

## COLLEAGUES

AWW! AWW!

## LADY HYACINTH

AND EV'RY DILETTANTE  
WILL ENVY ME AND WANT  
A FLAWLESS MARBLE STATUE OF HER OWN!!

NOW, NOT A WORD TO EVEN YOUR MOTHERS  
'TILL WE LEAVE  
ALTHOUGH, COME TO THINK OF IT,  
WHAT IS THE POINT OF HELPING OTHERS  
UNLESS YOU LET THE WHOLE WORLD KNOW?!

(Spoken:)

Call The Times of London!

(LADY HYACINTH marches off with her COLLEAGUES)

## MONTY (Recorded V-O)

And off she went. Sadly, I'd neglected to mention a brewing insurrection against The Raj. Every British citizen was a target.

(After a beat:)

So you can imagine my shock when Lady Hyacinth returned to London in record time, quite the picture of health.

## LADY HYACINTH

Would you believe, they refused our help?! Resented our very presence! I ask you, where would they be if not for the British?

## MONTY

Precisely.

## LADY HYACINTH

You can't be a savior to people who don't wish to be saved.

## MONTY

A wise observation, Your Ladyship.

## LADY HYACINTH

I would think there are people queuing up this very minute, just hoping to be colonized.

## MONTY

Surely, there must be a people for whom domination and subjugation would be a welcome change.

SIDES - Lady Hyacinth  
+ Monty

LADY HYACINTH

Yes, I should think so, yes. Perhaps a... quieter spot. Peaceful, but tragic.

*(MONTY approaches a large globe in the center of the room.)*

MONTY

Would you do the honors?

*(LADY HYACINTH gives the globe a big spin. Her followers are on tenterhooks. Covering her eyes, LADY HYACINTH stops the globe randomly and puts her finger on the spot.)*

Ah, the blue Pacific! Wide and infinite!

*(MONTY gives the globe a closer look.)*

So many teeny-tiny islands. How to choose? Shall we say somewhere... south of Borneo? East of Sumatra... ?

*(Lady Hyacinth's exhausted COLLEAGUES groan, their eyes pleading with her to put a stop to this. Nonetheless...)*

LADY HYACINTH

That's it!

*(Singing:)*

WE'LL CIVILIZE AN UNDISCOVERED ISLAND

COLLEAGUES

AN ISLAND!

LADY HYACINTH

RIISING IN THE MIST, IT CALLS MY NAME

COLLEAGUES

IT CALLS YOU!

LADY HYACINTH

OF GODS THEY HAVE A SLEW,

OF GARMENTS FAR TOO FEW,

UNBURDENED BY THE SLIGHTEST SENSE OF SHAME.

WE'LL SNUFF OUT THEIR APPALLING PAGAN CUSTOMS

COLLEAGUES

THEIR CUSTOMS!

LADY HYACINTH

YOUR COCONUTS SHOULD NOT BE WORN TO TEA

COLLEAGUES

SHOULD NOT BE WORN TO TEA!

End