

KINGDOM

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KINGDOM

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KINGDOM

*A British-style Pantomime

CAST OF CHARACTERS

DRAGON...Fiery, fun-loving, loyal, often seen carrying his little red wagon behind him.

KNIGHT...A man who would be king if he had his way

KING...Strong warrior concerning his kingdom and his daughter!

QUEEN...Dramatic worrier... about her wrinkles.

PRINCESS IN PINK... Pouting and adorned in pink. Torn between two hoverers.

FLAME SWALLOWER...Shish Kabobs are his favorite, even though he's often just burned out.

WISE WOMAN...Though not having a PHD in psychodrama, this crone knows how to counsel.

COURT JESTER WITH AUDIENCE CARDS...(Introduces various cards instructing the audience as to how it should respond)

EXTRAS (used in the Moonbeam Festival scene...juggling, doing somersaults, etc.)

*Male actors may play female characters and vice versa, adding to a comedic effect. This would be known as BRITISH PANTOMIME.

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ACT 1
SCENE 1

Outside of the Royal Palace. The KING is with the COURT JESTER.

KING. My horse! My horse! My kingdom for a...Dragon?

COURT JESTER. All hail to thee, ladies, gentlemen, and kiddos!

(Appears with large cards, asking audience participation.)

You are now entering the Kingdom of Ages Ago and Almost Tomorrow.

We have rules that must be obeyed in this Kingdom!

I will appear with a special card that tells you what role YOU must play in our grand little musical. So, put on your listening ears...go ahead...I'm waiting! Just put your hands up to your ears and rub them...hurry up!

(Waits for audience to put imaginary ears onto their heads.)

Now...do you see each card that I show you?

(Shows each card to audience.)

This first card says you are to BOO! Let me hear you now!

(Audience boos.)

LOUDER PLEASE!

(Audience boos again.)

This second card says that you are to yell YAY! So, yell YAY!

(Audience yells yay!.)

Well done. Just like I like my burgers!

So! Once upon a time in 'The Kingdom of After Yesterday and Before Tomorrow, there lived a powerful, loyal, fiery, and oh-so-shy dragon named...well...Dragon! *(Court Jester exits stage. Dragon appears, pulling his little red wagon full of toys/coloring book/crayons.)*

DRAGON. *(Singing DRAGON'S SONG.)*

"I'M TIRED OF JUST DRAGGIN' MY LITTLE RED WAGON...

AND PLAYING ALONE EVERY DAY

THE KING IS OUT HUNTING, THE QUEEN IS STILL GRUNTING

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‘CAUSE SOME THINGS ARE NOT GOING HER WAY

OH WHERE-OH, WHERE-OH, IS MY GOOD FRIEND THE
KNIGHT?

I HOPE HE’S SAFE-OH, AND DOES NOT GET HURT IN A FIGHT.

I’M KEEPER AND SAVER AND NEVER DO WAVER
I BREATHE OUT BRIGHT FLAMES THROUGH MY NOSE
I FACE ALL THE DANGERS AND DON’T TALK TO STRANGERS
WHOM I HAVE BEEN WARNED MIGHT BE FOES

OH WHERE-OH, WHERE-OH, IS MY PLACE IN THE SUN?
I GET SO LONELY; SOMETIMES I JUST FEEL I SHOULD RUN...

AWAY TO NEW PLACES AND FIND ME NEW FACES
WHO’LL APPRECIATE ALL THAT I DO
WHO’LL SHOW ME ADVENTURE AND NO MORE THIS
CENSURE
OH REALLY, THEY DON’T HAVE A CLUE!

I KNOW I COULD GO-OH, BUT SOMEHOW IT NEVER SEEMS
RIGHT
SO I WILL JUST STAY HERE. MY CLOUDIER DAYS MUST TURN
BRIGHT!

(Cupping his hand up to his ear.)

I THINK I HEAR HORSES AND THIS KINGDOM’S FORCES
AH HA, THEY ARE HEADING THIS WAY
THE TRUMPETS ARE BLARING AND I FEEL LIKE SHARING
MY TOYS WITH THE BRAVE KNIGHT TODAY. HOORAY!

(The KING enters; a pouting PRINCESS follows in distress.)

KING. *(Agitated.)* Your mother, the Queen, is in charge of The
Moonbeam Festival. The Knight cannot attend and that is final, young
lady! You shall obey her orders.

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PRINCESS. But Father, I need a dance partner! The Knight thinks that I am a fine dancer indeed.

KING. (*Spinning around in annoyance.*) Bite your tongue! You shall dance with the Lords of the Court then. They fight... they slay... they win! (*King walks over to the audience, rolling his eyes.*) Truly, have any of you ever seen a knight-in-shining armor dancing? Knights are *not* dancers!

PRINCESS. (*Arms crossed.*) I shall be terribly hurt and perhaps not attend at all. The Lords can dance with the Ladies, yet a Pretty-in-Pink princess cannot choose a dance partner? I shan't dance whatsoever then. So there!

KING. Perhaps you should have been born a serf! You do not appreciate your heritage and the royal surroundings and riches that life has bestowed upon you. Such a spoiled princess...a whiny princess...a stubborn princess!

PRINCESS. But Father, even Rapunzel was allowed to let down her hair now and then.

KING. Enough my child!

(*Dragon walks over to the Princess.*)

DRAGON. If I could dance, I would most certainly be your royal escort to the festival Princess.

(*Princess smiles slightly. King addresses the Dragon sternly.*)

KING. Bite your long tongue! A large green bug-eyed scaly creature that spits fire upon the derelicts of the earth dancing? I think not! You were not meant to accompany royalty at festivals, Dragon. You were meant to breathe fire in and out...to spit at the enemy and melt the armor of wicked clans in the East, South, and West...to warn us with your fiery roar when our castle is endangered...to whip out your tail and slam every demon who attacks from every corner of the earth...

DRAGON. (*Meekly.*) I know. I must flame all day long. But I so want to learn something interesting and exciting besides breathing out fire.

KING. I was born into this kingdom...to rule this castle and all in it. Yet I have no power whatsoever anymore!

(*To the audience.*) Pray tell, do you perchance think that something is very, very wrong with this entire scenario and this flaming monster?

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DRAGON. (*Prancing around the Princess.*) Would you want to color with me today? I have a lovely coloring book with connect-the-dots.

KING. (*Throwing up his arms in disgust.*) And, so now Dragon disobeys my commands? What is happening to my Kingdom? How I long for the good old days when dragons protected kingdoms, when princesses obeyed their fathers, when queens only wore crowns when they truly needed them, when knights worried less about shining armor and more about the enemy, and when men were men were men!

(*King sings THE KING'S SONG.*)

THIS DRAGON WANTS TO COLOR
MY PRINCESS WANTS TO DANCE
THE QUEEN...MORE FANCY CROWNS TO WEAR
HOY! I HAVE NO CHANCE!

THE KNIGHT WANTS SHINY ARMOR
'PRESUMES HE'LL TAKE MY PLACE
AND RUN THIS KINGDOM *HIS* WAY?
HE DOESN'T HAVE *MY* GRACE!

BUT! BEST YOU ALL REMEMBER, 'ROUND HERE I WEAR THE PANTS.

I WON'T GIVE INTO SILLINESS. YOUR WISHES? NOT A CHANCE!

I'VE RULED THIS PLACE FOR MANY YEARS, I WON'T BACK DOWN YOU HEAR?
THIS KINGDOM STILL IS *MINE* OF COURSE. I HOPE I'VE MADE THAT CLEAR!

(*King storms off the stage.*)

PRINCESS. Daddy so needs a Man Cave.

DRAGON. I could always share my lair.

PRINCESS. (*Trying to tap dance.*) I don't have time to color today. Do you dance at least a little Dragon? I'm really into tap and jazz. Mother,

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the Queen of Mean, thinks I should take piano lessons because I have long fingers. Can you imagine? I'd so rather dance the night away...

DRAGON. I don't know how to dance. But Knight can teach me. He's my best friend in the whole kingdom.

PRINCESS. Knight and I shall marry one day I suppose, and move to another kingdom. I'm so very tired of this one.

DRAGON. But you can't take Knight away. I'd be so lonely. He tells me grand stories of great battles.

PRINCESS. (*Rolling her eyes now.*) You are the silliest dragon I've ever known. Come to think of it, the *only* dragon I've ever known. Please correct me if I am misinformed, but aren't knights supposed to slay creatures like you?

DRAGON. Oh no. Knights and dragons go together like peanut butter and jelly...like cream cheese and bagels...like strawberries and cream...like maple syrup and pancakes...like chocolate chips and cookies...like pizza and pepperoni...like...

PRINCESS. I GET IT ALREADY! Sheesh! I suppose you do help protect our Kingdom when we are all away on holiday.

DRAGON. I try, Princess. Can you tell me a story now please?

PRINCESS. Nope. I have no time for stories. Fairy tales don't come true for me. If I can't have my way, then I'm going to have to chase more toads about the pond so that I can zap them into handsome princes who will dance with me at the Moonbeam Festival! So, put that in your fire and smoke it Dragon!

(*COURT JESTER appears on the sideline with a card that tells the audience to BOO.*)

(*PRINCESS exits.*)

(*Enter the QUEEN, holding a hand mirror in front of her and looking agitated.*)

QUEEN. Tell me Dragon, am I still the fairest in the kingdom?

DRAGON. You are a most fine and lovely queen.

QUEEN. (*Snapping at Dragon.*) Don't you dare feed me your fiery lies, Dragon! If I am not the fairest, I shall just die of mortification. Look at these lines around my face. Hmmm...perhaps I shall wear a very tight

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pony-tail for The Moonbeam Festival...it will pull back my years.

DRAGON. Your ears look fine to me, even if they are pointed at the top a bit.

QUEEN. Ears? Ears? I said YEARS! My ears are pointed? How dare you say such a thing to me!

(Queen pulls up her hair and then puts her hand mirror in front of Dragon.)

QUEEN. *(Angrily.)* You have some nerve telling me that I look just fine and lovely...with pointed ears! Look at the saggy jowls and deep crevices that *you* have! Do you use face or body creams? I think not! Your scales do not behoove you one iota may I add. Perhaps you are good for protecting the kingdom, but your lineage has much to be desired, Dragon.

DRAGON. I'm very sorry. You did ask me.

QUEEN. Of course I asked! I need opinions. I'm running out of *Kingdom Cream* and that old crone, Wise Woman, informs me that "my insides should appear as my outsides." What in tarnation does that mean? I take 600 mg of vitamin D, 1200 mg of calcium citrate, enough fish oil to fill the seas, horse-hoof glue in paste-form for my aches and pains...I could go on. *(Queen walks across the stage with her hand upon her heart and addresses the audience.)* I just know you think that I'm the most beautiful creature ever created, do you not? Raise your hands if you think I'm just gorgeous? Hello out there! Aw, never mind. My mirror tells me differently!

(Queen sings the QUEEN'S SONG.)

THIS GETTING OLDER IS STARTING TO GET OLD

I SWALLOW "C," YET I STILL GET THE COLD

MY BONES ARE ACHING, I KNOW IT'S NOT THE FLU

AND WHILE I'M AT IT, ADD WORRIED TO JUST BLUE

KING ONCE ADORED ME, AND NOW HE'S NEVER 'ROUND

I SWEAR HE'D RATHER BE CUDDLING WITH HIS HOUND

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PRINCESS IS GORGEOUS, A SLENDER YOUNGER THING
AND KNIGHT IS SHOWING HIS LONGING TO BE KING
THEY SOON MAY MARRY, AND I SHALL FADE AWAY
WITH NOTHING SHOWING, EXCEPT PERHAPS MY GRAY?

THAT'S WHY I DO OWN A LARGE ARRAY OF CROWNS
TRYING TO BALANCE MY UP-MOODS WITH MY DOWNS.

MY TIME IS ENDING, AND SOON IT WILL RUN OUT
A KINGDOM'S DOWNFALL, ITS QUEEN IS GETTING STOUT
WITH CONSTANT WORK-OUTS...I'M PRAYING TO BE TRIM...
NO PIES NOR PASTRIES, I'M TEETERING ON THE BRIM

MY SONG IS TRAGIC, AND YET IT MUST BE SUNG
ON LIFE'S TALL LADDER, I'M CLINGING TO A RUNG
PERHAPS ONE DAY I SHALL BE WORRY-FREE
UNTIL THAT DAY COMES, PLEASE HOLD THIS MIRROR FOR
ME...

(Queen hands the mirror to Dragon).

QUEEN. Lower, Dragon, so I can see how thick my ankles are!

(The Queen exits and the Knight enters.)

KNIGHT. *(Beaming and thrusting his sword about.)* Good afternoon
my fiery friend! The battle is won and I'm still top dog.

DRAGON. You're not a dog, you're a Knight.

KNIGHT. *(Rolling his eyes.)* You've come a long way, baby!

DRAGON. I'm not a baby, I'm a Dragon!

KNIGHT. Oh, what a fierce battle it was, Dragon! All of the King's
horses and all of the King's men will never put that kingdom together
again! Do you realize that our kingdom's score is now 6-1? One more
battle to go and we are on top of our game!

DRAGON. Speaking of games, will you play hop scotch with me? I
have pastel chalk!

(Knight goes over to look at the contents inside of the red wagon.)

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KNIGHT. Did you bring me a sandwich today Dragon?

DRAGON. Oops. I forgot.

KNIGHT. AN ABOMINATION!

DRAGON. Say, what does that mean?

KNIGHT. (*Annoyed.*) Look it up in the dictionary!

DRAGON. I had a late breakfast and I'm not very hungry.

KNIGHT. You want me to play hopscotch with you, yet you don't think very highly of me if you cannot bring along a simple kidney or tongue inside of two slabs of bread for a very brave, courageous, dashing, shining...me!

DRAGON. All I had was some tuna fish that I grabbed out of the castle's moat. I ate it. I'm sorry Knight.

KNIGHT. EW! Don't get too close to me then. The stench that comes from the moat, combined with the smell of tuna-breath on a dragon, somehow is not very appetizing.

DRAGON. Perhaps I could fire up some rats for you...or bring you the grain and salted pork that is in the castle bins?

KNIGHT. Good grief, my scaly friend! The last time you roamed the halls and corridors of this castle, you almost set fire to it! Never you mind. Just stay in your lair. I need to work out in the gym later and stay fit and trim. That I look swell at the banquet this evening in my honor.

DRAGON. Can I get you a soda pop? You must be thirsty.

KNIGHT. Most horribly sweet. Too many calories!

DRAGON. Some wine maybe?

KNIGHT. (*Grinning.*) I get enough "whine" from the Princess. Get it? W-H-I-N-E. Ha Ha! That's a good one if I do say so myself. Perhaps her father, our King, ought to put the pretty-in-pink spoiled little brat into a bottle and cork her!

DRAGON. That's not very nice, Knight. Why would he do that?

KNIGHT. So we can all share a bottle of Princess Pink Whine! Oh never mind...

(*Thunder and lightning is heard. Dragon cowers behind Knight.*)

DRAGON. I'm scared. I don't like sounds like that. Come to my lair so that we can color. Oh, please!

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KNIGHT. Lightening is fire, you silly beast! All dragons like fire. Well, maybe not in your case...

(Stage turns dark and lightning and thunder sound continue. Knight and Dragon exit stage.)

SCENE 2

Inside of the DRAGON'S Lair. KNIGHT and DRAGON are sitting on the floor playing cards.

DRAGON. UNO! Let's play again.

KNIGHT. I've had enough card games and coloring pages for now, my scaly friend. I must go and prepare for the royal banquet in my honor. Word is out that the King went squirreling and caught more than a dozen!

DRAGON. Did I just hear your stomach growl Knight?

KNIGHT. I haven't eaten, Dragon. You never fixed me a sandwich. I've shown you a thousand times how to clamor the hill to visit the Earl of Sandwich, have I not? His specialty this week is *Egg Salad on Rye*, just loaded with mayo, mustard, cream cheese, capers, relish, sweet pickle... hmmm...or is that dill pickle?

DRAGON. How about some of my fired up beans and gophers? I have a little bit left and you can have it.

(Dragon walks over to Knight and puts his head down to Knight's stomach.)

DRAGON. Wowee! You sure are hungry.

KNIGHT. It's called roaring, Dragon. My stomach is roaring.

(Knight sings the KNIGHT's SONG..)

MY STOMACH IS A ROARING FOR SOME PEACH SAUCE OVER
SQUIRREL

IT'S SOMETHING THAT'S SO FITTING FOR A KING, PRINCE,
AND EARL

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THERE'S VENISON AND MUTTON, HEDGEHOGS, CAPERS, AND
SOME GOAT
AND IF A ROYAL CAN BEAR IT, THERE IS DEAD FISH IN THE
MOAT.

FOOD, FOOD, CASTLE FOOD, BEST IN ALL THE LAND
FOOD, FOOD, CASTLE FOOD, I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF BLAND!

WHEN I WAS JUST A YOUNG MAN, I STARTED AS A PAGE
BUT NOW IT'S MIDDLE AGES AND THIS KNIGHT IS ALL THE
RAGE!

I'M OWED A GLORIOUS DINNER 'CAUSE I FOUGHT A BATTLE
BRAVE...

AND, I'M A SHINING HANDSOME HERO TO THE MANY LIVES I
SAVE.

FOOD, FOOD, CASTLE FOOD, BEST IN ALL THE LAND...
FOOD, FOOD, CASTLE FOOD, COME AND TAKE MY HAND...
*(KNIGHT CONTINUES SINGING WHILE DANCING WITH DRAGON
NOW.)*

I'M HOPING TO TASTE NORMAN, THE TOPS OF RECIPES
THE FRENCH KNOW HOW TO COOK SO WELL, AND IT'S ME
THEY HAVE TO PLEASE
FORGET ABOUT THE VIKINGS, AND WE ENGLISH CANNOT
COOK

WE SO NEED NEWER RECIPES...OH ME! OH MY! JUST LOOK!
(The Knight stops dancing with Dragon and points upward.)

KNIGHT. *(Horried.)* IT'S RAINING IN HERE! It's dripping onto my
shining armor!

DRAGON. Would you like a towel?

KNIGHT. I'm getting soaked inside a dirty, dingy lair of a Dragon! Me,
a brave knight in very shiny armor.

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DRAGON. You're not all wet...yet.

KNIGHT. Not wet? NOT WET! Look at me carefully, wily creature in green. It took me ages in this Dark Age of ours to shine this proud armor that I wear in the name of His and Her Majesty, our King and Queen.

DRAGON. (*Pondering.*) Dark Age you say? I'm mixed up. I thought we are in The Middle Age. Although our Queen says she's middle age and does not like it one bit. She definitely is Dark Age. Her moods are very dark indeed!

KNIGHT. You need to brush up on your history, Dragon. It *is* most certainly The Middle Ages, although between our whining Princess and our wrinkle-worried Queen, I must admit that it does feel much more like the Dark Ages. Oh for Pete's sake, what a silly thing to dwell upon! Do you realize that it's pouring rain on me and that I'm rusting!

DRAGON. Who is Pete Sake? Does he like to play cards and color too?

KNIGHT. I GIVE UP! I'm rusting away and you're playing word games!

DRAGON. Word games are super duper! I have *Find the Goat in the Moat* somewhere around here. Please stay and we can play; and, maybe your friend Pete Sake will show up too!

KNIGHT. You simpleton! I'm rusting away if I stay here with you. I'm your friend, but not when it's raining cats and dogs!

DRAGON. Goody! More food for us!

(*COURT JESTER appears with a BOO sign.*)

KNIGHT. (*Walks over to the audience.*) Excuse me please, but did I just get booed? How dare you boo to such a handsome, brave fellow such as me!

(*Knight exits stage.*)

DRAGON. (*Pouting now.*) Knight is more of a fair-weather friend if you ask me!

(*The sound of torrential rain is heard in the background as Dragon lies down, trying to get comfortable in his lair. He soon can be heard snoring very loudly with his mouth open.*)

(*The stage darkens...lights then gradually come back on.*)

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DRAGON. (*Choking and coughing...holding onto his throat and sounding quite scratchy.*) My throat hurts! My nose is so stuffed up! My body aches! Oh my, what has happened to me?

(*Dragon runs around the stage, sneezing, coughing, and blowing his nose. A trumpet is heard in the background.*)

DRAGON. (*Sputtering and choking.*) That means the King is going hunting. It also means that my alarm clock didn't go off!

(*Dragon tries to snort and blow out of his mouth.*)

DRAGON. I have no fire, and yet my throat is hot. It burns something awful. Woe is me! I just feel sooo tired...

(*Dragon lies down in a little ball and starts to snore again.*)

(*Enter the KING, QUEEN, PRINCESS, and KNIGHT.*)

KING. Wake up Dragon! You overslept and that's going to cost you a ticket to The Moonbeam Festival! No Dragon ever sleeps very long in my kingdom and actually gets away with the foul deed! I'm going hunting and my hounds are calling me. Is it not your bound duty to protect us all? Straighten up and fly right!

DRAGON. (*Stretching, yawning, and standing at attention.*) Your highness, I did not sleep very well last night. Where do you want me to fly?

KING. I don't want you to fly anywhere you silly goose!

DRAGON. (*His entire body is shaking.*) I'm not a goose...I'm a Dragon! I have no fire left within me. What shall I do?

KING. No fire? NO FIRE?

QUEEN. No fire?

PRINCESS. No fire?

KNIGHT. No fire?

DRAGON. Not even a puff. Watch me. Nothing comes out of my nose or my mouth. (*He snorts and makes all kinds of weird sounds.*)

KING. AN ABOMINATION!

QUEEN. Simply horrible!

PRINCESS. It's really so awful.

KNIGHT. Terrible. Just terrible.

KING. An ABOMINATION, I tell you!

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DRAGON. I'm smart because I looked that word up in the dictionary. It means anything abominable; anything greatly disliked or abhorred. Also, a vile, shameful, or detestable action, condition, habit... like spitting.

KING. (*Yelling more loudly now.*) Our Kingdom needs a dragon with fire and fight, not a bloody know-it-all!

DRAGON. Now I'm blue...and wet. I'm sick and need some more sleep. But how can I protect the Kingdom if I cannot spit out fire?
(*Everyone shakes their heads in disbelief.*)

KING. Humiliation is my middle name. I'm off and hunting!
(*Exits stage*)

QUEEN. (*To Princess.*)

I'm due for a facial, pedicure, and a manicure. Come along, we must look decent for the festival, dearie.

PRINCESS. But Mummy, my nails are just the color that I want right now. PINK! So are my toes. PINK! You promised me that we could have tea and crumpets over at Lord and Lady Lowgrove's castle later this afternoon.

QUEEN. You will obey me and come along now. There is no time today for even a spot of tea. Come, come. I *must* be the fairest at the festival this year!

PRINCESS. (*Jumping up and down and screaming now.*) But you promised me that we could visit The Lowgroves! You are so mean mother! You never do what you promise. You promised me a pink rose for my hair, and when the gardener told you that the pink ones were not in full bloom, you told him to give me a red one. I don't like the color red...or white...or yellow! I only want pink. PINK! PINK! PINK!

QUEEN. Oh stuff a pink sock in it already!

(*Queen pulls Princess off stage.*)

(*Court Jester reappears with a YAY sign.*)

KNIGHT. Do you see what I mean about Princess 'whining all of the time? If I should become King, I would like to find a large room of which to lock up this spoiled Princess who will, of course, become my Queen in time. Oh boy!

DRAGON. That's being very mean, Knight.

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KNIGHT. And, perhaps I would have the servants paint her room yellow...or blue...or purple...

DRAGON. I think Princess likes pink.

KNIGHT. I shall wean Princess from being spoiled in pink and make sure that she becomes a proper queen...a good queen...a nice queen.

DRAGON. Yeah, not like her mother, *The Be Seen Queen of Mean and Preen* either!

KNIGHT. SHHH! If anybody hears you saying that will be banished from the Kingdom!

DRAGON. But that's what you always call the Queen!

KNIGHT. I'm the Knight, that's why. I can say anything I wish as long as I win the battles. Guard carefully, my scaly friend. I must be off.

Tootle-loo! (*Knight exits stage, leaving Dragon to scratch his head and shrug his shoulders.*)

END OF ACT 1

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ACT 2 SCENE 1

Outside of the Royal Palace/Celebration of Moonbeam Festival

COURT JESTER. Okie Dokie! Let's see now, we have a Dragon that has no fire, a King who's a bully...tell me, is it very nice to be a bully?
(Waits for audience response.)

Well of course it's not nice. In fact, it's very mean indeed! And how about our Queen? Isn't she a vain one? Who knows what vain means?
(Waits for audience response.)

Well, if you ask me, the old bag, The Queen, needs to find a pretty young thing...like Snow White or Cinderella to take her place. Do I hear a yay? *(Waits for audience response.)*

Perhaps our dashing Knight in Rusting Armor...did I just say rusting armor? Well, it *did* pour buckets of rain upon our grand kingdom.

The lot of them are a bunch of wet blankets, especially that spoiled little Princess-in-Pink! Imagine, only wearing the color pink all of your entire life. Frankly, folks, I just don't get it. As for myself, I just adore the color purple! *(Skipping across the stage now.)*

Purple KoolAid, purple grapes, purple violets, purple sunrises and sunsets, purple-people-eaters, purple headbands, purple puppy-dogs...I'm sooo silly. So, let's get on with our show. Maestro!

Elizabethan Moonbeam Festival music, please!

(Court Jester exits. Outside of a royal palace. The Moonbeam Festival is in full swing and every character is now on stage celebrating in dance, etc. Elizabethan-style music is playing. Balloons, small trinkets, etc, may be tossed out or carried down to the children in the audience from those on stage. This can continue for a good five minutes. Elizabethan music stops. ALL enter.)

KING. What a fine day for a celebration! The Moonbeam Festival is our kingdom's finest moment. My kingdom reigns on high! Hmm, where is The Jester of Leicester? I need my fortune told! *(To audience.)* How many of you have had your fortunes told?

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QUEEN. (*Sauntering over to the King addressing the audience.*)

Lester the Jester just told me that I am STILL the fairest queen in the land. How about them apples folks?

KING. (*To Queen.*) Dear heart, the Jester is from Leicester. L-E-I-C-E-S-T-E-R, pronounced "Lester."

QUEEN. (*Rolling her eyes.*) Did I not just say Lester the Jester?

KING. (*Whispering to audience.*) Do you now see what I must tolerate day and night...night and day...day and night. OY!

KNIGHT. (*Smiling, cupping his ear, and walking over to the king and queen.*) Did I just hear my name spoken? Knight, right? Polite. No fright. Full of might. Never trite. Always on site...(*Pulling out his sword and raising it to the sky.*)

KING. (*Shouting to Knight.*) AW, GO FLY A KITE!

DRAGON.(*Pulling his red wagon.*) I love flying kites! The Princess promised me that she'd fly a kite with me last week, but I don't think she will.

PRINCESS. Be quiet, Dragon. Only if I can fly a pink one. Leaping Lord Larry refuses to dance with me! I think you need to behead him this very instant, daddy!

DRAGON. (*To Princess.*) You told me that you were going to zap toads and turn them into handsome princes so that they might frolic with you, Princess. Didn't your zapping work?

KING. Have you nothing better to do with your life than to zap toads my dear girl?

QUEEN. (*Hands flailing as though batting away flies.*) No wonder there are so many flies buzzing around here!

KNIGHT. My blade is sharp Your Majesty! Just say the word and Leaping Larry's head will roll. I aim to please my Princess!

KING: We're celebrating the Medieval Moonbeam Festival! There will be no beheadings today. Besides, Leaping Lord Larry is our only lute player. We need him for our banquet tonight. 'Got lots of flutes, but need more lutes.

KNIGHT. Had you asked me, Princess, I might have danced a jig or two with you.

KINGDOM

PRINCESS. You didn't ask. You never ask. You're so into yourself and your bravery. We've grown up in this kingdom together, yet I'm growing ever so weary of you Knight.

DRAGON. I'll dance with you, Princess-in-Pink.

PRINCESS. (*Giggling.*) What a spectacle that would be, Dragon. You...dancing with me...stepping all over my dainty pink feet with those humongous green and scaly toes of yours. I think not!

QUEEN. I cannot bear the thought of that picture...ever.

(*COURT JESTER appears with BOO card.*)

KING. You dare ask my lovely daughter, the Princess, to dance with you Dragon? You're fortunate that I even allowed you to attend this grand affair today! You have no fire...no flame...yet I have taken pity upon you to allow your presence.

KNIGHT. Well, I am here, invited by both King and Queen, and hoping that their daughter will have at least one go-around with me today.

PRINCESS. Well, only if you promise not to call me spoiled...and rich... and selfish... and stuck up...and a whiner...

KNIGHT. I'd never ever call you that my Princess. What must you think of me?

(*KNIGHT takes PRINCESS 'hand.*)

PRINCESS. I can do the Frug! I'll teach you, Knight!

(*Both do the Frug.*)

KNIGHT. Nah. I like the Twist better.

(*Both do the Twist.*)

DRAGON. Betcha ya don't know The Mash Potato!

ALL. WE *EAT* MASHED POTATOES!

DRAGON. It's a dance as well...come on, I'll show you! (*Dragon demonstrates The Mash Potato. They just stare and shake their heads in disbelief. ALL exit the stage except Dragon.*)

DRAGON. (*To audience.*)

I've been invited to a feast of jellied swans and heraldry, yet nobody cares whether I will ever get my fire back or not. I guess nobody likes a

KINGDOM

dragging 'dragon. I so want to dance like everybody else, but they just make fun of me. What do you think that I should do? Hands up if you have an answer for me please!

(Hopefully, a few of the audience members will suggest something. Dragon can improvise.)

(FLAME SWALLOWER enters stage and walks over to Dragon.)

FLAME SWALLOWER. *(Whipping out a fake sword with cardboard flames attached.)* Hail to the scaly one!

DRAGON. *(Jumping up in fear.)* My name is Dragon if you please.

FLAME SWALLOWER. I so mean to please thy kind creature by the name of Dragon.

DRAGON. *(Crouching low in fear.)* You're not planning on slaying me, are you sir? Knight is my best friend. We color together and play Tag and Uno. Knights are the only ones allowed to slay dragons.

FLAME SWALLOWER. *(To audience.)* What a very strange kingdom this is. A Dragon and a Knight are friends and play games together. Might I be dreaming?

DRAGON. What is your sword suppose to do if not slay, sir?

FLAME SWALLOWER. This! *(Turning sideways and pretending to swallow the sword.)*

DRAGON. Oh dear! I am here at The Moonbeam Festival to entertain! But you're trying to kill yourself!

(Flame Swallower sings the FLAME SWALLOWER'S SONG.)

SOMETIMES I SWALLOW DAGGERS

SOMETIMES A LONGER KNIFE

BELIEVE ME WHEN I TELL YOU

I TRULY TREASURE LIFE!

(Spinning around.)...

'CAUSE I'M AN ENTERTAINER, AND HAPPY AS CAN BE

I LOVE TO PLEASE THE PEOPLE AND SHOW THEM FUNKY ME.

(Spinning around.)

MY FATHER AND HIS FATHER

PERFORMED ON VILLAGE SQUARES

AND OFTEN ON CRUDE STAGES

KINGDOM

AT FESTIVALS AND FAIRS

(Spinning around.)

‘CAUSE I’M AN ENTERTAINER, AND HAPPY AS CAN BE
I LOVE TO PLEASE THE PEOPLE, AND SHOW THEM FUNKY
ME.

(Spinning around.)

I SWALLOW ALL QUITE CAREFULLY
WITH THIS SHARP EDGE-ED SWORD
‘SLICED TONSILS OR CUT STOMACH
I SIMPLY CAN’T AFFORD

(Grabbing the arm of the Dragon and spinning around with him.)

‘CAUSE I’M AN ENTERTAINER, AND HAPPY AS CAN BE
I LOVE TO PLEASE THE PEOPLE, AND SHOW THEM FUNKY
ME.

(Flame Swallower starts to fall, but Dragon catches him.)

FLAME SWALLOWER. Oh, I’m sooo dizzy!

DRAGON. Are you okay Man-Who-Swallows-Swords-and-Fire?

FLAME SWALLOWER. My goodness gracious! I’ve never had that happen to me before. Thank you, kind Dragon.

DRAGON. *(Head hung down in shame.)* I wish I could learn how to swallow swords and entertain. All I can do is make fire and protect the Kingdom.

FLAME SWALLOWER. Surely, you know what an important job that is, Dragon.

DRAGON. But now I can’t even make fire anymore because I slept with my mouth open in a rainstorm. I’m useless.

FLAME SWALLOWER. Oh, dear me. Never ever say that you’re useless. Shooting out flames from one’s mouth is a talent. You are one gifted dragon indeed!

DRAGON. But I’m tired of protecting. I just want to find something else to do.

FLAME SWALLOWER. Pray tell, what are your interests Dragon?

KINGDOM

DRAGON. Well, I LOVE to color, play UNO, drag my little red wagon along, hop scotch, play tag, blow smoke out in little puffy valentine shapes, snort big bubbles out of my nose...

FLAME SWALLOWER. Oh my. All very well and good. I can also teach you how to swallow fiery swords if you wish, after my two performances today.

DRAGON. I do wish. Oh, how I wish. Maybe then I will shine in this Kingdom once and for all!

FLAME SWALLOWER. Pray tell, just why you do you feel this need to shine? Only the sun and the moon can shine. The rest of us should try to do our very best with our talents.

DRAGON. (*Wiping away tears.*) The King takes me for granted and is always yelling at everyone in this kingdom. The old Queen is too busy trying to stay young and beautiful. The Princess always wants to wear pink and she complains about everything and everybody. The Knight just wants to win at battles and marry the Pink Princess so that he can become King one day.

FLAME SWALLOWER. I see, I see. I will contact the local Wise Woman and have her talk with you. She is full of wonderful ideas.
(*WISE WOMAN enters stage and walks over to them both.*)

WISE WOMAN. I heard my name mentioned and have appeared! Tada! Flame Swallower, you are being hailed to perform. Do you not hear the music?

(*Flame Swallower cups his ear and shouts out to them both.*)

FLAME SWALLOWER. Thank you, Wise Woman! Good luck, my Dragon friend. Off I go!

DRAGON. But we just became good pals! Don't leave me now. Maybe we can have an ice cream sundae? I have chocolate fudge that I can melt with my breath. I keep it in my lair because the Knight always wants chocolate. So does Princess in Pink.

(*Flame Swallower waves goodbye and exits stage.*)

DRAGON. (*Smiling at Wise Woman.*) How do you do. I'm Dragon. Will you be my new friend now?

WISE WOMAN. I try to be everybody's friend, dear creature.

KINGDOM

DRAGON. Say! Aren't you the lady who talks to the Queen about her wrinkles?

WISE WOMAN. The very same.

DRAGON. Then how come the Queen is getting uglier?

WISE WOMAN. That's an ugly term to use.

DRAGON. You just used it too. Okay, then how come the Queen looks really bad?

WISE WOMAN. The Queen is who she is by her own making.

DRAGON. She's old. She can't be beautiful anymore. I get it now.

WISE WOMAN. Oh dear me. I do have my work cut out for me indeed. Beauty comes from within! The Queen believes that all of those colored powders will make her pretty. She's very wrong. You see, Dragon, the Queen can be as beautiful as she wants to be. She deems that only face creams will do the trick. She's wrong.

DRAGON. So, swallowing bucket loads of vitamins and rubbing in that icky gooey face creams well as those colored powders, won't do the trick? Our Queen needs help. BIG TIME!

WISE WOMAN. Let's take a seat and I'll tell you all about those things that can and will change people's lives. If I understand it correctly, you are not happy with your life either?

(The Wise Woman and Dragon now sit on the edge of the stage or on stage steps.)

DRAGON. I want the Knight to keep on being my best friend and color and play games with me. Yet every time it rains, he's afraid of getting his armor rusty. He's letting me down, big time.

WISE WOMAN. I suspect his fighting battles takes its toll on Knight. Besides being tired, he's almost at the age where he should be marrying a princess, settling down, and raising a new family of Royals.

DRAGON. Oh no! Knight can't do that. He'll forget about me and I won't have a best friend anymore. Besides, the Pink Princess wants to move Knight far, far away from this kingdom.

KINGDOM

WISE WOMAN. So be it. There are plenty of young Pages out there just waiting to become knights. You'll have more than enough new friends if you're patient. This kingdom most certainly is showing a new trend...Knights and Dragons becoming friends! I suppose that's good thing. It just takes a lot of work on the friendship side of every single person...and creature.

DRAGON. Maybe Knight will find another princess to marry him instead of this whiny pink one!

WISE WOMAN. This Pink Princess is very spoiled and whiny indeed. Perhaps she needs to find out that life is not perfect. She has been given everything she wants. It is not her fault. Life itself will continue to teach her as she grows up. We all must remember that life is not always a bed of toads and roses!

DRAGON. But what if the King wants a brand new dragon? My fire's gone...all gone!

WISE WOMAN. Nonsense! You are full of fire. All you have to do is dry out your mouth and throat, get lots of rest, and very soon you will be flaming once again! If I may suggest, try putting a large chunk of wooden plank between your teeth at night. It will dry you out completely!

DRAGON. You mean the fire truly is still in me?

WISE WOMAN. It never leaves you if you believe in yourself.

DRAGON. (*Dancing around merrily.*) Hot dog with tuna pâté on it! Maybe the King will stop yelling at me!

WISE WOMAN. (*To the audience, rolling her eyes.*) Well, I don't know if I'd go that far....I imagine the King yells because he's frustrated. He's the head of the kingdom and wants it to run smoothly. When it doesn't, he feels responsible. Yelling is his way of saying that he cares. Just keep doing your duty and all will be well in this fine kingdom, dear Dragon.

DRAGON. You promise me?

WISE WOMAN. No. I cannot promise anything. All I can do is give my wise counsel and hope that all in this kingdom come around to better ways of thinking and handling their problems.

KINGDOM

DRAGON. Hot dog with boiled porcupine guts on it...you *are* wise!

WISE WOMAN. I try. I know people very well. That's why I'm called the Wise Woman in these parts of our Kingdom. However, what counts more than a brain is a heart. Remember that Dragon.

DRAGON. Well then, if you are wise because of a big brain, then perhaps I've got a bigger heart and brain because I am so much bigger than anybody else around here! Say, I'm catching on!

WISE WOMAN. That you are, kind Dragon. Keep that heart of your's wide open to everyone you meet.

DRAGON. Even the ones I have to breathe fire upon?

WISE WOMAN. *(To the audience.)* Who knew dragons could be so smart? *(Dragon and Wise Woman exit stage arm in arm. Elizabethan music plays on...)*

***THE PLAY IS NOT OVER!! TO FIND OUT HOW IT ENDS—
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