

ONCE UPON ONLINE

A fairytale monologue play

By Tracy Wells

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CHARACTERS

14-24 F, 4 M, 11 any gender

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|-------------------------------|---|
| 1. RAPUNZEL | Trapped in a tower and bored; female |
| 2. PINOCCHIO | Might be a liar; any gender |
| 3. PIGS (3) | Nailing their houses (or not); any gender |
| 4. CINDERELLA | Post-ball recap; female |
| 5. BIG BAD WOLF | Grandma Core haul; any gender |
| 6. SLEEPING BEAUTY | She's not lazy; female |
| 7. LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD | Un-basketing; female |
| 8. SNOW WHITE | GRWM bedtime; female |
| 9. JACK | An ode to beans; male |
| 10. RUMPLESTILTSKIN | What's in a name?; any gender |
| 11. EVIL QUEEN | Cooking demo; female |
| 12. DANCING PRINCESSES (2-12) | Dance video; female |
| 13. BEAUTY | Loves a good beach read; female |
| 14. PRINCE CHARMING | Not so charming; male |
| 15. WITCH | Loves candy; female |
| 16. PUSS IN BOOTS | Can't resist a laser; any gender |
| 17. MAGIC MIRROR | Knows who's fairest; any gender |
| 18. MELODY | A mermaid with regrets; female |
| 19. FROG | It ain't easy being green; any gender |
| 20. STEPSISTERS (2) | Trying out ASMR; female |
| 21. CHICKEN LITTLE | Weather-buff; any gender |
| 22. FAIRY GODMOTHER | Ultimate wishlist; female |

23. SHOEMAKER	Behind the scenes; any gender
24. GOLDBLOCKS	Gives her honest review of porridge; female
25. HUNTSMAN	Confession time; male
26. SNOW QUEEN	Learning to let it go; female
27. GINGERBREAD MAN	A very fit cookie; any gender
28. PEA PRINCESS	Prankster; female
29. THUMBELINA/TOM THUMB	All about body positivity; any gender
30. RAPUNZEL	Hair braider extraordinaire; any gender

RUNTIME

Up to 90 minutes, although this show can be any length by choosing the monologues and interstitial dialogue you'd like to perform.

TIME

Once upon a time.

SETTING

A fairytale kingdom.

SET

Bare stage or various locations in and around a fairytale kingdom.

COSTUMES

All characters should wear costumes that represent the traditional Grimm fairy tales, so they are easily recognizable. However, feel free to have fun and make it your own. Maybe they are modern representations of costumes, with Snow White wearing a blue cardigan, yellow skirt and red bow. Maybe the Gingerbread Man wears a suit with gumdrop buttons. The sky's the limit!

NOTES ON PERFORMING THIS SHOW

This show can be performed a couple different ways...as a full play using the interstitial dialogue, full sets and costumes, or as a night of monologues on a bare stage in everyday clothes, or anything in between. You can have the same actor or small group of actors perform any number of monologues with minor costume changes or you can have a cast of up to forty-four, each with their own monologue or scene. You can change the order of the monologues. You can use one or more of these monologues in a night of monologues. You can use a monologue to audition for a totally different show. You can perform this online, either live over various platforms or pre-recorded. You could even have a hybrid of both, with some monologues recorded and streamed while others are performed live. Note that all interstitial dialogue is said by Rapunzel and located at the end of certain monologues in between asterisks. (***)

1. RAPUNZEL

(RAPUNZEL enters and crosses to center.)

RAPUNZEL

Another day in the tower. Alone. With nothing to do besides brush my unconventionally long hair. I can't wait.

(see audience)

Oh, hey there. Sorry for being such a bum. I don't get a lot of visitors up here in my tower.

(thinks)

Come to think of it, I don't get any visitors...at least not unless they climbed up my hair and I sort of think I'd remember all of you climbing up my hair. So I guess this means it's finally happened. I've lost my mind. The loneliness and isolation has finally done me in and now I'm seeing people who aren't really there.

(nods, accepting)

This is okay. I can work with this.

(points at someone in the audience)

You—I'm going to call you...Cornelius. Corny for short. Corny, you're my long lost best friend who I haven't seen since kindergarten.

(points to someone else in the audience)

And you—you're Mrs. Freckles, my imaginary friend and travel companion.

(points to someone else in the audience)

And you—

(squints)

I honestly don't know what to call you. It's only been about ten seconds since I lost my mind and I'm all out of names. Sorry. But don't worry, I'll come back to you. So Corny, Mrs. Freckles, other guy...this is how it is. We're stuck in this tower all day with nothing to do and nowhere to go. Sounds like a blast doesn't it? You can thank my mom. She has this thing with boundaries. And by boundaries I mean building a tower so high it keeps out the rest of the world and locking me inside it. Call it what you will...smothering, helicopter parenting.... I guess at some point a prince is going to come along and rescue me, or at least that's how these things usually end. But until then I'm pretty much stuck here, slowly losing my mind until somebody decides to show up and say—

OFFSTAGE VOICE

Rapunzel, Rapunzel! Let down your hair.

RAPUNZEL

(crossing toward a window or offstage, not thrilled. She throws her hair which moves as if its being tugged during the next few lines.)

Oh yay, the highlight of my day, when I throw my super long hair out the window and my mother climbs it like a ladder. This really hurts, you know.

(the tugging stops and she turns)

That's odd.

(reaches into her hair and pulls out a phone)

Looks like someone sent me this high tech device. But what does it do?

RUPUNZEL (Cont.)

(punches a few buttons on it)

It looks like I can use it to call for help. Or send a message. Could this be it? Could this be the way I finally escape from my prison in the sky?

(cocks her head, seeing something else)

Wait a minute. What's this? A little square with a picture of a book on it.

(hits a button)

It says it's called StoryBook and it's an app that'll connect me to anyone in the world.

Connection! That's just what I've been waiting for!

(hits a button, perhaps bright lights come from the phone and a big smile crosses her face)

Sorry Mrs. Freckles, our call for help is on hold. Right now I'm headed to the mystical land of...social media....

(RAPUNZEL exits or moves off to the side to watch. Lights fade to black or perhaps characters just enter and exit to perform their monologues/scenes.)

2. PINOCCHIO

(A covered table is center. PINOCCHIO is behind the table, his hands in crude sock puppets, one that resembles himself and one that resembles a whale. At start of scene PINOCCHIO is doing a puppet show.)

PINOCCHIO

(as whale)

I'm going to eat you up, Pinocchio!

(as himself)

No, you're not, whale. I'll never let you eat me!

(as whale)

You'll never escape me. I'm a great big whale!

(as himself)

You may be big, whale, but you're not stronger than me.

(as whale)

Oh, yeah, and who are you?

(as himself)

I'm Pinocchio, the strongest puppet in the world!

(as whale)

Ha, ha, ha! I doubt that. Give me your best shot.

(as himself)

Take that!

(Pinocchio puppet hits the whale puppet on the nose, which sends the whale flying. PINOCCHIO then stands and makes cheering noises while Pinocchio puppet celebrates.)

And that is today's episode of Pinocchio puppet theatre, hosted by the most famous puppet of all time, me!

(makes cheering noises)

Today's episode featured the totally true and not at all exaggerated tale of my encounter with the whale. You might have heard that the whale swallowed me whole, but that's a lie.

(perhaps his nose grows, or he covers it with a puppet)

Okay, well, maybe it tried to nibble at me, but it never swallowed me.

(perhaps his nose grows more, or he covers it with both puppets)

Okay, well, maybe it swallowed me but I bested it in the end.

(waits, but his nose doesn't grow; triumphantly)

That's right! I was the champion! That fish couldn't contain me! He took one look at my bulging biceps and swam away, screaming!

(perhaps his nose grows, or he tries to cover it, but struggles, so he quickly moves offstage as he says his last line)

Uh-oh...um...yeah...so see you next time when I show you how I, Pinocchio, became a real boy all by myself, without the help of any fairies.

(perhaps his nose grows or he exits quickly as lights fade to black.)

RAPUNZEL

Something tells me Pinocchio wasn't telling the truth. But maybe not everything you see online is true.

(shrugs)

Go figure.

(touches a button on her phone)

3. PIGS

(THREE PIGS enter, one carrying a piece of hay, one carrying a stick and one carrying a brick.)

PIG 1

Have you ever wanted to put a roof over your head with minimal effort?

PIGS 1 and 2

Yes!

PIG 3

I'm fine with a little hard work. I'd rather build something that would last through, for example, a mild wind. But maybe that's just me.

PIG 2

Have you ever thought, "building a house can't be that difficult. I mean, the cave people did it, right?"

PIG 3

I don't know. By definition, didn't they live in caves?

PIG 2

Hmmm. Maybe.

PIG 1

And did you think—

(holds up hay as he says "hey")

Hey, I know what I'll build my house out of.

(a beat)

It's hay. I did a whole play on words thing there.

PIG 3

Hay is a bad idea. I wouldn't build a house with it.

PIG 2

That's right. Hay is a bad idea for house building. But you know what's better?

PIG 3

(holds up brick)

Bricks. The answer is bricks.

PIG 2

(holds up a stick)

Not bricks. Sticks! Sticks are much better to build a house out of.

PIG 3

(shaking his head)

No, no they're not.

PIG 1

We just knew we could build the best houses ever out of hay,

PIG 2

Sticks!

PIG 3

And bricks. I'm telling you, you're gonna want bricks.

PIGS

We nailed it!

PIG 1

(darkly)

Until something bad happened.

PIG 2

Something big bad.

PIG 3

A wolf. It was a wolf.

PIG 1

He huffed and he puffed and he blew my straw house down!

PIG 3

Nailed it.

PIG 2

And then he came to my house and—

PIG 3

Let me guess!

PIG 2

He huffed and he puffed and he blew my stick house down!

PIG 3

Nailed it!

PIG 1

But you know who's house he didn't blow down?

PIG 3

Mine!

PIG 2

And why not?

PIG 3

Because I made it out of bricks! I told you guys straw and sticks were a bad idea. But did you listen? No you didn't. And now I have to share my house with you two free-loaders who didn't lift a hoof to help me build it.

PIG 1

(crossing to PIG 2 and putting his arm around him)

And in the end did we manage to get a roof over our heads with minimal effort?

PIG 2

We sure did, Pig!

PIGS 1 and 2

Nailed it!

(PIGS 1 and 1 high five as lights fade to black. End of scene.)

4. CINDERELLA

(CINDERELLA enters excitedly and crosses to center. She looks like a mess and has one glass slipper.)

CINDERELLA

Whoa! That was crazy. I cannot believe the ball went down like that. Whew! I just barely made it. That clock stuck midnight and I was like, get me outta here!

(catches her breath and then turns back to audience)

So tonight did not turn out at all like I thought it would. My plan was to go to the ball, maybe grab a glass of punch, take a quick twirl around the dance floor and then head back home in my pumpkin carriage before my stepmother and stepsisters even knew I was gone. How was I supposed to know my fairy godmother would magically appear and outfit me in the most incredible dress the kingdom had ever seen. And the shoes...the shoes!

(takes her shoe off and holds it up)

Can you see this? This is a glass slipper. Glass! I only have one left—I had to run out of there so quickly, I was halfway home before I realized I had dropped one. But this shoe is a work of art. Louboutin*, who? Anyway, I don't know if it was the dress or the shoes or my sparkling personality, but let's just say, the Prince and I hit it off. From the moment I arrived, it was as if he and I were the only two in the room. It was magical.

(swoons then realizes, worried)

There's only one problem....I never gave him my number or even told him my name!

(shakes her head)

I finally meet the man of my dreams and have a chance to put a life of loneliness and servitude behind me and I totally forget to introduce myself. I'm such an idiot!

(looks at the shoe and sighs)

If the shoe fits...

(CINDERELLA shrugs and puts on the shoe, then hobbles offstage as lights fade to black. *You can change this to any shoe brand.)

RAPUNZEL

Magical tech device, please make a note that if my prince ever shows up that I need to remember to give him my name and my phone number. Thank you.

(touches a button on her phone)

5. BIG BAD WOLF

(BIG BAD WOLF enters, wearing cap, nightgown and robe.)

BIG BAD WOLF

Now I know what you're thinking...that wolf has no right to look that good! And I couldn't agree more. I am working this cap and nightgown situation. Who knew that a few accessories would really pull this ensemble together?. I didn't go to Grannie's in search of my newest look, but it has *found* me. Quite frankly, I went to Grannie's looking for my latest meal—

(leans in, aside)

And let me tell you, that found me as well!

(chuckles)

Or, rather, I found her. Yes, Grannie was tasty but not as tasty as I look right now. Let me break down my Grandma-core haul for you today

(dramatically twists and twirls to show off outfit)

The first thing you need to know is that it's all about the fabrics. Girls, we are looking for polyester, we are looking for rayon. If it does not make you want to scratch your eyes out then it is not Grandma-core. Secondly, the gown needs to extend from top to toes. That's all the way up to the neck, preferably with some lace and a tiny little boy and all the way down to the floor so the world doesn't even know there are legs under there. And, if you want to take your ensemble to the next level, I'm going to recommend a nightcap and robe. Now robes are easy enough to come by, but nightcaps aren't as common these days, so if you can't find one, a rubber shower cap with do nicely. And if you can't find anything quite this fabulous in the store, then just do what I did...find a little girl strolling by herself in the woods, trick her into telling the location of her Grannie's cottage, then go to the cottage, eat her grannie and steal her clothes. Easy as pie!

(BIG BAD WOLF does a twirl and exits as lights fade to black,)

RAPUNZEL

Ooh! I'm kind of liking the Grandma-Core look, but there's no way I'm eating a grannie to get it. I'm sure I can order something from Glamazon and have it delivered.

(touches buttons on her phone)

6. SLEEPING BEAUTY

(SLEEPING BEAUTY enters or perhaps sits up in bed.)

SLEEPING BEAUTY

Let me just start by saying that I'm not lazy. Okay? I don't *want* to fall asleep out of nowhere and not wake up for a hundred years. It just happens sometimes! It's normal. Or at least it is for me since I pricked my finger on that spinning wheel. The doctor says it's narcolepsy. Roughly one in eight princesses have it. Just ask Snow White.

(During the next sentence, BRIAR ROSE starts speaking slower and slower until she drifts off into sleep.)

Narcolepsy is a chronic disorder that includes symptoms of daytime sleepiness and an uncontrollable urge to—

(She's asleep. She snores loudly. After a particularly loud one, she startles awake.)

Sorry. I've got to watch it with the boring stuff. Knocks me right out.

(chuckles; during the next sentence, BRIAR ROSE starts speaking slower and slower until she drifts off into sleep)

But yeah, I nod off in the craziest places. Like one time I was eating a banana split. When I woke up I had sprinkles in my hair, and a banana coming out of my—

(She's asleep. And talking in her sleep.)

No, Mr. Wolf, I don't think your ears are too big for your face.

(She snores loudly and startles awake.)

It happened again, didn't it? I'm so sorry. But what you see is what you get. They don't call me Sleeping Beauty for nothing.

(SLEEPING BEAUTY falls asleep or exits as lights fade to black.)

RAPUNZEL

(yawns)

I don't know why, but I'm suddenly feeling sleepy. Come on, Storybook, show me something good to keep me awake all night long!

(touches a button on her phone)

7. LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

(LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD enters, carrying a basket and crosses to a table, center. She places the basket on the table and turns to the audience.)

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

So you know how when you're on your way to visit your sick grannie, you want to pack her something nice to show her how much you care? Well that's what I have right here—a basket full of sweet treats that's sure to make Grannie smile.

(proudly)

I packed it myself.

(chuckles)

Annnnnddd I may have sampled a few of the treats myself, just to make sure Grannie would like them. Why don't we do a little unboxing—or I guess un-*basket*-ing—and see what we have in here?

(opens basket)

Hmmm, let's see....

(rifles around and pulls out a few empty muffin wrappers)

These *were* some blueberry muffins, but after I tasted the first one I thought Grannie would probably find them a little too tart, so I ate them.

(pulls out a chocolate bar wrapper)

And this *was* a chocolate bar, but it's pretty warm today and I figured it would probably melt before we got there, so I ate that too.

(pulls out an empty box)

This *was* a box of mom's famous homemade peanut butter cookies. I don't know if Grannie has a peanut allergy or not, so just to be on the safe side I thought it best if I ate them.

(pulls out the end of a loaf of bread)

And last but not least, we have some nice, fresh bread....well, the heel of the bread, anyway.

(shrugs)

What can I say? I was hungry. Besides, I think chicken soup is better for sick grannies anyway.

(LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD grabs the basket and takes a bite of the bread as she exits and lights fade to black.)

8. SNOW WHITE

(SNOW WHITE enters, perhaps into bedroom. If not, she could carry a basket of items. She is wearing a nightgown or pajamas. In the basket or on a vanity should be an apple, a bow shaped headband, a spray bottle or fancy bottle of water, a brush.)

SNOW WHITE

(yawning)

Oh, my! I am growing tired from a long day skipping through the forest with my woodland friends. Luckily it's almost time for bed and I have the perfect nighttime routine to lull anyone into a long and restful sleep. So come on, get ready with me—bedtime edition!

(picks up the bow headband and puts in on)

Alright, let's get started. First things first, every princess knows that you can't go to sleep with a dirty face. So every night I start my routine by putting on my prettiest bow and spritzing my face with the morning dew my rabbit friends collected from the leaves in my garden.

(spritzes her face with water)

There! That's better. So refreshing. If you want the same result, make sure your rabbit friends collect morning dew for you as well.

(picks up brush)

The next thing we need to do is brush any tangles out of our hair.

(brings brush to head, then stops and giggles)

Silly me! I forgot that my chipmunk friends brushed my hair only a few moments ago, so I can skip that step tonight.

(puts the brush down and looks around, worried)

Oh dear! I don't see my slippers. Perhaps my friend the bluebird can help locate it for me.

(calls out)

Oh, bluebird!

(perhaps also sings a melody until her slippers are thrown on from offstage or a bird brings them on and drops them)

Thank you, bluebird. Now we're just about ready for bed, but if you're like me, you can't go to sleep without a little midnight snack.

(picks up the apple)

Just one bite of this apple I got from my stepmother and I'll be out like a light. Sweet dreams!

(SNOW WHITE takes a bite and falls down, asleep. Or she can take a bite as she exits and stumble off as lights fade to black.)

RAPUNZEL

What's with all these princesses and sleeping? If I could get outside of this tower I'd never go to sleep! You hear that, Corny? Once I get out of here I'm never sleeping again!

(touches a button on her phone)

9. JACK

(JACK enters, solemnly, perhaps holding a scroll or paper. He crosses to center stage, looks at his paper, takes a deep breath, clears his throat.)

JACK

Ahem. An ode to beans.

(after a beat, looks up at the audience)

Beans, beans, a therapeutical root. The more you plant, the more you—

(smiles)

Grow a giant beanstalk that grows so tall it reaches into the clouds.

(serious again)

Whether navy or green, black, lima or mung, just cook them all up and they'll all smell like—

(sniffs big and smiles)

Little bites of heaven!

(serious again)

I like chickpeas on my salad, and pinto in my chili. But none can compare to the greatest bean of all—

(smiles)

The soy bean! It has so many uses. There's soy milk and tofu and tempeh and edamame and soy sauce.

(serious again)

But the king of all beans...the most splendiferous, fantastical, astounding and magical is of course...

(excitedly)

The magic bean!

(serious)

Never has a bean so tiny grown a plant so tall. And once you climb to the top you'll soon feel oh so small. For at the top live giants, with harps and golden flocks. And when you steal all their treasure, they'll chase you down the stalk—

(frightened)

Threatening to kill you and your family and everyone you love.

(thinks, worried)

Maybe magic beans aren't so great after all.

(JACK exits as lights fade to black.)

10. RUMPLESTILTSKIN

(RUMPLESTILTSKIN enters and addresses audience.)

RUMPLESTILTSKIN

(dramatically)

What's in a name? That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet.

(drops the dramatics)

Okay, Shakespeare, that's poetic and all, but let me drop a little knowledge on you from another celebrated poet, the great Bret Michaels—

(clears his throat)

Every rose has it's thorn.

(smirks and turns to audience)

Some might say I have too many thorns. I'm not known for being particularly nice. And sure, I'm a bit of a wheeler and dealer. But since when is it a crime to demand payment for my services? And if my services just happen to be the ability to turn straw into gold, well, most people would agree that deserves a hefty price—like handing over your firstborn child. But I'm not an unreasonable imp. I have a very simple refund policy. In fact, many would call it quite generous. You can keep the gold and your child if you do one simple thing...

(dramatically)

As the celebrated poets Destiny's Child once said, you just have to...say my name. But here's the thing—my parents were real jokesters. They didn't name me something simple like Joe or Sam. Nope. The name they gave me, well, it's a real piece of work. So if you make a deal with me and can't figure out my name, all I have to say to that is...blame my parents.

(starts to exit, then stops and turns, his hand out)

Oh, and...hand over your baby.

(chuckles and exits as lights fade to black)

RAPUNZEL

It's Rumplestiltskin. We all know his name is Rumplestiltskin, right?

(to audience member)

Hey, I still owe you a name. Maybe I should call you Rumplestiltskin? Naw, I can think of something better. I'll come back to you later.

(touches a button on her phone)

11. EVIL QUEEN

(EVIL QUEEN is at a counter cooking, with an apple and a cauldron in front of her or perhaps enters with a small cauldron under one arm and an apple in the other hand.)

EVIL QUEEN

(in a Homemaking Goddess kind of way)

Oh, hello there friends. Are you looking for a new fall dessert recipe to use with those apples you picked this weekend at the orchard? Have you grown tired of plain old apple pies and tarts and cobblers and dumplings? Well then you've come to the right place because I have the most magical recipe for you. I call it...Evil Queen's Poison Apple.

(holds up the apple and looks at it for a beat)

The title needs a little work, but the recipe is absolute perfection. And it only requires a few simple ingredients—an apple of course and then....

(lists ingredients off-handedly as if they are no big deal)

mummy dust, black of night, old hag's cackle, and just a little scream of fright. No, biggie, right?

(perhaps demonstrates)

And then you just grab your favorite cauldron, combine the ingredients and dip your apple in and—

(starts to pull the apple out and stops)

Oh, wait! I almost forgot the most important ingredient. The addition of this one component will bring this recipe to the next level. And that ingredient is...

(leans in, dramatically)

Spite. Just pure unadulterated loathing.

(growing more and more spiteful)

And if for some reason you can't find it, let me suggest marrying a king and then he dies and you get stuck with his beautiful brat of a daughter who won't stop singing and who just won't die no matter how many times you send your huntsman to chop her heart out!

(realizes where she is, stops and chuckles)

So yeah, check out this recipe on my blog.

(darkly)

Or else!

(Lights fade to black.)

12. DANCING PRINCESSES

(PRINCESSES, any number 2-12 are center, doing a simple dance to music like you might see on social media. PRINCESS 2 is clumsy and doesn't get the choreography. All other PRINCESS lines can be divided up between the other 1-11 PRINCESSES. If you only have two total PRINCESSES then all PRINCESS lines can be said by the same actor. The music abruptly stops or is stopped by a PRINCESS when PRINCESS 2 crashes into another one and then falls.)

PRINCESS

No, no, no! That's not how it goes.

PRINCESS 2

But you said left foot then right foot!

PRINCESS

No, I said left, left, right, right.

PRINCESS 2

Oh, all I heard was left then right.

PRINCESS

That's because you don't listen!

PRINCESS 2

I listen, it's just that dancing doesn't come very naturally to me.

PRINCESS

But you're a dancing princess.

PRINCESS

It's in the name.

PRINCESS 2

Well, I guess that makes me very unlucky...or uncoordinated. But you're a good teacher and I'm a great learner, so let's try this again!

(enthusiastically claps her hands, warms up, stretches, etc.)

PRINCESS

I don't know...

PRINCESS 2

I can do this. I know it! Let's go!

PRINCESS

If you say so.

(PRINCESS pushes a button on her phone and the music starts again. PRINCESSES dance. At first it's going pretty well, until PRINCESS 2 loses her place and crashes into other PRINCESS and falls down.)

PRINCESS

Seriously?

PRINCESS 2

I almost had it!

PRINCESS

Not even close.

PRINCESS

You know, if you just want to skip this tutorial, you can be in the next video.

PRINCESS 2

But I'm a dancing princess!

PRINCESS

I think your feet would disagree.

PRINCESS 2

(looks down)

That's it! That's the problem. My feet!

PRINCESS

(looks at PRINCESS 2's feet)

I mean, they look fine to me.

PRINCESS

(waves a hand in front of her nose)

Now their smell is a whole other problem.

PRINCESS 2

Maybe not my feet, exactly, but my shoes. Look at the state of these bad boys!

(holds up a foot to show a torn up shoe)

PRINCESS

Wow, you've practically danced the soles right off of them!

PRINCESS 2

No wonder I'm such a disaster. My shoes are the problem!

PRINCESS

They why don't you take them off and let's try this one more time?

PRINCESS 2

Sounds good to me!

(PRINCESS pushes a button on her phone and the music starts again. PRINCESS 2 takes off her shoes as PRINCESSES dance. PRINCESS 2 joins them, but the smell is so awful that other PRINCESSES gag, fall, down, etc. until PRINCESS 2 is the only one standing. At the end she excitedly strikes a pose.)

PRINCESS 2

I did it! I finally did it!

(looks around and sees unconscious PRINCESSES)

Guys? Are you okay?

(sees her shoes and puts it together)

Oh. Oops!

(PRINCESS 2 does a dance and smiles as lights fade to black.)

RAPUNZEL

(doing the dance, but stops when she sees the audience)

Oh, hey. I guess I can practice that dance later. Ooh! Or maybe we can all do it together! What do you say, Mrs. Freckles? Are you in? No? Fine.

(touches a button on her phone)

13. BEAUTY

(BEAUTY enters carrying a stack of three books. Perhaps she sets them on a table. Or maybe she's sitting on a chair in a library.)

Who doesn't love a good book? There's nothing quite like cracking the spine on a brand new hardcover or turning the yellowed pages of an old and well loved paperback and smelling that incredible old book smell.

(smells her book)

Ahhhh, the subtle sweetness of binding materials breaking down mixed with a little bit of mold. There's nothing quite like it.

(pats her stack)

And there's nothing quite like my book recommendations for today, are three classics you might recognize. So let's dig in!

(Holds up first book, which may have the title.)

Our first book is Lord of the Flies. This classic tale tells the story of a prince who was turned into a frog after being put under the spell of an enchantress. This memoir details the frog's daily life in the bog as he catches flies and plays in the muck, all while waiting for his princess to come and rescue him. It's a tale of romance, reflection, and ultimately, redemption. I give it a score of...

(thinks, then a graphic or sign depicting three roses is seen)

Three roses!

(holds up next book)

Our next book is called Great Expectations. This book tells the shocking tale of an Emperor who is hoodwinked by two elves into buying what is supposed to be the most magnificent new clothes. And while the Emperor's expectations were great, the magnificent clothes he was promised were not...they weren't really there at all! This book has intrigue, deception and a twist ending you never saw coming! I give it a score of...

(thinks, then a graphic or sign depicting four roses is seen)

Four roses!

(holds up next book)

And last but not least, my final recommendation is Little Women, which tells the story of a little thumb sized girl who is kidnapped by a toad, nurses a swallow back to health and eventually marries a fairy prince. I'm not sure why it's called Little Women, when it only has one little woman in it, but I give it a score of...

(thinks, then a graphic or sign depicting five roses is seen)

Five roses!

(Perhaps someone enters and whispers in BEAUTY'S ear or she looks offstage or holds a hand up to her ear, as if being told something.)

I'm being told that's not what any of these books are about, but they are all incredible, so check them out. Happy reading!

(BEAUTY smiles at the audience or exits as lights fade to black.)

14. PRINCE CHARMING

(PRINCE CHARMING enters, or perhaps he is lounging on a throne.)

PRINCE CHARMING

Charming.

(a beat)

That's not my name, you know. It's Gary. But I guess Gary doesn't sound as cool as—

(affected)

Charming. Ugh. I hate that word. If I'm being honest, it's not even a particularly accurate way to describe me most days. I'm a little grumpy in the morning when the royal page drags me out of bed for lunch. And I'm pretty picky when it comes to my meals. Don't worry, I cover all the major food groups—battered noodles, corn, and dino nuggies. But when Cook tries to serve me her special roast pheasant, or when she wants me to try just one bite of creamed spinach, well... I've been known to throw a fit.

(a beat, maybe he sits up or walks around)

I try to be charming—I really do! I put a smile on my face as maidens throw themselves at me at the palace balls. I lay my cape over puddles when little old ladies cross the street.

(thinks)

Well, not my *good* cape. But it's cashmere with a fur trim, so who could blame me? All I'm saying is, when they call you Prince Charming, it's a lot to live up to. Prince Gary, though? Now that has a nice ring to it.

(Lights fade to black or exit.)

RAPUNZEL

(with a shy smile)

I mean, I wouldn't push Prince Gary out of my tower if he came over for some dino nuggies. Just sayin'.

(touches a button on her phone)

15. WITCH

(WITCH enters, perhaps in front of a backdrop of a candy house. She carries a bag of candy in one hand and a lollipop in the other.)

WITCH

Hey guys! It's your favorite witch here, coming at you today from the forest with an exciting giveaway for all my followers! Do you love candy? Could you make a meal out of chocolate? Do you dream of marshmallows and lollipops? Then enter for a chance to win an all expense paid trip to my candy cottage! Included is a two week stay during which you'll get two hours every day of uninterrupted time to eat as much of my house as you'd like. And when you're not sampling my satisfying sweets you'll be locked away in a cell while you wait for your impending death inside my fiery hot oven. Not liking the sound of that cell? No problem! When not tasting my tempting treats you are free to work day and night completing all of the household chores that I don't want to do. Does this sound good to you? All you have to do is like and follow my page and tag one of your friends in the comments, cause you know I prefer at least two courses for my meals. And don't forget to check back soon for more contests, content, and everyone's favorite...candy!

(WITCH perhaps licks the lollipop or eats a piece of candy as she exits and lights fade to black.)

16. PUSS IN BOOTS

(PUSS IN BOOTS enters, with swagger.)

PUSS IN BOOTS

Bonjour, mon ami. It is I, you feline friend, Puss in Boots, here to teach you all the tricks you need to know to go from zero to hero in—

(A red laser in shone onstage, getting PUSS IN BOOTS' attention, causing him to get down on all fours, stalking the light.)

So we meet again, little red light. You may have bested me before, but not today! Today I will show you who's boss. Today you shall be mine!

(He lunges at red light, which abruptly moves, taunting PUSS IN BOOTS, who snarls and hisses and chases it around until the light disappears and PUSS IN BOOTS regains composure.)

Sorry about that, a minor distraction. Now, where was I? Oh yes, tricks you should know if you want to climb the social ladder. The first thing you're going to need is a good pair of boots. Then you're going to want to get a—

(A red laser in shone onstage, getting PUSS IN BOOTS' attention, causing him to get down on all fours, stalking the light.)

Bonjour red light! You think you're so smart, don't you? But Puss in Boots is smarter. I will get you, this time. I will!

(He lunges at red light, which abruptly moves, taunting PUSS IN BOOTS, who snarls and hisses and chases it around until the light disappears and PUSS IN BOOTS regains composure.)

My humblest apologies, mon ami. I believe I was about to tell you—

(The red laser returns. PUSS IN BOOTS looks at the light, then back at the audience.)

Just one minute.

(PUSS IN BOOTS lunges dramatically at the red laser. It is an epic and humorous battle, towards the end, the light should stop, near the exit. PUSS IN BOOTS turns to the audience.)

You know what? I'll tell you next time. Right now I have a red light to catch. On guard!

(PUSS IN BOOTS charges at red light, running offstage. Lights fade to black.)

RAPUNZEL

Cat videos are hilarious! Please tell me there's more where that came from. Let's do a little search.

(types into phone)

Two million cat videos??!!!! Yes, please!

(touches a button on her phone)

17. MAGIC MIRROR

(MAGIC MIRROR enters and crosses to center.)

MAGIC MIRROR

(serene)

Hello and welcome to your daily reflection. I'm the Magic Mirror, and today we're going to talk about what it means to be fair. And despite what the Evil Queen thinks, it doesn't just mean beautiful. No, fair has many meanings, in fact, and I'm not talking about the summertime gathering filled with games and rides and cotton candy. What I'd like to reflect on is the way we should treat one another. With fairness.

(get more and more worked up as the monologue goes on)

And to me that means showing respect. And that means not berating your poor mirror because it doesn't give you the answer you want. It means understanding that a magic mirror's job is to tell the truth, whether you like it or not and accepting the answer it gives you. It's realizing that no matter how many times you ask the question—

(mimicking, annoyed)

“Who is the fairest one of all?” that you are not going to get the answer you want and threatening to shatter your mirror into a million pieces is not going to make you more beautiful than Snow White!

(takes a few deep breaths and composes himself)

So friends, let's all remember to be fair to one another, whether you're the fairest one or not. Okay? Okay?!?!?

(smiles serenely)

This has been your daily reflection.

(MAGIC MIRROR exits as lights fade to black.)

18. MELODY

(MELODY enters.)

MELODY

Hello? Is anyone listening? It's me, Melody, your local mermaid turned princess who just happened to sell her voice for a couple of fancy legs! Ugh. This is so annoying. Everyone else gets to joke and laugh and tell stories and I have to sit here with my mouth shut and just smile and nod.

(crosses her arms, annoyed)

Hrumph. I bet my second grade teacher would love that. She was always telling my parents I talked too much. Well look at me now, Mrs. Garapolous! You finally got what you wanted!

(sighs)

But it'll all be worth it, right? The legs, the voice. In the end I'll get my prince. And I'll get to live in this palace and wear pretty dresses and eat great food...

(growing more and more worked up)

And say absolutely nothing while I listen to the prince drone on and on about local cattle prices and the best place to buy a cumberbund and the merits of boxers verses briefs and the plot holes in every Star Wars movie ever made!

(clasps her throat, terrified)

I think I made a mistake.

(Lights fade to black.)

RAPUNZEL

You definitely made a mistake. Never give up your voice, sister! Am I right, ladies? Am I right, Mrs. Freckles? Thank you.

(touches a button on her phone)

19. FROG

(FROG enters and crosses to center.)

It ain't easy being green.

(a beat)

I know. You've heard that one before, but it doesn't make it any less true. People make a lot of assumptions about you when you're green—just ask the Wicked Witch of the West. But in my case, people assume that because I'm green I must be slimy. That's not slime, you know. It's a mucus layer I secrete that helps me breathe and keeps me moist.

(a beat)

Moist. People really hate the word moist.

(testing it out)

Moist. Huh. I don't get it. That word really gets a bad rap. Same with being green—people just assume the worst about you. They assume you're mean and slimy and covered in warts. Warts! Now that one is just ridiculous.

(thinks)

Well, in the case of the Wicked Witch it is true, but when it comes to frogs it is certifiably false. Toads too—those aren't warts, people! Once again they are mucus glands that are used to secrete—

(thinks)

Secrete. People hate that word too. Secrete.

(shrugs)

Yeah, that word is gross. I get it. But the being green thing...that's not gross. It's just a color. Now, would someone please tell that to the princess with the gold ball so she'll kiss me already? I'm tired of being a frog!

(quickly)

But not because I'm green—that part I actually like. It's the whole moist thing.

(touches his arm and looks at it in disdain)

No one likes moist.

(FROG shrugs and exits as lights fade to black.)

20. STEPSISTERS (2)

(STEPSISTER 1 enters, holding a microphone and a basket containing an empty water bottle, and a chalkboard and chalk. Or perhaps she crosses to sit at a table with microphone on it.)

STEPSISTER 1

(intensely whispering into the microphone)

Hello. It's me...Stepsister.

(STEPSISTER 2 enters, talking, the beginning of her line starting off stage.)

STEPSISTER 2

Bernice! Where are you? Mother says there's a guy coming over and we're supposed to try on a shoe. She says we need to be prepared to cut off some toes if necessary.

STEPSISTER 1

(whispering into microphone)

I'll be right there.

STEPSISTER 2

(grimacing, confused)

What are you doing?

STEPSISTER 1

(whispering into microphone)

I'm whispering.

STEPSISTER 2

Why are you whispering? There's no one else here. It's just me and you.
(looks around)

STEPSISTER 1

(whispering into microphone)

I'm making a video.

STEPSISTER 2

What kind of video?

STEPSISTER 1

(whispering into microphone)

A video of me whispering.

STEPSISTER 2

Okay, you have reached a new level of weird, sister. No wonder the prince didn't want to dance with you at the ball.

STEPSISTER 1

He didn't want to dance with you either! Besides...
(whispering into microphone)

People like it.

STEPSISTER 2

I don't think that's true.

STEPSISTER 1

(whispering into microphone)
Oh, it's definitely true. They love it.

STEPSISTER 2

No one wants to hear you whisper. In fact, I doubt anyone wants to hear you at all—including me. Give me that microphone.

(snatches the microphone and talks loudly into it)
Is this true? Do people want to be whispered at?

STEPSISTER 1

(holding her ears)
Ahhh! Not so loud!

STEPSISTER 2

Ugh, fine.
(whispers loudly)
Why are we doing this?

STEPSISTER 1

It's called ASMR. Some people find it relaxing. It makes them feel tingly.

STEPSISTER 2

Ooh! I want to tingle. ASMR me.
(puts a hand over her ear to listen)

STEPSISTER 1

Um, that's not how it works. Plus it's not for everyone. Some people find it irritating.

STEPSISTER 2

Try me. Do your whispering thing.

STEPSISTER 1

Alright.

STEPSISTER 1 (Cont.)

(whispering into microphone)

How does this make you feel?

STEPSISTER 2

(cringing)

Like I want to scratch my eyes out.

STEPSISTER 1

Okay, that's a little extreme. Maybe you'll like a different kind of ASMR. Like tapping.

(taps the microphone)

STEPSISTER 2

(stops her from tapping)

Keep tapping that microphone and I'll tell Mother you want to do Cinderella's chores today.

STEPSISTER 1

(chuckling)

Ha! As if!

STEPSISTER 2

I know, right!

(joins in the laughter, then abruptly stops.)

Let's see what else you've got.

(picks up the water bottle)

Trash? Really?

STEPSISTER 1

That's actually for crinkling.

(grabs bottle and crinkles it)

See?

STEPSISTER 2

(grimaces)

Crinkling trash is ASMR too?

STEPSISTER 1

Yep.

STEPSISTER 2

(looks into basket)

Ooh! This looks like fun.

STEPSISTER 1

Wait. I know what you're thinking and I can assure you, you're wrong.

STEPSISTER 2

It's a chalkboard, and this is ASMR. There's only one thing it can be used for—
(puts her nails to the board and puts it by the microphone)

STEPSISTER 1

No! Don't!

(STEPSISTER 2 scratches her nails on the chalkboard as
STEPSISTER 1 covers her ears and grimaces.)

STEPSISTER 2

(looks at the chalkboard with a satisfied smile)

On second thought, maybe this ASMR thing isn't so bad after all!

(STEPSISTER 2 scratches her nails on the chalkboard as
STEPSISTER 1 covers her ears and grimaces as lights fade to
black.)

RAPUNZEL

Is it just me or was the whole chalkboard thing not that bad? Its just me right? I actually am
going crazy up here in my tower? Yeah, that's what I thought.
(touches a button on her phone)

21. CHICKEN LITTLE

(CHICKEN LITTLE enters, carrying an umbrella.)

CHICKEN LITTLE

So anyone who knows me knows I'm a bit of a weather buff. I follow all the radars, track hot fronts and cold fronts, study air currents and pressures. I use grafts and charts and tools and gauges. I have thermometers and barometers and hygrometers and anemometers and...basically all the ometers. Because next time I *will* be prepared. Next time I won't be caught off—

(An acorn falls down and hits CHICKEN LITTLE in the head. Or perhaps a loud noise is heard. CHICKEN LITTLE starts freaking out, screaming and running around.)

Ahhhhhhhhh! The sky is falling! The sky is falling! How could this be? The sun is shining! The sky is clear. There are no storms for miles!

(calms down)

Maybe I was mistaken. The sky wouldn't suddenly fall down. And if it was going to, then surely the local meteorologist would've warned us, and we all know meteorologists are never wrong.

(chuckles)

Ha! Just a little joke. I thought I should bring the mood down after my little overreaction. Because like I said—

(Another acorn falls down and hits CHICKEN LITTLE in the head. Or perhaps a loud noise is heard. CHICKEN LITTLE starts freaking out, screaming and running around.)

Ahhhhhhhhh! The sky is falling! The sky is falling! It hit me right on the head. Right here.

(taps a spot on his head)

Is there a bump? There's gotta be a bump. I'll sue, I tell you! Just wait until you hear from my lawyers, sky!

(calms down)

Sue the sky?

(chuckles then suddenly stops)

Wait a minute. You can't sue the sky. Can you? No, of course not. That would be silly. Just as silly as if out of nowhere a piece of the sky fell down and—

(Another acorn falls down and hits CHICKEN LITTLE in the head. Or perhaps a loud noise is heard.)

Ahhhhhhhhh! Not again!

(CHICKEN LITTLE runs offstage, exiting as lights fade to black.)

22. FAIRY GODMOTHER

(FAIRY GODMOTHER enters with wand and a list.)

FAIRY GODMOTHER

It's that time of year again...that magical time of year when thoughts turn to family and friends and love and togetherness and of course, above all else...gifts! Yes we are talking about Christmas....or Valentines Day...or your birthday...

(annoyed)

But not my birthday, because who thinks about getting the Fairy Godmother a birthday gift?

(in exaggerated imitation)

She can just use her magic wand and get anything she wants. She doesn't need anything.

(angrily)

That might be true, Jessica, but it would still be nice to be thought of occasionally. Maybe you could whip up a handmade card or a batch of your famous chocolate chip cookies. Just sayin'! But we're not here to talk about me. We're here to talk about...whatever day is upon us that people might get gifts. And when that day approaches, many people put together wish lists. And who better to talk about wish lists than your friendly neighborhood fairy godmother?

(bows)

You're welcome. Now, let's go through some of the most requested wishes that you might want to consider for an upcoming gifts.

(looks at list)

First up is the perennial favorite...more wishes. Hmmm. That isn't exactly something you can wrap up and put into a box. Let's see what else people always ask me for.

(looks at the list)

Glass slippers.

(looks up)

Honestly, I really need to discourage you from giving anyone glass slippers. Sure, they look pretty. And it's a unique gift, that's for sure. But have you ever worn glass slippers? Talk about uncomfortable! And good luck not breaking them! If I were you, I would pass on those.

(looks at the list, running a finger down the page)

Now, what do we have next...true love. Good luck with that one.

(laughs and scrolls down the list)

A golden touch?

(grimaces)

Not all it's cracked up to be, let me tell you.

(scrolls down the list)

Rescue from a dragon's lair.

(shakes her head)

Not applicable.

(sighs)

I guess what we've learned is that the best gifts don't come from a list, or a magic wand. They come from the heart. Or the oven. Do you hear that Jessica? I'm still waiting on those cookies.

(FAIRY GODMOTHER waves her wand and exits as lights fade to black.)

RAPUNZEL

I wonder if Fairy Godmother knows about the Glamazon Wish List. You can get anything on Glamazon. Ooh! Maybe I can order myself a prince!

(touches a button on her phone)

23. SHOEMAKER

(SHOEMAKER enters on a darkened stage with a flashlight. He turns to the audience and puts the flashlight up to his face.)

Okay, what I am about to show you is going to blow your mind. Sorry it's so dark, but that's the only way we're going to catch these little guys in action. Now come along with me as we go...elf hunting! Yep, you heard me right—elves! Tiny little men who sneak into my cobbler's shop and make shoes for me while I sleep. Crazy, right? I wasn't sure what was going on at first...I would stay up late, working on my shoes, then fall asleep with the soles cut out and the leather half sewed. But when I woke up in the morning, there would be the shoes—completely done and ready for sale! And this has happened night after night for the past week. I've tried to catch them in action, but I haven't had any luck. Not yet at least. But tonight's the night, I can feel it. Because this time I've brought along a little bait.

(leans down, whispering and holding up tiny clothes into the light)

My wife made them a tiny set of clothes! Aren't they adorable? Oh, did I forget to mention these elves are naked? Yep! They're just running around my shop, naked as the day they were born, wearing nothing but their birthday suits and making shoes.

(hears something, maybe a giggle, and turns using the flashlight)

What was that?

(putting the flashlight on his face)

Did you hear that? I think they're here!

(hears something, maybe a giggle, and turns quickly the other way, looking with the flashlight)

There it is again!

(hears something, maybe a giggle, and turns quickly the other way, looking with the flashlight)

Or there!

(there is a scuffle, a tugging on the clothes)

Wait a minute! I can tell you want these clothes and I'll give them to you but I just want to prove to everyone that you're real!

(He loses the scuffle and looks around with his flashlight.)

Well, we didn't see the elves this time, but we can try again next week on—

(puts the flashlight to his face.)

Elf hunters!

(Lights fade to black as SHOEMAKER exits.)

24. GOLDBLOCKS

(GOLDBLOCKS enters.)

GOLDBLOCKS

Hey guys! It's me, your girl Goldilocks, back with another product review from Three Bears' Cottage. Last week I gave you a run down on their selection of chairs. You might remember that of the three they had available, after thorough testing and with my keen eye for detail we determined that one was too hard, one was too soft and only one was just right. The fabric was soft and silky and the cushion was firm yet squishy. It truly was the perfect place to relax after a long day of trespassing.

(quickly)

I mean shopping. That's right, shopping! So if you're in the market for a new chair, head on over to Three Bears' Cottage and choose the Baby Bear chair option. Now today we're going to be talking porridge.

(sighs)

I know. Not as exciting as chairs. But intruders can't be choosers.

(quickly)

I mean beggars. That's right, beggars! I was starving when I entered Three Bears' Cottage, which is why I just had to sample the lovely selection of porridges laid out on their dining room table. At its best, porridge is a dreamy mixture of warm, clumpy oats and milk, perhaps with a little cinnamon and raisins.

(scowls)

But that is *not* what I found at Three Bears' Cottage. The first two options I had to choose from were scalding hot and icy cold. And sure, the last bowl of porridge was just right-temperature wise. But there was no cinnamon. There were no raisins! What's a robber got to do to get some raisins?

(quickly)

I mean reviewer. What's a *reviewer* got to do? I'll tell you what this reviewer is going to do—I'm going to head to Grannie's in the future for my porridge needs and I suggest you do the same. Don't forget to like and subscribe and check in next week when I return once more to Three Bears' Cottage and give you my honest opinion about their beds. Until next time!

(GOLDBLOCKS exits. Lights fade to black.)

RAPUNZEL

I never thought I'd say this, but porridge is starting to sound good.

(sighs)

I really need to get out of this tower.

(touches a button on her phone)

25. HUNTSMAN

(HUNTSMAN enters and crosses to center, holding an axe. Maybe sits on a chair, and leans forward, intensely, perhaps in spotlight.)

HUNTSMAN

Alright, folks, it's confession time.

(takes a deep breath and looks around)

Woo! I can't believe I'm finally going to say this out loud. But it's been a long time coming and I just have to get this off my chest.

(collects himself then faces the audience)

Most of you know me as the Huntsman...yes, *that* huntsman—the one the Evil Queen sent out to bring back Snow White's heart. And also the one who rescued Little Red Riding Hood and her grannie from the wolf. Yep, that's me—the big scary huntsman. But here's the thing—

(leans forward)

I'm not big and scary. I'm actually—

(shrinks, grossed out)

Super grossed out by blood! As in, any amount of it...a tiny drop when you poke yourself with a needle? Ew! So gross. And don't even get me started on boo boos! The horror! It's actually a common fear. There's even a name for it—it's called hemophobia, and trust me when I tell you I've got it. But I guess it's not all bad. I'm super careful when I'm out riding my bike or when I'm cutting food in the kitchen. And my dentist loves that I floss regularly! Do you know what happens when you don't floss? Your gums bleed!

(gets sick to his stomach)

I cannot. I just....cannot.

(gets himself together)

So you can see why maybe I wasn't the best choice to cut out Snow White's heart. And that whole thing with Red Riding Hood? Totally not true. My axe isn't even real, see?

(holds up his axe, flicking the blade to show it's plastic, then drops it on his toe)

Ow! That really hurt.

(looks down and starts to panic)

Is that blood? Oh no! Don't tell me!

(looks at the audience)

I'm a goner.

(HUNTSMAN falls down, unconscious as lights fade to black.)

26. SNOW QUEEN

(SNOW QUEEN enters.)

SNOW QUEEN

Are you feeling stressed? Anxious? Like you have the weight of the world on your shoulders? Then you're going to want to listen up because I, the Snow Queen, am here with your guide to letting it go. And trust me when I tell you it's a lot easier than you think. If you follow my simple three step plan you'll be melting that frozen heart in no time and opening the door to the warm rays of the sun. Are you ready? Then let's get to it! The first thing you need to do is realize you don't have control over everything. That's true whether you have the ability to control the weather or not. Recognizing that just because you're a little grumpy does not mean you can freeze the entire country is important, and can be a bit of an adjustment, but trust me when I tell you that it'll all be worth it. The second thing you need to do is realize that not everyone is going to see things the same way you do, not even when you are clearly one hundred percent correct. For example, we all know the book is better than the movie, right? I'm pretty sure that's an indisputable fact. And yet somehow Hans Christian Andersen's masterpiece about a child journeying to save her friend from the clutches of the beautiful and powerful snow queen was not good enough for a movie. Nooooo! Apparently it needed a talking snowman and a princess with a wiggle in her step. But I digress. At the end of the day there is always someone who is going to disagree with you. And that's fine. It's...totally...fine.

(takes a deep breath)

And the third and last thing you need to understand is that nothing is ever as bad as it seems. Take certain movies with talking snowmen for example. Sure that movie doesn't even remotely resemble the book which inspired it, but it made a ton of money, so it must be good, right? Right? RIGHT?

(takes a deep breath)

So take it from the Snow Queen and learn to let it go. But not *that* let it go. You know what I mean. Just get over it, okay. Drop it. The end!

(SNOW QUEEN exits in a huff as lights fade to black.)

End of Excerpt.

To read the rest of this play, email tracywellsplaywright@gmail.com