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Dramatic Publishing

The Princess and the Pauper

**A Musical Play
adapted by
PATRICIA STERNBERG.**

**Music and lyrics
by
MATTHEW GRANOVETTER.**



**THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY
P.O. Box 109, Woodstock, Illinois 60098**

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THE PRINCESS AND THE PAUPER

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Book by Patricia Sternberg
Music and Lyrics by Matthew Granovetter

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(THE PRINCESS AND THE PAUPER)

THE PRINCESS AND THE PAUPER

A Musical Play
For Twelve People and Extras

CHARACTERS

NARRATOR assumes many disguises
QUEEN sole ruler in a land of make-believe
PRINCESS the Queen's beautiful daughter
PRINCE the Queen's handsome nephew
LADY LATICIA a Lady in Waiting
LADY LENORE a Lady in Waiting
PENNY a pauper look-alike for the Princess
ROUGH a male pauper
TOUGH a female pauper
TUMBLE a male pauper
KING leader of the paupers
BIG L an arch villain

THE PRINCESS AND THE PAUPER

MUSICAL NUMBERS

Once Upon A Time	Narrator (Court and Paupers)
Learning How	Narrator, Ladies, Princess
Born Beneath A Star	Queen (Princess)
Beg, Borrow, or Steal . . .	King, Rough, Tough, Tumble
I Wish I Were A Princess	Penny
Happily Ever After	Penny, King, Rough, Tough, Tumble
The Meeting	Princess, Penny
The Princess is Peculiar	Lady Lenore, Prince, Lady Laticia, Penny (Queen)
To Make You Happy	Prince, Penny
Off With Their Heads	Queen (Paupers)
Help Me!	Princess, Paupers, Penny, Prince, Queen
Who's the Princess and Who's the Pauper	All
Happily Ever After (Reprise)	All

THE PRINCESS AND THE PAUPER

(*NARRATOR enters, crosses to center.*)

(SONG: "ONCE UPON A TIME")

NARRATOR.

ONCE UPON A TIME
IN A LAND OF MAKE-BELIEVE
ON AN AFTERNOON OF A LATE MAY MOON
AS THE SUN SET BY THE SEA

(*Enter LADY LATICIA with bell and COURT GROUP with baby.*)

A BELL RANG ON A HILL
A BABY HAD BEEN BORN

PRINCE. A boy! A boy to play with!

NARRATOR.

TO THE ROYAL CROWN - JUST SEVEN POUNDS
BUT THE PRINCE WAS VERY WRONG

LADY LATICIA. Look closer. . .

PRINCE. Oh, no, not a girl!

QUEEN. A girl? I thought it was a boy myself. My goodness, a Princess!

NARRATOR.

THE COURT STAYED UP ALL NIGHT
TO ENJOY THE PRINCESS'S CRIES
(*PRINCE and LADIES put fingers in their ears.*)
BUT IN ANOTHER PLACE - A SIMILAR FACE
HAD OPENED UP HER EYES (*COURT GROUP exits.*)

PAST THE PALACE GATES
AND THROUGH THE FOREST LAWNS

IN A SQUALID TOWN - A SEVEN POUND
BABY GIRL WAS ALSO BORN

(Enter PAUPERS.)

BUT NO BELLS RANG FOR HER
NO KISSES AND NO HUGS
IN FACT WHILE SHE SLEPT
SHE WAS PLACED ON A STEP
OF A LAIR OF THIEVES AND THUGS

TOUGH *(reading note)*. Dear Thieves and Thugs, I am even more poor than you. So I have left my newborn baby girl in your care since you are the most successful pickpockets in this squalid town. Yours truly, A Pauper's Mother. *(PAUPERS ad-lib, "A baby, a baby," etc.)*

KING. A baby! What good is a baby?

TUMBLE. Can we keep her? Can we keep her?

KING. She'll cost us a pretty penny.

TOUGH. Pretty Penny. *(The PAUPERS exit.)*

NARRATOR.

YES, PENNY THE PAUPER SLEPT
WHILE THE PRINCESS CRIED ALL NIGHT
YET NO ONE KNEW THAT AS THEY GREW
THEY LOOKED MORE AND MORE ALIKE.

BUT FATE PLAYS FUNNY TRICKS
BY THE TIME THEY WERE THIRTEEN
ONE WAS ROUGH AND ONE WAS SOFT
BUT BOTH GIRLS HAD A DREAM.

MY MEMORY'S FADING FAST
I REMEMBER JUST A BIT
THE PRINCESS AND THE PAUPER AND
THE DAY THAT THEY WERE SWITCHED!
(NARRATOR exits.)

(Enter *LADIES*. *LADY LATICIA* is carrying loads of packages and a purse dangling.)

LADY LENORE. Hurry along. Hurry along. Lady Laticia, please.

LADY LATICIA. Shopping for the Princess is impossible. All these dresses. And with her new diet, how do we know they'll fit? Her waistline changes everyday.

LADY LENORE. This is no time to chatter. It is getting dark and the neighborhood is full of pickpockets and thieves.

LADY LATICIA. If you had ordered a carriage, Lady Lenore, there would be no need to rush.

LADY LENORE. Carrying packages from the town to the palace is good exercise.

LADY LATICIA. Good exercise for who?

LADY LENORE. For *whom*, Lady Laticia.

(*TOUGH* and *TUMBLE* enter from opposite sides. *TUMBLE* bumps into *LADY LATICIA* by "accident.")

LADY LATICIA. Say, what are you doing, what, wait, here, get that... (*Packages jostled*.)

TUMBLE. Sorry, ooh, oh, yes, got it, oh, there goes another...

LADY LENORE. What are you doing, Lady Laticia? I told you not to talk to strangers.

TUMBLE. Here, allow me, whoops, okay... Are you all right? (*TOUGH* pickpockets the purse, signals, and exits.)

LADY LATICIA. Yes, I'm fine. No harm done.

TUMBLE. Good. Then I'll be off. (*He exits*.)

LADY LATICIA. Oh, I must be a sight. Now where did I put my purse? Here, hold this.

LADY LENORE. Your purse, Lady Laticia, where is your purse?

LADY LATICIA. What? My purse, it's gone!

LADY LENORE. I warned you. I warned you. Oh dear, oh dear.

(NARRATOR as OLD MAN, book in hand, comes hobbling on with cane.)

NARRATOR (mumbling). I guess I'm late again. Always late these days.

LADY LENORE. You there! We have been pickpocketed! Stop that thief - there, he went that way. Hurry!

NARRATOR. Eh? My legs; I can't run so fast. Oh, I used to run, when I was younger...

LADY LENORE. Oh, we will never catch them now. Where can we find a constable?

LADY LATICIA. We should have ordered a carriage.

NARRATOR. The constable, eh? Somewhere (*Waving his finger around.*) there ... or, there. They don't like to come out at night. There are pickpockets and other dangerous characters lurking about.

(BIG L enters. They all jump.)

BIG L. What's going on here?

LADY LENORE. Are you the constable?

BIG L. Ha! Not likely.

LADY LENORE. We have been robbed. They took Lady Laticia's purse. Nine gold coins were in that purse.

LADY LATICIA. How do *you* know that?

BIG L. Nine gold coins. Well, well.

LADY LENORE. Where is the constable?

BIG L. You can try the tavern. Over there. Hmm, pickpockets. (*Exits.*)

LADY LENORE. Yes, well, thank you. Thank the nice man, Lady Laticia. Come along. (*LADIES exit.*)

(Enter PAUPERS.)

ROUGH. Divvy up! Divvy up!

TUMBLE. Hold your horses. Let's see what we've got here.

TOUGH (to ROUGH). Where have you been all day?

ROUGH. Working the other side of town.

KING. Here, I'll do the divvying, lads. (*Takes pouch*

and hands out coins.) One for you, one for me, one for you, one for me, one for you, another for me. . .

BIG L. Aren't you forgetting something, boys?

PAUPERS. Big L!

TOUGH (*ad lib*). It's Big L.

ROUGH (*ad lib*). We're in for it.

TUMBLE (*ad lib*). Here, Penny, stick with me.

KING. We wouldn't forget you, Big L. Here, I was getting your share ready, see. (*Holds it out to him.*)

BIG L. My share! Ha! Big L's share is all of it and then some. Have you forgotten what you owe me?

KING. No, no, Big L. Would I forget? Would I forget? (*To PAUPERS who ad-lib, "No, no, he wouldn't forget," etc. BIG L grabs purse and drops coins out.*)

BIG L. I only count seven coins. Where are the other two? There were nine gold coins in that purse.

KING. How did he. . .? (*KING hands over the other two.*)

BIG L. Listen, you mugs. You've got three days left to pay me the rest, or else. (*He moves his finger across his throat.*)

(Sound of police whistle comes from offstage. PAUPERS scramble and scurry to get off. NARRATOR enters. He drops his book and PENNY picks it up.)

PENNY (*reading title*). "Court Etiquette, Or How To Be A Proper Princess."

NARRATOR. Eh, take it my dear, take it. You may need it one day soon.

PENNY. Really? Thank you, sir.

(All but NARRATOR exit. PRINCE and LADIES enter.)

PRINCE. Which way did they go?

NARRATOR. Prince Frederick. I, uh, didn't see. I was giving a book to the pauper girl.

LADY LENORE. The pauper gang! So that's who they were. Come on, Prince Frederick, we must report this to the Queen. (*PRINCE and LADIES exit.*)

NARRATOR. It's the pauper gang all right. That's who

they are. *(To audience.)* But then, you've already guessed that, haven't you? And the girl, her name is Penny. She's the one who makes this story possible. She and the other one you've yet to meet - a princess who lives in the palace. But, come along and see for yourself. It's time for her dancing lesson.

(NARRATOR exits and immediately re-enters as a YOUNG MAN. Enter LADIES and PRINCESS. NARRATOR demonstrates how to dance.)

(SONG: "ONE, TWO, THREE")

NARRATOR.

ONE TWO THREE - ONE TWO THREE
TURN LEFT AND RIGHT
KEEP TO THE BEAT AND YOU'RE
DANCING TONIGHT.

ONE TWO THREE - ONE TWO THREE
COUNT IN YOUR HEAD
DON'T LOOK AT YOUR FEET
NOW REPEAT WHAT I SAID.

(PRINCESS is pushed forward by LADIES. She dances awkwardly with NARRATOR as they all sing to her.)

NARRATOR AND LADIES.

ONE TWO THREE - ONE TWO THREE
TURN LEFT AND RIGHT
KEEP TO THE BEAT AND YOU'RE
DANCING TONIGHT

ONE TWO THREE - ONE TWO THREE
COUNT IN YOUR HEAD
DON'T LOOK AT YOUR FEET
KEEP YOUR EYES STRAIGHT AHEAD

LADIES.

LEARNING HOW TO DANCE

IS AN ELEGANT WAY
TO BECOME A LADY OF FASHION

PRINCESS.

I'D RATHER BE WEARING PANTS
OR BE LEARNING SOME JUDO
OR, YOU KNOW,
A SPORT FILLED WITH PASSION

NARRATOR AND LADIES.

ONE TWO THREE - ONE TWO THREE
TURN ROUND AND ROUND
TAKE IN THE TEMPO - SPIN TO THE SOUND

ONE TWO THREE - ONE TWO THREE
DOING YOUR BEST
WILL HELP YOU TO DANCE AND TO BE
A PRINCESS (*They dance on while.*)

LADY LATICIA. Don't you think she's doing rather well?

LADY LENORE. I can't really say she's got the right rhythm.

LADY LATICIA. Timing, everything is timing. (*Getting excited, she starts to dance with herself.*)

LADY LENORE. Lady Laticia! Control yourself.

LADY LATICIA. Sorry, my feet have a mind of their own. Look, there they go again.

LADY LENORE (*grabbing hold of her arm*). Then perhaps they will lead us out of here. (*Curtseys.*) Your highness. (*LADIES exit.*)

PRINCESS (*aside*). Are they gone? (*Music stops.*) Good Over here.

NARRATOR. But your highness. Your mother, the Queen, has instructed me to help you with your waltzing.

PRINCESS. Oh, piffle! She's impossible. Here's our equipment. (*Fencing swords.*) Let me show you how

I've improved. All week I've been practicing in the mirror.
NARRATOR. I obey your highness. En garde.
PRINCESS. En garde. (*They fence to background music.*)
NARRATOR. Cut...that's it...thrust...parry.
PRINCESS (*forming a flurry of positions*). Prime ...
Second ... Terste ... Quarte ... Quinte.
NARRATOR. Touche...touche, your highness.
PRINCESS. Merci. Pret?
NARRATOR. Allez.

(*PRINCE enters and watches, unnoticed, in the corner.*)

NARRATOR. Reposte. Thrust, thrust.
PRINCE. Can I believe my eyes? You spend more time fencing than on your dancing lessons.
PRINCESS. I like fencing.
NARRATOR. A narrow escape, your highness. I was beginning to think you were the master and I the student. (*PRINCE laughs.*)
PRINCESS. Shut up!
PRINCE. Don't tell me to shut up. Fencing is for men.

(*LADIES enter, LADY LATICIA carrying full tea tray.*)

LADY LENORE. My my, what is all the commotion?
PRINCESS. Why does the Prince get to have all the fun? He gets to fence and wrestle and hunt in the forest. All I ever do is learn how to dance, how to drink tea, how to eat, how to...
LADY LENORE. ...be a proper princess. (*Hands her a scone.*)
PRINCESS. Stop feeding me! I'm on a diet.
LADY LATICIA. If you're not going to eat this, mind if I partake?
PRINCESS. Why are you trying to fatten me up? I'm the Princess.
PRINCE. Then why don't you act like one?
PRINCESS. Don't tell me what to do.