

CHANGING CHARMING

By Alaska Reece Vance

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By Alaska Reece Vance

SYNOPSIS: Prince Charming has been turned into a frog, Princess Euna never cracks a smile and the five princesses who make up the Dudes in Distress Disaster Relief Agency have put themselves out of business by being too good at rescuing princes in peril. In order for the ladies to save their agency (and the frog Prince Charming), they will have to learn how to accept new friends into their tight-knit group. They might just get a laugh from Euna in the process.

A lovesick witch and her bumbling evil minions, a redundant queen who is redundant, an overstressed mail carrier, and some extremely courteous trees are just a few of the ridiculous characters that make this kooky comedy so much fun for the whole family. *Changing Charming* is a stand-alone sequel to *Chasing Charming* by Alaska Reece Vance.

DURATION: 75 minutes.

SETTING: Office, Forest, Lair (simple or elaborate)

TIME: Present.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(15-23 females, 3 males, 10 either, 10-20 extras)

BEAUTY (f)	Sleeping Beauty. Lively athlete and go-getter. (69 lines)
RAPUNZEL (f).....	Strong leader, anxious to prove her martial arts prowess. (92 lines)
CINDERELLA (f).....	Fashionista with a special fondness for shoes. (74 lines)
PEONY (f)	Smart and level-headed princess who is physically sensitive to the extreme. (76 lines)
BELLE (f)	Lover of nature and harmony. Her head can usually be found in the clouds. (53 lines)

- EUNA (f) Princess who never laughs... or smiles. *(82 lines)*
- FAIRY GODMOTHER (f) Kind and bumbling fairy godmother. *(33 lines)*
- MAGIC (f/m) Any number of males or females. Personification of magic. *(Non-Speaking)*
- FOREST ANIMALS (f/m) Any number of males or females. All types of cute forest creatures, including a duckling. *(Non-Speaking.)*
- MAIL CARRIER (m/f) Bitter, disgruntled mail carrier. *(12 lines)*
- TREES (f/m) Any number of males or females. Friendly trees of the Fairly Frightening Forest. *(3 lines)*
- NARRATOR (f) Narrator #553. She was once a princess herself, but when a narrator position opened at the National Association of Narrators she jumped on the opportunity to follow her dreams. Feels personally invested in Prince Charming's rehabilitation. *(6 lines)*
- *TWELVE DANCING PRINCESSES (f):** Except there are not twelve of these sassy little dancers. Can be played by between three and eleven females. Simply change the lines to reflect.
- DANCING PRINCESS 1 (f) *(8 lines)*
- DANCING PRINCESS 2 (f) *(4 lines)*
- DANCING PRINCESS 3 (f) *(3 lines)*
- DANCING PRINCESS 4 (f) *(3 lines)*
- DANCING PRINCESS 5 (f) *(3 lines)*
- PRINCE CHARMING (m) Self-obsessed prince who has been “turned into a frog”. *(65 lines)*

HAGRAGARD (f).....	Desperate wicked witch who is as mean as she is inept <i>(70 lines)</i>
MUD THE EVIL MINION (m/f).....	Clumsy evil minion. <i>(26 lines)</i>
MINCE THE EVIL MINION (m/f).....	Clumsy evil minion. <i>(23 lines)</i>
MAGNET THE EVIL MINION (m/f).....	Clumsy evil minion. <i>(13 lines)</i>
MEAT THE EVIL MINION (m/f).....	Clumsy evil minion. <i>(14 lines)</i>
MERCURY THE EVIL MINION (m/f).....	Clumsy evil minion. <i>(14 lines)</i>
MINUTE THE EVIL MINION (m/f).....	Clumsy evil minion. <i>(14 lines)</i>
MEER CAT THE EVIL MINION (m/f).....	Clumsy evil minion. The smallest of the bunch. <i>(11 lines)</i>
HARRIET (f).....	Hagragard's teenage daughter. <i>(17 lines)</i>
HECTOR (m).....	Hagragard's teenage son. <i>(20 lines)</i>
QUEEN'S HERALD (m/f).....	A loud, redundant herald who is redundant. <i>(3 lines)</i>
KING'S HERALD (m/f).....	Loud. Brief. <i>(3 lines)</i>
QUEEN REDUNDIA (f).....	Prince Charming's mother. Kind queen who, like her herald, is redundant like her herald. <i>(15 lines)</i>
KING BREVITISO (m).....	Euna's father. Brief. <i>(11 lines)</i>
SNOW WHITE (f).....	Smart princess who talks to animals. <i>(20 lines)</i>

SET

The set can be very simple - Chairs and a desk to suggest the Dudes in Distress Disaster Relief Agency office, human trees to suggest the Fairly Frightening Forest, a cut out of a cauldron to suggest Hagragard's lair, etc. Or it can be as elaborate as you like. Have fun!

PREMIERE PRODUCTION

Originally Presented by King University and The Drifting Theatre in Bristol, TN. Directed by Alaska Reece Vance with the following cast, production designers, and crew:

BEAUTY.....	Hailee Heinz
RAPUNZEL.....	Charlee Fox
CINDERELLA.....	Helen Grace Gannaway
PEONY.....	Emush Lamb
BELLE.....	Kennedy Clark
EUNA.....	Brynne Sears
FAIRY GODMOTHER.....	RaChelle Cheeks
MAGIC.....	Mary Tate Gannaway, Jan Wilcox
FOREST ANIMALS.....	Laken Barnett, Blair Jane Gannaway, Laney Keen, Collins Lafon, Ethan J. Mann, Joseph Ong, Moses Ong, Adalyne Smith, Reeves Smith, Tinsley Vance
MAIL CARRIER.....	Jake Regan
TREES.....	Brandon Carico, Jake Regan
NARRATOR.....	Mickeala Mendes
TWELVE DANCING PRINCESSES.....	Blair Jane Gannaway, Laney Keen, Collins Lafon, Ella Wilcox
PRINCE CHARMING.....	Tucker Price
HAGRAGARD.....	Mickeala Mendes
MUD THE EVIL MINION.....	Austin Bailey
MINCE THE EVIL MINION.....	Ethan J. Mann
MAGNET THE EVIL MINION.....	Joseph Ong
MEAT THE EVIL MINION.....	Moses Ong
MERCURY THE EVIL MINION.....	Reeves Smith
MINUTE THE EVIL MINION.....	Laken Barnett
MEER CAT THE EVIL MINION.....	Ella Wilcox
HECTOR.....	Ian Wilcox
HARRIET.....	Mary Tate Gannaway
QUEEN'S HERALD.....	Laken Barnett
KING'S HERALD.....	Ethan J. Mann
QUEEN REDUNDIA.....	RaChelle Cheeks
KING'S BREVISITO.....	Brandon Carico
SNOW WHITE.....	Mickeala Mendes

Assistant Direction by RaChelle Cheeks and Chad Rasor

Choreography by RaChelle Cheeks

Scenic Design by Chad Rasor

Costume Design by Mickeala Mendes

Production Stage Management by Emily Bartley

SCENE ONE

AT START: *Inside the headquarters of the “Dudes in Distress Disaster Relief Agency”. CINDERELLA is filing her nails. BELLE is reading a zoology magazine. RAPUNZEL is hovering over PEONY, who is balancing the books. SLEEPING BEAUTY is counting aloud as she does push-ups.*

BEAUTY: One hundred ninety-seven. One hundred ninety-eight. One hundred ninety-nine. Two hundred. (*BEAUTY hops up and begins doing jumping jacks.*) One. Two. Three. Four. Five—

RAPUNZEL: That’s it! If you don’t stop that I’m going to—

CINDERELLA: I think, like, what Rapunzel is trying to say is can you like, do your little jumpy stuff with more like, silence?

BEAUTY: Can’t skip the morning warm-up.

RAPUNZEL: I’ll warm you up.

BELLE: With a blanket of love.

BEAUTY: A girl builds up a lot of energy sleeping for a hundred years.

RAPUNZEL: You’ve told us. Over and over and over—

PEONY: Girls, please. I’m crunching numbers!

BEAUTY: Oo! Crunches! (*Lays down and starts doing crunches.*)

PEONY enters numbers into an adding machine. With every number she presses she winces in pain.

PEONY: Ow – ow – ow – ow – there.

CINDERELLA: Well?

RAPUNZEL: What’s the verdict?

PEONY: It’s good—

ALL others breathe relief and exclaim, “Good!”, “Hooray!”, “What a relief!”, “Thank god!”, “I knew it!”, “We did it!”, etc.

PEONY: No! I meant, it’s *good* you had me look at the accounts. We’re about to go bankrupt.

ALL others exclaim in shock, “bankrupt!”, “No!”, “What?!”, “What a disaster!”, “I knew it!”, “We ruined it!”, etc.

CINDERELLA: Are you like, sure you did it right?

PEONY: Yes Cinderella—

BEAUTY: We're losers!

BELLE: Lost in a void of darkness!

CINDERELLA: I like, totally need retail therapy!

PEONY: We're broke! (*Slams her hands on the table.*) Owwww! I'm broke...

RAPUNZEL: Snap to! We've come too far to let a little challenge defeat us.

BEAUTY: Rapunzel's right. We're champions.

RAPUNZEL: What we need to do is develop a supremely calculated and highly intricate plan to get some cash flow. Ideas?

PEONY: We could auction off Cinderella's shoe collection.

CINDERELLA: Peony!

BELLE: We could harmonize with the natural elements and call gold and precious metals forth from the earth.

BEAUTY: Sounds like we just need to figure out how to get more business.

CINDERELLA: Maybe we need re-branding.

BEAUTY: A name change?

CINDERELLA: Is "Dudes in Distress Disaster Relief Agency" like, working for us?

BELLE: It's a glorious name!

PEONY: What else would we call ourselves? Lads out of Luck?

BELLE: A glorious name!

BEAUTY: Boys in a Bind?

BELLE: A glorious name!

CINDERELLA: Princes in Peril?

BELLE: A glori—

RAPUNZEL: I don't think our name is the problem. I think we've put ourselves out of business.

BEAUTY: You're right. We've rescued about every prince in every kingdom in the entire United Fates.

PEONY: There hasn't been a prince in distress since Aladdin got himself stuck in his lamp three months ago.

RAPUNZEL: Witches and villains are terrified to cross us.

BEAUTY: Because we're champions!

CINDERELLA: I mean, like, that's kinda a goodish thing—

BELLE: Maybe we should open our horizons—We could experience batik tapestry dying or psychotherapy for animals—

Doorbell rings.

CINDERELLA, BEAUTY, RAPUNZEL, and PEONY: A customer!

They go running towards the door and run into each other. BEAUTY gets there first. PRINCESS EUNA enters.

CINDERELLA, BEAUTY, and PEONY speak simultaneously.

CINDERELLA:

Welcome to
Princes in Peril!

BEAUTY:

Welcome to
Lads out of Luck!

PEONY:

Welcome to
Boys in a Bind!

RAPUNZEL: I'm Princess Rapunzel. Unofficial leader of Dudes in Distress Disaster Relief Agency. I'm highly trained in the ancient arts of ninjutsu, jujutsu and hair-kwondo so you're in the right hands—and hair.

CINDERELLA: I'm Cinderella and I make us look, like, totes adorbs while saving the day.

RAPUNZEL: *(Indicates PEONY.)* Princess Peony—

PEONY extends her hand, PRINCESS EUNA shakes it. PEONY squeals in pain.

RAPUNZEL: She's sensitive.

PEONY: I can detect a pea under 23 mattresses.

EUNA: Um...

RAPUNZEL: Her hypersensitivity has proven useful to our operations. *(Indicates BEAUTY.)* Sleeping Beauty—

BEAUTY: *(To RAPUNZEL.)* I told you not to call me that! *(To EUNA.)* Just Beauty. I wouldn't be caught dead asleep!

RAPUNZEL: *(Indicating BELLE.)* And that's—

BELLE: A humble devotee of the beasts of the fields and the birds of the air. A singer of nature's song. A seeker of beauty in the least of the earth—

RAPUNZEL: Princess Belle.

BEAUTY: What do you need us to do? Conquer a foe?

RAPUNZEL: Fight a dragon?

BELLE: Tame a beast?

CINDERELLA: Rescue a prince?

EUNA: Hire me.

ALL: Oh.

EUNA: Look, I don't have a lot of experience, but I'm a hard worker. And I really need to get out of my castle.

RAPUNZEL: (*Excited.*) Are you being held against your will?

EUNA: No—not really—it's... complicated.

BELLE: You look distraught. Sit, relax, breathe... In through the nose, out through the mouth. In through the nose, out through the mouth...

EUNA: Thanks. (*Sits.*) I can't talk about it. It's too painful—

PEONY: I know the feeling.

BELLE: Close your eyes... Deep breaths...

EUNA: (*Closes eyes.*) Even with my eyes closed I see them... In front of me, behind me... all around...

CINDERELLA: (*To PEONY.*) Poor girl.

PEONY: She's been through some serious trauma all right.

EUNA: They're everywhere! All day, every day...

BELLE: Go on...

EUNA: The faces, the faces... horrible...

BEAUTY: Monsters?

PEONY: Giants?

RAPUNZEL: Dragons?

EUNA: Boys!

BEAUTY, RAPUNZEL, CINDERELLA, PEONY, and BELLE: Boys?

EUNA: (*Opens eyes.*) Boys making silly faces! And so much ridiculous slapstick comedy. I could barf!

PEONY: What are you talking about?

EUNA: They're trying to make me laugh, or at least smile. My father says I'm too "moody". He's offered half the kingdom and my hand in marriage to the first guy who can make me laugh.

CINDERELLA: That's like totes wrong.

EUNA: I know, right?

RAPUNZEL: Princess—

EUNA: Euna.

RAPUNZEL: Euna. We can't hire you—

EUNA: You've got to. No one else will. Everyone's afraid of angering my father, King Brevitiso. But since you face risks every day, I thought maybe you would understand. Maybe here I could find my place and do some good for the world, you know?

RAPUNZEL: We can't hire you because we're going out of business. We've rescued every prince who needs it.

EUNA: I should have known. My life is a dark pit of endless disappointments. I quit.

FAIRY GODMOTHER magically appears.

RAPUNZEL, PEONY, BELLE, and BEAUTY: Fairy Godmother!

CINDERELLA: Fairy G!

CINDERELLA runs and hugs her.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Did someone say the "Q" word?

RAPUNZEL: Quest?

BEAUTY: Quick?

BELLE: Quaint?

PEONY: Queasy?

CINDERELLA: Queenie?

RAPUNZEL: Quandary?

BEAUTY: Quesadilla?

BELLE: Quizzical?

PEONY: Quackery?

CINDERELLA: Q-tip?

RAPUNZEL: Quarrelsome?

BEAUTY: Quintessential?

BELLE: Quarkonium?

PEONY: Quintuplicating?

CINDERELLA: Quiero mas zapatos?

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Quit!

They stop.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Did I hear someone say “quit”?

They point at FAIRY GODMOTHER.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: No—

RAPUNZEL: Yeah you did.

CINDERELLA: You just said it.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: No—I mean—

EUNA: I did. I said “I quit”.

CINDERELLA: But you can’t quit. We didn’t hire you.

EUNA: No, I quit, as in “I give up”. I guess I’ll return to a bleak life clouded over with the dross of foolish faces and the bore of bad jokes.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Now now, who’s this Janie Raincloud?

PEONY: That’s Euna. She came here to get away from foolishness.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Here?

CINDERELLA: Euna, this is our Fairy G.

RAPUNZEL: Fairy Godmother.

EUNA: I would say “pleasure to meet you” but frankly, the circumstances are too wretched for pleasure. Thanks everyone, for letting me swallow your time like a blackhole.

EUNA heads to the door.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Someone get this girl a one-way ticket out of Downerville!

EUNA: There isn’t anything you can do.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Excuse me? They don’t call me “the-most-amazing-fairy-godmother-who-ever-walked-the-face-of-this-earth” for nothing!

PEONY: Who calls you that?

EUNA: You can help me?

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Of course! I mean, I’m not sure what you need help with, but most decidedly, yes! Depending on what you need help with.

RAPUNZEL: She needs a job.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Then, give her one! Problem solved.

RAPUNZEL: We can't.

PEONY: We're broke.

BEAUTY: We're losing!

PEONY: We'll have to shut down if we can't get some work soon.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Well, why didn't you say so! I can fix that.

The PRINCESSES exclaim in excitement.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Let me find where I put that wand. There!
Now...

*FAIRY GODMOTHER pulls out her wand and taps it on her hand.
MAGIC enters and begins to dance.*

EUNA: *(Pointing to MAGIC.)* Who are they?

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Oh, they're magic.

EUNA: But who are they?

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Magic.

EUNA: So, they're magical, but who *are* these magical people?

FAIRY GODMOTHER: No, they're not magical people, they are *the* magic.

EUNA: So, magic's a person?

BEAUTY: People.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: No, they're not *people*, they're the magic.

PEONY: Don't overthink it.

FAIRY GODMOTHER waves her wand and MAGIC dances again.

FAIRY GODMOTHER:

Fiddle dee, widdle dee, twiddle dee, too

Someone now enter and make work to do!

MAGIC dances as FOREST ANIMALS rush in and begin to destroy the office, throwing papers and making a huge mess. The PRINCESSES try to shoo the FOREST ANIMALS out, while BELLE coos and cuddles

them. Finally, all the FOREST ANIMALS are gone, except one little DUCKLING that BELLE holds and cuddles.

PEONY: Now there's work all right...

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Hmm, let's try this again.

MAGIC dances.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Fiddle dee—

RAPUNZEL: Wait!

MAGIC stops dancing.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: What is it dear?

RAPUNZEL: You know what we need, right? Business. Not work.

Actual business.

PEONY: That pays!

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Of course. Not a problem.

MAGIC dances.

FAIRY GODMOTHER:

Fiddle dee, widdle dee, piddle dee, pow

High paying job offers, enter right now!

The doorbell rings. BEAUTY jumps up. MAGIC exits.

BEAUTY: I'll get it.

BEAUTY opens the door. A very disgruntled MAIL CARRIER enters.

BEAUTY: It's just the mail carrier.

MAIL CARRIER: *Just* the mail carrier. Oh yeah, sure, I'm just the mail carrier.

BEAUTY: I didn't mean—

MAIL CARRIER: Listen missy, I'll have you know that I am an official representative of the United Fates Postal Service. My position is nothing to snicker at!

BEAUTY: I wasn't—

MAIL CARRIER: It's people like you who park in front of mailboxes.

BEAUTY: I really—

MAIL CARRIER: It's people like you who write "wrong address" on mail labeled "current resident".

BEAUTY: I—

MAIL CARRIER: It's people like you who give me fruitcake for Christmas. I bet you have bad handwriting and lots of dogs.

PEONY: Did you bring the mail?

MAIL CARRIER: Did I bring the mail? No. This is just a bag full of butterfly wings and pixie dust.

BELLE: How glorious!

MAIL CARRIER hands RAPUNZEL a huge stack of letters. RAPUNZEL scans through them.

RAPUNZEL: Girls! Look! Job offers!

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Fairy Godmother always comes through.

CINDERELLA: Read them!

RAPUNZEL opens the first letter.

RAPUNZEL: It's from a company called "Magic Meats". *(Reads.)* "We would like to offer you jobs as exotic meat packers..."

DUCKLING peeps and runs off stage. Exits.

BELLE: And we enthusiastically decline.

RAPUNZEL grabs the next letter.

RAPUNZEL: Here's one from that new dress shop downtown. *(Reads.)* "We would love to hire you on as seamstresses..."

PEONY: I can't sew.

BEAUTY: I can't be around needles...

RAPUNZEL grabs the next letter and reads.

RAPUNZEL: “We would like to offer you jobs in our dragon nursery”
—What is all this?

FAIRY GODMOTHER: It appears they’re job offers dear, just like you wanted.

FAIRY GODMOTHER takes one of letters and looks at it.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Oo! High paying.

BEAUTY: Fairy Godmother, we’re a rescue agency.

RAPUNZEL: We need a job saving a prince not—*(Reads from the next letter in the pile.)* “fishing turnips out of sewage tanks”.

PEONY: Is that a job? *(Grabs the letter from RAPUNZEL and examines it.)*

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Not to fear! Look at all those offers. There has to be some suitable task—

RAPUNZEL: Mission.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: —mission in there somewhere.

The PRINCESSES and FAIRY GODMOTHER each take some letters from RAPUNZEL and begin looking through them.

PEONY: Brain surgeon, rapping telegram artist...

RAPUNZEL: Antique auction therapist...

EUNA: Paratrooper...

RAPUNZEL, interested, takes the letter from EUNA.

BELLE: Elvis impersonator, full-time cheese-sprayer...

CINDERELLA: Professional wedding guest, dungeon décor consultant, snake handler...

BELLE, interested, takes the letter from CINDERELLA.

BEAUTY: Ferret food tester, universe designer—

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Chemical engineer, nuclear engineer, mechanical Engineer, chuga chuga choo choo engineer—

PEONY: Watermelon Seed Remover—

RAPUNZEL: Automotive groomer—

EUNA: Cheetah spot counter—

BELLE: Rainbow carrot chef—

CINDERELLA: Good cop—

BEAUTY: Bad cop—

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Shovel demonstrator...

RAPUNZEL: Nothing here.

EUNA: Doomed for failure.

MAIL CARRIER digs in his mail bag and retrieves a letter.

MAIL CARRIER: Oops, missed one.

BEAUTY quickly snatches it.

MAIL CARRIER: Well, I guess it's back to trudging the streets as the unsung hero. Through wind, storm, sleet, rain... and everything in between. But hey, I'm *just* the mail carrier.

The PRINCESSES, who are still reading their letters, barely acknowledge the MAIL CARRIER'S farewell.

MAIL CARRIER: Figures. *(In mock voices.)* "Farewell mail carrier. Thanks for your service". "Just doing my sacred duty". *(Pause.)* Nope. Nothing.

MAIL CARRIER exits, mumbling complaints.

BEAUTY: Gals, I think this might be something. Listen. *(Reads.)* "To all princesses of all kingdoms within reading distance of this letter; this is a copy of a letter that is being addressed to you, provided you are a princess who dwells or does not dwell within kingdoms wherein this letter is read within hearing distance of you. Also; if this letter is read outside of the range of your hearing, this will still pertain to you, provided you are informed of the contents within and are also a princess of the kingdoms to which we formerly referred or did not refer. If you are not informed of the contents within, and you are currently located within or without of the range of this reading, we suppose this still pertains. Greetings."

BEAUTY takes a deep breath and stops reading, proud of herself for getting through the opening.

EUNA: And?

BEAUTY: Oh yeah. *(Clears her throat, continues to read.)* “Prince Chuck the Charming is currently a frog, as in, the kind of frog that hops along the ground merrily and may or not be eaten by larger animals or birds of prey.”

CINDERELLA: What? Chuck’s a frog? Let me see that!

CINDERELLA grabs the letter from BEAUTY and reads.

CINDERELLA: “The cause for this affliction is yet unknown. Although it is perhaps known by others and not by us. We are, however, prepared to offer Chuck’s hand in marriage to any princess who can reverse this unfortunate condition and therefore marry him. The unfortunate condition being that he is a frog, of the hopping sort, as previously stated.”

BEAUTY: That’s a prince in distress if I ever heard one!

CINDERELLA: “In addition to the prince’s hand, we will merrily bequeath enough gold to put a small business or agency out of danger of going bankrupt for quite some time”

PEONY: That’s oddly specific.

PEONY takes the letter and reads.

PEONY: “We will do this gladly with merry gladness, as we prefer our prince to dwell outside of the amphibious state. Also green is not Chuck’s best color.”

CINDERELLA: I could see that.

PEONY: *(Reads.)* “Sincerely, Queen Redundia, Mother of Chuck, who is currently a frog. P.S. Chuck is, not the Queen. P.P.S That is to say, Chuck is *a frog*, the Queen is not. P.P.P.S. Chuck is also not the queen, as he is the prince.”

RAPUNZEL: Ladies, we have ourselves a mission! We need to organize. We’re going into this one with everything we’ve got. Belle, alert your animal recon unit. Cinderella, pack up your shoe arsenal.

I have a feeling this might call for an extra pointy stiletto. Beauty, get ready to run like someone called you a jogger. Peony, you prepared for some hyper-sensating?

PEONY: Let's do this!

EUNA: Can I come?

RAPUNZEL: Um... we're a finely tuned machine...

CINDERELLA: She means we like, don't have any... like... particular like, thing, for you... like you... might be a little... bored.

PEONY: Face it. You'd be in the way.

BELLE: You have a beautiful purpose and destiny, you are wanted, you are needed... just not by us.

RAPUNZEL: We'll be ready to roll out in five, four—

EUNA: Look, maybe I'm not as... colorful... as you all are. But—

BEAUTY: Do you have any special abilities or skills that might be useful?

EUNA: I... No. I guess not. My life is pretty much bleak and my prospects depressing. You're right. I'll continue on my path of hopelessness, out of your way. Thanks for your time.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Now wait just a minute! Girls, I'm disappointed in you.

RAPUNZEL: But Fairy Godmother, this our chance to save our agency. We can't take any risks!

BEAUTY: We need space to be heroes.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Sure, go save a prince, and save your agency, and save your own hind quarters, but what about this princess standing right in front of you that might need some saving?

BELLE: The saving grace of a friend?

CINDERELLA: Fairy G's right. Euna, we were big old meanie heads. You're on the team, girl. You can carry my shoes.

RAPUNZEL: Just don't slow us down.

The PRINCESSES exit in different directions to get ready for their adventure.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: You go, girls! I think my work here is done.

FAIRY GODMOTHER disappears.

SCENE 2

AT START: *A clearing in the “Fairly Frightening Forest” which, as the name suggests is only fairly frightening. TREES stand in various locations, gently swaying in the wind. The NARRATOR enters, carrying several books.*

NARRATOR: Hello Fairly Frightening Forest. Hello sparkling sunshine. Hello trees.

TREES: Hello Narrator.

NARRATOR sits down, opens one of the books and flips to the end.

NARRATOR: Let’s see...*(Reads.)* “And the princess lived happily ever after, surrounded by the love of friends. The end.” I think that works. *(Sets that book down and picks up another book, one with a green cover and looks at the end. SHE smiles, a bit mischievously.)* It will be interesting to see how this one works out.

The DANCING PRINCESSES enter dancing. NARRATOR sets the book aside. The DANCING PRINCESSES notice the NARRATOR and hurry towards her.

ALL DANCING PRINCESSES: Miss Narrator! Miss Narrator!

DANCING PRINCESS 1: We’ve been looking all over for you!

DANCING PRINCESS 2: We’d like to file a complaint.

DANCING PRINCESS 3: That means we’re unhappy.

The DANCING PRINCESSES huff and flip their hair in unison.

NARRATOR: What’s wrong now?

DANCING PRINCESS 4: We’d like to request an alternate ending for our story.

DANCING PRINCESS 5: And a title change.

DANCING PRINCESS 1: We think “The Twelve Dancing Princesses” is boring.

DANCING PRINCESS 3: There’s no pizazz!

DANCING PRINCESS 5: You can do better than that.

DANCING PRINCESS 2: Also. We don't like the part where we ride in boats to the underground castle. We don't like boats.

DANCING PRINCESS 4: We hate boats.

ALL DANCING PRINCESSES: Boats. Ew.

The DANCING PRINCESSES huff and flip their hair in unison.

NARRATOR: So you want to travel across the underground lake in...?

DANCING PRINCESS 1: Jet skis. Also, we'd like to show you our new dance moves, so you can incorporate them into the story.

The DANCING PRINCESSES begin to demonstrate their dance moves.

NARRATOR: I'll see what I can do.

NARRATOR picks up her stack of books, accidentally leaving the green book behind. SHE exits. The DANCING PRINCESSES continue to dance.

RAPUNZEL, BEAUTY, BELLE, PEONY, CINDERELLA, and EUNA enter. RAPUNZEL is leading the way, ninja-style. CINDERELLA directs EUNA, who is hauling CINDERELLA'S suitcase full of shoes. With every step PEONY winces in pain mumbling "ow, ow, ow, ow". They are discussing the way to QUEEN REDUNDIA'S castle as they walk.

PEONY: Are you sure this is the way? My feet hurt.

RAPUNZEL: It's got to be around here somewhere.

CINDERELLA: That's what you said an hour ago. Peony, put on my super-padded ultra-plush pain-reducing pumps.

They stop and CINDERELLA goes to her suitcase to get the shoes for PEONY. They see the DANCING PRINCESSES.

RAPUNZEL: Who goes there?

DANCING PRINCESS 1: Who goes there?

RAPUNZEL: I asked first.

DANCING PRINCESS 2: I asked second.

DANCING PRINCESS 1: I asked third.

CINDERELLA: Uh uh. You asked second.

BEAUTY: (*Pointing at DANCING PRINCESS 2.*) And she asked third.

PEONY: No, she didn't actually ask.

PEONY begins to put on the padded pumps.

EUNA: Hi. We're members of the Dudes in Distress—

CINDERELLA:

Princes in Peril—

BEAUTY:

Lads out of Luck—

PEONY:

Boys in a Bind—

EUNA: —Disaster Relief Agency—

RAPUNZEL: Technically *you're* not a member...

BELLE: You're our guest.

EUNA: (*To the DANCING PRINCESSES.*) I'm Euna.

DANCING PRINCESS 1: We're the twelve dancing princesses.

BEAUTY: Twelve?

ALL DANCING PRINCESSES nod and agree.

PEONY: But there are five of you. [*Adjust number of princesses to fit casting.*]

DANCING PRINCESS 1: We're on a diet.

DANCING PRINCESS 2: Twelve isn't our goal number.

DANCING PRINCESS 3: Duh.

ALL DANCING PRINCESSES: Duh.

The DANCING PRINCESSES huff and flip their hair in unison.

CINDERELLA: Whatever.

RAPUNZEL: Come on girls.

EUNA: Wait, shouldn't we ask for directions.

RAPUNZEL: We're fine on our own.

CINDERELLA: We don't need help from *other* princesses.

BELLE: We are like a closed flower which contains an isolated universe of love.

CINDERELLA:

This way.

BEAUTY:

This way.

RAPUNZEL:

This way.

RAPUNZEL, BEAUTY, and CINDERELLA each point in a different direction.

EUNA: *(To the DANCING PRINCESSES.)* Do you know the way to Queen Redundia's castle. We're trying to find Prince Charming.

DANCING PRINCESS 1: Yeah, sure. You cross through the Fairly Frightening Forest that way... *(She points in a completely different direction.)* climb two hills and it's on your left.

DANCING PRINCESS 4: But you know he's a frog, right?

EUNA: Yeah we know. Thanks.

DANCING PRINCESS 5: Byeeeee.

ALL DANCING PRINCESSES: Byeeeee.

The DANCING PRINCESSES flip their hair in unison and exit.

RAPUNZEL: I told you, we didn't need them. I knew the way. Come on.

RAPUNZEL exits. BEAUTY, BELLE, PEONY, and CINDERELLA follow. They have left PEONY'S shoes and CINDERELLA'S shoe case behind for EUNA to pick up. EUNA sighs and packs PEONY'S discarded shoes.

SCENE 3

AT START: *A clearing in the "Fairly Frightening Forest", immediately following the previous scene. EUNA notices the NARRATOR'S green book. She picks it up, thinking it was left by the DANCING PRINCESSES, she calls after them.*

EUNA: Hey wait, you forgot your book!

EUNA looks back and forth from the direction the DANCING PRINCESSES exited to the direction the other PRINCESSES exited, unsure what to do. She opens it to the first page.

EUNA: *(Reads.)* “Property of Narrator 553”. No phone number...

CINDERELLA returns.

CINDERELLA: You coming?

EUNA: Yeah, I just... I found this book...

CINDERELLA goes over to EUNA.

CINDERELLA: Those five dancing princesses must have left it.

EUNA: No, it says—

The MAIL CARRIER enters, muttering complaints.

MAIL CARRIER: Rocks and roots and mud. Another paper cut. No thanks, no acknowledgement, no—

CINDERELLA: Hi Mr. Mail Carrier.

MAIL CARRIER: *(To himself.)* They don't even bother to learn my name. *(To CINDERELLA and EUNA.)* You're that one princess and that other princess, right?

EUNA: Sure...

MAIL CARRIER hands CINDERELLA a letter.

MAIL CARRIER: Here. Have a marginally decent day.

MAIL CARRIER exits, complaining.

CINDERELLA: Oo. Maybe I won that free subscription to Runaway.

EUNA: Runaway?

CINDERELLA: A fashion magazine. You wouldn't know.

CINDERELLA opens the letter.

CINDERELLA: (*Reads.*) “To all princesses of all kingdoms within reading distance of this letter; this is a copy of a letter that is being addressed to you, provided you are a princess who dwells or does not dwell within kingdoms wherein—.”

EUNA: Skip ahead.

CINDERELLA: Blah, blah, blah—(*Reads.*) “Prince Chuck the Charming is currently a frog, who is not currently located in our home, which is the home of the Charming Chuck who is currently not so Charming, because he is a frog who is not at home.” This makes my head hurt.

CINDERELLA hands the letter to EUNA.

EUNA: (*Reads.*) “The reason being, he has been kidnapped, or in this case frog-napped, by the evil, ugly witch Hagraard, and therefore is probably at her lair, or somewhere else, provided that somewhere is not his home, which is our castle, where he is not.”

CINDERELLA: Chuck’s been kidnapped?

EUNA: Frog-napped. (*Continues reading.*) “Our prior offer, that being the offer that was previously offered, remains in effect, although there is now the rescuing of the prince, or the frog as it were, that must be bravely conducted, as a precursor to the reversing of the frog-ness, which cannot be reversed unless he is hence forth rescued...”

CINDERELLA: Is that it?

EUNA: No. There’s a lot more, but nothing else is said.

CINDERELLA: I hope I get the chance to kick some sense into that witch!

EUNA: We better catch the others.

*CINDERELLA and EUNA hurry off after the PRINCESSES, bringing the letter, the book, and CINDERELLA’S shoe collection with them.
Exit.*

SCENE FOUR

AT START: *Inside Hagrargard's Lair. In the center is a huge cauldron. HAGRAGARD is adding things to it. PRINCE CHARMING, "is a frog", which simply means he is wearing a frog hat. He is waiting impatiently.*

PRINCE CHARMING: Is this going to take much longer? I have a dentist's appointment at 4:30.

HAGRAGARD: Hello. You're a prisoner.

PRINCE CHARMING: I'm getting my teeth whitened.

HAGRAGARD: Hello. You're a frog.

PRINCE CHARMING: I'm not a frog...

HAGRAGARD: You sure look like a frog to me.

PRINCE CHARMING: It's just a hat—

HAGRAGARD: If it's just a hat, then take it off.

PRINCE CHARMING: I've tried... it's stuck or—

HAGRAGARD: Exactly. Because you're a frog.

PRINCE CHARMING: Look, Hagrargard—

HAGRAGARD: Haggie.

PRINCE CHARMING: Haggie... You're a nice old witch, but it's just not working out—

HAGRAGARD: Get in the cauldron.

PRINCE CHARMING: You're going to cook me?

HAGRAGARD: No, I'm going to marry you.

PRINCE CHARMING: Why would you want to marry a boiled frog?

HAGRAGARD: I'm going to turn you back into a prince.

PRINCE CHARMING: Cool. Why would you want to marry a boiled prince?

HAGRAGARD: It's not a hot cauldron. All cauldrons don't have to be boiling. You think just because I'm a witch, and just because I have a cauldron, I have to boil everything? Ridiculous stereotypes. Now where'd I put my pointy hat?

HAGRAGARD finds her hat and puts it on.

HAGRAGARD: There. Now, get in.

PRINCE CHARMING: Let's think this through—

HAGRAGARD: The sooner you get in the cauldron, the sooner we can be husband and witch and live the dreams together—

PRINCE CHARMING: The dream?

HAGRAGARD: You know, riches, and ruling the world, and turning all humanity into our minions... speaking of, (*calls.*) evil minions!

The EVIL MINIONS enter, toppling over each other and pushing, saying “move over”, “me first”, “back off”, “cut it out”, “she wants me”, “I was in the front”, etc.

HAGRAGARD: Minions!

ALL EVIL MINIONS: Yes, your wickedness!

HAGRAGARD: The prince—

MUD THE EVIL MINION: You mean that big frog there?

PRINCE CHARMING: I'm me with a frog hat!

HAGRAGARD: Don't interrupt me. The prince, who does actually happen to be a frog right now, is having trouble getting in my cauldron. So why don't you give him a hand?

The EVIL MINIONS clap and cheer.

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