CARMENELLA

Music by Bizet Words by Denise Page Caraher copyrighted material-use by express permission only Additional Music by George Thoroughgood, Queen and The Village People

Characters:

Esmerelda – Tenor Druscilla – Bass

Stepmother – Soprano Note: This was written for a mixed quartet. Carmenella – Mezzo Stepsister parts could be performed by a

Hairy Godmother – Tenor mezzo and soprano.

Prince – Bass Bull – Tenor

Set:

Two scenes – House and Bullfighting Arena

EXCERPT:

Our clothes and *mantillas* must be pressed and ironed. Shoes shined. Jewelry cleaned. I won't have MY girls tiring themselves before meeting the prince.

C: Si, si, madre mia. (exits)

E: (to D) Out of my way, girlfriend, I'm going to start getting ready. I'm going to wear the green and gold outfit.

D: I'm gonna wear that.

E: Not if I beat you to it.

D: I said it first.

E: Did not.

D: Did too.

Etc.

M: I'll go pick out something that MIGHT make you look like ladies. (Looks at D & E scratching and wiping noses on sleeves)...if such a thing exists.

M: Hear ye, hear ye. Senors, senoras, and senoritas, especially senoritas. All are hereby invited to attend *ZEE ROYALE BULLFIGHT* – The Social Event of the Year – The kingdom's own *Prince Carlos*, affectionately known by his people as the Toreador Pince, will fight the *EVIL BULL*, *EL DIABLO* (oos from D & E) Come one, come all, but senoritas come for sure! Prince Carlos will choose a wife at the fiesta following his most certain defeat of El Diablo. (pausing dramatically) A Wife!!!!

E: Holy Guacamole! The Prince! (grabs for invitation)

D: Hot Tamale! A bullfight! (also grabbing)

Music.

D: YES, THE BULLFIGHT WILL BE SO GRAND-,

E: OH, YES, IT WILL BE GRAND-,

M: OH, YES, IT WILL BE GRAND-,

D: HOT TAMALES, MARIACHI BAND-,

E: EXCITEMENT, THRILLS ARE CLOSE AT HAND!

M: EXCITEMENT, THRILLS ARE CLOSE AT HAND!

M: (to D & E) TO WED THE PRINCE!

C: TO SAY "I DO"!

M: NOT YOU!

D & E: NOT YOU!

M,D & E: NOT YOU!

C, M, D& E: OH, I AM (YOU'RE NOT) SERIOUS, I SHOULD (YOU CAN'T) GO!

D & E: THE INVITATION CAN'T MEAN YOU!

JUST SENORITAS, JUST WE TWO!

YOU CANNOT GO! (to Mother) DON'T LET HER GO!

M: YOU'RE AN EMBARASSMENT TO US, SKIRT IS A RAG, SHIRT IS A RAG,

WE ARE ASHAMED OF YOU, MY DEAR,

YOU STAY HERE, IS THAT CLEAR?

M, D, & E: DRESSED IN RAGS, OUR CARMENELLA,

YOU STAY HERE AND SCRUB THE FLOOR.

ON YOUR KNEES TO DO THAT CHORE,

YOU STAY HERE AND SCRUB THE FLOOR!

D & E: WE ARE ASHAMED OF YOU, MY DEAR,

(add M) YOU STAY HERE, IS THAT CLEAR?

IF THEY SAW YOU, THE CROWD WOULD SNEER.

D & E: WE'LL BEAT YOU UP, IF YOU COME NEAR!

ALL: I MUST (YOU WILL) STAY HERE, STAY HERE, STAY HERE!

D & E: MUST STAY HERE, MUST STAY HERE,

(add C) CAN'T GO, CAN'T GO, CANNOT GO!

ALL: BECAUSE THEY (WE) SAY SO!

(Carmenella breaks into sobs)

M: *Andale, andale,* my lovely senoritas. Time waits for no man...I mean woman (aside) I think. (To Carmenella) And you, Carmenella, stop that catterwalling and get busy.

HG: Sit down, senorita. Listen up, muchacha. I am your Hairy Godmother.

C: Hairy Godmother. Er, don't you mean Fairy Godmother?

HG: No way, Jose, and I don't do any of that Bippity, Boppity Boo stuff, either. I'm just a nofrills, no nonsense, but oh, so loveable, Hairy Godmother. *Madrina peluda*.

C: How come I've never seen you before?

HG: You've never needed me before. You've always had hope. You've never given up. In fact, I've always bragged about you to the other hairy godmothers.

C: You mean, there are more of you?

HG: We have a union, dearie.

C: I don't believe this.

HG: Well, you'd better believe it, boopsie. I'm here now because you're at your lowest low and throwing away your hopes and dreams. Buck up, girl. You're going to the bullfight.















