

CHASING CHARMING

A COMEDY IN TWO ACTS

By Alaska Reece Vance

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SYNOPSIS: Chaos and comedy ensue when a blundering young narrator discovers that Prince Charming has been kidnapped by the evil witch Hagrard. The narrator struggles to save her family honor while her well-meaning Fairy Godmother mistakenly sends not one, but six fairytale princesses (and Goldilocks) to the rescue. Will a needy dragon, a score of evil minions and big princess personalities keep this unlikely team from becoming heroes? A great comedy the whole family will enjoy.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(12 WOMEN, 5 MEN, 6 EITHER, 0-30 EXTRAS)

NARRATOR (f).....	A slightly awkward young lady. (80 lines)
FAIRY GODMOTHER (f)	A bubbling, befuddled middle-aged fairy. (51 lines)
MAIL CARRIER (m/f).....	A highly stressed, overworked mail carrier. (2 lines)
S-SECNIRP (m).....	A rather backward, odd creature of unknown origins. (17 lines)
GOLDSLOCKS (f).....	A little girl, with solid, managerial personality. (39 lines)
CINDERELLA (f)	A stylish, fashion guru. (40 lines.
SLEEPING BEAUTY (f).....	A lively athlete and go-getter. (26 lines)
BELLE (f).....	A lover of nature and harmony. Her head is usually in the clouds. (43 lines).
RAPUNZEL (f).....	A strong fighter, anxious to prove her martial arts prowess. (54 lines)
PEONY (f).....	An extremely sensitive and whiny young lady. (45 lines)
HAGRAGARD (f).....	A wicked witch who jumps from hot to cold in a heartbeat. (53 lines)
PRINCE CHARMING (m)	A charming ladies' man. (25 lines)

- MUD THE EVIL MINION (m/f) A blundering evil minion. (6 lines)
- MINCE THE EVIL MINION (m/f)..... A blundering evil minion. (6 lines)
- MAGNET THE EVIL MINION (m/f)... A blundering evil minion. (6 lines)
- MEAT THE EVIL MINION (m/f)..... A blundering evil minion. (6 lines)
- MERCURY THE EVIL MINION (m/f) A blundering evil minion. (6 lines)
- MINUTE THE EVIL MINION (m/f) A blundering evil minion. (6 lines)
- MEER CAT THE EVIL MINION (m/f) A blundering evil minion. (6 lines)
- MARVEL THE EVIL MINION (m/f)... A blundering evil minion. (6 lines)
- DRAGON THE DRAGON (m/f)..... A clueless, eager dragon. (45 lines)
- WOLF (m) A big bad wolf with an appetite for golden locks. (4 lines)
- BABY BEAR (m/f)..... A cute, well-spoken, cheerful little bear. (8 lines)
- PAPA BEAR (m) A loving papa bear. (5 lines)
- MAMA BEAR (f) A loving mother bear. (6 lines)
- HECTOR (m)..... Hagrid's teenage son. (20 lines)
- HARRIET (f) Hagrid's teenage daughter. (20 lines)
- ROSE RED (f) A princess with a love of storytelling. (27 lines)
- SIGN (m/f)..... An actor playing a sign that is in the shape of an arrow and reads "This way to Hagrid's castle." (5 lines)
- MAGIC (m/f)..... The personification of magic. Any number of male and/or female dancers. Optional.
- TREES (m/f) Any number of males and/or females. Optional.
- BIRDS (m/f)..... Any number of males and/or females. Optional.
- BUNNIES (m/f)..... Any number of males and/or female. Optional.
- PORCUPINE (m/f) Male or female. Optional.

SETTING

The set can be very simple - just some blocks and boxes of “imagination provoking items” arranged with the TREES, MAGIC, SIGN etc. to suggest the various locations or it can be as elaborate as you like. Have fun!

PROPS

- Storybook – NARRATOR
- Box of various imagination provoking items – NARRATOR
- Magic wand – FAIRY GODMOTHER
- Letter – MAIL CARRIER
- Telephone – PRINCE CHARMING
- “Gopher hair” ring – MUD THE EVIL MINION
- “This way to Hagrid’s castle” sign – SIGN
- Porridge bowls – WOLF
- Picnic basket – BEARS
- Cinderella’s shoe collection – CINDERELLA
- Pain reducing pumps – CINDERELLA AND PEONY
- Popcorn – EVIL MINIONS
- Key – Bird
- Green gladiator sandals – CINDERELLA
- Love potion – HAGRAGARD
- Magic staff – HAGRAGARD

*To Dr. Gillette Elvgren, Chad Rasor,
RaChelle Cheeks, Courtney Leigh, and the
Drifting Theatre kids.*

Thanks a million.

ACT ONE, SCENE 1

AT RISE:

The stage is littered with various props, hats, boxes, ladders, pillows, masks, foliage and a conglomeration of miscellaneous, imagination-provoking items that a storyteller might use to win interest. The NARRATOR enters carrying more random storytelling props, a storybook and a letter. SHE has just received some disturbing news.

NARRATOR: Once upon a time... No, that was too perky. *(To audience.)* Was that too perky? Okay, starting over. Once upon a time... And now it's dreary. Dull! This is impossible. Once upon a time— Once upon a time— Once upon a— I quit!

There is a sound of drums and MAGIC dances. The FAIRY GODMOTHER appears.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Did I hear someone say the Q word?

NARRATOR: Hi, Fairy Godmother.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Now, now, why the long face? Did someone put on her grumpy pants today?

NARRATOR: I'm sorry, Fairy Godmother. I'm just discouraged.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Oh, I don't want to hear that kind of talk. Close your mouth and tell me your troubles.

NARRATOR closes her mouth and tries to explain the letter through closed lips.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Um, open.

NARRATOR: (*Reads.*) “Dear Narrator Number 553, We regret to inform you that we have received complaints regarding your fairytale narration. It has been reported that your narration is often too dreary or too perky for public consumption. We will be sending a top-secret National Association of Narrators Inspector on (*Insert current date.*) in order to determine whether repercussive measures need be taken. These measures could include, but are not limited to, finger shaking, scolding, stern talking-tos, and/or the permanent revocation of your narration license. Sincerely, The Letter Writing Council of the N.A.N.” They want to take away my narration license. And it’s only my third assignment.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Now, now— Let’s not jump to—

NARRATOR: You don’t understand. I have to carry on the family legacy. Narration is in my blood. Once upon a time, my mother was a narrator, long, long ago, my grandmother was a narrator, and in a land far away, my great-aunt’s first cousin Doris May Bubkiss was a narrator.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Calm yourself down, dearie. Breathe in deep. (*The NARRATOR takes a long, deep breath and holds it.*) Now, this top-secret so-and-so, he might very well show up and declare you the next Michelangelo of narration. And why shouldn’t he? You’re sharp, smart, and— (*FAIRY GODMOTHER notices that the NARRATOR is still holding her breath in.*) breathe out. And you follow directions to a tee. You’ll be fine. If he even comes. He might very well not show up at all.

NARRATOR: (*Realizing.*) Or he could be here already. Anyone in this audience—sitting there, looking innocent— Is it you? Or you? Or you?

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Enough paranoia. Focus. Don’t you have a story assignment?

NARRATOR: Well, yes—

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Then get to it, whirly-girlie. That story’s not going to narrate itself.

NARRATOR: But...okay. Okay. Here goes. (*SHE opens the book and reads.*) "Once upon a time, in the beautiful Land of Fates, there lived a gallant King of Fates and his graceful Queen of Fates who prayed night and day for a child. After many years of wishing, they were blessed with a son. They named him Chuck. He grew handsome and strong and had a particular knack for rescuing damsels in distress." Well, I guess he is handsome.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Let me see.

The NARRATOR shows her the picture in the storybook.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: If I was a bit younger—

NARRATOR: Back to the story. (*Reads.*) "He soon became known as Chuck the Charming, or Prince Charming for short."

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Catchy.

A MAIL CARRIER enters.

NARRATOR: It's the inspector!

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Are you a secret spy, dear?

MAIL CARRIER: Ha. I wish. Secret spy, stunt pilot, sewer scooper—anything would be better than this. Addresses, sorting, stamp after stamp, two-day, three-day, rainy day. Bad handwriting. It's enough to make you flip your lid. I'm from the United Fates Postal Service. You're a narrator?

NARRATOR: Um, yes, number 553.

MAIL CARRIER: Well, then, brace yourself. *(He removes a letter from his bag and reads.)* “To all narrators of the N.A.N., Prince Chuck the Charming is currently being held in a tower by the evil, ugly witch Hagragard. Therefore, we hereby command that you cease and desist the narration of any and all fairytales that mention, suggest or reference the person or likeness of Prince Chuck, often known as Prince Charming, until such time that our beloved prince is returned to us in one piece. Signed, Stan Seedily, Senior VP, Charming Enterprises. P.S. If the prince returns in several pieces, we will negotiate the use of his name and/or likeness, for a moderately substantial fee.” *(HE returns the letter to his mail pouch.)* Welp. I reckon that’s about it. *(HE exits as he complains.)* Back to trudging up and down, wind and snow, day after day, blisters, backaches, burning sun...

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Pleasant fellow.

NARRATOR: But, how...I can’t narrate my story? I’m ruined. When the inspector—

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Now, now, Don’t be a doubting Donna. All we need to do is ensure Charming is back in business before the inspector comes. Then not only can you show off your knack for narration, you’ll also be a hero to the entire N.A.N. It’s a win-win.

NARRATOR: But how are we going to get him back?

FAIRY GODMOTHER: That is going to require us to put our thinking caps on. *(FAIRY GODMOTHER puts her hands over her head in a “thinking-cap” fashion. NARRATOR watches her. FAIRY GODMOTHER sees that NARRATOR hasn’t “put her thinking-cap on.” SHE nods and motions for NARRATOR to follow her example. THEY think. A light bulb goes off inside of FAIRY GODMOTHER’S head.)* By Jack and Jill, I’ve got it! How do damsels get into distress?

NARRATOR: Well, I get distressed when I have to iron. Especially collars and under the armpits...

FAIRY GODMOTHER: No, no, no! Princesses. What happens to princesses?

NARRATOR: Um— They marry princes and live happily ever after.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: No, no, before that. They get locked in—

NARRATOR: Towers.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Yes. And what happens next?

NARRATOR: A prince comes and rescues them.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Yes, yes. So if it takes a prince to rescue a princess in a tower, then what we need to rescue a prince in a tower must be...

NARRATOR: Um...

FAIRY GODMOTHER: A princess!

NARRATOR: That sounds logical. Except you and I, we're not princesses. I'm just a narrator. I mean, of course, I always dreamed of being a princess—

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Now, now. They don't call me Fairy Godmother for nothing.

NARRATOR: You mean you can—

The NARRATOR motions to herself, thinking that FAIRY GODMOTHER might grant her wish and turn her into a princess. FAIRY GODMOTHER doesn't take note.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: I just get out the trusty magic wand...where did I put...ah ha! Here it is. Now, if I can think of a spell to...ah! Fiddle dee dah, fiddle dee deed, to rescue a prince, it's a princess we need.

There is a sound of drums. MAGIC dances. S-SECNIRP appears.

S-SECNIRP: S-secnirp!

NARRATOR: What is that?

FAIRY GODMOTHER: You wouldn't by any chance be a princess, would you?

S-SECNIRP: S-secnirp.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: It's an S-secnirp.

NARRATOR: But—

S-SECNIRP: S-secnirp.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Something's not right here. Let's see. *(Thinking.)* Fiddle dee dah...prince, princess...and an S-Secnirp... *(SHE looks at her wand.)* Ah! Holding the wand backwards. *(SHE flips the wands around and tries again.)* Fiddle dee dah, fiddle dee— *(GOLDILOCKS appears.)* Efficient. I hadn't even finished the spell yet.

NARRATOR: She seems kind of young...

GOLDILOCKS: I'm just right, thank you very much. Goldilocks.

S-SECNIRP: S-Secnirp.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Goldilocks the princess?

GOLDILOCKS: Nope. Goldilocks the girl.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Useless wand.

GOLDILOCKS: *(Looks for a place to sit.)* Too big. Too small. Just right. *(SHE sits.)* Long trip.

NARRATOR: Fairy Godmother, we need a princess.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Now, now. Third time's charming. Here goes.
Fiddle dee dah, fiddle dee deed, to rescue a prince, send the princess we need.

There is a sound of drums. MAGIC dances. CINDERELLA, SLEEPING BEAUTY, BELLE, PEONY and RAPUNZEL appear. CINDERELLA is blowing on her nails to dry them. SLEEPING BEAUTY was caught in the middle of running. PEONY was caught in the middle of napping. RAPUNZEL is in a ninja pose. BELLE is in a yoga pose.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Oh my.

NARRATOR: What happened this time?

FAIRY GODMOTHER: *(Examines her wand.)* Funny...

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Hello. Pardon me? Did you need something?
Because I'm in training for an Iron Woman Triathlon, and I need to—

S-SECNIRP: S-secnirp.

BELLE: Well, aren't you the most darling little creature!

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Cinderella...

CINDERELLA: *(Showing off her nail color.)* Fairy G, is this color, like, totally taupe-licious or what?

NARRATOR: *(To FAIRY GODMOTHER.)* Cinderella the princess?

CINDERELLA: Duh.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Yes, that's my goddaughter, Cinderella. And this is Princess Belle.

BELLE: *(Nuzzling S-SECNIRP.)* Oogle Boogie Boo!

FAIRY GODMOTHER: She enjoys strange...beasts... Anyway. They're all princesses. Princess Peony. (*FAIRY GODMOTHER touches PEONY. It hurts her.*)

PEONY: Ow!

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Sorry, dearie. She's very sensitive.

NARRATOR: I recognize you. You're Sleeping Beauty, right?

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Just call me Beauty. I've wouldn't be caught dead asleep. Not with a triathlon to win.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: And this is—

RAPUNZEL: Rapunzel. And somebody better start talking. I want to know what was important enough to interrupt my afternoon ninjutsu.

NARRATOR: Oh, well, I...I'm Narrator Number 553 and—

RAPUNZEL: I don't care if you're King Midas. You have some explaining to do.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Now, now, Rapunzel. We have a very important mission that requires a princess.

RAPUNZEL: A mission? I knew it.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Ooh! Sounds fun.

BELLE: I sense a shining path.

RAPUNZEL: We need data, facts, particulars. Out with it, woman.

NARRATOR: Okay, um... Once upon a time, the evil witch Hagrargard locked the charming Prince Charming in a tower.

GOLDILOCKS: A little redundant.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Go on, dear.

NARRATOR: Um... She held Prince Charming there, against his will, with the help of...the help of her evil minions and her pet dragon named Dragon—

FAIRY GODMOTHER: It works.

NARRATOR: ...and her children Harriet and Hector. It would take a special kind of hero, a brave and beautiful princess, to come to the prince's aid and be his champion.

RAPUNZEL: Look no farther. I'm brave.

CINDERELLA: I'm beautiful!

PEONY: (*Referring to where FAIRY GODMOTHER touched her.*) I'm sore.

BELLE: The sun smiles on us.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: What's the prize? For the champion?

NARRATOR: Um...

FAIRY GODMOTHER: The thing is, dearies, we hadn't counted on so many of you... My spell was supposed to bring the one princess needed for the job...

SLEEPING BEAUTY: So the champion gets...?

BELLE: Love!

PEONY: I could use a charming prince right now.

CINDERELLA: I know, right?

RAPUNZEL: I'm on it. I'm going to free this prince and capture his heart.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Not if I get there first.

RAPUNZEL: You?

SLEEPING BEAUTY: A girl builds up a lot of energy sleeping for a hundred years. I could run to the moon. To the clouds. By the time you blink, I'll be back with this prince and—

RAPUNZEL: Are you trained in the ancient arts of ninjutsu, jujutsu and hair-kwando? I don't think so.

CINDERELLA: Give it a rest. Wouldn't Prince Charming and I be, like, totally cute together? Both our names start with "C." Charming, Cinderella. Too super cute.

RAPUNZEL: You're going to scale the walls of a tower in those shoes?

CINDERELLA: No, duh, these are my nail-painting shoes. I would wear my Louis Baton wall-scaling-stilettoes.

PEONY: Ouch. How do you balance on those things?

CINDERELLA: Like, duh. I can balance on any shoe you throw my way. You should see my shoes made of glass. Not a crack in them.

PEONY: That's ridiculous.

CINDERELLA: What's ridiculous is the idea of Prince Charming with you. Or any of you. Especially that curly blonde-headed dork. (*She indicates GOLDILOCKS.*)

GOLDILOCKS: Excuse me? Just who do you think you are? If I wanted, I could snag this Prince Charming in a second.

BELLE: Cinderella, everyone has her own special beauty. This little girl—

GOLDILOCKS: Goldilocks.

BELLE: Goldilocks. And Princess Peony and—

RAPUNZEL: Her?

BELLE: Why, yes, Princess Peony is a sensitive and tender flower

RAPUNZEL: Aka wimp.

PEONY: Hey! I once detected a pea under twenty-three mattresses.

All your kung-fruit-juice couldn't teach that kind of princessy-ness.

A prince wants a girl who knows what's what.

BELLE: All he needs is love.

CINDERELLA: Don't you know it.

BELLE: I am certain Prince Charming desires a maiden who is at one with the butterflies of life and the beasts of the fields. (*SHE tickles S-SECNIRP.*)

S-SECNIRP: S-secnirp!

RAPUNZEL: Keep your beasts. I'm going to go get my Charming.

The PRINCESSES and GOLDBLOCKS all begin to argue at once. They speak the following lines simultaneously. S-SECNIRP cries "S-secnirp, S-secnirp, S-secnirp" as they argue.

RAPUNZEL: (*Simultaneously with the other princesses.*) You can want him until your face turns blue, but it's whether you can get him. And there's only one of us who can hope to come close, and that's me!

BELLE: (*Simultaneously with the other princesses.*) You cannot force love. The cadence of his name proclaims the need for a princess who can breathe soul to soul, like me!

CINDERELLA: (*Simultaneously with the other princesses.*) You wish. You guys are like so living in dreamland-forest-ville if you think Prince Charming goes with losers. Duh. He wants a hottie, like me!

PEONY: (*Simultaneously with the other princesses.*) A prince needs someone who's sensitive, who has proven through pain that she's a real princess. A girl who has royalty seeping through her very veins, like me!

SLEEPING BEAUTY: (*Simultaneously with the other princesses.*) You guys would drag him down. He's gonna want a princess who will keep his life exciting and adventurous. Besides, it's gonna be the one who gets there first, and that's me!

GOLDILOCKS: *(Simultaneously with the princesses.)* You are the most airheaded, ignorant bunch of frou-frous I've ever met. I can't see how he'd want any of you. Obviously you can't do this without me!

The PRINCESSES and GOLDILOCKS stare each other down for a moment.

S-SECNIRP: S-secnirp!

All the PRINCESSES and GOLDILOCKS take off to the rescue, racing each other. They exit, arguing noisily. FAIRY GODMOTHER and NARRATOR look at each other.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Well. That's that. *(SHE goes to exit.)*

NARRATOR: Wait! Where are you going? Shouldn't you—

FAIRY GODMOTHER: What I should do is keep my merry self out of it. You step in a kitty-fight, you're bound to get scratched. Besides, I'd say we sent enough knights in shining armor after him. One of them should accomplish something.

NARRATOR: But—

FAIRY GODMOTHER: I've gotta fly. I'm meeting the Fairy Godfather and our relatives for a game of duck duck goose. And believe me, you don't want to disappoint the family. *(FAIRY GODMOTHER exits.)*

S-SECNIRP: S-secnirp.

NARRATOR: My thoughts exactly.

ACT ONE, SCENE 2

AT RISE:

Inside HAGRAGARD'S castle. Large main doors lead outside the castle, a door leads up to the tower and another door leads to HAGRAGARD'S office. PRINCE CHARMING is in the middle of an important phone conversation with his vice-president. HIS hands are tied behind HIS back and HAGRAGARD helps him out by holding the phone to his ear. HAGRAGARD waits impatiently.

PRINCE CHARMING: I don't know, Stan. Well, I'm sure Thumbelina will understand... I've been kidnapped by an ugly old witch, for Pete's sake!

HAGRAGARD: Eh hm.

PRINCE CHARMING: *(To HAGRAGARD.)* No offense. *(HE returns to the phone conversation.)* Just tell her I'm tied up at the moment. How's the rescue situation coming? ...I don't want excuses, I want results... No, you cannot use my office while I'm away... No, you cannot have my office if I don't come back. *(HAGRAGARD taps on her watch.)* Look, I gotta go... Sure. Goodbye. *(HAGRAGARD hangs up.)*

HAGRADARD: Now, my sweetling. It's just us.

PRINCE CHARMING: Goodie.

HAGRADARD: Isn't there a certain... I don't know...question, you wanted to ask?

PRINCE CHARMING: Question? Oh, yeah. Could we have chicken noodle tonight? I'm getting really sick of that witches' brew.

HAGRADARD: It's only 90 calories.

PRINCE CHARMING: Oh. Well, in that case—

HAGRADARD: But that's not what I meant! I meant it's a beautiful night...we're alone in a candlelit lair, the perfect place to...

PRINCE CHARMING: To...?

HAGRADARD: To propose, you doofus!

PRINCE CHARMING: Hagragard—

HAGRADARD: You can call me Haggie.

PRINCE CHARMING: Haggie? Are you sure?

HAGRAGARD: You don't like it?

PRINCE CHARMING: Well, it suits you. Haggie, I've said it before, and I'll say it again. I will never, ever propose to you.

HAGRADARD: Oh, act like a man. Evil Minion!

The EVIL MINIONS enter tumbling over each other.

EVIL MINIONS: Yes, Your Wickedness?

HAGRADARD: Idiots. I just need one of you. That's why I said "minion." Singular. If I wanted all of you, I would have said Evil Minions, wouldn't I?

The EVIL MINIONS argue and talk over top of each other.

MUD THE EVIL MINON: See, I told you.

MINCE THE EVIL MINON: Shut up.

MAGNET THE EVIL MINON: Move over.

MEAT THE EVIL MINON: It's my turn.

MERCURY THE EVIL MINON: No, this one is mine, remember?

MINUTE THE EVIL MINON: You got the last one.

MEER CAT THE EVIL MINION: Hey, can I?

HAGRADARD: Silence! Bring me my gopher hair ring.

The EVIL MINIONS fight and wrestle their way out the door, talking over top of each other as they exit.

MUD THE EVIL MINION: Out of my way.

MINCE THE EVIL MINON: Me first.

MAGNET THE EVIL MINON: Hey, give me some room here.

MEAT THE EVIL MINON: I said it's my turn.

MERCURY THE EVIL MINON: Bully!

MINUTE THE EVIL MINON: You guys are driving me crazy.

MEER CAT THE EVIL MINION: Please, people...

HAGRADARD: Sorry about that. Good evil minions are hard to find these days.

PRINCE CHARMING: I understand.

HAGRADARD: I knew you would.

PRINCE CHARMING: Hagragard, listen, if I don't get back to the palace soon, who will rescue all the damsels in distress? And what if they give my office away?

The EVIL MINIONS enter, clumping and wrestling through the door. Their lines overlap each other.

MINCE THE EVIL MINON: Me first.

MUD THE EVIL MINION: Cut it out!

MAGNET THE EVIL MINON: Ouch! You're crowding me.

MEAT THE EVIL MINON: I'm the one who got it.

MERCURY THE EVIL MINON: I saw it first.

MINUTE THE EVIL MINON: This isn't fair.

MEER CAT THE EVIL MINION: Stop shouting!

MUD THE EVIL MINON: *(Presents ring.)* Here you are, Your Wickedness.

MINCE THE EVIL MINON: Your Wickedness, we present—

MAGNET THE EVIL MINION clobbers MINCE THE EVIL MINION.

MAGNET THE EVIL MINON: We present your gopher hair ring!

MEAT THE EVIL MINION: Yeppers!

MERCURY THE EVIL MINON: Giddy up!

MINUTE THE EVIL MINON: Yee haw!

MEER CAT THE EVIL MINION: Ride 'um, cow—

HAGRADARD: Silence! *(SHE takes the ring.)* Kneel down. *(PRINCE CHARMING doesn't move. The EVIL MINIONS kneel.)* I meant him, you idiots! *(The EVIL MINIONS push CHARMING to his knees.)* Now, get out! *(PRINCE CHARMING goes to leave. The EVIL MINIONS stay.)* I meant them, you idiot!

The EVIL MINIONS mumble, tumble and talk over each other as they exit.

MUD THE EVIL MINION: I knew that's what she meant.

MAGNET THE EVIL MINON: She could have said it.

MERCURY THE EVIL MINON: Watch where you're walking.

MINCE THE EVIL MINON: I'm going. Move.

MINUTE THE EVIL MINON: If you don't act your age—

MEER CAT THE EVIL MINION: Just go.

MEAT THE EVIL MINION: We're trying...

HAGRADARD: Now that we're alone again... (*HAGRADARD offers him the ring.*)

PRINCE CHARMING: Gopher hair. Gross.

HAGRADARD: Well, how do you plan to propose without a ring?

PRINCE CHARMING: I don't.

HAGRADARD: Do I have to do everything in this relationship? Fine. (*SHE kneels.*) Will you marry me?

PRINCE CHARMING: Isn't the man supposed to do the asking?

HAGRADARD: You're impossible!

PRINCE CHARMING: Look Hagra—Haggie. When I marry, I want it to be to that special someone. I want it to be for love. In every great fairytale—

HAGRADARD: Oh, fart on your fairytales. I'm special. I'm someone. And you're...a little short on charm, maybe...but you're rich. With your money and my beauty, we could be unstoppable. Like Lucy and Desi, Sonny and Cher, Marco and Polo...

PRINCE CHARMING: How about heck and no?

HAGRADARD: Minions!

MARVEL THE EVIL MINION enters.

MARVEL THE EVIL MINON: Yes, Your Wickedness?

HAGRADARD: That was plural. Minions. Minions. Oh, whatever. Take Prince Doofus back to that tower until he comes to his senses.

MARVEL THE EVIL MINON: By myself?

HAGRADARD: Just do it!

MARVEL THE EVIL MINON: Follow me, Prince Doofus.

HAGRADARD: His name is Charming.

MARVEL THE EVIL MINION: I don't think so.

HAGRADARD: It is, you idiot!

MARVEL THE EVIL MINON: Doofus isn't a very charming name, in my opinion.

HAGRADARD: No, his name is Charming.

MARVEL THE EVIL MINON: That's your opinion.

HAGRADARD: Oh, get out!

MARVEL THE EVIL MINION: This way, Prince Doofus. (*MARVEL THE EVIL MINION leads PRINCE CHARMING out.*)

HAGRADARD: Idiot.

HARRIET and HECTOR enter, arguing and talking over each other.

HARRIET: I don't care. That's the fifth pair you've split.

HECTOR: Give me the eraser, and you won't have to worry about it anymore.

HARRIET: I told you I don't have your—

HAGRAGARD: Silence!

HARRIET: Mom, Hector's stealing one sock out of each of my pairs—

HECTOR: Harriet's using my magenta dinosaur eraser to do her homework—

HARRIET: I told you—I told him I don't have his dumb eraser—

HECTOR: I saw you with it—

HARRIET: My fluffy socks, my toe socks, my socks with the jingle bells on them—

HECTOR: Mom, tell her—

HARRIET: Pair-splitter!

HAGRAGARD: Is this your idea of evil? Magenta eraser and socks with jingle bells? And homework? Haven't I taught you better?

HARRIET and HECTOR: But—

HAGRAGARD: Enough! Can't you see I'm in the middle of an evil scheme here? I'm trying to figure out a way to force Prince Charming to marry me.

HARRIET and HECTOR burst out laughing.

HAGRAGARD: I don't get it.

HECTOR: No offense, Mom— But you're kind of old.

HARRIET: And ugly—

HECTOR: And evil—

HARRIET: And haggard—

HAGRAGARD: Enough! Spoiled brats.

HECTOR: Wouldn't it make more sense for him to marry Harriet?

HARRIET: Oh yeah, that would work.

HECTOR: I'd be the wedding coordinator.

HARRIET: What do you think about hydrangeas?

HECTOR: Blue? With some calla lily accents—

HAGRAGARD: You nitwits! I'm the one who's going to be marrying Prince Charming.

HECTOR: Ew.

HARRIET: So that will make him like, our father.

HECTOR and HARRIET: Eeeeew!

HAGRAGARD: Enough! If you're not going to plot with me, get your rumps to your rooms.

HARRIET and HECTOR exit, chattering.

HARRIET: Imagine Mom in a wedding dress.

HECTOR and HARRIET: Eeeeeew.

HAGRAGARD: Bratty little nitwits. All right. Think, think, think...

NARRATOR and S-SECNIRP enter.

NARRATOR: Meanwhile—

HAGRAGARD: Who said that?

NARRATOR: It's just me, the narrator. Hi.

HAGRAGARD: Oh. Hi.

S-SECNIRP: S-secnirp.

HAGRAGARD: What in the world is—

NARRATOR: Long story. Anyway. As Hagrargard plotted how to persuade Prince Charming to marry her—

HAGRAGARD: Actually, I was considering calling this new Evil Minion temp service I saw advertised in the yellow pages—

NARRATOR: Hello. Narrator.

HAGRAGARD: Sorry. Continue.

NARRATOR: As Hagrargard plotted how to persuade Prince Charming to marry her, the five princesses braved their way towards the castle.

GOLDILOCKS peeks her head in.

GOLDILOCKS: Eh em!

NARRATOR: Oh sorry. The five princesses and Goldilocks braved their way towards the castle.

HAGRADARD: Wait, what?

NARRATOR: They're coming to rescue the prince.

HAGRAGARD: Oh, yeah. Wait, rescue the prince? I don't think so, little lady. Dragon! Dragon! Dragon! (*DRAGON enters in a hurry.*) There's Mommy's big ol' precious dragon. Listen to Mommy. Mommy has a big job for you.

DRAGON: Yeah, yeah. Yeah!

HAGRAGARD: Who's ready?

DRAGON: Yeah, can I? Can I, can I?

HAGRADARD: Are you ready to get your scary face on?

DRAGON: Yeah, yeah!

HAGRAGARD: Let me see your scary face.

DRAGON: Yeah, I have a super scary face! Wanna see? (*DRAGON shows his scary face.*)

HAGRAGARD: All right. Let me hear your scary dragon roar.

DRAGON: Yeah! (*DRAGON roars.*) I'm super-duper super scary!

HAGRAGARD: That's a good wittle draggy-waggy.

DRAGON: Yeah, I am! I'm a scary one!

HAGRAGARD: Now, this is your job—

DRAGON: Okay, okay.

HAGRADARD: Go into the Fairly Frightening Forest—

DRAGON screams in fear and jumps into S-SECNIRP'S arms.

HAGRAGARD: You're a dragon. Get over it.

DRAGON: Okay, okay.

HAGRAGARD: Go into the Fairly Frightening Forest, find the princesses—

GOLDILOCKS peeks her head in again.

GOLDILOCKS: Eh em.

HAGRAGARD: And Goldilocks. Then grind their bones to make your bread.

DRAGON: Yeah, yeah. Okay!

NARRATOR: Do dragons do that? I thought that was giants?

HAGRADARD: Giants? What kind of stupid stories have you been reading? Go on, baby. Make Mommy proud.

DRAGON: Yeah, okay!

NARRATOR: The terrifying dragon bolted off on the hunt.

DRAGON stays and chases his tail.

DRAGON: Yeah.

NARRATOR: That's you. Go.

DRAGON: Oh, okay! (*DRAGON exits.*)

NARRATOR: Just then the evil witch Hagrargard came up with a plan.

HAGRAGARD: I did?

NARRATOR: She laughed an evil laugh that was as ugly as she was.

HAGRAGARD: A little harsh, aren't we?

NARRATOR: Laugh.

HAGRAGARD: Actually, I'm not very good at my evil moo-ha-ha.

NARRATOR: Just do it.

HAGRADARD: I've been told I sound a bit like Santa's pit bull—

NARRATOR: Now.

HAGRAGARD laughs a very poor evil laugh that sounds a little like Santa's pit bull.

HAGRAGARD: Told ya.

NARRATOR: Ooh, you're right. The evil witch Hagrargard winked an evil wink—

HAGRAGARD: I can't actually... (*HAGRAGARD demonstrates her lack of winking ability.*)

NARRATOR: She—

HAGRAGARD: Or whistle.

NARRATOR: She gave a thumbs up... Evilly.

HAGRAGARD sticks her thumb in the air.

NARRATOR: And hurried off to make a love potion for the prince.

HAGRADARD: That is a good plan. I'm glad I thought of it.
(*HAGRAGARD exits.*)

S-SECNIRP: S—

NARRATOR: Don't say it.

ACT ONE, SCENE 3

AT RISE:

MAGIC, TREES and a SIGN enter dancing. A mysterious sound of birds and bugs transports us into "The Fairly Frightening Forest" which, as the name suggests, is only fairly frightening. The SIGN reading "This way to Hagragard's Castle" stands pointing the way. The TREES stand in various locations, gently swaying in the wind.

NARRATOR: Meanwhile the princesses— (*GOLDILOCKS peeks out.*) —I know—and Goldilocks—made their way through the Fairly Frightening Forest towards the witch's castle.

SLEEPING BEAUTY enters running.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: I'm coming, Prince Charming! (*SLEEPING BEAUTY runs across the stage, knocks into the SIGN, and IT goes spinning in the wrong direction. It ends up pointing straight down.*)

SIGN: Hey!

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Gotta win, gotta run, gotta win. (*SHE exits, still running.*)

RAPUNZEL enters with Ninja stealth. The WOLF enters, stealthily following RAPUNZEL

NARRATOR: Little did Rapunzel know, she was not alone. (*Exits.*)

RAPUNZEL: I'm not? (*RAPUNZEL looks around, but the WOLF hides.*) Come out, come out, wherever you are.

WOLF: (*Appearing.*) Hello, little girl.

RAPUNZEL: Who you calling little girl? (*RAPUNZEL attacks, using her martial arts and especially her hair-kwando. The WOLF exits, defeated.*) Now. (*SHE looks at the SIGN.*) Down? (*RAPUNZEL tries to obey its downward pointing instruction by getting ninja-low to the ground. SHE exits in the wrong direction.*)

PEONY enters. Every step brings sheer agony to her feet.

PEONY: Ow. Ow. Ow. Ow. Ow. Oooooooooow! (*SHE sits down and removes her shoes. Her feet are black and blue and bloody.*) It's the curse of being ultra-sensitive. I mean, if a pea under twenty-three mattresses kept me awake all night, think about what walking on rocks and roots is doing to me. And all this fresh air. My allergies... (*PEONY sneezes.*)

TREE: God bless you.

PEONY: Thanks. Ow...my feet...

The WOLF enters. PEONY sees HIM and gasps, afraid.

WOLF: Don't worry. I have more of an appetite for golden hair.

PEONY lies down, in too much pain to move. GOLDILOCKS enters.

WOLF: Jackpot!

The WOLF hides offstage. GOLDILOCKS looks at the SIGN that is pointing down.

GOLDILOCKS: Oh, this isn't right at all. (*SHE turns the SIGN so it points up.*) Too high. (*SHE turns the SIGN so it points in the wrong direction, with the lettering upside-down.*) Too upside-down-y. (*SHE turns the SIGN in the correct direction.*) Just right. (*As GOLDILOCKS is adjusting the SIGN, the WOLF enters and sets up a trail of little bowls of porridge that leads offstage. The WOLF hides offstage. GOLDILOCKS turns and sees the porridge trail.*) Porridge! My lucky day. Too small, too small, too small, too small, too small...

SHE follows the porridge trail offstage. From offstage, we hear GOLDILOCKS scream. PEONY sits up. The WOLF enters. HE has a full belly and golden curls hanging from his mouth. HE burps.

WOLF: Just right.

PEONY squeals and lays back down. The WOLF exits. SLEEPING BEAUTY enters running.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Gotta win, gotta win... *(SHE knocks into the SIGN. IT goes spinning and ends pointing up.)*

SIGN: Watch it!

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Oops. Gotta go, gotta go, gotta go. *(Exits.)*

RAPUNZEL enters.

RAPUNZEL: Well, that wasn't right. *(She looks at the SIGN again, perplexed.)* I could have sworn—

NARRATOR enters.

NARRATOR: Little did Rapunzel know, she was not alone. *(Exits.)*

RAPUNZEL: Again?

PAPA BEAR, MAMA BEAR and BABY BEAR enter happily with their picnic basket. RAPUNZEL hides.

BABY BEAR: *(Sings.)* "We're going on a picnic, a picnic, a picnic, we're going on a picnic, with my ma and pop."

PAPA BEAR: This looks like the picture-perfect place for our picnic blanket. What do you think, Baby Bear?

BABY BEAR: Yes, Papa Bear. Picture perfect. Mama Bear, can I please pour the picnic porridge?

MAMA BEAR: Of course you can.

RAPUNZEL springs out of hiding.

RAPUNZEL: Not so fast!

BABY BEAR: My, oh my! Is that a wild woodland creature?

PAPA BEAR: Stay back.

MAMA BEAR: It could have rabies.

BABY BEAR: My, oh my! Is that a wild rabid woodland creature?

RAPUNZEL threatens them with her martial arts and especially her hair-kwando. The BEARS scream and run away, leaving their picnic supplies.

RAPUNZEL: Now. (*SHE looks at the “This way to Hagrid’s castle” SIGN pointing up.*) Up, huh? (*SHE tries to obey its upward pointing by getting ninja-high on her toes and flapping her arms. SHE exits in the wrong direction. PEONY sits up and rubs her sore muscles.*)

PEONY: Ouchy. Black and blue all over.

CINDERELLA enters with bags and boxes of heavy luggage.

CINDERELLA: Can’t I get like, a taxi or something? So heavy—

PEONY: What is all that?

CINDERELLA: Uh, shoes. Duh.

PEONY: You’re dragging your entire shoe collection with you?

CINDERELLA: As if. This isn’t even a quarter of my shoedrobe. This is my like, my travel collection, or something.

PEONY: What for?

CINDERELLA: To wear. On my feet. Hello. That’s what people do with shoes.

PEONY: But you’re on a rescue mission.

CINDERELLA: And I’ve come prepared. I brought my rock-hopping hot ankle boots, my red ruffled roughing-it rain boots, my killer kicking the bad guys green gladiator sandals, my weightless walking through water wedges, and my jewel-studded, strappy, totally glam, spike heels, for meeting my prince. And when Prince Charming sees them, he’s going to say— (*SHE looks down at her feet.*) Ew!

PEONY: Ew?

CINDERELLA: Major emergency. I need a pedi stat. You haven’t by any chance passed a spa on the way, have you?

PEONY: A spa? In the Fairly Frightening Forest?

CINDERELLA: Oh, you're no help. I'll find one myself. A hot stone massage and some reflexology would be fab right now. TTYL.

CINDERELLA exits with all her belongings. GOLDILOCKS enters. Her hair is short and dark.

PEONY: Goldilocks?

GOLDILOCKS: Yeah.

PEONY: But the wolf—

GOLDILOCKS: He ate my golden curls. Apparently "he has an appetite for golden hair," I hope he liked synthetic.

PEONY: So your hair—

GOLDILOCKS: It was a wig, okay?

PEONY: But—

GOLDILOCKS: What are you supposed to do when your parents name you Goldilocks? What do they expect you to do? Sheesh. I smell porridge. (*GOLDILOCKS goes to the picnic basket and opens it.*) Look at that luscious and lumpy, steaming hot, but not too hot, porridge. Luck shines again.

MAMA BEAR: (*Off stage.*) We'll just grab the basket and run.

MAMA BEAR, PAPA BEAR and BABY BEAR enter carefully to collect their belongings.

BABY BEAR: Another one!

The BEARS scream.

GOLDILOCKS screams.

The BEARS scream.

GOLDILOCKS screams.

GOLDILOCKS and the BEARS scream and exit in separate directions. PEONY painfully collapses again. BELLE enters and looks at the SIGN.

BELLE: Oh, what a lovely sign! Such significance, such meaning. Inspires the imagination. So thought-provoking, too.

SIGN: Why, thank you.

BELLE: You're welcome. Up up up! The wind tickles the leaves and the forest laughs. (*The TREES laugh.*) I'm sailing up, up with the birds in the sky. (*BELLE begins to make birdcalls and is answered by a flock of BIRDS that enters and surrounds her.*) And let us not forget the bunnies hippity-hopping in the bush. (*BUNNIES enter and surround her.*) Welcome, feathered and fleet-footed friends! (*A PORCUPINE enters.*) Oh, and a porcupine! Be at peace. (*SHE sees the picnic basket.*) What, pray tell, is this? Heaven has sent us bread and...porridge for all! (*SHE feeds the animals.*)

PAPA BEAR, MAMA BEAR and BABY BEAR enter, carefully.

PAPA BEAR: Not another one!

BELLE: Fear not, brave beary beasts! We freely share this world.

MAMA BEAR: You freely share my dinner.

BELLE: But in harmony.

BABY BEAR: I like this wild woodland creature. Can we keep it?

MAMA BEAR: I don't know. I doubt it's toilet-trained.

BABY BEAR: Please, Papa Bear. Pleeeeease.

PAPA BEAR: How can you say no to that face?

MAMA BEAR: Fine. But just until we find the owner.

BABY BEAR: Hooray! Come on, wild woodland creature! You're coming with us.

BELLE: To experience firsthand the culture of bears, to be welcomed as one of the sleuth...a dream of my childhood fulfilled.

PAPA BEAR: Noisy, isn't it? (*The BEARS exit with picnic supplies and BELLE, followed by the BIRDS, BUNNIES and the PORCUPINE. SLEEPING BEAUTY enters.*)

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Gotta run, gotta win, gotta— (*SHE sees the SIGN with the pointy end of its arrow pointing up in the air.*) Ooh. Pointy... (*SLEEPING BEAUTY touches the pointy end of the SIGN and pricks her finger. She passes out and while falling down, she knocks into the SIGN, taking it out with her. SHE and the SIGN are knocked out cold. RAPUNZEL enters.*)

RAPUNZEL: Wrong way again. One more try. (*RAPUNZEL looks for the SIGN, but it has fallen. She sees SLEEPING BEAUTY on the ground.*) What's happened? It must have been a grave battle. I won't let your death go unavenged.

NARRATOR enters with the S-SECNIRP.

RAPUNZEL: Let me guess. I'm not alone.

NARRATOR: Got it.

RAPUNZEL gets into her fighting stance.

RAPUNZEL: Come fight me, monster, if you dare.

DRAGON enters.

DRAGON: Did you say monster? Where?

RAPUNZEL: A dragon. Oh...I hate dragons.

DRAGON: Hi! (*Happily.*) I'm gonna make bone bread!

RAPUNZEL: Is that a threat?

DRAGON: A threat? Where? Hey, want to see my scary face? (*DRAGON does his scary face. HE roars. HIS roar is unusually frightening. DRAGON is surprised and pleased at his success.*)

RAPUNZEL: Sorry, Sleeping Beauty. You're on your own. (*RAPUNZEL runs away.*)

DRAGON: Where'd she go? (*To S-SECNIRP.*) Hey little guy, wanna see my scary face?

S-SECNIRP: S-Secnirp! (*S-SECNIRP runs away, afraid.*)

DRAGON: Hide and seek! (*DRAGON runs out after the S-SECNIRP.*)

NARRATOR: I quit!

There is a sound of drums. MAGIC dances. The FAIRY GODMOTHER appears.

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

NARRATOR: Fairy Godmother. I don't know what to do. This isn't going too well. (*SHE indicates SLEEPING BEAUTY and PEONY on the ground.*) One's living with the bears, one's running from a dragon, and one's looking for a taxi in the forest to go spa-hopping.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Oh my.

NARRATOR: It's useless.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Now, now. (*SHE waves her wand at SLEEPING BEAUTY and wakes her.*) Get up, get up. No time for lazy bones.

SLEEPING BEAUTY gets up, rubbing her bruised head. FAIRY GODMOTHER goes to PEONY and shakes her gently.

PEONY: Ow. I'm up. You didn't have to bruise me to death.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: No time for a break! Gotta go, gotta win.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Hold on there. This is what we're going to do.

We're going to hunt down and gather up the other princesses—

SLEEPING BEAUTY: And Goldilocks?

FAIRY GODMOTHER: And Goldilocks, and we're going to meet back here, pronto.

PEONY AND NARRATOR: But—

FAIRY GODMOTHER: And be quick about it so I can get back to my gaming. I was just named goose. On your mark, get set, go, girls. (*There is a sound of drums. MAGIC and TREES dance. The FAIRY GODMOTHER disappears, SLEEPING BEAUTY and the NARRATOR rush off, and PEONY crawls out painfully.*)

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