

Kissing the Blarney Stone Cast List

4 Male, 3 Female, 2 M/F, Extras

KING (M) the lord of the realm. You might think he got his position by having good public speaking skills, but it's more likely that he inherited his wealth.

QUEEN (F) the lady of the realm and a distant cousin of Miss Allison.

TOWN CRIER (F/M): landed a good job in public speaking in spite of Miss Allison's instruction.

JESTER (M): the professional jokester of the court, but let's face it, his jokes aren't so hot.

TAG (F/M): an advertising agent, but let's face it, her jingles aren't so hot.

LANDER (M): a politician, but let's face it, his campaign slogans aren't so hot.

ROMEANOVA (M): in love with Mallory, but let's face it, his pick-up lines aren't so hot.

ALLISON ALLEN the ELOCUTIONIST (F): Speech teacher, vocal coach, and distant cousin of the Queen. Allison is old-school and condescending. This may surprise you, but she is also irritating.

MALLORY (F): a lady of the court and the object of Romeanova's not-so-hot pick-up lines.

EXTRAS (M/F): Courtiers (small speaking parts), Guards, Pages, etc.

Sample Pages

FANFARE AND WELCOME

(When the guests have been seated, a second BRASS FANFARE will signal all entertainers to clear the hall. Lights up on main stage & ROYAL TABLE. TOWN CRIER enters.)

TOWN CRIER:

Wes hale, to our good company!

We welcome you most jovially! *(Pronounces it "jah-vally." Enter ALLISON.)*

We bid thee eat; we bid thee share

Our music and our sumptuous fare!

ALLISON: *(Clears throat.)* Leslie, I'm appalled.

TOWN CRIER: Miss Allison? *(False modesty.)* It's awfully nice of you to applaud but—

ALLISON: No, I said appalled. And my diction is perfect, so I'm sure you heard me perfectly well.

TOWN CRIER: But I am—

ALLISON: And look at your posture.

TOWN CRIER: What's wrong with my—

ALLISON: And your articulation is atrocious. *(Crosses to TOWN CRIER.)* Diaphragm and lips! Diaphragm and lips! Your projection is here. *(ALLISON smacks TOWN CRIER in diaphragm. TOWN CRIER doubles over. While TOWN CRIER is doubled over, ALLISON grabs TOWN CRIER's lips.)* And your articulation is here. Now, try it again.

TOWN CRIER: *(Attempts to talk while ALLISON is holding lips.)* Twy waw agwain?

ALLISON: Articulation! *(She releases TOWN CRIER's lips.)* Your speech. You know, "Wes hale to our good company."

TOWN CRIER: Oh. *(Straightens his tunic and tries again.)*
Wes hale, to our good company!
We welcome you most jovially! *("Jah-vally.")*

ALLISON: Stop, stop, stop. It's *(With exaggerated articulation.)* "wes hale" not "wessell," and it is "jo-vi-al-ly" not "jah-vally" Now, try it again. And use those two muscles that God gave you called lips. They are muscles, not pork sausages.

TOWN CRIER: *(A bit ruffled. Stands up straight.)* Wes hale, to our good company—

ALLISON: I'm sorry, did I hear a mouse? An oh-so-tiny, squeaky mouse? Use that wonderful muscle that God gave you called a diaphragm. It's a muscle, not a beer belly wrap. Breathe in through your nose. Nobody likes a mouth breather. Now, roar like a lion!

TOWN CRIER: *(Louder.)*
We bid thee eat; we bid thee share
Our music and our sumptuous fare!

ALLISON: That's better. But don't forget eye contact, movement, and gestures.

TOWN CRIER: But I don't think—

ALLISON: Leslie!

TOWN CRIER: *(Sighs. Holds both arms out.)* Wes hale, to our good company! *(Takes three steps to the left and counts the steps.)* One-two-three. *(Sweeps out left arm.)* We welcome you most jovially! *(Takes three steps to the right and counts the steps.)* One-two-three. *(Sweeps out right arm.)* We bid thee eat; we bid thee share. *(Puts right fist under chin and supports right elbow with left hand.)* Our music and our sumptuous fare!

ALLISON: *(Considers.)* That wasn't bad. Now, if you'll excuse me, I am visiting my cousin, the Queen. *(Looking rather proud.)* The King has asked me to come. Apparently, there are various members of his court who have lost their skill with words. Naturally, he has called on me to render assistance.

TOWN CRIER: You're related to the Queen?

ALLISON: Distant cousin. Anyway, I heard that you would be announcing tonight, and I couldn't resist the opportunity to see one of my best students in action. *(Pats TOWN CRIER on the head and begins to exit.)* I always knew you'd go far.

TOWN CRIER: What a . . . nice surprise. *(Begins to exit opposite side. JESTER enters quickly by him, clearly frustrated.)* Jester, is something wrong? *(ALLISON stops and listens.)*

JESTER: I'm having a bad day!

TOWN CRIER: *(Looks to ALLISON.)* I can appreciate your feeling.

JESTER: The King is not laughing at my jokes anymore.

ALLISON: *(Crosses back to JESTER.)* And that is precisely why I've come.

TOWN CRIER: Uh, Jester, this is Miss Allison.

ALLISON: I am an elocutionist. I taught Leslie everything he knows.

JESTER: *(Eyes raised and smirking toward TOWN CRIER.)* Leslie?

TOWN CRIER: *(Glares.)* Don't go there.

JESTER: *(Holding back laughter.)* She taught you, Leslie, how to be an electrocutionist? It looks like the Royal Hangman has some competition.

ALLISON: That's *(Exaggerated pronunciation.)* elocutionist. *(Blank stare from JESTER.)*

TOWN CRIER: Speech teacher.

JESTER: *(To ALLISON.)* You are a speech teacher? Good. Maybe you can help me.

TOWN CRIER: Jester, that's not such a good idea—

ALLISON: *(Interrupting.)* And that is why I've come. What seems to be the problem?

JESTER: The King is not laughing at my jokes any more. I think I need new material.

ALLISON: Or it could be your presentation.

TOWN CRIER: Or it could be your material.

ALLISON: Why don't you tell us a joke, Jester, so that we can analyze your problem?

TOWN CRIER: But I don't think—

JESTER: All right. Here's one. What did the apple say to the banana?

ALLISON: I don't know. What did the apple say to the banana?

JESTER: Nothing. Apples can't talk.

TOWN CRIER: *(Stares at JESTER.)* That's the joke? *(Sarcastic)* Hmm, I can't understand what the problem is.

ALLISON: Well, it's obvious. The joke is funny.

TOWN CRIER: Excuse me?

ALLISON: *(To JESTER.)* The problem is your presentation. The audience was not prepared to voice their approval to your humorous anecdote because you did not signify the appropriate passage to trigger their response.

JESTER: Huh?

ALLISON: At the punch line, stamp your left foot forward, throw your arms out wide, tilt your head whimsically, flash a big smile, and give them the jazz hands. Like this. *(She demonstrates.)*

JESTER: *(To TOWN CRIER.)* Is she always like this?

TOWN CRIER: I tried to warn you.

ALLISON: *(To JESTER.)* Come now. Give it a try.

JESTER: *(JESTER loosens up for next joke.)* Now, take my wife . . . please! *(On “please,” JESTER stamps left foot forward, throws arms out wide, tilts head whimsically, flashes a big smile, and does jazz hands.)*

TOWN CRIER: *(Pause.)* Uh, where do you want me to take your wife?

JESTER: Don’t you get it? You take her because I don’t want her anymore.

TOWN CRIER: But you are not married.

JESTER: That’s not the point. It’s subtle humor. *(Beat.)* Oh, let me try again. Knock-knock.

TOWN CRIER: Please! Stop right there before someone gets hurt.

ALLISON: Your problem is definitely presentation. The Town Crier can attest to how helpful I can be. *(JESTER looks skeptically to TOWN CRIER.)* Here is my card. *(Hands JESTER a card.)*

JESTER: *(Reads card.)* “Allison Allen’s Septic Service? You dump it; we pump it”?

ALLISON: Whoops. Wrong card. *(She takes card from JESTER and replaces it with new card.)*

JESTER: *(Reads card.)* “Miss Allison Allen, Elocutionist Extraordinaire. You mix it; we fix it.” So, you can help me tell better jokes?

ALLISON: I’ve done wonders with Leslie. We’ll begin in an hour. Until then, I want you to practice your posture. *(She straightens up the JESTER.)* Now, practice saying “helloooo, Joe” from the diaphragm. Let’s hear it from here. *(She smacks the JESTER in the diaphragm; he loses his breath and doubles over. Speaking as she exits.)* I don’t work with slouches, so get busy. *(She says from off-stage.)* I can’t hear you.

JESTER: *(Calls after ALLISON.)* Helloooooo, Joe! *(To TOWN CRIER.)* My bad day just got worse, didn’t it.

TOWN CRIER: I’m afraid so. *(BRASS FANFARE.)* Ah, the King has arrived. I must announce him. *(Calls to the back of the hall.)* Ready the meal—

ALLISON: *(From off-stage.)* Presentation!

TOWN CRIER: *(Sighs, stands up straight, counts one-two-three steps, throws out left arm.)*
Ready the meal and heat the wassail!

(Throws out right arm.) Bring forth the meat and finest of ale!

(Takes stance of someone with trumpet.) Blow the clarion! *(Both arms out.)* Singers appear!

(Puts right fist under chin and supports right elbow with left hand.) The King and his court are drawing near!

(JESTER and TOWN CRIER shake heads at each other and exit.)

Miss Allison is driving everyone crazy, but Town Crier has an idea . . .

JESTER: *(Frustrated.)* Miss Allison is making me crazy! Do you really think those mechanical movements will make my jokes funny?

TOWN CRIER: No.

JESTER: Thanks for that. *(Beat.)* All I want is to be a better joke teller.

TOWN CRIER: Trust me, there's no arguing with Miss Allison. But, I think I have an idea to help you. Have you ever heard of the Blarney Stone?

JESTER: Blarney? The purple dinosaur?

TOWN CRIER: No. Blarney Stone, the stone of eloquence. Whoever kisses the Blarney Stone gets the gift of gab.

JESTER: Gift of gab?

TOWN CRIER: Your speech becomes more . . . persuasive. Your jokes become better.

JESTER: Oh. That's good. So . . . I have to kiss a kidney stone?

TOWN CRIER: Blarney Stone. The stone is in the wall of Blarney Castle. It's not far from here.

JESTER: Soooo . . . at Blarney Castle, you want me to smooch some masonry?

TOWN CRIER: Yes.

JESTER: And the point of doing that is . . .

TOWN CRIER: You won't have to work with Miss Allison.

JESTER: Count me in. *(Beat.)* Just curious, but decided you could improve communication skills by planting a wet one on some metamorphic rock?

TOWN CRIER: Igneous.

JESTER: It's ingenious all right, but who came up with it?

TOWN CRIER: It's an Irish legend that's been around for a long time. If you want my advice, I'd try that before indentured servitude with Miss Allison.

JESTER: And all I have to do is kiss this Fred Flintstone—

TOWN CRIER: Blarney Stone.

JESTER: No, that's Blarney Rubble. (*Thinking aloud.*) With the Blarney Rubble, it's just a quick smoocherino, and I'm done.

TOWN CRIER: That's Blarney Stone.

JESTER: Thanks for the advice, Town Crier. I'm off to kiss the Rolling Stone. (*Begins to exit.*)

TOWN CRIER: Not just yet. The King will be calling for you soon. And it's Blarney Stone!

JESTER: Yes. That.