

BABES IN TOYLAND

Music by Victor Herbert Lyrics by Glen MacDonough Dialog by Thomas Petiet
After a version by David Curtis and Tom Dorrien
Additional lyrics by Thomas Petiet

OF ALL THE VERSIONS AVAILABLE, WHY THIS ONE?

An ideal show for family audiences in both length and spirit, this *Babes in Toyland* also provides an interesting mix of solo musical and dialog work for performers. Mary and Tom should be trained singers, but Barnaby, Toymaker and Widow can be singing actors. BoPeep can be an opportunity for a young or chorus soloist. Marmaduke is a physical humor character. All of the chorus have speaking lines.

This version of BABES IN TOYLAND was written specially for the Comic Opera Guild in 1976, and was revised over the next 30 years. It was intended to be a treat for children and adults alike, and to run a reasonable length. This version introduces supporting characters from fairy tales, which can be played by chorus members, or children. Score modifications include the elimination of weaker numbers as well as the introduction of two numbers from *Mademoiselle Modiste*. "Dear Old Mother Goose" introduces the fairy tale theme and "Kiss Me Again" replaces "Barney O'Flynn" to provide a stronger introduction aria for Mary. Unlike the meticulously crafted works of Gilbert and Sullivan, Herbert's shows suffered at the hands of inferior or careless writers. His music, however, rose above the level of the original book.

CAST REQUIREMENTS

MARY QUITE CONTRARY — LEAD SOPRANO (2 SONGS)
TOM THE PIPER'S SON & FATHER — LEAD TENOR (4 SONGS)
BARNABY — LEAD ACTOR/BARITONE (1 SONG)
THE TOYMAKER — LEAD ACTOR/BARITONE (1 SONG)
THE WIDOW — SECONDARY MEZZO (1 SONG)
LITTLE BO-PEEP — SECONDARY SOPRANO (1 SONG)
MARMADUKE — ACTOR/ACTRESS
MAMA DOLL — ACTRESS
CHORUS OF 11 FAIRY TALE CHARACTERS (ACT 1), TOYS AND WOODEN SOLDIERS (ACT 2)

MUSICAL NUMBERS

1. OVERTURE — Orchestra
2. MOTHER GOOSE-Father
3. GO TO SLEEP – Father and offstage chorus
4. WHAT IS THE MATTER, LITTLE BO PEEP? — BoPeep and Chorus
5. MARY, MARY — Chorus
6. KISS ME AGAIN — Mary
7. SONG OF THE POET — Tom
8. I CAN'T DO THE SUM — Widow and chorus, with chorus solos
9. FLORETTA — Tom and chorus
10. MELODRAMATIC MUSIC — Orchestra
11. TOYMAKER'S WORKSHOP — Orchestra
12. CASTLE IN SPAIN — Mary
13. TOYLAND — Toymaker
14. BEFORE AND AFTER — Barnaby
15. MARCH OF THE WOODEN SOLDIERS — Orchestra
16. TOYLAND REPRISE — Ensemble

ORCHESTRATION RENTAL

Wind quintet plus keyboard

RECORDING AVAILABLE for purchase

1.

ACT ONE *Scene 1: A child's bedroom, late 19th century. A father is discovered telling his son a bedtime story.*

OPTIONAL NUMBER: MOTHER GOOSE – Father

*FATHER: Mother Goose had an awful time
 with the children that she had.
 They thought up ev'ry childish crime
 That could be done in nursery rhyme
 And nearly drove her mad.
 One daughter that she called Bo-Peep
 Went out one day and lost her sheep;
 Jack Horner could not keep his thumb
 from Christmas pies, especially plum,
 And Jack and Jill went up the hill,
 A trip which ended in a spill.
 So Mother Goose one morning took
 And shut them in a book!*

*Dear old, queer old Mother Goose, we gather about you
Curly heads love to look
In your great story book
What would all the kiddies do without you?
Fair old, rare old nurs'ry days too quickly perish.
But as fond memory back to childhood strays,
Mother Goose we cherish.*

CHORUS: Dear old, queer old Mother Goose etc.

*FATHER: With Boy Blue, Tommy Tucker too,
 And Jack Sprat who fat reviled
 And one who was so wond'rous wise
 He scratched out both his eyes.
 Poor Mother Goose was wild,
 Miss Muffett could not keep away
 From spiders with her curds and whey,
 And one that she called "My son John"
 Went off to bed with his stockings on.
 And Humpty Dumpty on a wall
 Rolled off and had a frightful fall.
 Now if you'll read her book, then you
 Will know what not to do.*

Dear old, queer old Mother Goose etc.

CHORUS: Dear old, queer old Mother Goose etc.

2.

FATHER: ...and so they returned to Toyland and lived happily ever after. And now it's time for little boys like you, Tom, to close their eyes and go to sleep.

TOM; One more story! One more story!

FATHER; No, no, Tom. If you had your way, I'd be reading stories all night.

TOM: Can I have something to eat?

FATHER; No, you just had two pieces of pie. Now you go to sleep.

TOM; Father, is there really a Toyland?

FATHER: Why, of course there is. I was there once...

TOM; Oh! Where is it?

FATHER; Well, you have to go through Mother Goose Land, then through the Enchanted Forest...

TOM: Can we go there tomorrow? Can we take the bus?

FATHER; We can't go there, Tom. There's an old rule that once you have left Toyland, you may never return again. Only you can go. But there's only one way...

TOM; There is? Tell me! Tell me!

FATHER; Just close your eyes, and if you believe hard enough, you will find it.

#1. GO TO SLEEP, SLUMBER DEEP- FATHER SOLO, THEN CHORUS SOLO

*FATHER Go to sleep, slumber deep
 Little one, oh, sleep while watch I keep.
 Dream and rest, that is best,
 Till you hear the morning sound from bough and nest*

(At the end of the first verse, Tom is asleep. Father kisses him and exits. As lights dim, chorus sings second verse from offstage, while scene changes.)

CHORUS Go to sleep, slumber deep ETC.

3.

ACT ONE, Scene 2; Mother Goose land. The Old Woman's shoe is prominent.
Storybook characters are discovered wildly running about.

BO PEEP: Oh, this is terrible. What shall I do?

MUFFETT: The loss is unbearable.

BOY BLUE: I'm feeling blue.

LOCKET: You've searched every pasture? They've all disappeared?

JACK; A total disaster.

JILL: It's just as I feared.

BO: Bobby Shaftoe's been looking. And here's Simple Simon,

BOB: I'm afraid nothing's cooking.

SIMON; I just couldn't find 'em.

LOCKET: How may we unravel this mystery deep?

MUFF; How far could they travel?

BLUE I dunno. Let me sleep.

JACK: I just thought of something.

JILL; Does it hurt? Is there pain?

BOB; Let's give it a tumble.

SIMON: It might be germain.

JACK: I'm a little confused (though I hope I'm not slow). Just what did we lose?

OTHERS: I don't know. Let's ask BO!

#2. WHAT IS THE MATTER, LITTLE BO PEEP?(Ensemble)

LOCKET: What is the matter, little Bo-Peep?

*BO: I have been careless and lost my sheep.
Say, have you seen them, Jack and Jill
During your journey up the hill?*

*J & J: They're not on the hill-top, but in the wood,
They may have met with Red Riding-Hood*

*GIRLS: Don't cry, Bo-Peep, don't cry!
To find your sheen we'll try.*

4.

*We'll seek them far, we'll seek them wide,
We'll seek them low and high!*

*BO: Oh, Lucy Locket and Miss Muffet too,
Have my stray lambkins been seen by you?*

*MUFF: Better ask Curly Locks fresh from the fair,
She or Boy Blue may have seen them there.*

*BLUE: Where they are hiding Jack Horner may know
Simon or Peter or Bobby Shaftoe.*

*ALL: Never mind, Bo-Peep, we will find your sheep
No matter where they be.
So be gay, Bo-Peep,
though astray your sheep
Soon home again they'll be.*

BO: Ah!——

*ALL: Give a smile, Bo-Peep,
For a while your sheep
May cruise in pastures new.
Never mind, Bo-Peep,
We will find your sheep
And bring them home to you.*

ALL: Baa! Baa! Baa!

BO: It was the black sheep that led them astray!

ALL: Baa! Baa! Baa!

*BO: For this the rascal will certainly pay!
Led them away by the tales that he told
Far from the meadow and far from their home.
Baa! Baa! Baa!*

*ALL: Baa! Baa! Baa!
Never mind, Bo-Peep etc.*

5.

MUFF: Now don't you be sorrowful.

BOB; Hold up your chin.

LOCKET: We know by tomorrow we'll...

BLUE; Bring 'em all in.

JILL: So hurry and scurry...

JACK; Search low and search high.

BO; I'm terribly worried...

SIMON: *(to Jack)* You stepped in my pie!

BOB; *(blowing bosun's whistle)* Lunchtime!

LOCKET: Thank God! I'm all rhymed out.

MUFF: Another dactylic foot and I would have died!

BLUE: Why don't they write nursery rhymes in free verse?

BO; Hey! What about my sheep?

SIMON: They'll keep.

BO; Well, I never... A fine lot of nursery rhyme friends you turned out to be.

JILL: It's like this, dear. When we're not rhyming...

JACK: ...we're not working.

BO: Of all the contrary people...

BLUE; Speaking of contrary, look who's coming!

#3. MARY, MARY (chorus) *(Entrance of Mary Contrary)*

*ALL: Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
You've told us sev'ral thousand times
Again we'd like to know.
Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
Pause in your morning walk
For naming your garden,
We all beg your pardon,
But we love to hear you talk!*

6.

#4 IF I WERE ON THE STAGE – Mary

MARY *If I were asked to play the part
Of simple maiden light of heart,
A village lass in country clothes,
As to and from her work she goes.
I'd sing a merry lilting strain,
And gently dance to this refrain:
Tra, la, la, etc.*

*If they should offer me, some day,
A prima donna role to play,
A stately queen with powdered hair,
Her costly gowns and jewels rare,
I would not act the part amiss,
I'd sing a polonaise like this:
Ah, you will all agree
That happy I should be.
Ah! I'm queen of all the land.
Ah, ah , with lords and ladies to kneel and kiss my hand.
A king upon the throne
To woo me for his own,
Ah! The fairest ever seen.
Ah Ah, who would not be queen?*

*But best of all the parts I'd play, \nIf I could only have my way,
Would be a strong romantic role,
Emotional and full of soul.
And I believe for such a thing,
A dreamy, sensuous waltz I'd sing:
Sweet summer breeze, whispering trees,
Stars shining softly above.
Roses in bloom, wafted perfume,
Sleepy birds dreaming of love.
Safe in your arms, far from alarms,
Daylight shall come but in vain.
Tenderly pressed, close to your breast,
Kiss me, kiss me again.*

BO; Mary-Mary! Have you seen my sheep?

MARY; I don't know. What did they look like?

BO; OOH! You're so contrary!

MARY; I am not!

BO; You are! '

7.

MARY: Aren't!

BO; Are!

LUCY: Never mind the sheep; What I want to know is--Where is Tom-Tom?

JILL: Yes, Mary, where is Tom-Tom?

MARY; How should I know?

SIMON: "How should I know, " She says!

MUFF; Who should know better?

MARY: Why whatever do you mean, Miss?

LUCY; Listen to her! As if everyone didn't know that they are always together.

JACK: Like birds of a feather.

BLUE: Yes, two love birds, two cooing doves.

BOB: Hand in hand. Glove in glove.

JACK: Head over heels (*tumbles, hurts head*)... in love.

MARY: Hah! Shows what you know.

(offstage noises and shouting. Tom-Tom rushes in, pursued by a Keystone Kop)

MUFF: It's Tom-Tom!

JILL: The Piper's son!

TOM; Stole a pig and away I run! (*he and the Kop run around and offstage. There is a crash. Tom enters alone, walking. Mary sighs admiringly. Bo Peep comes up to him*)

BO: Tom-Tom, have you seen my sheep?

TOM; The last I saw, they were fast asleep...
Far over the hills and beyond the stream,
Your sheep were cavorting as if in a dream
And now they are sleeping, as fast as can be.
That's quite a good rhyme. I hope you agree.

SIMON; That's ba-a-a-ad.

TOM; What do you think, Mary?

MARY: Of what?

TOM: The poetry.

MARY: Oh, is that what that was?

8.

TOM: A poet's never recognized in his own country.

MARY: What do you mean?

TOM: I thought you'd never ask.

#5. SONG OF THE POET (Tom-Tom and Chorus)

*Now, once upon a time a poet wrote
A song about a baby in a tree,
Where, up in the branches high,
A tender lullaby
Was a-warbled by the breezes blowing free.
That little song went all the world around
But the poet never heard it till one day,
While in London on a lark,
A nursemaid in the part
Sang it to her naughty infant in this way:
Rock-a-bye baby, in the tree top,*

Spoken: I shall certainly slap you in a moment
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock.

Spoken: Wherever is your bottle? Have you swallowed it?
When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall

Spoken: Good evening, sergeant
Down comes the cradle and baby and all.

Spoken: There you go! Out of the perambulator.
Of course you had to fall on your face. Nasty brat!

*The poet thought that he the world would see,
In search of both experience and fame,
So he took his stick and grip
And skipped upon a ship
And thus to the great United States he came.
One evening he had nothing else to do,
So he chanced into a music hall to stray,
Where the leader of the band,
Quite famous in the land,
Played the poet's well-known lullaby this way:
Rock-a-bye baby, in the tree-top,
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock.
When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall
Down comes the cradle and baby and all.*

CHORUS *Rock-a-bye baby, in the tree top, etc.*

At end of song, couples dance, and Tom and Mary kiss. Others look on. Picture. After applause, Widow Florsheim enters. Tom and Mary break apart embarrassedly.

9.

WIDOW: You children are making entirely too much noise! You will have to find something quieter to do.

ALL: Yes, Mother.

WIDOW; Now, let's see...

JACK; How about a game of hide and seek?

WIDOW; I have it! A game of hide and seek!

MUFF; Now, why didn't we think of that?

WIDOW: Are we ready?

ALL; Ready!

WIDOW; Not it!

ALL; *(except Simple Simon)* Not it!

SIMON; Not it! Oooh.

WIDOW; Now, hide, everybody! And Simon, you count **to** ten.

(exit everyone except Simon and Widow)

SIMON; One...two...three...What's next? Oh, four. Uh, five, eight, nine... is that right? *(asking audience)* What is it, then? Oh! Six...eight...

WIDOW: That's close enough, Simon. I think they've had time to hide.

SIMON; Okay. Here I come, ready or not... *(runs off)*

WIDOW: At last, some peace and quiet. Not much of that when you have twelve children. Or is it thirteen? Oh, well what's the difference? Now I can read my paper.

(enter Barnaby, carrying a piggybank and a mortgage)

BARN; Aha! Widow Florsheim!

WIDOW; Oh, dear. It's Barnaby. *(hides behind paper)*

BARN; Widow Florsheim! What could possibly be in that paper that is more important than urgent business with your old friend Barnaby?

WIDOW: Why, Mr. Barnaby. I'm sorry I didn't hear you. I was just reading where the city has to give away all this free land and...

BARN: Let me see that!

(grabs paper. While he frantically searches for the article, the widow tries to sneak off)

10.

BARN: Not so fast, my dear. We have important matters to settle. I have come to tell you that I shall be forced, much against my good nature, to collect on the mortgage I hold against your shoe.

WIDOW: But it's been a bad month, Barnaby.

BARN: You mean...heh, heh, heh... that you don't have enough (*snicker*) money?

WIDOW: Very nearly that, Barnaby. I don't have any money.

BARN; I see. You leave me no choice, then, my good woman, but to FORECLOSE THE MORTGAGE!

WIDOW; You can't do that, Barnaby. Why, twelve...or is it thirteen? Many children live in this shoe.

BARN; You think I enjoy this? (*giggle*) I'll have you know that it pains me deeply to have to throw your twelve... or thirteen children out into the cold. But I have no choice. Money is involved! (*pauses*) I might, however, be persuaded to tear up the mortgage and forget the whole thing if your daughter Mary will consent to be my bride.

WIDOW; I don't think she'll want to do that.

BARN; Why not? Is she crazy or what?

WIDOW; No-o...

BARN; Then what could possibly be her objection? I am rich and handsome, desirable and passionate...

WIDOW; But you never smile... and you're sort of evil...

BARN; Bah! What does that matter? Just because I don't run around with a stupid grin on my face all day doesn't mean I'm not pleasant, does it? Just because I have a bad temper and do wicked, nasty things in business doesn't mean I'll be a bad husband, does it? All husbands are like that. You convince that silly girl to marry me immediately, or this shoe will be mine and you'll all be footloose! You have until the hour strikes... (*exits*)

WIDOW; Oh, dear, whatever shall I do? (*the children reenter*) I mustn't let the children know. (*to them*) Why, darlings, all done with the game?

BLUE; Yes, it's too boring waiting for Simon to find you.

WIDOW; Good. Then its time for your lessons, (*moans and groans*) Now take out your tablets and sit down. We will start with arithmetic...Simon, (*music begins*) Ready? Then we'll begin...

11.

#6 I CAN'T DO THE SUM – Ensemble

*WIDOW: If a steamship weighed ten thousand pounds
and sailed five thousand miles,
With cargo large of overshoes and carving knives and files.
If the mates were almost six feet high
And the bos'un near the same,
Would you subtract or multiply to find the captain's name?*

*KIDS: Oh, oh, put down six and carry two.
(with fingers) Tap, tap, tap! Tap, tap, tap!
Gee, but this is hard to do
Tap, tap, tap! Tap, tap, tap!
You can think and think and think
Till your brains are numb,
I don't care what teacher says,
I cant do the sum!.*

*BOB If we all took a horseshoe and an apple to the top
Of the tallest building in the land and then we let them drop,
BO: At twenty stories high and feet-per-second thirty two,
How many lawsuits will be filed until the day is through?*

KIDS: Oh, oh, put down six and carry two etc.

*JACK If the President makes ten decisions, eight of which are bad,
And the legislature vetoes one and finds three more to add,
JILL And bureaucrats get in the way 'most every chance they can,
How long before the Democrats will ever win again?*

KIDS: Oh, oh, put down six and carry two etc.

*LUCY If Johnny picks up all his toys, and half he gives to Mike,
And puts the rest in the basket of his three-speed English bike,
BLUE Then pedals twenty miles an hour right up an inclined plane,
How much real work must Johnny do before he takes the train?*

KIDS: Oh, oh, put down six and carry two etc.

*MUFF If Mary's meeting Ted at eight to go out to the show,
And then remembers that she has a dinner date with Joe,
SIMON And that she told he fiancé that she was his alone,
How many lies must Mary tell before she's off the phone?*

KIDS: Oh, oh, put down six and carry two etc.

12.

After #6, the children variously wander off doing their sums. Mary is left on stage doing her work, complaining. Barnaby enters and sees her.

BARN; Aha! My radiant one. Why trouble your head with such paltry sums as these, when I offer you a sum untold.

MARY; Really?

BARN: As the wife of Barnaby.

MARY: Oh, no thanks. I knew it was too good to be true. I'd rather do this... I don't want you to feel badly but I'm not supposed to marry anyone who's evil, nasty, rotten and disgusting.

BARN; So, that's it, is it? *(pause)* I suppose you'd rather marry some fool who goes around with a silly grin on his face all day long. Someone like that Tom-Tom, I suppose, *(she sighs)* Well, we'll see about that! Marry me or I'll foreclose the mortgage on your mother's shoe! Ha, ha, ha! *(exits)*

MARY: Foreclose the mortgage? Oh, no! That would mean that all twelve or thirteen of us would be without a home. Oh, that fiend I I just can't marry him! But if I don't... Oh, what am I going to do? *(runs off crying)*

WIDOW: *(entering with Tom-Tom)* Yes, Tom. I'm afraid there's no hope. In a few minutes the hour will strike and Barnaby will take our shoe unless Mary agrees to marry him

TOM: The man has no sole.

WIDOW: Will you help me tell the children to pack?

TOM: Wait! I have an idea. Uh-oh, here he comes. I'll be right back. *(runs off)*

WIDOW: Oh, dear, oh, dear!

BARN; *(entering)* Well, my dear Widow. Which is it to be, eh? The money or the shoe? Or, preferably, the daughter?

WIDOW: Oh, dear... oh, dear... oh, dear!

LUCY: *(entering)* Hi, mom. *(she comes up to one side of them)*

BARN; I say, Widow, the money or...

BOB; *(entering)* Hi, mom. *(he stands next to Lucy)*

BARN; The money or...

MUFF: Hi, mom! *(Stands next to Bob. This process continues ever quicker until all the children are in a line from Barnaby to the proscenium. Simon is the last.)*

13.

BARN; Are you quite finished? *(to Simon)*

SIMON: Oh, sure.

BARN; There are no more of you?

SIMON; I don't think so. Let's see. One, two, three, six...

BARN; *(loudly)* There are no more of you?

SIMON; Nope. That's it.

BARN; In that case, Widow Florsheim, I repeat, the money or...

#7 FLORETTA- Tom

The music interrupts Barnaby, as Tom-Tom sweeps in, dressed as an old Gypsy woman.

TOM: *I am a Romany Rye, a timorous sprite of the wild wood,
I dabble in magic, both comic or tragic,
A witch I have been from my childhood.
Great is my mystical might,
The blizzard and avalanche mind me,
I'm likewise a voodoo at casting a hoodoo,
A qualified artist you'll find me.*

*Floretta, Floretta the gypsy am I
The past or the future to tell you I'll try.
Your fortune I'll read from your palm at a glance;
Pray notice I also collect in advance!*

CHOR: *Floretta, Floretta the gypsy is she,
The past of the future she clearly can see,
Your fortune she'll read from your palm at a glance;
Pray notice she also collects in advance!*

TOM; I am a Gypsy!

BARN; Remarkable.

TOM; I can tell your fortune.

BARN; Bah!

*Are you unhappy in love? And does she presume to ignore you?
I'll give you a philtre which quickly will wilt her,
And cause her to madly adore you.
If to be painfully rich you find yourself ready and willing,
You may acquire millions and billions and trillions,
By buying this charm for a shilling.*

14.

Floretta, Floretta the gypsy am I, etc.

CHOR: *Floretta, Floretta the gypsy is she, etc.*

TOM; Will you buy this magic coin, sir?

BARN; No! Away with you, woman.

TOM: Without this charm you will not have the money or the woman you desire.

BARN; Humbug!

TOM; All right, so I'll read your palm.

BARN: But I don't want...

TOM; Give me your hand.

BARN: Unhand me, Madam? I warn you, I'll...

TOM: *(screams in horror)* Ooooh!

BARN: What? What is it?

TOM: *(Tracing his palm)* Oh my. Oh my! OH MY! Oh...

BARN: Why did you stop?

TOM; It's continued on the other palm. Give me your other hand. *(Tom takes piggy bank out of Barnaby's hand and gives it to first child, who passes it down the line. Simon passes it offstage.)*

Ah, you have a long life line, sir. In fact, it's so long that here it turns into a clothes line. *(a crash is heard offstage as the bank is broken)*

BARN; What's that?

TOM; Why, that means that your laundry will get dry. You wouldn't want wet laundry, would you? *(the money is passed down the line to Tom.)*

BARN; I suppose not.

TOM; Well, then... *(crosses Barnaby, hands Widow the money surreptitiously, and begins to exit)*

BARN: Is that all?

TOM; For nothing he wants more? Give me a call and I'll give you an appointment. *(leaves)*

BARN: Strange woman. Where was I? Oh, yes. Now, Widow Florsheim, the money or the...

15.

WIDOW: Here you are, Barnaby.

BARN: What? Where did you get that money?

WIDOW; From a dear... departed one. *(looks off in Tom's direction)*

BARN: Curses! Foiled again! I don't know how you managed that, woman, but you have not seen the end of me. Mary shall still be mine! *(menaces everyone, gets hissed)* Now, where did I leave my bank? *(starts looking for his bank, heading for the wings)*

LUCY» *(noticing Barnaby bent over)* I think I see the end of Barnaby now! *(everyone laughs as Tom reenters, in his usual garb. They all come to congratulate him)*

WIDOW Oh, Tom, how can I ever thank you?

TOM; All in a day's pig stealing.

BO: Now we can all live happily ever after!

TOM: And Mary can be my wife instead of his. Isn't that right, Mary? Mary? *(looks around)* Where is she?

ALL; *(variously)* I don't know...Haven't seen her, etc.

WIDOW; Oh, I do hope she hasn't done something foolish.

MUFF: It's so like her. *(other children scold Miss Muffett for her catty remark)*

TOM: *(paying no attention)* I have to find her!

BLUE: Why are we always looking for things around here?
(everyone begins to search. Barnaby wanders in, still searching himself. For a short time everyone onstage is searching. Barnaby backs into someone and apologizes. Eventually, he is alone.)

BARN: I'd swear I left that bank around here somewhere. Hmmm. I was talking to Mary earlier over here and... *(looks in watering can)* What's this? A note? Why, it's from Mary. She says she's run away to Toyland, so there would be no further reason for me to threaten her mother. Hah! I don't need a reason. I do that automatically! Toyland, eh? That disgusting village with nothing but toys in it? Why would anyone want to go there? Well, no matter. She has to go through the Enchanted Forest first. That will take her a week. I'll take a quicker way and catch her. I'll tell her some lies and she'll think she still has to marry me. Hah! Oh, I love myself when I'm like this! NOW...I fly!

TOM: *(reentering with others)* Has no one seen her? *(all shake heads)*

BO: No, but I found my sheep! *(others groan)*

16.

WIDOW: This is very serious. She must have run off to escape Bamaby.

TOM; But where could she have gone? Can anyone tell me?

(if audience volunteers information, he does not hear them)

Well, I guess there's nothing to do but wait for her to return.

(Others swat him and they all run off looking for her. Lights fade as Barnaby's laugh is heard in the distance)

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**Scene 1: The Enchanted Forest.****#8 MELODRAMATIC MUSIC**

Pantomime: Mary is wandering aimlessly through the woods. She is hungry and ragged. The forest is dark and threatening. Trees sway and wave their branches at her. Tired and exhausted, she falls by the foot of a tree.

Various animals come out to discover her. Finally, a spider appears. He makes a web around her. Just as he is about to finish, the good fairy appears and drives him off. She waves her wand and the forest changes. A butterfly comes to life. In dance, the butterfly unweaves the web and frees Mary. Mary tries-to keep up with the butterfly.

MARY: *(dialogue over music)* Oh, thank you, beautiful Butterfly. You saved my life. But I'm still lost. I'll never find my way to Toyland. *(the Butterfly gestures)* What? What? I don't understand. You want me to fly? No? Are you asking me to follow you? Where are we going? Wait... I bet you know the way to Toyland. Right? *(butterfly nods)* I can understand you somehow. Wow! I never spoke insect before. Wait for me! I'm coming... I'm coming...

As the music ends, Mary follows the Butterfly off. The scene changes.

18.

ACT TWO - Scene 2: *The Toymaker's Workshop in Toyland.*

#9. TOYMAKER'S WORKSHOP ^

Mime, with elves working on various toys and making them work (musical cues) Ends in a loud cacophany, as many toys are set in motion at once.

TOYMAKER! *(entering)* Marmadukel Marmadukel You will never finish the toys in time for Christmas if you keep playing with them.

MARM; Oh, I wasn't playing, Master. No, no. No indeed. Testing. That's what it was. Testing. Yes, sir.

TM: Oh, you were all testing, eh? *(other elves look sheepish)* And what have you found out?

MARM; Oh, a terrible problem. Very terrible. The Mama Doll isn't working right. It won't say Mama. Can you believe it? It refuses. Just listen. Just listen.

MAMA DOLL; Unhand me, gentlemen! Friends, Romans, countrymen... This is the winter of our discontent, for true nobility is exempt from fear. Since Adam was a gardener, I have passed a miserable throne of kings. Figures pedantical, let me take you a buttonhole lower, for you and I are past our dancing days. O Romeo, O Romeo! Wherefore art thou if Hercules and Lichas play at dice? Which is the better? Heavenly Rosalind, beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold. Sweep on, ye fat and greasy citizens Cry out, Olivia, for yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look. But for my part, it was all Greek to me!

MARM: See?

TM: Well, it's no wonder. You have forgotten to button her apron. There. Now try her.

(Marmaduke bends her over)

MAMA DOLL; Mama! Mama!

TM; Quite fixed. Now take her to the packaging room, and try the next time to be more conscious of quality.

MARM: Yes, Master, *(he starts to take her offstage. As he does, she starts to speak.)*

MAMA : Out, out, brief candle! *(he puts her down, and looks her over. He bends her over again)* Mama! Mama! *(satisfied, he picks her up and starts off)*

Hear it not, Duncan.

(Marmaduke, confused and disturbed, glares at the smiling Mama doll as he goes off)

19.

(there is a knocking on the door. The Toymaker answers it)

BARN: Good day, Master Toymaker. I wonder if you could help me. I'm looking for...uh...my daughter Mary. Have you seen her, by any chance?

TM; Why, no, I'm afraid not.

BARN: Curses! I mean, how disappointing. She was lost in the forest and I was hoping she would come here.

TM; She may yet;. I have many friends in the forest. Won't you come in?

BARN; Thank you. My, what wonderful toys.

TM; We are preparing for Christmas.

BARN; For what?

TM» Christmas. It's coming soon.

BARN; Is it? I guess I wasn't paying attention, *(aside)* He's just as commercial as I am. *(aloud)* Master Toymaker, it just so happens that I am in the toy business myself. I have some original designs that I'm interested in manufacturing.

TM; Indeed?

BARN; Oh, yes. Would you like to see them?

TM; Very much so. We are so busy this year that I have had little time for new ideas. There are so many children who need toys...

BARN; My feeling exactly. These little beauties will sell big! Look... here's a Teddy bear with real teeth... and here's a toy car that explodes when you open the door... Here's a doll house that bursts into flames... and here is the ultimate-- Combat Raggedy Andy...

TM; STOP! These are horrible toys! I would never make toys like this.

BARN; What's the matter? Don't you want to make money?

TM; Money means nothing. It is the children I care about.

BARN; Too bad. The competition cares about money.

TM; You're not a very pleasant man...

BARN; Thank you for noticing.

TM: You may stay at the inn down the street, if you like, until your daughter is found. Then I must ask you to leave.

20.

BARN: Very well.

MARM: (entering) Master, master?

TM: Ah, Marmaduke. Show this gentleman to the inn.

MARM: But there's someone here who...

TM: You can tell me later. Please do as I say.

MARM: But she's... Oh, all right. Come on. Walk this way.. (*he waddles off. Barnaby pauses, thinks about it, shakes his head and follows him off*)

TM: Not pleasant, at all. I feel sorry for hid daughter. Oh, well, I must get back to work. (*he leaves*)

(the stage is empty for a moment, then Mary looks in around the door. She grows bolder and comes in)

MARY: Oh, what a wonderful place. I wish I could live here! No more Bamaby. I'd never be contrary again! I wouldn't even have to grow up I Except... I wish Tom-Tom were here. We could pretend we were anything in the world. (*she goes through some doll costumes*) I could be a princess and he a prince... Or Lady Guinevere and Lancelot... or (*she finds a mantilla and some lace*) a Spanish senorita and her troubador!

#10 CASTLE IN SPAIN - Mary's solo

MARY: *Oh, we'll live in a castle in Spain,
In the side of a hill by Granada,
And you'll then be a haughty Grandee
And I'll be but a humble espada.
All our days will be naught but a dream,
Of roses and rapture and blisses,
Till life to us only will seem
A song that is broken by kisses.*

*Ev'ry troubador there will you adore,
Come with mandolin your heart to win.
Vain each serenade 'neath your window played,
For the maid they woo to me'll be true.*

21.

TM: *(entering)* Marmaduke! Stop playing with the singing doll! Oh, I beg your pardon. You're not a doll.

MARY; *(emphatically)* No. I'm a person.

TM: Yes, I could tell by your clothes, I'm afraid. Not really up to doll standards...

MARM; *(entering)* There she is! She's the one! Lost in the woods. That's her. You bet.

TM; Oh, then you must be Mary.

MARM: That's right, that's her name. That's it. You got it!

MARY; How did you know my name?

TM: There is someone in Toyland who has come looking for you.

MARY! It's Tom-Tom!

TM: He didn't tell me his name.

MARY: It must be him. We are in love.

TM; Really? How odd.

MARY; Were going to be married.

TM: Shocking!

MARY; Why?

TM: He said you were his daughter.

MARY; Well, he is a little bit older than I am, but he's hardly that old!

TM: Well, well. He could have fooled me.

MARM: Me too. That's for sure.

MARY We could be married in Toyland! We'll go back and bring all our friends back for the wedding and...

MARM; Oh, no. Can't be done! No, sir. No, ma'am. No way.

TM: Marmaduke's right. I'm afraid it's impossible. Marmaduke, go to the inn and bring the gentleman here...

MARY; Why **is** it impossible? ,

22.

TM; There's an old rule in Toyland, my dear; Once you leave it, you may never return again.

#11. TOYLAND- Toymaker's solo

TM: *When you've grown up, my dears, and are as old as I,
You'll often ponder on the years
That flow so swiftly by, my dears,
That flow so swiftly by.
And of the many lands you will have wandered through,
You'll oft recall the best of all,
The land your childhood knew.*

*Toyland, Toyland, dear little girl and boy land,
While you dwell within it, you are ever happy there.
Childhood's Joyland, mystic merry Toyland!
Once you pass its borders,
You can never return again.*

*When you've grown up, my dears, there comes a dreary day,
When 'mid the locks of black appear
The first pale gleam of gray, my dears,
The first pale gleam of gray.
Then of the past you'll dream,
As gray-haired grownups do,
And seek once more that phantom shore,
The land your childhood knew.*

Toyland, Toyland, dear little girl and boy land, etc.

23.

MARY: Oh, dear. Even here there are rules .

TM; People couldn't live without rules, my dear. Because there are people who don't know how to be good to other people. They have some evil in them. Come over here. *(they move to his cabinet just as Barnaby comes in. Barnaby eavesdrops)* We make toys so that boys and girls will be happy. When a person is happy, all the evil goes out of them. For years, I have been collecting that evil in this jar. Soon, I will have all the evil in the world, and when I have it, everyone will be happy all the time!

MARY; Won't that be boring?

TM: I don't know. It never occurred to me

MARY; Some people I heard say marriage is boring. *(pause)* That must be because they're so happy! When I marry Tom-Tom, I'll be so happy that you can have all of my evil!

TM; Thank you, Mary. And I would like to get all of his too, if you don't mind. He seems to have a lot...

MARY: He does? Maybe so. I guess you had better get it all before we're married.

TM: I will! Come. Let's get you a pretty dress to meet him in. That will make him happy... *(he replaces the jar and the two leave. Barnaby remains unobserved)*

BAR» Well, well, well. So Mary thinks she's marrying Tom-Tom, eh? And that old fool thinks he can make them happy... forever? HAH!

#12. BEFORE AND AFTER - Barnaby's solo.

BARN: Before they were married, they talked like this:

*\ "None other, my darling, shall steal my kiss.
Your ev'ry command, dear, I will obey
I'll always be faithful and never stray!"*

*Ha, ha, ha, ha! Pardon the laughter!
That was before and this is after!
(repeat)*

*No wise man will disparage marriage,
But still it is exceeding strange,*

*That when you marry, unless you're wary,
You both will find a dreadful change.
(repeat)*

24.

*Before they were married, when out they went,
He wined her and dined her, great sums he spent.
But since they've been married, he's not so rash.
She only goes out now to dump the trash!*

Ha, ha, ha, ha! Pardon the laughter! Etc.

BARN; Now, where did he put that jar? I could use a jar of evil. Ah. Here it is. Come, my pretty. Let me look at you. *(he lifts the lid slightly. There is a visible disturbance in the atmosphere)* Ah! I can feel it I I feel stronger. It works! It's like vitamins.

MARM; *(entering)* What are you doing there?

BARN; Oh, nothing. Just waiting for the Toymaker. That's all.

MARM; Oh. Okay. Yep, that's okay. Copasetic...

BARN; What a lovely little demon you'd make...

MARM What? What's that? What?

BARN; You work all day long, don't you?

MARM; Yep. Work, work, work. All day. Some nights. Weekends.

BARN; You obey all the Toymaker's orders, don't you?

MARM: Yep. Obey him all the time. That's right.

BARN; Wouldn't you like to do whatever you want to do? Maybe take a nap?
Go on strike?

MARM; Of course not! Ridiculous. Out of the question.

BARN; Are you sure? *(opens the lid of the jar a bit)*

MARM; Sure I'm sure! Never heard the like. I'll have you know... did you say nap?
Strike?

BARN; How about a salary?

MARM. Yeah. A salary. Oh boy! Money. Moolah! Long green.

BARN; How about some mayhem? Mischief? FOUL PLAY?

25.

MARM; Yeah, yeah. Sounds good. Do some dirt. Heh, heh, heh. Ugly.

BARN: HAH, HAH, HAH!

TM; *(entering)* You look lovely, Mary. I'm sure your gentleman will...

MARM; There's the girl, boss! Oh, boy! Hey, pretty cute! Hi, toots. Whoo-ee?.

BARN; Move aside, small fry. Well, Master Toymaker. I see you have found my Mary.

MARY: Bamaby! Stay away!

BARN: She's so contrary...

MARY: Master Toymaker! This man isn't Tom-Tom. It's evil Bamaby. He's the reason I ran away!

TM;. I might have known. Begone, sirt You are not welcome here.

BARNs Is that so? (he advances on Mary)

TM: I warn you, sir. I may look old, but in my day...

BARN; Bah! She will come with me willingly, when I tell her that her family's lives depend on it.

MARY; What? What have you done?

BARN; Come with me or they will all starve in the street! When you are my wife I will take good care of them. COME!

TM; Don't go with him, Mary! MARM; Go ahead, go ahead. Do it! Go on. Do it!

MARY; I must! I can't forsake my family. I'll go with you, Bamaby.

TOM; *(bounding in)* NO!

MARY; Tom-Tom!

BARN; The piper's son...

TOM; You'll see the brig before I'm done?

MARY; How did you ever find me?

TOM; I had to read the second act.

26.

BARN: She's coming with me!

TOM; You don't have to go with him, Mary. He's lying. Your family's safe. He has no power over them.

MARY; Oh, Tom! *(she runs to his arms)*

BARN; So you think you've foiled me again, do you?

MARM; Foiled you again. Yep. That's what he thinks, all right. Got you that time.

BARN; Oh, shut up, you cut-off kibitzer! We'll see who's foiled! *(he holds up the jar)*
Do your work, my nastiest *(he lifts the lid. The lights flash)*

#13 FINALE MISTERIOSO - Pantomime

Barnaby holds the jar above the dolls, and pours. They come to life.

TM; The evil jar! He's pouring evil on the dolls!

(dialogue over music)

BARN; Come, my pretties. Come to life and be evil?

(the dolls dance in a maniacal way)

BARN: Seize them!

(the dolls capture the three. Music ends, page 120.)

BARN; Now I've got you. I'm in control now!

MARY: What are you going to do?

BARN: I don't know. I have to think of something despicable.

TM: Marmaduke!

MARM: Sorry. On strike!

TOM: Is there nothing that can withstand that evil?

TM: Nothing but a heart of wood and an iron will.

MARY: Then we're lost!

TOM; Not yet! *(Tom reaches over and grabs a toy trumpet)* Take care, villain! *(he blows the trumpet)*

#14. MARCH OF THE WOODEN SOLDIERS - Pantomime

27.

The soldiers enter and march around. They do a drill and intimidate the dolls.

(dialogue over music)

BARN: Soldiers, eh? Very clever. But this will stop them. Take that! *(he pours evil on them. Nothing happens)* What's wrong? They're not changing. They're not stopping!

TOM: That's right, Barnaby. Everyone knows a soldier always does his duty...Especially a wooden one!

BARN: HELP?!

The soldiers have a stylized battle with the dolls, while Barnaby and Marmaduke keep getting the business end of a bayonet in the bottom. At the end, the toys are all overcome by the soldiers, Tom has captured Barnaby, and the Toymaker has chased Marmaduke under a table.

TM: Give me that! *(the Toymaker takes the jar from Barnaby and replaces it in his cabinet)* It will take me years to get all that evil back. Luckily, I have the antidote. Drink? *(he makes the dolls, Marmaduke and, lastly, Barnaby drink.)*

BARN; Bah! Phooey! What awful tasting stuff? What is it?

TM: It's the waters of happiness with a touch of the liquor of laughter. It's distilled from the milk of human kindness. It's extremely rare.

TOM; Here! You must be thirsty. Have some more.

MARY; Look! The toys are smiling again. Their evil is going away.

BARN; Say, this stuff isn't bad!

MARM; Not bad. Pretty good. Hits the spot. Twelve full ounces, that's a lot.

BARN; I feel good!

MARY; Bamaby's smiling! I think.

BARN; I am. I'm smiling! I I'm happy! I've never felt this way before. Oh, I've been a mean man, haven't I?

MARY; You certainly have.

MARM; That's for sure. Rotten. Rotten. Rotten.

BARN; I know I've been bad. But all I want to do now is help my friend Marmaduke *(he hugs him)* make toys for all the boys and girls. May I stay, sir? *(Marmaduke finally fights him off)*

28.

TM; You may indeed. Marmaduke, show him where to work.

MARM; A pleasure. A delight, *(to Bamaby)* Attention! Put on your hat! Left face!
Forward... wait for it! March! One, two, three, four... Hee, hee, hee!

TOM; Well, Bamaby's not so bad, after all.

MARY; I still don't like him.

TOM; Stop being contrary.

TM; And what are you two going to do now? Is there **to** be a wedding?

MARY; Yes, Master Toymaker. But now I know what you mean! I know where I belong. I want to grow up and have children of my own so they can come and visit you too. We're going back to a place where we can be adults...Mother Goose Land!

#15. TOYLAND REPRISE – Ensemble

*ALL Toyland, Toyland, dear little girl and boy land,
While you dwell within it, you are ever happy there.
Childhood's Joyland, mystic merry Toyland!
Once you pass its borders,
You can never return again.*

end