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Pickle-Chiffon Pie

Based on the children's book by
Jolly Roger Bradfield

Book by Michael J. Bobbitt, Daniel Tenenbaum, and Jeffrey Artzi,

Music and Lyrics By
Jeffrey Artzi and Daniel Tenenbaum

REVISED DRAFT

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2015 Long Lake Road

New Brighton, MN 55112

(651) 628-9060

tdanielr@comcast.net

Setting:

In the Kingdom of Bushelpeck, a fairytale land near the Wonderweird Forest during the Festival of All Cukes.

Characters: (8 actors, with doubling)

Villager/King Willoughbye/Giant

Villager/Queen Lauralai/Dragon

Villager/Princess Sunnysky/Juggling Lion

Prince Musselbaum

Prince Wellred

Villager/Prince Bernard

Villager One/Herald/Mouse (*male*)

Villager Two/Servant/Witch/Snozzle (*female*)

(NOTE: The cast can be expanded, without doubling. An ensemble can be added.)

Song List:

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|---|
| 1. FESTIVAL OF CUKES | Villagers |
| 2. TWO OF A KIND | Musselbaum, Wellred |
| 3. FESTIVAL OF CUKES (Reprise #1) | Villagers |
| 4. FESTIVAL OF CUKES (Reprise #2) | Willoughbye |
| 5. FESTIVAL OF CUKES (Reprise #3) | Villagers |
| 6. PICKLE-CHIFFON PIE | Lauralai, All |
| 7. JUST BERNARD | Bernard, Sunnyskye |
| 8. PICKLE-CHIFFON PIE (Reprise) | All |
| 9. TOO MANY PRINCES | Willoughbye, Lauralai, Sunnyskye |
| 10. A CONTEST | Willoughbye, Herald, Musselbaum,
Wellred, Bernard, All |
| 11. A CONTEST (Reprise) | All |
| 12. MOST WONDERFUL THING | Willoughbye, All |
| 13. JUST BERNARD (Reprise) | Sunnyskye |
| 14. THE REST IS UP TO YOU | Willoughbye, Lauralai, Sunnyskye,
Bernard |
| 15. FOREST SUITE | Wellred, Musselbaum, Bernard |
| 16. THE CUKIE | All, Musselbaum, Wellred |
| 17. THE REST IS UP TO YOU (Reprise) | Lauralai |
| 18. A HUMBLE PRINCE | Bernard, Snozzle Children |
| 19. MOST WONDERFUL THING (Reprise) | Willoughbye, Bernard, All |
| 20. MOST WONDERFUL THING (Reprise #2) | All |

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE: In the center of the village. Villagers prepare for the Festival of All Cukes (e.g. carrying baskets, arranging flowers, hanging decor, etc.)

“FESTIVAL OF CUKES”

(All)

VILLAGERS

DAYS, HOW THEY SEEM TO RUN TOGETHER
WEEKS, EACH NOT DIFFERENT FROM THE REST
WE WADE THROUGH MONTHS MOST ORDINARY
‘TIL SEASON LEGENDARY
WE DO ATTEST IT IS THE VERY BEST

IT’S THE BUSHELPECK FESTIVAL
FESTIVAL OF CUKES
GRAB YOUR CUCUMBERS
TO STAR IN THE SHOW
IT’S TIME FOR THE HARVEST
AS ALWAYS A THRILL
WE GATHER EVERYTHING THAT WE GROW

VILLAGER ONE

Once upon a time...

VILLAGER TWO

Sounds intriguing. When is that?

VILLAGER ONE

Today. Ahhh...cucumber flower blossoms and warm embraces - the ideal remedy for the difficult cold months.

VILLAGER TWO *(with her own half empty basket of cucumbers)*

It’s thrilling...just thrilling!

VILLAGERS

IT’S THE BUSHELPECK FESTIVAL
FESTIVAL OF CUKES
GRAB YOUR CUCUMBERS
IF ONLY A FEW
A SKIMPIER HARVEST
THAN ANY YEAR PAST
YET NOW’S THE TIME TO PARTY—YAHOO!

(They hang a sign that reads “The Festival of All Cukes”.)

VILLAGER TWO

(reading the banner) The Festival of All Cukes - a symbol of life for all!

VILLAGERS

All Hail Bushelpeck!

VILLAGER ONE

Surely this will impress the Royal Family perched in their castle on the highest peak of Bushelpeck. Oh, if only to live like that.

VILLAGER TWO

That extraordinary banner must be made of the weaver's finest crewel...or is that brocade? But, whenever did you find the time? I slaved over my feeble cucumber crop all year.

VILLAGERS (*Variously*)

I had a rough time with my cucumber crop, too./We all have./It's been a tough year on all of us.

VILLAGER ONE

Though my crop is slight, these cucumbers are so fine that the King *will* select them for his delectable Pickle-Chiffon Pie!

VILLAGER TWO

Gawdy banners won't deter the King's choice. Mine are prize winning cucumis sativus.

VILLAGER ONE

Huh! An appetizer fit only for the royal hog!

VILLAGER TWO

Your cucumbers look like scrawny zucchinis!

VILLAGER ONE

Well, I never!

VILLAGER TWO

These are more than fit for royal Pickle-Chiffon Pie!

VILLAGER ONE

So are mine!

VILLAGER TWO

Take a bite!

VILLAGER ONE

Only if you try mine.

BOTH

Very well!

(They bite each other's cucumber.)

Hmmm....delicious.

ALL
IT'S THE BUSHELPECK FESTIVAL
FESTIVAL OF CUKES
GRAB YOUR CUCUMBERS
THIS SHINDIG'S RENOWNED
(WE'VE GOT TO) SHOUT FROM THE ROOFTOPS
BE HEARD FAR AND WIDE
INVITING EVERYBODY AROUND

ALL HAIL
THE FESTIVAL OF CUKES
THIS SHINDIG

IT'S THE BUSHELPECK FESTIVAL
FESTIVAL OF CUKES
GRAB YOUR CUCUMBERS
THIS SHINDIG'S RENOWNED
(WE'VE GOT TO) SHOUT FROM THE ROOFTOPS
INVITING EVERYBODY AROUND

ALL HAIL
THE FESTIVAL OF CUKES
THIS SHINDIG

CAN'T WAIT UNTIL THE
WINNER BE CROWNED
IT'S THE BUSHELPECK FESTIVAL
FESTIVAL OF CUKES
IT'S THE BUSHELPECK FESTIVAL
FESTIVAL OF CUKES
IT'S THE BUSHELPECK FESTIVAL
FESTIVAL OF CUKES
IT'S THE BUSHELPECK FESTIVAL
FESTIVAL OF CUKES

THE FESTIVAL IS
BOUND TO ASTOUND
INVITING EVERYBODY
AROUND
IT'S THE BUSHELPECK
FESTIVAL (OF) FESTIVAL
(CUKES CUKES)
IT'S THE BUSHELPECK
FESTIVAL (OF) FESTIVAL
(CUKES CUKES)
IT'S THE BUSHELPECK
FESTIVAL (OF) FESTIVAL
(CUKES CUKES)

IT'S THE BUSHELPECK BUSHELPECK
BUSHELPECK FESTIVAL...OF CUKES!

*(They go about their business of preparing for the Royal Family. PRINCE
MUSSELBAUM and PRINCE WELLRED, brothers, enter with baskets
overflowing with cucumbers.)*

WELLRED

Whew! A land far far away is much farther than one typically conceives.

MUSSELBAUM

Really? A jaunty little stroll over the grassy knoll, just around the river bend, five leagues east,
past the Wonderweird Forest?

WELLRED

Musselbaum, this tremendous payload of cucumbers took every ounce of my might.

MUSSELBAUM

It is no heavier than your library books, Wellred.

WELLRED

But, the distance from our Kingdom to Bushelpeck is so so so so so so so much farther than the library to the palace.

MUSSELBAUM

Gabba goo goo witty bitty bum bum. Da baby don't wanna cawwy the itty bitty cucumber?

WELLRED

No one would ever believe we were identical twins.

MUSSELBAUM

One of us is completely different.

"TWO OF A KIND"
(Musselbaum and Wellred)

WELLRED

And more princely.

MUSSELBAUM

Aren't I?

I'M ONE OF A KIND

WELLRED
LIKE NO OTHER

MUSSELBAUM
JUST CHECK OUT MY LONG WAVY HAIR

WELLRED
YEP, ONE OF A KIND
THAT'S MY BROTHER
TOO BAD THERE'S NO MUSCLE UP THERE

MUSSELBAUM
SINCE I WAS YOUNG, YOU SHOULD SEE WHAT I BRUNG

WELLRED
THE WORD, BRO', IS BRING, AND MY INTELLECT'S KING

MUSSELBAUM
DON'T CHANGE THE TUNE

WELLRED
WELL, YOU'RE SUCH A BUFFOON

MUSSELBAUM
SO THEN WHY DO THE MAIDENS ALL SWOON?

WELLRED
I'M ONE OF A KIND

MUSSELBAUM
LIKE NO OTHER

WELLRED
I CAN SOLVE ANY PROBLEM WITH EASE

MUSSELBAUM
YEP, ONE OF A KIND
THAT'S MY BROTHER
IT'S ENOUGH WITH THE BRAINS, I MEAN JEEZ

WELLRED
DON'T PICK A FIGHT, WHEN YOU KNOW I'LL BE RIGHT

MUSSELBAUM
GLAD TO STEP IN THE RING AND LET YOU TAKE A SWING

WELLRED
I KNOW A FEW JUKES

MUSSELBAUM
WELL, THEN, PUT UP YOUR DUKES

WELLRED
RATHER JUST FOCUS ON CUKES

(The brothers battle in a cucumber battle)

BOTH
WE'RE TWO OF A KIND
LIKE NO OTHERS
MUCH MORE THAN JUST RUN-OF-THE-MILL
YES, TWO OF A KIND
US TWO BROTHERS
INVITE US, IT'S ALWAYS A THRILL. *End.*

(VILLAGERS enter.)

Look, villagers!

WELLRED

Look Princes!

VILLAGER ONE

MUSSELBAUM

Wellred, does no one bow when royalty appears?

WELLRED

(to the villagers.) Cuke anyone?

(The VILLAGERS freeze and turn to the Princes.)

VILLAGERS *(like zombies)*

Oooo...cucumber! We love Cucumbers.

VILLAGER ONE

How is your crop so plentiful?

WELLRED

They are aplenty in the glorious Kingdom of Dill, where our father reigns supreme.

VILLAGER TWO

Our crops were so sparse this year.

MUSSELBAUM

That cucumber looks like a scrawny zucchini!

(PRINCE BERNARD enters, carrying one cucumber wrapped in a pink bow.)

BERNARD

During this festive time, you must not mislay hope. I'm sure King Willoughby cares more about quality than quantity.

VILLAGER ONE

This weed has no likelihood of being included in the King's pies. Even Prince Bernard brings a cucumber that is far superior.

BERNARD

No, no, no...this fine specimen is not for competing. This is but a kind gesture...a bequest for Princess Sunnyskye and her family.

WELLRED

Ahhh, yes...Princess Sunnyskye. She is metaphorically as sweet as molasses with eyes as blue as the firmament, tresses the pigment of summer sun, and a smile so warm it could melt butter.

MUSSELBAUM

Ahhh...yes, the warm butter is like the metaphoric smiling sun melting her hair. For warm butter is filled with natural fats and good for muscle growth.

BERNARD

Yeah...she's pretty incredible.

MUSSELBAUM AND WELLRED

Just like me. We're the perfect match. No, she and I are the perfect match. Stop copying me. Stop copying me. I'm telling father.

BERNARD

The Princess will choose whom she prefers when she's ready to wed. *(to all)* Please friends, we are fortunate to live in a land where even a few cucumbers grow and grace us. If we are lucky, our cucumbers will swim in the king's bails of brine, pickling themselves into a tasty frenzy. Patience and providence, my fellows. For now, let us enjoy the festival.

ALL

Hail, Bushelpeck!

“FESTIVAL OF CUKES” Reprise #1

VILLAGERS

IT'S THE BUSHELPECK FESTIVAL
FESTIVAL OF CUKES
GRAB YOUR CUCUMBERS
COULD THIS BE MY YEAR?
THE KING'S ALWAYS CHOOSEY
'BOUT WHAT'S IN HIS PIE
HE'S JUDGE AND JURY AND HE DRAWS NEAR
HE DRAWS NEAR

(They dance the “Bushelpeck Polka,” the traditional dance at the Festival of All Cukes. It is nothing like an actual Polka. It's a mix of modern club steps and traditional courtyard dances. KING WILLOUGHBYE, QUEEN LAURALAI, and PRINCESS SUNNYSKYE arrive. Everything freezes!)

WILLOUGHBYE

Why does no one bow when royalty appears?

SUNNYSKYE

Its medieval father - positively old fashioned! Let's dance.

(LAURALAI, SUNNYSKYE and WILLOUGHBYE join in the Polka. While MUSSELBAUM and WELLRED jockey for position to dance with SUNNYSKYE, the SUNNYSKYE is spun around and ends up paired with BERNARD. While dancing, BERNARD and SUNNYSKYE both make the same misstep. SUNNYSKYE steps on his foot.)

BERNARD

Ouch!

SUNNYSKYE

Oh. A gazillion apologies. The cobbler made my new Cukes shoes out of petrified wood from the Wonderweird Forest.

BERNARD

My toe accepts your request for forgiveness. Besides, it was actually my fault.

SUNNYSKYE

It's that same misstep we made in Duchess Dewberry's advanced polka class.

BERNARD (*imitating the Duchess*)

'You must gallop with your soul!'

SUNNYSKYE (*imitating the Duchess*)

'Or my wrath will be merciless. Again, 5-6-7-8!'

WILLOUGHBYE

STOP DANCING!!!

(Everyone freezes mid-step.)

A famished prancing King makes a terrible cucumber judge!

LAURALAI

Uh oh! Grouchy King, everyone. Grouchy King. No one wants new taxes ensuing, right? Please prepare your offerings. Chop chop!

BERNARD

I brought you a cucumber. Planted it myself and watched over it daily. See there, I wrapped it in a pink bow – your favorite color.

SUNNYSKYE

Bernard, you are so sweet. You have always been so courteously kind. Pink is so pretty. Yellow is awesome, but pink is so...

LAURALAI

Sunnyskye, please. Your father has that "beheading" look in his eye.

SUNNYSKYE (*To BERNARD*)

I'm sorry about your toe.

BERNARD

Don't worry, I have 6 more, I mean 12 more...I mean...who needs toes?...and it was crushed by you, the most enchanting...

WILLOUGHBYE

Sunnyskye!

(LAURALAI and SUNNYSKYE hurry and take their places alongside WILLOUGHBYE at the judging table and everyone else slowly gathers around).

WILLOUGHBYE

It is my pleasure to once again serve as “Royal Cuc-umpire.”

“FESTIVAL OF CUKES” Reprise #2

IT’S THE BUSHELPECK FESTIVAL
FESTIVAL OF CUKES
NEED SOME CUCUMBERS TO GIVE TO THE QUEEN
HER SWEET BRINE WILL TURN THEM
TO PICKLES SO FINE
FOR PIE FROM WHICH I NEVER WILL WEAN
HERE WE GO

(LAURALAI and SUNNYSKYE unveil the skimpy baskets.)

...What in blazes!? Where is my bounty of cucumbers?

LAURALAI

The year’s poor weather conditions have made for a short supply.

WILLOUGHBYE

What?! These peasants have thwarted me. Off with their heads!

VILLAGERS

Ouch!

LAURALAI

Remember, dear, the United Federal Council of Kings outlawed beheading last year.

WILLOUGHBYE

Off with their...elbows!

VILLAGERS

Ouch!

LAURALAI

Amputations were outlawed last week.

SUNNYSKYE

And who could tend to next season’s crops without flexible appendages?

WILLOUGHBYE

Thunderation! Well...clip their fingernails!

VILLAGERS

Oh!

LAURALAI

My love, long fingernails are at the height of fashion.

WILLOUGHBYE

If I can't cut off bits and pieces, what's the point of being King? This is the great cucumber crisis of the century!

BERNARD

Your majesty, the tower where I sleep, in the Kingdom of Chard, overlooks acres and acres of beets. Please, would you kindly accept...

WILLOUGHBYE

Silence! Pickles.

LAURALAI

He really likes pickles, dear prince.

BERNARD

Then, I volunteer to travel far and wide, over hill and over dell, through storms, floods and dragons to find you more cucumbers to make your pickles.

SUNNYSKYE

What a courteously kind gesture. Look at the cucumber he gave me.

WILLOUGHBYE

One cucumber? With a pink bow, no less!

MUSSELBAUM AND WELLRED (*stepping forward*)

If it pleases the king...

WELLRED

We bring you overflowing baskets of cucumbers
as gifts from our Kingdom of Dill.
Our father, King Skordo
requested us to deliver to you.

MUSSELBAUM (*trying to keep up*)

...cucumbers...
...Dill....
...Skordo...
...pickles!

WILLOUGHBYE

Please tell Skordo that he is now forgiven for the five gold pieces that he owes me from our Tic Tac Toe tournament *and* the Kingdom of Bushelpeck thanks him.

LAURALAI

That is terrific news, my king.

WILLOUGHBYE

Even with supplementary cucumber from Dill, there is not enough to last me through the season of Cukes. The Queen will seize *all* of the cucumber entries. So...I declare no victor! Until this quandary is fixed, you can all eat Zucchini!

“FESTIVAL OF CUKES” Reprise #3

VILLAGERS (*variously*)
IT'S THE BUSHELPECK FESTIVAL
FESTIVAL OF CUKES
WHAT A WAY TO WRECK THIS MOMENT OF MIRTH
WE'RE STUCK WITH ZUCCHINIS
THEY'RE MUSHY AND DRY
MOST VULGAR VEGGIE EVER ON EARTH
THERE GOES MIRTH...BLECH!

WILLOUGHBYE

To the palace!

(They all start to exit.)

SUNNYSKYE

Father, maybe all of the Princes can help us take these to the palace?

LAURALAI

Indeed, maybe they'll have ideas for unraveling the great cucumber crisis of the century!

(The princes all jump at the opportunity to help the royal family.)

Dear Princes, since you're traveling with us to the castle, will you kindly stay for supper?

MUSSELBAUM

Ooo...I have a yearning for roast unicorn!

(He exits with WELLRED.)

BERNARD

Skye, I'll race you.

SUNNYSKYE

Sure...but...well, I beat you in the race around your uncle's moat when we were kids. I won the drawbridge jump three years ago and last solstice, who got the gold in the hundred meter fairy toss?

BERNARD

You did. Ow...is there ice at the palace? My toe is swelling.

SUNNYSKYE

Oh, Bernard, I'm so...

BERNARD

Ha ha...see ya!

(He races out, with a basket of cucumbers.)

SUNNYSKYE

Oh, you are so clever.

(She races behind him.)

WILLOUGHBYE *(to LAURALAI)*

This is the fourth time this month that you've invited princes to my dinner table. And for what purpose?

LAURALAI

Shhh...lest you forget, our daughter is of marrying age. In three days time, she'll be a spinster and I'll be forced into lowering my queenly gaze to peasant level. One of these princes *will* become a member of *our* royal family. For I will get to plan a wedding!

WILLOUGHBYE

But, they eat a great deal. If they are gluttonous, I will pull their ears!

LAURALAI

Pulling ears was outlawed on Tuesday, dear. *(They both exit)*