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Folktales Too

By
John Glore

(Commissioned and originally produced by South Coast Repertory)

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(FOLKTALES TOO)

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FOLKTALES TOO

Cast

Kimberly-Kay
 Bluster
 Kimberly-Kay's Father*
 King Henry*
 Velda
 Imelda
 Corizelda
 Tom
 Tom's Father*
 Old Crone
 Parson
 Child
 Crazy Jake
 Mrs. Pogen
 Woody
 Man with Turkey
 Pumah
 Little Pumah
 Wise Man
 Spirit
 Arkansas Fiddler
 Prince Hal
 King of Arkansas
 Servants
 Indian Villagers
 Dancers

*Kimberly-Kay's father, King Henry, and Tom's father are all played by the same actor, who may also play the Spirit and the Arkansas Fiddler. Other doubling is flexible. Minimum cast required: 4 women, 6 men.

Δ

Once upon a time in America

Δ

Originally presented by the South Coast Repertory under the direction of Diane Doyle; set and costume designed by Dwight Richard Odle.
Original cast as follows:

| | |
|-----------------------------|--------------------|
| Kimberly-Kay | Nicole Parker |
| Bluster | Paul Constantine |
| Kimberly-Kay's Father | Keith David Dillon |
| King Henry | Keith David Dillon |
| Velda | Laura Vance |
| Imelda | Deborah South |
| Corizelda | Andrea Gazzariga |
| Prince Hal | Paul Constantine |
| Tom's Father | Keith David Dillon |
| Tom | Peter Marietta |
| Old Crone | Deborah South |
| Parson | Jim Reiss |
| Child | Justin Morgan |
| Crazy Jake | Aram Delgado |
| Mrs. Pogen | Laura Vance |
| Woody | Manfred Strombeck |
| Man with Turkey | Aram Delgado |
| Pumah | Aram Delgado |
| Little Pumah | Justin Morgan |
| Wise Man | Jim Reiss |
| Spirit | Keith David Dillon |
| Fiddler | Keith David Dillon |
| King of Arkansas | Jim Reiss |

ABOUT THE PLAY

Kimberly-Kay Copernicus first took the stage as the heroine of John Glore's *Wind of a Thousand Tales*, in which she went on a journey to find an imagination. Whisked away by magical Breezes to the land of Nowhere, this skeptical "child of tomorrow" listened as the Breezes told three stories gathered on their travels around the world. These folktales from faraway places taught Kimberly-Kay how informative and enjoyable stories can be, and how true.

Folktales Too brings the return of Kimberly-Kay and includes a new assortment of folktales, this time from across America. Unlike *Wind of a Thousand Tales*, in which each of the tales was told separately, this sequel weaves its tales together into one epic story told by Kimberly-Kay herself. You may not always know when one tale is over and another begins, but by the end of the play you will have encountered six different stories.

You will recognize some of the elements of these tales. It turns out that just as most Americans have their roots in other lands, most American folktales do too. So if the tale of Corizelda and her father reminds you at times of a story told by William Shakespeare, that's because both are descended from a European folktale as old as the hills. The story of poor Tom and his soap also has a European ancestor, as does Crazy Jake's rambling adventure with Old Brindle. In fact, perhaps the only native American folktale to be found in the play is the story of Pumah, the Indian, originally told by Indians in old California—the first Americans.

Before people had books and classrooms and computers and television, they had campfires, where they entertained each other by telling stories. Sometimes the stories were based on things that really happened, and sometimes they came from the storyteller's imagination, but all were ways of sharing wisdom. When people listen to a story together, they understand how we are all nurtured by the same experiences and feelings. We don't have many campfires any more, but we have theatres that tell stories, and they still remind us that, in a way, we're all part of the same big story.

—adapted from the program for the premiere production of
Folktales Too, South Coast Repertory, May, 1989.



Folktales Too takes place entirely within the confines of Kimberly Kay's attic—and her imagination. Directors and designers are encouraged to take advantage of the potential imaginative use of items cluttered around the attic as stand-ins for more realistic props: e.g., King Henry's scepter might be an old ivory-headed cane; the three dresses bequeathed to his daughters might actually be three '50's vintage party dresses in a trunk; and so forth. The operative aesthetic is children's make-believe.



Note to producers: The title page of the program for any production of this play must carry the following credit: "Commissioned and originally produced by South Coast Repertory."



Critical Comments

"Some may remember Kimberly Kay from last year's South Coast Repertory Youth Conservatory Players' production of John Glore's 'Wind of a Thousand Tales,' in which she found her imagination with the help of a breeze who told stories. She's back. 'Folktales Too,' also by Glore, opened at SCR over the weekend as part of its California Play Festival. This time around, we find Kimberly Kay up in the attic of her home after an argument with her dad. Before long she's dreaming up little tales which—stitched together into an hour-long comic drama—provide a tapestry of ideas that helps her understand her father's anger, and her love for him . . . it makes for dazzlingly clever, entertaining theater . . . Glore's script is as sparkling and real as a hushed conversation between best friends."—Karen Newell Young, *Los Angeles Times*

"'Folktales Too' . . . is as smart as young Kimberly . . . there is plenty to stir the imagination of kids of all ages . . . As Glore shows us, while there are few stories that haven't been told before, there's always a new way to tell them."—Jeff Rublo, *Orange County (Calif.) Register*

"Last year's special Tony award was presented to South Coast Repertory for the special relationship it maintains with Orange County communities. A major share of the theater's concern and outreach has focused on the incredibly successful Young Conservatory and its off-

shoot: the Young Conservatory Players. Their big hit in 1988 was the production of *Wind of a Thousand Tales*. This year *Folktales Too*, a sequel to Kimberly's adventure . . . opens as Kimberly climbs to the attic to collect her belongings. She has had a big fight with her father, who has banished her from his sight. Being a literal-minded girl, Kimberly thinks she's banished forever and plans to run away . . . [The plot is] underscored by a running theme of problems between children and unsympathetic fathers . . . *Folktales Too* is appropriate for ages 5 and older."—*Parenting Magazine*

"We are spellbound . . . with North American folktales chock full of kid-size fun, surprise and a zany cast . . . presenting the Glore-ious adventure in high-energy, make-believe style."—Marjorie Stradinger, *Irvine (Calif.) World News*



Playing time is 60 to 75 minutes.

FOLKTALES TOO

[An attic. WIND whistles eerily through the eaves, mingling with what sounds like whispered words—"kingdom . . . stupid . . . banished . . . nothing . . . magic . . . salt . . . wander . . . stranger . . . nothing . . . banished . . . banished . . . banished." A trapdoor creaks open, Center Stage (or a door Up Center) and a flashlight beam cuts through the darkness from the entryway. The beam is followed onto the stage by KIMBERLY-KAY, who seems to be talking to herself]

KIMBERLY-KAY. *[Mockingly imitating a whine]* Wanh wanh wanh. You are one of the all-time great whiners. *[Pause]* Yes, it is dark, Crayola. It's an attic. What are you worried about, we've got Sparky. *[She sweeps the flashlight back to look behind her; we see no one]* Yes, I'm positive there aren't any witches or goblins up here. *[Aside]* She thinks she's in "The Wizard of Oz." *[Pause. She stops and turns around]* I'm the only one who can see you anyway, dodo-head.

[Backing away from the attic door, she bumps into a SHADOWY FIGURE lurking amid the junk in a corner]

KIMBERLY-KAY. *[Matter-of-fact]* I'm going to scream now. *[She starts to, but a hand covers her mouth]*

SHADOWY FIGURE. Stop!

KIMBERLY-KAY. Who—who—who—

SHADOWY FIGURE. Silence, you poor imitation of a barn owl.

KIMBERLY-KAY. *[Swallowing hard]* We were just—

SHADOWY FIGURE. So you think this attic is safe from goblins and witches?

KIMBERLY-KAY. Uh, maybe I—

SHADOWY FIGURE. Don't you believe in goblins and witches?!

KIMBERLY-KAY. Not exac—well, I mean—uh, yes, yes, I do.

SHADOWY FIGURE. *[Suddenly friendly]* I should hope so. Hiya, Kimberly-Kay.

KIMBERLY-KAY. *[Turning to face the Figure]* Bluster! You rat, you scared the jelly-beans out of us!

[BLUSTER emerges into the light. As his name suggests, he is a little whirlwind. Standing still for the last minute has been almost

beyond him, and now he's happily releasing pent-up energy. He's dressed in cold-weather gear]

BLUSTER. [*Impishly*] I couldn't resist. I just picked up this great ghost story on my way through—Who's us?

KIMBERLY-KAY. What?

BLUSTER. Who were you talking to just now?

KIMBERLY-KAY. Oh. My friend, Crayola. She's imaginary.

BLUSTER. Really.

KIMBERLY-KAY. Don't make a fuss; she's very sensitive about it.

BLUSTER. Unh-hunh.

KIMBERLY-KAY. She's going through a denial thing right now—she says *I'm* the one who's imaginary.

BLUSTER. Oh dear.

KIMBERLY-KAY. She'll grow out of it.

BLUSTER. Where is she at the moment? Ah. Good evening, Crayola, it's a pleasure to make your acquaintance. [*Magnificent bow*]

KIMBERLY-KAY. [*To Crayola*] This is Bluster. He's a Breeze. He's the one I told you about—you know—abducted me last year with his friends, the Wind of a Thousand Tales, and they shanghaied me to the land of Nowhere and kept me prisoner and forced me to listen to their stories and—basically changed my life. [*In response to something Crayola has said:*] Right, the goofy one. [*To Bluster*] She's pleased to meet you, she's sure.

BLUSTER. Charming girl, even if she is imag—

KIMBERLY-KAY. Don't say it!

BLUSTER. Oh, right.

KIMBERLY-KAY. So where are the rest of the Breezes tonight?

BLUSTER. Oh, they're around and about. Tickling leaves, combing the wheat, fanning children's dreams.

KIMBERLY-KAY. [*To Crayola*] Told you he talks funny. [*To Bluster*] Hey, what are you doing up here in the attic?

BLUSTER. Hey, what are *you* doing up here in the attic?

KIMBERLY-KAY. You don't want to know.

BLUSTER. Oh?

KIMBERLY-KAY. No.

BLUSTER. What's the story, K.-K.?

KIMBERLY-KAY. Well—we're running away from home.

BLUSTER. You're running away from home in the attic?

KIMBERLY-KAY. *No.* We came up here to get some stuff and *then* we're running away from home.

BLUSTER. But why?

KIMBERLY-KAY. Because.

BLUSTER. Because why?

KIMBERLY-KAY. Because my dad doesn't want me any more.

BLUSTER. [*Disbelieving*] Oh, come on.

KIMBERLY-KAY. It's true. Tell him, Cray. [*BLUSTER looks at Crayola and seems to receive confirmation*]

BLUSTER. Oh-oh. You better tell me everything.

KIMBERLY-KAY. Well, it all started with the Indians.

BLUSTER. Mmhm.

KIMBERLY-KAY. I was supposed to do a report on Native American legends for my teacher, Mrs. Squib, and— [*to Crayola*] Crayola, would you let me tell it? [*Back to Bluster*] Anyway, I needed a book from my dad's shelf, but I'm not supposed to go into his den "unsupervised," but I really *needed* the book, and no one was around, so—

BLUSTER. I get the picture.

KIMBERLY-KAY. I got the book down from the shelf, and put it on his desk and everything would have been okay, but then Crayola made me spill chocolate milk all over the book, *and* all over my dad's desk, *and* all over his new felt putt-putt green that he got for Christmas—yes, you *did*, Crayola. So that made me really mad, and I started chasing her around the study, and we sorta knocked over my dad's globe and kinda punched a hole in his authentic Zulu war drum, and then—well, that's when my dad got home from work. And he was in a really rotten mood 'cause there was a traffic jam on the freeway 'cause some truck had turned over and spilled two tons of bananas and cars were slipping and sliding all over the place and there were all these police there and they were trying to direct the traffic—only *they* kept slipping on the bananas and—

BLUSTER. Kimberly-Kay.

KIMBERLY-KAY. Yes?

BLUSTER. What happened when your father got home?

KIMBERLY-KAY. He found us in the study, or that is, he found me. And he said—

[Special LIGHT up on DAD. He holds a book with a big chocolate milk stain on it]

DAD. *[A mixture of fatigue and outrage]* No. No, no, no. No, I—I don't believe this. I have told you time and time again not to come into my den by yourself. I have asked you nicely, I have pleaded with you, I have warned you with sternness in my voice not to—this—This is my kingdom, Kimberly-Kay, my castle. This is where I go to unwind after I've had a very, very, very hard day at the office. And now I come home, after a particularly very, very, very hard day at the office and I find my kingdom destroyed. Ransacked. Despoiled. This is too much, really too much, Kimberly-Kay. How could you be so stupid? I don't know what—my globe! my—I—my drum, my Zulu drum!—I can't, can't . . . Get out. Go away. I don't like you at all just now. Leave. You're banished.

[LIGHTS out on DAD]

BLUSTER. He was angry.

KIMBERLY-KAY. You could say that.

BLUSTER. Well, I sort of understand how he—

KIMBERLY-KAY. And now I'm banished.

BLUSTER. But—don't you think he probably just wanted you to go to your room?

KIMBERLY-KAY. You heard what he said. You don't know my dad—he can be mean when he wants to be. So we're running away.

[The THREE of them settle into a quiet gloom]

BLUSTER. I wish there were something I could do.

KIMBERLY-KAY. *[Slight sarcasm]* Like what, tell a story?

BLUSTER. Why didn't I think of that? It might cheer you up.

KIMBERLY-KAY. Pigs might fly, too.

BLUSTER. *[Brightening]* Let me just think . . . Wait, I have an idea. *You* tell the story.

KIMBERLY-KAY. Bad idea.

BLUSTER. *Great* idea!

KIMBERLY-KAY. But I'm just a kid. You're the pro.

BLUSTER. Pro, schmo, trust me on this, K.-K.

KIMBERLY-KAY. But . . . when *you* tell a story, I can see all the people in it, like magic.

BLUSTER. When you told me about your father, I could see him. I can even almost see Crayola, and she's completely imag—

KIMBERLY-KAY. Ix-nay.

BLUSTER. Oh, sorry, Cray, almost said the "i" word. Nevertheless, K.-K., I feel strongly that *you* should tell the story.

KIMBERLY-KAY. But—

BLUSTER. Instead of running away from home, let your imagination run away for you. Here, I'll blow some stories into your ear— [*As he does, KIMBERLY-KAY shakes her head, startled*] So, I'll just be going then. Have fun.

KIMBERLY-KAY. Wait!

BLUSTER. What?

KIMBERLY-KAY. If you go, I won't have an audience.

BLUSTER. Course you will. An imaginary audience!

KIMBERLY-KAY. But I don't know how to start.

BLUSTER. Yes you do. Remember? [*A magical incantation*] "Once upon a time . . ."

KIMBERLY-KAY. "Once upon a time . . ."

BLUSTER. [*Fading into the darkness*] "Once upon a time . . ."

KIMBERLY-KAY. Once upon a time, right . . . Once upon a time there was a . . . once upon a time there was a— [*to Crayola*] I was going to say that. Once upon a time, there was a king. [*The KING, played by Kimberly-Kay's DAD, appears. Upon seeing him, K.-K.'s tone suddenly darkens*] A mean, nasty, ugly old king.

BLUSTER. [*Appearing suddenly*] A word to the wise, K.-K.—a good storyteller gives every character an even chance. [*He disappears again*]

KIMBERLY-KAY. [*Reluctantly*] Oh, all right.

[*As KIMBERLY-KAY gets into her story, she recedes to the edge of the stage, relinquishing focus to the story itself*]

KIMBERLY-KAY. Once upon a time, there was a somewhat moody king, who had—What is it, Crayola?—His name was King Henry, okay? Okay. And King Henry had—What!?—I don't know, he lived in his kingdom. In America—I know there were never any kings in America, but this is my story and I'll tell it the way I want to Crayola all-right? allright. So King Henry ruled over his kingdom in a land a lot like America, and he had three daughters. One day, moody King Henry summoned his daughters—

KING HENRY. [*Cheerfully*] Velda! [*VELDA enters and ostentatiously kisses her father's hand*] —Imelda!— [*IMELDA enters and tries to outdo Velda*] —Corizelda! [*CORIZELDA enters and demurely curtsseys. She is the youngest of the daughters, about sixteen, and something in her appearance is strongly reminiscent of Kimberly-Kay. She stands apart from her sisters. By now KING HENRY is grumpy*] Well, what is it you want, I'm very busy.

IMELDA. Father, you summoned us.

KING HENRY. Well, what did I want?

VELDA. We don't know, Father.

KING HENRY. That's because I haven't told you yet. Let me think a moment. Ah! [*Cheery again*] As you know, your dear mother has been dead for several years. [*Growing melancholy*] Dead and gone and left me sans queen. Were it not for you, beautiful daughters, I would be all alone now, a miserable, broken old man without hope of— [*Businesslike*] Let's not get weepy. When your mother was on her deathbed, she beckoned me to come close, and she told me this: [*KING HENRY mouths the words, but we hear them spoken by the QUEEN's grating voice:*]

QUEEN'S VOICE. Before I fell sick—Henry, are you listening to me?—before I fell sick, I made, by mine own hand, three dresses: one green, one red, and one white. When our daughters have reached marrying age, they are to be given their choice of these dresses for their weddings. [*KIMBERLY-KAY pulls three dresses out of a trunk and deposits them Center Stage*]

KING HENRY. I have determined that you are old enough now to make your choices. Velda, as the eldest, you shall go first. Which of these fine dresses— [*in danger of melancholy again*] —made by your dear dead mother's trembling hand— [*no, he's okay*] —do you choose to be your wedding gown?

VELDA. [*Choosing her words carefully*] Darlingest father that ever has been,

Any of these would be worthy a queen,
 And far too divine for a girl of eighteen.
 They're the loveliest dresses that I've ever seen—
 So gorgeous those ruffles, so shiny that sheen—
 Though I'd love to have all, if I must choose between—
 Then give them the others and I'll take the—
 Red. No, the white. No, I'll have the green—

No, yes!—the green. [*She starts to grab the green dress, but KING HENRY stops her*]

KING HENRY. Ah ah ah. Not so fast, dear daughter. First you must tell me how much you love me.

VELDA. [*Again, choosing her words carefully*] More than all the gold and silver that can be found in the world, dear father; more than all the jewels of Africa and all the fine silks of china; more than riches can richly convey—that's how much I love you, dearest father.

KING HENRY. [*Pleased, giving her the dress*] You *do* love me, don't you. Now. Imelda, as the next oldest, it is for you to select from the remaining dresses. Which will you have?

IMELDA. [*Smug*] No green dress for me, sire, I'd rather be dead.

No, I'd prefer something more lively instead—
An incarnadine dress I shall wear when I'm wed,
For that's so much bolder than green, as I've said.
So give her the green, and no tears will be shed,
Yes, give her the green, sir, and I'll take the red.

VELDA. Daddy, I changed my mind. I want the red.

KING HENRY. I'm sorry, Velda, but you've made your choice, and Imelda has made hers. She shall have the red— [*IMELDA lunges greedily for the dress, and KING HENRY again stops her*] —as soon as she tells me how much she loves me.

IMELDA. [*Confident*] If words were jewels, dear Father my king, and sentences golden—I should not be able to find words rich and beautiful enough to express the great wealth of love I hold for you—

KING HENRY. Well, that's—

IMELDA. No, Father dear, not the greatest poet that history has ever known could find the words to describe—

KING HENRY. Oh, my—

IMELDA. —the sentences to convey—

KING HENRY. —this is too—

IMELDA. —the *volumes* to express the gargantuan enormity of my love for you.

KIMBERLY-KAY. Oh, brother! [*KING HENRY is speechless with joy. IMELDA sends a smug smile in Velda's direction, and VELDA does a slow burn*]

KING HENRY. Well! Now then. Corizelda. You are the youngest, and must be happy with what your sisters have left for you. As you know, you have always been my favorite— [*VELDA and IMELDA*

exchange a look of annoyance]—and if it had been my choice, I would have given you all three dresses; but you shall have this beautiful white gown—the best of the lot, in my opinion—as soon as you tell me how very much you love me.

VELDA. Father, now that I consider the matter, I think I'd rather have the white—

KING HENRY. Sorry, Velda, you're stuck with the ugly green one. Now then. Corizelda, go ahead, speak your little poem.

CORIZELDA. Father. My sisters have given you many pretty words. But I can only speak simply and trust that you will feel what my words cannot express. I love you Father, as meat loves salt. *[KING HENRY, VELDA, and IMELDA look at one another, perplexed. Beat]*

KING HENRY. I'm sorry, I thought you said—I must have mis—

CORIZELDA. I love you as meat loves salt.

VELDA. As meat loves salt?

IMELDA. *[Scoffing]* As meat loves salt!

KING HENRY. *[Forcing a laugh]* Well, it's a joke. She—as meat loves salt, that's . . . funny. But a joke isn't good enough to earn you this dress, Corizelda. Come, tell me—*really*—

CORIZELDA. I have no other words, Father. I love you as my duty commands me.

KING HENRY. *[Reddening, his anger very real]* Your duty. Your duty! Your duty is a thing of meat and salt, is it?! How can you be so stingy, child!

CORIZELDA. *[Overlapping]*—Father, I'm not—

KING HENRY. This dress, this castle, my entire kingdom would have been yours to command and you—you!—*you* give me meat and salt!? Very well. Henceforth you are nothing to me. You are nothing! Get out. Nothing! Go! You are forever banished from my sight! Take this *miserable* piece of cloth as your inheritance, for you shall have nothing else from me. If you be found in this kingdom after three days time, your life will be worth less than—than—meat and salt! *[He storms out. CORIZELDA stands, head bowed, the white dress held limply in her hands. Her SISTERS, hiding their pleasure, approach her]*

IMELDA. You poor child. He can be so . . . *moody*.

VELDA. Come, we'll help you pack. You've a long journey ahead of you. *[They exit]*

KIMBERLY-KAY. So Corizelda, no longer welcome in her father's kingdom, set forth on a journey to a new life. With his once

favorite daughter gone, King Henry became moodier than ever. *[KING HENRY enters, laughing maniacally. His DAUGHTERS follow him, cautiously]*

KING HENRY. What a relief to have that gloomy child out from under foot. *[Angry]* Where's my fool!? I'm in a laughing mood and wish to be amused. Fool! Fool! *[Whining]* Where's the foool? Is there no fool to be found in this kingdom?

KIMBERLY-KAY. King Henry became so moody that he made up his mind to retire from public service.

KING HENRY. *[Surlly]* Someone bring me the Book of the Kingdom. *[KIMBERLY-KAY hands him the Book of the Kingdom: it's the chocolate milk-stained book from Kimberly-Kay's father's library. The stain has penetrated to inside pages as a map of King Henry's kingdom. KING HENRY takes the book, tears the two facing pages of the map out, and gives one page to each daughter]* This half of the kingdom is yours, and this half yours. Rule your dominions as you see fit. I'm finished.

[He exits, grumbling, then laughing, then moaning. The GIRLS follow, gleefully. CORIZELDA enters, opposite. She wears old traveling clothes and carries a traveling bag]

KIMBERLY-KAY. Meanwhile, Corizelda made her way out of the kingdom, dressed in some grungy clothes her maid had given her.

CORIZELDA. I'm so tired and hungry. And I feel so . . . ordinary in these old clothes. I suppose I'll never be a Princess again. *[She sighs. She sings a folk song (perhaps "Wayfaring Stranger") and KIMBERLY-KAY joins in. A SHADOWY FIGURE creeps on, remaining hidden. When CORIZELDA finishes singing, she seems to sense the stranger's presence]* Is someone there? Hello? . . . It must be my imagination.

[From the other direction, PRINCE HAL rides on on "horseback." The STRANGER withdraws into shadows]

PRINCE HAL. Ah, a rustic peasant girl. Greetings, maiden.

CORIZELDA. *[Startled]* Oh! Greetings. Sir.

PRINCE HAL. Can you tell me where I'd find the road to the Kingdom of Arkansas?

CORIZELDA. I'm sorry, I've never been to Arkansas.

PRINCE HAL. Ah. I have. I live there. But I seem to be lost. I'm a Prince by the way. Prince Hal. Of Arkansas.

CORIZELDA. Yes . . . Oh! *[She's so smitten with him she has almost forgotten to curtsy. KIMBERLY-KAY takes a more active interest, getting as close as she can to the action]* My name is Cori—uh—Mary.

PRINCE HAL. Well, Cori-uh-Mary. What a sweet, rustic, peasant name. Was that you I heard singing a moment ago?

CORIZELDA. Yes. Did you like it?

PRINCE HAL. It was nice. Rustic. Peasantry. I liked it. Well, I'll be on my way then. Pleasant talking to you, Cori-uh-Mary. Say, you haven't seen any Princesses around here, have you? *[KIMBERLY-KAY tries to nudge Corizelda toward Prince Hal]*

CORIZELDA. *[Looking down]* No, sir.

PRINCE HAL. Too bad. My father thinks it's time I got married. But I couldn't very well marry you, could I? *[He laughs pleasantly]* Well. Good-bye. *[He rides off]*

CORIZELDA. *[After him]* Do you have anything— *[but he's gone]* —to eat?

[Singing the last few lines of "Wayfaring Stranger" CORIZELDA picks up her bag and rejoins her journey, the SHADOWY FIGURE following at a distance]

KIMBERLY-KAY. That night, Corizelda slept in a ditch by the side of the road. The next morning she set out again, and after awhile she came to a small cottage. *[CORIZELDA approaches "cottage"]*

CORIZELDA. I suppose it's unbecoming of a princess to beg for food but—I'm so hungry I could eat green vegetables. *[Just then, TOM stumbles out of the cottage, his ear in the grasp of his father, who is again played by Kimberly-Kay's DAD]*

FATHER. I don't know how you could be so stupid, Tom, but this is your last chance. Your fool-headedness has cost us a cow and eight chickens and sent your ma to an early grave and worst of all, you smell like a rotten cheese. That means we gotta spend my last nickel on soap. Well, so be it. Go on down to Pogen's store and buy a cake of soap to clean yourself up. You think you can do that? Good. 'Cause if you don't . . . so help me, Tom . . . Now what is it you're gonna buy?

TOM. Uhhh . . . cake?

FATHER. No! Soap!

TOM. Soap.

FATHER. That's right, pumpkin-head. Soap. Don't bother to come home without it. [*His FATHER storms off. TOM turns to face Corizelda*]

CORIZELDA. Good day, sir.

TOM. Me? [*He is considerably younger than she—perhaps age 12*]

CORIZELDA. Yes. Good day. I was just about to knock on your door.

TOM. I wouldn't bother. He's in a stinkin' mood.

CORIZELDA. I've been traveling for many miles without food and I thought I might ask you . . .

TOM. Why do you think he's in a stinkin' mood? We ain't got any food. I *killed* our cow and eight chickens—a canoein' accident. I don't know how I could be so stupid. Well, g'bye. I'm goin' to the store to buy some. . . some. . . [*He's forgotten—panic begins to set it*]

CORIZELDA. Soap.

TOM. 'T's right, soap. S'long.

CORIZELDA. S'long.

TOM. [*Exiting*] Soap, soap, soap, soap, soap . . . [*CORIZELDA follows Tom at a discreet distance*]

KIMBERLY-KAY. Corizelda had never met anybody like poor Tom—he almost made her forget how hungry and tired and lonely she was. She decided to follow him and see what happened.

TOM. Soap, soap, soap, soap, soap—

KIMBERLY-KAY & CORIZELDA. Watch out for the— [*Suddenly TOM slips and lands on his rear*] —mud. [*TOM's spill causes him to forget his mantra*]

TOM. Now what was it I's supposed to be gettin'? [*He backs up to where he fell*] Had it here. [*Carefully steps across the mud patch*] Lost it here. [*Back*] Had it here. [*Forward*] Lost it here. [*He continues this as an old CRONE creeps on from the opposite direction, muttering to herself a litany of things she doesn't like*]

CRONE. [*Perhaps we hear only the occasional word*] . . . and bald people, and outhouses, and mud, and mud, especially *mud*, and two-tone moustaches, and red dresses, those things that dangle down from a turkey's neck, and *mud*, and idjits, and creepy crawlies, and stale sticky buns, and prissy little girls, and brown spots in my taters, and— [*She has seen Tom's bizarre dance*] Tom Glosser, have you lost your fool head?! [*He looks at her a moment, then seems to answer—*]