patricia?

(Patricia won't look at her...she moves away so Georgia can't see her face.)

Patricia

Of course...why wouldn't I be?

Georgia

Patricia—look at me. Ever since we left that cave you've been acting strange—nervous, out of sorts—like I was the first day I arrived. Do you remember?

Patricia

I remember.

Georgia

So, what is it—you can tell me.

Patricia

I was scared to death something would happen to you in that cave!

Georgia

Oh, you were not. You confessed you'd been sneaking in there with Duke since you were five years old. (pause) What is it, sweetie—what is it, really? You can tell me...we're...ah, friends—aren't we?

Patricia

I'm your guide while you're on Maui. Nothing more...nothing less.

Georgia

Patricia—what has come over you?

Patricia

(looks at Georgia then looks away) This.

Georgia

(looks at the note) Why a note from your Father—did he send it with the hat?

Patricia

It has nothing to do with the hat!

(Georgia looks at Patricia then takes the note and reads it quickly...)

Georgia

Oh, I see... He's angry that you haven't been bringing Lucky with us on our daily trips.

Patricia

He's afraid Lucky will chew up the furniture—or worse.

Georgia

I see.

(looks at Patricia thinking there might be another reason for her unease...Patricia doesn't say what else is in the note that bothers her...)

Well let me speak to your Father after dinner tonight—surely there must be some way through all of this..."heck" we're all adults, aren't we? I can't see a little dog coming between one of the most perfect working vacations I have ever had. Can you?

Patricia

But that's just it. You two are adults and you treat me like an adult but he doesn't...

Georgia

That's because he's your father—he'll always have trouble seeing you as an adult.

Patricia

Great.

Georgia

I'm ready to stop painting but let's not go home yet. Could we stay here while I write to Mr. Stieglitz?

Patricia

Why do you call him Mr. Stieglitz? You are married, aren't you?

Georgia

It's complicated.

(Patricia huffs in response and then goes to easel as if to attack it.)

Patricia

And how do you paint a beach scene when it really isn't a real beach but a painting of what you think a beach is?

Georgia

That's complicated, also.

(music starts underneath the letter writing...gentle and quiet...)

12: Change the Picture

GEORGIA: IF YOU DON'T LIKE WHAT YOU SEE
 WHEN CONFRONTED WITH REALITY
 TAKE ADVICE FROM ME
 AND CHANGE THE PICTURE

IF YOU DON'T LIKE THE SCENERY
 DON'T SETTLE FOR MEDIOCRITY
 SET YOUR SPIRIT FREE
 AND CHANGE THE PICTURE

CHANGE THE PICTURE
 CHANGE THE PICTURE

IF THE SKY ABOVE YOU IS CLOUDY
 AND YOUR PALM TREE DOESN'T SWAY
 AND THE SAND BELOW YOU BURNS YOUR TOES
 THEN PERHAPS IT'S TIME TO WIPE IT ALL AWAY
 AND CHANGE THE PICTURE
 CHANGE THE PICTURE

STAND UP ON YOUR OWN TWO LEGS
 YOU WANT AN OMELETTE, BREAK SOME EGGS
 DON'T SETTLE FOR THE DREGS
 CHANGE THE PICTURE

DON'T BE A VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCE
 GET OFF YOUR ASS AND TAKE A CHANCE
 SHOW 'EM WHO WEARS THE PANTS
 AND CHANGE THE PICTURE

DEAR MR. STIEGLITZ
 WHEN I FIRST CAME TO MAUI
 I WROTE YOU ABOUT A BEAUTIFUL GREEN VALLEY
 WELL, IT'S A WONDERFUL VALLEY
 I'VE BEEN PAINTING IT FOR THREE DAYS
 AND IT'S TOO BEAUTIFUL FOR WORDS
 WITH ITS FLOWERS, TREES AND BIRDS
 TO LEAVE WOULD BE ABSURD!

I WENT AND CHANGED THE PICTURE
 I WENT AND CHANGED THE PICTURE
 CHANGED THE PICTURE

I WENT AND CHANGED THE PICTURE

(After applause, Patricia is staring into the ocean as the lights are fading to night...)

Georgia

Patricia—I think we need to get on the road. It's almost night—and you need your sleep.

Patricia

I'm enjoying looking at the water differently, Georgia—

Georgia

I've got an exciting day planned for us tomorrow, dear Patricia. Time to go!

Patricia

(getting into the car) An exciting day? Georgia—what are you--

(Lights fade as the screen goes to black...scene ends.)

CUE

Day 5**CUE**

(In the dark Slide 10: Snow on the Mountain comes up...side images are of white flowers.)

#13. Wake Up! (reprise of #4)

GEORGIA: WAKE UP!

PATRICIA: “Wake up?”

GEORGIA: TIME FOR YOU TO ROLL OUT OF BED

PATRICIA: “But it’s so early...”

GEORGIA: RISE AND SHINE, YOU SLEEPY HEAD

PATRICIA: “But I haven’t fed Lucky!”

GEORGIA: I PACKED A LUNCH, NOW HOP IN THE CAR

Georgia

And we’re bringing Lucky with us—I’ll share my lunch with him!

Patricia (*underscoring continues*)

Georgia!? What is going on? (as Georgia gets her into the car) Are you going to drive, also?

Georgia

(starts to get into driver’s seat but stops herself)

I could—but I think it better that you do...but hurry! Here, I’ll take Lucky in my lap.

(Lucky growls...as Georgia and Patricia change seats...)

CUE

Georgia

Oh, put a cork in it little man...let’s go!

PATRICIA: “It’s 4a.m.”

I HOPE WE’RE NOT TRAVELING FAR

GEORGIA: JUST BUCKLE UP MY DEAR

IT’S TIME TO HIT THE ROAD

PATRICIA: Oh God..

GEORGIA: WHO WOULD HAVE GUESSED IT
BUT LAST NIGHT IT SNOWED!

(Car starts up as Patricia finishes waking up...)

Patricia

Did you just say you could drive? I thought you never--And where are we going?

Georgia

(smiles at her) The top of the volcano!

(Car jerks to a stop. Patricia is awake now and worried.)

Georgia

Your father says if we get there too late the snow will be all gone.

Patricia

And that's a bad thing because?

Georgia

I want you to experience snow.

Patricia

But I'm afraid of snow. I told you that—

Georgia

Go! Go! Go! Gooo!

(Music continues as they drive straight up, or so it would seem...as music ends car stops and Georgia gets out and goes to image of snow on the volcano...)

Georgia: My dear, dear Patricia
I GIVE YOU SNOW

(Georgia takes her time walking Patricia over to the image of snow and reaching her hand out to touch it—Patricia is afraid to do so but does...applause, lights and slides shift to get ready for the end...)

End of Scene

LAST DAY IN HAWAII**CUE**

Slide 11: A gallery showing several of Georgia's Hawaii paintings and drawings—some watercolors and some oils...

(Patricia enters after Georgia but doesn't say anything to her. Georgia is in a very good mood.)

Georgia

Mr. Stieglitz got the first shipment of drawings and paintings I sent—he loves them! He's planning an exhibit of them as soon as I get home!

Patricia

You have three more wires from the Pineapple Company—

Georgia

Didn't you hear what I said, Patricia? Mr. Stieglitz loves my—

Patricia

I heard you. (pause) Both times.

Georgia

Oh.

Patricia

Can I ask why you need to get Stieglitz's approval?

Georgia

Mr. Stieglitz, dear. Mr. Stie—

Patricia

He's your husband, Georgia. Who in this modern world calls their husband Mr.?
Georgia

Did you not sleep well last night, dear Patricia? Nightmares about snow?

Patricia

Try to be serious, Georgia.

(slight pause...Lucky whines as if to get in...)

CUE

Patricia

Lucky—stay out!

(pause...Lucky whines again and is silent...)

Georgia

Today I won't need the car. I've got to begin my packing...after lunch I may go down to where the fishing boats come in—Duke said that would give me a “taste” of what it is like for the people who are from here and who still live here.

Patricia

Father won't like that—fraternizing with the natives.

Georgia

I already spoke to him about it.

Patricia

While walking on the beach last night?

Georgia

(slight pause...she can't get Patricia to look at her...)

Why, yes. Did you see us—

Patricia

I saw you holding hands...then stopping, for a long time...(pause—like a photo she remembers)
When you came back to the house he kissed you.

(We hear a musical note or chord...Georgia is not embarrassed. Patricia is close to tears.)

Patricia

I won't be driving you to the airport—Duke will take you.

Georgia

(tries to make a joke) I thought you were going to say I'd have to drive myself. (another pause) I mean if I didn't have to drive that coastal road I might be willing to try it but that road scares me even when someone else is driving...

Patricia

To make you drive yourself would not be part of the Aloha spirit. (pause) Duke is going to take me up to the Tempsky's for a few days. I won't be here to say good-bye.

Georgia

I understand.

Patricia

Good luck with your exhibit...and decision about New York or New Mexico...and your...exhibit. If you ever do a pineapple painting let me—or my Father--know.

Georgia

You'll be one of the first—

Patricia

My Mother found a book of photographs of you Stieglitz took when you first came to New York. It was a very expensive, "art" book. Mother was quite unhappy. That's when she booked her travel to San Francisco—to make sure you and she were not on the island at the same time.

Georgia

Good-bye, Patricia. Thank you for everything—

Patricia

Good-bye Mrs. O'Keeffe.

(The music stops her...)

#14. Ever Since the Day She Came

PATRICIA: I THOUGHT SHE WAS MY FRIEND
BUT DID SHE JUST...PRETEND?
WHO KNEW LIFE COULD BE SO COMPLICATED?
WILL I MISS HER? PROBABLY,
THOUGH I DOUBT THAT SHE'LL MISS ME
IF THIS IS GROWING UP, IT'S OVERRATED

BUT SHE HAS CHANGED MY LIFE
FILLED MY DAYS WITH INSPIRATION
I WILL NEVER BE THE SAME
SHE HAS CHANGED MY LIFE
MY PALETTE OVERFLOWS WITH COLOR
EVER SINCE THE DAY SHE CAME

GEORGIA: DID I LET HER DOWN?
GIVE HER CAUSE TO FROWN?
CLEARLY I AM NOT THE SAINT THAT SHE ANTICIPATED
LIKE THE FLEETING DAWN
HER INNOCENCE IS GONE
BUT HEY, THAT'S LIFE-MY FLAWS HELP SHAPE THE WORK THAT I'VE CREATED

BOTH: SHE HAS CHANGED MY LIFE
FILLED MY DAYS WITH INSPIRATION
I WILL NEVER BE THE SAME
SHE HAS CHANGED MY LIFE
MY PALETTE OVERFLOWS WITH COLOR
EVER SINCE THE DAY SHE CAME

(lights cross-fade as scene ends)

After Hawaii**CUE****#15. Who Will Paint my Soul? (finale)**

Slide #12: 3 letters to Patricia... Georgia will write and read as she does so...
(song begins as underscoring underneath reading)

Georgia

My dear, Patricia...the exhibit of Hawaiian paintings opened last night to rave reviews—even critics who don't usually have anything nice to say about my work are falling over themselves with praise. I, of course, thought of you as soon as the good reviews began to pour in
 (Patricia takes the letter from Georgia and crumples it up into a ball)

And perhaps because of that I finally painted two pineapples—spiky leaves and poor, bedraggled flower on the one and just spiky leaves on the other—

GEORGIA: BEHOLD THIS WRETCHED... THING
 NOT FIT FOR ANYTHING
 YET WHEN I PAINT IT, IT IS BEAUTIFUL
 THAT'S WHAT THE WORLD WILL SEE
 FOR ALL ETERNITY
 THIS PIECE OF FRUIT, FOREVER BEAUTIFUL

BUT WHO WILL PAINT MY SOUL
 IN ALL ITS SHOCKING BRILLIANCE?
 WHO WILL PAINT MY SOUL
 IN FUSHIA, COBOLT BLUE AND VERMILLION?
 WHO WILL PAINT MY SOUL
 IN ALL ITS CALLOUS GLORY?
 WHO WILL PAINT MY SOUL?
 WHO WILL WRITE MY STORY?

Georgia (reading as she writes)

Delivered the pineapple paintings myself... Marched right into their Madison Avenue skyscraper and helped them hang them on their walls—even had lunch with some men in suits—I think they were intimidated by me...

(Georgia steps behind the screen to change costume handing the letter to Patricia who crumples it up like the 1st one.)

(Patricia looks at crumpled letter as Georgia finishes changing...pause...Patricia picks up letter.)

Patricia (takes over reading after she smooths out the letter)

Have moved out of Mr. Stieglitz's apartment—a bit awkward with the Hawaii exhibit and all. I see it as my first step towards a life in New Mexico. Hawaii would be my first choice but—well—as you know better than most New Mexico will be a good back up.

BUT WHO WILL PAINT MY SOUL
IN ALL ITS SHOCKING BRILLIANCE?
WHO WILL PAINT MY SOUL
IN FUSHIA, COBOLT BLUE AND VERMILLION?
WHO WILL PAINT MY SOUL
IN ALL ITS CALLOUS GLORY?
WHO WILL PAINT MY SOUL?
WHO WILL WRITE MY STORY?

Georgia

(smiles despite herself) You wrote to me! And the news of your father and you was quite welcome—going to the mainland for school—so grown up--Dare I ask how your Mother is—ignore that if you'd rather...

(Georgia hands Patricia the letter and this time she doesn't crumple it up. Patricia goes to change...)

Georgia

(writing) "My dear Patricia...I've gotten political. When I registered to vote here in New Mexico I realized I've never thought about politics except to listen to Mr. Stieglitz and vote the way he does. Here is a carbon of a letter to Mrs. Roosevelt that you might find of interest...yours, Georgia"

(Patricia joins Georgia in reading the last few lines)

(reading) Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

"Having noticed in the NY Times of Feb. 1st that you are against the Equal Rights Amendment may I say to you that it is the women who have studied the idea of Equal Rights and worked for Equal Rights that make it possible for you, today to be the power you are..." Yes, Georgia!

(Patricia now dressed to look more grown up comes out and Georgia gives her this last letter which Patricia neatly folds it and saves. They turn to each other—take hands and sing Finale.)

WHO WILL PAINT MY SOUL PATRICIA: GEORGIA, I WILL NEVER
UNDERSTAND YOU
IN ALL ITS SHOCKING BRILLIANCE?
WHO WILL PAINT MY SOUL GEORGIA, I WILL NEVER UNDERSTAND YOU

