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Dramatic Publishing

THE FROG PRINCE

Adapted
by
MAX BUSH

A play for young children based on the Olenberg manuscript and various editions of the tale *The King's Daughter and the Enchanted Prince* by the Brothers Grimm.



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MAX BUSH

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(THE FROG PRINCE)

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For Phil Huber,
who makes so many things possible,
including this play.

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INTRODUCTION

1

A story as simple, popular, charming, poetic, so obviously symbolic as *The Frog Prince* naturally has invited multiple interpretations. There continues a vigorous discussion about the meaning of the tale. What does the frog symbolize? The golden ball? Why does the king/father insist his daughter comply with the frog's wishes? What is it about the act of violence at the end of the story that transforms the frog into the prince—psychologically, what does this mean? Whose story is it? (Here I think it is significant that the initial title of the story was *The King's Daughter and the Enchanted Prince*.) What is the passage of the princess? Of the prince? What does the tale reveal about coming of age?

Also, why has this story remained one of the most popular of all the Grimm tales? What is it about the story that speaks so strongly to us and has interested us for centuries? How does it work its magic on us?

Sigmund Freud, Carl Jung, Joseph Campbell, Erich Neuman, Bruno Bettelheim, Maria Tatar, Marie-Louise von Franz, Jack Zipes and of course numerous others have written extensively about fairy tales and *The Frog Prince* in particular attempting to answer these questions.

Certainly the creators and original tellers of the tale did not speak in terms of ego consciousness, stages of the hero, controversy, or underlying psychological matrices. But it seems clear that they understood metaphor, and they knew their story contained valuable insights into the nature of human development; insights they wished to share, however directly or indirectly,

with their children. It seems to me that *The Frog Prince*, like many of the Grimm tales, is just too wise, too clear, too consistent for it to be otherwise.

The contemporary scholarly focus on the tales reveals the scope and depth and multilevel meanings of the Grimm tales and *The Frog Prince*. All this focus also presented a compelling challenge when I began adapting the tale. Certainly there are not fifty-five minutes of dramatic material in *The Frog Prince*. Circumstance must be added, characters expanded and created, the drama must be sustained and developed.

I confess I see this tale, and others of the Grimms, operating more like dreams than realistic stories. But communal dreams that are accessible, especially if viewed as metaphorical. While the stories are engaging and delightful and meaningful on their surface, to do justice to the tale, attention must also focus on the fuller meanings.

I believe this requires—among other stylistic aspects—that the characters remain two dimensional, rather than three dimensional, as they are in the original. Each character has one foot in the dimension of the narrative storyline, and one in the metaphorical aspects of the story, the dreamwork, the overall psyche of the tale. It is no accident that the characters in the original are not even given names, they are simply called “frog,” or “princess,” or “king,” an indication of their lack of full personality (with the curious exception of Heinrich the servant). I struggled with naming the characters at length and remain ambivalent about my eventual decision.

Staying within the context of the original tale—the two-dimensional characters, the time jumps, the flow of images, symbols and allusions, the spare dialog, the tone, and in the case of *The*

Frog Prince, the humor—while expanding the story to over fifty minutes on the stage, presents a series of challenges. The play will inevitably fall far short of the clarity and efficiency of the original. The temptations, of course, are to divide the characters and actions into good and evil, thereby limiting the full genius of the story and making it much less satisfying, or to “expand” the characters to three dimensions to have them seem more “realistic,” or to overlay a contemporary agenda or theme onto the tale, thereby stripping it of its time-enduring vitality, validity and universality.

2

The Brothers Grimm, in the early 1800s, considered *The King's Daughter and the Enchanted Prince* one of the oldest stories in Hesse. Perhaps that is why they put it first in their first anthology published in 1812.

The tale comes from a long line of animal groom stories such as *Cupid and Psyche*; *Snow White and Rose Red*; *East of the Sun, West of the Moon*; and *Beauty and the Beast*, just to name a few. But it also comes from a long line of enchanted frog stories. In their notes on *The Frog Prince*, the Brothers relate a number of similar tales being told at the time. And across the world a number of frog groom stories have come down through the ages: *The Well at the End of the World* (Scotland); *The Frog* (England); *The Frog Prince* (Sri Lanka); *The Queen Who Sought a Drink From a Certain Well*; and others. The Brothers Grimm, however, seem to have written down the first complete version of the tale.

Upon hearing the story (probably in 1810), the Brothers wrote, as was their practice, a handwritten manuscript version that they later refined and embellished for publication in their first vol-

ume of *Kinder und Hausemärchen (Household Tales)* in 1812. Prior to that publication (also probably around 1810), a mentor and collaborator of the Brothers, Clemens Brentano, asked for copies of the manuscript versions of all the stories the Brothers had collected. Brentano was considering using them in his own writing. The Brothers sent Brentano forty-nine stories—including the manuscript version of *The King's Daughter and the Enchanted Prince*—and asked that Brentano destroy the manuscripts after he finished with them. Apparently the Brothers destroyed their copies as there is no record of them. And, for over a hundred years, it appeared that Brentano had destroyed his as well. Then, in 1920, Brentano's copies of the forty-nine manuscripts surfaced in Alsace, France, in the Olenberg monastery.

In 1974 Heinz Rölleke edited a volume called *Die älteste Maerchensammlung der Brüder Grimm (The Oldest Fairytale Collection)*, which contains all the tales found in the Olenberg manuscripts, as well as annotations concerning how the Grimms changed the tales through the seven editions published during their lifetimes. A quick reading of both the manuscript version and the final published version of 1857 will indicate just how much the Brothers altered and embellished the tale. Compare the opening line of the 1857 version with that of the manuscript (next page) and you will begin to see how much more “literary” the Brothers made their version through the successive publications. Also, in the manuscript, the frog first asks that the princess take him home with her, while in the 1857 version he asks for this, but also for her love, to eat from her golden plate, and to be her playmate. What the princess offers the frog in return if he will retrieve her ball—her clothes, jewels, crown—is another embellishment of the Brothers not found in the original story.

The manuscript version—although most likely related by a single person—remains the closest to the oral tradition.

It is interesting to note that seldom—if ever—in any of the animal groom stories—or more specifically the enchanted frog stories—do we learn why the prince or man or woman was turned into a frog. The information about the enchantment is usually given quickly, in passing, and toward the end of the tale, and usually involves a witch or sorceress. In the manuscript version, no explanation is given.

And as for the now-famous kiss that transforms the frog into the prince, it is nowhere to be found in any version of the Grimm tale and came later. Indeed, many of the early animal groom stories contain an aggressive act of violence facilitating the transition to human, such as the beheading of the animal. The prince would then emerge from the carcass. In the manuscript version as well as all the subsequent Grimm versions of the tale, the throwing of the frog against the headboard of the bed (or wall-board) can be seen as a milder form of aggression, while staying within the traditional motif of the young woman refusing to have an animal as a companion.

3

What follows is a translation of the Olenberg manuscript version of the tale. I thank Professor Nancy Chamness for this fairly literal translation.

The King's Daughter and the Enchanted Prince

(title by Wilhelm Grimm)

The Frog Prince

(subtitle by Jacob Grimm)

The youngest daughter of the king went out into the forest and sat down next to a cool well. Next she took a golden ball and as she played with it, it suddenly rolled down into the well. She

saw how it fell into the depths and stood at the well and was very sad. All of a sudden a frog stretched its head out of the water and spoke: "Why are you crying?" "Oh, you nasty frog," she answered, "you can't help me, my golden ball has fallen into the well." Whereupon the frog said, "If you will take me home with you, I will go get your golden ball." And when she promised, he dove down and soon brought the ball back up in his mouth, and threw it on the ground. Then the king's daughter hurriedly took her ball again and quickly ran away and would not listen to the frog who called after her that she should take him with her, as she promised him. And as she got home, she sat down at the table with her father and just as she wanted to start eating, somebody knocked on the door and called: "King's youngest daughter, open up for me!" And she hurried over and saw who it was, it was the ugly frog and she quickly slammed the door shut. But her father asked who it was and she told him the whole story. Then he called out again,

"Youngest daughter of the king
Open up for me
Do you not know what
You said to me yesterday,
By the cool well water?
Youngest daughter of the king
Open up for me."

And the king ordered her to open the door for the frog and he hopped in. Then he said to her: "Put me next to you at the table, I want to eat with you." But she didn't want to do it, until the king commanded it. And the frog sat next to the king's daughter and ate with her. And when he was satisfied he said to her: "Take me with you into your little bed I want to sleep next to you." She absolutely did not want that because she was very afraid of the cold frog. But the king commanded it again, so she

took the frog and carried it into her room and full of anger she grabbed him and threw him with all her might against the wall-board of the bed. As soon as he hit the wall, he fell down onto the bed and lay there as a young and handsome prince, then the king's daughter lay down with him.

In the morning a beautiful coach came with the loyal servant of the prince, who had such great sorrow about the enchantment of the prince that he had to put three iron bands around his heart. And the prince and the king's daughter seated themselves in the coach, and the loyal servant climbed up on the back, and they wanted to drive to his kingdom. And after they had traveled a ways the prince hears a loud crack behind him. Then he calls:

“Heinerich, the coach is breaking!”

“No, my liege, not the coach,
It is a band from my heart,
that lat there in great pain
when you sat by the well
When you were a frog.”

Max Bush
August 2009

The Frog Prince was co-commissioned by Portland High School in Portland, Michigan, and Savannah Children’s Theater in Savannah, Georgia. The play opened in Portland on November 8, 2008, with the following cast and crew:

Luana Tara Nurenberg
Hag Alexis Phillips
Pantera Rose Palmiter
Erik Ian Manshum
Hilda Ella Hager
Gerda Emily Ackerson
Marta Marja Wilson
Queen Frieda Erica Hattis
Darcy Jennifer Tissue
Dagmar Caitlin Sitler
Hans Nathan Schneider
Jester Cole Tissue
Musicians Briena Bushong, Jamie Oberst

Director Phil Huber
Assistant to the Director Natasha Reuther
Costumes Ginger Lehman
Set Design and Scenography Lydia Huber
Stage Manager Natasha Reuther
Running Crew Kim Martin, Victoria Sochor
Lighting Design/Operator Colleen Palmiter
Sound Cory Hodges
Dance Choreography Lydia Huber
Props Natasha Reuther, Marja Wilson, Kim Martin

Set Building Warren Smith, Paul Marisch, Craig Thole
Set Painting Jennifer Tissue, Sarah Burnham,
Erica Hattis, Devann Hattis, Nathan Schneider,
Colleen Palmiter, Rose Palmiter, Alexis Phillips,
Madison Ripple, Kayla Peabody, Craig Thole,
Tara Nurenberg, Andrea Brown, Tyler Smith,
Cait Palmiter, Rachel Huss, Kim Martin, Marja Wilson

The Frog Prince subsequently opened at the Savannah Children's Theater on April 3, 2009, with the following cast and crew:

Young Luana Nellie Wadman
Luana Caitlin Scott
Hag Corinne Willis
Pantera Leanna Laycock
Erik Galen Schneider
Heinrich Evan Bonsignori
Gerda Ana Khutsishvilli
Marta Blakely Wall
King Anthony Scott
Darcy Corbin Carpenter
Dagmar Leigh Butler
Hans Matt Trivitayakhun
Performers, Revelers Cason Richter, Erin McMahon,
Ethan Bonsignori, Grant Willis, Henry Wadman,
Jeremy Kole, Lexy Bonsignori, Taylor Willoughby,
Wells Ross

Director	Kelie Miley
Set Construction	Eric Mitchell
Costumes	Vivian Butler, Pam Doubleday
Costume Mistresses . . .	Renee McMahon, Bonnie Jeungert
Sound and Light Design	Onsite Services
Stage Manager.	Cynthia Holmen
Running Crew.	Taylor Peeksen
Lighting Operator.	Georgette Bonsignori
Sound	Georgette Bonsignori
Props	Heather Wall, Vinette Trivitayakhun, Eric Mitchell, Pam Doubleday
Masks	Vinette Trivitayakhun
Set and Backdrop Painting	Christy Wilson
Program	Lee Brantley
Concessions.	Carolyn Scott &Volunteers
Box Office.	LeeAnn Kole &Volunteers
Window	Suzanne Crum, Heather Wall, Vinette Trivitayakhun

I thank the following for their invaluable help in the development of *The Frog Prince*: Jennifer Hunter, Lynn Brown and the Circle Theater of Grand Rapids, Nancy Chamness, Phil Huber, Kelie Miley, and the casts and crews of the initial productions.

THE FROG PRINCE

CHARACTERS:

LUANA the Princess of the Golden Ball
ERIK the prince
HEINRICH the prince's servant
HAG Mother Witch
PANTERA the witch's daughter, and a panther
GERDA a maid
MARTA a maid
KING KEISEL Luana's father
DARCY Luana's younger brother
DAGMAR Luana's older sister
HANS Dagmar's husband

ENTERTAINERS FOR THE FEAST: JUGGLERS,
TUMBLERS, DANCERS, SINGERS, MUSICIANS

TIME: Long ago.

Scene One: Summer in the deep forest.

Scene Two: Three years later, in the deep forest.

Scene Three: Evening, the same day, in the castle garden.

SCENE: The deep forest and the royal garden outside the
king's castle.

Princess Luana plays with her golden ball near a well in the deep forest. There she meets the Hag, whose hand is stuck in a tree. Although she tries, Luana is unable to help her. Pantera, a wounded, adolescent panther, runs in, begging for her mother's [the Hag's] help. Prince Erik has wounded her and pursues her. After the Prince threatens to throw Luana down the well if she doesn't tell him which way Pantera ran, Luana points to the Hag. Erik attempts to bargain with the Hag, but he refuses to help her or to stop pursuing the magical Pantera. The Hag pulls her own hand from the tree, drops her outer robe revealing a much younger witch, and decides Erik's fate. She turns him into a frog and casts him down the well saying the only way he could become a man again is by successfully courting Princess Luana. Scene II begins a couple of years later.

SCENE TWO

AT RISE: Three years later. A hot summer day in the deep forest.

LUANA and PANTERA, in her human form, are playing with the golden ball. LUANA is now about 16, and more ladylike. PANTERA, also 16 or 17, has grown attached to LUANA.

They each say a verse of the rhyme, while doing something with the ball, then push it or toss it to the other. What follows are simply suggestions—they could play any improvised game together.

PANTERA (batting ball back and forth). One-two I'm who? (Swats ball to LUANA.)

LUANA (bouncing ball, spinning around, then hits it to PANTERA). Three-four No more.

PANTERA (*throws ball up, spins around, catches it, throws it to LUANA*). Five-six Old witch.

LUANA (*puts ball under her chin, lets it go, rolls it down off her body to PANTERA*). Seven-eight Good fate.

PANTERA (*hikes the ball backwards through her legs to LUANA*). Nine-ten The end.

LUANA (*bounces ball, spins one way, catches ball, bounces, spins the other, hits it to PANTERA*). One-two I'm who?

PANTERA (*puts it on top of her head, then pushes it to LUANA*). Three-four No more.

LUANA (*bounces ball off her knee*). Five-six Old witch— (*HAG [as her younger self] suddenly appears, catches it. HAG carries ball center, examining it.*) Have you come to play with us?

HAG. No, I have not come to play with you, but...I have watched you, Luana, for years now, playing in this forest. It is time.

PANTERA (*anxiously*). Time?

LUANA. Time for what?

HAG (*passing her hand over ball*). ARUM ADAN COROZ LUANSKA HASS YONN.

LUANA. Oh, you are giving a blessing.

HAG. HASS ERISH COROZ ADONAME. (*Handing ball back to LUANA.*) Here you are, my dear.

LUANA (*takes ball, a deep curtsy*). Thank you for your blessing.

HAG. Grow well, my daughter. Come, Pantera, she must play alone, now

PANTERA (*goes to LUANA, looks into her eyes*). Come back and play with me?

LUANA. Of course. I do everyday. (*PANTERA lingers near LUANA.*)

HAG. Pantera.

(*PANTERA sadly moves to the HAG. They start off but stop, turn, and watch LUANA.*)

LUANA moves to the well, begins tossing ball against it. The ball returns to her and she catches it. She does this a couple of times. Then she throws the ball and it goes down the well. For a moment, she stands there in disbelief. Then, in a panic she runs to well. The HAG begins to exit. Then she returns to PANTERA and pulls her away. They exit.)

LUANA. No, no, no-no-nooo-nooooo. My ball, my golden ball! (*She reaches down well, almost falls in. She grabs onto rope and bucket, but the mechanism spins and she almost falls in. She tries to climb into the well and gets part way into it.*) Too deep, I'll never get out again. And it's so dark down there. (*She scrambles out, looks about for help.*) Help! Help me! My ball...someone? Mother Witch! My golden ball fell down the well. Mother Witch! (*There is no one.*) Nooooooo...my golden ball...nooooo...what will I do... (*She sits on the side of the well and cries.*)

(*ERIK, as a frog, sticks his head out of the well. He comes all the way out of the well, moves up behind her, watches her cry. She doesn't see him until he croaks.*)

ERIK (*bellowing like a bullfrog, leaping toward her*).

Mmmmbubububu.

LUANA. Ah! (*She screams and jumps off well.*)

ERIK. Mmmmbubububu. (*He jumps toward her.*)

LUANA. Ah! (*She screams and jumps back.*)

ERIK (*jumping towards her*). Mmmmbubububu.

LUANA (*swats him in the snout*). That's enough croaking!

(*This stuns him for a moment. She begins to cry again.*)

Nooo, no. No no, my ball, my golden ball...

ERIK. What is the matter, dear Princess? Your tears would melt a heart of stone.

LUANA. Oh, you nasty frog. You can't help me. I've thrown my golden ball down the well. And after Mother Witch gave it a blessing. Now I shall be sad forever.

ERIK. Mother Witch blessed your ball?

LUANA. Yes, just now.

ERIK. I watched you for these last three years; I know how important your ball is to you. But what will you give me if I fetch your golden ball?

LUANA. Whatever you like, dear frog. My clothes, my jewels. I will run to the castle and return with my gold crown and give it to you.

ERIK. I don't want your jewels or your crown. But if you promise you will let me be your companion...

LUANA. My companion?

ERIK. Let me sit next to you at table.

LUANA (*smiling in spite of her circumstances*). At table?... Beside me?

ERIK. Eat from your golden bowl, drink out of your cup, and be with you for an evening, and then sleep in your bed—

LUANA (*a small cry*). Ay. Sleep in my bed, in my clean, silken sheets?

ERIK. If you promise these things I will dive down and fetch your ball.

LUANA (*considers. After a moment*). Yes, I promise if you will bring me back my golden ball. I promise all will be as you ask.

ERIK. Then we agree. For a princess always keeps her promises. Mmmmmmbubububu. (*ERIK jumps up on the well.*) Mmmmmmbubububu (*He goes down the well.*)

LUANA. What nonsense this frog speaks. My companion. He belongs in the water with the rest of the croakers. But if he can fetch my golden ball, I will promise him anything. (*She waits impatiently.*) Frog? (*She moves toward well, looks into it.*) Hello, Frog, don't forget me!... It's so dark down there—how can you see? (*To herself.*) With his big bulgy frog eyes. (*Back down well.*) Frog? Sir Frog?... Have you found my golden ball?... Do you— (*Suddenly ERIK pops up with the golden ball in his mouth. LUANA jumps back, then screams, this time in delight.*) Oh! My golden ball!

ERIK. Mmmmmmbububu. (*ERIK drops ball onto the forest floor. LUANA runs and retrieves it, embraces it tightly, sighs and laughs.*)

LUANA. My ball, my ball, my golden ball is safe and with me. (*She becomes aware that her ball is wet.*) It has frog all over it. (*She holds it away from her, shakes it, then gingerly wipes it off on her clothes.*)

ERIK. Would you throw me your ball? As you see, I will return it to you.

LUANA. Oh, do you want to play? Here... (*She tosses it to him. Because he is a frog, he uses his head and butts it*

off his head back to her. She laughs and retrieves the ball.) But you must catch it. (She throws it again and he tries to catch it and it bounces off his head. She retrieves it again.) Like this. (She shows him by tossing the ball up and catching it.) Here... (She tosses it carefully and he catches it with his flippers. Then he throws it back to her. She backs up, then bounces the ball, spins, catches it, and tosses it to him. This time he puts the ball between his ankles, turns and faces away from her, hops, and pushes the ball to her with his legs. Delighted she catches it.) Oh! Excellent. Again! (She throws it back to him, he catches it, puts it between his feet, hops sideways, pushing the ball around his side and to her. She's delighted.) Excellent, Sir Frog! Maybe I could throw the ball in that manner. (She puts the ball between her feet, jumps awkwardly, and the ball rolls away from both of them. She laughs, jumps up, gets ball.) Again! (She tosses him ball, he catches it. He puts it between his feet, faces her, hops forward, and pushes the ball over his back and head to her. She applauds.) Oh, even better, Sir Frog! You are athletic! You are skilled!

ERIK. It is a pleasure to play with you.

LUANA (*beginning to lie down*). Isn't it a beautiful day?
(*She lies on the ground, places the ball behind her head.*)

ERIK. Ah, yes, you never know what will happen in this forest. (*He struggles to figure out the best way to lie next to her, circling, beginning one way, then another. Frogs don't lie on their backs.*)

LUANA. First, Mother Witch blesses my golden ball,
(*ERIK gives up and just flops down on his back next to*

her, legs and flippers in the air.) then it falls down the well, then you bring it back to me, and most of all—

ERIK. It is a special day.

LUANA. Yes, how did you know?

ERIK. You are here.

LUANA. Today IS special because: it is my birthday day.

And we're going to have a birthday day celebration, with a feast—and cake!

ERIK. Food. *(He hears a fly buzzing by, spies it, leaps up, catches it in his mouth, eats it.)* Mmmmbuuuu. I like food. *(He holds out his flipper, she takes it and he helps her up.)* Princess. *(He bows to her and tries to kiss her hand.)* Puugh.

LUANA. Oh. *(Pulls her hand back.)*

ERIK. And now, as you promised, take me home with you.

LUANA. Take you to our castle? May I just come back tomorrow and play with you again?

ERIK. Did you promise you would take me home with you as your companion?

LUANA. Yes, but I will come everyday for a week and play with you.

ERIK. But I will have to wait in the well for you to return.

It will be cold and dark without you.

LUANA *(she considers. Then)*. If I did take you home with me, how would you sing to me at night?

ERIK. Sing to you?

LUANA. Yes, if I was sad and wanted you to sing, how would you sing to me?

ERIK. I see. Sing... *(He readies himself. Then he sings, quietly at first, then builds up to:)* BooHaaaBuBuBu-Buhaayaayoooo. Lalaughghghbluuublueuuuuuu.

LUANA (*tries to listen, but after a time*). Stop. Stop! That is painful to hear. Try another song. Begin like this and sing with me. La la la la la la—

ERIK (*joins her, quietly at first, then builds to*). Ble ble ble bahoo lahoo so so so ho pugh. Pugh.

LUANA. No, no, stop. You sound as if you are dying.

ERIK. I am singing you a love song.

LUANA. That sounds like a funeral song. (*Mocking him.*) “Ble ble ble bahoo lahoo so so so ho pugh. Pugh.”

ERIK. You see, it is a love song.

LUANA. No, no.

ERIK. Still, you promised to take me home as your companion.

LUANA. If I take you home to be with me, how would you dance?

ERIK. Dance?

LUANA (*dances elegantly by herself*). Yes, I live at court and I like to dance.

ERIK. Could you make some music?

LUANA (*sings and claps*). La la la la la... (*He tries to dance. She laughs, stops singing, laughs more. She sings and claps faster. He dances faster, then falls over.*) Stop. (*He stops.*) Let us try: a waltz. (*She sings a waltz and waltzes by herself as she sings.*) 1-2-3, 1-2-3, 1-2-3... (*He tries to dance a waltz, gets all tangled amongst himself. She begins to waltz through the forest. He tries to follow her, frequently getting tangled. She jumps on a stump, waltzes up there as he continues to struggle. He tries to jump on stump with her, he wraps his arms around her, they fall together. She ends up on ground with ERIK behind her and with his arms and leg*

wrapped around her.) Ah! You are a water splasher who cannot sing or dance.

ERIK. But there are many things I can do. I can jump high, I can retrieve your golden ball, and I can eat ten flies in one gulp. [GULP.] MMmmmm.

LUANA (*struggling, finally freeing herself from him, standing*). I am sorry, I cannot take you home. It is my birthday day and there is a feast with dancing and singing and performances, you would not enjoy that. You may stay in the water with the rest of the frogs where you will be happier. Splish splash. Go to your own home!

ERIK. But your promises, Princess, surely you will keep your promises to me.

LUANA. I just told you I cannot. There is a celebration that will begin shortly and I must be there! We are civilized. I cannot enter my birthday day gathering with an amphibian. I am the princess!

ERIK. But I retrieved your ball and you—

LUANA. Down the well with you! You will be happier there! That is where I found you and that is where you must go. Mmmmbubububu. (*She picks up her ball and begins to run off.*)

ERIK. Princess! Luana! Wait, wait, I cannot run as fast you run. I can only hop—Luana! Princess! You promised to be my companion! (*She is gone. He stops.*) I could never catch her. I'll wait until she returns.

(*PANTERA enters as a panther. Quick as a cat, PANTERA moves between the well and ERIK. ERIK takes a hop toward the well, PANTERA jumps in front of him on the well and growls.*)

ERIK. I mean you no harm, Pantera.

PANTERA. What harm could you do to me now, Prince? I sometimes eat frogs.

ERIK. I am thirsty and dry and need to go down into the cool water.

PANTERA. Never again. *(Swipes at him. He hops back.)*

ERIK. But my skin—I am dry.

PANTERA. Did you help my mother when she asked you for water?

ERIK. I will crack and bleed.

PANTERA. Perhaps it will rain.

ERIK. Let me go down!

(He hops at her, she cuffs him repeatedly, knocks him back. The HAG, in her younger form, enters.)

HAG. Pantera! Do not harm him. *(PANTERA steps toward ERIK.)* Step back. *(She doesn't but hisses at ERIK.)* Step back! *(She backs up slightly.)*

ERIK. Let me go down.

HAG. If you attempt to go down the well again, you will drown.

ERIK. But you put me there years ago. It is my home.

PANTERA. You cannot live in the well any longer.

ERIK. Ah, mmm-bububu, you mean to set me free.

HAG. Free?

ERIK. Because the Princess of the Golden Ball has agreed to be my companion.

HAG. You are not completely ready, Prince. You must follow Luana to her castle. And you must drink from her cup, eat from her golden bowl, and be her companion for an evening. Only then will you be free.

ERIK. But will she ever fulfill her promises?

HAG. That is up to her.

PANTERA. And you. Be kind to her, or I will find you.

HAG. Off you go; follow her. For if you stay here alone,
you will surely die.

ERIK. Off I go. My life keeps changing. Am I a frog? Am
I a man? *(He hops toward exit, stops, turns back.)*

Pantera, I will not come for you again. Mmmmmmbububu.

PANTERA. Enjoy your celebration, Erik.

*(He hops off. PANTERA laughs, runs off opposite him.
HAG follows her off.)*