

*The Mayor's Wife is an uppity know-it-all who really wears the pants in the family
The Mayor is a controlling man who thinks the town owes him a grand lifestyle*

- Wife: *(To Mayor)* Have you lost your senses. Fifty thousand gilders?
- Wife: Nincompoop! *(she stomps her foot at him backing him up)*
Simpleton! *(another stomp)*
- Mayor: Wife, wife, this isn't seemly. What if anyone saw you? I must maintain my dignity.
- Wife: Dignity? I'll show you dignity. *(She takes the chicken leg out of his hand and whacks him on the head)*
- Mayor: Ow! What's wrong?
- Wife: Fifty thousand gilders we don't have...that's what's wrong.
- Mayor: But he only wants a thousand.
- Wife: Even that's too much. We need every bit to maintain our standard of importance. If you give this *(searches for name)* Pied Piper such a sum, it will come out of our pockets. Besides, I'm planning on buying mink coat. That'll cost plenty.
- Mayor: Quite true, my dear...and I was planning to purchase a new carriage with my name on the door. Gold-plated with the letters in seed pearls...
- Wife: And our sweet little daughter is waiting to be admitted into that expensive finishing school.
- Mayor: Have you offered the school officials that handsome bribe?
- Wife: Yes...it took some convincing, but money talks.
- Mayor: Good...good...
- Wife: Then it's settled. Not one copper coin for the rat catcher.
- Mayor: But the rats...
- Wife: Rats are not a serious problem in Hamelin town. You said so yourself! *(head held high she starts to exit realizes she has the chicken leg, hands it back to him)* Here. *(She exits, he absentmindedly nibbles at the meat)*
- Mayor: What a dilemma. People don't realize the problems I have. What am I going to do? *(Rat King enters)*