

**ACT ONE****SCENE FOUR**

(FARQUAAD'S TORTURE CHAMBER. His GUARDS march in as we transition.)

**GUARDS**

FARQUAAD IS ON HIS WAY.

HE'S ON HIS WAY.

HE IS NEARLY HERE.

HE'S DOWN THE HALL. GETTING CLOSE.

HE IS JUST OUTSIDE.

BEHIND THE DOOR.

HE IS ON HIS WAY.

HERE HE IS. RIGHT HERE.

(A door far upstage is thrown open to reveal a terrifying, back-lit figure. A spot-light hits him - KA-CHUNK! We see that Lord Farquaad is only four feet tall.)

**FARQUAAD**

Thelonius, I'm ready. Bring in the cookie!

**#4b - Farquaad's Chamber**

(Familiar cries of a terrified GINGERBREAD MAN, who is wheeled in on a shrouded cart.)

**VOICE OF GINGY**

Ohhhh, gosh. Uh-oh, what's happening *now*? Oooo, this is scary. Ohhhh, geez.

Ohh, no.

(The shroud is whipped off to reveal the petrified Gingy on a cookie sheet. His legs have been broken off. FARQUAAD relishes the moment.)

**FARQUAAD**

Ha ha heh heh heh...

**GINGY**

Oh-no-oh-no-oh-nooo....

(and then he sees Farquaad)

Ohhhhh, it's you...

**FARQUAAD**

"Run, run, run as fast as you can, you can't catch me - I'm the Gingerbread Man!"

GINGY

Look what you've done to my legs! You're a monster!

FARQUAAD

I'm not the monster here, *you* are. You and the rest of that fairy tale trash poisoning my perfect kingdom.

GINGY

It's *not* a kingdom! Because you're not a king!

FARQUAAD

Oh, but I will be. Just as soon as I find a princess to marry. And I hear you know of one. Tell me where she is!

GINGY

Eat me!

*(spits in Farquaad's face)*

GUARDS

Ahhh!

*(Farquaad's GUARDS all pull out torture devices – a rolling pin, a giant spatula, an egg-beater, a carton of milk, etc...)*

FARQUAAD

*(through clenched teeth)*

No! I've tried to be fair to you creatures, but now my patience has reached its end!

GINGY

*(stalling)*

Uh-uh, uhh, okay, well, maybe I have heard *tell* of a princess.

FARQUAAD

From who?

GINGY

Do you know the Muffin Man?

FARQUAAD

The Muffin Man?

GINGY

The Muffin Man.

FARQUAAD

Yes. I know the Muffin Man. Who lives on Drury Lane?

GINGY

Well, I heard it from the Muffin Man.

The Muffin Man?!  
FARQUAAD

The Muffin Man!  
GINGY

*(thoughtful, to himself)*  
He heard it from the Muffin Man...  
FARQUAAD

Can I go now?  
GINGY

You haven't told me where she is!  
FARQUAAD

I can't!  
GINGY

You must!  
FARQUAAD

I won't!  
GINGY

Tell me or I'll—!  
FARQUAAD  
*(reaches for Gingy's buttons)*

No! Not the buttons! Not my gumdrop buttons!  
GINGY

Then where is the princess?!  
FARQUAAD

*(broken)*  
Okay... I'll tell you. She's a day's walk from here. In a dragon-guarded castle,  
surrounded by hot boiling lava.  
GINGY

Well that sounds dangerous.  
FARQUAAD

Ya want a princess or not?!  
GINGY

Go on.  
FARQUAAD

**GINGY**

In the highest room in the tallest tower, you'll find a fiery red-head named Princess Fiona.

**FARQUAAD**

Ooo, Princess Fiona. She's sounds perfect.  
Except for that dragon and lava thing. I'll have to find someone else to go...

**GINGY**

*(to himself)*

Big surprise.

**FARQUAAD**

*(in his own revelry)*

I shall make Fiona my Queen, and Duloc will finally have the perfect King!

*(to his underlings)*

Captain, round up your men, summon the citizens, and bring that cookie to the swamp!

**GINGY**

*Swamp?! That's the thanks I get?!*

**FARQUAAD**

Thelonius, tell the Royal Coiffuer I need to get my hair pressed. We're going to get a queen!

#4c - *Regiment Reprise*

**GUARDS**

FARQUAAD WILL GET A QUEEN.  
HE'LL GET A QUEEN.  
HE HAS A PLAN.  
SOMEONE WILL GO. AGAINST THEIR WILL.  
THEY WILL FETCH OUR QUEEN.  
WE'LL DRAW A NAME.  
WHAT A PLAN... HE... HAS!  
IT... CAN'T... FAIL! GOOD... PLAN!

FIONA

*(stops – shocked)*

Oh. You... you heard what I said?

SHREK

Every word. Especially, "who could love such a hideous ugly beast?!"

FIONA

But... I thought that wouldn't matter to you.

SHREK

Yeah, well it does.

*(sound of approaching army)*

#17 – *The Arrival Of Farquaad*

Ah, right on time. Princess, I've brought you a little something.

VOICE OF FARQUAAD

*(approaching)*

FIOOOONA!

FIONA-FIONA-FIONA- FIONA!

FIONA-FIONA-FIONA- FIONA!

FIOOOONA!

*(rears his horse)*

Whooooa, Plastic Horse!

*[OR: Condoleeza, Seahawk, Sprinkles, et al.]*

*(FIONA is confused. SHE looks from Shrek to Farquaad.)*

FARQUAAD

Princess Fiona?

SHREK

As promised... now about my swamp—

FARQUAAD

Cleared off, as agreed. And the deed has been put in your name. Now step away before I change my mind.

*(FIONA and SHREK exchange a look. SHREK snatches the deed and turns his back.)*

FARQUAAD

Forgive me, Princess, for startling you. I am Lord Farquaad.

## FIONA

*(composing herself)*

Lord Farquaad. Forgive *me*, for I was just saying a short...

*(as Farquaad is lifted out of his leg extenders)*

...farewell.

## FARQUAAD

*(chuckles)*

Oh, that is so sweet, but you don't have to waste good manners on the ogre. It's not like it has *feelings*.

## FIONA

*(looks at Shrek and steels herself)*

No, you're right, "it" doesn't.

## FARQUAAD

*(take her hand)*

Princess Fiona, beautiful, fair, flawless Fiona...

*(gets down on one knee... sort of)*

I ask your hand in marriage. Will you be the perfect bride for the perfect groom?

## FIONA

*(pause, glares at Shrek)*

Lord Farquaad... I accept. Nothing would make me—

## FARQUAAD

Excellent! I'll start the plans... for tomorrow we wed!

## FIONA

No!

*(SHREK spins around hopeful.)*

I mean, ah, why wait? Let's get married today. Before sunset.

*(SHREK scowls and turns away.)*

## FARQUAAD

Oh! Anxious are we? Captain, ride ahead and tell them it's a Code Red! You're right. The sooner the better. There's so much to do! We'll be married by sunset!

*(FIONA and FARQUAAD mount the horse, the perfect rescue image.*

*DONKEY enters stretching.)*

Farquaad  
Ensemble

14

# Ballad Of Farquaad

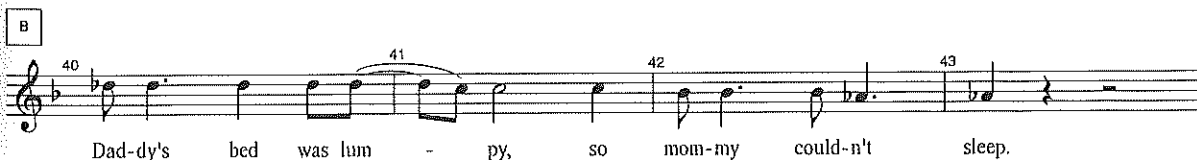
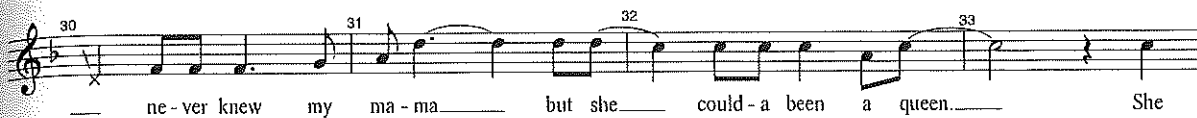
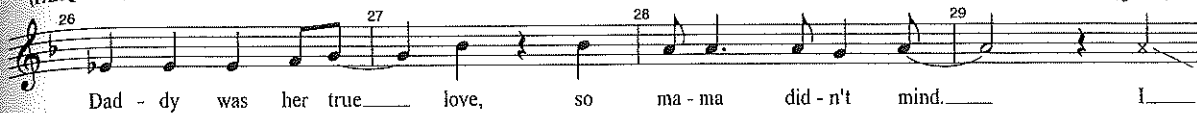
**Vamp**  
♩ = 93  
**FARQUAAD:**

My dad-dy was a min - er, so he was-n't much a-round.\_\_\_\_  
For - ag - ing\_\_\_\_ for dia - monds, a life spent un - der - ground.\_\_\_\_  
Dad - dy did - n't talk\_\_\_\_ much, he bare - ly said hel - lo,\_\_\_\_ he  
simp - ly mut - tered "hi - ho" and off to work he'd  
go. Dad - dy was grump - y.\_\_\_\_ My  
**A** L'istesso Tempo-Spaghetti Western Feel  
ma - ma was a prin - cess who left her crown be - hind,\_\_\_\_

14

(FARQUAAD)

(growl)





(FARQUAAD)

52 53 54  
And ma - ma was gone.

55 56 57  
So dad - dy was grum - py.

**C** With gusto

58 59 60 61  
Me and my old man, a tale as old as dirt. A

62 63 64 65  
bit - ter dis - tant fa - ther in a ti - ny un - der - shirt.

66 67 68 69  
Dad - dy up and left me, Left me good as dead.

70 71 72 73  
Now he lives in squa - for, Sleep - ing se - ven to a

**D**

74 75-81 82  
bed.

In 4-Allegro Brillante (♩ = 144) 4

63-86 86A 86B FARQUAAD:  
My

E 67 68 89 90  
bride is to be gor-geous. Her wed-ding dress de-sign-er, The guest list will be ma-jor with - out a mi-nor mi - ner

A 2 90A-90B ENSEMBLE:  
91 92  
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

FARQUAAD:  
93 94 95 → 96A  
Packs of roy-al lack - eys! Play-ing vi - o - lin. Who will not let you

ENSEMBLE:  
Strings of roy - al un - der - lings  
Strings of roy-al un-der-lings

(FARQUAAD)  
96B 2  
in!  
96C-96D

(FARQUAAD)  
96E

97 98

Ah - ha! Ah - ha! Ah - ha! Tricked out

**F** **Half Time Feel**  
(FARQUAAD)

99 100 101 102

carr - iage; twen - ty stall - ions; with a coach - man named Ra - oul. Big re-

ENSEMBLE:

Tricked out car - riage, twen - ty stal - lions, with a coach - man named Ra - oul.

(FARQUAAD)

103 104 105 106

cep - tion with a - boy - band, and a roy - al D. - J. by the

(ENSEMBLE)

Big re-cep-tion with a boy band

Big re-cep-tion with a boy band

(FARQUAAD)

106A 106B 106C 106D

pool! \_\_\_\_\_ Yes,

2 Rit.

106E-106F (to 111)

#14 - Ballad Of Farquaad

**G** (FARQUAAD)

111 I can see my fut - ure 112 and so it shall be done. 113 It's 114

115 to - tal dom - in - a - tion 116 with some tor - ture just for fun. 'Cause 117 118

119 I will have per - fec - tion! 120 And I will have a queen! 121 122

123 Once I get that crown on you will get the gui - llo - tine. 124 125

126 *Rit.* 127 And I'll 128

**H** (FARQUAAD)

129 pun-ish you dad-dy 'cause I'm all grown up And big-ger than you'll ev - er know. You're gon-na 130 131 132

133 pay dad - dy, 134 It's an - y day, 135 dad - dy,

Musical notation for measures 136-138. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). Measure 136 starts with a quarter rest. Measure 137 contains the lyrics "I'm off to work". Measure 138 contains the lyric "Hi" and ends with an accent mark (>) over the final note.

Musical notation for measures 139-142. Measure 139 starts with the lyric "ho!". Measures 140, 141, and 142 are marked with a slur and the instruction "Poco Rit." above the staff.