

# SIR SADDLESORE AND THE DRAGON

By David J. LeMaster

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## CHARACTERS

NARRATOR

PRINCESS

KING

QUEEN

DRANO

EGGBERT

SIR SADDLESORE

CALLIOPE

MOTHER

FIREMAN

YOUNG MAN

HAMMAH

### SET

A bare stage. The play may be done with minimal props. The play is intended to be played in a single scene without a blackout. It may also be performed as a reader's theatre. All characters may stay onstage throughout the play if the director so chooses. Otherwise, the printed directions are suggested.

## PROPS LIST

King

Queen

Princess

Calliope

Narrator – a giant book

Sir Saddlesore – his costume is half knight and half horse, a mace, a sword, and a lance

(all may be pantomimed if needed)

Eggbert – magic wand, book, pointy hat

Drano

Drano's Mother – glasses and a shawl

Young Man – a quill pen and parchment or a book

Fireman – fire hose and fire buckets

Hammah the Enchantress – magic wand

## DIRECTOR'S NOTES

Drano transforms from human to dragon. The effect may be done with physical action and requires no specific special effects or costume changes.

## SIR SADDLESORE AND THE DRAGON

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**AT RISE: Enter NARRATOR, who carries a large book.**

NARRATOR: Once there lived a beautiful Princess named Julie, whose father and mother were so afraid she would be taken away from them by a handsome prince that they locked her in a giant tower and threw away the key.

**(Enter PRINCESS, QUEEN and KING. PRINCESS is in a tower, which may be mimed.)**

PRINCESS: So I grew out my hair and allowed Princes to climb up -

NARRATOR: No. They anticipated that. So your parents made you cut your hair. Short.

PRINCESS: But it will grow back -

NARRATOR: *Really* short.

PRINCESS: How short?

NARRATOR: Short enough to go into the military short.

PRINCESS: Mom!

QUEEN: Sorry, dear. Can't have any of those naughty little boys trying to climb up your hair. After all. We do read our storybooks.

NARRATOR: The king and queen had read so many storybooks, in fact, that they guarded against all the possibilities.

KING: At this moment in our kingdom, we outlaw all glass slippers.

QUEEN: And fur slippers, too. Since the original Grimm Brothers' translation meant "fur" in German, and -

KING: Be quiet, dear.

QUEEN: Sorry.

KING: Furthermore, we outlaw all dwarves in the kingdom. All of them. Out. Especially if they have strange names like Sneezy or Doc.

QUEEN: Good show.

KING: Darling -

QUEEN: Sorry, dear.

KING: And everyone whose last name is "Charming." You're out of the kingdom, too. And that goes for "Valiant," and anyone who might be construed as a "Handsome."

QUEEN: Yes. No handsome men left at all. **(looks at the KING; heavy sigh)**

KING: And last, but not least, we don't want any "happily ever after" yarns told in the kingdom, either. That's very important. You got a story that ends with "happily ever after?" You can take it right on to the next kingdom down the road.

PRINCESS: But mother! Father! Why are you doing all of this?

KING: Because I want to keep you from a nasty little thing called love.

QUEEN: Oh, yes. It's horribly nasty.

PRINCESS: What's so nasty about love?

QUEEN: Oh, it's terrible. Makes you marry people like **(points to KING)** him.

KING: Or her.

QUEEN and KING: Yuck.

PRINCESS: But Father. Someday, I want to marry for love.

KING: You'll outgrow it. You'll marry for money, and only when I've matched you with the richest young prince I can find. And until you do, I'm keeping you in that tower. Someday you'll thank me for it.

PRINCESS: You're the worst father, ever!

KING: Yeah, yeah. Kiss my foot.

**(Exit KING and QUEEN.)**

NARRATOR: And so it was. The Princess Julie was stuck in the top of the tower with no hope of escape. Until one day, a young man happened by. A handsome young man, whose name was not Charming or Valliant, but -

**(Enter DRANO the serf.)**

DRANO: Drano.

NARRATOR: That's not a very good name.

DRANO: No. But hey, I got to stay in the kingdom, didn't I?

NARRATOR: So, Prince Drano -

DRANO: I'm not a Prince.

NARRATOR: Lord Drano -

DRANO: I'm not a Lord, either.

NARRATOR: What are you then?

DRANO: A serf.

NARRATOR: You hope to marry a beautiful Princess and you're just a serf?

DRANO: Well. I'm a poet-serf.

NARRATOR: A *poor* poet-serf.

DRANO: Hey, I can dream, can't I?

NARRATOR: Very well. A handsome but poor young poet-serf named Drano happened to pass by the tower.

PRINCESS: (*calls down to him*) Yoo hoo!

DRANO: Oh, great vision of beauty! How exquisite you are.

PRINCESS: Oh! Tell me more.

DRANO: Your face is really neat and pretty. Your beautiful blue eyes are like two beautiful pools of blue. Your beautiful red lips are like two beautiful lines of red.

NARRATOR: The good serf Drano wasn't particularly poetical.

DRANO: What do you expect? I'm a serf.

NARRATOR: Nevertheless, the Princess fell head-over-heels in love with him.

PRINCESS: Oh, my hero. (*pause*) Can you get me down from here?

DRANO: Certainly, good Maiden. How?

PRINCESS: Find a ladder or something.

DRANO: A ladder! Right.

NARRATOR: And so the poor poet-serf Drano went all about the land in search of a ladder. But the Princess's father, being well versed in fairy tales, had destroyed them all.

DRANO: That's all right. I'll go to a ladder maker and make one.

NARRATOR: Except all the ladder makers were banished.

DRANO: Not to fear. I'll find myself a thick, sturdy rope.

NARRATOR: All sold to a land across the seas.

DRANO: A few dozen good bed sheets.

NARRATOR: Outlawed and banished.

DRANO: A catapult.

NARRATOR: Burned.

DRANO: A spring.

NARRATOR: Not invented yet.

DRANO: That's it! I'll have someone invent a spring.

NARRATOR: Good luck finding an inventor.

DRANO: Blast.

NARRATOR: And so the poor poet-serf Drano sat and thought and thought and thought, but he couldn't think of a single way to release the Princess from the tower.

PRINCESS: This stinks.

DRANO: You're telling me.

PRINCESS: I've got an idea. Why don't you find an enchanter and see if he can change you into something - you know, a mist of vapor. A small animal. Something that can slip into the tower.

DRANO: Gee. I don't know.

PRINCESS: Oh, come on. It works in all the fairy tales.

DRANO: I've never read a fairy tale. Your father had them all banned.

PRINCESS: I know. But before he had them banned, I read a bunch. And there was this one where a handsome prince was changed into

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an ugly frog. But, when the princess kissed the frog, voilà! The prince instantly appeared, and they lived happily ever after.

DRANO: You mean you'd kiss me? (**PRINCESS makes kissing sounds.**) You've made me the happiest man in the world!

PRINCESS: Just try and change into something cute. I don't want to kiss you and get warts or cooties.

DRANO: Right.

NARRATOR: And so the poor poet-serf Drano went about the land seeking an enchanter. Meanwhile, back at the castle...

**(Enter KING and QUEEN. Exit DRANO and PRINCESS.)**

QUEEN: Oh, darling.

KING: Yes, dear wife?

QUEEN: Don't you think our daughter's old enough to leave the tower?

KING: I don't know. Has she grown old and hideous yet?

QUEEN: I hardly think so.

KING: Then I'm not letting her out.

QUEEN: But darling. We've got to let her out sometime.

KING: Yes, yes, right. But not until I've negotiated her hand in marriage. I've been dealing with King Ulrich the Fat.

QUEEN: Oh, yes. The one from the kingdom to the north.

KING: No, that's King Horace the Thin. Ulrich the Fat is two kingdoms over in the south by southeast.

QUEEN: Are you sure?

KING: Quite sure. I've sent him a missive.

QUEEN: Oh, very good. (**pause**) What's a missive?

KING: You know. A letter? Duh!

QUEEN: Oh. Quite right.

KING: He's offered up his son. Sir Saddlesore, the Pure.

QUEEN: Saddlesore?

KING: He does a lot of riding. Anyway, the boy is perfectly thrilled with the idea of marrying our daughter, and the marriage will unite us with the kingdom to the south by southwest.

QUEEN: You said the kingdom to the south by southeast.

KING: No, I didn't.

QUEEN: You most distinctly did.

KING: Are you sure?

QUEEN: Quite.

KING: Oh. Oh, dear. I suppose I'd better consult a map, hadn't I?

NARRATOR: And so the king and the queen plotted the marriage of their daughter. In the meantime, the good serf Drano looked high and low across the land for an enchanter, but he couldn't find one.

KING: That's because I've had all the enchanters removed.

NARRATOR: All except one.

KING: What?

NARRATOR: That's right. For on the very edge of the land there lived an ancient wizard called Eggbert the Egg-headed.

KING: That old bat?! He couldn't cast a spell with a rod and reel!

NARRATOR: Nevertheless. He was the last wizard left.

KING: Ha! Eggbert indeed. You'll never get my daughter out of the tower now.

***(Exit KING and QUEEN. Enter DRANO and EGGBERT.)***

NARRATOR: So the good serf Drano went to Eggbert's cave.

DRANO: You are Eggbert the Egg-head?

EGGBERT: Egg-zactly.

DRANO: I seek a beautiful maiden hidden away in a large, dark tower.

EGGBERT: How egg-citing! What do you egg-spect from me?

DRANO: I seek a way to get into the tower.

EGGBERT: Egg-zample?

DRANO: I don't know. Maybe you could turn me into an animal or something.

EGGBERT: An egg-cellent idea! I'll egg-tract a potion, but first, let me egg-zamine you.

DRANO: Okay.

EGGBERT: ***(looks him over)*** Hmm. Umm hmmm. Umm hmmm.

DRANO: What?

EGGBERT: You're an egg-zellent candidate to be an egg-zotic bird.

DRANO: Yes! A bird. And then I can fly to the top of the tower and the Princess can kiss me and I'll turn back into myself -

EGGBERT: Wait just a segg-sent. Why do you s-eggs-pect you can eggs-cape the spell?

DRANO: You mean -

EGGBERT: I can change you, but you can't egg-spect to change back.

DRANO: What kind of enchanter are you, anyway?

EGGBERT: A smart one. I'm an Egg-istentialist.

DRANO: Look. I want to be changed into an animal and then, when the princess kisses me, I want to be able to change back. Got it?

EGGBERT: Your egg-splanation is quite egg-strodinary. But I can't guarantee your egg-scape from the animal.

DRANO: True love will always offer an escape. Love is...lovely. And she's a beautiful princess. In fact, she's so very beautiful that I think she's the most beautiful woman in the world. If love from a beautiful princess can't change me back, then nothing can.

EGGBERT: Eggs-strodinary.

DRANO: Do you really think so?

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EGGBERT: Yes. It was the most eggs-strodinarily bad poetry I've ever heard.

DRANO: Forget it. Change me quickly.

NARRATOR: And so the old enchanter raised his magic wand and muttered the magic words:

EGGBERT: Eggs Benedict!

NARRATOR: And with that the good serf Drano was transformed.

DRANO: Gee. I feel kind of weird.

EGGBERT: It's working.

DRANO: Yeah, I. **(transforms)** I - yi! Yi! Yi! Yi! Yi! Yi!

EGGBERT: Eggs-cellent!

DRANO: Look at me! I'm morphing into an animal!

***(DRANO transforms during NARRATOR's speech. It may be done either in mime or with costume change.)***

NARRATOR: But not into a beautiful bird. Oh, he grew wings, all right, but not feathered bird wings. He grew giant, skin-covered wings that extended from his back and sides. And instead of growing a crown and feathers, he grew slippery scales all over his body. His legs transformed not into bird legs, but into giant, muscular, clawed legs. And instead of sprouting a beak, Drano's mouth grew into giant, slobbering jowls, with enormous teeth. And when Drano drew in a breath to speak, he was shocked to see smoke rise from his nostrils. For the good serf Drano had been transformed - not into a beautiful bird, to fly to the top of the tower to rescue the princess, but into a giant, hideous dragon.

DRANO: What have you done!?

EGGBERT: Oh! It's an egg-gregoius error!

DRANO: Change me back!

EGGBERT: Okay. But that will cost egg-stra.

DRANO: Hurry!

NARRATOR: The enchanter raised his wand again and said the magic words -

EGGBERT: ***(casting spells)*** Poached eggs with bacon and toast!

NARRATOR: But Drano the dragon grew larger and even more terrifying.

DRANO: I'm even worse!

EGGBERT: Eggs over easy! Sunny side up!

NARRATOR: The dragon grew horns and a terrifyingly enormous tail.

EGGBERT: Scrambled eggs with coffee!

NARRATOR: And this time the dragon opened his mouth and breathed fire.

EGGBERT: Egg-zit, stage right!

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DRANO: Wait! Where do you think you're going!?

EGGBERT: I've got to beat it! I'm not sticking around here to be a fried egg.

DRANO: Change me back or I'll barbeque you!

EGGBERT: Who ever heard of a barbequed egg? That's ridiculous.

DRANO: Oh? Want to try?

EGGBERT: Oh, no! No! Forget it. Egg-stract that last sentence.

DRANO: You've got to change me back into a person.

EGGBERT: I'm trying. I'm trying.

NARRATOR: But Eggbert had run out of spells. It was useless. The good serf Drano had been transformed into the terrifying Drano the Dragon.

DRANO: How will I explain this to my mother?

EGGBERT: Listen. Since this didn't work out so well? I'll cut my normally egg-zorbant fee. You owe me fifty eight twenty five.

DRANO: What?!

EGGBERT: Just kidding! It's on the house. Really.

DRANO: I'll pay you anything. Just find me a cure.

EGGBERT: A cure? Of course! I'll send a missive to my sister. She egg-cells at cures.

DRANO: How long will it take?

EGGBERT: Who knows? The way my sister works? A decade. Maybe two.

DRANO: Oh, no!

EGGBERT: Look at the bright side. You can fly to the top of the tower.

Oh. Um. By the way. You'll have to pay egg-stra for the cure.

DRANO: Get me out of this mess!

***(Exit EGGBERT and DRANO. Enter KING and SIR SADDLESORE.)***

NARRATOR: And so, Eggbert contacted his sister for a remedy. In the meantime, the king had struck a deal with the king of the north-by-northwest kingdom -

KING: That's the south-by-southwest kingdom.

NARRATOR: Are you sure?

KING: Ulrich the Fat, right.

NARRATOR: The king had struck a bargain with the south-by-southwest kingdom, and the great and mighty young prince, Sir Saddlesore, came to meet his future in-laws.

SIR SADDLESORE: Oh, great and mighty King Horace the Thin.

KING: Wait a minute. I'm not Horace the Thin.

SIR SADDLESORE: You're not?

KING: I'm Randolph the Rotten.

SIR SADDLESORE: Oh. Terribly sorry to have bothered you.

KING: But we made a deal.

SIR SADDLESORE: We did?

KING: Yes. Your father and I set up our children to marry so we can combine the kingdoms and increase our marvelous riches.

SIR SADDLESORE: But Father told me to see Horace the Thin.

KING: Nonsense. He signed a deal with me.

SIR SADDLESORE: Oh. Well. I suppose I'd better let him know about this.

KING: We'll work out the details later. First, don't you want to meet your new bride?

SIR SADDLESORE: Oh! Why, yes. I'd love to.

KING: Walk this way, then.

SIR SADDLESORE: Um.

KING: Yes?

SIR SADDLESORE: It's the walking thing.

KING: Right.

SIR SADDLESORE: I've been on a horse so long - well. I don't walk much anymore.

KING: Well. Would you like to ride your horse to meet my daughter, then?

SIR SADDLESORE: Oh, yes. I'd like that very much.

KING: I keep her in that tower up on the hill.

SIR SADDLESORE: In the top of a tower?

KING: Yes.

SIR SADDLESORE: Whatever for?

KING: To keep her away from scum and riff-raff.

SIR SADDLESORE: Well. If you don't mind, sire, I'd prefer to choose my own bride. Mother always said, don't choose too quickly. Take a look at all your options.

KING: Look, you -

SIR SADDLESORE: Haven't you got more than one daughter? After all, if I could look at them both and then decide which one is most compatible with me...

NARRATOR: It was true. The king did have a second daughter, Princess Julie's beautiful and virtuous twin, Princess Calliope.

CALLIOPE: **(enters)** Hello, good knight.

SIR SADDLESORE: Good lady.

CALLIOPE: Oh, good knight, good knight, oh, good knight!

NARRATOR: And when the good Sir Saddlesore saw Princess Calliope, he heard the music of angels.

SIR SADDLESORE: Princess.

CALLIOPE: Good knight.

***(They see each other. Music plays.)***

KING: Hold it! Hold it! **(Music stops.)** I'm terribly sorry, but she's my second daughter. Julie was born first, and then Calliope twenty seconds later. You must marry my *oldest* daughter.

SIR SADDLESORE: Why?

KING: Because oldest daughters marry first.

SIR SADDLESORE: Why?

KING: Because that's the way it's done.

SIR SADDLESORE: Why?

KING: Because it's always been that way.

SIR SADDLESORE: Why?

KING: Because it has.

SIR SADDLESORE: But why?

KING: I don't know, you presumptuous git. Because that's the way it is, that's all.

SIR SADDLESORE: But Sire. When I look at your daughter, Calliope -

CALLIOPE: Oh, sir knight!

**(Music starts. KING steps in to cut it.)**

KING: Cease at once! Look, I -

SIR SADDLESORE: But you just heard it, your highness. I see her and hear music.

KING: Of course you hear music, you stupid dolt. Her name's Calliope, for goodness sake. She plays music for everyone.

SIR SADDLESORE: Really?

KING: **(to CALLIOPE)** Show him.

**(CALLIOPE walks about to different music. The music changes as SHE changes purpose/emotion. SIR SADDLESORE looks sullen.)**

SIR SADDLESORE: Oh, dear. But still. A girl who makes such beautiful music, and who has such a beautiful face, lips, hands -

CALLIOPE: Ah, sir knight!

KING: **(boxes SIR SADDLESORE's ears)** There. Hear any music now.

SIR SADDLESORE: **(rubs ears)** No. Just a ringing.

KING: So it's settled. You get the girl in the tower.

SIR SADDLESORE: But if she's all the way up there, how will I reach her?

KING: I'll give you the key.

SIR SADDLESORE: Oh. But my horse can't climb stairs.

KING: Then she'll climb down to you.

SIR SADDLESORE: Right. **(pause)** But I was thinking. What if she just hurt her ankle and can't climb down the stairs. Perhaps she'd be better off with a knight who could climb -

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KING: Enough! Cease and desist! Silence! Quiet! **(pause)** Now go rescue my daughter. She can't wait all day. **(exits)**

NARRATOR: But she could wait all day, for in fact, she didn't have anything better to do. The miserable Sir Saddlesore reluctantly approached the tower, his head filled the music of Princess Calliope. And a low, dull ringing from the king's box on the ears.

SIR SADDLESORE: Oh, why? Why? Why??? I've found the woman I love, and now I'm doomed to marry someone I don't love at all. I'll - no. No, I cannot give in. Though my heart fights it, I must marry the woman my father has chosen for me.

NARRATOR: And so, the good knight fought the remarkable urge to cry.

SIR SADDLESORE: I shall - fight against emotion. No. No. **(about to break down)** Ummmmmm!

NARRATOR: And he taught himself to make a noise instead of giving in to tears.

SIR SADDLESORE: Ummmmmmmm!

NARRATOR: In the meantime, the beautiful Princess Calliope begged her father.

CALLIOPE: Papa! Papa!

NARRATOR: But he did not listen.

KING: Resign yourself to your fate, Calliope. For the Princess Julie must marry first.

NARRATOR: And so they both mourned.

***(The following is slow at first, then builds into an "um-papa" sound like a band.)***

SIR SADDLESORE: ***(fighting tears)*** Ummmm!

CALLIOPE: ***(begging)*** Papa.

SIR SADDLESORE: Ummmm!

CALLIOPE: Papa.

SIR SADDLESORE: Ummmm!

CALLIOPE: Papa!

***(Staying in character, they break into an "umpapa" song, both mourning their lost love.)***

NARRATOR: ***(under the song)*** Their love was so strong that even today, on calliopes, you can sometimes hear their cries. ***(pause)*** In the meantime, Drano went straight to his mother's house for help. But when he knocked on the door...

***(Exit CALLIOPE and SADDLESORE. Enter DRANO and DRANO's MOTHER.)***

DRANO: (*mimes knocking*) Mother!

MOTHER: (*in house*) Not so fast. Not so fast. I've only got two feet.

DRANO: Mother, you gotta help me.

MOTHER: (*opens door and squints at him*) Crisco?

DRANO: No. It's Crisco's little brother, Drano.

MOTHER: Drano? (*squints to see*) Merciful heavens child, you've grown. Have you been working out?

DRANO: No, Ma, I just -

MOTHER: (*coughs, clears air*) You smell like a chimney, child. I thought I told you never to smoke cigarettes.

DRANO: I'm not smoking cigarettes, Ma.

MOTHER: What's that awful smell, then, a pipe? Drano, have you gotten into your father's old case of cigars?

DRANO: No, Ma. I'm a -

MOTHER: (*takes out glasses*) Hold it a minute. Let me put on my eyes so I can see my baby. (*puts on glasses and screams*) You beast! What have you done with my Drano?

DRANO: It's me, Ma.

MOTHER: It's you? Where?

DRANO: Here, Ma. Right here.

MOTHER: You ate him!

DRANO: No, Ma, I -

MOTHER: (*grabs broom and wallops him*) Let my boy out of there, you shark-toothed serpent. You slithery reptile!

DRANO: Ma, it's me!

MOTHER: (*slamming door*) Go on! Shoo! Be gone!

DRANO: Wait! Ma! Ma!

NARRATOR: But it was too late. She went inside the house.

DRANO: Oh, Ma.

NARRATOR: And called the Fire Department.

DRANO: What?

**(Fire siren. FIREMAN appears with hose.)**

FIREMAN: All right, pal. Put up your hands in the air, or we'll spray you.

DRANO: Leave me alone, will ya?

FIREMAN: That's it, fellas. Let her rip!

DRANO: Wait a minute! The fire hose hasn't been invented yet.

FIREMAN: It hasn't? Rats.

DRANO: So beat it.

FIREMAN: Not so fast, Smokey. We've got - buckets.

DRANO: Oh, no.

FIREMAN: Let 'er rip, fellas!

***(Someone hands FIREMAN a bucket and HE throws the contents of the bucket on DRANO.)***

DRANO: Hey! ***(Fire line. The other cast members may form the line - all give buckets, etc. The buckets may be empty or filled with confetti. FIREMAN keeps tossing buckets on DRANO.)*** Cut it out.

I said stop it. Cut it out!

NARRATOR: And suddenly, Drano took a deep breath and -

***(DRANO blows breath at the fireman. HE panics.)***

FIREMAN: Holy mackerel, it's a volcano! Duck everyone, duck! ***(DRANO breathes fire at the fireman. Everyone ducks and covers. DRANO exhausts himself. When HE stops, FIREMAN jumps up and takes charge.)*** The whole area's on fire! Quickly, men. We've got to save this block! Grab the axes. Grab the buckets. And for goodness sake, somebody hurry up and invent a fire hose! ***(exits)***

NARRATOR: And so the firemen and the villagers fought the fire. But Drano, stunned by the force of his breath, realized he had special new powers.

DRANO: Gee. I could burn this whole place up if I wanted. Cool. And, hey! I can fly around on these wings and go anywhere I want. This isn't so bad. Yeah, man. I'm big. I'm mean. I'm a dragon!

MOTHER: Drano, darling.

DRANO: Mother?

MOTHER: I just saw you breathe fire, and I was thinking. Do you remember that old bat Emily Smith from down the street? Well. Her house is four blocks over, and I was thinking -

DRANO: Mother!

MOTHER: You can give her fair warning, first. You know. Knock on the door. Tell her you're my son. And then, when she refuses to come out - barbeque her.

DRANO: Mother. You shame me.

MOTHER: It was worth a try.

***(Exit DRANO and his MOTHER. PRINCESS enters.)***

NARRATOR: But Drano didn't want to use his new powers to exact revenge. He wanted only one thing. The beautiful Princess in the top of the tower.

PRINCESS: You know. My hair has started to grow out. I think it's almost long enough for someone climb it.

NARRATOR: Not even close.

PRINCESS: Okay. So I was thinking. If we go to an apothecary and ask him to make a sleeping potion...

NARRATOR: And as the Princess plotted, a young man happened to walk by.

YOUNG MAN: (**enters**) I say. Did you mention an apothecary?

PRINCESS: Hello there, tall, dark and handsome.

YOUNG MAN: Never mind that. Tell me the apothecary part again.

PRINCESS: Apothecary? That's like a potion-maker, right?

YOUNG MAN: I know what it is. You get something from him?

PRINCESS: A sleeping potion. You know. And you - I mean. Someone gives it to me. Princess Julie.

YOUNG MAN: A sleeping potion? Yes. That would work...

PRINCESS: And I take it -

YOUNG MAN: And people think you're dead.

PRINCESS: Exactly!

YOUNG MAN: And the young man who's in love with you sees your body and, weeping, he takes out his dagger and kills himself!

PRINCESS: Huh?

YOUNG MAN: And then, when you awake, you see your lover slain next to you, and you take his dagger and stab yourself in the heart!

PRINCESS: You're sick.

YOUNG MAN: Ingenious! Mind if I borrow your idea? You know, for a little play -

PRINCESS: Be my guest.

YOUNG MAN: Exquisite! I've got my ending! (**pause**) Now. If I could only figure out the rest of the story. Boy meets girl. Boy wins girl. Boy loses girl. Boy and girl both go to the Apothecary... (**exits**)

NARRATOR: And so the young man went off to write his masterpiece.

PRINCESS: Oh, Drano, Drano. Wherefore art thou, Drano?

YOUNG MAN: (**rushes in**) Brilliant! (**takes out quill and paper**) Would you mind repeating that?

PRINCESS: Beat it, will ya, bub? (**Exit YOUNG MAN.**) Obnoxious writer.

NARRATOR: Suddenly, the Princess Julie suddenly noticed a figure fast approaching in the sky.

PRINCESS: Gee. I see a figure fast approaching in the sky. It must be an airplane.

NARRATOR: Not invented yet.

PRINCESS: A helicopter.

NARRATOR: Afraid not.

PRINCESS: A blimp.

NARRATOR: Nope.

PRINCESS: An unidentified flying object.

NARRATOR: Look closer.

PRINCESS: Okay. Hmm. It looks like...

NARRATOR: Yes?

PRINCESS: It has wings.

NARRATOR: Yes?

PRINCESS: And a tail.

NARRATOR: Yes?

PRINCESS: And it's on fire! No, wait. It's just smoking. It's got wings and a tail and it's smoking. And it's. It's. OH MY GOSH, IT'S A FIREBREATHING DRAGON!

DRANO: (**enters as a dragon**) I'm back!

PRINCESS: Help! Somebody help!

DRANO: Hey! Wait, it's me.

PRINCESS: Help! Help!

DRANO: No, really. Look at me.

PRINCESS: Drano?

DRANO: Yep.

PRINCESS: What has happened to you?

DRANO: It's not so bad, really. Once you get used to the breath. And the scales.

PRINCESS: You're horrible.

DRANO: Hey! You wanted me to be an animal.

PRINCESS: Yeah, but I thought you'd be a bird or a cat. You know. Something cute and cuddly.

DRANO: But you said you'd kiss a frog to get a prince.

PRINCESS: No. I told you a story about some *other* princess who kissed a frog. I would not kiss a frog. A cat. A bird. A ferret, maybe, if I was really desperate and didn't have any other options. But not a frog. And definitely not a scaly, smelly, stinky, silly fire-breathing dragon.

DRANO: What are you saying?

PRINCESS: Beat it.

DRANO: You mean -

PRINCESS: That's right, pal. It's over between us. Soon as you grew wings and a snout.

DRANO: But I thought you loved me for who I am on the inside. True love is - well. You know. It's true love. It's true. And it's love. And it's -

PRINCESS: I forgot about what a bad poet you were. Where'd that writer guy go? He seemed pretty cool.

NARRATOR: But Drano would not give up. In an act of fury, he swept up the Princess and flew her into the air.

PRINCESS: (**screams**) Unhand me!

DRANO: Not a chance. I changed into a dragon for you, baby. And now I'm taking you away.

PRINCESS: Help! Help!

NARRATOR: And nearby, the screams of the Princess Juliet fell on the ears of Sir Saddlesore.

SIR SADDLESORE: **(enters)** Why? Why? **(halts and listens)** What's that? Do I hear a damsel in distress?

PRINCESS: Help! Help!

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