Hyronomous
A. Frog
The Frog Prince

By EDITH WEISS

© Copyright 1998, by Pioneer Drama Service, Inc.

PERFORMANCE LICENSE

The amateur acting rights to this play are controlled exclusively by PIONEER DRAMA SERVICE, INC., P.O. Box 4267, Englewood, Colorado 80155, without whose permission no performance, reading or presentation of any kind may be given. On all programs and advertising this notice must appear: "Produced by special arrangement with PIONEER DRAMA SERVICE, INC., Englewood, Colorado."

COPYING OR REPRODUCING ALL OR ANY PART OF THIS BOOK IN ANY MANNER IS STRICTLY FORBIDDEN BY LAW.

All other rights in this play, including those of professional production, radio broadcasting and motion picture rights, are controlled by PIONEER DRAMA SERVICE, INC., to whom all inquiries should be addressed.
HYRONOMOUS A. FROG
The Frog Prince

By EDITH WEISS

Cast List

HYRONOMOUS A. FROG ..................... a lonely, innocent and irrepressible frog

GLORIA THE GOOD WITCH* ................... a no nonsense, gruff, atypical good witch

AUNT QUEEN BEA* .......................... Queen of Spamelot. An older woman who marches to a drummer no one else has met

PRINCESS GLADIOLA ....................... Queen Bea's niece. A bratty, privileged young woman

DELPHINIUM .................................. Gladiola's handmaiden. A kind, long suffering young servant

SIR LANCELOT PANCELOT .................. a pompous, self-impressed and rather stupid knight betrothed to Gladiola

ARTHUR THE PAGE .......................... a dignified and loyal page to Pancelot who plays along with the pomp and circumstance, but knows better

* GLORIA and AUNT QUEEN BEA may be double cast.
HYRONOMOUS A. FROG
The Frog Prince

Scene One

AT RISE: HYRONOMOUS is sitting on a lily pad in a bog catching flies. He is wearing all green, of course, and is squatting. Naturally, he moves about by hopping. We hear the SOUND of another BUZZING FLY. HYRONOMOUS catches it, using a red party favor (the sort that unrolls when blown into) which he wears around his neck. He is disgusted by the taste of the flies.

HYRONOMOUS: Yuck! Gross! Flies. Why do I eat flies? I don’t like flies. Well, I guess I eat flies ’cause I’m a frog, and frogs always eat flies. Ribit. Ribit. (Sees audience.) Oh, hello! I didn’t know I had company. My name is Hyronomous Arnold Frog. I’m a frog, I sit in a bog, I’m big and round and green. Ribit, ribit. I’m at my leisure on lily pads where life is so serene. And so dull! With the bees. And the birds. In the bog. Other frogs think I’m weird because I read and talk to myself. I’m just a frog. In the bog. A cog. A frog who’s a cog in a bog. Boring. (Sees and hears fly.) Oh, no. A fly. (Catches and eats it.) Yeech! Yukko!

GLORIA: (From OFF RIGHT.) Yoo-hoo! Knock, knock! Anybody there? (She ENTERS/APPEARS RIGHT, maybe even in a puff of smoke.) Hellooooo.

HYRONOMOUS: Ahhh! Where did you... I mean, how did you... just poof?!

GLORIA: Don’t worry about it. I’m looking for a Hyronomous A. Frog.

HYRONOMOUS: That’s me. I’m Hyronomous Arnold Frog. Where did you...

GLORIA: Because I have an important message for Hyronomous A. Frog.

HYRONOMOUS: That’s me. Who are you?

GLORIA: (Shaking his “hand.”) Hello there. I am Gloria, and I’m a witch.

HYRONOMOUS: (Pulling back his “hand.”) A witch!!

GLORIA: That is correct. A witch. A good witch, but a witch nonetheless.

HYRONOMOUS: (Discreetly trying to look behind her, all around her.) Oh.

GLORIA: Heavens! What are you looking for?

HYRONOMOUS: Where’s your broom?
GLORIA: I don't have a broom! Do you expect me to sweep the bog?
HYRONOMOUS: No. I just thought, you know, being a witch and all that...
GLORIA: Well, you thought wrong. Now, I have something to tell you.
HYRONOMOUS: I'm all ears.
GLORIA: I don't see any ears.
HYRONOMOUS: Frogs don't have ears. It's just an expression.
GLORIA: Well, goodness me, isn't it a confusing one?! Now, I have something
I simply must tell you, Hyronymous A. Frog! Are you ready?
HYRONOMOUS: I've been ready!
GLORIA: (Pulls out a scroll and recites. [NOTE: Some “magical” sounding
background MUSIC or “mystical” LIGHTING might add to the magic
spell effect.])
Once there was a frog of yore
On a lily pad by the shore.
And now this frog is wondering
What I'm in this big bog for.
What I'm in this big bog for.
HYRONOMOUS: Yeah. Why?
GLORIA: (Holding up a finger, indicating HYRONOMOUS should wait
patiently. Recites.) What I'm in this big bog for.
HYRONOMOUS: So tell me already!
GLORIA: (Recites.) I have come to tell this frog
That there's been a big mistake.
It will get his dander up
And get him out of this lake.
HYRONOMOUS: What's a dander?
GLORIA: (Recites.) And get him out of this lake.
And get him out of this lake.
HYRONOMOUS: (Hopping behind her.) I'm out! I'm out already! What's
the mistake?
GLORIA: (Recites.) You've spent much time here in the bog,
In the sun, getting a tan.
I know you think you are a frog,
But you really are a man.
HYRONOMOUS: A man?!
GLORIA: *(Recites.*) Yes, you really are a man.
    *(To audience.*) Hyronomous is not a frog,
    He really is a man!
    *(Optional MUSIC and LIGHTING EFFECTS OUT.)*

HYRONOMOUS: A man? No!

GLORIA: Yes.

HYRONOMOUS: *(Hopping around with much exasperation.*) Look at me!
    I'm a frog! I'm not a man!

GLORIA: You're a man.

HYRONOMOUS: But, I can't be a man. I'm green. I ribit. I don't have
    ears. I eat flies!

GLORIA: Do you like flies?

HYRONOMOUS: No.

GLORIA: Have you ever noticed you're the largest frog in the pond?

HYRONOMOUS: Well, I might be just a tad bigger than the other frogs.
    A tad, get it? Tad, tadpole, frog—

GLORIA: *(Laughing uproariously, then cutting it off abruptly.*) Enough!
    Hyronomous, how big are the other frogs?

HYRONOMOUS: *(Indicating about four inches.*) Oh, about this... this...
    this big. So I'm a big frog.

GLORIA: You're not a frog at all. Not a real frog. You see, a very long
    time ago, you were a prince.

HYRONOMOUS: A prince! Me? A prince? A human prince?

GLORIA: That's what I said. And then a wicked witch, not a good one
    like me, put a spell on you and turned you into a frog.

HYRONOMOUS: No!

GLORIA: Yes!

HYRONOMOUS: Let me at her, let me at her! I'll give her a right, and I'll
    give her a left, and I'll—

GLORIA: Hyronomous! In the world of humans, violence doesn't help
    things! And it won't help a frog become a man, either!

HYRONOMOUS: Well, what can I do?

GLORIA: The only way you can be turned back into the prince that you
    really are...
HYRONOMOUS: Yeah? Yeah? I'll do anything!

GLORIA: A maiden has to kiss you. Willingly.

HYRONOMOUS: Who's going to want to kiss a frog? Especially one named Hyronymous?

GLORIA: I can't really imagine anyone wanting to kiss a frog.

HYRONOMOUS: Hey! I'd kiss a frog. Especially if I was a maiden and I knew he was going to turn into a handsome prince.

GLORIA: Oh. That's the other thing. You can't tell anyone about the spell. Or you'll be a frog forever. Someone has to kiss you out of friendship, because they like you.

HYRONOMOUS: It's hopeless!

GLORIA: No! Hyronymous, do you want to stay a frog and live in this bog or do you want to be the prince that you really are?

HYRONOMOUS: I want to be a prince!

GLORIA: Then you'll find a way! It's always darkest before the dawn! Where there's a will there's a way!

HYRONOMOUS: I'm up the creek without a paddle.

GLORIA: Hyronymous, you must go to the castle of Spametot. Out of the bog and through the woods. Maidens and castles seem to go together. Now go! What are you waiting for?

HYRONOMOUS: But I won't know how to act. Not as a human and not in a castle!

GLORIA: Just remember, when in Spametot, do as the Spametotians do.

HYRONOMOUS: (Starts to hop in her direction.) Thank you, Gloria!

GLORIA: Oh, dear. Spametotians do not do that.

HYRONOMOUS: What? What am I doing?

GLORIA: You're hopping! Spametotians do not do that. Humans do not hop. Well, not unless they've just stepped in something awful. You have to walk.

HYRONOMOUS: I don't know how.

GLORIA: Oh, it's easy. Start with the right foot, and here we go. (She starts walking, but HYRONOMOUS does not follow.) Right and left and—

HYRONOMOUS: Uh, Gloria? About the right and left thing?
GLORIA: Oh. You don’t know your right from your left. Well, how could you? *(Indicating.*) This is your right foot. Watch and follow. Step with the right, then step with the left, the right, the left, the right... *(She marches on, while HYRONOMOUS performs a ridiculous shuffle, going in a circle.*) What are you doing back there?

HYRONOMOUS: I’m walking. But just in this one spot.

GLORIA: You have to step forward, with both feet going in the same direction.

HYRONOMOUS: The same direction. *(Does an elongated hop, moving both feet at the same time.)*

GLORIA: Remember, one foot at a time. Ready? Watch and follow. Right foot, left foot, right foot, left foot. *(HYRONOMOUS does a humorous exaggerated walk. Not only are his steps too long and awkward, but he doesn’t quite know what to with his arms either.*) You’ve got it!

HYRONOMOUS: *(Still walking. NOTE: Through the rest of the play, whenever HYRONOMOUS is alone on stage or just with DELPHINIUM, he hops. Otherwise, he walks in this exaggerated fashion.*) I’ve got it! I’m doing it! I’m walking! I’m walking here!

GLORIA: Excellent! Wonderful! Enough! Now I must go. Good-bye! *(EXITS RIGHT.)*

HYRONOMOUS: Bye! Thank you! Bye! Well, off to Spamelot I go. It sounds like a place of maidens and knights and kings. *(Sings acapella to the tune of “Camelot.”)*

Spamelot! Spamelot!
In yonder bog I hear your call.
Spamelot! Spamelot!
In all the swamps there’s not
A more congenial spot
For a frog to become a man.
*(Speaks. To himself.*) A man... a prince! She said I was a prince!
Me, a prince. Hello, I’m the prince! What a thrill! Oh, am I really a prince? Is that why I don’t like flies? I’m so confused. I think I’m having an identity crisis. *(To audience.*) Can a frog become a man? Do you think he can? You do? Well, if you do, then I’m going to try it. Thanks! All I needed was a little confidence.

End Of Scene One
Scene Two

AT RISE: The garden outside of Spamelot’s castle. From OFF RIGHT, we hear sounds of SCUFFLING and MAIDENS. (Consult PRODUCTION NOTES for costuming suggestions.)

GLADIOLA’S VOICE: *(From OFF RIGHT.)* Delphinium, come on!

DELPHINIUM’S VOICE: *(From OFF RIGHT.)* But I’m exhausted.

HYRONOMOUS: *(Hopping ON LEFT.)* I hear a maiden! More than one maiden! And they’re coming this way! Okay! I’ll act friendly and maybe I’ll get a kiss!

GLADIOLA’S VOICE: *(From OFF RIGHT.)* Home run! That’s 82 to 0! I win! I win again! I am the winner!

DELPHINIUM: *(ENTERS RIGHT, puffing, with ball and bat.)* Can we stop now?

GLADIOLA: *(ENTERS RIGHT.)* I win again! You lose! Loser! Loser! Loser! Loser!

DELPHINIUM: How can I win when I’m not allowed to get up to bat? All I do is throw the ball, then run and try to catch the same ball I’ve thrown, then try to tag you out, which, is of course, impossible! It’s not fair!

GLADIOLA: You’re my handmaiden, so you have to do what I say. Give me my ball.

HYRONOMOUS: *(Approaching them with comical walk.)* Hello. What’s a handmaiden?

GLADIOLA: Who or what are you and how dare you speak to me without first being spoken to?

DELPHINIUM: It’s a frog! Hello.

GLADIOLA: It’s huge. A huge green yucky frog.

HYRONOMOUS: My name is Hyronomous Arnold.

GLADIOLA: Hyronomous Arnold? Ha, ha, ha, ha! What a name!

HYRONOMOUS: And who are you?

GLADIOLA: I am the Princess—

HYRONOMOUS: *(To audience.)* A princess! What luck!

GLADIOLA: Gladiola.

HYRONOMOUS: Gladiola! Ha, ha, ha, ha! What a name!

GLADIOLA: How dare you laugh at my name?!
DELPHINIUM: You laughed at his. He probably thinks that's what you're supposed to do.

HYRONOMOUS: I'm sorry.

DELPHINIUM: It's all right. I am the handmaiden Delphinium. A handmaiden, by the way, is someone who waits on someone else hand and foot.

GLADIOLA: Come on, let's play ball!

HYRONOMOUS: (To audience.) This is my big chance to make friends and get a kiss! (To maidens.) May I play?

DELPHINIUM: Could he be on my team?

GLADIOLA: No! I'm not playing with a big fat stupid frog.

DELPHINIUM: Princess Gladiola, that's just rude. He's cute.

GLADIOLA: He is not cute. He's the ugliest thing I've ever seen in Spamelot. (Sings very badly to tune of "Camelot.") Spamelot! Spamelot! Over the hills in time of yore—

DELPHINIUM: (Cutting her off, she and HYRONOMOUS cover their ears.) Princess, please.

GLADIOLA: Please what?

DELPHINIUM: Please don't sing again.

GLADIOLA: And why not?

DELPHINIUM: Because you can't sing. That frog can probably sing better than you.

GLADIOLA: (To HYRONOMOUS.) Oh, yeah? So you think you can sing better than me, huh?

HYRONOMOUS: I didn't say that.

DELPHINIUM: Princess, I didn't mean it! I'm sorry! Please don't lose your temper!

GLADIOLA: (Losing her temper, but directing it toward HYRONOMOUS.) So you dare to insult a princess?!

HYRONOMOUS: I didn't even say anything! (GLADIOLA throws the ball at HYRONOMOUS in anger. He catches it.)

GLADIOLA: Hey! Give me back my ball!

HYRONOMOUS: (Starts to hand it to her, changes his mind.) No.
GLADIOLA: I am the Princess Gladiola, and I command you to give me back my ball.

HYRONOMOUS: Ribit.

GLADIOLA: Delphinium, make him give me back my ball!


GLADIOLA: Ohhhh!

HYRONOMOUS: (To audience.) I've got an idea. (To maidens.) Okay, I'll give you back your ball if you take me home and let me live in your castle.

GLADIOLA: No. No way. Absolutely not.

HYRONOMOUS: (Turning away.) Okay. I'm going to play with my new ball. (Tosses it up and down a few times.)

GLADIOLA: Wait! All right, you can come to the castle and live there.

HYRONOMOUS: You promise?

GLADIOLA: I promise.

HYRONOMOUS: Oh, boy! Thank you! (Gives ball back. GLADIOLA starts to EXIT LEFT.) So whose team am I on?

GLADIOLA: Hey! That frog is following us around!

HYRONOMOUS: You promised I could live with you.

GLADIOLA: I did not.

DELPHINIUM: Yes, you did!

GLADIOLA: Well, I didn't mean it. I just said it to get my ball back.

DELPHINIUM: You promised! You can't just break a promise like that!

GLADIOLA: Leave me alone.

DELPHINIUM: A promise is a promise and no one, not even a princess, should break promises. It isn't right.

HYRONOMOUS: Yeah! What she said!

GLADIOLA: Not even promises to a frog?

DELPHINIUM: Not even promises to a frog.

GLADIOLA: But what will the neighbors say?

DELPHINIUM/HYRONOMOUS: You promised!

GLADIOLA: My fiancée, Sir Lancelot Pancelot, is coming over to dinner. What will he think if I'm living with a frog?
DELPHINIUM HYRONOMOUS: You promised!

GLADIOLA: All right! But I'm just going to ignore him! Yuck! (Starts to walk RIGHT in a huff.)

DELPHINIUM: It's all right, Hyronomous. Come on. (From OFF LEFT we hear SOUNDS of HORNS and voices of LANCELOT and ARTHUR singing to "Camelot" tune.)

LANCELOT'S/ARTHUR'S VOICES: (OFF LEFT. Sing.)
Spamelot! Spamelot!
A-hunting we will go!

DELPHINIUM: It's Sir Lancelot Pancelot and his page Arthur!

GLADIOLA: Oh, humiliation! To be seen with this booger-colored turgid toad!

HYRONOMOUS: Hey! I'm not booger colored! My skin is a lovely shade of swamp green. I'm a frog, not a toad, and I don't even know what turgid means!

LANCELOT'S/ARTHUR'S VOICES: (From OFF LEFT, but closer. Sing.)
Spamelot, Spamelot!
With my mighty sword I go!

GLADIOLA: We can't let Sir Lancelot Pancelot see the frog! He's very jealous.

HYRONOMOUS: Of a frog?

DELPHINIUM: She's right. You've got to hide, Hyronomous.

GLADIOLA: Sir Lancelot Pancelot will get you with his sword.

HYRONOMOUS: His sword?!

DELPHINIUM: Hide!

HYRONOMOUS: Where? (As LANCELOT and ARTHUR ENTER LEFT, DELPHINIUM sits on HYRONOMOUS, who is on his hands and knees. She arranges her skirts to cover him.)

DELPHINIUM: There! (To LANCELOT and ARTHUR.) Hello!

GLADIOLA: Sir Lancelot Pancelot!

ARTHUR: Sir Lancelot, look ye here! 'Tis Princess Gladiola of Spamelot.

LANCELOT: Ah, Princess Gladiola! My betrothed. My intended. My wife to be. Oh, paragon of womanhood! Oh, virginious, virtuous, veiled mysteriad! Oh, holy mountain of maidenhood!

GLADIOLA: (Extending hand.) You may kiss my hand, kind sir.
HYRONOMOUS: (Peaking out from under skirts.) Is somebody kissing?
ARTHUR: (Always on guard.) What was that?
DELPHINIUM: Me. I said, "Somebody is so impressed."
LANCELOT: Do not be in awe of me, handmaiden Delphinium.
ARTHUR: Do not be in awe of Sir Lancelot Pancelot, knight of knights, man of men.
DELPHINIUM: (Sarcastic.) I'll try not to be.
GLADIOLA: What brings you to the fields of Spamelot, oh lordly Lancelot?
LANCELOT: I am a-hunting, gracious Gladiola.
ARTHUR: As yet, we have had no luck, although Sir Lancelot Pancelot remains the hunter of hunters, man of men.
HYRONOMOUS: (Reminded that LANCELOT is a hunter, stays hidden.) Owwwwww.
ARTHUR: What was that, Delphinium the handmaiden?
DELPHINIUM: I... I was a-humming. Hummmowwww. Kind of a deep hum.
ARTHUR: Please do not hum when Sir Lancelot Pancelot is conversing.
DELPHINIUM: Sorry.
GLADIOLA: Oh, Sir Lancelot! I was here in the field, a-gathering flowers.
LANCELOT: Ah. But a flower as glad as my Gladiola cannot be gathered. Rather she runs wild and free, like the wind! From the bulb of her being springs forth beauty!
GLADIOLA: Sir Lancelot Pancelot, you are a poet!
ARTHUR: And a man of the sword.
HYRONOMOUS: (Peaking out. To DELPHINiUM. Sotto.) The bulb of her being? What are they talking about?
DELPHINIUM: (Sotto.) They always get like this. Shhh.
HYRONOMOUS: (Sotto.) My back is killing me.
DELPHINIUM: (Sotto.) Rather that than Sir Lancelot.
HYRONOMOUS: (Sotto.) Right. (Hides himself among her skirts again.)
ARTHUR: Delphinium the handmaiden, upon what are you sitting?
DELPHINIUM: A bush. A firm bush. (HYRONOMOUS moves.) Which is rustling gently in the wind.
LANCELOT: And now, I must go.
GLADIOLA: Say not so!
LANCELOT: I must go!
GLADIOLA: Godspeed!
LANCELOT: Parting is such sweet sorrow.
ARTHUR: Good-bye.
GLADIOLA: 'Til evening, then.
LANCELOT: 'Til evening.
ARTHUR: Bye now.
GLADIOLA: Farewell!
LANCELOT: Farewell!
ARTHUR: Bye-bye.
GLADIOLA: Adieu!
LANCELOT: Adieu!

ARTHUR: All right, already! (LANCELOT and ARTHUR EXIT LEFT.)
HYRONOMOUS: Are they finally gone?
DELPHINNMIUM: Yes. Well, shall we be a-homing then?
HYRONOMOUS: If I can get up.
GLADIOLA: Where do you think you're going?
DELPHINNMIUM: Guess who's coming to dinner, Princess?
GLADIOLA: Shouldn't you be at the castle cooking? It is your job, while the old cook is away.
DELPHINNMIUM: Yes, Princess. See you both at the castle. (EXITS RIGHT.)
GLADIOLA: You swamp wart.
HYRONOMOUS: I am not a swamp wart!
GLADIOLA: You're hideous. And, I warn you, stay out of my way. You are unworthy, and I will wither you. (EXITS RIGHT.)
HYRONOMOUS: (To audience.) With her? Of course I'm going with her, I've got to get a kiss. And she's a princess! And I'm really a prince. Ribit. (Hops OFF RIGHT after GLADIOLA.)

End Of Scene Two

End of script preview.
PRODUCTION NOTES

PROPERTIES

Scene One:

ONSTAGE: Bog scenery (optional).

BROUGHT ON: Red party favor, lily pad (HYRONOMOUS); scroll (GLORIA).

Scene Two:

BROUGHT ON: Ball (GLADIOLA); mitt, bat (DELPHINIUM); bow and arrow (LANCELOT).

Scene Three:

ONSTAGE: Large dinner table with six chairs around it. The following props should be pre-set on the table: big salt and pepper shakers, napkins, spoons, knives, forks, and various foods to include at least crackers, Spam balls, bowl of peas, bowl of mashed potatoes and cream pie.

BROUGHT ON: Glasses on a string around her neck, “during dinner” jewels, drawstring purse, shawl (BEA); plate of big broccoli (DELPHINIUM).

Scene Four:

ONSTAGE: Large table from Scene Three can remain but should be cleared.

BROUGHT ON: Bouquet of flowers, hammer, shovel, (GLADIOLA); “Superfrog” cape (HYRONOMOUS).

Scene Five:

BROUGHT ON: Cape, crown (HYRONOMOUS as a prince); sword, shovel (BEA).

SOUND EFFECTS

Fly buzzing, “magic” music for Gloria (optional), Spamelot refrain (three notes of the “Camelot” theme) played by horns if possible, fire breathing dragon, sawing and hammering, crash, frog-to-prince sounds (optional).

SET

The sets for this play can be as simple or elaborate as you desire. For the bog, Hyronomous needs a big lily pad he can carry around. It can be dressed with other lily pads, rocks, etc. The main thing the castle needs is the dinner table. All the important props for the castle scene can be set on the table.
COSTUMES

More important that the frog's costume are his facial expressions, so the frog's face should not be covered by any part of his costume. Hyronomous's use of his body, especially his hop and walk, are also very important in defining the character. When Hyronomous walks on two legs, his hands should hang limply, as if he doesn't know what to do with them. The only costume necessities would be green pants, a green hooded top and a red party favor around his neck for catching flies. Big eyes sewn on top of the hood could be effective.

Ideally, Bea's gown is yellow with horizontal black stripes to vaguely resemble... well, a bee. Her skirt needs to be full to hide Hyronomous.

Gladiola's costume, or at least her headdress, should resemble a flower. Her makeup should be applied too heavily, making her less attractive than the plain, but attractive, Delphinium.

All other costumes should be from the late Medieval period, a la Camelot. Delphinium's skirt should also have lots of material for hiding Hyronomous. Arthur and Lancelot's costumes should include swords.

HYRONOMOUS'S METAMORPHOSIS

The change can be as simple or complex as your group can handle. It can be as simple as a BLACKOUT or can include lighting effects, music, smoke or fog to cover HYRONOMOUS'S change. Of course, during whatever effects you choose, HYRONOMOUS the frog quickly EXITS and immediately REAPPEARS as the prince, complete with regal looking cape and crown.

CHARACTERIZATION

Queen Bea is not to be played as a crazy person, but as a person whose reality is just a bit different from anyone else's. As the play progresses, we see that she possesses much wisdom.

In order to retain the humor, it is critical that the actor playing Hyronomous stay in character throughout the entire play. For instance, the hopping and absurd walking of the opening scene must be carried through until Hyronomous becomes a prince.
We hope you’ve enjoyed this script sample.

We encourage you to read the entire script before making your final decision.

You may order a paper preview copy or gain instant access to the complete script online through our E-view program. We invite you to learn more and create an account at www.pioneerdrama.com/E-view.

Thank you for your interest in our plays and musicals. If you’d like advice on other plays or musicals to read, our customer service representatives are happy to assist you when you call 800.333.7262 during normal business hours.