The Ugly Duckling

*or*

Beauty is in the Aye of the Beholder

Operetta libretto based on A.A. Milne’s play of the same name
Lyrics of first two songs by Jeffrey Whitfield; the script and remaining lyrics by Don Orfeo
*NOTE: Some of the dialogue is brazenly stolen directly from the original play!*

## Cast

Chancellor

Princess Camilla

King Morph, her father

Queen Zazu, her mother

Prince Simon

King Ollie, his father

Queen Isabel, his mother

Dulcibella, maid in waiting to Camilla

Egbert, Dulcibella’s boyfriend and son of the Chancellor

Carlo, Simon’s squire

Great-Aunt Malkin

Royal Court members, townspeople.

# Act I

*The Throne Room. It is not at all fancy; it is in fact just the living room of a house occupied by the royalty. There are four thrones USC, two large in the center, two smaller ones to either side. Two benches are against the back wall next to the two smaller thrones. King Morph is asleep slouched on the center right throne. Townspeople and royal staff are preparing and decorating the space for an upcoming wedding; the Chancellor is busy giving directions and keeping the excited townspeople quiet so that they do not awaken the King. The curtains remain closed during the largo of the introduction; they open on measure 32 of the Allegro portion.*

## SONG 01: Stream the Streamers (Chancellor, Ensemble of Royal Court and townspeople)

**Ensemble**

Stream the streamers hang the banners, pluck the lyre, fill the cup!

But for dreamers, Mind your manners, please don’t wake his highness up!

But for dreamers, mind your manners, please don’t wake his highness up!

The Princess soon will be a bride, let the revelry commence.

Hear us croon with joy and pride for Camilla and the Prince, Camilla and the Prince!

 **Chancellor**

Tiptoe softly, Shush your musing

On his daughter’s wedding day.

He is lofty and is snoozing,

Whisper what you have to say!

 **Ensemble**

Many, many years He has toiled To find a groom the bride could keep.

Oft the fears Of being foiled Had robbed him of his nightly sleep;

Oft the fears of being foiled Had robbed him of his nightly sleep!

Yesterday the King was told Prince Simon from a distant land

Arrives today (The lad is bold) To claim Camilla’s lonely hand, Camila’s lonely hand.

 **Chancellor**

Hail the king who did this deed but hail him softly; do not scoff:

In no small thing he did succeed to get his daughter married off, his daughter married off!

 **Ensemble** [*kneeling piously*]

All hail the King who did this deed, I would not scoff; His daughter now will soon be married off!

 **Chancellor**

Tiptoe softly! Shush your musing! He is loftly, and is snoozing! Tiptoe softly! tiptoe softly, softly, softly, softly,

**Chancellor and Ensemble Parts 1 and 2**

(Chancellor) softly, softly, softly, softly, softly, softly, softly, But for dreamers, Mind your manners, please don’t wake his highness up!

(Ensemble Part 1) Stream the streamers hang the banners, pluck the lyre, fill the cup!

But for dreamers, Mind your manners, please don’t wake his highness up!

But for dreamers, mind your manners, please don’t wake his highness up!

(Ensemble Part 2)All hail the King who did this deed, I would not scoff; His daughter now will soon be married off!

[*Crowd cheers loudly*]

**Chancellor**

Tiptoe softly! Shush you musing! He is lofty, and is snoozing! Tiptoe softly! Tiptoe softly, softly, softly—

**Ensemble**

Please don’t wake his highness up; please don’t wake his highness up!

[Chancellor shoos all off stage L&R; he prepares to “Shhhh;” on the last chord; instead, on the last chord the chorus pops their heads on stage from the wings and gives a loud “Shhhh” sound!]

## SONG END

[*Chancellor briefly inspects the décor, then looks at his wristwatch or pocket watch (it is an hourglass).*]

 **Chancellor**

Ah, look at the time; they’ll be arriving any moment! [*He turns to awaken the King; quietly speaking.*] Your Highness? King Morph? [*a little louder*] Your Highness? [*gently shakes his leg*] Hello? Hi? [*gets an idea, stomps his feet*] Ah, I do believe I hear the footsteps of your wife the Queen approaching. [*King awakens with a start.*]

**King Morph**

(With simple dignity) I was thinking.

**Chancellor**

(Bowing) Never, Your Majesty, was greater need for thought than now.

**King Morph**

That’s what I was thinking.

(He struggles into a more dignified position.) Well, what is it? More trouble?

**Chancellor**

What we might call the old trouble, Your Majesty.

**King Morph**

It’s what I was saying last night to the Queen. “Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown,” was how I put it.

**Chancellor**

A profound and original thought, which may well go down to posterity.

**King Morph**

You mean it may go down well with posterity. I hope so. Remind me to tell you some time of another little thing I said to Her Majesty: something about a fierce light beating on a throne. Posterity would like that, too. Well, what is it?

**Chancellor**

It is in the matter of Her Royal Highness’s wedding.

**King Morph**

Oh . . . yes.

**Chancellor**

As Your Majesty is aware, the young Prince Simon arrives today to seek Her Royal Highness’s hand in marriage. He has been traveling in distant lands and, as I understand, has not — er — has not —

**King Morph**

You mean he hasn’t heard anything.

**Chancellor**

It is a little difficult to put this tactfully, Your Majesty.

**King Morph**

Do your best, and I will tell you afterwards how you got on.

**Chancellor**

Let me put it this way. The Prince Simon will naturally assume that Her Royal Highness has the customary — so customary as to be, in my own poor opinion, slightly monotonous — has what one might call the inevitable — so inevitable as to be, in my opinion again, almost mechanical — will assume, that she has the, as I think of it, faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly —

 **King Morph**

What you are trying to say in the fewest words possible is that my daughter is not beautiful.

 **Chancellor**

Her beauty is certainly elusive, Your Majesty.

 **King Morph**

It is. It has eluded you, it has eluded me, it has eluded everybody who has seen her. It even eluded the Court Painter. His last words were, “Well, I did my best.” His successor is now painting the view across the water-meadows from the West Turret. He says that his doctor has advised him to keep to landscape.

**Chancellor**

It is unfortunate, Your Majesty, but there it is. One just cannot understand how it can have occurred.

## SONG 02: The Princess Is a Charming Girl (Chancellor, King Morph)

**Chancellor**

The princess is a charming girl,

Tis’ writ in all the books.

Though folks may gawk and stare at her

You cannot fault her character,

Though you may find (I’m being kind)

Great fault within her looks!

Her nose is long and sharply pointed,

Even ‘tis somewhat disjointed,

Her eyes are small and shifty.

 **King Morph**

I suppose.

**Chancellor**

Mother Nature must have spent

Great sums upon her merriment

But on her beauty Ma was bent

To be a bit too thrifty!

 **King Morph**

Heaven knows! Heaven knows!

**Both**

At least she has personality,

And talents galore and versatility.

 **Chancellor**

As a princess she is anything but beautiful and fair,

 **King Morph**

But we’ve got to give her credit: she has very pleasant hair!

**Both**

As a princess she is anything but beautiful and fair,

But we’ve got to give her credit: she has hair!

**Chancellor**

The hair upon your daughter, Sire,

I’m forced to say is like barbed wire;

Her ears like cauliflower.

 **King Morph**

That is true; that is true.

 **Chancellor**

A cleft chin on a girl ne’er sells,

Nor puffy cheeks like bullfrog swells,

Likewise breath that always smells

Like milk that’s left to sour.

 **King Morph**

What to do; what to do?

 **Both**

At least she has personality,

And talents galore and versatility.

**Chancellor**

But granted, as of yet she hasn’t really reached her prime,

**King Morph**

There is room for some improvement if you give her lots of time!

**Both**

But granted as of yet she hasn’t really reached her prime,

There is room for some improvement given time!

**Chancellor**

Time, my Lord, is ticking past her

And every year is ticking faster,

Faster all the while.

 **King Morph**

Blasted time! Blasted time!

**Chancellor**

The girl, my Liege, is twenty-three,

Or, at least she soon will be,

And if on schedule, she should be

Walking up the aisle.

 **King Morph**

Wedding chimes; Wedding chimes!

But I haven’t found a prince

Who wouldn’t choke or scream or wince

Or on compulsion have a convulsion

The moment that he glanced a trace

Of her un-redeeming face!

**Both**

At least she has personality,

And talents galore and versatility.

**Chancellor**

Admitted on the inside she is delicately primped,

**King Morph**

It’s just that on the outside someone made a poor attempt

**Both**

Yes, admitted on the inside she is delicately primped,

It’s just that on outside she’s a ch-- ch-- !

[*On last chord poses like chimps!*]

## SONG END

 **Chancellor**

Well, at least, she does have great beauty of character.

 **King Morph**

My dear Chancellor, we are not considering Her Royal Highness’s character, but her chances of getting married. You observe that there is a distinction.

 **Chancellor**

Yes, Your Majesty.

 **King Morph**

This doesn’t, of course, alter the fact that the Princess Camilla is quite the nicest person in the Kingdom.

 **Chancellor**

(Enthusiastically) She is indeed, Your Majesty. [*Hurriedly*] With the exception, I need hardly say, of Your Majesty — and Her Majesty.

 **King Morph**

Your exceptions are tolerated for their loyalty and condemned for their extreme fatuity.

 **Chancellor**

Thank you, Your Majesty.

 **King Morph**

As an adjective for your King, the word “nice” is ill-chosen. As an adjective for Her Majesty, it is — ill-chosen. [*At which moment Her Majesty comes in. The King rises. The Chancellor puts himself at right angles.*]

 **Queen Zazu**

[*Briskly*] Ah. Talking about Camilla? [*She sits down.*]

 **King Morph**

[*Returning to his throne*] As always, my dear, you are right.

 **Queen Zazu**

[*To Chancellor*] This fellow, Simon — What’s he like?

 **Chancellor**

Nobody has seen him, Your Majesty.

 **Queen Zazu**

How old is he?

 **Chancellor**

Five-and-twenty, I understand.

 **Queen Zazu**

In twenty-five years he must have been seen by somebody.

 **King Morph**

[*To the Chancellor*] Just a fleeting glimpse.

 **Chancellor**

I meant, Your Majesty, that no detailed report of him has reached this country, save that he has the usual personal advantages and qualities expected of a Prince, and has been traveling in distant and dangerous lands.

 **Queen Zazu**

Ah! Nothing gone wrong with his eyes? Sunstroke or anything?

 **Chancellor**

Not that I am aware of, Your Majesty. At the same time, as I was venturing to say to His Majesty, Her Royal Highness’s character and disposition are so outstandingly —

 **Queen Zazu**

Stuff and nonsense. You remember what happened when we had the Tournament of Love last year.

 **Chancellor**

I was not myself present, Your Majesty. I had not then the honor of — I was abroad, and never heard the full story.

**Queen Zazu**

No, you were not there; it was the other fool.

## SONG 03: The Queen’s Lament (Queen Zazu, King Morph, Chancellor)

**Queen Zazu**

The day all the suitors arrived on the day of the Tournament of Love,

They lined up on the field full of life, to pay homage to one sitting far above;

T’was the Princess in the bleachers overhead, whose appearance generated instant dread!

The Tournament plan was announced: every suitor shall attack, push and pounce;

The one remaining suitor would become the one to suit her.

The rivals readied on their mounts, all brave men by all accounts.

The heralds blew the trumpets, the signal for the fight,

They charged from all directions, up and down and left and right!

[*King nonchalantly whistles; Queen stops the orchestra and speaks to King*] Don’t do that.

 **King Morph**

I’m sorry, my dear.

 **Chancellor**

[*After a long pause by the Queen*]…and?

 **Queen Zazu**

And? Let’s see…pounce, trumpets, charged, ah! [*She starts the music*]

They charged from all directions, up and down and left and right!

What did they do? As if on queue,

Every single one of them as if by hidden forces

Simultaneously claimed defeat by falling off their horses!

 **King Morph**

One was not quite as fast and I was even quicker.

I collared him and brought him in

And then declared him victor.

 **Queen Zazu**

At the Feast of Betrothal held that night—

 **King Morph**

We all were very quick.

 **Queen Zazu**

The Chancellor quickly explained, that though, fit as a fiddle,

The suitor had one more task to complete: to answer a simple riddle.

**Chancellor**

Such undoubtedly is the fact, Your Majesty.

 **King Morph**

There are times for announcing facts, and

There are times for looking at things in a broad-minded way.

Please remember that, Chancellor.

**Chancellor**

Yes, Your Majesty.

 **Queen Zazu**

I invented the riddle myself.

 **King Morph**

All by herself.

 **Queen Zazu**

Quite an easy one. What is it that has four legs and barks like a dog? [*Chancellor looks confused*] The answer is, “A dog.”

**King Morph**

[*To Chancellor*] You see that?

 **Chancellor**

Yes, Your Majesty.

 **King Morph**

It isn’t difficult.

**Queen Zazu**

He, however, seemed to find it so.

First he said an eagle. Then he said a serpent; a very high mountain with slippery sides; two peacocks; a moonlight night; the day after tomorrow —

**King Morph**

Nobody could accuse him of not trying.

 **Queen Zazu**

I did.

**King Morph**

I should have said that nobody could fail to recognize in his attitude an appearance of doggedness.

 **Queen Zazu**

Finally he said “Death.” I nudged the King —

 **King Morph**

Accepting the word “nudge” for the moment, I rubbed my ankle with one hand, clapped him on the shoulder with the other, and congratulated him on the correct answer. He disappeared under the table, and I never saw him again.

 **Queen Zazu**

His body was found in the moat next morning.

 **Chancellor**

But what was he doing in the moat, Your Majesty?

 **King Morph**

Bobbing about. Try not to ask needless questions.

## SONG END

 **Chancellor**

It all seems so strange.

 **Queen Zazu**

What does?

 **Chancellor**

That Her Royal Highness, alone of all the Princesses one has ever heard of, should lack that invariable attribute of Royalty, supreme beauty. On the other hand, since my wife died so many years ago, I’m yet to find a woman who meets my standards, preferably a beautiful someone who can challenge my every moment with her intellectual superiority…

 **Queen Zazu**

[*To Chancellor*] I think you just opened yourself up to half of the people in the kingdom.

**Chancellor**

[*Not comprehending the insult*] Why, thank you, Your Highness!

 **Queen Zazu**

[*To the King*] Camilla’s beauty was taken away by your Great-Aunt Malkin. She came to the christening. She said—you remember what she said?

## SONG 04: The King’s Lament (King Morph, Queen Zazu, Chancellor)

**King Morph**

It was cryptic. Great-Aunt Malkin’s besetting weakness. She came to my christening — she was one hundred and one then, and that was fifty-one years ago. [*To Chancellor*] How old would that make her? [*Chancellor takes out an abacus and calculates.*]

 **Chancellor**

One hundred and fifty-two, Your Majesty.

 **King Morph**

[*After thought*] About that, yes.

She promised me that when I grew up I should have all the happiness that my wife deserved. It struck me at the time — well, when I say “at the time,” I was only a week old — but it did strike me as soon as anything could strike me — I mean of that nature — well, work it out for yourself, Chancellor. It opens up a most interesting field of speculation. Though naturally I have not liked to go into it at all deeply with Her Majesty.

 **Queen Zazu**

I never heard anything less cryptic. She was wishing you extreme happiness.

 **King Morph**

I don’t think she was wishing me anything. However.

 **Chancellor**

[*To the Queen*] But what, Your Majesty, did she wish Her Royal Highness?

 **Queen Zazu**

Her other godmother — on my side — had promised her the dazzling beauty for which all the women in my family are famous — [*She pauses, and the King snaps his fingers surreptitiously in the direction of the Chancellor.*]

 **Chancellor**

[*Hurriedly*] Indeed, yes, Your Majesty. [*The King relaxes.*]

 **Queen Zazu**

And Great-Aunt Malkin said — [*To the King*] — what were the words?

 **King Morph**

I give you with this kiss

A wedding-day surprise:

Where ignorance is bliss,

Tis folly to be wise.

 **Queen Zazu, Chancellor**

She gave her with a kiss

A wedding-day surprise:

Where ignorance is bliss,

Tis folly to be wise.

 **King Morph**

Where ignorance is bliss,

Tis folly to be wise.

 **King Morph, Queen Zazu, Chancellor**

What mystery is this?

We simply can’t surmise;

The mark it seems to miss,

Though we try it on for size.

I give you with this kiss

A wedding-day surprise:

Where ignorance is bliss,

Tis folly to be wise.

 **King Morph**

Where ignorance is bliss,

Tis folly to be wise.

## SONG END

I thought the last two lines rather neat. But what it meant —

 **Queen Zazu**

We can all see what it meant. She was given beauty — and where is it? Great-Aunt Malkin took it away from her. The wedding-day surprise is that there will never be a wedding day.

 **King Morph**

Young men being what they are, my dear, it would be much more surprising if there were a wedding day. So how — [*tragedy-impending music sounds: two bars from Devork’s “New World;” opening bars from “Night on Bald Mountain;” the storm music from Rossini’s “William Tell Overture”*]

 **Chancellor**

## SONG 05: The Princesses’ Greetings (Princess Camilla)

King Morph, Queen Zazu, Princess Camilla approaches!

[*The Chancellor hides behind the thrones X from the side of the Princess’ entrance. The Princess comes in. She is young, happy, healthy, but currently wearing a clay facial and a muumuu or robe, both hiding her beauty and figure; her hair may be in rollers or at least covered up in some sort of corresponding fashion.*]

**Princess Camilla**

[*To the Queen and King; tune from Stephon’s entrance from Iolanthe*] Good morrow, dear mother! Dear father, good morrow! For I’m to be married… [*Seeing the Chancellor; waves to the conductor to stop the music*]

## SONG END

Oh, I say! Affairs of state? Sorry.

**King Morph**

[*Holding out his hand*] Don’t go, Camilla. [*She takes his hand.*]

 **Chancellor**

Shall I withdraw, Your Majesty?

 **Queen Zazu**

You are aware, Camilla, that Prince Simon arrives today?

 **Princess Camilla**

He has arrived. They’re just letting down the drawbridge.

 **King Morph**

[*Jumping up*] Arrived! I must —

 **Princess Camilla**

My dear father, you know what the drawbridge is like. It takes at least half an hour to let it down.

 **King Morph**

[*Sitting down*] It wants oil. [*To the Chancellor*] Have you been grudging it oil?

 **Princess Camilla**

It wants a new drawbridge, darling.

 **Chancellor**

Have I Your Majesty’s permission —

 **King Morph**

Yes, yes. [*The Chancellor bows and goes out.*]

 **Queen Zazu**

You’ve told him, of course? It’s our only chance.

 **King Morph**

Er — no. I was just going to, when —

 **Queen Zazu**

Then I’d better. [*She goes to the door.*] You can explain to the girl; I’ll have her sent to you. You’ve told Camilla?

 **King Morph**

Er — no. I was just going to, when —

 **Queen Zazu**

Then you’d better tell her now.

 **King Morph**

My dear, are you sure —

 **Queen Zazu**

It’s the only chance left. [*Dramatically to heaven*] My daughter! [*She goes out. There is a little silence when she is gone.*]

## SONG 06: The Facts of Life (King Morph, Princess Camilla)

 **King Morph**

Camilla, I want to talk seriously to you about marriage.

 **Princess Camilla**

Yes, father.

 **King Morph**

It is time you learned some of the facts of life.

 **Princess Camilla**

Yes, father.

 **King Morph**

Now the great fact about marriage is that once you’re married you will live happily ever after. All our history books affirm this.

 **Princess Camilla**

And your personal experience, too.

 **King Morph**

[*With dignity*] Let us confine ourselves to history for the moment.

 **Princess Camilla**

Yes, father.

 **King Morph**

Of course, there may be an exception here and there, which, as it were, proves the rule; just as — oh, well, never mind.

 **Princess Camilla**

[*Smiling*] Go on, darling. You were going to say that an exception here and there proves the rule that all princesses are beautiful.

 **King Morph**

Well — leave that for the moment. The point is that it doesn’t matter how you marry, or who you marry, as long as you get married. Because you’ll be happily ever after in any case. Do you follow me so far?

 **Princess Camilla**

Yes, father.

 **King Morph**

Well, your mother and I have a little plan —

 **Princess Camilla**

Was that it, going out of the door just now?

 **King Morph**

Er — yes. It concerns your waiting maid.

 **Princess Camilla**

Darling, I have several.

 **King Morph**

Only one that leaps to the eye, so to speak. The one with the — well, with everything.

 **Princess Camilla**

Dulcibella?

 **King Morph**

That’s the one.

It is our little plan that at the first meeting

She should be the one that Prince Simon will be greeting.

She’ll pass herself off as the Princess —

A harmless ruse, of which you’ll find

Frequent record in the history books.

She will then allure Prince Simon to his senses—

That is to say, to break down any fences —

In other words, the wedding will take place

As quietly immediately after,

And— well,

Naturally in view

Of the fact that your Aunt Malkin is one hundred and fifty-two;

And since you will be wearing the family bridal veil —

Which is no doubt how the custom arose —

The surprise after the marriage will be his.

Are you following me at all? Your attention seems to be wandering.

 **Princess Camilla**

I was wondering why you needed to tell me.

 **King Morph**

Just a precautionary measure, in case you happened to meet the Prince or his attendant before the ceremony; in which case, of course, you would pass yourself off as the maid —

 **Princess Camilla**

A harmless ruse, of which, also,

You’ll find frequent record in the history books.

 **King Morph**

Exactly. But the occasion need not arise.

 [*A* **Voice** *Announcing*] The woman Dulcibella!

 **King Morph**

Ah! [*To the Princess*] Now, Camilla, if you will just retire to your own apartments, I will come to you there when we are ready for the actual ceremony. [*He leads her out as he is talking; and as he returns calls out.*]

## SONG END

## SONG 07: Woo and Coo (King Morph, Dulcibella)

Come in, come in, my dear! [*Dulcibella comes in. She is beautiful, but basically clueless.*] Now don’t be frightened, there is nothing to be frightened about. Has Her Majesty told you what you have to do?

**Dulcibella**

Y-yes, Your Majesty.

**King Morph**

Well now, let’s see how well you can do it. You are sitting here, we will say. [*He leads her to a seat.*] Now imagine that I am Prince Simon. [*He curls his moustache and puts his stomach in. She giggles.*] You are the beautiful Princess Camilla whom he has never seen. [*She giggles again.*] This is a serious moment in your life, and you will find that a giggle will not be helpful. [*He goes to the door.*] I am announced: “His Royal Highness Prince Simon!” That’s me being announced. Remember what I said about giggling. You should have a far-away look upon your face. [*She does her best.*] Farther away than that. [*She tries again.*] No, no, that’s too far. You are sitting there, thinking beautiful thoughts — in maiden meditation, fancy-free, as I remember saying to Her Majesty once . . . speaking of somebody else . . . fancy-free, but with the mouth definitely shut — that’s better. I advance and fall upon one knee. [*He eventually does so.*] You extend your hand graciously — graciously; you’re not trying to push him in the face — that’s better, and I raise it to my lips — so — and I kiss it, [*He kisses her hand.*] and I say, “Your Royal Highness, this is the most — er — Your Royal Highness, I shall ever be — no — Your Royal Highness, it is the proudest—” Well, the point is that he will say it, and it will be something complimentary, and then he will take your hand in both of his, and press it to his heart. [*He does so.*] And then — what do you say?

**Dulcibella**

Coo!

**King Morph**

No, not Coo.

**Dulcibella**

Never had anyone do that to me before!

**King Morph**

That also strikes the wrong note. What you want to say is, “Oh, Prince Simon!” . . . Say it.

**Dulcibella**

[*Loudly*] Oh, Prince Simon!

**King Morph**

No, no. You do not need to shout until he has said “What?” two or three times. Always consider the possibility that he isn’t deaf. Softly, and giving the words a dying fall, letting them play around his head like a flight of doves: “Oh, Prince Simon!”

**Dulcibella**

[*Still a little overloud*] O-o-o-o-h, Prinsimon!

**King Morph**

Keep the idea in your mind of a flight of doves rather than a flight of panic-stricken elephants, and you will be all right. Now I’m going to get up and you must, as it were, guide me to a seat by your side. [*She starts wafting.*] Not rescuing a drowning man, that’s another idea altogether, useful at times, but at the moment inappropriate. Just a gentle guide. Prince Simon will put the necessary muscles into play — all you’re required to do is to indicate by a gracious movement of the hand the seat you require him to take. Now! [*He gets up, a little stiffly, and sits next to her.*] That’s better. Well, here we are. Now, I think you give me a look: something, let us say, half-way between a worshipful attitude and wild abandonment, with an undertone of regal dignity, touched, as it were, with good comradeship. Now try that. [*She gives him a vacant look of bewilderment.*] Frankly, that didn’t quite get it. There was just a little something missing. An absence, as it were, of all the qualities I asked for, and in their place an odd resemblance to an unsatisfied fish. Let us try to get at it another way. Dulcibella, have you a young man of your own?

**Dulcibella**

[*Eagerly, seizing his hand*] Oo, yes, he’s ever so smart, he’s a cook in the kitchen, well not as you might say a real cook, he’s an apprentice, but old Bottlenose, you know who I mean, your main chef, says the very next wedding my Egbert shall take his place, knowing Father and how it is with Eg and me, and me being maid to Her Royal Highness and can’t marry me till he’s a real cook, but ever so loving, and funny like, the things he says, I said to him once, “Eg,” I said — [*King Morph puts a finger to her mouth.*]

**King Morph**

You mean Egbert, the Chancellor’s son?

 **Dulcibella**

Oh, yes, and so like his father, he —

**King Morph**

[*Getting up and interrupting*] I rather fancy, Dulcibella, that if you think of Eg all the time, say as little as possible, and, when thinking of Eg, see that the mouth is not more than partially open, you will do very well. I will show you where you are to sit and wait for His Royal Highness. [*He leads her out. On the way he is singing*] Now remember — gently guide — guide — not grab.

## SONG END

[*She returns, glancing around to be sure no one sees her.*]

## SONG 08: How Does One Survive (Dulcibella)

How does one survive?

I’m a simple-minded woman.

Yet however I contrive

To be one who’s super-human

I fumble thoughts and words galore;

And often come across as a bore.

But,

I’m intrigued by quantum qualitation of my many mysteries,

Genome prototypes of latent vestibular histories.

Philosophic contemplations of Platonic implications

Melatonin-mediated constructs breeding simulations

And what is it all for?

Do I really need to say more?

All my thoughts that I would share

I really can’t I do not dare

My intellect if I laid bare

I’d be thrown out the door!

How does one survive?

I’ve a heart with love desiring.

Yet however I contrive

To entice one by conspiring

To be kind and supportive,

All my efforts are abortive.

But,

I can implement sudation protocol for diaphoresis,

Generate class actions using my Oxford doctoral thesis.

Epistemological and general philological

Be a source of wisdom, logic, and everything that’s prodigal!

And what is it all for?

Do I really need to say more?

All my thoughts that I would share

I really can’t I do not dare

My intellect if I laid bare

I’d be thrown out of the door!

If my thoughts I were to share

I’d really have to take a care.

I will not speak, I do not dare;

I’ve sung enough; no more!

[*First ending, a defiant pose; second ending, exits in tears.*]

## SONG END

[*Dulcibella exits.* *Prince Simon wanders in from the back unannounced. He is a very ordinary-looking young man in rather dusty clothes. He gives a deep sigh of relief as he sinks into the King’s throne.*]

**Prince Simon**

Ah, a chance to relax!

## SONG 09: One of My Dreams (Prince Simon)

Long before I chanced to meet you,

I would dream alone,

And wake in joy to share the scenes I’ve seen of you.

When I woke with no one near me,

All my dreams gave way to madness!

How could I tell you:

One of my dreams, I long to share,

A giving of gladness to show our care.

One of my hopes, my heart’s desires,

A giving of receiving to show our care.

Once I traveled a lonely road;

How I missed you! Mystery that you are.

How could I love you,

Knowing not who you are?

[*He stands*] On my road I went strolling,

Then saw her standing by a stream.

At once my heart was beholding

The one within my dream!

We danced through blossoming flowers,

And watched butterflies take to flight.

We laughed and cried through the hours;

We shared our love in moonlight.

After I had chanced to meet you,

I awoke—alone.

Someday in sleep again we’ll meet and I will tell you:

One of our dreams, we long to share:

A giving of receiving as only love shall dare.

Once more, I’m traveling that lonely road;

Now I love you! (Though I know not who you are.) For

Someday you’ll find me,

And someday, someday, I will find you.

[*He sits back down in a reclining position*] One of my dreams… [*On the song’s final chord he lets out a high-pitched sigh.*]

## SONG END

[*Princess Camilla, a new and strangely beautiful Camilla freed from her original beauty restraints, comes in.*]

## SONG 10: How It Is (Princess Camilla, Prince Simon)

 **Princess Camilla**

[*Surprised*] Well!

 **Prince Simon**

Oh, hallo!

 **Princess Camilla**

Ought you?

 **Prince Simon**

[*Getting up*] Do sit down, won’t you?

 **Princess Camilla**

Who are you, and how did you get here?

 **Prince Simon**

Well, that’s rather a long story. Couldn’t we sit down? You could sit here if you like, but it isn’t very comfortable.

 **Princess Camilla**

Thrones are not meant to be comfortable.

 **Prince Simon**

Well, I don’t know if they’re meant to be, but they certainly aren’t.

 **Princess Camilla**

Why were you sitting on the King’s Throne, and who are you?

 **Prince Simon**

I am Prince Simon—‘s Lord High Chamberlain, Carlo.

 **Princess Camilla**

I am Dulcibella.

 **Prince Simon**

Good. And now couldn’t we sit down?

 **Princess Camilla**

[*Sitting down on the long seat to the left of the throne, and, as it were, wafting him to a place next to her*] You may sit here, if you like. Why are you so tired? [*He sits down*.]

 **Prince Simon**

I’ve been taking very strenuous exercise.

 **Princess Camilla**

Is that part of the long story?

 **Prince Simon**

It is.

 **Princess Camilla**

[*Settling herself*] I love stories.

 **Prince Simon**

This isn’t a story, really. As I said, I’m attendant on Prince Simon who is visiting here.

 **Princess Camilla**

Oh? I’m attendant on Her Royal Highness.

 **Prince Simon**

Then you know what he’s here for.

 **Princess Camilla**

Yes.

 **Prince Simon**

She is very beautiful, I hear.

 **Princess Camilla**

Did you hear that? Where have you been lately?

 **Prince Simon**

[*When he speaks “traveling in distant lands,” the orchestra plays that short segment “from a distant land” from the opening number.*]

Traveling in distant lands — with Prince Simon.

 **Princess Camilla**

Ah! All the same, I don’t understand. Is Prince Simon in the Palace now? The drawbridge *can’t* be down yet!

 **Prince Simon**

I don’t suppose it is. *And* what a noise it makes coming down!

 **Princess Camilla**

Isn’t it terrible?

 **Prince Simon**

I couldn’t stand it and just had to get away. That’s why I’m here.

 **Princess Camilla**

But how?

 **Prince Simon**

Well, there’s only one way, isn’t there? That beech tree, and then a swing and a grab for the battlements, and don’t ask me to remember it all — [*He shudders*.]

 **Princess Camilla**

You mean you came across the moat by that beech tree?

 **Prince Simon**

Yes. I got so tired of hanging about.

 **Princess Camilla**

But it’s terribly dangerous!

 **Prince Simon**

That’s why I’m so exhausted. Nervous shock. [*He lies back and breathes loudly*.]

 **Princess Camilla**

Of course, it’s different for *me*.

 **Prince Simon**

[*Sitting up*] Say that again. I must have heard you wrong.

 **Princess Camilla**

It’s different for me, because I’m used to it. Besides, I’m so much lighter.

 **Prince Simon**

You don’t mean that *you* —

 **Princess Camilla**

Oh yes, often.

 **Prince Simon**

And I thought I was a brave man! At least, I didn’t until five minutes ago, and now I don’t again.

 **Princess Camilla**

Oh, but you are! And I think it’s wonderful to do it straight off the first time.

 **Prince Simon**

Well, *you* did.

 **Princess Camilla**

Oh no, not the first time. When I was a child.

 **Prince Simon**

You mean that you crashed?

 **Princess Camilla**

Well, you only fall into the moat.

 **Prince Simon**

Only! Can you *swim*?

 **Princess Camilla**

Of course!

 **Prince Simon**

So you swam to the castle walls, and yelled for help, and they fished you out and punished you. And next day you tried again. Well, if *that* isn’t pluck —

 **Princess Camilla**

Of course I didn’t. I swam back, and did it at once; I mean I tried again at once. It wasn’t until the third time that I actually did it. You see, I was afraid that I might lose my nerve.

 **Prince Simon**

Afraid she might lose her nerve!

 **Princess Camilla**

There’s also a way of getting over from this side; a tree grows out from the wall and you jump into another tree — I don’t think it’s quite so easy.

 **Prince Simon**

Not quite so easy. Good. You must show me.

 **Princess Camilla**

Oh, I will.

 **Prince Simon**

Perhaps it might be as well if you first taught me how to swim. I’ve often heard about swimming but never —

 **Princess Camilla**

You can’t swim?

 **Prince Simon**

No. Don’t look so surprised. There are many, many other things that I can’t do, some better than others. I’ll tell you about them as soon as you have a couple of years to spare.

 **Princess Camilla**

You can’t swim and yet you crossed by the beech tree! And you’re ever so much heavier than I am! Now who’s brave?

 **Prince Simon**

[*Getting up*] You keep talking about how light you are. I must see if there’s anything to it. Stand up! [*She stands obediently and he picks her up*.] You’re right, Dulcibella. I could hold you here forever. [*Looking at her*] You’re very lovely. Do you know how lovely you are?

 **Princess Camilla**

Yes. [*She laughs suddenly and happily*.]

 **Prince Simon**

Why do you laugh?

 **Princess Camilla**

Aren’t you tired of holding me?

 **Prince Simon**

Frankly, yes. I exaggerated when I said I could hold you forever. When you’ve been hanging by the arms for ten minutes over a very deep moat, wondering if it’s too late to learn how to swim — [*He puts her down*.] — What I meant was that I should like to hold you forever. Why did you laugh?

 **Princess Camilla**

Oh, well, it was a little private joke of mine.

 **Prince Simon**

If it comes to that, I’ve got a private joke too.

 **Prince Simon and Princess Camilla**

[*After a pause*] Let’s exchange them!

 **Princess Camilla**

Mine’s very private. One other woman in the whole world knows, and that’s all.

 **Prince Simon**

Mine’s just as private. One other man knows, and that’s all.

**Princess Camilla**

What fun! I love secrets. . . . Well, here’s mine.

When I was born, one of my godmothers promised that I should be very beautiful.

 **Prince Simon**

How right she was.

 **Princess Camilla**

But the other one said this:

I give you with this kiss

A wedding-day surprise.

Where ignorance is bliss

’Tis folly to be wise.

And nobody knew what it meant.

And I grew up very plain.

And then, when I was about ten,

I one day met my godmother in the forest glen.

It was my tenth birthday. Nobody knows this — except you.

 **Prince Simon**

Except us.

 **Princess Camilla**

Except us.

And she told me what her gift meant.

It meant that I *was* beautiful —

But everyone else would fail to notice,

And would think of me as plain,

Until my wedding day.

She said it was because

She didn’t want me

To grow up spoiled and willful and vain,

As I should have done

If all were always saying how beautiful I was;

And the best thing in the world, she said,

Was to be quite sure of yourself,

But not to expect admiration from other people.

So ever since then my mirror

Has told me I am beautiful,

And everyone else thinks me ugly,

And I get a lot of fun out of it!

 **Prince Simon**

Well, seeing that Dulcibella is the result, I can only say that your godmother was very, very wise.

 **Princess Camilla**

And now tell me your secret.

 **Prince Simon**

It isn’t such a pretty one. You see,

King Ollie and Queen Isabel

Wanted their son to woo Princess Camilla,

And they’d heard that she was beautiful and haughty and imperious —

All *you* would have been if your godmother hadn’t been so wise.

And as he was ordinary-looking,

They were afraid she wouldn’t think much of him,

So they suggested that one of his attendants,

A man called Carlo, of extremely attractive appearance,

That *he* should pretend to be the Prince, and win the Princess’s hand;

And then at the last moment they would change places —

 **Princess Camilla**

How would they do that?

 **Prince Simon**

The Prince was going to have been married in full armor — with his visor down.

 **Princess Camilla**

[*Laughing happily*] Oh, what fun!

 **Prince Simon**

Neat, isn’t it?

 **Princess Camilla**

[*Laughing*] Oh, very . . . very . . . very.

 **Prince Simon**

Neat, but not so terribly funny. Why do you keep laughing?

 **Princess Camilla**

Well, that’s another secret.

 **Prince Simon**

If it comes to that, *I’ve* got another one up my sleeve. Shall we exchange again?

 **Princess Camilla**

All right. You go first this time.

 **Prince Simon**

Very well. . . .

## SONG END; segue

## SONG 11 Part 1: When circumstances take the stage (Prince Simon, Princess Camilla)

When circumstances take the stage

And nuances are all the rage

While all the world is dancing

And the princess is prancing

And would hope to be engaged

So her life would turn a page

A prince would try to gather near

Despite enduring dreadful fear

His looks or else his age

Might entrap him in a cage

And if his features notwithstanding

Generate misunderstanding

How would he cope,

With little hope

To keep from seeming like a dope

And much more like a sage!

So!

 **Prince Simon, Princess Camilla**

When circumstances take the stage

And nuances are all the rage

While all the world is dancing

And the princess is prancing

And would hope to be engaged

So her life would turn a page

A prince would try to gather near

Despite enduring dreadful fear

His looks or else his age

Might entrap him in a cage

And if his features notwithstanding

Generate misunderstanding

 **Prince Simon**

Here’s how I cope,

With much more hope

To tell you now the real dope

It doesn’t take a sage!

I am not Carlo. [*Standing up and speaking dramatically*] I am Prince Simon! — *Ow!* [*He sits down and rubs his leg violently.*]

## SONG END

 **Princess Camilla**

[*Alarmed*] What is it?

 **Prince Simon**

Cramp. [*ln a mild voice, still rubbing*] I was saying that I was Prince Simon.

 **Princess Camilla**

Shall I rub it for you? [*She rubs*.]

 **Prince Simon**

[*Still hopefully*] I am Simon.

 **Princess Camilla**

Is that better?

 **Prince Simon**

[*Despairingly*] I am Simon.

 **Princess Camilla**

I know.

 **Prince Simon**

How did you know?

 **Princess Camilla**

Well, you told me.

 **Prince Simon**

But oughtn’t you to swoon or something?

 **Princess Camilla**

Why? History records many similar ruses.

 **Prince Simon**

[*Amazed*] Is that so? I’ve never read history. I thought I was being profoundly original.

 **Princess Camilla**

Oh, no! Now I’ll tell you my secret:

## SONG 11 Part 2: When circumstances take the stage (Prince Simon, Princess Camilla)

When circumstances take the stage

And nuances are all the rage

While all the world is dancing

And the prince he is prancing

And would hope to be engaged

So his life would turn a page

A princess tries to gather near

Despite enduring dreadful fear

Her looks or else her age

Might entrap her in a cage

And if her features notwithstanding

Generate misunderstanding

How would she cope,

With little hope

To keep from seeming like a dope

And much more like a sage!

So!

 **Princess Camilla. Prince Simon**

When circumstances take the stage

And nuances are all the rage

While all the world is dancing

And the prince he is/princess she is prancing

And would hope to be engaged

So her/his life would turn a page

A princess tries/A prince would try to gather near

Despite enduring dreadful fear

Her/His looks or else her/his age

Might entrap her/him in a cage

And if her/his features notwithstanding

Generate misunderstanding

 **Princess Camilla**

Here’s how I cope,

With much more hope

To tell you now the real dope

It doesn’t take a sage!

For reasons very much like your own, the Princess Camilla, who is held to be extremely plain, feared to meet Prince Simon. Is the drawbridge down yet?

 **Prince Simon**

Do your people give a faint, surprised cheer every time it gets down?

 **Princess Camilla**

Naturally.

 **Prince Simon**

Then it came down about three minutes ago.

 **Princess Camilla**

Ah! Then at this very moment your man Carlo is declaring his passionate love for my maid, Dulcibella. That, I think, is funny. [*So does the* Prince. *They laugh heartily.*]

 **Princess Camilla, Prince Simon**

When circumstances take the stage

And nuances are all the rage

While all the world is dancing

And royalty is prancing

And would hope to be engaged

So their lives would turn a page

A princess tries/A prince would try to gather near

Despite enduring dreadful fear

Her/His looks or else her/his age

Might entrap her/him in a cage

And if her/his features notwithstanding

Generate misunderstanding

Now here’s how we cope,

We both have much more hope

We even could elope

And be married by a sage!

We both have much more hope

Ah! Ah! Ah!

We even could elope

And be married by a sage!

## SONG END

**Princess Camilla**

Dulcibella, by the way, is in love with a man she calls Eg, so I hope Carlo isn’t getting carried away.

 **Prince Simon**

Carlo is dating someone he calls “the little woman,” so Eg has nothing to fear.

 **Princess Camilla**

By the way, I don’t know if you heard, but I said, or as good as said, that I am the Princess Camilla.

 **Prince Simon**

I wasn’t surprised. History, of which I read a great deal, records many similar ruses.

 **Princess Camilla**

[*Laughing*] Simon!

 **Prince Simon**

[*Laughing*] Camilla! [*He stands up.*] May I try holding you again? [*She nods. He takes her in his arms and kisses her.*] Ah, my dear Camilla!

 **Princess Camilla**

You see, when you lifted me up before, you said, “You’re very lovely,” and my godmother said that the first person to whom I would seem lovely was the man I should marry; so I knew then that you were Simon and I should marry you.

 **Prince Simon**

I knew as soon as I got to know you that I should marry you, even if you were Dulcibella. By the way, which of you *am* I marrying?

## SONG 11a: When I See the Beauty (Prince Simon, Princess Camilla)

 **Princess Camilla**

When she lifts her veil, it will be Camilla. Until then it will be Dulcibella.

 **Prince Simon**

When I see the beauty of a flower all aglow,

No waiting needed to feel its deep love flow.

Love at first sight embraces me;

Love, day and night, graces me!

No rose or daffodil or lily holds me so

As does the sweet Camilla that I now know.

**Princess Camilla**

When I see the beauty of a flowering tree

I can feel its deep love flow to me

Love at first sight, my gentle prince,

Love, day and night, the best of scents!

No redwood, pine, or aspen holds me so

As does the wondrous Simon that I now know.

 **Prince Simon, Princess Camilla**

No tree or flower has the love that holds me so

As does the sweet Camilla/wondrous Simon that I now know.

## SONG END; segue

## SONG 12: Grand Entrance; Stream the Streamers reprise (Ensemble)

 [*Voices are heard offstage.*]

 **Chorus**

The Princess soon will be a bride, let the revelry commence.

 **Princess Camilla and Prince Simon**

Ah!

 **Chorus**

Hear us croon with joy and pride for Camilla and the Prince,

Camilla and the Prince!

 **Prince Simon**

[*In a whisper*] Then adieu, Camilla, until you lift your veil.

 **Princess Camilla**

Adieu, Simon, until you raise your visor.

 **Princess Camilla and Prince Simon**

Adieu! Adieu![*They move backward to exit opposite wings, Simon SR; Camilla SL.*]

[*Their exit is interrupted as King Morph, and Queen Zazu, arm-in-arm, enter SL, blocking Camilla’s exit; King Ollie and Queen Isabel also arm-in-arm, followed by Carlo and Dulcibella also arm-in-arm, enter SR, similarly blocking Simon’s exit. The Chancellor,* *walking backwards, at a loyal angle, precedes King Morph and Queen Zazu. They are all followed by members of the royal court.*]

 **Ensemble**

Stream the streamers hang the banners, pluck the lyre, fill the cup!

We are dreamers, With good manners, first the wedding, then we sup!

We are dreamers, With good manners, first the wedding, then we sup!

The Princess soon will be a bride, let the revelry commence.

Hear us croon with joy and pride for Camilla and the Prince, Camilla and the Prince!

**King Ollie, Queen Isabel**

Many, many years we have toiled To find a bride our son could keep.

Oft the fears Of being foiled Had robbed us of our nightly sleep;

Oft the fears of being foiled Had robbed us of our nightly sleep!

Yesterday when we were told Camilla’s in this neighboring land

We came today (We are quite bold) To claim Camilla’s lovely hand, Camila’s lovely hand.

 **Prince Simon**

[*Supporting the Chancellor as an accident seems inevitable*] Careful! [*The Chancellor turns indignantly round.*]

## SONG END

 **King Morph**

Who and what is this? More accurately who and what are all these?

 **Carlo**

My attendant, Carlo, Your Majesty. He will, with Your Majesty’s permission, prepare me for the ceremony. [*Prince Simon* *bows.*]

 **King Morph**

Of course, of course!

 **Queen Zazu**

[*To Dulcibella*] Your maid, Dulcibella, is it not, my love? [*Dulcibella* *nods violently*.] I thought so. [*To Carlo*] She will prepare Her Royal Highness. [*The Princess curtsies.*]

 **King Morph**

Ah, yes. Yes. *Most* important.

 **Princess Camilla**

[*Curtsying*] I beg pardon, Your Majesty, if I’ve done wrong, but I found the gentleman wandering —

 **King Morph**

[*Crossing to her*] Quite right, my dear, quite right. [*He pinches her cheek, and takes advantage of this Kingly gesture to say in a loud whisper*] We’ve pulled it off! [*They sit down; King Morph* *and Queen Zazu on their thrones, Dulcibella on the Princess’s throne.* Carlo *stands behind Dulcibella, the* Chancellor *to the right of Queen Zazu*, *and Prince Simon and Princess Camilla* *behind the long seat on the left.*]

## SONG 13: The Riddle Song (Chancellor, King Morph, Queen Zazu, Princess Camilla, Prince Simon, Carlo)

 **Chancellor**

[*Consulting documents*] H’r’m! Have I Your Majesty’s authority to put the final test to His Royal Highness?

 **Queen Zazu**

[*Whispering to King*] Is this safe?

 **King Morph**

[*Whispering*] Perfectly, my dear. I told him the answer a minute ago. [*Over his shoulder to Carlo*] Don’t forget, *Dog*. [*Aloud*] Proceed, Your Excellency. It is my desire that the affairs of my country should ever be conducted in a strictly constitutional manner.

 **Chancellor**

[*Oratorically, referring to his documents*] By the constitution of the country,

If a suitor seeks Her Royal hand

He cannot be deemed successful

until he has given the correct answer to a riddle. [*Conversationally*] The last suitor answered incorrectly, and thus failed to win his bride.

 **King Morph**

By a coincidence he fell into the moat.

 **Chancellor**

[*To Carlo*] I have now to ask Your Royal Highness if you are prepared for the ordeal?

 **Carlo**

[*Cheerfully*] Absolutely.

 **Chancellor**

I may mention, as a matter, possibly, of some slight historical interest to our visitors, that by the constitution of the country the same riddle is not allowed to be asked on two successive occasions.

 **King Morph**

[*Startled*] What’s that?

 **Chancellor**

This one, it is interesting to recall, was propounded exactly a century ago, and we must take it as a fortunate omen that it was well and truly solved.

 **King Morph**

[*To Queen* *Zazu*] I may want my sword directly.

 **Chancellor**

The riddle is this. What is it that has four legs and meows like a cat?

 **Carlo**

[*Promptly*] A dog.

 **King Morph**

[*Still more promptly*] Bravo, bravo! [*He claps loudly and nudges Queen Zazu*, *who claps too. At the same time, King Ollie and Queen Isabel glance at each other incredulously, then also clap.*]

 **Chancellor**

[*Peering at his documents*] According to the records of the occasion to which I referred, the correct answer would seem to be —

 **Princess Camilla**

[*To Prince Simon*] Say something, quick!

 **Chancellor**

— not dog, but —

 **Prince Simon**

Your Majesty, have I permission to speak? Naturally His Royal Highness could not think of justifying himself on such an occasion, but I think that with Your Majesty’s gracious permission, I could —

 **King Morph**

Certainly, certainly.

 **Prince Simon**

In our country, we have an animal

To which we have given the name “dog,”

Some in the districts in the mountains,

In their local dialect say “doggie.”

It sits by the fireside and purrs.

 **Carlo**

That’s right. It purrs like anything.

 **Prince Simon**

When it needs milk, which is its staple food, it meows.

 **Carlo**

[*Enthusiastically*] Meows like nobody’s business.

 **Prince Simon**

It also has four legs.

 **Carlo**

One at each corner.

 **Prince Simon**

In some countries, as I understand,

This animal is sometimes called a “cat.”

In one distant country

Where His Highness and I went,

It was called by the very curious name

Of “hippopotamus.”

 **Carlo**

That’s right. [*To Prince Simon*]

Do you remember

That ginger-colored hippopotamus

Which used to climb on to my shoulder

And lick my ear?

 **Prince Simon**

I shall never forget it, sir. [*To King Morph*] So you see, Your Majesty —

 **King Morph**

Thank you. I think that makes it perfectly clear. [*Firmly to the Chancellor*] You are about to agree?

 **Chancellor**

Undoubtedly, Your Majesty. May I be the first to congratulate His Royal Highness on solving the riddle so accurately?

 **King Morph**

You may be the first to see that all is in order for an immediate wedding.

 **Chancellor**

Thank you, Your Majesty. [*He bows and withdraws.*]

## SONG END

[*King Morph* *rises, as do Queen Zazu, Dulcibella, and King Ollie and Queen Isabel*.]

 **King Morph**

[*To Carlo*] Doubtless, Prince Simon, you will wish to retire and prepare yourself for the ceremony.

 **Carlo**

Thank you, sir.

 **King Ollie**

[*To Prince Simon*] Son—young sir, you will attend to the prince?

 **Prince Simon**

Have I Your Majesty’s permission to attend His Royal Highness? It is the custom of his country for Princes of the royal blood to be married in full armor, a matter that requires a certain adjustment —

 **King Morph**

Of course, of course. [*Carlo* *bows to King Morph and Queen Zazu and goes out, accompanied by King Ollie and Queen Isabel. As Prince Simon is about to follow, King Morph stops him*.] Young man, you have a quality of quickness which I admire. It is my pleasure to reward it in any way which commends itself to you.

 **Prince Simon**

Your Majesty is ever gracious. May I ask for my reward *after* the ceremony? [*He catches the eye of Princess Camilla*, *and they give each other a secret smile.*]

 **King Morph**

Certainly. [*Prince Simon bows and goes out. To Dulcibella*] Now, young woman, make yourself scarce. You’ve done your work excellently, and we will see that you and your — what was his name?

 **Dulcibella**

Eg, Your Majesty.

 **King Morph**

— that you and your Eg are not forgotten. I will see to it that you both are well done.

 **Dulcibella**

Coo! [*She curtsies and goes out.*]

 **Princess Camilla**

[*Calling*] Wait for me, Dulcibella!

 **King Morph**

[*To Queen Zazu*] Well, my dear, we may congratulate ourselves. As I remember saying to somebody once, “You have not lost a daughter, you have gained a son.” How does he strike you?

 **Queen Zazu**

Stupid.

 **King Morph**

They made a very handsome pair, I thought, he and Dulcibella.

 **Queen Zazu**

Both stupid.

 **King Morph**

I said nothing about stupidity. What I *said* was that they were both extremely handsome. That is the important thing. [*Struck by a sudden idea*] Or isn’t it?

 **Queen Zazu**

What do *you* think of Prince Simon, Camilla?

 **Princess Camilla**

I adore him. We shall be so happy together.

 **King Morph**

Well, of course you will. I told you so. Happily ever after.

 **Queen Zazu**

Run along now and get ready.

 **Princess Camilla**

Yes, mother. [*She throws a kiss to them and goes out*.]

 **King Morph**

[*Anxiously*] My dear, have we been wrong about Camilla all this time? It seemed to me that she wasn’t looking *quite* so plain as usual just now. Did *you* notice anything?

 **Queen Zazu**

[*Carelessly*] Just the excitement of the marriage.

 **King Morph**

[*Relieved*] Ah, yes, that would account for it. [*King Ollie and Queen Isabel reenter.*]

**Queen Isabel**

I do think things are progressing splendidly, don’t you, my love?

 **King Ollie**

Ah, yes, wonderful, wonderful! The princess is quite beautiful, and so, and so…

 **Queen Isabel**

…so princess-like. Don’t you agree, my love?

 **King Ollie**

Oh, yes, so many characteristics one desires in a princess. Coo!

 **King Morph**

Well, we will soon have the royal wedding, just as soon as our lovely, lovely children are ready.

 **Queen Zazu**

And they are so lovely, aren’t they?

 **King Ollie**

This is indeed a marvelous enterprise in which we all are taking!

## SONG 14: A Marvelous Enterprise (Kings and Queens)

 **King Morph**

Step by step we’ve planned this day

 **Queen Zazu**

To have our way,

 **Kings and Queens**

To have our way!

 **King Ollie**

Mystic magic in our land

 **Queen Isabel**

Goes hand in hand,

 **Kings and Queens**

Goes hand in hand!

 **Queen Zazu**

Royalty is a wondrous plus

 **King Morph**

With little fuss,

 **Kings and Queens**

With little fuss.

 **Queen Isabel**

Prince and princess wed today;

 **King Ollie**

No more to say,

 **Kings and Queens**

No more to say!

Ours is a marvelous enterprise

Joining together in fa la la la la!

Our success is no surprise;

Fa la la la la la la la la!

Chimes will be ringing loud and clear,

Fa la la la la la la la la.

Choruses will sing for all to hear:

Fa la la la la, fa la la la la, la la la!

Step by step we’ve planned this day

To have our way,

To have our way!

Mystic magic in our land

Goes hand in hand,

Goes hand in hand!

Royalty is a wondrous plus

With little fuss,

With little fuss.

Prince and princess wed today;

No more to say,

No more to say!

 **King Ollie**

No more to say!

[*Poses as if at end of song; others coax him to continue.*]

Cymbals crash and the horns do sound

 **Queen Isabel**

So turn around;

 **Kings and Queens**

So turn around!

 **Queen Zazu**

Hours from now is a happy scene

 **King Morph**

For King and Queen;

 **Kings and Queens**

For King and Queen!

 **Queen Zazu**

Royalty is a wondrous life

 **King Morph**

With little strife;

 **Kings and Queens**

With little strife!

 **Queen Isabel**

Finally, we have our way

 **King Ollie**

No more to say;

 **Kings and Queens**

No more to say!

Ours is a marvelous enterprise

Joining together in fa la la la la!

Our success is no surprise;

Fa la la la la la la la la!

Chimes will be ringing loud and clear,

Fa la la la la la la la la.

Choruses will sing for all to hear:

Fa la la la la, fa la la la la, la la la!

[*All look ready to sing another verse; they sing the last bar and pose on last note.*]

Fa la la!

## SONG END

[*Chancellor and Eg enter.*]

 **King Morph**

Ah, our Chancellor and his son Egbert, our royal chef, who will be assisting in the preparation of tonight’s feast.

 **Eg**

Your majesty. Your majesty. Your majesty. Your majesty.

 **Chancellor**

He’s still a bit new to the idea of royalty.

 **Queen Zazu**

[*Glares at Chancellor*] Runs in the family.

 **Chancellor**

We wish to inquire of Your Highnesses if there are any special requests for the feast and festivities.

 **King Ollie**

I’m sure whatever you prepare will exceed our expectations.

 **Queen Zazu**

Possibly ours, too.

 **King Morph**

We will leave all in your competent hands. I’m sure the moat provides ample protection and incentive. [*to the royalty*] Let us now to our royal chambers to prepare ourselves for the wedding. [*Kings and Queens exit.*]

**Eg**

I am so looking forward to preparing a most wonderful feast!

 **Chancellor**

Ah, I was hoping the kitchen would allow me to prepare for this occasion.

 **Eg**

Sorry, Dad, although you’ve been a wonderful father, I would be shirking my duty if I allowed you to have a hand in the cooking.

 **Chancellor**

Very well. Then I’ll attend to the drawbridge and the guests. Possibly in that order! [*he starts to exit; held back by Egbert*]

 **Eg**

Please; let me explain:

## SONG 15: Chef’s Nitemare (Eg)

Whenever I would need some aid or slipped into a bind

And hopes decayed and dollars fade as payments fell behind;

I’d seek for one whose income he could slip me in a clutch:

“It’s all I had!” cried dear old Dad; I said “Thank you very much!”

I thank you very much; I thank you very much!

Let the thought of all I owe you

Be the thing that will console you;

Thank you very much; I thank you very much!

I thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you,

Thank you very much; thank you very much,

Very much, very much, very much!

[*Chancellor exits*]

When I would need lovelorn advice ‘twas Dad who heard my pleas,

And told me of the germs and mice but never ‘birds or bees!’

You thought ‘twas sports that injured me and set me on a crutch;

But ‘twas advice she could not see; and for that (?) I thank you very much!

I thank you very much; I thank you very much!

An octave higher my voice is singing

As your advice it still is stinging,

Thank you very much; I thank you very much!

I thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you,

Thank you very much; thank you very much,

Very much, very much, very much!

To market his new taste appeal, he turned upon the range

And gastrotomitized a meal—oh, how his song did change!:

*Aria: The Nitemare*

How would you have me to prepare your quince

Shall it be medium rare or well done

Would you care for your taro to be mushy or tense

Shall I serve twenty plantains or one

The hazel-nut Brazil-nut rhubarb soufflé

Will highlight this evening’s affair

For the sorrel and capers pudding today

Won’t fry well with prickly pear

For salads I’m thinking of licorice and green beans

And tangerines, kumquats and lime

Shall I put in some rice, French-fried kidneys of lice

Cardamom, ginger and thyme

For lettuce I’ll gettuce some endive and chicory

Escarole, Boston and head

Some oyster plant salsify ought well to satisfy—

But then you should see the bread!

With rye wheat and melon (I’m sorry, it fell in)

After all it’s the Yeast I could do

I’ll throw in some lentils a handful of pintos

And some freshly cut sprouts of bamboo

I’ll serve navy beans lima beans kidney beans stringy beans

Soy beans and black eyed peas, too

I’ll serve Jackie beans Tonka beans pinto beans carob beans—

I really don’t know beans, do you?

For dessert I’ll be very unkind to the berry

And season it with kosher ham

And shall top the gut with a fresh lichee nut

Embedded in hot peppered yam

But when its all over we’re still not in clover

If Dad’s appetite we could but squelch—

We gasp as we sing and the rafters doth ring

And resound with his fore and aft belch!

And so we all are cooks tonight and claim the gourmet touch;

You therefore need not cook tonight—and for that we thank you very much!

We thank you very much; we thank you very much!

Your salads I’ve rejected

‘Cause with sardines they’re injected

But I thank you very much; we thank you very much!

We thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you,

Thank you very much; thank you very much,

Very much, very much, very much!

I thank you very much; we thank you very much!

Your meals we have to question

As they cause great indigestion

[*Chancellor enters holding an apron*]

But I thank you very much; we thank you very much!

We thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you,

[*Eg guides Chancellor toward wing*]

Thank you very much; thank you very much,

Very much, very much, very much!

[*One last nudge sends Chancellor off stage*]

## SONG END

[*Dulcibella enters, enraptured with Eg, who definitely does not return the affection.*]

[*to himself*] Ah, speaking of nightmares…

 **Dulcibella**

Eggy, my darling!

 **Eg**

Dulcibella, I’ve told you not to call me that! But aren’t you supposed to be in Camilla’s chambers? What if anyone should see you?

 **Dulcibella**

But I just had to see you! Isn’t it wonderful? The princess is finally going to be married! I do think marriage is such a wonderful thing, don’t you?

 **Eg**

For the right people, yes.

 **Dulcibella**

Then what about us?

 **Eg**

I said for the right people.

## SONG 16: An Apple and an Orange (Eg, Dulcibella)

An apple growing on a tree

Decided that his life could be

Better still. If only he

Could find a partner apple.

 **Dulcibella**

That apple growing on a tree

Could find a way so life would be

Better still. If only he

Could make a partner happle. [*pause;* *spoken*] (happen.)

 **Eg**

[*suddenly understands*] Oh!

 **Dulcibella**

Then came an orange sat by his side

Was feeling very satisfied

She was the one for life’s long ride

If he could but love an orange.

 **Eg**

But she was not the apple’s choice

In spite of her enticing voice

Incessant cooing was her noice

[*dismayed*] My gosh, there is no rhyme for orange!

 **Dulcibella**

Silly boy! Now you should know

The place where fungus spores do grow

Botanically it rhymes just so

Its singular is called a sporange!

 **Eg**

Dulcibella, I could cry

I’m really such a simple guy!

You’re far too bright and that is why

I simply cannot date you.

 **Dulcibella**

Eggy, dear, that saddens me

I try to hide my brilliancy!

But as that doesn’t work, I see

I’ll have to try something new!

 **Eg, Dulcibella**

Love, love is quite an affair;

Trouble exists for us as a pair!

The problem is: we try to dare

Comparing apples to oranges!

 **Eg**

I’d better get to the kitchen; I have quite a feast to prepare.

 **Dulcibella**

And I’ve been remiss in attending to Her Highness. I’d best return to her chamber. [They exit.]

## SONG END

## SONG 17: Wedding March (Ensemble)

[*Townspeople enter in anticipation of the wedding.*]

 **Townspeople**

Hail, hail Her Majesty, Princess Camilla!

She has finally met a nice fella!

Our King and Queen, held in good stead

Have put us first to help us get ahead!

Hail, Her Majesty, hail our King and Queen!

Among the wondrous facts is we never need pay taxes!

Hail, Her Majesty, hail our Royalty!

After the wedding, when all is done and said,

After the wedding, we will all be fed!

After the wedding, we will all be fed!

[*The Kings and Queens with their royal entourages enter.*]

 **Kings and Queens**

Hail, Hail Her Majesty/His Majesty, Princess Camilla/Prince Simon!

She/He has finally met a nice fella/woman!

Our lovely Kings/Our handsome Queens

So good in bed,

Have put us first to help them get ahead!

[*To the opposite King and Queen*]

You, dear Royalty, we hold in good stead;

Now our children will both soon be wed;

Now our children will both soon be wed!

[*The entrance of veil-wearing Princess Camilla and armor-wearing Prince Simon, escorted by the Chancellor. Carlo and Dulcibella surreptitiously enter joining the townspeople and are modestly disguised.*]

**Townspeople, entourages, Kings and Queens**

[*Kings and Queens simultaneously repeat their words.*]

Hail, hail, Their Majesties, Princess and Prince!

Those two together truly makes sense!

Hail, Her/His Majesty, hail our/your King and Queen!

Among the wondrous facts is we never need pay/collect taxes!

Hail, Your Majesties, we hold you in good stead;/You, dear Royalty, we hold in good stead;

After the wedding, when all is done and said,

After the wedding, we will all be fed;/Now our children will both soon be wed;

After the wedding, we will all be fed!/Now our children will both soon be wed!

Huzzah, Huzzah, Huzzah!

[*The wedding party moves into their positions.*]

 **Chancellor**

We gather here to share your loving bliss;

The final vows sealed with a loving kiss.

Hold each other’s hands so we may bind

Two hearts, two souls with ribbons and with twine.

[*Kings and Queens solemnly wrap the held hands with ribbons, as in a handfasting ceremony.*]

Do you, Prince Simon, swear by peace and love to stand

With Camilla, heart to heart and hand to hand?

 **Prince Simon**

I do.

**Townspeople, entourages, Kings and Queens**

He do!

 **Chancellor**

Do you, Camilla, swear by peace and love to stand [*This is a common Irish vow of unity.*]

With Prince Simon, heart to heart and hand to hand?

 **Princess Camilla**

I do.

**Townspeople, entourages, Kings and Queens**

She do!

 **Prince Simon, Princess Camilla**

We swear by peace and love to stand,

Heart to heart and hand to hand.

Mark, O Spirit, and hear us now,

Confirming this our Sacred Vow;

 **Prince Simon, Princess Camilla, Ensemble**

Mark, O Spirit, and hear us/them now,

Confirming this our/their Sacred Vow.

 **Chancellor**

The final act to join you two in bliss

You now must seal the vows with a kiss.

[*Kings and Queens remove the ribbons from* *Princess Camilla and Prince Simon who then simultaneously remove the vail and head armor. The Kings and Queens react with anger.*]

 **Kings and Queens**

What? [*To opposite royalty.*]You deceived me!

**King Ollie, Queen Isabel**

Who is that waif?

**King Morph, Queen Zazu**

Who is that whelp?

 **Townspeople, Entourage**

What has happened? Why this anger?

 **Kings and Queens**

You deceived us, you deceived us!

**Prince Simon**

Please, I can explain…

 **King Morph, Queen Zazu**

Not a word, not a word!

 **Princess Camilla**

Then let me explain…

 **King Ollie, Queen Isabel**

Not a word, not a word!

 **Carlo, Dulcibella**

[*They emerge from the crowd.*]

Perhaps we can explain…

 **Kings, Queens**

Fraudster! Charlatan! Not a word, not a word, not a word!

 **Chancellor**

I can see what happened here, I can make it very clear…

 **Kings, Queens**

Not a word, not a word! Especially from you, not a word!

 **Townspeople, Entourage**

What’s the problem? Aren’t they getting married?

 **King Morph, Queen Zazu**

This has got to,

 **King Ollie, Queen Isabel**

this has got to,

 **Kings and Queens**

this has got to end!

## SONG END

## SONG 18: Deception (Ensemble)

 **Kings and Queens**

[*Shouting at each other*]

You dared create a deception

Far, far beyond our conception;

How could you do such a thing?

What kind of good could it bring?

Our child will not become wed

To a person with thoughts in her/his head

Of lying deception, contrivance, malfeasance and crime;

We’re glad that we caught it and just in the nick of time!

**Townspeople, Entourage**

Their children will not become wed

Each one has a thought in their head

Of lying deception, contrivance, malfeasance and crime;

We’re glad that they caught it and just in the nick of time!

[*All freeze except Simon and Camilla who move downstage*]

 **Prince Simon, Princess Camilla**

Oh, unhappy day! Is my love lost forever?

What can we say? Is it truly now or never?

Prince Simon/Princess Camilla, will I ever see you again?

We wished for a happy beginning, but now it is just a sad end.

[*Carlo and Dulcibella move downstage.*]

 **Carlo, Dulcibella**

What have I done? My friend that I have cared for,

What have I won? My heart is wounded to the core.

Will they ever see each other again?

We wished for a happy beginning, but now it is just a sad end.

 **Kings and Queens**

How could you do such a thing?

What kind of good could it bring?

 **Chancellor**

I know of the deeds that entail;

But my efforts are to no avail.

The facts are full of congestion,

And leave me with great indigestion.

I would try, but I’m doomed to fail;

I would try, but I’m doomed to fail!

 **Townspeople, Entourage**

Their children will not become wed

To ones with such thoughts in their head…

[*Nonet and Ensemble*]

 **Prince Simon, Princess Camilla**

Oh, unhappy day! Is my love lost forever?

What can we say? Is it truly now or never?

 **Carlo, Dulcibella**

What have I done? What have we won?

 **Townspeople, Entourage**

Is their love lost forever?

 **Chancellor**

I know of the deeds that entail;

 **Carlo, Dulcibella**

My heart is wounded to the core.

 **Prince Simon, Princess Camilla**

Prince Simon/Princess Camilla, will I ever see you again?

 **Chancellor**

And me with great indigestion!

 **Prince Simon, Princess Camilla, Carlo, Dulcibella**

We wished for a happy beginning, but now it is just a sad end.

 **Chancellor**

I’ll try, but I’m doomed to fail!

 **Chorus**

Oh, unhappy day! Is my love lost forever?

What can we say? Is it truly now or never?

Prince Simon/Princess Camilla, will I ever see you again?

We wished for a happy beginning, but now it is just a sad end.

 **Princess Camilla**

I’ve lost my love forever!

 **Queen Isabel**

You dared create a deception!

 **Prince Simon**

All hope is gone.

 **Queen Zazu**

Far, far beyond our conception!

 **Carlo, Dulcibella**

What have we done?

 **Chancellor**

I’d try to tell what happened, but I know that I would fail!

 **Princess Camilla**

Simon!

 **Prince Simon**

Camilla!

 **King Ollie**

How could you do such a thing?

 **King Morph**

What kind of good could it bring?

 **Prince Simon, Princess Camilla, Carlo, Dulcibella**

We wished for a happy beginning, but now it is just a sad end.

 **Chancellor**

I’ll try but I’m doomed to fail!

 **Kings, Queens**

We’re glad that we caught it

 **Kings, Queens, Chorus**

and just in the nick of time!

*[Eg enters, dressed as a chef, carrying a tray of food.]*

 **Eg**

A glorious feast is ready! Everyone come and (get it!)

 **Ensemble**

Out, out! Get out, nor mock us! Out, out! Get out! You shock us! [*Eg panics, drops the tray of food and runs offstage.*]

 **King Morph, Queen Zazu**

Come Camilla, it’s time to get away from this pile of metal rubbish!

 **Princess Camilla**

But Mom, Dad…

 **King Morph, Queen Zazu**

Come, now!

 **King Ollie, Queen Isabel**

Come Simon, it’s time to get away from this moat scum!

 **Prince Simon**

But Mom, Dad…

 **King Ollie, Queen Isabel**

Come, now!

[*They move to exit opposite stage sides, but Princess Camilla and Prince Simon briefly hold them back, but are forced to leave, and the curtain falls as some pick up food from the fallen tray to eat.*]

# End Act I