

МАРК ТВЕН

# ПРИНЦ



# И НИЩИЙ

ДЕТИЗДАТ  
ЦК ВЛКСМ

## **Сценарий спектакля The Prince and The Pauper**

### **Scene 1**

At the gate.

Tom's meeting with the prince.

Guard 1: turns to Tom: Hey, tramp, get away from the gate!

Sentinel 2: Turns to Tom: Otherwise we will set the dogs on you! Go away!

Guard 1: Back up! The prince is in the garden!

Sentinel 2: Long live the Prince of Wales! Tom pressed himself against the bars of the gate to get a better look at the Prince.

Guard 1: Stop! Where are you going?

Sentinel 2: Do you want to go to jail? The guard grabbed Tom by the scruff of the neck.

Guard 1: Tie him up!

Sentinel 2: Gotcha! The prince turns to the guards: How dare you treat a poor guy like that? Open the gate and let him in!

The Prince puts his hand on Tom's shoulder.

Prince: You look tired and hungry. Come with me!

Tom and the Prince go to the palace.

### **Scene 2**

Palace.

Prince, Tom, three sisters, lords, page.

The three sisters, the lords and the page look at Tom in surprise. The Prince waved them out.

Prince: So you wanted to see me, and that's why my soldiers treated you so cruelly...

Tom: Yes, Your Grace!

Prince: What a shame! You are a royal patrician! ...What's your name?

Tom: Tom Canty, sir.

Prince: And where do you live?

Tom: In London. There is a site for the sale of offal near Glatton Lane.

Prince: The scum court! I've never heard of it. Do you have parents?

Tom: Yes, I do. And the old witch, I don't like her. And 2 sisters.

Prince: You mean Grandma? She's not very nice to you, is she?

Tom: Yes, Grandma, as you wish. But when she's drunk, she always hits me! And my father! Their fists...

Prince: Beat you? I want to imprison her in the Tower!

Tom: You forgot , sir , that the Tower is a prison for noble people . What about you, sir? Do you have any relatives?

Prince: I have 2 sisters, Lady Elizabeth, she is 14, and Lady Mary, she is 13. Lady Jane Grey is my cousin, she is 12, and my father... he is the king... he's sick. Oops, you're hungry, aren't you? Have you had breakfast yet?

Tom: No, sir. I haven't eaten a crumb since last night.

Prince: I will order you to be treated. (claps his hands)

A page appears.

Page: Your Majesty...What is your wish?

Prince: Tell the chef to serve the most delicious food here!

Page: Yes, Your Majesty.

Prince: Hurry up! Then he turns to Tom. Tell me more about your Giblet warehouse.

Tom: What should I say?

Prince: Do you have a pleasant life there?

Tom: To tell you the truth, ... yes. We always play happily, but I'm often hungry, my family is very poor.

A page enters with a tray on which there is food.

Page: Your Majesty, food! enjoy your meal! Anything else?

Prince: You can go.

Tom looks at the food: Wow! Oh, my God!

Prince: What games are you playing?

Tom: We fight, we fight with sticks, we race...

Prince: Wow! I'd like to...! Please continue!

Tom: In the summer, sir, we swim in the canals, splash, dive, jump, roll on the sand and get covered with it, make mud dough ...

Prince: I would give my father's kingdom for such things!

Tom: Oh! What a soft and beautiful mud it is!

Prince: Please, no more words! How magnificent it must be! I could even give away this crown!

Tom: And if I could get dressed – just for 1 day - in clothes like yours...

Prince: Oh, would you like to? Then we'll do it. Take off your rags and put on my rich clothes, boy. It will only be for a moment, but we will enjoy it. Then we'll quickly change into our own clothes.

They change clothes.

Prince: What is that on your hand?

Tom: Oh, it's okay, Your Grace. It's a bruise. This soldier ...

Prince: How cruel! Stay here! I'll be back soon. I will punish him!

The prince in Tom's clothes leaves the room. Tom is waiting for him. A page enters.

Page: May I take the tray, Your Majesty?

Tom: Where is he? Haven't you seen him?

Page: Who are you talking about, my Lord?

Tom: The boy who was here.

Page: Are you talking about the ragpicker who ate all this food!? He was thrown out of the gate!

Tom: Out of the gate?

Page: He threatened a soldier! He was talking nonsense! He was screaming!

Tom: What? What was he shouting?

Page: Forgive me, my Lord... I can not ... He screamed ... He screamed...He's the Prince of Wales... Nonsense!

The page leaves.

Tom: Ooooooh! What should I do?

### **Scene 3**

At the Palace.

Curtsey: Lady Jane Grey (curtsey)

Lady Mary (curtsey)

Lady Elizabeth (curtsey)

Lady Anne (reverence)

Lady Jane: Oh, why are you so sad, my Lord?

Tom: Ah! Be merciful! I'm not a Lord, I'm poor Tom Canty of Offal Court.

Lady Mary: Are you all right, my lord? You're pale.

Tom: I beg you, let me see the prince, I want him to return my rags and let me out.

Lady Elizabeth: Oh, what's the matter, my Lord? What are you talking about?

Tom: Save me!

Tom fell to his knees.

Lady Jane: Oh, my Lord, on your knees! And for us!

Lady Mary: I beg you to stand up!

Lady Elizabeth: Oh, My God! What happened?

Lady Anne: I think the Prince is ill.

Tom: No help! No hope!

Lady Anne whispers to the other girls: I think the prince has gone mad!

Each repeats: The Prince has gone mad!

They run away from the room.

## Scene 4

The Palace

Lord Russell: In the name of the King! Let no one listen to this stupid story, talk about it and spread it! In the name of the king!

Tom: I'm dead!

Lord St. John: I come with a secret order from the King. The King orders that, for reasons of state, the prince should do everything possible to hide his illness until the illness passes and the prince becomes the boy he used to be.

Lord Hertford: You must never declare, Prince, that you are not the true prince and heir of the great kings of England; you must always respect the dignity of the sovereign and heir.

Lord St. John: The King ordered it! No one dares to disobey the King's order! The King's wish will be fulfilled!

Lady Edith: Please don't show any surprise if the Prince forgets something... Even if you bitterly notice that he often does not feel very well.

Lord Russell: Please, sir, don't forget the King's wish.

## Scene 5

Offal Court.

Prince, beggars, beggar.

The Prince looks around, notices a crowd of residents of the Leftovers Yard

Prince: Kind people, tell your master that Edward, the Prince of Wales, wants to talk to him

beggar 1: Are you the Prince of Wales, ragged fellow?

Prince: How dare you!

beggar 1: Did you see that? He really believes he is the Prince!

Everyone laughs

Prince: Yes, I am the Prince. You, my father's patrials, must not treat to me like this.

Beggar 2 speaks with mockery: Hey, you the slaves to the Royal father of his grace, have you forgotten decency? On your knees!

beggar 2: Yes, bow and bang your foreheads stronger!

beggar 3: Bow to his Royal person and his Royal rags!

beggar 4: Take a look! It's Tom Canty! What happened to him? What did he say?

beggar 5: Hold me! I'll fall from laughing ! Tom Canty is the Prince!

Prince: I will order to chain you in shackles!

beggar 1: Would you like to bring some fish for the Royal dinner? Ow! I'm afraid I'll stain his Highness!

Prince: I am Edward Тюдор!

beggar 2: Tom's crazy! Because of hunger! Poor boy! (Даёт ему хлеб) Take it.

Prince: Thank you, my good people!

Everyone is laughing

Beggar 2: Come on, boy, it's not smart... If you want to dream, choose some other title.

Beggar 3: Aha! The First king of fools!

all together: Long live the first king of fools!

Beggar 3: Crown him!

Beggar 4: Get him here!

Beggar 2: The Mantle to him!

Beggar 1: Give him the scepter!

Beggar 1: Put him on the throne!

The Prince is put on a tin crown = a saucepan, wrapped in a torn blanket, as in a mantle, given a stick in his hands instead of a scepter

And they put it on a barrel, as on a throne. Everyone wipes imaginary tears

Beggar 2: Have mercy on us, oh the sweetest king!

Beggar 1: Do not trample your poor worms, oh Noble Majesty!

Beggar 2: Have pity on your slaves and make them happy with a royal kick!

Beggar 3: Sanctify the earth with the touch of your foot!

Sir Hendon appears.

## **Scene 6**

The Garbage Court

Sir Hendon: Stop! Don't touch him!

Prince: Protect me! I am a prince!

Sir Hendon: I do not know who you are, but I cannot allow anyone to harm the child!

Beggar 1: Take your time, buddy! In my opinion, you are quarreling in vain. Why do you care about this boy?

Beggar 2: Mind your own business!

Sir Hendon: Touch him and I'll prick you! Bear in mind that I have taken this boy under my protection!

Beggar girl 1 with a challenge in her voice, hands on her hips: What did you say?

Beggar 2: Who are you? We don't know you!

Beggar Girl 3: Tom Canty doesn't recognize anyone! And this gentleman wants to protect him! Ha ha!

Beggar Girl 4: Send this sir away!

There's nothing to talk about!

Beggar girl 1: Wait a minute! His father is coming! He will show! He will fix everything!

Sir Hendon: I swear to protect him! I won't let his father beat him up either!

Prince: Let's go! Now!

Sir Hendon: Yes, come on, my poor boy! I'll feed you and shelter you for the night.

Prince: You are brave! I grant you the title of Lord!

Sir Hendon (smiles condescendingly and pats the Prince on the shoulder): That's great! I've been waiting for this for ages...

They leave.

## **Scene 7**

The Palace.

The Lords, Tom, all the Ladies, Page Tom Canty, Lord Russell and the Ladies are dancing.

MUSIC FOR THE ROYAL DANCE.

At this time, two lords are discussing the situation on the sidelines.

Lord St. John: Tell me honestly, what do you think about all this?

Lord Hertford: Honestly... Listen: the king is nearing the end, and the prince has gone mad.

Lord St. John: A madman will ascend to the throne, and a madman will rule on the throne. God save our England.

Lord Hertford: He's going to need God's help soon!

Lord St. John: But... do you have any suspicions? .. that...that...

Lord Hertford: Suspicion of what?

Lord St. John: Don't you think it's strange that madness has changed him? Speech and posture have lost their Royal Grandeur. He forgot even the usual reverence ... I am haunted by the thought that he is not a prince....

Lord Hertford: Shhh! What you're saying is treason!

Lord St. John: I was wrong! I will never think or talk about it again.

Lord Hertford: Leave these empty suspicions!

The dance is over. The ladies gathered in a group and began to discuss what they had overheard.

Lady 1: Did you hear? Suspicions!

Lady 2: Bullshit! This is crazy! Crazy!

Lady 3: There is not a person in the whole country who would dare to claim that two boys born in different families can be similar to each other, like two twins!

Lady 1: Yes, even if it were so! It would be an even more outlandish miracle if some chance gave them the opportunity to switch places!

Page: Hmm!... Some kind of case...hm...

Lady 2: If he was an impostor and called himself a prince, it would be natural; it would certainly make sense. But has there ever been an impostor who would renounce his title? No! Without a doubt! He's A REAL prince!

Page: ... distraught ...

### **Scene 8**

The Palace

Lord Russell: Forgive me, Prince! Take courage! The King is dying. My Lord asks you to give me the Royal Seal that he gave you to save. Where is the seal?

Tom: I didn't take any seal!

Lady 3: Grief has clouded his mind!

Lord Russell: Prince! I witnessed how the Seal was passed from hand to hand!

Tom: I am Tom Canty!

Lady 1: Prince, pull yourself together!

Lady 2: The King is close to death.

Tom: Leave me alone! Let me go!

Lord Russell: Where is the seal?

Tom: I didn't take anything! I swear!

Lord Russell: THE SEAL!

A page enters

Page: A great grief has befallen our Kingdom. The King is dead.

All together: The King is dead! Long live the King!

### **Scene 9**

Palace

Lord St. John: Your Majesty, come to the window. Happy people want to see their king!

Prince: I forbid you to put the crown of England on this head! I am the king!

The Lords have captured the Prince.

Lord Hertford: Grab the tramp!

Sir Hendon: Let him go! I forbid you to touch him on pain of death!

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Lord Russell: We need some proof! Where is the Great State Seal?!

Lady 1: Answer this question and the riddle will be solved!

Lady 2: This question can only be answered by someone who was the Prince of Wales.

Lady 3: With a SLY grin: That's what the fate of the throne and the dynasty depends on!

Prince: There is nothing complicated in this riddle! My Lord St. John, come to my room, to the armrest.



from the armor that hangs on the wall, you will find the State Seal!

Tom: You're right! The Emperor! You're right! Hurry up, Lord St. John, the seal is in place! I thought it was a simple thing!

ALL TOGETHER: Long live the King! A true king!