

SLEEPING BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

By Wade Bradford

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SLEEPING BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

(9 WOMEN, 6 MEN, 2 EITHER, EXTRAS)

- PRINCE CHARMLESS (m)The brave but often naïve hero of our story. *(134 lines)*
- PRINCESS ROSE (f)Madly in love with her sweetheart, Prince Charmless. *(58 lines)*
- PRINCE FRANKIE/THE BEAST (m)Used to be a party animal, now he's just an animal. *(58 lines)*
- SNOW WHITE (f)Waiting for an available prince to rescue her from her chore-filled, dwarf-infested household. *(60 lines)*
- PUSS N' BOOTS (m/f)A furry, feline hero. *(47 lines)*
- HEADLESS HORSEMAN (m)He's headless, but he's here to help! *(29 lines)*
- THE WICKED FAERIE (f)The villain of the story. She's bitter about not being invited to Rose's party. *(40 lines)*
- IGOR (m/f)Wicked Faerie's rather amusing and slightly hunched over henchman. *(3 lines)*

GOOD WITCH OF THE WEST (f).....She's a rootin' tootin'
Western-styled Witch!
(23 lines)

THE FAERIE GODFATHER (m)Imagine Marlon Brando being
your Fairy Godmother . . .
you get the idea. (15 lines)

VINNIE (m)The Godfather's sidekick.
(2 lines)

THE KING (m).....Rose's over-protective father.
(48 lines)

THE QUEEN (f).....Rose's kind-hearted, but
concerned mother. (24 lines)

TOWN CRIER (8 lines)

STEP SISTERS #1 AND #2 (1 line each)

REAL ESTATE LADY (6 lines)

ASSORTED DWARVES (4 lines)

MEMBERS OF THE PALACE (1 line)

NARRATOR (1 line)

SET SUGGESTIONS

The first production of "Sleeping Beauty and the Beast" used backdrops to create the setting: castle interior backdrop with miscellaneous castle furniture (thrones optional) and a forest backdrop. Use your imagination and find inspiration for the setting in the play itself.

SLEEPING BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

ACT ONE

The opening scene takes place in a grand hall of a medieval castle. Simply established by a backdrop and any castle-styled set pieces appropriate to the Middle Ages.

A young princess (exactly seventeen-years old as of today, in fact) walks across the stage smelling a rose which is a rather vain choice of flower because her name happens to be Princess Rose. Although graceful and beautiful, she seems somewhat sad as she flits about the stage.

She lets out a loud, lonesome sigh. As she gazes out the window (which can be placed or painted in the corner - - or simply painted on the backdrop) she hears the sound of a chirping bird (SOUND EFFECT).

ROSE: Why yes, my feathered friend, I am feeling a bit weary today - -

SOUND EFFECT: The bird chirps back a response.

ROSE: Oh, I don't know. Here I am, living the life of a princess in this exotic castle, set in the middle of the happiest kingdom in all the land and yet still I find myself positively melancholy. You see, little bird, it's my birthday and no one has remembered it. Not even my mother and father.

As she speaks, royal members of the court and the King and Queen, sneak onto the stage. They all carry presents and party favors.

SOUND EFFECT: The bird chirps.

ROSE: Yes, my birthday!

SOUND EFFECT: The bird chirps a question.

ROSE: Well, how old do I look?

SOUND EFFECT: The bird chirps yet another response, this one sounds a bit rude. Rose reacts very angrily.

ROSE: Thirty two?! Get out of here, you rotten little bird! I'm only seventeen!!!

By this time, the members of the palace have crept up behind Princess Rose.

MEMBERS OF THE PALACE: Surprise!!!!

ROSE: Oh Mom, Dad, and all my friends - - Oh my goodness!

QUEEN: Happy birthday, Rose!

ROSE: I didn't think you'd remember.

KING: How could we forget something like that, Ronda.

ROSE: It's Rose, Dad. Remember?

KING: Of course, Rebecca. And now I have a speech prepared for this occasion. *(Takes scroll handed to him.)* If you'll excuse me, my eyes aren't what they used to be. Can you hand me my reading glasses. *(He takes out a set of Coke Bottle glasses and puts them on.)* Ah, that's a bit better - - Citizens of the Kingdom, 17 years ago, our lovely princess was born - - *(He gestures to Rose and inadvertently whacks the Queen in the face.)*

KING: Careful my darling, you'll hurt yourself. Anyway, 17 years ago she came into this world, just a child, and now look at her...*(He approaches where he thinks she is...but instead introduces an ordinary guard.)* She's grown tall*(Pats guard's shoulder...)* And very strong and her curly locks are the prettiest in the kingdom. And no maiden in the kingdom has a prettier face with so much - - stubble?

ROSE: Daddy?

KING: *(Turns around.)* Oh there you are.

ROSE: Thank you for inviting so many of my friends. But there is one person I was hoping would be here.

QUEEN: I know who you mean. And you won't be disappointed.

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ROSE: *(Clapping her hands.)* Oh good!

QUEEN: The Good Witch of the West will be stopping by any moment now . . .

ROSE: Oh. Her. I was expecting somebody else.

QUEEN: But I thought you liked her. She always gets you wonderful presents.

ROSE: *(Mumbling.)* That dumb old sweater.

KING: And don't forget, daughter, it's the Good Witch of the West who gives you your magical birthday blessings. We shouldn't be bitter if she also throws in lousy presents, like the same stupid tie every year.

QUEEN: Now, now, Jonathan.

Snow White approaches. Mingling somewhere in the background are her dwarves (at least two). (NOTE: if you have kids available to play the dwarves terrific. If not, we suggest casting two big football-type guys, but then design their costume so that big floppy shoes are attached to their knees. Then, have them on their knees during their entire scene.)

SNOW: Hello Rose. Fabulous party.

ROSE: Glad you could make it. I don't get to see you very much anymore.

SNOW: It's been kind of hectic for me. My evil step Mom hired this hunter to track me down and bring back my heart in a box; you know how it is.

ROSE: Oh, that's right, that's right. So how are the dwarves?

SNOW: It is so nice to be away from them for a change. I'm always cleaning up after those filthy little men. Doing the dishes. Sweeping the floor. Cooking them dinner. If I didn't have my animal friends to help me out, I don't know how I'd get through the day. And they never appreciate me. One's always grumpy, or happy, shy, hypo-allergic, or comatose or down right stupid. Oh no, here come a couple of them now.

Two dwarves [two dopey looking guys on their knees with dwarf shoes placed upon their kneecaps] enter center stage and wave.

DWARVES: *(In a very nerdy manner.)* Hi!

SNOW: *(Turning away, embarrassed.)* Just ignore them. So where are the eligible bachelors? I thought you said a prince was going to be here. Let me tell you, I'm desperate to find one.

ROSE: There is one prince that I'm counting on.

SOUND EFFECT: Trumpet fanfare!

The Town Crier steps forward, weeping.

CRIER: *(Very sad, tearful.)* May I have everyone's attention please?

SNOW: What's wrong with her?

ROSE: Oh, that's just the town crier.

CRIER: Your majesties! Someone is approaching the castle gates!

KING: Is it the Good Witch of the West?

CRIER: No. It's Prince Charmless!

Everyone grumbles but Rose.

ROSE: My fair Prince Charmless. He has returned from his quest at long last. Perhaps he'll finally ask my hand in marriage, do you think so father?

KING: Now Roselyn - -

ROSE: It's Rose.

KING: Don't change the subject. Prince Charmless is a miserable little wimp. He'll never be fit to be your husband.

ROSE: But he's so sweet.

KING: You want sweet, marry a lollypop. Time and again I have given that boy a chance to prove himself. I've sent him on quest after quest. Kill a dragon, cut off Medusa's head, bring me the hide of the Easter Bunny, and every time he returns to the kingdom a failure. I'm sorry, my daughter, but I could never have you married to a coward.

QUEEN: Your father's right, Rose; he is awful scrawny.

KING: And you don't want a fool for a husband.

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ROSE: You'll see father. All of you will. He'll prove himself to you.
I'm sure in his months of traveling he's grown brave and strong.
CRIER: Announcing the royal heir to the smallest piece of mudflats
in the most insignificant part of the land, Prince Charmless!

Prince Charmless enters. He's sort of a geek, but not without his graces. He appears a year or two older than the princess. He's flexing his muscles, which are actually just balloons underneath his sleeves. He's dressed like an adventurous prince, but his personality is part game-show host, part hero and part twelve-year old boy.

CHARMLESS: Hi everybody!

STEP SISTER #1: Wow! How'd he get so muscular?

STEP SISTER #2: Look at those biceps!

SNOW: Maybe we've misjudged him all these years.

King takes off glasses and uses them to examine Charmless as if using a magnifying glass.

KING: There's something not quite right here. Honey, hand me your hair pin. *(Takes pin. Pops Prince's shoulders.)* I told you he was a phony. His shirt's stuffed with balloons! What else have you inflated in there?

The King takes aim below the belt...

CHARMLESS: *(Steps away.)* Hey, hey, be careful with that pin!

ROSE: Welcome, Prince Charmless. It's been ages since last we met.

CHARMLESS: Dear Princess, may I kiss your royal hand.

Charmless, bows his head and kneels. The King steps between them. Charmless, not noticing, kisses the King's hand.

KING: How dare you!

CHARMLESS: Oh, pardon me.

ROSE: Look, Prince Charmless, all my wonderful friends have arrived. And now you. Today, I'm the happiest girl in the world.
(She spins about dreamily.)

CHARMLESS: I too, have brought you a gift. I've been giving this a lot of thought . . .

KING: *(Whispering to queen.)* Oh no! He's proposing to her.

CHARMLESS: Princess Rose . . .

ROSE: Yes, Prince Charmless?

The King steps on the Prince's toe.

CHARMLESS: Ow!

ROSE: What's that you say?

CHARMLESS: I said HOWWWW - - have you been?

ROSE: I've been fine. Didn't you say you had a present for me? You're not teasing me, are you?

CHARMLESS: I've got a present for you. *(King stares him down.)* It's, uh, over here. In my satchel. Your Majesties, I've traveled the world on a quest for the most sacred of treasures. Behold, the Holy Grail!

Everyone gasps as he reveals the golden Grail.

QUEEN: Incredible! What a brave young man.

KING: Impressive. The Holy Grail. Once the prize possession of King Arthur. Who gave it to you? A wizard?

CHARMLESS: Oh, I got it from a maiden—

KING: What maiden?

CHARMLESS: *(Hoping no one will notice.)* The Maiden Taiwan.

KING: *(Reading grail.)* Made in Taiwan? King Arthur was never in Taiwan. This is a phony!

CHARMLESS: Yeah, but I got it at a great price. The guy even threw in these magic beans.

KING: I knew it. *(Smacks the beans out of his hands.)*

CHARMLESS: My beans!

KING: You are a coward.

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CHARMLESS: I am not. I've done lots of courageous things. Why just yesterday I almost slew a hideous creature!

KING: Almost?

ROSE: How exciting. Tell us all about it!

The lights dim around the others, so as to focus on Charmless, as he tells his tale.

CHARMLESS: It was late at night when I crept into the monster's cave. All of a sudden, I saw him. He was three times my size. His scales were dark purple and his reptile belly was a bright, slimy green. He stared right at me as I drew my sword.

ROSE: Did you attack him?

CHARMLESS: I couldn't.

ROSE: Was he too ferocious?

CHARMLESS: No. Too friendly. He just looked at me and started singing, *(In a "Barney the Dinosaur" style voice.)* "I love you, you love me, we're a happy family." I ran away in stark raving fear.

KING: All you ever do is make up stories.

CHARMLESS: They aren't stories. They're all true. Which reminds me, did you guys hear what happened to the Prince over in the next kingdom?

ROSE: No, tell us.

CHARMLESS: Well, last month the Wicked Faerie - -

KING: The Wicked Faerie? What about her?

CHARMLESS: Well, once upon a time . . . in a not so distant kingdom . . .

As the Prince's tale unfolds, the corner of the stage lights up . . . and reveals a castle doorway. The Wicked Faerie, disguised as an old lady, approaches.

CHARMLESS: The Wicked Faerie had disguised herself as an old beggar woman. Hoping to test his heart, she knocked on the castle door of Prince Frankie . . .

She knocks . . . no one answers.

WICKED: Oh well . . .

Just then, Frankie swings open the door, knocking the witch's backside. He's a tough looking prince who sounds a bit like a street-smart Frank Sinatra. He sees nothing and closes the door. The Wicked Faerie looks around and sees nothing.

CHARMLESS: Something made her think that Prince Frankie was home . . . So she tried knocking again.

She knocks again, and this time she carefully steps to the other side of the door. But, to her surprise, the door swings open the other way, knocking her over. Frankie, not seeing anyone, starts to close the door.

WICKED: Wait! Don't shut the door . . .

FRANKIE: What do you want?

WICKED: I was wondering if you'd take this rose in exchange for . . .

FRANKIE: Sorry, no soliciting, doll face . . .

WICKED: Doll face? Look . . . I just want to know - -

FRANKIE: Listen baby, I've got all the magazine subscriptions I need. Now beat it, toots.

WICKED: Toots? Don't you realize who I am?

She throws off her robe.

CHARMLESS: The Wicked Faerie threw off her disguise!

FRANKIE: Look, this ain't Halloween honey, why don't you take this party somewhere else.

WICKED: That's it . . . that's it! Time to put the witch's curse on you, insolent one!

She waves her hands around.

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CHARMLESS: Angered by the prince's selfishness and his chauvinistic use of words . . . the Wicked Faerie casts a horrendous spell on the young man.

The lights flash. Frankie finally becomes frightened.

FRANKIE: What's . . . what's happening to me???

The lights go dark. Frankie is heard howling like a beast.

ROSE: So what happened?

CHARMLESS: He was transformed into a monster. A beast, ugly and terrible. He looked so frightening, he got chased out of his kingdom and has been wandering the countryside ever since.

ROSE: How dramatic. Oh, Prince Charmless, I wish I could travel the world like you do. There're so many places I'd like to see, so many things I'd like to do.

QUEEN: Yes, my darling. I'm sure the stories of Prince Charmless sound delightful when you sit listening to them here in this cozy castle. But things can turn dreadfully harsh when you're out facing the real world . . .

CRIER: Your majesties, I present to you, the Good Witch of the West!

The Good Witch of the West enters. She looks as though she's part faerie-princess, part cow-girl. She's one of the few people who go around with both a magic wand and a cowboy hat.

WEST: Yeeeeeee-haaww!!! Howdy everybody!

ROSE: Welcome Good Witch of the West.

WEST: Ah, Princess Rose, the birthday girl. You look so exquisite, so intelligent, and just gosh darn pretty.

SNOW: (*Pushes her way forward.*) How do I look?

WEST: Too much lipstick, Snow. Makes you look like a hussy. But wait - - who's this handsome young man? (*She grips his arm.*) So strong and meaty.

CHARMLESS: (*Cringing, but trying to sound dignified.*) Ow, ow, ow. You're hurting me.

WEST: Well, I guess that's enough chitchat. Would you like to have your presents Rose?

ROSE: Oh yes please!

WEST: I thought it was time for this palace to have a cute little critter running around for you to take care of.

ROSE: Oh! You got me a puppy?!

WEST: Even better! (*Reveals present.*)

ROSE: (*Disappointed.*) A Chia-pet. Gosh. What a wonderful present.

WEST: There is one more thing. Your magical birthday blessings!

ROSE: I was hoping for those. Not that this isn't a fascinating gift.

WEST: Now I must have complete silence in order to cast these birthday spells.

CHARMLESS: Silence? No problem here, everyone let's hush up in order to give the Good Witch here some well deserved - -

WEST: Button it up, Princey! (*He immediately quiets up.*) Now where were we? Of course, our gifts to the princess. Dear Rose, I hope you will be pleased with my surprise. My gift to you is that you'll forever be wise.

SNOW: Boring.

WEST: Ahem...

Though time and old age in everyone invades,
with my gift to you, your beauty never fades.

SNOW: (*More interested.*) Ooh. A free face lift!

WEST: Now it's time for the third and final gift.

With my gift you'll be happy and healthy with charm and grace,
and if anyone gets in the way, I'll smash in their face!

KING: Bravo, bravo. My wife, my daughter and I are indebted to you. These were indeed beautiful wishes you've blessed upon her.

WEST: Well thanks. I have been practicing. Here's my card. Remember, I do bar mitzvahs too.

QUEEN: I must say, you're certainly so much nicer than your nasty old cousin, the evil Wicked Faerie.

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WEST: She's prone to dishing out curses instead of blessings.
More and more each day that infernal woman gets worse.

QUEEN: She's wicked, all right.

KING: Now, now, ladies, no need for name-calling. Let's just be thankful that the Wicked Faerie isn't here.

SOUND EFFECT: THUNDER and LIGHTENING!

The Wicked Faerie enters center stage. Her sidekick, Igor, is with her. Everyone, with the exception of the Witch of the West, trembles in fear. She goes around the room staring at each person.

WICKED: Soooo, looks like everyone is having a marvelous time. Hello, good to see you. Nice to meet you. Hi, I'm the Wicked Faerie, let's do lunch sometime. And here's the Birthday Girl, surrounded by all these gifts and her favorite good little faeries. (*Nibble.*) Blah. This pâté is too salty. And here's King Jonathan and Queen Juniper. You certainly invited a great number of people. But somehow, you seemed to have over-looked the person who could have been your most delightful guest. But, no, no, don't apologize. My feelings are hurt, yes, but that doesn't mean I haven't brought along a special gift for the princess.

WEST: You stay away from her.

WICKED: Oh, I won't go near her. I don't need to be close to cast a curse upon the Princess and her family.

KING: A curse?!

WICKED: That's right. Your punishment for being so cruel by not inviting me to Rose's birthday.

KING: But-but-but-

WICKED: Butts are for ashtrays. Now, where is my evil henchman . . . Igor? Igor, what are you doing over there?!

Igor is talking with some of the palace people.

IGOR: He-heh - - I'm mingling.

WICKED: Well get over here and hand me my book of spells.
Hmm. Let's find something malicious, yet creative . . . aha, I know . . .

KING: Wait! You can't do this! Don't worry, honey, I'll protect you!
(He grabs Igor, thinking he/she is Princess Rose.) This is my only daughter. She's the dearest thing in the world to me.

IGOR: Your hands are so soft.

KING: *(Realizes his mistake, pushes Igor away in disgust.)*
Wicked Faerie, I won't let you harm her.

WICKED: Just watch me you fool! *(Points wand at Rose.)*

For all the tears you've made me shed, you'll prick your finger on something pointy and fall down dead.

And if your friends are feeling blue, in just one day, they'll drop dead too!

Hahahahaha! *(She runs out laughing. Then comes back out.)*

Uh . . . How do you get out of this place?

QUEEN: That way.

WICKED: Thanks. It's been fun everybody! Hahahahaha! And remember, one day and then . . . *(Pantomimes cutting throat.)*
Ha ha! *(She leaves.)*

Igor hobbles out with her. He looks back to cackle, and then crudely imitates the Wicked Faerie's gesture. Then he dashes off stage.

KING: This is horrible. My poor daughter . . . My entire kingdom has been cursed. We're all doomed to die!

QUEEN: Cake anyone?

KING: How can you talk about dessert? I can't believe this has happened to our poor baby.

Prince Charmless subtly moves off stage.

WEST: Perhaps there's something we can do. I can't entirely remove the curse, but maybe I can alter it. *(Waves wand.)*

The witch's curse is much too harsh, so death from you we'll keep . . .

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Instead the pricking of a finger will only cause you sleep.
For a thousand years the kingdom will lay, in a deep slumbering bliss . . .

Unless she is awakened by true love, sealed with a kiss.

KING: Oh great . . . So now we're gonna be in a coma forever, unless some punk breaks in and manhandles my daughter.

ROSE: I guess my party's ruined.

SNOW: Well, it wasn't as bad as last years. Remember Prince Charmless on the Karaoke machine? Blah!

As Snow White says these things, Prince Charmless walks back on stage with a microphone and portable karaoke machine. When he hears her criticism, he quickly exits once more before anyone sees him.

QUEEN: Besides Rose, that's the least of our worries.

Charmless re-enters.

ROSE: Can she really put a curse on us like that?

CHARMLESS: No! You people can rest at ease. If ever you needed a hero, you've got one right here.

EVERYONE: Where?

KING: The Chia-pet?

CHARMLESS: No. Me! I'm your hero.

EVERYONE: Hahahahahahahahahahaha. Whew.

KING: But seriously, do you know any heroes?

CHARMLESS: Me! I can stop the Wicked Faerie. I'll journey all the way to her castle and force that old witch to remove the spell.

SNOW: Why didn't you do that while she was here?

CHARMLESS: Uh, I didn't want anybody to get hurt.

EVERYONE: Yeah, right. Sure.

CHARMLESS: Don't you guys believe me?

ROSE: I believe in you, Charmless.

CHARMLESS: At least somebody does. But I'll show everyone. By tomorrow, we'll be free of that nasty old faerie! Wish me luck, Princess.

ROSE: Please don't go. You might be killed. And all because of me.

CHARMLESS: While I'm gone, lock up the castle good and tight, don't let any strangers in. Find all the pointy objects in the kingdom and burn them. If Rose doesn't prick her finger nobody will fall asleep, right?

WEST: I reckon that's correct. But the Wicked Faerie is too dangerous for you to confront, all by yourself.

CHARMLESS: Great! So you're going with me?

WEST: Are you crazy? But, I will give you a special blessing.

The road will be hard, but you'll do your best.

You'll meet two friends to help your quest.

There. That is your gift.

CHARMLESS: And I was hoping for some pepper spray. Oh well. Time for me to take to the open road. Fare thee well, my princess.

ROSE: My brave little Prince, I wish there was something I could do for you.

CHARMLESS: Just don't forget me. That's all I ask. Oh, and while I'm away, could you water my plants?

KING: Come now, daughter, we have much to do. Everyone in the kingdom, I herewith decree that all pointy objects be banned from the castle for the good of the princess and ourselves. So, let's get to work. *(People start leaving.)*

SNOW: Great party, Rose. Except for that evil hex thing.

KING: Charmless, I want to talk to you. Ruth - - I mean - - Rugby, uh, I mean - - my daughter, would you give us a moment. My boy, I wanted to wish you well, even though I'm sure you're going to be crushed, eaten, destroyed or all of the above. But if you succeed, then you may have my daughter's hand in marriage.

CHARMLESS: You can count on me, sir. I'm on my way!!!

ROSE: Goodbye, my beloved Prince. Say goodbye everyone.

EVERYONE: *(Doubtful.)* Good bye.

SCENE CHANGE: Charmless keeps walking. Tree sets are moved in. A forest backdrop replaces the castle.

CHARMLESS: This is the life. Out in the fresh air, walking amongst the twilight wilderness, the rolling green hills, the beautiful trees that seem almost painted against an elaborate backdrop. And best of all, I'm on my way to save the girl of my dreams. *(Lets out a big, hearty sigh.)* Yes, what way of life could be as glorious as this? *(Hears a scary noise.)* Of course, on the other hand, it's very dark out. And it's getting sort of cold. And I'm not even sure where I am or if I'm going in the right direction, and maybe I should just curl up right here in a little ball and cry myself to sleep. *(A cat noise startles him.)* That noise again. Who is it? Who's there?! I command you to answer. *(Something growls and hisses.)* Unless of course you don't feel like answering, which is fine, too.

A CAT, looking very much like Puss n' Boots jumps out in front of him. Charmless screams.

CAT: Meow.

CHARMLESS: Hey, you're not a mean old monster. You're just a cute little cat . . . wearing leather boots.

CAT: I'm not just any cat. Read my nametag . . .

CHARMLESS: "Pus" in boots -- that's disgusting!

CAT: No, I'm *Puss n' Boots*. Feline extraordinaire.

CHARMLESS: That sounds very familiar.

CAT: I used to be a big star. You may have seen me as Run-Tum Tugger in a recent touring company of Cats.

CHARMLESS: Wow. Why aren't you still doing that?

CAT: *(Cough, cough.)* Hairball problem. *(Cough.)* But now I wander the countryside in search of adventure.

CHARMLESS: That sounds like me. I'm on a quest to save Princess Rose.

CAT: How absolutely exciting! Who's she?

CHARMLESS: The girl of my dreams. She's been cursed by the Wicked Faerie.

CAT: So what are you going to do?

CHARMLESS: Storm over to the evil lady's lair, break into her gruesome palace, march right up to her with my blade in hand and say "If it's no trouble, could you remove the curse?"

CAT: Not bad, but you've got to take a more aggressive approach, if you want to frighten her.

CHARMLESS: Like "Take that curse off my girl . . . please!"

CAT: That's better, but don't be afraid to show your claws.

CHARMLESS: Yeah. (*Pretends to use claws.*) Thanks for your advice, Puss n' Boots, and now I'm off to find my destiny!

CAT: Your destiny is that way. The Wicked Faerie's hideout is back over there.

CHARMLESS: Oops. I better get going. I've wasted so much time. It was nice meeting you. (*Starts walking.*)

CAT: Whoa, whoa, that way, remembers?

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