

Once Upon A Mattress

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

MINSTREL	1ST KNIGHT
PANTOMIME CHARACTERS	2ND KNIGHT
PRINCESS NO. 12	3RD KNIGHT
WIZARD	1ST LADY-IN-WAITING — ROWENA
LADY LARKEN	2ND LADY-IN-WAITING — MERRILL
QUEEN AGGRAVAIN	3RD LADY-IN-WAITING — LUCILLE
PRINCE DAUNTLESS	SIR HARRY
KING SEXTIMUS THE SILENT	KITCHEN WENCH
JESTER	PRINCESS WINNIFRED
SIR STUDLEY	EMILY
SIR LUCE	LADY MABELLE

Ladies-in-Waiting, Knights, Soldiers, Servants, Musicians, etc.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT ONE

No.		Page
1.	Overture	1
2.	Prologue — Many Moons Ago (MINSTREL).....	1
3.	Opening For A Princess (DAUNTLESS, LARKEN, LADIES, KNIGHTS)	5
4.	In A Little While (HARRY, LARKEN).....	8
5.	In A Little While — Reprise (HARRY, LARKEN).....	12
6.	Shy (WINNIFRED, KNIGHTS, DAUNTLESS, QUEEN, LADIES).....	13
6a.	Fanfare	16
6b.	The Minstrel, The Jester And I (MINSTREL, JESTER, KING)	19
7.	Sensitivity (QUEEN, WIZARD).....	21
8.	The Swamps Of Home (WINNIFRED, LADIES, DAUNTLESS)	24
9.	Fight — Fight (HARRY, LARKEN).....	28
10.	Spanish Panic	29
11.	Tents	29
12.	Normandy (MINSTREL, LARKEN, JESTER)	32
13.	Spanish Panic No. 2	34
14.	Song Of Love (DAUNTLESS, WINNIFRED).....	36

ACT TWO

15.	Entr'acte	40
16.	Opening — Act II (ALL)	40
17.	Happily Ever After (WINNIFRED).....	46
18.	Man To Man Talk (DAUNTLESS, KING).....	49
19.	Very Soft Shoes (JESTER).....	53
20.	Three O'clock In The Morning.....	54

21. Yesterday I Loved You (HARRY, LARKEN).....	55
22. Nightingale Lullaby	57
22a. Wizard	58
23. Finale (ALL)	62
24. Bows & Exit Music	62

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT ONE

- Scene 1: A large room in a medieval castle, late March
- Scene 2: A castle corridor, the same day
- Scene 3: The castle courtyard, a mid-April morning three weeks later
- Scene 4: A castle corridor, later that day
- Scene 5: Winnifred's dressing room, later that day
- Scene 6: A castle corridor, later that day
- Scene 7: Tents in the courtyard, late evening the same day
- Scene 8: The courtyard, a few minutes later
- Scene 9: The Great Hall, immediately following

ACT TWO

- Scene 1: The castle, same day, that night
- Scene 2: A room in the castle, later that night
- Scene 3: A castle corridor, later that night
- Scene 4: The Wizard's chamber, later that night
- Scene 5: A castle corridor, later that night
- Scene 6: The same corridor, a few minutes later
- Scene 7: Winnifred's bedchamber, later that night
- Scene 8: A castle corridor, the next morning
- Scene 9: The Banquet Hall, a few minutes later

ACT ONE

Music 1: OVERTURE

Music 2: PROLOGUE — MANY MOONS AGO

(The Overture segues into a "medieval" vamp. As the orchestra fades completely we discover the MINSTREL. He is young and attractive, and one feels that he is a man of the world — a realist with a twinkle, a sophisticate with a heart.

He begins to sing, strumming his lute.

The MINSTREL's story, told in song, is enacted in ballet pantomime — performed in the sugary overblown manner of "The Nutcracker Suite." The PRINCE is handsome; the QUEEN gracious; and the PRINCESS a vision of delicate loveliness)

MINSTREL (*Verse*):

MANY MOONS AGO, IN A FAR-OFF PLACE
LIVED A HANDSOME PRINCE WITH A GLOOMY FACE,
FOR HE DID NOT HAVE A BRIDE.
OH, HE SIGHED ALAS!
AND HE PINED, ALAS,
BUT ALAS, THE PRINCE COULDN'T FIND A LASS
WHO WOULD SUIT HIS MOTHER'S PRIDE.

(Chorus 1)

FOR A PRINCESS IS A DELICATE THING,
DELICATE AND DAINTY AS A DRAGONFLY'S WING.
YOU CAN RECOGNIZE A LADY BY HER ELEGANT AIR,
BUT A GENUINE PRINCESS IS EXCEEDINGLY RARE!

(Verse 2)

ON A STORMY NIGHT TO THE CASTLE DOOR,
CAME THE LASS THE PRINCE HAD BEEN WAITING
FOR.

"I'M A PRINCESS LOST," QUOTH SHE.
BUT THE QUEEN WAS COOL AND REMAINED ALOOF
AND SHE SAID, "PERHAPS, BUT WE'LL NEED SOME
PROOF.

I'LL PREPARE A TEST AND SEE.

(Chorus 2 — Spoken in meter)

"I WILL TEST HER THUS," THE OLD QUEEN SAID,
"I'LL PUT TWENTY DOWNY MATTRESSES UPON HER
BED,

AND BENEATH THOSE TWENTY MATTRESSES I'LL
PLACE ONE TINY PEA.

IF THAT PEA DISTURBS HER SLUMBER, THEN A TRUE
PRINCESS IS SHE."

(Verse 3)

NOW, THE BED WAS SOFT, AND EXTREMELY TALL,
BUT THE DAINY LASS DIDN'T SLEEP AT ALL,
AND SHE TOLD THEM SO NEXT DAY.
SAID THE QUEEN, "MY DEAR, IF YOU FELT THAT PEA,
THEN WE'VE PROOF ENOUGH OF YOUR ROYALTY.
LET THE WEDDING MUSIC PLAY."

(Spoken)

AND THE PEOPLE SHOUTED QUIETLY,

ALL *(Sing pianissimo):*

"HOORAY!"

(Lights fade to blackout. Black drop in)

MINSTREL: FOR A PRINCESS IS A DELICATE THING,
DELICATE AND DAINY AS A DRAGONFLY'S WING.
YOU CAN RECOGNIZE A LADY BY HER ELEGANT AIR,
BUT A GENUINE PRINCESS IS EXCEEDINGLY RARE!

MINSTREL *(Spoken)*: There are many versions of this story; I sing them all.
This is the prettiest, but it's not quite accurate. I happen to know
the true story of "The Princess and the Pea" for the very good
reason that I was there. It was a small kingdom ruled over by a
talkative queen and a mute king. The Princess in the true story was
not the only girl put to the test. Actually, she was one of 13 girls —
girls who came to the castle hoping to wed the Prince, but who, for
one reason or another, were found to be unsuitable. *(Lights come up
full on stage and the picture has changed)*

Scene 1

*(Scene: Dominating the scene is a dais on which sit QUEEN AGGRAVAIN
and KING SEXTIMUS. Seated at his mother's feet is PRINCE DAUNTLESS.*

*Not far from the dais, on a platform, stands "PRINCESS No. 12" dressed in
standard princess attire including a small crown. Beside her is the
WIZARD, the QUEEN'S confidante who, at the moment, is functioning as a
sort of medieval master of ceremonies. KNIGHTS and LADIES form an
attentive audience for what appears to be a formal interrogation. Promi-
nent among them is a particularly beautiful girl, the LADY LARKEN, who
seems inordinately interested in the proceedings)*

MINSTREL: As a matter of fact, the day I arrived at court, they were
testing Princess Number 12. A curious quiz was in progress.

WIZARD: Are you ready for the next question? *(He reads from a sheet of
parchment. There is a hint of the modern tv quizmaster in his manner)*

PRINCESS: I guess so.

WIZARD: The next question concerns famous rulers. Are you quite
ready?

PRINCESS: Uh-huh.

WIZARD: Well, then: name three kings. Is that clear?

PRINCESS: Yes. *(Thinks a moment)* Would you repeat the question, please?

WIZARD: Certainly. Name three kings.

PRINCESS: May I take the third king first? *(WIZARD nods "Yes")* Well, then.

Three kings are . . . *(She thinks)*

MINSTREL *(To Lady Rowena)*: Is this a trial?

LADY ROWENA: No, it's the royalty test to find out if she's a real princess.

PRINCESS: King John, King Arthur, and . . . *(She thinks some more)*

MINSTREL: Does it matter if she's a true princess?

LADY MERRILL: Oh yes. If she's a true princess, we can all get married.

PRINCESS: King Ethelred.

WIZARD: That is absolutely correct! *(The KNIGHTS and LADIES applaud)*

DAUNTLESS *(In great excitement to the QUEEN as the applause dies)*: She's
smart, Mama. She's the best one yet. Can I marry her now, huh?
Can I, Mama?

QUEEN: No, sweetheart. *(Saccharine)* There's still one more question.
(Snaps fingers)

LADY LUCILLE *(Sotto voce)*: This test isn't going to be fair.

LADY MERRILL: It's the law that isn't fair.

MINSTREL: Law?

LADY LUCILLE: The Marriage Law:

'Throughout the land no one may wed
Till Dauntless to the altar's led.'

*(The QUEEN has picked out one of the questions. She gives it to the WIZARD
who returns to the PRINCESS)*

MINSTREL: Dauntless?

LADY ROWENA: The Prince. Until he gets married none of us can.

WIZARD: You have now reached the seventh plateau, and here is your final question. It is divided into four parts and concerns a famous man often referred to as the Knight of the Red Cross. 1. What was his name? 2. What beast did he slay? 3. How many rows of teeth did the beast have and what kind? . . . and 4. What was the middle name of the daughter-in-law of the best friend of the blacksmith who forged the sword that killed the beast? (KNIGHTS and LADIES sigh and look hopelessly at each other)

PRINCESS (Taking a deep breath): 1. St. George, 2. the dragon, 3. twelve rows of teeth and they were iron, and 4. would you repeat the last question please?

WIZARD: What was the middle name of the daughter-in-law of the best friend of the blacksmith who forged the sword that killed the beast?

PRINCESS: The middle name?

WIZARD: The middle name.

PRINCESS: The daughter-in-law?

WIZARD: In-law. (He inverts a small hour-glass) You have thirty seconds.

LADY LARKEN: Oh, pass. Please, please, pass.

MINSTREL: Do you speak, my Lady?

LARKEN (Flustered): No — I . . . (She turns to look at the Princess again)

WIZARD: Twenty seconds.

PRINCESS: Oh . . .

MINSTREL: I wish her success. She's a pretty little thing (He refers to the PRINCESS, but his eyes remain on LADY LARKEN)

WIZARD: Ten seconds.

PRINCESS: Ohhh . . .

WIZARD: I'm terribly sorry . . .

PRINCESS: OHHHHHHHHHHHHH . . .

WIZARD: . . . your time is up.

QUEEN: Too bad, my dear, too bad. You do show a certain aptitude, but as for the true brilliance of royalty . . . well, I'm afraid not. Remember: blood will tell, and yours didn't tell us quite enough. (STUDLEY gives a large dead bird to the QUEEN, who gives it to the PRINCESS and continues . . .) However, to show that there are no hard feelings, here is a nice consolation prize for you. Goodbye; good luck; and get out. (The PRINCESS goes OFF RIGHT, weeping) Sweetheart . . . Dauntless! Stop pouting. (KING gooses a LADY — she screams) Now, don't dilly-dally, Dauntless. It's nearly time for your cocoa. (She exits in a flourish, accompanied by the KING and the WIZARD)

Music 3: OPENING FOR A PRINCESS

DAUNTLESS:

OH . . . ! I LIKED HER!

LARKEN: SO DID I.

DAUNTLESS:

WHY MUST EV'RY PRINCESS GET THE BIRD?

LADY MERRILL:

IT'S JUST ABSURD.

LADY ROWENA:

I NEVER HEARD
A TEST SO DIFFICULT TO PASS.

DAUNTLESS:

ALAS! A LASS IS WHAT I LACK.
I LACK A LASS; ALAS! ALACK!

KNIGHTS: THROUGHOUT THE LAND NO ONE MAY WED

LADIES: OH . . .

KNIGHTS: 'TIL DAUNTLESS SHARES HIS MARRIAGE BED.

LADIES: THE LONELY SPINSTER'S LIFE

GO . . .

AND GET THE PRINCE A ROYAL WIFE!

ALL: WE HAVE AN OPENING FOR A PRINCESS,
FOR A GENUINE, CERTIFIED PRINCESS.

LADIES: TELL US WHEN YOU INTEND TO END THIS DILEMMA
WE'RE IN —

KNIGHTS: NONE OF THE LADIES GIVE A FIG FOR LIVIN' IN SIN!

ALL: WE HAVE AN OPENING FOR A PRINCESS,
FOR A BEAUTIFUL, BONAFIDE PRINCESS.

LADIES: WHERE'S THE DUTIFUL KNIGHT WHO'LL RIGHT ALL
THE WRONG WE'VE BEEN DONE?

KNIGHTS: NONE OF THE LADIES ARE HAVING ANY FUN.

LADIES: WHAT TO DO?

KNIGHTS: WHAT TO DO?

LADIES: WHAT TO DO?

KNIGHTS: WHAT TO DO?

LADIES: PITY THE LADIES-IN-WAITING;

KNIGHTS: PITY THE GENTLEMEN TOO!

LADIES: FOUR!

KNIGHTS: SIX!

ALL: EIGHT, TEN, ELEVEN, TWELVE CONTENDERS IN A
ROW.

KNIGHTS: THEY CAME; THEY WERE TESTED;

LADIES: THEN SWIFTLY REQUESTED TO GO . . .
 KNIGHTS: BLOW THE TRUMPET! SOUND THE FIFE!
 LADIES: . . . FOR A PRINCESS
 FOR A GENUINE, CERTIFIED PRINCESS.
 KNIGHTS: GO AND GET THE PRINCE A ROYAL WIFE!
 LADIES: TELL US WHEN YOU INTEND TO SEND US A GIRL WHO
 CAN PASS.
 KNIGHTS: NONE OF THE LADIES ARE HAVING ANY —
 ALL: NO ONE IS GETTING ANY —
 NO ONE IS GETTING ANY — YOUNGER.
 AND IT'S BEEN GOD KNOWS HOW LONG SINCE
 WE HAVE AN OPENING FOR A PRINCESS
 WHO'S GOOD ENOUGH, NICE ENOUGH, SWEET
 ENOUGH, SMART ENOUGH, RICH ENOUGH
 FOR OUR POOR PRINCE!

(After the song, the KNIGHTS and LADIES disperse with ad libs. "It just seems hopeless." "Twelve tests." "Twelve failures." "Dauntless will never get married." "I've just given up hope," etc. LARKEN strolls to LEFT where she stands talking to a KNIGHT. Other KNIGHTS and LADIES are in small groups talking quietly. The MINSTREL enters DOWN LEFT and crosses to CENTER. The WIZARD enters DOWN RIGHT and goes quickly to him)

WIZARD: Minstrel! You are just arrived!
 MINSTREL: Yes, I am, Sir Wizard.
 WIZARD: Splendid, splendid! *(He takes out a parchment)* Watch closely. I take a perfectly plain piece of parchment with no cuts, folds, creases or concealed pockets . . . *(JESTER has entered from DOWN RIGHT. He shakes the bells on his jester's stick in the WIZARD's face)* Well, what is it?
 JESTER: Excuse me, Cardamon, but I have to take the Minstrel to sign in with the Castle Steward.
 KNIGHT #1: This way, please!
 MINSTREL: I'm on my way to Normandy. I won't be staying long.
(MINSTREL and KNIGHT exit DOWN RIGHT)
 WIZARD: For your father's sake, I put up with a good deal from you. Don't address me as Cardamon in Court. Just because your father and I were in show business together, don't presume. *(WIZARD and JESTER exit DOWN RIGHT. SIR HARRY enters UP RIGHT. He is handsome and manly, but a bit of a stuffed shirt)*
 KNIGHT #2: Ho! Sir Harry. *(KNIGHTS and LADIES drift OFFSTAGE)*
 LARKEN: My darling, you missed the test.
 HARRY: Sweet Larken, my new responsibilities as Chivalric Knight of the Herald keep me busy.

LARKEN: The latest princess was a failure.
 HARRY: No!
 LARKEN: Yes.
 HARRY: Bad luck. But don't despair for we have plenty of time. If a true princess is not found in the next few months I will go out and find one myself . . . or I don't deserve to wear my spurs.
 LARKEN: Darling . . .
 HARRY: My love?
 LARKEN: Do you remember the Royal Joust on Whitsunday, when you won those spurs?
 HARRY: Of course.
 LARKEN: When you were called Sir Harry, the Fairest and Bravest Knight in all the Land, and everyone agreed that you had a brilliant future ahead of you; that you might someday become Lord Chamberlain, or ever Prime Minister?
 HARRY: Well, I don't know about Prime Minister . . .
 LARKEN: Do you remember the picnic we all had later on the greensward with the lovely cold pheasant?
 HARRY: Yes.
 LARKEN: And you and I wandered away from the others to climb the hill and watch the sun go down?
 HARRY: Yes.
 LARKEN: And a lark was singing in the trees and you said you'd remember that moment forever because the lark's song reminded you of my name?
 HARRY: Yes, Larken, yes!
 LARKEN: And then we watched the sun go down?
 HARRY: Yes!
 LARKEN: Well. *(Pauses, takes a deep breath, then speaks)* I'm going to have a baby. *(HARRY is stunned)* So you see, a princess for Dauntless *must* be found . . . and soon or I shall have to go away somewhere.
 HARRY *(Clears his throat)*: Uh . . . uhm . . .
 LARKEN *(Suddenly frightened)*: Oh, darling . . . I'm so worried! This could ruin you and you'd never be Prime Minister or anything! Say the word, Harry, and I'll go now. I'll go far away where they'll never find me! *(HARRY hesitates)* Just say the word!
 HARRY *(Bravely)*: No! You'll stay here! Why should we both suffer all our lives just because *you* had a moment of weakness?
 LARKEN *(Ecstatically)*: Oh, Harry! *(She throws herself into his arms. Music in)*
 HARRY: We're none of us perfect! Everything's going to be all right.
 LARKEN: Thank you, Harry!

Music 4: IN A LITTLE WHILE

HARRY: IT WON'T BE LONG, IT WON'T BE LONG,
IT WON'T BECAUSE IT CAN'T BE LONG
BEFORE OUR DREAMS COME TRUE.
BECAUSE YOU KNOW I DON'T BELONG,
AND FURTHERMORE I SHAN'T BELONG TO ANYONE
BUT YOU.

LARKEN: IN A LITTLE WHILE,
JUST A LITTLE WHILE
YOU AND I WILL BE ONE,
TWO, THREE, FOUR.
IN A LITTLE WHILE
I WILL SEE YOUR SMILE
ON THE FACE OF MY SON.
TO BE FOR —
EVER HAND IN GLOVE
IS THE WAY I HAVE IT PLANNED,
BUT I'LL ONLY STAY IN LOVE
IF THE GLOVE CONTAINS YOUR HAND.
IN A VELVET GOWN
I'LL BE COMING DOWN THE AISLE —
AND IT'S BOUND TO SEEM AS THOUGH THE
WAITING'S ONLY BEEN A LITTLE,
IN A LITTLE WHILE.

HARRY: Have you any idea how soon, my love?

LARKEN (*Counts on her fingers*): November.

HARRY: November?

LARKEN: MY TIME IS AT A PREMIUM,
FOR SOON THE WORLD WILL SEE ME A MATERNAL
BRIDE-TO-BE.

I KNOW I MUSTN'T WORRY, HARRY.

STILL I WISH YOU'D HURRY, HARRY.

HARRY, MARRY ME!

HARRY: IN A LITTLE WHILE,
JUST A LITTLE WHILE,
YOU AND I WILL BE ONE,
TWO, THREE, FOUR.
IN A LITTLE WHILE,
I WILL SEE YOUR SMILE
ON THE FACE OF MY SON.

TO BE FOR —
EVER HAND IN GLOVE
IS THE WAY I HAVE IT PLANNED,
BUT I'LL ONLY STAY IN LOVE
IF THE GLOVE CONTAINS YOUR HAND.
I CAN SEE IT ALL
DOWN TO EV'RY SMALL DETAIL —
SO I WISH YOU'D LOOK AROUND
UNTIL YOU'VE FOUND
A CASTLE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD FOR SALE.

(*They exit DOWN LEFT*)

Scene 2

(*Scene: in one. A castle corridor. QUEEN and DAUNTLESS enter, he tagging behind her at some distance*)

QUEEN: Come along darling, don't dawdle. (*Stops and observes him shuffling along*) Dauntless, pick up your feet for heaven's sake and don't squint! I told you not to look at the sun.

DAUNTLESS (*Adjusting*): Yes, Mama.

QUEEN: That's better. (*Hugs him. KING runs on chasing WENCH*) SEXTIMUS! If I've told you once, I've told you a hundred thousand times, I will not have you playing these foolish games and running around in the halls. It just isn't dignified. We are the rulers of the kingdom and if we don't set a proper example for the rest of the court, I'd like to know who will. I mean what is the point of being a ruler if one isn't going to behave as a ruler should. (*KING exits DOWN LEFT, in pantomime mimicking her. The KING never speaks aloud, but makes what's on his mind very clear by acting it out*)

DAUNTLESS: Mama . . .

QUEEN (*Stopping*): Now what?

DAUNTLESS: Mama, when am I going to get my Princess?

QUEEN: Dauntless, I don't want to discuss that now. It's time for your cocoa.

DAUNTLESS: But Mama, sometimes I get the funniest feeling that you don't want me to get married.

QUEEN: Don't *want* you to get married? Don't *want* you to get married? Dauntless — don't you trust me?

DAUNTLESS: Of course, Mama, but . . .

QUEEN: Well, then how can you say such a thing? (*The Mamalogue: spoken as rapidly as is possible to do without sacrificing clarity*) I want you to get

married! How many times have I said to you, "I want you to get married?" Only this morning, I was saying to your father, I said, "Sextimus, I want that boy to get married. It just isn't normal for a boy that age to stay single! And after all, he is the Prince," I said, "Don't forget that. He's next in line to the throne. I mean we're not exactly the oldest people in the world; but on the other hand we're not going to live forever, and I just know that I'd feel much better, much easier and more relaxed in my mind if that boy were married, and settled and set!" And that is absolutely verbatim, *exactly* what I said to your father this morning. Of course, he didn't say anything. He never does. But you know him just as well as I do; I don't have to tell you how impossible he is. But that's my cross of pain; and I don't want you to worry your head one tiny bit about the fact that your father and I don't get along, and never have. If he makes me miserable, and makes me suffer, I just have to put up with it, and I will not allow it to affect my child's attitude toward him or me. He may be a mean, stupid, dreadful, selfish, rotten man, but he is your father and I want you to respect him. There is only one person who really cares about you and really worries about your health and your happiness and your future and that's what I'm talking about right now; your future, and I want to make myself absolutely clear; I *want* you to get married *but* I don't want you to marry just *anybody*. After all, marriage is a lifetime partnership and I wouldn't want to see my little boy make the same mistake I did and wind up miserable the way I did. You *are* a prince and you must marry someone suitable, someone who's good enough and smart enough, and fine enough for my good, nice, sweet, beautiful baby boy. And of course she has to be a princess. I mean a *real* princess. That's one thing I absolutely insist upon. She has to be a real, genuine, bonafide princess just as I was. That's what you really want, isn't it? Someone like me? Of course you do! Oh, God! If I were only twenty years younger — Just remember this — you *must* trust me . . . (LARKEN and HARRY enter DOWN LEFT)

LARKEN (*Curtsying*): Your Majesty . . . Your Highness.

DAUNTLESS (*He admires SIR HARRY*): Hello, Harry.

QUEEN (*To DAUNTLESS*): Don't interrupt! (*To LARKEN*) Well?

LARKEN: Sir Harry wishes to speak to you, Madame.

QUEEN (*To HARRY*): Well?

HARRY: Madame, I have the honour to request a Perilous Labor. I wish to search for a true princess, a princess of the Royal Blood: one who will suit both Your Majesty and Prince Dauntless.

QUEEN: No!

DAUNTLESS: Mama!

QUEEN: No, no, no! We've been through all the eligible girls in all the neighboring kingdoms. There are none left. We simply have to wait until their little sisters grow up, and that'll take years.

HARRY: But Madame, I plan to head North, over the mountains.

QUEEN: Over the mountains?

HARRY: . . . across the Badlands.

QUEEN: Across the Badlands?

HARRY: . . . and into the marsh land where the beautiful Swamp Lily grows.

QUEEN: Into the marsh land? Are you out of your mind?

DAUNTLESS (*Excited*): Let him go, Mama, let him go.

QUEEN: You won't find anything there, but frogs and tadpoles and things.

DAUNTLESS: Mama!

QUEEN: Do you know what the weather there is like?

DAUNTLESS: Mama, please!

QUEEN: Do you know how damp and foggy and . . .

DAUNTLESS (*Pleading*): Mama!

QUEEN (*Pushes DAUNTLESS out of the way*): Quiet! . . . and humid and oppressive . . .

DAUNTLESS (*Pleading*): Mama . . . let Sir Harry *try*! Please. For me, Mama? Please!

QUEEN (*Stops, looks at DAUNTLESS, then at HARRY*): All right, go ahead. It's your sinus.

DAUNTLESS (*Jumping up and down*): Hooray!

QUEEN (*HARRY and LARKEN bow and curtsy as the QUEEN sweeps out*): Come along, Dauntless, you've missed your cocoa.

DAUNTLESS: Good luck, Harry! Good luck! (*He runs off happily*)

HARRY (*Takes LARKEN in his arm*): Don't be afraid, little Larken. I'll bring back a princess who is not only a real princess, but one who will be able to pass the Queen's test.

LARKEN: I believe you! I'm not afraid.

HARRY: And I shan't be away long.

LARKEN: Only fly as fast as you can, my love! We shall be waiting for you.

HARRY: We?

LARKEN (*Blushingly*): You know. (*Detaches ribbon from her sleeve*) And wear this—

HARRY: Next to my heart!

Music 5: IN A LITTLE WHILE (Reprise)

LARKEN: IN A LITTLE WHILE,
JUST A LITTLE WHILE,
YOU AND I WILL BE ONE,
TWO, THREE, FOUR.

HARRY: IN A LITTLE WHILE,
I WILL SEE YOUR SMILE
ON THE FACE OF MY SON,
TO BE FOR—
EVER HAND IN GLOVE
IS THE WAY I HAVE IT PLANNED.
BUT I'LL ONLY STAY IN LOVE
IF THE GLOVE CONTAINS YOUR HAND.

BOTH: IN A VELVET GOWN
I'LL (YOU'LL) BE COMING DOWN THE AISLE
AND IT'S BOUND TO SEEM AS THO'
THE WAITING'S ONLY BEEN A LITTLE,
IN A LITTLE WHILE.

(They exit DOWN RIGHT)

Scene 3

(MINSTREL enters DOWN LEFT and addresses the audience)

MINSTREL: Sir Harry's perilous journey took three weeks and Lady Larken had all but given up hope that he would find a true princess. Then, one sunny morning in mid-April when the crocuses were just beginning to dot the meadows, the lookout in the north round tower spied two distant figures approaching at full gallop. The alarm was spread: 'Sir Harry is back! Sir Harry is back with the new princess!' Now, let's see: how does this part go in the old story?

(He sings)

ON A STORMY NIGHT TO THE CASTLE DOOR
CAME THE LASS THE PRINCE HAD BEEN
WAITING FOR . . .

(Speaks)

That, of course, is utterly untrue. It didn't storm that night at all. In fact it wasn't even night. And the princess only *looked* as though she'd come in from a storm.

(The lights come up on a tableau of the PRINCESS WINNIFRED standing in the entryway of the courtyard. The QUEEN, DAUNTLESS, KNIGHTS and

LADIES stare at her. She appears to be dripping wet, a few slimy weeds still clinging to her purple gown. She breaks the "freeze" by ejecting a mouthful of water)

WINNIFRED: Actually, I swam the moat. *(Gingerly removes a few weeds)* But never mind. If I just stand right here, there's a nice draft. I'll be dry in no time *(Wrings out the hem of her gown)*

DAUNTLESS *(Fascinated)*: Mama, look! She's all wet!

QUEEN: You swam the moat? *(WINNIFRED nods pleasantly)*

1ST KNIGHT: We tried to stop her, but she wouldn't wait for the drawbridge.

QUEEN: You swam the moat?

2ND KNIGHT: She seemed determined to arrive as soon as possible.

3RD KNIGHT: We had to get a rope and pull her out.

QUEEN: You *swam* the moat?

WINNIFRED: All right, I was a little anxious. My friend, Sir Harry—uh, he's still out there—he told me you had an opening for a princess. Any princess. I figured: the Early Bird . . . Anyway, here I am. Who's the lucky man? *(Sings)*

Music 6: SHY

WINNIFRED *(Verse)*:

HEY, NONNY, NONNY, IS IT YOU?

1ST KNIGHT:

HEY, NONNY, NONNY, NONNY, NO!

WINNIFRED:

HEY, NONNY, NONNY, IS IT YOU?

2ND KNIGHT:

HEY, NONNY, NONNY, NONNY, NO!

WINNIFRED:

HEY, NONNY, NONNY, IS IT YOU, OR YOU, OR YOU,
OR YOU OR . . .

DAUNTLESS:

NONNY, NEENY, NOONY, NONNY, NEENY, NONNY,
NOONY—

AGGRAVAIN:

NO! NO! NO!

WINNIFRED:

SOMEONE'S BEING BASHFUL—
THAT'S NO WAY TO BE,
NOT WITH ME.

CAN'T YOU SEE THAT I AM JUST AS EMBARRASSED AS
YOU?

AND I CAN UNDERSTAND YOUR POINT OF VIEW:
I'VE ALWAYS BEEN

(Chorus)

SHY! I CONFESS IT, I'M SHY!
CAN'T YOU GUESS THAT THIS CONFIDENT AIR
IS A MASK THAT I WEAR, CAUSE I'M SHY?
AND YOU MAY BE
SURE: WAY DOWN DEEP I'M DEMURE.
THOUGH SOME PEOPLE I KNOW MIGHT DENY IT,
AT BOTTOM I'M QUIET AND PURE!
I'M AWARE THAT IT'S WRONG TO BE MEEK AS I AM;
MY CHANCES MAY PASS ME BY.
I PRETEND TO BE STRONG, BUT AS WEAK AS I AM,
ALL I CAN DO IS TRY,
GOD KNOWS I
TRY! THOUGH I'M FRIGHTENED AND SHY
AND DESPITE THE IMPRESSION I GIVE,
I CONFESS THAT I'M LIVING A LIE,
BECAUSE I'M ACTUALLY TERRIBLY TIMID, AND
HORRIBLY SHY.

(Interlude)

THOUGH A LADY MAY BE DRIPPING WITH GLAMOUR.
AS OFTEN AS NOT SHE'LL STUMBLE AND STAMMER
WHEN SUDDENLY CONFRONTED WITH ROMANCE.
AND SHE'S LIKELY TO FALL ON HER FACE
WHEN SHE'S FINALLY FACE-TO-FACE WITH A PAIR OF
PANTS.

QUITE OFTEN THE LADY'S NOT AS HARD-TO-PLEASE
AS SHE SEEMS.

QUITE OFTEN SHE'LL SETTLE FOR SOMETHING LESS
THAN THE MAN OF HER DREAMS.

I'M GOIN' FISHING FOR A MATE.

KNIGHTS: SHE'S GOIN' FISHING FOR A MATE.

WINNIFRED:

I'M GONNA LOOK IN EV'RY BROOK!

KNIGHTS: SHE'S GONNA LOOK IN EV'RY BROOK!

WINNIFRED:

BUT HOW MUCH LONGER MUST I WAIT
WITH BAITED BREATH AND HOOK?

(Dance Chorus during which the KNIGHTS execute some particularly elaborate "combinations" inspiring WINNIFRED's unbridled admiration)

WINNIFRED (Spoken):

Oh that was wonderful!

(Sings)

AND THAT IS WHY—
THOUGH I'M PAINFULLY SHY,
I'M INSANE TO KNOW
WHICH SIR?
YOU, SIR?

KNIGHTS: NOT I, SIR.

WINNIFRED:

THEN WHO, SIR?
WHERE, SIR? AND WHEN, SIR?
I COULDN'T BE TENSER!
SO LET'S GET THIS DONE, MAN.
GET ON WITH THE FUN, MAN.
I AM ONE MAN . . .

KNIGHTS & LADIES:

THE LADY IS ONE MAN . . .

ALL: SHY!

(The number ends on tableau and then the KNIGHTS and LADIES break the freeze)

QUEEN: You swam the moat?

WINNIFRED (To 1ST KNIGHT): Does she ever say anything else except "You swam the moat?"

1ST KNIGHT: Why don't you ask her yourself?

WINNIFRED: Do you ever say anything else except "You swam the . . ."

QUEEN: Do you mean to ask me to believe that you're a true princess of the royal blood, and am I to *actually* understand that you have the nerve and the gall and the presumption to apply for my son's hand in marriage . . .

DAUNTLESS: Mama, may I say something?

QUEEN: No! . . . Do you imagine for one moment that I would even consider you suitable for any son of mine? You are laboring under a very unfortunate misapprehension, my dear; my son isn't going to marry any moat-swimmer; not while I have breath in my body. And I haven't been well, not well at all . . . I get these shooting pains all in through here. And don't try to tell me it's the vapours. I know what the vapours are—I've *had* the vapours. (WIZARD enters DOWN RIGHT)

WIZARD (To WINNIFRED): Are you new here? Watch closely: I take a perfectly plain piece of parchment . . . Notice that it is a single piece of parchment with no folds, creases, or concealed poc . . .

WINNIFRED (*Starts to exit*): It's a nut house!
 LADIES: No, please don't leave!
 No, don't go away! Stay!
 Don't leave us!
 DAUNTLESS: No, wait!
 WINNIFRED: You're the one, I guess.
 DAUNTLESS: Sure, I'm Prince Dauntless the Drab.
 WINNIFRED: Well, glad to have met you.
 DAUNTLESS: No, please don't go. I like you. Everybody does. (QUEEN *laughs*) Well, almost everybody.
 WINNIFRED: Dauntless, I'd like to stay here, but I wouldn't want to come between you and your mother. So, I guess I'll just face the facts, cut my losses, and head back to the swamps.
 DAUNTLESS: But I *really* like you.
 WINNIFRED (*Crosses to him, genuinely curious*): You do? Why?
 DAUNTLESS: You swam the moat!
 WINNIFRED (*Edging backward*): Dauntless: I know I swam the moat, but that's not the real me. I'm not like that. Actually . . . (*Moving back*) . . . I'm . . . (*She falls in the moat*) . . . shyyyyy . . . (*SPLASH!*)
 STUDLEY: She's in the moat again!
 2ND KNIGHT: Lower the drawbridge!
 STUDLEY: Are you all right?
 WINNIFRED (*OFFSTAGE*): Sure.
 DAUNTLESS: You ought to see her swim, Mama. She's wonderful!
 QUEEN: Yes, isn't she?
 DAUNTLESS: I like her, Mama. She swam the moat.
 WINNIFRED (*OFFSTAGE*): It's cold!
 DAUNTLESS: Twice
 WINNIFRED (*OFFSTAGE*): I don't need any help!
 DAUNTLESS: Can I marry her, Mama, can I?
 QUEEN: Marry her? Of course not. When you marry—if you marry—you'll marry a real princess, you'll . . .

Music 6a: FANFARE

(SIR HARRY *runs in from UP LEFT*)
 HARRY (*Bowing*): I have the honor to announce the arrival of Her Royal Highness, the Princess Winnifred.
 QUEEN: You're a little late. She's been here and gone.
 HARRY: Gone?
 QUEEN: Yes, she's swimming home. *That*, Sir Harry, is no Princess.
 HARRY: Ah, but she is, Your Majesty.

QUEEN: What?
 WIZARD: That one? You jest.
 HARRY: On mine honor as a Knight, I swear she is! I have her papers right here. (*Takes out scroll and reads*) "Winnifred, Princess of Icolmkill, Guardian of the Midgard Serpent and Warden of the Ragnorok Marsh Lily. The inscription on her family crest reads: 'Tu ne cede malis sed contra audentior ito.'
 QUEEN: What does that mean?
 HARRY (*Thinking*): Uh . . . roughly, it means "If at first you don't succeed—"
 QUEEN (*Waving it away*): Never mind. (HARRY *exits DOWN RIGHT*)
 DAUNTLESS: You see, she *is* a Princess.
 LADIES (*Ad lib excitedly*): "She looks like a princess." "I know she's a princess." "She must be a princess." "At least a test, Your Majesty."
 DAUNTLESS: At least a test! Mama, for me. Please!
 QUEEN: All right, we'll test her. The Wizard and I will put on our thinking-caps . . . (WIZARD *crosses to QUEEN*) . . . and make up a nice fair test just as we always do and I'll prove to you that this girl cannot possibly be a princess. (*She takes WIZARD DOWN LEFT*)
 1ST KNIGHT (*OFFSTAGE*): Get her by the leg!
 2ND KNIGHT (*OFFSTAGE*): This is her leg!
 QUEEN: We'll test her for . . .
 WINNIFRED (*OFFSTAGE*): That's not my leg!
 QUEEN: How crude! We'll test her for sensitivity! (*To the COURTIERs*) She'll have her test (*All bow*) and she'll fail just like all the others . . . fair and square. (QUEEN *sweeps off DOWN LEFT with WIZARD*)
 WINNIFRED (*Who has been pulled out of the moat*): Fail what?
 LADY ROWENA: The royalty test.
 DAUNTLESS (*Coming forward, still shy*): Every princess suing for my hand must pass a test to prove she's a real princess.
 WINNIFRED: What kind of test?
 DAUNTLESS: It's always highly secret.
 WINNIFRED: Well, we'll worry about that later. Right now, I'd better get out of these wet clothes.
 DAUNTLESS: May I show you part of the castle on the way to your room? (*He offers his arm*)
 WINNIFRED: Sure. (*She takes it, and they start to cross RIGHT*)
 DAUNTLESS: You're awfully nice. (LADIES and KNIGHTS *start exiting DOWN RIGHT, WINNIFRED and DAUNTLESS bringing up the rear*)
 WINNIFRED: You're nicer.
 DAUNTLESS: And you're good-looking, too.
 WINNIFRED: You're better looking. And nicer, too. (*All others have exited by now*)

DAUNTLESS: Well, you're a better swimmer. (As they exit DOWN RIGHT, KING and LARKEN enter UP LEFT)

LARKEN (Excitedly): Oh your Majesty, I'm so excited. Sir Harry is back!

KING (Because the KING does not speak, what he wishes to communicate is indicated in parentheses): (Embrace)

LARKEN: Yes, he is and he's brought us a sweet princess. Have you seen her?

KING: (No)

LARKEN: Neither have I, but I'm sure she's as delicate as an orange blossom! And I'm to be her Lady-in-Waiting. Sir Harry arranged it. Isn't he thoughtful? He arranges everything. (KING agrees. LARKEN exits happily DOWN RIGHT. Now KING, worried, paces back and forth.

JESTER and MINSTREL enter UP RIGHT)

JESTER: My father expected me to follow in his footsteps but then I landed this jester job and . . . What's wrong?

KING: (Worried)

JESTER: You're worried?

KING: (Yes)

JESTER: About what?

KING: (Points OFF RIGHT)

JESTER: Who?

KING: (Lady)

JESTER: Some lady? Which lady?

KING: (Two syllables)

JESTER: Two syllables.

KING: (First syllable)

JESTER: First syllable.

KING: (Bird)

JESTER: Bird . . . some kind of bird.

KING: (Yes)

JESTER: Auk, bluebird, catbird, dove, eagle, finch, grouse, hawk, ibis, jay, kiwi, lark, marten . . .

KING: (Claps hands on "lark")

JESTER: Lark!

MINSTREL: Lady Larken.

KING: (Right . . . pantos small word . . . "and")

JESTER: "And" . . .

KING: (Pantos: Knight)

JESTER: A Knight?

MINSTREL: Which Knight?

KING: (Sir Harry)

BOTH: Sir Harry!

KING: (Pantos: "Dust")

JESTER: Dust . . .

KING: (Sounds like)

JESTER: Sounds like dust . . . uh . . . "lust"

KING: (How could you)

MINSTREL: "Must." Must what?

KING: (Erase)

MINSTREL: You're going to start all over, right?

KING: (She's in trouble)

JESTER: She's in trouble.

MINSTREL: What kind of trouble?

KING: (Big)

JESTER: Big trouble . . .

MINSTREL: How many syllables?

KING: (Pregnant)

JESTER: She's going to have a baby.

KING: (Takes off crown, puts it under his tunic, and waddles)

JESTER: Does anyone else know?

KING: (Sir Harry)

JESTER: Sir Harry.

MINSTREL: Of course! But does anyone else know besides Sir Harry?

KING: (No . . . and you must keep the secret)

JESTER: Don't worry, we can keep a secret! The question is . . . can you?

KING: (Me? I can't even talk. "Locks" his mouth and swallows the "key")

MINSTREL: We know you can't talk . . . (GIRL crosses; KING starts after her but is pulled back by MINSTREL. Music in) You can't talk but you manage to communicate.

KING: (Yes)

Music 6b: THE MINSTREL, THE JESTER AND I

MINSTREL & JESTER (The words in parentheses are mimed by the KING):

WE HAVE ONLY TWO VOICES AMONG US AND YET
THERE'S A THIRD VOICE: A VOICE IN DISGUISE.
YOU'LL BE HEARING A TRIO, AND NOT A DUET
IF YOU LISTEN WITH BOTH OF YOUR EYES.
KINDLY (LISTEN) WITH BOTH OF YOUR (EYES).
WE PRODUCE A UNIQUE AND REMARKABLE BLEND
WHEN WE RAISE OUR THREE VOICES ON HIGH.
WE'RE IN PERFECT ACCORD FROM BEGINNING TO
(END).

JESTER: THE KING AND THE MINSTREL AND I.

MINSTREL & JESTER:

YET IF ONE OF OUR TRIO SHOULD EVER DEPART,
THEN THE OTHERS WOULD LANGUISH AND DIE.
WE'RE LIKE THREE DIFFERENT PEOPLE WITH ONLY
ONE (HEART).

MINSTREL: THE KING AND THE JESTER AND I.

MINSTREL & JESTER:

SING HEY! NONNY NONNY HEY! NONNY NONNY
HI DIDDLE DIDDLE,
STRIKE UP A TUNE ON THE (FIDDLE).
NOW THE BISHOP DECLARES OUR BEHAVIOR IS
CRUDE,
AS HE PIOUSLY LOOKS TO THE SKY,
'CAUSE WHEN WE GO SWIMMING WE ALWAYS GO
(NUDE).

MINSTREL: THE KING AND THE JESTER

JESTER: THE KING AND THE MINSTREL

KING: (THE MINSTREL), (THE JESTER), (AND I).

MINSTREL & JESTER:

O THE VINTNER MAKES WINE FROM THE GRAPES
THAT HE GROWS,
TWENTY BARRELS WERE LOST LAST JULY.
WHERE THEY WENT IS A SECRET THAT NOBODY
(NOSE)
BUT . . .

KING: (THE MINSTREL), (THE JESTER), (AND I).

MINSTREL & JESTER:

O THE COOK CLAIMS SHE'S MISSING ONE CHOC'LATE
CREAM ROLL
AND A FISH THAT WAS READY TO FRY.
GUESS WHO'S DINING ON PASTRY AND FILET OF
(BOTTOM OF FOOT)

KING: (THE MINSTREL), (THE JESTER), (AND I).

MINSTREL & JESTER:

SING HEY! NONNY NONNY HEY NONNY NONNY,
NEEDLE AND THIMBLE
CRASH US A CLASH ON THE (CYMBAL).
IT'S BEEN SAID OF OUR KING THAT HIS MORALS ARE
LOOSE
BUT THE QUEEN IS MUCH WORSE ON THE SLY
(KING runs off DOWN LEFT)

WELL, WHAT'S GOOD FOR THE GANDER IS GOOD FOR
THE . . .

(Offstage scream. KING runs back on)

JESTER: SAY THE KING AND THE JESTER —

MINSTREL: THE KING AND THE MINSTREL —

KING: (THE MINSTREL), (THE JESTER), (AND I).

(They dance off DOWN RIGHT)

Scene 4

(Scene: A corridor. Enter QUEEN DOWN LEFT, followed by WIZARD carry-
ing stool)

QUEEN: As if I didn't have enough trouble trying to protect my only son
from every catch-penny princess that comes along . . . now I'm
surrounded by spies and traitors! Whom can I trust?

WIZARD: Me.

QUEEN: No one! And now I have another one of those princesses to cope
with. I'm in no mood to sit for hours in a stuffy chamber and wrack
my brain over a test for that girl when I'm not feeling at all well.
But that's the way Dauntless wants it. That's the way it'll be. She'll
have her test.

WIZARD: Well, her papers seem to be in order.

QUEEN: I know, and the worst of it is that foolish boy actually seems to
like the girl, so we must think of a test that looks fair, and sounds
fair, and seems fair, and isn't fair. When you got the idea of testing
her for sensitivity I could have applauded right out loud. But
exactly what?

WIZARD: Table manners?

QUEEN: No, that's not good enough. Mmmmmm — Sensitivity . . .

Music 7: SENSITIVITY

QUEEN: SENSITIVITY, SENSITIVITY,
I'M JUST LOADED WITH THAT!
IN THIS ONE WORD IS
THE EPITOME OF THE ARISTOCRAT.
SENSITIVE SOUL AND SENSITIVE STOMACH,
SENSITIVE HANDS AND FEET.
THIS IS THE BLESSING, ALSO THE CURSE
OF BEING THE TRUE ELITE.
COMMON PEOPLE DON'T KNOW WHAT
EXQUISITE AGONY IS

SUFFERED BY GENTLE PEOPLE
 LIKE ME! JUST
 GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME.
 THINK UP A TRICKY
 TEST FOR THAT WRETCHED, MOAT-SWIMMING
 PRINCESS.

WIZARD: MADAME, MAY I SUGGEST:
 MAYBE WE OUGHT TO —

QUEEN: DON'T TAKE ALL NIGHT! I'M NOT WELL, I NEED MY
 REST . . .
 NOT THAT I EVER SLEEP ON THAT LUMPY MATTRESS:
 OH GOD, MY BACK!
 SENSITIVITY, BANE OF ROYALTY,
 THAT BED'S A TORTURE RACK.
 OH, I HATE TO SOUND GRUMPY
 BUT MY NERVES ARE SO JUMPY.
 I AM SURE I COULD FEEL ANY LUMP
 EVEN IF IT WERE UNDER THE MATTRESS AND SMALL
 AS A

PEA! THAT'S THE ANSWER!
 UNDER THE MATTRESS
 WE'LL TEST HER TONIGHT.
 ONE TINY PEA BE-
 NEATH ONE THICK DOWNY
 MATTRESS. OH GOD, YOU'RE BRIGHT!
 ANY GENUINE
 PRINCESS WOULD FEEL IT —
 IF SHE DOESN'T SHE'S THROUGH!
 GET THE TINIEST
 PEA AND ORDER ONE
 MATTRESS — NO! MAKE IT TWO!

WIZARD: Why not five?

QUEEN: TEN, I THINK WOULD BE PLENTY —
 BETTER STILL MAKE IT TWENTY.
 AND TO PLAY IT SAFE, IN THE EVENT
 EVEN THAT'S NOT ENOUGH TO INSURE THAT
 SHE SLEEPS, WE'LL
 GIVE HER A SOOTHING
 SEDATIVE, WON'T WE?
 YOU CAN WHIP UP A DRINK.
 SOMETHING STUNNING;

WIZARD: AH—

QUEEN: OH, BUT YOU'RE DEVILISH! I LOVE THE WAY YOU
 THINK!

SHE'S INSENSITIVE, SO INSENSITIVE
 SHE'LL FALL ASLEEP NO DOUBT.

GOD, BUT YOU'RE CLEVER!

BRILLIANT!

A GENIUS!

YOU ARE DIVINE—

GET OUT!

(Blackout)

Scene 5

(Scene: WINNIFRED'S dressing room. LADIES, DAUNTLESS and WINNIFRED enter. WINNIFRED is dressed in a modest undergarment. She carries her wet gown in a wad)

WINNIFRED: Well, it certainly feels good to get into something dry. This old dress is just soaked. (Enter the JESTER)

JESTER: Your Highness, the King has asked to meet the young lady.

DAUNTLESS: Why? He never asked before.

JESTER: He heard she swam the moat.

WINNIFRED (Aside to DAUNTLESS): Is your father anything like your mother, because if he is . . .

DAUNTLESS: Oh no . . . my father is silent. He . . .

WINNIFRED: I'd love to meet him! (JESTER rings bells, KING enters)

DAUNTLESS: Papa, this is Princess Winnifred. (She bows as graciously as she can. KING mimes rolling out the red carpet)

JESTER: Your Highness, the King welcomes you — and — (KING pantos) — he asked me to say that he hopes you'll get a hundred on the test tomorrow.

WINNIFRED (Pleased): Ahhhh — Well . . . thanks! (KING takes off crown, holds it to his heart)

DAUNTLESS: My father never touches his crown to his heart unless he really means it.

JESTER: Alas, madame, the King is mute, or he would speak for himself. He's still under a curse cast by a witch long ago — before Prince Dauntless was born. The curse says:

"King Sextimus will never talk

Until the mouse devours the hawk."

WINNIFRED: "Until the mouse devours the hawk?" Well, can't you find a big mouse and a little hawk and . . .

DAUNTLESS: We tried that once, but the mouse got scared and ran away and the hawk bit Daddy. (KING pulls back his collar to show "scar")

WINNIFRED (Reassuringly): Well, just let me get this test under my belt and we'll figure out something, don't you worry . . . (Enthusiastically shaking hands with KING) It certainly has been a pleasure meeting His Majesty! (KING enjoys it, too) A short while ago, I had the pleasure of meeting Her Majesty. (Mutual commiseration, then to DAUNTLESS) Now that is a nice man.

JESTER: Uh . . . Your Majesty, I think you'd better speak to Prince Dauntless very soon about . . . you know. (KING looks embarrassed)

DAUNTLESS: About what?

JESTER (In a low voice): Your father feels that he has been neglecting his duty. And now that you're old enough to get married, he thinks you ought to have a little talk — you know, man-to-man.

DAUNTLESS (Interested but shy): You mean . . . about things? (JESTER winks. KING looks more embarrassed than ever) You mean . . . now? (KING quickly pants to JESTER)

JESTER: Well, the King says that maybe it would be better to wait until later. He says there are a few facts he wants to look up first. (KING nods. He and JESTER exit)

WINNIFRED: I certainly do like almost both your parents, Dauntless!

DAUNTLESS: We want you to be happy here . . . and we know it's a lot different from what you're used to.

WINNIFRED: Well, it is a little hard making the adjustment to dry land and everything.

LADY ROWENA (Innocently): You must feel like a fish out of water!

WINNIFRED: As a matter of fact, I do. You see, where I come from, we don't have any dry land. Oh, some of the poorer people do, but the nobility all live right in the swamp, with their servants and pets.

DAUNTLESS: Oh, do you have pets?

WINNIFRED: Lots.

DAUNTLESS: Dogs?

WINNIFRED: Frogs . . .

Music 8: THE SWAMPS OF HOME

WINNIFRED: (Verse)

I COME FROM THE LAND OF THE FOGGY, FOGGY DEW
OOH-OOH-OOH!
WHERE WALKING THROUGH THE MEADOW IN THE
MORNING
IS LIKE WALKING THROUGH
GLUE

LADIES: OOH-OOH-OOH!

WINNIFRED: (Chorus 1)

THE SWAMPS OF HOME
ARE BRUSHED WITH GREEN AND GOLD.
AT BREAK OF DAY . . .

LADIES: AT BREAK OF DAY . . .

WINNIFRED:

THE SWAMPS OF HOME
ARE LOVELY TO BEHOLD
FROM FAR AWAY . . .

LADIES: FROM FAR AWAY . . .

WINNIFRED:

IN MY SOUL IS THE BEAUTY OF THE BOG.
IN MY MEM'RY THE MAGIC OF THE MUD.

LADIES: MU - UH - UD

WINNIFRED:

I KNOW THAT BLOOD IS THICKER THAN WATER,
BUT THE SWAMPS OF HOME
ARE THICKER THAN BLOOD!

DAUNTLESS:

BLUH-UH-UD

(She realizes what she has said, and, though touched with malaise, goes bravely on)

WINNIFRED:

WHERE E'ER I ROAM
MY HEART GROWS DANK AND COLD.
MY FACE GROWS GREY —
WHEN SHADOWS FALL AND I HEAR THE CALL
OF THE SWAMPS OF HOME.

(Swamps interlude)

I HEAR IT CALLING ME NOW, CALLING ME BACK
CALLING ME: "WINNIFRED! WINNIFRED! WINNIFRED!
WINNIFRED!

WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?
GIRL OF THE SWAMPS, YOU'VE GONE TOO FAR.
MAID OF THE MARSHLAND, GIVE UP THE STRUGGLE!
LISTEN TO THE VOICE OF THE SWAMP:

(Puts her ear to the floor)

GLUGGLE UGGLE UGGLE!"

LADIES:

"GLUGGLE UGGLE UGGLE!"

WINNIFRED: (Chorus 2).

WHERE E'ER I ROAM

THE WHIPS OF FATE MAY SMART,
 BUT DEEP DOWN IN MY HEART
 ONE THOUGHT WILL ABIDE
 AND WILL NE'ER BE FORGOTTEN,
 THOUGH I SEARCH FAR AND WIDE —
 THERE IS NO LAND AS ROTTEN —

LADIES: ROTTEN ROTTEN ROTTEN ROTTEN ROTTEN ROTTEN
 ROTTEN ROTTEN ROTTEN —

WINNIFRED:
 AS THE SWAMPS OF HOME.

ALL: THE SWAMPS OF HOME.

LADY ROWENA: Your Highness, the girls and I would like to lend you something to wear while your — uh — garment is drying.

WINNIFRED: Why, thanks.

LADY ROWENA: Ladies! *(She claps her hands twice and LADIES exit UP)*

WINNIFRED: Dauntless, I have to change now.

DAUNTLESS: You do? All right. *(Walks toward the exit but sits DOWN LEFT of table)*

WINNIFRED: No, Dauntless. It's bad luck to see too much of the bride before the wedding. *(He exits UP)*

LADY LUCILLE *(Off)*: Hurry, ladies. *(Crosses DOWN)* May I show you the gowns now, your Highness?

WINNIFRED: Yes.

LADY LUCILLE: Now here is the very latest thing from — they do such lovely work, don't you think? Notice the fullness in the back. And the window sleeves cut right down to the — it's really you — It looks marvelous on. Don't you think so, Lady H?

LADY H: Stunning!

LADY LUCILLE: Perhaps Her Highness would like to look in the mirror?

LADY H: Does Her Highness have a favorite color?

WINNIFRED: Well, back home we wear a lot of dark green and earth brown. But I guess my own dress there is my favorite color — Huckleberry. I tell you what — leave them all and the ones I can't use I'll send back.

LADY LUCILLE: Very good, Your Highness. Lady H. Lady R. *(They put dress down on chair and exit UP. WINNIFRED looks at herself in the mirror, tries several poses, then decides the dress needs something. She takes grapes from table, inserts them in neckline, eats one, then decides they don't help. She returns to table, and as she is smelling flowers, and removing dress, she tips vase over. She rights vase, and begins to mop floor with her hanky. A bell rings)*

WINNIFRED: Come in. *(Enter LADY LARKEN, followed by a scullery MAID with a mop and pail. LARKEN stops when she sees WINNIFRED and turns to the MAID)*

LARKEN: I guess I won't need you, Emily. They've already sent a girl up to do the floor. *(EMILY turns without a word and exits)* You're new here, aren't you?

WINNIFRED: Yes, I . . .

LARKEN: Well, remember! We're all here to do a job and your job is just as important as anyone else's. *(LARKEN suddenly closes her eyes and makes a wishful prayer)* "Oh dear, sweet, lovely Princess Winnifred, you will pass the Queen's test, you will!" — Gramercy, my dear, you can't possibly clean the floor with such a tiny patch — *(Goes to chair where WINNIFRED's dress is lying)* You need a good big wet rag! Here, what's this?

WINNIFRED: That's my huckleber —

LARKEN: — Use this old thing. *(As she tears off a good big wet piece of WINNIFRED's dress and hands it down to WINNIFRED)* Just look at this mess! What will my gentle Princess think of me? "Can you know what it means to me to be Lady-in-Waiting to the blessed Winnifred? Oh, Winnifred, Winnifred! — what name is sweeter than that?" Ugh — look at that table! It's dripping wet. Here, I'll use this. *(Goes to chair holding WINNIFRED's dress)* I can't bear to see the delicate beauty of my Royal Mistress in such a messy place. *(She rips off another piece of WINNIFRED's dress — wipes table. WINNIFRED picks up rest of dress and mops floor. The bell rings)* Get that, please. Quick, quick, quick, quick, quick! *(WINNIFRED rushes to door. HARRY enters)*

WINNIFRED: Harry!

HARRY *(Bowing)*: Your Highness —

LARKEN: Your what?

WINNIFRED: How are you? Oh, get up. You don't have to go through the motions with me. Say, I'm awfully sorry about that — you know — swimming the moat. I hope I didn't make a bad impression.

HARRY: Not at all, Your Highness. And if you'll just give your wet dress to one of the Ladies-in-Waiting, she'll see that it's taken care of.

WINNIFRED: Thank you. It's all ready been taken care of. *(She smiles at LARKEN, whom HARRY now sees)*

HARRY: I see you have met my dear Lady Larken.

WINNIFRED: You mean this is the little Larken girl? *(HARRY nods proudly)*

HARRY: The very same, Your Highness.

WINNIFRED: Harry, she's beautiful . . . and a bundle of energy!

HARRY: When I gaze upon that captivating face, I realize how poor my description must have been.

LARKEN (*Controlled*): Sir Harry is not very good at describing people, Your Highness.

WINNIFRED: Well, he may not know how to describe 'em, but he sure knows how to pick 'em. Now, if you'll excuse me . . . (*She picks up an armful of the leftover dresses*) I have to return these to the 4th floor. (*She goes out UP*)

LARKEN (*In horror*): I've never been so humiliated in my life!

HARRY: What's the matter?

LARKEN: I thought she was a chambermaid!

HARRY: What?

LARKEN: A chambermaid!

HARRY (*Shocked*): Larken, how could you? How could you mistake the Princess for a chambermaid?

LARKEN: How could I? How could you mistake that chambermaid for a Princess?

HARRY: Don't say such a thing. Just because you made a stupid mistake . . .

LARKEN: I made a mistake? Don't you dare try to blame it on me.

HARRY: I *do* blame it on you.

LARKEN: She was on her hands and knees scrubbing the floor.

HARRY: She's a real lady wherever she was. That's more than I can say for some people around here!

LARKEN: I hate you!

Music 9: FIGHT — FIGHT

HARRY: Well, I hate you, too!

LARKEN: Get out!

HARRY: Don't worry, I'm going! (*Crossing UP*)

LARKEN: Goodbye!

HARRY: Goodbye!

LARKEN: Goodbye!

HARRY: Goodbye! (*He exits UP*)

(*Blackout*)

Scene 6

(*Scene: A corridor in the castle. The QUEEN enters DOWN LEFT, followed by the WIZARD*)

QUEEN: After all, you're a Wizard. You should be able to think of something that will help that what's-her-name to sleep. Don't

forget to whip up a sleeping potion and some of that good heavy incense. And that hypnotic mirror, too. Wait! The most important thing is that she's tired out first. We'll have an Official Ball tonight. (*A COUPLE enters DOWN RIGHT and crosses to DOWN LEFT*) We'll make what's-her-name dance until she drops. Now, what can we do? Do you know the Saracen Brawl . . . (*The COUPLE begins to demonstrate*) No, not tiring enough. I have it! We can do that new dance. The Spanish Panic — it's absolutely exhausting. Do you know it? (*WIZARD shakes his head 'no'*) Well, it's the rage in Venice. (*She turns to the COUPLES ONSTAGE*) Everybody, listen. There's to be an Official Ball tonight and everyone is to attend. (*Other COUPLES drift on stage and listen*) We're all going to do that new dance, The Spanish Panic, so you might as well learn it right now. The basic step is Flip your skirts, open, close, right, right, right. It's like the Magic Step only forwards. Just that easy. Now, try it. (*The COUPLES try it awkwardly*) Flip your skirts, open, close, right, right, WRONG!!! Doesn't anyone here know the Spanish Panic?

HAROLD & BEATRICE: Yes, Your Majesty.

Music 10: SPANISH PANIC

QUEEN: Well, thank heaven somebody is up-to-date around here. Why don't we all watch while Court Dancers Sir Harold and Lady Beatrice demonstrate? (*SIR HAROLD and LADY BEATRICE do a slick, tricky variation of the step . . . very fast, very hard, and only 4 bars. All applaud*) Thank you, Sir Harold and Lady Beatrice! Now, was that hard? Suppose we all try it. Take partners, please! Prepare! Et! (*QUEEN takes SIR HAROLD and WIZARD dances with LADY BEATRICE. Music in and everyone tries it. To WIZARD*) Don't you just love it? Doesn't it make you want to fly? WHEEEEEEEEE! (*Music builds. QUEEN dances off with SIR HAROLD*)

WIZARD: Are you sure you know what you're doing? (*They exit DOWN LEFT, dancing*)

Music 11: TENTS

Scene 7

(*Scene: Tents in the courtyard. Late evening. LARKEN crosses from RIGHT to LEFT crying. Kitchen WENCH enters UP RIGHT, crosses DOWN CENTER, KING following. He chases her OFF LEFT. KING crosses back to CENTER, sees*

2ND WENCH entering from UP RIGHT. Both stop and KING chases her up behind 2nd tent. They disappear. KING enters from behind 3rd tent UP RIGHT. JESTER enters UP RIGHT, crosses down to KING, who is at RIGHT CENTER)

KING: (Panto: frustration)

JESTER: What's the matter?

KING: (Panto: Saw a girl! . . . I lost her)

JESTER: You lost her.

KING: (Panto: Help me)

JESTER: All right, Your Majesty, I'll help you. (JESTER sniffs around like a bird-dog, sees WENCH at 1st tent. KING sights along the point, follows it and chases her toward DOWN LEFT. MINSTREL enters DOWN LEFT. WENCH sees him, backtracks around upstage side of 1st tent with the KING after her, eludes the JESTER spinning him about and exits DOWN RIGHT. KING follows to DOWN RIGHT portal. MINSTREL crosses to JESTER at RIGHT CENTER . . . very close)

MINSTREL: Has he ever had any success?

JESTER: Well . . .

MINSTREL: I've been here a month and he hasn't caught a girl yet.

JESTER: I'll tell you what. Tomorrow we'll set a trap. (KING does trap panto. Ends up on floor facing JESTER)

MINSTREL: You exaggerate.

JESTER: Not a bit!

KING: (Someone's coming)

JESTER: Someone's coming?

KING: (Queen Aggravain)

JESTER & MINSTREL: THE QUEEN!!! (They hide behind tents)

QUEEN (Enters DOWN RIGHT with WIZARD. Continues cross): . . . and this has to be the biggest loudest ball we've ever had and be sure to hire extra musicians for tonight's dancing and tell the Jester I want him to perform. Not that I'll be able to enjoy any of it with my back, and that strange, nagging pain in my jaw. Oh, God, no one will ever know what I suffer . . . (And they are out DOWN LEFT)

JESTER: What was she jabbering about?

KING: (Queen scolding)

JESTER: The Queen is going to make us do something.

MINSTREL: What?

KING: (Spanish Panic — Fast)

JESTER: Exercise?

KING: (Drops ear to ground)

MINSTREL: Who is it?

JESTER: I don't know. (All run to hide. JESTER behind 1st tent, KING behind

2nd tent, MINSTREL behind 3rd tent. LARKEN enters from DOWN LEFT. She is loaded with baggage, including a bird-cage. She crosses to RIGHT CENTER and is stopped by JESTER) My lady . . . (She stops) . . . is there something wrong? (KING and MINSTREL peek out. Then move down)

LARKEN: No . . .

JESTER: Well, we're glad of that anyway.

LARKEN: I felt faint, that's all. I was sitting in my room . . . sewing . . . and it got a little stuffy, so I just decided to come out here and get some air.

JESTER: I see you were planning to camp out for a while. (LARKEN bursts into tears and sits on case)

LARKEN: Oh, Your Majesty. You don't know; you just don't know! Do you have any idea what can happen to the relationship between a man and a woman?

KING: (Does he have any idea!!!)

LARKEN: I'm glad I found out when I did; it's better this way. I'm leaving. (All shocked)

MINSTREL: You're leaving?

LARKEN: Yes. I'm leaving the service of the Queen forever.

JESTER: That's a pretty big step to take all alone.

LARKEN: I have no choice.

MINSTREL: You're leaving forever?

LARKEN: Yes.

JESTER: You'll need help.

LARKEN: Who would help me?

MINSTREL: I, my Lady.

KING: (Me too. I'll take her on my horse and ride away)

JESTER: What did you say?

KING: (Pantos)

JESTER: You want to take care of the Lady Larken?

KING: (Yes)

JESTER: Who's going to take care of you?

KING: (You)

MINSTREL: Chivalry demands that we protect a damsel in distress.

KING: (Knights JESTER)

JESTER: If you say so, Your Majesty.

MINSTREL: But she'll have to travel light . . . the way a man does.

JESTER: Yes, she'll go as a boy. We can steal one of Prince Dauntless' suits. (JESTER to her, takes baggage. MINSTREL takes cage, passes around to JESTER. LARKEN follows cage to RIGHT) We'll get those things out of sight — you can wait in your room.

LARKEN: No. I don't need help from anyone, thank you. I can go alone.

JESTER: Over the wall?

LARKEN: Yes, I don't need help from anyone.

MINSTREL: You'll be all right once you get past the water rats.

LARKEN (*Stops*): Rats?

KING: (*Pantos rats*)

JESTER: Oh, yes. They live on the edges of the stagnant pools near the quicksand.

LARKEN: Quicksand?

KING: (*Sinks*)

Music 12: NORMANDY

MINSTREL: Beyond the . . .

(*Sung*)

. . . WALL WHICH YOU MUST CLIMB.

LARKEN: Climb?

MINSTREL: IT'S TWENTY-TWO FEET AND COVERED WITH SLIME . . .

LARKEN: Slime?

MINSTREL: . . . AND INFESTED WITH SPIDERS.

LARKEN: Spiders?

MINSTREL: Oh, the spiders are sweet . . .

(*Sung*)

. . . COMPARED TO THE SNAKES . . .

LARKEN: Snakes?

MINSTREL: . . . ON THE OTHER SIDE.

JESTER: Oh, they won't hurt you, unless of course you plan to go alone.

LARKEN: Well, I did, but if I'd known it was so terrible out there . . .

MINSTREL: THEN YOU'D THINK A SECOND THOUGHT AND COME WITH ME.

I KNOW ALL THE SECRET WAYS TO GET US FREE.

OVER THE HILLS AND TO THE OPEN SEA.

LARKEN: Then where?

MINSTREL: It's April, isn't it?

LARKEN: April?

MINSTREL & JESTER:

NORMANDY
IS FINE AND FAIR,
SO NORMANDY
IS WHERE WE'LL GO.

MINSTREL: I CAN SHOW YOU A BEACH
WHERE THE PEACH BLOSSOM BLOWS.
AND I KNOW HOW TO REACH
A MAN WHO KNOWS A MAN WHO KNOWS
A COZY INN,

JESTER: A FRIENDLY PLACE

MINSTREL & JESTER:
WITH ROWS OF WINDOWS FACING THE SEA.
THIS TIME OF YEAR
THE AIR, I HEAR, IS RARE AND CLEAR
AND WARM
IN NORMANDY!

MINSTREL: I KNOW A MEADOW COVERED WITH MUSTARD
FLOWERS,
GOLDEN AS THE SUN,
WHERE A WONDROUS THING CAN HAPPEN
WHEN AN APRIL DAY IS DONE.
THERE'S A MOMENT AFTER THE SUNSET
WHEN THE SKY IS SUDDENLY GREEN
AND THE WORLD STANDS HUSHED AND WAITING
FOR THE FIRST WHITE STARS TO CONVENE.
WHEN YOU SEE THAT EMERALD SKY
YOU'LL KNOW THE REASON WHY
THERE'S NOT ANOTHER PLACE I'D RATHER BE.

JESTER: Keep your Eldorado!

MINSTREL & JESTER:

AND TO HELL WITH BURGUNDY!
COME FLY WITH ME,

JESTER: COME TRY THOSE WINGS,

MINSTREL & JESTER:
COME SWIFT, FOR WE
HAVE THINGS TO DO.

LARKEN: IS THERE TRULY A BEACH
WHERE THE PEACH BLOSSOM BLOWS?
ARE YOU SURE YOU CAN REACH
A MAN WHO KNOWS A MAN WHO KNOWS
A COZY INN . . .

MINSTREL: THERE'S JESSAMINE AND . . .

LARKEN: . . . THAT FRIENDLY PLACE . . .

JESTER: . . . WHITE LILAC LACE AND

LARKEN: . . . WITH ROWS OF WINDOWS FACING THE SEA.

MINSTREL & JESTER:

. . . ROWS OF WINDOWS FACING THE SEA.

ALL THREE: THIS TIME OF YEAR THE AIR, I HEAR, IS RARE AND CLEAR . . .

LARKEN: . . . AND WARM.

MINSTREL & JESTER:

DON'T BE AFRAID . . .

LARKEN: IT'S WARM . . .

MINSTREL & JESTER:

HEAVEN WAS MADE . . .

ALL THREE: . . . IN NORMANDY!

(LARKEN, KING, MINSTREL exit DOWN LEFT)

Scene 8

(Scene: In one. LUCE and STUDLEY enter DOWN RIGHT with GIRLS)

Music 13: SPANISH PANIC NO. 2

JESTER: You'd better not let the Queen catch you walking. (LUCE and STUDLEY with their GIRLS begin to dance as JESTER exits DOWN LEFT)

LUCE: Have you seen Sir Harry? He's had a fight with Lady Larken. (HARRY dances on with LADY MABELLE) Hey . . . look.

STUDLEY: He's with that French girl. She only speaks one word of English but I hear she's a charmer.

LUCE: What's the one word?

MABELLE (As she and HARRY cross, dancing): Yes!

LUCE (Shouting back to HARRY): How's it going, Harry old boy?

HARRY: Uh . . . "tray bienne." (MABELLE wrinkles her nose at him)

STUDLEY: After the Ball, we'll have a little party on the West Parapet . . . Don't forget to bring the wine.

LUCE'S LADY: . . . and something to spread on the ground.

LUCE: Harry, ask Mabelle if she'd like to bring something.

HARRY: Uh . . . voulez-vous . . . uh . . . ?

MABELLE: Yes! (Music in furioso. Traveler opens, revealing dance in full progress)

Scene 9

(Scene: The Great Hall festooned with garlands)

QUEEN: Come along now! Keep it Venetian. Isn't this fun? (Grand right and left) Move along now! That's right. Faster! Now slower! That's beautiful. (JESTER and TWO GIRLS break out from the crowd) Oh, Jester!

(The dance proceeds wildly. The QUEEN is injured in the melee, shrieks in pain, and hobbles to DOWN LEFT, to be out of the way. At the end of the dance, everyone collapses except WINNIFRED. The QUEEN speaks to her) Are you feeling a little weary, dear?

WINNIFRED: No, let's do it again! (The QUEEN exits DOWN LEFT and the COUPLES disperse) Maybe you could give me a clue.

DAUNTLESS: A clue?

WINNIFRED: I know it's highly secret, but . . . what sort of test does she usually give?

DAUNTLESS: Well, with Mama thinking up the test, it might be almost anything . . .

WINNIFRED: Like what?

DAUNTLESS: Ohhh . . . sometimes it's history . . .

WINNIFRED: Oh.

DAUNTLESS: Sometimes it's dancing . . . sometimes it's . . . spelling . . .

WINNIFRED: Oh.

DAUNTLESS: . . . but sometimes it's a test of strength and endurance.

WINNIFRED (Now she perks up): Aha!

DAUNTLESS: For instance, one of the girls was supposed to lift this weight. (He goes to a large "medieval" weight) She couldn't. (He tries to lift it, giggles) I can't even lift it . . . But I know you'll pass; you don't have to worry.

WINNIFRED: Do you want me to pass? (He nods) I'll pass. (She goes to weight, tucks her hem into her waist, spits on her palms, and, in professional weight-lifter fashion, succeeds in getting it off the floor, then to her chest, then, with great effort, over her head, and down to floor. Then, lest we forget she's a girl, daintily undoes her skirt, and strikes her most feminine pose)

DAUNTLESS: Hey, I think you're wonderful.

WINNIFRED: By the way, I don't think I've ever told you . . . my full name is Winnifred the Woebegone. But Winnifred's too formal. You can call me by my nickname.

DAUNTLESS: Winnie?

WINNIFRED: Fred.

DAUNTLESS: Fred! What a beautiful name . . . So straight . . . So strong . . . So you!

Music 14: SONG OF LOVE

DAUNTLESS:

I LIKE YOU, FRED, I LIKE YOU!

WINNIFRED:

YOU'RE JUST SAYING THOSE WORDS TO BE KIND.

DAUNTLESS:

NO, I MEAN IT. I LIKE — I MEAN, I LOVE YOU, FRED!

WINNIFRED:

HE IS OUT OF HIS MEDIEVAL MIND.

DAUNTLESS (*Shaking his head*):

I'M PERFECTLY SANE AND SOUND!

I NEVER FELT BETTER IN MY LIFE!

EVERYBODY! EVERYBODY! EVERYBODY, COME

AND MEET MY INCIPIENT WIFE!

(The CHORUS enters during vamp)

DAUNTLESS:

I'M IN LOVE WITH A GIRL NAMED FRED!

MY REASONS MUST BE CLEAR.

WHEN SHE SHOWS YOU ALL HOW STRONG SHE IS

YOU'LL STAND RIGHT UP AND CHEER!

(WINNIFRED lifts the weight)

1ST DUO FROM CHORUS:

WITH AN "F" AND AN "R" AND AN "E" AND A "D"

AND AN "F" "R" "E" "D", FRED! YEA!

DAUNTLESS:

I'M IN LOVE WITH A GIRL NAMED FRED!

SHE DRINKS JUST LIKE A LORD.

SO COME SING A MERRY DRINKING SONG

AND LET THE WINE BE POURED!

2ND DUO: FILL THE BOWL TO OVERFLOWING.

RAISE THE GOBLET HIGH!

(1ST KNIGHT pours wine from a large decanter into a goblet held by 2ND KNIGHT. WINNIFRED takes goblet, raises it high and drinks the wine)

1ST & 2ND DUOS:

WITH AN "F" AND AN "R" AND AN "E" AND A "D"

AND AN "F" "R" "E" "D", FRED! YEA!

(WINNIFRED lifts the weight)

DAUNTLESS:

I'M IN LOVE WITH A GIRL NAMED FRED!

SHE SINGS JUST LIKE A BIRD.

YOU'LL BE LEFT COMPLETELY SPEECHLESS
WHEN HER GENTLE VOICE IS HEARD!WINNIFRED (*Sings raucously*):AH-AH-AH, AH, AH, AH, AH, AH, AH, AH, AH, AH, AH,
AHHH!

2ND & 3RD DUOS:

FILL THE BOWL TO OVERFLOWING.
RAISE THE GOBLET HIGH!*(Wine is poured. WINNIFRED drinks)*

1ST, 2ND & 3RD DUOS:

WITH AN "F" AND AN "R" AND AN "E" AND AN "D"
AND AN "F" "R" "E" "D", FRED! YEA!*(WINNIFRED lifts the weight)*

DAUNTLESS:

I'M IN LOVE WITH A GIRL NAMED FRED!

SHE WRESTLES LIKE A GREEK

YOU WILL CLAP YOUR HANDS IN WONDER

AT HER FABULOUS TECHNIQUE!

*(4TH DUO clap in rhythm as WINNIFRED "throws" DAUNTLESS)*WINNIFRED (*Almost losing control*):AH - AH - AH, AH, AH, AH, AH, AH, AH, AH, AH, AH,
AHHH!

2ND, 3RD & 4TH DUOS:

FILL THE BOWL TO OVERFLOWING.
RAISE THE GOBLET HIGH!*(Wine poured, WINNIFRED drinks)*

1ST, 2ND, 3RD & 4TH DUOS:

WITH AN "F" AND AN "R" AND AN "E" AND A "D"
AND AN "F" "R" "E" "D", FRED! YEA!*(WINNIFRED lifts the weight)*

DAUNTLESS:

I'M IN LOVE WITH A GIRL NAMED FRED!

WHO DANCES WITH SUCH GRACE.

YOU ARE BOUND TO SING HER PRAISES

'TIL YOU'RE PURPLE IN THE FACE!

(WINNIFRED and DAUNTLESS perform Spanish Panic turns)

4TH & 5TH DUOS:

*(Handclaps in rhythm as WINNIFRED throws DAUNTLESS)*WINNIFRED (*Even wilder*):AH - AH - AH, AH, AH, AH, AH, AH, AH, AH, AH, AH,
AHHH!

2ND, 3RD, 4TH & 5TH DUOS:

FILL THE BOWL TO OVERFLOWING.
RAISE THE GOBLET HIGH!

(Wine poured, WINNIFRED drinks)

1ST, 2ND, 3RD, 4TH & 5TH DUOS:

WITH AN "F" AND AN "R" AND AN "E" AND A "D"
AND AN "F" "R" "E" "D", FRED! YEA!

(WINNIFRED lifts the weight)

DAUNTLESS:

I'M IN LOVE WITH A GIRL NAMED FRED!
SHE'S MUSICAL TO BOOT.
SHE WILL SET YOUR FEET A-TAPPING
WHEN SHE PLAYS UPON HER LUTE!

(WINNIFRED ad libs on a lute, while 6TH DUO tap their feet in rhythm)

5TH & 6TH DUOS:

BRAVO, BRAVO, BRAVISSIMO!
BRAVO, BRAVISSIMO!

(Spanish Panic turns)

4TH, 5TH & 6TH DUOS:

(Handclaps in rhythm as WINNIFRED throws DAUNTLESS)

WINNIFRED *(Wilder than ever)*:

AH - AH - AH, AH, AH, AH, AH, AH, AH, AH, AH, AH,
AHHH!

2ND, 3RD, 4TH, 5TH & 6TH DUOS:

FILL THE BOWL TO OVERFLOWING
RAISE THE GOBLET HIGH!

(Wine poured, WINNIFRED drinks)

1ST, 2ND, 3RD, 4TH, 5TH & 6TH DUOS:

WITH AN "F" AND AN "R" AND AN "E" AND A "D"
AND AN "F" "R" "E" "D", FRED! YEA!

(WINNIFRED reaches for the weight, but then decides to "pass" on it this time)

DAUNTLESS:

I'M IN LOVE WITH A GIRL NAMED FRED!
A CLEVER, CLOWNISH WIT.
WHEN SHE DOES HER FUNNY PANTOMIME
YOUR SIDES ARE SURE TO SPLIT!

(WINNIFRED pantomimes)

7TH DUO: HA, HA, HA, HA, HO, HO, HO, HO, HA, HA, HA, HA,
HO!

(WINNIFRED ad libs on lute, while 6TH and 7TH DUOS tap their feet in rhythm)

5TH, 6TH & 7TH DUOS:

BRAVO, BRAVO, BRAVISSIMO!
BRAVO, BRAVISSIMO!

(Spanish Panic turns)

4TH, 5TH, 6TH & 7TH DUOS:

(Handclaps in rhythm as WINNIFRED heads toward DAUNTLESS, but this time, he flings himself to the floor before she can reach him)

WINNIFRED *(In completely wild, alcoholic abandon)*:

AH - AH - AH, AH, AH, AH, AH, AH, AH, AH, AH, AH,
AHHH!

(This last "vocalise" turns into raucous laughter, which continues through the remainder of the song)

2ND, 3RD, 4TH, 5TH, 6TH & 7TH DUOS:

FILL THE BOWL TO OVERFLOWING.
RAISE THE GOBLET HIGH!

(Wine is poured into goblet, but WINNIFRED takes the jug instead, swigs from it, and, still laughing, lurches toward the weight)

1ST, 2ND, 3RD, 4TH, 5TH, 6TH & 7TH DUOS:

WITH AN "F" AND AN "R" AND AN "E" AND A "D"
AND AN "F" "R" "E" "D", FRED! YEA!

DAUNTLESS:

I'M IN LOVE WITH A GIRL . . .

(WINNIFRED picks up the weight with ease . . .)

CHORUS: HE'S IN LOVE WITH A GIRL . . .

EVERYONE: . . . NAMED "F" "R" "E" "D", FRED!

(At the end, the COURTIERs raise WINNIFRED onto their shoulders. Still laughing, she carries the decanter in one hand and the weight in the other. On the final cheer, she falls over backwards . . . passed out)

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

Music 15: ENTR'ACTE

(Scene: The Castle. Curtain up on Second Chime in complete darkness. KING enters UP RIGHT on stairway on fourth Chime. KING goes to bottom of stairway, looks around, motions OFF RIGHT for MINSTREL, JESTER, and LARKEN to enter. LARKEN is disguised as a boy, wearing same outfit DAUNTLESS wore in Act One. They come down stairs, KING looks OFF RIGHT and sees QUEEN coming on from OFF RIGHT on stage floor, blows out his candles. KING, MINSTREL, JESTER and LARKEN stand motionless on stairs as QUEEN enters from RIGHT with her procession. As QUEEN passes CENTER, LARKEN sneezes, and QUEEN begins Quiet Chant. The Quiet Round begins)

Music 16: OPENING – ACT II

QUEEN: QUIET!

ALL: QUIET, THE QUEEN INSISTS ON QUIET.
SHE'S ORDERED TWENTY MATTRESSES,
THE SOFTEST AND THE BEST.
AND SHE'S THREATENED EXECUTION
IF WE DISTURB THE REST
OF HER VERY SPECIAL GUEST.

1ST GROUP: SHE'S ORDERED QUIET, QUIET
THE QUEEN INSISTS ON
QUIET (ETC.)

2ND GROUP: QUIET! QUIET!
THE QUEEN INSISTS ON
QUIET (ETC.)

3RD GROUP: QUIET! QUIET!
THE QUEEN INSISTS ON
QUIET (ETC.)

4TH GROUP:

QUIET! QUIET!
QUIET (ETC.)

QUEEN (Entering from DOWN LEFT as round finishes):
PLEASE!

ALL (Bumping into each other as they swarm to exits):
SHHHHHHHHHHHH!

(QUEEN, at LEFT CENTER, claps as GIRLS enter DOWN LEFT with sheets, pillows, and blankets. Her clap is mocked OFF RIGHT. She turns and begins to cross to RIGHT)

QUEEN: Sheets!

LADY (Following QUEEN): Right.

QUEEN: Pillows!

LADY: Right.

QUEEN: Blankets!

LADY: Right.

QUEEN: Mattresses.

MEN (With mattresses, entering in procession from DOWN LEFT): Right. Right. Right. (The dance begins, accompanied by hand claps and finger snaps. At a point in the dance, KING and LARKEN enter DOWN LEFT and JESTER moves to them)

CHORUS (During dance): "Bravo, bravo, bravissimo!" (Screams) "Show us how, Jester." "Go, go!"

JESTER (To KING and LARKEN during dance): Not yet, I'll get them out of here. Lay low until the coast is clear.

CHORUS (At conclusion of dance): Bravo! (After the dance is completed, the JESTER leads everyone out UP RIGHT. KING, LARKEN, MINSTREL enter DOWN LEFT. As they get to CENTER, the QUEEN begins talking OFF RIGHT. The QUEEN's monologue continues over the action and other dialogue until she enters)

QUEEN (OFF RIGHT): Jester! Jester! Somebody stop him. Stop him, I say. There he goes down that corridor. Bring him here to me. This is a fine kettle of fish. Now, you wretch, I want the truth . . . what is this noise all about anyway? The moment I turn my back, something outrageous is always going on in the corridors. (When the QUEEN begins to talk, the KING stops LARKEN and the MINSTREL and pantomimes that the QUEEN is OFF RIGHT. They all begin to run back off)

HARRY (OFF LEFT): Never mind me!

LARKEN (Stopping the others on stage): Harry! (They start to run off UP RIGHT)

MINSTREL: The Queen! (He runs DOWNSTAGE and trips on the center mattress, falling flat on his face on mattress. The KING covers him with a mattress and motions LARKEN to lie on top of it, then covers her with the remaining mattress, and the KING steps in front of this mattress sandwich)

ALL (Running on from UP RIGHT): The Queen! The Queen! The Queen!, etc.

QUEEN (OFF RIGHT): Stop. (She enters pulling the JESTER by his ear, followed by the WIZARD. SIR HARRY enters DOWN LEFT, with MABELLE clinging to his arm) I knew I couldn't trust you, you wretch! What is going on here? (To KING) What are you up to?

KING: (I'm up to here)

QUEEN: WHAT!

KING: (I'm doing Spanish Panic)

QUEEN: There's something going on around here. What's under the mattress?

KING: (Nothing)

QUEEN: It's a dead body.

KING: (Mock sadly, yes) (Reverently removes his hat)

QUEEN: Pull that away. (MEN pull off mattresses and take them UPSTAGE, as LARKEN and MINSTREL get up. LARKEN comes DOWN) Well! (MINSTREL comes DOWN) What are you doing? Explain yourself.

MINSTREL: It's just a joke, Your Majesty. This boy and I . . . Go outside and wait for me . . . uh . . . uh . . . Lancelot. (LARKEN starts to exit LEFT)

QUEEN: Lancelot! Wait! (Everyone bows or curtsies as she screams. QUEEN crosses to LARKEN and turns her around. All rise) Lady Larken! Take those things up to what's her name's chamber—mattresses too. (She crosses RIGHT. GIRLS pick up sheets, pillows, and blankets and cross DOWN RIGHT and MEN with mattresses exit UP RIGHT)

LARKEN: Your Majesty . . .

QUEEN: QUIET! What are you doing in that ridiculous get-up?

LARKEN: Please, I . . .

QUEEN: Silence! And why weren't you at the Ball?

MINSTREL: Your Majesty . . .

QUEEN: Shut up. (To LARKEN) And why are you with this man? Answer me!

LARKEN: I . . .

QUEEN: Well, speak up.

LARKEN: Your Majesty, I beg of you . . .

QUEEN: You were running away—is that it? (LARKEN doesn't answer) You were running away!

HARRY (orrified): Larken!

QUEEN: Why you lowborn, ungrateful little sneak! Is this the thanks I get for treating you as my own daughter? Just look at you! One of my girls running off with a musician!

MINSTREL: Majesty, the Lady Larken is innocent! I'll tell you the truth. I forced her to leave against her will! (HARRY whirls around to face MINSTREL)

LARKEN: That's not true!

HARRY (Going for the MINSTREL): Why you low . . .

QUEEN: Just a moment!

HARRY: Larken, what are you doing with that man?

LARKEN (Glaring at MABELLE): What are you doing with that woman?

QUEEN: Just a moment!

HARRY (To LARKEN): You go to your room!

LARKEN: Don't you tell me what to do, you . . . libertine!

QUEEN: QUIET! (To LARKEN) May I remind you that you are still one of my Ladies-In-Waiting? Get above stairs where you belong and prepare what's-her-name for bed!

LARKEN: Please, Your Majesty . . .

QUEEN: Do as I say! (LARKEN goes off quickly, QUEEN turns to HARRY) And may I remind you, Sir Harry, that you are still one of my Knights. Step forward. (HARRY steps forward, dropping MABELLE's hand)

MABELLE (Left alone): Ohh . . .

QUEEN (To MABELLE): And you relax! (To HARRY) Sir Harry, I order this Minstrel banished from my kingdom! I want him out of here by daybreak. (HARRY takes MINSTREL off DOWN LEFT. JESTER follows them) Sextimus! Go to bed. I don't want you groping around in the dark all night. (QUEEN directs her attention to the others as KING pinches LADY and exits DOWN LEFT) And the rest of you, listen closely. There is a little girl upstairs who is dog-tired.

LADY: Oh, no. She said she was going to study for her test.

QUEEN: All right, let her study, but when she goes to bed, I want her to get a good rest so I want quiet around here. Is that clear? I want quiet and I'm going to get quiet if I have to scream the palace down. (LADY giggles) QUIET! (She exits with WIZARD)

ENSEMBLE (Crossing from DOWN RIGHT to DOWN LEFT):

QUIET!

THE QUEEN INSISTS ON QUIET!

THE QUEEN INSISTS ON

QUEEN INSISTS ON

QUEEN INSISTS ON

QUIET!

Scene 2

(Scene: DAUNTLESS has several books and is reading from one. He is helping WINNIFRED cram for the test they both think is tomorrow)

DAUNTLESS (Reading): "Sum."

WINNIFRED: Sum. S-U-M, sum.

DAUNTLESS: "Summer."

WINNIFRED: "Summer." S-U-M-E-R. "Summer."

DAUNTLESS: Good. Well, if Mama tests you in Literature or Spelling, you're sure to pass, Fred. (Changes book) That leaves . . . (Reads) "History."

WINNIFRED: History. That takes in quite a lot but let's give it a whirl.

DAUNTLESS (Reading): The first chapter is called, "The Bravery of Prince Waldere."

WINNIFRED (Absently): . . . Waldere . . .

DAUNTLESS (Reading): "Young Waldere, wishing to slay the dragon Fafner . . ."

WINNIFRED: Who?

DAUNTLESS (Reading): ". . . wishing to slay the dragon Fafner —"

WINNIFRED: Oh, yeah, Fafner, that one.

DAUNTLESS: Takes his father's sword "Minning."

WINNIFRED: . . . Minning . . .

DAUNTLESS (Reading): "Disguised as the West Wind, he goes into the forest, surprises Fafner in his lair and slays him, whereupon he is enabled to understand the speech of birds. Meanwhile, Waldere's father, Alberich, disguised as the Sacred Goat, tells him that the spirit of Gunthere . . ."

WINNIFRED: Oh, yeah, Gunthere? But I thought . . . (But LADY LARKEN, still dressed as a boy, enters dazedly. WINNIFRED questions DAUNTLESS) Did you ring for a pageboy?

DAUNTLESS: No.

WINNIFRED (To LARKEN): You've got the wrong room, son. (But now WINNIFRED recognizes her, gets up and goes to her) Aren't you Larken?

LARKEN (Numb): Yes, Your Highness.

WINNIFRED: What's the matter?

LARKEN: I . . .

DAUNTLESS (Who has been curiously studying LARKEN's attire): I have a suit just like that.

LARKEN: I am in disguise, Your Highness. I . . . I was running away.

WINNIFRED (Warily): I see. Well, sit down and rest. Dauntless, pull up a chair. (DAUNTLESS goes and tries to pull up chair)

LARKEN: But, the Queen has ordered me . . .

WINNIFRED: Never mind what the Queen has ordered. (WINNIFRED helps DAUNTLESS slide chair into place) Just sit here.

LARKEN: But, Your Highness . . .

WINNIFRED: Oh, sit down. Now then, what's this all about?

LARKEN: I'll just go out on the parapet and stand there naked and catch a chill and die and that'll show him.

DAUNTLESS: Show him what?

LARKEN: He'll be sorry . . .

DAUNTLESS: Who?

LARKEN: Horrible Harry . . .

DAUNTLESS: You mean big, nice Harry?

WINNIFRED: Just a minute. (Carefully) What did you do to him? (LARKEN very slowly comes back to life. She turns to WINNIFRED)

LARKEN: What did I do to him?

WINNIFRED: Well, you must have done something. You're talking the way I did once when I was afraid to go home because I'd given my little brother a bloody lip. (DAUNTLESS pulls away from her. She speaks to DAUNTLESS with an airy wave of the hand) It was an accident. (He is reassured)

LARKEN (Evasively): We had a little disagreement.

WINNIFRED: So you decided to run away?

LARKEN (Defending herself): He said some perfectly horrible things to me.

WINNIFRED: Oh . . . I see. Well, in that case, I guess you were right. I guess about the only thing you can do is . . . pack up and . . . get out. Unless, of course . . . you just go to him and say you're sorry. Listen, that Harry is a wonderful boy . . . and he really loves you. Why, we were on the road for two weeks and he never laid a finger on me.

LARKEN: Oh, Your Highness!

WINNIFRED: Now, you just get into something pretty that shows you're a girl and patch things up with him. Oh, and Larken — try and act a little helpless — men don't like girls that are too strong.

DAUNTLESS: I do!

LARKEN: Dear, dear Princess, I don't know how to thank you! If . . . if it's a girl, I'm going to name her Fred! (Exits)

DAUNTLESS: What if it's a boy?

WINNIFRED: Dauntless, you'd better go to bed. And leave the history book.

DAUNTLESS: I'm positive you're going to pass Mama's test tomorrow. (No reaction) Well, I'm pretty sure . . . If you don't . . . I'll understand. (He leans down, kisses her and goes out up)

WINNIFRED (*Picks up book and begins to read*): "And so the young Prince Waldere, having slain the dragon Fafner with the sword Minning, rescued the Princess Frigga, and together they mounted his horse, Trigga . . . (*Pauses to turn page*) . . . and rode to the castle, Voonderbar, where they were married and lived happily ever after." (*She closes book*) Well, I'm glad. (*During the following song, WINNIFRED is getting ready for bed, and moves about the chamber somewhat in the manner of a "strip-tease" dancer, building in intensity to a "flash finish."*)

Music 17: HAPPILY EVER AFTER

WINNIFRED:

THEY ALL LIVE HAPPILY, HAPPILY, HAPPILY EVER
AFTER.
THE COUPLE IS HAPPILY LEAVING THE CHAPEL
ETERNALLY TIED.
AS THE CURTAIN DESCENDS, THERE IS NOTHING BUT
LOVING AND LAUGHTER.
WHEN THE FAIRY TALE ENDS, THE HEROINE'S ALWAYS
A BRIDE.
ELLA, THE GIRL OF THE CINDERS,
DID THE WASH AND THE WALLS AND THE WINDERS,
BUT SHE LANDED A PRINCE WHO WAS BRAWNY AND
BLUE-EYED AND BLOND.
STILL I HONESTLY DOUBT THAT
SHE COULD EVER HAVE DONE IT WITHOUT THAT
CRAZY LADY WITH THE WAND —

(*Spoken*)

Cinderella had outside help!

(*Sung*)

I HAVE NO ONE BUT ME.
FAIRY GODMOTHER, GODMOTHER, GODMOTHER!
WHERE CAN YOU BE?

(*Spoken*)

I haven't got a Fairy Godmother. I haven't even got a godmother
. . . I have a mother . . . a plain, ordinary woman . . .

(*Sung*)

SNOW WHITE WAS SO PRETTY, THEY TELL US,
THAT THE QUEEN WAS INSULTED AND JEALOUS.
WHEN THE MIRROR DECLARED THAT SNOW WHITE
WAS THE FAIREST OF ALL

SHE WAS DUMPED ON THE BORDER
BUT WAS SAVED BY SOME MEN WHO ADORED 'ER —
OH, I GRANT YOU — THEY WERE SMALL

(*Spoken*)

But there were seven of them. Practically a regiment!

(*Sung*)

I'M ALONE IN THE NIGHT,
BY MYSELF. NOT A DWARF, NOT AN ELF, NOT A
GOBLIN IN SIGHT!

(*Spoken*)

That girl had *seven* determined little men working day and night
just for her — Oh sure, the Queen gave her a poison apple, even
so . . .

(*Sung*)

SHE LIVED HAPPILY, HAPPILY, HAPPILY EVER AFTER.
A MAGICAL KISS COUNTERACTED THE
APPLE — EVENTUALLY.
THOUGH I KNOW I'M NOT CLEVER, I'LL DO WHAT
THEY TELL ME I HAFTA!
I WANT SOME HAPPILY EVER AFTER TO HAPPEN TO
ME.
RAPUNZEL HAD PLATINUM TRESSES
THAT WERE DOUBLE THE LENGTH OF HER DRESSES.
SHE WAS KEPT IN A TOWER FOR YEARS BY A WICKED
OLD WITCH
'TIL ONE NIGHT IN DESPAIR, DOWN
SHE SCRAMBLED BY LETTING HER HAIR DOWN —
THAT'S WHAT I CALL QUITE A SWITCH!

(*Spoken*)

I wonder . . . No, it'll never hold —

(*Sung*)

I'LL BE FINISHED BEFORE I BEGIN
AND BESIDES I DON'T WANT TO GET OUT —
I WANT TO GET IN!
I WANT TO LIVE HAPPILY, HAPPILY, HAPPILY EVER
AFTER.
I WANT TO WALK HAPPILY OUT OF A CHAPEL
ETERNALLY TIED—
FOR I KNOW THAT I'LL NEVER LIVE HAPPILY EVER
AFTER
'TIL AFTER I'M A BRIDE.

(*Now in her stocking feet, she leaves the stage just long enough
to fetch a large "foot-bath" bowl*)

THEN I'LL BE HAPPILY HAPPY!

(Moves bowl in circles, as if to stir contents)

YES, HAPPILY HAPPY!

(Sets bowl in front of chair. Sits down on chair)

AND THOROUGHLY SATISFIED!

(On the last note, she places her feet in the bowl, and leans back in ecstatic relief)

(Dimout)

Scene 3

(Scene: Castle corridor. HARRY is half-leading, half-dragging the MINSTREL across stage. A few feet behind them trots the JESTER, followed by the KING. The JESTER is taunting HARRY)

JESTER: You're a bully . . . and a tyrant . . . just because you won your spurs you think . . .

HARRY *(Finally)*: Now see here! This man is charged with attempting to transport a young woman out-of-kingdom against her will. That's a serious offense.

JESTER: He didn't do it. It was a frame-up.

MINSTREL: You've got it all wrong.

JESTER: He was *protecting* the Lady Larken . . . and you keep out of this, Your Majesty.

MINSTREL: Sir Harry, I can't leave yet. There's someone I must see first!

HARRY: Who?

MINSTREL: The Wizard. I want your permission to speak to the Wizard.

JESTER: Yes, yes! *(KING agrees)*

HARRY: No, permission denied.

MINSTREL: Sir Harry, you're a fathead!

JESTER: Yes, you are. He's trying to help. We're *all* trying to help.

HARRY: How can *you* help?

MINSTREL: By finding out what the test is . . . from the Wizard.

HARRY *(He thinks it over . . . finally)*: That's cheating.

JESTER: Don't you understand? This is for you.

MINSTREL: Let me go to the Wizard.

HARRY: No. If anyone should defy the Wizard's magic, I should.

JESTER: You must stand guard. This is my job.

KING: *(Panto: "I'll do it")*

JESTER: No. You might get hurt.

KING: *(Fight with WIZARD)*

JESTER: You can't come, and that's final!

KING: *(Still fighting WIZARD)*

DAUNTLESS *(Enters from RIGHT)*: What's the matter, Papa?

HARRY: The King mustn't come with us.

JESTER: I'll get rid of him. *(To KING)* Your Majesty, Prince Dauntless is ready now. He needs to have that personal talk with you.

DAUNTLESS: Well, some other time.

JESTER: Dauntless, your father wants to have that little chat with you now. It's very important.

DAUNTLESS: It is?

JESTER: It can't be put off. Come on. *(JESTER, HARRY, MINSTREL start OFF LEFT)* Do your duty, Sire! *(They EXIT)*

DAUNTLESS: What is it, Papa? What do you want to talk about? Well, Papa . . . ? *(The KING pantomimes and DAUNTLESS translates aloud, struggling to understand what his father is talking about)*

Music 18: MAN TO MAN TALK

DAUNTLESS *(Spoken)*:

Stop, look listen.

Little Prince.

Boy . . . flower . . .

Girl . . . flower . . .

Boy flower, girl flower . . .

(Sung)

OH, TELL ME MORE,

I WANT TO KNOW ABOUT WHAT GETTING MARRIED IS FOR.

(Spoken)

Seed . . . fall . . . from girl flower . . .

(Sung)

AND BYE AND BYE, BABY FLOWER GROW.

AH, BUT WHY?

OH, TELL ME WHY.

OH, FATHER, TELL ME, TELL ME, FATHER DON'T BE SHY.

BOY FLOWER, GIRL FLOWER LOVE EACH OTHER.

BOY FLOWER, FATHER . . . GIRL FLOWER, MOTHER.

YES, YES, BUT HOW?

IT'S VERY INT'RESTING, BUT HOW? OH, TELL ME NOW.

(Spoken)

Bee . . . on boy flower . . .

Boy flower dust . . . gets on bee.

Bee flies to girl flower . . .

Dust touches girl flower.

Oh, I see . . .

(Sung)

NO, I DON'T SEE.

IT'S VERY INT'RESTING, BUT STILL NOT CLEAR TO ME.

(Spoken)

Woman: is like girl flower.

Man: is like bee and like boy flower . . .

Man, that's me!

(Sung)

BUT TELL ME MORE

I'VE GOT TO KNOW ABOUT WHAT GETTING MARRIED
IS FOR.

(Spoken)

Sounds like . . . carry. Sounds like carry . . . marry . . .

Man and woman get married . . .

Winnifred in white . . . love each other . . . Knight . . .

And then one night . . .

(Sung)

YES, YES, ONE NIGHT,

IT'S VERY INT'RESTING WHAT HAPPENS IN THE
NIGHT?

(KING starts to draw pictures on floor)

WHAT HAPPENS? WHAT HAPPENS?

OH, TELL ME FATHER, PLEASE.

(But when DAUNTLESS comes over, KING quickly rubs it out
with his foot before the Prince gets a look)

SHALL I GO AND PICK SOME FLOWERS?

SHALL I GO AND CATCH SOME BEES?

(Spoken)

Princess Winnifred . . . and I . . .

Will get married . . . and then . . .

One night . . .

(KING, defeated, decides to take the easy way, pantos "stork"
by placing his crown in his kerchief and dangling it from his
teeth, while standing on one leg, and flapping his "wings")

The stork . . . ?

(Disappointed)

The stork will come and bring us a baby?

Oh, father, I know all about the stork.

ma told me about that years ago.

(KING sadly puts back his crown and starts to depart, STAGE
RIGHT. DAUNTLESS, starting OFF LEFT, suddenly "gets the
message")

No, wait a minute, father.

(Sung)

FLOWER, SEED, MAN, WOMAN, BEE, BABY, SMALL . . .
IT ISN'T THE STORK, IT ISN'T THE STORK, IT ISN'T THE
STORK AT ALL!

(Delighted!)

OH, LIFE IS GRAND!

IT'S VERY INT'RESTING. I THINK I UNDERSTAND.

I THINK, I THINK, I KNOW.

IT'S VERY INT'RESTING.

(Crosses to KING, who is now mopping his brow in happy
relief)

THANK YOU, FATHER . . .

AND FATHER, I LOVE YOU SO!

(Puts his arm around KING, who responds by suggesting in
pantomime: "You? Come with me? Have a little drink to-
gether?" DAUNTLESS agrees, and they go OFF RIGHT, arm-in-
arm, and beaming)

Scene 4

(Scene: The WIZARD's chamber. He is alone in the room looking at a
cauldron of steaming chemicals. The JESTER comes down the stairs followed
by the MINSTREL)

JESTER: Pardon, Sir Wizard.

WIZARD: What do you want?

JESTER: Our friend, the Minstrel, is a great admirer of yours.

WIZARD: No soft soap, if you please. (Walks away)

MINSTREL (Stepping forward): This is not soft soap. And I wouldn't even
say it except for the fact that I've been banished. And before I go —
well — I hope this won't embarrass you, but . . . I had to tell you
what a great artist you are . . . Cardamon.

WIZARD (To JESTER): Cardamon? Don't call me by that name.

MINSTREL: I use that name with honor, sir. I don't think I'll ever forget
seeing you in command performance at Glastonbury in '92. What a
show, what a triumph! You took seven curtain calls.

WIZARD: Eight.

MINSTREL: Do you happen to remember a little boy in the second row
who stood up and yelled "Bravo" that night?

WIZARD: Yes . . .

MINSTREL: I was that boy.

WIZARD: I can't believe it.

MINSTREL: Of course, now I'm in show business, too. And sir . . . if it's any interest to you, it was your inspiration that brought this about.

WIZARD: You must belong to the guild. *(They perform elaborate ritual handshake)* Camelot Local 714! To think that someone remembers those days.

MINSTREL: Yes. Well, I just wanted to tell you what that performance meant to me, Cardamon. I'd better be going now.

WIZARD: No. Stay awhile. Sir Minstrel — *(Flower trick)* for you.

MINSTREL: Thank you.

WIZARD: Here — have a seat.

MINSTREL: No, the Queen wouldn't like it if she knew I was still around.

WIZARD: Never mind her. Sit down. This is between us.

MINSTREL: Anyway you're probably busy with that test for tomorrow.

WIZARD: Oh, that's all right. The test is all taken care of.

MINSTREL: I don't suppose you could tell an old Guild brother what it is?

WIZARD: Well, I'm sort of under oath . . .

MINSTREL: I understand. Well, I'd better be going.

WIZARD: No. Wait a minute. May I borrow your handkerchief?

MINSTREL: What handkerchief? *(WIZARD produces handkerchief, then plucked chicken)*

WIZARD: Some people think my act is pretty fowl.

MINSTREL: Cardamon the Great!

WIZARD: I bet you can't guess what the test is about.

MINSTREL: Astronomy?

WIZARD: No. You'll never guess. *(Conspiratorially)* Sensitivity. *(They laugh)*

MINSTREL: Sensitivity! *(To JESTER)* Did you hear? *(JESTER rolls on his back and kicks his feet. They all laugh)* Cardamon the Great.

WIZARD: Cardamon the Greatest. *(He makes cane turn into two silks)* Now let me tell you the rest. *(Looks at JESTER)* No, I'd better not.

JESTER: I'll go — but may I ask one favor, Cardamon? May I have this? *(Picks up flowers)*

WIZARD: What do you want with that?

JESTER: A memento of the good old days, because of my father. *(Starts out slowly)*

WIZARD: Keep it.

JESTER: Thank you.

WIZARD: Jester! *(JESTER comes back. Magnanimously the WIZARD gives him the ritual handshake)*

JESTER: Oh, thank you, sir. *(He exits up stairs)*

MINSTREL: That was a wonderful thing you did for that boy, Cardamon.

WIZARD: Well — for his father's sake.

MINSTREL: Say — I don't actually have to get out of here until daybreak. Why don't we go down to the wine cellar, split a bottle, and talk some more about — uh — talk some more.

WIZARD: Fine — fine. But first I've started something here I'd like to finish. Go ahead and I'll join you in two seconds.

MINSTREL: I'll be waiting. *(MINSTREL exits and WIZARD uses cauldron as inhalator, clears his nose and lights fade as he goes up steps)*

Scene 5

(Scene: A corridor. The JESTER comes in carrying the WIZARD's flowers. He sits at STAGE RIGHT. SIR STUDLEY and a GIRL enter RIGHT and go across. They see him sitting there)

STUDLEY: What's the matter, Jester?

JESTER: Oh, nothing.

STUDLEY: Say something funny.

JESTER: Have you ever heard of my father, Sliding Peter Jingle? *(GIRL laughs wildly)*

STUDLEY: Is that funny?

LADY: I don't know.

STUDLEY: I think the clown is losing his touch. *(They go out DOWN LEFT)*

Music 19: VERY SOFT SHOES

JESTER: *(Verse)*

I AM FAR FROM SENTIMENTAL OR ROMANTIC
AND I LIKE TO THINK I'M STRICTLY UP TO DATE,
BUT AT TIMES THE DANCES GET A BIT TOO FRANTIC
IN THESE HECTIC DAYS OF 1428.
SO INDULGE ME AS I PAUSE TO RAISE MY CHALICE
TO A QUAIN'T AND CHARMING DANCE THEY USED TO
DO
IN THE DAYS WHEN MY DEAR FATHER PLAYED THE
PALACE
BACK IN 1392.
(Chorus)
MY DAD WAS
DEBONAIR,
AND QUITE AS LIGHT AS AIR

IN HIS VERY SOFT SHOES!
 HOW HE COULD
 DIP AND GLIDE
 AND SKIP AND SLIP AND SLIDE
 IN THOSE VERY SOFT SHOES!
 I USED TO STAND AND WATCH HIM EV'RY DAY:
 HE WAS ALWAYS SMOOTH AND COOL.
 I USED TO LOVE TO HEAR THE PEOPLE SAY:
 "HE'S A REGULAR DANCIN' FOOL."
 HE BARELY
 TOUCHED THE GROUND
 AND NEVER MADE A SOUND,
 BUT I'VE NOTICED IN ALL HIS REVIEWS . . .
 THAT WHEN HE TOOK HIS BOW
 TO THE CROWD AND THE CROWN
 THE CROWD WENT CRAZY AND THE HOUSE CAME
 DOWN
 WHEN DADDY WORE HIS
 VERY SOFT SHOES!

(Dance)

Music 20: THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING

Scene 6

(It is very dark, HARRY is discovered pacing back and forth. LARKEN enters DOWN LEFT. HARRY hears her as she gets to CENTER)

HARRY *(Turning)*: Who's there? Friend or foe?

LARKEN: Friend . . .

HARRY: Oh.

LARKEN: I hope . . . Oh Harry! Harry, look at me . . . I . . . I was trying to run away — but it was only because I thought you didn't love me . . . *(Waits for response, gets none . . . tries again, tentatively)* . . . I thought you didn't love me? *(Still nothing . . . tries a different tack)* But even if you — don't love me, I can't love anyone but you and I want to be near you if I can . . . as long as I can . . . Oh, Harry, I don't blame you if you've changed.

HARRY: Well, in a way I have.

Music 21: YESTERDAY I LOVED YOU

HARRY *(Sings)*:

YESTERDAY I LOVED YOU
 AS NEVER BEFORE.
 BUT PLEASE DON'T THINK ME STRANGE —
 I'VE UNDERGONE A CHANGE
 AND TODAY I LOVE YOU EVEN MORE.
 MY HEART CANNOT BE TRUSTED.
 I GIVE YOU FAIR WARNING,
 I OPENLY CONFESS —
 TONIGHT I LOVE YOU LESS
 THAN I WILL TOMORROW MORNING!

LARKEN: YESTERDAY I LOVED YOU
 AS NEVER BEFORE.
 BUT THAT WAS LONG AGO
 AND NOW IT'S BEST YOU KNOW
 THAT TODAY I LOVE YOU EVEN MORE.
 MY HEART CANNOT BE TRUSTED.
 I GIVE YOU FAIR WARNING,
 I TREMBLE AT YOUR TOUCH —
 NOT NEARLY HALF SO MUCH
 AS I WILL TOMORROW MORNING!

HARRY: YESTERDAY YOU SEEMED AS LOVELY TO ME
 AS ANYONE EVER COULD BE.
 NOW I SEE WHAT TRICKS MY EYES CAN PLAY!
 YESTERDAY I MUST HAVE BEEN UTTERLY BLIND,
 OR ELSE I WAS OUT OF MY MIND —
 FOR I FIND YOU SO MUCH LOVELIER TODAY.

LARKEN: MY HEART CANNOT BE TRUSTED.
 I GIVE YOU FAIR WARNING —

IN A LITTLE WHILE
 JUST A LITTLE WHILE
 YOU AND I WILL BE ONE,
 TWO, THREE, FOUR.
 IN A LITTLE WHILE
 I WILL SEE YOUR SMILE
 ON THE FACE OF MY SON.
 TO BE FOR—
 EVER HAND IN GLOVE
 IS THE WAY I HAVE IT PLANNED.

In
 counter-
 point
 with
 HARRY

HARRY: FOR YESTERDAY I LOVED YOU
AS NEVER BEFORE.
BUT THAT WAS LONG AGO,
AND NOW IT'S BEST YOU KNOW
THAT TODAY I LOVE YOU EVEN MORE.

BOTH: MY HEART CANNOT BE TRUSTED.
I GIVE YOU FAIR WARNING —
I OPENLY CONFESS—
TONIGHT I LOVE YOU LESS
THAN I WILL TOMORROW MORNING.

In counter-
point with
LARKEN.

Scene 7

(Scene: The Bedchamber. The room is dominated by an enormous bed piled high with mattresses. The QUEEN, alone, is counting them)

QUEEN: Seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty. That should do it. And one small pea . . . that I had to bring all the way up from the pantry. All the way up the most killing stairs in the kingdom . . . *(Reaches into her bosom, gets out pea)* There . . . *(She kisses it, blows on it, shakes it like a pair of dice, and places it under the bottom mattress. She goes to LEFT and summons LADIES-IN-WAITING who carry a hypnotic mirror, a flagon, and an incense burner)* All right, you can come in now. Did you bring everything? The hypnotic mirror?

1ST LADY: Yes, Madame.

QUEEN: And the rest of the things?

2ND & 3RD LADIES: Yes, Madame. *(PRINCESS WINNIFRED staggers in, all but asleep on her feet. She manages to navigate over to 1ST LADY, lean against her back, and fall asleep)*

QUEEN: And the girl . . . where is the girl? Doesn't she know it's long past bedtime? You would think she would be dropping from exhaustion. *(To WINNIFRED)* Oh, it's you. Ready for bed? You must be sure to get a good night's rest so you'll be fresh early tomorrow morning for your trip back to your kingdom or wherever you're going. Bring the hypnotic mirror. *(1ST LADY brings her an eight-sided cylinder which revolves on a stick through its center. Each side is faced with a mirror)* And where is the incantation? The Wizard said it would be written right on the wrapper.

1ST LADY: Here it is, Your Majesty.

QUEEN: Yes. *(Reading as she revolves the mirror before WINNIFRED's eyes)*

"Silken swishing sibilance
Wraps us in a gentle trance.
Deep in Morpheus' arms we lie;
Off we go to beddy-bye."

WINNIFRED *(Stops the mirror and stares into it as though hypnotized)*: You know, I think I'm getting a sty right here.

QUEEN: Ugh. Bring the poppy and mandragora incense. *(2ND LADY sets up a small tripod before WINNIFRED and hands an incantation to the QUEEN, who reads)*

"Drowsy incense, sweet aroma
Wraps us in a gentle coma.
Murmuring voices seem to say,
'Mr. Sandman's on his way.'"

(The LADY drops a lighted taper into the incense. There is a minor explosion and a miniature mushroom cloud rises into WINNIFRED's face) That ought to get us to sleep, shouldn't it? The sleeping draught.

3RD LADY *(Handing her the potion)*: Here, Madame.

QUEEN: That's right. Drink a little extract of opium and warm milk before going to bed, I always say. Drink it down. *(She pinches WINNIFRED's nose and pours the potion down her throat. She gives the half-empty flagon back to 2ND LADY who finishes it off)* Now I'm sure you're going to get a good night's sleep . . . I wish I could say the same for myself. And just to make sure you have no trouble drifting off, I've prepared a special treat. *(To the LADIES)* Bring on the Nightingale of Samarkand. Who has the Nightingale of Samarkand? *(The LADIES look at each other helplessly)* Naturally, I have to do everything myself. *(She goes to the wall and cranks a winch which lowers a gold cage from above. In it is a GIRL dressed as an exotic bird)* All right, sing! *(The BIRD, startled, lets out a piercing shriek)* Stop! You were brought here to put a live princess to sleep . . . not to wake a dead one. Let's have a lullaby, Birdie, nice and soft.

Music 22: NIGHTINGALE LULLABY

(The BIRD begins a quiet quasi-oriental vocalise as a lullaby)

QUEEN: Yea, verily. *(To WINNIFRED)* Now, my dear, why aren't you in bed?

WINNIFRED *(Moves slowly to the ladder leading up to the top mattress, grasps the ladder with both hands, and places one foot on the bottom rung. The foot slips off the rung, and she places the next foot up. When this slips to the floor, she tries her first foot again. She continues this until it is obvious that she thinks she is climbing. Slowly, she stops)*: Am I almost there?

QUEEN *(To 2ND LADY)*: Help her up. *(2ND LADY is almost asleep from the effects of the potion, but she pushes WINNIFRED up the ladder)* Well, at least one person in this castle is going to get a good night's sleep. *(The QUEEN exits LEFT. 2ND LADY collapses in the other LADIES' arms and they drag her OFF LEFT)*

WINNIFRED (*Bed Pantomime: WINNIFRED lies on her back for a moment. The bird cage is behind her, and she arches her back so that she can see the BIRD. Slowly, she sits up and stares at the BIRD*)

What are you . . . some kinda nut?

(*She stares in fascination and slowly begins to move rhythmically with the beat of the lullaby. Almost without knowing she's doing it, she begins to conduct the lullaby. She gives a vicious cut-off, and the BIRD stops with a squawk. Slowly WINNIFRED's head drops to the mattress so that only it and her knees support her arched body. But there is something hard under her head. She pokes it and finds other protuberances. She smooths the bed and flops down. She changes her position several times . . . then stands on the bed. She warns*)

All right, lumps, watch out.

(*With a growl, she springs to one corner of the bed and curls up in a hard knot. But her eyes pop open. She flails about and lands in several rapidly changing and highly improbable positions . . . the last of which has her hanging off the bed upside down facing the audience*)

All right, we'll take it from the top.

(*The BIRD begins to sing again. WINNIFRED gets off the bed onto the floor, addresses the room generally*)

Goodnight, everybody . . . sleep well.

(*She starts up the ladder*)

What a beautiful bed! Twenty soft downy mattresses. Oh, I'm going to sleep like a baby.

(*She folds herself over so gracefully into a languid position and closes her eyes. And pops them open. She screams*)

Quiet.

(*She half-heartedly tries a few more positions, including spinning around on one shoulder while lying down. Giving up, she sits on the edge of the bed*)

All right, sheep . . . I'm ready when you are!

Music 22a: WIZARD

(*She starts to count, the music swells*)

(*Fade out*)

Scene 8

(*Scene: In one. Early next morning. DAUNTLESS hurries on with QUEEN AGGRAVAIN. DAUNTLESS is still not entirely dressed and QUEEN AGGRAVAIN is annoying him by trying to help*)

QUEEN: Here, darling, let Mother fix it.

DAUNTLESS (*Shrugging her off*): Leave me alone, Mama, I can dress myself.

QUEEN: Well! Far be it from me to interfere, precious. (*She immediately straightens his hat*).

DAUNTLESS (*Annoyed*): I can do it! (*He continues to try to attach the pendant throughout the following*)

QUEEN: Why are you wearing that so early in the morning?

DAUNTLESS: Well, today's the test, Mama, and I want to look my best for

QUEEN: The test! Why, Dauntless, the test is all over, sweetheart.

DAUNTLESS (*Startled*): Huh?

QUEEN: The test is over, darling boy.

DAUNTLESS: But Mama, when was it? *What* was it?

QUEEN: It was last night. We put her to bed on twenty soft downy mattresses with a pea under the bottom one . . . to test her sensitivity. And, of course, the pea would have kept a *real* princess awake.

DAUNTLESS (*Miserably*): And she slept?

QUEEN: Well, darling, I'm sure I don't know. But she was practically falling asleep before she got into bed . . . and *yawning* like a vulgar scullery maid. I mean she *looked* ghastly, darling, and old enough to be your . . . oh well, we'll see.

DAUNTLESS (*Sadly*): Oh, Fred . . . (*They exit as we open Scene 9*)

Scene 9

(*Scene: Banqueting Hall at breakfast the next morning. The LORDS are standing behind their chairs; the LADIES are seated. They are all immobile —*)

LADY ROWENA: (*Hysterical giggle quickly smothered*)

OTHERS: Shh-hush, quiet.

LADY ROWENA: I can't help it. I'm so nervous I could die. (*Pause*) Absolutely die. (*Hysterical giggle*)

OTHERS: Shhh!

STUDLEY: Control yourself — they'll be here in a minut (*Pause*)

LADY ROWENA: If she didn't pass I'll just kill myself.

STUDLEY: Don't talk! Here comes the Queen. *(There is silence from the LORDS and LADIES as AGGRAVAIN enters with DAUNTLESS following disconsolately behind)*

QUEEN *(Over her shoulder)*: . . . and someday, dear, we'll find a true princess for you, so don't worry. Good morning, everyone.

ALL: Good morning, Your Majesty.

QUEEN: All here to see the princess on her way? Since she's such a favorite *(To DAUNTLESS)* of ours, I have decided that she should have an extra-special consolation prize. Sir Studley?

STUDLEY *(Holding up a plucked fowl)*: Here, Your Majesty. A very thoughtful gift.

QUEEN: Charming, charming. *(DAUNTLESS grabs bird, hits STUDLEY over head with it, and throws it OFF RIGHT)* Dauntless! — And where is our little slugabed? She should be getting an early start. *(Looks OFF RIGHT)* Ah, here she is now. She isn't even dressed yet. She must have slept like a baby. *(Pause)*

WINNIFRED *(Enters DOWN RIGHT)*: 37,428.

QUEEN: 37,428 what?

WINNIFRED: Sheep. What do you stuff your mattresses with — jousting equipment?

QUEEN *(Uneasily)*: What do you mean?

WINNIFRED: I mean that bed ought to be moved down to the torture chamber.

QUEEN *(Aghast)*: You didn't sleep?

WINNIFRED: I never shut my eyes.

DAUNTLESS *(Rushing up to her)*: You've passed!

WINNIFRED: Passed what?

DAUNTLESS: The test. Mama put a pea under twenty mattresses and you felt it and now we can be married! *(HARRY faints DOWN LEFT. LARKEN rushes to revive him)*

OMNES: Hooray! My love! Married at last! At last! *(All embrace)*

WINNIFRED *(Drawing herself up to her most noble and with a surprised but satisfied smile, and, once again, striking her 'dainty feminine' pose)*: A pea under twenty mattresses? No wonder I'm black and blue!

HARRY: Now don't you think she's pretty?

LARKEN: No, she's not pretty, she's beautiful.

WINNIFRED: Twenty mattresses, huh? Dauntless, dear? I'll leave the wedding arrangements up to you. You'd better start looking around for a small kingdom for us — I've got a feeling we aren't going to want to live with the in-laws. *(Very delicately, she stretches out on the breakfast table at LEFT and goes to sleep)*

DAUNTLESS: She's going to get cold sleeping on that bare table. I'd better take her up to her room.

QUEEN: Dauntless, wait . . .

DAUNTLESS: What should I wait for, Mama?

QUEEN: To give this matter proper consideration . . .

DAUNTLESS: She passed the test — and I have to take her up to our room.

QUEEN: I said wait!! Now you listen to your Mother. Throughout this *heartbreaking* business of trying to find a true princess, I have never nagged, never interfered, and never expected one solitary word of sympathy.

DAUNTLESS *(Sotto)*: Shh, Mama. She's asleep.

QUEEN: But I will not stand by and watch you throw yourself away on this little nobody.

DAUNTLESS: Mama, quiet!

QUEEN: I mean look at her: she may have passed the test, but I must say I've never trusted anyone who had those shifty eyes or that mean little mouth or . . .

DAUNTLESS *(Shouts)*: I told you to SHUT UP!! *(The QUEEN is struck dumb — literally dumb. Her mouth hangs open but no words come out. The JESTER jumps up on a table)*

JESTER: It happened . . . it happened: The Prophecy! "The mouse devoured the hawk . . ."

HARRY *(Watching, fascinated, as QUEEN helplessly flaps her jaw trying to talk)*: Look . . . look . . . the Queen can't talk! *(Now the KING begins working his mouth as well as the QUEEN)*

KING: I . . . I . . . I . . .

JESTER *(Excitedly, to KING)*: What?

KING *(Beaming)*: I can!

JESTER *(Throwing his cap in the air)*: The King talks!

KING *(To QUEEN)*: And I've got a lot to say . . .

DAUNTLESS: Well, good night. *(The QUEEN grabs his arm as he starts for WINNIFRED)*

KING *(Pushing QUEEN away)*: Unhand the boy! *(To DAUNTLESS)* Go ahead. *(DAUNTLESS goes to WINNIFRED)* Now you asked for it, Aggravain, and you got it. From now on when I say hop, I want you to hop. Hop! *(She hops)* Skip! *(She skips)* Jump! *(She jumps and exits DOWN LEFT, hopping, skipping and jumping)* Hop! Skip! Jump! *(The KING follows her out, giving orders and the WIZARD rushes out after him)*. The center banquet table revolves, revealing the bed. During the finale, the JESTER climbs the ladder, lifts the top mattress, and from under it removes: the MINSTREL's lute, SIR HARRY's helmet, his own be-ribboned staff, a

spiked shield bearing the KING's insignia, and various other bulky, thorny objects, such as deer antlers, mace-and-chains, saddles, boots, spurs, etc. — handing them down to the MINSTREL, who hands them to someone offstage)

Music 23: FINALE

ALL: HOW DID SHE STAY AWAKE?
THE PEA WAS AWF'LLY

JESTER (*Shouts, holding up the MINSTREL's lute*): But it wasn't the pea!

ALL (*Sung*):

IT WASN'T THE PEA
IT WASN'T THE PEA AT ALL.
OH, LIFE IS GRAND —
IT'S VERY INT'RESTING!
WE THINK WE UNDERSTAND.
WE THINK WE THINK WE KNOW —
IT'S VERY INT'RESTING.
THANK YOU, PRINCESS —
AND PRINCESS
WE LOVE YOU SO!

(DAUNTLESS helps WINNIFRED up onto the bed, where she gratefully stretches out, but after a moment, begins to squirm in lady-like discomfort. DAUNTLESS seems to understand why and quickly descends ladder, lifts the bottom mattress, removes the pea, shows it to WINNIFRED, who, "thoroughly satisfied," now falls immediately asleep . . . smiling. Her arm hangs limply over the edge of the bed, so that her hand is within DAUNTLESS' reach. He takes it and holds it tenderly in his own throughout the final chorus)

ALL: FOR A PRINCESS IS A DELICATE THING.
DELICATE AND DAINTY AS A DRAGONFLY'S WING.
YOU CAN RECOGNIZE A LADY BY HER ELEGANT AIR
BUT A GENUINE PRINCESS —

(WINNIFRED snores)

ALL: IS EXCEEDINGLY RARE!

(Curtain)

END OF ACT TWO

Music 24: BOWS AND EXIT MUSIC

Musical Program

ACT I	
No.	page
1. Overture	1
2. PROLOGUE: Many Moons Ago	1
3. Opening For A Princess	3
4. In A Little While	6
5. REPRISE: In A Little While	8
6. Shy	8
6b The Minstrel, The Jester And I	12
7. Sensitivity	15
8. The Swamps Of Home	17
9. Fight-Fight	20
10. — <i>Dance</i> : Spanish Panic	20
11. Tents	20
12. Normandy	20
13. — <i>Dance</i> : Spanish Panic No. 2	24
14. Song Of Love	24
ACT II	
15. Entr'acte	29
16. Opening Act II	29
17. Happily Ever After	31
18. Man To Man Talk	34
19. Very Soft Shoes	37
— <i>Dance</i>	38
20. Three O'clock In The Morning	39
21. Yesterday I Loved You	39
22. Nightingale Lullaby	43
22a. Wizard	43
23. Finale	44
24. Bows and Exit Music	45