

## **ALL RIGHTS RESERVED**

**Copyright Protection.** This play (the “Play”) is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention, and the Berne Convention.

**Reservation of Rights.** All rights to this Play are strictly reserved, including, without limitation, professional and amateur stage performance rights; motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video, and sound recording rights; rights to all other forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction now known or yet to be invented, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, photocopying, and information storage and retrieval systems; and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

**Performance Licensing and Royalty Payments.** Amateur and stock performance rights to this Play are controlled exclusively by Playscripts, Inc. (“Playscripts”). No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this Play without obtaining advance written permission from Playscripts. Required royalty fees for performing this Play are specified online at the Playscripts website ([www.playscripts.com](http://www.playscripts.com)). Such royalty fees may be subject to change without notice. Although this book may have been obtained for a particular licensed performance, such performance rights, if any, are not transferable. Required royalties must be paid every time the Play is performed before any audience, whether or not it is presented for profit and whether or not admission is charged. All licensing requests and inquiries concerning amateur and stock performance rights should be addressed to Playscripts (see contact information on opposite page).

Inquiries concerning all other rights should be addressed to Playscripts, as well; such inquiries will be communicated to the author and the author's agent, as applicable.

**Restriction of Alterations.** There shall be no deletions, alterations, or changes of any kind made to the Play, including the changing of character gender, the cutting of dialogue, or the alteration of objectionable language, unless directly authorized by Playscripts. The title of the Play shall not be altered.

**Author Credit.** Any individual or group receiving permission to produce this Play is required to give credit to the author as the sole and exclusive author of the Play. This obligation applies to the title page of every program distributed in connection with performances of the Play, and in any instance that the title of the Play appears for purposes of advertising, publicizing, or otherwise exploiting the Play and/or a production thereof. The name of the author must appear on a separate line, in which no other name appears, immediately beneath the title and of a font size at least 50% as large as the largest letter used in the title of the Play. No person, firm, or entity may receive credit larger or more prominent than that accorded the author. The name of the author may not be abbreviated or otherwise altered from the form in which it appears in this Play.

**Publisher Attribution.** All programs, advertisements, and other printed material distributed or published in connection with the amateur or stock production of the Play shall include the following notice:

**Produced by special arrangement with Playscripts, Inc.  
([www.playscripts.com](http://www.playscripts.com))**

**Prohibition of Unauthorized Copying.** Any unauthorized copying of this book or excerpts from this book is strictly forbidden by law. Except as otherwise permitted by applicable law, no part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including, without limitation, photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Playscripts.

**Statement of Non-affiliation.** This Play may include references to brand names and trademarks owned by third parties, and may include references to public figures. Playscripts is not necessarily affiliated with these public figures, or with the owners of such trademarks and brand names. Such references are included solely for parody, political comment, or other permitted purposes.

**Permissions for Sound Recordings and Musical Works.** This Play may contain directions calling for the performance of a portion, or all, of a musical work, or performance of a sound recording of a musical work. Playscripts has not obtained permissions to perform such works. The producer of this Play is advised to obtain such permissions, if required in the context of the production. The producer is directed to the websites of the U.S. Copyright Office ([www.copyright.gov](http://www.copyright.gov)), ASCAP ([www.ascap.com](http://www.ascap.com)), BMI ([www.bmi.com](http://www.bmi.com)), and NMPA ([www.nmpa.org](http://www.nmpa.org)) for further information on the need to obtain permissions, and on procedures for obtaining such permissions.

## The Rules in Brief

- 1) Do NOT perform this Play without obtaining prior permission from Playscripts, and without paying the required royalty.
- 2) Do NOT photocopy, scan, or otherwise duplicate any part of this book.
- 3) Do NOT alter the text of the Play, change a character's gender, delete any dialogue, or alter any objectionable language, unless explicitly authorized by Playscripts.
- 4) DO provide the required credit to the author and the required attribution to Playscripts in all programs and promotional literature associated with any performance of this Play.

*For more details on these and other rules, see the opposite page.*

## Copyright Basics

This Play is protected by United States and international copyright law. These laws ensure that playwrights are rewarded for creating new and vital dramatic work, and protect them against theft and abuse of their work.

A play is a piece of property, fully owned by the playwright, just like a house or car. You must obtain permission to use this property, and must pay a royalty fee for the privilege—*whether or not you charge an admission fee*. Playscripts collects these required payments on behalf of the author.

**Anyone who violates an author's copyright is liable as a copyright infringer under United States and international law.** Playscripts and the author are entitled to institute legal action for any such infringement, which can subject the infringer to actual damages, statutory damages, and attorneys' fees. A court may impose statutory damages of up to \$150,000 for willful copyright infringements. U.S. copyright law also provides for possible criminal sanctions. Visit the website of the U.S. Copyright Office ([www.copyright.gov](http://www.copyright.gov)) for more information.

**THE BOTTOM LINE:** If you break copyright law, you are robbing a playwright and opening yourself to expensive legal action. Follow the rules, and when in doubt, ask us.

Playscripts, Inc.  
325 W. 38<sup>th</sup> Street, Suite 305  
New York, NY 10018

Phone: 1-866-NEW-PLAY (639-7529)  
Email: [info@playscripts.com](mailto:info@playscripts.com)  
Web: [www.playscripts.com](http://www.playscripts.com)

## Cast of Characters

NARRATOR 1 (*female*)  
NARRATOR 2 (*male*)  
ACTOR  
GIRL  
DIRT MERCHANT  
RUMPELSTILTSKIN  
ENCHANTRESS  
THE DEVIL  
PRINCE 1  
RAPUNZEL  
PRINCE 2  
HANSEL  
GRETEL  
WITCH  
GIRL WITHOUT HANDS  
MOTHER  
FATHER  
FISHERGIRL  
TALKING FISH  
CRAB PERSON 1  
CRAB PERSON 2  
HOST

GIANT (*off-stage voice*)  
FROG PRINCE  
ELF COBBLER  
PLANT  
PRINCESS  
KING  
DWARF 1  
DWARF 2  
SNOW WHITE  
WITCH 2  
PRINCE 3  
THE DEVIL 2  
THE DEVIL'S GRAND-  
MOTHER  
DOCTOR  
GOD (*off-stage voice*)  
LITTLE RED  
THE WOLF  
GRANDMA  
WOODCUTTER  
CINDERELLA  
WALT

*(Princes, Witches, and Devils may be played by different actors if the director wishes. They may also be played by the same actor should that be the preference)*

## **Production Notes**

This play is designed to be as flexible and as quick as possible. There should be no scene changes and any set pieces on the stage need to be brought on by the actors.

Ideally, this play would be performed with five actors, two of which would be the narrators who become many other characters throughout the play. Gender switching is encouraged, and costumes are best if kept very simple (a wig will probably suffice for most roles). It's up to your group, however, if you wish to have a different actor play all of the 42 roles, then that would be acceptable as well. Any number between 5 and 42 performers will work.

\* There is an alternate "Little Red" scene at the end of the play.

# THE BROTHERS GRIMM SPECTACULATHON

by Don Zolidis

## ACT I

*(A largely bare stage. NARRATOR 1, a rather proper narrator, enters.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** *(To the audience:)* Hello and welcome to the Brothers Grimm Spectaculathon!

*(NARRATOR 2 explodes on to the stage.)*

**NARRATOR 2.** *(To the audience:)* Sunday Sunday Sunday! It's EXTREME! See! Monster slaying action as the three-headed pig battles the wolf-o-bot in a bone-crushing cage match of death. They'll huff and they'll puff and they'll kick some iron! Aaaaaaahh!

*(Pause. NARRATOR 1 looks at NARRATOR 2.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** What we are going to do here today—

**NARRATOR 2.** *(Interrupting:)* And then the battle you've all been waiting for: Snow White vs. Sleeping Beauty in a mud-wrestling death match. Who's the toughest of them all? With dwarf-tossing afterwards.

**NARRATOR 1.** *(To NARRATOR 2:)* Can you stop?

**NARRATOR 2.** *(To the audience:)* What happens when the princesses stop being kind and start being real? And covered in mud? And choking each other and one of them gets the other in a crab hold and—

**NARRATOR 1.** Okay, stop. We're not doing that.

**NARRATOR 2.** Flames! Flames!

**NARRATOR 1.** Enough, *(actor's name)*. You're weirding them out.

**NARRATOR 2.** I'm EXTREME.

**NARRATOR 1.** No you're not. Can we just do the show?

**NARRATOR 2.** Fine, but I want you to know something: you are no longer considered extreme in my book. Okay? No longer extreme.

**NARRATOR 1.** This is the Brothers Grimm Spectaculathon!

**NARRATOR 2.** That's right. And what we are about to do today is going to blow your mind. We are about to attempt something so spectacular you will never be the same.

**NARRATOR 1.** If you need to go to the bathroom, go now and we'll wait. We don't want accidents.

*(NARRATOR 2 points to someone in the audience.)*

**NARRATOR 2.** You look a little touch-and-go miss. Are you sure? You okay? All right then. *(To the other NARRATOR:)* Keep an eye on that one.

**NARRATOR 1.** A little background to begin.

**NARRATOR 2.** The Brothers Grimm were brothers named Grimm. They are dead. But in the period before they died the Brothers Grimm wrote 209 fairy tales that we know today—

**NARRATOR 1.** They didn't write them—

**NARRATOR 2.** The Brothers Grimm did not write 209 fairy tales that we know today, they were frauds. We should dig up their bodies and spit on their corpses.

**NARRATOR 1.** No I'm just saying that they were collectors of stories.

**NARRATOR 2.** Never mind that last part.

**NARRATOR 1.** And these stories have become extremely popular. We all know them today:

**NARRATOR 2.** Such stories as The Wolf and the Seven Young Kids—

**NARRATOR 1.** The Pack of Ragamuffins—

**NARRATOR 2.** And Straw, Coal, and Bean.

**NARRATOR 1.** I forgot about that one.

**NARRATOR 2.** Oh yeah. Straw, Coal, and Bean? Only the best fairy tale in the entire history of the world. I'm literally like crying buckets by the end of it. Freaking amazing. Changed my life. I can't even look at straw, coal, or beans any more.

**NARRATOR 1.** What's it about?

**NARRATOR 2.** No idea.

**NARRATOR 1.** Those might not be household names, but quite a few of these stories have become immortalized in film and television—

**NARRATOR 2.** Of course they've all been changed by "the mouse" (*Points to a sign that says DISNEY:*) To feed their enormous octopus-like animation empire which sucks the life out of existence and crushes your soul in a death-grip of happy happy songs and talking objects. I can't even speak their name aloud because they're looking for a way to sue me right now. (*Up to the sky:*) You won't win. My uncle is a lawyer! He defended OJ. That means I can kill anyone I want and no one can get me.

(**NARRATOR 1** looks at **NARRATOR 2**.)

**NARRATOR 1.** O-kay. What we are going to do for you right now is return these fairy tales to their original glory. We have assembled the greatest troupe of actors the world has ever seen and we—

(**ACTOR** emerges, halfway in costume, scratching himself.)

**ACTOR.** I thought there was supposed to be catering back here?

**NARRATOR 2.** There's like a beef thing somewhere.

**ACTOR.** Where?

**NARRATOR 2.** I don't know—in the back somewhere.

**ACTOR.** Is there anything to drink?

**NARRATOR 2.** No.

(**ACTOR** exits, annoyed.)

**NARRATOR 1.** These actors are so insanely talented that—

**ACTOR.** (*Off-stage:*) I don't see it!

**NARRATOR 2.** Do you see the radiator?

**ACTOR.** *(Off-stage:)* No! Oh wait! No.

**NARRATOR 2.** There's probably someone sitting on it. Move them.

**ACTOR.** *(Off-stage:)* Oh here it is.

**ANOTHER ACTOR.** *(Off-stage:)* Hey!

**NARRATOR 1.** Anyway, in just the short time we have, our crack team of actors is going to perform all 209 fairy tales of the Brothers Grimm.

**NARRATOR 2.** That's like three stories per minute.

**NARRATOR 1.** Or a different number if you actually know math. And we're going to keep the original endings intact.

**NARRATOR 2.** Blood! Violence! Death! People being cut open with scissors!

**NARRATOR 1.** *And* to make things more difficult! We are going to perform them as originally intended, which is...

**NARRATOR 2.** That it's all one enormous mega superstory. That will rock your world.

**NARRATOR 1.** Are you ready?

**NARRATOR 2.** I'm so excited I'm going to throw up. Does anyone have a hat? Nope? Excuse me then.

*(NARRATOR 2 exits. NARRATOR 1 stretches and does warm-ups. Perhaps a few wind sprints.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** Well I don't know when he's coming back. So... Once upon a time there was a girl who was raised by wolves whose mother died in childbirth and she was abandoned by her father who could spin straw into gold and made a deal with a series of elves if they would help him make shoes. There was also a talking fox in there somewhere.

*(NARRATOR 2 returns)*

**NARRATOR 2.** And she was beautiful—

**NARRATOR 1.** Because no one cares about ugly people.

**NARRATOR 2.** I care about ugly people.

**NARRATOR 1.** Well no one cares about you. Anyway, there was a girl.

*(GIRL enters in dramatic fashion.)*

**NARRATOR 2.** And she was poor.

**GIRL.** Oh I am poor.

**NARRATOR 2.** Dirt poor.

**NARRATOR 1.** She couldn't even afford dirt.

*(DIRT MERCHANT enters.)*

**DIRT MERCHANT.** Dirt for sale! Dirt for sale! Hey, you! Get off the merchandise!

*(He exits.)*

**GIRL.** *(Crying:)* I shall flood the ground with my tears!

*(The DIRT MERCHANT returns.)*

**DIRT MERCHANT.** You're getting it wet! Stop it!

*(He exits.)*

**GIRL.** If only I knew where my father was who could spin straw into gold and talk to wolves and make deals with the elves and who was also acquainted with a talking fox.

*(An ENCHANTRESS [played by NARRATOR 1] enters.)*

**ENCHANTRESS.** Excuse me—but I couldn't help overhearing your tale of misery and woe. Tell you what—I will grant you your heart's desire if you give me one small thing.

**GIRL.** That sounds like a great bargain. I won't even ask what the small thing is because I'm so innocent and trusting! I am pure like the sylvan woods which surround my bower, untouched like the pure snow which has not yet been peed upon by sled dogs, like a bird flitting to and fro—

**ENCHANTRESS.** (*Cutting her off:*) I get it. (*She makes a magical signal:*) I vanish.

*(She does not actually appear to vanish. ENCHANTRESS looks around and covers GIRL's eyes.)*

**ENCHANTRESS.** I vanish again.

*(She quickly hides behind something.)*

**GIRL.** What a nice lady.

*(The DEVIL [played by NARRATOR 2] enters.)*

**THE DEVIL 1.** Hey there hot stuff. Oh wait, that's me. Ha ha ha ha!

**GIRL.** Are you a prince?

**THE DEVIL 1.** Of darkness.

*(He laughs at his own joke.)*

**THE DEVIL 1.** Oh that's a good one! I've got to tell that to the demons back home. Now, I happened to overhear your tale of misery and woe and I'm here to help.

**GIRL.** Well actually I just—

**THE DEVIL 1.** Just sign this one small contract and you shall conceive a daughter so beautiful the very earth will want to kiss her. But in a platonic way. Nothing kinky.

**GIRL.** That sounds like a great idea. You see because I am innocent and pure and—

**THE DEVIL 1.** Sign it already.

*(She signs the contract.)*

**THE DEVIL 1.** Moo ah ha ha ha ha ha!

*(He looks around. Then runs off.)*

**GIRL.** This is a busy street.

*(RUMPELSTILTSKIN enters, limping.)*

**RUMPELSTILTSKIN.** Hello there.

**GIRL.** You're hideous and deformed!

**RUMPELSTILTSKIN.** Look, I have a great bargain for you—

**GIRL.** My stomach recoils in horror as you approach!

**RUMPELSTILTSKIN.** Yes I know that but—

**GIRL.** Why has God's creation been so perverted?

**RUMPELSTILTSKIN.** Do you want to hear my offer or not?

**GIRL.** Sure. Go ahead. You're probably trustworthy and I'm stupid and don't judge people by their appearances.

**RUMPELSTILTSKIN.** I shall make you rich, rich, I tell you! Beyond your wildest dreams!

**GIRL.** Really? Because I have some pretty wild dreams.

**RUMPELSTILTSKIN.** How wild?

*(She whispers in his ear. He gets freaked out.)*

**RUMPELSTILTSKIN.** That's messed up. Why would you even want to do that?

**GIRL.** I don't know. And I also want one of those Victoria's Secret bras made out of diamonds that's worth like one point six million dollars. Cause I'm weird like that.

**RUMPELSTILTSKIN.** Well I can't give you that but—

**GIRL.** Can I have my own jet fighter? With Tom Cruise in it? When he was 23 and not into the strange stuff.?

**RUMPELSTILTSKIN.** He was still into that stuff, he just wasn't advertising it. Anyway, I will make you very rich, not so rich that you can afford that bra or the jet fighter, but rich enough. And I ask only one small thing in return.

**GIRL.** Sounds good.

**RUMPELSTILTSKIN.** Don't you want to know what the thing is?

**GIRL.** No, I trust you.

**RUMPELSTILTSKIN.** Very well.

*(NARRATOR 1 emerges.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** It was a good day for the girl. She fell in love with a prince.

*(PRINCE [played by NARRATOR 2] enters.)*

**PRINCE 1.** Hey, you're hot!

**GIRL.** I am hot.

**PRINCE 1.** Let's get married!

**GIRL.** Score!

**NARRATOR 2.** She grew very rich.

**PRINCE 1.** Hey look I just tripped over a giant pot of gold! What are the odds!

**GIRL.** Ha ha! Score!

**NARRATOR 2.** And she conceived a child.

**GIRL.** Whoah! How did that happen?

**NARRATOR 2.** Well you see kids, when a prince and a princess love each other very much—

**NARRATOR 1.** Through magic. The magic of the devil. And that's where babies come from.

*(Goes back to being the PRINCE.)*

**PRINCE 1.** I've always wanted a baby. Let's go back to my kingdom.

**GIRL.** What are you prince of, anyway?

**PRINCE 1.** Denmark.

**NARRATOR 2.** But that's another story.

*(GIRL and PRINCE hop forward.)*

**PRINCE 1.** Here we are in Denmark. It's a great place to raise a royal family.

**GIRL.** Ah! The baby's coming!

**PRINCE 1.** Push! Push! Breathe!

**GIRL.** (*Screaming in rage:*) I'm breathing! How on earth would I not be breathing! I'd be dead if I wasn't breathing! You need to think before you speak!

**NARRATOR 2.** The miracle of childbirth.

**PRINCE 1.** You can do it, honey!

**GIRL.** (*Continuous:*) I hate you I hate you I hate you I hate you I hate you!

**PRINCE 1.** (*Continuous:*) Focus your anger! Focus your anger!

*(GIRL screams. Nothing happens. She screams again.)*

**PRINCE 1.** I can see her little head!

*(GIRL screams again. A baby doll is thrown in from off stage. PRINCE snatches it out of the air like a Frisbee.)*

**PRINCE 1.** Oh it's so beautiful!

**NARRATOR 2.** Years passed.

*(The PRINCE throws the baby off-stage like a Frisbee.)*

**NARRATOR 2.** And she grew into a beautiful young teenager, Rapunzel.

**PRINCE 1.** Seriously? We're going with Rapunzel? I liked Amber.

**GIRL.** That was the name of your ex-girlfriend!

**PRINCE 1.** We were just friends!

**GIRL.** Then why do you save her letters!?

*(RAPUNZEL enters with a huge mop of hair on her head.)*

**PRINCE 1.** Are you going to wear your hair like that?

**RAPUNZEL.** Shut up.

**GIRL.** Darling, we're going to have dinner so wash your hands.

**RAPUNZEL.** You can't tell me what to do!

**PRINCE 1.** Don't talk to your mother that way. She sold her soul to the Devil just to have you—

**RAPUNZEL.** I don't care! I didn't ask to be born! I'm going out.

**GIRL.** You are not walking out of this house, young lady!

**RAPUNZEL.** I do what I want! You don't know me.

**GIRL.** I'm your mother!

**RAPUNZEL.** So! I'm gonna go hang with the Frog Prince—

**PRINCE 1.** He's just using you to get some action!

**GIRL.** You're going to get warts!

**RAPUNZEL.** He loves me! I don't care if he's green and slimy—

**PRINCE 1.** I'm not going to listen to this! I'm going to play golf instead!

*(PRINCE leaves.)*

**RAPUNZEL.** We're gonna run away together and have tadpoles and—

**NARRATOR 1.** And just then.

*(NARRATOR 1 switches into the ENCHANTRESS.)*

**ENCHANTRESS.** I have returned.

*(NARRATOR 2 switches into THE DEVIL and enters.)*

**THE DEVIL 1.** Your time is up.

*(RUMPELSTILTSKIN enters.)*

**RUMPELSTILTSKIN.** You know I was just passing through the neighborhood and I was thinking that I forgot something like eighteen years ago, and then I was like, oh yeah, I was supposed to get that thing from that girl. And then here I was, right at your house. I mean, that's pretty cool, huh?

**GIRL.** Fine. What do you want?

**THE DEVIL / ENCHANTRESS / RUMPELSTILTSKIN.** Your child.

*(They all point, then stop to look at each other. Then all begin to argue at once.)*

**ENCHANTRESS.** (*Overlapping:*) Um—my deal was first—

**THE DEVIL 1.** (*Overlapping:*) I'm the devil, no one gets to—

**RUMPELSTILTSKIN.** (*Overlapping:*) Well there wouldn't even be a child if I wasn't there providing mood music on the night that—

**THE DEVIL 1.** (*Overlapping:*) Everyone knows babies come from the Devil—

**ENCHANTRESS.** (*Overlapping:*) I saw her first you can't even think that you're going to get this baby—

**RUMPELSTILTSKIN.** (*Overlapping:*) I have magical powers. Do you guys have magical powers? I didn't think so.

**RAPUNZEL.** STOP!! Mom?

**GIRL.** What?

**RAPUNZEL.** How many deals did you make?

**GIRL.** Just three. And I may have promised your hand in marriage to a talking rabbit, but it was dark and—what? I was young! I needed the money! And the baby! And the prince! But really just the money and the baby.

**RAPUNZEL.** I can't believe you! I hate you! I am so outta here! Why do you think I'm in counseling, huh? You've so ruined my entire life!

**GIRL.** Oh come on, stop being so melodramatic—so you go with the Devil—

**THE DEVIL 1.** Thank you. Told ya I had the prior claim.

**GIRL.** Or the other witch woman or the freaky ugly dwarf guy—

**RUMPELSTILTSKIN.** If you can guess my name I will release you from—

**THE DEVIL 1.** It's Rumpelstiltskin.

**GIRL.** Rumpelstiltskin?

**RUMPELSTILTSKIN.** Ah! Dang it!

(*NARRATOR 1 steps forward for a moment.*)

**NARRATOR 1.** And the little man stomped his feet so hard they broke through the floor, and when he tried to pull them out, he broke in half.

*(Everyone stops to look at NARRATOR 1. RUMPELSTILTSKIN comes forward.)*

**RUMPELSTILTSKIN.** Seriously? That's how I die? I get my foot caught and break in half trying to get it out?

**NARRATOR 1.** Yep.

**THE DEVIL 1.** Sucks to be you.

**RUMPELSTILTSKIN.** That's gotta be the stupidest way to die ever.

**NARRATOR 1.** Oh there are plenty of more stupid ways to die, and we'll get to them later.

*(NARRATOR 2 breaks out of character.)*

**NARRATOR 2.** Some of them involve cheese!

**NARRATOR 1.** Anyway, Rumpelstiltskin broke himself in half. *(To RUMPELSTILTSKIN:)* Do it.

**RUMPELSTILTSKIN.** Aaggg!

*(RUMPELSTILTSKIN breaks himself in half. NARRATOR 1 jumps back into being the ENCHANTRESS.)*

**RAPUNZEL.** I'm not cleaning that up.

**ENCHANTRESS.** Now that that horrid little man is gone, I will take Rapunzel.

*(She grabs RAPUNZEL.)*

**THE DEVIL 1.** Um...excuse me? I'm the Devil.

*(He grabs RAPUNZEL.)*

**ENCHANTRESS.** So?

**THE DEVIL 1.** Lord of darkness? All that? I think I've got a little bit more claim to this girl than some stupid little witch.

**ENCHANTRESS.** Enchantress.

**THE DEVIL 1.** Whatever. Witch.

**ENCHANTRESS.** I will cast a spell on you—

**THE DEVIL 1.** Bring it on! Let's see what you got!

*(They let go of RAPUNZEL and start circling each other.)*

**RAPUNZEL.** Now's the time, Mom! Let's run!

**GIRL.** Quiet, honey, I'm watching this. Go Devil!

**RAPUNZEL.** Mom!

**GIRL.** I just like him better.

**ENCHANTRESS.** I curse you!

**THE DEVIL 1.** I curse you right back! You know what, this is stupid. Tell ya what, if you sign this contract here, I will let you take Rapunzel.

**ENCHANTRESS.** That sounds like a plan.

*(She signs the contract.)*

**THE DEVIL 1.** Moo ah ha ha ha! And I disappear in a cloud of brimstone!

*(He runs off the stage making cloudy symbols with his hands and returns momentarily as NARRATOR 2.)*

**ENCHANTRESS.** Well, come along Rapunzel.

**RAPUNZEL.** Where are we going?

**ENCHANTRESS.** I built this great tower for you.

**GIRL.** Run along dear.

**RAPUNZEL.** But Mom. I don't want to go with the evil Enchantress.

**GIRL.** Yeah and I didn't want to raise a spoiled brat. But sometimes you don't always get what you want. Unless you make a deal with the Devil and some other weird people. See ya.

**NARRATOR 2.** So the Enchantress took Rapunzel and locked her in a high tower without stairs or door. As for the girl and her prince—

*(PRINCE returns.)*

**PRINCE 1.** I'm back from my golf trip. What did I miss?

**GIRL.** The forces of darkness battled it out for our daughter's soul.

**PRINCE 1.** Cool. You want to go to Hawaii?

**GIRL.** Rock on.

*(They exit.)*

**NARRATOR 2.** And the girl lived happily ever after. As for Rapunzel.

*(The ENCHANTRESS puts RAPUNZEL into her tower.)*

**RAPUNZEL.** Okay. So I just sit in my tower, right?

**ENCHANTRESS.** Right.

**RAPUNZEL.** Why?

**ENCHANTRESS.** No reason. Probably I'm just bored. I could also be acting out for a bad childhood. Or, the feminist interpretation would be that being a woman is a dead-end field in our society and putting you in a tower, which itself is a phallic symbol, symbolizes that there is no escape from womanhood in the universe. All that matters about you is your hair, which in turn is a highway for the masculine force of our patriarchal society to enter and take possession of you. For, as a woman, a possession is all that you are.

**RAPUNZEL.** Ri-ight.

**ENCHANTRESS.** I wrote a paper on this in college. I got a B+ because I was discriminated against. Now—my pretty—you are going to wait here until I come up with something original to do with you—in the meantime I want you to try all these radioactive hair care products and see what happens.

*(She exits.)*

**NARRATOR 2.** So Rapunzel was locked away—

**RAPUNZEL.** That's cool, I've got my cell phone and—

**NARRATOR 2.** In a tower with no cell phone service—

**RAPUNZEL.** Noooooo!

**NARRATOR 2.** And her hair grew and grew. Mutated really. She became a mutant. Actually, if you're into comic books there's this superheroine named Medusa who lives on the moon and can make her hair do all this crazy stuff, like it reaches out and grabs people and smashes them in the face and stuff—

*(NARRATOR 1 cuts him off.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** You know this is why you aren't dating anyone, don't you? Cause you're a dork.

**NARRATOR 2.** I've spent a lot of time alone.

**NARRATOR 1.** Just continue the story.

**NARRATOR 2.** Fine.

*(A gigantic ropy wig is thrown at RAPUNZEL from off-stage. She switches wigs.)*

**NARRATOR 2.** And for no apparent reason, the Enchantress decided to use her hair as a ladder.

*(The ENCHANTRESS [played by NARRATOR 1] returns.)*

**ENCHANTRESS.** *(Shouting up:)* Rapunzel! Let down your hair to me!

**RAPUNZEL.** *(Shouting down:)* Why didn't you build stairs?!

**ENCHANTRESS.** *(Shouting up:)* My architect was drunk!

**RAPUNZEL.** *(Shouting up:)* Why don't you use your magical powers to fly up here?!

**NARRATOR 2.** So up climbed the Enchantress.

*(The ENCHANTRESS climbs her way through RAPUNZEL's hair.)*

**RAPUNZEL.** *(Continuous:)* Ow. Ow. Ow. Ow. Stop it. Ow. Ow.

**ENCHANTRESS.** *(Overlapping:)* Would it hurt you to wash this? Hold still. There's a bird's nest in here. Stop moving. You're ruining this for me.

**RAPUNZEL.** *(Continuous:)* Ow. Ow. Ow. OWWWWW! Ow. Ow. Ow.

*(ENCHANTRESS laboriously clambers into the tower.)*

**ENCHANTRESS.** What's up?

**RAPUNZEL.** What do you want?

*(The ENCHANTRESS is floored. She stops.)*

**ENCHANTRESS.** Hey um...what is my motivation here?

*(NARRATOR 2 consults the book.)*

**NARRATOR 2.** Um...doesn't really say.

**ENCHANTRESS.** I just lock this mutant chick up for no reason?

**RAPUNZEL.** *(Helpful:)* Maybe you were abused as a child.

**NARRATOR 2.** Yeah, there's really no reason for it.

**ENCHANTRESS.** Huh. All right, I guess I'm just some kind of sadistic witch.

**NARRATOR 2.** Like my ex-girlfriend.

**ENCHANTRESS.** Getting on with it. *(Jumping back into character:)* I have locked you in this tower, Rapunzel, because...because a woman's place is in the home. Or in the tower.

**RAPUNZEL.** But I want a job.

**ENCHANTRESS.** Too bad. Do some housework.

**RAPUNZEL.** There's no furniture.

**ENCHANTRESS.** Make some. Goodbye.

**RAPUNZEL.** Weren't you going to bring me lunch?

**ENCHANTRESS.** Oh right.

*(She looks for a sack lunch.)*

**ENCHANTRESS.** You know what, I forgot your sack lunch at home. I'll have to climb back in later.

*(She descends RAPUNZEL's hair.)*

**RAPUNZEL.** *(Continuing:)* Ow. Ow. Ow. Ow. Ow.

**NARRATOR 2.** But just at that moment, a prince happened to be wandering by.

*(PRINCE enters, riding an imaginary horse.)*

**PRINCE 2.** Whoah, horsey! Neeeeighh! Easy big fella! Whinny. What's that? That chick is totally hot! And she's got a lot of hair. Which I find attractive for some strange reason. Yep, let me tell ya, horsey, there's nothing like cuddling up in a swimming pool filled with the hair of the woman you love. I'm going to climb that hair and say hello.

*(The ENCHANTRESS finally makes it out of the hair and exits. RAPUNZEL begins to gather up her hair.)*

**RAPUNZEL.** Ungh. Ungh.

**PRINCE 2.** You there! Up in the tower! Will you let down your hair for me?

**RAPUNZEL.** I don't let down my hair for just anyone who's riding along.

**PRINCE 2.** But I'm very attractive.

**RAPUNZEL.** Okay then.

*(She throws out her hair again. PRINCE begins to climb it.)*

**RAPUNZEL.** Ow. Ow. Ow. Ow. Ow. Ow. OWWW! Ow.

*(The PRINCE makes it into the tower.)*

**RAPUNZEL.** Hello.

**PRINCE 2.** Hello.

*(Awkward silence. The PRINCE kicks at the wall.)*

**PRINCE 2.** So...you come here often?

**RAPUNZEL.** Yeah.

*(Pause.)*

**PRINCE 2.** I think it's gonna rain today.

**RAPUNZEL.** Is it?

**PRINCE 2.** Yeah. It rained yesterday.

**RAPUNZEL.** That's a lot of rain.

**PRINCE 2.** Good for the crops.

**RAPUNZEL.** Oh yes. The crops.

**PRINCE 2.** So uh...what do you like to do?

**RAPUNZEL.** Mostly I just sit here in my tower. Actually that's all I do. Sit here and comb my hair.

**NARRATOR 2.** Okay stop. What's the problem?

**PRINCE 2.** We have nothing to talk about.

**RAPUNZEL.** I don't have any interests.

**PRINCE 2.** I mean, she's a shut-in—

**RAPUNZEL.** *(Interjecting:)* It's not my fault!

**PRINCE 2.** What are we going to talk about? Politics? I'll say something witty and then she'll say she's been locked in a tower for nine years and then I'll talk about the intrigue at court and she'll say she's been locked in a tower for nine years.

**RAPUNZEL.** I've been locked in a tower for nine years.

**NARRATOR 2.** You fall in love at first sight.

**PRINCE 2.** I'm just going on appearance here? That's pretty shallow.

**RAPUNZEL.** Shouldn't we get to know each other first? I mean I think I would think less of the prince if he just fell in love with me by looking at me. Shouldn't he get to know the inner me?

**PRINCE 2.** There is no inner you. You've been locked in a tower for nine years.

**RAPUNZEL.** I have a very detailed journal.

**NARRATOR 2.** Stop it. This is a fairy tale. We're trying to get through them all. You fall in love at first sight. Okay? Bam! You're in love.

*(Pause. They look at each other.)*

**PRINCE 2.** Not feeling it.

**RAPUNZEL.** *(Simultaneously:)* I want him to be taller.

**NARRATOR 2.** Bam! Love.

*(They look at each other again.)*

**PRINCE 2.** Nope. Still nothing.

**RAPUNZEL.** I felt something that time.

**PRINCE 2.** There was like a breeze that just happened.

**RAPUNZEL.** Oh. Maybe that was it.

**NARRATOR 2.** Bam! Love!

**PRINCE 2.** I love you!

**RAPUNZEL.** I love you too for all the wrong reasons!

**PRINCE 2.** That's good enough for me!

**NARRATOR 2.** And they fell in love. But their time was short.

**PRINCE 2.** I must away.

**RAPUNZEL.** I must remain.

**PRINCE 2.** Goodbye, my love.

*(He climbs down the hair.)*

**RAPUNZEL.** Goodbye. Ow. My. Ow. Love. OWWWW!

**PRINCE 2.** Sorry.

**RAPUNZEL.** No problem. Ow. Ow. Ow.

*(He makes it down. The ENCHANTRESS enters as RAPUNZEL begins gathering up her hair.)*

**ENCHANTRESS.** Rapunzel! Rapunzel! Let down your hair!

**RAPUNZEL.** What am I, a ladder?

*(She throws her hair down.)*

**RAPUNZEL.** Owowowowowowowow.

*(The ENCHANTRESS climbs up very quickly.)*

**ENCHANTRESS.** Who was that?

**RAPUNZEL.** Nobody.

**ENCHANTRESS.** Don't lie to me! You just had a man over!

**RAPUNZEL.** You're being overprotective!

**ENCHANTRESS.** I know what's best for you!

**RAPUNZEL.** I want to go out and hang out with friends!

**ENCHANTRESS.** They're a bad influence on you! I kept you here to protect you, don't you see? From all those horrible men out there. And from bad influences on television and morning radio programs where all they talk about are bodily functions and getting wasted last night. That's why you're home-schooled. Because modern society is horrible, darling. And if you go out there and hear a bad word or see something suggestive you're going to fall apart and live the rest of your life strung out on drugs and riding on the back of a guy named Tank's Harley. Don't you see? I did it for you.

**RAPUNZEL.** Oh. You're just trying to protect me from the real world. I get it now.

**ENCHANTRESS.** See? It's because I love you that I lock you away in a tower and don't let anyone near you. I don't want to see you make the same mistakes I did so I'm taking away any possibility that you make any decisions whatsoever. It's called parenting. Your parents would have done the same thing if I didn't steal you from them.

**RAPUNZEL.** Yeah my real parents were jerks.

**ENCHANTRESS.** Which is what makes this all the more difficult.

*(She takes out a pair of scissors.)*

**NARRATOR 2.** And with two snips.

*(The ENCHANTRESS cuts off RAPUNZEL's hair.)*

**RAPUNZEL.** Aaaaaah! I'm bald!!!

**ENCHANTRESS.** Yes. And now I'm going to banish you to a desert where you can wander for the rest of your life and think about how you disappointed me.

*(RAPUNZEL exits. ENCHANTRESS returns to being NARRATOR 1.)*

**NARRATOR 2.** Now, I know what some of you out there are thinking:

**NARRATOR 1.** She needed a haircut.

**NARRATOR 2.** You're thinking: that was some pretty harsh parenting.

**NARRATOR 1.** Tough love. It's all here in this book: *What to Expect When You're Expecting to Live in a Fairy Tale*. It's a handy guide for all you parents out there wanting to make deals with supernatural entities. Let's hear some customer reviews!

*(A MOTHER enters.)*

**MOTHER.** This book was so helpful! I accidentally made a deal with the Devil for my daughter's soul. Whoopsie!

**NARRATOR 1.** Happens all the time, don't worry about it.

**MOTHER.** And this book described how to chop off my daughter's hands so the Devil couldn't cart her away to Hell!

*(The GIRL WITHOUT HANDS enters.)*

**THE GIRL WITHOUT HANDS** *.(Maniacally cheerful:)* Thanks Mom! I'd give you a thumbs up, but...I don't have hands!

*(She dances off.)*

*(A FATHER enters.)*

**FATHER.** My son used to steal food from my table. And this book showed me how to curse him so that when he tried to steal a

chicken, it turned into a giant venomous toad that wanted to eat his face! Now, he has to feed the giant toad wherever he goes! It's awesome! Thanks *What to Expect When You're Expecting to Live in a Fairy Tale!*

*(He gives a big thumbs up.)*

**NARRATOR 2.** Can we get back to our story please?

**NARRATOR 1.** Right-o.

*(NARRATOR 1 becomes the ENCHANTRESS.)*

**ENCHANTRESS.** I'll just put Rapunzel's hair on my head and wait for that hunky prince.

*(She puts the giant wig on her head as the PRINCE enters.)*

**PRINCE 2.** Rapunzel! Rapunzel! Let down your hair!

**ENCHANTRESS.** Here you are my darling!

*(She throws her hair down. The PRINCE climbs it.)*

**ENCHANTRESS.** Ow. Ow. Ow. Ow. OWWWWW! Ow.

**PRINCE 2.** Ah! You're not Rapunzel!

**ENCHANTRESS.** Oh so now you're picky about who's up here in the tower?

**PRINCE 2.** I am a mighty prince and I will defeat you!

**NARRATOR 2.** And with that, the Prince jumped out the window. And fell. A long way.

*(The PRINCE mimes jumping and a fake prince body is tossed from the catwalk. The ENCHANTRESS watches him fall and grimaces.)*

**PRINCE 2.** Ow. Ow. Ow. Ow. Ouch. Ooh.

**NARRATOR 2.** And as luck would have it he hit a thorn bush which poked out both his eyes.

**PRINCE 2.** Aacck.

**ENCHANTRESS.** That's really too bad. I liked him. You know, I have this weird feeling that I'm slightly responsible for this situation. I'm over it. O-kay, what's on the calendar for today?

*(She takes out a pocket calendar.)*

**ENCHANTRESS.** Turning a man into a golden goose. That should be rewarding.

*(She exits.)*

**NARRATOR 2.** And so the Prince wandered around blind.

*(The PRINCE wanders through the audience, bumping into things.)*

**PRINCE 2.** Sorry about that. Sorry. Pardon me. Ouch. Hope that's not valuable. I didn't mean to touch you there.

**NARRATOR 2.** Until he coincidentally wandered into a desert.

**PRINCE 2.** Is it getting hot out here?

**NARRATOR 2.** Where he ran into—you guessed it.

*(RAPUNZEL enters.)*

**RAPUNZEL.** My prince!

*(She hugs him.)*

**NARRATOR 2.** And she cried on his eyes and that magically healed him. And they lived happily ever after. In the desert. With no kingdom or hair care products. The end.

*(NARRATOR 1 returns.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** Moral of the story:

*(Pause. She thinks.)*

**NARRATOR 2.** Yeah, the moral of the story is... *(NARRATOR 2 thinks. He whispers loudly to NARRATOR 1:)* What did you put in your paper for college?

**NARRATOR 1.** Oh. The moral of the story is that the patriarchy will stop at nothing to impose its evil testosterone-centered worldview on the innocent pagan femininity of the Other.

*(Short pause.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** Yeah, I was just making that stuff up. That's what you do in college.

**NARRATOR 2.** But...our story is not even remotely finished.

**NARRATOR 1.** No wait, it is finished. It's not yet begun.

**NARRATOR 2.** That's right. So let's go back to that girl—Rapunzel's mother.

*(GIRL enters.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** When she was younger, she went by a different name:

*(NARRATOR 2 becomes HANSEL.)*

**HANSEL.** Gretel! What are you doing out?!

**GRETEL.** Nothing.

**HANSEL.** You seem moody lately. As if something were bothering you.

**GRETEL.** It's...our mother. And peer pressure. You see, our mother died before we were born.

**HANSEL.** I remember.

**NARRATOR 1.** Our next story: Hansel. And. Gretel. Or: After-School Special meets Horror Movie.

**GRETEL.** I'm haunted Hansel. Haunted by her memory.

**HANSEL.** I too am haunted. Perhaps we ought to go into the woods where it's dark and scary.

**NARRATOR 1.** Can we get some cool lighting effects please?

*(A cool lighting effect happens. NARRATOR 1 addresses part of the audience.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** Okay. Now you people over here. Awake? Good. Here's what we're going to do. When I point to you I want you to make a scary horror movie music sound like this. *(Imitating the sound of a well-known horror movie:)* Ch-ch-ch-ch-ch. A-a-a-a-a-a. Ch-ch-ch-ch-ch. A-a-a-a-a-a. Can we try that?

*(The Audience tries it. NARRATOR 1 ad libs a reaction such as “you suck” “what horror movies have you been watching?” “This guy isn’t scary” etc. She may make them try again as needed before moving to another section of the audience.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** Now, you guys. You look a little smarter than those people over there. I’m sorry, it’s true. Look at this guy over here. He’s a freaking genius. Right? He’s a freaking genius. Now—when I point to you, I want you to say, “Don’t go in there!” Okay, let’s try that. One. Two Three.

*(The Audience says, “Don’t go in there!” NARRATOR 1 ad libs reaction before moving to a third section.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** Now you guys. No good horror movie is complete without heavy breathing. Like this:

*(She does heavy breathing.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** You try it. *(Points to a couple in the audience:)* Um...you need to take it outside, okay? This is a family show. *(She moves to a last group of the audience:)* And finally. Since this is an after-school special. I want you to repeat after me: Peerpressure. Peerpressure. Peerpressure. Can you handle that? You’re all a bunch of freaking geniuses. Okay? Say the words. *(He addresses the entire audience:)* All right? Everybody got it?! One last test.

*(She points at each group in turn very quickly.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** And back with our story.

**GRETEL.** Hansel, I’m worried about you.

**HANSEL.** Why?

**GRETEL.** I saw you smoking behind the school the other day. Why do you do that?

*(NARRATOR 1 points to the audience.)*

**AUDIENCE.** Peerpressure. Peerpressure. Peerpressure. Peerpressure.

*(NARRATOR 1 stops them.)*

**HANSEL.** Don't tell me what to do, Gretel. Smoking is cool. It makes me feel like a man. A cool man with dark, sultry lungs and a deep, masculine cough. Let's go out in the woods.

**GRETEL.** I don't know if I want to.

*(NARRATOR 1 points at the audience again.)*

**AUDIENCE.** Peerpressure. Peerpressure. Peerpressure. Peerpressure.

*(NARRATOR 1 cuts them off.)*

**GRETEL.** Okay.

**HANSEL.** Smoke?

*(NARRATOR 1 points again.)*

**AUDIENCE.** Peerpressure. Peerpressure.

*(She cuts them off much faster this time.)*

**GRETEL.** Okay.

**HANSEL.** So here we are in the woods.

*(NARRATOR 1 points to the first audience section.)*

**AUDIENCE.** Ch-ch-ch-ch-ch. A-a-a-a-a-a. Ch-ch-ch-ch-ch. A-a-a-a-a-a.

*(NARRATOR 1 stops them.)*

**GRETEL.** Something's not right here.

**HANSEL.** You're just a chicken.

**GRETEL.** I feel so strange, Hansel. What's that?!

**HANSEL.** Nothing.

*(NARRATOR 1 points to the audience again.)*

**AUDIENCE.** Ch-ch-ch-ch-ch. A-a-a-a-a-a. Ch-ch-ch-ch-ch. A-a-a-a-a-a.

*(Shee stops them.)*

**GRETEL.** It's a house.

**HANSEL.** It's made out of candy.

**GRETEL.** What should we do?

*(GRETEL approaches the door.)*

*(NARRATOR 1 points.)*

**AUDIENCE.** DON'T GO IN THERE!

**HANSEL.** Do you think I should try the door? If only I had some kind of clue about what to do.

**AUDIENCE.** DON'T GO IN THERE!

**HANSEL.** Huh. Let's go in there.

*(HANSEL opens the door. GRETEL follows.)*

**GRETEL.** It's dark in here.

*(NARRATOR 1 points.)*

**AUDIENCE.** Ch-ch-ch-ch-ch. A-a-a-a-a-a. Ch-ch-ch-ch-ch. A-a-a-a-a-a.

*(NARRATOR 1 points to other group.)*

**AUDIENCE.** *(Heavy breathing.)*

*(NARRATOR 1 keeps both groups going at the same time, then stops them suddenly.)*

**GRETEL.** Is that your hand?

*(NARRATOR 1 points.)*

**AUDIENCE.** *(Heavy breathing.)*

**HANSEL.** Is that...your hand?

*(NARRATOR 1 points.)*

**AUDIENCE.** *(Heavy breathing.)*

*(NARRATOR 1 points at three groups at once.)*

**AUDIENCE.** Ch-ch-ch-ch-ch. A-a-a-a-a-a. Ch-ch-ch-ch-ch. A-a-a-a-a-a.

**AUDIENCE.** *(Heavy breathing.)*

**AUDIENCE.** Peerpressure. Peerpressure. Peerpressure.

**NARRATOR 1.** *(To the peer pressure group:)* Oh wait. Not you.

*(The WITCH enters.)*

**HANSEL / GRETEL.** Aaaaaaah!

*(NARRATOR 1 stops all noise from the audience.)*

**WITCH 1.** Are you eating my house?

**HANSEL.** No!

*(HANSEL puts something behind his back. GRETEL looks at him.)*

**GRETEL.** Were you eating the house?

**HANSEL.** What? I'm hungry. You should try the floorboards, they're really tasty.

**WITCH 1.** I'm so disappointed in today's young people. You think you can build a house out of candy and no one's going to disturb it, but noooo...two of you little brats have to come along and start munching on the walls! In my day, we had houses made of candy and the kids knew enough to leave them alone. I'm going to have to teach you a lesson. By eating you.

**GRETEL.** Eating us?

**WITCH 1.** But not right now. I'm going to fatten you up first.

*(She exits.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** So Hansel and Gretel were locked away and force-fed sugar water like mice in one of those experiments where they grow human ears on their backs. Have you seen that picture? It's totally gross.

**HANSEL.** My back itches.

**NARRATOR 1.** And they got fatter. And fatter. And then they dieted a little bit. But then they got fatter again. Until one day—

*(The WITCH returns.)*

**HANSEL.** Why does my cologne smell like gravy?

**WITCH 1.** Well my pretties, except you, the boy, you have more of a rugged masculinity about you.

**HANSEL.** Thanks.

**WITCH 1.** Well, I need some help cleaning out my oven. I'll take volunteers.

*(Pause.)*

**WITCH 1.** Anyone?

**HANSEL.** Ooh. Me.

**WITCH 1.** Excellent. Come along, Hamsel.

**HANSEL.** It's Hansel.

**WITCH 1.** Oh. Right. Hansel.

*(She laughs evilly.)*

**WITCH 1.** Can you put this apple in your mouth please?

**HANSEL.** No problem.

*(She puts an apple in HANSEL's mouth as she leads him to the "oven.")*

**WITCH 1.** Now if you'll just crawl in here.

*(NARRATOR 1 points to the audience.)*

**AUDIENCE.** DON'T GO IN THERE!

*(GRETEL escapes from her cage.)*

**GRETEL.** Oh. Hey. I dropped a quarter. Can you pick it up?

**WITCH 1.** A quarter?

*(She bends down.)*

**GRETEL.** Eat this, witch!

*(GRETEL shoves the WITCH into the "oven.")*

**WITCH 1.** Aaaaaaaah! I'm melting! Oh wait... I'm burning!

**HANSEL.** Well I'm glad that's over with. Let's eat her house!

**NARRATOR 1.** But because this is a horror film.

*(The WITCH emerges from the oven in a grotesque fashion.)*

**WITCH 1.** Now I'm on fire and I—

*(They shove her in again.)*

**WITCH 1.** I'm burning again! Aaaaaah.

*(She dies.)*

**GRETEL.** Ding dong! The witch is dead! The wicked witch is dead!

**NARRATOR 1.** Wrong story.

**GRETEL.** I get so confused.

**NARRATOR 1.** So they made it. But the horror wasn't over.

*(Points to part of the audience.)*

**AUDIENCE.** Ch-ch-ch-ch-ch. A-a-a-a-a. Ch-ch-ch-ch-ch. A-a-a-a-a.

**HANSEL.** Hey Gretel. I was talking to some bad kids down by the park behind the school.

**GRETEL.** I don't like those bad kids.

**HANSEL.** And they were telling me that drugs are cool.

**GRETEL.** Drugs aren't cool!

**HANSEL.** Come on, Gretel. All the cool kids are doing it.

*(NARRATOR 1 points to part of the audience.)*

**AUDIENCE.** Peerpressure. Peerpressure. Peerpressure. Peerpressure.

**GRETEL.** I don't know, Hansel.

**HANSEL.** It's fairy dust. Everyone's doing it. It lets you fly.

**GRETEL.** I don't want to fly!

*(NARRATOR 1 points to part of the audience.)*

**AUDIENCE.** Peerpressure. Peerpressure. Peerpressure. Peerpressure.

**GRETEL.** No!

**HANSEL.** Fine. I'll do it myself then.

*(He runs to the front of the stage.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** And he jumped off a cliff.

**HANSEL.** I can fly! Maybe.

**NARRATOR 1.** It's up to you, audience. If you clap hard enough, Hansel will live. Come on people!

**HANSEL.** *(Imploring the audience:)* Come on people! Let me live!

**NARRATOR 1.** Come on! Don't you believe a boy can fly!?! Come on!

*(A glowing light appears on HANSEL. It gets brighter as the audience claps.)*

**HANSEL.** *(Desperate:)* Come on out there! Please!

*(Audience applause and glowing light crescendo. Then the light suddenly goes out.)*

**HANSEL.** Aaaaaaaah.

*(HANSEL makes a "splat!" sound.)*

*(Pause. NARRATOR 1 looks sad.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** You didn't clap hard enough. He died. You know I've...done this show a lot. And every time the audience clapped hard enough to let Hansel live. Every time. I just don't know what to say. *(NARRATOR 1 picks someone in the audience:)* I think really it comes down to this guy. This guy right here. He didn't clap hard enough. His heart wasn't really into it. How do you face your children, sir? How do you face your children? *(If the audience member is about to respond:)* Don't talk to me.

**GRETEL.** Hansel?

**NARRATOR 1.** I'm sorry Gretel.

**GRETEL.** Oh no. Fairy dust has claimed another young life. Like candles being blown out before their time. *(She sings, falteringly:)* All we are is dust in the wind.

*(She exits.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** *(Suddenly chipper again:)* Anyway, after Hansel's untimely death, thank you very much Mr. *(Describes person in the audience.)* She married a wandering woodcutter. And they had a daughter. Who would grow up to make a deal with several supernatural entities who would eventually imprison her daughter in the tower.

*(NARRATOR 2 returns.)*

**NARRATOR 2.** But.

**NARRATOR 1.** There's always a but.

**NARRATOR 2.** One question remains:

**NARRATOR 1.** Where did the witch come from?

**NARRATOR 2.** Funny you should ask. You see it all started a long time before this. In a little village near the ocean.

*(NARRATOR 1 begins making ocean sounds: a fog horn, seagulls, the spray of the waves.)*

*(FISHERGIRL enters, carrying a fishing pole. She settles into a "boat.")*

*(NARRATOR 2 approaches.)*

**NARRATOR 2.** Here we are at the Bassmaster 1300 AD classic! What are they playing for, *(actor's name)*?

**NARRATOR 1.** They're playing for food on the table!

**NARRATOR 2.** Sounds great! Sounds great! What do you think your chances are out there, miss?

**FISHERGIRL.** Well I just wanna stay within myself and take one fish at a time. You know, just do my thing.

**NARRATOR 2.** What about your competition out there?

**FISHERGIRL.** I try not to think about the competition. I just try to fish.

**NARRATOR 1.** Well good luck! No one's caught a fish here in weeks! All the people in the village are starving!

**NARRATOR 2.** Do you think that helps or hurts your chances?

**FISHERGIRL.** You never really want to see anyone starve—

**NARRATOR 2.** But if they're starving they can't put up a fight, so that's gotta be good for ya, right?

**FISHERGIRL.** I guess.

**NARRATOR 2.** You guess. You're a kidder. All right, start your...boats!

*(FISHERGIRL pushes out to sea. She mimes paddling at first, then gets tired and mimes starting an outboard motor. NARRATOR 2 makes ocean noises.)*

*(NARRATOR 1 approaches, whispering into her microphone.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** She really hasn't had a lot of luck yet.

**NARRATOR 2.** What kind of lure is she using, *(actor's name)*?

**NARRATOR 1.** I can't see for sure, but oh, it appears to be a worm on a hook. Yes it is. I can confirm that now: A worm on a hook.

**NARRATOR 2.** She's going the traditional route.

**NARRATOR 1.** Absolutely. Doesn't appear to be helping her because she hasn't caught jack. Nothing. Nada. Zip. I can practically hear the enzymes in her stomach devouring muscle tissue as she slowly starves to death. This will not be pretty. Let's watch!

*(NARRATOR 1 gets in close.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** Nothing yet. Nothing. No bites. Nothing.

**FISHERGIRL.** Do you mind?

**NARRATOR 1.** *(To NARRATOR 2:)* And the cracks are beginning to show!

*(NARRATOR 1 rejoins NARRATOR 2.)*

**NARRATOR 2.** Let's see how the other competitors are doing!

*(NARRATOR 1 resumes a reporting stance.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** Shocking developments, *(actor's name)*! All the other competitors have starved to death! I didn't see that one coming.

*(The FISHERGIRL suddenly gets a bite. She pantomimes a heavy tug on her fishing line.)*

**NARRATOR 2.** Wait. Wait a minute!

*(The FISHERGIRL tugs and tugs. A TALKING FISH, played by another actor, is slowly reeled in, gasping and flipping around for air. [Note, the fishing pole, line, hook, etc... should all be pantomimed.] Finally, the FISHERGIRL pulls the gigantic TALKING FISH into her "boat.")*

**FISHERGIRL.** It's huge! I'm going to eat for a month!

**TALKING FISH.** You've caught me.

**FISHERGIRL.** Aaaaaaaaaaaaah! It talks!

*(She takes out a rubber club and beats it again and again.)*

**TALKING FISH.** Ow. Ow. Ow! Ow. Stop it. Ow!

**FISHERGIRL.** *(Continuing to beat the TALKING FISH:)* Die die die you unholy abomination!

**TALKING FISH.** No please! Help! Ow. Ow. STOP IT!

*(FISHERGIRL stops, panting.)*

**TALKING FISH.** Listen. I'll make a deal with you.

**FISHERGIRL.** I don't make deals with the Devil!

*(She beats it again.)*

**TALKING FISH.** Ow! Ow! I'm not the Devil! I'm just a talking fish! *Please stop hitting me!*

**FISHERGIRL.** *Why won't you die?!*

**TALKING FISH.** Please! If you let me live I'll give you a wish!

*(Pause. She stops beating him and thinks about it.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** And she appears to have caught a wish-granting fish, *(actor's name)*.

**NARRATOR 2.** Those give you double points in the standings. I think she's gonna take the cup.

**NARRATOR 1.** Especially since everyone else is dead.

**NARRATOR 2.** Unless she uses her wish to bring them all back from the dead as zombies, when their catches would still count in the final standings.

**NARRATOR 1.** I think bringing back the rest of the town as zombies would be a mistake, *(actor's name)*. I saw that happen once in '72 and let me tell you, there was a lot of decapitation that day.

**NARRATOR 2.** Wait, I think she's gonna make the wish.

**FISHERGIRL.** I wish...for three more wishes.

**NARRATOR 2.** Oh! Brilliant move!

**NARRATOR 1.** Totally didn't see that one coming!

**TALKING FISH.** Um...you can't do that.

**FISHERGIRL.** Why not?

**TALKING FISH.** It's against the rules.

**FISHERGIRL.** Fine, I'll just kill you and eat you then.

**TALKING FISH.** Wait! How about two wishes?

**FISHERGIRL.** Okay.

**NARRATOR 2.** Wow! That took guts!

*(FISHERGIRL takes out a piece of paper.)*

**FISHERGIRL.** Okay...wish A:

**TALKING FISH.** You've got them written about beforehand?

**FISHERGIRL.** I had my lawyer draw these up just in case. Wish A: I, the undersigned, wish for the following: 1. To never go hungry again, 2.

**TALKING FISH.** You can't make a list!

**FISHERGIRL.** It's a compound wish.

**NARRATOR 2.** Let's see what the judge says.

*(A buzzer sounds.)*

**NARRATOR 2.** Ooh.

**NARRATOR 1.** Good idea, though.

**NARRATOR 2.** The judge didn't buy it.

**FISHERGIRL.** Fine, I wish to never go hungry again and Wish B: to have magical powers.

**TALKING FISH.** Fine.

**FISHERGIRL.** Maybe I should have thought about that a little more.

*(NARRATOR 1 and 2 step away from being announcers.)*

**NARRATOR 2.** She probably should've, because the next thing you know, she was living in a house made out of candy as a witch.

**FISHERGIRL.** Dang it!

**TALKING FISH.** Ha ha!

*(The TALKING FISH splashes back into the water.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** And let me tell you, if you've been subsisting wholly on Snickers Bars for seven years, a couple of plump little children look mighty tasty.

**FISHERGIRL.** I really could go for some thighs.

*(She exits.)*

**NARRATOR 2.** Of course, that leaves us with another question.

**NARRATOR 1.** Why would he cheat on me if he loves me?

**NARRATOR 2.** No that's not the question. The question is: where did the talking fish come from?

**NARRATOR 1.** Oh I know! Once upon a time there were two crab people.

*(CRAB PERSON 1 and CRAB PERSON 2 enter.)*

**NARRATOR 2.** What?

**NARRATOR 1.** Crab People. They're part crab. They hate humanity. You haven't heard of them?

**NARRATOR 2.** No.

**CRAB PERSON 1.** Oh how I hate humanity.

**CRAB PERSON 2.** Yes. I, too, despise the people above.

**NARRATOR 2.** Wait, hold on.

**CRAB PERSON 1.** The Crab People wait for no one!

**CRAB PERSON 2.** Death to humans!

**NARRATOR 2.** There are no Crab People!

**NARRATOR 1.** That's what you think, or hope, but the Crab People exist, underwater, plotting our ruin.

**CRAB PERSON 1.** Do you want Chinese for dinner tonight?

**CRAB PERSON 2.** We had Chinese last night.

**CRAB PERSON 1.** Mexican?

**CRAB PERSON 2.** They're too spicy.

**CRAB PERSON 1.** Well tell me what you want then, cause I'm not cooking!

**CRAB PERSON 2.** Why do you gotta talk to me like that? I thought we were a team.

**CRAB PERSON 1.** Oh here were go again.

**CRAB PERSON 2.** I never should have married you! I don't even know if you're a boy or a girl!

**CRAB PERSON 1.** Boy somebody's crabby today.

**CRAB PERSON 2.** Oh nice joke! I've never heard that one before!  
Oh I'm crabby cause I'm a crab! You need to shut up!

*(They begin fighting with their pincers.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** Okay. There were no crab people. Crab people are stupid.

*(The CRAB PEOPLE begin to leave.)*

**CRAB PERSON 1.** We'll get you for this!

**CRAB PERSON 2.** You have not heard the last of the crab people!

*(They exit.)*

**NARRATOR 2.** So where did the talking fish come from?

**NARRATOR 1.** The moon.

**NARRATOR 2.** The moon?

**NARRATOR 1.** I don't know! It doesn't say! I'm going crazy here!  
There's a lot of pressure to make this all make sense.

**NARRATOR 2.** Well I think we ought to investigate the origin of the fish.

*(He waves his hand. Lights change.)*

**NARRATOR 2.** Can we get some kind of game show theme music please?

**NARRATOR 1.** *(The Jeopardy theme song:)* Doo de doo de, doo de doo, doo de doo doo, doo doo doo de doo de.

**NARRATOR 2.** Not you. The sound guy.

**NARRATOR 1.** There's a sound guy?

*(Game show music plays.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** Wow.

*(NARRATOR 2 becomes the HOST as NARRATOR 1 runs off-stage.)*

**HOST.** Welcome to the show, Talking Fish.

*(TALKING FISH enters.)*

**TALKING FISH.** Thank you. Thank you. It's nice to be here and breathing air.

**HOST.** And this...is YOUR LIFE!

**TALKING FISH.** Oh really?

**HOST.** Well. Maybe. If we get it right. Here are the rules: we are going to summon three people from your past who may or may not have turned you into a talking fish! Two of these stories are entirely false, and one...is the truth. And we're going to pick one lucky person from the audience—you

*(HOST grabs a PLANT from the audience and pulls them onto the stage. PLANT should look exactly like an audience member, have been there from the beginning of the show, maybe even is attending with friends. In any event, no one in the audience should know it's a PLANT until later.)*

**HOST.** to decide.

**PLANT.** Wait, no, I—

**HOST.** Come on! Come on! Sit right here! No one's going to bite you! What's your name?

**PLANT.** *(real name)*

**HOST.** Let's hear it for *(name)* everybody!

*(Audience applauds.)*

**HOST.** Are you ready to play?

**PLANT.** What do I win if I get it right?

**HOST.** You're getting fifteen minutes of fame buddy, don't push it. And...someone in the audience right now is falling in love with you. Okay?

**PLANT.** Wow, I—

*(PLANT looks out at the audience.)*

**HOST.** And...be quiet. Let's hear the first voice!

**OFF-STAGE VOICE.** *(Off-stage:)* Yeah. I knew the talking fish back in the day. I was a tadpole and he was a minnow. We'd swim to-

gether. We'd have so much fun. And then a princess kissed me and he was jealous—we fought. He said, "Why doesn't the princess love me? Why doesn't she make out with me?" We quarreled. I said some things I'm not proud of. He vowed revenge. So in the middle of the night, we grabbed him and dumped him into the ocean.

**HOST.** Come on out!

*(The FROG PRINCE enters.)*

**TALKING FISH.** Frog Prince! How are ya!

**FROG PRINCE.** Good. Good!

**TALKING FISH.** You're looking human today.

**FROG PRINCE.** Yeah. Feelin' good. Feelin' good. Kissing girls really agrees with me, I guess. *(He laughs:)* You shoulda tried it! Course no one's gonna kiss a fish!

*(He laughs.)*

**TALKING FISH.** I have fish lips.

**FROG PRINCE.** That was always your excuse, but I give people warts. You just gotta believe in yourself, buddy.

**TALKING FISH.** I always hated you.

**FROG PRINCE.** Jealous much?

*(The FROG PRINCE exits.)*

**HOST.** So that's option number one. Betrayed by the Frog Prince! Option number two!

**OFF-STAGE VOICE 2.** *(Off-stage, booming:)* Yeah, I knew the talking fish. Course he wasn't called talking fish when I knew him. He was just plain Jack. As in the donkey. That's right. He was a criminal. He broke into my house one night and tried to steal my golden-egg laying goose. Jerk. I caught him but then he took a sewing needle and stabbed me in the eye with it. So now I'm on disability. All cause of this little punk. But you know, I don't get mad. I get even. I caught my own talking fish and got my own wish and I wished that Jack turn into a new talking fish.

**HOST.** All right! Come on out!

**OFF-STAGE VOICE 2.** (*Off-stage:*) I can't fit in the studio.

**TALKING FISH.** Sorry I'm drawing a blank on this one.

**OFF-STAGE VOICE 2.** (*Off-stage:*) I'm a giant.

**TALKING FISH.** Sounds like somebody's got a big head.

**OFF-STAGE VOICE 2.** (*Off-stage:*) I'm gonna eat you!

**TALKING FISH.** Yeah you try it buddy! Can't fit in the studio, can you? What a loser.

**OFF-STAGE VOICE 2.** (*Off-stage:*) Arrgg!

**TALKING FISH.** Hey what kind of giant lives at home with a talking harp? Don't have any friends? Oh look I talk to a musical instrument, she's the only object that understands me! Try therapy!

**OFF-STAGE VOICE 2.** (*Off-stage:*) I don't have to take this!

**HOST.** Okay. Option 2: Cursed by a giant. And finally:

**OFF-STAGE VOICE 3.** (*Off-stage, high-pitched:*) Yeah, I knew this guy. He used to be a starving shoemaker.

**TALKING FISH.** Is this guy sucking on helium or something?

**OFF-STAGE VOICE 3.** (*Off-stage:*) We had a deal, Bob! You left candy out for us elves and we made your darn shoes for ya! Course did we get any credit? Nooo. Richest shoemaker in the world and all done on the back of slave labor! That's what it was, Bob! Slave labor! We didn't know any better, we were young, we liked making shoes. But you took it too far when you captured Gubgub that night.

**TALKING FISH.** Gubgub? Okay? Whatever.

**OFF-STAGE VOICE 3.** (*Off-stage:*) And you boiled him to try and make gold! That's Smurfs you moron! Smurfs make gold! Gubgub had a wife and kids. So we got our money together and paid a witch to curse him. And that's how he became a fish.

**HOST.** All-right, come on out!

*(COBBLER ELF enters.)*

**COBBLER ELF.** I'm glad you're a fish!

**TALKING FISH.** Hey what's the difference between a dwarf and an elf? Three inches! Ha ha ha ha!

**COBBLER ELF.** Why you little—

*(COBBLER ELF charges the TALKING FISH and starts strangling him. HOST intervenes.)*

**HOST.** Hey! Hey! Hey!

**COBBLER ELF.** We're gonna get a new witch to curse you even more, buddy! You like being a big fish? See what it's like being a sardine!

**TALKING FISH.** Probably feel like being an elf.

**COBBLER ELF.** What!

**HOST.** Okay, okay. See you.

*(HOST escorts the COBBLER ELF off-stage and returns to the PLANT.)*

**HOST.** That got a little out of hand there. Now, the question for you is...was it all staged? Who was telling the truth?

**PLANT.** The Frog Prince.

**HOST.** Is that your final answer?

**PLANT.** Yeah. Did I win?

*(The ELF COBBLER comes back out.)*

**ELF COBBLER.** What do you mean, Frog Prince?

**PLANT.** I don't know, I just...

**ELF COBBLER.** You don't think I'm realistic enough? You don't think my people went through enough pain with this guy? Cause I'm an elf, right? Who cares what elves think?

**PLANT.** I care what elves think.

**ELF COBBLER.** Oh you do? Come here.

**PLANT.** What do I have to do?

**ELF COBBLER.** Come here.

*(The PLANT approaches. The ELF COBBLER slaps him loudly. The PLANT falls. The ELF COBBLER stand over him, taunting.)*

**ELF COBBLER.** How 'bout that? How 'bout that?

*(The PLANT gets up suddenly and tackles the ELF COBBLER. They roll around on the floor, kicking and biting at each other. This fight sequence should be as ridiculous as possible. PLANT could pick up a weapon and duel with the ELF COBBLER. Acrobatic flips are a plus. Finally, the ELF COBBLER is knocked unconscious.)*

*(Pause.)*

**HOST.** You're right it was the Frog Prince!

**TALKING FISH.** Yeah, I'm still bitter about that.

*(The COBBLER ELF gets back up and hugs PLANT.)*

**HOST.** Let's hear it for (PLANT'S name) everybody!

*(HOST pushes PLANT back into the audience. HOST switches back into NARRATOR 2.)*

*(NARRATOR 1 enters.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** How's it going?

**NARRATOR 2.** Good. Good. Kind of a coincidence that that guy over there knew kung fu, but otherwise, it's going well.

**NARRATOR 1.** Yeah. What a coincidence. Hey (PLANT'S name) can I get a ride home tonight?

**PLANT.** Sure.

**NARRATOR 1.** Thanks. Never seen that guy before in my life.

**NARRATOR 2.** Anyway. Continuing on.

*(NARRATOR 1 checks his watch.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** Um...

**NARRATOR 2.** What?

**NARRATOR 1.** It's about time for an intermission, don't you think?

**NARRATOR 2.** I didn't think we were doing an intermission.

**NARRATOR 1.** Look at that guy. *(He points to a man in the audience:)* His bladder is going to burst. I mean, he's just thinking right now about waterfalls, and a stream splashing and like there's this pressure and he doesn't want to get up cause he's embarrassed, but he really needs to pee.

**NARRATOR 2.** Fine, we can have an intermission, but we have to have a finale for act one.

*(The FROG PRINCE enters.)*

**FROG PRINCE.** That can be me. Seriously, I can rock this thing.

*(He exits.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** All right, but we gotta do it fast, cause we don't have janitorial service and you and I are gonna be cleaning up that guy's mess if he has an accident.

**NARRATOR 2.** Right. Once upon a time. There was a Princess.

*(PRINCESS enters with a golden ball.)*

**PRINCESS.** Oh look! I have a ball! Oh whoops I dropped it!

**NARRATOR 2.** A clumsy princess.

**PRINCESS.** Oh no I kicked it into that pond over there!

**NARRATOR 2.** A clumsy stupid princess.

*(She runs after it. The FROG PRINCE enters, carrying it.)*

**FROG PRINCE.** Drop something?

**PRINCESS.** IT'S A TALKING FROG!!!! WHAT THE HECK!!!  
AHHHH! I'M GOING CRAZY! I'm insane now! The animals are talking! Why is God's universe overthrown!?

**NARRATOR 2.** And several hours later after she calmed down with a few valium...

**PRINCESS.** *(Shivering and twitching:)* The frogs are talking...the frogs are talking...

**FROG PRINCE.** Um...so...is this your ball?

**PRINCESS.** *(Talking to herself:)* He's not talking to me. It's just a hallucination, it's just a hallucination.

**FROG PRINCE.** Look, I'll let you have your ball back if you let me hang out with you.

**NARRATOR 2.** He was a lonely frog.

**PRINCESS.** *(Talking to herself, shaking:)* Don't acknowledge him, don't acknowledge him...

**FROG PRINCE.** So I guess that's a deal then, huh?

**PRINCESS.** Okay.

*(The FROG PRINCE gives her back the ball.)*

**PRINCESS.** Ha!

*(She runs.)*

**FROG PRINCE.** Hey wait up. Darn it.

*(He tries to hop after her.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** So when she got home.

*(NARRATOR 2 becomes the KING.)*

**KING.** Hi honey.

**PRINCESS.** Hey Dad. Can't talk!

**NARRATOR 1.** And she locked herself in her room.

**PRINCESS.** I'm not crazy, I'm not crazy.

**KING.** *(Calling off-stage:)* Honey, our daughter's acting weird again. She gets this from your side of the family.

*(He exits. The FROG PRINCE enters, slowly hopping toward the PRINCESS's room.)*

**PRINCESS.** Where are my pills? Where are my pills?

*(She takes out pills as the FROG PRINCE approaches. He knocks on her "door".)*

**PRINCESS.** What?

**FROG PRINCE.** Forget something?

**PRINCESS.** Aaaaaaaaah!

*(She slams the “door” on FROG PRINCE again and again.)*

**FROG PRINCE.** You. Ow. Said. Ow. You. Ow. Would. Ow. Be my friend.

*(He falls into the room.)*

**PRINCESS.** I suppose if I kill you you’re going to haunt me.

**FROG PRINCE.** Probably.

**PRINCESS.** All right I’ll be your friend.

**NARRATOR 1.** So they became best friends and the Princess locked the frog in a drawer next to her bed.

**FROG PRINCE.** Let me out. Hey! It’s dark in here! I want some flies.

*(The PRINCESS opens the drawer.)*

**PRINCESS.** What?

**FROG PRINCE.** Can I stay in the bed with you because I—

**PRINCESS.** No!

*(She slams the drawer.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** But the frog was very persistent.

*(The PRINCESS opens the drawer.)*

**FROG PRINCE.** The covers look comfy. Maybe if I had a place to—

**PRINCESS.** No!

*(She slams the drawer again.)*

**FROG PRINCE.** You’re not being friendly!

**NARRATOR 1.** And finally.

*(The PRINCESS opens the drawer again.)*

**PRINCESS.** Okay frog. I guess you can come in the bed.

**FROG PRINCE.** Whee!

*(He hops into the bed.)*

**FROG PRINCE.** Uh-oh. I'm going blind. I'm dying. Please. I need moisture. Maybe a kiss from—

**PRINCESS.** You're gross!

**NARRATOR 1.** But the frog kept pressuring her—

*(NARRATOR 1 points at the FROG.)*

**FROG PRINCE.** If we were really friends you'd kiss me.

*(NARRATOR 1 points again.)*

**FROG PRINCE.** I must be hideous. That's why you don't love me.

*(NARRATOR 1 points again.)*

**FROG PRINCE.** Hey what's that over there?

*(FROG tries to kiss her.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** And the Princess was very concerned, so she talked to her father, the King.

*(The KING enters.)*

**PRINCESS.** So I have this friend. And she like, agreed to be friends with this talking frog because he found her ball. But then...this frog is like, pressuring her? To kiss him? What should she do?

**KING.** There's a talking frog?

**PRINCESS.** Maybe.

**KING.** Honey? Are you the talking frog?

**PRINCESS.** No. I'm the friend! Oh—I shouldn't have told you that.

**KING.** Look, darling, you made a deal with this frog, didn't you?

**PRINCESS.** Yeah.

**KING.** So you gave your word. So I guess you know what you need to do.

**PRINCESS.** But I think of him as more of a friend than a boyfriend.

**KING.** Let me tell you a little story about your father when he was your age: You see, I was something of a dork.

**PRINCESS.** Daddy!

**KING.** I was. I was. I played Dungeons and Dragons. I read comic books. I wasn't very good at sports. I spent a lot of time on-line. I had unfortunate clothes. And there was a girl who I was friends with. And she was beautiful. Absolutely gorgeous. And we used to walk home from school every day and she'd tell me all the problems she was having with whatever popular boy she was dating at the time, and I'd listen, and I'd listen, and I listened to her every day. And she would always say, "why can't they be nice like you?" I was in love with that girl. And I just kept waiting for my chance. Until one day she had gotten dumped by her latest jerk and she came over to my house in the middle of the night after getting drunk at a party, and it was raining outside and she gave me this huge hug. I thought, now's my chance. So I leaned in to kiss her—

**PRINCESS.** And that's how you and Mom got together?

**KING.** And she said, "what are you doing? I don't want to ruin our friendship." It was as if my heart had been ripped from my chest and popped like a grape. And she looked down at the crushed, oozing juice of my soul and said, "um...I don't think so." Like she had dismembered my love with a meat cleaver and used the blood-spattered wreckage of my life as a cage liner for her pet cockatiel Ramon to poop on. As if she—

**PRINCESS.** We got it. So how did you meet Mom?

**KING.** Well after I became King girls started to like me. Go figure. But what I'm telling you is this: *Get back in that room and kiss that damn frog! Kiss him for all the losers and the dorks out there who never got kissed by their princesses! Kiss him for that guy in the audience who thinks he's on a date but really isn't because she doesn't like him like that! Kiss him for that guy who came here thinking he was going to meet chicks and found at that every girl in here was already taken by some jerk! Kiss him for the sad, the weird, the skinny, the not-all-that-athletic and the guys with the pungent body odor problems who should probably shower more frequently! KISS THE DAMN FROG!*

---

*(The PRINCESS runs back to her room. She grabs the FROG PRINCE.)*

**PRINCESS.** This is for you, Daddy.

**FROG PRINCE.** Who's your Daddy?

*(She kisses him.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** And the spell that had turned him into a frog was broken.

**FROG PRINCE.** I'm human again!

**PRINCESS.** You're gorgeous!

**FROG PRINCE.** I know!

*(The KING enters.)*

**KING.** What?! I thought this guy was supposed to be a dork?

**PRINCESS.** We're getting married!

**KING.** Dang it!

**NARRATOR 1.** And they lived happily ever after. But that—

*(The KING becomes NARRATOR 2.)*

**NARRATOR 2.** Is just half of our story. Because there is more to come.

**NARRATOR 1.** Madness! Death! People eating other people! Things that go bump in the night!

**NARRATOR 2.** So run to the bathroom. Run! Do not walk! Make a quick cell phone call if you have to! Check your email on your blackberry if you're addicted to that thing—

**NARRATOR 1.** But be back here in fifteen minutes for the greatest second act in the history of the theatre.

*(Lights down.)*

*End of Act I*

## ACT II

*(Lights up. NARRATOR 2 enters.)*

**NARRATOR 2.** Hey. What's up? (NARRATOR 1's *real name*) got stuck in the line for the ladies room so I'm out here filling time until she can make it. I'd like to take some time here for a segment I like to call: meet the actors.

*(ACTOR enters.)*

**ACTOR.** What's up?

**NARRATOR 2.** Why did you become an actor?

**ACTOR.** My parents didn't love me enough and this is my way of filling the gigantic hole in my heart.

*(He exits.)*

**NARRATOR 2.** I don't really like actors.

*(NARRATOR 1 returns.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** Sorry I'm late.

**NARRATOR 2.** All right, we're ready to go! To Re-Cap:

**NARRATOR 1.** *(In one breath:)* Once upon a time there was a princess who kissed a frog who happened to betray a talking fish who was caught by a fishergirl who wished for gold but instead became a witch who tried to eat two children one of whom grew up to make a deal with the devil, an enchantress and a weird little man for her first born child who would eventually be locked in a tower before having her hair cut off and meeting a prince in the desert. And there were no crab people.

**NARRATOR 2.** Simple, right? Back to our story!

**NARRATOR 1.** You see, that princess who married the frog had a mother.

**NARRATOR 2.** Most girls do. It's a real problem. Remember guys: If you wonder what kind of wife you're going to have, look at your girlfriend's mother. Because that's who she's going to become.

**NARRATOR 1.** Do you ever wonder why you're single?

**NARRATOR 2.** No I know why I'm single.

**NARRATOR 1.** Anyway, once upon a time—

**NARRATOR 2.** My standards are too high.

*(NARRATOR 2 exits.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** ONCE. Upon a time. There was a dwarf.

*(DWARF 1 enters.)*

**DWARF 1.** I prefer little person.

**NARRATOR 1.** In fact, two dwarves.

*(DWARF 2 [played by NARRATOR 2] enters.)*

**DWARF 2.** I prefer dwarf.

**NARRATOR 1.** And these dwarves worked all day in the mines.

**DWARF 1.** *(Singing:)* I've been workin' on the railroad—

**NARRATOR 1.** Mines!

**DWARF 2.** *(Singing:)* Whistle while you work

**NARRATOR 1.** We can't use that song.

**DWARF 2.** I do what I want.

**NARRATOR 1.** No it's like copyrighted, we can't use it. The Mouse will sue us. So the dwarves worked in the mines, they sang their little song, and then one day they came home to find—

*(Enter SNOW WHITE. She falls asleep.)*

**DWARF 1.** What the heck is that thing?

**DWARF 2.** She's huge! Get her away from me! She's going to eat me!

*(DWARF 2 runs.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** You see, in those days, most people were cannibals. Which explains the witch from before. The first dwarf, though, who we will name Dopey—

*(NARRATOR 2 enters, coughs and shakes his head.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** Slappy—wasn't afraid.

**DWARF 1.** Gar. I like ladies. So...uh...baby, I couldn't help noticing that you're in my bed—

*(He sits next to her.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** Stop! This is a children's story.

**DWARF 1.** So I'm going to chop you up and eat you.

*(DWARF 1 takes out fork and knife.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** Time out. Time out.

**DWARF 1.** What? I'm just going with what my character wants.

**NARRATOR 1.** You do not get to eat Snow White. You're not the villain of the story.

**DWARF 1.** No. Look. I've been doing some character work. Slappy has had a hard life. He's been discriminated against for being a dwarf. He works in the mines all day—he's got like the black lung, you know? And he hates the world. He just hates it—

**NARRATOR 1.** He does not!

**DWARF 1.** And he wants revenge against the humans who have wronged him, so when this giant chick comes into his home and sleeps in his bed...dinner time.

**NARRATOR 1.** No. We are going to do this story as written. Snow White cleans house for the dwarves, then she gets poisoned by an apple, then a prince shows up—

*(NARRATOR 2 approaches.)*

**NARRATOR 2.** You know, maybe we should just let him rewrite the story.

**NARRATOR 1.** I don't think so. I don't like the look of him.

**DWARF 1.** Okay, I got another one. I've been cursed by a witch and I now have supernatural powers—

**NARRATOR 2.** Besides, sometimes the originals are...how do you say, bad?

**NARRATOR 1.** Oh really? These are classic stories. Classics!

**DWARF 1.** And now I can animate zombies. I've always wanted to animate zombies.

**NARRATOR 2.** Classics, huh? Let me show you a classic. Here we go—number 191. Lean Lisa.

**NARRATOR 1.** Never heard of it.

*(SNOW WHITE wakes up.)*

**SNOW WHITE.** Are we doing Snow White or Sleeping Beauty?

**DWARF 1.** She's alive!

**SNOW WHITE.** Why is it that I have to clean and cook for the dwarves? If I'm a princess, shouldn't they be cooking and cleaning for me?

**NARRATOR 2.** Both of you stop, okay? We're doing a new one, Lean Lisa.

**SNOW WHITE.** Never heard of it. Am I beautiful?

**NARRATOR 2.** You're lean.

**SNOW WHITE.** Ooh. Skinny. I've always wanted to be skinny.

**DWARF 1.** Have you thought about ingesting tape worm eggs? It really cleans you out on the inside.

**NARRATOR 2.** So once upon a time, Lean Lisa lay in bed with her husband, Long Laurence.

**DWARF 1.** Do I get to be Long Laurence?

**NARRATOR 2.** Yes.

**DWARF 1.** Sweet.

*(DWARF 1 and SNOW WHITE rearrange themselves.)*

**SNOW WHITE.** Dear husband, I was thinking.

**DWARF 1.** I'm trying to sleep, woman.

**SNOW WHITE.** I'm tired of being poor and hungry. What if we took the cow in the field and tried to get her to have calves? Then

we could raise the calves and sell them and we'd have enough money to buy more animals. And then we wouldn't have to starve any more.

**DWARF 1.** That sounds like a lot of work.

**SNOW WHITE.** You're lazy!

**DWARF 1.** Quiet your wagging tongue woman!

*(DWARF 1 strangles SNOW WHITE.)*

**NARRATOR 2.** And she died. The end.

*(SNOW WHITE dies. Pause.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** Seriously? That's what it says?

**NARRATOR 2.** Right here.

**NARRATOR 1.** Wow. That story sucks.

*(SNOW WHITE wakes up again.)*

**SNOW WHITE.** Can I go back to being Sleeping Beauty now?

**DWARF 1.** She's alive!

**NARRATOR 2.** I thought you were supposed to be Snow White.

**SNOW WHITE.** Can anyone really tell the difference? We're both white.

**NARRATOR 2.** Anyway, what I'm saying is that these stories need some spicing up here and there. A new angle. A new way of putting them together.

**NARRATOR 1.** I know, we could put together a big-budget musical told from the perspective of the witch!

**NARRATOR 2.** Why don't we just follow the dwarf's lead?

**NARRATOR 1.** Fine. I don't care anymore. I don't even get to tell the story, fine, whatever. I'm sure this Dwarf is going to do a better job than me. Go ahead take my place.

*(DWARF 1 switches places with NARRATOR 1.)*

**DWARF 1.** Sounds good.

**NARRATOR 1.** Wait, I didn't—

**DWARF 1.** All right, you're gonna be Dwarf 1, all right? You're Dwarf 2. I'm the new narrator.

**SNOW WHITE.** Am I still Snow White?

**DWARF 1.** You're whatever you want to be honey. Call me. So, once upon a time there was a house filled with dwarves. And these dwarves worked in the mines beneath the surface of the earth and swore revenge at the up-worlders.

**NARRATOR 1.** Curse you, up-worlders!

**DWARF 1.** And one day they came home to find a beautiful girl sleeping in their bed.

**NARRATOR 1.** Hey look! A giant hottie!

**DWARF 2.** She's huge! She's going to eat me! Run for it!

*(NARRATOR 1 grabs DWARF 2.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** Hold on, Dwarf number two. I'm tired of running. I'm tired of being a supporting character. This is my time. You see, I happen to be quite brilliant and I know for a fact that this giant hottie has fallen under a curse to sleep for a hundred years.

**DWARF 2.** I thought that was the Sleeping Beauty story.

**NARRATOR 1.** From my perspective, they all look the same. And the only way for this giant hottie to wake up is to receive a kiss from her true love. Me.

**DWARF 2.** Aren't you a little short and girly to be her true love?

**NARRATOR 1.** Look, if I was a frog and I kissed her, she'd love me forever, all right? So I just happen to be a dwarf. Big deal. She's gonna grow to love me.

**DWARF 1.** And with that.

*(NARRATOR 1 climbs up next to SNOW WHITE. She stops.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** Um. I'm not really comfortable with the kissing part.

**DWARF 1.** Oh you're all right. Go ahead, make out with the woman in a coma.

**DWARF 2.** This is like a Lifetime movie.

*(NARRATOR 1 moves in for the kiss, then stops and raises her hand.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** Can I shake her hand or something?

**SNOW WHITE.** Please? I don't think she brushed her teeth today.

**NARRATOR 1.** I brushed my teeth.

**SNOW WHITE.** Well something is a little rank over here.

**DWARF 2.** That was me. My bad. That beef is just tearing up my insides.

**DWARF 1.** Can we get back to the story please?! You are ruining my magic!

**NARRATOR 1.** Fine.

*(NARRATOR 1 puts her hand over SNOW WHITE's mouth and kisses it.)*

**SNOW WHITE.** *(Waking up:)* Ah!

**DWARF 1.** It was love at first sight.

**SNOW WHITE.** Oh you're a dwarf.

**DWARF 1.** Little person.

**NARRATOR 1.** Yes, I am the mighty dwarf Slappy and I have rescued you from the evil curse that was—

**SNOW WHITE.** *(Overlapping:)* I was just tired, I wasn't under a curse—

**NARRATOR 1.** *(Overlapping:)* Forcing you to sleep for a hundred years. I am your true love.

*(Pause. SNOW WHITE looks at NARRATOR 1.)*

**SNOW WHITE.** Um.

**DWARF 1.** This is where you break into song.

**SNOW WHITE.** I don't know the words.

**DWARF 1.** That's okay—I wrote them down for you.

*(DWARF 1 takes out a sheet of paper and hands it to SNOW WHITE.)*

**DWARF 1.** I've been working on this for a while.

*(He takes out a karaoke machine and sets it up.)*

**SNOW WHITE.** *(Singing:)* There once was a girl who fell in love  
With a man about four foot two  
He had a beard and a big red nose  
But I loved him through and through  
And I didn't care about facial hair  
Cause he had a heart that's true  
so I gave up my kingdom  
To sweep and cook him stew  
And I knew my place and didn't talk back  
Because that's what good wives do,  
So I cooked dinner and cleaned the house  
And left the thinking to you.

*(She stops.)*

**SNOW WHITE.** I don't want to sing this any more.

**DWARF 1.** No—you're doing great. You're doing great. I like your voice. It's got kind of a desperate quality to it.

**SNOW WHITE.** The next verse says I fetch him slippers and don't mind when he gets drunk.

**DWARF 1.** It's a perfect marriage.

**SNOW WHITE.** This is disgusting! I'm a modern woman!

**DWARF 1.** Well you're not going to live happily ever after then!

**SNOW WHITE.** I'm going to tell the story my way!

*(She storms forward.)*

**DWARF 2.** Oh come on, now everybody's doing it!

*(WITCH enters.)*

**WITCH 2.** Are y'all gonna need me any time soon?

**SNOW WHITE.** Yes. We are starting over right now. Once upon a time there was a beautiful girl.

*(The actors look around. SNOW WHITE gets upset. She points to DWARF 2.)*

**SNOW WHITE.** You're going to be Snow White this time.

*(Author's note: Whatever the double-casting, it is imperative that DWARF 2 be played by a male actor.)*

**DWARF 2.** Really? I've always wanted to be Snow White. I remember my fifth birthday party; it was a dress-up party and all my friends came as Boba Fett and Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles and that weird thing from the McDonald's commercials. But I was Snow White. And I was so pretty in my little dress and my wig and tiara—that was the happiest day of my life until my mom told me I was a boy. Of course she's the one who'd been dressing me in those clothes since—

**NARRATOR 1.** And moving on.

**SNOW WHITE.** She was the most beautiful girl in the entire kingdom.

**DWARF 2.** I am! I am the prettiest!

**SNOW WHITE.** But her step-mother was jealous.

*(WITCH enters.)*

**WITCH 2.** Snow White.

**DWARF 2.** Stepmother.

**WITCH 2.** Is that a zit I see on your face?

**DWARF 2.** You'd like that, wouldn't you?

**WITCH 2.** I do believe you're putting on weight.

**DWARF 2.** Not on this body, sister. These curves are tight and streamlined like a racing yacht owned by a rich Columbian drug dealer.

**WITCH 2.** I think you might need to tweeze your eyebrows. They're looking...puffy.

**DWARF 2.** My eyebrows are sculpted like a block of clay in the hands of a blind god of sculpting eyebrows.

*(DWARF 2 looks concerned. He looks over to SNOW WHITE.)*

**DWARF 2.** Who writes this stuff?

**SNOW WHITE.** Just go with it. And the stepmother went to her room and gazed into her magic mirror.

*(DWARF 1 forms the magic mirror.)*

**WITCH 2.** Mirror, mirror, on the wall. Who's the fairest of them all?

**DWARF 1.** *(As the mirror, a drawn-out ghostly voice:)* Well it's certainly not you.

**WITCH 2.** Curses!

**DWARF 1.** *(As the mirror:)* Hey that's a good idea. You should try that.

**SNOW WHITE.** Meanwhile, Snow White had other plans.

**DWARF 2.** Mirror, mirror, hanging on black hooks. Why must I be judged by my looks?

**DWARF 1.** *(As the mirror:)* Fashion magazines.

**DWARF 2.** But I'm so much more! I've got a brain and martial arts skills! I'm going to one of the Seven Sisters after I graduate from high school where I plan on double-majoring in Social Psychology and Women's Studies!

**DWARF 1.** *(As the mirror:)* I only respond to rhyming questions. Besides, those aren't real majors.

**DWARF 2.** Okay. Mirror mirror, hanging over there. How do I make the young people care?

**DWARF 1.** *(As the mirror:)* Put it in a music video with hot chicks.

**DWARF 2.** That's not a very good—

**SNOW WHITE.** And just then.

*(The WITCH enters.)*

**SNOW WHITE.** It was her stepmother.

**WITCH 2.** Stepmother.

**DWARF 2.** Snow White.

*(They look confused. SNOW WHITE gestures that they have it reversed.)*

**WITCH 2.** Snow White.

**DWARF 2.** Stepmother.

**WITCH 2.** Look at me and know despair, Snow White. For I have a lot of money and have been through a lot of plastic surgery in Hollywood. My bust points north, my skin is as smooth as a lake after a storm and I've had all my tattoos lasered off. I've tucked, sucked, vacuumed and erased every visible trace of life experience in the past twenty-seven years, and now, I am more beautiful than even you.

**DWARF 1.** *(As the mirror:)* Not quite.

**WITCH 2.** Dang it! Well, how about an apple as a peace offering?

**DWARF 2.** When are you going to learn Stepmother, that we women shouldn't be judged by our surface beauty but rather by the contents of our brains?

**WITCH 2.** Um...that's just stupid.

**DWARF 2.** Well how bout I use my martial arts skills to take you out then?

**WITCH 2.** Oh it's on!

*(They assume fighting stances. NARRATOR 1 becomes a PRINCE and enters. It is also imperative that the PRINCE is played by a female actor.)*

**PRINCE 3.** Hey I was just in the neighborhood looking for a girl in a coma to make out with and—whoah! Chickfight!

*(DWARF 2 and the WITCH square off.)*

**SNOW WHITE.** And it was a glorious battle.

*(WITCH pulls on DWARF 2's wig.)*

**DWARF 2.** Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow!

*(DWARF 2 stomps on WITCH's foot.)*

**PRINCE 3.** Go Snow White!

*(DWARF 2 waves coquettishly to the PRINCE as the WITCH jumps on her back from behind.)*

**SNOW WHITE.** A titanic struggle of good and evil. Purity versus corruption.

*(DWARF 2 pulls on the WITCH's nose, who pokes DWARF 2 in the eyes.)*

**SNOW WHITE.** Until finally.

**WITCH 2.** I shall transform myself into a black dragon! Ah ha ha ha!

*(Pause.)*

**SNOW WHITE.** No that was in the Sleeping Beauty movie.

**WITCH 2.** I thought we were doing Sleeping Beauty.

**SNOW WHITE.** No this is Snow White.

*(DWARF 2 grabs the PRINCE's sword and stabs WITCH in the heart.)*

**DWARF 2.** Take that, witch!

**WITCH 2.** Ah! I'm melting! Actually I'm...bleeding! Aaaaaah.

*(WITCH dies.)*

**PRINCE 3.** That was so hot.

**DWARF 2.** Like somebody else I know, Prince.

**PRINCE 3.** You're very forward.

**DWARF 2.** I'm a modern woman. Come on, let's get married.

*(She grabs the PRINCE and hoists him over her shoulder.)*

**SNOW WHITE.** And just then.

*(DWARF 1 enters.)*

**DWARF 1.** Hi ho. Hi ho.

**DWARF 2.** What'd you just call me?

**DWARF 1.** Um. Nothing. Look, I'm living with a bunch of other dwarves—

**DWARF 2.** I've heard enough! You are lucky enough to become my servants. Come with me.

**SNOW WHITE.** And they all lived happily ever after and avoided traditional gender roles. And the seven little dwarves cooked for them, cleaned the house, and did all that other junk that Snow White was supposed to do in the story. The end.

*(NARRATOR 1 and NARRATOR 2 enter once again.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** That was enlightened.

**SNOW WHITE.** Thank you.

*(She exits.)*

**NARRATOR 2.** And they had a son, Walt, who grew up to be a very handsome young man. Like most teenagers, however, he was rebellious and didn't like to do chores. Which would have been fine, but unfortunately for the royal family, they had forgotten about the witch.

**NARRATOR 1.** Which witch?

**NARRATOR 2.** The witch which watched Walt's wish.

**NARRATOR 1.** What?

**NARRATOR 2.** Watch.

*(WALT enters.)*

**WALT.** It's tough being a prince. I wish I was something else, like a frog.

*(WITCH enters.)*

**WITCH 2.** Done.

**WALT.** Yay! I'm a talking frog!

*(Short pause.)*

**WALT.** This sucks.

*(WALT and WITCH exit.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** I thought she got stabbed to death.

**NARRATOR 2.** You only thought she got stabbed to death. In reality she escaped by sending her soul fifteen years into the future.

**NARRATOR 1.** I'm not sure this makes a whole lot of sense.

**NARRATOR 2.** Do you want to get through all of these or not? So Walt became a talking frog and moved to a nearby pond and remained there until he found a golden ball and was kissed by a princess. But the true secret origin here is of dwarf number 2. This is a little story I like to call number 95. The Devil's Grandmother.

**NARRATOR 1.** The Devil has a grandmother?

**NARRATOR 2.** Everyone has a grandmother. And you need to call yours. Before she dies.

**NARRATOR 1.** I have a phone call to make.

*(NARRATOR 1 leaves.)*

**NARRATOR 2.** I thought she would never leave. Now before I start this very special story, I'd like us all to think about that special old person in our lives. You know the one. And imagine what it would be like to be old for a day. *(Points to 40-year-old person in the audience:)* You already know sir.

*(Steps out into the audience.)*

**NARRATOR 2.** Imagine how it must feel to have your best days behind you and only really be waiting for the welcoming arms of death. To feel your body decay, your mind collapse. Tell us about it sir.

*(Waits for response from the person in the audience. If no response...)*

**NARRATOR 2.** This man is so old he can't even speak.

*(Finds someone sitting with the first person, preferably a wife or girlfriend.)*

**NARRATOR 2.** You must be his caretaker. I pity you.

*(NARRATOR 2 returns to the stage.)*

**NARRATOR 2.** Well...this is a very special story brought to you by the Hallmark Channel. Could we get some warm soft fuzzy lighting please? Maybe a kind of soft warm glow around everyone on-stage?

*(The lights do not change. NARRATOR 2 speaks up to the light booth.)*

**NARRATOR 2.** Could you try that again please?

*(The lights do not change.)*

**NARRATOR 2.** What is your problem? Yeah I'm talking to you! We're trying to have a very special moment here! You're ruining the special moment! What did you just say to me?! This is a family show you walking pile of putrescence! You don't even know what putrescence means do you? You know why you don't know? Cause you went to public school and they don't teach vocab any more! Hey where did you get that picture of my mom?

*(NARRATOR 2 reacts in horror.)*

**NARRATOR 2.** You're dead!

*(NARRATOR 2 charges through the audience, scrambling to get up into the light booth. He disappears.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** *(On microphone in soothing, hallmark voice:)* And now for a very special hallmark channel presentation: The Devil's Grandmother.

*(Lights change on stage.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** Times were tough on the old farm.

*(DEVIL'S GRANDMOTHER enters, carrying seeds.)*

**DEVIL'S GRANDMOTHER.** Now that your grandpa's dead, I'll just plant in this garden. It's all I've got left, really.

**NARRATOR 1.** A special garden. A garden of love.

*(The DEVIL enters.)*

**THE DEVIL 2.** Grandmama! I heard about Grandpa! Could you use a hug?

**DEVIL'S GRANDMOTHER.** Boy could I.

*(They hug.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** And so began a very special relationship between a grandmother and her grandson, who just happened to be the Devil.

**THE DEVIL 2.** Can I help you plant those peas, Grandmama?

**DEVIL'S GRANDMOTHER.** Sure you can, Grandson. Just don't let me catch you using that black magic of yours.

**THE DEVIL 2.** Oh Grandmama!

*(They laugh and hug.)*

**DEVIL'S GRANDMOTHER.** Say are your horns getting bigger?

**THE DEVIL 2.** I'm growing up.

**DEVIL'S GRANDMOTHER.** So you are. So you are.

**NARRATOR 1.** But the garden couldn't stay green forever.

**THE DEVIL 2.** Grandmama what happened?

**DEVIL'S GRANDMOTHER.** Do I know you?

**THE DEVIL 2.** What? I'm your grandson, the Devil.

**DEVIL'S GRANDMOTHER.** Now where did I put my glasses?

*(DOCTOR enters.)*

**DOCTOR.** I'm afraid your grandmother has Alzheimer's.

*(DOCTOR leaves.)*

**THE DEVIL 2.** No! It's not fair! It's not fair Grandmama!

**NARRATOR 1.** So they decided to go on one last road trip together.

**DEVIL'S GRANDMOTHER.** I've always wanted to see the Grand Canyon.

**THE DEVIL 2.** We'll make it there. Even though I can't legally drive.

**DEVIL'S GRANDMOTHER.** Earthly laws never stopped you before.

**THE DEVIL 2.** You're right!

*(They laugh and hug.)*

**DEVIL'S GRANDMOTHER.** Who are you again?

**NARRATOR 1.** It would be the wackiest road trip of their lives.

**DEVIL'S GRANDMOTHER.** Did you just burn Albuquerque to the ground by calling on the power of Hades?

**THE DEVIL 2.** Oh Grandmama!

*(They laugh and hug.)*

**THE DEVIL 2.** Shhh... You didn't see anything.

**NARRATOR 1.** But maybe, just maybe, they'd learn a little something about the power of the human heart.

**THE DEVIL 2.** Grandmama we ran out of gas so I stole a human heart and am using it to power our car!

**DEVIL'S GRANDMOTHER.** Who are you again?

**NARRATOR 1.** But the greatest lesson would be when they reached the Grand Canyon.

**DEVIL'S GRANDMOTHER.** You know, Grandson. Me and your grandpa were simple people. We liked simple things. We were supposed to come out here for our honeymoon. Never made it cause there were chores to be done. Boy he woulda loved this view though.

**THE DEVIL 2.** I could summon him from the dead and place his soul inside a coyote.

**DEVIL'S GRANDMOTHER.** Wouldn't be the same. Which coyote?

**NARRATOR 1.** But even very special Hallmark Channel movies have sad endings.

**THE DEVIL 2.** Grandmama! Grandmama!

*(DOCTOR enters.)*

**DOCTOR.** She didn't make it.

*(DOCTOR leaves.)*

**THE DEVIL 2.** No! No! Why, God, why?

**GOD.** *(Booming overhead voice on microphone:)* BECAUSE YOU'RE THE DEVIL AND I DON'T LIKE YOU.

**THE DEVIL 2.** I curse you and your kingdom!

**GOD.** YEAH. I KNOW THAT. WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO ABOUT IT?

*(DOCTOR enters.)*

**DOCTOR.** Um...your grandmother didn't have insurance, so I'm going to have to charge you her medical bills for dying, which amount to about twenty three thousand dollars.

**THE DEVIL 2.** I curse you!

**NARRATOR 1.** And he shrank and shrank until he became quite small. In fact, a dwarf.

**THE DEVIL 2.** Now go work in a mine with the rest of your kind.

*(The DOCTOR exits.)*

**THE DEVIL 2.** I'm going to Disneyland. To work there. In one of those big costumes where I walk around and pretend to be one of the Disney characters. But you don't know which one. So next time you're in Disneyland and you see Chip and Dale walking toward you—

*(NARRATOR 2 enters.)*

**NARRATOR 2.** And I'm back to prevent lawsuits.

**THE DEVIL 2.** Too late! Moo ah ha ha ha ha!

*(The DEVIL exits as NARRATOR 1 enters.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** But of course we can't really understand that story until we know where the Devil's Grandmother came from.

**NARRATOR 2.** Can we just pause for a second?

**NARRATOR 1.** What.

**NARRATOR 2.** Is that really how the Brothers Grimm recorded that story?

**NARRATOR 1.** Well that's more of a modern adaptation... You know, we took a few liberties... Okay, fine, the real story is about a couple of soldiers who sign away their souls but the Devil's grandmother feels sorry for them, blah blah blah blah! Nobody gets killed in the end. I just thought the title was funny.

**NARRATOR 2.** Fine. But now we have to fit that into our storyline.

**NARRATOR 1.** No problem. Because long before she was the Devil's grandmother, she was a little girl.

**NARRATOR 2.** That's deep.

*(LITTLE RED enters.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** Who liked to wear red clothes cause they were sexy.

**NARRATOR 2.** When she was a little girl.

**NARRATOR 1.** Oh. Sorry.

**NARRATOR 2.** You need professional help.

*(NARRATOR 2 exits.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** Anyway, once upon a time, Little Red-Cap—

**LITTLE RED.** Little Red-Cap?

**NARRATOR 1.** Yeah, little Red-Cap.

**LITTLE RED.** Isn't it Little Red Riding Hood?

**NARRATOR 1.** Okay, first of all, you're not a hood just cause you wear red, all right? Not everyone who wears red is in a gang. And second, that's what it says here in the book, and we're going by the book, so you're Red-Cap.

**LITTLE RED.** Fine. Jerk.

**NARRATOR 1.** What?

**LITTLE RED.** I didn't say anything.

**NARRATOR 1.** So, Little Red-Cap—

**LITTLE RED.** Well I'm off to my grandmother's house to give her these sweets I made.

**NARRATOR 1.** You see, Little Red's grandmother was kind of a fat loser.

*(GRANDMA [played by NARRATOR 2] enters, on the phone.)*

**GRANDMA.** Oh Little Red, Little Red. Grandma needs some sweets. Why aren't you here with Grandma's sweets? I guess Grandma will have to starve to death and it will be all your fault. If only you loved your Grandma enough to bring sweets I'd still be alive. I'm dying. Ack.

*(She exits.)*

**LITTLE RED.** Boy Grandma really knows how to turn on the guilt. I guess I'll just have to go into the dark and scary woods alone. Although that doesn't sound like a very good idea.

**NARRATOR 1.** The woods alone? You know what that means.

**LITTLE RED.** I'm frightened.

*(NARRATOR 1 points to a group in the audience.)*

**AUDIENCE.** Ch-ch-ch-ch-ch. A-a-a-a-a-a. Ch-ch-ch-ch-ch. A-a-a-a-a-a.

**LITTLE RED.** What was that? What's going on!?

*(NARRATOR 1 points again.)*

**AUDIENCE.** *(Heavy breathing.)*

*(THE WOLF enters behind LITTLE RED, staying directly behind her as if they were in a cartoon. Whenever she turns, he ducks to the side.)*

**LITTLE RED.** If only I could see what was going on.

(NARRATOR 1 *points.*)

**AUDIENCE.** Ch-ch-ch-ch-ch. A-a-a-a-a-a. Ch-ch-ch-ch-ch. A-a-a-a-a-a.

**AUDIENCE.** (*Heavy breathing.*)

**LITTLE RED.** Wait!

(*AUDIENCE is quiet. Suddenly, LITTLE RED kicks backward, nailing THE WOLF in the groin.*)

**THE WOLF.** Ohhhhh!

(*THE WOLF falls over. LITTLE RED puts her foot on his throat and pulls a large gun out of her basket.*)

**LITTLE RED.** Make one move and I'll blow your furry brains all over the forest floor, jerk!

(*The following scene may not be appropriate for school or children's theatres. If so, feel free to use the alternate scene in Appendix 1.*)

**THE WOLF.** ...help...me.

**LITTLE RED.** Give me your money!

**THE WOLF.** I'm...a wolf...I don't have money.

**NARRATOR 1.** You see, Little Red-Cap was raised in the hood, which is where she gets her other name. And it was a tough hood. A very tough hood.

**LITTLE RED.** You got dirt on my shoe!

**THE WOLF.** No I didn't!

**LITTLE RED.** You got dirt on my shoe you

(*Bleep from the sound booth.*)

**LITTLE RED.** How bout I

(*Bleep.*)

**LITTLE RED.** Your

(*Bleep.*)

**LITTLE RED.** Head off you

*(Bleep bleep bleep bleep.)*

**LITTLE RED.** Sheep.

**THE WOLF.** Please don't kill me. Can't we just get along?

**LITTLE RED.** You're not worth it.

*(THE WOLF escapes, whimpering.)*

**LITTLE RED.** Tra la la.

*(LITTLE RED skips off in the other direction.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** Meanwhile, at Grandmother's house.

*(GRANDMA enters, on the phone.)*

**GRANDMA.** Yes, Home Shopping Network? I'd love to order the doilies please. Make them extra frilly.

*(THE WOLF enters.)*

**GRANDMA.** Hello? Hello? Huh. Someone cut the phone line.

*(NARRATOR 1 points to the audience.)*

**AUDIENCE.** Ch-ch-ch-ch-ch. A-a-a-a-a-a. Ch-ch-ch-ch-ch. A-a-a-a-a-a.

*(THE WOLF knocks on the door.)*

**GRANDMA.** What was that? Oh. I'm scared. *(Calling out:)* Hello?

*(She opens the door.)*

**THE WOLF.** Hi. I would like to speak to you about my religion. May I come in?

**GRANDMA.** No.

*(She walks away. The WOLF knocks again.)*

**GRANDMA.** What is it this time?

**THE WOLF.** I'm selling magazines to get myself out of the hood. You see, I had a hard cubhood. And I did some things I'm not proud of. But now I'm trying to make it better by—

**GRANDMA.** I don't care.

*(She walks away again. The WOLF knocks a third time.)*

**THE WOLF.** I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll—

**NARRATOR 1.** Wrong story.

*(The WOLF knocks again.)*

**GRANDMA.** Yes?

*(The WOLF jumps in.)*

**THE WOLF.** Die die die!

*(THE WOLF jumps at GRANDMA, who tries to run. She grabs a bowling pin and hits him with it. THE WOLF scrambles over everything, knocking over walls, pulling on GRANDMA's hair, tugging at her arms, she keeps beating him down. GRANDMA knocks down THE WOLF and starts kicking him in the head.)*

**THE WOLF.** Time out! Time out!

**GRANDMA.** Spawn of Satan I will destroy you!

*(GRANDMA gets THE WOLF in a sleeper hold and starts choking the life out of him. Pause.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** And the wolf ate her.

*(GRANDMA looks down at the broken body of THE WOLF.)*

**GRANDMA.** No he didn't. I just totally kicked his

*(Bleep.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** No the wolf ate her.

**GRANDMA.** Fine.

*(She exits.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** And because this wolf was a cross-dresser, he decided to put on Grandma's clothes

*(GRANDMA re-enters, takes off her wig, tosses it on the still unconscious body of THE WOLF and throws a dress on him. THE WOLF woozily gets up and puts on the outfit.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** And he lay in wait for Little Red.

*(LITTLE RED enters shouting off-stage in the other direction.)*

**LITTLE RED.** That's right you better keep on walking! If I catch you looking at me again I'll

*(Bleep bleep.)*

**LITTLE RED.** And then I'm gonna

*(Bleep bleep bleep.)*

**LITTLE RED.** Your

*(Bleep bleep.)*

**LITTLE RED.** Sheep.

*(LITTLE RED enters her GRANDMA's house.)*

**LITTLE RED.** Grandma?

*(She comes closer.)*

**THE WOLF.** Come closer so Grandma can see you.

*(NARRATOR 1 points to the audience.)*

**AUDIENCE.** DON'T GO IN THERE!

**LITTLE RED.** I brought the sweets you ordered. Low-Fat, just like you said. Say, you look a little weird.

**THE WOLF.** Most old people look weird. Please come closer.

**AUDIENCE.** DON'T GO IN THERE!

**LITTLE RED.** Why is there blood all over the floor?

**THE WOLF.** Grandma had an accident with a chainsaw. Please come closer.

**AUDIENCE.** DON'T GO IN THERE!

**LITTLE RED.** Why is your voice all strange?

**THE WOLF.** Grandma's been smoking cigars all morning.

**LITTLE RED.** Why do you have a big wolf-like snout with jagged sharp teeth and beady red eyes? Why am I so stupid that I can't figure this out?

**THE WOLF.** All the better to eat you with!

*(The WOLF leaps at her. LITTLE RED pulls out her gun and fires. In slow motion, the WOLF dodges the bullets, grabs LITTLE RED.)*

**LITTLE RED.** Aw

*(Bleep.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** And just right then.

*(Everyone freezes.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** The Wolf ate her.

*(The WOLF eats LITTLE RED.)*

**THE WOLF.** Mmm... Tasty. Well, there goes my diet. Grandma was a little stringy. If only I had a house made out of candy I could fatten her up first but—uh-oh...

**NARRATOR 1.** And just then there happened to be a woodcutter passing through—

*(WOODCUTTER enters.)*

**WOODCUTTER.** A wolf!

**THE WOLF.** A woodcutter!

*(NARRATOR 1 makes battle music. They face off in martial arts stances. A duel. Until finally THE WOLF is hit.)*

**THE WOLF.** A hit! A palpable hit! Arrrgh.

*(He slumps over.)*

**WOODCUTTER.** Well, let me just slice open his stomach like I do to every wolf I kill. What the heck is this?!!

*(LITTLE RED emerges.)*

**LITTLE RED.** What's up?

**NARRATOR 1.** And they fell in love.

**LITTLE RED.** I'm seven.

**NARRATOR 1.** Whoops. Um...

**WOODCUTTER.** Come find me in eleven years.

*(The WOODCUTTER exits. GRANDMA enters.)*

**GRANDMA.** Boy it was dark in there. Luckily I had my flashlight.

**LITTLE RED.** Oh Grandma you're so funny.

**GRANDMA.** Come here you little

*(Bleep bleep.)*

**LITTLE RED.** Well you're a

*(Bleep bleep bleep bleep bleep.)*

*(GRANDMA and LITTLE RED chuckle and hug. The WOODCUTTER returns.)*

**WOODCUTTER.** Well it's been eleven years—

**LITTLE RED.** It's been six years.

**WOODCUTTER.** Oh.

*(He backs away slowly, then runs.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** And after a legally mandated period of separation, they lived happily ever after until their daughter married a demon.

*(WOODCUTTER returns.)*

**LITTLE RED.** I do not like that demon.

**WOODCUTTER.** She's going through a rebellious phase.

**NARRATOR 1.** And after he left chasing after a one-legged dancing girl, their daughter gave birth to a son, The Devil. And that's how she became the Devil's Grandmother.

**WOODCUTTER.** That child is the Devil.

**LITTLE RED.** Hush your mouth.

**NARRATOR 1.** And Little Red lived a long, long life until she got the Alzheimer's.

*(NARRATOR 2 returns.)*

**NARRATOR 2.** That was a shame.

**NARRATOR 1.** Yeah.

**NARRATOR 2.** So to Re-cap. Once upon a time there was a little girl from the hood who got eaten by a wolf, married a woodcutter and had a daughter who married a demon who then gave birth to the Devil, who cursed a doctor until he became a dwarf—

**DWARF 1.** (*Off-stage:*) Little person!

**NARRATOR 2.** Who met up with another dwarf

**DWARF 2.** (*Off-stage:*) Little person!

**NARRATOR 2.** Who rescued a girl from a witch who married a prince and had a son who was cursed by that same wish into becoming a frog, who was friends with a talking fish, who was caught by a fishergirl who became a different witch who got killed trying to eat two little children, one of whom grew up to marry a prince, who had a daughter who made a series of unfortunate deals with a trio of supernatural beings who had another daughter Rapunzel, who was taken by an Enchantress and locked in a tower until she was rescued by another prince. And there were no crab people.

**NARRATOR 1.** Yeah I think that's pretty much it.

(*NARRATOR 2 looks at the book.*)

**NARRATOR 2.** I gotta say we haven't really done all of them that are in this book.

**NARRATOR 1.** We've done the important ones.

**NARRATOR 2.** Yeah.

(*CINDERELLA enters.*)

**CINDERELLA.** Ahem.

**NARRATOR 2.** What?

**CINDERELLA.** Aren't you forgetting something?

**NARRATOR 1.** Don't think so.

**NARRATOR 2.** I think we've got all the famous ones. I mean, there's a whole bunch of stories about foxes, but who wants to hear those?

**NARRATOR 1.** I hate foxes.

**NARRATOR 2.** And some other talking animals and some giants and a hole bunch with random peasants cheating the Devil out of things, but—Oh.

**CINDERELLA.** Yeah.

**NARRATOR 1.** Once upon a time—

**CINDERELLA.** Thank you.

*(She exits.)*

**NARRATOR 2.** There was a little orphan girl.

*(CINDERELLA enters, overacting.)*

**CINDERELLA.** Oh I am orphaned! Oh I am sad!

*(An ACTOR enters.)*

**ACTOR.** Can we pause here for a second?

**CINDERELLA.** Oh how sad I am!

**ACTOR.** Just hold on.

**NARRATOR 1.** What is it?

**ACTOR.** There was like some really bad beef in the catering—

**CINDERELLA.** Oh the catering is bad!

**NARRATOR 1.** Uh-oh. I had the beef.

**ACTOR.** So like everybody is throwing up back here.

**NARRATOR 1.** Excuse me.

*(NARRATOR 1 runs off.)*

**ACTOR.** We don't have enough actors left to do this one.

*(CINDERELLA stops acting.)*

**CINDERELLA.** What?

**NARRATOR 2.** Well I guess we can skip it then.

**CINDERELLA.** NO WE ARE NOT SKIPPING IT.

**NARRATOR 2.** How many actors do we have left?

**ACTOR.** Um...me.

**CINDERELLA.** Now you listen to me you little reject from Nickelodeon—this is my chance to be a star, got it? We are going to tell my story, I am going to get a full-length feature film out of it, and you are going to make me look good, got it?

**ACTOR.** Well, I—

**CINDERELLA.** GOT IT? OR I WILL TEAR OUT YOUR TINY HEART AND USE IT AS A CHEW TOY FOR MY HALF-CHI-HAUHAU, HALF-DOBERMAN MIX, GOT IT?

**ACTOR.** Yes, Ma'am.

**CINDERELLA.** Thank you.

*(The ACTOR exits. CINDERELLA immediately goes back to acting sad.)*

**CINDERELLA.** Oh how sad. Life. So sad.

**NARRATOR 2.** Okay, so, her mother died and her father remarried—

**CINDERELLA.** *(Overlapping:)* Mother? Where are you mother? Are you dead?

**NARRATOR 2.** And the woman he married was beautiful of face but black of heart.

**CINDERELLA.** Oh this new mother of mine is such a witch.

**NARRATOR 2.** Um...she's not actually a witch—

**CINDERELLA.** Why must I sleep near the fireplace for warmth? Why must I clean the house? Why, mother, why?

**NARRATOR 2.** Probably because she was annoying.

**CINDERELLA.** Oh my life is sad!

*(She throws herself on the ground.)*

**CINDERELLA.** I shall spread these cinders upon myself to keep me warm. Ah, they're hot! Ow!

**NARRATOR 2.** So they called her Cinderella. Now, Cinderella's step-mother had two daughters, both equally beautiful—

*(CINDERELLA raises her hand.)*

**CINDERELLA.** I'm sorry. I think you've got that wrong. I'm the pretty one. They're quite hideous.

**NARRATOR 2.** Says here they're beautiful too.

**CINDERELLA.** I think I know my story, thank you.

*(She returns to the floor.)*

**CINDERELLA.** Oh they are so mean to me. Oh so mean. I can barely stand it. My tears, oh so many tears, shall wash these dusty flagstones.

*(She cries. The two WICKED STEPSISTERS enter. [played by the same actor or actress in two different wigs] ACTOR switches places, voices, and wigs for each role.)*

**WICKED STEPSISTER 1.** Look what the cat dragged in.

**WICKED STEPSISTER 2.** Does it smell in here, or is it just her?

**WICKED STEPSISTER 1.** Oh that was a good one, Jiselle.

**WICKED STEPSISTER 2.** Thought you'd like it.

**WICKED STEPSISTER 1.** Oh Cinderella. I need to get ready for the ball—

**CINDERELLA.** What ball?

**WICKED STEPSISTER 1.** Shut up!

**WICKED STEPSISTER 2.** I love it when you're mean to her.

**WICKED STEPSISTER 1.** Really? Anyhoo, the ball being thrown by Prince Charming.

**WICKED STEPSISTER 2.** He's so charming. When I see him I just want grab his little tights-wearing bottom and squeeze until his guards spray me with pepper spray.

**WICKED STEPSISTER 1.** A little too much information, Jiselle.

**WICKED STEPSISTER 2.** I just want to bite him. Garr. Garr.

**WICKED STEPSISTER 1.** Stop it.

**CINDERELLA.** Can I come?

**WICKED STEPSISTER 1.** Of course you can...NOT come. Balls are for people who bathe.

**WICKED STEPSISTER 2.** But we do have a treat for you. You are going to get us ready for the ball.

**WICKED STEPSISTER 1.** Make us pretty.

**WICKED STEPSISTER 2.** Make me prettier than her. I need Charming. I need him. Please.

**CINDERELLA.** I suppose. I'm going to need a lot of makeup.

**NARRATOR 2.** So, being the good girl that she was—

**CINDERELLA.** I'm so good.

**NARRATOR 2.** Cinderella dressed both her sisters for the ball.

**WICKED STEPSISTER 1.** I'm so hot.

**WICKED STEPSISTER 2.** I'm gorgeous.

*(ACTOR runs off as WICKED STEPSISTER 2, then returns and runs off as WICKED STEPSISTER 1.)*

**CINDERELLA.** *(Overacting:)* Life. So unfair. The room is spinning. Why, God, why? Why am I just a servant—a slave! Lower than the dust. Lower than the worms who crawl beneath the dust. So low. So so low. I shall now cry myself to sleep as I do every night.

*(She cries.)*

**NARRATOR 2.** *(To the audience:)* I think she thinks the Oscar committee is watching. But just then, her wicked stepmother entered.

*(WICKED STEPMOTHER [played by the same actor or actress that played the STEPSISTER, in a third wig] enters.)*

**WICKED STEPMOTHER.** Why Cinderella, what seems to be the trouble?

**CINDERELLA.** Life! Life and the misery it entails! If only my mother—my poor, dear, dead mother, were alive, she would take me to the ball.

**WICKED STEPMOTHER.** Come here and sit on your stepmother's lap.

*(CINDERELLA eyes her suspiciously.)*

**CINDERELLA.** That's weird.

**WICKED STEPMOTHER.** Get over it.

*(CINDERELLA gingerly sits on her lap.)*

**WICKED STEPMOTHER.** Now—boy, you've really been hitting the pot roast, haven't you? You'd think that eating dust and sleeping on the hearth would make you skinny—

**CINDERELLA.** I'm big-boned.

**WICKED STEPMOTHER.** Right. Now. Would you like to go to the ball with us? *(She puts her hand over CINDERELLA's mouth:)* Before you answer! Think! All those people looking at you. People who hate you on sight—

*(CINDERELLA tries to respond but can't.)*

**WICKED STEPMOTHER.** It's probably a nightmare. You're lucky you get to stay home and clean things for us. Let's say you meet Charming: Oh, it goes all right at first, but then he notices you have bad breath because you haven't been flossing for the past seven years and he faints, the entire kingdom is in jeopardy—

**NARRATOR 2.** Just then, one of Cinderella's step-sisters, Jiselle, entered.

*(The WICKED STEPMOTHER looks angrily at NARRATOR 2, dumps CINDERELLA on the floor, runs to the side of the stage and switches wigs.)*

**WICKED STEPSISTER 2.** Mother, aren't you coming?

*(She runs back to the chair, grabs CINDERELLA, plants her on her lap and switches wigs.)*

**WICKED STEPMOTHER.** In a moment dear, run along.

*(She dumps CINDERELLA, runs back to the other spot on the stage and switches wigs.)*

**WICKED STEPSISTER 2.** Thank you I will.

**NARRATOR 2.** But then, from the other side of the room, Cinderella's other Wicked Stepsister entered.

*(The ACTOR gives NARRATOR 2 an evil look and rushes to the other side of the stage, switching wigs as he or she goes.)*

**WICKED STEPSISTER 1.** I really need to be going.

*(Runs, switches.)*

**WICKED STEPSISTER 2.** You do that. Witch.

*(Runs, switches.)*

**WICKED STEPSISTER 1.** What did you just call me?

*(Runs, switches.)*

**WICKED STEPSISTER 2.** You heard what I said. Witch.

*(Runs, switches.)*

**WICKED STEPSISTER 1.** Oh no you didn't!

*(She runs and turns back into the STEPMOTHER, dropping CINDERELLA onto her lap, completely out of breath.)*

**WICKED STEPMOTHER.** Girls, please! You're both pretty. You're both going to the ball. You both need to exit right now without saying anything else.

**NARRATOR 2.** And so...they left.

**WICKED STEPMOTHER.** Thank you. Now, Cinderella, I am a fair wicked stepmother, so...I am going to empty an entire dish of lentils into the fireplace, and once you have picked them all out, you may go to the ball with us.

**NARRATOR 2.** And with that, she dumped a dish of lentils into the fireplace like she said she was going to do.

*(The WICKED STEPMOTHER exits.)*

**CINDERELLA.** What are lentils?

**NARRATOR 2.** They go in soup. And they're difficult to get out of a fireplace. Apparently.

**CINDERELLA.** Oh, the humanity! Oh Gods! Why must I always be punished!?

**NARRATOR 2.** I mean, it's just a couple of lentils, that doesn't seem all that hard to—

**CINDERELLA.** I will never go! Never! I am cursed! But what's that? What could it be?

*(She pops up to listen.)*

**CINDERELLA.** My fairy—

**NARRATOR 2.** It was a swarm of birds.

*(ACTOR returns, raising his or her hand.)*

**ACTOR.** Question: Do I have to play each individual bird or can I be collectively, The Birds?

**NARRATOR 2.** I guess you can be a collective group of birds.

**ACTOR.** You have no idea how much that means to me.

*(ACTOR becomes THE BIRDS and begins running around tweeting.)*

**THE BIRDS.** Tweet! Tweet tweet! Tweet tweet tweet!

**CINDERELLA.** Oh look, birds! They're so beautiful! Come, my little feathered friends, come and peck these lentils out of the fireplace.

*(THE BIRDS descend on the fireplace.)*

**THE BIRDS.** Peck peck peck peck peck! Peck Peck peck!

**CINDERELLA.** Oh I am truly blessed! Thank you birds! Fly, fly to freedom!

*(THE BIRDS fly away and immediately transform into the WICKED STEPMOTHER, who returns.)*

**WICKED STEPMOTHER.** We're off to the ball!

**CINDERELLA.** Look, Wicked Stepmother! I have removed all of the lentils.

**WICKED STEPMOTHER.** Really?

*(She examines the fireplace.)*

**WICKED STEPMOTHER.** Well ain't that a kick in the pants. Um...

**CINDERELLA.** So I will be accompanying you to the ball! Oh how I love balls!

*(She stops, looks mortified.)*

**WICKED STEPMOTHER.** Frankly, I don't think you're good enough for balls. Besides, you've got nothing to wear. We'd look pretty stupid carting your ugly mug around in those rags all night long. Too bad. Have to be going.

*(STEPSISTER 1 enters.)*

**WICKED STEPSISTER 1.** Ha ha!

*(STEPSISTER 2 enters.)*

**WICKED STEPSISTER 2.** Sucks to be you!

*(They leave.)*

**CINDERELLA.** How can life be so cruel! WHY?!!!! What's that? My fairy—

**NARRATOR 2.** It was another swarm of birds, carrying a dress.

*(THE BIRDS enter, carrying a dress.)*

**THE BIRDS.** Tweet tweet! Tweet tweet!

**CINDERELLA.** What a lovely dress. Thank you, swarm of birds.

**THE BIRDS.** Tweet tweet tweet!

**CINDERELLA.** So who's going to do my hair? Um...what a surprise, a fairy godmother.

*(Pause.)*

**CINDERELLA.** Isn't this where she sorta comes in and does her magic thing?

**NARRATOR 2.** Nope.

**CINDERELLA.** What?

**NARRATOR 2.** We're going by the original. There's no fairy godmother. Just a lot of birds.

**THE BIRDS.** Tweet tweet tweet tweet—

**CINDERELLA.** Shut up. Let me see that.

*(She takes the book from the NARRATOR and reads.)*

**CINDERELLA.** There's no fairy godmother in here.

**NARRATOR 2.** I was about eleven when I figured out I didn't have a fairy godmother.

**CINDERELLA.** Well I can't do this without a fairy godmother. Who's going to turn the pumpkin into a coach?

**NARRATOR 2.** You walk there.

**CINDERELLA.** What?! This is retarded! I'm Cinderella! I have a fairy godmother, and a coach made out of a pumpkin and a bunch of mice turned into coachmen! Oh so there's no mice either is there! Next thing you know there won't even be a glass slipper—THERE'S NO GLASS SLIPPER!?! Well, then I don't even know how this story goes! Maybe I just get beheaded at the end? I JUST GET BEHEADED AT THE END?!!

**NARRATOR 2.** Maybe. I don't know. I haven't read to the end yet.

**CINDERELLA.** Ahhhhh! I QUIT! *(She pulls out her cell-phone:)* Yeah this is Cindy. I don't know what they're doing any more. They've got some book, and there's no mice coachmen and I can't work like this. I DON'T KNOW WHY THERE'S NO MICE COACHMEN!!! I want you to hurt them. Hurt them bad. I don't care. I don't care how. I'm going home.

*(She leaves in tears in the middle of a fit, hyperventilating.)*

**THE BIRDS.** Tweet tweet. Tweet tweet.

**NARRATOR 2.** Well, guess somebody's not living happily ever after is she? All right then, let's continue with our story.

**ACTOR.** Um...we can't continue. There's no Cinderella.

**NARRATOR 2.** Sure there is.

*(NARRATOR 2 stares at ACTOR.)*

**NARRATOR 2.** Put on the dress, *(name)*.

*(ACTOR stares at the NARRATOR, then slowly, unhappily, puts on the dress. Until noted, every part except for the NARRATOR is now played by the ACTOR.)*

**NARRATOR 2.** So Cinderella had her dress. And she felt very pretty.

**CINDERELLA.** I feel very pretty. Thank you birds.

**THE BIRDS.** Tweet tweet tweet tweet!

**CINDERELLA.** Now I shall walk to the ball.

**NARRATOR 2.** But the ball was guarded by a bouncer, a one-armed eye-patch wearing Scottish pirate named Mac.

*(CINDERELLA runs, rips off her dress, puts one arm behind her back, the other hand over her eye and affects a Scottish accent.)*

**MAC.** Arrgh, What ye be doin' at this here ball? If it's not Scottish, it's crap!

*(Runs and becomes CINDERELLA.)*

**CINDERELLA.** Well I would like to come in please.

*(Runs and switches to MAC.)*

**MAC.** Shut it!

**NARRATOR 2.** And just then Cinderella's wicked stepmother and two wicked stepsisters arrived.

*(ACTOR runs, grabs three wigs and becomes each character in turn.)*

**WICKED STEPMOTHER.** Cinderella!

**WICKED STEPSISTER 1.** What are you doing here?

**WICKED STEPSISTER 2.** You suck!

*(Switches to CINDERELLA.)*

**CINDERELLA.** I have a dress and I'm going to the ball because the birds brought it to me!

**NARRATOR 2.** And then the birds came down.

*(ACTOR grabs a feather and waves it.)*

**THE BIRDS.** Tweet tweet!

**NARRATOR 2.** And they pecked out Mac's other eye.

*(ACTOR becomes MAC again.)*

**MAC.** Ack! Birds! Me eye!

*(Switches back to BIRDS.)*

**THE BIRDS.** Peck peck peck peck!

*(Back to CINDERELLA.)*

**CINDERELLA.** I'm in! Sweet!

**NARRATOR 2.** And it was a wonderful ball, a huge ball. And everyone started dancing. Unfortunately, the wicked stepmother only knew how to cha-cha, one stepsister was doing a waltz, and the other one was krumping. But they did manage to have a conversation. It went like this:

*(The ACTOR playing all the parts has stopped and is staring, exhausted, at NARRATOR 2.)*

**NARRATOR 2.** Do it.

*(ACTOR spits on the floor and tries it.)*

**WICKED STEPMOTHER.** *(Doing the cha-cha:)* You should go dance with the prince.

**WICKED STEPSISTER 1.** *(Waltzing:)* He's so dreamy.

**WICKED STEPSISTER 2.** *(Krumping:)* I'm going in first.

**NARRATOR 2.** And just then.

*(ACTOR quits dancing, runs and becomes the HERALD for a moment.)*

**HERALD.** *(Blowing imaginary horn:)* Dun de dun dun! His royal highness, the Prince!

*(Switches, becomes the PRINCE, affects a British accent for no apparent reason.)*

**PRINCE CHARMING.** 'Ello there. We're having a nice time, are we? Blimey. She's gorgeous. Who's that minx?

*(Becomes CINDERELLA.)*

**CINDERELLA.** My name's Cinderella.

*(Switches.)*

**PRINCE CHARMING.** Right-o. Come here and give us a taste, love.

*(The PRINCE and CINDERELLA begin to dance. ACTOR continually switches sides during this conversation, keeping the beat.)*

**CINDERELLA.** Oh Prince. Stop. You're embarrassing me.

**PRINCE CHARMING.** I'll do more'n that later. Blimey. Your skin's as supple as a baby's bottom!

**CINDERELLA.** Oh really?

**PRINCE CHARMING.** I'd like to pour hot sauce on you and roast you over an open pit till you're brown and tender like a chicken breast.

**CINDERELLA.** I'd like that.

**PRINCE CHARMING.** Have you 'ad dental work recently? Cause you've got a great set of teeth, lady.

**CINDERELLA.** So do you. Rarr.

**NARRATOR 2.** All right, this is getting weird. I have to say I'm pretty impressed with this guy. Maybe he should win the Oscar.

(CINDERELLA [the real one] darts back on to the stage and grabs the PRINCE.)

**CINDERELLA.** Oh Prince. You dance divinely.

**PRINCE CHARMING.** 'Ello. What's all this, then?

**NARRATOR 2.** And they danced all night long.

(CINDERELLA breaks away from him.)

**CINDERELLA.** What are these strange feelings? Could it be...love? Oh my heart is beating so fast. What am I to do? Will he love me back?

**PRINCE CHARMING.** Why do the good ones always talk to themselves?

**NARRATOR 2.** And she ran home and gave her dress back to the swarm of birds.

**CINDERELLA.** Swarm of birds, where are you?

(ACTOR grabs the feather again.)

**THE BIRDS.** Tweet tweet tweet.

**CINDERELLA.** Here. Take this accursed dress. For I shall never have the man I love. Never. Oh to be born to such a low state! The agony! The sadness! The sad agony!

(THE BIRDS take the dress away.)

**CINDERELLA.** Um... Question: wasn't I supposed to drop a slipper or something?

**NARRATOR 2.** You drop a slipper on your third trip to the prince's balls. The birds keep bringing you more dresses and then you keep dancing and then finally the prince smears pitch on the steps of the palace, and then your shoe sticks, your golden shoe by the way—

**CINDERELLA.** Golden shoe?

**NARRATOR 2.** And he comes looking for the foot that fits the golden shoe.

**CINDERELLA.** Huh. That does sound more comfortable than glass.

*(ACTOR raises his hand.)*

**ACTOR.** Can we skip to that part please? I'm going to die.

**NARRATOR 2.** You know what, why don't you put a little effort into this, okay? Fine. A little of this, a little of that, the prince stops by with a shoe looking for a girl who fits it.

**PRINCE CHARMING.** 'Ello then. Any of you darlings lost a shoe?

**CINDERELLA.** Well, I—

*(ACTOR switches into WICKED STEPSISTER 1.)*

**WICKED STEPSISTER 1.** Oh I did. I did! Let me see that!

*(She takes the shoe.)*

**WICKED STEPSISTER 1.** Hold on one minute. Do you mind if I try this on in the bathroom? I'm shy.

**PRINCE CHARMING.** Take all the time you like, luv.

**WICKED STEPSISTER 1.** Excellent!

**NARRATOR 2.** And of course her foot was too big, so she chopped off her big toe.

**WICKED STEPSISTER 1.** *(Blood-curdling scream:)* Aarrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrgghghghghg!

*(Runs, becomes PRINCE CHARMING.)*

**PRINCE CHARMING.** Say, you all right in there?

*(Runs back into the bathroom, hops around on one foot.)*

**WICKED STEPSISTER 1.** Aarrghghghghghghghg. *(She limps back out:)* It...fits...fine. I...love...you.

**PRINCE CHARMING.** Bangers and mash! Let's go get married then. 'Op into me carriage.

*(WICKED STEPSISTER 1 limps in.)*

**WICKED STEPSISTER 1.** It's...nice...garrrrrhggh.

**PRINCE CHARMING.** Say, what's all this then? There's blood everywhere.

**WICKED STEPSISTER 1.** I popped a zit. On my foot.

**PRINCE CHARMING.** You chopped off your toe, you did!

**WICKED STEPSISTER 1.** I've never had toes.

**PRINCE CHARMING.** Out of my carriage you!

**NARRATOR 2.** So the wicked stepsister went back home and the prince returned to find Cinderella's other wicked stepsister.

**WICKED STEPSISTER 2.** May I please try the shoe on in the bathroom so no one can watch what I'm doing?

**PRINCE CHARMING.** Of course, I'm not all that bright.

**NARRATOR 2.** And once she was in the bathroom, the shoe didn't fit either. So she did the only sensible thing and chopped off her heel.

*(Blood-curdling scream.)*

**WICKED STEPSISTER 2.** Son of a mother-witch! Arrrgghghgh-ffhfhgh!

**PRINCE CHARMING.** All right in there?

**WICKED STEPSISTER 2.** I'm...fine! Arrrgghghghghgh! *(She limps out:)* See...it fits.

**PRINCE CHARMING.** Why you're as pretty as a daisy. All right then, let's get married. Jump in me carriage.

**WICKED STEPSISTER 2.** Sounds...peachy.

**NARRATOR 2.** But as they were riding.

**PRINCE CHARMING.** Say—do you smell blood? I'm not terribly observant either. Blimey! Is that blood on your foot?

**WICKED STEPSISTER 2.** I cut myself shaving. I have hairy feet. Like a hobbit.

**PRINCE CHARMING.** You cut off your heel you daft wench!

**WICKED STEPSISTER 2.** I did it for you!

**NARRATOR 2.** And so the prince returned to the house for a third time.

**PRINCE CHARMING.** 'Ello there. I realize several of the ladies in this here house have chopped off body parts to fit in this here shoe, but I was just wondering if anyone else fit in it. You see, I'm not very smart, but I make up for it by being very persistent. It makes me ideal to run the government.

*(CINDERELLA runs to him.)*

**CINDERELLA.** I will try the shoe.

**PRINCE CHARMING.** It fits!

**CINDERELLA.** My love!

**PRINCE CHARMING.** It is you!

**CINDERELLA.** It is I!

**NARRATOR 2.** And they lived. Happily. Ever. After. As for the wicked stepsisters. The swarm of birds pecked out their eyes. Just for fun.

*(ACTOR grabs the feather.)*

**THE BIRDS.** Peck. Peck. Peck.

*(NARRATOR 1 returns.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** However.

**ACTOR.** I don't think so.

*(ACTOR falls over, exhausted.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** However. That is not the end of the story.

**NARRATOR 2.** That's the beginning.

**NARRATOR 1.** Exactly.

**NARRATOR 2.** I thought you had the beef?

**NARRATOR 1.** Oh, we were all fine. We just wanted to see if he could do it.

**NARRATOR 2.** That's not very nice.

**NARRATOR 1.** Eh. What can you do? Well, we're out of time—

**NARRATOR 2.** So it's time for the lightning round re-cap!

**NARRATOR 1.** It is?

**NARRATOR 2.** Of course. Otherwise no one would be able to follow the narrative. So what we're going to do to finish off the show is re-perform everything we've already done...in two minutes. Ready?

**NARRATOR 1.** I was born ready.

**NARRATOR 2.** All right then. And...GO!

**NARRATOR 1.** Cinderella got pregnant—

**CINDERELLA.** Heavens!

**NARRATOR 1.** After they were married.

**CINDERELLA.** Joyous day!

**NARRATOR 1.** But her daughter was stolen and raised by a needy old Grandmother

*(GRANDMA runs on.)*

**GRANDMA.** I need you!

*(LITTLE RED runs on.)*

**LITTLE RED.** I have a terrible attitude because I was raised in the hood but I'm still going to bring you sweets!

*(THE WOLF runs on.)*

**LITTLE RED.** Ah! A wolf!

**THE WOLF.** Ah! A gun!

*(THE WOLF runs to the GRANDMA.)*

**GRANDMA.** What do you want?

**THE WOLF.** To eat you!

*(He eats her.)*

**LITTLE RED.** Hello Grandma! You look messed up!

**THE WOLF.** I don't say bad things about you! I'm going to eat you!

*(He eats her too.)*

**LITTLE RED.** Ah! Dang it!

*(THE WOODCUTTER runs on.)*

**THE WOODCUTTER.** I heard something!

**THE WOLF.** Ah a woodcutter!

**THE WOODCUTTER.** Ah a wolf! Die die die die! Hey look a girl popped out of his stomach!

**LITTLE RED.** Woo hoo! You look hot let's have babies in eleven years!

**THE WOODCUTTER.** Woo hoo!

**LITTLE RED.** Oh no our daughter married a demon!

**THE WOODCUTTER.** This is your fault!

*(THE DEVIL'S GRANDMOTHER runs on.)*

**THE DEVIL'S GRANDMOTHER.** I'm old now!

*(She shoves LITTLE RED and THE WOODCUTTER off the stage.)*

**DEVIL'S GRANDMOTHER.** Grandson!

*(THE DEVIL [2] runs on.)*

**THE DEVIL 2.** You're losing your mind cause you're old!

**DEVIL'S GRANDMOTHER.** You're the Devil!

**THE DEVIL 2.** I know!

*(DOCTOR runs on.)*

**DOCTOR.** You're sick!

**DEVIL'S GRANDMOTHER.** Let's go to the—

**DOCTOR.** You're dead!

**DEVIL'S GRANDMOTHER.** Ack!

*(She dies.)*

**THE DEVIL 2.** I curse you!

*(DWARF 2 runs and shoves DOCTOR out of the way, taking his place.)*

**DWARF 2.** Now I'm a dwarf! I mean little person!

*(DWARF 1 runs in as THE DEVIL and THE DEVIL'S GRANDMOTHER run out.)*

**DWARF 1.** Let's start our own dwarf village with five of our friends!

**DWARF 2.** That's a great idea!

*(SNOW WHITE runs in.)*

**DWARF 1.** Ah a giant hottie!

**SNOW WHITE.** Ah a dwarf!

**DWARF 2.** Little person!

**DWARF 1.** How 'bout you clean our house and tuck us in at night?

**SNOW WHITE.** You're not going to oppress me!

*(The WITCH runs in from the other direction.)*

**WITCH 2.** I'm hotter than you!

**SNOW WHITE.** I don't judge myself by my looks but I am still hotter than you!

**WITCH 2.** Want to fight about it?

**SNOW WHITE.** Yes.

*(They fight.)*

**WITCH 2.** Your kung fu is stronger than mine.

*(She dies. The PRINCE enters.)*

**PRINCE 3.** What's going on here?

**SNOW WHITE.** I'm an emancipated princess and I'm going to take what I want: you.

## **THIS PLAY IS NOT OVER!**

In order to protect our associated authors against copyright infringement, we cannot currently present full electronic scripts.

To purchase books with the full text, and to apply for performance rights, click ORDER or go back to:

*[www.playscripts.com](http://www.playscripts.com)*