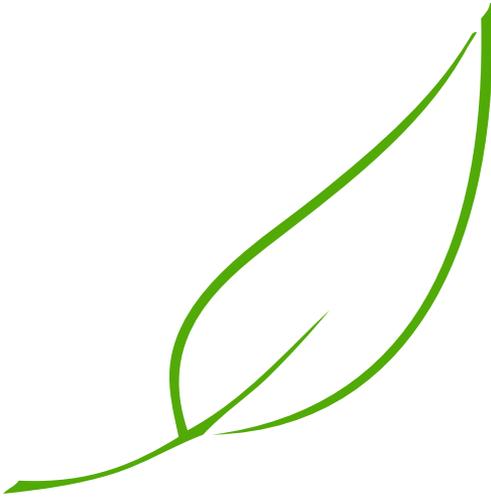


I'VE GOT TO BE A PRINCESS

by Ken Bradbury



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Cast (3f): Polly, Samantha, Jessica

(Polly is onstage, straightening an imaginary pillow)

SAMANTHA: *(entering)* You ready?

POLLY: Yep. This is so cool! My first sleepover of the year! I'm glad Jess's mom let us stay here tonight.

SAMANTHA: I think she's crazy. Three girls in one room ... all night long.

POLLY: Don't worry. I'm going right to sleep.

SAMANTHA: Right.

JESSICA: *(entering)* I love this! My two best friends ... all night long! *(noticing Polly)* Hey ... that's my bed.

POLLY: Oh. Uh ... you don't mind if I use it just for tonight, do you?

JESSICA: It's my bed.

POLLY: But I'm your guest, remember? Hey, Jess, I get really bad backaches when I sleep on the floor. Honest. It was something I was born with.

JESSICA: A princess complex?

SAMANTHA: Come on, Jess. We can sleep down here on the floor. Let the Princess have her throne.

POLLY: I'm not making this up.

JESSICA: Yeah ... like you're not making up that you have a sore neck so I have to take the bottom locker in gym class?

POLLY: Honest. It's hereditary.

SAMANTHA: Your mother's a whiner, too?

POLLY: Sam!

SAMANTHA: Oh, just go ahead, your highness. Your humble servants will be sound asleep here at your feet in case you want a sip of wine or a white horse during the night.

POLLY: Come on, guys. It's just a bad back.

JESSICA: You did six consecutive cartwheels in cheerleading practice when the boys' basketball team walked through the gym.

POLLY: Yeah. It was like a miracle. (*Samantha and Jessica look at each other, roll their eyes and recline on the floor*) Really ... it was like something came over me!

SAMANTHA: I know. His name was Derrick. Night, girls.

POLLY: Night.

JESSICA: Night, your highness.

POLLY: (*they all are silent a moment, then Polly rises to sitting*) They just don't understand. I mean, I always thought that it'll be cool to be a Princess, but ... oh ... never mind. I'm tired. (*she reclines*)

SAMANTHA: (*a very long pause, then suddenly sitting up*) 'Tis morning!

JESSICA: (*sitting quickly*) 'Tis morning!

POLLY: Huh?

SAMANTHA: (*she and Jessica scurry around the room, setting things in order ... much hub-bub*) We must awaken the Princess!

JESSICA: But what if she objects?

SAMANTHA: She cannot object! This is the day!

JESSICA: This is the day!

POLLY: Huh?

SAMANTHA: (*moving closely and gently to the still-reclining Polly, in a sing-song voice*) Your Majesty!

JESSICA: (*in similarly sweet and tuneful tone*) Wakey-wakey, Your Majesty!

POLLY: What's going on?

JESSICA: This is the day!

SAMANTHA: The day is here!

POLLY: Tuesday? Math test today?

JESSICA: (*raising Polly to her groggy feet*) Oh, your silly-silly majesty! Her majesty jests!

SAMANTHA: She jests! Come, Your Highness! We must get you dressed!

JESSICA: In the finest for today!

SAMANTHA: The very finest!

POLLY: What's going on? Did I miss an announcement? (*sees what Jessica is holding*) Wow! Now, that's a dress!

JESSICA: Of course, it's a dress! You had it specially made by the royal dressmaker! Come! This is the day!

POLLY: The day for what? (*Jessica and Samantha look at each other then burst into giggles*) (*as the two begin to put the dress on Polly ... it takes some doing*) This is mine? You're putting this fancy dress on me?

SAMANTHA: (*behind her, pulling hard on the stays as Polly reacts, wide-eyed*) Ugh! Your Highness should have skipped the Royal Pastry last night!

JESSICA: Pull harder!

POLLY: What are you ... (*but she's suddenly jolted by a huge tug from behind*) ... ah! What are you doing?

SAMANTHA: Doing? We are preparing you for your great day!

JESSICA: Your great day!

POLLY: I can't breathe!

SAMANTHA: Hark! I hear the trumpet's call!

JESSICA: The trumpet's call!

POLLY: I don't hear anything.

SAMANTHA: Oh, your silly-silly Majesty.

JESSICA: Silly, silly Majesty!

POLLY: Would somebody tell me what's going on here?

SAMANTHA: Don't forget your sword!

POLLY: My what?

JESSICA: (*picking up an imaginary sword*) The Princess's Sword! (*Both Jess and Sam bow as Jess presents her with the*



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