

ARCHDUCHESS

(Tee-hee's need not be taken literally)
 Forgive my intrusion. (Tee-hee.) (Haw-haw.)

ORLANDO

She spoke with so much tee-heeing and haw-hawing that Orlando thought she must have escaped from a lunatic asylum.

ARCHDUCHESS

I am the Archduchess Harriet Griselda of Finster-Aarhorn Scand-Op Boom in the Romanian territory. (Tee-hee.) I desire above all things to make your acquaintance. (Haw-haw.) I saw your picture and it was the image of a sister of mine who was— (Haw-haw.)—long since dead. I'm visiting the English Court, the Queen being my cousin. (Tee-hee.) (Haw-haw.)

ORLANDO

I see.

ARCHDUCHESS

Well— (Tee-hee.)—don't good manners require you to ask me in and offer me a glass of wine? (Haw-haw.)

ORLANDO

Certainly. This way.

ARCHDUCHESS

Everything they say is true! You have the shapeliest legs that any nobleman has ever stood upon!

ORLANDO

Thank you.

ARCHDUCHESS

Oh my! (Tee-hee.) Your ankle buckle is undone! Shall I clasp it for you? I must!

ORLANDO

If you must.

The Archduchess leans down and fastens Orlando's shoe, rubbing her hands up and down his shin.

CHORUS

Orlando was violently overcome by a passion of some sort.

ORLANDO

Excuse me.

(To himself)

What sort of passion can this be?
 It's unaccountable.

CHORUS

For when the Archduchess stooped
 to fasten his buckle,
 Orlando heard—

ORLANDO

far off, the beating of Love's wings—
 He was ready to raise his hands and let the bird of beauty
 alight upon his shoulders when—horror!

ARCHDUCHESS

Orlando!

CHORUS

A vulture landed on Orlando's shoulder.

ARCHDUCHESS

(Amorously) Orlando! I'm waiting!

ORLANDO

Just a moment!
 Oh, God . . .

CHORUS

For love has two faces and two bodies—
 one smooth,
 the other hairy.

You see—it was not Love, the bird of Paradise—
who landed on Orlando's shoulder,
but Lust, the vulture.

ARCHDUCHESS

What's the matter, my innocent? (Tee-hee.) You seem flushed.
Has something excited you? (Haw-haw.)

ORLANDO

No, I'm quite all right, thank you.

ARCHDUCHESS

(*Chasing him*) Ooh! Your stockings have a little hole in them!
Shall I mend them?

CHORUS

And the Archduchess called on him the next day.

ARCHDUCHESS

Orlando.

CHORUS

And the next.

ARCHDUCHESS

Orlando.

CHORUS

And the next.

ARCHDUCHESS

Orlando!

ORLANDO

Orlando realized that his home was now uninhabitable.

CHORUS

So Orlando did what any other young man would have done in
his place. He asked the King . . .

Orlando kneels.

ORLANDO

Please, my Lord. Send me to Constantinople.

CHORUS

Constantinople.

END