

AVIATOR (*turns, sees that LITTLE PRINCE has drawing.*)

That's not for you. Give me that.

LITTLE PRINCE. I see you made the stem longer, and you added the thorns, and... (*He sees the tear.*) ... a tear.

AVIATOR (*looks at picture*). Well, I thought she probably felt—sad.

LITTLE PRINCE. Yes. You're right, of course. But all I knew then was how I felt. I was too young to know how to love her. The fact is, I didn't understand anything at all. So—I flew away.

*Star!*

(*Tap Cue #16*) ENSEMBLE enters as "stars." When LITTLE PRINCE says "So—I flew away," music begins and they lift him and carry him in such a way as to make him appear to be riding on or flying among the stars. AVIATOR follows behind, pad and pencil in hand.)

I wandered from star to star. I drifted around the cosmos until I came upon an entire group of planets, each inhabited by only one man. The first one I came to was inhabited by a king seated upon a throne.

(KING enters. ENSEMBLE puts LITTLE PRINCE down. With their backs to the audience, they then frame the scene with their stars.)

He was clad in a robe of royal purple and ermine that almost entirely covered his planet. Though he had never seen me before, he recognized me immediately.

(*Music ends.*) LITTLE PRINCE approaches KING, who is wearing a long robe. He is benign and eccentric—not

unlike Charlie Ruggles or Ed Wynn. [NOTE: Even though AVIATOR occasionally makes comments in the following planets sequence, the Character Man hears them as coming from LITTLE PRINCE.]

KING. Ah! A subject! Approach that I may see you better.

(LITTLE PRINCE yawns.) Tsk. Tsk. It is not proper to yawn in the presence of a king. I order you not to yawn.

LITTLE PRINCE. I can't help it. I've traveled a long way and I haven't had any sleep.

KING. Ah... then I order you to yawn. It's been years since I've seen anyone yawn. Yes, yes, give us a good one now. It's an order.

LITTLE PRINCE (*tries to, but can't*). I'm sorry, I guess I can't anymore.

KING. Hmm, humm... Then I—I order you to sometimes yawn and sometimes—not to yawn. There. You see, my orders are very reasonable, don't you think?

LITTLE PRINCE. May I sit down?

KING. I order you to sit down.

LITTLE PRINCE. Sir?

KING. Sure.

LITTLE PRINCE. Sure, excuse me for asking a question—

KING. I order you to ask me a question.

LITTLE PRINCE. Over what do you rule?

KING. Over everything.

AVIATOR. Everything?

KING (*gesturing towards the universe*). Everything. LITTLE PRINCE. And the stars obey you?

KING. Certainly they do—and the moon and sun as well.

LITTLE PRINCE. Oh. (*Amazed, he asks timidly.*) Well, then, if you please, sire—could you possibly order a sunset? I should love to see a sunset.

KING. And so you shall!

LITTLE PRINCE (*settles in expectation but nothing happens*). When?

KING. Oh, soon, soon. I shall command it. But I have to wait for conditions to be favorable.

LITTLE PRINCE. When do you think that will be?

KING. Oh, mm, (*Checks watch.*) I'd say—this evening about twenty to eight. You'll see how well I am obeyed.

LITTLE PRINCE. Excuse me, but I should be going—

KING. Oh, don't go, don't go. I'll make you a minister of justice.

LITTLE PRINCE. But there's no one here to judge.

KING. Then you shall judge yourself. That is the most difficult thing of all...

LITTLE PRINCE. Judge myself...?

KING. It is much more difficult to judge oneself than to judge others.

END

(*Tape Cue #17 KING exits as ENSEMBLE lifts LITTLE PRINCE to have him "fly" with the stars. Illustration J fades up as AVIATOR draws final touches while following beside them.*)

LITTLE PRINCE (*to AVIATOR*). Then I knew it might be of some value to visit the other planets as well. (*LITTLE PRINCE sees that the AVIATOR has been sketching.*)

Oh, yes. What a good idea. AVIATOR. What?

LITTLE PRINCE. You could draw them. (*AVIATOR stops drawing.*) Then, for whoever looks at your pictures, it will be as if they made my journey as well.

AVIATOR. Wait a minute, I don't— (*Illustration J fades out.*)

LITTLE PRINCE. As I approached the next planet, it seemed to be inhabited by a very grand person. And he recognized me immediately as well.

(*Music ends. ENSEMBLE puts LITTLE PRINCE down. They frame the scene as CONCEITED MAN enters. He is a ludicrous figure—a vaudevillian buffoon blissfully unaware of his ridiculousness.*)

CONCEITED MAN. Ah! An admirer!

LITTLE PRINCE. Good morning. What a strange hat you're wearing.

CONCEITED MAN. It's a hat for acknowledging compliments. I raise it when people acclaim me. Unfortunately, nobody ever passes by this way. Now sit right down there. Very good—very good. Now slap your hands together—once again, now faster. (*LITTLE PRINCE claps and MAN raises his hat. They do this several times, accelerating until the clapping becomes applause to the CONCEITED MAN's delight.*) Ah! Do you really admire me very much?

LITTLE PRINCE. Well, I—

CONCEITED MAN. I just love it when you—admire me.

LITTLE PRINCE. Admire—what does that mean?

CONCEITED MAN. It means you regard me as the handsomest, best-dressed, richest, most intelligent man on this planet.