The Brothers Grimm Spectaculathon (full-length) - 2021 edition.
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Cast of Characters

NARRATOR 1 *(female – maybe)*
NARRATOR 2 *(male – maybe)*
ACTOR
GIRL
DIRT MERCHANT
RUMPELSTILTSKIN
ENCHANTRESS
THE DEVIL
PRINCE
RAPUNZEL
PRINCE 2
AUDIENCE MEMBER
HANSEL
GRETEL
WITCH
GIRL WITHOUT HANDS
MOTHER
FATHER
CHET DOBRAY
FISHERGIRL
TALKING FISH
CRAB PERSON 1
CRAB PERSON 2
PRINCESS
FROG PRINCE
KING
DWARF 1
DWARF 2
SNOW WHITE
WITCH 2
PRINCE 3
JOHANNES
RAVEN
KING 2
QUEEN
PLINKIE PLIE
LITTLE RED
THE WOLF
GRANDMA
WOODCUTTER
CINDERELLA
WALT

How To Cast This Show

Smallest cast: This play could be done with a total of 5 actors. With a small cast, the narrators become characters in the scenes as indicated. Everyone should have lots of costumes available.

Largest cast: Every role is played by a different actor. Different narrators may play the narrator roles in each fairy tale.

Casting Notes

Any of the roles may be played by any actor of any gender, race, or ethnicity. There are some moments, when actors switch roles, that it might be funnier if Dwarf 2 was played by a male-presenting person and Snow White was played by a female-presenting person, but in general there's no reason to be overly restrictive in casting. This is all make-believe here.

Author's Note

It has been nearly fifteen years since I wrote the original *Brothers Grimm Spectaculathon*. With over 3,000 productions worldwide, it's been my most popular show by a long ways. Returning to an old play is always a crapshoot—there's always the risk of ruining something. There are things I would change, better jokes, but sometimes removing the warts from something doesn't make it turn into a prince, it makes it turn into a less interesting frog.

I am not the playwright I was fifteen years ago. I hope I'm a better one, but the results will be in the execution, not in me merely wishing it to be so. The original *BGS* has a madcap, free-wheeling, almost dangerous energy to it. The play feels like it could run off the rails at any time, and only the efforts of a talented group of actors are keeping this unwieldy massive thing moving forward. That's probably part of the reason actors and audiences enjoy doing it so much: you never know what's going to happen next.

The last thing I want to do is make this play safe. But I'd like to make it safe for the actors to perform.

THE BROTHERS GRIMM SPECTACULATHON

(FULL-LENGTH VERSION)

by Don Zolidis

ACT ONE

(The stage can be anything, really.)

*(*NARRATOR 1 *enters.)*

NARRATOR 1. Hello and welcome to the Brothers Grimm Spectaculathon.

*(*NARRATOR 2 *bursts onto the stage.)*

NARRATOR 2. 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! Aaaaaaaaah!

(Short pause. NARRATOR 1 *blinks.)*

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

NARRATOR 2. And then the battle you've been waiting for: Snow White vs. Sleeping Beauty in a mud-wrestling death match. Who's the toughest of them all?!

NARRATOR 1. Can you stop please?

NARRATOR 2. We've got unhinged princess action! Elsa and Rapunzel in a hair-pulling smackdown! Let go! Let IT GOOOOO!

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

*(*NARRATOR 2 *ignites a Firestarter.)*

NARRATOR 2. Flames! Flames!

NARRATOR 1. *[Actor's name].* You're doing it again. What did we talk about?

NARRATOR 2. About not being awesome? Like you?

NARRATOR 1. You're weirding them out.

NARRATOR 2. Fine. But I want you to know that you are no longer extreme in my book. No longer extreme.

(He drinks a Red Bull.)

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. You will never be the same. Forget your marriage. Forget your children. If you haven't already.

NARRATOR 1. If you need to go to the bathroom, 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 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. Changed my life. I can't even look at straw, coal, or beans anymore.

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"—

(He lifts a sign into view 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 for a way to sue me right now.

(He swings a lightsaber.)

You'll never take me alive, Imagineers!

NARRATOR 1. You know they own Star Wars too.

NARRATOR 2. *(Dropping lightsaber:)* Ah! They're everywhere!

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 even seen and—

*(*ACTOR *enters, scratching themselves.)*

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. *(Offstage:)* I don't see it!

NARRATOR 2. Do you see the radiator?

ACTOR. *(Offstage:)* No! Oh wait! No.

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

ACTOR. *(Offstage:)* Oh here it is.

ANOTHER ACTOR. *(Offstage:)* Hey!

NARRATOR 1. Anyway, in 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 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're going to perform them as originally intended, which is . . .

NARRATOR 2. That it's all one giant super mega-juicy story.

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'll be back—

(We hear sounds of him vomiting offstage.)

So . . . Once upon a time . . .

*(*GIRL *enters.)*

There was a girl who was raised by wolves and whose mother died in childbirth and she was abandoned by her father who could spin straw into a 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. *(Returning)* And she was beautiful—

NARRATOR 1. Because no one cares about ugly people.

NARRATOR 2. Whoa.

NARRATOR 1. Point me to an ugly Disney princess.

NARRATOR 2. Snow White.

NARRATOR 1. Literally the fairest of them all.

NARRATOR 2. Not my thing, sorry. She's got that whiny voice.

NARRATOR 1. Anyway, there was a girl.

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!

*(*DIRT MERCHANT *returns.)*

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

(He exits.)

GIRL. If only I could live in a boot or make some deals with elves or find 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 trusting!

ENCHANTRESS. Excellent. *(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. Hey there hot stuff. Oh wait, that's me. Ha ha ha ha!

GIRL. Are you a prince?

THE DEVIL. Of darkness.

(He laughs at his own joke.)

Oh that's clever! Now, I happened to overhear your tale of misery and woe and I'm here to help.

GIRL. Well actually I just—

THE DEVIL. *(Handing her a contract:)* Just sign this one small contract and you shall conceive a daughter so beautiful she will be selected to be in a game show with 22 other attractive women competing for the love of—

GIRL. Done.

(She signs the contract.)

THE DEVIL. Moo ah ha ha ha ha ha!

(He looks around. Then runs off.)

GIRL. This is a busy street.

*(*RUMPELSTILTSKIN *enters, limping and grotesque.)*

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. Hello there.

GIRL. You're hideous and deformed!

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. That's hurtful, but I have a great bargain for—

GIRL. My stomach recoils in horror as you approach!

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. I get that a lot, 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.

(She takes out a notebook labeled "MY WILD DREAMS"—hands it over—)

*(*RUMPELSTILTSKIN *opens it up, recoils.)*

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. This is really messed up. You seriously need help. A lot of work has gone into this and it's disturbing.

GIRL. I also want a jet fighter with Tom Cruise in it—when he was 23 and not into the weird stuff.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. He was still into that. He just wasn't advertising.

GIRL. I want a Tom Cruise clone then. That I control.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. I shall make you rich. Not rich enough to afford a jet fighter or to steal a skin graft from a famous actor and grow a clone in a vat, but rich enough! And I ask only one small thing in return.

GIRL. Sounds good.

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

GIRL. No I'm cool.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. Very well!

(He snickers and exits.)

*(*NARRATOR 1 *re-emerges.)*

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

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

PRINCE. Hey you're hot.

GIRL. I am hot!

PRINCE. Let's get married!

GIRL. Score!

(They air kiss.)

NARRATOR 1. She grew very rich.

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

GIRL. Ha ha! Score!

NARRATOR 1. And she conceived a child.

*(*PRINCE *looks confused.* GIRL *looks sheepish.)*

PRINCE. Whoa. How did that happen?

GIRL. Um . . .

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

NARRATOR 1. Through magic! Magic of the Devil! And that's where babies come from.

*(*NARRATOR 2 *goes back to being the* PRINCE.*)*

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

GIRL. What are you prince of, anyway?

PRINCE. Denmark.

NARRATOR 1. But that's another story.

*(*PRINCE *and* GIRL *hop forward.* GIRL *[possibly] puts a pillow under her shirt.)*

PRINCE. Here we are in Denmark.

GIRL. It's terrible here.

PRINCE. Ha ha yes.

GIRL. Ah! The baby's coming!

PRINCE. Dang it! I mean—push or breathe or something!

GIRL. You're not helping!

PRINCE. I'm not trying to! You can do it! I'm gonna be over here!

NARRATOR 1. The miracle of childbirth.

GIRL. I hate you I hate you I hate you I hate you

PRINCE. Focus your anger! Focus your anger!

*(*GIRL *screams.)*

GIRL. Aaaaaaaah!

PRINCE. Aaaaaaaah!
Focus your anger! Focus your anger!

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

I can see her little head!

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

PRINCE. Oh it's so beautiful!

NARRATOR 2. Years passed.

(The PRINCE *throws the baby offstage like a Frisbee.)*

And she grew into a beautiful young teenager, Rapunzel.

PRINCE. I want to revisit the name Rapunzel. What about Amber?

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

PRINCE. AMBER WAS NICE TO ME!

*(*RAPUNZEL *enters, wearing headphones and ignoring everyone.)*

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

RAPUNZEL. Shut up.

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

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

PRINCE. 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're 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. You're gonna get warts!

RAPUNZEL. I don't care.

PRINCE. I've had just about enough of this "parenting"! I'm going golfing.

*(*PRINCE *exits.)*

RAPUNZEL. Real winner you chose there, Mom.

GIRL. You don't have a lot of time to be choosy when you fall in love at first sight.

NARRATOR 1. And just then . . .

*(*NARRATOR 1 *switches back to the* ENCHANTRESS.*)*

ENCHANTRESS. I have returned.

*(*THE DEVIL *pops in.)*

THE DEVIL. Your time is up.

*(*RUMPELSTILTSKIN *returns.)*

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. You know I was in 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?

GIRL. What do you want?

ALL THREE. Your child!

(They all start arguing amongst themselves.)

*(*GIRL *takes* RAPUNZEL *aside.)*

RAPUNZEL. 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. What? I was young, I needed the money—and the baby—and the prince—but mostly just the money and the baby.

RAPUNZEL. This is why I'm in therapy!

GIRL. Oh honey you're not in therapy because of my deals, you're in therapy because we're terrible parents.

THE DEVIL. You heard what I said—witch.

ENCHANTRESS. For the last time, I'm an Enchantress!

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. Girl, if you can guess my name, I will release you from our bargain.

GIRL. It's Rumpelstiltskin.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. What!?

GIRL. It says right there on your name tag.

*(*ENCHANTRESS *becomes* NARRATOR 1 *for a moment.)*

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

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. *(Pointing:)* Ha ha.

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. Do it.

*(*RUMPELSTILTSKIN *breaks himself in half.)*

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. Aaaagghh!

*(*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 one of RAPUNZEL's *arms.)*

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

(He grabs her other arm.)

I've got more claim than some stupid little witch.

ENCHANTRESS. Enchantress!

THE DEVIL. Whatever. Witch.

ENCHANTRESS. That's it! Let's go!

(She drops RAPUNZEL's *arm and takes out a wand.)*

THE DEVIL. Oh you want some, huh?

(He starts feinting towards her.)

RAPUNZEL. Mom, let's get out of here!

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

(She takes out a Duke or Arizona State [or just a sign that says "Go Devil"] pennant and starts waving it.)

ENCHANTRESS. Expelliarmus!

THE DEVIL. That's a witch spell!

ENCHANTRESS. Fine I curse you!

THE DEVIL. You know what, this is stupid. Tell ya what, if you sign this contract here, I will let you take Rapunzel.

(He takes out a contract. It says "EVIL CONTRACT WITH THE DEVIL.")

ENCHANTRESS. Oh this seems legit.

(She signs it.)

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

(He slowly disappears making weird motions with his hands. Returns momentarily as NARRATOR 2.*)*

ENCHANTRESS. Well, come along Rapunzel.

RAPUNZEL. Where are we going?

ENCHANTRESS. I've got this great tower for you.

GIRL. Run along dear.

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

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

*(*RAPUNZEL *exits with the* ENCHANTRESS.*)*

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. 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. Cool. You want to go to Hawaii?

GIRL. Rock on.

(They skip offstage.)

NARRATOR 2. And they lived happily ever after. As for Rapunzel . . .

(Lights up on RAPUNZEL's *tower.)*

RAPUNZEL. So I'm um just supposed to sit here in lockdown, right?

ENCHANTRESS. Right.

RAPUNZEL. When will I get out?

*(*ENCHANTRESS *laughs.)*

ENCHANTRESS. Who knows? Don't leave, don't talk to anyone, and if you get any packages I want you to wipe them down with this 80% alcohol solution.

NARRATOR 2. For some reason this fairy tale seems a lot more reasonable than it used to.

RAPUNZEL. Well, that's fine I guess, I'll just do virtual learning and chat with my friends online.

NARRATOR 2. But there was no wifi.

RAPUNZEL. ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

*(*RAPUNZEL *takes out her cell phone.)*

NARRATOR 2. Well, actually, there was a really weak signal she could hook into if she stood on a chair in the right place.

*(*RAPUNZEL *has her phone lifted above her head, stands on a chair, and tries to get a signal.)*

RAPUNZEL. Wait a minute—wait a minute—one bar one bar— OH COME ON.

ENCHANTRESS. Guess you'll have to read books and wash your hair with these radioactive hair care products . . .

NARRATOR 2. So Rapunzel spent her days trying to get a signal and ignoring the books and in the meantime, her hair grew and grew. Mutated really. She became a mutant.

*(*RAPUNZEL *puts on a gigantic, ropy wig.)*

RAPUNZEL. *(Looking at herself in a mirror:)* This is a problem.

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

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 down:)* Why don't you use your magical powers to fly up here!?

ENCHANTRESS. *(Shouting up:)* For the last time, I'm an Enchantress, not a witch!

RAPUNZEL. *(Under her breath:)* Witch.

NARRATOR 2. So up climbed the Enchantress.

(The ENCHANTRESS *climbs up* 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.

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

*(*ENCHANTRESS *lets go, looks around.)*

ENCHANTRESS. What's up?

RAPUNZEL. Nothing much, just sitting out this global pandemic in a doorless tower in the middle of nowhere. What do you want?

ENCHANTRESS. You got a package from FedEx today.

RAPUNZEL. Where is it?

ENCHANTRESS. Oh I forgot it. Hold on.

(She descends the hair.)

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

*(*ENCHANTRESS *keeps pulling on her hair and muttering.)*

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

*(*PRINCE 2 *enters, riding a stick horse.)*

PRINCE 2. Whoa, horsey! Neeeighgh! Easy big fella! Whinny. What's that? That chick is totally hot! And I am so lonely. So, so lonely.

NARRATOR 2. Fun fact: Most people fell in love at first sight in fairy tales because most people were totally hideous.

*(*NARRATOR 1 *steps out of her role as* ENCHANTRESS.*)*

NARRATOR 1. They were not.

NARRATOR 2. Have you seen a medieval painting?

*(*NARRATOR 2 *holds up some images of medieval paintings [or they are projected on a screen].)*

NARRATOR 2. These are all completely accurate, by the way.

(Shows a picture.)

Take a look at this beefcake.

(Another picture.)

Or this beauty contestant.

(Another picture.)

Not goin' on *The Bachelor.*

(Another picture.)

Think about coming home to this every night. Uggos. Every single one. So if you spotted someone who was even halfway decent-looking—

PRINCE 2. I will love her forever because all the other options are terrible.

NARRATOR 1. Fine.

(She returns to being the ENCHANTRESS*, who finally gets out of the hair.)*

ENCHANTRESS. Now where did I put that package?

(She exits as RAPUNZEL *struggles to gather her hair back to her head.)*

RAPUNZEL. Ungh. Ungh.

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

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

PRINCE 2. I'm very attractive.

RAPUNZEL. Okay then.

(She throws out her hair again. PRINCE 2 *begins to climb it.)*

Ow. Ow. Ow. Ow. Ow. Ow. OWWW! Ow.

*(*PRINCE 2 *makes it into the tower.)*

PRINCE 2. Hello.

(Awkward silence. PRINCE 2 *kicks at the wall.)*

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.

PRINCE 2. Oh so now you're picky about the princes wandering by your tower.

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. Sorry.

RAPUNZEL. No problem. Ow. Ow. Ow.

(He makes it down.)

(The ENCHANTRESS *returns 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.)

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? That's why you're homeschooled. 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.)*

*(*NARRATOR 1 *rejoins the action.)*

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, with the* GIRL WITHOUT HANDS.*)*

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!

*(*MOTHER *exits.)*

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

(She dances off.)

*(*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 *[or the* ENCHANTRESS *returns].)*

NARRATOR 1. 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 PRINCE 2 *enters.)*

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

ENCHANTRESS. Here you are my darling!

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

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.

*(*PRINCE 2 *mimes jumping and a fake prince body is thrown in from offstage [or tossed down from a catwalk].)*

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. 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.)

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

(She exits.)

NARRATOR 2. And so the Prince wandered around blind.

*(*PRINCE 2 *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.

PRINCE 2. I can see! What did you do to your hair?

NARRATOR 2. And they lived happily ever after. In the desert. With no kingdom or hair care products. The end.

*(*NARRATOR 1 *returns.)*

NARRATOR 1. But our story is not even remotely finished.

NARRATOR 2. No wait, it is finished. It's not yet begun.

NARRATOR 1. That's right.

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

NARRATOR 1. You might be familiar with her mother.

*(*GRETEL *enters.)*

*(*NARRATOR 2 *becomes* HANSEL.*)*

(Both GRETEL *and* HANSEL *speak with exaggerated German accents.)*

HANSEL. Gretel! What are you doing out?!

GRETEL. Nothing.

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

GRETEL. Ya . . . It's . . . our mother. You see, our mother died before we were born.

HANSEL. I remember.

NARRATOR 1. Our next story: Hansel. And. Gretel. Or: The original horror movie.

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

HANSEL. Ya 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. He 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:

(He does heavy breathing.)

You try it.

(Points to a couple in the audience.)

Um . . . you need to take it outside, okay? This is a family show.

(He addresses the entire audience.)

All right? Everybody got it?! One last test.

(He points at each group in turn very quickly.)

And back with our story.

GRETEL. Hansel, I am worried.

HANSEL. Why?

GRETEL. I overheard our wicked stepmother saying she was going to take us into the woods and leave us to be eaten by wolves.

HANSEL. Ya she does that.

GRETEL. I say we go into the woods ourselves.

AUDIENCE. DON'T GO IN THERE!

HANSEL. Okay, let's go.

(They hop forward.)

(Perhaps the lights change again. Maybe they have flashlights now.)

GRETEL. Here we are in the dark and scary woods alone.

*(*NARRATOR *points to one group.)*

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

GRETEL. Something's not right

HANSEL. You're just a chicken.

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

*(*NARRATOR 1 *points again.)*

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

HANSEL. Looks like a house.

GRETEL. It's made out of candy.

HANSEL. This isn't suspicious at all.

GRETEL. Do you want to try the door?

*(*HANSEL *moves forward.)*

*(*NARRATOR 1 *points again.)*

AUDIENCE. DON'T GO IN THERE!

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

*(*NARRATOR 1 *points again.)*

AUDIENCE. DON'T GO IN THERE!

HANSEL. Huh. Let's go in there.

*(*NARRATOR 1 *makes a sound effect like a door creaking open.)*

GRETEL. It's dark in here.

*(*NARRATOR 1 *points to a group.)*

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

*(*NARRATOR 1 *points to the other group.)*

AUDIENCE. *(Heavy breathing.)*

GRETEL. Is that your hand?

*(*NARRATOR*1 points again.)*

AUDIENCE. *(Heavy breathing.)*

HANSEL. Is that . . . your hand?

*(*NARRATOR 1 *points again.)*

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

*(*WITCH *enters, sneaking up behind them.)*

(An AUDIENCE MEMBER *[a plant] in the front row munching on popcorn, freaks out—would be great if this were an adult).)*

AUDIENCE MEMBER. She's behind you! Look behind you! Turn around!

*(*AUDIENCE MEMBER *stands up and screams, pointing at the* WITCH.*)*

AUDIENCE MEMBER. TURN AROUND LOOK BEHIND YOU THERE'S A WITCH BEHIND YOU! SHE'S RIGHT THERE! SHE'S RIGHT THERE!

WITCH Are you eating my house?

HANSEL and GRETEL. Aaaaaaah!

AUDIENCE MEMBER. I TOLD YOU! I TOLD YOU BUT YOU DIDN'T LISTEN! WHY DIDN'T YOU LISTEN TO ME?! I SAID "DON'T GO IN THERE" AND YOU WENT IN! YOU WENT IN! WHYYYYY?!

NARRATOR 1. Sir?

AUDIENCE MEMBER. What?

NARRATOR 1. Can we keep doing the play please?

AUDIENCE MEMBER. You said it was a horror movie so—

NARRATOR 1. Let's take it down a notch, all right?

*(*AUDIENCE MEMBER *sits back down.)*

AUDIENCE MEMBER. My bad, my bad.

GRETEL. Were you eating the house, Hansel?

HANSEL. Maybe? I was hungry. It was made of candy! You should try the floorboards, they're really tasty.

WITCH. 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.

AUDIENCE MEMBER. OH DANG IT! I KNEW IT! GET OUT! GET OUT OF THE HOUSE!

GRETEL. What kind of lesson?

AUDIENCE MEMBER. SHE'S GONNA EAT YOU! WHY ARE YOU TALKING TO HER?! RUN!

WITCH. But first, why don't you want more candy?

AUDIENCE MEMBER. NO! SHE'S JUST FATTENING YOU UP! THAT'S ALL SHE'S DOING!

NARRATOR 1. So Hansel and Gretel stayed with the witch and ate and ate—

*(*AUDIENCE MEMBER *stomps around and throws things, protesting.)*

AUDIENCE MEMBER. DUMB!

NARRATOR 1. And they got fatter and fatter—and the witch was very nice to them.

AUDIENCE MEMBER. I'M LOOKING AT THE PROGRAM AND IT SAYS WITCH RIGHT HERE! SHE'S A WITCH!

HANSEL. Why does my cologne smell like gravy?

*(*AUDIENCE MEMBER *raises their hand vigorously.)*

GRETEL. Look, she gave me this apple to put in my mouth? Wasn't that nice?

*(*GRETEL *puts the apple in her mouth.)*

AUDIENCE MEMBER. OH COME ON!

WITCH. Well, my children, I am just an old woman in the woods—

AUDIENCE MEMBER. NO SHE AIN'T! I'VE GOT THE PROGRAM RIGHT HERE!

WITCH. And I could use some help.

HANSEL. What is it?

WITCH. Could you spritz yourself with sugar water please first?

HANSEL. Ya okay.

WITCH. I need some help cleaning out . . . my oven.

AUDIENCE MEMBER. OH HECK NO! NOOO! DON'T DO IT!

HANSEL. Oh I can help with that.

AUDIENCE MEMBER. NO! NO YOU IDIOT!

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

AUDIENCE. DON'T GO IN THERE!

AUDIENCE MEMBER. DON'T GO IN THERE! I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHY WE HAVE TO TELL YOU! DON'T GO IN THERE DON'T GO IN THERE!

WITCH. Come along, Hamsel.

HANSEL. It's Hansel.

WITCH. Oh right. Hansel.

(She chuckles evilly.)

AUDIENCE MEMBER. OHHHH I CAN'T WATCH!

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

WITCH. A quarter?

(She bends down.)

GRETEL. Eat this, witch!

*(*GRETEL *makes a shoving motion towards the* WITCH.*)*

WITCH. Aaaaaaaah!

AUDIENCE MEMBER. YESSSS! WOOO! YESSS! YESS!

HANSEL. You did it.

AUDIENCE MEMBER. Wait a minute. She ain't dead. This is where they get you. Don't let your guard down.

GRETEL. Yes, it is all happy now.

AUDIENCE MEMBER. No it isn't! She's coming back! I've seen this movie!

HANSEL. How about we eat the rest of the house?

GRETEL. Good idea.

(They start snacking. WITCH *rises up.)*

AUDIENCE MEMBER. NO I SEE HER! I SEE HER SHE'S RIGHT THERE! SHE'S BEHIND YOU AGAIN YOU IDIOTS!

*(*GRETEL *turns and shoves her back in.)*

WITCH. I'm melting! Oh wait . . . I'm burning!

(She dies.)

HANSEL. Ding dong the witch is dead!

NARRATOR 1. Wrong story.

HANSEL. I get so confused.

NARRATOR 1. So they made it. But the horror wasn't over. Because early childhood trauma can affect a lot of fairytale heroes. And Hansel . . . well . . . let's just say he developed a problem.

HANSEL. Gretel, you want to try fairy dust?

GRETEL. No, Hansel. You have a problem and you need help.

HANSEL. It lets you fly.

GRETEL. It doesn't let you fly, Hansel. Drugs are bad.

HANSEL. These are natural. From ground-up fairies. Let me show you.

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 light begins to shine on HANSEL*, growing brighter.)*

Come on you can do it!

(The light and noise crescendo.)

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

(The light suddenly goes out.)

Aaaaaaaah.

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

(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.

NARRATOR 1. He's in a better place now, Gretel. Where his stupidity can't hurt him anymore.

GRETEL. Canada?

NARRATOR 1. If you want it to be Canada.

NARRATOR 1. *(Suddenly chipper again:)* Anyway, after Hansel's untimely death, thank you very much Jim, 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 2 *makes ocean sounds: a fog horn, seagulls, the spray of the waves.)*

*(*FISHERGIRL *enters. She's carrying a fishing pole and is in a "boat.")*

*(*NARRATOR 2 *takes a microphone.)*

NARRATOR 2. Here we are at the Bassmaster 1300 AD Classic! What are they playing for, *[actor's name]*?

*(*NARRATOR 1 *becomes another announcer with a microphone.)*

NARRATOR 1. They are 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 it 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. No pressure! But everyone's gonna die if you don't get a fish! Good luck out there!

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

*(*NARRATOR 1 *whispers into her microphone in a play-by-play.)*

NARRATOR 1. And the action is hot here in the Bassmaster 1300, with me as always is Chet Dobray, the most exciting personality in fishing.

(Enter CHET DOBRAY, *wearing a sleeveless vest and a hat with a lot of lures on it. He spits.)*

CHET. Ayup.

NARRATOR 1. Chet, you've seen a lot of fishing action, can you give us a sense of the explosive display of fishing we're about to witness today?

CHET. They're gonna fish.

NARRATOR 1. Amazing. And what kind of lures are they using out there?

CHET. Looks like worms. Yup. Definitely worms.

NARRATOR 1. And why would you use worms?

CHET. Ain't got nothing else.

NARRATOR 1. Let's watch the thrilling action!

(They both stare at FISHERGIRL.*)*

(Nothing happens.)

CHET. Nothing happenin' right now.

(They keep staring.)

Right now she's fishin.

(They keep staring.)

Still nothin' happenin.

NARRATOR 1. And when would you expect something to happen, Chet?

CHET. Right before she catches a fish.

(The FISHERGIRL *gets a bite. She tugs on her line.)*

Like now.

(The FISHERGIRL *tugs and tugs.)*

Looks like a big 'un.

(The FISHERGIRL *mimes tugging on her line and* TALKING FISH *is pulled in from offstage, struggling and flopping.)*

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

TALKING FISH. You've caught me.

FISHERGIRL. Aaaaaaaaaah! It talks!

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

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

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

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

*(*FISHERGIRL *stops, panting.)*

Listen. I'll make a deal with you.

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

(She beats it again. TALKING FISH *tries in vain to save himself.)*

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, Chet.

CHET. Ayup. Those are bonus points. Plus the wish part.

NARRATOR 1. What do you think she would wish for?

CHET. Um . . . I'm gonna say a burger. Cause those are tasty.

NARRATOR 1. Let's listen in!

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

NARRATOR 1. Oh! Brilliant move!

CHET. That's a good wish. I wish I woulda thoughta that when I caught one.

TALKING FISH. *(Pointing at* CHET*:)* Done! You still had one left!

CHET. Dang it.

FISHERGIRL. You heard me: I wish for three more wishes.

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.

(She raises her club again.)

TALKING FISH. Wait! How about two wishes?

FISHERGIRL. Okay.

NARRATOR 1. Wow! That took guts!

CHET. Now I feel bad 'cause I didn't think of any of this.

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

FISHERGIRL. Okay . . . wish A:

TALKING FISH. You've got them written out 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 1. Let's see what the judge says.

(A buzzer sounds.)

Ooh.

CHET. Good idea, though.

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 2 *returns.)*

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 puts on a witch hat and 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 Italians for dinner tonight?

CRAB PERSON 2. We had Italians last night.

CRAB PERSON 1. British?

CRAB PERSON 2. They're too bland.

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! My sister was right!

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 *protest.)*

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

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

CRAB PEOPLE. *(Chanting:)* Crab People Crab People Crab People Crab People

*(*NARRATOR 2 *pushes them offstage.)*

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. And to be honest, I don't even think that talking fish story was a Brothers Grimm fairy tale.

NARRATOR 2. Get ahold of yourself!

*(*NARRATOR 2 *slaps* NARRATOR 1 *in the face.)*

NARRATOR 1. Ah! No good!

*(*NARRATOR 2 *slaps* NARRATOR 1 *again.)*

I'm better now.

*(*NARRATOR 2 *is about slap* NARRATOR 1*, but she stops him and slaps him first.)*

NARRATOR 2. I deserved that.

NARRATOR 1. What are we going to do?

*(*FROG PRINCE *enters, dressed as a frog.)*

NARRATOR 2. Oh wait— I know. Because the Talking Fish had once cursed someone else.

FROG PRINCE. Ooh I know!

NARRATOR 2. Shhh. We'll get to you.

FROG PRINCE. Ribbit.

*(*FROG PRINCE *lays low.)*

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

*(*PRINCESS *enters. She has a golden ball she's playing with.)*

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

NARRATOR 2. A clumsy princess.

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

(She boots the ball offstage.)

NARRATOR 2. A clumsy stupid princess.

(The FROG PRINCE *returns, holding the ball.)*

FROG PRINCE. *(Trying to be suave:)* Drop something?

PRINCESS. IT'S A TALKING FROG!!!! WHAT THE HECK! AAAAAHHH! I'M GOING CRAZY! I'm insane now! The animals are talking! Help!

(She runs around in a circle and collapses.)

NARRATOR 2. And several hours later after she calmed down with the help of her soothing stone . . .

*(*PRINCESS *gets up, rubbing a smooth stone robotically, shivering and twitching.)*

PRINCESS. The frogs are talking . . . the frogs are talking . . . I am in a horror movie . . .

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:)* If you ignore him, he's not real . . .

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

PRINCESS. Okay.

(The FROG PRINCE *hands the ball back.)*

Ha!

(She runs offstage.)

FROG PRINCE. Hey wait up. Darn it.

(He hops after her.)

NARRATOR 1. So when she got home.

*(*NARRATOR 2 *becomes the* KING.*)*

*(*PRINCESS *enters and looks around. She creeps past 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 offstage:)* Honey, our daughter's acting weird again. She gets this from your side of the family.

(He exits.)

PRINCESS. Where is my soothing stone, where is my soothing stone?

(She rubs her stone and tries to calm herself down.)

(The FROG PRINCE *hops back in and knocks on her door.)*

PRINCESS. What?

FROG PRINCE. Forget something?

PRINCESS. Aaaaaaaaaah!

(She dives out of view.)

*(*PRINCESS *pops up [perhaps with boxing gloves on] and mimes punching the frog in the face repeatedly.)*

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

(He falls down.)

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.

(She shoves him behind something.)

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

*(*PRINCESS *takes out a teen magazine and reads it.)*

PRINCESS. You're fine.

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

PRINCESS. Nope.

NARRATOR 1. But the frog was very persistent.

*(*FROG PRINCE *takes out a harmonica plays a sad number [feel free to cut if your* FROG PRINCE *can't play a harmonica].)*

FROG PRINCE. I'm innocent I tell you! I wanna be a free frog!

PRINCESS. Tough!

FROG PRINCE. I'm dying. Tell my tadpoles I loved them. Little Kermit . . . Daddy loves you . . . sorry I couldn't be there for you because I couldn't recognize you.

PRINCESS. Okay frog. I guess you can stay in the bed.

*(*FROG PRINCE *jumps in with her.)*

NARRATOR 1. But he was still after something.

FROG PRINCE. I'm so dry. 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 PRINCE.*)*

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

*(*NARRATOR 1 *points again.)*

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

*(*NARRATOR 1 *points again.)*

Hey what's that over there?

*(*FROG PRINCE *puckers his lips and misses.)*

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

(The KING *re-appears.)*

*(*FROG PRINCE *gets himself ready while this is happening—chapstick, maybe some AXE body spray. Checks his hair.)*

PRINCESS. Daddy, 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. But I was a nice guy. 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 and she came over to my house in the middle of the night 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. Wait a minute. What if you weren't actually a nice guy? What if you were really annoying and not very attractive and you just expected this girl to look past your appearance and personality, but you never looked past her appearance because you were superficial and shallow. And maybe when she said she wanted to be friends, what she really meant was that you acted like you had an expectation that just because you liked her, she was obligated to like you back. But it doesn't work that way. If you really wanted her to kiss you, you should've just been yourself and accepted the fact that she didn't like you and she didn't just exist for your gratification.

KING. Um . . .

PRINCESS. I know what I need to do. Good talk, Dad.

(She returns back to the FROG PRINCE. *)*

Look, I'm setting clear boundaries. If you want to be friends, that's cool, but I don't like you like that, and I'm not going to tell you twice. Either we're friends, or you go back to your pond and live with your kids.

FROG PRINCE. Did I mention I was cursed by a witch and I'm actually a swimsuit model?

PRINCESS. Give me some sugar.

(She kisses towards the frog.)

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

FROG PRINCE. I'm human again! My abs have returned!

PRINCESS. Sweet! You're gorgeous!

FROG PRINCE. I know! Let's get married!

PRINCESS. Done!

(They dance obnoxiously.)

NARRATOR 1. And they lived happily ever after. Because everything always works out for pretty people in fairy tales.

*(*NARRATOR 2 *returns.)*

But that—

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! Check your email if you haven't already been secretly doing that the entire time doing the show I see you I see you I see what you're doing!

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

(Lights down.)

End of Act One

*(*NARRATOR 2 *enters.)*

NARRATOR 2. Hey. What's up? *[Narrator 1's real name]* got stuck in the line for the bathroom, so we're going to do a segment I call: meet the actors.

*(*ACTOR *strolls on stage.)*

ACTOR. What's up?

NARRATOR 2. Why did you become an actor?

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

*(*ACTOR *exits.)*

NARRATOR 2. All right then.

*(*NARRATOR 1 *enters.)*

NARRATOR 1. Sorry about that.

NARRATOR 2. All right, we're ready to go! To recap:

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 married a woodcutter whose daughter grew up to make a deal with the Devil, an enchantress and a weird little man for her firstborn 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 out there: If you wonder what your girlfriend is going to be like in the future, look at her 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—

*(*SNOW WHITE *enters. She whines petulantly and 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 *dives and hides.)*

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 . . . 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 moves towards her.)

NARRATOR 1. Whoa! This is a children's story.

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

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

NARRATOR 1. Time out. Time out. Put away the hot sauce.

*(*DWARF *1 hides a bottle of hot sauce behind his back.)*

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 2 *enters.)*

NARRATOR 1. No. We are going to do this story as written! Snow White cleans house for the seven dwarves, then she gets poisoned by an apple, then a prince shows up and falls in love with her because she's unconscious and can't talk back.

NARRATOR 2. You know, maybe this fairy tale is a little antiquated.

NARRATOR 1. I'm surprised you even know what that word means. This is a classic. What girl out there didn't want to be a house maid to seven freaky bearded dudes and then have no choice in who she was going to marry?

NARRATOR 2. Sometimes the classics are . . . how do you say, bad?

NARRATOR 1. They're beautiful!

NARRATOR 2. Really? Let me show you one.

*(*NARRATOR 2 *takes out the big book of fairy tales.)*

Here we go—number 191. Lean Lisa.

NARRATOR 1. Never heard of it.

*(*SNOW WHITE *wakes up.)*

SNOW WHITE. Question: 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.

DWARF 1. Have you thought about ingesting tapeworm 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 *falls over. The end.)*

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

NARRATOR 2. Right here.

NARRATOR 1. Wow. That story's awful.

*(*SNOW WHITE *wakes up again.)*

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

DWARF 1. She's alive! Kill her!

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

SNOW WHITE. Can anyone really tell the difference? Seriously, they're the same story.

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. Fine. I don't care anymore. Whatever. I'm sure this Dwarf is going to do a better job than me. Go ahead take my place.

*(*DWARF *1 jumps up.)*

DWARF 1. Sounds good.

NARRATOR 1. Wait, I didn't—

DWARF 1. All right, you're gonna be Dwarf 1, all right?

*(*NARRATOR 1 *puts on a beard.)*

DWARF 1. *[Narrator 2 actor's name].* 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 *holds up a hand.)*

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. Um . . . so you're going to kiss her without getting active consent?

NARRATOR 1. What are you doing?

DWARF 2. Just preparing my police report.

NARRATOR 1. Fine.

*(*NARRATOR 1 *raps on something.)*

NARRATOR 1. HEY. GIANT HOTTIE. IS IT COOL IF I KISS YOU TO WAKE YOU UP FROM YOUR COMA?

*(*NARRATOR 1 *listens.)*

(Then NARRATOR 1 *makes a little* SNOW WHITE *voice and says:)*

NARRATOR 1. Sure Dwarf One I would like that.

DWARF 2. That was you!

NARRATOR 1. Well how am I supposed to—?

DWARF 2. What if you did an air hug from a six foot distance?

NARRATOR 1. Fine.

(She backs up and air hugs SNOW WHITE. SNOW WHITE *wakes up.)*

SNOW WHITE. *(Waking up:)* Ah!

DWARF 1. It was love at first sight.

SNOW WHITE. Oh you're not what I expected.

NARRATOR 1. I'm better, baby. 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.

*(*SNOW WHITE *raises her hand.)*

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 hands a sheet of paper to* SNOW WHITE.*)*

*(*SNOW WHITE *takes the sheet and looks at it.)*

SNOW WHITE. This says I cook dinner and clean the house and leave the thinking to my husband.

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 throws down the lyrics.)

*(*DWARF 2 *and* WITCH 2 *enter.)*

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 *points at* DWARF 2.*)*

*(*WITCH 2 *exits, annoyed.)*

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-presenting actor.)*

DWARF 2. ABOUT DANG TIME! YES!

*(*DWARF 2 *grabs a stash of clothing. He has ALL of the Snow White stuff. Dress—tiara—wig—gloves—roses. He talks while he's putting on the dress and everything.)*

DWARF 2. I've just been waiting for my chance but I will ROCK THIS. Oh yeah. It's my time. It's all coming true just like I dreamed. You can do this, *[Dwarf 2 actor's real name].*
Time for this diamond to shine.

*(*DWARF 2 *prepares mentally, perhaps stretches, perhaps takes out a mirror to apply a beauty mark.)*

DWARF 2. Showtime.

NARRATOR 1. All right then.

SNOW WHITE. She was the most beautiful girl in the entire kingdom.

*(*DWARF 2 *struts up and down, as if he's on a runway.)*

DWARF 2. You know it!

SNOW WHITE. But her stepmother was jealous.

*(*WITCH 2 *returns as* DWARF 2 *struts.)*

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 skipping your exercise routine.

DWARF 2. Not on your life, sister. These curves are tight and streamlined like a racing yacht owned by a hip-hop mogul.

WITCH 2. I think you might need to tweeze your eyebrows. They're looking . . . puffy.

DWARF 2. No, they are fierce like a chained tiger with ghost peppers stuffed up his—

SNOW WHITE. *(Cutting him off:)* Moving on. And the wicked stepmother went to her room and gazed into her magic mirror.

*(*DWARF *1 becomes 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 was only becoming more fierce.

*(*DWARF 2 *continues to strut.)*

DWARF 2. Work it. Work it.

SNOW WHITE. And just then—

*(*WITCH 2 *faces* DWARF 2.*)*

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. I'm afraid it's over for you, Snow White. For I have a lot of money and have been though a lot of plastic surgery in Hollywood. I have tucked, sucked, vacuumed and sanded every inch of my body with a diamond laser and I've had most of my tattoos lasered off. Now, I am more beautiful than even you.

DWARF 2. Unlikely. BEGIN.

*(*DWARF 1 *starts some thrilling runway music.)*

*(*DWARF 2 *and* WITCH 2 *strut back and forth, throwing fierce looks at each other.)*

*(*NARRATOR 1 *becomes* PRINCE 2 *and enters. [Whoever plays* PRINCE 2 *should be female-presenting.])*

PRINCE 2. Yaaas Queen! Slay!

DWARF 1. Enough!

(They stop.)

Snow White is still the fiercest.

WITCH 2. Dang it! Well, how about an apple as a peace offering?

DWARF 2. How 'bout I take you out with my martial arts skills?

WITCH 2. Oh it's on!

PRINCE 2. Not to interrupt but I was just in the neighborhood looking for a girl in a coma to make out with and—whoa! Chickfight!

*(*DWARF 2 *and* WITCH 2 *circle each other.)*

SNOW WHITE. And it was a glorious battle.

WITCH 2. *Expelliarmus!*

DWARF 2. *Expelliarmus* yourself!

(They start slap-fighting. It's ridiculous.)

PRINCE 2. Go Snow White!

SNOW WHITE. A titanic struggle of good and evil. Purity versus corruption.

*(*DWARF 2 *pokes* WITCH 2 *in the eyes, 3 Stooges-style.* WITCH 2 *throws stuff at* DWARF 2.*)*

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 *takes a sword and stabs her.)*

DWARF 2. Eat this, witch!

WITCH 2. Ah! I'm melting! Actually I'm . . . bleeding! Aaaaaah.

*(*WITCH 2 *dies.)*

PRINCE 2. That was so hot.

DWARF 2. Like somebody else I know, Prince.

PRINCE 2. You're very forward.

DWARF 2. I'm a modern woman. Come on, let's get married.

*(*DWARF 1 *returns.)*

SNOW WHITE. And just then.

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 *return.)*

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 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 2 *returns.)*

WITCH 2. Done.

WALT. Yay! I'm a talking frog!

(Short pause.)

Dang it.

*(*WALT *and* WITCH 2 *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.

NARRATOR 1. But the true secret origin here is of Dwarf Number Two.

NARRATOR 2. Which brings us to the darkest, most disturbing fairy tale ever told: Faithful Johannes.

*(*JOHANNES *enters. He's all smiles. Very, very happy.)*

NARRATOR 1. Never heard of it.

NARRATOR 2. There's a reason for that. Welcome to Faithful Johannes—the original psychological thriller.

(Lights change on JOHANNES *in a creepy fashion. Perhaps a red light? He's no longer all smiles. He looks terrified.)*

*(*NARRATOR 1 *changes into the* QUEEN.*)*

*(*KING 2 *enters.)*

NARRATOR 2. Once upon a time there was a noble servant, Faithful Johannes, who served his king faithfully, as you might glean from his name.

KING 2. Hey everybody! Check out my servant, Faithful Johannes!

JOHANNES. You're too kind, your majesty.

KING 2. He's the best! All your other servants are GARBAGE. Faithful Johannes would do anything for me! Eat a bug. Do it.

JOHANNES. Of course, sire.

*(*JOHANNES *eats a bug and smiles afterwards.)*

KING 2. HE LOVES IT. All your other servants are LOSERS. Nobody like Faithful Johannes here! Slap yourself in the face for me.

*(*JOHANNES *slaps himself in the face. Smiles afterwards.)*

AMAZING. All right, I'm goin' to bed. In conclusion: Faithful Johannes is the best, and all other servants are STUPID.

*(*KING 2 *exits.)*

NARRATOR 2. Johannes loved his life.

JOHANNES. This is great. Nothing like eating bugs and slapping myself in the face for my King.

(He sighs and tries to keep it together.)

NARRATOR 2. But one night he was visited . . .

*(*RAVEN *enters [or* NARRATOR 2 *transforms into* RAVEN*].* RAVEN *is dressed in a black trenchcoat or looks suitably sketchy.)*

NARRATOR 2. By a talking raven.

RAVEN. Hey Pssst. Yo Johannes.

JOHANNES. Who's that?

RAVEN. C'mere. I got something to tell you.

JOHANNES. Are you a talking raven?

RAVEN. Yeah. Shaddup. I got news for you.

JOHANNES. What is it?

RAVEN. There's about to be three attempts on the King's life. You wanna stop it? You listen to me.

JOHANNES. Oh.

RAVEN. But you breathe a word of this, you tell anybody you heard it from me, I'll turn you to stone.

JOHANNES. You can do that?

RAVEN. I can do anything I want. I'm a talking raven. You got it? *(Harsh whisper:)* Don't tell nobody nothing.

JOHANNES. O-okay.

RAVEN. First up: You didn't hear this from me, but there's a magic horse—

JOHANNES. A magic horse?

RAVEN. Shhhhh! And the King's gonna think he's pretty sweet, but if he gets on that horse, the horse is gonna fly into the air and the King's gonna fall from about two thousand feet. Splat. So here's what you're gonna do: You're gonna take this gun, and you're gonna shoot that horse in the face.

*(*RAVEN *produces a toy gun.)*

JOHANNES. But I'm in a fairy tale, I didn't even know we had guns.

RAVEN. You do now. You understand me? You shoot that horse, or the King is dead meat. And I'll be watching you.

*(*RAVEN *points towards* JOHANNES' *eyes.)*

Ca-CAW!

*(*JOHANNES *freaks out.* RAVEN *flies off.)*

NARRATOR 2. The next day.

*(*KING 2 *returns.)*

KING 2. Well my Faithful Johannes let's go for a lovely stroll!

*(*JOHANNES *freaks out and puts the gun behind his back.)*

JOHANNES. *(Twitchy and nervous:)* Of course sire.

KING. Something the matter?

JOHANNES. Not at all! I'm—fine.

*(*JOHANNES *looks in all directions, paranoid. Spins. Looks behind him.)*

*(*PLINKIE PLIE, *an adorably cute pink flying horse, enters.)*

KING 2. Hey look at that!

*(*PLINKIE PLIE *waves coquettishly.)*

PLINKIE PLIE. Oh hi there! I'm a magical—

(BLAM!)

*(*JOHANNES *stands, shaking, gun in hand, staring wide-eyed.)*

PLINKIE PLIE. Aaaaaah. I'm dying! Tell my friends they were magic . . .

*(*PLINKIE PLIE *dies.)*

KING 2. WHAT THE HECK?

JOHANNES. I didn't like the look of that horse, sire.

KING 2. THAT WAS AN ADORABLE HORSE. Why would you do that?!

JOHANNES. Um . . . stress at home. Sorry.

KING 2. Man. You got problems.

*(*KING 2 *exits.)*

NARRATOR 2. Later that night.

*(*RAVEN *enters behind* JOHANNES.*)*

*(*JOHANNES *stands, shaking, eyes wide.)*

RAVEN. Psst. Yo Johannes. C'mere.

JOHANNES. Ah! Stay away from me! I can't do this!

RAVEN. Attempt number two is comin' tomorrow. At the King's wedding rehearsal.

JOHANNES. I don't want to hear it! Find another stoolie!

RAVEN. It's gotta be you, Johannes. The King's wedding shirt is cursed. If he puts it on, he'll burn to death.

JOHANNES. I don't believe you! That horse was innocent! And I killed her! I . . . killed . . . her . . .

RAVEN. All you need to do is stop the King from taking the shirt, and tear it up in front of him. That's all you gotta do. But remember—you don't say nothing to nobody, or I'll turn you to stone.

JOHANNES. How do I know you're telling the truth?!

RAVEN. You don't. *(*RAVEN *chuckles.)* Ca-CAW!

*(*JOHANNES *jumps.)*

*(*KING 2 *and* QUEEN *enter as the* RAVEN *flies off.)*

*(*JOHANNES *watches, freaking out, twitching.)*

QUEEN. Welcome friends. It's so nice to see all of you mostly recovered from the plague. And I'm here to tell you I love this big guy. Come here, ya big galoot. This is a day of celebration. Cause I love you, honey bear.

KING 2. I love you more, honey bear!

QUEEN. Even our nicknames are cute! This is the happiest day of my life! And—as a little present—I made you something.

(She reaches down and takes out a t-shirt.)

I sewed this myself! It's the only thing I've ever done myself. And I made it . . . for you.

KING 2. Oh it's—

*(*JOHANNES *lunges and snatches it out of the* QUEEN's *hand.)*

JOHANNES. AHHHHHHHHHHH!

(He tries to rip it up, can't—grabs some scissors and tears holes in it. He throws it on the ground and stomps on it again and again.)

JOHANNES. I HATE THIS SHIRT! I HATE IT!

(Pause. He stops. Everyone is looking at him.)

KING 2. Um . . . WHAT. THE. HECK.

JOHANNES. It's not your color, sire. It is an affront against fashion.

*(*QUEEN *bursts into tears.)*

KING 2. Oh honey bear!

QUEEN. I'm never going to try again!

(She sobs. Runs off.)

KING 2. I gotta deal with this. Johannes? Not. Cool.

(He follows her off.)

NARRATOR 2. That night.

*(*JOHANNES *looks around, freaking out.)*

JOHANNES. I don't want to hear from any talking birds tonight!

*(*RAVEN *enters.)*

No! No! Get out!

RAVEN. Yo Johannes. You did good, kid.

JOHANNES. Everyone thinks I'm crazy! Maybe I am crazy. Maybe I'm just hearing a talking bird. Maybe this is all in my mind.

RAVEN. Tomorrow, the Queen is gonna die.

JOHANNES. Stop it!

RAVEN. She's gonna be poisoned. And the only way to stop it is for you . . . to suck three drops out of blood out of the queen's breast.

JOHANNES. WHA-A-A-A-T?

RAVEN. Upper chest region.

JOHANNES. STILL.

RAVEN. Fine. Don't do it. She'll die. No difference to me. Remember—don't tell nobody nothing.

JOHANNES. I'm not doing it! You can't make me!

RAVEN. Ca-CAW!

*(*RAVEN *flies off.)*

*(*JOHANNES *paces nervously.)*

*(*KING 2 *and* QUEEN *enter. Both have glasses of wine.)*

QUEEN. Okay I had a rough night remembering that shirt, but I'm feeling a little better. Obviously, it was traumatic for everyone and I'm going to be okay with fifteen or twenty years of therapy. But today is not about the terrible trauma of yesterday, today is about putting a happy face on . . . and . . . and . . . urk . . .

(She falls over.)

(It's important she falls over behind something so that we can't see her body.)

KING 2. Oh no! Are you all right, Honey Bear? Say something! Is there a doctor in the house?

*(*JOHANNES *just stares.)*

Can anyone save the Queen's life? Anyone at all?

*(*JOHANNES *just stares.)*

Oh no this is terrible! Someone do something! If only someone could save her!

*(*JOHANNES *drops down where the* QUEEN *has fallen [so that the audience can't see him].)*

*(*KING 2 *watches in horror.)*

KING 2. WHOA. WHAT. THE. HECK.

*(*QUEEN *and* JOHANNES *get back up.)*

QUEEN. Thanks. I feel better.

KING 2. DUDE! JOHANNES. EXPLAIN YOURSELF.

JOHANNES. Um . . .

KING 2. THAT IS IT. You are sentenced to death for being a jerk! Where's my guillotine?

JOHANNES. Wait! I always served you faithfully, sire! But there was a talking raven who was threatening me and telling me—urk . . .

NARRATOR 2. And just then, Johannes turned into a statue. Because when a magic raven says stuff to you, you better listen.

NARRATOR 1. Okay, that was mildly traumatic but not super traumatic—

NARRATOR 2. Ten years passed. And every day the King would stare at the statue of Faithful Johannes and sigh . . .

QUEEN. Are you coming up to bed?

KING 2. Hold on. I'm gonna spend some more time with this statue. He was such a good servant.

QUEEN. All right I'm going to sleep.

*(*KING *mimes stroking the statue.)*

KING 2. If only there was some way to bring you back. No one eats bugs or slaps themselves in the face for me any more.

NARRATOR 2. And just then a ghostly voice emanated from the statue . . .

JOHANNES. Ooooooohhhhh . . . there is one way . . . To . . . bring me back . . .

KING 2. What is it?! I'll do anything!

JOHANNES. Take what you love most in the world . . .

KING 2. That would be my two boys. I love my two boys so much.

(He holds up two puppets.)

Daddy loves you.

(As the puppets:)

"I love you, Papa."
"You're the best, Daddy."

JOHANNES. Chop off their heads and smear their blood on me . . .

KING 2. Done!

(He rips off the puppets' heads [or throws them down and stomps on them].)

(Then pulls out two headless puppets with red on their necks and mimes smearing their blood on the statue.)

JOHANNES. Ohhh. I feel so much better!

KING 2. You're alive! Air hug!

(They air hug.)

(They dance and dance, high-five each other.)

*(*KING *and* JOHANNES *dance off, hand-in-hand.)*

NARRATOR 2. And the King and Johannes lived happily ever after. The end.

*(*NARRATOR 1 *enters, stunned.)*

NARRATOR 1. What did I just watch?

NARRATOR 2. That's the fairy tale. Right there.

NARRATOR 1. He kills his children to bring back his servant?

NARRATOR 2. A good servant is really hard to find. You can always make more kids. Okay fine— Johannes resurrects the kids later because he's got superpowers, and then one of those kids runs away from home, becomes a dwarf, and lives in the mines.

NARRATOR 1. Wow. That is messed up.

NARRATOR 2. Yup.

NARRATOR 1. And speaking of messed up, we must now investigate the origin of that queen! Because long before she was the queen, she was a little girl named Little Red-Cap.

*(*LITTLE RED *enters.)*

*(*NARRATOR 2 *exits.)*

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 super passive aggressive.

*(*GRANDMA *[possibly played by* NARRATOR 2*] enters.)*

GRANDMA. Oh Little Red, Little Red. Grandma needs some sweets. I guess you're busy. I don't want to bother you. You don't need to talk to me. I'll just stay here, alone, in my house, where I'm dying of hunger. Don't want to bother anyone. If only someone loved me. I'm dying. Ack.

*(*GRANDMA *exits sadly.)*

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.

(She points at the audience [assume they don't remember what to do].)

NARRATOR 1. What you forgot Act One? We went through a whole thing in Act One and y'all can't remember it? Was it too difficult?

Were there too many instructions? Yes we're bringing it back! So when I point to you, cast your memory back to about forty-five minutes ago and know your role!

(She points again.)

AUDIENCE. Don't go in there!

NARRATOR 1. Thank you.

LITTLE RED. I guess I'll go in the woods.

*(*NARRATOR 1 *points again.)*

AUDIENCE. Don't go in there!

LITTLE RED. La la la—

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

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

(The WOLF *enters, sneakily.)*

AUDIENCE MEMBER. AW NO IT'S A WOLF!

LITTLE RED. La la la—

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

AUDIENCE. *(Heavy breathing)*

(The WOLF *acts like he's sneaking up behind her.)*

AUDIENCE MEMBER. QUIT SINGING AND TURN YOUR HEAD! THERE IS A WOLF! BEHIND YOU!

LITTLE RED. It's so dark here. If only I could see what was going on.

(The WOLF *gets very close to her. He's about to pounce.)*

*(*LITTLE RED *turns around—then kicks suddenly backward.)*

(The WOLF *lurches back like he's been hit in the groin.)*

AUDIENCE MEMBER. YESSSSS!

THE WOLF. Ohhhh.

*(*LITTLE RED *takes a baton or stick out of her basket and beats him.)*

THE WOLF. Ow. Ow. Ow! Owwwww!

(She takes a can of mace out of her basket.)

Nooooo!

*(*AUDIENCE MEMBER *cheers her on during this.)*

. . . 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. Yes you did you— *(Bleep Bleep Bleep)* Sheep.

THE WOLF. Please don't kill me.

LITTLE RED. You're not worth it.

(The WOLF *whimpers.)*

Tra la la.

*(*LITTLE RED *skips off.)*

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.
Hello? Hello? Huh. Someone cut the phone line.

AUDIENCE MEMBER. Oh dang it. Aw no.

(The WOLF *sneaks towards* GRANDMA.*)*

There's a wolf! There's a wolf IN THE HOUSE. I REPEAT: THE WOLF IS IN THE HOUSE! ABORT MISSION! THE WOLF IS IN THE HOUSE!

GRANDMA. Is someone there?

AUDIENCE MEMBER. YES! IT'S A WOLF! I JUST SAID THAT!

THE WOLF. Rarrr! Die die die!

(The WOLF *attacks* GRANDMA.*)*

*(*GRANDMA *takes out a bowling pin, or sword, or lightsaber, and fights back. She knocks the wolf over. She punches him again and again, maybe does some pro-wrestling moves.)*

GRANDMA. Spawn of Satan I will destroy you!

NARRATOR 1. And the wolf ate her.

*(*GRANDMA *looks down at the* WOLF.*)*

GRANDMA. No he didn't.

THIS PLAY IS NOT OVER!



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