

# BARONESS 1

(Baroness enters and sees him.)

**Baron:** Oh dear, oh dear. Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear.

**Baroness:** What's the matter, dear heart?

**Baron:** Well, let's put it this way, my little blueberry muffin. You know how you've always wanted to live in a more expensive house?

**Baroness:** (Excitedly) Yes?

**Baron:** Well, now you do. They've put the rent up. (Hands her letter)

**Baroness:** What?! The cheek of it. For this pile.

**Baron:** (Grimacing) Please don't mention piles! Well, there's nothing else for it, my little rock cake. I'm afraid you're going to have to economise.

**Baroness:** (Almost in spasm) Econ... econ... Ec... I can't even say that ghastly word. (Grabs him by lapels) Listen to me, buster. It costs a good deal of money to look this gorgeous. (To audience) And I am gorgeous, aren't I? (Gets reaction) Oh yes, I am! Oh yes, I am! Pah! What would you lot know about being gorgeous? I mean, look at you! (To Baron) As I was saying, it costs a good deal of money to look like this, and as my husband, it's your duty to provide the necessary wonga. Understand?

**Baron:** Y-yes dear!

Song 3

(Dancers enter during Song and join in)

**Baroness:** I trust I've made myself clear?

**Baron:** Perfectly, my little iced bun. But did you really have to hire Dancers to make your point?

**Baroness:** Do whatever you have to do to get this sorted. But never, ever ask me to ec... Econ... Aaahgh!

(Baroness Storms off. Baron approaches Dancers)

**Baron:** Are you lot being paid by the step? (Dancers nod) In that case, hop it! Come on! Shoo!

(Baron ushers Dancers offstage. Lights down as we hear voices from auditorium. Fifi and Fru-Fru have ice cream trays round their necks and carry torches.)

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# BARONESS 2

## Scene Two: Forest, Night

(SFX: Thunder, rain, establishes then fades, as Baron and Baroness enter SL.)

**Baroness:** How could you have been so stupid? Not keeping the coaches for the return journey.

**Baron:** Well, they were very expensive, my little profiterole. Anyway, I wasn't to know the ball would end early.

**Baroness:** (Mocking imitation) "Dai waddent der dow de ball dud end erdy". Well you should have known. After all, it was all your fault.

**Baron:** My fault? How in the blazes was it my fault?

**Baroness:** I don't know, but it must have been. What am I always telling you?

**Baron:** (Thinks) "Don't do that in the sink"?

**Baroness:** Apart from that? (He can't remember) "Everything is always your fault".

**Baron:** Ah. Right. That.

**Baroness:** So it's your fault the prince didn't fancy my darling babies, it's your fault that Princess Crystal floozie turned up and stole the limelight, it's your fault the ball ended early and it's your fault I didn't bring any sensible shoes to walk home in! (Lifts skirt to reveal ridiculously high heeled shoes) Understand?

**Baron:** Perfectly, my little lemon tartlet.

**Baroness:** Which means that neither of my little bunnies will be marrying the prince, which means I'll still have no other source of income, which means I'm going to continue to bleed you dry of every last penny you possess! And now, I'd like to get out of this muddy, dank forest, before we round off the evening perfectly by getting devoured by wolves. Which way is home?

**Baron:** Er, (Points off left) that way, my little Bakewell slice. (Baroness strides off; SFX: a yell and a splash. Baron smiles) I expect that'll be my fault too!

(Baron exits SR, smiling.)