

JANET, DROWSY, ADOLPHO, MAN (2 Lines)....SIDE 4

MAN: Basically, she sings a rousing anthem about alcoholism. That's what I love about her. She just does her own thing, when she wants, regardless of the needs and concerns of others. My mother was like that.

JANET: Well, that was quite inspiring, chaperone. But, I'm still conflicted. Oh. Please tell me. Is Robert the man for me?

DROWSY: My dear, that's something you'll have to decide for yourself.

JANET: But, I just don't know if he loves me.

DROWSY: Why don't you ask him? Why don't you say; Roger, do you love me?"

JANET: It's Robert. And I'm not allowed to see him. In fact, it's your job to keep me away from him.

DROWSY: You're right. And I take the responsibility very seriously. However, I'm just this moment feeling terribly, terribly drowsy. I'm afraid I have to have a lie-down. Now whatever you do, don't go wandering through the garden seeking out your fiancé to ask him the question upon which your future happiness depends. *(the chaperone reclines and closes her eyes)*

JANET: Oh, thank you Chaperone. I just have to know if he loves me. *(Janet sneak out)*

DROWSY: Such a skinny little fool. Still I envy her. Oh, when will love come crashing through my door?

(ALDOPHO enters)

ADPLHO: La la la la.

MAN: Look who it is! It's Adolpho come to seduce the bride!

ADOLPHO: I am Adolpho!

MAN: Try not to think of the poodles when you're listening to this part.

ADOLPHO: I am Adolpho. And you are bride.

DROWSY: No, I am not.

ADOLPHO: Whaaaaat? This is bridal suite, you are the only one here. Therefore you must be bride.

DROWSY: Interesting argument, but I'm afraid you are a moron.

ADOLPHO: Whaaaaat?

DROWSY: Me....no bride. Perhaps I could take a message.

ADOLPHO: Yes, very good.....Dear Van De Graff bride. I must make love to you, and transport you to the place of ecstasy, sooner is better, signed Adolpho, King of Romance.

DROWSY: Well, you saw through my little ruse. You found me out.

ADOLPHO: Ahhh.....so you are the bride.

DROWSY: Apparently, yes. Take me Adollface.

ADOLPHO: No, no, no, not Adollface.....Adolpho. You must remember my name for when we are making love and you are screaming. You must say the right name or it will spoil everything. How can I make you remember?