

A Play to act at the Feast

The Child Gardener and the Boy King

Scene 1: *A room in a palace. The boy king sits sadly on his throne. A servant stands nearby.*

Boy King: I need a drink. Fetch me a glass of lemonade - with lemon and lots of ice and two straws.

Servant: *(Bowing)* Yes your majesty. *(Fetches drink).*

Boy King: I want to write -- where's my pen and paper?

Servant: It's here, your majesty. *(Servant hands pen and paper to boy king and bows).*

Boy King: It's no good. I can't think of anything to write. Maybe a ride in the country would cheer me up. Go and get one of the cars out -- the grey Rolls Royce.

Servant: Right away, your majesty. *(Bows and exits. Meanwhile the boy king looks in the mirror, studying his clothes. Soon, servant returns, looking very worried.)*

Boy King: Well, what took you so long?

Servant: I-I-I'm afraid your sister, Princess Barbie, has the grey Rolls Royce. Would the grey Ford Escort do, your majesty? *(Servant cowers, expecting the worst.)*

Boy King: WHAT? *(Boy King looks very angry, but suddenly changes his mood).*

Oh, never mind. It was a rotten idea anyway. Besides -- have you seen the state of my clothes? I can't let my subjects see me looking like this. Call the royal tailor and have him make me some new ones.

Servant: Yes your majesty. *(Bows and exits.)*

Boy King plays unhappily with his toys.

Boy king: I'm bored with these toys -- I've not had any new ones all day.
SERVANT!!

Servant: *(Calling from off-stage)* Yes your majesty?

Boy King: Tell the royal toymaker to send me some more toys -- right away!

Servant: Yes your majesty.

Boy King: *(To the audience, sadly)* I have everyone doing everything I wish, yet still I'm not happy. *(starts to cry).*

Scene 2: *(Palace garden outside boy king's room. Child gardener and his mother at work; mother digging, child gardener pushing barrow and singing.)*

Ch Gardener: Mum, you are old and easily tired. Let me do this while you rest.

Mother: Thank you, child. *(Exits)*

*(Child gardener continues working: digging,
sweeping,
cutting grass.
watering flowers.)*

Passer-by: *(Smiling)* My, what a beautiful garden!

Ch gardener: I want to pick the most beautiful flowers for the boy king.

(Child gardener sings as he picks the flowers. The boy king looks out of his window and starts to smile as he hears the singing. When the song ends he looks sad.)

Boy king: Gardener, why am I not happy, like you?

Ch gardener: Your majesty *(gently)*, you have everyone to do everything for you. To be happy you must do something for somebody else. I helped the flowers grow fragrant and tall so the people could see them over the wall; I helped my mother who is old and tired to feel more rested for a while; I helped you smile when

I sang my song, as the birds help me when they sing their songs.

Boy king: *(His eyes starting to light up).* You mean to be happy I should do something for other people? *(gardener nods).* I see! Well, I'm going to do just that! I'll open the gates of my palace garden. *(Opens the gates. Passers-by come in.)* So that everyone can enjoy its beauty.

(Boy king takes flowers from gardener, and gives to the passers-by, who stand, mouths open in surprise. Meanwhile, the servant, and the gardener's mother come to see what's going on. They look at the scene, then each other, amazed to see such a transformation in their king.)

Boy king: *(Gathering the other characters round him)* Today I learned a valuable lesson. To be happy you must help other people. *(To audience)* Try it and see! To celebrate I am going to make this day a holiday!!

Servant: Three cheers for our king! Hip hip *(everyone)* Hooray. *(3 times)*

(Carrie Varjavandi based this play on 'The Boy Gardener and the Boy King' from 'Stories for Children' by Jackie Mehrabi)

