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Dramatic Publishing

I Believe in Make Believe

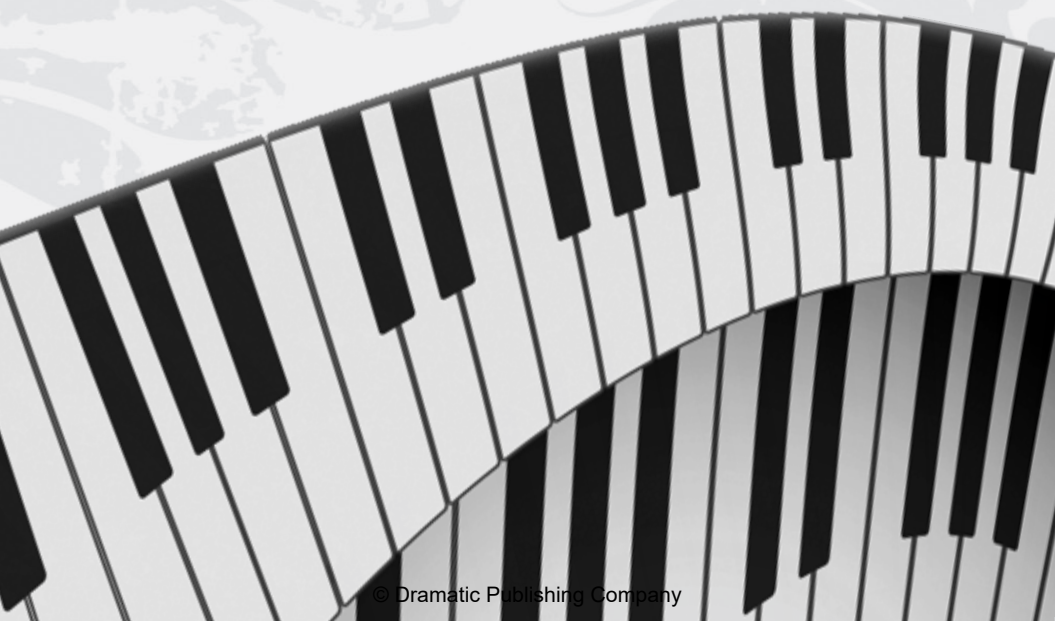
A Musical Play

Book and Lyrics
by

CAROL LYNN PEARSON

Music by

J.A.C. REDFORD



I Believe in Make Believe

Commissioned by Robert Redford's celebrated Sundance Theatre and acclaimed as "a play destined to become family theatre's favorite around the country," here is a charming musical version of best-loved fairy tales.

Musical. Book and lyrics by Carol Lynn Pearson. Music by J.A.C. Redford. Based on stories by the Brothers Grimm.

Cast: 12 or more actors, either gender. I Believe in Make Believe delightfully presents five world-favorite fairy tales by the Brothers Grimm in an irresistible musical setting. Beginning and ending with the story of the princess who wouldn't laugh, we experience the adventures of the shoemaker and the elves, the Bremen Town musicians, the seven soldiers, and that lovable dunce, Simpleton. Chock-full of audience-participation opportunities (optional) and with plenty of excitement for children and plenty of wit for the grownups, this is a fresh musical show not to be missed. *Approximate running time: 70 minutes. Music score available. Code: IA4.*

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I Believe in Make Believe



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Dramatic Publishing Company

Woodstock, Illinois • Australia • New Zealand • South Africa

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CHARACTERS

For twelve (or more) singer-actors

MUSICAL NUMBERS

1. I Believe in Make Believe
2. Why Won't She Laugh?
3. We're Poor
4. Someone Sneaks In
5. Soldiers Brave
6. Good For Nothing
7. Robbers All the Way
8. We're Musicians
9. Simpleton
10. Laugh!
11. I Believe in Make Believe (Reprise)

Commissioned by Robert Redford's celebrated Sundance Theatre.

I BELIEVE IN MAKE BELIEVE

ALL: (*Sing.*)

["I BELIEVE IN MAKE BELIEVE"]

I believe in make believe.
Just leave the world behind.
When you believe in make believe,
There are such
Wonderful, amazing, marvelous, exciting things
That you will find.

FIRST:

In real life you walk on the ground,
One step at a time—how boring.
But in make believe you've got wings and things.

SECOND:

Hey, look—I'm soaring!

ALL:

There's shoes that dance,
There's carpets that fly,
There's wands that wave you away. (You're gone!)
There's magic words
To use if you want
To make tomorrow today. (It's tomorrow, it's tomorrow!)

THIRD:

In real life no animal speaks.
They're squealing or they're squawking

FOURTH:

Squawk! Squawk! Squawk!

THIRD:

But in make believe something wierd appears.

FOURTH:

Hey, look—I'm talking! (Four score and seven years—.)

ALL:

There's hens that bake,
There's donkeys that dance,

I BELIEVE IN MAKE BELIEVE

There's cats that whistle a tune.
There's pigs that build
Their houses of straw,
And cows that jump to the moon!

(THIRD performer with the help of another, ballet-style, leaps to the moon.)

THIRD:

Mooooooooo!

ALL:

I believe in make believe.
Just leave the world behind.
When you believe in make believe,
There are such
Wonderful, amazing, marvelous, exciting things
That you will find.

FIFTH:

In real life you may be quite plain.
You might even have a pimple.
But in make believe being cute or beautiful—is simple!

SIXTH:

(Now, take me for example.)

ALL:

Skin white as snow,
Lips red like a rose,
The men all fight for your hand.

ALL:

It's fun to be
Unquestionably
The fairest in all the land! (Mirror, mirror on the wall—.)

SEVENTH:

In real life it's hard to get rich.
And poverty is not funny.
But in make believe any day could pay—

EIGHTH *(Hold palms up.)*

Hey, look – it's money!

ALL:

There's treasure chests,
There's genies that bring
Just anything that you please.
There's open sesame,
Jewels and gems,
And money grows on the trees.

SEVENTH: *(In hallelujah tones.)*

I believe! I believe!

ALL:

I believe in make believe.
Just leave the world behind.
When you believe in make believe,
There are such
Wonderful, amazing, marvelous, exciting things
That you will find.

EIGHTH:

In real life you've got to do work.
It's terrible and it's tragic.
But in make believe you can play all day –

NINTH:

'Cause you've got magic!

ALL:

The toys can walk
And climb in the box,
The broom sweeps all by itself.
The pot will boil
If you say the word,
And dishes fly to the shelf.

(NINTH aims dish to throw it across the stage,)

TENTH: *(Restrains her.)*

We believe, we believe!

ELEVENTH:

In real life things might not work out
The way that you think should be—so
It's just great to know in pretend the end
Is fine—.

TWELFTH:

—My hero!

ALL:

The witch gets killed,
The giant falls dead,
There's lots of food for the poor.
The prince comes riding
by and they all
Live happily ever more!
Oh—
I believe in make believe.
Just leave the world behind.
When you believe in make believe,
There are such
Wonderful, amazing, marvelous, exciting,
Beautiful, terrific, incredible, sensational things—
That you will find!
Believe!

FIRST PERFORMER: Hi! Welcome to our play. Now, I want to see how good you are at pretending. Let's see if you know the difference between real and make believe. When I say "What's your name?" I want you to shout out your *real* name. Okay? "What's your name?"

(Audience responds.)

Terrific. Now *this* time when I ask your name, I want you to shout out a pretend name—Tarzan, Wonder Woman, Little Red Riding Hood—somebody that you're really *not*, but think it might be fun to *pretend* to be. Got that? "What's your name?"

(Audience responds.)

Great. Let's practice one more time. When I say, "Where are you from?" tell me the real true name of the town that you live in. Here we go. "Where are you from?"

(Audience responds.)

Okay! Now, *this* time, tell me the name of a pretend place that you might like to live in sometime. Any weird place—the moon—Never-Never-Land—Dingle Dell, Idaho. Where are you from?

(Audience responds.)

Make believe. Everybody does it. When you're grown up—when you're small. Especially when you're small. I'm (name of performer) from (place of residence), and something that I used to pretend when I was little was (tells one thing she/he used to make believe about, such as "I used to make believe that I was twice as tall as my mother and I could pick her up and put her in the closet.")

(Each of the other PERFORMERS introduce themselves likewise and tell one short, funny thing they used to pretend when they were small.)

SECOND PERFORMER: All right. Let's get on with the show.

(Dramatically.)

Presenting now for your pleasure—and your profit, if you will listen attentively to the great wisdom that is in these stories—some of the fairy tales that have been told and retold for hundreds of years—collected and written down in Germany by the Brothers Grimm.

(All but SECOND, THIRD, FOURTH exit.)

THIRD PERFORMER

Well, now, I don't know about all this. What if make believe is *bad* for you—I mean what if it warps your mind? It doesn't teach you cope with the realities of life. Animals that talk—open sesame—ridiculous.

(To FOURTH PERFORMER)

Don't you think that the stories should be more like real life?

FOURTH PERFORMER: *(Starry-eyed.)* Oh, no. I think that real life should be more like the stories!

SECOND PERFORMER: Absolutely!

(ALL exit.)

(PRINCESS, KING, QUEEN, OTHERS enter.)

PRINCESS: Our first story is about the Princess Cheerless—that's me—who never, ever, in her whole life had laughed. All she ever did was (crying) cry!

KING: I can't stand this any longer! I can't *stand* it!

QUEEN: Cheerless—dear Cheerless. Please—smile. For Mother—try!

(PRINCESS makes a big effort, twitches her facial muscles trying to form a smile, then can't control it any longer and bursts into tears.)

KING: (*To audience.*) It's been like this all her life.

ALL BUT PRINCESS: (*Sing.*)

["WHY WON'T SHE LAUGH?"]

Why won't she laugh?
Why won't she chuckle or chortle or snort?
Why won't she snicker or giggle or grin?
Oh, when will the Princess begin
To laugh?

Why won't she laugh?
Why won't she guffaw or cackel or roar?
Why won't she titter or snicker or shake?
Oh, what can we do that will make
Her laugh?

PRINCESS:

Nothing is nicer than a good cry.
Nothing is sweeter than to sob the night through.
If you don't feel down,
Just put on a frown,
And you can't help feeling blue.

(*The above is repeated in counterpoint.*)

FIRST ATTENDANT: (*With open book*) "Laughter is the general word for the sounds made in expressing mirth, amusement, joyousness, etc." It's really very simple. Let me show you.

(*He goes to the PRINCESS, lifts her chin.*)

Eyes wide open. Sparkling. Sparkling. Corners of the mouth turned up. Air rushes up from the lungs, and there you have—a laugh!

(The PRINCESS lets out a cross between a moan and a tired sneeze.)

Well, actually, it should be a little more joyous than that.

KING: No, you fool. No! You can't *teach* somebody to laugh. You have to *make* them laugh!

(SECOND ATTENDANT grabs King's cane or other object and moves threateningly toward PRINCESS.)

SECOND ATTENDANT: All right, you. *Laugh!*

KING: No! Not like that. You make them laugh by—by wanting to laugh. By *having* to laugh. By doing something funny. But we've tried everything.

QUEEN: Heard any good jokes lately?

THIRD ATTENDANT: Why did the chicken—

QUEEN: *(Shakes her head.)* We tried that one.

FIRST ATTENDANT: How do you know when there's an elephant in your bathtub?

PRINCESS: *(Sobs.)*

SECOND ATTENDANT: Did you hear the one about the traveling Tupperware lady?

QUEEN: *(Offended.)* Please!

(QUEEN begins to cry with PRINCESS. Then the ATTENDANTS one by one begin to cry. Finally, the KING joins them.)

KING: No! I won't have it. Oh, what I wouldn't give to have my daughter laugh!

(Gets an idea.)

Give. That's it! We'll have a contest! Anyone who is able to make my daughter laugh will win her hand in marriage and be the next king.

QUEEN: I-uh—I think that’s against Title Nine. Couldn’t you come up with a plan that shows a little more equal opportunity?

KING: Oh, yes. Uh—my daughter’s hand in marriage—*or*—ten thousand bags of gold!

(Everyone cheers.)

QUEEN: *(To PRINCESS.)* And what do you think of this, my dear? Isn’t it exciting?

(PRINCESS puts her head down and cries.)

KING: Hurry! Hurry! Send out the word.

(To audience.)

We’ll be back.

(Music reprise: “Why Won’t She Laugh?”)

(SHOEMAKER AND WIFE enter.)

In the *meantime*—

SHOEMAKER: Once there was a shoemaker—

WIFE: —And his wife—who, through no fault of their own—

SHOEMAKER: —Had a very serious problem.

WIFE: *(Sings.)*

[“WE’RE POOR”]

No flour in the cupboards,
No coins in the purse.

SHOEMAKER:

No wood in the stove as
The weather gets worse.

WIFE:

No milk to pour over
The bread we don’t have.

BOTH:

And what's more—
We're poor!

WIFE: (*Speaks.*) But, my dear, you know I don't love you for your money.

SHOEMAKER: How well I know that!

WIFE:

You're kind and you're honest,
You're clever and smart.
You're handsome and strong and
You have a good heart.

You generously share all
The wealth you don't have.
And what's more—
(Pause.)

SHOEMAKER:

I'm poor!

WIFE: (*Speaks.*) Well, yes, that's true, too.

BOTH: Poor, poor, poor, poor, us!

SHOEMAKER: (*Raises arms.*) Dear Lord, it seems to be our turn to ask
for a little help here.

We're out at the elbows.

WIFE:

We're down at the heels.

SHOEMAKER:

The wolf's at the door
And we know how it feels.

WIFE:

We're hard up—

SHOEMAKER:

We're needy—

WIFE:

We're penniless too.

BOTH:

And what's more—

We're poor!

Poor, poor, poor, poor us!

SHOEMAKER: So that's the way it was. They lived from hand to mouth.

WIFE: When they were lucky, that is.

SHOEMAKER: (*With pantomime.*) Look, Wife. We have only enough leather left to make one more pair of shoes—and after that, what will become of us?

WIFE: It's late, Husband. Don't worry about it tonight. Let's start on the shoes in the morning.

SHOEMAKER: I'll just lay the leather out here, ready to go.

WIFE: So they said their prayers—

(*BOTH clap hands together in praying position and glance upwards.*)

—and went to bed.

(*Lie down. Two ELVES enter.*)

FIRST ELF: While they were asleep, who should sneak into the house but two little naked men.

SECOND ELF: (*Starts to unbutton jacket.*) Whoops, I forgot.

FIRST ELF: (*Stops him.*) No!

SECOND ELF: You said *naked*.

FIRST ELF: Well, yeah—but—.

SECOND ELF: Look, it's important to the story. In the end she makes them clo--.

FIRST ELF: I *know* all that. But—.

SECOND ELF: But what?

FIRST ELF: It's *chilly* up here. You want to catch pneumonia?

SECOND ELF: (*Buttons up jacket.*) You win. (*To audience.*) Just *make believe*. Right?

FIRST ELF: So these two little men headed right for the leather, singing and dancing.

SECOND ELF: We got to do the dance?

FIRST ELF: We got to. *Elves dance!*

SECOND ELF: I didn't want this part in the first place.

FIRST ELF: Well, there's plenty that want it if you don't. Twenty thousand unemployed actors in New York City—and maybe twice that many right here in (name of city.)

SECOND ELF: I'll dance.

(*ELF music in. ELVES dance. SING:*)

[“SOMEONE SNEAKS IN”]

Someone sneaks in.
Someone helps out.
That's what elves are all about.
No one to hear.
No one to see.
No one to know that it was me!

(*They pantomime sewing the shoes, then put them in place.*)

FIRST ELF: There. A nicer pair of shoes there never was.

(*ELF music in. ELVES dance out. SHOEMAKER and WIFE wake up.*)

WIFE: In the morning when the shoemaker and his wife were about to begin work on the shoes—.

SHOEMAKER: Well, what have we here? Shoes! And not a stitch out of place. You must have worked clear through the night.

WIFE: Not I! I have never slept more soundly.