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*Dramatic Publishing*



A MUSICAL

# **twelve dancing princesses**

Book by June Walker Rogers

Lyrics by David Rogers

Music by Diane Leslie



THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY



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THE TWELVE DANCING PRINCESSES  
*A Musical Play*  
For Twenty-one Men and Twenty-two Women  
Extras, Either Male or Female

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C H A R A C T E R S

MICHAEL . . . . .	<i>an ambitious young man</i>	
JOHN	}	
FREDRICK		
RONALD		
TED		. . . . . <i>his friends</i>
LAWRENCE		
BRIAN		
GREGORY		
STERLING . . . . .	<i>the Silver Fairy</i>	
PRINCE YOUNGBLOOD . . . . .	<i>a young man</i>	
KING . . . . .	<i>a puzzled man</i>	
LADY STENO . . . . .	<i>his secretary</i>	
LADY SNIFFLES . . . . .	<i>a lady-in-waiting</i>	
FIRST PAGE	} . . . . . <i>of the King's court</i>	
SECOND PAGE		
CHERRY LAUREL	} . . . . . <i>flowering branches</i>	
ROSE LAUREL		
HOPE DIAMOND . . . . .	<i>an enchantress</i>	
FIRST BELL	} . . . . . <i>her helpers</i>	
SECOND BELL		

(Continued on following page)

THE PRINCESSES

AUDREY  
BONITA  
CANDICE  
DEBORAH  
EVE  
FLORINDA  
GERTRUDE  
HELENA  
IVY  
JAQUELINE  
KRISTIN  
LINDA

THE PRINCES

OSCAR  
PETER  
QUENTIN  
REGINALD  
SIEGFRIED  
THATCHER  
UPTON  
VERGIL  
WALTER  
XERXES

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

PLACE: *In King Willy's realm.*

TIME: *Once upon a time.*

# twelve dancing princesses

After the overture the curtain rises on the full stage.

SCENE: A meadow.)

AT RISE OF CURTAIN: Several cowherds are sitting, or lying around, in a semi circle in a relaxed, lazy manner. MICHAEL, an ambitious young cowherd, is sitting on the ground at C, his back to the audience, bent over something we cannot see. JOHN, another cowherd, who is lying on his stomach, face resting on his hands, looking off, speaks.)

(Musical introduction under dialogue.)

JOHN. Fredrick, one of your cows is walking toward the wood.

FREDRICK (very lazy). Fast or slow?

RONALD. Fast. Aren't you going to chase him?

FREDRICK. I'm so comfortable. Call me if she gets stuck on a tree.

TED. I'm not going to watch your cow. I'm too tired to watch mine.

LAWRENCE. Isn't it a lovely day? (There is no response from MICHAEL, who is busy at his work. Sprawled in their lazy positions, the cowherds sing:)

(SONG: "UNTIL THE COWS COME HOME")

COWHERDS.

It's bright and it's breezy  
We're taking life easy  
The cows in the meadow can roam.

BRIAN.

We watch from a distance  
Enjoy our existence

ALL.

UNTIL THE COWS COME HOME.

We have so much leisure  
This job is a pleasure

GREGORY.

We milk them and curry and comb.

JOHN.

But that's just twice daily,

FREDRICK.

Between, we sing gaily

ALL.

UNTIL THE COWS COME HOME.

Pick a daisy . . .  
Skip a chore.  
Work is crazy . . .  
What's it for?

RONALD.

The cows are in clover,  
So we can roll over

LAWRENCE.

Lie under the sky's bright blue dome.

TED.

Just stop the birds cheeping,  
It keeps us from sleeping

ALL.

UNTIL THE COWS COME HOME.  
UNTIL THE COWS COME HOME.

(Suddenly there is the sound of a typewriter and the cowherds look up, annoyed.)

ALL COWHERDS (separate lines and ad libs).

Michael! Cut that out! How can we rest with that racket? What are you doing? (MICHAEL turns or stands, revealing portable typewriter and pile of books.)

MICHAEL. I'm typing my résumé.

BRIAN. Résumé? Of what?

MICHAEL. My experience. My abilities. I hear there's a better job five leagues that way. (He points off R.)

GREGORY. Relax, Michael.

JOHN. You're just a cowherd like the rest of us.

MICHAEL. Right. But I began my career feeding swill to the pigs two leagues that way -- (Points L.) -- and in only six months I've made it up to cows.

FREDRICK. Isn't that enough for you?

MICHAEL. Oh, no! I'm planning a very big career. I intend to be a big success. (He sings:)

(SONG: "THERE'S NO STOPPING ME")

MICHAEL,

I'm working away,  
Never rest, never play  
Till I reach the top of the tree.  
THERE'S NO STOPPING ME.

Get set! Forward march!  
To the triumphal arch  
For the man I am going to be.  
THERE'S NO STOPPING ME.

I'm too motivated to just relax.  
I feel obligated



To jump the gun, start to run,  
Start to make tracks.

The road to success  
Leads through storm and through stress  
But I'll win the prize, you'll see.  
THERE'S NO STOPPING ME!  
THERE'S NO STOPPING ME!

RONALD. What are you going to do?

MICHAEL. Well, while you've been lying around,  
Ronald, I've been studying. (Holds up book.)  
Animal husbandry. (Another book.) Crop  
rotation. (Another.) And this one's the best.  
"Chicken Raising for Profit, Not Fun."

LAWRENCE. What good'll that do?

MICHAEL. I intend to get better and better jobs  
and move further and further that way --  
(Points R.) -- till I get to the capital . . .  
the castle . . . and then . . . and then . . .  
I'm going to be estate manager to the King!  
(The others laugh.) You can laugh if you want  
to. (They laugh again.) But it's rude.

TED. But what about fun?

MICHAEL. No time!

BRIAN. What about romance?

MICHAEL. Don't be silly.

GREGORY. What about enjoying life?

MICHAEL. I've got better things to do!

COWHERDS. You're crazy. (They begin "Until  
the Cows Come Home" again and MICHAEL  
sings "There's No Stopping Me" in counterpoint.)

(SONGS: "UNTIL THE COWS COME HOME")  
( "THERE'S NO STOPPING ME" )

COWHERDS.

MICHAEL.

It's bright and it's  
breezy

I'm working away

COWHERDS.

MICHAEL.

We're taking life easy  
The cows in the meadow  
can roam.

We watch from a  
distance,  
Enjoy our existence  
UNTIL THE COWS  
COME HOME

We have so much  
leisure,  
This job is a pleasure  
We milk them and  
curry and comb.  
But that's just twice  
daily,  
Between, we sing gaily  
UNTIL THE COWS  
COME HOME

Pick a daisy  
Skip a chore.  
Work is crazy.  
What's it for?

The cows are in clover  
So we can roll over  
Lie under the sky's  
bright blue dome.  
Just stop the birds  
cheeping,  
It keeps us from  
sleeping  
UNTIL THE COWS  
COME HOME.  
UNTIL THE COWS  
COME HOME.

Never rest, never play  
Till I reach the top of the  
tree.

THERE'S NO STOPPING  
ME.

Get set! Forward march  
To the triumphal arch  
For the man I am going  
to be.

THERE'S NO STOPPING  
ME.

I'm too motivated to just  
relax.  
I feel obligated,  
To jump the gun, start  
to run.  
Start to make tracks.

The road to success  
Leads through storm and  
through stress  
But I'll win the prize,  
you'll see!  
THERE'S NO STOPPING  
ME!  
THERE'S NO STOPPING  
ME!

(After song, MICHAEL begins typing again.)

JOHN. Oh, he's going to make noise.

FREDRICK. No rest around here.

MICHAEL. I will get to the top.

RONALD. Let's walk over to the other side of the meadow.

LAWRENCE. Yes. But slowly. (All, but MICHAEL, rise.)

MICHAEL. I will be the King's estate manager.

TED (as they all start out). Michael, you'll work and work and work and end up a cowherd just like the rest of us. (They are gone.)

MICHAEL. That's not true! (Calls after them.)  
I hope you're saving your money! (Remembering.)  
Especially because I'm expecting a new shipment of cowbells tomorrow. (Yells after them.) If you buy two, the second one is half price.  
(There is no response and, disgusted, he returns to his typewriter.)

(There is a tinkling musical sound and the Silver Fairy, STERLING, appears, watching MICHAEL.)

STERLING. Very enterprising, Michael. You could go far in the business world. (MICHAEL turns and looks, but can't see her.)

MICHAEL. Somebody say something? I thought I heard someone talking to me.

STERLING (taking silver dust from her pocket and sprinkling it on him). You did. And now you can see me.

MICHAEL (seeing her; dusting the silver from his shoulders). Wow! Did that stuff make me see you?

STERLING. Yes, Michael.

MICHAEL. Wow! If we could package that, we could make a fortune. I can see the copy now.

"Silver Dust makes you see clearly." It's better than sun glasses!

STERLING. Sorry. It can't be sold. It's a Silver Fairy exclusive.

MICHAEL. You're the Silver Fairy?

STERLING. Yes. But you can call me Sterling. Nothing plated about me. What a lucky boy you are to have me for your guardian.

MICHAEL. It's nice to know I have a guardian, but why haven't you come to me before?

STERLING. You had a lot of growing to do first. Now, you are ready to fulfill your destiny.

MICHAEL. Gee! I was just talking about that.

STERLING. I know, and since you have exhibited that necessary get up and go, I have decided it wouldn't hurt to give you a little shove.

MICHAEL. Thanks.

STERLING. Nothing. It's my special Sterling Silver Service.

MICHAEL. Oh.

STERLING. Now what is it you really want?

MICHAEL. I want to be rich and famous.

STERLING (as though it's settled). All right. (Pause.)

MICHAEL. Well, what do I do now?

STERLING. First, you must leave here and go to the castle. Now. Great things are in store for you there.

MICHAEL. Well, I was sort of going to inch up on the castle. I don't think I'm ready. And I don't know anybody there. Why should they help me?

STERLING. Because you're honest and kind and good and because I say so! (Sprinkles silver dust on MICHAEL.) Now I want you to rest a minute. (MICHAEL sits down, closes his eyes.) You have a long journey ahead of you. (As she exits upstage.) Remember . . . go to the castle . . . remember . . . the castle of King Willy. (She

is gone.)

MICHAEL (as though asleep). The castle . . . the castle of . . . (Opens his eyes.) King Willy. I don't know, Michael, now you've started talking in your sleep and to a fairy guardian! If you're not careful, you'll be committed.

PRINCE YOUNGBLOOD (off L). Get up! Get up! You lazy thing!

(PRINCE YOUNGBLOOD backs onto the stage from L, talking off. He is a stocky man carrying a lot of luggage.)

MICHAEL (jumping up, speaking before he sees the prince). I'm up! I'm up! (They turn and see each other. YOUNGBLOOD throws down luggage.)

YOUNGBLOOD. I'm not talking to you, my boy.

That stupid horse of mine just sat down in the middle of the road and refuses to budge.

MICHAEL (looking at the luggage). Maybe the load was too much to carry.

YOUNGBLOOD. I keep meaning to go on a diet . . . but how dare a horse criticize me?

MICHAEL. I didn't mean you, sir. I meant the luggage.

YOUNGBLOOD. Oh. It is a lot, but how else can a Prince woo a Princess unless he brings a lot of gifts.

MICHAEL. You're a prince, sir?

YOUNGBLOOD. Prince Youngblood. On my way to the court of King Willy. This is the right road, isn't it . . . ah . . . ah . . .

MICHAEL. Michael, sir. This is the road. Which Princess has caught your eye?

YOUNGBLOOD. Oh, it doesn't matter. I always say, a princess is a princess. And King Willy has twelve daughters. All unmarried. In

alphabetical order from Princess Audrey to Princess Linda. There's got to be one who'd like a chubby, good-natured prince. And besides, I'm a good cook.

MICHAEL. I can see that.

YOUNGBLOOD. I'm a man who likes good food, good drink, good times. How about you?

MICHAEL. I don't think about them much, sir. I have too much work to do.

YOUNGBLOOD. Work? You like to work? Look, I don't like traveling alone. Why don't you come with me to the castle? You can be my equerry.

MICHAEL. I don't know what that is.

YOUNGBLOOD. Well, it's . . . I don't know, either. How about . . . how about being my bookkeeper?

MICHAEL. I haven't finished my accounting course. I'm only up to accounts receivable.

YOUNGBLOOD. Well, you could carry the luggage.

MICHAEL (doubtfully). I don't know. . . .

YOUNGBLOOD. I'll be honest with you, Michael. I like you and . . . I'm nervous about going to the castle alone.

MICHAEL. Oh?

YOUNGBLOOD. I mean, all these princes have gone and none have come back.

MICHAEL. Why?

YOUNGBLOOD. Well, you know about the curse the Princesses are under. . . .

MICHAEL. No, I don't.

YOUNGBLOOD. Well, every night the King locks them in their room. They can't possibly leave it. And every prince who comes to woo them stands guard. And every morning, the prince is gone and even though no noise is ever heard in the room, the Princesses' shoes are worn into holes.

MICHAEL (to himself). Maybe that's what the Silver

Fairy meant. I can get the castle shoe concession.

YOUNGBLOOD. Then, in the morning, when King Willy asks where they've been, they say, "sleeping, of course."

MICHAEL. And no one can prove otherwise?

YOUNGBLOOD. No. The King's proclamation states whoever discovers the secret of the worn-out slippers may choose one of the Princesses as his bride. Nine have tried and failed. And disappeared.

MICHAEL. Nine? Aren't you afraid the same thing will happen to you?

YOUNGBLOOD. Sure. But you've got to take a few chances. I feel the other fellows were probably careless . . . fell asleep or something. But don't worry about me. I'm going to get myself a bride. Come with me.

MICHAEL. I don't know. I haven't finished my correspondence course in pruning.

YOUNGBLOOD. Do it there.

SILVER FAIRY (voice from offstage). Go to the castle. . . .

MICHAEL (slapping his ear). Nine princes have disappeared. . . . Any cowherds?

YOUNGBLOOD. No. You'll be perfectly safe. Only princes disappear.

SILVER FAIRY (off). Go to the castle. . . .

YOUNGBLOOD. And the castle is the place for an ambitious boy like you.

MICHAEL. You're right! (He picks up his books and typewriter.) I've got to think big! I'll go with you. (Starts R.)

YOUNGBLOOD. But aren't you going to carry my luggage?

MICHAEL. Then who'd carry mine?