

THE EXPLOSIVE FAIRY TALE PRINCESS DIARIES

by Jon Jory

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ISBN: 978-1-64479-104-2

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THE EXPLOSIVE FAIRY TALE PRINCESS DIARIES

A one act play in monologue form

by Jon Jory

SYNOPSIS: A shocking glimpse into the personal lives of your favorite Fairy Tale royalty. Sleeping Beauty gives the real story of what “happily ever after” looks like, The Wicked Witch of the West gives a lesson on manners (and how to stay on her good side!), and the princes (the nameless heroes) are sick and tired of their lack of recognition, plus many more! This collection of monologues is easy to produce on a virtual platform or socially distanced.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(10 females, 3 males)

THE SCHOLAR (f) (2 lines)
 SLEEPING BEAUTY (f)..... Monologist. (1 line)
 RAPUNZEL (f)..... Monologist. (1 line)
 BEAUTY (f) Monologist. (1 line)
 WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST (f) Monologist. (1 line)
 THUMBELINA (f) Monologist. (1 line)
 PRINCE #1 (m)..... (18 lines)
 PRINCE #2 (m)..... (16 lines)
 PRINCE #3 (m)..... (15 lines)
 PRINCESS ARTICHOKE (f) Monologist. (1 line)
 ARIEL (f)..... Monologist. (1 line)
 CHARLOTTE THE STEPSISTER (f)..... Monologist. (1 line)
 THE BALLERINA (f) Monologist. (1 line)

DURATION: 35 minutes.

SETTING: None necessary.

COSTUMES: Contemporary with fairy tale touches.

PRODUCTION NOTES: If a smaller cast is desirable, the producer may cut monologues to reduced running time. The Scholar may not be cut. The play can be easily done live or virtually.

AT START: *THE SCHOLAR*, a young woman in a man's suit and bow tie, enters. She wears glasses and running shoes and has a patch over her right eye. She carries four or five books.

THE SCHOLAR: Good evening, good morning or good afternoon or whatever. Is this thing on? (*Calls offstage.*) Is this watch-macallit on? Can they see me and everything? They can? Hello. (*Calls offstage.*) Can they see me and hear me or just see me? Oh good. (*To audience.*) Hello. I am Professor Hanna Ottovorddemgentschenfelde, professor of princesses and almost princesses. These are books. I know you probably haven't seen one before so I will hold one up. To use a book you have to sit in a comfortable chair near a window, breathe deeply three times, and have macaroni and cheese ready as a snack. Then you open the book and try to sound out the letters. It's like a video that doesn't move. (*Drops the books.*) I discovered in a sub-basement of the National Library in a far corner, in a wooden crate covered in moss and sparrow poop, guarded by Brazilian wandering spiders—which possesses the most neurologically active venom of all spiders—the diaries of fairy princesses from the long ago and far away. It gives us insights that have been almost entirely missing in Disney theme parks. Princesses aren't as nice as you thought they were. Frankly, they're pissed. First of all, their job is to endlessly sit around looking fetching. When they aren't having to primp, they spend endless hours teaching bluebirds to fly around their heads singing and the bluebirds don't like it. Frankly, the bluebirds are pissed. Then there's kissing practice. A princess's main job, other than personal grooming, is to be a good kisser in case a prince wanders by, because ordinarily they only get one chance, and they don't want to blow it. They practice by kissing a grapefruit. It's arduous. They also take riding lessons because riding is the only thing princesses get to do outdoors. If within three years they don't find a prince they have to learn how to be ugly stepsisters. Now, until very recently, there was no way to know what princesses thought. As a matter of fact, there were scholarly arguments as to whether or not princesses had thoughts. Some believe they were a race of robots from the planet Pluto, who crashed in their spaceship in New Mexico and spread out from there. My discovery of the fairy

princess diaries has been, let us say, a freaking bombshell in princess studies. You, dear audience, will be the very first to see and hear the fascinating inner workings of the princess mind. Some of us, but by no means all, feel they can be regarded as humans and have actual feelings. The humane society has asked us to leave the princesses' bluebirds at home, but in your imaginations, there they will be, flying around the princesses' heads and occasionally pooping in their hair. We have also discovered three prince diaries which are particularly fascinating because they all write exactly the same thing. Close examination of their speech patterns does reveal that they are as intelligent as large dogs. We of the scholarly community now present to you, the ordinary people who aren't as smart as we are. The Fairy Tale Princess Diaries! (*She turns back.*) Sorry. We'll begin with that songstress of snore, that sultana of sleep, Sleeping Beauty!

THE SCHOLAR exits and SLEEPING BEAUTY enters crossing down blowing kisses to the crowd.

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Thank you! Thank you little people! I owe everything to my fans.

A voice is heard yelling, "You're the prettiest of them all."

I know, oh I know, I rock—but we better not say that here because Cinderella is such a you-know-what. I'm not only the "prettiest of all," but I have the best bluebirds. Now first of all, I'm not Sleeping Beauty—that's my stage name. My real name is Briar Rose which is, I think, prettier and more touching. I think it makes me more approachable. "Sleeping Beauty" kind of implies I'm out of it, and honey-child, I am definitely not out of it! Snap. I'm here, I'm now, I'm everything you desire. I mean that in a nice way. Now, you know how all this got started, right? My sweet daddy, Basil Buckmaster and my momma, Boysenberry Johnson, who was a well-known square dancer, and gourmand, were told that their daughter, moi, would die when she pricked her finger on a saguaro cactus, so mommy and daddy got rid of every cactus within five miles of Tucson, Arizona which was quite a job and actually illegal. They

firebombed those cactuses, boys and girls, just laid them to waste. Daddy did three years in the Central Arizona Correctional Facility for that and later became the chess champion of Mozambique, but that is definitely another story for another circus. But, blah, blah, blah, instead of dying, I fell into a deep sleep—and let me tell you my dreams are a whole “nother” story—and my mom rolled me up in tarp and took me out in the desert and laid me out in a glass coffin she just happened to have handy. So there I was snoozing in a really pretty dress with a cool makeup including heart melter lip gloss, and who should come along but some nameless prince who happened to be passing through Arizona, and comes across my glass coffin, fights his way through the enraged bluebirds, smashes the glass coffin with his scepter and kisses me. This is pretty weird because one, I’m in a coffin and two, it’s definitely non-consensual. I will say he was determined because he got glass shards in his lips and a bluebird embedded in his left ear. However, I have to tell you that the “happily ever after” part isn’t exactly what went down. What happened was that “prince bleeding lips” (which is what I liked to call him for fun) and myself, kind of had an off and on thing. It was okay. We were both incredibly beautiful and could share makeup, but we didn’t have much to say to each other because of our limited vocabularies. I’d say, “Hi” and then he’d say, “Hi,” and then I’d say, “Hi,” and so on. People kept insisting that we stay together because, hey, we were Sleeping Beauty and the Prince. It just wasn’t working for me. Anyway, one day we had gone out to dinner at Olive Garden and he tells me he has met someone else in a glass coffin down near Albuquerque and he likes the taste of her lipstick better. And off he goes. I get back into my coffin and after a couple of months a super-marathoner comes by and kisses me, and it turns out he’s a Virgo just like moi and knows a bunch of three syllable words and can cook a casserole. Right now he’s in medical school and they’re dissecting dead princesses which is such a coincidence. He writes me a four page letter everyday with lots of words in it and he’s my ideal. Anyway that’s my bio. I think what I’m suggesting here is don’t put all your eggs in the glass coffin basket. Sometimes it works out and sometimes it doesn’t. And work on your waltzing, princes hang around balls trying to pick up princesses, that’s your best shot. And

I have some really vicious bluebirds if you need them. Tiaras forever!

SLEEPING BEAUTY exits and RAPUNZEL enters.

RAPUNZEL: To be perfectly clear about this I cop a little attitude toward this whole fairy princess thing. I don't actually qualify. I don't have a princess diploma and I'm not a fairyland fairy. I've never even met a fairy, but yes I was in a fairy tale so go figure.

(Cheerfully.) Anyway, here I am. I'm Rapunzel. The one with the long hair. My mom eventually sold my hair for enough money that I could go to an Ivy League school. I mean I had a lot of hair! It was seventy feet long. And I played soccer, picture that. See, when I was twelve an enchantress... well actually, she was a magician who worked for Cirque du Soleil... locked me up in a seventy foot high tower without a door. I just had this little room at the top. So when the enchantress wanted to come up she'd stand outside and yell, "Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair." I mean it was an incredible hassle. I would have to find the end of my hair which was no easy feat because the room was almost entirely filled with it and then I had to get the hair to the window and throw it out and deal with tangles—plus it was kind of like bench pressing 300 pounds—and finally the enchantress would climb up my hair which hurt like heck, pop in the window, and she'd say, "How are you doing?" And I'd say, "Not bad," and she'd say, "Okay then." And she'd go out the window, climb down my hair and go off to do her act at Cirque. Then I had to pull the hair up, which took a couple of hours, and try to position it around the room so I could still do my yoga. It was exhausting. Then, you know what happened next—a prince came by. These princes are very busy. There are dozens of them. They all go to prince school in Hollywood, but the sordid truth is a lot of them have really shady mail-order prince degrees. I mean all you really need is a decent crown and good teeth. Anyway—this one was a singing prince who had been a finalist on *The Voice*. I look out of the tower and it's like love at first princess! And he says, "How do I get up there?" And I yell back, "You gotta say, Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair!" So he does and I do and he climbs

up. But he's a lot heavier than the enchantress and it's incredibly painful so when he climbs in the window, I lose my grip and he falls out and we have to do the whole thing again. The enchantress comes home and there's an incredible scene. The prince leaves, I'm hysterical, the enchantress is in a rage. She cuts off my hair and throws me out the window, but luckily I land on a passing llama and I ride off into the wilderness. Years later the prince walks into the Wilderness Bar where I'm bartending and people are screaming, "Rapunzel, Rapunzel, another martini, no olive." He says, "Rapunzel, it's you." And I say, "Yeah, I know you from somewhere," and it's on again. We're married now. He's a doctor or a lawyer, I forget which and I run "Rapunzel's Hair Salon" which specializes in women with seventy foot long hair. It's kind of a break even deal. So, that's me. Things work out okay. Keep that in mind the next time you're locked up in a seventy foot tower. Arrividerci!

RAPUNZEL moves upstage, passing BEAUTY on the way down.

RAPUNZEL: Hey, Beauty.

BEAUTY: Hey, Rapunzel. *(To the audience.)* Hi. Look, let's get one thing straight. I'm not named Belle, okay? I'm sorry, I'm sorry, it just gets on my nerves. Belle this and Belle that. It's that whole Disney thing. I'm not Belle, my actual name is Beauty. Seriously. I'm Beauty. My dad had twelve children, six boys and six daughters and I was the best looking so was I called Beauty. Always. I mean it could have gone the other way and I'd be called "ugly" right? In that case I'd gladly go with the Disney thing but, hey, it didn't work out that way. See, I don't think of the word Beauty as, well, physical beauty, it's just my name. Actually when I look in the mirror I'm kind of horrified. My eyes are too close together, my eyebrows look phony, my cheeks are too puffy and you could hang a hat on my nose. No wonder it took a beast to find me attractive, right? Sure there are days when I'd rather be Betty or Suzie or Katerina because when people find out I'm called Beauty they say stuff like, "yeah right" or "you're kidding?" Or my favorite, they just laugh. I mean in my case I dread introductions because I have to explain like I'm doing right now. It sucks, okay? Anyway, enough of that. But here's my real point. You know the whole deal with "The Beast?" In

a nutshell the whole thing is this: I meet the Beast and I hate him and he scares me. I hang out with the Beast and it turns out that he's cool and he really treats me well. Pretty soon I'm in love with the Beast because, I like him, he's nice, he likes me, we can teach each other stuff and he's surprising. Let's get serious here, that's a terrific love story, right? Kind of a rom-beast-com. Obviously would make a good movie and it almost did, but the ending is like disastrous. I came home one day and he's dying and I'm shattered. I love this beast. I love every hair on his body, but instead of dying he turns into this really vapid, kind of annoying, completely predictable, insufferable prince. I'm now married to someone I can't stand looking at, who uses my hair products without asking and watches football all weekend. He thinks a conversation is, "What's for dinner?" So they don't put the end of the story in the movie and you're supposed to buy the "oh boy he's not a beast, he's a prince" ending. Want to know what really happened? We have nothing in common, he thinks he's a big deal, we have a fight because he wants spam for dinner, we throw dishware at each other, he bolts out of the castle and goes for a walk in the woods, he finds a beautiful maiden asleep in a glass coffin, he wakes her with a kiss and they run off together. The Beast would never have done that, never! Now, I work in Wal-Mart days and at Disneyland at night and, by the way, I hate fireworks. So here's my advice. Be sure the guy you marry is the same guy you dated. And don't be put off by a little fur.

BEAUTY crosses upstage and the WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST crosses down. She is, of course, green.

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: Yes, it's me. Who else could I possibly be? I'm not only wicked however, I'm also rolling in moolah. I'm the only witch to have her own musical. I auditioned for it once, but they said I wasn't believable. When I left the audition the casting agent said I shouldn't come in makeup because that's amateurish. I said, "I'm not in makeup, I'm green." She said she was serious and I said I was serious and she started yelling at me and I turned her into a polka dot tree frog. I mean seriously, yelling at a witch is bad karma. Just don't do it, okay? I say hello, you say hello, everything's

cool. One of the main reasons to have good manners is to avoid unintentionally pissing off a witch. What I want you to understand here is that I'm a community service like a fireman or a dog walker. I'm one of the good guys. Who better in these contentious times to teach people to be nice? See this watch? It goes off whenever family members get into a political argument. It also gives location. I'm there within ninety seconds with a couple of flying monkeys. A word about flying monkeys. They are mean, filthy, and extremely unpleasant. They eat your pets. Seriously. In seconds. They then break your glassware and go potty on your sofa. If that doesn't stop the argument, they fly off with whoever's winning and drop them from a considerable height into vats of red dye which doesn't come off and leave them to walk home a couple of hundred miles. After that families don't talk politics. They just sit around and stare at whoever is bright red. Witches are badly misunderstood. We're caregivers with attitude. Stop dropping houses on us and melting us with water! Just stop it! What's the matter with you people? Persecuting witches? Are we never going to get beyond Salem? We're integrated, people! Just scanning the audience I can see at least nine witches and warlocks who are passing as ordinary wives and husbands. Do I have to name names, people? There are two in the second row, no, no, there's only one. The other just has complexion problems. Just wash your face more often, okay? Just because you're green doesn't mean you have to be bumpy. Oh-oh, the watch alarm is ringing. I have to rock and roll. Stop picking on witches, people! Believe me, you don't really want my monkey to eat your golden retriever. Remember, "no politics at the table." You'll be... (A sing-song.) Sorrrrry.

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST crosses upstage. THUMBELINA enters. She is dressed in green. She points at herself.

THUMBELINA: Thumbelina. I know, I know, you have no idea who that is. I've always been kind of a Class B fairy, who knows why? I just never made it. First of all, I'm only about three inches high, but in this case I'm animated so they could make me any size you wanted. I did have my own movie back in the nineties, but it tanked. I was on "Barbie Presents Thumbelina" but all anyone remembers

is Barbie. I made it to the Disney Junior series, but that's lost in time, right? I mean, I'm terrific as a moral, "be true to your heart", that's a winner, right? Cinderella sucks as a moral. "Be sure to go to the prom in a pumpkin"? What's that about? Teeny-tiny people are usually big box office. *Honey I Shrunk the Kids*? *Gulliver's Travels*? I mean I'm written by Hans Christian Anderson the greatest fairy literature in the world. I don't know what went wrong? Listen to this: a poor widow is given a barley seed by a good witch. The seed grows into a flower and inside the flower is a tiny girl. One day a passing prince named Cornelius. Hey, forget the name, the prince was hot. But while I'm out riding with Cornelius, I am kidnapped by a toad and rescued by a swallow. Through an unusual sequence of events I almost marry a mole, but I'm reunited with Cornelius and we fly away on a bumble bee. I mean, come on, that just leaves Cinderella in the dust, right? Much more colorful, terrific outdoor locations, great action sequences, what's not to like? But the fact is, I didn't make it. I'm history. This is Thumbelina saying over and out.

Three PRINCES each wearing crowns cross down and gather in a tight bunch. (NOTE: if the play is being done on video they could all be in one shot.)

PRINCE #1: I'm a prince.

PRINCE #2: I'm a prince.

PRINCE #3: And I'm a prince.

ALL PRINCES: Talk about unsatisfying parts.

PRINCE #1: I mean who knows our names?

PRINCE #2: Quick, what's the prince's name in *Snow White*?

PRINCE #3: What's the prince's name in *Sleeping Beauty*?

PRINCE #1: You don't know our names because we don't have any names. We're just...

ALL PRINCES: The prince!

PRINCE #2: I mean, this whole thing just drives us bananas.

PRINCE #3: What happens in the story if we don't show up?

PRINCE #1: In *Snow White*, just for instance, the queen...

PRINCE #2: (*Acting the part.*) Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who's the fairest of them all?

PRINCE #1: Right. An obvious no-good, very bad villainess.

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