BASILIVS

Head Over Heels

THIS OLD FEELING

14

GYNECIA (CONT'D): "I hope my flair for prose has not grown rusty."

Music and Lyrics by The Go-Go's

(MUSIDORUS exits, then re-appears in

GYNECIA's mind as she composes her letter.)



Head Over Heels

(Music: ORACLE/OWL appears.)
ORACLE: "Well, look at you. Is it

the girl or is it the gown?"

MUSIDORUS: "Such mad devotion did I not invite, And neither from so many! Take back these Trumperies. I abjure this masquerade."

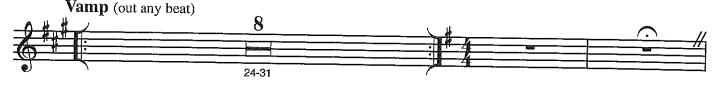
ORACLE: "Forsaking thy wig would undo all thy Suitors--including plain Philoclea." MUSIDORUS: "O! Then in this performance

I am trapped!"

ORACLE: "The burdens of beauty are many —
I should know! Thou better workest!" [GO]

GYNECIA: "Oh, Cleophila! Hence my heart dispatch." (She gives him a letter and exits.)

MUSIDORUS: "I know not what may come to pass should I Deliver this! Oh, how I crave counsel. O Great Owl, show yourself again to me." [GO]



(The OWL vanishes. BASILIUS enters.)

MUSIDORUS: "Um, here's a letter.

Hope you like it. Bye."

(BASILIUS takes the letter and MUSIDORUS

Exits. The lights shift again..)

BASILIUS: "A letter from my sweet beloved! O, My future happiness here lives, inside." (In a separate light, his fantasy CLEOPHILIA appears.)





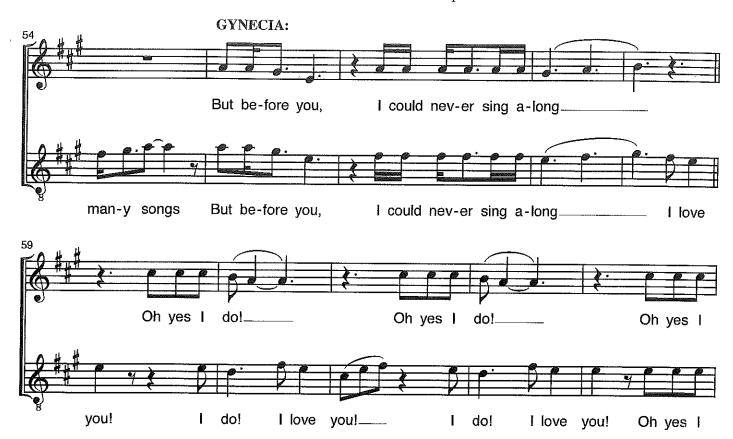






cause you mean____ that much to me!

Well, a mil-lion times said in as



BASILIUS: (Re-reading the close of the letter.) "My dearest one, no longer secret is My love for thee. Long have I been aware of the Mandrake that roots betwixt thy sturdy legs. How I do fiercely yearn to tend its growth. Let's meet in the cave. At twilight. "

