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“A True Princess and the Pea”

by
Nancy Whitney

SYNOPSIS

This full-length play is a retelling of the classic story about a girl who is definitely not a princess but passes the test to become the wife of the prince. It reminds us that what's in the heart matters more than status or riches.

CAST

Young Prince Peter
Young Patrick
Young Paisley
Young Stephen
Young Simon
Prince Peter
Paisley
King Paul
Queen Paulette
Grandmother
Magistrate
Patrick
Herald
Trumpeters
Scribe
Stephen Sword Fighter
Simon Sword Fighter
Stafford Sword Fighter
Minstrel Paulina
Minstrel Pavia
Minstrel Panya
Princess Pretty
Princess Meekly
Princess Love
Princess Bubblia
Princess Mechanica

PROPS

Handkerchief for Minstrel Paulina
Bowl of Peas
Hand Mirror
Gum for Princess Bubblia to chew
Dirty Towel from Princess Mechanica
Wrench for Princess Mechanica
Book for Scribe
Sign for Princess Love
Book for Magistrate

Broom for Paisley
Trumpets
Scroll for Herald
Food for Dinner
3 small instruments
Sconce for Wall
3 cardboard dragons
5 Swords

SET

Backdrop painted to look like a castle
Tree either painted or large life-size plywood or cardboard
Podium
Table for two to eat
Two thrones

SCENE BREAKDOWN

Act 1 Scene 1

Set outside, bush and tree on stage

Actors include Scribe, Young Prince Peter, Young Patrick, Young Paisley, Young Stephen, Young Simon

Act 1 Scene 2

Have Minstrels Paulina, Panya and Pavia walk through the audience while doing their lines and have them talk to the guests.

Stage set like inside of castle with two thrones and a podium

Actors include King Paul, Queen Paulette, Grandmother, Magistrate, Patrick, Herald and Trumpeters

Act 1 Scene 3

Inside the castle sconce on the wall

Actors include Prince Peter, Patrick and Paisley

Act 1 Scene 4

Outside castle, maybe a bush or tree on stage. Sword fighters are fighting against fake cardboard dragons. Actors include Prince Peter, Patrick, Stephen Sword Fighter, Simon Sword Fighter and Stafford Sword Fighter

Act 1 Scene 5

Stage set inside castle with two thrones on stage.

Actors include Minstrels Paulina, Panya and Pavia, Grandmother, Paisley and Prince Peter

Intermission

Act 2 Scene 1

Stage set inside throne room. There are two thrones, a podium and a chair for the grandmother.

Actors include Minstrels Paulina, Panya and Pavia, King Paul, Queen Paulette, Grandmother, Prince Peter, Magistrate, Patrick, Herald, and Trumpeters, Princess Pretty, Princess Meekly, Princess Love, Princess Bubbliia and Princess Mechanicala

Act 2 Scene 2

Scene is inside castle. There is a table with two chairs and food on the table.

Actors include the Grandmother and Paisley and Minstrels Paulina, Panya and Pavia

Act 2 Scene 3

Stage set inside throne room. There are two thrones and a podium.

Actors include King, Queen, Prince Peter, Patrick, Magistrate, Trumpeters and Grandmother, Princess Bubbliia, Princess Pretty and Paisley

Act 2 Scene 4

Scene is set inside castle. It is a wedding ceremony. There is a podium in the center of the stage where the Magistrate stands. The entire cast are attending the wedding and are placed on the stage on either side of the Magistrate. Prince Peter is center stage.

Paisley walks to the stage in a wedding gown through the audience.

Additional notes from the writer:

The Minstrels serve as the narrators of the story and can address the audience on stage right and left. Or you can have them speak from various locations in the audience. The idea is for the Minstrels to engage the audience, pulling them into the story. Use a spotlight on them when they are talking and have actors on stage freeze during that time.

This show is a great opportunity to incorporate actors of all ages. The "Young" characters can be cast by using your new and up and coming actors. They can work closely with their "older" counterparts and can come up with characteristics that both the "young" and older character shares. We cast kids ages 5-7 in the "young" roles and actors ages 8-15 in the rest.

We paired up the young kids with an older actor and had the older actors mentor our youth through the process. They worked with them on character development, speaking loudly and clearly, and it made it a special experience. This also gave the theater an opportunity to allow kids of all ages to participate in the show.

As for the set, think simplicity. By painting a backdrop to look like large "castle-like" stones you can get the feel of both the inside of a castle and outside of a castle by changing the items on the stage. Add a bush or tree and you are now outside, add two thrones, a pedestal and maybe some torches and you are now inside the castle.

Scene changes that are too long can take away from the magic of the show. Try to incorporate the scene changes by having your characters move the needed props to and from the stage by the maid, trumpeters, etc. This will add to the importance of their role and helps participants appreciate the importance of a stage crew. I always feel like the best actors are the ones who have had experience in various aspects of putting on a production. They understand how it takes a whole village to put on a good show!

I loved writing and directing this show and I hope you do too!

-Nancy Whitney

Act 1 Scene 1

Lights on entire stage. At center stage stands the Scribe with a book. On the stage there is a tree and grass.

Scribe: *(reading from a book)* Many, many years ago, in the beautiful Kingdom of Peatrovia, a young Prince frolicked through the streets with his friends. The Prince was kind and smart. He loved playing with the other children, no matter if they be royal or not. And many times, he would sneak away from his scholarly work at the castle for a fun game of hide and seek.

Scribe exits stage left. Young Prince Peter, Young Patrick, Young Stephen, and Young Simon enter stage right. Young Prince Peter puts his head against a tree and begins counting. Other kids hide throughout stage.

Young Prince Peter: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10. Ready or not here I come. I wonder where everyone could be. *(Looking around)* I see you Simon!

Young Simon: Awe man! I need to hide in a better spot next time.

Young Prince Peter: Hmmm...where could Patrick be? Ha, found you!

Young Patrick: Good job, Your Majesty! Did you find me first?

Young Prince Peter: No, I found Simon first. I'm still looking for Stephen.

Young Patrick: Stephen is always the last found! He's such a good hider!

Young Paisley enters.

Young Paisley: Hello! What are you playing?

Young Prince Peter: Hide and seek. Would you like to play with us?

Young Paisley: Oh, yes!

Young Stephen: *(comes out of hiding spot)* She can't play with us. She's just a village girl!

Young Prince Peter: Anyone can play who wants to play.

Young Paisley: Thank you! Nobody ever lets me play 'cause I'm girl. But I think they just don't want me to play because I am so fast.

Young Prince Peter: Oh, you think you are fast? Well, my friend, let's have a race!

Young Paisley: Yes, let's race!

All of the kids line up to race.

Young Paisley: On the count of three, we run to the tree and back. One, two, three, go!

All kids run to the tree and back. Paisley wins.

Young Prince Peter: Wow, *(speaking out of breath)* you are really fast!

Young Paisley: Thank you!

Young Stephen: She only won 'cause the strap on my shoe was broken. I'd beat her in a rematch.

Young Simon: *(with excitement)* A rematch would be great!) And I bet that girl would still beat you, Stephen.

Young Stephen: She couldn't beat me with my boot in tip top shape!

Young Patrick: I'm quite sure that you didn't stand a chance today and that she would beat you again tomorrow!

Young Stephen: *(filled with determination)* Alright then! I will be here!

Children cheer with excitement. Magistrate enters stage right, looking angry.

Magistrate: You boys abandoned your studies and left the castle without permission. And now I find you cavorting with the villagers. This is quite against the rules!

Young Paisley: I just wanted to play with them, sir.

Magistrate: These children belong at the castle *(he begins shuffling the kids off stage right)*.

Young Prince Peter: But I want to play with her. *(Yelling to Young Paisley)* What's your name?

Magistrate: It doesn't matter, let us go.

Paisley is left standing along on the stage.

Young Paisley: *(speaking sadly)* Paisley, my name is Paisley.

Scribe: Our friends now grow both in body and soul. Many years later we encounter them again in our wonderful world of Kings and Queens, Dragons, sadness and joy; a world abounding with futures and wonders untold.

Lights go down on the stage. Paisley exits stage left.

Act One Scene Two

Three Minstrels enter from the back of the theatre, each carrying an instrument. Minstrel Pavia notices all the audience members.

Minstrel Pavia: Well what do we have here?

Minstrel Paulina: Looks like visitors?

Minstrel Panya: They must be here for the wedding.

Minstrel Pavia: Are you here for the wedding?

He asks an audience member.

**An idea for fun is if the audience member does not say "yes"; Minstrel Pavia whispers so that the audience can hear him (but he thinks he's being discreet), "Say yes!"; nodding his head "yes" feeding the audience member the answer. This takes some comic timing and confidence from your actor, but if you feel like Pavia can pull it off, go for it!*

Pretending the audience member said yes, he looks to the other Minstrels and proceeds.

Minstrel Pavia: *(with fanfare)* They are here for the wedding!

Minstrel Panya: Wonderful!

Minstrel Paulina: Stupendous!

Minstrel Pavia: Well then you obviously have heard the beautifully romantic tale of how these two love birds met?

*He asks another audience member. Pretending they said no, he continues talking with the other Minstrels. *Again, Pavia can feed the answer to the audience, whispering, "say no!"*

Minstrel Pavia: *(disappointed in the audience)* They said no!

Minstrel Panya: *(looking at Minstrel Paulina)* They said no!

Minstrel Paulina: No? Oh, my they are missing out on a wonderful story. *(To Panya)* Should we tell them?

Minstrel Panya: Of course, we should. *(To Pavia)* Right?

Minstrel Pavia: Of course. Now let me see...it all began not too long ago in a land, actually right down the lane. The King and Queen...

Light goes up on the entire stage. The King and Queen enter stage right which has two thrones and a podium, they take their seats on the thrones, along with the court Magistrate who stands at the podium.

...were sitting in the throne room discussing the future of the Kingdom.

Spotlight turns off.

Trumpeters: *(blow horns)*

Herald: Your Majesties, I present the Magistrate.

Magistrate: Your Majesties, the book of Peatrovia claims that a Prince embarking upon his 21st birthday should wed a princess. The Prince is quickly approaching this deadline.

King Paul: I am aware of this, Court Magistrate. Yet my wife is quite distressed.

Queen Paulette: Prince Peter is so young at heart. He is still my baby boy. I don't want him to marry just any princess. She must be a princess above all other princesses. She must be the best. That is what my sweet son deserves.

Magistrate: I understand your "high" standards, Your Majesty. Yet the laws of Peatrovia must be abided by and they do state that he must be wed. He will be 21 in just a few short weeks.

Queen Paulette: I understand the laws of our land, Magistrate. Our once young boy has grown into a man. Well Magistrate, since the time is approaching so quickly, what do you suggest we do to find our son a bride?

Magistrate: *(said with excitement)* I propose we hold a ball, a grand ball, inviting all the eligible princesses from near and far. He will

meet them, spend a few moments getting to know each one, and then choose his bride to be.

Queen Paulette: But Magistrate, how will we know whether the one he chooses is worthy of our son? I don't want him to marry just any princess. I want him to marry the best, most wonderful princess, a true princess.

King Paul: I agree with my wife. We must have a better way of knowing whether she is a princess above all other princesses, than just a few moments of conversation.

Trumpeters: *(blow horns)*

Herald: Your Majesties, I present the royal Grandmother.

Grandmother: *(enters from stage left; she is an elderly woman but very high in spirit; to the King)* Well hello, Sonny!

King Paul: Mother! I've told you not to call me Sonny! I am the king. It doesn't sound very grown up to be called Sonny! How can anyone respect a king who is still being called Sonny?

Grandmother: I know, I know. I'm sorry. I always forget. Old habits die hard, I guess.

King Paul: Well is there something you needed, Mother?

Grandmother: Well as a matter of fact, I was walking by the throne room when I overheard your predicament. There actually is something that can be done. If you look at article 904 of section 312 you will see that this country encountered a very similar situation many, many years ago and they handled the problem in a very different way.

Queen Paulette: Very Interesting, let us see, Magistrate!

*The **Magistrate** carries a very large book to the **King** and **Queen** and all four actors hover around the book, flipping pages back and forth for several moments.*

Magistrate: Ahhh, here it is Your Majesties.

They all seem to read the lines, then at the same time all look up with great joy at having found the solution to the problem.

King Paul: A genius idea, Mother!

Queen Paulette: Why yes, this is a splendid idea.

Magistrate: You are a very wise woman.

Grandmother: *(flattered)* I don't know about that, I just have lots of time on my hands to read, but just the same I am pleased the idea was a good one.

King Paul: A good one in deed.

The lights go down on the stage. Spotlight goes up on the Minstrels.

Minstrel Pavia: And what an idea it was, but you will hear about that later. In the meantime, Prince Peter and his best friend Patrick were walking around the castle talking about his upcoming birthday.

Minstrel Paulina: Prince Peter was excited for the big party! Peatrovia always throws the best parties!

Minstrel Panya: But Prince Peter was not so excited about having to pick a bride.

Act One Scene Three

Lights on the entire stage. The stage has nothing on it. On the wall there is a sconce.

Prince Peter: I know I am of age to wed a Princess, but I have no interest. I want to go and fight with the soldiers, and battle against fire breathing dragons. *(He takes his sword from his side and pretends to slay an imaginary dragon)*

Patrick: Well that sounds splendid, but there are no wars to be fought right now, and I haven't seen a dragon in years.

Prince Peter: I know, I know. But getting married sounds so boring. I want to have fun, not stuck at home reading tablets about how to decorate your dungeon.

Patrick: Being married can be fun if you find the right person, Peter. You just have to meet the one princess who makes you laugh and smile even when you are dismayed because your village was attacked by dwarves, or when you hear some trolls just pillaged your farms.

Prince Peter: I admit it would be nice to have someone to talk about plans for the kingdom with. Sometimes girls are great idea makers!

Patrick: That is very true.

Prince Peter: And they can be quite funny at times.

Patrick: Yes, they can.

Prince Peter: Maybe you're right. Maybe I'm looking at this in the wrong way. My parents have given me the right to pick who I want to marry. Perhaps I will meet someone wonderful at the ball.

Patrick: Yes, they have given you the right to choose, but I would be wary. Your mother's idea of a proper fit for you may be different than what you have in mind.

Prince Peter: Good point, Patrick. I'll have to keep my eyes open.

*At that moment **Paisley** walks in. She is dressed in a ragged dress and has a dirty face. She is whistling a tune as she sweeps, big smile on her face. As she is sweeping she bumps into the **Prince**.*

Paisley: Oh my goodness, there I go dreaming again and I bump right into you! I'm so sorry!

Prince Peter: That's alright. Are you well?

Paisley: Of course, I'm fine! I do that all the time. Just last week I bumped right into that sconce over there, knocked me right out. Woke up a few hours later when the knights came in from their daily duties. (*Prince Peter and Patrick laugh*) I'm always klutzy like that, but I guess it's just my nature. You know everyone has a fault, and clumsiness is mine. Oh my, I'm talking your ears off. I'm so sorry!

Prince Peter: (*still smiling*) That's quite alright my lady. It's refreshing to see such a happy face around the castle.

Paisley: Why thank you, Your Majesty. (*Sweeping bow*)

Prince Peter: Well, it's apparent you know who I am but unfortunately, I do not know you. What is your name?

Paisley: Paisley, Your Majesty. Paisley Park.

Prince Peter: You remind me so much of someone I once met, years ago. Well, it's lovely to make your acquaintance, Mistress Paisley Park.

Patrick: It surely is, but unfortunately, we must be going. Sword practice, you know.

Paisley: Oh yes, I'm sure you are very busy...being the Prince and all. It was lovely chatting with you. (*Paisley curtseys again*)

Prince Peter: I hope to see you again!

Prince Peter waves to Paisley as he and Patrick exit stage left. She watches admiringly as they exit and then continues sweeping.

Paisley: If only he remembered that the reason I remind him of someone is that we have met before. We played together and had fun. We wanted to be friends. Maybe someday he will remember, for I think of that wonderful day often.

She once again begins sweeping, and bumps into the wall before exiting stage right. Rubs her head and exits the stage. Lights dim.

Act One Scene Four

The throne room is now gone. We are in a grassy meadow with three other boys, all using their sword fighting skills against fake cardboard dragons. The entire stage is lit.

Prince Peter: Wasn't she funny?

Patrick: Yes, it appears she is quite funny.

Prince Peter: And pretty, I mean underneath all that dust. She was quite pretty.

Patrick: Yes, she is very pretty, your majesty.

Prince Peter: A bit clumsy I would say.

Patrick: A bit clumsy? I would say terribly clumsy.

Prince Peter: Well, like she said everyone has their faults!

Simon Sword Fighter: I don't.

Prince Peter: Don't what?

Simon Sword Fighter: Have any faults. I don't have any faults.

Stafford Sword Fighter: Yes, you do!

Simon Sword Fighter: Oh really! What?

Stafford Sword Fighter: You stink at sword fighting. *(All boys laugh)*

Simon Sword Fighter: Well I can still beat you in a battle any day!

*The boys have a short sword fight and **Simon** knocks **Stafford** to the ground.*

Stephen Sword Fighter: Well done, Simon!

Simon Sword Fighter: Why thank you, Sir Stephen. Like I said, I have no faults! I am the best fighter, the strongest knight, the bravest man, and I must say the most handsome. So, I ask you what is my fault?

Patrick: *(whispers to **Prince Peter**)* I think I know! *(The two laugh)*

Simon Sword Fighter: What was that?

Stafford Sword Fighter: Nothing, Simon. Lighten up. He has enough on his mind. He has to pick a bride soon. Any thoughts on who is at the top of your list yet, Prince Peter?

Prince Peter: No, not yet. But I did meet a lovely girl this morning in the hall.

Stephen Sword Fighter: You did? Who was she?

Prince Peter: Her name is Paisley. Paisley, err, Park.

Stephen Sword Fighter: I have never heard of Princess Paisley. What land does she hail from?

Prince Peter: She hails from here, right here in Peatrovia.

Simon Sword Fighter: I'm confused.

Stafford Sword Fighter: As am I. Did she just move here?

Prince Peter: No, she sweeps the floors in the Great Hall.

The three sword fighters laugh uproariously.

Stephen Sword Fighter: The maid? You can't like the maid! What kind of Prince would you be if you liked the maid?

The three boys begin laughing again.

Prince Peter: I don't care if she's the maid! *(He says angrily)* She is nice, and funny, and she made me laugh.

Simon Sword Fighter: Well, *you* may not care but I can think of someone who will!

All the boys except for the Prince nod their head yes.

Prince Peter: Oh really, who?

Sword Fighters and Patrick: The Queen!

Prince Peter: That's true! My mother would never let me talk to a maid, much less marry one. And I would like to talk to Paisley some more. She's very nice, and sweet, and funny, and...

Patrick: Alright we get it! She is pretty great...for a maid. But honestly, Your Majesty, it can never be. A prince can never marry a maid.

Prince Peter: We will see about that. I am going to talk to my grandmother. She always has the best advice.

Stafford Sword Fighter: You go do that.

Stephen Sword Fighter: Yes, and Gods speed!

The boys continue fighting. Prince Peter and Patrick exit stage left before lights go down.

Act One Scene Five

Spotlight on Minstrels as they begin to talk.

Minstrel Pavia: A maid! What was the Prince thinking?

Minstrel Paulina: He was thinking with his heart, that's what he was doing.

Minstrel Panya: He was indeed. But he knew that his friends were right. His parents would never condone the marriage of their son to a maid.

Minstrel Pavia: But now that he had met Paisley, he could not imagine anyone else sitting next to him on the throne.

Minstrel Paulina: So he approached his Grandmother.

Minstrel Panya: His very wise Grandmother.

Minstrel Pavia: Seeking advice that would help him convince his parents that he belonged with Paisley...

Minstrel Paulina: ...and not some dull Princess.

Spotlight down. Stage lights up. The Prince is now in the throne room and is sitting with Grandmother talking. Light focuses on stage.

Prince Peter: Grandmother, I don't want to marry some boring old princess. I want to marry someone who is funny and nice, and who treats others with kindness. That is the type of person we should be looking for to help me rule the kingdom as my Queen, not whether she already wears a crown or not.

Grandmother: Well Pete, I know what you mean. It isn't fair for a prince to be forced to marry someone he doesn't like. But your parents are allowing you to pick a princess at the ball. Is that not enough?

Prince Peter: I understand that, and I appreciate their trust in me to pick the right person. I just wish I could marry anyone.

Grandmother: Anyone? You seem like you already have your sights set on someone, dearie. Is there a special lady you have in mind?

Prince Peter: *(blushing)* Well, sort of. I just met her today, but she was so great, funny, pretty, and really nice.

Grandmother: That's wonderful! Who is she?

Prince Peter: I don't want to say, but I can tell you that she is not a princess.

Grandmother: Hmmmm, that is a tricky one. Your parents would not be keen on welcoming someone who is not royalty to our family. Tradition, you know. A prince marries a princess, and such. *(She scratches her head thinking about what to say)* What I can tell you is that everything happens for a reason, and all true love stories end with a happy ending. If it is meant to be with this girl, then it will be.

Prince Peter: Thanks, Grandmother.

Prince Peter stands up to leave and at that moment Paisley enters the room, sweeping again. She isn't looking and bumps into the throne.

Prince Peter: *(laughing)* Are you well?

Paisley: Yes, *(she rubs her back)* how has your day been? Did you enjoy sword fighting class?

Prince Peter: Oh yes, very much. It is always great fun!

Paisley: I always wanted to learn how to sword fight.

Prince Peter: Really?

Paisley: Oh yes, but I was never permitted to. Most people thought it odd that a girl would be interested in something like that, but I think girls can do anything that boys can do!

Prince Peter: I agree! And I think it's wonderful that you would want to try something you've never done before! I could teach you a few moves sometime!

Paisley: Really? That would be wonderful! Thank you!

Prince Peter: You're welcome! It's refreshing meeting a girl who likes to do the same things I like to.

Paisley smiles.

Paisley: When I bumped into you earlier you said that I reminded you of someone. Who do I remind you of?

Prince Peter: A young girl I met when I was much younger. She was full of spirit and would have made a wonderful friend.

Paisley: I remember that day. You were kind and offered to let me play with you. Not many royals would play with a villager. I thank you for your kindness then and now.

Prince Peter: I can't believe you were that girl. I thought about you often over the years. And now here you are, in the castle. What a very small world we live in.

Paisley: So true, Your Majesty.

They both look down, embarrassed.

Prince Peter: Well, I guess I better get going. Lots of planning to be done for the ball!

Paisley: I know. I feel like I've been cleaning for years. Good day, Your Majesty!

Prince Peter leaves the room. Paisley continues cleaning, not noticing that Grandmother is still sitting on the stairs. Grandmother looks at Paisley as she cleans and smiles.

Grandmother: Hello, young lady.

Paisley: Oh, good afternoon, your Majesty. I'm so sorry I didn't see you there. I get so lost in my chores.

Grandmother: I can see that you're a hard worker. You also seem like a very nice girl.

Paisley: Why thank you, Your Majesty! *(Paisley curtseys)*

Grandmother: I also see that you've met my grandson before.

Paisley: Oh yes! I bumped into him this morning. He's very nice, and funny, and smart. And well, he will make a great king someday. Whatever princess is lucky enough to marry Prince Peter will surely be the luckiest girl in all the land *(she looks down sadly)*.

Grandmother: You are certainly right about that! You know, planning this ball has been quite exhausting. And you've worked so hard helping clean and prepare for this event as well. I would love to partake in a meal with you after the ball tomorrow—a sort of celebratory meal, for a job well done. Would you join me?

Paisley: Of course, if Your Majesty would like, but wouldn't you be missing out on time discussing who Peter's future bride should be *(as she says this she drops her head, looking a bit sad)?*

Grandmother: I have no interest in talking about any of those princesses. I will not be missed. I would much rather spend some time with you.

Paisley: *(smiling and obviously very excited)* Well I would be honored then!

Grandmother: Excellent, I will meet you in the dining hall at eight in the evening.

Paisley: Thank you again and I'll see you tomorrow. (*Paisley curtsseys and sweeps her way of stage left.*)

Light goes down on stage and the spotlight is back to the Minstrels.

Minstrel Pavia: Grandmother could see that a strong connection lay between Peter and Paisley...

Minstrel Panya: ...even in just those few moments they spent together.

Minstrel Paulina: It was evident that Paisley was a good and kind-hearted girl.

Minstrel Panya: And Grandmother knew exactly what she needed to do.

Minstrel Pavia: For these two belonged together.

Minstrel Paulina: So she concocted a great plan...

Minstrel Panya: ...that she was sure would lead...

Minstrel Pavia: ...to the princess her grandson was hoping to marry.

Lights out.

**End of Act One
Intermission**

Act Two Scene One

Spotlight turns on the Minstrels.

- Minstrel Pavia:** Welcome back, loyal friends of Peatrovia.
- Minstrel Paulina:** We are so pleased you have returned to hear more.
- Minstrel Panya:** For where our story last left,
- Minstrel Pavia:** We do now return.
- Minstrel Paulina:** You now will find we are in the ballroom...
- Minstrel Panya:** Partaking in the revelry.
- Minstrel Pavia:** Enjoying all of the dancing...
- Minstrel Paulina:** And merriment...
- Minstrel Panya:** And the party!

Spotlight down and lights up full on the stage. The stage is decorated like a party. The King, Queen, and Prince sit on their thrones. Patrick stands next to Peter. There are many Princesses talking amongst themselves.

- Trumpeters:** *(blow their horns)*
- Herald:** *(trumpets the King as he rises to speak)* Hear ye, hear ye. Our great King would like to address the attendees.
- King Paul:** My wife, Queen Paulette and I would like to welcome you to our Kingdom, Peatrovia. We are honored to have you all attend this special ball in celebration of our son, Peter. As I'm sure you are all aware, we are hoping to find his one true love in this very room. *(The girls all swoon with excitement)* If you would all please approach the throne one at a time, we would like for our son to have the opportunity to meet and welcome each one of you individually.

Princess Love enters wearing a tie dye dress.

- Trumpeters:** *(blow their horns)*
- Herald:** I present Princess Love from the land of Passé.

Prince Peter: Welcome to Peatrovia, Princess. You are wearing quite a vintage ensemble. You look, err, lovely.

Princess Love: Thank you, your Majesty. I believe that peace and love is where the future of the kingdom lies. Yes, peace and love.

Prince Peter: Well that is a wonderful sentiment and very true. And what do you feel will help our Kingdom find this peace you speak of?

Princess Love: Sit in's and maybe boycotting.

Prince Peter: Boycotting? Boycotting who?

Princess Love: The power, you boycott the power. *(She holds up her hand for power, the other Princesses cheer).*

King Paul: *(whispers to the Queen)* We are the power. This doesn't look very promising.

Queen Paulette: Thank you for coming, my dear. Next princess, please.

Princess Love walks sadly back to the group.

Trumpeters: *(blow their horns)*

Herald: I now present Princess Mechanica, from the Kingdom of Autoland.

Princess Mechanica is dressed in a gown which is covered in oil. Her face has oil on it and she wears a mechanic's hat.

Prince Peter: Good evening, Princess Mechanica. I am so pleased you are here. I have heard much about your skills regarding reparations.

Princess Mechanica: Oh yes, Your Majesty. I love to fix things and build things. I'm working on a new invention that would change the world as we know it.

Prince Peter: Really! What is it, may I ask?

Princess Mechanica: It is this carriage that holds people in it while it rolls on wheels. It moves just by touching a pedal attached by something I like to call "an engine".

The other Princesses "Ooohhhhhh!"

Patrick: *(whispers to Peter)* I think she's foolish. Who ever heard of such a crazy apparatus?

Prince Peter: That sounds like a very advantageous idea.

Princess Mechanica: It is, it is! I think it is so much fun to work with my hands.

Princess Mechanica holds out her hands and they are covered in what looks like oil and dirt. You can tell she wants the Prince to take her hands, but he pulls his hands back when he sees how gross her hands are and just waves to her. Princess Mechanica joins the other Princesses, wiping her hands off on a hanky that sticks out of a pocket on the back of her dress.

Trumpeters: *(blow their horns)*

Herald: I now present Princess Meekly, from the land of Shhhhh.

Princess Meekly: *(she is very shy; said in a very quiet whisper)* Hello, I am Princess Meekly, and I am so happy to be here.

Prince Peter: I'm sorry Princess Meekly, what did you say?

Princess Meekly: *(said in a whisper)* I said thank you for having me.

Queen Paulette: Is she even talking? *(Speaking very loudly)* Darling, we cannot hear you. Please speak clearly and annunciate your words!

Princess Meekly gets very shy and walks back to the other Princesses.

Patrick: Well, that was odd.

Prince Peter: Poor girl seemed frightened beyond belief.

Patrick: She sure did.

Trumpeters: *(blow their horns)*

Herald: I would now like to present Princess Bubblia, from the land of Chewston.

Princess Bubblia approaches with a mouth full of gum. She pulls out a big string of it and twirls it around her finger.

Princess Bubblia: Thank you so much, Your Majesties, for opening up your lovely home to me. I am so pleased to be here.

Queen Paulette: *(speaking to Peter)* Well, doesn't she seem lovely?

Prince Peter: Really, Mother? One more piece of gum in her mouth and she might choke!

At that moment Princess Bubblia takes out a piece of gum and goes to eat it.

Everyone: Noooooo!!!!

Princess Bubblia puts it back in her pocket.

Queen Paulette: So sorry, my dear, we just want to make sure we can hear you, yes that is it...

Prince Peter: It was very nice to meet you!

Trumpeters: *(blow their horns)*

Herald: I would now like to introduce to your Majesties Princess Pretty from the land of Oohlala.

Queen Paulette: Now, isn't she lovely.

King Paul: Yes, quite beautiful.

Prince Peter: Hello Princess Pretty. I am honored you have come to our Kingdom.

Princess Pretty: *(as she looks in a mirror)* Yes, I am happy I could grace your halls as well *(she fluffs her hair).*

Prince Peter: *(to Patrick)* She seems quite taken with herself.

Patrick: Reminds me of a certain sword fighter we both know *(the boys both laugh quietly).*

Princess Pretty: I understand you are looking for a wife. I would allow you to marry me. Many have asked for my hand in marriage, but I think your Kingdom is far nicer than any other I have seen.

Prince Peter: Well, thank you.

Princess Pretty: You are quite welcome, Your Majesty. If you wouldn't mind, I must excuse myself. My lipstick needs a touch up.

Princess Pretty exits stage left.

Prince Peter: *(turns to the Herald)* Is that everyone?

Herald: Yes, your majesty.

Queen Paulette: What a lovely group of young ladies. There are so many wonderful princesses, I wonder who you will pick.

King Paul: I'm curious as well. There are many excellent choices!

Prince Peter: Did you not meet the same princesses that I just did? I couldn't imagine spending the rest of my life, let alone rule this land, with any of these princesses.

Queen Paulette: There were a few decent princesses. And with time maybe you will grow to love, well at least like, one of them. Anyway, your time is up, my Son. You must pick.

King Paul: I'm sorry Peter, but it is true.

Prince Peter: *(sad)* You two may choose for me. While each of these princesses are kind in their own way, they just don't have some important qualities that I have found in someone else.

Queen Paulette: Well, who is this special someone you speak of and why have we held this ball if you've already found your princess? Please bring her here.

Prince Peter: I would mother, for she is so lovely, but you would never accept her.

Queen Paulette: Is she from a land we are at war with?

Prince Peter: No.

King Paul: Is she from a land too far away?

Prince Peter: No.

Queen Paulette: Then what is the problem, and why is she not here?

Prince Peter: She is the scullery maid.

The entire room breaks into laughter and starts talking. Saying things like "a maid" and "how ridiculous".

Queen Paulette: You cannot marry a maid, you silly boy.

Prince Peter: I thought you would say that. *(He starts to exit stage right)*
Just pick whoever you want. It doesn't matter to me. *(He leaves the stage.)*

Queen Paulette: Can you imagine darling, *(she says to the King)* a maid! She would never have passed our princess test.

King Paul: Surely not, my dear. Surely not. Why don't you pick the princesses you liked most, and we shall test them all to see who passes the test.

Queen Paulette: Splendid idea! *(Speaking loudly to the Princesses)* Hello ladies! We would like to invite two of you to stay with us this evening so that we may get to know you a little more tomorrow. Princess Pretty... *(waits a moment)* Princess Pretty... *(She waits a few more moments)* Where has that girl gotten off to?

Princess Meekly: *(very quietly)* She is still in the restroom.

Queen Paulette: What did she say?

Princess Love: I think Princess Meekly said she is still in the restroom.

Queen Paulette: Oh, my goodness, will someone get her please? *(Princess Pretty reenters stage left)* Thank you! As I was saying Princess Pretty and Princess Bubbliia we would like to invite both of you to stay the evening.

Princess Bubbliia: I would be delighted *(she says as she pops a bubble).*

Princess Pretty: I would be happy to stay as long as you have a rose petal bath I could partake in this evening.

Queen Paulette: I believe we can accommodate that. *(She looks at her husband. He shrugs his shoulders)*

Queen Paulette: I thank you all for coming. Princess Bubbliia and Princess Pretty you can follow Patrick to your rooms.

Patrick: Follow me your Majesties.

The Princesses follow Patrick off stage left.

King Paul: I'm so excited about our true Princess test. Is everything ready?

Queen Paulette: Yes, my dear. I had prepared three rooms in case we had three eligible princesses. I also added several extra mattresses to their beds for extra cushion. And underneath the very bottom mattress I put one small green pea from our very own garden, per the requirements in Article 904 Section 312. In the morning we will ask the princesses how they slept. The one who felt the pea will be our princess.

King Paul: And why does it show that she is a real princess if she feels the pea again?

Queen Paulette: If she feels the pea it means that she is of gentle nature and sensitive. And with the pea being our Kingdoms vegetable then we will know that she is surely a true Peatrovian.

King Paul: Ah yes, my dear! This will most certainly show us who is meant to be our son's bride!

*Lights dim on the stage as the **King** and **Queen** are gloating about their plan. Spotlight points at the **Minstrels**.*

Minstrel Pavia: And there it was!

Minstrel Panya: The plan to discover which princess was a true princess.

Minstrel Paulina: For anyone can wear a crown but the face of a true Princess can only come from within.

Minstrel Pavia: ...through a gentle heart...

Minstrel Panya: ...and a kind soul.

Spotlight turns off.

Act Two Scene 2

Light goes up on the stage as **Grandmother** is sitting at a table with lots of food, symbolic of a traditional Thanksgiving dinner.

Grandmother: *(talking to herself)* I wonder where that girl is?

Paisley: I'm here! *(Paisley says entering stage left)* I tripped and fell on the way here and had to get a bandage *(she lifts her skirt to show a bandage on her knee).*

Grandmother: My goodness child, I don't know how you make it through the day. You must be famished. Please come and sit.

Both the **Grandmother** and **Paisley** sit at the table and begin to eat the dinner before them.

Paisley: This is wonderful! What is all of this?

Grandmother: You mean to tell me you've never eaten turkey before.

Paisley: No ma'am, but it is delicious.

Grandmother: What about stuffing?

Paisley: Oh no.

Grandmother: Oh, my goodness! No wonder you're so skinny! Eat up my dear!

Paisley: Why thank you!

They both eat for a few moments.

Grandmother: How does your leg feel?

Paisley: Much better now, thank you. It's so embarrassing always bumping into things. You must think I'm very silly.

Grandmother: I don't think you are silly just very, very klutzy.

Paisley: *(smiling)* Well you are right about that. I just get so lost in my thoughts.

Grandmother: What is it that captures your mind so?

Paisley: *(getting excited)* Oh so many things. I have lots of ideas, like plans to make the work around here run smoother. And did you know just the other day I helped catch a burglar at the bakery in town?

Grandmother: You did?

Paisley: Yes ma'am! I set up an alarm with some bells and rope. My alarm system caught the perpetrator and alerted the bakery owners.

Grandmother: Really! That's wonderful. You are quite a bright young lady.

Paisley: Thank you. I love this kingdom. I've lived here my whole life, you know!

Grandmother: You have? I did not know that.

Paisley: Oh, my goodness, I am so full. *(Paisley sits back in her seat and holds her tummy. She is obviously full. She yawns)*

Grandmother: Are you feeling tired Paisley?

Paisley: I am very tired. *(Yawns again)* I wonder if I ate too much.

Grandmother: Well a good turkey dinner can certainly wipe out even the most robust men.

Paisley: I should get going. *(Yawns)* I have a long way to walk to get home *(Paisley stands up)*.

Grandmother: Oh my, please don't walk home. It is so late, and you are so tired. The Queen has made up three rooms in case she asked three princesses to stay this evening, but she has only asked two to spend the night. Why don't you take the empty third room?

Paisley: Oh, I couldn't do that. I could get into so much trouble for staying in a royal bed!

Grandmother: Oh, pish posh! I say you can stay. You are my guest. *(She wraps her arm around the very tired Paisley and walks her to stage right)* I'm sure you will sleep wonderfully in this bed.

Paisley yawning again follows Grandmother.

Paisley: I am very tired.

*The two exit. Lights dim on the stage; spotlight up on the **Minstrels**.*

Minstrel Panya: Poor Paisley was so tired.

Minstrel Pavia: *(looking at other **Minstrels**)* Well a turkey dinner can do that to you.

Minstrel Paulina: The Grandmother was very wise and slightly tricky...

Minstrel Panya: ...even in her old age.

Minstrel Pavia: Little did Paisley know she was a part of a much bigger plan.

*Spotlight out on the **Minstrels**.*

Act Two Scene Three

*Light turn on entire stage. **The King, Queen, Prince, Patrick, Magistrate, and Grandmother** are present.*

Queen Paulette: I am so excited! Today we will know who our future daughter in law is!

King Paul: This is very exciting my dear.

Prince Peter: How did you decide who I will be marrying? Who have you chosen?

King Paul: Well we didn't exactly choose. It is really quite genius, my son.

Queen Paulette: Grandmother would you like to explain how our princess has been chosen?

Grandmother: I most certainly would!

Peter: *(looking frustrated)* You were a party to this? I spoke to you of my worries. How could you condone my marriage to one of these princesses? None of them are right for me or our Kingdom.

Grandmother: Calm down, Peter. My goodness! Your mother and father picked two princesses that they felt had potential to make you happy and they gave them a test.

Peter: What kind of test?

Queen Paulette: A great test!

King Paul: An ingenious test!

Grandmother: *(starting to get annoyed with interruptions)* Anyway. The test was a test for a true princess. This test is written in the Magistrates Book of Laws.

Magistrate: Under 904 Section 312.

Grandmother: Yes, thank you Magistrate. *(Annoyed with yet another interruption)* As I was saying, this test would test if they were a true princess. A true princess is so gentle at heart and pure of soul that they would feel even the slightest imperfection. Last night, before anyone went to bed, the King and Queen hid a small pea.

Queen Paulette: From the Peatrovia garden.

Grandmother: *(annoyed)* Yes, yes, yes, from the Peatrovia garden. And they hid this pea under the very bottom mattress of three beds. This morning we will see who felt the pea. The one who felt the pea is your true princess and will be your wife.

Patrick: We are basing who he marries off of a pea? Has anyone ever done this before? It seems so senseless!

King Paul: Oh, this is not senseless, young man. This has been tried before and shown to be true. The one who feels the pea will be married to our son.

*The group breaks out into discussion. It is obvious **Peter** is upset with this news.*

Patrick: Don't be upset, Peter! No one is going to feel something so small. Worst case scenario you marry no one.

Peter: That is true!

*Princess **Bubblia** enters stage left. She once again is chewing gum and in fact has a huge wad of it stuck in her hair.*

Trumpeters: *(blow horns)*

Herald: I present to Your Majesties, Princess **Bubblia**!

Queen Paulette: *(to the King)* Let us hope that she has had a restful night.
(To Princess Bubblia) Good morning Princess Bubblia! I hope you slept well.

Princess Bubblia: I did! Those were the softest sheets I've ever laid upon. I slept so well, in fact, that I forgot to take my gum out and it got stuck in my hair. Could one of your maids help me get it out?

Queen Paulette: Oh goodness. *(Obviously disappointed that Princess Bubblia is not the one; she yells to the Magistrate)* Magistrate, go find that maid who is always sweeping about to help Princess Bubblia with her hair.

The Magistrate exits the stage.

Patrick: One down, one to go.

Peter: Thank goodness. I don't think I could've dealt with that constant gum snapping for the rest of my life.

Trumpeters: *(blow horns)*

Herald: I present Princess Pretty.

King Paul: And here comes our other princess. Good morning, Princess Pretty. How did you sleep, my dear?

Princess Pretty: Although your beds are not as wonderful as mine at home, it was still quite nice. I would have slept for much longer had you a better-quality curtain to block out the light from my eyes.

King Paul: *(to the Queen)* I surely thought that Princess Pretty was the one. We have failed, my dear. We have failed terribly.

Queen Paulette: Does this mean that our son will go unwed, Magistrate? Where is the Magistrate? Is he not back yet?

The Magistrate enters stage left with Paisley looking tired and hunched over.

Magistrate: I apologize, Your Highness. I was searching for Paisley, the sweep maid. I found her in a room sleeping.

Queen Paulette: Why on earth were you sleeping, Paisley? You have much work to do, beginning with assisting Princess Bubblia with her hair.

Paisley: I'm so sorry! I truly am so very sorry. *(She says as she approaches Princess Bubbli, picking out the gum)* I had stayed the night. Grandmother had invited me to stay after our meal last night and I was so very tired. She was very nice to do so. I have to walk so very far to get home. I tried my best to fall asleep, but I slept terribly. I tossed and turned all night. It felt as if there was a sharp rock in my side all night long.

King Paul: *(stands up quickly)* You stayed here last night? What room, my dear? By all means tell us, in what room did you stay?

Paisley: I stayed in the third room which you had prepared in case a third princess spent the evening here. I am so sorry. I will clean it today and wash the sheets as well. Please do not be cross with me.

Queen Paulette: I don't understand? What does this mean?

Magistrate: Well according to our laws it states...

Grandmother: *(interrupting the Magistrate)* Ah forget that book! It means that this lovely young lady, who may not wear a crown or come from a royal family, is a princess at heart. She cares about Peatrovia and the people in it. She cares about your son. And isn't that what really matters? Being a good person and treating others with love and compassion?

Queen Paulette: Well, I suppose so. But she isn't a princess.

Prince Peter: She will be after I marry her. *(Peter walks over to Paisley, gets down on one knee, and holds her hand)* Paisley, would you do me the honor of making me your husband?

Paisley: With all my heart, yes!

Trumpeters: *(blow horns)*

Herald: All hail Prince Peter and Paisley. May they live a long and happy life together.

All: Here! Here!

Queen Paulette: *(walking to Prince and Paisley)* Congratulations my son, and you my dear Paisley. I welcome you to our family.

King Paul: *(walking towards Prince and Paisley)* Yes, welcome to our family. *(To the Queen)* And now my dear, we have a wedding to plan!

Queen Paulette: Oh yes! There is much to be done! There are the invitations, and the flowers, and oh yes, the cake!

Lights dim, but the Queen can still be heard.

Queen Paulette: And the food, I wonder if we should have steak! No chicken, more people like chicken. And we can have salad, and oh my, the dress. We must summon for the town seamstress. Paisley must have the most beautiful gown the world has ever seen.

Act 2 Scene 4

Minstrel Pavia: Hooray! It is wedding day!

Minstrel Paulina: The whole town has been awaiting this day for several weeks!

Minstrel Panya: The castle has been in complete disarray as the Queen has been doing her best to decorate the castle.

Minstrel Paulina: And have the food prepared,

Minstrel Pavia: And get the invitations out in time,

Minstrel Panya: And help Paisley design the most amazing wedding gown!

Minstrel Paulina: I can't wait to see it!

Lights dim on the Minstrels and rise on the stage.

Queen Paulette: *(arranging flowers in a vase)* There we go now that is right! Yes beautiful! Just as I had imagined for my sweet son and his bride. Oh look, our guests are arriving.

All cast except for the King, Magistrate, Patrick, and Prince Peter walk down the center aisle and enter the stage on either the left or right side.

Prince Peter, Magistrate, King and Patrick enter back stage and are now center stage.

Sound cue "wedding march"

Paisley walks down the center aisle and stands with Peter facing the Magistrate.

Magistrate: We welcome you all to the wedding of Prince Peter and Paisley Park.

King Paul: *(to the Queen)* This really is so lovely! You did a wonderful job darling

Grandmother: Ssshhhhhhh! We are at a wedding, Sonny!

Magistrate: Prince Peter do you take Paisley Park to be your wife for all time.

Prince Peter: I do!

Magistrate: And Paisley Park do you take his royal highness, Prince Peter, to be your husband for all time.

Paisley: I do!

Magistrate: Then by the power of the King and Queen and this glorious land, I now pronounce you husband and wife.

All characters: Yay!! *(All cheer uproariously)*

Sound cue "wedding march".

Paisley and Prince Peter walk down the center aisle. Before they go too far Paisley stops and throws her bouquet. The Grandmother catches it.

Grandmother: Oh my, how exciting! *(Looking at Simon)* Are you single there, handsome?

Lights dim on the stage. All cast except the Minstrels quietly exit the stage. Lights go up on the Minstrels.

Minstrel Pavia: Wasn't that a wonderful wedding?

Minstrel Paulina: *(drying eyes with a handkerchief)* I love happy endings.

Minstrel Panya: And that is how these two sweethearts met

Minstrel Paulina: and fell in love,

Minstrel Pavia: and were permitted to marry...

Minstrel Panya: ...even though Paisley wasn't a princess.

Minstrel Paulina: For the Kingdom of Peatrovia learned this special day that a true princess is revealed by her heart.

Minstrel Pavia: Not with gold, or rubies, or even a crown.

Minstrel Panya: A true princess can be found with every friendly smile or helping hand.

Minstrel Paulina: Who knows, maybe one of you are a true princess too!

Lights out. The end.

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