

THE FROG PRINCE

CAST LIST

Male

Chumley, butler to Queen Malicia

Figaro, the Witch's cat [could be Female]

The Frog Prince

Denis the Dragon

Narrator [could be female – could be 3 Narrators]

Female

Queen Malicia

Witch Toejam

Aurora

Chorus

Courtiers, male & female.

Birds, male

Butterflies, female.

And the voice of

The Magic Mirror

LIST OF SCENES AND MUSICAL NUMBERS**Scene One****Queen Malicia's Palace**

- | | | |
|----|------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. | QUEEN MALICIA | Queen Malicia & Courtiers |
| 2. | Reprise: QUEEN MALICIA | Queen Malicia |

Scene Two**The Witch's Lair**

- | | | |
|----|------------------------------|-----------------------|
| 3. | WHEN YOU'RE A WITCH | Witch Toejam & Figaro |
| 4. | Reprise: WHEN YOU'RE A WITCH | Witch Toejam & Figaro |

Scene Three**The Forest**

- | | | |
|----|--------------------------|---|
| 5. | TOUJOURS L'AMOUR | Frog Prince, Birds & Butterflies |
| 6. | I PAINT THE MUSIC | Aurora, Birds & Butterflies |
| 7. | WHAT A PAIR! | Frog Prince & Denis the Dragon |
| 8. | MY HERO | Aurora, Denis the Dragon, Birds & Butterflies |
| 9. | LET'S PUT DOWN THE QUEEN | Aurora, Denis the Dragon, Birds & Butterflies |

Scene Four**Queen Malicia's Palace**

- | | | |
|-----|----------------------|---|
| 10. | THE CAT'S AWAY WALTZ | The Courtiers |
| 11. | I RESIGN | Chumley & All except Frog Prince, Toejam & Figaro |
| 12. | HAPPY END | The Company |

PROPS / FURNITURE LIST**Scene One**

Magic Mirror [wired to Sound & L/X]
 The Swordstone [a sword set in a large block]

Scene Two

Witch's cauldron, bubbling
 Wooden spoon
 Crystal ball [lights up]

Scene Three

Large butterfly net [Aurora]

Scene Four

Props as in scene one, plus:-
 Witch's broomstick [Toejam & Figaro]
 Book of Spells 'Frog Prince'
 Telegram on silver tray [Chumley]

THE FROG PRINCE

Scene One Queen Malicia's Palace

Two features are a MAGIC MIRROR, that lights up & speaks, and a SWORDSTONE, a sword set in a stone block. There can be an optional throne for the Queen.

The ugly QUEEN MALICIA is discovered, together with a CHORUS OF MALE & FEMALE COURTIERs

Song 1: "QUEEN MALICIA"

Chorus: Queen Malicia, that's her name.
 Queen: And being malicious is my game.
 Chorus: Queen Malicia,
 Queen: That is me,
 As nasty and vicious as can be.

For I love causing distress, [Chorus: Distress!]
 And getting everyone into another fine mess!

Chorus: Everyone had better watch out
 When Queen Malicia is about!

Queen: What a Queen! Near and far
 There is no greater Superstar!
 Chorus: [*quietly*] Superstar? Superstar?
 Queen: [*loud*] Superstar! Superstar!

Queen: Queen Malicia, foul and mean,
 I'm quite the wickedest Queen there's been!
 Chorus: Queen Malicia, take a bow!
 Queen: My people are scared of me, and how!

I rule through terror and fear, [Chorus: And fear]
 And I intend to carry on for many a year.
 Chorus: All her subjects wear a scowl
 When Queen Malicia's on the prowl.
 Queen: On the prowl...
 Chorus: On the prowl...
 All: Queen Malicia!
 Queen: Yeh! [END OF SONG]

Queen: Well, what are you lot stood standing there for? Get back to work.

A Courtier: But you sacked us, don't you remember?

Queen: Did I? What for?

Another: Singing out of tune.

Queen: I see you haven't improved. However, as the fairest lady in the land, I'm willing to take you all back if you answer these questions correctly. Am I not drop dead gorgeous?

A Courtier: Drop dead, yes. [*all murmur agreement*]

Queen: Am I not awfully pretty?

Another: Pretty awful, yes. [*all murmur agreement*]

Queen: And am I not as beautiful as a film star?

Another: Arnold Shwarzenegger, eat your heart out. [*all murmur agreement*]

Queen: Your answers are satisfactory. You may have your jobs back. Off you go, all of you, and run me a bath of ass's milk.

A courtier: You'll be like an ass in no time, Your Majesty. [*all murmur agreement and exit*]

Queen: My subjects obviously love me dearly: mind you, they have to, otherwise I do horrible things to them. My beauty totally overwhelms them, but I'm going to check up on my Magic Mirror. I've just bought it, and according to the manual, it never lies. [*goes to Mirror*] Magic Mirror, are you receiving me?

The Mirror lights up

Mirror: Loading your personal settings.

Queen: Right, here's your starter for ten:-
Mirror, mirror, on the wall,
Aren't I the fairest of them all?

Mirror: No way, baby.

Queen: No? What do you mean, no?

Mirror: Negative. Opposite of yes.

Queen: Curses! Does some upstart girl dare to outshine me? I must find her.
Mirror, mirror, so shiny and new,
Who is the girl? Please give me a clue.

Mirror: Painted Lady.

Queen: Painted Lady? What does that mean?

Mirror: That's your lot, Missus – work it out for yourself. Mirror is shutting down.

The mirror's light goes out.

Queen: I shall not rest easy till I find the girl. I shall summon my butler to do something about it.. *[shouts]* Chumley! Chumley! Where is the wretched fellow? *[shouts again]* Chumley!

Enter CHUMLEY, the butler. When he speaks he has deliberately-put-on “posh” overtones, on basically a “common” voice, rather like Lady Penelope’s butler Parker in Thunderbirds.

Chumley: You rang, madam?

Queen: No, I shouted. I practically shouted my head inside out. Get here quicker in future, otherwise I’ll pour treacle in your bedsocks..

Chumley: I’ve ‘ad the treacle torture, madam.

Queen: Then it’s the spiders-in-the-underpants torture.

Chumley: I’ve ‘ad that too.

Queen: Then how about piranha fish in your bath?

Chumley: Oh, no – not the piranha fish!

Queen: Stop blubbing, man, and get off your knees.

Chumley: I’m not on my knees.

Queen: Remind me to hire taller butlers in future. Now, pay attention, Chumley. I need your help in a matter of utmost importance: I might even say – a crisis!

Chumley: Are you by hany chance referring to – the Swordstone?

Queen: Swordstone!! Aaaaaah! *[she faints]*

Chumley: ‘Ello, she’s fainted *[addresses the audience]* Quite fond of fainting she is, and shall I tell you why? ‘Cos she hain’t a real Queen, that’s why. She took over the throne by devious and subtle means, such as poisoning, stabbing, shooting, and the treacle torture – but hunderneath it all, she’s dead common – like wot you lot are! And what really gets up her nose is this Swordstone. *[going up to it]* It’s a sword wot only yer actual Royal can pull free from the stone. She’s tried countless times, but only a true heir to the throne can do it, and as she’s not the heir, it gets in ‘er ‘air, so to speak. And now at the mere mention of the Swordstone she claps out in a dead faint. ‘Oo knows, with a bit of luck, she may pop off altogether...*[the Queen groans]*...hoh, wot a shame, she’s coming round.

Queen: *[getting up]* My heart! My heart!

Chumley: I didn’t know you ‘ad one, madam. ‘Owever, you was talking about a crisis.

Queen: Yes, Chumley, the Magic Mirror tells me there is a girl in the land more beautiful than me...I'm waiting to hear you say "impossible!"

Chumley: Himpossible!

Queen: Flattery will get you nowhere. But you see what must be done?

Chumley: No, madam.

Queen: Do I have to spell it out in words of less than one syllable? You have to find this girl, and do her in. Off you go.

Chumley: Who, me? I don't like it, madam. Nothing you can say will make me do it..

Queen: There's money in it for you.

Chumley: I'll do it.

Queen: I thought you would.

Chumley: You're evil, madam.

Queen: I know – isn't it fun? Now, the Mirror gave me a clue –"Painted Lady"

Chumley: I thought that was a butterfly.

Queen: I know the very person to unravel the riddle. You will go and consult my good friend Witch Toejam. She will solve the puzzle, and when she tells you who and where the girl is, you will terminate her, and then report to me.

Chumley: Very well. And after I've terminated her... [*like The Terminator*]... I'll be back. [*exits*]

Queen: Ha! Ha! Ha! [*a wicked chuckle*] Once this girl is out of the way, I will again be the fairest on the land – and then everyone had better watch out!

Song 2: Reprise – "Queen Malicia"

Queen: All the world had better watch out
When Queen Malicia is about.
There's no doubt I'm far worse than a lager lout!
Queen Malicia! Yeh! [END OF SONG]

END OF SCENE ONE

Enter *THE NARRATOR/LINK PERSON*

Narrator: Shudder ye not, ladies and gentlemen, at the scene you have just witnessed. I can assure you that far worse happens in the playground. However, even more dreadful events are about to be played out before your eyes, for the next scene is the Witch's Lair – a gloomy, dismal place, where all hope is abandoned for those who enter – rather like the Staff Room.

Ladies, let me warn you that if what you are about to see is too much for your sensibilities and you feel likely to faint, you may loosen your corsets. If we had sofas for you to hide behind, we would willingly provide them. Gentlemen, you may be forced to take out your dentures, or you may unwittingly bite your tongues at the horrors that are about to be revealed.

I myself am about to retire for a sustaining beverage, otherwise I would surely be in no state to continue.

Ladies and gentlemen – The Witches Lair! *[exits]*

Scene Two The Witch's Lair

Festooned with cobwebs, on which one or two large spiders with red eyes can be seen. Bats hang from the ceiling. Maybe a skeleton hanging from the wall. On stage there is a bubbling cauldron, and a crystal ball on a table.

WITCH TOEJAM is discovered, stirring the cauldron with a wooden spoon.

Witch: *[intoning]* Bubble, bubble, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and gas bills double.
There, that should do it. Now, let's taste it. *[she puts the spoon to here lips]* Yuck! Not nearly revolting enough! Where's my Mafia cat? Figaro! Figaro!

Enter FIGARO, the Mafia Cat. Made up as a feline, but could have a dark suite and black hat with white band, and possibly a white tie.

Figaro: You catcalled, doll?

Witch: I wish you wouldn't call me "doll".

Figaro: What else? Dame, broad?

Witch: How about ms?

Figaro: Ms? No street cred. Anyways, what do you want?

Witch: This brew isn't horrible enough. I thought I sent you out for more ingredients.

Figaro: They didn't have eye of newt at Sainsbury's. And they were fresh out of camel snot.

Witch: Curses! It's getting even more difficult to make a dishonest living these days.

Figaro: Tell me about it.

Witch: Something else I noticed. People are avoiding me more and more these days.

Figaro: Is it any wonder when you keep turning them into lizards and mice? I mean, the mice bit I don't mind personally, but it ain't no way to win friends.

Witch: It seems everyone hates me.

Figaro: Goes with the territory, babe.

Song 3: "When You're A Witch"

Witch: Nobody loves you when you're a witch.
 Figaro: Except your ever-loving pussy-cat!
 Witch: No-one to scratch you when you've an itch.
 Figaro: Except your itchy-scratchy pussycat!
 Witch: No-on to get you out of a state.
 It's hate! hate! hate!
 When you're a witch.

Figaro: There's always me!
 Witch: You!
 Figaro: Me!
 Witch: But you don't bring romance.
 Figaro: Well, baby, I can give you a good time,
 So how's about a dance?

They dance a Tango

Witch: It's hate! hate! hate!
 When you're a witch. [END OF SONG]

Witch: Figaro, I'm bored. I haven't put a decent spell on anyone since I turned that arrogant young Frenchman into a frog.

Figaro: But you go clubbing every Friday.

Witch: Yes – and the club empties every time I appear.

Figaro: And you're President of the Witch's Institute.

Witch: Same old dull routine – flower destroying and cake incinerating. I wish someone would ring the doorbell right now. [*the doorbell rings*] Figaro, I know you aim to please, but stop imitating front door bells.

Figaro: That was the bell. I'll see who it is. [*goes to the side of the stage where the door would be*] Who's there?

Chumley: [*off-stage*] A butler.

Figaro: A butler who?

Chumley: A butler who buttles for Queen Malicia.

Figaro: *[to Witch]* It's some dude who says he's the Queen's butler.

Witch: It's Chumley! Let him in, Figaro.

Figaro: *[To Chumley]* Walk this way. *[He does a cat-walk back to the Witch. Chumley enters and imitates the cat-walk]*

Witch: Ah, Chumley. What brings you here?

Chumley: The Queen's Magic Mirror has just informed her there is a girl in the land wot is more beautiful than she is. She 'ad a right hissy fit about it.

Witch: Naturally. What girl wouldn't?

Chumley: So she wants you to find her. All she 'as to go on is a clue the magic mirror gave her – "Painted Lady".

Witch: Very well. I shall consult my crystal ball. *[she goes over to the ball, makes a gesture over it with her hands, and it lights up]* I see...I see...

Chumley: What do you see?

Witch: EastEnders! Typical! The day after the guarantee runs out, it crashes.

Figaro: Would you like me to fix it with my advanced I.T. skills?

Witch: Please.

Figaro hits the crystal ball

Figaro: Sorted.

Witch: That's better. I see a girl in the forest. Her name is Aurora. She paints butterflies. *[she makes another gesture over the ball and the light goes out]* I assume the Queen wants you to – how would you put it, Figaro?

Figaro: Waste her.

Chumley: Hunfortunately, yes. I don't like doing it, but a combination of greed and piranha fish 'as forced me to forget my scruples. I'd better be going. *[starts to exit]*

Witch: Oh, and Chumley. *[Chumley stops]* When you see Queen Malicia again, tell her she owes me one, big time.

Chumley: Assuredly. *[exits]*

Witch: I don't trust Chumley's resolve. I have a feeling he will chicken out when it comes to doing the dirty deed. Figaro, follow him at a discreet distance, and if he his nerve fails him, complete the task for him. Then I will forever have a hold over the Queen, and can blackmail her till she's old and decrepit.

Figaro: I thought she was that already. And I thought she was your friend.

Witch: What are friends for, if not to betray, defraud and deceive?

Figaro: The Mafia would be proud of you. If I weren't your ever-loving sidekick, I'd hate and despise you too, just like everyone else.

Song 4: Reprise: "When You're A Witch"

Figaro: Nobody loves you when you're a witch.

Witch: That's why I'm grumpy and why I'm so blue.

Figaro: Everyone thinks you're some kind of glitch.

Witch: You'll find the same thing could apply to you!

Figaro: They'd like to throw you into a ditch.

Witch: A ditch where there is room enough for two.

Both: It's hate! Hate! Hate! When you're a witch. [END OF SONG]

END OF SCENE TWO

Enter THE NARRATOR/LINKPERSON

Narrator: I see you recoil from the horrors that have been played out before your very eyes. I must apologise that it was necessary to subject you to them, ladies and gentlemen, and at the same time congratulate you on surviving them unscathed. Has such downright wickedness ever been portrayed on stage before? Have you ever seen a ghastlier place, apart from the Head Teacher's office?

To redress the balance, we now present a rural scene of such sweetness and light, that all gloomy and despondent thoughts will be instantly erased from your minds. However, even in the happiest of environments there can lurk sadness, so ladies, prepare to bring forth your tissues as we take you into the forest, where all is serene and peaceful, with the butterflies flitting so gracefully and the birds singing so sweetly and gently... [exit]

Scene Three The Forest

Enter a Chorus of Birds and Butterflies. The birds can be boys, the butterflies are girls.

Birds: **[Song 5a]** *[sing]* We will, we will rock you.

Butterflies: *[spoken]* Flutter, flutter, flutter.

Birds: *[sing]* We will, we will rock you.

Butterflies: *[spoken]* Flutter, flutter, flutter. [END OF SONG]

A butterfly: Hey, hang on a moment. Aren't you birds supposed to go "tweet, tweet"?

A bird: Get real.

Another: All that tweeting is so uncool.

Another: It's so retro.

Another: We only do it for humans, 'cos that's what they expect.

A butterfly: Wish we could be rebellious, like you.

Another: All we can do is flutter and look pretty.

A bird: I guess it's in the genes. Come on, you guys, 3..4...

Birds: *[sing]* We will, we will rock you.

A butterfly: Someone's coming.

Birds: Tweet, tweet, tweet.

Enter THE FROG. He is a Gallic charmer, so his broken English has a French accent. [Some words will have phonetic pronunciation placed after them for non-French speakers]

Frog: Ah, oui, [wee] ze birds in ze trees are singing zeir leetle 'earts out, ze butterflies are as pretty as pictures, and ze sun shines bright in ze sky, but elas [aylass] in zis froggy breast zere beats nossing but sadness and melancholy...aaaah! [*a sigh*]

Butterflies: Aaaah! [*sighs*]

Frog: Ah, mes enfants [*mays onfon*], let me tell you all about it. It all started...but wait...someone approaches. [**Enter CHUMLEY**] Bonjour, monsieur.

Chumley: Good morning, frog. [*he walks past, then does a double take*] A speaking frog! Did I hear aright? Did you address me, green sir?

- Frog: Indeed I did, monsieur.
- Chumley: This pond life is getting above itself.
- Frog: Ah, but my froggerly is merely skin deep. Permit me to introduce myself. I am Count Napoleon de la Brie at Camembert. [*bree ay camombare*] [*he bows*]
- Chumley: I am merely Chumley, the butler. Nevertheless, I give you the best Debrett-approved butler-style bow. [*does a formal bow*]
- Frog: Formidable! [*formeedarbl*] Perhaps, Monsieur Chumley, you could render me some assistance?
- Chumley: A delicate task awaits me, froggy sir – or should I say, Your Froggy Grace. Once that is accomplished you may have all the help you need. [*bows and exits*]
- Frog: What a courteous butler. When I am a Prince, I may see if he's up for transfer.
- A butterfly: You a Prince?
- A bird: Pull the other one!
- Frog: But eet ees true, mes amis, [*mays amee*] You see, I am ze next in line to ze 92-year old Crown Prince, and when 'e – 'ow you say – cops his clogs, I shall become a Prince.
I see you disbelieve me. Well, I was not always what you see before you today. Once I was ze hunkiest, most 'andsome human you could 'ope to meet. So good-looking was I zat girls would take one look at me, say "oo-la-la!" and faint clean away. Ah, oui, zose were ze days.

Song 5: "Toujours L'Amour"

- Frog: Ze world is spinning round and round and round and round,
And I have searched both near and far, and what I've found
Is that the thing that makes the world go round and round
Is love. [*the girls in the birds & butterflies sigh*]
Zere's blossom on ze trees, and spring is in ze air,
And every heart beats faster when your love is there.
The wine was never finer, nor the steak so rare
In love. [*the girls sigh*]
In other words...
- Girls: Toujours l'amour
Aah! [*a sung sigh*]
- Frog: Toujours l'amour
Girls: Aah! [*a sung sigh*]
Zese words mean "love for evermore" –
Toujours l'amour
Girls: Aah! [*a sung sigh*] [END OF SONG]

Frog: Then ze wicked Witch Toejam turned me into a frog, et voila! [*vwala*], ‘ere you see ze sad result.

Girls: Aaah! [*a sigh*]

A bird: But what are you doing here in the forest?

Frog: I am looking for a Princess. Not any one in particular, you understand, just one who will willingly kiss zis ugly froggy face of mine. You see, only zat will restore me to my ‘andsome ‘uman form again.

A butterfly: Couldn’t you stay? We’d be glad of your company, wouldn’t we, girls?

Another butterfly: Mmm. Dishy!

Frog: You are so kind, but I must resume my quest for a kissing Princess. Au revoir...and remember – toujours l’amour! [*The girls sigh. He exits.*]

Enter AURORA, a pretty girl, who carries a large butterfly net – large enough to go over a human head.

Aurora: Did I just see a large frog hopping off?

A bird: Yes – and he’s so sad. [*the girls burst into tears*]

Aurora: Cheer up – it’s a beautiful day. The light couldn’t be better for painting.

A butterfly: You’ve already painted us, Aurora.

Aurora: Yes, I know, but you’re all so beautiful, you’re like lovely music, and I could keep on painting you for ever. [*She puts down her net*]

Song 6: “I Paint The Music”

Aurora: I paint the music

The Rest: Music

Aurora: From out of the sky.

Music

The Rest: Music

Aurora: Fluttering by.

Every colour and every hue

Is a symphony that’s new.

And I paint the music

The Rest: Music

Aurora: So soft through the trees.

Music

The Rest: Music

Aurora: Borne on the breeze.

The beat of a thousand tiny wings is music.

The Rest: Music.

Aurora: Every tune's a sweet tune never heard before.
Colours of the rainbow at your door.

The Rest: At your door.

Aurora: And I hear the rainbow as it shimmers along.
Rainbows make up my song.
The patterns change as I watch the melody soar.
And I paint the music

The Rest: Music

Aurora: I paint the music

The Rest: Music

Aurora: I paint the music –
Who could ask for more?

The Rest: Ah. [END OF SONG]

Aurora: Thank you, everyone. That was beautiful.

A bird: Yes, but we gotta split.

A butterfly: So have we.

A bird: There are some mega-juicy worms near the river bank.

Another bird: Right on!

A butterfly: And some nectar flowers have just come into blossom in the next valley.

Aurora: Off you go, then.

A bird: Come on, you guys. Let's hit the road! [*Birds & butterflies start to exit*]

Birds: **[Song 6a]** [*sing*] We will, we will rock you.

Butterflies: [*spoken*] Flutter, flutter, flutter.

Birds: [*sing*] We will, we will rock you.

Butterflies: [*spoken*] Flutter, flutter, flutter. [END OF SONG] [*They exit*]

Aurora: Aren't they lovely? But I came her chasing a large, exotic specimen I've never seen before – and I think I can see it coming back. [*she picks up her net goes towards an entrance, and pounces with her net – right over the head of the entering Chumley*] Whoops!

Chumley: 'Ere – you've netted me bonce!

Aurora: Awfully sorry – but I was chasing this butterfly.