

Scene Eight
The Castle Ballroom

[MUSIC NO. 09 "GAVOTTE"]

(The LADIES dance on. TOPHER enters. SEBASTIAN and LORD PINKLETON enter.)

TOPHER. Sebastian, honestly!

SEBASTIAN. Only two hundred women to go!

(The LORDS dance on. MADAME enters with GABRIELLE and CHARLOTTE. The gavotte begins. TOPHER and CHARLOTTE dance.)

START



CHARLOTTE. So which one is it?

TOPHER. Which one is which?

CHARLOTTE. Duh. The prince. Which is the prince? I mean come on?! What do you think I'm here for, the free food?

TOPHER. Well, a good time, a dance perhaps?

CHARLOTTE. Wrong answer! I got marrying royalty on my mind. So which one is he here?

TOPHER. Well, maybe it's me.

CHARLOTTE. *(A moment of thought, then.)* Not likely. You're no prince. You're ordinary.

TOPHER. What makes you think I'm ordinary?

CHARLOTTE. We're doing a gavotte and you can't even keep the beat. When we get to the waltz, you're gonna trip over your two left feet and land on your flat little bottom. End of discussion.

TOPHER. Hope to talk to you later.

CHARLOTTE. I've moved on.

(She crosses to LORD PINKLETON, grabs the mallet, and bangs the gong, walking away in disgust. MADAME pushes TOPHER's next PARTNER away, placing GABRIELLE in her place.)

PARTNER. Hey!

TOPHER. How do you do?

GABRIELLE. How do you do?

TOPHER. A lovely dance isn't it? I hope my dancing is all right.

GABRIELLE. Oh, your dancing is absolutely princely – oops, I let that slip out.

TOPHER. Ahh, so you know.

GABRIELLE. I would know a wise and handsome prince anywhere.

TOPHER. The last girl did not know.

(MADAME glides by CHARLOTTE and whispers in her ear.)

CHARLOTTE. You're kidding!! Well thanks for the heads-up! Ugh!!

GABRIELLE. I think she does now.

TOPHER. Well...

GABRIELLE. So...

TOPHER. What can you tell me about yourself?

GABRIELLE. What would it please you to know, Your Highness?

TOPHER. What are your interests?

GABRIELLE. Why, whatever your interests are your highness.

TOPHER. Okay. Creepy.

CHARLOTTE. Your Majestic Highness, just because I was playing hard to get doesn't mean I'm hard to get!

TOPHER. Really creepy. Sebastian, I can't do this anymore, I'm sorry.

A DUCHESS. It's the prince!

(The LADIES throw themselves at TOPHER, pushing and pulling him about the dance floor. Just as the gavotte ends, ELLA appears. Everyone in the ballroom freezes at the sight of her, struck by her tremendous beauty. TOPHER sees her. The CROWD parts. TOPHER bows. ELLA curtsies. TOPHER offers his hand.)

STOP