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Cast of Characters

NARRATOR 1

NARRATOR 2

The Princesses:

SNOW WHITE,* a princess, not the main character

BELLE, the youngest daughter, very nice actually

CINDERELLA, the oldest daughter, not a terribly nice person

ELLIE (SNOW QUEEN), the middle daughter, has superpowers

The Dudes:

KING

PRINCE CHARMING

SMEAGOL

FRENCH PRINCE

ANIMATED SNOWMAN

EXECUTIONER

TALKING CANDLE MAN

BLOOD PACKET GUY

HERALD

DWARF

Cinderella's Henchmen:

GUARDS 1-3

Snow Queen's Henchmen:

SOLDIERS 1-3

Team Belle:

FRENCH SOLDIERS 1-3

Other People:

TALKING TEAPOT LADY

CROWD MEMBERS

Casting Notes

*The actress playing Snow White may play other roles in the show.

Guards, soldiers, etc. may be played by actors of any gender.

Also, this play is ridiculous. There's no reason a person of any ethnicity or gender couldn't play any role. It's probably funniest if the princesses resemble their movie or television equivalents, but not necessary.

Double-casting: just about every role can be double-cast. In particular, the French soldiers can be guards or soldiers with a few quick costume changes.

Setting

A Magical Kingdom. Let's call it England. A long, long time ago.

GAME OF TIARAS

(ONE-ACT VERSION)

A BLOODY, BLOODY TRAGIC COMEDY
WITH APOLOGIES TO SHAKESPEARE

by Don Zolidis

(The castle.)

(Mysterious music like from the prologue for Beauty and the Beast.)

NARRATOR 1. Once upon a time, in a magical kingdom known as... England, a mighty king lived in a powerful castle. And although he had everything he ever wanted, the king was old and pretty stupid.

(Lights up on the KING; perhaps just a silhouette of the KING.)

He had three daughters, all of them really really beautiful—

(BELLE, CINDERELLA, and SNOW QUEEN appear, perhaps also in silhouette.)

But the king was not satisfied with his super foxy daughters. He wanted unconditional love, as long as it didn't require much effort from him, and as old age began to creep up on him, he began to think...of a plan. A plan that would have very serious...consequences.

(Lights down on them.)

NARRATOR 2. And so it begins.

(Game of Thrones intro music.

CINDERELLA stands dramatically. She raises a sign that says "CINDERELLA."

Lights change to BELLE. She stands in a different dramatic pose. Raises a sign that says "BELLE."

FRENCH SOLDIER 1 stands near her with a portable handheld fan. It blows her hair.)

Lights change to SNOW QUEEN. She shakes her hair out. Raises a sign that says "SNOW QUEEN." Raises a second sign that says "NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH"— Raises a third sign that says "COPYRIGHTED CHARACTER FROM RECENT MOVIE."

The music ends dramatically.)

NARRATOR 2. But first—we begin with another princess—

(*SNOW WHITE enters to happy Snow White music.*)

SNOW WHITE. La lalalala—what the heck is that?!

(*She spots CINDERELLA and GUARD 1 with knives.*)

NARRATOR 2. —who discovered a plot to kill the king.

SNOW WHITE. You'll never get away with this! I'll tell everyone!

CINDERELLA. You're under arrest for conspiring to kill the king.

SNOW WHITE. What?

(*An EXECUTIONER drags SNOW WHITE to the center of the stage and brings his axe down on her head.*)

NARRATOR 1. All right pause. Where's the blood?

NARRATOR 2. Um...we decided that we weren't going to do the blood 'cause we don't have that kind of budget.

NARRATOR 1. Are you kidding me? We're not doing blood? This is a tragedy!

NARRATOR 2. I know.

NARRATOR 1. No I mean we're doing a tragedy. We need a lot of blood.

NARRATOR 2. We're going to do something better. Trust me.

(*BLOOD PACKET GUY enters.*)

BLOOD PACKET GUY. Are you ready for me?

NARRATOR 2. You were a little late on your entrance.

NARRATOR 1. Who's this guy?

BLOOD PACKET GUY. Hey I'm [*real name*]. I auditioned for the show but they said I had to be crew instead.

NARRATOR 2. This is our blood guy. Whenever blood is spilled on stage, [*real name*] is going to run out here and attach these colorful red streamers to show you the spurting geysers of blood erupting from the dying. It's gonna be awesome. And symbolic. Can we show 'em?

BLOOD PACKET GUY. And I make cool sound effects.

EXECUTIONER. You want us to take it back?

SNOW WHITE. Hey—aren't I the main character?

NARRATOR 1. No, everyone thinks you're the main character, and then you get shockingly killed very early in the play.

NARRATOR 2. And go!

(EXECUTIONER *raises axe over SNOW WHITE.*

As he's bringing it down, BLOOD PACKET GUY sprints out like a ball boy in a tennis match and attaches a red streamer to SNOW WHITE's neck. BLOOD PACKET GUY makes over-the-top gruesome noises as the blood pours out.)

SNOW WHITE. Aaaaaah! This is really surprising!

NARRATOR 1. Anyway, continuing with our story in a new and surprising direction. It was the king's fiftieth birthday. And like any man on his fiftieth birthday he was undergoing a crippling midlife crisis.

(The CROWD carries a throne in. BELLE, ELLIE, and CINDERELLA enter and stand in different corners of the stage. The KING enters, with his assistant, SMEAGOL, a hunchback.)

SMEAGOL. Hear ye! Hear ye! The court of the king, your father, is now in session! Sit yourselves!

KING. Now—I am a just and righteous king.

SMEAGOL. Yes you are sir.

KING. But I'm a little insecure with my feelings these days.

SMEAGOL. Totally understandable, completely logical situation.

KING. So—daughters... I'm about to split my kingdom in three parts, but one of you...is going to get this.

(He shows everybody the crown.)

CROWD. Ooooooh!

KING. And also—one of you is going to get the best part of the kingdom—and the other two are going to get like the totally lame parts—soooo...the one who answers this question best gets the great part of England, and the crown, and you can do whatever you want with your other sisters. Also, I foresee no jealousy or problems with this.

CINDERELLA. This sounds like a great idea, Dad.

BELLE. I'm not really sure we should be doing this.

ELLIE. Does she lose? She loses right? It's over she lost.

KING. No hold on. So...the first question is...

(SMEAGOL starts a drum roll.)

KING. We don't need the drum roll.

SMEAGOL. I thought it added drama and suspense.

KING. Oh yeah you're probably right. Carry on then.

(SMEAGOL does a very elaborate drum roll with cymbal crashing and a drum solo in the middle of it. Then stops.)

KING. Who loves me the most? And please be specific in your answer and feel free to compose a song off the top of your head. Cinderella, my oldest and meanest daughter, you first.

CINDERELLA. Thank you Father. Or should I say "Best Father." You know there's a lot of types of love in the world. There's the love that a muskrat gives to another muskrat. There's the love that an egg gives to a mama bird. But, best of all these loves, is the father-daughter bond. Dad. Daddy. Papa Bear. I tattooed your face here on my arm. I love you this much. (She spreads her arms really wide.) Also—your other two daughters are horrible human beings and they should be killed. Just sayin'.

KING. Interesting. I'm glad that you learned to read Cinderella.

CINDERELLA. I learned a lot sleeping by the hearth.

KING. Okay—second daughter. The Snow Queen who in no way is an infringement of copyright seeing as how her origin story is public domain.

ELLIE. Thank you, Daddy. (ELLIE has a Hallmark card and is reading it out loud.) When I think of you, Daddy, I think of Sundays grilling out hamburgers, and afternoons on the couch watching football—

KING. Did you just read that off that card?

ELLIE. Um...what?

KING. You just bought a Hallmark card for this?

ELLIE. Uh...it actually perfectly captures what I wanted to say.

KING. That's just your Father's Day card from last year.

ELLIE. I WILL BURY THIS MAGIC KINGDOM IN AN ENDLESS WINTER!

KING. Oh stop it.

ELLIE. Sorry. Habit. Uh...well then I'll do an interpretative dance about how much I love you.

(ELLIE begins a rather sad interpretive dance.)

KING. Stop. Stop. Don't demean yourself by engaging in modern dance.

ELLIE. Sorry.

KING. Enough. My youngest and favorite daughter, Belle, how much do you love me?

BELLE. I guess a decent amount.

KING. What was that?

BELLE. I love you about as much as is proper for a daughter to love her father.

KING. Well hold on there. Did I mention that I'm going through a midlife crisis right now and need some pretty serious validation and am really insecure about everything?

BELLE. Look, if you want butt-kissing, go to Cinderella—

CINDERELLA. Thank you.

BELLE. Or my other sister, Elsa—

ELLIE. Ellie. My name is Ellie.

BELLE. Right. The Snow Queen. Look, I'm cool, you're cool, let's just be cool together.

KING. That's not really what I'm looking for.

SMEAGOL. Princess! Consider your answer carefully! Your father loves you most of all, and he loves you so much that he's going to disinherit you if you don't fall to your knees and kiss the floor he walks on!

BELLE. Sorry. I've got self-respect.

KING. Very well! You are banished from my kingdom because I'm a great king!

BELLE. Dang it!

KING. Cinderella, other daughter, I'm splitting the kingdom in half between the two of you—

CINDERELLA. Yes! I shall initiate a reign of terror upon my kingdom! I will be worshipped! I will also market my image on plastic cups.

ELLIE. And I shall reign in a kingdom of snow where everyone is forced to sing the same songs that I sing! You will never escape me! I will also market my image on plastic cups.

KING. Welp, I'm done here. I'm going to travel the countryside like a peasant as the two of you tear apart my kingdom. Somehow I wish this could've all been avoided. But *someone*—not naming names but her name rhymes with smell—thought she was just too cool for Dad today. Oh well—the thousands of senseless deaths that will follow are on your head. Peace out.

(*KING paces out and leaves with SMEAGOL.*)

CINDERELLA. Well uh—this has been great. I'm going to go to my own castle and raise an army. Just in case. Oh—Belle—maybe we can have a sleepover tonight?

BELLE. No thanks.

ELLIE. I'm also going to head off for a little while, maybe build an ice castle, see what shakes out. Probably raise an army. Build some legions of giant snowmen, you know—some stuff that's been on my to-do list for a while.

CINDERELLA. Cool.

ELLIE. Cool.

CINDERELLA. Get her!

(*BELLE runs off. The GUARDS chase after her.*)

ELLIE. Dad's birthdays are always so eventful.

(*PRINCE CHARMING enters.*)

PRINCE CHARMING. Hey I'm late to the party did I miss anything?

CINDERELLA. Oh Prince! Remember when we danced together?

PRINCE CHARMING. Not ringing a bell.

CINDERELLA. You brought a shoe to my house, and then my sisters tried to trick you before my bird minions clawed out their eyes?

PRINCE CHARMING. Oh yes. I remember their horrible screams.

CINDERELLA. I've got a castle somewhere around here—come on over, we can have some coffee, join forces to crush my sister—that sort of thing. Look at her—she says she doesn't even need a prince.

ELLIE. I don't need a stupid prince. I could use a prince who comes complete with his own army. Plus, I totally have magic powers.

CINDERELLA. My fairy godmother would wipe the floor with you.

ELLIE. Where's your fairy godmother now? You see her? I don't see her.

PRINCE CHARMING. Ladies. Ladies. Please. I will be happy to marry one of you once I've played the field for a while. Now if you'll excuse me, I'm going to go change into something a little more dashing.

(He exits.)

ELLIE & CINDERELLA. He's mine.

(Lights change.)

NARRATOR 2. It was a dangerous time for Belle. Her sisters' allies were everywhere.

(CINDERELLA has a walkie-talkie out.)

CINDERELLA. Big Hot Mama to Alpha Team Bravo. Big Hot Mama to Alpha Team Bravo. Come in please.

(GUARD 1 enters, with walkie-talkie.)

GUARD 1. Alpha Team Bravo here.

CINDERELLA. Time to bring in Little Bird. Repeat: Time to bring in Little Bird.

GUARD 1. Ten four.

(BELLE runs in, scared.)

BELLE. All right maybe I should have just told my dad that I thought he was great. But come on—that was—

(GUARD 1 and several other GUARDS surround her.)

GUARD 1. What's the matter, little girl?

(They take out swords.)

GUARD 2. I think it's time for shish ke-princess-babs.

GUARD 3. With a little extra hot sauce on top of them.

GUARD 2. That didn't really help my metaphor, Bob.

GUARD 3. Sorry I just clam up sometimes when we start making threatening language. Can I try again?

GUARD 2. All right. Ready?

GUARD 3. I got it.

GUARD 2. It's time for some shish ke-princess-babs.

GUARD 3. Yeah! And I'm going to stab you!

GUARD 1. It gets to the point.

(BLOOD PACKET GUY enters.)

BELLE. I don't like the look of this.

(**BLOOD PACKET GUY** *feints toward her as the GUARDS close in.*)

BELLE. Help! Help! I need saving! If only there was a prince of some kind nearby!

(*The FRENCH PRINCE leaps in, snarling and yelling.*)

FRENCH PRINCE. Back off English dogs!

GUARD 1. Look out! He's got a sword and he looks unfriendly!

GUARD 3. We weren't even doing anything!

GUARD 2. Stand your ground! What can one Frenchman do against us?

FRENCH PRINCE. You asked for it. I am now forced...to taunt you.

GUARD 1. Do your worst!

FRENCH PRINCE. Oh yeah. (*FRENCH PRINCE takes out a pocket version of King Lear.*) Thou art a boil, a plague sore, an embossed carbuncle in my corrupted blood. A veritable flibbertigibbet.

GUARD 2. Ah! His clever wordplay is too much for us!

GUARD 3. Run for it!

(*The GUARDS run.*)

BELLE. You...you saved me.

FRENCH PRINCE. Yes. I did. Whenever there is military confrontation, the French are there to get in the way. Now—do you happen to be single?

BELLE. I am single. Are you going to take me back to your castle so that I can learn to look past appearances in spite of the hideous curse that's been placed upon you?

FRENCH PRINCE. What curse?

BELLE. The one that makes you look like that.

FRENCH PRINCE. No this is just how I look.

BELLE. Oh. Um...never mind then.

(*They exit.*)

NARRATOR 1. And they went back to France to live in his castle that had absolutely zero talking magical plates in it. Meanwhile, in England, it was getting real.

(*CINDERELLA enters with PRINCE CHARMING.*)

CINDERELLA. Behold, the castle where we shall live happily ever after.

PRINCE CHARMING. I like this a lot better than London. It's so stuffy there.

CINDERELLA. Yes! It will be so wonderful here—plus we can wait out a siege and eat all the pets of the common folk when we begin to starve.

PRINCE CHARMING. I like your resourcefulness.

CINDERELLA. We're having most of the corgis fattened up as we speak. They're like little furry sausages.

(The GUARDS rush in.)

GUARD 1. Your Highness!

GUARD 2. It wasn't our fault!

GUARD 3. There were too many of them!

CINDERELLA. What are you talking about?

GUARD 1. French!

GUARD 2. They had pointy weapons!

GUARD 3. And they said mean things!

CINDERELLA. I thought I told you to bring me Belle's head in a box.

GUARD 1. Oh, um...

GUARD 3. Well we stopped off and killed a peasant that looked like Belle and then painted her hair brown, so we've got that for you.

CINDERELLA. Where is she?

GUARD 1. She ran off with the French crown prince to a castle to raise her own army to crush you.

CINDERELLA. Well now I'm having a bad day!

PRINCE CHARMING. Perhaps we ought to have a ball.

CINDERELLA. Is that all you think about? Listen to me you worms, I want her head on a plate, and I want it now!

GUARD 1. Yes, Your Highness.

(KING and SMEAGOL enter.)

KING. Hello? Hello there?!

CINDERELLA. Oh dash it all it's my father. Everybody look like we weren't plotting to kill Belle.

(Everyone tries to look like they weren't plotting to kill Belle.

CINDERELLA motions to BLOOD PACKET GUY, who leaves.)

GUARD 3. Lovely day for not murdering someone, isn't it?

KING. Hello there! Cinderella! My eldest daughter!

CINDERELLA. Father! What are you doing away from the castle? Air smooches!

(They give air smooches.)

KING. I've retired from being king and now I'm wandering the country like a beggar for no apparent reason.

SMEAGOL. It's a new thing we're trying.

KING. So I was figuring I could stay with you.

CINDERELLA. Oh. Oh sure. Yes. Um...here's the thing—I'm just so busy with work these days...

KING. That's okay, I'll just take up a wing of your castle. No worries.

CINDERELLA. Yeah. Um...about that...don't you think we would be tripping over each other all the time?

PRINCE CHARMING. Go home old man!

CINDERELLA. Charming, we're not going to act like that.

PRINCE CHARMING. Sorry. I was just vocalizing my innermost thoughts. I do that from time to time. I like bunnies!

KING. Do you mean to turn out your poor, dear father?

CINDERELLA. No, of course not! Of course not! But there's an old folks home called Shady Kingdom down the street that would be so much better for you. You know, your own place, with plenty of old person stuff for you to do. They have bingo on Saturday nights. Can you imagine the excitement of bingo?

KING. No thanks! Let's get out of here Smeagol! Saddle up my horse!

SMEAGOL. You didn't bring one, Sir.

KING. Well who planned this trip?!

SMEAGOL. There have been mistakes all around.

KING. Well you know what happens then.

SMEAGOL. Sir, really—I am a faithful servant, but—

KING. Giddyup!

(SMEAGOL bends over as the KING hops on his back.)

KING. I want to see you canter! Canter, dang it!

SMEAGOL. Canter, Sire!

(SMEAGOL canters off with the KING on his back.)

NARRATOR 1. Meanwhile, in the Northland, the Snow Queen was busy raising a gigantic, thousand-foot-tall ice wall which is totally possible for medieval people to build.

(ELLIE enters and begins waving her arms and humming a song. In the middle of this, she lets her hair down.)

ELLIE. There, that ought to stop the hordes of zombies that are threatening England for no apparent reason. Now to deal with my wardrobe, because if there's one thing that I know as an independent woman, you gotta have an awesome dress.

(An awesome dress is thrown in at her from offstage.)

That's more like it. Okay, nothing to do now but wait until I starve to death in my kingdom of ice and snow. Winter. Is. Coming.

(She puts her feet up.)

Or I could raise an army and crush my sister to take the throne. That sounds good. Excuse me, could I have everyone out here please?

(SOLDIERS enter.)

Thank you. Thank you for coming today. First, I want to say that we're working on opening the public pool—at the moment we've got an issue with the pump, so that's causing it to back up a bit.

SOLDIER 1. What? When is the pool going to be ready?!

ELLIE. Just calm down. We're working on it.

SOLDIER 1. I didn't sign up for this!

(SOLDIER 1 tosses down his weapon and leaves.)

ELLIE. All right, anyway. Point two: We're going to sweep southward and destroy my evil sister Cinderella.

SOLDIER 2. Wait a minute—isn't she the one with evil sisters?

ELLIE. Those were evil stepsisters. And now, ironically, she has become an evil sister.

SOLDIER 3. I didn't sign up for irony!

ELLIE. Shush. Will you follow me?!

SOLDIER 1. The Queen in the North! The Queen in the North!

ALL SOLDIERS. The Queen in the North! The Queen in the North!

(They all raise their swords and cheer.

Lights change to KING, riding on SMEAGOL.)

SMEAGOL. Sire, my back is really starting to hurt.

KING. That's funny, I didn't know horses could talk.

SMEAGOL. I have to stop here.

KING. All right. Dismount!

(He dismounts. SMEAGOL collapses.)

SMEAGOL. Are you sure that your other daughter who bears no resemblance to a copyrighted character has a castle up in these mountains?

KING. I'm always sure. Just like I was sure asking which daughter loved me most was a good idea.

SMEAGOL. Maybe you ought to rethink that one, Your Highness.

KING. Oh well I guess I'll just build a time machine and go back to the beginning of the play AND PREVENT MYSELF FROM DOING THAT! This isn't *Harry Potter*, Smeagol, we don't have the ability to do that. Wait! What's that?

(An ANIMATED SNOWMAN enters.)

ANIMATED SNOWMAN. Why hello there, I'm an animated snowman who also bears no resemblance to a copyrighted—

KING. What witchery is this!? It's a white walker! Kill it!

SMEAGOL. Kill it!

(SMEAGOL draws his sword and stabs the SNOWMAN repeatedly.)

BLOOD PACKET GUY comes out and raises his hands in the air, utterly confused.)

ANIMATED SNOWMAN. Heehee! That tickles!

KING. Stab it!

SMEAGOL. I'm trying Sire! It doesn't appear to have internal organs!

ANIMATED SNOWMAN. Anybody want a hug?

(ANIMATED SNOWMAN hugs SMEAGOL.)

SMEAGOL. It's got me! Tell my wife and children I love them!

KING. I don't know where they live!

SMEAGOL. They live in town somewhere! I largely abandoned them when I joined your service!

KING. Man, that's really tragic! You shouldn't have done that! You must have a lot of regrets!

SMEAGOL. I do! A really large number of regrets!

ANIMATED SNOWMAN. You smell like strawberries.

SMEAGOL. I think it's flirting with me, Sire!

KING. That's impossible!

ANIMATED SNOWMAN. Maybe someday we'll relax on the beach together and...

SMEAGOL. Kill it with fire! Kill it with fire!

(A torch is tossed in from offstage and the KING snatches it. He holds it in front of SNOWMAN.)

ANIMATED SNOWMAN. Ooh pretty.

KING. Back to the heck from whence you came, demon!

(KING sets the torch on ANIMATED SNOWMAN, who dies slowly.)

ANIMATED SNOWMAN. I couuuuuullllldhavvvvvvvvelovvvvvv-
vvedyuuuuuuuuuuuu...

(He dies.)

(BLOOD PACKET GUY runs up and makes sizzling and popping sounds as ANIMATED SNOWMAN dies. He pours a cup of water out.)

SMEAGOL. Thank you, Sire.

KING. You now owe me your life.

SMEAGOL. Oh come on, are we really doing this now?

KING. I saved you. I own your soul now.

SMEAGOL. Does that mean what I think it does?

KING. Yup. Giddyup.

(SMEAGOL bends down again and the KING hops on.)

KING. We're gonna try a trot now.

(He kicks SMEAGOL in the ribs and SMEAGOL darts off.)

SMEAGOL. Hodor! Hodor! Hodor!

(Lights change to BELLE and FRENCH PRINCE, entering with their own army.)

NARRATOR 2. At that very moment, however, Belle was landing on the South Coast of England with her own army of Frenchies.

FRENCH PRINCE. I'm sorry, that's a little insulting.

NARRATOR 2. Oh. Sorry. Belle was landing on the South Coast of Great Britain with her own army of Frenchies.

FRENCH PRINCE. Come, my countrymen! Welcome to England!

(The FRENCH SOLDIERS enter and look about disdainfully.)

FRENCH SOLDIER 1. Oh this is England. It's exactly what I thought it was.

FRENCH SOLDIER 2. I'm sorry I cannot eat anything here. It is all...how do you say...slop.

FRENCH SOLDIER 3. It does not smell nice here.

FRENCH PRINCE. We're not here to engage in cultural criticism, we are here to—

(FRENCH SOLDIER 1 is taking a selfie.)

Stop that. Stop that.

FRENCH SOLDIER 1. Hold on. I am posting to social media.

FRENCH PRINCE. There is no time for social media! We are here to win back my wife's kingdom!

(The FRENCH SOLDIERS raise their hands with questions.)

Would you mind? I'm about to give an inspirational speech.

FRENCH SOLDIER 2. We are union. We only march for one-and-a-half hours a day.

FRENCH SOLDIER 3. Also, it is picnic time. Who brought wine?

(All FRENCH SOLDIERS bring out bottles of wine and begin setting up their picnic.)

BELLE. How is the invasion going?

FRENCH PRINCE. We live the good life. Even at war.

(A HERALD runs in.)

HERALD. I seek a parley with Belle!

FRENCH SOLDIER 1. Go right ahead. We're on break.

FRENCH SOLDIER 2. Would you like some cheese? We have some nice pairings here.

BELLE. I'm Belle. What is it you want?

HERALD. I bring an invitation to you!

(He hands it over.)

BELLE. Is it a peace treaty?

HERALD. Sort of.

BELLE. "Cinderella and Prince Charming would like the pleasure of your company at a ball being thrown in the Prince's honor." Oh a ball! Ooh and it's got a theme color.

(She opens the invitation. It's red.)

Red. The Red Ball.

FRENCH PRINCE. That doesn't sound ominous at all.

BELLE. Charming throws the best parties.

(The scene changes.

The Red Ball.)

NARRATOR 2. Now, the king declined to attend because he fell asleep in a ditch.

(CINDERELLA and PRINCE CHARMING enter, wearing dashing clothing. Their GUARDS are dressed up, looking nice.)

PRINCE CHARMING. Welcome to the Red Ball where no one is wearing armor at all! Please let us have dancing and merriment!

(ELLIE enters, dressed in her gown, with her SOLDIERS, also dressed up.)

CINDERELLA. Sister!

ELLIE. Sister!

PRINCE CHARMING. It's so lovely to behold you once again.

ELLIE. Thank you Prince. And if you ever want to ditch the zero and get with the hero you know where to find me.

CINDERELLA. Did you just try a line on my boyfriend?

ELLIE. Your boyfriend can't pick you out of a lineup, okay? "Oh I'm in love but I have no idea what she looks like I guess I'll just go with a size six."

CINDERELLA. When this is over, there will be a reckoning between the two of us.

ELLIE. I'm not scared of you.

CINDERELLA. You should be. You should be very scared. You think I got to the top of the mountain by being all sweetness and light? I am Cinderella, queen of nightmares. (*Short pause.*) And I'm not inviting you to my tea parties anymore.

(*BELLE enters with FRENCH PRINCE, dressed fancy.*)

CINDERELLA. Belle! You made it!

BELLE. I'm always up for a dance.

CINDERELLA. And you brought your new prince! I don't believe we've had the pleasure! I'm Cinderella.

FRENCH PRINCE. I am the French Prince of Bellaire.

BELLE. Actually, you're the king honey.

FRENCH PRINCE. Oh really? I didn't even know. So that's great.

(*PRINCE CHARMING approaches.*)

PRINCE CHARMING. 'Ello there.

FRENCH PRINCE. Hello.

PRINCE CHARMING. Lovely meeting like this, isn't it?

FRENCH PRINCE. I believe so, yes.

PRINCE CHARMING. Sooo... I guess we're going to be brothers-in-law.

FRENCH PRINCE. Yes.

PRINCE CHARMING. You ever fall in love at first sight?

FRENCH PRINCE. Oh definitely.

PRINCE CHARMING. Cool.

(*ELLIE approaches BELLE.*)

ELLIE. There you are! I heard you had gone to France and raised an army.

BELLE. Yes, it was a really great experience. I learned a lot about peasants and strategy and when to execute traitors.

ELLIE. Gotta break some eggs if you're going to be queen. Right? Gotta break some eggs. Am I right? Gotta break...some eggs.

CINDERELLA. Let's dance! Come on everybody!

(*CINDERELLA grabs CHARMING and they begin to dance.*)

Come on Belle!

(BELLE and the FRENCH PRINCE dance.)

(BLOOD PACKET GUY dances in.)

BELLE. Hey isn't that the—?

PRINCE CHARMING. Don't worry about it.

ELLIE. I'll just stand over here being feminist thanks.

(CINDERELLA and CHARMING separate. CINDERELLA taps on BELLE's shoulder.)

CINDERELLA. Mind if I...cut...in?

(FRENCH PRINCE dances with CINDERELLA.

CHARMING dances with BELLE.

CHARMING nods to GUARD 1. GUARD 1 nods to GUARD 2.

GUARD 2 nods to GUARD 3.

CINDERELLA winks obviously at GUARD 1.

GUARD 1 winks at GUARD 2, who is nodding at GUARD 3.

GUARD 2 and 3 wink at CINDERELLA.

ELLIE makes a little motion with her hand at GUARD 1.

GUARD 1 winks, make a little motion with his hand, and nods at GUARD 3.

Everyone starts winking, motioning with their hands, and nodding at each other.)

FRENCH PRINCE. You dance so well. Wait a minute...are you wearing armor under your dress?

CINDERELLA. I need a lot of support.

ELLIE. Now!

(GUARD 1, GUARD 2, GUARD 3 draw swords simultaneously and stab FRENCH PRINCE.)

FRENCH PRINCE. Aaaaah! It was a trap!

(They stab him over and over again.)

BLOOD PACKET GUY has a great time with the FRENCH PRINCE. Blood everywhere. Lots of sound effects.

CINDERELLA and ELLIE draw swords and swing at BELLE, who ducks the swords.)

BELLE. My friends!

(FRENCH SOLDIERS charge in, weapons drawn.)

FRENCH SOLDIER 1. We are here to save—

FRENCH SOLDIER 2. Did someone bring the brie?

FRENCH SOLDIER 3. I brought the baguettes. Who brought the cheese?

(GUARDS *slaughter* FRENCH SOLDIERS.

BLOOD PACKET GUY *decorates them quickly. He's having a hard time keeping up.*)

BELLE. Ahhh!

(CINDERELLA *advances on her.*)

CINDERELLA. I've been waiting for this.

PRINCE CHARMING. Allow me, milady, Prince Charming has always been good at slaying the ladies. (*He looks for applause.*) Get it? Get it?

CINDERELLA. Not this time, Charming.

(*She shoves him out of the way.*)

BELLE. So it's a fair fight you want? I mean, now it's a fair fight after you tricked me and killed everyone following me. Now it's fair?

CINDERELLA. Oh wait I'm doing this wrong. I didn't say fair.

(GUARDS *draw their weapons. ELLIE draws her sword as well.*)

How 'bout we do it like this?

(*Everyone attacks BELLE at once.*)

BELLE. Ellie! Ellie! Please! We're sisters! We're supposed to love each other! Let's build a snowman or something!

ELLIE. Shut up! Daddy always loved you best!

(*Swordfight between ELLIE and BELLE.*)

BELLE. Come on. Let it go!

(*ELLIE sees red.*)

ELLIE. NOW YOU DIE!

(*CINDERELLA joins in.*)

CINDERELLA. This is a dream my heart makes!

(*CINDERELLA stabs BELLE. A hit!*)

BELLE. Aaaaah!

(*BLOOD PACKET GUY attaches one red streamer to her.*)

ELLIE. Now you're a fixer-upper!

(ELLIE stabs BELLE again.
Another red streamer.)

CINDERELLA. And you forgot my birthday this year!

(Stabs her.
Another red streamer.)

BELLE. Ohh...y'all are a bunch of losers...aaahhhh...

(BELLE collapses.)

CINDERELLA. Is she alive?

ELLIE. Barely. I'll take her prisoner.

CINDERELLA. Um...no. Then I'm forced to clean up the party.

ELLIE. Your friends made the mess.

CINDERELLA. You had fun at the party too.

ELLIE. It's *your* party! It's *your* responsibility to clean it up!

CINDERELLA. Wait a minute. I think I got this. (She calls out:) Oh animal friends! Animal friends!

NARRATOR 1. And from every corner of the forest came chipmunks and squirrels and birds and bunnies—

PRINCE CHARMING. I love bunnies!

NARRATOR 1. And while the adorable forest creatures cleaned up and the birds carried off the dead bodies... This is from English history?

NARRATOR 2. We're elaborating.

(KING enters.)

KING. Oh I just woke up what did I miss?

CINDERELLA. Um... We killed the French and then we took Belle prisoner.

KING. Man. I sleep through everything these days.

(KING exits.)

ELLIE. And now we can get to the real showdown.

(ELLIE draws her sword on CINDERELLA.
CINDERELLA feints like she will attack, then runs away.)

CINDERELLA. I live to fight another day! Come on Prince Charming!

(CHARMING watches her go.)

PRINCE CHARMING. Yeah I'm just gonna... She's just so much more modern and... I'm kind of into bossy women.

ELLIE. Good. Come with me.

PRINCE CHARMING. Yes, Ma'am.

(They exit.)

(The prison.

BELLE is chained to the wall, or has a ball and chain around her ankle.)

(PRINCE CHARMING enters.)

CHARMING. 'Ello there.

BELLE. Charming? What are you doing here?

CHARMING. I think it's about time for my evil villain monologue, don't you think?

BELLE. This is Shakespeare. You don't get an evil villain monologue.

CHARMING. I'm pretty sure Shakespeare invented the evil villain monologue. Now keep quiet or I'll be forced to kiss you. *(He takes out a piece of parchment.)* So, Cinderella, you realize my plan at last.

BELLE. I'm Belle.

CHARMING. Oh, sorry. *(He takes out a second piece of parchment.)* So, Ellie, you realize my—oh wait. *(He takes out a third piece of parchment.)* Here we go. By now my plan is only dimly visible to you. Who is my enemy? Why are they trying to kill me? These are the questions that will still be going through your head tomorrow, as your body hangs from the gallows. Now, you might just think that you're pure of heart and that will save you. Oh no, my dear. Pure of heart saves no one. You see, your two sisters believe that the crown exists for them, but they're going to be in for such a shock when they realize it's their husband who will wield the power. And if they aren't willing to share, well, I've got plans for that too. After the wedding there will of course be many, many sad people. But that's how the game is played, isn't it? Enjoy your time in the darkness. *(He looks at his paper again.)* And then I put some space in here for improv-ing a few lines if I felt like it. But I'm just going to practice my smug evil laugh. Heh hehhehheh. Your head's going to be very pretty on a spike.

(He exits.)

BELLE. This is such a bummer.

*(Darkness descends on her.
Something bright is coming her way.
TALKING CANDLE MAN enters.)*

TALKING CANDLE MAN. Bonjour chérie!

BELLE. Talking Candle Man who in no way resembles a copyrighted piece of intellectual property!

TALKING CANDLE MAN. Ah yes! It is I! And even though I am a talking candle I'm sure that I can—

(PRINCE CHARMING stabs him in the back.)

TALKING CANDLE MAN. Urk.

*(BLOOD PACKET GUY looks at TALKING CANDLE MAN
and is unsure of what to do.)*

BLOOD PACKET GUY. Blood, I guess.

(TALKING CANDLE MAN dies.)

PRINCE CHARMING. Oh. One more thing. Don't try to escape. I'm going to enjoy killing all the animated characters that try to save you. Oh dear. I believe he's been...snuffed. Or as they say in France, snoofed.

(He exits.)

By the way in case you're wondering I'm going to be standing over here in the dark with my sword drawn for quite a while.

(TALKING TEAPOT LADY begins to enter from offstage.)

TALKING TEAPOT LADY. Bonjour chérie! Aaaaaaaah!

(CHARMING stabs her too. She's dragged off.)

NARRATOR 1. Now it's time for the war scene!

*(CINDERELLA enters on one side of the stage with her three
GUARDS.*

ELLIE enters opposite with her three SOLDIERS.

*BLOOD PACKET GUY enters upstage center. He's got all the
blood streamers ready. He stretches out as the NARRATORS go
through the next part.*

*Every time someone is about to be hit, BLOOD PACKET GUY
runs in and gets in position.)*

NARRATOR 1. Two vast armies watched each other across an open plain.

NARRATOR 2. We need a bigger cast.

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NOT OVER!**

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