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Dramatic Publishing

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

**Dramatized
by
William Glennon**



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(PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN)

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THE PIED PIPER

A Play in Two Parts
For Seven Men and Four Women

CHARACTERS

MAYOR VON BRAUN a pompous official
DAME VON BRAUN his wife
BERTRAM VON BRAUN . . the mayor's son, a teen-ager
BERNICE VON BRAUN the mayor's daughter
DUFFMEISTER the innkeeper
DAME DUFFMEISTER his wife
DEXTER DUFFMEISTER their son, a teen-ager
DOROTHEA DUFFMEISTER a younger daughter
KURT a young ward of the Duffmeister's
FARMER SCHMIDT a simple man of the land
THE PIPER a zesty young man

TIME: The 13th Century.

PLACE: In and around the city of Hamelin.

ADDITIONAL CHARACTER NOTES

MAYOR VON BRAUN: A pompous, self-centered official, but capable of having a believable change-of-heart.

DAME VON BRAUN: His wife, motherly, fey, not stupid, a great sense of warmth.

BERTRAM VON BRAUN: The mayor's son, twelve-nineteen. Intelligent and charming, but overpowered by the mayor.

BERNICE VON BRAUN: The mayor's daughter, a little younger than her brother, pretty, bright and warm-hearted.

DUFFMEISTER: The innkeeper, not as intelligent as the mayor, but like him in his complete lack of understanding the young people. Bossy to those beneath him and obsequious to those above him, but also capable of a change-of-heart.

DAME DUFFMEISTER: His wife, a social climber, domineering, brassy, but with hidden warmth.

DEXTER DUFFMEISTER: Their son, a quiet, frightened lad very much like Bertram, and about his age.

DOROTHEA DUFFMEISTER: A younger daughter, painfully shy, dominated by her loud parents.

KURT: A young lad, a ward of the Duffmeister's, a cripple, very appealing.

FARMER SCHMIDT: A simple uneducated man of the land with no political or social ambitions.

THE PIPER: A young attractive man, warm with a sense of humor, a clown and a friend.

PART ONE

SCENE: *Happy music is heard as the curtain rises. The stage is without scenery, except for a small platform center, decorated with pennants, if desired, and a sky drop in back. There are six stools on the platform. The lighting suggests a bright sunny day. The action of the play takes place in and around the town of Hamelin in the 13th century. KURT, a teen-age boy, is seated on another stool at one side of the stage. He is carving on a small piece of wood with his knife. He works contentedly for a moment. From the other side of the stage BERTRAM VON BRAUN, another teen-age boy enters. He is the MAYOR's son, an appealing, intelligent lad, who at the moment is carrying a fishing pole and line. He moves rather dreamily, stopping to practice casting the line and pantomiming a catch. He laughs and KURT sees him. The two are great friends. KURT smiles and taps his wood against the stool to attract attention.*

BERTRAM *(hearing the tap).* Just a second, Kurt! *(He again casts the line and quickly "lands" an enormous fish, which he pretends to carry, with some difficulty, over to KURT. The music fades out.)* Here. It's the largest fish I ever caught. Fantastic, huh? *(KURT smiles and pretends to take the fish and examine it.)* You can give it to your master, the old devil. *(KURT frowns at this and BERTRAM frowns back.)* Well, Duffmeister is your

PIPER. Well, I just did, didn't I? By the way, if Kurt is late for his slavery at the inn, it's my fault. I detained him in conversation.

DUFFMEISTER. Kurt can't converse.

PIPER. Doesn't matter. I can. Actually so can Kurt, you just can't hear him. Dragons must have bad ears.

DUFFMEISTER. Very funny.

PIPER. Good! You need a laugh. (*A quick change.*) Have you heard about the rats?

DUFFMEISTER. Rats? What rats? I don't know anything about rats.

PIPER. Kurt knows. (*Turns to go, then turns back, still charming, but with an icy edge, too.*) If you dare fetch a stick to use on my good friend here, I shall come roaring like an enraged devil and pipe you to the end of the world! (*From his bag he scatters glitter—or powder—and there is a great roar heard which he mimes to, lurching forward just a little. Silence.*) And you'd better see that he has a good supper. (*He salutes with his pipe and goes. DUFFMEISTER and KURT stand dumbfounded.*)

DUFFMEISTER. Great day in the morning! Who was that? (*KURT shrugs.*) What's he talking about—rats? (*But he goes on.*) A lunatic. A raving lunatic. Imagine, talking to me that way! Well, if he ever shows his face around here again I'll have the mayor toss him out on his ear. Now, back to the inn! Work to do. We're going to invite the mayor and his wife for supper, after the proclamation. Proclamations always give the mayor a good appetite. As for you, you lazy scamp, I'll teach you to loaf around, wasting my time. (*The "roar" of the dragon is heard.*) Well, maybe I'll forgive you this time,

Kurt. Just this once. *(As they go, KURT turns back and smiles as if to say "Thank you." They exit.)*

(The PIPER runs in and looks off after them. Then he jumps up on the platform and again takes a bit of glitter from his bag and scatters it. Immediately, thunder is heard, the lights flash and darken. As everything gets back to normal he speaks.)

PIPER. Another little something from my bag of tricks. *(Imitating DUFFMESITER.)* "I'm Herr Duffmeister, the Innkeeper, and when I ask a question, you answer. Who are you? Some sort of vagabond?" Well, he wasn't far off—I do have a nice touch of the vagabond here and there. "Or probably a gypsy." Another close guess, what with my gypsy ways. "An insolent, stupid cur." He's off target there, way off. I think. *(A bird starts chirping, off. He listens, nods, shakes his head, reacts.)* Uh-huh. Sure. That makes sense. Hmm. No! *(One final big chirp.)* Thanks. Thanks a lot. *(Now he seems bent on action.)* Is where I am where I should be!? The little bird and I agree! *(He jumps down and hides in back of the platform.)*

(The MAYOR and DAME VON BRAUN enter on one side of the stage.)

MAYOR. Are we ready?

DAME VON BRAUN. I think so, dear.

MAYOR. Where's Bertram?

DAME VON BRAUN. He must be somewhere, don't you think? Here he is!

(BERTRAM enters.)

MAYOR. And your sister? Where's she?

DAME VON BRAUN. Bernice, dear?

(BERNICE enters.)

MAYOR. Get the key to the treasury—and my hat—and hurry!

BERTRAM. Poppa, there's something I should tell you—

MAYOR. Don't bother me. I'm concentrating.

BERTRAM. But, Poppa...if you'd only listen...

MAYOR. Stop jabbering. My key—my hat—

BERTRAM. But, Poppa, I've got to tell you about the rats.

MAYOR. Right now; march! *(BERTRAM and BERNICE go.)* What a nuisance they are—what a bother!

DAME VON BRAUN. Did he say "rats"?

MAYOR. Never mind.

(As the MAYOR and DAME VON BRAUN exit on one side DUFFMEISTER and DAME DUFFMEISTER enter on the other side. The PIPER pops up to let us know he is overhearing these little scenes.)

DUFFMEISTER *(as they enter)*. It's nearly time for the proclamation—Then the mayor's supper.

DAME DUFFMEISTER. *If they accept.*

DUFFMEISTER. Free food, they'll accept.

(DEXTER and DOROTHEA enter, sheepish and frightened.)

DUFFMEISTER. Well, Dorothea, have you finished scrubbing?

DAME DUFFMEISTER. And cleaning?

DUFFMEISTER. And marketing?

DAME DUFFMEISTER. Your face is dirty, Dexter. Go wash.

DUFFMEISTER. There isn't time. The mayor will be proclaiming his proclamation in a moment—we've got to hurry—lazy loafers—if your chores are not finished you'll get no supper!

DAME DUFFMEISTER. Lazy loafers—march!

DUFFMEISTER. I'll see that Kurt is kept busy during the proclamation.

DAME DUFFMEISTER. March! (*The DUFFMEISTERS all exit.*)

(*PIPER pops up in back of the platform.*)

PIPER. Something's very wrong in Hamelin. In case you didn't notice.

(*DUFFMEISTER, DAME DUFFMEISTER, the MAYOR and DAME VON BRAUN re-enter on opposite sides and turn back to call off.*)

DUFFMEISTER and MAYOR (*calling off*). Well, we're waiting!

DUFFMEISTER (*calling off*). Mind your manners!

MAYOR (*calling off*). Don't forget to applaud.

DUFFMEISTER and MAYOR (*calling off*). Hurry up!

(The CHILDREN enter and the FAMILIES line up on either side of the stage. BERTRAM gives the MAYOR his hat and key.)

ADULTS *(after line-up, the PARENTS turn to their CHILDREN)*. KEEP OUT OF THE WAY! *(They parade across to center.)*

MAYOR *(pompous, showy)*. Look, my dear, it's the inn-keeper and his wife.

DAME VON BRAUN. I think you're right.

MAYOR. Of course I'm right! I'm always right! I'm the mayor!

DUFFMEISTER *(now very obsequious before an authority)*. And a better mayor one could not find. Why, all of Hamelin...

DAME DUFFMEISTER. Bows in gratitude for your good works, good mayor. *(She bows, nudges DUFFMEISTER and he, too, bows.)*

DUFFMEISTER. And we sincerely hope that you and your beautiful wife...

DAME DUFFMEISTER *(she's a pusher)*. Will join us at our humble inn for supper after the proclamation.

DAME VON BRAUN. How nice.

MAYOR. We accept.

DUFFMEISTER. Did you hear, my dove! Our great and gracious mayor...

DAME DUFFMEISTER. Has accepted our invitation! Of course I hear. My soul takes wing!

MAYOR. Time for my proclamation! *(The CHILDREN get the stools and place them in two diagonals on either side of the center platform.)*

DAME VON BRAUN. Time for his proclamation! Isn't it exciting? Hark!