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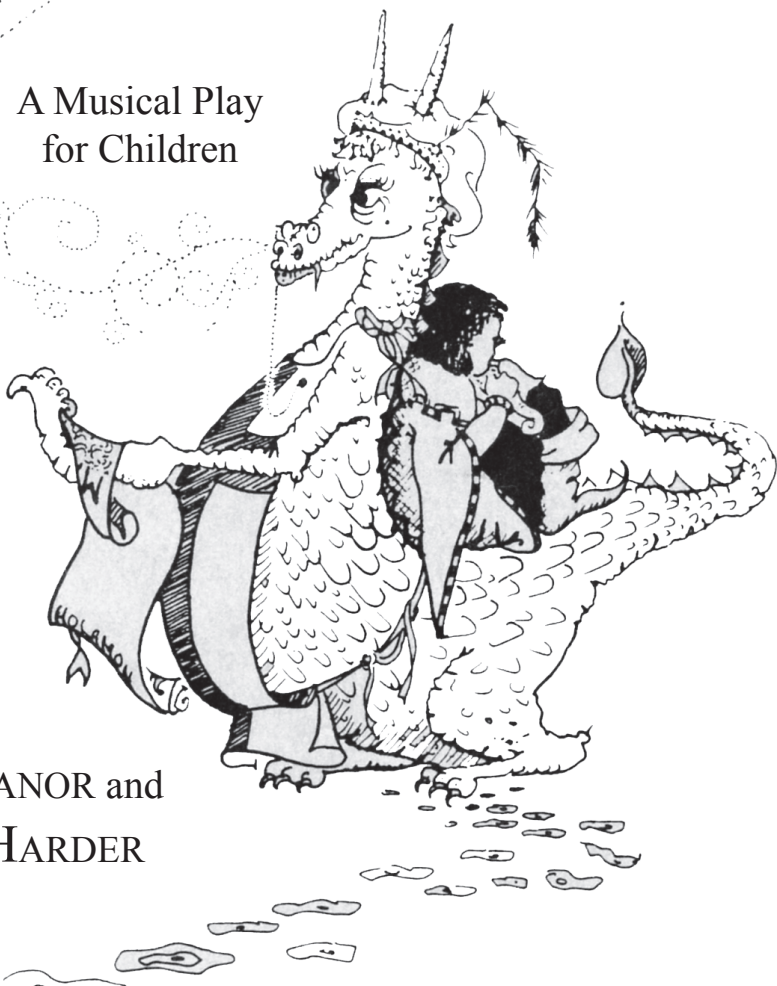
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Dramatic Publishing

The Near-sighted Knight and the Far-sighted Dragon

A Musical Play
for Children



by ELEANOR and
RAY HARDER

The Near-sighted Knight and the Far-sighted Dragon

A snappy, action-filled fairy tale with unexpected characters. The Harders' comic mastery shines in this quick-paced musical.

Musical. By Eleanor and Ray Harder. *Cast: 5m., 2w., with option to add extras for guards, etc.* Despite his extreme near-sightedness, an unemployed knight charges everything in his path, hoping to become a hero so he can get a job. He tries to convince a career-minded princess she needs rescuing. But she's busy working on a mathematical formula to rescue her father, the king, imprisoned by a power-hungry duchess. The knight charges forward, uninvited, to rescue the king, then he becomes sidetracked by an opportunity to fight a dragon. The non-violent dragon and the exasperated princess subdue the knight with chocolate milk. Then the trio follow the princess' plan to rescue the king. The knight gets them all captured, but escape comes to those who learn to see from each other's point of view. *Simple set. Tourable. Medieval costumes. Plus music rental.* Code: N63

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the Far-sighted Dragon



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by

ELEANOR AND RAY HARDER



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Woodstock, Illinois • Australia • New Zealand • South Africa

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(THE NEAR-SIGHTED KNIGHT AND THE FAR-SIGHTED DRAGON)

ISBN: 978-1-58342-773-6

This play is dedicated with affection to Molly Dodd,
producer-director, State Repertory Theatre.

IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS

All producers of the play *must* give credit to the author(s) of the play in all programs distributed in connection with performances of the play and in all instances in which the title of the play appears for purposes of advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the play and/or a production. The name of the author(s) *must* also appear on a separate line, on which no other name appears, immediately following the title, and *must* appear in size of type not less than fifty percent the size of the title type. Biographical information on the author(s), if included in the playbook, may be used in all programs. *In all programs this notice must appear:*

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

NEAR-SIGHTED KNIGHT — young and impetuous

PRINCESS — a mathematically inclined young lady with a mind of her own

FAR-SIGHTED DRAGON — somewhat elderly and mellow

DUCHESS — a greedy villainess

WILFRED — her lazy son

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARDS — not too bright, but devoted to the Duchess

KING — father of the Princess

Several other guards, if desired

SETTING

No actual set need be used. Set pieces of trees,
a throne, and dungeon cells are sufficient.

THE NEAR-SIGHTED KNIGHT AND THE FAR-SIGHTED DRAGON
was first produced at Beckman Auditorium, Caltech, in Pasadena, California, by
the State Repertory Theatre, a professional acting company, on April 28, 1973,
with the following company:

KNIGHT Charles Isen
DRAGON William Keene
PRINCESS Carla Manning
WILFRED Bruce Hogard
DUCHESS Olive Dunbar
GUARD Michael Landry

Staged by Molly Dodd and Bill Ross
Musical Director Gary Carver
Costumes Charles Cook
Sets David Spellman

THE NEAR-SIGHTED KNIGHT AND THE FAR-SIGHTED DRAGON

by

ELEANOR AND RAY HARDER

ACT I — SCENE 1

Forestage — there is a tree with several branches at right.

KNIGHT enters left, stops, squints across at tree.

KNIGHT: All right! Hold it! (pulling nicked, bent sword from scabbard) Stay where you are! (at branches) And you, too! (thrusting and parrying toward tree) Won't rob me — without a fight! — Don't care — how many you are! Take that and that an' — (sees it's a tree and tries to stop) — Oops! — (can't and crashes head-long into tree) Ow! (looks up at tree) Thunder! Another tree. (to audience) Well, if that *had* been a gang of thieves, I'd have fixed 'em! But — it's never what I think it is. Always a tree or a bush or — (gets up, brushing self off) — 'Course there was that cow I thought was a dragon — and the fence I thought was an invading army. Oh, that was a *real* mistake. Mowed the whole fence right down to the ground. (picks up sword) — That's why my sword looks like this. Got kicked out of that kingdom fast for *that* one! That Duke was so mad he took away my horse, gave me a baloney sandwich, which I finished day before yesterday, and told me never to come back! And that's the way it goes — Some knight I am! Never fought a dragon, never rescued a damsel in distress — never even saw one. 'Course that's not so strange. I can't see much beyond my own hand, I'm so near-sighted. Don't have any trouble seeing things close up, you understand. But far away — things up ahead — well that's a different matter. And that's my problem. I can't find a job. No one seems to want to hire a near-sighted knight!

(sings) No one hires me,
Because I don't see,
Very far ahead of me —
I'm the near-sighted knight,
'Tho' I'm brainy and bright,
It's really a tough situation,
What I'm after is fame,
But they don't know my name,
In fact I'm without occupation.
I could be such a famous knight,
Saving pretty princesses left and right,
I could see how to win each fight,
All I really need is better sight;
I'm the near-sighted knight,
And I do love to fight,
I really don't need provocation,
I could hack, I could slash,
Turning monsters to hash,
If I could just find their location!

KNIGHT: Oh well, I'll find a job somewhere. — Just have to figure out a way to make myself a hero — then everybody will want to hire me. (thinks a second) Maybe I could — save the countryside from a roaring monster — with fangs and giant wings! — Oh, I'd be a hero then! (slashes away at nothing) Take that, you monster! — (to audience) Now all I have to do is find one, and — (calls as he squints about) — Here, Monster! — Gotta be one around somewhere. — Well, I'll go find one. Charge Ho! Charge Ho! (whaps away at stage curtains) It's after a monster I go — Ho — Ho — O — (dashes off) *Oops!* (crash offstage)

BLACKOUT

ACT I — SCENE 2

Curtains open on forest scene. A beautiful young **PRINCESS** is sitting center stage. There is a tiara on her head and a pencil behind her ear. She has numerous papers, and is working a slide rule, saying sums aloud to herself.

(music begins under)

PRINCESS: (spoken — to audience)

Let other girls
Go fix their curls,
I'd rather do subtractions,
Than sew on lace,
Or paint a vase,
Give me a page of fractions!

(sings) Two times two is four, plus seven,
Equals tall and straight eleven,
Add sixteen it's twenty-seven,
Isn't that fantastic?
Add thirteen, divide by ten, and
Minus two plus one and then, why
There you are at two again,
That really is fantastic!
Numbers double, triple, square,
Grow bigger, smaller, they don't care, and
You can take them anywhere,
I find that quite fantastic!
You can send them out in space, or
They can help you win a race, or
Bake a cake or measure lace,
Now isn't that —
Isn't that? —
Isn't that fantastic!

(At end of song, **PRINCESS** begins working with her papers, muttering sums aloud to herself.)

PRINCESS: Let's see — 14 times the square root of 6, divide by 8 — subtracted by — (mumble mumble) —

(**KNIGHT** enters, hears something, stops, listens)

KNIGHT: What's that?

PRINCESS: (mumble, mumble) — the hypotenuse of the triangle — (mumble, mumble)

KNIGHT: Sounds like a foreign language!

(More sums from PRINCESS, KNIGHT squints about. PRINCESS, who is oblivious to him, raises her arms and throws some papers into the air.)

KNIGHT: (gasps) Wings! — Giant wings! (to audience) I found a monster already! (He charges at PRINCESS) Charge — Ho! — Charge Ho — Charge Ho — O — *Oh!* (As he runs closer, he sees her, she screams, he changes course rapidly, trips, bangs into tree and winds up in a clattery heap next to PRINCESS. She grabs his sword, which is on the ground, and stands over him — the sword point on the tip of his nose)

KNIGHT: (tries to get up) Ow — ooh!

PRINCESS: Don't move! Don't even wiggle your nose!

KNIGHT: I won't, I won't! (holds absolutely still in some awkward position)

PRINCESS: Who *are* you And what are you doing here?

KNIGHT: Well, I — I —

PRINCESS: If you hadn't tripped (gasps) — just *think!*

KNIGHT: I don't *like* to think!

PRINCESS: Scoundrel!

KNIGHT: (moans) Disaster! I — (tries to get up, but she puts sword on his nose and he bumps into it) Ow! — Sorry I frightened you, but I thought you were a monster.

PRINCESS: Well thanks a lot!

KNIGHT: Well, that's what you looked like to me.

PRINCESS: A monster?

KNIGHT: No offense. Sounded like one, too.

PRINCESS: Well, take a good look!

KNIGHT: Oh, I can see you're not a monster.

PRINCESS: If anyone's a monster, you are!

KNIGHT: No, I'm not one either.

PRINCESS: Well, what are you then?

KNIGHT: I'm a knight.

PRINCESS: Hah! Some knight!

KNIGHT: Well, there are those who might agree with you, but — (starts to get up) Ah —

PRINCESS: Stay where you are! Who sent you, knight?

KNIGHT: Nobody sent me.

PRINCESS: A likely story. Did the Duchess send you?

KNIGHT: I don't know any Duchesses.

PRINCESS: Then why did you come yelling and waving your sword at me?

KNIGHT: I told you — I thought you were a monster. See, I'm — I'm very near-sighted, and sometimes things in the distance don't look very clear to me. — Oooo — uh — Do you think I could sit up now? I'm getting awfully stiff in this position.

PRINCESS: Well — All right. But see you don't try any tricks.

KNIGHT: (sits up, rubs head) Thanks. — Oooo!

PRINCESS: (still keeping sword pointed toward him, she walks around him, looking at him suspiciously) If you're a real knight, where's your horse?

KNIGHT: Some Duke took it away on account of a fence.

PRINCESS: A fence? — That's a strange excuse. And how come you've got such a dumb-looking sword?

KNIGHT: (shrugs) Same fence.

PRINCESS: (stares at him a second) Why didn't your King just give you another horse and a decent sword?

KNIGHT: Look, if I had a King or a kingdom, or anything else, do you think I'd be wandering around in the woods without a horse, looking for a job?

PRINCESS: You don't even have a job?

KNIGHT: No.

PRINCESS: Why not?

KNIGHT: I told you! I'm so near-sighted nobody will hire me!
(gets up, groans as he does so)

PRINCESS: (back up, points sword at him) I don't know that I believe you.

KNIGHT: Well, it doesn't much matter whether you do or not. (brushes himself off) I've blown this whole thing and I'm right back where I started — out of a job and hungry to boot —

PRINCESS: (under her breath) I shouldn't wonder.

KNIGHT: Yes. Well, it would have worked out this time if you'd been a monster instead of a — of a (squints at her)

PRINCESS: Princess.

KNIGHT: Yeah. Now if you'd been a monster, and I'd captured you, I could have any job in any kingdom I wanted. But, those are the breaks.

PRINCESS: (sarcastically) Well, wow — I'm sorry.

KNIGHT: Oh, well, it's not your fault. I mean, you can't help being a — What'd you say you were?

PRINCESS: A princess.

KNIGHT: Yeah. A princess. I — (stops, double take) — *Princess!* — You're a princess?!

PRINCESS: Yes. Why?

KNIGHT: *Why?!* Hoo-ee (leaps in air) Don't you get it? A princess in distress! *Terrific!* (grabs sword from her) I'll rescue you and then I'll be a hero! Hey! This is my lucky day! See, a princess in distress is even *better* than a monster! Hoo-ee! (he grabs her up in his arms and starts running around the stage)

PRINCESS: Wait a minute! Wait a minute! — WAIT A MINUTE! (he stops running momentarily) I am *not* a princess in distress! And I do *not need* rescuing!!

KNIGHT: Yes you do! I've found a real live princess and I'm going to rescue her and I don't care what *you* say! (he runs again)

PRINCESS: No you're not! (she bops him on the head with her slide rule)

KNIGHT: Ow! Hey! (he stops running)

PRINCESS: Can't you get it through your thick helmet that I don't need rescuing? In fact, I'm trying to rescue someone myself!

KNIGHT: (pause) That's not the way it goes,, you know, princess.

PRINCESS: Well, it's the way it goes with *me*, knight! Now put me down this instant!

KNIGHT: (sullenly) Oh, all right. (he does, and rubs his head)

PRINCESS: (straightening herself) It seems to me, from what I've seen of you, it's not your near-sightedness that's your problem. It's your *short-sightedness!*

KNIGHT: Short-sightedness!?

PRINCESS: Yes — rushing into things without even stopping to think! You can't help being near-sighted, I know that. But there's no excuse for your being so *short-sighted*. It's no wonder they took your horse away — should have taken that crazy sword away, too!

KNIGHT: Well, you can say what you like, but I'm a very brave knight and strong, too! I could have rescued you — if you'd needed rescuing.

PRINCESS: Well, if I ever need rescuing, I'll try to remember that. Meantime, I have work to do, so would you just — get *lost!*

KNIGHT: Get lost? (shocked look at audience) Get lost? Huh! Fine thing. Princesses talking to knights like that. I can remember a time when they didn't. (loudly for her benefit) *They* wanted to be rescued, instead of rescuing others! Those were the days. (he jams sword into scabbard, misses, jabs leg) Ow! — (looks at princess crossly) What are you doing, anyway?

PRINCESS: I'm trying to find my papers!

KNIGHT: Oh — maybe I can help.

PRINCESS: *No thank you!* You're the reason they're lost! (KNIGHT shrugs) Ah — here it is. (to herself) Eighteen pi R squared divided by seventeen —

KNIGHT: How come you're saying that foreign language again?

PRINCESS: That's not a foreign language! Didn't you ever study arithmetic?

KNIGHT: Sure. — 2 and 2 is 4, and 4 and 4 is 8, and 8 and 8 is — uh —

PRINCESS: Sixteen.

KNIGHT: I know. Sure I studied it Why?

PRINCESS: Because that's what I'm doing!

KNIGHT: Why?

PRINCESS: So I can rescue someone, that's why!

KNIGHT: (laughs) That's a funny way to rescue someone. (PRINCESS goes on working. KNIGHT looks over her shoulder at what she's doing) Hey, princess — who are you trying to rescue anyhow? (he chortles)

PRINCESS: (cross at interruptions, looks up and yells) My father!

KNIGHT: What's the matter with him?

PRINCESS: (interrupted again) *Nothing's* the matter with *him!* A wicked old Duchess threw him in jail and took over his kingdom. Now I have to figure out a way to get into the castle and free him so he can get his throne and his kingdom back! — Get it?! (glowers at him, then goes back to work, mumbling numbers)

KNIGHT: Hey — wait a minute! Your father's a King?

PRINCESS: Yes.

KNIGHT: A *King* that has to be rescued? —

PRINCESS: Yes.

KNIGHT: How about that. *How about that!!* Talk about a royal adventure! This will *really* do it! (waves sword, carried away) (to audience) I'm practically a hero already! Hoo-ee! (dances around)

PRINCESS: What?!

KNIGHT: O.K., Princess, (grabs some of her papers) get your numbers and let's go! I'll show you how you *really* rescue somebody!

PRINCESS: Wait a minute — !

KNIGHT: No way, Princess! This time you can't get rid of me! Saving a King and a Kingdom is even *better* than saving a Princess!

Charge Ho — Charge Ho! — Off to the castle we go-o — O!
(dashes off, waving sword)

PRINCESS: No, wait! You'll ruin everything. Wait! — (she grabs rest of papers and runs after him)

BLACKOUT

ACT I — SCENE 3

A nearby clearing. A somewhat elderly, though still vigorous DRAGON enters. He breathes deeply, enjoying the air. He carries a picnic basket. (Actor playing DRAGON should wear costume suggesting Dragon, but it should not totally cover his face.) As he enters, he bumps into a tree, mutters "sorry", then backs up and squints at it — sees it's a tree.

DRAGON: Ah, a tree — a purple picnic tree! Splendid! (he sets his picnic basket down and sings)

DRAGON: (sings and dances with a waltz-like step)

I'm the far-sighted Dragon,
Tho' once young and bold,
It's time that I took a vacation,
For I find I've grown old,
And my fires have gone cold,
I long for some deep meditation.

To be free, what a sweet delight,
Thinking lofty thoughts day and night,
Such a pleasure in distant sight,
It takes the long view to make things right;

I'm a far-sighted sort,
And this life is too short,
To fill it with more complication,
I should fill up my time,
Finding reason and rhyme,
Now that makes a fine occupation,
Yes, that makes a fine occupation.

DRAGON: (sits, talks to himself) Yes, yes — What I need is a quiet place to sit and think. This moving from place to place is troublesome when one is my age. (squints about) From what I can see, this looks like a pleasant spot. Yes — First I'll have a little food to give me energy to think deep thoughts — if I can find that picnic lunch — It was right here — can't walk away.

(As DRAGON gets down on his hands and knees, searching, KNIGHT enters. DRAGON is muttering to himself, and KNIGHT is prancing around, stabbing at imaginary things and talking to himself. They cross, barely missing each other. They are so involved in their own worlds they don't see each other.)

KNIGHT: Fantastic! After I rescue him, the King will give me medals and I'll bow, and — (he bows. At that moment, the DRAGON has located his basket and is half-rising. They meet, nose to nose.)

DRAGON

and

KNIGHT: Agh!

(They fall backwards in sitting position. KNIGHT leans forward, squints, as DRAGON leans back and squints. Suddenly they both recognize each other.)

KNIGHT: A fire-breathing dragon! (jumps to his feet)

DRAGON: Oh brother — another fire-eating knight.

KNIGHT: (shouting to no one in particular) I can't believe it! *This is* my lucky day! First a Princess, then a King — and now a Dragon! (swinging sword in air)

DRAGON: Oh what a nuisance. Here I was just settled down —

KNIGHT: On guard, Dragon!

DRAGON: See here, young man, no need for hasty action. Let's talk this over.

KNIGHT: You ready or not?

DRAGON: Come, come, Knight — I'm an old Dragon. No problem to anyone — except perhaps to myself — (chuckles)

KNIGHT: Lucky, lucky day! — You going to fight or aren't you, Dragon?

DRAGON: Well, I hadn't thought I would — really — it's such a pleasant day.

KNIGHT: Aha! A *cowardly* Dragon, eh?

DRAGON: (rising) No one calls *me* a coward! Thoughtful, perhaps. Never cowardly.

KNIGHT: Then *fight!*

DRAGON: (sighs) Very well, if I must. Ridiculous way to spend a sunny afternoon. (tries to pull sword out of scabbard) — uh — ugh —

KNIGHT: What's the matter?

DRAGON: My sword's stuck.

KNIGHT: Well hurry up!

DRAGON: (struggling with sword) It's rusty — haven't used it much lately —

KNIGHT: Cut the excuses, Dragon — I'm coming, ready or not! (frees sword) Prepare yourself, Knight! Engarde! Where are you? — Oh, there you are! Aha!

(slash, slash — they back up, squint, then charge, etc., *never* making any contact — always missing each other. They shout at each other — "Come back here!" "Where'd you go?", "Over here!", "Hold still!"—)

(PRINCESS enters, distraught)

PRINCESS: (calling) Knight? Where are you? (she sees him run by) Knight? There you are! (Crossly) I've been looking *everywhere* for you! Where have you been?!

KNIGHT: (ignoring her, calling to Dragon) I'll chop off your head —

DRAGON: Stand back where I can see you!

PRINCESS: What are you doing?!

KNIGHT: (to Dragon) Running away, eh?

DRAGON: Take that, tin head!

KNIGHT: *Tin head?!*

DRAGON: Hah!

KNIGHT: Lizard legs!

DRAGON: *Lizard legs?!*
(slash, slash)

PRINCESS: (nearby in tears) Stop, stop, *stop!* (she bangs feet, throws slide rule and papers on ground, sits on stump, crying loudly)
(KNIGHT and DRAGON abruptly stop fighting, look at each other, then at PRINCESS)

DRAGON: (squinting) Huh? What's that?

KNIGHT: The Princess.

DRAGON: Princess? Where?

KNIGHT: There. (to Princess) What's the matter, Princess?

PRINCESS: *You!* I wish I'd never met you, that's what!

KNIGHT: Who — me?

PRINCESS: Yes you! First you scare me half to death, then you take my papers and run away — (sobs) — and I couldn't find you, and now — (boo-ho)

KNIGHT: But I'm fighting a Dragon!

PRINCESS: (stops crying) A Dragon? (sees Dragon and cries harder)

DRAGON: Come, come, don't be frightened. I won't hurt you.

KNIGHT: I'll see to that!

DRAGON: Oh you will, will you? (PRINCESS howls, they stop)

PRINCESS: Too late! It's too late! (cries)

KNIGHT: What's too late?

PRINCESS: Too late to save my poor father, that's what's too late. I had a plan all figured out until you came along and messed it all up. Now I don't know where I am! My father will *never* get out of jail and he'll never get his kingdom back and I'll have to marry the Duchess' awful son, Wilfred, and it's all your fault! (more cries)

KNIGHT: *My fault? — I was on my way to rescue your father — and I ran into this Dragon!*

PRINCESS: *That's the point, Knight! You can't just go running off to rescue my father! You have to have a plan! I had a plan and you ruined it! (boo-hoo)*

DRAGON: (to Princess) *There, child. I'm sure it's not as bad as all that.*

PRINCESS: *Yes it is!*

DRAGON: *Oh, — well, we'll think of some way to save your poor father. And we'll keep you from marrying — uh — whoever it was you said you were going to marry.*

PRINCESS: (sniffing) *Wilfred — the Duchess' son. Euyuck! I hate him! (stamps her feet)*

DRAGON: *Of course you do. — Try not to think of it right now. (pause, then cheerily) — Why don't we all have a little chocolate milk, eh? (PRINCESS stops crying and looks at him curiously)*

PRINCESS
and
KNIGHT: *Chocolate milk?!*

DRAGON: *Have some right here — if I can find it — I'm a little farsighted, don't you know, heheh —. Have a little trouble seeing close-up — (KNIGHT hands him basket) Thank you.*

KNIGHT: *Don't mention it.*

DRAGON: *Now then, this will make us feel better. (pours glass of chocolate milk and offers it to PRINCESS) Princess?*

PRINCESS: (taking it) *Thank you.*

DRAGON: *You're welcome, I'm sure. (pours another, offers it to KNIGHT) Knight?*

KNIGHT: *I never drink with Dragons.*

DRAGON: (shrugs) *Suit yourself. (pours himself some) Cookies? (he passes them to PRINCESS)*

PRINCESS: *Thanks. (takes one)*

KNIGHT: *What's all this tea party business?! We haven't finished our fight!*

DRAGON: *We haven't?*

KNIGHT: *No.*

DRAGON: *Oh, bother.*

PRINCESS: *What are you fighting about?*

DRAGON: *Beats me.*

KNIGHT: *We're fighting because he's a Dragon and I'm a Knight!*

PRINCESS: *Well, that's no reason.*

KNIGHT: Of course it's a reason. Knights always fight Dragons.

PRINCESS: Why?

KNIGHT: Why?! *Because!* — Because that's the way it goes! That's the way it *always* goes!

PRINCESS: Well I think that's stupid.

KNIGHT: Yes, well for a Princess, you have some pretty stupid ideas of your own.

PRINCESS: The only idea I care about right now is rescuing my father! (to Dragon) May I please have another cookie?

DRAGON: Certainly, my dear. (gives her one) Sure you don't want any, Knight?

KNIGHT: No, I don't! — Tea parties right in the middle of a fight!

PRINCESS: They're very good. (chomp chomp) (to Knight) Sure?

KNIGHT: I don't eat cookies with Dragons, either!

DRAGON: Too bad. Might improve your disposition. (PRINCESS and DRAGON laugh at this) You know, (chomp chomp) when I was a young Dragon and full of fire, I had much the same short-sighted ways. Drink and eat with a Knight?! Unthinkable! (chuckles) Ah — (sighs) but as the years went by, I began to take the long view of things. And now I realize the folly of my shortsighted youth. (pause) I suggest you take the long view, Knight, and eat up — You look hungry. (he pushes cookies toward Knight, then turns and talks to Princess)

(During the following conversation, the KNIGHT eyes the cookies, then slowly moves toward them and takes one — then several.)

DRAGON: Now, my dear, why don't we see what we can do for you. I may be an old Dragon, but I come up with some fiery new ideas now and then. Heheh — (he laughs but no one else does) Yes, well — now tell us, dear, just what is this little plan of yours? Maybe we can help.

PRINCESS: Well — all right. (she arranges her papers and slide rule, takes a deep breath and begins, rapidly) Our objective is to release the King, A, from cell, B, in dungeon, C, which you get into at secret window, D, three point two meters from position F. With the guards moving from F to D, we can't traverse the base line approach, so we hide at point G, then take course five for seven meters, and there we are at point A! (exhales loudly, then looks at them) That's my plan. (DRAGON and KNIGHT sit stunned, staring at her, then at each other, pause)

DRAGON: (clearing throat) Well, uh — that was very nice, dear. Wasn't it, Knight?

KNIGHT: Huh? Oh, — very nice.

PRINCESS: It'll work, too.