

GINA AND THE PRINCE OF MINTZ

A MUSICAL IN TWO ACTS

By Charles Kondek and Steve Liebman

Copyright © MMIII

All Rights Reserved

Brooklyn Publishers, LLC in association with Heuer Publishing LLC

ISBN: 978-1-61588-054-6

Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this work is subject to a royalty. Royalty must be paid every time a play is performed whether or not it is presented for profit and whether or not admission is charged. A play is performed any time it is acted before an audience. All rights to this work of any kind including but not limited to professional and amateur stage performing rights are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers, LLC and Heuer Publishing LLC. Inquiries concerning rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

This work is fully protected by copyright. No part of this work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without permission of the publisher. Copying (by any means) or performing a copyrighted work without permission constitutes an infringement of copyright.

All organizations receiving permission to produce this work agree to give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production. The author(s) billing must appear below the title and be at least 50% as large as the title of the Work. All programs, advertisements, and other printed material distributed or published in connection with production of the work must include the following notice: **“Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers, LLC in association with Heuer Publishing LLC.”**

There shall be no deletions, alterations, or changes of any kind made to the work, including the changing of character gender, the cutting of dialogue, or the alteration of objectionable language unless directly authorized by the publisher or otherwise allowed in the work’s “Production Notes.” The title of the play shall not be altered.

The right of performance is not transferable and is strictly forbidden in cases where scripts are borrowed or purchased second-hand from a third party. All rights, including but not limited to professional and amateur stage performing, recitation, lecturing, public reading, television, radio, motion picture, video or sound taping, internet streaming or other forms of broadcast as technology progresses, and the rights of translation into foreign languages, are strictly reserved.

COPYING OR REPRODUCING ALL OR ANY PART OF THIS BOOK IN ANY MANNER IS STRICTLY FORBIDDEN BY LAW. One copy for each speaking role must be purchased for production purposes. Single copies of scripts are sold for personal reading or production consideration only.

**BROOKLYN PUBLISHERS, LLC
P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406
TOLL FREE (888) 473-8521 • FAX (319) 368-8011**

GINA AND THE PRINCE OF MINTZ
By Charles Kondek and Steve Liebman

BASED ON “GINA FARINA AND THE PRINCE OF MINTZ,”
WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY NANCY PATZ

SYNOPSIS: This family musical is a fairy tale with contemporary sensibilities concerning a spirited young girl, Gina, a superlative baker of pies, who is determined to go out into the world “to make my way as I bake my pies and wake each day to a new surprise.”

The story is framed by the zany exploits of a group of Traveling Players. Gina joins them and soon finds herself in the kingdom of Mintz, ruled by a handsome but grumpy Prince. Mintz is also a place where, “within the city limits, the law prohibits any negative utterance, any negative mumbling mutterance.” But Gina, having a mind of her own, dares an emphatic “NO!” when the Prince demands that she stay in Mintz and bake pies only for him. Delightful complications ensue, including the slaying of a giant green dragon with horrible breath, before Gina and the Traveling Players continue on their bumpy but adventurous way to parts unknown.

CAST OF CHARACTERS
(6 MEN, 2 WOMEN, EXTRAS)

GINA FARINA (F).....	(126 lines)
PRINCE (M).....	(115 lines)
PRIME MINISTER (M).....	(71 lines)
SHELDON/FATHER (M).....	(29 lines)
CAPTAIN (M).....	(58 lines)
LOUISE (F).....	(29 lines)
ALISTAIR (M).....	(41 lines)
STAGE MANAGER/TONY (M).....	(6 lines)
ACTORS (M/F).....	Five speaking parts (17 lines combined)
TOWNSPERSONS (M/F).....	Five speaking parts (12 lines combined)

GINA AND THE PRINCE OF MINTZ

EXTRAS

TRAVELING PLAYERS
TOWNSPEOPLE
MARKETPLACE PEOPLE
ACROBATS
MUSICIANS
ETC.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT ONE

SONG 1	TOOLS OF THE TRADE	COMPANY
SONG 2	BEHOLD VOLZANO	CAPTAIN, TOWNSPEOPLE
SONG 3	GINA FARINA PIES	CAPTAIN, TOWNSPEOPLE
SONG 4	GINA FARINA PIES (PART 2)	CAPTAIN, TOWNSPEOPLE
SONG 5	I HAVE TO GO AND BE ME	GINA
SONG 6	OFF WE GO	COMPANY
SONG 7	NO ONE SAYS “NO” TO THE PRINCE OF MINTZ	GINA, PRIME MINISTER, TRAVELING PLAYERS
SONG 8	NO ONE SAYS “NO” TO THE PRINCE OF MINTZ (PART 2)	GINA, PRIME MINISTER, TRAVELING PLAYERS
SONG 9	I SULK ALL DAY	PRINCE
SONG 10	NO ONE SAYS “NO” TO THE PRINCE OF MINTZ (REPRISE)	PRINCE, PRIME MINISTER
SONG 11	I AM ANGRY	PRINCE
SONG 12	EV’RY NOW AND THEN	GINA
SONG 13	PERCHING ON LADDERS	PRINCE
SONG 14	I MAY BE BOLD	GINA
SONG 15	POSTCARDS 1	FATHER
SONG 16	CONSTANTINOPLE	INSTRUMENTAL
SONG 17	COME WITH ME	PRINCE, TOWNSPEOPLE
SONG 18	EVEN WHEN THE GRAVY ISN’T LUMPY	GINA
SONG 19	I AM ANGRY (REPRISE)	PRINCE, TOWNSPEOPLE

GINA AND THE PRINCE OF MINTZ

ACT TWO

SONG 20	H-I-T	TRAVELING PLAYERS
SONG 21	H-I-T (PART 2)	TRAVELING PLAYERS
SONG 22	POSTCARDS 2/ NO ONE SAYS “NO” TO THE PRINCE OF MINTZ	GINA, FATHER
SONG 23	I’M BEGINNING TO LIKE HER	PRINCE
SONG 24	TOOLS OF THE TRADE (REPRISE)	TOWNSPEOPLE
SONG 25	DRAGON MELODRAMA	GINA, ALISTAIR, PRINCE, TOWNSPEOPLE
SONG 26	HAPPY!	GINA, COMPANY
SONG 27	HAPPY! (PART 2)	GINA, COMPANY
SONG 28	OFF WE GO (REPRISE)	GINA, TRAVELING PLAYERS
SONG 29	CURTAIN CALL	COMPANY

DO NOT COPY

ACT ONE

SETTING:

The backstage area of a small theater.

AT RISE:

ACTORS and MUSICIANS enter through a stage door carrying dance bags, garment bags, instrument cases, etc. They are led by the CAPTAIN, a tall, dashing actor of the old school. Members of the CREW come in with wardrobe and lighting road boxes. One MUSICIAN has a bass drum, another has a snare drum.

LOUISE, a show biz 'gypsy' with a loud mouth, looks around, checking out the new space.

CAPTAIN: *(With an energetic sigh and a flip of his cape; grandly.)*
Ah! A new day, a new theatre!

LOUISE: But it looks like the same old crummy dressing rooms.

CAPTAIN: Say something positive, Louise. *(This is followed by a 'ta-dum-dum' from one of the DRUMMERS.)*

ACTOR #2: *(Dead pan.)* Funny!

LOUISE: All right, it beats the unemployment office.

CAPTAIN: *(Sweetly.)* Remember, Louise, we Traveling Players always walk on the sunny side of the street, the happy side.

LOUISE: Oh, yes, of course. How could I have forgotten?

CAPTAIN: *(Sneering.)* Read the fine print.

STAGE MANAGER: *(Entering.)* Step lively, kids, I'm calling half hour.

LOUISE: What? We just got here. I'm not even awake yet.

STAGE MANAGER: It's an early show.

LOUISE: And earlier than yesterday's early show. What are we going to do tomorrow, a special matinee at dawn?

ACTOR #3: There's always the unemployment office.

LOUISE: At least there you get to talk to friends.

ACTOR #1: You have friends?

LOUISE: *(Threateningly.)* I'm going to remember that.

CAPTAIN: Enough! Let's get unpacked. (To SHELDON.) Sheldon, you'll be playing the father again.

SHELDON: What? Yesterday you said I could have tomorrow off. Today.

CAPTAIN: No, yesterday I said that tonight I would give you tomorrow off.

SHELDON: Tomorrow?

CAPTAIN: Right

SHELDON: (Puzzled.) So I'm playing the father again tonight?

CAPTAIN: (Walking away; shaking his head.) We'll talk about it tomorrow. (Shouting to ALISTAIR) Alistair, what's the house like?

ALISTAIR: The house likes a good show. And it's filled. Not an empty seat. SRO!

SHELDON: (On his way out; to ALISTAIR.) Just so you know, I'm playing the father tonight. I'm off tomorrow.

ALISTAIR: We have no show tomorrow. We're all off.

SHELDON: (After a moment; puzzled.) Right.

The COMPANY gets busy: road boxes and crates get opened and costumes and props are taken out. The MUSICIANS begin warming up and the bleats and honks and drum rolls soon become the introduction to the opening number.

SONG #1: TOOLS OF THE TRADE (COMPANY)

LOUISE:

FROM A BOX
AND A TRUNK
COME SHOES AND SOCKS
AND ASSORTED JUNK:

CAPTAIN:

TOOLS OF THE TRADE!

ACTOR #4:

HERE'S A PIN
AND A RING
OF SHINY TIN
AND A BALL OF STRING:

ALISTAIR:

TOOLS OF THE TRADE!

Other COMPANY MEMBERS join in and as the number continues, the mentioned items (as well as other items not mentioned, but which are flown in or carried in from off stage) begin filling the stage.

COMPANY:

A CANE, A WIG,
AND A THINGUMAJIG,
A RAG AND A FLAG
AND A BOWL WITH A HOLE
UNION SUITS
AND A PAIR OF OLD BOOTS,
A CAKE AND A RAKE,
ONE CIGAR, ONE GUITAR.

LOUISE: *(Holding up a huge apple core.)*

WE EVEN HAVE THIS DRIED UP APPLE CORE,
BUT NO ONE REMEMBERS WHAT IT'S FOR.

ACTOR #4: *(Speaking.)* Alistair?

ALISTAIR: Not sure, but I think it was that awful thing we once did about Adam and Eve. No, maybe it was "Snow White."

COMPANY:

HERE'S A FIFE,
HERE'S A ROSE
A RUBBER KNIFE
AND A RUBBER NOSE:
TOOLS OF THE TRADE!
A BALLOON,
BIT OF LACE,
A CARDBOARD MOON
WITH A SMILING FACE,
A BASSOON
IN A LEATHER CASE,
A SPITTOON
AND A CHINESE VASE:
TOOLS OF THE TRAVELING PLAYERS TRADE!

ALISTAIR: *(Grandly; speaking to the CAPTAIN as music continues.)*
The actors are come hither, my lord.

CAPTAIN: Alistair, we're not doing "Hamlet" tonight, we're doing
"Gina Farina."

ALISTAIR: The one about the pies?

CAPTAIN: The one about the pies.

ALISTAIR: Yummy. *(Calling out an order.)* Unpack the pies.

CAPTAIN:

THE TRAVELING PLAYER CARRIES ALL THAT HE NEEDS
TO HELP HIM MASTER ANY PART FROM WALK-ONS TO LEADS.
WITHOUT THE BITS AND PIECES
IN HIS VALISES,
NO ACTOR SUCCEEDS.

COMPANY:

A BOOK, A SPEAR
AND THE HEAD OF A DEER,
A ROCK AND A CLOCK
AND A FISH ON A DISH,
ONE BASEBALL BAT,
ONE TYROLEAN HAT,
AN URN WITH A FERN,
PAIR OF DICE, PAIR OF MICE.

ACTOR #5:

WE EVEN HAVE THIS PHONY, PLASTIC LEG,
AS WELL AS ONE VERY ROTTEN EGG.

ACTOR #5: (*Tossing the egg to LOUISE. Speaking.*) Here, Louise,
catch!

LOUISE: What? (*Catching the egg and getting a whiff.*) Oh, gross.
This is disgusting. Yuck! (*After throwing the egg off stage,
threateningly to ACTOR 5.*) I'm going to remember that.

COMPANY

WE'VE A MAP
AND A PAIL,
A DUNCE'S CAP
AND A MERMAID'S TAIL:
TOOLS OF THE TRADE!

WITH A PLUME
AND A CAPE,
AN OLD STRAW BROOM
AND A TATTERED DRAPE
PROUDLY DISPLAYED,
WATCH US PARADE,
SOME ARE WORN AND SOME ARE PLAYED
SOME WERE BOUGHT AND SOME WERE MADE
TO BRIGHTEN UP THE MASQUERADE:
TOOLS OF THE TRADE!
TOOLS OF THE TRADE!
TOOLS OF THE TOOLS OF THE TRAVELING PLAYERS TRADE!

At the end of the number, the stage resembles a flea market/used clothing/furniture shop. It is completely filled with props of all sorts and sizes, along with pieces of scenery and musical instruments, etc. Some of these items will later appear in other scenes as part of scenery/décor. As an example, the stuffed fish could hang on the wall of the PRINCE'S turret; the mermaid's tail would become the tail of ALISTAIR'S dragon. Also, in the course of the number, the PLAYERS have replaced their contemporary rehearsal clothes with their costumes for the play "Gina Farina."

CAPTAIN: Are we ready?

STAGE MANAGER: Ready!

CAPTAIN: Then we begin.

SHELDON: (*Slightly tipsy.*) And I'm playing the father, right?

CAPTAIN: Very good, Sheldon, very good.

STAGE MANAGER: (*Calling out.*) Curtain.

LOUISE: (*Late; rushing in to take her place.*) Wait!

The CAPTAIN glares at LOUISE as the lights change, getting brighter and flooding the stage to indicate the rising of the imaginary curtain.

SONG #2: BEHOLD VOLZANO

(CAPTAIN, TOWNSPEOPLE)

CAPTAIN: (*Out to the audience.*) Fair ladies, gracious gentlemen, delightful children of all ages, (*Sings operatically.*)

BEHOLD VOLZANO! BELLA VOLZANO!

The CAPTAIN signals and a cannon is fired, filling the stage with smoke which, as it clears, reveals a quaint, picture-book setting, the previous stage full of props, costumes, bits of other scenery having been magically transformed into the small town of Volzano, and the TRAVELING PLAYERS have become its happy, peasant TOWNSPEOPLE, frozen in a colorful bucolic tableau.

CAPTAIN: Sweetly nestled in the soft, green rolling hills of the Italian countryside, (*Singing.*)

MEN:

LONG AGO AND FAR AWAY.

WOMEN:

LONG AGO AND FAR AWAY.

CAPTAIN:

BUT FOR NOW IT'S AS NEW AS TODAY
AND AS NEAR AS RIGHT HERE.

**SONG #3: GINA FARINA PIES
(CAPTAIN, TOWNSPEOPLE)**

CAPTAIN: (*Speaking invitingly.*) Join us, please. Volzano is special. It's the home of Gina Farina, and it's a special day in this special town: It's baking day. Take a deep breath. See what I mean? (*Singing.*)

CAPTAIN:

AH, THAT SMELL,
THE SMELL-THAT-RINGS-A-BELL SMELL,
THE SWELL SMELL
WE KNOW AND LOVE SO WELL SMELL.

TOWNSPEOPLE:

PIES! PIES!
GINA FARINA PIES!
SAMPLE A NICE
DELICIOUS SLICE
AND LISTEN TO HOW
YOUR TUMMY SAYS "WOW!"

FIRST PRIZE:

GINA FARINA PIES!
SHE'S AN ARTISTE
TO SAY THE LEAST,
'CAUSE YUMMIES LIKE THESE
DON'T FALL OUT OF TREES.

THE LASS

COULD PASS

THE TASTIEST BAKING TEST HANDS DOWN.

NO TEASE,

YES SHE'S

THE ABLE-EST BAKERESS IN TOWN!

CAPTAIN: (*Speaking.*) Yes, dear friends, each pie is perfection,
and . . . (*Singing.*)

WHAT A TREAT,
A TREAT WE LOVE TO EAT, TREAT,
THE SWEET TREAT
THAT SIMPLY CAN'T BE BEAT, TREAT.

TOWNSPEOPLE:

PIES! PIES!
GINA FARINA PIES!
TRY THEM AND SEE,
YOU'LL SOON AGREE
THAT NO GINA PIE
IS PIE IN THE SKY.

FRENCH FRIES
CANNOT COMPARE WITH PIES
MADE EV'RY DAY
THE GINA WAY,
WITH LOVE AND WITH CARE,
WITH FLOURISH AND FLAIR.

WITH HINTS OF QUINCE
AND CINNAMON IN AMONG THE PLUMS!
A CRUST THAT'S JUST
SO HEAVENLY LEMONY ONE HUMS,
AS IT TICKLES THE GUMS,
ERASING THE GLUMS.
AND HERE SHE COMES:
GINA! GINA!

The TOWNSPEOPLE are positioned to welcome GINA, who fails to make her entrance. After a moment's hesitation, THEY repeat the cue.

TOWNSPEOPLE:

AND HERE SHE COMES:
GINA! GINA!

The music grinds to a halt.

TOWNSPEOPLE:

GI . . . NA . . . , GI . . . NA . . . !

CAPTAIN: (*Speaking, out of character.*) All right! Hold it! (*Calling.*) Alistair! Where is she?

ALISTAIR: (*With a shrug.*) The bathroom?

CAPTAIN: (*Calling off stage.*) GINA! You missed your entrance. AGAIN. (*To ALISTAIR; snarling.*) Third time this week.

ALISTAIR: I had nothing to do with it.

LOUISE: (*To the other TRAVELING PLAYERS.*) Neither did I, so you can all stop looking at me. (*Aside.*) But I say good riddance, just the same.

CAPTAIN: (*Announcing.*) Okay, everybody, wrap it up, the show's over.

SHELDON: You see? I knew I wasn't playing the father tonight. I knew it.

CAPTAIN: Tomorrow, Sheldon, tomorrow.

SHELDON: (*Acting.*) Tomorrow and tomorrow creeps in its petty pace . . .

CAPTAIN: (*To audience.*) I'm sorry, ladies and gentlemen, we don't use understudies and our leading lady seems to have disappeared. Since we can't do the show without her, we're canceling the performance. (*To ALISTAIR; angry.*) AGAIN!

ALISTAIR: (*To the audience.*) I had nothing to do with it. Believe me. (*To the PLAYERS.*) All right, gang, pack up the pies.

There is considerable grumbling and the PLAYERS begin dismantling the set. A girl from out of the audience comes running down the aisle.

GINA: (*From the house; in the aisle.*) Wait! Excuse me! Hello?

ALISTAIR: Get your refund from the box office.

GINA: I don't want a refund.

CAPTAIN: And we don't give out autographs.

GINA: I don't want an autograph.

ALISTAIR: What is it you do want?

GINA: I want to join your acting company – just as the Gina joins the Famous Traveling Players in the play you're doing.

ALISTAIR: The play we *were* doing. Didn't you hear? The girl who plays the part of Gina isn't here.

CAPTAIN: It's a tradition in the theatre: no Gina, no show.

ALISTAIR: And our Gina is definitely a no-show.

GINA: I'll play the part.

LOUISE: (*Anxiously; concerned.*) Ah, Captain, could I have a word?

GINA: I've seen this play before – lots of times. I love it.

LOUISE: (*Aside.*) What we don't need is another girl who thinks she can act.

ACTOR #2: Right. We already have one of those.

GINA: (*To the CAPTAIN.*) I practically know it by heart.

LOUISE: (*To ACTOR 2.*) I'm going to remember that.

GINA: I'm so like your Gina in real life I could play her with my eyes closed.

CAPTAIN: (*Snarling.*) But we need someone who can play her with her eyes open. (*To ALISTAIR.*) Alistair, arrange for refunds, and let's get out of here. (*To audience.*) Again, ladies and gentlemen, sorry. Perhaps another time. (*Calling off.*) Tony, save the lights.

SHELDON: (*To the CAPTAIN.*) And tomorrow night I have the night off, right?

CAPTAIN: Wrong. You have tonight off. I told you that yesterday. There's no show tonight, so you have the night off. Sheldon, it's really very simple.

The ACTORS continue with their packing up and clearing away the set. The "show" lights are turned off, the work lights are turned on, and the house lights come up. A few members of the audience (plants) complain and exit up the aisles. GINA, in a last ditch effort, jumps onto a crate and proclaims:

GINA: The Show Must Go On.

LOUISE: (*Aside.*) Now that's original.

SHELDON: (*To GINA.*) The show can't go on because I'm not playing the father tonight. I have the night off.

CAPTAIN: Listen here, little girl – whatever your name is . . .

GINA: Gina.

CAPTAIN: Gina?

GINA: Yes.

LOUISE: The plot, as we say, thickens.

GINA: Gina Farina.

LOUISE: And thickens.

GINA: And just like the Gina Farina in this musical, I also bake very good pies. Everyone says so – especially my father.

SHELDON: I'm playing a father tomorrow night.

ALISTAIR: (*Interested; mouth watering.*) What kind of pies, exactly?

GINA: Apricot chiffon, banana cream, key lime, sweet potato, nitted pumpkin, peanut butter, gooseberry, raspberry, strawberry, blueberry, coconut custard, German chocolate, and good old fashioned apple.

ALISTAIR: (*Already sold.*) As a rule, we don't pay much.

GINA: I'll do it for nothing.

CAPTAIN: Why?

GINA: I've a mind of my own and a heart set on adventure. And every now and then, one should try something new.

LOUISE: (*Aside.*) Which could get you into a whole lot of trouble.

ALISTAIR: (*To GINA.*) Excuse me. One minute. (*Taking the CAPTAIN to one side.*) Full house, Captain, that's a lot of refunds.

CAPTAIN: (*After a thought or two; to GINA.*) Talent?

GINA: Acting talent . . . ? I'm not sure.

LOUISE: (*To the CAPTAIN.*) The other girl playing Gina didn't have any – which is what I've tried to tell you – so what's the problem? Let's get on with it. I do have another life.

GINA: But, sir, I am sure about pies. I'm very good. Everybody says so.

LOUISE: (*Aside.*) Especially her father.

SHELDON: No, I'm the father, but not tonight.

GINA: If you let me play the part, I'll bake you the most splendiferous pies you've ever tasted. Just like Gina. Life imitating art!

LOUISE: Give me a break!

ALISTAIR: (*Aside; to the CAPTAIN.*) Real pies to eat, Captain, not cardboard, and last night I dreamt I was being swallowed up by a large cherry cream.

LOUISE: I'm partial to a nice rhubarb tart.

ACTOR #4: To match your personality.

TRAVELING PLAYERS (ALL): *(Sing-song.)* She's going to remember that!

CAPTAIN: *(Having taken GINA aside.)* Cranberry orange?

GINA: With my eyes closed . . . *(And before the CAPTAIN can respond.)* and opened.

CAPTAIN: ALISTAIR!

ALISTAIR: Now what?

CAPTAIN: Get a costume and script – we've a new member of the famous Traveling Players.

ALISTAIR: *(Ecstatic.)* YES!

CAPTAIN: *(Continuing.)* And hurry, we've kept *(Gesturing to the audience.)* these good people waiting long enough. *(To the audience; in character.)* Fair ladies, gracious gentlemen, delightful children of all ages. *(Emoting; melodramatically.)* The Show Will Go On! *(Calling off.)* Tony, lights. *(To the onstage PLAYERS.)* All right, positions. Pick it up from the middle of PIES!

SHELDON: So I have tonight off, and I'm playing the father tomorrow.

CAPTAIN: No, Sheldon, you're playing the father tonight. Now!

The "show" lights restore and the bits of scenery/props that were removed and costumes that were taken off are now brought back and all is as it was. The musical GINA FARINA continues as the TOWNSPEOPLE sing:

SONG #4: GINA FARINA PIES (PART 2)
(CAPTAIN, TOWNSPEOPLE)

TOWNSPEOPLE:

WITH HINTS OF QUINCE
AND CINNAMON IN AMONG THE PLUMS!
A CRUST THAT'S JUST
SO HEAVENLY LEMONY ONE HUMS.
YUMMM! HUMMM!

CAPTAIN: (*Aside; to ALISTAIR.*) I'm afraid we might be putting on a few extra pounds this tour.

ALISTAIR: (*Cheerfully agreeing; stoically.*) We'll do what we have to, sir.

If possible, more energetically than before:

TOWNSPEOPLE:

PIES! PIES!

GINA FARINA PIES!

SHE'S AN ARTISTE

TO SAY THE LEAST,

'CAUSE YUMMIES LIKE THESE

DON'T FALL OUT OF TREES.

NO LIES,

AWESOME IN ANY SIZE.

HER TART MERINGUE

HAS QUITE A BANG,

HER STRAWBERRY GLAZE

WILL SIMPLY AMAZE.

AND HOT OR NOT,

CONFESS, HER IMPRESSIVE PIES CAN'T MISS.

ONE BITE

AND RIGHT AWAY IT'S,

OH, SAY HELLO TO BLISS.

YUM, YUM, YUM, YUM, YUM, YUM!

WHAT'S THAT AROMA

CALLING ME HOME –

A SCENT SENT FROM THE GODS?

GINA: (*Spoken.*) Hey guys, it's pies!

TOWNSPEOPLE:

PIES! PIES! PIES! PIES! PIES!

GINA FARINA,

GINA FARINA,

GINA FARINA PIES!

The STAGE MANAGER hurries on and speaks in a loud stage whisper.

STAGE MANAGER: Heads up. We're running late, so cut to the scene where Gina tells her father she's leaving. *(Calling out.)* Sheldon?

SHELDON: I know, I'm playing the father. But I was supposed to have tonight off.

The town square of Volzano is quickly replaced by a small kitchen in the house GINA shares with her FATHER. GINA, now costumed as the GINA in the play being performed by the TRAVELING PLAYERS, enters, script in hand.

FATHER (SHELDON): *(Putting on his chef's hat while entering the scene. Upset.)* What? How can a simple baker's daughter join the Famous Traveling Players? You know nothing about the theatre.

GINA: I've already joined, father. The Captain said I could, and in exchange all I have to do is bake pies – something I know a great deal about. Apricot chiffon, banana cream, key lime, sweet potato . . .

FATHER: Yes, yes, I know. You've a mind of your own, Gina, and a heart set on adventure, but this is . . . this is . . .

GINA: *(Pointing to his line in the script.)* Foolishness.

FATHER: *(Snarling; out of character; in a loud whisper.)* I know the line. I'm acting. I pause for effect – as do all good actors.

CAPTAIN: *(Standing in the wings.)* He's right, Gina.

GINA: Sorry.

CAPTAIN: Go on.

FATHER: *(Saying his line brusquely.)* Foolishness.

GINA: *(Continuing from the script; cautiously.)* Father, my great wish is to go with the Famous Players *(Music.)* and travel the world,

**SONG #5: I HAVE TO GO AND BE ME
(GINA)**

GINA:

TO MAKE
MY WAY
AS I BAKE
MY PIES,
WAKE
EACH DAY
TO A NEW SURPRISE.

FATHER: (*Speaking.*) No surprises here, Gina, in your own back yard?

GINA: My own back yard . . . (*Singing.*)

FULL OF NEIGHBORS AND FRIENDS.
EACH OF WHOM TEASES
WITH COMFORTING SQUEEZES
WHEN THINGS GO WRONG . . .

(*Speaking.*) I'll miss all that, it's true (*Singing.*)

BUT IS HERE WHERE I BELONG?

FATHER: (*Speaking.*) What do you mean?

GINA: Remember what you've always told me: it's best to be who you are, not someone else. (*Imitating her father; sings.*)

EVER HEARD OF CABBAGES
CLAIMING TO BE KINGS?
A BIRD'S A BIRD,
A ROSE A ROSE,
WHO THEY ARE,
WELL EACH OF THEM KNOWS.

(*Speaking as herself.*) I think I know who I am, but I just have to be sure. (*Sings.*)

I HAVE TO GO
AND BE ME,
TO PRACTICE BEING SOMEONE I AM FOND OF.

GINA AND THE PRINCE OF MINTZ

THAT'S ALL I KNOW
TO BE: ME,
AND ONE DAY BEING SOMEONE I AM PROUD OF.

SOMEBODY ELSE MAY SAY,
"HEY, I'LL STAY,"
AND THAT'S, HEY,
QUITE OKAY.
BUT I WILL DO THE THING I MUST,
CAN'T SIT STILL GATHERING DUST,
SIT UNTIL I'M COVERED IN RUST.

FATHER: (*Speaking sadly over music.*) Gina, Gina, Gina.

GINA: I love you. Leaving is hard, and I'll be sad and lonely, but if I don't go, I may regret it the rest of my life. But I'm not going forever, I'm not disappearing. There'll be lots and lots of visits. (*With a cheerful nudge.*) And think of the postcards you'll be getting. (*Sings.*)

SOMEBODY ELSE MAY SAY,
"HEY, I'LL STAY,"
AND THAT'S, HEY,
QUITE OKAY,
BUT I WILL DO THE THING I MUST,
CAN'T SIT STILL GATHERING DUST,
SIT UNTIL I'M COVERED IN RUST.
THAT'S NOT HOW YOU GROW,
THAT'S THE ONE THING I KNOW.
I HAVE TO GO
TO BE
ME!

GINA'S FATHER holds out his arms and GINA runs into them. THEY embrace warmly.

CAPTAIN: Time, Gina Farina.

GINA: Goodbye, Daddy.

FATHER: (*Fighting back tears.*) Bye, Gina. (*After a moment.*) A word of caution on your travels. Beware the town of Mintz, ruled by a prince grumpy and mean. No one ever goes to Mintz except by mistake, even the people who live there.

CAPTAIN: Be assured, good sir, Gina will be well cared for.

FATHER: (*To GINA; embracing her again.*) Don't forget the postcards.

GINA: I won't.

CAPTAIN: Company, we travel.

The COMPANY arranges themselves into 'traveling' positions and away they go. The scenery changes behind them from the kitchen to the open road and beyond. The FATHER takes a telescope (leftover from the first scene) and, at one side of the stage, watches the PLAYERS as they travel.

**SONG #6: OFF WE GO
(COMPANY)**

PLAYERS:

OFF WE GO WITH A HOP AND SKIP,
TRY TO STAY AWAKE SO AS NOT TO TRIP.
DOWN THE ROAD AND BEYOND THE HILL,
UP THE PATH AND AROUND THE BEND,
PAST THE WOODS AND ACROSS THE FIELD . . .

CAPTAIN: (*Speaking.*) To?

ALISTAIR: (*Reading a road sign which has just appeared.*) Tortoni-town!

CAPTAIN: Ah, yes, Tortoni-town, I remember it well. They love us here.

PLAYERS: (*In a new 'traveling' position.*)

OFF WE GO WITH OUR HEADS HELD HIGH,
NOTHING OVERHEAD BUT A CLEAR BLUE SKY.
DOWN THE ROAD AND BEYOND THE HILL,
UP THE PATH AND AROUND THE BEND,
PAST THE WOODS AND ACROSS THE FIELD . . .

CAPTAIN: (*Speaking.*) To?

ALISTAIR: (*Reading another newly appearing sign.*) Tortellini-town.

CAPTAIN: (*Puzzled; gesturing.*) But isn't that the town we just . . . ?

PLAYERS: (*Yet another 'traveling' position.*)

OFF WE GO WITH A GREAT BIG SMILE,
COUNTING ALL THE STEPS THAT MAKE UP A MILE.
DOWN THE ROAD AND BEYOND THE HILL,
UP THE PATH AND AROUND THE BEND,
PAST THE WOODS AND ACROSS THE FIELD . . .

CAPTAIN: (*Speaking.*) To? (*After a moment, as ALISTAIR doesn't answer.*) Well?

ALISTAIR: I don't know.

CAPTAIN: Don't know? DON'T KNOW? Check the map.

ALISTAIR: It looks as though we wandered off the map. Crossed the border or something. (*In a panic, trying to explain.*) There was a black and white cow back at the last intersection.

GINA: So . . . ?

ALISTAIR: That's where we turned left.

CAPTAIN: So . . . ?

ALISTAIR: I think we should have turned right.

GINA: So . . . ?

ALISTAIR: (*In tears.*) So . . . sorry!

CAPTAIN: So where are we?

GINA: (*As a sign appears.*) Look, a sign. What's it say?

ALISTAIR: Welcome to M-m-m-mintz!

GINA: Mintz?!

CAPTAIN: Mintz?!

PLAYERS: MINTZ?!

CAPTAIN: The one place in the whole world we shouldn't be in, we're in.

PLAYERS ad lib gasps of horror.

**SONG #7: NO ONE SAYS “NO” TO THE PRINCE OF MINTZ
(GINA, PRIME MINISTER, TRAVELING PLAYERS)**

GINA: *(Reading the sign; sings.)*
REMEMBER BY DAY,
REMEMBER BY NIGHT,
IN MINTZ THE PRINCE IS ALWAYS RIGHT,
SO DON'T EVER, EVER, EVER . . .

The sentence is completed by the PRIME MINISTER as HE enters, mumbling, bumbling along, thoroughly preoccupied.

PRIME MINISTER:
SAY “NO” TO THE PRINCE,
SAY “NO” TO THE PRINCE,
NEVER SAY “NO” TO THE PRINCE.
SAY “NO” TO THE PRINCE,
SAY “NO” TO THE PRINCE,
NEVER SAY . . .

(Noticing the PLAYERS, speaking.) What? Who are you? What are you doing here?

CAPTAIN: *(Grandly, with considerable flair.)* We are the Famous, the world famous, Traveling Players.

GINA: And we're lost. We can't find out way.

PRIME MINISTER: *(Pointing to the sign.)* And you also can't read.

CAPTAIN: Then the sign means what it says?

PRIME MINISTER: All signs mean what they say, especially in Mintz! I ought to know. I'm the official sign writer. I'm also Prime Minister. Now, if you read further you'll see it also says . . .
(Sings.)

**SONG #8: NO ONE SAYS “NO” TO THE PRINCE OF MINTZ
(PART 2)
(GINA, PRIME MINISTER, TRAVELING PLAYERS)**

PRIME MINISTER:

RIVERS MAY FLOW,
FLOWERS MAY GROW,
BUT NO ONE SAYS “NO”
TO THE PRINCE OF MINTZ!

CANDLES MAY GLOW,
DEBTORS MAY OWE,
BUT NO ONE SAYS “NO”
TO THE PRINCE OF MINTZ!

WITHIN THE CITY LIMITS
THE LAW PROHIBITS
ANY NEGATIVE UTTERANCE,
ANY NEGATIVE MUMBLING OR MUTTERANCE.

SO, BUGLES MAY BLOW,
ROOSTERS MAY CROW,
SNOWFLAKES MAY SNOW,
RIBBONS MAY BOW,
BUT NO ONE SAYS “NO”!
DO NOT SAY . . .

(To the PLAYERS; questioningly.) Yes?

PLAYERS:

NO, NO, NO, NO, NO,
TO THE PRINCE OF MINTZ!

PRIME MINISTER: Exactly. Keep that in mind and you’ll have a wonderful stay in Mintz. And you do have to stay in Mintz. At least 24 hours, to give me time to collect the tax you owe.

GINA: Tax? What tax?

PRIME MINISTER: The Passing-Through-Mintz tax.

GINA: Ridiculous! We’ll just see about that.

PRIME MINISTER: What’s your name, little girl?

GINA: Gina Farina.

PRIME MINISTER: Gina Farina. Catchy. (*Ominously.*) Easy to remember.

GINA: And I've a mind of my own and a heart set on adventure.

ALISTAIR: (*Eating a piece of pie.*) And she bakes the best pies ever.

PRIME MINISTER: What kind of pies, exactly?

GINA: Apricot chiffon, banana cream, key lime, sweet potato, nutterd pumpkin, peanut butter, gooseberry, raspberry, strawberry, blueberry, coconut custard, German chocolate, and good old-fashioned apple.

PRIME MINISTER: Maple pecan?

GINA: No problem.

PRIME MINISTER: Blackberry walnut?

GINA: A cinch.

PRIME MINISTER: Spiced peach?

GINA: Give me the peach, I'll give you the pie.

PRIME MINISTER: My grandmother's lemon buttermilk?

GINA: (*Stumped.*) Lemon buttermilk . . . ?

PRIME MINISTER: My *grandmother's* lemon buttermilk.

ALISTAIR: That's not fair.

From off stage comes the booming voice of the PRINCE of Mintz calling for the PRIME MINISTER and it sets the PLAYERS scurrying.

PRINCE: PRIME MINISTER!

PRIME MINISTER: (*To GINA; exiting.*) We'll talk later. I'm being paged.

Singing "Never say 'No' to the Prince" under his breath, the PRIME MINISTER "enters" the turret of the castle, which the PLAYERS have just finished building, and finds the PRINCE in a rage.

PRINCE: Toasted almonds? Candied sweets? Honeybun cinnamon? Spices and succulent meats? What's going on down there in Mintz?

PRIME MINISTER: The Famous Traveling Players are here, my lord, and with them is a young and very pretty baker named Gina Farina. I'm told she's a genius when it comes to pies, but she's never heard of my grandmother's lemon buttermilk, so I'm slightly suspicious. She's very independent, set on adventure, and has a mind of her own.

PRINCE: She can keep her mind. I'll take the pies. Bring her to me.

PRIME MINISTER: She's here. She followed me. Wants to talk about the Passing-Through-Mintz tax.

GINA: *(Entering; cheery.)* Good morning, Mr. Prince. The Famous Traveling Players have just arrived, and I think this idea about the Passing-Through-Mintz is . . .

PRINCE: *(Interrupting.)* Before you say another cheerful word . . .

**SONG #9: I SULK ALL DAY
(PRINCE)**

PRIME MINISTER hits a triangle.

PRINCE:

I SULK ALL DAY IN THE TURRET OF MY CASTLE,
SO ANY ONE GIVING ME THE LEAST BIT OF SASS'LL
BE CHAINED TO A POST, BURNED LIKE TOAST.
MENTION TAX, GET THE AX!

GINA: *(Speaking while attempting to exit.)* Well, in that case . . .

PRINCE: Wait. I'm told you bake wonderful pies, except for the Prime Minister's grandmother's lemon buttermilk, which I don't like anyway, so you'll move into the castle and bake your pies only for me.

GINA: No!

PRINCE: What?

GINA: *(Remembering her manners.)* No, thank you.

PRINCE: Haven't you heard?

Thank you for reading this free excerpt from GINA AND THE PRINCE OF MINTZ by Charles Kondek and Steve Liebman. For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script, please contact us at:

Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406

Toll Free: 1-888-473-8521 • Fax (319) 368-8011

www.brookpub.com

DO NOT COPY