

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

LUCK!

A New Musical

Based on a story by
Isaac Bashevis Singer

Book and Lyrics by
Mark Waldrop

Music by
Brad Ross

A SAMUEL FRENCH ACTING EDITION

**SAMUEL
FRENCH**
FOUNDED 1830

SAMUELFRENCH.COM
SAMUELFRENCH-LONDON.CO.UK

Book & Lyrics Copyright © 2010 by Mark Waldrop
All Rights Reserved
Cover Design © Peter Hines | The JCC in Manhattan

LUCK! 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. All rights, including professional and amateur stage productions, recitation, lecturing, public reading, motion picture, radio broadcasting, television and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved.

ISBN 978-0-573-69704-3

www.SamuelFrench.com

www.SamuelFrench-London.co.uk

FOR PRODUCTION ENQUIRIES

UNITED STATES AND CANADA

Info@SamuelFrench.com

1-866-598-8449

UNITED KINGDOM AND EUROPE

Plays@SamuelFrench-London.co.uk

020-7255-4302

Each title is subject to availability from Samuel French, depending upon country of performance. Please be aware that *LUCK!* may not be licensed by Samuel French in your territory. Professional and amateur producers should contact the nearest Samuel French office or licensing partner to verify availability.

CAUTION: Professional and amateur producers are hereby warned that *LUCK!* is subject to a licensing fee. Publication of this play(s) does not imply availability for performance. Both amateurs and professionals considering a production are strongly advised to apply to Samuel French before starting rehearsals, advertising, or booking a theatre. A licensing fee must be paid whether the title(s) is presented for charity or gain and whether or not admission is charged. Professional/Stock licensing fees are quoted upon application to Samuel French.

No one shall make any changes in this title(s) for the purpose of production. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means, now known or yet to be invented, including mechanical, electronic, photocopying, recording, videotaping, or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the publisher. No one shall upload this title(s), or part of this title(s), to any social media websites.

For all enquiries regarding motion picture, television, and other media rights, please contact Samuel French.

MUSIC USE NOTE

Licensees are solely responsible for obtaining formal written permission from copyright owners to use copyrighted music in the performance of this play and are strongly cautioned to do so. If no such permission is obtained by the licensee, then the licensee must use only original music that the licensee owns and controls. Licensees are solely responsible and liable for all music clearances and shall indemnify the copyright owners of the play(s) and their licensing agent, Samuel French, against any costs, expenses, losses and liabilities arising from the use of music by licensees. Please contact the appropriate music licensing authority in your territory for the rights to any incidental music.

IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS

If you have obtained performance rights to this title, please refer to your licensing agreement for important billing and credit requirements.

LUCK! was first produced as a staged reading in The York Theatre Company’s Developmental Reading Series in NYC on July 9, 2009. The performance was directed by Stephen Nachamie, with musical direction by Brad Ross. Alexis Qualls was the Stage Manager, and Stephanie Suski was the Assistant Stage Manager. The cast was as follows:

MAZEL.....	Faith Prince
SHLIMAZEL.....	Scott Davidson
TAM	Stanley Bahorek
THE PRINCESS.....	Christina Sivrich
KAMSTAN	John Herrera
THE KING.....	Gordon Stanley
GRILLIDA	Christine Pedit
ENSEMBLE	Renee Bang Allen, Jane Blass, Jeff Essex Stephanie Umoh, Darryl Winslow

CHARACTERS

MAZEL – The personification of ‘Good Luck’ (*female*)

SHLIMAZEL – The personification of ‘Bad Luck’ (*male*)

TAM – A lad of humble birth

THE PRINCESS – A headstrong girl

KAMSTAN – The King’s Prime Minister

THE KING – A quick tempered but benevolent ruler (*actor can play other ensemble roles*)

GRILLIDA – The Princess’ Nurse (*actor can play other ensemble roles*)

ENSEMBLE *plays all other roles including...*

PERIAPT – A henchman

MERRYTHOUGHT – Another henchman

MERRY VILLAGERS

LAUNDRY WOMAN

ROYAL COACHMAN

ROYAL BLACKSMITH

ROYAL GROOM

ROYAL GARDNER

ROYAL CHEF

THE ROYAL COURT

FLYING SERPENTS

A LIONESS

DEMONS, IMPS, GOBLINS, ETC.

HANGSMAN

NOTE: *LUCK!* can be performed by a cast of 12, but the more the merrier.

PRODUCTION NOTES

There should be a primitive quality to the physical production. *LUCK!* is a folk tale and folk techniques should be used to tell it. Puppetry, shadows, masks, dance, trap-doors, flying: all these have a place here. The creativity that goes into showing a Lioness chasing Tam through the tall grass, a stage full of Demons or Flying Serpents, or any of the other “impossible” events detailed in the script should become a huge part of the shows’ entertainment value. It is a story that presents many opportunities to engage the imagination of an audience in a way that is only possible in live theater.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT ONE

- 1 Overture
- 2 "Luck!" MAZEL, SHLIMAZEL, VILLAGERS
- 3 "Hail!" VILLAGERS
- 4 "No One" PRINCESS
- 5 "This Isn't Me" TAM, MAZEL, KING
- 6 "Waste Not, Want Not" GRILLIDA
- 7 "The Man Can Do No Wrong" TAM, MEMBERS OF
THE COURT
- 8 "Who Knew?" MAZEL
- 9 "More Than Meets The Eye" KAMSTAN
- 10 "Half A World Away" TAM, PRINCESS
- 11 "Tam's Quest" TAM, ENSEMBLE
- 12 "Only Fear" TAM, PRINCESS, KAMSTAN

ACT TWO

- 13 "It's Me!" MAZEL
- 14 "The Luckiest Man Alive" TAM, KAMSTAN
- 15 "Waste Not, Want Not" (Reprise). GRILLIDA
- 16 "Shlimazel's Waltz". SHLIMAZEL, DEMONS
- 17 "Goodbye" PRINCESS
- 18 "Inside" MAZEL, TAM
- 19 "Luck!" (Finale) COMPANY

ACT ONE

Scene One

(MUSIC NO. 1: “OVERTURE”)

(Music plays. We’re on the outskirts of a folk-tale village. It is a market day in spring. Some VILLAGERS cross pushing a cart. A MAN passes with a cage of geese. A WOMAN trudges by with a basket of laundry. Curiously, none of them notices a beautiful female SPIRIT in a flowing gown who watches them with secret amusement. The laundry WOMAN trips, sending clothes flying. As she stoops, picking them up, the SPIRIT makes a gesture. There’s a magical sound. The laundry WOMAN spies something in the dirt and cries out:)

LAUNDRY WOMAN. A golden pfeffik! This is my lucky day!

(She grabs the basket and skips off. The SPIRIT, pleased with herself, turns and vivaciously addresses the audience.)

MAZEL. I did that. ...Hello. How are you? Hello. Nice to see you. I’ve visited so many of you before... But I know you’ve never seen me. Let me introduce myself. I’m called by many different names – Bona Fortuna. Buena Suerte. Bon Chance. But in this kingdom they call me...Mazel.

(MUSIC NO. 2: “LUCK!”)

OH, I’M THE FABLED LADY LUCK,
ALWAYS SPOKEN WELL OF.
THE WORLD’S A FANCY BALL TO ME –
ONE THAT I’M THE BELLE OF.
I AM WOODED
AND PURSUED

EV'RYONE'S HEARD TELL OF
WONDERS THAT THE MAGIC OF MY TOUCH CAN BRING.
THERE'S NOT A SPIRIT ANYWHERE
QUITE SO INFLUENTIAL.
FOR ANYTHING TO TURN OUT WELL,
MAZEL IS ESSENTIAL.
SO YOU'LL UNDERSTAND ME WHEN I SING:

NOTHING IN ALL THE WORLD COMPARES TO LUCK!
LUCK IS A GIFT I'M FREE TO GIVE OR NOT.
LUCK IS THE DOORWAY TO SUCCESS
LUCK IS A GAMBLER'S DREAM
LUCK IS THE KEY TO HAPPINESS –
THAT'S WHY I REIGN SUPREME!
NOTHING IS UNPREDICTABLE AS LUCK!
LUCK CANNOT BE CONTROLLED,
THOUGH PEOPLE TRY.
WHEN MAZEL GIVES A SMILE
GOOD FORTUNE STAYS AWHILE.
I PAY MY LITTLE VISIT, THEN
I PACK ALL MY CHARMS AWAY
AND SAY GOODBYE.

*(SCHLIMAZEL pops up through a trap door. His eyes
and nose are red, his beard wild and unkempt. He's
dressed in a tattered coat and a crushed hat.)*

SHLIMAZEL. Oh. Up here blowing your own horn. What a surprise!

MAZEL. Shlimazel! Must you always arrive so suddenly?
What do you want?

SHLIMAZEL. Equal time.

MAZEL. Be my guest.

SHLIMAZEL.

OH, TAKE A LOOK AT "LADY LUCK"
BASKING IN HER GLORY –
SHE'S TALKING LIKE ALL LUCK IS GOOD,
ONLY HALF THE STORY!
LET ME ADD, SOME LUCK'S BAD –
CHECK MY INVENTORY:

FAILURE, FLOP, FIASCO AND CATASTROPHE!
 SHLIMAZEL ALWAYS PAYS A CALL.
 WHEN YOU COURT DISASTER.
 YOU WANT TO PLACE A LITTLE JINX?
 COME AND SEE THE MASTER!
 NO ONE'S HALF AS POWERFUL AS ME!

 NOTHING'LL WRECK A LIFE LIKE ROTTEN LUCK.
 LUCK, LIKE A STEAK, IS OFTEN PRETTY TOUGH.
 LUCK IS A BOAT THAT SPRINGS A LEAK.
 LUCK IS A RAINED OUT GAME.
 LUCK IS A LIFETIME LOSING STREAK.
 HEY, THAT'S MY CLAIM TO FAME!
 NOTHING IS HARD TO SHAKE AS LOUSY LUCK!
 LUCK LIKE A PESKY CINDER IN YOUR EYE.
 SHLIMAZEL DOES HIS WORST;
 YOUR FORTUNES ARE REVERSED.
 THE WAY THE COOKIE CRUMBLES – THAT'S
 THE KIND OF A BREAK THAT I
 PERSONIFY!

(Four VILLAGERS enter.)

SHLIMAZEL. Let's look at a few examples...

MAZEL. Who are they?

SHLIMAZEL. Merry villagers! These folk tales are full of 'em.

MAZEL. They don't look very merry to me.

SHLIMAZEL. Well, folk tales aren't what they used to be.

MAZEL. Why the long faces?

SHLIMAZEL. I hate to brag, but...listen...

VILLAGERS. *(variously)*

THAT DAMNED OLD SHLIMAZEL. HE GAVE ME A SHOVE

(solo) FLAT BROKE.

(solo) MENOPAUSAL,

(solo) IN THE DOGHOUSE,

(solo) OUT OF LOVE...OH,

PLEASE WHERE ARE YOU, MAZEL?

GET ME OUT OF THIS!

MY LIFE'S

UGLY FLAWS'LL
BE CORRECTED
BY YOUR KISS!

MAZEL. You see Shlimazel? The more you exert yourself,
the more they cry for me! Oh, they want me so!

VILLAGERS.

RANT, RAVE,
RAISE THE RAFTERS
LAUGH OR CRY ABOUT IT...
HOW DULL LIFE WOULD BE WITHOUT IT...

MAZEL, SHLIMAZEL, VILLAGERS.

NOTHING'LL MAKE A MAN IMMUNE TO LUCK.
LUCK IS A FACTOR THAT YOU CANNOT PLAN.
LUCK IS A THING TO FLUCTUATE;
LUCK DISAPPEARS, AND THEN
LUCK IN A FLASH'LL CHANGE YOUR FATE –
THEN CHANGE IT BACK AGAIN!
NOTHING'LL TURN LIFE UPSIDE DOWN LIKE LUCK. (LUCK!)
LUCK THAT'LL LAY YOU LOW OR TAKE YOU HIGH!

MAZEL.

WHEN MAZEL SAYS HELLO
HER BLESSING SHE'LL BESTOW.

SHLIMAZEL.

THEN UP SHLIMAZEL POPS
AND TUMBLING DOWN YOUR FORTUNES GO-OH!

MAZEL.

YOU TAKE A RISK; IT TURNS OUT WELL!

SHLIMAZEL.

YOU HAVE A SURE THING SHOT TO HELL!

ALL.

SAY WHAT YOU WILL, THERE'S NO DENYING
LUCK IS WHY!
LUCK!

(**VILLAGERS** *exit.* **MAZEL** and **SHLIMAZEL** *remain.*)

MAZEL. Goodbye, Merry Villagers. I guess that's the last
we'll see of them.

SHLIMAZEL. Oh, they'll be back. In this kind of story they

keep turning up like a bad penny.

MAZEL. Those Merry Villagers are nice. They all love *me*.

SHLIMAZEL. Mazel. You're such a tease.

MAZEL. A *what*?!

SHLIMAZEL. A tease! A flirt. You dilly here, you dally there
– then it's on to the next! Me, I latch on to some poor
schnook and stick like glue.

MAZEL. (*dubiously*) I could stick with one person – if I
wanted to.

SHLIMAZEL. You? Forget it. It's not your nature.

MAZEL. I could!

SHLIMAZEL. You want to bet?

MAZEL. Fine.

SHLIMAZEL. What are the terms?

MAZEL. (*thinking quickly*) All right... I will go to the poorest
hut in this village and bring happiness to whoever lives
there. I will remain with that person for an entire *year*.

SHLIMAZEL. This I gotta see.

MAZEL. The moment the year is at an end, he's yours for
one year.

SHLIMAZEL. Fine. I'll take the year. But you know how much
of it I'll need to undo *all* you've done? One second!

MAZEL. You're crazy.

SHLIMAZEL. If I do it, then *I* win! And when I do, you will
give me...a barrel of the Wine of Forgetfulness.

MAZEL. Fine! And if you lose, you keep your nose out of my
business for fifty years. Agreed?

SHLIMAZEL. Agreed.

MAZEL. It's a bet!

(*They shake on it.*)

SHLIMAZEL. So bring on the poorest hut in the village...

(*short music cue*)

Scene Two – Outside Tam's Hut

(A tumbledown hovel comes into view. It's made of dirty, primitive bricks. The thatch roof has fallen in. The single window is broken. On a low stoop in a doorway sits a forlorn young man – TAM – dressed in filthy rags.)

SHLIMAZEL. Wow! Talk about your fixer upper!

MAZEL. Don't judge a person by his house.

SHLIMAZEL. What house? I'm talking about the kid.

MAZEL. Young man, who are you?

TAM. My name is Tam.

SHLIMAZEL. Hey! Humans cannot see or hear us. How are you doing that?

MAZEL. Just a little trick. He thinks he's talking to himself.

TAM. Oh great. Now I'm talking to myself. What next?

(A brick falls onto TAM's head – woodblock. SFX.)

TAM. *(rubbing his head)* Ow!

MAZEL. How did you come to be so down and out?

TAM. I'm the unlucky son of an unlucky son of an unlucky man. *(Another brick falls – woodblock SFX. The business is repeated.)* Ow!

SHLIMAZEL. Good background. *(to TAM)* Go on...

TAM. My grandfather went into the forest to look for food. On his way home with a basket of mushrooms, he was bitten by a poisonous snake.

MAZEL. And your father?

TAM. He died from eating the mushrooms. *(Another brick falls. Woodblock SFX.)* Ow! Stupid bricks.

(He tosses the brick over his shoulder. It hits the wall, and the entire house collapses. TAM, seated now in front of the pile of rubble, glances over his shoulder.)

Oh great – just when I got the mortgage paid off.

SHLIMAZEL. I love this kid. A perfect subject. Agreed?

MAZEL. Agreed!

SHLIMAZEL. Your year starts...now!

(MAZEL makes a magical gesture. There is a distant bugle call. The VILLAGERS rush on.)

SHLIMAZEL. I told you they'd be back.

VILLAGER #1. Tam! Tam! Get up! Make yourself scarce! The King and his royal party are about to pass along this road!

VILLAGER #2. They're on their way home from a neighboring kingdom.

VILLAGER #3. We can't let them see you! You'll disgrace the entire village! Quick! Hide!

(We hear the horn again, closer now, accompanied by hoof beats.)

VILLAGER #4. Hurry! Hurry! They're almost here!

(TAM is pushed from view. The VILLAGERS look expectantly to the wings.)

(MUSIC NO. 3: "HAIL")

VILLAGERS.

HIP-HIP HURRAH!

LIFT UP YOUR VOICE AND SING.

HAIL TO HIS MAJESTY!

OUR NOBLE KING!

EV'RYBODY'S HAPPY

IN HIS DOMAIN.

THOUGH HE CAN BE A RE-AL

ROYAL PAIN!

GIVE A HUZZAH

TO OUR BELOV'D PRINCESS!

STILL NEVER MARRIED

AND A TOTAL MESS!

THEY LOOK DOWN UPON US

FROM THRONES ON HIGH!

HAIL AND FAREWELL TO THEM!

(HAIL AND FAREWELL TO THEM!)

*(The **VILLAGERS** doff their hats and wave as the royal carriage crosses. Inside the carriage we glimpse the **KING** and the **PRINCESS**.)*

VILLAGERS. *(cont.)*

WAVE

AS

THEY

RIDE

BY....

*(The carriage has just passed into the wings when there is a deafening crash. The **VILLAGERS** react in horror. One of the carriage's ornate wheels rolls back across the stage. **MAZEL** stops it.)*

MAZEL. Oh, I'm good. I'm very good.

SHLIMAZEL. Since when is losing a wheel good luck?

MAZEL. A misfortune there may yield an opportunity here. Wait and see.

*(The **VILLAGERS** start off toward the crash site, then move back, bowing and curtsying as the **KING** and **PRINCESS** enter. The **PRINCESS** carries a book. A **COACHMAN** runs across and examines the wheel. It breaks in half.)*

COACHMAN. *(bone-headedly stating the obvious)* Your majesty, this wheel is broken.

KING. Well, jack the carriage up and put on the spare!

COACHMAN. Right away, Your Majesty. You! Merry Villagers! Don't stand there gawking. Help us lift the royal carriage from that ditch!

*(The **VILLAGERS** exit. **TAM** lags behind. The **COACHMAN** points to **TAM**.)*

You!

*(The **COACHMAN** indicates with a snap of his fingers that **TAM** is to drop to all fours. **TAM** obeys. The **COACHMAN** removes his cloak and covers **TAM** with it. The **KING** and **PRINCESS** sit on **TAM** without taking special*

notice – clearly this is the kind of treatment to which they are accustomed. Immediately, the PRINCESS buries her nose in her book. The COACHMAN exits. The KING regards the pile of rubble that used to be Tam's house.)

KING. Look at this! My kingdom is in shambles! I don't know what else could go wrong! This entire journey has been a disaster! The grandest ball we've been to yet! Two hundred oxen roasted on spits. Printed matchbooks. They went all out! ...Look at me when I'm talking to you!

PRINCESS. (*lowering the book*) But Father, the prince made me feel nothing! Not a twinge. Not a pang.

KING. He was the last eligible prince! We can't wait for the next crop – you'll be too old!

PRINCESS. Father, you're a man. You just don't understand!

KING. If your mother were alive, she'd tell you the same thing.

PRINCESS. No! She'd tell me to marry for love.

KING. And what do you know about love?

PRINCESS. I may not have any first-hand experience – but I've been a very good student...

(*MUSIC NO. 4: "NO ONE"*)

PRINCESS.

I'VE HEARD ALL THE BALLADS.

I'VE READ ALL THE VERSES.

I'VE BLUSHED OVER STORIES

RECITED BY NURSES.

I KNOW THAT TRUE LOVE

MUST PRODUCE AN EFFECT.

AND I'VE MET MANY MEN,

BUT I'M SAD TO REPORT

NOT A ONE CAUSED A STIR

OF THE PHYSICAL SORT

THAT MY RESEARCH LEADS ME TO EXPECT:

NO ONE MAKES MY SKIN GO CRIMSON.

NO ONE MAKES MY BLOOD CONGEAL.

NO ONE BRINGS ABOUT THE TORMENT
A GIRL IN LOVE SHOULD FEEL.

(She rises and moves about.)

PRINCESS. *(cont.)*

JUST ONCE CAN'T I HAVE A SPASM?
CAN'T I LOSE MY SANITY?
MY FINE, FLOURISHING STATE
CAN ONLY INDICATE
THERE'S NO ONE,
NO ONE FOR ME!

ALL I WANT IS WHAT A GIRL DESERVES:
SOME BASIC PALPITATIONS AND A CASE OF SHATTERED
NERVES!

WHERE'S THE PRINCE TO FAN MY PASSION
TILL I BREAK INTO A RASH, I
I AM FAINTING AT THE MENTION OF HIS NAME?
IS IT TOO MUCH TO BE WISHIN'
FOR A MYSTERY CONDITION
WHERE THE DOCTORS ALL CONCUR A MAN'S TO BLAME?
WHO WILL STEAL AWAY MY APPETITE?
WHO WILL MAKE ME PITCH AND MOAN AND SHIVER
THROUGH THE SLEEPLESS NIGHT?

NO ONE! I AM UNAFFLICTED!
NO FUN BEING SYMPTOM FREE!

(Returning to the KING's side, sitting on TAM.)

WILL THERE COME ONE WHO WILL BE
SOMEONE, SOMEONE...?

(She looks around – the silence is her answer. In frustration she pounds her fist into TAM's back.)

TAM. *(from under the cloak)* Ow.

PRINCESS.

NO ONE FOR ME!

(End of number; applause. MAZEL and SCHLIMAZEL watch from the sidelines. The PRINCESS resumes reading.)

SHLIMAZEL. Let me guess...

MAZEL. And why shouldn't she find the one she's looking for right under her nose? Or her...

SHLIMAZEL. So – you're going to marry him off to a princess? How original!

MAZEL. Shh! The Princess is more obtuse than I might have wished. No matter. There's more than one shortcut to success.

(She pulls a golden blowpipe from her sleeve and loads it with a bean retrieved from her décolletage. The COACHMAN returns with the VILLAGERS, who are pushing the royal coach, now minus a wheel.)

COACHMAN. *(cringing)* Your Majesty, a thousand pardons – but the spare is broken, too.

KING. *(jumping up)* This is the limit! How much do I have to put up with in one day? *(to the COACHMAN)* Incompetence! *(to the PRINCESS)* Insubordination! *(to the VILLAGERS)* Which one of you can fix that wheel and get us rolling again? Well? A gold coin for anyone who can repair it!

(MAZEL shoots the bean at TAM, who leaps up, causing the PRINCESS to stand and drop her book..)

TAM. Ow! I can...Your Highness...

(The VILLAGERS gasp.)

KING. Is this the best the village has to offer? This filthy scarecrow? No wonder the tax base is declining! Well?

(TAM has focused on the PRINCESS and is momentarily transfixed. MAZEL whispers into his ear.)

MAZEL. Yes, the Princess is very beautiful. But one thing at a time. Focus on the task at hand.

KING. I warn you, boy: trifle with me I'll deal harshly with you – and your village! If you think you can fix this wheel then do it – and do it quickly!

(MAZEL gives TAM a whack on the back.)

TAM. Right away, Your Majesty!

(Bewildered, but realizing it's too late to back out, TAM moves to the wheel and sets to work.)

(MUSIC NO. 5: "THIS ISN'T ME")

TAM.

THIS ISN'T ME
 WHO'S DOING THIS?
 IT'S WEIRD –
 WHO VOLUNTEERED ME?
 I NEVER DID,
 I NEVER WOULD, I NEVER COULD.
 THIS CANNOT BE REAL.
 THIS ISN'T ME
 WHAT'S HAPPENING?
 OH NO –
 I'M GONNA THROW UP.
 CAN I SURVIVE
 COME OUT ALIVE?
 ACTUALLY, I'VE
 NEVER FIXED A WHEEL!
 I've never even *owned* anything with a wheel. Not a cart
 or a wagon or...

MAZEL.

BREATHE.
 LEAVE IT TO ME.
 SMILE AND KEEP ON MOVING.
 LIFE WILL BE IMPROVING FOR YOU...

TAM.

OH MY GOD I'M PANIC-STRICKEN
 FLAPPING LIKE A HEADLESS CHICKEN!
 What am I gonna do?! I have no tools! I have no
 hammer!

MAZEL. Tam, calm down. If you don't have a hammer, why
 not try a brick?

TAM. *(hysterical)* Where am I going to get a brick?!

MAZEL. See that pile of rubble that used to be your hut?

Think of it as a home supply center.

TAM. (*as if it's a new thought*) Maybe I'll try a brick. Here's one, and...Oh, look! Here's a nail. Oh, look! It's a piece of metal gutter! This looks like it could bend around and...Oh, look! A perfect fit!

(*Bang-Bang-Bang, he secures the nail with the brick.*)

TAM. (*cont.*) Good as new! Now I'll just slip it on the axle, and...Hmm. It's not turning. I seem to need some lubricant...

(*music out*)

(*Suddenly he sneezes, covering his mouth and nose with his hand. He looks into his palm, considers for a moment, then...*)

Okay!

(*music resumes*)

(*He sets about lubricating the axle.*)

SHLIMAZEL. Hah! He hasn't even secured that wheel! You know perfectly well, the minute that carriage rolls it could fall off!

MAZEL. It could. But as Luck would have it, it will stay on! This boy's a fast learner. He came up with that sneezing business all by himself.

TAM. (*stepping back from his handiwork*) All done!

(*The VILLAGERS cheer.*)

MAZEL.

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE, HAVING SPUN,
FORETELLS A JOURNEY SOON BEGUN!

(*The KING presents TAM with the gold piece.*)

KING.

YOUNG MAN, A CRAFTSMAN OF YOUR SORT
WOULD BE A CREDIT TO MY COURT!

THE WHEEL IS FIXED; WE'RE SET TO RIDE.

WOULD YOU CARE TO STEP INSIDE?

TAM. (*triumphantly*)

THIS ISN'T ME
IT'S SOMEBODY
SECURE,
FULL OF BRAVURA.
I NEVER THOUGHT,
I NEVER DREAMED,
I NEVER HOPED
SUCH EVENTS COULD BE.
MY HOME'S A WRECK,
WHY SHOULD I STAY?

MAZEL.

NOW OFF YOU GO,
YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY!

TAM.

NOW SEEMS THE PERFECT DAY TO PAY A VISIT –
BUT
THIS ISN'T RIGHT,
THIS ISN'T REAL,
THIS ISN'T ME...

ALL.

OR IS IT?

(*TAM climbs into the carriage with the KING and PRINCESS and off they ride.*)

Scene Three – Interior of the Royal Palace

(At a small table KAMSTAN, the KING's prime minister, is finishing what looks to have been a lavish meal. Two tall bundles of books are downstage. MERRYTHOUGHT, KAMSTAN's cohort, stands reading aloud from one of them.)

MERRYTHOUGHT. "...And as the swarthy Woodcutter crushed her in his arms, the disguise slipped from his chiseled torso. There it was! The royal birthmark! The Princess felt her heart swell to bursting with joy! At last! The gypsy's prediction had come true...!"

KAMSTAN. *(doing a spit-take with his wine, laughing)* Stop! Stop! It's perfect! Oh, it's expensive to keep those hacks grinding out this drivel – but it's worth it! Now go! I want these romances waiting in the Princess' chamber when she returns!

MERRYTHOUGHT. Right away, your slyness.

(MERRYTHOUGHT gathers up the books and exits as PERIAPT, another henchman, rushes in and bows before KAMSTAN)

PERIAPT. Your grace.

KAMSTAN. Well, Periapt – what news?

PERIAPT. Your grace, the royal party has been delayed in the village. I returned by another road, unobserved.

KAMSTAN. And? The ball?

PERIAPT. *(gleefully)* A complete washout!

KAMSTAN. The match failed to ignite?

PERIAPT. Not a spark!

KAMSTAN. Excellent! As long as the Princess stays unwed, if the King dies, by law the kingdom passes to me. It's just a matter of time!

PERIAPT. *(knocking on the table)* If nothing goes wrong.

KAMSTAN. Fool! Nothing will go wrong – because I leave nothing to chance! Who else would take pains to fill the Princess' mind with romantic claptrap? Who else

would drill a series of concealed holes beside the King's bed to create an unhealthy draft? Who else would send you to the next kingdom disguised as an traveling barber for the express purpose of giving the prince a bad haircut? Genius is in the details!

(**GRILLIDA**, the **PRINCESS**' nurse, rushes in.)

GRILLIDA. Your grace, the royal carriage just pulled up! There's a young man with them! I've had my fingers crossed for three days. Perhaps my lady has found a prince to please her at last!

KAMSTAN. We can only hope.

GRILLIDA. Here they come now!

*(The **KING** and **PRINCESS** enter with **TAM**, who is flipping the gold piece and slapping it against the back of his hand repeatedly. The **PRINCESS** carries a fading nosegay of purple roses and a large spotted balloon. **MAZEL** follows at a discreet distance, invisible to all. **KAMSTAN** makes a low bow. **GRILLIDA** curtsies. **MERRYTHOUGHT** returns. He and **PERIAPT** stand to one side.)*

KAMSTAN. Your majesty! I trust this journey yielded success at last?

KING. It couldn't have been worse! The Princess took one look at the Prince and didn't stop laughing for the rest of the evening.

PRINCESS. It was his hair...

*(Unseen by the others **KAMSTAN** and **PERIAPT** exchange a "thumbs-up.")*

KING. We're clean out of candidates – unless a miracle literally lands on our doorstep...

KAMSTAN. *(eyeing **TAM** distastefully)* And what is this?

KING. Oh. This is a clever lad from the village. He fixed the royal carriage.

KAMSTAN. And why is he flipping that coin?

KING. It's a talent he discovered in the carriage! He has called heads or tails correctly...how many times?

TAM. Two hundred and fourteen, Your Majesty.

(TAM flips again. KAMSTAN draws close to watch.)

KING. Call it!

TAM. Heads.

(Heads it is.)

KING. *(vastly amused)* Remarkable, isn't it? Kamstan, I want you to clean this boy up and put him to work in the royal smithy.

KAMSTAN. At once, Your Majesty. Periapt, Merrythought – see to it.

(PERIAPT and MERRYTHOUGHT exit with TAM, followed by MAZEL. The KING crosses to the PRINCESS and GRILLIDA.)

KING. Lady Grillida. The Princess has no mother to instruct her. You were brought on as her nurse to provide a woman's guidance. Talk some sense into her!

GRILLIDA. *(curtsying)* I'll do my best, Your Majesty.

(The KING crosses to KAMSTAN.)

KING. I suppose we have affairs of state to catch up on?

KAMSTAN. Nothing that can't wait. You look weary from the trip. Might I suggest an invigorating ice-bath – followed by a long nap?

(They exit. GRILLIDA seats herself at the table and samples the leftovers. The PRINCESS sits opposite her.)

GRILLIDA. So tell me everything! This prince was not suitable? Surely a haircut would grow out, could be fixed... A larger crown, perhaps...

PRINCESS. Grillida, he was unbearable! Three times he told me the same story about his prowess at hunting the wild boar. He gave me these...

(The PRINCESS tosses the nosegay onto the table.)

GRILLIDA. Purple roses! Do you not want them?

PRINCESS. Take them, they're yours.

GRILLIDA. Thank you, my lady. (*She turns her attention to the balloon.*) And may I ask, what is that?

PRINCESS. That prince made me take it. The entire ballroom was decorated with them.

(**GRILLIDA** holds it aloft.)

GRILLIDA. Such a light airy thing! What is it?

PRINCESS. The bladder of a wild boar.

(*The bladder pops in GRILLIDA's hands, startling them both. GRILLIDA regards the limp remains.*)

GRILLIDA. I'll keep this too.

(*She drops the roses and the popped bladder into her satchel.*)

PRINCESS. Ewwww.

GRILLIDA. You never know when these things will come in handy for a potion or a poultice.

(**MUSIC NO. 6: "WASTE NOT, WANT NOT"**)

GRILLIDA.

A PUNCTURED BLADDER
MAY BE TRASH TO YOU –
BUT WHO KNOWS WHAT ITS WORTH MAY TRULY BE?
IT MIGHT FORM A GASKET
OR PATCH AN OLD BASKET
OR PROVE TO BE MEDICINAL WHEN BREWED FOR TEA...

I'LL STASH IT AWAY JUST IN CASE...
AND PLEASE WIPE THAT LOOK OFF YOUR FACE!

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT
THAT'S MY CREED
WHO CAN SAY WHEN I MIGHT NEED
THAT SNIP OF HAIR
CHIP OF SOAP
DRIP OF OIL
SCRAP OF ROPE?

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT
THAT'S MY PLAN

SO I RAID THE GARBAGE CAN!
 WITH SOME CREATIVE JUICE
 EVEN JUNK
 HAS ITS USE.

PRINCESS. Yes, I know. You're a packrat.

GRILLIDA.

ONCE YOU'VE GOT IT, KEEP IT HANDY
 THERE'S NO NEED TO FUSS OR FUTZ
 STACK YOUR STOCKPILE UP AND GUARD IT
 LIKE A SQUIRREL GUARDS HIS NUTS.

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT
 THAT'S MY STYLE
 COMBING THROUGH THE RUBBISH PILE.
 NEVER THROW THOSE ODDS AND ENDS AWAY!
 IT'S MORE CLEVER TO SAVE WHATEVER IT IS FOR A RAINY
 DAY!

(Music continues under.)

PRINCESS. Is that philosophy supposed to be news to me?
 Grillida, you haven't changed that tune since I was a
 little girl.

(GRILLIDA tucks into some KAMSTAN's leftover dinner.)

GRILLIDA. Exactly. Why should I let a perfectly good tune
 go to waste? Now, where were we...? The Prince!

PRINCESS. That topic is closed.

GRILLIDA. *(talking with her mouth full)* But, your highness, if
 you are ever to rule, the law is clear; you need a hus-
 band. I was sure this prince would be the one! Ever
 since you left I hopped over every crack in the court-
 yard. I kept a knotted string under your pillow...

*(As she talks she knocks over a saltshaker and tosses
 some over her shoulder.)*

PRINCESS. My poor superstitious Grillida! You can't manu-
 facture good luck for me. Anyway, love is more than
 luck.

*(PERIAPT and MERRYTHOUGHT march TAM by in the
 background, looking like he's been hosed down.)*

GRILLIDA. And what about that lad you brought from the village?

PRINCESS. Just a local boy Father took a shine to.

GRILLIDA. And could he not be a nobleman under an enchantment? An heir to a kingdom traveling in disguise?

PRINCESS. Him? Don't be ridiculous!

GRILLIDA.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS MAY MISLEAD YOU
ALWAYS TAKE A SECOND GLANCE
SOMEONE DREADFUL COULD BE PERFECT
IN A DIFFERENT CIRCUMSTANCE.

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT
GOOD CAN HIDE
IN WHAT MIGHT BE TOSSED ASIDE
WIPE AWAY THE TARNISH AND THE GRIME
AND YOU COULD BRING TO LIGHT AN ITEM YOU'RE GOING
TO NEED SOMETIME.

Scene Four – The Royal Smithy and Various Locations Around the Palace

(An anvil, a furnace, various carriages and coaches. TAM is hammering a red-hot horse shoe. The BLACKSMITH stands to one side with the COACHMAN and the GROOM, examining a coach which is up on blocks. MAZEL and SHLIMAZEL are perched above, observing.)

SHLIMAZEL. Two weeks into the bet, and the poor kid is down here in the bowels of the palace drenched in sweat. You call this good luck? He's working like a dog!

MAZEL. I know you may not understand this, Schlimazel, but good luck is all *about* hard work.

SHLIMAZEL. Yeah? Well, he can have it.

MAZEL. He does. And he's making the most of it.

(GRILLIDA enters as if she's a spy on a secret mission. The BLACKSMITH steps out to greet her. He is a rough looking man with a wooden leg, a hook for a hand and an eye patch.)

BLACKSMITH. And what brings your ladyship to our lowly quarters?

GRILLIDA. I need a lucky horse shoe – one that will help the Princess find a suitable husband.

BLACKSMITH. *(mockingly adopting her tone)* Does the Princess actually think a horseshoe has that kind of power?

GRILLIDA. No. But I do. And she needs all the help she can get.

BLACKSMITH. My lady, if horseshoes brought good luck, wouldn't I – a blacksmith – be the luckiest man in the kingdom? And look at me! *(He indicates the wooden leg, the hook, the eye patch. He holds out a horseshoe.)* Here. Take this and be quick about it.

GRILLIDA. No! You have it upside down! All the luck has run out the ends!

BLACKSMITH. Take it or leave it! I have work to do.

(He returns to work. GRILLIDA starts to exit. TAM beckons her over.)

TAM. Psst. Your ladyship! Please take this to the Princess with my compliments.

(Smiling, he hands her a horseshoe with the ends pointing up. She accepts it and rushes off. TAM returns to work.)

SHLIMAZEL. Hah! People are such idiots. As if a horseshoe had magical powers!

MAZEL. Even if the horseshoe is worthless, Tam gave it with a kind heart. The gesture might prove lucky.

BLACKSMITH. Tam! The King paid a fortune for this fancy foreign coach and it's in the shop more than it's on the road. See what you can do.

TAM. Right away, sir!

(He slides under the coach and starts hammering. The BLACKSMITH, GROOM, and COACHMAN look on.)

COACHMAN. That new lad is a hard worker.

BLACKSMITH. And skillful, too. He's like nothing I've ever seen before!

(MUSIC NO. 7: "THE MAN CAN DO NO WRONG")

BLACKSMITH.

HE CAN MEND A CARRIAGE THAT IS CRACKED BEYOND
REPAIR

QUICKER THAN A FLASH

IT'S AS GOOD AS NEW.

HE CAN FIX A NICK LIKE IT WAS NEVER EVEN THERE –
ANY JOB YOU'VE GOT, HE'LL DO!

COACHMAN.

HE CAN GREASE AN AXLE THAT HAS ALWAYS HAD A
SQUEAK.

TAKE A LITTLE SPIN,

YOU WON'T HEAR A SOUND.

TAM.

OH, IT'S NORTHING REALLY, JUST A MATTER OF TECHNIQUE.
(AND THE LUCKY STREAK I'VE FOUND!)

IT'S AS THOUGH MY FUTURE CAME AND SLAPPED ME ON
THE BACK!

ONCE I WAS A KNUCKLEHEAD BUT NOW I HAVE A KNACK!

BLACKSMITH.

ANYTHING HE SETS ABOUT,
HE SEES IT OUT WITH STYLE!

GROOM.

LIVELY AND ALERT.

COACHMAN.

NOT AFRAID OF DIRT.
IF YOU TWO WERE MORE LIKE HIM –
I HAVE TO SAY, IT WOULDN'T HURT.

BLACKSMITH, COACHMAN, GROOM.

HIS SKILL HE'LL SHARE WITH ONE AND ALL.
JUST ASK! NO TASK TOO GREAT OR SMALL.
HE'S ON THE JOB AND ON THE BALL.
THE MAN CAN DO NO WRONG!

HE TACKLES WORK WITH ZEAL AND ZEST.
HE'S MORE THAN UP TO ANY TEST.
RESULTS ARE IN, AND THEY SUGGEST:
THE MAN CAN DO NO WRONG!

*(The **BLACKSMITH, COACHMAN, and GROOM** exit with the forge. A **GARDEN** is revealed. In the background **TAM** rolls on a wheelbarrow and sets out plants. Everything he touches bursts into bloom. The **ROYAL GARDNER** appears.)*

GARDNER. Two months Tam has been working as a greens man, and he's already tripled crop yield, invented a new system of irrigation, and redesigned the topiary display!

SHOW THE MAN A VACANT LOT, HE'LL MAKE A GARDEN
THRIVE:

RUTABAGA, LEEK, APRICOT AND PLUM!
FORTY YEARS I'VE BEEN A GARD'NER, AND I TELL YOU, I'VE
NEVER SEEN A GREENER THUMB!

*(**GRILLIDA** enters.)*

GRILLIDA. Young man...Oh, hello. It's you again. Have you come across any four leaf clovers in this garden?

TAM. Why, no. I haven't been looking for... Oh! Here's one right here.

(Effortlessly, TAM spots a four leaf clover and presents it to GRILLIDA.)

GRILLIDA. Why, thank you...um...

TAM. Tam!

GRILLIDA. Thank you, Tam!

(GRILLIDA curtsies and both exit. The garden is replaced by a Kitchen. The ROYAL CHEF enters.)

CHEF. Two months in the kitchen and he's developed the pastry bag, the egg timer, and a complete line of non-stick cookware!

(As the CHEF sings, TAM reappears immediately dressed as a cook. With some clever sleight of hand he turns some highly unlikely ingredients into a dazzling confection.)

RECIPES, HE DOESN'T NEED – HE LIKES TO IMPROVISE:
HUMMINGBIRD ON TOAST, ROASTED WILDEBEEST,
SAVORIES TO TEASE THE TONGUE AND TITILLATE THE EYES!
HE CAN MAKE A MEAL A FEAST!

(GRILLIDA enters.)

GRILLIDA. Hello, Tam. I wanted to compliment you on the rabbit stew...

(TAM offers her a rabbit's foot.)

TAM. My lady, might you be needing this?

GRILLIDA. A rabbit's foot! Oh, you're too kind. The Princess will be most appreciative.

(She curtsies and exits. The kitchen disappears. TAM is surrounded by a group of LEARNED MEN in dark cloaks.)

LEARNED MEN.

IN A TOUGH DEBATE HE'S ALWAYS EAGER TO ENGAGE.
HE DISPLAYS THE WISDOM OF A SCHOLAR TWICE HIS AGE.
I LEARNED MAN MATTERS CONTRADICTIONARY HE CLARIFIES
WITH EASE.

(A bevy of COURT LADIES dressed in party finery burst through, pulling TAM with them. TAM is now wearing

a smart and expensive ensemble. Clearly, his status is improving.)

LADIES.

(3 women) CANDY FOR THE EYES!

(1 woman) WHAT A PAIR OF THIGHS!

(3 women) ANYONE CAN PLAINLY SEE

THE REASON HE IS ON THE RISE!

HIS REPARTEE IS GLORIOUS.

(1 woman) HIS JOKES ARE ALL UPROARIOUS.

(3 women) WITH LADIES HE'S NOTORIOUS.

THE MAN CAN DO NO WRONG.

MAZEL. Is it me, or does this Royal Court look a lot like the Merry Villagers?

SHLIMAZEL. Listen, on this budget, there's gonna be some overlap.

ALL.

ALL ACROSS THE KINGDOM PEOPLE SING ABOUT HIS DEEDS!

HILL AND VALLEY ECHO HIS ACCLAIM!

EV'RY DAY THE STORIES SEEM TO MULTIPLY LIKE WEEDS,

EV'RYONE'S DELIGHTED BY HIS FAME!

(EXCUSE OUR GUSHING ON,

BUT GOD, THE GUY'S A PARAGON!)

HIS RISE HAS BEEN UPSTOPPABLE! (WE ALL PRIZE HIM!)

HIS RECORD IS UNTOPPABLE! (IDOLIZE HIM!)

HE'S ALWAYS RIGHT,

(men) GALLANT, *(women)* POLITE,

HE'S HANDSOME, BRIGHT

AND STRONG!

IT'S TRUE THE MAN CAN DO NO WRONG!

(TAM is held aloft on the COURT's shoulders. TAM is lit in the final tableau, as are MAZEL and the PRINCESS.)

Scene Five – The Terrace

(SCHLIMAZEL enters and pulls MAZEL downstage as the tableau breaks and the scene shifts.)

SCHLIMAZEL. Wow. You're really going to town with this kid.

MAZEL. It's fun. And where have you been?

SCHLIMAZEL. Oh, just out and about. Why should I hang around here?

MAZEL. Shh! Look...

(They draw to one side as the PRINCESS enters with TAM. Music plays softly under.)

PRINCESS. So much has happened to you since we first met. The court talks of no one else. I've been wanting to speak with you.

TAM. And I have so much I've wanted to tell you. But... Let me see something first.

(He takes the coin from his pocket and flips it. TAM smiles and pockets the coin.)

PRINCESS. Is your luck still holding?

TAM. Yes. *(An awkward moment. Then...)* From up here the village looks so tiny.

PRINCESS. Tam, that village *is* tiny. It's even tiny up close. Do you miss it?

TAM. Not for a second. Why, when I lived there I was as wretched a human being as you could ever see! But then my destiny turned around! And do you know what happened at the very moment my life changed forever? I saw you!

(The PRINCESS gives a little gasp and her hand goes to her mouth. Quickly she pulls it back and glances at her finger.)

PRINCESS. Oh!

(She tips her head back.)

TAM. Princess, what's wrong?

PRINCESS. Nothing. A nose bleed.

TAM. Here. Take my handkerchief.

(He helps her towards a bench, and they sit.)

PRINCESS. I've never felt quite like this before. Keep talking, Tam. Tell me what's in your heart.

(Lights shift. MAZEL and SHLIMAZEL are revealed again, observing.)

MAZEL. *(fondly)* See how Tam's fortunes are turning? Look.

SHLIMAZEL. I'm not really one for all this mushy stuff. *After the wedding – that's where I come in.*

MAZEL. This isn't just because of me. He deserves it.

SHLIMAZEL. If I didn't know better, I'd say you were getting attached to this kid.

MAZEL. *(Caught, she bristles.)* Don't be ridiculous!

SHLIMAZEL. Look out. When he takes that fall, you're gonna get hurt.

(Lights shift. The PRINCESS clutches her calf.)

PRINCESS. Ow!

TAM. Princess! What's the matter?

PRINCESS. I seem to have a charley horse in my leg. It's nothing. A trifle.

(She massages her calf with one hand, keeping her head tipped back and pressing the handkerchief to her nose with the other.)

TAM. Can I get you anything? A cold pack? A hot pack?

PRINCESS. Please don't trouble yourself. What were we talking about...?

TAM. I was saying that the instant you entered my life, I became a new man. I discovered I could do things I never... Oh! Princess! Your throat is flushing the color of burning coals...

PRINCESS. Just an allergic reaction...probably a bad shrimp...

TAM. No! I'll get help. *(He calls off left.)* Is there a doctor...

(GRILLIDA tumbles from the shrubbery, where she's been eavesdropping. She quickly smooths out her dress. TAM turns and sees her.)

Oh, Lady Grillida! Please wait with the Princess while I summon a physician!

(TAM hurries off.)

GRILLIDA. My lady! I've never seen you in such a state! What ails you?

PRINCESS. Everything at once! My nose is bleeding, there's a cramp in my leg, flushes of heat at my throat...Oh, Grillida! Could this be love? At last?

GRILLIDA. Of course! Just like in your books! You see? The horseshoe. The four leaf clover. The rabbit's foot. All my charms have worked their magic!

(The PRINCESS impulsively hugs GRILLIDA. Lights shift back to MAZEL and SHLIMAZEL.)

MAZEL. Listen to that ridiculous woman taking credit for my work. Hmph! As if a severed rabbit's foot would be attractive to me. It certainly wasn't lucky for the rabbit! A princess raised on that kind of nonsense...I'm not even sure she's good enough for him!

SHLIMAZEL. Wow. You *have* got it bad! Well, see you later. I've got some business three kingdoms over. Some dumb cluck with new shoes is walking home through a cow pasture...

(HE exits, rubbing his hands with anticipation. MAZEL remains, alone with her thoughts.)

(MUSIC NO. 8: "WHO KNEW?")

MAZEL.

I WAS ABOVE MERE HUMAN FEELING.
THOSE HEARTS AND FLOWERS SEEMED ABSURD.
LOVE – WHAT COULD BE LESS APPEALING?
TOO SENTIMENTAL,
MUCH TOO MESSY.

THEN I MET TAM. AND I CONFESS HE
 OPENED A DOOR
 JUST A CRACK,
 BUT I'VE SLIPPED THROUGH
 AND I CAN'T GO BACK.

SO THIS IS THE WAY IT FEELS TO CARE.
 WHO KNEW?
 FUNNY, IT CAUGHT ME UNAWARE.
 WHO KNEW?
 I CONFESS I'M QUITE SURPRISED
 THIS COULD EVER BE...
 THAT A HUMAN LAD COULD TOUCH
 SOMETHING REAL IN ME.
 SO HERE'S WHAT THE SHOUTING'S ALL ABOUT.
 WHO KNEW?
 LOOK AT THE STARS ALL COMING OUT
 ON CUE.
 BALLADS, I THOUGHT, WERE "BLAH, BLAH, BLAH"
 JUST *WORDS* A FOOL WOULD SPEW
 BUT I NEVER HEARD ALL THIS *MUSIC*...
 WHO KNEW?

(Music continues under, to audience.)

MAZEL. *(cont.)* There! There! Listen! Is that music? Am I
 crazy? Do you hear it?

WELL, I GUESS THE JOKE'S ON ME –
 ON THIS KID I'M STUCK.
 ME, WHO NEVER GOT ATTACHED –
 NOW I'M "JUST HIS LUCK!"
 I'M GONE AS A GIRL COULD EVER BE.
 WHO KNEW?
 HEY, WHAT'S A DEMI-DEITY TO DO?
 I LET A LITTLE SEED TAKE ROOT;
 A LOVELY FLOWER GREW.
 AND I GUESS I'M PARTIAL TO FLOWERS.
 WHO KNEW?

*(Lights down on MAZEL as the PRINCESS and
 GRILLIDA return.)*

GRILLIDA. There, there, my lady. Are you feeling better now?

PRINCESS. I've never felt better in my life! *(suddenly alarmed)*
The symptoms seem to be going away... I must find Tam!

(She rushes out, passing the KING and KAMSTAN as they enter.)

KING. Lady Grillida, the Princess appears to be in an excitable state. What has happened?

GRILLIDA. A miracle, Your Highness! The Princess has found her heart's true love right here in the royal palace!

KAMSTAN. Let me guess – that sweaty little social climber from the village, Tam?

GRILLIDA. Why should the Princess be immune? All the ladies of the court are smitten with him!

KING. This is great news!

KAMSTAN. *(waving GRILLIDA off)* Your Majesty, might I have a word with you in private?

(GRILLIDA curtsies and exits.)

Scene Six – Kamstan’s Private Chambers

KAMSTAN. Your Majesty, have I not always counseled you prudently?

KING. Yes, yes...

KAMSTAN. Then, Your Majesty, I ask you to consider this match. This boy has no kingdom. He brings with him no riches, no political advantage. Can you really allow your royal bloodline to be diluted by the son of mere peasants? I mean, what do we really know about this boy?

KING. Well, he’s talented, intelligent, kind, brave...practically perfect.

KAMSTAN. Exactly! Too perfect!

(MUSIC NO. 9: “MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE”)

THAT LOYAL AIR.

THE SPEED AND GRACE.

THE TOUSELED HAIR.

THAT OPEN FACE...

COULD ANYONE SO KEEN TO CHARM YOU...

HARM YOU?

THOSE WINNING WAYS.

THE YOUTHFUL PLUCK.

THAT STEADY GAZE.

THE KISS OF LUCK.

COULD SUCH A POSTER-BOY FOR VIRTUE...

HURT YOU?

LET ME ALERT YOU...

I SEE THROUGH HIM;

THERE’S MORE TO HIM

THAN YOU MIGHT BELIEVE.

I’VE A FEELING

HE’S CONCEALING

SOMETHING UP HIS SLEEVE.

RIP OFF THE MASK OF THAT FRIENDLY SMILE,

YOU MAY NOT LIKE WHAT YOU SPY:

SOMETHING SQUISHY,

SOMETHING FISHY –

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE!

KING. I don't think so. He seems...

KAMSTAN.

I'M SUSPECTING,

I'M DETECTING

HIS DECEITFUL PLOT.

KING. No!

KAMSTAN.

WATCH YOUR DAUGHTER!

KING. What!?

KAMSTAN.

IT'S HIS AIM TO

LAY HIS CLAIM TO

EV'RYTHING YOU'VE GOT!

UNDER THAT BOYISH EXTERIOR

HIDES SOMETHING CUNNING AND SLY.

CAN'T YOU TELL IT?

I CAN SMELL IT!

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE!

HE'S RISEN TO THE TOP SO EASILY,

SMILING ALL THE WHILE SO CHEESILY

ANYONE THAT SLICK AND WEASELY

YOU OUGHT TO AVOID!

WHAT HE'LL DO IS INDETERMINATE,

BUT THE APPLE HAS A WORM IN IT –

JUST THE KIND OF NASTY VERMIN IT

PAYS TO HAVE DESTROYED.

BUT WE CAN DO IT ARTFULLY!

PERMIT ME TO SUGGEST:

TO KEEP HIM FROM THE PRINCESS. WE CAN PUT HIM

THROUGH A TEST!

KING. A test? What sort of test?

KAMSTAN. Let him demonstrate the measure of his character. Perhaps...

(KAMSTAN whispers into the KING's ear.)

KING. But that's next to impossible!

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.