SAMUEL FRENCH SAMPLE PERUSAL

This sample is an *excerpt* from a Samuel French title.

This sample is for perusal only and may not be used for performance purposes.

You may not download, print, or distribute this excerpt.

We highly recommend purchasing a copy of the title before considering for performance.

For more information about licensing or about purchasing a play or musical, please visit our website.

www.samuelfrench.com
www.samuelfrench.co.uk

SF PERUSALS

Stanley, the Stalwart Dragon

by Trisha Sugarek

Single copies of plays are sold for reading purposes only. The copying or duplicating of a play, or any part of play, by hand or by any other process, is an infringement of the copyright. Such infringement will be vigorously prosecuted.



Baker's Plays
c/o Samuel French, Inc.
45 West 25 Street
New York, NY 10010
bakersplays.com

NOTICE

This book is offered for sale at the price quoted only on the understanding that, if any additional copies of the whole or any part are necessary for its production, such additional copies will be purchased. The attention of all purchasers is directed to the following: this work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, the British Commonwealth, including Canada, and all other countries of the Copyright Union. Violations of the Copyright Law are punishable by fine or imprisonment, or both. The copying or duplication of this work or any part of this work, by hand or by any process, is an infringement of the copyright and will be vigorously prosecuted.

This play may not be produced by amateurs or professionals for public or private performance without first submitting application for performing rights.Licensing fees are due on all performances whether for charity or gain, or whether admission is charged or not. Since performance of this play without the payment of the royalty fee renders anybody participating liable to severe penalties imposed by the law, anybody acting in this play should be sure, before doing so, that the royalty fee has been paid. Professional rights, reading rights, radio broadcasting, television and all mechanical rights, etc. are strictly reserved. Application for performing rights should be made directly to BAKER'S PLAYS.

No one shall commit or authorize any act or omission by which the copyright of, or the right to copyright, this play may be impaired. No one shall make any changes in this play for the purpose of production.

Publication of this play does not imply availability for performance. Both amateurs and professionals considering a production are strongly advised in their own interest to apply to Baker's Plays for written permission before starting rehearsals, advertising, or booking a theatre.

Whenever the play is produced, the author's name must be carried in all publicity, advertising and programs. Also, the following notice must appear on all printed programs, "Produced by special arrangement with Baker's Plays."

Licensing fees for STANLEY, THE STALWART DRAGON are based on a per performance rate and payable one week in advance of the production.

Please consult the Baker's Plays website at www.bakersplays.com or our current print catalogue for up to date licensing fee information.

Copyright © 2010 by Trisha Sugarek
Made in U.S.A.
All rights reserved.
Cover illustration by Mitchell Lamar Larkins

STANLEY, THE STALWART DRAGON
ISBN **978-0-87440-239-1**
#2051-B

CHARACTERS

STARE – The rhetorical owl.

STANLEY – The dragon is a gentle soul, different from everyone at home. He wears glasses, is soft spoken and, for the life of him, can't breathe fire.

DONALD – The good and kind faerie. He and Emma are best friends.

PERSNICKETY – A Lady Bug. She is Stanley's sidekick. She is fussy about everything.

CHEETS – A mischievous elf. He is never still or quiet. He jumps, runs, hops, skips around the stage. He has bigger ears, feet and brain than Donald and the other faeries. Not gender specific.

EMMA – An earthling girl. She is the Queen's favorite since she rescued the Unicorn from a century old curse.

CLEO – Queen of the faeries, she reins over the forest and she and her handmaidens care for the all the faeries and woodland creatures.

SCARLET
YELLOW
ORANGE
BLUE
PURPLE
GREEN
– Young handmaidens to the Queen. They are dressed in their respective colors. Long flowing gowns, reminiscent of Medieval times. Their hands, feet and faces and wings are the same color as their gowns and their names.

THOMAS – A big sea Turtle. He is plodding, slow, in his movements and speech. He only speaks in nautical terms. *(See glossary)*

CITY SLICK THE THIRD – A Raven who is a wise guy, a slick operator, always got a deal going. He wants to lure Stanley to the bright lights of the Circus and sell him.

FRECKLES – The Circus owner and clown.

Various faeries and small creatures of the forest. Rabbits, skunks, squirrels, fawns, to include children of all ages in non-speaking parts. Some can be double cast as circus people and animals for Act II. The ballerina is optional.

PRODUCTION NOTES

STANLEY never breathes fire. The best he can do is blow bubbles and should have the capacity to do so throughout the performance. He should be as large as he can be so that at first he frightens everyone. He wears horn rimmed glasses. He burps bubbles when he is emotional.

SLICK, the Raven should always speak in tones like a circus barker, a dealer wheeler, a wise guy. He lives for the next deal. In Act I, he is dressed in black except a diamond patterned vest in black and white. He wears a black derby hat. In Act II his vest is bright yellow. He wears a yellow feather in his hat.

QUEEN CLEO speaks in the royal 'we'. This is not a grammatical error.

The toad stool that **STANLEY** sits on should be a little larger than the others, but still small enough to look ludicrous when he sits on it.

PERSNICKETY should straighten, trim, organize, clean, the entire time on stage. She could carry a very small whist broom and dust pan on her belt.

FRECKLES, the clown is in full clown make up with a down turned mouth and large freckles. He wears a large key on a chain.

Act II, Sc.2 and 3: There is a set change to the Circus. This must be simple enough to strike between scenes. There should be a sound track of the circus audience. Scene 3 opens with Circus Theme music.

Act II: The back stage of the circus can be suggestive. A canvas tarp can be laid on the forest floor. A large colorful drum; the type that the circus master stands on. Some ropes are hanging from above to suggest a tent and the trapeze. The chain around **STANLEY**'s ankle should be very large. During the circus scenes **STARE** exits the stage.

Act II, Sc.4: The **BALLERINA** is optional.

Act II, Sc. 9: When **STANLEY** and **PERSNICKETY** fly away, the actors should follow their flight with their heads and bodies as **STANLEY** makes the large circle and heads in the right direction. If budget allows **STANLEY** could actually 'fly' away.

Any more questions? Please contact the playwright through her web site:
www.writeratplay.com

To children everywhere…

You are my inspiration.

ACT I

Scene One

*(**AT RISE:** A lush, deep, enchanted forest. It is quiet and still with the exception of a hooting owl and occasional bird song.)*

(There is thrashing in the underbrush and **STANLEY** *enters from between the trees. His tie is crooked, his glasses askew and he has leaves and twigs all over him. He acts very bold at first.)*

STANLEY. I'll show them! They can't treat me like this.

STARE. Whooo??

*(***STANLEY***, losing his bravado quickly, looks around the scary forest. He sits down on a small toad stool and squishes it flat. Sighing he rises and sits on a larger one.)*

STANLEY. Oh, dear, oh dear! I fear I am lost.

STARE. Who?

STANLEY. Me.

STARE. Who?

*(***STANLEY** *rises and takes a brave stance.)*

STANLEY. Me. Me! *(sees* **STARE***)* Who are you? Friend or foe?

STARE. Who.

STANLEY. Don't you know any other question? I have one for *you*; where am I?

STARE. Who?

STANLEY. Well, Who, if you intend me harm, think again. I am a very fearsome dragon.

STARE. Who?

STANLEY. Me! That's who, Who! Friend or foe?

STARE. Who?

STANLEY. I know your name, but are you friend or…

*(***DONALD** *enters.)*

DONALD. Hello. Can I help?

STANLEY. *(He whirls around at* **DONALD***'s voice.)* Don't come any closer! I am a fire breathing dragon.

(Out of the forest rushes **PERSNICKETY**, **STANLEY***'s friend and sidekick.)*

PERSNICKETY. There you are, you bad dragon! I thought I told you to wait for me….

*(***PERSNICKETY** *sees* **DONALD** *and stands in front of* **STANLEY** *to defend him.)*

PERSNICKETY. Please, Sir. Do not hurt him. He really is a very nice dragon.

*(***DONALD***, with a courtly bow.)*

DONALD. I mean you no harm, Mr. Dragon. My name is Donald and I'm very pleased to meet you.

STANLEY. You are?

PERSNICKETY. You are?

STARE. Who?

DONALD. Quiet.

STARE. Who?

STANLEY. Who?

PERSNICKETY. Excuse me?

DONALD. I was talking to Stare, the owl.

*(***STANLEY** *swings his head to* **STARE** *and glares at him.)*

STANLEY. He told me his name is 'Who'.

STARE. *(indignant)* Who?

DONALD. *(laughing)* No…that's what he *asks*. He asks far too many questions and they are always the same. But, his name is Stare.

STANLEY. Well, it wasn't very nice of him to lie to me.

STARE. Who?!

STANLEY. You!

PERSNICKETY. What beautiful manners you have, Donald. My name is Persnickety and this messy dragon is Stanley the Stalwart.

*(***PERSNICKETY** *crosses to* **STANLEY** *and starts picking off leaves and twigs, straightening his tie.)*

PERSNICKETY. Really, Stanley. You're in no state to meet new people. Just look at you! I leave you alone for two seconds and you get all dirty.

STANLEY. Sorry, Nickety.

PERSNICKETY. *(referring to nickname)* What did I tell you?

DONALD. I am certain it was a misunderstanding about Stare's name. He is a nice owl and generally very truthful. *(beat)* May I call you Stanley?

STANLEY. Yes. But don't call her 'Nickety'. She gets mad.

(Laughing, **DONALD** *approaches* **STANLEY** *and holds out his hand to shake.)*

DONALD. How do you do, Stanley. *(shakes her hand)* Persnickety.

STANLEY. Not so well, Donald. I fear that we are lost. Where is this exactly and…*what* are you?

PERSNICKETY. Stanley, what a rude question!

DONALD. No, no, not at all. I am a faerie. You are in our forest. Well, really it's Emma's forest since Hazard gave it to her. Cleo, the Queen of the Faeries rules over us all, as we are an enchanted forest. I am Emma's friend. Cheets, who is an elf, will take some getting used to. Hazard used to be a bad man but he married Emma's mother so…. *(takes a big breath to continue)*

STANLEY. Wait! Wait. You're making my head hurt. Can we go slower?

DONALD. Of course. I'm sorry. You say you and Persnickety are lost, Stanley? Where do you live?

*(***CHEETS** *runs on and skitters to a stop in front of* **DONALD**.*)*

CHEETS. Okay! Who's got the dragon's breath? *(runs around)* Ewwww! Dragon Breath! Dragon Breath!

DONALD. Cheets! Stop that at once! Stanley does not have bad breath.

CHEETS. *(spies* **STANLEY***)* Whoa!! *What is it?*

DONALD. Where are your manners? That's not a 'it'. That's a 'he'. This is Stanley.

CHEETS. What is '*he*'?

DONALD. Stanley's a dragon.

CHEETS. I *knew* I smelled dragon breath!

DONALD. Cheets, will you stop being so rude? Stanley is my new friend and he does not have dragon's breath.

(Hands on hips, **CHEETS** *walks around* **STANLEY** *staying a safe distance from him.)*

CHEETS. So, what's he doing here in our forest? Is he lost? Is he on the lamb? Did he burn down a village? Is he going to burn down our forest?

(runs around more agitated)

CHEETS. Fire! Fire! Get the Queen. Sound the alarm! FIRE!

STARE. Who?

DONALD. Cheets! Stop yelling. I am certain that Stanley is a good dragon and isn't going to set fire to anything. *(Beat. Worried:)* Would you, Stanley?

PERSNICKETY. Certainly not!

STANLEY. No, Donald. You see, that's why…

(Trumpets sound, music plays, bells ring. **QUEEN CLEO** *and her* **ENTOURAGE** *enter.* **EMMA** *is with the* **QUEEN**. **CHEETS** *runs around frantically.)*

CHEETS. The Queen!! The Queen cometh! Long live the Queen.

(runs to **STANLEY** *and around him, always keeping a safe distance)*

Hey, Dragon Breath, better run away. The Queen is coming.

STARE. Who?

DONALD. Cheets!

*(***CHEETS** *makes an awkward, courtly bow to* **QUEEN CLEO**. *The Queen's* **HANDMAIDENS** *cower in a fearful group when they see the dragon.)*

CHEETS. Your Majesty. Wait 'till you see what I've got! You are going to be so surprised. I captured it. I was very brave. *(pointing to* **STANLEY***)* LOOK!!

*(***QUEEN CLEO** *acknowledges* **STANLEY** *but addresses* **DONALD**.*)*

QUEEN CLEO. Sir Donald. We are pleased to see you. Who is this fine, young dragon that visits our forest?

CHEETS. I *told* you, your Majesty! I was very brave, like a knight at your court… It's a dragon, he breathes fire, I saw it with my very own eyes and I captured him.

PERSNICKETY. He did not!

STANLEY. I didn't breathe any fire.

QUEEN CLEO. *(sternly)* Cheets, do you need a time out?

*(***CHEETS** *skids to a stop.)*

CHEETS. No, Ma'am. Cheets will be good. See? Cheets will sit down over here.

(He sits.)

QUEEN CLEO. Sir Donald?

STARE. Who?

QUEEN CLEO. Oh, Stare, we did not see you. How do you fare?

*(***STARE** *ruffles his feathers with delight at being noticed by his* **QUEEN**.*)*

STARE. Whoooo.

DONALD. My Queen, may I present my new friends, Stanley and Persnickety? They seem to be lost. Stanley, this is the Queen of the faeries, Queen Cleo. Her majesty rules over all.

*(***STANLEY** *gives a surprisingly graceful bow given his size.* **PERSNICKETY** *gives a perfect curtsey.)*

STANLEY. Your Majesty.

PERSNICKETY. Charmed, Your Grace.

DONALD. These lovely ladies are her ladies in waiting. And, this is my dear friend, Emma.

STANLEY. Ladies.

(The **HANDMAIDENS** *shake with fear.)*

PERSNICKETY. Oh, Stanley, look at their lovely gowns. They look like a field of flowers. And, Emma. What a charming child.

STANLEY. Miss Emma.

*(***EMMA** *rushes over, without any fear, and hugs* **STANLEY**.*)*

EMMA. Stanley, you are so beautiful. Are you a real dragon? Do you truly spit fire? *(laughs)* We will never need a match again!

*(***STANLEY** *blushes.)*

QUEEN CLEO. Mr. Dragon…

STANLEY. Excuse me, your Majesty, but my name is Stanley the Stalwart. Please do me the honour of calling me 'Stanley'.

QUEEN CLEO. Well, Stanley, your mother must be very proud of her '*stalwart*' son.

STANLEY. That's the problem, your Majesty. She isn't. I didn't turn out very well.

PERSNICKETY. That's not the case at all!

DONALD. Stanley, I'm sure that's not true.

STANLEY. Sadly, it is. I am a great disappointment to my Mother…and Father.

*(***CLEO** *turns to her ladies.)*

QUEEN CLEO. Ladies…our chair… *(notices that they are afraid)* For heavens sakes, there is nothing to fear here. Scarlet, Blue, Orange, our chair.

(The **HANDMAIDENS** *hurry to bring a large flower throne over to the* **QUEEN**. *She sits.* **EMMA** *sits at her knee. The* **HANDMAIDENS** *gather around the* **QUEEN**. **CHEETS** *jumps up and runs around the* **QUEEN** *and the stage.)*

*(***PERSNICKETY** *crosses to the* **QUEEN** *and fusses with the folds of her gown.* **PERSNICKETY** *straightens* **EMMA***'s hair bow.)*

STANLEY. Persnickety, stop fussing. Forgive her, your Majesty, Nickety can't bear for things to be messy or less than perfect.

PERSNICKETY. I apologize, Your Grace, if I offend.

EMMA. I think it's cute.

STARE. Who?

QUEEN CLEO. No offense taken, Stanley. Now that we are all settled, will you tell us what brings you here to our forest?

*(***CHEETS** *runs across the stage, shouting.)*

CHEETS. A story! A story! Hurry, everyone, there's going to be a story!

(As everyone is settling into their seats, the **WOODLAND CREATURES** *begin to cautiously emerge from the forest. Faeries flit about and settle.)*

QUEEN CLEO. Donald, Stanley, please be seated.

*(***DONALD** *begins to sit and* **CHEETS** *runs over and takes the toad stool where* **DONALD** *was going to sit.)*

EMMA. Oh, yes please, Stanley, tell us your tale.

*(***THOMAS***, the sea turtle enters the clearing in his plodding manner. He crosses to the* **QUEEN** *and* **EMMA**.*)*

THOMAS. Shiver me timbers, Your Grace. What a motley crew!

EMMA. Hello, Thomas! Where have you been?

QUEEN CLEO. Thomas, we have missed you. May we introduce our new friends to you?

*(***STANLEY** *rises from his stool.* **THOMAS** *and* **STANLEY** *eye each other and don't like what they see.)*

THOMAS. What is *that*? In all my travels I've never seen anything…

STANLEY. What is a 'Thomas'? And what's that he's wearing?

(Everyone laughs at their reaction to one another.)

THOMAS. Looks like a sea monster I spied once off the coast of Africa.

STANLEY. He looks like my mother's pie plate set up-side-down.

THOMAS. I do not!

STANLEY. I am not!

PERSNICKETY. He does not!

CHEETS. Fight! Fight!

QUEEN CLEO. Please, please, one at a time. Cheets, sit down. There will be no fighting.

THOMAS. Batten the hatches, there's a sea monster amongst us!

STANLEY. I. AM. NOT. A. SEA. MONSTER.

*(***STANLEY** *is upset and rears back his head and blows… bubbles all over* **THOMAS**.*)*

EMMA. *(Rising, she crosses to* **STANLEY** *and takes his hand.)* Dear Stanley, don't be upset. Of course you're not a sea monster. Thomas didn't mean to insult you and hurt your feelings. Did you, Thomas?

THOMAS. No, I guess not.

EMMA. Say you're sorry, Thomas.

THOMAS. But, Miss Emma, there's a strange tide that's runnin' today…

*(***EMMA** *waits.* **THOMAS** *pauses.)*

…Sor–rey!

EMMA. Stanley?

STANLEY. Sorry for the pie plate remark.

PERSNICKETY. Very well done, Emma.

EMMA. Wonderful! Now we're all friends. Just because we're different from each other, doesn't mean we can't be friends. After all, I'm an earthling and you are all enchanted creatures and faeries *(Smiles at* **CHEETS**.*)* *and elves* and yet we're all the best of friends, aren't we? Remember when I was crippled with my bad leg…you didn't call me names or laugh because I walked funny. You were all very kind to me. *(beat)* Stanley, Thomas is a sea turtle. He is a very famous Captain and has sailed the world.

*(***THOMAS** *puffs up with pride and* **STANLEY** *stares at him in fascination.)*

EMMA. And Thomas, Stanley is a…

*(***CHEETS** *jumps up and runs to* **EMMA**, *nearly knocking her down.)*

CHEETS. Let me! Let me tell, Emma. I found him!

DONALD. You didn't!

CHEETS. Did too.

STARE. *(indignant because he saw* **STANLEY** *first)* WHO!!

PERSNICKETY. *(indicating* **CHEETS***)* Who and what *is this?*

DONALD. Oh no, here we go…

EMMA. Cheets is a…

CHEETS. Cheets is an Elf! I am *not* a faerie. Cheets has bigger feet, the better to run with, Cheets has bigger ears, the better to hear with, Cheets has a bigger brain…the better to think with.

THOMAS. Good grief! There's a hot wind a'blowin'.

STARE. Who?

PERSNICKETY. You're a very odd little thing.

EMMA. Dear Miss Persnickety, we're all special each in our own way, don't you think?

CHEETS. Cheets will now tell the story of how he captured the fire breathing dragon.

*(***CHEETS** *begins speaking rapidly, moving all the time and gesturing.)*

CHEETS. Donald and I were alone here in the forest…

STARE. *(indignant)* Who?

CHEETS. …and I said to Donald, 'I smell dragon breath' and Donald said that he didn't smell anything. Then the bushes and trees started to shake and tremble and Donald was afraid. But I wasn't. Then I said, in a loud voice, 'Come out and show yourself!' And this dragon burst from the forest, breathing fire and barely missed us and I captured him and then the Queen came and now he's subdued but watch out…he could spew fire at any moment…

QUEEN CLEO. Cheets, what have I told you about telling fibs?

DONALD. What a ridiculous tall tale, Cheets.

CHEETS. Most of it's true. Show 'em, Stanley. Set fire to that bush over there.

*(***STANLEY***, not wanting to disappoint, rears his head back and blows bubbles toward the bush. Everyone laughs except for the* **QUEEN**, **DONALD**, *and* **EMMA**. **STANLEY** *hangs his head in shame.)*

PERSNICKETY. Oh, dear.

EMMA. Stanley, they aren't laughing *at* you. They are laughing because the bubbles make them so happy. They're such pretty bubbles, like a rainbow. Isn't that right, everyone?

(Ashamed, everyone eagerly agrees.)

THOMAS. He certainly is sensitive for a sea mons…*dragon.* He wouldn't last a day on one of my ships! I remember when we rounded the Cape of Good Hope, with Africa on our starboard…it was a stormy night and a sea monster emerged out of the black waters…

QUEEN CLEO. Thomas. We would love to hear that story…. but perhaps another time. Stanley was about to tell us how he ended up here in our forest so far from his home. *(She turns to* **STANLEY**.*)* Stanley, now that we are all gathered, would you favor us with your tale?

PERSNICKETY. It's a good one, Your Grace!

*(***STANLEY** *sits again and* **EMMA** *sits next to him.)*

STANLEY. I grew up far, far from here on an island called Clymene. My dragon clan are direct descendants of the mystical dragon, Ladon, who guarded Hesperides' garden. In the garden there was a tree that bore golden apples. Many eons ago Hercules killed Ladon so he could possess the golden apples. So my ancestors fled to our island and we have lived there ever since. My ancestors were all fierce dragons. My grandfather could burn down a whole village with one exhale. *(Everyone 'Oohs and Ahs'.)* My parents expected great things from me.

STARE. Who?

STANLEY. My parents…

STARE. Who?

*(***STANLEY** *looks perplexed.)*

EMMA. Don't answer him Stanley. If you do we'll be here all day. Now, tell us why you think you didn't turn out well.

STANLEY. *(ashamed)* I'm not fierce. I can't stand the thought of burning someone's village down. I don't want to defeat the black knights. I… *(Beat. Sighs.)* I…I can't breathe fire. Not a spurt, not even a puff of smoke.

EMMA. Oh! Poor, dear Stanley.

CHEETS. *(Jumps up. Runs around.)* Didn't Cheets say? He's got dragon breath. Dragon Breath! Dragon Breath!

QUEEN CLEO. Cheets! This is your warning.

*(***CHEETS** *ignores the* **QUEEN**.*)*

CHEETS. I told Donald I smelled dragon's breat…

*(***CLEO** *snaps her fingers and* **CHEETS** *freezes into a 'time out.')*

QUEEN CLEO. Finally! Some peace and quiet.

DONALD. Go on, dear friend. What happened next?

STANLEY. When I was old enough, I went to dragon school. I got good grades except in Dragon Studies. We had fire breathing classes. I was very bad at it. My parents and the teachers thought the problem might be that I couldn't *see* the target so they got me glasses. I did need eye glasses, I can see ever so much better now. But it didn't cure my lack of…what was it my Dad called it?… 'the fire in my belly'. The other young dragons could light up anything. *Everything* was bursting into flames. But not me. I was a dud, a fizzle, a flop, a washout. My classmates called me names; Silly Stan, Simple Stalwart, Four eyes Stalwart, Sappy Stanley. I would get so angry I would take a deep breath…

*(***STANLEY** *takes a deep breath and rears back his head as if to spew fire. Everyone ducks in fear.)*

PERSNICKETY. Don't worry….he can't…

STANLEY. …and try my best to toast 'em. But all I got was this…

*(***STANLEY** *demonstrates and ends up by spewing bubbles over everyone.)*

THOMAS. *(under his breath)* Humph! Some sea monster.

*(***CHEETS** *is squirming and shaking.)*

QUEEN CLEO. Cheets, are you going to behave?

*(***CHEETS** *squirms in the affirmative.* **CLEO** *snaps her fingers.)*

Very well. Go and sit down and be quiet while Stanley finishes his story.

STARE. Who?

STANLEY. Me.

QUEEN CLEO. Stanley.

DONALD. Stare, quiet.

EMMA. Hush, Stare.

THOMAS. It's a high tide that's runnin' this day. A taller tale I've yet to hear.

QUEEN CLEO. Please continue, Stanley.

STANLEY. You see, I'm not stalwart at all. I am a great disappointment to my parents…especially my Father. He wanted me to be a fierce, fire breathing, warrior like my father and his father before him.

*(***CHEETS** *starts to react but* **CLEO** *gives him a look and he subsides.)*

STANLEY. And so I. RAN. AWAY.

(In her agitation, **PERSNICKETY** *begins to sweep up.)*

PERSNICKETY. I told him not to. Bad idea, I said. Bad bad idea.

EMMA. Oh, Stanley.

(She rises and crosses to **STANLEY**. *She takes his hand.)*

Running away is never, *never* the answer, Stanley. Running away from home can be very dangerous. And think how worried your Mother and Father will be.

STANLEY. And now I'm lost.

PERSNICKETY. And now we're lost…

Scene Two

*(**AT RISE:** The next day.* **THOMAS**, **DONALD**, **STARE**, **STANLEY**, **PERSNICKETY** *and assorted woodland creatures and faeries are talking, playing games and the faeries are dancing.)*

*(***STANLEY** *is on his back and little* **WOODLAND CREATURES** *and some of the smaller* **FAERIES** *are tickling him.* **STANLEY** *is laughing uncontrollably. He burps bubbles.)*

STANLEY. Oh! Oh, stop! I'm so ticklish…

(They roll around, giggling and laughing. **CHEETS** *runs on.)*

CHEETS. Better hide Stanley. Slick is back in the forest and he's headed this way.

THOMAS. Stow the grog. A raven has perched on the mizzen mast. Batten down the hatches! You there, Swabbie, man the foresail.

DONALD. You'd better hide in the forest, Stan, until we see what Slick wants.

PERSNICKETY. Why do we have to hide? *(She sniffs.)* It's just some old crow.

DONALD. That 'old crow' is Slick. He'd sell your grandmother for a nickel.

STANLEY. Why would anyone want to buy my grandmother?

THOMAS. He's worse luck than having a lady aboard one of my ships.

STANLEY. I'm not afraid of a little *bird*! *(He burps a bubble or two.)*

PERSNICKETY. Yeah, we're not afraid.

DONALD. Better safe than sorry. Stanley, please go into the forest and wait until I call you.

CHEETS. Slick's not such a bad egg.

THOMAS. Stow yourself in the hold until this squall blows over.

PERSNICKETY. I'll stay here, Stanley, and come and get you when it's safe.

STANLEY. But, Nickety, I don't want to hide. It's humiliating.

DONALD. It's just for a little while, Stan. Please.

STANLEY. Okay, Donald, if you think it best.

*(***STANLEY** *goes into the forest.* **SLICK** *enters and crosses to center stage. He addresses the audience and speaks like a circus barker or game show host. He is dressed all in black except for a white and black diamond patterned vest. He wears a black derby hat and carries a cane with an ivory top.)*

SLICK. Slick's the name, sales is the game! Step right up, folks. You want it, I can get it! Faerie dust, snake oil, beetle toes, eye of the newt, bee pollen, moon beams, bat hair, magic potions from the far East…

SLICK. *(He does a little soft shoe dance.) IT'S SHOW TIME!*

SLICK. Come one, come all…tell me your fondest wish! *(He twirls his cane.)* Your wife's fat, I can make her thin. Your mother-in-law is an ogre, I can sweeten her up. *RAZZMATAZZ! (He pulls a little brown bottle from a pocket. He taps the side with his finger.)* Is your hair falling out, boys, I can make it grow. You want him to love you, girls, try my Doctor Slick's love potion. Cures hair loss, warts, lonely hearts and bad breath.

CHEETS. I know someone who could use that!

DONALD. Not now, Cheets.

*(***DONALD** *and* **CHEETS** *cross down to* **SLICK**.*)*

CHEETS. Hi, Slick. Where've you been? We haven't seen you for a long time. Guess what we…

DONALD. Not now. Remember *who* we don't know anything about.

CHEETS. Oh yeah, I forgot.

SLICK. Donald! My main man! What can your buddy, Slick, do you for? I just blew back into town… *(pauses, gesturing to the forest)* or in this case, the 'burbs'. You should come with me, Donald. See the city lights. You'd love it!

CHEETS. Oh, Boy! 'City lights'. Can I come too?

SLICK. Certainly! The more the merrier. The rubes in town would pay good money to see your ears, Cheets.

CHEETS. They would? What are 'rubes'?

DONALD. Thanks anyway, Slick. We're happy right here at home.

STARE. Who?

CHEETS. What're 'rubes'?

DONALD. Never mind, Cheets!

STARE. Who?

*(***SLICK** *struts over to* **STARE***'s tree.)*

SLICK. Well, well, well. If it isn't the wise old owl. Learned any new words recently?

STARE. Who?

(mimics **STARE***)*

SLICK. Who? Who? What a loser!

STARE. *(indignant)* Who!

*(***CHEETS** *runs around yelling.)*

CHEETS. Who? Who? Who?

DONALD. Quiet!

STARE. Who?

DONALD. Never mind, Stare. *(beat)* What do you want, Slick?

SLICK. Why, Donald, buddy, I'm hurt. Why do you think I want something?

THOMAS. A foul wind blows…

DONALD. Maybe because you never show your face in our forest unless you want something. What is it this time?

SLICK. *(covering his heart with his wing)* You do me a grave injustice, Donald. I just came by to see my old friends.

STARE. Who?

SLICK. Silence! You old bag of feathers!

*(***SLICK** *rubs his hands together and grins.)*

Now, Donald, I think we have a little business to conduct.

CHEETS. Ah-ha!

DONALD. I knew it!

*(***PERSNICKETY** *steps out from under a low handing tree.)*

SLICK. Hello! Who do we have here? *(crosses to* **PERSNICKETY***)* How're you doing? Slick's the name, sales is the game.

PERSNICKETY. How do you do? My name is Persnickety. *(beat)* Oh, dear, you have a smudge on your vest.

*(***PERSNICKETY** *takes out her handkerchief, wets it with her tongue and dabs at the smudge.* **SLICK** *slaps her hand away.)*

SLICK. Hey! Don't put your spit on my coat. It cost a bundle. I don't have a smudge. Get off!

THOMAS. Reef your sails, Persnickety, it's a choppy sea.

*(***SLICK** *turns back to* **DONALD***.)*

SLICK. I heard a rumor, Donald. A little birdie, no pun intended, told me that you and your little forest friends have a new play mate. Tweetie twittered in my ear that you caught a dragon.

(Silence. No one speaks. **CHEETS** *is silent but ready to burst.* **DONALD** *makes a grab for him and misses and* **CHEETS** *runs, hops, tumbles across the stage.)*

CHEETS. I know, I know! Donald didn't catch him…I…

PERSNICKETY. Cheets, hush!

SLICK. You know something!

CHEETS. YES! YES!

DONALD. NO! Cheets, don't tell!

PERSNICKETY. Cheets! Be quiet!

STARE. Who?

CHEETS. Cheets did it! Cheets caught a dragon. Cheets is so brave!

*(***DONALD** *puts his head in his hands and groans.)*

SLICK. Donald, you disappoint me. Why would you want to keep this secret from me? *(crying)* Whyyyyy? *(Beat. Greedily rubbing his hands together.)* Now, where is he? Or is it a 'she'?

PERSNICKETY. Don't Cheets….

DONALD. Cheets, you've said enough….

CHEETS. It's a him. A very big him. He's got dragon breath and *EVERYTHING!*

*(***STANLEY** *stumbles out of the forest.)*

STANLEY. Donald, how much longer must I stay hidden? Is he gone? The chiggers are biting me. *(aggrieved)* I have very sensitive skin, you know.

*(***STANLEY** *stops when he sees* **SLICK**.*)*

STANLEY. Hello.

*(***SLICK** *in his very best salesmen manner crosses to him.)*

SLICK. Hello! Hello. How-de-do! Let me present myself. I am City Slick, the Third. But my friends call me 'Slick'. Yessiree, Slick's the name, sales is my game. And you are…?

STANLEY. Nice to meet you, Sir. My name is Stanley…Stanley, the Stalwart Dragon.

*(***SLICK** *is beside himself. He looks around at everyone.)*

SLICK. Oh, I love it! 'Stanley, the Stalwart Dragon'. Don't you just love it? *And* he talks! Can you blow a little fire for me, Stanley? Not too much, just a little?

STANLEY. No, Sir. I don't think that's such a good idea.

PERSNICKETY. Stanley is not a parlor game, Mr. Slick.

SLICK. Oh, come on, Stan, just a little burst for your old buddy, Slick.

DONALD. Leave him alone, Slick.

SLICK. Stay out of this, Donald. *(to* **STANLEY***)* How 'bout a few puffs, Stan?

*(***EMMA** *enters. She is focused on* **STANLEY** *and does not see* **SLICK** *at all.))*

EMMA. Good morning, everyone.

(She crosses to **STANLEY** *and holds out her arms.)*

Are you ready for your next dance lesson, Stanley?

STANLEY. Yes, Miss Emma. I've been practicing the steps you showed me.

(They begin to waltz; **STANLEY** *is a little clumsy.)*

SLICK. Oh, this is too rich. A talking, *dancing*, fire breathing dragon. My clients are gonna love him.

PERSNICKETY. What's a 'client'?

STARE. Who?

*(***EMMA** *sees* **SLICK** *and stops dancing with* **STANLEY**.*)*

EMMA. What's he doing here, Donald? I thought the Queen banished him after the last time.

THOMAS. Pirates! Fly every rag we've got. You there, Swabbie, get aloft and raise the topsail. Freebooters aft on the starboard side.

*(***SLICK** *slides over to* **EMMA**. *Tries, unsuccessfully, to kiss her hand.)*

SLICK. Now now, my dear, the Queen and I have our differences all straightened out.

EMMA. You stole our hummingbirds. Right off my Mother's porch.

SLICK. No, no, my dear girl. That was all a big misunderstanding.

PERSNICKETY. What's a client?

EMMA. Ha!

STARE. Who?

EMMA. And I'm not 'your dear girl'.

THOMAS. Send the hornswoggling Picaroon to Davy Jones' Locker!

PERSNICKETY. *(Things are getting out of hand and going too fast for* **PERSNICKETY**.*)* What's a 'client'? What's a 'picaroon'? What's a 'hornswoggle'? Who's 'Davy Jones'?

STARE. Who?

EMMA. A client is like a customer.

DONALD. Thomas, will you explain the rest of it to us?

THOMAS. Be happy to, Boatswain. Keep forgetting you're all a bunch of landlubbers. A 'Hornswoggler' is a cheat, a fraud. 'Picaroon' is a rascal…

SLICK. Hey! Watch the name calling.

THOMAS. ….and 'Davy Jones' locker' is the bottom of the sea.

*(***THOMAS** *plods off and exits.)*

Throw 'em overboard.

SLICK. My goodness. *(in all innocence)* An unhappy customer. What'd I ever do to him? *(beat)* Well, never mind.

*(***SLICK** *turns and crosses to* **STANLEY**.*)*

Stanley, what say we talk a little business?

STANLEY. Huh?

STARE. Who?

DONALD. Slick…

SLICK. Stay out of this, Donald. Stan, my man, how do you feel about the circus?

PERSNICKETY. What's a circus?

STANLEY. A what?

*(***SLICK** *blusters.)*

SLICK. 'What's a circus', you ask?! Are you kidding? The circus is the best place in the world. Ah! The big top! The smell of the sawdust! The elephants! The tigers! The trapeze! The freaks… *(coughs to cover his mistake)* …The *specialty acts* is what I meant to say. The pretty ladies who ride bareback on the horses. Cotton candy, popcorn, Peanuts! *(in his best 'barker's voice) Peanuts!* Get your red, hot peanuts here!

CHEETS. I *love* cotton candy!

STANLEY. Gosh, Mr. Slick, the circus sounds exciting.

SLICK. Oh it is! And they would *love* you, kid.

STANLEY. Me? Really?

SLICK. Really! Of course we'd have to control the bubbles. And teach you to breathe some fire…but, those are small details, my boy. Don't sweat the small stuff. That's Slick's motto.

EMMA. Stanley, you should think about going home.

DONALD. Let's think this through, Stan.

PERSNICKETY. I don't like it!

STARE. Who?!

PERSNICKETY. Me! That's 'who'. And what's your 'client' got to do with my friend?

SLICK. I misspoke, dear Lady. I meant that the families; the mothers, fathers, and children, who come to the circus, would love Stan.

STANLEY. Sounds like fun, Nickety. You know how much I love kids.

PERSNICKETY. Slow down, Stanley. This all sounds too good to be true.

EMMA. I agree.

STANLEY. But…

SLICK. Better than good, little Lady, and completely true. Stanley will be a star!

*(***SLICK** *holds up his hands as if seeing the marquee with Stanley's name in lights.)*

He'll be the 'headliner' in the circus. I can see it now, 'Stanley, the fire-breathing dragon.' Nothing but the best. Limos, five star hotels, fine foods…

*(***SLICK** *gets out a little black notebook.)*

Make a note, what do dragons eat. Arrange for extra large bed and towels, fresh fruit in the room. You do eat fruit, don'cha Stan?

STANLEY. Wow! I love fruit!

PERSNICKETY. Stanley…

SLICK. *And*, you, my dear 'Nickety. You could be his manager! I'll put a word in for you.

PERSNICKETY. Don't call me 'Nickety'. *(turns to* **STANLEY***)* See what you've started!

(Trumpets blare. Music plays announcing the arrival of the Queen. **QUEEN CLEO** *and her entourage enter. All bow and curtsey.)*

STANLEY. Your Majesty! Guess what? I'm joining the circus! Mr. Slick says that they'll love me! I'll be a success, at last.

*(***CLEO** *glares at* **SLICK**. *She motions for her chair.* **SLICK** *struts up to her and gives her an exaggerated bow.)*

SLICK. My dearest Queen. It's been ages.

*(***QUEEN CLEO** *looks down her nose at* **SLICK**.*)*

QUEEN CLEO. Slick…

SLICK. …and you keep getting younger and more beautiful. Why it seems like just yesterday you…

*(***CLEO** *holds up her hand to cut him off.)*

QUEEN CLEO. Don't waste your razzmatazz on us, Slick. Remember, we know who you are.

SLICK. My Queen, you cut me to the quick. I am your ever faithful servant who…

QUEEN CLEO. Who would steal the fillings out of our teeth. We haven't forgotten about the hummingbirds, Slick. What are you doing in our court, our forest? We banished you.

SLICK. Ah, well, I knew you weren't serious. Just a little irritated at your old friend, Slick. As for the hummingbirds, well, that was a slight misunderstanding, nothing more.

STARE. Who?

CLEO. Humph!

EMMA. There was no…

DONALD. …misunderstanding!

*(***CHEETS** *rushes over to* **QUEEN** *and tumbles into her knees. He frantically runs around.)*

CHEETS. He's going to take Stanley away from us, Your Majesty! Slick's going to sell Stanley to the circus. Make him dance on the back of a horse, blow fire, sing, dance and be a star. Banish Slick! Banish him!

QUEEN CLEO. CHEETS! Quiet! This is a warning.

*(***CHEETS** *immediately sits on the nearest toad stool.* **PERSNICKETY** *crosses to the* **QUEEN**, *takes scissors from her pocket and begins to trim the grass around the* **QUEEN***'s feet.)*

PERSNICKETY. The grass is far too long here, Your Grace. Your slippers will get damp.

(The **QUEEN** *takes* **PERSNICKETY***'s hand and has her rise.)*

QUEEN CLEO. Thank you but we are certain that the grass can wait. Is there any truth in what Cheets is telling us, Persnickety?

PERSNICKETY. Not if I have anything to say about it. Stanley isn't going *anywhere* without me.

STANLEY. But, Nickety, the circus sounds like a fine place. Mr. Slick says I'll be a star. And you can be my manager, whatever that means.

PERSNICKETY. First of all, stop calling me 'Nickety'. It's babyish and embarrassing. Second of all, *if* Thomas is right and Mr. Slick is a picaroon…

SLICK. Hey!

PERSNICKETY. …and he is the type of person that a queen would banish…Well! He's not for us, Stanley.

STANLEY. But, there's going to be limos, extra towels, fruit!

PERSNICKETY. No.

STANLEY. Gosh, I can't have any fun.

QUEEN CLEO. Slick, for shame. You were encouraging Stanley to run away, *again*, to the circus? Running away from home is a very bad thing to do. You never know who you might meet and what they might do.

*(***SLICK** *gives* **CLEO** *an exaggerated bow.)*

SLICK. Another misunderstanding, my Queen. I was just suggesting to Stan that he could better himself, become a star, if he took his many talents to the world of the Big Top.

QUEEN CLEO. Stanley, we will take this under advisement. You are in our forest and therefore you are one of our subjects and under our protection.

STANLEY. Excuse me, your Majesty…Nickety too?

QUEEN CLEO. Of course. You will both stay here until we decide what is best for you.

*(***CLEO** *rises. All bow and curtsey.)*

QUEEN CLEO. Emma, Sir Donald. Please look after our guests until we return. Slick?

SLICK. Yes, your Majesty.

QUEEN CLEO. Come with us!

CHEETS. Oh oh!

(The **WOODLAND CREATURES** *and* **FAERIES** *all 'oh' and 'ah' thinking* **SLICK** *is in trouble.* **CHEETS** *in a sing-song voice.)*

Slick's gonna get it….Slick's gonna get it.

FINISH READING THIS SCRIPT

Visit our website to purchase the full script or to explore other titles.

www.samuelfrench.com
www.samuelfrench.co.uk

To stay up to date on all that we are doing, follow us on social media:



*Titles for licensing are subject to availability depending on your territory.

SF PERUSALS