

ACT I,
Prologue

(Music begins as the curtain slowly opens.
As the music changes, the NARRATOR
begins dialog. Stage is set for Royal
Garden.)

NARRATOR:

Once upon a time, in a faraway kingdom, there lived a noble king and his gentle queen. They were good rulers and dearly loved by their people, but they had one problem... they had no heir to the throne.

Then one night, the queen had a dream. In it, a beautiful plant sprung up in her royal garden, with shimmering green leaves and a tender golden bud. The bud opened in resplendent glory to reveal a baby boy with hair of gold and a sunshine smile.

Before a year had passed, the king and queen were miraculously blessed with an heir; a son, no less, with hair of gold and a sunshine smile. They named him Florian.

(VILLAGERS enter and begin milling around)

The people of the kingdom loved their new prince and were eager to see him rule the kingdom when he came of age.

(FLORIAN enters and begins pantomime gardening as NARRATOR
continues)

From early on, Prince Florian displayed many of the noble qualities of his parents ...the wisdom of his father, the gentleness of his mother, and something else which belonged to none other in the royal family...a great love for gardens. Whatever he tended to bloomed more splendid and beautiful than any other in the kingdom. This is where our story unfolds! And every great fairy tale must begin with "Once Upon a Time"!

ACT I,
Scene 1

(Royal Gardens of Garalind Castle)

(VILLAGERS and FLORIAN remain on stage)

“ONCE UPON A TIME”

CHORUS:

ONCE UPON A TIME IS MAGICAL AND MERRY
ONCE UPON A TIME IS BEAUTIFUL AND BOLD
ONCE UPON A TIME MAKES PRINCES OUT OF FARMERS;
IT CHANGES FROGS TO CHARMERS,
TURNS COMMON STRAW TO GOLD.
ONCE UPON A TIME.

ONCE UPON A TIME...IT FILLS OUR HEARTS WITH FANCY
ONCE UPON A TIME...IT MAKES THE FUTURE BRIGHT.
ONCE UPON A TIME...IT BRINGS JOLLITY AND LAUGHTER
TO SEE HAP'LY EVER AFTER
AND YOU'LL SEE IT ALL TONIGHT AT ONCE UPON A TIME.

SOLO #1

WHO WILL SLAY THE DRAGON AND THEN WIN THE MAIDEN FAIR?

SOLO #2

WHO WILL FIND TRUE LOVE AND GET CAUGHT
CLIMBING UP HER HAIR?

SOLO #3

WHO WILL BREAK A SPELL

SOLO #4

OR GET SET FREE

SOLO #5

YOU JUST CAN'T TELL UNTIL YOU SEE

CHORUS:

COME WITH ME...COME WITH ME!

ONCE UPON A TIME, COME DANCE INTO OUR DREAM LAND.
ONCE UPON A TIME, COME SHARE A TALE WITH FRIENDS.
ONCE UPON A TIME

NARRATOR:
ONCE YOU ENTER IN HERE, YOU WILL NEVER BE THE SAME HERE,
AND THE MAGIC NEVER ENDS...

CHORUS:
AT ONCE UPON A TIME!

(FLORIAN is tending the garden as the QUEEN enters)

QUEEN:
Well, good morning son, fancy seeing you in here so early in the morning.

FLORIAN:
(Startled, HE quickly stands tall, greeting the QUEEN)
Oh... Good morning, Mother. The weather was so favorable, I just had to come and see how the early spring growth was coming along.

QUEEN:
(SHE surveys the gardens)
My, my. Things are moving along quite nicely, now aren't they? I see the tulips are beginning to bud.

FLORIAN:
You mean the daffodils, Mother.

QUEEN:
Oh, dear me! You're absolutely right! The daffodils!
(Sighing)
My, I do love this time of year when the royal gardens begin to bloom. Your father and I have never known of anyone in the kingdom with a knack for gardening like you, son. You make us so proud...

(KING enters and overhears the QUEEN talking about FLORIAN'S skill for gardening)

KING:
Ah, there you are, son! I should have known that I would find you in the gardens.

FLORIAN:
Good morning, Father.

KING:
Isn't it still a bit early in the season to be out here digging around in the dirt? Why, there are still patches of snow on the ground!

FLORIAN:

I can't help it, Father. After staring at three feet of snow for five bitter cold months, I'm anxious to start tending the gardens for another season.

KING:

Now that's all well and good, Florian. Everyone should have a hobby or two that strikes their interest when they have spare time. But really, son, what's the matter with you? Don't you find your whole existence just itching for something a little more exciting—a great, life-long adventure?

FLORIAN:

And what is that, Father?

KING:

Why, marriage, of course!
(FLORIAN sighs, exasperated)

QUEEN:

Rowland! I'm sure he'll start looking for that special someone when he's ready. Right now his life just happens to be busy with other things. Now stop pestering the poor boy.

KING:

Boy?! Ha! Must I remind you, Kathryn, he's nearly 20 years old! He is a man by all accounts and should thereby be consumed with manly things, like becoming the next king!

QUEEN:

(Changing the subject)

See here! Just look at what a beautiful start our royal gardens have this year, thanks to Florian's skillful care.

KING:

(Impatiently)

Yes, they're beautiful. Florian's gardens make me very proud and are a delight to our kingdom. But just think of the additional beauty a young bride would bring...not to mention finally having bona fide heirs to take over the throne so I can rest in peace.

FLORIAN:

Father, it's not that I don't want to get married. I do...someday. But when do I ever have time to court? This garden needs so much of my tender care. Perhaps in the fall after the growing season has passed.

KING:

(Sternly)

Oh, I hear that excuse every year. Son, look at you! You're a grown man now, and ...and dash-it-all, I'm not getting any younger.

QUEEN:

Your father is right about that, you know.

(KING turns away disgusted)

Don't you think the gardens could spare you a little this season?

FLORIAN:

(HE pretends to ignore their comments)

This iris is looking so withered. Maybe I should move it over next to the hydrangea bush...

(HE moves away from THEM and starts working in the garden again)

KING:

(Fed up)

Kathryn, don't just stand there. Fix this!

(QUEEN sighs and KING shakes HIS head)

“WE HAVE A LITTLE PROBLEM”

QUEEN:

WE HAVE A LITTLE PROBLEM

KING:

LITTLE PROBLEM!

QUEEN:

OKAY, A BIG ONE
OUR SON, ALTHOUGH AN ANGEL

KING:

HAS HIS HEAD STUCK IN THE DIRT
THIS MAKES A BIGGER PROBLEM

QUEEN:

BIGGER PROBLEM?

KING:

YES, ENORMOUS
BECAUSE OUR SON LOVES GARDENS

QUEEN:

HE FORGETS WITH MAIDS TO FLIRT

KING:

HE SPENDS HIS TIME OUT PULLING WEEDS
IGNORING ALL HIS PRINCELY DEEDS,
AND ALL THE NOBLE MAIDENS' NEEDS

KING: (Continued)

ARE SHOVELED TO THE SIDE

QUEEN:

BUT STILL, MY DEAR, IT'S NOT SO BAD
AT LEAST OUR SON IS NOT A CAD
LIKE THE KING NEXT DOOR AND HIS WIFE HAD
WE REALLY SHOULDN'T CHIDE

QUEEN:

WE HAVE A LITTLE PROBLEM

KING:

LITTLE PROBLEM!

QUEEN:

OKAY, A BIG ONE
OUR SON, ALTHOUGH A DEARHEART

KING:

HAS HIS HEAD STUCK IN THE DIRT
THIS MAKES A BIGGER PROBLEM

QUEEN:

BIGGER PROBLEM?

KING:

YES, ENORMOUS
BECAUSE OUR SON LOVES GARDENS

QUEEN:

HE FORGETS WITH MAIDS TO FLIRT

KING:

WELL, WHY CAN'T HE LIKE FALCONRY?
THE MAIDENS ALL LOVE THAT;
OR FENCING, OR SOME LIVELY GAME
WHERE HE HITS THINGS WITH A BAT.

QUEEN:

NOW WHAT IS WRONG WITH GARDENING
AND HELPING GREEN THINGS GROW?
IT'S NOT AGAINST THE RULES
FOR A PRINCELY PRINCE TO KNOW.

KING:

DOES HE NOT KNOW THAT POTTING PLANTS

KING: (Continued)
WON'T HELP HIM FIND A WIFE?
DOES HE NOT KNOW IGNORING GIRLS
WILL SURELY RUIN MY.....LIFE?

QUEEN:
HIS LIFE!

KING AND QUEEN:
WE HAVE A LITTLE PROBLEM
THAT HAS GROWN AND NOW IT'S WILD
AND THE PROBLEM'S NOT SO SIMPLE—
WHEN IT'S YOUR CHILD!

CAPTAIN:
(Enters and bows)
Your Majesties, I apologize for the interruption, but some guests have arrived...
(Pause and winks to KING)
at the request of Your Lordship.

KING:
Oh! Oh, yes! Thank you, Captain. If you will excuse me, my dear. This is very
important.

(KING and CAPTAIN exit stage)

QUEEN:
(Crossing to FLORIAN)
Dear Florian, please understand that your father means well. He wants you to be happy;
but as ruler of this kingdom it is also his responsibility to see that a worthy and honorable
couple assume the throne before we are gone. With every passing season, your father and
I grow older, and we won't be around forever.

FLORIAN:
But why must I be king? I have never aspired to rule Garalind. Let someone else in the
family rule the kingdom. I'm content staying right here tending to the...

QUEEN:
(Interrupting HIM)
Oh... Witherall!

FLORIAN:
(Sheltering HIS flowers from HER words)
Mother! How can you speak that way?!

QUEEN:

Oh, I'm not talking to your precious flowers. I'm talking about Lord Witherall, your father's cousin.

FLORIAN:

(Sheepishly)

Oh...

QUEEN:

He's your father's only living relative. If you do not marry and take over the position as ruler of this land, Witherall will be next in line to the throne.

FLORIAN:

(Laughing)

Wonderful! My problem is solved! He can be king, and I'll be the royal gardener. It's perfect! Why haven't you ever introduced him to me before?

QUEEN:

Florian, you don't understand! We've kept Witherall away from court on purpose! He is an evil, conniving, selfish man. He would sell his own children to gain what he most desired.

(Aside)

It's a good thing he doesn't have any.

(To FLORIAN)

Were he to gain the throne, our beautiful kingdom would be reduced to pillage and slavery. You, my son, are the only thing standing between this kingdom and utter ruin.

FLORIAN:

But, Mother I still do not...

QUEEN:

(Sternly) You were born to privilege, Florian. With that privilege comes certain responsibilities. It is time to think of the weightier matters... getting married and becoming King should be at the top of your "to do" list right now.

(Group of MAIDENS enter, chattering and interrupt THEIR conversation; the KING is at the rear of the GROUP)

FLORIAN:

Father, what's going on?

KING:

(HE comes to the front of the GROUP)

Well, son, you leave me no choice. Since you won't go to the ladies, I bring the ladies...to you.

(Grins satisfied)

KING: (Continued)

These young maidens are the cream of the crop; the finest of the fine from our Kingdom's upper crust. Gentle noblewomen, may I present Prince Florian.

QUEEN:

(Whispering)

Come on son, now's your chance.

(QUEEN straightens HIS shoulders, dusts off the dirt from HIS knees, etc.)

FLORIAN:

(Voice cracking, not giving direct eye contact)

Um...Good morning, miladies.

(MAIDENS giggle in delight and bow to HIM)

ELIZABETH:

Good morning to you, Your Highness.

(SHE indiscreetly scoots HERSELF closer to FLORIAN. Pauses while thinking of something to talk about to impress HIM)

The whole kingdom is abuzz about your upcoming birthday. How old will you be?

MAIDEN #2:

(Moves in between MAIDEN #1 and FLORIAN)

How rude, Elizabeth! You should never ask a person their age! I would never do anything so brazen.

(Laughing)

Now really, Florian. Why don't you show us around your luxurious castle.

MAIDEN #3:

Oh, yes! That's a lovely idea! I've always wanted to see the royal treasury!

(Whispering to FLORIAN)

So, how long before your parents, you know...

(SHE makes a "dead" motion with HER hand at HER throat)

and you get all this for yourself?

(FLORIAN looks appalled)

ELIZABETH:

(Looks around for something to compliment FLORIAN on to gain HIS attention again)

Oh Florian, I like what you've done with the, the, uh, the dirt here.

FLORIAN:

(Unimpressed)

Thank you.

MAIDEN #2:

(Catching on)

Yes, those green things climbing up the castle walls there are so becoming.

FLORIAN:

(Rolling HIS eyes)

Those green things happen to be English Ivy.

MAIDEN #2:

Oh, well...I knew that.

(Over the top)

I was just allowing you to show us just how educated you are in the fascinating world of gardening. I must confess that many of the townsfolk have told me I have quite the green bum myself!

(MAIDEN #3 rushes to MAIDEN #2 and whispers in HER ear)

MAIDEN #2:

(Aghast, but sheepishly)

I mean thumb.

ALL OTHER MAIDENS:

Oh, yes, me too...

(Going on, trying to recover)

FLORIAN:

(Interrupting)

Thank you for coming all this way to see me, but I'm sorry to say I've picked up a slight cold and don't feel up to sightseeing today.

(HE fakes a large sneeze and wipes it on HIS sleeve. The MAIDENS all back up.)

You will forgive me, of course.

KING:

Come along ladies. Perhaps we'll continue this another day.

(HE shoots FLORIAN a sour look and escorts MAIDENS out with CAPTAIN)

(MAIDENS carry on as they're escorted out)

MAIDEN #4:

Did you see the enamored look he just gave me?

MAIDEN: #5:

Are you kidding? It was obvious he was looking at me.

QUEEN:

(After the GROUP has exited)

Oh, Florian, why must you always make these matters so difficult?

FLORIAN:

I'm sorry, Mother. I don't know what came over me.

(HE wipes HIS nose again)

It must have been the Easter lilies. I think they're starting to pollinate.

QUEEN:

I don't know if I buy that story, but at least something around here is trying to procreate!

KING:

(KING enters in a huff)

Florian, you behaved yourself in an absolutely despicable way just now! You have completely embarrassed your Mother and me, and if you think you can act that way and...

FLORIAN:

Father, I know what you are going to say because I've heard it all before. I give up! You win! Obviously your royal wishes are more important than my personal happiness.

QUEEN:

Florian! My dear child!

(SHE rushes to FLORIAN and squeezes HIM tightly)

(FLORIAN looks puzzled)

KING:

(Surprised)

Well, that's more like it.

FLORIAN:

But I wasn't saying that I...

QUEEN:

Oh, Rowland, our son has finally agreed to find a bride!

(KING nods head, satisfied)

FLORIAN:

Now Mother, that's not what I said...

QUEEN:

And don't worry about a thing, my dear. I'll take care of all the details. For your birthday this coming Friday, we'll throw a grand ball...

KING:

And invite every eligible maiden of noble blood to come...

QUEEN:

That way you're sure to find someone who will make a suitable bride. Oh, this is so exciting! Dear me...what am I standing here for? There is so much to do and so little time!

(Rushes out, mumbling)

KING:

I knew I could count on you son.

(HE pats FLORIAN on the back)

I'm sure you'll find a noble maiden at the celebration that will make an excellent match. Now, get back to your gardening and don't worry about a thing. Why, with your Mother in charge, this will be a royal ball fit for a king! Well, soon to be king, that is...

(Exits)

FLORIAN:

(Speaking to the flowers)

How can I be king and spend the rest of my life with someone whom I have nothing in common? Oh, friends, is there any way to change all this?

"A GIRL FOR ME"

HOW CAN I MAKE MY PARENTS UNDERSTAND
THAT I WANT DIFFERENT THINGS THAT THEY HAVE PLANNED?
THEY SEEM TO THINK THAT ALL IT TAKES IS LOOKS
TO REEL A GIRL TO ME, AND THEN I'M HOOKED.

I NEED MUCH MORE THAN A PRETTY SMILE
I NEED A GIRL WHO'LL SIT AND TALK AWHILE
WHO KNOWS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN PLANTS AND WEEDS
AND FINDS A SIMPLE JOY IN TENDING SEEDS

SOMEONE WHO SMILES EACH TIME A BUD BLOOMS
THAT SOMEONE WOULD BRIGHTEN ANY ROOM.
A MAIDEN WHO LOVES THE FEEL OF EARTH 'NEATH HER FEET;
NOTHING ELSE TO ME WOULD BE AS SWEET.

I'M SURE IT'S NOT IMPOSSIBLE
I JUST WISH THEY COULD SEE
THAT SHE'S STILL WAITING OUT THERE...
A GIRL FOR ME.

ACT I,
Scene 2

(Castle Interior, Royal Reception Hall)

(The QUEEN is hurrying around overseeing final details of the royal ball.
SERVANTS are arranging furniture, etc. as the scene opens.)

QUEEN:

So, what do you think dear?

KING:

Huh?

QUEEN:

The tablecloths for the royal ball....should we have red or blue?

KING:

Who gives a horse's ear what color the tablecloths are?! I have a bigger issue I'm dealing with right now!

QUEEN:

(Ignoring the king's foul mood, SHE turns to the COURT JESTER and shows HIM the tablecloths. The JESTER chooses a color while SHE talks.)

Bigger issues? What could be bigger than preparing for a royal ball that will finally bring a princess to this castle?

KING:

Just because the stage is set my dear, does not mean the orchestra will play.

QUEEN:

Rowland, you're not talking in riddles again, are you? What are you driving at?

KING:

This whole ordeal may be completely in vain if by evening's end, Florian doesn't even get within a trowel's length of any ladies.

QUEEN:

There, there Rowland. Florian wouldn't do such a thing. He knows how important this is to us...

(Second thought)

and him. Besides, Florian is a handsome young man who...

KING:

(Frustrated)

Kathryn, I'm not talking about his obvious good looks, although there's no doubt that my genes have worked in his favor. But has it ever occurred to you that our son could probably be defined as the most boring, non-adventurous wallflower ever set to assume the role of King in the history of this country?

JESTER:

Wallflower! Hah! Good one, Sire!

KING:

Oh, Bah!

QUEEN:

Nonsense, darling, he'll be a forthright and kindly king. He just requires the occasional push in the right direction. I can't think of any child who doesn't now and again... What more could you ask for?

KING:

He must command respect, and not just from the green thumbs of this Kingdom. He must be daring, bold, and courageous. He must be feared by the enemy, revered by all men, and dreamed of by all women. To tell you the truth, what maiden of noble blood would have a garden-loving prince for their one-and-only?

QUEEN:

Plenty, my dear! All they'll see when they say "I do" is coffers full of gold coins and mounds of exquisite gowns.

KING:

Is that why you married me?!

QUEEN:

(Smiling)

Of course not, dear. I married you for your good looks...and your cantankerous temper.

(SHE smiles deviously at HIM)

Wouldn't you say you're worrying far too much about something that will naturally take care of itself? Once Florian gets in that ballroom with dozens of mesmerizing, eligible females, he's sure to find a soul-mate.

KING:

Well, I suppose. Still, it would be in Florian's best interest if he spent some time before Friday night sharpening his princely skills. Archery, swordplay, the works!

(Calling to CAPTAIN offstage)

Captain!

CAPTAIN:

(Enters and bows)

You called for me, Your Excellency?

KING:

Yes. My son Florian, as you know, has let his “hero persona” skills become a trifle rusty, as of late.

JESTER:

Was that trifle, or truffle, Your Grace?

QUEEN:

(Clapping)

Very charming, Wombie!

(JESTER bows to QUEEN)

CAPTAIN:

(Dryly)

Indeed. You were saying something about Prince Florian?

KING:

Yes. I have become painfully aware of the fact that Florian could use some “refreshing” in the art of manly recreation to catch the attention and adoration of the young maidens.

CAPTAIN:

Hmm. Now that you mention it, I have noticed his absence of late from our usual games and sport.

KING:

(Snorts)

Of late! Come now, Captain, how long has it really been since my son joined in any hearty activities with you and your regiment?

CAPTAIN:

(HE thinks for a moment)

Point taken, your Highness. I shall assemble my men immediately and put young Florian through the traces beginning tomorrow morning.

KING:

No! Tonight, Captain! It must begin tonight! That son of mine needs every last second before his birthday celebration to brush up on his brawn and bravado. We haven't a moment to lose!

CAPTAIN:

As you wish, Milord. Our efforts will not fail you.

FEMALE SERVANT:

(Enters and bows)

If it would please your royal majesties, the copyists have finished the invitations for Prince Florian's royal birthday party.

QUEEN:

Splendid!

(SHE crosses to the SERVANT)

Wombie, help me, will you?

(JESTER crosses to the QUEEN. The SERVANT unloads HER parcel on the JESTER and exits.)

Now for the names. Only the most noble of the kingdom should be considered for our wonderful son.

(SHE takes a quill and begins writing)

Ah, let's start with the house of Armbrage...girls of such impeccable good manners, you know...

CAPTAIN:

If you'll excuse me Your Majesty, I must be about the King's business.

(Bows, then begins to exit)

KING:

Good luck, Captain!

JESTER:

Don't forget your 4-leaf clover! You're going to need it with that boy!

BLACKOUT

(Curtains close)

ACT I,
Scene 3

(An area in the royal gardens; in front of
curtain)

CAPTAIN:

Ah, Florian! There you are!

FLORIAN:

Captain, what an unexpected surprise. You hardly ever set foot in the royal gardens.

CAPTAIN:

Well, I don't exactly fight many battles amongst the pansies and primrose, now do I?

FLORIAN:

(Laughing)

I suppose not. What do I owe the pleasure of your visit?

CAPTAIN:

I am here on urgent business from your father, the King.

FLORIAN:

My father! Is everything all right?

CAPTAIN:

It soon will be. You see, your father has asked me to spend the next few days helping you prepare for your upcoming celebration.

FLORIAN:

Oh, wonderful! How did he know I needed extra help getting the rose plants potted and moved to the grand ballroom? Captain, if you grab that shovel I'll take the...

CAPTAIN:

(Laughing)

No, no Florian. Not that kind of help.

FLORIAN:

Then what do you mean?

CAPTAIN:

The king seems to feel that you are in need of a few refresher courses in being a manly man. Company!

FLORIAN:

Being a manly what?!

CAPTAIN:

(Pauses)

Forward march!

(CAPTAIN'S REGIMENT enters with all sorts of sports equipment: bows and arrows, swords, falcons, spears, etc.)

"BE A MANLY MAN"

MEN'S CHORUS:

BE A MANLY MAN
BE A MANLY MAN
BE A MANLY MAN
BE A MANLY MAN

CAPTAIN:

YOU'VE GOT A BIG NIGHT COMING
SO IT'S TIME TO PREPARE
TAKE OFF THOSE GARDEN GLOVES
FLORIAN BEWARE

WE'RE GONNA MOLD YOU NOW
TO THE PRINCE YOU NEED TO BE
IT'S TIME TO BE A MAN
SO COME ALONG WITH ME

CHORUS:

BE A MANLY MAN, SHOW YOUR MUSCLES MORE
BE A MANLY MAN; LET THE LADIES HEAR YOU ROAR
YOU ARE NOT A PANSY, BUT A POWERHOUSE OF MIGHT
BE A MANLY MAN

CAPTAIN:

WE'RE GOING TO MAKE THAT MAN TONIGHT!

SOLO #1:

FIRST WE'LL TRY SOME ARCHERY
SO TAKE THE BOW IN HAND
PULL BACK THE ARROW
SHOW US YOU ARE IN COMMAND

FLORIAN:

I'M NOT TOO GOOD AT THIS
IS MY ARM SUPPOSED TO WIGGLE?

(FLORIAN misses the target completely and hits something else,
perhaps one of the guardsmen)

CAPTAIN:
WELL, THAT WAS PRETTY GOOD,
BUT IT WASN'T QUITE THE MIDDLE

CHORUS:
BE A MANLY MAN, SHOW YOUR MUSCLES MORE
BE A MANLY MAN; LET THE LADIES HEAR YOU ROAR
YOU ARE NOT A PANSY, BUT A POWERHOUSE OF MIGHT
BE A MANLY MAN

CAPTAIN:
WE'RE GOING TO MAKE THAT MAN TONIGHT!

SOLO #2:
FENCING IS THE SPORT FOR YOU
LET'S BRUSH UP ON YOUR FORM
SALUTE, NOW LET'S BEGIN
YOU SHOULD BE PLENTY WARM

CAPTAIN:
SWORDPLAY WILL BE HIS GAME
OF THIS I AM SURE

FLORIAN:
Ouch!

CAPTAIN:
ALTHOUGH I COULD BE WRONG,
JOHN'S NEVER DRAWN BLOOD BEFORE

CHORUS:
BE A MANLY MAN, SHOW YOUR MUSCLES MORE
BE A MANLY MAN; LET THE LADIES HEAR YOU ROAR
YOU ARE NOT A PANSY, BUT A POWERHOUSE OF MIGHT
BE A MANLY MAN

CAPTAIN:
I THINK WE'LL MAKE THAT MAN TONIGHT!

SOLO #3:
PERHAPS THOSE SPORTS JUST AREN'T FOR YOU
SO LET'S GIVE THEM THE SQUELCH
WHY NOT TRY SOMETHING ELSE
LIKE A NICE, HEARTY BELCH?
(All MEN belch)

SOLO #4:

THERE'S NOTHING MANLIER
THAN A BURP AFTER A MEAL

FLORIAN:

Like this?

(HE tries to burp, but can't)

CAPTAIN:

I THINK I'M LOSING FAITH
THIS KID CAN'T BE FOR REAL!

CHORUS:

BE A MANLY MAN, SHOW YOUR MUSCLES MORE
BE A MANLY MAN; LET THE LADIES HERE YOU ROAR
WE WON'T GIVE UP
'TIL WE'VE DONE ALL THAT WE CAN
TO MAKE YOU LIVE UP

CAPTAIN AND FLORIAN:

CAN'T WE JUST GIVE UP?

CHORUS:

YOU'RE GONNA BE A MANLY MAN

(Curtains open to reveal next scene)

ACT I,
Scene 4

(A village somewhere in Garalind)

PAGE:

Hear ye, hear ye, fair gentle maidens of Garalind! By royal request of the King and Queen, you are each to be presented with an invitation to His Royal Highness, Prince Florian's, upcoming birthday celebration.

(Noble MAIDENS are scattered across the stage. PAGE comes and HE hands an invitation to the MAIDENS, one at a time.)

"IT'S GONNA BE MY NIGHT"

SOLO #1:

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT, A PARTY FOR THE PRINCE!

SOLO #2:

WATCH OUT, YOU CLOD, TIME TO GIVE MY HAIR A RINSE

SOLO #3:

I'M GONNA LOOK MY BEST, WEAR THE MOST FANCY CLOTHES

SOLO #4:

DREAM ON, GIRLS, EVERYBODY HERE KNOWS THAT IT'S

ALL:

IT'S GONNA BE MY NIGHT. IT'S GONNA BE MY NIGHT.
I'LL ARRANGE FOR THE STARS TO SHINE BRIGHT
'CAUSE IT'S GONNA BE MY NIGHT

SOLO #5:

I'LL WEAR THE MOST EXPENSIVE PERFUME

SOLO #6:

WEARING THAT STUFF, YOU'RE SURE TO CLEAR THE ROOM

SOLO #7:

THE PRINCE'LL MELT WHEN HE SEES MY FACE

SOLO #8:

HE'LL PROBABLY THINK YOU CAME FROM OUTERSPACE

ALL:

IT'S GONNA BE MY NIGHT. IT'S GONNA BE MY NIGHT.
I'LL MAKE THE PRINCE'S HEART TAKE FLIGHT

ALL: (Continued)

AND IT'S GONNA BE MY NIGHT

I'VE GOTTA PRIMP AND PLUCK AND CURL
SO THE PRINCE WILL PICK ME AS HIS SPECIAL GIRL
SPARE NO EXPENSE, LAY IT ALL ON THE LINE
AND MAKE THAT MAN ALL MI-YI-YINE.

IT'S GONNA BE MY NIGHT. IT'S GONNA BE MY NIGHT.
WATCH OUT, GIRLS, GET READY TO PUT UP A FIGHT
'CAUSE IT'S GONNA BE MY NIGHT

(MAIDENS remain on stage visiting with one another as WITHERALL enters near the end of the song and hears the hubbub)

WITHERALL:

What in the name of Garalind is all this cackling about?

A MAIDEN:

The king and queen have just announced a royal celebration in honor of the prince's 20th birthday.

(MAIDEN joins back in the gabbing)

WITHERALL:

A party, is it, for the paltry prince of my dear cousin? No doubt this is another one of Rowland's bumbling attempts to get that backwards boy to marry and commit to the throne. That young fool would make a better doormat than a king! I'll just have to poke my nose into this little event to make sure that nothing goes wrong...or should I say, so that nothing goes right!

(Exits)

BLACKOUT as NARRATOR enters.

(Spotlight on NARRATOR)

NARRATOR:

Time quickly marches forward. Whilst the eligible maidens of the kingdom primped and preened for the upcoming festivities, Prince Florian continued his "manly" training under the tutelage of the Captain of the Guard.

(FLORIAN runs across the stage screaming, with a GUARD hot on HIS heels.)

Meanwhile, on the northern-most edge of the kingdom lived a beautiful peasant girl and her two elderly aunts. She, too, loved gardens, and the nearby villagers swore she had magic in her fingers. Her potatoes and carrots dwarfed all others, her tomatoes and corn were the sweetest for miles around, and her prize pumpkins took four grown men to carry.

ACT I,
Scene 5

(Village exterior, Northern Kingdom)

“MAGIC GROWS HERE”

LILLY:

THE MORNING DAWNS
THE SUN WARMS SHADOWED PLACES
I THROW MY ARMS OUT WIDE AND GO TO GREET THE DAY
THE SEASONS CHANGE
AND WITH IT COMES NEW FACES
I OPEN UP MY HEART AND TURN TO THEM AND SAY

COME INTO MY GARDEN
I’VE GROWN A WISH FOR YOU
COME AND SEE WHAT’S WAITING
WAITING TO COME TRUE

DON’T THINK THAT IT CAN’T HAPPEN
FOR WHEN YOU DRAW NEAR,
YOU’LL SEE THAT IN MY GARDEN—
MAGIC GROWS HERE.

SOLO #1:

IT SEEMS UNREAL
HOW CAN A GIRL AND GARDEN
BE SO IN TUNE THAT WE CAN HEAR THEIR FRIENDLY SONG?

SOLO #2:

IN ALL MY DAYS
IF YOU WILL BEG MY PARDON,
I’VE NEVER SEEN A SQUASH GROW TO BE FOUR FEET LONG.

SOLO #3:

THIS LILLY’S STRANGE
BUT IN A WAY INVITING
THE THINGS YOU BUY FROM HER FAR OUTSHINE THE REST

SOLO #4:

YOU’D NEVER THINK
VEGETABLES COULD BE SO EXCITING
BUT WHEN I COME HERE I KNOW I WILL GET THE BEST.

LILLY AND CHORUS:

COME INTO MY GARDEN
I'VE GROWN A WISH FOR YOU
COME AND SEE WHAT'S WAITING
WAITING TO COME TRUE

DON'T THINK THAT IT CAN'T HAPPEN
FOR WHEN YOU DRAW NEAR,
YOU'LL SEE THAT IN MY GARDEN—
MAGIC GROWS HERE.

MIRRA:

Well, that's the last of the seeds, thank goodness.

MIM:

(Rubbing HER sore back)

Saints be praised! I don't think I could have bent over another row.

MIRRA:

(Joking)

As plump as you are my dear, I don't think the townsfolk could have stood watching you bend over another row!

MIM:

Are you saying I'm too big for my britches?

MIRRA:

Britches, no. Bustle, yes!

MIM:

Come now...

LILLY:

(Interrupting)

Oh, Aunt Mim and Aunt Mirra! Really, you are too silly! Must you always be goading each other as you do?

MIM:

Of course, dear. How else do you think we manage to stay in such excellent health?

MIRRA:

(Quoting in a great ringing tone)

“The poor wretch who never laughs is bound for sad eyes and sour stomach all his miserable days.”

LILLY:

(Laughing)

Yes, and the poor niece who spends her days among warring aunts is bound for a sour stomach too!

MIM:

Just be glad you have us, dear Lilly. We are the spice of life!

MIRRA:

The savor of experience!

LILLY:

And the cause for occasional indigestion.

(Laughing)

No, honestly, aunts. You are the reason I am still joyful every morning. Ever since Mama and Papa died when I was five...

MIM:

We know, dear. As sad of a past as it is, we praise the heavens that you've been ours to cherish for the last 14 years.

MIRRA:

And you know, Lilly, what you said isn't all true. We're not the only reason you're still joyful every morning, although we could be reason enough, couldn't we, Mim?

MIM:

Indeed!

LILLY:

How do you mean?

MIRRA:

Ah! There's a spark in your eye every time you open the front door in the early dawn and see your magical garden treasures nodding their hello.

MIM:

Aye, you have a very special kinship with these creatures of the earth. They do things for you that they'd do for no one else.

(Scene is changing to village house interior as they speak)

MIRRA:

Well, we'd best be going in now for some shade and cool water.

MIM:

Wait, what's this?

(Notices invitation under the rosebush)

MIRRA:

Hmmm?

MIM:

I found this under the rosebush, my dear. You must have dropped it.

LILLY:

I didn't drop anything.

MIM:

Most certainly you did, angel heart.

MIRRA:

(Looking)

She's right. It's got your name on it. Oooh, and it's in gold ink!

MIM AND MIRRA:

Gold ink! Oooh, open it! Open it!

LILLY:

I'm sure I didn't drop anything. Who could have left this for me?

MIM:

Oh, who cares! Just open it!

LILLY:

(Reading from invitation)

"You are cordially invited to attend the royal birthday celebration of His Royal Highness, Prince Florian of Garalind."

MIRRA:

His royal highness!?

MIM:

The prince?!

MIM AND MIRRA:

Ahhhhhh!

(Quieting each other)

LILLY:

Wait, there's more.

(Continues reading)

"Your presence is requested on Friday the 25th of April from dusk until midnight. Please be prompt in your arrival." This bears the seal of the Queen of Garalind.

MIRRA:

It's the genuine article, all right!

MIM:

You are going to the palace for the prince's royal birthday!

LILLY:

No, this can't be right! Only persons of nobility and rank are invited to festivities such as these. They must have made a mistake...

MIRRA:

And who's to say they did? You may have dirt under your fingernails and wear the clothes of a peasant farmer...

MIM:

But you have the grace and wisdom equal to any nobleman's daughter.

LILLY:

But you don't understand! This invitation says the celebration is tonight!

MIRRA:

Then, we'd better get busy, hadn't we lass?

MIM:

We'll make you Princess for a day!

"PRINCESS FOR A DAY"

MIM:

FIRST, WASH YOUR HANDS AND FACE AND TOES

MIRRA:

NEXT, DELICATE POWDER FOR YOUR NOSE

MIM:

ADD A LITTLE ROUGE TO YOUR CHEEK, NOT MUCH

MIRRA:

AND SOME COLOR ON YOUR LIPS FOR THAT EXTRA SPECIAL TOUCH

MIM AND MIRRA:

YOU'RE GOING TO BE A PRINCESS FOR A DAY

LILLY:

I'VE NO IDEA HOW I SHOULD BEHAVE

MIM:

Nonsense!

JUST BE YOURSELF, MY DEAR, YOU NEEDN'T FRET

MIM AND MIRRA:

IT'S GOING TO BE YOUR BEST DAY YET

MIRRA:

COME OVER HERE NOW LILLY

LILLY:

I'M FEELING RATHER SILLY

I'VE NEVER BEEN A GIRL WHO LIKES TO FUSS

MIM:

YOU'LL FEEL LIKE YOU ARE ROYAL IF YOU LET YOURSELF GET
SPOILED

MIRRA:

AND TODAY, FOR YOU, SOME SPOILING IS A MUST

MIM:

NOW WIPE AWAY THAT FROWN
AND PUT ON YOUR MOTHER'S GOWN

MIRRA:

IT'S THE ONE SHE WORE THE DAY SHE SAID "I DO"

MIM AND MIRRA:

YOU'LL LOOK DAZZLING AS A ROSE
IN YOUR MOTHER'S SPECIAL CLOTHES

LILLY:

SHOULD I WEAR IT WITH MY FAVORITE GARDENING SHOES?

MIM:

Heaven's no!

MIM AND MIRRA:

YOU'RE GOING TO BE A PRINCESS FOR A DAY

LILLY:

I'VE NO IDEA HOW I SHOULD BEHAVE

MIM:

Nonsense!

MIM: (Continued)
JUST BE YOURSELF, MY DEAR, YOU NEEDN'T FRET

MIM AND MIRRA:
IT'S GOING TO BE YOUR BEST DAY YET

MIRRA:
Now waltz with me, dearie.

LILLY:
I don't know how to waltz.

MIRRA:
It's easy, I'll show you. Come here, Mim...

MIM:
Oh, no you don't!

MIRRA:
Bah! Like this, Lilly...
1-2-3, 1-2-3, STEP IT LIGHT UP ON YOUR TOES

LILLY:
1-2-3, 1-2-3, IS THIS HOW THE COUNTING GOES?

MIRRA:
That's right!

MIRRA AND LILLY:
1-2-3, 1-2-3, DO A LITTLE PIROUETTE
1-2-3, 1-2-3

MIRRA:
YOU JUST DANCED A MINUET!

(16 bars of dance music)

MIM AND MIRRA:
YOU'RE GOING TO BE A PRINCESS FOR A DAY
YOU'RE READY TO GO OUT AND FIND YOUR WAY

LILLY:
DO YOU THINK THE PRINCE WILL LIKE ME?

MIM:
If not, he'll have to fight me!

ALL:
'CAUSE YOU'RE (I'M) GOING TO BE A PRINCESS FOR A DAY!

BLACKOUT

ACT I,
Scene 6

(In front of curtains)

(A cloaked figure sneaks onto the stage. It is WITHERALL, up to no good. A group of richly-dressed FEMALES walk onto the stage, escorted by THEIR FATHERS or other. WITHERALL stops THEM.)

WITHERALL:

Have any of you fine folk seen my invitation to the Prince's royal party? I seem to have dropped it around here somewhere.

GIRL #1:

Your invitation?! I thought that the King and Queen only invited the maidens of noble blood.

GIRL #2:

That's right. And you hardly look like a maiden.
(GIRLS all laugh)

WITHERALL:

(Forces a laugh)

Oh, silly me! I meant my daughter's invitation. She sent me back here to find it because it dropped out of her hand on the carriage ride over. She'll be positively beside herself if I don't find it for her.

ESCORT #1:

Out of the way, fool! Can't you see we are in a hurry? These ladies have a very important engagement and can't be slowed down by...
(looks WITHERALL up and down)
bumps in the road.

WITHERALL:

(Muttering epithets under HIS breath)

A thousand apologies, dear sir. I just...

(Another GIRL comes on stage, unattended, and WITHERALL seizes HIS opportunity)

Ah, there you are, Josephine!

HANNAH:

Josephine! What are you talking about? My name's not Jose...

WITHERALL:

(HE rushes over to the girl and hisses in HER ear)

A hundred ducats if you go along with it...

HANNAH:

Oh, yes. Here I am....uh...

WITHERALL:

(Mutters)

Father...

HANNAH:

Father! Sorry to keep you waiting.

WITHERALL:

No! No! Not at all, my dear! I was looking for your...

(HE sees the invitation in HER hand)...

and there it is! Your invitation! I'm so glad you found it. Daddy knows how distraught you were when it was lost.

HANNAH:

Oh yes. The next time we walk....

WITHERALL:

Ahem.

HANNAH:

Huh?

(WITHERALL makes a horse riding motion)

Oh, I mean, ride...I'll be sure to be more careful.

WITHERALL:

That's alright, darling. No harm done.

(HE turns to the crowd)

Sorry to have kept you fine people waiting. Thank you for your assistance. You go along now! Christine, er I mean, Josephine and I will be right behind you!

(GROUP leaves)

(HE laughs nervously)

HANNAH:

Who are you?

WITHERALL:

Never mind that. I need you to take me with you into the Prince's celebration.

HANNAH:

Now, wait just a minute! My fine bit of acting just bailed you out of something very hairy back there. You owe me!

WITHERALL:

Oh, very well.

(HE shells out 100 ducats)

HANNAH:

That's better. Now, your 'daughter' would be happy to have you join her at the ball, but it will cost you 200 more...

WITHERALL:

200!

HANNAH:

(Interrupting)

In advance!

WITHERALL:

Advance! Of all the...

HANNAH:

And you have to promise that nothing will happen to the Prince if I take you. I plan to win his heart tonight and marry him by next week!

WITHERALL:

My dear girl, what do you take me for?

HANNAH:

I know your type.

(Pause)

Suit yourself.

(SHE starts to walk off)

WITHERALL:

Oh, alright, 200 it is! You females are so pushy....

(HE pays the 200 and then pulls out a nose & glasses disguise)

HANNAH:

What's that for?

WITHERALL:

Let's just say there are a few people that I don't want to recognize me.

HANNAH:

Hmmm, and I just thought you were trying to improve your appearance.

WITHERALL:

(Dryly)

How charming. Lead on!

(WITHERALL and HANNAH exit as the curtains open to reveal the grand ballroom)

ACT I,
Scene 7

(Castle Interior, Royal Ballroom)

(Minuet music plays. A minuet/line dance is occurring with several couples. PAGE is greeting COUPLES at the door.)

PAGE:

Presenting her ladyship, Rachel Ginnyup and father!

(RACHEL and FATHER enter after the page announces their arrival)

Presenting Winnifred Krogstad and uncle!

(WINNIFRED and UNCLE enter after the page announces their arrival)

(WITHERALL, accompanied by HANNAH, tries to enter without being announced)

Hold on there, sir. You can't enter without being announced.

WITHERALL:

Yes, dear man, my name is....

HANNAH:

(Interrupts)

Milady Hannah Brockworst...and my...my....grandfather!

WITHERALL:

Humpf!

PAGE:

Presenting Hannah Brockworst and grandfather!

QUEEN:

Ah, the Brockworsts are here! But I thought her grandfather passed away years ago. No matter. Hannah comes from a long line of excellent tailors. She would make a fine addition to the family.

FLORIAN:

And what would I have in common with a tailor's daughter, Mother?

QUEEN:

Not all royal marriages have to be built on commonality to be successful dear.

FLORIAN:

(Sarcastically)

Oh, I forgot that little lesson from "Ruling a Kingdom 101". Let's see, there was Henry the VIII of England, for instance. Now, there's a man who enjoyed successful marriages... not once or twice, but seven times...

QUEEN:

Exactly right, son! Sometimes if the shoe doesn't fit, you wear it anyway...but don't expect to get a change of pair...divorce is something we don't encourage here.

(FLORIAN is appalled)

Oooh, have you seen Serena Giles tonight?

(FLORIAN begins to get up and leave)

She certainly adds beauty to any event she attends, now doesn't she. Oh, isn't this a splendid party, Florian?

(SHE waits for a response)

Florian?

(SHE turns sideways to see FLORIAN out of HIS chair, staring off into the night. SHE pokes the KING.)

We're losing him, Rowland. Any ideas? Rowland?

(Turns to see the KING half asleep and sharply pokes HIM)

Row-land!

KING:

(Wakes and snorts)

What...wha...Oh! Come on, son, it's time to meet your future subjects.

(Under HIS breath)

...and your future bride, whomever she may be.

(HE drags FLORIAN off the dais as HE turns to QUEEN)

Kathryn, next time don't have the royal cooks serve that roasted pheasant just before dancing. You know how drowsy it makes me!

(QUEEN waves THEM off)

QUEEN:

It doesn't appear that Florian's all too excited to meet our guests, does it, Wombie?

JESTER:

Hmmm. I guess you'd call him a bit of a shy violet.

(QUEEN laughs)

(Music livens up a bit, but stays in 3/4. A few couples dance, arm in arm. A line of girls has suddenly formed in front of FLORIAN. The KING pushes the first girl in line into FLORIAN'S arms.)

KING:

Florian, meet Rowina, daughter of Baron and Baroness Harding. Her father is the owner of Garalind's foremost financial exchange. A real go-getter!

(THEY begin to dance.)

ROWINA:

I'm so excited to be here, Your Highness! Your party is exquisite! You know, if your royal treasury ever needs a bit of a nip and tuck, my father would be happy to freeze your assets...

FLORIAN:

(In a panic)

My what?! If you'll excuse me...

(HE tries to walk off, the KING stops HIM with another girl)

KING:

Florian, here we have Calline, daughter of High Lord Dunkelmyer. Her father runs the carriage lines from Garalind to the neighboring kingdom of Noth.

CALLINE:

A pleasure, Your Grace. You really ought to ride in our deluxe travel coach sometime. The seats are so cushy, you can only feel half as many potholes.

FLORIAN:

I'll remember that next time I need a thorough massage. Now if you'll pardon me...

(FLORIAN walks off and again met by the KING)

KING:

And here...here is Zelda, daughter of Baron and Baroness Fitzwilliam. Baron Fitzwilliam is the best dentist in the entire kingdom. What better reason to bring a smile to your lips!

ZELDA:

Prince Florian, I am simply in awe at meeting you. My heart is just....oh....feel it.

(SHE puts HIS hand to HER heart)

Pitter! Patter! Hear that?

(Laughs annoyingly)

And you have the most beautiful smile I have ever seen.

FLORIAN:

Thank you.

ZELDA:

Are they caps? If not, when we get married my father could...

FLORIAN:

You know, I really need to get...

(HE walks away)

KING:

Who could forget the dazzling Nanerle, daughter of the widowed Lady Grindle. Lord Grindle was the architect for our beautiful royal walkabout and gardens.

FLORIAN:

(Curious)

Oh?

KING:

Come, Nanerle.

NANERLE:

It's an honor to meet you in person.

FLORIAN:

(Interested)

The pleasure is mine. So, your father designed the royal gardens?

NANERLE:

Oh yes. He was an expert at walkways, stone-laying, fountains. You needed something made out of rock, he could build it!

FLORIAN:

So, he kept gardens, too?

NANERLE:

(Laughing)

Heavens no! He killed everything green he touched. And, sorry to say, I inherited his poor skills for flower-care. I couldn't make a dandelion grow!

FLORIAN:

(Disappointed)

Oh...

NANERLE:

So, what do you like to do?

FLORIAN:

Oh, nothing much...I really need to get back to...

(KING sees FLORIAN disengaged once again and a pantomime begins of more female introductions to FLORIAN. Meanwhile, LILLY enters)

PAGE:

Good evening, milady. May I see your invitation, please?

LILLY:

(Nervously)

Here it is, your Highness.

PAGE:

Your highness? Oh, don't tell the king! He'd think he's been demoted! Wouldn't that be something though. A lowly servant like myself being elevated to the throne?

(Suddenly coming to HIMSELF)

PAGE: (Continued)

I'm sorry, milady. Someone like you of noble blood shouldn't be listening to me carry on... Now what did you say your name was?

LILLY:

My name is Lilly. I mean Lillyanna Wheaton.

PAGE:

And come all this way without an escort?

LILLY:

Well, you see, I had an escort, but she, or I mean they were unable...

FLORIAN:

Ouch!

A MAIDEN:

Oh, I'm sorry, your grace. Did I step on your toes?

(GUESTS softly chuckle and the PAGE becomes distracted by FLORIAN'S folly. LILLY slips behind the PAGE as to enter unannounced. SHE finds a chair next to a tall plant and notices that the plant is drooping and wilted.)

LILLY:

(Talking to HERSELF)

Oh, Lilly how could you ever let yourself think you'd feel welcome here? I'm sure there must have been some mistake. A common peasant girl among all of this nobility? I feel just like a fish out of water. Water...

(Looking down, SHE notices a plant that is drooping and wilted)

Oh, you poor thing.

(LILLY runs to the refreshment table and grabs a cup of water, which SHE pours on the plant.)

There you go. What a beautiful plant; all you needed was a little refreshment. Perhaps a song will cheer you...and me.

(Then, as SHE plucks at the yellowed leaves, begins to hum a lullaby. The humming turns to singing.)

"MOTHER'S LULLABY"

GROW...GROW...'TIL A NEW DAY COMES

DREAM...DREAM...OF DAFFODILS AND MUMS

(FLORIAN hears the song and breaks away from the commotion to see LILLY singing. HE sees LILLY and is immediately stricken by what HE sees. HE moves toward HER and begins to sing with HER.)

LILLY AND FLORIAN:
SLEEP...SLEEP...I WILL STAY CLOSE BY
UNTIL THE SUN RETURNS TO THE SKY

LILLY:

(Startled)

Oh, your grace, I'm sorry to have disturbed your dancing...

FLORIAN:

(Interrupting)

My mother used to sing that song to me.

LILLY:

(Caught off guard)

Mine too. I sing it to my garden sometimes. It grows better when I do.

FLORIAN:

(Excited)

You like gardens?

LILLY:

Well, yes.

FLORIAN:

Please, go on.

LILLY:

I spend a lot of time there watching things grow. It's just me and the aunts, so there's a lot of work to do.

FLORIAN:

Yes, I don't imagine ants are that much help to a human.

LILLY:

(Laughing)

Oh no! Not those kinds of "aunts"! I mean my mother's two sisters.

FLORIAN:

Oh, I apologize.

LILLY:

That's all right. Even with all of the work we have to do there, I still love to go out in my garden just to be alone and think. It's a peaceful place. No one to bother me. Just the flowers and plants... and me. You know, it's funny, but sometimes I feel like when I'm there, the plants...

LILLY AND FLORIAN:

...are really listening.

(Embarrassed)
Yes.

LILLY:

What's your name?

FLORIAN:

Lilly.

LILLY:

That's a beautiful name.

FLORIAN:

Thank you.

LILLY:

Would you walk with me? I'd like to show you something.

FLORIAN:

(LILLY follows HIM. Through all of this, WITHERALL has been spying on THEM and follows THEM out, where HE hides behind a prop to listen. The stage curtain closes and FLORIAN and LILLY are in front. It is a semblance of the royal gardens, with trees and bushes and a garden seat.)

ACT I,
Scene 8

(A portion of the Royal Gardens)

LILLY:

Oh, what a beautiful garden! Your royal gardener does such exquisite work!

FLORIAN:

Well actually...uh, this is where I go when I want to be alone.

LILLY:

Oh, Your Highness, you like gardens, too?

FLORIAN:

Please, call me Florian. Yes, I've always loved spending time among the things that I've grown and tended: the daffodils, the roses...the lilies.

(HE looks over at LILLY with a loving smile. Music starts to play.)

You know, I've never met any other girl like you. Just being around you makes me feel happy, excited, nervous, and hopeful...all at the same time!

"I BELIEVE THAT SOMETHING'S GROWING HERE"

FLORIAN:

COULD IT BE THAT SOMETHING'S GROWING HERE
FLOWERING LIKE BUDS IN EARLY SPRING?

LILLY:

CAN IT BE I'M FEELING WHAT I'M FEELING?
BEING WITH YOU CHANGES EVERYTHING

FLORIAN:

I NEVER KNEW THAT I COULD SHARE MY DREAMS
WITH SOMEONE ELSE BESIDES THE NODDING FLOWR'S

LILLY:

I NEVER KNEW A HEART LIKE YOURS EXISTED
I COULD STAY AND TALK WITH YOU FOR HOURS

FLORIAN AND LILLY:

YOU MAKE ME FEEL LIKE I COULD LIVE FOREVER
GROWING LIKE A REDWOOD TO THE SKY
TOW'RING NEAR THE BRIGHT STARS IN THE HEAVENS
I SEE AN ENDLESS LOVE FOR YOU AND I

I BELIEVE THAT LOVE IS GROWING HERE
I FEEL ITS MAGIC WRAPPING 'ROUND MY HEART

FLORIAN AND LILLY: (Continued)
AND WHEN THE NIGHT IS OVER
WE STILL WILL BE TOGETHER
NEVER...NEVER TO PART

FLORIAN:

I wish tonight would never have to end.

LILLY:

So do I.

(Pause)

But it is late, and I do have a long journey home. I had better be on my way so the Aunts don't worry.

FLORIAN:

These aunts of yours must be wonderful to care for you as they do.

LILLY:

Oh, they are! Mirra and Mim are "the spice of life", as they say. I never go a day without a laugh when I'm with them.

FLORIAN:

I wish I could meet them, although I'm surprised that I already haven't. With your aunts being members of the noble class, you'd think they'd have shown up at the castle now and again for Mother's "grand" parties.

LILLY:

Oh, they're not...

(Stops HERSELF, realizing the FLORIAN thinks SHE'S of noble descent)

I mean, we live a long way from here, and they're old. They probably just... oh, I'd better get going. Thank you for a wonderful night.

FLORIAN:

Wait, please let me introduce you to my parents before you...

LILLY:

No! I mean, no thank you. I really need to go...

FLORIAN:

Well, how about I escort you home then?

LILLY:

Don't be silly, you have all these guests to entertain. I'll be fine.

FLORIAN:

But when will I see you again?

LILLY:

I don't know.

FLORIAN:

Sunday morning, here in the gardens. Will you come?

LILLY:

I'm not sure I'll be able to...

FLORIAN:

Please? I won't be able to get a moment's peace unless you say yes.

LILLY:

(Pause)

Alright...yes. I'll come, Florian. Now, I must go.

(Exits)

FLORIAN:

Until then, my beautiful Lilly...

(Talking to the tree WITHERALL is hiding behind)

Ah! I think I'm in love.

KING:

(HE rushes in and sees FLORIAN)

Dash-it-all, son, there you are! Your mother is beside herself, thinking you ran away from your own party. Now come back in here and...

(Notices FLORIAN has a dazed look on HIS face)

What's the matter?

FLORIAN:

Nothing's the matter Father. Everything's perfect!

KING:

(Unsure)

Well, that's....that's good. Now get back in there and entertain those guests before your mother goes into a swoon.

FLORIAN:

Certainly, Father. Anything to help pass the time until Sunday morning.

(Exits)

KING:

That's the spirit.

(Pause)

What's Sunday morning? Florian? Florian!

(Exits)

WITHERALL:

(Comes out of HIS hiding place)

Something stinks to high heaven about all this, and it's not the compost. Time to follow Florian's precious Lilly and see if I can dig up any dirt on her...I have a feeling I'm going to find something big.

(Laughs and exits)

BLACKOUT

END OF ACT I

ACT II,
Scene 1

(Lilly's cottage interior)

(As entr'acte music plays bits of "Princess for a Day" and "I Believe That Love is Growing Here", LILLY enters, not realizing WITHERALL has been following behind HER the whole way home. SHE enters the cottage. WITHERALL sneaks to a window to eavesdrop.)

LILLY:

(MIRRA and MIM are snoring CS in two chairs. LILLY whispers)

Mirra? Mim? I'm home.

MIM:

(Waking with a start)

Aaaaugh!

MIRRA:

(Also waking, startled)

Hold it right there, mister! You put that zucchini back right....

MIM AND MIRRA:

Lilly!

MIRRA:

Darling, Lilly, you're home.

MIM:

And right on...

(SHE looks at clock on mantle)

well, not exactly on time. More like three hours late.

LILLY:

Oh, Mim, please don't be cross with me. I left the party as soon as I could, I promise.

MIM:

Aw, that's all right, I forgive you.

MIRRA:

Well, I don't! That's an extra three hours I've had to wait to hear all your juicy details. Now sit here, and tell us all about it.

LILLY:

But it's so late. Can't it wait until tomorrow?

MIM AND MIRRA:

Ahem...

(Crossing THEIR arms impatiently)

LILLY:

I guess now is as good a time as any.

MIRRA:

And this better not be some abbreviated version, dearie. We need all the details! Promise?

LILLY:

Okay, I promise. Well, I walked into the palace in the late evening, my shadow long and quiet before me. As I entered the grand ballroom, no one seemed to notice me. They were all watching the prince as he elegantly danced with the most beautiful maidens I have ever seen. I sat next to a potted plant to make myself inconspicuous, but I noticed the poor thing was wilting.

MIM:

That's our girl!

MIRRA:

She'd notice if a daisy had one petal out of place.

MIM:

Go on! Go on!

LILLY:

I got the plant some water to refresh it and started to quietly sing Mother's lullaby, you know, the one I always sing to my garden when it needs some cheering.

MIRRA:

(Wiping a tear)

Aye, that we do. She sang that song to you faithfully every night before you fell asleep.

MIM:

Never mind us. We're just a couple of blubbering buffoons.

(Blows loudly into a handkerchief)

LILLY:

Suddenly I looked up, and there he was, right beside me.

MIRRA:

Who was there?

LILLY:

The Prince!

MIM AND MIRRA:

Ahhhhhh!

LILLY:

And he started to sing mother's lullaby with me. I was surprised and a bit frightened, but at the same time, calm.

MIM:

Ah, I knew it! It's the swirling emotions of twitterpotion!

MIRRA:

That's twitterpation, dear.

MIM:

It's all the same anyway when you're in love, isn't it Lilly?

LILLY:

Yes, I suppose so, Aunt Mim. So once I came to myself, he asked me to walk with him, and took me to the most breathtaking garden I have ever seen. The walls were climbing with rose leaves and ivy, and every spring flower imaginable was in bloom. And even more, it was the Prince's garden, tended by his very own hand.

MIRRA:

I heard once, many seasons ago of course, that the King and Queen had a son with an unusual green thumb.

MIM:

But nothing's been said about it for years. Perhaps that's not a princely quality they wanted to have circulating about the kingdom.

MIRRA:

(Nodding)

Hmmm. Oh, shhh shh shhh! Mim, might I remind you we're not gathered here in the middle of the night to hear boring historical commentary?

(MIM scowls at HER)

Go on, girl!

LILLY:

We talked for what seemed like hours. And then...

MIM AND MIRRA:

Yes?

LILLY:

...we...

MIM AND MIRRA:

(Very anticipatory)

Yes?!!

LILLY:

...sang together!

MIM AND MIRRA:

(Disappointed)

Oh.

LILLY:

It went something like this...

“I BELIEVE THAT LOVE IS GROWING HERE” (Reprise)

I BELIEVE THAT LOVE IS GROWING HERE
I FEEL ITS MAGIC WRAPPING ‘ROUND MY HEART
AND WHEN THE NIGHT IS OVER
WE STILL WILL BE TOGETHER
NEVER...NEVER TO PART

MIRRA:

How beautiful!

(Blows HER nose in handkerchief again)

LILLY:

And he wants me to return to his gardens on Sunday morning!

MIM:

I knew it! It’s true love!

MIRRA:

That prince is head over heels for you. My dear, you’ll be able to kiss the peasant life goodbye once and for all and...

LILLY:

(Interrupts)

Peasant! Oh, no!

MIM:

What is it? What is it? Are you ill? Do you have a fever? Did someone accost you on the highway back home?

LILLY:

No, I suddenly remembered something awful!

MIRRA:

What! The prince is short?

MIM:

He's as ugly as sin?

MIRRA:

He has foul breath and ill wind?

LILLY:

No, nothing like that. It's ten times worse!

MIRRA:

Oh dear. Brace yourself Mim. It's worse than we thought. It's all three!

LILLY:

No, aunts! The prince thinks I...I mean we...are of the noble class!

MIM:

Oh, is that all?

MIRRA:

Well, that's an easy mistake. You look royal enough to be a queen's daughter, that you do. You just told him that you weren't and it was all taken care of, right?

(At hearing this, WITHERALL does an excited little dance outside the window and then dashes offstage)

(LILLY doesn't answer)

MIRRA:

Right?!

LILLY:

I didn't say anything! I just...I panicked ...and then I left.

MIM AND MIRRA:

(Head in hands)

Oh boy!!

MIM:

(Pops HER head back up)

No worries, my dear. We'll get it all sorted out. The most important thing is that that prince is in love with you...

MIRRA:

...head over heels in love with you!

MIM:

...and when you tell him on Sunday, he'll just shrug his shoulders...

MIRRA:

...Say "Who cares!"...

MIM:

...and then cover you in mushy kisses....

(Makes kissing sounds and motions)

LILLY:

(Laughing)

Are you sure?

MIRRA:

Of course, dear. Have your aunts ever been wrong? Never mind, don't answer that.

MIM:

Now go to bed, you tired little muffin, and we'll see that everything is ready for the journey back to your Princey-poo day after tomorrow!

LILLY:

(Hugs THEM both)

I couldn't have asked for more wonderful family. Thank you.

MIRRA:

Good night, love.

(LILLY exits)

MIM:

Do you really think everything will be alright, Mirra?

MIRRA:

(Indignantly)

Of course it will! And if that Prince doesn't take our dear Lilly heart and soul and marry her immediately, I'll...I'll...

MIM:

You'll what?

MIRRA:

I'll sit on him!

(MIRRA and MIM laugh)

BLACKOUT

ACT II,
Scene 2

(Royal Gardens, Sunday morning)

WITHERALL:

I've done it! I've done it! With my superior intellect and unmatched sleuthing skills, I have managed to find a loophole in Florian's little love fling....a flaw in his tender flower's personal life. Why, she's no gentleman's daughter, no blooming beauty; but instead, a common garden weed...a peasant farmer! The lowest of the low, the poorest of the poor. Why, she's lower than dirt.

(Pauses at HIS own joke and then chuckles)

Oh, I amuse myself. Now all I have to do is make sure I get to this lowly Lilly before Florian does...and the cover of their sweet little romance novel will slam shut forever! When Florian sees he can't have his heart's desire, he'll turn his nose up at the kingdom and bury his head in the sand. The throne is as good as mine!

"AS GOOD AS MINE"

I'VE WAITED IN THE WINGS FOR JUST THIS MOMENT
I'VE LET MY COUSIN PLAY HIS LITTLE GAMES
BUT NOW THE TIME HAS COME TO CLAIM MY GLORY
YES, NOW'S WHEN I WILL SNTACH MY WELL-EARNED FAME

THE TIME HAS COME FOR THEM TO PAY
THE DIE IS CAST, TODAY'S MY DAY
I'VE SET THE TRAP, MY CROWN I'LL SHINE
FOR THE KINGDOM'S AS GOOD AS MINE

MALE CHORUS:

THE TIME HAS COME FOR THEM TO PAY
THE DIE IS CAST, TODAY'S MY DAY
I'VE SET THE TRAP, MY CROWN I'LL SHINE
FOR THE KINGDOM'S AS GOOD AS MINE

WITHERALL:

PRINCE FLORIAN WILL FIND THAT HE HAS CHOSEN
OH, NOT A JEWEL, BUT JUST A WORTHLESS FAKE
AND SHOULD HE STILL PURSUE HER; REBEL AND TRY TO WOO HER
I HAVE A PLAN THAT'S SURE TO TAKE THE CAKE

THE TIME HAS COME FOR THEM TO PAY
THE DIE IS CAST, TODAY'S MY DAY
I'VE SET THE TRAP, MY CROWN I'LL SHINE
FOR THE KINGDOM'S AS GOOD AS MINE

MALE CHORUS:
THE TIME HAS COME FOR THEM TO PAY
THE DIE IS CAST, TODAY'S MY DAY
I'VE SET THE TRAP, MY CROWN I'LL SHINE
FOR THE KINGDOM'S AS GOOD AS MINE
(MALE CHORUS exits)

WITHERALL:
Aha! Here she comes! Chapter one, titled "How to Wilt a Flower".

(LILLY arrives in the garden)

LILLY:
Florian!
(Sees WITHERALL instead and is surprised)
Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know anyone was...

WITHERALL:
Not at all, my dear, not at all. You were just the young lady I was waiting for. Allow me to introduce myself. I am Lord Witherall, cousin to Rowland, King of Garalind.

LILLY:
(Unsure)
A pleasure, milord.
(Bows)
I am Lilly...of...of...

WITHERALL:
No need for introductions. I know exactly who you are.

LILLY:
You do?

WITHERALL:
Of course, my dear. When the integrity of the kingdom is at stake, I make it my business to know all there is to know.

LILLY:
(Confused)
I beg your pardon?

WITHERALL:
Let me cut to the chase. You are here to meet Prince Florian, are you not?

LILLY:
Well yes, but how did you know?

WITHERALL:

As I said, I make it my business to know everything. You are young, beautiful, well-spoken, kind...a natural draw for my cousin's unseasoned and unassuming son. He was taken with you at first sight, seeing how different you were from all the rest.

LILLY:

My lord, you...

WITHERALL:

It's a shame that he doesn't know how different you really are...

LILLY:

(Becoming angered)

And what exactly do you mean by that, sir?

WITHERALL:

Exactly this. At Florian's royal party, when he commented that your family was of noble descent, did you affirm or deny his words?

LILLY:

(Caught off guard)

I...

WITHERALL:

Did you tell him that you were not a nobleman's daughter; or did you lead him astray and let him believe something that was false?

LILLY:

I never said that I was...

WITHERALL:

That you were a farmer's orphan? A nobody? A dirt-dweller?

LILLY:

How dare you!

WITHERALL:

No, my dear. How dare you to have the gall to fancy yourself up in gowns so high above your station and parade around the palace like a princess would herself. When Florian discovers that you are nothing more than a common peasant, he will denounce you on the spot and throw you out into the street.

LILLY:

He wouldn't!

(Crying and confused)

Florian is gentle and kind and understanding. He wouldn't...

WITHERALL:

He would, and you know it! Deep down inside, you know it. The Prince will quickly get over you and find himself a more suitable match...one with a dowry and title to equal the pretty face. You don't belong here, in this glittering world of royalty. Go back to your little house in your little village and do what you have always done and will do until the day you die...wallow in the mud.

(LILLY, unable to thwart HIS comments, runs out weeping.)

WITHERALL:

Ah, perfect timing. And now for chapter two, titled, "The Breaking of Florian's Heart"

(FLORIAN enters)

FLORIAN:

Lilly! Sorry I'm a little late... Lilly?

(HE looks to WITHERALL)

Where is she? Excuse me sir, are you Lilly's escort?

WITHERALL:

You might say that. After all, I just escorted her out of here.

FLORIAN:

(Confused)

What?

WITHERALL:

I'm here to deliver a message from your delicate little flower.

FLORIAN:

Is Lilly alright?

WITHERALL:

Well my boy, there's no other way to break it to you than to just say it outright. You won't be seeing Lilly ever again.

FLORIAN:

What do you mean I won't be seeing her ever again? Is she sick...is she in love with someone else?

WITHERALL:

Oh, worse, your Highness, much worse. She is no more than a common peasant girl...

FLORIAN:

That's not true! Lilly is not a common...

WITHERALL:

(Reciting)

...Lillyanna Wheaton, otherwise known as Lilly to the local villagers of the northern kingdom, is the ward of two overbearing, overfed aunts by the name of Mirra and Mim. As an orphaned child in that tiny little town, she has spent her days living from hand to mouth, breaking bread with vagabonds and turning soil with her own grimy fingers. She tricked you, be sure of it, barging uninvited to your party in the hopes of flaunting her beauty and winning a position which she is most certainly unworthy of...

(Sees FLORIAN'S incredulous look)

I'm sure this comes as quite a blow. But really, Florian, it's in your best interest.

FLORIAN:

How would you know what's in my best interest? Who are you?

(KING and QUEEN enter)

KING:

Witherall! Get your scrawny, weasley little carcass out of my gardens! You have no right to be here!

WITHERALL:

Tsk, tsk, cousin. Is that anyway to thank me after what I've done for your son?

KING:

What are you talking about?

WITHERALL:

I've just saved Florian from making the biggest mistake of his life.

KING:

You can stop talking in riddles, Witherall. You're no saint.

WITHERALL:

I'll seem like one to you when you hear what I have to say. You see, Florian was about to propose marriage to a common peasant girl.

FLORIAN:

And how did you happen upon all this?

WITHERALL:

Information is never without some shady gathering. But, believe me, your Grace, I did it to save you.

FLORIAN:

From what?

KING:

Yes, from what?

WITHERALL:

From humiliation, of course. How would you have felt presenting a farmer's daughter to your parents as a future bride? She lied to you, you know...

FLORIAN:

(Enraged)

She never lied! I just never gave her the opportunity to explain herself! I walked all over her words in my eagerness to get her to agree to meet with me again.

WITHERALL:

One little mistake! But now, all is mended. You can let the girl disappear like a bad dream and start again...

FLORIAN:

Aaaaahh!

(HE lunges for WITHERALL and grasps HIM by the throat)

WITHERALL:

(Gasping)

Rowland! Please...contain your son!

KING:

Let him go, Florian. We are men of action, but not men of violence, although you, Witherall would even make me forget my creed.

(FLORIAN lets go and backs away)

WITHERALL:

You are full of flattery, cousin.

FLORIAN:

Even if what you say is true, Witherall, it changes nothing. I would marry Lilly even if she turned out to be the lowest peasant in the entire kingdom. I am in love with her, and I will have no one but her.

(Turning to HIS parents)

Father, Mother, I beg to take leave of you. I go now to find the other half of my heart!

(Runs off)

QUEEN:

(Sobbing)

How romantic! Our son...is finally in love!

KING:

Kathryn, save your daydreaming. We have an ugly situation here that requires our attention. You!

KING: (Continued)

(Staring down WITHERALL)

You have been a thorn in my side for long enough. I should have banished you from the kingdom when I first assumed the throne!

WITHERALL:

Banished or not, Rowland, I would still be entitled to all that you have if you failed to put an heir in your place.

KING:

You speak hopelessly. As you can see for yourself, Florian is going to reclaim his true love. Once married, he will rule Garalind in my place; then, Kathryn and I can finally retire and you, Witherall, can go find another hole to crawl in. For your sake, I hope Florian finds this Lilly of his quickly and mends all before I really lose my temper with you!

WITHERALL:

That sounds wonderful! Either way, I win.

KING:

I've had all I can stand from you and your pompous...Captain! Captain!

WITHERALL:

Oh, you wouldn't want to throw me out yet; not before I deal out my final triumph.

(HE pulls out a book. The KING and QUEEN gasp.)

Oh, what a tasty moment! I wish I could savor it forever; but, I must go on. I can tell by your white faces that you know exactly what it is I'm holding. "Garalind's Grand Rules and Regulations". Or as I like to call it, "Grrrr"... for short.

(Laughs)

Yes, the rulebook of all rulebooks, the Bible for Garalind's Kings and Queens, the how-to for any royal who has ever assumed a position of authority in this land. Hundreds of years of tradition and pomp, which has been upheld by every king since before your father's father's father. Let's see, what am I looking for?

(HE thumbs through the pages)

Ah, there it is! Page 234. It reads "A Prince or Princess of the royal house of Garalind, should they accept the responsibility of Kingship/Queenhip, must marry one of noble blood from the kingdom of Garalind, unless an alliance with another kingdom warrants marriage between royal houses. If a member of the royal house marries below the rank of Dukedom, they forfeit their right to the throne, and the crown falls to the next qualified family member."

(sarcastically)

I wonder who that would be!

QUEEN:

It can't be.

KING:

(HE lowers his head)

I'm afraid it can.

WITHERALL:

Oh, yes. It can be, and it is! And of course you know that if your headstrong son gets his way, which it seems he always does... You two have been pushovers with him from the beginning, I've always said...he'll disqualify himself from the throne and the kingdom will fall to...me!

CAPTAIN:

(Enters)

My men heard you calling, Your Highness. Is anything amiss?

(He sees the KING and QUEEN are pale)

Sire, why are you so pale? What goes on here?

KING:

Captain, please take the Queen inside and get her some water. I'll be along shortly.

QUEEN:

Rowland, I...

KING:

Go, my dear. I'll be fine.

CAPTAIN:

Your Grace, are you sure...?

KING:

I said go!

(CAPTAIN and QUEEN make a hasty exit)

Wipe that smirk off your face, Witherall. You know you have the upper hand. There is nothing I can say to change hundreds of years of history. And I know my son. He is much like me, thank heavens. He allows his heart to lead him in the right paths...unlike you, who have no heart at all!

WITHERALL:

Come, come now cousin. Don't take it all so hard. I'll make a wonderful king, much better than you have been.

KING:

You're not king yet. I shall see to it that I live to be 100 if necessary. Perhaps, before then, you will die of a withered conscience and spare this kingdom your tyranny.

(Exits)

WITHERALL:

“AS GOOD AS MINE” (Reprise)

THE CHIPS OF FATE HAVE FALLEN IN MY FAVOR
MY LUCK HAS TURNED, AND NOW IT IS ON FIRE
THE KING AND QUEEN DEJECTED, KNOW I’M TO BE RESPECTED
AND SOON I WILL HAVE ALL THAT I DESIRE

THE TIME HAS COME FOR THEM TO PAY
THE DIE IS CAST, TODAY’S MY DAY
THE TRAP HAS SPRUNG, I’M FEELING FINE
FOR THE THRONE’S AS GOOD AS MINE

BLACKOUT

ACT II,
Scene 3

(A forest in Garalind)

(The CONTEMPORARY DANCERS are laying on the floor about the stage, covered with large green sheets/cloths to conceal THEM until they dance.)

NARRATOR:

Deep in the forest beyond the palace, Lilly, confused and weary, pauses in her flight to catch her breath and collect herself. Tears of sadness drop on the moist forest floor as she weeps, and from that watered ground springs something magical...

LILLY:

How could I have been such a fool! I should never have come to the palace! I should never have tried to be someone I wasn't...

(Music from "Daphnis and Chloe" begins. DANCERS are dressed as plants and include LILLY in their dance. Eventually, FLORIAN is led on stage by the DANCERS and when the music ends, LILLY and FLORIAN are CS, looking at each other.)

LILLY:

Florian, is that you? How did you find me out here?

FLORIAN:

I got as far as the forest's edge, and suddenly I felt myself being led here...to you. Oh, Lilly, now that I've found you, I'll never let you out of my sight again.

LILLY:

I'm so ashamed. Can you ever forgive me for having deceived you?

FLORIAN:

You didn't deceive me. It was my own pushy entreaties that kept you from saying what you really wanted to say that night in the garden.

LILLY:

There's no need to apologize. Its better that things happened the way they did. I couldn't have stood seeing the disappointment on your face when you learned the truth.

FLORIAN:

And what do you see on my face now?

LILLY:

Dirt.

FLORIAN:

(Wipes his face)

Besides that.

LILLY:

(Laughs, then sobers)

I see sorrow.

FLORIAN:

If that's what you see, it is only because I thought I had lost you forever.

LILLY:

You mean that?

FLORIAN:

Of course.

LILLY:

But what about the fact that I'm a peasant, a nobody...

FLORIAN:

You're not a nobody. You're wonderful and kind and generous and funny, and I don't care what anyone else tries to say or do...I always want to have you near me.

"ALL I NEED IS YOU"

YOU WALKED INTO MY LIFE ONE NIGHT
AND CHANGED THAT LIFE FOR GOOD
DON'T ASK ME TO FORGET YOU NOW
EVEN THOUGH YOU THINK I SHOULD

I'M NOT THE SAME NOW THAT I KNOW YOU
A BETTER MAN; PLEASE LET ME SHOW YOU...THAT

ALL I NEED IS YOU
FOR A HAPPY ENDING
ALL I NEED IS YOU
TO MAKE THINGS RIGHT

CAN'T YOU SEE THAT YOU
THE BROKEN THINGS ARE MENDING
IF YOU LEAVE NOW
YOU'LL TAKE AWAY MY LIFE

NO EVIL MAN CAN CHANGE THE WAY I FEEL FOR YOU
EVEN IF A HUNDRED DRAGONS TRIED TO RUN ME THROUGH,
I WOULD BATTLE ALL AND THEN RETURN TO HOLD YOUR HAND

FLORIAN: (Continued)
NOTHING ELSE CAN CHANGE MY LOVE FOR YOU,
PLEASE UNDERSTAND... THAT

FLORIAN AND LILLY:
ALL I NEED IS YOU
FOR A HAPPY ENDING
ALL I NEED IS YOU
TO MAKE THINGS RIGHT

LILLY:
CAN'T YOU SEE THAT YOU
THE BROKEN THINGS ARE MENDING
DON'T LET ME GO
JUST HOLD ME OH SO TIGHT

But Florian, what if your parents don't see things the way we do?

FLORIAN:
Then we'll help them see it our way. And we won't do it alone.
(Starts gathering townspeople)

ALL WE NEED IS YOU
FOR A HAPPY ENDING
ALL WE NEED IS YOU
TO MAKE THINGS RIGHT

FLORIAN AND LILLY:
CAN'T YOU SEE THAT YOU
THE BROKEN THINGS ARE MENDING
IF YOU LEAVE US NOW
YOU'LL TAKE AWAY OUR LIGHT

CHORUS:
THE EVIL LURKS BEFORE US, THREATENING TO WIN
BUT WE CAN'T FIGHT THE ENEMY UNLESS WE CAN BEGIN
SO JOIN RANKS WITH US, FRIENDS
AND WE WILL MARCH UPON OUR FOE
WITH POWER IN GREAT NUMBERS TO THE PALACE WE WILL GO

ALL WE NEED IS US
FOR A HAPPY ENDING
ALL WE NEED IS US
TO MAKE THINGS RIGHT

CAN'T YOU SEE THAT WE
THE BROKEN THINGS WILL MEND, SO

CHORUS: (Continued)

BE STRONG TOGETHER
AND TOGETHER WE'LL WIN THE FIGHT!

ACT II,
Scene 4

(Garalind Castle, Grand Receiving Hall)

JESTER:

The mood here is so heavy, you could cut it with pruning shears. Can I do nothing to cheer Your Highness?

QUEEN:

(Sniffing)

No, nothing, I'm afraid, Wombie. My son is in love, but at great cost.

JESTER:

Hmmm, the lady of his affections is quite the spender, is she?

QUEEN:

No, it's much worse. She doesn't spend a ducat... because she doesn't have one!

JESTER:

(HE goes up and feels the QUEEN'S forehead.)

Is my lady completely well? I would think that a girl who can stay on a budget, especially when there's hardly any money to be had in the first place, is a rare find indeed.

(QUEEN begins to cry)

There, there, poor weeping willow.

KING:

I never thought I'd endure such a day as this. The day of our greatest joy is also the day of our greatest sorrow. Blast that accursed Witherall!

WITHERALL:

(Entering)

Did someone speak my glorious name?

KING:

What are you still doing here?

WITHERALL:

I couldn't leave yet. Not without getting a first-hand look at my future job here at the palace. My, my, Rowland, your throne is looking a little worse for the wear. That will have to be upgraded when I take over.

(QUEEN lets out a great sob)

Dear Lady Kathryn, are those tears of joy I see?

JESTER:

Those tears, Witherstink, are because my Lady is in the presence of a noxious weed!

WITHERALL:

Charming, Rowland. Where did you manage to dig up that one?

(Points to the JESTER)

Do you have him stay up all night studying gardening joke books to satisfy your odd sense of humor? As I was saying, this place is in need of a few changes. It needs a Lord Witherall touch. And the first thing I'll do when I become king is relieve that furrowed brow of yours from the weight of that heavy crown!

(HE takes the crown off the KING'S head)

KING:

That's enough, Witherall! Forget the captain, I'll bury you myself!

(HE prepares to attack WITHERALL, when FLORIAN suddenly appears.)

FLORIAN:

Father!

KING:

Florian!

WITHERALL:

Ah, Florian! Back to beg forgiveness from your grieving parents are you?

FLORIAN:

No. I am back to announce that I will become the next king of Garalind...with Lilly as my queen!

(Pulls LILLY out to be with HIM, and the townspeople follow)

WITHERALL:

(Laughs)

Wrong again, Florian! You always were a little slow. If you'd kept up on your political lessons in tutoring you would have remembered that a future king cannot marry a peasant, as decreed by law!

(HE shakes the Royal Rules in the air like a trophy)

KING:

For once, he speaks the truth, son. There is no way around it.

WITHERALL:

So, by being stubborn and unbending in your...poor matrimonial choice...you have also chosen to forfeit the throne...to your dear uncle.

(Moves to the throne and sits down)

Now bow down before your future king! Oh, and by the way, Florian, the first thing I'm going to do as King is have your precious flowers ripped out and replaced. My wife's allergic.

(Laughs)

(Then, slowly, shimmery green vines crawl from behind the dais and encircle WITHERALL, wrapping around HIM like a hungry boa constrictor. *Reprise of "Daphnes and Chloe"*. One vine grabs the "Royal Rules" from WITHERALL and sets it at the feet of the KING and QUEEN, where it opens to a specific page.)

KING:

(HE reads the page and then laughs)

What's this? Ha, ha!

(To ALL in the hall)

It is true that royal law decrees that Prince Florian must marry one of noble birth to retain the throne...But it is also written in the law, right here on this very page, that the will of the people can overrule the mandates of the royal house.

WITHERALL:

That can't be! I...

KING:

So, I ask you, my faithful subjects...whom will you have for your king? Lord Witherall, or Prince Florian, with Lilly ruling by his side?

TOWNSPEOPLE:

Florian and Lilly!

(The KING makes HIS way over to the bound lord and takes the crown back into HIS possession; but, instead of placing it back on HIS head, HE walks to FLORIAN and puts the crown on HIS young brow)

KING:

The people have spoken, Florian. You will make a fine king. And Lilly....welcome to the family!

(HE gives HER a giant bear hug. QUEEN comes to hug HER also.)

WITHERALL:

No! That's not fair! No! No!

JESTER:

(Stuffs an apple in WITHERALL'S mouth to quiet HIM)

Ooh, I always wanted to be the one to stuff the pig right after he's been roasted.

(Laughs along with the CROWD)

LILLY:

"MAGIC GROWS HERE" (Reprise)

THE MORNING DAWNS

THE SUN WARMS SHADOWED PLACES

I THROW MY ARMS OUT WIDE AND GO TO GREET THE DAY

FLORIAN:

THE SEASONS CHANGE
AND WITH IT COMES NEW FACES
I OPEN UP MY HEART AND TURN TO THEM AND SAY

CHORUS:

COME INTO OUR GARDEN
WE'VE GROWN A WISH FOR YOU
COME AND SEE WHAT'S WAITING
WAITING TO COME TRUE

DON'T THINK THAT IT CAN'T HAPPEN
FOR WHEN YOU DRAW NEAR,
YOU'LL SEE THAT IN OUR GARDEN—
MAGIC GROWS HERE.

QUEEN:

IT'S ODD TO THINK THE THING MY SON MOST TREASURED
WAS WHAT WOULD SAVE US ALL
FROM EVIL AND FROM WRONG

KING:

MY DOUBT HAS FLOWN, FOR NOW I KNOW LIFE'S MEASURED
BY WHAT YOU GIVE TO IT AND HOW YOU SING YOUR SONG

CHORUS:

COME INTO OUR GARDEN
WE'VE GROWN A WISH FOR YOU
COME AND SEE WHAT'S WAITING
WAITING TO COME TRUE

DON'T THINK THAT IT CAN'T HAPPEN
FOR WHEN YOU DRAW NEAR,
YOU'LL SEE THAT IN OUR GARDEN—
MAGIC GROWS HERE.

NOW IF THE CHANCE SHOULD COME YOUR WAY
TO SHARE A PIECE OF YOU
TO YOURSELF BE TRUE
DO ALL THAT YOU CAN DO
IF YOU JUST FOLLOW THROUGH,
YOU'LL MAKE A BRIGHTER DAY.

COME INTO OUR GARDEN
WE'VE GROWN A WISH FOR YOU
COME AND SEE WHAT'S WAITING
WAITING TO COME TRUE

CHORUS: (Continued)

DON'T THINK THAT IT CAN'T HAPPEN
FOR WHEN YOU DRAW NEAR,
YOU'LL SEE THAT IN OUR GARDEN—
MAGIC GROWS HERE.

THE END
BOWS