

The Princess and The Pea

Sample Script Extract

Scene 1

[The palace throne room. The King and Queen are on their thrones, attended by two servants. They have summoned their son, Prince Percival, to see them.]

King: Now then Prince Percival, your mother and I have been talking and we think it's time you got married.

Prince: Really? I don't even have a girlfriend yet!

King: That's not the point. When I am gone you will be King, and you must have an heir.

Queen: Besides, I'm bored. I want grandchildren.

King: Quite. I would like to die happy, knowing that you are married to a princess worthy of you.

Prince: Dad, you're only forty-seven!

King: Son!

Prince: Alright, alright! If it'll make you happy, I'll get married.

King: Excellent. Summon the Palace PR Department.

Servant 1: *[bowing]* Right away, sir. *[Exit]*

Prince: The what?

Queen: Palace PR – Princess Resources, dear.

[Enter the Head of Palace PR, Nigel, and his secretary, Steve; both carrying clipboards]

Nigel: Sire, am I to understand that the young Prince requires our services?

King: That's right. You are to help Percival find a Princess worthy to be his bride.

Steve: *[clapping]* Oooh, how exciting!

Nigel: Be quiet Steve! Sire, it will be an honour. Your Highness, shall we begin right away?

Prince: Well, er, yes. Ok.

King: Excellent. We'll leave you to it!

Queen: I'll start knitting booties!

[Exit King & Queen]

Nigel: What sort of Princess did you have in mind, Your Highness?

Prince: Um . . . er . . . I don't really know.

Steve: Never fear! Palace PR is here!

Nigel: Be quiet! Don't worry, Your Highness. You can leave everything up to us. We just need to make a preliminary checklist of requirements. Steve!

Steve: [*consulting his clipboard*] Would you like her to be beautiful, Your Highness?

Prince: Definitely.

Steve: Good choice.

Nigel: Get on with it Steve!

Steve: Sorry. Musical?

Prince: Yes.

Steve: Kind?

Prince: Yes.

Steve: A good cook?

Prince: I suppose so.

Steve: Clever?

Prince: Oh no, I don't think that's a good idea. Just average. Like me.

Nigel: Very wise, sir.

Steve: Would you like her to be an animal lover?

Prince: Yes.

Steve: Vegetarian?

Prince: Definitely not!

Steve: Good at football?

Prince: Oh yes!

Steve: Rugby?

Prince: Maybe not . . .

Nigel: Well, that's all we need to be going on with. Excellent answers, if I may say so, sir.

Prince: You may. What happens now?

Nigel: Using your questionnaire, we'll come up with a shortlist of likely princesses and arrange interviews. Does Tuesday suit you?

Prince: Golly, that soon? Well, yes, sure.

Nigel: Leave it to us, Your Highness. Farewell. [*bowing & making for the exit*]

Steve: It's an honour to be working for you Prince Percival! If I may say –

Nigel: Steve! Be quiet and come here!

Steve: Sorry.

Nigel: Farewell, Your Highness.

[*They bow & exit. Prince Percival leaves by another exit.*]