

Side #3 - Sunnyske, Willoughbye, Lauralai

SUNNYSKYE, WILLOUGHBYE, LAURALAI

What to do? What to do?

*(They pace around the room.)*

SUNNYSKYE

We could serve cake!

LAURALAI

Disgusting!

WILLOUGHBYE

Who are you?

*(They pace around the room. This time Willoughbye stops suddenly and they run into him as the music stops)*

WILLOUGHBYE

We could cut off their heads!

SUNNYSKYE

Dad!

WILLOUGHBYE

No heads, no mouths, more pie. Polish the guillotine!

LAURALAI

Let it go, dear.

LAURALAI

*(Suddenly...)*

A contest amongst the Princes!

WILLOUGHBYE

A duel, a skirmish, a battle, a skuffle, a melee, a catfight, a tussle, a joust...weeeee!

LAURALAI

No. A peaceful contest amongst the Princes to win the hand of our beloved. For then, there will be no more gatherings to decrease our diminishing pickle reserves.

SUNNYSKYE

Now curb your Clydesdales!

WILLOUGHBYE

But,...it only reduces the guest count. It doesn't solve the...

ALL THREE

...Great Cucumber Crisis of the Century!

WILLOUGHBYE

Wait a minute, wait a minute! Musselbaum and Wellred are the preeminent suitors for Sunnyskye and they just so happen to be the sons of King Skordo of Dill. We should hold a contest just between the two of them to ensure a favorable outcome.

LAURALAI

Whichever one is the winner shall have Sunnyskye's hand in marriage...

WILLOUGHBYE

...and strengthen the diplomatic ties between Bushelpeck and Dill, thereby affording us access to Dill's bountiful cucumber crop.

LAURALAI

My King, you are brilliant!

WILLOUGHBYE

Yes, I do believe I am slaying two pterodactyls with one boulder.

SUNNYSKYE

But father, a contest to win my hand is barbaric!

WILLOUGHBYE (*ignoring her*)

I must devise a test of strength or intelligence to help us decide which Dill Prince is the finest.

SUNNYSKYE

Seriously?

LAURALAI

And help us to determine which Prince is best suited to make our daughter happy.

SUNNYSKYE

Your daughter is plenty happy on her own, thank you very much! Mother, you can't possibly support this!

WILLOUGHBYE

Sunnyskye, not now! (*He gets an idea.*) Oh. I've got it! fetch the Herald!

SUNNYSKYE

Go ahead, fetch the Herald, I've got something to say to him too. Wait 'til the neighboring kingdoms hear about this positively primitive exploitation of power!

WILLOUGHBYE

Sunnyskye, don't start with me!

SUNNYSKYE

But father!