

# THE PRINCESS AND THE BEA

(EXPANDED CAST VERSION)

By Michele L. Vacca

*(Inspired by Hans Christian Andersen's story)*

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## CHARACTERS

King Maximillian of Maxwell-by-the-Sea

Prince Valiant, his son

Old Queen Maude, The Queen Mother

Donald Dunce, Prince Valiant's loyal Squire

Princess Olivia of Bolivia

Lady Hildegarde, Lady-In-Waiting to Princess Olivia

Lady Lilli (Keeper Of The Royal Tiara), Lady Lizzie (Keeper Of The Royal Gloves), and Lady Lulu (Keeper Of The Royal Handkerchief),  
Ladies-In-Waiting to The Queen

Sir Swagger, Sir Squint, Sir Stonewall, Brave (but bumbling) Knights

Jackie the Jester, (Who Yearns To Be A Serious Minstrel)

Mildred, Ethelred, and Alfred, good-natured and witty castle servants

Esmeralda Smythe, The Wisest Gypsy in the Kingdom

Samantha, Esmeralda's Cousin

Princess Minerva The Marvelous of Marvee

Princess Diana Dingaling of Dingdong

Princess Beulah The Beautiful Of Burgundy

Princess Stella The Strong Of Slobovia, (Friends call her "Amazon")

Rosebud and Bluebell, Two Good Fairies

Princess Purity of Spotless

Moppe and Glowe, Two members of Purity's cleaning staff

Princess Allergica of Hypochondria

Princess Barbiette of Tinsilicon In The Pink Valley

The Barbiettes, Barbiette's Ladies-In-Waiting

Princess Zebrina of The Planet Zebron In The Zynet Galaxy.

The Zingons, Loyal followers of Princess Zebrina

TIME: Some time in the Middle Ages.

PLACE: The little kingdom of Maxwell-by-the-Sea

## THE PRINCESS AND THE PEA PRODUCTION NOTES:

CHARACTERS: brief descriptions of most characters appear in the script.

ADJUSTING/CHANGING THE CAST SIZE: The Expanded Cast Version of this script has a total of 34 speaking roles (based on the assumption that there will be at least 2 "Barbiettes" and at least 2 "Zingons"). Many of these roles are female and some of the "designated male" roles can be switched to female, if desired. If you have a large group of performers, obviously one person can play each role, and you may even want to add

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performers to play additional Knights, Ladies, Servants, and so on. If your group size is mid range (15-20 or so) the script is designed so that actors can “double,” i.e., play multiple roles. Another option available to the director is to “pick and choose” among the various princesses (and others) and eliminate a scene or two in order to accommodate casting availability. It’s best not to change the order of the scenes, but excising one of these short scenes won’t adversely affect the overall flow of the play. If there is a shortage of male actors, the Knights can be cut if need be, and the Jester and all of the servants can be played as female without the need to change any dialogue or plot developments. We’re always available to make suggestions about specific ways to adjust the script for your acting group.

COSTUMES: The time of the play is “sometime during the Middle Ages,” which provides a great deal of freedom as far as costumes are concerned. Color is far more important than any particular consistent style and some of the princess characters are “from another time and place” anyway. It’s best if costumes for the “candidate” princesses are quite exaggerated in their separate ways – to offer a contrast to the “normal” characters.

#### SETTINGS AND OTHER TECHNICAL CONSIDERATIONS:

A suggested palace interior setting is needed for both acts. A minimum of scenery is required to suggest a large central room; several chairs, a large podium, and any other decorations desired. In the first act the setting must either be changed or another portion of the stage used for the locations of the scenes with the Princesses (and others) Valiant meets in his travels. Little or no scenery is required for these scenes. In the second act the main palace setting is restored, and a portion of the stage becomes the bedchamber where Olivia so uncomfortably spends the night. The Jester can “play” any instrument (guitar, mandolin, flute, clarinet, etc.) at all – as long as it’s portable and not electric! He can also mime to taped music.

#### THE MATTRESSES:

It is uneconomical and even unnecessary to use a huge stack of real mattresses for the bed upon which Olivia tries to sleep. A tall bedframe can be built and painted to look like a pile of mattresses. Only a few need to be actual moveable pieces, and only the last one needs to be actually “comfortable” for the actress.

NOTE: The use of music and sound effects, live or taped, greatly enhances the production of this play.

# THE PRINCESS AND THE PEA

(Expanded Cast Version)

(On Stage! – E-mail: classstage@aol.com – protected by copyright)

By Michele L. Vacca

(A LARGE INTERIOR ROOM – THE GREAT HALL – IN THE CASTLE OF KING MAXIMILLIAN AND FAMILY. THERE IS A THRONE FOR THE KING, A SUITABLE CHAIR FOR THE OLD QUEEN AND PERHAPS A LONG TABLE, AND ALSO A PODIUM, ELABORATELY DECORATED. ON THE PODIUM IS AN ENORMOUS BOOK, COVERED IN VELVET AND DECORATED WITH JEWELS AND GOLDEN TASSELS HANGING DOWN THE SIDES. JACKIE THE JESTER ENTERS, STRUMMING A SMALL LUTE, HAPPILY HUMMING TO HIMSELF. HE’S NOT A VERY GOOD LUTE PLAYER, BUT HE’S BLISSFULLY UNAWARE OF THIS.)

JACKIE: Aha! Good! No one here. I can practice my song. (PLAYS.) Hmm. It’s still not right. Drat! How can I expect them to take me seriously if I can’t make serious music? It’s always: “Jackie! Tell us a joke!” or “Jackie! Make us laugh!” It’s never – “Jackie! Sing us a song. Make beautiful music!”

CASTLE SERVANTS, ETHELRED, MILDRED AND ALFRED ENTER. THEY ARE CHEERFUL CLEVER AND SENSIBLE PEASANTS WHO ENJOY THEIR WORK. ONE CARRIES FIREWOOD, ANOTHER CANDLES, AND ANOTHER A BROOM. THEY IGNORE THE JESTER WHO CONTINUES TO PLAY.)

ETHELRED: Well, here we go again.

ALFRED: Time to tidy up for all the high and mighty folks.

MILDRED: A King may toil from sun to sun but a peasant’s work is never done.

ALFRED: How true. Just look at these candles. I put ‘em in only yesterday. And now there’s almost nothing left.

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ETHELRED: It's the same with the firewood. Every day I drag in loads and loads of logs and every day they just burn 'em up.

MILDRED: (WHILE SWEEPING.) Well, it's the same with the food. Every day I bring in platters and trays loaded with food and guess what do they do?

ALFRED: What?

MILDRED: They eat 'em all up!

ALFRED: Amazing!

ETHELRED: Astounding!

MILDRED: Remarkable! (LAUGHTER.)

JESTER: (SUDDENLY INSPIRED TO SING VERY LOUDLY.)  
Tra-la-LAAAA!

ETHELRED: (TO JESTER.) Good grief! What a sound!

ALFRED: What was that?

MILDRED: It sounded like a sick dog!

ETHELRED: No, no – it was only Jackie the Jester.

MILDRED: Oh. I should've guessed.

JESTER: It's my new song. I wrote it in honor of the Prince.

MILDRED: (TO JESTER.) Move your feet. And your lute. I have to sweep under here.

JESTER: (MOVING HIS FEET.) Can't you just skip it?

MILDRED: No! The Old Queen always notices everything.

ETHELRED: She doesn't like dust.

ALFRED: And she won't like your song, either.

JESTER: She never likes my songs. (SIGHS.) She has no appreciation for my music.

ALFRED: (TO MILDRED) And neither does anyone else!

ETHELRED: You'd better put that lute away, Jester.

ALFRED: The King will be here any moment.

MILDRED: (SWEEPING BRISKLY.) And the old Queen, too!

(ENTER SIR SWAGGER, SIR SQUINT AND SIR STONEWALL – GOOD-HEARTED FELLOWS, BUT LIMITED IN IMAGINATION, AND OBSESSED WITH THE DUTIES AND OBLIGATIONS OF THEIR RANK.)

SIR SWAGGER: I tell you it's my turn to open the book.

SIR SQUINT: (AS THEY ALL CROSS TO PODIUM.) It is not!

SIR STONEWALL: You're both wrong! It's my turn!

SIR SWAGGER: A member of my family always opens the book in odd numbered years.

SIR SQUINT: Well, a member of my family's always opens the book in

even numbered years.

SIR STONEWALL: And a member of my family always opens the book in all of the other years.

SIR SQUINT AND SIR SWAGGER: (THEY LOOK AT HIM.) Right.

SIR STONEWALL Well? So what year is this?

SIR SQUINT: How should I know?

ALFRED: Begging your pardon, Your Lordships, but why don't you just look at the calendar?

SIR SWAGGER: Good idea, Alfred. (ASIDE.) Do we have a calendar?

ALFRED: (ASIDE.) Don't ask me.

SIR SWAGGER: Then how do we know who's going to open the book?

SIR SQUINT: I tell you, it's my turn!

SIR STONEWALL: And I tell you – It's my turn!

JESTER: I can settle this argument.

SIR SQUINT: You can?

SIR STONEWALL: How?

JESTER: Just watch! (STROLLS OVER AND CASUALLY OPENS THE BOOK.) There.

SIR SWAGGER: (SHOCKED.) Did you see that?

SIR SQUINT: (HORRIFIED.) He just opened the book!

SIR STONEWALL AND SIR SQUINT: (INDIGNANT.) Well!

ALFRED: Amazing!

ETHELRED: Astounding!

MILDRED: Remarkable! (THEY LAUGH.)

ALFRED: (TO MILDRED.) I can't believe the prince is finally of age. It seems like yesterday when he was knee high to –

ETHELRED: Hurry! They're coming! Did you finish sweeping?

MILDRED: Almost. I just have to do this part over here.

ETHELRED: Too late. We'll just hope the Queen doesn't notice.

MILDRED: She'll notice.

FANFARE. THE SERVANTS ALL STAND AT ATTENTION. SQUIRE DONALD DUNCE MARCHES INTO THE HALL, READY TO ANNOUNCE THE ARRIVAL OF THE ROYAL FAMILY. DONALD IS A CHEERFUL, PLEASANT AND SIMPLE FELLOW WHO IS LOYAL AND DEVOTED TO THE PRINCE.)

DONALD: Hear Ye! Hear Ye!

MILDRED: Oh, no! I'm not finished!

JACKIE: Too late now.

SIR SWAGGER: (TO HIS COMPANIONS.) I still say it was my turn.

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SIR SQUINT AND SIR STONEWALL: It was not!

DONALD: His Majesty King Maximillian of Maxwell-by-the-Sea!

ALL: (POLITE MURMURS AND A SPATE OF APPLAUSE.)

DONALD: Her Ancient Majesty, Maude, the Queen Mother!

GRANNY: (THE QUEEN IS AN ENERGETIC AND AGGRESSIVE OLD WOMAN WHOSE BARK IS WORSE THAN HER BITE, ALTHOUGH SHE DOESN'T WANT ANYONE TO KNOW THIS – NOW ADDRESSES HER LADIES IN WAITING.) Stop following me!

LADY LILLY: But, Madam –

LADY LIZZIE: But, Madam –

LADY LULU: But, Madam –

DONALD: The Queen's Ladies in Waiting, Lady Lilli, Lady Lizzie and Lady Lulu!

GRANNY: Maxie! Why are these people always following me around?

KING: (A GENTLE, SOMEWHAT ABSENT-MINDED KINDLY AND GENEROUS MAN WHO ALLOWS HIS MOTHER TO DOMINATE HIM – OFTEN JUST TO PRESERVE THE PEACE.) Well, now, Mother –

GRANNY: I could use a little privacy, you know. (TO LADY LULU.) Give me that handkerchief. I can carry it myself.

LADY LULU: But, Madam –

GRANNY: I said – give it to me! (TO LADY LILLY.) And I'm not going to wear that stupid tiara. So you can stop waving it in my face.

LADY LILLY: But, Madam –

GRANNY: (TO LADY LIZZIE.) And what are you doing with those gloves? I'm not going to wear those, either. Take them away.

LADY LIZZIE: But, Madam –

DONALD: His Royal Highness, the Crown Prince Valiant!

ALL: (MURMURS OF AFFECTIONATE APPROVAL)

SIR SWAGGER: (ASIDE TO DONALD.) Ahem!

DONALD: Oh, yes – and Sir Swagger, Sir Squint and Sir Stonewall, loyal and brave knights of the realm!

SIR SQUINT: (CHEERS ENTHUSIASTICALLY.) Hip-hip-hooray!

SIR STONEWALL: (BOWS TO SIR SQUINT.) Thank you, thank you.

DONALD: Hear Ye! Hear Ye!

GRANNY: (MUTTERING TO HERSELF.) Hear ye, hear ye . . . Always shouting and stomping around.

DONALD: Hear Ye! Hear Ye!

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GRANNY: (TO DONALD) Oh, be quiet, can't you!  
ALL: (MURMURS OF AGREEMENT.)  
GRANNY: (TO DONALD) We heard you the first time.  
KING: Now, Mother, Donald only wants to do things properly.  
GRANNY: Hmph.  
DONALD: Hear Ye! Hear Ye!  
ALL: (GROANS.)  
VALIANT: (AN INTELLIGENT PRINCELY YOUNG MAN – ALTHOUGH A BIT NAIVE AND INCLINED TO DAYDREAM.) Donald, I think you'd better stop now.  
DONALD: But, Your Highness, I haven't finished the announcements.  
GRANNY: Oh, yes, you have!  
DONALD: But –  
KING: (AS PEACEMAKER.) Now, now – please.  
DONALD: But –  
VALIANT: (ASIDE TO DONALD.) Shh! Donald!  
DONALD: Oh, all right. (PAUSE.)  
JACKIE: (CHEERFULLY.) Shall I sing you a song?  
ALL: NO!  
JACKIE: Oh. (PAUSE.)  
GRANNY: Well?  
KING: Well, what?  
GRANNY: Let's get on with it!  
KING: All in good time, Mother.  
GRANNY: Well, don't take too long, Maxie. After all, it's almost time for my nap. Old ladies need their rest, you know.  
KING: Yes, Mother.  
GRANNY: I get very nervous and very grumpy if I miss my nap! You don't want me to be nervous and grumpy, do you?  
KING: No, mother, of course not.  
ALL: (IN AGREEMENT WITH THAT SENTIMENT.)  
GRANNY: Well, then get on with it!  
KING: Yes, Mother. Of course. Right away. Ahem!  
DONALD: Hear Ye! Hear Ye!  
ALL: (GROAN.)  
GRANNY: Not again!  
DONALD: Hear Ye!  
KING: Uh, Donald – would you – ah – that is –  
DONALD: Hear Ye!  
VALIANT: Donald!  
DONALD: Huh?



VALIANT: Shh!  
DONALD: Oh.  
GRANNY: And don't you forget it.  
KING: Now, let's see. Where was I? Oh, yes. Ahem!  
Greetings! As you all know, we have gathered here in the Great Hall to commemorate a special occasion.  
GRANNY: Hear! Hear!  
ALL: Hear! Hear!  
DONALD: Where? Where?  
GRANNY: Quiet!  
KING: Today, my son, Valiant, is nineteen and a half years old, and the law decrees that we must consult the Ancient Book of Wit and Wisdom. (CROSSES TO THE PODIUM, AND FUMBLES THROUGH THE BOOK.)  
Now, let me see, page – uh – page – uh – page – uh –  
GRANNY: Why don't you put on your glasses? That might help.  
KING: Of course, Mother. An excellent idea. (JESTER HANDS HIM HIS GLASSES.) There we are! Much better. Ah! Here's the page we want. (MUMBLES TO HIMSELF AS HE READS – EXCLAIMING – Oh! – AND – Ah! – EVERY SO OFTEN.)  
GRANNY: Speak up, Maxie. We can't hear you.  
KING: Yes, Mother. (READS.) “Whereas and whensoever it comes to pass in the course of time whenever that may be in whatsoever year it happens to occur on the proper day of the week in the ordained month of the suitable year, howsoever it may be or were, Whatever the other concerns of the day – ”  
GRANNY: Get to the point, will you?  
VALIANT: Now, Granny, you know Papa has to read the whole thing. That's the law.  
GRANNY: Hmph.  
DONALD: I like all the big words.  
GRANNY: Quiet!  
VALIANT: (TO DONALD.) Shh!  
DONALD: (IN A WHISPER.) Well, I do.  
ALL: (TO DONALD.) Shhh!  
KING: Ahem! (READS.) “ – other concerns of the day – it shall come to pass that when the eldest son of the royal family has attained the age of ten and nine and one half years – ”  
DONALD: How old is that?  
ALL: (ATTEMPT TO TRY TO FIGURE IT OUT.)

VALIANT: Nineteen and a half, Donald.  
ALL: (ENLIGHTENED.) Ahh!  
DONALD: Oh.  
KING: (READS.) “ – and one-half years, he and his family shall consult the wisest gypsy in the kingdom.”  
ALL: (ENTHUSIASTIC.) Aha! A Gypsy!  
DONALD: That sounds like fun!  
GRANNY: Quiet!  
KING: Well! That’s clear enough. We must now summon the wisest gypsy in the kingdom.  
GRANNY: That shouldn’t be too difficult.  
KING: No, no, not at all.  
DONALD: But how do you know which gypsy is the wisest?  
ALL: Right. Good question. How do you know? (ETC.)  
GRANNY: Because there’s only one gypsy in the whole kingdom. Esmeralda Smythe.  
ALL: Ahh!  
DONALD: Oh.  
VALIANT: We’d better call her, Papa.  
KING: Yes, yes, of course.  
GRANNY: Well? Go on! Call her!  
KING: Yes, Mother. Uh – Mother?  
GRANNY: Now what?  
KING: How do I call her?  
GRANNY: Maxie, you’re so helpless. I don’t know what would happen to this kingdom without me. I’ll get her for you.  
KING: Thank you, Mother.  
GRANNY: (YELLS.) Yoo-hoo! Esmeralda! Yoo-hoo! Esmeralda!  
(PAUSE.) She’ll be here in a minute.

(CRASH OF THUNDER AND A PUFF OF SMOKE  
AND ESMERALDA THE GYPSY APPEARS.)

GRANNY: There she is.  
ESMERALDA: (IN A THICK ACCENT.) Aha! Ptui! The Great King calls Esmeralda, the lowly gypsy fortune-teller!  
KING: Ah – yes, I do. I did. I think.  
ESMERALDA: What can the humble gypsy do for the Great King Maximillian? (TO THE OTHERS.) Shall I read the tea leaves, or look at your palm? I shall read the lumps on your head, no? Ah – I will read the cards, yes? A glimpse into the future – eh? Whatever you wish, I can do.

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GRANNY: Oh, Esmeralda, be quiet!

ESMERALDA: Ah! It is you, Ancient One.

GRANNY: Yes, of course, it's me! And we need you to reveal the mystery of the law to my grandson.

ESMERALDA: (MYSTERIOUSLY.) AH!

KING: My son is now nineteen and a half years old, and the Ancient Book of Wit and Wisdom says that –

ESMERALDA: Yes, Yes, I know! That you must consult me!

VALIANT: Esmeralda, what is it I must do? What is the ancient tradition? Only you can tell me.

ESMERALDA: It is ordained that each prince – when he is nineteen and a half years old – journey through the neighboring kingdoms –

KING: Yes! Now I remember! I did that myself.

DONALD: (THRILLED.) A journey!

ESMERALDA: Yes. A long journey.

VALIANT: But why must I take this long journey, Esmeralda?

ESMERALDA: To find a REAL PRINCESS. A suitable bride. It is so written.

VALIANT: A bride?!

ALL: Ahh – a bride!

ESMERALDA: Yes! And if you find no suitable bride after six months, you must return to your home.

VALIANT: Why?

ALL: Why?

ESMERALDA: (MYSTERIOUSLY.) Because.

VALIANT: Oh. (PAUSE.) And then what?

ESMERALDA: (CASUALLY.) Oh, you sit around at home and wait.

DONALD: Wait for what?

ESMERALDA: (TO VALIANT.) For the bride to come to you!

VALIANT: But what if she doesn't come?

ESMERALDA: (SHRUGS.) Then you don't get married.

VALIANT: Oh. Then why do I have to go on a journey at all? Why don't I just stay home?

ESMERALDA: (HORRIFIED.) You can't do that!!!

VALIANT: Why not?

ALL: Why not?

ESMERALDA: It is so written that the Prince must take a long journey.

VALIANT: But why?

ESMERALDA: Listen, Your Highness, I only repeat the laws, I don't explain them.

VALIANT: Oh. Well, thank you, anyway, Esmeralda.

ESMERALDA: You're welcome.

KING: Yes, Esmeralda, thank you for – uh – dropping in.

ESMERALDA: Any time. Just call me. By the way, I have a cousin, Samantha, just in case you don't find a princess you like – (CLAPS HER HANDS AND SAMANTHA APPEARS.) Say hello to everyone, Samantha.

SAMANTHA: Hi, everyone!

ALL: Hi, Samantha!

GRANNY: Let's get on with this! It's time for my nap!

ESMERALDA: Then farewell, Ancient One! Come along, Samantha!

SAMANTHA: 'Bye, everyone!

ALL: 'Bye, Samantha!

ESMERALDA: Farewell!

(A PUFF OF SMOKE, A CRASH OF THUNDER AND SHE AND SAMANTHA DISAPPEAR.)

GRANNY: (COUGHING.) Hmph! All that stupid smoke.

DONALD: I think it's fun!

GRANNY: (TO DONALD.) You would. (TO KING.) Why does she do that? It doesn't impress anybody. And it just makes a lot more dust. (GLARES AT MILDRED.)

MILDRED: (TO ETHELRED.) I told you she'd notice.

DONALD: I want to go on the journey, too!

GRANNY: Quiet!

VALIANT: Of course you'll go with me, Donald. No Prince can travel without his loyal squire.

KING: (LOOKING AT THE BOOK AGAIN.) Let me see. Ah, yes, here it is! (READS.) "It is so decreed and declared that whensoever the eldest son of the family has consulted . . . " (MUMBLES AS HE READS.)

GRANNY: Speak up, Maxie!

KING: Yes, Mother. According to the Book, Valiant must begin his journey at once.

DONALD: Oh, good!

VALIANT: Well, if that's what the Book says, then I suppose that's what we must do.

GRANNY: Right! Go on, Valiant, pack your things. You, too, Donald. And be quick about it.

VALIANT: Yes, Granny.

DONALD: Yes, Madam. (THEY GO OUT.)

KING: Well, Mother, you have just enough time to take your nap

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before Valiant sets off on his journey.

GRANNY: I hope I don't have any trouble falling asleep. It's always so noisy around here during the day. Tell that Donald to stop shouting "Hear Ye, Hear Ye," all the time, and then maybe I can get some sleep.

KING: Yes, Mother.

JESTER: Shall I play you a soothing lullaby while you're napping?

GRANNY: No!

JESTER: (SIGHS.) No one appreciates my music.

(EVERYONE EXITS EXCEPT THE JESTER, WHO REMAINS AS THE LIGHTS DIM AND MUSIC PLAYS. TIME PASSES. LIGHTS COME BACK UP. ALL OF THE OTHERS RE-ENTER. DONALD AND VALIANT ARE NOW PREPARED FOR THEIR JOURNEY. DONALD CARRIES A LARGE BUNDLE.)

KING: Did you have a nice nap, Mother?

GRANNY: No! I didn't sleep a wink.

DONALD: Gee, that's too bad.

ALL: (SYMPATHETIC MURMURS.)

KING: Are you ready for the journey, Valiant?

VALIANT: Yes, Papa.

DONALD: I'm ready, too!

GRANNY: Quiet!

DONALD: Well, I am.

KING: Well, son, take care of yourself.

VALIANT: Yes, Papa.

DONALD: I'll take care of him, Your Majesty.

KING: Yes, well, uh, yes, of course you will, Donald.

GRANNY: Come here, grandson. Now, remember, if you find a princess you really like, bring her back to the castle.

VALIANT: Yes, Granny.

GRANNY: Remember, you can only marry a true princess, Valiant.

VALIANT: Yes, Granny.

GRANNY: And I am the only one in the family who knows the Secret Test.

DONALD: Secret Test?!

ALL: Oooo! A Secret Test! How exciting. (ETC.)

GRANNY: No prince of our family can marry a princess who isn't a real princess. Only a princess of the truest princessness can pass the Secret Test.

KING: That's true.  
DONALD: Wow! A Secret Test!  
KING: Now, Valiant, here's a map and a bag of gold for your travel expenses.  
VALIANT: Thank you, Papa.  
GRANNY: And I have something for you, too. (HANDS HIM A LARGE SCROLL.) Here.  
VALIANT: What is it, Granny? I won't have much time for reading.  
GRANNY: I picked out a few proverbs from the Book of Wisdom.  
DONALD: (EYEING THE ENORMOUS SCROLL.) A few??  
VALIANT: Oh. Well, thank you, Granny. That was sweet of you.  
GRANNY: Now, when you're travelling, and something happens, and you don't know what to do, just look at the list here, and find a little piece of wisdom to help you out.  
VALIANT: Yes, Granny, I'll do that.  
KING: (SENTIMENTALLY.) Your grandmother gave me a list of proverbs when I set out on my journey, too.  
ALL: (TOUCHED) Aww. . .  
DONALD: (ALSO TOUCHED) Gee, that's nice.  
KING: (TO DONALD) Yes, it is, isn't it?  
GRANNY: Well?  
VALIANT: Well, what, Granny?  
GRANNY: Go on! Get started! Why are you standing around here wasting time? You only have six months.  
VALIANT: Yes, Granny. Good-bye, Papa.  
KING: Good-bye, Valiant. (WAVES.) Have a good time!  
VALIANT: Yes, Papa!  
DONALD: We will! (THEY GO OFF.)  
ALL: Good-bye! Good luck! 'Bye!  
JESTER: Don't forget to write!  
GRANNY: (WATCHING THEM.) Well, I hope they don't get lost.  
KING: Now, Mother –  
GRANNY: – or robbed –  
KING: Now, Mother –  
GRANNY: – or get their feet wet. (CALLS OFF.) Don't get your feet wet! You'll catch cold! Too late. Let's hope they have enough sense to come in out of the rain.  
KING: Of course they do, mother. Come, it's time for supper.  
ALL: Yumm!  
KING: We're having the Creamed Curry Cucumber Casserole that you like so much.  
GRANNY: (AS THEY GO.) I don't like it. I hate it. It gives me

indigestion. If it isn't one thing around here, it's another.

KING: Yes, Mother. (THEY ARE GONE.)

LADY LILLI, LADY LIZZIE, LADY LULU: Wait for us, Your Majesty!  
(THEY HURRY AFTER THE QUEEN.)

SIR SWAGGER: Come, Jester. Tell us a joke.

JESTER: Wouldn't you rather hear a song?

SIR SQUINT: No songs! We want a joke!

SIR STONEWALL: A funny one!

JESTER: (SIGHS.) Very well. (LEADING THEM OFF.) Have you heard the one about the three Knights who . . . ?

THE KNIGHTS, THE JESTER AND THE SERVANTS  
EXIT. LIGHTS DIM. MUSIC. TIME PASSES. ON  
THE ROAD. THE PRINCE AND DONALD ENTER.)

VALIANT: Well, Donald, we're almost there.

DONALD: Yes, Your Highness. If you say so.

VALIANT: So far the journey hasn't been too bad. We've only seen one dragon, two giants, and a small band of robbers.

DONALD: And it only rained once.

VALIANT: That's true. You know, Donald, I always thought that princely journeys were much more dangerous than this.

DONALD: (GLUMLY.) Me, too. Your Highness! Look! .  
(POINTS TO A CONVENIENTLY PLACED GATE.)

VALIANT: The home of Princess Minerva the Marvelous of Marvee.

DONALD: The first Princess! Are you nervous, Your Highness?

VALIANT: (WHO IS.) Of course not!

DONALD: Well, I am!

VALIANT: Donald, do you have the list of proverbs Granny gave us?

DONALD: Oh, yes, Your Highness. I have it – uh – (SEARCHES THROUGH THE TRAVEL BAG/S.) – I have it – uh – right here – uh – somewhere – Oh! Here it is!

VALIANT: Good. Now put it in a safe place.

DONALD: All right. (PUTS IT RIGHT BACK WHERE IT WAS.)

VALIANT: Well. I suppose I should knock on the gate.

DONALD: Right!

VALIANT: Donald?

DONALD: Yes, Your Highness?

VALIANT: You knock.

DONALD: Right! (POUNDS LOUDLY ON THE GATE.)

VALIANT: That's enough, Donald.

DONALD: Yes, Your Highness.

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VALIANT: Well, I guess nobody's home. Let's go.  
DONALD: But, Your Highness –

(PRINCESS MINERVA APPEARS. SHE IS PLAINLY DRESSED, AND LOOKS LIKE 1940'S MOVIE "TYPICAL" LIBRARIAN – RIMLESS GLASSES, CHIGNON HAIRDO, AND ORTHOPEDIC SHOES. SHE ALSO CARRIES A LARGE HEAVY BOOK.)

MINERVA: Shh! (TO DONALD.) Your excessive cacophony has disturbed the beatitude of the atmosphere.

DONALD: Huh?

VALIANT: She means you made too much noise.

DONALD: Oh.

## END OF FIRST E-MAIL SEGMENT

START OF SECOND E-MAIL SEGMENT – (in Act Two – end of scene with Princess Purity and complete scene with Princess Allergica – these Princesses are not “in” the regular version of PRINCESS AND THE PEA

PURITY: Oh, I might consider a future alliance with a princely paragon with a preference for perfection – if there is such a person – which I doubt – but for now I must continue to fight the never-ending battle against dirt, dust and debris.

VALIANT: Of course. I understand.

PURITY: (TO WORKERS.) Come along! It's time to wash the sidewalk again! And then we'll clean the alley.

MOPPE AND GLOWE: Yes, Princess Purity.

PURITY: (TO VALIANT AND DONALD.) Be sure you wipe your feet on the way out. (SHE LEAVES.)

DONALD: (TO MOPPE AND GLOWE AS THEY EXIT.) 'Bye!

(SUDDENLY ESMERALDA AND SAMANTHA APPEAR ACCOMPANIED BY BILLOWS OF FOG.)

ESMERALDA: Aha! Ptui!



VALIANT: Esmeralda!  
ESMERALDA: Greetings, Prince Valiant! Say hello, Samantha.  
SAMANTHA: Hi.  
VALIANT: (TO ESMERALDA.) How did you find us?  
ESMERALDA: (SHRUGS.) Oh, I have my ways. Have you found yourself a bride?  
VALIANT: Not yet.  
ESMERALDA: Don't forget about my cousin, Samantha.  
SAMANTHA: Hi, Prince Valiant.  
VALIANT: Oh, I haven't forgotten.  
ESMERALDA: She's ready, willing and able. Right, Samantha?  
SAMANTHA: Oh, yes.  
ESMERALDA: And she's descended from a long line of Gypsy Kings.  
SAMANTHA: I am?  
ESMERALDA: Quiet!  
VALIANT: I'll keep that in mind.  
ESMERALDA: You do that. Say good-bye, Samantha,  
SAMANTHA: Bye-bye.  
VALIANT: Yes – good-bye.  
ESMERALDA: Farewell, Prince Valiant. (AS FOG ROLLS IN.) Aha! Ptui! (AND THE GYPSIES ARE GONE.)  
VALIANT: (LOOKING AT HIS MAP.) Well, let's see . . .  
DONALD: Where are we now?  
VALIANT: According to the map – right about here. (POINTS.)  
DONALD: Where is "here?"  
VALIANT: The Kingdom of Hypochondria.  
ALLERGICA: (FROM OFF STAGE.) Ah-choo!  
VALIANT: And that must be Princess Allergica.  
ALLERGICA: (ENTERS – PERHAPS WITH A NURSE.) Ah-choo!  
DONALD: Bless you.  
ALLERGICA: Thanks. Ah-choo!  
VALIANT: Greetings, Princess. How do you do?  
ALLERGICA: (SIGHS.) Oh, I've been better.  
VALIANT: Allow me to introduce myself. I am Prince Valiant –  
ALLERGICA: (IMMEDIATELY OVERTAKEN BY SNEEZES.) Ah-choo! Ah-choo! Ah-choo! Ah-choo! Ah-choo!  
VALIANT: Are you all right?  
ALLERGICA: Do you have a handkerchief?  
VALIANT: Why, yes, I do – (OFFERS HANDKERCHIEF TO HER.)  
ALLERGICA: (GRABS IT.) AH-CHOO!! Thanks.  
VALIANT: You're welcome.  
ALLERGICA: Yes, I've heard all about you, Prince Valiant. Ah-choo!

You're looking for a bride.

VALIANT: Yes, that's right, I –

ALLERGICA: Ah-choo!

DONALD: (SYMPATHETIC.) Do you have a bad cold, Princess?

ALLERGICA: Oh, no. I'm just allergic to things.

DONALD: What things?

ALLERGICA: Oh, you name it – I'm allergic. Go on. Name something.

DONALD: Uh – jelly beans?

ALLERGICA: Ah-choo!

DONALD: Potato pancakes?

ALLERGICA: Ah-choo!

DONALD: Butterscotch pudding?

ALLERGICA: Ah-choo!

DONALD: (TURNS TO PRINCE VALIANT.) Prince Valiant –

ALLERGICA: Ah-choo! Ah-choo! (TO DONALD.) You see?

DONALD: (TO ALLERGICA.) Gee, that's too bad.

ALLERGICA: (SIGHS.) Oh, I'm pretty used to it. (TO VALIANT.) Do you want your handkerchief back? Ah-choo!

VALIANT: Uh – no that's all right – you can keep it.

ALLERGICA: Ah-choo! Thanks.

VALIANT: Isn't there any cure for your allergies, Princess?

ALLERGICA: Ah-choo! Well, I have forty-seven doctors –

DONALD: Wow!

ALLERGICA: And a hundred and thirty eight nurses –

DONALD: Wow!

ALLERGICA: But they can't help me.

DONALD: Why not?

ALLERGICA: I'm allergic to all of their medicines, too. Ah-choo!

VALIANT: I see –

ALLERGICA: (SIGHS.) So I just have to stay in a hypo-allergized room most of the time.

VALIANT: I see.

ALLERGICA: (TO VALIANT.) Is your castle hypo-allergized?

VALIANT: Why – I don't know. I don't think so.

ALLERGICA: You'll have to take care of that before I can move in.

VALIANT: Uh –

ALLERGICA: And if you have a moat you'll have to get rid of it. I'm allergic to water. And if you have any windows you'll have to brick them all up. I'm allergic to fresh air.

VALIANT: I see.

ALLERGICA: – and you'll need to remodel your kitchen too – and I'll need – oh, why don't I just give you a list.

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VALIANT: A list?

ALLERGICA: Oh – and I never travel anywhere without my forty-seven doctors and my one hundred and thirty eight nurses. They all need private rooms. Is your castle big enough?

VALIANT: I'm not sure. I'd have to ask my grandmother.

ALLERGICA: Well – you just let me know when your castle is ready.

VALIANT: Uh – right. I'll – uh – do that –

ALLERGICA: Ah-choo! I'll be waiting. Well, it's time for my special treatment now. If I don't have my special treatments every hour I just sneeze all the time. Ah-choo!

DONALD: Bless you.

ALLERGICA: Thanks. Ah-choo! Ah-choo! Ah-choo! (SHE EXITS.)

VALIANT: Good-bye, Princess! Oh, Donald – can you imagine what Granny would say about bricking up the windows?

DONALD: I don't even want to think about it.

VALIANT: (WITH A LAUGH.) Neither do I!

(AS VALIANT AND DONALD CONTINUE THEIR JOURNEY, A SIGN APPEARS: “Like Welcome To Tinsel Valley – Like Where Everything Is Like Pink.”)

DONALD: Who lives here?

VALIANT: Princess Barbiette of the Tinsilicon Valley

(PRINCESS BARBIETTE ENTERS ACCOMPANIED BY HER LADIES IN WAITING, THE BARBIETTES.)

## END OF SECOND E-MAIL SEGMENT

(THERE ARE 64 TOTAL PAGES IN THE COMPLETE PLAYSRIPT)