

**AUDITION SIDE #1A—SEEK-DESIRE-DEMAND—DUKE, DUCHESS, CASILDA, LUIZ  
MEMORIZE AT LEAST #1A**

*The Duke of Plaza-Toro, his wife, daughter, and his attendant (‘suite’) have just arrived in Venice. Unbeknownst to Casilda, they are there to unite her with her husband, the King of Barataria.*

DUKE. And the band who were to have had the honour of escorting us? I see no band!

LUIZ. Your Grace, the band are sordid persons who required to be paid in advance.

DUCH. That is so like a band!

DUKE. (*annoyed*). Insuperable difficulties meet me at every turn!

DUCH. But surely they know His Grace?

LUIZ. Exactly--they know His Grace.

DUKE. Well, let us hope that the Grand Inquisitor is a deaf gentleman. A cornet-a-piston would be something. You do not happen to possess the accomplishment of tootling like a cornet-a-piston? (*phantomimes playing a cornet*)

LUIZ. Alas, no, Your Grace! But I can imitate a farmyard. Ducks, chickens...I do an especially nice cow...Mmmoooo!

DUKE (*doubtfully*). I don't see how that would help us. I don't see how we could bring it in.

CAS. It would not help us in the least. We are not a parcel of graziers come to market, dolt!

DUKE. My love, our suite's feelings! (*To Luiz.*) Be so good as to ring the bell and inform the Grand Inquisitor that his Grace the Duke of Plaza-Toro, Count Matadoro, Baron Picadoro--

DUCH. And suite--

DUKE. And suite--have arrived at Venice, and seek--

CAS. Desire--

DUCH. Demand!

DUKE. And demand an audience.

LUIZ. Your Grace has but to command.

**AUDITION SIDE #1B—SIX MONTHS—DUKE, DUCHESS, CASILDA, LUIZ  
BE PREPARED TO CONTINUE THROUGH #1B, IF ASKED.**

DUKE (*much moved*). I felt sure of it--I felt sure of it! (*Exit Luiz into Ducal Palace*)

And now, my love--(*aside to Duchess*) Shall we tell her? I think so-- (*aloud to Casilda*) And now, my love, prepare for a magnificent surprise. It is my agreeable duty to reveal to you a secret which should make you the happiest young lady in Venice!

CAS. A secret?

DUCH. A secret which, for State reasons, it has been necessary to preserve for twenty years.

DUKE. When you were a prattling babe of ...

DUCHESS. (*whispers*) ... six months!

DUKE. ...Six months old, you were married by proxy to no less a personage than the infant son and heir of His Majesty, the immeasurably wealthy King of Barataria!

CAS. Married to the infant son of the King of Barataria? Was I consulted? (*Duke shakes his head.*) Then it was a most unpardonable liberty!

DUKE. Consider his extreme youth and forgive him.

DUCH. Your Majesty! (*Kneels.*) (*Drum roll.*)

**AUDITION SIDE #1C—THAT MAN IS A DUKE—DUKE, DUCHESS, CASILDA  
BE PREPARED to act the scene #1C, if asked.**

*The Duchess should memorize this scene for Auditions.  
Others may be asked to prepare it for Callbacks.*

*This scene sets up the song “On the Day When I Was Wedded”*

CAS. Well, whatever happens, I shall, of course, be a dutiful wife, but I can never love my husband.

DUKE. I don't know. It's extraordinary what unprepossessing people one can love if one gives one's mind to it.

DUCH. I loved your father.

DUKE. My love--that remark is a little hard, I think? Rather cruel, perhaps?

DUCH. It was very difficult, my dear; but I said to myself, “That man is a Duke, and I will love him.” Several of my relations bet me I couldn't, but I did--desperately!

[*DUCHESS sings “On the Day When I Was Wedded”*]

**AUDITION SIDE #2—I SAY I MAY NOT LOVE YOU—LUIZ AND CASILDA**

*Casilda has been secretly meeting with Luiz, her father's attendant, for months, but now, she has just found out that when she was an infant, she was married to the King of Barataria. After she hears the news, she sneaks away with Luiz. They sing a song affirming their love. Immediately after the song she realizes that she shouldn't be with him. The reference to time is a running joke that neither of them realizes is funny.*

*Memorize at least ½ for auditions (and be prepared to read the rest). Memorize all for Callbacks.*

CAS. O Luiz, Luiz--what have you said? What have I done? What have I allowed you to do?

LUIZ. Nothing, I trust, that you will ever have reason to repent. [*Offering to embrace her.*]

CAS. [*withdrawing from him*]. Nay, Luiz, it may not be. I have embraced you for the last time.

LUIZ [*amazed*]. Casilda!

CAS. I have just learnt, to my surprise and indignation, that I was wed in babyhood to the infant son of the King of Barataria!

LUIZ. The son of the King of Barataria? The child who was stolen in infancy by the Inquisition?

CAS. The same. But, of course, you know his story.

LUIZ. Know his story? Why, I have often told you that my mother was the nurse to whose charge he was entrusted!

CAS. True. I had forgotten. Well, he has been discovered, and my father has brought me here to claim his hand.

LUIZ. But you will not recognize this marriage? It took place when you were too young to understand its import.

CAS. Nay, Luiz, respect my principles and cease to torture me with vain entreaties. Henceforth my life is another's.

LUIZ. But stay--the present and the future--they are another's; but the past--that at least is ours, and none can take it from us. As we may revel in naught else, let us revel in that!

CAS. I don't think I grasp your meaning.

LUIZ. Yet it is logical enough. You say you cease to love me?

CAS. [*demurely*]. I say I may not love you.

LUIZ. Ah, but you do not say you did not love me?

CAS. I loved you with a frenzy that words are powerless to express--and that but ten brief minutes since!

LUIZ. Exactly. My own--that is, until ten minutes since, my own--my lately loved, my recently adored--tell me that until, say a quarter of an hour ago, I was all in all to thee! [*Embracing her*]

.....*Some Dialogue skipped.....They are now wrapped in an embrace.*

LUIZ. Ah, Casilda, you were to me as the sun is to the earth!

CAS. A quarter of an hour ago?

LUIZ. About that.

CAS. And to think that, but for this miserable discovery, you would have been my own for life!

LUIZ. Through life to death--a quarter of an hour ago!

CAS. How greedily my thirsty ears would have drunk the golden melody of those sweet words a quarter of an hour--well, it's now about twenty minutes since. (*Looking at her watch.*)

LUIZ. About that. In such a matter one cannot be too precise.

AUDITION #3—VULGAR FRACTION—MARCO, GIUSEPPE, GIANETTA, TESSA, DON A.

ALL MEMORIZE FOR AUDITIONS.

*Tessa and Gianetta have entered the room, unnoticed and are eavesdropping on the conversation.*

DON AL. And now I have some important news. His Grace the Duke of Plaza-Toro, Her Grace the Duchess, and their beautiful daughter Casilda--I say their beautiful daughter Casilda--

GIU. We heard you.

DON AL. Have arrived at Barataria, and may be here at any moment.

MAR. The Duke and Duchess are nothing to us.

DON AL. But the daughter--the beautiful daughter! Aha! Oh, you're a lucky dog, one of you!

GIU. I think you're a very incomprehensible old gentleman.

DON AL. Not a bit--I'll explain. Many years ago when you (whichever you are) were a baby, you (whichever you are) were married to a little girl who has grown up to be the most beautiful young lady in Spain. That beautiful young lady will be here to claim you (whichever you are) in half an hour, and I congratulate that one (whichever it is) with all my heart.

MAR. Married when a baby!

GIU. But we were married three months ago!

DON AL. One of you--only one. The other (whichever it is) is an unintentional bigamist.

GIA. and TESS. (*coming forward*). Well, upon my word!

DON AL. Eh? Who are these young people?

TESS. Who are we? Why, their wives, of course. We've just arrived.

DON AL. Their wives! Oh dear, this complicates matters! Dear, dear, what will Her Majesty say?

GIA. And do you mean to say that one of these Monarchs was already married?

TESS. And that neither of us will be a Queen?

DON AL. That is the idea I intended to convey. (*Tessa and Gianetta begin to cry.*)

GIU. (*to TESSA*). Tessa, my dear, dear child--

TESS. Get away! Perhaps it's you!

MAR. (*to GIA.*). My poor, poor little woman!

GIA. Don't! Who knows whose husband you are?

TESS. And pray, why didn't you tell us all about it before they left Venice?

5DON AL. Because, if I had, no earthly temptation would have induced these

gentlemen to leave two such extremely fascinating and utterly irresistible little ladies!

TESS. There's something in that.

DON AL. You will not be kept long in suspense, as the old lady who nursed the Royal child is at present in the torture chamber, waiting for me to ... interview her.

GIU. Poor old girl. Hadn't you better go and put her out of her suspense?

DON AL. Oh no--there's no hurry--she's all right. However, I'll go and interrogate her, and, in the meantime, may I suggest the absolute propriety of your regarding yourselves as...single young ladies. (*Exit Don Al., SL*)

GIA. Well, here's a pleasant state of things!

GIU. Delightful. One of us is married to two young ladies, and nobody knows which; and the other is married to one young lady whom nobody can identify!

GIA. And one of us is married to one of you, and the other is married to nobody.

TESS. But which of you is married to which of us, and what's to become of the other? (*About to cry.*)

MAR. It's quite simple. Observe. Two husbands have managed to acquire three wives. Three wives--two husbands. (*Reckoning up.*) That's two-thirds of a husband to each wife.

GIA. O Mount Vesuvius\*, here we are in arithmetic! My good sir, one can't marry a vulgar\* fraction!

MAR. You've no right to call me a vulgar fraction.

GIU. We are getting rather mixed. The situation is entangled. Let's try and comb it out.

AUDITION SIDE #4—TESSA, GIANETTA (MARCO, GIUSEPPE)—I'VE DONE

*Tessa and Gianetta have just crossed the waters for a surprise visit with their husbands.*

MAR. This is indeed a most delightful surprise!

GIA. (*Excitedly*) Yes, we thought you'd like it. You see, it was like this. After you left we felt very dull and mopey, and the days crawled by, and you never wrote...

TESS. ... So at last I said to Gianetta, "I can't stand this any longer; those two poor Monarchs haven't got any one to mend their stockings or sew on their buttons or patch their clothes--at least, I hope they haven't--let us all pack up a change and go and see how they're getting on."

GIA. And I said, "Done!" and she said, "Done," and we all said, "Done"; and we asked old Giacopo\* to lend us his boat, and he said, "Done"; and we've crossed the sea, and, thank goodness, that's done; and here we are, and--and--I've done!

TESS. And now--which of you is King?

GIA. And which of us is Queen?

\**Giacopo-pronounced "zhee-Ah-coh-poh"*

AUDITION #5— CONVICTED —MARCO, GIUSEPPE, GIANETTA, TESSA, DON ALHAMBRA

DON ALHAMBRA—PREPARE THIS FOR CALLBACKS

MARCO & GIUSEPPE — MEMORIZE THIS FOR AUDITIONS + CALLBACKS.

GIANETTA & TESSA—READ FOR AUDITIONS, MEMORIZE FOR CALLBACKS

*Republicans believed in the voice of the people, rather than a monarchy.*

*The two couples mistake Don Alhambra for an undertaker (hence the comment: “don’t need anything in your line today.”)*

DON AL. Married! What, both of you?

ALL. All four of us.

DON AL. *(aside)*. Bless my heart, how extremely awkward!

TESS. You don’t mind, I suppose?

GIA. You were not thinking of either of us for yourself, I presume? Oh, Marco, look at him--he was. He’s heart-broken!

DON AL. No, no, I wasn’t! I wasn’t!

GIU. Now, my man *(slapping him on the back)*, we don’t want anything in your line today, and if your curiosity’s satisfied--you can go!

DON AL. You mustn’t call me your man. It’s a liberty! I don’t think you know who I am.

MAR. Not we, indeed! We are jolly gondoliers, the sons of Baptisto Palmieri, who led the last revolution. Republicans, heart and soul, we hold all men to be equal.

GIU. As we abhor oppression, we abhor kings: as we detest vain-glory\*, we detest rank. *\*(vain-glory = pride)*

DON AL. Bless my heart, how unfortunate! One of you may be Baptisto’s son, for anything I know to the contrary; but the other is no less a personage than the only son of the late King of Barataria.

ALL. What!

DON AL. And I trust--I trust it was that one who slapped me on the shoulder and called me...his man!

GIU. One of us a king!

MAR. Not brothers!

TESS. The King of Barataria! *[Together]* GIA. Well, who’d have thought it!

MAR. But which is it?

DON AL. What does it matter? As you are both Republicans, and hold kings in detestation, of course you’ll abdicate at once. Good morning! *(Going.)*

GIA. and TESS. Oh, don’t go! *(Marco and Giuseppe stop him.)*

GIU. *(Quickly interjecting)* Of course there are kings... and there are kings.

MAR. Yes, when we say we detest kings, we mean we detest bad kings.

DON AL. I see. It’s a delicate distinction.

GIU. Quite so. Now I can conceive an ideal king--A king, for instance, who would abolish taxes and make everything cheaper...except gondolas!

MAR. And give a great many free entertainments to the gondoliers--And scramble money on the Rialto among the gondoliers.

GIU. Such a king would be a blessing to his people, and if I were a king, that is the sort of king I would be.

MAR. And so would I!

DON AL. I’m glad to find your objections are not insuperable.

MAR. and GIU. Oh, they’re not insuperable.

GIA. and TESS. No, they’re not insuperable.

GIU. Besides, we are open to conviction.

GIA. Yes; they are open to conviction.

TESS. Oh! They’ve often been convicted.

**AUCTION #6— WE WANT OUR TEA!—MEN’S SOLO FEATURED ROLES + MEN’S CHORUS  
(+ MARCO & GIUSEPPE)**

**FEATURED ROLES: MEMORIZE AS MANY DIFFERENT MEN’S ROLES AS DESIRED.  
MAR AND GIU BE PREPARED TO READ THESE FOR CALLBACKS.**

*Audition Sides for featured soloists: Antonio (baritone), Francesco (tenor), Giorgio (bass-baritone).  
Speaking roles: Annibale, Benedetto, and Men’s Chorus.*

*In this scene, Marco and Giuseppe are serving as dual kings in the palace, and have established  
Republican principles (no monarch). They are acting more like servants than kings. They’ve  
given everyone a crown to wear, and no one pays much attention to them. (Select the role you learn  
according to your vocal range and desired song solos.)*

*[Below, “ALL” refers to all men on stage except MARCO and GIUSEPPE.]*

FRANCESCO. *(Reaching for a glass as GIUSEPPE serves him)* I’ll have another!

ANTONIO. and BENEDETTO. *(MARCO serves them)* Good man!

*[ALL but MARCO and GIUSEPPE are talking loudly to each other.]*

MAR. Gentlemen... We are much obliged to you for your expressions of  
satisfaction and good feeling

*[MEN continue talking]* I say, we are much obliged to you for your expressions of  
satisfaction and good feeling.

ALL. We heard you!

GIU. At the same time there is just one little grievance that we should like to  
ventilate.

ALL *(surprised)*. What?

GIU. Don’t be alarmed--it’s not serious. Until it is decided which of us two is  
the actual King, we are to act as one person.

GIORGIO. Exactly.

GIU. Now, although we act as one person, we are, in point of fact, two persons.

ANNIBALE. Ah, I don’t think we can go into that. It is a legal fiction, and  
legal fictions are solemn things. Situated as we are, we can’t recognize two  
independent responsibilities.

GIU. No; but you can recognize two independent appetites. It’s all very well  
to say we act as one person, but when you supply us with only one ration  
between us, *(showing the single plate)* I should describe it as a legal fiction carried a  
little too far.

ANNIBALE. It’s rather a nice point. I don’t like to express an opinion off-  
hand. Suppose we reserve it for argument before the full Court?

ANTONIO. Capital idea. We shall meet next month. Now, on to...

MAR. *[Interrupts]* Yes, but what are we to do in the meantime?

MAR. and GIU. We want our tea!

ANNIBALE. I think we may make an interim order for double rations on their  
Majesties entering into the usual undertaking to indemnify in the event of an  
adverse decision?

GIORGIO. That, I think, will meet the case. But you must work hard—stick  
to it—there’s nothing like work.

ALL. Hear! Hear!

GIU. Oh, certainly. We quite understand that we must earn our title of King.

ANTONIO. *(Beginning to exit. Stops to slide his crown over to Giu’s arm.)* Good! You  
can start by polishing our coronets!

MAR. *(During this speech, the others slide their crowns on Mar. and Giu’s arms, not listening  
to the speech.)* We are called “Your Majesty”; our subjects frequently nod to us  
in the streets; the sentries always return our salutes; The least we can do is to  
make ourselves useful about the Palace.

BENEDETTO. *(The last to exit. Stops to address MAR. and GIU.)* Oh, and the  
sentry at the private entry wants you to relieve him at sundown while he goes  
into town. *(Exit Benedetto.)*