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Family Plays

THE PRINCESS AND THE GOBLIN

Adapted by

R. Eugene Jackson

From the novel by George MacDonald



THE PRINCESS AND THE GOBLIN

This 75- to 90-minute play is skillfully adapted by R. Eugene Jackson from the beloved children's novel by the 19th-century Scottish novelist George MacDonald. Both the novelist and the playwright have carefully drawn Irene, Curdie and Harley to be of indeterminate age so that every child who reads the book or sees the play will identify with the characters and see them as his or her own age. The roles may be played by children or adults. *The Princess and the Goblin* is a play that will stimulate the imagination of young people.

Drama. Adapted by R. Eugene Jackson. From the novel by George MacDonald.

Cast: 6m., 5w., extras. If you didn't read the beloved novel by George MacDonald when you were a child, you missed one of the most wonderful experiences of childhood. But you can make up for it by mounting the story on your stage in this delightful dramatization by one of America's most cherished authors of children's plays. In *the Princess and the Goblin*, Irene is a pretty princess, but her childhood is boringly uneventful. Infrequent visits from her father the king, who spends most of his time tending to business, are her only excitement. Unknown to the court, a band of goblins is digging a tunnel beneath the palace, and one night three grotesque creatures break into Irene's room—the vicious Goblin Queen who breaks enemies' bones with her granite shoes, the meek Goblin King who hides behind his wife when things are unpleasant and their ugly, stupid young son, Harley. The Goblins live in the caves and mines of the Great Mountain, banished there by the Sun People generations ago. To get revenge on their enemies, the Goblins have vowed to kidnap Princess Irene—and Harley plans to marry her. Among those who try to help Irene are Curdie, the young son of a miner, and Irene's great-great-grandmother—who died many years ago. *Set: Princess Irene's bedroom and the Goblins' throne room in a cave. Time: anytime we imagine it. Approximate running time: 75 to 90 minutes. Code: PJ7.*

Family Plays

311 Washington St., Woodstock, IL 60098-3308
Phone: (800) 448-7469 / (815) 338-7170
Fax: (800) 334-5302 / (815) 338-8981

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The Princess and the Goblin

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A 3-Act Play for Children's Theatre

by

R. EUGENE JACKSON

Dramatized from the Novel by George MacDonald

A 'Stage Magic' Play

Family Plays

311 Washington St., Woodstock, IL 60098

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(THE PRINCESS AND THE GOBLIN)

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THE PRINCESS AND THE GOBLIN

Characters

Irene, a young princess

Lootie, her nanny

Goblin King

Goblin Queen

Harley, their Goblin son

Curdie, a young miner boy

Guard

Second Guard

Grandmother, Irene's great-great-grandmother who appears in dreams as a 20-year-old

King, Irene's father

Other Guards, Goblins, and Ladies-in-Waiting as desired

TIME: Anytime we imagine it

PLACE: A medieval castle, perhaps in Scotland

★

This play was first presented by the Pixie Players, Mobile, Alabama, in November, 1982, under the direction of Laura Wilson.

Synopsis

ACT I: Princess Irene's Bedroom

ACT II: Goblin Caves in the Great Mountain

ACT III: Princess Irene's Bedroom

Playing Time: 75-90 minutes

ABOUT THE PLAY

Life has been uneventful for pretty little Princess Irene. Infrequent visits from her father the king, who spends most of his time administering to his people and defending his frontiers, are her only excitement.

Then one night three grotesque creatures break into her room—the vicious Goblin Queen who breaks enemies' bones with her granite shoes, the meek Goblin King who hides behind his wife when things are unpleasant, and their ugly, stupid young son, Harley.

The Goblins live in the caves and mines of the Great Mountain, banished there by the “sun-people” generations ago. To get revenge on their enemies, the Goblins have vowed to kidnap Princess Irene—and Harley plans to marry her.

Among those who try to help Irene are Curdie, the young son of a miner, and Irene's great-great-grandmother—who died many years ago!

This 75- to 90-minute play is skillfully adapted by R. Eugene Jackson from the beloved children's novel by the 19th century Scottish novelist George MacDonald. Both the novelist and the playwright have carefully drawn Irene, Curdie, and Harley to be of indeterminate age so that every child who reads the book or sees the play will identify with the characters and see them as his/her own age. The roles may be played by children or adults.

The Princess and the Goblin is a play that will stimulate the imagination of young people.

PRODUCTION NOTES

Properties

ACT I

Lighted candle—Lootie
Candlesticks, silver dishes, figurines—on furniture and walls
Ring—Great-great Grandmother

ACT II

Pickaxe and rope—Curdie
Rag—Goblin Queen
Lighted candle—Irene

ACT III

Bow and arrows, swords, spears—Guards

Costumes and Make-Up

The Goblins are supposed to be short and fat and very ugly—especially Harley. The fatness can be accomplished with padding. The ugliness can be developed with false noses and make-up (heavy eyebrows, turned down, huge mouths, etc.)—and by facial expression and characterization on the part of the performers. A duck-waddle walk also helps the illusion. The Goblin Queen's granite shoes can be made by shaping cardboard, styrofoam, papier mache, etc. over a regular pair of shoes and painting to look like granite blocks. The Goblins may wear nondescript, shapeless robes of earth colors or dark browns and blacks. The Goblin King and Queen would probably wear simple crowns.

The princess, king, Lootie, and guards may wear traditional medieval fairy tale costumes. Curdie would be properly costumed in a medieval peasant's loose-fitting blouse and tights or knicker-like trousers. His clothes and skin should be "dirty" with earth and mine dust. Or timeless robes may also be worn by all performers. The play is designed to stimulate the imagination of children; period-less costumes will work toward that desirable goal.

Costume changes include night clothes for Irene, Lootie, and the Goblin King and Queen and Harley. Simple floor-length gowns will do. Irene's should be rich looking. The Goblins may add ridiculous-looking nightcaps. When Irene enters from the cave in Act III, she should also have dust on her face, hands, and clothes.

Lights, Sound, and Special Effects

The script calls for Irene's bedroom to be lighted with candles, brightening when Lootie enters with another candle. The cave scene, Act II, should be dimly lit—especially when Irene blows out her candle. However, there is always more danger that the stage will be too dim rather than too bright. The audience must be able to see the action on stage without straining. We can assume that wall torches light the Goblins' throne room in the cave.

Sound effects are simple—hammering sounds which resemble picks and chisels in a mine. The two explosions in Act III may involve nothing more than loud off-stage booms. The best illusion can be created by the performers on stage, who can stumble and fall as though the castle were shaking. Smoke seeping in through the French doors can give an authentic touch. Smoke machines may be rented from theatre supply houses. Some fire extinguishers give off a smoke-like vapor—but be sure that the chemical is not harmful to the actors.

The Goblin Queen's stomping must look real. Claude D. Kezer's excellent book, *The Principles of Stage Combat* (available from I. E. Clark, [REDACTED]), shows how to

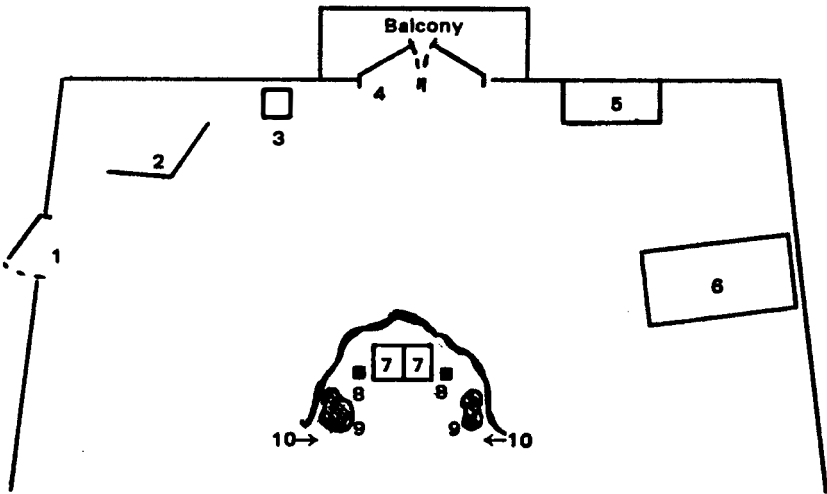
stomp realistically without pain or injury. The book also gives well-illustrated instructions for the fights and stabbing called for in this script.

Curdie's wound can "bleed" if desired in this manner: A small capsule of stage blood can be taped to his side. When he is stabbed, he can grab his side, breaking the capsule.

The Set

The principal set is Irene's bedroom. Scottish castles were noted for their austerity and simplicity, so the set and furniture do not need to be elaborate. A canopied bed is the main piece of furniture. A stool, a table and chest, and a dressing screen (the Goblins need something to hide behind) will suffice.

Act II takes place in the Goblin throne room in a cave. This may be a very small set. It can easily be mounted on a wagon so that it can be rolled on and off the stage intact and placed within the bedroom set. The thrones can be heavy chairs. Two or three large rocks (shaped of chicken wire and covered with papier mache) will give Curdie and Irene places to hide. A pole (to which Curdie and Harley are tied) would probably represent a brace holding up the ceiling of the cave. It could be a pole separating the two thrones and attached to them for sturdiness.



Scale: approx. 1/8"=1'

- 1—Door to other parts of castle
- 2—Dressing screen
- 3—Table or chest
- 4—French doors
- 5—Dressing table
- 6—Canopied bed

ACT II Inset—Goblins' Cave

- 7—Thrones
- 8—Poles supporting roof
- 9—Rocks
- 10—Entrances

THE PRINCESS AND THE GOBLIN

By R. Eugene Jackson

ACT I

[SCENE: Princess Irene's large bedroom in an old Scottish castle. At Stage Right is a door leading to other parts of the building, while French doors open to an outer balcony at Up Center. Dominating the room is an elaborate bed with a canopy over it at Stage Left. A few lit candles flicker in the room.]

AT RISE: After a pause, there is a rustling at the French doors and they swing open. HARLEY clumsily enters. Then the other door opens, and LOOTIE ushers IRENE into the room. The GOBLIN QUEEN's hand reaches through the French door opening, grabs HARLEY, and jerks him offstage]

LOOTIE. *[Irene's nanny, she carries a lit candle. The room brightens]* Hurry, now, little Princess. It's long past your bedtime, and if the king were here, he would be very angry with me.

IRENE. *[A young girl dressed in a rich nightgown]* Oh, Lootie, you worry too much. My papa-king wouldn't mind a few late nights a week. Why, you remember that he himself keeps me up to all hours with tales of his adventures when he's here.

LOOTIE. Yes, dear. And that is all the more reason why you should be asleep right now. Your father will be here tonight, and I'm sure he will keep you up tomorrow. I do wish he would simply remain here all the time. Then these late comings and goings of his would not be necessary.

IRENE. *[As she prepares for bed]* Lootie, you know a great king must see to his people.

LOOTIE. Yes, Irene, I understand that.

IRENE. And that requires him to travel about the kingdom.

LOOTIE. How well I know it! Meanwhile, the care of his little girl is in my hands.

IRENE. You don't mind, do you, Lootie? Taking care of me, I mean?

LOOTIE. Oh, of course not. I love you like a daughter, you know that. But a young girl who has no mother should at least have a father.

IRENE. But I do. I have a father.

LOOTIE. A few times a year, that's all.

IRENE. But what a wonderful few times a year! I do wish I could stay up to await him.

LOOTIE. Sorry, little Princess. That could be very late.

IRENE. But, Lootie, please!

LOOTIE. Shhhhh. Close your eyes, now, and go to sleep.

IRENE. All right, I will. But when my papa-king comes, I'll ask him to make you let me stay up next time.

LOOTIE. *[A little more submissive]* Irene, please. Don't trouble your father with such trivial matters. He frightens me enough as it is.

IRENE. Are you afraid of him?

LOOTIE. Well, he *is* the king.

IRENE. Good. Then I *know* I shall speak to him.

LOOTIE. Irene!

IRENE. Good night, Lootie. Please close the door quietly on your way out. *[They hear some hammering noises in the distance. LOOTIE and IRENE listen a few seconds]* What is that, Lootie?

LOOTIE. It sounds like hammering, little Princess. It must be the miners chiseling away ore in the nearby mines.

IRENE. But it sounds so close.

LOOTIE. Yes, it does. Perhaps it's another of the strange sounds this old castle makes as the winds blow through it.

IRENE. It seems to be coming from the garden beneath my balcony. *[She steps out of her bed]*

LOOTIE. *[Crosses and takes a quick, almost frightened look out the French doors]* It couldn't be, Irene. No, no, that's impossible. There's nothing out there but . . . *[The hammering stops]*

IRENE. But what?

LOOTIE. Darkness. Nothing but darkness. Back to the bed with you now. No more delays. Come on.

IRENE. Maybe it's my papa-king coming home. Oh, Lootie, please, let's go up to the balustrade and look for his torches in the distance. Please, Lootie—just for a minute.

LOOTIE. *[Giving in with a sigh]* All right. Just for a minute.

IRENE. I do so hope we'll see my papa-king coming. I feel so much safer when he's here.

LOOTIE. Yes, me too.

[They exit through the Stage Right door, LOOTIE gathering up a candle as she leaves. A beat or two after she has gone, there is a slight rustling at the French doors. It gets louder. After a few sec-

onds the French doors open very slowly and HARLEY, a young, short, and very fat GOBLIN peeps into the room. He starts to take a step into the room and stumbles in]

GOBLIN QUEEN. *[From offstage]* Shhhhhh!

HARLEY. *[As he turns back toward the French doors]* Shhhhhh!

GOBLIN QUEEN. *[Short and fat like all Goblins, she enters behind Harley. Because she wears special shoes of granite, each step is loud even though she tries to be quiet. All other Goblins go barefooted so their webbed feet are visible]* I said for you to shhhhhh. You don't have to shhhhhh back to me.

GOBLIN KING. *[Enters. To the Goblin Queen]* Shhhhhh.

GOBLIN QUEEN. Are you saying shhhhhh to me or shhhhhh to him?

GOBLIN KING. I'm saying shhhhhh to both of you. Shhhhhh.

GOBLIN QUEEN. But why are you saying shhhhhh to me when Harley's the Goblin that stumbled? You should be saying shhhhhh to him.

HARLEY. But, mama-queen, your granite shoes are very noisy, so shhhhhh.

GOBLIN QUEEN. How dare you! Don't you ever say shhhhhh to your mama.

HARLEY. I wasn't saying shhhhhh to you, mama-queen. I was saying it to your feet. Shhhhhh.

GOBLIN QUEEN. *[Strikes him]* My feet are part of me, Harley.

HARLEY. Ouch!

GOBLIN QUEEN. Shhhhhh.

HARLEY. *[To the Goblin King]* Shhhhhh.

GOBLIN KING. *[To nobody on the other side of him]* Shhhhhh. *[Then back to Harley]* Shhhhhh.

HARLEY. *[To the Goblin Queen]* Shhhhhh.

GOBLIN QUEEN. *[To nobody on the other side of her]* Shhhhhh. *[After realizing what she has done, she strikes Harley again]* Shhhhhh.

HARLEY. Ouch!

GOBLIN KING and QUEEN. Shhhhhh!

HARLEY. *[Cringes. Then he looks around the room]* Is this the right place? It all looks very strange to me.

GOBLIN KING. That's because we have lived inside the Great Mountain for generations.

GOBLIN QUEEN. And you've never seen the Sun-World before.

HARLEY. *[Looks out the French doors]* I don't think the sun is so bright.

GOBLIN QUEEN. That's the moon, Harley.

HARLEY. What's the difference, mama-queen?

GOBLIN QUEEN. The moon comes out at night, and the sun comes up in the morning.

HARLEY. Where is the sun now?

GOBLIN QUEEN. I don't know. Down.

HARLEY. Down where?

GOBLIN QUEEN. I don't know down where. Down somewhere. Over there. [*She points off*]

HARLEY. And in the morning, who pulls it up?

GOBLIN QUEEN. [*Getting angry*] Nobody pulls it up. It comes up by itself.

HARLEY. How does it do that?

GOBLIN QUEEN. [*To the Goblin King*] You try to deal with your son, will you, please? If he asks me one more question, I'll be so angry, I'll stomp his feet with my granite shoes.

HARLEY. Why are you so mad, mama-queen?

GOBLIN QUEEN. I am not mad, Harley.

HARLEY. You're not?

GOBLIN QUEEN. [*Screams*] I'm furious! [*IRENE and LOOTIE are heard at the door*]

GOBLIN KING. Quick, over here! [*The GOBLINS hide. IRENE and LOOTIE enter*]

IRENE. Is someone there? Did you hear a noise, Lootie?

LOOTIE. I always hear noises in this old castle—but don't worry. You're safe here in your own room. Now into bed with you—you promised . . .

IRENE. [*Crawling into bed*] I hope my papa-king is here when I wake up in the morning.

LOOTIE. He will be. [*She mutters a silent prayer, which Irene does not notice, Lootie is not the bravest person in the world*] Good night, little Princess. [*Kisses her forehead and begins her exit*]

IRENE. Good night, Lootie. [*She turns over and goes to sleep*]

GOBLIN KING. [*Peeps out from his hiding place; to Goblin Queen*] Shhhhhh. [*He tiptoes over to Irene's bed and looks down at her*]

GOBLIN QUEEN. [*To Harley*] Shhhhhh.

HARLEY. [*To the Goblin Queen*] Shhhhhh.

GOBLIN QUEEN. [*She strikes him*] I told you not to say shhhhhh to me again.

GOBLIN KING. *[To Goblin Queen]* Shhhhh.

GOBLIN QUEEN. *[Strikes the Goblin King]* Don't say shhhh to me . . . Oops. Sorry, dear.

GOBLIN KING. Will you get control of yourself, please? We have serious business here in the castle, and we have no time to waste.

HARLEY. *[As he picks up candlesticks, silver dishes, and other items of value]* Hey, papa-king, here's plenty of booty to take with us back into the caves. Everybody get all you can carry.

GOBLIN KING. Harley, we are after much more than that. Now, put it down.

HARLEY. But I want it.

GOBLIN QUEEN. Your papa said put it down, Harley. *[She stomps his foot. HARLEY drops everything with a loud clang]*

HARLEY. Ouch, owww, ow, ouch! You've broken my foot—and every bone in it! Ouch, owww, owww!

IRENE. *[Sits up in bed]* Who's here? Who is it? *[The GOBLINS attempt to run in several directions, running into each other, screaming, yelling]*

GOBLIN KING. Hide, quick! Not here, over there.

HARLEY. Ouch, ouch, ouch! *[He hobbles on one foot]*

GOBLIN QUEEN. *[To Harley]* Stop screaming and hide, Harley.

HARLEY. But it hurts, it hurts.

IRENE. *[Gets out of bed and holds up a candle]* Who are you? What do you want? Answer me immediately, or I shall send for Lootie and the guards.

GOBLIN KING. We're caught, we're caught.

GOBLIN QUEEN. It's only a little girl. We can take care of her.

HARLEY. But we're not so big ourselves, mama-queen.

IRENE. I demand you tell me the meaning of this.

GOBLIN KING. You can take care of her, dear, so you take care of her. Go ahead. *[He pushes her forward]* Give her a good stomping with your granite shoes.

GOBLIN QUEEN. Very well. If it must be I, then I it shall be. Stand aside. *[The GOBLIN KING and HARLEY stand back]*

IRENE. I warn you. Don't come any closer.

GOBLIN QUEEN. *[As she inches toward her]* Now, now, little girl, you don't want to cause us any trouble, do you? We've only come to kidnap you—and take you back with us to live in the dark caves inside the Great Mountain.

GOBLIN KING. Stop talking to her and stomp her before we're caught.

IRENE. I shall scream. I promise I shall.

GOBLIN QUEEN. Now, you don't want to scream.

IRENE. I shall.

GOBLIN QUEEN. No, you won't. *[She goes closer]*

IRENE. I shall.

GOBLIN QUEEN. You won't.

IRENE. *[Screams]* Heeeeeellllp!

GOBLIN QUEEN. She did!

GOBLIN KING. *[To the Goblin Queen]* I told you to stop wasting time and do it. Get her! *[The GOBLINS leap for IRENE, but she eludes them by running across the bed. She screams again]*

IRENE. Heeeeeellllp! You can't have me! Leave me alone, please!

GOBLIN QUEEN. Don't let her get away!

HARLEY. Wow, I'll take her. She's pretty, mama-queen. And when I say she's pretty, I mean she's wow-weee!

GOBLIN KING. Stop admiring the scenery, and grab her, Harley.

IRENE. *[Continues to scream between lines]* Heeeelp! Looooootie! Leave me alone. Go away. Don't touch me! *[HARLEY leaps for her, but she dives under the bed]*

HARLEY. Mama-queen, she dived under the bed.

GOBLIN QUEEN. *[As the GOBLINS surround the bed]* Well, don't just stand there, Harley, dive under there after her.

HARLEY. Who, me?

GOBLIN KING. Yes, you.

HARLEY. But, papa-king, I don't think there's enough room under there for both of us.

GOBLIN QUEEN. Harley!

HARLEY. Yes, mama-queen. *[He stoops down and waves his arms under the bed. IRENE moves away from him]*

GOBLIN QUEEN. *[Grabs her]* I've got her, I've got her!

IRENE. *[As she is pulled from under the bed]* Leave me alone, let go! Let go! I'm the princess. My papa-king will have your heads for this.

HARLEY. A princess! A real, live princess—just for me. Hey, miss, I'm a prince, aren't I, papa-king?

IRENE. Let go, let go! Heeeeeelllp!

GOBLIN KING. *[As the GOBLIN QUEEN holds one arm and he holds the other]* We've got to shut her up before she awakens the entire castle. Gag her, Harley.

HARLEY. Do what?

GOBLIN KING. Shut her up.

HARLEY. *[To Irene]* Will you please shut up?

IRENE. Looooooooootieeeee!

GOBLIN KING. Not that way. Put something in her mouth.

HARLEY. *[To Irene]* Would you like a bite of my lollipop? *[He pulls part of one from his pocket]*

GOBLIN KING. Not a lollipop, Harley—a rag. Something to keep her from screaming.

HARLEY. *[Looks around]* A rag, a rag, a rag. Hey, papa-king, can I borrow your cape?

GOBLIN KING. My cape? Why?

HARLEY. It's the only rag I can find.

GOBLIN KING. Harley!

IRENE. Heeeellllp!

GOBLIN QUEEN. We've got to shut her up.

LOOTIE. *[Enters in a nightgown, carrying a candle]* Princess, what is the meaning of this? Who are these . . . ? *[She sees them more clearly]* Goblins! Yeeei!!!! Help, help—Goblins! *[Crazed, she runs around in a circle to get away from them]*

GOBLIN KING. A sun-person! Run! Run! *[The GOBLINS scream and run around the room, falling in behind LOOTIE. IRENE stands in the middle and marvels at the scene. GOBLIN QUEEN stops, gasping]*

GOBLIN QUEEN. Wait a minute. Why am I running? I've got granite shoes. *[She steps in front of Lootie]* I've got you!

LOOTIE. Yeeei!!!! *[She screams and runs in the opposite direction with the GOBLINS following her]*

IRENE. Lootie, what are you doing? I'm the one who needs help. *[LOOTIE runs from the room]*

GOBLIN KING. Now we've got her. *[They surround Irene]* Come quietly, little Princess, and everything will be all right.

IRENE. How dare you frighten Lootie like that. I'm not going anywhere with you, you mean old Goblins.

GOBLIN QUEEN. Oh, yes you are. It's time for Harley to take a wife, and he refuses to marry any of the ugly Goblin girls. So we've chosen you. *[They take her in hand]* And now, let's get her back to the caves.

IRENE. But I don't want to visit your nasty old caves, and I surely don't want to marry an ugly Goblin boy like him.

HARLEY. Ugly? Me? Mama-queen, wash her eyes out with soap. I'm beautiful. *[They pull the struggling IRENE toward the French doors. CURDIE confronts them at the doors. CURDIE is a young boy who mines with his father. His clothes and face are covered with dirt]*

CURDIE. I thought I heard scuffling coming from this room. And it looks like I've arrived just in time.

HARLEY. Stand aside, little boy. If you don't, I'll . . . I'll . . . I'll . . .

CURDIE. You'll what?

HARLEY. I'll . . . I'll tell my mama-queen. Mama-queen, this boy won't get out of our way. What are you going to do about it?

IRENE. Who are you? What is this all about?

GOBLIN QUEEN. *[Taking a step toward Curdie]* If you don't move out of the way, I'll stomp your toes! Let me warn you—I wear granite shoes. I can break your foot with one stomp.

GOBLIN KING. She can, too. She's broken mine three times. *[As the GOBLIN QUEEN steps forward, CURDIE steps backward]*

GOBLIN QUEEN. Aha, he's giving in. But I'll show no mercy. *[She runs for him]*

HARLEY. Get him, mama-queen!

CURDIE. *[As she raises her foot to stomp his toes]*

One, two,

That's my shoe!

GOBLIN QUEEN. *[Stops in pain with her foot still poised. The other GOBLINS appear to be in pain as well. They cover their ears]* What? Oh!

HARLEY. Ouch! What hit me?

CURDIE. Three, four,

Out the door!

GOBLIN QUEEN. *[In greater pain, she lowers her foot. The other GOBLINS bend over in pain]* Owwww!

CURDIE. Five, six,

No more tricks!

GOBLIN KING. *[In pain]* Come on, let's get out of here . . . before it's too . . . late.

GOBLIN QUEEN. Help me! *[He takes her hand and leads her toward the French doors]*

HARLEY. Hey, don't leave poor little me! *[He crawls toward the door]*

IRENE. What is it? What's wrong with them?

CURDIE. Seven, eight,
There's the gate!

[The GOBLINS hobble out the doors and out of sight. CURDIE calls out the doors after them]

CURDIE. Nine, ten,
You big fat hen!

[He turns to Irene] Well, that gets rid of them. It's the rhymes. They hurt their ears for some reason. They go crazy.

LOOTIE. *[Enters from the hallway with two or three GUARDS]* There! There he is! *[She points to Curdie]* Get him. Don't let him get away, or the king will hear of it when he returns. *[The GUARDS hold Curdie]*

CURDIE. Wait, what is this? What are you doing? Princess?

IRENE. Lootie, how discourteous.

LOOTIE. How can you say that, little Princess? He was holding onto you and trying to take you off just a few minutes ago. I saw him. And where are the others? There were a dozen at least.

IRENE. In the garden, Lootie. Gone by now. And this young man was not one of them. In fact, he rescued me.

LOOTIE. Come now, Princess, how did he get into your bedroom in the middle of the night?

CURDIE. I think I can explain, miss. I've been following the Goblins all night until I lost them a little while ago. When I heard screaming, I followed the sound through a tunnel that opens into the courtyard below. I knew it was them. I meant no harm to the princess, I can assure you of that. I only meant to protect her from the horrible Goblins.

IRENE. And that he did, Lootie. They planned to kidnap me and take me away with them to their caves. He arrived and sent them scurrying. Then you came with the guards. He is innocent of any charges—honest.

LOOTIE. I believe you, little Princess. Guards, one of you stand guard in the garden; the other in the hallway. That's all. *[They go to their separate doors and out. IRENE approaches Curdie]*

IRENE. For that heroic rescue, I must reward you with a kiss.

LOOTIE. Princess Irene, how dare you even suggest such a thing! *[She holds IRENE back]*

IRENE. But, Lootie, he may have saved my life. I am in his debt.

LOOTIE. But you shall not kiss him. Why, you don't even know him.