

## The CANARY

## SCENE ONE

**Parlor of Princess Eldina. She is strolling across the floor singing:**

#1. *In life's strange history  
I find a mystery,  
Something I can't understand  
Can't understand  
It seems an enigma  
That I have this stigma  
The fact that no one loves me  
No one loves me.*

*It seems so pathetic  
That I, so strategic  
Am in this society  
This society  
I'm pining for a man  
I'll get one if I can  
And find that someone loves me*

*No one loves me ,oh dear  
To be an old maid I fear  
For love I am sighing  
For love I am pining  
I won't give up (2x)  
Before I've found someone to love.*

**(Members of the male chorus appear at her window, and take up the strains of her song)**

*In life's strange history  
We find a mystery  
Something we can't understand  
Can't understand  
It seems so romantic  
Although not politic  
That we all have lovers,  
Have lovers all.*

Cho: *We find such joy in life  
We all have found a wife  
Some say there will be strife  
But joy will be so rife  
Is it a crime (2x)  
A crime to be falling in love?*

#2. *As through this world we roam  
All of us do bemoan  
The singularity of masculinity (2x)  
As through this world we roam  
All of us do bemoan  
The strange mentality of femininity(2x)  
And the rascality of singularity  
When there is none to love. DC  
(coda) And masculine rascality  
And feminine mentality  
When there is none to love.*

#3 *To love is a pleasure,  
Fun and joy  
Ye-es ho ho, ye-es ho ho  
ya ya ya ya ya ya .*

(All leave except the princess.. Enter Sir Badalot quietly)P.

Sir B. Hsst Princess

P. Sir Badalot! What art thou doing here?

Sir B. My fair princess, I was passing by outside your window and overheard your song. At last I know: thou dost seek a man. Thou art not vowed to eternal singularity.

P. (weeping) Thou art a vile dastard, Sir Badalot, to listen to a maiden's private thoughts. (Angrily) Well what of it? Surely it is no crime for a princess to wish for a prince!

Sir B. Well then, have you chosen him yet? Surely none of the courtiers would fail to fall in love with you if you gave him any encouragement. Besides, he wouldn't dare refuse you. Your father the king would have him executed at once!

P. Fie on you for your impertinence. Thou knowest that there is no one here who meets the high standards necessary to win my hand. It is not that I am proud, you understand, but one of my beauty, intelligence, ...and modesty must have a man of surpassing beauty, bravery, personality,...and wealth! And ever since Sir Gallavant disappeared.....

Sir B Sir Gallavant! Ah, princess if you only knew....

P. Peace! Take not the name of Sir Gallavant upon thy slobbering lips. He is gone and there is none like him left in the kingdom to love me.

Sir B. But , princess, there is,...there is...

P Amd who, pray, would dare the take the place of Sir Gallavant in my heart? Who could match his peerless face, his noble heart, his fat bank account?

Sir B I, O Fair princess Eldina, I would.

P Thou? Never! (**seizing a mirror and holding it before him**) Gaze upon this, and know why I could never marry you. Not even if you had a dowery of a million crowns to give!

Sir B. But what if I had two million golden crowns to give?

P (**getting interested**) That extra million would certainly improve thine appearance somewhat. Dost thou really have a dowery of two million golden crowns?

Ever since the royal canary has stopped singing my father has cut down my allowance; just last week I had to wear the same dress two meals in a row.

Sir B Alas, princess, I am rich only in love. (**Aside**) Alas, it is the enchantment I am doomed to suffer forever.....to be a hypocrite in reverse. While ordinary hypocrites conceal their faults and pretend to virtues, I am doomed to reveal my faults and conceal my virtues. I am doomed to be a sheep wolf's clothing.

Only if I can win the love of the princess will the spell be broken. But how can I do that if I am only allowed to tell the truth?...

#4 *I take second place to no one in my love of all that's true  
I despise prevarication when a simple fib will do;  
But if I'm asked to comment on the whiteness of a tooth  
I find it inconvenient if I have to tell the truth.*

*It makes task of wooing a more complicated job  
If you have to stick with facts when you compliment a slob;  
She sings a song--- "Like it?" she says---I'm really stuck, forsooth,  
Its dashed inconvenient if I have to tell the truth/*

*I'm doomed to be a bachelor from now until I die  
I'll never win a maiden's hand--- I cannot tell a lie.  
So goodbye Mary, Jane and farewell Sal and Ruth;  
I'll never win your hand in love --- I have to tell the truth.*

#4b *if you weren't a princess, and loaded with gold  
I wouldn't be anxious your eyes to behold;  
But now you are rich---or so I've been told'  
Woo oo We'd make a wonderful pair.*

*I'll be quite a teacher ---and you have the class  
You're a bit frumpy ---and I'm a bit crass  
You've got the gold---and I've got the brass:  
Wooo oo we'd make a wonderful pair.*

*Your figure is dumpy, your hair is a fright  
Your teeth are like stars--- they come out at night  
But I'm no prize either, so it works out all right:  
Woo oo we'd make a wonderful pair.*

*Woo oo---let's make music together  
I'll toot my own horn, you can fiddle around;  
Woo oo ---let's go into baking'  
You make the bread and I'll need the dough---  
Woo oo we'd make a wonderful pair.*

P. Begone with thee, Sir Badalot. Press thy suit no furrther

Sir B Press my suit, indeed! Does she think I am a Dry Cleaning Establishment.?

Ah, my princess. if you only knew....

**End of Scene one/**

*SCENE TWO*

**The king is on his throne; a gay atmosphere pervades the scene;**

**Fanfare:**

*Song #5                      Today we all sing  
                                    To our sovereign king;  
                                    A mighty fine king is he, is he  
                                    A mighty fine king is he.*

*With temper tempestual, glory majesticl  
Wife all hysterical, so magesterial  
With courtiers so simple and ladies so gentle  
Rule so tyrannical, backed up with capital.*

*Methods methodical, feelings so stoical,  
Moods so ironical, meteorological.  
Appearance so mystical, power all magical,  
Rule so tyrannical, backed up with capital.*

*We all sing this song  
To this merry throng  
A mighty fine throng are we, are we.  
A mighty fine throng are we.*

*With laces and gaiety, not for the laity  
Buttons and pretty bows fit for society  
Courtiers so simple and ladies so gentle  
Of daring audacity quite a capacity.*

*All authenticity in their simplicity,  
Never a mystery or a monstrosity,  
Brim full of density, loving intensively  
Of daring audacity quite a capacity.*

King: Very well, very well.....

I wonder where the Prime Minister, ...er, the Prime Ministrix, has gone.  
 Drat tha woman anyway. The biggest mistake I ever made was when I appointed  
 her Affirmstive Action Officer. No sooner installed when she pointed out that  
 the office of Prime minister had always been held by a man. So I had to kick out  
 o old Sir Anthony Stuimblebum, and install her instead.

Now I think she has her eyes on the throne itself. .... She's welcome to it. It  
 These days, what with FTC, ERC, HUM and Women's Lib, It isn't any fun to  
 be a king any more.

#5a *It isn't any fun to be a king these days,  
 To wear a crown is just a bore;  
 The art of ruling's reached a rather tedious phase,  
 The kicks in kinging are no more.*

*A king, a king, who wants to be king?  
 When things go wrong he gets the blame;  
 A crown, a crown, the thing just weighs you down.  
 The pay is nothing like they say.*

*claim*

*It isn't any fun to be a king just now,  
 A robe is scarcely worth the fuss,  
 A royal coach is very grand to ride, I trow,  
 I'd really rather ride the bus. CHO.*

*A king has really very little power these days  
 When nonsense simply has to stop,  
 "Off with their heads" he naively says,  
 Its his head likely gets the chop. CHO.*

Lasy Gullible Kingie old dear, I've just been checking things out.  
 There's just one office that has not done its bit for Women's Lib.....

K, I don't want to hear about it!  
 Flip, quick! a song....

Flip *It was a bright September morn  
 `` One October in July  
 The moon lay thick upon the ground  
 The snow shone brightly in the sky.*

*The flowers were singing sweetly  
 The birds were full of bloom  
 I went down to the cellar*

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*To clean the upstairs room.*

*I looked ten thousand miles away  
To a house just out of sight  
Alone it stood between two more  
And it was black-washed white*

**(General Hubub)**

-` King        Silence!

All **(one after the other)** Silence! Silence! SILENCE!

K, **(when silence finally comes)** Why is evcryone so quiet? Its getting on my nerves.  
Noise!

All            Noise, noise, NOISE **(pandemonium)**

**K (exasperated)** Silence! **(after a sudden silence)** Lady Gullible, where was I?

L.G    Why, er, here your Majesty---right here.

K.    Of course, of course, Right here/ Very brilliant! Lady Gullibble, if you had twice the brains you now have you would still have only half the brains of my poor little canary here.

Let's sing the Canary Song/

#6b            *Canaries are yellow, their tone is so mellow  
When fed on crisp lettuce and thistle  
Their color does glitter as they do their twitter  
When fed on crisp lettuce and thistle*

*Tweet twitter tweet twitter tweet tweet (2x)  
My beautiful friend on the wing (2x)*

*Their little voice panting with tone so enchanting  
When fed.....  
With figure enhancing from perch to perch prancing  
When fed.....*

*With tail gently wagging, and yet never sagging  
When fed.....  
His color is gold, what a sight to behold*

*When fed.....*

K Speaking of the canary. Lady Gullible, Custodian in Chief of the Royal Canary.  
Hast thou found out why the Canary will not sing?

L.G. Why, er, no, your majesty. we have consulted the wisest doctors in the land, and none can tell us why the Canary refuses to sing. It must be under a spell,

K. Spell! my big fat toe! Spell she says! What do you know of spells?

L.G, I can spell---though I sometimes I am not sure if cat is spelled with a "c" or : "k,"

K. Fool! Dost thou not know that for every day the Canary does not sing our royal treasury is getting lower and lower. Or, has thou forgotten that every golden note that the Canary sings is melted down into golden crowns, and provides our little kingdom with its entire revenue?

Go! Find a cure for our Canary, or I'll.....I'll cut your allowance of bubblegum  
(exit L.B)

Enough of this; let us have royal entertainment,,,Bring on the dancers!

Dancers *Some think it right to sing and dance for joy*  
#7 *With pleasure ringing (2x)*  
*We come tonight to entertain you all*  
*With our high flinging (2x)*  
*The night is small and young; it scarcely has begun.*

*So we all think that we should be (3x)*  
*Ro-man-tic tic tic tic tic*  
*tic tic tic tic romantic.*

Princess Romantic!... Boo hoo boo hoo (continues to sob as singers continue)

#8 *So join with us now*  
*As we kick up a row*  
*And as we all bow*  
*You say to us how,*  
*For we never know*  
*In the Opera Co*  
*With fingers and toes*  
*Just how anything goes*

K. (noticing the princess sobbing) My dear princess Eldina. Why art thou crying?  
Art thou sorry for your poor father who will soon have to earn his living like an honest man? Cheer up, soon the Canary will sing again and its golden notes will pour into the treasury.

P. Nay father, It is not the Canary I weep for. But please, O father, do not ask me, It is a secret known to none but myself.

Flip I know h her secret.

#9 *Haher*  
 I never did care my secrets to share  
 But right over there, a princess so fair  
 Seems burdened with care (2x)  
 Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha  
 Seems burdened with care.

The court I won't scare, but I almost dare  
 To risk "savoir faire" and her heart to teat  
 And reveal her care for a lover not there  
 Ha ha etc

Everyone (**singsong**) We know her secret, we know her secret.

K. Stop this utter nonsense at once. I'll have you know that this is a court of high standing. (**trips over Flip**) Harumph! Princess Eldina I command thee to cease this internal snivelling.

Flip (**quietly going over to the princess**) I beg thy forgiveness, my princess, I did not mean to hurt thy feelings.

P It doesn't matter any more.. No one loves me

*Song #1 No one loves me, etc.*

Flip I too, O princess, am suffering the pangs of unrequited love!

P. O come now, Flip. can a fool fall in love?

Flip Only fools fall in love

(Tune #1) *I know a fool I am  
 And yet I am a man  
 Who has feelings of romance  
 Love and romance.  
 This is my heart's desire  
 A fair hand I require  
 In fact I truly love her  
 Truly love her.*

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*I'm but a jester I know  
Feeling lonely and so  
With eyes all adoring  
And heart all imploring  
A hand I claim, a heart my aim,  
So I kneel seeking to love....*

**P. (ignoring Flip's hints)** Ah Flip., thou and I are all alone, each cherishing a futile hope for a love that is far away.

**Song #10**

*I see the roses growing, I see their blossoms red  
I see their beauty glowing, but I am all alone.  
I see the trees so slender; By silver fountains fed  
In their majestic splendor, but I am all alone.*

*I see tossed seas about me, I see the ocean wide,  
Ten thousand storms confound me  
And swell from tide to tide.  
I see the stars above me, as bright as e'er have shone;  
But there is none to love me  
And I am all alone.*

**(Lights. Curtain)**

*END OF SCENE TWO*

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*SCENE THREE*

**(King and court in session. All glumly look at the still silent canary)**

Lady Gullible Alas! Alas! The last golden crown has been spent. What's to become of us? No more food; no more apparel; no more bubblegum. There's no hope left unless the famous professor, Doctor Augustus Q. Moron, Phd, SOB, DDT, will have the answer. But where is he? He said he would be here long ago. ....Ah there he is.. Good morning Professor. **(Enter Professor)**

Prof. **(pompously)** Greetings, salutations, solicitations and expostulations. I am sorry to be late but after I finished my lecture this morning on Celestial Navigation I got lost on my way over here.

L.G Navigation! But we don't need a professor of navigation. We need someone who can get our Canary here to sing again.

Prof. No need to look any further. I am equally well disqualified to talk on any subject.  
You name it....I teach it!

L.G. But where did you learn all this? Whom did you study with?

Prof. With the greatest expert of them all---myself! I am both my most distinguished teacher and my most illustrious student.

Song #17 *I'm Doctor Augustus Q. Moron*  
*Phd. S.O.B. D.D.T.*  
*An expert on quotes from the Koran,*  
*Or the life and the loves of a bee*

*There's never a subject curricular*  
*On which I won't venture to speak:*  
*On Sanskrit, or railways funicular*  
*Or marketing sub-standard teak.*

*Mathematics, strata Geologic,*  
*Or Shakespeare or Criminal Law;*  
*Statistics, Patristics, or Logic*  
*And Russian and Tonic sol fa.*

*But I must confess, I only profess*  
*In fact I know nothing at all*  
*My grasp of the facts I'm afraid's rather lax*  
*But I compensate glibly with gall.*

Cho. *Augustus. Q. Moron, Professor.*  
*You name it: he'll teach it with glee*  
*An expert on Egbert the Lesser,*  
*And the minor complaints of a flea!*

K. This is all very well, but what about the Canary?

Prof. Yes, yes. Let us look up in my book here. Let me see, how do we spell canary?  
Do we use a "c" or a "k"?

Here it is. CANARY: A small yellow bird of the finch family commonly kept as a pet because of its beautiful song. There! anything else you want to know?

K. Fool! that's no help. the Canary doesn't sing

P Then it isn't a canary. The book says canaries sing. Your bird doesn't sing; ergo, therefore, QED, as a consequence your bird isn't a canary! The logic is inescapable!

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K. Phooey on your logic. **(Grabbing the book)** Here let me read it. ..Aha! here it says that sometimes canaries refuse to sing when under spell...

L.G. I told you so..!

K. Silence! Now let me read....Hmmn....Canaries; Spells, The Breaking of...Here it is; the spell can be broken!

ALL Hurray!

K. But only at a sacrifice....

ALL Boo!

King First find a true lover....

ALL Hurray!

K. And he must renounce his true love.

ALL Boo!

L.G. But who is there who would renounce his true love?

K. Not I! My true love is my Canary here.  
Are there any volunteers? Sir Badalot?

S.B. Nay sire, I cannot renounce my love for the fair Eldina

Princess Worse luck!

K. Professor?

Prof I? Ah yes, a very good question? But first I must establish who is my true love.  
Whom do I love most in all the world?

ALL You, yourself.

Prof. Ah, true. That love affair between me and myself is such a monument of eternal devotion that it would be quite impossible to renounce it.

Flip **(After a long period of silence)** I shall! I shall renounce my true love, the princess Eldina!

L.G. Look at the Canary, it's trying to sing! (**All crowd around.. The Canary Song is sung and in the last chorus the Canary sings "tweet tweet." Cheers** )

**K.** Flip, Jester, we all owe you a debt of gratitude for your sacrifice, though between you and me I think you are better off without the princess....she has halitosis!

L.G. Look at Sir Badalot!....no, it isn't Sir Badalot at all; it is really the lost Sir Gallivant!

Sir Gallivant (**throwing off his cape**) Yes! At last I am free from the cursed spell of the sorcerer---that fake professor. Grab him before he escapes.

Now at last I am free to be a normal hypocrite again as I conceal all my faults and promote all my virtues as I woo the fair princess.

(**Princess swoons in his arms**)

**K.** Lady Gullible, are you really seeking to be king?

L.G. Nay, Kingie dear, all I want is to be your queen.

reprise;      **In life's strange history  
Some think it right  
So join with us now**

*THE END*