

ONCE UPON A FAIRY TALE

A FULL LENGTH PLAY

By Christopher Burruto

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

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(7 MEN, 4 WOMEN, 11-13 EITHER)

—ALL LINE COUNTS ARE APPROXIMATE—

- NARRATOR 1 (m/f) The narrator gets eaten during Act One, Scene 2. Should dress as an adult. (22 lines)
- NARRATOR 2 (m/f) Replaces Narrator 1. This is an actor plucked from the audience after the first narrator is eaten. (25 lines)
- FRANCINE (f) Beullah's sister, the queen. (23 lines)
- BEULLAH (f) A witch who is very jealous of her sister, Francine, who married a prince and became queen. A wonderfully comic character who should be played to type and as over-the-top as possible. (123 lines)

- 3 TROLLS (m/f) Fawning, bumbling and funny. *Note:* Lemmy should be played by a male. They have names: Lemmy, Norbert, and Wally. (*Lemmy – 56 lines; Norbert – 56 lines; Wally – 48 lines*)
- MAGIC MIRROR (m/f) A wise-cracking, gum-chewing character full of personality. The mirror should have a silver or gold painted face and maybe some sunglasses or hat. (*16 lines*)
- COURTIERS (m/f) Three courtiers. They should dress in period costumes. *Note:* Lines could be doubled to use only one courtier. (*6 lines*)
- PRINCESS ROSE (f)..... She is on the verge of adulthood and is one day away from coming of age when she becomes queen. Despite suitors, no one wishes to marry her and it's easy to see why! Rose, also known as the *Royal Pain*, is a stubborn, forceful young woman, and terrorizes all who interact with her! Rose should be dressed in a period princess-style dress, but with some tomboy accoutrements. (*123 lines*)
- ADVISOR (m/f)..... The royal advisor is bold, trustful and confiding and not afraid to call Princess Rose a royal pain to her face. Period costume, a badge of office. (*42 lines*)

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- JONATHAN (m) A simple and profoundly average assistant shepherd. For some reason, he falls in love with Rose at first sight. He's probably the first to ever do so. He should be dressed in a simple shepherd's outfit: vest, knee-length pants, white long-sleeved shirt, sandals. *(66 lines)*
- KAISO (m/f) Kaiso is Murray's sidekick. A sarcastic, humorous foil to the wizard. Can be dressed similarly to Jonathan or as fanciful as you wish. *(33 lines)*
- MURRAY (m/f) Retired wizard - or so he says. Murray was actually fired from his previous job as House Wizard. Jonathan's friend and advisor. Wizard hat, robes, staff. The grubbier he looks, the better! *(37 lines)*
- VERNA (f)/VARGAS (m) Jonathan's hapless parents. They know that Jonathan is not the sharpest shepherd boy in the tool box, but, still they have high hopes he can marry a Princess. *(Verna – 9 lines; Vargas – 6 lines)*
- TWO GUARDS (m/f) Guarding Princess Rose not only from herself, but the rest of the castle as well. They should be played as broadly as possible. You can't get any dumber than these two. *(Guard 1 - 34 lines; Guard 2 - 29 lines)*

3 SUITORS (m)..... The suitors are at the castle to woo
Princess Rose. Little do they know
what she is really like. (7 lines)
PRINCE (m)..... At the castle to woo the princess.
(3 lines)

ACT THE FIRST

Scene 1: Prologue
Scene 2: Beullah's Hut
Scene 3: The Castle Throne Room
Scene 4: Beullah's Hut
Scene 5: Jonathan's House (in front of the curtain)
Scene 6: The Castle
Scene 7: Beullah's Hut
Scene 8: A Castle Hallway
Scene 9: Rose's Chamber
Scene 10: Rose's Chamber
Scene 11: Rose's Chamber
Scene 12: A Castle Hallway
Scene 13: The Castle Throne Room

ACT THE SECOND

Scene 1: The Woods
Scene 2: Beullah's Hut and some woods
Scene 3: Beullah's Hut and some other woods
Scene 4: Beullah's Hut
Scene 5: Woods. Again.
Scene 6: Ditto the Woods
Scene 7: The Castle Throne Room

ACT ONE, SCENE 1
PROLOGUE

Stage curtains are closed. Lights fade up slowly. In front is a chair and a side table upon which is a candle (or lantern) and a book.

NARRATOR: Once upon a time, there was a witch... *(Pause.)* Her name *(Beat.)* was Beullah. Hold on. That sounds a little...scary...

See, there was this castle. Made of stone. Really tall. With battlements, and those tiny little windows where archers could shoot their arrows. Picture in your minds a drawbridge, and towers.

And inside that castle, lived two sisters...Beullah and Francine. Let me show you...

The curtain opens to reveal a throne scene with courtiers and others. BEULLAH—dressed in dark, goth clothes—stands right of throne, FRANCINE—dressed in a cheerleader outfit—stands stage left of throne.

NARRATOR: Francine was blithe and merry, and won the hearts of all who knew her!

FRANCINE: Give me an M.

CROWD: *(Enthusiastically.)* M!

FRANCINE: Give me an E!

CROWD: *(Enthusiastically.)* E!

FRANCINE: Give me another E

CROWD: Another E.

FRANCINE: Give me another E.

CROWD: *(Confused, less enthusiastic.)* Another E...

FRANCINE: What's it spell?

CROWD: *(Three count. Confused.)* We don't know!

FRANCINE: *(Cheers.)* It spells MEEEE... *(Really lengthens it out.)*

It's all about ME! Go...ME!

COURTIER: She is so **blithe!**

CROWD: Blithe!

COURTIER: And merry!

ALL: Merry!

BEULLAH demonstrates impatience and embarrassment at her sister's need to garner attention.

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

BEULLAH: Go...me...yeah... *(Without enthusiasm. Twirls her finger — like, no big deal.)*

NARRATOR: When the sisters' parents died, tragically, from a tragic bungee jumping accident at Disney World...there was a little confusion about who would be queen. They were after all, identical twins...or, they used to be...

ADVISOR: We will settle it the old fashioned way.

ALL: How?

ADVISOR: *(Pause.)* Musical Thrones!

We hear music. FRANCINE and BEULLAH waltz around the throne. When the music stops, Francine taps Beullah on the shoulder, points to distract her, and leaps into the chair.

NARRATOR: And so Francine, employing a technique used by cheerleaders ever after, became queen...

The ADVISOR places a crown on FRANCINE'S head.

NARRATOR: When the sisters became of age, and had to get married...the suitors came in droves—for FRANCINE!

The SUITORS gather together on their knees surrounding FRANCINE. They wave as NARRATOR names them.

There were princes, and dukes, and “shahs,” sons of Wall Street executives...None, sadly, lined up for Beullah.

BEULLAH: Hey! Over here! Over here boys! Plenty of room in this line...no waiting!

NARRATOR: Francine chose Milo, a somewhat dull and uninspired accountant from the firm of King Arthur...Anderson...

And Beullah...didn't find the right husband...because, she was, well, to be honest, sort of difficult to get along with...

BEULLAH: *(Crossing to NARRATOR and staring at him.)* Hey! Thanks for punching ANOTHER hole in my SELF ESTEEM bucket! *(She grabs him by the collar.)* Just so you know, I never forget a grudge! Or a narrator. *(BEULLAH stalks off. Lights down on main stage.)*

NARRATOR: Beullah soon left the castle, and made her home in the Forbidden Forest. She studied dark and arcane magic and became the most powerful enchantress in the realm. Pretty much the ONLY enchantress in the realm. She took for her servants, wild forest trolls.

BEULLAH enters with great fanfare. The TROLLS await her and love her grand entrance.

BEULLAH:

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

The TROLLS love her and fawn on her.

NORBERT: Inspired!

LEMMY: Beautiful!

WALLY: That was totally **WICKED!**

BEULLAH: *(Flattered.)* Boys! Please! You're embarrassing me!

NARRATOR: Beullah vowed one day to take revenge against her sister Francine!

BEULLAH: *(With simmering anger.)* Someday, I will get my revenge!

NARRATOR: She didn't have to wait long, for one day, Beullah got a call from Francine who just had a baby. *(FRANCINE holds swaddled baby doll.)*

We hear a phone ring. A TROLL picks up the receiver.

LEMMY: *(Crusty TROLL voice.)* Hello?

FRANCINE: Hello. This is Queen Francine. Is my sister Beullah there?

LEMMY: *(Looks around.)* Yes...

FRANCINE: Well?

LEMMY: Well, what?

FRANCINE: Can you put her on the phone?

LEMMY: Hmmph. It's for you...it's your sister *(He makes a face.)*
Francine... *(He hands it to BEULLAH. She makes a face.)* It's
never for me... *(He sulks.)*

BEULLAH: Hello?

FRANCINE lounges on the throne, speaking on an old-style phone with attendant holding cord. She begins on the throne, then meanders about the stage.

FRANCINE: So, Beullah, sis'! How are you? Still a single gal?

BEULLAH: First of all, I CHOOSE to be single!

FRANCINE: Not a lot of eligible men in the Forbidden Forest? Eh?

Girl, you've got to get out more! Still surrounding yourself with
those "loser" trolls? They're just holding you back!

TROLLS: *(Insulted.)* Hey!

BEULLAH: *(The trolls look depressed.)* Those TROLLS are my
...MINIONS!

TROLL: Minions!

BEULLAH: My employees! I have a thriving BUSINESS here: spell
casting, curse deploying—

FRANCINE: *(Interrupting.)* —here we go again...I've got a business
blah-blah-blah.

BEULLAH: I'm self employed in the Magical Wizarding and
Enchantress Industry! I've got health care to worry about...listen
Francine, it's tough out here! The economy! It's a troll eat troll
world!

FRANCINE: —I've heard this a thousand—

BEULLAH: —I don't have the luxury of being QUEEN with a life of
leisure...why did you call me, anyway?

FRANCINE: ...I'm wondering if you could do me an itty-bitty, teensy
favor...

BEULLAH: You want a charm. For your newborn daughter!

FRANCINE: Just a little something to make her—

BEULLAH: —intelligent, and kind and—

FRANCINE: Intelligent? Kind? No way! I want her to be **POPULAR**, like me! And also, a great cheerleader! Someone to make her mommy proud! Think you can get this done before the baby's born? Really appreciate it.

BEULLAH: I've got a huge backlog of curses I've got to cast, you know, with all the recent elections and—

FRANCINE: *(Holding the phone away from her, she also makes crackling sounds.)* Honey—my cell phone is losing its charge? Talk to you soon—bye-bye now...

She holds it further and further from her while the ATTENDANTS chuckle. Lights down on main stage.

BEULLAH: *(Disappointed, miffed.)* My own flesh and blood!

TROLLS: Terrible...

BEULLAH: She ignores me for years and NOW *(Insulted.)* she wants me to whip up a CHARM? For her child? *(Bitterly.)* I've been humiliated and ignored for too long!

TROLLS: Too long!

BEULLAH: You know what time it is?

TROLLS: *(Confused. They look at their watches.)* Watch check...

NORBERT: Time?

BEULLAH: No, my fuzzy ones...it's time for a little *payback*, Beullah-style! Boys! Stoke the Fires!

BEULLAH recites this over a cauldron. The TROLLS fawn over her as she does the incantation. It would be a nice touch to have colored lights and smoke here.

Francine will have a child:
Her name shall be Rose
Like a weed she will be,
Rampant and stubborn and wild.

She will be a **tempest**
A **storm**, a **jove**!
By this curse I **swear**
ROSE will **despair**
of ever finding
her heart's true love.

This curse is my gift,
so dearly bought,
A Rose is but a flower,
or so Francine thought!
She will rue the day the child is born
For a Rose, by any other name
SHALL BE A THORN!

Lightning flashes, Thunder sounds. Lights flicker. Beullah has a coughing fit.

TROLL: I think I wet my pants...

NARRATOR: There's a lot of anger there!

BEULLAH: I know...that's what makes the curse so strong!

The NARRATOR steps out of the scene and back downstage as the curtains close...

NARRATOR: Eighteen years go by! Just like that! (*Snaps fingers.*)
the internet got faster, Republicans and Democrats are still fighting
and President Palin is in her 6th term in office (*Or popular local or
national political figure.*) ...and Beullah the Witch...got a whole lot
witchier!

ACT ONE, SCENE 2
BEULLAH'S HUT

BEULLAH: You! Still hanging around after all these years?

NARRATOR: Well, I...

BEULLAH: Get off my stage!

NARRATOR: I'm...narrating this nice little fairy-tale play. Show. Thing.

BEULLAH: Not on my stage you aren't. And, what's with the ridiculous clothes and all the nicey-nice? Scram before I turn you into something unpleasant...like a booger!

TROLLS: BOOGERS! (*Trolls cross to NARRATOR and fawn on narrator.*)

NARRATOR: But these nice people came to see a wholesome, entertaining play.

BEULLAH: Not on my watch! Listen, these people don't want FORREST GUMP, they want FORBIDDEN FOREST. They don't want *wholesome*. They want violence—

TROLLS: VIOLENCE!

BEULLAH: - and CONFLICT

TROLLS: CONFLICT!

BEULLAH: And **vengeance**!

TROLLS: (*They draw out the word.*) V E N G E A N C E!

BEULLAH: They want a WITCH! I'm not your friendly neighborhood AVON lady, buster—I'm BEULLAH the witch—your worst nightmare! Boys!

The TROLLS surround BEULLAH and NARRATOR.

NARRATOR: I'll have you know, I have a signed contract...right here!

NARRATOR takes contract out. BEULLAH takes it and hands it to a troll who quickly tears/gnaws it to shreds.

BEULLAH: Looks like your contract, has been cancelled.

NARRATOR: But...I'm in the UNION!

BEULLAH: *(Beat.)* Pretend you're in Wisconsin... *(To Trolls.)* Boys!
Do you mind showing the nice narrator OUT!

TROLLS escort the NARRATOR off stage with great enthusiasm. We hear a scream of terror.

BEULLAH: That's better! *(To audience.)* Can you believe the nerve of some people? Waltzing into someone's home like they own the joint?

The TROLLS return licking their fingers.

NORBERT: That was tasty!

LEMMY: A nice morsel.

WALLY: She *[Or he]* tasted like chicken!

NORBERT: A delectable blend of **naughty** and **nice**

LEMMY: Sweet and sour!

BEULLAH: *(Alarmed.)* Boys! Did you eat the narrator?

The TROLLS look guilty and point fingers at one another.

Good for you!

The TROLLS are relieved.

We need someone to tell **my** side of the story! Make the **witch** look **good** for once!

TROLLS: Yeah, yeah... *(Ad-lib.)* HOW?

BEULLAH: *(Snaps her fingers.)* We find a new narrator! Go get one!
(She points to the audience.)

The TROLLS come down off the stage and walk to the first couple of rows, scanning the crowd for a narrator. Finally, they choose an actor planted in the first row. The TROLLS grab this person by the ear, or the scruff of the shirt, and drag him or her up on stage.

BEULLAH: Lemmy? Lemmy? Try the one next to that one...Wally?

What about that one?

WALLY: Too sour. Plus, he smells like goat cheese!

BEULLAH: Norbert? You got one? Boys!

TROLLS: Just right!

BEULLAH: Bring him *[Or her]* up!

NARRATOR 2: *(Resisting slightly.)* I don't want to be a narrator!

BEULLAH: Why not?

The TROLLS ooh and ah, and sniff the new narrator, eagerly anticipating a terrific new meal!

NARRATOR 2: I saw what happened to the first one!

BEULLAH: Don't be such a baby! Here's your script: READ!

NARRATOR 2 begins to read silently.

BEULLAH: OUT LOUD! Dunderhead!

The new NARRATOR is clearly nervous; his hands shake.

NARRATOR 2: Ix na fortrab, zotneilg bloptim ka-choinga...I'm sorry, I don't understand a single word—

BEULLAH sighs, then turns the narrator's script right side up.

NARRATOR 2: *(Continues.)* Oh... *(NARRATOR 2 clears throat and begins anew.)*

"The trolls eat the first narrator, and after declaring him *[Or her]* scrumptious."

TROLLS: Scrumptious!

NARRATOR 2: —forcibly choose a second narrator, from the first couple rows of the audience. Make sure to choose a nervous character who appears to be socially awkward and easily intimidated—

BEULLAH: Don't read the stage directions, read the DIALOGUE!

NARRATOR 2: How do I know...you didn't say...how am I supposed to—

BEULLAH: READ!

NARRATOR 2: (*Irritated, put out.*) So, the newly acquired narrator began reading thusly:

“Beullah prided herself on being the meanest person—er witch—in the whole kingdom. If not the entire world.”

BEULLAH: Come my little dumplings! Gather round. It's time to visit with the Magic Mirror!

BEULLAH moves to the mirror. The TROLLS gather around her.

Mirror mirror on the wall,
Which is the foulest **who** of all?

TROLLS look confused; this isn't how it's supposed to go. They ad-lib confusion.

WALLY: I think that's wrong!

BEULLAH: Strike that! Re-boot!

Mirror mirror on the wall
WHO is the foulest WITCH of all?
Whose hair curls like wisps of smoke?
Whose breath is like death's dark cloak?
Whose nails are like talons
To draw blood by the gallons?
Whose skin is like leather?
Yet, who's as light as a feather?

She gets louder.

Who strikes fear in every one's heart?
Who's devilish and fiendish, and diabolically smart?

LOUDER.

Who **hates** her twin sister Francine
And will one day be the undisputed heavyweight QUEEN!

*Sound of thunder crashing, lightning, etc. Nothing, however, happens.
BEULLAH hits the side of the mirror like it's a faulty T.V.*

NORBERT: It's not working!

TROLLS ad-lib agreement and disappointment.

LEMMY: Maybe? Maybe...the cable is out?

NORBERT: Did someone forget to pay the cable bill?

BEULLAH: (*Sarcastically.*) We DON'T HAVE cable! We use a DISH,
you missing links!

TROLLS cower in fear. BEULLAH fusses with her hair, then tries again.

Mirror, mirror, on the wall
Who is the foulest witch of all?
Yada yada yada,
bippity boppity boop

*The MIRROR pops up, simply behind the flat. MIRROR is yawning
and rubbing his eyes.*

MIRROR: Witchy face! Trolls! Give me some paw! (*They do.*) What's
happenin'? ...Witchy wah wah! What did you do to your hair? It
look horrifying!

BEULLAH: (*Flattered, primps hair. Maybe a little shyly. Beat.*) Thank
you. It's from my **What Not to Wear** collection!

MIRROR: Trolls! Can you get your old pal mirror a cup a joe? You
got anything "witchy and delishy" brewing in your Mr. Coffee?

TROLLS improv getting the MIRROR some coffee.

BEULLAH: Mirror?

MIRROR: Yes, Beullah?

BEULLAH: You. Are. Late.

MIRROR: *(Holds up hand.)* So I am. Mea culpa. Mea culpa, me needa culpa joe! *(Addressing TROLLS.)* Troll brothers, Mr. Mirror had a late night with the ladies! *[Or the gents]*

TROLLS display admiration.

BEULLAH: MIRROR! Focus! I need to know: who is the foulest creature in all the land!

MIRROR: Oh! No question about it! Drum roll lads...the undisputed heavyweight nasty of the kingdom and the entire un-civilized world is... *(He reads from a ticker tape.)* um...hmmm. Huh. That's a surprise...not you...

TROLLS gasp in astonishment and cower.

TROLLS: Ooooh. Not good!

BEULLAH: What!?

MIRROR: I'm just the messenger!...You're still my favorite bad apple in the whole bunch, girl!

BEULLAH: Mirror! TELL ME! Who out-evils me!

MIRROR: I can't! It goes against the Fairy Tales and Magical Creatures Act!

BEULLAH holds up a hammer!

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

BEULLAH: I'll. Take. My. Chances! *(She readies to swing.)*

MIRROR: *(Sighs defeatedly.)* It's your niece! Princess Rose!

BEULLAH: My niece! Isn't she still a baby?

MIRROR: Not anymore! She's a...a... *(Frightened.)* teenager!

ALL: NO! NOT A TEENAGER!

LEMMY: The horror! Teenagers!

WALLY: The most evil life form on the planet!

BEULLAH: Come on, you expect me? To believe? That a mere TEENAGER can be that bad? *(She pauses.)* Can they? I'll have to see for myself!!

BEULLAH weaves another spell:

Eye of Newt
And Warts of Frog
Blackest soot and
Hound of Dog
By my littlest, magical bone *(She places finger by eye.)*
Mirror, show me the Castle Throne!

ACT ONE, SCENE 3 THE CASTLE THRONE ROOM

Curtain opens to reveal the Throne Room. ROSE sits in the THRONE. Courtiers and attendants are present.

NARRATOR 2: Yes, Rose was a teenager...

ROSE seeing NARRATOR 2, rises to address him.

ROSE: Who are you? Get...get out of my throne room!

NARRATOR 2: I'm the—

ROSE: Did I ask you to speak? No! So zip it! *(Checks her cell phone.)* Hey! People! I'm getting ZERO reception here. Who's checking into this? **Anyone?**

ATTENDANTS scramble in hopes of helping improve her reception.

ATTENDANT: I'll check into it my princess!

ROSE: HEY! *(She checks watch.)* It's noon! Where is my lunch, you incompetent dweebs! I've been hungry now for *(she checks watch)* a **minute** and a **half**, and I'm. Losing. Patience!

ATTENDANTS: Yes, m' lady! *(Maids scramble to get it.)*

ROSE: And WHERE is the royal nail specialist? Today is the day I get my nails done!

ATTENDANT: Right away, Princess!

ROSE: All of you! Get out of here!

ROSE sits back down on throne but is distracted by something in the first row. She rises and moves down stage to address the first couple rows of the audience.

ROSE: Hey. Put your cell phone away! Do I come into YOUR house and talk? Laugh it up? Buddy! If I have to come down there, one of us WILL be sorry...And I guarantee it won't be me! *(She points to another.)* YOU! Stop talking to your neighbor. Eyes up here. On me! *(Turns to another.)* And what are **YOU** looking at? You got a problem?

BEULLAH: Wow! She's good!

LEMMY: I wet my pants...

WALLY: I think I love her!

ROSE: *(Looks over at TROLLS with disgust.)* Excuse me...am I talking to you? No. Is this your scene? No! So, shut your FACE, before I shut it for you!

Enter ADVISOR who looks dismayed. ROSE stands with a look of defiance.

ROSE: Oh, there you are you miserable excuse for an advisor! Say, do you know whose **birthday** it is today? Huh? MINE! That's whose! Do I see a party? NO! Do I see a shower of gifts? Double no!

ADVISOR: If you look in the driveway, you will see a state of the art brand-new carriage—

But by this time ROSE has already reached the window and looked out. And what she finds does not please her.

ROSE: (*Shouting.*) Are you kidding me? I wanted a SILVER carriage!
With a HOT TUB! Do I see a HOT TUB? NO! Imbeciles!
Incompetents! Nincompoops!

Lights down on stage.

NARRATOR 2: ROSE has been SPOILED ROTTEN! See, she has
been raised by court advisors ever since her parents died a tragic
death...

FRANCINE: I'm still here...

NARRATOR 2: I'm sorry...we wrote you out...

FRANCINE: Wrote me out?

NARRATOR 2: Had to...

FRANCINE: How did I go? Big funeral? Flowers?

NARRATOR 2: It was nice! You didn't really suffer. Much. Now, if
you exit now, you'll get your final paycheck...

FRANCINE: Thank you.

She exits.

NARRATOR 2: (*To audience.*) Actually, it was kind of horrible.
Skydiving! SPLAT!

FRANCINE: (*Offstage.*) I heard that!

NARRATOR 2: Where were we? Oh, yes. Princess Rose!

ROSE paces back and forth in anger.

NARRATOR 2: If ROSE was told one thing, she did the opposite.
She yelled when she was in a foul mood, and screamed when she
was in a good mood. She was horrible! Everybody was afraid of
her. The maids? Afraid! The cooks? Afraid! Even the knights were
horrified by the Princess! (*ROSE walks by the KNIGHTS and
makes them flinch.*)

And that is why her nickname was...

ROSE overhears NARRATOR 2.

The Royal Pain!

ROSE: I can hear you, you idiot! Royal Pain! How would **you** like to experience the meaning of the word “**pain**”?! First-hand? (*She grabs NARRATOR 2 by the ear and hurries him off stage.*) Get off my stage you worthless fool!

ROSE throws him off stage. As she returns to center stage, she stops and coldly looks at the audience and gets a deadly gleam in her eye.

You want a piece of this? Huh?

Lights down on MAIN STAGE.

ACT ONE, SCENE 4
BEULLAH'S HUT

MIRROR: Remember, the curse you made earlier in the play?

BEULLAH: One of my finest!

MIRROR: It worked! Boy did it work!

BEULLAH: Of course it worked! I've got great stuff! I'm the one who won Witch Weekly's Wicked Witch of the Week? For 13 weeks in a row! Remember? And I was nominated for Spell's A-Poppin' Curse of the Year eight years running!

MIRROR: I'm just saying, your curse may have worked TOO well! She out-evils you!

LEMMY: She's a child prodigy! Of evil!

MIRROR: I knew she wasn't going to like hearing this.

BEULLAH: (*Imitating the trolls.*) OF COURSE I don't LIKE hearing it! (*They cower. She pauses, and says slowly.*) I **LOVE** it!

ALL: Huh?

NORBERT: Witchy? You okay? Cause, we thought we just heard—

BEULLAH: You heard correctly, my little dumplings...I LOVE IT!

She reaches down to scratch one of them behind the ears; he moves his leg like a dog.

BEULLAH: For this means I'm one step closer to the throne!

BEULLAH stands next to her chair like it's a throne.

ALL: Huh?

BEULLAH: When PRINCESS ROSE comes of age, she will ascend the throne. BUT, she must FIRST be MARRIED! And who...in his right mind, would want to marry HER? Huh?

ALL: No one!

BEULLAH: Right! No one.

LEMMY: It kind of sort of depends on how desperate I was...

BEULLAH: And if she isn't married, then the throne descends to the next most available ROYAL person...namely...

ALL TROLLS: You!

BEULLAH: Years after losing the throne! Years after being ignored by all those cheerful, preppy pom-pom girls and their boyfriends...I finally have my shot at world domination—

ALL: World?

BUELLAH: And that means that I, Beullah the wicked, Beullah the fine, will ascend the throne... (*She stands.*) It will FINALLY BE MINE!

ACT ONE, SCENE 5
JONATHAN'S HOUSE

This scene can be performed in front of the curtain.

NARRATOR 2: What Beullah said was right, if Princess Rose isn't married by her coming of age, then Beullah will command the realm. But finding the right suitor—finding **any** suitor—did prove next to impossible...

One such suitor was Jonathan, a rather dull-witted assistant sheep herder from a nearby village.

Lights up on opposite sides of the stage. JONATHAN'S parents stand with Jonathan to one side. He looks dumb.

VERNA: Oh what are we going to do, Vargas? Our son Jonathan is too dull and slow-witted to ever make it in the highly technical world of sheep herding...oh what do we do?

VARGAS: I don't know Verna, and I don't want him hanging around the basement for eternity either...I saw in the paper today that the Princess Rose is soon to come of age...and become queen!

VERNA: What has that got to do with—

VARGAS: *(Holds up hand.)* She needs a husband! Or the throne is forfeited to the next in line—

VERNA: And that is?

VARGAS: Beullah! The Witch of the Forbidden Forest.

JONATHAN: Forest? I like forests...they're full of...trees...

VERNA: See, it's hopeless...

NARRATOR: Jonathan's parents, along with his friends, Murray and Kaiso, tried to offer their support and advice on winning the hand of a fair—or not-so-fair—damsel.

VERNA: Remember, Jonathan. Be charming.

VARGAS: Mom's right. Be charming, but don't overdo it! Don't say too much! Actually, the less you say, the better!

VERNA: And smile! A lot. But, not too much! You'll look dumb.

MURRAY: But don't look stupid either. Laugh at her jokes if she makes any. And if she threatens you with bodily harm, take it like a man.

KAISO: How are you going to break the ice?

JONATHAN: Ice?

MURRAY: The princess. How are you going to get her to notice you?

JONATHAN: *(Smiling.)* Oh...I thought I'd begin with a song.
(Intentionally terrible.) "Feelings. Nothing more than feelings..."

ALL: No singing!

NARRATOR: The time finally came for Jonathan and his friends to make their way to the castle to win the hand of Princess Rose.

VARGAS: Goodbye son...

JONATHAN: Goodbye Dad...

VERNA: Goodbye Jonathan.

JONATHAN: Goodbye, Mother.

VERNA: Good luck to you, son.

JONATHAN: Good luck to you too, Mom!

NARRATOR 2: ...Jonathan wasn't the sharpest tool—

JONATHAN: *(To NARRATOR.)* I got it, okay. I'm not that smart. I get it!

NARRATOR 2: And so, they made their way...finally, after many goodbyes, to the castle...

JONATHAN, KAISO, and MURRAY exit.

VERNA: Goodbye boys...

VARGAS: *(To Verna.)* Hurry and pack. Maybe we can move out before they come back...

ACT ONE, SCENE 6
THE CASTLE

Young men wait in line with numbers around their necks; the numbers are 1187, 1188, 1189. They are obviously waiting for the chance to woo PRINCESS ROSE.

JONATHAN: Kaiso, Murray! So, I'm here to woo the princess? What do I have to offer her? I'm just a poor assistant uh...assistant...what am I assistant to again?

KAISO: Technically, you're the **assistant** to the **assistant** sheep herder.

JONATHAN: I can't even get **that** right. Plus, I'm not very *(Pauses to think.)* ...you know...what's that word again?

MURRAY: Smart?

JONATHAN: Right...I'm just not very...smrat.

KAISO: That's part of your charm...

MURRAY: Be yourself. Relax.

KAISO: Come on...let's get in line!

SUITOR 1: *(To other suitors.)* You guys here to court the princess?

SUITOR 2: Yeah! I understand that the Royal Pain—I mean—Rose, must be married before she can become queen.

SUITOR 3: So I've heard.

SUITOR 2: What are your numbers? *(The numbers are on the backs of the suitors.)*

SUITOR 1: 1187.

SUITOR 2: Mine's 1188.

JONATHAN: You don't think she's gone through a *(Beat.)* **thousand** eligible young men? *(ALL make an uncomfortable laugh.)*

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

Suddenly, out of nowhere, comes a young man, screaming, running for his life. The suitor is wearing number 1186. JONATHAN, MURRAY and KAISO enter just then.

PRINCE: Help me! She's insane! HELP!

The crowd gasps, terrified, as he hides behind throne. ROSE enters with sword drawn.

ROSE: *(In a sing-song voice.)* Princey! Here boy! Here boy!

PRINCE: Help me! HELP me! *(To ROSE.)* You're crazy! Nuts!

ROSE: What's Princey afraid of? Not this "little" sword?

PRINCE: *(To crowd.)* She nicked me! *(Checks for bleeding.)*

ADVISOR: Now, ROSE. Put the sword down!

ROSE: NO!

PRINCE screams again, crowd in chaos, PRINCE beats a hasty exit!

ROSE: *(Proudly.)* Another one bites the dust! *(She dusts off her hands.)*

ADVISOR: *(TO ROSE.)* Princess Rose, you have attacked, intimidated, or frightened off most of your suitors. *(Looks at clipboard.)*

ROSE: *(Smiles.)* What can I say? When you got it, you got it!

ADVISOR: I hope you're finished—

ROSE: —I've still got one annoying meddling advisor to take care of...

ADVISOR: Well miss sassy pants, THIS advisor gets PAID for meddling, and he isn't about to cow-tow to some **spoiled**, rotten to the core, **ROYAL PAIN!**

The CROWD "ooohs." By the time the ADVISOR gets done with his speech, he and ROSE are nose to nose.

ROSE: Wanna bet?

ADVISOR: You must be married in *(Looks at timepiece.)* less than 24 hours! But it's no surprise why we're struggling to marry you off!

CROWD "ooohs."

ROSE: *(Truly angry.)* How dare you! When I marry, it will be to whom I choose! And no one, not even a *(Pause.)* puffed up, addle-pated twit will make me! *(ROSE stalks off stage.)*

ADVISOR: Where do you think **you're** going?

ROSE: My ROOM! *(She exits. As she does, she growls at JONATHAN, MURRAY and KAISO. The latter two fall down.)*

JONATHAN: Kaiso! Murray! Is THAT the girl I'm supposed to marry?

MURRAY and KAISO look sheepish.

KAISO: Well...let's pack it up and go back home to our miserable lives in the village—

JONATHAN: She is totally...**AMAZING!**

CROWD: What?

JONATHAN: She's the most beautiful—the best cutest, the most smratest *(misspelling intentional)* princess I've ever seen.... I am **TOTALLY** in LOVE with her!

The CROWD ewws.

ACT ONE, SCENE 7 **BEULLAH'S HUT**

BEULLAH and ALL have been watching events unfold via the MAGIC MIRROR.

BEULLAH: Thank you MIRROR...the throne is so close I can taste it!

NORBERT: I bet it won't taste as good as that first narrator!

The trolls laugh.

BEULLAH: But...we have a problem!

TROLLS: What?

BEULLAH: That lame brain Jonathan! He wants to marry her!

LEMMY: But...would **SHE** want to marry **him**?

WALLY: Not a chance!

BEULLAH: Caution, my little troglodytes! If there's a chance...however slim, I have to take action. Come here... *(They gather around her.)* You three...have to kidnap...the princess.

LEMMY: But...but...she's MEAN!

WALLY: And CRUEL!

NORBERT: And her arms are, well, she's downright BURLY!

BEULLAH: You'll get the princess or I'll turn you into bricks, and make you into an outhouse!

TROLLS: OKAY! OKAY! We get it! Steal the princess!

Lights down.

**ACT ONE, SCENE 8
HALLWAY**

Two GUARDS stand in front of main curtain. They are "guarding" Princess Rose's room. They can repeat the phrase "Who goes there?" using funny voices and gestures.

GUARD 1: Who goes there?

GUARD 2: Who goes there!

GUARD 1: Who goes there?

GUARD 2: Who goes there!

GUARD 1: Who goes there?

GUARD 2: Who goes there!

ROSE: *(Enters.)* Out of my WAY!

GUARD 1: Stop!

GUARD 2: *(Proudly.)* We are the Royal...Gardeners!

ROSE: *(Confused.)* Gardeners? *(Beat.)* You mean **guards**?

GUARD 1: That's it! We're guards! We're supposed to stand here and say stuff like, "Who goes there?"

GUARD 2: "Who goes there?"

GUARD 1: "Who goes there?"

GUARD 2: "Who goes there?"

GUARD 1: "Who goes there?"

ROSE: Imbeciles!

GUARDS: Hello, "Imbeciles"!

ROSE: No, you idiots! I'm Rose! The princess!

GUARD 2: You could be Oprah Winfrey, for all I, but, WE have to stand here and say: "Who goes there?"

GUARD 1: Who goes there!

GUARD 2: "Who goes there?"

GUARD 1: "Who goes there?"

ROSE: Focus. Here. On. Me.

GUARD 1: (*To ROSE.*) Any identification? ID? Social Security Card?

GUARD 2: Passport? Visa?

GUARD 1: Mastercard?

ROSE swiftly takes the GUARD'S sword and has it at his throat.

ROSE: How's this for ID? Now, if you give me any more trouble, I'll cut off your head! And drink from your skull!

GUARD 2: Why, it **is** the princess!

GUARD 1: Okay, okay! (*As she lets him go.*) Have a good night now!

ROSE stalks off stage, or through the curtain, angry and impetuous. The ADVISOR enters from opposite direction scaring the guards.

GUARDS: Ahhhh!

GUARD 1: (*Sees ADVISOR.*) Oh. It's you! Boss!

ADVISOR: You two—make sure the princess stays in her chamber. She is to be married within 24 hours.

The GUARDS begin clutching their stomachs and laughing at the outrageousness of such a thing!

GUARD 1: (*Laughing.*) What mook would marry her?

GUARD 2: That's a good one!

ADVISOR: Don't let anyone IN or OUT of her room!

GUARD 1: Got it!

GUARD 2: Right-O!

ADVISOR: Be careful! She's slippery!

GUARD 1: Slip and slide!

ADVISOR: Keep your eyes peeled!

GUARD 2: Peeled! Like po—ta—toes!

GUARD 1: Banana Peel!

GUARD 2: Emma Peel!

ADVISOR: Would you two knock it OFF! Do as I say! *(He enters ROSE'S chamber.)*

GUARD 1: Okay...so the princess is to be married...You get a memo for that?

GUARD 2: Nope! No one tells us anything!

GUARD 1: I KNOW! Remember a few years ago? No one told us about the Black Plague until our fingers fell off! *(Holds up hand, fingers hidden.)*

GUARD 2: And remember? No one told us when the Beatles broke up!

GUARD 1: *(Upset.)* EXCUSE me? What did—

GUARD 2: The Beatles. Broke up.

GUARD 1: *(Crying.)* What? NOOOO! You sure? I KNEW that darn Yoko Ono was no good!

The lights go down as they console one another.

ACT ONE, SCENE 9 ROSE'S CHAMBER

ROSE paces back and forth, fuming. ADVISOR is there, too.

ROSE: No one can make me do something I don't want to do!

ADVISOR: You got that right! But your marriage is the law. Your mother was bound by it, and her mother before her, and so on...if it wasn't for your parent's unfortunate scuba accident...

ROSE: Scuba? I thought it was sky diving?

ADVISOR: Whatever—your position as princess dictates the things you must do. Your roles, your duties, and they must be carried out whether you agree with them in principle or not.

ROSE: What if I don't WANT to be QUEEN or get married? What if I wish to be left ALONE?

ADVISOR: *(Pauses.)* As you wish... *(ADVISOR exits.)*

ROSE opens door to bird cage.

ROSE: At least YOU can be free my friend.

She lets it fly free. It drops to the ground, dead. She sighs. ROSE is left looking out her balcony window wistfully as the lights fade down.

ACT ONE, SCENE 10
ROSE'S CHAMBER

ADVISOR: *(Exiting. To guards.)* Remember...nobody in, nobody out!

ADVISOR exits. The TROLLS enter. They are dressed as painter's and carry empty cans, rollers, etc.

GUARD 1: Who goes...? Who are you?

NORBERT: We're painters... *(WALLY and NORBERT nod vigorously.)*

GUARD 2: *(He checks a clipboard.)* I don't see you on any list.

WALLY: Oh... *(Looks at other trolls.)* That's too bad. I'm sure Princess ROSE won't care that her chamber makeover doesn't happen.

NORBERT: She's...so **even-tempered**...she'll get over it...

LEMMY: She'll probably just have you—

WALLY: —drawn and quartered.

NORBERT: Then burnt at the stake!

WALLY: With oven-roasted potatoes, and some Buffalo-style seasonings...beef stock, sauteed onions, and just a hint—just a taste—of garlic...

TROLLS: Garlic!

GUARDS: *(Frightened, look at one another.)* Right! In 'ya go!

ACT ONE, SCENE 11
ROSE'S CHAMBER

ROSE is packing her bags and muttering to herself.

ROSE: I just can't take it anymore. Marriage. To a stranger! To an idiot! How ridiculous! I'm too young to be tied down to anything that requires so much commitment. Queen! Right! I think I'll try my luck in the Forbidden Forest. I mean, it can't be any worse than —

The TROLLS leap into her chamber dressed as painters.

NORBERT: A-ha! We caught you!

WALLY: With the element of surprise!

ROSE: No. You didn't... And who or what—are you? You're going to surprise me with a chamber makeover? You're not painters!

LEMMY: How do you know?

ROSE: You're too furry. And you smell bad!

NORBERT and WALLY point to LEMMY.

LEMMY: We are the right honorable forest trolls. We strike fear in the hearts of millions!

WALLY: We terrorize children.

LEMMY: Small innocent creatures.

NORBERT: And Girl Scouts!

ROSE: *(Laughs defiantly.)* Do I look like a child? Or a Girl Scout?

LEMMY: You **should** be afraid: we ate the first narrator!

WALLY: He tasted like chicken!

ROSE: Yeah! Talk to me after you've sent 1000 suitors running for their lives! Okay?

WALLY: *(Impressed.)* We know. We saw it on our Magic Mirror. It was really something!

ROSE: Then you know I'm not someone to be trifled with!

NORBERT: *(Whining.)* But we were given a job to do!

ROSE: What? Paint my room a neutral color? Look my little friends, I'm a busy gal and you're wasting my time! What are you really here for?

NORBERT: *(Reluctantly, sheepishly.)* To...kidnap you.

ROSE: Who sent you? Was it that Jonathan sheep herder dunce, huh?

LEMMY: No! It was Beullah the Wicked Witch of the Forbidden Forest!

ROSE: Why?

WALLY: To prevent you from getting married!

NORBERT: And becoming queen!

ROSE: *(Interested.)* What? What did you say? Say it again!

LEMMY: To stop you from getting married—

WALLY: And becoming queen!

ROSE: *(Looks upward like a prayer has been answered.)* Thank you. *(Interested now.)*

NORBERT: If you don't marry nice boy...

WALLY: ...then wicked Beullah becomes queen!

ROSE: *(Enthusiastic.)* Wait! Wait! Let me get this straight: YOU want to kidnap ME, take me away from here, so that this Beullah the wicked whatever can become queen? Instead of me? *(The trolls nod vigorously. Happy.)* Okay! You got your girl! I'm sold! Let's get going!

TROLLS: *(Pause.)* Really?

ROSE: Sure! What's your plan? You know, to get me out of here?

NORBERT: Plan?

ROSE: You just can't waltz in, take a princess and...

TROLLS look at one another, bereft of plan.

ROSE: You don't have a plan. You thought you'd enter a fortified castle, kidnap a princess and just....escape? With me under your hairy, smelly arms? Note to trolls: do you guys ever take a shower?

LEMMY: We're just improvising.

WALLY: Making it up!

NORBERT: Shower?

ROSE: (*Reproachfully.*) What kind of kidnappers ARE you ? You're the WORST kidnappers ever!

The trolls look sheepish.

Lucky for you, I'm here and I have an idea. See this carpet?

NORBERT: Is it...a magic carpet?

WALLY: Are we going to sail out the window and through the air like Aladdin? "Please extinguish all smoking materials. If the cabin should depressurize—"

ROSE: NO!, My feebleminded friends. Do you at least have a ransom note?

TROLLS: Ransom note?

NORBERT: —we don't know how to read.

LEMMY: Or write.

ROSE: Ugh...Do I have to do everything?

ROSE takes a quill and parchment from a nearby table. Using the back of a troll as a desk she begins writing.

"Dear Royal Subjects of the Kingdom. We, the right honorary forest trolls have taken Princess Rose. By the time you read this, she will have been transported to the Forbidden Forest where the princess will be summarily eaten. (*Pause.*) Have a nice day. Yours truly and sincerely with respect, the Forest Trolls."

What are your names?

TROLLS: Lemmy, Norbert, Wally.

ROSE: Really? Those are your names...

LEMMY: I'm really a Lemmy, Jr. but...

ROSE writes these names.

ROSE: Okay! That should do it! Wrap me up in the rug, and carry me out!

ROSE lays down, the TROLLS gather around her, and the lights go down.

ACT ONE, SCENE 12
CASTLE HALLWAY

The GUARDS stand but appear to be sleeping. The TROLLS “carrying” ROSE, stealthily make their way across the stage. They accidentally drop the ransom note on the ground.

GUARD 1: Who goes the—oh, it's you guys! The painters!

GUARD 2: Done already?

GUARD 1: I say, pretty fast for painters.

GUARD 2: Usually, they hang around for weeks.

GUARD 1: Need help?

GUARD 2: Looks mighty heavy.

NORBERT: It is! Excruciating.

WALLY: Like a ton of bricks!

The KNIGHTS help the TROLLS. They all stagger under the “heavy load” of the princess. They should wiggle like it's a difficult task to carry the princess.

GUARD 1: Woa! It is like a ton of bricks.

GUARD 2: Heaviest thing ever! I'll have to see my chiropractor!

GUARDS help off stage right. Then resume their positions. ADVISOR enters, picks up the ransom note and reads it. ADVISOR is ANGRY.

GUARD 1: Nice boys, them!

GUARD 2: Yup! (Beat.) Kind of ugly though!

GUARD 1: (Spelling it aloud.) U-G-L-E! Ugly! You said it!

ADVISOR: (Stalking, from stage left.) Have you two been here the whole time?

GUARD 1: Yes, sir! Ma'am. Yes!

ADVISOR: Did you SEE anything SUSPICIOUS?

GUARD 2: Not a peep! (*Smiles.*) Why?

ADVISOR: The PRINCESS ROSE has been KIDNAPPED!

GUARD 2: Kidnapped? When?

GUARD 1: By whom?

ADVISOR: Just now! You say no one passed through these halls.

GUARD 1: Just the princess. A little while ago.

GUARD 2: She was angry, and went to her room!

GUARD 1: She nicked me with a sword!

GUARD 2: You should see a doctor. You don't want an infection—or anything.

ADVISOR: (*Patiently.*) Did you see the PRINCESS or **ANYONE** leave her chamber?

GUARDS look at one another.

GUARD 2: No.

GUARD 1: ...not unless you mean the painters!

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