

FAIRY TALE PRINCESS GAME OF THRONES

By Jim Jeffries, Jane Jeffries and Claire Wilson

Copyright © 2015 by Jim & Jane Jeffries and Claire Wilson, All rights reserved.

ISBN: 978-1-60003-816-7

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this play must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this play. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the play. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this play is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice:

Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

COPYING: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

PUBLISHED BY BROOKLYN PUBLISHERS

1-888-473-8521

FAIRY TALE PRINCESS GAME OF THRONES

A One Act Comedic Parody

By Jim Jeffries, Jane Jeffries and Claire Wilson

SYNOPSIS: Due to a series of strange accidents at the castle, Snow White has called upon her friend Belle. Snow White suspects that one someone is plotting against her. Belle, a master of camouflage, agrees to smoke out the assassin and uncovers a plot she didn't expect. Chalked full of your favorite princesses this family friendly comedy is sure to entertain. You don't even have to sit through seven long novels to find out which princess is the un-fairest of them all.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(8 female, 2 male)

SNOW WHITE (f).....	The Queen who lives with her Charming sons, their wives, a foreign exchange student, and seven dwarves of the male persuasion. <i>(93 lines)</i>
BELLE (f).....	A friend and advisor to the Queen. Married to Beast. <i>(111 lines)</i>
SLEEPING BEAUTY (f).....	Snow White's daughter-in-law who has a sharp wit and a sharp tongue. <i>(69 lines)</i>
CINDERELLA (f).....	Snow White's daughter-in-law who can talk to animals, a bit of a neat freak. <i>(54 lines)</i>
ARIEL (f).....	Snow White's daughter-in-law who doesn't quite get human idioms. <i>(57 lines)</i>
RAPUNZEL (f).....	Snow White's daughter-in-law who lives in the ivory tower. <i>(47 lines)</i>

- MULAN (f)..... A foreign exchange student.
Scary with a masculine
appearance. (40 lines)
- GODFATHER (m)..... Cinderella's Fairy Godfather,
who also has mafia ties.
(34 lines)
- BADROULBADOUR (f) Aladdin's wife; a pastry chef.
(30 lines)
- MARTIN (m)..... A morbid, grim, undertaker,
who's quite the foodie.
(45 lines)

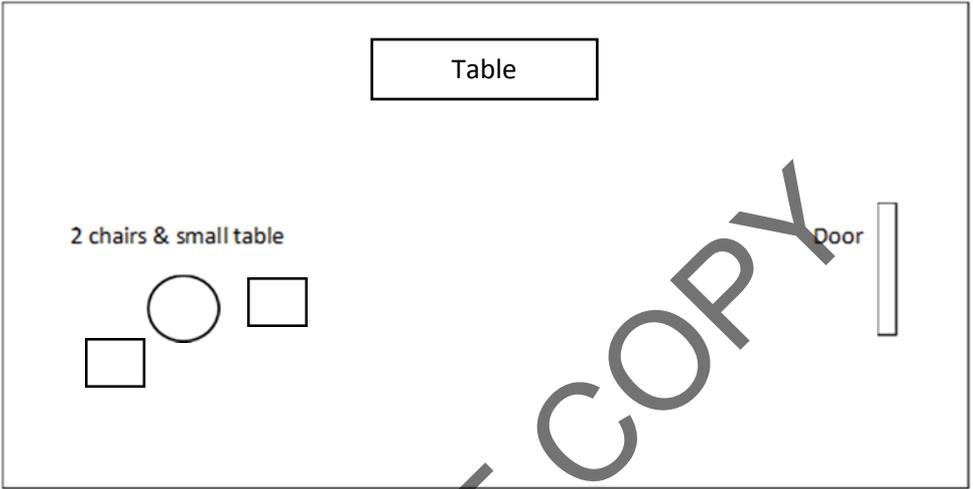
DURATION: 55 minutes.

PROPS

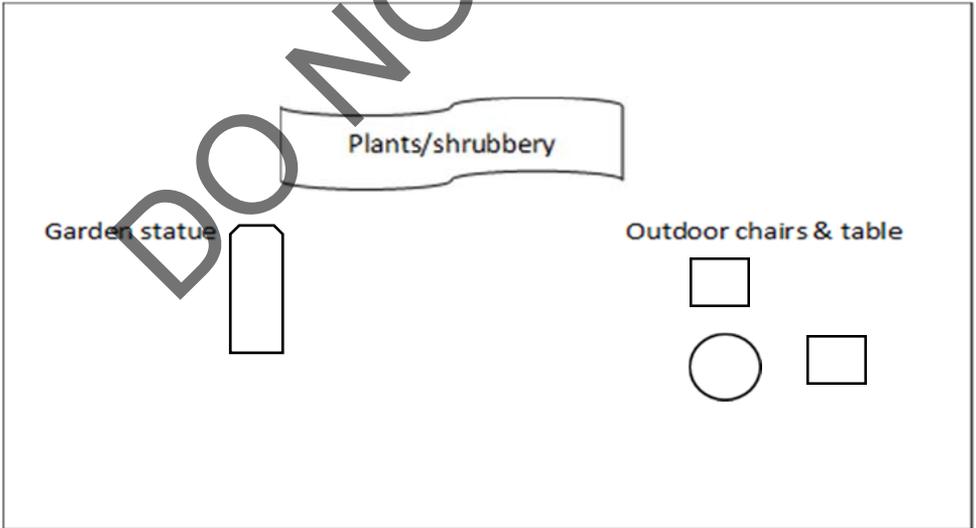
- Needle work
- 3 Swords
- Origami Crane
- Dish Rag
- Mop
- Bowl Containing Flour
- Picture of Sleeping Beauty
- Shovel
- Ax
- Serving Tray
- Silver Covered Dish
- Empty Picture Frame
- Blanket or Throw
- Bowl with Flour
- Potted Plant
- Red Dragon Stuffed Animal
- 2 Goblets
- Bottle for Drink
- Rope
- Small Carpet
- Party Hat
- Various Instruments for the Party Set-Up (Scissors, Tools, Scary-Looking Kitchen/Cake Utensils.)

SET PLANS

A Room in Snow White's Castle



A Garden in Snow White's Castle



SET PIECES

- Door
- 2-4 Chairs (Can differ from indoor and outdoor set.)
- 1-2 Tables (Can differ from indoor and outdoor set.)
- Long Table
- Greenery or Fake Plants
- Garden Statue

PRODUCTION NOTES

In Scene Three, when the Princesses enter, actors should bring various instruments along with them for their part of the party set-up. Think of what they'd bring to set up their part of the surprise that would also look like they could be used to overthrow the Queen: scissors, tools, scary-looking cake utensils. When they surround Snow White at the end, it looks as though they are out to get her but then they yell "Surprise!" instead.

PRODUCTION HISTORY

Fairy Tale Princess Game Of Thrones was first performed at Comedie Faire in Eau Claire, WI, in February 2015.

ACT 1, SCENE ONE

AT RISE: *A room in Snow White's castle. Lights up on SNOW WHITE doing needle work when there is a knock at the door. SNOW WHITE sighs, picks up a sword, crosses to door and flings it open, her sword at the ready. BELLE sees the sword and immediately pulls out her sword.*

SNOW WHITE: Belle! *(Relaxes a bit.)*

BELLE: Never drop your guard, Snowy.

BELLE enters and swings her sword as SNOW WHITE ducks. They circle each other.

Who did your hair? I love it. Although most women don't choose gray for their highlights.

SNOW WHITE: *(Swings but BELLE blocks her sword.)* That's a nice fur dress. Or did the Beast simply shed on you again?

BELLE swings downward, SNOW WHITE blocks her, and their swords lock. They struggle in this position as MULAN enters.

MULAN: *(Watches fight critically.)* Your footwork is all wrong.

Remember, you fight with your feet.

BELLE: Who are you?

MULAN: I am Mulan.

SNOW WHITE: She just arrived here from China. Foreign exchange program. I thought we were getting a boy.

BELLE: *(Grunting.)* She looks like a boy.

MULAN: Well, you fight like a girl.

BELLE: I'll take that as a compliment.

SNOW WHITE: Is there something you need, Mulan?

MULAN: I was hoping you could deliver this origami crane to Mopey. It should make him feel better.

SNOW WHITE: I'm sort of busy here.

MULAN: Oh.

Draws her sword and taps SNOW WHITE on the shoulder.

May I cut in?

Hands the crane to SNOW WHITE and engages BELLE in the sword fight.

This shouldn't take long.

BELLE: You've got that right.

SNOW WHITE: I'll have to make a run to the hospital later to deliver this to Mopey.

BELLE: Mopey? The dwarf? What happened to him?

MULAN: He had, what we call in China, an oopsie.

SNOW WHITE: He was buried under a ton of snow and ice. We needed a crane to get him out. *(To MULAN.)* I'll get the origami to him. He should be thawed out by now. *(Puts the crane on the table.)*

MULAN: Would you like me to finish my cultural exchange with Belle?

SNOW WHITE: I'll take over from here.

MULAN bows to SNOW WHITE while simultaneously bowing out of the fight. SNOW WHITE picks up where she left off.

MULAN: You honor my ancestors.

BELLE: I wish you'd join your ancestors.

MULAN: What was that?

SNOW WHITE: I'll deliver the crane, Mulan. Why don't you go to the crypt and hang out with your family?

MULAN: I will. I'll give them your regards. They are expecting you shortly. *(Exits.)*

BELLE: What did she mean by—

BELLE is interrupted by the entrance of CINDERELLA who enters with a mop and rag.

CINDERELLA: Evil step-mother?

SNOW WHITE: Cinderella, I'm tired of telling you that I'm your mother-in-law, not step-mother.

CINDERELLA: Right. Anyway, I was wondering if you could give this to Snappy. *(Holds up dish rag.)* It should help.

BELLE: What happened to Snappy?

CINDERELLA: Needled.

BELLE: But I thought he could take a joke?

SNOW WHITE: No, he was stuck by a needle. Eighty-three times. By a mouse.

CINDERELLA: *(LAUGHS nervously.)* Talk about your freak accidents.

SNOW WHITE: Look, Cinderella, I'm right in the middle of something here...

CINDERELLA: Oh, allow me. *(Puts up mop in en garde position.)* En garde!

BELLE: You're going to fight me with that?

CINDERELLA: I'll mop up the floor with you.

CINDERELLA hands the dish rag to SNOW WHITE then fences with BELLE.

SNOW WHITE: *(Looks at dish rag.)* Why are you giving Snappy a dish rag?

CINDERELLA: It should give him a clean bill of health.

BELLE: Really?

BELLE swipes at CINDERELLA with her sword.

Take that, and that, and that!

CINDERELLA: *(Parrying with her mop handle.)* I can handle it.

SNOW WHITE: *(Puts dish rag on table.)* I'll make sure Snappy gets it. Now, if I could finish this little chore...

CINDERELLA: Of course.

CINDERELLA thrusts BELLE back and lets SNOW WHITE step in.

And don't forget, my animal friends are coming by later to dust the furniture. *(Exits.)*

BELLE: Animal friends?

SNOW WHITE: Squirrels. They work for peanuts. Now, where were we?

SLEEPING BEAUTY: *(Enters carrying a circular picture of herself.)*

Snow White?

BELLE: What now?

SLEEPING BEAUTY: If you could give this exquisite gift to Wheezy and Creepy? It will give them hope.

BELLE: What happened to Wheezy and Creepy?

SNOW WHITE: Comas. *(Beat.)* They got hit by a spinning wheel.

SNOW WHITE sees BELLE'S shock.

A 200 foot, 100 ton wheel, actually. *(To SLEEPING BEAUTY.)* I'm sorta busy here, Sleeping Beauty.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Ah.

SLEEPING BEAUTY waits as BELLE and SNOW WHITE continue fighting.

BELLE: Aren't you going to step in?

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Step in what?

BELLE: The sword fight.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Oh. I guess I could make some cutting remarks.

SNOW WHITE: Just put the picture on the table. I'll get to it shortly.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Good. *(Puts picture on table.)* It's been a rare pleasure, Belle. Let's try to keep it that way. *(Exits.)*

BELLE: *(As SLEEPING BEAUTY exits.)* Don't you worry, Sleepy. Your company is rarely a pleasure anyway.

BELLE executes a series of cuts and thrusts; SNOW WHITE easily dodges them all.

Wow. Great reaction time, Snowy. You been practicing?

SNOW WHITE: You have no idea.

SNOW WHITE does a twisting motion on BELLE'S sword and disarms her. She holds her sword threateningly toward BELLE then relaxes.

Thanks for coming, Belle.

BELLE: No worries. (*Picks up her sword.*) But what's been happening to my little munchkins?

SNOW WHITE: You know they don't like it when you call them that.

BELLE: How about Oompa Loompas?

SNOW WHITE: No.

BELLE: My gnomies?

SNOW WHITE: They're called dwarves, Belle.

BELLE: But they are so cute and cuddly. And loveable. Over the years, I've grown quite attached to all seven of them. (*Pauses.*) So what's with all of the accidents?

SNOW WHITE: Well, you heard about Mopey, Snappy, Wheezy, and Creepy.

BELLE: Yes. But surely nothing has happened to Lumpy? I've really grown fond of that beautiful bundle of bulge.

SNOW WHITE: He's in the hospital. He got waxed.

BELLE: Excuse me?

SNOW WHITE: He fell in to a vat of hot wax. He was dangling above it by a hair.

BELLE: Is he all right?

SNOW WHITE: The doctors say he will recover fully. And look great in a bikini.

They both shudder as they envision this.

BELLE: Rashful?

SNOW WHITE: Slipped on a Persian carpet. (*Beat.*) It was twenty feet above the ground at the time. He's in a whole new world of pain.

BELLE: Sock?

SNOW WHITE: Oh, Sock's fine.

They hear chipper little whistling off-stage.

See?

Whistling is cut off by a scream. SNOW WHITE opens the door, looks out and closes it.

SNOW WHITE: Scratch that. Martin!

MARTIN: (*Enters with shovel, looking hopeful.*) You called?

SNOW WHITE: It's Sock, this time.

MARTIN: (*With mock sadness.*) Sock? But he was such a wonderful dwarf. So joyful and full of life. For him to pass on—

SNOW WHITE: He's not dead, Martin. (*Looks disappointed.*) He needs a doctor. Load him up and get him to the hospital. Take him to the dwarf wing.

MARTIN: (*Sighs.*) As you wish. (*Starts to exit.*)

SNOW WHITE: And no side trips to the coffin-fitting room.

MARTIN sighs, nods, and exits.

BELLE: What just happened?

SNOW WHITE: Shark attack.

BELLE: In the castle? But we're miles from the coast. And up twelve flights of stairs!

SNOW WHITE: A sharknado, maybe? Anyway, this is why I called you down from the North. There's something strange going on.

BELLE: Martin the Undertaker must be busy.

SNOW WHITE: Actually, he has had to step in as a paramedic; the dwarves are surviving, and he can't stand it. But I'm running out of people I can trust.

BELLE: But your family—

SNOW WHITE: Charming, Charming, Charming, and Bubba—

BELLE: Bubba?

SNOW WHITE: Don't ask. Anyway, my sons married some real winners.

BELLE: Rapunzel, Cinderella, Sleeping Beauty, and Ariel.

SNOW WHITE: A real rogue's gallery. I'm convinced one of them is trying to take my throne. I just don't know who. I need you here with me, Belle. I want you to be my Hand.

BELLE: Your Hand?

SNOW WHITE: Sort of like a prime minister, but with less power and more responsibility. However, we do offer an excellent retirement package.

BELLE: Who was the old Hand?

SNOW WHITE: (*Looks toward the door.*) Sock.

BELLE: He didn't exactly retire, did he?

SNOW WHITE: Lumpy, Snappy, Creepy, Rashful, Wheezy, Mopey, and Sock were all my Hands before these...accidents. You would be lucky number eight. We do have full dental—

BELLE: I'd really like to help you out, Snowy, but I've got problems of my own. The Beast—

SNOW WHITE: You still call him that? I thought he was transformed when the curse was broken.

BELLE: His body was transformed, but his mind? I mean, he still sticks his head out the carriage window. Anyway, up north we're dealing with a snow zombie infestation. I've got a lot on my plate—

SNOW WHITE: Listen, Belle, I was going to use this *only* as a last resort, but you owe me.

BELLE: Oh, don't bring that up again.

SNOW WHITE: I'm the one who set you and Beast up on that blind date.

BELLE: We met at the animal shelter.

SNOW WHITE: Is it my fault he was running around without a collar? Anyway, your "happily ever after" is due to me.

Beat.

BELLE: Fine! I'll be your fist.

SNOW WHITE: Hand.

BELLE: That, too.

Knock on the door. BELLE picks up an ax and opens the door. GODFATHER stands there holding tray with a silver covered dish. He looks up at the ax.

GODFATHER: Aren't you going to ask me in?

BELLE: *(Still holding the ax.)* Ax you in, more like.

GODFATHER: Is that how you talk to the Fairy Godfather? I deserve more respect than that. *(Enters.)*

BELLE: *(Sarcastically.)* Oh, by all means. Do come in.

GODFATHER: That's more like it. *(Places tray on a table.)*

SNOW WHITE: *(Looks at the tray.)* What's with the tray?

GODFATHER: I brought you some sushi. Fugu to be exact.

SNOW WHITE: I love sushi!

Starts to reach for the tray, BELLE gets to it first.

BELLE: Let me check it out first, Snow. (*Looks at tray.*) Fugu is pufferfish. It's considered quite a delicacy in Japan.

SNOW WHITE: Well, I love seafood—

Starts to reach for the tray, BELLE moves the tray out of her reach.

BELLE: Pufferfish is also the second most poisonous vertebrate in the world. If not prepared by the mostly highly-trained and skilled chef, it can be loaded with neurotoxins, causing your muscles to spasm uncontrollably.

SNOW WHITE: Bad?

BELLE: No, bad is waking up in a glass coffin. This (*Holds up tray.*) is doing the hokey-pokey of death.

MARTIN: (*Enters.*) Did someone say, "Death?"

BELLE: Not yet, Martin. Only if someone eats this.

BELLE shows the tray to MARTIN.

MARTIN: That? How lovely. Normally, fugu contains only the most delectable morsels of the pufferfish, the liver and the brain, nestled on a bed of braised nightshade mushrooms, and dribbled with a hint of neurotoxins.

ALL stare at MARTIN.

GODFATHER: Martin is quite the foodie.

SNOW WHITE: I see.

BELLE: Who prepared this sushi?

GODFATHER: Ariel.

SNOW WHITE: Oh. I hope it wasn't her cousin or anything.

GODFATHER: The point is, she made it just for you.

BELLE: I wouldn't risk it, Snow.

GODFATHER: Risk what? She's trying out a new recipe.

BELLE escorts MARTIN and GODFATHER to the door

BELLE: Thanks but no thanks for the toxic tuna fish.

MARTIN: Sushi.

BELLE: Whatever.

She shuffles GODFATHER and MARTIN closer to the door, pushes them out, and shuts it.

Those two are a piece of work.

RAPUNZEL: *(From off-stage.)* Queen Charming!

BELLE: What now?

SNOW WHITE: It's Rapunzel, up in the tower. Yes, Rapunzel?

RAPUNZEL: I'm out of conditioner again.

SNOW WHITE: *(To BELLE.)* I buy it by the vat. Using your hair as climbing rope causes split ends. *(To RAPUNZEL.)* I'll buy some more. Do you need anything else?

RAPUNZEL: Hairpins?

SNOW WHITE: I've already told you. No more hairpins until you get rid of your blowgun.

RAPUNZEL: *(Angrily.)* Fine! But I also need more quills and ink. I'm trying to finish my next journal article, "A Meta-Analysis of the Subjugation of Women in Fairy Tales."

BELLE looks questioningly at SNOW WHITE. Beat.

SNOW WHITE: Well, it is an ivory tower. *(To RAPUNZEL.)* I'll get it today. *(To BELLE.)* She sure is a colossal pain in the neck.

BELLE: You're the queen. Why don't you just get rid of her?

SNOW WHITE: I can't. She's got tenure.

BELLE and SNOW WHITE: *(Shake their fists in the air.)* Tenure!

BELLE: Strange accidents, pufferfish, and blowguns. Something is rotten in the kingdom of Charming.

SNOW WHITE: Which is why I sent for you. Two heads are better than one.

BELLE stares.

Misery loves company.

BELLE stares.

You'd catch a grenade for me?

BELLE: Oh, all right. What do I have to do first?

SNOW WHITE: Spy on my daughters-in-law and find out which one is trying to kill me.

BELLE: That should be easy. I'm a master of camouflage.

Escorts SNOW WHITE to side-stage.

Why don't you hide yourself in your safe room, and I'll smoke out the assassin.

SNOW WHITE: Just be careful.

BELLE: Don't worry, Snow. This is just a recon mission. Now scoot while I get to work.

SNOW WHITE exits. BELLE wanders US toward a long table. She hears someone coming, looks around, and picks up a picture frame with no back. As SLEEPING BEAUTY and ARIEL enter, BELLE stands behind the table, puts the frame up to her face, and poses like a portrait.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: So, Snow White says to me, as long as Charming is away—

ARIEL: Your Charming or my Charming?

SLEEPING BEAUTY: My Charming. As long as Charming is away, I can't have any male guests. And I said to Snow, "That's rich, coming from the woman who lived with seven dwarves of the male persuasion."

ARIEL: That's right! What's good for the goosefish is good for the grouper.

BELLE turns her head in the picture frame to watch them.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: *(Stares at ARIEL.)* Right. Anyway—

Looks at portrait, and BELLE immediately snaps back to her pose. SLEEPING BEAUTY looks confused and then continues.

It made me feel like she was calling my character into question.

ARIEL: Yeah. Talk about the penguin calling the orca black...and white.

BELLE turns her head in the picture frame to watch them. SLEEPING BEAUTY looks at the portrait, and BELLE immediately snaps back to her pose. SLEEPING BEAUTY looks confused and then continues.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: I'm tired of her suspicious attitude.

ARIEL: Yeah. I think she woke up on the wrong side of the seabed.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: I really need to get you an idiom dictionary, don't I?

ARIEL: Nope. I can look it up on the fishnet.

BELLE turns her head in the picture frame to watch them. She tilts the frame as she does this.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: That's internet, you—

Looks at portrait, and BELLE immediately freezes. SLEEPING BEAUTY straightens the frame and continues.

There's something weird about that picture.

ARIEL: Yeah, the eyes follow you wherever you go.

ARIEL and SLEEPING BEAUTY stand together and do a furtive dance around the room in front of BELLE, while she follows them with her eyes. They end standing right in front of BELLE and pause. They then jump in opposite directions, and BELLE does a quick double-take.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Did you see that?

ARIEL: Yeah, cool! It's one of those 3D pictures! You have to look at it kinda cross-eyed to see it.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: You are kidding, right?

ARIEL: No, try it.

SLEEPING BEAUTY and ARIEL cross their eyes; BELLE leans out of the picture frame.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Creepy.

ARIEL: Yeah, right?

BELLE leans back into the frame.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Anyway, where was I?

ARIEL: Snow White's suspicious attitude.

BELLE turns her head, intrigued.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: I'm glad you think so, Ariel. I know we've been talking about our MIL problem—

ARIEL: MIL?

SLEEPING BEAUTY: (*Irritated.*) Mother-in-law! Gracious, Ariel, don't you text?

ARIEL: The ocean is pretty hard on electronics.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: The point is: I have a solution to our mother-in-law problem. Tonight, I will give her something that will solve all our problems.

ARIEL: What is that?

SLEEPING BEAUTY: I don't want to ruin the surprise. But, do you remember when I pricked my finger on the spinning wheel and fell into a coma?

ARIEL: And Charming kissed you!

SLEEPING BEAUTY: My Charming or your Charming?

ARIEL: Of course your Charming. (*Angry and accusative.*) Why would my Charming—

SLEEPING BEAUTY: (*Anxious to move the conversation along.*) Yes, that was quite a smooch. Well, that got me thinking about something that might take care of Snow White...forever. (*Smiles.*) It will really knock her dead!

MARTIN enters with a shovel, excited. He startles SLEEPING BEAUTY and ARIEL.

MARTIN: Did someone say “dead?”

SLEEPING BEAUTY: (*Looks nervous.*) It was just an expression, Martin! Go away; you are creeping us out.

MARTIN looks disappointed and exits.

ARIEL: That guy is not sailing with a full deck.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: That’s playing with a full deck. (*Beat.*) Let’s say no more about our plans.

ARIEL: Oh, I like this plan. Brilliant!

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Genius!

BELLE: Devious!

SLEEPING BEAUTY and ARIEL look at BELLE, and she goes back to her original pose. SLEEPING BEAUTY and ARIEL put a finger in their ear and wiggle it, as if they’re unsure of what they heard, but BELLE remains still in her pose.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Let’s get out of here before someone overhears us.

ARIEL and SLEEPING BEAUTY exit.

BELLE: (*Puts picture frame down and crosses DS.*) Who knew Snow had such devious daughters-in-law? The holidays must be rough. I must go warn Snow! (*Looks side-stage.*) Oh! Someone is coming!

BELLE quickly grabs a blanket from one of the chairs, throws it over herself, and goes down on her hands and knees in front of one of the chairs like a footstool. MULAN enters with a stuffed red dragon. She sits down and puts her feet up on BELLE’S back. BELLE makes an “oof” sound. MULAN stands suddenly, listens, and pulls out a sword.

MULAN: How many tons could the Hun sons run if the Hun sons could run tons?

ARIEL: (*Offstage.*) Five. (*Enters, looking around.*) Mulan, wouldn’t it be easier to just have a code word?

MULAN: There may be spies among us. But I assure you; all spies will be met with death!

MULAN wields her sword. BELLE arches her back in alarm and starts to slowly sneak away on hands and knees.

MARTIN: *(Rushes on stage in excitement.)* Did someone say, “death?”

ARIEL: It was just an expression, Martin!

MULAN: More a promise. *(Eyes MARTIN and runs thumb along edge of sword.)* For people who enter...uninvited.

MARTIN: It, occurs to me that I’m late for my Comic-Con panel. *(Hastily exits.)*

ARIEL: *(To MULAN.)* Hey, be careful with that. Remember, those who live by the swordfish, die by the swordfish.

MULAN: *(Sheaths sword.)* That’s die by the sword. *(Beat.)* So? What information did you gather from Sleeping Beauty?

Sits again. MULAN tries to put her feet up, and then realizes the “footrest” is further away. MULAN pulls the chair closer and puts her feet up on BELLE.

ARIEL: Sleeping Beauty has a big surprise for Snow White. One that will take care of her forever.

MULAN: And when is this to occur?

ARIEL: Tonight.

MULAN: I see. Then we’ll have to give execute our plan before Sleeping Beauty does.

Stands and pets her dragon. BELLE slowing starts to crawl again.

Did you get the pufferfish?

ARIEL: I sure did!

MULAN: Good. *(Sits down, but then realizes the “footrest” is further away. She moves the chair and puts her feet up again.)* I can’t wait to see her face! Snow White will be dazed and confused.

ARIEL: Brilliant!

MULAN: Genius!

BELLE: Achool!

MULAN and ARIEL: Bless you.

MULAN stands up. They both look startled then look around.

ARIEL: Did you hear that?

MULAN: It sounded like my Ottoman sneezed.

ARIEL: Well, your feet are dusty.

MULAN: (*Stares at ARIEL.*) Right. Now remember, no one must know our plan!

ARIEL: And then I'll get my payment?

MULAN: Yes, as promised, two-hundred and fifty pairs of high heeled shoes.

ARIEL: Wonderful. (*Sticks up a foot.*) Feet are just so cool! And they hurt so exquisitely in pumps! By the way, Mulan, what's your tuna against Snow White?

MULAN: It's beef, Ariel. Beef. (*Darkly.*) I have nothing against Snow White...personally. But the Queen before her banished my dragons from the kingdom.

ARIEL: How'd she do that?

MULAN: She passed the Clean Air Act.

ARIEL: Oh. (*Nods her head enthusiastically then stops and thinks about it.*) Huh?

MULAN: That eliminated Smog.

ARIEL: Oh. (*Nods her head enthusiastically then stops and thinks about it.*) Huh?

MULAN: And her Anti-Smoking Act got rid of Puff.

ARIEL: The Magic Dragon?

MULAN: The same. He had to frolic back to the autumn mists of Honalee. So you see why I must deal with Snow White. Am I clear?

ARIEL: As a diving bell.

MULAN: If my plan is successful, I will be the new power in this kingdom!

ARIEL: Okie dokie! Well, I'm going to prepare a little surprise for Snow White.

MULAN: Break a leg.

ARIEL: Oh, I get that! That's an idiom for good luck, isn't it?

MULAN: No. I mean break someone's leg. Literally.

ARIEL: (*Nervous.*) Ookay! (*Tip toes away from MULAN and exits.*)

MULAN: Mermaids! (*Exits.*)

BELLE: (*Throws off blanket and gasps for air.*) This is worse than I thought! Snow is in real trouble; I must warn her!

Lights down. BELLE exits.

ACT 1, SCENE TWO

AT RISE: *A garden at Snow White's castle. Lights up. BELLE enters with two goblets and a bottle and sets them on the table. She looks side-stage then quickly hides behind some plants. GODFATHER enters with MARTIN who carries a bowl of flour.*

GODFATHER: Martin, what's with the bowl?

MARTIN: You told me to bring flour for the Queen.

GODFATHER: That's flowers, Martin. You are so obsessed with the food.

MARTIN: (*Sets bowl of flour on table.*) I've had to pick up a hobby. Not much undertaking these days. For years, there hasn't been a homicide, regicide, or slip-n'-slide.

GODFATHER: Slip-n'-slide?

MARTIN: Very dangerous. So easy to choke on a mouthful of lawn. Anyway, business has been way down. I'm reduced to burying hamsters.

GODFATHER: So sad. However, I have a task that is uniquely tailored to...your skill set. For the Queen, of course.

MARTIN: What are you plotting?

GODFATHER: It's always plots with you, Martin. Suffice it to say that you will cook her goose.

MARTIN: So, fowl play?

GODFATHER: Yes. And don't chicken out.

MARTIN and GODFATHER exit. BELLE stands and looks shocked.

BELLE: What is going on around here? Ariel, Sleeping Beauty, and Mulan are all plotting against Snow White. And the Godfather and Martin are clearly up to something. (*Looks side-stage.*) Someone else is coming. (*Crosses to the flour bowl, grabs some, rubs it on her face then assumes a statue pose.*)

CINDERELLA: (*Enters.*) Psst! Rapunzel! Psst! (*Notices BELLE as a statue.*) I've never noticed that statue before.

Touches BELLE'S face, turns and rubs her fingers together. BELLE puts more flour on her face while CINDERELLA'S back is turned. She gets some in her eyes and freezes mid-rub when CINDERELLA turns around.

And so dusty. That won't do. That won't do at all. Luckily I've got some water boiling in the kitchen. (*Rolls up her sleeves.*) I'll give this statue a good scrubbing. (*CINDERELLA looks at "Statue".*)

That's odd. I'm sure it wasn't posed that way before.

RAPUNZEL: (*Shouts offstage.*) Cinderella, up here!

CINDERELLA: (*Crosses to SL.*) Where?

RAPUNZEL: In the tower.

CINDERELLA: (*Looks up.*) Still?

RAPUNZEL: It's my fortress of solitude!

CINDERELLA: Shouldn't we meet somewhere where we won't be overheard?

BELLE perks up and tip-toes closer.

RAPUNZEL: What?

CINDERELLA: Shouldn't we meet somewhere—

RAPUNZEL: What?

CINDERELLA: Shouldn't we—

RAPUNZEL: What?

CINDERELLA: (*Frustrated.*) SHOULD'N'T WE MEET SOMEWHERE MORE PRIVATE?

RAPUNZEL: Hang on!

CINDERELLA looks around suddenly. BELLE stops in her tracks.

CINDERELLA: That's funny. The statue seems...closer.

RAPUNZEL: (*Enters.*) Let's talk fast; you're interrupting my studies.

CINDERELLA: What happened to your hair?

RAPUNZEL: I had to cut it. It became tangled.

Blank look from CINDERELLA.

I lost all rights to it.

CINDERELLA and RAPUNZEL: (*Shaking their fists in the air.*)

Lawyers!

CINDERELLA: (*Tidies up the area while she talks.*) The plan needs to be discussed.

BELLE sneaks closer.

RAPUNZEL: What did I tell you about using the passive voice?

CINDERELLA: The passive voice should not be used?

RAPUNZEL: I'm thinking you don't get irony, either.

CINDERELLA: Of course I don't. (*Beat.*) Anyway, I've spoken with the Fairy Godfather. He said that he will take care of Snow White.

RAPUNZEL: How?

CINDERELLA: I'm not interested in the details. As long as Snow White doesn't suspect a thing until the very moment it happens.

RAPUNZEL: Oh, okay. But what about Ariel?

CINDERELLA: Fairy Godfather says that tonight, Ariel will be swimming with the fishes.

RAPUNZEL: Uh, isn't she really good at that?

CINDERELLA stops and looks at BELLE, who freezes with her arms up.

CINDERELLA: This garden is so creepy. Sometimes it feels like the statue is moving. As soon as I look away—

RAPUNZEL: Don't blink. Don't even blink. Blink and you're dead.

MARTIN: (*Rushes out with a shovel, excited.*) Did someone say "dead"?

RAPUNZEL: No, Martin. We don't need an undertaker. We need a doctor.

MARTIN: Who?

RAPUNZEL: Exactly.

MARTIN: But I thought it was time—

RAPUNZEL: No, it isn't. So why don't you wibbly, wobbly on out of here.

Clearly disappointed, MARTIN exits.

CINDERELLA: What was that all about?

RAPUNZEL: Never mind. It would take me ten doctors to explain. And we've got more important matters to attend to.

CINDERELLA: Right. "We." *(Starts rubbing hands together in an evilly-plotting manner.)*

RAPUNZEL: Why are you rubbing your hands like that?

CINDERELLA: Uh, moisturizer. That cheap dish soap Snow White buys is so hard on my hands.

RAPUNZEL: Right. *(Excited.)* The plan is brilliant!

CINDERELLA: Genius!

BELLE: *(In pain because her arms are hurting.)* Leave!

CINDERELLA: *(Looks around confused.)* Did you hear something?

RAPUNZEL: Don't be paranoid. But, weirdly, I do have a sudden compulsion to leave. Well, I'm off to take a shower. I'm all itchy after my haircut. I'll see you tonight! *(Exits.)*

CINDERELLA: And quit leaving your hair on the shower wall! It's like I'm showering with a Wookiee. *(Exits.)*

BELLE: *(Drops arms and rubs shoulders.)* I thought they would never leave! I've got to warn Snow White! *(Looks side-stage.)* Who could be coming now? *(Lifts up potted plant and holds it in front of her face.)* All of them. And the foreign exchange student, too.

SNOW WHITE enters, and lowers the plant from in front of BELLE'S face.

SNOW WHITE: Hi, Belle.

BELLE: *(Drops her disguise.)* How did you know it was me?

SNOW WHITE: There's wooly mammoth hair on the plant.

BELLE: Really. And the Beast told me his breed doesn't shed. *(Beat.)*
I was coming to get you, but it's dangerous out here! Why aren't you in your safe room?

SNOW WHITE: I needed some fresh air. You can only watch Netflix for so long. So, did you find out which of my daughters-in-law is plotting against me?

BELLE: Yes.

SNOW WHITE: Which one?

BELLE: All of them.

SNOW WHITE: *(Staggers.)* Wha—? All?

BELLE: Yes.

SNOW WHITE: Even Cinderella?

BELLE: Oh yeah.

SNOW WHITE: But, she's so sweet. Are you sure you heard her right?

BELLE: I heard that one pretty clearly. She was yelling up to the tower.

SNOW WHITE: All of them are after me? But why?

BELLE: I'm not sure. But the good news is that you have a pretty typical relationship with your in-laws.

SNOW WHITE: What's the bad news?

BELLE: You have a pretty typical relationship with your in-laws. They are planning your death.

MARTIN: *(Enters with shovel, excited.)* Did someone say, "Death?"

SNOW WHITE: Not now, Martin. Don't you have work to do?

MARTIN: Right. The royal goldfish did die today.

BELLE: Good. Go bury it.

MARTIN: No. I'm thinking fillet, sauté, and flambé. *(Exits quickly.)*

BELLE: That guy really needs a hobby.

SNOW WHITE: What are we going to do, Belle? The two of us can't take on the five of them.

BELLE: I've been thinking about that, Snow. The odds are really stacked against us.

Takes the bottle and pours two drinks into the goblets. Hands one drink to SNOW WHITE. She takes a drink.

This calls for a radical change in plans.

SNOW WHITE: Really? Like what? (*She takes a drink then looks at the goblet.*) What is this?

BELLE: Apple cider.

SNOW WHITE: Apple cider? But Belle, you know I have a bad reaction to apples.

BELLE: (*Smiles.*) I know.

SNOW WHITE: (*Starts to reel.*) You? It's been you all along? But I thought... (*Staggers.*) I thought... (*Staggers.*)

BELLE: Let me give you a hand, Snow.

She assists SNOW WHITE into a chair, where she passes out.

Good night, Snow White.

Lights down. BELLE and SNOW WHITE exit.

ACT 1, SCENE THREE

AT RISE: *A room in Snow White's castle. MARTIN and GODFATHER enter.*

MARTIN: How go the plans, Godfather?

GODFATHER: Everything is in place. This will be easy. Those princesses are going to do the deed for us. (*Beat.*) But we do have one little problem.

MARTIN: What's that?

GODFATHER: The coup de grace. (*Pronounced "coop."*)

MARTIN: Coup? A sedan is a better family car.

GODFATHER: No. Coup de grace. The final stroke.

MARTIN: Ohhh. You mean—

GODFATHER: Yes. But the person that I hired for the final stroke is not here.

MARTIN: Who is it?

GODFATHER: That's just it. I don't know. He, or she, is very secretive.

Knock at the door. MARTIN opens door to BADROULBADOUR.

MARTIN: Hello, can I help you?

BADROULBADOUR: I am Badroulbadour!

MARTIN: Come again?

BADROULBADOUR: I am Badroulbadour!

MARTIN: One more time. Slowly.

BADROULBADOUR: Bad rule ba door!

MARTIN: Yeah. That's what I thought you said the first time.

GODFATHER: Invite her in, Martin.

MARTIN stands aside and lets BADROULBADOUR in.

BADROULBADOUR: I come far from my hot, sweltering home to heed your call. My husband tells me that you are in need of my...services.

GODFATHER: Who's your husband?

BADROULBADOUR: Aladdin.

GODFATHER: That street rat?

MARTIN: I don't buy that.

GODFATHER: I do. I'm a big fan of your husband. He gives common thievery a good name. Not to mention grave robbing. And false imprisonment.

MARTIN: What's with the false imprisonment?

GODFATHER: The Genie. He had a ransom of three wishes. What a great racket.

MARTIN: *(To BADROULBADOUR.)* If you're Aladdin's wife, then isn't your name Jasmine?

BADROULBADOUR: No. Haven't you heard of *One Thousand and One Nights*?

MARTIN: No.

BADROULBADOUR: *Aladdin's Wonderful Lamp?*

MARTIN: Yeah! But that's the wrong title. It's just, *(With flourish.)* Aladdin!

BADROULBADOUR: Really? *(Beat.)* Read a book.

MARTIN: Somebody with a name like, with a name like—

BADROULBADOUR: Badroulbadour!

BELLE enters unseen and listens in.

MARTIN: Might want to consider a nickname, like Bad-Bad. It's easy to pronounce and gives you street cred.

GODFATHER: Anyway, aren't you supposed to be wearing a little harem number? You know, a halter top with pajama bottoms?

BADROULBADOUR: Again, read a book. Besides, that outfit is not appropriate for what you hired me to do.

GODFATHER: You mean—

BADROULBADOUR: Yes. I am here to make sure that Snow White gets her just desserts.

GODFATHER: Ah, the final stroke! I've been expecting you! Do you have everything you need to do the job?

BADROULBADOUR: Don't worry. I brought everything I'll need.

MARTIN: Good. We're running out of time.

GODFATHER: We want the job done tonight! Come with us!

BADROULBADOUR, GODFATHER, and MARTIN exit. SLEEPING BEAUTY and ARIEL enter from opposite side of stage.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: I think here is the perfect place for the spinning wheel.

ARIEL: Here? But I thought it was supposed to be outside?

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Outside? That's too far. If our plan is to work, we must get to the Queen first.

BELLE: *(Jumps out with sword in her left hand and crosses to ARIEL.)*
Stop!

SLEEPING BEAUTY: We weren't walking.

ARIEL: Who are you? You look awfully familiar.

BELLE: I am Belle!

ARIEL: That's not it. *(Thinks.)* I know. You're famous! There's a painting of you somewhere in here. *(Looks at BELLE more closely.)*
Wow. The artist really captured your creepy eyes.

BELLE: *(Brandishes sword.)* I've got creepy for you. Creepy like...the dungeon!

SLEEPING BEAUTY: That was a horrible segue.

BELLE: What do you mean? That was a great segue.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Not it wasn't.

BELLE: I'm the one holding the sword, and I say it was a great segue.
(Suddenly her left hand droops with the sword.)

SLEEPING BEAUTY: About that.

BELLE: What's the matter with my hand?

SLEEPING BEAUTY: I smeared the handle of your sword with pufferfish neurotoxin.

BELLE: Inconceivable!

SLEEPING BEAUTY: How stupid do you think I am? Do you think I can't tell the difference between a painting and someone hiding behind a frame?

ARIEL: That wasn't a painting?

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Be quiet, Ariel.

ARIEL: Okay.

BELLE: I have to admit, you've outsmarted me this time. *(Smiles.)*

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Then why are you smiling?

BELLE: Because I know something you don't know.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: And what is that?

BELLE: I am not-left-handed. *(Switches the sword to her right hand in a swashbuckly way.)* Aha!

SLEEPING BEAUTY: *(Smiles.)* You are amazing.

BELLE: I should be after dealing with snow zombies. *(Beat.)* So, why are you smiling?

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Because I know something you don't know.

BELLE: What is that?

Thank you for reading this free excerpt from *Fairy Tale Princess Game Of Thrones* by Jim Jeffries, Jane Jeffries, and Claire Wilson. For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script, please contact us at:

Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406

Toll Free: 1-888-473-8521 • Fax (319) 368-8011

www.brookpub.com