

THE ABDUCTION FROM THE SERAGLIO

or

YANKED FROM THE HAREM

SCENE: a town square in Turkey. Belmonte enters, looking around anxiously.

BELMONTE: Excuse me, ma'am. I'm looking for someone. Can you help me? . . .
Oh, sir! Have you seen my girl friend? Here's her picture. She's with two friends . . .
American. Please!

I, ARIA

Has no one even seen her?
My darling! Where to find her?
I fear the worst has happened.
What started as a visit, ah!
Now comes to grief.

More beautiful than roses new opened,
Her character so charming, exquisite!
Her smile beyond belief.

Her life may be this minute in danger.
Where is the missing clue
That leads her to my side?
Please, I rely on you
To be my friend and guide.
I beg of you to be my friend and guide.

(Osmin, a surly policeman, enters. Belmonte takes out a phrase book and approaches him tentatively.)

BELMONTE: Merhaba . . . Ozur dilerem . . .Lutfen . . .

2. SONG & DUET

OSMIN

When you find a willing sweetheart
You must keep her under thumb,
For the wooing and the winning
Are in fact the mere beginning.
Oh, the test is yet to come!

Treallalera, etc.

BELMONTE: Thank God you speak English! Maybe you can help me. I'm looking for Pasha Selim.

OSMIN

(loftily ignoring him)

To assure a love that's lasting,
Lock the door and hide the key.
Little lambkins like to wander
To the greener pastures yonder,
On the loose and fancy free.

BELMONTE: Look, excuse me for interrupting, but this is an emergency. I need information . . .

OSMIN

(again ignoring him)

When the moon is full and shining,
See that doors are bolted tight.
Otherwise, expect surprises
When the morning sun arises
And your bird is off in flight,
Flown away,

BELMONTE: (I can forgive his bad upbringing,
But must he rub it in by singing?
What an appalling point of view!)

OSMIN: (These foreigners belong in prison.
Why does he stand around and listen?)
What is it? What is it? What is it?
You are in my way, I have work to do.

BELMONTE: Is Pasha Selim here in town?

OSMIN: And what has that to do with you?

BELMONTE: Say yes or no. A word!
Just yes or no. A word!

OSMIN: I'm in a hurry. Be off, or you'll be sorry.

BELMONTE: But on your answer much depends.
To help me find my missing friends
He is the person I must see.

OSMIN: And what has that to do with me?

BELMONTE: This note is from my friend Pedrillo;
It says that here I'll find all three.

OSMIN: Pedrillo! That juvenile delinquent!
A slimy snake!
His scrawny neck I'd like to break!

BELMONTE: (A man of charming, old-world polish.)

OSMIN: (Him and his type I would abolish.)

BELMONTE You're wrong about my friend;
I've heard enough abuse.

OSMIN: I know where he will end;
That dog deserves the noose.

BELMONTE: You mustn't judge before you know him.

OSMIN: To starving wolves I'd like to throw him.
To wolves I would like to throw him.

BELMONTE: Why do you jump so hard on him?

OSMIN: I'd tear the rascal limb from limb.
If I could get my hands on him,
I'd tear the rascal limb from limb.

BELMONTE:But to the task . . .

OSMIN: What is it now?

BELMONTE: I merely ask . . .

OSMIN: What is it? What is it? What is it now?

BELMONTE: As I was saying . . .

OSMIN: You've heard a rumor
About Pedrillo, that woman chaser.
Go, on your way! You're not wanted here.
Go, go, go, go, go on your way!
Be off, disappear.

BELMONTE: Just as you say, sir. (The man's demented,
But I'm determined to persevere.)
What do you mean, shouting in my ear?

OSMIN: Stop asking questions?

BELMONTE: Why so unchristian?

OSMIN: Will you be gone?

BELMONTE: I am not done.

OSMIN: You are unwanted by the law.

BELMONTE: (I'd like to punch him in the jaw.)

OSMIN: Go to the devil! I'm through with joking.
Why do you come here prowling and poking?
You waste your time.
(Wasting your time.)

BELMONTE: Kindly remember how it began, sir;
I came requesting one simple answer.
So what's the crime?
(What is the crime?)

OSMIN: You're in the way.

BELMONTE: I mean to stay.

(He eventually departs. Pedrillo enters, catches a glimpse of him as he is leaving)

PEDRILLO: That's him! Good old Belmonte! He got my letter after all. Thank God, maybe he can get us out of here. *(He starts to run after him)*

OSMIN: Not so fast! Where you running off to?

PEDRILLO: Oh, nowhere in particular. Just out for a little exercise. Lovely day.

OSMIN: Lovely day, huh? Nothing more than that? Nothing to do with that pale-faced young weasel who was here looking for you?

PEDRILLO: Heavens, no! Someone looking for me?

OSMIN: No plot going on behind my back? No fool plan to run away?

PEDRILLO: Perish the thought.

OSMIN: Go ahead, start running. See how far you get. My men itching for target practice.

PEDRILLO: Look, all I want to do is get in touch with the American Consulate. One phone call is all I'm asking for. What's illegal about that? Don't I have rights?

OSMIN: Not in this country.

PEDRILLO: But you can't keep us here forever.

OSMIN: Why not? We handle you easy now. Maybe things change, we lock you up, put you in dungeon where you belong. That's what I tell Pasha. Pasha says no.

PEDRILLO: You're down on me because I'm an American. What's wrong with Americans?

OSMIN

3. ARIA

Good-for-nothing trouble-makers!
Always reaching out for takers.
Words alone cannot convey
How I hate the U. S. A.
Oh, the games they play I understand,
Sporting about and spying,
Probing about and prying.
But I . . . I am not naïve.

Secret agents, allegations,
Undercover operations,
Mischief up the sleeve.
I repeat, mischief up the sleeve.

Crude and overbearing,
Quarrelling and swearing ---
When it comes to Yanks,
I reply, No thanks.
I reply point plank,
Sir! I dislike the Yank.

Their approach so hale and hearty
Might deceive some other party.
Drawing up my list of gripes,
First I put the stars and stripes.

Of their native sons I am no friend ---
Clever and calculating,
Smooth and ingratiating . . .
But I . . . I can hold my ground.

Democratic fellow feeling
Only peasants find appealing.
I have been around.
I repeat, I have been around.

Grumbling and grouching
When they're not carousing ---
When it comes to Yanks,
I reply, No thanks.
I reply point plank,
Sir! I dislike the Yank.

Nincompoops and jerks,
Just as bad as Turks.

By the sacred beard of Allah,
Send'em all to kingdom come.
They and their almighty dollar
You can tell to go back home.
Send'em all to kingdom come.
Yankee go home!

PEDRILLO: That's exactly what I've been asking for!

Get'em out, clear the borders;
Let'em know who's giving orders.
Send'em home, out of Turkey,
To Des Moines or Albuquerque.

Let'em hang tied together,
String'em up to tar and feather.
Let'em sweat, let'em suffer
Tell the Yank the Turk is tougher.

SELIM: *(offstage)* Osmin!

OSMIN: It's the Pasha! Birthday celebration coming up. I've got to go. Don't try any what you call monkey business. *(exit Osmin)*

BELMONTE *(entering)* Pst! Pedrillo!

PEDRILLO: Belmonte! Thank God it's you! You got my letter?

BELMONTE: How's Constanza? Is she all right? Is she safe?

PEDRILLO: All things considered, besides maybe spending the rest of her life in Turkey.

BELMONTE: What a God-awful mess! Come on, what happened? How did you do it?

PEDRILLO: Now don't go putting the blame on me. It was no fault of mine. It was that thick-skulled dinosaur you saw here a minute ago. The three of us were passing through town, heading toward Ankara --- me, Blondie and Constanza -- just about to step onto the bus, and that thug stops us, takes my passport, grabs my bag, starts going through it . . .

BELMONTE: You weren't smuggling anything, I hope?

PEDRILLO: You think I'm that dumb? I know better than that.

BELMONTE But he must have found something.

PEDRILLO: Not a thing. I told you. Just two measly little joints . . .

BELMONTE: You jerk! You moron! Didn't I warn you?

PEDRILLO: But it doesn't make sense. What the hell? Everybody smokes it. Why us?

BELMONTE: Why Constanza is what I want to know. She'd be the last . . .

PEDRILLO: Aha! The fine-toothed comb of justice! No, this redneck muscles in on all three of us and hauls us up to the Pasha. He's the big wheel around here, owns half the town. Luckily, he falls hard for Constanza. Well, maybe not so luckily. In fact, I think he wants to keep her here for a long time.

BELMONTE: But how can he do that? Does he think this is the eighteenth century?

PEDRILLO: I believe you've hit the nail on the head.

BELMONTE: But how is it that you're out here walking around on the street? I expected you to be rotting away in a dank cell, gnawed by rats, starving on bread and water . . .

PEDRILLO: Hey, cut it out! That may come. For the moment, the Pasha is trying to make a big impression on Constanza. The enlightened Western gentleman. University education with all the trimmings. But I don't know how long it's going to last.

BELMONTE: Are the girls locked up?

PEDRILLO: No, but you'd better believe they're under close observation. Accommodations to your left. It's sort of a cross between a club house and a detention home for women. It's where they keep the dancing girls. I call it the harem.

BELMONTE: The harem! My God! We've got to get them out of there!

PEDRILLO: Quick! Look the other way! You don't know me.
(He goes off with elaborate nonchalance)

4. ARIA

BELMONTE *(alone)*

Constanza! Constanza!
I come to your rescue, ah!

Here I've hastened, driven onward
By the beating of my heart,
Of my eager, loving heart,
Toward my final destination,
Soon to end these days apart.

I tremble, I shiver,
All fire and fever,
The pledges of love to redeem.

To be so near her!
What hand can I offer?
She reaches toward me ---
How long must she suffer?

A sweet illusion? Do I but dream?
Hallucination? Am I asleep?
Does hope deceive me, lost in a dream?

Here I've hastened, driven onward
By the beating of my heart,
Of my eager, loving heart,
Toward my final destination,
Soon to end these days apart. *(exit)*

OSMIN: (*ushering in the two girls and Pedrillo*)

You Americans sing, no? The Pasha coming. Birthday party in the clubhouse. You are very, very glad to see him, understand? He is very nice fellow, you like him very much, you wish him happy birthday and long life. Big smile!

CHORUS

5. CHORUS

Long live mighty Pasha Selim,
The mighty Pasha Selim!
On this happiest of days
Let us honor and regale him
In a festive song of praise.

Blow, gentle breezes; flow, cooling waters!
Bountiful nature, rally around.
Mountain and valley, echo in chorus:
Long may he flourish, rich and renowned.

Raise a cheer for Pasha Selim,
The mighty Pasha Selim!
On this happiest of days
Let us honor and regale him
In a festive song of praise.

SELIM: (*to Constanza, as the others go inside*) Don't rush away, my dear. I find such pleasure in your company. Please join me for a stroll before going into the party. I cannot boast of having great wonders to show you –no Piazza San Marco, no Acropolis – but there's a view not far from here that you might enjoy.

CONSTANZA: Sir, I can enjoy nothing until I and my two friends are released.

SELIM: So impatient! Why the hurry? Have you suffered any mistreatment? Are your accommodations uncomfortable? What can I get for you? Name it and you shall have it.

CONSTANZA: Freedom is the only thing I am asking for. I have always taken it for granted, like air. Now I find that I can't live without it. Even though we are not locked up, we are prisoners just the same. Why do you hold us captive?

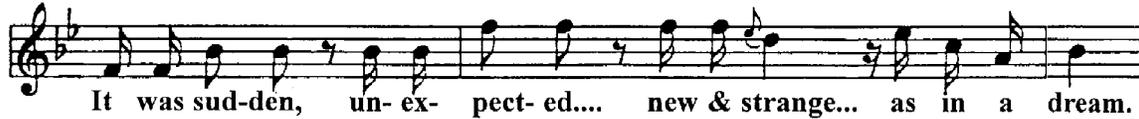
SELIM: Only because I fear that you will run away. The present restrictions are temporary. With your cooperation I could have them lifted immediately. I have already invited you to stay, not at the clubhouse, but at my own palace. Why do you refuse? I believe you would find my house very much to your liking.

CONSTANZA: You know very well why I cannot accept this offer.

SELIM: It's true, I want you for myself. I want you to be mine. But I would make you happy. I would live for nothing else.

CONSTANZA: There is only one man who can make me happy. I have told you that I am in love with someone else.

6, ARIA



It was sud-den, un-ex-pect-ed... new & strange... as in a dream.

How it happened . . . luck or fate? , , ,
Who is to say?

But I knew it . . . I was certain . . .
This was real, and forever.
For I gave to him my heart;
All I have I gave away.

But the wheel of fortune shifted;
Many miles now lie between us.
Hope is gone; my tears remain.
In the dark I reach for shadows;
Through desert I wander.
The nights grow longer;
Wide awake, I call in vain;
In despair, I call in vain.

Love was sudden . . . out of nowhere . . .
New and strange, but not a dream.
How it happened . . . luck or fate? , , ,
Who is to say?

But I know it . . . I am certain . . .
I am his and he is mine,
And my love I'll not betray.

Separation changes nothing;
Never mind those miles between us.
Far away, I feel him near;
Even now he's here beside me.
Across land or water
His arms enfold me:
I shall call no more in vain.

SELIM: So this is what you mean by being in love? Such a love I do not ask for. There are other kinds. I will keep you here. You will learn to love --- my way.

CONSTANZA: Pasha Selim, I have told you as clearly as I can what my feelings are. And you are fooling yourself if you think I'm going to change.

SELIM: You laugh at me. Take care. You are not in America, and perhaps do not yet fully understand your situation.

CONSTANZA: If *you* were in America, you might learn to think very differently. I don't suppose you've ever been there . . .

SELIM: On the contrary. I lived in Manhattan for three years, as an exchange student at Columbia University. My subject was American law.

CONSTANZA: You graduated from Columbia?

SELIM: I did not graduate. I was expelled for cheating, and sent home in disgrace.

CONSTANZA: How dreadful! (*hesitantly*) But were you guilty?

SELIM: I was the victim of the lies and treachery of my best friend, a reptile whose venomous bite still poisons my heart. The word of this native son carried greater weight than that of an obscure student from what was then looked upon as a backwoods country. He went on to become a distinguished senator. And I --- well, I have not done too badly. Possibly he might envy my wealth. I do not complain.

(Belmonte and Pedrillo slip in quietly, and eavesdrop)

CONSTANZA: But you mustn't condemn all Americans simply because one of them wronged you.

SELIM: I do not condemn them indiscriminately. As you see, I am only too willing to make an exception. If only you would let me love you!

CONSTANZA: You already know my answer.

SELIM: And you surely know that I am able to take what I want. No questions will be asked. I would prefer that you offer yourself voluntarily, but passion makes a man less particular. Tomorrow, perhaps you will give me a different answer. I can wait no longer. In the meantime, since you are not in the mood for picturesque views, allow me to escort you to my birthday party.

(Constanza reluctantly takes the arm he has offered, and they leave together)

BELMONTE: That Turkish mongrel! That puffed up small-town mayor! Does he think he's the Sultan? I'd like to wring his neck.

PEDRILLO: Good idea, but let's face it. He's more likely to wring ours. What are we going to do?

BELMONTE: You saw that lecherous gleam in his eye. Ha! He gives her till tomorrow to make up her mind. That means we have to act tonight!

PEDRILLO: The sooner the better. I'm ready any time you are.

BELMONTE: The first step is to get inside the clubhouse – to look around, see the layout, find out exactly what we're up against. We can't afford any false steps. I suppose you know what happens to prisoners when they are caught trying to escape.

PEDRILLO: Yeah, the lucky ones get shot.

BELMONTE: Constanza has to know that I'm here.

PEDRILLO: I could drop in and give her the message.

BELMONTE: And deprive me of the most precious moment of my life? A lot you understand! My God, I want to put my arms around her, tell her that everything's going to be all right.

PEDRILLO: Glad you see it that way. But look here, now don't get me wrong. It's good to have you here, nice of you to come and all that, but frankly, I don't see how it improves the situation. Do you expect to grab the girls and run? There are guards all over the place. They can't all be looking the other way.

BELMONTE: Why not? Ever heard of bribery? I've got money --- American dollars. My Dad came through. There's bound to be a back door or window that somebody forgets to lock.

PEDRILLO: Now we're getting somewhere. But I still don't like the idea of your going in there. Too risky. I could handle it by myself. They're used to seeing me around.

BELMONTE: Listen, old friend. I don't want to rub it in, but it was you that got us into this mess in the first place. I think we'd better tackle it together.

PEDRILLO: By bribing the guards? I'm not so sure it will work. With the ordinary guy, fine, no problem. But we're dealing with a walking maniac, (*enter Osmin*) a true believer, a soldier on a sacred mission, defending God against Satan. You'd sooner buy off the holy prophets.

BELMONTE: Then we'll just have to get around him some other way.

7. TRIO

OSMIN: March, march, march! Off you go!
I stand for law and order,
And have the final say.
My badge you will obey.

BELMONTE & PEDRILLO:
(trying to get past him and into the clubhouse)
(Ha, ha, ha! He's out to murder!)
You're standing in the way;
We haven't got all day.

OSMIN: The club's off limits.

BELMONTE & PEDRILLO: You've got two minutes.

OSMIN Look out, you two,
That club's taboo.

BELMONTE & PEDRILLO:
To hell with you,
We're coming through.

OSMIN:
Move on, move on, move on!

BELMONTE & PEDRILLO:
Stand back, stand back, stand back!

OSMIN: The word is no
So off you go.

BELMONTE & PEDRILLO:
We soon will show
Who's got to go.

OSMIN: Clear out! Clear out! Clear out!

BELMONTE & PEDRILLO: Watch out, out, out, out, out!

OSMIN: The club's taboo.

PEDRILLO: To hell with you,

BELMONTE: We're coming through.
To hell with you,
We're coming through.
Back, back!

(Belmonte and Pedrillo push past Osmin and triumphantly enter the Harem)

ACT TWO

SCENE: inside the clubhouse, three seconds later.

BELMONTE: We made it! Here we are in the inner courtyard. Where do we find the girls?

PEDRILLO: Women's quarters in back. But we'd better lie low till the party's over. Unless you want to bump into the Pasha.

BELMONTE: I have to admit, this breaking and entering business makes me jumpy. I feel like an elephant in a Japanese tea garden.

PEDRILLO: We'll have to find a hiding place for you. One that will last till dark. Say, I have a better idea. Follow me! Hurry! The old watchdog's back on his feet, and he doesn't look any too friendly. *(they leave)*

(Osmin enters through one door, Blondie through another)

OSMIN: Blondie! Where is he? I don't let him get away from me. I catch him and pull out his tongue.

BLONDIE: I don't even know who you're talking about.

OSMIN: Sneaky American.

BLONDIE: If you mean Pedrillo . . .

OSMIN: Not Pedrillo. His friend, who knock me over the head. He come to spy, come to make trouble, come to make fool of Osmin.

BLONDIE: Let me teach you a word. It's called paranoia, Look it up some day.
(she starts to leave)

OSMIN: You come back. Answer me! You hide him. You know where he is. I lock you up till you tell me.

BLONDIE: You are still under the impression that I am one of your brainwashed Turkish girls who trembles and covers herself every time you stamp your foot.

OSMIN:

No, not nice, sweet Turkish girl. Spoiled American girl! Wants man to treat her like kitten, make her purr, tie ribbon around her neck, pour fresh cream, pet her, make love.

BLONDIE: As usual, old deadbeat, you're about a hundred years behind the times. Where I come from, that's not the way love works.

8. *ARIA*

In days of lace and lavender
When charm was all that mattered,
A girl might well be flattered
By courtesies in kind.

Our standards now have lifted;
We claim an equal basis,
Not soft and pretty phrases
But a meeting of mind to mind.

From pampered pet to partner,
The ladder we've ascended;
As nature clearly intended,
We journey side by side.

The role of doll or diva
We've willingly discarded;
Through waters still uncharted
The ship of love must glide.

Those days of lace and lavender
Have faded and departed;
Through waters still uncharted
The ship of love must glide.

OSMIN: An equal basis! Ha! I tell you how we manage things here: me master, youslave. I say what to do, you do it.

BLONDIE: You know, you sound more and more like something from the Thousand and One Nights. Do me a favor and pop yourself back inside a bottle.

OSMIN: (By Allah, this girl is a daughter of Satan. She is a wicked, loose woman. She make me crazy. She drive me mad. I like to wring her neck. I love her.) You do not say things like that to Pedrillo.

BLONDIE: Right you are! And do you know why? Because he is charming, agreeable, sweet, young, handsome, and I adore him.

OSMIN: You now belong to me. The Pasha give you to me, and I command you to love me, not him.

BLONDIE: How sweet! A present from the Pasha. Pish posh! A box of candy, wrapped in pretty paper . . .

OSMIN: You are in Turkey . . .

BLONDIE: Turkey this, Turkey that! A woman is a woman, no matter where. And if your women are weak enough to let themselves be bullied and degraded, pushed around and treated like private property, so much the worse for them. What they need is a bit of encouragement. (*sudden enlightenment*) Who knows? Maybe I was put here for a purpose!

OSMIN: God help us! This girl can start a revolution!

8. DUET

OSMIN: These feminine fads I can cure;
I'm warning you now to be wiser.

BLONDIE: I take none of that from a boor.
Sir, when did I say
That you were to play
The role of my friendly adviser?

OSMIN: By Allah! By Allah!

BLONDIE: I act on my own;
Go, leave me alone.

OSMIN: In Turkey, the man is commander.
Here you bend and bow down to fate.

BLONDIE: Obey you and serve you?
By playing the goose to your gander?
You may have a long time to wait.

OSMIN: The American male is a martyr,
His manhood disgraced and dismantled.

BLONDIE: The girl of today has grown smarter,
No longer debased and manhandled.
In freedom now taken for granted,
Proudly we go, head lifted high.

OSMIN: Poor man, put upon, reprimanded,
Pulled down from his station,
His station on high.

BLONDIE: Go, leave me.

OSMIN You boss me about?

BLONDIE: You heard me! You heard me!

OSMIN: There's no need to shout,
No reason to shout.
I hope it is clear
I'm staying right here.

BLONDIE: I ask you again to get going.

OSMIN: A man must at least make a showing.

BLONDIE: Enough of the bluster and blather!
By now even you ought to gather
I just want to be left alone,
Want you to leave me alone.

OSMIN: You have little reason to worry;
I'm leaving, but what is the hurry?
Allow me to leave on my own.

(Pasha Selim enters, leading Constanza by the hand)

SELIM: Osmin, go help with the party. *(exit Osmin)* Careful, my dear. Fresh air will be good for you.

BLONDIE: Constanza, what's the matter? Are you sick?

SELIM: The room was stuffy and crowded. She'll be all right presently. Sit down here and rest. I will bring you some tea. *(he leaves)*

BLONDIE: Dear, are you all right?

CONSTANZA: It's nothing. Really nothing. I simply wanted to get away from him for a few minutes. He sticks to me like a shadow.

BLONDIE: He seems to be serious.

CONSTANZA: More than serious. He frightens me. It's come to an ultimatum. Since he is finally convinced that I am not going to marry him, he has made another offer. We can go free – you and Pedrillo, too – if . . . if . . . (*whispers in her ear*)

BLONDIE: No! (*slight pause*) Just once? He would let all of us go free?

CONSTANZA: That is what he promised.

BLONDIE: How barbarous! Doesn't he know that you are engaged to Belmonte?

CONSTANZA: Of course he knows! It doesn't seem to matter.

BLONDIE: Darling! It's *your* decision! You have to follow your own conscience. You really must not think about us. No, you must not even consider what will happen to poor Pedrillo and me. (*slight pause*) Of course, it's only for one night, and I'm sure that Belmonte would understand and forgive you. (*with growing enthusiasm*) But why would he even have to know about it? You can certainly count on *me* to keep a secret. No, no, no! It's entirely up to you to decide.

CONSTANZA: Oh, Blondie! I'm so confused, so completely in the dark. It's been this way ever since we got arrested. The shock, the uncertainty, I suppose. I don't even know if I'm in love! It all seems so long ago . . .

9. *RECITATIVE and ARIA*

Grief and chaos
Rage in bitter warfare
Since the day that shattered my existence.
My dearest! . . . Where are the pleasures and the joys,
The life we planned together?
All has changed completely . . .
Now it seems so distant.
Day and night, I weep,
And search my heart for love.



Dark of night bears down up- on me,

**And spreads a blanket
That conceals the truth I knew.
Was my love a dream that dies?
Just a dream?
Was my love a mere charade?**

**Like the rose deprived of water,
Like the frozen grass of winter,
I am cold and void of life;
My heart has turned to stone.**

**Since that sudden separation,
Here I wander through the dark;
Through a lonely wood I walk.
Birds are silent, flowers withered . . .
Through a darkened wood I wander,
Lost, uncertain and alone.
Where now to turn?
Oh, was it love?
That rush of rapture I can't remember,
For it seems so far away,
So remote and far away . . .**

**Like the rose deprived of water,
Like the frozen grass of winter,
I am cold and void of life;
My heart has turned to stone.**

**Since that sudden separation,
Here I wander through the dark;
Through a lonely wood I walk.
Birds are silent, flowers withered . . .
Through a darkened wood I wander,
Lost, uncertain and alone,
All alone.**

BLONDIE: Do you want me around when the Pasha comes back?

CONSTANZA: No. I have to handle this myself, and postponing it will not make it any easier.

BLONDIE: I have a suspicion that he, too, would rather I disappeared for a while.
(she leaves as the Pasha returns)

SELIM: I've brought you some tea, one of our native herbs.

CONSTANZA: That is very kind of you.

SELIM: It pains me to see you pale and sad.

CONSTANZA: Pasha Selim, you made me a straight forward proposition: freedom, in exchange for . . . for . . .

SELIM: I asked you to be my wife. Now I'm asking for less, far less, though still infinitely precious to me.

CONSTANZA: A single night . . .

SELIM: This would leave me something to remember. I do not expect an immediate answer. I can wait, though not indefinitely. By tomorrow . . .

CONSTANZA: You can wait till doomsday! My answer will not change. Sir, I hate playing games and pretending, and I respect you too much to lead you along with a lie. So hear the truth: I can never, never accept your offer.

SELIM: Take care. You have not yet seen me in anger. You have not tasted my wrath.

CONSTANZA: Wrath and anger cannot change the way I feel.

SELIM: I have treated you well till now – you and your friends. But I cannot promise that this fair treatment will continue. Need I remind you that in this country you are subject to our laws, not yours? And here the law is what I say it is. I can have you locked up for twenty years, thirty years, forever. And we Turks have never been accused of coddling our prisoners.

CONSTANZA: Threaten me, torture me! I have one recourse that you cannot take away.

11. ARIA

Threaten me with torture unrelenting,
Summon fire and thunder.
Not by terror nor compulsion
Can you reach and touch my heart.

No, no, no! Danger holds no terror.
To yield, to purchase my freedom,
Turn disloyal, faithless --- this alone I fear.
To yield by turning faithless
Is the one recourse I fear, all I fear.

Search out your conscience,
Live by its light,
And be rewarded with peace of mind,
With heaven's blessing and peace of mind.
Accept rebuff and depart resigned.

In peace of mind you will find reward.
Deaf to all persuasion,
Blind to tears of anguish,
You remain unbending.
But until my final breath,
I shall not concede.

Order me, command me;
Lock me up in prison.
Threaten, punish, torture –
Release at last I'll find in death.

In death at last shall I be free.
I shall be free,
I shall be free in death. *(exit)*

SELIM: Unfathomable! A shy, defenseless girl become so reckless, so defiant! Ha! Perhaps she has something up her sleeve, a plan of escape! But in that case, she would play along with me, try to put me off guard. No, this is the courage of despair! And I will gain nothing by demanding or by begging. What does that leave but taking? *(exit)*

BLONDIE: *(entering)* No Pasha, and no Constanza? Well, well, well! They must have come to an under-standing. Thank God, Constanza has decided to be sensible! No, probably not. That girl is so serious about life! I don't understand it. Now it's too bad the Pasha didn't fall in love with *me*. I would have us out of here in no time! It would be so simple, and I would love Pedrillo just as much afterwards.

(Pedrillo enters with Belmonte disguised as a Turkish woman, carrying a tray with two coca-colas)

PEDRILLO: Hurry up, old woman! I want service! Where's my coffee? And a pipe to go with it! Can't you understand plain English?

BLONDIE: Pedrillo! You pig! How dare you speak that way? Poor thing! Even though she doesn't know what you're saying, that's no excuse to talk like a Turk. Not while I'm around. For shame!

PEDRILLO: Oh, I don't think she minds. She expects a man to act that way. She's used to it.

BLONDIE: Used to it! Worse and worse! There, there, dear . . . let me . . . Good Lord! Belmonte! I don't believe it! Is it really you? I'm speechless! Let me look again.

BELMONTE: It's still me.

BLONDIE: How did you get here? And what are you doing in that preposterous getup?

BELMONTE: You don't like it?

BLONDIE: It's adorable!

PEDRILLO: My idea. We've got to keep him here till dark. And then he's going to get us out of here.

BLONDIE: Escape! My prayer has been heard! Oh, I knew it was bound to happen!

BELMONTE: I've got a jeep waiting just outside of town.

PEDRILLO: And money to pay off the guards.

BELMONTE: And tonight's the night.

PEDRILLO: Twelve o'clock sharp! Be ready--- and no suitcases!

BLONDIE: Oh, it's too good to be true! But what about Osmin? He watches me like a starved rat.

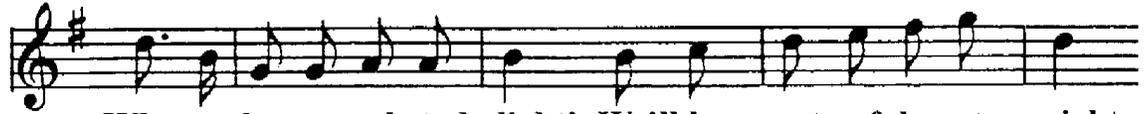
PEDRILLO: My assignment. Ever heard of a Mickey Finn? The old buzzard is going to have a beautiful, long night's sleep, wake up tomorrow, fresh as a meadowlark, and find a farewell note from his three favorite prisoners.

BLONDIE: I always knew you were brilliant. But how will you get him to take it?

PEDRILLO: Slip it into a Coke.

BLONDIE: Darling! This deserves a kiss. I can't wait to tell Constanza. Just a few minutes ago you would have found her here with the Pasha. Oh, my God! Let's hope I'm not too late!

12. ARIA



What a pleas-ure, what de-light! We'll be out of here to- night.

**This adventure we'll survive –
He will bring us back alive.**

**I am most enthusiastic ---
Order steps however drastic.
Now to hurry, go inform her
Help is just around the corner.**

**Seventh heaven I foresee,
Back at home, alive and free.
Not a moment can I linger;
Off I go at once to bring her
Welcome news so unexpected,
Just as we were so dejected,
Just as we were down and so dejected.**

**Sound the trumpet, raise a cheer;
Just in time the troops appear.
Sound the trumpet, raise a cheer, raise a cheer.**

**What a pleasure, what delight!
Better days are now in sight.
I'm ecstatic, I enthuse
At the happy, happy news.**

**But I mustn't keep her waiting.
Tidings so exhilarating
Will encourage, lift her spirit.
She will jump for joy to hear it.
In a moment she will be
Just as jubilant as me.**

**I shall carry out instruction.
Right away I'm off to let her
Know that life is looking better,
Get her ready for abduction,
Get her ready for the grand abduction.**

Count your blessings while you can ---
This at least is not Iran.
Wave the banners, give a shout:
By tomorrow we'll be out!
Cry Hosanna! Praise the Lord!
Blow the whistle, all aboard!

What a pleasure, what delight!
Days ahead are looking bright.
I'm ecstatic, I enthuse
At the happy, happy news,
The happy news! *(exit Blondie)*

BELMONTE: Well, old man, the next step is up to you. Think you can handle it?

PEDRILLO: Can I handle it? This is the chance I've been waiting for, the big moment of my life. But you'd better get out of sight. I detect a creeping five o'clock shadow.

(exit Belmonte)

13. ARIA



We must act at any cost;
He who hesitates is lost.
Do I weaken? Do I waver?
Does it call for someone braver?

No! Too late for turning back.
I'm ready for the bold attack . . .
Yet I cannot resist the thought:
What will happen if we're caught?
Will I make it? Does it matter
That my teeth begin to chatter?

No! The girls we have to free!
The dirty work is up to me.
No! They must go free!
And it is mainly up to me,
The dirty work is up to me.

Yet, however bold and brave,
My own skin I'd like to save.

As the lionhearted hero, ha!
As the lionhearted hero,
I'd be rated close to zero.

Yet, no matter what the cost,,
We must act or all is lost.
To the rescue! To the rescue!
To the rescue!

OSMIN: Still here? Party's over. Everybody leave.

PEDRILLO: How could I go without saying goodbye to you?

OSMIN: Belong back in barracks.

PEDRILLO: Home, sweet home. Speaking of which, look what I just found. The homeland itself, an old friend, my favorite drink -- a Coca-Cola!

OSMIN: More America!

PEDRILLO: Yes sir! What memories! Carefree summer days! The pause that refreshes! And now, just as I was thinking I had tasted my last, here in faraway Turkey two Cokes turn up, right off the ice. Enough to make you believe in miracles.

OSMIN: Arsenic and cyanide! That's the drink you deserve. Poison to choke on.

PEDRILLO: There you go --- always the light touch. That's what I like about you. But it's too bad they make you work so hard. Not even time to unwind a little at the end of a long day.

OSMIN: Have to keep track of slimy snakes, like you.

PEDRILLO: The faithful shepherd ever on the job, doing his duty while others have all the fun. Doesn't seem quite fair. No reward, even at the end of the day. Man, this is delicious! Never tasted better. Too bad you can't join me, but I suppose rules are rules. I wouldn't want to tempt you.

OSMIN: Only Allah tell Osmin what to do.

PEDRILLO: And you think Allah would object? Can he be so narrow minded, so old-fashioned? I don't think so. But I guess it means I'll have to drink both of them.

OSMIN You drink both?

PEDRILLO: Can't let'em go to waste. Allah would never approve of that.

OSMIN: Maybe Allah understand . . .

PEDRILLO: Oh, go ahead and risk it! I'm sure Allah has more important things to worry about. Here, I've opened it for you. *(While Osmin is cautiously looking around, Pedrillo opens the Coke and pours into it a mysterious white powder.)*

14. DUET

**Have a tasty Coca-Cola,
Guaranteed to make your day;
Cool, refreshing Coca-Cola
From the good old U. S. A.**

OSMIN: What if Allah saw me drink it?
Would he look the other way?

PEDRILLO: Afraid, when thirsty?
Don't worry, I'll answer for Allah;
His wrath it is hard to provoke.
He knows you are one of the folk.

OSMIN: Allah, forgive me! I'm only human.
I never could turn down a Coke.

BOTH: A bounty of pleasure,
At work or at leisure!
A national treasure,
The drink for you!
At work or at leisure,
The drink for you!

PEDRILLO: So delicious . . .

OSMIN: So refreshing!

BOTH: Ah! The classic formula!

OSMIN: Tasty, tempting Coca-Cola
Is the drink for young and old.

BOTH: You can turn to Coca-Cola
When you yearn for something cold.
Coca-Cola! Coca-Cola!
You sip and you savor
To find in the flavor

The lift you need.
Satisfaction, satisfaction guaranteed!
Satisfaction guaranteed!

OSMIN: Long live the prophet! Coca-Cola best ever! More sparkle, more flavor!

PEDRILLO: You said it. Better than wine! It soothes the nerves . . .

OSMIN: Clears the head . . .

PEDRILLO: Improves the disposition.

OSMIN: Brother Pedrillo, I have something to say to you, something I *want* to say to you.

PEDRILLO: Speak out!

OSMIN: Coca-Cola is a *beautiful* drink, a *great* drink!

PEDRILLO: Couldn't be greater.

OSMIN: Coca-Cola make you kick heels, clap hands, make whoopee! (*He executes a little dance*)

PEDRILLO: Osmin, behave yourself. Listen, old friend, it's bedtime for you.

OSMIN: Yes. Coca-Cola make you sleepy. Make you feel like long sleep. Nice, quiet, peaceful. Good night, little brother, good night.

PEDRILLO: And don't forget to say your prayers.

(As Osmin starts to stagger, Belmonte has entered quietly, no longer in disguise, rushes to hold him up, and with Pedrillo helps him off to bed.)

OSMIN: That's nice . . . two Pedrillos . . . I like lots of Pedrillos . . . the more Pedrillos the better. *(exit)*

BELMONTE: Good work, Pedrillo. I have to hand it to you.

PEDRILLO: Where's the veil? You've not discarded it already?

BELMONTE: Aw, I didn't want Constanza to see me looking like a nun. I'm the hero! Listen, now that we've taken care of the Gestapo, why not round up the girls and make a dash for it right now? Why twiddle our thumbs till midnight?

PEDRILLO: Too risky. Don't forget. After we get outside, we still have to make it through town. We'd better stick to the original idea --- wait till the streets are deserted. Never change horses in the middle of a harem.

BELMONTE: Suppose he wakes up?

PEDRILLO: Not a chance. The dose I gave him was enough to knock out an adult elephant for three days. *(Osmin reappears)*

OSMIN: Brother Pedrillo! Something I forget to tell you. You smart fellow. You my friend.

PEDRILLO: Osmin, go back to bed! I don't want to have to scold you. Quick march! I'll come in presently to see that you're tucked in.

OSMIN: Yes, brother. Pedrillo very intelligent. He tell me to go to bed, sleep, sleep, sleep . . . *(he staggers out)*

BELMONTE: Did you say three days? Let's hope for three hours.

PEDRILLO: Don't worry, by the time he opens his eyes again we'll be a hundred miles away.

(He goes off to get the girls)

15. ARIA

BELMONTE



And redeem the days of futile pain.
Present dangers fade to nothing
When you're sheltered in my arms again,
Safely sheltered in my arms again.

Ah, my darling! I have found you!
Stay forever in my keeping;
Prison walls are made for leaping.
In the end may love prevail.
Love will yet prevail.
Hand in hand how can we fail?

Even more sweet the compensation
Following loss and separation;
After storm the sun appears.
Rekindled, the sun appears,

Shedding light on phantom fears.

(Constanza rushes in, followed by Pedrillo and Blondie)

12. QUARTET

CONSTANZA: Ah, Belmonte! My beloved!

BELMONTE: Ah, Constanza! My beloved!

CONSTANZA: When I thought you far and distant
You were all the time persistent.
Nearly speechless with surprise,
I cannot believe my eyes.

BELMONTE: Joy, O joy! At last I've found you!
When I've got my arms around you
Like a bird, my spirits rise.

CONSTANZA: Tears of joy convey my feeling.

BELMONTE: Let my kiss be all-consoling.

CONSTANZA: Oh, if only I were free!

BELMONTE: Dear, leave all of that to me.
Leave it all, leave it all to me,
Depend on me.

PEDRILLO: *(to Blondie)*
We can do it undetected.
Cool and careful and collected,
We shall carry out the plot
Here at midnight on the dot.

BLONDIE: Until then I count the minutes!
Trust me, I'll be ready when it's
Time to spread the wings and fly
Out into the open sky.

ALL: Fair and bright, the dawn emerges
From the shadows of the night.
Joy and rapture born of freedom
Soon will put our fears to flight.

BELMONTE: My love, though all is well,

**I suffer from a doubt
That you alone can silence.**

**CONSTANZA: My dearest heart, speak out!
The doubt I would dispel;
From you I have no secrets.**

BELMONTE: They say . . . I mean . . . I've heard . . .

CONSTANZA: I'm waiting . . .

**PEDRILLO: All set to go! By midnight!
But are you really worth the risk we run?**

**BLONDIE: You'll wait and think it over?
Oh, what a charming lover,
The perfect gentleman!**

PEDRILLO: But did Osmin . . . did you and he?

BLONDIE: Your problem? . . .

CONSTANZA: Darling, I fail to follow.

BELMONTE: I've heard . . . they say . . .

PEDRILLO: That old Osmin . . . Did you and he?

GIRLS: I'm waiting . . .

CONSTANZA: Dear, you leave me baffled.

**BELMONTE: All right. So win or lose,
I speak because I must.
I hear about the passion
That overcomes the Pasha . . .
Is he the man you choose?**

CONSTANZA: (to herself) (Has he so little trust?

**PEDRILLO: About Osmin and you ---
Oh, tell it to me straight
If now it is too late.
I want to know . . .
To know in fact if
You find him more attractive?**

Perhaps you find him the more attractive.
And where do I come in
If you and he have had a spin?

BLONDIE: (*slapping his face*) Here is a quick reply!

PEDRILLO: That says it plain enough.

BELMONTE: (*abject*) I spoke, I know not why.

BLONDIE: Can you believe that stuff?

CONSTANZA: After all that we've been through
You ask if love is true?

BLONDIE: (*to Constanza*) The rascal dares imply
I've fallen for that Fuehrer.

CONSTANZA: (*to Blondie*) My friend believes that I
Am pining for the Pasha.

PEDRILLO: (*to Blondie*) The murder in your eye
Restores my heart and spirit.

BELMONTE: My shame now turns me shy;
Pretend you didn't hear it.

ALL FOUR: I'm (They're) angry and disgusted
If love cannot be trusted.
Reproaches fair and square
Are hard enough to bear.

PEDRILLO: Dearest, I was only teasing;
I've a tongue that needs policing.
The fifth amendment I invoke.

BLONDIE: No! You'll not get off so lightly.
If I understand you rightly,
This has gone beyond a joke.

BELMONTE: O my angel! I was jealous ---
Worse than mad, the wise would tell us.
I am now myself again.

CONSTANZA: Darling, how could you have doubted
Love so constant and devoted,

Ever constant and devoted?
Yours alone I shall remain.

BELMONTE: I was jealous . . .

PEDRILLO: I was joking . . .

BELMONTE: What a fool I was!

PEDRILLO: What a clod I was!

CONSTANZA: Out of pity, of pity,
I'll be lenient.

BLONDIE: Out of pity, I'll be lenient.

ALL FOUR: Now the sun again comes out;
What was all the fuss about?

It's love now forever!
The storm passes over.
May never the fever
Of jealousy reign. No, no!
May jealousy never
Take over again!

ACT THREE

SCENE: Just outside the clubhouse. Nearly midnight.

17. ARIA (Usually omitted in performance)

BELMONTE

Here under fateful stars that hover,
I wait and watch with bated breath.
Before this night is gone forever,
You shall be mine in life or death.
Before this night is over,
You shall be mine in life or death.
For love alone we venture all,
To soar in heaven or to fall.

PEDRILLO: Me nervous? I admit, I'd rather be lying on a sunny beach in Florida. I'm just not the criminal type. These Turks take everything so damned seriously. They'll tear off our toenails if they catch us. They'll make bracelets of our bones. My heart is beating loud enough to summon the guards!

BELMONTE: Don't worry about them. They're taken care of. I got them to hand over the keys.

PEDRILLO: Should we have brought along a ladder?

BELMONTE: Are you serious? That stuff went out two hundred years ago. No, all we have to do is let the girls know we're here. We give the signal, they meet us here at the door, and off we go. No need to be theatrical.

PEDRILLO: I'd like to be in that jeep right now, bouncing along on a bumpy road, never mind the speed limit. How far away are you parked?

BELMONTE: Less than a mile. We'll make it. No moon tonight. Nobody out on the street.

PEDRILLO: Perfect weather for driving *fast*. Got plenty of gas?

BELMONTE: Enough to get us to Ankara.

PEDRILLO: It's so quiet! Is that good, or is it ominous? I'd hate to go setting off a burglar alarm.

BELMONTE: It must be midnight, time for the signal.

PEDRILLO: A little serenade from my lips will bring the girls to the window.

BELMONTE: And everybody else, too! Why did you pick a dumb signal like that?

PEDRILLO: Name three better ones. I sing all the time. People are used to it. They think I'm crazy.

BELMONTE: Well, don't get overly operatic.

PEDRILLO: Just to be on the safe side, you go around the corner and keep watch. (*Belmonte exits*) I've never felt less like singing, but here goes:

18. ROMANZA



Fair as the dawn, her cheek was pale;
Pounding the door to no avail,
Forlorn, she sighed and wept.
Forlorn, she sighed and wept.

Galloping up, a gallant knight
Then heard her tearful plea.
Stirred to a frenzy by her plight,
Drawing his sword, prepared to fight,
He vowed to set her free.
He vowed to set her free.

BELMONTE: *(returning)* No answer from the girls?

PEDRILLO: No light, and no window opening. Good God, can they be asleep on a night like this?

BELMONTE: Maybe they're under observation.

PEDRILLO: Maybe they didn't hear.

BELMONTE: Got another verse?

PEDRILLO

“Wait for the dark, and then to work!”
Said he, “We'll not delay.
Dodging the snags and snares that lurk,
Stealing around the tyrant Turk,
I'll take you far away.
I'll take you far away.”

Twelve o'clock sharp, the sky is black;
The knight is at her side.
Pity the Turk! Next day he's back,
Ready to launch a new attack ---
The door is open wide.
The door is open wide.

BELMONTE: Look! The window! It's opening! Constanza! It's us! We're here!

CONSTANZA: John!

BELMONTE: I'm tossing up the keys. Catch! We'll be waiting here at the door for you and Blondie. Everything is under control.

(Osmin enters quietly from the other side, unobserved in the darkness)

OSMIN: *(aside)* (What's this? Midnight prowlers? A break-in? Can't seem to get my eyes open.)

PEDRILLO: *(to Belmonte)* I can't help thinking that this is just the excuse Osmin has been itching for.

BELMONTE: You're not suggesting that we stop now? Anyway, you said he would be unconscious for three days.

PEDRILLO: I said that an adult elephant would be unconscious for three days.

(The ladies open the door from inside and emerge)

BELMONTE: Constanza! Can you see? Here's my hand.

CONSTANZA: I'm with you, darling.

PEDRILLO: Blondie! Come on! Follow me and watch your step. Let's head for the great outdoors!

BELMONTE: Shh! Keep it quiet. I've checked the outside door. It's open.

BLONDIE: This is almost too exciting!

PEDRILLO: Hush! You'll wake the monster.

OSMIN: *(stepping forward)* Osmin already awake! He come to see what's going on!

PEDRILLO: Osmin! We were just talking about you! Didn't want to wake you up. Thought we'd take the girls out for a stroll. Nice, warm night . . .

OSMIN: You try to run way! I catch you, lock you up. Guards!

PEDRILLO: Don't let us disturb you. You're tired. Go back to bed. It's late.

OSMIN: You pull dirty trick on Osmin! You think I don't figure it out? Put me to sleep. Then you make off with the girls.

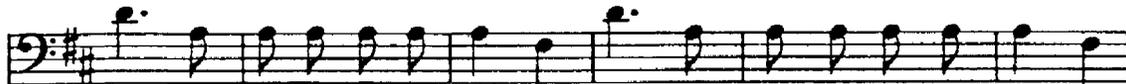
PEDRILLO: Oh, I wouldn't take it to heart. No offense intended. Just a little joke.

OSMIN: I play little joke, too. I get a rope and hang you up by the neck. Very funny, no? That make me laugh. First torture, then hanging. Like the good old days!

BELMONTE: Listen, Osmin. We mean no harm. We just want to get away from here, as far as possible, and not cause any trouble. If you let us do it, I'll see that you get a handsome compensation

OSMIN: You offer me money? You try to buy me? Ha! I throw you in prison, take your money anyway. Guards! Send for Pasha Selim. He see for himself. Then we punish you *my* way!

19. ARIA



As you dangle, as you swing,
Bear in mind the joy you bring.
I'll be sheriff when we're through
And I owe it all to you.

SELIM: *(entering)* Osmin, why do you disturb me in the middle of the night? An emergency, I trust? *(pauses and looks around)* Oh, I see . . .

OSMIN: These your friends, people you are good to, give special treatment. Traitors! Animals! They put me to sleep, try to sneak out, but Osmin too smart. Osmin has hundred eyes.

SELIM: So this is the way you repay my indulgence? Very foolish, indeed. Constanza, how can I trust you again? Your tearful request for delay takes on new meaning. I was misled by your apparent sincerity.

CONSTANZA: Pasha Selim, how can I deny it? We have been caught, trying to escape. It was an act of desperation. You are right. I tried to put you off, in the hope of seeing my fiance again. If you have any love for me at all, I beg you to spare him. Let him go free, let Pedrillo and Blondie go free, and I will do . . . what you wanted me to do.

SELIM: That offer I made once. It no longer holds good.

CONSTANZA: Then do with me what you will --- put me in prison, kill me. I offer you my life!

BELMONTE: Constanza! Do you think I could accept such an exchange? Sir, I've always thought I was too proud to beg. But now I implore you for mercy. Let us go free -- Constanza, myself, and our two friends, and you will be doing your country a service as well. Name your ransom --- no, no! Don't misunderstand. I'm not suggesting that you would be tempted by personal profit, but I can offer something else. My father holds a powerful position in Washington. His influence could be of great benefit to Turkey.

SELIM: And what is your influential father's name?

BELMONTE: Senator Belmonte!

SELIM: Belmonte! *(He gives a slow, deep chuckle, clearly relishing the moment.)* You do not know what you have said. That name has resonated in my heart for thirty years --- a name that once poisoned the well springs of my youth, a name that I have cursed and despised ever since! And you are asking me to accept favors from him? Ha! I am a fortunate man. I hold in the palm of my hand the son of my lifelong enemy. I ask you, were he so privileged, would he let the opportunity go wasted?

BELMONTE: I am afraid you know the answer to that as well as I do.

SELIM: Just so. Revenge is sweet, and I shall enjoy mine to the utmost.

20. RECITATIVE and DUET

BELMONTE: Marked for revenge, we end our journey.
Thus golden dreams dissolve and come to nothing.
Constanza! How badly I have served you!
All now is lost.

CONSTANZA: Hush, my beloved! Cast no backward glances,
For what is death? A passageway to peace
That we ascend together
To arrive at home in paradise.

BELMONTE: Oh, my angel! You give me courage
And put to rest my heavy laden heart.
You take away the sting of death,
While I now drive you to the grave.
For my failure must you suffer;
You will die by my own doing.
All I have I tried to offer,
Yet the grave is all I give.

CONSTANZA: No, my dear! Undeterred by danger,
Never flinching,
Out of love, you came to save me.
All, all because of me, you perish.
I would share your destination.
Unto death I choose to follow.
Should not we die together,
There to find eternal joy?

BOTH: Oh, my darling! All I wanted
Was to share with you forever
My devotion, my delights and all I cherish.
Without you, no joys remain.
Longer life brings only pain.
Longer life is only pain . . .

BELMONTE: Death invites and beckons gently . . .

CONSTANZA: Soft of touch, benign and friendly.

**BOTH: By your side, I feel no fear,
No trace of fear.**

BELMONTE: Onward together!

CONSTANZA: Onward together!

**BOTH: We shall cross the last frontier.
O happy destiny! Yours for eternity!
The time is not for weeping,
Nor yet for lamentation.
A promise we are keeping
To journey intertwined.
Rejoicing, we leave the world behind.**

**PEDRILLO: Oh, Blondie! They're going to hang us, cut off our hands, shoot us,
God knows what!**

BLONDIE: What's the difference? Dead is dead.

**PEDRILLO: How the devil can you be so calm about it? Good Lord, to speak of the
devil at a time like this!**

**BELMONTE: Sir, our hearts are fortified. We are resigned to whatever cruel
punishment you have in store for us.**

**SELIM: Cruelty would seem to be part of your family heritage, since you accept it
so readily. But you have misinterpreted my idea of revenge. I have nothing so
primitive in mind. Your father wronged me. For that I despise him --- so
completely that I would not wish to emulate him in the slightest degree. He would
show no mercy --- I shall do otherwise. Go! Return to your country! You are free!
Go home to him and tell him that a barbarous Turk refused to stoop to his level.**

BELMONTE: You're setting us free?

**SELIM: Tell him that you were in my power, and that I used that power by showing
mercy. I seek no greater pleasure than that.**

BELMONTE: Sir, how can I ever thank you?

SELIM: By proving yourself a better man than your father.

**CONSTANZA: Pasha Selim, I am speechless. I don't know what to say. I admired
you, but now I revere you. So wise, so magnanimous!**

SELIM: Enough of that! Let us hope that the man you have chosen will never give you cause to feel sorry you rejected the love that I offered.

PEDRILLO: Sir, this kindness, this generosity . . . does it include Blondie and me?

OSMIN: No! I take care of him. He break the law. He make fool of Osmin. He deserve a hundred deaths!

SELIM: Then die he shall! . . . at home, and in good time.

OSMIN And Blondie go, too? No, no, no! Remember, you give her to me!

SELIM: And now I am doing you a greater kindness in allowing her to leave.

OSMIN: She go back to America with that weasel, that cockroach? I boil . . . I explode!

SELIM: Calm yourself. Rest assured, if you cannot win a woman through kindness and persuasion, you're better off without her.

CONSTANZA: (*turning from Belmonte*)
What did you say, Pasha?

SELIM: Nothing, my dear. I was simply . . . talking to myself.

21. VAUDEVILLE BELMONTE:



Instead of six feet underground.

BLONDIE: For exploration I've a mania,
Air, sea or land, no matter what.
But for my next vacation spot
Give me Vermont or Pennsylvania.
I am no longer overawed
By the delights of life abroad.

OSMIN: What has become of law and order?
Are they to get away scot free?
They would be under lock and key
And slowly starve on bread and water
If it were only up to me!

I would cry, crucify'em!
Guilty all! No need to try'em.
Reinforce law and order,
Make'em starve on bread and water!
Let'em hang, tied together,
String'em up to tar and feather!
Let'em sweat, let'em suffer
Tell'em all the Turk is tougher

AMERICANS: Why do we turn to hate and anger?
Why does a man destroy his brother?
To build on earth a paradise,
We need but follow this advice:
We must accept, love and care for one another.

CONSTANZA: And we can find no better guide
Than the example you provide.

AMERICANS: And we can find no better guide
Than the example you provide.

TUTTI: Peace and health to Pasha Selim,
Peace to Pasha Selim!
Man of steel with velvet glove,
Passion he will rise above.
May good fortune never fail him
And his life be full of love,
Full of crowning joy and love.

THE END

