Prince of Wales	
British	SCENE TWELVE
	England, The Royal Palace
	SENTRY
His Royal Highnes	s, the Prince of Wales!
	PRINCE OF WALES enters as PERCY and his MEN make a d entrance, closing out the seng.)
Percy & His Men:	LA, BUT SOMEONE HAS TO STRIKE A POSE! AND BEAR THE WEIGHT OF WELL-FAILORED CLOTHES! EACH SPECIES NEEDS A SEX THAT'S FATED TO BE HIGHLY DECORATED! THAT IS WHY THE LORD CREATED MEN!
START	Stage cue #1 (At crest of applause, conductor signals MEN to break the stage and shift position.)
Is that you, Percy?	
	PERCY
Highness! How well you're lookin'!	
	PRINCE
I protest, you lie, I	Blakeney, smooth as a cat.
	PERCY
You've caught me	out.
	PRINCE
No more lies, my fellas sail back ar about then?	ad. No, called you here for a bit of candor. I have reports you d forth to France at a dizzyin' pace these days- what's that all
\bigcirc	PERCY
Frou-Frou!	
	PRINCE
Beg pardon?	
	BEN
Frou-frou!	
17 -211-2	ELTON
Frills!	
	DEWHURST
Fabric!	

Where else can one get the finest but France?

Even in these days of butchery, the French do still turn out such rickrack!

Gad, but we must have their trim, tassels, taffeta!

Whatever the cost!

PERCY

Stage cue #2 (Conductor treats "go" as beat 3 in fast 4/4 time and conducts the MEN's next line as two measures of music.)

Row, row, row your boat-

So back and forth we go-

PRINCE

ALL

Yes, but-.. you're sure you're not hooked up with this... Pimpernel fellow?

(The MEN's reactions range from horror to hilarity.)

PRINCE Hmmm. Well, I must say you *are* all lookin' quite.. quite..

PERCY

Summery?

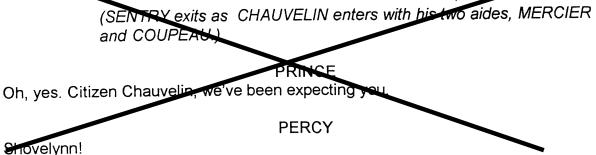
PRINCE

Yes.. quite summery. Oh, very well. You may continue certain brief and politic trips to France for the purposes of uh-.. "frou-frou" only. Oh, and next trip, pick me up one of them silly hats, what?

(SENTRY enters.)

Citizen Chauvelin, Agent of the French Republic.

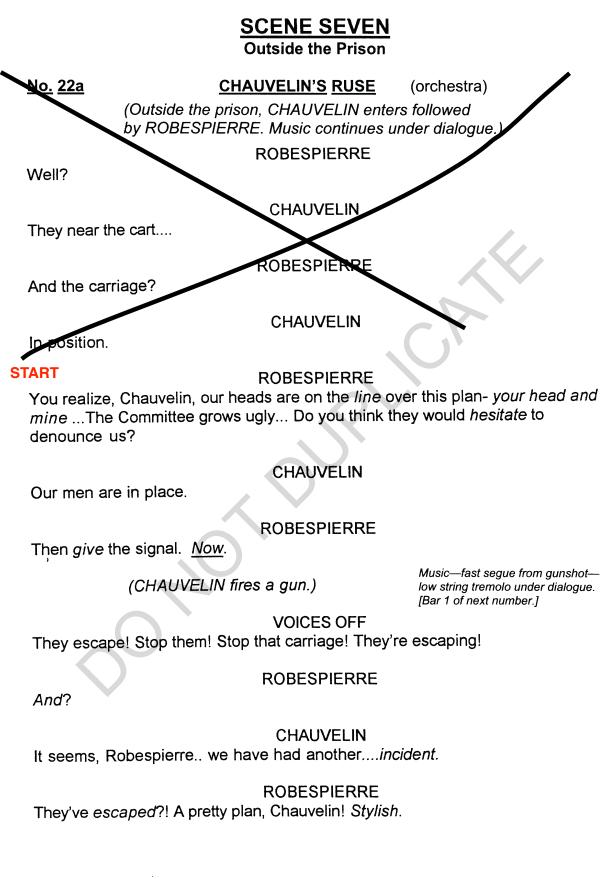
Stage cue #3 (Conductor treats ""-pub-" as beat 3 in fast 4/4 time and conducts Percy's BOUNDERS in a choreographed back-up routing for three measures.)



PERCY

OZZY

HAL



CHAUVELIN

They're in the carriage! Heading for the West Gate!

ROBESPIERRE

Just so! But the note? The paper with the scarlet flower?

CHAUVELIN

Thrust into the boy's hand. He took it.

ROBESPIERRE

Yes- Let the St. Justs escape. Make the boy think his <u>own</u> men have rescued him-

END

CHAUVELIN

And he will lead us to Calais perhaps? Boulogne? Whichever port the bastards use! He'll lead us straight to their boat and to the *Pimpernel*! Robespierre, I vow to you, before a new day or the shall be recorded that the Scarlet Pimpernel fell to Madame Guillotine!

(Blackout.)

<u>No. 22b`</u>

IN THE COACH

(orchestra with offstage chorus)

(Music continues as scene is transformed and under following dialogue.)



