

LUIA: This is madness, isn't it?

MATT: Yes, it's absolutely mad!

LUIA: And also very wicked?

MATT: Yes.

LUIA: I'm glad.

MATT: My father would be furious if he knew.

LUIA: Listen! I have had a vision.

MATT: Of disaster?

LUIA: No. Of azaleas.

MATT: Azaleas . . . ?

LUIA: I dreamed I was picking azaleas  
When all at once this Duke —  
Oh, he was very old,  
I'd say nearly forty —  
But attractive,  
And very evil.

MATT: I hate him!

LUIA: And he had a retinue of scoundrels,  
And they were hiding behind the rhododendrons,  
And then all at once,  
As I picked an azalea —  
He leapt out!

MATT: God. I hate him!

LUIA: In my vision, how I struggled.  
Like —  
Like —  
The Rape of the Sabine Women!  
I cried "help!"

MATT: And I was nearby!

LUIA: Yes. Yes! You come rushing to the rescue.  
And, single-handed, you fight off all his men,  
And win —

MATT: And then —

LUIA: Celebration!

MATT: We live happily ever after!

LUIA: *(To the audience.)*  
There's no reason in the world why it can't happen