

MY SON THE ROCK

By Martin Follöse

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MY SON THE ROCK
MY SON THE ROCK
A HARD ROCK COMEDY IN THREE ACTS
By Martin Follose

CAST OF CHARACTERS

*About seven men and fifteen women, thirteen characters played by
either gender, very flexible cast*

- KING NOROM**..... King of the kingdom and not quite the business man he should be, his favorite past-time...eating! (253 lines)
- LOUISE BRAZEN**..... King Norom's secretary. Very much for women's' rights and she takes them all. (72 lines)
- SERGEANT DIMLIT** King Norom's personal bodyguard; his light bulb is a little dim! (27 lines)
- POLICE CHIEF** Short-lived part, literally. (8 lines)
- GUARDS** Several needed throughout, at least two could be male or female.(2 lines)
- PRINCE PLUCKY** The only son of the King and Queen; very wimpy. (189 lines)
- QUEEN** King Norom's spoiled wife always gets her way. (85 lines)
- WITCH**..... Not a very good witch. (66 lines)
- MR. STEELSON**..... King's close and trusted advisor. (73 lines)
- JESTER** In charge of getting entertainment for the King's 60th birthday party, male or female. (22 lines)

BY MARTIN FOLLOSE

- MAIDS/COOKS** Any number. (*MAID 1: 3 lines;*
MAID 2: 2 lines)
- ROCKETTES** At least three (male or female).
- PIERRE** A world famous sculptor from
France, male or female. (*35 lines*)
- BALLET DANCERS** One female, one male. Not very
good.
- MAN I** Pierre's assistant. Could be female.
(*9 lines*)
- MAN 2** Another one of Pierre's associates,
could be female. (*4 lines*)
- HILDA** The Witch's helper not a pretty
sight! (*31 lines*)
- PRINCESS ALAINA** Princess from a neighboring
kingdom. (*83 lines*)
- COOK'S VOICE** Male or female. (*1 line*)
- MILKMAN** (*5 lines*)
- GARBAGE MAN** (*1 line*)
- CHEERLEADERS** (*5 lines*)
- GUESTS** To King Norom's birthday party;
any number. (*1 line*)
- EXTRAS** Witch's goons/messengers/delivery
personnel.

PLEASE NOTE:

The casting requirements are very flexible. The following roles could

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be played by either a male or female: PIERRE could become MONIQUE, the JESTER, PIERRE'S ASSISTANTS, and all of the GUARDS/GUESTS and EXTRAS could be either male or female. This play is a mix of medieval and modern concepts which gives the stage crew, cast, and director an opportunity to add as many offbeat ideas/situations as possible. For example, the ROCKETTES could be all men. Have fun with it!

STAGE PROPERTIES

ACT ONE

Pots and pans for cooks
Brooms, mops, cleaning items for maids
Papers to be signed for Ms. Brazen
Steno pad
One donut on a plate
Walkie Talkie
Binoculars
Small table for arm wrestling
Papers, folders and other items for King's desk
Vase of flowers
Hammer and Chisel
Milk bucket
Telephone
Intercom
Large rock
Clipboard with papers
Crown
Glasses
Paper and pencil

ACT TWO

Wooden Boxes
Cot
Cell
Bread and cup of water
Keys
Board or shoe for hitting the Prince

ACT THREE

Hammers and Chisels (three sets)

BY MARTIN FOLLOSE

Photograph

Sherlock Holmes hat, mustache, trench coat and pipe for Prince

Trench coat and hat for Princess Alaina

Computer

Toothpick

Folder with papers

Sculpture of the King

Sheet

Birthday balloons, signs, and other decorations

Folders with papers for each guest

Large Signs with letters (M, O, R, O, N)

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT ONE

The Throne Room of King Norom

Present day

ACT TWO

The Witch's Cave

A few hours later

ACT THREE, SCENE I

The Throne Room of King Norom

The next day

ACT THREE, SCENE 2

The Throne Room of King Norom

The following day

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COSTUME SUGGESTIONS

There is a wonderful mix of modern and medieval costumes. The KING and QUEEN wear royal, medieval costumes with capes, crowns, tiaras, scepters, all brightly colored and flowing. The JESTER also wears a typical jester costume, brightly colored with bells and a jester's hat, PRINCE PLUCKY wears a dull colored tunic and black tights, black-rimmed glasses and a crown that is too large for his head. The WITCH is in an all-black dress, witch's hat and can carry a witch's broom. She should wear green makeup. The GUARDS are in medieval tunics and carry swords.

SERGEANT DIMLIT wears a black suit, dark glasses and carries a walkie talkie. He is dressed as a secret service agent. MS. BRAZEN wears a modern, business dress suit and is made up with perfect hair, nails, makeup, etc. MR. STEELSON wears a full, modern business suit. PRINCESS ALAINA wears a very plain, colorless, old "Cinderella" type dress and then changes to a full medieval, princess dress, cape, and tiara when she returns near the end of Act Three.

PIERRE wears a smock and brightly colored clothes, a beret, and carries a hammer and chisel. His assistants, MAN 1 and MAN 2, wear work-type clothes and both assistants carry a hammer and chisel. HILDA'S dress is a mismatch of clothes that can include, hat, torn dress, scarves, etc. Her hair is frizzy and she has big red lips. The POLICE CHIEF is in a modern police uniform.

The ROCKETTES, BALLET DANCERS, and the BELLY DANCER are in typical costumes. The male ROCKETTES can wear brightly colored tights. The MILKMAN is in farmer's bibs, straw hat, and carries a milk bucket. In the final scene he can add a tie. The GARBAGE MAN is in overalls and wears a tie since he is at the KING'S birthday party. The MAIDS and BUTLERS are in black pants, white shirts, black shoes and have a bow tie. The MAIDS wear aprons and maid hats. The BUTLERS can wear a black vest. The COOKS are in all white with white aprons and a chef's hat. The CHEERLEADERS wear typical cheerleading outfits.

ACT ONE

Setting:

The KING and QUEEN'S thrones are right. There is an office desk upright and a computer is to the right of the desk. There are office chairs near the desk and other office items sitting around including a conference table up center.

At Rise:

The KING is seated at his desk located upright. The curtain opens with the MAIDS and the COOKS on stage. The MAIDS have cleaning items: brooms, mops, brushes, dusters, etc. The COOKS have pots, pans, and other cooking items. After the KING enters, various people also join the King "doing their job." SARGENT DIMLIT enters with the KING and roams around the stage "checking" everything over, looking for bombs, hidden wire taps, etc. HE is very protective of the KING. LOUISE BRAZEN enters to get the KING'S signature on some papers..

KING: Ms. Brazen, what are all these people doing in here?

MS. BRAZEN: They are cleaning the castle as the Queen ordered.

KING: Is that why my office has been moved out here in the throne room?

MS. BRAZEN: That's part of it . . . the Queen is having your office redecorated.

KING: Well, I simply can't get any work done with all these people under foot. *(To everyone)* Thank you all, you may leave.

MAID 1: But the Queen told us to clean the castle from basement to attic.

KING: But I am King Noróm and when I say that you may leave, you leave. *(No one moves as the KING stares at them. Realizing that they are not leaving)* Take the day off. *(Again, no one moves.)* With pay. *(The MAIDS and COOKS cheer and ad lib and exit. Calling to the COOKS as they are leaving the stage.)* All except the cooks. I want you all back on the job at once. *(COOKS groan. To himself.)* No sense in me going hungry. *(MS. BRAZEN also exits.)* I am so persuasive.

DIMLIT: *(Finishing the search.)* The area is secure, Sire.

KING: And did you find any bombs, wire taps, or ninjas hiding in the closets?

DIMLIT: No, Sire, but you can never be too sure.

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KING: *(HE crosses to a table up center and takes a donut from the table.)* Well, I'm sure. Who would want to hurt their beloved King anyway?

DIMLIT: Nearly everyone, Sire. *(HE turns to see the KING about to bite into a donut.)* Stop! *(HE rushes over to the KING and takes the donut.)* Sire, you can't eat that. Some one may have poisoned it. I must check it first. *(HE takes the donut and at first takes a small bit, then when he is sure that it is okay, he eats the whole thing.)* It's safe.

KING: You've eaten the whole thing and it was the last one.

DIMLIT: Yes, but at least you are still alive.

KING: And hungry. *(MS. BRAZEN enters. SARGENT DIMLIT takes a stance at the door and occasionally looks out the window, talks on his walkie talkie, uses his binoculars to check things over, including MS. BRAZEN.)*

MS. BRAZEN: Your Persuasiveness, the Chief of Police is here to see you.

KING: What does he want now? Last week he wanted me to buy tickets to the Policeman's Ball. Me? Buy tickets? I own this Kingdom. I don't have to buy tickets. Am I right, Ms. Brazen?

MS. BRAZEN: Of course you're right, Your Rightness. You are always right. *(To herself)* Except when you are wrong, which is most of the time.

KING: And then the week before last he wanted a larger dungeon. If I left it up to him he'd have beds, heat, and cable TV installed in the dungeon. *(HE busies himself at his desk. MS. BRAZEN notices that she is the target of SARGENT DIMLIT and works her way over to him. SARGENT DIMLIT keeps the binoculars on her.)*

MS. BRAZEN: He already has.

KING: Has what?

MS. BRAZEN: He had beds, heat, and cable TV installed in the dungeon.

KING: He did?

MS. BRAZEN: Yes. *(SHE stomps on SARGENT DIMLIT'S foot. HE quietly hops around in pain. Her conversation with the KING is uninterrupted.)*

KING: Did I okay that?

MS. BRAZEN: Yes, Your Royal Forgetfulness.

KING: Well, I'm sure that I had a good reason to okay that.

BY MARTIN FOLLOSE

MS. BRAZEN: Yes, your second cousin's son, once removed, is spending some time in Hotel Dee and you wanted to make his stay a little more comfortable.

KING: Hotel Dee?

MS. BRAZEN: Yes, that's what they renamed it, after your brother's cousin's son's Aunt Dee. She's also spending some time there.

KING: And I okayed that too?

MS. BRAZEN: Yes.

KING: I am so glad that I have you to keep me straight. What would I do without you Ms. Brazen. Behind every good man is a good woman. *(HE puts his arm around MS. BRAZEN.)*

MS. BRAZEN: And a woman who will slap you with a sexual harassment law suit if you don't get your arm off me. *(HE quickly removes his arm.)*

KING: Why did I ever let the Queen talk me into that sexual harassment prevention act?

MS. BRAZEN: To protect employees from getting goosed by men like Dimwit. *(SHE points to DIMLIT.)*

DIMLIT: That's Dimlit.

MS. BRAZEN: Whatever.

DIMLIT: A man can't even be a man anymore.

MS. BRAZEN: I guess you'll just have to be a gentleman.

DIMLIT/KING: There's no fun in that!

KING: Ms. Brazen, what is on my calendar for this afternoon?

MS. BRAZEN: You have a meeting with the Executive CEO of the Sanitation Engineer's Department and . . .

KING: A meeting with who?

MS. BRAZEN: The garbage man.

KING: Oh, sounds a bit smelly to me.

MS. BRAZEN: And then you have a meeting with all of the members of your Royal Fan Club.

KING: All the members!?

MS. BRAZEN: Yes, all three of them.

KING: Oh. *(Not really paying attention to MS. BRAZEN.)*

MS. BRAZEN: And you can't forget your fitting for your Royal Birthday Suit for your 60th birthday party.

KING: I'm going to the party in my birthday suit?

MS. BRAZEN: Fortunately for us, no. The Royal Tailor is creating a new suit that you will wear to your birthday party.

KING: Thank goodness!

MS. BRAZEN: You're telling me. And then later this afternoon you have a meeting with . . .

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KING: That's enough. I'm depressed enough. Please leave me. *(HE turns away.)*

MS. BRAZEN: It's about time for my break anyway. *(SHE begins to leave. The POLICE CHIEF rushes in with papers in his hand.)*

POLICE CHIEF: King Noróm, I must speak to you. *(SARGENT DIMLIT rushes to him and stops him from approaching.)*

MS. BRAZEN: The Chief of Police is here to see you, Sire.

KING: Send him away.

MS. BRAZEN: Too late! He's already here and I'm on my break. *(SHE exits.)*

DIMLIT: Spred'um.

POLICE CHIEF: But I'm the Chief of Police. *(SARGENT DIMLIT grabs and raises the POLICE CHIEF'S arms up and frisks him. The POLICE CHIEF is ticklish and giggles.)*

DIMLIT: You're clean.

POLICE CHIEF: *(Straightens his clothes and crosses to the KING. HE remembers why he is there and becomes very serious after his giggling.)* Your Highness, I can't possibly run a police department with a 50% cut in our budget.

KING: Well you will just have to make do. I need the extra money for a custom-tailored suit for my 60th birthday party.

POLICE CHIEF: But I will have to lay off almost half of the police force.

KING: Unemployment isn't the worst thing in life.

POLICE CHIEF: But what about the muggers, murderers, thieves, and all your other relatives?

KING: So, no family is perfect. There's always a few black sheep in every family.

POLICE CHIEF: I demand that my budget be restored.

KING: Demand?! Are you making demands on me? The King? Why I will have your head for such treason.

POLICE CHIEF: Treason?

KING: Guard! Guard! *(The GUARD enters.)* This man has committed treason, off with his head.

GUARD: But Your Highness, you outlawed capital punishment!

KING: I outlawed capital punishment?

DIMLIT: Oh, too bad.

GUARD: Yes, don't you remember when the Queen's sister's cousin's son was put on death row you outlawed capital punishment to save his life.

BY MARTIN FOLLOSE

KING: Oh, yes. (*Thinking. DIMLIT crosses to him and whispers in his ear.*) Ah, good idea. Then take him out of the capital and then off with his head.

GUARD: As you wish King Noróm. (*HE grabs the POLICE CHIEF and pulls him off stage.*)

DIMLIT: (*Proud of himself, and loving the idea of capital punishment.*) Yes!

POLICE CHIEF: But you can't do this. I have my rights. (*THEY exit. MS. BRAZEN enters. DIMLIT goes back to his surveillance, but doesn't look at MS BRAZEN.*)

KING: Rights? What about my rights as King?

MS. BRAZEN: And what rights are those?

KING: The rights of a King. A long time ago it use to be that the King had the ultimate power, what he said was law, his every wish was immediately enforced. Now there are laws that even I have to follow. Me! The King! Why my great, great grandfather didn't have to worry about the complications of modern life. He didn't have to deal with Police Chiefs, Sanitation Department CEOs, and Dimlit could goose any woman in range. (*HE is now behind MS. BRAZEN and is about to goose MS. BRAZEN.*)

MS. BRAZEN: Touch me with that hand and you will lose it.

KING: (*Backing up.*) See what I mean?

MS. BRAZEN: Thank goodness those times are behind us. Oh I almost forgot, your son is here to see you.

KING: My son. What a disappointment he is. It's these modern times. Cable television, Nintendo (*Or latest high-tech game.*), and technology has softened our youth of today. They don't know what it's like to walk miles for a bucket of water -

MS. BRAZEN: Not that you ever did.

KING: To have to fight for your kingdom with a sword . . . (*HE does a little imaginary sword play.*)

MS. BRAZEN: You never owned a sword.

KING: They don't know the feeling of a victory over an enemy.

MS. BRAZEN: Your only enemies are the calories in a donut.

KING: How can I do it Ms. Brazen?

MS. BRAZEN: Do what?

KING: Prepare my son for the challenges of being the King.

How do I turn my pipsqueak son into a courageous King?

MS. BRAZEN: Courageous?

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KING: Yes, how can I prepare him to make the decisions of leadership, to decide who lives and who dies for the good of the public, *(Picks up paper from his desk and holds it up.)* to decide if the garbage should be picked up Monday or Tuesday.

MS. BRAZEN: Monday.

KING: What?

MS. BRAZEN: Monday is the best day for garbage pickup.

KING: *(HE writes it down.)* Oh, thank you. I just couldn't decide which day would be best. *(The PRINCE enters. HE wears a prince's outfit complete with cape and crown. HE also wears glasses. HE is slouched over and has a very cowardly demeanor.)*

PRINCE: Father? Will you see me now?

KING: Why not? My day was ruined early this morning. You may go now, Ms. Brazen. *(DIMLIT stops the PRINCE and raises his arms and frisks him. Of course, the PRINCE is also ticklish and giggles. Following the frisking, the PRINCE crosses to the KING.)* What is it Prince Plucky?

PRINCE: Father, do you think it would be all right for me to borrow your Porsche?

KING: *(Going to him and straightening him up.)* Stand up straight my boy. You look older than . . . your mother. And get rid of those glasses. *(HE takes off his glasses.)*

PRINCE: But I can't see without them.

KING: Try a different frame, or better yet, try contacts. As prince you must look the part. You can't look like you have been parked in front of the encyclopedia all your life. And when you ask for something, say it with determination. Say it like you have to have it, like you will not take no for an answer. After all, I will be retiring soon and you will be ruler of this kingdom. Now get that chest out to show how bold you are and keep that chin up too. And always look the person right in the eye when you are talking to him. Now try it again.

PRINCE: *(Trying to do everything all at once, but looks very awkward.)* Father, may I please borrow your Porsche?

KING: Not may I, but I must.

PRINCE: *(Louder.)* Father, I must borrow your Porsche.

KING: *(Realizing what he is now asking for.)* Borrow my Porsche? Absolutely not *(The PRINCE wilts back to his own demeanor.)* What happened to your Porsche?

PRINCE: I had a little accident.

BY MARTIN FOLLOSE

KING: Not again, you drive just like your mother. What happened?

PRINCE: I backed it up into the moat.

KING: You what?

PRINCE: I backed it up . . .

KING: I heard you the first time. Prince Plucky, do you know why your mother and I named you Plucky?

PRINCE: Because you hated me and wanted everyone to tease me at school?

KING: No. Plucky means courageous and brave. We wanted you to have a name that people would admire, that would say I have the courage to lead, that I am brave enough to make the decisions that need to be made.

PRINCE: And I'm not?

KING: Well, let's just say you have a ways to go. (*Under his breath*) A long ways.

PRINCE: I try.

KING: But you have to do more than just try, you have to do it. I am not going to live forever and the people of this kingdom will be looking to you for leadership when I'm gone. They need someone that will make kingly decisions and keep this kingdom healthy. (*The QUEEN enters unnoticed by the KING and the PRINCE.*) They need a leader that will be as solid as a rock like me.

QUEEN: Are you talking about yourself again? (*DIMLIT rushes to the QUEEN and is about to frisk her.*) Touch me with those hands of yours and you will die a very slow death. (*DIMLIT slowly backs up in fear and then continues his surveillance. The QUEEN crosses to the KING.*)

KING: I was just explaining to your son that he needs to begin to prepare himself to lead this kingdom. That he has to be solid as a rock.

QUEEN: Yes, this is all fine and good, but you are late for your appointment with the Royal Tailor. You must wear a new suit on your 60th birthday. Something very bold.

KING: Well, I am the King.

QUEEN: Yes, you keep reminding me of that everyday.

PRINCE: (*HE is completely ignored by the KING and QUEEN.*) Father, about the Porsche?

QUEEN: Have you asked the Jester to handle the entertainment for the party?

KING: Not yet my Queen.

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QUEEN: You haven't? What have you been doing all day?
Must I do it myself?

KING: No, I will ask the Jester later this afternoon.

PRINCE: Ah, father?

QUEEN: And make sure you explain to the Jester what type of entertainment we want. *(SHE crosses to the PRINCE and straightens him up and lifts his chin.)* Knowing him, he will mess things up again. I honestly don't know why you keep him around.

KING: He's really funny.

QUEEN: Only to you my dear. To the rest of us, he is simply revolting.

KING: I'm sure that he will do a good job.

QUEEN: He'd better or he will have to answer to me. Now you must leave for your fitting with the tailors.

KING: Very well. *(HE begins to exit.)*

DIMLIT: *(Stops the KING.)* Wait. *(HE quickly peeks out the door.)* Area secured. *(The KING gives a look that he thinks this is ridiculous and THEY both exit.)*

PRINCE: Father! *(The QUEEN begins to exit, ignoring the PRINCE.)* Mother?

QUEEN: Oh, Prince Plucky. Are you still here?

PRINCE: Yes. Mother, could I ask you a question?

QUEEN: Yes, of course, my son.

PRINCE: Why doesn't father like me?

QUEEN: Like you? Why, Prince Plucky, your father loves you, you are his son.

PRINCE: He has to love me, but why doesn't he like me?

QUEEN: What would make you ask such a question?

PRINCE: Well, he never spends any time with me. He always has something much more important to do. All of my friends spend time with their fathers. Even Rodrick, the son of the Police Chief, spends time with his father.

QUEEN: Not any more, if the rumors that I hear are true.

PRINCE: What?

QUEEN: Oh, nothing. Prince Plucky, your father is a very important man with many important things that demand his attention. It's not easy running a kingdom you know.

PRINCE: Yes, I know.

QUEEN: He is working hard for your future. So that when you take over the kingdom it will be strong and prosperous.

PRINCE: But I don't want to take over the kingdom.

BY MARTIN FOLLOSE

QUEEN: You have no choice. You are the Prince and the Prince always becomes the King and the King always rules the Kingdom. It's just the way things are. And your father is right. It is time that you start preparing yourself for the demands of leadership. You must learn to be as solid as a rock.

PRINCE: I'd rather learn to play the guitar.

QUEEN: Over my dead body! I won't have you engaging in such an activity. Your upbringing is much more refined than that.

PRINCE: Why is it that all my friends can chose what they want to do and I can't? It's not my fault that I was born in this family.

QUEEN: No, your father always blames me.

PRINCE: What?

QUEEN: Oh, nothing. Now, this conversation must come to an end. You are who you are and you should feel lucky that your status in life is set. Now get that chest out and keep your chin up. You must look the part, you know. (*WITCH enters. The QUEEN notices her.*) Well, there goes a good day.

WITCH: My Queen, may I speak to you?

QUEEN: If I said no would you leave?

WITCH: No.

QUEEN: Then what choice do I have. What is it that you want?

WITCH: I went to the drug store to buy some supplies and they told me that you banned the selling of many of the items I need.

QUEEN: What are you talking about?

WITCH: Dried bat wings, eyes of newt,

QUEEN: Oh, those things. I simply got tired of going in to the store and seeing all those creepy things in there. I swear that those eyes of newt were following my every move. I have banned them from the store.

WITCH: You must change your mind.

QUEEN: Must? Listen you ugly hag, I am the Queen and I don't have to listen to a thing you say!

WITCH: If you don't, I will be forced to place a spell on the Royal family.

QUEEN: Oh, poo! You don't scare me with that hocus pocus. This is the twentieth (*Change to twenty-first century accordingly.*) century.

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PRINCE: (*Fearfully.*) Mother, maybe you shouldn't make her mad.

QUEEN: Prince Plucky don't be afraid of an old hag like this. She has no more powers than I do. This will be a good lesson for you. Watch and see how I handle this situation. (*Goes over to the WITCH*) Beat it you old hag or I will have your children beheaded.

WITCH: I don't have any children.

QUEEN: Well then, I will have your condo stripped clean of all of your grimy possessions.

WITCH: I don't have a condo.

QUEEN: (*Getting frustrated.*) Well then, I will have your retirement account emptied.

WITCH: I don't have a retirement plan.

QUEEN: (*Getting really mad.*) Then I will see to it that you retire, permanently. If you know what I mean.

WITCH: Are you threatening me?

QUEEN: If that's what you'd like to call it.

WITCH: Don't mess with me, Queenie!

QUEEN: Oh, poo. Now come along Prince Plucky, you have to change, this outfit simply will not do.

PRINCE: But mother.

QUEEN: Don't "but mother" me. A prince simply cannot be seen in such attire. (*QUEEN and PRINCE exit. MR. STEELSON enters.*)

MR. STEELSON: Is the King here?

WITCH: No.

MR. STEELSON: The secretary isn't here, the King isn't here. Where is everyone?

WITCH: When I came in the secretary said that she was going to take a long break because the King was being fitted for his new suit and that would take a while . . . a long while.

MR. STEELSON: The King gone again? Does he think that a country can run itself? There are decisions that have to be made. Not that he would make the right decisions. I could run this country much better than him.

WITCH: Then why don't you?

MR. STEELSON: Why don't I? Because I'm not the King!

WITCH: Would you like to be the King?

MR. STEELSON: Who wouldn't want to be the King? All that power! All that money! All those sick people sucking up to you! Wait a minute; I'm one of those people.

WITCH: You don't have to be.

BY MARTIN FOLLOSE

MR. STEELSON: Ah, but life deals us our fate. I will never be King.

WITCH: What is your job with the King?

MR. STEELSON: I'm his closest and only advisor. It is my job to see that the country runs smoothly.

WITCH: And is it?

MR. STEELSON: Is what?

WITCH: Is the country running smoothly?

MR. STEELSON: That will be the day. The King just doesn't put his heart and soul into running the country. You have to be stern, yet compassionate, decisive, yet flexible, superior, yet not high-and-mighty, noble, yet not flaunting, confident, yet not presumptuous. Why, I'm describing myself exactly!

WITCH: Then it is your duty to overthrow the King.

MR. STEELSON: Are you mad? What you are suggesting is treason.

WITCH: With a few letter changes, treason becomes treasure.

MR. STEELSON: (*Wide-eyed.*) Yes and what I could do with the treasures the king has a new car, a much bigger castle, a little cottage in the woods, make that a mansion in the woods, servants at my beck and call.

WITCH: People sucking up to you.

MR. STEELSON: Yes!

WITCH: Decisions that would put this country back on track.

MR. STEELSON: Yes!

WITCH: Allowing the drug store to sell dried bat wings and eye of newt.

MR. STEELSON: Yes! What?

WITCH: You must do it! Take over the country!

MR. STEELSON: Yes, I will for the country's sake, of course.

WITCH: Of course.

MR. STEELSON: But how? The King has a watchful eye, when it comes to treason. So many people would like to get him. But if he could be distracted for just a few days, if his little mind was somewhere else, while I transfer enough of his money to bribe the generals, and the police chief . . .

WITCH: And the Witch.

MR. STEELSON: and the mayors . . .

WITCH: And the Witch.

MR. STEELSON: and the public works manager . . .

WITCH: And the Witch!

MR. STEELSON: and of course the sanitation engineers.

WITCH: Who?

MY SON THE ROCK

MR. STEELSON: The garbage men.

WITCH: Of course. (*Waves her hand in front of her nose*)

MR. STEELSON: and the . . .

WITCH: Hey, what about me? This was my idea. What do I get?

MR. STEELSON: Oh, I'll throw a pittance your way.

WITCH: (*Upset.*) A pittance? How much is a pittance?

MR. STEELSON: A few hundred thousand.

WITCH: (*Satisfied.*) That will do.

MR. STEELSON: Now how can we distract the King for that long?

WITCH: How about if I cast a spell for the King to grow warts all over his body?

MR. STEELSON: Excellent idea. That would keep him busy. He frets even when he has one pimple.

WITCH: Wait! I can't do that unless I have three cups of dried bat wings and the Queen has banned them from the kingdom.

MR. STEELSON: Too bad.

WITCH: How about if I cast a spell for the king to see double?

MR. STEELSON: Excellent idea. That would keep him busy. He runs into things now and with double vision he would knock himself out on a regular basis.

WITCH: Wait! I can't do that unless I have two cups of eyes of newt and the Queen has banned them from the kingdom, too.

MR. STEELSON: What can you do?

WITCH: I'll have to check my recipe book and see what supplies I have. Meanwhile, why don't we kidnap the King?

MR. STEELSON: Not a good idea. If we kidnap the King, the Queen would take over and she has much more power than the King.

WITCH: Then why not kidnap the Prince? That would keep the King and Queen busy.

MR. STEELSON: That just might work. When can you do it?

WITCH: Me?

MR. STEELSON: It was your idea.

WITCH: But if I'm caught, I'll lose my head.

MR. STEELSON: Better yours than mine.

WITCH: Oh, all right. I'll do it this afternoon, right after my hair appointment.

BY MARTIN FOLLOSE

MR. STEELSON: Then it's set. You take care of the Prince and I'll draw up some legal documents that will give me full power of attorney over the King's affairs. I'll get his secretary to sign them, as usual. He never reads anything she gives him to sign, and then I will take over the country.

THEY exit. Suddenly the MAIDS rush in being chased by the QUEEN. THEY try to hide but the QUEEN enters.

QUEEN: Stop at once. *(THEY line up and stand at attention, fearful of the QUEEN. SHE walks in front of them like a drill sergeant.)* I thought I told you to clean the castle from basement to attic for the King's birthday party?

MAID 1: But the King gave us the day off.

MAID 2: With pay. *(The other MAIDS elbow MAID 2.)*

QUEEN: And just when does the King's orders supersede mine?

MAID 1: When he gave us the day off.

MAID 2: With pay.

QUEEN: *(To MAID 1.)* How would you like the rest of your life off? Without pay? And it wouldn't be a very long life, if you get my drift. *(To everyone.)* Now I want you all back to work immediately. And just remember who gives the orders around here. *(Yelling.)* Now get to work. *(The QUEEN exits.)*

The MAIDS exit off stage banging their brooms against the floor in a choreographed routine.

KING: *(Entering with the JESTER and DIMLIT who is frisking the JESTER as they walk in. The JESTER is giggling.)* I want this to be the biggest bash this kingdom has ever seen. *(DIMLIT continues with his surveillance.)*

JESTER: Bigger than your Aunt Maybell graduating from high school at age 36?

KING: Bigger.

JESTER: Bigger than when the Queen turned 29 for the 25TH time?

KING: Bigger!

JESTER: That's big.

KING: After all it's not everyday that the beloved king turns 60!

JESTER: 60? Is that all. *(KING gives him a dirty look.)* I mean . . . uh . . . you're just a young lad, Sire.

MY SON THE ROCK

KING: I want you to get the best entertainment in all the land.

JESTER: Me?

KING: That is your job, isn't it? To entertain the kingdom?

JESTER: Yes, but I work alone.

KING: I don't think that would be a good idea. You know how the Queen hates your jokes.

JESTER: What kind of entertainment do you want?

KING: Girls! For Dimlit, of course.

JESTER: How about the Rockettes?

Optional Can-Can music: A chorus line of four (male or female) perform the Can-Can across the stage behind the JESTER and the KING. By this time DIMLIT has joined them. The JESTER and KING do not acknowledge the dancers.

KING: The Rockettes! *(The KING and the JESTER have smiles on their faces, thinking about the girls then quickly lose it.)* No, no, no. *(The optional music cuts out and the Rockettes stop.)* With that equal opportunity law the Queen made me enact, most of the Rockettes are now guys. *(The JESTER and DIMLIT cringe. The Rockettes are disappointed and fall out of line and leave the stage.)*

JESTER: How about a belly dancer?

Optional Belly Dancing music: A Belly Dancer enters dancing behind the KING, DIMLIT and the JESTER. Again, THEY do not acknowledge her. The KING/ DIMLIT/JESTERS' faces light up as they "dream" of the dancer. The QUEEN enters with a vase of flowers.

QUEEN: Over my dead body. *(SHE crosses left to the table and arranges flowers. The music cuts out and the Belly Dancer stops and leaves the stage dejected.)*

KING: Oh, she spoils everything.

JESTER: What's left that I can get and have the Queen's approval? *(QUEEN crosses in front of the KING and JESTER without stopping.)*

QUEEN: How about a nice string quartet? *(Both the KING and the JESTER cringe. The QUEEN exits.)*

KING: Do what you can. *(Looking both ways for the QUEEN. Whispering to the JESTER)* And keep it from the Queen.

BY MARTIN FOLLOSE

JESTER: I'll do my best, Sire. *(HE exits. The KING sits at his desk. DIMLIT gets back to his surveillance. A few moments later MS. BRAZEN enters.)*

MS. BRAZEN: Your Royal Laziness, there is a man here to see you.

KING: What does he want?

MS. BRAZEN: I don't know, he won't tell me. But he insists that you knew he was coming.

KING: I do?

MS. BRAZEN: Would you like me to get rid of him?

KING: No, send him in and declare this day the King's worst.

MS. BRAZEN: Very well. *(SHE exits. PIERRE (or MONIQUE) enters. HE is dressed as a French sculptor. HE wears a French beret and a smock. HE carries a hammer and chisel. DIMLIT stops him and frisks him. HE, of course, giggles.)*

PIERRE: Oh, your hands are very cold. *(HE crosses to the KING.)*

KING: Who are you?

PIERRE: Why, Your Royal One, you summoned me.

KING: I did?

PIERRE: We, we *(French for, "Yes.")*. I received an e-mail message that you demanded my presence to sculpt your likeness.

KING: Oh, yes, you must be Pierre.

PIERRE: At your service.

KING: Sargent Dimlit -

DIMLIT: Yes, Sire?

KING: You may leave.

DIMLIT: Leave? But I can't. I have sworn my life to protect you. Nothing would make me leave your side.

KING: How about fresh donuts, just coming out of the oven in the kitchen?

DIMLIT: Donuts? I better check them out for any poison. I'll be back.

KING: That's what I was afraid of. *(Turns to PIERRE)* Now, they tell me that you are the best sculptor in the world

PIERRE: I don't like to brag, but they are right.

KING: Then I have a job for you. I want to surprise the kingdom with a likeness of myself that will forever immortalize me in the hearts and minds of my people. And I don't want anyone to see it until its unveiling at my 60th birthday party. Do you understand?

PIERRE: Perfectly.

MY SON THE ROCK

KING: *(The KING stands center stage and strikes a pose.)*

Well, what do you think?

PIERRE: Of what?

KING: Of me.

PIERRE: *(Circles around the KING pretending to be impressed.)*

Oh, perfection! That chin, those shoulders, that receding hairline, that tummy. It signifies a man of culture that is stern, confident, and enjoys eating.

KING: As solid as a rock?

PIERRE: Well, you will be when I get done.

KING: How long will it take you to complete such a project?

PIERRE: What kind of sculpture do you want?

KING: One of me!

PIERRE: We, of course, but do you want a modern likeness?

KING: Yes.

PIERRE: Contemporary and revealing?

KING: Yes, but not too revealing. Could you take this little bump out of my nose? *(PIERRE gets up close to look at the KING'S nose.)* And make my ears just a bit smaller. *(PIERRE looks closely at the KING'S ears.)* And take off about twenty pounds. *(The KING sucks in his gut.)* Make that forty pounds. And make me just a little taller and maybe bring out the muscles just a little bit.

PIERRE: What muscles?

KING: *(HE sticks out his chest and holds up his arm, pulls back his sleeve to reveal his biceps. PIERRE looks very close.)* These!

PIERRE: Oh, yes. I think I see them now.

KING: I want this likeness to show my solid character.

PIERRE: We.

KING: And my captivating charm.

PIERRE: We, we.

KING: And my enticing charisma.

PIERRE: We, we, we.

KING: Can you do it?

PIERRE: Well, it will be hard. But I think I can do it. I will create a monument that will live forever in time. It will show all of your finest features and yet be vague enough to inspire the people's imagination. It will hold the nobility of a King and yet hide all your imperfections. It will show the dignity of . . .

KING: Yes, yes, yes. That is all fine and good. You have three days.

PIERRE: Three days?

BY MARTIN FOLLOSE

KING: Yes, three days. Now be gone with you. And remember, I want this to be a surprise so tell no one.

PIERRE: But where will I work?

KING: The castle has 311 rooms, pick one! Now be gone with you. (*PIERRE exits. The JESTER rushes on stage.*)

JESTER: Sire! Sire! I think I have it.

KING: Have what?

JESTER: The perfect entertainment.

KING: Really, what is it?

JESTER: The ballet.

Optional Ballet music: As the KING and the JESTER talk about the ballet, two ballet dancers (male or female) enter doing a "ballet" behind the KING and JESTER. THEY do not notice the dancers as before. The dancers are terrible and if possible have the male dancers wear tutus and fly through the air only to be caught by the female dancers.

KING: The ballet?

JESTER: Yes, the ballet. Just think of the girls in tights flying through the air and twirling around.

KING: Ahh . . . no . . . the ballet is boring.

JESTER: But there is culture and sophistication in the ballet.

KING: That's what makes it boring. (*The music and dancers stop and look disappointed and sadly leave the stage.*) No! No, ballet. Now get out! Before I have you flying through the air. (*The JESTER leaves as the PRINCE enters.*)

PRINCE: Father?

KING: Are you back Prince Plucky?

PRINCE: Back? I haven't left yet. I need to borrow your Porsche.

KING: Oh, yes, my Porsche. No! It is high time that you start to accept the consequences of your actions.

PRINCE: Consequences?

KING: Yes, everyone has to learn to accept the consequences of their actions.

PRINCE: You don't.

KING: What?

PRINCE: When you do something wrong rather than accept the consequences, you just make a new law that makes it seem like it was right.

MY SON THE ROCK

KING: Well, that is the privilege of being the King. And someday soon, you will have that privilege and you must be ready for it. In the meantime, you must accept the consequences of your action. (*Puts his arm around the PRINCE and tries to be a father to him.*) Prince Plucky. How old are you now? 22? 23?

PRINCE: 30.

KING: 30?! Why it's high time that you find yourself a woman and settle down.

PRINCE: But no woman will have me. They say that I'm a nerd and not very cool.

KING: Yes, you did take after your mother's side of the family. Let's see, if we can't get you a woman with your looks, then we will have to use something else. I have it, your kindness towards women. That's where you take after me. You have to treat them with respect and dignity. (*LOUISE BRAZEN enters.*)

MS. BRAZEN: Your Royal Hypocrite. The milkman is here to see you.

KING: The milkman?

MS. BRAZEN: Yes.

KING: What does he want?

MS. BRAZEN: How should I know?

KING: Very well. Send him in. (*LOUISE BRAZEN exits and the MILKMAN enters carrying a milk bucket.*)

MILKMAN: Sire, we need your permission to milk the cows.

KING: Milk the cows? Why would you need my permission to milk the cows?

MILKMAN: Don't you remember what you said? No cow shall be squeezed without permission from you.

KING: I did?

MILKMAN: Uh-huh.

KING: Squeeze away!

MILKMAN: (*Very happy.*) Thank you, Your Highness. (*HE exits.*)

KING: Now where were we?

PRINCE: You were telling me to treat women with respect and dignity.

KING: Oh, yes. Maybe we should go to another subject. Leadership. That's it. Leadership. Son, your father will not live forever and you have to be ready to take over for me when my time comes. But to lead you have to be confident, and stern, and most of all honest. (*MS. BRAZEN enters.*)

BY MARTIN FOLLOSE

MS. BRAZEN: Your Corruptness. Barney the Bookie is on the phone and wants to know if you want your cut from the horse betting in cash or put in your secret Swiss bank account? Do you wish to take the call or shall I have him call back?

KING: I'll take it. (*MS. BRAZEN exits. The KING goes to the phone.*) This will take just a minute Prince Plucky. (*Into the phone.*) Yeah, Barney. I thought I told you never to call me at the office. . . . yes? That much? Ah, place it in my Swiss bank account. And Barney, remember, it's not a secret bank account if you tell people about it. . . . Okay. . . . Just don't let it happen again. (*HE hangs up the phone.*) Now where were we?

PRINCE: You were saying to lead you have to be confident, stern and most of all honest.

KING: Oh, yes. Maybe we should go to another subject. How about women? Yes, let's go back to women. Now, what you need is a date.

PRINCE: My last date was a disaster. It was a blind date with Bertha the Bearded Lady.

KING: A bearded lady?

PRINCE: Don't you remember when the circus came to town last spring? (*The KING nods.*) My friends set me up with this blind date with Bertha the Bearded Lady. I really thought this was going to be my chance. I thought that if she was blind she wouldn't be able to see me.

KING: A blind date doesn't mean that your date is blind.

PRINCE: I know that now, but things didn't work out anyway.

KING: What happened?

PRINCE: Well, first of all, I shut her beard in the car door and then I lit her beard on fire when I was trying to light her cigar.

KING: Her cigar? What kind of woman was she?

PRINCE: One that would go out with me.

KING: Oh, that explains it. But you can't let one bad experience stop you from looking. There is a woman out there for every man. You just have to keep looking for her.

PRINCE: How long did it take you to find the perfect woman?

KING: I'm still looking.

PRINCE: What about mother?

MY SON THE ROCK

KING: Like I said, I'm still looking. She hogs the bed! For every man there's a woman out there, somewhere. For Romeo there was Juliet, for Bonnie there was Clyde. For Samson there's Delilah, for Tarzan there was Jane. (*Thinking.*) I have it. We can put an ad in the paper. "Wanted: one female for Prince Plucky." Or do you want two?

PRINCE: Maybe you shouldn't use my name.

KING: Oh, good idea. Maybe, "Wanted: Women!" We could set up a toll free-800 number to take all the calls.

PRINCE: Yeah.

KING: And we'll offer free toasters and blenders to all women who call in.

PRINCE: Do you think it will work?

KING: Free toaster?! Free blender?! . . . I know it will work. (*HE goes to his desk and pushes the intercom button.*) Ms. Brazen. Ms. Brazen please come in here at once. (*HE hears a recording.*)

RECORDING OF MS. BRAZEN: I'm sorry I'm away from my desk on a well deserved break. If you leave a message I will get back to you. Maybe.

KING: Ms. Brazen.

RECORDING: I said wait until after the beep. (*A loud beep is heard.*)

KING: (*Into the intercom.*) Ms. Brazen, as soon as you return from your break, (*Yelling.*) get in here. (*HE lets go of the button.*)

KING: That woman. She is always on break. Anyway, I'll have my secretary take care of it. Now don't you feel better?

PRINCE: Yes, thank you father. Now can I borrow your Porsche?

KING: Not on your life. (*The phone rings. The KING answers it.*) Hello, the King here. . . . Yes. . . He did? . . . And you let him? . . . I'll be right there. (*Hangs up the phone.*) I have to go down to the kitchen for a few minutes. Seems as though Sargent Dimwit has tested all 37 donuts that was to be my mid-morning snack. When my secretary gets back you tell her about the ad.

PRINCE: You mean you want me to watch the country?

BY MARTIN FOLLOSE

KING: Just watch the office and don't answer the phone and don't make any decisions. Don't do anything. *(HE exits. The PRINCE looks around and begins to dream that one day this may be his office. HE sits in the KING'S chair and puts his feet up on the desk. The PRINCE then falls out of the chair or slides out of the chair and under the desk. As he is picking himself up two men enter carrying a large rock. The rock can be any size and the stranger the shape the better. They place the rock up center.)*

MAN 1: Where do you want it?

PRINCE: Want what?

MAN 1: This rock!

PRINCE: A rock?

MAN 2: Look this isn't exactly light as a feather. Would you hurry up.

PRINCE: I have a hard time with making decisions. My mother tells me that that is my worst downfall. When presented with a problem, I just fall apart and can't make the necessary list of pros and cons to help me with making a decision.

MAN 1: *(To MAN 2.)* I think we have a nut case on our hands.

MAN 2: Let's just set it over here. *(HE indicates up center. THEY place the rock there.)*

PRINCE: That's a good place. But are you sure that you were suppose to deliver it here?

MAN 1: We were told to pick any room in the castle. This was the closest room to the elevator so it goes here. Can you sign this? *(HE has a clipboard with papers.)*

PRINCE: You want me to sign something?

MAN 1: It's just so that our boss knows that it's been delivered.

PRINCE: But my father told me not to do anything.

MAN 1: Look kid, we have other deliveries to make. All it says is that you got the rock. Now what do you say kid, be brave.

PRINCE: Well, okay. *(HE signs the form.)*

MAN 1: Thanks kid. *(The men exit. The PRINCE begins to examine the rock when the WITCH and several of her goons enter.)*

WITCH: *(To her two GOONS.)* What luck, he's alone. Grab him. *(The two GOONS grab him.)*

PRINCE: Hey, what's going on?

MY SON THE ROCK

WITCH: Well, Prince Plucky? How does it feel to be a victim? Your mother will be sorry that she ever crossed me. Take him back to the cave and put him in the cell. And don't let anyone see you. I'll stay here and write a ransom note. *(The PRINCE ad-libs as they take off. "Hey, what are you doing. Where are you taking me. I'm going to tell my father on you." During the struggle, the PRINCE loses his crown and glasses. The WITCH picks up the crown and glasses examines it and then places them on top of the rock so that the crown is on top and the glasses are just below that, if possible. SHE then goes to the desk and looks for paper and pencil. The QUEEN enters.)*

QUEEN: Just what are you doing in here? And where is Prince Plucky? The King said that he left him in here. *(SHE notices the crown on top of the rock. SHE gasps.)* You did it, didn't you?

WITCH: Did what?

QUEEN: Turned my son into a rock.

WITCH: I did? I mean, I did!

QUEEN: How could you? He was just a sweet, intelligent, little boy. Well, sweet anyway. *(SHE goes to the rock and talks to it.)* My sweet, precious son. What has this wicked Witch done to you? Don't you worry. Mommy will take care of everything. *(To the WITCH.)* I demand that you turn him back.

WITCH: Sorry, no can do. *(The KING and DIMLIT enter. The QUEEN rushes over to the KING. DIMLIT notices the rock and examines it.)*

QUEEN: My husband, a terrible thing has happened.

KING: What?

QUEEN: Our son is a rock.

KING: Well, it is about time. I have been trying to make him solid as a rock for a very long time!

QUEEN: No. I mean our son is a rock. The wicked Witch has turned him into a rock.

KING: A rock?

DIMLIT: Looks like a rock to me.

KING: *(The QUEEN takes the KING over to the rock and the KING sees the crown and glasses.)* It sort of looks like him. In fact, I think he looks better this way. *(The JESTER rushes in.)*

BY MARTIN FOLLOSE

JESTER: Your Highness, Your Highness. I have the perfect entertainment. (*HE meets face to face with the QUEEN and she gives him a very dirty look.*) Ooops! I can see you're busy so I'll just exit the way I came. (*HE rushes off.*)

QUEEN: (*To the KING.*) You must do something.

KING: (*Aside to the QUEEN.*) Like what? I'm kind of new at this type of thing.

QUEEN: Well, first of all, I think that you should find out why the Witch turned him into a rock and demand that she reverse the curse.

KING: Turn him back into the Prince?

QUEEN: Yes!

KING: Maybe we should think about this.

QUEEN: How could you say such a thing?

KING: Just think of all the money we will save on repairing his Porsche alone. Not including the other breakage he causes around the castle and the food and the . . .

QUEEN: I insist that you do something!

KING: Oh very well. But I think that we will regret this decision later. (*To the WITCH.*) I, the King of the Kingdom, demand that you turn the Prince back into himself!

WITCH: Demand? Careful King or I will turn you into a frog. (*The KING backs up.*)

QUEEN: (*To the KING.*) You aren't going to let her talk to you like that, are you?

KING: In this case, yes! I look terrible in green and the thought of craving flies does something to one's bravery.

QUEEN: Sargent Dimwit. . .

DIMLIT: That's Dimlit.

QUEEN: Whatever. I demand that you take the Witch into custody.

DIMLIT: Sorry, no can do. According to my contract I will give my life and limbs to protect the King but not my physical form. Getting turned into a frog clearly crosses the line. Sorry, no can do.

QUEEN: Uhhh! (*To the WITCH.*) Why have you done this?

WITCH: Soon you will know, but until then enjoy your son the rock. (*SHE exits. BLACKOUT.*)

MY SON THE ROCK

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