

Florodora

Book by Owen Hall,
Lyrics by E. Boyd Jones and Paul Rubens
Music by LESLIE STUART

Produced 10 November 1900 at the Casino Theater in New York

FLORODORA **CAST OF CHARACTERS**

CYRUS W. GILFAIN: Proprietor of the Island and of the world-renowned Florodora

FRANK ABERCOED: Confidential clerk to Gilfain, and manager of the whole business on the Island.

LEANDRO: Overseer of the farm

Clerks of Gilfain's:

ERNEST PYM
REGINALD LANGDALE
TENNYSON SYMS
FRANK AEFELBAUM
JOHN SCOTT
WILLIAM GROGAN

CAPTAIN ARTHUR DONEGAL: Of the 4th Royal LIfe Guards. Lady Holyrood's brother.

ANTHONY TWEEDLEPUNCH: Showman, hypnotist, palmist and phrenologist.

DOLORES: A girl on Gilfain's farm.

ANGELA GILFAIN

LADY HOLYROOD: A widow, Arthur Donegal's sister.

Spanish Girls, Heads of the various farms:

CALISTA
JOSE
INEZ JUANITA
VIOLANTHE
VALLEDA

English Girls, friends of Angela's:

JOSIE LING

MAMIE ROWE
DAISY CHAIN
LOTTA CHALMERS
CYNTHIA BELMONT
CLAIRE FITZCLARENCE

Spanish Bred Farm Laborers, Flower Girls, Porters,
And A Couple of Negroes.

ACT I

SCENE: A small Island of the Phillippine group. Down stage R. are the offices and warehouses of Cyrus Gilfain, manufacturer of Florodora, a famous perfume. His private laboratory is down stage L. Rear drop shows a flower farm with hydrangea blossoms palms, etc.

There is also the open sea and a small creek or a landing stake from which a boat can get away.

DISCOVERED: Farm Attendants, engaged in packing blossoms into big baskets. They are packing cases at the side with the name of "Florodora, Cyrus Gilfain, Proprietor" printed on. Gilfain's name is also on the door of his laboratory

OPENING CHORUS

Flowers a-bloomish so gay
Roses on every tree
Sweetest words that lovers can say
Fair as the whispering sea.
Roses softly blooming
to your sweet perfuming
Say goodbye.
Fragrance distilling
Willing or unwilling
Ye must die.
So should we maidens, too
Heed the hours, that fly away, away
For a flower or maid, 'tis true
That life alas is but a day.
So should we maidens, too
Heed the hours that fly away, away
For a flower or maid tis true
That life, alas, is but a day.
And through the day
'Tis thus we wander dreaming, dreaming
Mid the flowers
With visions soaring widely, widely
To that Fairy Land
That only maidens discover
Wandering hand in hand.
With Cupid for lover.

(Enter SPANISH GIRLS)

Flora, Florodora

Of all perfumes divine
As Goddess we adore her
In her flowery shrine
Her gifts on our Island bestowing
There lies in each flower gaily blowing
A fortune ne'er ending
To maids that are tending
The shrine of our Saint Florodora.
Of all perfumes divine
As Goddess we adore her
In her flowery shrine
Her gifts on our Island bestowing
There lies in each flower gaily blowing
A fortune ne'er ending
To maids that are tending
The shrine of our Saint Florodora.
So dance once again
The gay Caballero
And sing a bolero refrain
And sing a bolero, bolero refrain.
Dance Caballero again,
Gay castanetting
To lovers coquetting
So sing a bolero and dance caballero again
So should we maidens too,
Heed the hours that fly away,
For a flower or maid 'tis true,
That life alas is but a day,
Florodora, Florodora.
With a gay castanet dance before her,
Flora, Dora, Flora, Dora,
As a Goddess or a Queen we adore her,
Cabellero.
Sing Bolero, sing bolero,
Sing a bolero, dance Caballero again.

(Chorus finishes, enter LEANDRO, L.U.E. Spanish Girls come forward and chorus)

Leandro

(C.)

You're very troublesome, you girls. Just the very day that Mr. Gilfain's arriving from his trip to England you're all late. What's the excuse for this?

(Girls laugh)

Inez

We take longer when we expect such a distinguished visitor.

Valleda

I had a couple inches off my skirt. Late time Mr. Gilfain was here he told me he liked to see my pretty ankles.

Leandro

(Smokes cigarette)

I guess you like to please him that way, in any extent. But he's not coming to an anatomical museum. The world, is waiting for this season's supply of Florodora, our great perfume. We must see that they get it. Don't chatter to the clerks - but get to business.

(Goes right during the following number)

(Enter PYM, LANG, SIMS, AEPFEL, SCOTT, and GROGAN R.3.E.)

Pym

(To Leandro)

Well, Leandro, is everything in order for Mr. Gilfain?

Leandro

(Xes R. to C.)

Everything in my department. I can't answer for the office work.

Pym

Who asked you to? We attend to that.

Leandro

You? You mean Mr. Abercoed attends to it.

Pym

(Good humoredly)

Well he represents Mr. Gilfain, so we do our duty to our employer when we obey Abercoed.

(Turns a little up stage L.)

(Enter ABERCOED L.U.E)

Abercoed

(Goes C.)

Well, boys, is everything all right in the office?

Pym

Yes sir. There's a splendid crop of blossoms and a capital crop of orders too.

Abercoed

And Mr. Gilfain will find everything ready for him. He can prepare the essence of Florodora the minute he arrives.

Clerks

Can we go now --

Abercoed

You may go now...

(Pym, Sims, Lang and Aelfel and clerks exit R. in office)

Leandro

(Xing to L.)

I wish I could find out how he makes Florodora.

Abercoed

None of that. The secret of preparing Florodora is Mr. Gilfain's own. To try to find out is to try to rob him. Have you anything to say to me --

Leandro

Yes I have. One of the farm girls neglects her work.

Abercoed

(Watching him carefully)

Which one?

Leandro

The one all of you spoil of course.

Abercoed

(Aside)

Dolores.

Leandro

First of all Mr. Gilfain says she is not to do more work than she likes. Then she does none at all and he doubles her wages. There's some mystery about that girl.

Abercoed

Mystery, nonsense. Mr. Gilfain likes her as we all do, and wants to be kind to her, besides what is it you anyway?

Leandro

Everything. She is idle and careless, she sets a bad example. I can't maintain discipline.

(Symphony of Dolores' Song commences)

Abercoed

Send the girl to me, I'll talk to her.

(Leandro exits R.U.E)

I can't allow Leandro to lord it over her.

(DOLORES voice is heard off stage -- singing)

(Abercoed exits R.2.E.)

(After song, Dolores goes up L.C. ABERCOED enters from R.2.)

Abercoed

Ah Dolores come here. *(E.C.)* Leandro has been complaining about you. He says that you don't attend to your work.

Dolores

(L.C.)

Of course I don't - I hate work. But don't you be angry with me. Mr. Gilfain never is.

Abercoed

And he's the master. So we must all spoil you like he does, I suppose, and follow his lead.

Dolores

(Xes to L. toying with a flower and drops it)

Is it difficult to follow that lead?

Abercoed

(Following her a little)

It is difficult not to follow it.

(Picks up flower)

Dolores

A man can always get over a little difficulty like that, if he wants to.

Abercoed

No, not always -- there may be reasons why he must not - why he dare not.

Dolores

(Goes to him)

And have you any such reasons.

Abercoed

Yes -- one.

Dolores

I guess it. You've married already.

(Goes L.C.)

Most foreigners have wives in their own country. That's why they come abroad.

(Xes R.)

Abercoed

No, you are wrong, Dolores. I left my country, quarreled with my own people, because I wouldn't marry.

Dolores

(Xes to)

Yes, you. *(Comes down)*

Abercoed

Because I wouldn't marry a woman I didn't love. *(Xes to L.C.)*

Dolores

(Xes to R.C.)

I like you for that. And you will only marry a woman you really love?

Abercoed

Marry? I mustn't marry - at least, not yet.

Dolores

Well, if you mustn't marry, that needn't prevent you being in love.

Abercoed

No, and Dolores, perhaps I'm in love.

Dolores

(Expectantly) With me -- are you in love with me.

Abercoed

Well I mustn't say with whom, but I am in love with somebody. Some day I may be free, and I promise to tell you all about it then.

Dolores

I shall remember that promise.

Abercoed

And I will seal it.

(Kisses her)

DUET -- DOLORES AND ABERCOED

"SOMEBODY"

Dolores

If you're in love with somebody,
Happy and lucky somebody,
Tell me, I pray, her name and say,
Where did you meet her? What was the day,
When you met this somebody.

Abercoed

To somebody, why should I tell the day?
Well, give this kiss to somebody,
There's none in the [world like she]
On land, and sea, where'er I be,
My heart will be here, just here,
With somebody?

Dolores

Ah! -- with somebody

Abercoed

Ah!
It is for you to tell, my lady,
And since you know her well, my lady,
You are the image of somebody,
Yes you are the image of somebody, somebody,
Ah! -- my lady, ah! - my lady,
You're the image of somebody, of somebody,
Yes of somebody, somebody!

Dolores

It is for me to tell this lady,
And since I know her well this lady
I am the image of somebody, of somebody,
I am the image of somebody.

Abercoed

Who'd be king. Not, I, not I.
If I must part with somebody.
Pleasure and pride on a throne, goodbye.
To pleasure and pride I'd say goodbye,
To remain with somebody.

Dolores

To somebody why should you say goodbye,
If you should fly away, away
Then what would become of somebody?
While you can stay, come then what may,
Yes, heaven to somebody.

Dolores

Ah --

Abercoed

Ah ---- to somebody.

It is for you to tell, my lady,
And since you know her well my lady,
You are the image of somebody,
Ah -- my lady -- ah my lady,
You are the image of somebody, of somebody,
Yes of somebody, somebody,
I love somebody, somebody.
On land, or sea, where'er I be --
I love this somebody, and,
This somebody loves me well.

Dolores

It is for me to tell this lady,
And since I know her well, this lady,
I am the image of somebody, of somebody,
I am the image of somebody,
Ah -- ah, ah, you love this somebody,
And this somebody loves you well --
(Abercoed kisses her. Dolores runs off L.I.E. Abercoed runs off R.2.E. after picking up flower) (At end of Duet enter Spanish Girls R.U.E. Come down L.C.) (Noise heard off L.U.E. Enter TWEEDLEPUNCH down C. and others up on stand. Hurry music and murmurs off - and from R.U.E.) (Tweedlepunch followed by LEANDRO who has knife. Tweedlepunch has bags, and phrenological chart and dummy head. Tweedlepunch runs on and finally climbs up on shed R. after looking off L.I.E) (The idea to be conveyed being that he has been chased by Leandro, and is in fear of violence)

Leandro

Ah Caramba. *(Knife Bus.)* Come down from there.

Tweedlepunch

Is there anything about my appearance that suggests that I am a damned fool?
(Leandro rushes at him - knife bus.) If you come any nearer I'll scream.

Leandro

What are you doing on this island?

Tweedlepunch

Trying to avoid being punctured. *(Leandro picks up phrenological dummy head and after looking at it throws it down saying disgustedly)* Bah, Oh I say don't throw anything about like that.

Leandro

I will. I'll fix it! *(Kicks the head and hurts his foot)*

Tweedlepunch

Serves you right - that's my head you're kicking.

Leandro

Your head?

Tweedlepunch

Yes - I lost it in the excitement when you were giving me such a warm - welcome to your dinky old island.

Leandro

Ah. I'll give you a warmer one. *(with knife bus.)*

Tweedlepunch

Look out, look out. *(After climbing still further up on shed)*

Tweedlepunch

I have a revolver. *(Threateningly)*

Leandro

No. *(Making another pass at him with knife)*

Tweedlepunch

In my satchel. *(Pointing to satchel)* Hand up my satchel.

Leandro

Who are you and what are you doing here?

Tweedlepunch

I am Anthony Tweedlepunch, phrenologist, palmist, and wholesale Scientist from the Royal Aquarium, London. My photograph- *(Throws it to him)*

Leandro

No strangers are allowed on the Island of Florodora.

Tweedlepunch

I was not aware of that. If you will kindly send some gentlemanly person to talk to me, I will be charmed to dispense with your society.

Leandro

(Kicks bag) Ah Caramba. *(Bus. with knife)* I'll go and find Mr. Abercoed. He'll attend to you in short order. Ah. *(Bus. with knife and exit Leandro R. through shed)*

Tweedlepunch

Isn't he abrupt.

(Bus. of trying to look off under shed from his perch on roof.)

I hope Abercoed isn't another ruffian with a carver.

(Starts to clamber down from shed and upon hearing girls laugh, clambers back again)

(Enter JUANITA, INEZ, VALLEDA, etc. L.U.E.)

Tweedlepunch

Ah ladies --- *(Girls seeing him, scream)* Don't do that, I'm not a boggy man.

(Climbing down from shed and pausing to look off under shed where Leandro went off before dropping to stage.)

Inez

Perhaps he's a burgelaar.

Valleda

Let us go and call Leandro.

Tweedlepunch

If Leandro is the gentleman with the knife, I have met him and he endeavored to cut me.

Inez

Who might you be.

Tweedlepunch

I am Anthony Tweedlepunch, phrenologist, etcetra, etcetra. My photograph.

(Hand card.) (Pick up damaged dummy head. Recovers baggage and place it with dummy head R.)

Valleda

You are a palmist also, the card says -

Tweedlepunch

Yes, - I can read your palm, and tell you anything you wish to know for a shilling - for two shillings I tell you a great deal that never happened. Let me see your palm. *(Bus. of reading palm)* You don't use pearl's soap? Your mother was a married woman. You are a flirt and are inclined to transfer your affections at the slightest provocation.

Valleda

Transfer my affections - how do you know?

Tweedlepunch

By the number of cross lines running off your main line. You are rather careless of your clothes - your clothes line is full of knots.

Valleda

I think you are a fraud. *(Girls walk up stage -- laugh)*

Tweedlepunch

If I am - it is my business.

(To Calista)

Here just one moment, please. Do you know I have taken quite a fancy to you?

Calista

Have you?

Tweedlepunch

Yes. I should like to cement our friendship with some little token. If you will permit me. Let me see -- *(Hands in pocket)* What have I. Ah, my pocket knife. Do you know I have carried that knife for ten years? Will you accept it?

Calista

Oh thank you very much.

Tweedlepunch

You are not superstitious if you are we won't make it a present just give me some little thing in exchange. Anything will do, it does not matter the amount.

Calista

Yes but I haven't anything less than a dollar.

Tweedlepunch

(Takes it quickly) That will do. A dollar will break the hoodoo *(Aside)* That's pretty good. They only cost me fifty cents a dozen.

Inez

Here comes Mr. Abercoed and Leandro. *(Tweedlepunch goes R. Enter ABERCOED and LEANDRO R.3.E.)*

Abercoed

Where is this stranger. *(Sees Tweedlepunch)* Are you aware sir that Str-Angers are not allowed on this island?

Tweedlepunch

Quite so, but my mission here is private. Can you tell me if there is upon this island a lady named Quisara?

Abercoed

No such person known here. We are expecting the owner of the island, Mr. Gilfain, whose yacht has been sighted. Perhaps he can inform you. Are you acquainted with Mr. Gilfain?

Tweedlepunch

Yes, that is - I have never met him. *(Aside)* The villain - it was he who robbed my old friend Quisara of the secret of Florodora.

Abercoed

Mr. Gilfain is the Supreme authority here. I must detain you until he arrives and leave the disposition of your fate to him.

Tweedlepunch

Fate? My word... There'll be something doing here.

Leandro

Hadn't I better stab him and throw him into the sea at once. What's the use of bothering Mr. Gilfain.

Tweedlepunch

That young man is too nervous to be trusted with a knife.

Abercoed

No - take him away and confine him in the flower shed until Mr. Gilfain has landed. *(Goes up C. on bank)*

Leandro

(To Tweedle) Come...

Tweedle

Not with you -- *(Bus. with knife)* Just as you say - charmed, I'm sure. *(Picking up luggage)* Would you mind carrying my head? I fear it is slightly cracked. *(Leandro takes dummy head angrily - punches it)* My dear sir can't we be friends!! *(Pulls flask)* *(Abercoed goes up C. and looks off R.)*

Leandro

Amigos.

Tweedlepunch

No, Hennessy three star but Amigos, if you like that better.

Leandro

Bah, Adolante - caramba.

(Bus. with knife)

Tweedle

Quite so. I'll bet this fellow will stick me for the drinks. *(Exit Tweedle. and Leandro R. through shed)* *(Gun off)*

Abercoed

Here he comes. Here's Mr. Gilfain.

(Exits R.3.E.)

(Enter Chorus Spanish ladies and clerks)

Chorus of Welcome

Hail from the storm and sea and wind,
Hail the master indulgent and kind,
Lord of our Isle,
He is returning,
A shout and a smile,
And cheek that is burning,
For with power not less than Kings,
Neath his rule and his sheltering wings,
We can alloy
Our toil with jollity,
So life we enjoy,
Of Utopian quality.
So trip, trip, trip to meet him,
And then to greet him,
From off the ship,
Huzza, huzza, huzza,
Our bright delight of displaying,
My wild hurrying,
With might and main,
Huzza, Huzza, huzza,
We say good day to you, we say good day to you.
With them vie,
With a shy and downcast eye,
And try to convey you,
By a merry good day today,
Hail we with merry frivolity,
Song dance and jollity,
O'er our home and our isle he'll reign,
For he returns to us again,
So trip, trip, trip, to meet him,
And then to greet him,
From off the ship,
Huzza, huzza, huzza,
Our bright delight displaying,
With wild hurrying,
With might and main,
Huzza, huzza, huzza,
Our king is returning,
A welcome returning,
Hail the master, king and master,
We hail you sir, from storm and sea,
We hail, hail, huzza.

(Enter GILFAIN R.U.E. straw hat, light spaca [opera?] coat, white vest, and trousers, he is a good natured smiling old fool, -- Gilfain eyes Ines, Juanita, Valleda, and Violanthe, insinuatingly)

(Enter six English ladies and Leandro)

Gilfain

Thanks, friends thanks. Wonderful what a hearty welcome they give you, when you're sole proprietor of them all

All

We're glad to see you back again, sir.

Gilfain

You're glad to see the prodigal returned, eh? I see you have brought out the fatted calves - I'm very glad to be back.

Pym

I hope you liked England.

Gilfain

Liked England. Why I'm going to become a denaturalized Englishman. I think that's what they call it -- I know it means an unnatural American. I've bought a castle in Wales, a beautiful romantic spot about four miles from Glynnyddle. Waddlefad on the banks, of the Jimmyerickingnyflynn river.

Pym

How poetical

Gilfain

Isn't it? But Wales is no place for poetry. England's the place for poetry. Why, there's a feller over there named Austin - I think he comes from Texas, they call him the poet lariat. He's got a contract by the year with the Government for all the poetry he turns out. And from what I heard it is only machine goods at that. England is a wonderful country. And the girls - the English girls.

Inez

Are they prettier than we are. (*Xing to C.*)

Gilfain

(*C.*) A different style of beauty, my dear. But you shall judge for yourself. I have brought some of Angela's friends over with me to see the Island. Here they are all lined up. (*Pointing to the English girls R.*) Remnants left over from the matrimonial stock of our latest London season, ladies, my clerks. (*Clerks X to R. to English girls*) Now boys and girls you know that my one subject in life after Florodora is to see you all happy. I am going to take you all over to Wales. How will travelling suit you eh?

Inez

(*Xing C. to Gilfain*) Oh we shouldn't like that at all. There was a traveller here this morning and he seemed far from happy.

Gilfain

A traveller? Who is he - what's his name.

Valleda

(*Xes C. to Gil*) Professor Tweedlepunch, from the Royal Aquarium, London. Here's his photograph.

Gilfain

No strangers allowed here. Leandro, where is this interloper, Prof. Tweedlepunch.

Leandro

(Xes C. to Gil.) I left him asleep on the shed.

Gilfain

Asleep on my premises - how dare he? I'll wake him up - the idea here boys - Pym, Sir, show our friends around the island. Come Leandro. *(Exit Gilfain, followed by Leandro R.2.E.) (All exit) (Enter Lady HOLYROOD R.U.E.)*

Lady Holyrood

(Call off stage) Angela. Angela. I've lost Angela Gilfain and I've lost my way. Oh here is someone - will you please tell me -- *(Enter ABERCOED R.U.E.)*

Abercoed

(Taking off his hat bows, and recognizes her) Good gracious, Lady Holyrood.

Lady H.

Good gracious Frank Abercoed. You here. *(They shake hands)*

Abercoed

Yes -- where I hoped that none of my acquaintances in England should ever find me.

Lady H.

Oh you are very polite -- of course, we know that you had disappeared. We read it in the Daily Telegraph -- but no one know why you went or where you'd gone. Some said you had run away, with a French Ballet girl - others, that you were in a lunatic asylum.

Abercoed

(C.) No, neither. I left England because I'd a promise I couldn't perform.

Lady H.

How noble. Who was the promise to -- a woman, or a money lender?

Abercoed

Didn't you know I was engaged to marry? *(Whispers to her)*

Lady H.

Yes, I remember. Well, why didn't you marry her?

Abercoed

Well I didn't love her and like a coward I ran away.

Lady H.

A coward -- to run away from a woman with \$10,000 a year! I call it pluck or folly, the same thing. But she consoled herself.

Abercoed

How?

Lady H.

Married soon afterward.

Abercoed

(Eagerly) Married.

Lady H.

Oh I daresay, they're separated now. They've been married more than a year.

Abercoed

Then I'm free - *(Xes)*

Lady H.

Quite right to be grateful -- so few unmarried men are free. They all have ties they can't shake off. Married women are the only people that seem to be really free. (*Taps him -- goes to him*) But what have you been doing with yourself all this time.

Abercoed

I went to America to earn my living. I called at Mr. Gilfain's office and told him I wanted a position - he asked me what I could do.

Lady H.

I suppose you told him you could play bridge.

Abercoed

No I told him I could read, write, and add up figures.

Lady H.

Unusual accomplishment for an English gentleman. Wasn't he surprised.

Abercoed

Now he told me to sit on a high stool - I sat there a year and then he sent me here as his representative, and here I am.

Lady H.

Yes here you are right enough, but you can't stop here forever now that you're Lord Abercoed.

Abercoed

Lord Abercoed.

Lady H.

Don't you know? Your uncle's been dead ever so long.

Abercoed

Dead? My uncle dead -- are you certain? (*Xes to L.C.*)

Lady H.

(*Xes R.*) Well reasonably so -- I attended his funeral.

Abercoed

Then I am Lord Abercoed.

Lady H.

Yes, and you're wanted in England at once.

Abercoed

I shan't go. I can be happy enough here.

Lady H.

What stay here? (*Up stage*) In this outlandish hole? Ah there must be some special attraction.

Abercoed

Well, I'm free now - and there is -

Lady H.

In love, eh?

Abercoed

Yes --

Lady H.

(R.) How nice, oh do tell me about it. Are you in love like a common person with a nice girl -- or like a fashionable man with a friend's wife?

Abercoed

But what brought you here.

Lady H.

Oh, I came with Mr. Gilfain on business.

Abercoed

Business.

Lady H.

Yes, you see, in the first place, I am looking for a suitable match for my brother Arthur - now - Angela Gilfain will do splendidly, and then as Mr. Gilfain is so very rich, - why I might be persuaded to - to - to --

Abercoed

Oh I see.

Lady H.

I am so glad you see.

Abercoed

You want to be the second Mrs. Gilfain?

Lady H.

Hush, hush. Nothing is arranged. Up to now I am faithful to the memory of my first husband. *(Aside)* It is so easy to be faithful to a man who isn't alive. *(Xes L.)*

Abercoed

Well, I know you must have had some strong motive for leaving town. Why London must be like a deserted village without Lady Holyrood. *(Takes off hat, bows graciously)*

Lady H.

Oh I suppose they're perfectly wretched without me. They always are when I leave town. *(Abercoed stands, one foot on stool during verse. Sits for second R. corner)* SONG -- LADY HOLYROOD "When I Leave Town" I'm a lady, don't forget, With a sense of etiquette, And all I say, Is in the Daily Mail next day, Dances, Music Hall and plays Drawing rooms and smart soirees Or Henley, Goodwood and Patee, Owe their great success to me. Refrain I'm known everywhere From Bayswater to Berkeley Square, I have a sort of air that positively knocks you down, I'm so gay you know, On the go, to and fro, There's nothing anywhere about, When I leave town when I leave town. -2- If I go to sup or dine, I know where to crew the line, A smart black frock, And always home by 12 o'clock I don't pay anything at all, Bar a dreadful Sunday call, And when my funds are singing low, Someone sees to that, you know. *(Refrain. Exit Lady Holyrood L.I.E. after dance. Abercoed rises and Xes to R.C. Enter DOLORES after song L.U.E.)*

Dolores

Who was that woman?

Abercoed

A lady from England.

Dolores

(Angry) The lady - the lady who wants to marry you? I see. She's come to find

Abercoed

No, no, Dolores, she's a friend of Mr. Gilfain's.

Dolores

And a friend of yours too.

Abercoed

Yes and a good friend since she has brought me good news.

Dolores

She was a long time telling you. I don't like her at all.

Abercoed

Why, don't be unreasonable, Dolores, she was only looking for Mr. Gilfain.

Dolores

Yes, but she found you. After what you told me this morning, I can't bear to see you speak to another woman. *(Exits R. 1 to behind the warehouse)*

Abercoed

Jealous! Well, that shows she's in earnest. *(Enters LADY M. L.U.E.)*

Lady H.

Oh, Lord Abercoed, I forgot to tell you I've lost Angela Gilfain.

Abercoed

Oh, we'll soon find her. It's a very little island.

Lady H.

Yes, but she's a very little girl. *(Enter THREE MEN carrying a large basket of flowers. ANGELA is in it L.U.E. when they get to C. Lady H. speaks)* My, what beautiful flowers.

Abercoed

Yes -- that's what we make this perfume of. Take it into the warehouse boys. *(Angela bobs up from flowers and men put basket down on stage C)*

Angela

Please don't have me put in the warehouse, Mr. Abercoed.

Abercoed

Why, Miss Gilfain, come out of that.

Lady H.

What are you doing there? *(Angela gets out, helped by others)*

Angela

It was to surprise you and Arthur and because I was so afraid of papa. He's changed his mind again.

Abercoed

Changed his mind -- about what?

Angela

Well, he promised I should marry Arthur and then on our trip across, he said I mustn't. He's found someone else more suitable and -- oh, I can't tell you -- you tell him, Lady Holyrood.

Lady H.

Certainly. *(Turns to Abercoed)* You are to be the happy man, Mr. Gilfain

wants you to marry Angela.

Abercoed
Impossible.

Angela
Why, of course it is --

Lady H.
My dear.

Angela
I mean I am so very fond of Arthur.

Lady H.
You see, I told the story of the lost Lord Abercoed on the yacht. Mr. Gilfain guessed it was you and he wants to make his daughter an English Peeress like all other American millionaires. *(Xes R) (Enter DONEGAL L.U.E.)*

Donegal
(Coming down C. to Angela) Oh, there you are, I have been looking all over the place for you. *(Turns R. and sees Abercoed)* Why, Frank Abercoed, upon my word -- I beg your pardon, Lord Abercoed.

Angela
Lord Abercoed?

Donegal
Yes, he's a lord now with a seat in the House of Peers and with all the privileges of a true born British brewer. *(Xes R.C)*

Angela
Lord Abercoed, you of Abercoed Castle?

Abercoed
Yes, that's the family place.

Angela
Why, that's the place papa has bought and he's going to turn it into a warehouse.

Abercoed
My old home, a warehouse?

Lady H.
(Bus. indicates Abercoed) *(Xes L.C.)* And he wants the title to go with the estate to his daughter. *(Turns R)* Arthur, you must look sharp. You can't find an heiress every day.

Donegal
Oh bother your heiress. I hate money.

Lady H.
Hate money? What blasphemy.

Donegal
Well, that is. I hate anything I know so little about! Ah! *(Xes L)* But I love Angela for her own sweet little self.

Angela
And we're not going to give each other up, are we?

Donegal

I should say not.

Abercoed

(Coming down C) Oh, your father will give his consent when he sees how fond you are of each other. Everybody should marry for love. Don't you think so, Lady Holyrood.

Lady H.

(R. startled) Yes - oh yes - if they can afford it. For poor people love is madness.

Angela

(Xes R.C. to Abercoed) Then you will tell papa that you won't marry me on any account?

Abercoed

You may depend upon it. *(To Donegal)* I shan't be your rival. *(Goes up C)*
(Donegal and Angela go up L.C. arm in arm)

Lady H.

Wait for me, Lord Abercoed. *(To Donegal)* Brother, come here a moment. *(Donegal excuses himself and comes to Lady H)* Now, I don't want my plans upset. If you don't marry Angela, I don't know who you will get to keep race horses for you. I can't, you know.

Donegal

Keep horse races -- I can't afford to keep chickens. *(Xes C to Angela - Lady H. goes up R.C. and takes Abercoed's arm)*

Lady H.

I say, Arthur, why not try white mice -- they are very inexpensive. *(Exit R. with Abercoed into warehouse)*

Angela

Well, you see you needn't be afraid. The rival says he would not have me for a gift.

Donegal

(L) He's a fool. I think you are a very tempting investment. Although Frank is a lord, he's as poor as a church mouse.

Angela

Aren't all lords poor?

Donegal

Well, most of them are -- until they are married.

Angela

I only care for money as a means to an end.

Donegal

(Down C) Well, don't worry, you won't have any difficulty in finding a man willing to be that end.

Angela

Yes, but the man I love doesn't seem to love me.

Donegal

(Takes her in his arms) You see there's one great obstacle in our marriage.

Angela

What is it?

Donegal

Why, your father.

Angela

But you're not going to marry my father?

Donegal

No, but I fear it would be a very unhappy marriage for both of us.

Angela

What would you say if I told you I couldn't live without you?

Donegal

I'd say you are the dearest, the sweetest little woman in the world and as soon as we get back to England, we get the whole thing over with in a hurry.

Angela

So we shall, in spite of papa.

Donegal

That's the way to talk.

Angela

I shan't wish to have you take pity on an old maid. Youth is the time for love.

Donegal

Well, the earliest time is the time for me -- and I'm in a deuce of a hurry, I must confess.

DUET - "GALLOPING"

Love is a fiery steed.

Galloping, galloping gaily,

Needing no spur as he'll wildly speed, wildly speed,

Over new pastures daily, daily, daily,

Taking the bit his teeth between

Faster and faster,

Brooking no master,

Over the ditches and hedges so green,

Over the green,

Over the green,

Blind to the future, and threatened to disaster,

Galloping, galloping, galloping, gaily.

REFRAIN

Woman's the driver and love's the steed

That carried the burdens daily, oh.

So keep him in training then life indeed,

Goes galloping, galloping, gaily, Oh.

Ah.

So keep him in training the life indeed,

Goes galloping, galloping, galloping on.

Goes galloping gaily on.

Ah! Ah!

Galloping, galloping, Oh.

Gaily, gaily, gaily.

2

Love, when he cometh in middle age,
Different horses altogether
Willing to trot with his equipage, equipage,
Learning the length of his tether, tether.
Jog-trot's the pace, though it is the truth,
Fraught with less danger,
Thoughts of the manger,
Shorten the wind for the flights of youth,
Flights of youth,
Flights of youth,
Never is likely to bolt with a stranger
Galloping, galloping, gaily, gaily.

REFRAIN

Woman's the -- driver and love's the steed, etc.

(Dance and exeunt L.1. E)

(After song, enter from R. 2. E. GILFAIN and TWEEDLEPUNCH carrying head on stand)

Gilfain

It is a fortunate thing for you sir, that your knowledge of phrenology can be of use to me or you would have been thrown off the island, sir - Mr. Tweedle.

Tweedle

Punch - Tweedlepunch - my photograph. *(Handing card to Gilfain)*

Gilfain

That's the fourth photograph you've given me. Do you take me for an album.
(Throws down picture)

Tweedle

Oh I say - don't throw them about like that. *(Picking up picture)* They cost me a cent and a half a piece.

Gilfain

Do you mean to tell me that by the bumps on the head you can tell which person should marry.

Tweedle

(Xing R) I do - unless its subject has been married before, in which case some of the bumps may not be natural. *(GILFAIN Xes L. gets stool comes C)* Now it is my theory, that for every woman is born a man is born to match her. *(Xing C. with stool, sits)*

Gilfain

I know a lot of women who are looking for that man.

Tweedle

My science saves them the trouble. Now, for instance, if the count Dr. Castellane has consulted me, I would have married him to Betty Green.

Gilfain

What a combination! If you can do all you say, you are quite a remarkable

man.

Tweedle

(Handle photograph to Gilfain) My dear sir, I should say so -- *(Gilfain refuses picture with anger)* Excuse me my mistake.

Gilfain

Now I have a daughter - and I want her to marry if you could find her affinity. *(Doubtful)* I'd give the world if I could trust you.

Tweedle

Give me half the world and I'll give you gilt edged security.

Gilfain

If this scheme of yours is any good I can let you in on a good thing.

Tweedle

Good for you or good for me.

Gilfain

Good for you, if you succeed. Now being an American, I naturally want my daughter to marry an English Lord.

Tweedle

Quite so. But where to find a lord in this island, the Lord only knows, eh?

Gilfain

Ah, but there is a Lord? My head clerk, Abercoed, is really Lord Abercoed.

Tweedlepunch

No?

Gilfain

Yes, he doesn't know that I know it. Now if science could arrange that my daughter Angela should marry Lord Abercoed, I would be very grateful to science.

Tweedle

And mark your gratitude in a substantial manner.

Gilfain

Of course. I'm a man of business. And science might be induced to do something else.

Tweedle

Science is always open to reason - if there's enough of it. Science is golden.

Gilfain

I'll give you a chance to make yours 18 K. *(Confidentially)* Now I have a favorite among my farm girls-- *(Tweedle bursts out laughing)* Are you laughing or crying? What is the matter with this jackass.

Tweedle

Oh you flirt--

Gilfain

First, what do you mean, sir -- she's nothing particular.

Tweedle

(Giggling) Oh of course not. This is no place for the son of a clergyman.

Gilfain

And of course a man in my position couldn't marry her of his own accord.

Tweedle

Of course not. But, if nature had selected her for you, you would yield.

Gilfain

I suppose the terms will be the same in my case as in my daughter's.

Tweedle

Tell me - you see in your case science will have to work over time. 100 for coupling the two couples.

Gilfain

100 nothing. I'll give you \$10 a head.

Tweedle

Oh no, ten dollars a bump.

Gilfain

I'll give you fifty dollars a head - take it or leave it?

Tweedle

Well then I'll take it. But can you make the young people believe in me? Very few do --

Gilfain

They'll do anything I order them - I'm master here. (*Broad*)

Tweedle

(*Aside*) Then every girl on the island will pass through my hands and I shall surely find the little Quisara.

Gilfain

Well then is it a go?

Tweedle

(*Shaking hands*) It is - the saddest thing in life is forming friendships. We meet today and part tomorrow.

Gilfain

I hope so.

Tweedle

I beg pardon --

Gilfain

You heard what I said.

Tweedle

My mistake, but I should like to cement our friendship before parting, by some little token if you will permit me let me see. (*Fumbling in pocket*) What have I? (*Brings out knife*) Oh, my pocket knife - now I have carried that knife for ten years - will you accept it?

Gilfain

Certainly not. I wouldn't deprive you of it for the world.

Tweedle

Ah, I see, superstitious. (*Coughing*)

Gilfain

Well yes, I am - a little.

Tweedle

Then we won't make it a present. Just give me something in exchange.
Anything will do.

Gilfain

I haven't any change. (*Hand in pocket bring out bills*) Nothing smaller than a \$2.00 bill.

Tweedle

(*Taking it quickly*) That will do - two dollars will break the hoodoo. (*Xing R. turning upstage*)

Gilfain

Well I'll be d----- (*Xing L*) (*Enter LADY HOLYROOD R.U.E*)

Tweedlepunch

(*R. sniffs*) What a lovely odor.

Gilfain

(*L*) Oh yes -- Florodora.

Gilfain

Ah Lady Holyrood, permit me - Prof Tweedlepunch, the phrenologist.

Tweedlepunch

(*Advancing to her*) Charmed, I'm sure. My dear Madame, will you permit me. My photograph. (*Hand her photograph, After handing photograph he comes R.C. to stool, slowly*) (*Puts hat pin in his hat*)

Gilfain

We were discussing the science of marriage.

Lady Holyrood

(*C*) Marriage isn't a science it's an art.

Gilfain

(*L.C*) Prof. Tweedlepunch has a system of marriage that makes everybody happy!

Tweedlepunch

(*R.C*) Everybody but me, I have never married. (*Sighs*)

Lady Holyrood

Disappointed in love?

Tweedle

(*Picks up stool and head*) I should say so. I advertised for a girl with a million dollars and didn't get a single reply.

Lady Holyrood

(*To Tweedle*) Does your system of marriage apply to second marriage, Mr. Tweedlepunch?

Tweedle

To any number. (*Xes R. takes stool and head and puts them in R. corner*)

Lady Holyrood

What a pity you didn't live in Bluebeard's time. (*Tweedle. and Gilfain giggle*)

Are you thinking of marrying again?

Gilfain

Are you, Lady Holyrood?

Tweedle

(R. C., aside) She's got her eye on the millionaire.

Lady Holyrood

But I must find the right one this time. What's the good of being a widow if you don't profit by your experience.

(Hands Gilfain the photo. He throws it away in disgust)

TRIO -- "I WANT TO MARRY A MAN, I DO"

Lady Holyrood

I want to marry a man, I do, I do.

Gilfain

She does,

Tweedle

She do.

Lady Holyrood

I want to tell you my plan, I do, I do.

Gilfain

She does,

Tweedle

She do.

Lady Holyrood

I want to marry a man, I do, I do.

Gilfain

She does,

Tweedle

She do.

Lady Holyrood

There's no use in looking about each day,
For husbands will either be dull or gay,
I've got to get one whose built my way
If I want to get one that will do, will do
I do.

Gilfain

She does,

Tweedle

She do.

REFRAIN

You've got to get hold of the right one,
and all will be right as can be,
The task isn't really a light one,
And it can't be performed for a fee.
You don't want a stay-out-all night one,

Or one who indulges in afternoon tea,
If you only get hold of the right one,
It's as easy as A.B.C.

Gilfain

As A, B, C.

All

It's as easy as A, B, C.

Lady Holyrood

A husband I want to adore, I do, I do.

Gilfain

She does,

Tweedle

She do.

Lady Holyrood

I won't have a husband who wears a low hat, Or goes out to dinner in
somebody's flat.

Gilfain

Or one who's addicted to sleep on the mat.

Lady Holyrood

Oh I think I should know what to do, to do, to do.

Gilfain

She does,

Tweedle

She do.

REFRAIN

You've got to get hold of the right one, etc.

*(Dance and exeunt TWEEDLEPUNCH R. 2 E and LADY HOLYROOD L. 1
leaving GILFAIN on stage C)*

Gilfain

If this Prof. Tweedlepunch can do all he claims he can he's a wonder. I think
I'll call all my people here, and let him test his ability at once.

(Enter LEANDRO R. 2 E)

Call all my people here at once.

(LEANDRO beckons people on R. and L) (CHORUS)

Now then, Prof. Tweedlepunch, can arrange it so that I marry Dolores, I need
no longer fear the exposure of the secret of Florodora, and with my daughter
Angela married to Lord Abercoed I will be able to get into the best society in
both England and America.

SONG AND CHORUS "PHRENOLOGY"

There is nothing I disparage

Like an ill-assorted marriage,

You must choose your wife with phrenological care,

For the resin beneath her bonnet,

Has your future mapped upon it,

So when you're engaged take down her hair.

Chorus

So when you're engaged take down her hair

Gilfain

Though she may declare it fidgets,
As you fumble with your digits,
You reveal a well developed bump of crime -
You may one day find her thickening
Up your turtle soup with strychnine,
Be advised and shake her while there's time.

Chorus

Be advised and shake her while there's time.

Gilfain

Then you no wedding need be dreading,
Once phrenology defined,
What is the virtue that will hurt you,
And the vice you needn't mind,
But science at defiance and to grief you're
sure to come,
If you're scorning every warning of the cra-ni-um.

2.

If her temper bumps unsightly don't miss the matter lightly
If you do beware there's trouble in the air,
For in manner most pathetic, she'll put gables on your attic
With a rolling pin or else a chair.

Chorus

With a rolling pin or else a chair.

Gilfain

Should she reach your solar plexus, you will wish you were
in Texas
Or in some place else that's always hot and dry,
So before the new row commences, you should build up your
defences,
If you're wise you'll prove an alibi,
If you're wise you'll prove an alibi.

Chorus

For the marriage, I disparage is the usual blind affair,
Just a scramble at a gamble with the prizes very rare,
Ere the crisis my advice is - with your finger and your
thumb,
Explore the mountain and the molehills on her cra-ni-um.

Gilfain

If her bumps of conversation, should arouse your consternation
You had better not stay out too late at night,
For she'll ask for explanation, causing many combinations,
Leading to a fight till broad daylight.
Into a fight till broad daylight yes he's right.
You will learn that matrimony, is a matter for your money,
For if such a girl you marry you will wish that you were dead.

When she had procured an absolute divorce,
For you'll find it isn't funny trying to pay alimony,
That it's not a case of horse, and horse.
That it's not a case of horse and horse.

Chorus

That is why you'd better tarry ere you do decide to wed,
For if such a girl you marry you will wish that you were dead.
So science at defiance, and to grief you're sure to come,
If you're scorning every warning of the cra-ni-um.

Gilfain

(L.C.) Ah here comes the Professor. Science shall begin work at once.
(ENTER TWEEDLEPUNCH R.2.E- with paraphernalia. Crowd rushes toward him. He goes to R. corner and gets head and stand)

Tweedle

(Alarmed) One at a time, please. One at a time. Heavens do you all want to get married? *(6 chairs L. for English ladies place R.C)* Girls Of course we do.
(Men bring on platform and chair from R)

Tweedle

Of course they do, girls will be girls. LADies and gentlemen before dealing out universal happiness I wish to mention that I am at the head of my profession.
(Takes hat pin out of hat. Hat off, closes hat and puts it under chair at platform) I have felt the bumps of all the crowned heads of Europe, all the fat heads of Asia, all the swelled heads of America not forgetting the black heads of Africa. *(Plate and coin bus.)* We will now proceed to business. *(Enter ANGELA and DONEGAL L.U.E. comes down C)*

Gilfain

(L. C) To show my confidence in the system I've inaugurated for the happiness of others - I am prepared -- *(Steps on platform)*

Tweedle

(To Gilfain) Be seated, sir.

Gilfain

(Turns -- seeing Angela) At least, my daughter is prepared to submit herself to Mr. Tweedlepunch's scientific investigations. *(X L.C)*

Angela

(C) Why Papa - who is he?

Gilfain

(Turns) Oh he'll tell you all about himself.

Tweedle

(R.C) Allow me - my photograph. *(Gives Angela his photograph)* Taken with my little dog. The one on the right is the dog. Miss Gilfain will you kindly place your head here. *(Indicating chair in stand)*

Angela

(To Donegal) Shall I, Arthur?

Donegal

(Shrugging his shoulders, Xes to R) Oh certainly do whatever papa wishes, like a good girl. *(Angela hands hat to Tweedle - he puts hat on figure)*

Angela

(Goes to chair and stops) Oh, no, I don't think I will.

Gilfain

Never fear, my dear. Papa is here. Tweed No danger. *(Angela goes to chair)*
Pray be seated. *(She sits, head back, chin up - snaps collar--bus.)* You will
pardon my securing you to the chair - my investigations have at times
submitted me to personal violence. *(Places hand on Angela's head - looks at*
it - pause, very serious and almost crying) Mr. Gilfain I find on your
daughter's head--

Gilfain

What.

Tweedle

Bumps. Of truthfulness and simplicity - amiability -- good nature and
obedience strongly developed - bump of affection sticks out like a water-
melon! *(Unfastens collar of chair, Angela gets down)*

Angela

Good gracious. *(Gets down to Donegal)* He's pretty good judge of character.
(Enter ABERCOED R.2.E comes to C, looks at head, until spoken to_ (To
Tweedle) I shall keep your photograph. *(Tweedle. gives Angela her hat)*

Tweedle

Thank you Miss.

(Aside)

Very few do.

(Bus. coin and plate) (To Gilfain)

Nothing doing; nothing doing. Mr. Gilfain I find that your daughter is
scientifically fitted to marry a man of good business habits.

(Gilfain calls Tweedle's attention to Abercoed - whistling business aside)

I'm on the chief clerk.

(To Abercoed)

Allow me, sir. Would you kindly place your head here?

Abercoed

(C)

Certainly not. No science on earth could force me to marry where I didn't
love.

Angela

(R)

Oh do try it, Mr. Abercoed it doesn't hurt a bit.

Gilfain

(L)

Go on - get in the game - have a dash, have a dash.

Tweedle

I don't mind if I do. *(Smacks his lips)*

Abercoed

(R. foot on edge of platform) Oh very well. *(Goes to Tweed)* Your decision
won't affect me. *(Bus. sits in chair. Tweedle feels head, raps it hard twice.*
Abercoed takes hat off head - one of the men who stands R. of platform puts
it on. Hat has large knob on top)

Tweedle

(Feels head) This is a remarkable head *(Taps it)* Listen to that sound. *(Taps it again. Abercoed takes hat and puts it on)* This young man's head is so wonderfully developed. *(Puts hand around edge of hat all way)* Size enormous. *(Hand on front)* Frontal development above the average. *(Hand on R. side)* Bump of good business habits splendid. *(Hand on knob top)* Bump - of - of - of - Agra - Niagara - Niagaranenishness. *(Looks at it)* Oh ---- *(Laughs)* You see sir, to what limit my science can go when this young man's bumps can talk through his hat. *(Abercoed gives hat back to man R. gets down. XL - of Tweedle)* Mr. Gilfain, allow me to present you with the son-in-law science has selected for you.

All

Son-in-law.

Tweedle

They are made to take each other - like the ace and the king of trumps. *(He takes the hands of Abercoed and Angela and is about to join them when they snatch them away, angrily)*

Gilfain

(L. of C) Wonderful. I had hoped that Angela would do better but I submit.

Angela

(XL. C.) You may submit - I won't.

Donegal

(Following her to C) Look here, Mr. Gilfain, I'm not going to stand this. I want to marry Angela and Abercoed doesn't.

Abercoed

No, I don't mean to, either, in spite of this meddling trickster. *(ABERCOED exits R. 2)*

Chorus

Quite right! *(DONEGAL and ANGELA X back of platform to R. - Enter Dolores, L.U.E. smoking comes down C)*

Tweedle

(Bus. coin and plate) Well, who is next.

Dolores

(Bus. C) What's going on?

Gilfain

(L. going C. to Dolores) We're all going to be married.

Dolores

By machinery.

Gilfain

Professor Tweedlepunch, this is Dolores--
(Significantly)

My favorite farm girl;

Tweedle

(Aside)

I'm on.

(Xes to Dolores)

Will you allow me? My photograph.

(He offers Dolores the photograph - she knocks it out of his hand, blows smoke in his face)

I can't stand these, no tobacco cigarettes.

(Dolores Xes L. and blows smoke in Gilfain's face, then kneels down and talks to Spanish girls)

(Enter LADY HOLYROOD L.U.E comes down C)

Lady Holyrood

What's this? A mass meeting? What glorious institution are they trying to destroy now, I wonder.

Gilfain

(L.C)

We're about to try marriage by natural selection.

Lady Holyrood

Shall we all try it Mr. Gilfain.

Gilfain

Don't you think that I'm too old to marry.

Lady Holyrood

A man is never too old to marry - if he's very rich.

Gilfain

Do you think so Lady Holyrood, then I'll try it for your sake. *(Xes R.C. to platform)* Mr. Tweedlepunch, may I--

Tweedle

(To Gilfain) Would you kindly place your head there. *(Gilfain goes to machine followed by Lady Holyrood L.C)*

Angela

(R. to Donegal) I hope he gets an extravagant woman with a nasty temper. *(Xes L. to platform)*

Tweedle

Mr. Gilfain, will you be seated?

(Bus. of lifting him up by coat and dropping him back into seat) *(Gilfain protesting, head back, chin up - snaps collar around his neck as with others)*

Gilfain

Oh, has he pinched my diamond?

(Bus: hand up to tie Tweedlepunch pulls it down - repeated three times. Tweedlepunch finally puts his knee on Gilfain's hand, which is on Gilfain's knee)

Tweedlepunch

You have a fine head, sir. *(Slaps head)* A big head - *(Slaps head)* I may say a fat head. *(Feels Gilfain's bumps)* Oh, What's this? What have we here -- *(L)* - and here -- *(R)* and here? *(Bus)* tut, tut, remarkable.

Angela & Lady Holyrood

What is it?

(DOLORES Xes behind platform R)

Tweedle

Ah you don't know. He doesn't know. *(To Lady Holyrood)* I don't know. Bumps, bumps of robbery largely developed - bumps of false pretences enormous - habitual criminality like a cannon ball. *(Go back to Gil)* *(Bus. Tweedlepunch pulls handkerchief out of Gilfain's pocket)*

Gilfain

Well, you'll not carry that out. *(Bus. grabs handkerchief from Tweedle)*

Tweedle

My mistake. To carry out my system to perfection, you should marry a girl of sound common sense, strength of purpose - courage and ambition.

Gilfain

Let me out of this. *(Tweedle releases him)* You made it very unpleasant for me, sir.

Tweedle

Oh, no, no I, bumps;

Gilfain

Thumps, I call it. *(Gilfain Xes L.C.)*

Tweedle

I will now proceed to find the girl. *(Girls all jump up)*

Angela

I pity the poor girl who gets Papa. *(Bus. Tweedlepunch and Lady Holyrood)*

Lady Holyrood

(Xes R.C. to Tweedlepunch, who is standing on platform) Mr. Tweedlepunch, will you please feel my bumps.

Tweedle

Will I? Won't I? *(Feels bumps, Gilfain whistles to him, pantomimes a "I'm on")* Pardon me dear Madame. Quite impossible.

Lady Holyrood

I'm not impossible.

Tweedle

No, no. You have no bumps.

Lady Holyrood

I have bumps. You don't know your business.

Tweedle

Hugh. Don't give it away. *(Down C)* Lady Holyrood up C. then around to R. corner) *(Approaches Dolores and taps her on the shoulder twice)* The favorite farm girl?

Dolores

What is the trouble, sir?

Tweedle

I have no trouble. Permit me - *(He leads her forward and she reluctantly sits in chair)* May I take a little bit off the top.

Dolores

What do you mean, off the top?

Tweedle

You know. *(Bus. kiss)*

Dolores

How dare you, sir? *(Throws Tweedle. off L.C)*

Gilfain

Cut that out. Go on with the business. Do you know what you are doing sir?

Tweedle

Yes - taking a little bit off the top. But it's so refreshing. Be seated. Common sense as big as a turkey's egg. Courage - you could hange a hat on it.

Dolores

That's not a bump. That's my ear. And besides you are mussing my hair.

Tweedle

Strength of purpose *(To Gilfain)* Mr. Gilfain, nature has graciously designed your favorite farm girl for your wife. *(Passes her - X to L.C. she goes up C)*

All

His wife? *(Angela Xes C. tearing up picture of Tweedle and throws it in his face, then Xes to Gilfain - Tweedle - C Xes and sits in chair of platform)*

Lady Holyrood

(R. aside) Not if I can help it.

Gilfain

Good, if I marry Dolores, my secret is safe forever. It's all right.

Angela

It's not all right, pap. I won't have Dolores for my mother.

Gilfain

(Passing her over to L) You attend to your own business my dear. *(Turns to Dolores who is C)* Come my darling kiss your husband. *(Enter ABERCOED R - 2 E Xes to C)* *(GILFAIN tries to kiss Dolores - bus. all get up)*

Dolores

No, no, I won't. *(Runs upstage and meets Abercoed)*

Abercoed

What's this? What's the matter? *(Bus - takes Dolores in his arms, and passes her over to R, she still clings to him, during the next speech)*

Dolores

(R.C) Mr. Gilfain wants to marry me and kiss me. Don't let him.

Abercoed

(C - soothingly) Don't be afraid. Mr. Gilfain I protest against this. Give up this sham science and let us marry where our hearts direct.

All

Quite right.

Gilfain

Don't you dare to disobey me, sir. I'm not going to be dictated to by a mere clerk. Do as I order you. Marry my daughter Angela.

Abercoed

I will not.

Dolores

(Xes down R. C) That's something like a man.

Gilfain

Then I dismiss you from my service. Leave this Island at once.

Abercoed

As you wish. But I'll be no party to the schemes of this mountebank, Mr. Gilfain, I leave your service at once. *(Exit L.U.E.)*

All

Quite right.

Dolores

(Xes to Gilfain L.C) I'll never marry you.

Gilfain

You won't.

Dolores

No, never, no never, never. *(Exits L.U.E)* Angela and Donegal go to Gilfain.

Gilfain

I call this base ingratitude.

Angela

Oh papa.

Gilfain

Don't speak to me for another century. *(Exit L.U.E)*

Lady Holyrood

(R) Well, Mr. Tweedlepunch, a pretty mess you've made of it.

Tweedle

(Sits in chair on platform) I don't seem to have given entire satisfaction.

Lady Holyrood

I should think not; now come here you silly old gentleman.

Tweedle

Pardon me, I should like to cement our friendship. If you will allow me -- let me see, what have I? *(Looks in pocket)* Ah, my pocket knife. I have carried that knife for ten years. Will you adopt it.

Lady Holyrood

My dear sir, I don't want your knife.

Tweedle

Ah, I see superstitious. Lady Well, I will admit that I am.

Tweedle

Well then, we won't make it a present. Give me some little thing in exchange. Anything will do. It don't matter about the amount.

Lady Holyrood

My, but you are a nuisance. *(Gets coin out of purse)* Well there's a penny. *(Tweedle nearly falls in a faint)* *(Lady Holyrood catches him by the coat)* Now listen to me. I have my check book with me.

Lady Holyrood

Now I am going to give you \$500. *(Bus)* If you arrange that, Mr. Gilfain

chooses another wife.

Tweedle

Science is a mere baby in the hands of a banker. (*Goes to platform and stands - there*)

Lady Holyrood

(*L.C. aside to Angela*) Yes and we'll attend to Tweedlepunch (*Girls and men crowd around Tweedlepunch, saying "Me next" - - "I WANT TO GET MARRIED" - etc.*)

Tweedle

Please, steady. You shall all be married if you'll only wait. (*Tweedle - back the chorus off L.U.E.*) Donegal has worked up C - stops his exit up L) (*After the exit of the Chorus, LADY HOLYROOD and ANGELA pull TWEEDLE back, in doing so they rip his coat up the back*) Oh I'm undone. (*Going up C and turns*) (*After Tweedlepunch speaks his lines, Lady Holyrood R. and Angela L rush to him and catch hold of an end of his necktie, which is made of elastic. At the end of this line, they pull it out and let it go suddenly, it snaps against his neck. Is of being hurt, etc.*)

Lady Holyrood

(*R*) But why did you interfere with us?

Angela

(*L*) Why should I marry a man I don't love?

Tweedle

(*C*) You don't know - (*Indicating Lady Holyrood*) She doesn't know, I don't know - bumps. (*Runs around Lady L. and exits L.I.E. followed by Angela and Lady Holyrood and Donegal*)

Donegal

If I catch him, I'll give him a bump that he'll never forget. (*Exit*) (*Enter L.U.E., ABERCOED and DOLORES*)

Dolores

(*L.C*) And are you really going?

Abercoed

(*R. C*) Yes, dear, I must. After what Mr. Gilfain said - how can I remain?

Dolores

I'll return soon and claim you. Can't you trust me? Yes, but I could trust you just as well if I went with you.

Abercoed

Never fear, dear, I won't be long parted from you - and whenever I am, you will always be in my thoughts, waiting for me under the shadows of the beautiful palms.

(*Seats her R*) (*SINGS*) "*THE SHADE OF THE PALM.*"

There is a garden fair, set in an eastern sea,
There is a maid keeping trust with me,
In the shade of the palm,
With a lover's delight,
Where 'tis ever the golden day, or silvery night,
How can I leave her in this dream of sweet Arcadia,
How can I part with her for lands away?

In this land of Eden fairest of the sea
Oh my beloved bid me stay, in this fair land of Eden,
Bid me, beloved, to stay - oh my Dolores

REFRAIN

Oh my Dolores queen of the Eastern sea,
Fair one of Eden, look to the West for me,
My star will be shining, love,
When you're in the moonlight calm,
So be waiting for me by the Eastern sea,
In the shade of the sheltering palm.

(At the end of the first refrain, Dolores rises, Xes to C, very slowly, turns at opening of second verse) 2.

There is an island fair, gift by the Western Sea,
Dearest, 'tis there one day thou'lt go with me,
'Neath the glorious moon hand in hand we'll roam,
Hear the nightingale song of June, in young dear land of home.
There dearest heart will the past but seem an idle vision,
Nought but a dream that fadeth fast away,
And the songs we were singing in, in Elysian vales,
Seem but a carol of yesterday, happy songs we were singing,
Songs of a by-gone day.

(At the finish of song, ABERCOED takes her in his arms and picture - until Orchestra finishes. Then exit ABERCOED L.2.E - Dolores follows him almost to entrance, slowly)

Tweedle

(Enters L.U.E. - xing to ") They all seem very angry. (Sits R. corner - lights gradually change to a salmon. Dolores goes to Tweedle - angrily)

Dolores

Now what have you got to say for yourself.

Tweedle

I'm not saying a word.

Dolores

(Shakes him - tears his coat) Oh maybe they've done with you, but I'm not. (after Dolores tears Tweedlepunch's coat into two pieces, he buttons it up in front and then changes it from back to front vice versa, bus. to finish before end of speech) Is that all right in the back? (Business Dolores: stamps foot)

Tweedle

Don't be angry. Del. I'm not angry. Don't you dare say I'm angry.

Tweedle

I didn't say you were angry. I say, don't be angry. You are all right you'll soon be married. Del. I know it. But I'm going to marry Mr. Abercoed, not Mr. Gilfain. Do you understand that?

Tweedle

Marry the discharged clerk, when you can get the master? Nonsense, besides that'll hurt Mr. Gilfain's feelings.

Dolores

Wel I -- I --

Tweedle

Have you known him a long time?

Dolores

Ever since I was a baby. I was born on this Island.

Tweedle

What a chubby little thing you must have been. *(Bus. with necktie after coat business, he begins to tie necktie, after trying it he pulls the ends and it snaps as before)* Well then can you tell me -- Delores It belonged to my father. He went abroad and died - and then Mr. Gilfain took care of me.

Tweedle

Your father. What was his name?

Dolores

Fernando Quisara.

Tweedle

Quisara? *(Tweedle takes off his hat, quickly - hat pin in right hand an left)* And Gilfain took possession of the Island of Florodora, and of you. I have found her. I have found her. *(Xing L) (Enter ABERCOED L. 2. E)*

Dolores

You silly old man I have been here all the while.

Tweedle

But I didn't know you were Dolores Quisara. He did, that's why he wanted to marry you. *(Drops down R.)* Gilfain is a --

Dolores

What?

Tweedle

He's a reptile. You will never marry him. You can marry Mr. Abercoed or me, or any other blackguard you like, but Gilfain, never. He's a worm - an ordinary cabbage worm and I'll crush. *(He holds his foot up)* That's my crushes - *(With indignation) (Bus. hat pin - puts hat on head, jabs pin in hat - sticks himself, exclamation of pain)* He's a cobra di Capello.

Gilfain

(Off stage, calls) Leandro.

Tweedle

There he is. Now you just watch me. *(Goes upstage to meet Gilfain) (Abercoed and Dolores Xes to L.) (Enter GILFAIN and other principals L.U.E - Tweedlepunch brings Gilfain down C angrily)* Mr. Gilfain you know me.

Gilfain

(Shakes hands with him) Know you - you are my best best friend.

Tweedle

Now isn't that aggravating? *(Goes R.)*

Gilfain

(C. to Abercoed) You still here? I told you to be off.

Abercoed

I don't need to be told again, sir. I'm going.

Dolores

(X I X) I'll go too. I'll go with him. (Arms around Abercoed)

Gilfain

(Catches her by the hand and Xes her to R.C.) No you don't; you stay here.
You're mind.

Tweedle

(R.) And mine.

(Exits slowly L U E)

FINALE**Girls**

Hey, hey, lackaday
Our loving hearts asunder, he has riven
With tears, tears we cannot stay
We see our boys to others given.

Tenors and Basses

Of scientific fraud.
The worst of all phrenology
The maids we hold in hate are given us to wed.
While girls that we've adored,
Without the least apology,
Are now assigned to mate with men,
Who've other girls instead.

(Boat comes on C - Abercoed comes down from R U E)

DUST - Abercoed and Dolores

This is not sorrow
This is not parting,
This is the hour when two hearts unite
Seas may divide us,
Years keep in longing
This is the dawn that knows no night,
Time will not sever
We vow for ever
This bond we will never betray.

Abercoed

Farewell, my own,
You are the dearest at parting
To thee ever alone, dear love.
I will vow I will ever be true.

Dolores

Farewell, though seas may divide us,
Farewell, though fate may divide us,
Farewell, farewell.
I love you forever and ever.
Where'er I roam, where I roam
Abercoed and Donegal
Stay we implore you

Chorus

See, hand in hand they kneel,
They may, you may repent, hear --
(*Abercoed exits L to R in boat*)

All

(*Kneeling to Gilfain*)
Hand in hand we kneel imploring
Of your harshness you'll repent
Do not part two hearts adoring,
By withholding your consent,
We kneel, We kneel
We implore you -
We pray you repent,
We pray you, do you part us
By withholding your consent, your consent.
Of scientific fraud
The worst of all phrenology
The men we hold in hate
Are given us to wed.
While men that we've adored,
Without the least apology,
Are now assigned to other girls instead.

Gilfain

Though your lover has departed,
Be no longer brokenhearted,
For you now are free,
To love and marry me.
(*LADY HOLYROOD enters L. I. E and drops down R.C.*)
He will not return to claim you.
You're deserted, none shall blame you -
If you marry me.
Yes, marry me.

Lady H.

Why marry in this hurry.
Surely you've no need to worry,
There are good fish waiting, waiting
in the sea.
For a millionaire colonial,
In such matters matrimonial,
You might do worse than wait for me,
Do worse than wait for me.

Chorus

(*To Dolores*)
Be no longer broken hearted,
For he now has set you free,
You're deserted, none can blame you,
If his bride you mean to be.
(*To Gilfain*)
But despite your worst endeavor
She'll be true to him forever,

She'll be true to him forever,
Or her love returns.

(Gil. walks from R to L)

Chorus

We will refuse you
We will defy you,
Though our resistance appears to you in vain
We mean revolting,
We won't obey you,
We will deny you
We won't be matched again

Dolores

Ah come my defender, come now and protect me,
Till no one proclaim that no hand will divide,
That no hand will divide.

Abercoed

(Off stage)

Oh my Dolores, Queen of the Eastern sea,
Fair one Eden, look to the west for me,
My star will be shining love,
When you're in the moonlight calm,
So be waiting for me by the Eastern sea,
In the shade of the sheltering palm.

(Enter TWEEDLE L U E)

Chorus

'Tis the star of love, (etc.)

FLORODORA

ACT II

SCENE 1: A courtyard

Exterior of Abercoed Castle, a fine old castle in Wales L.

Over the Castle entrance is the word "Florodora".

A pretty garden lawn tent, with flag flying. Florodora, just off stage R.I.E.)

DISCOVERED: Peasants in Welsh costume.

CHORUS OF PEASANTS

Rising from the loaded table,
Where we feasted till unable
To devour another sip or crumb,
Thanks to ancient port and sherry,
Most elated - gay and merry
So much so, if truth be said
We would best go home to bed.

GIRLS

No, no, no, no, no.

Tenor Sole

No despite our over-feeding,

In defiance of good breeding,
Let us wind up the proceeding,
In the only way we know,
Hearken to a wise suggestion,
For there's not the slightest question,
You can much assist digestion.
We must show
With the light fantastic tie
So you show the toe

REFRAIN AND DANCE

Six girls and Six Boys:

Dainty ankles tripping lightly,
Neath an unsuspected frill,
Tiny waist encircled tightly,
Causing manly heart a thrill,
Merrily we romp and rollick,
Pirouette and gaily prance
With unmitigated frolic,
In a manner quite bucolic,
We'll embrace the welcome chance,
Now to revel in the dance.

(At the end of dance, chorus breaks up into groups, R. and L.)

(Enter VALLEDA followed by LEANDRO C. she is now Lady Holyrood, and dressed accordingly, She goes to door L. and says to footmen inside)

Valleda

(R.C.) Will you tell Lady Holyrood that she's wanted at once?

Leandro

(C. insinuating) And ain't I wanted, too?

Valleda

(Xing him to L.C.) Not by me anyhow. I didn't come to England to mix up with a foreigner.

Leandro

(Aside) She puts on as many airs as if she was the missus.

(Goes up R.)

(Enter Lady Holyrood, L.U.E. from castle)

Lady Holyrood

(Coming down C) Well, Valleda, what is it?

Valleda

(R.C.) Your ladyship's brother, Capt. Donegal, has arrived.

Lady Holyrood

Tell him to see me here. *(Valleda goes up C. to steps)* I've made Mr. Gilfain see that for the sake of propriety I must have my family with me. *(Enter Donegal, C. comes down)*

Donegal

Ah there you are, sis! *(Embraces her)*

Lady H.

Valleda, tell Miss Angela that Capt. Donegal is here. (*exit Valleda into castle*)

Donegal

(*R.*) You are a wonderful woman, sis, I never thought you could give me an invitation here.

Lady H.

I insisted upon it, I told Mr. Gilfain that my reputation would suffer if I remained here without my family. Hither you must come or I must go.

Donegal

Quite right. Oh, I say, sis, I'm just dying for a drink.

Lady H.

Right over there. (*Points to tent R*) Refreshment tent.

Donegal

Splendid. Oh, by the way, have you arranged anything? Are you going to marry Gilfain?

Lady H.

No, not yet.

Donegal

Not yet. Well, you are in a very peculiar position here, aren't you.

Lady H.

Not at all. I am society help and have charge of the entire establishment.

Donegal

Ah, I see -- a sort of lady housekeeper, with seven nights a week out, and ---
(*Rest of speech interrupted*)

Lady H.

Don't be ridiculous, Arthur, every new millionaire requires a title to look after his social advancement. Even a millionaire is nothing but a baby in the hands of a woman with tact.

(*Donegal exits into tent R*)

SOLO:

"TACT:"

Lady Holyrood

There are people who have tried
To be smart and dignified
But there's just one little thing that they have lacked,
They have cash enough maybe,
And no end of pedigree,
But they never have a penny's worth of tact,
You wouldn't tell a lie
Oh no, you'd rather die,
For you'd surely be discovered before long,
But if only tact you've got,
You can do an awful lot,
Which before you might have thought was very wrong.

REFRAIN:

Tact, tact,
Take it for a fact,
Just try it; you will find it will invariably act,
Perhaps they told you in your youth,
That there's nothing like the truth,
But it really can't compare at all with tact, tact, tact.
No, it really can't compare at all with tact.

2nd.

In the morning you must drive.
Into Bond Street, and you dive,
Into all the stores as busy as a bee,
At a jewellers shop you stop,
And you pop inside the shop,
Ah, good morning, something nice to show me,
A tiara, ah what fun.
I think I'll take that one,
But dear, me, I do believe my brougham has gone,
Never speak about the price,
Just talk pretty and look nice,
And ask him how his wife is getting on.

REFRAIN:

Tact, tact,
Take it for a fact,
Always kiss a tradesman's baby and you'll find that it'll act,
When at last enough you owe
Into bankruptcy you go
You can save a lot of money if you've tact, tact, tact.
Yes, you can save a lot of money if you've tact.

3rd.

Then at the Goodwood you must stay,
And roulette of course you play,
For the evenings otherwise would be slow.
But you needn't be upset,
When you find yourself in debt,
If you're not inclined to pay you simply owe,
Well, next day you're on the course.
So a friend will put the money on for you,
For a lady in the ring,
Wouldn't be the proper thing,
And besides you've lost your purse -- you always do.

Refrain

Tact, tact,
Take it for a fact,
The race is run, you cannot see the horse that you have backed
Then you say, what have you done?
I meant to back the one that won,
Oh you can do a lot of betting if you've tact, tact, tact,
You can do a lot of betting if you've tact.

4th.

The academy you view,
Or you've nothing else to do
Or you're really fond of art of course you don't,
Then a pianist you know,
And a promise you will go,
To his concerts --if you're musical you won't.
Then a gorgeous gown you buy
The price is cut too high,
Considering that the gown is cut so low,
For the lady of today,
Doesn't have a heart they say,
But she has a neck and that she means to show.

REFRAIN

Tact, tact,
Take it for a fact,
Her dinner dress has no support and yet it seems to act,
And her costume at the ball,
It's not material at all,
It's enough if she had diamonds and tact, tact, tact,
It's enough if she has diamond and tact.

5th

If you stage a moral play,
And somehow it doesn't pay,
Don't despair about the patronage you've lacked,
Try to get the piece suppressed,
Let the people do the rest,
If they think it's bad, the house will soon be packed,
But there's still a quicker way,
To make a losing venture pay,
Get a preacher to denounce the piece by name,
Everyone must see the show,
That has roused the pulpit so,
Everyone must pay to do it just the same.

Refrain

Tact, tact,
It never fails to act,
Your treasurer'll be busy if your play has been attacked,
Any clergyman who's wise,
Knows it pays to advertise,
And sometimes preachers do it for a fact, fact, fact,

Sometimes preachers do it for a fact.

6th

If your best young man is shy,
And you really don't know why,
Here's a plan you'll find works out of sight.
Turn the gas down rather low,
For gas hurts the eyes you know,
And your eyesight might be ruined by the light,
If he seems a bit perplexed,
As to what he should do next,
Gently nestle close against his manly breast,
Say you're not afraid and swear,
You would trust him anywhere.
And a minister will have to do the rest.

Refrain

Tact, tact,
For a matrimonial pact,
Just turn the gas down lower, and see how it will act,
Cupid I might hear remark,
Always works best in the dark,
You can help him quite a little if you've tact, tact, tact,
You can help him quite a little if you've tact.

*(After Song, exit LADY HOLYROOD L.I.E. DONEGAL enters from tent R.
Enter VALLEDA and ANGELA from castle L)*

Valleda

(L.C. to Donegal) Here's Nice Angela

Angela

Oh, Arthur, I'm so glad to see you again.

Donegal

(R.C.) And I'm precious glad to see you. I was afraid your father wouldn't let me in here.

Angela

He wouldn't but for Lady Holyrood insisting upon it.

Donegal

Well, I'm all right now, how does dear papa get on? *(Re-enter LADY HOLYROOD L.I.E.)*

Angela

(C) Worse and worse, since he bought this castle and came to live in England, he's more ridiculous than ever.

Lady H.

(L.E.) A rich man is never ridiculous in England, or anywhere else.

Angela

But pap overdoes it. *(Lady H. goes up C)* He goes about as if he were Barnum's circus, and his carriages are all red and gold like Lord Mayor's.

Lady Holyrood

(R.) Um, It looks like a patent medicine wagon.

Angela

He call Leandro the captain of his body guard. And those who used to be his clerks he now calls his secretaries.

Donegal

Ah, that reminds me, has anything been heard of his late clerk, Abercoed?

Angela

(L)

No--nothing, since he left the Island, he seems to have disappeared altogether.

Donegal

And that pretty spanish girl? (*Turning to Lady H.*) What was her name?

Lady H.

I beg your pardon! (*Goes up C*)

Angela

Dolores? She vanished with professor Tweedlepunch right after Abercoed left. They haven't been heard from either.

Donegal

(*C. goes to Angela*) Well, never mind them, how about our little bit of business? Are we to be married, with dear papa's consent, or do we take French leave?

Angela

(L) I don't care which, but pap- still believes Professor Tweedlepunch's science. He says nature cannot make mistakes. (*During this speech, Lady Holyrood having gone up C. gets back to her position R.*)

Lady H.

(R) Nature not make mistakes? Absurd! Think of the original color of my hair!

Donegal

Don't say that, somebody may believe you.

Angela

He insists that even if I don't marry Lord Abercoed I must marry a nobleman. He says the present harmony in the Anglo Saxon race is because of the marriage of American Heiresses and English Peers.

Lady H.

Nonsense! That's where he's wrong again. England and America owe their present friendship to the success of the Belle of New York. We'll leave Arthur to interview the new millionaire. (*EXIT with ANGELA into castle R*)

Donegal

Not I! I can't stand these millionaires with their new money and their old castles. I'm off with you.
(*Exits into castle*)

Leandro

(*On platform C*)

Mr. Gilfain the millionaire!

(*MUSIC> Enter from C. SERVANTS in livery headed by LEANDRO, they*

form lines, the chorus crowd round GILFAIN C. in English clothes, frock coat, patent- leather boots, silk hat, etc., following him are the CLERKS similarly dressed and all carrying despatch boxes)

SOLO...GILFAIN

"WHEN YOU'RE A MILLIONAIRE"

When you're a millionaire, endeavor,
To pose as one of such
Throw your money in the air -- you'll never,
Be told you throw too much,
Take a castle of gorgeous splendor,
For your daughters and your abode,
Let a dozen footmen attend her,
When she crosses the crowded road,
Let your noble guests be bloated.
With peas that cost a guinea each
And in case it shouldn't be noted,
Mention the price in every speech,
Every hobby you must take up,
Whether it's diamonds or a Yacht,
And professional beauties make up,
Even although you'd rather not.

REFRAIN

Just the nation will declare you are,
When they see what a millionaire you are,
A blessing and a boon,
To the country which soon,
Will grant you a peerage and there you are,
The nation will declare you are,
When they see what a millionaire you are,
A blessing and a boon,
To the country which will soon.
By the way of requital,
Will grant you a title,
And there you are.

(Chorus repeats refrain)

2nd

You must run an evening journal,
Either of pink or yellow tint,
In which your doing di-urnal,
And will appear in largest print,
Such as "We learned he bagged the keeper,
When in the woods he shot today,
But he finds his game comes cheaper,
Bought in the ordinary way,
Keep many a training stable,
Although your horses never win,
Join the very best club you're able,
Members go out when you come in,
Lease a theatre if entangles,

You would get behind the scenes,
Your bangles causing wrangles,
Among the various footlight queens.

(Chorus repeats refrain)

3rd

When you're a millionaire, remember the earth belongs to
If you're rich you needn't care the world will endorse
Whatever you do,
You must go to dear old London and engage a palace there,
Then just make yourself a social clown and your name,
will ring through the land
To show that you're not proud to go in and snub a prince's
friend,
And to square yourself, just show that you've got money
to burn and lend,
You give an evening party, and invite all the swells you
know,
But you mustn't feel disappointed if to Devonshire House,
they go.

Refrain

(Chorus repeats)

*(Exit Chorus R. and L. SPANISH GIRLS L.I.E. The CLERKS remain on stage
in groups, one stands R. by tent, talking to typewriter)*

Gilfain

Before the festivities we must attend to business. Here goes. Secretary for the
Home Department.

(Pym steps forward)

Is our popularity increasing with our tenants.

Pym

Not as I should like, sir. There are some agitators, among them who object to
being entertained every day and are finding fault with you.

Gilfain

Dear, dear. I give them salmon, game, caviar, pate de fois gras champagne.
What do they want? I provide them with conjurors, the biograph, and a band
from Blue Hungary, and still they aren't satisfied. It's very disappointing.

Pym

I can't make it out.

Gilfain

They will do, go inside and see if you can make it out.

(Exit Pym L.2.)

Where's my typewriter?

Miss Belmont

(Talking to Leandro at tent)

Here, sir.

Gilfain

Come here. A tip flirting with that married man.

Miss Belmont

I'm not flirting and he's not a married man.

Gilfain

Have you written my letters?

Miss Belmont

As many as I could. It takes a long time to correct the mistakes in your grammar.

Gilfain

I won't have them corrected. Leave them all in. I want to be taken for an English nobleman.

Miss Belmont

I'll do my way or not at all. I am an experienced stenographer, and I won't let anyone dictate to me. *(She exits R.U.E.)*

Gilfain

Phew, what a temper!

(Speaking after her)

You don't mind my being here, do you?

(Aepfelbaum exits into cast) (Aside)

While Dolores is roaming all over the world, with that schemer, Tweedlepunch, my secret is not safe for one moment. And I'm like the English dailies - I never get the earliest news of anything. Follow me Leandro - sneak

-

(Exits R. followed by Leandro)

(Enter CLERKS L.2., ENGLISH LADIES, R.2.)

MUSICAL NUMBER "TELL ME PRETTY MAIDEN"

Men

Tell me, pretty maiden

Are there any more at home like you?

Girls

There are a few, kind sir,

But simple girls, and proper too.

Men

Then tell me pretty maiden,

What these simple girlies do?

Then tell me pretty maiden what the girlies do.

Girls

Kind sir, their manners are perfection,

And the opposite of mine.

Men

Then take a little walk with me,

And then I can see,

What a most particular girl should be.

Girls

I may love you too well, to let you go,
And flirt with those at home, you know.

Men

Well, don't mind little girl.
You'll see I'll only want but you.

Girls

It's not quite fair to them,
If you told them that you were true.

Men

I don't care a pine for your sisters if you love me-

Girls

What would you say if I said I liked you well?

Men

I'd vow to you on bended knee.

Girls

On bended knee,
If I loved you, would you tell me what I ought to do,
To keep you all mine, alone, to always be true to me?
If I loved you, would it be a silly thing to do?
for I must love someone.

Men

Then why not me?

Girls

Yes, I must love someone really
And it might as well be you

2nd

Girls

Tell me gentle stranger
Are there any more at home like you.

Men

There are few, sweet maid,
And better boys you never knew.

Girls

Then tell me gentle sir,
The things these very rankish fellows do,
Then tell me, tell me
What these fellows do.

Men

Dear maid, they flirt with girls too freely,
And it's not the same girl twice.

Girls

Then let me round and let me show,
For an hour or so,
How far such fellows can really go.

Men

I never introduce a girl, I intend.
To be my most particular friend.

Girls

I won't mind what they do
No man would ever flirt with me.

Men

It's not worth risking it -
I know with them you won't agree

Girls

I don't want to know them
If you will do the flirting.

Men

Of course I will try, for we're doing very well.

Girls

And vow to me -

Men

On bended knee --

Girls

On bended knee.
If I loved you,
Would you tell me what I ought to do?
To keep you all mine alone,
To always be true to me,
If I loved you,
Would it be a silly thing to do,
For I must love someone.

Men

Then why not me

Girls

Yes, I must love someone, really
And it might as well be you.

(EXEUNT)

(Enter ANGELA and DONEGAL C. from castle)

Donegal

And so all this grandeur doesn't suit you.

Angela

No, I don't care for it.

Donegal

Don't worry about it, you won't have it when you marry me.

Angela

I shan't mind being poor, I should think it delightful for a change.

Donegal

But you forget, when you are poor you have no change. You need it all for car fare.

Angela

No elaborate toilettes for dinner. (*Xing L.*)

Donegal

No. Quite necessary.

Angela

You are young and strong. I don't believe we'll need to keep a servant. I can get the breakfast.

Donegal

Oh no. (*Aside*) I know those breakfasts (*Aloud*) No I'll get the breakfasts

Angela

No, I'll get the breakfast! Dear you can build the fire.

Donegal

No I couldn't think of imposing upon your generosity to that extent. No I'll get the breakfast and you shall build the fire. What do you say?

Angela

But why have a fire at all?

Donegal

Yes, why - well when the fire is out. Why have any breakfast? We are young and strong, we don't need any breakfast.

Angela

How about the dinner?

Donegal

Oh we'll be invited out to dinner.

Angela

And those delightful Bohemian suppers.

Donegal

Yes, everything in cans.

Angela

Who will answer the door bell?

Donegal

Oh, you don't need anyone to answer the door bells, when you live in flats. The doors open mysteriously of themselves.

Angela

Oh Flats. Heavenly! When we want anything, there'll be something to touch.

Donegal

Touch. Oh I see, you mean your father, don't you?

Angela

No, I don't. Now then, go and tell your sister all about it.

Donegal

All right. I'll obey you now, but just wait till we are married. (*Exits into castle*)

Angela

(Xing C.) I do hope he won't be gone long, if he is, I can call him back again.
No girl ever goes through her school days without learning that trick.

SONG ANGELA - "WILLIE WAS A GAY BOY"

(Exit into castle)

(After song - enter ABERCOED C. disguised as an old Welsh harper with a gray beard, commotion and shouts, outside "There he goes", "you've got him" etc., etc. Abercoed runs on followed by LEANDRO who catches him. He is out of breath and struggles)

Leandro

The Governor said no strangers here. This fellow is up to some game. *(To Aber)* Honest men, don't need to disguise themselves. *(He tears off Abercoed's disguise)* *(Enter DONEGAL R.2. and ANGELA L.1.E.)*

Donegal

Why, what's the matter?

Leandro

A burglar. Or a highwayman.

Abercoed

(Breaks away - men go up C) No it's neither. It's only an honest friend who wants to have a look at his old home.

Donegal

(Surprised)

Abercoed!

(Shakes hands - goes up to men)

Angela

Lord Abercoed. Oh I'm delighted to see you.

(Donegal comes down R. To Chorus men up C)

You've made a mistake here - you'll get into serious trouble when papa hears of this.

Leandro

I'd better make myself scarce.

(Exeunt Leandro up steps hack. Angela comes down L.C.)

Abercoed

(C)

Don't blame them. They didn't know me a gray beard. You must forget my abrupt visit, Miss Gilfain, but I wanted to get a last look at the old castle, and as I didn't care to be known, I put these things on.

(Enter LADY M. from Castle L.)

Lady M.

(Shaking hands)

Oh Lord Abercoed, I have just heard. I'm so sorry, the tenant didn't expect to find any of the British aristocracy at home just now.

Abercoed

You see, when I got back to England I found there was nothing left but my title.

Lady H.

Well that's worth something if you take it to Cincinnati.

Abercoed

I don't intend to. *(Looking around)* I'm going back to the Island of Florodora.

Donegal

What for?

Abercoed

I have been utterly miserable about Dolores.

Lady H.

It's curious -- but I never met a man who isn't miserable about some woman or other. *(Enter VALLEDA C. Angela, Abercoed and Donegal retire up stage to seat L.)*

Valleda

(Comes down R) My lady, my lady.

Lady H.

(C) What is it?

Valleda

I couldn't help it, my lady. We can't get rid of those people who come to the Kitchen door.

Lady H.

Who are they? What are they like?

Valleda

The man is a very queer looking person. He wanted to give me his photograph.

Lady H.

(Xing L.) His photograph. Did he want to give you a knife as well?

Valleda

Yes, my lady.

Lady H.

(Aside) Tweedlepunch. *(Aloud)* Is there a lady, also?

Valleda

There is a female, my lady.

Lady H.

Well, it's the same thing in these days of generates. I'll see them, Valleda. Show them to my apartments at once and don't tell anyone they're here. And be ready to bring them here when I tell you.

Valleda

Yes my lady. *(Exits R. C.)*

Lady H.

(Aside)

Tweedlepunch might help my plans. But I'm sorry he brought Dolores. She might upset them. Ah, no, there's no fear of her marrying Gilfain, while this is on the premises.

(Turns up stage)

Donegal

(*To Abercoed*) I say old chap, you'll stay to luncheon, won't you?

Abercoed

Thank you.

Donegal

Oh, don't mention it. It shouldn't cost me anything you know. (*Exit Angela and Donegal into castle*) (*Abercoed resumes disguise and exit R.U.E. Enter Gilfain from tent R. Gilfain speaks into tent*)

Gilfain

Now you waiters, what do you mean by putting mayonnaise dressing on the ice-cream. (*Enter Lady H.*)

Lady H.

I quite forgot to tell you I have a surprise for you.

Gilfain

(*L.*) Ah, indeed what is it?

Lady H.

I have engaged two most celebrated artists, from Paris, who simply went wild over them.

Gilfain

Eh? Ah beautiful Paris - gay Paree - where morning begins at noon and night never begins. The city of angels without wings, where you can live a year in a minute, and forget where you live while you're doing it.

Lady H.

You know Paris, of course.

Gilfain

Know it, who doesn't know it. (*Aside*) Never was there in my life. (*Aloud*) Bring them in. Bring them in.

Lady H.

(*C*) THIS is the first time they have ever appeared in private.

Gilfain

(*Turning to chorus*) You hear that, my friends, there is nothing too good for us, no matter, what it costs. (*To Lady H.*) What do they do?

Lady H.

(*Aside*) Oh dear, I don't know. (*Aloud*) Do? Why they can do everything. Do everything but they don't speak English.

Gilfain

Um - I'll speak French. (*Aside*) Don't know a word of it - but no matter.

Lady H.

Admit our distinguished entertainers. (*Aside*) I'm not afraid of Dolores, but I hope Tweedlepunch doesn't give it away. (*Music, enter TWEEDLEPUNCH and DOLORES C.*)

Tweedle

We're in at last.

Dolores

(R.) Hush, remember you are French.

Lady H.

(Comes between them to Dolores) You look after him, Dolores. See that he doesn't make any bad breaks.

Dolores

(To Lady H.) I feel so funny without my skirts. It's so draughty.

Lady H.

(C) Oh brace up - be a man.

Dolores

I can't.

Tweedle

Do you think he'll know me?

Lady H.

Not if you'll keep your mouth shut.

Tweedle

I've a good mind to expose the fraud right here before his own people.

Lady H.

That man'd spoil our plans.

Tweedle

Do I look all right? I feel like a cow. Lady M. Well, you look like an undertaker. (Xing L. to Gilfain) I'm sure you will find them very entertaining. (Exit Lady H. into Castle)

Dolores

(R. to Tweedle. C.) Now keep quiet, don't say anything. If you must speak say oui, oui. (Xes L to Gilfain) Lord Gilfain, oh Lord not yet, not quite yet. Will you commence begin -- go on. You there - in the stove pipe, what can you do?

Tweedle

(Xes to L. to Gilfain) Me?

Gilfain

Oui.

Tweedle

(Interrupting) We? Us? Oh, oui, oui, oui.

Gilfain

Marvelous. He understands my French perfectly. What's your name?

Tweedle

Tweedle - -

Gilfain

Tweedle --?

Dolores

(Pulls Tweedle, Xes to R. C.) Dee -- dee -- Tweedle dee de ou -

Tweedle

Tweedle de - oui- oui.

Gilfain

Oh I see. Well, what can you do?

Dolores

(C. Advancing) My lord, we have sing before all ze crowned heads of Europe. The Queen of Sibera she patronize us - when we sing ze king of France he throw up --

Gilfain

(L) What. The sponge.

Tweedle

Oui. Oui.

Dolores

(C.) Ne ze big bouquet, no. *(Indicating wine)*

Gilfain

You don't tell me. Well if you are good enough for the King of France you are good enough for us. *(To Dolores)* Go ahead. Do whatever you can.

Tweedle

Can? Can.

Gilfain

Yes - can - can. *(Dance can can -- all laugh)*

Tweedle

Can? Can? *(Xing C to Gilfain)* You stupid old man.

Gilfain

What's that?

Tweedle

Oh, oui, oui. Je ne sais pas. He doesn't say pas N'est? Oui - oui - comme ce - 5 francs 50 - swindle - la, la.

Dolores

Il ne comprend pas de tout - de tout - de tout.

Tweedle

What are you doing, swearing at him.

Gilfain

(To Clerks L.) Oh I see, he wants some tutti fruitti. Oh yes, Taisy - vous - yes - yah. Je comprend. Tout senit, tout senit, I don't know what I am talking about. Oh I don't understand a word of this.

Tweedle

You have no bump of language. *(Dolores catches tweedle by R arm and swings him X to R.C.)*

Gilfain

(L. startled) Bump? Ye Gods. that sounds like Tweedlepunch.

Tweedle

Boemp. Boemp. n'est oui, oui.

Gilfain

Oh, boemp. I see - well, what can you do?

Tweedle

Jug. (*Bus.*) I'll bet two dollars it is a jag. What is it?

Dolores

He make ze rabbit and ze fried egg to come out of ze hat.

Gilfain

Ah. I see he's a juggler, one of those fellows who turns water into wine and wine into himself. I don't want any juggling. Give us something else. What else can you do?

Dolores

Alone we sing -

Gilfain

That's right sing us a song.

(Goes up L.C. and sits)

(Tweedlepunch takes bet on and starts song - imitation of leading orchestra)

DUET -- DOLORES AND TWEEDLEPUNCH

"WHEN WE'RE ON THE STAGE"

We both on the stage, we two,
There's nothing that we can't do.
We're remarkably fine in a Gaiety line
But we revel in Shakespeare too,
My Juliet's great, I know,
As I presently mean to show,
While my friend on the right,
Tho he's rather a sight
Will portray Romeo.

Refrain

Sing a song of sweet flirtation, for our
style is versatile.
Everything we do is sure to be the rage.
Mendelssohn or Coon plantation,
Any sort of imitation,
We'll show what we can do,
When we're on the stage.

2

In Opera we excel
Whether Faust or William Tell
For I look so sweet
When I play Maguerite
And he plays the devil quite well.
Covent garden is crowned, of course,
And encores they invariably force,
We return every year,
And we always appear,
If we're ever so hoarse.

Chorus

3

If you should think that's all.
Just go to St. James Hall.
You'll be taken by a storm

When you hear me perform
And you won't mind buying your stall.
Madame Patti's outclassed I'm afraid.
Sarasate's quite put in the shade.
When I Sing people cry,
And some of them die,
When the violin's played.

(During this verse FOOTMEN bring down and place prop piano up C.)

Chorus

We are awfully good as a coon,
With a sugary sort of a tune,
And we don't care one jot,
If the words are all rot,
If they just take a turn on the moon.
A cake walk then we'll do,
And we'll sing about Dinah or Sue,
For we really don't know,
What we're singing and so,
We just leave it to you.

(After song, Dolores and Tweedlepunch exit into tent. Footmen pick up scraps of paper and broken Violin, etc. Chorus men take stools off as they exit)

Gilfain

He certainly is a funny man. *(Taking C.)*

Lady H.

(L.) Well how did the entertainment go off?

Gilfain

Charmant, magnifique....I'm getting along nicely with my French don't you think. You're a wonderful manager.

Lady H.

It's very easy to manage things if you have other peoples money to do it with.
(Xes R.) You ought to take a fancy to a woman of high social position.

Gilfain

I have. I have.

Lady H.

A smart woman - who knows her way about.

Gilfain

That's it that's what I want. That's what I'm looking for, a woman like you,
you dainty little bit of Dresden majolica. *(Bus. Xes L.C.)* *(He is about to put his arms around Lady Holyrood, she stands, facing audience. He behind her. She gets his hands inside her arms, which are slightly extended, her hands resting on the sun shade. As his hands come forward, she sees this, and says he's mine. Gilfain draws his hand away. No he isn't.)*

Lady H.

How funny. I really believe he means it.

(Aside)

At last, a second marriage. The triumph of hope over experience.

Gilfain

I must go and see if there's any news of Dolores. I'm wavering between love on one side and business on the other. I'm bound to marry Dolores. Business, my dear, strictly business. I'll be back in a moment.

(Exits L.U.E.)

Lady H.

I've an inkling that he won't like the news when he gets it.

(Exits)

SONG FOR DOLORES**"THE QUEEN OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS"**

In the Philippines lived a maiden fair
With her wondrous hair and her eyes so fair,
That men were all inclined to swear,
By this girl of the Philippine Island.
Now stranger came on the days of old.
To this land of sunset and of scent gold.
And his story of love he demurely told,
To this maid of the Philippine Island.

Refrain

Yes, he told her that she was his only love,
Quite his only love,
His one and only love.
And he vowed he'd be true as he bade her adieu
E'er he roamed o'er the sea far away.

2

Now this lover bold - once cupid's heart dart.
Had pierced his heart, began to smart.

Refrain

(Exit Dolores. After song. Enter DONEGAL L. 2. XING to tent R. 2)

Donegal

Well, my love affair seems to be going very slowly. I must try to hurry this up.

(Crash in tent -- Enter SERVANT from tent)

Leandro

It's that musician chap. He's in a dreadful state.

Donegal

Why? What's wrong with him?

Leandro

Why he's drunk all the wine on the table and then swept everything off.

Donegal

Oh, intoxicated, well get rid of him, put him in the coal cellar.

(Tweedle screams and whoops things up in tent, enters Xes to C.)

Tweedle

Whoop - whoop.

Donegal

(Catching him - both stop C.)

Here stop this row.

(Look at him)

Well, upon my word. Tweedlepunch - why, where did you get it?

Tweedle

Mr. Donegal. Mr. Captain Donegal. Arthur. You love Angela, don't blame you. Angela by name and Angela by nature. We'll all be angels later on -- higher up - my preliminary interview with Angela --

Donegal

Miss Gilfain, if you please.

Tweedle

Arthur, you are right - always right. Angela is --

Donegal

(R)

Miss Gilfain.

Tweedle

Don't interrupt. While in the Philippines, resting under the shades of the sheltering palms, in the precinct of the perfume of that rotten perfumery, Florodora --

Donegal

That will do. What are you doing here.

Tweedle

Business.

Donegal

What?

Tweedlepunch

Business of a most particularly private and personal nature.

Donegal

Oh indeed. *(Looks him over)* Why what have you got on?

Tweedle

Clothes.

Donegal

No - no - why - why- *(Bus. point at clothes)*

Tweedle

Oh. It was the only way we could get in - Society demands it and I don't want to wear the damn things. I'd just as soon --

Donegal

What are you driving at. I beg your pardon.

Tweedle

It was the only way we could get in - sislishly

Donegal

Now let us try that again. Quietly.

Tweedle

(Slowly) It was the only way we could get in --

Donegal

Whoa.

Tweedle

(Surreptitiously)

Donegal

(Laughs, Xes to L. behind Tweedle) I see.

Tweedle

(Looking R. for Donegal) Arthur, Arthur.

Donegal

Here I am. *(Tweedle turns L. backwards, looks at Donegal, smiles)* Where is Dolores.

Tweedle

She's here.

Donegal

What?

Tweedle

She's here. She's here to claim her rights. Most women have wrongs but Dolores has rights. Once upon a time, I had a bosom friend. In the happy land beyond the seas, where the lotus blooms and the busy bee bask and bask in the busy sunshine. *(Donegal goes up and comes down R.C.)* Arthur, Arthur.

Donegal

Here, here. *(Same bus as before)*

Tweedle

Her father - my friend - we were bound together by bonds - by ties - that fade not neither do they spin - he died and left me an orphan.

Donegal

What? He died and left you an orphan.

Tweedle

No, no, Dolores died - same thing.

Donegal

Dolores died. Why you said she was here.

Tweedle

No, no, she's the orphan. *(His collar is unbuttoned)* Excuse me I have lost my collar stud.

Donegal

What?

Tweedle

I have lost my collar stud. *(Bus. looks R and L then slaps both legs to see if it has fallen down inside - then pulls skirt from outside of vest)*

Donegal

Here, stop that. You forget where you are.

Tweedle

See it? I haven't got eyes in my chin.

Donegal

The trouble with you, my friend, is that you are drunk.

Tweedle

Oh, Arthur - Artie *(Smiles)* Art. No, not drunk, only excited. *(Leans on Donegal's shoulder - Donegal moves away - He falls. Donegal picks him up. He crosses his legs and can't stand)*

Donegal

Get on your feet.

Tweedle

Untwist me. *(Donegal with his right foot puts Tweedle's left left off right and he stands up)* Well - I pretty nearly fell.

Donegal

I should say you did.

Tweedle

Arthur, I should like to cement our friendship with some little token - *(Hand in pocket, takes out six knives, tried to put in Donegal's hand - they fall to ground.)* I have carried that knife.

Donegal

(Picking up knives, laughing) I see you're stupid superstitious. What are you doing with these things.

Tweedle

(Puts knives in pocket) I see you're stupid superstitious.

Donegal

Now see here, I want you to understand that the ladies must not see you while you are in this condition.

Tweedle

The ladies. *(Xes L.)*

Donegal

Brace you up, do you see that tent. *(Points to tent R U E)*

Tweedle

I see several.

Donegal

Well, go into the tent.

Tweedle

Which one.

Donegal

Go into all of them. Come on, careful - step over that stone. *(Tweedle lifts foot high as if stepping over. Xes up R.C.)* He is caught by Donegal and taken in front of tent.

Tweedle

William. William. Bring me a glass of water.

Donegal

What's that?

Tweedle

A glass of water.

Donegal

A glass of water. YOU had better go and put your head under the pump.

Tweedle

No, thank you. I don't want any more bumps.

Donegal

Pump, Pump. *(Servant brings small tray with glass from tent)*

Tweedle

Ah, I hate to part with that old Virginia cheroot. *(Bus. kisses the butt of cigar, then puts it on tray) (Takes small vial out of pocket to put some of contents into glass)*

Donegal

Here, that won't do you any good.

Tweedle

Pardon me, I know my constitution.

Donegal

The trouble with you is that you know too much. *(Tweedle takes glass in right hand and holds nose with left arm)* I want you to understand that I know you are a fraud.

Tweedle

No, No. Gilfain't fraud and I can prove it. Leandro, Leandro. *(Enter SERVANT from tent) Your arm - walk me up and down) (Bus. of taking arm and walking around the stage twice extravagantly - step in front of tent. Donegal follows around saying "Steady, steady, etc.)*

Angela

(Calling off) Arthur, Arthur. *(Enter ANGELA L. 2)* Dolores is here. She's with papa, and they're flirting madly. *(Sees Tweedlepunch who is doing his walk)* Why Arthur, what's the matter with Mr. Tweedlepunch.

Donegal

It's a bad case of sunstroke.

Angela

Sun stroke.

Tweedle

Miss Gilfain, how did you recognize me with my moustache?

Angela

Why you have only half a moustache.

Tweedle

(Bus. feels lips - looks on floor) I must have swallowed the other half.

Donegal

There is some mystery here.

Tweedle

Miss Gilfain, I am sorry to say that your father is an unsuperable, a double usurper.

Angela

Oh, Mr. Tweedlepunch, you mustn't say that.

Tweedle

Yes, I must say it. His money isn't his - Florodora isn't his, everything belongs to another.

Donegal and Angela

To another?

Tweedle

Dolores is the rightful owner of all his wealth.

Angela

Dolores?

Donegal

Oh, I see - then that's why he paid you to say that Dolores ought to marry him.

Tweedle

Of course. Pardon me, but he didn't pay me. He only promised. (*Enter LADY H. and VALLEDA L. 2. Valleda is carrying bard's disguise*)

Lady H.

(*L*) Now Valleda, put the things on. Then you may go. (*Valleda exits L.2*)
(*Lady H Xes to Donegal*) Arthur, will you please go into the house and help keep the ball rolling?

Donegal

(*C*) But I don't understand your little game.

Tweedlepunch

Now do as your little sister wants.

Lady H.

If you don't, I won't consent to your marriage.

Angela

Yes do, Arthur, or she won't consent to your mother and my sister.

Donegal

My mother and your sister, and your father is going to be my brother and -- well, I am getting this thing beautifully mixed. I think I'd better go and --

Tweedle

(*Handing bottle*) Take one drop of that and walk up and down. (*Exit Donegal L. 2 E*)

Lady H.

Now tell us all about it.

Tweedle

You see this thing? (*Takes out wig*) I had that on my head. (*Put it on*) I looked such a fool. Then I played and smashed it -- and in fact I smashed all the instruments. (*Bus. holds head - pain from drunk, etc.*)

Lady H.

What is the matter?

Angela

Sunstroke.

Tweedle

Oh yes, sunstroke -- the sun is very hot.

Angela

What are you going to do?

Lady H

(Xes to Tweedle) Mr. Tweedlepunch and I have a deeply laid plot for Mr. Gilfain's punishment.

Tweedle

Quite so - he's going to marry a society widow -- that'll punish him.

Lady H.

(Aside to Tweedle) Fix that for me and I'm going to give you 5000 pounds.

Tweedle

(C. aside to Lady H) And I'm going to take it.

Angela

But what are you going to do with papa?

Tweedle

Ah, you don't know -- your father doesn't know -- I don't know.

(Indicating Lady H)

She knows.

Lady H.

And Mr. Gilfain will know pretty soon. Now come along, put this on. *(Hands him disguise)*

Tweedle

(Puts on wig and hat - then beard bus.) What am I supposed to be?

Lady H.

A harper.

Angela

You play the harp.

Tweedle

I can't play the harp. I'm not an angel yet.

Angela

Now you are eighty.

Tweedle

Pardon me -- forty-two.

Lady H.

You be eighty with these on.

Tweedle

Then I won't put them on. *(Bus. coat - they try to get him by the coat tails, as in Act I)* No, you don't -- once is enough for me, I'd better prepare for the attack in private. *(He gathers up props)*

Angela

Papa will never be able to resist.

All

Such glorious conspirators as we shall be. Revenge. Revenge, Revenge.

(Music. They exeunt L. I E. mysteriously)

(LIGHTS GO OUT)

DARK CHANGE OF SCENE

*SCENE II: Interior of Abercoed's Castle, showing a fine baronial hall.
Curtain discloses guests dancing to the music of a barn dance. After dance
enter DONEGAL C. while chorus is humming refrain of "MILITARY MAN"*

SOLO AND CHORUS - "I WANT TO BE A MILITARY MAN"

Solo - Donegal

Oh, the man that's dressed as usual is out of it today,
For the regular dandy man, no single woman cares,
She won't look upon your suit or you I've heard the world say
Till you've donned the garb that Tommy Atkins wears.

Refrain - Chorus

Donegal

There came a cry to arms,
The fresh coat lost its charms,
And the topper came a cropper with a rat-a-plan,
Oh, you lose a lot of chances,
And you don't get asked to dances,
If you're not dressed all in khaki like a military man.

Chorus

(At back)

I want to join the milit-tary,
I've got no chance with June, or Flo, or Mary,
I want to hear the martial rat-a-plan,
I want to be a military man,
That is my plan - it is,
I want to be a military man.

2nd

If you stroll down Piccadilly in the middle of the day,
And a very smart gentleman in khaki comes along,
You may think he's Lord Tomboddy, or Sir Algy, Poppinjay,
But I think it's very likely you'll be wrong.

Refrain - Donegal

For you really must confess
That in the latest martial dress,
The classless and the masses look as like they can,
While to gaze at him you tarry,
So one says Hello there's Harry,
Gone and dressed himself in Khaki like a military man.

(Chorus as before)

Now as this is from the stable, why I hope you'll keep it dark
For the straightest of the tips I've had from Tattersal today
And I learn that all the race courses right down to Kempton Park
Will be laid with khaki turf without delay.

Refrain - Donegal

And all the jockeys you will see,
Will ride a khaki gee,
And the starter will look smarter in the silver tan -
While the vague impression's growing,
That all the swells are going,
To the races dressed in khaki like the military man.
(*Chorus as before*) (*Donegal exits L. 1 e*)

Gilfain

I have to make an announcement that I am sure will give you infinite satisfaction. I am about to be married.

All

We congratulate you.

Gilfain

My beautiful bride was born on the Island of Florodora -- her name is Dolores -- and -- (*Enter Dolores*) Here she is. My friends, my bride, my bride, my friends. (*Bus. of bowing*)

Dolores

Mr. Gilfain thinks he has discovered by a scientific process that we are suited to each other. After Mr. Gilfain is married, he'll find out how much science has to do with it. If we marry, we shall be very happy among you all. I am sure. That is if we --

Gilfain

Not so many ifs please.

Dolores

Well, we are not married yet.

Leandro

Supper is served. (*Exeunt to a few bars of barn dance*)

Gilfain

Come Dolores, you shall preside for the first time at your own table. (*Enter TWEEDLE L. 2, disguised as a harper, he confronts and stops Gilfain*)

Tweedle

Stop! Not so fast! Spare a minute for the bard. DIM LIGHTS (*Chorus drift off*)

Gilfain

(*Up C*) But I don't want a bard. I want my supper. Besides, I don't understand Welsh.

Tweedle

You'll soon hear it. (*He turns the lights out*)

Gilfain

(*Comes down L.C*) What do you mean by tinkering with my lights? Well, if you insist on it, bring me something soft. Complimentary and something. But hurry up with it.

Tweedle

(*Sits on low stool R.C*) Nothing can ever soothe you again. (*Twangs the harp*)
Robber!

Gilfain

What? Who spoke? Who said robber?

Tweedle

A voice from the past remarked robber. (*Twang*)

Gilfain

How dare a voice from the past remark anything of the sort?

Tweedle

You're standing in other people's shoes. Usurper!

Gilfain

It isn't true -- the Abercoed's family squandered their property. Gambled it, threw it away -- I bought it.

Tweedle

With whose money?

Gilfain

With my own. The money I made out of the secret of Florodora.

Tweedle

Whose secret swindler? (*Twang*)

Gilfain

Mine. I registered the trade mark. I'm not going to be bullied by voices of the past.

Tweedle

You'll have to submit. You'll have to submit, you lobster -- thief, unless you restore to them their own.

Gilfain

What I have I mean to keep

Tweedle

That's what the blood red Abercoed said. But he altered his tune.

Gilfain

I wish you'd change yours. Who was blood-red Abercoed?

Tweedle

A robber in the middle ages. The first of the Abercoeds -- (*Twang*) He stole the money from a friendless girl whose guardian he was.

Gilfain

Well, what has that to do with you? I don't like fairy stories.

Tweedle

The friendless girl tells her own stories. First of all she sickened. (*Twang*) Then she died. (*Twang*)

Gilfain

I'm glad of it -- there's an end of her.

Tweedle

Oh, no, she rose up and haunted him with this legend. (*Rises and comes nearer*)

Gilfain

I don't like legends. Cut it out.

Tweedle

Of mortal ere within this castle be, A man cursed of crime or treachery, A
maid devoid of virtue or of truth, One who has tricked a maiden in her youth.
(*Twang*) O'er him shall float the form of Ethelwynda -- (*Aside*) That's a good
name. (*Aloud*) To haunt his footsteps and his progress hinder -- cursed by the
cursed curse of Ethelwynda. (*Twang*)

Gilfain

(*Terrified*) No, not that. Mercy. Mercy! I'll confess all. (*Enter LADY
HOLYROOD L. 2*)

Tweedle

Did not the island of Florodora and the secret of Florodora belong to my
friend Quisara? (*Xing R. to turn on lights*) LIGHTS UP

Gilfain

(*C*) They did! They did! (*Lights up*) (*When lights are turned up, enter all the
PRINCIPALS and the CHORUS R. and L. taking positions for finale.
ABERCOED and DOLORES from C - ANGELA and DONEGAL from L. 2*)

Lady H.

When he died, they belonged to his daughter Dolores.

Gilfain

They did. But I'll restore everything -- Ethelwynda has been too much for me.
I'm a simple man of business but I can't do business with spirits.

Angela

(*Down L.C*) But there are no spirits here, papa.

Gilfain

(*C - looks around gingerly*) Yes, there is -- there's one -- take that fellow
away. I can't stand the bard.

Tweedle

(*R. removes disguise*) My photograph.

Gilfain

Tweedlepunch.

Tweedle

Oui! Oui! (*Pulls off disguise*)

Lady H.

(*Comes forward laughing*) Me, me!

Gilfain

And Lady Holyrood too, you little rogue -- wait until we are married. Well, I'll
restore everything.

Dolores

(*C*) I don't want everything. Give me the castle.

Abercoed

And I have a little present for the bard. (*She crosses to Tweedle and gives him
check*)

Angela

(Indicating Dolores and Abercoed) Well, may I marry Arthur?

Gilfain

(L) Yes. We'll all be married. *(Tweedle Xes. L. to Gil C)* Pardon me, your photograph. *(Hands Tweedle his photo)*

Tweedle

(Taking out knife) I would like to cement our friendship.

Gilfain

(Holds up knife from Act 1) I'll match you for it. *(Xes R.C. to Lady Holyrood for finale)*

Abercoed

(R.C) But we mustn't forget Mr. Tweedlepunch.

Dolores

(C) No, he's been our best friend, henceforth, he shall be our sole representative. *(Tweedle pleased L.C)* Abroad.

Tweedle

(Disappointed) Oh!

Dolores

And oversee the island of Florodora.

FINALE

(CHORUS OF THE MILITARY MAN)

I want to join the military - tary,
I've got no chance with Jane, or Flo or Mary.
I want to hear the martial rat-a-plan,
I want to be a military man.
That is my plan - it is -
I want to be a Military Man.

CURTAIN