

DEWEY DECIMALS AND DRAGONS

By Lavinia Roberts

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DEWEY DECIMALS AND DRAGONS

A One Act Comedic Fairy Tale

by Lavinia Roberts

SYNOPSIS: Prince Prescott is a bibliophile who takes little interest in princely pursuits, much to the chagrin of Queen Edwina and King Cranston. His parents consult a myriad of magical advisors including a trio of eccentric wizards about his reading malady, but to no avail. When his parents plan to send Prince Prescott to Fairy Godmother's Finishing School to be instructed in charm, fashion, etiquette, archery, and fencing, Prince Prescott runs away to the only place he thinks he'll be safe from princely pursuits; a dragon's lair. There, he becomes the public relations manager for Darla, a dragon who loves a good bedtime story. Can a vicious dragon attack on the village by Draco the dragon, help bring Prince Prescott and his family back together?

CAST OF CHARACTERS

*(7 females, 3 males, 4-7 either, 2-10 extras; gender flexible,
doubling possible)*

QUEEN QUINN (f)	A high-strung perfectionist, but well-meaning ruler and mother to Penelope. <i>(39 lines)</i>
PRINCESS PENELOPE (f)	An aspiring mathematician. <i>(29 lines)</i>
ROYAL ADVISOR 1 (m/f)	A crafty and crooked confidant to Queen Quinn. <i>(11 lines)</i>
GRIZELDA (f)	A witch, very warm and thoughtful elder, with a good sense of humor. <i>(26 lines)</i>
KING CRANSTON (m)	Benevolent, but boisterous and stubborn. <i>(39 lines)</i>
QUEEN EDWINA (f)	Anxious and easily agitated. <i>(43 lines)</i>
ROYAL ADVISOR 2 (m/f)	Prim and proper. Does have a propensity to pontificate. <i>(7 lines)</i>

PRINCE PRESCOTT (m).....	Lover of reading, a bibliophile. (80 lines)
PRINCESS PEARLETTE (f).....	A prissy, pretty, and bossy princess. (30 lines)
WIZARD 1 (m/f)	An odd wizard obsessed with frogs. (5 lines)
WIZARD 2 (m/f)	An odd wizard. (7 lines)
WIZARD 3-(m/f).....	An odd wizard obsessed with potions. (8 lines)
FAIRY GODMOTHER (f)	Etiquette instructor; runs finishing school for Princes. Really an evil enchantress. (17 lines)
PRINCE CHARMING (m).....	A charismatic, charming, and cowardly con-artist, originally a frog. (7 lines)
KNIGHT (m/f).....	A noble knight, skilled with a sword. (6 lines)
DARLA (f).....	Organizationally challenged dragon who loves a good story. (34 lines)
DRACO (m/f)	A lonely dragon. (12 lines)
GUARDS (m/f).....	Two or more palace guards. (Non-Speaking)
OPTIONAL EXTRAS	A black cat could follow Grizelda. More wizards could enter with wizards. (Non-Speaking)

CAST NOTE: WIZARDS can be double cast as DRACO, KNIGHT, and PRINCE CHARMING for a smaller cast.

DURATION: 35 minutes.

TIME: Once Upon a Time

SETTING: A fairy tale castle and a fearsome dragon's den.

PROPS

- Pen (PRINCESS PENELOPE)
- Hand Fan with Math Equations on a Side. (PRINCESS PENELOPE)
- Scroll (ROYAL ADVISOR 1)
- Schedule (FAIRY GODMOTHER)
- Wand (FAIRY GODMOTHER)
- Book (QUEEN EDWINA)
- Book titled *A History of Dragons* (PRINCE PRESCOTT)
- Broom (GRIZELDA)
- 2-4 Swords (PRINCE CHARMING, KNIGHT, and GUARDS)
- Bedtime Story Book (DARLA and PRINCE PRESCOTT)
- Small Bright Colored Potion Bottles (WIZARD 3)
- No Trespassing Signs (PRINCE PRESCOTT)

SPECIAL EFFECTS

- Dragon roar for just before Draco enters (optional)
- Twinkling sound for whenever Fairy Godmother enters (optional)
- Forest sounds for scenes set in Darla's liar (optional)
- Instrumental music for party/curtain call (Lively medieval instrumental music or can be zany disco music.)

COSTUMES

For a simple dragon costume, hot glue ping pong balls as eyes and white triangles as teeth to a red or green baseball cap. Dragon wings can be made by adding elastic hair ties to the base of a triangle of fabric. Safety pin the point of the triangle to a t-shirt's back and have the performer put the elastic hair ties around their wrists.

AUTHORS NOTE

Consider having one corner of the stage the palace where Queen Quinn, and Princess Penelope are listening to the story of Prince Prescott and Darla the Dragon. Have the other $\frac{3}{4}$ of the playing area for performing Prince Prescott's story. Have a bench or chairs for Queen Quinn and Princess Penelope to sit on, so they are not distracting from the action happening on the other side of the stage, while they are listening to the story. Encourage them to react to what is happening and be engaged with the story, although they should look only at Grizelda and not at the action on the other side of the stage.

An actress with ballet or dance training, who can twirl, leap, and move around on her toes is an excellent choice for Fairy Godmother.

A great warm up for the whole cast is to have students walk around the space greeting each other as the same character. Have them consider how each character would move and speak. Characters that the facilitator can call out for students to greet each other as are: The King or Queen, A Dragon, Prince Charming, A Fairy Godmother, A Witch, A Knight. This activity can help performers get ideas on how to play their role by watching others be their character and builds ensemble. The bolder and bigger the acting choices that students make, the more fun they will have and the more their character will be distinguished from others.

Some scenes have a lot of actors on stage at the same time. Block the scene to make sure every student can be seen by the audience and no one is blocked by anyone else. Don't be afraid to put tiny squares of masking tape on the floor for students who need a marker for where to stand during the large group scenes.

The music sound cue at the end of the play can be lively medieval instrumental music or can be zany disco music. Choose what fits the vibe of your cast and the production.

AT RISE: *At the castle, PRINCESS PENELOPE is writing on a hand fan. QUEEN QUINN enters. PRINCESS PENELOPE jumps up and folds up the hand fan. She begins twirling around the room.*

QUEEN QUINN: Penelope! There you are! Your dance instructor said you never showed up to your ballroom dancing lesson this afternoon!

PRINCESS PENELOPE: I was just...err...practicing my pirouettes instead. *(Moves around on tiptoes with arms up.)*

QUEEN QUINN: Practicing pirouettes, eh?

PRINCESS PENELOPE: *(Tries to twirl, failing miserably.)* And my plié. *(Leaps through the air awkwardly.)*

QUEEN QUINN: Pliés are bending at the knees Penelope.

PRINCESS PENELOPE: Of course. *(Practices bending at knees, ungracefully.)*

QUEEN QUINN: You were at it again?! Weren't you?

PRINCESS PENELOPE: I must say you are looking particularly regal this afternoon, mother. Did you do something new with your hair? Get your crown polished maybe? That hairstyle is fabulous. Noble, yet modest. Chic, yet classic. It's a good look for you.

QUEEN QUINN: Hand it over.

PRINCESS PENELOPE: *(Puts hand fan behind her back.)* What mother?

QUEEN QUINN: The fan Penelope.

PRINCESS PENELOPE: This old thing? I need this for tonight's ball.

QUEEN QUINN: Oh?

PRINCESS PENELOPE: Don't you know the courtly art of fan language mama? It's for flirting across a crowded ballroom. *(Places the hand fan near her heart.)* Near my heart means. "You have stolen my heart." *(Resting the hand fan on her heart.)* The fan, when placed on my heart, means. "My utter devotion for you is breaking my heart." *(A closed hand fan touched to the right eye.)* "When may I see you again you saucy thing?" *(Letting the hand fan rest on the right cheek.)* "Yes." *(Letting the hand fan rest on the left cheek.)* "No."

QUEEN QUINN: What is the fan language for? "Help! Let me out of the tower! I have been grounded for eternity!"

PRINCESS PENELOPE hands her mother the hand fan. QUEEN QUINN opens hand fan and sees that it's covered with math equations.

QUEEN QUINN: Addition, angles, algorithms. You've been doing math again, haven't you?

PRINCESS PENELOPE: I was just brushing up on a few theorems before tonight's ball. I thought some light algebraic equations before appetizers could be stimulating.

QUEEN QUINN: Do you plan on entertaining your guests with prime numbers and proofs?

PRINCESS PENELOPE: What could be more stimulating than proofs?

QUEEN QUINN: Needle work? Fashion?

PRINCESS PENELOPE: Give me a numerator over needlework! Fractions over fashion, any day!

QUEEN QUINN: Gossip even!

PRINCESS PENELOPE: Geometry is much better than gossip.

QUEEN QUINN: Prattle away about the weather, anything will do, but stop blathering on and on about math!

PRINCESS PENELOPE: But I thought calculating the number of heeled shoes compared to flats at the last ball was highly informative to the guests?

QUEEN QUINN: Well, it wasn't. And neither was calculating how much more likely they were to be cursed by a fairy than eaten by dragons. It's most un-princess-like!

PRINCESS PENELOPE: Well, maybe I don't want to be a princess! Maybe I want to be a mathematician!

QUEEN QUINN: Nonsense!

ROYAL ADVISOR 1 enters.

ROYAL ADVISOR 1: I'm sorry to intrude, your majesty. But she's here! She flew in, just a second ago. She's in the main hall.

QUEEN QUINN: Thank you royal advisor! Escort her here!

GRIZELDA enters, carrying a broom.

GRIZELDA: Mind if I park this somewhere?

QUEEN QUINN: Where ever you would like!

GRIZELDA leans the broom against something.

QUEEN QUINN: Thank you, so much for coming Grizelda!

GRIZELDA: Fiddlesticks. I was happy to fly in.

QUEEN QUINN: We are in dire need of your witchcraft!

PRINCESS PENELOPE: My mother is trying to turn me into a twirling and gossiping ninny! Perhaps you can curse some sense into her!

QUEEN QUINN: Penelope! Forgive my daughter, Grizelda!

GRIZELDA: There is nothing to forgive. I don't care much for twirling or gossiping either. You told me the Princess was suffering from a malicious malady?

PRINCESS PENELOPE: I am! It's called Queen Quinn pox! Motherengitis!

QUEEN QUINN: She's obsessed with denominators, division, diameters! In short. Math. We've tried everything! We've tried psychologists, psychiatrists, therapists, physicians, alchemists, chakra healers, astrologists! Enchantresses, fairies, wizards!

GRIZELDA: So you thought you might try a witch too?

QUEEN QUINN: Do you think there is a chance she has been cursed?

GRIZELDA: This does remind me of a similar case...

QUEEN QUINN: Yes?

GRIZELDA: It all started once upon a time...

KING CRANSTON and QUEEN EDWINA enter.

KING CRANSTON: He's at it again Edwina. I had his room searched and they discovered three of them!

QUEEN EDWINA: Oh Cranston! Say it's not true!

KING CRANSTON: Apparently, our beloved Prescott, has moved on to trilogies! It all started with short stories and the next thing you know, he's hitting up on the novellas!

QUEEN EDWINA: Oh Cranston!

KING CRANSTON: Soon he'll be reading the novels.

QUEEN EDWINA: Oh Cranston! Look what I found tucked away in his fencing equipment! *(Pulls out a book.)*

KING CRANSTON: Put that away Edwina! I can't even bare to look! *(Covers his eyes in utter horror.)*

QUEEN EDWINA: Oh Cranston! It's all my fault! I was the one that encouraged him to study so diligently!

KING CRANSTON: Now, my dearest darling ducky, my Edwina, no one could have foreseen what a bibliophile he was until it was too late!

PRINCESS PEARLETTE enters.

PRINCESS PEARLETTE: Hey mom, dad, have you seen Prescott? He missed our ballroom dancing lesson! It's hard to salsa solo, but I tried.

PRINCESS PEARLETTE does some salsa moves. PRINCE PRESCOTT enters, reading a book titled, "A History of Dragons." KING CRANSTON pulls the book away.

PRINCE PRESCOTT: Hey!

PRINCESS PEARLETTE: There you are!

KING CRANSTON: What is the meaning of this Prescott!

PRINCE PRESCOTT: What?

KING CRANSTON: You're fencing instructor said you were not at fencing practice today.

PRINCESS PEARLETTE: Yeah, and you didn't show up to ballroom dancing lessons again. Although, my feet are grateful not to have you stepping all over them!

PRINCE PRESCOTT: I didn't feel well.

QUEEN EDWINA: Can you explain what this was doing in your fencing equipment? *(Holds up the book.)*

PRINCE PRESCOTT: Can you explain why you were going through my personal belongings?

QUEEN EDWINA: This is the third time you have missed fencing practice this week! Not to mention your ballroom dancing lessons, archery practice, and etiquette!

PRINCE PRESCOTT: I've had other pressing matters to attend to.

KING CRANSTON: Like what? *A History of Dragons?*

PRINCE PRESCOTT: You know when it might come in handy for dragon relations.

KING CRANSTON: You learning how to slay dragons is our dragon relations!

PRINCE PRESCOTT: If you will excuse me, I need to go re-shelve most of the non-fiction. The Dewey Decimal system isn't exactly carriage science or anything, but no one in this palace re-shelves anything in order! It's disgraceful! We really need a royal librarian.

ROYAL ADVISOR 2 enters.

ROYAL ADVISOR 2: You're gracious and most magnanimous of majesties, generous and saintly of employers, regal of rulers...

QUEEN EDWINA: Yes, that's enough.

ROYAL ADVISOR 2: The wizards have arrived.

QUEEN EDWINA: Escort them in!

PRINCE PRESCOTT: Wizards?

KING CRANSTON: Prescott, have you ever tried not being a bibliophile?

QUEEN EDWINA: You need help.

PRINCE PRESCOTT: Help, yes, with teaching the palace's occupants to use the Dewey decimal system. Like I keep saying, everything in the palace library is frightfully out of order!

ROYAL ADVISOR 2: Your most illustrious and intelligent of majesties, most gracious and generous of gentry, most of regal and radiant of royals...most—

QUEEN EDWINA: (*Interrupting.*) Just introduce them already.

ROYAL ADVISOR 2: Presenting the greatest sorcerers in your kingdom!

WIZARDS enter quickly in a single file line. One stops to bow and the other WIZARDS run into them awkwardly. ROYAL ADVISOR 2 exits.

WIZARD 1: Let's turn him into a frog!

WIZARD 2: Certainly not!

WIZARD 3: Drink this Prince Prescott! (*Holds up small brightly colored bottle.*)

PRINCE PRESCOTT: What is it?

WIZARD 3: It will make you irresistible to ogres.

PRINCE PRESCOTT: Um, no thanks.

WIZARD 3: Suit yourself.

PRINCESS PEARLETTE: You sure? Might be the only way you'll ever get a date, four eyes!

WIZARD 1: He would make an excellent frog.

KING CRANSTON: Thank so much for coming! We are in dire need of your magical assistance.

QUEEN EDWINA: Prince Prescott here is an incurable bibliophile. Can you help him?

WIZARD 1: If he was a frog he wouldn't have opposable thumbs and therefore couldn't read.

WIZARD 2: No one is getting turned into a frog!

WIZARD 3: Drink this Prince Prescott...

PRINCE PRESCOTT: What will it do?

WIZARD 3: Make you breathe fire.

PRINCE PRESCOTT: No, thanks.

WIZARD 2: I can't take you two anywhere!

WIZARD 3: What about this one? It make you see in the dark.

PRINCESS PEARLETTE: That's kind of cool!

QUEEN EDWINA: How does that help cure Prince Prescott's love of reading?

WIZARD 3: He would be able to read in the dark.

PRINCE PRESCOTT: Ok, I guess I could take that one.

QUEEN EDWINA: You most certainly will not!

WIZARD 1: No one wants your silly potions! Listen up Prince Prescott, I could make you a frog that is irresistible to ogres, breathes fire, and that sees in the dark!

WIZARD 2: You aren't turning anymore of our clients into frogs!

PRINCESS PEARLETTE: I think Prescott would make an excellent frog.

QUEEN EDWINA: Now, Pearlette, really.

KING CRANSTON: Don't you have any practical magic to help Prince Prescott stop reading so much?

WIZARD 2: I could put him under a spell where if he pricks his finger on the spindle of a spinning wheel, and sleeps for a hundred years, he can only be awakened by true love's first kiss?

PRINCESS PEARLETTE: I still like the frog suggestion.

KING CRANSTON: Any other suggestions?

WIZARD 1: Here is a potion that would make him grow a beard like a dwarf.

PRINCE PRESCOTT: A huge beard might improve your looks Pearllette. Preferably one that covers her whole face.

QUEEN EDWINA: Really, both of you! You act like you were raised in a goblin's den!

WIZARD 3: What about a toad? It's almost as great as being a frog.

WIZARD 2: I could turn him into a beast and put an enchantment on the whole castle?

KING CRANSTON: Thank you for your suggestions and we appreciate your time, but we are not in need of your services.

WIZARD 2: Are you sure? This potion can make you grow fireproof dragon scales on your stomach is fifty percent off.

KING CRANSTON: No, thank you.

ROYAL ADVISOR 2 enters.

ROYAL ADVISOR 2: She's here your most pleasing and perfect of potentates, most successful and stupendous of sovereigns, most learned and liberal of leaders...most...

QUEEN EDWINA: Will you escort these wizards out and show her in please?

ROYAL ADVISOR 2: As you wish your most...

QUEEN EDWINA: Now please.

ROYAL ADVISOR 2: Yes, of course, your most nice and noble of nobility. Right this way please.

ROYAL ADVISOR 2 exits, WIZARDS exit following him.

QUEEN EDWINA: Oh Cranston! What are we to do?

PRINCE PRESCOTT: Maybe you could do some research in the library? That's what I do when I need information.

KING CRANSTON: Certainly not! We have no other choice Edwina.

QUEEN EDWINA: Oh Cranston!

ROYAL ADVISOR 2 enters.

ROYAL ADVISOR 2: You're most wonderful of royals, most radiant and remarkable of rulers, likable and lovable of leaders...

QUEEN EDWINA: Just get on with it.

ROYAL ADVISOR 2: Presenting the one, the only, Fairy Godmother.

FAIRY GODMOTHER enters twirling.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: May you all live happily ever after!

QUEEN EDWINA: Thank you so much for coming!

FAIRY GODMOTHER: My pleasure! And where is my new pupil?

QUEEN EDWINA: Here he is. Prince Prescott.

PRINCE PRESCOTT: Excuse me? Oh right. Nice to meet you Fairy Godmother.

PRINCE PRESCOTT holds out his hand to shake hers. FAIRY GODMOTHER looks mortified.

PRINCE PRESCOTT: Oh right. *(Bows clumsily.)*

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Don't worry, we will fix that bow. And that posture. He needs some magic. *(Circles around PRINCE PRESCOTT, twirling occasionally, examining him.)* But I guess that's why you called me, isn't it?

KING CRANSTON: You are our only hope Fairy Godmother!

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Don't worry your grace. "Every Prince has some charm." That's our school's motto.

PRINCE PRESCOTT: School?

KING CRANSTON: I'm afraid we have no choice but to send you to charm school Prescott.

PRINCE PRESCOTT: Charm school?

QUEEN EDWINA: It's the finest finishing school in the kingdom.

PRINCE PRESCOTT: But I don't need finishing.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: When I'm finished with you, you will be the most finished prince in the kingdom. You'll be a swordplay specialist, charismatic charmer, a delightful dancer!

KING CRANSTON: *(Aside.)* I should hope so. This charm school is going to cost us a kingdom the prices are so high, Edwina.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Are you sure you couldn't use a little time in charm school. Being miserly is so tacky.

KING CRANSTON: I was only noting that your fees seem abnormally high for just a finishing school.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Perhaps you would like to meet one of our graduates. Charming!

PRINCESS PEARLETTE: The Prince Charming? Can I get an autograph?

PRINCE CHARMING enters. PRINCESS PEARLETTE lets out a squeal of delight, then swoons on PRINCE PRESCOTT, breathless, as she fans herself. He pushes her off.

PRINCE CHARMING: Hey Cranston, remarkable kingdom you have here, just stunning. *(Bends on one knee before QUEEN EDWINA, and puts hand on his heart.)* This must be your daughter Princess Pearlette, surely? I have heard she was a vision of loveliness, the fairest of them all, but nothing prepared me for this glorious goddess! This perfect pixie! This enthralling enchantress!

KING CRANSTON: This is Queen Edwina!

QUEEN EDWINA: Call me Edwina.

PRINCE CHARMING kisses QUEEN EDWINA'S hand.

PRINCE CHARMING: Your majesty. May I say that you look absolutely—

KING CRANSTON: *(Interrupting.)* No, you may not!

QUEEN EDWINA: Oh Cranston, maybe you should go to charm school?

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Prince Charming is our charm instructor at Fairy Godmother's Finishing School.

PRINCE CHARMING: I also dabble in dancing. May I demonstrate for your majesties?

QUEEN EDWINA: I think that's an excellent idea!

PRINCE CHARMING ballroom dances with QUEEN EDWINA around the room.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Here is an example of our class schedule. We have a rigorous course load.

FAIRY GODMOTHER shows the schedule to KING CRANSTON. PRINCE PRESCOTT looks at it.

PRINCE PRESCOTT: Charm Class, Horseback Riding, Fencing, Archery, Fashion?

PRINCE CHARMING: You are only as good as you look.

PRINCE PRESCOTT: Don't judge a book by its cover! Ballroom Dancing, Etiquette, Public Speaking, Breaking Enchantments, dragon slaying? What about history? Writing? Diplomatic Relations?

FAIRY GODMOTHER: We are about bringing out your inner charming prince, not gangly geek!

PRINCE PRESCOTT: You have a library surely!

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Certainly not! A charming prince doesn't have time to read, what with attending balls, staying up to date on the latest courtly fashions, battling dragons and ogres, awaking princesses from terrible enchantments.

PRINCE PRESCOTT: Please, don't make me go! Please!

KING CRANSTON: We have no choice. Will you two stop twirling around! Come Fairy Godmother, let's sort out the paperwork. We'll ready your rooms for the night. Tomorrow, all of you leave for charm school!

PRINCE CHARMING: Shall we?

PRINCE CHARMING extends his arm to QUEEN EDWINA. She accepts it giggling girlishly. PRINCE CHARMING and QUEEN EDWINA exit.

KING CRANSTON: Actually, maybe the three of you should leave as soon as possible. Ready the carriages! Let's draw up the papers!

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Don't worry, we'll be sure to keep a magic mirror on this one. Considering his current malady.

PRINCE PRESCOTT: You don't mean...

FAIRY GODMOTHER: That's right poppet. You'll be under surveillance to make sure that while you are at Fairy Godmother's Charm School there is no reading.

PRINCE PRESCOTT: Noooooo!

PRINCESS PEARLETTE: Magic mirror? Are you sure you are a fairy godmother?

FAIRY GODMOTHER: We guarantee a happily ever after with every enrollment!

KING CRANSTON: You should. We are certainly paying for it.

KING CRANSTON and FAIRY GODMOTHER exit.

PRINCESS PEARLETTE: There's something not so Fairy Godmotherish about this Fairy Godmother.

PRINCE PRESCOTT: Yeah.

PRINCESS PEARLETTE: I'll be sure to write Prescott.

PRINCE PRESCOTT: Well, at least I will have something to read.

PRINCESS PEARLETTE: Maybe they will let you have fashion magazines?

PRINCE PRESCOTT: Maybe.

PRINCESS PEARLETTE: I will be sure to try and smuggle you in some books.

PRINCE PRESCOTT: Thanks.

PRINCESS PEARLETTE: It could be worst Prescott. You could be eaten by ogres, cursed, kidnapped by a dragon...

PRINCE PRESCOTT: What did you say Pearllette?

PRINCESS PEARLETTE: It could be worst...

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