

THE EVER AFTER

A Play in One Act
for Young Performers

by

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Cast of Characters

<u>Host:</u>	Talk show host ("Monterey Jack Chesterfield Williamson" or "Sally Lizzie Jesse Donatello-Griffin," depending on gender). Unisex.
<u>Cinderella:</u>	Traditional character; 20 years older now. Female.
<u>Stepsisters 1 & 2:</u>	Cinderella's now middle-aged ugly stepsisters. Female.
<u>Snow White:</u>	Traditional character; 20 years older now. Female.
<u>Queen:</u>	Snow White's nemesis; 20 years older now. Female.
<u>Mirror:</u>	A human face protrudes from the Queen's large wall mirror. Unisex.
<u>Jiminy Cricket:</u>	Traditional character; now, 20 years later, an occupational therapist. Male.
<u>Emmett Mantella:</u>	A young man with a problem. Male.
<u>Airhead:</u>	Member of the Studio Audience; not too bright. Female.
<u>Loudmouth:</u>	Member of the Studio Audience; loud and obnoxious. Unisex.
<u>Old Weeping Ladies 1 & 2:</u>	Elderly members of the Studio Audience who find everything touching. Female.
<u>The Advertisers:</u>	Also known as Beth, Sam and Pat. Spokespersons for various products. Beth is female (dressed as a princess), the other two unisex (street clothes).

Scene

The set of a popular talk show.

Set

Backdrop may be as simple or complex as desired. Seven empty chairs are arranged at center stage awaiting the guests.

Duration

1 Act; running time 30 - 40 minutes.

Scene 1

(Four STUDIO AUDIENCE members - AIRHEAD, LOUDMOUTH, and two OLD WEEPING LADIES - sit on the floor facing the action.)

PAT, one of three ADVERTISERS, runs out with an "applause" sign and the STUDIO AUDIENCE claps - the first of many times this happens. Cheesy music plays. An egotistical HOST [male or female] enters with a cordless microphone.)

HOST: Thank-you, thank-you. I'm Monterey Jack Chesterfield Williamson (*alt: Sally Lizzie Jesse Donatello-Griffin*). The third. Today on "Totally Live with Monty (*alt: Sally Lizzie*)," our theme is Reconciliation. Everyone loses friends. Everyone has enemies. Except me, of course. Everyone LOVES me.

("Applause" sign, clapping.)

Thank you. But I'm sure the rest of you have lost friends and made enemies. And that's why, on today's show, we are trying to get people to make up with each other. I'm sure you all remember my first guests. Years ago, these hideous looking girls were rivals for the heart of Cinderella's princely husband. Now, they work in a coal mine and have stepchildren of their own... please welcome the TWO UGLY STEPSISTERS!

("Applause" sign, clapping. STEPSISTERS 1 and 2 enter and sit.)

HOST: Thanks for being here, ugly sisters.

STEPSISTER 1: Hey, who are you callin' ugly, anyway?

HOST: I'm sorry; I thought that's what everyone called you.

STEPSISTER 1: Times have changed. Get with the picture, Jack.

STEPSISTER 2: We prefer to be known as "beauty-impaired family figures."

HOST: All right. Now, ladies. Who is it that you'd like to set things right with?

STEPSISTER 2: (*transparent; insincere*) Why, Cinderella, of course!

STEPSISTER 1: We've done some soul-searching.

STEPSISTER 2: We realized we had some jealousy issues.

HOST: And what prompted this realization?

STEPSISTER 1: Well, it all started when our wicked stepmother - you remember her? Screechy voice, big hair, too much make-up? One day she wandered over the river and through the woods, and she got eaten by some wolf who said he was "on his way to Grandmother's house to sneak into her room and dress up in her clothes."

STEPSISTER 2: Talk about *issues*.

STEPSISTER 1: We didn't have any other family left, and we thought, why not contact Cinderella and try to -

STEPSISTER 2: - mooch off her for awhile - I mean -

STEPSISTER 1: Quiet! Ha ha... no, no, we thought, why not get back in touch with our roots.

STEPSISTER 2: (*playing with her hair; smacking her gum*) You can't even see my roots. I just dyed it.

HOST: Well that's fantastic. So, should we bring her out or what?

AUDIENCE: Yeah!

HOST: Ok! She doesn't even know why she's here, ladies and gentlemen, please welcome that still-lovely princess of the Palace... Cinderella!

(*"Applause" sign, clapping. CINDERELLA enters as if on a float, waving and smiling to the crowd. She stops short when she sees the STEPSISTERS.*)

CINDERELLA: YOU! Oh, I am out of here.

(*She tries to bolt offstage. HOST stops her.*)

HOST: No, no! Come here! Wait!

(As HOST wrestles a very uncomfortable-looking CINDERELLA into the chair:)

We'll be right back after this message from our sponsor.
Ha, ha! Calm down, Cinderella, please!

("Applause" sign, clapping. A bit of music. Segue to...)

Scene 2

(Down stage. A TV commercial. BETH enters dressed as a princess, and paces. We hear the voice of SAM from "above.")

VOICE OF SAM: Hey, you down there. *(BETH looks up.)* What's the matter? *(BETH shrugs.)* Has being a princess got you down? *(BETH nods.)* Too much to do, right? *(BETH nods.)* Not enough time to do it? *(Pouty, BETH shakes head no.)* I'll bet it seems you're always on the go. *(BETH nods.)* Well, I know just what you need. *(BETH looks encouraged.)* It's the Practical Princess Crown from Fool's Gold Enterprises.

(BETH smiles brilliantly as PAT enters and places an enormous crown on BETH's head with many objects inside. SAM strolls in and talks to the STUDIO AUDIENCE. PAT pulls out each product as it is announced and demonstrates messily.)

SAM: With the Practical Princess Crown, you'll have all the accessories you need at the ready, right off the top of your head. There's our special "Red Red Rose" Lipstick, guaranteed to inspire a sonnet or two, Portable Powder Puffs for that Snow White complexion, Rapunzel Brand Hairbrushes - the ultimate detangler - one can of our patented Evil-B-Gone Wicked Witch Repellent, and if you act now, we'll even throw in, absolutely free, a pair of our special flame-resistant sunglasses, for run-ins with those pesky fire-breathing dragons. So how do you feel now, Princess? *(BETH smiles, opens her mouth to speak, and SAM interrupts her.)* That's great! And would you believe it? The entire set sells for just \$19.95. *(BETH and PAT gasp.)* I know! The Practical Princess Crown from Fool's Gold Enterprises. Because a princess doesn't use a purse. To get yours, head over the hill and see King Midas - just remember not to shake his hand. Ha ha! We now return you to your regularly scheduled programming.

Scene 3

(The talk show again, at center stage.)

HOST: We're back with Cinderella and her two ugly -

STEPSISTER 1: AHM.

HOST: Ah, her two... beauty-impaired family figures. Cinderella, how do you feel about seeing these two after all these years?

CINDERELLA: I told them I never wanted to see them again. They only want to patch things up with me so they can come over and hit on the Prince, ride in my limo, swim in my pool, eat my food -

STEPSISTER 1: That simply isn't tru - !

STEPSISTER 2: *(interrupting, urgently)* Wait, you've got a limo?

HOST: Let's take a few questions from the audience.

(HOST holds microphone in front of AIRHEAD, who is raising her hand.)

AIRHEAD: Ummm, my question is for the girl in the gown?

HOST: Cinderella.

AIRHEAD: Yah.

HOST: Could you stand, please.

AIRHEAD: *(standing)* I was wondering. Um, when the Fairy Godmother said "you must be home by midnight?" Wouldn't you like, keep your eye on the clock? I mean I know I would. I just think that's weird that you like totally lost track of time. *(to HOST)* Isn't that weird?

CINDERELLA: Yeah, well - that was a long time ago...

STEPSISTER 1: You had a Fairy *Godmother*? So *that's* how you did it! Jeez, I've been racking my brain for 20 years trying to figure out how you managed to pull that whole stagecoach-pumpkin scam!

HOST: So what about it, Cinderella? Why the sudden lapse in temporal consciousness, anyway?

AIRHEAD: Yah. Tem - tempor - um, what he (*alt: she*) said.

CINDERELLA: (*smiling dreamily*) Well, he was pretty charming, that prince of mine...

AIRHEAD: Okay, but still. Even if he was the most totally yummy guy in the history of the universe. Like, ohmigosh, your *stagecoach* is about to turn into a *pumpkin*! Get a watch or something, do you know what I mean?!

HOST: All right, moving along. Next question.

(*AIRHEAD sits. LOUDMOUTH stands and HOST holds the microphone. This pattern continues whenever a member of the STUDIO AUDIENCE poses a question.*)

LOUDMOUTH: What a buncha whiners! You make me sick! Y'all are pathetic! You! The ugly ones! Y'all need ta quit moochin' off yer sister!

STEPSISTER 2: Yeah, yeah, go back to Oz with the other screwballs, fella.

LOUDMOUTH: And what's the prima donna's name? Linder Eller? You need to stop bein' so selfish!

CINDERELLA: Uh-huh.

LOUDMOUTH: (*turning on HOST*) And you. You're the biggest disgrace to a talk show I've ever -

HOST: (*interrupting*) Thank you! Ha ha ha... do you have a question, sir (*alt: ma'am*)?

LOUDMOUTH: Only this: why'd I waste my time comin' here today, Monty (*alt: Sally*)?

HOST: Why indeed. Anyone else - ah! Do you have a question, ladies?

OLD WEEPING LADY 1: Hello, Milford (*alt: Selena*).

HOST: Monty. (*alt: Sally*).

OLD WEEPING LADY 1: We think it's so sweet that these two sisters, these beautiful ladies...

HOST: Beautiful ladies?

OLD WEEPING LADY 2: These beautiful ladies...

HOST: (*to STUDIO AUDIENCE*) Well, they say the eyesight is the first to go.

STEPSISTER 1: Hey! I heard that!

STEPSISTER 2: Yeah!

OLD WEEPING LADY 1: It's so beautiful that these beautiful ladies would reach out -

OLD WEEPING LADY 2: After all these years -

OLD WEEPING LADY 1: And - and -

OLD WEEPING LADY 2: (*overlapping*) And - and -

(*They collapse on each other, sobbing.*)

HOST: Touching indeed. Well, we need to take another break, but stay tuned, because when we come back, we'll meet someone here to confront her greatest enemy - plus, we'll get an expert opinion. Right after this.

(*"Applause" sign, clapping. A bit of music. Segue to...*)

Scene 4

(Down stage. A TV commercial. The area is littered with a stack of dishes, some dirty clothes and a sponge. SNOW WHITE enters and approaches the dishes, clothes and sponge in turn. Before she can get to each, the ADVERTISERS pick up the dishes, the dirty clothes, and scrub the carpet. There is a pause between the actions, and during each beat, the ADVERTISER speaking stops to address the audience.)

SAM: Whirlpool Automatic Dishwasher: \$356.

BETH: Queens County Laundromat: \$29.

PAT: Uncle Walt's Carpet Cleaning Service: \$83.

(SNOW WHITE smiles at the audience.)

SAM: Not having to clean up after seven untidy little men: priceless.

BETH: There are some things money can't buy.

PAT: For everything else, there's MoneyCard.

(Music ends. Back to...)

Scene 5

(The talk show again, at center stage.)

HOST: We're back. If you just tuned in, we're reuniting some characters you may have thought had parted ways for good. Joining us now is that symbol of beauty and purity, the lovely Miss Snow White!

("Applause" sign, clapping.)

SNOW WHITE: Thanks, it's nice to be here.

HOST: Glad you could make it.

SNOW WHITE: Yes, I was in the neighborhood.

HOST: Still wearin' that same old outfit, eh?

SNOW WHITE: Um - I thought -

HOST: Hey, no, it's great, I mean, go with it till it stops workin' for ya. So, Miss White. If you could patch things up with anyone, who would it be?

SNOW WHITE: Well, of course it would be the Evil Queen...

HOST: Refresh our memory again?

SNOW WHITE: Oh - she was this terrible lady with lots of magic powers -

HOST: And a mirror -

SNOW WHITE: Right -

STEPSISTER 2: She put a curse on you.

STEPSISTER 1: Didn't you prick your finger or something?

SNOW WHITE: No, you're thinking of Sleeping Beauty. I ate the poisoned apple, remember?

STEPSISTER 1: Oh, right...

HOST: But you both fell asleep.

SNOW WHITE: Right. Anyway, the point is, I think I may be ready to forgive her for it all now.

("Applause" sign, clapping.)

HOST: Isn't that great? I guess time really does heal all wounds. Let's find out if she feels the same way. Ladies and Gentlemen, please welcome the Evil Queen!

(Boos from the STUDIO AUDIENCE. QUEEN enters. She is followed by a full-length MIRROR, represented by a person - male or female - wearing a long, rectangular piece of reflective cardboard with a cut-out for the face. As the MIRROR stands behind the QUEEN'S chair, the QUEEN sees SNOW WHITE and goes berserk.)

QUEEN: SNOW WHITE?! You're supposed to be dead, you little -

(She chases a screaming SNOW WHITE around the chair and SAM and PAT enter as security guards dressed in black t-shirts. SAM shields SNOW WHITE. PAT holds back the QUEEN from assaulting SNOW WHITE.)

I'll tear you limb from limb, you dainty do-gooder flower-pickin' nature-lovin' song-singin' -

HOST: Please! Queen! Settle down! Have a seat. We're all civilized here.

(The fight calms down, and SAM and PAT exit. QUEEN sits.)

QUEEN: *(to SNOW WHITE)* What do you want, anyway?

HOST: Miss White would like to reconcile with you, Madam.

QUEEN: Ha! As long as she's around, I'll never get the answer I want from this stupid mirror.

MIRROR: Perhaps I am stupid, Madame, but I can learn. You, however, are ugly, and so shall you remain.

QUEEN: ARGH! You see what I mean?

HOST: Let's take another question from the studio audience. Yes, sir *(alt: ma'am)*.

LOUDMOUTH: Um, yeah, I just want to tell the Evil Queen not to hold her breath. The makeup don't cover it, doll face. And everyone else up there, y'all are really pathetic, too. And Monty (*alt: Sally*), your show's a heap-a cow manure. And -

HOST: Okay, thank you.

AIRHEAD: Um, my question is for the Evil Queen? Didn't you send someone to bring back Snow White's heart in a box?

QUEEN: Well, yes, but you have to understand that the circumstances were very dire, and -

AIRHEAD: I just wanna say I think that's totally gross. I mean, it's so unhygienic. And why a box? Couldn't you use, like, Tupperware or something?

HOST: Thank you, thank you. Yes, ladies.

OLD WEEPING LADY 1: It's just...

OLD WEEPING LADY 2: So beautiful...

(They collapse again, weeping.)

HOST: All right, we'd like to bring out our panel expert now. You know him as Pinocchio's pint-sized friend and advisor. But lately, my next guest has been providing his services as the voice of reason to many other celebrities, and also has an autobiography out called My Life as Your Conscience; please welcome Mr. Jiminy Cricket!

("Applause" sign, clapping.)

JIMINY: *(working the room)* Hi! Nice to be here. Jiminy Cricket's the name. Great to see you again. Hi there.

HOST: Welcome, Jiminy.

JIMINY: Thank you.

HOST: So how is Pinocchio these days?

JIMINY: Well, since he's become a real boy, his nose doesn't grow anymore when he lies. So he's a little harder to read. But he's doing okay.

HOST: Marvelous. So, Jim, what's your professional opinion on all this?

JIMINY: Well, I've worked with the sisters before, and I can't say I trust their motives a hundred percent.

STEPSISTER 1: Oh! Well! I'm insulted.

STEPSISTER 2: (*pulling a bagel out of her pocket and gnawing on it*) What for? He's right.

JIMINY: And as for the Evil Queen, she seems to have an unhealthy attachment to this mirror. I wonder if she might demonstrate it for us.

QUEEN: Certainly. Observe. Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who's the -

MIRROR: Off the wall.

QUEEN: What?

MIRROR: I'm off the wall. Get it? Ha ha ha... off the wall. Rather nice to be off the wall for a change, actually, get a ride around, see the sights -

QUEEN: Silence! Mirror, mirror, off the wall, who's the fairest of them all?

MIRROR: The fairest? Well, let's see, that'd be Snow White, I suppose.

QUEEN: Argh!

MIRROR: Of course, she *is* getting older, and she's still wearing that dreadful high collar thing, which went out centuries ago -

SNOW WHITE: Hey!

MIRROR: And we've got Cinderella over there, who's a close second, but she's kinda let her looks go the last few years.

CINDERELLA: Oh!

MIRROR: Let's face it, we don't have a huge pool of lookers to choose from, here. I mean, get a load of those two over there.

STEPSISTER 1: HEY!

MIRROR: But you're definitely a very distant third, Evil Queen.

QUEEN: Shut up! Shut up! Do you see now what I have to deal with?

HOST: Actually, yes, I do.

STEPSISTER 1: What an evil mirror!

CINDERELLA: That thing is terrible!

JIMINY: It certainly explains a lot.

SNOW WHITE: Why don't you get rid of it?

QUEEN: Oh, I don't know, insecurity, I guess. I've got some image issues.

STEPSISTER 1: You too?

STEPSISTER 2: We're terribly vain.

QUEEN: Isn't it awful?

STEPSISTER 1: Yes!

JIMINY: My dear, why don't you try working things out with Miss White without the mirror.

QUEEN: Gosh, I'd never thought of that.

HOST: Stellar advice, Jiminy. While these two begin the healing process, we'll take a break and return with a very special final guest in just a moment.

("Applause" sign, clapping. A bit of music. Segue to...)

Scene 6

(Downstage. A TV infomercial. BETH, still dressed as a princess, is lying on her back on an elevated table, arms at her sides, eyes closed. Music ends; Sam jogs in and addresses the STUDIO AUDIENCE with high energy.)

SAM: Hi there, hi there, hi there, and welcome to Incredible Spellbreakers! Picture it, ladies and gentlemen: one day your pretty young princess is out picking petals in the posy patch, and the next day - BOOM! - she's struck by a terrible sleeping curse and snoring like a handsaw for the next 80 years. We've all been there, am I right, people?

STUDIO AUDIENCE: YEAH!

SAM: Are you tired of waiting for just the right eligible bachelor to come along, sweep your daughter onto her feet, and snap her out of that spell-spun stupor?

STUDIO AUDIENCE: YEAH!

SAM: Of course you are! Well, wait no more. Now there's the revolutionary, completely amazing, brand-new Prince Wake-Me-Up!

(PAT ENTERS holding a 12-inch male doll and shows it to the STUDIO AUDIENCE.)

Now there's no need to sit around waiting for the real-life Prince Rich and Handsome to wander through your part of the kingdom. Gone are the days of setting costly traps in the woods, hoping to ensnare a princely passerby. That's because Prince Wake-Me-Up has been specially designed to act as an antidote to 96.8 percent of known sleeping curses. Go ahead and try it!

(PAT places the lips of the doll to the lips of the sleeping BETH, who suddenly awakens, yawns, and stretches. STUDIO AUDIENCE applauds.)

Isn't that an Incredible Spellbreaker, folks?

STUDIO AUDIENCE: YEAH!

SAM: Now, here comes the really incredible part. How much would you pay to wake up that daughter of yours without the aid of a handsome prince? One hundred gold shekels? (*PAT and BETH nod.*) Five hundred shekels? (*PAT and BETH nod again.*) Ten thousand hundred shekels? (*Once more, PAT and BETH nod.*) Well, think again, because this revolutionary spellbreaking device is yours for just three easy payments of 19.99. (*PAT and BETH gasp, audibly.*) That's under 60 gold shekels, folks! Is that a deal or what?

STUDIO AUDIENCE: YEAH!

(STUDIO AUDIENCE applauds.)

SAM: And if you act now, you'll also get, absolutely free of charge, this attractive 24 karat gold lock pick set!

(PAT passes the doll to BETH, then produces an ordinary screwdriver that has been painted bright gold. PAT and BETH beam happily at the STUDIO AUDIENCE.)

Guaranteed to open 92.8 percent of known castle doors, the Golden Key lock pick set is just the thing for that loved one you've got trapped in the highest tower. No more messy dragon slaying, no more climbing up people's ponytails. Just get in, get the girl, and get out. Is that incredible, folks?

STUDIO AUDIENCE: YEAH!

SAM: So remember: you get the amazing new Prince Wake-Me-Up AND the Golden Key castle lock pick set for three easy payments of 19.99. Don't delay; call today. Well, that's all the time we have today on Incredible Spellbreakers! Thank you and goodbye!

(A bit of music, and we go back to...)

Scene 7

(The talk show again, at center stage.)

HOST: Welcome back. Our final guest today is a personal friend of mine. This gentleman is prince of the castle and king of the lily pad. Please welcome Mr. Emmett Mantella. *("Applause" sign, clapping. EMMETT enters in a black turtleneck and khakis, looking normal enough.)* Now, Emmett. You don't exactly have anyone to make up with today.

EMMETT: No, it's more of a confession, actually.

HOST: Please share it. We're listening.

EMMETT: Well, a long time ago, there was a curse placed on me, and... I was... turned into a... into a...

(He begins sniffing. HOST hands him a tissue.)

HOST: Take your time.

EMMETT: ... I'm sorry. It's just... hard for me to talk about.

HOST: We understand, Emmett. You were turned into a...

EMMETT: Into a frog.

(STUDIO AUDIENCE gasps.)

STEPSISTER 1: I think I've heard this one.

EMMETT: I had to be kissed by a princess in order to turn back into a man.

CINDERELLA: Weren't you kissed by one eventually, though?

EMMETT: See, that's the thing. Everyone thinks I was, but she turned out to be only a half-princess. So now - ribbit. Excuse me. So now, I'm turning slowly back into a frog.

(He pushes up his sleeves. His forearms are green and scaly. STUDIO AUDIENCE gasps again.)

EMMETT (CON'T): All the princesses - like you Cinderella, and Snow White - they're all married now, and I haven't been able to find anyone to - ribbit - to kiss me.

CINDERELLA: That's terrible!

HOST: And what's it like, Emmett? Turning into a frog?

EMMETT: Well, as a famous fellow amphibian once said, it's not easy bein' green. Sometimes it's frustrating. For instance, right now I'm using all my willpower to prevent myself from attempting to take a bite from this gentleman over here - you are a cricket, aren't you?

JIMINY: That I am. Jiminy Cricket's the name.

EMMETT: Nice to meet you. I shall try my best to prevent you from becoming my mid-afternoon snack.

JIMINY: I'd appreciate that.

HOST: All right, let's take a few final questions from the audience. Yes.

AIRHEAD: Um, my question is for the frog. Like, have you ever heard of lotion? 'Cause that is *rully* gross.

EMMETT: Well, it's not quite as simple as that, you see...

AIRHEAD: Whatever. (to *HOST*) He is totally in denial, okay? He is in serious need of a moisturizer.

HOST: Thanks for your advice. Next question?

LOUDMOUTH: Yeah, my question is for Jiminy, there. Jimbo, what the heck are you doing hanging out with all those losers?

JIMINY: Most of my clients are simply misunderstood -

LOUDMOUTH: Misunderstood? Seem an awful lot like losers to me. Pinocchio wasn't nothin' but a lying sack of rotten eggs!

JIMINY: I have no comment at this time.

LOUDMOUTH: *(again, turning on HOST)* And by the way, Monty *(alt: Sally)*, I think this show is the most VILE piece of garbage that ever -

HOST: Hey, that's great. Ladies? Your final thoughts?

OLD WEEPING LADIES: Waaahhhhh...

HOST: Super. Let's see if we can wrap this up, shall we? Cinderella? Whaddaya say? You going to give these stepsisters a chance?

CINDERELLA: Well... I suppose. But if they touch any of my stuff - and that includes the Prince - they're going back out on the street.

STEPSISTER 1: Deal.

STEPSISTER 2: *(through her bagel)* Deal.

(CINDERELLA and the STEPSISTERS hug.)

HOST: Aw, that's nice. Evil Queen? Gonna give it a shot without that nasty mirror?

QUEEN: Why not.

(She pushes the MIRROR to the ground.)

MIRROR: Ahh! No! Wait! HEY!

QUEEN: Mirror, mirror, on the floor, speak these musings nevermore!

MIRROR: Seven years bad luck! Seven years bad -

(She stomps on the MIRROR, and it falls silent.)

HOST: *(begins clapping, STUDIO AUDIENCE joins in)* Ha, ha, good for you! *(applause subsides)* And you'll try to reconcile with Snow White here?

QUEEN: *(hugging SNOW WHITE)* Sure, we'll make it work somehow. I'll make my special truce potion, with chicken broth and frog's legs.

EMMETT: *(grabbing his legs, screaming like a girl)* AHH!

QUEEN: Oh, not yours. Relax.

HOST: And Emmett, what can we do to resolve your issue?

EMMETT: Well, Monty (*alt: Sally Lizzie*), given the global shortage of eligible princesses these days, (*grabs a fly out of the air and eats it*) it doesn't look good. Ribbit.

HOST: Jim, any advice for our young amphibian-to-be?

JIMINY: Sure - stay away from those high school science classrooms - they're absolutely murder! (*Light laughter from STUDIO AUDIENCE.*) But seriously - we've got two princesses sitting right here; what's the big deal?

CINDERELLA: But we're already married.

SNOW WHITE: Yes, isn't that immoral?

HOST: Emmett, do you recall if there was anything in the curse about it having to be a *single* princess?

EMMETT: I don't - ribbit - I don't think so.

JIMINY: So lighten up, girls. It's one kiss to help a guy out. Just a one-time thing; it's not like he's looking for a commitment.

STEPSISTER 1: Typical.

EMMETT: I don't want to - ribbit - I don't want to - ribbit - to impose on these lovely ladies.

JIMINY: Impose. Who's imposing?

HOST: Audience? What do you think, should they do it? (*STUDIO AUDIENCE approves of the idea, applauds.*) What do you say, princesses?

CINDERELLA: Well, okay...

SNOW WHITE: I suppose one kiss wouldn't hurt.

(STUDIO AUDIENCE applauds. Drum roll. CINDERELLA and SNOW WHITE approach EMMETT from either side and he places his arms behind his back. As they lean in together, each kissing a cheek simultaneously, each girl uses her upstage hand to pull off one of EMMETT's green frog forearms and drop it to the floor behind the chair - unseen by the audience. When the kiss is over, EMMETT thrusts his bare forearms into the air triumphantly, a fanfare sounds, and the STUDIO AUDIENCE applauds once again.)

EMMETT: I'm CURED! Ha, ha, the curse has been lifted! Oh, thank you, thank you everyone, thank you! *(a pause)* Ribbit. *(ALL look at EMMETT.)* Gotchya! Ha ha ha...

(The guests laugh, stand and mill about, pantomiming conversation with each other as the HOST addresses the STUDIO AUDIENCE.)

HOST: Well, this all worked out rather nicely, didn't it? I just love it when that happens. *(Addressing the audience earnestly)* My parting word for the day: it's easy to forget sometimes that in the real world, happily ever afters often take forgiveness and communication. But when you work at it, just about anyone can reconcile their differences. Thanks for joining us on Totally Live with Monty *(alt: Sally Lizzie)*. Have a great day and may all your ever-afters be happy! Goodbye everyone!

("Applause" sign, clapping, music. Lights down.)

THE END