

ONCE UPON A FAIRY TALE

A COMEDY IN TWELVE SCENES

By Christopher Burruto

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SYNOPSIS: Once upon a time lived Beullah the Witch and her more winsome sister, Francine. They were as opposite as opposite could be. Jealous of Francine's beloved daughter, Princess Rose, Beullah gives Princess Rose an evil curse. Thanks to the curse, Princess Rose grows up to be a "Royal Pain." Now, 21 years later, Princess Rose must get married to be queen. Yet, who will marry such a bad apple? None other than Jonathan the meek assistant (to the assistant) shepherd. But before they can live happily ever after, they must overcome Beullah the Witch and a band of bumbling trolls.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(FLEXIBLE CAST OF APPROXIMATELY 22; SIX MEN AND FIVE WOMEN, ELEVEN EITHER, PLUS NON-SPEAKING EXTRAS)

- LINE COUNTS ARE APPROXIMATE -

***Note:** This is a very flexible cast. Many of the characters can be played by either males or females and feel free to add as many suitors and courtiers as desired.*

NARRATOR 1 (m or f) The narrator gets eaten during the first scene. Should dress as an adult. *(9 lines)*

NARRATOR 2 (m or f) Replaces Narrator 1. This is an actor plucked from the audience after the first narrator is eaten. *(23 lines)*

BEULLAH (f) A witch who is very jealous of her sister, Francine, who married a prince and became queen. A wonderfully comic character who should be played to type and as over-the-top as possible. *(71 lines)*

- COURTIERS (m and f) Extras. They should dress in period costumes. (2 lines)
- PRINCESS ROSE (f) She is on the verge of adulthood and is one day away from Coming of Age when she becomes queen. Despite suitors, no one wishes to marry her and it's easy to see why! Rose, also known as the Royal Pain, is a stubborn, forceful young woman, and terrorizes all who interact with her! Rose should be dressed in a period princess-style dress, but with some tomboy accoutrements. (82 lines)
- KING (m) A bit foggy and forgetful. He should wear a period costume with a crown. (4 lines)
- QUEEN (f) She is more on top of things than her husband. Period costume and crown. (10 lines)
- ADVISOR (m or f) The royal advisor is bold, trustful and confiding and not afraid to call Princess Rose a royal pain to her face. Period costume, a badge of office. (10 lines)
- 3 TROLLS (m or f) Fawning, bumbling and funny. They have names:
- Lemmy (25 lines)
 - Norbert (36 lines)
 - Wally (18 lines)
- MAGIC MIRROR (m or f) A wise-cracking, gum-chewing character full of personality. The mirror should have a silver or gold painted face and maybe some sunglasses or hat. (11 lines)
- MAIDS (f) They are frightened by Princess Rose because she abuses them. Period costumes. (3 lines)

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- JONATHAN (m) A simple and profoundly average assistant shepherd. For some reason, he falls in love with Rose at first sight. He's probably the first to ever do so. He should be dressed in a simple shepherd's outfit: vest, knee-length pants, white long-sleeved shirt, sandals. *(42 lines)*
- KAISO (m or f) Kaiso is Murray's sidekick. A sarcastic, humorous foil to the wizard. Can be dressed similarly to Jonathan or as fanciful as you wish. *(29 lines)*
- MURRAY (m or f) Retired wizard - or so he says. Murray was actually fired from his previous job as House Wizard. Jonathan's friend and advisor. Wizard hat, robes, staff. The grubbier he looks, the better! *(29 lines)*
- 4 SUITORS (m) Four or more suitors are at the castle to woo Princess Rose. Little do they know what she is really like. *(11 lines)*

AUTHOR'S NOTES

Once Upon a Fairy Tale is the first play I ever wrote, and has been performed several times by our drama club as well as the drama clubs of some of the nearby elementary and intermediate schools around my home school district.

What makes this particular play so much fun is that it is short enough for young students to rehearse and perform. Some of the characters may appear as stock at the beginning, but surprise us by their words and actions. Rose is not the sweet and delicate princess of so many children's films, but a young girl with a touch of attitude who does not want to be Queen. Beullah the Witch is not a horrible, evil person, but more of a sassy, fun character. This play is as much about her as it is about Princess Rose.

Everyone loves to play the trolls, especially when they get to eat the narrator. The play winks at its audience as the characters know they are in a play, and it makes any production, which is never error free, that much more fun to perform. The mistakes are *part* of the show!

PRODUCTION NOTES

The throne room can be as simple or elaborate as desired. A wooden chair swathed in red or blue material is enough to give the impression of a throne.

Knights with swords and shields gives further detail and believability.

Beullah's hut should be strewn with many anachronistic pieces: telephones, televisions, old computer pieces, posters of famous people - living and dead - use your imagination and have fun. The mirror needs to be on a flat that has a hole for the actor to appear, or it can be rigged so that it is free standing.

The woods can be suggested by a single tree. The idea is that the characters and audience both know that they are in a play, so moving sets around is just a part of breaking the fourth wall.

PROPERTY LIST

- Script for Narrator 2
- Glitter for Beullah
- Badge of office for Advisor
- Suitors have numbers on them akin to marathon runners
- Swords for Princess Rose and any knights you wish to add
- Crowns for King, Queen, Rose and Jonathan
- Plastic bones for Trolls to gnaw on - especially after they eat Narrator 1
- "Breakfast" that the maids bring Rose
- Shepherd's crook or staff for Jonathan
- Staff for Murray the Wizard

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

- Scene 1 Throne Room
- Scene 2 Beullah's Hut
- Scene 3 Throne Room
- Scene 4 Woods
- Scene 5 Throne Room
- Scene 6 Woods
- Scene 7 Woods
- Scene 8 Beullah's Hut
- Scene 9 Beullah's Hut
- Scene 10 Woods
- Scene 11 Woods
- Scene 12 Throne Room

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SCENE 1
THE THRONE ROOM

AT RISE:

Beullah the Witch stands right of the throne; Francine stands left of the throne. Francine smiles; Beullah scowls.

NARRATOR 1: Once upon a time, there was a witch . . . *(Pause.)*

Hold on. That sounds like a scary way to open a play, doesn't it?

BEULLAH: Sounds good to me!

NARRATOR 1: How about this: once upon a time there was a witch.

And a queen - two sisters who were as opposite as opposites could be.

Francine was the older of the two. She was blithe and merry, and won the hearts of all who knew her! *(She curtsies and smiles. The assembled crowd "oohs" and "ahhs.")*

COURTIER 1: She's so blithe!

COURTIER 2: And merry!

NARRATOR 1: The other was Beullah, and she was well, the opposite of her sister in almost every way. While her sister was blithe and merry and cheerful, Beullah was stubborn, and morose, and happy with no company but her own misery.

And that is why, *(Enter Prince Milo who smiles and waves to courtiers and audience.)* When young Prince Milo came courting, seeking a bride and had to choose between Beullah and Francine, *(Beullah appears to gag herself.)* it really wasn't a difficult choice.

The prince chose the merrier, livelier, and *(pause, emphasis on pronouncing the word.)* blithier, sister. *(Mime of prince getting on one knee and proposing.)*

Francine and her husband ruled the kingdom happily, and Beullah?

Beullah became jealous of their happiness and became a master

of dark and arcane magic and became the most powerful enchantress of the whole realm, if not the entire world. She took for her servants, forest trolls. And she nursed her hatred until it grew into a quickening fire. And she vowed revenge against her sister Francine.

(Servant hands bundle - a baby - to Francine.) And not a few years later, Queen Francine gave birth to a baby girl named Rose. And it was then that Beullah saw her opportunity.

You see, Beullah gave baby Rose a gift. Not a stroller. Not a car seat. Nothing like that. What Beullah gave her was a curse!

BEULLAH: It was a doozey!

NARRATOR 1: And it went something like this:

BEULLAH: *(As Beullah recites her curse, the lights darken, thunder crashes.)*

Today is born a child! Rose is her name!
Like a weed she will be,
Rampant, stubborn, and wild.

She will be a tempest
A storm, a jove!
I swear she will despair
Of ever finding
her heart's true love.
This curse is my gift,
so dearly bought,
A Rose is but a flower,
or so you thought,
For on this, the day she is born
A Rose, by any other name
SHALL BE A THORN!

NARRATOR 1: It worked. The curse I mean. It WAS a doozey!

Beullah goes to her hut.

Many years passed. The witch, Beullah, has gotten witchier, the Queen Francine, has gotten blithier, and Princess Rose, has grown up and gotten . . . well, you'll see how **she** turned out . . .
(She appears after Francine puts baby under the throne.)

SCENE 2
BEULLAH'S HUT

Beullah's hut is stage right. It is cluttered with anachronistic items: an old sewing machine, the more clutter, the better, etc. The mirror to which she refers is actually an old TV or picture frame secured to a flat. A hole is cut so the "mirror" character can "appear." Beullah enters from the audience, perhaps reciting her lines as she walks up the aisle.

BEULLAH: *(Trolls fawn over her.)*

I'm Beullah the pretty
Beullah the fine
"Beullah my dahling, you're simply divine!"
I'm wicked and I'm bad
And someday I'll be queen
of all the land!
I'll be carried on a bed
Everywhere I go
like that Egyptian queen
What's her face.
And I'll be loved by no one
and despised by all!
Because I'm Beullah the wicked,
Beullah the fine *(Strikes an exaggerated pose.)*
Dahling, why don't you come up
and see me some time!

NARRATOR 1: That was inspiring!

BEULLAH: Hey! Who are you? You're not supposed to be here!
This is my hidden lair!

NARRATOR 1: I'm the narrator! I'm supposed to be narrating this nice little fairy tale -

BEULLAH: Not on my stage you aren't! What's with the ridiculous clothes and all the nicey nice? What are you? Some Sesame Street *(Or similar.)* refugee? Scram before I turn you into something unpleasant like . . . like a booger . . .

NARRATOR 1: *(A little scared.)* These nice people came to see a nice, wholesome, entertaining play!

BEULLAH: Not on my watch! Boys? *(The trolls surround the narrator.)*

NARRATOR 1: But . . . I have a contract!

BEULLAH: Not anymore you don't! *(To trolls.)* Would you mind showing the kind lady *(Or gentleman.)* out? *(Trolls escort Narrator 1 off stage with great enthusiasm.)*

BEULLAH: That's better! Can you believe the nerve of some people! Just waltzing into someone's home like they own the joint! *(The trolls return licking their fingers.)*

NORBERT: *(Lenny.)* Tasty morsel!

LEMMY: *(Toby.)* A tasty treat!

WALLY: *(Norbert.)* She tasted like chicken!

BEULLAH: You ate the narrator? *(Pause.)* Good for you - wait, who's going to tell **MY** side of the story? Make **me** look good? *(Beullah looks out over the audience.)* **YOU!** *(Chooses one of the students involved with the production.)*

NARRATOR 2: *(Stands.)* Me?

BEULLAH: Yes you! Get up here!

NARRATOR 2: Uh . . . no thanks . . . I don't want to be the narrator. I saw what you did to the first one!

BEULLAH: Come up here before I turn you into a lobster, and boil you for supper! *(Narrator walks up on stage trembling. Trolls sniff new narrator.)*

Here's your script! Read! *(Hands new narrator a script.)*

Narrlx na fort nob zotneilg bloptim . . . I can't understand a single

word of this! (*Beullah sighs. Turns narrator's script right side up.*)

NARRATOR 2: (*To Beullah.*) Thanks. So, after the trolls ate the first narrator, the second narrator said:

Beullah prided herself on being the meanest person - er witch - in the whole kingdom, if not the whole world.

BEULLAH: (*To TROLLS.*) Come here my little dumplings, gather round. It's time to see who is the meanest person in all the land.

Mirror mirror on the wall

Which is the foulest **who** of all?

(*Trolls look confused.*)

TROLLS: (*Ad-lib.*) That's not how it goes . . . what was that?

BEULLAH: Strike that, let me start over . . .

Mirror mirror on the wall

Who is the foulest **witch** of all?

Whose hair curls like wisps of smoke?

Whose breath is like death's dark cloak?

Whose nails are like talons

To draw blood by the gallons?

Whose skin is like leather?

Yet, who flies like a feather?

(*Getting louder.*)

Who strikes fear in every heart?

Who's devilish, fiendish, and diabolically smart?

(*Loudest.*)

Who will triumph over her twin sister, Francine?

To one day be the undisputed, heavyweight QUEEN of MEAN?

(*SOUND OF THUNDER CRASHING.*)

Nothing happens. Beullah hits the side of it like a faulty TV.

NORBERT: *(Pause, five count.)* Um, I don't think it's working . . .

LEMMY: Maybe the satellite is out again!

BEULLAH: *(Sarcastically.)* Satellite? We don't have satellite, you missing link! *(Troll cowers behind the others in fear. Runs her hands through her hair.)* As I said: *(Runs through part of it again, rapidly.)*

Mirror mirror on the wall
Who is the foulest witch of all?
Yada Yada Yada . . . Blah-bitty Blah Blah
Who will triumph over her twin sister, Francine?
To one day be the undisputed QUEEN OF MEAN?

Mirror pops up from behind the flat yawning and rubbing his eyes.

MIRROR: Witchy face! Trolls! What's happenin' witchy wah wah!
Bad hair day, or what?

BEULLAH: *(Flattered, touches hair and primps.)* Thank you, Mirror!

MIRROR: Hey! You got a cup a joe? You got anything "witchy and delishy" brewing in your Mr. Coffee? *(Trolls react with laughter.)*

BEULLAH: You're late! Let's get started, shall we? "Who is the foulest of all?"

MIRROR: Oh! Hands down! Absolutely! No question about it! Drum roll please! The undisputed heavyweight bad apple of the kingdom **and** the entire civilized world is . . . is . . . **not you!** Not anymore!

Trolls gasp in astonishment, worried about how angry Beullah will be.

BEULLAH: WHAT?

MIRROR: Now, don't take it out on me! I had nothing to do with it.
You're still my favorite bad apple in the whole bunch, girl!

NORBERT: Outrageous!

LEMMY: It's not Francine your sister, is it?

MIRROR: *(Laughs.)* Queen Francine? She makes Darth Vader look like Mary Poppins! *(Laughs.)*

BEULLAH: Who is more fouler . . . more foulest . . . most fouler, than me. Than I. Tell me!

MIRROR: You know I can't give you names . . . it's against the rules!

Beullah holds up a hammer.

MIRROR: (*Frightened.*) Remember! Seven years of bad luck!

BEULLAH: . . . I'll take my chances. (*She's ready to swing.*)

MIRROR: Okay, okay - it's your niece, the Princess Rose!

BEULLAH: Last time I checked, she was a baby! (*Trolls cower.*)

NORBERT: (*Frightened.*) Baby!

WALLY: We're afraid of babies! They're horrible and mean!

NORBERT: They spit on you.

LEMMY: And drool!

NORBERT: Wait, so do we!

MIRROR: She WAS a baby! She's all grown up now!

BEULLAH: (*Growing steadily angrier.*) Impossible! Unthinkable! This I've got to see! Mirror, (*Makes a big show of casting a spell.*)
show me the castle!

Eye of newt,
Hound of dog
blackest soot
And warts of frog
By my littlest, magical bone
Show me the castle throne!

SCENE 3 THE THRONE ROOM

Princess Rose is seated upon the throne reading a book.

NORBERT: Look at her! So sweet, reading...she's a doll!

LEMMY: As sweet as a cupcake! Reading her book like that . . .

MAID: (*Interrupting her.*) Princess?

ROSE: (*Sweetly.*) Yes?

MAID: *(Scared and startled, she almost drops the tray of food.)* Your lunch Princess . . .

ROSE: **Lunch?** Are you **kidding** me? I haven't even finished breakfast yet. Which, by the way, was cold! I've told you and that dunder-headed cook before: I don't like eggs! Or, toast! Unless they're hot! HOT! HOT! HOT!

MAID: Then what would your Royal Pai - Rose like for breakfast?

ROSE: I'd like cake for once, and maybe some ice cream or a nice, thick juicy steak with French fries! But one thing is CERTAIN. I don't like lunch before breakfast! *(Angrily, starting low and growing louder.)* And if you ever come in here again without knocking, or ringing a bell, or bowing before **my greatness**, I'll have you **fired!** *(The maid who has been cowering scared, runs out of the room.)*

BEULLAH ET AL: She's good!

NARRATOR 2: The Princess Rose was - in fact - a bit spoiled. Make that **REALLY** spoiled! Some would even go so far as to say that she was a . . . **brat**. And do you know what everyone called her behind her back? *(Looks around.)*

They called her the **Royal Pain!** And was she ever! *(Rose, hearing the narrator, is outraged and huffing and spewing.)* Every time her parents told her to do one thing, she did the opposite! She yelled at everyone if she was in a bad mood, and screamed at people if she was in a good mood!

Rose is now standing right next to the narrator.

ROSE: The Royal Pain, eh. I'll give you a royal pain you, you STUPID NARRATOR! You're just jealous because I'm a princess and you - you will just be narrating someone **else's** story for the rest of your pathetic life! Maybe I'll have my father tie your ears together. Or have you hung by your feet until the blood rushes to your head! And, while we're at it - get off of my stage!

NARRATOR 2: Remember that curse Beullah gave Rose in the first scene?

TROLLS: It worked!

BEULLAH: Of **course** it worked! It was one of my very finest, thank you very much!

NARRATOR 2: Rose has been considered the **Royal Pain** ever since! So now we come to the part of the story that's about the princess and how she was to be married . . .

It is the day before the Princess Rose's 21st birthday when she Comes of Age! When she Comes of Age and becomes Queen, her parents, the King and Queen, will finally be able to retire to that condo in Florida.

But, there was just one teensy little problem: The law of the land states that Rose must be **married** by her Coming of Age.

ALL: Huh?

NARRATOR 2: To be queen, Rose must be **married**!

ALL: (Groan)

NARRATOR 2: If Princess Rose is **not** married, then the throne descends to the next most available ROYAL person . . . namely . . .

ALL TROLLS: Namely?

BEULLAH: Moi! And who in this realm, in this universe, would marry someone as nasty -

MIRROR: - nastier!

BEULLAH: - than yours truly?

And that means that I,
Beullah the wicked,
Beullah the fine,
am getting the throne . . . *(She stands.)*
It will **finally** be mine!

SCENE 4 WOODS NEAR THE CASTLE

NARRATOR 2: *(In front of the curtain.)* If Princess Rose isn't married before tomorrow, then Beullah becomes queen. But

finding the right suitor . . . well, let's face it, finding any suitor, might be next to impossible . . .

From all over the land, and from beyond, came a host of suitors, hoping to win the hand of Princess Rose.

Near the castle, a small group met to plan their wooing strategy.

One was Jonathan, an assistant shepherd, and his two friends, Murray, a retired wizard, and their companion, Kaiso. Jonathan was nice and kind, but, being an assistant shepherd didn't require him to be much smarter than a pile of rocks!

MURRAY: *(To Jonathan.)* Remember. Be charming.

KAISO: Right! Charming! Don't say too much, and smile a lot! Laugh at her jokes, if she makes any . . .

JONATHAN: I thought I'd start out with something a little different you know, to shake things up a bit! *(Begins to sing. Badly.)*

"Feelings, nothing more than feelings . . ."

KAISO: No! Not that one . . .

JONATHAN: Oh, okay. "Did I ever tell you you're my hero . . . that you are the wind beneath . . ."

MURRAY: No, I'm afraid singing won't do. Truth be told, it never works.

KAISO: Jonathan! Relax! Be yourself!

MURRAY: We'll wait here, just outside the castle walls for your return.

NARRATOR 2: And that's just what they did. Meanwhile, a whole group of suitors was waiting for their turn to capture the heart of Princess Rose. No easy task, I assure you.

SCENE 5
THE THRONE ROOM

The stage curtains open to reveal a castle throne room. The king, Milo, and Queen Francine are sitting on thrones with usual attendants. Young men wait in a line with numbers around their necks; numbers 1187, 1188, 1189. They are obviously waiting for the chance to woo Princess Rose. Jonathan joins the line of suitors which stretches to the wings.

SUITOR 1: You here to court the princess?

SUITOR 2: Of course! See that old guy asleep in the chair? Well, that's the king, and I hear he's extremely rich!

SUITOR 3: I heard that she has to be married by tomorrow, or she won't get to become queen! What are your numbers? *(The numbers are printed on index cards with string worn around their necks, like necklaces.)*

SUITOR 1: One thousand one hundred and eighty-eight.

SUITOR 2: One thousand one hundred and eighty-nine.

JONATHAN: Do you think it's possible she's already gone through a thousand eligible young men?

ALL: Nah.

SUITOR 3: Don't be ridiculous. No one's that hard to marry off! *(Unsure.)* Are they?

Suddenly, out of nowhere, comes a well dressed young man, screaming and running for his life. The suitor is wearing number 1186.

SUITOR 4: She's insane I tell you! Insane! Someone stop her - she's got a sword! HELP!

The crowd gasps as SUITOR 4 hides behind the throne. Rose enters with sword drawn.

ROSE: *(In a sing-song coaxing voice.)* Princey, here boy, here princey boy!

SUITOR 4: You're crazy! You're . . . NUTS!

ROSE: *(With intensity.)* What's wrong? What's little Princey so afraid of? Not this little teeny-weeny itsy bitsy sword, is he?

SUITOR 4: *(To Advisor.)* I think she nicked me! *(To king and queen.)* You want me to marry . . . *(searching for the words.)* That? That demented, that twisted -

ROSE: - don't try to flatter me, my sweet thing!

QUEEN: Now, ROSE dear, put the sword down . . .

ROSE: *(To the prince, deadly earnest now. She's not bluffing.)* Now, get out before I show you how dangerous I am with this deadly weapon!

Suitor 4 screams, then beats a hasty retreat!

ROSE: Another one bites the dust! *(She begins to exit.)* Send in the next victim!

ADVISOR: *(To crowd, including Rose.)* As I understand it, earlier today, three dozen suitors fled the castle screaming, vowing to join a monastery in the distant Himalayas. True?

Rose smiles and curtsies.

ADVISOR: *(Continuing.)* Suitors running for their lives. I hope you are quite finished -

ROSE: - I still hope to get rid of one meddling advisor.

ADVISOR: Well, I'll tell you something Miss Sassy pants, this advisor gets paid for meddling, and he isn't about to cow tow to some spoiled, rotten to the core, ROYAL PAIN! *(Those on stage gasp. By the time the advisor gets done with his speech, he and Rose are nose to nose.)*

ROSE: Wanna bet?

ADVISOR: You're to be married in *(looks at timepiece.)* less than twenty-four hours. Of course, it's no **wonder** why your parents are having trouble marrying off the likes of you.

ROSE: How dare you! Nobody marries someone else off! When I marry, it will be to whom I choose and WHEN I choose. And it won't be for political expediency!

And no one, not a king or queen or *(pause.)* a puffed up, addepleted twit can make me. I'd sooner live my life in the Forbidden Forest than to live here, and live a lie. *(Beat.)* Like you all do! *(Storms out.)*

QUEEN: And where do you think you're going?

ROSE: To my room. If you need me, I'll be *(pause.)* unavailable. *(She exits.)*

COURTIER 1: Is she gone?

COURTIER 2: *(Peers off stage.)* She's gone!

The crowd sighs like a great weight has been lifted from them.

JONATHAN: *(Beat)* Wow! She's the most intelligent, the most beautiful - well, just about the cutest princess with the best posture I've ever seen!

CROWD: Are you INSANE?

JONATHAN: Maybe! *(Aside.)* But I think I'm in love!

CROWD: Ewww . . .

SUITOR 2: To the nearest tavern! Let us be thankful we avoided a lifetime commitment to *(Pause.)* that!

ALL SUITORS: Hear! Hear! *(Suitors exit)*

Split stage here. On one edge of stage, the lights go up to reveal a chair and a small table. On the table is a mirror, hairbrush, book and candle. This is Rose's room. On the other side of the stage is Beullah's hut.

Beullah has been watching the proceedings from her mirror. The trolls are gathered about her and wait anxiously as to what she plans for Rose.

BEULLAH: The throne is so close I can almost taste it!

NORBERT: Bet it won't taste as good as that narrator! *(The trolls laugh.)*

BEULLAH: It's not enough that no one will marry her, but Princess Rose must disappear for good! Just on the outside chance that that lame brain Jonathan would marry her. We must do something. Something wonderfully wicked . . . *(Transition to Rose's bedroom.)*

ROSE: I shall marry whom I wish and when I wish. No one can make me do something I don't want to do!

ADVISOR: Sire, as your most trusted and loyal advisor, I must be frank with you.

KING: Frank? Is that your name? I thought your name was "Advisor"!

ADVISOR: *(Beat.)* I must remind your Royal Highness that the princess Comes of Age in less than one day. And without a suitor . . . well, I am loathe to say it . . . *(He pauses to draw in breath.)*

CROWD: Say it!

ADVISOR: The possibilities are downright dreadful! The crown will go to the queen's own sister, Beullah! Beullah the dreadful! Beullah the wicked, Beullah the vile . . .

QUEEN: We get the picture . . .

ADVISOR: Beullah the naughty, Beullah the repugnant, Beullah the pretty bad smelling after a one-on-one basketball game! *(Stops.)* Truth be told, the people won't be pleased if a suitable suitor isn't found. And they'll be less happy if you-know-who takes the throne. We've got to get her married! Or we should all relocate to the Forbidden Forest! *(Transition to Beullah's hut.)*

TROLL 1: They have you pegged!

BEULLAH: *That* I'd like to see, they wouldn't last . . . The Forbidden Forest! Of course. Just as Princess Rose said herself, "I'd rather live in the forest than live a lie!" *(Pauses, like she's thinking deep thoughts, then twists her hands in glee as a huge grin comes over her.)* Come here, all of you, my little twisted family, and let me tell you a wonderfully awful idea! *(Transition to Throne Room)*

QUEEN: All the eligible young men have fled for their lives!

KING: *(Sobbing.)* Taken their lives? She's killed all those nice boys? What shame! What horror!

ADVISOR: Lie down before you hurt someone! *(To Queen.)* Can't you get **someone, anyone** to fall in love with her?

QUEEN: I'll try to talk some sense into her, but it seems hopeless, doesn't it? *(Crowd groans.)*

NARRATOR 2: Unhappy with the idea of a forced marriage to someone she doesn't love, Princess Rose decided to run away to the Forbidden Forest! At the same time, Beullah's three trolls appeared in her bedroom - they were there to kidnap her!

NORBERT: A-ha! We've caught you with the element of surprise.

ROSE: What is this! Who are you furry little tyrants anyway? I demand to know what's going on!

LEMMY: We are the right honorable Forest Trolls. We strike fear into the hearts of millions.

NORBERT: We terrorize unsuspecting children and small innocent creatures!

ROSE: I'm not afraid of you!

LEMMY: You should be! We ate the first narrator!

ROSE: Big deal! I've eaten worse! Look, I just sent a thousand suitors running for their lives!

The trolls ad-lib agreement.

WALLY: We saw it on our live feed in Beullah's Hut. It was really something.

ROSE: What do you want from me? I'm busy!

NORBERT: We are here to kidnap you!

LEMMY: And take you to the Forbidden Forest!

WALLY: To prevent you from being married!

ROSE: *(Pauses. Looks upward.)* Thank you! *(To Trolls)* And what do you expect to do with me once I'm there?

TROLL: *(Hesitatingly.)* Eat you! Scrumptious!

ROSE: *(Grabs troll.)* Listen buster, if there's to be any meal around here, that meal is going to be you!

Trolls gasp in fear.

TROLLS: *(Ad-lib.)*

Please don't hurts us
We were made to come here
Made to kidnap you.

ROSE: Who sent you?

LEMMY: Beullah! The Witch of the Forbidden Forest!

ROSE: Why?

TROLL 1: If you don't marry a nice boy, you can't be queen, and -

LEMMY: - then Beullah becomes queen!

ROSE: Wait a second, let me get this straight, hairballs . . . **YOU** want to kidnap me, take me into the Forbidden Forest so no one can find me, so that Beullah the Witch can become queen?

Trolls nod vigorously!

ROSE: *(Aside to audience.)* This is fantastic! It solves everything! *(To trolls.)* Okay boys! I'm yours! Let's go!

TROLLS: Really?

ROSE: Sure! I'm game! Have . . . you boys thought about how you were going to get me out of the castle?

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