

AND THEY ALL LIVED...

By Forrest Musselman

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CHARACTERS

NARRATOR/FAIRY GODMOTHER	SHE tells the story and is very kind in nature.
WICKED WITCH	SHE is very, very mean.
BIG BAD WOLF	HE is all bark but no bite and exhibits a lot of dog mannerisms.
RUMPLESTILTSKIN	SHE / HE is the joker of the group.
GOLDILOCKS	SHE has that annoying habit of saying "like" most of the time, and is generally annoying all of the time.
PIG #3	SHE was the pig that foiled the Big Bad Wolf the first time and is now extremely paranoid.
BABY BEAR	HE / SHE has never really recovered from the first home invasion and is having some anger management issues.
GIANT	HE / SHE is really just a big baby and drives everyone nuts by rhyming all the time.
THE PRINCE	HE tends to be a bit vain and pompous, but it's really just a cover for being too self-conscious about being left-handed.
CINDERELLA	SHE tends to be very meek due to the abuse from her stepsisters, but she is the true heroine.
SLEEPING BEAUTY	SHE is very, very sleepy.
WOODSMAN	HE hangs out in the forest a lot and is always willing to help.

TIME & PLACE

The present. In Onceuponatime Land.

PRODUCTION NOTES

This play was designed for the one-act competition, so the time should run around thirty to thirty-five minutes.

The original set consisted of various platforms basically used to create different levels for blocking. Two enormous muslin sails with writing on them were placed in a backward V pattern behind the platforms to create a look of an open book.

Costumes consist of large gray sacks that fit over the actors. The colorful costumes worn by each character are hidden underneath.

There are no props.

The original production used invisible fluorescent paint on the muslin sails and gray sacks. When the “color change” occurred, black lights were turned on and the color magically appeared. This, however, may prove to be too expensive for some school’s budgets, so however the “color change” is created is totally up to the director.

SPECIAL THANKS TO

The original cast and crew of this play who sacrificed their time to gather around an old chalkboard in the theater to help create these wonderful characters and ideas: Bre Bunke, Katie Lynn Humble, Eric Fiksdal, Stephanie Agrimson, Rachel Breitenbach, Nikki Gordinier, Erica Hart, Katie Heimgartner, Chris Hoegh, Krin Hoiland, Michelle Kahoun, Mickey Moe, Natalie Grindland and Kari Laumb.

All those in the Rushford-Peterson community who helped support our experiments in theater.

My cute wife, Melisa, who is the best theater critic in the world and willing to ride on a bumpy school bus with fourteen hyper teen-agers, and my little bug, Jackson.

“And They All Lived” was first performed on January 22nd, 2000 at the One Act Play Festival in Rushford, Minnesota.

AND THEY ALL LIVED . . .

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AT RISE: *The lights come up to reveal the main curtain is still closed. The FAIRY GODMOTHER/NARRATOR enters from behind it and nonchalantly strolls to a bar stool where SHE picks up a book. SHE leafs through a few pages and finds a story that SHE likes. SHE begins to read.*

NARRATOR: Once upon a time there was a fairy tale land called Onceuponatime. It was a wondrous land, full of grand adventures and interesting characters like talking evil wolves, kind woodsmen, magical fairy godmothers and stepmothers who were always mean. The poor peasant girl always fell in love with the prince and everyone usually lived happily ever after. **(Enter the EVIL WITCH and mimes the following paragraph.)** That is, until, the most dark and powerful, evil stepmother-slash-witch finally became sick of always losing out to basically everyone and took it upon herself to create one of the most amazing spells ever made. With a single wave of her hand, she washed away all the color from Onceuponatime and turned it into a gray and drab land, keeping all the color in herself to enjoy. **(Curtain slowly opens. WITCH exits. Characters slowly walk on.)** Devastated by the loss of color, the characters gave up on all the grand adventures they were on and began to wander the land aimlessly. Many years went by until, finally, the helpful woodsman sent out word of a meeting where the problem of grayness would be solved. Characters traveled from far and wide to the meeting area and, when enough people had arrived, the Woodsman started the meeting. **(Characters begin to mime the dialogue.)** “We all know why we are here,” said the Woodsman. “The evil stepmother-slash-witch has stolen our color and has disrupted our lives.” “That’s for sure,” said the great and powerful Giant. “I don’t know how I’m going to go on with my life anymore.

(GIANT’s voice overlaps. NARRATOR exits with the stool.)

GIANT: I don’t know how I’m going to go on with my life anymore.
This new life has affected me to the core.
My beautiful bean stalk shriveled up and died the other day,
because, since all fluids have turned gray,
I sprayed it with window cleaner instead of water, hey.
Anyway, then my pet that lays the golden eggs... my goose

only lays gray blobs and is of no use.

Since the eggs aren't gold, I have no money.

Since I have no money, I can't feed my tummy.

We are both on the brink of starving to death.

Some days I feel like taking my last breath. (***begins to cry and sob***)

WOODSMAN: Well, no offense, Giant, but now you know how Jack felt when he tried to steal the goose. Take a gander at all of us. We've all felt some sort of loss because of the gray.

GOLDBLOCKS: Like, no kidding, Giant. Like, what's the point of checking out houses now... they all look the same? Now that, like, the color is gone I can't enjoy putting on make-up anymore.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: (***yawns***) Goldilocks is right. Since the color left, my prince lost interest in me and left without even giving me a kiss. Now, I'm so sad, I just wish I could go back to sleep again.

RUMPLESTILTSKIN: I agree with Sleeping Beauty. I used to love dancing around the fire at night, but now it gives off no color. It's not even fun spinning straw into gold anymore. (***jumps off of platform and gets hurt***)

WOODSMAN: I feel your pain, Rumpelstiltskin. After a long day of cutting down trees, I too, would enjoy a nice evening fire to relax me.

BIG BAD WOLF: Yeah, we gotta get that color back.

GOLDBLOCKS: Why should you get it back? So you can go back to your killing ways?

BIG BAD WOLF: Hey, we wolves have to eat too, you know. At first, the color thing didn't bother me. After all, I was already gray, but suddenly Little Red Riding Hood just wasn't appealing anymore. The ripe pink color of the third pig wasn't there to tantalize me. What's the fun of a kill when there isn't any red blood?

WOODSMAN: I'm not sure you should be at this meeting, Wolf.

(All agree, RUMPLESTILTSKIN jumps up and down and gets hurt again.)

BIG BAD WOLF: I feel your pain. I really do.

CINDERELLA: You don't feel anything. You're just like my evil stepsisters and stepmother. Even after the color left they made me clean the house. I swear those floors turned grayer and grayer the more I scrubbed, and each day became more dismal than the first. I just kept wishing a Prince would swing by and save me, but why would one? They're too busy worrying about the color being gone too.

PRINCE: Exactly. Besides, why would I want to swing by a peasant's house and save...I'm sorry, what's your name?

CINDERELLA: Cinderella.

PRINCE: Right. Well, it's true. I was worrying a lot. Day after day, I lounged around the castle, eating really good food, trying to think of a plan to get the color back. I even had the servants thinking for me. If I could find the color, I could be the hero of Onceuponatime Land and finally live up to the expectations of my father, the King. It's so hard being the son of someone that's saved the day so many times when he was young. How can I compete? Especially since I'm left-handed.

WOODSMAN: Well, I think our worries are over. I recently heard a rumor that there's someone in Onceuponatime that has the power to change the land back.

ALL: What? What? Who is it? Tell us, etc. **(They all really say "etc".)**

WOODSMAN: I don't know who it is. Like I said, it's just a rumor. They say this person isn't even aware that they have the power.

PRINCE: Well, what should we do, Woodsman?

WOODSMAN: I think we should split up. **(laughs at his own pun)** I'll lead one group and you can lead the other. Now, who would like to go with whom?

GOLDILOCKS: I'll go with the Prince. **(puts her arms around PRINCE)**

CINDERELLA: Me, too.

PRINCE: Right. **(stands up with GOLDILOCKS hanging on to him)** Maybe you should go with the Woodsman. Hey, Goldilocks. Is this Cashmere?

GOLDILOCKS: It sure is! You want to look good, you have to feel good.

(They leave together with GOLDILOCKS riding piggyback.)

RUMPLESTILTSKIN: I think I'll go with the Woodsman.

CINDERELLA: Me, too. It seems like the only thing the Prince could find is a sale at a clothing store.

RUMPLESTILTSKIN: Hey, I like your style. Wanna try to guess my name?

CINDERELLA: It's Rumplestiltskin.

RUMPLESTILTSKIN: No, that was just a sham I came up with years ago. I'll give you three guesses.

CINDERELLA: What if I don't get it?

RUMPLESTILTSKIN: I don't know... I'll think of something. You coming, Giant?

GIANT: Sure... I don't know what to do. So...I'll come with you.

BIG BAD WOLF: Who am I gonna go with?

WOODSMAN: I suggest you stay here. We don't need your help.

BIG BAD WOLF: But I want to help.

WOODSMAN: You'll just help until the color turns back and then you'll start eating again. No, you just stay right here.

BIG BAD WOLF: Whatever. I'll just go off this way.

WOODSMAN: No, stay! (**WOLF stops.**) Stay. (**WOLF crouches down.**)

Good boy. Come on everybody; let's go find someone that can change us back to color.

(Everyone leaves except for WOLF and SLEEPING BEAUTY who is sleeping.)

BIG BAD WOLF: Rats.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: (**wakes up**) Where, where?

BIG BAD WOLF: Relax.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Where'd everyone go?

BIG BAD WOLF: They split into groups and left.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Which way?

BIG BAD WOLF: (**points**) That way and that way.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Okay, thanks.

(SLEEPING BEAUTY leaves in the direction of PRINCE and GOLDILOCKS. After a few seconds of pause, the EVIL WITCH comes out of hiding.)

WITCH: Are they all gone?

BIG BAD WOLF: Yeah, they're all gone.

WITCH: So, Wolfie, what were those colorless fools congregating for?

BIG BAD WOLF: You was right from the beginning, Witch. They're going to look for color.

WITCH: Well, they won't have any luck because it's all on me. (**touches her colorful costume**)

BIG BAD WOLF: They seem to think that someone out there can change your magic spell.

WITCH: No one has that power. Do you hear me? No one. It's all a foolish rumor.

BIG BAD WOLF: Yeah, I hear ya'.

WITCH: Nonetheless, you should follow them. Try to foil their plans.

BIG BAD WOLF: Why should I try to foil their plan if their plan ain't gonna work anyways?

WITCH: Just do what I tell you and don't ask questions.

BIG BAD WOLF: What should I do?

WITCH: Follow that group that's with the wimpy Prince. Just scare them a little bit. They'll give up looking and run back to their safe, gray-meaty homes.

BIG BAD WOLF: Just scare them? No life-threatening wounds or anything?

WITCH: Whatever... just get moving before you can't find them.

BIG BAD WOLF: Hey, don't worry, Witch. I got a nose that could trail a runaway rock.

WITCH: So you spend a lot of time trailing your brain? (**WOLF acts like HE's going to say something, but doesn't and exits.**) So they all think they can find someone who can change the land back, eh? No one has the power to do that here... only me. And I'm not about to let that happen.

(WITCH laughs wickedly and the laugh turns into a coughing fit. SHE exits. NARRATOR enters with stool, sits, and turns a few pages in the book.)

NARRATOR: As the witch rushed off to find a glass of water, the Prince, Goldilocks, and Sleeping Beauty set off to explore the Less Than Enchanted Forest. (**Group enters.**) After walking several miles, Goldilocks began to get tired of carrying the Prince on her back and suggested that they find some place to stay and rest up for the next day. Since Sleeping Beauty insisted on napping every five hundred yards, they decided to try an old dilapidated house off in the woods. "Ohmigod," said Goldilocks. "It's like deja vu all over again." "What do you mean?" said Sleeping Beauty. "Like, I've totally been here..."

(GOLDILOCKS' voice overlaps. NARRATOR exits. During NARRATOR's monologue, the other cast members not in the group enter and become human props. One becomes a door; two lie on their backs and become a table, while others turn into chairs.)

GOLDILOCKS: Like, I've totally been here before. I remember when I was really little and my parents dropped me off in the middle of the forest and told me to, like, go play with some wild animals. So, like, I was running around and I found THIS house and I, like, went into the kitchen and there was this porridge and I said, "Ohmigod, like, it's poor people food." Well, I had always wanted to, like, try new stuff so I tried the first bowl and it was way too hot. The next bowl was so totally ewww because it was, like, too cold, but the last bowl was, like, totally awesome.

PRINCE: Right.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Well, (**yawn**) if there's food in there, we should go in. I'm hungry. (**sleeps**)

PRINCE: Let's not and say we did.

GOLDILOCKS: Like what's the problem?

PRINCE: (**points to BEAUTY**) I think she should go. I need to save my strength for the trials ahead. (**pushes BEAUTY**) Yeah, just go ahead and knock, my friend.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Huh?

PRINCE: Go ahead and knock on the door!

SLEEPING BEAUTY: But... I'm so sleepy. **(Hits head on door and wakes up. Cast member playing the door can stamp foot for sound effect.)** Sleepy! **(hits head on door and wakes up)** Sleepy! **(hits head on door and wakes up)** Sleepy!

(SLEEPING BEAUTY is about to hit her head on the door again but BABY BEAR opens it and SLEEPING BEAUTY falls to ground. GOLDBLOCKS hides behind PRINCE.)

BABY BEAR: Well, lookie here. It's a person sleeping on my doorstep.

PRINCE: **(extends left hand)** Hi, I'm the Prince and...

BABY BEAR: The Prince, huh? A left-handed prince?

PRINCE: Right. Listen, sorry to disturb you, but we're on a quest to find color and we were wondering if we could stay the night and maybe get something to eat?

BABY BEAR: Ummm, sure, I guess so. Come on in.

PRINCE: Thank you very much.

(PRINCE moves into the house. GOLDBLOCKS walks behind him.)

BABY BEAR: **(sees GOLDBLOCKS)** Aaaauggghhhh!

(GOLDBLOCKS, PRINCE and the actor playing the door scream.)

SLEEPING BEAUTY: **(wakes up)** What! What? **(falls back to sleep)**

BABY BEAR: **(pointing at GOLDBLOCKS)** It's you! It's you! I can't believe it's you! After all those years of torturous nightmares and expensive therapy, I finally come to grips with my sanity and you....you return! How dare you!

GOLDBLOCKS: What? Like, what did I do?

BABY BEAR: Ten years ago, my mother, father, and I were returning from the honey tree and found that someone had entered the house. After further inspection, I found that my porridge had been eaten, my most favorite chair in the world was broken and, when I went upstairs, SHE was sleeping in MY bed.

GOLDBLOCKS: Oh yeah, that.

PRINCE: You didn't tell us that part of the story. Listen, bear, obviously we've intruded on the wrong house. We'll just be on our way. **(picks up BEAUTY's leg)** Sorry to have bothered you. Nice one, Goldilocks.

GOLDBLOCKS: Hey man, like, it's not my fault the bear can't handle a simple breaking and entering.

BABY BEAR: Do you know how long it took for me to go upstairs by myself for fear that you'd be there, waiting with a broken chair leg in your hand and porridge dripping from your mouth, saying "Welcome, baby bear. Welcome to my world!"

PRINCE: Right. Like I said before, we'll just leave you alone now.

BABY BEAR: No, wait. I want you to stay. My therapist said in order for me to heal I should confront my demons head on. And now you're here. So, I'm going to deal with this. I am... I really am.

GOLDILOCKS: Cool...so, like, do you have anything to eat?

BABY BEAR: Just some porridge.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: (**wakes up**) Porridge?

PRINCE: (**not being sincere**) That sounds great. We'd love some.

BABY BEAR: Please. Have a seat. I'll get you some.

(BABY BEAR exits and enters briefly while GOLDILOCKS talks. The actors that form the table raise their hands to create the bowls. The group pretends to eat out of their hands.)

GOLDILOCKS: Look, I'm, like, really sorry about that incident. I was young and really wasn't thinking, you know, about other people and stuff. I was just, like, looking for a place to crash for a while, you know.

BABY BEAR: Uh-huh. What did you say you three were doing?

SLEEPING BEAUTY: We're looking for the person who can change Onceuponatime Land back to color.

BABY BEAR: Color?

GOLDILOCKS: Yeah, you know...the land has been turned to gray.

BABY BEAR: It has?

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Yes, for many years now.

BABY BEAR: Oh... well, bears don't see color anyway. When did this happen?

PRINCE: A while back...see this evil witch got too powerful and...

BABY BEAR: Would you like to hear a poem, Goldilocks?

GOLDILOCKS: Ummm....

BABY BEAR: My therapist encourages me to write whenever I need to express myself.

PRINCE: Whatever will help, Miss Social Skills.

BABY BEAR: Oh, glorious day. How refreshing you are. The sun... brightly shines, golden rays bouncing off the hill tops...tops of hills...hills like shoulders. Golden-gray locks of fire bouncing eternally off my tormented soul! (**SLEEPING BEAUTY falls asleep in the bowl of porridge.**) Oh, internal rage...which will not be quenched merely with water, blue... languid like the sky. Birds fluttering about...singing... tweeting...one bird pecking... searching? For food?

Peck, peck, pecking at my barren broken heart. You tempestuous little vulture! You swarmy....

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