

# ***THE LOVE FOR THREE ORANGES***

**by Mark Billen**



## **Characters**

**Stage Manager**

**Assistant 1**

**Assistant 2**

**King of Clubs**

**Doctor 1**

**Doctor 2**

**Doctor 3**

**Doctor 4**

**Pantaloon**     *Court Chamberlain*

**Truffaldino**   *A jovial fellow*

**Leander**       *An evil prime minister*

**Fata Morgana**     *A witch*

**Tchelio**         *A wizard*

**Princess Clarissa**

**Smeraldina**   *Fata Morgana's evil daughter*

**Prince of Clubs**     *A hypochondriac*

**Cook**

**Farfarello** *A wind devil*

**Creonta**         *A giantess*

**Princess Linetta**     }

**Princess Nicoletta**   }

**Princess Ninetta**     }

**Guards**

**Caveman 1**

**Caveman 2**

**Clowns**

# Script sample 1

## *The opening of the play*

### ACT ONE

A stage with the scenery in place but not all of the props. The lighting is on.

(The Manager and Assistants enter, are unaware of the audience, and bring two thrones to the centre of the stage.)

**Manager:** Come along then. put the big one there and the little one next to it.

**Assistant 1:** There's the big one.

**Assistant 2:** And there's the little one.

(The thrones are facing upstage but this is not noticed at first.)

**Assistant 1:** What's on tonight, then?

**Assistant 2:** Is it something tragic to make everyone cry? Ooooooh, it would be so sad.

**Assistant 1:** Or a fast and furious flippant farce full of frolics?

(The others stare at him.)

**Manager:** What did he say?

**Assistant 1:** Is it a fast and furious flippant farce full of frolics?

**Assistant 2:** (Soppily.) Or something romantic?

**Manager:** It's none of these. It's something different. Funny and sad, romantic and also ...

**Assistant 2:** ... tragic ... boo hoo ...oo! Oh, it's so sad!

**Assistant 1:** He doesn't know what it's about and he's already upset!

**Manager:** It's not really tragic, anyway.

**Assistant 1:** } (Together.)

**Assistant 2:** } Then what is it?

**Manager:** The Love for Three Oranges!

**Assistant 1:** } (Together.)

**Assistant 2:** } The Love for Three Oranges?

**Manager:** That's it. A scintillating story full of strange sensations and splendid situations!

**Assistant 1:** } (Together.) Ooooooh!

**Assistant 2:** }

**Manager:** (Firmly) And before it begins you'd better put those two thrones the right way round - facing the audience.

(The Assistants lift up the thrones and turn them - both suddenly see the audience.)

**Assistant 1:** } (Together.)

**Assistant 2.:** } Oh dear! Oh dear!

**Manager:** What's the matter?

**Assistant 1:** } (Together.)

**Assistant 2:** } Look! (They turn the Manager to face the audience.)

**Manager:** Oh d-e-a-r!

**Assistant 1:** What do we do now?

**Assistant 2:** Let's go and hide! (He hides behind one of the thrones.)

**Manager:** We can't, they've seen us

**Assistant 1:** Well, we'd better do something or they'll start throwing things at us.

**Assistant 2:** Shall I tell them a nice tragic story to cheer them up?

**Assistant 1:** Cheer them up ! It'll send them to sleep!

**Manager:** One of them's nearly asleep already. (At the stage front.) *Wake up sir!*

**Assistant 1:** I know, I'll tell them one of my jokes!

**Manager:** Oh no you don't. There's only one thing to do.

**Assistant 2:** Run away!

**(He tries to but the others hold him back.)**

**Manager:** No, we'll say who we are.

**Assistant 1:** That's a good idea.

**Assistant 2:** I'd sooner run away.

**Manager:** **(Addressing the audience.)** Good evening. You are not meant to have seen us

....

**Assistant 1:** **(Stepping forward)** But you have!

**Assistant 2:** Shut up!

**Manager:** But as you have we'll have to explain who we are. I ... **(He pulls himself up.)**

... am the stage manager and these are my clever and helpful assistants.

**(They both look utterly stupid.)**

**Manager:** This is [name] and this is [name].

**(They smile and wave.)**

**Assistant 1:** Our job is to help move the scenery.

**Assistant 2:** And to make sure that everything goes smoothly.

**Manager:** We should have been hidden away before you came in. As you've seen us please don't tell anyone.

**Assistant 1:** } **(Together.)**

**Assistant 2:** } **(On knees, begging.)** Please don't tell anyone!

**Manager:** Or we'll get told off by the producer.

**Assistant 1:** He'll start ranting and raving and tearing his hair out.

**Assistant 2:** No he won't.

**Assistant 1:** Why not?

**Assistant 2:** He hasn't got much left! **[The script can be modified to suit!]**

**Manager:** **(Ignoring them and addressing the audience)** We're not meant to be seen or heard.

**Assistant 1:** But we've decided that's crazy.

**(The others nod in agreement.)**

**Assistant 2:** So now and then we may just creep on to check that everything's all right.

**Manager:** If we don't like the story we have been known to pop in and change things a bit.

**Assistant 1:** If the baddies become too powerful then we have a few surprises for them!

**Manager:** That's enough, it's time for us to begin!

**Assistant 2:** Ooooooh goody, I always enjoy a nice tragedy.

**Assistant 1:** A comedy!

**Assistant 2:** **(At the same time as Assistant 1.)** } Tragedy! Tragedy! Tragedy!

**Assistant 1:** **(At the same time as Assistant 2.)** } Comedy! Comedy! Comedy!

**(They continue to argue and start fighting.)**

**Manager:** **(Separating them.)** *Silence!* **(To the audience.)** Attention everybody!

**Assistant 1:** } **(Together.)**

**Assistant 2:** } **(As they leave)** It's starting! It's starting! It's starting!

**(There is a march; the stage becomes very gloomy. the King, Doctors and Pantaloon enter. Manager and Assistants exit upstage.)**

**King:** Tell me the worst. What is wrong with my son? What is wrong with the prince? Is he about to die?

**(The Doctors inspect charts, results etc.)**

**Doctor 1:** He has a head ache.

**Doctor 2:** His skin goes hot.

**Doctor 3:** His skin goes cold.

**Doctor 4:** And he looks very pale.

**King:** What makes him so ill?

**Doctor 1:** He's asleep half the day.

**Doctor 2:** He's awake half the night.

**Doctor 3:** He's affected by the weather.

**Doctor 4:** Rains add to his pains.

**Doctor 1:** And even hurt his brains.

**Doctor 2:** And when the wind blows ....

**Doctor 3:** From the wrong direction ....

**Doctor 4:** **(To the audience)** It's best to keep out of his way altogether.

**King:** This is terrible.

**Doctor 1:** He says that he has a pain in his thumb.

**Doctor 2:** And a boil on his bum.

**Doctor 3:** That won't go away.

**Doctor 4:** **(To the audience)** So he'll never be able to sit on the throne in comfort.

**King:** But what is wrong with him?

**Doctor 1:** He doesn't want to be well.

**Doctor 2:** He enjoys being ill.

**Doctor 3:** He likes all his medicines and potions and pills and tonics.

**Doctor 4:** He asks for more of them every day.

**Doctor 1:** He wants medicine for nose ache.

**Doctor 2:** And tonic for hair ache.

**Doctor 3:** And pills for aching finger nails.

**Doctor 4:** **(To the audience)** And something to help him sit down more comfortably.

**Doctors:** We agree he has ....

**Doctor 1:** Severe ....

**Doctor 2:** Complete ....

**Doctor 3:** Absolute ....

**Doctor 4:** Incurable ....

**Doctors:** Melancholia! Complicated with Hypochondria!

**King:** Oh, my poor son.

**Pantaloon:** Oh, how dreadful!

**King:** } **(Together.)**

**Pantaloon:** } They all agree ....

**King:** Severe ....

**Pantaloon:** Complete ....

**King:** Absolute ....

**Pantaloon:** Incurable ....

**King:** } **(Together.)**

**Pantaloon:** } Melancholia; complicated with Hypochondria.

**(The Doctors huddle round the King.)**

**Pantaloon:** **(Stepping forward)** What a lot of quack, quacks! Do they know anything about medicine? If he's too hot then give him some ice! If he's too cold give him a cup of hot chocolate! If he can't sleep at night then let him sleep all day.

**King:** **(To Pantaloon.)** What shall I do? I'm getting old. If the Prince dies then who will sit on my throne after me? That vile madam, my niece, Princess Clarissa, that's who. She's so evil and dreadfully stuck up. What shall I do?

**Pantaloon:** Poor man.

**King:** Who will help me?

**Pantaloon:** What a problem.

**King:** What a tragedy.

**Doctor 1:** What a to-do!

**Doctor 2:** Is this the king?

**Doctor 3:** Not very regal!

**Doctor 4:** Quite a disappointment!

**Pantaloone:** **(To the King.)** Stop worrying! He's not dead yet!

**(All freeze for a moment - staring at the King who is deep in thought.)**

**King:** A long time ago it was said he could be cured.

**Doctors:** How?

**King:** With just one laugh - just one laugh would be his cure.

**Doctor 1:** Impossible!

**Doctor 2:** Ridiculous!

**Doctor 3:** Absurd!

**Doctor 4:** Bosh. **(A moment's silence.)**

**Pantaloone:** So why don't we make him laugh?

**Doctors:** **(Loudly)** It wouldn't work!

**King:** I've just been told it wouldn't work.

**Pantaloone:** Don't give up! Don't give in! What do they know? **(He sneers at the Doctors.)** Have *they* tried to make him laugh? The sight of *them* is enough to make anyone feel ill? We all need cheering up. This whole court is much too dull, dim and depressing. How can the prince be cheery and chatty in such a glum and gloomy atmosphere? **(He lets this sink in then speaks softly.)** I know just the thing to cheer him up.

**Doctor 1:** It can't be done.

**Doctor 2:** He'll never laugh.

**Doctor 3:** Nothing will make him laugh.

**Doctor 4:** **(To the audience.)** He doesn't have a funny bone.

**Pantaloone:** **(Ignoring the King and Doctors.)** We'll have a party! An extravaganza with lots of fun and jollity to perk up the Prince. **(Calling.)** Truffaldino! Truffaldino!

**Doctors:** It won't work!

**King:** A party? Fun and jollity? It won't work.

**Pantaloone:** It won't work if we don't try! Let's have a go. Truffaldino!

**Truffaldino:** **(Springing and whirling in.)** Did someone call for me? How can I help?

**King:** It's very hard.

**(Truffaldino looks at the King and Pantaloone as each speaks.)**

**Pantaloone:** It's really easy!

**King:** Utterly beyond you ....

**Pantaloone:** Just your sort of thing.

**King:** It'll take you ages.

**Pantaloone:** You'll love it!

**Truffaldino:** But what do you want?

**King:** **(At his most doleful.)** Some jolly amusements and fun – in short a light hearted frolic to cheer up the Prince and make him laugh.

**Truffaldino:** **(Exuberant.)** We'll have balloons, streamers, funny hats and much, much more! Don't let the Royal brain worry! Leave it all to me! **(He exits rapidly.)**

**King:** Is he all there? Is he round the twist? He'll never do it!

**Doctors 1:** } **(Together to Pantaloone.)**

**Doctor 2:** } It won't work.

**(They exit.)**

**Pantaloone:** Yes it will!

**Doctor 3 :** } **(Together to Pantaloone.)**

**Doctor 4:** } It's quite impossible.  
**(They exit.)**  
**Pantaloon:** *No it's not!* He's just the chap and won't let you down.  
**King:** The prime minister must be informed. Where is Leander?  
**Leander:** **(Appearing suddenly from behind the King's throne. He is sinister and very smooth and smarmy.)** Right beside you, your majesty.  
**Pantaloon:** **(To the audience.)** Here's trouble in capital letters. How vile he is! He would like to see the prince dead.  
**King:** Leander, we're to have some jolly festivities.  
**Leander:** **(Aghast.)** Jolly festivities!  
**King:** And grand parades.  
**Leander:** Grand parades!  
**King:** And red faced clowns. If the prince is to recover he must be made to laugh.  
**Leander:** Laugh? Is this wise? Surely such excitement would exhaust the prince and make him worse.  
**Pantaloon:** **(Aside.)** Now you can see who the real enemy is.  
**Leander:** It would do more harm than good.  
**Pantaloon:** **(Furious.)** Ooooh!  
**King:** If we don't try we won't succeed.  
**Pantaloon:** That's a change of tune.  
**King:** **(Glumly.)** Fun and frolics, clowns and capers, smiles and laughter.  
**Leander:** Haven't you heard, people sometimes die from laughter?  
**King:** **(Ignoring Leander.)** There shall be a party!

## Script sample 2

### *The climax of Act 2*

**Assistant 1:** } **(Together.)**  
**Assistant 2:** } **(Off stage.)** Fata Morgana!  
**Morgana:** **(Suddenly nervous.)** Who ... who ... who's there?  
**(Assistants appear, Manager keeps back and has a rope hidden.)**  
**Assistant 1:** It's only us. We've got something for you!  
**Assistant 2:** Come closer, Fata Morgana the magnificent, and let us whisper a little something in your ear.  
**Assistant 1:** It's a lovely surprise.  
**Assistant 2:** Because we admire you so.  
**Morgana:** I'm not too sure about this fellows. What do you mean?  
**Assistant 2:** Come closer and we'll tell you.  
**Morgana:** **(Tempted but cautious.)** Very ... well.  
**Assistant 1:** We won't hurt you. **(Aside.)** Not much!  
**Assistant 2:** There's nothing to fear ... **(Aside.)** If your names don't begin with F and M!  
**(The Assistants stand beside Fata Morgana and the Manager stands behind with a large noose ready to go over her.)**  
**Morgana:** What have you got for me then?  
**Assistant 1:** It's a surprise!  
**Assistant 2:** A big surprise!  
**Morgana:** **(Becoming more interested.)** I like surprises.  
**Assistant 1:** Close your eyes then.  
**Assistant 2:** Ready?

**Morgana:** (Impatiently and with her eyes closed.) Yes, what is it?

**Manager:** }

**Assistant 1:** } (Together.) This!

**Assistant 2:** }

(They slip the rope over her and pull it tight. Fata Morgana protests and struggles but there is no escape.)

**Morgana:** (Whilst they bind her.) Ow! Ow! Cheats! Ow!

**Manager:** Now you're trapped. We'll have no more dirty business from you!

**Morgana:** Cheats! I'll soon escape. Do you really think a piece of rope can bind someone as powerful as me? (She struggles determinedly.) I'll soon be out of here, just you see.

**Assistant 2:** That's quite enough! (Pushing Fata Morgana who rocks helplessly.)

**Assistant 1:** What can you do now all powerful one? (Pushpin her.)

**Manager:** Now you're under our control! (Pushing Fata Morgana who fumes in fury.)

**Assistant 1:** You're in our power! (Pushes.)

**Assistant 2:** So there! (Pushes.)

**Manager:** Let's get her out of the way.

**Morgana:** (As she is pushed and prodded to the side of the stage and out of sight.)

You feeble little weevils. Do you really think that you can change the story? You're powerless I tell you, utterly powerless! *I'm* the one with the power.

**Manager:** }

**Assistant 1:** } (Together.) Oh no you're not!

**Assistant 2:** }

**Morgana:** Oh yes I am! And you'll soon find out just how powerful I am ... just you wait and see! (She is pushed and poked.) Stop prodding me like that. I'm not that bad really.

**Manager:** }

**Assistant 1:** } (Together.) Oh yes you are!

**Assistant 2:** }

(Fata Morgana is still protesting in the wings when the sound of the march is again heard. The Manager and Assistants come dashing back on holding wedding decorations.)

**Manager:** Quick, get these up. Get ready.

**Assistant 1:** Hurry up, they'll be here soon.

**Assistant 2:** Poor prince, fancy having to marry Smeraldina.

**Assistant 1:** I don't. I wouldn't marry Smeraldina if she was the last ...

**Manager:** Quick, the thrones.

(Manager and Assistants dash off; Leander and Pantaloon enter.)

**Leander:** (Pompously.) Is everything ready?

**Pantaloon:** Everything.

**Leander:** (Sneering.) Where are the thrones?

**Pantaloon:** (Commandingly.) Thrones!

(Assistants dash on and put the thrones in place.)

**Pantaloon:** There they are!

(The march is heard and the procession enters and once in place covers the view of the thrones; Smeraldina is veiled. The Prince is very distressed and clearly detests his bride. Ninetta, wearing the rat head, slips into place on one of the thrones behind the crowd.)

**Crowd:** Long live the king! Long live the prince. Long live the princess.

**Clarissa:** } (Together.)

**Leander:** } Ra! Ra! Ra!

**(They continue over enthusiastically and make a lot of noise after everyone else has finished. The King gives them a hard stare.)**

**King:** My son, it is time to present your bride to the court.

**Prince:** **(Stepping away from Smeraldina and trying to show his distaste.)** Father, do I have to marry this ... this blue faced troll?

**Smeraldina:** **(Clawing at the Prince.)** Oh Princey, don't break your promise to your darling Ninetta.

**King:** A prince's promise cannot be broken. Come and sit upon the thrones.

**(The crowd part and Ninetta with the rat's head is revealed sitting on one of the thrones in a very indignant state.)**

**Crowd:** **(Alarmed.)** A rat! Help! A rat in the royal court!

**(Tchelio suddenly appears in a blaze of light.)**

**Tchelio:** Abracadabra! Be gone rat! Ninetta return!

**King:** Guards!

**Tchelio:** Rat! Be gone! Princess return! Return princess!

**King:** Guards! Muskets at the ready.

**(The Guards step forward.)**

**Tchelio:** Drat you rat! I command you to ... to ... un-rat ...

**(Ninetta is making frantic signals.)**

**King:** Take aim!

**(The Guards raise their guns.)**

**Tchelio:** I command you rat ...

**(Ninetta's signals become more urgent.)**

**King:** On the count of three ...

**Prince:** **(Suddenly alarmed he leaps in front of the Ninetta to prevent her being shot.)** Don't shoot the rat! It's trying to tell us something.

**Tchelio:** Now then rat, this is your last chance! **(Powerfully.)** *I command you to de-ratify yourself!*

**(Tchelio hurls a monstrous spell.. There is a flash of the lights, the rat disappears and Ninetta appears blinking in the lights.)**

**Prince:** Princess, my princess!

**Ninetta:** Where am I? What has happened to me?

**Crowd:** A miracle!

**Prince:** My orange! It is her, my own princess!

**Ninetta:** There you are, my prince.

**Crowd:** Good gracious.

**King:** Well I never ... fancy that!

**Prince:** Yes father, I do!

**King:** Then who is this? **(He points at Smeraldina.)**

**Prince:** **(Tearing off the veil.)** Ugh!

**Truffaldino:** Why, I know her, she's been skulking round the palace rather a lot lately. It's Smeraldina!

**Doctor 1:** She certainly has a most unusual complexion!

**Doctor 2:** And she doesn't look at all well.

**Doctor 3:** There must be something wrong with her diet.

**Doctor 4:** Once we have examined her we'll soon find a cure.

**Clarissa:** } **(Together.)**

**Leander:** } **(Aghast at the turn of events.)** Smeraldina, hush!

**King:** **(Noticing.)** Smeraldina, plotting with Leander and Clarissa. I see it all now.

**Leander:** Oh sir ...

**Clarissa:** (With mock affection.) Dear uncle.  
**Leander:** } (Together.)  
**Clarissa:** } (Very obsequious.) How could you think such a thing of us?  
**King:** I understand it all now. Why was my son so ill? Because of you! Why didn't he get well? Because of you! The two of you have plotted and schemed but now your plot will take another turn.  
**Leander:** Oh sir!  
**Clarissa:** Oh uncle!  
**King:** You have betrayed us. You have been prepared to commit high treason!  
**Leander:** No sir.  
**Clarissa:** No uncle !  
**King:** For which the punishment is ...  
**Truffaldino:** Oh sir, forgive them.  
**Pantaloon:** Be quiet! I'm enjoying this!  
**King:** (With deliberation and menace.) For which the punishment is torture!  
**Crowd:** (Aghast.) Torture!  
**King:** Whips and scorpions!  
**Crowd:** (Aghast.) Whips and scorpions!  
**King:** Ropes and chains!  
**Crowd:** (Aghast.) Ropes and chains!  
**King:** Snakes and ...  
**Crowd:** (Aghast.) *Snakes and ...*  
**King:** Yes! (Relishing the words.) *Snakes and ... ladders!*  
**Crowd:** (Aghast.) *Ah! Snakes and ladders!*  
**Leander:** } (Together.)  
**Clarissa:** } (Groveling.) Mercy. Mercy!  
**King:** And then, to finish, death, by hanging.  
**Crowd:** Death by hanging!  
**Leander:** (Pleading.) No sir!  
**Clarissa:** (Pleading.) No uncle!  
**King:** Send for the hang man.  
**Leander:** Mercy sir.  
**Clarissa:** Mercy uncle.  
**King:** Arrest them all.  
 (The Guards move forward.)  
**Clarissa:** }  
**Leander:** } (Together.) Help! Save us! Help! Help!  
**Smeraldina:** }  
 (Shouting in terror they run away.)  
**King:** After them!  
 (The King leads the way and is followed by the Guards and everyone else. All exit. Throughout the following chase all movements are exaggerated, almost as in a slowed down film. The pursuers remain in a line as they chase. The stage is clear for a moment then Clarissa, Leander and Smeraldina dash in from the opposite direction. They search frantically for somewhere to hide.)  
**Leander:** (Terrified.) What shall we do?  
**Clarissa:** Run away!  
 (They run off. Immediately the King and everyone else enters and they search furiously everywhere, moving the thrones and going down among the audience. There is much

noise and pandemonium. Finding they exit by the same route as they entered. Clarissa, Leander and Smeraldina appear from another entry. They are more frantic than ever.)

**Leander:** Where can we hide?

**Clarissa:** Over there!

(Leander dashes to a suitable position. Clarissa storms after him and throws him to the floor.)

**Clarissa:** (Screaming.) That's my place!

(Clarissa hides; Leander picks himself up awkwardly and finds a hiding place as does Smeraldina. The line of pursuers enters still lead by the King but no one has noticed that Fata Morgana has joined in at the end of the chase. The King has lead everyone at such a frantic pace that when he suddenly stops all bump into each other and spread over the stage. As soon as she enters Fata Morgana leaps on the thrones and stands commandingly.)

**Morgana:** (Speaking loudly above the hubbub which quickly dies down.) Daughter, Leander, Clarissa, run for you lives!

(They run through the audience and if there are spare seats sit among them.)

**Morgana:** One last spell I shall work!

*So you'll not follow us with ease*

*By my command you now shall freeze!*

(Suddenly the stage is bathed in blue light. All freeze in position. Cackling to herself Fata Morgana comes down from the thrones and admires her work. Laughing she takes off her battered hat, steals the crown from the King and places it on her own head. She tickles the Prince under the chin then makes faces at Ninetta. Moving on she pulls the beard of Tchelio then picks up her hat and pulls it down over Pantaloon's head. Seeing Truffaldino she bends him over, limbers up then gives him a smart kick. Truffaldino shoots up with an astonished look then bends over again. As everyone is 'frozen' this is Fata Morgana's moment of delight. She is immensely proud of herself and cannot stop laughing in glee. She pulls herself together and speaks to the audience.)

**Morgana:** *Really that was very clever,*

*Now they're stuck like that, forever!*

(Fata Morgana goes off cackling. The Manager and Assistants enter.)

**Assistant 1:** Now look what she's done!

**Manager:** How did she escape?

**Assistant 2:** She was so cross that she blew herself into a red hot temper and exploded the ropes.

**Assistant 1:** That's really spoilt things!

**Assistant 2:** Just as the story was so nice too.

**Manager:** There's nothing we can do now.

**Assistant 2:** We can't break her spell.

**Manager:** Brr, it's jolly cold here. (Pointing to someone in the audience.) I hope you've put your coat back on, madam.

**Assistant 2:** Is there nothing we can do?

**Manager:** Nothing. (They are very glum and thoughtful.)

**Assistant 1:** Yes there is. (He dashes off.)

**Manager:** What's he up to?

**Assistant 2:** I don't know.

(Assistant 1 comes dashing back holding three aerosol sprays.)

**Manager:** What's that?

**Assistant 1:** De-icer of course. Spray them with this and they'll be as good as new!

**Manager:** Splendid! You go over there, I'll go to the back and you do this part here.

**(They spray everyone and gradually all start to stretch and thaw out and the lighting slowly returns to normal.)**

**Assistant 1:** Make sure you don't miss any one.

**Manager:** And make sure you do them properly. We don't want any one left with a frozen arm or anything.

**Assistant 2:** Hair spray sir?

**Assistant 1:** How about a little freshen up under the arms.

**Manager:** Nearly done.

**Assistant 2:** Just one leg to finish.

**Manager:** Come on, we'll sit at the side so that we can see the end of the story.

**(They sit out of the way but remain in view.)**

**Pantaloon:** **(Stretching and looking round.)** Aaah! What happened, where are they?

**King:** **(Feeling for his crown.)** Traitors, where are they?

**Truffaldino:** Gone!

**Pantaloon:** Gone for good!

**King:** Then after them, guards.

**(The Guards begin to dash off.)**

**Truffaldino:** They're not worth it.

**King:** You are right, there is something far more important to be done.

**Prince:** Now father ...

**King:** Yes my son.

**Prince:** Can we go back in time?

**King:** What do you mean?

**Prince:** I want another procession.

**Crowd:** Another procession?

**Prince:** Yes, my wedding procession was with Smeraldina, now I want to have a procession with Ninetta!

**King:** Very well, it shall be done.

**Pantaloon:** Come along everyone, back we go.

**Truffaldino:** In to order please everyone.

**Pantaloon:** No squabbling please!

**(With much activity and chat Truffaldino and Pantaloon usher everyone backwards off the stage and the procession is reformed.)**

**Manager:** **(To the audience.)** So they all lived happily...

**Ninetta:** **(Off stage – amplified.)** Will you get your foot off my dress?

**Prince:** **(Off stage – amplified. Indignant.)** It's not on your dress!

**Ninetta:** **(Off stage – amplified.)** I tell you it is on my dress!

**(Ninetta and the Prince continue to argue loudly and the Manager and Assistants put their hands over their ears as the argument develops.)**

**Prince:** **(Off stage – amplified.)** It's nowhere near your dress!

**Truffaldino:** **(Off stage – amplified.)** Can we have the march again please?

**Manager:** }

**Assistant 1:** } **(Together, to the audience.)** Yes, they all lived happily...

**Assistant 2:** }

**Everyone:** **(Loudly.)** Ever after!

## CURTAIN

**(The march is heard, very loudly, one more time for the curtain call.)**

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