

## Stephen Schwartz

### "You Must Meet My Wife"

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[Fredrik]

She lightens my sadness,  
She livens my days,  
She bursts with a kind of madness  
My well-ordered ways.  
My happiest mistake, the ache of my life:  
You must meet my wife.  
She bubbles with pleasure,  
She glows with surprise,  
Disrupts my accustomed leisure  
And ruffles my ties.  
I don't know even now quite how it began.  
You must meet my wife, my Anne.  
One thousand whims to which I give in,  
Since her smallest tear turns me ashen.  
I never dreamed that I could live in  
So completely demented, contented a fashion.  
So sunlike, so winning,  
So unlike a wife.  
I do think that I'm beginning  
To show signs of life.  
Don't ask me how at my age one still can grow--  
If you met my wife, you'd know.

[Desiree (speaking):]

Dear Fredrik,  
I'm just longing to meet her.  
Sometime.

[Fredrik]

She sparkles...

[Desiree]

How pleasant.

[Fredrik]

She twinkles...

[Desiree]

How nice.

[Fredrik]

Her youth is a sort of present--

[Desiree]

Whatever the price.

[Fredrik]

The incandescent--what?--the--

[Desiree (offering a cigarette):]  
Light?  
[Fredrik]  
--of my life.  
You must meet my wife.  
[Desiree]  
Yes, I must. I really must.  
Now--  
[Fredrik]  
She flutters.  
[Desiree]  
How charming.  
[Fredrik]  
She twitters.  
[Desiree]  
My word!  
[Fredrik]  
She floats.  
[Desiree]  
Isn't that alarming?  
What is she, a bir

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