

Poco più mosso

17 WHAT IS THIS? OH FRAN - CINE! Could it

(FRANCINE twitches again.)

18 be - ee — ee???

(and again) (and again)

19 Hap - py lit - tle... flap - py lit - tle...

(RAPSKULLIO pauses.) (FRANCINE flutters away.)

21 but - ter - flies ————— Dee

A tempo

24 dee dee dee dee dee YAY!!!

DELILAH enters.

Start

DELILAH

Rapskullio, I need you to send me home.

RAPSKULLIO

Ah! Yes! Of course, of course—

DELILAH

So you can do it?

RAPSKULLIO

Me? Oh heck, no.

PRINCE OLIVER enters.

PRINCE OLIVER

Delilah!

DELILAH

Oliver, I'm stuck here.

PRINCE OLIVER

No, you're not. Remember, Rapskullio paints butterflies onto his canvas because they don't exist in our world. But every time the book is opened, those butterflies disappear.

RAPSKULLIO

And since you play no part in our little fiction, you too will surely be ejected.

PRINCE OLIVER

(taking DELILAH's hand)

You could be leaving any minute.

RAPSKULLIO

I'll give you two some privacy.

RAPSKULLIO exits.

DELILAH

Do you have to be so perfect?

PRINCE OLIVER

(earnest)

It's how I was written.

DELILAH

How much time do you think we have?

End

#34 – SOMETHING TO HOLD ON TO *begins.*