

AFTER HAPPILY EVER AFTER

By Amanda Burris, Julia Grove, and Lauren Ohler

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ISBN: 978-1-61588-330-1

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SYNOPSIS: What happens *after* the oh-so-brave prince slays the dragon, swash-buckles his way into the castle, saves the damsel-in-distress and lives happily ever after? Prince Charming gets kidnapped! With the kingdom in panic, the dimwitted Squire Squdge is determined to find Prince Charming to prove his knightliness to the kingdom. With the help of Lulu, the unhygienic and less-than-ladylike town wench, the ever eager duo team up to interrogate the notorious villains of the kingdom: Nork the Ogre, Rumpel, the Wicked Witch and her two daughters. But even after the interrogations, Squdge and Lulu are no closer to finding Mr. Charming. After the unlikely (and very lucky) discovery of Prince Charming, the ultimate fight breaks out between our not-so-classic heroes and our timeless villains. Featuring an angry mob in search of a witch and an on-going bet between our Storyteller, the story's Fiend, and Rumpel, only the cast of *After Happily Ever After* can make this new take so dazzling!

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(9 females, 4 males, 12-14 either, extras; gender flexible, doubling possible)

| | |
|------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| STORYTELLER (f)..... | (68 lines) |
| FIEND (f/m)..... | (73 lines) |
| SQUDGE (m)..... | (134 lines) |
| PRINCE CHARMING (m)..... | (45 lines) |
| SLEEPING BEAUTY (f)..... | (25 lines) |
| SNOW WHITE (f)..... | (31 lines) |
| CINDERELLA (f)..... | (50 lines) |
| LULU (f)..... | (78 lines) |
| NORK (m)..... | An ogre. (32 lines) |
| WICKY (f)..... | Mother witch. (46 lines) |
| MUFFY (f)..... | A witch. (43 lines) |
| BUFFY (f)..... | A witch. (39 lines) |
| RUMPEL (m)..... | (26 lines) |
| DR. SIGMUND FRAUD (f/m)..... | A psychotherapist. (6 lines) |
| MILLY (f)..... | The Miller's daughter. (2 lines) |

- BOY [OR GIRL] WITH DOUGHNUT (f/m)...(2 lines)
- DANCING GIRL [OR BOY] (f/m).....(4 lines)
- PRISONER (f/m).....(2 lines)
- MOB MEMBER 1 (f/m).....(4 lines)
- MOB MEMBER 2 (f/m).....(5 lines)
- MOB MEMBER 3 (f/m).....(2 lines)

DWARVES (f/m):

- SWEETUMS.....(3 lines)
- TWITCH.....(2 lines)
- SPARE.....Non-speaking role.
- PYRO.....(3 lines)
- MEMMIE.....(2 lines)
- WEE.....(2 lines)
- BUDDY.....(5 lines)

EXTRAS (f/m):

MOB, ANIMALS, TOWNSPEOPLE

DOUBLING:

Any of the MOB MEMBERS could double as BOY [OR GIRL] WITH DOUGHNUT and DANCING GIRL.

ALL LINE COUNTS ARE APPROXIMATE

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT ONE

SCENE 1: THE BET

(Storyteller, Fiend, Boy [or Girl] with Doughnut, Dancing Girl, Rumpel, Prince Charming)

SCENE 2: PRINCESS INTRODUCTIONS

(Storyteller, Prince Charming Sleeping Beauty, Snow White, Fiend, Cinderella, Squdge, Animals, Mob)

SCENE 3: PRINCE GOES MISSING

(Storyteller, Sleeping Beauty, Snow White, Fiend, Cinderella, Prince Charming, Townspeople, Coffee Boy, Squdge, Wicky, Muffy, Buffy)

ACT TWO

SCENE 1: SQUDGE THE HERO

(Squdge, Fiend, Lady 1, Lady 2, Lady 3)

SCENE 2: THE IDIOT WENCH AND SQUDGE TEAM UP

(Squdge Cinderella, Snow White, Sleeping Beauty, LuLu, Fiend)

SCENE 3: PRINCESSES ARE INTERVIEWED

(Squdge, LuLu, Sleeping Beauty, Snow White, Dwarves, Cinderella)

SCENE 4: NORK THE OGRE

(Squdge, LuLu, Nork, Storyteller)

SCENE 5: RUMPELSTILTSKIN

(Milly, Cinderella, Rumpel, Squdge, LuLu, Fiend)

SCENE 6: WITCHY WOMEN

(LuLu, Squdge, Muffy, Buffy, Wicky, Prisoner)

INTERMISSION**ACT THREE**

SCENE 1: BET UPDATE

(Fiend, Storyteller, Squdge, Mob, Mob Member 1)

SCENE 2: PRINCESS HOBBIES

(Sleeping Beauty, Snow White, Dwarves)

SCENE 3: NOT-SO-WICKED GIRLS AND NORK'S SECRET

(Buffy, Muffy, Wicky, Prince Charming, Nork)

SCENE 4: THERAPY SESSION

(Fiend, Storyteller, Snow White, Fraud, Sleeping Beauty, Cinderella, Mob)

SCENE 5: SQUDGE AND LULU SPLIT

(LuLu, Squdge, Nork, Prince Charming)

SCENE 6: VILLAINESS REVEALED

(LuLu, Nork, Cinderella, Squdge, Prince Charming, Wicky, Muffy, Buffy, Fiend, Mob, Storyteller)

SCENE 7: WEDDING BANQUET

(All cast)

PROPS**ACT ONE, SCENE 1**

- Book
- Doughnut

ACT ONE, SCENE 2

- Apple
- 2 Sticks
- Bucket and rag
- Multiple mismatched shoes
- 1 Fancy shoe
- Pitchforks

ACT ONE, SCENE 3

- Glass for toast
- Apple
- Mug labeled “coffee”

ACT TWO, SCENE 1

- Shoes
- Cape (Fiend)

ACT TWO, SCENE 5

- Spinning wheel
- Silky fabric
- Hay
- Chair
- Shiny shoe

ACT TWO, SCENE 6

- Barrels
- Chair
- Spell book
- Wands

ACT THREE, SCENE 1

- Popcorn bags
- Soda

ACT THREE, SCENE 2

- Sewing kit
- Pillow that says “To My Sweat Hart”

ACT THREE, SCENE 3

- Shopping list
- Basket
- Well
- Ladle
- Bucket
- Gag
- Large sack

ACT THREE, SCENE 5

- Gag
- Breadcrumbs/food

ACT THREE, SCENE 6

- Bush
- Club
- Gag/rope
- Wand
- Vile
- Sword

ACT THREE, SCENE 7

- Table and chairs
- Mirror
- Veil (LuLu)

COSTUMES AND MAKE-UP

We encourage all companies performing this play to be creative; however, please remember that this is a fairy tale and characters should dress as if they walked straight out from the pages of a fairy tale and onto the stage. Though some characters are more flexible with costumes, we encourage costumes that fall into medieval era attire.

PRINCESSES: CINDERELLA, SNOW WHITE, AND SLEEPING BEAUTY

All princesses should dress in flowing gowns. We recommend that each princess wear different colors. For example, Cinderella would wear a yellow gown while Sleeping Beauty would wear a pink gown.

LULU

Lulu should wear garments that imply that she is living on the street and doesn't practice good hygiene. A burlap sack with armholes and a head hole is encouraged with the use of a brown long-sleeve shirt and brown leggings underneath for comfort. Lulu can be barefoot. MAKEUP/HAIR: Lulu's character needs to have natural make-up with dirt-like appearance on her exposed skin to show that she does not practice good hygiene. Her hair can be teased messy and the use of twigs and/or straw in her hair is encouraged.

LULU (ACT THREE, SCENE 7)

Lulu is transformed for her wedding; companies may choose to use an actual wedding dress for the scene or to have fun and change out her brown burlap dress for a white burlap dress with lace. Companies may choose to change her hair or keep it messy.

FIEND

Fiend should dress in red and black and have a cape.

RUMPEL

Rumpel should be dressed in fairy tale/medieval apparel.

WICKY

Since Wicky is a dark and evil sorceress, she should dress in a dark gown and be equipped with a wand. Her hair should be teased and her make-up should be dark.

BUFFY AND MUFFY

For their evil looks, the ladies should be in dark gown, wands, teased hair and dark make-up. Once they turn into fairy godmothers, they should wear pastel-colored gowns with a lot of sparkle, glitter, rhinestones, etc. Their make-up for this act and the rest of the play should be brighter.

PRINCE CHARMING

Since Prince Charming is royalty, his medieval era attire should indicate that he comes from wealth. We encourage the use of purples and gold for his costume.

SQUIRE SQUDGE

Squdge should be in medieval era attire (whether that be a tunic or a vest with a peasant shirt). Please keep this costume in neutral and earth-toned colors.

STORYTELLER

Storyteller should be wearing a medieval era gown.

DWARFS, MOB, TOWNSPEOPLE, AND OTHER ROLES

All of these roles should dress in simple medieval attire. Members of the mob can be accessorized with pitchforks and torches. Townspeople can be accessorized with baskets when they are in the townsquare.

PRODUCTION HISTORY

After Happily Ever After had its world premiere at Tidioute Community Charter School, Tidioute, PA in 2009.

ACT ONE, SCENE 1
THE BET

SETTING: *Town square.*

AT RISE: *STORYTELLER enters alone stage right.*

STORYTELLER: *(Enters and stands stage right with a book in hand. Clears throat and opens the book. Every time there's a pause, STORYTELLER looks up as if she's talking to a fairytale god.)* No I'm not starting with that! *(Pause.)* Because that's how it always starts! *(Pause.)* Yeah you say "Once upon a time," and something tragic happens to some beautiful, but dim-witted girl, then a handsome but even more dimwitted guy has to rescue her, and then it's happily ever after. *(Pause.)* Because we're not doing that here! *(Now speaking to audience.)* We're talking about what happens *after* the happily ever after, getting into the real nitty-gritty of the storybook characters' lives. Kind of like the E! True Hollywood Story, but with less plastic surgery and divorce. Not that we won't have some scandals, mind you. Deceit, betrayal, kidnapping, mistaken identity...

FIEND: *(Entering from stage left.)* —and EVIL!!!

STORYTELLER: Here we go.

FIEND: You can't tell the behind the scene stories of these fairytale freaks without me. These people would sell their souls for a doughnut!

BOY [OR GIRL] WITH DOUGHNUT: *(Pops out onto stage from stage right with a half-eaten doughnut in hand.)* It's true. It's stale, too.

FIEND: Yeah, well so is your soul.

BOY WITH DONUT exits.

STORYTELLER: *Anyway, welcome to the vacation village of the fairytale characters. Where we unwind and relax after our stories come to an end. Where we're free to be ourselves.*

FIEND: Which isn't always an improvement. Everybody gets stuck in the same old storybook rut anyway.

STORYTELLER: That's not true, we're completely different from our stories.

FIEND: Really? How about Red Riding Hood? Every day she packs that picnic basket full of goodies and the Wolf ends up eating it and her grandma, or grandpa, or aunt, or uncle! Wouldn't you think that at some point she would stop taking that short cut?

STORYTELLER: Okay, but she's really not the best example.

FIEND: And have you hung out with Jack and Jill lately? They throw themselves down that hill for fun; they can't get enough of it.

STORYTELLER: Well, come on, when you take that many hits to the head there's bound to be some permanent damage at some point!

FIEND: Face it, you're all predictable. There is no shocking behind-the-scenes story because you're exactly the same behind the scenes as you are in front of it...sweet as can be but boring. I can tell you how the story ends before it even begins.

STORYTELLER: Care to bet on that?

FIEND: Bet?

STORYTELLER: Yeah, you tell us how this story is going to go and, if you're right, you win my eternal soul. But if you're wrong... well... I'm sure I'll think of something.

FIEND: I've never lost a bet, so that's not even a consideration. Okay, so here's what's going to happen. There's going to be a beautiful young woman who gets harmed in some way by the villain of the story. Then, the handsome, noble hero will ride in to save the day, rescue her, and they will fall in love. Good guys all win, bad guys all lose and... *they all live happily ever after.*

STORYTELLER: You're sure that's what you want to go with? It's not too late to back out. I don't want to hear you crying that you were cheated when you lose.

FIEND: (*Considers it for a moment then shrugs.*) Nah, I'm good. This is going to be fun. Speaking of fun...

DANCING GIRL enters stage right twirling and dancing with an imaginary partner; continues to stumble as she dances.

DANCING GIRL: Poor me! I really want to go to the ball, but I have two left feet and can't dance at all. If only there was some kind of notorious villain about, with which I could make some sort of ill-advised deal with that will surely come back and haunt me.

FIEND: *(To STORYTELLER.)* Business calls.

STORYTELLER rolls eyes and exits stage left. FIEND turns to DANCING GIRL.

Girl, have I got a pair of shoes for you!

RUMPELSTILTSKIN enters stage right.

RUMPEL: Yeah sure, go ahead and take her shoes, if you want your feet to fall off.

FIEND: Stay out of this, Rumpelstiltskin. I told you to stay off of my turf.

RUMPEL: *Your* turf? Well, aren't you just the bees knees? The last time I heard, this was a kingdom founded on capitalism. I think this young lady deserves another option in cursed footwear.

FIEND: Bees knees? Who says that? Listen here you overgrown lawn-gnome, nobody wants your stupid layaway plan.

DANCING GIRL: Layaway?

FIEND: Here it comes.

RUMPEL: Yes, unlike this sooty sleaze, my goods come with a one-year warranty, which means your feet won't burst into flames *(Glares at FIEND.)*

FIEND: Hey, it's not my fault if they don't read the fine print!

RUMPEL: On my plan, you get the quality you expect right away.

FIEND: Yeah, and then if you can't guess his name or shoe size or mother's astrological sign, you have to give him your first-born baby! Seriously, a first born baby? Creep!

DANCING GIRL: First born baby? ...But... Why?

FIEND: Yeah really, what do you do with them? Do you eat them? Sell them? Use them as doorstops?

RUMPEL: It's none of your concern, you nosey nuisance!

DANCING GIRL: You guys are weird. I'm out of here. *(Dances away; exits stage left.)*

FIEND: Now look what you did! You ruined it for both of us. I'm sick of you getting in my way, stubby.

RUMPEL: (*Rolls up sleeves.*) I think it's time we had this out once and for all!

FIEND: I think you're right.

They both take stances to begin fighting. FIEND pulls back her fist to punch RUMPEL, but instead of hitting him she smacks herself, falls, and begins crying loudly to offstage.

Owww! Owww! Why are you hitting me?! I'm just an innocent damsel being ill-treated!

RUMPEL: What are you doing?

PRINCE CHARMING rushes in from stage right.

PRINCE CHARMING: Damsel? Being ill-treated! (*Storms towards RUMPEL.*) Explain yourself, sir!

RUMPEL: But she hit herself!

PRINCE CHARMING: Oh, yeah right. I completely believe that line of horse crap. So you're a villain, coward, and a liar!

RUMPEL: (*Getting a bit insulted.*) Now wait just a minute! (*With bated breath.*) Villain, yes. Coward, yes. But I am NOT a liar! You can't talk to me...

PRINCE CHARMING: What are you gonna do? Hit me now?

RUMPEL: I just might...

PRINCE CHARMING: Is that a threat?

FIEND: (*Looking as innocent as she can manage.*) It was, it was, oh chivalrous Prince! I think he needs to be taught a lesson.

RUMPEL: (*To FIEND.*) You set me up...

RUMPEL is then attacked by the PRINCE. On the ground, RUMPEL tries to crawl away, but the PRINCE keeps pulling him back. Fight ensues. PRINCE drags RUMPEL off stage right.

FIEND: That was too easy. (*FIEND exits stage left.*)

ACT ONE, SCENE 2
PRINCESS INTRODUCTIONS

SETTING: *Town square.*

AT RISE: *STORYTELLER starts the scene alone on stage.*

STORYTELLER: *(Enters stage left.)* Now that that's done, welcome to our quaint little village *(Various characters enter from various points and cross or loiter.)* We are ruled over, of course, by Prince Charming. King and Queen Charming are always out of town, and, even though he does try to the best of his abilities, the Prince has been more than a little damaged by the shoddy parenting.

PRINCE CHARMING enters stage left.

PRINCE CHARMING: ...Scooped up his tears in my victory cup and had myself a nice refreshing beverage.

PRINCE continues to walk off stage right.

STORYTELLER: *(To audience.)* He means well, but not the brightest boy.

PRINCE can be seen in the background talking to others, doing various stupid things and looking at himself in any reflection he can find.

His sister was always an odd one too, come to think of it—Princess Charming. She kind of disappeared a few years ago. Not that any one really cared, not much call for a Princess Charming. Besides we're lousy with princesses to begin with. Oh look. There's Sleeping Beauty.

SLEEPING BEAUTY enters in a flurry.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: I'm so full of energy and it's such a beautiful day. There's so much to do, I just don't know where all the time goes...

SLEEPING BEAUTY collapses like a sack of potatoes, fast asleep downstage right.

STORYTELLER: Yeah, that “sleeping curse” is actually just a wicked case of narcolepsy.

SLEEPING BEAUTY snores loudly.

STORYTELLER: Not nearly as cute in real life, is it? Enter princess number two.

SNOW WHITE enters stage left and a ridiculously large line of ANIMALS follows after.

STORYTELLER: ...and entourage.

SNOW WHITE: Yes, yes you're all very cute.

Animals cuddle up to her.

Oh my.

One animal scratches furiously behind its ear.

Oh! Do, do you have fleas? *(Suddenly getting an idea, she picks up a stick.)* Here, you want to play? Ready? Go fetch!

SNOW WHITE pretends to throw the stick and the animals take off stage left. While she is dealing with the animals, the DWARVES file in behind her in a tight line.

SNOW WHITE: No it's way out there. *(Under her breath.)* One person can only take so much cute and cuddly. *(Shouting off stage.)* No keep going! *(Under her breath.)* Finally! A little alone time.

SNOW WHITE turns around and finds more animals directly behind her.

SNOW WHITE: Oh, hey guys! (*She laughs nervously and they keep grinning. She gives up on alone time.*) Come on.

As *SNOW WHITE* starts to lead them all off stage right, *FIEND* enters and takes the stick from *SNOW WHITE* while she pulls her aside.

FIEND: (*To animals while she throws the stick off stage.*) You go fetch!

DWARVES chase after it. To *SNOW WHITE* as she hands her an apple

You, have an apple!

SNOW WHITE takes a bite of the apple and falls down onto stage.

STORYTELLER: They never learn! (*To FIEND.*) Cheater!

FIEND: The fact that you expected me to play fair is adorable. (*Exits stage left.*)

STORYTELLER: So that just leaves princess number three...

CINDERELLA: (*Off stage.*) Filthy disgusting animals. (*Crawling onto stage with a bucket and rag, scrubbing the floor.*) Really, Snow, what good are your pets if you can't train them to bedazzle dresses or bake cakes. It's just ridiculous. (*She finds a new and disgusting spot.*) Eww, is this from one of the raccoons... or one of the dwarves? Gross! (*She turns her back to center stage and is absorbed in her cleaning upstage left.*)

STORYTELLER: Three damsels in distress, which should mean...

PRINCE CHARMING bumbles onto stage.

PRINCE CHARMING: Fear not fair maidens, Prince Charming has arrived. You may now swoon at my unparalleled bravery, dashing good looks, and finely coiffed hair. *(He strikes a pose and only looks around when he realizes no one is awake to pay him any attention.)* Oh, right damsels... in distress. *(Turns to STORYTELLER and FIEND.)* Well, you ladies look alright. *(Putting on the moves.)* In fact, you look *more* than alright.

The ever-helpful STORYTELLER points to SLEEPING BEAUTY.

PRINCE CHARMING: Uh, okay. So she's... dead.

PRINCE CHARMING turns to leave but STORYTELLER pulls him back and gets him to look again.

Oh, she's asleep! So I should... *(He looks to STORYTELLER for help.)*

STORYTELLER: Shout her name, give her a shake, splash some water on her...

PRINCE CHARMING: Kiss her. I'll kiss her!

FIEND: Yeah, kiss the unconscious girl, cause that's not creepy.

PRINCE kisses SLEEPING BEAUTY'S hand, and she wakes slowly. He moves on quickly to SNOW WHITE.

PRINCE CHARMING: Okay, she bit the apple so...

STORYTELLER: It's food poisoning, or she's choking and she needs...

PRINCE CHARMING: A kiss!

STORYTELLER: I was going to say the Heimlich maneuver, but sure. Why not?

PRINCE kisses SNOW WHITE'S hand, and she wakes slowly. He moves on quickly to CINDERELLA who eventually realizes what is going on. She is still on the floor by the bucket, but she tries to spruce up when she sees the PRINCE walking over.

PRINCE CHARMING: *(In confused whispers to STORYTELLER.)*

But she's awake already.

STORYTELLER: But look at her life. She just needs a little love and affection. So you should probably give her a... *(CINDERELLA puckers up in anticipation.)*

PRINCE CHARMING: Fancy shoe! *(He snaps his fingers in the air, and calls off stage.)* Fancy shoe!

SQUDGE comes running in from stage left with an armful of shoes. Trips and falls. On his knees, he offers up two options to the PRINCE – one of them being the fancy shoe.

CINDERELLA: *(Confused.)* A shoe?

SQUDGE: I have fancy shoes in either a sensible heel or a glass slipper which really isn't practical for anything at all. Honestly, I'm not even sure why I brought it. Stupid, stupid...

PRINCE CHARMING: Shiny!

PRINCE CHARMING grabs the glass slipper and jams it onto CINDERELLA'S foot which he now has hoisted in the air.

CINDERELLA: *(Irate.)* A shoe?! They get make-out sessions and I get a shoe?! And it's not even a complete pair? Just ONE shoe?

STORYTELLER: It's better than scrubbing floors isn't it?

CINDERELLA: I suppose so.

CINDERELLA joins SNOW WHITE and SLEEPING BEAUTY in fawning over him at center stage, and they tussle and fight over him while going off stage, CINDERELLA with a slight limp do to the uneven footwear.

PRINCE CHARMING: Come ladies, we shall feast in celebration of your hero—ME!

The girls all titter and fawn over PRINCE as they exit stage left, SLEEPING BEAUTY and SNOW WHITE on either arm, CINDERELLA following behind.

SQUDGE: *(Calling off stage.)* I can find something else if glass doesn't please, my lord! Perhaps the lady would prefer a strappy sandal, a purple pump, a maroon mule?

STORYTELLER: You're a mule.

SQUDGE: *(Gesticulating with the spare shoe.)* I will have you know I am a squire in the Prince's service and...

STORYTELLER begins her lines and talks over him to the audience until he gives up and storms off.

I'm gonna be a knight; a famous knight! And what are you, anyways? A narrator? I bet you don't even have a name. Ugh, I hope you get dry rot or some nasty bookworms!

STORYTELLER: So there you have our storybook royalty. All personages of the highest quality and beauty, beloved by all of the common townspeople. We couldn't ask for finer leaders. They are so loved that no one would even dare to think of disturbing our kingdom's peace and serenity.

An angry MOB storms in from stage right in tight formation with pitchforks, torches, etc.

MOB: Burn the witch!

FIEND stops them center stage.

FIEND: So, what is this all about then?

MOB MEMBER 1: Burning a witch!

FIEND: What witch?

MOB MEMBER 2: Any witch!

MOB MEMBER 3: Have you seen a witch!? *(Clears throat and beings again, much more politely.)* Ahem, sorry. Have you perhaps seen a witch in need of burning?

FIEND: Ah, yes, come to think of it, I have!

SQUDGE stumbles backwards on stage with the leftover shoes, oblivious to the FIEND'S set up as all eyes are on him.

MOB: Burn the witch!

SQUDGE looks behind him for the witch while the MOB swarms him. He somehow manages to escape off stage left with the MOB following closely behind.

STORYTELLER: As you can see, our village also has the undesirables that aren't worth mentioning in most stories: the angry mob, the lackeys, the loonies, the suck-ups, the stable boys. But we'll move on to more interesting topics.

FIEND: Don't get your hopes up. I'm telling you folks, you've already heard all these stories. If you'd like some real fun, I'm sure I could arrange something for a small fee though, say the soul of your first-born son? Face it; he doesn't seem to be turning out that well anyhow.

ACT ONE, SCENE 3
PRINCE GOES MISSING

SETTING: *Town setting.*

AT RISE: *PRINCE CHARMING, SNOW WHITE, CINDERELLA, and SLEEPING BEAUTY are all grouped together stage left, while TOWNSPEOPLE mingle about.*

PRINCE CHARMING: *(Holding a glass up for a toast and looking towards each of the princesses in turn.) A toast – to our kingdom's greatest treasure, more fair than any flower, more radiant than any rainbow, more loved than life itself... to me!*

The girls all sigh in unison. All characters on stage give a hearty cheer except FIEND and STORYTELLER.

FIEND: Okay, the major characters have been introduced, the setting is clear, a sense of normalcy has been established, all this predictable plot is missing is the damsel in distress. So, right about now something terrible should be happening to one of the lovely princesses.

SNOW WHITE eating an apple screams and clutches her hands to her mouth. TOWNSPEOPLE gasp and pause; optional for PRINCE to yell the word "Gasp!" at this moment.

SNOW WHITE: I have apple skin stuck between my teeth! (*Starts to pick it out.*)

TOWNSPEOPLE begin to mill about.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: I, I feel so sleepy I could just die

TOWNSPEOPLE gasp and pause again; option for PRINCE to yell the word "Gasp!" COFFEE BOY of the Ye Old Starbucks hands her a mug labeled "COFFEE" and, taking a sip, she perks right up.

What a magical brew! (She gulps down more and now starts to look a little too caffeinated.)

STORYTELLER looks smug that the FIEND is proven wrong.

FIEND: Yep, any second now, one of them is really gonna get it. (*Looks around nervously, and kicks CINDERELLA, who falls.*) Look! She fell! It's tragic! (*Pointing.*) Damsel! Distress!

Lights go off; PRINCE cries out. Lights come back on and PRINCE is no longer onstage.

FIEND: Okay, that I was not expecting.

STORYTELLER: See, not your average story! (*Turns to audience.*)

Upon seeing their beloved Prince in danger, his loyal subjects bravely rushed into unknown horrors, facing terrible perils, frightening monsters, possible dismemberment, or even... death.

All characters turn their face and try to go unnoticed as nobody steps forward.

Really? Loyal subjects, who served him faithfully, whom he had rescued countless times! (*No one stands.*)

FIEND: Ah, the loyalty is touching.

STORYTELLER: *(To characters onstage.)* Well, aren't you going to go after him?

WICKY: Psh! Good riddance!

BOY WITH DOUGHNUT: He was a bit of an idiot.

STORYTELLER: *(To the three princesses.)* What about you three? You're just going to stand by while your Prince is kidnapped?

CINDERELLA: What are we supposed to do? We usually just sit around and wait for him to rescue us.

SNOW WHITE: It's really not what we do.

STORYTELLER: Well, what do you do?

CINDERELLA: We cry really well.

Looking at others to confirm their course of action, then all three start crying as they exit stage right.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: *(Tearfully, as walking off stage.)* Can we please go get some more coffee?

STORYTELLER: Unbelievable.

SQUDGE enters stage left, aware that something has happened but unsure of what, questions people in the background and growing more alarmed with each bit of information.

FIEND: Cold, indifferent, callous – my kind of people.

STORYTELLER: Seriously! I'm all for unconventional but when our hero gets stolen who is going to save him.

SQUDGE: I'll save him!

STORYTELLER: ...a story without a hero is just not a story at all!

SQUDGE: I said I'll do it!

STORYTELLER: ...There won't be anything to tell. I'll be out of a job!

SQUDGE: *(Grabbing her shoulders and shaking her.)* I... said... I... will... do... it!

STORYTELLER: *(Knocking him aside.)* Who has the bravery, the cunning, the valiance to rescue the prince?

SQUDGE: I said I'd be the hero! *(Stomping his feet like a child.)*

STORYTELLER: And so began the downfall of the storybook kingdom. The hero lost and a buffoon on a rescue mission.

FIEND: I bet he gets eaten by the dragon! Or gets his head stuck up a horse's...

STORYTELLER grabs *FIEND* and yanks her off stage before she can say anymore.

Lights go out.

END OF ACT ONE

DO NOT COPY

ACT TWO, SCENE 1
SQUDGE THE HERO

SETTING: *Town square.*

SQUDGE: *(Angry.)* I can't believe no one is coming up with a plan! After everything Prince Charming has done for us... he taught me everything I know! And now he is gone. I would do anything to have him found and well.

FIEND enters stage left.

FIEND: *(She asks curiously.)* Anything?

SQUDGE: *(Startled.)* Wha—? Who are you? What do you want? Why are you wearing a cape?

FIEND: I... am the Fiery Fiend. I make deals with people... I give them what they want and they give me what I want—their souls! ... And... it's my trademark fashion accessory.

SQUDGE: *(Finally understanding.)* Uh, huh? Are you sure you're not from the Dwarf Insane Asylum? I heard a few of you loonies escaped? *(Takes her gently by the arm.)* Okay, now let's go find the nice men in the white coats.

FIEND: Get off me buffoon! Prince Charming is missing and you said you would do anything to have him found and well, right? Yes, so... wanna make a deal?

SQUDGE: A deal, huh? And what would I have to give up in order for Prince Charming to be saved?

FIEND: Your soul, you bloody idiot! *I already told you that!*

SQUDGE: Well sure, but which one *(He pulls out the shoes from earlier.)* a purple pump or the maroon mule?

FIEND: You really are that stupid aren't you? *(FIEND shakes her head and exits stage left.)*

SQUDGE: *(He calls off stage.)* They really would look great with your cape! Great, how am I supposed to learn about being a hero with Prince Charming missing? How will I ever prove myself worthy of being knighted? *(Gasping.)* That's it! I'll find Prince Charming and prove that I'm worthy enough to be a knight. This could finally be

my chance to test my bravery in battle. Just imagine... (*Squdge begins acting out his daydream.*)

SQUDGE: (*As PRINCE CHARMING.*) Why thank you, Squire Squdge. You have done a great deed for this kingdom. How shall I repay you?

SQUDGE faces the other way.

It has always been my dearest dream to become a knight.

He turns the other way.

(*As PRINCE CHARMING.*) Then a knight you shall be. (*Makes the knighting motion.*) I knight thee Sir Squire Squdge.

SQUDGE goes back to kneeling, facing the other direction.

(*Stands up.*) Great! Now that I am a knight...where are my ladies?

He runs to the side of the stage.

(*SQUDGE as LADY 1 runs up to where SQUDGE was standing.*) Oh Squdge!

He runs to the other side of the stage.

(*SQUDGE as LADY 2 runs to where SQUDGE was standing.*) Oh Squdge! (*Pushes LADY 1.*) Back off; he's mine! (*SQUDGE as LADY 3 runs to where SQUDGE was standing*) Forget it you bimbos! He's all mine! (*Pulls SQUDGE. Stands where he was originally as SQUDGE.*) Ladies, ladies, calm down. There's enough Squdge to go around. Patience, darlings. Soon, I will rescue Prince Charming and become a gallant knight. I just need to figure out how...

ACT TWO, SCENE 2

THE IDIOT WENCH AND SQUDGE TEAM UP

SETTING: *Forest.*

AT RISE: *SQUDGE is still on stage. LULU enters stage right and PRINCESSES from stage left. PRINCESSES walk by LULU and point, holding their noses.*

CINDERELLA: *What is that?*

SNOW WHITE: *I'm surrounded by animals all the time and I've never seen a creature that looks... or smells, like this.*

SLEEPING BEAUTY walks onstage yawning and stretching.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: *What's going on? I was right in the middle of a wonderful dream when this horrible stench woke me up. (Catches LULU'S scent.)* *Woah!*

Startled by the shriek, SQUDGE turns around.

SNOW WHITE: *What is that?*

SLEEPING BEAUTY: *It's a girl...I think.*

SNOW WHITE: *A girl? Then where are her bluebirds to dress her? (Starts whistling.)*

CINDERELLA: *Or her fairy-godmothers. God, they can be so lazy, it's not like it's hard to wave a wand.*

SLEEPING BEAUTY: *Where's her pretty dress, and her flowing hair...*

CINDERELLA: *And shiny shoes, don't forget she needs shiny shoes to be a girl. (LULU stumbles and falls to the ground, brushing against CINDERELLA'S dress.)* *Ugh, look at what she did to my dress!*

SQUDGE walks over.

SQUDGE: *Ladies, please, that will come off easily. Now if you don't mind I'd like— (Gets cut off.)*

CINDERELLA: Ugh! (*Interrupts like SQUDGE never said anything.*) I'm sorry. I can't stay here another minute like this. (*To the PRINCESSES.*) Girls—

SNOW WHITE and SLEEPING BEAUTY: Wardrobe change!

They start to turn.

SQUDGE: Wait! Princesses! (*He starts after them.*) I need to talk to you!

They hurry offstage without even acknowledging SQUDGE. LULU starts to stand.

SQUDGE: Well that's just great. (*To LULU.*) Let me help.

LULU: Hey, hands off. I got it.

SQUDGE: Okay... so, umm (*Notices her appearance.*) Whoa...

LULU: (*Angrily*) What? It's the way I look isn't it? Ugh! You fairy tale people are all the same. Cast me away just because I'm a little dirty. I may not be as beautiful as some of the girls around here, but with some maniac running loose kidnapping royals...

SQUDGE: No one would take you! I mean, don't worry miss, I'll protect you.

LULU: Protect me? What makes you think you need to protect me? Do I look like one of those helpless little girls?

SQUDGE just stares, shocked.

SQUDGE: Well, I just thought...

LULU: You thought wrong.

SQUDGE: Hey now! Who do you think you are?

LULU: LuLu.

SQUDGE: My name is Squire Squdge. It's nice to meet you.

LULU: Right, what's a hoity-toity like you doing out here anyway?

SQUDGE: I was thinking about how I would start my investigation.

LULU: What investigation?

SQUDGE: To find Prince Charming. Have you not heard? He is missing.

LULU: No, I knew that. I just didn't think anyone would start an investigation for my— *(Pause.)* for Prince Charming. What I mean is that no one searched for m—I mean Princess Charming.

SQUDGE: That is because she was not needed *or* missed as much as Prince Charming.

LULU: *(Defensively.)* Oh, really?

SQUDGE: Yes, now shush I need to think.

LULU: Excuse me, did you just shush me?!

SQUDGE: I need to get inside the mind of the kidnapper. Okay, if he took the prince then he obviously wants him for some reason. So maybe I could set a trap, make a dummy of the Prince and wait for the kidnapper to try to get him.

LULU: Yeah, a dummy sounds right up your alley. That's your brilliant plan? Why would he kidnap a dummy of the Prince when he already has the real Prince?

SQUDGE: Well, I don't hear you coming up with any great ideas!

LULU: Well, if you really want my help...

SQUDGE: I didn't say that...

LULU: ...what we need to do...

SQUDGE: ...we?

LULU: ...is to interrogate the usual suspects. I mean this is a storybook, it's not exactly a secret who the bad guys are...

SQUDGE: That plan is absolutely...not a terrible idea. We should start with the Princesses first. You know...just to see if they've noticed anything suspicious that could point us in the right direction.

LULU: How do you expect to get them to talk to *you*?

SQUDGE: My irresistible charms, of course! Prince Charming taught me everything I know.

LULU: Well that explains it. This should end well...

SQUDGE and LULU exit stage left; lights out.

ACT TWO, SCENE 3
PRINCESSES ARE INTERVIEWED

SETTING: *Forest.*

AT RISE: *SQUDGE and LULU enter stage right and find the princesses for questioning. First, they find SLEEPING BEAUTY asleep at center stage. SQUDGE and LULU approach cautiously.*

SQUDGE: She's sleeping. Let's come back later.

LULU: Do you want to find the Prince or not? She may have seen something important.

SQUDGE: Then you go wake her up.

LULU: I don't think so. What—is the super-brave knight-in-training afraid to face a sweet little princess?

SQUDGE: *(SQUDGE slowly approaches SLEEPING BEAUTY and taps her on the shoulder. She snores loudly so he looks back at LULU and shrugs.)* She won't wake up.

LULU: WAKE UP!

SLEEPING BEAUTY: No! I always wake up to blue birds singing. I don't hear any blue birds, so it can't be morning. I'm going back to sleep. *(She snuggles back in to go to sleep.)*

SQUDGE and LULU look at each other, confused. SQUDGE then has an idea and begins whistling in his best blue bird imitation.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Well, I hear one blue bird, but...

SQUDGE shoots LULU a glare and she reluctantly begins whistling as well.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: *(Wakes in a start, frantically searching for who yelled. She spots SQUDGE and LULU.)* Oh, was I sleeping?

SQUDGE: Yes, you were. We're sorry for waking you.

LULU: I'm not.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: It's fine. I shouldn't be sleeping all day anyway with Prince Charming missing.

SQUDGE: Actually, that's why we're here.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Did you find him?! Where is he?!

SQUDGE: No, we didn't find him.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: *(Sadly.)* Oh... um, why are you here then?

SQUDGE: We would like to ask you a few questions about Prince Charming. What was your relationship with him?

SLEEPING BEAUTY: *(Dreamily stares off into space.)* His one true love!

LULU: Oh jeeze...

SQUDGE: Okay, next question. Where were you from the time Prince Charming kissed your hand to the time he went missing?

SLEEPING BEAUTY: That's easy. I was sleeping.

LULU: Of course you were.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: I did have this amazing dream though. Prince Charming was in it. He asked me to marry him and of course I said yes. So we got married and I was wearing this beautiful flowing dress and everyone was there. It was marvelous. *(She starts to fall asleep again.)*

SQUDGE: Do you have any ideas of who might have taken him?

SLEEPING BEAUTY: No, everyone just loves Prince Charming.

SQUDGE: Thanks anyway, Princess. *(He turns to walk away.)*

SLEEPING BEAUTY: *(Groggily.)* Wait!

SQUDGE: Yes?

SLEEPING BEAUTY: You might want to talk to the ogre. Prince Charming said Nork was illegally tolling people. Nork could have kidnapped him to keep him quiet about his illegal schemes.

SQUDGE: Our first suspect! Thanks again, we won't disturb you any longer.

SLEEPING BEAUTY begins to snore loudly.

LULU: Disturb *her*? Fat chance.

They turn to leave as SNOW WHITE enters from stage right walking backwards. She's talking offstage.

SNOW WHITE: *(Talking to offstage left.)* Okay, um you guys just wait there for a little bit. No, no, right there. *(Turns around and jumps at the sight of SQUDGE and LULU.)*

SQUDGE: Um, Snow White? While you're here, would you mind if we asked you a few questions?

SNOW WHITE: Gee, I don't know. I'm not very good with questions. I can giggle really well. (*Demonstrates giggle.*) Or I can make up songs about nothing in particular (*Demonstrates singing.*) Or I can do a pretty good blank stare (*Demonstrates stare.*)

SQUDGE: Ah, right. That's great. Um, my name is Squire Squdge, friend and confidant to the missing royal, and I've made it my mission to—

SNOW WHITE continues to stare blankly as he speaks.

LULU: (*To SQUDGE about SNOW WHITE, who continues to stare.*) I think your airhead's been deflated.

SQUDGE: (*Snaps his finger in SNOW WHITE'S face.*) I said I would like to ask you a few questions.

SNOW WHITE: Gee, I don't know. I'm not very good with questions. I can...

SQUDGE interrupts before the cycle can begin again.

LULU: What was your relationship with Prince Charming?

SNOW WHITE: (*Gets a dreamy look on her face.*) His one true love...

LULU: Are you kidding me?

SQUDGE: What were you doing before he was taken?

SNOW WHITE: I was eating an apple, then I fainted, and Prince Charming kissed me. It was wonderful. (*SNOW WHITE bursts into singing a made-up song.*)

SQUDGE: Yeah, we can skip that part. I meant between then and the disappearance, when you were alone.

SNOW WHITE: Oh, okay, um I was with the animals and then I started taking off my jackets.

SQUDGE: Okay, but what did you do after you took off the jacket.

SNOW WHITE: Well, I took off another one.

SQUDGE: Okay, I guess it can get a little chilly out here in the woods. What did you do after you took off the second jacket?

SNOW WHITE: I took off a third jacket.

LULU: Okay, quit jerking us around, what did you do after that?

SNOW WHITE: I took off more jackets... What? I was in the cottage, when there was a knock at the door, so I opened it and these seven little men were standing on the door step in these odd white coats with a bunch of buckles and no armholes. They asked if they could come in because there had been a breakout in the Dwarf Asylum, and I couldn't just leave them out there in those funny coats with crazy dwarves on the loose. So I invited them in and unbuckled them from those crazy jackets.

DWARVES enter stage right.

SQUDGE: Oh good grief, crazy jackets? You mean straight jackets.

SWEETUMS leads the pack, a little too enthusiastically, and makes a beeline for SQUDGE and LULU. TWITCH runs around straightening and counting. SWEETUMS rocks back and forth giggling – she growls if anyone gets too close; SPARE just stands behind random people until they spot him and react. TWITCH is running around the other DWARVES in a twitching fashion and the rest of the DWARVES follow behind.

SWEETUMS: Oh, goody, goody, goody! It's company! I just love company! I really, really, really do. I could just pour sugar all over you and... eat... you... up.

SQUDGE: Umm... please don't.

PYRO approaches LULU.

PYRO: Excuse me. You don't have any lighter fluid do you? Gasoline? Kerosene? A lighter? A flint? Some kindling? A large pile of dynamite you're not using? No? Nothing? Nothing! UGH!
(Storms off to pout.)

SNOW WHITE: There are so many of them I can barely count them all.

TWITCH: Count? I can count them!

Throughout the scene, TWITCH buzzes around the stage trying to count people, but always missing some, adding others, and coming up with the wrong number.

MEMMIE: *(To LULU.)* Hello, who are you and what can we do for you?

LULU: Well, I'm glad someone around here has some sense. We are investigating the Prince's disappearance and we are wondering if you've seen anything suspicious that might be of help to us. *(MEMMIE just keeps nodding her head attentively.)* We would really appreciate it.

MEMMIE: Oh, ok. Hello! Who are you and what can we do for you?

LULU just shakes her head and walks away from MEMMIE.

SQUDGE: Excuse me miss, perhaps you could help?

WEE: Maybe I could, maybe I couldn't. Who told you I could. I never made any promises. I never did, I never did and whoever told you I could is a liar! *(WEE snaps his head around to look over his shoulder.)* I told him we could help, and I'm not a liar! I'm tired of you always putting me down! *(WEE snaps his head and becomes first personality.)* Well, if you would stop talking about me behind my back! *(WEE wanders off to continue his argument.)*

BUDDY: *(Walks up to LULU.)* He says he can help. *(Looks at the empty space beside him.)*

LULU: Great! Where is he?

BUDDY: He's right here. Jeeze. It's very rude to ignore people you know. *(Leans over as his "friend" whispers to him and he giggles.)* That's not very nice to say; she's right here...

LULU: Do you know where Prince Charming went?

BUDDY: Well, I don't, but I could ask him.

LULU: No, that's alright.

BUDDY: *(To imaginary friend.)* You know, I don't think she likes you very much.

SQUDGE approaches TWITCH and on the way is stopped by PYRO.

PYRO: You don't happen to have a match do you?

SQUDGE quickly finds one and gives it to her. She cradles it like a precious treasure, squeals gleefully, and skips off stage. TWITCH spots SQUDGE'S messy appearance and stops her repetitive counting to straighten up.

TWITCH: You're a mess. A mess! Your clothes aren't straight. They're not straight. Take them off, take them off! 123,123,123.

PYRO comes backing onto the stage looking at the bonfire she has lit just off stage right. She bumps into SWEETUMS who gazes in wonder at the blaze.

SWEETUMS: Oh my! What a lovely, lovely fire! It's so sparkly. And it's headed right for the cottage! Everything is going up in smoke! Weeeeeeee!

SNOW WHITE: (*Giggles nervously.*) They do keep me on my toes!

All but SQUDGE and LULU exit stage right. CINDERELLA then walks slowly onto the stage left while staring at her glass slipper.

SQUDGE: Well, this is convenient; our last princess.

LULU: And my least favorite.

SQUDGE: Cinderella?

CINDERELLA: What do you want?

SQUDGE: I'd like to ask you a few questions but...why were you staring at that shoe?

CINDERELLA: I was thinking. A little nosey, aren't we? I mean, it's just so shiny! What can I do for you? Did you, did you catch who took the Prince?

SQUDGE: No, we just wanted to ask you some questions about his disappearance to see if you knew anything important.

LULU: Ha, not likely!

CINDERELLA: Watch it, stinky!

SQUDGE: The first question I have for you is what is your relationship with Prince Charming?

LULU: (*From the other side of the stage.*) Let me guess... his one true love?

CINDERELLA: Yeah, sure. One out of three at least.

SQUDGE: Okay... what were you doing between the time Prince Charming gave you the shoe and the time he disappeared?

CINDERELLA: Marveling over this wonderful glass slipper of course! Because instead of a kiss to daydream about... I got a shoe. Now is there anything else I can do for you?

SQUDGE: I guess not. Thank you for your time and if you think of anything else we are heading out to question Nork next.

CINDERELLA: Nork?

SQUDGE: Yes, the ogre.

CINDERELLA: I know who he is. Why are you going to question him?

SQUDGE: Sleeping Beauty said he never got along with Prince Charming. (*Proudly.*) He is our first suspect.

CINDERELLA: Ha! Good luck with that! He's too stupid to have kidnapped Prince Charming.

CINDERELLA exits stage right.

LULU: Maybe we should listen to her, stupidity is her area of expertise!

Lights out.

ACT TWO, SCENE 4

NORK THE OGRE

SETTING: *Forest.*

AT RISE: *SQUDGE and LULU enter stage left and find NORK THE OGRE standing guard at his bridge.*

SQUDGE: Our first suspect! Isn't this exciting? How should I start though? Should I rough him up first? Go for a soft and friendly approach? We could do good cop bad cop! What do you think?

LULU: I don't know. It's not like I go around interrogating people.

SQUDGE: Right. I will start forcefully; see if he will crack under pressure.

LULU: (*Mumbles under breath.*) I'm going to crack your head under pressure.

They walk up to NORK.

SQUDGE: Nork, I would like to talk to you.

NORK: Who dares to try and cross my bridge?

SQUDGE: Nork, we don't want to cross your bridge. We just want to ask you a few questions about Prince Charming's disappearance.

NORK: No one crosses without paying the toll.

SQUDGE: That's fine because we aren't here to cross the bridge.

NORK: (*Acting a little hurt.*) Are you sure you don't want to try and cross my bridge?

SQUDGE: No, really that's okay.

NORK: But...It's a very nice bridge...

SQUDGE: Well, fine, if it would really mean that much to you then we'll cross. (*They try to pass just to placate him.*)

NORK: None shall pass!

SQUDGE: But you just said...

NORK: None shall pass! You must pay the toll to pass.

SQUDGE: Isn't there another option? Can't you like, ask us three questions to see if we're worthy.

LULU: That *is* how proper ogres are doing it now days.

NORK: Really? Okay then. Answer me these questions three. (*NORK pauses, waiting for them to answer. He is completely unaware that he has yet to actually ask anything.*)

LULU: You haven't asked us anything yet.

NORK: Well... you haven't answered anything yet.

SQUDGE: You have to actually ask us something like, "Where were you when the prince disappeared?"

NORK: Oh, ok. Where were you when the prince disappeared?

SQUDGE: No that's our question.

NORK: Yeah, so answer it or you can't cross the bridge!

SQUDGE: I don't want to cross your stupid bridge. I want you to answer my questions!

NORK: Who's calling my bridge stupid?

SQUDGE: I am, ha! You asked a question and I answered it. That's question number one. Two more questions and you have to cooperate.

NORK: I didn't agree to that!

SQUDGE: Why not?

NORK: 'Cause it's not fair. It's my bridge!

SQUDGE: (*Speaking to LULU.*) Hmm, I think I've met my mental match.

LULU: No kidding.

SQUDGE: I've got a few more tricks up my sleeve though. (*Now speaking to NORK, mumbled and fast.*) Anogresayswhat?

NORK: What?

SQUDGE: I said, "An ogre says what?" That's correct answer number two!

NORK: Grrr! You're hurting my head.

LULU: Come on, Cinderella was right; he's too stupid to have planned this.

SQUDGE: (*Reaches out and shakes NORK'S hand.*) Well played sir. It's an honor to match wits against an equal adversary. I thank you very much for your time.

NORK: What? What are you talking about? I don't know what time it is! What does advers-ery mean? Wait...why am I guarding this bridge to begin with? I'm so confused.

LULU and SQUDGE exit stage left and NORK sits down on his bridge and continues to scratch his head, clearly still contemplating all of the unanswered questions. STORYTELLER enters stage right.

STORYTELLER: And so ends Squdge and LuLu's first villain interrogation. Another dead end.

NORK: What am I doing with my life? What is an ogre anyway?

STORYTELLER: Come along, Nork. Our 'heroes' are about to visit the Miller's daughter, the town gossip. If anyone knows what's going on she will.

Both exit. Lights go out and scene ends.

ACT TWO, SCENE 5
RUMPELSTILTSKIN

SETTING: *Forest*

AT RISE: *MILLY and CINDERELLA are on stage. MILLY is holding up silky fabric, explaining to CINDERELLA what needs done. There is a spinning wheel onstage right that CINDERELLA will use to spin.*

MILLY: Thanks again for filling in for me Cinderella. I would really love to stay and spin the rest of this hay into gold, but what with my wedding coming up and all...

CINDERELLA: Yeah sure, no problem. I know how hectic wedding planning can be... Wait, no I don't, cause the Prince has like three fiancés so...

MILLY: Yeah sure, that's great, so um—if you could just spin the rest of this into gold, 24 karat please, that would be super. Oh and if some creepy guy comes around asking for your first born child, he's just joking. He's a total riot. You'll love him... just don't pay any attention to him. M'kay?

MILLY exits and CINDERELLA takes seat at spinning wheel.

CINDERELLA: Alright, so turning hay into gold. How exactly is this gonna work? Knit one, purl two?

RUMPEL enters from stage left as CINDERELLA is seated at spinning wheel.

RUMPEL: Alright, so let's make this happen. Where's the goods, and I'll give you the gold?

CINDERELLA: Oh, um you must be looking for Milly.

RUMPEL: Well, you're filling in, right? Ehh, in the end somebody still owes me. And it looks like that somebody is you today!

CINDERELLA: Hey, I'm just helping out a friend. What kind of deal did you make with her anyway?

RUMPEL: I promised to turn the hay into gold and in return she owes me... Well, that's private.

CINDERELLA: Well, how can I pay you if I don't know what's owed?

RUMPEL: Well, okay then. She owes me her first born baby.

CINDERELLA: A baby?! What are you going to do with a baby?

RUMPEL: That's-that's none of your concern! What you need to worry about is how you're gonna get me paid.

CINDERELLA: Well, I don't have a baby, but would you accept something else? *(As she finishes, he spots her shoe.)*

RUMPEL: Shiny! *(He snatches up the shoe and knocks her on her butt.)* This will do, tell Milly we're even. *(He begins to back off stage left.)*

CINDERELLA: Hey, wait! She said if I guessed your name, I wouldn't have to pay you.

RUMPEL: Yeah, sure go ahead and try.

CINDERELLA: *(Option to insert celebrity names, teacher names, principal's name.)* Jimminy Smegledon, Herman Hendlelayerman, Nash Nester...

FIEND enters stage right, intending to spoil his plans.

FIEND: Hi, RUMPELstiltskin! It's so good to see you, RUMPELstiltskin! I hope you're having an awesome day, RUMPELstiltskin.

She waves enthusiastically and exits stage right.

RUMPEL: Poisonous bunch-backed-toad, wretched, weak traitorous son-of-a-mule, you miserable, sniping gutter rat!

During the considerable cursing, SQUDGE and LULU enter. SQUEDGE is appalled at the language, he covers LULU ears and then launches himself at RUMPEL.

SQUDGE: Now, see here you rude rascalion! We don't need any of that language around here. This is a lovely children's story! Just what do you think you're doing anyway?

CINDERELLA: Harassing innocent maidens, that's what!

RUMPEL: I was not. I was simply conducting some business.

LULU: That business wouldn't have anything to do with the missing Prince would it?

SQUDGE: Yeah, I heard he gave you quite a beat down the other day.

RUMPEL: He did not! I, I slipped!

LULU: So you wouldn't have any problem explaining where you were when he went missing, would you?

RUMPEL: (*Hesitating.*) I was... busy.

SQUDGE: Doing what?

RUMPEL: I had an appointment... at the hospital.

CINDERELLA: He was in a full body cast after the Prince got done with him, the Fairy Godmother Guild were the only ones who took pity on him and cast a bone-mending spell on him this morning.

LULU: So he couldn't have had anything do with the Prince's disappearance. (*RUMPEL exits.*) I feel like we're missing something important. Something right under our noses.

CINDERELLA: (*Looking sheepish and edging off stage left.*) Well, it looks like everything is under control here. I'll just be going; we'll catch up later. (*Giggles nervously and exits.*)

SQUDGE: Well, that got us nowhere.

LULU: I don't know, Cinderella mentioned the Fairy Godmother Guild; maybe they would have some information.

SQUDGE: I don't know; fairies and witches always have it out for me. Last time I ran into any of them, I spent a very uncomfortable week as a dung-beetle.

LULU: A dung-beetle?

SQUDGE: I don't want to talk about it; it's just not a good idea.

LULU: Don't be so paranoid, besides, it's not like you have any better ideas. You'll be fine.

SQUDGE and LULU exit stage right.

ACT TWO, SCENE 6
WITCHY WOMEN

SETTING: *Dungeon.*

AT RISE: *SQUDGE and LULU sneak behind barrels, hissing complaints at each other. Meanwhile, MUFFY and BUFFY are practicing potions and spells on a prisoner. WICKY is lounging in a chair reading.*

LULU: Ouch, you just stepped on my bloody foot, Squdge!

SQUDGE: Well, why don't you get your big butt out of the way?

LULU: Shh! They'll hear us. The Fairy Godmother Guild said that Wickurtia and her incompetent daughters, Brufessa and Muffelda, have caught a new prisoner - it may be the Prince.

MUFFY: *(Throwing her hands up in frustration.)* What in toad's world is going on? *(Turning to Wicky.)* Mummy, it won't work!

BUFFY: Yeah, this is stupid. These cheap wands are defective!

Both throw their wands onto the ground.

WICKY: *(Irritated, getting up from reading.)* What's the problem? What are you two whining about now?

BUFFY and MUFFY: They don't work!

WICKY: *(Snatching up wands and thrusting them back at the girls.)* Are you two are positive that you're doing it right?

BUFFY: Positive.

MUFFY: Absolutely, super-duperly positive.

WICKY: Repeat what you're supposed to do.

BUFFY: Get the prisoner, wave your wand, say the magic words, and boom! The prisoner's a monkey... a monkey... monkey! *(Flicks wand every time she says the word monkey.)*

MUFFY: Which we did. Well, except for the part about the prisoner actually turning into a monkey. *(She looks at BUFFY and nods matter-of-factly.)* That's why we're having this dilemma.

BUFFY: Do yourself a favor and never speak.

MUFFY: Hey, why don't you— *(Gets cut off.)*

WICKY: Girls! Be quiet.

BUFFY and MUFFY: Yes, Mum.

WICKY: I created this spell; it's fool proof! You two obviously didn't say it correctly!

MUFFY: But we were! It just doesn't work!

BUFFY: Watch.

Toadstools, mushrooms, and the hair of a donkey

Turn this miserable prisoner into a winged monkey.

Seeing the frightened prisoner not transforming, WICKY stares at them in confusion. BUFFY smiles smugly.

See, Mum.

MUFFY: *(In a sing-song voice.)* Told you so.

WICKY: Well, that's never happened to me when I've said it. You two must be flicking your wands the wrong direction.

MUFFY: Maybe the spell's defective.

BUFFY: How would you know if it was defective or not? You can't even spell the word defective.

MUFFY: Oh yeah, maybe your head's defective!

BUFFY: Your brain's defective.

MUFFY: *(Insulted gasp.)* It is not.

WICKY: You two have to concentrate when you cast a spell; magic doesn't just happen! What are you thinking about when you're casting the spell?

MUFFY: Well, I think about turning him into a flying monkey, and... well... the wings make me think of birds, which makes me think of cute, little baby birds... which make me think of bunnies. Ohhhh! Little baby bunnies hopping through the grass!

BUFFY: Oh! I love bunnies! *(WICKY glares at her.)* What? It's true! I do! They're so fluffy I could die!

WICKY: Bunnies? You're thinking about bunnies? The daughters of the most evil-spirited, maniacal, fiendish, vengeful sorceress in all the kingdom are thinking about cute woodland creatures? Well no wonder the spell isn't working! You have to focus on *evil* if you want to cast an *evil* spell. Got it? *(Both girls nod gravely.)* Alright, let's try this again.

PRISONER: Please, please, ma'am. Let me go... I have a cat to feed... and I need to dust... and my Mum's coming up for the weekend.

WICKY: Silence! Did I tell you to speak?

PRISONER: But please? *I don't like bunnies.*

WICKY: *(Points wand at PRISONER and casts spell.)* Lucucrna!

The PRISONER falls over, causing LULU to scream in terror and SQUDGE to jump out with his fist raised for a fight. All WITCHES jump back in surprise.

MUFFY: Mum? Who are these people? Ugh! And why does that one smell like an ass?

BUFFY: *(Walks over to SQUEDGE, trying to calm him down.)* Ok, sir, *sir*, you need to stop. Calm down, that's it... nice deep breaths, yes, that's the way—

WICKY: Bruffessa, Muffelda! Get back from them! *(Points wands at LULU and SQUEDGE.)* Who are you first of all, and what in toad's name are you doing in my lair?

LULU: I'm LuLu. This donkey's arse is Squdge, and we're investigating the Prince's disappearance.

BUFFY: LuLu? Hey, I've heard of her! *(To MUFFY.)* That's Loony LuLu the idiot wench!

MUFFY: Ohhhh yeah! You're right, that explains the smell! Wow... it's worse than I heard!

SQUDGE: Lay off! *(Takes a menacing step towards BUFFY and MUFFY.)*

WICKY: Keep away from my daughters, you airheaded imbecile.

LULU: Please, we just want to ask a few questions and get some answers.

WICKY: *(Lowering her wand.)* If it means you will leave, then fine. Ask your questions.

SQUDGE: Now, as you may, or may not have heard, Prince Charming has gone missing!

BUFFY and MUFFY both gasp.

WE are interrogating all of the suspects.

WICKY: And you... you think *I'm* a suspect?

SQUDGE: Yes ma'am, we do.

WICKY: Well, Squire, you're smarter than you look. I'll give you that!

SQUDGE: (*Smugly.*) Well, thank you—*hey!*

LULU: So? You *admit* that you kidnapped Prince Charming?

WICKY: Yes, that is *exactly* what I am saying. Single handedly, I snatched him right out from under the noses of all those stupid guards, those fools, how idiotic can you—

MUFFY: Mum! There's no way you could have taken Prince Charming! Remember?

WICKY: Muffy...

BUFFY: Yeah! I do, I remember, Mum! We were out capturing defenseless individuals to keep in the dungeon and then we went to that new smoothie place!

MUFFY: Yeah, that's right! She got a Strawberry Kiwi and you got—

WICKY: ENOUGH!

LULU: So... you couldn't have kidnapped Prince Charming.

SQUDGE: (*Exasperated.*) Yes, LuLu.

LULU glares at him.

So, we'll just be leaving...

LULU: Squdge, wait! What about him? (*Points to the prisoner.*)

BUFFY: He's only asleep.

LULU: Really? Asleep?

WICKY: (*Looking exasperated.*) Yes, I stunned him with a sleeping curse. Now I'm a very busy sorceress and ...I don't know how to say this delicately... GET OUT! The overwhelming odor of the wench is starting to make me lightheaded.

BUFFY: Wait! Since our prisoner is sort-of defective, (*Points to SQUDGE.*) can we practice on him?

WICKY: Why, yes! What a great idea!

SQUDGE: Now wait a minute!

BUFFY: (*Waving her wand at SQUDGE and casting a spell.*) Puella!

SQUDGE: (*In a small girl's voice.*) All we want is to go home. We're done interviewing you and we would appreciate—

MUFFY: (*Waving wand and casting a spell.*) Antiquus.

SQUDGE: (*In an old man's voice.*) I don't think this is very appropriate—

BUFFY: Puella!

SQUDGE: (*High-pitched “girly” voice.*) Please, please have some decency and stop—

MUFFY: Antiquis!

SQUDGE: (*Old man voice.*) You manky mountain goat, control your daughters please!

WICKY: Mediocris! (*SQUDGE goes back to normal voice.*) I don't know who you think you are, but how dare you order me around, you dim-witted stable hand! I am the most evil sorceress of all of the fairytale kingdom and soon, very soon, you will know how truly cruel I can be you little foolish—

LULU runs up behind and pushes WICKY into BUFFY and MUFFY, who fall down on top of each other. Their wands go flying.

LULU: Run, Squdge, run!

They grab hands and run off stage.

WICKY: Stop! Get back here! You don't know who you're dealing with! I'm brutal! I make, kids cry!

Lights out for intermission.

END OF ACT TWO

INTERMISSION

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