

**CHAUNCEY**

Why no, how could I? They don't even know me. It's true, I ain't got none of the advantages of being a D'Ysquith, but I ain't got none of their troubles, neither.

**MONTY**

And I've seen you every day for the past six weeks, yet you've not said a thing.

**CHAUNCEY**

Bit of a shy sort, really. But tonight, I didn't know as I'd be seeing you again. Whatever happens, I wish you good luck, my Lord.

*(In a gesture of respect, MONTY offers his hand and THEY shake. As a GUARD enters, CHAUNCEY steals away.)*

**GUARD**

Lady Navarro, Countess of Highhurst, is here to see you, my lord.

*(PHOEBE enters the cell, as in love with MONTY as ever.)*

**Start**

**PHOEBE**

How are you, my darling?

**MONTY**

I am happy, now that you've come to see me.

*(THEY kiss passionately. Overcome, the GUARD quickly exits. PHOEBE struggles to keep from crying. MUSIC underscore.)*

**#21D "MEMOIR'S END" (UNDERSCORE)**

**PHOEBE**

Monty ... oh, Monty.

**MONTY**

Phoebe, I beg you not to worry about the outcome tomorrow. I have come to believe that an unseen Providence is watching over me.

**PHOEBE**

I, too, believe that. I do.

**MONTY**

Yet I see the agony in your face and it torments me.

*(PHOEBE is determined to control her emotions.)*

**PHOEBE**

I do have ... one thing to ask.

**MONTY**

Anything, Phoebe, darling.

**PHOEBE**

That woman ... Mrs. Holland.

**MONTY**

*(A beat.)*

Yes?

**PHOEBE**

That awful night at Highhurst. And then again, at the trial. The way she looked at you.

**MONTY**

Looked at me? How?

**PHOEBE**

I am asking but one thing of you, Monty, and I must have the truth.

*(MONTY swallows hard.)*

Is she in love with you?

*(MONTY hesitates, unsure how to respond.)*

**PHOEBE** *(Cont'd.)*

*(After a beat:)*

No need to speak. You've just given me your answer.

*(PHOEBE exits, leaving MONTY immeasurably sad. MUSIC resumes under scene.)*

**Stop**

**MONTY**

And so I have no more of this memoir to write. The ending will be revealed in the morning, one way or the other, with the verdict of the jury. For now, I must try to sleep, though I should think it will be unlikely.

*(Lights go slowly down in the Prison Cell, as MONTY lies down on his cot.)*