

A Dragon in the Mix

By Sue Ann Gunn

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DRAGON IN THE MIX

A Comedy in One Act

BY SUE ANN GUNN

CAST OF CHARACTERS (In Order of Appearance)

	<u># of lines</u>
RUMOR	27
GOSSIP	24
HEARSAY	22
INNUENDO.....	29
QUEEN	42
QUEEN MOTHER.....	46
LADY PETUNIA.....	22
ASPIDISTRA	25
POTHOS	21
VINCA.....	23
PRINCESS ROSE	36
PRINCESS LILY	32
PRINCESS DAISY.....	34
PRINCE REGINALD.....	26
PRINCE LEOPOLD	26
PRINCE ARTHUR.....	30
DRAGON	34

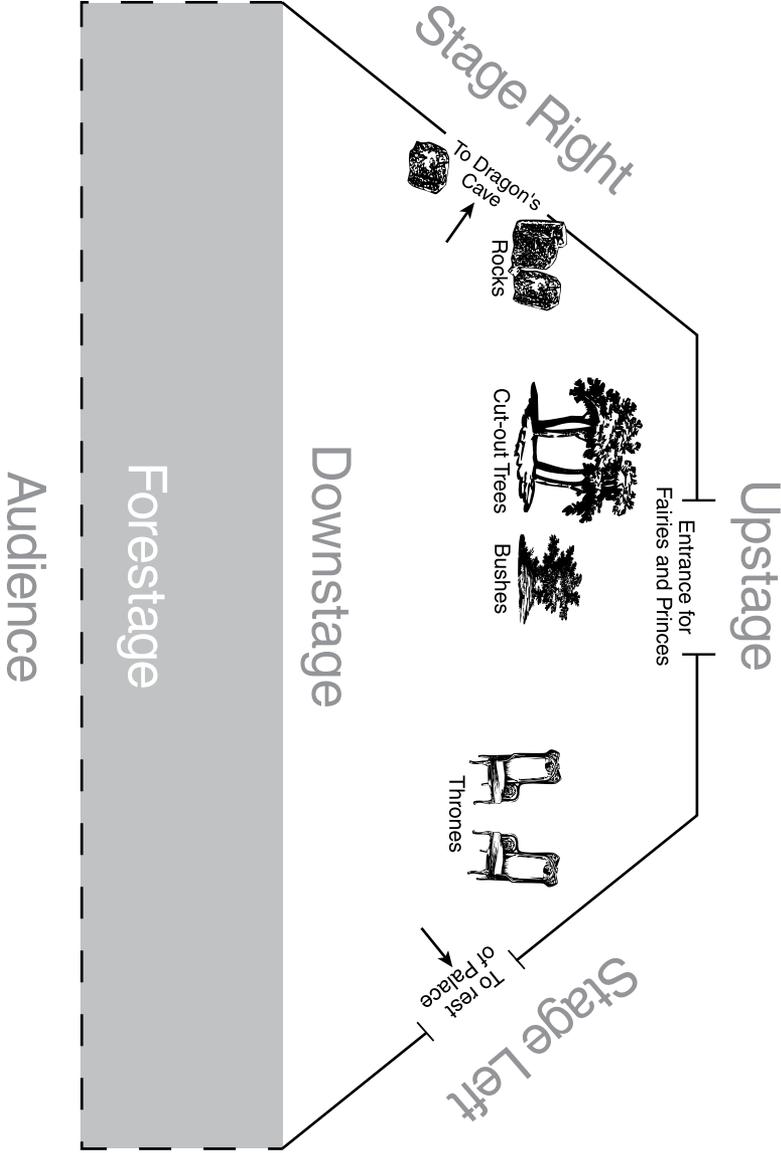
SETTING

This play utilizes simple area staging. It is helpful to establish different levels for each area. However, the play can easily be done with a bare stage.

STAGE LEFT represents the palace with two thrones (paint old chairs gold or cover them with appropriately designed sheets or bedspreads). CENTER STAGE is a shared playing space and also represents the forest, with some trees or bushes and a couple of stage rocks to indicate the entrance of the DRAGON'S cave at RIGHT. As with the palace, chairs or stools covered with brown cloth can indicate the cave opening.

Ideally, there are entrances LEFT, RIGHT and CENTER (which is used by the FAIRIES and the PRINCES). If no CENTER entrance is available, those groups can enter UP RIGHT or DOWN RIGHT.

A Dragon in the Mix - Set Design



DRAGON IN THE MIX

LIGHTS UP: FAIRIES ENTER CENTER.

RUMOR: *(To AUDIENCE.)* Good evening, ladies and gentlemen.
Welcome to Fairyland.

GOSSIP: We have a fine treat for you this evening.

HEARSAY: Something we know you'll enjoy.

INNUENDO: We're going to cook!

RUMOR/GOSSIP/HEARSAY: Cook?

INNUENDO: We're going to cook up a fairy tale!

RUMOR: Right. Who has the cookbook?

GOSSIP: Not me.

HEARSAY: We won't need one.

INNUENDO: We'll use our fairygraphic memories.

RUMOR: Of course. *(Pretends to wind head like an old-fashioned movie camera.)* Here we are... recipe for a fairy tale. In a large palace, combine—

GOSSIP: Wait! Give us time.

HEARSAY: We need one large palace. *(To INNUENDO.)* You get it.

INNUENDO: Abracadabra, palabra jot,

Make a palace on this spot! *(ALL react as if they see a palace at LEFT.)*

RUMOR: Oooh. Very nice.

GOSSIP: Love the color scheme!

HEARSAY: So light and airy!

INNUENDO: Oh, it's nothing!

RUMOR: Won't it be hard to heat with that high ceiling?

GOSSIP: No, look.

HEARSAY: Solar panels in the turrets.

INNUENDO: Come on. Read the recipe.

RUMOR: Oh. In a large palace, combine one queen—

GOSSIP/HEARSAY/INNUENDO: *(Chant.)*

Bubble, bubble, set the scene.

Toil and trouble, here's a queen!

QUEEN: *(ENTERS LEFT.)* Oh, worry, worry, worry...

RUMOR: Not yet, Your Majesty.

GOSSIP: Wait.

HEARSAY: We're still assembling the ingredients.

INNUENDO: What else do we need?

RUMOR: In a large palace, combine one queen, her mother—

GOSSIP/HEARSAY/INNUENDO: (*Chant.*)

Inky, dinky, here's another,
Make way for a royal mother.

MOTHER: (*ENTERS LEFT.*) And? (*FAIRIES look puzzled.*) Where is my lady-in-waiting?

GOSSIP/HEARSAY/INNUENDO: (*Chant.*)

Rumbelow, tumbelow, down the stair,
A lady to wait on the royal pair.

MOTHER: (*As LADY PETUNIA ENTERS LEFT.*) Lady Petunia.

RUMOR: Let's see, in a large... no, we did that. Queen, Queen's mother, lady-in-waiting... and now, assorted princesses. (*OTHER FAIRIES roll their eyes.*)

GOSSIP: That does it.

HEARSAY: I quit!

INNUENDO: How do you expect us to find a rhyme for princesses?

RUMOR: Never mind the rhyme. Just get them. Let's get cooking!

GOSSIP: Without a rhyme?

HEARSAY: I don't know.

INNUENDO: It isn't usually done this way.

GOSSIP/HEARSAY/INNUENDO: Come on in!

ASPIDISTRA: (*ENTERS LEFT with POTHOS and VINCA. They are scowling.*) What is the meaning of this?

POTHOS: This is outrageous!

VINCA: Explain yourselves.

RUMOR: Oops.

GOSSIP: I don't think...

HEARSAY: You're not...

INNUENDO: ...princesses, are you?

ASPIDISTRA: Can't you tell by our dignity?

POTHOS: Our decorum.

VINCA: Our noble bearing.

FAIRIES: You are princesses?

ASPIDISTRA: Certainly not.

POTHOS: Don't interrupt.

VINCA: Let us finish.

ASPIDISTRA: Our dignity...

POTHOS: Our decorum...

VINCA: Our noble bearing...

ASPIDISTRA: We—

ASPIDISTRA/POTHOS/VINCA: —are the royal governesses.

RUMOR: *(To OTHER FAIRIES.)* You were right. This time use a rhyme.

GOSSIP/HEARSAY/INNUENDO: *(Chant.)*

We have enough of governesses,
Make way now for true princesses.

ROSE: *(ENTERS LEFT with LILY and DAISY.)* I am Princess Rose.

LILY: I am Princess Lily.

DAISY: I am Princess Daisy.

RUMOR: There. *(Waves wand or hand and FREEZES ROYAL FAMILY.)*

GOSSIP: That should do it.

HEARSAY: The basic ingredients for a delectable fairy tale. *(RUMOR, GOSSIP and HEARSAY EXIT CENTER.)*

INNUENDO: *(Confides to AUDIENCE.)* Except for my secret ingredient. A little dash of spice I'll add later. *(EXITS CENTER. ROYAL FAMILY remains FROZEN until RUMOR pops back and waves wand or hand. They UNFREEZE. After verifying that they are moving, RUMOR EXITS CENTER again.)*

QUEEN: Worry, worry, worry, worry.

LADY PETUNIA: Oh, dear.

MOTHER: She's at it again!

LADY PETUNIA: It's very worrisome.

ROSE: We know.

LILY: We can see.

DAISY: We can hear!

QUEEN: Worry, worry, worry...

ROSE: That's just one of the things that makes life in this palace so boring.

MOTHER: What?!

LADY PETUNIA: What?!

LILY: Life in this palace is boring, Grandmother.

MOTHER: Do my ears deceive me?

LADY PETUNIA: Oh, no.

DAISY: She said boring!

LADY PETUNIA: You see?

MOTHER: I don't understand princesses today. Why, when I was a girl, I was—

ROSE: Boring.

MOTHER: —grateful to be a fairy tale princess. Life was so—

LILY: Boring.

MOTHER: —full of enchantments and adventures, all of them—

DAISY: Boring.

ROSE: Grandmother, don't you understand? Times have changed!

LILY: We're tired of lectures from Miss Aspidistra.

DAISY: And her poetry is even worse than her lectures!

MOTHER: But you have Miss Pothos for music and Miss Vinca for dancing.

LADY PETUNIA: Music and dancing!

ROSE: We've done music and dancing.

LILY: We want more.

DAISY: We want careers!

MOTHER: You have careers.

LADY PETUNIA: You are fairy tale princesses.

DAISY: Sorry, Gran. It just isn't enough.

MOTHER: Well, there's nothing I can do about that.

LADY PETUNIA: Nothing at all.

QUEEN: Worry, worry, worry, worry, worry... (*PRINCESSES groan.*)

MOTHER: But there is something I can do about that! Stop that, Royal Daughter! The girls are right. It's—

PRINCESSES: Boring!

MOTHER: (*To QUEEN.*) Now. What's wrong?

QUEEN: Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

MOTHER: Well, if you insist upon wearing your crown to bed, you can expect an uneasy night.

LADY PETUNIA: Naturally.

ROSE: You kept us awake all last night.

LILY: Tramping up and down the halls.

DAISY: Saying "worry, worry, worry, worry."

MOTHER: Why don't you tell us what's bothering you?

QUEEN: I can't.

ROSE: Are the peasants in revolt?

QUEEN: Not that I know of.

LILY: Is the kingdom under a wicked spell?

QUEEN: Not to my knowledge.

DAISY: Are we threatened by flood, fire or famine?

QUEEN: Not as far as I know.

MOTHER: Well, then, what is the problem?

QUEEN: That's the problem! I never know what is going on around here! Here I am, stuck in my ivory tower with no way to find out what is going on outside. All the revolting peasants could be under a wicked spell that causes flood, fire and famine, and I would never know about it. The butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker know more about this kingdom than I do. Nobody ever tells me anything! I'm just the queen!

ROSE: Believe me, Mom. If we knew anything interesting, you'd be the first person we'd tell!

LILY: We don't know what goes on outside, either.

DAISY: We could tell you about palace life.

PRINCESSES: It's boring!

QUEEN: Worry, worry, worry...

MOTHER: I'll admit you have a problem, dear, but frankly I don't see what we can do about it.

ROSE: We could leave the palace.

LILY: Go out into the world.

DAISY: Look for revolutions... or jobs!

MOTHER: Ridiculous. The royal family cannot walk up to a peasant and ask him if he is revolting.

QUEEN: Worry, worry, w—wait! You've given me an idea!

MOTHER: I certainly didn't intend to.

QUEEN: As queen, I would not learn much. But if I appeared to be another peasant...! Come, Mother. We will discard our crowns.

MOTHER: My crown?

QUEEN: We will dress in filthy rags.

MOTHER: Filthy rags?

QUEEN: We will smear dirt and grime all over our faces.

MOTHER: My face?

LADY PETUNIA: Do we have to?

MOTHER: Certainly not! This is preposterous! Filthy rags? Dirt and grime?

QUEEN: I might have known you wouldn't like it. Well, what do you suggest? How am I to get news from outside?

MOTHER: If you want news, that's your problem. I will continue to rely upon Rumor, Gossip, Hearsay and Innuendo. (*FAIRIES ENTER CENTER.*)

RUMOR: Rumor. (*Bows.*)

GOSSIP: Gossip. (*Bows.*)

HEARSAY: Hearsay. (*Bows.*)

INNUENDO: And Innuendo. (*Bows.*)

FAIRIES: At your service.

MOTHER: See? They are always here when we want them. It's really so convenient to have fairies.

LADY PETUNIA: And they're cute, too.

QUEEN: Oh, well. I guess they'll have to do. Let me decide what I want them to find out.

MOTHER: I'll help you. Come, Petunia. (*She and LADY PETUNIA cross to one side and mime a private conference with QUEEN.*)

ROSE: Oh, fairies!

LILY: Could you tell us something?

DAISY: We've been wondering about it for a long time.

RUMOR: What is it?

ROSE: It's your names. Aren't they strange names for fairies? I mean, "Gossip." Why aren't you called something like "Peaseblossom"?

GOSSIP: All flower names are registered trademarks of the royal family.

LILY: Wouldn't you rather be called "Cobweb"?

HEARSAY: (*Shudders.*) Not since they invented the vacuum cleaner.

INNUENDO: And don't even bother to ask why I'm not called "Moth." You know what happened in the royal wardrobe last summer.

DAISY: Rumor, what about "Tinkerbelle"? What's wrong with the name "Tinkerbelle"?

RUMOR: "Tinkerbelle"? It's ding-y!

GOSSIP: You have to watch her.

INNUENDO: She has a tendency to run to puns.

QUEEN: (*Returns to OTHERS with MOTHER and LADY PETUNIA.*) We've decided what I want to know.

MOTHER: Find out if the peasants are in revolt.

LADY PETUNIA: If the kingdom is under a wicked spell.

QUEEN: If there is any danger of fire, flood or famine.

RUMOR: No problem.

GOSSIP: We can answer those right now.

HEARSAY: None of the above.

ROYAL FAMILY: Oh, good! What a relief! Thank goodness. Glad to hear that. Great news! (*DRAGON roars from OFF RIGHT.*)

INNUENDO: All you have to worry about now is the dragon.

QUEEN: Dragon? What dragon?

INNUENDO: Sorry. That's all we can tell you at the moment.

QUEEN: Worry, worry, worry, worry...

MOTHER/LADY PETUNIA/PRINCESSES/GOVERNESSES: Worry, worry, worry...

GOSSIP: (*FREEZE ROYAL FAMILY. To other FAIRIES.*) Are you sure there's a dragon in the fairy tale recipe?

HEARSAY: It's optional.

INNUENDO: It adds piquancy.

RUMOR: Okay, then, let's get on with it.

GOSSIP: But what should we do about them?

HEARSAY: Nothing. We just let them simmer.

ROYAL FAMILY: (*As if in a trance.*) Simmer, simmer, simmer, simmer... (*ALL except FAIRIES EXIT LEFT, still "simmering."*)

RUMOR: In a forest, in another part of the kingdom, place three princes.

GOSSIP: You do the forest, I'll get the princes.

HEARSAY/INNUENDO: (*Chant.*)
Mosses and mushrooms and branches twisty,
Here is the forest, dank and misty. (*PRINCES ENTER CENTER through any visible "forest." REGINALD carries a compass of some sort. FAIRIES watch from one side.*)

REGINALD: Well, here's another fine mess you've gotten us into.

LEOPOLD: What do you mean, me?

ARTHUR: You said you knew a shortcut to the palace.

LEOPOLD: I don't know what went wrong. It must have been that crazy compass.

REGINALD: This crazy compass is state-of-the-art. Our wizard made it especially for this trip.

ARTHUR: All we had to do was follow the signs. You two need a keeper!

REGINALD: It was his shortcut!

LEOPOLD: It was your compass!

ARTHUR: All right! Never mind. It's dark and we're lost. Quarrelling won't accomplish anything.

REGINALD: Oh, all right.

LEOPOLD: Okay, I guess. *(Pause.)*

ARTHUR: I wonder if we're still in the right kingdom.

REGINALD: It really is dark.

LEOPOLD: Kind of spooky...

ARTHUR: Are you scared?

LEOPOLD: Oh, no!

REGINALD: Neither am I. *(DRAGON roars from OFF RIGHT.)*

LEOPOLD: What was that?

ARTHUR: What?

LEOPOLD: I thought I heard something.

REGINALD: Probably your own teeth chattering.

ARTHUR: No fighting. We're all in this together.

REGINALD: Because of his shortcut.

LEOPOLD: Because of his compass.

ARTHUR: I don't mean we're in the forest together. We are in this enterprise together.

REGINALD: Looks like a forest to me.

LEOPOLD: Boy, are you dumb!

ARTHUR: Stop it, you two! This could be our first great adventure.

REGINALD: Some adventure! I wanted to be a spy!

LEOPOLD: I wanted to be a detective.

ARTHUR: Well, you are not, and it can't be helped. You'll just have to be satisfied with being gallant knights and fairy tale princes.

REGINALD: That's easy for you to say!

LEOPOLD: You probably want to be a fairy tale prince.

ARTHUR: No, I don't. What fun is there in being a fairy tale prince? You have to seek the hand of a fairy tale princess. Her father sets you some ridiculous task like climbing a glass mountain or harvesting a golden apple, and after you've done all that—you have to get married.

ALL: Yuck!!

REGINALD: I'd rather be a spy—Double-O Reginald.

LEOPOLD: I'd rather be Leopold, P. I.

ARTHUR: What's the P. I. for?

LEOPOLD: Princely Investigator.

End of script preview.

PRODUCTION NOTES

PROPERTIES

ONSTAGE: Two thrones (or chairs with sheets or bedspreads over them) at LEFT, trees or bushes CENTER, two rocks (or chairs covered with brown cloth) at FAR RIGHT.

The only prop actually named in the script is the “compass” carried by REGINALD. Any invention of the actor will do as long as he can carry it conveniently. While not required, the following is a list of props that would be appropriate for certain characters, if desired:

Wands (FAIRIES)

Scepter (QUEEN)

Lacy handkerchief (MOTHER)

Fan [to fan MOTHER] (LADY PETUNIA)

Rulers, tablets, pencils, etc. (GOVERNESSES)

Sword (PRINCE ARTHUR)

Sword, compass (PRINCE REGINALD)

Sword, magnifying glass (PRINCE LEOPOLD)

COSTUMES

Costumes may be student-made headpieces: crowns of cardboard, flowers or leaves. The DRAGON’S headpiece could be a hat or hood with pointy scales attached.

More elaborate costumes can be constructed of old-fashioned formal dresses for the royal family. The PRINCES may be costumed in tabards or tunics worn over street clothes. The DRAGON’S costume could consist of street clothes “dressed up” with elements of something a rock singer might wear and a headpiece.

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