



A pocket Opera

Book By

**KYLE DEREK MCDONALD**

Based on *Belinda and Bellamant*

By E. Nesbit

Kyle Derek McDonald  
mrkdmcDonald@gmail.com  
416.882.8044

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

BAT, who lives in the belfry.....Coloratura Soprano  
Princess BELINDA.....Mezzo Soprano  
Prince BELLAMANT.....Tenor  
The KING.....Baritone  
The QUEEN.....Mezzo Soprano  
The ENCHANTER.....Baritone

Chorus of Bad Bells, Good Bells, Shadows, Townspeople.....SATB

Arranged for four singers.

## PROLOGUE: THE CHANGING OF THE BELLS

*Seven good bells with luggage in their hands, move out of the Bell Tower.*

GOOD BELLS      Ding, ding, dong, dong.  
Since we have rung, it's been too long;  
Ring, ring, tring!  
When a Princess is born, we sing!  
But no Princesses have been born:  
Two hundred years have passed, forlorn;  
Weary of waiting, we depart  
For pastures new and a fresh start!

*The bells move out.*

## NO. 1 ARIA AND RECIT: A BAT IS HAPPIEST

*Enter BAT.*

BAT                Eee! Eee! Eee! Eee! Eee! Eee!  
A bat is happiest within her tower;  
No better place to wile away an hour.  
Eee! Eee! Eee! Eee! Eee! Eee!  
I perch within the shadows during the day;  
But with the setting sun comes time to play!  
Eee! Eee! Eee! Eee! Eee! Eee!  
Eee! Eee! Eee! Eee! Eee! Eee!

## RECIT.

BAT                It's quiet out tonight, but no one sleeps: The King and Queen are  
expecting a child! It's hoped a Princess will be born, and then the bells  
within this belfry will ring, ding, hum, and chime! I can't wait! Oh  
bells! I hope you're prepared! Hello?

*Bat looks in the tower and sees that the bells have gone.*

Oh no! It's empty! Where have they all gone?

*A host of seven BAD BELLS irrupt onto the scene carrying their own luggage, shoving bat aside.*

## NO. 2 SCENE AND QUARTET: MOVE OVER!

BAT                Excuse me!

BAD BELL 1      Why should we excuse you?

BAD BELL 2      Move!

BAD BELL 3      An empty Bell Tower!

BAD BELL 1      Perfect! Our new home!

BAT                But wait! Before you move in, be warned: Those who live here must  
ding, dong, and ring—

BAD BELL 1      Yeah, yeah, when a Princess is born.

BAD BELL 2      So what? There hasn't been a Princess born in years!

BAD BELLS        Ha ha ha ha!

*From offstage a great ruckus and then the King emerges and declares:*

KING              A Princess has been born! By Jove, a Princess!

*He leaves.*

BAT                A Princess has been born: O lovely day!

BAD BELL 1      Ah, blimey! I suppose we have to ring!

#### QUARTET

BAD BELLS        Move over! Get out of the way!  
A Princess has been born today.  
Ding, ding, dong, dong, dum, dum.  
And so we're summoned from repose  
To ring our bells with vigorous blows,  
As though there's anyone who cares!  
To keep us from our rest she dares!  
Ding, ding, dong, dong, dum, dum.  
How rude! How crass! What cheek! What gall!  
How these indecorous faults appal!  
Ding, ding, dong, dong, dum, dum.  
Move over! Get out of the way!  
A Princess has been born today.

## RECIT.

BAT                   Why all these complaints?

BAD BELL 1         A Princess has been born, what, can't you see?

BAT                   Not very well at all, for I'm a bat. But this is wondrous news: O lovely day!

BAD BELL 2         O lovely day indeed, says this blind bat!

BAD BELL 3         Who didn't have to ring!

BAD BELL 2         To ding!

BAD BELL 1         To dong!

BAD BELL 3         To dum!

## QUARTET RESUMES

BAT                   This is a day to celebrate:  
Two hundred years we've had to wait!

BAD BELLS         Ding, ding, dong, dong, dum, dum.

BAT                   The King and Queen must be so proud  
To be so joyfully endowed!

BAD BELLS         Ding, ding, dong, dong, dum, dum.

BAT                   Her highness I can't wait to meet;  
So fresh, so dainty, and so sweet!

BAD BELLS         Ding, ding, dong, dong, dum, dum.

BAT                   Her highness I can't wait to meet;  
So fresh, so dainty, and so—

BAD BELL 3         Dummmm!

*The Bells shuffle away.*

BAT                   ...sweet.

NO. 3 DUET AND ENSEMBLE: BEHOLD, WE HAVE AN HEIR!

*The King and Queen rush in with the baby Princess in their arms. Townspeople turn up to watch. Bat stands aside.*

KING                By Jove, those bells were hideous!  
I heard they were the prettiest.

QUEEN             Two hundred years has worked its change.

KING                Sounds like the bells caught mänge!  
Behold, behold, we have an heir!  
We have an answer to our prayer!

PEOPLE            An heir! An heir! An answer to our prayer!

QUEEN             Belinda is our darling's name,  
Belinda is our Kingdom's fame!

PEOPLE            Belinda is her name! Our Kingdom's fame!

KING/QUEEN       A daughter is what we have yearned for most;  
Our hearts could not be fuller for this grace;  
So raise a hue!

PEOPLE            Oh!

KING/QUEEN       And raise a cry!

PEOPLE            Ah!

KING/QUEEN       And toast  
Belinda's birth, and her fair, gentle face!

PEOPLE            A toast, toast, for her fair, gentle face!

*Everyone cheers. The crowd then departs and the King and Queen lay the baby down to bed.*

KING/QUEEN       Sleep, our darling baby, sleep!

*The King and Queen leave. Bat approaches.*

## NO. 4 LULLABY AND QUARTET: LULLABY

BAT                   Lullaby! Lullaby! Sweet Baby;  
                          May docile sleep alight on thee;  
                          Lullaby! Lullaby! Sweet Lady;  
                          I'll serve you with humility.

*The Bad Bells creep in.*

BAD BELL 1        Shhh!

BAD BELL 2        Shhh!

BAD BELL 3        Dum!

BAD BELLS 1+2    Shhh!

BAT                   The grumpy bells return. I'll hide and watch them from afar.

*Bat withdraws as the bells approach the sleeping princess.*

## QUARTET

BAD BELLS         Dingle, dingle, dong:  
                          Hear our loathsome song;  
                          Dingle, dingle, dee:  
                          Curses fall on thee;  
                          Dingle, dingle, doh:  
                          Tremble now with woe!

*The other bells hum ominously underneath the soloists.*

BAD BELL 1        Princess Belinda, for your baleful crime of being born – and keeping  
                          us from sleep – we, the people of the bells, curse you!

BAD BELLS         Ha ha ha ha!  
                          Dingle, dingle, dee:  
                          Curses fall on thee!

BAD BELL 1        You shall grow uglier every day...save Sundays!

BAD BELLS         Ha ha ha ha!

BAD BELL 2      Yet seven times more lovely shall you be on Sundays than you were upon the last!

*The song abruptly stops.*

BAD BELL 3      But why not even uglier on Sundays?

BAD BELL 2      Because there is no rule without exception.

BAD BELLS      Ooohhhh!

*The song resumes*

BAD BELLS      Dingle, dingle, dee:  
Curses fall on thee!

BAD BELL 1      The curse will last until she finds a bell that doesn't ring, can't ring, and never *will* ring!

BAD BELLS      Dingle, dingle, ding:  
Bell that ne'er will *ring*!

*The song stops again.*

BAD BELL 3      Why not forever?

BAD BELL 2      Nothing lasts forever.

BAD BELLS      Oooohhhh!

*The song resumes*

BAD BELLS      Dingle, dingle, dong:  
Hear our loathsome song;  
Dingle, dingle, dee:  
Curses fall on thee;  
Dingle, dingle, doh:  
Tremble now with woe!

*The curse alights on the Princess. Bat can't take it anymore and flies in.*

BAT              Stop your hateful song!



BAD BELLS        Dingle, dingle, dong!

BAT                Leave the Princess be!

BAD BELLS        Dingle, dingle, dee!

BAT                Leave at once! Part! Go!

BAD BELLS        Dingle, dingle, doh!

BAD BELL 2        The stubborn bat our plot has seen!

BAD BELL 3        She'll rush to tell the King and Queen!

BAD BELL 1        A hex for her we have in store:  
                      A tiresome task, a trying chore!

BAD BELLS        Leathery wings take flight,  
                      And fly through day and night:  
                      *She* will find no repose  
                      Till round the world she *goes*!

*Bat's wings start flapping and she starts flying away, despite her efforts to remain.*

BAT                My wings! They won't obey!  
                      No! Stop! I want to stay!

BAD BELL 1        One time around the planet must you roam  
                      Before you can return to see your home!

BAT                Noooo!

*Bat flutters away.*

BAD BELLS        Dingle, dingle, dong:  
                      Hear our loathsome song;  
                      Dingle, dingle, dee:  
                      Curses fall on thee;  
                      Dingle, dingle, doh:  
                      Tremble now with woe!

*They depart, back to bed.*

## NO. 5 ENSEMBLE: SEE HOW FAST SHE GROWS

*Time passes and the Princess grows up.*

ENSEMBLE        See how fast our Princess grows:  
Like Bamboo, she shoots up straight;  
Time ne'er his procession slows,  
His advance he won't abate!

KING             My Queen, behold our daughter's face!

QUEEN            What of it, lord?

KING                        It looks quite...base!

QUEEN            Henry! How could you speak that way?

KING             I only speak it in dismay!  
See for yourself!

*She looks.*

QUEEN                        Oh my, you're right!  
But, say, perhaps it's just the light?

*More time passes.*

ENSEMBLE        Church on Sundays she attends.

KING             Her church dress to her beauty lends!  
Observe her radiance, my Queen.

QUEEN            You see? Her look is not so mean.

*More time passes; Belinda now wears a veil.*

ENSEMBLE        Now Belinda turns eighteen!  
Though she dons a veil all days –  
Save Sundays – to conceal her gaze.

QUEEN            Belinda must be married off...  
And yet – her face – what Prince won't scoff?

KING                    We must secure her future bliss:  
Let us retire to think on this.

*The King, Queen, and court retire, leaving her alone. Belinda will preen towards the audience, as though admiring herself in a mirror.*

NO. 6 RECIT AND ARIA: ALONE, AT LAST

BELINDA                Alone, at last! The court makes so much noise! I'm weary of this veil,  
but I'm told it's to shield the masses from my beauty. Only on  
Sundays can they see my face. Perhaps it's bold to say, but I believe  
I blossom fairer every single week! Now, grant me a handsome Prince  
to love!

(ARIA)                 A Princess is a perfect flower  
And at eighteen her petals bloom;  
Sweet nectar is her regal dower,  
Which beckons a resplendent groom.  
This flower blooms, my nectar teems:  
Bring forth the suitor of my dreams!

*She dances and comes across the BOOK OF PRINCES.*

(RECIT)                What's here? The Book of Princes! How delightful! Perhaps I'll find  
my love within this tome!

(ARIA)                 Here is a catalogue of joy!  
O, pages fraught with gallantry,  
O, precious book of love, deploy  
Your Princes and your pageantry!  
This flower's ready, on my word:  
Show me my handsome hummingbird!

*She flips through the pages.*

(ARIA)                 This one looks too young;  
This one is no fun;  
This one's nose is flat;  
This one is too fat;  
This one has no hair;  
This one is a bear!

*Frustrated, she flips faster, dissatisfied with everyone.*

No, no, no, no, no!

*She comes to the last page, and stops. Prince Bellamant appears in spotlight.*

But wait...who is this at the end?  
“Prince Bellamant” the chapter states;  
His looks and bearing I commend;  
His noble presence radiates!  
I’ve found my Prince! My luck improves!  
My mind is made; my heart approves!

(RECIT.)           What else is written here? “Prince Bellamant, Aged twenty-four. Has a christening curse – oh my! – The nature of the curse revealed in confidence. Good tempered, wealthy, calm, and no relations.”  
I wonder what his curse is!

BAT                   (Offstage) Eeeeeeeek!

BELINDA            What’s that sound?

*Bat comes careening in and flops down on the floor, exhausted, in front of Belinda.*

NO. 7 SCENE AND DUET: BAT AND BELINDA

BAT                   At last, I’m home and the curse is over! I’m so tired...eek, eek, so tired!

BELINDA            And who are you?

BAT                   I live here! Who are you?

BELINDA            Princess Belinda, you impertinent bat!

BAT                   Your majesty! How you have grown!

*The bat bows.*

BELINDA            That’s better.

BAT                   You wear a veil!

BELINDA            I do, for everybody’s safety: it’s said I am too beautiful, and that my face can cause serious injury.

BAT                   The curse!

BELINDA            What curse?

BAT                   Remove the veil and see.

BELINDA            It's only removed on Sundays, bat.

*Bat leaps up and tears off the veil. The Princess chases her around.*

BELINDA            O, naughty wingèd rat! Stop it!

BAT                   Come towards the mirror, Princess, see!

*The Princess chases Bat and turns towards the audience (where the mirror is): she suddenly stops.*

BELINDA            AH!!!!!!  
Who is this gargoyle that I see?

BAT                   It's you, my lady.

BELINDA            No, it can't be!

BAT                   It was the bells who cast this heinous spell on you.

BELINDA            But...everyone tells me I'm so beautiful!

BAT                   On Sundays...but on other days...you look like this.

BELINDA            No!

*She weeps.*

BELINDA            The Prince will never marry me!

#### DUET

BELINDA            Boo hoo hoo!  
Whoever says that beauty is skin deep  
Has never had such frightful cause to weep!

BAT                   All this because the bad bells wanted sleep!

BELINDA            Boo hoo hoo!  
Whoever speaks about “beholder’s eye”  
Has clearly never needed to be shy!

BAT                    I beg you sweet Belinda, please don’t cry!

BELINDA            Boo hoo hoo!  
Whoever says that beauty lives within  
Has never been as hideous as sin!

BAT                    O cruel bells, that caused all this chagrin!

BELINDA            Boo hoo hoo! Boo hoo hoo! Boo hoo hoo!

#### RECIT

BAT                    Be comforted, Princess, there *is* a cure! I heard them talk about it  
when they cursed you.

BELINDA            O tell me, tell me, please!

BAT                    You must find a bell that doesn’t ring, can’t ring, and never *will* ring!

BELINDA            How absolutely...silly! Where is this bell?

BAT                    I don’t know, so we’ll have to venture out to look for it.

BELINDA            My parents won’t permit me such a freedom!

BAT                    Hmm...hmm...what can we do?

BELINDA            What can we do?

BEL./BAT            What can we do?

BAT                    I have it! You must find yourself a husband.

BELINDA            But, what about my gargoyle face?

BAT                    Pah!  
Replace the veil, Princess: he needn’t know!

BELINDA            I have already found a Prince I like...

BAT                    Marvelous! Tell your parents that they may betroth you unto him!

BELINDA            It shall be done!

BEL./BAT            We'll win the Prince, then seek the bell:  
The curse's tenure we'll dispel!

*They leave as the King, Queen, and Bellamant enter.*

NO. 8 SCENE AND DUET: PRINCE BELLAMANT

RECIT

KING                 Prince Bellamant! We welcome you to court!

BELLAMANT         I'm happy to oblige your majesties.

QUEEN              Belinda saw your portrait in the book, and we're delighted she's  
selected you!

BELLAMANT         Well, madam, then I am the lucky one, I've seen her portrait too: she  
steals my breath! To be the chosen of such regal beauty thrice blesses  
me!

QUEEN              What courtesy, what charm!

*The Prince bows.*

DUET

KING/BELL.         Now let's set the wedding date;  
Why defer? No need to wait.  
Prince and Princess blithely bound;  
Prince and Princess duly crowned;  
This I give in amity  
Sealing our prosperity!

*They shake hands.*

KING                 To Belinda, happy bride,

BELLAMANT         To Belinda, father's pride!

KING/BELL.       Ha ha ha! Ha ha ha!  
                      Haste! Haste! Let's brook no delay:  
                      Set the wedding date for Sunday (*KING*)/Monday (*BELL.*)

*They stop and look at each other. Thinking it was just a mistake, they try again.*

KING/BELL.       Set the wedding date for Sunday (*KING*)/Tuesday (*BELL.*)

KING               What?

BELLAMANT       Wednesday?

KING               No, no, Sunday it must be!

BELLAMANT       Sadly, Sunday I'm not free.

KING               Then the following Sunday, son?

BELLAMANT       Every Sunday I must shun.

KING               But...she must be wed a Sunday!

BELLAMANT       Sire, I cannot find a way!

*The King and Queen grow sombre.*

KING               Regretfully, Belinda must withdraw;  
                      Custom demands a Sunday: it's our law.

*The King and Queen retire, leaving Bellamant alone.*

#### NO. 9 ARIA: HEAVY FORTUNE!

BELLAMANT       O heavy fortune; cruel fate!  
                      Impossible, unkind, unfair;  
                      Wide Heavens, please, my curse abate:  
                      Improve my future's disrepair!  
                      The Princess Book I have perused,  
                      And by Belinda am enthused!  
                      Her eyes are portals of desire;  
                      Her blushing lips deep sighs inspire;  
                      An effulgent mosaic of grace  
                      Encompasses her regal face;



And yet a tenderness I spy,  
A willingness to mollify.  
In short: a paragon – a goddess!  
Who's fair, wise, witty, kind, and modest.

What man of heart could be deterred  
From courting such a worthy peer?  
No matter what the cost incurred,  
Forward goes this brave cavalier!

## RECIT

*Belinda appears on her balcony.*

BELINDA            Boo hoo hoo!

BELLAMANT        But hark! I hear a lady weeping near.

NO. 10 SCENE AND DUET: BOO HOO HOO!

## RECIT.

BELINDA            Boo hoo hoo!

*Bellamant approaches the balcony where the veiled Belinda weeps.*

BELLAMANT        You there, why do you weep?

BELINDA            *(aside)* Oh! It's the Prince!

*She turns away.*

BELLAMANT        Don't go! Who are you?

BELINDA            I'm your bride to be...or...*was* your bride to be.

BELLAMANT        Belinda! Love! It's Bellamant! I've travelled far for you; remove that veil that so obscures your beauty!

BELINDA            Oh Bellamant! I wish I could!

BELLAMANT        Then go ahead!

BELINDA But if I did, I'd frighten you away!

BELLAMANT Ha ha, I am not one to fly from beauty.

BELINDA Ah, you don't understand! Come back on Sunday!

BELLAMANT Why is your family obsessed with Sundays!? You know I can't appear on Sundays, sweet!

BELINDA And I can only show on Sundays! Oh! Our marriage is doomed! O, wretched curse! Boo hoo hoo!

BELLAMANT You know of my curse, Princess?

BELINDA I speak of mine! I'm only pretty Sundays!

BELLAMANT And I'm an ogre Sundays, but I'm comely on all other days! Who gave you yours?

BELINDA Fell bells! And who cursed you?

BELLAMANT A witch!

(ARIETTA) Malevola, is she I mean:  
She has a cave outside my castle,  
But has no interest in hygiene,  
And proves to be a ghastly vassal.  
With rancid filth all glistening  
Whilst bellowing of world's decay,  
She wished t'attend my Christening,  
But mother ordered her away.  
Enraged at this overt rejection  
She cast a hateful hex on me!  
It is the cause of our dejection,  
The source of all my misery!

## RECIT

BELINDA How horrible! I'm sorry, Bellamant. Is there a cure?

BELLAMANT There is, but it's beyond me: I must remain five minutes under water!  
Thus far, I can achieve but two.

BELINDA Oh woe!

## DUET

BEL./BELL. O heavy fortune! Cruel fate!  
Impossible, unkind, unfair;  
Wide heavens, please, our woes abate!  
Improve our futures' disrepair!

BELLAMANT For she is gorgeous Sundays: I am not!

BELINDA He's handsome other days, when I'm a blot!

BEL./BELL. What monster curses babes at rest?  
What fiend rejoices at such spite?  
How can this malice be redressed?  
How can our fortunes be set right?  
Boo hoo hoo! Boo hoo hoo!

BELINDA Boo!

BELLAMANT Hoo Hoo!

*This goes on. Bat enters.*

## NO. 11 SCENE AND TRIO: WHAT A CATERWAUL

## RECIT

BAT What a caterwaul you two produce!

BELLAMANT By Jove! That bat can talk!

BAT What of it, sir?

BELLAMANT I've never heard a bat pronounce before.

BAT Well now you have!

BELINDA Why do you interrupt?

BAT Well! If you want to thwart your curse, you'll listen.

## TRIO

BEL./BELL. How could a bat dispel our curse?

BAT Please hearken, both, and you will see—

BEL./BELL. How could a bat this hex reverse?

BAT Perhaps stop talking over me!

BEL./BELL. O woe! Could this get any worse?

BAT I'm trying to address your plea!  
Eee! Eee! Eee!

*Belinda and Bellamant are squeaked into silence.*

BAT That's better! Listen carefully!  
While in my travels I heard tell  
Of an old wizard, gray and wise,  
Who keeps a castle near a well  
Where he will cast and alchemize!

BEL./BELL. Oh! An old wizard, gray and wise,  
Who'll conjure spells and alchemize?

BAT Now Prince and Princess, hand in hand,  
Forsake this castle; follow me:  
We'll venture forth into the land  
To find this man of wizardry!

BEL./BELL. We'll venture forth into the land  
To find this man of wizardry!

BAT We'll conjure, weep, implore, persuade:  
Anything to enlist his aid!

BEL./BELL. We'll conjure, weep, implore, persuade:  
Anything to enlist his aid!

BEL./BELL./BAT Arm in arm we'll make our way;  
Arm in arm we'll make assay!  
Ah, we three will walk the road;  
We three shall find his abode!

*They leave the castle, arm in arm as night falls. The darkness closes around them. They walk along, frightened by shadows and apparitions.*

## RECIT.

BELINDA           It's dark.

BELLAMANT       It's dreary.

BAT                It's perfect!

SHADOW           Ooooooh!

*They huddle together.*

BELINDA           What was that?

*They listen. Nothing. They continue.*

BELINDA           You didn't tell us it would be so dark!

BAT                The sun's asleep, and all is still: what else could anyone want?

BELLAMANT       A light?

BAT                Nonsense!

SHADOW           Ooooooh!

*They stop again.*

BELINDA           Did you...?

BELLAMANT       I did!

BELINDA           Oh bat! What is it?

BAT                I...I don't know!

## NO. 12 TRIO AND ENSEMBLE: WE ARE THE SHADOWS

SHADOWS           Ooooh! Ooooh! Ooooh! Ooooh!  
We are the shadows of the night;

The harbingers of frozen fright!

*Shadows emerge and surround them.*

SHADOW 1 I'm Fear!

SHADOW 2 I'm Panic!

SHADOW 3 I'm Darkness!

SHADOW 4 And I'm Danger!

BEL./BELL./BAT Oh!

SHADOWS Ooooh! Ooooh! Ooooh! Ooooh!  
Welcome, my friends, to our domain;  
It's our grim hope that you'll remain!

BEL./BELL./BAT Oh my! We fear we must refrain!

SHADOWS Too late! The shadows of the night  
Shall swallow you with their cold bite!

*The heroes try to flee, but the shadows pursue.*

BEL./BELL./BAT Flee! Flee! Flee!

SHADOWS It is no use!

BEL./BELL./BAT Fly! Fly! Fly!

SHADOWS It will not work!

*Just as the shadows close in, they're stunned by a marvelous light.*

WIZARD *(Offstage)* Ha!

SHADOWS Confound! We cannot stand this light!  
Retreat! Retreat into the night!

*The Shadows melt away.*

NO. 13 SCENE AND ARIA: POWERS ARCANES

## RECIT.

BELLAMANT      What was the source of that resplendent light?

*The Wizard enters with his variegated cloak.*

WIZARD           ‘Twas I who was the source, young Prince.

BELLAMANT      You know me, sir?

WIZARD           I do, and you as well, Princess Belinda. How do you do, Miss Bat?

BAT               He knows me too!

BELINDA          How did you come to know us, if I may?

## ARIA

WIZARD           Through powers arcane I see what has transpired,  
What is, and what the future presages;  
By rare and ancient knowledge I’m inspired;  
I serve the craft, relay her messages,  
Protect her favourites, resist her foes;  
My name’s Theato, hand of destiny!  
I come to help acquit you of your woes:  
I will dispel your curses happily!  
Accompany me unto my sacred well  
Where you’ll behold a dull, unringing bell.

*He brings them before a well with a broken bell by its side. He urges the Prince and Princess to climb into the well.*

WIZARD           Climb in, my children, climb!  
Prepare for the sublime!

*They get in and he lowers them into the well.*

Fear not, fear not, at ease!  
Repose, rest, if you please!

*The bell is submerged in the well.*

## NO. 14 DUET: IN THIS BELL

BELINDA            We're sinking in the well!

BELLAMANT        In nothing but this bell!

*They sink lower, it gets darker.*

BELLAMANT        And yet...the water does not rise.

BELINDA            A satisfactory surprise!

BELLAMANT        I'm glad I'm here with you.

BELINDA            Me too!

BELLAMANT        Regardless of what happens here,  
Belinda, sweet, I want you near!

BELINDA            Oh Bellamant, I feel the same!  
I'm yours, sir, more than just in name!

BEL./BELL.        Together, together, together,  
Forever, forever, forever!  
Our Vanity has made us sad,  
While here is everything we need;  
In Love and Friendship we're made glad,  
When from the lure of looks we're freed!

*Repeat. They embrace. Sounds of the curse being lifted in the music. The bell starts to come again to the surface.*

## NO. 15 FINALE

## RECIT

WIZARD            You've been submerged for over forty minutes, and you've learned  
the most important lesson: the true gift is on the inside – the rest is just  
wrapping paper. Bellamant, you are cured; Belinda too: take off your  
veil and see.

*She does.*

BAT                Eek! Eek! It worked!



BELLAMANT I've never seen a fairer Princess!

BELINDA O my Love!

*They hug again.*

BEL./BELL. Theato, thank you from our very souls!

WIZARD No need, my children! I have yet one more marvel to share.

BAT What is it, O great wizard?

*Theato casts a SPELL. Suddenly, the bad bells enter being chased by the good bells.*

#### FINALE

BAD BELLS Oh no, Oh no! Who are these louts?  
They're chasing us with melody!

GOOD BELLS That's right! That's right! You're on the outs!  
We're weary of your threnody!

BAT The good bells have returned! Hurrah!

BAD BELL 1 Going!

BAD BELL 2 Going!

BAD BELL 3 Dum! Er...gone!

*The bad bells leave and everyone rejoices.*

ALL There's more to you than what's outside,  
And Love is everything you need;  
In Friendship find your joy and pride,  
And all your troubles will recede!  
Thus Malice falters; good prevails!  
In love we trust: love never fails!

GOOD BELLS Ding, dong, ding, dong.

ALL There's more to you than what's outside,  
And Love is everything you need;

In Friendship find your joy and pride,  
And all your troubles will recede!

*After the grand final chord, Bad Bell 3 peeks in:*

BAD BELL 3      DUM!

*FINIS.*