**Act 3, Scene 1: Arrival on Earth / The Snake**

Creative Directors: \_\_\_

*Music fades out.*

*Light on Narrator.*

NARRATOR: And so the seventh planet the Little Prince visited, was Earth. Humans occupy a very small place upon the Earth. If the nearly 8 billion inhabitants who people its surface were all to stand upright and somewhat crowded together, as they do for some big public assembly, they could easily be put into one public square forty miles long and forty miles wide. All of humanity could very comfortably pile together onto one of the islands of New Zealand.

The grown-ups, to be sure, will not believe you when you tell them that. They imagine that they fill a great deal of space. They fancy themselves as important as the baobabs. You should advise them, then, to make their own calculations. They adore figures, and that will please them. But do not waste your time on this extra task. It is unnecessary. You have, I know, confidence in me.

*PAUSE…*

When the little prince arrived on the Earth, he was very much surprised not to see any people.

*LIGHTS ON to show empty desert scene; little prince enters, looking around inquisitively.*

He was beginning to be afraid he had come to the wrong planet, when a coil of gold, the colour of the moonlight, flashed across the sand.

*Enter SNAKE; slithers around TLP, appraisingly*

TLP: (*courteously)* Good evening

SNAKE: Good evening

TLP: What planet is this on which I have come down?

SNAKE: *(still slithering around; rarely restful)*
This is the Earth; this is Australia.

TLP: Ah! Then there are no people on the Earth?

SNAKE: This is the desert. There are few people in the desert. The Earth is large.

TLP: *(sits down on a rock and raises eyes to the sky)*

I wonder… whether the stars are set alight in heaven so that one day each one of us may find his own again . . . Look at my planet. It is right there above us. But how far away it is!

SNAKE: It is beautiful. What has brought you here?

TLP: I have been having trouble with a flower.

SNAKE: Ah.

(*both are silent)*

TLP: Where are the people? It is a little lonely in the desert . .

SNAKE: It is also lonely among people.

*Little Prince looks at the snake for a while*

TLP: You are a funny animal. You are no thicker than a finger . . .

SNAKE: But I am more powerful than the finger of a king.

TLP: (*smiling)* You are not very powerful. You haven't even any feet. You cannot even travel . . .

SNAKE: I can carry you farther than any ship could take you…

(*Snake twists themselves ‘around’ the little prince… [have fun!])*

 Whomever I touch, I send back to the earth from whence he came. But you are innocent and true, and you come from a star . . .

(*Little Prince* *makes no reply)*

SNAKE: You move me to pity--you are so weak on this Earth made of granite. I can help you, some day, if you grow too homesick for your own planet. I can--

TLP: (*interrupting)* Oh! I understand you very well. But why do you always speak in riddles?

SNAKE: Because I solve them all…

*(Snake ‘slithers’ in increasingly larger circles, before slithering off).*

*TLP walks off in the opposite direction of the snake.*

*Lights down.*

*NO MUSIC NEEDED – short scenes*

**Set-up next scene: someone put a flower in the desert**

**Act 3, Scene 2** (chapters 18,19)

Creative Directors: \_\_\_

*Little Prince enters from opposite side they left from end of previous scene.*

*A three-petalled flower (be creative here – can either use a flower in a pot – but perhaps the pot is hidden by a yellow cloth? – or be a live actor.*

TLP: Good morning.

FLOWER: Good morning.

TLP: (*politely)* Where are all the people?

FLOWER: People? I think there are six or seven of them in existence. I saw some, several years ago. But one never knows where to find them. The wind blows them away. They have no roots, and that makes their life very difficult.

TLP: Oh. Goodbye.

FLOWER: Goodbye.

 *Little Prince exits (to come on other side)*

*Lights go down.*

*(TLP runs around back of stage)*

***Staging: will need to decide how to show TLP climbing a ‘mountain’.***

*Lights up: a mountain, or something symbolising one, can be seen.*

TLP: My, that is a large mountain! From a mountain this high, I shall be able to see the whole planet at one glance, and all of the people…

*(find way to simulate TLP ‘climbing’ a mountain****Sound FX: whistling wind.*** *)*

(*‘calling’ in a loud voice)*

 Good morning.

Echo: Good morning. Good morning. Good morning.

TLP: Who are you?

Echo: Who are you? Who are you? Who are you?

TLP: Be my friends. I am all alone.

Echo: all alone, all alone, all alone.

TLP: (*to himself)* What a strange planet. It is altogether dry, and altogether pointed, and altogether harsh and forbidding. And the people have no imagination. They simply repeat whatever one says to them . . . On my planet I had a flower; she always was the first to speak . . .

*Music evoking nostalgia and sentiment plays sweetly.*

*Lights go down.*

**SET-CHANGE: Roses in a planter-box style arrangement –** *could be good to have two on their knees just poking over, and three at the back standing?*

---END SCENE---

**Act 3, Scene 3** (Chapters 20 & 21)

Creative Directors: Erica & Matilda

*Music fades.*

*Lights on Narrator.*

Narrator: But it happened that after walking for a long time through sand, and rocks, and snow, the little prince at last came upon a road. And all roads lead to the abodes of humans.

*Lights off narrator.*

*Lights on front-centre revealing a garden-bed/planter-box full of roses.*

TLP: (*wide-eyed)* Good morning!

ROSES: (*all saying the same thing, but not necessarily all in perfect time.)*

 Good morning.

TLP: (*thunderstruck)* Who are you?

 ROSES: We are roses.

TLP:  *(alarmed)* My rose told me that she was the only one of her kind in all the universe.

ROSES: Oh no, she was mistaken. I am the only rose in all the universe.

TLP: (*wanders off a bit; talks to himself)*

She would be very much annoyed if she should know that . . . She would cough most dreadfully, and she would pretend that she was dying, to avoid being laughed at. And I should be obliged to pretend that I was nursing her back to life--for if I did not do that, to humble myself also, she would really allow herself to die. . .

I thought that I was rich, with a flower that was unique in all the world; and all I had was a common rose. A common rose, and three volcanoes that come up to my knees-- and one of them perhaps extinct forever . . . That doesn't make me a very great prince . . .

(*lies down and sobs quietly)*

*Enter Fox: stands under an apple tree (can you make one??)
TLP is lying on the floor crying quietly.*

*Roses remain quiet on side of stage, perhaps* ***unlit****.*

FOX: Good morning,

TLP: *(turns around but sees nothing)*

Good morning,

FOX:

I am right here, under the apple tree.

*(fox comes out from under an apple tree looking around timidly)*

TLP: *(Looks at apple tree curiously and praises the fox)*

Who are you? You are very pretty to look at.

FOX:

I am a fox.

TLP: *(asks hopefully)*

Come and play with me; I am so unhappy.

FOX:

I cannot play with you; I am not tamed.

TLP: *(looks downcast but curious)*

Ah! Please excuse me, what does that mean--'tame'?

FOX: *(approaches TLP tentatively)*

You do not live here, what is it that you are looking for?

TLP:

I am looking for people. What does that mean--'tame'?

FOX: *(fox retreats back a few steps)*

Humans, they have guns, and they hunt. It is very disturbing. They also raise chickens. These are their only interests. Are you looking for chickens?

TLP: *(looks a little confused)*

No, I am looking for friends. What does that mean--'tame'?

FOX:

It is an act too often neglected; it means to establish ties.

TLP: *(tilts his head slightly)*

To establish ‘ties’?

FOX: *(says matter – of factly)*

Just that. To me, you are still nothing more than a little boy who is just like a hundred thousand other little boys. And I have no need of you. And you, on your part, have no need of me. To you, I am nothing more than a fox like a hundred thousand other foxes. But if you tame me, then we shall need each other. To me, you will be unique in all the world. To you, I shall be unique in all the world . . .

TLP:

 I am beginning to understand, there is a flower . . . I think that she has tamed me . . .

FOX:

It is possible. On the Earth one sees all sorts of things.

TLP: *(exclaims)* Oh, but this is not on the Earth!

FOX: *(fox is rather curious)* On another planet?

TLP:

Yes

FOX:

Are there hunters on that planet?

TLP:

No

FOX:

Ah, that is interesting! Are there chickens?

TLP:

No

FOX: *(looks disappointed)*

Nothing is perfect.

My life is very monotonous, I hunt chickens; men hunt me. All the chickens are just alike, and all the men are just alike. And, in consequence, I am a little bored. But if you tame me, it will be as if the sun came to shine on my life. I shall know the sound of a step that will be different from all the others. Other steps send me hurrying back underneath the ground. Yours will call me, like music, out of my burrow. And then look: you see the grain-fields down yonder? I do not eat bread. Wheat is of no use to me. The wheat fields have nothing to say to me. And that is sad. But you have hair that is the colour of gold. Think how wonderful that will be when you have tamed me! The grain, which is also golden, will bring me back the thought of you. And I shall love to listen to the wind in the wheat . . .

*(Fox gazes at the little prince for a long time, then exclaims enthusiastically)*

FOX:

Please--tame me!

TLP:

I want to, very much, but I have not much time. I have friends to discover, and a great many things to understand.

FOX:

One only understands the things that one tames; humans have no more time to understand anything. They buy things already made at the shops and meet friends through their phone. But there is no shop, nor phone, where one can buy or find real friendship.

And so humans have no friends any more. If you want a friend, tame me . . .

TLP:

What must I do, to tame you?

FOX:

You must be very patient, first you will sit down at a little distance from me--like that-- in the grass. I shall look at you out of the corner of my eye, and you will say nothing. Words are the source of misunderstandings. But you will sit a little closer to me, every day . . .

*(lights dim on stage and fox crawls back into his hole. TLP walks to the corner of the stage and falls asleep – there is a pause. The lights come back on and the fox comes out and sits in front of the tree. TLP comes back to the fox.)*

FOX:

It would have been better to come back at the same hour. If, for example, you come at four o'clock in the afternoon, then at three o'clock I shall begin to be happy. I shall feel happier and happier as the hour advances. At four o'clock, I shall already be worrying and jumping about
(*fox jumps about).*
And I shall show you how happy I am!

(*fox licks the little prince)*

But if you come at just any time, I shall never know at what hour my heart is to be ready to greet you . . . One must observe the proper rites. . .

TPL:

What is a rite?

FOX:

Those also are actions too often neglected, they are what make one day different from other days, one hour from other hours. There is a rite, for example, among my hunters. Every Thursday they dance with the village girls. So Thursday is a wonderful day for me! I can take a walk as far as the vineyards. But if the hunters danced at just any time, every day would be like every other day, and I should never have any vacation at all.

(*TLP sits on a rock and waits. The fox slowly approaches and eventually rests his head on TLP’s lap.)*

TLP: *(strokes the fox’s head while saying:)*

 The hour of my departure draws near.

FOX: *(looks up at TLP sadly)*

Ah. I shall cry.

TLP:

It is your own fault, I never wished you any sort of harm; but you wanted me to tame you . . .

FOX:

Yes, that is so.

TLP:

But now you are going to cry!

FOX:

Yes, that is so.

TLP:

Then it has done you no good at all!

FOX:

It has done me good, because of the colour of the wheat fields.

TLP:

Go and look again at the roses. You will understand now that yours is unique in all the world. Then come back to say goodbye to me, and I will make you a present of a secret.

*(TLP goes away, to look again at the roses.)*

You are not at all like my rose, as yet you are nothing. No one has tamed you, and you have tamed no one. You are like my fox when I first knew him. He was only a fox like a hundred thousand other foxes. But I have made him my friend, and now he is unique in all the world.

 *(roses look embarrassed)*

You are beautiful, but you are empty, one could not die for you. To be sure, an ordinary passer-by would think that my rose looked just like you--the rose that belongs to me. But in herself alone she is more important than all the hundreds of you other roses: because it is she that I have watered; because it is she that I have put under the glass globe; because it is she that I have sheltered behind the screen; because it is for her that I have killed the caterpillars (except the two or three that we saved to become butterflies); because it is she that I have listened to, when she grumbled, or boasted, or ever sometimes when she said nothing. Because she is *my* rose.

*(TLP goes back to fox)*

Goodbye

FOX:

Goodbye. And now here is my secret, a very simple secret: It is only with the heart that one can see rightly; what is essential is invisible to the eye.

TLP:

What is essential is invisible to the eye.

*(repeats because he wants to remember it – important)*

FOX:

It is the time you have wasted for your rose that makes your rose so important.

TLP:

It is the time I have wasted for my rose--

*(repeats because he wants to remember it – important)*

FOX:

Men have forgotten this truth, but you must not forget it. You become responsible, forever, for what you have tamed. You are responsible for your rose… . . .

TLP:

I am responsible for my rose.

*(repeats because he wants to remember it – important)*

*Lights go down.*

*Music starts playing. --- END SCENE ---*

**Act 3, Scene 4: Water-Merchant**

*Lights up on bare stage (no staging necessary)*

*Music fades.*

MERCHANT: (*spruiking)* Water pills! Get your water pills! No time for a glass of water? No worries! Water pills are here to make your life great again!

TLP: (*approaching with interest)*

 Good morning

MERCHANT: Good morning!

 TLP: What are you selling?

MERCHANT: Here (*hands him a large novelty sized pill).* You need only swallow one of these a day, and you will feel no need of any-thing to drink.

TLP: Why are you selling those?

MERCHANT: Because they save a tremendous amount of time! Computations have been made by experts. With these pills, you save fifty-three minutes in every week!

TLP: And what do I do with those fifty-three minutes?

MERCHANT: Anything you like . . .

TLP: (*half to himself)* As for me, if I had fifty-three minutes to spend as I liked, I should walk at my leisure toward a spring of fresh water…

*Little Prince walks off-stage.*

*Lights dim; exit Merchant.*

*Music plays.*

--- END SCENE ---

**Set-change:** *does Desert set need to be re-introduced, or will it be on centre-back stage the whole time?*

**Act 3, Scene 5** (Chapters 24 & 25)

Creative Directors: \_\_\_

*Music fades as Lights on* ***BOTH*** *Narrator, and* ***Desert scene***

NARRATOR: It was now the eighth day since I had had my accident in the desert, and I had listened to the story of the merchant as I was drinking the last drop of my water supply…

*(Pilot drinks last few drops as Narrator narrates)*

*Lights off Narrator.*

PILOT: Ah, these memories of yours are very charming; but I have not yet succeeded in repairing my plane; I have nothing more to drink; and I, too, should be very happy if I could walk at my leisure toward a spring of fresh water!

TLP: My friend the fox—

PILOT: My dear little man, this is no longer a matter that has anything to do with the fox!

TLP: Why not?

PILOT: Because I am about to die of thirst…

TLP: It is a good thing to have had a friend, even if one is about to die. I, for instance, am very glad to have had a fox as a friend . . .

PILOT: (*turns away; says half to himself:)*He has no way of guessing the danger… He has never been either hungry or thirsty. A little sunshine is all he needs . . .

TLP: *(as if he hears himreads his thoughts)*I am thirsty, too. Let us look for a well . . .

*Pilot makes weary gesture towards the desert, as if to communicate ‘what hope’?*

*Pilot and Little Prince trudge around stage, e.g. from one corner to the other, side to side, back and forth, to simulate hours of walking.*

PILOT: (*as if only now registering the significance of TLP’s last remark, hours earlier; demandingly)*

 Then you are thirsty, too?

TLP: (*ignoring question)* Water may also be good for the heart . . ."

*They walk a few more steps. Little Prince sits. Pilot sits next to him. They are both exhausted. They sit a while.*

TLP: The stars are beautiful, because of a flower that cannot be seen.

PILOT: Yes, that is so.

 (*looks out over the vast landscape)*

TLP: The desert is beautiful.

(*pilot ponders deeply)*

 What makes the desert beautiful is that somewhere it hides a well . . .

PILOT: When I was a little boy I lived in an old house, and legend told us that a treasure was buried there. To be sure, no one had ever known how to find it; perhaps no one had ever even looked for it. But it cast an enchantment over that house. My home was hiding a secret in the depths of its heart . . .

 (*TLP listens deeply)*

 Yes. The house, the stars, the desert--what gives them their beauty is something that is invisible!

TLP: I am glad… that you agree with my fox.

*(Lights on Narrator. Pilot slowly picks up Little Prince under the arm, and half carries, half supports him as they trudge towards the edge of the stage.)*

NARRATOR: As the little prince dropped off to sleep, I took him in my arms and set out walking once more. I felt deeply moved, and stirred. It seemed to me that I was carrying a very fragile treasure. It seemed to me, even, that there was nothing more fragile on all Earth.

In the moonlight I looked at his pale forehead, his closed eyes, his locks of hair that trembled in the wind, and I said to myself: "What I see here is nothing but a shell. What is most important is invisible . . ."

As his lips opened slightly with the suspicion of a half-smile, I said to myself, again: "What moves me so deeply, about this little prince who is sleeping here, is his loyalty to a flower--the image of a rose that shines through his whole being like the flame of a lamp, even when he is asleep . . ." And I felt him to be more fragile still. I felt the need of protecting him, as if he himself were a flame that might be extinguished by a little puff of wind . . .

And, as I walked on so, I found the well, at daybreak….

*Lights fade. No Music.*

***Quick SET-CHANGE: someone bring a WELL on.***

*Lights on Narrator.*

NARRATOR: The well that we had come to was not like the wells of the Sahara. The wells of the Sahara are mere holes dug in the sand. This one was like a well in a village. But there was no village here, and I thought I must be dreaming . . .

*Lights stay on Narrator and main-stage.*

PILOT: It is strange. Everything is ready for use: the pulley, the bucket, the rope . . .

TLP: *(Laughs, and already partially renewed, starts to work the pulley.****SOUND FX:*** *moaning “like an old weathervane which the wind has long since forgotten”*

 Do you hear? We have wakened the well, and it is singing . . .

PILOT: (*with chivalry*) Leave it to me. It is too heavy for you.

(*hoists bucket and proudly rests it on edge of well).*

TLP: I am thirsty for this water. Give me some of it to drink . . .

 *(Pilot and TLP continue to act out scene as Narrator speaks)*

NARRATOR: I raised the bucket to his lips. He drank, his eyes closed. It was as sweet as some special festival treat. This water was indeed a different thing from ordinary nourishment. Its sweetness was born of the walk under the stars, the song of the pulley, the effort of my arms. It was good for the heart, like a present. When I was a little boy, the lights of the Christmas tree, the music of the Midnight Mass, the tenderness of smiling faces, used to make up, so, the radiance of the gifts I received.

TLP: The people where you live, raise five thousand roses in the same garden--and they do not find in it what they are looking for.

PILOT: They do not find it

TLP: And yet what they are looking for could be found in one single rose, or in a little water.

PILOT: Yes, that is true,

TLP: But the eyes are blind. One must look with the heart . . .

TLP: (*softly)* You must keep your promise…

PILOT: What promise?

TLP: You know--a muzzle for my sheep . . . I am responsible for this flower . . .

PILOT: (*Pilot takes notepad out of pocket and sketches him a muzzle for his sheep. As he hands it to TLP…)*

 Do you have plans that I do not know about?

TLP: (*not answering the question)*You know--my descent to the earth . . . Tomorrow will be its anniversary.

*(silence)*

 I came down very near here.

PILOT: (*feeling a sense of impending grief)*
Then it was not by chance that on the morning when I first met you--a week ago--you were strolling along like that, all alone, a thousand miles from any inhabited region? You were on the your back to the place where you landed?

*(tlp flushes, a signal of ‘yes’)*

 Ah, I am a little frightened--

TLP: *(interrupting)* Now you must work. You must return to your engine. I will be waiting for you here. Come back tomorrow evening . . .

NARRATOR: But I was not reassured. I remembered the fox. One runs the risk of weeping a little, if one lets himself be tamed . . .

*LIGHTS FADE*

*MUSIC STARTS*

*--- END SCENE ---*

**Act 3, Scene 6: Death**

*Lights on Narrator* ***and***  *the desert scene with well, and TLP sitting on a wall.*

***Staging:*** *paint a cardboard wall (that can be sat on…?)*

*Music fades out.*

OLD NARRATOR:

Beside the well there was the ruin of an old stone wall. When I came back from my work, the next evening, I saw from some distance away my little price sitting on top of a wall, with his feet dangling. And I heard him say.

*(lights dim on narrator, lights come on full stage)*

LITTLE PRINCE:

Then you don't remember. This is not the exact spot.

*(replying to an unheard voice)*

Yes, yes! It is the right day, but this is not the place.

*(pilot walks towards the wall, prince continues to answer the mysterious voice)*

--Exactly. You will see where my track begins, in the sand. You have nothing to do but wait for me there. I shall be there tonight.

*(the pilot still seeing and hearing nothing continues to walk closer, and after a silence the little prince spoke again)*

You have good poison? You are sure that it will not make me suffer too long?

(*pilot stops in his tracks his heart torn, but still not understanding what is going on)*

 Now go away, I want to get down from the wall.

*Pilot drops his eyes to the foot of the wall, and jumps back. Reaching for his revolver, he takes a running step back. But hearing the noise, the snake slithers across the stage, and disappears with a* ***light metallic sound among the stones (SOUND FX****)****.***

*Pilot runs to the wall, and catches the little prince, as he falls into his arms in fright.*

PILOT: *(demanding)*

What does this mean? Why are you talking with snakes?

*(pilot loosens little prince’s scarf, and moistens his temples with water)*

*(little prince looks at pilot gravely, and puts his arms around the pilot’s neck)*

LITTLE PRINCE:

I am glad that you have found what was the matter with your engine, now you can go back home--

PILOT: *(confused)*

How do you know about that? I was just coming over to tell you.

*(the prince makes no answer to his question, but instead he adds)*

LITTLE PRINCE:

I, too, am going back home today . . .

*(then continues sadly)*

It is much farther . . . It is much more difficult . . .

*(pilot still holding the prince close in his arms, realises something extraordinary had just happened)*

*(the little prince looks very serious*)

PILOT:

I have your sheep. And I have the sheep's box. And I have the muzzle . . .

*(prince gives pilot a sad smile)*

Dear little man, you are afraid . . .

 *(prince laughs slightly)*

LITTLE PRINCE:

I shall be much more afraid this evening . . .

PILOT:

Little man, I want to hear you laugh again.

LITTLE PRINCE:

Tonight, it will be a year . . . My star, then, can be found right above the place where I came to the Earth, a year ago . . .

PILOT:

Little man, tell me that it is only a bad dream--this affair of the snake, and the meeting-place, and the star . . .

LITTLE PRINCE:

 The thing that is important is the thing that is not seen . . .

PILOT:

Yes, I know . . .

LITTLE PRINCE:

It is just as it is with the flower. If you love a flower that lives on a star, it is sweet to look at the sky at night. All the stars are a-bloom with flowers. .

PILOT:

Yes, I know . . .

LITTLE PRINCE:

It is just as it is with the water. Because of the pulley, and the rope, what you gave me to drink was like music. You remember--how good it was

PILOT:

Yes, I know. . .

LITTLE PRINCE:

And at night you will look up at the stars. Where I live everything is so small that I cannot show you where my star is to be found. It is better, like that. My star will just be one of the stars, for you. And so, you will love to watch all the stars in the heavens . . . they will all be your friends. And, besides, I am going to make you a present . . .

*(prince laughs again)*

PILOT:

Ah, little prince, dear little prince! I love to hear that laughter!

LITTLE PRINCE:

That is my present. Just that. It will be as it was when we drank the water . . .

PILOT:

 What are you trying to say?

LITTLE PRINCE:

 All people have the stars, but they are not the same things for different people. For some, who are travellers, the stars are guides. For others they are no more than little lights in the sky. For others, who are scholars, they are problems. For my businessman they were wealth. But all these stars are silent. You, you alone--will have the stars as no one else has them—

PILOT:

 What are you trying to say?

LITTLE PRINCE:

 In one of the stars I shall be living. In one of them I shall be laughing. And so, it will be as if all the stars were laughing, when you look at the sky at night . . . You--only you--will have stars that can laugh!

*(prince laughs again)*

 And when your sorrow is comforted (time soothes all sorrows) you will be content that you have known me. You will always be my friend. You will want to laugh with me. And you will sometimes open your window, so, for that pleasure . . . And your friends will be properly astonished to see you laughing as you look up at the sky! Then you will say to them, 'Yes, the stars always make me laugh!' And they will think you are crazy. It will be a very shabby trick that I shall have played on you . . .

 (*he laughs again)*

 It will be as if, in place of the stars, I had given you a great number of little bells that knew how to laugh . .

 *(he laughs again and quickly becomes serious)*

 Tonight--you know . . . Do not come.

PILOT:

 I shall not leave you,

LITTLE PRINCE:

I shall look as if I were suffering. I shall look a little as if I were dying. It is like that. Do not come to see that. It is not worth the trouble . .

PILOT:

 I shall not leave you.

LITTLE PRINCE:

I tell you--it is also because of the snake. He must not bite you. Snakes--they are malicious creatures. This one might bite you just for fun . . .

PILOT:

 I shall not leave you.

*(that night the prince got away without making a sound, when the pilot finally caught up, the prince said)*

LITTLE PRINCE:

It was wrong of you to come. You will suffer. I shall look as if I were dead; and that will not be true . . .

 (*silence)*

You understand . . . it is too far. I cannot carry this body with me. It is too heavy.

 *(there is another silence)*

But it will be like an old abandoned shell. There is nothing sad about old shells . . *(the pilot still said nothing)*

 (*they stop walking, as the prince says)*

 it is. Let me go on by myself.

*(the prince sits down)*

You know--my flower . . . I am responsible for her. And she is so weak! She is so naive! She has four thorns, of no use at all, to protect herself against all the world . . .

*(the pilot sits down next to him)*

*(the prince hesitates a little then gets up, but the pilot can’t move)*

*(there is a flash of light, the prince remains motionless for an instant. He does not cry out. He falls as gently as a tree falls. There is not even any sound)*

*Lights out.*

*Music or not?*

--- END SCENE ---

**Act 3, Epilogue – SCRIPT**

*Narrator acts younger than before, comes out onto centre stage, not hobbling, standing upright, enjuvenated and addresses audience directly.*

NARRATOR: (*Speaks clearly and with gravitas)*

And now many years have gone by . . . I have never yet told this story. The companions who met me on my return were well content to see me alive. I was sad, but I told them: "I am tired."

Now my sorrow is comforted a little. That is to say--not entirely. But I know that he did go back to his planet, because I did not find his body at daybreak. It was not a very heavy body . . . At night I love to listen to the stars. It is like five hundred million little bells . . .

But there is one extraordinary thing . . . when I drew the muzzle for the little prince, I forgot to add the leather strap to it. He will never have been able to fasten it on his sheep. So now I keep wondering: what is happening on his planet? Perhaps the sheep has eaten the flower . . .

At one time I say to myself: "Surely not! The little prince protects his flower, and watches over his sheep very carefully . . ." Then I am happy. And there is sweetness in the laughter of all the stars.

But at another time I say to myself: "At some moment or other one is absent-minded, and that is enough! On one evening he may forget to watch his flower, or the sheep may get out without making any noise. . ." And then the little bells are changed to tears . . .

Here, then, is a great mystery. For you who also love the little prince, and for me, nothing in the universe can be the same if somewhere, we do not know where, a sheep that we never saw has--yes or no? --eaten a rose . . .

Look up at the sky. Ask yourselves: is it yes or no? Has the sheep eaten the flower? And you will see how everything changes . . .

And no grown-up will ever understand that this is a matter of so much importance!

*(narrator/Grace draws picture of empty desert on the blackboard.)*

NARRATOR: *(Continues, talking about his drawing.)*

This is, to me, the loveliest and saddest landscape in the world.

It is here that the little prince appeared on Earth, and disappeared.

Look at it carefully so that you will be sure to recognize it in case you travel someday to the African desert. And, if you should come upon this spot, please do not hurry on. Wait for a moment, exactly under the star. Then, if a little man appears who laughs, who has golden hair and who refuses to answer questions, you will know who he is. If this should happen, please comfort me. Send me word that he has come back.

*The lights go black. (Live music starts to signify the end? Or just leave quiet to await rapturous applause?).*

*Lights on. Actors re-enter stage and be honoured.*

***END OF ACT 3***