

Stephen Sondheim, Barcelona

Bobby: Where ya going?

April: Barcelona.

Bobby: Oh.

April: Don't get up.

Bobby: Do you have to?

April: Yes, I have to.

Bobby: Oh.

April: Don't get up.

April: Now you're angry.

Bobby: No, I'm not.

April: Yes, you are.

Bobby: No, I'm not.

Put your things down.

April: See, you're angry.

Bobby: No, I'm not.

April: Yes, you are.

Bobby: No, I'm not.

Put your wings down and stay.

April: I'm leaving.

Bobby: Why?

April: To go to-

Bobby: Stay.

April: I have to-

Both: -Fly

Bobby: -I know-

Both: -To Barcelona.

Bobby: Look, you're a very special girl,

Not just overnight.

No, you're a very special girl,

And not because you're bright...

Not just because you're bright.

You're just a very special girl...June!

April: April!

Bobby: April!

April: Thank you.

Bobby: Whatcha thinking?

April: Barcelona.

Bobby: Oh.

April: Flight Eighteen.

Bobby: Stay a minute.

April: I would like to.

Bobby: So?

April: Don't be mean.

Bobby: Stay a minute.

April: No, I can't.

Bobby: Yes, you can.

April: No, I can't.

Bobby: Where you going?

April: Barcelona!

Bobby: So you said.

April: And Madrid.

Bobby: Bon voyage.

April: On a Boeing.

Bobby: Goodnight.

April: You're angry.

Bobby: No.

April: I've got to.

Bobby: Right.

April: Report to-

Bobby: Go.
April: That's not to say...
That if I had my way...
Oh well, I guess, OK.
Bobby: What?
April: I'll stay.
Bobby: But...oh God!