THE SULTAN'S PORTRAIT

a Musical by

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THE SULTAN'S PORTRAIT

CHARACTERS

The Sultan of Sandansun (male, non-singing); A squint-eyed old tyrant with a streak of vanity.

The Princess (female, singing); The Sultan's resourceful and headstrong daughter.

Clotilde (female, singing); The Princess's trusted handmaiden.

Sir Conrad Sedgewick (male, singing); A rich and handsome but rather stupid suitor of the Princess.

Harry Sheridan (male, singing); Our Hero.

The Royal Scribe (male or female, singing); The Sultan's flunky.

Sylvester (male, non-singing); A professional arranger of elopements.

Pierre Bon Chance (male, non-singing); The greatest artist in France.

The Royal Messenger (male or female, non-singing)

Orlando, an artist

A chorus of artists and courtiers in the royal court

ACT I, Scene i

(As the overture ends, the Royal Messenger appears in front of the curtain. He blows a trumpet, unrolls a scroll, and reads.)

MESSENGER

Hear ye, hear ye! The Sultan of Sandansun has decreed that a royal portrait painting contest shall be held. Whosoever best paints the Sultan's portrait shall win the Princess's hand in marriage. All contestants will be guests at the palace for the duration of the contest. Hear ye, hear ye!

(The Royal Messenger blows the trumpet again. As he does, the curtain rises and the Messenger steps back to become part of the scene. The setting is the Sultan's court. Stage left, at the entrance to the palace, is a sign-up board, with the name "Orlando" at the top, followed by "Pierre Bon Chance." During the Opening Chorus various artists add their names to the list. Assisted by the Princess, Sir Conrad Sedgewick adds his name about half way down. Stage left is an easel with a painting on it, covered by a veil. The stage is filled with courtiers and artists. Also on stage are the Princess, Sir Conrad Sedgewick, and Clotilde. They sing the opening chorus, "Welcome to the Land of Sandansun.")

Chorus: WELCOME TO THE LAND OF SANDANSUN
WELCOME TO YOU EACH AND EV'RY ONE
REST FROM YOUR WANDERINGS, REST LONG AND WELL
LEAVE ALL YOUR CARES FAR BEHIND
STAY, LET THE DESERT CAST ITS SPELL
ON YOUR MIND

WELCOME TO THE LAND OF SANDANSUN
WELCOME, FOR OUR TALE IS JUST BEGUN
WELCOME TO ALL YOU WHO COME TO OUR LAND
WELCOME TO SANDANSUN

Artists: WE ARE ARTISTS OF EVERY KIND
AND WE'VE COME TO BE WINED AND DINED
WE ARE MUCH TOO SMART

TO STARVE FOR OUR ART
WHEN PATRONAGE WE FIND
THOUGH WE CERTAINLY HOPE TO WIN
IF WE DON'T WE'LL HAVE NO CHAGRIN
WE'LL LAUGH AND SING
AND LIVE LIKE A KING
UNTIL THE DECISION'S IN

Chorus: WELCOME TO THE SULTAN'S ROYAL COURT
WELCOME TO THE PORTRAIT PAINTING SPORT
EVEN IF YOU'VE NEVER PAINTED BEFORE
COME TRY YOUR HAND AT THE GAME
PLAY, AND THE FATES MAY GRANT YOU FORTUNE
AND FAME

FEAST UPON THE PRINCESS WITH YOUR EYES
TRULY SHE'S A RICH AND ROYAL PRIZE
WIN FOR YOURSELF A PRINCESS AND THRONE
MAKE WEALTH AND BEAUTY YOUR OWN

Princess: WHAT'S THE USE IN BEING A PRINCESS
IF YOU CAN'T PICK YOUR PRINCE?
LOOK AT ALL THESE FREELOADING PAINTERS
DON'T THEY JUST MAKE YOU WINCE?

WELL I WANTED A KNIGHT IN SHINING ARMOR
SOMEONE TO CAPTURE MY HEART
SO I REFUSE TO MARRY A FOOL
FOR THE SAKE OF ART

Chorus: WELCOME TO THE LAND OF SANDANSUN
WELCOME TO YOU, EACH AND EVERY ONE
REST FROM YOUR WANDERINGS, REST LONG AND WELL
LEAVE ALL YOUR CARES FAR BEHIND
STAY, LET THE DESERT CAST ITS SPELL
ON YOUR MIND

WELCOME TO THE LAND OF SANDANSUN
WELCOME FOR OUR TALE IS JUST BEGUN
WELCOME TO ALL YOU WHO COME TO OUR LAND
WELCOME TO SANDANSUN

MESSENGER

His Majesty, the Sultan of Sandansun!

(Every time anyone says this phrase, the Chorus automatically sings the Sultan's Fanfare, "All Hail.")

CHORUS

ALL HAIL TO THE SULTAN OF THEE WE SING
ALL HAIL TO OUR GREAT AND GLORIOUS KING!

(As they sing, the Sultan enters, followed by the Royal Scribe.)

SULTAN

SILENCE! (They all fall to their knees and bow to the floor, except the Princess, who remains standing and unfazed. The Sultan has a tendency to bellow.) I hate that song. I'm not a king, I am a Sultan. Where's my scribe?

SCRIBE
(standing up)

Here I am, Your Highness.

SULTAN

Change the words to that song. I hate it when I'm called a king.

SCRIBE

But Sire, we have to use the word "king." Nothing rhymes with "Sultan."

SULTAN

I said change the words.

SCRIBE

But Sire. . . .

SULTAN
(furious)

If I hear those words once more, I'll have you sliced into pieces and fed to the swine!

SCRIBE

C-C-Consider it d-done, Sire. (The Scribe faints.)

SULTAN
(to Messenger)

All right, read the decree.

(Everyone stands up except the Scribe.)

MESSENGER
(reading from the scroll)

Hear ye, hear ye! The Sultan of Sandansun has decreed that a royal portrait painting contest shall be held. Whosoever best paints the Sultan's portrait shall win. . . .

SULTAN
(cutting him off)

That's enough! (He crosses to the easel.) Let's see the first picture. Who painted it?

ORLANDO
(bowing to the ground)

I did, Your Highness. (He continues to bow until the Sultan stops him.)

SULTAN
(impatiently)

Well stop groveling and get on with it!

ORLANDO
(unveiling the painting with a flourish)

His Majesty, the Sultan of Sandansun!

CHORUS

ALL HAIL TO THE SULTAN OF THEE WE SING
ALL HAIL TO OUR GREAT AND GLORIOUS. . . .

(As they sing, the Scribe revives and realizes what is about to happen. The Sultan advances on the Scribe with a menacing look. Frantically, the Scribe gestures to the chorus to stop singing. Finally, just before they sing the word "king," he stops them by shouting. . .)

SCRIBE

STOP!

(The Sultan glares at the Scribe, then turns to examine the painting. Everyone else goes over to look as well. It is a good likeness of the Sultan, emphasizing his frightening demeanor and his ugly squint.)

SULTAN
(enraged)

NO!

CHORUS
(chiming in)

It's awful. No good. Bah! Do you call that art? Etc., etc. (Some hold their noses, others give the thumbs down sign, etc.)

SULTAN
(cutting them off)

SILENCE! (They all fall to their knees again, except the Princess. He turns to Orlando, who is groveling on the floor.) You dog! How dare you! I don't look like that. I am handsome and magnificent. This is an insult! And the penalty for insulting the Sultan is. . ., is. . . .

(He doesn't know. But the Scribe, still on his knees, searches quickly through his book and supplies the answer.)

SCRIBE

Beheading, Sire.

SULTAN
(delighted)

Yes, beheading! Ha! Off with his head!

PRINCESS

Now father, isn't that a bit severe?

SULTAN

No! Off with his head, I say. (The Princess shrugs and gives up.) And that goes for anyone else who loses the contest. (to the Scribe) Make that a decree.

SCRIBE

It is so decreed, Your Majesty.

(Everyone stands up.)

MESSENGER
(extemporizing)

It is so decreed that, whosoever shall, upon entering the royal portrait painting contest, lose the aforementioned contest, so shall that person be rewarded for his efforts by being beheaded.

(As he finishes the decree, chaos erupts in the court. The luckless Orlando is dragged off, and all the contestants except Pierre Bon Chance scramble to withdraw their names from the sign-up board. The Sultan, however, crosses over to the sign-up board, and arrives before Conrad is able to withdraw his name. The only names left are Pierre Bon Chance and Conrad, with a space between them. Pierre's name is left near the top, while Conrad's is near the bottom, leaving a space between.)

SULTAN

Who's next? (He motions to the Scribe.) Read the names.

SCRIBE

Pierre Bon Chance is next, Sire. Then comes Sir Conrad Sedgewick.

SULTAN

Excellent. Where are they?

(Pierre and Conrad come forward.)

CONRAD

I'm C-C-Conrad, Sire.

(Pierre pushes past Conrad, and speaks confidently in a French accent.)

PIERRE

C'est moi, Your Majesty. Pierre Bon Chance, the greatest artist in all of France. And might I add that. . . .

SULTAN

SILENCE! (Again, all except the Princess fall to their knees. Silence falls, and in that instant we hear, off stage, Orlando cry out "Aaaaah!", followed by a chopping sound. The Scribe ceremoniously wipes Orlando's name off the sign up board. The Sultan points to Pierre.) I will see your picture tomorrow. As for you, Conrad, have your picture ready the day after. Scribe!

(The Sultan and the Scribe exit.)

MESSENGER

Court is adjourned for the day.

(Everyone exits except the Princess, Clotilde and Conrad. Conrad is still on his knees, face buried in his hands in terror. The Princess taps him on the shoulder, and he shakes with fright.)

CONRAD

NO, NO, PLEASE NO! (He sees that it is only the Princess.) Oh, it's just you. (He stands up and tries to look brave.) Oh, what am I going to do?

PRINCESS

Get up. What's the matter with you?

CONRAD

You know I never intended to paint the Sultan's portrait. I only signed up so that I could stay at the palace while I planned our elopement. I never dreamed I might get my head cut off.

PRINCESS

You're not afraid, are you?

CONRAD

No, of course not. Only, it seems so dangerous.

PRINCESS

But there's no problem at all. We can elope tomorrow night and nobody the wiser.

CONRAD

But that's impossible. Elopements are complicated affairs. You have to plan them down to the very last detail. I could never get one ready by tomorrow night. (Pause.) I know! I'll run away tonight by myself! Then by daylight I'll be far, far away. (He starts to leave but the Princess stops him.)

PRINCESS

Oh no you don't, Conrad. You're not running out on me now. And if you try, I'll tell my father. He'll have you boiled in oil.

CONRAD
(begging her)

Oh no, please no, don't do that!

PRINCESS

Oh, stop sniveling and listen. You go and plan your silly elopement, and I'll think of some way to buy us more time. Now go on, get out of here.

CONRAD

Good! yes! Right away! Never fear!

(He exits on the run. Clotilde lets out an enamoured sigh, while the Princess gives an exasperated flounce.)

CLOTILDE

You're so lucky. He's gorgeous.

PRINCESS

Yes, Clotilde, but he's so stupid! What am I doing eloping with a clod like him?

CLOTILDE

Look on the bright side of it.

(They sing "Two Out Of Three Ain't Bad.")

Clotilde: HE'S A RICH AND HANDSOME KNIGHT

Princess: HE'S THE BIGGEST DOPE IN SIGHT

Clotilde: TWO OUT OF THREE AIN'T BAD

HE IS SENSITIVE AND SWEET

Princess: BUT HIS BRAIN IS OBSOLETE

Clotilde: TWO OUT OF THREE AIN'T BAD

HE'S A TALL, DARK, AND HANDSOME LAD

Princess: TOO BAD HE'S SUCH A COWARD AND A CAD

Clotilde: HE SAYS "THEE" AND "THOU" AND "HATH"

Princess: AND HE ALWAYS NEEDS A BATH

Clotilde: TWO OUT OF THREE AIN'T BAD
TWO OUT OF THREE AIN'T BAD

HE'S SINCERE AND SO WELL MEANT

Princess: DON'T FORGET INCOMPETENT

Clotilde: TWO OUT OF THREE AIN'T BAD

HE HAS BREEDING AND A NAME

Princess: HE'S A SCOUNDREL JUST THE SAME

Clotilde: TWO OUT OF THREE AIN'T BAD

YOU COULD LEARN TO LIKE HIS PERSONALITY

Princess: I GUESS I OUGHT TO FACE REALITY

Clotilde: HE WOULD SERVE YOUR EVERY WHIM

Princess: MAYBE I'LL GET USED TO HIM

Princess and Clotilde: TWO OUT OF THREE AIN'T BAD
TWO OUT OF THREE AIN'T BAD

PRINCESS

All right, Clotilde, you win. But if I'm going to elope with him, we've got to think. There must be some way of stalling for time so that Conrad can plan the elopement. But how?

(They pace back and forth, and Clotilde ends up in front of the sign-up board.)

CLOTILDE

Maybe we could find someone to go after Pierre Bon Chance and before Conrad.

PRINCESS

Hey, good idea. But who? After today everybody will know the penalty for losing the contest. We'll never find anybody dumb enough.

(As she says this, Harry Sheridan enters, but does not see them.)

HARRY

Wow, what a palace! Some day I'm going to live in one just like it.

(He sings "I'll Make My Fortune in the World.")

I'LL MAKE MY FORTUNE IN THE WORLD
I'LL REACH THE PINNACLE OF FAME
I'LL WIN AT EVERY GAME
I'LL MAKE MYSELF A NAME
AND I'LL MAKE MY FORTUNE IN THE WORLD

JUSTICE AND TRUTH WILL BE MY GUIDE
COURAGE AND YOUTH ARE ON MY SIDE
I'LL FOLLOW MY STAR
I'LL WANDER FAR AND WIDE
AND I'LL MAKE MY FORTUNE IN THE WORLD

AND MAYBE I'LL FIND A PRINCESS AS I TRAVEL ON MY WAY
A GIRL WHO LOVES ME; THEN I KNOW I COULD TRULY SAY

THAT I MADE MY FORTUNE IN THE WORLD
AND I FINISHED ALL I TRIED TO DO
YES HARD AS IT SEEMS
I'LL MAKE MY DREAMS COME TRUE
AND I'LL MAKE MY FORTUNE IN THE WORLD

YES HARD AS IT SEEMS
I'LL MAKE MY DREAMS COME TRUE
AND I'LL MAKE MY FORTUNE IN THE WORLD

(As he finishes, the Princess pushes Clotilde off-stage. Then she sits down and pretends to cry.)

HARRY

Hey, what's the matter? Are you all right?

PRINCESS
(acting)

Oh won't anyone come to the aid of a Princess in distress? (She continues to cry.)

HARRY
(smitten)

(aside) A Princess! (to her) My name is Harry and I'll do anything I can to help you. What's the matter?

PRINCESS

I'm being forced to marry a man I don't love.

HARRY

Really? So you're not married?

PRINCESS

No, but it won't be long. The Sultan is giving me away as a prize to whoever paints the best portrait of him. So now the palace is full of freeloaders and worthless artists who are trying to win me as if I were a trophy or a sack of gold. (She starts to cry again.)

HARRY

No, no, please don't cry. There must be something I can do.

PRINCESS

If only there were. But look. See this sign-up board? (She leads him to the sign-up board.) Well, tomorrow this fellow Pierre Bon Chance will show his portrait. He probably won't win. But Sir Conrad Sedgewick's turn is next. Conrad is the best painter and the biggest jerk around, and he's sure to win. And then I'll have to marry him. (She starts to cry again.)

HARRY

But wait. What if. . ., what if I enter the contest, and put my name here? Above Conrad's? Then I would go before him, wouldn't I?

PRINCESS

Why, yes. Gosh, I hadn't thought of that. You're so smart!

HARRY

There's just one problem.

PRINCESS

What?

HARRY

I'm a terrible artist. I couldn't paint a stroke to save my life.

PRINCESS

Oh. (She can't think of a way around this.)

HARRY

Too bad. (he shrugs) Well, I guess I'll be going. (He starts to leave.)

PRINCESS

Wait, wait! (The Princess runs after him.) You can't go!

HARRY

But what's the point in staying if I can't paint?

PRINCESS

Maybe you could learn.

HARRY

(skeptical)

Do you really think so?

PRINCESS

Sure. Anybody can learn to paint. I did.

HARRY

Yes, but in one day?

PRINCESS

Well, maybe you could take lessons or something.

HARRY

Now there's an idea. Tell you what. I'll stay. As long as YOU give me lessons.

PRINCESS
(incredulous)

Me?

HARRY

Do you or don't you want me to stay?

PRINCESS
(exasperated)

Well of all the nerve!

HARRY

Shall we say tonight then, around eight o'clock?

PRINCESS

Oh, all right. Just please, enter the contest.

HARRY

Don't worry, you can count on me! (He signs up.)

PRINCESS

You bet your life!

(The Princess exits, and she is clearly not pleased. Harry calls after her.)

HARRY

I'll see you tonight! (to himself) Yes sir!

(He sings a reprise of "I'll Make My Fortune in the World.")

I THINK THAT I'VE FOUND MY PRINCESS AND I'VE FOUND THE WAY

THAT I'LL MAKE MY FORTUNE IN THE WORLD
YES I'LL FINISH ALL I TRY TO DO
AND HARD AS IT SEEMS
I'LL MAKE MY DREAMS COME TRUE
AND I'LL MAKE MY FORTUNE IN THE WORLD

(The scene ends.)

ACT I, Scene ii

(In the Princess's chamber, that night. The Princess and Clotilde are preparing the chamber for Harry's painting lesson. They have set out an easel, a paint brush and paints. As the scene begins, Conrad crawls, with great difficulty, over the balcony and falls on his face in the room.)

PRINCESS

Conrad, what are you doing here?

CONRAD

Practicing. For the elopement, you know.

PRINCESS

Oh, I see. (Though she doesn't, really.) So is it all planned?

CONRAD

Sort of. I found some one who arranges elopements all the time and he assured me that, for a small fee, he could get everything ready in a few days. That's why I came here tonight; to practice. (He produces three scripts, and gives one to each of them.) Here, these are the plans so far. Let's try it. (He leads them toward the balcony, and begins to read.) "At last, all is prepared, my love. In but a few hours we will be far away from your cruel father, and you will be safe in my arms."

CLOTILDE
(enraptured)

Oh, how romantic!

(The Princess reads matter-of-factly, while behind her Clotilde acts out the scene romantically.)

PRINCESS

Sighing. Oh, my hero. What would I do without you? Take me, take me away. She swoons. My heart is throbbing with passion. (She has been reading with growing incredulity.) Good grief, what is this?

CONRAD

No, no. Stick to the script.

PRINCESS

Couldn't we just ad lib it?

CONRAD

Come on, this is serious. Now where were we? Ah yes. . . .

(They sing "The Elopement Song.")

Conrad: I GIVE MY HEART TO YOU LOVE
KNEELS AND TAKES THE LADY'S HAND

Princess: YOU ARE MY ONE AND TRUE LOVE
BOWS TO HIM AND HELPS HIM STAND

Conrad: HOW I LONG MY LOVE TO HOLD YOU IN MY ARMS

Clotilde: HANDMAID QUIETLY AVERTS HER FACE

Princess: YOU HAVE WON ME WITH YOUR CHARMS AND GRACE

All three: THEY EMBRACE

Conrad: THERE'S NO TIME FOR DELAY DEAR
BECKONS HER TO BALCONY

Princess: YES WE MUST AWAY DEAR
BIDS FAREWELL AND TURNS TO FLEE
(spoken) Thank goodness that's over!

Clotilde: TO CONTINUE TURN THE PAGE

Conrad: A TOKEN OF AFFECTION
PLUCKS A ROSE OUT OF THE WREATH

(Clotilde plucks a rose and hands it to Conrad)

Princess: THY LOVE IS SWEET PERFECTION
(spoken incredulously) Puts the rose between her teeth?

Conrad: I'M IN HEAVEN, DEAR, I'M SO IN LOVE WITH YOU

Princess: I HAVE HAD ABOUT ENOUGH OF THIS

Conrad: GAZING IN YOUR EYES IS TRULY BLISS

Conrad
and
Clotilde: HERE THEY KISS
(Princess sticks the rose in Conrad's mouth)

Clotilde: PARTING IS SUCH SWEET SADNESS

Conrad: YOU FILL MY HEART WITH GLADNESS

Princess: THIS SCRIPT IS UTTER MADNESS

Clotilde: WAIT! LOOK! (points to script)

All three: AT LAST, WE'VE REACHED THE END!

(As the song ends there is a knock on the door.)

CLOTILDE

I'll get it. (She goes to the door, opens it a crack, peeks out, and slams the door shut. She returns to the Princess.) It's HIM!

PRINCESS
(to Conrad)

It's your replacement!

CONRAD

My what?

PRINCESS

There's no time to explain. Just believe me. You have to get out of here. (She starts pushing him toward the balcony.)

CONRAD

But we were doing so well.

PRINCESS
(thinking fast)

Yes, now it's time to practice the exit. Clotilde, come and help Conrad leave.

CLOTILDE

Sure! (Clotilde helps Conrad over to the balcony.) "Is it time, then?"

CONRAD

"Yes. Come away with me, my love."

CLOTILDE

"Yes, yes. I'd follow you anywhere."

(Clotilde and Conrad disappear over the balcony. The Princess opens the door. As Harry steps in we hear Clotilde and Conrad cry out, then there is a crash off stage--they have fallen off the balcony.)

HARRY

What was that?

PRINCESS

I don't know. (Shouts off balcony) Keep it down out there! (She throws her script off the balcony and turns to Harry. There is an awkward pause.)

HARRY
(hands her bouquet)

So. Here we are on our first date.

PRINCESS

This is NOT a date. It's a painting lesson, and that's all.

HARRY

Well, you have to start some where.

PRINCESS

With you, we'd better start with the basics. This is the paint brush. (She hands him a paint brush.) This is the paint. (She hands him some paint.) And this over here-- (she gestures toward easel).

HARRY
(kidding her)

Slow down. You're going to fast.

PRINCESS

--is the easel. It's best to begin with something simple. Let's see. Paint a circle. That's easy.

HARRY

Nothing to it. (He starts to paint.) Just a dash here and a dab there. And, voilal (Harry shows his first "circle," which is laughably bad.) How's that?

PRINCESS

Well, it should be a little more, ah, round.

HARRY
(acting crushed)

You don't like it. What am I doing wrong?

PRINCESS

Here, let me show you. (She guides his hand as they paint a circle.)

HARRY

Now we're making progress.

(The Princess realizes that he is flirting, and moves away upstage.)

PRINCESS

Try again.

HARRY
(painting)

Hmm. I think I'm getting the idea. (He capers around, painting with great abandon and flair, but no skill.) One must paint from the heart, always from the heart. (He turns the easel away from the audience toward the Princess.) How about this? (He bows.)

PRINCESS
(laughing)

Perhaps you should try ballet lessons instead. (She walks downstage to where she can no longer see what he is painting.)

HARRY
(painting)

Ah, but I'm enjoying this. Who cares if I lose the contest, as long as I can keep taking painting lessons from you?

PRINCESS
(suddenly serious)

I'm afraid that would be impossible.

HARRY

Why?

PRINCESS

Because the penalty for losing the contest is beheading.

HARRY

WHAT?!

PRINCESS

I guess I forgot to mention that part.

HARRY

That's a pretty important detail.

PRINCESS

Sorry.

HARRY

That changes everything. I'm getting out of here. (He heads toward the door, then pauses.) Boy, I'd still give it a shot if I thought I had a chance.

PRINCESS

You would?

HARRY

Sure. I'd hate to see you marry someone else. Can't you buy me a little more time? Maybe then, I could learn to paint. And then maybe, if I was a good student, you would. . . .

PRINCESS

Yes?

(Harry turns the easel around so that both she and the audience can see it. He has painted a heart, and drawn an arrow through it.)

HARRY

Maybe you would want me to win the contest.

PRINCESS
(She is impressed)

All right, I'll try.

(The scene ends.)

ACT I, Scene iii

(The next day in the Sultan's court. Conrad and Sylvester are alone on stage.)

SYLVESTER

So, Conrad, you wish to elope with the Princess.

CONRAD

Shh! Not so loud.

SYLVESTER

You do have her consent, don't you? Elopements are one thing. But abductions are quite another altogether, if you get my meaning.

CONRAD

Yes, of course she knows about it.

SYLVESTER

Of course she does! Just had to make sure. Have to protect my legal interests, you know.

CONRAD

Yes, I suppose so.

SYLVESTER

Furthermore, old chap, considering the extreme delicacy of this particular contract, I must insist, I'm afraid, on cash in advance. Because, you see, if there should be some mistake, and you should get caught, it would be rather difficult to collect my fee, if I may speak frankly.

CONRAD

Gee, I hadn't thought of that, but I guess you're right.

SYLVESTER

Capital! Then we understand each other. Now, my good man, what kind of elopement are you interested in? A man of your stature wants nothing but the best, no doubt. And, seeing that you're eloping with the Princess, no less. . . .

CONRAD

Shh!

SYLVESTER

I imagine you'll want the deluxe package; moonlight, roses, an orchestra perhaps?

CONRAD

Well actually I hadn't really thought about it.

SYLVESTER

Or how about our bold, romantic elopement? (He acts out the entire scene as he describes it.) You ride up on a steed, fight your way through a legion of armed guards, and scale the wall. You crash through the window, seize the Princess, and kiss her. (He grabs Conrad and kisses him.) She pretends to scream as you drag her toward the window.

(He puts his hand over Conrad's mouth and pulls him across the stage. The Princess, Harry, Clotilde, the Messenger, the courtiers and the artists file into the court as they continue.)

CONRAD
(freeing himself)

No, no, really, that's wonderful, but there can't be any screaming or fighting.

SYLVESTER

Well what exactly did you have in mind?

CONRAD

It doesn't really matter, but I need it fast.

SYLVESTER

How fast?

CONRAD

Tonight.

SYLVESTER
(spluttering)

My dear boy, have you ever eloped before?

CONRAD

Well, no.

(By now everyone has entered, and they all assume their positions for the Sultan's entrance.)

SYLVESTER

Son, let me tell you a little about the kind of planning it takes for a proper elopement.

CONRAD

Shh! The Sultan's coming!

MESSENGER

His Majesty, the Sultan of Sandansun!

CHORUS

ALL HAIL THE ONE WHOM THERE'S NO INSULTIN'
ALL HAIL TO OUR GREAT AND GLORIOUS SULTAN

(The Sultan enters. The Scribe watches him anxiously for his reaction to the new words.)

SULTAN

"Whom there's no insultin'?" Is that supposed to be a joke?

SCRIBE

Oh no, Your Excellence.

SULTAN
(menacing)

There are penalties for insulting the Sultan.

SCRIBE

But "Insultin'" was the only rhyme I could find.

SULTAN

Well find another one. (The Scribe gulps.) Let's see the next picture. (He gestures toward the easel.) Who painted it?

PIERRE
(bowing)

C'est moi, mon roi. Pierre Bon Chance, the greatest artist in all of France. I have come to win your daughter, the fairest flower that ever graced this dusty little desert, this sorry little sandhill. Your Majesty, never have I seen such. . . .

SULTAN

Silence! (The courtiers and artists fall on their knees.) Let's see the picture.

PIERRE

His Majesty, the Sultan of Sandansun.

(Pierre unveils the painting with a self-confident flourish. It is a handsome portrait, depicting the Sultan as a physically perfect specimen. The Chorus, of course, stands up and sings, but the Sultan cuts them off.)

CHORUS

ALL HAIL TO THE ONE WHOM THERE'S NO INSULTIN'

SULTAN

Silence! (They fall to their knees again. He looks at the painting.) No! I don't look like that! What do you take me for, you knave? Did you think I could be fooled by cheap flattery? Scribe, what is the penalty for flattering the Sultan?

SCRIBE
(He consults his book and reads matter-of-factly.)

"One's tongue is cut out, and one's mouth is filled with red hot coals." Gulp!

SULTAN
(delighted)

Yes! And cut off his head for losing the contest, too.

(The courtiers and artists gasp. Two guards come forward and seize Pierre. Pierre breaks free and throws himself at the Sultan's feet, grovelling.)

PIERRE

Y-Y-Your Majesty?

SULTAN

What now?

PIERRE

Will you grant me one last request?

SULTAN

What is it, insect?

PIERRE

Can you behead me first, and then cut out my tongue and fill my mouth with coals?

SULTAN

I guess so. I don't see why not.

PIERRE
(kissing the Sultan's feet)

Oh, bless you, Your Highness. Thank you, thank you. . . .

SULTAN

Take him away. (Pierre is dragged out, still groveling abjectly. The courtiers and artists stand up.) Who's next? (He crosses to the sign-up board, and turns to the Scribe.) Read the names.

SCRIBE

Harry Sheridan, followed by Sir Conrad Sedgewick, Sire.

SULTAN

Harry Sheridan? Who's that?

HARRY

That's me, Your Highness.

SULTAN

How did your name get on the list?

HARRY

I arrived at the palace only last night, Your Immensity. But I was so struck by your daughter's beauty that I entered the contest at once.

SULTAN

Well, you'll have to wait your turn. It isn't fair to Conrad.

CONRAD

Oh no, Your Excellency, I don't mind.

SULTAN

Why not?

CONRAD
(without thinking)

Well, I'm having a little trouble with the elo--. The elo--. (He realizes he has made a great blunder. Off stage we hear Pierre shout "AAAH," followed by a chopping noise.) Uh-oh.

PRINCESS
(coming to the rescue)

The elo--mium! The elomium. You know. (She makes a frame with her hands, imagining an artistic problem.) It's got to be just right, or the whole picture's no good.

SULTAN
(suspiciously)

Elomium?

HARRY
(to Princess)

Elomium? (She shrugs).

SULTAN

Well, all right. Harry can go first.

CONRAD AND HARRY

Thank you, Sire.

SULTAN

Silence! (The courtiers and artists fall back on their knees. The Sultan turns to Harry.) Have your picture ready by tomorrow. (He turns to go.)

PRINCESS

Father?

SULTAN

Yes?

PRINCESS

Since Harry just got here yesterday, can't you grant him a little more time? After all, twenty-four hours is very short notice.

SULTAN

Hm. Well, how long do you need?

PRINCESS

Well... (aside to Conrad) How long? How long?

CONRAD
(to Sylvester)

How long will it take?

SYLVESTER

It'll take a week to get the camels together.

CONRAD
(to Princess)

One week.

PRINCESS
(to Sultan)

He'll need about a week.

SYLVESTER

Then another week or so to get the church and the preacher lined up.

CONRAD
(to Princess)

Two weeks!

PRINCESS
(to Sultan)

... or two! He'll need a week or two. Two weeks should do it.

SYLVESTER

Then there's planning the escape route, finding a good ladder, bribing the guards, obtaining visas, passports, and other necessary documents. But I should think we'll be all ready to go in about a month, give or take a few days.

CONRAD
(despairing)

A month?

PRINCESS

Oh dear. But really father, with an artist of Harry's abilities, it will take at least a month to produce a really fine portrait.

SULTAN

So be it! You have one month, and not a day more. Scribe!

SCRIBE

It is so decreed, Your Majesty.

(The Scribe, the Sultan and the Chorus sing "And It Was So.")

Messenger: IT IS SO DECREED

Scribe: IT IS SO DECREED

Chorus: IT IS SO DECREED AND SO
IT IS SO

Scribe: THE SULTAN IS AN EXTRAORDINARY MAN
WHO RULES WITH GREAT FINESSE
HE NEVER MAKES A LEGISLATIVE PLAN
HE CARES FOR NOTHING LESS
AFFAIRS OF STATE HE POSITIVELY HATES
AND SHOULD THEY START TO PRESS
HE HANDLES THEM WITH ENVIABLE EASE
BY MAKING UP SOME HIGH DECREES

Chorus: HE HANDLES THEM WITH ENVIABLE EASE
BY MAKING UP SOME HIGH DECREES

Sultan: THAT'S RIGHT!

Scribe: THE POTENTATE OF A NEARBY SULTANATE
DECLARED A STATE OF WAR
AND SOON THE FOE WAS AT THE PALACE GATE
AND POUNDING ON THE DOOR
BUT OUR BRAVE SULTAN DIDN'T HESITATE
TO EVEN UP THE SCORE
BY BELLOWING BELIGERENT DECREES

Sultan: I BROUGHT THEIR ARMY TO ITS KNEES

Chorus: BY BELLOWING BELIGERENT DECREES
HE BROUGHT THEIR ARMY TO ITS KNEES

Scribe: AND IT WAS SO

Chorus: IT WAS SO

Scribe: AND IT WAS SO

Chorus: IT WAS SO

Scribe: IT WAS SO BECAUSE THE SULTAN HAD DECREED IT
AND IT WAS SO

Chorus: IT WAS SO

Scribe: AND IT WAS SO

Chorus: IT WAS SO

Scribe: AND IT WAS SO

Chorus: IT WAS SO

Scribe: IT WAS SO

Sultan: SO IT WAS

Chorus: IT WAS SO BECAUSE THE SULTAN HAD DECREED IT

Scribe: A DREADFUL PLAGUE OUR NATION ONCE ATTACKED
AND DEFIED ALL REMEDIES
THE VICTIMS COUGH AND SNEEZED AND HACKED
AND DIED BY SLOW DEGREES
UNTIL AT LAST OUR SULTAN HAD TO ACT
TO CURE THE DREAD DISEASE
WITH ONE OF HIS MEDICAL DECREES

Sultan: I MADE IT CRIMINAL TO SNEEZE

Chorus: WITH ONE OF HIS MEDICAL DECREES
HE MADE IT CRIMINAL TO SNEEZE
AH--CHOO!

Scribe: AND IT WAS SO

Chorus: IT WAS SO

Scribe: AND IT WAS SO

Chorus: IT WAS SO

Scribe: IT WAS SO BECAUSE THE SULTAN HAD DECREED IT
AND IT WAS SO

Chorus: IT WAS SO

Scribe: AND IT WAS SO

Chorus: IT WAS SO

Scribe: AND IT WAS SO

Chorus: IT WAS SO

Scribe: IT WAS SO

Sultan: SO IT WAS!

Chorus: IT WAS SO BECAUSE THE SULTAN HAD DECREED IT

(Act I ends.)

THE SULTAN'S PORTRAIT

(Piano Score)

ACT I

Welcome to the Land of Sandansun

All Hail

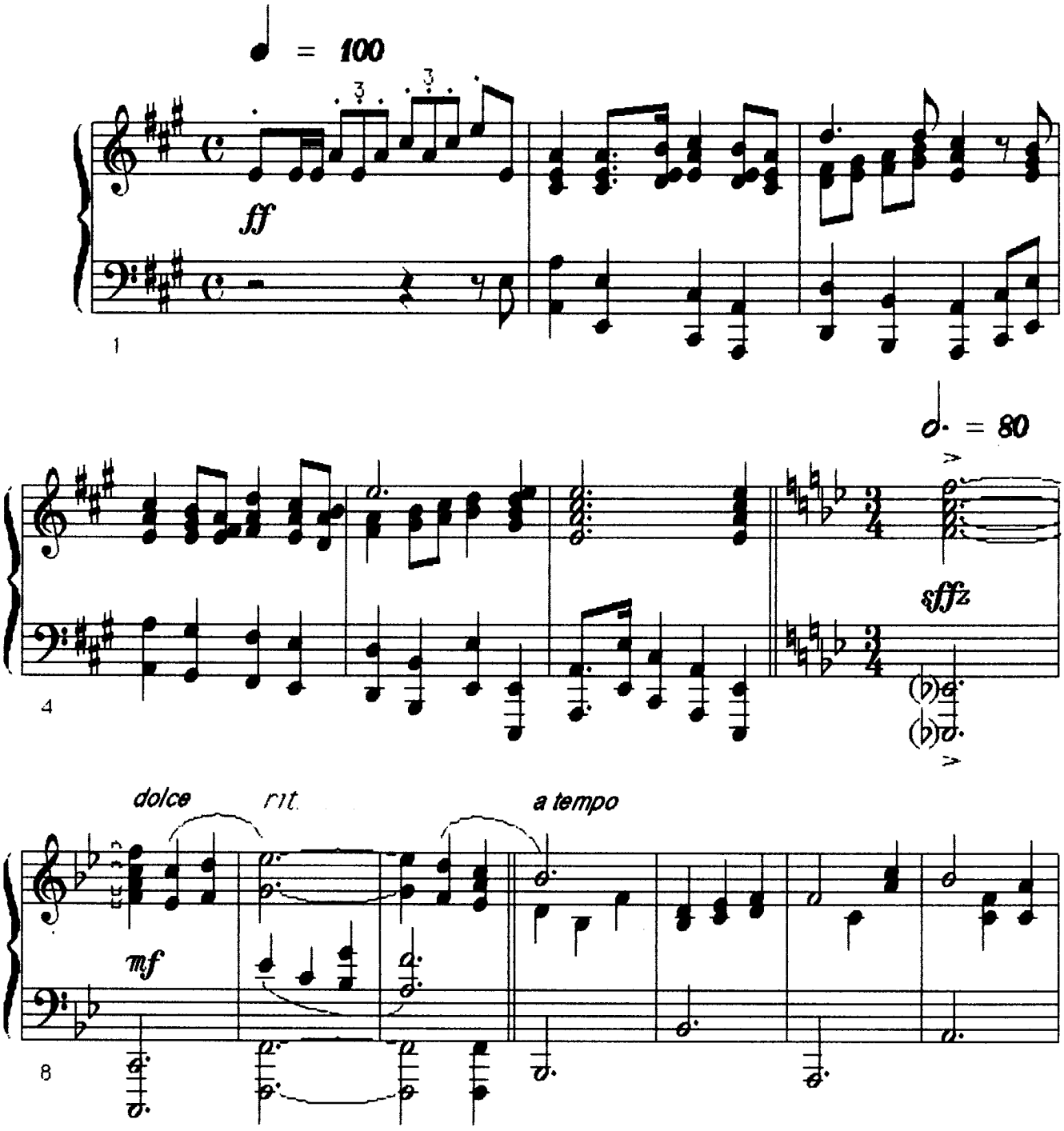
Two Out of Three Ain't Bad

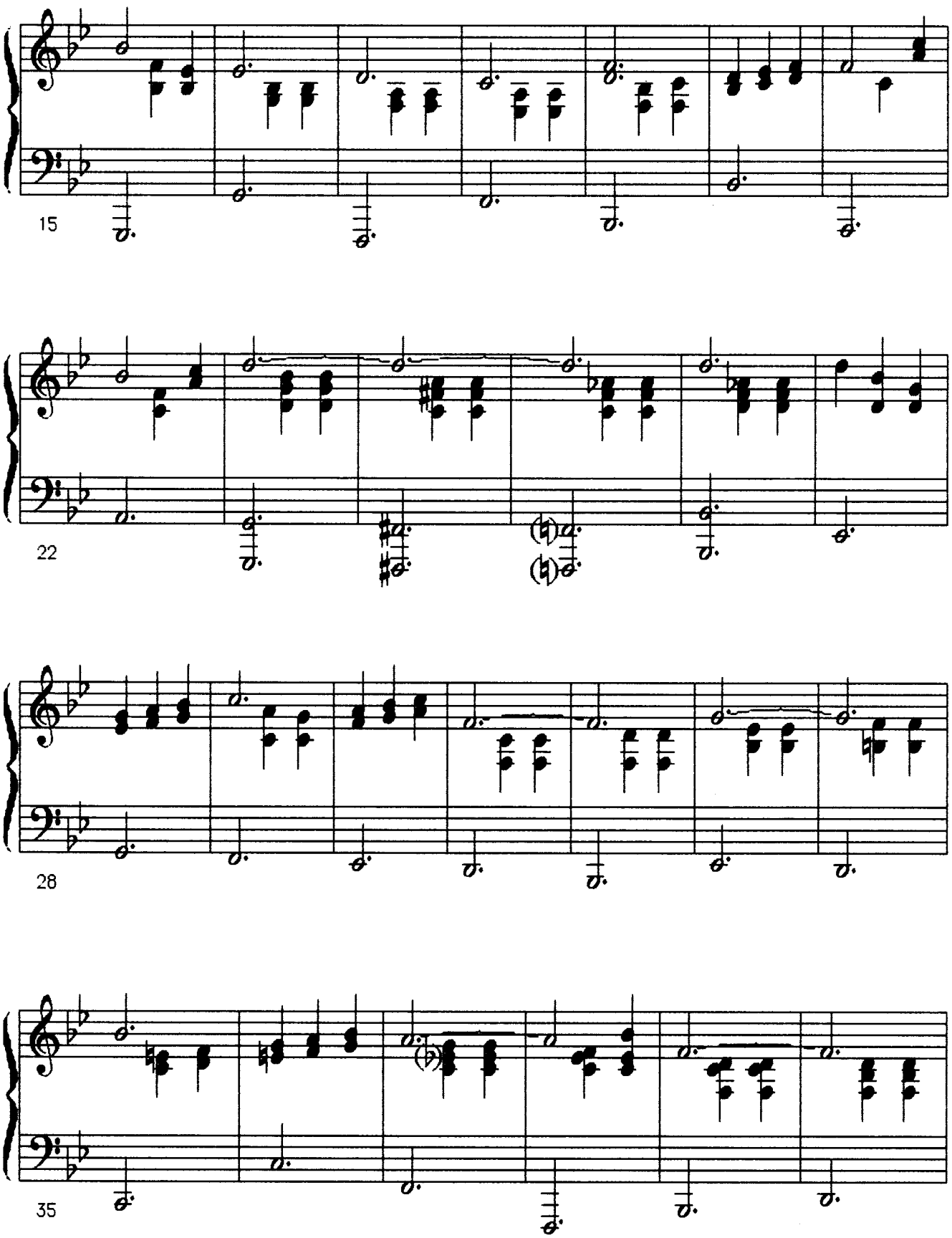
I'll Make My Fortune in the World

Elopement Song

And It Was So

OVERTURE

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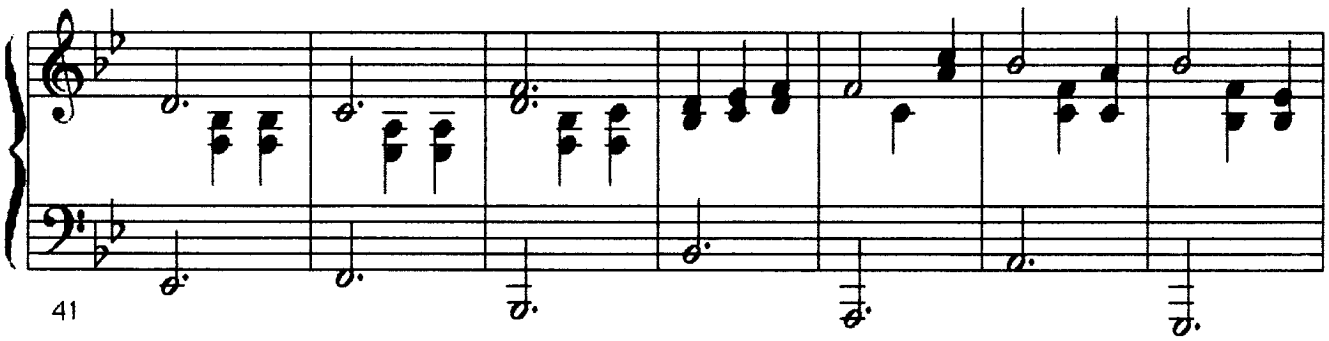
22
28
35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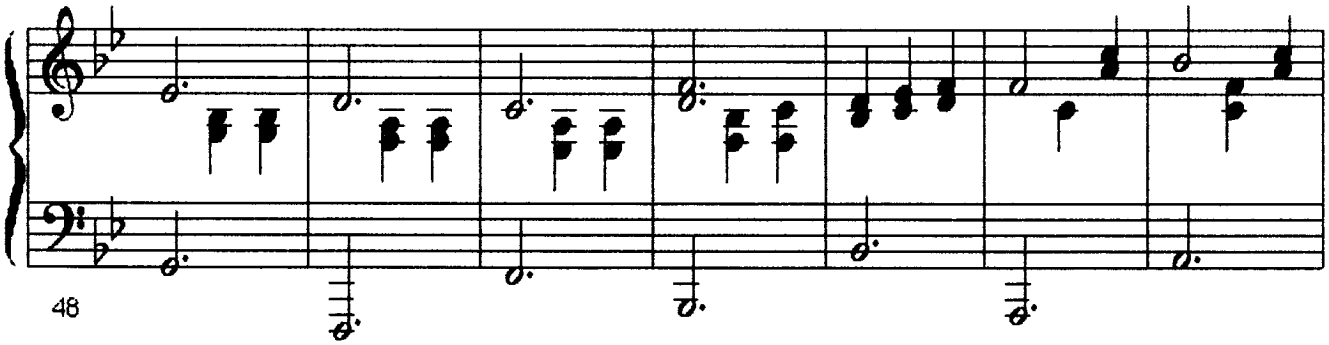
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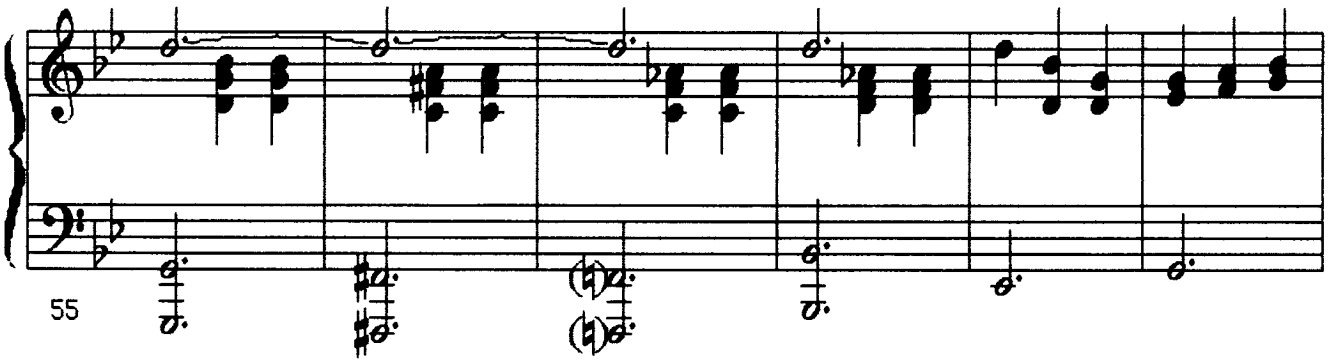
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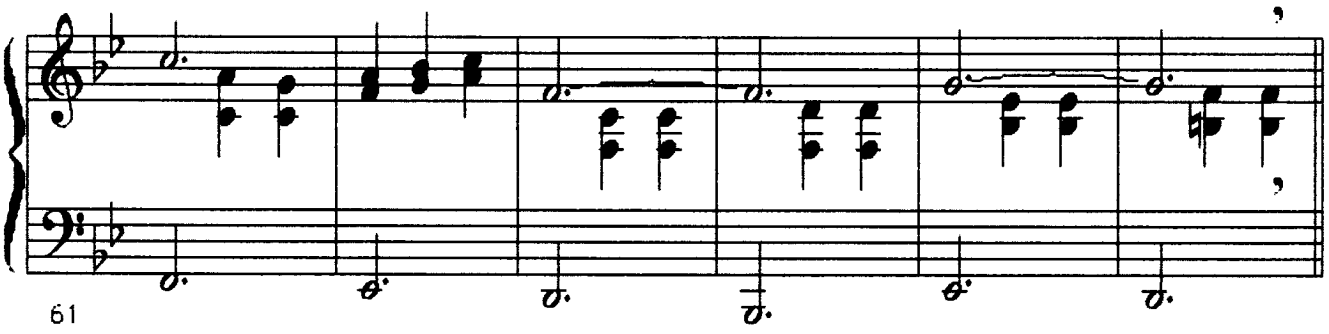
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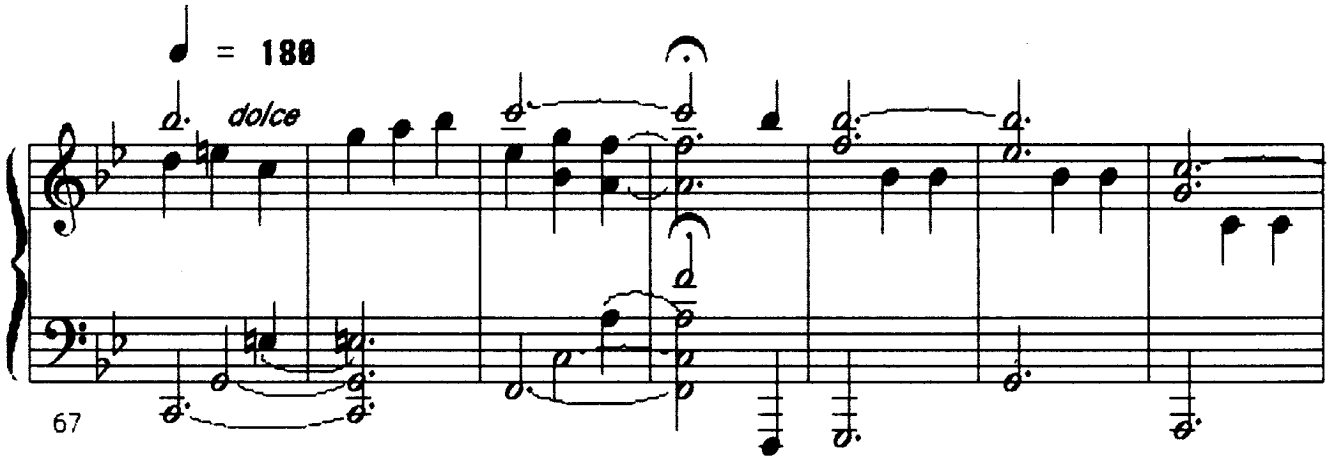
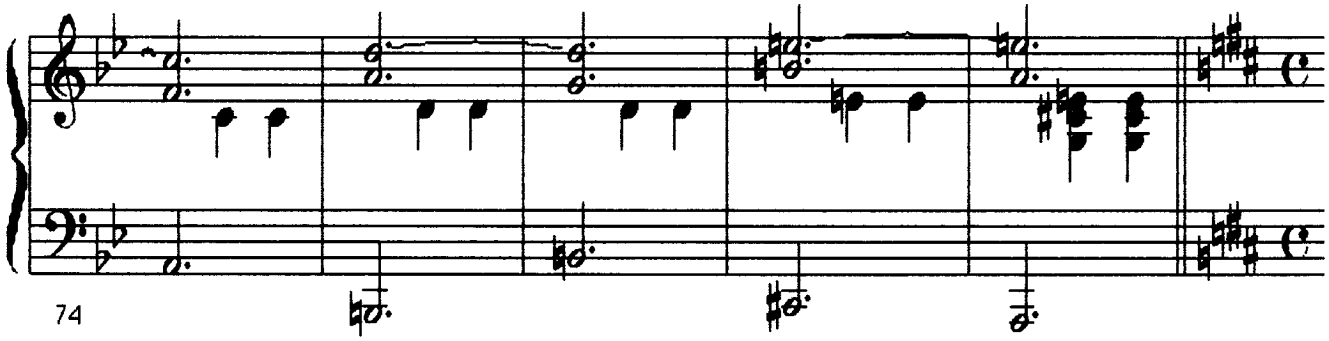

♩ = 180
dolce
67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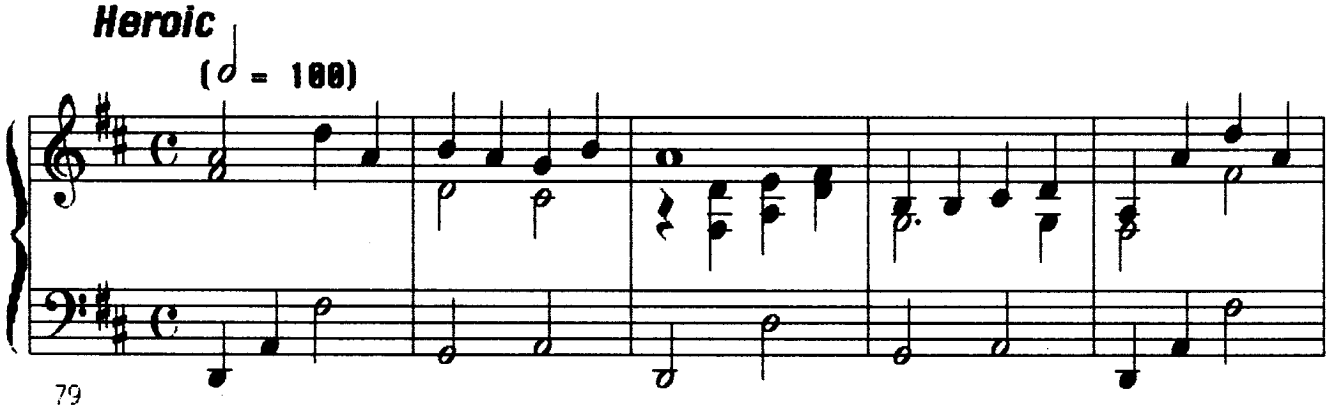
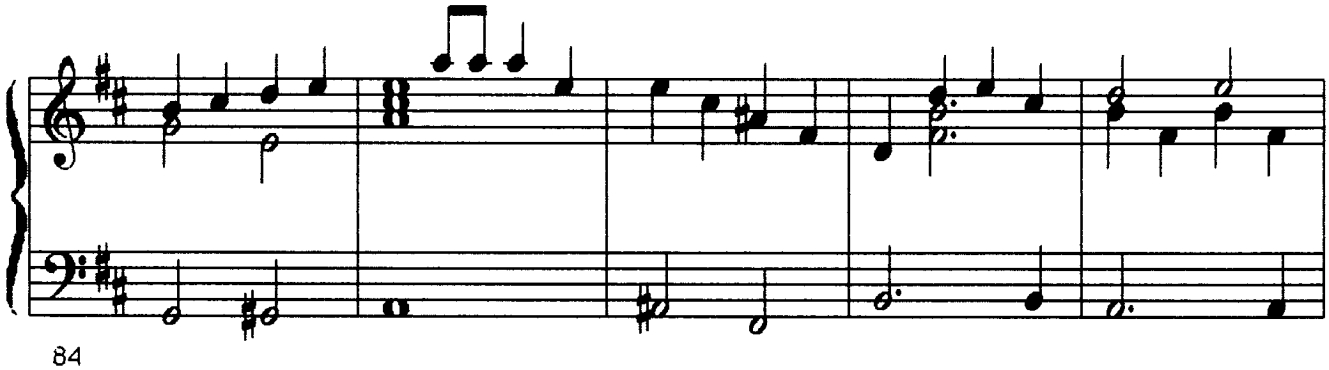

Heroic
(𝅗𝅥 = 100)
79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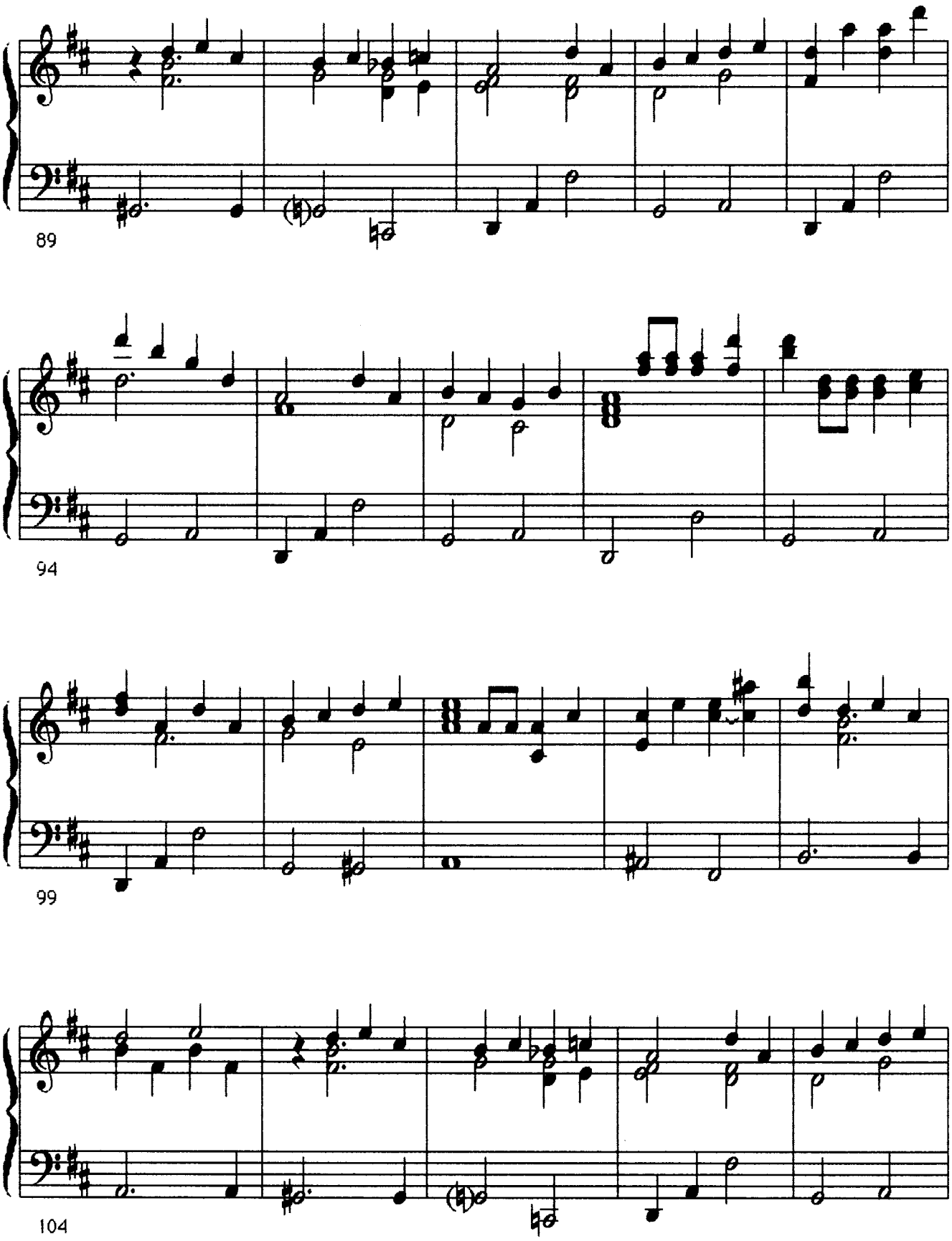
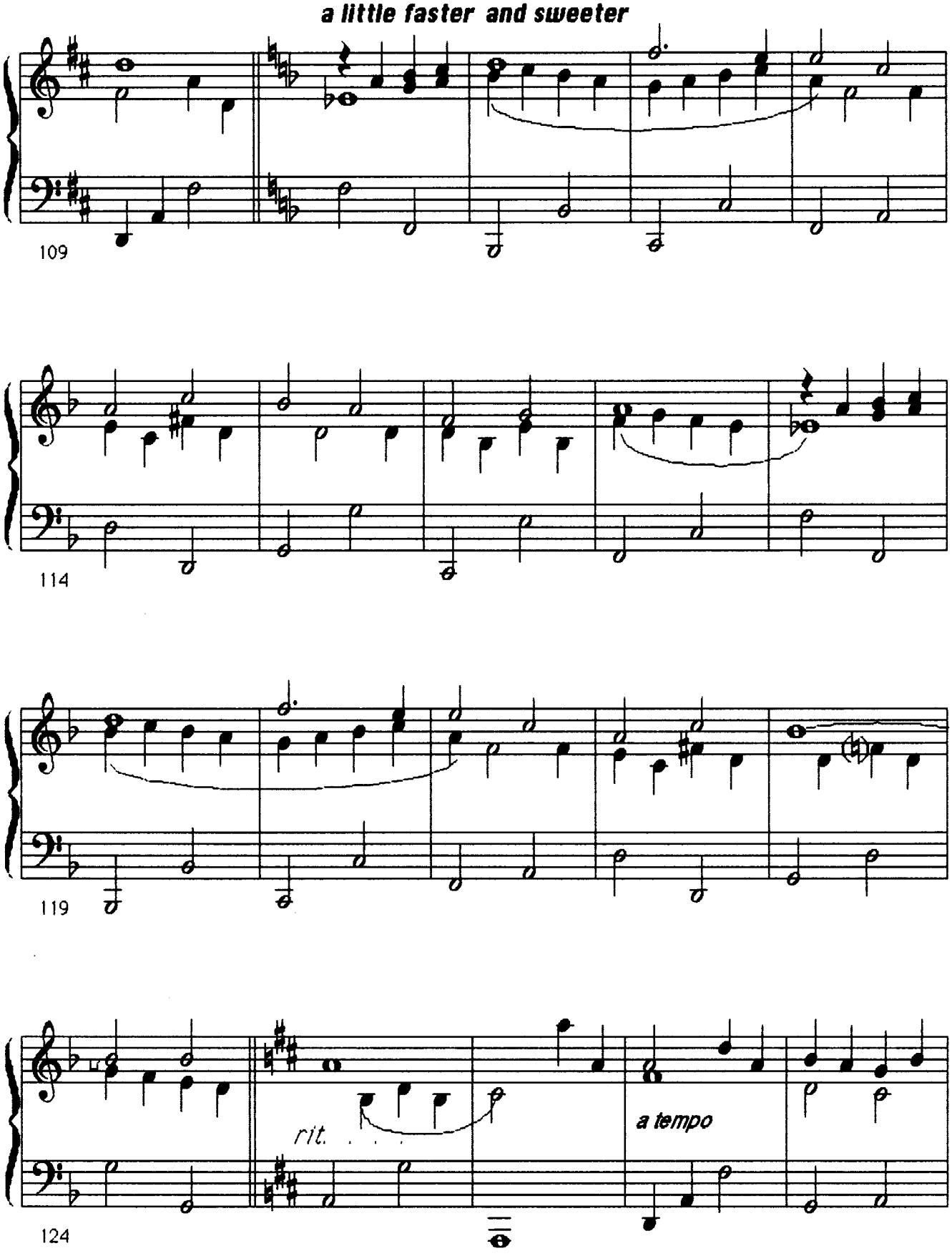
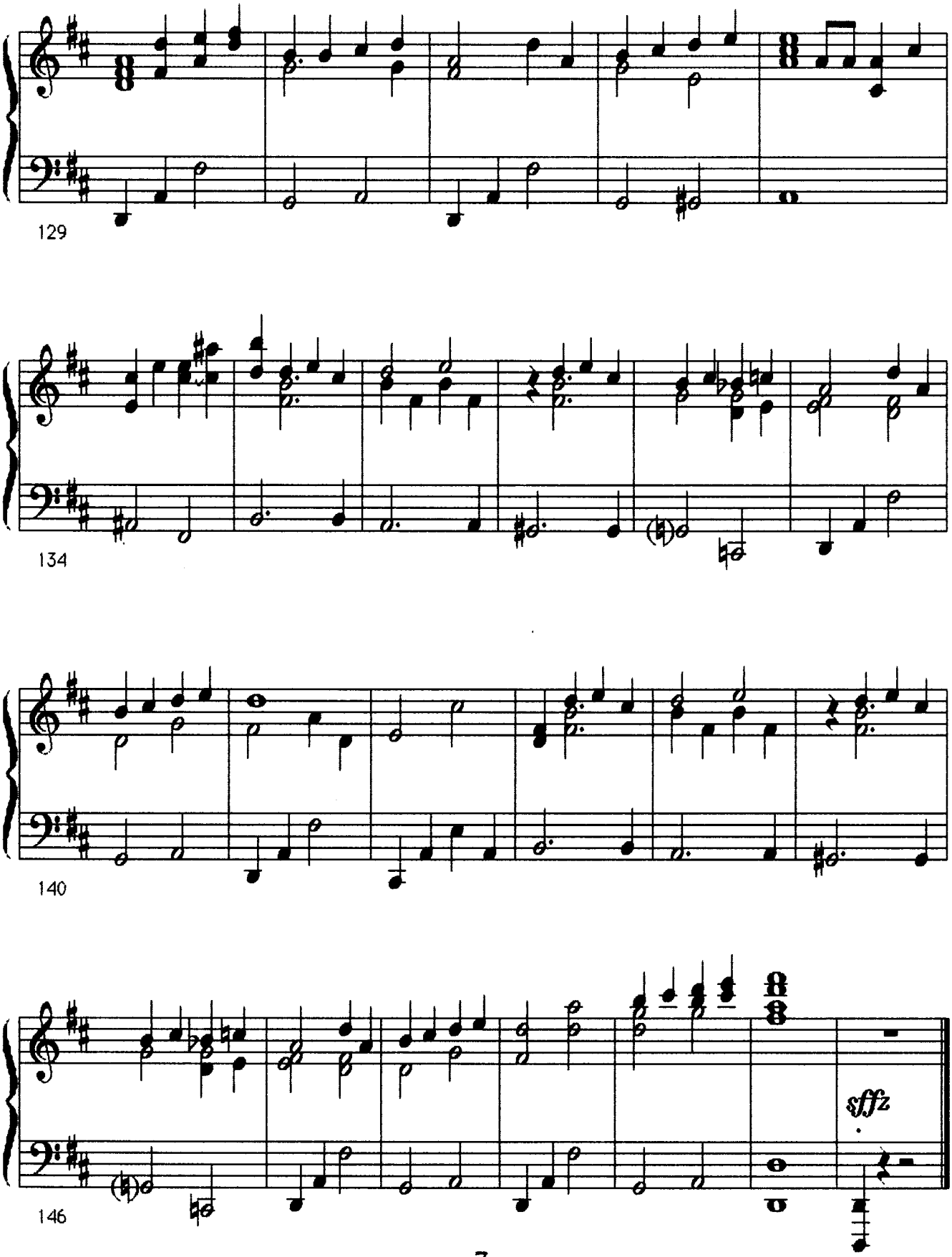
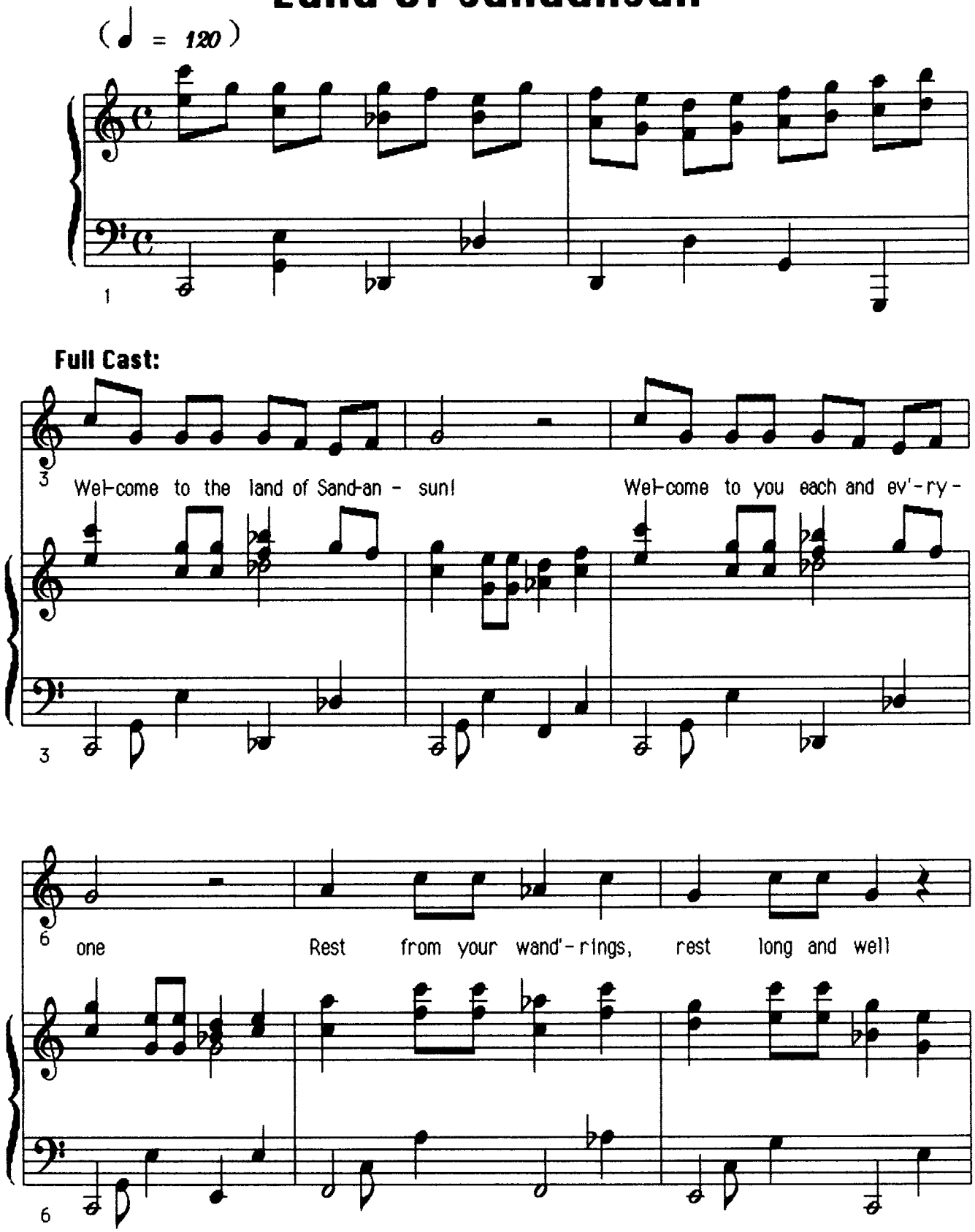

89
94
99
104


a little faster and sweeter
109
114
119
rit.
a tempo
124


129
134
140
146
sffz

Welcome to the Land of Sandansun



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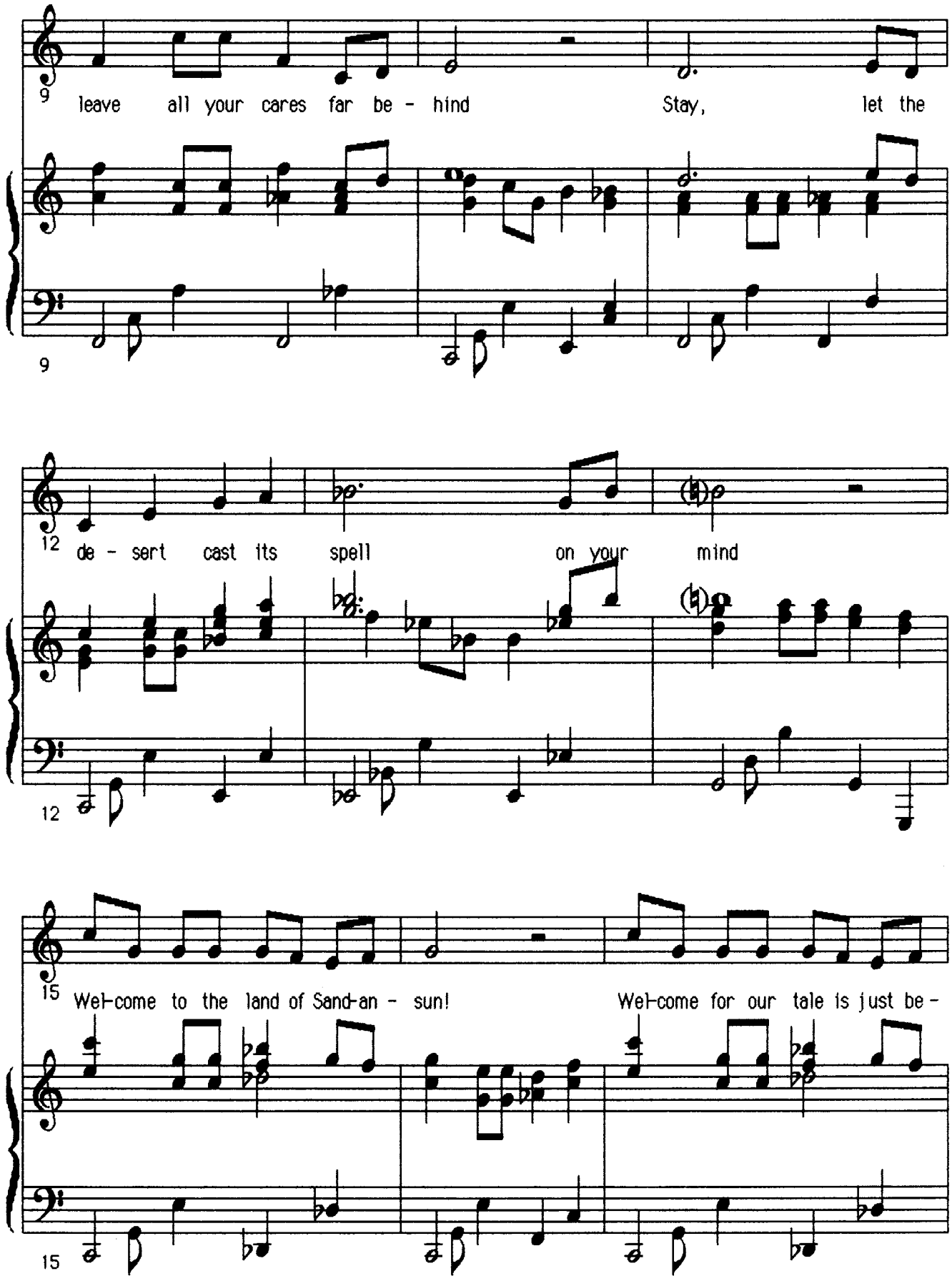
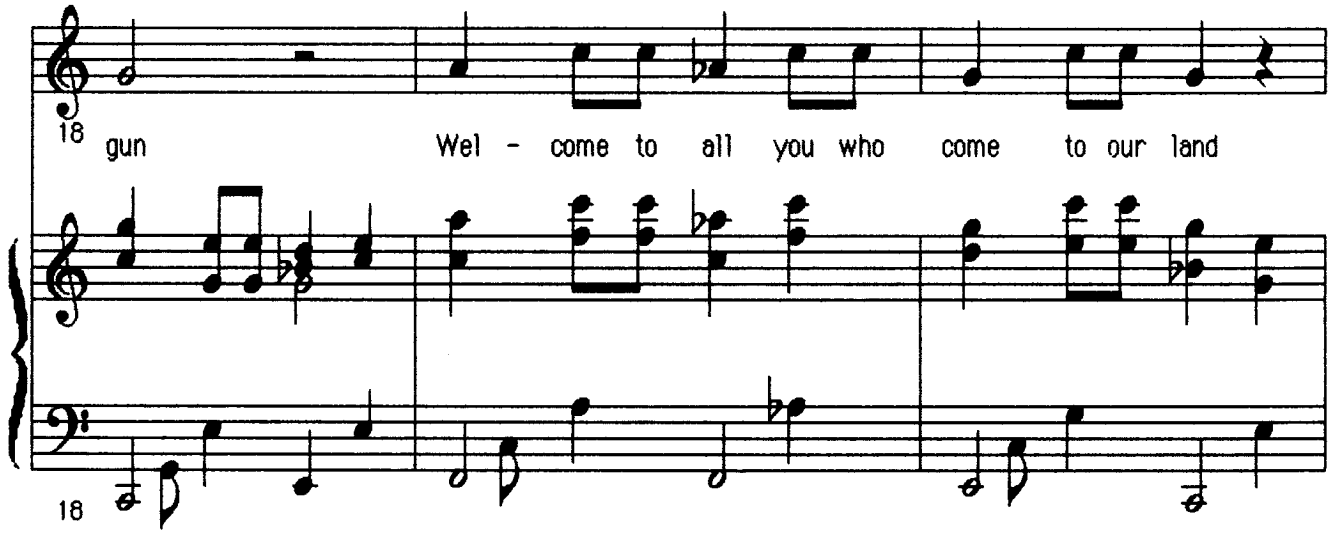
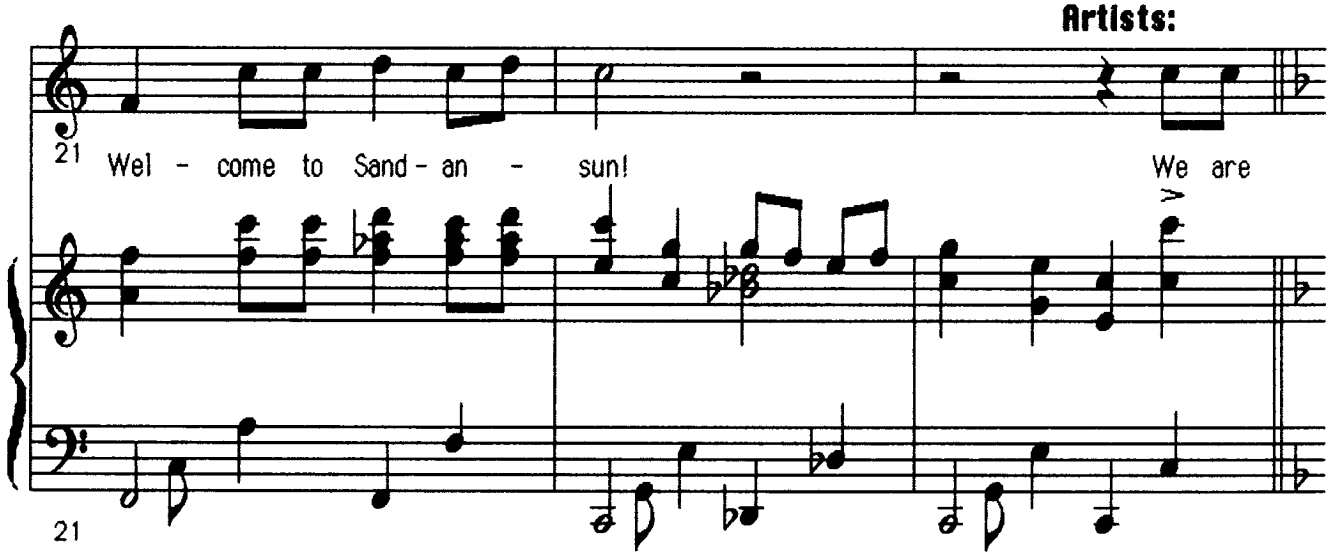
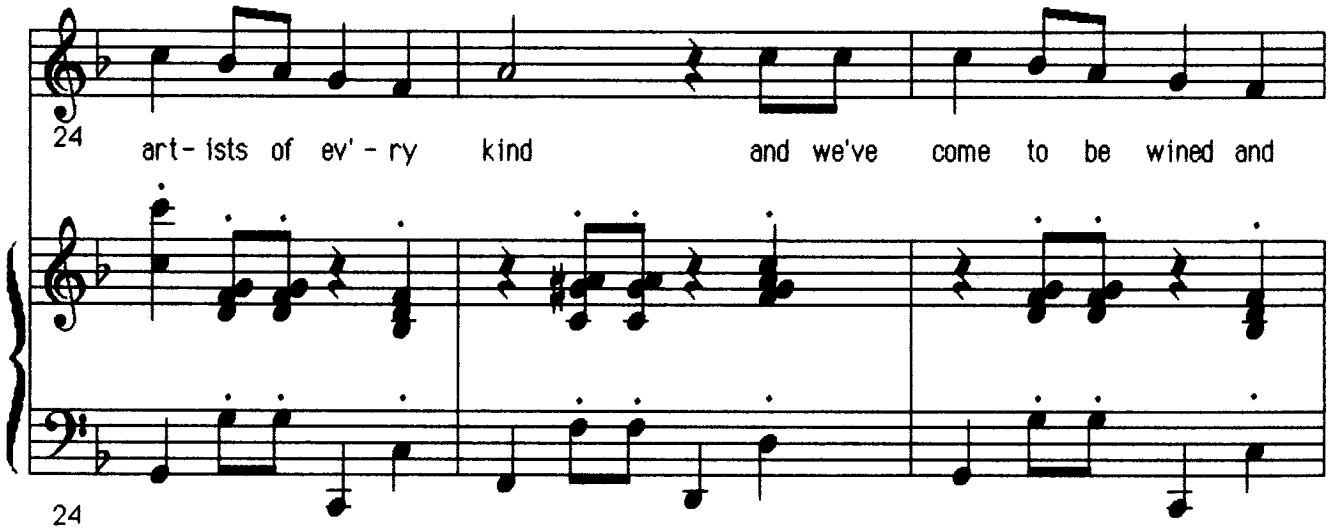
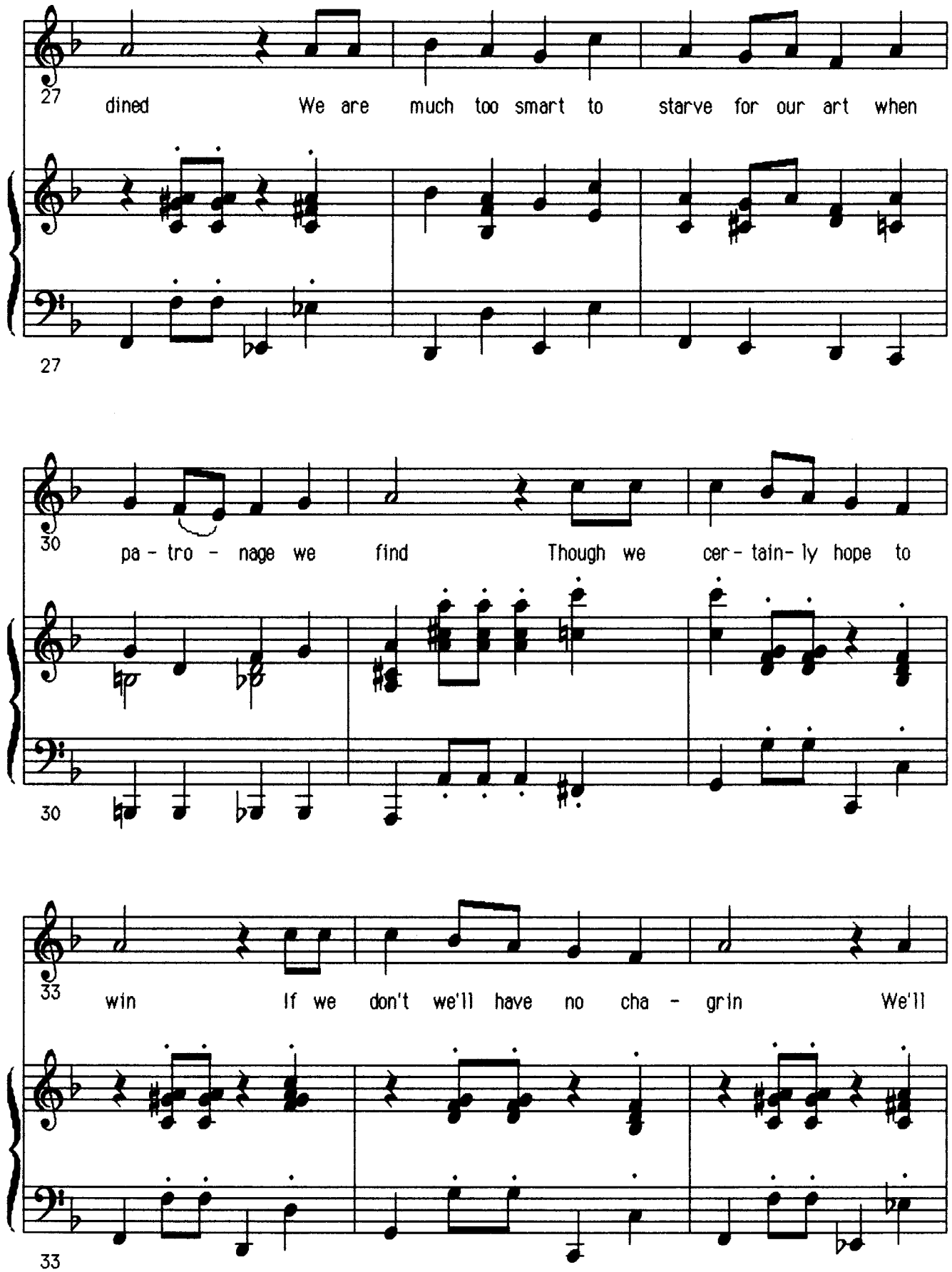
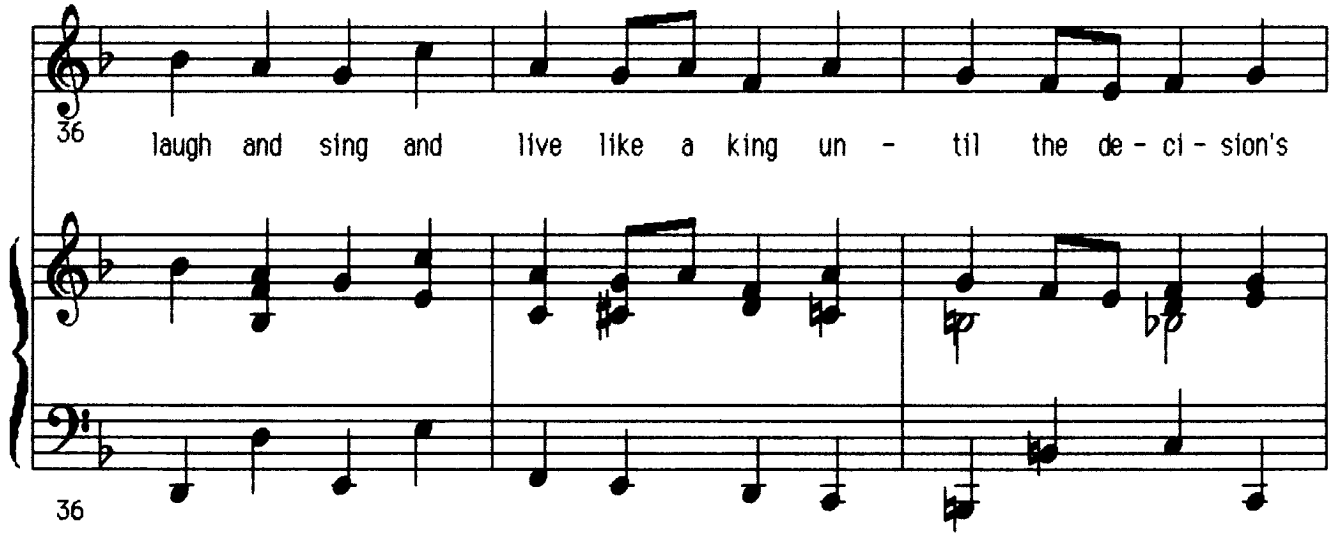

9
leave all your cares far be - hind
Stay, let the
9
12
de - sert cast its spell
on your mind
12
15
Wel-come to the land of Sand-an - sun!
Wel-come for our tale is just be -
15


18
gun
Wel - come to all you who come to our land
18

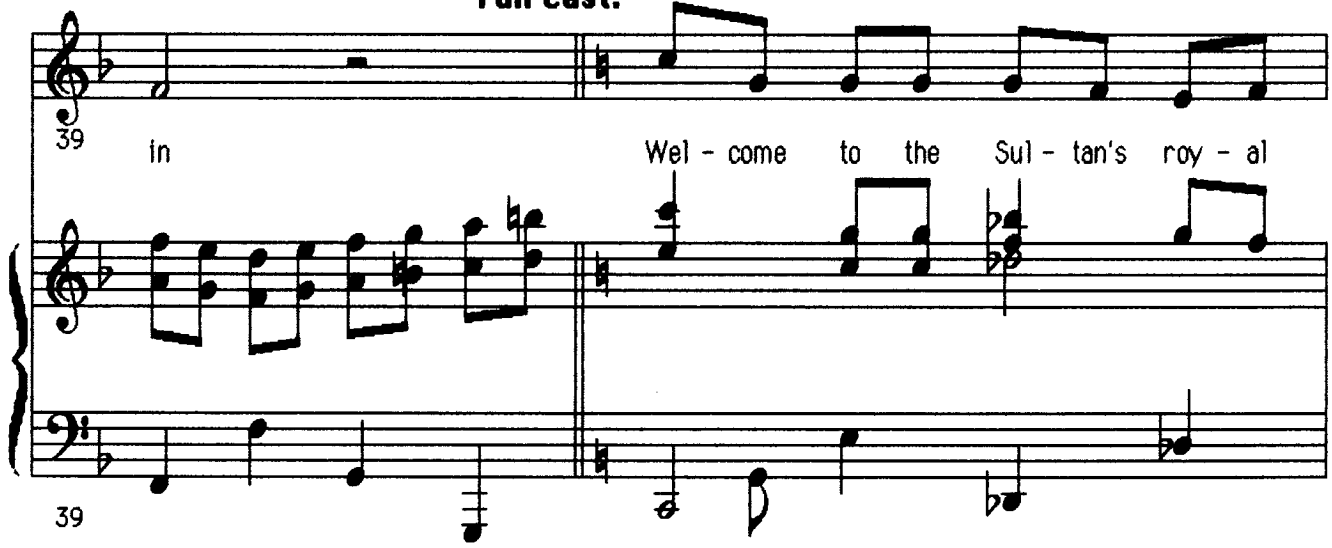

Artists:
21
Wel - come to Sand - an - sun!
We are
21

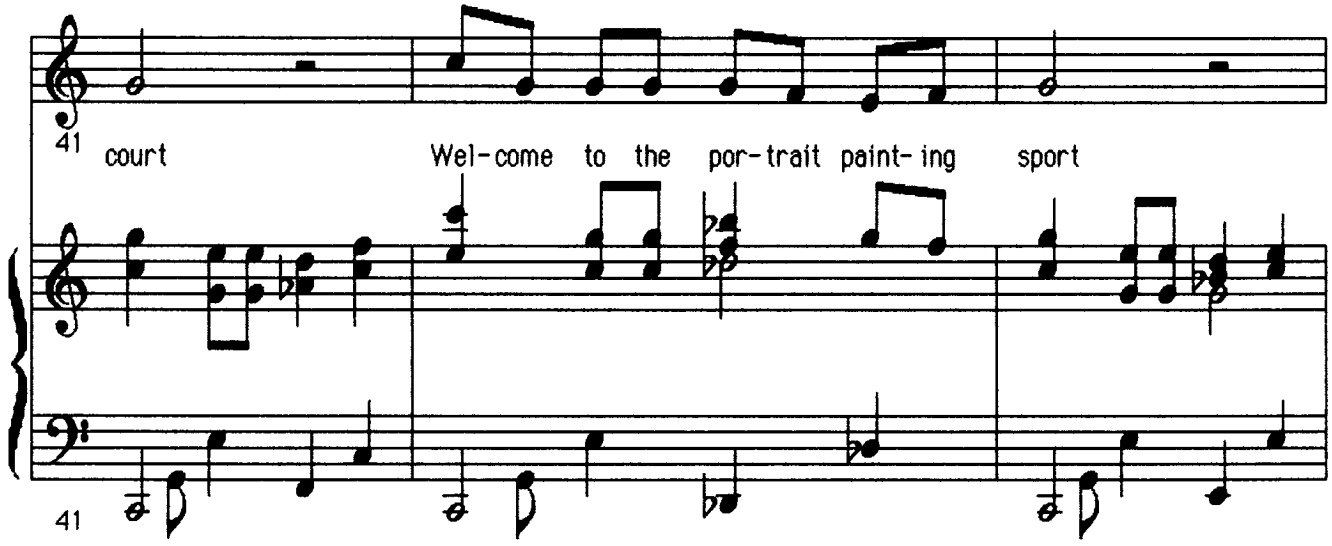

24
art - ists of ev' - ry kind
and we've come to be wined and
24

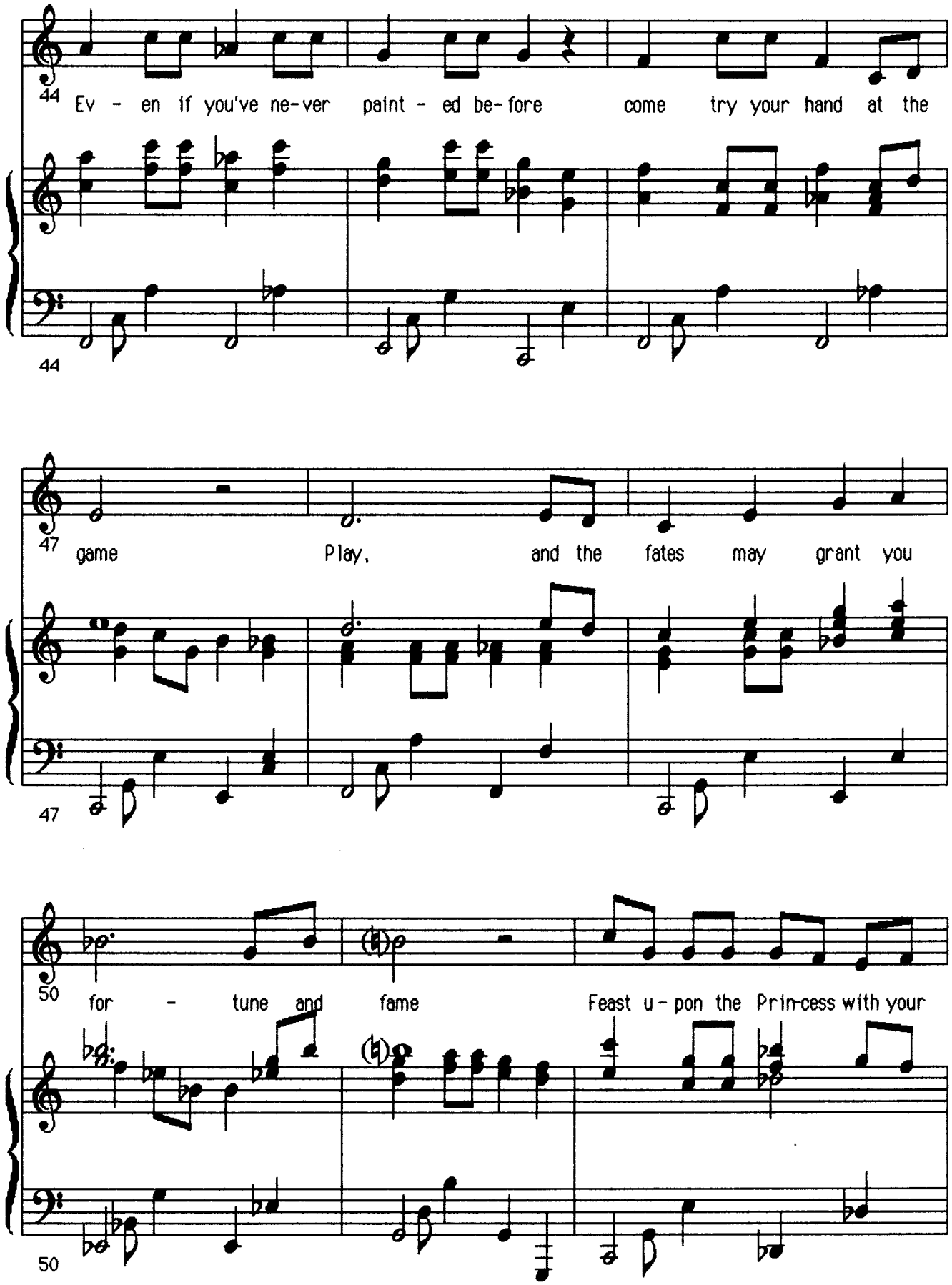

27
dined We are much too smart to starve for our art when
27
30
pa - tro - nage we find Though we cer - tain- ly hope to
30
33
win If we don't we'll have no cha - grin We'll
33

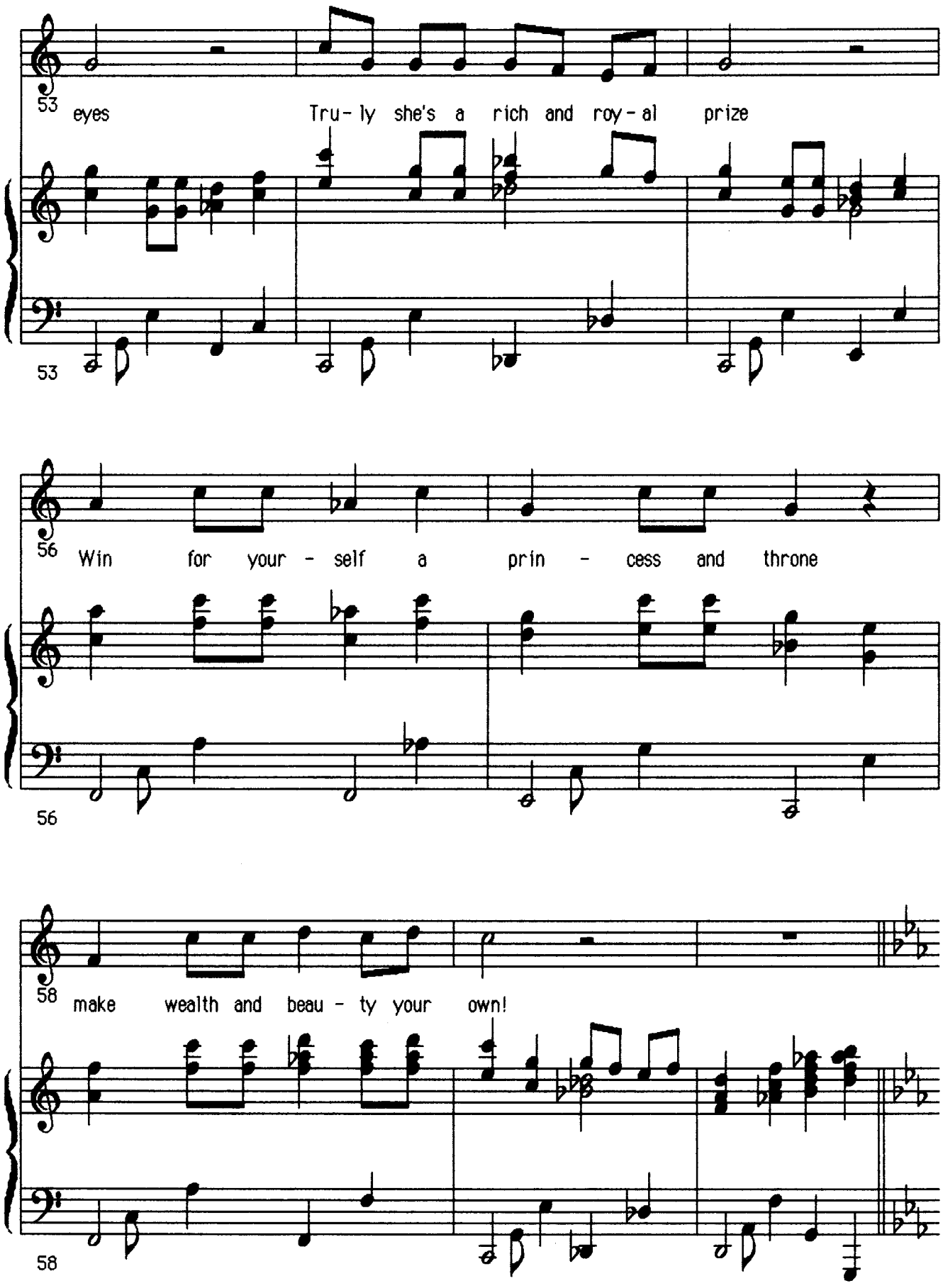

36
laugh and sing and live like a king un - til the de - ci - sion's
36

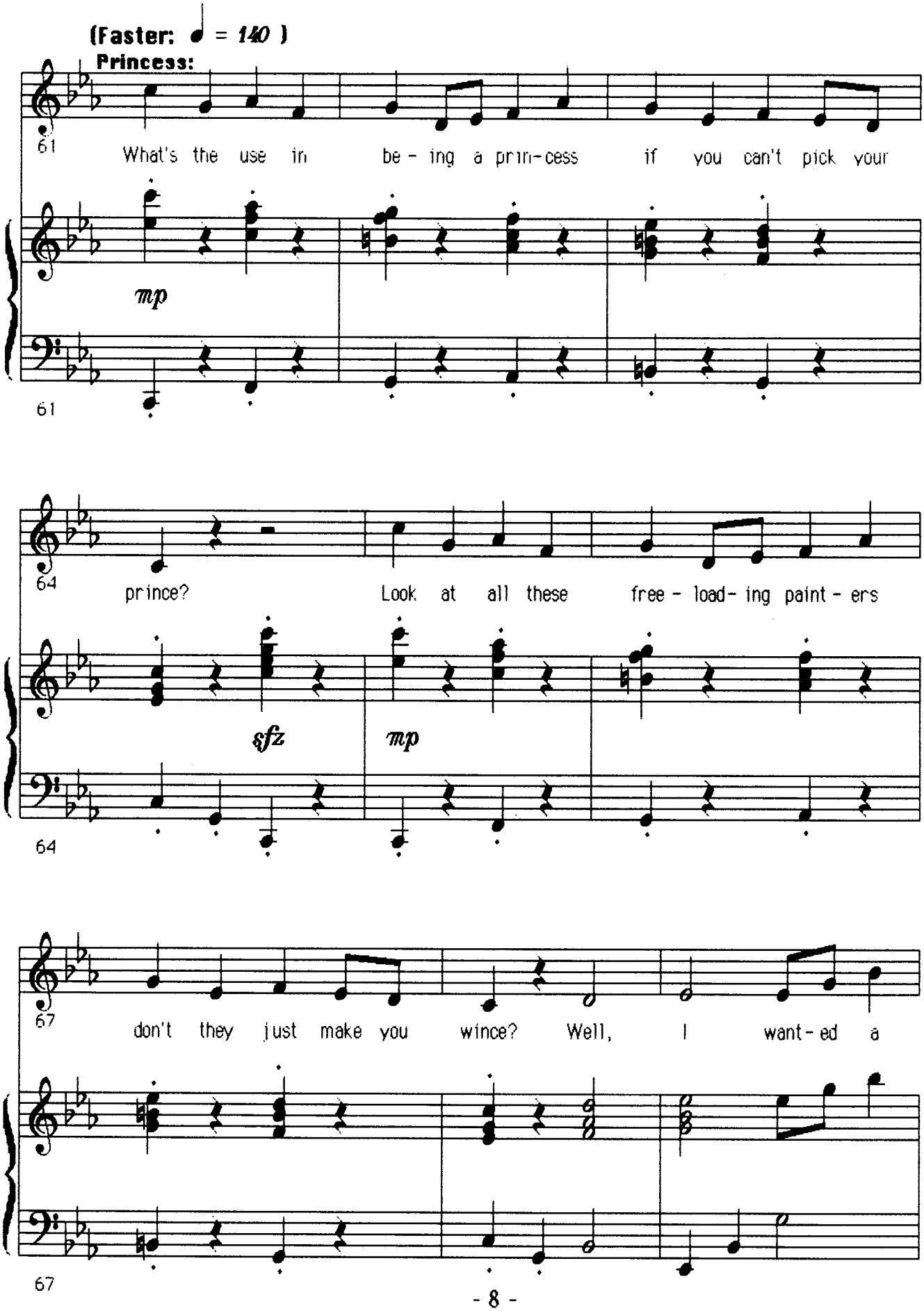
Full Cast:

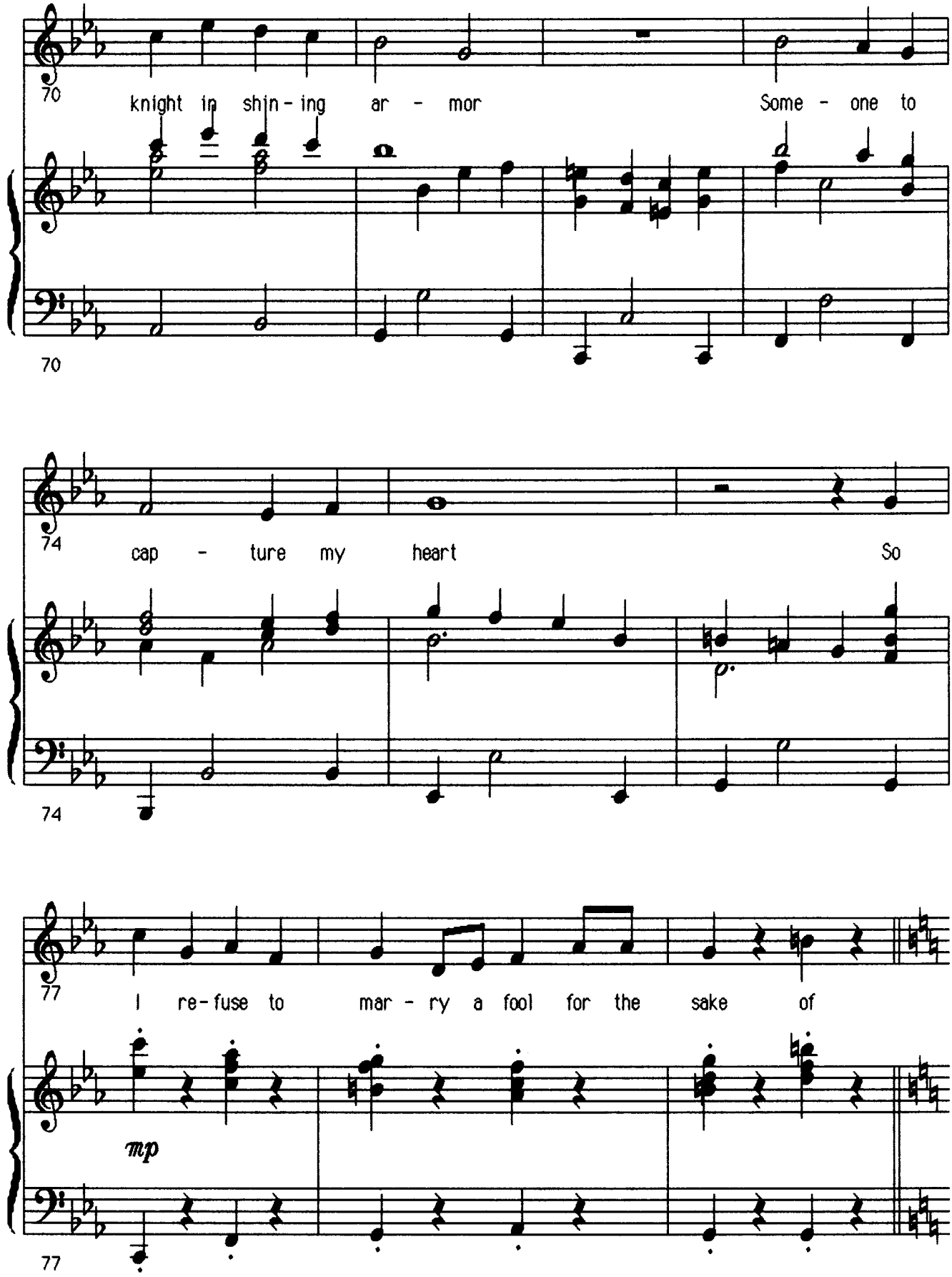

39
in
Wel - come to the Sul - tan's roy - al
39


41
court
Wel-come to the por-trait paint-ing sport
41

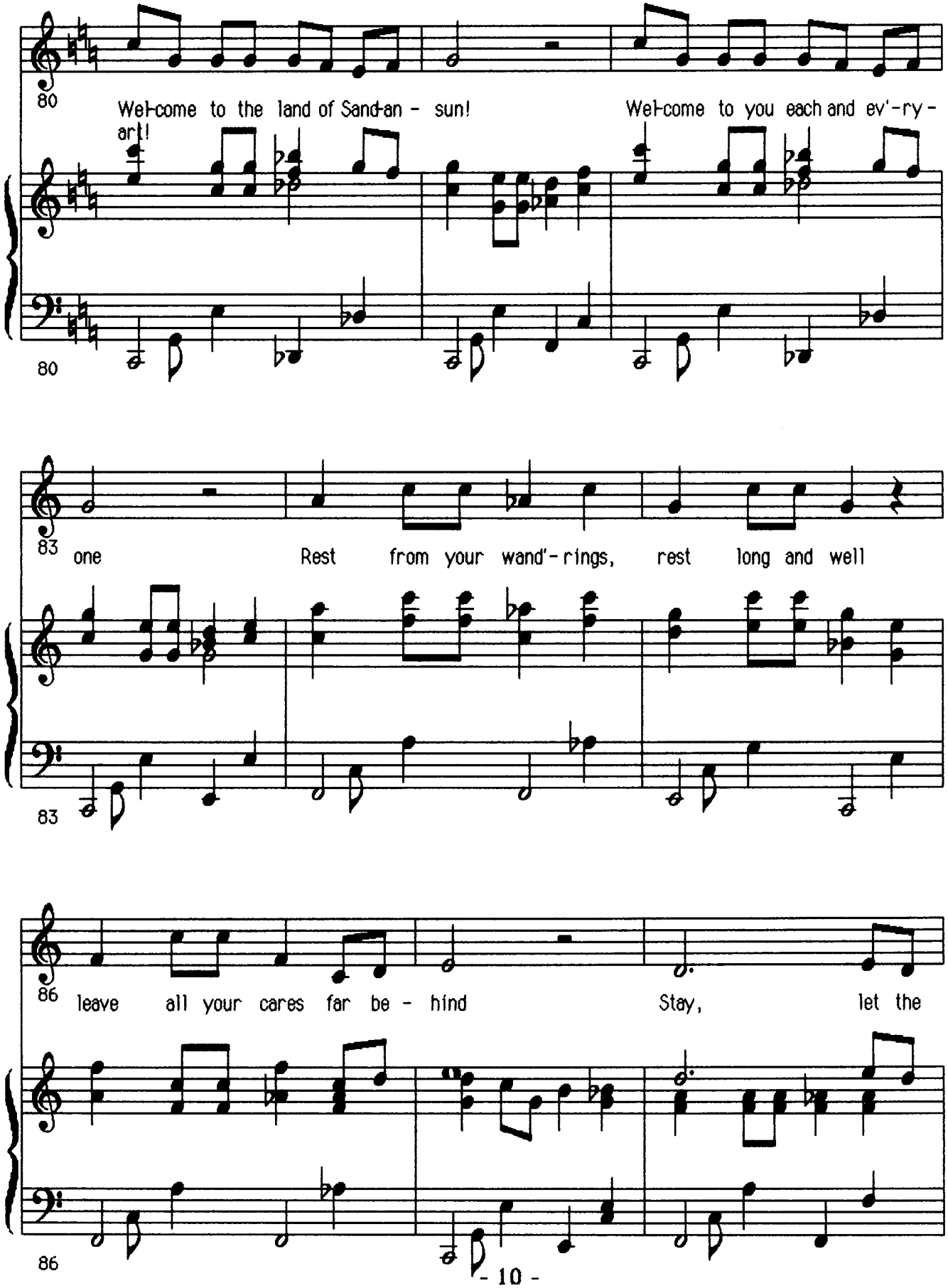

44
Ev - en if you've ne-ver paint - ed be- fore come try your hand at the
44
47
game Play, and the fates may grant you
47
50
for - tune and fame Feast u - pon the Prin-cess with your
50

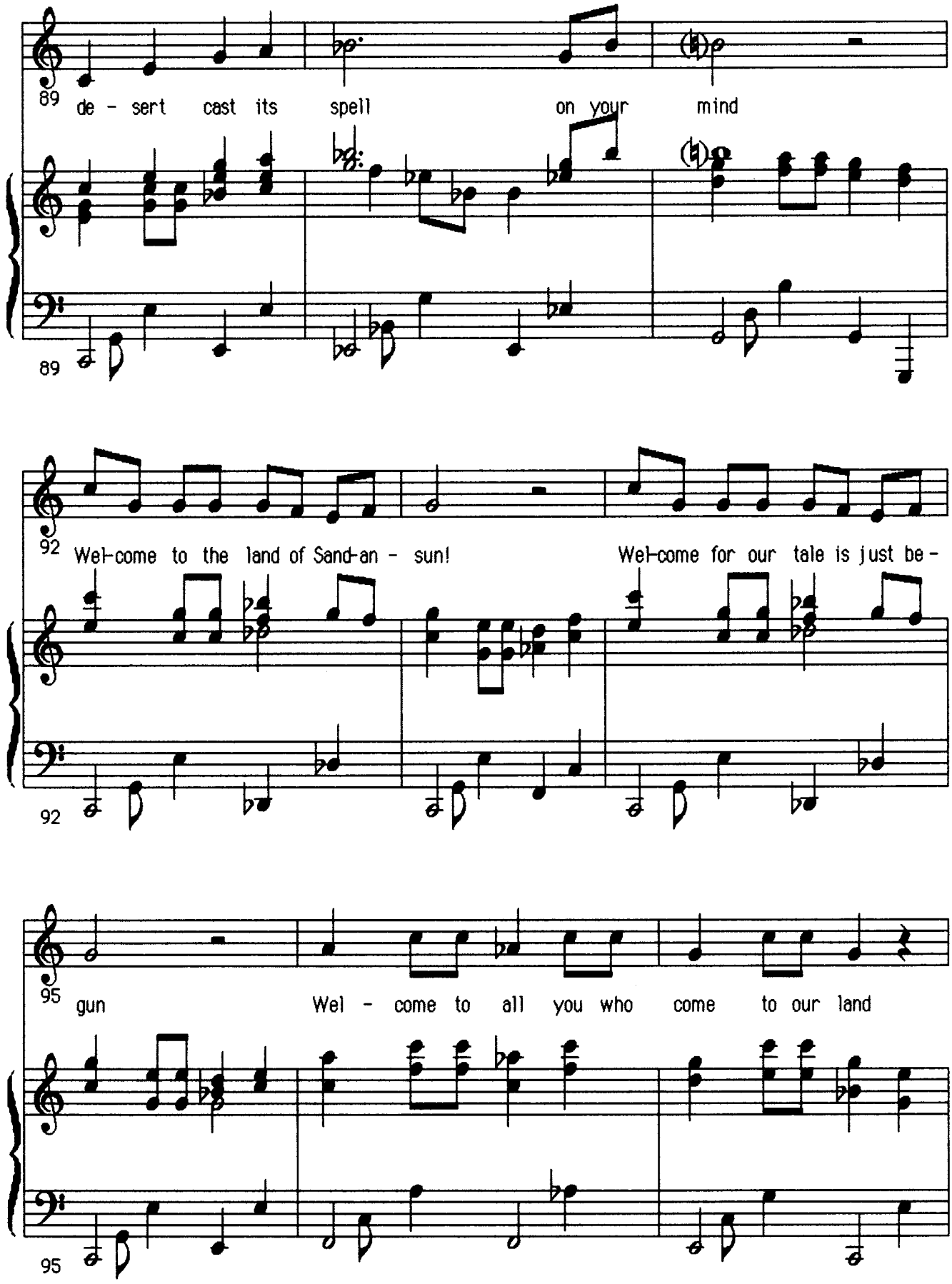

53
eyes
Tru - ly she's a rich and roy - al prize
53
56
Win for your - self a prin - cess and throne
56
58
make wealth and beau - ty your own!
58

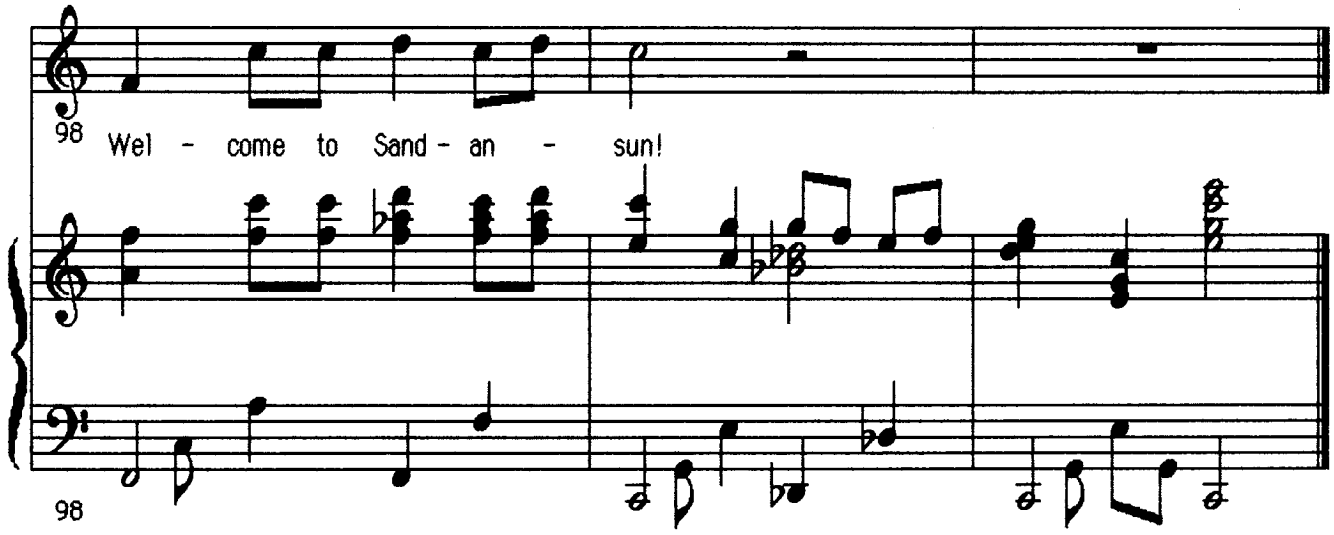

(Faster: ♩ = 140)
Princess:
61
What's the use in be - ing a prin-cess if you can't pick your
mp
61
64
prince? Look at all these free - load- ing paint - ers
sfz
mp
64
67
don't they just make you wince? Well, I want - ed a
67


70
knight in shin - ing ar - mor
Some - one to
70
74
cap - ture my heart
So
74
77
I re - fuse to mar - ry a fool for the sake of
mp
77

Full Cast: ***(Tempo I)***



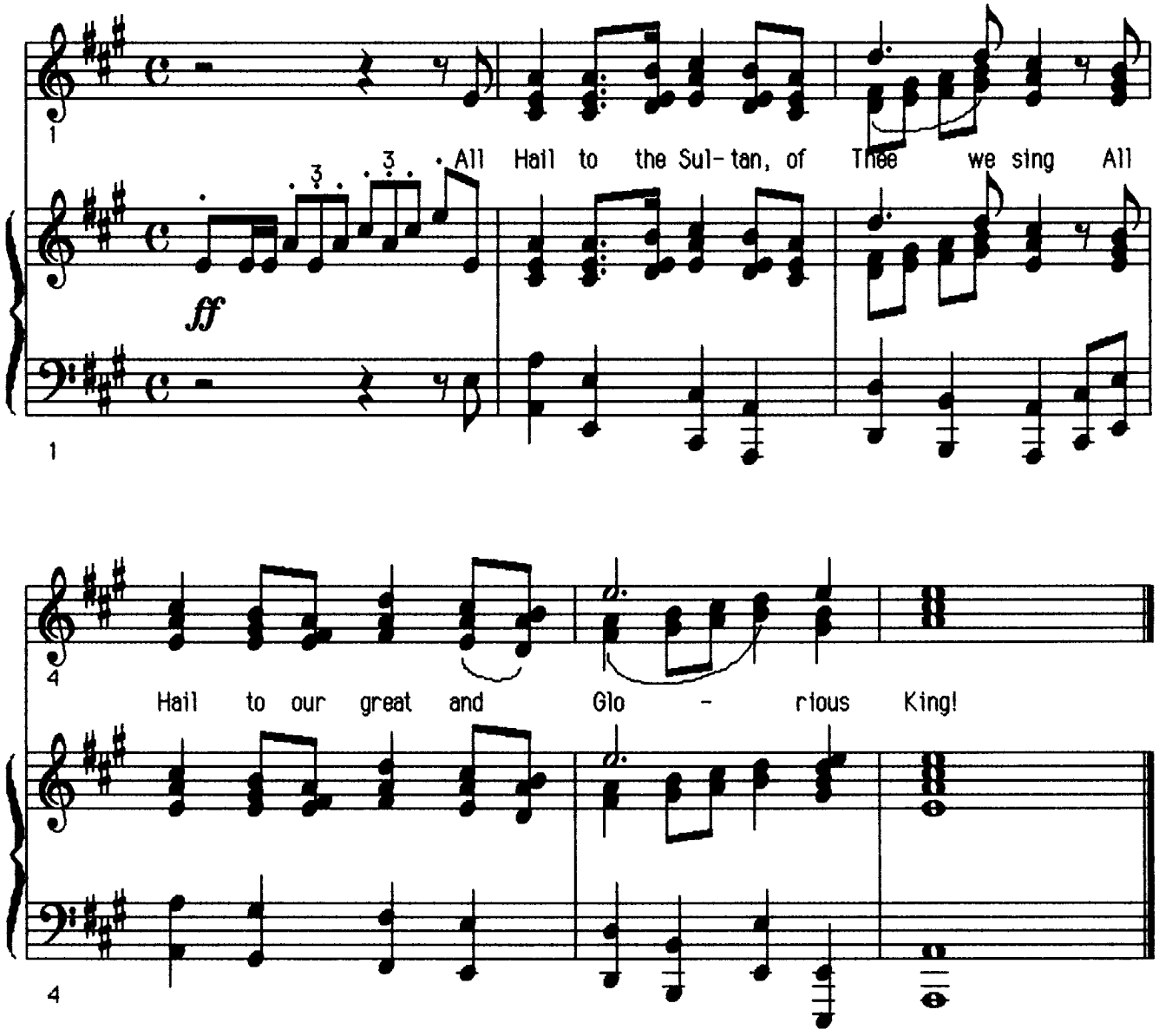

89
de - sert cast its spell on your mind
89
92
Wel-come to the land of Sand-an - sun!
Wel-come for our tale is just be -
92
95
gun
Wel - come to all you who come to our land
95


98
Wel - come to Sand - an - sun!
98

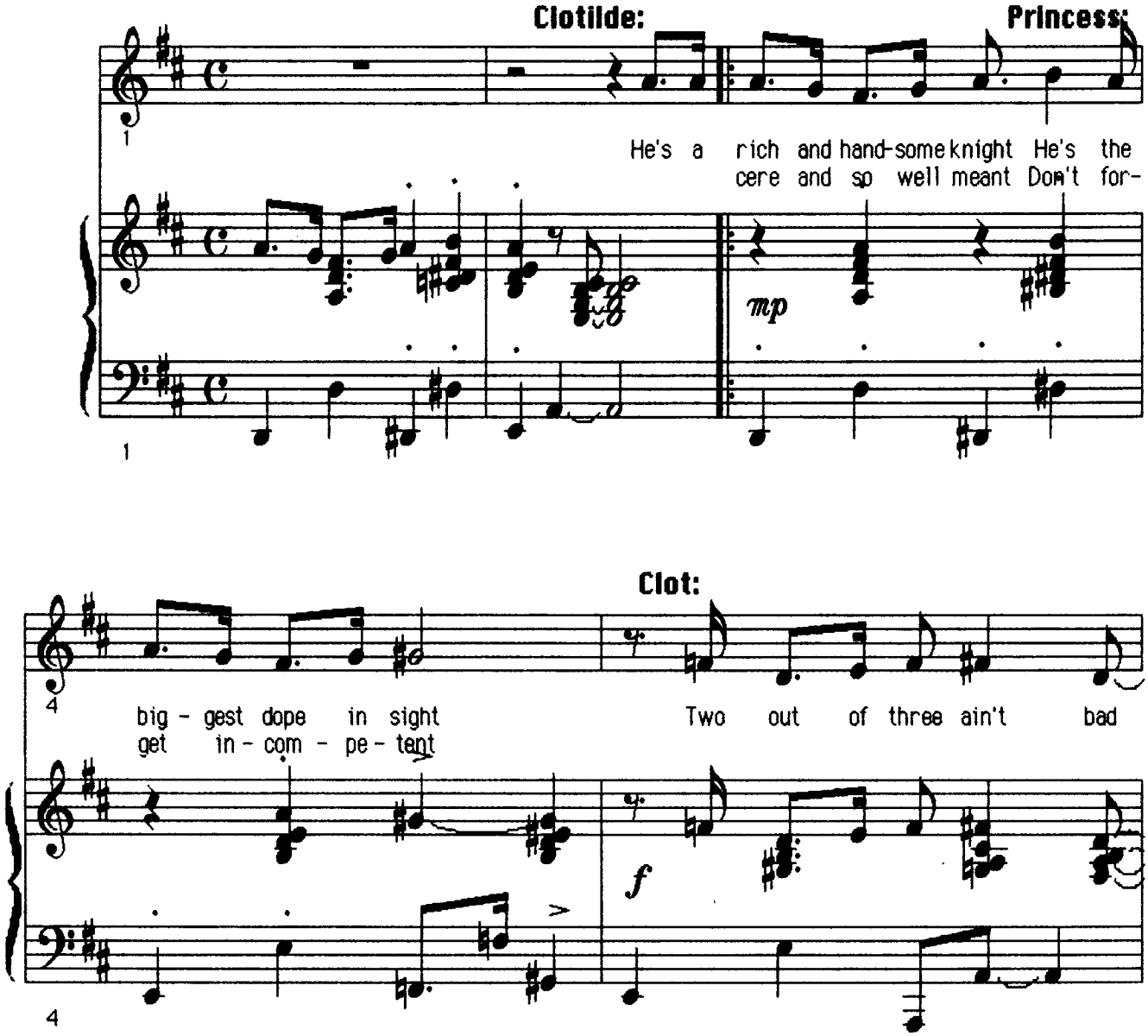
Cue: His Majesty, the Sultan of Sandansun!

ALL HAIL

(Act 1, Scene i)



Two Out of Three Ain't Bad



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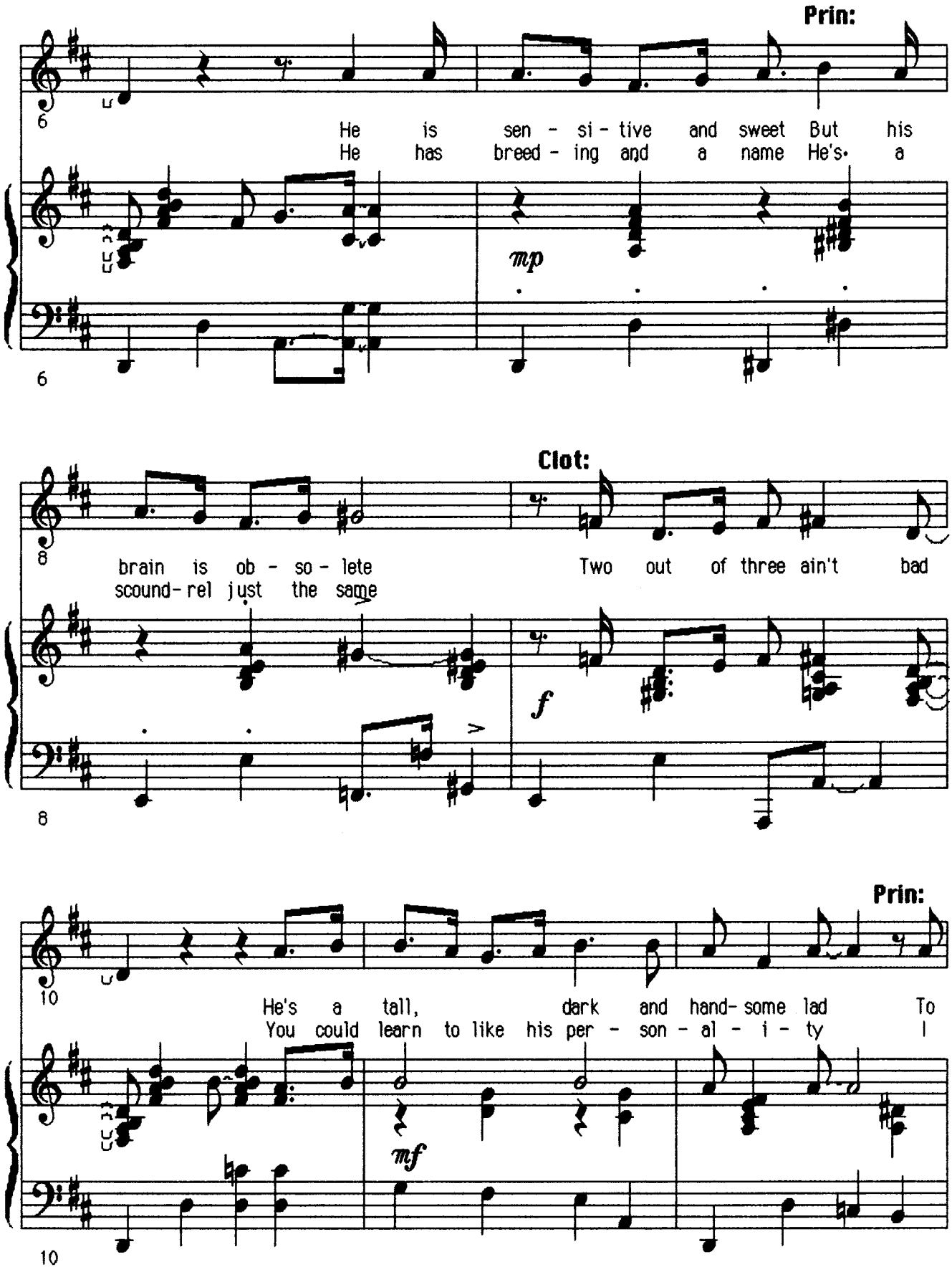
Prin:
He is sen - si - tive and sweet But his
He has breed - ing and a name He's a
mp
Clot:
brain is ob - so - lete Two out of three ain't bad
scound-rel just the same
f
Prin:
He's a tall, dark and hand-some lad To
You could learn to like his per - son - al - i - ty I
mf

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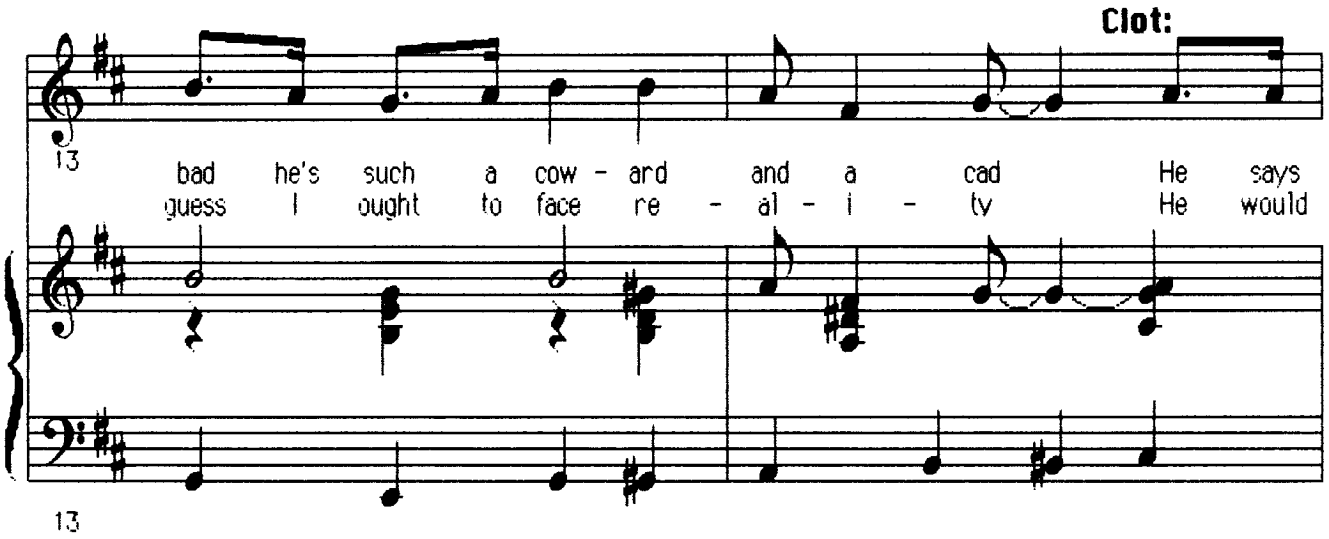

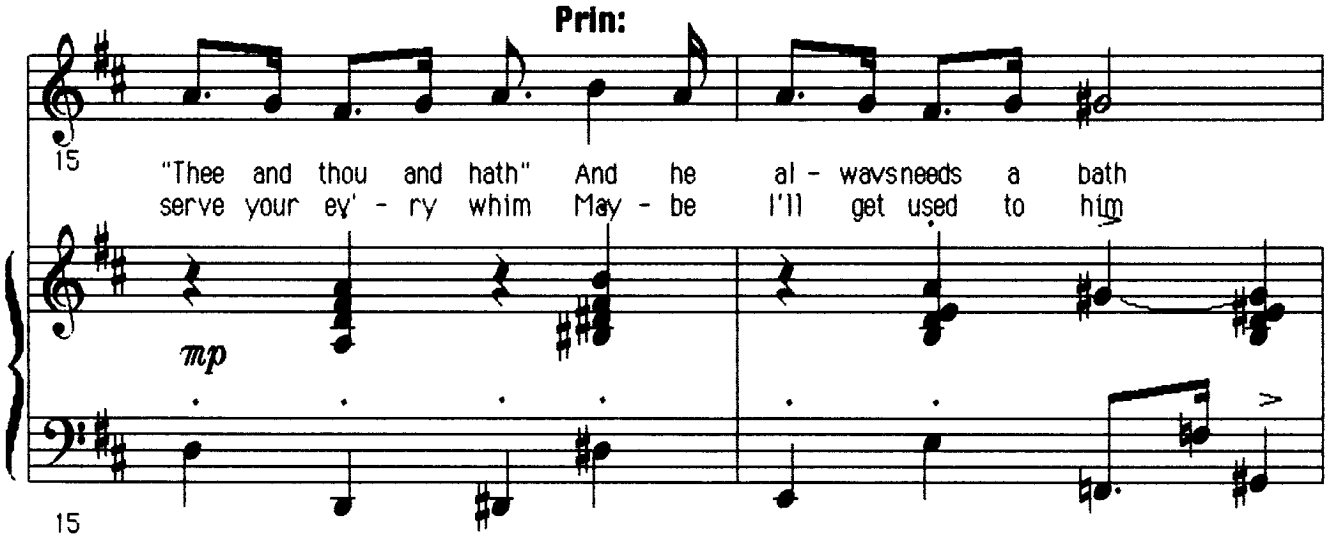

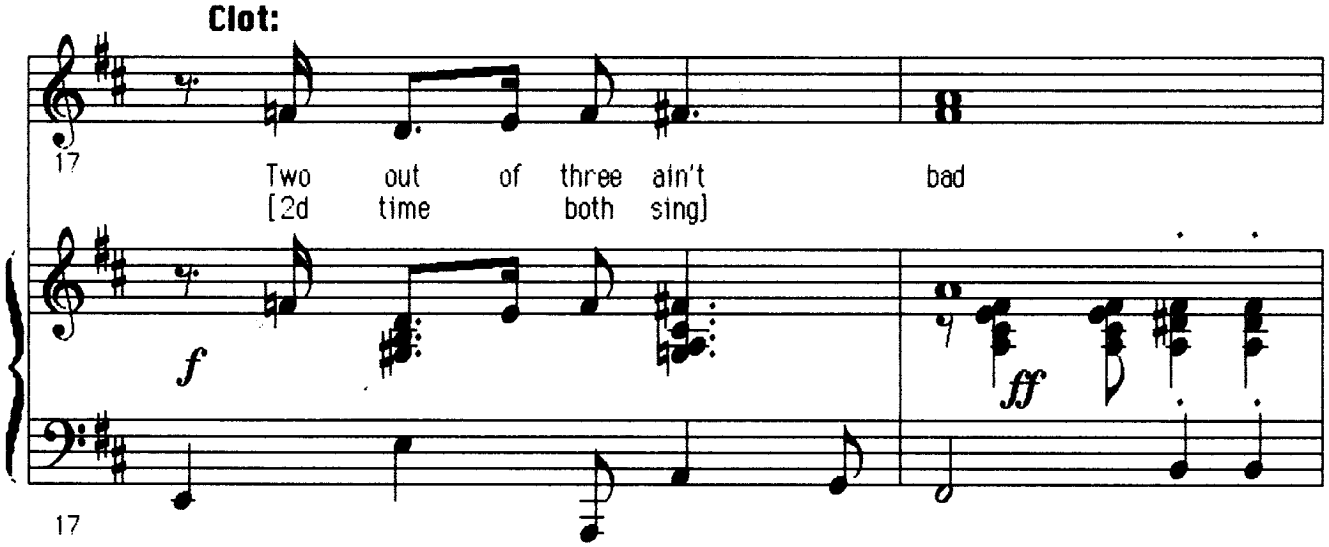

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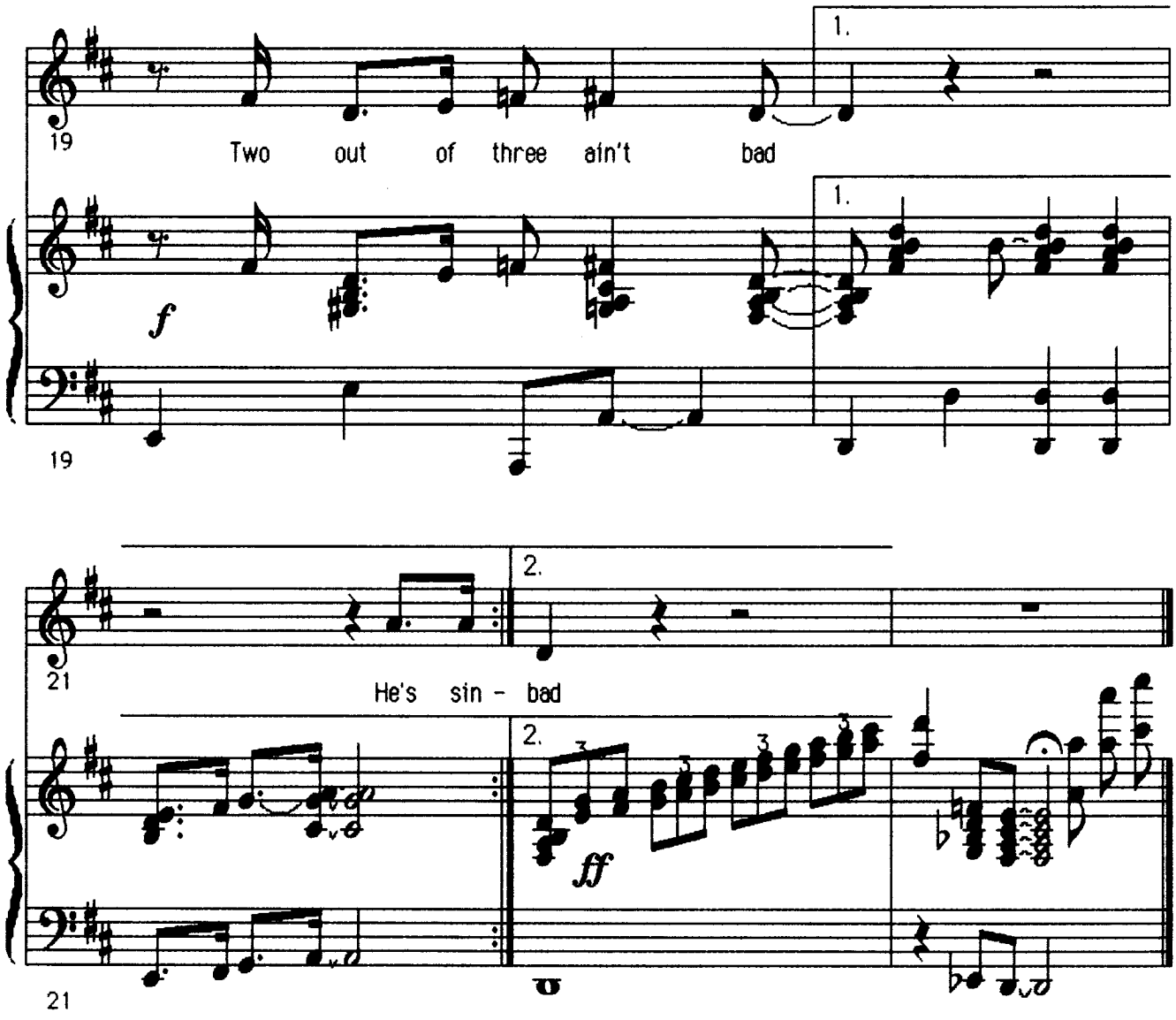

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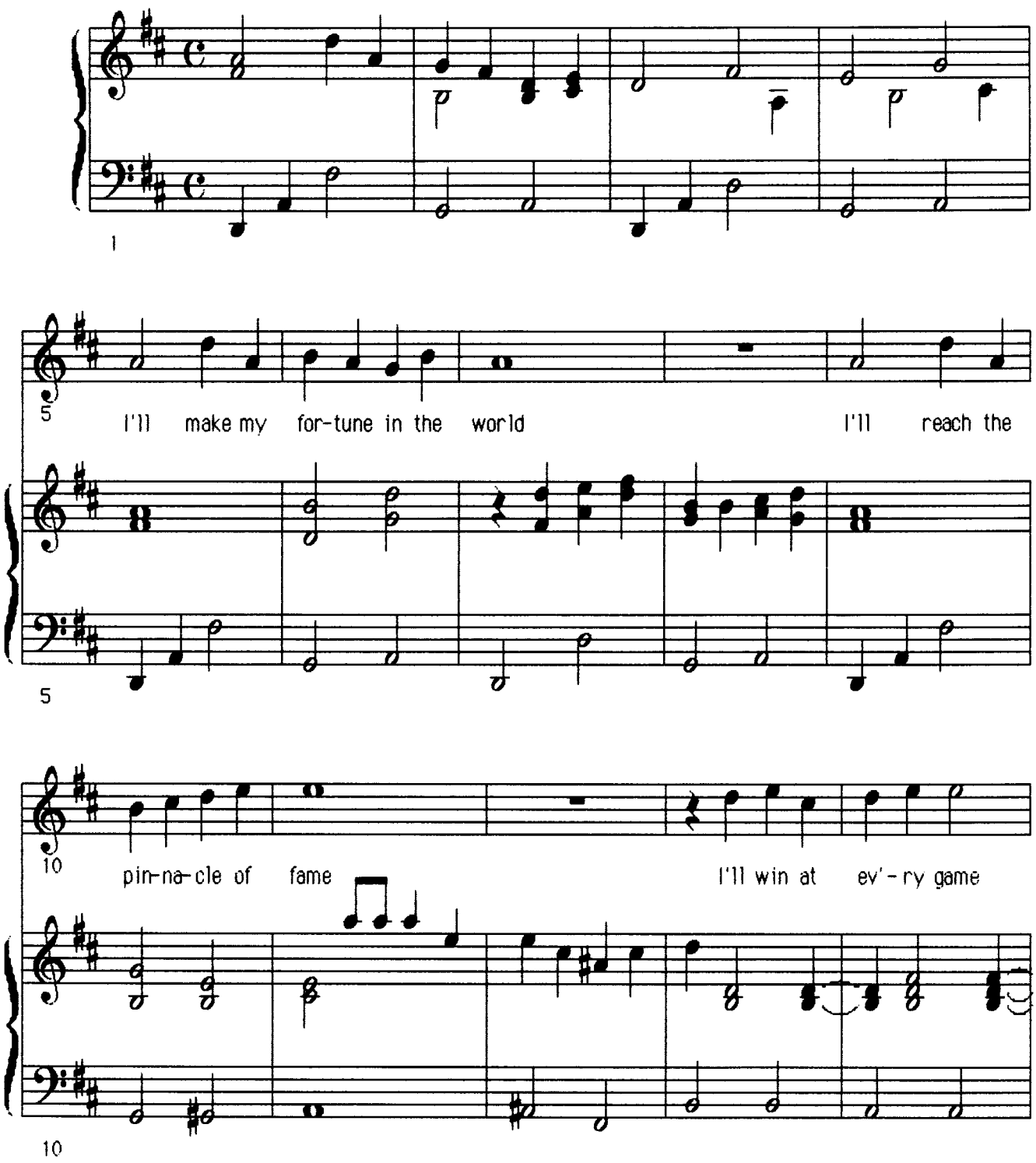
Warning–Princess: We'll never find anybody dumb enough.

Cue–Harry: Some day I'm going to live in one just like it.

I'll Make My Fortune In the World

(♩ = 100)



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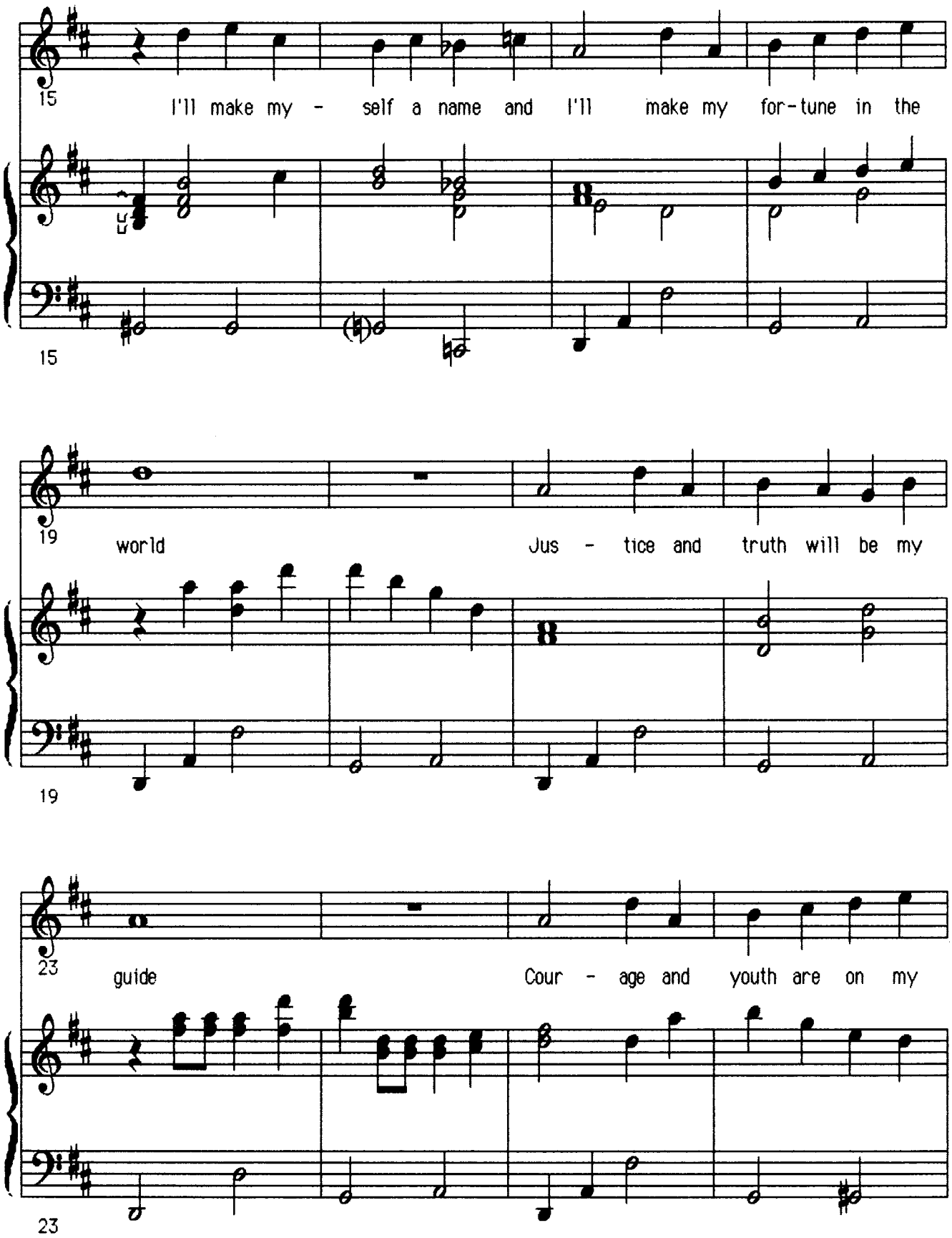

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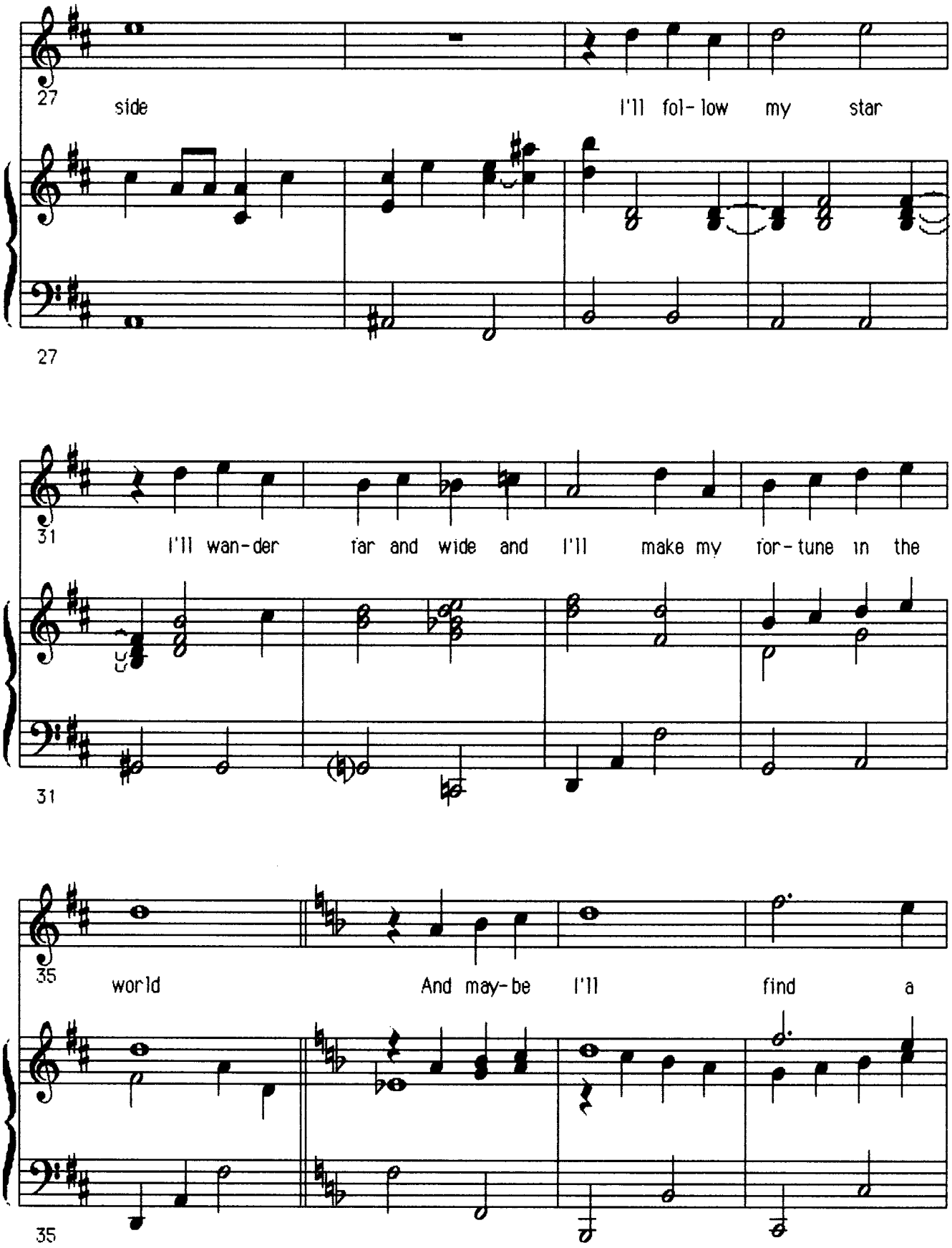

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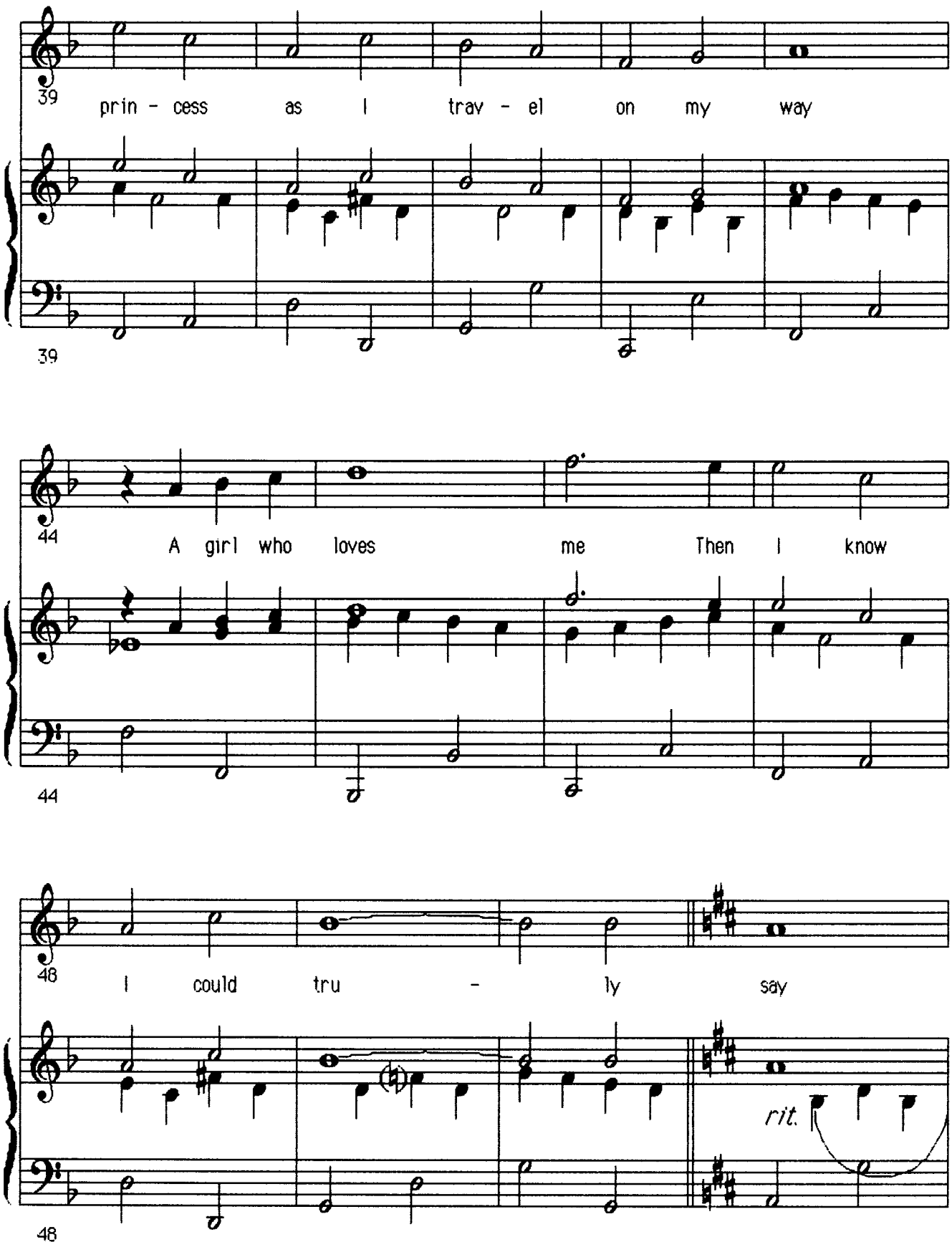

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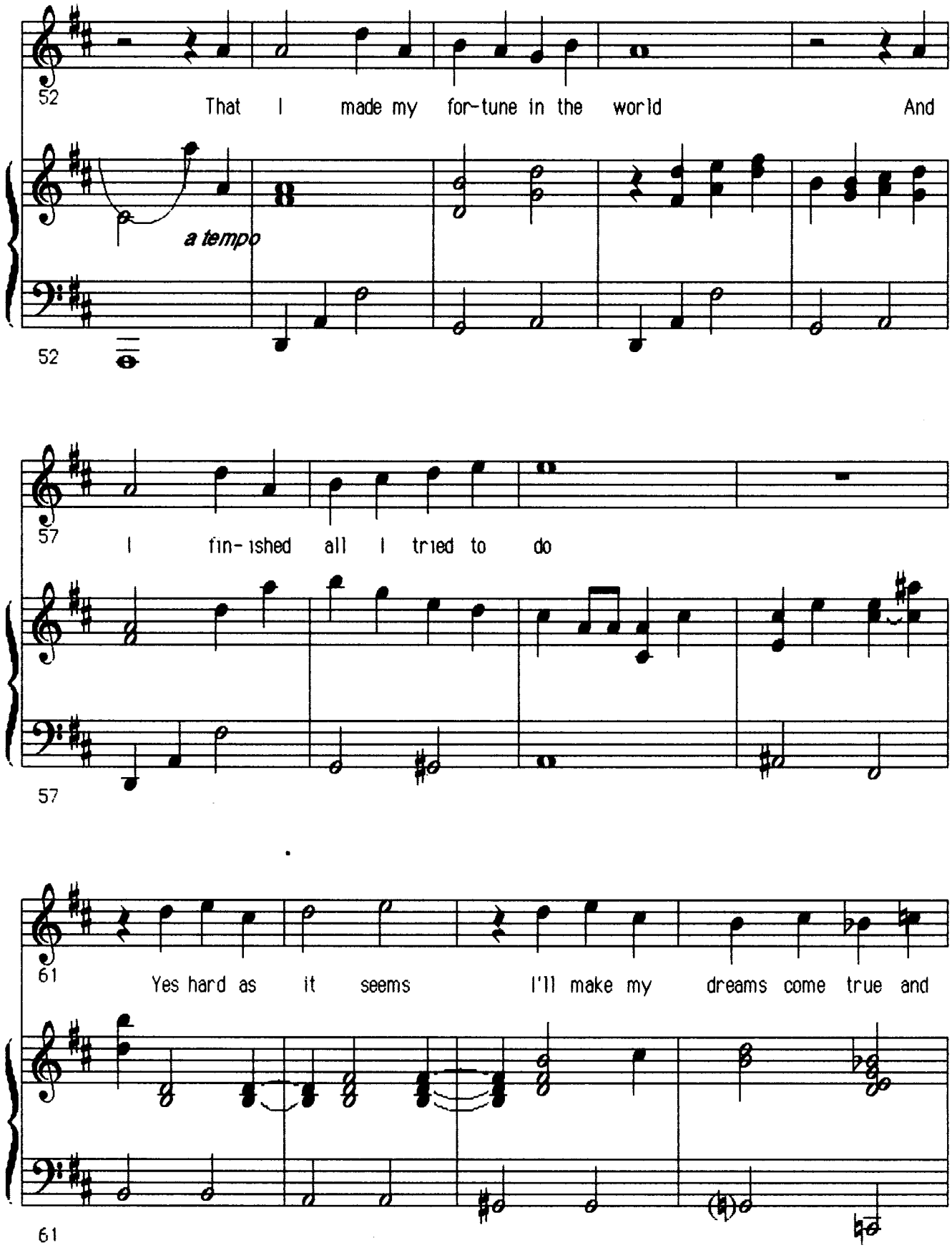

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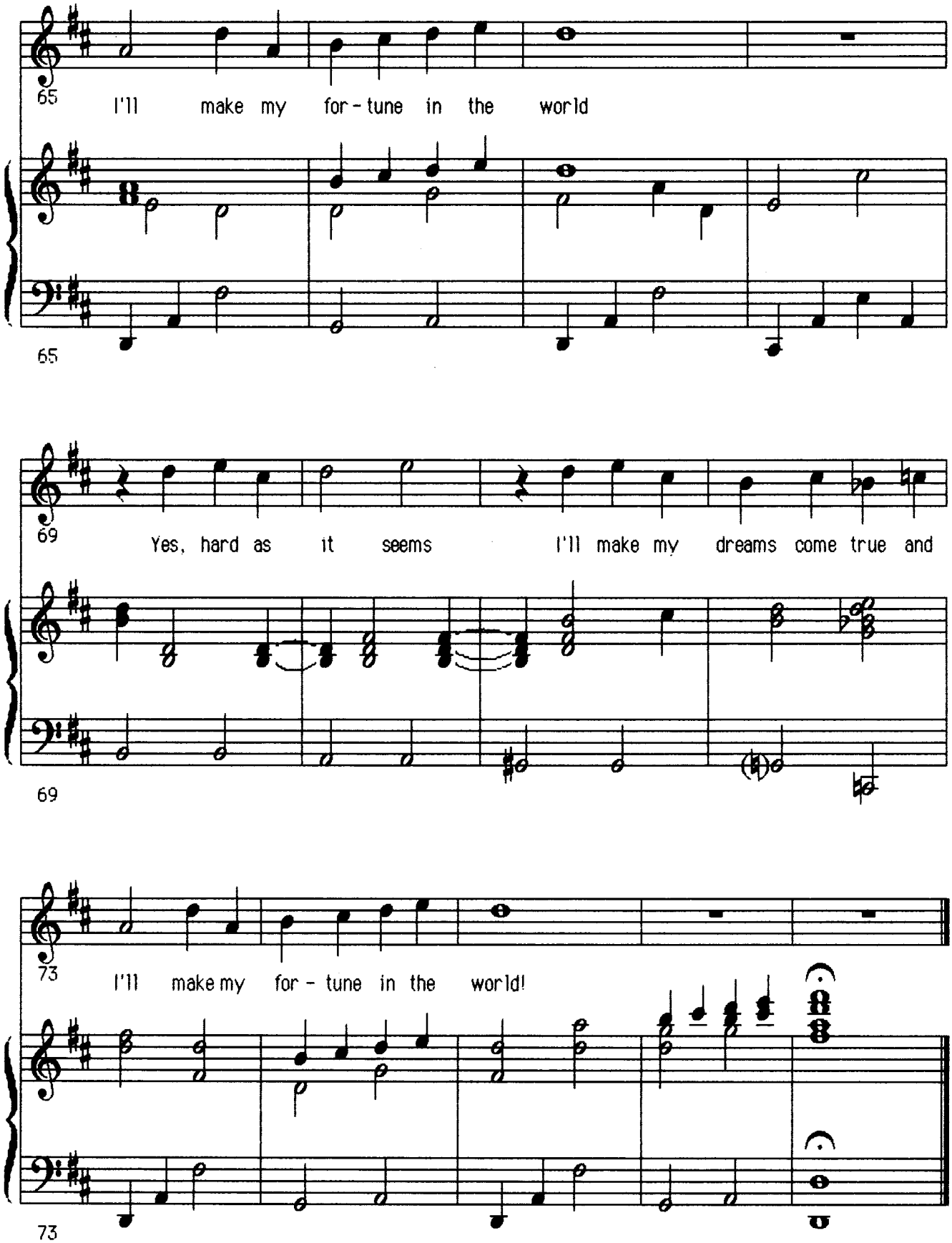

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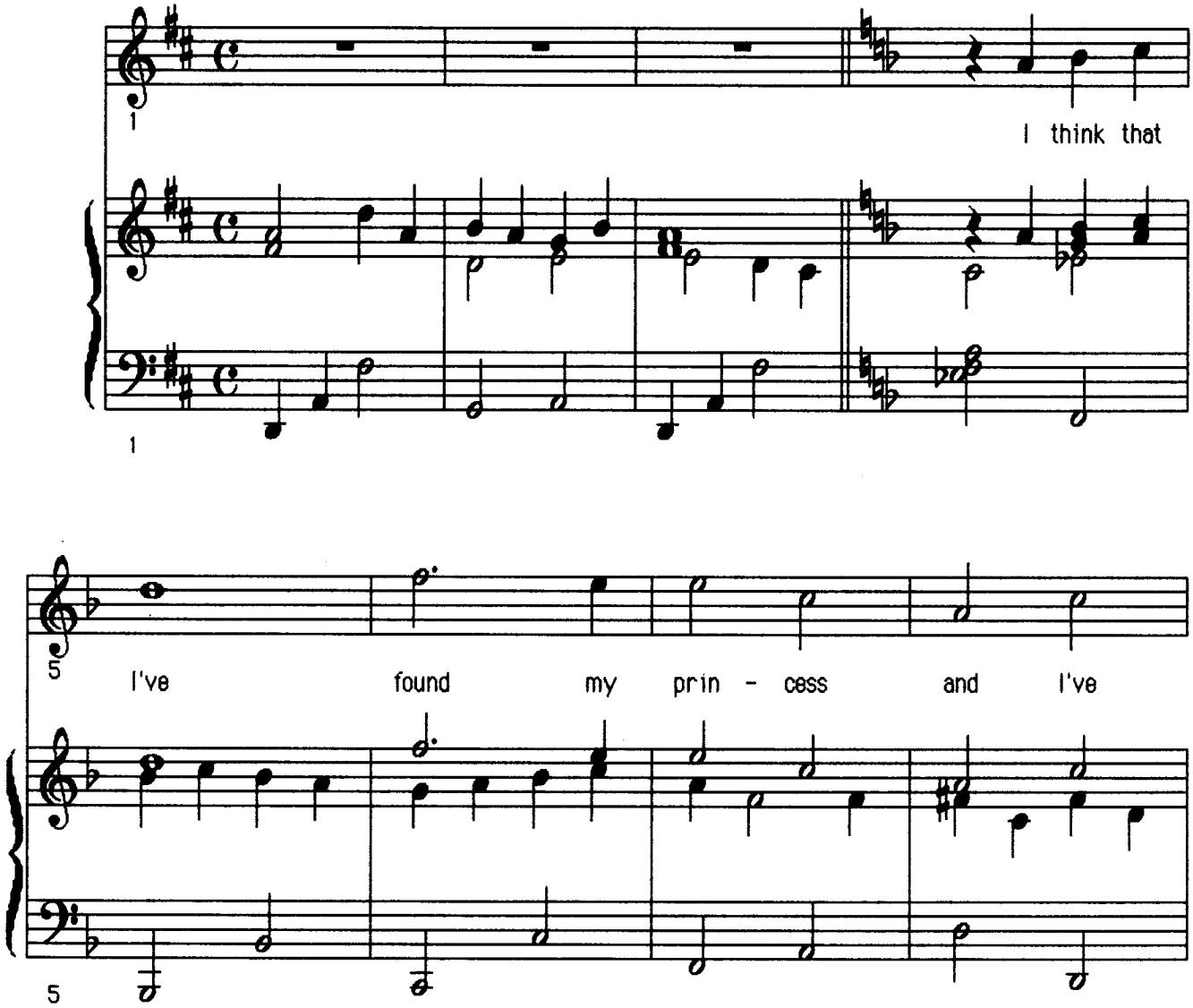
Warning–Harry: Don't worry, you can count on me

Cue–Harry: I'll see you tonight. Yes sir!

I'll Make My Fortune In the World

(Reprise)



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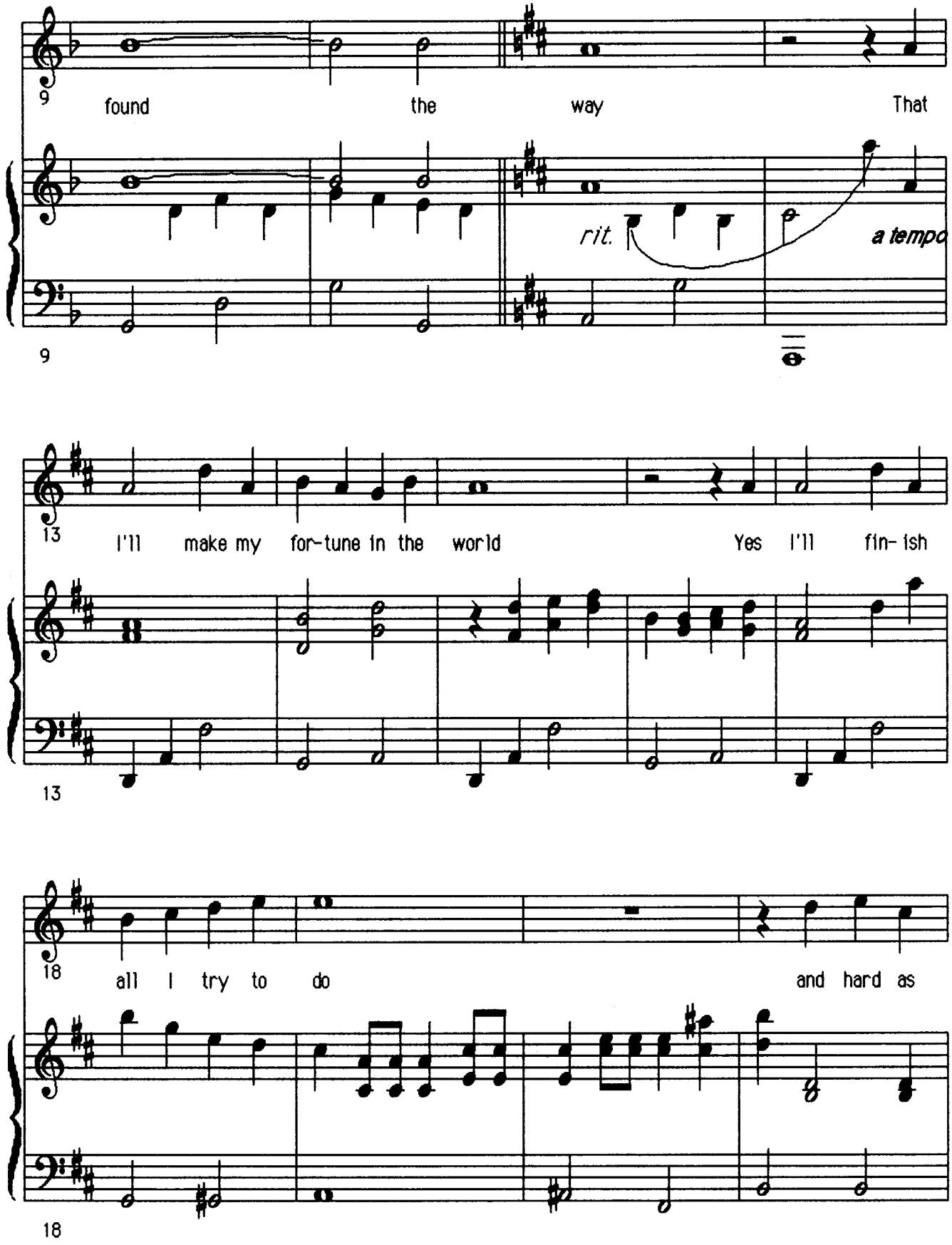

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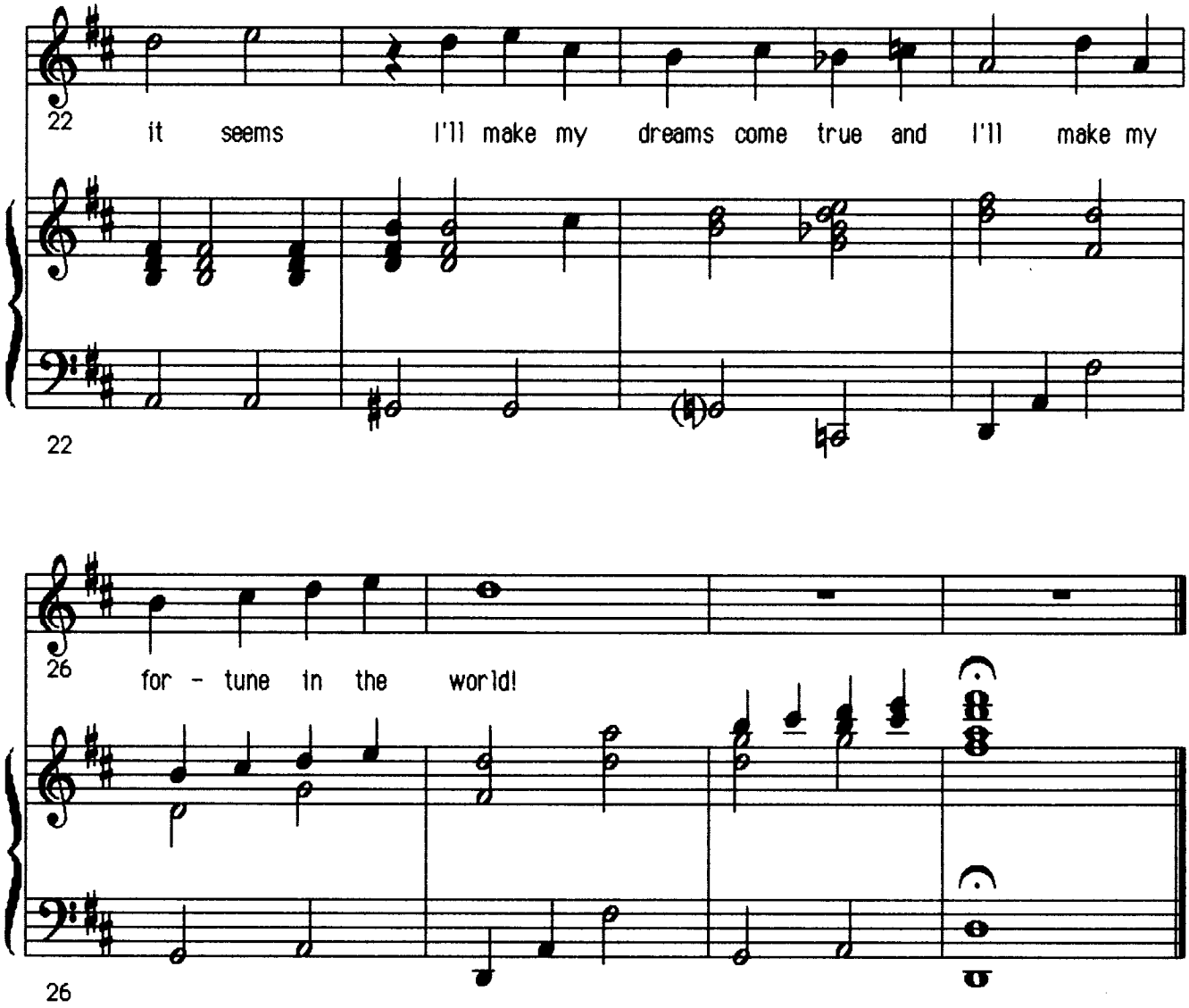

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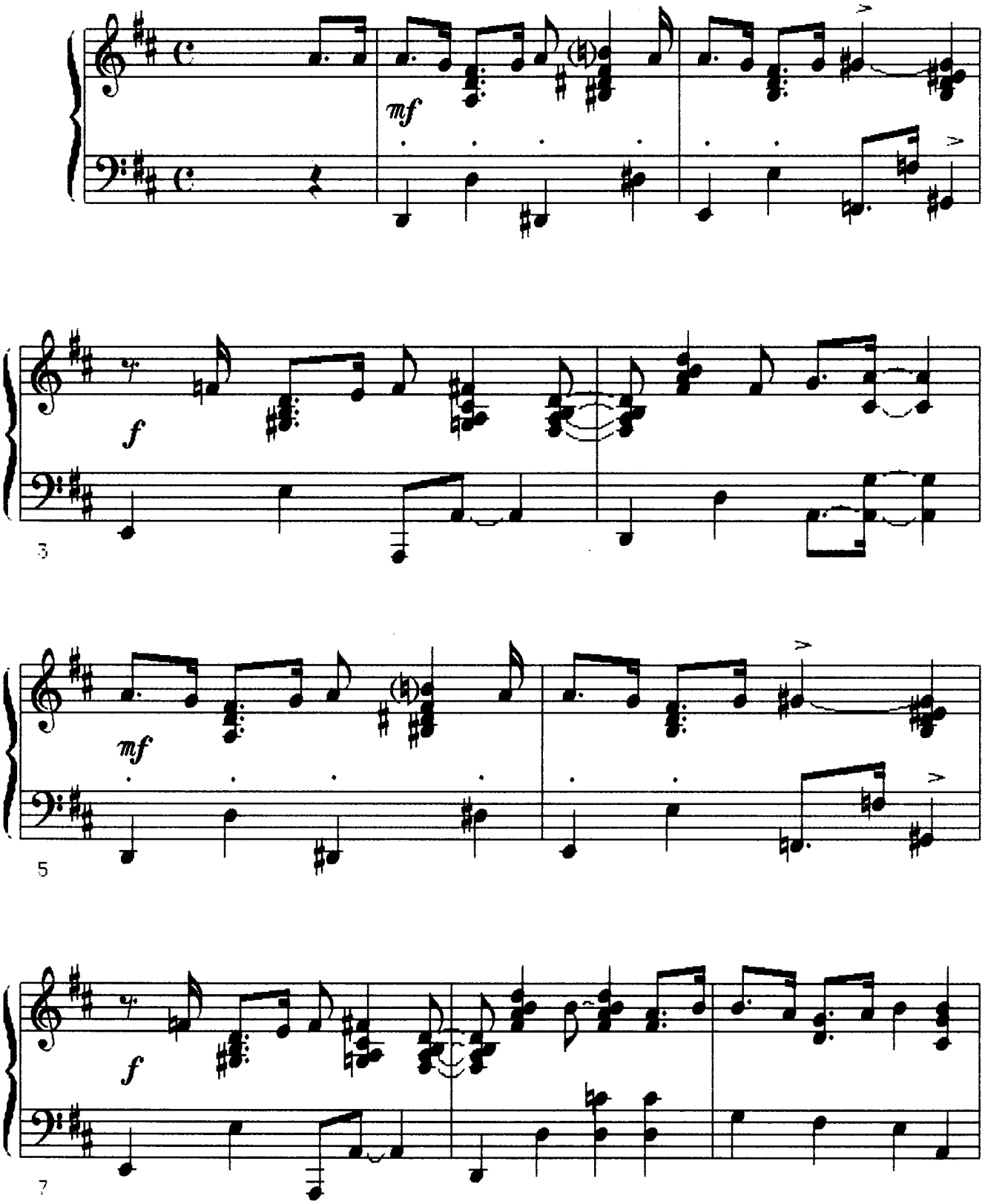
Two Out of Three

(Scene Change, end Act I scene i)



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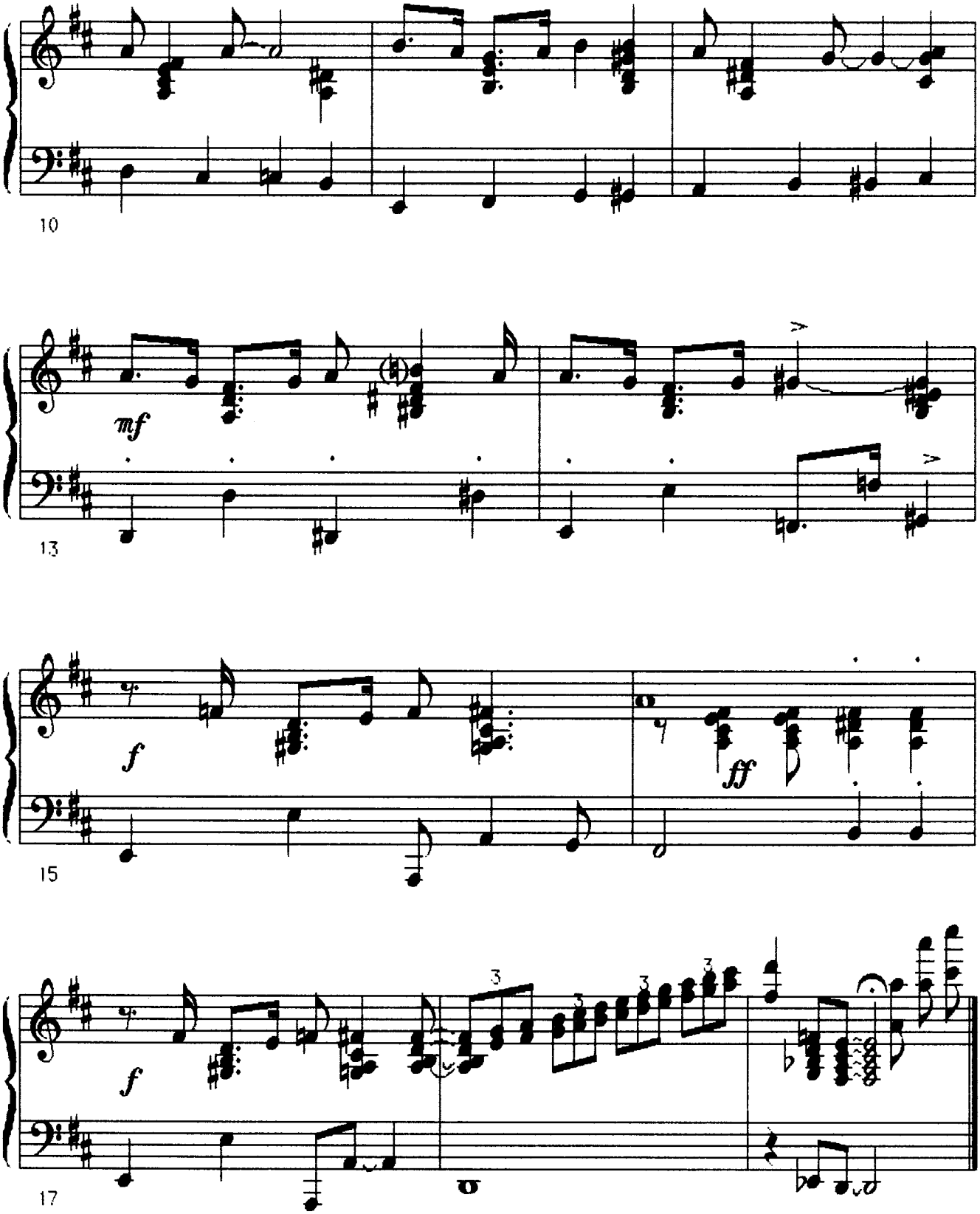

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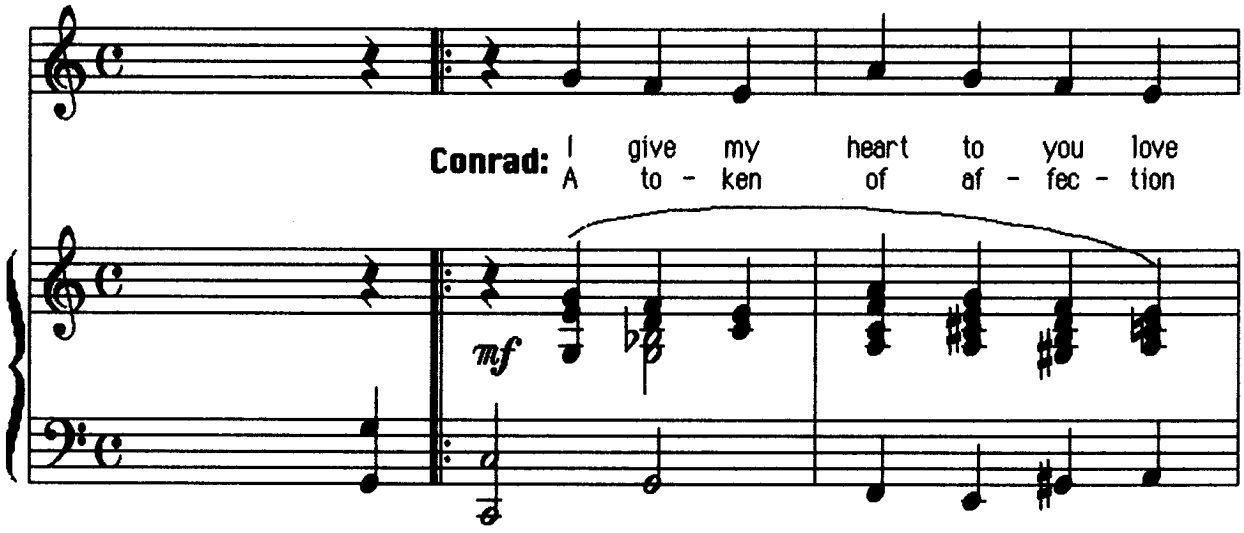
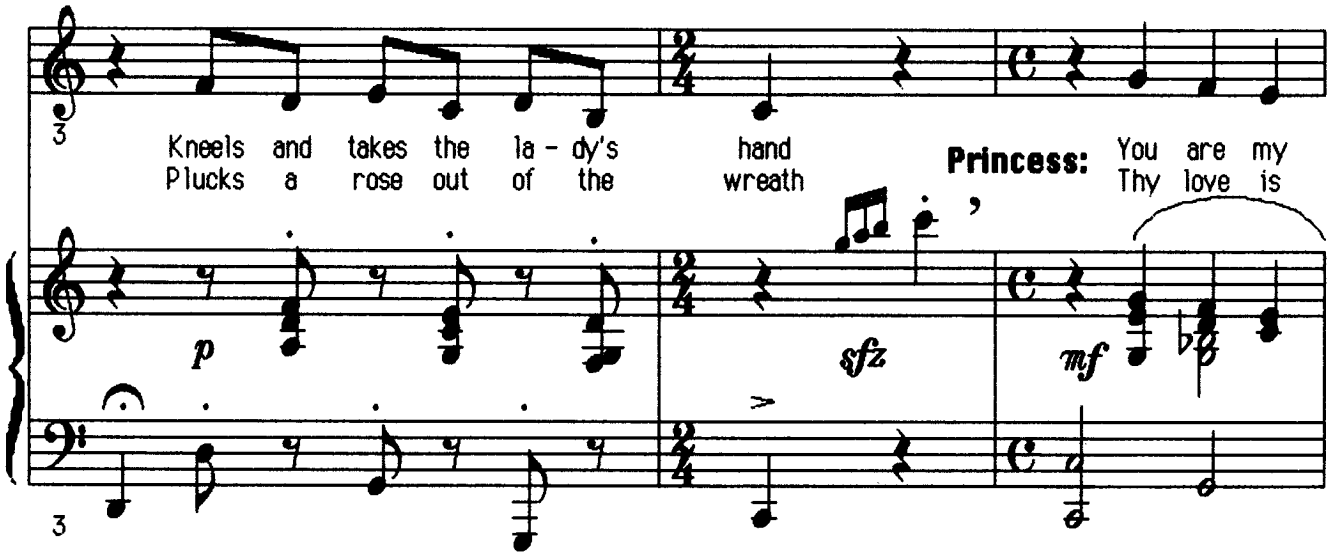
Warning--Princess: Good grief, what is this?

Cue--Conrad: Now where were we? Ah, yes. . . .

Elopement Song





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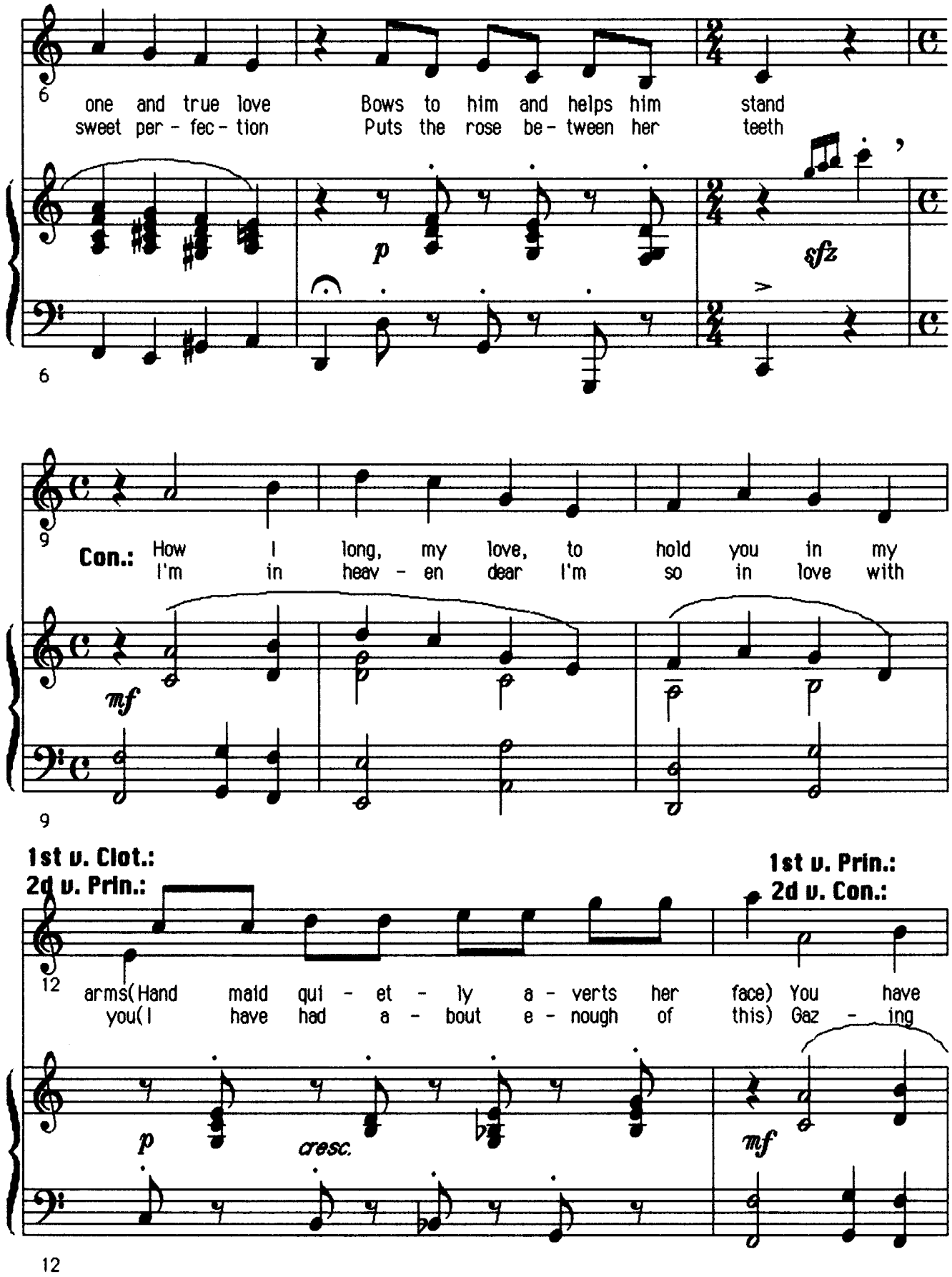

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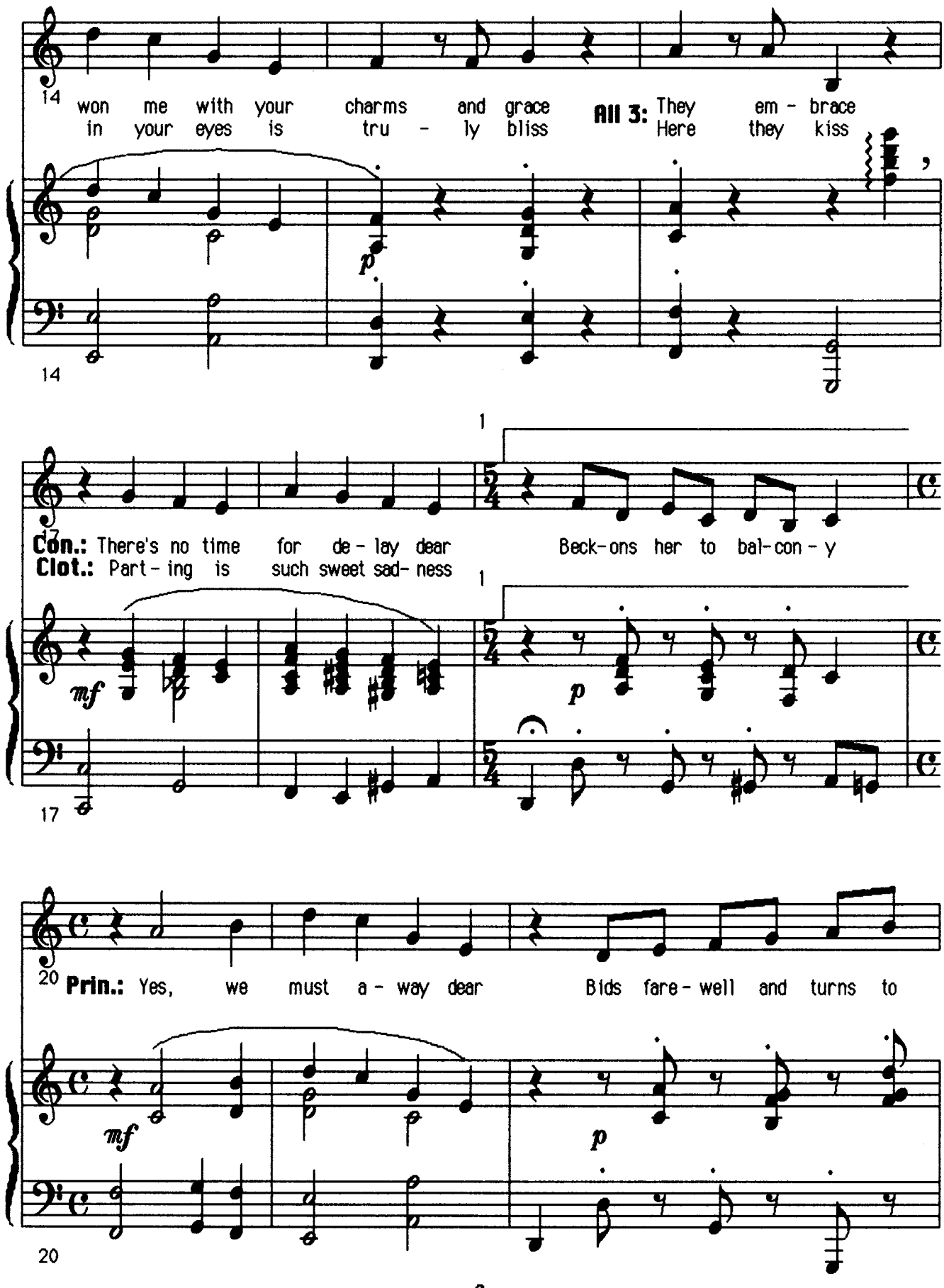

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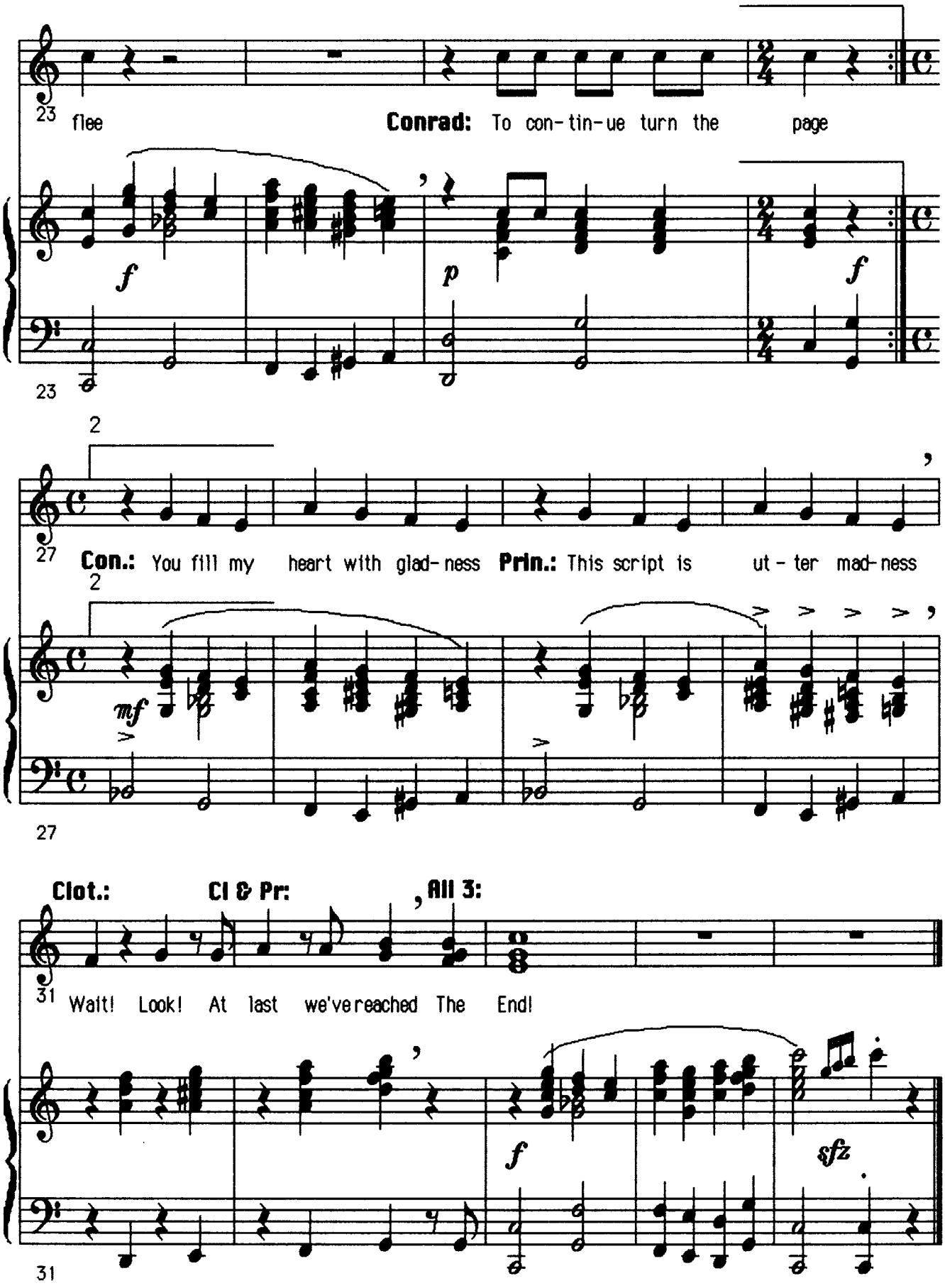

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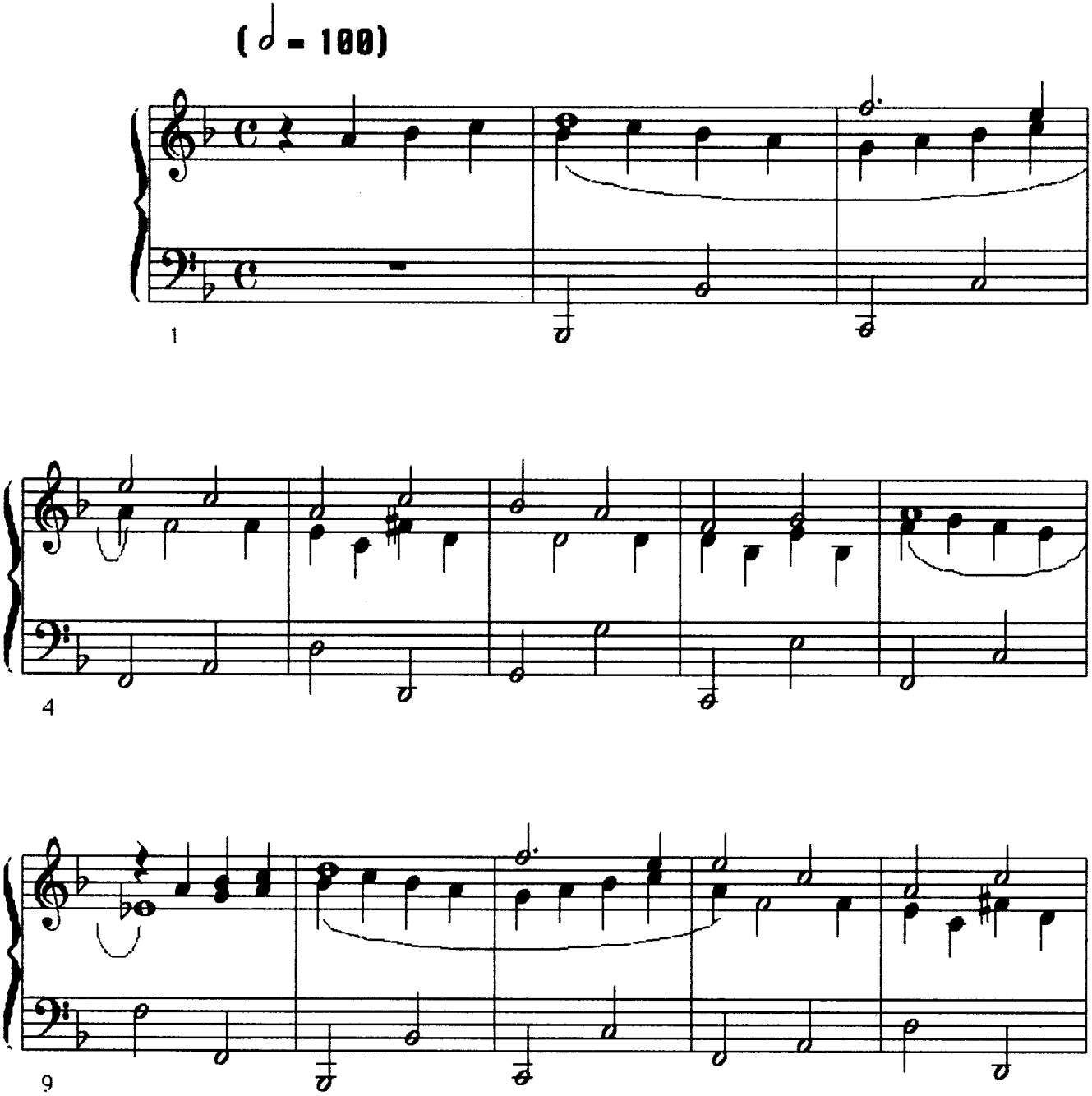
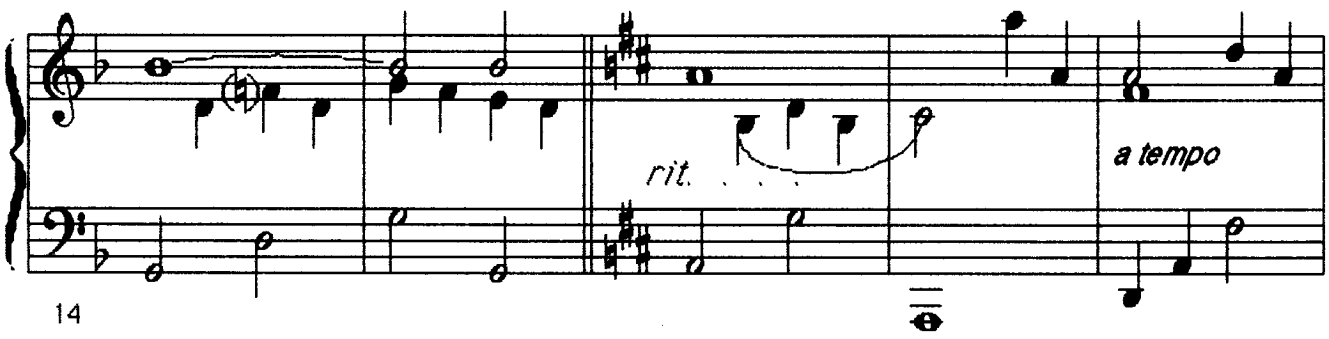
I'll Make My Fortune

(Scene Change, end Act I scene ii)





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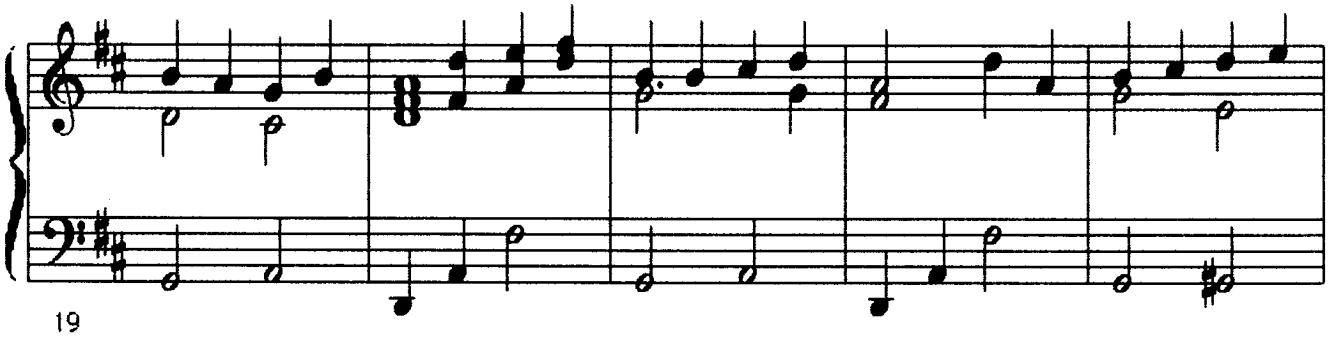

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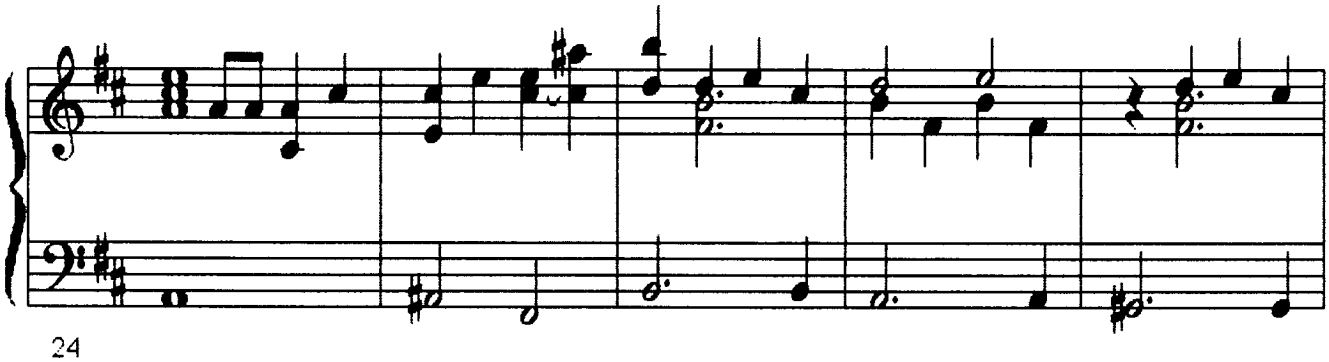

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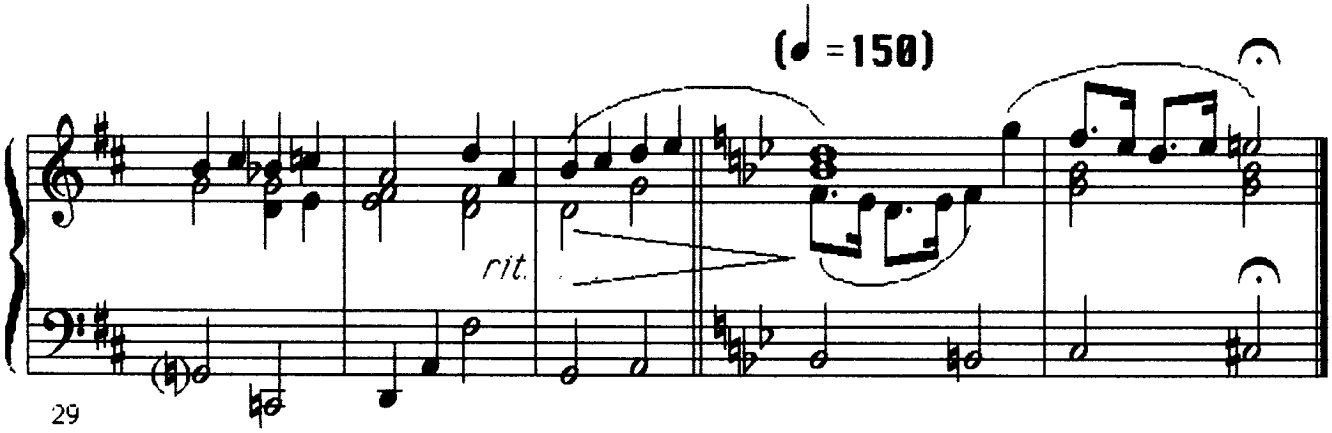


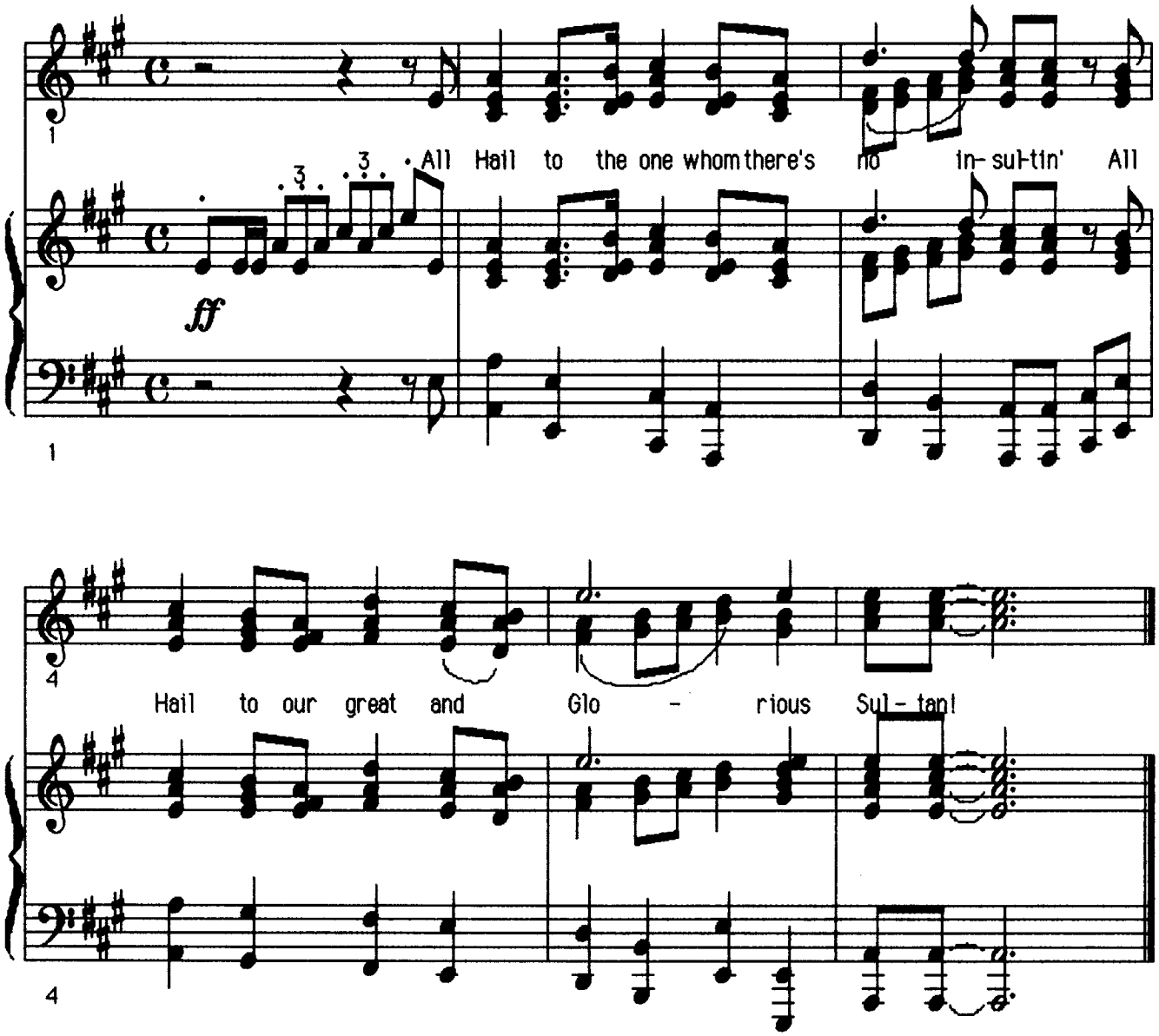
29

Warning–Conrad: Shh! The Sultan's coming!

Cue–Messenger: His Majesty, the Sultan of Sandansun!

ALL HAIL

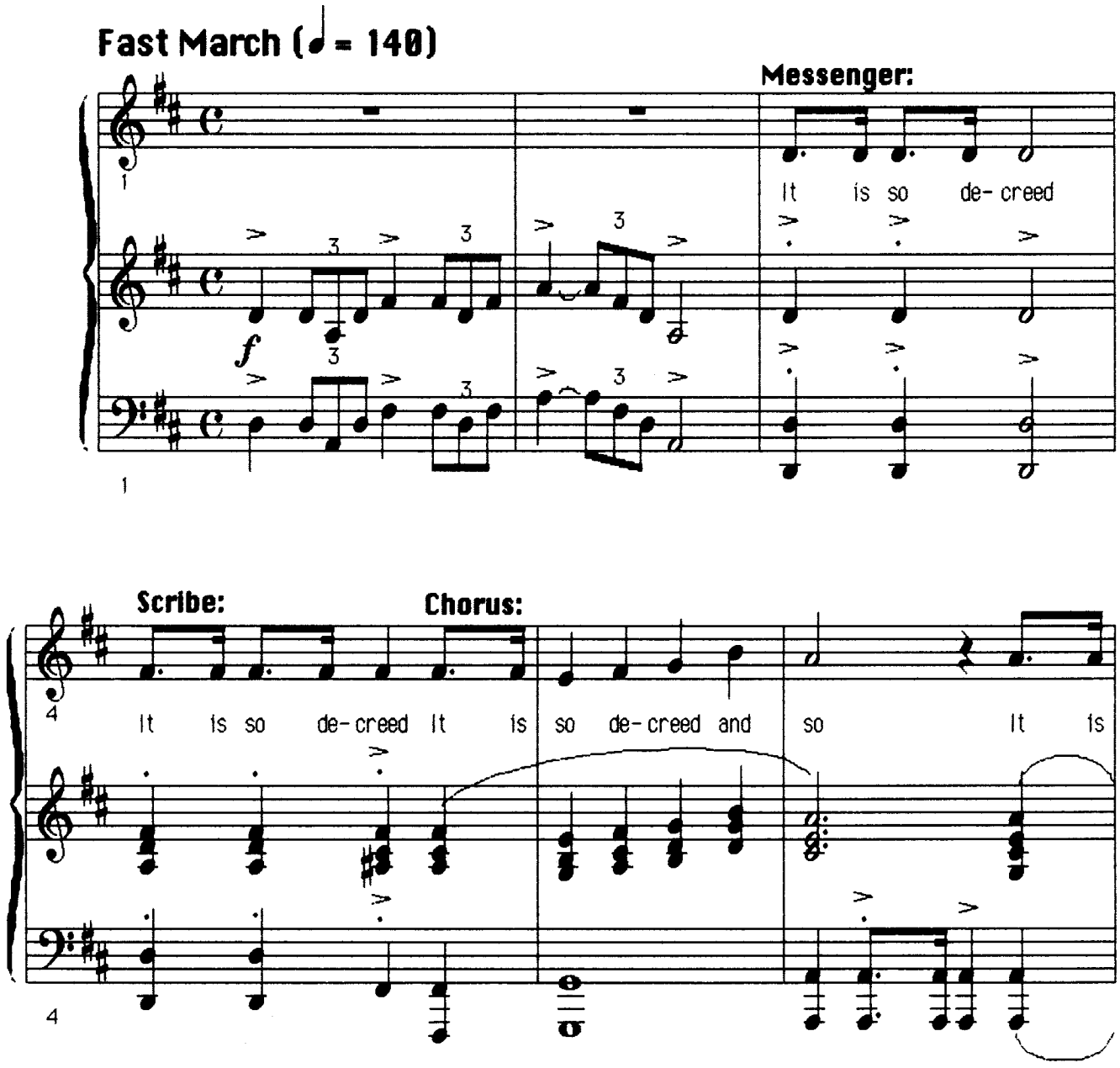
(ACT I, Scene iii)



Warning--Sultan. "So be it."

Cue--Scribe: "It is so decreed, Your Majesty.

And It Was So



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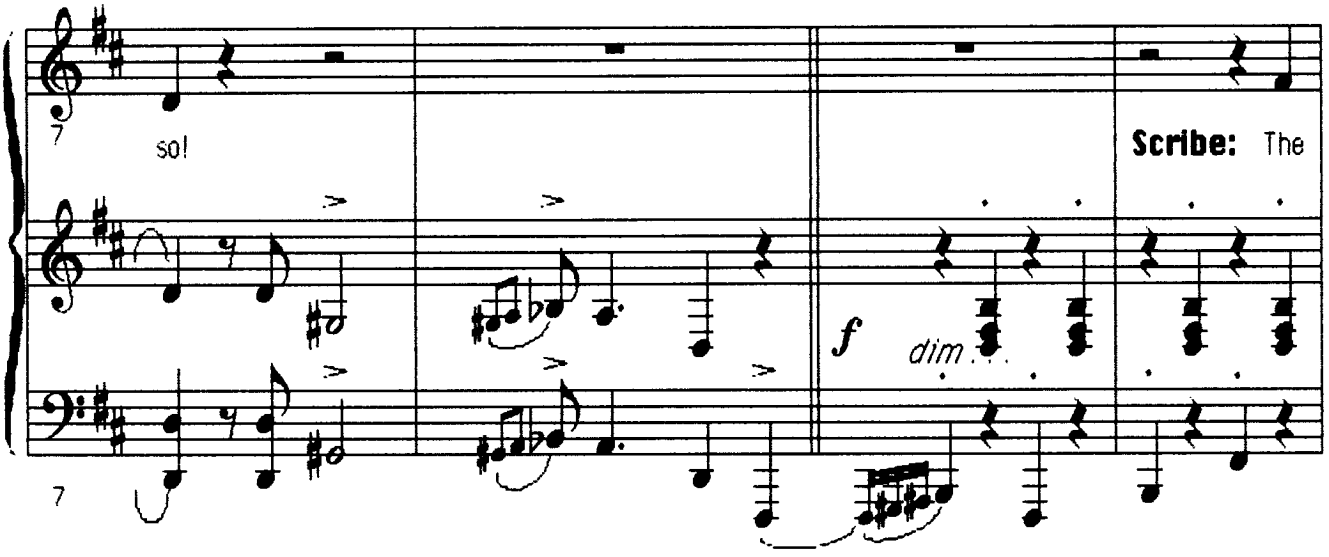

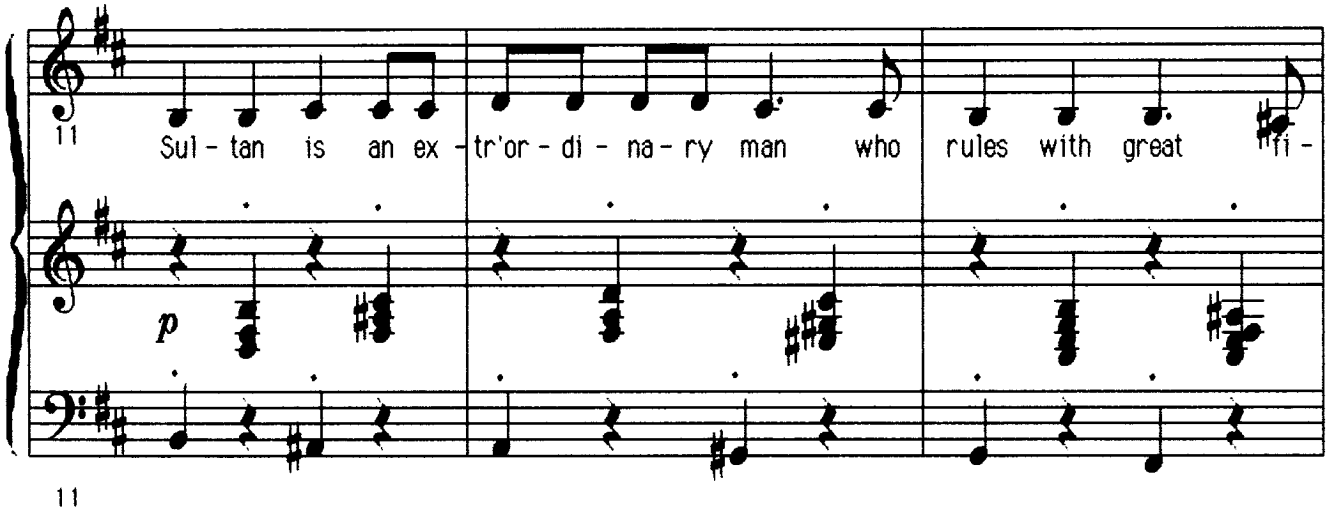

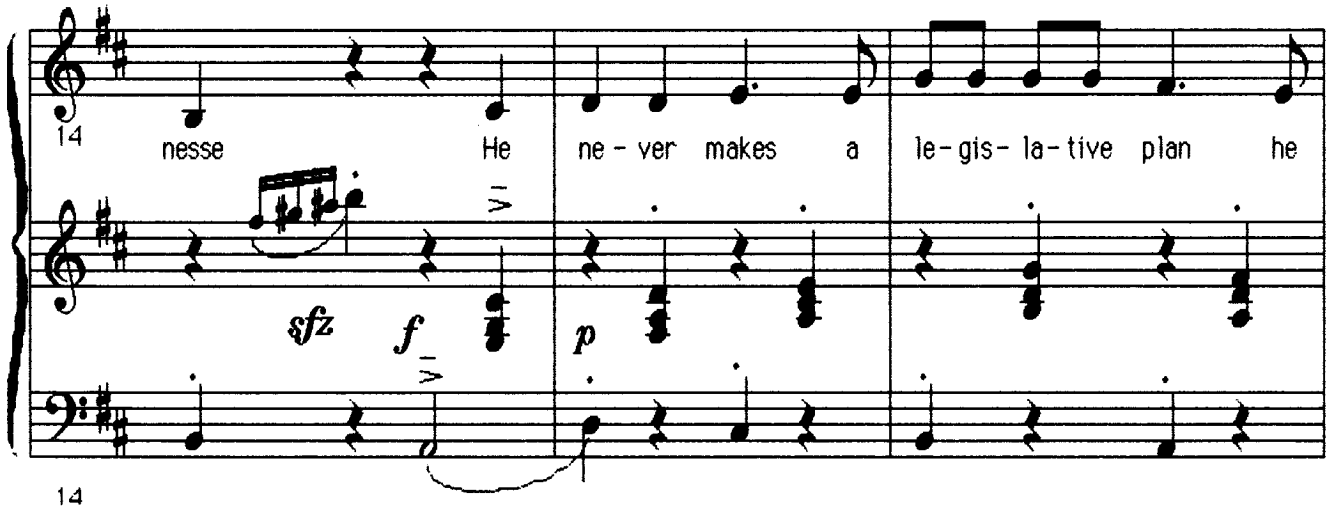

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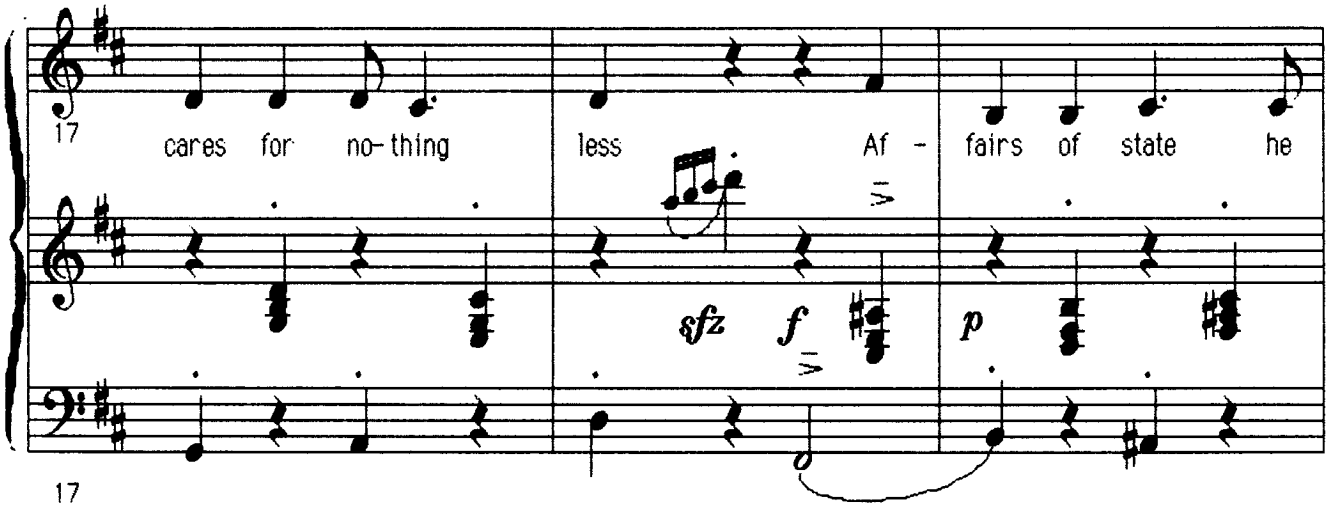

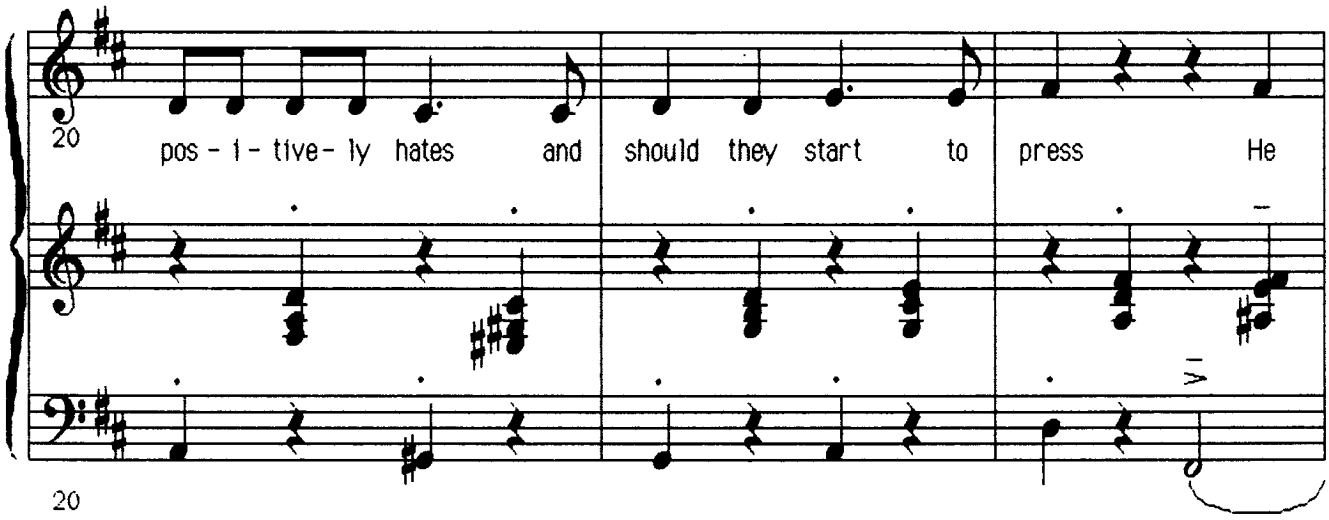

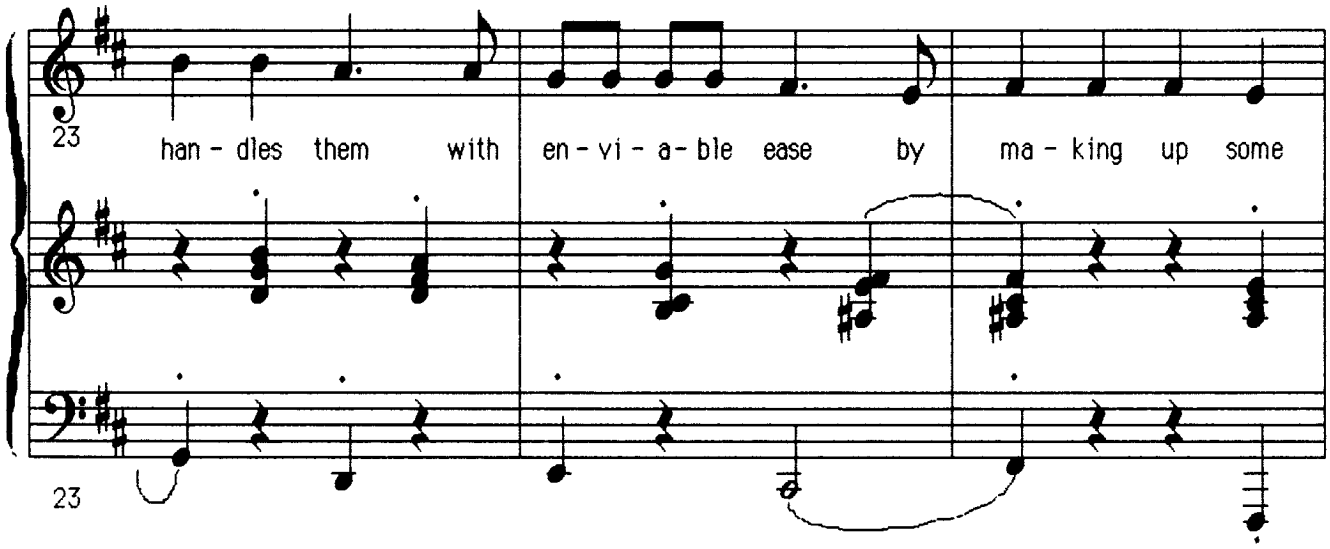

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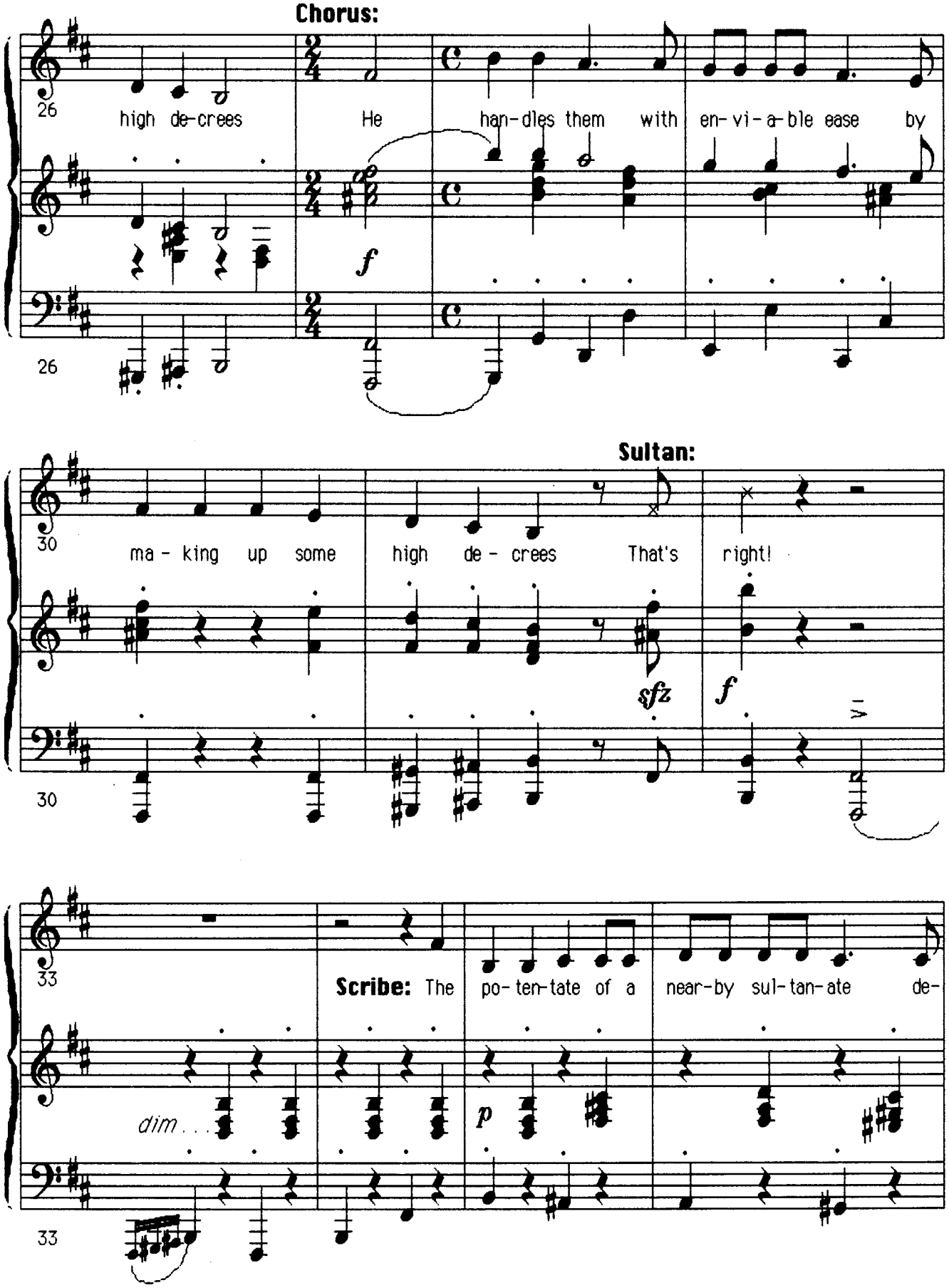

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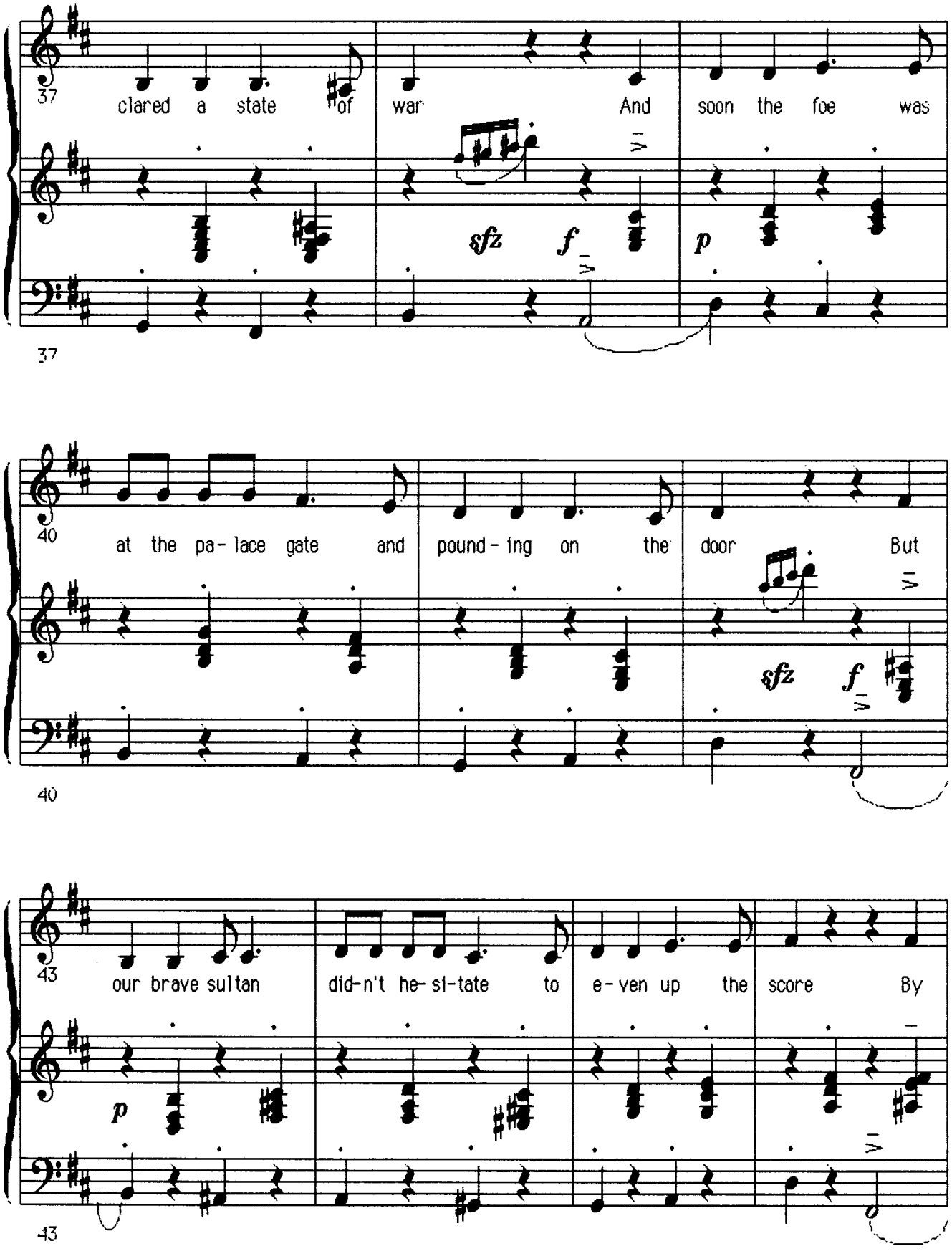

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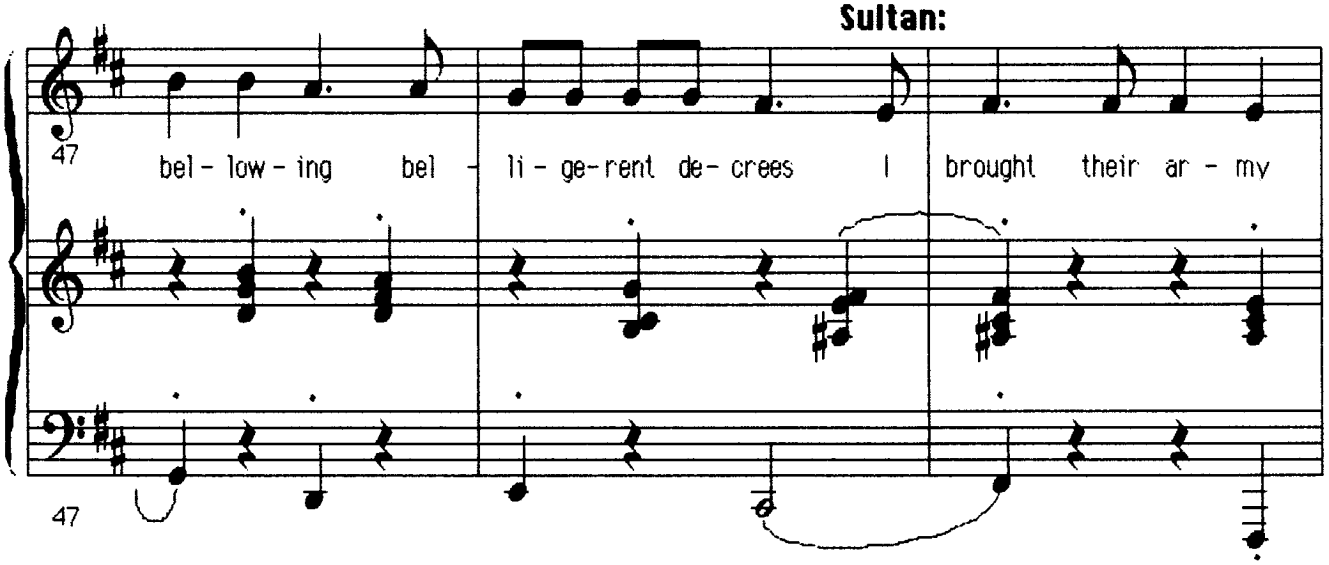
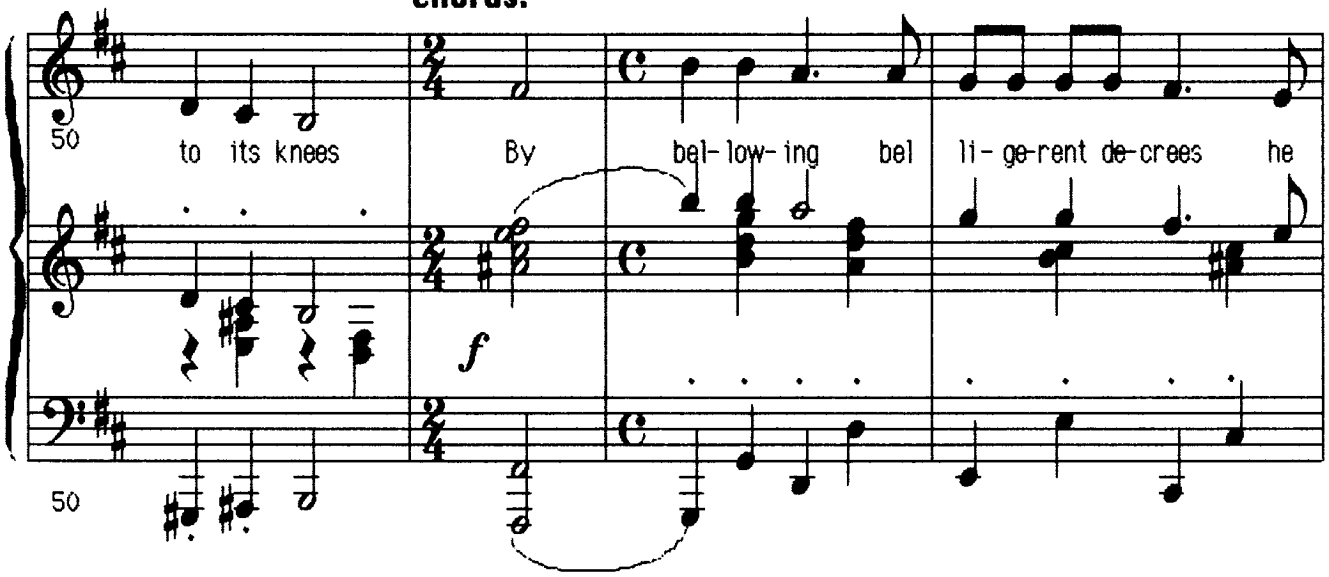
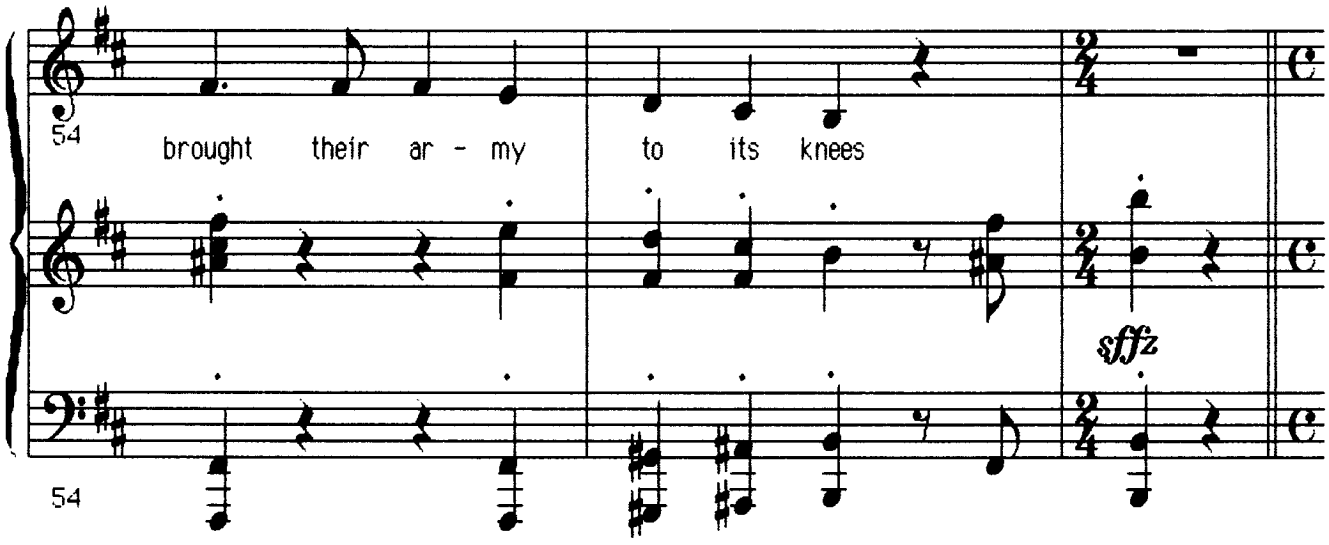
Sultan:



Chorus:





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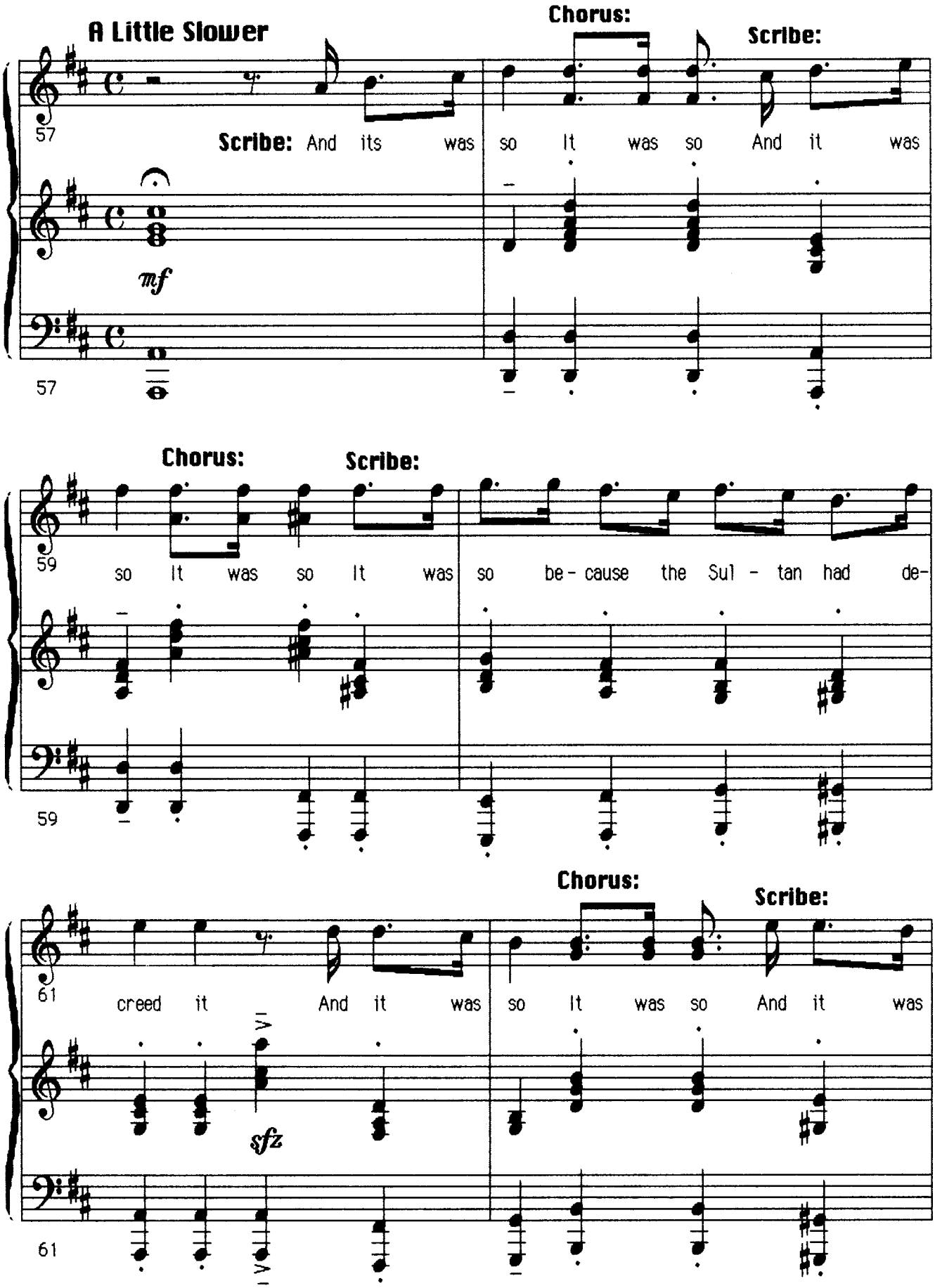

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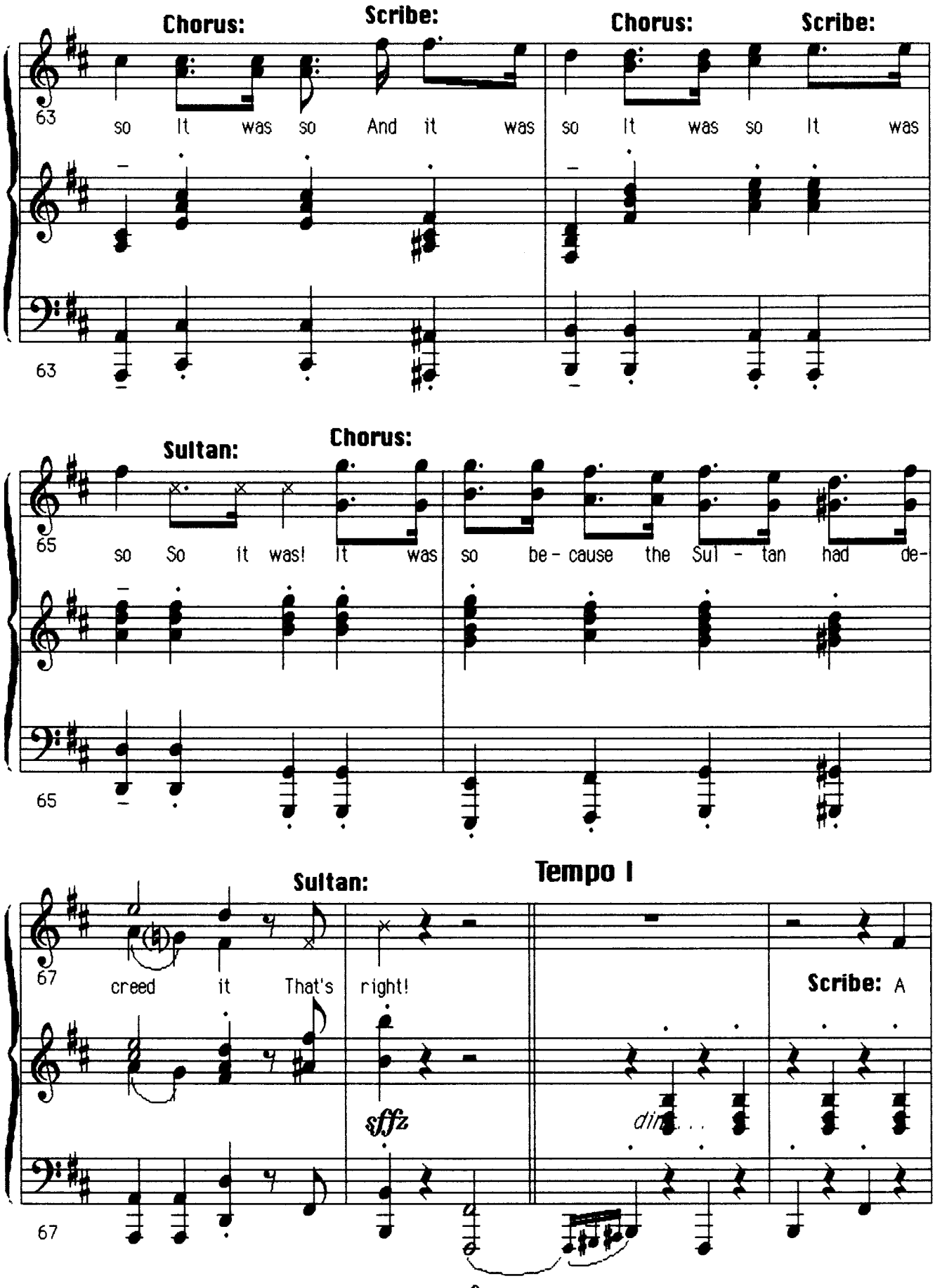

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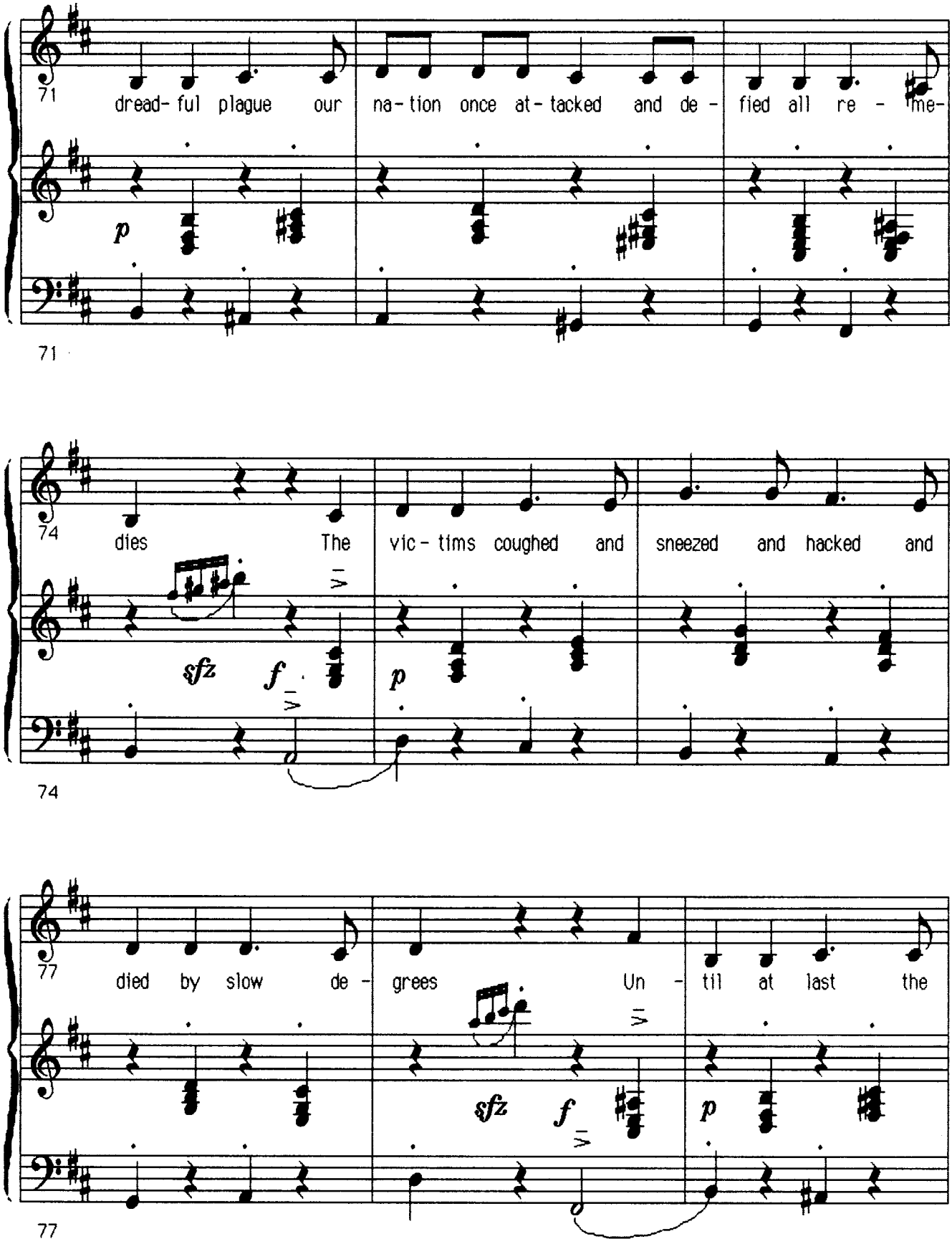

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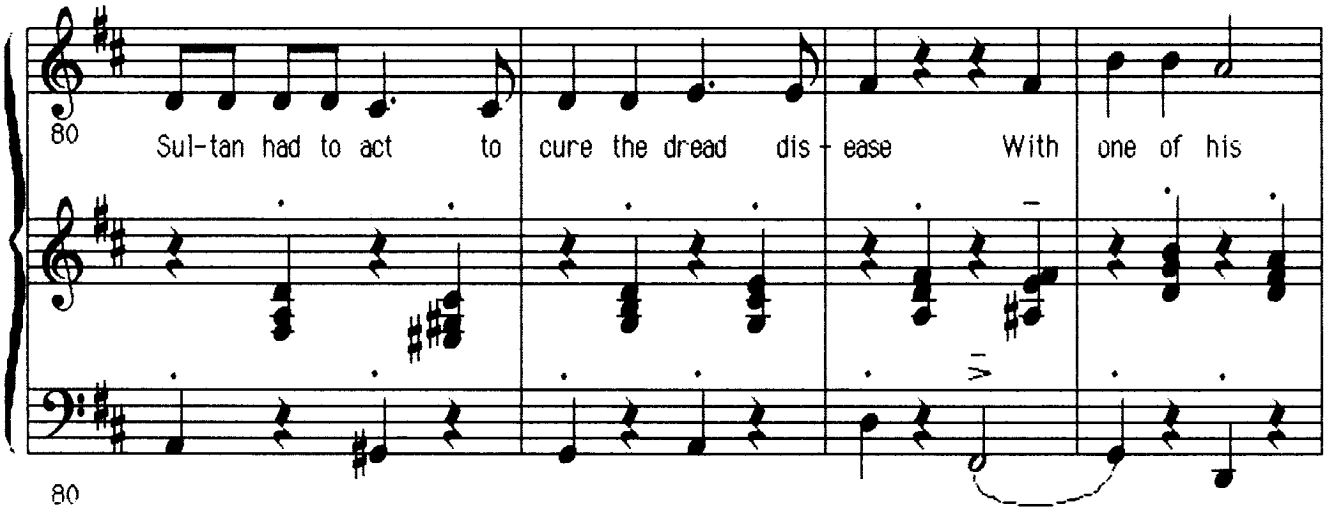

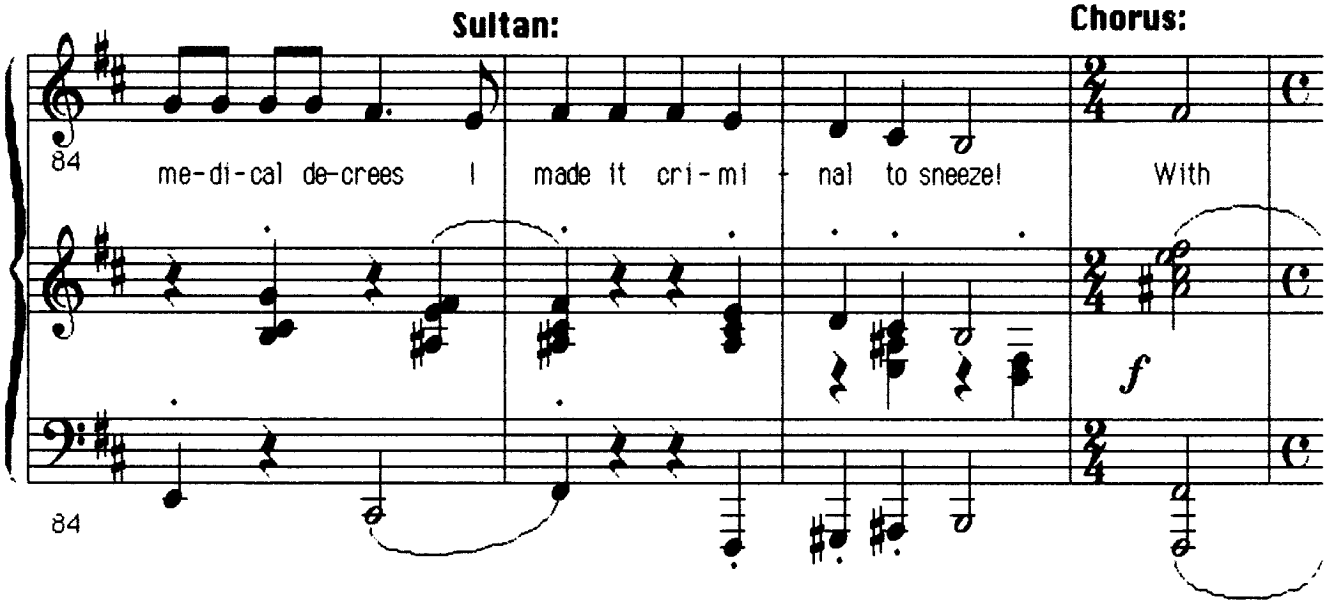

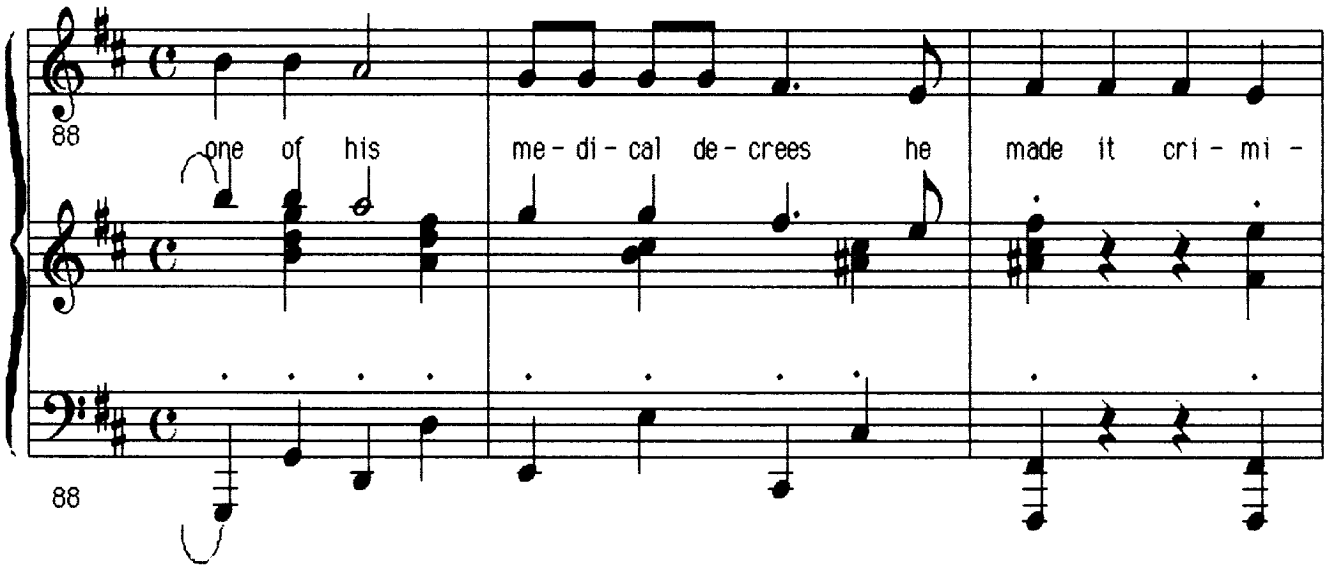

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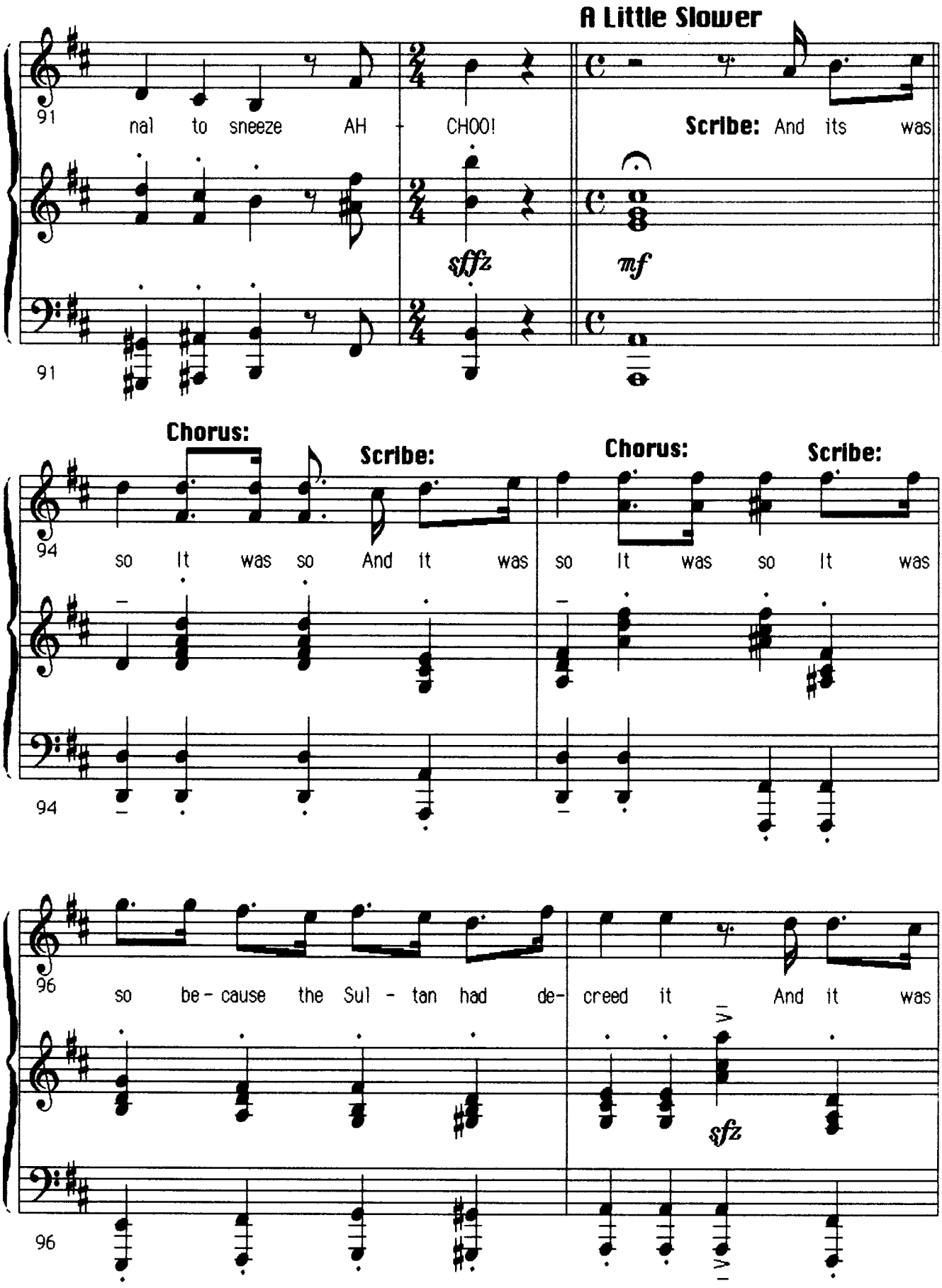

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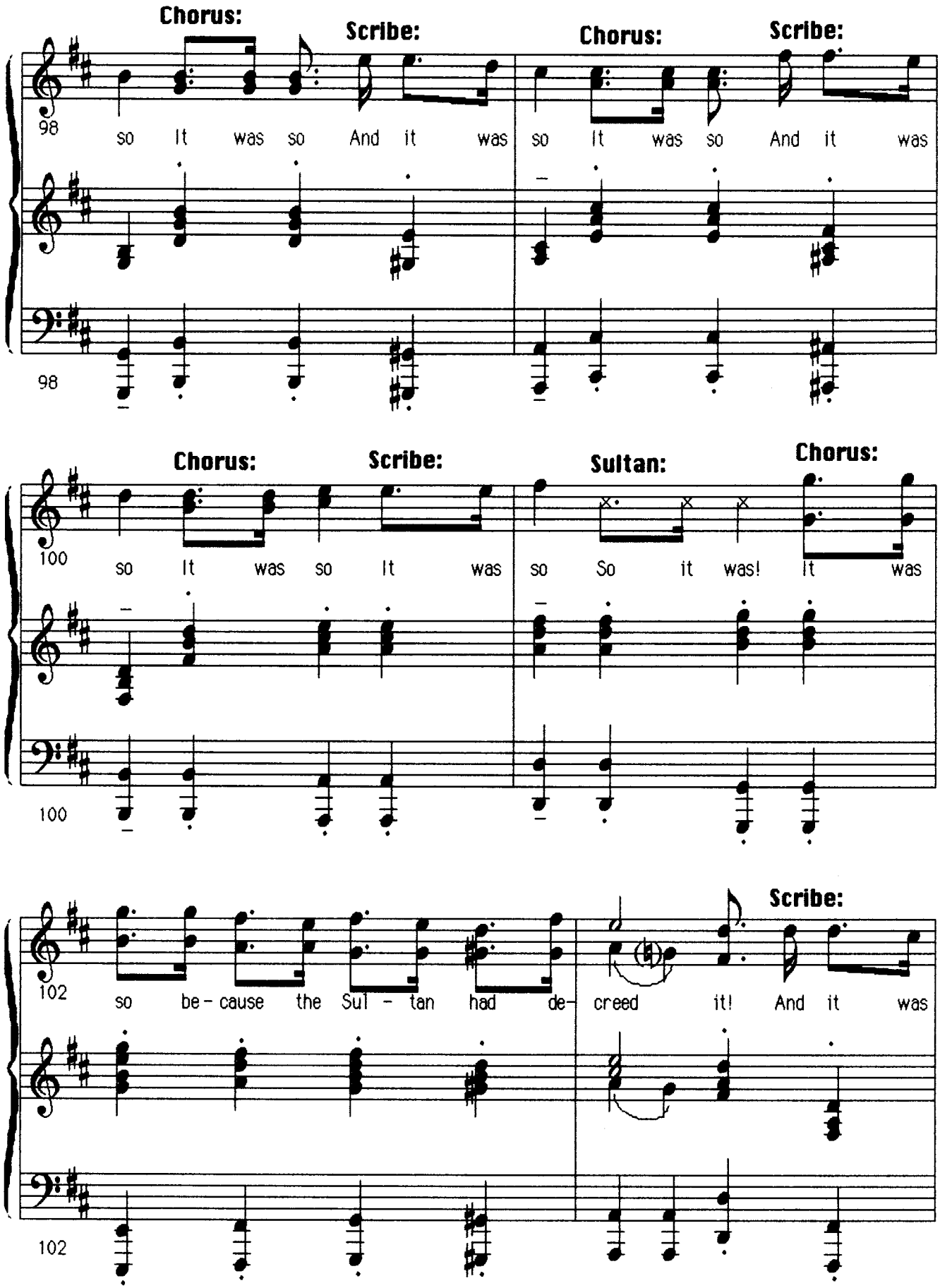

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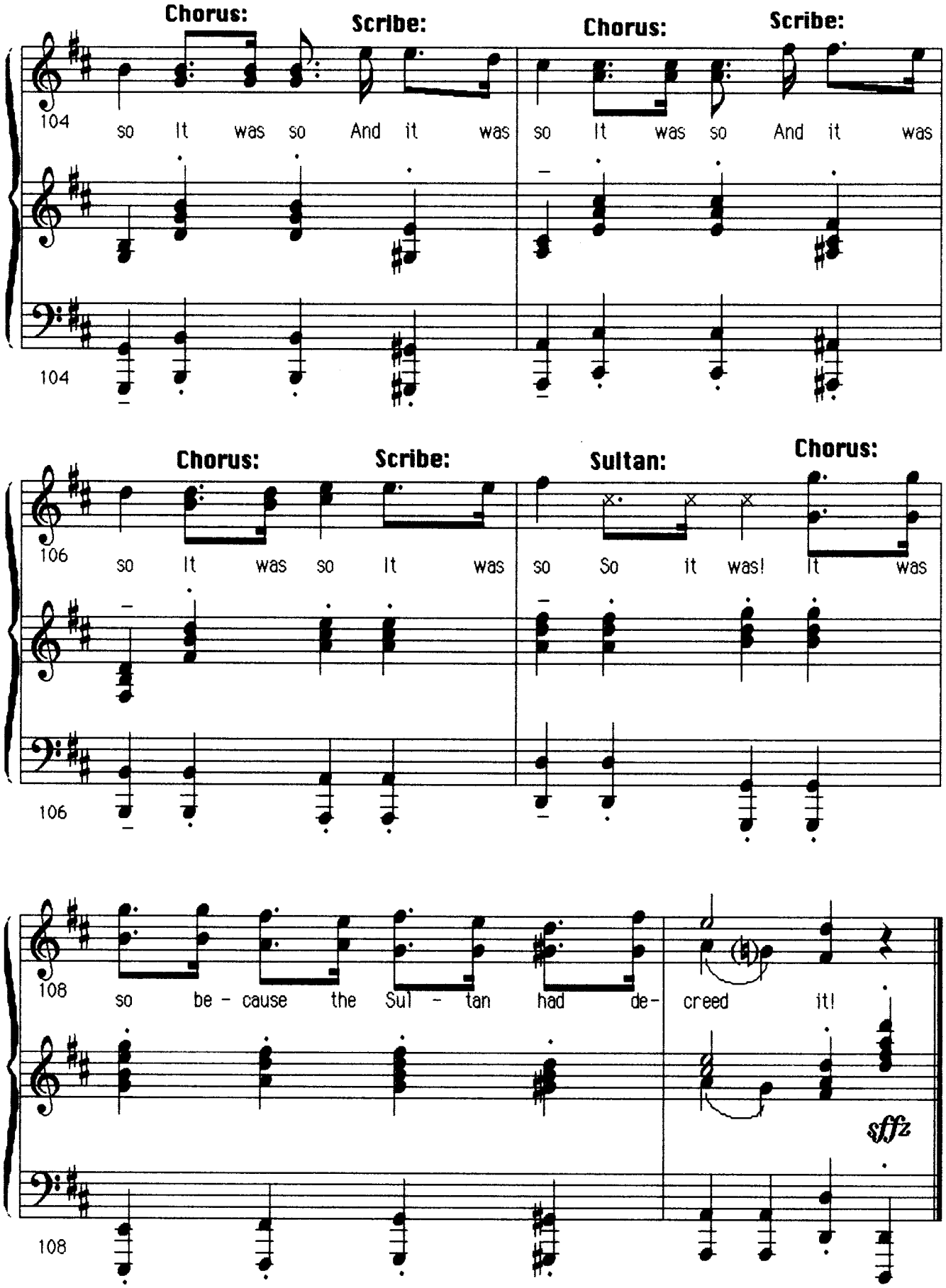

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