

Edith, Kate and Isabel:

KATE. What a picturesque spot! I wonder where we are!

EDITH. And I wonder where Papa is. We have left him ever so far behind.

ISABEL. Oh, he will be here presently! Remember poor Papa is not as young as we are, and we came over a rather difficult country.

KATE. But how thoroughly delightful it is to be so entirely alone! Why, in all probability we are the first human beings who ever set foot on this enchanting spot.

ISABEL. Except the mermaids – it's the very place for mermaids.

KATE. Who are only human beings down to the waist!

EDITH. And who can't be said strictly to set foot anywhere. Tails they may, but feet they cannot. KATE. But what shall we do until Papa and the servants arrive with the luncheon?

EDITH. We are quite alone, and the sea is as smooth as glass. Suppose we take off our shoes and stockings and paddle?

ALL. Yes, yes! The very thing!

Major General Stanley:

GEN. May I ask – this is a picturesque uniform, but I'm not familiar with it. What are you?

KING. We are all single gentlemen.

GEN. Yes, I gathered that – Anything else?

KING. No, nothing else.

EDITH. Papa, don't believe them; they are pirates – the famous Pirates of Penzance!

GEN. The Pirates of Penzance! I have often heard of them.

MABEL. All except this gentleman – (indicating FREDERIC) – who was a pirate once, but who is out of his indentures today, and who means to lead a blameless life evermore.

GEN. But wait a bit. I object to pirates as sons-in-law.

KING. We object to Major-Generals as fathers-in-law. But we waive that point. We do not press it. We look over it.

GEN. (aside) Hah! an idea! (aloud) And do you mean to say that you would deliberately rob me of these, the sole remaining props of my old age, and leave me to go through the remainder of my life unfriended, unprotected, and alone?

KING. Well, yes, that's the idea.

GEN. Tell me, have you ever known what it is to be an orphan?

KING. Oh, dash it all! Here we are again!

GEN. I ask you, have you ever known what it is to be an orphan?

KING. Often!

GEN. Yes, orphan. Have you ever known what it is to be one?

KING. I say, often.

GEN. I don't think we quite understand one another. I ask you, have you ever known what it is to be an orphan, and you say "orphan". As I understand you, you are merely repeating the word "orphan" to show that you understand me.

KING. I didn't repeat the word often

GEN. Pardon me, you did indeed.

KING. I only repeated it once.

GEN. True, but you repeated it.

KING. But not often.

GEN. Stop! I think I see where we are getting confused. When you said "orphan", did you mean "orphan" – a person who has lost his parents, or "often", frequently?

KING. Ah! I beg pardon – I see what you mean – frequently.

GEN. Ah! you said "often", frequently.

KING. No, only once.

GEN. (irritated) Exactly – you said "often", frequently, only once.

Pirate King:

GEN. But wait a bit. I object to pirates as sons-in-law.

KING. We object to Major-Generals as fathers-in-law. But we waive that point. We do not press it. We look over it.

GEN. (aside) Hah! an idea! (aloud) And do you mean to say that you would deliberately rob me of these, the sole remaining props of my old age, and leave me to go through the remainder of my life unfriended, unprotected, and alone?

KING. Well, yes, that's the idea.

GEN. Tell me, have you ever known what it is to be an orphan?

PIRATES. (disgusted) Oh, dash it all!

KING. Here we are again!

GEN. I ask you, have you ever known what it is to be an orphan?

KING. Often!

GEN. Yes, orphan. Have you ever known what it is to be one?

KING. I say, often.

ALL. (disgusted) Often, often, often. (Turning away)

GEN. I don't think we quite understand one another. I ask you, have you ever known what it is to be an orphan, and you say "orphan". As I understand you, you are merely repeating the word "orphan" to show that you understand me.

KING. I didn't repeat the word often

GEN. Pardon me, you did indeed.

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GEN. Stop! I think I see where we are getting confused. When you said "orphan", did you mean "orphan" – a person who has lost his parents, or "often", frequently?

KING. Ah! I beg pardon – I see what you mean – frequently.

GEN. Ah! you said "often", frequently.

KING. No, only once.

GEN. (irritated) Exactly – you said "often", frequently, only once.

Frederic

FRED. Upon my word, this is most curious – most absurdly whimsical. Five-and-a-quarter! No one would think it to look at me!

RUTH. You are glad now, I'll be bound, that you spared us. You would never have forgiven yourself when you discovered that you had killed two of your comrades.

FRED. My comrades?

KING. (rises) I'm afraid you don't appreciate the delicacy of your position: You were apprenticed to us –

FRED. Until I reached my twenty-first year.

KING. No, until you reached your twenty-first birthday (producing document), and, going by birthdays, you are as yet only five-and-a-quarter.

FRED. You don't mean to say you are going to hold me to that?

KING. No, we merely remind you of the fact, and leave the rest to your sense of duty. RUTH. Your sense of duty!

FRED. (wildly) Don't put it on that footing! As I was merciful to you just now, be merciful to me! I implore you not to insist on the letter of your bond just as the cup of happiness is at my lips!

RUTH. We insist on nothing; we content ourselves with pointing out to you your duty. KING. Your duty!

FRED. (*after a pause*) Well, you have appealed to my sense of duty, and my duty is only too clear. I abhor your infamous calling; I shudder at the thought that I have ever been mixed up with it; but duty is before all – at any price I will do my duty.

KING. Bravely spoken! Come, you are one of us once more.

FRED. Lead on, I follow. (*suddenly*) Oh, horror!

RUTH and KING. What is the matter?

FRED. Ought I to tell you? No, no, I cannot do it; and yet, as one of your band – KING. Speak out, I charge you by that sense of conscientiousness to which we have never yet appealed in vain.

FRED. General Stanley, the father of my Mabel –

RUTH and KING. Yes, yes!

FRED. He escaped from you on the plea that he was an orphan?

KING. He did! Oh, yes he did. I was there.

FRED. It breaks my heart to betray the honoured father of the girl I
adore, RUTH Break it!

FRED. but as your apprentice I have no alternative.

KING. None.

FRED. It is my duty to tell you that ... my duty to tell you that General Stanley...
General Stanley is no...

RUTH out with it! (*Hits him either at the back of the head or in the
back*) FRED. orphan!

RUTH and KING. What!

FRED. More than that, (*Cries*) he never was one!

KING. When you say orphan... do you mean a person who has lost his parents or
orphan, frequently?

FRED. ... A person who has lost his parents...

KING. Am I to understand that, to save his contemptible life, he dared to practise on
our credulous simplicity? (*FREDERIC nods as he weeps.*) Our revenge shall be
swift and terrible. We will go and collect our band and attack Tremorden Castle this
very night.

FRED. But stay –

KING. Not a word! He is doomed!

Ruth

RUTH. Oh, take me with you! I cannot live if I am left behind.

FRED. Ruth, I will be quite candid with you. You are very dear to me, as you know, but I must be circumspect. You see, you are considerably older than I. A lad of twenty-one usually looks for a wife of seventeen.

RUTH. A wife of seventeen! You will find me a wife of a thousand!

FRED. No, but I shall find you a wife of forty-seven, and that is quite enough. Ruth, tell me candidly and without reserve: compared with other women – how are you?

RUTH. I will answer you truthfully, master – I have a slight cold, but otherwise I am quite well.

FRED. I am sorry for your cold, but I was referring rather to your personal appearance. Compared with other women, are you beautiful?

RUTH. (bashfully) I have been told so, dear master.

FRED. Ah, but lately?

RUTH. Oh, no; years and years ago.

FRED. What do you think of yourself?

RUTH. It is a delicate question to answer, but I think I am a fine woman. FRED. That is your candid opinion?

RUTH. Yes, I should be deceiving you if I told you otherwise.

FRED. Thank you, Ruth. I believe you, for I am sure you would not practice on my inexperience. I wish to do the right thing, and if – I say if – you are really a fine woman, your age shall be no obstacle to our union! (*Chorus of Girls heard in the distance.*) Hark! Surely I hear voices! Who has ventured to approach our all but inaccessible lair? Can it be the Coast Guard? No, it does not sound like the Coast Guard.

RUTH. (*aside*) Confusion! it is the voices of young girls! If he should see them I am lost. FRED. (*looking off*) By all that's marvellous, a bevy of beautiful maidens!

RUTH. (*aside*) Lost! lost! lost!

Mabel

MABEL. No, I'll be brave! Oh, family descent, how great thy charm, thy sway how excellent! Come one and all, undaunted men in blue, A crisis, now, affairs are coming to! Sergeant, approach! Young Frederic was to have led you to death and glory.

POLICE. That is not a pleasant way of putting it.

MABEL. No matter; he will not so lead you, for he has allied himself once more with his old associates.

POLICE. He has acted shamefully!

MABEL. You speak falsely. You know nothing about it. He has acted nobly.

POLICE. He has acted nobly!

MABEL. Dearly as I loved him before, his heroic sacrifice to his sense of duty has endeared him to me tenfold. He has done his duty. I will do mine. Go ye and do yours.

Mabel & Frederic Callback

MABEL. All is prepared, your gallant crew await you. My Frederic in tears? It cannot be The Pirates of Penzance 23 That lion-heart quails at the coming conflict?

FRED. No, Mabel, no. A terrible disclosure Has just been made. Mabel, my dearly-loved one, I bound myself to serve the pirate captain Until I reached my one-and-twentieth birthday –

MABEL. But you are twenty-one?

FRED. I've just discovered That I was born in leap-year, and that birthday Will not be reached by me till nineteen forty!

MABEL. Oh, horrible! catastrophe appalling!

FRED. And so, farewell!

MABEL. No, no! Ah, Frederic, hear me. Stay, Frederic, stay! They have no legal claim, no shadow of a shame Will fall upon thy name. Stay, Frederic, stay!

FRED. Nay, Mabel, nay! Tonight, I quit these walls, The thought my soul appalls, but when stern Duty calls, I must obey. In 1940 I of age shall be, I'll then return, and claim you – I declare it!

MABEL. It seems so long!

FRED. Swear that, till then, you will be true to me.

MABEL. Yes, I'll be strong! By all the Stanleys dead and gone, I swear it!

Sergeant

(Dialogue or song transformed into a monologue for the audition only. You may be asked to read only one or both.)

1) This is perplexing. I cannot understand it at all. Still, as he is actuated by a sense of duty... That makes a difference, of course. At the same time, I cannot understand it at all. No matter, our course is clear! We must do our best to capture these pirates alone. It is most distressing to us to be the agents whereby our erring fellow creatures are deprived of that liberty which is so dear to us all – but we should have thought of that before we joined the force. It is too late now! It is!

2) To gain a brief advantage you've contrived, but your proud triumph will not be long lived. On your allegiance we've a stronger claim! We charge you yield in Queen Victoria's name!

Samuel

(Songs transformed into monologues for the audition only. You may be asked to read only one or both)

- 1) Pour, oh, pour the pirate sherry! Fill, o fill the pirate glass; and, to make us more than merry, let the pirate bumper pass. For today our pirate 'prentice rises from indenture freed; strong his arm, and keen his scent is he's a pirate now indeed! One and twenty, now he's rising, And alone he's fit to fly, which we're bent on signaling with unusual revelry. Here's good luck to Frederic's ventures! Frederic's out of his indentures.
- 2) So stealthily the pirate creeps, while all the household soundly sleeps. Come, friends, who plough the sea, truce to navigation; take another station. Let's vary piracie with a little burglarie! (*distributing implements to various members of the gang*) Here's your crowbar and your centrebit. Your life-preserver – you may want to hit! Your silent matches, your dark lantern seize. Take your file and your skeletal keys.