

# DIE FLEDERMAUS

Music by JOHANN STRAUSS Book by Richard Swain Lyrics by Thomas Petiet

## ABOUT THE SHOW

Here's a version that goes beyond the standard show translation by returning to the original play upon which the show is based for more depth of character. The lyrics were written for singers by a singer. *Die Fledermaus* provides great roles for singers, and Rosalinda, Adele, Alfred, Orlovsky and Falke all have arias that have become standards. The role of Eisenstein is central to the plot and requires a tenor or high baritone with good acting ability. Frank and Dr. Blind also require singing actors, and Frosch is a true comedian who doesn't have to sing. *Die Fledermaus* is one of the mainstays of the operetta stage, and is often performed by grand opera and light opera companies alike.

## CAST REQUIREMENTS

ROSALINDA — LEAD SOPRANO  
ADELE — COLORATURA SOPRANO  
ALFRED — LEAD TENOR  
EISENSTEIN — LEAD TENOR/ HIGH BARITONE  
DR. FALKE — LEAD BARITONE  
PRINCE ORLOVSKY — LEAD MEZZO  
FRANK — LEAD BARITONE/ACTOR  
FROSCH — LEAD COMEDIAN

### SUPPORTING

DR. BLIND — TENOR OR BARITONE  
IDA — ACTRESS  
IVAN — ACTOR  
CHORUS OF GUESTS

## MUSICAL NUMBERS

- OVERTURE — Orchestra
1. INTRODUCTION — Adele, Alfred 1A. Rosalinda, Adele
  2. NOW MY FREEDOM I SURRENDER — Eisenstein, Rosalinda, Dr. Blind
  3. COME WITH ME — Falke, Eisenstein
  4. HOW BITTER IS MY ANGUISH — Rosalinda, Eisenstein, Adele
  5. FINALE, ACT 1 — Alfred, Rosalinda, Frank
  6. WE HAVE COME, ONE AND ALL — Chorus of Guests
  7. I'M OFTEN FORCED TO ENTERTAIN — Orlovsky
  8. COME, GATHER, ALL MY FRIENDS — Adele, Orlovsky, Eisenstein, Falke, Chorus
  - 8A. OH, MY DEAR MARQUIS — Adele
  9. WITH THIS TIME-PIECE — Eisenstein, Rosalinda
  10. CZARDAS — Rosalinda
  11. FINALE, ACT 2 — Ensemble
  12. ENTR'ACTE
  13. FRANK'S MELODRAMA — Frank with orchestra
  14. AUDITION ARIA — Adele
  15. HOW TO BEGIN, SIR? — Rosalinda, Alfred, Eisenstein
  16. FINALE, ACT 3 — Ensemble

## ORCHESTRATION

Full orchestration included

**RECORDING AVAILABLE FROM COMIC OPERA GUILD**

## ACT 1 OVERTURE

### #1 INTRODUCTION, Adele (I-1b) Alfred (I-1b)

*Alfred*     *Rosalinda, whom I've missed  
Since our time together,  
Bring those lips I've often kissed  
Back to me forever.  
Fly to me, my little dove,  
Soar upon the wind, ah...  
Give me all your burning love  
Lovely Rosalinda.*

*Adele*     *Ah, ha, ha etc.  
Here's a letter from my sister, let me see, what does it say?*

*"Dear Adele, the Prince Orlovsky plans to give a grand soiree  
He is mad, as I'm sure you're aware,  
But it is bound to be a grand affair.  
When I said it would excite you,  
The prince allowed me to invite you.  
If you can come tonight a seven  
You'll think you've died and gone to heaven.  
Borrow something from your mistress;  
Wear a mask so no one has a notion of your station  
You will be a true sensation."*

*Oh, dear Ida, well I know  
that I must find a way to go,  
But my mistress won't agree  
That I should have the evening free, she won't agree, ah!  
Why can't I be like a dove  
Flying in the skies above,  
Soaring where the whim may call  
Landing at Orlovsky's ball?  
But it's hopeless, I'm afraid;  
I'm a lowly lady's maid.*

*Rosa:*     *(OFFSTAGE) Adele... Adele...*

*Adele:*     *Yes, Madame Eisenstein. (ASIDE) If I could only persuade my mistress to give me the night off. Maybe if I told her the truth- "Madame, I simply must go to Prince Orlofsky's ball tonight." No- the truth never worked before. Madame wouldn't let me off just to go to a party. What I need is a good lie, simple but absolutely irresistible. And sympathy. Oceans of tears. I know... I'll tell her my aunt is sick. That has always worked before. (WEEPS)*

Rosa: *(ENTERING)* Ah, there you are, Adele. Be a dear and help me with . . . why . . . whatever is the matter with you?

Adele: Oh, Madame Eisenstein *(PRODUCES INVITATION)* I've just received the most terrible news from my sister. It's my dearest aunt. She's very very ill. The doctor doesn't expect her to live through the night. I wonder if I might have some time off *(pause)* to see her through *(pause)* to the end--

Rosa: I must say, Adele, you certainly do not come from a very healthy family.

Adele: Madame?

Rosa: Well, if my arithmetic is correct, that is the forty-second relative of yours dead or dying so far this year- and it is only May.

Adele: Alas, Madame, it is only too true.

Rosa: Unfortunately, Adele, this is one aunt who will have to pass over without you. I cannot possibly let you go. You know very well that my husband may have to go to jail tonight, and I shall need you every minute of the five days he is there. He's at court with his lawyer right now trying to get his sentence reversed. If he does, then we shall see about your aunt. If he doesn't, then perhaps when he gets out, you will still be in time to attend the funeral.

Adele: But Madame--

Rosa: Please, Adele, I don't wish to discuss the matter any further. Whatever journey your aunt is embarking on, I'm sure there will be others to see her off.

Adele: My poor, poor aunt. She'll never survive her death without me. I know she won't.

**1a- Duet- Adele, Rosalinda**

Rosa: *I cannot let you go;  
Not tonight, I told you so.  
I've heard it all before...  
Please don't ask me any more.  
It's decided, I'm afraid,  
I will need my lady's maid.*

Adele: *Ah, my aunt will die, I know  
If I'm not allowed to go.  
I could keep her from death's door  
But I have to mop the floor.  
Forced to ply a lowly trade,  
Why am I a lady's maid?*

Rosa: Well, Adele, perhaps your aunt will be thoughtful enough to hold off a few more days.

Adele: My poor, poor aunt. *(EXITS)*

Rosa: *(TO HERSELF)* "Forty-two relatives dead or dying so far this year--and it's only May." Quite remarkable.

Alfred *(OFFSTAGE SINGING)*

*"Rosalinda, whom I've missed  
Since our time together."*

Rosa: That voice! Where have I heard that voice? Oh, no! It's not possible!

Alfred: "Bring those lips I've often kissed  
Back to me forever..."

Rosa: Oh yes, it is possible. It's Alfred- the first great love of my life. Oh, that glorious year before I got married.

Alfred: *"Fly to me, my little dove  
Soar upon the wind, ah..."*

Rosa: Ah, how he adored me in that little spa in Bohemia--what was it called? Teplitz... That was it. Ah how he adored me in Teplitz, in Pilsen, in Prague, indiscriminately.

Alfred- *"Give me all your burning love,  
Lovely Rosalinda..."*

Rosa: Dear Alfred... he was always so hungry in those days- for my love and anything else. A tenor's appetite is total.

Alfred- *"Give me all (high A) your burning love,  
Lovely Rosalinda"*

- Rosa: Ohhhhhhhh- that high A. That's what did it. Absolutely helpless. And he knew it too. (*listens*) I don't hear him anymore. How silly of me! It couldn't have been Alfred- just some strolling musician. In an hour he'll be far away. Tomorrow he'll be ever farther away.
- Alfred: (*ENTERING FROM TERRACE*) Rosalinda!
- Rosa: Alfred!
- Alfred: Yes, Alfred. You knew I would find you again.
- Rosa: Alfred- how dare you come here like this?
- Alfred: Why? What's the matter? Don't I get a kiss after all these years? Come, satisfy my appetite with a kiss.
- Rosa: I know of nothing that could satisfy your appetite! No, Alfred, no. (*FENDING HIM OFF*) I'm a married woman now. And if my husband came in and found you here...
- Alfred: Ah, but I know he's not coming. He's off to jail.
- Rosa: Alfred- my husband is with his lawyer at court this very minute trying to get off.
- Alfred: Rosy, after a wonderful year of me, how could you marry a common criminal?
- Rosa: Gabriel is not that common! He just loses his temper every once in a while.
- Alfred: He must lose his mind every once in a while too. (*SITS*) Now tell me all about it.
- Rosa: Oh, it was very silly. We were in church, and my husband whispered a small expression of irritation to one of the men passing the collection plate. The man bent down to hear what Gabriel had said, and the foolish dear bit his ear. It was nothing, really. The doctor had almost no difficulty putting it back on.
- Alfred: Ah I see-- a common criminal with an uncommon appetite.
- Rosa: Alfred- my husband may or may not be going to jail, and, in any case he's due back at any moment. So, please go away- I beg of you!
- Alfred: All right, I'll go-- but on one condition.

Rosa: Anything, anything. What is it?

Alfred: That when he goes out, you'll let me back in.

Rosa: What? Impossible?

Alfred: Swear that you'll let me in.

Rosa: I can't! I mustn't! (*PAUSE*) I shouldn't...

Alfred: Very well then-- I stay.

Rosa: But my husband--

Alfred: I'll say I'm a very close relation.

Rosa: He won't believe you.

Alfred: Rosy- I'm a tenor! Of course he'll believe me.

Rosa: He'll believe you're a tenor, all right, he just won't believe we're related.

Alfred: Be that as it may, I stay. Unless you swear to see me later this evening.

Rosa: Oh Alfred- you leave me no choice. All right, I swear... but only if you leave right now. Now- farewell.

Alfred: No, Rosalinda, not farewell. Just arrivederci. But soon I shall return. Soon I shall hold you in my arms. Soon.... is it all right if I pass through the kitchen on my way out?

Rosa: Yes, anything. Just go!

Alfred: (*SINGING*) "Give me all your burning love,  
Lovely Rosalinda."

Rosa: (*ALONE*) Ohhhhhhh. That voice! If only he wouldn't sing! His dialogue does nothing to me. But that high A-- It thrills me! It chills me! How it drove me wild in Teplitz, in Pilsen, in Prague. How it drives me wild now! Now Rosalinda, you must get hold of yourself.

(*SOUNDS OF QUARRELING VOICES OFF L*)

Good heavens, my husband. Just in time. Quarreling as usual. It sounds like his lawyer, Dr. Blind. That's a bad sign. Something must have gone wrong at court.

**#2- TRIO- Eisenstein, Rosalinda, Dr. Blind**

*Eisen*      *Now my freedom I surrender,  
This incompetent defender  
Cannot keep me out of jail.*

*Blind:*      *...out of jail...*

*Rosa:*      *...out of jail*

*Eisen*      *I don't think you have a notion  
How to make a decent motion!  
I have lost and it's your fault.*

*Blind:*      *It's my fault?*

*Rosa:*      *All his fault? It's all his fault?*

*Eisen:*      *Yes, he's a fool and it's his fault!*

*Blind:*      *It's all my fault?*

*Rosa:*      *What did he do?*

*Eisen:*      *I ought to sue.*

*Rosa:*      *Please tell me, how did this occur?*

*Eisen:*      *It's all a blur...*

*Blind:*      *Now to my notes I must refer...*

*Eisen:*      *You don't know how to practice law...  
You cannot offer an excuse, sir!*

*Blind*      *I will not suffer such abuse, sir!*

*Rosa:*      *Please act your age. Control this rage!*

*Eisen:*      *This lawyer made my sentence worse.*

*Blind:*     *Herr Eisenstein began to curse...*

*Eisen:*     *You stutter and your voice is shrill.*

*Blind:*     *He called the judge an imbecile!*

*Eisen:*     *That could be said of you...*

*Blind:*     *You got just what was due.*

*Eisen:*     *You are a blockhead, too.*

*Blind:*     *That's it! I quit! I'm through!*  
*My counsel must be all in vain*  
*With clients who have gone insane!*

*Eisen:*     *It's time I threw you out the door*  
*Your presence I can bear no more!*

*Rosa:*     *Oh, stop this shouting before the neighbors hear!*  
*I think it's time this lawyer goes*  
*Before this scandal you expose.*

*Eisen:*     *Go on, get out, and right away!*  
*I will not see you stand about!*  
*So you get out!*  
*Don't stand about!*  
*Get out! Get out!*

*Blind:*     *Without a doubt*  
*I have to stay!*  
*I want my pay!*  
*Without a doubt!*

*Rosa:*     *I cannot hear this angry row!*  
*I can't allow it in my house!*  
*Get out! Get out! Get out! Get out!*

*Eisenstein throws Blind out*

*Rosa:*     *Be calm and rest your case, my dear,*  
*Accept the judge's firm decree.*  
*In five days you'll again be free, dear,*  
*Five days, five nights... then you'll come home to me.*



*Eisen: Five days did you say? That's not to be.  
When my attorney's work was ended,  
The judge tacked on another three!  
Eight days I now must spend in jail.  
It starts today, there is no bail.*

*Rosa: Eight long days? How very awful!*

*Eisen: I know.*

*Rosa: Oh, my darling, from my arms you part.  
Tonight your punishment will start.  
In bed tonight I will be grieving,  
When did you say you were leaving?*

*EISEN: That incompetent defender  
Made this marginal offender  
Lose this simple little case...*

*Rosa: I should like to slap his face...*

*Blind: (Reentering) Slap my face?*

*Rosa: Slap your dace!*

*Eisen: You're an absolute disgrace!*

*Blind When your prison time is through,  
We will try your case anew,  
And you both will then surmise  
How I legalize.*

*Accusation, adjuration, advocacy, affirmation,  
Allegation, appellation, arbitration, attestation,  
Confirmation connotation, declaration, defamation,  
Explanation, expiration...*

*Eisen: Make An end... that's enough!*

*Blind: Liquidation, protestation, reclamation...*

*Rosa: Make An end... that's enough!  
Spare us all this declamation.*

*Blind: Fabulous representation!*

*Rosa: Oh spare us declamation!  
Consider resignation  
From the legal occupation, ah! Resignation!*

*Eisen: I have little admiration  
For the legal occupation.  
You've caused me aggravation,  
And increased incarceration!*

*Blind: Accusation, adjuration, advocacy, affirmation,  
Allegation, appellation, arbitration, attestation,  
Confirmation connotation, declaration, defamation,  
Yes, my advocacy is without appreciation!*

*All: Since the goal of litigation  
Is its own remuneration  
You can't always follow its advice (profit from its advice).  
Yes, the goal of litigation  
Is its own remuneration  
And you'll have to pay the price!*

Eisen: And now, you nearsighted nincompoop, get out of my house!

Blind: Madame, I appeal to you--

Eisen: I doubt it.

Rosa: Gabriel...

Blind: Now look here, Eisenstein-

Eisen: No, you look!

Rosa: Blind...

Blind: Remember "Justice is Blind"-

Eisen: That's for sure!

Rosa: Will someone please tell me what happened at court?

Eisen: Oh nothing. I just got a bit excited.

Blind: Nothing? Madame, he insulted the judge.

Rosa: Oh Gabriel...

Blind: There's the three days more- contempt of court.

Eisen: I had no contempt for the court- only for you.

Blind: Elsenstein- do you realize whom you are talking to?

Eisen: Yes, and I've had quite enough of him!

Blind: I have never been so insulted in all my life.

Eisen: Blind, compared with the insult worked upon the world by your birth, anything I might say pales by comparison.

Blind: That does it. Next time, don't expect any help from me.

Eisen: I wonder that I ever did. Now get out!

Blind: *(EXITING)* Madame...

Eisen: This is too much!

Rosa: My poor Gabriel, what a terrible thing to have happen. And now eight days and eight nights without you. How will I survive?

Eisen: It will be hard, I know. Eight days without me is more than any woman should have to endure. I have only a few more hours of freedom.

Rosa: Oh my poor, poor darling.

Eisen: Oh, my dear, dear Rosalinda. Tell me, in my wardrobe do I have something very old and very miserable?

Rosa: What? Well, there's your old garden coat.

Eisen: Is it horrible?

Rosa: It is revolting!

Eisen: Perfect- that is what I shall wear to jail. Will you find it, my dear, and anything else equally disgusting?

*(EISENSTEIN RINGS BELL)*

Adele: *(ENTERING)* Monsieur?

Eisen: What's for dinner, Adele?

Adele: A leg of lamb, monsieur.

Eisen: Is that all?

Adele: Soup, monsieur, leg of lamb, a vegetable pate, dessert, and coffee afterwards.

Eisen: No, Adele, that won't do. Go to the Golden Lion and bring back a trout with almonds.

Adele: *(GOING)* Yes, monsieur.

Eisen: And a partridge- not a little one, a big one- and a pate, the best they have, and a torte, the biggest richest sacher-torte.

Rosa: But Gabriel--

Eisen: My dear Rosalinda- it is my Last Supper as a free man. Then- stale bread and perhaps an occasional drop of water. *(COMMANDING)* Adele?

Adele: Yes, monsieur. *(EXITS)*

Eisen: And my costume, my dear, my disgusting costume.

Rosa: Yes, my poor darling, if that's what you want.

*(DOOR "BELL")*

Rosa: Now who could that be?

Adele: *(ENTERING)* - Excuse me, Madame, Dr. Falke is here.

Eisen: Falke?

Rosa: Show the doctor in, Adele.

Adele: Yes, madame. *(EXITS)*

Eisen: So here he comes- before you know it, the vulture swoops down to torture the helpless victim. He has never forgiven me for that harmless little joke I played on him last year...

Rosa: Now, Gabriel, be gracious. Falke is your oldest friend. Please keep your temper.

Falke: *(ENTERING)* Ah, Rosalinda, my compliments, dearest and fairest of ladies.

Rosa: My dear doctor- and how are you?

Falke: Infinitely better now that I see your lovely face. And I've come to offer you my heartiest congratulations on being rid of a tyrannical husband for eight blissful days.

Rosa: *(laughing)* Now doctor...

Eisen: Vulture!

Falke: Ah, Eisenstein... still a free man.

Eisen: For the moment, yes... a moment I wish to spend with my wife. Alone! So if you will excuse us--

Falke: Now, now, Eisenstein. I've come to offer you a word of cheer in your darkest hour. Tell me, how did you manage to add three days to your sentence?

Eisen: I had a fool for an attorney.

Falke: Ah, I see-- you defended yourself then?

Eisen: Vulture!

Rosa: My dear Falke, please excuse me, I have some little things to do for our poor prisoner. Try to cheer him up a bit.

Falke: Certainly, dear lady. That's what I am here for.

Rosa: There you see, Gabriel? Falke has come to cheer your up. Doctor... *(EXITS)*

Falke: Well, my friend--

Eisen: Falke, I'm not in the mood for cheering up.

Falke: We shall see.

Eisen: I am a condemned man.

Falke: What would you say to a party?

Eisen: My Last Supper is on its way.

Falke: A wonderful night of wine, women and song.

Eisen: A trout with almonds, a partridge, a pate, a sacher-torte and (*TAKE*) - wine, women, and song????

Falke: Wine, women, and song.

Eisen: Falke- your jokes are famous, but there are moments even a joker must respect.

Falke: But Eisenstein-

Eisen: When a man is going to jail, it is positively indecent to joke about it, even for you.

Falke: But I mean it.

Eisen: You must be mad, Falke. I must report to jail this evening.

Falke: Nonsense. That jail has stood there for a hundred years. It will still be there tomorrow.

Eisen: But if I don't go to jail, the jailer will come after me.

Falke: Ah- but first he must find you. In the meantime you will be surrounded by the most exquisite of young ladies.

Eisen: Young ladies? You say there will be young ladies there?

Falke: The most desirable in all Vienna- and you, you fox, can pick and choose among the chickens at your leisure.

Eisen: But where?

Falke: At the villa of the young Prince Orlofsky.

Eisen: Orlofsky? The rich young Russian prince? They say he's a bit eccentric, but no one has ever faulted his parties.

Falke: Wine, women, and song...

Eisen: You tempt me.

Falke: I meant to. Then you'll join me?

Eisen: *(SUSPICIOUS)* Falke, this is almost too kind of you. Are you sure you've forgiven that harmless little joke I played on you last year? The ball?

Falke: The ball? Oh you mean the Grand Duke's masquerade ball- What a wonderful time we had! You went as a butterfly...

Eisen: And you went as a bat.

Falke: And ever since your little joke, I've been called...

Together: *(IN DIFFERENT TONES)* Dr. Fledermaus!

Eisen: Forgiven and forgotten?

Falke: Why of course, my dear Eisenstein. It was just a joke after all- Everybody plays a joke now and then. Now tell me, do you still have that charming pocket watch?

Eisen: The one that chimes?

Falke: Charming and chiming and absolutely irresistible to the young ladies.

Eisen: Why of course I do. It never fails.

Falke: Then bring it along to the ball, you rascal. Who knows what magic that charm might spell for you tonight.

### **#3 DUET Falke, Eisenstein**

*Falke: Come with me, to the ball...  
It is not far at all.  
Soon enough you'll sit inside your cell  
And that is why I tell you,  
Have a drink, or maybe two,  
What's the harm that it can do?*

*Ballerinas lightly dancing  
In a manner most entrancing  
Put their talents on display there  
When the polka starts to play.*

*You will thank me, you'll agree, you will see...  
An elegant evening will serve you quite well  
When you're grousing and grieving within your prison cell.  
The hours will fly as you flit so free  
Among the buds like a bumble bee.  
The blossoms are sweet and they're all about,  
With scent so discreet that your wife won't find out.  
What so you say? I'll lead the way.*

*Eisen: Show me the way! Show me the way!  
But Rosalinda must not discover...*

*Falke: Give her a kiss and say how you'll suffer,  
Call her your kitten, tell her you love her.*

*Eisen: No, no, not kitten, but rather a mouse... my little mouskin...*

*Falke Little mouskin...*

*Eisen: Little mouskin...*

*Both: Like a cat, then, I/you will quietly quit the house.*

*Falk: You'll wait 'til she's gone to sleep  
And then from her side you will creep,  
A rendezvous later to keep.*

*Both A rendezvous later to keep.*

*Falke: To Orlovsky I'll introduce you.  
Marquis Renard your name will be.  
Ladies will sigh when I produce you.  
Agree?*

*Eisen: Ah, but no... I must not...*

*Falke: Your health!*

*Eisen: My health?*



*Falke: I prescribe this adventure  
Ere you start your week's indenture.*

*Eisen: I believe you are right!  
I must have some fun tonight!*

*Falke: The blossoms are sweet and they're all about...*

*Eisen: The blossoms are sweet  
And they're all about...*

*Both: Yet each so discreet  
My/your wife won't find out.*

*Falke: You'll come then?*

*Eisen: How can I resist? Yes, I will come!*

*Falke: All right! I want you there promptly at eight!*

*Eisen: Here's to love and sweet romance,  
Here's the chance to sing and dance!  
I will fly from maid to maid  
While keeping up this bold charade!  
La, la, la, etc.*

*Falke: Here's to love and sweet romance,  
Here's the chance to sing and dance!*

*Both: I / you will fly from maid to maid  
While keeping up this bold charade!  
La, la, la, etc.*

*Rosa: (ENTERING WITH OLD CLOTHES)- Dancing and singing. Why doctor,  
you've worked a miracle on our poor patient.*

*Falke: It was nothing, dear lady. A word of encouragement, nothing more.*

*Eisen: Yes, the good doctor has cheered me up a little, I can now face my  
imprisonment resigned to my fate.*

*Rosa: Thank you, doctor.*

Falke: *(WITH DOUBLE MEANING)* The pleasure is all mine, I assure you. But the time grows short. I'll stop by the Prison and tell the Governor that his distinguished lodger is on his way. *(DROPS INVITATION ON TABLE)* And now I must be off *(ASIDE TO EISENSTEIN)* And you too.

Eisen: *(aside to Falke)* Wine, women, and...

Falke and Eisenstein: "La la la la la..."

Falke: My dear Rosalinda. *(EXITS)*

Eisen: The time has come, my darling, to decide what I should wear.

Rosa: And here is your disgusting costume.

Eisen: That? Oh, no, no, no. Totally inappropriate. I know what I must wear. Leave it to me. *(EXITS)*

Rosa: *(ALONE)* What a curious change has come over Gabriel. Now he seems almost glad to be going to jail. Falke is a miracle worker. *(SEES LETTER ON WRITING DESK)* What's this? A letter. Addressed to me? Adele must have brought it in and forgot to tell me. *(OPENS LETTER)* "My dear Madame Eisenstein-- I am giving a soiree at the Villa Orlofsky tonight- a costume ball. Why not come as a Hungarian countess? I am most hopeful that you will attend. Such a party would be incomplete without the fairest and most charming lady in all Vienna. I think the occasion should prove most amusing. With hope- Prince Igor Alexander Orlofsky." A costume ball at the Villa Orlofsky?- how marvelous! But think of poor Gabriel alone in jail. But think of poor Rosalinda alone here. Yes! No... Yes! Just the thing to fill a lonely hour or two. *(sees rose)* Good heavens! What shall I do with Alfred? Well, I shall just have to get rid of him. And Adele too... before Alfred arrives. What a plot! If this happened in a play, nobody would believe it. First Adele--

Adele: *(ENTERING WITH DINNER)* Madame.

Rosa: *(SURPRISED)* Adele!

Adele: Here is the dinner Monsieur ordered.

Rosa: Just put it on the table, please.

Adele: Yes, madame.

Rosa: Now Adele, about your aunt-

Adele: Yes madame?

Rosa: Is she any better?

Adele: *(SWITCHING)* OH, no, Madame, in fact, she's rapidly falling apart.

Rosa: Well then, you must go and see her.

Adele: But Madame said-

Rosa: I've changed my mind.

Adele: Oh thank you, Madame, thank you.

Eisen: *(ENTERING IN FULL EVENING DRESS- HUMMING)* Where is the eau de Cologne? I've looked everywhere. Adele...?

Adele: Yes, monsieur. *(EXITS)*

Rosa: But Gabriel- your dinner jacket.

Eisen: My dinner jacket...

Rosa: Your white waistcoat.

Eisen: My white waistcoat.

Rosa: Your white tie.

Eisen: My white tie. Is it straight?

Rosa: *(HELPING HIM)* Why, you look like you're dressed for a party.

Eisen: A party.. A party? No no!! A jail! A prison! A dungeon! It's very simple, my darling. Falke thinks that I should dress up as a symbol of my protest. My fellow prisoners must know that they have a somebody amongst them. They will see that Eisenstein is no ordinary criminal.

Rosa: *(LOOKING HIM OVER)* Yes indeed, they will.

Eisen: But where is the Cologne?

Adele: *(ENTERING WITH IT)* Here, monsieur.

Eisen: The final touch, and now, my love. I'm off.

Rosa: But the dinner- the partridge, the pate?

Eisen: I know, my dear, but I must tear myself away. It wouldn't do to have the Prison Governor come and fetch me. And besides- *(SWITCHING)*- I am much too upset to eat. You must eat it, my darling- it will console you.

Rosa: Yes, I shall dine alone, quite alone, and pretend that my love is here with me.

**#4 Trio- Rosalinda, Eisenstein, Adele**

Rosa: *How bitter is my anguish,  
How constant is my pain.  
For eight days I must languish  
Before you're home again.*

*What shall I do without you?  
How shall I pass the time?  
Sobbing, I'll think about you...  
Eight days for such a crime!*

*And at the breakfast table  
My heart will despair  
To sip my cup of coffee  
And eat my éclair.  
At least I know that I won't worry  
For I'll know exactly where you are. Ah!*

Rosa: *It makes me want to cry  
You'll never know how much it grieves me  
That for eight days you must leave me.  
What small comforts will relieve me  
All the time you're gone? La, la etc.*

Eisen: *It makes me want to cry  
You'll never know it doesn't grieve me  
That for eight days I'll bereaved be.  
What small comforts will relieve me  
All the time I'm gone?  
You'll never know etc.  
All the time I'm...*

*Adele: It makes me want to cry  
You'll never know it doesn't grieve me  
That this evening I will go free.  
That small comfort will relieve me  
All the time you're gone.  
You'll never know etc.  
All the time you're...*

*Rosa: Your head won't rest beside me  
At night when I'm in bed.  
No sleep will come without you;  
I'll wakeful be instead.  
But if I should be dreaming,  
Then I will think of you,  
And that will bring me joy.*

*You'll never know the things I'm feeling  
That perhaps I'm not revealing.  
Ev'rything that I'm concealing  
Will be clear some day. La, lat etc.*

*Eisen: You'll never know the things I'm feeling  
That perhaps I'm not revealing.  
Ev'rything that I'm concealing  
Will be clear some day.  
You'll never know etc,  
Will be clear some...*

*Adele: You'll never know the things I'm feeling  
That perhaps I'm not revealing.  
Ev'rything that I'm concealing  
Will be clear some day.  
You'll never know etc,  
Will be clear some...*

*Grand pause*

*Eisen: Enough of this complaining,  
It makes me feel so sad...*

*Rosa: My sorrow I'm restraining...*

*Adele: But I admit I'm glad!*

Eisen: *And so I must be going...*

Ad & Ro: *Your presence we will miss.*

All: *How sad, how sad is this?*

Adele: *We'll see you soon again.  
'Til then, aufwiedersehn.*

All: *In time we'll meet and then  
Our sadness will depart, our sadness will depart.*

*Let not my sadness disconcert you,  
What you don't know will not hurt you.  
Maybe something will divert you  
'Til you / I come back home!*

*Let not etc.  
Yes, maybe something will divert you  
'Til you're / I'm home!*

Rosa: *(ALONE)* I don't understand. Gabriel off to jail, dancing and singing... Adele off to her sick aunt, singing and dancing. And I am left with a four-course meal and--

Alfred: *(ENTERING)* Rosalinda...

Rosa: Alfred!

Alfred: Is he gone?

Rosa: *(GUILTILY)* Who? Which? Who?

Alfred: Your husband, of course.

Rosa: Alas, yes. You just missed him.

Alfred: I have never missed your husband. I have missed only you. *(SEES THE FOOD)* Oh, Rosalinda. Food I How very thoughtful. An intimate dinner just for the two of us. *(UNCOVERING DISHES)*

Rosa: Actually, it was intended for my husband and me.

Alfred: Well then- I'll be your husband and eat it.

Rosa: But Alfred...

Alfred: You swore...

Rosa: I know, but... what are you doing?

Alfred: *(PUTTING ON EISENSTEIN'S DRESSING GOWN)*  
Just making myself comfortable.

Rosa: But you mustn't stay. What if someone came in? What would they think?

Alfred: Why- that I am your husband, of course.

Rosa: Really, Alfred. This is nonsense. You must go!

Alfred: Surely, my love, you wouldn't turn me out without some concession to my inner man.

Rosa: You may leave your inner man here, but your outer man must go. My reputation is at stake.

Alfred: *(PLEADING)* I won't tell a soul.

Rosa: Very well, you may stay for dinner, but under one condition.

Alfred: Anything, my love.

Rosa: Alfred- you must not sing!

Alfred: Not sing? But how can you ask such a thing? I am a tenor! Doesn't that mean anything to you?

Rosa: That's just the point. You know what your singing does to me. I'm no longer responsible for what I do.

Alfred: Don't worry, my dove, I shall be responsible for everything. *(at the table)* Ah-  
- wine. Perfect. Come- let us drink to your freedom, our reunion, and love.  
*(sings) "Drink my darling, drink my dear..."*

Rosa: Alfred- you mustn't sing.

Alfred: Ah, but I must. That is only one of life's many realities. We must not be blind to any of them.

*(ALFRED OFFERS HER A GLASS OF WINE)*

Rosa: Oh no, Alfred. Not wine. That would make me absolutely helpless.

Alfred: In that case- Prosit!

**#5- Finale- Alfred, Rosalinda, Frank**

*Alfred: Drink, my darling, drink, my dear,  
Wine can make your vision clear.  
What you knew was true today  
Turns to dust and blows away.*

*Vows upon the wedding day  
No one seems to keep.  
Soon the vaunted marriage bed's  
Only used for sleep.*

*Promises become but lies  
Lovers are no more than friends,  
Wine can open up your eyes;  
Wine can make amends.*

*Happy they  
Who can say  
That they see another way.*

*Kling, kling, sing, sing,  
Drink with me, sing with me, la, la, la, etc.  
Sing, sing, sing,  
Drink with me, sing with me...*

*Both: Happy they  
Who can say  
That they see another way.*

*Rosa: No, I cannot hear you, you really must go!  
I cannot be near you!*

*Alfred: Drink on!*

*Rosa: No, no, no, no!*



*Alfred: Come, my darling, drink it down.  
Unbecoming is your frown!  
Loosen up your strict beliefs  
I can bring your heart release.*

*I don't need a sacred vow.  
I'm a happy man.  
Living for the here and now,  
Taking what I can.*

*Now's the time to have a fling,  
While your husband's out the door.  
Hesitate and life remains  
Nothing but a bore.*

*Both: Happy they who can say  
Now may be the time to play.  
Happy they who can say  
"It may be the time to play."*

*(spoken)*

Frank: *(Offstage)* Wait here for me. I'll be back in a moment with my prisoner.

Rosa: Good heavens! What was that?

Alfred: What do I care? Have some more wine.

Rosa: No, no, Alfred. You've had too much wine already.  
Why did I get myself into this?

Frank: *(entering)* I come in the name of the law. Your servant, madame... Frank,  
Prison Governor, come to interrupt your happy evening and escort your husband to  
his... ha, ha... temporary retirement.

*Alfred: Come, my darling, drink it down.  
Unbecoming is your frown!*

Rosa: Please be quiet! We're not alone now!

Alfred: What do I care?  
*Kling, kling, sing, sing,  
Drink with me, sing with me...*

Frank: My carriage waits outside. I hope you will come quietly...

*Alfred: Ha! Happy they who can say  
Throw your silly cares away...*

Frank: Ha, ha! Excellent! I see you're looking on the humorous side of your situation. Good, good...

*Alfred: Ha! Drink with me, sing with me, sing, sing, sing...*

Frank: Well, all right, if you insist.

*Both: Happy they who can say  
Throw your silly cares away.  
Happy they who can say  
Throw your cares away...*

*Frank: I thank you for the glass of wine,  
But now it's time to go, Herr Eisenstein.*

*Rosa: What shall I do? The shame is mine.*

*Alfred: But I am not Herr Eisenstein. I'm afraid you're mistaken.*

*Frank: You are not he?*

*Alfred: As you can see.*

*Frank: Then tell me who you may be.*

*Rosa: You must pretend you're Gabriel...*

*Frank: This situation has a smell...*

*Rosa: Good sir, what can you think of me,  
To entertain so recklessly  
A man who's not my spouse?  
Could I allow a common stray  
To see me in my negligee?  
It couldn't happen in this house!*

*See the blandness of his face.  
Surely this his rightful place.*

*With me so late in tete-a-tete,  
This man's libido is dead.  
My figure trim  
Is naught to him  
He'd read a book and go to bed.*

*All: With her (repeat)*

*Rosa: You need not ask for further proof  
A man so distant and aloof  
Has been with me before  
And tho' my intimate attire  
Should make him burn with mad desire  
He thinks it all a crashing bore.*

*For the flame in him is gone.  
All he does at night is yawn.*

*With me so late in tete-a-tete,  
With kissing and hugging in store,  
He'd never move... that ought to prove  
That he's a husband and nothing more.*

*All: With her (repeat)*

*Frank: Of course, I see how he ignores the joys of wedded bliss,  
So it won't hurt to say good-bye with just one farewell kiss.*

*Rosa: A farewell kiss?*

*Alfred: A farewell kiss?*

*Frank: A farewell kiss.*

*Rosa: All right, if you insist.  
I'll give him one last kiss.*

*Alfred: I'll save your reputation  
And take your husband's place.  
But for my compensation,  
I must have a last embrace.*

*Frank: Enough! I know it's hard to part.  
But I must throw you in the cart.  
And lock you fast away  
So I can go to the soiree.*

*Rosa: My husband may also end up in that jail.*

*Alfred: Then I'll toddle back and let justice prevail.*

*Rosa: You can't say a word!*

*Alfred: But that's absurd!*

*Rosa: Just promise you'll wait.*

*Alfred: All right, it's a date.*

*Frank: Now we go, make haste!  
There's no more time to waste!  
It's time your debt you faced.*

*My little cage is quite well stocked with birds of ev'ry stripe.  
Tho' jailbirds all, they come in diff'rent ways to wear the stripe.  
For some are thieves and some are thugs and some are just like you,  
And whether you're a bird of prey  
Or just a fledgling gone astray,  
I'll feed you and I'll keep you well just like you're in the zoo.*

*Alfred: I have no choice. To you I yield.*

*Rosa: Don't say a word...*

*Alfred: My lips are sealed.*

*Frank: Come on, let's go!*

*Alfred: If I am so to suffer  
One kiss will make me tougher.*

*Rosa: No more, one kiss is all you get!*

*Alfred: I haven't got my courage yet.*

*Rosa: No more, you'll make him suspicious.*

*Alfred: One more, for your kiss is delicious.*

*Frank: Enough! There's nothing more to say!  
Enough! We'll never get away!  
Enough! No more delay!*

*All: My / His little cage is quite well stocked with birds of ev'ry stripe.  
Tho' jailbirds all, they come in diff'rent ways to wear the stripe.  
For some are thieves and some are thugs and some are just like you,  
And I / he will treat you just as well  
As creatures in the zoo.*

*Rosa: Ah, I guess I'll really have to dine alone now  
But my Eisensteins will meet inside the jail.  
Ah, I'm sure that for my sins I will atone now  
Ah, I must be strong and make it right.  
I'll get no sleep tonight!*

*Alfred: Tho' the evening was inviting, now it's over.  
And it seems I'll spend a night in jail.  
Ah! I go to have you further in my debt now,  
Ah! And when one day we reunite  
Ah! I'll then my love requite!*

*Frank: Tho' your evening was inviting, you must go now,  
And you'll spend a week or more in jail.  
When you're safely put away  
I'll be at the soiree.  
And just for a night  
I'll live for delight.  
Ah! I'll have a lovely night.*

**ACT TWO THE PALACE OF PRINCE ORLOFSKY**

**#6A- CHORUS**

*Chor: We have come, one and all  
To enjoy this grand occasion.  
It is quite an invasion  
All the best have come to call.*

*All of old Vienna has turned out,  
And we'll enjoy ourselves, no doubt,  
For the Prince has promised not to bore.  
I wonder what's in store.*

*We will drink! We will dance!  
And we might just find some romance.  
All it takes is some wine  
To remove inhibitions,  
Then tomorrow, contrition  
If we've overstepped the line.*

*Waiter 1: Hors d'oeuvre?*

*Melanie: Don't mind if I do.*

*Waiter 2: Glass of wine?*

*Faustine: How timely of you.*

*Waiter 3: Canape?*

*Felicita: Two.*

*Waiter 4: Can I help you??*

*Hermione: Yes. I'd like a cup of tea.*

*Natalie: A cocktail, please, for me.*

*Waiter 4: Madame.*

*Women: It's so grand.  
Start the band.*

II-2

Waiters: *What demand!*

Chor; *The happy hours will fly along,  
Propelled by women, win and song.  
Tonight we come to pleasures call.  
Let us all drink a toast to the master of the ball.*

*It is the occasion of the year.  
Which is no little thing in our elevated sphere.  
To the Prince! To the Prince!*

*MUSIC CONTINUES*

Man #1: *(TO IDA)* Oh Mademoiselle Ida-your dancing last evening was simply superb.

Ida: You are too kind, dear boy.

Waiter: *(TO IDA)* Lemonade? *(Ida waves him away)*

Man #1: Your point work was so... pointed, your elevations were so... elevating, and what you did with that fan... was positively fan-fan-

Ida: Fantastic?

Waiter: *(TO IDA)* Chocolate? *(IDA WAVES HIM AWAY)*

Ida: Oh- how you do go on. Go on...

Adele: *(ENTERING)* Ida, Ida- there you are.

Ida: *(SEES ADELE)* Oh my God!

Man #1: What?

Waiter: *(TO IDA)* Schnapps? *(IDA GRABS A GLASS OF SCHNAPPS)*

Ida: Oh my dear, please excuse me. *(PUTS DOWN SCHNAPPS GLASS, AND TAKES ANOTHER)* I see a headache coming.

Man #1: Anyone I know?

Ida: I hope not, *(DOWNS SCHNAPPS)* Here, take this *(TAKES FEATHER FROM FAN)* and come to me later.

II-3

Man #1: *(TAKING FEATHER)* Fantastic!

Adele: *(COMING UP TO IDA)* Oh, Ida- how can I ever thank you? I'm having such a wonderful time.

Ida: Adele- What in the world are you doing here?

Adele: What am I...? Oh you society folk are such teases. I'm here because you invited me, of course.

Ida: I WHAT?

Adele: Do I make a good Countess? This is one of Frau Eisenstein's fanciest dresses. How does a Countess walk... like this?

Ida: A Countess? You? Adele... I did not invite you to the ball.

Man #2: *(COMES TO IDA)* Mademoiselle Ida, I crave a souvenir of your tantalizing terpsichore. Your eyes, your thighs, your fan...

*Ida (SWITCHING- PUTS FINGER TO HIS LIPS- PULLS FEATHER FROM FAN) Later?*

Man #2: Later. *(DISAPPEARS INTO CROWD)*

Adele: *(picking up)* But the invitation- I was sure it was from you. Oh Ida- do you suppose I have a secret admirer? How absolutely mysterious, Then... Then I must pretend a perfect Countess. How do I look?

Ida: Like a lady's maid in her lady's dress.

Adele: *(HURT)* Ida...

Ida: Adele, you are my sister, and I love you dearly, but really- I am a prima ballerina- I belong here. You, my darling, are a lady's maid and don't.

Adele: But here I am...

*(SCHNAPPS SERVANT PASSES BY. IDA TAKES A GLASS. DOWNS IT, PUTS IT BACK ON TRAY.)*



Ida: (PAINED) I know. Well, I suppose we must make the best of it. But don't embarrass me. You've always said you wanted to be an actress...

Adele: Yes.

Ida: Well, sister, Curtain Up.

**6B- CHORUS REPRISE FROM VIVO-** (during the Chorus, Ida and Adele move to one side. Young Man #4 comes up to Ida. Pantomime conversation of "Fantastic performance". Ida turns away blushing, pulls feather out of fan. Hands to Young Man #3- He pantomimes "Later?" She- "Later." Chorus indicates approach of Orlofsky. Ida and Adele look too. Orlofsky enters, followed by Falke. Chorus women curtsey. Men bow. Orlofsky waves at them, distractedly. Chorus moves upstage. Orlofsky and Falke, Ida and Adele downstage.)

*After conclusion of music-*

Adele: Why, that's Dr. Falke- the master's best friend. But who is that odd-looking fellow with him?

Ida: That oddity, my dear Countess, is your host.

Adele: Prince Orlofsky? How peculiar.

Ida: He's a bit eccentric, perhaps, but you must promise not to notice.

Adele: But isn't he awfully young to be a Prince? (IDA FORMS LOOK OF "SHE'S HOPELESS")

Falke: It's a splendid ball, your highness

Orlof: Ah, dear Falke- of course you would think so. But it bores me.

Falke: Bores you?

Orlof: Da da da. All things bore me. That is misfortune of my fortune. I have been everywhere, seen everything, done everything. What's left? Burned out at 17. Ach... it's too boring.

Falke: Ah- but tonight will be different, your highness, I promise you...

Adele: (to Ida) He's not really handsome. But he is... rather...pretty.

Ida: You should see his sister, the King.

II-5

Orlof: Falke- I challenge you to one good laugh.

Falke: Never fear, your highness. I have taken great pains to insure an entire evening of them.

Orlof: You intrigue me.

Falke: We shall all take part in a charade which I guarantee will amuse you.

Orlof: A charade?

Falke: An improvised play. We make it up as we go along.

Orlof: Splendid. And what is little play to be called?

Falke: "The Bat's Revenge."

Orlof: An original title. Good for you, Falke. The evening is starting off well.

Adele: Ida- I simply must meet this pretty Prince.

Ida: Oh no!

Adele: Come- introduce me.

Ida: Never!

Adele: Then I'll just have to introduce myself.

Ida: NO! (*STEPS IN FRONT OF ADELE- MOVES TOWARDS FALKE AND ORLOFSKY*)

Falke: Here comes one of our players now. Be gentle with her. She does not know that she is among our Dramatis Personae.

Orlof: (*CROSSING TO IDA*) Ah, Fraulein Ida-- my favorite ballerina.

Ida: Your Highness.

Orlof: And who is charming friend?

Ida: My friend? Oh, my friend. Yes, well, this is, your highness, well, may I present to you my friend.... the... ah...

Adele        *(INTO IDA'S EAR)* Countess!

Ida-         *(JUMPS)* The Countess! Yes... of course, the Countess...

Orlof:        The Countess...ah..ah.....

Ida:         The Countess... ah.....ah....

Adele:        *(IN IDA'S EAR)* Olga!

Ida:         Olga! The Countess Olga von...von..von..

Adele:        *(STEPS IN FRONT OF IDA, DOING HER BEST IMITATION OF A COUNTESS)* The Countess Olga von, um, Schlecten-Schloss, your highness. *(IDA HOLDS HER FACE IN HER HANDS IN EMBARRASSMENT)*

Orlof:        *(PLAYING ALONG, WINKING AT FALKE)*- Ah, Schlechten-Schloss. My dearest darling Schlechten-Schloss. What wonderful memories that name evokes.

Adele:        It does?

Orlof:        Some of most instructive moments of my early years were spent there. Of course you know our family chalet there?

Adele:        I do?

Ida:         *(STEPPING IN FRONT OF ADELE)* Your highness, the party is too divine, as usual.

Orlof:        Frankly, my dear, for me the party is too boring, as usual.

Adele:        *(STEPPING IN FRONT OF IDA- GUSHING LIKE A SCHOOLGIRL)*  
How can you say that, your highness? I think it's positively... absolutely too...too... *(IDA POKES HER. ADELE SWITCHES TO HER ACT)* boring, as usual.

Orlof:        What? I cannot allow that. There are gaming tables in gaming table room. Here... take my wallet and try your luck.

Adele:        *(LOOKING IN WALLET, BLURTS TO IDA)* Ida look! I haven't seen so much money since... *(IDA POKES HER. ADELE TURNS BACK TO PRINCE AND SWITCHES TO ACT)* Ach- if it will please your highness, I will play. But I will lose. To lose is to amuse. To win is too boring.

II-7

All: *(FALKE, ORLOFSKY, ADELE, IDA) As Usual.*

**REPRISE, #6B CHORUS** *(ADELE AND IDA GO OFF)*

Orlof: Charming young ladies, charming.

Falke: Indeed. And the Countess Olga von Schlechten-Schloss is also a lady's maid.

Orlof: A lady's maid? Oh- Falke- this is rich. A personage in our little charade, I assume?

Falke: A prominent personage, your highness, for she is employed by our hero...

Eisen: Ah, Falke- there you are.

Falke: *(CROSSING TO HIM)*- My dear Marquis, I am so relieved now that you're here.

Eisen: Relieved?

Falke: Your highness, may I present my very, very dear close friend-*(WINKING)* the Marquis Renard. Marquis, his highness, Prince Igor Alexander Orlofsky.

Eisen: I am honored, your highness.

Orlof: My dear Marquis, comme je suis enchante de faire votre connaissance.

Eisen: Ah, ah, ah... *(LOOKING DESPERATELY AT FALKE. FALKE NODS)*  
Well... oui-oui, to be sure.

Orlof: I hope you will not be bored with my little gathering. I do not permit ennui in my guests, you see, only in myself.

Elsen: Ennui?

Orlof: Oui, ennui. It is so... so...

Eisen: Boring?

Orlof: Exactly.

Eisen: But your highness- how could anyone possibly be bored with such magnificence? Your food is the best, your wine the finest, your guests the most charming, and you are celebrated as Vienna's most perfect host.

Orlof: Da da. But I am Russian. I am happy only when I am depressed. And yet I cannot stand sad faces around me. I must have gaiety and laughter, even though it bores me. I have been known to go to quite extraordinary lengths to chase away slightest suggestion of boredom in my guests. It is simply a matter of personal style, of personal taste. I think the French say it best, Marquis.

Eisen: They do? We do? Oh... why of course we do. We nearly always do. Say what?

Orlof: Chacun a son gout, of course.

Eisen: Chicken as in goo- a favorite expression of mine too, your highness.  
*(LOOKS QUIZZICALLY AT FALKE)*

Orlof: I hoped it would be. A toast to "Chacun a son gout: Each to his own taste."

Falke & Eisenstein: "Each to his own taste."

### **#7 COUPLETS- ORLOFSKY**

*Orlof: 1.  
I'm often forced to entertain  
Altho' I find it galls.  
My social standing I maintain  
By throwing lavish balls.*

*And while the conversation often bores me at its best,  
The one thing I most abhor  
Is boredom in my guests.*

*So when I see a face that's frozen  
In a vacant stare,  
I lift the fellow's tailcoat up  
And kick his derriere.*

*And if this is offensive  
I only say to you:  
"In the matter of what I do,  
I'm not in the least defensive*

*Chacun a son gout."*

*It's a joy that's not expensive,  
Chacun a son gout.*

*(Between verses)*

Orlof: If I were poor, I would be called mad. But since I am rich, I am considered merely eccentric. *(TAKES AN HORS D'OEUVRE FROM A SERVANT'S TRAY, PLACES IN THE FELLOW'S CUMMERBUND AND SMASHES IT)*

2  
*I'll have a drink with anyone  
And round and round I'll stand.  
They may not stop until I do  
My friends all understand.*

*So on and on they match my toast, and when the bottle's dry,  
I order up another one,  
For endless my supply.*

*But should a fellow have his fill  
And want to stop instead,  
I raise the bottle one more time  
And smash it on his head.*

*And should you ask the question,  
"Can the tantrum that I threw  
Make me better, entre nous?"  
Well, it helps with my digestion,  
Chacun a son gout.*

*There's relief in mad aggression.  
Chacun a son gout.*

Orlof: Each to his own taste. *(sighs)* Alas.

Eisen: "Alas?" Why "alas", your highness?

Orlof: Alas, Marquis, I have taste for laughter which is never satisfied. But your friend Falke has promised me good laugh tonight.

Elsen: Well then- I shall, certainly laugh along with such a discriminating connoisseur.

Orlof: We shall see.

*(ENTER ADELE AND IDA)*

Adele: Your highness- Ida and I have lost all your money.

Orlof: Ah, my little game-birds... did you enjoy yourselves?

Adele: *(gushing)* Oh yes, your highness... *(switches)* in a boring sort of way.

Orlof: Then it was worth every penny.

Eisen: *(aside)* Good lord!

Orlof: Marquis?

Adele: *(aside)* Oh no!

Ida: What is it?

Eisen: *(aside)* It's Adele!

Adele: *(aside)* It's Herr Eisenstein!

Eisen: *(aside)* In my wife's dress!

Adele: *(aside)* He's supposed to be in jail.

Eisen: *(aside)* She mustn't see me here.

Adele: *(aside)* He mustn't see me here.

Falke: *(ENSURING UTMOST EMBARRASSMENT)* Permit me, Marquis, to introduce Mademoiselle Ida of the Ballet Folies.

Eisen: Mademoiselle Ida.

Ida: Marquis.

Falke: And the Countess Olga von, um, Schlechten-Schloss. The Marquis Renard.

Together: *(EISENSTEIN TO FALKE)*- Countess Olga? Are you certain? *(ADELE TO FALKE)* Marquis Renard? Are you sure?

Orlof: *(TO FALKE)* Falke- you are positively wicked.

Eisen: Countess Olga... I feel certain we have met before.

Adele: *(FLIRTING)* If we have, Marquis, I hope I may rely on your discretion.

Eisen: Have you always been a countess?

Adele: Ever since I had a count.

Eisen: The resemblance is remarkable.

Orlof: To whom, Marquis?

Eisen: *(ASIDE TO ORLOFSKY)*- To my wife's maid.

Orlof: *(PURPOSELY LOUD)* To your wife's maid!

**(Music begins, #8)**

Adele: *(LAUGHING)* My dear Marquis, you are too amusing.

Ida: Too hilarious.

Adele: Too laughable.

Ida: *(ASIDE)* Too true.

Orlof: *(TO FALKE)* Too much.

**#8- ENSEMBLE, AND COUPLETS- ADELE, ORLOFSKY, EISENSTEIN,  
FALKE, CHORUS**

*Orlof: Come gather, all my friends!  
This gentleman offends.*

*Falke: The fun is only starting.*

*Chor: What's this? Whatever did he say?*

*Orlf: Look at this lovely lady.  
I cannot quite believe it  
What a social blunder*



*Girls: Oh, tell us!*

*Falke: Let her say...*

*Adele: He takes me for a lady's maid  
I think that's what I heard.*

*All: Ha, ha, etc.  
It's really so absurd! Ha, ha, etc.*

*Orlof: Marquis, for that salacious slur  
Your pardon you must beg her.  
How ungallant!*

*Falke: How ungallant!*

*Chor: How ungallant!*

*Eisen: It's just that they could be a pair...*

*Chor: How ungallant! How ungallant!*

*Eisen: The eyes, the nose, the lips, the hair...*

*Adele: Oh, my dear marquis,  
I am sure you'll see  
Your error before too long.  
Take a passing glance  
At my noble stance  
How could you be so wrong?*

*My hand is so soft and white, ha-ha-ha-ha-ha,  
My ankle a footman's delight, ha-ha-ha-ha-ha,  
My diction is precision  
My figure is a vision  
I wear the latest fashion in Parisian style,  
A wardrobe that a lady's maid could not compile.  
You cannot doubt, in light of this,  
That your assessment was amiss.*

*So provoking, ha-ha-ha,  
Is your gaffe, sir, ha-ha-ha,  
You are joking, ha-ha-ha,  
I must laugh, sir, ha-ha-ha-ha-ha- ha,*

*Chor: You are joking, ha-ha-ha,  
We must laugh, sir, ha-ha-ha-ha-ha- ha, etc.*

*Adele: You see, but you cannot discern.*

*My fine profile,  
In the Grecian style  
Is proof of noble birth  
Suitors everywhere  
Their devotion swear  
I know what my hand is worth.*

*You must be obsessed with this maid, ha-ha-ha-ha-ha,  
With me, you've no chance, I'm afraid, ha-ha-ha-ha-ha,  
You must pull in your horns, sir,  
Or else you risk my scorn, sir.  
Your dreadful lack of tact will lower your prestige  
Forgiving you, in fact, is just noblesse oblige.  
If from this lesson you don't learn  
Derision will be your return.*

*So provoking, ha-ha-ha,  
Is your gaffe, ha-ha-ha,  
You are joking, ha-ha-ha,  
I must laugh, sir, ha-ha-ha-ha-ha- ha,*

*Chor: You are joking, ha-ha-ha,  
We must laugh, sir, ha-ha-ha-ha-ha- ha, etc.*

*Adele: Ah!—————*

*Chor: Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha- ha!*

Eisen: I've never been so embarrassed in all my life!

Falke: The night is young.

Eisen: Please forgive me, countess.

Adele: *(GRANDLY)* Ah, Marquis. To err is human, to forgive... to forgive...

Ida: *(WHISPERING)* Divine!

Adele: Divine!

Eisen: Your servant, Countess.

Adele: But not your wife's, Marquis!

*(ENTER FRANK)*

Orlof: *(TO FALKE)* Is our cast now complete, Falke?

Falke: Almost, your highness, but not quite. Here is Frank, governor of the local prison. *(GOES TO FRANK)* Ah, Chevalier. How kind of you to come.

Frank: How kind of you to invite me.

Falke: Yes- your presence adds a vital touch to the festivities.

Frank: It does?

Falke: Your Highness- I have the great pleasure of presenting the Chevalier Chagrin.

Orlof: Chagrin? Indeed, Chevalier, you are most welcome.

Falke: Chevalier... the Countess Olga Von Schlechten-schloss.

Frank: *(KISSING HER HAND)* Enchanted.

Adele: Divine.

Falke: And Mademoiselle Ida, the prima ballerina.

Frank: Ah, Mademoiselle Ida, I have long been your admirer. I have your picture on the wall of the... uh, my salon.

Ida: How nice.

Frank: How I long to know your secret.

Ida: Indeed. *(PAUSE)* Which one?

Frank: You know... the fan...

Ida: *(RELIEVED)* Oh, that one.

- Frank: It is absolutely incredible what Mademoiselle can do with a single fan.
- Ida: Oh, Chevalier... how you do turn a girl's head. *(REMOVES LAST FEATHER FROM FAN)* Perhaps we can discuss my secret later?
- Falke: And finally, your fellow countryman, the Marquis Renard.
- Eisen: *(NERVOUSLY LAUGHING)* Oh, ho, ho, ho, Chevalier. Ca va?
- Frank: Oh, ho, ho, ho, Marquis... Comme ca?
- Eisen: Bon voyage... *(LINES COME EVER MORE RAPIDLY)*
- Frank: Quel fromage...
- Eisen: Filet mignon...
- Frank: Grey Poupon...
- Eisen: Bon chance...
- Frank: Vive la France!
- Both: VIVE LA FRANCE! *(they kiss each other's cheeks)*
- Orlof: It seems odd that you two have not met before.
- Eisen: Uh, oui, oui. I was just thinking the same thing. But in the future, Chevalier, I hope we shall see a great deal of one another.
- Frank: I pray that we will!
- Falke: I KNOW that you will.
- Eisenstein and Frank: Oh?
- Falke: Why, I'd even wager that once you get to know each other, you, my dear Marquis, will find it almost impossible to tear yourself away from the company of the good Chevalier.
- Eisen: How splendid!
- Frank: I shall look forward to it!

Falke: *(ASIDE)* No more than I.

Orlof: *(LAUGHING)* Wunderbar! Falke, this is almost too much.

Falke: Almost- but not quite.

Adele: *(COMING TO PRINCE)* Excuse me, your highness, but is dinner ready? I'm positively ravished.

Orlof: You're what?

Ida: *(COMING FORWARD)* Don't you mean "famished", my dear?

Adele: Oh that, too.

Falke: Patience, my dears, only a few moments longer. We await the appearance of our ultimate guest.

Orlof: *(TO FALKE)* Another player?

Falke: Our leading lady, your highness- our hero's wife.

Orlof: *(LAUGHING)* Falke, that is too much.

Falke: *(TO EVERYONE)*- My friends- We await a beautiful Hungarian noblewoman. For personal reasons, she is coming incognito- an outrageously jealous husband... I'm sure you all understand. *(MURMURS OF UNDERSTANDING FROM ALL)*

Eisen: But of course we do, doctor. *(FALKE LOOKS AT HIM.)*

Falke: Hm. Furthermore, as her lovely face is so well known, she will be wearing a mask.

Ida: A mask?

Eisen: What a pity!

Falke: Yes, and the prince has sworn that the lady may rely on our discretion.

All: Well, of course. Naturally. Indeed! To be sure! Etc.

Orlof: While we await this mysterious lady, my friends, you must be off and enjoy yourselves. Each to his own taste. I command it! Meanwhile, I shall see to the dinner.

*(LAUGHING SONG TAG MUSIC AS HE LEADS THE CHORUS OUT. FRANK, IDA, EISENSTEIN, ADELE REMAIN.)*

Frank: Mademoiselle Ida, will you join me? I should very much like to know the secret of your wonderful dance.

Ida: But Chevalier- there's very little to it!

Frank: That is precisely what I'd like to know about.

*(EXIT IDA AND FRANK)*

Eisen: *(COMES TO ADELE)*- Countess Olga- would you be so kind as to appraise this little watch of mine?

Adele: How charming!

Eisen: And a charm too! Sometimes I think it is almost magical.

Adele: Magical?

Eisen: Yes- it seems to exert a strange fascinating power over any young lady who beholds it.

Adele: *(TEASING)* Including your wife's maid?

Eisen: *(LAUGHING)* Oh I'm sure. You see, the simpler the mind, the quicker the conquest. *(ADELE FUMES)* Ah, but with you, Countess, I am sure it will take longer...*(EISENSTEIN PUTS HIS ARM AROUND HER)*

Adele: *(SLAPPING HIS ROVING HAND WITH HER FAN)* This time, Marquis, I feel sure you are right.

Falke: *(WHO HAS BEEN WATCHING ALL THIS)* The old rascal. He's at it again. But he is well matched this time. *(ENTER ROSALINDA)* And here comes an even better match. *(GOES TO HER)* Ah Rosalinda... You don't know glad I am that you've come. The evening is now complete.

Rosa: *(SURPRISED)* Why Dr. Falke... I had no idea you would be here.

Falke: Forgive me, my dear, but it was I who invited you.

Rosa: You? But I thought the Prince...

Falke: I can assure you- the Prince knows of your coming and welcomes you.

Rosa: But why?

Falke: Because I knew there would be much here to interest you. For example- look over there. (*POINTS TO EISENSTEIN AND ADELE*)

Eisen: Tell me, Countess- does my magic charm begin to exert its strange fascinating power over you?

Adele: I don't think so.

Eisen: How do you feel, Countess?

Adele: Mostly bored, Marquis.

Rosa: Good heavens! It's Gabriel. He's supposed to be in jail. And flirting with Adele! So that is her dying aunt! Well- we shall soon see about this.

Falke: Be calm, my dear. Don't blame Adele. It's all part of my plan to teach your dear husband a good lesson in practical joking. I'm counting on your help with his instruction.

Rosa: Ah- I'm beginning to understand, Falke. The mask, the costume... I'm sure to relish every malicious moment of it.

Eisen: Doesn't the watch say anything to you, Countess?

Adele: Oh yes, my dear Marquis.

Eisen: And what does it say to you, my sweet?

Adele: It says that it is long past my dinner-time, and that if I don't eat soon, I shall positively perish from ravishment.

Eisen: (*ASIDE*) If it were only possible. (*ALOUD*) But Countess-

Adele: Don't despair, Marquis. There's always your wife's maid of the simple mind and the easy conquest. No doubt you can seduce her before you bore her to death. (*STOMPS OFF*)

- Eisen: *(ASIDE)* What peculiar behavior.
- Falke: *(COMING TO EISENSTEIN)* Eisenstein, not bad luck with your irresistible watch?
- Eisen: A minor setback. But still disappointing.
- Falke: Then turn your charm to bigger game- the mysterious lady has arrived. I shall gladly introduce her to you.
- Eisen: Oh Falke- you must!
- Falke: My dear Marquis, allow me to present the Hungarian Countess I mentioned earlier. Madame, may I present to you the Marquis Renard.
- Rosa: *(WITH FAKE ACCENT)* Charmed, Marquis. *(OFFERS HER HAND)*
- Eisen: Madame. *(KISSES HER HAND)* You have me at a great disadvantage. You know who I am.
- Rosa: Indeed I do!
- Eisen: *(TRYING TO REMOVE HER MASK)* Wouldn't you permit me a small peek?
- Rosa: *(SLAPS HIS HAND WITH HER FAN)* Sir- you are too bold.
- Eisen: Dear lady, beauty and mystery are irresistible attractions to me.
- Rosa: So I see.
- Falke: My dear Marquis- may I entrust our mysterious guest to your care?
- Eisen: I wish you would.
- Falke: *(ASIDE TO EISENSTEIN)* I feel sure, my friend, that you will capture her in time.
- Eisen: *(ASIDE TO FALKE)* Falke-I know that I shall capture her in time- with time. *(BRINGS OUT WATCH)* Watch!
- Falke: Watch? *(SEES WATCH)* Ah-- watch. Good luck! La la la la la, La la la la la *(EXITS humming the tune from the duet in Act I)*



Eisen: Ah, Countess, How fast time goes when one is in love and how slow when one is not.

Rosa: Are you fast or slow, Marquis?

Eisen: Why not look at my watch and see.

Rosa: It is delightful vatch. May I see it?

*(SHE REACHES FOR THE WATCH, JUST OUT OF HER REACH.)*

Eisen: Well, Countess... fast or slow? *(REACHES FOR HER)*

Rosa: Very fast I should say. *(DUCKING HIM)* Where did you get it?

Eisen: From my wife.

Rosa: *(PULLING AWAY)* Ach, you are married then?

Eisen: Only slightly. *(R. FUMES)* Yes, this little watch is very dear to me, but tonight I shall present it to the lady who captures my heart.

Rosa: How I should adore to having it.

Eisen: You would?

Rosa: Marquis- I would do anything to get it.

Eisen: Anything?

Rosa: You see- I am passionate Hungarian, Marquis, and like you, only slightly married.

Eisen: What a lucky coincidence.

Rosa: Luck has nothing to do with it.

**#9- Duet- Rosalinda & Eisenstein**

*Eisen: With this time-piece, I'll seduce her,  
This enchanting foreign countess.  
First her hand and then her shoulder,  
Ever bolder I'll become.  
Very soon she'll succumb.*

*Rosa: You deceiver, I have caught you,  
Soon a lesson I'll have taught you.  
If you want a fine adventure,  
I'll be happy to provide.  
I'm prepared to play my part,  
I'll pretend he's won my heart.*

*Eisen: Ah, you tantalizing creature,  
What lies behind your mask?  
Let me gaze upon your features,  
Is that not too much to ask?*

*Rosa: No, respect my privacy, sir!  
My permission was conferred by the Prince.  
So it must be, sir.  
May discretion be your word!*

*Eisen: She's delicious;  
I'm ambitious  
That tonight I'll have my way.  
She will fall,  
As do all,  
In the trap I lay.  
I'll be charming  
And disarming,  
And when our passion is done,  
I will run  
To the prison  
Dull and gray.*

*Rosa: How malicious,  
He's suspicious,  
But his ardor injudicious  
Blinds his reason.  
So with teasing  
I will make the rascal pay.  
It's a game that  
Two can play at.  
He will find that  
I'm his master.  
This disaster  
Will remind him ev'ry day.*

*Rosa: Ah, what spell have I come under?  
How my heart begins to race.*

*Eisen: Can it be the time, I wonder,  
Her bodice to unlace?*

Rosa: *I've not felt like this before  
I'm sure the malady will pass.  
But perhaps, you'll lend your watch, sir,  
As the beat seems very fast!*

Eisen: *I'll be glad to help, my dear.*

Rosa: *Hold it close, so I can hear.*

Both: *We'll count the times my pulse is beating  
To the sounding of the chimes.*

Eisen: *One, two, three, four...*

Rosa: *... five six, seven, nine...*

Eisen: *Nine? That must be wrong,  
For after seven comes the eight.*

Rosa: *It's too confusing to keep track  
I have a notion.*

Eisen: *A notion? What?*

Rosa: *I'll count the time by the clock.  
The seconds, as they go tick-tock...  
You count the flutters of my heart.  
If you're prepared, we will start.*

Eisen: *That's fine with me,*

Both: *One, two three, four, five, six, seven, eight,*

Rosa: *Nine, ten, 'leven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, sev'nteen,  
eighteen, twenty, thirty forty, fifty, seventy five and a hundred...*

Eisen: *Throb, throb, throb, throb,  
I'm right on the job.  
Fifty-five, eighty-eight... nine,  
The beat goes on, I can't stop.  
Six hundred and nine.*

Rosa: *The count can't have gone all that far.*

Eisen: *I'll go much farther still.*

Rosa: *(stopping his advance) No! No! No!*

Eisen: *I can tell just what you are.  
You are in love, and are not ill.*

Rosa: *That's quite enough of your assistance.*

Eisen: *The time has come to end resistance!*

Rosa: *Your time is up! I'll keep it!*

Eisen: *She has deceived,  
And relieved me of my watch!*

Rosa: *For hearts that you've broken,  
I'm keeping this token.*

Eisen: *I want it back!*

Rosa: *AH!—————*

Eisen: *This is not the thing I wanted,  
With my watch she has absconded.  
I thought she was in my power,  
But I've wasted half an hour!  
Ah! And my watch is gone.  
I've been a pawn!  
I don't know what line I crossed.  
This affair now is lost,  
And at such a heavy cost!  
Ah, me! Ah, me!  
I thought love I was achieving,  
But her mind was set on thieving.  
And my little watch is gone!*

Rosa: Oh Marquis, I thank you for this lovely watch! Every time I look at it, I shall remember this evening. You may be sure of that!

Eisen: But- but- but--

*(ENTER THE COMPANY LED BY FALKE AND ORLOFSKY)*

- Falke: Ah- here she is, your highness. May I present our mysterious Hungarian Countess.
- Orlof: Good evening, Countess. I hope you have been amusing yourself.
- Rosa: Yes, your highness, I have been passing time with the generous Marquis Renard.
- Eisen: Passing time with the Countess is not a profitable pastime, your highness...
- Adele: I think it's time our mystery lady unmask herself, don't you, your highness?
- All: Oh, yes! Take off your mask! Yes, please! Show us who you are! Etc.
- Orlof: Enough, my friends. In my house a lady has the right to conceal or reveal as much of herself as she pleases.
- Eisen: I, for one, don't believe that the lady really is Hungarian.
- Orlof: You don't?
- Eisen: No, I don't.
- Orlof: And what do you say to that, Countess?
- Rosa: My noble breeding prevents me from saying what I should like to say, your Highness. But my Magyar pride will not allow such a insult. If the Marquis must have proof of my nationality, then he will have it.

**#10 CZARDAS - ROSALINDA**

*Rosa: Often my homeland calls forth my yearning,  
Stinging and burning my eyes with tears.  
Songs of my childhood come to haunt me in my mother's voice.  
Long dead these many years.*

*The springtime, when I played beside the stream,  
The summers, when of romance I would dream;  
The people and the cities I left behind,  
The pity is I'm longing once more to be there.*

*Music from gypsy campfires that often rang across the wood  
Now are gone for good.  
How can I bear this sorrow?*

*Ah———  
What shall I do tomorrow?  
I do not know.  
Ah——— how I long and yearn.  
I knew not what pain would ensue  
And how much the day I would rue  
When I left my homeland  
And recklessly abandoned that life  
Never more to return.*

*Fire and spirit free,  
Emblem of Hungary,  
Who will dance with me?  
Czardas drives me wild!  
Take me by the hand  
And you will understand  
How this Magyar land  
Has my heart beguiled.*

*Adding fire to desire  
Feel the blood pounding as you step to the strain.  
Now combine  
Tokay wine...  
Nothing can your joy contain!  
Ah!———*

*Fire and spirit free,  
Emblem of Hungary  
Who will dance with me?  
Czardas drives me wild!*

*La, la, la, etc.*

All: **(after #10- Czardas)** Brava! Brava!

Orlof: Brava, Countess, your song leaves no doubt- you are a true daughter of Hungary!

All: A true daughter of Hungary.

Orlof: **(SO EISENSTEIN CAN HEAR)** Falke- your friend the Marquis seems determined to make a fool of himself tonight. First he mistakes the Countess Olga for a lady's maid, and now this.

- Falke: It is true, your highness, the Marquis has a most peculiar sense of humor.
- Eisen: Not peculiar- merely whimsical, Dr. Fledermaus.
- Orlof: Dr. Fledermaus?
- All: Dr. Fledermaus? (*LAUGHTER*)
- Orlof: Somehow I feel that I am being left out of a good joke and I cannot permit that. Falke, will you explain?
- Falke: (*FAKING*) I'd rather not, your highness, the circumstances are rather painful to recall.
- Orlof: Then by all means, you must tell me. I command it.
- Eisen: Yes, Falke, tell the story. I never tire of hearing it.
- All: Yes, tell us. Tell the story!
- Falke: Well then-if I must, I must. It happened about a year ago. The Grand Duke invited my good and dear friend, the Marquis here, and I to a masquerade party. I attended the party dressed as a bat, and the Marquis went as butterfly.
- (*LAUGHTER*)
- Eisen: (*LAUGHING ALONG*) Yes- we had a wonderful time. The Fledermaus swooping down to envelop his youthful prey, the butterfly fluttering merrily from pretty flower to flower.
- Falke: Until the "whimsical" butterfly introduced me to a great glass of ruby liquid insisting that it was a harmless fruit punch.
- Eisen: It was, in fact, a very heady red wine.
- Falke: With trust in my heart...
- Eisen: And drink on his mind
- Falke: I consumed it.
- Eisen: The good doctor soon took it into his mind-
- Falke: (*MOCK*) Spare me, Marquis

Eisen: ...took it into his mind to try his bat wings.

Falke: I was positive I could do it.

Eisen: The Grand Duke's parapet provided a perfect launching for this "leap of faith"

Ida: *(WRAPPED UP IN IT)* Oh no!

Eisen: Teetering on the brink of the here and the hereafter...

Falke: I flapped my wings as bats do and then... I don't remember anything after that.

Eisen: The Fledermaus jumped off his perch and fell, fell, fell-

*(ADELE SCREAMS)*

Eisen: Into a tree, upside down. He looked the perfect bat, and so...

Falke: ...he left me there till I woke up the next morning. I managed to untangle my wings from the tree as a group of rather startled children looked on. What a frightening apparition I must have been!

Eisen: It was all he could do to keep them from driving a stake through his heart.

Falke: They followed me all the way to my door shouting...

Eisen: Fledermaus! Fledermaus!

Falke: That's really all there is to tell, your highness.

Eisen: Except that he's been called "Dr. Fledermaus" ever since.

*(GENERAL LAUGHTER)*

Frank: And you never had revenge on the Marquis?

Falke: Ah, Chevalier... ah, Countess... and Countess, and even Marquis... how could a man like me think of revenge? It is quite beneath me.

Eisen: It was just a joke, after all.

Falke: *(with suppressed meaning)* Everybody plays a joke now and then.



Orlof: You've learned your lesson then, I hope?

Falke: Never trust a friend?

Eisen: The higher you fly, the farther you fall?

Orlof: No, no, no. It is not how much you drink, it is what you drink. Falke- had you drunk only king of wines, your flight would have been both more earthly and more heavenly.

Ida: The king of wines, your highness?

Orlof: Need you ask? My friends- *(CLAPS HANDS)* I give you universal remedy for ills of world. A toast to his royal majesty, King Champagna the First!

### #11 FINALE- PRINCIPALS AND CHORUS

*Orlof: Come offer a salutation, tra, la, la-la-la, la, la, la!  
To glorious fermentation, tra, la, la-la-la, la, la, la!  
The king of wines surpasses  
All rulers and all classes.  
They all bow down before him  
To worship and adore him!*

*Drink up, as have so many thru the ages,  
Recorded by the sages  
In life's historic pages!*

*All: Drink on! Drink on! Drink on!*

*Orlof, Adele, Eisen: Yes, drink to the king whose million eyes  
Tantalize, hypnotize!  
Drink to the lord of pleasure,  
The King of the Wines, Champagne!*

*All: Yes, drink to the king whose million eyes, etc.  
So tell us another fine story.*

*Eisen: In many a monastery, tra, la, la-la-la, la, la, la!  
The monks would make quite merry, tra, la, la-la-la, la, la, la!  
Their fabled deprivation  
Was tempered with libation,  
And so the pain monastic  
Was made a bit less drastic.*

*They drank and sang  
When not to others tending,  
And for a while suspending  
Some rules and others bending.*

*All: Drink on! Drink on! Drink on!*

*Orlof, Yes, drink to the king whose million eyes  
Adele, Tantalize, hypnotize!  
Eisen: Drink to the lord of pleasure,  
The King of the Wines, Champagne!*

*All: Yes, drink to the king whose million eyes, etc.  
So tell us another fine story.*

*Adele: In time of revolution, tra, la, la-la-la, la, la, la!  
The ruling class solution, tra, la, la-la-la, la, la, la!  
Was opening the barrels  
Of wine in time of peril.*

*Forgotten were all troubles  
In Champagne's golden bubbles.  
Come, drown your woes,  
However bad they are, oh,  
Ignore your strife and sorrow.  
Who cares about tomorrow?*

*All: Drink on! Drink on! Drink on!*

*Orlof, Yes, drink to the king whose million eyes  
Adele, Tantalize, hypnotize!  
Eisen: Drink to the lord of pleasure  
The King of the Wines, Champagne!*

*All: Yes, drink to the king whose million eyes, etc.  
Ah, Champagne!*

*Eisen: Good Chevalier!  
Your health, I pray!*

*Frank: Merci, merci, merci!  
Your good fortune, dear Marquis.*

*Eisen: Merci, merci, merci!*

*Falke: Your good health, Chevalier and Marquis...*

*Both: Merci, merci, merci!*

*All: Merci, merci, merci!*

*Falke: May I suggest,  
To ev'ry guest...*

*Chor: Go ahead.*

*Falke: I've seen you standing and noted your pairing;  
It won't be long until secrets you're sharing.  
So let us become, for our mutual good,  
United in a brotherhood.*

*Orlof: As a brotherhood loyal,  
We're as one.*

*Chor: What a perfect way to have some fun!*

*Eisen: Will you, pretty stranger, join with me?*

*Rosa: Why not? Unless you forget your discretion.*

*Falke: The lift your glass, make a pledge with me,  
A loving band we now shall be!*

*Brother mine, brother mine and sister mine,  
Let your arms intertwine,  
Your hearts now resign.*

*Brother mine, brother mine and sister mine,  
Let your solemn vow be spoken:  
For eternity  
All your loyalty  
That with dawn shall not be broken.*

*Seal your vow with a kiss...  
One more for emphasis.  
Then it's done,  
We are one.  
Our time has begun.*

*Sing with me, sing most tenderly:*

*Prins: Brother mine, brother mine and sister mine,  
Let your arms intertwine,  
Your hearts now resign.*

*Brother mine, brother mine and sister mine,  
Let your solemn vow be spoken:*

*All: Seal your vow with a kiss...  
One more for emphasis.  
Then it's done,  
We are one.  
Our time has begun.*

*You and I, you and I, la, la, la-la-la-la,  
You and I, you and I, la, la, la-la-la-la,  
You and I, you and I, la, la, la-la-la-la,  
La. la. etc.*

*Orlof: Enough! The party stalls.  
It's time we had a waltz!*

*My orchestra's tuned and ready to play  
So now you may dance the night away!*

*Chor: Come let us dance the waltz that brings romance!*

*(ALL WALTZ)*

*Oh what a night! May it never end!  
Love me, my dear, or at least pretend.  
Oh, for a way to delay the dawn...  
Will you be mine when the night is gone?*

*Eisen: Oh, my head is in a whirl...*

*Frank: I will support you, my brother.*

*Ros, Orl, When in jail they meet again,  
Falke: How will they regard each other?*

*Chor: Oh what a night! May it never end!  
Love me, my dear, or at least pretend.  
Oh, for a way to delay the dawn...  
Will you be mine when the night is gone?*

*Frank: Brother, brother, my watch is slow.  
Tell me, have you got the time?*

*Eisen: Time is something I've lost, I fear.  
Ask instead this lady here.*

*(to Rosalinda)*

*I surrender,  
Your mercy you must tender.  
Show your face, so I can see  
Who my conqueror may be.*

*Rosa: Beware, you know not what you ask.  
You do not want to see behind this mask.*

*Eisen: There's nothing there  
I cannot bear.  
I do not scare.*

*Adele, Ha, ha, ha, ha! He doesn't scare.  
Orlof: Her face he's willing to dare.*

*Adele: What can there be  
You cannot see?*

*Ida: Do not excuse her.  
We challenge you, sir!*

*Chor: Go ahead!*

*Eisen: Oh, I am a man of courage  
Lady, show me, at last, your face.*

*Rosa: End your seeking.  
No more peeking,  
I will keep my mask in place.*

*Eisen: Are you afraid I may know your name?*

*Prins: Maybe he's right. He may know her name.*

*Eisen: This will drive me quite insane.*

*Pris: Who she may be could cause some pain.*

*(CLOCK BEGINS TO CHIME)*

*Eis, Frank: One... two... three... four... five... six!*

*Eis: Oh, my god! I must go! I am very late!*

*Frank: Yes I know. I must go! Open up the gate!*

*Chor: They are late! They are late!  
They really can't wait!*

*Eis: Now my freedom is done!*

*Frank: Here's an end to my fun.*

*Both I must leave! I must go!  
Where's my hat? Where's my coat?*

*Chor: Get a hat! Get a coat! Get a hat! Ha, ha, ha!  
Hurry up, they really must scat! Ha, ha, ha!*

*Frank: Marquis, please guide me toward the door...*

*Eisen: Chevalier, I'm sure we will meet once more.*

*Both: Your friend I remain!*

*All: Aufwiedersehn! Ha, ha!*

*Oh, what a night, but it had to end.  
For the Marquis and his brand new friend.  
As for the rest, and what we intend...*

*We'll drink to the king of wines,  
The King of Wines,  
Yes, drink to the King of Wines,  
To King Champagne!*

END OF ACT TWO

**ACT III**

**NO. 12 ENTR'ACTE**

*FROSCH ENTERS DURING END OF MUSIC*

FR: Well, hello, jail. Here I am again. Did you have a good night? Me too. *(drops keys)*  
Oops. Come on, you! *(he can't keep his balance to pick them up)* Stop moving.  
Must be a storm... the sea's rough. *(after several futile attempts, he sits down and  
rows over to the keys)* Now I'm thirsty. *(pulls out a flask and drains it)*  
My dear old slibowitz... always there when I need him.

AL: "Rosalinda, whom I've missed,  
Since our time together..."

FR: Quiet! Quiet in there! Number 12 is at it again. When he's not eating, he's singing.  
I need some help! *(drinks)*

AL: "Bring those lips I've often kissed  
Back to me forever..."

FR: QUIET! All the time.., he never gets tired. I wonder if he's an Italian. No—  
it's Herr Eisenstein. It's not right... it's the prisoners who should be tortured,  
not the jailer. Why couldn't the judge send me a baritone... they're so mellow..  
or even a basso. But this tenor!

AL: " Fly to me, my little dove,  
Soar upon the wind, ah..."

FR: QUIET! Quiet or I'll throw you out of here! Ah, that scared him.  
Let's drink to success.

AL: "Give me all..."

FR: *(choking on his drink with the high note)* Agh! Stop it or I'll throw the book at you!

AL: "Your burning love  
Fairest Rosalinda..." *(continues on to end)*

FR: You asked for it! *(goes over, gets a book, is about to hurl it, suddenly looks at it)*  
Oh, no, not this one! *(he unscrews top, drinks from it. Puts it back on shelf)*  
P-Q-R-S... Slibowitz.

III-2

AL: "Kling, kling, kling, sing, sing, sing..."

FR: I'm not singing with you. I'm mad at you.

AL: "Drink with me..."

FR: Oh, that's different. *(drinks, silence follows)* Good. That's all he wanted. Time to swab the deck. *(he starts mopping. Alfred start singing in fast rhythm, and Frosch gets in step)* Stop! Stop! Adagio! *(Alfred sings something slower)* Much better. What's this? Last night's paper? Oh, I haven't read that yet. Stop! I can't hear myself read. Ruhe! Arrêtez! BASTA! *(Alfred stops)* Ah, I thought so: Italian.

AL: "La donna mobile, Qual pium' al vento"

FR: Oh no. Another selection. Who put the nickel in?  
QUIET! You'll wake the drunk... the dead... the dead drunk.

AL: "Muta d'accento, e di pensiero"

FR: I can't stand it! *(throws his hat on the floor, Alfred stops)* He stopped! *(picks up hat, Alfred starts again. He throws it down, Alfred stops. This repeats a few times until he is sure it works. Then he picks it up and turns it on his head, making Alfred strangle his notes. Alfred comes out of his cell, holding his throat)*

AL: You got a cough drop?

FR: What are you doing out of your cell?

AL: Have you got anything? *(Frosch hands him a drink)* Thank you. Mi, mi, mi!  
Ah, wonderful!

FR: *(takes the drink back roughly, slaps his own hand scoldingly)* What are you doing out of your cell?

AL: You forgot to lock me up.

FR: I didn't!

AL: You did. You said, "I'm going to lock you up and throw away the key."  
Well, you threw the key away before you locked me up.

FR: No! Well, you can't just go walking around like this. It looks bad.



- AL: Then I'll go home, if you don't mind.
- FR: Mind? Of course I mind. You're the only prisoner I've got. There's got to be a reason for all this. *(gestures)*
- AL: It's the best hall I've ever sung in.
- FR: Don't! Please!
- AL: "E sempre misera, chi a lei confida etc."
- FR: Back! BACK! Back in your cage! Get back where you belong. Back where all tenors belong! I'm holding you in contempt!
- AL: What resonance! *(continues)*
- FR: *(pushes him offstage)* Get in there! *(shouting instructions offstage)* Close the door! No, that won't help. *(Alfred goes for the climactic note)* NO! DON'T SING IT! AHHHH! I'm going to the torture chamber where it's safe. *(exits)*

### NO. 13 MELODRAMA

*FRANK ENTERS-- CLEARLY DRUNK, HIS HAT IS BATTERED AND COCKED TO ONE SIDE OF HIS HEAD. HIS COAT IS BUTTONED WRONG.*

*(HE STAGGERS IN REMOVES HIS HAT AND FIRES IT AT A HAT RACK)*

FRANK: Well, here we are in my little birdhouse. The birds must still be asleep. Sssshh. *(Whistles while dancing, then trips)* Excuse me. The chevalier's feet hurt.

*(GOES OVER TO DESK AND REMOVES HIS SHOES. THEN STANDS, AS IF HE SEES SOME PEOPLE)*

Come Olga, come Ida. My respects to you, ladies *(BOWS TO UNSEEN WOMEN)*  
You need not crowd about me so. The Chavalier has kisses enough for all of you.

Ah, Marquis. My dear Marquis. Give my your hand and be my friend.

*"Yes drink to the king whose million eyes,  
Tantalize,  
Hypnotise,  
Drink to the lord of pleasure  
The king of wines, Champagne.*

III-4

*Come tell me another fine sto... (CRACKS ON THE HIGH NOTE. HE LOOKS AROUND, NERVOUSLY, EMBARRASSED BY HIS OUTBURST. SPOTS A TABLE WITH A COFFEE SERVICE.)*

Coffee? I didn't know Frosch drank the stuff. *(GOES TO DESK, TRIES TO POUR AND MAKES A MESS. PICKS UP A CIGAR AND LIGHTS IT. STARTS TO READ THE PAPER.)*

Let's see what's going on in Vienna.

*(STARTS TO READ BUT SOON STARTS TO FALL ASLEEP. THE PAPER FALLS LIKE A SHROUD OVER HIM. THE CIGAR BURNS THROUGH AND EMERGES)*

*[FROSCH ENTERS, IN SEARCH OF FRANK]*

FROSH: Your excellency! Mr. Govenor! herr Director! Sir! It's Frosch, where are... Ah, there you are! *(STUDIES THE SLEEPING FORM)* My, doesn't he look peaceful. Just like he's asleep! If I were the governor of the prison, I could sleep all the time, too. *(SHAKES FRANK)* He always looks his best when he's asleep. Herr Director!!

FRANK: *(AWAKES WITH A START)* What...I... it can't be your husband already... I'll just get my things...oh, it's you, Frosch. What is it? What is it?

FROSCH: Sorry to disturb you, sir. It's number 12.

FRANK: Herr Eisenstein?

FRASCH: He keeps insisting he's someone else.

FRANK: That's a tenor for you!

FROSCH: He's been demanding a lawyer!

FRANK: Then get him one, man! Get him one. *(GRASPS HIS HEAD)* Oh...

FROSCH: Yes sir, I'll send for Dr. Blind. He thinks he's a lawyer.

*DOORBELL RINGS*

FRANK: Now who could that be so early in the morning?

FROSCH: (*LOOKS OUT THE WINDOW*) It looks like two young ladies.  
(*GLANCES AT THE BOTTLE IN HIS HAND*) Of course, it might just be one...

FRANK: Send them away. I've got to nurse a headache.

FROSCH: Yes sir! (*EXITS*)

FRANK: Ah, it was such a lovely party. It must have been.  
I feel so awful

ADELE, IDA: (*CALLING FROM WITHOUT*) Chevalier... oh Chevalier...

FRANK: Good Lord! (*JUMPS UP, TRIES TO STRAIGHTEN HIS CLOTHES*)

IDA: There he is! I told you he would be here.

ADELE: He's probably come to see a friend.

FRANK: (*ASTONISHED*) Countess Olga! Mademoiselle Ida! How on earth did you find me?

IDA: We asked the coachman. He said he brought you here.

ADELE: Are you surprised to see us, Chevalier?

FRANK: Surprised is not the word!

IDA: But that's half the fun. We thought the Chevalier liked surprises.

FRANK; I do, ladies, I do. It's my aching head that hates them. But tell me...  
what brings you here?

IDA: A confession! To tell the truth, Chevalier, this is not really my friend.

FRANK: I beg your pardon?

III-6

IDA: It's true. This is my sister Adele.

FRANK: Aha! Then you're not really the Countess Olga?

ADELE: No, sir.

FRANK: Don't tell me you're an actress.

ADELE: (*sadly*) No, sir.

FRANK: I knew it!

IDA: She's a lady's maid in the home of Herr Gabriel Von Eisenstein.

FRANK: That name sounds familiar...

ADELE: But I want to be an actress...

FRANK: (*LOOKING HER OVER*) Yes, you're an attractive young thing.  
But do you have any talent?

ADELE: Do I!

IDA: Does she!

FRANK: I mean acting talent.

IDA: She once did Juliet while juggling three oranges and playing the accordion.

ADELE: And the (*name of local paper*) arts critic wrote that my Lady MacBeth was funny without being the least bit vulgar.

FRANK: Well, these are good references, I must admit. But I don't know.  
Patron to an actress... that's an important responsibility.

ADELE: I've done all the things you're supposed to do to be an actress. I've read books and practiced what I read. I spend almost all my time pretending. Why if you were my patron, I'd be pretending how grateful I was!

**#14 AUDITION ARIA— Adele**

*ADELE: When I began with my acting  
Directors found I was attracting  
More men to the theater stage  
In truth, I was barely of age.  
In skimpy dresses they costumed me  
And I was as cute as can be.*

*I would play ze French maid  
Or the two-timing jade.  
I got by far the most applause,  
And still I claim I broke no laws.*

*I played the love scenes oh, so coy,  
And when I had to kiss the boy,  
We did the scene behind the fan.  
When he emerged, he was a man!  
La, la, etc.*

*But the fine career that was very near  
Was destined not to be, I fear.  
For the company filed bankruptcy  
And I was out on my ear.*

*So I need another start;  
I want a dramatic part.  
Here's a scene where I'm a queen:  
The land, ah, is under my command.*

*I have a king, tho' he's nothing but a drone  
I'm the pow'r behind the throne.  
Of all the cast, I'm the one who draws the eye  
Such a royal queen am I!  
La, la, etc.*

*IDA Tra, la, la, la, etc.*

*FRANK Rem, Pem , Pem, Prrr Etc.*

*Now from what you've seen, wasn't I the queen?  
You must admit the case is clear,  
That I pass the test, I'd have success  
The stage will be my career!*

*I also do the jealous wife, ah, ah,  
Whose husband has a secret life, ah, ah,  
I rant and rave and pull my hair, ah, ah,  
Because I know of his affair, ah!*

*One day I catch them in our bed.  
I shoot them both right in the head.  
I stuff the bodies in a chest,  
But in the end, I face arrest.*

*Ah— I sip some poison from a phial  
Ah— The death scene runs for quite a while  
Ah— Ah! Ah!*

ADELE: Did you like it?

FRANK: I'm speechless.

IDA: Wasn't she wonderful?

FRANK: Wonderful, my dears, was not the word. Such talent as yours clearly needs to be looked over...after.

FROSCH: *(ENTERING)* Your Excellency, sir, the lawyer is here for No. 12. And there's also someone else to see you.

FRANK: Another visitor? Who is it?

FROSCH: I don't know, sir. He just insists he belongs here.

FRANK: That description would fit half the people in Vienna. Well, show him in.

FROSCH: Yes, Herr Director.

FRANK: Wait! First show these ladies to another room.

FROSCH: Well, uh, there's nothing clean but no. 13, Governor.

FRANK: Thirteen... Isn't that the torture chamber?

WOMEN: The torture chamber??

FROSCH: Yes, Ma'am. But it's a very nice torture chamber.  
I did it up myself.

FRANK: Go with Frosch, my dears. I'm sure he'll make you comfortable.

IDA: Of course! It's the perfect place for pretending...

ADELE: And I shall be the... Countess of Monte Cristo! (*BOTH EXIT*)

FRANK: Lovely creatures...

EISEN: (*ENTERING*) I beg your pardon, sir, but I ...(*recognizes Frank*) Why, is it possible? Am I to believe that my good friend, the Chevalier Chagrin, is also a prisoner here?

FRANK: Dear Marquis, my friend. What could possibly bring a man like you to a place like this?

EISEN: Ah, dear friend, I have a confession to make.

FRANK: Possibly you want the building next door?

EISEN: Not that kind of a confession.

FRANK: Alas, Marquis... I too have a confession to make...

EISEN: Let me guess. You're not really the Chevalier Chagrin.

FRANK: (*AMAZED*) No...I am Frank, Governor of this prison. And now, I suppose, you are going to tell me that you are not really the Marquis Renard?

EISEN: (*NODS AGREEMENT*) Eisenstein!

FRANK: What?

EISEN: (*SLIGHTLY BROADER*) Eisenstein! And I've come to serve my eight-day sentence.

FRANK: Ha! ha! ha! You had me going for a moment. A good joke, Marquis. A very good joke indeed!

EISEN: HA! HA! HA! Indeed it was, a very good joke. But now I'm ready.

FRANK: But you're not Eisenstein, and I can prove it!

EISEN: (*BEWILDERED*) I'm not?

FRANK: Of course you're not. I arrested him myself, last night.

EISEN: (*LAUGHS*) That is a good joke. Well, if you have Eisenstein in jail, there's no reason for me to remain, so I leave you to your prison. You arrested him, you say? That's wonderful. And strange.

FRANK: Yes, I went right to his house, and there he was, having dinner with his wife.

EISEN: I beg your pardon?

FRANK: Oh, yes. And a cozy scene it was: dinner, wine... He in his dressing gown. She in...

EISEN: At dinner, you say?

FRANK: Yes.

EISEN: In his dressing gown?

FRANK: Yes.

EISEN: With my wife?

FRANK: Yes! No! With his wife.

EISEN: But his wife is my wife!

FRANK: Oh, I say, I don't think that's allowed--not even in Vienna.

EISEN: Where is this man?

FRANK: Safely locked in cell number 12.

EISEN: Show him to me at once! (*ASIDE*) I'm anxious to see who I am!



FRANK: Do you have a pass?

EISEN: Of course not!

FRANK: Then there's nothing I can do.

EISEN: Where do I get a pass?

FRANK: From me.

EISEN: Then will you give me a pass?

FRANK: Certainly, dear friend. All you have to do is ask.

*(FROSCH ENTERS)*

FROSCH: Excuse me, your excellency, but number 12's lawyer is here.  
And there's another lady outside. She wants to speak to you.

FRANK: Who is the lady?

FROSCH: I don't know. She's wearing a mask.

FRANK: Well, show the attorney in. Then go and fetch Herr Eisenstein. I'll see to the lady myself.

*(FROSCH EXITS)*

Excuse me, Marquis, or whoever you are... I won't be a minute.

*[FRANK EXITS]*

EISEN: So! An impostor was arrested at my house--in my dressing gown--  
having dinner with my wife. We'll soon get to the bottom of this!

FROSCH: *[ENTERS WITH DR. BLIND]* Here we are, sir. You can wait in  
here with the other gentleman. I'll get Herr Eisenstein for  
you at once. *[EXITS]*

BLIND: *(SEES EISENSTEIN)* Eisenstein! But...but...how can he get you when you're  
already here?

EISEN: Because, you nit-wit, someone has been impersonating me and got arrested  
by mistake. What are you doing here?

BLIND: You sent for me.

EISEN: I did no such thing.

BLIND: Then I'll leave.

EISEN: No you won't. Now that you're here, you can be useful. Give me your clothes.

BLIND: I beg your pardon?

EISEN: Give me your clothes, you truth-twisting tapeworm. I'll need your coat, your wig and your glasses...

BLIND: I won't be able to see.

EISEN: There's nothing for you to see, you legal lampoon. It's what I see that's important. Quickly, now... hide somewhere until I call you (*hands him some money*).

BLIND: I don't think I should be doing this. (*taking money*) Where should I hide?

EISEN: In the bathroom.

BLIND: But where is it?

EISEN: (*EXASPERATED*) How should I know? Come on, my befuddled barrister. We'll file you under W.C. [*BOTH EXIT*]

FROSCH: (*ENTERS WITH ALFRED*) Right this way, No. 12. Your attorney's waiting for you in here.

ALFRED: Where?

FROSCH: That's odd. He was here a minute ago. Wait. I'll find him. You won't go away, now, will you?

ALFRED: Of course not. I'll wait right here.

FROSCH: I've never lost a prisoner, you know.

ALFRED: No, but you seem to have some difficulty keeping lawyers.

[*FROSCH EXITS*]

I'm getting tired of this business. It's time to tell them who I really am. Rosalinda must simply take the consequences.

[*ROSELINDA ENTERS*]

ALFRED: Rosalinda!

ROSA: Alfred! Oh, my dear Alfred!

ALFRED: You have descended like an angel to bring me solace in my hour of need.  
(*BREAKS INTO SONG*) "Rosalinda, whom I've missed..."

ROSA: Not now, Alfred. You must get away from here at once.

ALFRED: I only wish I could. I promised...

ROSA: But you must. My husband will be here any minute, now.  
If he should find you here, in his dressing gown...

ALFRED: Ease your mind, my love. I've sent for a lawyer. He'll tell us what to do.

*EISENSTEIN ENTERS, DRESSED AS DR. BLIND*

EISEN: (*IMITATING BLIND'S VOICE*) My advice, sir, is to sue!

ALFRED: See? He's a lawyer!

EISEN: (*ASIDE*) Now I've got them.

ROSA: (*TRYING TO SEE HIS FACE*) Dr. Blind?

EISEN: (*HIDING IN A BOOK OF LAW*) Justice is blind...

ROSA: You must help us!

EISEN: I shall do whatever I can, I promise you.

ROSA: But Gabriel must never know...

EISEN: Trust me, he will never hear about it from MY lips.

*MUSIC BEGINS*

Now, tell me the whole story. And don't leave out a thing!

#15 TRIO

*Ros, Alf: A how to begin, sir?*

*Eisen: What crime are you hiding?*

*Ros, Alf: There's been no real sin, sir.*

*Eisen: That's what we're deciding.*

*Ros: I trust what I tell you...*

*Alf, Eisen: Or just what's essential...*

*Alf: In order sequential...*

*Ros: Won't shock or repel you.*

*Eisen: It has that potential.*

*Alf: And stay confidential.*

*All: What we / you tell me now  
You / I need not repeat.*

*Ros, Alf: We trust that you know  
How to be discreet.*

*Eisen: The worst I would know.  
You may trust I'm discreet.*

*Eisaen: Now tell me all the sordid story  
And please make no omission.  
Candor is most obligatory  
In making such a deposition.*

*Rosa: I must prevent a scandal,  
Tho' nothing has occurred...*

*Alf: Are you prepared to handle  
A case that's so absurd?*

*Eisen: I guarantee, when all is said and done,  
You will agree that I have won!*

*Alf: This lady had requested  
We spend a little time,  
But then I was arrested  
For her dear husband's crime.  
We just sat down to dinner  
I think it was a trout...*

*Eisen: Don't tell me what you ate!  
Why were you there so late?*

*Alf: Why do you raise your voice to me?  
I thought I was your client...*

*Eisen: I'm sorry sir, I'm out of line.  
I'll try my horror to confine.  
On law, and not your guilty whine  
I will be more compliant.*

*Ros, Alf: His angry mood  
Seems to conclude  
That our behavior  
Was quite lewd.  
But that's unfair,  
So have a care,  
Your attitude is rude.  
Your attitude is rather rude!*

*Eisen: My attitude  
Is to conclude  
That they are lewd.  
It's not unfair  
For such a pair.  
And that's what I conclude.  
I do conclude they were lewd.*

*Rosa: It wasn't that romantic,  
And nothing wrong took place.  
But you can see I'm frantic  
I must avoid disgrace.  
So can you solve my problem?  
How would you plead my case?*

*Eisen: Your husband would be right  
To lock you up at night!*

*Rosa: I can't believe what you just said.  
I must now take offense sir!*

*Eisen: Ah, yes, I do apologize,  
But cheating wives I do despise.  
I'll treat your act  
As quite abstract  
My comments I will censure.*

*Ros, Alf: I always thought attorneys ought  
To make their clients less distraught.  
Especially when there might be  
A heavy legal fee,  
Yes, for this spree  
There's a fee!*

*Eisen: My wrath they've wrought,  
I'm sure they thought they'd not be caught  
They won't go free and there may be  
A heavy penalty  
Yes, for this spree  
There's a fee!*

- Alf: *We told you ev'rything we knew*
- Rosa: *That's true.*
- Eisen: *Now tell me, if you can,  
When your affair began.*
- Rosa: *I hate your overbearing tone,  
Insulting have your questions grown.*
- Eisen: *I know there's something missing...  
Some facts you failed to tell.  
Hold back and you'll compel me  
To join the opposition!*
- Rosa: *Dear sir! Dear sir!*
- Alf: *Dear sir!*
- Roas: *I don't feel your sympathy.  
Instead, you treat me with disdain.  
And think I cause a blemish  
To mar my husband's saintly name.  
But he's done far more than I,  
For while he left me home to languish,  
He's made such crude advances  
To girls at local dances  
Ah!——  
A libertine of morals free  
I only wish I had him here.  
I'd make the weasel crawl with fear.  
Last night he lied about his plight  
Then tried to satisfy a base delight  
Never caring that his act would break my heart in two.*
- All: *Last night he lied about his plight  
Then tried to satisfy a base delight  
Never caring that his act would break my heart in two.*
- Alf: *I would say this lawyer here  
Seem a little insincere.  
He assumes that you and I  
Were cavorting on the sly.  
But he does not tell us why.*

*Eisen: That's quite enough!*

*Alf: What's that you say?*

*Eisen: That's quite enough!*

*Rosa: What's that you say?*

*Ros, Alf: Such anger you display!*

*Eisen: Despised malefactor!  
The moment now is mine.  
I cast away the actor,  
For I am Eisenstein!*

*Ros, Alf: I can't be Eisenstein!  
No, no, not Eisenstein!*

*Eisen: Yes!  
Yes, 'tis I! You have betrayed me.  
Is this how you have obeyed me?  
Now prepare for punishment I contrive for you!*

*All: Hear his cries  
Of how he's hurting.  
But his lies  
He's safely skirting.  
I'm the one  
who should be in a rage.*

*Eisen: Hear my cries  
Of how I'm hurting.  
Never mind  
What I am skirting.  
You're the ones  
On whom I place my rage.*

*Ros: You're to blame...*

*Alf: Herr Eisenstein*

*Eisen: Frau Eisenstein.*

*Ros: For this shame*

*Alf: Herr Eisenstein*

*Eisen: Frau Eisenstein.*

*Ros: In the gutter is my name.*

*Alf: Is her name*

*Eisen: Is my name.*

*All: Ah——*

Rosa: *Now, you will pay!*

All *Herr/Frau Eisenstein!*

Rosa: *And today,*

All *Herr/Frau Eisenstein!*

Rosa: *Quite empty is this snorting, sir*

Alf: *Your conduct is not sporting, sir*

Eisen: *You thought you talked to "Doctor Blind"  
But your confession you have signed.*

Alf: *The facts you are distorting, sir.*

Rosa: *The truth we've been reporting, sir.*

Eisen: *In sin you wined and dined  
So I will not change my mind.*

Ros, Alf: *He won't stray  
From his position,  
Nor allay  
His vile suspicion!  
Realize  
We're blameless in our eyes.*

Eisen: *He won't stray  
From his position,  
Nor allay  
His vile suspicion!  
I despise  
And blame you for your lies!*

Ros: *Eisenstein...*

Alf: *And his deceit*

Eisen: *Yes, their deceit*

Ros: *Will soon find*

Alf: *That he is beat*

Eisen: *Is quite complete*

Ros: *I can see thru his deceit.*

Alf: *Thru his deceit.*

Eisen: *This is a treat.*

Ros: *Ah— tho' you gripe*

Alf: *Herr Eienstein*

Eisen: *Herr Eienstein*



Ros: *It is tripe*

Alf: *Herr Eienstein*

Eisen: *Herr Eienstein*

All: *Ah—— You'll / he'll toe the line!*

Eisen: *Ah——she'll toe the line!*

*I'll / She'll have my / her way!*

*I'll have my way!*

*I'll / she'll may you pay!*

*I'll make them pay!*

*La, la, la, la, la, la, la*

*La, la, la, la, la, la, la*

*Vengeance is mine / fine!*

*Vengeance is mine*

Eisen: Sooooo- what do you have to say for yourself, my dear Madame von Elsenstein?

Rosa: Soooooooo- What do you have to say for YOURself, my dear Marquis Renard?

*(PRODUCES WATCH)*

Eisen: My watch!

Rosa: No, Marquis. *(HUNGARIAN ACCENT)* MY VATCH!

Eisen: Oh no.

Rosa: Oh yes, Marquis. And I thank you for it. Every time I look at this lovely vatch *(SWITCH)* I shall try to forget last evening.

Elsen: Rosalinda---

Rosa: Gabriel- I suggest that you feel slightly less married by the minute.

Alfred: So you are Eisenstein?

Eisen: Well...?

Alfred: *(TAKING OFF DRESSING GOWN)* You have terrible taste in dressing gowns.

Eisen: Sir...

Alfred: But your taste in wives is delicious.

Eisen: Sir- your conduct with my wife cannot be ignored.

Alfred: Yes- it is hard to ignore a tenor.

Rosa: *(TO EISENSTEIN)* Sir- Your conduct with your wife cannot be ignored either.

Eisen: Ah, my darling, of course I knew it was you all the time. Do you think such a magnificent creature could be hidden by a mask?

Alfred: Don't believe him.

Rosa: I don't believe you.

Eisen: *(TO ALFRED)* You stay out of this.

Alfred: I wish I had.

Rosa: I want a divorce.

Eisen: *(TO ROSALINDA)* I want an explanation and *(TO ALFRED)* I want instant satisfaction.

Alfred: I want something to wear and I want something to eat.

Falke: *(ENTERING)* Ah- a happy reunion I presume?

Eisen: Falke-what are you here for?

Falke: The last act of a charade.

Eisen: What?

Frank: *(ENTERING)* Ah- there you are, sir. Why didn't you tell me you were the real Elsenstein. Your wife has explained everything. And now I can arrest you at long last.

Eisen: *(SUDDENLY REMEMBERING HIS SENTENCE)* Ah-Ah--No you can't.

Frank: I can't?

Eisen: No- because, you see, I'm not Elsenstein.

Frank: You're not?

Eisen: No I'm not!

Frank: Then who is?

Eisen: *(POINTING TO ALFRED)* He is.

Frank: But the lady said...You said...

Eisen: You arrested him at Elsenstein's house, didn't you?

Frank: Yes...

Eisen: In Elsenstein's dressing gown? *(GETTING ANGRIER AT THE THOUGHT)*

Frank: Yes...

Eisen: With Elsenstein's wife?

Frank: Yes...

Eisen: Then he must be Eisenstein.

Rosa: No he isn't!

Alfred: No I'm not!

Frank: I'm confused.

Falke: I'm amused. Come now, Eisenstein, give in. There are too many who know that you are you.

Eisen: Who does?

Falke: I'm one.

Rosa: Gabriel- would you deny your dear wife?

Falke: Two.

Blind: *(ENTERING AND GOING TO ELSENSTEIN)* Eisenstein- I want my clothes back.

Falke- Three.

*(ENTER ADELE AND IDA SHRIEKING, FOLLOWED BY FROSCH)*

Frank: What's going on here, Frosch?

Frosch: The new prisoners won't let me give them a bath.

Frank: Frosch!

Frosch: But Herr Director...

Adele and Ida: Herr Director???

Frank: I like to pretend too.

Adele: Why, Herr von Elsenstein- what are you doing here?

Falke: Four.

*(CROWD NOISE WITHOUT)*

Frank: What's that?

Falke: More witnesses.

Orlof: *(ENTERING WITH CHORUS FOLLOWING)* Ah my dear friend...

Chorus: Eisenstein! *(ALL LAUGH)*

Falke- *(OVER INTRO)* I rest my case!

### **NO. 16 FINALE**

Chor: *O Fledermaus!  
It's time you spoke  
And put an end to this fine joke  
Before a murder you provoke,  
Good Doctor Fledermaus.*

Eisen" *Ah, will someone please explain  
And tell me what is going on?  
Lest my anger you arouse...*

Falke: *Thus repays the Fledermaus!*

Chor: *Thus repays the Fledermaus! Ah—  
O Fledermaus!  
We've had our fun!  
A nasty little web you've spun.*

*Before more damage has been done,  
Release him, Fledermaus.*

*Eisen: Falke, just what did you do?*

*Falke: I have made a fool of you!  
Helped by all these others too.*

*Chor: What he tells you is quite true.*

*Eisen: Not the Prince?*

*Orlof: That is a fact.*

*Eisen: And Adele?*

*Adele: It's all an act.*

*Eisen: You and she?*

*Alfred: It came to nothing...*

*Eisen: Rosalinda?*

*Rosa: You're in trouble!*

*Eisen: So it was a harmless prank,  
And I've Doctor Falke to thank  
Which some day I'll get around to...*

*Alf: Tho' he thinks she will forgive,  
Rosalinda will remind him  
That his flirting is behind him.*

*Adele: Ah! But what becomes of me?*

*Frank: Lovely actress, come with me.  
Tho' I'm but a humble jailer,  
Your career I'd like to tailor.*

*Orlof: Such a talent must, instead,  
Look to me to get ahead.  
Turn yourself in my direction  
I'd be good to you.*

*Chor: It's an obvious selection:  
"Chacun a son gout!"*

*SPOKEN:*

*Eisen: Rosalinda, forgive your faithful Gabriel as he forgives this villain Falke.  
After all, it was the champagne that caused all the trouble. From now on, I promise to  
drink only water. Shall we toast my pledge?*

*Rosa: Champagne's the explanation,  
Tra-la, la-la-la-la-la-la,  
For your violation,  
Tra-la, la-la-la-la-la-la.  
' And tho' I love you dearly,  
I must be careful, clearly,*

*To make sure when you're drinking,  
Of me alone you're thinking.*

*Together, then,  
We'll share the sweet sensation  
Of heady carbonation  
And mild intoxication.*

*Chor: Drink on, drink on, drink on!*

*Rosa: Then drink to the king whose million eyes  
Tantalize, hypnotize,  
Drink to the lord of pleasure,  
The King of the Wines, Champagne!*

*Chor: Then drink to the king whose million eyes  
Tantalize, hypnotize,  
Ah—— Champagne!*

END OF THE OPERETTA

