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Dramatic Publishing

A FULL LENGTH COMEDY

The Clumsy Custard
Horror Show

AND ICE CREAM CLONE REVIEW

By
WILLIAM GLEASON



THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

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(THE CLUMSY CUSTARD HORROR SHOW
AND ICE CREAM CLONE REVIEW)

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THE CLUMSY CUSTARD HORROR SHOW
AND
ICE CREAM CLONE REVIEW
A Full-Length Comedy
For Six Men, Eight Women, One Worfle

C H A R A C T E R S

ARNIS BOHEME narrator
SWASHBUCK VALPARISO Prince Proper of
. Valthusia; Master of Fast Feet
WORFLE his friend
PRINCESS PRINCE heir to the throne of
. Zob Proper
KING DUMB Ruler of Zob Proper
DACRON Ruler of Zob Improper
ALPHASIA nanny to the Princess
MALFORCE Prime Minister of Zob Proper
POLLY [] Ice Cream Clones; Agents of Dacron
ESTER [] beheaded by Dacron;
HEAD now his confidante and mantlepiece
SIR PRIZE [] []
SIR VIVAL []Knights of Zob Proper
SIR CUMFERENCE []
CLUMSY CUSTARDwho knows?
USHER #1
USHER #2
DIRECTOR

Note: The part of Arnis may be played by a female, in which case her name should be Aretha. The Worfle, the Ushers and the Director may be played by females. The Clumsy Custard is three people, and may be played by males or females.

ACT ONE

PROLOGUE

As the house is being seated, ARNIS BOHEME should enter with them and take a seat fairly close to the stage. ARNIS is a withered old gentleman with white frizzy hair and a compelling voice. He should be dressed in black with a flowing black cape and a cane. After the house is seated, the lights dim and eerie music begins to play. A spotlight shines on an empty center stage. Music stops. A beat. We hear whispered, urgent voices backstage. "Where is he?" "I don't know." "Anybody seen him?" etc. The spot goes out. ARNIS gets a kick out of this and is giggling in the audience. The process is repeated one more time. The spot comes up again and the DIRECTOR sticks his/her head out of the curtain center stage.)

DIRECTOR (looking around). Arnis? . . . Arnis, are you out there?

ARNIS. No. (Giggles.)

(An USHER, wearing white mask and white clothes, walks down the aisle toward the stage.)

USHER. Is something wrong?

DIRECTOR. It's Arnis, Arnis Boheme.

USHER. What about him?

DIRECTOR. He's not here. We can't start without him.

USHER. Why not?

DIRECTOR. Don't ask silly questions. Just find him. People are waiting. (DIRECTOR steps out

from curtain.) Ladies and gentlemen . . .
USHER (walking up aisle). Paging Arnis Boheme!
Paging Arnis Boheme! (And out.)
DIRECTOR (to audience). We had planned a
question and answer session after the show, but
since we seem to have a little free time, I thought
it might be nice to answer questions about the
production now.
ARNIS (waving hand). I have a question.
DIRECTOR. Yes?
ARNIS. Is the show as terrible as everyone says
it is?
DIRECTOR. Next question.
ARNIS. How did a person with your limited abil-
ities get into directing?
DIRECTOR. Next question.
ARNIS. Where . . . is Arnis Boheme?
DIRECTOR. I . . . I don't know.
ARNIS. But he's so important to the show. With-
out Arnis you have nothing. The man is a giant,
a genius, a master of all things Thespian. He's
the only reason I came to see this two-bit pro-
duction.
DIRECTOR. We're trying to find him.
ARNIS (chanting). We want Arnis! We want Arnis!
(He rises and gestures to audience to help him
as he continues to chant.) We want Arnis! (As
they take up the chant, he moves toward the stage
directing with his arms. The DIRECTOR is trying
to calm the audience down as ARNIS mounts the
stage and crosses to the DIRECTOR. ARNIS
motions for quiet.)
DIRECTOR (seeing ARNIS). Arnis! What took you
so long?
ARNIS. I needed motivation. (Blows kiss to
audience.) Did you hear that? They love me.
DIRECTOR. Can we get on with the show now?
ARNIS. No.
DIRECTOR. Why not?
ARNIS. Because, I'm afraid.

DIRECTOR. You'll get over it in a few minutes.
It's just stage fright.

ARNIS. Stage fright! Me? Don't be ridiculous.
I was doing five shows a day at the Pantages
when you were still in diapers. Acting is my
life.

DIRECTOR. Then what are you afraid of?

ARNIS (looking left and right). The Clumsy
Custard! (The DIRECTOR laughs and shakes
his head.)

DIRECTOR. Arnis.

ARNIS (perturbed). Did I say something funny?
(The DIRECTOR leans over and begins whispering
to ARNIS. ARNIS nods in understanding and
repeats.) It's only a fictional beast, you say.
(Eerie music begins that signals the presence of
the Clumsy Custard. On top of this is a squishing
sound, like a toilet plunger being thrust into a
bowl of jello. As the conversation continues,
the music and noise increase.) A silly, make
believe monster. (DIRECTOR continues to
whisper.) An idiotic figment of some stupid
writer's imagination. (More whispering. Music
and noise louder.) And you personally guarantee
me that there never was, is not now, and never
will be anything that even remotely resembles a
Clumsy Custard.

DIRECTOR (smiling). If I'm lyin', I'm dyin'.

(The CLUMSY CUSTARD [for description see
production notes] reaches through the curtain
and engulfs the DIRECTOR. There is a brief,
terrifying struggle which ARNIS does not see
as the music peaks. The Clumsy Custard pulls
the DIRECTOR back through the curtain.)

ARNIS (as music stops). I guess you're right.
Perhaps my fears were unfounded. (Looks around,
notices DIRECTOR is gone.)

(USHER appears and walks down aisle.)

USHER. Paging Arnis Boheme! Paging Arnis . . .

ARNIS. Will you please stop that! It's time to start the show. Did you bring your flute?

(Or whatever instrument is to be played.)

USHER (producing flute). Don't I always?

ARNIS. Well, then . . . [Gestures.] . . . Music, please. (The USHER jumps up onstage with ARNIS. Plays notes on flute to underscore dialogue. They both stand in spot. ARNIS assumes character.) I will tell the tale to you as it was told to me. For if ever a tale needed telling, this be it. A little lad I was, was I, when first I heard the tale. And the tale was not a donkey's . . .

USHER (calmly putting flute aside). Heeee haw!

ARNIS. Nor a cow's . . .

USHER (clearing throat). Mooooooooo!

ARNIS. Nor the "Poseidon Adventure" with Gene Hackman and Ernest Borgnine.

USHER (with great emotion). My God! The ship is turning upside down!

ARNIS (looking at USHER). Don't forget who's the star here.

USHER (shrugging). SORRY. (Puts flute to lips and begins playing again.)

ARNIS (to audience). The tale was none of these, but a whale of a tale of a magical kingdom by a mystical sea . . . the Land of Zob. A little lad I was, was I, when passing by a shaded glade, I did sit me under a too tall tree. (The USHER spreads her arms like branches.)

USHER. Picture, if you will, a spreading chestnut tree. (ARNIS sits and rests his back against Usher's legs.)

ARNIS. I thought it best to rest as the sun was high and I had dreams to dream and schemes to scheme. (He stretches and yawns.) Long ago it was, yet I recall birds did sing as they should

in a wood. (USHER plays birdcall on flute, or blows whistle. ARNIS whistles, copying flute.) Not one bird, but many. (Gestures to audience.) Help me if you will, for surely the sound of many birds will help me recall. (As audience starts whistling.) Ah, yes! That was the sound. (Motions for quiet.) Then suddenly, the birds stopped singing . . . and the wind began to blow. Loud and long it blew. And it blew like this. (Makes sound of blowing wind. The USHER, still a tree, begins to sway in the wind.) No, it was louder. (Gestures.) Help me, if you will. For surely the sound will help me recall. (As audience participates.) Ah, yes! That was the sound. (Gestures for quiet.) And then the wind died down till there wasn't a sound around . . . (Eyes wide.) The forest grew dark.

(At this point, the USHER exits and USHER #2, wearing a dark mask and dark clothes, takes her place.)

USHER #2 (spreading arms). Picture, if you will, a dark forest.

ARNIS. And darker still the forest grew.

USHER #2 (laughing, peaking out from mask).

No way.

ARNIS (mysterious). And in the darkness, heard me this.

WORFLE (offstage). Worfle Worfle Worfle!

USHER #2. What was that?

ARNIS (jumping to his feet). The tree said.

(Dirty look to USHER #2.) It was a magical tree.

WORFLE (offstage). Worfle Worfle Worfle!

USHER #2. It wasn't a magic tree. It was a scared tree.

ARNIS (to USHER #2). You're supposed to act like a tree.

USHER #2. You want me to act like a tree? Okay! (Crossing off.) I'll act like a tree and leave. (Exits.)

ARNIS (to audience). And then suddenly, in a flash of light, a strange creature did appear.

(Lights flash and WORFLE steps from behind curtain.)

ARNIS. Two horns were on its head.

WORFLE. Three.

ARNIS. Or three. So long ago it was, yet I recall its nose was blue.

WORFLE. Red.

ARNIS. With dancing slippers on its feet.

WORFLE. Tennis shoes.

ARNIS. I'll never forget it. Slowly it crept up to me. (WORFLE approaches.) Until we were face to face.

WORFLE. Nose to nose.

ARNIS. Eye to eye were we, and I cried out most fearfully, "Please do not hurt me!"

WORFLE. Why should I?

ARNIS. Because you are an ugly beast.

WORFLE. You're no Robert Redford yourself.

(Laughs.) Worfle Worfle Worfle!

ARNIS. Live you in these woods?

WORFLE. For hundreds of years. And a lonely life it has been with no one to talk to and so many things to say. But, alas, who will listen to a Worfle? They all run from me, thinking I am an ogre . . . except for one nearsighted lady who mistook me for the "Tidy Bowl Man." (Sighs.) Ah, yes, a lonely life.

ARNIS. I will listen.

WORFLE. You will? Splendid! Then I shall tell you a tale and the tale will live in you.

ARNIS. And what tale is that?

WORFLE. The only tale I know . . . the Tale of Zob. (Lights flash and WORLFE is gone.)

ARNIS. And so he told me. . . . Now I will tell you and the tale will live in you. (Flute plays backstage.) Once upon a time, there was a

magical kingdom by a mystical sea. It was the Land of Zob. And of Zob, there were two parts; the upper kingdom, Zob Proper . . . and the lower kingdom, Zob Improper. (He begins to walk off as the curtain opens.) The tale begins in Zob Proper, where Princess Prince is preparing for her wedding day. (He exits.)

SCENE ONE

THE CURTAIN OPENS to reveal the courtyard of the castle. UC is the Princess' patio, which is slightly elevated and has a handrail around it. The patio leads to her quarters. Exits L and R. Simple flats are used to depict the walls of the castle. PRINCESS PRINCE sits in a chair and brushes her hair as if she is angry. She mutters to herself.)

PRINCESS (calling off). Alphasia? . . . Alphasia!

ALPHASIA (offstage). Coming, your Grace.

PRINCESS. Do hurry. My royal arms are tired.

(ALPHASIA enters onto balcony.)

ALPHASIA. We certainly don't want the royal arms to tire now, do we? (Takes brush.) Especially on a day such as this.

PRINCESS. I don't want to talk about it.

ALPHASIA (brushing). And why not? It's a very important day.

PRINCESS. Will you just brush my hair and stop jabbering.

ALPHASIA. Such a fickle girl.

PRINCESS. I am not a fickle girl. I am a Princess and I'll thank you to remember that.

ALPHASIA. Oh, it's not likely that I could forget. I, who have been your nanny since your first breath. I who have hovered over you as though you were my own since your mother, the Queen, was kidnapped by the evil Dacron 'ere you were a month old. I, who have coddled, cuddled and catered to your every whim lo these many years. It's not likely that I would forget you are a Princess. No, indeed.

PRINCESS (touching her hand). I'm sorry, Alphasia.

ALPHASIA. No need to apologize, child.

PRINCESS. It's just that . . .

ALPHASIA. Just that what? (The PRINCESS rises. ALPHASIA still brushes her hair.

PRINCESS yelps and falls back over chair. She scrambles to her feet and gives ALPHASIA a dirty look.)

PRINCESS. It's just that . . . It's not fair! Not fair at all. I'm only eighteen years old. Why should I be forced to marry at this tender age?

ALPHASIA. It has always been thus in Zob.

When members of the royal family reach the age of eighteen they are bound to wed. It is law.

PRINCESS. A silly law.

ALPHASIA. But a law, nonetheless.

PRINCESS. I've never even gone steady with anyone, and now I'm expected to jump into the "Big M."

ALPHASIA. "Big M?"

PRINCESS. Marriage. You know . . . (Shouts.) "Harvey! Chow's on! Park it in the chair and dig in!" (Sighs.) Honestly, how mundane. I'm just not prepared for it. I don't even love anybody. Come to think of it, I've never really loved anybody.

ALPHASIA. Elmo Lawler?

PRINCESS. That wasn't love. We only went parking once and all he wanted to do was count my freckles. (Stamps foot.) Now I'm forced to

choose a husband when I don't even love anyone.
It's not fair.

ALPHASIA. The law says you must marry. Perhaps
love will come in time. I hope so for your sake,
for truly it is a wondrous thing.

PRINCESS. Have you been in love?

ALPHASIA. Oh, yes. Many times.

PRINCESS. What is it like?

ALPHASIA. You'll know when the time comes.

PRINCESS. But I don't have any time. I'm forced
to choose today. Can't you give me a clue?
How does love feel? Maybe when I look over the
suitsors my father is bringing to the castle, I
can feel some of the symptoms of love. Then I
will know which one to pick. Oh, please! Tell
me.

ALPHASIA. Well . . . first you feel sick.

PRINCESS. Sick?

ALPHASIA. Yes. Then miserable.

PRINCESS. Miserable?

ALPHASIA. You can't eat or sleep or feel a
moment's rest.

PRINCESS. Indeed.

ALPHASIA. Your heart aches, your head throbs
and you feel weak and dizzy.

PRINCESS. I see.

ALPHASIA. Your knees wobble and you cry all
the time.

PRINCESS. And that's love?

ALPHASIA. Yes. It's wonderful.

PRINCESS. I feel the same way when I eat tacos.

ALPHASIA. Oh, but this is different. Bells ring,
birds sing and you feel like two thousand grass-
hoppers are doing a square dance in your under-
wear.

PRINCESS. Sounds icky.

ALPHASIA. You'll find out soon enough with any
luck. Now, I must go prepare your garments
for the festivities tonight. (Starts to leave.)

PRINCESS (wistfully). I only wish . . .

ALPHASIA. Wish what, child?

PRINCESS. Oh, nothing. Just idle fancy.

(ALPHASIA smiles and exits.) Idle fancy.

(The PRINCESS moves to the downstage limit by her balcony, looking up into the heavens.)

(USHERS #1 and #2 enter L. One carries flute and the other a drum. They stop. Flute plays and drum tolls.)

USHER #1. Nine o'clock.

USHER #2. And all's well.

USHER #1. Considering. (They cross slowly, playing on their instruments as they accompany the Princess' song. No tune really. The PRINCESS raises her hand and sings.)

PRINCESS.

Is there someone for me out there somewhere
Some groovy, keeno, macho kinda guy
A muscle-bound boy, who'll impress my friends
With his four speed stick Mercedes Benz
Some silly willy nilly kind of honey
With charm and class and style and gobs of money
I'll hold him close and call him snuggle bunny
We two will go through life without a care . . .

USHERS (singing).

Without a care . . .

PRINCESS (singing).

Is there someone for me out there somewhere.

USHER #2. Nine-o-two and four seconds . . .

USHER #1. And all's well.

USHER #2. Considering. (They exit.)

PRINCESS (sighing). Just idle fancy.

(POLLY and ESTER [the Ice Cream Clones] enter through the back of the house. They hiss and slink down the aisles in unison.)

POLLY. So, the little snippet wants to fall in love, does she?

ESTER. Dacron, our master, will be glad to hear that. (They hiss.)

PRINCESS (stepping down off patio). But wait! What evil sound is that?

POLLY (sweetly). Nobody out here but loyal subjects, your Majesty.

ESTER. Let's zap her before she gets wise. Up periscope. (POLLY holds periscope for ESTER.) Range, mark!

POLLY. Forty feet.

ESTER. Bearing, mark.

POLLY. Dead ahead.

ESTER. Fire one! (Cymbals clash, PRINCESS goes rigid.) Fire two! (Cymbals clash, PRINCESS extends one arm.) Fire three! (PRINCESS extends other arm as cymbals clash.)

POLLY. Nice shot.

ESTER. Bingo! (They run up on stage, hissing.)

(ARNIS steps DR.)

ARNIS. And out of the bowels of the earth, the sulfur-furnaced pits of Zob Improper, came the slimy, slinking, cruel and unusual sisters, Polly and Ester, the Ice Cream Clones.

POLLY. How surprised she will be when she wakes up in Zob Improper.

ESTER. And finds her new husband will be our master, Dacron.

ARNIS. The Ice Cream Clones. Created in Dacron's subterranean laboratory by fermenting pistachio nuts and strawberry ripple ice cream.

POLLY. Of course, she can choose not to marry him.

ESTER. And end up as a tempting meal for the Clumsy Custard, like her mother did.

POLLY and ESTER. Slurp Slurp! (They laugh.)

ARNIS. Horrible, but true. Rather than face a life with the deranged Dacron, her mother, the Queen, tried to escape. Unfortunately, she tried

to escape by hiding in a four hundred pound meatloaf and was devoured by the Clumsy Custard. Her sacrifice is remembered to this day. And her last words still ring in the ears of all Zobians. (Screams.) "Ouch ouch, oh, ouch it hurts!" (He covers his eyes, the emotion too much for him and exits.)

POLLY (looking at the PRINCESS). Quite a resemblance.

ESTER. Looks just like her mother did.

POLLY. And Dacron, failing to have the first, will have the second. Did you bring the bag?

ESTER. Of course. (She produces a large burlap bag marked "bananas" and throws it over the Princess' head, pushing her arms down.) Quickly, we must get out of the city before the spell wears off.

POLLY. Yes. It wouldn't do for us to return empty-handed. (They start toward L.)

WORFLE (offstage L). Worfle Worfle Worfle!

ESTER (stopping). Have they sounded an alarm?

(SWASHBUCK VALPARISO enters with WORFLE.)

SWASHBUCK. Ah, yes, Worfle. Here at last!

WORFLE (seeing Clones, quietly to SWASHBUCK).

But what are these strange birds?

SWASHBUCK. Be not quick to judge by looks alone, Worfle. (Turns to POLLY and ESTER.) Good morrow, Zobians. Might you direct me to the Coronation Hall? My friend and I have travelled many a league, endured many a hardship, and fought many a battle to get here in time, so that I might woo the Princess of Zob. Having come so far t'would be a shame to miss the ceremony for lack of direction.

POLLY (pointing off R). Just enter the royal front door, take a royal left, follow the royal hall past the royal men's room and you can't miss it.

SWASHBUCK. Many thanks. But aren't you going to the ceremony, too? I heard everyone was invited.

ESTER. Royal ceremonies are a royal pain. And besides, we've bananas to deliver. (Pulls on bag.) Come, Sister.

WORFLE. Bananas, you say?

SWASHBUCK. Sounds good, eh, Worfle? (To POLLY and ESTER.) We've eaten nothing but dust in our haste to get here.

WORFLE. And would pay handsomely for a nice bunch.

POLLY. Sorry, not for sale.

SWASHBUCK. Please, ladies, if ladies you be, we would make it well worth your while. I'll give you five salmars for one bunch.

ESTER. Out of our way! These are royal bananas.

WORFLE. Then royalty shall eat them . . .

(Gestures to SWASHBUCK.) . . . for this is . . .

POLLY. I don't care who he is. Now out of our way!

WORFLE. It seems their disposition matches their countenance.

SWASHBUCK. Pass on, ladies. I hope the other Zobians are not as short of tongue or generosity. (As POLLY and ESTER pass by the PRINCESS moans in the sack.) Hold! (He blocks their path.)

ESTER. We've no time. Now out of our way or . . .

SWASHBUCK. It seems that bananas in Zob have a voice.

POLLY. Is that so strange?

SWASHBUCK (approaching). I think I'll have me a look.

POLLY. If you do . . . it will be the last sight you see.

WORFLE. Stand aside.

ESTER. You stand aside, you three-horned toad,

or I'll fry you up quicker than a battered hen.
(POLLY and ESTER circle around the bag and begin hissing.)

WORFLE. I sense a great evil here, sire.

SWASHBUCK. I hardly think two spindly sisters can stop us, Worfle. Come, let's have a look. Methinks their hiss is worse than their bite.

(He steps to them and POLLY lunges out. Her hand closes on his chest and he stops. She smiles and squeezes and his eyes go wide with pain. He turns casually to WORFLE.) Worfle?

WORFLE. Yes, sire?

SWASHBUCK. We got big trouble here.

WORFLE. Not as long as I can fill my hand!

(He draws sword.) Stand ready for combat, evil ones. Let's see how you fare with a Worfle!

(He raises his sword and charges. ESTER grabs him by the chest and his sword clatters to the stage. In pain, he turns to SWASHBUCK.) Swashbuck?

SWASHBUCK. Yes, Worfle?

WORFLE. Perhaps we should let them pass.

ESTER. Too late for that, friends.

POLLY. Even now our fingers are sucking out your strength. It will be over shortly. (The two begin to weaken.)

WORFLE (weakly). I have failed you, sire.

SWASHBUCK. Ironic that after all we've been through, we should perish at the hands of two skinny broads. But as long as there is life, there is hope.

ESTER. No hope for you. Your end is at hand. (The PRINCESS, still in the bag, begins to wander off.) Don't let her get away!

WORFLE (falling to his knees). I'm fading fast.

SWASHBUCK. Hang on, Worfle. Hang on.

ESTER (to POLLY). Fetch her. I'll watch that one. (POLLY releases SWASHBUCK and goes for PRINCESS. SWASHBUCK staggers, weakened. He bends down and starts removing leggings that

cover his feet.)

SWASHBUCK. There is hope yet, Worfle.

WORFLE. Not for me. All hope is gone.

(POLLY has PRINCESS back and heads for SWASHBUCK.)

POLLY. Now then. Where was I. (SWASHBUCK backs away, tugging at leggings. Finally one comes free revealing fancy silver high-top tennis shoes. Cymbals clash and POLLY staggers backward. SWASHBUCK smiles and pulls off the other one, same effect. POLLY screams.)

ESTER. What is it?

POLLY. It's . . . it's . . .

SWASHBUCK. Out of the cosmic constellations, blazing with the light of a thousand stars and moving with the speed of light!

POLLY and ESTER. Fast Feet!

SWASHBUCK. You said it! (Music here.

Preferably the "1812 Overture." SWASHBUCK goes crazy with his feet, dancing around with short, mincing steps and circling around and about, jumping off things like his feet have a mind of their own.)

WORFLE. And not a second too soon.

(SWASHBUCK continues to fly as POLLY and ESTER shriek and run for exit. They exit.)

SWASHBUCK. That'll teach you! (Crosses to WORFLE and helps him up.) Are you all right, friend?

WORFLE. Thanks to you, I'll live to see another day.

SWASHBUCK (motioning). Tend to the sack while I cover my shoes. (SWASHBUCK covers his shoes while WORFLE goes to the sack.)

PRINCESS (still in sack). Help. Help.

WORFLE. Fear not. You are saved. (He pulls sack up. She sees him and faints, the sack falling back down and covering her. WORFLE catches her.) 'Fraid she's not used to the sight of a Worfle.

SWASHBUCK (crossing to help WORFLE). Let's put her over in the shade. (They carry her toward patio.)

(ALPHASIA enters from UC).

ALPHASIA. Princess? (Sees SWASHBUCK and WORFLE carrying her.) Help! Help! Murder! They kidnap the Princess!

SWASHBUCK. Princess! No, wait! You mistake our actions.

(SIR PRIZE, SIR VIVAL and SIR CUMFERENCE enter with swords drawn, followed by MALFORCE.)

SIR PRIZE (to SWASHBUCK). Hold, knave!

SIR VIVAL. Stand fast and say your prayers!

SIR CUMFERENCE. You have been caught in the act. (SWASHBUCK and WORFLE lay PRINCESS down.)

SWASHBUCK. If you will only let me explain.

MALFORCE. No explanation necessary. We see what we see. Nothing said will alter that.

WORFLE. We have saved this lady from a cruel fate. (ALPHASIA runs down to PRINCESS, who moans.)

ALPHASIA. You brutes! How dare you manhandle royal merchandse. (Kneels by PRINCESS, who is still in bag. ALPHASIA holds her.) My lady? Pray speak and allay my fears. Are you all right? (Trumpets herald approach of King.)

MALFORCE. The King comes. (To SWASHBUCK.) And soon your time will come. (We hear huffing and puffing of King offstage.)

(The KING enters, out of breath.)

KING. Mercy! What's this? I'm out of breath! Where is my daughter? Call out the guard! Mercy.