

## SCENE 1

*(Dandini motions to bring on the trumpets. A trumpet sound is heard. Dandini is satisfied and all is quickly put in place for the scene. Amid music or a small dance, a throne is brought forward and the story starts. The Prince puts on a crown.)*

*(Dandini runs back and forth like a madman setting up. At the end Ramiro sits and Dandini hands him a map. He then checks himself carefully in an invisible mirror and gets ready to quickly exit.)*

**RAMIRO:** Dandini! DANDINI! Return! Your Prince is speaking to you!

*(Dandini runs in and hastily bows.)*

**DANDINI:** Si, Your Highness?

**RAMIRO:** Why are you running around like a loco person?

**DANDINI:** It's Carnevale time! Everyone is loco!

**RAMIRO:** But—it's disorderly.

**DANDINI:** I like disorder!

**RAMIRO:** You're up to something.

**DANDINI:** No, Your Highness.

**RAMIRO:** Then why don't you help me map out a new road for the city? Doesn't that sound like fun?

**DANDINI:** No. Mi scusi, Your Highness. But mapping out roads is—boring...not fun. Capisce?

**RAMIRO:** Dandini! I am creating the most up-to-date map of Bologna. Don't you want to help me?

**DANDINI:** No.

**RAMIRO:** Do you not serve me?

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**DANDINI:** Si. What is your will?

**RAMIRO:** I need to figure out the proper place for a new road. The main road is very crowded.

**DANDINI:** Si, Your Highness. We will study the map. We will scour the countryside creating a new street for a new map! Do you think I care that there are pretty signorinas all over the countryside? No, I would much rather study maps.

**RAMIRO:** Good.

*(They study the map.)*

—you say there are pretty girls out there?

**DANDINI:** Very pretty girls.

**RAMIRO:** You know, Dandini—I am supposed to be married soon. It must be done. Now that my parents gave up the throne and ran away to Sicily to start a tomato farm, it is up to me to continue the royal line. I must marry and have an heir.

**DANDINI:** Si. It is a tragedy to have to be married. I am glad I'm not you.

**RAMIRO:** But I don't know who to marry. I don't seem to know — any young signorinas.

**DANDINI:** It is hard to be the Prince.

**RAMIRO:** Si!

**DANDINI:** And hard to be abandoned by your parents — for a tomato.

**RAMIRO:** Si.

**DANDINI:** If they left you for a cannoli, I would understand! But a tomato!