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BIG DOG PUBLISHING

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MUDDLED EVER AFTER, A FAIRY TALE MENAGERIE

FARCE WITH SONG. This isn't a fairy tale. It's a fairly ridiculous tale! Hear ye, hear ye! Regular, unremarkable maidens must attend an upcoming royal ball so that the King and Queen can find a bride for their spoiled, immature son, Princeling Reginald. The contenders include a princess with an attitude; a stereotypical princess; Cinderella's narcissistic stepsister; and Cinderella, if Barely-a-Godmother ever drops off shoes and a dress. To ensure the wannabe princesses are worthy of marrying Princeling Reginald—who could care less who he marries as long as he gets a bowling alley—the Queen devises an absurd test. Then to make a fairly ridiculous tale even more ridiculous, there's an egotistical dragon who loves to eat royals, a trio of weird witches, and a prince who wants to be turned back into a frog. Amazingly, there are happy endings for most...in a muddled sort of way. Audiences of all ages will love the outrageous characters in this muddled mash-up of "Cinderella," "Rumpelstiltskin," and "The Princess and the Pea."

Performance Time: Approximately 60 minutes.

CHARACTERS

(4 M, 11 F, 2 flexible)

(With doubling: 4 M, 8 F, 1 flexible)

CINDERELLA: Forced to do all the household chores for her stepmother and stepsisters; would like to go to the royal ball to meet Princeling Reginald; female.

BARELY-A-GODMOTHER: Flighty, befuddled godmother who is trying to find Cinderella so she can give her a dress and shoes for the ball; female.

KING HERBERT: Imbecilic king who loves to play golf; male.

QUEEN: No-nonsense, stern queen who desperately wants her son, Princeling Reginald, to get married; female.

PRINCELING REGINALD: Spoiled, immature prince who loves to throw temper tantrums and pout; desperately wants a bowling alley; male.

MOTHER QUEASY: Cinderella's feeble, sickly stepmother who repeatedly coughs and hacks up phlegm; appears older than her years; female.

RACHEL: Cinderella's narcissistic stepsister, who desperately wants to attend the royal ball so she can get a prince of her own; female.

RACHEL'S SISTER SISTER: Cinderella's stepsister who idolizes Rachel; female.

JUST-A-PRINCESS: Stereotypical princess looking for a prince; female.

PRINCESS 'TUDE: A princess with a major attitude who is looking for a prince; female.

FROG: Talking frog who tricks girls into kissing him by telling them he will turn into a prince and they will turn into a princess; male.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: An objectionable, foolish loner who can turn straw into gold and thinks no one can guess his name; male.

WITCH WHICH SPELLS: Always looking for a witchy thing to do; carries a magic wand; female.

ONE OTHER WITCH: Happy-go-lucky witch who likes poisoned apples; female.

WEIRD WITCH: A weird witch who loves frog legs; female.

WYVERN: Fierce, hungry dragon with a big ego and belly; loves to eat princesses; flexible.

ROYAL COURIER: A closet razzle-dazzle performer; flexible.

OPTIONS FOR DOUBLING

MOTHER QUEASY/WITCH WHICH SPELLS (female)

PRINCESS TUDE/WEIRD WITCH (female)

JUST-A-PRINCESS/ONE OTHER WITCH (female)

KING/ROYAL COURIER (flexible)

SETTING

Land of Ever After.

SETS

The play is ridiculous, so the settings should be, too.

Cozy home. There is a chair. A backdrop of a simple, cozy home may be used.

Frog's pond. A forest backdrop depicting a pond may be used.

Castle. A backdrop of the interior of the castle may be used.

Forest. A forest backdrop with a cave may be used.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

Prologue: In front of the curtain or a bare stage.

Scene 1: Mother Queasy's cozy home.

Scene 2: Frog's pond.

Scene 3: Castle.

Scene 4: Forest.

Scene 5: Castle.

Scene 6: Forest.

Scene 7: Forest with cave.

Scene 8: Forest.

PROPS

Proclamation

Golf club

Golf ball

Magic wand, for Witch Which Spells

Bed or cot with a mattress

Burlap bag, potato sack, etc. (large enough for Cinderella to wear)

Apples

Bag for straw

Cauldron

2 pair of rubber frog legs

SPECIAL EFFECTS

Sound or music, for magical transformations

Mighty roar, for Wyvern

Sound of loud "gulp"

Special lighting (for magical character transformations and when the Wyvern appears)

Wyvern breathing "fire" and Cinderella's sleeve catching "fire" (can be represented with red ribbons, red crêpe paper, red cloth strips, etc.)

Music

Music for prologue procession

Music for "Jack and Jill," opt.

Music for "Billy Boy"

Music for "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush," opt.

Music for "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep," opt.

Music for "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star," opt.

Music for the "Alphabet Song," opt.

Music for "London Bridge is Falling Down," opt.

Music for "Old MacDonald Had a Farm," opt.

Music for "The Famer in the Dell," opt.

NOTE: Songs may sung without music or may be recited, if desired.

"His Royal Prince, Royal Reginald,
Royally Requests
Regular Unremarkable People
To Rapidly Roll On Down
To His Royal Rumble of a Remarkable Ball
Where You, Too,
Can Get Your Very Own Prince!"

—The Very Respectable and Roguish Reginald

PROLOGUE

(AT RISE: Music. All characters enter in a procession. Note: Their entrance should reflect their individual character. They stop and pose in highly dramatic ways.)

ALL: (To audience.) Once upon a time. (To the tune of "Jack and Jill," sing or recite.)

"Once upon a made-up time,
There was a fairy tale.
Uplifting and enchanting,
But not the one we're telling!"

(Sudden mayhem as Characters attempt to draw attention to themselves. Note: If you have cast members playing more than one role, they can quickly switch costume pieces in front of the audience.)

CINDERELLA: (To audience.) There was a crying girl—

RACHEL: (To audience.) There was a dazzling Cinderella stepsister—

RACHEL'S SISTER SISTER: (To audience.) There was definitely a dazzling Cinderella stepsister and her admiring Sister Sister—

WITCH WHICH SPELLS: (To audience.) There was a Witch Which Spells—

PRINCESS 'TUDE: (To audience.) There was a princess with an attitude—

JUST-A-PRINCESS: (To audience.) There was Just-a-Princess princess—

FROG: (To audience.) There was a talking, flipping frog—

BARELY-A-GODMOTHER: (To audience.) There was a frustrated fairy godmother—

MOTHER QUEASY: (To audience.) There was... (Coughs, hacks.) ...an old woman... (Coughs, sneezes, breathes loudly.) ...full of phlegm. ("Spits.")

WEIRD WITCH: (To audience.) A weird witch was where?

KING: *(To audience.)* There was a forgetful...uh... *(Forgets.)*
...oh—

QUEEN: *(To audience.)* There was a no-nonsense queen—

KING: *(Remembers.)* Yeah, that's it! I'm nonsense!

QUEEN: No, dear, you're the king.

WEIRD WITCH: *(To audience.)* Where witched weird witch?

PRINCELING REGINALD: *(To audience.)* There was
absolutely, positively no bowling alley of any kind—

ONE OTHER WITCH: *(To audience.)* There was one other
witch, just for good measure— *(Laughs maniacally.)*

PRINCELING REGINALD: *(To audience.)* No bowling alley
whatsoever!

*(Each character repeats her/his introduction over and over again
while trying to steal CS. Suddenly, a mighty roar is heard offstage.
Everyone freezes and then panics.)*

ALL: *(Shout.)* Wyvern!

*(Wyvern swoops on. Others exit, screaming. Wyvern chases after
them and exits. Rumpelstiltskin enters.)*

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: *(To audience.)* Once upon a time, there
was a...me! I bet you don't know who I am. *(Laughs.)*
Nope. Nope you don't. That's for sure. You could guess a
million guesses and you wouldn't know. Nobody can guess
who I am! *(Laughs. Exits. Blackout.)*

SCENE 1

(AT RISE: Mother Queasy's cozy home. Mother Queasy enters, slowly. She is feeble and repeatedly coughs and hacks. She barely makes it to her chair. Rachel enters with her sister, Rachel's Sister Sister.)

RACHEL: (To Mother Queasy.) Mommy! Mommy! I want a prince!

RACHEL'S SISTER SISTER: (To Mother Queasy.) Rachel wants a prince! Rachel wants a prince! Rachel wants a prince! Rachel wants a prince!

(Mother Queasy coughs, hacks, waves her hand, etc.)

RACHEL: (To Mother Queasy.) I want a prince! (Mother Queasy coughs, hacks, waves her hand, etc.) Does that mean I get a prince?

RACHEL'S SISTER SISTER: Yes, yes, Rachel, you get a prince. You deserve a prince, don't you?

RACHEL: I do, Sister Sister.

RACHEL'S SISTER SISTER: She does, Mother.

RACHEL: So how do I get one, Mother?

RACHEL'S SISTER SISTER: Yes, Mother, how does Rachel get one?

(Mother Queasy coughs, hacks, and "spits" on the floor.)

RACHEL/RACHEL'S SISTER SISTER: Ewwwwww!

RACHEL: That's not a prince.

RACHEL'S SISTER SISTER: That's definitely not a prince, Rachel.

MOTHER QUEASY: (Barely able to speak, calls.) Cinderella!

(Cinderella enters. Mother Queasy points at the floor where she spit. Cinderella sighs and cleans the spot on the floor where Mother Queasy is pointing. Rachel's Sister Sister takes care of Rachel.)

RACHEL: So, when do I get a prince?

RACHEL'S SISTER SISTER: Yes, when does Rachel get a prince, Mother?

(Mother Queasy coughs, hacks, waves her hand, etc. Royal Courier enters and whips out a proclamation.)

ROYAL COURIER: *(Reads proclamation with royal flair.)* "His Royal Prince, Royal Reginald, royally requests regular unremarkable people to rapidly roll on down to his royal rumble of a remarkable ball where you, too, can get your very own prince. The very respectable and roguish Reeereginald!"

(Excited, Rachel screams. Rachel's Sister Sister screams. Mother Queasy starts coughing madly. Rachel and Rachel's Sister Sister run to the Royal Courier and grab the proclamation, and in doing so, knock him down. Royal Courier gets up and exits. Mother Queasy coughs and "spits.")

MOTHER QUEASY: *(Pointing to a spot on the floor.)*
Cinderella!

(Cinderella wipes the spot on the floor.)

RACHEL/RACHEL'S SISTER SISTER: An invitation to a royal ball! An invitation! *(Repeat the line ad nauseam.)*

CINDERELLA: *(Interested.)* Royal ball?

MOTHER QUEASY: Read it to me!

CINDERELLA: Royal ball?

RACHEL/RACHEL'S SISTER SISTER: *(Recite or sing to the tune of "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush.")*

“The Prince is throwing a royal ball,
A royal ball, a royal ball.
The Prince is throwing a royal ball,
The two of us shall go.”

RACHEL: *(Sings or recites.)*

“I’ll dance all night with the Royal Prince,
The Royal Prince, the Royal Prince.”

RACHEL’S SISTER SISTER: *(Sings or recites.)*

“She’ll definitely dance with the Royal Prince.”

RACHEL/RACHEL’S SISTER SISTER: *(Sing or recite.)*

“He’ll wish to marry me/her.”

(Cinderella dances around.)

CINDERELLA: *(Sings or recites.)*

“He’ll sweep me up into his arms, into his—”

RACHEL: Why are you dancing, stepsister Cinderella?

RACHEL’S SISTER SISTER: Yes, why are you doing that,
stepsister Cinderella?

CINDERELLA: I’m gonna meet the prince! I’m going to get
nice shoes...a fancy dress! I’ll be rich!

RACHEL: You’re going to meet the prince?

RACHEL’S SISTER SISTER: *(To Cinderella.)* You’re going to
meet the prince?

RACHEL: Stop dancing, stepsister Cinderella! Make her
stop, Sister Sister.

RACHEL’S SISTER SISTER: Yes, definitely stop dancing,
stepsister Cinderella!

RACHEL: I’m the one going to the ball.

RACHEL’S SISTER SISTER: *(To Cinderella.)* Rachel’s definitely
going.

RACHEL: *(To Cinderella.)* You are not.

RACHEL’S SISTER SISTER: *(To Cinderella.)* You, definitely
not.

CINDERELLA: Why can’t I?

RACHEL: Look at you.

RACHEL'S SISTER SISTER: *(To Cinderella.)* You have chores to do.

RACHEL: *(To Cinderella.)* And you smell.

RACHEL'S SISTER SISTER: You definitely smell, stepsister Cinderella. Phew!

RACHEL: *(To Cinderella.)* And...I don't have any time to waste on you. Sister Sister has to help me get ready for Prince, uh—?

RACHEL'S SISTER SISTER: Reginald.

RACHEL: Yeah, him.

(Rachel and Rachel's Sister Sister laugh.)

RACHEL/RACHEL'S SISTER SISTER: *(Recite or sing, dancing.)*

“He'll sweep me/her up into his arms,
Into his arms, into his arms—”

(Dancing and laughing, Rachel and Rachel's Sister Sister help Mother Queasy rise from her chair.)

CINDERELLA: What about me, Rachel, Rachel?

RACHEL/RACHEL'S SISTER SISTER: *(Recite or sing.)*

“He'll sweep me/her up into his arms.
He's sure to marry me/her.”

(Mother Queasy “spits” and points to the spot on the floor for Cinderella to wipe up. Mother Queasy, Rachel, and Rachel's Sister Sister exit.)

CINDERELLA: *(To herself, cleaning the floor.)* That's not right.

That's not right. Why can't I dance with a prince? I need a fairy godmother. Oh, please, please, please...

(Rumpelstiltskin enters.)

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Please don't cry. I can help you spin straw into gold.

CINDERELLA: Straw?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Into gold. *(Laughs.)*

CINDERELLA: How about a fancy dress?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Do you know who I am?

CINDERELLA: With matching shoes?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Would you like to guess my name?

CINDERELLA: You don't have any shoes?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Come on, give it a try. Do you think it's "Chester"?

CINDERELLA: What kind of fairy godmother are you?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Nope! That's not it! Do you wanna try "Murgatroid"?

CINDERELLA: If you don't have a dress or shoes, I'll never be a princess. Never, never, never! *(Runs off, crying.)*

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Nope. Nope, it's not "Never." It's "Rumpelstiltskin"! "Rumpelstiltskin"! "Rumpelstiltskin"!

(Out of breath, Barely-a-Godmother runs on.)

BARELY-A-GODMOTHER: *(To herself.)* Oh! Ow! These shoes! Ow! Oh, my! Goodily-golly-goo! You will not believe the kind of day I have had today! Wouldn't you know it...on a day I have something as important as you to take care of. I'm so sorry, dear. Do you know what it is like to be barely a godmother? Unbearable, I tell you! Oh, but I talk too much. But I always talk too much. Would you listen to me? *(Laughs. Sees Rumpelstiltskin.)* Oh, my! Goodily-golly-goo! You're fairly objectionable. You are lucky I am here to help, dear.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Nope. Not "Dear." That's not it, either. *(Laughs.)*

BARELY-A-GODMOTHER: No, but that is it. However, not to worry. Not to worry at all. It's not your fault you're... *(Trying to think of the right word.)* ...fairly objectionable. We

can work with that. We can work with that. We'll just have to spend more time on the makeup. *(Takes a closer look at him.)* Well, a *lot* of time. But it can be done.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Guess my name.

BARELY-A-GODMOTHER: *(Laughs.)* That's funny, dear, but a bit foolish. So, you're both fairly objectionable and relatively foolish. *(Takes a deep breath.)* This is going to be harder than I thought...

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Go ahead, guess.

BARELY-A-GODMOTHER: We haven't time for guessing right now, dear. Okay...shoes. First, the shoes. We have a T-strap, a pump, a stiletto, and I think I can do a crisscross strap. Those come in glass, fur, silver, gold, and I am not sure whether we can get fuchsia...very popular...always sold out. So, what do you choose?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Chester.

BARELY-A-GODMOTHER: Chester?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: *(Ecstatic.)* Nope! Nope, that's not it! Guess again.

BARELY-A-GODMOTHER: No, no, no, work with me here. Shoes. Shoes! Goodily-golly-goo! This is going to be much, much harder than I thought. But we can do this. How about a dress? What are you going to do about a dress? There's the silver lamé. There's the pink taffeta and the blue chiffon? Pink, purple, gold?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Gold? I can turn straw into gold.

BARELY-A-GODMOTHER: Okay, so maybe straw and mud was all the fashion last year. Horrible stuff, but what are you going to do with young princess wannabes? But this time, we're going with a new image. You don't want to be outdated. We're going for the "Hi, guys, I'm here" look. "Look at me! I'm princess material!" "You've never seen a princess like me." All the heads'll turn and—

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Nope, nope, it isn't "Princess," either. Again, again!

BARELY-A-GODMOTHER: I do not want to guess your name! It's "Cinderella" already. That is why you're here and I'm here and –

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Not "Cinderella." Not "Cinderella."

BARELY-A-GODMOTHER: (*Surprised.*) What do you mean?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: That's not my name. Try again. Try again!

BARELY-A-GODMOTHER: (*Shocked.*) You're not Cinderella?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: No. (*Crazy with happiness, he jumps and leaps about.*)

BARELY-A-GODMOTHER: Oh, my! Goodily-golly-goo! Then why I am standing here with my mouth open like a fool?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: I can turn straw into gold.

BARELY-A-GODMOTHER: I can turn straw into gold, and I know what my name is!

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Wait, I know. I know what your name is! I can guess it right! Your name is "Rumpelstiltskin"! "Rumpelstiltskin"! "Rumpelstiltskin"!

BARELY-A-GODMOTHER: It's not.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Oh.

BARELY-A-GODMOTHER: I am late. I am so late now, I will never be able to get the job done. Oh, my! Goodily-golly-goo! Whose fairy tale is this, anyway?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: I know. I know. Rumpelstiltskin. Ruple –

BARELY-A-GODMOTHER: Don't say that again, Cinderumple. Ack! Never mind. (*Rushes off, calls.*) Cinderump! Ah! Rumperella! Ack! (*Exits.*)

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: (*Calls.*) You didn't guess my name! Try "Hiriam." Did you ever think of trying that?! (*Sings or recites.*) "Merrily I dance and sing,
For none are good at name-guessing.
'Rumpelstiltskin' is my name.
'Rumpelstiltskin' is my name!" (*Laughs. Exits. Blackout.*)

SCENE 2

(AT RISE: Frog's pond. A backdrop may be used. Frog is busy doing froggy things. Cinderella runs on, crying. She sits by herself.)

CINDERELLA: (To herself.) This day is horrible! Horrible! I'll never get to the royal ball! I'll never meet a prince! I'll never get a dress! I'll never get lots of shoes! I'll never be rich! I'll never, never, never – (Sings to the tune of "Billy Boy.")

"Never, never. No! Never no! Never no!

Never, never. No! Never ever!

Never, never, never, no! Never, never, never, no!

Never ever. Never ever. Never ev-er."

(Cries.) Where is my fairy godmother?!

FROG: Oh, a beautiful lady. I never noticed.

(Frog starts jumping/flipping about, showing off in a froggy way.)

CINDERELLA: You're a talking, flipping frog.

FROG: Yes, I am...now. But at one time, I was a handsome...

(Sighs.)

CINDERELLA: A handsome what?

FROG: A handsome... (Sighs.)

CINDERELLA: A handsome... (Pause. Hopeful.) ...prince?

FROG: Why, yes. How did you know? You are so intelligent and beautiful and charming and witty and funny and cute and touching and sad and wonderful and –

CINDERELLA: You mean a prince with castles and fields and dresses and shoes?

FROG: That's the kind of prince I was thinking about. But now I'm not. Now, I am a lowly, scummy little frog...on a lily pad in a lily pond...with nothing except water and flies.

CINDERELLA: How did this happen to you?

FROG: Well, one day, I was running through Castle Number Six, and I was playing with all my little servants, and a witch came by and turned me into a frog. *(Bursts into tears.)*

CINDERELLA: You poor thing. Isn't there any way to break the spell?

FROG: Well, there is one way... *(Sighs.)*

CINDERELLA: How?

FROG: All I need is a little kiss. I just have to wait for the day when that special lady comes around.

CINDERELLA: What happens to the person who kisses you?

FROG: Why, she becomes a princess, of course.

CINDERELLA: I'll do it!

FROG: All right, then. Lay it on me!

(Frog puckers up. Cinderella kisses the Frog's cheek. Excited, the Frog jumps around like crazy but remains a frog.)

CINDERELLA: You're not a prince!

FROG: *(Shrugs.)* I'm a frog...always been a frog...hope to always be a frog.

(Cinderella screams, wipes her lips, and exits. Barely-a-Godmother rushes on.)

BARELY-A-GODMOTHER: *(“Trips” on the Frog.)* Hoo-hooo-hooooooo! *(To herself.)* Why? Why can't I do anything right?

FROG: Oh, a beautiful lady. I never noticed.

BARELY-A-GODMOTHER: Did you see a girl run by here crying?

FROG: I wonder if you could help me?

BARELY-A-GODMOTHER: Did you see a girl running this way, Frog?

FROG: Oh, but I'm not really a frog, you see. At one time, I was a handsome... *(Sighs.)*

BARELY-A-GODMOTHER: Which way did she go?

FROG: At one time, I was a handsome... *(Sighs.)*
 BARELY-A-GODMOTHER: Did she leave a long time ago?
 FROG: A handsome... *(Sighs.)*
 BARELY-A-GODMOTHER: *(Annoyed.)* What?! What?! A handsome what?!
 FROG: A handsome... *(Sighs.)*
 BARELY-A-GODMOTHER: *(Annoyed.)* Not another name game! A handsome guppy?
 FROG: No.
 BARELY-A-GODMOTHER: Cucumber?
 FROG: No, a—
 BARELY-A-GODMOTHER: Armadillo?
 FROG: No, a—
 BARELY-A-GODMOTHER: *Cylindropuntia Ramosissima?*
 FROG: No, I— *(Stops.)* What?!
 BARELY-A-GODMOTHER: *Cylindropuntia Ramosissima.*
 FROG: I don't even know what that is.
 BARELY-A-GODMOTHER: Then what? Were you like a prince or something?
 FROG: No, not that. *(Realizes.)* Wait! Yes! That! A prince! How did you know? You are so intelligent and beautiful and charming and—
 BARELY-A-GODMOTHER: Why didn't you say so? That's easy to fix...I hope. *(Casts a spell.)* "Ecnirp."

(Frog puts on a crown to show he has turned into a "prince.")

FROG: *(Angry.)* Hey! You changed me into a prince! You changed me into a prince!
 BARELY-A-GODMOTHER: No need to thank me. I'm in a real hurry. Oh, my! Goodily-golly-goo! Which way did she go? Oh, never mind. *(Calls.)* *Cylindropuntia!* Er, *Cin...der...el...la!*
 FROG: Change me back! Change me back! *(Awkwardly hop/walks but falls. Realizes.)* Oh, I have to walk now. *(Walks*

funny like he is wearing a dirty diaper. A loud roar is heard offstage. Wyvern swoops on.) Ah! Now I have to run!

(Frog runs off in an awkward wiggle-wagging way. Wyvern swoops after the Frog and almost captures him. Blackout.)

SCENE 3

(AT RISE: Castle. King skips on, dances about, and then pulls out his golf club and tries to golf. Queen rushes on.)

QUEEN: (To King, excited.) It's time for Princeling Reginald to get married, so we're having a ball.

KING: Yes, sweetie, I'm having a ball.

QUEEN: No, no, a ball...to be married.

KING: That's silly, sweetums, we're already married.

QUEEN: (Correcting.) Reginald!

KING: (Correcting.) I'm Herbert.

QUEEN: You're the king.

KING: Yes, I am, aren't I? (Thinks, nods.) And, as king, I think it is high time our son, the Prince, you know, got married.

QUEEN: Yes.

KING: I mean, he's already what? Seventeen? Eighteen?

QUEEN: Thirty-five.

KING: Thirty-five?! Reginald?! He isn't married yet?!

QUEEN: No, but he will be soon. We're having a ball.

KING: Oh, yes, I am. Thank you.

(King plays around with his golf club. Princeling Reginald enters.)

PRINCELING REGINALD: Dad, I need a bowling alley.

KING: Yes, my boy, yes.

PRINCELING REGINALD: Mom, Dad says I can have a bowling alley.

QUEEN: No, dear, not until you're married.

PRINCELING REGINALD: (Whining.) I need a bowling alley, Mom! I don't need to get married!

QUEEN: Not until you're married. I already said that. We're going to have—

PRINCELING REGINALD: I need a bowling alley! (Whining.) Dad, she's not giving me a bowling alley!

KING: Okay, you can have a bowling alley.

QUEEN: What are you talking about, dear? He needs to have a wife.

KING: A wife?! Are you crazy?! He's just a child!

PRINCELING REGINALD: Yeah, and a child needs a bowling alley.

KING: *(To Queen.)* He's only, only...

PRINCELING REGINALD: Seventeen.

KING: *(To Queen.)* Only 17. He's a baby.

QUEEN: He's 35! *(To Princeling Reginald.)* You're 35! Don't lie to your father!

PRINCELING REGINALD: All right! I'm 35!

KING: Thirty-five?! Why aren't you married yet?! *(To Queen.)* Why isn't he married yet!

QUEEN: He's going to get married.

PRINCELING REGINALD: *(Pouting.)* Not until I get a bowling alley.

KING: That's it! *(To Queen.)* He needs a bowling alley, and then he can be married.

QUEEN: No marriage; no bowling alley.

PRINCELING REGINALD: *(Whining.)* Daaaad!

KING: You heard your mother.

PRINCELING REGINALD: *(Pouting.)* No bowling alley; no wife.

KING: That's why we're going to have a bowling ball.

PRINCELING REGINALD: A bowling ball?

QUEEN: No! A *royal* ball...to find you a wife.

PRINCELING REGINALD: *(Temper tantrum.)* If I don't get a bowling alley, I'll hold my breath until I die! *(Holds his breath and slowly starts to sink to the floor.)*

QUEEN: *(Ignoring Prince. To King.)* We'll have to have a test, of course.

KING: I'm not good at tests.

QUEEN: *(Annoyed.)* A test for the eligible wives!

(King sees that Princeling Reginald has collapsed on the floor.)

KING: Your son has collapsed onto the floor.

QUEEN: *(To herself, in deep thought.)* Test, test, but what test?
Hmmm...

(Princeling Reginald's face is bright red.)

KING: Your son is turning blue.

QUEEN: *(In deep thought.)* We'll poke them with thorns and see if they scream.

(Princeling Reginald is in death throes.)

KING: Actually, your son looks like he's dying.

QUEEN: Never you mind him. *(Gets an idea.)* Oh! We'll get them to answer riddles!

(Princeling Reginald is lying still.)

KING: Our son's dead, sweetie-pie. *(Pretends to hit a ball with his golf club. Calls.)* Fore!

QUEEN: Dead?!

KING: Dead, sweetie-pie.

QUEEN: Princeling Reginald dead?!

KING: Dead, sweetie-pie.

(Queen sees Princeling Reginald lying still on the floor and rushes over to him.)

QUEEN: *(Shaking Reginald roughly.)* Oh! Oh! Reggie, my baby! Reggie! Oh, Reggie! Oh, I'd give anything, anything to bring you back! Oh, Reggie!

PRINCELING REGINALD: *(Bad ventriloquism.)* Would you give me... *(Realizes.)* ...ah, *him* a bowling alley?

QUEEN: Yes, yes, even a bowling alley!

(Princeling Reginald jumps up.)

PRINCELING REGINALD: (*Overjoyed.*) Yeah! I get a bowling alley!

QUEEN: (*Happy he is alive.*) Oh! Oh! Oh!

PRINCELING REGINALD: I get a bowling alley, Dad!

KING: That's nice, Son. But you played a trick on your mother. That's bad, Son. So, for your punishment, we have to give you a bowling alley.

QUEEN: (*Correcting.*) Ball!

KING: (*To Princeling Reginald.*) Give you a bowling ball!

QUEEN: (*Correcting.*) A royal ball to be married!

KING: Yes, married!

PRINCELING REGINALD: To a bowling ball?

QUEEN: A new wife.

KING: (*To Prince.*) A bowling wife.

PRINCELING REGINALD: So long as I get a bowling alley.

QUEEN: After the royal ball tonight.

PRINCELING REGINALD: Tonight?!

QUEEN: Tonight.

KING: I'll never get any sleep.

QUEEN: (*Realizes.*) Sleep! That's it!

KING: That's what, sweet-guts?

QUEEN: The test for eligible wives! (*To Princeling Reginald.*) We will so get you married tonight! Tonight!

[END OF FREEVIEW]