

THE FROG PRINCE

By Kristyn Leigh Robinson

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CHARACTERS

NARRATOR

PRINCE SIMON

OLD WOMAN/SORCERESS

SOFIE

KING VINCENT

WOLF

WOODCUTTER

VILLAGE GIRLS (4)

PROPS LIST

4 Autographed headshots of Prince Simon

A hand mirror

A sandwich

A small ball (in a gift-wrapped box)

An axe

A duffel bag

A tiara

A necklace

A bottle of Resolve cleaner

**The Frog Prince* was produced by the Chrysalis Players of the Wilmington Drama League in 2008, as part of their Pillow Plays series.

THE FROG PRINCE

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Lights up on a NARRATOR, standing next to a well.

NARRATOR: Once upon a time - because that's how stories like this usually start - there was a prince.

(SIMON enters and poses - the brave, strong prince. FOUR VILLAGE GIRLS enter, giggly and nervous, as though in the presence of a celebrity. SIMON pulls out autographed headshots of himself and passes them out to the GIRLS. The GIRLS squeal in delight and run off happily.)

Like most princes in stories like this one, Prince Simon was strong, handsome, brave, and beloved by all the people in the land.

(SIMON pulls out a mirror and admires himself in it, checking his teeth, his hair, then winking at himself.)

But no one was a bigger fan of Simon, than Simon himself. One day, as Prince Simon was traveling in another land, he stopped by a well, to admire himself in the mirror. As he was sitting there, an old woman approached.

(OLD WOMAN enters and hobbles over to SIMON.)

OLD WOMAN: Please, sir, have you the kindness to spare a bite to eat for an old beggar woman who hasn't had a decent meal in a fortnight?

NARRATOR: But, as usually happens in stories like this when old beggar women approach handsome princes and ask for favors . . . Prince Simon scoffed.

SIMON: I - *(breaking princely character, confused, to NARRATOR)* I did what, now?

NARRATOR: You . . . scoffed.

SIMON: Scoff? I don't . . . What does that mean?

NARRATOR: *(looking helpless)* I . . . don't know . . . the script said . . . *(to the OLD WOMAN)* Do you know?

OLD WOMAN: *(trying to hang onto her character, very aware of the audience)* Got me. Maybe he should just . . . laugh, or something.

(SIMON laughs in his "Prince Simon" persona.)

SIMON: Yeah?

(NARRATOR and OLD WOMAN nod in agreement.)

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SIMON: Okay. (*resumes persona and laughs again*) Go away, old woman.

OLD WOMAN: Oh, kind sir, please, I beg you to show some compassion.

SIMON: Be off with you!

OLD WOMAN: Listen . . . I, uh, don't know how many fairy tales you've read in your life, but I've read a bunch, and this kind of thing never turns out well for the guy in your position. I really think you should just give me an apple, or a bag of Fritos, or something . . .

SIMON: No.

OLD WOMAN: (*with a sigh*) Suit yourself.

NARRATOR: With that, the old woman suddenly transformed into a beautiful sorceress, right in front of the prince's eyes.

SIMON: Wow. You're pretty. Why, you're - you're almost as pretty as I am!

SORCERESS: Kind of makes you wish you'd been nicer to me, doesn't it?

SIMON: Well, yeah. Hey, want a sandwich? (*offers her one*)

SORCERESS: (*scoffs*) Please. You think I can eat carbs and look like this? Anyway, you're too late, for you have shown your true nature.

SIMON: But it's chicken salad . . .

NARRATOR: To punish the prince for his selfishness, the sorceress placed a curse upon him.

SORCERESS: Yeah, thanks, I was getting to that.

NARRATOR: Oh. Sorry.

SORCERESS: (*to SIMON*) To punish you for your selfishness, I shall place a curse upon you. So absorbed are you in your own beauty, Prince Simon, that you feel no love or compassion for others. And so this curse I place upon you may only be broken by a kiss that comes from true love or compassion. Until the day that this kiss occurs, I shall transform you into . . . a potato!

(*SORCERESS makes huge gesture with her hands as though about to turn SIMON into a potato.*)

NARRATOR: Wait! Wait!

SORCERESS: What's the matter?

NARRATOR: Well . . . it's just that . . . this story . . . it's The Frog Prince.

SORCERESS: Yes?

NARRATOR: Well, doesn't that suggest something to you?

(*SORCERESS looks at NARRATOR blankly.*)

NARRATOR: It's not called The Potato Prince.

SORCERESS: Oh. Oh, I see. (*beat*) It's just . . .

NARRATOR: What?

SORCERESS: Frogs are . . . you know . . . ugly.

NARRATOR: And potatoes are . . . ?

SIMON: Yes, but frogs . . . they're slimy! And they have warts. I mean . . . who wants to be a frog, right?

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NARRATOR: I think that's sort of the point.

SORCERESS: Oh, fine.

(SHE turns to SIMON and makes a big sweeping gesture toward him. HE falls backwards into the well.)

There.

(Beat.)

NARRATOR: There what?

SORCERESS: He's a frog.

NARRATOR: That's it?

SORCERESS: What do you mean?

NARRATOR: He just . . . fell backwards into the well. No flashes of fire, or lightning, or rumbling sounds? That's it? Just . . . thud?

SORCERESS: Just thud. You want great special effects, call George Lucas. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to go. My TiVo is broken, and Heroes is on tonight. Besides, now I'm hungry for french fries.

(SORCERESS exits. During the NARRATOR's speech below, SIMON crawls out of the well, now dressed in a frog costume, and sits on the edge of the well.)

NARRATOR: *(to audience)* Um. So the sorceress disappeared, and Prince Simon had been transformed into a frog – at least, as far as anyone knew – to await a kiss that came of true love and compassion. Days turned into weeks, and weeks turned into years, and many, many years passed, and Prince Simon - well, Simon the Frog - waited, to no avail. Eventually, he began to lose hope that he would ever be transformed back into his former self.

(SIMON looks at NARRATOR sadly, then slides back into the well.)

Meanwhile, in another part of the kingdom . . . a part that, well, kind of looks a lot like this one . . . it was Princess Sofie's birthday. And her father, King Vincent, was giving her a gift.

(KING VINCENT and PRINCESS SOFIE enter. VINCENT holds a gift-wrapped box in his hands.)

VINCENT: Happy birthday, my beloved daughter.

(HE holds the gift out to her. As SHE begins to reach for it, HE pulls it back.)

SOFIE: Father? Whatever is the matter?

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VINCENT: Well, it's just that . . . Sofie dear, ever since your mother died, you are the most precious thing in my life.

SOFIE: *(still very happily; in fact, SOFIE always speaks very happily)* Yes, I know, Father, you tell me that every day.

VINCENT: And you know that I always try to give you all the wonderful things that life has to offer.

SOFIE: Of course, Father.

VINCENT: Then why do you keep losing them?

SOFIE: I'm sorry, Father, I don't understand what you mean.

VINCENT: Last year, I bought you a pony.

SOFIE: *(quite happily)* Oh, I know. I loved that pony!

VINCENT: You took it for a walk in the woods and came back and couldn't remember where you'd left it. The year before that, I bought you those ice skates.

SOFIE: Oh, those were ever so much fun!

VINCENT: You came back from the pond with nothing on your feet. So, my darling, when you open this present, I ask only one thing.

SOFIE: Certainly, Father. What is it?

VINCENT: Be careful. Don't lose this gift. I want you to promise me that you'll guard it with your very life, and let absolutely nothing happen to it.

SOFIE: Of course, Father!

VINCENT: *(still worried)* All right, then . . . happy birthday, Sofie! *(HE hands her the gift.)*

(SOFIE tears the paper off the gift and opens the box to reveal a rubber ball.)

SOFIE: Oh, Father, it's the most beautiful thing you've ever given me! I love it so very, very much! Thank you, thank you, thank you! *(SHE hugs him, dropping the ball.)*

VINCENT: You're welcome, Sofie darling.

(SHE releases her father and sits, looking at him with a huge smile on her face, the ball forgotten.)

VINCENT: Sofie, dear?

SOFIE: Yes, Father?

VINCENT: Aren't you forgetting something?

SOFIE: What, Father?

VINCENT: *(with a sigh)* Your ball.

SOFIE: Oh! *(SHE retrieves the ball.)* It's a lovely ball, Father! Thank you ever so much!

VINCENT: *(exhausted)* You're welcome, my dear child. And now, I suddenly find that I'm very tired. I must go lie down before your birthday party this evening. Have fun - and remember your promise. *(HE exits.)*

SOFIE: *(jumping up and down excitedly)* Oh, don't worry, Father! I won't forget! You can rely on me! I'll be very, very careful -

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(SHE drops the ball and it bounces and falls into the well.)

SOFIE: Oops! Oh, no! My ball!

(SOFIE sits down next to the well and begins to cry.)

NARRATOR: Deeply distressed at losing her brand-new ball, Princess Sofie sat next to the well and began to cry.

(As SHE sobs, SIMON crawls out of the well and sits on the edge, looking down at her.)

SIMON: Princess, what's the matter?

(SOFIE jumps, startled.)

SOFIE: Oh! You're a frog!

SIMON: No, I'm British.

SOFIE: But . . . you can talk. How can you talk?

SIMON: *(clearly trying to convince her to kiss him)* My dear princess, I am not just a frog. I am a prince, who was placed under a spell by a beautiful sorceress to punish me for my selfish and conceited ways. The spell will continue until the end of time unless it is broken by the kiss of a fair maiden - such as yourself, perhaps - who feels love and compassion for me in my beastly state.

SOFIE: Oh. *(beat)* Have you seen a ball, by any chance?

SIMON: A ball.

SOFIE: Yes! Today's my birthday, you see, and my father, the king, gave me a beautiful new ball to play with. Only he was worried I might lose it, so he made me promise I would guard it with my life. But now I have lost it, and I just don't know what to do!

SIMON: *(trying again)* The, uh, maiden who frees me from this wretched spell will surely be rewarded, for I don't know if I mentioned it before, but I am a prince.

SOFIE: I don't know where else to look.

SIMON: The kind of prince who's the son of a king.

SOFIE: It was blue.

SIMON: The ball?

SOFIE: *(delighted that HE understands)* Yes! Have you seen it?

SIMON: Blue?

SOFIE: Yes.

SIMON: I think a blue ball fell down - wait a minute. You need this ball, right?

SOFIE: Yes, I do.

SIMON: And if you don't find this ball, your father will be very upset with you.

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SOFIE: And it's my birthday, and I don't want him to be upset with me!

SIMON: And I need a maiden to kiss me to turn me back into a prince.

SOFIE: (*SHE starts to get it.*) Ooooooh, I see . . .

SIMON: Yes . . .

SOFIE: If I help you, you'll help me.

SIMON: Exactly! Do we have an agreement?

NARRATOR: Oh, wait!

(*SOFIE and SIMON turn to look at the NARRATOR.*)

(*to the audience*) I forgot. There was something else I was supposed to show you first. (*to SOFIE and SIMON*) Could you guys . . . scoot? Just for a second?

(*THEY shrug. SOFIE exits and SIMON jumps down into the well.*)

(*to the audience*) Sorry about this. I never was very good at storytelling. Anyway . . . in another place in King Vincent's kingdom, a wolf, who might seem somewhat familiar to you, was having a few problems of his own.

(*The WOLF, who is dressed in a nightgown and cap, enters, followed by a WOODCUTTER with an axe.*)

WOLF: "Her."

NARRATOR: Excuse me?

WOLF: ". . . a wolf who might seem somewhat familiar to you was having a few problems of her own." Not "his."

NARRATOR: But . . . the wolf in that story is a "he."

WOODCUTTER: See, that's what I thought, too.

WOLF: That's what happens when you leave the news up to the liberal media.

WOODCUTTER: I can't chop up a girl wolf.

WOLF: And just why not?

WOODCUTTER: Because. You're a girl.

WOLF: And what, that means I'm not good enough to be chopped up?

NARRATOR: Do we . . . have to do this right now? We're sort of in the middle of a story, here. (*to audience*) You see, the wolf had tricked a little girl in the woods -

WOLF: No.

NARRATOR: Excuse me?

WOLF: Absolutely not. You're not going to tell this story if you can't get it right. Red and I met in the woods. She said she was going to her grandmother's house. I offered to race her there. I happened to win, because I happen to be very fast. When I got there, Grandma thought it

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would be funny if I got into her nightgown and got into the bed and jumped out at Red when she came in. It was just a little joke.

WOODCUTTER: Except I was cutting wood in the forest and heard screaming -

WOLF: I told you, she was laughing.

WOODCUTTER: So I came running in, and Grandma was nowhere to be found.

WOLF: So then this guy gets all upset and starts yelling and waving an axe all around.

NARRATOR: I see. And that's where we were?

WOLF: And that's where we were.

NARRATOR: Fine. You can go now.

WOLF: But you believe me, don't you?

NARRATOR: Not particularly.

WOLF: I don't know why wolves always get such bad reputations.

NARRATOR: Hmm, me either. Okay. You two can go.

(WOLF tries to stare down NARRATOR, but gives up and exits petulantly.)

Okay, so where were we? Right. Sofie and Simon were at the well, striking a bargain.

(SOFIE and SIMON re-enter and take their previous positions.)

(to SIMON and SOFIE) Aaaaaaand . . . go.

SOFIE: If I help you, you'll help me.

SIMON: Exactly! Do we have an agreement?

SOFIE: Yes, of course!

NARRATOR: So Simon went back into the well to look for Sofie's ball.

(SIMON exits into well. At the same time, the WOLF enters, this time without the nightgown.)

While Sofie was waiting - what are you doing here?

WOLF: I want to be part of the story.

NARRATOR: You . . . what? No.

WOLF: Why not?

NARRATOR: I don't know if you've read it lately, but there's no wolf in The Frog Prince.

WOLF: There is now.

NARRATOR: I don't think so. Go back and be in your own story.

WOLF: But I don't like my story. It makes me look bad.

NARRATOR: Yes. Because you're the bad guy.

WOLF: Girl.

NARRATOR: Girl. Whatever. No. You need to leave. We're trying to do a story here.

WOLF: *(after a thoughtful beat)* Okay.

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NARRATOR: (*suspicious*) Really?

WOLF: Sure. Really. See ya. (*The WOLF exits.*)

NARRATOR: (*to the audience*) Is it just me, or did that seem way too easy? Anyway. Where was I? Right. Sofie was waiting for Simon to bring her ball back to her. And after a few minutes, he did.

(*SIMON comes back out of the well, holding the ball.*)

SOFIE: (*jumping up and down and clapping her hands*) My ball! You found it! That's wonderful! Thank you!

(*SHE grabs the ball and SIMON leans forward, his lips pursed. SOFIE doesn't see this and begins to skip happily away.*)

SIMON: Wait! Princess!

SOFIE: (*turning back*) Yes?

SIMON: Aren't you forgetting something?

SOFIE: (*thinking for a moment*) No, I don't think so. Thank you ever so much, though, Frog. My father will be so happy that I didn't lose the ball!

SIMON: But what about your part of the bargain?

SOFIE: My part? Oh! Oh, that's right! I'm so sorry! Father always taught me that it's very important to keep the promises I make!

SIMON: Yes. Yes, it is. So . . .

SOFIE: So . . . I'll see you tomorrow, Frog!

SIMON: No, wait!

SOFIE: What is it?

SIMON: I found your ball. Now you have to kiss me.

(*SOFIE stares at him for a moment, then bursts out laughing.*)

What's so funny?

SOFIE: Me, kiss you! A princess, kiss a frog! Where would you ever get such a silly idea?

SIMON: You promised you'd help me!

SOFIE: And I will! I will help you find a maiden who is willing to kiss you!

SIMON: But that wasn't what you promised!

SOFIE: I'm sorry you're disappointed, Frog -

SIMON: My name is Simon. Prince Simon.

SOFIE: Oh, that's a lovely name, Frog! Anyway, like I said, I'm dreadfully sorry to have upset you, but I do promise to do what I can to help you. Tomorrow. Right now, I must go get ready for my birthday party. Father is holding a huge celebration, and there will be ice cream in golden dishes, and presents . . . it's going to be wonderful! I do wish you could come, but, well, you know . . . a frog . . . So I will see you tomorrow! (*SHE exits happily.*)

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NARRATOR: So off Sofie went, to her birthday party, leaving poor Simon alone.

SIMON: *(calling off after her)* I'm rich, you know! Heir to a kingdom! *(beat)* I have my own Playstation!

(Dejected, HE slides back into the well.)

NARRATOR: To get home, Sofie had to walk a path that went through a dark and thick forest.

(The FOUR GIRLS who played the VILLAGE GIRLS come out, dressed as trees, and SOFIE skips in place as THEY walk past her to indicate moving scenery.)

SOFIE: This forest sure is dark! And thick! *(SHE stops skipping and the TREES stop moving.)* You know . . . normally, I might be really frightened in woods like these . . . But not today! *(SHE begins skipping again and the TREES begin moving again.)* Today's my birthday, and I have my ball, and Father is going to be so pleased! This is going to be my best birthday ever!

(As SHE speaks, the WOLF, also dressed like a tree, grabs one of the other TREES (who shrieks a little bit) and pulls her offstage, taking her place in the lineup.)

(stopping again, but not quite alarmed) Oh my! What was that?

(The TREES stop moving again.)

One of these trees certainly is very strange-looking. Why, it's almost . . . furry. With shiny yellow eyes. And big sharp teeth! I think it's growling! Almost like . . . some sort of . . . wild animal, or something! *(shrugs)* Oh, well. What a peculiar forest.

(SHE begins to walk in place, and the TREES move. When the WOLF gets to the front of the line, SHE steps in front of SOFIE.)

WOLF: Hello, little girl.

SOFIE: Good day, Mr. Tree!

WOLF: Ms.

SOFIE: What?

WOLF: Ms. Tree. Wolf. I'm a girl. A girl wolf.

SOFIE: Oh, how interesting! I've never heard about that kind of tree before!

WOLF: It's not – I'm not a tree. Not at all. I'm a wolf.

SOFIE: I'm sorry, Tree, I don't mean to interrupt you, but as much as I love learning all about nature, and the different kinds of plant life in this forest, I really do need to get back to my father's castle. You see, today is my –

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WOLF: Birthday, right, I know. Listen, you're not going to make it there.

SOFIE: No? Why not?

WOLF: Because I'm going.

SOFIE: Well, I don't know how my father will feel about a tree –

WOLF: Wolf.

SOFIE: Treewolf – attending my birthday party, but I suppose it's rude to tell you “no” right to your face, so if you'd like to be a guest, I think that would be –

WOLF: No, no, not “a guest.” The guest of honor.

SOFIE: But I don't understand. How can you be the guest of honor at my birthday party?

WOLF: Because I'm going in your place.

SOFIE: (*smiling brightly*) I still don't understand.

WOLF: (*suddenly inspired*) Look, Sofie! A shiny thing!

SOFIE: (*looking around eagerly*) Where?

(*WOLF takes SOFIE's ball and throws it offstage.*)

WOLF: Oops.

SOFIE: (*whipping her head back around*) Oh no! My ball! If I lose it, Father will be ever so upset!

WOLF: Ooo. Well, I suppose you should go find that, then.

SOFIE: Well . . . Oh, kind Mr. Tree, couldn't you find it for me? After all, you surely know these woods far better than I do!

WOLF: Well, yes, I guess that's probably true. But what happens when your father sees you and you don't have the ball with you?

SOFIE: (*crestfallen*) I hadn't thought of that . . .

WOLF: Yes, and then he'll be very, very angry with you, won't he? For losing your birthday present?

SOFIE: Yes, that's true. And I don't want Father to be upset with me, because it's –

WOLF: Your birthday, yes, yes. So you should really go find the ball.

SOFIE: I suppose you're right. But I'll be late to my birthday party. Father will worry. I'm the most precious thing in his life, you know, since my mother died.

WOLF: No Microsoft stock, huh?

SOFIE: If only there was some way that I could go and find the ball, and let Father know that I'm going to be late to the party! Some sort of portable device that would allow me to contact Father without having to go back to the castle. A device that could work through a series of interconnected towers that would allow communication no matter how far away from the castle I am!

WOLF: Or I could just go to the castle and let him know you'll be late.

SOFIE: (*very excited*) That's a wonderful idea, Tree! You're brilliant!

WOLF: If I do say so myself, I –

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SOFIE: Oh, but won't Father think it's strange, a tree coming to tell him – well, a tree talking at all?

WOLF: (*exasperated*) I'm not a – (*breaks off, realizing it's pointless*) You didn't.

SOFIE: You're right! Well, I'm glad that's settled, then! I'll just go and find my ball, and then I'll go straight to my birthday party! Thank you ever so much, Tree!

WOLF: You're quite welcome.
(*SOFIE skips off happily.*)

NARRATOR: So Sofie skipped happily off, leaving the Wolf to – um . . . what is it that you're planning to do, exactly?

WOLF: Well, Phase 1 is complete, and now I'm moving on to Phase 2.

NARRATOR: Phase 2 . . . of . . . ?

WOLF: My plan to take over this story, become the heroine, save the day and redeem the reputation of fairy tale wolves everywhere, of course! I figure she'll be lost out there for days looking for that ball, don't you? So while she's doing that, I'll go to the castle and start on Phase 2!

NARRATOR: Which is?

WOLF: Well, I'm going to take Sofie's place at her birthday party, of course!

NARRATOR: And you don't think anyone's going to notice a big hairy wolf at a princess's birthday party?

WOLF: Of course they would . . . if I was going to look like a big hairy wolf . . . but I have a brilliant plan.

NARRATOR: And that is . . . ?

WOLF: (*grabs a duffel bag from just offstage and pulls a princess costume out of it*) I'm going to be in disguise!

NARRATOR: And you think putting on a pink (*or whatever color it is*) dress and a crown –

WOLF: Tiara, thank you very much. There is a difference, you know.

NARRATOR: Tiara, then – you think that's going to fool them into thinking you're Sofie?

WOLF: Absolutely!

(*Beat.*)

NARRATOR: Well, sure, how could that go wrong? (*to audience*) So off the Wolf went, to begin Phase 2 of her brilliant master plan to, apparently, become a princess.

(*WOLF picks up the dress, tiara and duffel bag and exits. SIMON climbs out of the well and sits on the edge.*)

Meanwhile, back at the well . . .

SIMON: Sofie's not coming back, is she?

NARRATOR: What do you think?

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SIMON: Well, that's incredibly rude. I guess I'm going to have to go up to that castle and demand that she kiss me! After all, I'm Prince Simon. What girl wouldn't want to kiss me? Of course, I don't look like a prince right now, but I could always show her my headshot!

NARRATOR: Filled with resolve –

(NARRATOR stops as SIMON pulls out a bottle of Resolve.)

Not literally.

SIMON: What? Oh. This. No, it's just . . . you know . . . swamp scunge. It stains.

NARRATOR: Okay. Filled with resolve, Simon headed for the castle.

(SIMON doesn't move – HE is confused.)

I said, "Simon headed for the castle."

(HE still doesn't move.)

What's wrong?

SIMON: I . . . don't know how to get to the castle.

(NARRATOR points, and SIMON hops offstage.)

NARRATOR: Meanwhile, dressed in all her princessy finery, the Wolf was making her way through the dark, thick forest to the very same castle.

(The WOLF enters, dressed in the gown and tiara, and walks in place centerstage. The FOUR TREES from earlier come out and move in the same conveyor-belt way to provide moving scenery.)

WOLF: This forest sure is dark. And thick. I hope – wait a minute.

(SHE stops, and so do the TREES.)

I just got the weirdest sense of déjà vu. *(beat, then SHE shrugs)* Oh, well.

(SHE starts walking again. After a few beats, SIMON comes out, dressed as a TREE, and grabs one of the TREES, moving her offstage, and takes her place. The WOLF stops, and so do the TREES. SIMON bumps into one of the other TREES.)

Something is very strange here.

(The TREES rustle. SIMON, belatedly, rustles too.)

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Ah-ha! Now I know what's wrong!

(SHE produces, from some hidden place, a necklace.)

I forgot to put my necklace on! *(SHE does.)* There. Now I look much more like a princess.

(SHE begins walking again, and the TREES begin moving. SHE does this until SIMON starts to pass her, then SHE reaches out and grabs him.)

SIMON: Hey! I mean . . . rustle, rustle, rustle.

WOLF: Knock it off. Did you really think this was going to fool me?

SIMON: Well . . . it was worth a shot.

WOLF: Who are you?

SIMON: My name is Simon. I am a prince, who was placed under a spell by a beautiful sorceress to punish me for my selfish and conceited ways.

The spell will continue until the end of time unless it is broken by the kiss of a fair maiden who feels love and compassion for me in my –

WOLF: Right, right. Hey, listen, do you happen to know the way to King Vincent's castle?

SIMON: Well, that's certainly a coincidence. That's where I'm headed, myself!

WOLF: Okay. So you know how to get there?

SIMON: Well . . . it can't be too hard. I know it's in that direction *(HE points.)* and, well, it's a castle. How hard could it be to see it?

WOLF: So you don't know how to get there.

SIMON: Well, no. Not exactly. But with the two of us traveling together, I'm sure we can figure it out.

WOLF: Uh . . . I don't want to be rude, but I barely know you. I don't know how comfortable I am traveling with someone I just met.

SIMON: Oh.

WOLF: So if you don't mind . . .

SIMON: Right. Sure.

(THEY hesitate for a minute, then THEY both start walking, and the TREES start moving. After a few steps, the WOLF stops and looks back at SIMON, who also stops.)

Sorry.

(The WOLF nods, then starts walking again. SIMON also starts walking. After a few steps, the WOLF stops and turns to look at him.)

WOLF: Stop following me!

SIMON: Well, it's a little hard not to follow you since you're going to the same place I am!

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