

HER HIGHNESS THE PRINCE

Music by Jacques Offenbach Book and Lyrics by Thomas Petiet
a revision and expansion of “L’Isle de Tulipatan”

A MUSICAL SPOOF OF GENDER EXPECTATIONS

The music of Offenbach provides showstopping arias, patter songs and duets for the lead singers, as well as a bravura dance number. For companies seeking a new, hilarious show with sparkling music, this is the one. In 1990, Thomas Petiet discovered a remarkable little one-act operetta by Offenbach, entitled “L’Isle de Tulipatan.” The show, about a boy raised as a girl and the complications it caused, seemed so modern. He therefore created a new two-act work from it with an expanded plot and more characters. Although the music was written over a century ago, it has been re woven to form a new show. The product of a nearly a year’s research and writing, *Her Highness the Prince* incorporates the music of seven Offenbach operettas which are practically never done outside of France. Its style recalls the halcyon years of Broadway, when musicals were truly comedies.

Cast

GRAND DUKE PUNCTILIO (baritone) A pompous fellow with a secret, in line for the Prime Ministership
CALUNNIA (mezzo-soprano) his wife, a lady nervous that her secret has caused her to age
BELLA (tenor) their “daughter,” a young man, brought up as a girl
OBNOXIA, (soprano) Bella’s friend, the tomboy daughter of an employee of the duke
KING CACATOIS (baritone) The King of Tulipatan, anxious about his son as his heir
PRINCE LEANDER (soprano) his “son,” a young woman, brought up as a boy
CHAMBERLAIN (tenor) Head of the King’s retinue
CHORUS of Servants, the King’s entourage, Dressers, Stunt Dancers

The Musical Numbers

Jacques Offenbach composed the music for Her Highness the Prince, but he just didn’t realize it at the time. Presented below are the numbers and the operettas in which they originally appeared:

No. 1	I’m Awake and I Worry- Calunnia.....	Mesdames de la Halle
No. 2	Military Couplets- Bella, Punctilio, Calunnia, chorus.....	Mesdames de la Halle
No. 3	Trio of Desireability- Bella, Obnoxia, Calunnia.....	Genevieve de Brabant
No. 4	Entrance and King’s Couplets - Cacatois, Leander, Retinue.....	L’Isle de Tulipatan
No. 5	Eccentric Duet- Bella, Leander.....	L’Isle de Tulipatan
No. 6	Embarrassment Ensemble- Ensemble.....	Genevieve de Brabant
No. 7	Finale - Ensemble.....	Genevieve de Brabant
No. 8	Redecoration Chorus - Servants, Calunnia.....	Les Bavards
No. 9	Calunnia’s Revelation - Calunnia, Bella.....	L’Isle de Tulipatan
No. 10	Royal Entry - Retinue.....	La Jolie Parfumeuse
No. 11	Impossible Galop - Stunt Dancers.....	Le Voyage dans la Lune
No. 12	Obnoxia’s Debut- Obnoxia.....	Monsieur Choufleuri
No. 13	Rage Solo - Cacatois and Retinue.....	Les Bavards
No. 14	Punctilio’s Revelation - Punctilio, Bella.....	L’Isle de Tulipatan
No. 15	Dressing Aria- Leander.....	Mesdames de la Halle
No. 16	Recognition Duet - Lee Ann, Bill.....	Robinson Crusoe
No. 17	Finale - Ensemble.....	Le Pont des Soupirs, Les Bavards, Mesdames de la Halle

ACCOMPANIMENT INTENDED FOR KEYBOARD AND PERCUSSION

1.

NARRATOR: We live today in the age of information... possibly too much. But that wasn't always the case. In the past, perhaps not so distant, people knew little about one another's private lives. This was especially true in royal families. It was even more true in the little Kingdom of Tulipatan.

As was true with most noble families back then, children were only seen occasionally by their parents, and were raised by nannies. King Cacatois the 23rd and Grand Duke Punctilio only saw their children occasionally... or perhaps as little as possible. Soon, both gentlemen had children who had grown into young adults, and there were beginning to be problems, due to some long kept secrets.

One such secret was being kept by Calunnia, the Grand Duchess. As we meet her, we can see the enormous toll that was caused by keeping it to herself, against all her inclinations.

NO. 1 COUPLETS OF ANXIETY

CALUNNIA

1. I'm awake and I worry, I worry, I worry;
There's nothing left of my secu-u-u-ri-ty,
I worry, worry all night long!
I know I've been doing my duty, my duty,
But I'm afraid what duty does to my beauty;
Such a loss is surely wrong.

What on earth can I do? I cannot tell a soul!
I don't see a way through. It's taking such a toll...
So...I wake and I worry, I try to be strong.
I pace and face the pain of wor-or-or-or-ry
I can't describe it in a song.

2. If you ask me what trouble, what trouble, what trouble
Is turning all my hair to gray-ay -ay -ay -ay,
I'm sorry, but I cannot say.
For you see, it's a secret, a secret, a secret,
I cannot tell you what I long to tell you,
Or I'd give the game away.

(to audience)

But maybe just you, in confidence, of course,
I could tell all this to... you won't reveal the source...
No! I must keep the secret, no word can I say.
Were I to tell you what I know, oh, oh, oh, oh,
Most surely I would rue the day!

2.

CAL: It's making me look older. I know it, I know it. This secret is killing me! If only I could tell someone. Holding back is not good for my constitution. I was born to tell everyone everything!

Ah, what times I used to have; I listened to every servant and every door. So many wonderful secrets! And I spilled them all (*giggles*). But...when I married Punctilio I had to be more dignified--I was a Grand Duchess--and I wasn't supposed to sneak around and gather my little secrets anymore.

Well, I thought life was going to be one big, crashing bore from then on until I found out that Grand Duchesses don't need to look for little secrets, we get nice, fat, juicy ones delivered twice a day! Life was grand for a time, then it happened! I had a secret to keep... For eighteen years I've kept it--now look! It's made me older! God knows what's happened to my insides. Lucky for me my outsides were so good to begin with.

Everyone says I'm attractive. Who knows how I do it. (*Starts*) Ah! Is that a wrinkle? (*staggers over to the mirror*) No...just a dimple. I can't go on like this. I've got to tell someone, (*to aud*) My husband is gone...I'll tell you! You can't tell. (*comes to apron*) Well, you see, it was about eighteen years ago. My son had just been born and... The king had just signed a horrible peace treaty after he lost the war which would have indentured my little boy to the Pasha of Palookastan for God knows how long, so I...

PUN; (entering) Wife!

CAL; Ah!

PUN» What are you doing there?

CAL; Nothing, nothing. Just looking.

PUN; Well, come away. It's dangerous out there. Were you speaking to someone?

CAL; No, no...

PUN; Well, I'm quite put out with you in any case.

CAL; With me, Punctilio?

PUN: Indeed. It is quite incredible that I, the Grand Duke Punctilio, Prime Minister to his majesty, King Cacatois the 23rd, a man of complete dignity and refinement... a man whose unbroken family line runs into fossilized remains, and whose current status is second only to his majesty's (and that only by official indicators through an accident of birth)... that the aforementioned I should have a daughter who marches and spits...

CAL; I didn't know she was marching...

PUN; Every day. Your fault, madam.

CAL; I do my best, Punctilio.

3.

PUN: I know, my dear, and I suppose I oughtn't scold you. Yet the way Bella has turned out must in the end be your affair.

CAL; I never taught her to march...

PUN: Well, she knows how! Oh, God, here she comes...

NO. 2 MILITARY COUPLETS-

BELLA

1. I'm a girl whose disposition
Favors a saber to a doll.

CHORUS, CALUNNIA, PUNCTILIO
Rataplan, ta-plan, ta-plan!

BELLA

Just a maid, who, with ambition,
Ventures to be a general!

CHORUS, CALUNNIA, PUNCTILIO
Rataplan, ta-plan, ta-plan!

BELLA

Women who can, quite politely,
Sip their tea or braid their hair
Shouldn't be considered lightly
If from time to time they swear:
Rataplan, ta-plan, ta-plan!

CHORUS, CALUNNIA, PUNCTILIO
Rataplan, ta-plan, ta-plan, etc.

BELLA

Ladies whose legitimate charms
May include the bearing of arms
Make a pretty spectacle leading the army!

CHORUS, CALUNNIA, PUNCTILIO
Ladies whose legitimate charms, etc.

BELLA

2. I'm at home with swords and lances
Leading advances with a shout:
Rataplan, ta-plan, ta-plan!

4.

CHORUS, CALUNNIA, PUNCTILIO
Rataplan, ta-plan, ta-plan!

When it comes to dainty dances
Given a chance, I'll sit them out!
Rataplan, ta-plan, ta-plan!

CHORUS, CALUNNIA, PUNCTILIO
Rataplan, ta-plan, ta-plan!

Beauties so adept in battle
Should be free to go their way,
Or they'll waste their time in tattle,
Prattling in this sort of way:
Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah!

CHORUS, CALUNNIA, PUNCTILIO
Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah!

Ladies who don't gossip or cry,
Swing their arms and walk like a guy,
May look quite respectable leading the army!

CHORUS, CALUNNIA, PUNCTILIO
Ladies who don't gossip or cry, etc.

BEL: Morning, Mummy. Morning, Daddy.

PUN: And what, young lady, do you call the spectacle we have just witnessed?

BEL: Morning exercises.

PUN: It is not seemly for a young lady of the upper classes to sweat like a Hussar. A little more effort before the pianoforte or dressing table will yield more marketable results. And this crude sound... what is it?

CAL: Rataplan?

BEL; (*enthusiastically*) Yeah, RATAPLAN!

PUN: Enough! Nice ladies do not say RATAPLAN.

CAL: (to Bella) I never said it, dear.

BEL: But it's fun! I like to shout and march and swear and...

5.

PUN; Oh, heavens! (*falls in a chair*)

CAL: Bella... you mustn't say things like that. It upsets your father,

BEL: But it's FUN!

PUN; How am I to bear this? I'll never be able to marry off such a one as you. You should have been a boy... (*Calunnia coughs chokingly*)

BEL: What's wrong, Mummy?

CAL: Nothing, nothing. I'm just getting older, my dear... although I certainly don't look it, God knows. (*to Punctilio*) Don't be so hard on the girl, husband.

PUN: I'm sorry, but this really is becoming too much. At least she's still taking piano lessons.

BEL: No, Daddy. I changed to bugle. Better for marching!

PUN: What?

CAL. She plays very well, dear.

PUN: Oh, what a willful child! Why couldn't you have been more like Prince Leander? He is so obedient... so polite...

BEL: So handsome... so sweet...

PUN: Too sweet, perhaps. His father is always complaining. Hah! He should have you! (*aside*) Wouldn't the king complain if I told him what I know about his son?

CAL: There's nothing wrong with a girl enjoying sports and hunting, Punctilio. Look at the goddess Diana...

BEL: I like her.

PUN: What was she the goddess of?

CAL: The moon, I believe.

PUN: Well, this isn't the moon. Forget all that, Bella. I have decided to throw a fancy ball for you next week Saturday...

CAL: A BALL?

PUN: Yes.

CAL: HERE? NEXT SATURDAY?

PUN: Absolutely.

CAL: FOR HER?

PUN: Why not?

6.

CAL: *(realizing her slip)* Okay by me.

PUN: I've invited all the eligible young men, and I want you to be on your best behavior. There will be no marches played. I will find you a husband in spite of yourself.

BEL: Oh, Daddy, do I have to? I hate dancing.

PUN: Nonsense. You love dancing. All girls love to dance. Have that servant girl you like teach you if you don't know how. She'll be coming here today, *(disdainfully)* She always comes here. I know you won't disappoint me. Come, wife. We have preparations to make. *(exeunt)*

BEL: Why can't I ever do things I like? *(pause)* Why do I like the things I like? It's very confusing.

OBN: *(entering)* Bella, Bella!

BEL: Hello, Obnoxia.

OBN: Can I sit down? I just cleaned out the stables. I spent the whole morning shoveling sh...

BEL: *(interrupting)* Obby, why don't I like to dance?

OBN: Damned if I know.

BEL: Is there something wrong with me, do you think?

OBN: No more than there is with me! *(plops down in a chair, legs apart)*

BEL; *(plops down in an identical position)* I guess you're right. You don't like dancing either?

OBN; Oh, I love dancing.

BEL: *(crushed)* See?

OBN; I like the guys to try to lead me around the floor. But I force them to go where I want to go, see? That really bugs them. Afterwards I can almost always get them to armwrestle me.

BEL; See, you're normal. I feel funny dancing.

OBN; *(comes over, slaps Bella on the back)* Ahh, you just don't know how. Here, have a cigar.

BEL; Thanks, *(they light up)* You know, no one besides you does the things a girl really likes to do. Why is that?

OBN; I don't know. I'm just an average girl with twelve brothers, who lives with her father and grandfather.

7.

BEL; I'll bet I don't know of one other girl around here who likes cigars. Actually, I don't know one other girl.

OBN You wouldn't know me if my father didn't work here. Anyway, don't worry about other girls. My brothers always complain about the dumb things they do. We're the kind of girls the boys are looking for.

NO. 3 TRIO OF DESIREABILITY

BELLA

Are you certain? Are you certain?
I've a feeling deep inside me
That I've had since God knows when:
Even tho' I've you to guide me,
I just don't appeal to men.

Now I know I'm quite unenlightened...
Just a sweet and innocent miss...
But I'm most concerned and frightened,
My complexion starts to whiten,
When I think who I must kiss, ah... who I must kiss.

OBNOXIA

Oh, come on, don't sound so defeated!

CALUNNIA

My poor child! She's not doing well.

OBNOXIA

Just look at me; I'm not conceited.
I'm sweet as hell!
As sweet as hell! As sweet as hell!

CALUNNIA

When must I tell? When must I tell?
The time will come when she must know...
My secret will be out. Of that there is no doubt.
The truth I must bestow.

OBNOXIA

When a girl's a loser, loser,
She can really be a drag.
Skinny, plain or heavy cruiser
She'll grow up to be a bag!

8.

Bella, you're no loser, loser,
You just don't know how to score.
You could be a doozer, doozer
If you tried a little more.

CALUNNIA

I'm afraid to lose her in a war.

BELLA

Thanks, but I'm a loser, loser,
As a girl I'm not so hot.
If I had to choose a suitor
I'd as soon be shot!

OBNOIXIA

You are not a loser, loser, etc.

CALUNNIA

I must somehow disabuse her,
But I don't know where to start
Or it just might break her heart.

BELLA

I'm an awful loser, loser,
As a girl I'm not so hot
I don't want to make excuses
But it bothers me a lot.

OBN: At least all of us girls have one thing in common.

BEL: What's that?

OBN: We all like boys.

BEL: Yes, well, that's another thing. I think I like boys. I mean they sure know how to have a good time. But I'm not sure I like them to like me...

OBN: What do you mean?

BEL: Well, I guess I must be kind of good-looking, you know? Because they always want to kiss me and hug me and go play in the haystacks.

OBN: I don't think you have to be good-looking. Besides, what's wrong with that?

BEL: Nothing, I guess. Everyone seems to be doing those things. Just look at my father and the maid! But I just feel funny...

9.

OBN: Like dancing. You need practice, that's all. Let's teach you some dancing. The other things you can work on later.

BEL: I've heard about some of the other things men and women do. I'm not sure I want to practice up to that!

OBN: Sure its disgusting...so what? So are cigars. We got used to them, didn't we? At first we almost threw up. Love is like smoking cigars: it's silly, it's no good for you, and nobody wants to be in the same room with you when you're doing it... but it's really great.

BEL: I guess you're right. You're more experienced than I am.

OBN: Right. Now let's try some dancing. First you have to know how to waltz. It's one-two-three, one-two-three. I'll be the man and lead. Imagine a waltz. Yes, like that. Here we go... one-two-three, one-ow-two-three, one-two, ow! One-two...wait a minute! You've got to be more careful. You're a big girl.

BEL: See, there's no hope.

OBN: No, no, no! You can do it. Again... One-two-three, one-two-three, see- you're doing it... one-two-three, one-two- OW! Quit trying to lead. Girls don't lead.

BEL: Seems natural somehow. We better give up.

OBN: Keep it up. I'm used to pain. One-two-three, one-two-three... *(they waltz off with difficulty)*

PUN: *(entering with Calunnia)* Woman, I fail to see how you can have any objection to my placing our daughter in a position to meet eligible young men. Heaven knows she won't do so by herself.

CAL; But a fancy ball, husband... Bella is not ready. Perhaps in a year or so...

PUN: In another year she may lose whatever few charms she currently enjoys. Then we shall have her forever... marching around...

CAL; But she doesn't know how to dance. She may not create the best impression... may even appear awkward...

PUN: Nonsense! All she has to do is meander around the floor for a few minutes and then suggest to her beaux to take her walking in the garden. Nature will do the rest

CAL: I don't think that will help...

PUN; My dear, one would almost think that you didn't want Bella to marry. *(A fanfare sounds, rescuing her)* The king!

CAL: The king!

PUN: And I believe he is coming this way.

10.

CAL: As he so frequently just happens to do.

PUN; Well, I suppose that since the death of the Queen, he prefers the company of a charming lady such as yourself to dine with, rather than remain in the castle all alone...

CAL: AND. . .

PUN: And?

CAL: And...he is too cheap to hire a full-time cook.

PUN: Well, perhaps...

CAL; And it upsets him to order out!

PUN; Economy is a trait much Co be admired in a king.

CAL; Except that he spends all the tax money on petty border wars and then economizes by sponging on the populace. I believe it's time I told him what I think...

HERALD: King Cacatois the 23rd! (*Music begins. Punctilio and Calunnia bow as Cacatois enters with his retainers, resplendently dressed in military regalia. In song, the king introduces himself and the prince, warning that one should not believe all that's said about them in the papers. Leander then enters crying, lamenting the loss of his pet canary*)

No. 4A ENTRANCE OF KING CACATOIS

KING'S RETINUE

Make way for King Cacatois!

Hooray for King Cacatois!

Twenty-third of his line,

His ev'ry word is considered divine.

One of these days, he'll be no more

Bringing the total to kings twenty-four.

Yes, his number will be twenty-four.

Long life, long life to King Cacatois!

No. 4B DUCK COUPLETS

CACATOIS

1. I'm the king, generous and kindly,

A monarch worthy of his name.

All I ask is followers who, blindly,

Do what I ask and don't complain.

11.

But no, they read the morning paper,
Assassin of the royal class
And one more subject ev'ry day
Is persuaded I'm an utter ass!
A modern king is out of luck:
Without the block, he's kind of stuck.
When someone flings a bit of muck,
He'd better duck, he'd better duck, he'd better duck!

KING AND CHORUS

Quack, quack, quack, quack, etc.
Lucky the monarch who can duck!

CACATOIS

2. People are gullible and trusting,
And think there's truth in type that's set
They'll believe anything disgusting
If it appears in the gazette.
Right here it says the prince is brain-dead
Because he's never seen at all,
Or maybe he is just a blockhead...
I mean, they've really got their gall!
The story now has run amuck
The word is out: the kid's a schmuck!
Their chicken's necks I'd like to pluck.
O hear 'em cluck, O hear 'em cluck, O hear 'em cluck!

KING AND CHORUS

Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck etc.
That is the gossip column cluck.

KING AND CHORUS

Quack, quack, quack, quack, etc,

PUNCTILIO

If Your Highness so please, I would wish him good day.

CACATOIS

Fine, fine. I expect my son will come this way.

PUNCTILIO

You don't say. I do hope that the Prince is better...

12.

CACATOIS

I'm afraid he's upset over nothing at all.
He is crying, crying so...
His little bird has flown away.
Not a single soul must ever know.

PUNCTILIO

What I know of this, sire, I will never reveal...

CACATOIS

If it gets in the papers, my rage you will feel.

PUNCTILIO

Ah! Prince Leander is here.

CACATOIS

Well, get the people out! They cannot see him whining.

No. 4C COLIBRI COUPLETS

LEANDER

I'm so sad, it's so bad since my friend flew away,
I'm depressed and distressed
And I'll probably sigh the rest of the day.
Yesterday we joined in a song,
Now for one note, vainly I long.
Where can he be? My Colibri?
Just a canary but dear to me.

I'm so sad, it's so bad since my friend flew away,
I'm depressed and distressed
And I'll probably sigh the rest of the day.
Now I'm alone, silence is heard,
Dead is my heart, gone is my bird.
Never shall I cease to cry,
And very shortly I'm sure to die!

I'm so sad, it's so bad and it makes me so mad...
He's the one friend I had, and now he's gone away!

CACATOIS

How any son of mine could while and carry on so...
I cannot say.

13.

At least there's no one present
To see this awful sight.

RETINUE

He's so sad, it's so bad since his friend flew away...

CACATOIS

Oh, no, they saw it all! They'll never let me forget!
My reputation will be shot to hell
If word of this gets out!
The story now has run amuck.
There is now way to pass the buck!
When gossips get a bit of muck,
Oh, how they cluck, Oh, how they cluck, Oh, how they cluck!

KING AND CHORUS

Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck etc.
Is what they'll say!

KING; Why must the greatest military leaders always be cursed with sons who have weak tea in their veins? Crying over a lost bird I Oh, the accursed law of averages!

LEA: But Daddy...

KING: (*mockingly*) But Daddy... That's so sweet. A son of mine isn't sweet! Why can't you say something insulting to me? Not too insulting, mind... something like; "Father, I will not stand here and be insulted."

LEA: Oh, I couldn't do that! It would hurt your feelings,

KING: It wouldn't, it wouldn't. Well, it might- but I wouldn't care. I'd know you didn't mean it.

LEA: I couldn't do it if I didn't mean it.

KING: Nonsense. It's good practice. I'll expect you to present me with a quality insult every day.

LEA: I'll try.

KING; See that you do. (*to Punctilio*) Have you ever seen such a prince?

PUN: I think the boy is just sensitive, your majesty. And he is so young...

KING: Ridiculous! When I was his age I wasn't that young. I had already gone to war, been with girls, smoked cigars... (*enter Bella, smoking a cigar*) Like that! Leander, why couldn't you be more like that? (*Calunnia goes into a coughing fit*) Is your wife all right?

CAL: I'm fine, your majesty. I just have a cold... though God knows I don't show it.

14.

PUN: Put that away, Bella. *(takes cigar out of her mouth)*

KING: Oh, is that a girl? Why so it is. *(Calunnia has a relapse)* Attend to that woman. This is your daughter, Punctilio ?

PUN: I'm afraid so, your majesty.

KING; Nothing to be ashamed of, man. Fine, strapping figure of a girl. Look at the arms on her. Well, my dear... are you still as fond of marching and shooting as you were?

BEL: Boy, I'll say! That's great fun!

KING: I'll bet you can ride a horse too.

BEL; I can ride any horse. And I do show jumping, too.

KING: Sidesaddle?

BEL; Are you nuts? Oh, I beg your pardon, your majesty.

KING; Think nothing of it, my dear. *(looks at Leander)* And what do you think of little birds?

BEL; Little birds?

KING; Little birds.

BEL; Nothing, I guess.

KING; I mean, do you like them?

BEL; Well, I like big ones better. *(Leander looks pleased)* They're juicier. *(Leander gasps)*

KING: Ha, ha! Very good. Very good. *(Looks at Leander)* My feelings exactly, *(to Punctilio)* Your daughter is quite an unusual girl.

PUN; Quite, your majesty.

KING; Refreshingly different. You ought to marry her off soon, however.

PUN; My idea exactly, your majesty. I'm giving a fancy ball for her next weekend.

KING; A ball? Why wasn't I notified?

PUN; Oh... uh... because you just *gave* me the idea, your majesty.

KING; Oh, yes, I did. Give the ball, by all means. My son will attend. It's time he got married. See to it that all the pretty girls are invited.

PUN; *(suddenly worried)* Oh, but surely the prince is too young to marry, your highness...

KING: Bah! Every man in my family is expected to marry young. Mustn't waste even a minute of good breeding, if you catch my drift.

15.

PUN: Quite so, your majesty.

CAL: We will see to it that all the most beautiful girls are invited, your majesty.

KING; In addition to your own daughter, of course.

BOTH; *(unenthusiastically)* Oh, she'll be there.

KING: You have obviously heard how choosy my son is when it comes to women. Confidentially, he has not yet kissed one. But it is bound to happen soon. Perhaps at your ball. *(Punctilio mumbles something)* How marvelous to be among true patriots unselfishly thinking of the continuation of the royal line. As a reward, I will stay for luncheon.

BOTH; Oh, thank you, your majesty.

CAL; *(to Punctilio)* I'll need more money for food.

PUN; But I just gave you 100 francs.

CAL; This is a 500 franc a month king.

KING; Well, shall we all go in?

CAL; All?

KING; Of course. A king and his retinue are considered to be one entity.

CAL; *(aside)* But they eat like a hundred.

KING; I beg your pardon?

CAL; I said, I'm glad you're hungry. *(retinue all rush off)* Won't you come in?

KING; Delighted.

CAL; *(as she exits)* Everyone like grilled cheese?

(after the entourage exits, Leander remains apart, dejected. Bella sees him and remains as well.)

BEL; *(approaching Leander)* Hi. Are you sad?

LEA; I lost my bird.

BEL; Oh. That's tough.

LEA; He was my only friend. Now I'm all alone.

BEL; Well, I'll be your friend.

LEA: You will?

16.

BEL: Sure; have a cigar.

LEA: Oh, no, thank you. I can't smoke those things. They make me sick.

BEL: Yes, I know. But that's part of the fun. You know, like with love.

LEA: Love?

BEL: Yes. At least according to my friend Obby. She says that love is like smoking cigars I'm not really sure I completely agree with her.

LEA: Oh, I don't agree at all. Love is the most wonderful and romantic feeling in the world. It's like being on a cloud, floating through the world, feeling sort of dizzy. Everything is colored pink when you're in love and nothing can harm you. It's the most beautiful thing you can ever feel, and some say it can last forever...even after death...but frankly statistics don't bear that out.

BEL: Say, that sounds a lot nicer than smoking cigars. Are you sure?

LEA: Of course.

BEL: So you must have been in love.

LEA: Not exactly... But that's what my books say, and books have to be true or they wouldn't print them.

BEL: I've never heard a boy talk like you before.

LEA: That's what my father says. He hates it.

BEL: Well, I like it.

LEA: You do?

BEL: Sure. I like you. You're different. Maybe it's because you're a prince.

LEA: I don't think so. I don't think I'm what my father expected.

BEL: It's a problem I have, too. I'm not like a lot of girls. Can I tell you a secret? I don't like dancing!

LEA: Really? Can I tell you a secret? I don't like marching!

BEL: No! *(laughs)* I'll bet that burns old Caca!

LEA: *(Now also laughing uncontrollably)* Is that what you call Daddy? You know what I also hate? Sports.

BEL; Oh, no! I love sports. I hate anything that's pink!

LEA: I love pink. I loathe uniforms!

BEL: I hate dresses!

LEA: I don't have a penknife!

BEL; I never played with dolls!

LEA: You know what? I did!
BEL; You're kidding! A prince that plays with dolls? That's absurd!
LEA: *(suddenly serious)* What's absurd about it?
BEL: Well... I mean... You know., a prince who... uh... I don't know.
LEA: You don't think I'm strange, do you?
BEL: Of course not! Because if you are, so am I.
LEA; What are we then?
BEL; Eccentric!

No. 5 ECCENTRIC DUET

LEANDER: It's bizarre...
BELLA: ...that we are...
LEANDER: ...I admit...
BELLA: ...opposite.
LEANDER: Yet somehow...
BELLA: ...you and I...
LEANDER: ...can be friends.
BELLA: Don't know why!

LEANDER: It's absurd!
BELLA: In a word.
LEANDER: Often we...
BELLA: ...disagree.
LEANDER: What I like...
BELLA: ...I despise.
LEANDER: How can we...
BELLA: ...harmonize?

BOTH:
But when I'm talking to you.
A feeling so new
Makes me thrill to all you say.
Don't know why this should be true
Oh, what do you do to make me this way?

BELLA: How do you...

LEANDER: How do you...
BOTH: ... do what you do?
LEANDER: It's so new,
BELLA: It's so new,
BOTH: Haven't got a clue! Ah!
LEANDER: Maybe still...
BELLA: ...we will...
LEANDER: ...have a chance...
BELLA: ...at romance.
LEANDER: One more time...
BELLA: ...let us try...
LEANDER: ...rhyme for rhyme...
BELLA: ...eye to eye:
LEANDER: You like sports...
BELLA: ...you the arts.
LEANDER: You, of course...
BELLA: ...smoke cigars.
LEANDER: That's so vile!
BELLA: Just to you.
LEANDER: I'm in love!
BELLA: I am, too!
BOTH:
Tho' a difference or two there might possibly be
It's amazing how often we seem to agree.
Quite amazing how often we seem to agree!

BEL: Say, we do pretty well together.

LEA: But we're not very much alike.

BEL: We aren't, are we?

LEA! Maybe that's a good thing.

BEL; You mean we shouldn't be friends?

LEA: No, I mean we balance. You're funny about some things and I'm funny about other things so together we're not so funny. Do you know what I mean?

BEL: Not really.

LEA; Some times I don't understand myself...

BEL; Neither do I. You know, you're very pretty for a boy.

LEA; Yes, I know. Actually, it's even worse than that. I'm a beautiful boy. I think it's a family curse or something, except I'm the first one.

BEL: Yes, I don't think that's your father's problem.

LEA: See, people respect him. They don't respect me. Pretty boys just aren't given any credit for anything. If I had a craggy face or a big nose or something, people wouldn't look down on me. Oh, why couldn't I look like my father?

BEL: Oh, please no!

LEA; I'd really be much better off. Of course, if I had my choice, I wouldn't be too ugly, I suppose. Maybe just a little horsey-looking, like you are... Oh, I didn't mean that!

BEL; That's all right. I don't mind,.

LEA; But I like horsey-looking girls. Really. I've seen you before and I thought how nice it would be to meet somebody who wasn't so darn pretty. But mother always kept me inside, so I never saw anyone but me.

BEL: My only friend is Obby, because her father works here. You'll like her. She's just like me...

LEA: Then I know I will.

BEL; Really? Say, would you like to kiss me?

LEA; *(irritated)* Oh, no!

BEL: What's the matter? Don't you want to?

LEA: It's just that I should have asked you because I'm the man. It's no good this way.

BEL« Oh. Well, go ahead. Forget I asked.

LEA I No, it's too late now. The milk is spilt.

BEL; Well, what if we take a walk or something, and don't talk about it until we forget it happened. Then you can suddenly ask me and it'll be your idea.

LEA: I guess that's legitimate, as long as you're not too eager. Then I would be suspicious.

BEL; I'll watch it. Come on. *(they walk around the stage)* This is the Grand Hall. Here's a picture of my great-grandfather. Here's another one. I *don't* know who that is. I think we bought him. That's the orchestra...

LEA: Very nice. We don't have one.

BEL: This next room has a really big etching... *(they exit)*

KING: *(Entering)* Well, that was an interesting lunch. Amazing what that woman can do with cheese.

PUN: Yes, sir. She's a cheese whiz.

KING; Well, I must say that on the whole I have never considered cheese my favorite dish and while I am not entirely dissuaded in that opinion, I would have to say...

20.

(Bella and Leander enter)

LEA: Now! (*they kiss*)

No. 6 EMBARRASSMENT ENSEMBLE

CACATOIS

Oh, look, oh, look! He kissed her face!

CHORUS

He kissed her face!

CACATOIS

Ah ha, ah ha! I knew he'd do it!
His childish phase, at last he's through it.

CHORUS

He kissed her face!

CACATOIS

My name is linked with no disgrace

CHORUS

Your disgrace!

LEANDER

Oh, my heavens! Everybody's staring!
Love, they say, is what we were declaring.

CACATOIS

Aren't they cute?
He's a prince, she's a beaut!

LEANDER

How I am mortified!

CACATOIS

Let's see another kiss!

BELLA

Not public'ly like this!

CACATOIS

There's no reason to be shy!
21.

BELLA

We would rather say good-bye!
Please don't ask us to try!

CACATOIS

Don't be so shy!
This royal whim do not deny.

LEANDER

I could die! I could die!
It's embarrassing! How embarrassing!
My face is red, and it's showing.
It's embarrassing! Too embarrassing!
Next time, let's look where we're going.
See me blush!

OTHERS

Ah!

BELLA

I'm upset!

OTHERS

Ah!

LEANDER

What's the rush?

BELLA

We just met.

OTHERS

Ah!

LEANDER

We're not yet...

OTHERS

Ah!

BELLA

...a duet.

22.

OTHERS

Ah!

BOTH

Can't you see? Let us be.
It's embarrassing, so embarrassing!
Won't you please leave us alone?

OTHERS

It's embarrassing, so embarrassing!
Still we insist on a show. Kiss!
Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes!
One more kiss and we'll go!

BOTH, PUNCTILIO and CALUNNIA

No, no, no, no!
None of this! We say no!

CALUNNIA

I cannot allow such behavior!

CACATOIS

And just why not?

CALUNNIA

It isn't nice for little girls not nearly twenty
When a shake of hands should suffice.

CACATOIS AND PUNCTILIO

That's true!

CALUNNIA

Remember kissing is exciting,
And leads to actions more requiting.

PUNCTILIO

We must go! We must go!

CALUNNIA

You're far too young...

PUNCTILIO and CALUNNIA

...you know!
23.

LEANDER

That's ridiculous, Quite ridiculous!
I've no designs on your daughter.

BELLA
That's ridiculous, Quite ridiculous!
I couldn't be much distraught!

LEANDER
You suspect...

OTHERS
Ah!

BELLA
... something bad.

OTHERS
Ah!

LEANDER
And destroyed...

OTHERS
Ah!

LEANDER
...what we had.

OTHERS
Ah!

BELLA
If you'd go...

OTHERS
Ah!

LEANDER
...we'd be glad.

BOTH
Should we kiss? Should we not?
24.

It's ridiculous. Quite ridiculous!

Should we be kissing or not?

OTHERS

It's ridiculous. Quite ridiculous!

You should be kissing a lot.

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes!

Come on, miss, tie the knot.

BOTH

Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes?

Should we kiss? Should we not?

PUNCTILIO AND CALUNNIA

No! No! No! No!

Should you kiss? You should not!

KING: *(to Calunnia)* Don't they make a cute couple?

CAL: *(coughing)*

KING: You should have that looked after, madame. What about you, eh? Aren't they cute together?

PUN: Um...not really, your highness.

KING: What?

PUN: They aren't too cute together.

KING: Ridiculous! I know cute when I see it, and that's cute! Both of them will be at the ball and they'll be cuter then than they are now. And when two people are really cute, anything can happen, *(looking around)* Say, where are they? I better find them before they get too cute with each other. *(All exit but Punctilio)*

PUN: Oh my God, what a dilemma! How can I get out of this? He wants Bella to marry his son! But that's impossible! He thinks they make a cute couple. Hal I should tell him why they're so cute. Oh, I knew this would happen sometime. Especially after the queen died. I promised to keep her guilty secret. But why now? Before I'm Prime Minister? I'm so close... *(Calunnia, unseen by Punctilio, comes up behind him)* Well, I'll just have to tell him the truth. I'll say. "Your Majesty, my daughter cannot marry the prince." Yes, that's it. What would he say to that? *(pause)*

CAL: Why?

PUN: Yes, he would definitely say "why?". I think I know him well enough for that. Then I would say, "Why? Because the queen was once afraid that if she didn't produce an heir, she would be banished. She was afraid of you, you brute... so...get ready to laugh, your

Highness... the Prince...you're going to love this... the Prince is really... Because the Prince is really..." *(becomes aware of Calunnia, stops, pauses, smiles)*

CAL: The Prince is really what?

PUN: What?

CAL" You were saying, "the Prince is really..."

PUN: Oh! Yes... the Prince... is really... uh... *(quickly)* in love with someone else.

CAL: He is? Who?

(Obnoxia has entered, overhearing the last of this conversation)

OBN: Who?

PUN: *(Looking at Calunnia)* Who?

BOTH: Who? *(they notice Obnoxia, and look at her)*

PUN: *(pointing to Obnoxia)* HER!

CAL: Her?

OBN: *(pointing at self)* Her?

PUN: Her.

CAL: You can't be serious!

OBN: You can't be serious! *(to Cal.)* Why can't he be serious?

PUN: It's true. It's true. He told me himself.

CAL: My, my...*(thinking)* Well, if that's the case... But the king... he would never allow it.

PUN: That's true.

OBN: Why not?

CAL: Well, dear, you're not exactly what one looks for in a royal princess.

OBN: What's wrong with me? My brothers like me. My father likes me. Bella likes me...

PUN: Yes... that's a good place to start.

CAL: That is a good place to start! Husband, I think we owe it to this child to help her. *(highmindedly)* I could not live with myself if I let my daughter's ambition stand in the way of love.

PUN: Oh, yes, quite, *(aside)* Anything to break up the cute couple. *(to CAL)* But how can we help?

CAL: Well, I think she needs a new look. Have you ever worn a gown, dear?

OBN: Not me. Can't work in 'em.

CAL: Yes, well, perhaps you won't have to work at the ball. *(to Pun.)* It will be a challenge, but I think there's enough raw material to work with. *(the others reenter)* The king will be a problem, that's for sure. *(they come up behind)* At least, we're agreed on one thing; Bella shouldn't marry Leander.

ALL: Why not?

CAL: Oh! Well...*(coughing)* they're not... formally engaged. That's right! In this country, a couple may not marry until a month after they're engaged. It's the law of King Cacatois.

No. 7 FINALE, ACT 1

CACATOIS

What? That's the law?
How totally absurd.
That's such a waste of time.
I don't believe a word.

CALUNNIA

My lord, if mem'ry serves me best,
That law was made at your behest.
Some sev'ral years ago you woke inebriated,
That night you gained a wife
The marriage consummated.

CACATOIS, OBNOXIA

My God!

OTHERS

I never knew!

CALUNNIA

And so... that's why you wrote the law!

OTHERS

And so... that's why you wrote the law!

CACATOIS

I am grateful you have humbled me
with this embarrassing explanation.
But now, in order to prevent unnecessary humiliation,
Forget that information.
I'll leave the law alone for now...
No need for confrontation.
But I will not be led! There's more to be said.
I decree that your daughter and my son will be...
He and she...
They will be...Be, be, be be...
27.

Be betrothed at the ball!

CHORUS

At the ball! At the ball!
He'll betroth them at the ball!
At the ball! At the ball!
That way he won't break the law.

CALUNNIA

I'll be ruined! Life is over!
My secret ev'ryone will know.

PUNCTILIO

I must fight his plan, but never show it,
Or my job up in smoke will go!

CACATOIS

And now my son asks you to call
On him at his engagement ball.

LEANDER

Although I hardly know her name,
I won't complain.

CALUNNIA, PUNCTILIO

Oh the pain, oh the pain!

LEANDER

And so my shock I won't exclaim,
I'm not ashamed.

CALUNNIA, PUNCTILIO

My fevered brain!

LEANDER

I've never met a girl like you.
If you don't mind, I think you'll do. Ah!
Tho' we've very briefly met

Our engagement has been set.
Many things, I have no doubt,
Very shortly we'll find out.

CALUNNIA, PUNCTILIO

They'll find out!

LEANDER

Will you have a dance with me, at the ball?

CALUNNIA, PUNCTILIO

They'll find out!

LEANDER

Will you take a chance on me? Ah!

CALUNNIA, PUNCTILIO

They'll find out!

BELLA

You know, it might not be so bad.
Maybe I'll please both mom and dad.

CACATOIS

All right, we must prepare.
Let's go! Buy new clothes to wear.
Let's go! On the third of June we all will reappear.

OTHERS

Yes, upon the third of June we'll appear.

ALL

Let's go! Let's go! Let's go! Let's go!
What a grand occasion!
Can a duke's daughter do as she oughter
Then I suppose we'll see a betrothal
Down at Bella's ball! La, la, la, la, la, la

It's an obligation;
Taking our places, stuffing our faces
Showing some breeding, when we are feeding,
Down at Bella's ball! La, la, la, la, la, la

Soon we'll all be busy gavotting,
Torringly trotting, trysting and plotting,
What could be more terribly apropos?
I don't know, not a thing could be so! Ah,

No one will discover a sadness,
Sully our gladness, temper our madness.
Ev'ryone will circulate happily, you and me,
Who can tell what we'll see?

Away, my merry friends, away!
We must prepare for that marvelous day!
We cannot stay... dare not delay;
So we'll be ready for that elegant soiree!

We'll have such a party
Laughing and singing, giddily grinning,
Swaying and swinging, just a beginning
Of a grand old time, la, la, la, la, la, la.

Yes, we'll have a party,
Kissing and clinging, wooing and winning,
29.

Revelry ringing, certainly sinning
Saturday sublime, la, la, la, la, la, la,

No one will discover a sadness
Sully our gladness, temper our madness.
Ev'ryone will circulate happily
You and me, who can tell what we'll see?

No one will discover a sadness
Sully our gladness, temper our madness.
Ev'ryone will circulate happily
Just like you and me.

Come on, let's go! Let's go! Let's go!
No status quo, we're on the go!
Ah, what a day it will be!
Hooray, hooray, for on that day
The prince will take a fiancée.
The royal line may well advance,
But now get ready for the dance.

ACT 2

NARRATOR

The day of the ball has come... a day dreaded by Calunnia and Punctilio, as much for the engagement of the "cute couple" as for the unbridled consumption of the King and his court.

Despite her misgivings, the duchess must observe the societal norms, even when the norm is King Cacatois, and she runs her staff ragged in preparation.

Alas, she and the duke must face the irony of lavishly creating the event that could lead to their exposure and ultimately their doom. What can be done with a daughter who marches and smokes cigars? What will the king do when his heir lets down her hair?

It might not be pretty.

CHORUS OF REDECORATION

CHORUS OF SERVANTS

Here and there and ev'rywhere
She makes us run around
Like a hive of honeybees
That don't know what to do.
Moving this and hanging that
So far above the ground
"Put it over there, do, do, do, do!
Change that ugly painting, too, too, too.
Drape this over there,
Take it down again
30.

Do it right away...
No, I'll tell you when."

We work and work and never stop
For she can't make up her mind
And now we must go faster still
For we're running out of time!

"The food! The chairs! Clean up that spot"
Oh, what on earth have I forgot?
Oh, my God!
Let it all be over, I implore!
Oh my God!
Hold me up or I'll be on the floor.

Are we all done? Are we all done?
Oh, Madame, please!
Are we all done? Are we all done?
Release your bees.

CALUNNIA

How can you even think of stopping?
I'm sure the foyer needs some mopping.
And Adele... you must do some shopping
That garland goes above the door.
In a moment, I'll think of more.

CHORUS OF SERVANTS

We work and work and never stop
For she can't make up her mind
And now we must go faster still
For we're running out of time!
The walls! The drapes! We're never through.
What can be left for us to do?
Oh my God!
Let it all be over, I implore!
Oh my God!
Hold me up or I'll be on the floor!
Are we all done? Are we all done?
Oh, Madame, please!
Are we all done? Are we all done?
Release your bees!
Oh, Madame, we've been at it
For a week and yet a day
Madame, let us rest if now we may!

CAL: Yes, this room is improving. But Chose floral decorations, ugh! Who is responsible for that? Oh, yes...well, you never did have any sense. All right, you do it. They must be colorful and tasteful. Yes? Good. Has the linen for the dining room arrived yet? Why not? You- get in touch with the laundry right away- I must have the table set within the hour. Got (*Bella enters, half dressed*) Now where is the caterer?

(sees Bella) Oh, hello, dear. *(to caterer)* No, not you! I trust I am getting the hors d'oevers, am I not? *(caterer stares at the sight of Bella, just nods)* Good. How much is this going to cost me? *(Bella taps her shoulder)* Not now dear. *(to caterer)* How much? What? That's more than a week's...*(notices the caterer's gaze)* My God! You're half naked! *(to others)* OUT! OUT!

BEL: This gown doesn't fit, mother. I seem to be the wrong shape.

CAL: *(suddenly nervous)*- Wrong shape? Nonsense.

BEL: There-must-be some reason for this. *(indicating bosom)* I think I'm some kind of freak girl...

CAL; *(nervously)* Don't be silly, dear...

BEL: Why, even you look more like a girl than I do!

CAL; I should hope so!

BEL; What!

CAL: Oh, nothing, dear. *(coughs)*

BEL: And another thing. I've been noticing soap on my pillow in the morning. Today when I got up there was a bandaid on my chin.

CAL: *(coughs)*

BEL: Look how hairy my arms are!

CAL: *(coughs)*

BEL: Not to mention my legs.

CAL; *(starts to have a tubercular fit)*

BEL; And another thing...

CAL; Stop!

BEL; I'm a gorilla.

CAL; No, you're a MAN! *(droops after the revelation)*

BEL; Oh. *(pause)* OH. *(the light dawns)* OH! That explains a lot of things. Except one thing...

CAL; Yes?

BEL; Why am I called Bella?

CAL: It's a secret.

BEL; Tell me!

CAL; Why?

BEL; Because I have to know.

CAL; Can I trust you?

BEL; MOTHER! Tell me!

CAL; I can't. It's too embarrassing. It's been a secret for so long... What if I tell you a story? Yes. Sit over here. Just like we used to do. Isn't this better? *I feel better.*

Once upon a time...

BEL; It's a fairy tale!

CAL; Certainly not I Well, I mean, Not exactly... Anyway... *(sung)* Once upon a time...

BEL; Then what?

CAL; If you keep this up, there'll be a musician's strike and you'll never know. Anyway...

No. 9 REVELATION OF CALUNNIA

CALUNNNIA
It all occurred a long, long time ago.
The war had ended in defeat,
And in the spoils it was agreed
Ten noble sons we would concede.

BELLA
That sounds so cruel and unjust
It fills me with complete disgust.

CALUNNNIA
Unhappy mothers were in tears.
Their babes to lose for many years.

BELLA
Oh, they must have suffered in true misery
As would you, mother dear, had that babe been me.

CALUNNIA
But it was!

BELLA
No, that's crazy!

CALUNNIA
It was you, dear!

BELLA
You amaze me!
33.

CALUNNIA
I will explain...

BELLA
It can't be so!.

CALUNNIA
I would never let them take you,
oh, my darling. So you see,
I decided I would hide you,
So my daughter you must be!

BELLA
So to escape the Pasha's clutches
You made me the little duchess.
I understand you.

CALUNNIA
Darling, tell me you forgive me.

BELLA
I understand you.

CALUNNIA
Do you forgive me?

BELLA
I forgive you, I forgive you.

CALUNNIA
She forgives me, she forgives me.

BELLA
HE forgives you.

CALUNNIA
She forgives me

BELLA
HE forgives you.

CALUNNIA
HE forgives me.

BELLA
Hot diggy, diggy, diggy, I am a boy!
Unbounded joy, I am a boy!
Hot diggy, diggy, diggy, I am a boy!
It is natural and normal that I've now become a boy!

CALUNNIA
Hot diggy, diggy, diggy, I am overjoyed
34.

BELLA
I am a boy!

CALUNNIA
He is a boy.

BOTH
Hot diggy, diggy, diggy, I am overjoyed
Because it's natural and normal
That he's/I've now become a boy.

BELLA
I can march around...

CALUNNIA
What a lovely sound!

BELLA
I can smoke cigars...

CALUNNIA
Like the king's Hussars!

BELLA
I can make a lot o' noise

CALUNNIA
Just like the other boys.

BELLA
And I won't have to wear a dress.

CALUNNIA
That is very true.

BELLA
There's so much to do...

CALUNNIA
And it's all so new!

BELLA
Hot diggy, diggy, diggy, I am a boy!

CALUNNIA
I am overjoyed

BELLA
I am a boy!

BOTH
Hot diggy, diggy, diggy, I am / You are a boy!
35.

Hot diggy, diggy, diggy, diggy dog!

BELLA

I am overjoyed that I am a boy...

CALUNNIA

Diggy, diggy, diggy, diggy, diggy, diggy, diggy dog!

BOTH

Tho as a maiden my / his life began,
In just a wink, I / you became a man
Diggy, diggy, diggy, dog! Etc.
Not ev'ry maid can become a man

BEL; I can't believe it! You kept that secret all these years?

CAL: Yes, and now that I've told it, I feel wonderful!

BEL: I'm a MAN!

CAL: That's nice dear. I feel so wonderful... I wonder if I look younger....

BEL; A man in a dress!

CAL; Yes, and you must promise not to tell anyone.

BEL: What? But I can't go on ...

CAL: At least not until the ball is over. The king would have us all socially ostracized if it were canceled. Could you please dance a little bit tonight just to be sociable?

BEL; But it's so embarrassing! I'm dressed like a girl!

CAL; You always dressed like a girl.

BEL; That was when I was a girl. I'm something else now and it's embarrassing.

CAL; All right, all right. Look. Just be yourself tonight, and I'm sure you won't have to fight them off. Get Hannah to fix that dress. I've hired Jacques Offenbach and his band to play tonight. They only know how to play fast music, so no one will ask you to dance. The ball must look perfect, so try to be inconspicuous... maybe get her to make you a new dress. This ball could earn your father the Prime Ministership, so try to endure it one more day. Tomorrow we'll send you somewhere for a while, Bella, and when you come back, you can be... *(exits)*

BIL; Bill!

CAL: Whatever

BIL: The name is BILL!

PUN: *(entering)* Bella!

36.

BIL: *(under his breath)* Bill...

PUN: What?

BIL: Nothing...

PUN: I have something to tell you, dear. It's a secret.

BIL: I didn't think you were supposed to know.

PUN: Of course I know. It's MY secret. I'm the only one who knows.

BIL: I know

PUN: How? Who could've told you?

BIL: *(in a masculine voice)* Mother told me, Dad. *(clasps his shoulder)*

PUN: *(ignoring this)* That's impossible. She doesn't know. She never had anything to do with Leander.

BIL: Leander? LEANDER! Oh, my God! I forgot all about Leander! How can I tell him? What am I going to do?

HERALD: His Highness, King Cacatois the 23rd et al!

PUN: Already? Damn! He's here to get at the hors d'oeuvres.

BIL: Leander's here. This will be hard. *(pulls aside)*

(enter the King, Leander et al)

No. 10 ENTRANCE OF THE KING

RETINUE

The King and all his court are happy to arrive.
His cash is always short, so on hors d'oeuvres we thrive.
While mingling with the throng,
We eye the banquet table.
And if to eat we're able,
We'll stay the whole nightlong.

The King and all his court are happy to arrive.
His cash is always short, so on hors d'oeuvres we thrive.
This bounty we expect, it is our royal due.
We are the noble court... the chosen few!

CHAMBERLAIN

Welcome now, our royal liege.
Lords and ladies of prestige.

King Cacatois will the style represent
For this elegant, respectable event.

RETINUE

King Cacatois the Twenty-third!

KING: We are arrived. Ah, there are the hors d'oeuvres... (retinue bolts for the table) and there's the the cute girl you're engaged to. (to Bill) My dear, my son requests the honor of the first dance.

BIL: I'm sorry but...

KING: It's his turn. It's always his turn. Music Maestro. Dance, everyone!

No. 11 THE IMPOSSIBLE GALOP begins, then stops

(It is more than the guests can do at the tempo, and the dance breaks down completely)

KING: Wait, wait! Is that all they can play?

CAL: It's the latest thing your Majesty.

KING: We will be latest, Madame. I'm sure they will finish long before we do. Tell them to play a slower one.

CAL: Yes, your Majesty. *(she goes over to the pit and instructs)*

KING: Now, son, put your arm around her waist... like so. Oh, God, they're cute!
Very well, begin!

No. 11 THE IMPOSSIBLE GALOP begins again *(Breakdown again)*

KING: Stop, stop! Let me look at that music. *(goes over to examine)* Hmm. Lots of notes close together. I guess there's only one thing to do in a situation like this.
(calls offstage) STUNT DANCERS!

(dancers enter, dressed as the main characters, and do the dance. The King wanders over to the food table. When it is over, the real characters replace them)

No. 11 THE IMPOSSIBLE GALOP

KING: Such food. Punctilio, you've outdone yourself.

PUN: The credit goes to my wife, Your Majesty.

KING: Ah, yes, the mistress of the cheese. Compliment her for me. This is the perfect time to announce the wedding.

PUN: *(coughs)* Oh!
38.

KING: What, again? I hope this is not a congenital problem, Punctilio. *(aside)* My God... the cretins I have to deal with to ensure an upper class bloodline. *(to Calunnia)* Madam, let you and I discuss the wedding arrangements. *(Punctilio is joined in coughing by Calunnia)* Will you two stop that infernal noise?

BOTH: Beg pardon, Your Highness.

KING: Now, where is my son? And where is the cutest girl at the ball?

CAL: *(seeing Obnoxia enter)* Here she is, Your Highness. *(she is dressed meretriciously)* May I present Mlle. Anastasia DeVole. *(aside)* Don't overdo it, honey...

No. 12 COMING OUT COUPLETS

OBNOXIA

1. In days gone by, I thought that I
Attracted men of lowly mien
But now I know it's just not so...
I'm cut from cloth as fits a queen.
A royal prince, I'm quite convinced,
Is like most fellows, but reversed,
The lout will want a debutante,
And the lord finds a barmaid
To quench his thirst!

Love is perverse by design,
Its turnings one cannot align.
If love comes to me, who am I
Not to claim that love is rightly mine?

2. Now look at me, who knew I'd be
Admired by all those lordly eyes?
Some pretty clothes, a turned-up nose
And all at once I'm such a prize.
If they adore, I now ignore;
Their passion then becomes a flame.
Should they demand my dainty hand,
How can I in conscience be held to blame?

Love is perverse by design,
Its turnings one cannot align.
If love comes to me, who am I
Not to claim that love is rightly mine?

OBN: I'm so thrilled, I don't know what to say. This is one hell of an honor! (*realizes mistake and changes*) Oh, Prince Leander, I'm so really HAPPY to meet you.

LEA: Charmed.

BIL: Obby. Is that you?

OBN: Shhh! (*takes Leander aside*) Well, Leander... may I call you that? *Prince* sounds like a dog. Ha, ha! I know we're going to have a lot on common.

PUN: More than she thinks...

OBN: Leander, it's so crowded in here. Why don't you take me out in the garden. I like green things... (*twirls*) see?

LEA: Well, I... oh!

OBN: What?

LEA: Your purse... It's so unusual.

OBN: You like it?

LEA: That decoration... that bird...

OBN: Pretty, isn't it? I shot that in the forest last week and had it stuffed. Never saw a bird that color.

LEA: COLIBRI! (*Leander faints, is attended by King et al.*)

OBN: He's in shock from being so close to me...

BIL: What did you do?

OBN: Nothing. Just making sophisticated pleasantries.

BIL: What happened to you?

OBN: Your mother gave me a makeover.

BIL: She's been doing a lot of that lately.

OBN: It's all done by pretending. Right now I'm pretending I'm not crude. (*does a movement*) I think I'll stay desirable for a while, at least until after I'm married.

KING: Ah, there you are, my dear. (*sees Obnoxia*) And there YOU are! (*pauses admiringly, then remembers what he was going to say to Bella*) Oh... my son wanted to dance with you again. Go!

40.

BIL: But...

KING: Let me see that cute couple again. (*looking at Obnoxia's breast*) And here's another... (*Bill remains standing*) Oh, come on. Don't go away. (*takes him over to Leander, but continually looks back over his shoulder*) Son, ask this lovely lady to dance.

LEA: (*shyly*) Would you give me the honor of this dance?

BIL: I... can't.

LEA: You can't?

KING: She can't?

BIL: It's just that things have changed...

LEA: Changed? You don't like me anymore?

BIL: Sure I like you. But things are different now and I would feel funny dancing with you.

LEA: That's all right. I can't dance too well either.

BIL: No, that's not it. It's hard to explain.

LEA: I understand. You decided I'm not your type.

BIL: Well, actually, you're a little bit TOO MUCH my TYPE. Oh, that just makes it worse. You see...

LEA: (*injured*) I understand. You don't have to explain.

BIL: You don't understand...

LEA: Oh yes I do. It's all in my books. Good-bye.

BIL: (*walking slowly away*) Good-bye. (*exits*)

KING: I've never seen such a thing. Refusing to dance with a prince. That insufferable little... BIG... tart.

NO. 13 RAGE SOLO

CACATOIS

1. I am highly irritated
And extremely agitated
At the way she treated you.

41.

CHORUS

We are shocked and saddened too!

CACATOIS

She has neatly demonstrated
Cruel treatment calculated;
She must be conceited too!

CHORUS

That, we think, is very true.

CACATOIS

There will be a penalty
No one treats my son that way.
On her knees she soon will be
And in terror she will say:
“Dance with me, dance with me!
Please excuse my rude display!
Dance with me, dance with me!
Oh please, sir, if I may!”

CACATOIS AND CHORUS

I'll / He'll make her pay, etc.

CACATOIS

2. Ere she with your feelings sported,
She'd officially been courted
For the nation, by the king.

CHORUS

He's no time for dallying!

CACATOIS

That alone can't be supported,
Maybe I'll have her deported!
I can't stand this kind of thing!

CHORUS

And he can't return the ring.

42.

CACATOIS

She's a brat, and just for that,
I'll throw her father in a cell
And if that aristocrat
Doesn't yield, he'll burn in hell!
Burn in hell, burn in hell!
Yes, I'll make him burn in hell!

CACATOIS AND CHORUS

I/He will compel, I/he will compel
The father of this demoiselle
I/he will compel, I/he will compel!

CACATOIS

3. Tho' my anger's getting stronger
I can't do this any longer.
Can't maintain this vocal pace!

CHORUS

All his cords are out of place.

CACATOIS

Tempos that won't take a breather
Or a rallantando either
Make me think I'll lose this race...

CHORUS

And it's reddening his face.

CACATOIS

We surpassed the super-fast,
I'll have to sing in double-tongue.
And at last we have outclassed
Ev'ry patter ever sung.
It's so fast, it's so fast,
I'm exhausted and aghast.

CHORUS

It is so fast, it is so fast
That I'm / he's exhausted and aghast.

LEA: *(fanning the king, who has collapsed)* It's all right, father. There are probably lots of girls who'll dance with a prince.

KING: Really? You aren't upset?

LEA: *(holding back tears)* Me? Not at all. See... *(indicates Obnoxia, who is winking)* There's one.

KING: Tell me the truth, son. It's that daughter of Punctilio's, isn't it?

LEA: No...

KING: The truth!

LEA: All right! It's true. *(starts to cry)*

KING: For God's sake, stop that! Someone might see you.

LEA: I don't care.

KING: Yes, but you're not me. *(looking around)*

LEA: Why did she do that to me?

KING: I don't know, but I do know what I'm going to do about it. I'll deal with the parents directly. If you want Bella, then, by thunder, you shall have her.

LEA: Oh, no, don't do that!

KING: My mind's made up. I'll seek them out this minute. *(sees Obnoxia)* Well, maybe next minute... Have we met?

OBN: No, your Majesty. Not until now. *(takes his arm)* But we must talk. Tell me, when does a prince become a king?
(exeunt)

LEA: What is the matter with me? *(sits in a corner to mope)*

BIL: *(reentering with his father)* Where is the prince? I'm going to tell him the truth.

PUN: Why? Why? The word makes me nervous. Forget about the prince. He's fine.

BIL: No, he's not. He doesn't understand why I can't dance with him.

PUN: I don't understand why you don't think you can dance with him. But do I ask why? No. It's fine with me and I'm sure it's fine with him. Come on!

BIL: I can't. I've got to tell him the secret.

PUN: The...SECRET?

44.

BIL: The reason... you know... about the Prince and me being... you know...the same.

PUN: You know the secret?

BIL: Sure. Mother told me. But she didn't want me to tell you.

PUN: Why on earth not? It's my secret!

BIL: She said it was hers.

PUN: I can't keep anything from that woman. My God, if she knows about Leander, I wonder if she knows about the maid...

BIL: *(overhearing)* Leander? What about Leander? *(Leander hears this and comes nearer behind them)*

PUN: It's a secret I've kept a long time.

BIL: Tell me.

PUN: You already know...

BIL: Your version.

PUN: Well... this is embarrassing... um... Once upon a time...

BIL: *(aside)* Same story.

NO. 14 REVELATION OF PUNCTILIO

PUNCTILIO

It happened in the days gone by
That the queen did have a child.
But then the babe was not a boy.
Oh, the king would be mad, for the wee lad
Was the heir to the throne.

BELLA

So the queen told the king that the baby girl
Was a boy, with the help of a certain earl?

PUNCTILIO

How... did... you...

BELLA

It was just a lucky guess.
And that young baby...

PUNCTILIO

I will speak with utter candor.
45.

BELLA

...did turn out to be...

PUNCTILIO

With utter candor...

BELLA

Who's the baby? Who's the baby?

PUNCTILIO

She was called Prince Leander!

BELLA

Prince Leander?

PUNCTILIO

Prince Leander!

BELLA

Hot diggy, diggy, diggy, she's not a boy!
Unbounded joy,

He's not annoyed! It's surprising
That you're not annoyed she's not a boy.

BOTH

I'm/ he's overjoyed she's/I'm not annoyed
That Prince Leander's not a boy.
Hot diggy, diggy, diggy, she's not a boy
46.

She's/I'm not annoyed she's not a boy!
Hot diggy, diggy, diggy, diggy, diggy, diggy, dog!

BELLA

I am not annoyed that she's not a boy.

PUNCTILIO

Diggy, diggy, diggy, diggy, diggy, diggy, dog!

BELLA

I am overjoyed that she's not a boy!

PUNCTILIO

Diggy, diggy, diggy, diggy, diggy, diggy, dog!

BOTH

Tho' as a prince she began her life,
Her days will end as a loving wife!
Diggy, diggy, dog! Diggy, diggy, dog! Etc.
It's time the maid became a wife!

BIL: I can't believe it! You kept the queen's secret all these years. But why was she so desperate?

PUN: The king had made so many plans for his new son that she knew it would be terrible if he were disappointed. I'm sorry I couldn't tell you before. I know this must be embarrassing for you...

BIL: A little more embarrassment won't hurt me.

PUN Aren't you upset?

BIL: Upset? I think it's wonderful. This means that I... That we can... WOW! *(runs off)*

PUN: I must say, she's taking it better than I thought she would. *(exits)*

LEA: *(coming out of concealment)* I can't believe it! I'm a girl! That's why Bella wouldn't dance with me. She knows! Oh, God, I'm so embarrassed! I'm going to go lock myself in a dark room and never come out. They can just push the food under the door and I'll stay there so Daddy will never find out my shame. Pretty soon everyone will forget that I'm up there and eventually I'll Just die and... *(has been noticing herself in a mirror)* and no one will remember how... *(pause)*... how cute I... *(pause)*... how beautiful I was when I... when I... *(changing)* Of course, how will they get the food under the door? Maybe they could make a really flat pie or something, with cheese and tomatoes... no, who would want that? Maybe that's not such a good idea. *(thinking)* I wonder what I would look like in a dress? *(changing)* What am I saying? I couldn't face anyone! *(pause)* Well, not around here anyway. I now... I'll go away from here. I'll get a job. I could be a... professional princess!

No. 15 DRESSING-UP ARIA

LEE ANN

I feel a strange sensation...
 I thought I was a boy... a disappointing boy
 With disturbing opinions.
 But since I came to be a girl,
 I see the world from a different point of view.

I never used to care a whole lot
 About the clothing that I wore,
 But now that I've become a demoiselle
 I have to care a great deal more.
 No longer can I do with so few
 I must have dresses by the score;
 And stockings necklaces and laces
 That fashion tells me to adore!

This boyish raiment I discard!
 My style shall be no longer immature.
 When walking in the boulevard,
 Of haute couture I'll be the sinesure!

47.

Ladies, if you will help to dress us
Royal the debt we will owe to you.
We'll borrow a gown my aunt possesses.
She won't begrudge us a frock or two. Ah!

For now I see just why my body
Was never, ever meant for war,
While changing gowns and dresses
Is what I'm better suited for.
Yes, now I'm free my sensibility
To both develop and explore.
A woman I will discover,
Attractive to a handsome lover,
In diamond tiaras,
All the baubles that there are,
A very royal lady that gentlemen cannot ignore.

Satin slips, petticoats trimmed with flounces
Are a must as we begin.
One must know where it's wise to have bounces
And where it's wiser holding them in.
Then a gown with fine, ruffled bodice...
Oh, my word, that's just a bit tight!
But it makes any girl look a goddess,
So pull little sisters, with all your might.

Now a hat with delicate feathers,
Slippers of gold adorning my feet,
Long white gloves made of silk or of leather,
And my toilette is now complete!
So when I stroll through garden or city,
Dandies will say, "My heart, she is lost!"
And tho' I laugh when they say I am pretty,
I reply with a fine riposte:
"You are too kind!"
Then I act so refined:
"You are too kind...
No, I've not yet dined." Ah...

Yes, now I see just why my body
Was never, ever meant for war,
While changing gowns and dresses
Is what I'm better suited for.
Yes, now I'm free my sensibility
To both develop and explore.
A woman I will discover,
Attractive to a handsome lover,
In diamond tiaras,
All the baubles that there are,
A very royal lady that gentlemen cannot ignore.
They can't ignore... Ah! Not any more!

LEA: *(to chor)* Thank you. You've all been very kind. But now I must leave you to go ply a trade in the city. I will think of you often, *(says good-bye to each in turn)* Don't say anything to Daddy... I'll write. Bye! *(chor. exit)* Well, I'm off! I wonder where the city is? I wonder what the city is... I've never seen a city! But I've read all about them. They're wonderful places where everyone has a job, and someone gives them money so they can have their own apartment and have fun whenever they want. I wonder who does the cooking and cleaning... well, I'm sure someone does. I suppose if I just follow this road there must be a city on the end of...*(she bumps into Bill, who has just entered, dressed in a stunning military uniform)* OH!

BIL: I beg your pardon, miss. Did I hurt you? *(aside)* What a girl.

LEA: Oh, no, not at all. *(aside)* What a guy!

BIL: I was just looking for somebody...

LEA; You were? *(expectantly)*

BIL: That is, I have to find a friend of mine...

LEA: Oh. Well, I was just leaving...

BIL: I have something important to tell...her. She's a kind of short man...

LEA: A short man? What does he look like? There were some around here a few minutes ago.

BIL; Well, sort of like...*(looking at her)* Do I know you?

LEA; No, you couldn't know me. I just... arrived.

BIL: And now you're leaving?

LEA: Uh, yes... I travel a lot. Uh... I'm a salesman.

BIL: You are? Wait. You're not a selling anything.

LEA: *(suddenly frightened)* What do you mean?

BIL: You're a phony. No one goes around dressed like that selling things. I know who you are!

LEA; *(alarmed)* You do?

BIL: I certainly do. You're a girl! Ha! I knew it right away. Did you think I was born yesterday?

LEA: No, no. That's it. You've got me there, *(aside)* Why are the good-looking ones always like this?

BIL: And I've seen you before somewhere, too. What's your name?

49.

LEA; Leand.... uh... Lee Ann.

BIL: Lee Ann. That's a nice name. You're very pretty, *(some light begins to dawn)*
In fact, one could say almost too pretty...

LEA: Not for a girl...

BIL: Do you like marching?

LEA: No...

BIL: Uh-huh... Do you like cigars?

LEA: NO!

BIL: Uh-huh... I'll bet you played with dolls.

LEA: Naturally.

BIL: Ah-hah! And you hate uniforms!

LEA: Yes! Well... *(looking him over)* no... not entirely.

BIL: Oh. Well, I guess then it must be a coincidence. For a minute there... no that's silly. I guess I have to go now. I'm sorry I kept you.

LEA: That's all right. Good-bye.

OBN: *(calling from offstage)* Leander!

LEA: Yes? Oh, damn! *(runs behind Bill)*

OBN: *(entering)* I heard you. Where are you, you devil?

LEA: Hide me!

BIL: What?

OBN: Hey, you two! Did you see who answered me?

BIL: Well... *(gets a nudge from Lee Ann)* uh... no.

OBN: He's around here somewhere. I've got a royal in my future. I know it. I'll check the gardens. *(exits)*

BIL: Hot diggy dog! It was you who answered. It's you!

LEA: Who?

BIL: Leander.

LEA: Lee Ann...

50.

BIL: Right. It's me... Bella.

LEA: Bella? Bella's not a boy... She's a horsey-looking...

BIL: Horsey looking? Like me?

LEA: Yes... no!

BIL: Yes! My mother pretended I was a girl.

LEA: And my mother pretended I was a boy! Is it possible? It couldn't be. It shouldn't be. Bella?

BIL: Bill!

LEA: It is !

No. 16 RECOGNITION DUET

LEE ANN

I'd recognize you anywhere,
Altho' you look much different now.
I don't know how it happened,
But it's very timely anyhow!

BILL

Your face was so familiar,
But the rest is so much different now;
Whoever did this job on you
Should step right up and take a bow!

BOTH

Oh, what a happy turnaround,
I'm so ecstatic:

A comic opera where you get me and I get you.
There's no unhappy ending
Dire and downright tragic,
"Deus ex machina" for two!

BELLA

Tho' so convincing was your Prince,
None guessed his true condition.
To me you seemed quite normal,
And that should have raised suspicion.

LEE ANN

To any other person
Bella might have seemed neurotic
But to the former Prince
Her very weirdness was exotic.
51.

BELLA

So while the truth we had no inkling of...

LEE ANN

We knew enough to really fall in love.

BOTH

We've changed a lot without a doubt
Between ourselves, it cancels out! Ah!

LEE ANN

I'll love you now and evermore
Whatever your identity,
The maiden that you never were
Is just the perfect man for me!

BILL

I would have loved you as you were,
Despite the impropriety,
But now that you've become a girl,
It ought to please society!

BOTH

Oh, what a happy turnaround,
I'm so ecstatic:
A comic opera where you get me and I get you.

The ending will be sweet,
Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah!
The transformation is complete
How lucky we by chance should meet.
Today we laugh, tonight we kiss,
Ah...it starts like this!

KING: *(entering with Punctilio and Calunnia)* I must say, I find your behavior this evening, and that of your family quite inexplicable. Punctilio. Will you satisfy my curiosity and tell me why you were discovered standing in the shadows outside your home? And can you enlighten me, Madame, what social amenity you were performing behind the wraps in your closet? If I were anyone other than the trusting monarch that I am, I would suspect that my Lord Punctilio and his wife have been avoiding their sovereign!

BOTH; Oh, no, not at all, your Majesty etc. *(start to cough)*

KING: Oh, all right, all right, don't do that. I wish to speak to you.

CAL; Won't you sit down, your Highness?

KING: Thank you. Punctilio, I cannot permit it...

CAL; Some tea?
52.

KING: No, thank you. I say, I cannot...

CAL: Cream and sugar?

KING: No, no... What has happened tonight...

CAL: Coffee, perhaps.

KING: It is an insult to my family, which, for the good of the nation, I cannot permit!

CAL: Some wine, perhaps?

KING; Eh? Do you understand me sir?

PUN: You'd rather have an hors d'oever? *(starts to fetch him some)*

KING: No, no! You lunatic! Your daughter has insulted the Prince of the Realm.

PUN: Oh that.

KING: Yes, that. Well, what are you going to do about it?

PUN; I'll make her apologize immediately, your Highness...

KING; That is insufficient. My son loves your daughter. I have observed that they are a cute couple. Therefore they must marry, *(both begin to cough, but the king stares them into whimpers)* I can understand your becoming overwhelmed at the prospect of entering the royal family. Nevertheless, If you are going to comport yourselves in the manner of the last week, I am sure that we can find a suitable sanatorium for your branch of the family. Now...I have made a decree that our children must marry. They are presently being sought, and when they are found, the marriage will be consummated.

CAL: It can't be!

KING: I don't mean that. I mean, it will be completed. It will happen. They will be married.

PUN: They can't get married!

KING: Why not?

PUN: Well...

CAL: They aren't...in love!

KING: Ha! Is that all? Kings and queens aren't required to love each other. A polite toleration is all that's required. My wife learned to tolerate me. Except... your daughter is... well... you know... isn't she?

PUN: What?

KING: You know. Pristine, unsoiled...

CAL: Oh! What a horrible thought! *(begins to cough again)*

KING: Oh, God, don't start that again! I'm satisfied, *(to Punctilio)* As long as your daughter...

CAL: *(resignedly)* He doesn't have a daughter.

PUN: What? What did you say?

KING: She said that you don't have a daughter.

PUN: She hasn't got it right. What she means is that you don't have a son.

CAL: No, I don't. It has nothing to do with him. You don't have a daughter.

PUN: You're getting all mixed up. Bella said you knew...

CAL: Of course I know. How could I help knowing? I'm his mother!

PUN You're what?

CAL: His mother, of course.

PUN: His mother? I don't believe it! The Prince? But that means that you and the king...

KING; I beg your pardon, but what is all this...

PUN; You keep out of this, you over-sexed oligarch!

KING: What?

PUN; Why don't you go down to the convent? Mustn't waste a moment of good breeding, you know. *(the King stammers in shock)*

CAL: Why are you yelling at him?

PUN; Why am I yelling at the king? Why am I yelling at the king? I'll tell you why I'm yelling at the king. No reason, *(menacing the king)* Nothing important. Just a day of despotic dalliance, that's all. An hour of omnipotent obfuscation-- a minute of monarchical manipulation-- a second of sovereign insemination!

KING: Are you speaking to me?

PUN: You? Why... *(attempts to jump on him)*

CAL: Punctilio, stop! This doesn't concern the king!

PUN; Yes, that's what really makes me mad!

CAL: He can't help it. It's my fault.

PUN; Yes, but it's his daughter!

KING: *(to Punctilio)* You have the daughter!

CAL: No, he doesn't.

PUN; We both do!

KING: Wait! Wait! There are two daughters?

PUN; Yes...

CAL; There are two sons!

KING: That makes four children...

C&P: No, no . . .

KING; That's the answer. That's why I'm King and you're not. Two and two makes four.

CAL: Then who are the other two children?

KING: I don't know. Maybe the footman knows. He knows everything else... *(rings for footman)* In the meantime, one of your children must marry one of mine!

PUN; I only have one daughter!

KING; That's the one I would prefer to marry my son.

CAL: That's impossible! His daughter is really his son.

PUN: No, no, you foolish woman. His son is actually his daughter.

KING: Then we need the other two children, *(rings the bell again)*

CAL: There are no other children. There are only two.

PUN: And they can't marry each other!

KING: And why not?

PUN: Well, for one thing, they both appear to have the same father...

CAL: What? Oh, my God... *(stares at Punctilio)*

#17a *(an orchestral fanfare interrupts the conversation. A small procession enters and the chorus reconvenes. A herald enters)*

HERALD Hear ye! Hear ye! The children of His Highness King Cacatois and Grand Duke Punctilio having been found, by Royal Decree I hereby announce the betrothal and wedding of...

C, P&K; NO, NO!

(all three jump on the herald as Bill and Lee Ann enter, hand in hand)

No. 17 FINALE

CACATOIS

Who are these two handsome strangers,

Have we seen them here before?

I doubt it, doubt it, doubt it, doubt it!

CHORUS

Yes we really doubt it!

CACATOIS

So for heaven's sake, who are you?

We would like to know your names.

How about it, -bout it, -bout it, -bout it?

CHORUS

Yes, so how about it?

BILL

So familiar to you all,

A royal daughter is she.

LEE ANN

And a duke's beloved son,

A happy couple are we!

CHORUS

So familiar to us all,

A royal daughter is she.

And a duke's beloved son,

So who the deuce can they be?

LEE ANN

Long ago, the queen my mother

Begged the duke to help her out...

Cacatois would not accept a daughter...

CHORUS

Daughter, daughter, daughter.

LEE ANN

But a girl was born and kept apart

So no one would find out;

Tho' manly ways could not be taught her...

CHORUS

Taught her, taught her, taught her.

CACATOIS

It's an outrage and an awful shock,
What am I to do?

I am sure a noble head will roll
Before I am through!

CHORUS

It's an outrage and an awful shock,
He knows what to do.
He will chop a noble head
And then he'll feel better too!

BILL

Then a duchess dressed her little boy
In pink and pretty clothes
To save him from the Pasha's clutches...

CHORUS

Clutches, clutches, clutches.

BILL

But a secret such as this
Is hard to keep, as heaven knows.
And I'm the secret of the Duchess

CHORUS

Duchess, Duchess, Duchess!

CACATOIS

What a family of liars,
I'm embarrassed anew.
Never mind, I think the answer
Is to hang both of you!

CHORUS

What a family of liars,
He's embarrassed anew.
But the antidote is simple,
He will hang both of you.

LEE, OBN., BILL CAL., PUN.,
Have mercy, Have mercy, Have mercy!
Have mercy on their/our lives!

Tho' we have mortified you,
Look what we did provide you:
A couple cute and fair!
How rare, how rare, how rare, how rare,
That's very very, wery rare!

OBNOXIA

Do, my King as you like,
'Twill bring you little joy.
But marry me, Your Highness,

We just might have a boy!

CACATOIS

You think we'd have a son?
Is that a guarantee?

OBNOXIA

I'd lay the odds of boys
At nearly five to three!

BILL

That's better odds historic'ly than war,
So set my parents free!

CACATOIS

To pay for such humiliation,
You should mount the scaffold high.
That's the normal royal way.

CHORUS

That's the normal royal way.

CACATOIS

But what you tell me has some merit,
So to be merciful I'll try.
Mind, that's only for today!

CHORUS

Just be sure it's just today.

PUNCTILIO

Tho' this son and daughter suffered...

OBN., CAL., CHORUS

Now they'll lead their normal lives...

LEE ANN, BILL

And no secrets ever need
To exist 'tween men and wives.

OTHERS

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! etc,

BILL

Tho' we lived a glaring lie,
She's a girl and I'm a guy.
58.

Now we'll look respectable

Living in harmony.

ALL

They discovered by and by
That she's a girl and he's a guy.

Now they'll look respectable
Living in harmony!

END