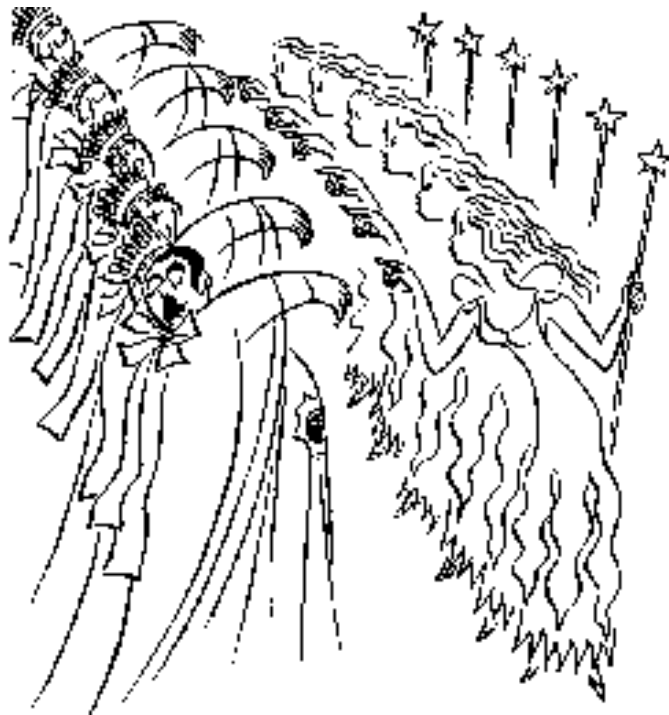


*Troupers Light Opera Company
2006 "Iolanthe" Cast Party Parody*

"BUT-I-CAN'T-SEE!"

Or The Peerless Fairy



April 1, 2006

*Written with Love in His Heart and a Twinkle in his Eye by Frank Sisson
Performed at the home of Shawn Amdur, Greenwich, CT*

*The 2006 Updated Version
Original 1882 Score Published by G. Schirmer, Inc.
Updated 2006 Score Published by F. Scharmer, Inc.*

Dramatis Personae

Original 1882 Version:

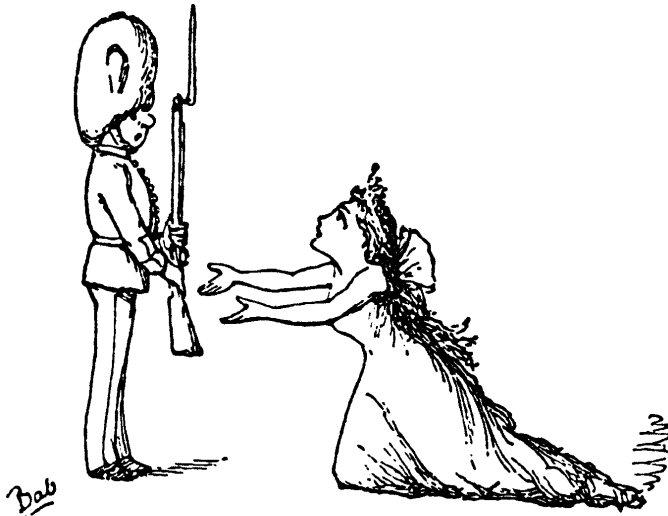
The Lord Chancellor
Lord Mountaratat
Lord Tolloller
Private Willis
Strephon, an Arcadian Shepherd
The Fairy Queen
Iolanthe, A Fairy
Celia, Leila and Fleta
Phyllis, a Ward of Court
A Chorus of Peers
A Chorus of Fairies

Updated 2006 Version:

The Bored Chanticleer*
Lord Mountanything, *Baron of Ladylove*
Lord Tall Latte, *Earl of Sandwich*
Private Willie
Stressin', *a Floridian Schlepper*
The Fairy Mean(*time*) of *Greenwich*
But-I-Can't-See, *a Fairy & Disgruntled Muse*
Feelya, Dateya, & Mateya -*Three Excellent Fairies & Even Better Party Planners*
Drill-us, *a Whirl of Wind*
Chorus of Peers
Chorus of Fairies

Played By:

Chris Hisey
Jim Cooper
Arnold Cohen
Wendy Falconer
Bill Lamoureux
Anne Wachsman
Dorothy Kolinsky
Molly, Debbie, Katie
Andrea Andresakis
The Guys
The Gals



* From Webster's Revised Unabridged Dictionary (1913):
Chanticleer \Chan"ti*cleer\ (ch[a^]n"t[i^]*kl[=e]r), n. [F. Chanteclair, name of the cock in the Roman du Renart (Reynard the Fox); chanter to chant + clair clear. See Chant, and Clear.] A cock, so called from the clearness or loudness of his voice in crowing. [EDITOR'S NOTE: That word is French.]

As our story opens, But-I-Can't-See, plays a beautiful overture. By now, she can play it blindfolded. Which is fortunate, because her conductor, the Bored Chanticleer, seems to be a very shy and humble man who does not like to be seen publicly and constantly hides in a dark pit. She is without peer ... but wants one bad. Luckily for her, there are many bad peers in this show to choose from.

Suddenly, the stage is filled with a multitude of fairies. If you listen very closely, you can hear what they're really saying to each other in their beautiful fairy ring:

[“Tripping hither” - All Fairies:]

CIRCLE MAKING,

HANDS A-FAKING,

• • • • • • • • • •

HOPE NOBODY SEES MY KNEES SHAKING
WHILE I DANCE AND WHILE I SING
PLEASE DON'T POKE ME WITH YOUR WING!

CIRCLE MAKING, HANDS A-FAKING,
HOPE NOBODY SEES ME SHAKING
WHILE I DANCE AND WHILE I SING
PLEASE DON'T POKE ME WITH YOUR WING!

CIRCLE MAKING, HANDS A-SHAKING,
HOPE NOBODY MINDS ME FAKING
THAT I'M SEVENTEEN TODAY --
NOW JUST PLEASE REMEMBER IT'S A PLAY!!!

The fairies all desperately hide behind paper-thin trees and gigantic mushrooms, concerned that Carla and Kim have, in their artistic vision, exposed too much of their shy fairy flesh. With great fanfare (and a very large stopwatch), The Fairy Meantime of Greenwich – or the Fairy Mean, as we call her -- enters. And right on time too, or she would have to confer with herself to excuse herself for her own tardiness. At the fairies urging, she frees But-I-Can't-See from her thirty year curse of playing poorly tuned pianos in poorly lit rehearsal halls:

[“Welcome to our hearts again” - All Fairies:]

WELCOME TO OUR PARTS AGAIN

BUT-I-CAN'T SEE, BUT-I-CAN'T-SEE

AND TO OUR FALSE STARTS AGAIN

BUT-I-CAN'T SEE, BUT-I-CAN'T-SEE

IF AT TIMES WE DON'T CUT OFF RIGHT

PLEASE DON'T FEEL YOU'VE HAD A BAD NIGHT

IT'S BECAUSE WE SHARE YOUR PLIGHT:

WE JUST CAN'T SEE, WE JUST CAN'T SEE, WE JUST CAN'T SEE

WE JUST CAN'T SEE, WE JUST CAN'T SEE*!

*(*Translation: Hey, Lord Chancellor, Strephon -- and you 10 Peers and Fairies fighting each other for a downstage center spot -- will you please move left or right!)*

Full of sympathy for their shared visual handicap, The Fairy Mean grants the peerless But-I-Can't-See her wish – to pick out her very own peer. With a wave her viagratic wand, The Fairy Mean causes a multitude of Peers to, well, ap-PEER:

[“Loudly let the trumpets bray”- All Peers:]

BETTER NOT STAND IN OUR WAY!
[Tenors:] HIP-HIP-HOO-RAH
HIP-HIP-HOO-RAH
WE MOVE LIKE A HERD OF ASSES!
[Basses:] LET’S CROON!
ONCE WE START OUR PEER SASHAY
WE CAN’T STOP ‘TIL MUSIC PASSES
HIP-HIP-HOORAH / LET’S CROON (ETC.)

NOW, NOW, WE’VE FINALLY GOT SOME STAGE TIME
WON’T LEAVE, TIL INTERMISSION PAGE TIME
ROBES AND CROWNS ON
KEEP US CLOWNS ON
HIP-HIP-HOO-RAH
LET’S CROON!

SEE HOW WE REGALLY MARCHED UP
(WISHING THESE TROUSERS WEREN’T SO STARCHED UP)
THROWING CLOAK BACK
JUST LIKE IN “BROKEBACK”
[Tenors:] HIP-HIP-HOO-RAH / [Basses:] LET’S CROON

The Peers proceed to introduce themselves to the Fairies. The first in line is, of course, Pier One (Rob Strom), who sells cheap oriental furniture on the side. Then there is the very suave nightclubber, Pier 54 (Steve Travers) who owns the hotspot where the famous English pop-star, Britainy Peer (Bernie Warmflash) often performs. And there’s that well-known American brewery king – the Peer That Made Milwaukee Famous (Dexter Anderson). And the very literary Shakes-peer (Andy “George Bernard” Shaw). Finally, there is that Houdini of Lords, never ever seen in the same spot twice, Disap-Peer (Marc “Poof - I’m Over Here Now” Packer). Unfortunately, the oft incontinent Lord Tolloller (Jonathan Pilkington) had had to dash out, giving a whole new meaning to the word “Pee-er”. Though individually distinctive, all the Peers share a peculiar trait.

[“Of what avail art thou” in “Spurn not ...” – Tolloller, then Peers:]
(Tolloller:)
WHEN PEERAGE IS YOUR PLOT
YOU PRIMP AND PREEN A LOT
TO SHOW YOU REALLY CARE
LIFT NOSE IN (THE) AIR!
(Peers repeat)

Disgusted by this display of name-dropping and nose-lifting, But-I-Can't-See asks the lords to take a long walk off a short pier, only to be told that the Short Peer joke is not used until Act II. However, But-I-Can't-See, now that she can, recognizes the Bored Chanticleer as the man she pledged herself to some fourteen weeks ago, and has not seen in all that time until now. But she must hold her tongue, for it is well known that any fairy who marries a conductor is going to spend all of her Friday nights alone – without those related “cherished rights”. [; -)] Yes, it seems that the Bored Chanticleer often sneaks out of his dark pit to seek the brightest of spotlights:

[“To say she is his mother is an utter bit of folly” – All:]
TO SAY OUR CHRIS IS MODEST IS A THEORY, BUT IT CAN'T BE!
OH ... OUR ... CONDUCTOR WANTS SOME LINES
HE'S NOW A MAJOR PLAYER IN THE PLOT OF IOLANTHE
WHERE'S YOUR FIDDLE? WHERE'S YOUR FIDDLE?
IT'S OUR PLAY!
HE WANTS TO SAY A WORD
TO FAIRY QUEENS WHO WANT TO KILL US
HE SHOWS HIS WINGS TO AUDIENCES TRYING TO WATCH PHYLLIS
AND THEN HE TAKES THE LONGEST BOW
WHICH “DON'T” EXACTLY THRILL US
WHERE'S YOUR FIDDLE? WHERE'S YOUR FIDDLE?
IT'S OUR PLAY!

Drill-Us (Andrea) is summoned before the Bored Chanticleer and is asked to please not mess up his masterful music with all this complicated moving about of the Company. Marc and Richard readily agree, and offer to freeze all Peer movement by throwing Bill Abbott into the nearest giant spiderweb. This sends the normally mild mannered Drill-Us into a frenzy and triggers her unfortunate self-destructive reaction to any bad news -- banging her own head into the nearest wall. And muttering:

[“Henceforth, Strephon, cast away” –Molly (who finally gets her solo):]
HENCEFORTH WHEN I BLOCK A PLAY
SEND ME DANCERS -- I'LL EVEN PAY
NO MORE GUYS WITH TWO LEFT FEET
OR TO SILVER HILL I'LL RETREAT
[All:]
INTO SILVER HILL SHE WILL GO
HAUNTED BY BAD NIGHTS REPETITIVE
BANGING HEAD ON WALL AS SEDATIVE
INTO SILVER HILL, INTO SILVER HILL
SILVER HILL, SILVER HILL SHE SHALL GO
INTO SILVER HILL SHE SHALL GO
INTO SILVER HILL
[Ladies:] S ... I ... ILVER HILL
[Men:] S ... I ... L, SILVER HILL, SHE MUST GO
[All:] INTO SILVER HILL SHE MUST GO!

Just in time, Stressin', that Floridian Schlepper, appears and confesses his love of Drill-us and her ability to charm all Peers into forgetting that they really can't dance. As the Peers are extremely good at forgetting everything, this clever ploy has worked very well! Then, tiring of all of the extra uncompensated accompaniment, But-I-Can't-See jumps to the end of Act II. She reveals her true identity to the Bored Chanticleer, who welcomes her back with open arms (since he has just lost an entire orchestra about 90 minutes ago). The Fairies arrive and each claims her own Peer ... and in some cases two. Now, nobody is peerless at all, and off they all go to Fairfieldland to resume their normal humdrum lives – at least until next year's Troupers show begins!

[“Soon as we may, off and away” – All Principals, then All:]

[Molly (yes, another solo!):]

NOW THAT IT'S DONE, AIN'T WE HAD FUN
OUR HEARTS ARE CHRIS'S AND ANDREA'S
THANKS TO OUR CREW, PRODUCERS TOO
AND TO OUR ORCHESTRA OF PLAYERS
PLAYERS, PLAYERS, PLAYERS ...
WHAT A BRILLIANT BUNCH OF PLAYERS!
THOUGH AS A GENERAL RULE WE KNOW
MANY HEARTS MAKE A WORTHY SHOW
MAKE UP YOUR MINDS THAT IT'S A START
KEEPING A GREAT SHOW IN YOUR HEART.

[All:]

THOUGH AS A GENERAL RULE WE KNOW
MANY HEARTS MAKE A WORTHY SHOW
MAKE UP YOUR MINDS THAT IT'S A START
KEEPING A GREAT SHOW IN YOUR HEART.

[Lord Chancellor:]

SOON AS WE CAN, LET'S ALL REBAND
WE'LL BEGIN A NEW OP'RETTA
WE WILL ARRANGE HAPPY EXCHANGE
DAILY GRIND FOR SOMETHING BETTER!
DAILY, DAILY, DAILY,
DAILY GRIND FOR SOMETHING BETTER
UP ON THE STAGE WE FEEL SO HIGH
LED BY THE BEST NO MONEY CAN BUY
NOW WE ARE SURELY HAPPIER FOR
WE'VE MET THAT SUSCEPTIBLE CHANCELLOR!!!

[All:]

UP ON THE STAGE WE FEEL SO HIGH
LED BY THE BEST NO MONEY CAN BUY
NOW WE ARE SURELY HAPPIER FOR
WE'VE MET THAT SUSCEPTIBLE CHANCELLOR!!!

[FINIS]

“We must obey our Fairy Code, a debt to Fred'rick Scharmer owed --

A Troupier true who caused our start, and made us Savoyards “take heart”!

Fred Scharmer, oh! Type of true love kept under! Could any Act deny the fact of our true love, I wonder?

Fred Scharmer, oh! Type of true love kept under! Could any Act deny the fact of our true love, I wonder?”

-- special “Captain Shaw” verse substituted to honor Fred Scharmer at our 3/26/06 matinee performance