

Shrek:

A Play Depicting Works of Dreams
In Three Acts

Cast of Characters:

SHREK
DONKEY
TWO SOLDIERS
LORD FARQUAD
A PAGE

Act 1:

Scene 1:

[Morning light dapples the set, revealing charming home in a swamp. The house appears to be one or two rooms, with a crooked chimney. The home, like its inhabitant, boasts a peculiar charm despite its apparent ugliness.]

[Enter SHREK with a Taper. Applause likely to drown out bard's song for up to three minutes, so director is advised to let bard sing all lyrics before SHREK enters]

Shrek appraises his swamp with pride while bard offstage plays lute and sings

BARD:

*Told was I and told full well
The world would bring me to my knell
And though I thought my point most fine
Among the shed's I'm th'least th'kind*

*The years they come, the years they go
My foot the pavement strikes unslow -
To live for thrills remained my vice
Which pleased the glans but took its price*

SHREK (SOLILOQUY):

In all the world, appraised from every tor
To lake or castle grand, no more an ogre
Joyous would the tester find – Palatial, yes,
And homely lies my swamp and charm'd:
What scent the dainty knights abhor is not,
Object although the genteel do so smug,
A sign of filth, though filth anon abounds,
But rather home. The circ'ling raven,
Friend though others call of death this bird,
So sweetly fills my acre's air with song.
What causes hope to drain from mortal men,
A life of dirt and verdant boggy spume,
To me is not mere life but greatest height,

Apotheosis crowned his crown of ogrish sort.
Indeed, no man nor king could me evict -
No demagogue, no prince, no army swift -
For pleased as well as pleased can be I stand
Atop my land, my home, my life, my swamp.
Truly have I won the game, the hoary roughage
Conquered: for mine alone this pleasure be:
No threat exists to take't from me!

Loud crash off-stage

[Enter Donkey, running, pursued by two soldiers]

SHREK: Pray tell, dear ass, what finds thee in my swamp?

[Donkey runs and hides behind Shrek, cowering as the two soldiers haughtily address the ogre thusly]

SOLDIER 1: Address him not, but rather us

SOLDIER 2: And see us well or be concussed

1: The king has sent us through his land

2: T'evict the ones who unlaw'fly stand

1: But not alone the donkey wants eviction

2: For dodging rent as well is your conviction

1: Evict at once, evict at twice

2: T'arrest thee now's our next device!

[Both soldiers lunge at Shrek, who fights them off easily. They flee.]

1: Ere long we'll back to take our check

2: Next time you'll pay, you filthy Shrek!

[they take a few more strides away, one turns, *aside*, to say:]

1: Twere not a dainty one to od'rous call this swamp!

SHREK (TO DONKEY):

Men as those for years I haven't seen –

Surely Farquad knows this land is his

Though just in name: no king shall hold these swamps –

Nor would he, were he wise: no crops but ogres
Here can grow; gold or incenses fail'd thee find;
And fastly hold such ogres as myself their
hames.
What say thee, ass? Wherefore come such men?

DONKEY: To save one such as me's to save one's
ass:

Forever more my honor do I pledge:
Consider me thy steed, though weak I be,
And thou (my wit excused), so grave: [chuckles]
To answer, though, thy question, let me thus:
The King's design's to push the mythic things,
Such ogres'n chatty donkeys as ourselves,
From's kingdom round to here – what land lay
fallow,
By only fairies touched and never plowed,
He hopes to change in use to cropping well,
And thus will soon displace (displaced he has)
So many roods of dancing mice and elves.
Here, for being useless, doth he send 'em
And you for being mortal be left soothless –
Excuse the banter, ogre, if you might
And know that though your strength is great
and kind

You ought'nt guess your strength too high
above
The might'f our king and all his bold compeers.
[pauses]
Pray tell, what be thy name, my greenish sir?

SHREK: The name to me be Shrek, which name
is well

Appointed: the prickled sound it carries
Full reflects what sum's appell'd: but if
Your statement's true, that this my land will be
So soon and fully taken by such singing
Creatures as would drive my ears to madness,
Then little choice I have but then to go
And find the king to make my case to him:
That better would it be to send to camps and
gas
Those creatures as he hopes to settle here.

Donkey:

An ogre's but a metaphor like this:
An onion, as its layers turn so gently

Scene 2:

[A finely-appointed state room. A PAGE is writing
at a desk as FARQUAD enters, holding a sheet of
paper]

[Enter Farquad]

LORD FARQUAD: Finally have I done it, page, so
look:

Here'n my hands I hold the winning stroke,
The po'm, with my queen retrieved, she'll fall
for:

Long I worked to lend these glyphs my charm:
So look, my page, t'what works of art thy king
His wondr'us mind applies:

[reading off paper]

*Little dove, my sweetest dear, how treacly doth
thou sing,
And gladly do I dream of you and all the joy
you'll bring
So call to you I often do and hum with anxious
tones
Awaiting placing 'twixt thy flaps my veiny
syphilis bone*

PAGE: Truly is thy head the king, my liege.

FARQUAD: Such saucy talk's the work of lesser
minds:

Need I not your seal or praise, oh fool.
No future queen or lowly wench could fail
To fall bewitched to words so su'tly crafted.

Page: Suppose I shall for just the thought you're
right:

What then shall ye do find her'n thy charm?
St. Elmo himself appears the only man
Whose skill at slaying lizards