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THE
MAGIC FLUTE

A PLAY
for Camp Fire Girls

BY
ALICE D. VANDERLAAN



PUBLISHED BY
THE CAMP FIRE OUTFITTING CO.
NEW YORK CITY

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THE MAGIC FLUTE

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Musical Drama, Central figures, Lise and Luc, whom Madam Sancho, mother of Lise, tries to separate because of the poverty of Luc. As a visitor to the inn and in search of a pretty young wife, the elderly Marquis is captivated by Lise and is betrothed to her. Luc is in despair, but an old beggar who is turned away from the inn, hears his tale and in return for a piece of money given him by Luc presents him with a magic flute. All who hear it played must dance. Villagers declare Luc bewitched them. Bring him before judge. Luc plays again. All, including Judge, dance again, Luc finally overpowered—flute broken. About to be sentenced, when Oberon, king of Fairies, appears. States he was in garb of beggar turned from inn. Commands Luc and Lise be reunited. More dancing. Play has many folk and fancy dances and is a simple matter to stage, as scenery is but fronts of inn and Judge's home, inn yard and picket fence.

Characters can be reduced or increased in number, but is written for 15 people, and will take about one hour and a half to produce.

15 CHARACTERS

THE MAGIC FLUTE*

By ALICE D. VANDERLAAN

CHARACTERS :

MADAME SANCHO, wife of a Savoy Innkeeper

LISE

MARJON

Daughters of the Innkeeper

LUC—Lise's suitor

FIDDLE-DE-DEE—Marquis de la Folie

JUDGE

OBERON—King of the Fairies

FOOTMAN

GENDARME

ANGELIQUE

CORALIE

SUZANNE

RENE

ADOLF

Peasants

MICHEL

* Plays about one hour and a quarter. In the original production four peasants only appeared. Though written for six, the Play is easily adapted to any number.

THE MAGIC FLUTE

A One-Act Musical Drama, Founded on the Plot of One of Anna Pavlova's Dances

SCENE—A Savoy village, in the time of Louis the fifteenth. The Inn and Judge's house adjacent, facing on the village green. Enter Inkeeper's wife, Mme. Sancho, leading Marjon, her little daughter by the hand. Seats child on stool, gives it the bowl and spoon which she carried in her hand, pats her on head, goes over to bench, and begins spinning. Child eats contentedly. Presently Mme. Sancho stops spinning and soliloquizing about her daughter Lise's future.

MME. SANCHO—

"Ah, well a day! It seems no longer gone
Then yester morn
Since Lise was a little sprout like thee, Marjon,
Yet look and see
What a fine cabbage she has grown to be!"

(Shakes head slowly toward audience)

"Tho' I would her heart were sounder
And her head securer on—"

(Slaps knee wrathfully)

"That Luc, that stupid clout
Love making can't afford
I'll teach him my little cabbage
Shall not grace his humble board!"

(Spins awhile with energy in silence, then resumes)

"Empty pocket cannot win
The daughter of a Savoy Inn!"

(Spins while speaking)

"For all she casts her eyes on him
I'll never grant her foolish whim—"

(Stops spinning, speaks half toward audience)

"Have I then brought her up, forsooth
A peasant's wife to be?
Her feet and hands are small enough
To suit a grand Marquis!"

(Smile of greedy pride and craftiness as she adds)

"Oh, a platter of gold is none too fine
To serve my cabbage on
Not for naught have I lived on the King's Highway
These many years agone!"

(Spins—stops suddenly)

"I dreamed last night of magpie's white
A lucky omen they say.
And did I not mind the cat sneeze thrice?
We will see good fortune the day!"

(Resumes spinning, then rises and goes in house, chirping a second to the bird as she goes. Returns directly,

goes more toward center of stage, stands with hands under apron.)

"Lise with the village folk
To the Festival has gone,
This is good St. Vitus day
The day that she was born—"

(Strains neck about, half looking.)

" 'Tis time she was returning,
Go, Marjon, look and see."

(Waves child toward road. Looks puzzled.)

"She left before the dew was off
And now, 'tis after three."

(Nods head grimly toward audience.)

"I'll have you know, I let her go
Though not without a sigh—
Lest the good saint frown upon my hopes
Albeit—the more fool I!"

(This is said as she goes back to resume spinning, shaking her head as she goes.)

Marjon returns from back of scene, slowly, wagging her head "no."

MME. SANCHO—

"What? Not in sight?
I trow she well needs looking after!"

(To audience)

"Tomorrow cherry picking doth begin
And we shall have an end of foolishness and laughter."

(Spins a moment more—then rises, takes bowl and spoon and is half in the doorway when sounds of scuffling and commotion down the road, make her stop and listen. Another instant and Lise runs on stage, Luc after, who catches and kisses her—extreme left of stage. Mme. Sancho wheels abruptly, puts bowl and spoon violently down on table as she passes it, and swoops down on both in a rage.)

MME. SANCHO—

"Pretty capers this! 'Tis what I guessed—
I'll have thee trounced, thou simpleton
For impudence and jest!"

(Leans forward, both hands on hips, while Luc and Lise, both startled, have separated and stand heads down abashed.)

"Thinkest thou I'd ever own
Such son-in-law as thou?
With neither name, nor fortune
Nor lands, nor house, nor cow?"

(Out with her fist.)

"A pest on such a straw thatched clout,
Go, turn thy worthless self and empty pockets—out!"

Turning to Lise)

"And thou—my pretty miss!
How many times a day, I pray
Must I rate thee for doings such as this?"

(Luc has sidled off till near the arbor of exit and entrance where he remains sullen and defiant, watching Lise out of the corner of his eye. Inkeeper's wife takes Lise by the ear pouting and downcast to the house and pushes her down on the bench where she wipes her eyes on her apron. Mother picks up bowl and spoon again, and wrathfully enters house with a parting look at Lise. Marjon jumps down off stool and goes to comfort her sister.) (Sounds of chorus singing in distance—presently appear troupe of peasants: enter stage gayly.)

FIRST PEASANT—

"Ho, Luc! She led thee a merry chase, in troth—
What's come amiss?"

(Lass with first peasant has a long flower stem which she tickles his face with. All look from Luc to Lise and laugh.)

"Thou hast not fallen out with Lise?
Hast slapped thee for thy kiss?"

(Turns to second peasant.)

"Come, let's cool our thirst. Marjon—"

Beckons Marjon, who runs to him.)

"Tell they good Mother pray make haste
And bring refreshments on."

(Shoo's child toward house, then claps second peasant on shoulder and both wheel off toward table, one leaning against grape trellis, the other taking stool up to table and sitting down. Other lads follow. Peasant lasses group together center stage excitedly.)

FIRST LASS—

"Oh, but I'm sure of it!
I saw the coronet on the door!"

SECOND LASS—

"But didst thou see, Coralie—
His fine footman just before?"

(Strokes apron sentimentally.)

THIRD LASS—

"And oh—as we passed by
He stuck his old head out
And gazed at us—oh, la, la, la—
So droll, I had to shout!
Adof—"

(Points teasingly at peasant lad who looks as he hears his name mentioned and turns his back, in a huff.)

"—he did not think so
Such black looks he cast about!"

(All break out into a good laugh. (Inkeeper's wife sets out mugs and pitcher, and peasant lassies run and gather about table. Third lass pantomimes making up with her swain. Another lad pours contents of pitcher and puts it to the lips of his lass. Opportunity here for side play.)

MME. SANCHO—

"I bid you dance and make merry
Young folk before you go,
The day is yet still young
As all of you must know."

(Music in distance. Peasants gayly dance Folk Dance. Lise after a moment unable to keep her feet still, begins to dance with little Marjon, Mme. Sancho having gone into the Inn. Then, watching her chance, Lise whispers in Marjon's ear to bid Luc dance with her—Luc having gone over by far end of fence, and leans there, morosely. Luc gets her message, Marjon runs off stage, and Luc and Lise take center of stage, joining the dance with mischievous glee. At the end of second dance, Mme. Sancho appears, sees them, descends upon them, Luc taking to his heels. Just as she is about to break up the dance by jerking Lise toward the Inn, Marjon reappears on stage, crying out—)

MARJON—

"A coach, a coach, Maman Sancho!"

LASSIES' CHORUS—

"Did not we say say? (All look at each other.)
At the ford below the hill
We just passed it, standing still,
Belonging to some fine grandee—"

(Look at Innkeeper's wife, then to each other.)

"Who can it be? Let's see!"

(All peasant lasses run and peer over fence. Lads shrug shoulders, and go over to shrubbery at left of entrance, laughing. Presently enter Marquis' footman, carrying velvet cushion on which reposes a large gold ring box. Blows horn, steps grandly to front of stage.)

HERALD—

"I herald the approach of Fiddle-de-dee,
Marquis de la Folie,
Who, be he young or be he old—
What matters so he has the gold?
He's seeking for a pretty wife
To finish out the last of life.
He's been all up and down the land—
He's here to offer up his heart and hand."

MME. SANCHO (aside)

"And purse, I trust."

(Turns to Lise.)

“Run, run, daughter, dear,
Set thy cap, and smooth thy hair,
Here comes, at last, a proper cavalier!”

(Lise pouts but goes. Other maidens all in a twitter fall in line. Swains look cross—go over to bushes left of entrance, and mutter among themselves.)

(Enter Marquis, looks about.)

MARQUIS—

“One—two—three—no more?”

(Makes deep bow.)

“Charming maidens, I adore!”

(Tips up chin of first peasant lass.)

“So shy? Tut, tut, now why?”

MME. SANCHO (in the Marquis' ear)—

“My Lord, mayhap with downcast lashes, so

She hopes her cross-eyed frightfulness won't show!”

(Peasant lass looks suddenly up making the Marquis drop his hat and cane with a shiver, gives a wrathful toss of her head at Mme. Sancho, and stalks off stage, stopping to drag her somewhat reluctant and bewildered swain after her.)

(Mme. Sancho picks up hat and cane of Marquis and makes courtsey. Marquis takes lorgnette up, and inspects next lass.)

MARQUIS—

“Neither too tall nor too small,
And quite bewitching!”

MME. SANCHO (again over his shoulder slyly)—

“Yea, in troth, good sir,
Till thou rub the film from thy lens
And see the freckles on her nose
As large as speckled hens!”

(Marquis jumps back in horror, drops lorgnette. Second peasant lass repeats action of first lass, and exits.)

(Marquis one hand on knee gazes up, shading eyes, inspects third lass.)

MARQUIS—

“Now, surely I know that thou art far too tall—
Yet would I gladly mount a ladder when you smile
To see your dimples going out and in, the while.”

(Chuckles, draws out snuff case and strolls off—three paces. Third lass stands irresolute, a moment, then, catching the triumphant smile of Mme. Sancho, defiantly follows the example of the others. Marquis turns, comes back.)

MARQUIS—

“And boasts the village of no fairer maid?”

(Mme. Sancho looking anxiously at Inn door, just as it opens. Lise appears. Mme Sancho beckons her forward

impatently.)

"One moment, sir, and you will see
The pride of all Savoy,
None other than my daughter Lise—
My little 'choux,'—my joy."

(Bringing her forward to center of stage. As Lise neither courtseys nor looks up, she claps her on the head angrily to make her courtsey. Marquis falls immediately in love. The footman having taken up his position on the right of entrance by the arbor, Marquis steps up to him and says aside, audibly)

"In this simple village flower
My chosen bride I see,"

(Taps footman to take notice, then comes forward, makes deep bow to Lise.)

"Lo! All my search hath been to find
A charming maid like thee!
Fortune at length hath led me
To thy pretty little feet,
With rapture I'm transported
To find anything so sweet!
When once I've decked thy neck so fair
And powdered thy small nose—"

(Aside in transport.)

"The King himself shall envy me
My Savoy cabbage—"

(Inclines toward Lise)

"—rose!

Satins and velvets thou shalt wear
While all the village people stare.
And own, what's more, a coach and four,
With laqueys to turn the handle of the door!"

(Lise unresponsive twists corner of apron. Madam Sancho's eyes roll up with joy—clasps her hands. Luc has come back and listens over fence.)

MARQUIS (haughtily)—

"Good dame, the hand of thy daughter, fair
Of course thou'lt give to me?
I am Fiddle de—dee, Marquis de la Folie
Of Bordeaux and of Paris,
In the flower of my age
As thou very well can'st see."

(Aside)

"Tho' why thy daughter does not faint
At her good fortune—is a mystery!"

(To Lise)

"Sweet Lise, art struck dumb perchance instead?"

(Aside with chuckles)

"Aye—Thou should'st be!"

MME. SANCHE (hurriedly protesting)—

“Your Highness, most noble Marquis,
I would not have thee think
That from thy handsome offer
My daughter’s heart doth shrink.”

(Makes faces at Lise who makes them back in return.)

“Bashfulness alone doth make her pout—
Conclude the matter settled, sir.”

(Hands spread down—then turns palms up.)

“She loves thee without doubt!”

(Courtseys.)

“Now by thy leave, kind sir,
To the kitchen I’ll repair,
In honor of this happy day,
Refreshments to prepare.”

(Back toward Inn with another courtsey and parting look at Lise, shaking a warning finger at her as she gazes after her mother. Marquis takes a turn to left of stage, coming back, motions grandly to footman to step forward. Opens ring box with much ostentation, watching effect on Lise. Takes ring out. Throws hat on cushion, and cane gives to footman, who steps back to position by arbor. Marquis sinks on one knee, makes face of pain at gout. Luc steals up nearer. Lise sees him.)

“On bended knee, I thee adore,
Most lovely creature, what could heart wish more?
I pray thee let me place upon thy hand, this sign
That will forever make thee mine!
Thus will end indeed my search in bliss
When once I seal this ring upon thy finger—
With a kiss!”

(As the Marquis, who can’t half see, takes Lise’s hand, Luc who has stolen up behind her, gives him his in place of hers. The Marquis kisses it fervently and puts ring on. Meanwhile Luc snatches a kiss from Lise’s lips.)

(Marquis attempts to rise, being unable, beckons footman to approach and render assistance. Luc makes his escape. Marquis takes hat from cushion. Footman backs off.)

MARQUIS—

“Now, ere thy mother calls us in
To make the time seem short;
Come, I will show thee how to dance
When we go up to Court!”

(Sentimentally pulls one of Lise’s curls, then aside to audience.)

“When I my many graces I display
Sweet Lise’s heart will tumble into love—or ought!”

(Music. Dances minuet, first stepping bravely out, then becoming gouty. Lise shows merriment half concealed. Marquis then dances it through with Lise, who, for love of dancing, does it with good grace. Marquis waxes very sentimental, but gout makes matters difficult.)
(At conclusion of dance.)

LISE—

“Nay, indeed, good sir,
I like it not so well;
Tho’ mayhap thy silly ways
Offend me more, I cannot tell.
Anyone can pass for spry
In such a dance as that,
Which is no dance at all
I’ll tell thy Lordship flat!”

(Emphatic nods. Shakes curls.)

“When village lads and lasses dance
It makes the good blood in their cheeks appear—
From thy looks I trow my lordship’s blood
Has not stirred this forty year!
If I should marry thee,
As mother says I ought,
I’ll show thee very soon, sir,
How I shall dance at Court!”

(Tosses head, dances folk dance to a noisy tune. Marquis somewhat dashed, now greets this turn of things with a contemptuous air, at first scarcely noticing Lise’s dancing, but very soon becoming captivated and finally follows after her attempting to imitate her. She turns and keeping time to the music approaches and slaps him first on one cheek and then the other, playfully. She then takes his hand and teaches him, and it is danced through a second time. If this is omitted, Marquis after being slapped loses his heart completely, and attempts to kiss Lise who dances out of reach; just as Mme. Sancho makes her appearance in the Inn doorway, beaming smiles of approval.)

MME. SANCHO—

“Refreshment awaits thy pleasure, my Lord,
And Lise shall wait upon thy slightest word.”

MARQUIS (rubs hands together in evident satisfaction)—

“Come, that sounds good!
No joyous day should go uncrowned with food.
Let us to the feast repair.”

(Bends low—offers arm to Lise)

“For this day’s happenings
Have been rich and rare.”

(Lise takes Marquis’ arm, who, head high and stepping grandly toward Inn, does not notice that Lise regardless

of him, is looking back, rebelliously protesting, by sign language, to her mother, who, in her turn, is gesticulating and demanding her submission, standing in center of stage, looking after the couple. As they enter Inn together, Madam Sancho's face becomes filled with pride and elation. She turns, observes the footman asleep, standing against arbor. Goes over, knocks his arm rudely. He stirs. She gives him another shove which wakens him. Then she pantomimes him to fall behind her, while, with a grand air, imitative of the Marquis, she proceeds to the Inn. Footman, like a machine wound up again, follows. All enter Inn. Presently Luc appears, dejectedly, and leans against corner of the Judge's house. Soliloquizes thus.)

LUC—

“Alack the day! How fairly it began
Yet ending thus!
Tho' Lise's heart I know is mine,
Greed of gold, and cunning wiles
Accomplish all this fuss.”

(Looks at ring, throws head back and laughs loud and heartily.)

“No better proof could I have, forsooth
Of Lise's love for me—
Yet won 'ere this, I wis, is she
By promises of jewels and finery.”

(Sighs heavily—droops head.)

“So all my hopes have come amiss
Across this rich old duffer,
For all I have, in troth, is this—”

(Searches in pocket—brings out a coin—tosses it up ruefully.)

“Beside my faithful heart to offer.”

(Enter old hermit—goes to door of Inn and knocks with cane, waits, then peers in window, and knocks again. Madam Sancho appears, sticks head out of door, impatiently.)

HERMIT—

“I am footsore and lame—
I beg of thee a night's lodging
And a morsel of food, good dame.”

MME. SANCHO—

“Begone! Let Heaven hear thee; I will not.
A pest on thee for a bothersome old—what?
Hermit, or beggar—thou'st said enough,
So, meddlesome sir, betake thyself off!”

HERMIT—

“At least a drop of water
To quench my parched thirst—”

MME. SANCHO—

“Begone, I say!”

(Then changing tone to one of craft and greed.)

“Unless perchance
Thou can't show a coin first?”

(Briskly)

“Without it, I'll not have thee on my hands this night.”

HERMIT—

“Alas, I have nothing—”

MME. SANCHO (seizing broom by door)—

“Then get thee out of sight!” (Door slams.)

(Luc in compassion slaps his pocket dismally, goes to the old man, gives him out of his purse his last coin.)

LUC—

“Here, venerable sir, take this—

’Twill get thee food and bed,

At the cottage below the hill

I trow thou could'st lay thine head.”

(Hermit thanks him, starts to go, hesitates and turns back.)

HERMIT—

“For one so young thy look is sad—

Tell me 'ere I go, what ails thee, Lad?”

LUC—

“’Tis my ill fortune, dismal to relate—

To be cast off, like thee, from yonder Inn,

Yet not like thee, desiring food,

But what is bolder still—

The daughter's hand to win.

Like thee 'tis gold I lack.

This very day her mother has,

As she has thee, bid me, ‘Begone!’”

(Heavy sigh.)

“Alas! My Lise is bestowed

Upon a Marquis, rich and old,

’Tho she loves me, and I love her,

Our love is set at naught for lack of gold!”

(Looks out toward audience forgetful of everything but his emotion, but turns presently to find himself alone. His astonished eyes fall on a flute on the ground, on which is written “Play on this and everyone will be forced to dance. It will bring you luck.”)

LUC—

“Now, by the fairies do I dream,

Or what doth this portend?

Right harmless did the stranger seem,

So I'll not question who he was—

Or whence he came,

But take the luck the fairies send.”

(Examines flute. Reads inscription aloud, laughing loudly after the first, and tapping head with flute after the last clause, humorously. Then catching up stool, he places himself upon it and commences to play, near Inn door. Music, imitative of flute, played behind scenes, Luc appearing to play. Lise appears suddenly in doorway.)

LISE—

“Luc, whatever art thou up to?
Oh,—what can the matter be?
Oh, Luc—Oh, Luc—what is it?
Is't me—or is it thee?
Put that thing down—or I'll marry thee—never!
....To make me do this isn't funny or clever!”

(Luc who has followed her about delightedly, breaks into a hearty laugh, and embraces her.)

LUC—

“This flute, not I hath bewitched thee,
So, come, do not be angry!
A gift is this, kind fortune did bestow
On me, thy Luc—a moment or so ago.
Just read thee what it says
And believe it to be true,
Since thou thyself hath danced to it
And seen what it can do.”

(Lise yields to curiosity, though distrustful, and reads the inscription over Luc's shoulder, as he follows the words with his finger. Gazing into his face with round eyes of wonder,)

LUC—

“Pray do not blame for this thy honest lover,
Now let us see if it will bring us luck;
To prove it, we will try it on thy mother!”

LISE—

“Fie, indeed thou shalt not!
Shame on thee, for the thought.
Wouldst see the whole town laugh at her,
And in the end, be caught?
Thy meddling with this evil flute
Will bring thee, not good luck, but ill repute—
And get thee in disgrace, to boot!
Here—(snatches at it) give it me,
Thou wild galoot ”

(Noise as Inn door opens, and mother looks out—both jump. Madam Sancho enraged at seeing them together goes back into the Inn to call assistance.)

LUC—

“Hist! now for it—give it back.”

(Lise puts it behind her.)

"If thou wilt not consent to it,
My head she's like to crack!
There is no time to lose—now choose
Of fortunes worse?
Wouldst have me throw my luck away?
Nay—I will leave thee first!"

(Stamps foot, walks off. Lise watches him over her shoulder, till he reaches the arbor, then breaks into a run and catches him by the arm, repentant, handing him the flute, just as the Inn door opens and out rushes Madam Sancho, seizing the broom by the Inn door, as she descends upon them, followed by the Marquis unsheathing sword and the Footman with the Marquis' stick. All charge upon Luc and Lise the former commencing to play, the latter taking refuge behind Luc on her knees, peeking around him to watch what happens. Her frightened look changes suddenly to one of laughter, as their warlike charge is changed into prancing and hopping.)

MADAM SANCHO (appearing)—

"Now thou'lt catch what is thy due!"

MARQUIS (behind her)—

"Show me him, who?"

FOOTMAN (following, with loud voice)—

"Villain—shoo—shoo!"

(All in Chorus, staring wildly at each other)—

CHORUS—

"Oh, oh, oh, bewitched are we!

Stop, arrest him!

Call the gendarme,

This is sorcery!"

M. SANCHO (After several whirls about, falls to right of stage)—

"Help, oh, help—alack the day

I am so turned about!"

MARQUIS (tumbling to ground—left of stage, panting)—

"Good Heaven, this is killing me—

Ouch—ouch—my gout, my gout!"

FOOTMAN (dancing woodenly, in a straight line across stage and back repeatedly, making wild stabs with stick)—

"Could I but reach him with my stick

I'd stop his evil music—pretty quick,

Could I but reach him with my stick—

I'd stop—I'd stop—I'd stop—

I'd stop his evil music—pretty quick!"

(With the tip of his stick he knocks flute successfully out of Luc's hand drops his stick and catches both of

Luc's arms behind his back, calling out—

"Help, help, good citizens—"

(Aside toward audience—as peasants appear—)

"Now Heaven assistance sends!"

(In rushes Gendarme at the head of group of villagers. They look first over fence, en route, crying)

"'Tis Luc—I vow!"

(Rush through arbor and surround him excitedly)—

"What's happened now?"

GENDARME (who takes charge of Luc, the Footman picking up the Marquis' stick and coming to his assistance)—

"I've got him, who, sir, has he killed?"

No one? What then, is he mad?

(Stares about from one to another. Peasants open mouthed.)

"He seems a very likely lad—"

(Looks him up and down)

"Who started all this row?" (angrily).

MARQUIS (getting to his feet, points with stick at Luc in his wrath)—

"My chosen wife this clout hath tried to steal

When we were all within, partaking of cold veal.

Now lock him up, he is possessed—

He's cast a spell upon us."

(Twinge of gout)

"Pray give our legs a rest!"

MADAM SANCHO (reaching for her broom and getting to her feet)—

"From dancing so, my side has—oh,

A frightful, awful stitch,

With fairy runes and evil tunes

He's tried us to bewitch!"

CHORUS VILLAGERS—

"Take him to the Judge!"

(Lise, who on Luc's arrest had run toward house and stopped in a panic, near grape trellis—now rushes out and falls at feet of Gendarme, protesting with beseeching hands. Luc puts his arm around her neck sadly. Gendarme glowers. Madame Sancho roughly drags Lise to her feet and still holding her by one wrist, joins the procession to the Judge's house. Peasants fall to rear, jostling each other. One picks up flute, holding it gingerly. Much curiosity displayed. Gendarme raps loudly on Judge's door, with stick. Judge appears in doorway after a second knock.) (All fall back as Judge appears, and make deep bow.)

JUDGE—

"Who disturbs the public peace

At this unseemly hour?"

For all this din and noise
I'll jail you all—I vow—er—”

GENDARME—

“We ask thy worship's pardon
For this untimely call,
This lad (indicating him) hath made the inmates
prance,
And fain bewitched us all.”

(Villagers assent with heads wagging.)

“By playing on a Magic Flute
Of evil look, and ill repute.”

CHORUS—

“Magic Art—Sorcery!”

(Villagers take a step forward wave arms.)

JUDGE (testily) :

“Hm—ha, I see, good people,
Common sense and sober reason toddles,
The wind a-whistling thou hast heard
Within thy empty noddles!
This is a likely tale your wild imaginations weave,
What instrument indeed, wouldst have me idly believe
Could set good sober folk
A-hopping all about?
Unless their wits were addled sadly—
Of this, I have no doubt!
Show me, then, this so-called Magic Flute—”

PEASANT (crowding forward—stuttering)—

“H—h—here it i—s
Y—y—your w—w—worship
L—l—look out i—i—it doesn't toot!”

(Holds it arm's length nervously.)

MADAM SANCHO (still having Lise by wrist, she meanwhile weeping in her apron, now plunges forward)—

“Mind what he says, and have a care,
’Tis evil indeed, of that I could swear!”

JUDGE—

“Foolishness, all foolish superstitious rubbish!
But, if thou say'st 'tis true
Play me a tune, and see what it can do.

(Aside)

“’Tis not beneath my dignity
To whet my curiosity.”

(Hands flute to Luc)

CHORUS (hands thrown up—gaze about at each other in consternation)—

“What? Give it him again?
Good Saints preserve us—
Stop him, if you can!”

(Luc snatches flute and begins to play, dancing backward across the stage till he reaches extreme right. Judge begins to hop, and takes center of stage while with great confusion the rest begin dancing.)

CROWD—

“Oh, Oh, here we go!”

(All catch hands and dance in a circle about Judge)

JUDGE (wildly)

“Stop, stop! How durst thee make me hop!

I'll order thee condemned to death

(Aside)

As soon as I can catch my breath!

To the tune of the law, thou't dance—sirrah!”

(Shakes fist.)

LUC—

“Ha, ha, ha!”

(Music stops. Judge falls back into Madam Sancho's arms exhausted. All stop dancing. Judge rights himself, bristling with rage and snatches flute from Luc, who still laughs.)

JUDGE—

“'Tis a monstrous crime—

For this indignity to my high office

Thou wilt swing—pard!

(Shakes fist at him—adding.)

“Now may thy music perish with thee!”

(Breaks flute in two and cracks Luc on head with an end of it. Lise buries face in hands, all hope fled. But as the flute is broken, the notes that had proceeded from the flute are heard elsewhere, and the bewildered assembly look about to behold Oberon, King of the Fairies, standing behind them.)

OBERON (waves wand)—

“Oberon, am I, King of Fairy folk

Who breaks the Magic Flute

Himself shall go 'dead broke';

'Tis not the generous-hearted Luc

That merits now a just rebuke,

But Madam Sancho, heartless woman she—

Who on this very day showed small mercy;

An aged hermit cast she from her door—

That aged man was I—what's more!”

MME. SANCHO—

“Thy Royal forgiveness I implore.”

(Falls on knees.)

“Not so soon my favor I restore,

On one condition only can'st thou full forgiveness
win,

By forgiving Luc and Lise

And by giving them the Inn ;
Thus the King of Fairies' blessing
Shall rest on all thy land,
By making Lise's heart rejoice
In giving Luc her hand."

(Marquis and Footman exchange a significant look and steal quietly off stage, while Innkeeper's wife, after one despairing look in their direction, leads Lise by the hand before Oberon, who signals Luc, and then clasps their hands together—center of stage. Innkeeper's wife throws apron over her head, and goes in to Inn. The Judge grandly stalks off to his Mansion. The policeman whirls his stick, shrugs shoulders, with a knowing look, and saunters off. The peasants gather about the couple.)

OBERON—

"Now true love triumphs over age and greed of gold,
By the power of the Magic Flute, the Marquis has
been sold.

So hearken everyone, when heart and hand together
go,

No mortal gold could buy the luck
The Fairy folk bestow!"

(As the villagers cheer and toss caps—Oberon vanishes.)

All dance Folk Dance, and in conclusion—arms about each other, dance off stage, looking back, gaily ; while Luc and Lise remain center of stage in fond embrace.

CURTAIN.



NOTES ON THE STAGING OF THE PLAY, COSTUMES, ETC.

THE INN: Extreme left of stage, a one-story affair. Brown wrapping paper tacked over boards, and black passe-partout strips, crisscrossed on it, to give the effect of plaster house, old style architecture. Front only, is necessary, and three rows of shingles, painted red, will be sufficient to give roof effect. Straw may be used to give a thatch finish, if desired. One window, white passe-partout pasted on it to stimulate diamond panes. Lace curtains draped on inside, quaintly. Row of blooming geraniums on window sill. Bench under window. Inn sign swinging above doorway. Small wooden bird-cage, nailed to left above door. (Imitation or real bird.) Broom of twigs leans conveniently against side of house. Spinning-wheel stands in front of bench, a little stool near by. To right of Inn door, a grape trellis, and small three-legged table, with a chair or two.

Dividing the back of the stage from the front, is a picket fence, with rose arch in center, giving exit and entrance to players. (People interested in Camp Fire will often gladly loan stage fixings. The grape trellis, sections of fence and arbor, table, spinning-wheel, etc., were all loaned when this play was tsaged.) Boards used, if procured with the understanding that they are to be returned to the carpenter, cost nominally nothing. Roses for arch were made of paper. Bushes and shrubs massed at sides and back of fence, and in corners.

Extreme right of stage, front of Judge's mansion. Space only is necessary for one person to stand behind it. It is necessary to have space for four inside the Inn.

Treatment of Judge's mansion must be dignified and severe. In the original production, columns were obtained from contractor who had torn down old building. Shutters gave effect of windows. Any doors and windows used are easily taken from one's own house, the necessary framework for them requiring only a few hours to make. Woodbin and roses growing up over doorway gave a good effect. Box trees in tubs. Brass knocker. Lantern over door.

COSTUMES: THE MARQUIS—A girl's three-quarter length coat reversed, with satin lining outside. If shaped, with somewhat of a flare, so much the better. Broad cuffs, strips down front, pocket flaps and back flap made of gold wall paper, covered with pieces of old lace curtain. Cardboard buttons of gold paper. Lace frills at sleeves and neck. Belted, toy sword hangs at side. Large velvet hat with sweeping feather, real or tissue paper. Short white, flowered satine breeches (Butterick pattern) with buckles and bunches of lace at knee. Silk stockings, black high heeled

slippers, red muslin pasted on heels. Marquis carries lorgnette, and cane, gold paper top. French wig is necessary.

THE FOOTMAN: Fitted, three-quarter length coat, with dark red satine basted on cuffs, and strip down front, etc., to give a liveried effect. Brass buttons. Satine breeches, same pattern as that of Marquis. Tan stockings, pasteboard buckles on shoes. Hair powdered and tied back with black ribbon. Three-cornered red hat, with cockade. Carries plump velvet cushion, and ring in box. In the other hand, a tin bugle.

COSTUME OF VILLAGE LADS: Simple garden smock, regulation pattern, in plain colors, laced up in front with narrow strips of gay colored muslin or ribbon. Bunches of same at knees of knickerbockers, which are made of any plain, sober material. Girls taking these parts, tuck hair up under round peasant hats, or in neck of smocks, to give a Dutch cut effect. Hats tyrolese shape, straw or felt, set off with a flower or feather. Black low shoes and white stockings, complete the costume.

COSTUME OF VILLAGE GIRLS: Full colored skirts, black or flowered satine bodices, with bright shoulder ribbons. Chemisettes, with or without 'kerchiefs. Aprons made of old lace curtain. Lace caps, bunched at sides with muslin ribbons, or flowers. White stockings, black strapped slippers.

INNKEEPER'S WIFE: Full red skirt, banded with yellow strips. Black muslin apron, white stockings, black shoes. Short little dark jacket with short sleeves, white 'kerchief crossed and tucked in waistline. White muslin cap with flying strings.

MARJON, aged five or thereabouts. Wears full short skirt of bright color, over a plain white dress. Little sleeveless black jacket, piped with red braid. White cap, stockings and black slippers, but is preferably barefoot.

JUDGE: College cap and gown. White wig, large bone spectacles pushed back on forehead. Carries red volume, finger always keeping the place.

OSBERON (First appearance as Hermit): Long dark cloak, with a peaked hood. Is completely enveloped in it. Carries staff. The flute can be made of three short sections of a bamboo fishing pole, three or four nails driven in near one end. for stops. Paste entirely over with silver paper, after first sawing bamboo nearly through in one spot, so it can be broken comparatively easily when the time comes. Touch up with black and gold paint by way of decoration.

Second appearance as fairy: Sleeveless, sky blue satine costume, dropped over head, hangs about to knees, edged with Christmas tree tinsel, which is also used as a girdle, as well as festooning the armholes. Gold stars pasted around

border. Blue stockings and gay little slippers. Gold crown with star, or sparkling Christmas tree ornament center front, also on on tip of wand, that is covered with silver paper.

GENDARME (Policeman): Military coat. Three cornered black hat, red cockade. Trousers tucked in boots, or short navy blue breeches, buckles on knees can be worn. Carries heavy staff, or club.

THIS PLAY has been designed peculiarly to fill the need for a Musical Drama where FOLK DANCING COULD BE INTRODUCED, AND VICTROLA RECORDS USED. The following were used in the production of the Play: Victor 70032, Bolero, Flute solo, by John Lemmone; Columbia F3050, Rheinlander, and F3040, Lassie's Dance. Also German Clap, reverse side of Columbia F3050, much changed in character to suit gestures necessary. This was used for Lise's Solo Dance before the Marquis. Victor 17087, a Minuet. The Marquis' Dance.

Other, and more elaborate dances could be used. Also, to lengthen the Play, more could be added.





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