

PRINCESS PIGFACE

by Tommy Jamerson

Adapted from the Irish Fairy Tale
The Hero and the Bride

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

NARRATOR - Any gender, any age; a jaunty bloke who tells the story and does so with gusto!

THE PRINCESS - Female, younger; the beautiful princess whose stepfather turns her into Princess Pigface!

THE KING - Male, older; the wicked ruler of Hillshire who tries to secure his throne by placing a pig's head on his stepdaughter's body.

THE DASHINGLY HANDSOME WOODSMAN OF JOHNSONVILLE - Male, younger; the woodsman - and a dashingly handsome one at that, who falls for the princess despite her porky problem.

SORCERER - Any gender, older; much to his chagrin, the King's right-hand-man - a caster of spells and reader of fortunes.

THE COURT JESTER - Any gender, a silent role; usually at the Sorcerer's side, often the source of comic relief.

THE REFEREE - Any gender, the Referee during "The King's Race."

SETTING

The far away land of Hillshire.

PLAYWRIGHT'S NOTE

This show is intended for children, but adults should enjoy it too. Everything from the acting to costumes is meant to be big, loud, and as over the top as possible. In short, don't take it too seriously. Just have fun!

The pacing of this show is key. In order to keep the audience engaged, the show must, must, must move quickly.

The roles of the Sorcerer and the Referee can be played by separate actors, or if need be, the parts can be doubled.

The NARRATOR - a jaunty fellow - enters, carrying a comically large storybook. He puts the book down, clears his throat, and turns to the first page.

NARRATOR

Once upon a time

(Music. Lights up.)

...and very long ago, in the magical land of Hillshire, there lived a King - who was cruel and selfish.

Music Cue "Bum! Bum! Bum!" is heard as the KING enters.

KING

That's right, I'm cruel and selfish!

NARRATOR

And a Princess - the King's stepdaughter,

Enter the PRINCESS, who is singing, skipping, and picking flowers.

PRINCESS

Hi there!

NARRATOR

Who was kind and beautiful.

PRINCESS

Awe, you're such a sweetie.

NARRATOR

Unlike the King, who spent his days thinking up new ways to tax his subjects, the Princess was content frolicking through meadows and picking flowers.

PRINCESS

That's right. The daisies are my favorite!

She sniffs a flower as a smile grows across her face.

NARRATOR

But our story actually begins long before the Princess was born.

PRINCESS

Tootles!

The Princess exits, singing and skipping as she does so.

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NARRATOR

And before the King received his crown.

The REFEREE enters, snatching the crown from the King's head.

KING

Hey!

NARRATOR

For you see, every seven years, a race was held.

Trumpets sound!

KING

A race? I love races!

The King whistles and the COURT JESTER enters. The Court Jester is dressed like a traditional runner, with the number TWO on his chest. The Referee has a stopwatch around his neck. As The Narrator speaks, The Referee, Court Jester and King act out the following.

NARRATOR

And only the strongest and fastest would enter.

REFEREE

On your mark...get set...GO!

The Referee blows the whistle as the King and Court Jester begin to run in place.

NARRATOR

The race would last for many days, and its contestants would have to run up many hills...

The King and Court Jester mime running up a large hill.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Swim many streams...

The King and Court Jester mime swimming.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Hike many mountains...

The King and Court Jester -
obviously weary - mime climbing a
high mountain.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
And even cross a lake of fire!

KING
You've got be kidding me!

As The King complains, the Court
Jester makes angry hand gestures.

NARRATOR
I said: "And even cross a lake of fire"

The King and Court Jester look at
one another, sigh, and then mime
crossing a lake of fire - all the
while jumping up and down and
yelping.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
But in then end, they knew it was all worth it, because
whoever crossed the finish line first...

The King and Court Jester begin
running in slow motion, trying to
push the other out of the way.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
Would become...

Suddenly The King pushes The
Court Jester out of the way. He
crosses the finish line as The
Referee blows his whistle!

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
King!

KING
I did it! I did it! Give me that!

The King snatches the crown from
the Referee and puts it on his
head. The Referee and Court
Jester exit.

NARRATOR
Things stayed this way for many years; races would come and
go, but the outcome was always the same - no one could outrun
the current king.

KING

Take that, suckers!

NARRATOR

For a long time, life seemed hopeless for the people of Hillshire. That is until one day, while out practicing, the King had a thought.

A ding is heard!

KING

I have a thought!

NARRATOR

He had looked in the mirror that morning and had noticed that his hair was whiter than normal, his eyes sunken, and his stomach bigger, his rump-

KING

Hey! That's enough!

NARRATOR

In short; he was getting old and worried that he wouldn't be as fast as he once was.

KING

(Examining himself in a mirror.)

Oh no, oh no, oh no! This will not do!

NARRATOR

He called upon the aid of his trusty, ever handy, resident wizard for help.

KING

(Putting mirror away, clapping hands.)

Sorcerer Druid! Sorcerer Druid, come here at once! I need you!

The Court Jester appears and bangs a gong. Thunder rumbles! The lights flicker! Suddenly a SORCERER - wearing a mock beard and wizard's hat, appears in a cloud of smoke. The Sorcerer begins coughing, comically, wiping away the smoke.

NARRATOR

The King-

(The Narrator is cut off by The Sorcerer's coughing.)

The King-

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

(Once again, The Narrator is cut off by his coughing - which lasts longer this time.)

The King was-

(For a third time, The Narrator is cut off.)

Beat.

SORCERER

Sorry.

NARRATOR

The King was terrified, and told the Sorcerer about his dilemma. All the while the wise man listened intently. And when

As The Narrator speaks, The King and Sorcerer act this out.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

...he had finished, the Sorcerer decided the only way to answer his question, was to first consult his magic floating crystal ball.

The Sorcerer claps his hands and The Court Jester brings out a large stick - a clear ball hanging from the end of it.

KING

But that's not a magic floating crystal ball, it's clearly dangling from a-

SORCERER

Shhh! You mustn't question the magic floating crystal ball! Now, the only way to find the answer you seek, is to speak the magic words aloud three times, hop on one leg, and cluck like a chicken! Now, repeat after me! "Zippity zip! Zippity zall! Cluck! Cluck! Cluck! Crystal Ball!"

KING

(Beat.)

I'm not saying that.

SORCERER

Tut, tut, tut. Come now! If you really wish to know the answer to your question, then you will. Otherwise I'll just be-

KING

(Sighs.)

Fine, I'll do it.

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SORCERER

Excellent! Now repeat after me.
(To audience.)

All of you!

The Sorcerer, The Court Jester
and The King try to get the
audience to join in with them as
they hop on one leg reciting the
spell.

SORCERER/KING

"Zippity zip! Zippity zall! Cluck! Cluck! Cluck! Crystal
Ball!"

"Zippity zip! Zippity zall! Cluck! Cluck! Cluck! Crystal
Ball!"

"Zippity zip! Zippity zall! Cluck! Cluck! Cluck! Crystal
Ball!"

SORCERER

Very good! Very good!

KING

(Looking into the crystal
ball)

Very good? I still don't see anything.

SORCERER

Oh! Right! That's because I forgot the most important part.
The magic wand!

(The Sorcerer produces a
magic wand from his sleeves.
As he does so, heavenly
music plays. Flinging his
wand.)

And...PRESTO ZAPPO!

(Thunder rumbles!)

Now, what do you see?

NARRATOR

The King took a deep breath, a step forward, and gazed into
the crystal ball one last time. This time, he did see
something.

The King, Sorcerer, and Court
Jester look into the ball. They
all gasp!

KING/SORCERER

Whoa!

KING

Who is that?

SORCERER

That, your majesty, is the man who is going to take your place on the throne.

KING

What!

SORCERER

But no worries, this is not going to happen for many, many years.

KING

Whew!

SORCERER

...Or the next race, whichever comes first.

KING

What!?! But the next race is on Tuesday! Which is it?

SORCERER

(Examining the crystal ball.)

Um...I'm not quite sure. I don't get the best reception with this thing.

KING

Ugh! What kind of magician are you?! And what kind of a poor excuse for a crystal ball is this!

SORCERER

(Covering the crystal ball's "ears.")

You mustn't say that around the magic crystal ball - you could hurt its feelings!

KING

Its feelings! I don't care if I hurt its feelings! Now look again, and this time you'd better find me some answers! Do you understand me?!

NARRATOR

Sorcerer Druid did as he was told, and this time the crystal ball was more cooperative. It showed the wizard that the man they had seen was not just the future king of Hillshire, but was to be the King's future son-in-law as well.

KING

What!?

SORCERER

That's what it says: "Your future son-in-law."

The King scratches his head.

NARRATOR

The King was puzzled, for he did have a stepdaughter,

The Princess re-enters, singing,
skipping, and picks flowers, of
course.

PRINCESS

I'm back!

NARRATOR

But she had never been in the presence of a man before.

PRINCESS

Nope.

NARRATOR

How was it possible for her to be married by Tuesday? It was
then and there that the King formed a plan.

KING

(Laughing wickedly.)

I am forming a plan.

PRINCESS

Gasp!

NARRATOR

An evil plan.

PRINCESS

Double Gasp!

NARRATOR

A plan that would forever make him king. Without a moment's
hesitation, he ordered the Sorcerer to hand over his magic
wand.

The King claps his hands, but The
Sorcerer tries to hold out. The
King claps again, more intently.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Though Sorcerer Druid tried to protest, in the end, the King
convinced him otherwise.

The King mimes slicing his
throat. The Sorcerer gives in.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Then, raising the wand high into the air, the King recited
his own magic spell-

KING

Zippa hence! Zippa hace! Give the princess - A BIG PIG FACE!

Thunder rumbles, the lights flicker! The Princess reveals that she now has the head of a pig!

KING/SORCERER/COURT JESTER

GASP!

The Princess looks at her arms and legs, and sighs with relief. The Court Jester taps her on the shoulder and hands her a mirror. She looks at her reflection and then squeals - literally - in terror!

NARRATOR

The Princess was so distraught by this, that one look at her now hideous face, caused her to faint!

The Princess - on cue - dramatically faints, as The Court Jester catches her just in time.

KING

And that is that. No man alive would marry someone with a mug like that. I can't even bear to look at her myself. Now if you'll excuse me, I have a race to prepare for.

SORCERER

But your majesty, please, you can't just -

KING

(Menacingly.)

I can't "what?!"

SORCERER

(Sheepishly.)

Nothing, sir.

KING

That's what I thought.

The King exits - laughing menacingly, of course. The Princess awakens and picks up a mirror - hesitantly.

NARRATOR

When the Princess awoke, and realized that she had not been dreaming after all,

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NARRATOR (CONT'D)

(The Princess looks in the mirror and screams.)

She began to cry and cry. This broke Sorcerer Druid's heart.

SORCERER

Come now, Princess. No need to fret. It's not that bad.

PRINCESS

(Moaning loudly. Through her sobs.)

Not that bad? Not that bad?! That's easy for you to say! You're not going to forever be known as "Princess Pigface."

SORCERER

Please, no one's going to call you that.

The King and Court Jester, dressed as children, run by laughing.

KING/COURT JESTER

Princess Pigface! Princess Pigface! Ha-Ha!

SORCERER

...I stand corrected.

PRINCESS

Oh, isn't there something you can do? A spell? A potion? Anything?!

NARRATOR

The Sorcerer thought long and hard about this, consulting his crystal ball over and over again - when suddenly -

SORCERER

Ah ha!

NARRATOR

He had an answer!

SORCERER

It says here that the only magic strong enough to break this particular spell - is the kiss of a dashing handsome woodsman from the town of Johnsonville!

PRINCESS

Johnsonville? Where's that? And a kiss?! Who in their right mind is going to kiss me while I look like this? Oh, it's hopeless!

The Princess begins to sob once more, blowing her piggy nose on a large hanky.

SORCERER

Nothing is ever hopeless. Perhaps, if you do exactly as I say, I might be able to help you.

The Sorcerer begins whispering in The Princess' ear as The Court Jester tries to listen in.

NARRATOR

He instructed her to wrap her entire face in a fine lace veil, leaving only a small opening for her eyes.

(As The Narrator speaks, The Sorcerer and Princess act this out.)

Then bidding her farewell, he sent the Princess on her way to find someone - anyone - to kiss her and break the spell.

SORCERER

(Waving goodbye, spoken to The Court Jester.)

She may not be much to look at, but she's got a great personality. That's got to account for something, right?

The Court Jester shrugs his shoulders as the two of them exit. The Princess re-enters, nervously looking around her as she continues her perilous journey.

NARRATOR

The Princess walked for many days and many nights, searching high and low. Yet, she could find no one.

PRINCESS

It is so hard to find a good man these days.

NARRATOR

Finally just as she was about to give up -

PRINCESS

Too late, I already have.

NARRATOR

She heard a sound in the nearby bushes.

A rustling sound can be heard.

PRINCESS

Huh? What's that?

NARRATOR

And decided to investigate.

PRINCESS
(To the Audience.)

Shhh! Be very quiet.

The Princess slowly creeps towards a group of bushes where something - or someone - is clearly making a rustling sound. She begins poking at the branches.

PRINCESS (CONT'D)
Hello? Is anybody in there? Hello? Hello!
(Begins reaching in the bushes)

I said! Is anybody in-

Suddenly, as she begins tugging on something, the head of a MAN pops out.

Ahhh!
PRINCESS (CONT'D)

Ahhh!
MAN

Ahhh!
PRINCESS

Ahhh!
MAN

Ahhh!
PRINCESS/MAN

PRINCESS
Help! It's a hideously haunted head!!!!

MAN
No! It's a viciously veiled witch!!!

PRINCESS/MAN
Ahhhh!

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