

What A Taste Sensation

(Sample Script)

E.K.Productions Musical

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Story Outline:

At the school sleepover, the students beg for a story before going to sleep and so the teacher kindly obliges with the following tale...

In the fairytale Kingdom of Twilight, the king has sent out a royal decree announcing his daughter's hand in marriage.

Unfortunately for the princess, who happens to be in love with the royal chef, only one suitor arrives, the wicked Prince Dashing. Pomp, the King's right-hand man, discovers that Prince Dashing is not what he appears and sets about smoothing the path for true love. He convinces the king to decree that only the person who can present before him; something he has never seen, heard of, touched, smelt or tasted before, will be allowed to marry the princess.

In the end, the chef creates a new taste sensation and Prince Dashing is exposed for the cheat and liar that he is. All ends happily in the Kingdom of Twilight.

This is a fairy tale with a twist, full of wonderful characters and great songs.

This is a show which can enable a whole school to be involved.

Main Characters:

King: He is a plump, cheerful, almost giddy fellow, who always seems to rely on his High Chancellor, Pomp, for assistance. He has a slight speech impediment, in that he pronounces all r's as w's. (eg: really/weally)

Pomp: Is the king's High Chancellor. He has a dry wit and is really the brains behind the kingdom.

Princess Eloise: A sweet girl who loves the Royal Chef. She wants to please her father but struggles with the thought of marrying someone that she doesn't care for.

Royal Chef: Is a hardworking, industrious and creative fellow, who is in love with Princess Eloise.

Prince Dashing: Is the villain of the story. He has an enormous ego and thinks the world will just fall at his feet in admiration. He has an extremely wicked laugh.

Minor Characters:

Teacher

Students at sleepover

Fred

Whinger

Ladies in Waiting 1.2.3. (Optional to have more.)

Chef's helpers

Chef's main helper (Burger) (usually a much younger child.)

People of the Court 1.2.3. (Optional to have more.)

Salesperson

Messenger

Guards 1.2.

People of the Kingdom

Suggestions for Backdrop & props:

Backdrop: Inside a castle with large banners with shields and emblems hanging down.

King's Court: Long table, tablecloth, dishes, goblets, throne.

Chef's Kitchen: Long table, chopping board, utensils, books.

Other: Golden Bird (made from polystyrene balls and gold paper.)
Silver Rose, Rainbow Crystal
Dragon Burgers (made from papier-mâché)
Salesperson stall (optional: a small wheelbarrow)

Costume Suggestions:

King: cloak, crown, white shirt, trousers, perhaps a gold chain.

Pomp: trousers, vest, shirt, a sash with a royal emblem.

Princess: crown, jewels, long skirt or dress.

Chef: chef hat and apron.

Prince Dashing: shirt, trousers, vest, sash, crown.

Chef's Helpers: aprons, wooden spoons.

Guards: spears, swords, tunics with royal emblem.

People of the Court/ Ladies in Waiting/ Chef's Helpers:

Girls: skirts, blouses, hair ribbons and sashes to match.

Boys: shirts, knickerbockers (pants tucked in long socks), braces, vests, caps, bow ties.

Teacher/students: sleep attire, nighties, pyjamas etc...

WHAT A TASTE SENSATION

Opening - In front of curtains:

School Sleepover. Teacher and students are on stage. Teacher is trying to organise students for bed.

Teacher: Right, you lot. Bedtime!

Students: (*Whinging.*) Do we have to?

Teacher: (*Trying to be patient.*) Listen. We have played games, watched DVDs and you've all eaten enough to feed ten armies. Now I hate to break the news to you, but for this to officially be a sleep over, you actually have to sleep.

Student 1. (*Trying to stall for time.*) But we haven't had a story.

Students: (*Altogether.*) Yeah. A story!

Whinger: Oh no. Not a story. How sick! (*Other students glare at the whinger.*)

Two of the other Students: (*To Whinger.*) Shh! We're stalling for time.

All Students: (*Pleading.*) Please, a story, we want to hear a story.

Song: We Want to Hear A Story (*Sung by students.*)

Teacher: (*Gives into the pressure.*) Okay. Okay. One story and then bed.
(*Children nod in agreement and one of the students begins to open a packet of chips.*)
And Fred, don't you dare open one more packet of chips. (*Fred tries to look innocent and hides the chips behind his back.*)

Alright, everyone get comfortable and I'll begin. (*Students sit in front of the stage.*)

Once long ago in the fairytale Kingdom of Twilight, the people were getting rather excited. A royal decree had been sent out far and wide, that the king's daughter, Princess Eloise, was now available for marriage. Now everyone knew that the princess was renowned for her beauty and all felt sure that there would be many worthy suitors for her hand.

2.

Unfortunately for the princess, her heart already belonged to another, someone whom her father would deem unworthy of her.

(As the story is told, the curtains open to show the King's Court. On stage: King, Princess, Pomp, Guards, Ladies in Waiting, People of the Court.)
Everyone is in freeze frame. Musical cue/chime. Unfreeze.

King: *(Cheerfully.)* Good morning, Princess Eloise, my dear, and Pomp 'n Ceremony, my faithful High Chancellor and my loyal subjects.

Everyone: Good morning Your Majesty.

King: *(With glee.)* And what better way to start the day than with my favourite meal. Breakfast!

Pomp: *(Dryly to the princess.)* I thought every meal was his favourite meal.
(Princess giggles.)

King: What was that, Pomp?

Pomp: *(Winking at the princess.)* I said, how good it feels, to enjoy one's meals, Your Majesty.

King: How right you are, Pomp, old boy.

(Royal Chef enters with the king's breakfast on a covered tray.)

King: Ah Royal Chef. What wondrous treat have you prepared for me today?
(The chef pays no attention whatsoever to what the king is saying. He only has eyes for Princess Eloise and she for him.)

Chef: *(Gazing adoringly.)* Good morning, Princess Eloise.

Princess Eloise: *(Returning his gaze.)* Good morning, Royal Chef.

King: Hhhhhmmmm. I said, what wondrous treat do you have prepared for me today?
(The chef, still gazing at the princess, lifts the lid to reveal the king's breakfast.)

King: (*Cries out in dismay.*) Oh no! (*The chef snaps out of his daze.*) Not dragon again! Boiled dragon, roasted dragon, dragon fillets! You name it and I've had it. Oh, how I'm sick of dragon!

Chef: (*Very worried.*) But Your Majesty, dragon is all we have at the moment.

King: (*Very disgruntled.*) Well then.... Find some other way to prepare it. As I see it, you have two choices. Either you use your head, or you lose your head.

Chef: (*Gulps.*) Yes, Your Majesty. (*He takes one final look at the princess and exits.*)

King: (*Rubbing his tummy and trying to take his mind off food.*) So, Pomp, what is the news around the kingdom today?

Pomp: Well, Your Majesty. The woyal decwee, I mean the royal decree has been sent out far and wide throughout the land, announcing your daughter's hand in marriage.

King: (*Happily clapping his hands together in glee.*) Splendid! Oh, absolutely splendid! Did you hear that my dear? Soon those handsome young fellows will be knocking at the drawbridge just busting their tights to marry you.

Princess: (*Sidles up to King.*) Father dearest. What if I were to tell you that I had found the most suitable suitor already?

King: (*Surprised.*) Really my dear?

Princess: And he fits all the well, almost all the requirements.

King: Does he?

Princess: Oh yes. (*Dreamingly.*) He's handsome and kind and talented.....

King: (*Impressed.*) He sounds perfect. Now just who is this wonderful man who has won my daughter's heart?

Princess: (*Cautiously.*) Actually, Father. (*She mumbles a little.*) It's the Royal Chef.

King: (*Clearing out his ears, as if he didn't hear correctly.*) I must be going deaf. (*Laughs.*) Oh, she almost had us there, didn't she Pomp? I thought for a moment she said the Royal Chef.

Pomp: (*Dryly.*) I believe that's what she did say, Your Majesty.

King: (*In dismay.*) Oh, my dear, this just can't be!

Princess: (*Upset and lips trembling.*) And why not?

King: Because.... (*He can't think of a reason, so he turns to Pomp.*) Pomp, just why can't this be?

Pomp: Perhaps because no princess has ever married a chef before Your Majesty.

King: (*With authority.*) That's right. No princess has ever married a chef before. Pomp, bring me the Fairytale Rule Book. (*One of the people of the court hands the book to Pomp who then hands it to the king. The king flips through some pages.*) There you are my dear. Sleeping Beauty, Snow White, even that princess who slept on a pea. Oh no, my dear, a princess must marry a prince.

Song: Rules and Regulations (*Sung by the king and princess. People of the Court sing along to the chorus.*)

Princess: (*She is very upset and stomps her foot in frustration.*) Oh Father, you just don't understand. (*She runs off stage.*)

King: (*Trying to remember.*) By the way Pomp, who made up that rule?

Pomp: You did, Your Majesty.

King: (*Sighs.*) Oh, so I did.

(*The sound of knocking is heard off stage.*)

Pomp: Your Majesty, I do believe that might be a suitor now.

(Enter Prince Daringly Dashing. He bows before the king and makes goo goo eyes at the Ladies of the Court. They swoon. A chime is heard.)

Chime/ Freeze frame.

(Teacher proceeds to read more of the story to the students.)

Teacher: Pomp was indeed correct. It was a suitor for Princess Eloise. Prince Daringly Dashing, from the Kingdom of Have Everything. But Prince Dashing wasn't everything that he appeared to be.

Student: What does she mean?

Student: Sh! Wait and find out.

(Chime and unfreeze.)

Prince Dashing: *(Very sleazy and greasy.)* Allow me to introduce myself. Prince Daringly Dashing, from the Kingdom of Have Everything. Slayer of dragons, conqueror of lands and all around the most irresistible, attractive and eligible prince you are likely to find anywhere.

Pomp: *(Not impressed.)* Oh brother.

King: Step forward my good fellow. Turn around there. Let's have a good look at you. *(Prince Dashing flexes his muscles and the girls swoon again.)* Fine specimen of manhood, wouldn't you agree Pomp?

Pomp: *(Very unimpressed.)* Oh yes, Your Majesty.

King: Now my good fellow, you just have a wander about the palace gardens, and we'll see if we can find princess Eloise. *(He turns to one of the Ladies in Waiting.)* Go and fetch my daughter. *(She exits and then Prince Dashing exits with other Ladies in Waiting, all drooling off his arms.)* Things are going splendidly; wouldn't you agree Pomp? *(The king wanders off and seems to pay no attention to Pomp's reply.)*

Pomp: *(Dryly.)* Oh yes, Your Majesty. Considering that your daughter has lost her heart to someone else and the fact that the only suitor we have at the moment, seems to have lost his heart to himself, I would say that things were going splendidly.

King: *(Realises that Pomp was speaking.)* What's that you were saying Pomp? *(He then wanders off and pays no attention again.)*

Pomp: *(Sighing.)* Sire, I do hope Prince Dashing is worthy of your daughter. Apart from the fact that I don't trust him as far as I could throw him, I mean, we wouldn't want just any handsome prince to marry her.

King: *(Turns as if an idea has just struck him.)* I say, Pomp. How do I know if this Prince Dashing is worthy of my daughter? I can't just let anyone marry her. *(He goes off to ponder the situation.)*

Pomp: Perhaps we could send our eager young buck on a quest and if he succeeds, he will be deemed worthy of marrying your daughter.

King: *(Turns again, as if he has come up with the plan.)* Pomp, I have it! What if I send Prince Dashing on a quest? If he succeeds, then I'll know that he will be worthy of marrying my daughter.

Pomp: *(Dryly.)* Oh brilliant thinking, Your Majesty.

King: *(Worried.)* Just one small problem. What should the quest be?

Pomp: *(Puts his arm over the king's shoulder and gives the audience a wink.)* I'm sure you'll think of something, Your Majesty.

Curtains Close.

(In front of curtains: Ladies in Waiting enter with Prince Dashing. They are gushing all over him. Unbeknown to them, Pomp is watching and listening from the side.)

Lady 1. Oh, Prince Dashing. You're just so wonderful.

Lady 2. So handsome. So brave.

Lady 3. And soooo romantic.

Prince Dashing: *(Lapping up all the attention.)* So true, my dears, so true. *(He steps away from the Ladies in Waiting and speaks in hushed tones to the audience.)* And might I add, so devious. It's no great wonder that I'm the only suitor for the princess. Somehow all the signs pointing the way to the castle were all turned around and I feel sure that all the other suitors may have gotten, shall we say, lost! I wonder who could have done such a dastardly deed? As if we didn't know. *(He gives a loud and wicked laugh.)*

Chime is sounded and everyone goes into freeze frame.
(Teacher continues with the story.)

Teacher: So, Prince Dashing had made quite certain that he would be the only one who had a chance to marry the princess. He was a scoundrel, a rascal and a cheat!

Student: He is not a nice man.

Chime/ Unfreeze.

(Princess Eloise enters with her Lady in Waiting. The princess does not look over thrilled at the prospect of meeting the prince.)

Prince Dashing: Ah, the princess. Now I'll just woo her with my charm and in no time at all, the kingdom will be mine. *(He greets the princess with a bow.)* Princess Eloise, allow me to introduce myself. Prince Daringly Dashing, from the Kingdom of Have Everything. Slayer of dragons, conqueror of lands and all-round the most irresistible, attractive and eligible prince that you are likely to find anywhere.

Princess: *(Unenthusiastically.)* So, I've heard.

Prince Dashing: *(Takes the princess by the hand and begins to flood her with compliments. The princess tries to pull away.)* May I say Princess, that you are more beautiful than the most delicate flower.

Ladies in Waiting: *(Swoon.)* Oooooo!

Prince Dashing: That your eyes sparkle like the stars in the night sky.