

FINALE

(Prince, Poff and Troute remain on)

(The CHORUS ENTER in procession)

Chorus:           Give a greeting with loyalty  
                   To the scion of royalty  
 Who today shall celebrate his coronation.  
                   And no more he must tarry,  
                   For a monarch must marry  
 To a princess of blue blood and royal station.  
                   Now with due ceremonial  
                   He'll make choice matrimonial  
 And will wed with all available eclat.  
                   Soon his troth shall be plighted,  
                   And two nations united  
 Shall proclaim the glad event with loud huzza!

Huzza! Huzza! ad lib.

(During the cheering, ENTER MILOCH, OZIR, the PRIN-  
 CESSSES, PRINCE ZEPH, MOUMOUTE. Groups. Prince remains  
 beside Ozir who watches him closely)

Miloch:           My temporary subjects loyal,  
                   I yield the regency today;  
 For your Prince has come of age  
 And the crown's his heritage.  
                   'Tis he who must obey.

Chorus:           (Repeating)  
                   Our Prince has come of age,  
                   And the crown's his heritage.  
                   'Tis he we must obey.

Poff:            Now he must choose a consort royal,  
                   A noble dame of mien serene.  
                   Today he makes selection  
                   Of the model of perfection  
                   Who is to be his future Queen.

Chorus:           Evviva! Hail our future Queen.

Princesses:       (Reprise of Refrain of Song in Opening Chorus)

Do you think he likes girls who are cold,  
                   Or too bold.  
 Well, I think one like me  
 With his taste will agree.  
 In suspense now are we,  
 But right soon we shall see  
 Who the happy girl shall be.

(Princesses ALL posed before the Prince)

prince:

(Gaily)

Charming Princesses,  
I admire you all;  
Yet I confess  
'Tis no Princess  
That holds my heart in thrall.

Princesses:

What! None of us?

ALL:

What? None of them?

Prince:

Love comes unknown, unseen.  
None but the girl I love shall be my queen.

ALL:

Love! Ha ha ha ha ha (Laughing to Music)

Miloch:

This is no matter of love or hate.  
The heart of the King belong to the State.

Prince:

Not mine! I only give my hand  
Where I can give my heart.

(SENSATION. Ozir and Molich shocked, confer)

ALL

(Gossiping)

Um um um! Just as we supposed  
He has a secret he has not disclosed.

(The following speeches through orchestral music  
repeating one of the principal themes of ACT I. iden-  
tified with prince Ivan and Vivian)

Ozir:

(With suppressed agitation) Pardon, your Royal Highness  
The subject is too serious for jesting. The marriage  
of a King is no joke.

Prince Ivan:

(Lightly) No marriage is.  
(More seriously) But I am quite in earnest.

Ozir: And the lady you would make your Queen? Of what  
nation is she a Princess?

Prince: Most noble patriot, she is no Princess at all.

Princesses: (To each other) Outrageous! What an insult!  
(Singing resumed)

Miloch: (Singing) Who is the lady?

ALL: Her name, Your Royal Highness! Tell us pray.

(The words "Who is she"? "Tell us pray" are worked up musically in a clamor of excitement, which breaks off suddenly)

(The following is a solo for the Prince in waltz ~~xxx~~ tempo with "in bits" for Ensemble commenting angrily on Prince's infatuation)

Prince  
Crown! Throne! All I would share  
With the girl of my heart.  
For her all would I dare  
And from her ne'er part.  
Give me the wealth of the world  
Yet shall I hold above  
The sceptre, the throne  
One boy, one alone;  
My Queen, the woman I love.

ALL  
He must be mad!  
What does this mean!  
It shall not be.  
He yields the throne  
for love.

(A Fanfare, and a few bars prelude to a Pompous March.)

(ENTER a GROUP OF OFFICERS of the Prince's Guard; then TWO PAGES, holding on cushions a crown and a jewelled sword)

Oxir: Your Highness, your guards wait to escort you to the Cathedral.

(Miloch takes the crown and holding it high before him offers it to Prince)

(Miloch, Poff and an Officer take stage confronting Prince. The following is a spirited Trio, patriotic and martial for high tenor, baritone and basso)

Trio: From a long line of kings you're descended;  
From sire shwo have won renown  
The last of your race,  
Today they will place  
Upon your head a crown.  
And shall it be said you have broken  
The faith of a monarch true.  
For the wile of a woman,  
The smihs of a woman,  
Glory is your mistress. Love is not for you.

WALTZ ENSEMBLE

(See Music for words)

(PICTURE. Milooh holding up the crown with an impressive gesture. Ozir takes the sword from the cushion and thrusts it into Prince's hand. At this moment Vivien crosses on the balcony at back as if leaving the Palace. The Prince sees her and follows her with his eyes as she slowly goes up the staircase, watching him fixedly. They show their mutual fascination. Ozir points off for the Prince to go to be crowned. ALL the other CHARACTERS urge the Prince to choose his crown and give up Vivien. He stands with sword held inertly, his eyes fixed on Vivien)

END OF ACT I.

" THE ENCHANTRESS "

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ACT II

ACT II

SCENE

Interior of Vivien's villa on the shore of the Danube.

The conservatory arranged for a musicale.

Grand piano at R.

Large clock against back wall.

Doors L.

A wide entrance at C. back leading to a terrace with a view of the Danube.

A fountain with goldfish.

An arched entrance at R. or wide doors.

DISCOVERED

The various guests of a musicale given at her villa are discovered. These include ladies and gentlemen in afternoon dress; the men in frock coats; the ladies wearing hats. Some of the men are in military uniform. Several noblemen wearing orders and decorations. About half the guests are musical professionals; operatic and concert artists. These are carefully made-up types; they may even be made up to represent well

known artists. M. Alacarte, a French  
basso made up like M. Plancon is at one  
side liberally patronizing a punch bowl.  
Signor Chianti, a tenor of barber-like  
appearance, is seated in the foreground  
eating an ice. Herr Schellenbrunnen, a  
'cellist, is seated using his cello as a  
table from which to eat his refreshments.  
At the piano is Ruffinoff, a Russian  
pianist, playing the accompaniment of  
Princess Stellina. She is opening her  
mouth as wide as possible and he is play-  
ing the piano with wild contortions. But  
all this is pantomime; not a sound is  
heard. The rest of the guests are all  
chattering so the music is inaudible.

OPENING      ENSEMBLE

All    (Chattering)  
(To each other with animation)

We are having dreadful weather  
 Don't you think it's time to go?  
 They have been so much together;  
 I am sure it must be so.  
 What have you been doing lately?  
 Don't you think this party slow?  
 Oh, yes; he admires her greatly.  
 Have a drink?    I won't say no.

She has left him now forever,  
 Don't you think that he is clever?  
 You don't say so ! Well, I never  
 Heard of such a thing.  
 Yes, I hear that he is drinking  
 All her fortune he is sinking.  
 This is rather slow, I'm thinking,  
 Why don't someone sing?

We are having dreadful weather ---

(Sudden stop)

(As the gossip reaches this point, Stellina reaches the climax of her song, which may be something well known, with the note before the last a high sustained tone. As she reaches this she interrupts the chatter with a yell like a steam whistle and at the same time the pianist plays a crash of chords; both showing the greatest excitement over their music. This so breaks into the chatter that the guests start up in alarm. Moumoute, the Aunt, rushes in to see what has happened. As all recognize that the cause of the excitement is the end of the song, they all begin to applaud as if they had heard any of it. During the applause, Stellina and the pianist bow smiling and delighted at the ovation)

All

Brava ! Brava !  
 Magnifique ! Charmante !  
 Brava ! Brava !

(etc. repeated)

Moumoute: (To Stellina) Delightful! Won't you sing again?

All: (fearing she will) No, no. Don't tire yourself.  
 You must be very warm;  
 We can't impose upon you.  
 You take all hearts by storm.  
 Brava! Brava! Brava!

(TROUTE enters made up as an eccentric pianist, with an extraordinary head of hair and a barely visible moustache; very grotesque in manner)

Moumoute: This must be Herr Bangkeyski.  
 All (welcoming him) Delighted!  
 Troute Danke sehr.  
 Moumoute: Of course you're going to play for us.  
 Troute (showing annoyance) Yes, later on, ma chere.  
 All: We long to hear you right away.  
 Troute: oh, very well. Then I will play.

S O N G -- Troute and Chorus

"THE PIANO KING "

I

Troute: When young I went in for all muscular sport;  
 I practiced athletics of every sort.  
 The tug of war tussles  
 Developed my muscles;  
 I punched at the bag ev'ry day.  
 But, much to my sorrow, I found out at length  
 There wasn't much money in muscular strength;  
 So, bold and defiant,  
 And strong as a giant,  
 I learned the piano to play.

Chorus: So, bold and defiant  
 And strong as a giant,  
 He learned the piano to play.

(While the Chorus repeat this, Troute goes to the piano and plays the end of Liszt's Second Rhapsody with many acrobatic contortions. This is done by a double or by having an electric piano. As he finishes, all applaud. He bows; takes C. and sings the refrain)



All

Bravo ! Bravo !  
(Troute bows)  
 Encore !

Steillina

(Coaxing Troute)  
 Oh, Herr Bangkeyski; don't stop. Play us one of your own compositions.

Troute

(Runs his hand through his hair, affectedly)  
 Impossible, dear lady. I always consider that one solo pays for my supper. Besides, I really eat so little.

Mou.

(Aside)  
 Eating ! It's all these artists think of.  
(Aloud)  
 Attention, please. Monsieur Alacarte is going to sing "The Two Grenadiers."

All

(Applauding feebly)  
 Bravo !

M. Alacarte

I am very sorry, Madame. On ze empty stomach, it is to sing impossible.

Mou.

(Aside)  
 They only come here to get dyspepsia at our expense.

Troute

(To Mou., aside)  
 Ah ! ~~but your charming~~ niece ! she will sing for us.

All

(Ad lib)  
 Yes, yes ! Vivien ! Where is she?

Mou.

Oh, I'm so sorry. It's very unfortunate but my niece has a violent headache. I think it was a headache she said. She may join us later.

(Chorus retire up and R. and L. form natural groups)

Troute

(Always posing and affected as the pianist)  
Ah, madame! Your niece! What a fascinating woman!

Mou.

Ah, yes. Vivien is a dear; just what I was a few years ago.

Troute

(Looking at her short stout figure)  
Before you settled down.

Mou.

Exactly.

(Aside)

I wonder if he means anything by that.

Steillina

Do you know, they say the young King has not married because he is in love with your niece.

Mou.

Oh, my child, I know nothing about that. Vivien knows I have no interest in such matters.

Troute

(Suspiciously)

But of course the King often calls here.

Mou.

Oh, bless you, no. There's going to be no scandal about my niece. I know these Kings, my dear. They're a bad lot.

(Stellina goes up. Mou. and Troute down C.)

But really I'm not in Vivien's confidence. Men are the last thing I think of.

(Goes aside)

Troute

(Aside)

Yes, old dear, your last thought will be of them.  
(Listens to talk of various groups)

Stellina

(Coming down)

Oh, this is the life; there's no doubt about it. I just hate the Court and I just love Bohemia. Why, I'd give up my position at court in a minute to be like Vivien.

Mou.

Why, my dear, I don't call you too stout.

Stellina  
Oh, I don't mean in figure; but I'm dying to go on the stage.

Mou.  
Well, that's an easy matter nowadays.

Troute  
I trust, Princess, you have no homicidal intentions.

Stellina  
Oh, I would love it! To be a prima donna is the dearest wish of my heart.

(Troute exits as the music begins)

(Moumoute goes to the piano and plays a piano accompaniment to the operatic interpolations in the following song. The piano is not heard, but merely for comic business for Moumoute)

"ART IS CALLING FOR ME "

Princess Stellina and Chorus

I

Mamma is a queen and papa is a king;  
So I am a Princess; I know it.  
But court etiquette is a dull dreary thing,  
I just hate it all, and I show it.  
To sing on the stage, that's the one life for me.  
My figure's just like Tetrzzini.  
I know I'd win fame,  
If I sang in "Boheme"  
That op'ra by Signor Puccini.

I've roulades and trills  
That would send the cold chills  
Down the backs of all hearers of my vocal frills.

(Sings a part of Musetta's waltz in "Boheme")

R e f r a i n

I long to be a prima donna---donna---donna.  
 I long to shine upon the stage.  
 I have the embonpoint (pwong)  
 To become a queen of song;  
 And my figure would look pretty as a page.  
 I want to be a screechy peachy cantatrice,  
 Like the other plump girls I see.  
 I hate society  
 I hate propriety;  
 ART is calling for me.

(Chorus repeat all or part of refrain)

II

I'm in the elite. Sponsors sigh at my feet;  
 Still I do not like my position.  
 I have not much use for the men that I meet;  
 I quite burn with lyric ambition.  
 Those tenors so sweet! If they made love to me,  
 I'd be a success, that I do know,  
 And Melba I'd oust  
 If I once sang in "Faust",  
 That op'ra so charming by Gounod.

Girls would be on the brink  
 Of hysterics; I think  
 Even strong men would have to go out for a drink.

(She sings a part of the Jewel Song in "Faust")

R e f r a i n

I long to be a prima donna---donna---donna.  
 I long to shine upon the stage.  
 With my avoirdupois  
 And my tra la la la la,  
 I would be the chief sensation of the age.  
 I long to hear them shouting "Viva" to the diva.  
 Oh, how lovely all that must be.  
 That's what I'm dying for,  
 That's what I'm fighting for.  
 ART is calling for me.

(Chorus repeat refrain)

(Exit all but Moumoute ♀ goes to door L.; calls)

Moumoute  
 Vivien dear ! There's no one here. You can mislay  
 that headache for awhile.

(Enter VIVIEN. She has an open letter in her hand)

Vivien  
 Where are they all?

Mou.  
 In the dining room eating themselves to death. Such appetites ! They never leave enough to fix up for next day's luncheon.

Vivien  
(Looks at herself in mirror)  
 Any letters, Auntie?

Mou.  
 Nothing but bills. And they're awful this month. Oh yes—another letter from that wealthy Spaniard, the Marquis di Gorgonzola.

(Produces a letter)

Vivien  
(At the mirror)  
 No messages of any kind?

Mou.  
 Why, no dear. Are you expecting anything important?

Vivien  
(Business)  
 How do I look?

Moumoute  
 Suspiciously well, considering that adjustable headache.

Vivien  
 Is this gown becoming, do you think?

Mou.  
(Positively)  
 Vivien ! You're expecting somebody.

Viv.  
 Why, Auntie ! What makes you think that?

Mou.  
 Miloch, the King's uncle. He's crazy to marry you.

Vivien  
 No, no, Auntie dear. He comes to see you.

Mou.

(Affected)  
Do you think so? Well, I must say he is awfully sweet to me. Oh! It's Prince Zepy you are expecting.

Vivien

Prince Zepy! Oh, I'm positive he comes to see you.

Mou.

(Hopeful)  
I wonder if he does.

(Looking at letter)  
Why! The Marquis says he will call on us this evening.

Vivien

What a bore! Of course we're not at home. I'll loan you some of my headache.

Mou.

There you are, throwing away chances. Why, the Marquis is rolling in money.

Vivien

Dear Auntie, we're not so poor that we have to marry for money.

Mou.

Well, now don't make the mistake that Idid. I used to be hard to please. Now my chances are buried and the epitaph is, "Here lies a girl who was too particular."

(Vivian laughs)

Suppose you lose your voice. Looks don't last forever. I was your age once. Now if I'd tried to count up to my age, I'd lose my breath.

Vivien

Patience, Auntie! You shall not worry much longer. I have decided to marry.

Mou.

(Fervently)  
Heaven be praised for its mercies! Who is it? The Regent?

(Vivien smiles and shakes her head)

Prince Zepy?

(Same business)

Gorgonzola, the Spaniard?

(Same business)

Who then? I have a right to know; the poor fellow you marry will have no mother-in-law, and I must try to take her place. Who is it?

Vivien

(Petting Mou.)  
That's telling!

(Hums a song, crosses to mirror and looks at herself casually)

Mou.

(With an outburst)  
Vivien! That looks in your eyes. What does it mean?  
I know!

(In despair)  
Mon Dieu! You are in love! In love! Oh, I knew something horrible was going to happen.

Vivien

(Laughing)  
Why, what makes you think I am in love?

Mou.

That looks in your eyes. A kind of a God-help-me-I'm-gone look. I used to have it. And now look at me.

Vivien

Cheer up, Auntie. I may have a pleasant surprise for you.

Mou.

Now don't tell me you're going to marry a tenor?

Vivien

(Coquettishly at the mirror)  
Is my crown on straight?

Mou.

Vivien! What an idea! Believe me, there are very few Kings purring around with wedding rings.

Vivien

(Smiling)  
Perhaps you are right.  
(Goes to the fountain)

Mou.

Take my word for it, if the King shows up at all, it will be with an offer of some sort of a morganatic merger. They call it that after a famous American who invented the merger.

Vivien

(At the fountain)  
Auntie, dear; do you see those little fish?

Mou.

(Irritable)  
We're not talking about fish.

Vivien

They can all be caught, but not all in the same way.  
And they are just like men.

" GOLD FISH SONG "

Vivien

I

Come, little fishes, of golden hue,  
I've something awfully nice for you.  
Round at my call will you gather?  
Rather !  
You know when anything's good in view;  
Open your mouths now and shut your eyes  
I'll give you something to make you wise.  
At the first crumb you're all nearing  
Fearing !  
Some other fellow may share the prize.

R e f r a i n

Poor silly fish; like the men I know.  
If any kindness to them I show,  
They make believe that they love me so;  
But they don't care for me; it's the crumbs I throw;  
Just treat them kindly;  
They'll follow you blindly,  
Whenever, wherever you wish;  
Still every girl has her own little way  
Of treating her own little fish.

II

Fishes are silly; they never look  
Twice at the bait, till they feel the hook;  
First thing they know you have caught them,  
Taught them,  
They were well off in the nice cool brook.  
Idly they bask in the placid pond  
Till they see something of which they're fond;  
Food, in the case of a fish's ~~wishes~~;  
Wishes;  
And in the case of a man --- a blonde.

R e f r a i n

Some fish are blind---but the men all so.  
 Where they may land they don't care--don't know.  
 Some are so easy it seems a shame;  
 Often the sport is extremely tame.  
     Don't be too cruel;  
     Don't treat them too well;  
 Throw them some crumbs if you wish.  
 But ev'ry coquette has her own little net  
 For landing her own little fish.

Mou.

Well, perhaps you are right; but, take the word of a keen observer, no fish that gets away ever comes back and says "Please hook me again."

Vivien

You are speaking of gold fish. I of kingfish.

(Cheers off stage. "Miloch ! Viva Miloch !")

Mou.

There's the dear Regent. Now, Vivvy, do be sweet to him. He is a marrying man, if you like.

Vivian

I don't like. Take him with my blessing.  
 (Starts off)

Mou.

(Disappointed)  
 You won't see him?

Vivian

(Affectedly)  
 How can I with this dreadful headache?  
 (Laughs)

Mou.

Well it's matrimonial suicide that's all.

Vivien

You must represent me, Auntie.  
 (At door L.)  
 If my present should be right; if His Majesty should happen to call.

Mou.

Oh, you will see him, of course.

Vivien

See him? Certainly not. The psychological moment is not yet.

(Off)

Mou.

Absolutely trifling with fate ! And to think that nothing but her good looks and her voice stand between us and a two-by-four in a boarding house.

(The music for the Regent's Song in Act I is played by orchestra. Enter MILOCH, the centre of a group of ladies who are flirting and flattering him. The rest of chorus follow. Stellina on)

Miloch

Dear ladies, I'm so happy to be withyou. What a relief to be rid of the burdens of the nation. To be again the butterfly of society. That is the ideal life, the happy life !

Mou.

(Curtseying)

Your Royal Highness, this is an honor.

Miloch

(Monocle business)

Ah ! ~~The charming~~ Mademoiselle Vivien.

Mou.

Oh, sir !

Miloch

No; I'm wrong. But really, Madame, it's almost impossible to tell you from your niece in certain lights.

Mou.

Please give me the address of those lights.

Miloch

What a relief to be free from the cares of government. To mingle with the sort of society I prefer -- artists - Bohemians. I never did care much for respectability.

(All offended)

Stellina

But even while you were Regent, you did pretty much as you pleased.

## Miloch

Quite true, Princess. What is the use of being the ruler of a nation, unless one can indulge one's little caprices? And if circumstances ever make me King - which, by the way, may happen; who knows? I certainly shall not let my exalted rank prevent my enjoying life.

SONG -- Miloch and Chorus

" BE AS HAPPY AS YOU CAN "

## I

Some people seem to fancy that this life's a serious thing  
 They waste their time in slaving;  
 They waste their cash by saving.  
 The world is but a vale of tears the silly poets sing,  
 And youth like a bird upon the wing.  
 But while I've wealth and leisure ev'ry care I shall deride,  
 To work I'm in no hurry,  
 Let other people worry.  
 And if the joy of honest toil to me must be denied,  
 I'll try to look upon the sunny side.

R e f r a i n

For it isn't such a bad old world after all.  
 You must take things as you find them.  
 Things may go right, or they may go wrong;  
 But however they go, don't mind them;  
 Gossips may blacken you;  
 Girls may go back on you;  
 But I have made this my plan;  
 If you can't be as happy as you'd like to be,  
 Be just as nearly happy as you can.

## II

The wine you drink, next morning, may cause headache and remorse  
 The girls who love and kiss you  
 When you're away won't miss you.  
 The wife who makes home scrappy may apply for a divorce,  
 But there's a sunny side to that, of course.  
 Your friends who borrow from you till their last touch is  
 Then they depart in dudgeon  
 And call you a curmudgeon.  
 They say they'll never speak to you again what'er betide;  
 Yet even that cloud has a sunny side.

R e f r a i n

For it isn't such a bad old world after all,  
etc.

Friends may be toasting you;  
Foes may be roasting you;  
But I have made this my plan:  
If you can't be as happy ----  
etc.

(All off but Miloch and Moumoute)

Mou.

(Aside)

He certainly looks at me in a highly suggestive manner.

Miloch

(Coming down to her)

Dearest Madame ---

(Kisses Mou's hand)

I must speak to you about a matter that <sup>is</sup> a vital to my happiness.

Mou.

(Coquettishly)

Oh, your Royal Highness --

(Aside)

Vivien was right.

Miloch

You are a clever woman and no doubt you realize what I am leading to.

Mou.

Indeed. (Coquettishly)  
How should I know.

Miloch

The fact is - dear lady, I ----

Footman

(Appearing)

His Highness, Prince Zepy.

Miloch

(Angry -- aside)

Old nuisance !

(Sneaks over to an arm chair with its back to audience,  
sits concealing himself)

Mou.

(Aside, disgusted)  
 Side-tracked again '!'  
 (Crossly)  
 Showhim up.'

(Enter ZEPY)

(Miloch unseen by Zepy till he reveals himself)

Zepy

Ah, dearest Madame !

(Kisses Moumoute's hand)

Your guests are all in the ball-room, I fancy. Excellent !.  
 And I find you alone ! What a happy chance !

Mou.

Yes, your Highness, but I regret that my niece --

Zepy

(Stopping her)

Ta ta ta ! It is you I wish to see. I must speak at once  
 of a matter that means happiness or misery to me. The  
 realizing of my fondest hopes depends on you.

Mou.

(Overcome)

Oh, your Highness.

(Aside)

Vivien was right about this one, too.

Zepy

You have noticed my frequent calls here -- you know I am  
 a man of immense fortune. Now what are my chances?

Mou.

Really, your Highness, this is strange. I was just consid-  
 ering another offer from a certain exalted personage. I  
 don't know what has become of him. He disappeared as you  
 arrived. He too wishes to marry me.

Zepy

(Horrorified)

What !!!

Miloch

(Appearing over back of chair)

I hope you don't mean me.

(Mou. staggered)

(Zepy laughs)

Zepy  
There's a slight misunderstanding. I wished to pay my  
addresses to your charming niece/

Miloch  
You can't do it, sir. I am here for that purpose.

Mou.  
(Aside)  
Stung? In two places at once.  
(Laughs affectedly; then to them)

Misunderstanding! Not at all! Of course I knew you  
were referring to my niece. I manage all her little affairs  
for her. Naturally it is purely a business matter.

Miloch & Zepy  
Business matter !!

Mou.  
Of course you don't expect her to love either of you.  
As Romeos you are both outlawed.  
(Miloch and Zepy both offended)  
Now, what are you prepared to offer?

Miloch  
(To Zepy)  
Prince, you being a gentleman, will see you are de trop.

Zepy  
You, Prince, a man of the world, will leave us at once.  
(Sits)

Miloch  
Not at all!  
(Sits)

Mou.  
First; what are you prepared to settle on my niece?

Zepy  
What is this, an auction?

Miloch  
I'll make the old fool bid up.

Zepy and Miloch  
Well, dear Madame - I ----

(POFF appears as a footman)

Poff

(Announcing)  
The Marquis de Gorgonzola.

Miloch & Zepy

(Rising, annoyed)  
What !

(They go R. and L.)

Mou.

The Rich Spaniard !

(Enter TROUTE in evening dress, with decorations, large diamonds wherever they can be worn; exaggerated make-up with side whiskers a la Torreador)

Troute

(Excitable in his manner)

Ah ! Senora ! At last !

(Covers Mou's hands with kisses)

You receive my letter ! Bueno ! Excuse my great haste.  
I must return at once to Madrid.

(Alluding to Miloch and Zepy)

Please send away your servants.

Mil. & Zepy

Servants !

Mou.

(Introducing)

My dear Marquis, Prince Miloch & Prince Zepy.

Troute

Pardon da mistake. Let zem stay if zey vish. I care not.

(Aside to Poff)

What are you doing here, you numskull.

Poff

(Aside)

Same as you, you ninnyhammer.

(Exit)

Troute

Ah, Senora ! You know why I am here.

Mou.

Perfectly ! These gentlemen are here for the same purpose.

Troute  
Carramba ! Zen zey may as well go and die themselves.  
I sweep all rivals from my path.

Mou.  
(Business-like)  
Well, I am willing to listen to reason.

Miloch  
Madame, I offer two million crowns dowry.

Zepy  
Three millions.

Troute  
(Laughs sarcastically)  
Paupers ! Fifty million !

(Miloch and Zepy staggered)

Mou.  
(Aside)  
At last ! The ideal husband !

Miloch  
A mansion in town ! a castle in the country.

Zepy  
Two mansions and three castles.

Troute  
(Laughs)  
Bah ! da entire city of Patagonia and all da castles  
in Spain.

(Mou. gives a little scream, falls into a chair and  
fans herself)

Miloch  
A palatial yacht.

Zepy  
Two yachts !

Troute  
The entire navy of Switzerland.

Miloch  
(To Zepy)  
It can't be done.

Zepy

(To Miloch)

The man's a maniac.

Miloch

(To Mou.)

Madame ! I will call again. Good evening !

Zepy

I will wait till I can see you alone. Good evening !

(They bow themselves off)(Troute laughs triumphantly)

Troute

What chance have they with the Marquis de Gorgonzola?

Mou.

(Overcome)

Oh, Marquis !

Troute

(Aside -- in his own manner)If ~~the old girl~~ she knows anything, now's the time to find it out.

Mou.

And are you really prepared to settle fifty million on ~~your~~ my niece?

Troute

(Going close to her and affecting surprise)Oh your niece? I did not know you had a niece. It is you I wish to marry.(Mou. gives a scream and faints in his arms. Business)The shock has killed her ! Here !(Flashes a diamond bracelet before Mou., who recovers and blinks at it)

A trifling gift for you.

Mou.

For me ! Oh !

(Pats it on, admires it)And I ~~thought you referred to~~ my niece Vivien.

Troute

Vivien ! Ah, da dear friend of King Ivan/

(Watches Mou. suspiciously)

Zey say she wishes to marry da King.

Mou.

Ah; but what is the King to us, since we love each other?(Cuddling to him)

Troute

Nothing would do me any good if you loved me.

Mou.

How romantic it is ! And have you seen me often?

Troute

No - only once. That was enough.

Mou.

(tenderly)

And we shall be married soon?

Troute

At once.

Mou.

And I shall be the Marchioness de Gorgonzola. What a grand historic name !

Troute

Yes, it is a strong name, a mighty name. But I must go to prepare for our flight together.

Mou.

Flight !

Troute

Yes, we go to Spain in my aeroplane.

Mou.

(Frightened)

Aeroplane !

Troute

Nay, be not afraid. You have an aeroplane costume? If not, wear your automobile cloak. Meet me in the garden in an hour.

Mou

You're sure it's quite safe?

Troute

Darling, do you think I would take a chance with you? No ! Come, and in Spain your life will be a dream.

Mou.

And the fifty millions?

Troute

(Enthusiastic)

Ah ? Another dream !

DUET: MOUMOUTE and TROUTE

1

**Troute:** I'm a millionaire hidalgo.  
 With me dear you must and shall go  
 To the land of Spain;  
 There a queen you'll reign.

**Moumoute:** At a prospect so romantic  
 I with joy and nearly frantic.  
 Let us take the train  
 For the land of Spain.

**Troute:** In that distant land of mystery,  
 Life's a joyous trance.

**Moumoute:** We will make romantic history  
 By our own romance.

**Both:**
  
 Ole! In old Grenada!  
 Ole! By gay posada;  
 Clicking our castanets we'll away and prance  
 Ole! In big sombreros!  
 Ole! We'll dance boleros;  
     Seguidillas,  
     Manzanillas  
     And Cachucas  
     And fellucas  
     Insurrectos  
     And perfectos  
 Ole! We'll dance.

II

**Troute:** Where the swift Alhambra's flowing  
 Where the torreador is blowing,  
 In that land of Spain  
 Love shall never wane

**Moumoute:** We will gather caballeros  
 Neath the shade of the Oteros;  
 You shall be my swain  
 There is sunny Spain

**Troute:** You with roses in your ebon hair  
 And a heavy veil.

**Moumoute:** You my matador so debonair  
 Making bulls turn pale.

Both: Ole! By old Grenada --- etc.

Wild fandanges  
Lively mangos,  
Panatells, Cinderellas, Contadinas, Concertinas, Ole!  
We'll dance.

(Burlesque Spanish dance.)

(Dance off. Stage clear)

(Enter PRINCE IVAN, now the KING, with POFF as Footman.  
The King in a riding costume wearing only one decoration,  
the star of royalty. Poff very nervous.)

King

(Excited in manner)

Say to your Mistress that I beg to seeher for a moment.

Poff

(Nervous)

Oh, your Majesty, I beg you -- pause, reflect. Don't see  
this dangerous woman!!

King

(Irritated)

What's this, you insolent --

(Recognizes Poff)

Poff!

(Laughs)

You old idiot! What are you doing here?

Poff

Oh, your Majesty. This is what we feared.

King

We? Who?

Poff

The only loyal friends you have. Troute and your humble  
servant. Your Majesty, you are surrounded by conspirators  
plotting your downfall. Of course a woman is going to cause  
all the trouble. This Vivien is in league with your enemies,  
Milech --- Ozir. They are her visitors here.

King

(Anxious)

They come here to see her.

Poff

She cares nothing for you. They even say she is to marry Prince Lepy.

King

The old fossil!

Poff

For his money of course.

King

(Imperiously)

Silence!

Poff

But think of your father - your grandfather - your great-grandfather and the father of your great grandfather. Women -- always women! The infernal feminine!

King

Be silent, I say! You are an old friend, but, I warn you. You must cease this spying upon me. I'll not endure it.

Poff

(In despair)

Lost!

(Apostrophizing.)

Oh, woman, arch-destroyer of ----

King

Go!

Poff

Yes, your Majesty.

(Exit)

(ENTER MILOCH)

Miloch

(As he enters)

Now if I can see Auntie alone --

(Sees the King - whistles. King confronts him haughtily)

Pardon me, your Majesty. I had no idea. I -- I withdraw.  
(starts off, aside.)

Ozir is right. We're going to win.  
(Bows himself off)

King

So he, too, wishes to marry her.

(ENTER PRINCE LEPY)

Prince Zepy

(As he enters timidly.)

I wonder if that Spaniard has gone?

King

(Suspicious.)

Spaniard!

prince Z.

(Surprised)

Oh, your Majesty.

King

What Spaniard?

Prince Z.

A person who is offering Vivien castles in Spain and the navy of Switzerland.

(King gives an exclamation of rage)

King

(Enraged)

Greater temptations than you can offer; eh?

Prince Z.

(Humbly but with sarcasm)

Pardon your Majesty. I did not understand that you -- Pardon my indiscretion.

(Bows himself off)

King

(With an exclamation of rage)

And she must endure the ~~pxx~~ persecutions of these creatures! It is maddening!

(Enter Mou. carrying a motor coat and cap and goggles)

Mou.

(As she enters)

In the garden in an hour; but I don't like the idea of that aeroplane.

(Sees King)

King

Madame!

Mou.

(Startled)

Your Majesty!

(Aside.)

How that girl understands men. Just like me.

(Troute's face appears in a clock dial or in the face of a painted portrait; he watches and listens)

King

(Courteously.)

Madame is well, I hope?

Mou.

(Gushing.)

Oh, yes indeed. I haven't been so happy in years; your Majesty/ may expect a wedding invitation soon.

King

And Mlle. Vivien?

Mou.

Oh, yes; she ---

(Remembers.)

Um -- my niece can't see anyone at present. A severe headache. Your Majesty will congratulate us, I'm sure. The wealthy Marquis Gorgongola is to marry ---

King

(Interrupting.)

She has accepted him! No, no; don't say that! I must see her.

Mou.

I was just going to say --

King  
Perhaps he is with her now! Where is she?  
(Starts toward door L.)

Mou.  
Your Majesty, I beg of you --

King  
He shall not take her from me.

Mou.  
I tell you she is ill. She can't see you.

King  
Cannot see me!  
(Laughs wildly)  
(Starts toward door)

(VIVIEN ENTERS L.)

(He sees Vivien looking at him with offended dignity.  
He suddenly is crushed and humbled, bowing low)

Troute  
(His face in the clock dial)  
(Crying.)

We lose!

Vivien  
Is your Majesty taking my chateau by storm? At least summon me to surrender, and I will march out with all the honors of war.

King  
(Humbly)  
It is I who surrender.

Vivien  
Auntie, you are a non-combatant. Retire to the rear. I will cover your retreat.  
(Aside to Mou.)  
Leave us!

Mou.  
I understand.

(Going. At exit)

I'm dying to tell her. But the dear Marquis will be waiting.

Vivien

Be considerate your Majesty. I have guests. Your presence here will cause gossip, will compromise me. Go I beg of you.

King

(Pleading.)

Vivien, you will hear me first.

Vivien

What can you have to say to me? You the ruler of your people. I the servant of my public. Our lives have nothing in common.

King

(Eagerly)

It is the man that speaks, not the King.

Vivien

(Nonchalant.)

Please ask the King to take the man home.

King

(In despair)

Ah! The King is the most unhappy of men. What is a crown, glory, power, the world, life itself, without the woman I love.

DUET: VIVIEN and THE KING

King:

A king! What is it to be King?  
A puppet crowned, whose life is noth his own.  
No joy his gilded glories bring.  
For true love's sake I'd gladly yield my throne.

Vivien:

No, no, my friend; it cannot be.  
Mine is a life of gaiety and song.  
Forget this fancy; think no more of me.  
'Tis to your realm, your people you belong.

King:

One word from you,  
And I will yield forever  
The rank that keeps us apart.  
One smile from you

And I shall reign then never  
 Save within thy trusting heart.  
 One glance from you  
 And from all else I'd sever;  
 I would ask no other bliss.  
 For the world I'd ~~rather~~ resign  
 With the crown that is mine,  
 To win your love in a kiss.

Vivien: No, no! A King such folly must defy.  
 Try to forget. You must! (Sadly) And so must I.

King: (Seizing her hand)

Vivien! you love me!

Vivien:

No, no, no!

King:

You do! I read it in your eyes. (Embracing

Vivien:

It is not true. her)

King:

Look at me! (Turns her face toward him)

King:

Now tell me that you love me. (Eyes meet)

Vivien: (Falteringly.) Yes.

King: (Embracing her.) My love!!

Vivien: Words lightly spoken. I love you -- love you.  
 Let the world say what it may.  
 Paradise of lips and eyes  
 Is ours at least to-day.  
 Youth soon flies; beauty dies,  
 And love comes but once like this.  
 Take me! Love me! I am thine!  
 I give you my heart in a kiss.

King

Vivien! You do love me?

Vivien

(Agitated)

Yes; but there can be no happy ending to a love like ours.

King

I will devote my life to your happiness.

Vivien

It can never be.

King

I cannot live without you.

Vivien

You must. Find your happiness in making the happiness of your people.

(Exit)

King

(Alone)

Vivien!

(Starts after her. Stops)

Ah! It is the crown, the throne that are the barrier between us. The happiness of my people! Let our people find their own happiness. I shall find mine. With her!

(Exit)

(Music for the entrance of the PRINCESSES. Stellina, Diana, Poppy, Floria, Adrea, Berenice, Hortensia -- all surrounding Poff. They enter. They may sing the Refrain of Derothea's song in Act I -- or may enter talking to Poff)

Princesses

(Surrounding Poff)

Here he is! Why have you sent for us? What is it you wish?

(Etc ad lib)

Diana

We received your message. Why have you summoned us here?

Poff

Your Royal Highness, desperate cases require desperate remedies.

Diana

(Insulted.)

Fellow! Do you mean to call me a "desperate case."

Poff

No, no! Far from it.

Poppy

Maybe he means you're a desperate remedy.

(Girls laugh)

(Diana glares at them)

Poff

Let me explain. The King is here.

All

The King!

Poff

He is in the toils of this enchantress. One enchantress always counteracts another enchantress, so naturally with a lot of enchantresses on one spot, one enchantress will -- er --

(Gets tangled)

You get me, I'm sure.

Stellina

It's all right, girls. He means it is a compliment.

Poff

I beg of you to help us. Exert all your fascinations to

make him forget this latest caprice. Tempt him with your beauty, your love, your kisses. The crown, the kingdom, are in your hands.

(Exit)

Poppy

I don't want a kingdom on my hands.

Dorothea

What can we do? I have already tempted him as much as I could and still be a lady.

Princesses

(Ad lib)

What's the use? We have all done our best.

(Ad lib chatter)

MADRIGAL

THE PRINCESSES

x x x

(They group)

(Music of "I've Been Looking for the Perfect Man.")

(ENTER MARIAN LOVE)

Marian

Hello! What's this? Royal Princesses invading Bohemia?

(Comes down)

Stellina

We have been sent for because we are the King's only friends.

Marian

God save the King.

Stephanie

It seems he is crazy about this actress.

Marian

Well, actresses will happen in the most royal families.

Diana

I should think when he compares this Vivien to me he would notice the difference.

Marian

He probably does.

Poppy

But why have they sent for you? You can't save the King by marrying him.

All

You're not a Princess.

Marian

Perhaps not; but I'm going to be.

All

Going to be a Princess!

(All laugh)

Marian

Papa's money has made it easy. Troute, the head of the secret service has promised to supply me with a family tree proving me to be a Princess.

Stellina

But we can't all save him from this woman's wiles.

Marian

Girls, take my advice. Elect one of you to fascinate him and let her try her best.

princesses

Splendid idea!

Diana

Let us go at once and vote for the one who is to save the King.

(Princesses exit chattering)

Marian

(After their exit, laughs)

I know how that will turn out. Each of them will get one vote. Now to see if I can find my man.

(Rings a bell)

(TROUTE enters as a Waiter)

Troute

Coming directly, Madam. What shall it be Madam? Ah, the young lady who wishes me to dig up her family tree.

Marian

You? A waiter?

Troute

Sh! Professional business. I've made my researches. I find your genealogy runs back to the Trojan War. You are the lineal descendant of Catherine of Russia, posthumous child born after she was divorced from her thirteenth husband. Behold!

(Unrolls a long parchment)

Marian

Is that my family tree?

Troute

A pedigree as long as a prize fox-terrier.

Marian

Mamma will be tickled foolish.

(Starts to take it)

Troute

One moment. I haven't had time to tarnish the escutcheon.

Marian

Is that necessary?

Troute

Oh, my dear lady! You go back to America with a family tree without the escutcheon tarnished and they'll laugh at you.

(Exit)

Marian

Catherine of Russia! Oh, how proud they will be at Rome! And yet seems to me I've heard she wasn't altogether a proper young person. Oh, but that's nothing. Everything and everyone from America is different when it comes to Europe; even our music.

S O N G :    M A R I A N

Once there was a little melody,  
 Quite a simple tune,  
 With some words that did not signify;  
 "Coon" and "June" and "moon."  
 This young tune was brought up properly,  
 And it knew no wrong;  
     Though fond of jollity,  
     Innocent frivolity,  
 Full of that popular syncopated quality;  
 Nice little rag-time song.

It went in the best society,  
 This highly respectable song.  
 From Maine to Pensacola  
 Ev'ry blessed pianola  
 Performed it all day long.  
 And the boys in the street would whistle it:  
 (Whistle and piccolo)  
 And nurses to the babes would croon  
 That pretty little proper little tune.

II

One fine day that little melody  
 Sailed across the sea,  
 And in innocent simplicity  
 Went to gay Patee.  
 There it fell into bad company  
 In that giddy throng.  
 Now all its jollity,  
 Innocent frivolity  
 Are of a wild sort of Latin Quarter quality;  
 Bad little rag-time song.

It's not fit for good society  
 That song since it visited France.  
 It still is syncopated  
 But it's very dissipated;  
 It's called the Parisian France.  
 At the Bal Tabarin they dance to it.  
 ('Cello or violin)  
 And students' to grisettes now croon  
 Thatnaughty little sporty little tune.

(Dance. Exit)

(ENTER POFF followed by Troute as a Russian diplomat;  
 fan-shaped beard; large spectacles; many orders and  
 decorations)

Troute  
 Announce me to your mistress, fellow. I am Baron Badkoff.  
(Pulls down his beard disclosing his face)

Poff  
(Disgusted)  
 Mountebank!

Troute  
 Blindworm! I am going to have a serious talk with this  
 woman. Announce me!

(ENTER VIVIEN)

Poff  
(To Troute)  
 Here she is.  
(Exit)

Troute  
 Mademoiselle, permit me. I am Baron Badkoff - Ambassador of  
 His Majesty the Czar.

Vivien  
(Smiling)  
 Has my engagement to sing at St. Petersburg become an affair  
 of diplomacy?

Troute

Mademoiselle, I come to warn you. The King's infatuation for you is causing the thrones of Europe to totter. What is worse for yourself, you are incurring the enmity of the War Minister Ozir.

Vivien

Ozir! You are quite mistaken, Excellency. I am merely acting according to the instructions of Ozir. It is for the welfare of the nation that the King should marry not a princess chosen for him but the woman he loves.

Troute

Oh, indeed? I'm very sorry, dear lady, but you have been, as we say in the classics, flim-flammed.

Vivien

What do you mean?

Troute

Bamboozled! Spoofed! If the King marries you he loses his throne.

Vivien

Loses his throne.

Troute

Ozir has figured that the King will forfeit his crown to marry you. Then he sees that imbecile Miloch sitting on the throne and Ozir sitting on Miloch.

Vivien

So I have been his dupe, a figure on his chess-board.

Troute

Yes; he wanted you to lead the King to the Bishop.

Vivien

But do not be afraid. The crown of Sergovia is safe.

(Exit L.)

(ENTER POFF)

Poff

(Eagerly to Troute)

What is she going to do about it?

Troute

She's gone in there to think. And when a woman thinks as hard as that there's something coming to some poor devil.

(Off)

Poff

Oh, woman, artful siren whose songs --

(Poppy runs on)

Poppy

Well, I've been elected.

Poff

Elected!

Poppy

Yes, indeed. We princesses voted to see which one of us should save the Prince from this enchantress lady. Each of the other girls got one vote, but I got two - I slipped in an extra vote on the q. t. So the Prince is mine. Where is he?

Poff

My dear young lady, the Prince is in trouble enough without you.

Poppy

Trouble! I don't want to make any trouble for him. I just want to marry him.

Poff

I see very little difference.

D U E T

X X X

(Dance. Poff and Poppy.)

(Enter Troute as a Waiter with a tray of dishes which he sets down. He carries a visiting card)

Troute

Ozir! Something doing and I must get it.

(ENTER VIVIEN)

Pardon Mam'selle.

(Gives card to Vivien)

Vivien

Ozir!

(Thinks)

What shall I say to him?

(To Troute)

You may go.

Troute

(Disappointed)

Go?

Vivien

(Abstracted)

Yes.

Troute

Oh!

(Takes up tray)

(Starts off reluctantly)

Vivien

(Struck with an idea)

Wait! What have you there?

Troute

A pate, a salad, and a bottle of Burgundy. Shall I serve it, Mam'selle?

(Anxious to do so)

Vivien

I may want you. Remain within hearing.

Troute

Thank you ma'am.

(Going. Aside.)

Remain within hearing? Well, will I?

(Poff enters showing in OZIR)

(Pantomime between Troute and Poff. Exit Poff, R. Troute, L.)

Ozir

Mademoiselle!

Vivien

Excellency!

(He kisses her hand.)

Ozir

Are we likely to be overheard?

Vivien

Oh, no, Excellency.

(Troute appears in a hiding place where his face is plainly visible to audience)

My guests are in the ball room.

(Troute from his hiding place watches and listens, dodging back when in danger of detection)

Ozir

(Reassured)

Duchess, accept my homage!

Vivien

Duchess?

Ozir

(Presenting a document)

The decree conferring upon you the title of Duchess, with the income of one of the finest estates in Zergovia.

(Troute's face shows his excitement)

Vivien

But, your Excellency, what have I done to deserve this?

Ozir

Played the game, your grace, and won it. Nothing now interferes with your marriage to Prince Ivan.

Vivien

To Prince Ivan! You mean the King.

Ozir

He is no longer the King!

(Troute faints)

Vivien

(Agitated)

Not the King!

Ozir

At last we are free from the burden his race has laid upon us. The rulers of his line have imperilled the Kingdom because they have been governed by women. Now the last of the dynasty yields his throne that he may marry the woman he loves; what a triumph for you, dear Duchess.

Vivien

(With a gasp, aside)

It is true then.

(To Ozir)

But your Excellency led me to believe it was for the welfare of the nation that he should not marry a Princess, but a woman like myself.

(Troute revives)

Ozir

(Blandly)

Ah! You dear Duchess, having proven yourself a diplomat, will forgive the arts of diplomacy. But you have not done so badly - you are rich, titled, free to marry the man you love.

Vivien

(Half to herself)

He has abandoned his Kingdom for me.

Ozir

(Chuckling)

As I knew he would. The men of his race forget duty, honor, everything when they have a caprice for a woman. And they have many caprices. I have his abdication here.

(Touches his breastpocket)

Within an hour it shall be announced to the people.

(Treute shows excitement)

Then take my advice, dear Duchess, marry him before the advent of another Enchantress.

Vivien

Marry him!

(Smiles significantly.)

(Pause)

No, that I can never do.

Ozir

It is not true then that you love him?

Vivien

(Smiling)

One need not be of royal race to have caprices. Do you think a woman like me, Queen of her own little tinsel kingdom, could trust her life to a man who forgets duty, honor, everything for a passing fancy.

Ozir

You love another then?

Vivien

Perhaps. At least I do not love one who is the slave of his caprices, Excellency, the man who appeals to me is not the impulsive, irresponsible hero of romance. Cleverness, genius, intellect, they are the only qualities that I admire.

(Looks smilingly at him)

Ozir

(Impressed)

Ah! And the fortunate man you love possesses these rare qualities?

Vivien

(With a suggestion that she means him)

Supremely!

(Ozir suspects that she refers to him)

(Pause)

Excellency! I return this to you.

(Gives him the document he gave her.)

Ozir

No, no, Duchess, you have earned your reward.

Vivien

Please! It is my whim. I wish no reward. May I say the pleasure of serving you, of being of some slight use to a man like you will make me happy all my life.

Ozir

(Bows low.)

Mademoiselle!

(He faces the audience, wondering if he has made a conquest)

(Waltz music off stage)

(Vivien watches him closely and smiles to herself as she sees the impression she has made. She and Troute exchange signals)

Vivien

My guests are in the ballroom. I am not dancing tonight. Will you join me in a little supper, a glass of wine, here -- just you and I? Don't say no.

Ozir

It is an honor.

(Vivien presses electric bell)

(Troute immediately appears as if by magic holding tray with dishes and cooler with wine)

Vivien

(To Troute)

Serve supper here, Stanislas.

Troute

Yes, Mam'selle!

(Aside)

Stanislas!

(Places table and arranges it for supper, all the while watching Ozir closely. Troute is absent-minded and makes mistakes in his arranging the table. Among the things he places on the table is a chafing-dish)

Ozir

It is fitting that we drink to our success.

Vivien

It is not every day that one overthrows a monarchy.

(They converse in pantomime. She coquetting with him. He very gallant.)

Troute

(Aside; busy at table)

That act of abdication must never be announced to the people.  
(Juggles with a table-knife, looks at Ozir threateningly)

Ozir

He must be very proud and happy, the man who has won your heart.

Vivien

(Lightly)

Why, he does not even know of his conquest. What is any woman to a man who holds the destiny of nations in his hand?

Troute

(Completing table arrangements)

Mam'selle is served.

Vivien

(Indicating a chair)

Excellency.

Ozir

Thank you.

(Troute seats Ozir)

Vivien

(To Troute - taking him down)

See that no one intrudes here. You understand - Vladimir - no one.

Troute

I understand, Mam'selle.

(Aside.)

Vladimir!

(Lights the lamp of the chafing dish)

Vivien

If any of my guests inquire for me, say that I can see no one.

Troute

To hear is to obey.

(Vivien goes to a vase and takes a rose from it)

Troute

(Aside)

I wonder if he has a gun.

(Goes near table and opens champagne)

Vivien

(Going to table)

Excellency, will you wear this rose for my sake?

Ozir

It is more precious than a medal of honor.

(Vivien puts the flower in his button-hole; smiling into his face. He seizes her hand and kisses it)

Vivien

No, no, no, Excellency. You must not - you don't realize what you are doing.

(Pretends to be overcome)

Troute

(Intruding)

Champagne!

(Ozir angry at the intrusion, glares at Troute who smiles at him sweetly)

Ozir

Mamdemoiselle, I confess I am curious. It can be no ordinary man who has won the love of a woman like you. A fiance? Perhaps a lover?

Vivien

I have known him only a few weeks. It is a hopeless love, I fear. And he must never know. My secret shall never be revealed.

Ozir

Ah, but he may be madly in love with you.

Vivien

No, no; it is impossible! Ambition is the passion that rules his heart.

Ozir

Impossible? Does a man live who would not banish every other passion for the love of a woman like you?  
(Leans over to take her hands.)

Troute

(Intruding)  
More champagnes?

(Ozir angry, leans back and glares at Troute)

Troute

(Blandly)  
Is it cold enough, Excellency?

Vivien

I will ring if you are wanted, Siegfried.

Troute

Yes, Mam'selle!  
(Aside.)  
Siegfried.

(Exits; then sneaks on again and remains in hiding in the background watching and listening)

Vivien

Now isn't this cosy? Let me fill your glass.  
(Does so)  
There!

(Gives it to him. Laughs.)

Don't look so severe. Surely you can spare a little while from the pursuit of power, the lure of ambition, to please a frivolous woman who has been happy in serving you.

Ozir

(With intense earnestness.)

At your bidding...I could cast ambition aside forever.

(Rises.)

Vivien

How poorly you think of me, to believe that you must make gallant speeches that mean nothing.

Ozir

(Goes to her side of the table, close to her.)

I mean all I have said and more. Vivien -- adorable enchantress, if I were the man you love ---

(Embraces her)

Vivien

(Freeing herself)

Ozir! Be prudent! If they should come in from the ball-room!

(Takes up a glass of wine)

Ozir

Vivien! My love!

(He embraces her. She spills the wine on his coat)

Vivien

(Starting back)

Oh! What have I done?  
wine.

That beautiful coat stained with

Ozir

(Ardently)

Vivien! You love me!

(Tries to draw her to him)

Vivien

(Laughing)

Oh, yes, yes.

(starting back)

Not in a wet coat.

Ozir

(In ecstasy)

Ah!

Vivien  
I must dry it for you. Let me help you.  
(Helps Ozir off with his coat)

Ozir  
How strange it is that you should love me?

Vivien  
(With light irony)  
Isn't it perfectly wonderful?  
(She takes the document from the pocket, watching him closely, secretes it)

Ozir  
I cannot realize it.

Vivien  
(Crossing to electric button, and putting document in her corsage)  
Nor can I.

(She touches the electric bell. Troute appears quickly, eager for action)

Troute  
Did Mam'selle ring?

Vivien  
Take His Excellency's coat and dry it before the fire.

Troute  
(Aside.)  
Ah! I've got it.  
(Takes coat. Vivien goes to Ozir, puts her hands on his shoulders and looks tenderly at him. Troute crosses to L. with the coat feeling in the pockets)

Vivien  
(To Ozir) (Sentimentally)  
I did not intend that you should ever know.

Ozir  
My enchantress!  
(Kisses her hands)

Troute

(Finding the document gone)

Gene!

(Looks at Vivien)

What a woman! And yet there are men who think they are clever.

(Exit)

Vivien

You see Excellency, you were right in trusting me.

Ozir

(Ardently.)

I would trust you with my life.

(THE KING enters quickly, agitated. He sees Ozir and Vivien standing close together, Ozir holding her hands)

King

Ozir!

(Comes down, excitedly.)

What is the meaning of this?

Vivien

(Mock distress)

Oh, and he is here without his coat! A perfectly good reputation gone!

King

(To Ozir)

Speak man! Why are you here -- with her?

Ozir

Moderate your tone, young man. You are no longer a King addressing a subject.

King

That is true. I have given up a kingdom for her -- the woman I love.

Ozir

Which is a pity, as the lady is to be my wife.

King

(Astounded)

Vivien! Is this true?

Vivien

(Laughing)

Now who would have thought his Excellency given to jesting on serious things.

Ozir

Jesting!

Vivien

Of course, it is not true, your Majesty.

(Curtseya)

King

Spare the title. I am no longer King of Sergovia.

Vivien

Now you are jesting, Your Majesty.

Ozir

That at least is no jest. I shall announce his abdication at once.

(Vivien laughs)

(Troute enters with coat neatly folded)

Troute

Your coat, Excellency.

Ozir

Ah!

(Puts on coat, assisted by Troute. Ozir feels in coat pocket and finds the document gone)

Gone!

(Seizes Troute)

You thief!

Troute

(Frightened)

May I drop down dead if I touched the damned thing!

(Ozir throws Troute from him)

Vivien

He speaks the truth, I give you my word.

Ozir

(Realizing she has tricked him)

I understand! You still hope to be a Queen. But he signed his abdication; and the people shall know of it. My compliments, Mademoiselle. Against a woman like you, diplomacy is powerless. Enchantress!

(Bows ironically)

Prince!

(Exits)

King

Vivien! What have you done?

(Vivien hands him the document)

King

I gave up the throne for your sake.

Vivien

To spend the rest of your life regretting the sacrifice. No. I have restored your throne. You are still the King.

King

But I love you. My life is nothing without you. And you -- do you no longer love me?

Vivien

Enough to keep you from making this sacrifice. Power, renown, glory are your heritage. The happiness of your people is your sacred trust.

(Troute enters) (Listens)

King

My happiness is in my love for you.

Vivien

And I think mine would be in my love for you.

King

Vivien!

(Embraces her)

Vivien

(Drawing back)

But we must part. You must marry one of noble birth. I cannot let you make a sacrifice for me.

Troute

(Affected to tears)

Don't! I can't stand it! Here!

(Hands her the "family tree" document)

Vivien & King

(Surprised)

What is this?

Troute

The proof of your royal descent. Your great-great-great grandmother on your father's side was Catherine of Russia. See! All it needs is your name in place of the other. It will fit anybody.

Vivien

But this is not genuine.

Troute

Not genuine, Madam. The family trees which we get up to order for American families have never been questioned. No one in Sergovia will dare to question this.

(Cheers off stage. Orchestral music)

King

What is that?

Vivien

My guests have heard that the King is honoring my fete with his presence.

(Enter at back the Princesses, Miloch, Prince Lepy, Poff, Chorus. All on but Moumonte and Ozir.)

Troute

Congratulations all. The King has chosen his bride.

All

She!

(ENTER MARIAN)

Princesses

But she isn't a Princess.

Troute

(Showing document)

pardon me. She is a more real Princess than any of you.  
Princess Romanoff descendant - by a side line - of the great  
Catherine!

(Aside to Troutel) Marian

My family tree!

Troute

Hush! I've found a better one for you. I've traced your  
descent back to Adam and Eve.

(Enter MOUMONTE in aeroplane or automobile costume)

Meumonte

Two damp chilly hours in that garden and no Gorgonzola.

Vivien

(going to Meumonte)

Auntie!

Meumonte

The disappointment of my life.

Vivien

Let me compensate you. The King has created you a Duchess  
with the income of one of the finest estates in Sergovia.

Meumonte

Oh! The King is a love!

Vivien

Yes, my lover!

(Kisses the King)

FINALE