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Dramatic Publishing

THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER

A Musical Comedy

Book, Lyrics and Music

by

LEWIS HARDEE

Based on the novel by Mark Twain



Dramatic Publishing

Woodstock, Illinois • London, England • Melbourne, Australia

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LEWIS HARDEE

Based on the novel by
MARK TWAIN

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(THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER)

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THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER

A Musical Comedy
For 10 Men and 6 Women, flexible chorus

CHARACTERS (in order of appearance)

MILES HENDON a nobleman
ROSIE a lady of the evening
HAG ANNIE a fish seller
LOUISA a rag picker
MRS. NEWBY an impoverished member of the gentry
TOM CANTY a young pauper
JOHN CANTY his drunken father
WILLIAM a Beefeater
JAMES a Beefeater
SEYMOUR BLACKTHORN the Lord Protector
LADY BLACKTHORN his disagreeable wife
NAN CANTY Tom's sister
EDWARD VI the young Prince of Wales
HUMPHREY MARLOWE the royal whipping boy
KING HENRY VIII
THE ARCHBISHOP

Various DENIZENS OF PUDDING LANE, BEEFEATERS,
LONDONERS and COURTIERS

ACT ONE

(No. 1: "OPENING FANFARE")

AT RISE: *Following a musical fanfare, MILES HENDON appears. He is a heroic and cavalier figure, immensely likable, and wears a dashing outfit with open-collared shirt. Music No. 1A: "Opening Underscore" continues under the following speech.*

HENDON. On a certain autumn day, in the ancient city of London, a boy was born to a poor family by the name of Canty, who did not want him. On the same day another English child was born to a rich family of the name of Tudor, who did want him. All England wanted him, too. England had so longed for him, and hoped for him, and prayed God for him that now that he was really come, the people went nearly mad for joy. Mere acquaintances hugged and kissed each other and cried. Everybody took a holiday, feasted and danced and sang, and got very mellow, and they kept this up for days and nights together. By day London was a sight to see, with gay banners waving from every balcony, and housetop, and splendid pageants marching along. By night it was a sight to see, with its great bonfires at every corner and its troops of revelers making merry around them. All of England talked only of the new baby, Edward, Prince of Wales, who lay lapped in silks and satins. But there was no talk about the other baby, Tom Canty, lapped in his poor rags. For you see, Tom was born in a place in London where the streets were very nar-

row, and dirty and crooked. It was a place called Pudding Lane. But it wasn't a very tasty place...*(Exits.)*

(Enter ROSIE, HAG ANNIE and LOUISA.)

(No. 2: "WELCOME TO PUDDING LANE")

ROSIE, HAG ANNIE, LOUISA.

WELCOME TO PUDDING LANE

TAKE A LOOK AND COME AGAIN

DON'T STAY LONG AND LINGER ON THE
SIGHTS HERE

I ADVISE YOU NOT TO WALK THE NIGHTS
HERE!

WELCOME TO PUDDING LANE

EVEN THOUGH IT'S RATHER PLAIN

EVERY ROOM OF EVERY SINGLE HOUSE IS
FILLED WITH FLEAS AND LOTS OF LITTLE
MOUSES.

COME JOIN THE FUN WITH YOUR POOR
DISTANT RELATIVES

SEE HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES

OH YES,

SEE HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES.

(Other DENIZENS enter.)

HAG ANNIE.

HEAR YE! COME BUY MY FISH

HAVE A BITE, THEY ARE DELISH!

ROASTED SLOWLY ON A LITTLE SKEWER,

ALL (*mockingly*).

WE GO CATCH THEM DAILY IN THE SEWER.

LOUISA.

**STEP UP, I'M SELLING RAGS
COME AND BUY, YOU RAGGLE-TAGS,
TRY THEM ON, I'VE GOT THE NICEST
GARMENTS**

ALL (*scratching themselves*).

**IF YOU DON'T MIND SHARING 'EM WITH
VARMENTS
COME JOIN THE FUN WITH YOUR POOR
DISTANT RELATIVES
SEE HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES
OH YES!
SEE HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES!**

MEN (*in counterpoint*).

**WELCOME TO PUDDING
LANE**

**TAKE A LOOK AND COME
AGAIN**

**DON'T TAKE LONG AND
LINGER ON THE SIGHTS
HERE**

**I ADVISE YOU NOT TO
WALK AT NIGHTS HERE**

WOMEN.

**WELCOME TO THE PLACE
THEY CALL IT PUDDING
LANE (WE LOVE IT)**

**TAKE A LOOK, A LITTLE
LOOK AND COME AGAIN.
(WHAT OF IT)**

**DON'T TAKE THE TIME
AND DON'T YOU LINGER ON
THE SIGHTS HERE**

**I ADVISE YOU, I ADVISE YOU
NOT TO WALK AT NIGHT
HERE.**

PICKPOCKET (*while picking a pocket*).

DOWN HERE IN PUDDING LANE
PARDON ME, IF I COMPLAIN
AFTER FIVE OR MAYBE SIX O'CLOCK IT'S
FILLED WITH ROBBERS WHO WILL PICK YOUR
POCKETS

ALL.

COME JOIN THE FUN WITH YOUR POOR
DISTANT RELATIVES
SEE HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES
OH YES, OH YES!
SEE HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES
WELCOME!

(*CROWD exits. HENDON enters, sees MRS. NEWBY, a member of the gentry now in reduced circumstances.*)

HENDON. Mrs. Newby! Is that you?

MRS. NEWBY. Do these old eyes deceive me, or is it my good lord, Miles Hendon?

HENDON. My faithful servant!

MRS. NEWBY. We thought you dead!

HENDON (*embraces her boldly by the shoulders*). Nay, not dead, or I deceive myself! I was away at war, fighting for my country, and taken captive. But here you see me now a free and a new man. Come, let us to Hendon Hall, for my welcome.

MRS. NEWBY. Oh, my poor man. You have been away these two years. Hendon Hall will not welcome you, sir.

HENDON. Hendon Hall is my rightful home.

MRS. NEWBY. It belongs to the Earl now, sir.

HENDON. The Earl? Which Earl?

MRS. NEWBY. Seymour, Earl of Blackthorn.

HENDON. Blackthorn?! My cousin? Since when does he style himself "Earl."

MRS. NEWBY. He's a Big Somebody now, sir, and Royal Tutor to the young Prince of Wales.

HENDON. The usurper! So he thinks he has turned me out?!

MRS. NEWBY. And he has turned me out as well, sir. That is why you find me wandering here, begging in Pudding Lane.

HENDON. It saddens my heart to see you thus. We'll get to the bottom of this, Mrs. Newby, and set things straight. Come, you must tell me in detail all that has happened.

(They exit. JOHN CANTY, a crude and coarse brute enters, dragging and beating his young son, TOM.)

TOM. Aooow!

CANTY. I'll teach you to disobey your father, or my name is not John Canty!

TOM. Please, Father, I did not disobey you.

CANTY. Then where's the money? I told you to get to the streets and beg money. Do you hear? Money!

TOM. I did not disobey you. *(Withdraws coin.)*

CANTY. A farthing. Is that all you've got? For half a day's work? You're lying!

TOM. I did not disobey you and I did not lie.

CANTY. What kind of a son have I raised?! He won't beg, and he won't steal, and he won't lie. Oh I rue the day I ever had a son named Tom Canty. I know the problem with you. *(Sarcastic.)* You've been listening to the "good" Father Andrew again, ain't ye? It's that old priest been stuffing your head with his Latin and his readin' and writin.' That's it, ain't it?

TOM. He *is* patient with me.

CANTY. And his “quaint” legends of giants and fairies, dwarfs and genii, and enchanted castles, and gorgeous kings and princes. Fill your head full o’these “wonderful” things, and your stomach will be full o’something as well—aches and hunger. It’s affected your pride, it is. The reason you have only a farthing is your manner. You walk through the streets with pride! Like a prince! No one feels sorry for a prince. You must be humble and beggarly, and look sad and hungry.

TOM. Oh! I don’t know how!

CANTY. Like this. (*Bends over, in a tiny voice.*) Please, sir, a ha’pence for me supper. I ’aven’t eaten in days.

TOM. That’s true.

CANTY. Then do it!

TOM (*only slightly improved*). Please, sir, a farthing for me supper. Is that better?

CANTY. But don’t bother with a farthing. How far can a father get on a farthing? Anything less than a ha’pence ain’t worth the bother. Oh, what a thick child I have. (*Changing tactics, suddenly sweet.*) Remember, son, it’s not for me, oh no. It’s for your sister, Nan, who’s at home awaiting money for supper. Don’t you love your sister, Nan?

TOM. Oh, yes. Dear Nan.

CANTY. Then see here, if you don’t get me some money, and I mean *some* money, do you know what you’ll get for dinner? Haugh? Do you know what you’ll get? You’ll get neither a miserable scrap nor crust, but a proper thrashing, and Pudding Lane will have itself another broken head. How does that sit with ye?

TOM. I’ll do as you say, Father.

(*HAG ANNIE, LOUISA and ROSIE enter.*)

CANTY. See to it. There's your first customer. Now, get me some money. And if you cannot beg it, then steal it! (*He exits.*)

TOM (*to LOUISA*). Please, mum, a pence to help me buy a warm coat?

LOUISA. And Meself, making do in these rags?

TOM (*to HAG ANNIE*). How about you, mum? Haven't you a pence for a poor lad?

HAG ANNIE. Me? When the bottom's dropped out of the fish market?

TOM (*to ROSIE*). A pence for a poor boy. A pence for a poor, wee lad.

ROSIE (*with a sexy gesture*). It's usually them what pays me, sonny. Besides, I'm looking for me prince.

TOM (*aside*). I might as well do it my own way. (*Takes a scrap from LOUISA's rag bag, uses it as cape.*) I say there, Madam Rosie, if you've a mind to see a prince, then look no farther. Not a more princely lad can be seen in all of London.

ROSIE (*pleased*). Look at 'im. A prince is it? Oh indeed! You're a bit of all right, Tom Canty.

TOM. Tom Canty, who's he? Of course, I only dress like this for the sport, you know. Even a prince enjoys a masquerade. Very realistic costuming, don't you think?

LOUISA. Gorgeous. And 'ere's a pence for your trouble. (*Gives him coin.*)

HAG ANNIE. Well, seein' as how he's so entertaining, a little kipper for the nipper. (*Gives him coins.*)

ROSIE (*suggestively*). I'll see what I can do for you, myself.

TOM. Well, I am required at the palace within the hour, so, ladies, I must take my leave. (*Bows. Kisses HAG ANNIE's hand.*)

HAG ANNIE. T'ain't every day you gets smacked by royalty.

You've got the thing I requires most in me princes.

LOUISA. What might that be, I'd like to know?

ROSIE. It's easy to see what separates a prince from the rest of the riff-raff. 'E's got—*style*.

(No. 3: "STYLE")

TOM.

**STYLE IS THE THING THAT MAKES THE
DIFFERENCE
STYLE SEPARATES YOU FROM THE CROWD
STYLE GETS YOU IN THE BEST OF PLACES
WHERE THE OTHER FOLK ARE NOT ALLOWED
WORK AND SLAVE AND SCHEME AND PLOT
IT'S NO GOOD UNLESS YOU'VE GOT
JUST A LITTLE TOUCH OF STYLE**

ALL LADIES.

**STYLE IS THE WAY YOU LICK YOUR FINGERS
WHILE YOU EAT YOUR CRUST OF BREAD
STYLE IS THE WAY YOU BRUSH YOUR HAT OFF
WHEN A BULLY KNOCKS IT FROM YOUR HEAD**

TOM.

**TRY TO BE SOMETHING THAT YOU'RE NOT
YOU MIGHT AS WELL FORGET IT
UNLESS YOU'VE GOT
JUST A LITTLE TOUCH OF STYLE**

(Music continues.)

HAG ANNIE. You make it sound so easy. But when you come right down to it, a fish monger is a fish monger.

“Fish! Fish! Noice fresh fish”—that’s me, no matter how you sloice it.

TOM. It’s all in the way you look at it. You’re not a fish monger. You’re an entrepreneur. (*The WOMEN squeal with delight.*)

LOUISA. And I suppose I’m not a rag picker?

TOM. Certainly not.

LOUISA. Well, what do you call these, love? Where I come from these is rags.

TOM. Those aren’t rags. Those are pre-owned remnants.

ROSIE (*with a vamp*). What about me, Tom?

LOUISA and HAG ANNIE. Let’s see you get past this one, Tom.

TOM. You’re a pro...blem. (*Thinks.*) You’re a tar...terrific little hostess.

**I’LL TRY TO DEMONSTRATE THE DISTINCTION
WHILE TEACHING YOU THIS SIMPLE STEP.**

(*Demonstrates. WOMEN ad lib.*)

**STYLE CAN MAKE YOU LOOK LIKE A WINNER
WHEN IN FACT YOU’RE JUST A BEGINNER
ALL YOU NEED’S A TOUCH OF STYLE.**

(*TOM leads them in dance.*)

LOUISA. I can’t dance. I’ve got two left feet.

TOM. Then best foot forward! Left, left, left, left! Five, six, seven, eight! (*Dance.*)

HAG ANNIE.

**STYLE IS THE WAY I SELLS ME FISHES
I’LL MAKE ’EM SEEM LIKE CAVIAR**

LOUISA.

VILE THOUGH PERCHANCE THESE RAGS
APPEAR TO YOU
DON'T FORGET THAT I'M PARTICULAR

ROSIE.

WATCH ME WHILE I DO ME THING
DON'T IT MAKE YOUR POOR HEART SING?
ALL YOU NEED'S A TOUCH OF...

HAG ANNIE.

STYLE IS THE REASON THAT A RANK
BEGINNER
COMES UP LOOKING LIKE A TROPHY WINNER
ALL YOU NEED'S A TOUCH OF...

LOUISA.

STYLE AND A WELL PLACED SCRAP OF CHINTZ
CAN TURN A LITTLE PAUPER INTO A PRINCE

TOM.

ALL YOU NEED'S A TOUCH OF...

HAG ANNIE.

NEVER GET TOO MUCH OF...

ROSIE.

NEVER GET TOO MUCH OF...

ALL LADIES.

ALL YOU NEED'S A TOUCH OF...

LOUISA (*spoken*). Just a soupcon!

ALL.

STYLE!

(Offstage is heard the noises of a procession. Music No. 3A: "Drum Incidental—Hendon's Entrance.")

TOM. Listen! Drums! Oh, I hope it's a parade—I do love pageantry!

(A CROWD, including MRS. NEWBY, enters in a state of excitement.)

MRS. NEWBY. It's Lord Miles Hendon. They've got him in chains!

HAG ANNIE. The good Lord Hendon! Is he alive?

SEVERAL DENIZENS. Hurrah for the good Lord Hendon!

(BEEFEATERS enter escorting MILES HENDON, in chains. Then follow EARL and LADY BLACKTHORN.)

JAMES. Make way for the prrrrisoner, Lord Miles Hendon.

WILLIAM. Make way for the Great and Glorious Earl of Blackthorn.

JAMES. And his Gracious Lady. Make parting for the prrrrisoner!

BLACKTHORN. What's this?! Apprehend that man.

HENDON. I am your cousin.

BLACKTHORN. Impostor!

HENDON. My good people! I am Lord Miles Hendon, returned to you.

CROWD *(recognizing him. Ad libs)*. Hurrah for Lord Hendon!

BLACKTHORN. Don't believe him. Guards! Arrest him!