

THE SEVEN NASTY PRINCESSES

By Edith Weiss

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CHARACTERS

BERT	long suffering servant to the Queen
QUEEN AQUAMARINE (or KING)*	sweet, eccentric, in a world of her own, Mother of the Princesses
PRINCESS RUBY	biggest smile in the land, domineering oldest sister
TESS	Ruby's handmaiden, insecure, browbeaten
PRINCESS SAPPHIRE	great hair, lots of attitude
MARY	Sapphire's hard working maid
PRINCESS DIAMOND	shallow and vain, into jewels
MARTHA	Diamond's high energy, fast moving maid
PRINCESS GARNET	ultra "fem" in a silly way, loves makeup
MATILDA	Garnet's maid, practical and matter of fact
PRINCESS EMERALD	a dancer, either very good or very bad
KATE	Emerald's maid, the youngest and smallest handmaiden
PRINCESS AMETHYST	beautiful melodious voice, nasty disposition
HILDA	Amethyst's maid, easily confused and eager to please

PRINCESS PUMICE	known for her beautiful gowns and sour disposition, peeved at being named Pumice and being the youngest
LOUIE	Pumice's handyman who hates his job and just puts up with it
WITCH BARFETTE*	the more motherly of the witches
WITCH HURLISH*	the sarcastic, impatient, nastier witch. Hates kids
SNOGGLE*	one of the witches' nephews
SNARFEL*	witches' nephew
SNITCH*	witches' nephew
PRINCE JOHN	Kind and gentle Prince, looking for a wife

(Asterisk * indicates flexible roles. Louie and Prince can be doubled cast, so that only one actor need be male)

SET

A unit set that looks like a room in a castle.

COSTUMES

The maids have aprons, Louie has a tool belt, Pumice has the flashiest clothes. In addition to her beautiful gown, she needs a very tacky ugly dress for the end.

PROP LIST

The Castle:

Lip gloss
Hairbrush and combs
Lots of jewelry and rings
Hand mirror
Cotton balls
Cleaning bucket and rag
Load of laundry
Letter from Prince John
Tiny gown for Pumice
Foot cast
Gold coins
Small coin bags
Fright wig for Sapphire

The Witches:

Big witch's pot
Various small bags, vials, bottles for spells
Big rubber spider
Moth
Chicken's claw

PRODUCTION HISTORY

Northglenn Youth Theatre, South Suburban Rec Youth Theatre, Littleton;
Seven Ages Productions, Denver

DIRECTOR'S NOTES

I found that it is better not to use "witchy" voices for any of the witches. For the blocking suggestions, I used just two entrance/exits. Basically the Stage LEFT goes outside the castle; it's where the WITCHES enter and exit. STAGE RIGHT goes to the rest of the castle. If your stage has Upstage and Downstage entrances, all the better.

If an intermission is desired, page 21, after Bert says "I have a very bad feeling that something not good is going to happen tonight" would be a good place for it.

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AT RISE: Two witches, **HURLISH** and **BARFETTE**, enter **SL**, with a big iron pot.

BARFETTE: Hey! I'm carrying most of the weight here.

HURLISH: I've got the heavy end.

BARFETTE: It's a round pot. There is no heavy end.

(Setting pot down.)

HURLISH: There. Oh, that smells horrible. Yummy!

BARFETTE: **(calling all around)** Snarfel! Snoggle! Snitch! SNARFEL! SNOGGLE! SNITCH! They were going to help us finish this stew. Where are they?

HURLISH: I don't know. **(starts humming)**

BARFETTE: Hurlish, you're humming, **(HURLISH stops)** so I know you're lying. You always hum when you lie. Where are our nephews?

HURLISH: I turned them into toads.

BARFETTE: You did what?

HURLISH: They were bugging me.

BARFETTE: They're kids! That's their job. Now turn them back right now.

HURLISH: All right, Barfette. I don't know why you have to be such a stickler about childcare. **(performs a spell)** Wriggling worms and little bat poo poos, turn those toads back to our niece and nephews.

BARFETTE: Snarfel! Snoggle! Snitch!

(Nephews run onstage from SL.)

WITCH KIDS: Auntie Barfette! Auntie Barfette! Auntie Barfette!

HURLISH: **(shouting)** She's right here! Stop shouting!

SNARFEL: Auntie Hurlish turned us into toads!

SNITCH: In the middle of a swamp!

SNOGGLE: And we were almost eaten by a big owl!

BARFETTE: Did she, now? Auntie Hurlish will never do that again, will she?

HURLISH: No. **(starts humming)**

BARFETTE: Hurlish, you're humming.

HURLISH: **(stops humming)** All right. I really promise not to turn them into toads ever again.

The Seven Nasty Princesses- Page 6

BARFETTE: And to make it up to the kids, maybe you'll tell them a story.

HURLISH: I'm a witch, not a storyteller.

WITCH KIDS: Story! Story! Story!

HURLISH: There they go again, driving me crazy.

BARFETTE: (*quickly*) Kids, that's enough. Let's finish making the stew; then I'll tell you a story. Okay?

(The song is done rhythmically, as in a rap song.)

The Stinkweed Stew Spell

ALL:

Boo, Boo, Boo, Boo, Boo, Boo,
Boo, Boo, Boo, Boo, Boo, Boo,
Boo, Boo, Boo, Boo, Boo, Boo, Boo, Booooooo

Boo, Boo, Boo,
Boo, Boo, Booooo. Boo!

We're witches in the woods and we are making a brew
a powerful and putrid stinkweed stew
so stand back everybody cause this is what we do
we are witches and we wanna put a spell on you!

Boo, Boo, Boo, (Boo boo boo)
Boo, Boo, Booooo, Boo!

Oh yeah we're witches in the woods and here's what we're gonna do
Teach our magic skills to all of you
To make this spell you gotta
Start with a good brew
Aunties Hurlish and Barfette will now teach you too!

Boo, Boo, Boo
Boo, Boo, Booooo, Boo!

WITCH KIDS:

Teach us Auntie Hurlish how to put a spell

SNOGGLE:

on a butcher,

SNITCH:

On a butler,

The Seven Nasty Princesses- Page 7

SNARFEL:

On a mademoiselle!

SNOGGLE:

On a baker!

SNITCH:

A hat maker!

SNARFEL:

Or some ne'er-do-well!

WITCHLETS:

Come on Auntie Barfette do your show and tell!

ALL:

Boo, Boo, Boo,
Boo, Boo, Booooo, Boo!

BARFETTE:

You take a rotten toadstool and a little poison ivy
Then you stomp your feet, and shake your hands like this,

HURLISH: (*spoken*)

Kinda jivey

BARFETTE:

You boil it in the middle of a stinkweed stew
Stir it all together and just yell Boo!
Booooo!

HURLISH:

You take the front tooth of a rat, the nosehair of a monkey
Then stomp your feet, and shake your hands, like this:

BARFETTE: (*spoken*)

Kinda funky!

BOTH:

You boil it in the middle of a stinkweed stew
Stir it all together and just yell. . . Booooo!

ALL:

Boo, Boo, Boo, Boo, Boo, Boo

The Seven Nasty Princesses- Page 8

Boo, Boo, Boo, Boo, Boo, Boo
Boo, Boo, Boo, Boo, Boo, Boo, Boo, Boooooo!

(End song.)

SNARFEL: That was fun! Do it again!

WITCH KIDS: Do it again, do it again, do it again!

HURLISH: If you brats don't stop I'm going to-

BARFETTE: KIDS! You're driving Auntie Hurlish crazy. Why don't I tell you a story now?

HURLISH: I thought I was gonna tell them a story.

BARFETTE: You said you didn't want to.

HURLISH: I've changed my mind.

SNITCH: Why don't you both tell it?

BARFETTE: That's a great idea. We'll both tell it.

HURLISH: I'll start.

BARFETTE: All right. You start.

HURLISH: **(pause)** I don't know any stories.

BARFETTE: Then I'll start. I'll tell the story of the Seven Nasty Princesses. Through these woods, and on the hill, sits the Castle of Gems.

HURLISH: I know this story. Cause it's a true story. The story of what happens when children are as nasty as dirt and just fight all the time and make everybody miserable--

BARFETTE: That's not the way you tell a story! You just tell it, you don't go giving the moral of a story right up front. Anyhow, Queen Aquamarine lives there with her servant Bert, her seven daughters, the Princesses, and their seven maids.

HURLISH: And the Princesses are just so snooty, and think they're better than everybody.

BARFETTE: Will you stop with the opinions? That's not the way you tell a story.

HURLISH: You think you know everything. Why don't we just let them see the story for themselves then?

BARFETTE: That's a great idea! I'll cast a storyteller's spell. Fiddle in the middle of the big crow's call; imagine there's a crystal ball--

HURLISH: So we can see right through the castle wall.

(Curtain rises on Princesses who are lounging about; except for EMERALD who is practicing ballet and AMETHYST who is warming up her voice; and their handmaidens who are attending them. Or, without a curtain, witches melt away SL, during their dialogue, as Princesses and maids enter SR.)

The Seven Nasty Princesses- Page 9

SNITCH: I see them!

SNARFEL: Me too!

SNOGGLE: Me too!

BARFETTE: The Princesses and their maids. There's Princess Ruby, famous for her smile, Sapphire who's in love with her hair, Diamond who lives for her jewels, Garnet who is fair of face, Emerald the dancer, Amethyst of the golden voice, and Princess Pumice who loves clothes.

HURLISH: Pumice? What kind of name is that for a Princess?

BARFETTE: Rumor has it the Queen had a rough delivery and couldn't think of the name of another gem.

RUBY: (**who has been looking into a mirror, practicing smiling**) Oh, no! Tess, I think my lips are getting dry.

TESS: No, Princess Ruby, they're fine.

RUBY: Fine? How dare you? These lips frame the best smile ever - they have to be more than "fine". Lip-gloss. Now!

TESS: Of course, Princess-- (**getting gloss from apron**) here.

MARY: (**brushing SAPPHIRE's hair**) Is that enough brushing, Princess Sapphire?

SAPPHIRE: (**tossing her hair madly about**) No. I think maybe 500 or so more strokes, Mary. Make my hair shinier than Diamond's jewels!

MARY: (**sighing and brushing**) Okay.

DIAMOND: Martha, I think these diamonds should be shinier.

MARTHA: Really, Princess Diamond?

DIAMOND: Yes, Martha, really. Polish them again.

MARTHA: I'm on it, Princess.

(MATILDA is holding mirror for GARNET.)

GARNET: Oh, no!!!! Matilda!

MATILDA: What?

GARNET: There are wrinkles on both sides of my mouth!

MATILDA: I don't see any wrinkles. You're too young for wrinkles.

GARNET: I just saw them. They were right there.

MATILDA: Was it when you were smiling?

GARNET: Why, yes. (**looks in mirror, smiles, stops, smiles, stops, etc.**) Oh, I see! They're just smiling lines.

MATILDA: What a close call we've all had.

EMERALD: And plie, . . . demi-plie, grand-plie. . . arabesque. Arabesque fondu! Ballotte. . . Jete. . . Grand Jete! How did that look, Kate?

KATE: I don't know. I don't know anything about dancing.

EMERALD: Excuse me?

KATE: I meant, Princess, you are as graceful as a swan.

EMERALD: I know. And leap! Jete! Leap!

The Seven Nasty Princesses- Page 10

AMETHYST: La la la la la la la la. . . Mi-mi-mi-mi-- **(up and down the scale)** Ahahahahaha-Ahhhh-- Hilda, I need a lozenge. Hilda. Hilda? Hilda!

HILDA: **(taking cotton balls out of ears)** Yes, Princess?

AMETHYST: **(offended)** You put cotton balls in your ears?

HILDA: **(quickly putting them back in)** All right.

AMETHYST: NO! I meant-- **(sisters giggle snidely)** Oh, never mind.

PUMICE: Louie, I need to walk over there. Carry my train.

LOUIE: Oh, man!

(PUMICE does a “ramp walk” with a very long train that becomes taut and jerks her backwards, as LOUIE isn’t keeping up.)

PUMICE: Louie, when you carry my train, you have to keep up.

LOUIE: I’m trying, Princess.

PUMICE: I mean, it’s bad enough to have a guy with a tool belt carrying my train--

LOUIE: How do you think it feels for me?

PUMICE: **(turning to face downstage, so LOUIE is to her side)** I don’t know. I never think about how you feel, so I don’t know. Now. Where do servants stand?

LOUIE: Behind Princesses.

PUMICE: Then do it.

(SHE turns downstage as HE stays behind where SHE previously faced, twisting her.)

PUMICE: Louie!

LOUIE: Oh. Sorry, Princess.

(Enter BERT, the QUEEN’S butler, SR.)

BERT: It’s her majesty the Queen.

(QUEEN enters SR. The Princesses become cloyingly sweet.)

QUEEN: Good morning, Princesses.

PRINCESSES: **(curtsying)** Good morning, Mama.

QUEEN: Look at these wonderful girls, Bert, spending time together.

BERT: They are something, madam.

QUEEN: And how are the handmaidens?

MAIDS: **(curtsying)** We’re well, your Highness, thank you.

(PUMICE and LOUIE make the “PSHHH” sound of disgust.)

QUEEN: Something's wrong with little Pumice. I can always tell when she's a bit pouty. What's wrong, dear?

PUMICE: It's Louie. Why do I have a handyman instead of a handmaiden?

QUEEN: Oh, dear, that's my fault. When I ordered a handmaiden for you from the catalog, I accidentally marked the box for "handyman". They were right next to each other. Hand maiden-handyman. But I think Louie is adequate, don't you, girls?

GIRLS: Yes, mama.

LOUIE: (*sarcastic*) Thank you.

QUEEN: Children, I'm going for a walk. Would anyone like to join me?

SAPPHIRE: Oh, sorry, but we promised Bert we'd help him clean.

(BERT'S jaw drops in disbelief.)

QUEEN: How wonderful. Aren't they wonderful, Bert?

BERT: I can't tell you, Madam, how wonderful they are.

QUEEN: Thank you.

(QUEEN off exit SR.)

BERT: You're going to help me clean?

RUBY: Of course not.

SAPPHIRE: We just don't want to go for a walk.

GARNET: Ewww.

PUMICE: Boring.

AMETHYST: (*vocalizing*) Mi mi mi mi. Mamamama-- mimimimi.

(As BERT cleans floor around a dancing EMERALD.)

EMERALD: You missed a spot.

BERT: You're too kind.

DIAMOND: Stop stomping, you dumb stupid.

EMERALD: I don't stomp, and I'm not a dumb stupid.

GARNET: You are too stomping and now my blush is all crooked!

EMERALD: You better watch it, Garnet. You, too, Diamond.

DIAMOND: Make me.

(DIAMOND and EMERALD circle each with the girls cheering them on. BERT tries fruitlessly to stop them, but all the PRINCESSES end up in a free for all fight.)

PUMICE: (*pointing offstage RIGHT*) It's mom! Look busy.

(SISTERS throw themselves to the floor and pretend to be scrubbing; except DIAMOND who is choking EMERALD as QUEEN enters, SR, with letter.)

QUEEN: Girls, I have-- ***(sees DIAMOND and EMERALD)*** Diamond, what are you doing?

DIAMOND: Just measuring Emerald's neck, Mama. I'm going to make her a necklace.

QUEEN: How sweet. What loving sisters you are. Aren't they, Bert?

BERT: It's not to be believed, Madame Highness.

QUEEN: Girls, I have news. I got a letter this morning from King Phillip and Queen Gertrude. Their son, Prince John, is looking for a wife!

RUBY: I'll marry him. I accept.

QUEEN: But Princess Ruby, he hasn't decided whom he wants to marry.

RUBY: But I'm the oldest, so he has to marry me.

BERT: I'm sure he wants to choose his wife. He is a Prince, after all.

QUEEN: And since you are the most loving of sisters, I know you'll all be happy with whomever he chooses.

(Princesses hug each other tightly and in not too friendly of a manner.)

PRINCESSES: Yes, Mama.

QUEEN: Bert, I must write a letter to the Prince, inviting him to the castle. Would you be so good as to dust everything?

BERT: Yes, Madame Highness. Nothing would delight me more.

(QUEEN and BERT exit SR, RUBY throws a major temper tantrum, causing HILDA to put her cotton balls in.)

RUBY: I'm the oldest. He has to marry me, I was here first.

GARNET: He's a Prince. He can do whatever he wants.

DIAMOND: Just one Prince. Seven of us. I wonder how he'll choose.

EMERALD: He'll pick whoever impresses him most, and make that Princess his Queen.

PUMICE: I sure wish my name wasn't Pumice. That might cut way down on my chances.

SAPPHIRE: Poor little Pumice. I know I'll impress him with my hair. I've got the best hair in all the land, and Mary will condition it, and rinse it, and brush it all day long!

MARY: I'm on it.

The Seven Nasty Princesses- Page 13

AMETHYST: I'll win him with my voice. The sound of my voice is the most beautiful sound ever heard in this land. And it will get better- I'll practice singing and speaking until he gets here. Hilda. Hilda! HILDA! **(Other servants motion to the oblivious HILDA, who runs to AMETHYST. SHE takes out cotton balls, runs to AMETHYST)**
You put cotton balls in your ears again!

HILDA: All right, Princess. **(puts cotton balls back in ears)**

AMETHYST: NO! **(HILDA runs frightened back upstage)** HILDA! **(maids push HILDA back downstage)** These cotton balls have got to go, Hilda. I can't shout for you; I must protect my voice at all costs. **(takes cotton balls out of HILDA'S ears)**

HILDA: But you--

AMETHYST: **(very low voice)** Shhhh. I don't want to waste my voice on you.

DIAMOND: Your voice is nothing compared to the glitter and shine of my beautiful jewels. Their sparkle will enrapture him.

GARNET: My beauty will enchant him. And I'll put on makeup that makes me simply irresistible.

RUBY: He will fall in love with my smile. I'm going to practice whole new ways of smiling you haven't even dreamt of.

EMERALD: But I'm full of grace, and I can dance. My dance will be a love poem to the Prince.

PUMICE: I'm going to make myself a dress that will dazzle him to fall in love with me.

LOUIE: Any Prince worth his salt will love someone for who they are, not for what they're wearing, or how many jewels they have, or how much they smile. . . why are you all smirking and making derisive noises?

RUBY: Yeah right, like a handyman would know anything.

GARNET: He knows more than you. All you know is that goofy smile.

RUBY: Oh yeah? Well, without your makeup you're as plain as a paper bag.

(Pushes GARNET into EMERALD.)

EMERALD: Hey!

(Melee starts. Maids try to stop them, can't.)

MATILDA: Princesses, please stop it.

MARY: Someone's going to get hurt.

MARTHA: Louie, can't you stop them?

LOUIE: No. Let them beat each other silly if they want.

(Melee continues full tilt, enter QUEEN and BERT, SR.)

QUEEN: Girls, what's going on here?

(Girls freeze.)

TESS: Your Highness, the Princesses were--

EMERALD: I was teaching them how to dance. ***(pushing hard on GARNET's leg, who is on the floor)*** Five, six, seven, eight!

(Girls pretend to dance.)

RUBY: See, Mama? We were dancing.

QUEEN: And the screaming?

AMETHYST: Oh, you mean the singing. I was teaching them a song.

(AMETHYST "conducts" them, they sing.)

QUEEN: All right then, keep practicing. Bert, all the drapes have to be laundered. Everything has to look perfect for Prince John.

BERT: Oh, good, your Highness. Next to scrubbing floors and dusting, laundry is my very favorite.

QUEEN: ***(oblivious to BERT's sarcasm)*** You're a dear, Bert. Girls, it's lunchtime.

PRINCESSES: Yes, Mama.

(QUEEN and BERT exit SR, Princesses and maids exit on their lines.)

PUMICE: Liver lips.

RUBY: Cabbage head.

GARNET: Mushroom ears.

SAPPHIRE: Toad face.

DIAMOND: Frog voice.

AMETHYST: Chicken legs.

EMERALD: Pea brain.

(Lights up on witches, or they enter SL.)

SNOGGLE: Is the story over?

HURLISH: No.

SNARFEL: Why are those Princesses so mean?

SNITCH: They're meaner than you, Auntie Hurlish.

HURLISH: Hey! No reason to be insulting.

BARFETTE: Oh, things are going to get very ugly at the castle.

WITCH KIDS: **(jumping up and down)** Tell us! Tell us! Tell us!

HURLISH: I'm not going to make it, Barfette, if those brats don't-

BARFETTE: **(quickly)** A week went by. Look, there's Princess Emerald and Kate.

(Lights down on witches, enter EMERALD and KATE, followed by RUBY and TESS, who both watch EMERALD, all SR.)

EMERALD: Kate, we have to practice my pas de deux for the Prince.

KATE: But I don't know what a pas de deux is.

EMERALD: You stand behind me; I plie, then you lift me in the air.

KATE: All right. . .

EMERALD: Lift!!!!!! Lift! **(KATE, who is very small, can't do it)**

KATE: I'm trying, Princess.

RUBY: Let me help.

EMERALD: No!

(RUBY lifts and throws EMERALD.)

RUBY: Oh, Emerald, I'm so sorry. Nothing's broken, I hope, dear sister?

EMERALD: My ankle. You sprained my ankle!

RUBY: I'm SO sorry.

TESS: Let us help you up, Princess Emerald.

(KATE and TESS help her)

BERT: **(entering, with huge load of laundry)** What happened?

RUBY: **(with an insincere smile)** It was an accident, Bert.

EMERALD: **(to RUBY, as SHE hobbles off RIGHT)** I'll get you for this.

(All exit RIGHT except for BERT.)

BERT: I really don't want to know. They've been at each other all week.

(Offstage cry of rage from PUMICE. Enter all maids and LOUIE, SR.)

BERT: Here we go again.

MARY: Bert, Princess Sapphire put Princess Pumice's gown in boiling water.

PUMICE: **(entering RIGHT with teeny tiny dress)** My gown!

BERT: Oh, that's a shame.

HILDA: Princess Amethyst put brass jewelry in Diamond's jewelry case!

BERT: Oh, for goodness' sakes.

The Seven Nasty Princesses- Page 16

DIAMOND: (**entering RIGHT**) I'm green! My neck is green! My wrists are green! Even my forehead is green!

MARTHA: Princess Diamond put spiders in Garnet's makeup box.

BERT: Well, let's go take them out.

(Offstage scream, enter GARNET RIGHT.)

GARNET: There were spiders in my makeup box! I thought they were my false eyelashes-- I almost put spiders in my eyes!

MATILDA: Princess Garnet put a red hot chili in Amethyst's lozenges.

(AMETHYST enters gasping, yelping, and fanning her mouth, RIGHT.)

TESS: Princess Ruby threw Princess Emerald across the room.

(Enter EMERALD, RIGHT. with a cast on her foot.)

KATE: And Princess Emerald put lemon juice in Ruby's lip balm.

(Enter from RIGHT RUBY, fish-lipped.)

LOUIE: Pumice put honey on all of Princess Sapphire's hair things.

SAPPHIRE: (**entering RIGHT with combs and brushes stuck in her tousled hair**) I can't get these out of my hair! Mary! Help me!

MARY: I'll try, Princess.

SAPPHIRE: Ow, you're hurting me, ow, ow, ow!

(Groans and fussing from all. Enter QUEEN, RIGHT.)

QUEEN: What happened here? Why, it looks like a battle zone.

BERT: Well, the Princesses-

SAPPHIRE: It was the maids! Their incompetence and laziness.

(PRINCESSES start to blame maids, who try in vain to defend themselves.)

QUEEN: Enough! Maids, it's your job to take care of the beautiful, dutiful Princesses. It doesn't look like you've been doing a very good job, now does it? I expect more diligence from you in the future.

MAIDS: Yes, your Highness.

QUEEN: Maids, I think you owe the Princesses an apology. And Bert, be a dear and wax the walls of the moat.

The Seven Nasty Princesses- Page 17

BERT: Wax the moat walls! What joy, to wax the moat walls in the morning!

(QUEEN exits, RIGHT. Maids go to Princesses, say they're sorry, but Princesses snub them and exit, RIGHT. Maids gather downstage.)

MARY: They blamed it all on us!

LOUIE: They are so cranky!

TESS: We didn't even do anything wrong, and we get yelled at.

MARTHA: They did it all to each other.

KATE: We're just servants. There's nothing we can do about it.

HILDA: Bert, we should tell the Queen.

BERT: No, we shouldn't.

MATILDA: She'd never believe us.

BERT: No, she wouldn't. Well, the Prince is coming tomorrow, so come on, everyone, there's a lot to do.

LOUIE: Man, I hate this job!

(All servants off, LEFT, clearing stage as needed. Enter EMERALD, RIGHT, who practices her dance. Enter RUBY, RIGHT, practicing her smiling.)

EMERALD: Look at Ruby, with that simpering smile. What if she charms the Prince with it? She must be stopped.

(EMERALD goes UPS. Blocking follows this pattern. Princesses talk to audience.)

RUBY: Emerald's up to something. But what? How can I stop her graceful movement?

(Enter AMETHYST, RIGHT, practicing her introductions. Enter GARNET, RIGHT, who watches her.)

AMETHYST: How do you do, Prince John? How do you do, Prince John? Prince John, how do you do? ***(to GARNET)*** What are you looking at? ***(to audience)*** Garnet has never looked better. Darn it! If he sees her, he might not even hear me. I have to do something.

GARNET: I'm worried. What if Amethyst hypnotizes the Prince with that voice? I've got to think of something to stop the Prince from falling in love with her.

(Enter SAPPHIRE, DIAMOND, and PUMICE, RIGHT.)

SAPPHIRE: My hair has reached new heights of ecstasy. Hair is who we are, really. Looking at my hair, the Prince will know everything he needs to know about me.

PUMICE: That you're shiny and puffed up?

SAPPHIRE: You're just jealous. Like a Prince would marry someone named Pumice. (**PUMICE practices her "ramp walk", SAPPHIRE talks to audience**) It's Diamond I'm worried about, glowing in the middle of all those jewels. She's got to be stopped.

PUMICE: (**mimicking SAPPHIRE**) Like a Prince would marry someone named Pumice! That snippy little Sapphire. Her hair's gotten so big the Prince won't even be able to see around it. He won't even see me, cause of her stupid shiny hair. I'm not going to let that hair stop me.

DIAMOND: Even though Pumice was named after a hard, rough, bunion rubbing rock, her clothes are soft and smooth. Look at her; she's dressed for success. I'm got to rub little Princess Pumice out of the competition somehow.

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