

My Fair Dragon



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BIG DOG PUBLISHING
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My Fair Dragon

FARCE. King Cuthbert and Queen Priscilla have to break the bad news to Princess Poppy: She can't keep her pet dragon Dimpleton in the castle anymore. The monster just isn't fit for palace life. He knocks everything over with his giant tail, he belches fire at the dinner table, and he accidentally burned down the royal apple orchard. To help Dimpleton adjust to palace life, Princess Poppy asks Prince Charming to give Dimpleton a crash course on castle charm and etiquette. Prince Charming tries to show Dimpleton how to introduce himself without roaring, how to dance in the ballroom without looking like he is circling prey, and how to smile without bearing his teeth menacingly or burping fire at the dinner table. Dimpleton tries his best to be the perfect palace pet, but he is a dragon after all!

Performance Time: Approximately 30 minutes.

Characters

(4 M, 7 F, 4 flexible, extras)

- PRINCESS POPPY:** Friendly and outgoing princess who loves her pet dragon Dimpleton; female.
- DIMPLETON:** Princess Poppy's playful, clumsy, and excitable dragon; male.
- KING CUTHBERT:** A kindly king who has trouble saying no to Princess Poppy; male.
- QUEEN PRISCILLA:** Princess Poppy's mother who wants Dimpleton out of the palace ASAP and is swept away by Prince Charming's charm; female.
- WIZARD:** Elderly wizard who loves to tell stories; male.
- PRINCE CHARMING:** Charming, charismatic prince who is called upon to give Dimpleton a crash course on charm and etiquette; no good at fighting ogres; male.
- WITCH:** Grumbling, grumpy witch who wants to turn Dimpleton into a frog; female.
- FAIRY GODMOTHER:** Fairy godmother who can't grant wishes to dragons; female.
- ENCHANTRESS:** Enchantress who would like to put Dimpleton into an enchanted sleep for 100 years; female.
- MINSTREL 1:** A hungry minstrel who plays a recorder or reed pipe; flexible.
- MINSTREL 2:** A hungry minstrel who plays the drums; flexible.
- MINSTREL 3:** A hungry minstrel who plays the tambourine; flexible.
- PRINCESS PHOEBE:** Princess who wants to be in a band and make her own happily ever after; female.
- QUEEN GERTRUDE:** Princess Phoebe's stern mother; female.
- OGRE:** A hungry ogre; flexible.
- EXTRAS:** Puppies, Kittens, and a Black Cat (opt.) to accompany the Witch.

Setting

Once upon a time, inside a castle.

Set

Interior of a castle. A backdrop can be used.

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Props

Tambourine
Reed pipe or recorder
Drums
Caldron
Spoon

Broomstick
Basket of apples
Magic wand
Pair of fluffy pink earmuffs

Sound Effect

Medieval music

“This monster isn’t fit
for palace life!”

—Queen Priscilla

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(AT RISE: Inside a castle. Minstrels 1-3 and Princess Phoebe are having an impromptu jam session. They have various types of instruments such as a tambourine, a reed pipe or recorder, and drums. Note: Or other instruments may be used if desired.)

PRINCESS PHOEBE: All right, Minstrels, let's do a sound check. *(All of them play their instruments as loudly as possible.)* Sounds good. All right, let's tune. Can someone give me a "D"? *(Minstrel 1 plays a long sustained note on his recorder or reed pipe. The rest "tune" their instruments.)* Everything in tune? Great! Are you ready to rock into happily ever after?! Let's jam these castle walls down! *(To Minstrel 2.)* Why don't you lay down a fat beat for us?

(Minstrel 2 with a drum or another type of percussion instrument starts playing.)

QUEEN GERTRUDE: *(Offstage, calls.)* Phoebe! Phoebe!

PRINCESS PHOEBE: *(To Minstrels 1-3.)* It's her! Quick!

(Princess Phoebe and Minstrels 1-3 try to hide their instruments and run around the room in a panic. Minstrel 3 disguises his tambourine by wearing it as a hat. Minstrel 1, who has a recorder/reed pipe, can't find anywhere to hide it. Queen Gertrude enters.)

MINSTREL 1: *(Using recorder/reed pipe as a sword.)* En garde!
Parry! Lunge! Attack!

QUEEN GERTRUDE: Phoebe?

PRINCESS PHOEBE: Hi, Mom. Just practicing fencing.
Advance!

QUEEN GERTRUDE: Fencing?

PRINCESS PHOEBE: For when I might be in distress! Be the charming prince of your own destiny...that's my motto! En garde!

QUEEN GERTRUDE: So you are practicing swordplay...
(*Looking at recorder.*) ...with reed pipes?

PRINCESS PHOEBE: You never know when a maniac might come at you with a reed pipe. A princess has to make her own happily ever after!

QUEEN GERTRUDE: (*Indicating Minstrels 1-3.*) I wasn't notified about any new fencing instructors.

PRINCESS PHOEBE: (*Indicating Minstrels 1-3.*) These charming and chivalrous knights were just passing through the kingdom, returning from their quests. I thought I would invite them to the palace to instruct me in the latest combat techniques and bring me up to date on any advances in Medieval weaponry.

QUEEN GERTRUDE: Rumor around the palace is that there is a band of traveling minstrels passing through the village.

MINSTREL 3: (*Insulted.*) Minstrels? More aptly put...*musical poets* reciting tales of courtly love and chivalrous deeds...ballads of epic battles and tales from across the kingdom! Who doesn't love a wandering musical poet?

(*Minstrel 1, 2 nod in agreement.*)

QUEEN GERTRUDE: More like storytelling and singing scallywags who beg for their dinner.

MINSTREL 1: Speaking of dinner...I think that's an excellent notion! Who else is hungry?

(*Minstrel 2, 3 enthusiastically nod in agreement and raise their hands.*)

PRINCESS PHOEBE: Don't believe everything you hear, Mom. Clearly, these are fearsome mercenaries, trained fighting machines. (*To Minstrels 1-3.*) Right?

(Minstrels 1-3 get into their best fighting positions and try to look tough but fail abysmally.)

QUEEN GERTRUDE: *(To Minstrel 2, pointing to the tambourine on his head.)* That's very fashionable armor you have there.

MINSTREL 2: It's the latest in military defense technology. You strike fear in your opponent by making loud noises as you approach.

(Banging on his tambourine to demonstrate, Minstrel 2 menacingly approaches Queen Gertrude.)

QUEEN GERTRUDE: *(Sarcastically.)* So the silent and stealthy attack is out of fashion these days, huh?

PRINCESS PHOEBE: If you don't mind, Mother, I would like to get back to my fencing lessons.

MINSTREL 2: This move is called the rattlesnake. *(Shakes tambourine and does some fighting poses.)*

QUEEN GERTRUDE: *(Sardonically.)* The rattlesnake?

(Wizard enters carrying a cauldron and spoon.)

WIZARD: Hey, Princess Phoebe! Look what I found in my potions cabinet! Why, I remember once upon a time when I use to use this now blackened and tarnished cauldron for brewing beauty potions and sleeping draughts, but, now, I'm ready to join the percussion section! *(Excitedly hits the bottom of the cauldron with the spoon.)*

QUEEN GERTRUDE: Percussion section?

WIZARD: I was going about my royal advisor duties at the market today and found these excellent minstrels. Naturally, knowing Princess Phoebe's musical propensity, I invited them to the palace as guests of honor. We are going to start a band, right, Princess Phoebe?

QUEEN GERTRUDE: A band?

PRINCESS PHOEBE: A band of brave fencers, that is.

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WIZARD: Why, I remember once upon a time back when I was still an apprentice wizard I was in the band, "The Cool Coven." There was Magnus the Magical on the mandore, Wilmot the Wizard on the lute, and me banging my wand away on the drums –

QUEEN GERTRUDE: Phoebe, I get tired of having this conversation with you!

PRINCESS PHOEBE: Not as much as I get tired of hearing this conversation.

QUEEN GERTRUDE: I expressly forbid you to be in a band!

MINSTREL 1: (*Clears throat.*) Pardon me, I can't help but thinking this would make an excellent conversation over lunch.

MINSTREL 2: We haven't eaten in several days, Your Majesties...living the bohemian, starving-artist life, I'm afraid. Feudalism hasn't been the best for arts funding.

WIZARD: Why, I remember once upon a time back in the day when I would go on pilgrimages while I was still discovering my magical propensities and learning more about the ancient magical arts, I, too, would be starving...traveling days on only a crust of bread –

PRINCE PHOEBE: (*To Queen Gertrude.*) Why can't I start a band?

QUEEN GERTRUDE: Being in a band is improper! Unseemly! Unprincesslike!

PRINCESS PHOEBE: Maybe I don't want to be a princess!

QUEEN GERTRUDE: Why, you ungrateful –! Well, fine! I'll just lock you in a tower and throw away the key! You are grounded, young lady!

PRINCESS PHOEBE: Fine! At least I'll have time to sing!

QUEEN GERTRUDE: Fine!

MINSTREL 1: Will there be *food* in the tower? If so, you can ground me, too!

MINSTREL 2: (*To Queen Gertrude.*) And me!

MINSTREL 3: (*To Queen Gertrude.*) Count me in!

WIZARD: *(To Queen Gertrude, calming her.)* Now, now, there is no need to go all Rapunzel and Wicked Witch on Princess Phoebe, Your Majesty. Why, this reminds me of another kingdom I offered council to a long time ago. There were very similar circumstances –

QUEEN GERTRUDE: Was there an ungrateful, selfish, and disobedient princess in that kingdom, too?

WIZARD: There was a princess...a very unusual princess, yes. Her name was...

(Lights dim on actors, who stand off to one side. Lights up as King Cuthbert enters.)

KING CUTHBERT: *(Calls.)* Princess Poppy! Princess Poppy! It's time for your dancing lesson!

(Queen Priscilla enters frantically.)

QUEEN PRISCILLA: Oh, Cuthbert! Have you found her yet?

KING CUTHBERT: She wasn't in the throne room or the library, Priscilla.

QUEEN PRISCILLA: Well, she wasn't in the stables or palace kitchens. *(Calls.)* Princess Poppy! Princess Poppy!

KING CUTHBERT: We could order the guards to search for her.

QUEEN PRISCILLA: For the third time this week, Cuthbert? The guards should be attending to their guardly duties – namely guarding – not searching for miscreant monarchs!

KING CUTHBERT: Well, what do you suggest? It is most undignified for a regal royal such as myself to be wandering around the castle shouting and bellowing.

QUEEN PRISCILLA: She is with that beastly brute again.

KING CUTHBERT: Now, Priscilla...

QUEEN PRISCILLA: You never should have let her keep that monster.

KING CUTHBERT: Me? You didn't stop her!

QUEEN PRISCILLA: I thought it was just a passing phase! A girlish fancy! I didn't know.

KING CUTHBERT: Maybe she will still grow out of it.

QUEEN PRISCILLA: Not before that monster destroys our entire kingdom.

KING CUTHBERT: You're right, sweetie. We have to do something!

QUEEN PRISCILLA: Precisely!

KING CUTHBERT: Next time I see our Princess Poppy, I will walk right up to her and say, "Now, see here, Poppy –"

(Princess Poppy enters.)

PRINCESS POPPY: See what, Dad?

KING CUTHBERT: *(Immediately softening.)* How are you doing, kiddo?

QUEEN PRISCILLA: *(To Princess Poppy.)* Where were you?! You missed your ballroom dancing lesson!

PRINCESS POPPY: No, I didn't. We had ballroom dancing out in the courtyard

QUEEN PRISCILLA: Dancing? In the courtyard? Not the ballroom? How uncivilized!

PRINCESS POPPY: Dimpleton can't really do his pencil turn in the ballroom. His tail keeps swinging into the suits of armor and the banners around the edge of the ballroom.

QUEEN PRISCILLA: Dancing? In the courtyard?

PRINCESS POPPY: *(Sheepishly.)* Dimpleton might have scared away a few of the chickens...

QUEEN PRISCILLA: Ballroom dancing with chickens?! Oh, Cuthbert!

KING CUTHBERT: Now, see here, Princess Poppy! We need to have a little chat about Dimpleton.

[END OF FREEVIEW]