

EXPOSED! EIGHT 10-MINUTE SCENES ABOUT WHAT REALLY HAPPENED

By Sean Abley, Michael Beyer, Jenny Kirkland-Laffey, Amy Seeley

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EXPOSED! EIGHT 10-MINUTE SCENES ABOUT WHAT REALLY HAPPENED

**By Sean Abley, Michael Beyer, Jenny Kirkland-Laffey, Amy
Seeley**

SYNOPSIS: Presented like an investigative TV show, *EXPOSED!* is a collection of eight 10-minute scenes exploring what might have really happened. What if Rumpelstiltskin wasn't a bad guy? What if Charles Dickens was a frustrated stand-up comic? What if JEKYLL turned into *Miss Hyde*? What if Hansel and Gretel just made up the story about the witch? What if Peter Pan just wasn't that into Wendy? These stories plus Cinderella, Sleeping Beauty, Robin Hood and a very famous candy maker whose name rhymes with "Billy Bonkers" are all exposed as having very different back stories than the ones we think we know. Written as a collection of one-acts that can be either presented as a full evening of theater, or broken out for drama festivals and competition, *EXPOSED!* is chock full of great roles for up to over 30 actors.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1-16 female, 1-21 male, 1-2 either; doubling possible, gender flexible)

WRAP AROUND SEGMENT #1-#9

WARREN PIECE (or EILEEN DOVERANDFELL)

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: MY STORY

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

KING

BEATRIX

NIKOLETTE

CHARLES DICKENS: KING OF COMEDY

GEORGINA

CHARLES DICKENS

CINDERELLA, SLEEPING BEAUTY AND THE BIG SWITCHEROO!

CINDERELLA

SLEEPING BEAUTY

INSIDE THE CORNER OFFICE:

THE REAL STORY OF THE BONKER'S CANDY FACTORY

BILLY BONKERS
CHARLES
GRANDPA

HANSEL AND GRETEL: A TALE OF SIBLING RIVALRY

HANSEL
GRETEL
WITCH

JEKYLL AND LITTLE MISS HYDE

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
MRS. CALLIWELL
JEKYLL'S ASSISTANT
JEKYLL
MISS HYDE

THE ADVENTURES OF ROXIE HOOD: ROBIN'S ANNOYING SISTER

ROBIN HOOD
MR. SULLIVAN
FARMER
GUARD
ROXIE HOOD

WENDY & PETER: WHAT REALLY HAPPENED IN THE NURSERY

WENDY
JOHN
MICHAEL
PETER
TINK

DURATION

10-80 minutes (Depending on how many scenes chosen.)

PRODUCTION NOTES

EXPOSED! was written to be either an evening's worth of entertainment, or broken out in to separate one-acts for festivals and competitions. If you choose to present all eight one-acts together, you may use the wrap around written for this collection, or just present the pieces one after another. You may also use fewer than all eight pieces if your production has time restrictions.

Many of these pieces were written to be performed as a quick-change exercise for two actors. Some of the transformations are lightning fast, and humor should be found in the changes themselves. For these plays, as imagined by the playwrights, each actor wears a basic costume that fits the one-act in question, then adds and removes pieces to represent each character. However, casting a separate actor in each role is perfectly acceptable.

PROPS**WRAP AROUND SEGMENT #1**

- Photo

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: MY STORY

- Diary
- Quill
- "Help Wanted" flyer
- Straw (Can be imaginary.)
- Pile of gold (Can be imaginary.)
- Baby in blanket
- Drivers license

CHARLES DICKENS: KING OF COMEDY

- “Arrow thru the head” gag
- Microphone (Can be imaginary.)
- Newspaper
- Writing paper
- Quills (2)
- Cup of tea
- Pages of writing
- Box of chocolates

CINDERELLA, SLEEPING BEAUTY AND THE BIG SWITCHEROO!

- Pillow
- Invitation

INSIDE THE CORNER OFFICE:

THE REAL STORY OF THE BONKER’S CANDY FACTORY

- Pen (2)
- Paper
- Contract (2)
- Piece of Candy (Charles.)
- Notebook
- Smart phone
- Candy bar (Billy.)
- Soda
- Glasses (2)

HANSEL AND GRETEL: A TALE OF SIBLING RIVALRY

- Piece of paper
- Map
- Pizza
- Sticks and twigs
- Candy

JEKYLL AND LITTLE MISS HYDE

- Quill
- Writing paper
- Invitation
- Beaker filled with fluid
- Drink umbrella
- Shopping list
- Box of tea cakes

WRAP AROUND SEGMENT #7:

- Book – “Britney Spears, My Thoughts On Math”

THE ADVENTURES OF ROXIE HOOD: ROBIN’S ANNOYING SISTER

- Pool noodle sword (2)
- Communication headset (2)
- Chicken
- Jewels (Can be imaginary.)

WENDY & PETER: WHAT REALLY HAPPENED IN THE NURSERY

- Shadow

NOTE: Many, if not all, of these props may be mimed.

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EXPOSED!
WRAP AROUND SEGMENT #1

LIGHTS UP. THEME MUSIC plays.

WARREN PIECE (or EILEEN DOVERANDELL): Hello, and welcome to tonight's edition of *Exposed* exclamation point! My name is Warren Piece, and I'll be your host for this evening. Here in the *Exposed!* studios, we're on a mission to uncover the truth beneath all the insidious lies we've been fed by the mainstream media for far too long. You might remember we uncovered the truth behind Jack Sprat. According to our sources, and this photo... (*Holds up photo.*) Mr. Sprat actually ate fat as part of a fraternity initiation stunt in college. Exposed! Nice try, Mr. Sprat. And FYI, we have our eye on your wife as well. Tonight we have eight truly shocking tales of what really happened to some very famous people. Get ready to have your mind blown with the horrifying details behind stories you *thought* you knew. We'll give you all the details, and by the end of this episode they will all be exposed! First up, the true story of one Rumpelstiltskin...

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RUMPELSTILTSKIN: MY STORY

By Sean Abley

CAST OF CHARACTERS

ACTOR ONE:

RUMPELSTILTSKIN..... (46 lines)

KING..... (11 lines)

ACTOR TWO:

BEATRIX..... (55 lines)

NIKOLETTE..... (2 lines)



AT RISE: LIGHTS UP. RUMPELSTILTSKIN is on stage, speaking directly to the audience.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Hello everyone, welcome to Germany. The year is 1812, and my name is Rumpelstiltskin. No, you don't have to guess. I'll tell you right now – Rumpelstiltskin. No one has to guess my name. That wasn't a thing. That story you heard, about the spinning straw into gold and stealing a baby and splitting myself in half because I was so mad? Not true. I get a super bad rap for that whole thing, and about the only true part of it is I know how to spin straw into gold. But anyone can do that, honestly. You just have to pay attention in Home Ec. So let's set the record straight. First of all, there was this girl. Let's just call her Beatrix... because her name was Beatrix and I want everyone to know what a nightmare she was!

BEATRIX enters holding her diary and a quill.

BEATRIX: OMG 1812 is *super* boring! Everything is totally dusty and smells like a barn. lame. (*Opens her diary and starts to write.*) “Dear Diary, Every day is the same here. I wake up, eat some breakfast strudel, go to school, then go to cheerleading practice where we have, like, one cheer. Yes, Germany invented gymnastics, but seriously, how many words rhyme with “gymnastics?” I don’t have a boyfriend so I’m totally going to die alone, and the humidity is making my hair frizz. How am I going to get famous with frizzy hair and no boyfriend?”

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: One day Beatrix, the total nightmare, decided to take matters into her own hands and start being famous.

BEATRIX is now in a crowded outdoor area, trying to get the crowd’s attention.

BEATRIX: Hey everybody! Guess what? I ... uh... I... I met Immanuel Kant, the philosopher who wrote “*Inquiry Concerning the Distinctness of the Principles of Natural Theology and Morality.*” Okay, that might be a tad specific. Hey everyone, my great, great, great grandparents were Anthony and Cleopatra! Anyone an Egypt fan? Hmmm.... And... I... uh... can spin straw into gold!

The crowd has stopped to listen.

BEATRIX: Yeah, that’s right! Totally spin straw into gold. See this ring? It was a bale of hay just this morning. So, yeah, it would probably be awesome to be friends with someone who can spin straw into gold.

The KING enters.

KING: Hello, I’m the King of Everything.

SFX: Royal trumpets.

BEATRIX: (*Curtseying deeply.*) Oh, my goodness! Your Highness!

KING: I heard through the grapevine that you can spin straw into gold. Is that true?

BEATRIX: Uh, well...

KING: I sure hope so, because it's the law of the land in the Kingdom of Everything that people who lie on their resume are flogged in the public square –

BEATRIX: Yikes!

KING: – then thrown off a cliff into a pool of quicksand filled with sharks and knitting needles.

BEATRIX: Harsh!

KING: So, straw into gold?

BEATRIX: Absolutely! Not a problem. I can totally do that for you.

KING: Good! You have twenty-four hours. We'll be in touch!

BEATRIX curtseys as the KING exits. SFX: Royal trumpets.

BEATRIX: Great! Now what am I going to do?! I can't really spin straw into gold! I'm totally going to get flogged then eaten by sharks in quicksand! This is so unfair! *(Throws herself on the ground, kicks her heels and generally has a hissy fit. Then she suddenly sits up straight with an idea.)* Wait a minute! I have an idea! I can't spin straw into gold, but *someone* must be able to. This is a fairy tale, after all. I just have to find him or her. *(BEATRIX jumps up, grabs a piece of paper with a "Help Wanted" ad and tear-off tabs at the bottom from off stage and tapes it to the wall.)* Somebody in the Kingdom of Everything will see this and come to my rescue. *(Exits.)*

RUMPELSTILTSKIN enters and immediately sees the sign.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: What's this? *(Reads.)* "Wanted – Spinner with the golden touch. Required skills – spinning straw into gold. Immediate opening. Good pay with generous benefits package." This sounds right up my alley! *(Tears one of the tabs off the bottom of the ad.)* "See Beatrix at 5 Cobblestone Lane."

BEATRIX enters.

BEATRIX: That's me! And you are?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Rumpelstiltskin at your service. (*To audience.*) Please note that I just told her my name. Straight up, right to her face, told her my name was Rumpelstiltskin. (*Back to scene.*) I saw your “Help Wanted” ad.

BEATRIX: Excellent! So, you have all the qualifications I listed?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Yes, all one of them. I can spin straw into gold.

BEATRIX: You’re hired!

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Not so fast. Before I accept the job, I need to know what the “good pay with generous benefits package” is.

BEATRIX: W-e-e-e-l-l.... It’s sort of a commission situation.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: So I get a percentage of the gold I spin?

BEATRIX: W-e-e-e-l-l... How about I give you something even better?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Like what?

BEATRIX: W-e-e-e-l-l... I’m just sort of speaking off the top of my head here... How about my first-born child?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Your first-born child?!

BEATRIX: Sure!

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: How long am I going to have to wait for that?

BEATRIX: Well, I’m not even married yet, so it’s going to be a little while. But I think the King of Everything has his eye on me, and when we get married we’re going to have, like, twenty kids. So I can totally give you my first one and I’ll barely even miss it.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Hmmmm... I don’t know...

BEATRIX: (*Turning on the flirty charm.*) Oh, come on. Can you please do me this one favor? You’re so awesome and cool. I bet you could totally spin an entire bale of hay in, like, five minutes.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Well...

BEATRIX: I don’t even know how to work one of those... yarn maker things...

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: You mean a spinning wheel?

BEATRIX: See? You’re totally better at this than I am! Can you help me? Please? (*Makes flirty sad face.*) If you don’t, the king will totally throw me off a cliff into quicksand. Please...?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Okay, yes, I’ll spin straw into gold for you.

BEATRIX: Yay!

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: But at the commission you agreed to. One first-born baby in exchange for straw spun into gold.

BEATRIX: Oh, absolutely! Totally. You're the best, seriously. *(Leads him over to a pile of straw.)* Okay, here's the straw. I guess you can bring your spinning wheel thingy over here and just get to it, right?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Sure.

BEATRIX: Okay, so I'll see you in the morning. And... uh... *(A beat.)* Bye! *(Exits.)*

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: *(To audience.)* So I spend all night spinning this straw into gold. And I have pride in my work, so this isn't just gold-plated junk, this is fourteen carat gold. And I made an assortment – gold coins, gold bars, gold leaf. I even threw in some gold teeth because I knew the King of Everything could use a new grill. So the next morning....

BEATRIX enters.

BEATRIX: Whoa! This is amazing! I can't believe it! All that straw into gold in one night! You really out did yourself, uh – *(Gestures to RUMPELSTILTSKIN, can't remember his name.)*

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Rumpelstiltskin.

BEATRIX: —you! Wow, this is outstanding.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: *(To audience.)* Full name reveal Number Two for those keeping track.

BEATRIX: *(Starts ushering RUMPELSTILTSKIN out the door.)* So thanks a bunch. I'm totally grateful. Your work has exceeded our expectations.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Thank you. Now, about the fee...

BEATRIX: Of course, just submit an invoice for the total amount due

—

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: An invoice for a baby?

BEATRIX: – and the King's accounting department will issue payment in full within one hundred years. We wish you success in your future endeavors. Bye!

BEATRIX shoves RUMPELSTILTSKIN out the door.

BEATRIX: This is so exciting! The King is going to lose his mind over this. Hey, King! I'm done! I totally spun straw into gold!

KING enters. SFX: Royal trumpets.

KING: All hail me!

BEATRIX: *(Curtseying deeply.)* Consider yourself hailed, Your Highness.

KING: Is this a pile of gold I see before me?

BEATRIX: Yes, Your Highness! I spun it from a pile of straw last night.

KING: That is one serious bling pile, fo sho!

BEATRIX: Oh, well, you know, it's no biggie. Just a little talent I have.

KING: You are one beautiful – *(Turns to the pile of gold.)* – pile of gold. I've fallen head over heels in love with you, Pile of Gold. I wish I could marry you, but alas, I can't marry an inanimate object. So I guess I'll marry – *(Halfheartedly gestures to BEATRIX.)* – her instead.

BEATRIX: Yay!

KING: Pack your things, fair maiden. You're about to become the Queen of Everything! *(Exits.)*

BEATRIX curtseys. SFX: Royal trumpets.

BEATRIX: I win! Queen of Everything! I'm so stoked! I can't wait to say stuff like, "Off with his head!" and "Bring me a fig!" and "Off with her head!" This is going to be awesome! *(Exits.)*

RUMPELSTILTSKIN enters.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: So Beatrix became Queen of Everything and moved into the castle. And it looked like I was going to collect on my debt of her first-born child.

BEATRIX enters, carrying a baby.

BEATRIX: Ah, motherhood! What a beautiful experience giving birth to my first child!

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: I'll take that!

BEATRIX: (*Startled.*) What?! Who are you?! How did you get in here?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: You don't remember me? After all I've done for you?

BEATRIX: Oh, wait, are you the maid? I'm so sorry. Electricity hasn't been invented yet, so it's kind of dark in here. Fetch me something to drink, maid!

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: I'm not the maid!

BEATRIX: Your voice totally sounds like the maid.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: It does not! (*Lowering his voice.*) It does not! Now look here, I helped you and we had a deal. So hand over that child!

BEATRIX: What deal? I don't remember any deal.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: You hired me to spin straw into gold so the king wouldn't toss you into a quicksand-shark-knitting needle pit, and you promised to pay me in first-born children.

BEATRIX: I don't remember that at all.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Well that's not my problem. Gimme that baby!

BEATRIX: No!

RUMPELSTILTSKIN chases BEATRIX around the stage, demanding the baby, as she flees and refuses. Finally --.

BEATRIX: Stop it! Now look, can't we come to some sort of agreement? You can chase me all day, but you're small and weird, and I'm faster than you are. How about I pay you a gajillion dollars? Wouldn't that be nice?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: I can spin straw into gold. Why would I need a gajillion dollars?

BEATRIX: (*Flirty.*) But you're so awesome and stuff. Couldn't you let me off just this once? Pl-e-e-e-a-s-e? I'll never offer you my first-born child again. Promise.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Nope. You owe me a first-born child. Hand it over!

BEATRIX: Please, whatever your name is, isn't there something we can do to work this out?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: You *still* don't know my name?

BEATRIX: Of course I do. It's... Sam... Joe... Bill... Bob...

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: You have no idea what my name is.

BEATRIX: Look, I have a lot to remember! Which crown do I put on for formal dinners? Which of the royal food tasters is allergic to peanuts? Did I feed the baby yesterday? I don't have time to remember every single person's name who spun straw into gold for me!

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Okay, I have a deal for you. And just to make sure you don't try to get out of it – *(Calls out to the crowd.)* Everyone! Can I have your attention please! Gather round! The Queen of Everything and I have a deal to make, and we need witnesses!

RUMPELSTILTSKIN gestures for people to gather around.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Okay, the Queen promised me her first-born baby as payment for a business arrangement. Naturally, she's not excited about paying off that debt. So I propose the following: If she can guess my name, she can keep her baby and consider the debt paid. *(To BEATRIX.)* I'll give you three guesses. Fair enough?

BEATRIX: Oh... sure. Yes.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Excellent! Alright everyone, guess number one!

BEATRIX: Your name is... *(Mumbles something into her hand.)*

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: That is not my name.

BEATRIX: Sure it is, *(Mumbles something into her hand.)* You told it to me when we first met.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Untrue! *(Pulls out a drivers license and shows it to the crowd.)* See, right here on my chariot license, absolutely not *(Mumbles something into his hand.)* Guess number two!

BEATRIX: I need a hint!

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Fine. It rhymes with "crumple milk tin."

BEATRIX: Your name is Nikolaus!

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: You're the dumbest person alive. My name is Rumpelstiltskin!

BEATRIX: I need another hint!

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Rumpelstiltskin!

BEATRIX: It's on the tip of my tongue!

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: It's Rumpelstiltskin! My. Name. Is. Rumpelstiltskin!

BEATRIX: (*Thinks for a beat, then --.*) Sorry, I totally have this song running through my head. You know, the one that goes... (*Half sings a popular song.*) That one? Wait, what were we doing again?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: You're guessing my name so I don't take your first-born child!

BEATRIX: Oh, it's Nikolaus, right?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Wrong! It's Rumpelstiltskin! Ah ha ha ha ha! (*Takes the baby from BEATRIX.*) I'll take that! Away with you! I won this child fair and square! (*Gestures to the crowd.*) They all saw it! Gone! The child is mine!

BEATRIX: You cheated! (*Exits, shouting.*) King! He totally cheated! Nikolaus totally cheated!

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: And that's how it really happened. She didn't guess my name. I didn't get so angry I stamped my foot so hard it stuck in the ground, then tear myself in half because I couldn't get free. I got the baby and raised her myself. I named her Nikolette. The Queen seemed partial to that name, so it seemed fitting.

NIKOLETTE enters. She is a bratty girl, around ten years old.

NIKOLETTE: Dad! I've been screaming for you forever! I need you to spin me some more gold because Bertha and Birgitta and I are going to Oktoberfest! I need gold!

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Young lady, you know how to spin gold yourself. Just go get some straw and take five minutes and you'll be done.

NIKOLETTE: But I don't have five minutes! (*Daddy's girl.*) Can you just do it for me? Please, daddy? I'd be forever grateful! I can't spin the way you do. Ple-e-e-a-se?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: (*To audience.*) Help!

BLACKOUT.

THE END

EXPOSED!
WRAP AROUND SEGMENT #2

LIGHTS UP.

WARREN PIECE (or EILEEN DOVERANDFELL): Well that was enlightening, wasn't it? Rumpelstiltskin exposed! We followed up with Rumpelstiltskin, and today his daughter is making the rounds of reality television shows. Her latest appearance was on *Celebrity Amazing Race*, where she fell into a volcano on the third episode. So that's a happy ending for everyone. Our next segment is about author Charles Dickens. Well known for his incredibly descriptive depictions of Victorian England, Dickens was the author of many books you pretend you've read. Dealing in the poor, the wretched, the lower class, you would assume Dickens to be a sad, pale, little man. You would be wrong. Let's all learn a little something about Charles Dickens.

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CHARLES DICKENS: KING OF COMEDY**By Jenny Kirkland-Laffey****CAST OF CHARACTERS**

GEORGINA.....(26 lines)

CHARLES DICKENS.....(24 lines)



AT START: *LIGHTS UP.* Our scene opens with **GEORGINA** speaking to the audience.

GEORGINA: Hello, my name is Georgina Hogarth. No, I'm not surprised that you have never heard of me. You have, I'm sure heard of my brother-in-law Charles, Charles Dickens. Yes, I see your smiles of recognition. No doubt memories of his stories are now racing through your mind. I have a little secret to share with you. Charles was not so great. No, really. He was a frustrated stand up comedian. Don't look so shocked. It's true! I should know, I lived with him all my life and helped my sister raise their ten children. I dare say I was his muse. Let me tell you all about it.

GEORGINA fades to the back and CHARLES turns to walk forward. He faces the audience with an arrow through his head ala Steve Martin. If props aren't allowed then pantomime this.

CHARLES: Hey nonny nonny, it's great to be here in West Minster, but what's with the uptight chicks in the Abbey? Am I right? How about that traffic on London Bridge this morning? After two hours I wished I was falling down. (*CHARLES taps the top of his "microphone".*) Is this thing on?

CHARLES turns his back to the audience. GEORGINA comes forward.

GEORGINA: It goes without saying that Charles wasn't a very good stand-up comedian. He claimed it was his passion in life to "bring laughter to the slums of England." Rather than crush his dreams I tried to re-direct his energy.

GEORGINA and CHARLES now face each other. CHARLES has his head in his hands obviously upset. GEORGINA pats his back to comfort him.

Now, now Charles. You mustn't let the critics get you down.

CHARLES: It's not the critics, it's this newspaper. (*Reading from a paper.*) "Mr. Dickens couldn't coax a chuckle from a barrister even if he were to bribe him with a bag full of shillings." Why must you be so cruel, newspaper?

GEORGINA: Perhaps comedy isn't your calling. Have you considered taking a stab at being a writer?

CHARLES: Writing? Writing I've always seen myself as an entertainer. A clown for the common folk, but I suppose I could write my jokes as easily as tell them.

GEORGINA: Or a whimsical story. Here, I shall fetch you some paper and a quill.

GEORGINA hands CHARLES the paper and quill. As he writes and cracks himself up GEORGINA turns to the audience.

That first day Charles wrote with a fury that near frightened me. And yet, he seemed so happy. Somehow as though a heavy burden had been lifted from his heart.

GEORGINA turns back to CHARLES. He stands up pacing and excited.

CHARLES: Yes! Yes, Georgina, I think this will do. This will do nicely! Might I bend your ear a bit, get your opinion of my little jokes?

GEORGINA: Oh Charles, I'd be honored. Truly.

GEORGINA sits and CHARLES reads her some of his jokes in a very animated manner.

CHARLES: Four Pickwickians walk into a pub... no, no it needs more of a set up. (*Starts again.*) A philosopher, a ladies man, a poet, and a bad sportsman walk into a pub... no, no that's too much set up. (*CHARLES throws his script on the ground and begins to pull out his hair.*) Comedy! She is a wicked mistress!

GEORGINA: (*Rushes to his side.*) Charles, you mustn't abuse yourself so.

CHARLES: Perhaps I do need abuse myself. Perhaps comedy is born of pain and I have not suffered enough. Fetch me a hammer Georgina!

GEORGINA: Charles, I beg of you. This is madness!

CHARLES: Fine! If you won't aid me in my hour of need I shall take matters into my own hands. (*CHARLES proceeds to bite his own hand.*) "Owww! Yes, I can taste the comedy seeping from my veins already!"

GEORGINA: (*Pulls his hand out of his mouth.*) Charles, please! You have suffered. As much as any in England. What with your father thrown into debtors prison and your work as a child in the factory.

CHARLES: My God, Georgina that's it! You brilliant girl! I'll write of my time in the factory! (*CHARLES fades back to write.*)

GEORGINA: (*Comes forward to again address the audience.*) Charles' faith in himself seemed renewed. He worked late into the night with the fury of a thousand orphans forced to make lace collars for the royal family. In the morning when I came to bring him his breakfast tea he was exhausted, yes, but with a spark in his eye.

CHARLES walks toward GEORGINA. She offers him his tea.

CHARLES: Not now, please, sit. I think I've finally struck upon the comic chord I seek. Lend me your ear.

GEORGINA: I'd be delighted. (*Sits down.*)

CHARLES: (*He straightens his tie in a nervous manner. Fidgety ala Rodney Dangerfield.*) I say, I get very little respect. Once, in the workhouse I asked for more gruel and the overseer said, "More? You want more!" And denied me sustenance! I say I get very little respect. (*Smiles at GEORGINA.*)

GEORGINA: Oh. Well, um it seems like a start.

CHARLES: Then I take out a huge watermelon and smash it with a sledgehammer. Yes?

GEORGINA: Ahh, perhaps. Just thinking that idea of the workhouse might play out best in a short story rather than a joke.

CHARLES: You hate it. I'm a failure! I truly do not get any respect! Perhaps I shall just become a cobbler!

GEORGINA: No, no! I don't mean to crush your dreams. It's just that I want to find out more about the life of a child laborer and one antidote is not enough. Perhaps you could take a stab at writing a novel.

CHARLES: A novel, eh? But, that takes so much time. I do so love my connection with the audience and having a posse.

GEORGINA: Yes, well. If, rather, when you are a successful author, you can perform staged readings and book signings.

CHARLES: Yes, yes... I shall begin at once. *(He fades back to write.)*

GEORGINA: It was at this time I began to realize that Charles was a talentless oaf. But my station in life depended on his success. And my need for chocolates and a desire to stay out of the poor house. With Charles' energies channeled into a new direction he seemed happy. He stayed out of the limelight for a while and I was able to construct my plan for survival. I realized I would need to guide his hand.

CHARLES hands GEORGINA a pile of papers. She paces and reads. He follows her like a puppy. She takes a pen and begins to make changes to his manuscript and hands it back to him.

CHARLES: I see. So you think it best that Oliver learn to be a pickpocket instead of going to clown school. Hmmm, I do so love clowns though. The red noses and over sized shoes! How can they walk without tripping?

GEORGINA: Focus, Charles, please!

She hands CHARLES his papers. He begins to write again. They each walk in a circle to depict time passing. As they meet again he hands GEORGINA a new stack of papers.

GEORGINA: *(Continued.)* Hmmmm, so this Scrooge character is visited by three ghosts?

CHARLES: Yes, yes the paranormal is fascinating is it not?

GEORGINA: Yes, I just don't quite understand who these "Ghost Buster" characters are.

CHARLES: Oh, they are a misfit bunch of rouges bent on protecting the city of London from demon destruction. I especially like the giant fellow named Tiny Tim. Get it? He's big, yet his name is Tiny Tim. *(Long pause.)* Big fellow, Tiny Tim... is it me?

GEORGINA: No, no, but let us say, just for fun's sake, that instead of a giant, Tiny Tim is a child. He's weak and infirm, unable to walk without the aid of a cane.

CHARLES: That's not funny.

GEORGINA: Well, no. But this story could, just could mind you, become a tale of redemption.

CHARLES: Oh. Like a lesson?

GEORGINA: Yes, of sorts. Here let me show you.

GEORGINA begins to sketch an outline for CHARLES. He watches her, loses interest, starts to find activities to distract him like a yo-yo etc. GEORGINA writes furiously. She hands him the pages.

Here Charles. What do you think?

CHARLES: *(Flips through the pages.)* It's long. Kind of sad. I guess it's O.K. What if Tiny Tim were to use his cane to trip the ghosts before he captures them and saves the city? I find it ever so hilarious when people fall. *(Starts to giggle.)*

GEORGINA: Well, it's your idea. I'm just not sure people are quite ready for your advanced form of comedy. Perhaps we could send in this new version to a publisher and see what he may think of it.

CHARLES: 'Kay.

He sulks to the rear of the stage. GEORGINA comes forward.

GEORGINA: The publisher was thrilled. 'Twas a Christmas tale that the public could not get enough of. He soon commissioned Charles for another story to be published in monthly installments in the local paper. My meal ticket was almost set.

CHARLES comes forward.

GEORGINA: Charles this is wonderful news! Enough work to keep me, I mean you in the public eye for months.

CHARLES: I suppose. 'Tis a lot of work though. Sometimes I suffer from hand cramps. I don't really have any new ideas.

GEORGINA: Your childhood seems to often bring inspiration. Start there.

CHARLES: Well, boarding school was quite difficult. Everyone had a place to fit in. The sportsmen, the academics, the theater folk. I was a misfit, often shoved into my travel trunk and given wedgies. Don't laugh! They are quite painful actually. They even had a cruel nickname for me.

GEORGINA: Pray tell.

CHARLES: Well, I was quite poor you know. My peers used this knowledge to mock me. They called me the king of the Copperfields.

GEORGINA: *(Faces the audience.)* Yes! Copperfield! That shall do nicely. I can taste the sweet melting chocolate creams in my mouth already.

She hands CHARLES the paper and quill. As he writes she comes forward to speak to the audience.

So you see, Charles was not so great. But, he had an interesting past and an easily manipulated child's mind and the rest, shall we say, is history. *(Pulls a candy from a box of chocolates and holds it up.)* God bless us every one.

BLACKOUT.

THE END

EXPOSED!
WRAP AROUND SEGMENT #3

LIGHTS UP.

WARREN PIECE (or EILEEN DOVERANDFELL): I think you'll all agree with me when I say Charles Dickens was a complete hack! Exposed! Our next story is the tale of a charming, shoe-loving slob and a beautiful narcoleptic with a mild germ phobia and OCD. You may think that Cinderella and Sleeping Beauty never met, but you'd be wrong. Wrong, wrong, wrong. It's almost impossible to tell you how wrong you are, and to be honest I don't care enough about you to even try. Just trust me on this one – you're wrong. Exposed!

DO NOT COPY

CINDERELLA, SLEEPING BEAUTY AND THE BIG SWITCHEROO!

By Amy Seeley

CAST OF CHARACTERS

CINDERELLA(44 lines)

SLEEPING BEAUTY.....(42 lines)



AT START: *LIGHTS UP.* CINDERELLA enters the stage and sits on a chair, stage right. She is obviously weary.

CINDERELLA: *(To herself.)* It's so very hard to be Cinderella. Clean this! Organize that! Dust these glass figurines on an unusually high shelf. Ugh! Such oldie-tymie drudgery! *(She looks up at an invisible waitress.)* I'll have a non-fat, soy, caramel latte with extra whip and just a dash of nutmeg, please.

SLEEPING BEAUTY enters the stage. She yawns loudly and sits on a chair a few feet away from CINDERELLA. SLEEPING BEAUTY rubs her eyes and looks around.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: *(To herself.)* It's so very hard to be Sleeping Beauty. Sleep on your left side! Cuddle on your right side! Adjust your silk pillow filled with the most delicate of swan feathers! Oh, my! Such oldie-tymie drudgery! *(She looks up at an invisible waitress.)* I'll have a double shot of espresso, a Red Bull, and a large Coke, no ice.

CINDERELLA AND SLEEPING BEAUTY: *(In unison.)* Nothing interesting ever happens to me! I'd give anything for something different. *(They each gasp and turn to face each other. In unison.)* Because I'm bored out of my mind. *(They each gasp and stand, looking at each other with surprise. In unison.)* How much

wood could a woodchuck chuck if a woodchuck could chuck wood? *(They gasp and look out to the audience.)*

CINDERELLA: It's like she can read my mind!

SLEEPING BEAUTY: She totally gets me!

They grab their chairs and drag them closer together. They sit.

CINDERELLA: I'm Cinderella. My step-mom is a real meanie, my stepsisters are jerks and I clean our castle from dawn to dusk every day of my life.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Oh, hello! I'm Sleeping Beauty and I... um... well...

CINDERELLA: You sleep all the time?

SLEEPING BEAUTY: *(Nods shyly.)* Yeah. There was a curse or a hex or an evil queen. I sleep so much that my brain chemistry is all out of whack and I don't even remember how it all started.

CINDERELLA: Did you mean what you said about wanting something different?

SLEEPING BEAUTY: *(Nods vigorously.)* Oh, yes! Indeed. I'm so tired of sleeping all day. The villagers don't realize how hard it is to sleep in such a way that you always look absolutely beautiful.

CINDERELLA: *(Looks to the audience and rolls her eyes.)* Yeah. Sounds really difficult. Listen, Sleepy--I've got an idea.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Ooh! I love ideas! I mean I think so.

SLEEPING BEAUTY yawns loudly. CINDERELLA looks away in disgust.

CINDERELLA: If we change places, you could get a break from sleeping and I could take a really long nap. What do you think?

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Hmm. I don't know. Would I have to clean things?

CINDERELLA: Yeah, but--

SLEEPING BEAUTY: I'll do it!! I love to clean, and dust, and organize! *(Jumps up and begins pacing with excitement.)* I'll need a new mop, a bucket, a bottle of Mr. Clean, lots of rags. Oh, I should make a list! This is gonna be so much fun! Wait! What if we get caught?

CINDERELLA: My evil stepmother and stepsisters haven't made eye contact with me since I was a child. Just throw on my old dirty dress and you'll blend right in. Wait! What if someone notices you're missing?

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Oh, just pull the covers over your head. That's what I do when I get tired of people admiring my stunning beauty.

CINDERELLA pauses to consider that. SLEEPING BEAUTY starts to exits but turns back.

Wait a second. How do you know which castle is mine?

CINDERELLA: It's the one across the town square with the big sign out front that says: "Sleeping Beauty can be viewed from 8AM until 5PM. No flash pictures." In fact, I'm there right now.

CINDERELLA snaps her fingers. SLEEPING BEAUTY gasps.

CINDERELLA: Yeah. I'm pretty cool.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Have a nice nap! (*Exits.*)

CINDERELLA: Ha! That was easy. And now for the best nap in all of the kingdom. (*Looks around.*) Hmm. She sleeps in a glass coffin? Creepy.

She pantomimes opening a coffin. She slowly lowers herself into the coffin and attempts to get comfortable. She uses her arm as a pillow but can't seem to settle down. She's clearly frustrated. SLEEPING BEAUTY enters carrying a pillow.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Here's your pillow! (*Tosses the pillow to CINDERELLA.*)

CINDERELLA: Thanks!

SLEEPING BEAUTY: You're very welcome! Nighty-night. Sleep tight. Don't let the bedbugs bite.

CINDERELLA glares at SLEEPING BEAUTY.

CINDERELLA: Okay. Goodbye.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: (*Whispering.*) Goodbye! Pleasant dreams.

CINDERELLA: Less talking, more leaving.

SLEEPING BEAUTY exits.

CINDERELLA: *(Continued.)* Finally!

CINDERELLA puts her head on the pillow and instantly falls asleep. SLEEPING BEAUTY quietly returns and looks to the audience.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: And Cinderella fell fast asleep. She dreamed of unicorns, rainbows, kitten parties, and giant-sized snow-cones.

CINDERELLA: *(Wakes up. She's clearly annoyed.)* Sleepy?

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Yes?

CINDERELLA: What are you doing?

SLEEPING BEAUTY: I'm narrating.

CINDERELLA: What?

SLEEPING BEAUTY: I'm narrating. I cleaned the entire castle so I thought I'd help out with a little narration.

CINDERELLA: Wait a minute. You're done? You've finished cleaning the *entire* castle?

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Yep!

CINDERELLA: Even the dungeon?

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Um... uh... I gotta go!

SLEEPING BEAUTY exits quickly. CINDERELLA puts her head on the pillow and starts to fall asleep.

CINDERELLA: *(Sighing.)* No interruptions, no evil stepsisters, no talking to enchanted mice. Finally. The perfect nap.

CINDERELLA closes her eyes. SLEEPING BEAUTY enters on her tiptoes.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: *(Whispering.)* Cinderella?

CINDERELLA tosses in her sleep.

CINDERELLA: Mmmph... mernuff... mmmm....

SLEEPING BEAUTY: *(Whispering.)* Are you asleep?

CINDERELLA'S eyes open. She sits up.

CINDERELLA: What?! What is so important that you had to wake me from my nap?!

SLEEPING BEAUTY: I just wanted to know if you like chocolate cake or gooseberry pie because me and the enchanted mice got together and we're gonna surprise you with something sweet but never mind. You go back to sleep.

SLEEPING BEAUTY frowns and starts to leave. CINDERELLA sighs dramatically.

CINDERELLA: I'd love chocolate cake with gooseberry filling.

SLEEPING BEAUTY laughs as she exits.

Am I the only sane princess around here? Geez! *(She puts her head on her pillow. She adjusts the pillow by punching it. She settles down. She sits up and flips over onto her other side, facing away from the audience. She sighs loudly. She sits up.)* Great. Now I can't stop thinking about that chocolate cake with gooseberry filling. Oh, swizzle sticks! *(Sits up straighter. She has an idea. She smiles. To the audience.)* And in the middle of her nap, Cinderella was interrupted by Sleeping Beauty carrying a piece of chocolate cake.

SLEEPING BEAUTY enters looking confused.

Where's my cake? I just totally narrated for it.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Oh, it's been eaten.

CINDERELLA: What?

SLEEPING BEAUTY: A bunch of dwarfs came over, there was a magical cow and he ate like ten slices. A really handsome prince stopped by but he couldn't eat any cake.

CINDERELLA: Why not?

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Enchanted cake allergy.

CINDERELLA: You know what? Just keep cleaning. You clean, I'll nap. All will be well. Okay?

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Okay. Oh, I have one question for you.

CINDERELLA: What?

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Where's your label maker? I wanna label the poisonous potions, the eyes of newt, and the stepsisters' ugly outfits.

CINDERELLA: It's in the label maker room just to the left of the never-clean fireplace.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Oh, I cleaned it. See ya!

SLEEPING BEAUTY exits. CINDERELLA holds the pillow to her chest. She's upset.

CINDERELLA: She cleaned the never-clean fireplace?! She probably cleaned it wrong, too. And I bet she forgot to shake out the carpets. They need to be shaken on a daily basis or they don't look all tidy. Oh, and I'm sure she didn't blow out the ten thousand candles on the candelabra. The wax will just build up and she'll end up wrecking everything!! Sleeping Beauty!

SLEEPING BEAUTY enters looking concerned. CINDERELLA stands and walks toward SLEEPING BEAUTY.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: You called for me?

CINDERELLA: We need to switch back.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Oh, but why? I'm having so much fun cleaning and organizing. The enchanted mice formed a rock band and I'm gonna be their manager.

CINDERELLA: I can't sleep!! You keep interrupting me, you make me think about cake, the pillow is uncomfortable, and you're probably cleaning everything all wrong! I wanna switch back right now!

SLEEPING BEAUTY: But I don't wanna switch back.

SLEEPING BEAUTY yawns. CINDERELLA points at her.

CINDERELLA: Aha! You just yawned! You're getting sleepy, Sleepy!

SLEEPING BEAUTY stifles another yawn. CINDERELLA points at her.

CINDERELLA: *(Continued.)* Ha! There was another one!

SLEEPING BEAUTY: *(Sits and frowns.)* I suppose I'm only meant to sleep and be very, incredibly beautiful.

CINDERELLA sits next to her and pats her shoulder.

CINDERELLA: Don't be sad, Sleepy. Today was a good one.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Truly?

CINDERELLA: Totally for truly. You got to clean a dusty old castle, make chocolate cake with a group of talking mice, and handle some very specific narration.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: *(Smiles.)* And what did you get to do?

CINDERELLA: I got to *almost* sleep which is more sleep than I've had in a really long time. Plus, I think we both learned that it's fun to sometimes take a vacation from your regular life. And I got a break from my wicked stepsisters which was super nice.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Oh, you won't be hearing from them for a few weeks.

CINDERELLA: Where did they go?

SLEEPING BEAUTY: They didn't go anywhere. I put a silence spell on them so you won't be hearing their voices for the three weeks that the spell will last.

CINDERELLA: Cool! Thanks.

SLEEPING BEAUTY hands CINDERELLA an envelope.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Oops! I forgot to give you this. Because I was organizing the mail, I found this pretty invitation.

CINDERELLA: *(Opens the envelope and reads aloud.)* "You are invited to a grand ball hosted by the prince. Fancy clothing required." *(Sighs.)* This is clearly meant for my wicked stepsisters. I can't attend a ball. Besides, I don't have anything fancy to wear.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Oh, you should totally go, Cinderella! You'll have fun! I can send my fairy godmother to help you. She's great at using her magic wand to make enchanted dresses. I'll even let you borrow my glass slippers!

CINDERELLA: Well... Okay. Thanks, Sleepy. Oops! I forgot to tell you something. Because I couldn't sleep while hiding under the covers, I noticed that a really, really handsome prince visits me, I mean *you*, every single day. I think he's in love with you.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: (*Laughs.*) Ha! Like a handsome prince could ever love someone absolutely beautiful like me.

CINDERELLA: (*Looks at the audience and rolls her eyes.*) Sleepy, if I'm willing to wear an enchanted gown made by a random fairy godmother so I can attend a prince's ball under false pretenses, then you can give a really, really handsome prince a chance.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: (*Considers this. She smiles.*) Okay, Cinderella.

CINDERELLA: Hooray! Wait a second. Are your glass slippers comfortable?

SLEEPING BEAUTY: (*Laughs loudly.*) Of course not! They're beautiful and they're made of glass!

CINDERELLA: That's okay. I'll just loosen them up during the ball. I'm sure nobody will notice.

BLACKOUT.

THE END

EXPOSED!
WRAP AROUND SEGMENT #4

LIGHTS UP.

WARREN PIECE (or EILEEN DOVERANDFELL): Little known fact – glass slippers weren't the first glass apparel. Glass pantaloons were introduced in France in the early 1600s. They swept the country, becoming the first clothing fad. The fad lasted for approximately thirty-seven minutes, at which time someone discovered glass pantaloons were ridiculous. Exposed! Literally! For our next story, we take on big business. Specifically, big candy business. We answer the question, "Who can take a rainbow, do some stuff to it, and make it edible?" Due to the nature of this extremely revealing exposé, the true identities of our subjects have been changed. Let's just say, the CEO of a candy empire has invited a select group of children to tour his delicious factory made of pure sugar. Things have gone horribly awry, resulting in the near-deaths of all but one of the visitors. Happily, a young man named Charlie...er, Charles has survived until the very end. We pick up our story as he enters Willy...er, Billy Bonker's office.

**INSIDE THE CORNER OFFICE: THE REAL STORY OF
THE BONKER'S CANDY FACTORY****By Mike Beyer****CAST OF CHARACTERS**

BILLY BONKERS (49 lines)
 CHARLES (53 lines)
 GRANDPA (31 lines)



AT START: *LIGHTS UP. AN EMPTY OFFICE. A desk and chair can be seen. Suddenly BILLY BONKERS strides in with a brisk pace. He takes a seat and begins writing furiously. It is clear that this is BILLY'S office. After a time, CHARLES and GRANDPA stick their faces into BILLY'S office cautiously.*

CHARLES: There he is, Grandpa! There's Willy Wonk – I mean, Billy!

GRANDPA: Huh?

CHARLES: Nothing. Stupid lawyers. The tour of his candy factory has taken us to his private office at last! All the other naughty children have met a nasty end, and we're the only ones left. But why isn't he inviting us in?

GRANDPA: What?

CHARLES: *(Much louder.)* I said, we're the only ones left on this tour, and I – never mind. I'm going in.

CHARLES enters the office, and GRANDPA cautiously follows.

GRANDPA: Where you going, Charles?

CHARLES: *(To BILLY.)* Mr. Bonkers, sir? *(No answer from BILLY.)*
Sir?

BILLY: *(Unpleasant, business-like.)* May I help you?

CHARLES: Well, my Grandpa and I are the only ones left on the tour, so we were wondering what happens now.

BILLY: (*Not looking up.*) Yes. Well. The exit door is down the hall, second door on your left.

CHARLES: Oh. That's it?

BILLY: Good day. Thank you for visiting the Bonker's Candy Factory.

CHARLES: We have to go now, Grandpa.

GRANDPA: Speak up, boy!

CHARLES: (*To BILLY.*) Sir, what about the five pounds of candy per day?

BILLY: Excuse me?

CHARLES: It says that everyone who completes the tour gets five pounds of candy every day for the rest of their lives.

BILLY: (*Produces contract from drawer.*) Ah. So it does. HOWEVER, it does NOT allow for little thieving boys and their elderly thieving grandpas!

GRANDPA: Eh?

CHARLES: We didn't steal anything!

BILLY: Really? Then you deny going into the Belchy SugarBlast Drinks room and helping yourself to a taste? Even though such tasting is strictly forbidden?

CHARLES: (*Head down.*) No. We drank it.

BILLY: Aha! I knew it. Well then. If there is nothing else you require, please show yourselves OUT.

CHARLES: We almost died in that room. We got such a sugar rush from that drink that I almost had a heart attack. I still have a pounding headache. Look what your drink did to Grandpa.

GRANDPA: (*To the wall.*) Hello there!

BILLY: Then I trust you have both learned a valuable lesson today. And that lesson is: DON'T TOUCH OTHER PEOPLE'S STUFF! You don't get the five pounds of candy! You get NOTHING! NUH-UH! Now goodbye-bye!

CHARLES: But-

BILLY: I SAID GOODBYE-BYE!

Pause. BILLY and CHARLES look at each other. GRANDPA stares at the wall.

CHARLES: Let's go. *(He turns, takes GRANDPA by the hand, and together they prepare to exit.)*

GRANDPA: Where we going now?

CHARLES: Home, and the bread and water that waits for us. Hold on a second.

They stop at the door, and CHARLES looks back at BILLY. He reaches into his pocket, goes back to BILLY'S desk, and places a piece of candy on BILLY'S desk. CHARLES turns to leave. BILLY places his hand on the piece of candy.

BILLY: The honesty of a child. Returning that which he could have easily kept.... *(He whirls around.)* Charles!

CHARLES: Yes?

BILLY: Don't go. Please.

CHARLES: But you said the tour was over-

BILLY: I know what I said, but don't you see? This was the test! You were told to get a piece of my Molarcrusher Rock Candy, and give it to my main competitor.

CHARLES: Yes. Mr. Vanilla Fudgerton told me to get a piece of this candy and give it to him, and he would pay me a million dollars and all the chocolate bacon Slurpalicious Shakes I wanted.

BILLY: Yes, and all the other children gave the pieces to Fudgerton, who secretly works for me. But not you! Don't you see what that means?

GRANDPA: What's that?

BILLY: It means you've won! I congratulate you!

CHARLES: But-

BILLY: But nothing! I have so many more secrets to share with you! More opportunities to display my terrifying, almost homicidal genius and of course to sing cheesy songs! But here's the upshot: All this will one day be yours.

CHARLES: You mean... I'll be president and CEO of Bonker's Candy Factory? Oh my goodness! You don't want to do that!

BILLY: Oh but I do. You see, Charles, a child is the only one who can truly love fantastic items like the Oreo Cookie/Ranch Dressing cream puffs, which I provide at fantastic prices. A child is also more open to new ideas – and by open, I mean he'll run it exactly my way.

GRANDPA: I'm sleepy.

CHARLES: This is a dream come true!

BILLY: So you'll do it?

CHARLES: Ha ha! When do I start?

BILLY: No time like the present! *(He produces a contract and signs it.)* Charles, when you sign this, you will be the unquestioned boss of the world-famous Bonker's Candy Factory. You'll be responsible for manufacturing and distribution, as well as the care of the small orange people downstairs who actually make everything happen.

CHARLES: What will you do?

BILLY: Oh, don't worry. I'll still be around. But I think it's high time I took a vacation! I can provide advice, of course. But the factory will be all yours. *(Hands the contract and pen to CHARLES.)*

GRANDPA leans over CHARLES' shoulder and reads the contract. He gasps.

GRANDPA: Do it, Charles!

CHARLES: I will, Grandpa! *(He signs it.)*

BILLY: Excellent! Fantastic! Splendid! Adjectives! Let's get into my rocket-powered elevator and grab the rest of your family!

CHARLES: Let's you have a seat and let the new boss do his thing!

BILLY: Excellent plan – wait a minute, what?

CHARLES: You heard me.

BILLY sits down in his old chair.

You're sitting in my seat, Mr. Bonkers.

BILLY: Haha, you're already taking to the job! I like that. Want to go back down to my strawberry lake and eat some mango-flavored orchids?

CHARLES: No thanks. But thank you -- I have plans for that room! Grandpa, pull up a chair and take a memo.

GRANDPA moves smartly to an open chair, and takes a notebook and pen from CHARLES.

GRANDPA: Go, Charles!

CHARLES: You know, Billy, I'm not feeling the name "Bonker's Candy Factory". I think a new name is needed.

BILLY: Have you lost your mind? The name of Bonkers is known from Kalamazoo to Timbuktu! Why, children everywhere look forward to consuming my creations!

CHARLES: Yes, and thanks to your creations, obesity is at an all-time high!

BILLY: Well, that's not MY fault! It's the parents who are responsible! Children today are so SPOILED!

CHARLES: Yes, but I plan to change everything inside your company. For starters, your Bonker's Cherry Cake Batter and Double Caramel Ice Cream will now become just Bonker's Cherry Yogurt.

BILLY: Ridiculous! No one will eat it.

GRANDPA: I'm hungry.

CHARLES: I think the name "Bonker's Organic Healthy Creations Farm" has a nice ring to it, don't you?

BILLY: Sacrilege! How dare you!

GRANDPA: You let him sign it!

BILLY: Silence, old man! This is an outrage! I hereby declare this contract null and void!

BILLY goes for the contract on the desk to try and tear it up. CHARLES grabs the contract from the desk and BILLY jumps on his back to try and grab it from him.

My contract! My contract!

GRANDPA takes contract from CHARLES' hands and takes out his smart phone. He takes a picture of the contract while BILLY tries to reach him. GRANDPA then turns the phone on "video" and starts filming BILLY.

GRANDPA: Go ahead and tear it up now, Mr. Bonkers! Say hello to the interwebs while you're at it!

BILLY: That won't hold up in court, you old coot!

GRANDPA: Go ahead, then! And smile while you're at it.

CHARLES: I think I've got you over a barrel, Mr. Bonkers! Don't worry -- I'll let you brew my green tea every morning. I take it with honey.

BILLY: *(Spluttering with rage.)* You... you...

CHARLES: The Bonker's Organic Healthy Creations Farm will help children around the world reach their true nutritious potential -- through healthy snack offerings!

BILLY: My candy is nutritious! Look how fit I am! *(Gets down on the floor and attempts to do a pushup. He fails. A beat.)*

CHARLES: So as I was saying, we'll make smoothies that will cause children to do jumping jacks! Our chewing gum will actually remove plaque and whiten teeth! Our glazed donuts will contain more vitamins than spinach!

BILLY: You're mad!

GRANDPA: What?

BILLY: He's ruining everything I've helped to create! I knew I should have picked the fat kid who got sucked through the tubes.

CHARLES: His Type 2 diabetes is probably irreversible. But I'll have him work for me. He can help me convert the chocolate eggs into low-calorie egg whites. He'll also lead the Bonker's Marathon Training Team!

BILLY: Charles, Charles, Charles. Before you go completely crazy and send us all to ruin, let's just talk this out first. My whole mission in life has always been to bring a smile to children's faces! To make the world taste good!

GRANDPA: Do we even need Bonkers anymore?

CHARLES: Nah. Send him down to the old Exploding Room. We'll make him a test taster of our Quinoa Brownie Delights for Hollywood movie producers.

GRANDPA gets up, seizes BILLY, and drags him away.

BILLY: OK, OK, I get it! Candy equals bad! I understand now. But let me help you – I know how this factory works, and I can help you achieve your dreams!

GRANDPA looks at CHARLES.

CHARLES: I'm listening.

GRANDPA releases BILLY.

BILLY: OK, I promise to get rid of the High-Fructose Corn Syrup and Artificial Sweetener Room.

CHARLES: Good.

BILLY: But it helped my chocolate bars taste so delicious! Don't you like flavor?

CHARLES: Not when kids can barely climb the stairs and develop more pimples than there are stars in the sky!

BILLY: But those candy bars keep those kids from developing bad habits in life. Parents actually **DEPEND** on me to keep their little brats in line.

CHARLES: I'm not sure I follow you.

BILLY: You see, children need rewards to work for. What better reward than candy? No one will clean their room or eat their broccoli if the incentive is just a stupid apple.

CHARLES: Apples are not stupid! Besides, my new orchards will produce apples as big as your head. Not only that, they give you the ability to do long division problems in your head the minute after you eat them!

BILLY: Whatever! It's still an apple! They don't comfort anybody! Who's going to sit down on a lonely Saturday night for a good cry, a couple of movies, and a tub of kiwis and carrots?

CHARLES: Plenty of people, if they know they have to get up the next morning and run eight miles! We'll have Bonker's Nutrition Clubs set up worldwide!

BILLY: But can't we at least give the lazy people some Bonker's Sticky Stomach Taffy, just to give them a little break from this terrible world?

GRANDPA: Sorry, Bonkers. The jig is up.

BILLY: Grandpa? Could I perhaps interest you in a Bonker's Nuttastic Dark Chocolate Toffee and Peanut Butter Avalanche? A parting gift from me. You won't be seeing these anymore.

GRANDPA: Well, thank you, Mr. Bonkers. (*Takes a bite.*)

CHARLES: *Grandpa!*

GRANDPA: Yes?

CHARLES: DON'T EAT THAT –

They fight over the candy bar. GRANDPA tries to eat the candy bar while CHARLES tries to take it from him.

GRANDPA: (*During the entire fight.*) My candy! My candy!

The struggle continues until...

Look out behind you, Charles! Billy's got a 64-ounce drink headed straight down your back!

CHARLES breaks free and whirls around to face nothing. GRANDPA enjoys his candy bar.

GRANDPA: Sorry, Charles. But... wow! I forgot how GOOD this tastes!

CHARLES: For your information, those three bites just put about 12,000 calories on your frame, and will keep five dentists employed for at least a year scraping all that toffee from your teeth!

GRANDPA: Maybe we can have one room here in the factory for candy, and the other 7,000 for your health food and juice products!

BILLY: One room seems reasonable.

CHARLES: I don't believe what I'm hearing!

BILLY: Listen to your Grandpa, Charles. Maybe you should let him run the factory for now, until you get a little bit older. I'll help him out. Maybe we can draw up a new contract that explains this all in more detail.

CHARLES: No deals! Now, Grandpa PLEASE! Step away from the candy!

GRANDPA: But Charles, I haven't had one of these in years! Do you know why?

CHARLES: The last of your teeth fell out?

GRANDPA: I started listening to all the fitness and nutrition do-gooders! Shouldn't we at least still observe the time-honored tradition of dessert? In moderation?

CHARLES: We'll have candy bars! We're going to roll out Bonker's Chocolate-Flavored Edamame Krispy Krunch in two years! The youth of tomorrow will thank us!

BILLY: If they don't starve to death in the process.

GRANDPA: Charles, I'm stepping in. I'm appointing myself CEO of the Bonker's Candy Factory until further notice. At first I went along with your plan, but these food creations of yours push the envelope in ways that are bad and wrong. Edamame Krispy Krunch? Gross. *(He takes the contract from CHARLES and rips it up.)*

CHARLES: NO!!!

GRANDPA: We'll split up the factory. Billy can continue to make his fantastically magical candy, and you can start on your super-healthy goodies. As President, I will ensure more people get to taste the Bonkers experience. Our profits will double!

BILLY: Charles, listen to your grandpa. He is a wise man indeed.

CHARLES: I suppose half-ownership of Bonkers is better than a lifetime doomed to eating cabbage soup and noodles.

GRANDPA: And so, the Bonker's Candy Factory goes on!

BILLY: I get to keep this corner office.

CHARLES: This is so unfair! **GRANDPA!**

GRANDPA: Now go to your room.

CHARLES stomps out. BILLY goes to desk and pours two glasses.

BILLY: *(Giving a glass to GRANDPA.)* Belchy Sugar Blast?

GRANDPA: Don't mind if I do!

BILLY: *(Raising glass.)* To health!

They drink. BLACKOUT.

THE END

EXPOSED!
WRAP AROUND SEGMENT #5

LIGHTS UP.

WARREN PIECE (or EILEEN DOVERANDFELL): I think we all learned a good lesson from that last story – Carrots are boring. Exposed! Sibling rivalry has been the center of many famous stories throughout the ages. Who can forget Cain and Abel? Or Orville and Wilbur Wright, arguing over who was their mother's favorite? Or that episode of *The Brady Bunch* where Jan tried to back over Marsha in the family station wagon? You probably thought Hansel and Gretel were the innocent victims of a horrible witch. Well, let's take a look at the real story, shall we?

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**HANSEL AND GRETEL:
A TALE OF SIBLING RIVALRY**
By Jenny Kirkland-Laffey

CAST OF CHARACTERS

ACTOR ONE:

HANSEL (26 lines)

ACTOR TWO:

GRETEL..... (23 lines)

WITCH..... (4 lines)

◆ ◆ ◆

LIGHTS UP. HANSEL and GRETEL are walking along a path. She is looking at a piece of paper with an address written on it. HANSEL follows her chewing on a piece of pizza.

GRETEL: I am going to so kill Maria when I see her! I can't figure out where this party is!

HANSEL: *(Grunts.)*

GRETEL: Whatever. Forget it. Let's go home, Hans. I just hope Papa and Stepmonster are asleep or we're never going to hear the end of it.

HANSEL: *(Finishes eating and then burps.)* 'Kay.

GRETEL: 'Kay genius. You said you'd leave a trail, so lead us home.

HANSEL: Ummm. Well, my "plan" was to use my pizza crust and mark our trail with breadcrumbs, but... um... I ate it. S'good. *(Smiles sheepishly.)*

GRETEL: What! Are you kidding me! I don't know where we are! How are we going to get home? You idiot! *(Punches HANSEL in the arm.)*

HANSEL: (*Rubbing arm where he was punched.*) In my defense I did say, before we left, I might become a bit peckish and need a snack. And you insisted we leave “pronto”. I’m a growing boy and I need my strength.

GRETEL: Oh, you’ll really need your strength when I get done with you!

GRETEL makes a grab for HANSEL’S arm to give him an Indian Burn. He reacts as though a fly has landed on him – unfazed.

(*Very frustrated.*) Poop! Poop! Poop! (*Thinks she hears a sound.*) What was that?

HANSEL: Wolf maybe.

GRETEL: Wolf! I can’t be eaten by a wolf! That’s so gross! And unoriginal. Little Red was almost eaten by a wolf and everyone is so sick of hearing about it.

HANSEL: I’m sure we’re fine. It’s too dark now to try and make our way back. Let’s try to build a fire and keep warm while we wait for daylight.

GRETEL: O.K., O.K., sure that’s a good idea. I’m sorry I tried to kill you. I just panicked.

HANSEL: Really? Hadn’t noticed.

HANSEL and GRETEL start to gather sticks to make a fire.

GRETEL: O.K., this looks good for now. Nice dry sticks. Now what?

HANSEL: Now we get some matches and light this baby.

GRETEL: (*Hands on hips.*) Well, I don’t have any matches. Do you?

HANSEL: Nope. Not a one.

GRETEL: ARRR! I’m back to thinking of ways to plot your death!

HANSEL: Calm down Gretch! O.K., let’s see... all we need are two sticks to rub together and we’ll be all set. (*HANSEL grabs two sticks and attempts to create a spark. He is very clumsy, but determined. After a few seconds attempt he collapses on the ground. Exhausted he cries.*) We’re gonna die out here!

GRETEL: (*Sits next to HANSEL with her arm around him.*) Well, it is July. So maybe we were a little hasty in forcing the fire thing.

HANSEL: Good point. Why’d we have to go to this dumb party anyway?

GRETEL: Well, only because everyone who is anyone will be there. It's about being seen in the right crowds when you're in high school, Hans. Appearances are everything.

HANSEL: Do you even know this Maria girl who gave you the directions? I've never heard you mention her before.

GRETEL: Well, we're not friends yet, but I'm sure we will be as soon as she stops running away from me in the halls at school. I overheard her talking in the library to some people about this party. After she wrote down the directions she left to go to the bathroom. I caused a diversion by telling the librarian, Mr. Laffey, that Maria's friends were using Wikipedia as a primary source for their research paper. Then I grabbed the directions and made a photocopy in the library office, which I have access to since I'm a library student aid.

HANSEL: *(Pause.)* You do need friends. Let me see the map.

GRETEL hands the map to HANSEL.

O.K., we went over the river, through the woods, past Goldilocks School for Precocious Girls and onto the road paved with good intentions. You're right. The party should be right around here. Let's just walk a little further.

HANSEL and GRETEL begin to walk on. As they walk GRETEL becomes more and more exhausted. She starts to pant and falls to her knees.

GRETEL: *(Clutching her throat.)* I... I... can't breath! Water, I need the sweet gift of life... WATER!

HANSEL: Gretel, we only went about five meters *(Aside to audience.)* When you convert to the English system that's roughly fifteen feet. *(Gives a thumbs up.)*

GRETEL: I know, but it feels like a mile, I mean kilometer. Wait. *(GRETEL points off stage.)* What's that up ahead?

HANSEL: Hey! It... it looks like a house made of candy?

GRETEL: I don't remember anything about a candy house on my stolen party map directions.

HANSEL: Wait, there's someone standing outside. Is that Madonna?

GRETEL: No! It's an old witch with frighteningly toned arms.

HANSEL: Like I said, Madonna!

GRETEL: (*Hides behind HANSEL.*) Oh no! I think she sees us. Hide!

HANSEL: Why? Maybe she can give us directions home. I'll go talk to her.

GRETEL: O.K. I'll just cower over here behind this tree.

HANSEL: (*HANSEL walks over to the WITCH played by GRETEL.*)

Excuse me, Ma'am, do you think you could help me? I'm lost.

WITCH: Why of course dear. You're not from around here are you?

HANSEL: No Ma'am. My sister and I were on our way to a party and we lost our way. We need to go back to Grimm Avenue.

WITCH: No problem. Just head down this path, hang a right at Sleepy Street, then a left at the frog pond with the golden ball floating in it and straight past Humpty's House to Grimm Avenue. Can't miss it.

HANSEL: Gee thanks. You're the nicest old lady with a candy house that I've ever met.

WITCH: Aren't you a dear. Here, break off a piece of my house to bring you strength during your journey. And one for your sister as well.

HANSEL: Wow, you are the best person with NO ulterior motives ever!

WITCH: Safe travels.

HANSEL walks along sucking on his candy and coaxes GRETEL out from behind her tree.

HANSEL: Gretel, here. I got directions home AND a travel snack!

GRETEL: I'm not eating anything from that freak. It's probably poison.

HANSEL: You are so paranoid. We better get moving - it's after midnight. We are in so much trouble.

GRETEL: (*Gets an evil look on her face.*) I have a great idea! When we get home, don't say a word. Let me handle everything with Papa and Stepmonster.

HANSEL: Gretel, I don't like that look in your eye.

GRETEL: *(Smiles.)* What? Sweet, little old me? I only have our best interests at heart. And the perfect story to shoot me into the sphere of popularity. *(Evil laugh.)*

BLACKOUT.

THE END

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