

SCRIPT

DRAFT 3: 08/05/2021

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Little Princess

SARA CREWE

A MUSICAL

based on the Frances Hodgson Burnett novel "A Little Princess"

Book by

C. MICHAEL PERRY and CONI KOEPFINGER

Music and Lyrics by

C. MICHAEL PERRY



Newport, Maine

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Little Princess

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REVISION 3 — 8/5/21

Little Princess

by FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Book by C. Michael Perry and Coni Koepfinger

Music and Lyrics by C. Michael Perry

CHARACTERS: 7M 8W 9Girls 2Boys + extras

Sara Crewe — a little princess, about 11. Compassionate, understanding and enormously optimistic.

Captain Ralph Crewe

Miss Maria Minchin — a very severe imposing person. Unhappy, jealous and upright, even rigid.

Miss Amelia Minchin— stifled in the shadow of her sister, Miss Minchin, but quite able when her sister isn't around.

Lavinia Herbert — about 13-15, spoiled little rich girl.

Lottie Legh — about 5-7

Mariette — French maid hired by Captain Crewe

Jessie — a girl of about 12 or 14

Monsieur Dufarge — the French teacher, about 45-55

Ermengarde St. John — a slightly plump, picked on girl of about 12-13.

Becky — an orphaned girl, a chambermaid, dirty, scared and mistreated. 11-14. African origin.

Two Maids

Cook

Mr. Tom Carrisford — The Indian Gentleman — (friend to Captain Crewe)

Ram Dass — his man-servant

The Doctor

Mr. Carmichael (The Lawyer— Father of the Large Family, Solicitor for Carrisford.)

The Large Family (Mother, Janet, Nora, Donald, Winifred, Clarence)

The Secretary — to Mr. Carmichael

Waif — a girl or boy who befriends Sara

Baker

Police Officers

Teachers/Staff

Other **Girls** of the School

LITTLE PRINCESS — A Musical. Book by C. Michael Perry and Coni Koepfinger, Music and Lyrics by C. Michael Perry. Based on the novel by Frances Hodgson Burnett. 7M 8W 9Girls 2Boys + extras. Unit setting or several interiors and 1 exterior. A beloved children's classic now available in a new musical treatment. Sara Crewe is a giver, a well-mannered child. Captain Crewe, her father, is an extraordinarily wealthy man. So, Miss Minchin, mistress of Sara's boarding school, has no choice but to treat Sara as her star pupil — a little princess. One day the message comes through that Sara's father has died penniless in India. Miss Minchin reduces Sara to a beggar and a drudge and the other girls laugh and make fun. All except for Lottie and Ermengarde and the little scullery maid, Becky. They keep Sara going and she enthuses them. Sara is strong-willed and courageous and with the help of an Indian Gentleman, a Lascar and a large family — she survives and helps those around her to survive as well. Burnett is the same author who penned "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "The Secret Garden;" all three stories are timeless classics with themes that inspire and uplift. About 2 hours. Rehearsal materials available in Manuscript.

Synopsis of Scenes and Songs

ACT ONE

Scene One — a London Street. It is early morning. [Later inside the Seminary]

#1 — IS THIS THE PLACE? // SARA Sara & Captain
#2 — MISS MINCHIN'S FINISHING SCHOOL Girls
#3 — SARA (reprise) Captain

Scene Two — The Foyer

#4 — BE A CREDIT Minchin, Amelia & Girls

Scene Three — The classroom.

#5 — PARLEZ FRANCAIS DuFarge & Girls

Scene Four — the hall.

#6 — A LITTLE BIT OF CLEVER Sara & Ermengarde

Scene Five — In the Parlor or entry

#7 — MOTHER'S EYES Sara, Lottie, Amelia
#8 — BE A CREDIT (REPRISE) Amelia

Scene Six — The parlor.

Scene Seven — SARA's room.

#9 — IS THIS THE PLACE PAPA (REPRISE) Sara
#10 — A LITTLE BIT OF CLEVER (REPRISE) Sara

Scene Eight — The Parlor.

#11 — LITTLE PRINCESS Lavinia, Minchin, Amelia, Sara

Scene Nine — Split Scene

#12 — IS THIS THE PLACE // SARA (Reprise) Captain & Sara

Scene Ten — Sara's Room

#13 — WARM THINGS! Becky & Sara
#14 — FINALE ACT ONE Orchestra

ACT TWO

Scene One — The attic and "in one"

#15 — PRELUDE and IS THIS THE PLACE?/ SARA (reprise) Sara/Captain

Scene Two — the parlor outside the office.

#16 — A LITTLE PRINCESS (Reprise) Girls

Scene Three — the office

Scene Four — the attic

#17 — A LIFE APART / A SEPARATE LIFE Sara & Minchin

Scene Five — the attic

#18 — WOULDN'T YOU RATHER BE A SPARROW? Sara
#19 — A LITTLE BIT OF CLEVER (REPRISE) Sara

Scene Six — Home of the INDIAN GENTLEMAN

#20 — THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL Carisford, Carmichael & Sara

Scene Seven — the attic
#21 — UNDERSCORE

Orchestra

Scene Eight — the street

Scene Nine — the attic.

#22 — SOMETHING ALWAYS HAPPENS
#23 — UNDERSCORE

Ram Dass & Secretary
Orchestra

Scene Ten — the kitchen, then attic

#24 — SOMETHING ALWAYS HAPPENS (rep 1) Sara & Becky
#24A — UNDERSCORE Orchestra
#25 — SOMETHING ALWAYS HAPPENS (reprise) Sara & Becky

Scene Eleven — the SCHOOLROOM / Office

#26 — CHERISH

Minchin & Amelia

Scene Twelve — Office.

Scene Thirteen

#27 — SOMEONE IS MY FRIEND

Sara & Becky

Scene Fourteen — the home of the Indian Gentleman.

Scene Fifteen — the front hall.

#28 — FINALE
#29 — CURTAIN CALL

Company

Little Princess

Act One

Scene One — a London Street outside and later inside the Seminary. It is early morning. The fog is lifting. The bustle of early morning is evident. CAPTAIN CREWE enters with SARA, a young girl of about 11. We see a big golden sign on a brownstone building behind them: “Miss Minchin’s Select Seminary for Young Ladies.” CAPTAIN stops at the foot of the stoop and holds out his arms. SARA runs for them and he enfolds her in his protection for the last time.

MUSICAL #1 — IS THIS THE PLACE? // SARA

SARA:

IS THIS THE PLACE, PAPA?
IS THIS TO BE MY HOME NOW?
WHY CAN'T YOU STAY?
WHY CAN'T I GO?
I KNOW YOU SAY
IT MUST BE SO—
BUT WHEN I PLAY
I'LL MISS THE LOVE BEHIND YOUR SMILE!
Couldn't you go to school, too? I would help you with your lessons.

CAPTAIN:

SARA, LITTLE SARA!
YOU MUST BE STRONG FOR ME, NOW!
LIFE CALLS ME AWAY.
I HAVE NO SAY. I MUST OBEY!
IT WON'T BE LONG
YOU'LL BE MY LITTLE GIRL AGAIN
IN A LITTLE WHILE!
There is a school full of girls here. All to play with my little princess. And all around your age.
YOU'LL GROW FAST.
TIME WILL RUSH PAST.
IN SCARCE A YEAR
I WILL RETURN HERE.
YOU'LL BE GROWN UP ALMOST
AND SOON YOU'LL BE THE ONE WHO'S LEAVING ME.

SARA:

IS THIS THE PLACE, PAPA?
IS THIS TO BE MY HOME NOW?
WHY CAN'T YOU STAY?
WHY CAN'T I GO?
I KNOW YOU SAY
IT MUST BE SO—

CAPTAIN:

SARA, LITTLE SARA!
YOU MUST BE STRONG FOR ME, NOW!
LIFE CALLS ME AWAY.
I HAVE NO SAY.
I MUST OBEY!
IT WON'T BE LONG

BUT WHEN I PLAY YOU'LL BE MY
I'LL MISS THE LOVE LITTLE GIRL AGAIN
BEHIND YOUR SMILE!
I LOVE YOUR SMILE! IN A LITTLE WHILE!
I'LL SEE YOUR SMILE!

SARA: Well, Papa, if we are here I suppose we must be resigned.

(CAPTAIN laughs and kisses SARA. The front doors of the school open and the GIRLS come marching out, 2x2, with the TEACHERS at their sides, all off on some early morning trip. MISS MINCHIN brings up the rear.)

MUSICAL #2 — MISS MINCHIN'S FINISHING SCHOOL

GIRLS:

ANOTHER DAY BEGINS AT FINISHING SCHOOL!
ANOTHER DAY TO FIND THE FINISHING TOOLS WE SEEK
WITH EV'RY PASSING CARRIAGE
OUR THOUGHTS ALL TURN TO MARRIAGE

TEACHERS:

ONE SIMPLE RULE — BE MEEK!

GIRLS:

OUR EV'RY MOMENT'S FILLED AT FINISHING SCHOOL.
AND MATH AND LANGUAGE DRILLED AT FINISHING SCHOOL ALL WEEK!
IT'S "S'IL VOUS PLAIT" AND "MERC!"
AND EV'RY HOUR I DARE SEE
GLIMPSES THAT YOU'LL BE CHIC.

AND ALTHOUGH LATIN IS A BORE
IT'S FOLLOWED EV'RY DAY
BY TRIPS AWAY
WITH ROMANCE AND ...

TEACHERS:

ALL YOU CAN STAND!

GIRLS:

IT'S NOT SO BAD, MISS MINCHIN'S FINISHING SCHOOL.
IT'S NOT SO SAD, YOU'LL FIND EACH SILLY NEW RULE UNIQUE.
THE BEDTIME'S NOT TOO EARLY,

TEACHERS:

BUT LOCKS LOCK QUITE SECURELY!

GIRLS:

NEVER BE LATE!
MISS MINCHIN WILL WAIT.
AND WHAT OF YOUR FATE?
NOT GREAT!
MISS MINCHIN'S FINISHING SCHOOL.

**SEGUE TO
MUSICAL # 2a — PLAYOUT**

(The GIRLS and TEACHERS trail off on their way to some adventure. MISS MINCHIN stops by the CAPTAIN and SARA.)

MINCHIN: May I help you, Sir?

CAPTAIN: You may. Miss Minchin, is it?

MINCHIN: It is.

CAPTAIN: I am Captain Crewe and this is my daughter, Sara.

MINCHIN: Oh, dear! I wasn't expecting you so soon today. Come right in and I'll get you signed in and settled. We must work out the financial details before anything.

(She rushes them inside and ushers them to the parlor while she disappears into the office)

I'll be right with you.

(They are alone. SARA sits stiffly in one of the ugly and uncomfortable chairs. The CAPTAIN stands formally, but near SARA)

SARA: I don't like it, Papa. Stiff and ugly. Kind of like that Miss Minchin. But then I daresay soldiers — even brave ones — don't really like going into battle.

CAPTAIN: *(Laughing)* Oh, Sara. What shall I do when I have no one to say solemn things to me? No one else is quite as solemn as you are.

SARA: But why do solemn things make you laugh so?

CAPTAIN: Because you are such fun when you say them. And sometimes it astonishes me to hear it from my 11 year old.

(CAPTAIN sweeps SARA up into his arms and twirls her around with hugs and kisses. Just then MISS MINCHIN enters, coldly. She stares. She is unused to affection. CAPTAIN and SARA break uncomfortably.)

MINCHIN: It will be a great privilege to have charge of such a beautiful and promising child, Captain Crewe. Lady Meredith has told me of her unusual cleverness. A clever child is a great treasure in an establishment like mine.

SARA: I am promising, but not beautiful at all — like those other girls.

CAPTAIN: I am not in the least worried or anxious about her education. The difficulty will be in keeping her from learning too fast and too much. She is always sitting with her little nose burrowing into books. And she doesn't read them — she devours them. Grown-up books, History — biography, poetry — Dickens, Collins, Austen — all sorts of things. Drag her away from the books when she reads too much. Make her ride her pony. Or play with dolls — she ought to play with dolls more. Buy her a doll each day!

MINCHIN: A doll a day?!?

SARA: Papa! Dolls ought to be intimate friends. Emily is going to be my intimate friend.

MINCHIN: Who is Emily?

(SARA hesitates.)

CAPTAIN: Tell her, Sara.

SARA: Emily is the doll who isn't here yet. Papa is going to take me out to buy her and she is going to be my friend when Papa is gone. I want to have someone I can talk to when he is isn't here.

MINCHIN: *(snidely)* What an original child! What a — darling little creature!

CAPTAIN: Yes, she is. Take great care of her, Miss Minchin.

(To SARA)

I don't believe you know how much your daddy will miss you.

(SARA walks up to CAPTAIN and places her hands on his face and neck as if trying to remember for one who is blind)

Are you learning me by heart, little Sara?

SARA: No, I know you by heart. You are inside my heart. I'm learning to remember your face for my dreams.

(MISS MINCHIN watches and is quite touched, in her own way)

MUSICAL #3 — SARA (reprise)

CAPTAIN:

IT WON'T BE LONG
YOU'LL BE MY LITTLE GIRL AGAIN
IN A LITTLE WHILE!

YOU'LL GROW FAST.
TIME WILL RUSH PAST.
IN SCARCE A YEAR
I WILL RETURN HERE...

(MUSIC continues as he can't go on, stands, not looking at SARA. She cannot take her eyes away from him. MINCHIN motions to SARA to come to her. MINCHIN places a steady hand on SARA'S shoulder as CAPTAIN leaves the room. SARA cries into MINCHIN's apron as the LIGHTS fade.)

Scene Two — *The Foyer the next morning — MINCHIN is calling for her sister, AMELIA, a stout but fun but dominated woman, much superior to Miss Minchin in demeanor but somewhat crushed in spirit.*

MINCHIN: Amelia! Amelia!!!

(AMELIA rushes in, fussing and primping.)

Come more quickly. I don't like to wait. Father never waited. Mother was always late. Where is the new girl, little Sara?

AMELIA: I never saw such a funny, old-fashioned child, Sister. She locked herself in her room and she's not making the least particle of noise.

MINCHIN: Locked! Why is there a lock on any door here! I must have full control over these young girls... In every way! If there ever was a child who was given her way in everything, it is she. Until now. She my new challenge.

(She smiles)

AMELIA: I've been helping Mariette to put her things away. I never saw anything like them — sables and ermines on her coats — Valenciennes lace on her undergarments. Rich beyond our wildest dreams!

MINCHIN: It all looks perfectly ridiculous on a child. Such pretension. But then again— imagine her at the head of the line when we take the girls to church on Sunday.

MUSICAL #4 — BE A CREDIT

SHE'LL BE A CREDIT NOW, TO US,
A SHINING NEW STAR.
A SIMPLE CHILD WITHOUT MUCH FUSS—
AND SHE'LL TAKE US FAR!
THE NOTORIETY THAT PIETY CAN BRING
WILL TELL SOCIETY WE'RE EVERYTHING!

AMELIA:

OH, SISTER, DO YOU REALLY THINK
SHE'S READY FOR ALL
THOSE STUFFY PEOPLE WITH THEIR TRINK-
ETS, CHATTER AND GALL?

MINCHIN:

AN ADVANTAGEOUS,

AMELIA:

OUTRAGEOUS

BOTH:

DESIGN!

MINCHIN:

IT'S SO CONTAGIOUS THAT I FEEL FINE!

AMELIA:

SISTER, ARE YOU SAYING WE SHOULD...

MINCHIN:

JUST BE STILL!!

AMELIA:

DO YOU REALLY THINK THAT WE COULD...

MINCHIN:

FEEL THE THRILL!!

TO FULFILL

SUCH GOODWILL

LEADS A CHILLING NEW STYLE!

CHILDREN POURING IN TO LEARN OF FINER THINGS!
MONEY POURING IN TO MAKE US FIT FOR KINGS!

AMELIA:

CERTAIN THINGS...

MINCHIN:

FURS AND RINGS!

AMELIA:

AREN'T WHAT BRINGS US A SMILE!

MINCHIN:

IF EV'RY LIFE WAS MEANT TO LIVE IN SHADOW AND RAIN,
IF EV'RY NEW ALTERNATIVE WAS PANIC OR PAIN —
THEN GOD HAS LEFT US, BEREFT US OF ALL
HIS LOVE AND KINDNESS, BUT THAT SEEMS SMALL!

(MUSIC continues. MINCHIN and AMELIA bustle about, preparing to introduce Sara. The scene shifts to the GIRLS awaiting the downstairs arrival of their new schoolmate. As usual, LAVINIA HERBERT is finding fault. Maybe this new Sara Crewe will turn out to be more popular than she thinks she herself is.)

LAVINIA: ... A maid and everything!

JESSIE: She has silk stockings on!

GIRL: And such tiny feet!

LAVINIA: My Mamma says that even big feet can be made to look small if you have a clever shoemaker.

ANOTHER GIRL: Her petticoat is too much!

JESSIE: Her eyes are almost green... And you know what that means!!!

GIRL: She isn't pretty as other pretty people are. Wait, no, what does it mean to have eyes so green?

LAVINIA: Ha! You will just have to wait and see. My mamma says that children should be dressed simply!

HAVE YOU SEEN THE PARASOLS?

A GIRL:

AND DOLLS?

LAVINIA:

AND ALL THE FOL-DE-ROLS!

FURS AND CAPES!

AND PLUMS AND GRAPES!

AND PETTICOATS WITH ALL THE LACE!

TRUNKS OF HATS AND BOWS!

AND SHOES AND ROWS

ANOTHER GIRL:

AND ROWS OF CLOTHES!

LAVINIA:

THIS FRILLINESS —

IT'S SILLINESS;

MY MAMMA SAYS! *(MISS MINCHIN SAYS!)*

AMEILA:

THE SERVANTS SAY THE CHILD'S A PRINCESS, AFTER ALL.

NO ONE ELSE IS SO POLITE AT TWICE AS TALL.

CAN'T RECALL

ONE SO SMALL

SO INCLINED TO ENTHRALL!

CHILDREN HAVE A WAY OF GIVING LIFE A KICK.

MINCHIN:

EVEN THOUGH, AT TIMES, YOU REACH FOR ARSENIC,

OR A BRICK!

AMELIA:

THERE'S A TRICK

TO NOT BE SICK OF IT ALL!

(LIGHTS come up on MINCHIN and AMELIA as the GIRLS continue.)

MINCHIN and AMELIA:

SHE'LL BE A
CREDIT NOW, TO
US, A
SHINING NEW STAR.
A SIMPLE
CHILD WITHOUT MUCH
FUSS— AND
SHE'LL TAKE US FAR!
THE NOTOR-
IETY THAT
PIETY CAN
BRING
WILL TELL SO-
CIETY
WE'RE EVERY
THING!

GIRLS:

HAVE YOU SEEN THE
PARASOLS? AND
DOLLS? AND ALL THE
FOL DE ROLS!
FURS AND CAPES! AND
PLUMS AND GRAPES! AND
PETTICOATS WITH
ALL THE LACE!
TRUNKS OF HATS AND
BOWS! AND SHOES AND
ROWS AND ROWS OF
CLOTHES!
THIS FRILLINESS — IT'S
SILLINESS; MY MAMMA
SAYS!

(DANCE BREAK as the GIRLS move into the classroom, followed by MINCHIN and AMELIA. A sign on the wall says, "BE A CREDIT.")

ALL:

THERE'S A TRADITION TO UPHOLD; AN ANTHEM TO RAISE:
THAT WITH A HEART AS GOOD AS GOLD AND PLENTY OF PRAISE
WE'LL BE A CREDIT! ONCE SAID IT'S OUR WAY!
AND WHAT'S A HEAD? IT'S A BRIGHTER DAY!

Scene Three — *the classroom, immediately following; SARA has been waiting MINCHIN and AMELIA take their places at the head of the class, as all the GIRLS sit in their assigned seats. The one left over, MINCHIN motions for SARA to be seated in.*

MINCHIN: Young ladies, I wish to introduce you to your new classmate, Sara Crewe.

(ALL the GIRLS stand, including SARA)

I shall expect you all to be very agreeable to Miss Crewe; she has just come to us from a great distance — in fact, from India. As soon as lessons are over you must make each other's acquaintance.

(ALL the GIRLS bow to SARA and SARA curtsays in return. They sit.)

Sara, come here.

(SARA moves to the front of the class)

As your father has engaged a French maid for you I would conclude that he wants you to make a special study of the French language.

SARA: I think he engaged her because he thought I would like her, Miss Minchin.

MINCHIN: I am afraid that you have been a very spoiled little girl to always imagine that things are done just because you like them. My impression is that your Papa wanted you to study French.

SARA: I — I have never really studied French — but — but... And I am not spoiled! Fruits and juices spoil, not people. What does that even mean, Miss Minchin? I've never been called spoiled.

MINCHIN: That is enough. If you have not learned, you must begin at once. Monsieur Dufarge will be here momentarily. Take this book to your seat and begin.

(SARA takes the book and crosses to her seat.)

You look rather cross, Sara. I am sorry you do not like the idea of learning French.

SARA: I am very fond of it, but —

MINCHIN: You must not say 'but' when you are told to do things.

(DUFARGE arrives in a blustery hurry.)

DUFARGE: Bonjour, mes demoiselles!

CLASS: Bonjour, Monsieur DuFarge.

DUFARGE: Ou est la nouvelle escolier?

(SARA raises her hand and everybody looks at her)

MINCHIN: Here she is — Miss Sara Crewe, Monsieur. Her Papa — Captain Crewe — is very anxious for her to learn the language. But I am afraid that she has a childish prejudice about it. She does not seem to wish to learn.

DUFARGE: I am very sorry for that, Mademoiselle. Perhaps, when we begin to study together, I may show you that it is a charming tongue.

(As SARA speaks, first MINCHIN, and then the GIRLS startle and drop their jaws. Some of the GIRLS giggle as they look between MINCHIN and SARA.)

SARA: Pardonnez-moi, Monsieur. Mais, madame m'a mispris! Mon Pere, Il parle Francais bien. Et ma Mere — elle est Francais. Ja'ai parlez la language jusque au ma nativité. J'intend pas d'offence a Madame.

DUFARGE: Ah, Madame, there is not much I can teach her. She has not learned French; she is French. Her accent is exquisite.

(A long silence as it sinks in)

MINCHIN: You ought to have told me, child.

SARA: I — I tried. I suppose I did not begin it right. I was thinking too much of spoiling like a rotting fruit!

(LAVINIA and JESSIE are giggling.)

MINCHIN: Silence, young ladies! Silence at once!

(She glares at SARA and sees ERMENGARDE seated behind her chewing on her hair ribbon.)

Miss St. John — What do you mean by such conduct?! Remove your elbows! Take your ribbons out of your mouth! Sit up at once!

(This is too much for ERMENGARDE and she runs from the room crying. AMELIA goes out after her.)

The rest of you, French! Monsieur!

(MINCHIN huffs out of the room.)

DUFARGE: Attendez, classe!

MUSICAL # 5 — PARLEZ FRANCAIS

DUFARGE:

LE PERE.

CLASS:

LE PERE.

DUFARGE:

LA MERE.

CLASS:

LA MERE.

DUFARGE:

THE FATHER, THE MOTHER,

CLASS:

LE PERE, LA MERE.

DUFARGE:

TODAY — AU JOURDUIS. YESTERDAY — HIER!

CLASS:

TODAY — AU JOURDUIS. YESTERDAY — HIER!

DUFARGE:

BUT WE ALWAYS LOOK TO TOMORROW — DEMAIN!

CLASS:

TOMORROW — DEMAIN!

DUFARGE:

ELLE EST CETTE UNE JOLIE FILLE!

CLASS:

SHE IS SUCH A LOVELY GIRL!

DUFARGE:

TOUTES LES CHANCES, C'EST AUJOURD'HUIS!

SUCH A LUCKY DAY FOR SPEAKING FRENCH!

CLASS:

PARLEZ FRANCAIS!

SARA:

LES OUISEAUX, QUI SONT DANS L'AIR—

DUFARGE:

ALL THE BIRDS UP IN THE SKY—

SARA:

PARLENT TOUTES LES LANGUES DU MONDE.

DUFARGE:

SPEAK EACH LANGUAGE OF THE EARTH!

SARA & DUFARGE:

I DON'T KNOW WHY!

SARA:

PLEASE, TELL ME WHY!

THE BIRDS

CLASS:

LES OUISEAUX,

DUFARGE:

SPEAK OF NOTHING ELSE BUT LOVE!

CLASS:

L'AMOUR!

SARA:

TOUJOURS L'AMOUR!

CLASS:

TOUJOURS!

SARA:

LES RUES DE LA MONDE, ELLES SONT GRANDE ET BELLE ET FAIRE!

SARA and CLASS:

SO PRETTY, ALL THE STREETS OF THE WORLD!

ALL:

I WOULD LIKE TO SEE EACH TOWN.

VISIT EVERY COUNTRY GLEN!

DUFARGE & SARA:

CHAQUE VILLAGE ET CITÉ EVOQUÉ NOS NOMS!

CLASS:

THE WORLD IS CALLING ME!

DUFARGE:

QUELQUE JOUR, LE LANGUE DE FRANCE

SARA:

ASSISTEREZ DANS TOUTE MA VIE!

CLASS:

FRENCH WILL HELP ME ALL MY LIFE IF I COULD LEARN!

I YEARN TO SPEAK MORE FRENCH—

PARLEZ FRANCAIS!

Scene Four — *After class in the hall, SARA finds ERMENGARDE crying.*

SARA: What is your name?

ERMENGARDE: My name's Ermengarde—St. John.

SARA: Mine is Sara Crewe. Your name is very pretty. It sounds like a story book.

ERMENGARDE: Do you like it? No one has ever told me they like anything about me. I like your name too!

SARA: I'm glad.

ERMENGARDE: You can speak French, can't you?

SARA: I can speak it because I have heard it all my life. You could speak it if you had always heard it.

ERMENGARDE: Oh, no I couldn't. I never could speak it.

SARA: Why not?

ERMENGARDE: *(Shaking her head)* I can't say the words. They're so strange.

SARA: Would you like to meet Emily? She just arrived today.

ERMENGARDE: Who is Emily?

SARA: Come up to my room and meet her.

ERMENGARDE: I've never been invited to anyone's room before.

SARA: Never? Are the other's not friendly or are you afraid?

(ERMENGARDE shakes her head. They hurry to SARA's room. They enter.)

ERMENGARDE: It is true that you have a playroom all to yourself!

SARA: Yes. Papa asked Miss Minchin to let me have one, because — well, it was because — when I play I make up stories and tell them to myself, and I don't like people to hear me.

ERMENGARDE: You make up stories!? That is amazing. I've never met anyone...

SARA: Anyone can make up stories. That's how books are written! I love books! Do you like books?

ERMENGARDE: Yes, I do.

SARA: Ermengarde, I think we shall be great friends! And together we shall make up a story about you! Let's call it "THE TALE OF TWO BEST FRIENDS: ERMENGARDE AND SARA!"

MUSICAL #6 — A LITTLE BIT OF CLEVER

SARA:

START WITH A THOUGHT.
A TINY, LITTLE THOUGHT.
AND AS EACH THOUGHT COMES TO MIND
WITH CLEVERNESS YOU WILL FIND
THAT THOUGHT AFTER THOUGHT WILL LEAD
YOU TO THE MAKE BELIEVE YOU NEED!

Take Emily — for instance — Oh! This is Emily. Emily — Ermengarde.

ERMENGARDE: Pleased to meet you!

SARA: (*As EMILY*) Enchantez, Mademoiselle!

ERMENGARDE: En-sha-what?

SARA: Enchanted!

ERMENGARDE: Oh!

SARA:

TAKE A PINCH OF MAKE BELIEVE.
AND A DASH OF HOCUS POCUS
AND SUDDENLY YOUR DREARY WORLD
HAS A BRIGHTER FOCUS.
IN MY IMAGINATION
I DREAM LOVELY THINGS ALL DAY.
A LITTLE BIT OF CLEVER
GOES A LONG, LONG WAY!

TAKE A SPOON OF CHOCOLATE CREME
AND A DROP OR TWO OF HONEY
AND SUDDENLY THE WORLD YOUR'E IN'S
NEVER BEEN SO FUNNY.
IN MY IMAGINATION
I CAN LAUGH AT THINGS ALL DAY.
A LITTLE BIT OF CLEVER
GOES A LONG, LONG WAY!

A DOLL CAN LIVE A SECRET LIFE
AWAY FROM HUMAN EYES.
THE DOORS ARE SHUT — THE ROOMS ALIVE!

EACH SHADOW A DISGUISE!
A TOY ROOM IS A MAGIC PLACE
JUST WAITING TO EXIST.
ALL IT TAKES IS YOU!
AND A MAGIC TWIST!

TAKE A PINCH OF MAKE BELIEVE.
AND A DASH OF HOCUS POCUS
AND SUDDENLY YOUR DREARY WORLD
HAS A BRIGHTER FOCUS.
IN MY IMAGINATION
I DREAM LOVELY THINGS ALL DAY.
A LITTLE BIT OF CLEVER
GOES A LONG, LONG WAY!

A STORY WILL TAKE WINGS
IF YOU JUST GIVE IT WORDS TO FLY!
JUST TAKE THE LIFE YOU'VE LIVED,
FILL IN THE DETAILS BY AND BY.
PRETEND YOU'RE ON A HUNTING TRIP
IN INDIA, NEAR BOMBAY!
THEN THE DANGER MOUNTS
AS THE TIGERS POUNCE!

(MUSIC continues under dialog)

ERMENGARDE: Lavinia and Jessie are best friends. I do wish we could be best friends. Would you have me for yours? You're clever and I'm still the stupidest girl in school — but I — oh, I like you.

SARA: I'm glad of that. It makes you thankful when you are liked. We will be best friends. And I'll tell you what — to start, I will help you with your French lessons.

TAKE A PINCH OF...

ERMENGARDE:
ENCHANTEZ!

SARA:
ET UN PEU DE...

ERMENGARDE:
HOCUS POCUS

SARA:
C'EST MARVEILLEUX!

ERMENGARDE:
TOUT LE MONDE

BOTH:
HAS A BRIGHTER FOCUS.
IN MY IMAGINATION
I DREAM LOVELY THINGS ALL DAY.
A LITTLE BIT OF CLEVER

GOES A LONG, LONG,
TRES LONG WAY!
(LIGHTS OUT.)

Scene Five — *Later that day, in the Parlor — LOTTIE is kicking and screaming in the midst of a tantrum. Her howling and wailing once again draws MINCHIN and AMELIA in, both are frustrated and powerless, respectively.*

AMELIA: *(bending over LOTTIE, futilely)* Oh Lottie, Do stop, darling! Don't cry! Please, don't!

MINCHIN: I shall whip you. You naughty child!

(LOTTIE cries harder.)

Whip you with a switch!

(LOTTIE cries even harder.)

Lordy! Why is this girl crying ?!?!

AMELIA: *(almost crying herself)* Now, Lottie — please, dear...

LOTTIE: *(amid her tears)* Oooohhhhhhhhhh! I haven't got any mamma!

AMELIA: Poor dear. I know you haven't got any Mama.

MINCHIN: If you don't stop, Lottie, I will — shake you silly!

AMELIA: Poor Little Angel!

MINCHIN: You wicked, bad, detestable child! I will smack you!

(The maelstrom is in full gale now. Other GIRLS enter.)

AMELIA: *(to LOTTIE)* There! There!

(SARA appears in the hall.)

Oh, Sara...

SARA: I heard Lottie and I thought that I could help her. May I try, Miss Minchin?

MINCHIN: What?

(A look between MINCHIN and SARA.)

I daresay *you* can manage her, if I can't.

(LOTTIE is screaming and kicking violently.)

AMELIA: Oh, do you really think you can stop her tantrum, Sara?

SARA: If you will all steal away, I shall try.

(ALL the others exit.)

MINCHIN: Lottie is a dreadful child.

(The Parlor is empty, except for SARA and LOTTIE, who is still kicking and screaming. SARA sits on the floor and lays flat. SARA starts to drum a familiar rhythm. When she stops, LOTTIE looks at her, unsure of the song and whether or not Sara will continue. They both sit a moment in silence. SARA stares deep into LOTTIE's eyes. LOTTIE gradually sees SARA and quiets down.)

LOTTIE: *(Half-hearted wail)* I haven't any mamma!

SARA: *(Wails back to her)* I haven't either.

LOTTIE: I had one once, I'm sure.

(THEY burst into laughter.)

LOTTIE: what happened to your mother?

MUSICAL #7 — MOTHER'S EYES

SARA: She went to heaven. But I am sure she comes out sometimes to check on me — though I can't see her. I bet yours does, too. Perhaps they can both see us. Perhaps they are both in this room right now..

(LOTTIE looks around)

MOTHER'S EYES ARE ANGEL EYES AND ANGEL'S EYES ARE WISE.
HEAVEN TRIES TO DRY THE EYES AND WIPE AWAY THE TEARS!
A MOTHER'S HAND IS HEAVEN SENT, ESPECIALLY WHEN SHE'S THERE,
SHE'LL BRUSH AWAY OUR CARE AND OUR FEARS!

IN HEAVEN FEARS BECOME A ROSE,
A LILY OR A LILAC.
A MOTHER UP IN HEAVEN KNOWS WHAT TAKES OUR FEARS AWAY.
SHE RUNS AMONG THE FIELDS OF FLOWERS
AND GATHERS ARMFULS OF THEM.
SHE HOLDS THEM TO HER BREAST
TO EASE OUR DAY WITH HER BOUQUET.

LOTTIE:*(should be dominant)*

I LOVE MY MOTHER,
MY MOTHER LOVES ME.
I MISS MY MOTHER
AS SHE MISSES ME.
I WANT MY MOTHER
TO BE BY MY SIDE,
TO FIX WHY I
SO WANT TO HIDE!

SARA:

MOTHER'S EYES ARE ANGEL EYES
AND ANGEL'S EYES ARE WISE.
HEAVEN TRIES TO DRY THE EYES
AND WIPE AWAY THE TEARS!
A MOTHER'S HAND IS HEAVEN SENT,
ESPECIALLY WHEN SHE'S THERE,
SHE'LL BRUSH AWAY OUR
CARE AND OUR FEARS!

MISS AMELIA *(in one)*

(should be dominant)

ANGEL
CHILD;
MERCY
MILD;
UNDE-
FILED, THIS
CHILD HAS
SMILED ON US ALL!
UNDE-
FILED, THIS
CHILD HAS
SMILED ON US ALL!

LOTTIE:

I LOVE MY MOTHER,
MY MOTHER LOVES ME.
I MISS MY MOTHER
AS SHE MISSES ME.
I WANT MY MOTHER
TO BE BY MY SIDE,
TO FIX WHAT I
FEEL LIKE INSIDE!
I WANT MY MOTHER
TO BE BY MY SIDE,
TO FIX WHY I
SO WANT TO HIDE!

SARA:

MOTHER'S EYES ARE ANGEL EYES
AND ANGEL'S EYES ARE WISE.
HEAVEN TRIES TO DRY THE EYES
AND WIPE AWAY THE TEARS!
A MOTHER'S HAND IS HEAVENSENT
ESPECIALLY WHEN SHE'S THERE,
SHE'LL BRUSH AWAY OUR
CARE AND OUR FEARS!
A MOTHER'S HAND IS HEAVENSENT
ESPECIALLY WHEN SHE'S THERE,
SHE'LL BRUSH AWAY OUR
CARE AND OUR FEARS!

(A PAUSE after the song)

SARA: I have an idea! Let me be your mamma! We can play that you are my little girl and Emily too, she shall be your sister!

LOTTIE: Emily?

SARA: Yes. Now, let's go and tell her. I will wash your face and brush your hair.

(The GIRLS exit as AMELIA enters and looks around)

AMELIA: A miracle!

MUSICAL #8 — BE A CREDIT (REPRISE)

**A GIFT FROM GOD SENT TO HELP US RECALL
THAT LIFE IS BETTER, AND GOOD FOR ALL!**

Scene Six — *The parlor, early evening. BECKY, the servant waif, is cleaning the fireplace. SARA is telling one of her stories to the girls assembled: LAVINIA, LOTTIE, ERMENGARDE, JESSIE and a few others. BECKY seems to be repeating her chores just to stay near and hear the story. She soon ends up sitting there and listening.*

SARA: The mermaids were up to trouble again as they swam quietly through the crystal-green water. They dragged after them a magical fishing net woven of deep sea pearls that could only be seen in one corner of the sunlight. A Sea Princess sat on the white rocks and watched them assemble their trap. Nearby the silver-backed dolphins played in the surf much like the antelope in India leap across the open fields with the tiger in full chase. The Sea Princess tried to warn the dolphins but the mischievous mermaids captured the dolphins in their magical nets of pearls. The dolphins sang of their plight in a soulful tune of woe that alerted the entire ocean and all in its kingdoms, including Praddock, Prince of the sea. He was a merman from a kingdom very far away. Praddock arose out of the sea with a massive spray like the water from the trunk of an Indian Elephant. Alarmed and afraid of Praddock's thunderous bellow as he sprayed, the mermaids all screamed and quickly swam away, leaving only their broken net behind. The pearls sank deep into the blue-green waters. The dolphins thanked Praddock for their freedom and carried him over to the lovely white rocks. There sat the Princess of the Sea. For you see it was their joy to be married to each other in a ceremony at her kingdom under the sea — where all the creatures of the sea would witness...

LAVINIA: Stop Sara! Your words are being snatched by that creature over there! She is listening to our story!

(BECKY snatches up her scrub brush and trips over the coal scuttle. Some GIRLS laugh. BECKY exits quickly)

SARA: I knew she was listening. Why shouldn't she?

LAVINIA: My mamma wouldn't like me to do it! I hate servant girls, they are dirty and disgusting. Your mamma should whip you for being so stupid!

SARA: My mamma! I don't believe she would mind in the least. She knows that stories belong to everyone.

LAVINIA: I thought that your mamma was dead. How can she know anything?

SARA: You think she doesn't know anything!?

LOTTIE: Sara's mamma knows everything. So does my mamma. They are in heaven where the streets are shining and there are fields and fields of lilac. And the children in heaven gather them and...that's what Sara tells me when she puts me to bed.

LAVINIA: *(To SARA)* You wicked thing! Making up fake stories about heaven! You should be cursed, or better yet, whipped. And if I tell Miss Minchin, you will be punished.

SARA: How do you know mine stories are fake? There are even more splendid stories in Revelation. Just look and see. I can tell you this, Miss Lavinia Herbert, you will never find out what is in heaven if you aren't kinder than you are now! No one gets to heaven with hate in their heart.
(SARA grabs LOTTIE's hand and marches out of the room with her.)

JESSIE: You did it again, Lavinia.

ERMENGARDE: Just when the story was getting good!

(The GIRLS get up and leave LAVINIA alone and then she stomps off in the opposite direction. LIGHTS fade)

Scene Seven — *SARA's room, that evening. The French maid, MARIETTE is preparing SARA's bed and tidying up. SARA enters in her nightgown.*

SARA: Mariette, who is that little girl who makes the fires?

MARIETTE: She is so much more than a fire maker. She blacks boots and grates, scrubs floors, cleans windows, and carries those heavy coal scuttles all over the house. Such a timid little thing she is; pauvre petite.

SARA: What is her name?

MARIETTE: The other servants order her about all the time with 'Becky do this' and 'Becky do that'!

SARA: Becky!

(MARIETTE is finished turning down the bed and urges SARA into it and tucks her in.)

MARIETTE: It's just a shame the way they treat her. These English snobs!

SARA: Bonne nuit, Mariette.

MARIETTE: Bonne nuit, ma petite!

MUSICAL #9 — IS THIS THE PLACE PAPA (REPRISE)

SARA:

THIS IS THE PLACE, PAPA.
THIS CAN BECOME MY HOME NOW.
THOUGH YOU'RE AWAY
AND I'M ALONE,
AND EVERY DAY
MY HEART'S A STONE,
I WANT TO STAY;
DISCOVER THINGS I'VE NEVER KNOWN
ALL ON MY OWN.

(The MUSIC continues as the LIGHTS fade as SARA snuggles down. Time passes as The LIGHTS come up again, with the sunrise. BECKY is asleep in the chair by the fireplace. SARA awakens.)

SARA: Oh, that poor thing!

(SARA gets up and walks over to BECKY.)

I hope she wakes up soon. Miss Minchin would be terribly cross if she found her here. She looks so tired!

(BECKY heaves a huge, sighing sob in her sleep, and it startles her awake.)

BECKY: *(trying to get away)* Oh. Miss! Oh, I do beg your pardon, Miss.

SARA: Don't be frightened. It doesn't matter in the least — to me.

BECKY: I didn't mean to do it, Miss. It was the warm fire and I was very cold and so tired...

SARA: I know. I understand. It's quite all right.

BECKY: You ain't going to tell Miss Minchin?

SARA: No. Of course I'm not. She seems to enjoy hurting others. She must have been whipped when she was a girl.

(looking closely at BECKY)

You know Becky it's only by accident that I am not you and you are not me.

BECKY: Accident? What do you mean?

SARA: Yes. Have you done your work? Dare you stay a few minutes?

BECKY: Me, Miss? Here, Miss?

(SARA runs to the door and looks out.)

SARA: No one is anywhere about yet! Are you done with the coal?

BECKY: Yes, Miss. Yours was the last room on my list!

SARA: Then you can stay. Would you like a piece of cake?

(BECKY's eyes go wide as the thought of cake passes through her frightened, little mind.)

BECKY: Cake, Miss? Me, Miss?

SARA: Of course. Have you never had cake before?

BECKY: Not that I can say!

SARA: *(Going to the cupboard and cutting a large slice of cake)* Well, you shall have a piece — You will like it, too!

(The girls break into giggles. BECKY eats the cake in large mouthfuls. SARA watches, astonished.)

BECKY: Oh, Miss, The cake were wonderful! Like you, wonderful.

(BECKY looks around at everything, because it all interests her.)

Is that one of your best dresses, Miss, it's so lovely!

SARA: That? No. It's one of my dancing frocks.

BECKY: Once I see'd a Princess in the street with the crowd outside of Covent Garden. They says to each other, "That's the Princess!" She was such a growed up young lady. She was pink all over and I called her to mind the minute I saw you. You look so much like her.

SARA: I've often thought that I should like to be a princess.

BECKY: Oh, Miss — you could be.

SARA: So can you.

BECKY: Me, Miss? No — not me, Miss.

SARA: You have as much chance at being a princess as I do — we can use our imaginations.

BECKY: I ain't got time to use my 'magination! I have more and more work everyday.

SARA: You used it just yesterday as you daydreamed that you were a mermaid swimming with the dolphins.

BECKY: Yes, Miss. I knowed I hadn't orter, listen but it was so beautiful I couldn't 'elp it.

SARA: I saw you — and liked that you were listening to it. A storyteller loves people who listen to her stories. I will tell you a story every morning. You come here, just like today and next time I'll be up and ready with your story.

BECKY: Oh, Miss! That would be ... that would be... simply wonderful!

MUSICAL # 10 — A LITTLE BIT OF CLEVER (REPRISE)

(SARA goes and gets another piece of cake from the cupboard and wraps it in a napkin and gives it to BECKY)

SARA:

TAKE A SLICE OF MAKE BELIEVE.
AND A BITE OF HOCUS POCUS
AND SUDDENLY YOUR HUM-DRUM WORLD
HAS A BRIGHTER FOCUS.
IN MY IMAGINATION
I DREAM SCRUMPTIOUS THINGS ALL DAY.
A LITTLE BIT OF CLEVER
GOES A LONG, LONG WAY!

SARA & BECKY: It's a piece of cake!

(BECKY laughs and puts the cake into her pocket and runs off, as BLACKOUT.)

Scene Eight — *The next day, the Parlor. Evening. The GIRLS have gathered for another story. The LIGHTS come up as the story concludes.*

SARA: ... and all along the walls of the deep and dark passageways, dug by human hands, there were diamonds... Tiny glittering rocks lining them like stars in the blackest night to show the way.

LAVINIA: My mamma has a diamond ring which cost forty pounds. And it is not a big one either. If there were mines full of diamonds, people would be so rich it would be ridiculous.

(LAVINIA traipses off to another part of the room away from SARA, who sits alone. JESSIE and her entourage follow LAVINIA.)

JESSIE: Perhaps Sara will be so rich that she will be ridiculous.

LAVINIA: She's ridiculous without being rich!

JESSIE: Do you really hate her that much?!

LAVINIA: No, I don't. But I don't believe in mines full of diamonds! That is just stupid.

JESSIE: Well, people have to get diamonds someplace, Lavinia.

GERTRUDE: You know what I know?

LAVINIA: I don't know, I'm sure. And I don't care if it's something more about that stupid girl, Sara.

GERTRUDE: Well, it is! One of her 'pretends' is that she is a princess. She plays it all the time — even in school. She says it makes her learn her lessons better. She wants Ermengarde to be one, too. But Ermengarde says she is too fat.

LAVINIA: She is too fat. And Sara is too skinny and stupid.

(JESSIE giggles)

JESSIE: Sara says the reason we live has nothing to do with what you look like, or what things you might have. It has only to do with how you think and what you do. And how kind you are to others.

LAVINIA: I suppose she thinks she could be a princess even if she was a beggar. We should call her "The Scrawny Little Princess." That should feed her smug little imagination.

JESSIE: Just "Little Princess!" That way she won't know how we are mocking her.

(The GIRLS all share a nasty little laugh)

MUSICAL #11 — LITTLE PRINCESS

LAVINIA:

OUR LITTLE PRINCESS
IS WORTH DESTROYING!
THE WAY SHE POSES AND PUTS ON—
IT'S MOST ANNOYING!
AND EVERY STORY THAT SHE TELLS
WITH MERMAIDS AND SEASHELLS
IS JUST A LOT OF FOOLISH CHATTER!

OUR LITTLE PRINCESS
IT'S WORTH IGNORING!
WITH ALL HER AIRES AND GRANDE AFFAIRES
SHE'S SIMPLY BORING!
FOR EVERY TALE IS MAKE-BELIEVE.
THERE'S NOTHING MAGIC UP HER SLEEVE!
WHY CAN'T SHE TALK ABOUT THE THINGS THAT MATTER
MOST OF ALL!?

WHO NEEDS MERMAIDS, ELVES AND FAERIES?
OR A PRINCESS WHO JUST MARRIES
ALL FOR LOVE?
A DREADFUL TIME!

MY FATHER SAYS THE ONLY WAY
TO GET AHEAD, BEFORE YOU'RE DEAD,
IS LEARN THE FASTEST WAY —
TO SOCIAL CLIMB!
IT'S ODD TO PLAY AT MAKE-BELIEVE
WHEN WEALTH IS EASY TO ACHIEVE!

(LIGHTS also up on AMELIA in the office.)

AMELIA:

OUR LITTLE PRINCESS!
SHE'S SWEET AND CHARMING!
AND JUST LIKE ROYALTY HER LOYALTY'S DISARMING!

GIRLS: *(still in the Parlor)*

FOR IT WILL SET US OFF OUR PACE,
AND MAKE IT HARD TO TAKE OUR PLACE
IN A SOCIETY WE MUST INHERIT!

AMELIA: *(in the office)*

OUR LITTLE PRINCESS
IS NEAR PERFECTION.
OF ALL THE GIRLS WITH BOWS AND CURLS TO PASS INSPECTION
THIS LITTLE SARA STANDS OUT STRONG.
I SENSE THAT SOMEHOW, SHE'LL BELONG.
IT'S WHAT I WISH: FOR EVERY GIRL TO JUST HAVE MERIT ON HER OWN!

(LIGHTS up on SARA, alone in "one", and the GIRLS in the parlor)

SARA:

TO BE A PRINCESS
IS MOST DELICIOUS!
IT HELPS YOU DREAM AND IN EACH DREAM
YOU'RE GRANTED WISHES!
AND EVERY DAY THAT I EXTEND
THE WORLD THAT I PRETEND
I MAKE A FRIEND!
AND FRIENDSHIPS TEND
TO BREAK OR MEND
BUT SELDOM END!
YES, THAT'S THE PART A PRINCESS PLAYS:
A FRIEND!

(BLACKOUT.)

GIRLS:

THERE CAN BE NO MAKE BELIEVE.
IT'S THE REAL WORLD WE MUST LIVE IN!
HER CASTLES ARE BUT LIGHT AND AIR,
NOT FIT FOR THOSE WHO'RE DRIVEN!
WE CAN'T ACCEPT,
WE WON'T ACCEPT
HER MANNER
OR HER WAY!
THERE'S NOT A BIT OF CLEVER
EVER MEANT TO STAY!
IT MUST END! SHE'S JUST A SILLY GIRL
WHO PLAYS PRETEND!

Scene Nine — *Split Scene* — SARA and CAPTAIN CREWE exchanging letters. SARA is reading her letter from the CAPTAIN as he sings and she speaks his letter.

MUSICAL #12 — LETTERS

CAPTAIN CREWE:

SARA, LITTLE SARA
YOU'RE IN MY PRAYERS AND THOUGHTS NOW.
"My dear Little Princess, your daddy is not a businessman — at all. The figures and documents bother me. I do not understand them and the responsibility of all that money and all those diamonds is just too enormous. Perhaps if I was not feverish I would not spend half the night tossing and the other half in terrible dreams. I daresay that if my little princess were here she would offer me some good, solemn advice."
MY LITTLE PRINCESS
I LONG TO HEAR YOU.
AT NIGHT I TRACE YOUR SILENT FACE
JUST TO BE NEAR YOU.
"Your birthday is in 3 months and I have such plans. I have ordered a new doll for you — with an entire wardrobe of frilly and pretty clothes. She will be sent to you directly from Paris. I hope your twelfth birthday will be an exciting one. I have sent Miss Minchin instructions for the grandest party ever — sparing no expense."

(A INDIAN SERVANT enters with a letter for the CAPTAIN from SARA. She speaks as he reads.)

SARA: “Father — I am growing so fast that I shall never be young enough to have another doll given me. This will be my last doll. There is something solemn about it. If I could just write poetry — “The Last Doll” would make an excruciatingly solemn title. I will respect the new doll because she is from you. The school will love her terribly much — even the almost fifteens who pretend that they are too grown-up for dolls.”

(CAPTAIN laughs a hearty laugh that ends in a sputtering cough.)

OH SO FAST.

TIME RUSHES PAST.

AND IN A YEAR

WILL YOU RETURN HERE?

I MISS EACH HUG AND KISS

AND EVERY MOMENT SPENT WITHOUT YOU NEAR!

CAPTAIN: *(to himself)* What would I give to have her little arms about my neck this minute? What wouldn't I give?

(LIGHTS up on BOTH as they sing.)

CAPTAIN:

WHAT WOULD I DO FOR YOU?

EVERYTHING IN MY POWER!

I'D SAIL THE SEAS

OR RIDE THE RAILS.

I'D COME BY COACH

ON DUSTY TRAILS.

I'D EVEN FLY

IF GOD HAD GIVEN

MAN HIS WINGS —

TO HOLD YOUR HAND!

SARA:

PAPA, OH MY PAPA!

WONDERING EACH PRECIOUS HOUR,

WHY LIFE SEEMS NOT QUITE FAIR

WITH US APART;

I SAY A PRAYER,

AND THEN YOU WRITE!

I FEEL AGAIN THAT

YOU'RE NEARBY.

AND IF I JUST REACH,

I'LL HOLD YOUR HAND!

(MUSIC swells as the LIGHTS fade.)

Scene Ten — *Sara's Room — The next morning. The story is finished and BECKY is carefully wrapping up a piece of cake.*

BECKY: Yer story was ever so lovely, Miss. All of your stories are smashing!

SARA: I'm glad you like them. Why are you treating that cake like it was gold or something?

BECKY: I treat it careful 'cause I has to eat 'em careful, Miss. If I leaves crumbs the rats come out to get 'em!

SARA: Rats! Are there rats?

BECKY: Lots of 'em, Miss. There mostly is rats and mice in attics. You gets used to the noise they make scuttlin' about. I've got so I don't mind 'em 'slong as they don't run over my pillar.

SARA: How awful! To have to sleep with rats!

(Shudders.)

I could never even imagine that!

BECKY: You gets used to anythin' after a bit. You have to if you're born a scullery-maid. I'd rather have rats than cockroaches.

SARA: So would I.

(She pulls out two little meat pies)

Becky, I brought you these from the baker's shoppe.

BECKY: Oh, Miss — them will be nice and fillin'. It's fillin'ness that's best. Sponge cake's an 'eavenly thing, but it melts away-like. These just stay in yer stomach.

SARA: And they make you healthy. You are looking much better, Becky.

BECKY: 'Ow can I 'elp it, Miss. With all the pies and sandwiches and rolls and bologna you've been feedin' me I 'ardly mind workin' anymore.

SARA: I'm glad to be of use to someone. I mean real use. I love most of the girls here, but it's just not the same as with you and me.

BECKY: Ain't it "you and I", Miss?

SARA: Yes, it is. You are really quite smart and clever, Becky.

BECKY: You know what you are, Miss?

SARA: What?

BECKY: You're warm and kind; what they call a giver!

SARA: Why would you say that, Becky?

BECKY: 'Cause it's true. In this world there are the givers and the takers! You are a giver... And I thank yer for that!

MUSICAL #13 — WARM THINGS!

BECKY:

MEAT PIES! SANDWICHES!
SWEET PIES, SAUSAGES.
COOKIES; PIECES OF CAKE.
IT'S NOT A LOT! BUT IT'S THE THOUGHT
SENT WITH CARE; SOMEONE IS THERE.
FLOWERS IN YOUR POCKET!
PICTURES IN A LOCKET!
ALL THE SUN THAT'S IN THE SKY TO FORM THINGS!
WARM THINGS!

LAUGHTER IN THE ATTIC;
STORIES SO DRAMATIC;
TALES OF FAIRIES, MERMAIDS, ELVES! NO STORM THINGS!
JUST WARM THINGS!
SEE THE THINGS YOU DO FOR ME
ARE SIMPLE AND THEY'RE FREE.
YOUR HANDS ARE OPEN AND YOUR HEART IS FULL.

SARA:

WARM THINGS ARE A BLESSING!
SECRETS WORTH CONFESSING!
WEBS YOU WEAVE TO MAKE BELIEVE AND FORM THINGS;
WARM THINGS!

BOTH:

BRANCHES OF A WILLOW!
MOONLIGHT ON YOUR PILLOW.
LAMPS THAT LIGHT THE DARKEST NIGHT TRANSFORM THINGS TO
WARM THINGS; AND WARM THINGS MAKE LIFE SEEM RIGHT.

(BECKY takes something out of her pocket. and places it on the table. SARA sees it)

SARA: Oh! What's this? A pincushion!

BECKY: Do yer like it, Miss? Do yer?

SARA: Like it? You darling, Becky. You made it all yourself!

BECKY: It ain't nothin' but flannel and the flannel ain't new. I wanted to give you something, sot instead I made it at night. I knew that you could pretend that it was satin with diamond pins in it.

(SARA flies to BECKY and hugs her)

SARA: Oh, Becky — I love you — I do, I do!

BECKY: Oh, Miss. Thank yer. But it ain't good enough fer that.

(MISS MINCHIN and MISS AMELIA are heard in the hall. BECKY scrambles to hide and SARA tidies up.)

AMELIA: *(off)* Whatever is the matter, Sister?

MINCHIN: *(off)* Where is Miss Sara Crewe?!!!

AMELIA: *(off)* Why, in her room.

(MINCHIN bursts in to the room followed by AMELIA.)

MINCHIN: Do you, young lady, have a black frock amongst all that finery?

SARA: I ... I ... suppose...

AMELIA: I'm sure there's one in the wardrobe.

(Finding it.)

It is black velvet, but it seems too short for her.

MINCHIN: *(grabbing the dress from AMELIA)* You will take off that preposterous dress and put this one on!

AMELIA: Sister! Sister! What is going on?

MINCHIN: *(relishing as she launches into the explanation)* Captain Crewe is dead. His solicitor just informed me that he has died — without a penny.

SARA: *(softly to herself)* Papa is dead?

MINCHIN: *(continuing by interrupting)* All lost by investing in the diamond mines. This spoiled, fanciful, pampered child is now a pauper left in my hands!

(SARA has looks at AMELIA, who gathers her in her arms at the news.)

(now shouting) Hundreds of pounds I have spent on nonsense for her. And I shall never see a farthing of it. Sara, I said change that frock!

(AMELIA hurries SARA behind the screen where she puts on the black velvet.)

Princess Sara indeed! The child has been treated as if she were a queen!

(BECKY sobs and sniffs audibly. MINCHIN finds BECKY hiding under the table.)

Becky! How dare you...

BECKY: Please, mum. I know I hadn't oughter, but I got frightened and slipped under the table.

MINCHIN: You have been there all this time — listening!!!!!!

BECKY: I didn't listen, mum. But I couldn't help hearing! I'm so sorry for poor Miss Sara. So sorry about her Papa dying.

MINCHIN: Leave the room immediately, you little wench!

BECKY: If only, mum, you'll let me wait on her after me other duties. It won't be no trouble.

MINCHIN: No — certainly not! Sara now will wait on herself and the rest of us! Sara is now a pauper like you. Leave the room this instant or you will lose your position and be out in the streets
(BECKY rushes out of the room sobbing. MINCHIN goes about the room gathering up a few of the valuables. She throws them into a sack. SARA emerges from the screen, chin quivering. AMELIA, arms about SARA, is in a wretched state also. SARA picks up Emily.)

Put down that stupid doll!

SARA: No! She is all I have. Papa gave her to me! She is my doll. She is all I have left of him.
(SARA and AMELIA look at MINCHIN, pleadingly.)

MINCHIN: Sara, you have nothing. Everything you have is now mine. You will have no time for dolls. You will have to work and make yourself useful! Things will be different! Do you understand?

SARA: My papa is dead. He left me no money. But the treasures in my heart outweigh the emptiness of yours.

(MINCHIN moves to shake her and AMELIA intervenes.)

MINCHIN: You little beggar — you nothing!

AMELIA: Sister, don't you think....

MINCHIN: Amelia — you keep quiet! I am speaking to Sara.
(To SARA, fingers grabbing her chin.)

It appears that you have no relations and no home and no one to take care of you. You are alone in the world. You rely on me now.

(Releases her chin.)

Do you understand?

SARA: *(a lump comes to her throat, she speaks softly)* I understand.

MINCHIN: *(Shouting in Sara's face)* Do.. you... understand?

SARA: Yes, I understand.

MINCHIN: Everything you own is mine! Even that doll! That ridiculous doll — and all her nonsensical extravagant things — Ha! I actually paid the bill for all that nonsense! Your Father was to reimburse me. But there is nothing left, so she is mine!

AMELIA: Not Emily!

MINCHIN: *(conceding bitterly)* Okay, not Emily!

AMELIA: Thank you, sister.

MINCHIN: Now, Sara, listen closely. You are not a princess any longer, nor will you ever be. The rest of your belongings will be sold to repay me; your French maid dismissed. You will wear the clothes I provide — suited to your station. You — like Becky — are my servants. You will do anything you are told. If you make yourself useful I may let you stay on here.

AMELIA: Sara is very smart. Perhaps she could tutor the younger children in French.

MINCHIN: I dare say she can — along with various household duties.

(PAUSE)

Sara, you will thank me for my kindness in giving you a home.

SARA: You are not kind and this is not a home!

MINCHIN: *(loses her temper)* Arggggh! You ungrateful, spoiled, little... you will not stay in this room. You are to sleep in the attic next to Becky! Now, go!

MUSICAL #14 — FINALE ACT ONE

Little Princess — by C. Michael Perry and Coni Koepfinger

(AMELIA holds back the tears. MINCHIN is stern and SARA walks out the door, head high and ascends the stairs to the attic, The LIGHTS dim on Sara's room and come up on the attic where BECKY is crying as SARA enters.)

SARA: Becky — don't cry. I told you we were just the same — only two little girls — just two little girls.

BECKY: Whatever happens to you, it won't make any difference — to me you will always be a little princess!

(The MUSIC swells as the LIGHTS fade and SARA and BECKY collapse into each others arms.)

END OF ACT ONE

30 more pages in Act Two