

Main

Wilhelm

MY FAIR PIERRE
An original musical comedy

Book and lyrics by James C. Main, Edward S. Atwater, IV, R. Warren Hills, II, and Arthur M. Mellor

Music by Arthur M. Mellor

ACT I

Scene 1. Pierre's dressing room. Onstage Pierre and Jean.

JEAN: Look, you nincompoop, singing opera is easy. Listen to me.

La, la, la, (etc., scale). Now try that.

PIERRE: La, la, la, (etc., scale).

JEAN: No, no, you must feel the melody. It's not from the throat, it's from the heart.

PIERRE: The way you sing, it sounds like it's from the stomach.

JEAN: Quiet! That's no way to ^{TALK} sing to your manager and teacher.

Where would you be without me?

PIERRE: Still singing with Mitch Miller.

JEAN: Singing along with me is better than singing with that boarded pirate.

PIERRE: Actually, I like the opera better; there are girls here.

JEAN: Yes, I've noticed that. You seem to be getting fairly close to Maria.

PIERRE: Ah, such a voice; a great talent, indeed. Can you blame me?

JEAN: No, not really. She could be great if she had a good instructor like me, rather than that idiot, Schubert, who claims to know music.

PIERRE: Yes, there's something fishy about that slimey Prussian. He doesn't seem to know anything about voice training.

JEAN: No one can accuse me of that. Let's get back to our practice.

Song: PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT Duet by Jean and Pierre

JEAN: It seems so long ago to me,

When I was only eight,

And found while on my mother's knee

That singing was my fate.

So alone I studied night by night,

But met with no success,

Until I finally saw the light,

That practice makes the best.

Yes, practice makes perfect,

And nothing else will do,

You must work day and night, til the dawn's early light,

And your voice is as hoarse as a sailor's, rude and coarse.

Yes, practice makes perfect,

There is nothing else that you can do,

So listen to me, friend, or your work will never end,

And the both of us will have to say adieu.

PIERRE: It wasn't very long ago -

In fact, it was last year -

That I at last began to know

I had some talent here.

Ability is the reason why

- I reached the opera stage,

And thus it is I cannot lie,

For talent is your guage.

Yes, practice makes perfect,

That definitely is true,

But you must have the gift, that ability to lift

The voice, which doesn't fail, once you get high up the scale.

Yes, practice makes perfect,

That certainly is true,

But talent is the key, that has opened much for me,

So I obviously can't agree with you.

JEAN: Although ability is a part-

PIERRE: Though very small for you-

JEAN: T'was practice that did help my start.

PIERRE: For you talent wouldn't do.

I must admit to practice too-

JEAN: That's why you came to me-

PIERRE: For that, with talent, is why I grow

JEAN: To what you came to be.

BOTH: Yes, practice makes perfect,

And nothing else will do,

You must work day and night til the dawn's early light,

And your voice is as hoarse as a sailor's, rude and coarse,

Yes, practice makes perfect,

There is nothing else that you can do,

So listen to me friend, or your work will never end,

And the both of us will have to say adieu.

PIERRE: Agreed, but, anyway, you know the only reason I came to you in the first place was to work with you for the French government.

JEAN: Yes, that is the most important thing. Is our comrade, Charles, going to pass to you any information during the opera tonight?

PIERRE: I think so, for the Prussians are moving troops into Bavaria. He was trying to get their exact size and location for us.

JEAN: Get the information to me as fast as you can. I must report to my superiors soon.

PIERRE: The only trouble with this whole thing is that Maria won't marry me while I am engaged in this activity. She feels very strongly about it. She thinks what I'm doing is wrong.

JEAN: Well, you know these Italians.

PIERRE: Yes, but I can't impress upon her that I'm only a intermediary - I only pass the information from Charles, our real spy, to you. Half the time I don't even know what's going on.

JEAN: You can say that again!

PIERRE: Half the time I don't even know what's going on.

JEAN: Cut the doubletalk. Why don't you forget that girl? She just interferes with our work.

PIERRE: I can't decide which means more to me, Maria or France.

JEAN: France should be your first concern. It is your homeland. Well, anyway, you'd better get dressed. Curtain time is only a half hour away.

PIERRE: No it isn't, it's right now!

Curtain.

Scene 2. Maria's dressing room. Onstage Maria and Wilhelm.

WILHELM: But, Maria, you must help me. Our government has to know how much the French know about our troop movements. All that information passes right before us during the opera. L'Epiere gives it to L'Amour, who passes it on to Gentillesse. They don't even know that we are aware of their activity. A perfect opportunity to break up the spy ring, but only if you'll help.

MARIA: No, I will not do it. You know I'm in love with Pierre, and I would do nothing to harm him.

WILHELM: Silly, sentimental girl. Have you no intelligence?

Have you no love for the fatherland?

MARIA: I love only Pierre.

WILHELM: Well, then, do it for me. Have I not been a father to you? Did I not raise you as a child when your parents were killed by the French? Does this not persuade you?

MARIA: Nothing will persuade me. If he were not involved in this spying, I would marry him immediately.

WILHELM: Ha! He will not give up his spying for you. He is too loyal to his homeland. He is not interested in you at all.

MARIA: That is not true! He has already asked me to marry him many times. How can you be so cruel?

WILHELM: I am only thinking of your best interests.

MARIA: I am thinking of my future. I don't want to sing for the rest of my life. I want to settle down and have a family. Pierre and I can make music together.

WILHELM: Bah! I guess the only way to see how much they know is to observe the opera closely myself. If I could only find out how they actually pass the information - whether in the singing of through a prop. They do it so subtly; I can't figure it out.

MARIA: Even if I know, I would not tell you. I know I can talk Pierre out of this ridiculous espionage. I must. I love him so.

Song: LOVE IS MY CHOICE Duet by Maria and Wilhelm

MARIA: It isn't often a girl must choose

- Between her love and land,

But the time comes now that I may lose,

Should I not take his hand.

WILHELM: You're such a fool to think of love
As anything so great.

When you should place your land above

This thing you think is fate.

MARIA: You've cared for me for many a year,

And were to me a father,

But now tis time I wipe my tear,

And choose myself a lover.

So tis love that I do choose,

Be it wrong or right;

It was as if love were my muse,

And not the opera's light.

For was love I did select -

Pierro means more to me -

Say if you must I did defect -

Pierro is more to me.

Thoughts I have philosophised, philosophies I have thought,

Reasons I have questioned, questions I have reasoned,

Since happiness is my real care,

Regardless of career,

My choice is the love of Pierro,

Regardless of career.

Thoughts I have philosophised, philosophies I have thought,

Reasons I have questioned, questions I have reasoned,

Since happiness is my real care,

Regardless of career,

My choice is the love of Pierro,

Regardless of career.

WILHELM: Well, if that's the way you feel, I need an anacin.

Would you believe it, I have one of these little hammers
pounding in my head.

MARIA: Haven't you heard about Dristan?

WILHELM: Well, haven't you heard about the defeats of our armies in the southeastern corner of Western Bavaria. It's all because of your off-tune boy friend that we are being defeated. Yet you still love the louse of a mouse.

MARIA: Not even a cool cat like you can catch this mouse.

WILHELM: How dare you talk to your friend, father, guardian, supporter, well-wisher, and et cetera like that?

MARIA: Please forgive me, but you angered me by talking about my fair Pierre and our love affair in such a way.

WILHELM: I still must uncover your spying spouse's method of delivery. I must admit he's a clever fellow.

MARIA: Speaking of clever people, do you know what Anna Schwein's latest plot to replace me in the opera was?

WILHELM: You mean her putting all the pepper in your food so that you'd sneeze and cough until you had no voice?

MARIA: No.

WILHELM: You mean the throat pill she offered you which was actually a pure sulfuric acid tablet?

MARIA:.. No.

WILHELM: Well, what then?

MARIA: She took my music for the opera, Wicked Sid, which is opening tonight, memorized it, and then burned it. Fortunately I had already learned it.

WILHELM: That's a lucky break. Maybe someday we'll do an opera which calls for two leading ladies. Then she'd probably get off your back. Well, speak of the devil. (Enter Anna from stage left.)

ANNA: Hi, group!

MARIA: Hello, horseface.

WILHELM: Now, girls. Is that any way to talk?

MARIA: To her, yes!

ANNA: Down, Maria, down. I only came by to wish you good luck tonight.

MARIA: I'll bet.

WILHELM: At ease, girls. It's almost curtain time. Let's go out to the stage.

MARIA: If it's leaving soon, put her on it.

Curtain.

Scene 3. Forest set with curtains pulled out to stage center.

Tormentors removed. Also bench and branches onstage. Onstage Pierre. Offstage but visible behind curtains, on stage right, Maria, Joan, and Wilhelm, and two male extras (one of which is curtain man). Offstage on stage left Charles, Anna, and two male extras (stage manager and light man.) Entire scene sung by Pierre, Maria, and Charles, but all other lines spoken. Jean and Wilhelm exchanging dirty looks throughout.

PIERRE: Ah, soonmy love will pass this way,

Oh, most happy, blessed day,

For now is the time to ask her hand

In marriage, ah, sweet marriage grand.

(Short musical interlude.)

JEAN: Ah, Pierre is in fine voice tonight. Not so, Maria?

MARIA: I hope I can do as well. I know Anna is waiting for her chance.

PIERRE: How sweet is my true, true love,

As lovely as a pure white dove.

My only hope is that wicked Sid

Does not come here to make his bid.

For he does love my love, too,

And always she does not him rue.

Tis possible that she will take

His hand, not mine. My heart would break.

But hark! This sound I hear

Is gentle music to my ear.

Tis my love, not Robin Hood,

Who comes a'walking through the wood.

(Short musical interlude.)

WILHELM: Go ahead, Maria. Do a good job tonight, as always.

ANNA: The lucky pig! I should be out there.

CHARLES: Patience, my dear. Your time will come. (Maria enters from stage right.)

MARIA: Oh, happy day! A pleasant surprise

That Will is here. His clear blue eyes

Tell me to sit on bench by him

Until the sun grows dark and dim.

PIERRE: Oh, come and sit by me dear Boss,

While I my love to you confess,

For I've a question I would ask

For just one drink from your little flask.

MARIA: Take my bottle and have a sip;

You look as if you need a nip.

Then ask your question and be at ease,

For I will try my lord to please.

PIERRE: Ah, this drink makes me feel good,

For fizzier taste good like a soda pop should.

But let me ask my question, dear,
 And please give me your answer here.
 I would like you to marry me
 And settle somewhere in the country.
 At first we would be all alone,
 And then have kiddies of our own.

MARIA: Ah, my darling, let me think,
 Before into your arms I sink,
 For this, indeed, is a great task
 To answer now, as you ask.

(Short musical interlude.)

EXTRA: (Stage manager), Enter now, Charles. (Charles enters from stage left.)

PIERRE: Boich! Tis he that wicked Sid;
 I am about to blow my lid.
 For he will ask the question, too;
 It makes me mad. Oh, gosh! Oh, fool!

(Short musical interlude.)

WILHELM: (Aside) Now's my chance. They are both onstage. If they are going to pass any information, they will do it now.

CHARLES: What luck! Here with Boss to meet,
 My own Boss, so true, so sweet.
 But wait! Stupid Will doth talk
 And follow her around as she doth walk.

MARIA: Hats off to Sidney!
 For he stands beneath that tree.
 He is so tall and handsome -
 Tis a misfortune he is so dumb.

CHARLES: I may not be as smart as he,

But will you come and marry me?

I have already bought the ring,

Oh, please, oh, please, take the thing.

MARIA: Between you two I cannot choose,

Since one of you will have to lose,

And yet today I must decide,

Or forever from myself hide.

PIERRE: I will always be faithful to thee,

If you only will choose me.

CHARLES: It is I that you should pick,

Not any Harry, Hunt, or Dick.

MARIA: I have decided who I will wed,

And the other, I do dread,

Will have to suffer much great sorrow.

Tis Will that I will marry tomorrow.

CHARLES: I must suppose that it is fair

That you will get this maid so rare,

And so, to you I give the ring,

And, dear Bess, of thee I sing.

PIERRE: Thanks for the ring, Wicked Sid,

We are at last of you rid.

Now let me put it on your finger

And hope that there it will linger.

CHARLES: No, no, don't put it there!

There's something inside, you know where!

PIERRE: What do you mean? The ring's for Bess.

Take your hands off, you grubby mess!

CHARLES: It's in the ring, it's in the ring!

PIERRE: What's in the ring? What's in the ring?

CHARLES: The microfilm is in the ring,

Got it out of the thing!

PIERRE: You mean the film is inside?

I can't get the ring open wide!

CHARLES: Push the button, and you shall see

What's inside for you from me.

It's the ring, not the dog,

It's the ring, not the dog.

CHARLES AND MARIA: It's the ring, not the dog,

It's the ring, not the dog.

ALL: It's the ring, not the dog,

It's the ring, not the dog,

It's the ring!

The ring!

Not the dog!

Curtain.

ACT II

Scene 1. Freda Russina's parlor. Onstage Freda and Madame Grimaldi.

MADAME: It know that it is terribly rude of me to barge into your flat like this, but as I was walking by your open window, I could not help but hear that beautiful song you were singing. Tell me, was it from Tannhauser or The Barber of Seville?

FREDA: My dear lady, firstly, it was from neither of those two operas. Secondly, there is no resemblance between Tannhauser and The Barber of Seville. Thirdly, I composed it myself, and last, but not by any means least, it was terribly rude of you to

barge into my apartment as you did.

MADAME: Before you say more, young lady, I must tell you exactly whom you are insulting. Madame Lofarge Grimaldi is my name. You have undoubtedly heard of me - the sole heir to the Grimaldi Ghia racing cars, and may I add modestly that I am the only living patron of the Vienna opera.

FREDA: I should be greatly honored to have you in my home; however, you interrupted my composing. But now, since my thoughts have been disturbed by your gracious arrival, let me introduce myself. I am Freda Russians. I am no heir, and I pretend no airs. Now what is your business here?

MADAME: You said you composed that aria you were just singing. I like it. In fact, it is the greatest piece I've heard since last night's performance of Wicked Sid. Look, Freda, you've got spunk. Spunk enough to stand up to any union leader, such as our own Arturo Ietrillo. But most ^{of all} ~~enough~~ you've got talent - talent enough to compose opera fine enough for our Vienna stage. With me you could go far. Far beyond the Danube. Far beyond the borders of this continent.

FREDA: Please stop. I get quite seasick on oceans blue.

MADAME: I beg your pardon?

FREDA: I said, I'd be quite sick should I not go with you.

MADAME: Fine. Together we will take the stage by storm. But before we leave, I do want to hear the rest of the song you composed, which I so rudely interrupted.

FREDA: Yes, I almost forgot, you did so rudely interrupt me. But how we are friends; I shall sing on. You don't mind if I start where I left off?

Song: MY LOVE IS GONE Solo by Freda Russians

It was on a dark and stormy night,
 And his horse, it would not fly,
 When my love was struck by streaks of light,
 Which kazorched right from the sky.
 For ten years I've lived in loneliness
 With no hope that he'd come back,
 And from now there'll be no happiness
 So my skull I think I'll crack.

You can tie me to a rock,
 You can burn me at the stake,
 You can throw me in the sea,
 You can do all this to me.
 But before I die a death so cruel

There is something I must do,
 For if my daughter is going to rule,
 I must teach her all I know.

You can tie me to a rock,
 You can burn me at the stake,
 You can throw me in the sea,
 You can do all this to me.

For ten years I've lived in loneliness,
 With no hope that he's come back,
 And from now there'll be no happiness,
 So my skull I think I'll crack.

Now you see, Madame Grimaldi, the prima donna will enter and
 learn from her mother, the old queen of Thorland, the secrets of
 the gods and how to rule the kingdom.

MADAME: Freda, dear, that's fine. But don't you think that it's
 a bit on the sick and morbid side?

FREDA: Why, of course, Madame Grimaldi.

MADAME: Please, dear, call me Lafie. Those who know and love me dearly call me Madame Grimaldi.

FREDA: As I was saying, Lafie, of course all my work is sick. I studied under Ned Stagnantwater, that questionable wit of sick humor.

MADAME: Well, if I am going to be your patron in introducing your work to the Vienna opera, a few changes must be made.

FREDA: Then you are serious about my work being fit for the opera.

MADAME: Why, of course. My word's my word. Whenever I put my foot in my mouth, I never retract it. That's not what I mean, but I think you got the right idea.

FREDA: Yes, my idea is that the curtain should come down. ~~There is a table adjourn to the opera.~~

Curtain.

Scene 2. Pierre's dressing room. Gastage Pierre and Jean.

JEAN: Marvelous job, my son. Your voice is coming along like a ripening plum, just as mine did at your age.

PIERRE: Unfortunately, yours turned into a prune.

JEAN: Uh, uh, yes, well... did you get the information? You passed it so smoothly that no one could have possibly caught on.

PIERRE: Yes, here it is in the ring. Thank heavens it was not the dog.

JEAN: I am rather glad of that also. Merci, my friend. Until our next rendezvous, which will be soon.

PIERRE: The longer the better. Adieu. (Jean exits stage right.) A few moments later there is a knock at the door. Entrez.

(Maria enters from stage right.)

MARIA: My darling, you were too much for words during the perfor-

mance last night. Everyone backstage simply adored your voice. It was as clear as a Whiffenpoof's, or whatever that second-rate singing group from City College of New Haven is.

PIERRE: I almost turned crimson when there was difficulty passing the information.

MARIA: You don't look well in crimson, dear. As a matter of fact, like most women, I like men who prefer orange.

PIERRE: Yes, dear, most of us big-leaguers like it.

MARIA: Dearest, as both you and I have realized while on this tour, we are very much in love and are made for each other in all ways except for one thing.

PIERRE: I understand perfectly; but in spite of my spying, we should get married, for I love you so very, very much.

MARIA: I will not marry you till you give it up.

Song: EACH TIME Duet by Maria and Pierre

PIERRE: The two of us have travelled on this tour

And have a strange relationship;

You wish me to leave my important ~~choro~~ chore,

But French security would slip.

I If I should answer in the negative,

We could just carry on our show.

Without mutual happiness to live,

Or sons around my chair to go.

If I should answer in the opposite,

Of course the French could not make do,

But minus my spying, our lives may fit.

Yes, I love you, desire you, adore you.

Each time I see your face

I think of gentle white lace,

Which softly slips through the air,

Sweeping along without care.

Each time I kiss your lips

My heart cannot help but skip,

Like the crisp, clean snow which sweeps

Across the fields till it sleeps.

I could stay with you all day,

And neither of us a word would say,

Or walk with you in a wooded park,

Not do a thing but stroll in the dark.

Each time I look your way,

My body feels as light as hay,

And my vision becomes poor

For you, the one I adore.

BOTH: I could stay with you all day,

And neither of us a word would say,

Or walk with you in a wooded park,

Not do a thing but stroll in the dark.

Each time I look your way,

My body feels as light as hay,

And my vision becomes poor

For you, the one I adore.

Curtain.

Scene 3. Madame Grimaldi's apartment. Onstage Madame Grimaldi and Anna Schwein.

MADAME: Welcome to my apartment, Anna. It's small and compact like the Falcon, but those of us who know and love it call it home.

ANNA: All of these rooms at the top of the Ritz are nice. And, speaking of Ritz, have you got any crackers?

MADAME: Well, uh, uh, yes, help yourself. Freda Russians should be arriving shortly to have you make music with her new song. I hope you will like the part.

ANNA: I'll never part with it. (KNOCK)

MADAME: I hear the knocking of nicked knuckles at the knob of my door.

ANNA: I'll answer it. (She goes to the door on stage right and opens it. Freda Russians enters.) Hello, my name is Anna Schwein. I trust yours is Freda Russians. You have come to bring the opera which will catapult me to fame and make Maria Remarque go back to vaudeville acts with George Burns.

MADAME: So glad you could come. Wouldn't you like to sit here on my Persian rug?

FREDA: I hope it won't take off for the middle East.

ANNA: You spoke of yeast; are you baking a cake?

MADAME: No, but if I'd known you were coming, I would have.

FREDA: I'm so glad to have found someone who wants to hear and sing my music.

ANNA: Your tunes will rocket me to the top, and I will no longer have to resort to tricks like poisoning Maria's food and setting traps to break her legs.

MADAME: You two will make the biggest composer-singer team since Rodgers and Hammerstein.

FREDA: The song I'd like you to sing is called The Sound of Morting which is probably one of my best bits.

MADAME: Speaking of lemons, how is Maria's opera with her leading man, Pierre?

ANNA: It is certainly a good opera; if I had the lead, it would be a tremendous hit. But let me try this song. This is the mother

singing, is it not?

FREDA: Yes, this is the song during which she commits suicide.

She is singing to her daughter, who is to be the next queen.

Song: THE SOUND OF MORTING Solo by Anna Schwein

ANNA: The time has come, sweet daughter, dear,

When we must surely part,

And now the time is almost here;

It sorely breaks my heart.

But I've lived in bitterness

With no hope to survive;

Now I leave you in this mess.

Good luck. I take my life.

With this dagger, lovely child,

I pierce my throbbing heart,

And to a death, meek and mild,

I surely now depart.

Ah, oh, arg, ah, oh, kramph!

A mort, a mort, I take a mort,

My blood is dripping orange and black,

A nobler death I could not thwart,

So now I creak or quack.

Ah, oh, arg, ah, oh, kramph!

A mort, a mort, I take a mort,

My blood is dripping orange and black,

A nobler death I could not thwart,

So now I creak or quack.

FRANK: That was just beautiful. The lyrics are so clever that they invoke memories of G. Jamesie Stainske, the famed plagiarizer of Wagner, but it has the clear precision of Stagnantwater.

FREDA: You sang the song, Anna, with the golden tones of a giraffe.

MADAME: But giraffes can't sing - oh! That wasn't very nice.

ANNA: Why, you. . .you. . .oh! I've never been so humiliated in all my life. Your lyrics have the quality of a rotten egg. A hyena would have done better.

FREDA: Do you mean writing, or singing? And speaking of animals, I haven't seen you in your cage lately.

MADAME: Now, girls, calm down. There's no need for this argument. I think that the song and the singer can get along well. We'll see the managers shortly.

ANNA: Thank you very much, Madame Grimaldi, and as for that pig of a composer, her music is just about acceptable, but her personality is about as good as a pig. Oink, oink to you.

FREDA: Go back to your sty. Thank you, Madame Grimaldi.

Curtain.

ACT III

Scene 1. Maria's dressing room. Onstage Jean and Wilhelm.

JEAN: Ah, Wilhelm, our children were superb last night, like night-ongales. Wasn't Charles wonderful? Not many people can sing like an off-tune train whistle.

WILHELM: Yes, they were light, gay, and young, enjoying themselves.
As usual, Charles was like ripe Roquefort cheese - he smelled.

JEAN: This business has its great rewards, when one succeeds with two marvelous voices, like the ones we have developed in these two young people.

WILHELM: The pressure is heavy when you think about it. I have many, many problems, so many I can't remember them all.

JEAN: Well, we could start with your face. (There is a knock at the door on stage left.)

WILHELM: Come in, please, we were just having a friendly conversation

(Madame Grimaldi enters from stage left.)

MADAME: Ah, my friends, I have a surprise for you.

JEAN: What, a care package?

MADAME: No, I have some up and coming talent who wish you to consider their new opera for our stage. (Enter Anna Schwein and Freda Russians from stage left.) Anna Schwein and Freda Russians, may I introduce you to Jean Gentillesse and Wilhelm Schubert.

WILHELM: Get that swine out of Maria's dressing room. She will perform another evil trick like the ones she has done before. Maybe this time she will put acid in my pet's perfume bottle to destroy her face.

ANNA: No, no, my friend. I come in peace to peace together our long feud by means of Miss Russians. She has composed an opera in which there are one male and two female leads.

JEAN: That sounds marvelous.

WILHELM: I never have trusted you, Anna, you are dishonest.

ANNA: Please, believe me. Now everyone can be happy.

WILHELM: If this is true, I will be able to retire from my activities both overcover and undercover. It would be a tremendous relief. Therefore, I will try to believe you.

Song: I THINK IT'S TIME Wilhelm, Jean, Anna, Freda, and Madame

WILHELM: There have been times in all our lives,
 When we ^{have} ~~have~~ often had a fight,

But now's the time \forall when someone strives
To settle these and make them trite.

Chorus: I think it's time, and this is true
That something should be done right now
To ease the strain, and tension, too.

That go along with this old row.

JEAN: But what is it that you propose?

MADAME: To do the opera that I've chose?

FREDA: You mean the one that I'll compose?

ANNA: The one that befriends these two old foes!

Chorus.

WILHELM: I do not know just what I'll do,

But there is something really clear;

If I'm to retire and start anew,

Our differences must disappear.

Chorus.

ALL: (As Wilhelm sings the above verse, the rest sing:)

He does not know just what he'll do,

But there is something really clear;

If he's to retire and start anew,

His differences must disappear.

Chorus.

WILHELM: As you can see, it would be a great relief to me if all this can be worked out, and I'm sure Maria would be relieved not to have to carry the entire female load on her shoulders.

JEAN: I agree. Sometimes I wish Pierre could retire. He is trying to do to such. In fact, I think he is considering retirement, in order to amry Maria.

MADAME: His leaving would be a great loss to the Vienna stage.

Where would we ever find another voice like his? Charles? Ha!

JEAN: But if he retires, who would take the part of Karl, the lover, in Miss Russians' new opera?

FREDA: I don't think that he would leave the stage immediately.

MADAME: Then you will do the opera?

JEAN: I think Pierre would be willing. How about Maria, Wilhelm?

WILHELM: I'm sure she would do it. Wicked Sid runs only for a week.

If she will forget her difficulties with Anna, I know she will do it. You say the opera is good, Madame Grimaldi?

MADAME: It is excellent, Herr Schubert!

WILHELM: Well, then, I will sign the contract, and she will have to do it. We won't have any trouble with her, as long as Pierre is also in the opera.

MADAME: Then it is settled.

FREDA: Good.

ANNE: Excellent!

JEAN: Bon!

WILHELM: Opening night is next Thursday, the thirteenth. Rehearsals start tomorrow. Until then, bye, bye, By!

Curtain.

Scene 2. Pierre's dressing room. Onstage Pierre and Maria.

PIERRE: Maria, for the last week, as you have probably noticed, I have been troubled with a decision that I must make.

MARIA: Let me help you. You know how much you mean to me.

PIERRE: No, darling, I must make up my own mind. For years I've been taking orders from Jean and everyone else. I haven't been able to make a decision of my own. My homeland has been making more and more demands on me, and though all my life I have put France above everything I hold dear, I am tired of the constant threat of insecurity.

MARIA: Listen to me, Pierre, let me help you. I love you. If you could only leave your undercover work, and come to me, I could make you so happy. We could settle down and have a rocking good time. Believe me, Pierre, I love you.

PIERRE: Maria, it has been said many times that East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet, but something must happen. I love you more than anything else I've ever dreamed of. It may be called blasphemous putting my love before my country, but I must. Maria, marry me! I'll give up spying; I'd give up anything just to be with you, I love you so.

Song: REPRISE of LOVE IS MY CHOICE Duet by Maria and Pierre

PIERRE: So tis love that I do choose,

Be it wrong or right;

It was as if love were my muso,

And not the opera's light.

For was love I did select -

You mean more to me -

Say if you must I did defect -

You are more to me.

Thoughts I have philosophised, philosophies I have thought,

Reasons I have questioned, questions I have reasoned,

Since bitterness is my real rue,

Regardless of career,

My choice is the love of you,

Regardless of career.

BOTH: Thoughts I have philosophised, philosophies I have thought,

Reasons I have questioned, questions I have reasoned,

So tis love that I do choose,

Be it wrong or right,

It was as if love were my muso,

And not the opera's light.

Curtain.

Scene 5. Onstage Pierre. Stage set up as in Act I, Scene 3, but

curtain backdrop rather than forest. Forest drop is down behind curtain. Entire cast visible behind curtains.

PIERRE: I wonder as I dream at night,

And wake oft times in such a fright

With fear that my love will leave me alone,

When she must follow to her mother's throne.

Her mother's mort was such a shock,

And Thor will make of this a mock,

And due to this shame dear Ingrid will wince,

And since I am common, I could not be prince. (Enter Charles from stage rear.)

But wait, butwait, I am not alone,

A sound I think I hear;

It's not a man's, but a godly tone,

A hound I think I fear!

CHARLES: It is I, Thor, ruler o're all lands.

You're a fool to try for Ingrid's hand,

For if she's throned, she treat you as a knave,

Should she this refuse, she'll be but a slave. (Chorus enters from stage rear and circles the stage once, then assuming ridiculous poses at stage rear, which they hold until their next line. They chant the following as they circle the stage.)

CHORUS: Wicked Thor, evil Thor, wicked ~~Thor~~, evil, Thor.

CHARLES: I leave you now to sulk in sorrow,

For when you wake in the great tomorrow,

Your love will decide if she will reign,

And whate'er her choice, she'll leave you in pain. (Exit Charles to stage right.)

PIERRE: Before dawn breaks, I'll steal away

And ask Ingrid with me to stay
 Despite the fact she'll live in a slum,
 I know for a fact with me she'll come.
 I love her so, she loves me too,
 Now I'll ask her to say "I do."
 She'll give up her throne to marry me;
 Forever and ever we'll live happily. (Exit stage left.
 Charles enters from stage right.)

CHARLES: The time is here when I must start
 To try my skill at breaking a heart;
 Ah, I've heard just what he's thinking,
 I'll blotch his plans and make him stinking
 Mad.
 There's still one trick that's up my sleeve,
 Which even Houdini would not believe;
 When Karl visits Ingrid, his intentions to boast,
 They will also be met by the old queen's ghost. (Exit Charles
 to stage right. As the chorus sings the following, the rear
 curtain rises, revealing the forest backdrop.)

CHORUS: (dancing as before) Through the forest gently creeping,
 A date with Ingrid Karl is keeping,
 But in the race, up in a cloud,
 Is ^{the} ghost queen, to make three a crowd. (Enter Maria from
 stage left. The chorus resumes its position at stage rear.)

MARIA: A night so calm, a night so fair,
 A night so sweet, a night so rare!
 I hope my love will pass this way
 To make this day a blessed day.
 But wait! I hear a voice so shrill -

Could be a Jock, Mike, or Bill -

But now the voice has 'come more clear,

I know the voice, and stand in fear.

Eich! (Enter Anna from stage right.)

ANNA: One, two three, you'll listen to me,

For I'll tell you what you will do,

When wicked Karl comes on the prowl,

You will have fun, when him you shun.

MARIA: What power is hovering over me?

A power so great it I can't see;

It must be some form of a spook,

Though she's bated me, I'll not bite the hook.

For yonder coming through the night

Is my love, Karl, what a great sight. (Enter Pierre from stage left.)

I welcome you, come sit by me;

I hope you've come to set me free.

PIERRE: I run to you, and I ran fast

To ask you to forget the past.

Please marry me and leave your throne,

I'll swear never to leave you alone.

CHORUS: (no dancing) Karl's got a girlfriend, na, na, na, na, na.

PIERRE: I will love you the rest of my life,

If you say you will be my wife,

And from you I will never stray,

Until the moon seethes in the bay.

MARIA: I can't decide though I know I must;

To go with you, the throne to thrust,

Or hurt you and let you down,

Should I decide to take the crown?

PIERRE: But if you must be cruel to me,

I still will love you endlessly;

Although my heart may break in two,

My love for you will fore'er be true.

MARIA: A song so sweet, a vow sincere,

I now know that I will leave here;

I'll marry you, we'll settle down

And leave this kingdom without its crown.

CHORUS: (dancing) Without a crown, without a crown,

She'll leave this kingdom without its crown. (Enter Charles
from stage right.)

CHARLES: What's this I hear from down below?

That stupid girl, she stoops so low

To leave her throne, and settle down

With someone like that stupid clown. (Anne moves to Charles)

Now, old Ghost Queen, you failed again,

The rest of your death will be in pain;

I trusted you to do me well,

But now you've failed, so go to well.

CHORUS: (dancing) Woo, woo, woo, she's going to the well.

She's going to the well; hi, ho, the dairy-o,

She's going to the well.

ANNA: Come what may, I must reveal,

It was my heart that Karl did steal;

She loves him so, he loves her too.

To prevent this love I could not do.

You've been so cruel, evil Thor,

And now it's you that I abhor.

Unless you change your wicked way,

Your old respect will surely fray.

CHARLES: I fear your words are very true,

And should I change my ways for you,

Would you consent to marry me

And settle down to live happily?

ANNA: This vow you've made 'gets tears in my eyes,

For now I see through your disguise.

There is one thing of which I'm sure,

~~that~~ that's your intentions are truly pure.

~~I~~ sanction the marriage which I've left alone,

~~let~~ let them accept my family's throne.

And if you'll grant this request to me,

I'm sure all will live peacefully.

CHORUS: (dancing) We'll all be happy, trarl, larl, larl,

For new Queen Ingrid will marry Karl.

PIERRE: Ingrid, dear, I hear in the air

Music sweet, so mellow and fair.

MARIA: It's Thor and Ghost Queen in harmonious laughter,

We now can live happily ever after.

ALL: And we can live happily ever after.

La, la, la, ha, ha, ha.

And we shall live happily ever after,

Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho! (at this point, the end of the

opera, the chorus starts to remove their costumes after congratulating the cast, they cut the lines holding out the curtains.

They go up to the catwalk and pull up the curtains and the forest backdrop, leaving the stage bare. The remainder of the cast mills around in stage center.)

JEAN: Fine job, my son. I will see you in the dressing room. (Exit Joan stage right.)

WILHELM: All of your voices were superb. They blended together as if there had never been any trouble.

FREDA: A tremendous job. My opera's a success. (Exit Freda stage right.)

MADAME: Wonderful, just wonderful!

PIERRE: Thank you very much. (Exit Madame stage right.)

ANNA: I am so happy that everything went so smoothly, as my career depended upon it.

MARIA: Pierre, you were marvelous, and, Anna, you were admirable.

CHARLES: Even my voice was almost on tune tonight.

ANNA: Well, you did sound like Elvis Presley once or twice. I must get changed for the cast party. (Anna exits stage right. The rest of the cast who are on stage, with the exception of Pierre and Maria, form a huddle and appear to be talking.)

MARIA: Oh, darling, since the last block to our marriage is gone, I will tell you a secret I have kept from you for years: Wilhelm is your chief counterpart for Prussia.

PIERRE: That blubbering fool a spy? Why, he couldn't cross the street without being noticed. He's more of a pig than a spy.

MARIA: Now, Pierre, although Wilhelm has his shortcomings, that's no way to talk.

PIERRE: We must go out and celebrate.

MARIA: I will change and get ready. (Maria exits to stage right and Pierre joins the others.)

CHARLES: You look both happy and disturbed.

WILHELM: I agree.

PIERRE: Wilhelm, you have fooled me completely. I never had the

slightest notion that you were my adversary.

WILHELM: I am no more. I am leaving spying and the opera, and
will go into the army.

PIERRE: I almost wish that I were going to continue my work, but,
since I am going to marry Maria, I will not. We are going to
America, where, in a place called Seattle, I will try to build
iron flying birds.

CHARLES: I am going to stay right where I am in the hope of advancing
to manager of the opera company. I also plan to continue my
spying, and thought which should irritate you, Wilhelm.

Song: THE SPOTLIGHT DIMS Trio by Pierre, Wilhelm, and Charles

PIERRE: We've given up our game
Of spying on each other.

Our lives won't be the same,
For we won't fight another.

WILHELM: We've had a lot of fun
And sometimes made discord.
The sport has kept us on the run,
But never once were we bored.

CHARLES: I'm going to continue
On with the same crisis,
And help fell many coups,
While avoiding that fatal miss.

ALL: Our past adventures are now memories,
Which could be made into stories.
They were exciting and dangerous,
There was no time for a second guess.

Our past adventures are now memories,
Some of which caused many worries

Secrets were passed which sometimes were wrong,

Causing the opponents a victory song.

Our past adventures are now memories,

Which made all of the great powers freeze.

The hopes and futures of many persons

Depended on our sole actions.

Our past adventures are now memories,

Which were carried out with great ease.

The success or failure of our trials

Was always reached by miles.

Our past adventures are now memories,

Which forced distress across the seas;

But we had silly fun,

Now in tired minds to run.

Our past adventures are now memories,

Which go by like a gentle breeze.

They could be dubbed sentimental dreams,

When they come forth in varied scenes.

Our past adventures are now memories. (The music continues as

Pierre and Wilhelm shake hands, then Pierre and Charles. Exit

Pierre stage left, while Wilhelm and Charles shake hands. Then

Wilhelm exits stage right. Charles goes to stage left, and lets
the curtain down.)

FINIS.