

THE SILVER SANDALS

—BY—

BLANCHE THOMPSON



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and

Denver, Colo.

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ELDRIDGE ENTERTAINMENT HOUSE
FRANKLIN, OHIO DENVER, COLO.

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Cast of Characters

King

Queen

Princess Amaris

Melise—her attendant

A Prophet

A Story Teller

A Strolling Fiddler

The Fairy Queen

A Dancing Bear (a boy in brown suit)
and His Master.

A Stranger

Pages, Herald, Fan Bearers, Attendants,
Fairies, Soldiers, Flower Girls,
Peasant Dancers, Wandering Minstrels,
etc.

DEC 19 1921

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The Silver Sandals

ACT I.

Scene—The Palace Garden.

(A cushioned divan for the Princess is at left of stage, and a throne for the King and Queen at the right. When the curtain rises the King, attended by Pages, is seated on the throne and the Queen is running up and down, distractedly.)

Queen—Oh, what shall we do? What shall we do? I am nearly distracted.

King—Be calm, my dear, be calm. There must be some way. Do stop running up and down. I can't think when you do that.

Queen—Don't ask me to be calm. She is getting worse each day. Nothing pleases her. Can't you think of something?

King—Aha! I have an idea. Let us send for Alvido, the old prophet. Perhaps he can advise us.

Queen—Oh, that shuffling old gray-beard! But send for him. Anything is better than this state of things.

King—*(Rings bell and attendant appears)* Summon Alvido from yonder council chamber. Bid him make haste. *(Exit Attendant.)* Alvido is very wise. He reads all things in the stars—why men do evil deeds and why—

Queen—Oh, do be quiet! You'll drive me mad with your prating.

(Enter Prophet.)

Prophet—Did one summon me?

King—I did, O Prophet.

Prophet—I am at your service, Majesty.

King—Alvido, we find ourselves in sore straits and would have your advice. The Princess Amaris is causing us much trouble. She never laughs, she never smiles—

Queen—Nothing suits her. She reads sad tales and hour on hour she weeps until my patience is exhausted. She vows she never can see happiness again.

King—What say you, Alvido? You are wise. Is there aught that we can do?

Prophet—It is written in the stars that when the Princess Amaris was born, a wicked fairy laid a curse upon her. For many years, so read the stars, she should be stricken with a plague of melancholy.

King—Can you read, then, in the stars, the remedy?

Prophet—Yes, Majesty, but faintly. There shall come, for so I read it in the stars, one bearing gifts. I know not whence he comes nor what he brings, but come he shall indeed, and make the Princess dance for joy. Then shall the kingdom much rejoice and all the stars shall dance together, because the curse is lifted and the Princess smiles once more.

Queen—But meantime, what can we do? Is there nothing we can do to haste the coming of this one who bears the gift?

Prophet—Admit all to the Princess' presence, especially those folk who dance or sing. Let all who will endeavor to amuse her. Seek counsel of the fairies—mayhap the magic gift is in their power. Proclaim the prophecy throughout the land that folk may offer gifts of song and dance unto the Princess. Surely soon will come the Gift-bearer, for so the stars have said. (*Exit.*)

King—(*rings bell. Servant enters.*) Summon the Herald. (*Exit servant.*) I'll have this prophecy proclaimed out in the market place. Meanwhile some mu-

sic would refresh my mind and surely yours, my dear. (To a Page.) Let the Court Singers attend upon the royal presence, here, at once. (Exit Page. Herald enters.) Sir Herald, go you to the Council Chamber. Alvido there will read to you the prophecy that's written in the stars. Proclaim it in the market place and up and down the whole broad land. Send, too, a messenger unto the Court of Fairyland to ask for aid. Depart and make what speed you may. (Herald bows and withdraws.)

Queen—Hark, I thought I heard the Princess, now. Alack! She's bathed in tears as usual. (Enter Princess and attendant.) How, now, Amaris, come hither. We shall have some music soon. I pray you, look more cheerful.

Princess—(seats herself on divan; attendant stands near with tray of fresh handkerchiefs) Alas! I take no joy in music. Let me but read this sad, sad tale, and weep awhile in peace. (Opens book.)

Page—(re-entering) The Court Singers, Majesty..

King—Bid them enter. (They enter and bow.) Let us have soothing music for my brain's a-weary.

Queen—And mine, too.

(The Court Singers sing two or three numbers, bow and withdraw, amid applause of King, Queen and Pages.)

Princess—Lisa, I pray you, give me a fresh handkerchief—this one is quite damp.

Queen—(To King) Come forth! She'll drive me mad. (Exeunt King and Queen.)

Prin.—What next, do they devise to try my patience?

Lisa—I saw a group of peasants in the court beyond. Perhaps they come to dance or play for you. Yes, here they are. Do try to dry your eyes, my lady.

(A group of peasants enter; dance, any folk dance. King and Queen enter as the peasants bow.)

King—My friends, we thank you for your entertain-

ment. You will find cakes and sweet drinks in the court beyond, for your refreshment. (*Exeunt Peasants.*) How now, Amaris? Did not the dancing please you?

Prin.—Nay, I saw it not, my lord. Mine eyes were tired with weeping.

Queen—Hear that! Hear that! (*Rings bell.*) Mayhap your ears can still perform their function. (*Servant appears.*) Summon Dorise, the Story Teller. (*Exit Servant.*) Now shall we try what words will do to dry your tears.

Prin.—Pray her to tell me a sorrowful tale, I beg you. It suits me best.

Queen—Suits you best, indeed! I have no patience with you. (*Enter Dorise.*) We would hear a tale, Dorise. Make it a tale of laughter, pray you.

King—Yes, something cheerful, by my kingdom!

Dorise—Yes, Majesty. (*She courtesies and tells a tale, any humorous number.*)

King—A goodly tale, Dorise, a goodly tale. What say you, my lady?

Queen—A goodly tale, indeed!

Prin.—Alas! I heard it not. My thoughts were far away. What noise was that? (*Servant enters.*)

Servant—The soldiers training in the court beyond send word that they would do their part to entertain the Princess.

King—A good idea! Come, Amaris, let us go and watch them.

Prin.—Oh, father, if they must drill, let them come hither, for it wearies me to walk so far.

King—(*to Servant*) Bid them come hither, then.

(*Exit Servant.*)

Queen—Look at her. Weeping again! I'm glad that so much crying does not make her nose grow red and shiny, for that indeed, I could not bear. (*Soldiers enter, drill, salute and exeunt.*)

Prin.—I'm glad that's over—noisy, tiresome creatures. (*Enter Servant.*)

King—For shame! (*To Servant.*) What now?

Servant—Her Majesty, the Queen of Fairyland, desires an audience.

King—Bid her welcome at once.

(*Servant goes out and returns with Fairy Queen. King and Queen bow.*)

F. Q.—Your Majesties, I've come to offer our poor services to entertain your sorrowful Princess. May we dance for her?

Queen—It is most kind of you to answer our appeal so quickly. Surely such charming guests should make a Princess happy.

(*Fairy Queen summons fairy hosts. They dance and fly away. "Fairies' Frolic," 25 cents, a fairy dance, can be obtained from publishers.*)

King—The Princess is asleep. Alas! the gift was not with them. (*Enter Flower Girls.*) And who may these young maidens be?

Flower Girl—We have brought gifts of flowers to our Princess, Majesty.

King—She is asleep, but lay them at her feet. She'll see them when she awakes.

(*The Flower Girls drill, and at end of drill lay the flower offerings at feet of Princess. The drill "Daisies" from HELP-U DRILL BOOK, can be used, substituting any other flower desired. Price, 40 cents.*)

CURTAIN

ACT II.

(Same scene as ACT I. The Queen is seated on the throne, with pages near. King stands center.)

Queen—I vow 'tis past my patience. 'Tis now three months since old Alvigo made that prophecy. A thousand dancing feet have trod this grass. A thousand tongues have sung before the Princess and still no Gift-bearer appears. I doubt Alvigo read aright the message of the stars.

King—Nay, by my faith, we must be patient still. Have you not thought that Amaris seemed of late more cheerful?

Queen—More cheerful? Not a whit! She has not smiled for days, and as for laughing—she does not know the word. Sh! She is coming now.

(The Princess enters and seats herself on divan with a tremendous sigh.)

Prin.—Another weary day begun.

(Enter Servant.)

Servant—There stands without, one with a dancing bear. Shall I admit him, Majesty?

King—Yes, bring him in. A dancing bear gives promise of diversion.

(Enter man with bear, which dances solemnly. The King puts silver in the man's cap before he leaves. This scene can be omitted if desired.)

Queen—A clever fellow that—to train a bear. But he had not the gift. Hark! Was that singing?

King—Yes, 'tis a troupe of wandering minstrels. I bade a servant ask them in.

(The Minstrels enter, bow and sing some jolly tunes. King and Queen applaud and minstrels go out still singing.)

Queen—Amaris, you are rude to all these folk who come to entertain you. You might smile at least to show you are alive, although your tongue be tied.

Prin.—I am not rude, my lady mother, only tired and sad. Where is Doucette, the Fiddler? His music pleases me.

King—(to *Page*) Bring Doucette. (*Exit Page.*) I can't endure a fiddle. How you can listen to him scrape and wail, I cannot understand.

Prin.—No, father mine, you couldn't—but his sad, sweet music soothes my soul.

King—Bah!

(*Enter Fiddler and Page. Fiddler bows first to the King and Queen, then to the Princess and plays a selection.*)

Prin.—Thank you, Doucette. You are my welcome friend.

Doucette—It gives me joy to play for you, my Princess. (*Bows and retires.*)

King—I hear a scratching sound. Don't you?

(*Enter Servant.*)

Queen—(*peering about*) Some peasants from a far-off province have sent word that they would come to give us greeting. I thought I heard their voices on the road just now. Yes, here they come. Now, Amaris, look up and smile. These good folk never yet have seen their Princess.

(*Enter group of Peasants. They courtesy and begin to dance a folk dance. At end of dance King speaks.*)

King—Our thanks to you, good people all—and here is something to reward you for your pains. (*Gives pouch of money to a peasant.*)

Peasant—Thank you, Sire. Our grateful thanks to you. (*Exeunt peasants.*)

Queen—Well, now, what next? This is a trying life—no peace of mind, no rest at all, what with noisy peasants and animals. I'd rather be one of my own maid-

servants. (*Servant enters.*) What is it, now? Shall we never have peace again?

Servant--A stranger, Majesty, who says he must have speech with you.

King--Admit him. (*Exit Servant. Stranger enters immediately.*) What is your message, stranger?

Stranger--I am a dweller in a far-off part of your fair kingdom, Majesty. I heard the prophecy about the Princess Amaris, and, Sire, I have the gift--that which the stars have said will make the Princess happy. Long years ago a fairy gave to me a pair of silver sandals. She told me of this prophecy and said that when the time should come I should bring the sandals to the Princess. When she wears them, she will dance and all the Kingdom shall rejoice. The Princess will not weep again, because the curse is lifted and joy will fill the land. Majesty, the time has come. Here is the gift.

(*All listen earnestly. The Princess sits up on the divan. The attendant takes the sandals and puts them on the Princess. Music is heard. The Princess smiles.*)

Prin.--Oh, what a glorious world! How the sun shines! I am so happy. Come--let us dance.

King--Summon the Herald. Tell the glad news. The prophecy written in the stars was true. Call all the court to see the Princess dancing.

(*Courtiers and peasants crowd in to watch the Princess. Curtain falls while she is dancing.*)

CURTAIN

(over)

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—0—

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