

The Princess And the Wizard



Murray J. Rivette

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P.O. Box 1401
Rapid City, SD 57709

The Princess and the Wizard

FARCE. The Queen is determined to find a princess to marry her son, but it isn't an easy task since the Prince is a childish videogame geek. The sophisticated, mature Princess Gladys is a perfect pick for the Prince, so the Prime Minister asks the resident Wizard to concoct a love potion that will make Princess Gladys fall in love with the Prince. The Wizard consults a spell book he bought on sale at Wal-mart, and through an act of "wiz-dumb," the Princess ends up falling madly in love with the Prime Minister instead. Enraged, the Prince calls upon his assassin to get rid of the Prime Minister, but it turns out this "assassin" never actually kills anyone. He just gives them money and a one-way ticket to New Jersey!

Performance Time: Approximately 45 minutes.

Characters

(3 M, 3 F, 1 flexible)

QUEEN: Mother of Prince Tut and the Prime Minister; wants to find a princess who will marry Prince Tut even though he is a childish videogame geek; female.

PRINCE TUT: Sad, lonely, immature prince who loves to play videogames; would like to marry Princess Gladys of Gollymore; male.

PRIME MINISTER: Kingdom's prime minister who is secretly the Prince's twin brother; does not look like the Prince; male.

WALLY: Royal Wizard who likes to buy his spell books at Wal-mart; flexible.

BLUE KNIGHT: An "assassin" who gets rid of people by giving them money and buying them a one-way bus ticket to New Jersey; male.

PRINCESS GLADYS: Sophisticated, mature princess who secretly likes to play videogames; accidentally falls in love with the Prime Minister after drinking a love potion; female.

GWENDOLYN: Princess Gladys's lady-in-waiting who is secretly in love with the Prime Minister; female.

Setting

Once upon a time, a palace with 41 rooms and one bathroom.

Set

Throne room. It is sparsely furnished with a large chair for a throne at one end of the room, a small table next to the throne, and three small benches on either side of the room and opposite the throne.

Wizard's laboratory. There is a worktable and stool. The worktable is open in front but has a cloth that drapes about halfway down the front. Assorted small jars filled with different colored liquids and labeled with letters of the alphabet are on the worktable.

Synopsis of Scenes

Scene 1: Throne room.

Scene 2: Throne room, later that day.

Scene 3: Wizard's laboratory.

Scene 4: Throne room, later that day.

Props

Watch

Cell phone

Small bottle for love potion

Medium-sized book (for spell book)

Oversized drinking mug

Spoon

Assorted small jars filled with different colored liquids and
labeled with letters of the alphabet

"Boy, the quality of wizard help
has really gone downhill!"

—Prime Minister

Scene 1

(AT RISE: Throne room. It is sparsely furnished with a large chair for a throne at one end of the room, a small table next to the throne, and three small benches on either side of the room and opposite the throne. The Prince is seated on his throne. Prime Minister enters.)

PRIME MINISTER: (To audience.) Greetings, everyone. I'm so glad you're all here. I have a wonderful story to tell you. It begins with...once upon a time... (Checks watch.) ...about 3:30...long, long, long ago...I think it was last Wednesday...there lived a very sad and very lonely prince...

PRINCE: I am so sad and lonely.

PRIME MINISTER: (To audience.) See? What did I just say? (To Prince.) Actually, I did say *very* sad and *very* lonely.

PRINCE: (Big sigh.) I am so *very* sad and so *very* lonely.

PRIME MINISTER: (To audience.) What did I tell you? Stick with me on this, and I'll tell you a very sad story...which will go hand in hand with our very sad and very lonely prince. By the way, the Prince's name is Tut. Actually, that's just his nickname. His real name is Christopher. His mother, the Queen, was very fond of Christopher Robin from Winnie-the-Pooh, so that's how he got the name. (Looks around.) Confidentially, I'm just happy she wasn't a big fan of Eeyore. Can you imagine? Prince... (Like donkey bray.) ...Ee-yore? I don't think so. And when he ascends the throne, he'll be King Tut. Anyway, to make a short story long, or to make a long story endless, I'll fill you in on what's happening. It seems as though the Queen has decided that she wants to have grandchildren 'cause it gets awfully lonely here in this big old castle...40 rooms and a bath. Yes, you heard me right. Forty rooms and *one* bath. There're two wings—the east wing and the west wing—and each has 20 identical rooms. These consist of a living room, a dining room, a sitting room, a TV room, a laundry room, a

library, a kitchen, a den, and 12 bedrooms! There's also a throne room—this room—which actually makes it 41. And it's smack dab in the middle of the castle. The bathroom's down this hall...okay, that's 42... (*Points to SR.*) ...right in back of the throne room. When the old King saw the layout, he had a few choice words with the architect, and the architect came out on the short end of the stick! (*Draws his hand across his throat.*) Skritch! But the King wasn't able to get the plans changed in time for the builders to add more bathrooms...what with the new building permits, and City Hall, and all sorts of planning committees. So the King said, "Let's just make do." And so, for years now, it's been one long line for the bathroom every day of the year! I think the King died of old age waiting in a very long line for the bathroom. I remember. It was the day we had chili. But it's not too bad here anymore. The line is much shorter because the servants have all quit. The only ones living here now are the Prince and his mother in the east wing, the Wizard and I in the west wing, and the Blue Knight, who has a small efficiency apartment over the stables. (*Looks around.*) The Blue Knight was the old King's right-hand man. He took good care of anything and anyone that the old King didn't like! I heard that he got rid of dozens of the old King's enemies! By the way, I happen to know everything that goes on around here because I'm also the prime minister. I really like it here... (*Looks around.*) Confidentially, I have my own bathroom. I just went out and bought a Porta Potti and added on to it with a tub, a shower, and a sauna. And because it's not attached to the castle, I didn't need to get any permits! I don't want to tell the Prince or the Queen about it because they might think that I was trying to make them look dumb. Also, they might want to use it. So *please* don't mention it to them, okay? (*Wait for audience to respond "yes."*) Great! Thank you. Mum's the word! Oh, I mentioned that the Queen wanted grandchildren? She's on her way over now to speak about it with her son, the Prince.

PRINCE: (*Huge sigh.*) I am so very sad and so very lonely.

PRIME MINISTER: Yeah, yeah. We'll get to you in a few minutes, Tut.

(*Queen enters.*)

QUEEN: All right, all right. What's all this sighing and moaning about, Tut?

PRINCE: It's just that I'm so very sad and so very lonely, Mother.

QUEEN: I know, I know. That's what I want to talk to you about. I think it's high time that you settled down with someone. We'll have to find a nice girl for you and get the two of you hitched.

PRINCE: Married? But, Mother, there's no one I'd even consider marrying— (*Realizes.*) Oh, wait a minute. Oh, yes, there is one.

QUEEN: Okay, who do you have in mind?

PRINCE: Well, I really like Princess Gladys of Gollymore. She's so sweet and so kind—

QUEEN: She also better be so understanding. She'll have to put up with your ridiculous obsession with videogames.

PRINCE: I know, I know. I'm sure we can work something out. I'm really hooked on [Candy Crush], but do you think I've got a shot with her? [*Or insert another videogame.*]

QUEEN: She might question your maturity. Sometimes you tend to act very childish.

PRINCE: No, I don't. (*Jumps up, stomping feet.*) I don't, I don't, I don't!

QUEEN: (*Shouts.*) Tut!

PRINCE: I'm a grown man, Momma! A grown man!

QUEEN: (*Shouts.*) Tut!

PRINCE: (*Stops stomping.*) Oh! I don't realize what I'm doing sometimes.

QUEEN: See? Now that's the immaturity I'm referring to.

PRINCE: Sorry.

QUEEN: You've got to learn to control yourself when you can't have your way.

PRINCE: Aw, you're right, Mother. I'm truly sorry.

QUEEN: All right. Come along with me, and let's take a walk in the garden and discuss the possibility of you and Princess Gladys. I'll send for her and see how she feels about the idea of marrying you. In fact, I'll make her an offer she can't refuse. Come, let's go.

(Queen and Prince exit.)

PRIME MINISTER: *(To audience.)* Now that they're gone, I have an idea that I think will solve the problem in case the Princess doesn't like the Prince. I'll have our resident Wizard make up a love potion, and we'll make sure that the Princess gets it. *(Takes out the cell phone.)* I've got him on speed dial... *(Dials phone. To himself.)* "If ever oh, ever, a wiz there was—" *(Into phone.)* Hey, Wizard! I need to see you in the throne room.

(Wizard immediately enters.)

WIZARD: You called?

PRIME MINISTER: *(Startled.)* What took you so long?

WIZARD: Heavy traffic on the interstate.

PRIME MINISTER: Right. Tell me, how are you with spells, Wiz?

WIZARD: Not too bad. *(As if in a spelling bee.)* "Mississippi." *(Spells.)* M-I-S-S-I-S-S-I-P-P-I. "Mississippi." How's that?

PRIME MINISTER: Not spelling! Making spells!

WIZARD: Oh, *making* spells. Actually, I'm a bit out of practice, but I can look up some things. What did you have in mind?

PRIME MINISTER: A spell or something like that to make the Princess fall in love with the Prince.

WIZARD: Are you kidding?

PRIME MINISTER: No.

WIZARD: Come on. You're putting me on.

PRIME MINISTER: No, I'm not. I really need to have this happen.

WIZARD: But the Prince is such a childish boy. He plays videogames all the time. And have you noticed how he stomps his feet when he can't have his way?

PRIME MINISTER: No, I've never noticed.

WIZARD: Now I know you're putting me on. The whole darn kingdom has noticed. He acts like such a child!

PRIME MINISTER: Okay, okay, so he acts like a child. But he still wants to marry the Princess.

WIZARD: Which Princess?

PRIME MINISTER: The Princess of Gollymore.

WIZARD: I ask you again: Are you putting me on? She's much too mature and sophisticated to marry him.

PRIME MINISTER: Perhaps if you could conjure up a spell or create a love potion of sorts that would make her fall in love with him, *then* she might marry him.

WIZARD: Well, I can always give it the old college try. Spells are out...too old-fashioned. Say, have you checked any of the over-the-counter potions at Walgreen's?

PRIME MINISTER: They don't carry love potions anymore.

WIZARD: Oh, really?

[END OF FREEVIEW]