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Dramatic Publishing

SARA CREWE

An original musical

Book and lyrics by

MIRIAM RAIKEN-KOLB and ELIZABETH ELLOR

Music by

MIRIAM RAIKEN-KOLB

Adapted from *A Little Princess* by

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT



Dramatic Publishing

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Book and lyrics by
MIRIAM RAIKEN-KOLB and ELIZABETH ELLOR
Music by
MIRIAM RAIKEN-KOLB

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(SARA CREWE)

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The Needham Community Theatre, Inc., Needham, Mass., presented the world premiere of *Sara Crewe* on May 11, 2007, Carleton Auditorium, Needham Elementary School, with the following:

CAST

Lamplighter Tony Tempesta
Maid Gerry Paquet
Sara Crewe Katharine Nedder
Captain Crewe Ian Barzilay
Madame Vautrin Claire Lukaczyn
Store Clerks Flossie Neale, Emma Mayville,
MaryAnne Truax
Mrs. Farnsworth. Jeanne Crowley
Ensemble Ian Hilder, Emma Mayville, Jerry Milgram,
Phil Paquet, Ben Perelmuter, Marla Perelmuter,
Amy Lipman, Jeremy Sutherland, Craig Truax,
Flossie Neale, MaryAnne Truax

Beggar Woman	Courtney Pitts
Urchins.	Ben Perelmuter, Jeremy Sutherland
Carrisford	Hannes Klein
Mr. Barrow	Ian Hilder
Becky	Emily Verschoor-Kirss
Miss Minchin	Giliana Austin
Miss Minchin's Girls:	
Lavinia	Lauren Tempesta
Jessie	Lauren Winn
Amelia	Jenny Watts
Ermengarde	Casey Accardi
Violet.	Isha Mehta
Dahlia	Whitney Sandford
Daisy	Melissa Mullen
Lily	Lauren Sabbag
Heather	Emily Hilder
Rose	Jessica Bodner
Petunia.	Sasha MacDonald
Professor Dufarge.	Phil Paquet
Ram Dass	Jeff Ferraro
Rich Boy	Ben Perelmuter
Drunks	Ian Hilder, Jerry Milgram
Kate and Janet	Amy Lipman and Marla Perlemuter

PRODUCTION TEAM

Director	Chris King
Music Directors	Jane Willshire, Joshua Del Dotto
Choreographer	Monique Plourde
Producers	Heather Daley, Kathy Magni
Stage Managers	Heather Daley, Jim Beck
Costume Design	Heather Daley, Kathy Magni
Light Design	Chris Carda
Set Design	Jeff Kristeller

Scenic Artists Heather Daley, Phil Paquet
Make-up Design Jane Willshire, Carla Verschoor-Kirss
Sound Design Rob Sutherland, Michael Cohen
Properties Jim Beck, Carolyn Perelmuter
Light Board Operator Cynde Hartman
Light Crew Mike Berger, Peter Cook, Steve Cook,
Chris Carda, Sara Roth
Stage Crew Laura Sutherland, Julia Lipman,
Erin Lipman, Tess Walsh, Steve Cook,
Gerry Paquet, Jim Taber, Carol Denker
Make-up Assistant Tess Walsh
Set Crew. Chris Stulb, Ian Hilder, Chris Carda,
Steve Cook, Joe Silverman, Janine Gaunt,
Claire Lukaczyn, Jim Skypeck, Michael Bailit,
Jim Taber, Sara Roth
Costume Assistants Monica Mehta, Courtney Pitts,
Julia Lipman, Judy Ryde, Emma Mayville,
Wendy Winn, Antonia Nedder, Ginger Watts,
Babbs Kinter, Jeremy Sutherland, Ellie Watts,
Carla Verschoor-Kirss
Props Assistants Marla Perelmuter, Jeanne Crowley
Publicity Chair Erin Stulb
Publicity Team Antonia Nedder, Ilan Barzilay
Box Office/House Manager Tony Tempesta
Program Design Heather Daley
Head Shot Photography Kathy Magni
Lobby Display Photography Stephen Lathrop

MUSICAL SELECTIONS

1. Overture
2. Only the Best for Your Dear Little Miss
3. Diamonds Underground
- 3a. Only the Best - Reprise
4. You Will Be Inside My Heart
5. Lovely Manners
6. Scene Change Music
7. Until Then
- 7a. Until Then - Reprise
8. Minchin's Lament
9. Sara's Ascent to the Attic
10. The Work Song (Part 1)
11. The Work Song (Part 2)
12. Scene Change
13. Marie Antoinette
14. Marie Antoinette - Reprise
15. She's Still Pretending
16. She's Still Pretending - Reprise
17. Sunset on the Square
18. Sunset on the Square - Scene Change Music
19. Act II Opening
20. Merry Christmas
21. Merry Christmas - Reprise
22. Let's Have a Party
- 22a. Wait for the Magic (Lullaby Reprise)
- 22b. Let's Have a Party - Reprise
23. Who Is the Worse Pretender?
24. Leaving the Attic
25. The Daughter of My Friend
26. In the Street
27. In the Street - Duet
28. Scene Change Music
29. Counting Song
30. I'm Not a Princess Anymore
31. All the Children
32. Segue to Reprise of Heart
33. You Will Be Inside My Heart - Reprise
34. Finale

SARA CREWE

CHARACTERS (in order of appearance)

MADAME VAUTRIN

CAPTAIN CREWE

SARA CREWE

CUSTOMERS & SHOP ATTENDANTS

URCHIN

BEGGAR WOMAN

MR. BARROW

CARRISFORD

BECKY

MISS MINCHIN

MISS MINCHIN'S GIRLS:

LAVINIA

JESSIE

AMELIA

ERMENGARDE

VIOLET

MONICA

2 EXTRAS (or more)

MONSIEUR DUFARGE

KABIR (or SHANTI for a female)

FACTORY MAN 1
FACTORY MAN 2
FACTORY WOMAN 1
FACTORY WOMAN 2
EXTRA WORKERS (if desired)
RAM DASS
MRS. FARNSWORTH
CAROLERS
LITTLE RICH BOY
JANET
KATE
HAG (could be played by BEGGAR WOMAN)
DRUNK 1
DRUNK 2

ACT I

Scenes iii, vii & viii

The story begins when the title character, Sara Crewe, is enrolled in Ms. Minchin's School so that her father can pursue his financial investment in the diamond industry. Sara is accustomed to living a luxurious life. Her time is spent reading and conjuring imaginary worlds. Ms. Minchin is happy to cater to her needs until Sara's father dies suddenly having lost his fortune. Enraged Ms. Minchin forces Sara to work as a servant in the school until she repays all the money that Captain Crewe owes her. Her classmates spurn her and Becky, a fellow servant, becomes her only true friend. As Sara struggles to adapt Becky is both a comfort and an unwitting guide as Sara journeys from an insulated world of make-believe and into a more meaningful experience in the real world.

Scene iii

SETTING: *MISS MINCHIN's parlor.*

AT RISE: *BECKY shows CREWE and SARA into the room.*

BECKY. I'll go fetch the missus.

CREWE. Thank you.

(BECKY exits. CREWE and SARA sit on very uncomfortable stiff-backed chairs.)

CREWE. What are you thinking, Sara?

SARA. I was just thinking that even very brave soldiers do not enjoy going into battle. So I will pretend that I am a brave soldier.

CREWE. My sweet, dramatic Sara. You can solve any problem with a pretend, can't you?

(MISS MINCHIN enters and we find that SARA is quite correct. BECKY follows her carrying a tray of tea. She sets it on a nearby table.)

MINCHIN. Captain Crewe?

CREWE. Miss Minchin, I presume?

MINCHIN. A pleasure to make your acquaintance. And this must be Clara.

SARA. Sara, madam.

MINCHIN. Sara, of course. *(SARA curtseys.)* My, what a charming child. Would you care for a cup of tea?

CREWE. Yes, thank you. *(MINCHIN pours.)*

MINCHIN. Now, since you don't have much time before you have to leave, I'd like to get right to the arrangements with respect to Sara's residency here. I have agreed to your request that Sara is to have a playroom of her own.

CREWE. Yes.

(BECKY has been staring at SARA in her regal clothes. MISS MINCHIN notices.)

MINCHIN. Rebecca! You may go.

CREWE. Go on.

MINCHIN. But I am afraid I cannot agree to these other requests—a maid, a pony and a carriage. It wouldn't be fair to the other girls.

CREWE *(lowering his voice)*. Sara is not like other girls.

MINCHIN. Still.

CREWE. Miss Minchin. It may help you to know that Sara will soon be heiress to a diamond fortune.

MINCHIN. Diamonds?

CREWE. I want my daughter to have whatever her dreamer's heart desires while I am away. If she wants it, I expect you to provide it. Do you understand?

MINCHIN *(tight-jawed)*. Yes, of course, Captain.

CREWE. You will be handsomely compensated for your care. I expect this should pose no imposition.

MINCHIN. It will be my pleasure.

CREWE. Very well, then, we are in agreement in all respects. Now if you don't mind I would like to have a moment alone with Sara before I leave.

MINCHIN. Of course. Have a safe return journey to India. *(She exits. Outside the office door.)* Imagine, asking me

to leave my own study! They never cease...these social uppity-ups. And the ridiculous clothes on that girl. But I suppose they will look very well at the head of the line when we take the schoolchildren to church on Sunday.

(She exits.)

SARA. I don't think she likes me, Papa.

CREWE. Of course she does. She just needs to get used to you.

SARA. She wasn't very nice to that servant. If she's so concerned about good manners, she should learn some herself.

CREWE. Don't worry about Miss Minchin being rude to you. She wouldn't dare. But now, my darling, it's time for me to say goodbye.

SARA. You will write to me, Papa, won't you?

CREWE. Of course. Twice a week. You must promise me that you will get your nose out of a book long enough to make at least a few friends. I would hate to think of you being lonely... *(He is overcome with emotion.)* Sorry, darling.

SARA. What's wrong, Papa?

CREWE. You won't forget me, will you, my darling?

(#4: You Will Be Inside My Heart)

SARA. Papa, how could I ever forget you?

I DON'T NEED TO MEMORIZE YOUR FACE.

I DON'T NEED A PHOTOGRAPH TO HAVE YOU
NEAR ME.

I WILL FEEL SO CLOSE TO YOU
THOUGH WE'LL BE MILES APART.
YOU WILL BE INSIDE MY HEART.

I DON'T NEED TO LEARN YOU LIKE A BOOK.
I DON'T NEED TO STUDY YOU TO FEEL YOU
NEAR ME.
I WILL HAVE THE MEM'RY OF YOUR LOVE WHEN
YOU DEPART.
YOU WILL BE INSIDE MY HEART.

CREWE.

THERE IS A PLACE,
A TENDER SPACE,
WHERE WE CAN NEVER PART.

BOTH.

OH PAPA/SARA, DEAR—
THAT PLACE IS HERE—
IT'S HERE INSIDE MY HEART.

SARA.

I DON'T NEED TO MEMORIZE YOUR VOICE

CREWE.

I WILL HEAR YOU CALLING ME FROM DISTANT
PLACES.

BOTH.

DISTANT LANDS AND DISTANT SHORES CAN'T
KEEP US FAR APART.
YOU WILL BE INSIDE MY HEART.
YOU WILL BE INSIDE MY HEART.

(They embrace. CREWE exits. As the music continues to play SARA goes to the window and waves until the carriage is out of sight. Blackout.)

Scene vii

SETTING: *SARA's empty, cold, dirty attic room. The next morning.*

AT RISE: *SARA is still asleep, having cried herself to sleep the night before. Emily is next to her. There is a knock on the door. SARA doesn't move. Another knock and then BECKY comes in sheepishly. BECKY goes over to SARA and shakes her gently.*

BECKY. It's time to wake up, miss. I've brought you some tea.

SARA. Where am I?

BECKY. The attic, miss. My room's right next to yours.

Don't you remember?

SARA. This is not my room. I must be dreaming.

BECKY. It does seem like a dream, don't it, miss? It's so dark that it feels like the middle of the night. But there's no denyin' it. The night is over and morning's come.

(#10: The Work Song - Part 1)

(SARA gets up and walks around, touching things, looking for things, trying to get her bearings.)

BECKY.

IT'S TIME TO GO TO WORK
FOR THE DAY HAS BEGUN.
THOUGH IT'S HALF PAST FIVE AND THERE'S NO
TRACE OF THE SUN.
YOU MUST LIGHT THE FIRE
IN MINCHIN'S PARLOR
AND THEN—BRING UP HER TRAY.
IF YOU WANT ME TO
I CAN SHOW YOU THE WAY.

IT'S TIME TO GO TO WORK
YOU DON'T WANT TO BE LATE.
IF THE COOK FINDS OUT
SHE WON'T GIVE YOU NO BREAKFAST PLATE.
AND IT'S HARD TO WORK
WHEN YOUR BELLY'S EMPTY
AND SORE—THE WHOLE MORNING THROUGH.
SO HURRY UP, NOW, MISS!
THERE IS SO MUCH TO DO.

It's a hard burden to bear, this place—but at least we got a roof over our heads and a bite of food now and then. There's many like us that's—

SARA (*pulls away*). Like us? Am I to become exactly like you and forget how to wash or to speak properly? (*Beat.*) I'm sorry.

BECKY (*after a moment*). S'all right. I know you're hurtin' now and bound to speak out angrily. We'd better go now. (*They leave the attic and descend the stairs. BECKY shows SARA how to light the fire.*) I know it ain't right. What with you being so grand and havin' to work like me when you ain't had time to mourn yet—

SARA. I don't want to mourn. I only want to forget.

BECKY.

WORK CAN MAKE YOUR MIND
TOO TIRED FOR SADNESS
YOUR BODY TOO TIRED FOR WEEP.
WHEN EXHAUSTION COMES
YOU ONLY HUNGER FOR SLEEP.

(*As BECKY sings she notices a smudge on SARA's face. It is the first dirt of SARA's life. BECKY gently wipes it away with her apron. She hands SARA MISS MINCHIN's tray.*)

BECKY. Now take this tray up to Miss Minchin's. She's waiting for you. (*SARA hesitates.*) Go on, miss. You can do it. You're hurtin' now, but you won't always feel that way. I promise. And remember—I'm here to help you. (*SARA exits. BECKY moves downstage and says—*) It's just like one of them stories—where the poor princess

gets thrown out into the world. It breaks my heart to see it! (*She sits down on the bench and cries as the music fades away.*)

Scene viii

SETTING: *Continuous from Scene vii. MISS MINCHIN's bedroom.*

AT RISE: *MISS MINCHIN is sitting at her dressing table, combing her hair.*

MINCHIN. You're late.

SARA. I'm sorry, Miss Minchin.

MINCHIN. I want you to understand something clearly. In the world there are many sorts of people. And people must keep to their own sort. You are no longer to keep company with the other girls. They are not your friends anymore. Those of us who must work for our livelihood cannot cling to false dreams of friendship and respect. Do you understand?

SARA. Yes, Miss Minchin.

MINCHIN. You may go.

(*SARA exits. MISS MINCHIN begins to put up her hair in a bun, getting ready for her day's work.*)

(#11: The Work Song - Part 2)

MINCHIN.

GET UP AND GO TO WORK
FACE THE CHILDREN EACH DAY.
THOUGH YOUR PATIENCE IS THINNING
AND LIFE'S BEGINNING TO DRIBBLE AWAY.

I WAS JUST A CHILD
WHEN I WORKED IN A FACTORY
PAYING MY WAY INTO SCHOOL
I REMEMBER DAYS—
WHEN THERE WAS NOTHING BUT GRUEL

I LONGED TO ESCAPE FROM THE CHAINS OF MY
PAST.
THE OLD LIFE I KNEW, I WORKED HARD TO
SURPASS.
AND NOW I'M RESPECTED, BUT
NOT—UPPERCLASS.
THE DREAMS OF MY YOUTH UNFULFILLED.
IT'S BEST TO LEARN WHILE YOU'RE YOUNG
LIFT THE VEIL FROM YOUR EYES.
FOR THOSE MAKE-BELIEVE DREAMS
ARE ONLY SMOKESCREENS AND LIES.
SOME ARE BORN TO SPEND MONEY
SOME ARE MEANT TO BE PENNILESS
OTHERS MUST WORK FOR THEIR BREAD.
THAT'S THE WAY IT IS
TILL YOU'RE BURIED AND DEAD.

(MINCHIN exits. The scene changes to the main parlor or schoolroom. A passage of time is implied throughout this whole work sequence. SARA and BECKY enter with

mops. BECKY tenderly tries to show SARA how to do various chores—mopping, dusting, etc. MISS MINCHIN enters to inspect their work.)

MINCHIN. No dinner!

GIRLS. No dinner!

(SARA and BECKY keep working but the GIRLS keep bringing them more and more work.)

AMELIA.

LACE MY BOOTS.

VIOLET.

TIE UP MY HAIR.

LAVINIA.

FETCH MY SLIPPERS—UNDER THE CHAIR!

MONICA.

STOKE THE FIRE.

AMELIA.

SERVE THE TEA.

LAVINIA.

BRING THE SUGAR FOR JESSIE AND ME!

GIRLS.

THERE ARE RUGS FOR SHAKING
AND ONIONS FOR GRATING
AND LAUNDRY THAT'S PILED UP IN STACKS!

SO BETTER GET TO WORK—
THERE'S NO TIME TO RELAX!

(During the last two lines, the GIRLS dump piles of laundry on top of SARA and go off. BECKY re-enters with a pair of galoshes. She finds SARA in the laundry heap.)

BECKY. Here, let me have that, miss, Cook wants you to go to the market to buy some leeks for tonight's supper. *(She hands SARA the pair of galoshes.)* You'd better put these on. It's awful muddy out there. Oh, and, Miss Sara—

SARA. You can call me Sara if you'd like, Becky. We're the same now, you and I.

BECKY *(shyly)*. Sara.

WHEN THE WIND BLOWS RIGHT THROUGH YOU
AND CHILLS YOU TO THE BONE.

AND THE RAIN'S GOT YOU WISHIN' YOU WERE
DRY.

JUST THINK OF THE HOT TEA THAT'S WAITIN' ON
THE STOVE.

AND THAT COOK MIGHT SPARE A PIECE OF
MINCEMEAT PIE.

(Music plays as the scene changes to the street. It is early morning. SARA makes various crosses of the stage. At first she is intimidated by the rough and tumble people she sees but she grows ever bolder eventually pushing through the crowds and avoiding pickpockets and beggars with the same ease as everyone else. Occasionally a rich man or woman crosses, oblivious to the people around them.)

FACTORY MEN.

GET UP AND GO TO WORK
WASH YOUR SWEAT OFF WITH TEARS.
KEEP THE FIRES ABLAZE
CONSUMING LIFETIMES OF UNCHANGING YEARS.

FACTORY WOMEN (*in harmony*).

DOWN THE LINE THE PARTS COME.
THE BUCKLES, THE BUTTONS,
THE SHUTTLES AND NEEDLES THAT FLY.

ALL WORKERS.

AS THE WHEELS KEEP TURNING
ANOTHER DAY GOES BY.

(TWO MEN come out of a building. In their hands they hold the day's earnings.)

MAN 1. That's it?!

MAN 2. Be glad you've got a job.

MAN 1. This might buy a bed for the night, but I'll have nothing to eat.

BEGGAR WOMAN.

THERE ARE THOSE WITHOUT NEITHER
WHO PRAY EV'RY DAY THEY COULD GO OUT
AND WORK FOR THEIR KEEP.
WE LOOK FOR FOOD IN DUSTBINS.
IN STINKIN' ALLEYS WE SLEEP.

(During the next sequence a group of exhausted WORKERS march by. So oblivious are they to SARA who is coming the opposite way that they knock her down in the

street causing her heavy basket of shopping to spill. She hurriedly tries to collect her things and clean them up.)

ALL WORKERS.

GET UP AND GO TO WORK
THOUGH THE DAY'S NOT SEEN LIGHT.
TRACE YOUR FOOTSTEPS BACK HOME
TO FIND YOUR LOVED ONES ASLEEP FOR THE
NIGHT.

SOLO WORKER (*stops to help SARA to her feet.*)

A CHILD WHO'S FED AND HAPPY
IS RARE AND TREASURED
BUT YOUR KIND'S AS COMMON AS FLEAS.
WITH THE STREETS SO FULL OF 'EM—
NO ONE BOTHERS TO SEE.

(The WORKERS have gone off. SARA is alone.)

SARA.

THE DARKNESS FILLS WITH SPECTRES
OF THE LIFE I ONCE LED.
MY LEGS AND ARMS GROW STRONGER
BUT MY HEART'S HANGING ON—BY A THREAD.
IF MY PAPA HAD LOVED ME
THE WAY HE SHOULD HAVE
HE WOULDN'T HAVE FALLEN FOR LIES.
AND LEFT ME HERE ALONE
WHERE NO ONE CARES IF I LIVE OR I DIE.

(Blackout.)