

# Princeipally Yours

By Ian Guy

**Grumpy**, a dwarf and proprietor of the 'PRINCEipally Yours' dating agency

**Aladdin**, a desperate Prince

**Prince Charming**, a desperate Prince

**Prince Phillip**, a desperate Prince

The setting is a run-down office in a slightly dodgy part of town. The lights come up to reveal a very messy desk, papers and folders strewn everywhere, an overflowing waste paper basket. There are some chairs stacked in a corner. A phone on the desk is ringing. Grumpy enters; he is obviously late for work and in a very bad temper.

**Grumpy:** *(shouting to a secretary in an adjoining room)* And, Muriel, make sure it's HOT this time. Coffee should be strong, black and HOT. H.O.T. Hot.

*(He picks up the 'phone)*

**Grumpy:** What? *(listens)* Well? What do you expect? It is my name! No, I'm not *still* being Grumpy. I am Grumpy. That's my name! *(listens)* Yeeees, that's right, *that* Grumpy, the Grumpy who used to work in the diamond mine until it was shut in one of the rounds of government pit closures. *(pause)* Why? Well I don't know do I, something to do with engagement rings not being needed anymore because people are just 'shacking up' together nowadays. And, trust me, if you could see some of the shacks around here you'd wonder why they bother...

*(There's a knock at the door)*

Whadayouwant? *(to the person on the 'phone)* No, not you. We'll get to that in a minute. *(Shouting at the door)* Well come in then! *(the door opens and Aladdin appears and looks about hesitantly. Grumpy irritably waves him into the room)* Just going to put you on hold for a bit *(to the person on the 'phone)* back in a minute *(he puts the 'phone receiver into a folder stuffed with papers)*. Yes?

**Aladdin:** Ah, yes, I was wondering if you were...?

**Grumpy:** Grumpy? Course I'm bloody Grumpy. So would you be if you were having the week I was.

**Aladdin:** No. Sorry. I meant, um, I was wondering if you were free for a consultation. I read the little card you'd left in the 'phone box at the end of the street. So many cards there...

**Grumpy:** Yes, yes, alright. Well, as you can see I'm pretty busy what with one thing and another but I could probably spare ten minutes or so. Right. Name?

**Aladdin:** Oh Yes, sorry. I'm Aladdin. *Prince* Aladdin.

**Grumpy:** Ah, you're the one with the rug. And the one who keeps rubbing things.

**Aladdin:** Well, um, it's not quite, um

**Grumpy:** Well don't just hang around like a piece of pork at a Jewish wedding. Unfurl your rug and... hover...or whatever else it does.

**Aladdin:** Ah. Um. Bit difficult indoors, I tend to bang my head on the ceiling. Could I have a chair?

*(Grumpy sighs and gestures to the pile of chairs in the corner. Aladdin retrieves one and sits)*

**Aladdin:** Thank you. Now, um, your card said that, um....

*(There is another knock at the door)*

**Grumpy:** Oh for goodness sake. MURIEL! I'm in a meeting.

*(A head appears around the door. It is Prince Charming, nice but very, very dim! He is very confident and strides into the room)*

**Charming:** Charming.

**Grumpy:** *(surprised)* Muriel? Nah mate she's pug ugly. Used to be a pug in fact, got changed into the receptionist from hell by a trainee wizard who misdirected one of his spells.

**Charming:** No. Outer office empty. Just came straight in. Charming.

**Grumpy:** *(looking around the room)* Well I think it needs a lick of paint ...

**Charming:** Ah *(with dawning realisation)*. No. Name. Charming.

**Grumpy:** Do you ever string words together to make a coherent sentence or do you always pronounce in short bursts?

**Aladdin:** Um, er, sorry to but in, but you were dealing with me.

**Grumpy:** Oh, still here are you. I was hoping you'd have floated off out through the window by now. Right, you *(to Charming)* grab a chair and plonk yourself down beside matey boy here.

**Charming:** Carry? Chair? *(looking about hopefully)* Servants?

**Grumpy:** Servants? No there aren't any servants. There's only Muriel and, according to you, she's slipped her leash for a moment. Carry it yourself. Right, you, rug boy, what do you want?

*(During the following conversation Charming manages to make a hash of carrying the chair (he's obviously never had to carry a chair before) and ends up sitting beside Aladdin but facing the wrong way and sitting on the side of the chair as he's laid it on the floor rather than on it's legs!)*

**Aladdin:** Yes, well, bit of a long story..

**Grumpy:** Then save us the trouble and give me the edited highlights!

**Aladdin:** Ah, right, well. Was a street rat, found a magic lamp, sorcerer tried to kill me, genie made me into a prince, found a flying carpet, fell in love with Princess Jasmine, defeated sorcerer, got married, freed genie.

**Grumpy:** And....?

**Aladdin:** Appears freeing genie not the best idea I've ever had. No genie, no wishes. No wishes for expensive foreign holidays, jewels, furs and luxury super yacht equals no Jasmine who got fed up with constant sand and got awarded the flying carpet in the divorce settlement and now lives in luxury with a Russian oligarch in London.