

# Fairytales Defanged

By J. Ruffell

## Fairytales Defanged Cast list

### CHARACTERS:

THE NARRATOR	“The Little Mermaid”:	“The Gingerbread Person”	“Snow White/Cinnamon Brown”:
THE BOARD REPRESENTATIVE	LITTLE MERMAID	GRANDMOTHER	CINNAMON BROWN
“Sleeping Beauty”:	PRINCE	GRANDSON	QUEEN 3
KING 1	MALE SEA WITCH	GINGERBREAD PERSON	MIRROR
QUEEN 1	FEMALE SEA WITCH (non-speaking)	WELL DIGGER 1	EVIL QUEEN
7 FAIRIES	DAUGHTER 1	WELL DIGGER 2	HUNTSMAN
OLD FAIRY	DAUGHTER 2	COW	HUNTSWOMAN
PARTY GUESTS (non-speaking)	DAUGHTER 3	PIG	VERTICALLY CHALLENGED MAN 1
BABY (optional) (non-speaking)	DAUGHTER 4	DOG	6 VERTICALLY CHALLENGED MEN
“Beauty and the Beast/ Sally and the Beast”:	DAUGHTER 5	CHICKEN	(non-speaking)
MERCHANT	SEA KING (non-speaking)	FOX	TIFFANY
ELDEST DAUGHTER 1	SAILORS (non-speaking)	“Peter Pan”:	AMBER
MIDDLE DAUGHTER 1	“The Golden Goose”	PETER PAN	KELLY
SALLY	BOB	WENDY	TORI
BEAST	YOUTHFULLY CHALLENGED MAN	JOHN	LEXI
“Hansel and Gretel”:	INNKEEPER	MICHAEL	BRITTNEY
WOOD CUTTER	ELDEST DAUGHTER 2	TINKER BELL	MISSY
WIFE	MIDDLE DAUGHTER 2	TIGER LILY	PRINCE
HANSEL	YOUNGEST DAUGHTER	LOST BOY 1	SERVANTS (non-speaking)
GRETEL	HIGHWAY MAN 1	LOST BOY 2	ANIMALS (non-speaking)
WOMAN	HIGHWAY MAN 2	LOST BOY 3	
“Puss in Boots/Feline in Boots”	LABOURER 1	LOST BOY 4	
ELDEST SON	LABOURER 2	MERMAID 1	
MIDDLE SON	SOLDIER 3	SMEE	
YOUNGEST SON	SOLDIER 4	STARKEY	
FELINE IN BOOTS	QUEEN 2	MERMAIDS (non-speaking)	
QUAIL 1	KING 3	ADDITIONAL LOST BOYS (non-speaking)	
ADDITIONAL QUAILS (non-speaking)	PRINCESS 2		
SOLDIER 1	CHAMBERLAIN		
SOLDIER 2	“Cinderella”:		
KING 2	CINDERELLA		
PRINCESS 1	STEPMOTHER		
	STEPSISTER 1		
	STEPSISTER 2		
	MERCHANT (non-speaking)		

## ACT ONE

*Lights come up on NARRATOR and BOOK INHABITANTS. The Book Inhabitants become the characters in the story as the Narrator tells it and they enter and exit throughout, playing a variety of characters as needed.*

NARRATOR: Once upon a time there lived a good king and queen who were beloved by their people as they were fair and just. But the good king and queen were sad because they longed for a child that never seemed to come.

*A REPRESENTATIVE enters behind the Narrator, professionally dressed and carrying a clipboard. The Representative observes the Narrator, taking notes, but is unseen by anyone else on stage.*

NARRATOR: (CON'T) Then, on one joyous day their wishes were answered and the queen gave birth to a beautiful daughter. To honour the birth of his daughter the king threw a magnificent banquet, inviting all members of his kingdom.

KING 1: Welcome everyone! Today we have gathered to celebrate the birth of the princess.

FAIRY 1: Thank you, your majesty, for inviting us. We fairies would each like to bestow a gift upon your daughter. The princess will be the most beautiful woman in the world.

FAIRY 2: She shall have a sharp wit and clever tongue.

FAIRY 3: I grant a magic grace in all she does.

FAIRY 4: Which will enhance my gift of dance, like a flower in the wind.

FAIRY 5: She shall sing with more beauty than any bird.

FAIRY 6: And she will play music like has never been heard on Earth.

NARRATOR: As the seventh fairy approached the baby, there was a great boom of thunder and a darkness filled the ballroom. Everyone turned to see the eighth fairy in the kingdom, an older fairy that the king had failed to invite.

OLD FAIRY: Well, well. My King, look at this magnificent banquet. It seems everyone in the kingdom is here. I suppose my invitation was just misplaced?

QUEEN 1: Please, we did not mean to offend.

OLD FAIRY: Offend? Oh no, my dear, I am not offended. I would never imagine this...oversight was intentional.

QUEEN 1: You wouldn't?

OLD FAIRY: No. *(laughs)* Do you think me...maleficent? In fact, to show there are no hard feelings, I too will bestow a gift on the child. Ah yes, this young beauty will indeed have all those wonderful gifts my sister fairies gave her, and even more powerful than they intended, until she reaches her seventeenth birthday. On that day, the princess will prick her finger on the spindle of a spinning wheel and she shall *die!*

REPRESENTATIVE: Wait! Stop! You can't kill anyone in a children's story.

*Everyone stops and looks at the Representative.*

NARRATOR: Well in fact the princess did not die, for the last fairy had yet to give her gift.

FAIRY 7: Your majesties, I cannot remove the twisted curse placed upon the princess, but I can save her from the cold touch of death. She will indeed

prick her finger, but instead of dying she will fall into a magical sleep for one hundred years, at which time a king's son shall awaken her with a kiss.

REPRESENTATIVE: What sort of message is that for little girls? To suggest they require a man to solve their problems is utterly unacceptable.

NARRATOR: I am the Narrator here. Who are you?

REPRESENTATIVE: I am a Representative of the Board of Positively Overprotective, Overbearing Parents.

NARRATOR: The Board of...POOP?

REPRESENTATIVE: I beg your pardon? We are the P.O.P.O.B.P.

NARRATOR: You do know that “overprotective” and “overbearing” are single words, right?

REPRESENTATIVE: We are dedicated to protecting children from harmful content. We've seen your book and we have some hefty concerns. Changes will have to be made to ensure this book is politically correct and sending our children the right kinds of messages or I'll be forced to shut this book down and ban it from every library.

NARRATOR: Now see here, these stories are part of the cultural heritage and belong to everyone. No one has the right to ban these stories.

REPRESENTATIVE: Actually, we do. So unless you want to go the route of Mother Goose, who we took down last week, you'll need to make sure your stories meet our rigorous standards. Already this...*Sleeping Beauty* will have to go. What else do you have?

NARRATOR: (*flabbergasted*) (*pauses and thinks*). Ah...in a small town, long ago in France, a merchant had three beautiful daughters—

REPRESENTATIVE: Why are all the daughters “beautiful”? You're setting an unrealistic beauty expectation.

NARRATOR: Had three perfectly average looking daughters—

REPRESENTATIVE: That's better.

NARRATOR: —that he loved dearly.

MERCHANT: I'm off to sell my wares in the market. What gifts shall I bring home for you?

ELDEST DAUGHTER 1: A stunning dress that sparkles like the sun.

MIDDLE DAUGHTER 1: A perfectly polished pearl necklace.

NARRATOR: The merchant then turned to his youngest daughter, Beauty—

REPRESENTATIVE: What did I just say about beauty expectations?

NARRATOR: His youngest daughter, Sally, whom he loved the most—

REPRESENTATIVE: A parent can't show favouritism.

NARRATOR: Who he loved as much as his other daughters.

SALLY: My only wish, father, is for a single red rose.

NARRATOR: So the merchant set out to the market and picked up the dress and necklace for two of his daughters, but he did not find any flowers in town. Saddened that he would let down Sally, the merchant headed back home. As luck would have it, he rode along a dark path and passed a grim and forgotten castle, which was surrounded by the luscious garden. At the center of the garden was a bush, growing the most beautiful red roses that the merchant had ever seen. He stepped into the garden—

REPRESENTATIVE: We don't want the children to think it's okay to trespass.

NARRATOR: Went to the front door of the castle and knocked, hoping there would be someone home that he could buy a rose from. The door was answered by a monstrous—

REPRESENTATIVE: Aesthetically challenged.

NARRATOR: Aesthetically challenged beast, who captured the merchant.

BEAST: How dare you knock on my door!

MERCHANT: Please don't eat me!

BEAST: If you give me what I desire, I shall spare your life.

MERCHANT: Anything!

BEAST: Do you, by chance, have a daughter?

MERCHANT: Well, yes, actually, I have three—I mean....no.

BEAST: Don't lie to me or I will eat you. In exchange for your life, you must send one of your daughters to me.

REPRESENTATIVE: I see where this is going and there's about a million things wrong with it: a father selling his child for his own freedom, a woman living alone with a male—

NARRATOR: The beast agreed to free him if he would send one of his daughters once a week to water the garden, which he would pay her fair wages to do. The merchant returned home with a heavy heart and told his daughters of the deal he had made with the beast.

ELDEST DAUGHTER 1: This is all Sally's fault, so *she* should be the one you send.

MIDDLE DAUGHTER 1: Yes, send Sally. Now, where's my necklace?

SALLY: What my sisters say is true, dear father, and so to spare your life, I shall water the beast's garden.

NARRATOR: So Sally went to the home of the beast in order to fulfill her father's vow. Though the daughter was at first terrified of the aesthetically challenged beast, he would sit with her in the garden and his kind nature made her fear melt away.

BEAST: I brought you something.

SALLY: What is it?

BEAST: A perfect rose, marred not by a single flaw.

SALLY: It's beautiful. Thank you. You are not such a fearsome beast as I imagined, what with threatening to eat my father and all.

BEAST: Oh, that was just for show. I would never have harmed him. I have just been so lonely here.

SALLY: You poor beast.

NARRATOR: The beast was equally drawn to Sally's kind heart and he fell in love with her.

REPRESENTATIVE: An animal? And a human? I don't think so.

NARRATOR: But, he's really a prince in disguise and it's about loving someone for who they are on the inside.

REPRESENTATIVE: Next!

NARRATOR (*pause*) At the edge of a forest lived a very poor woodcutter—

REPRESENTATIVE: Economically marginalized forestry worker.

NARRATOR: An economically marginalized forestry worker, who lived with his wife and his two children, Hansel and Gretel.

WOODCUTTER: I'm home!

WIFE: Did you bring any dinner?

WOODCUTTER: Unfortunately, no one was buying wood today, so we'll have to make do with stone soup again.

WIFE: My mother told me not to marry a woodcutter, but I didn't listen. All you bring home is chopped sticks! Of course we don't have any money. Well I don't plan to starve to death because you made a bad career choice. Take Hansel and Gretel into the woods with you tomorrow and lose them!

REPRESENTATIVE: Do I really need to explain what's wrong with that?

NARRATOR: One day Hansel and Gretel went out to play in the woods and got lost.

REPRESENTATIVE: Why are two small children playing alone in the woods? That's not safe. No, we can't allow that.

NARRATOR: One day Hansel and Gretel went with their father into the woods to help him cut down trees.

REPRESENTATIVE: Children can't play with axes.

NARRATOR: One day Hansel and Gretel went with their father into the woods to gather firewood and they became lost. Scared and panicking, they searched for their father.

REPRESENTATIVE: They shouldn't move when they're lost. They should wait for their father to find them.

NARRATOR: It will be a lesson of what not to do when one gets lost.

REPRESENTATIVE: All right, I'll allow it for now. Let's see where you're going with this.

NARRATOR: The children walked all day, becoming more desperately lost with each step.

GRETEL: Oh Hansel, we are so lost and I am so very hungry. Out here we don't even have stone soup.

HANSEL: Gretel, what's that over there? What would a cabin be doing this far into the woods? Maybe we're closer to home than we thought.

GRETEL: I can't walk any further, Hansel. Not without something to eat.

HANSEL: Perhaps we can ask for some food at the cabin.

NARRATOR: As the children drew closer they realized it was no ordinary cabin, but rather it was made of candy. Starving after their long journey they began to break off pieces of the house to eat.

REPRESENTATIVE: Sugar is bad for the teeth. What if the house was made of vegetables?

NARRATOR: So they broke off pieces of the vegetable house, because so *desperate* was their hunger, when an old woman—

REPRESENTATIVE: Youthfully challenged.

NARRATOR: A youthfully challenged woman came out of the house.

WOMAN: Oh, you poor children. You look tired and hungry. Please come inside and have some supper.

REPRESENTATIVE: No, no, no, they can't go inside a stranger's house, not unless she has a block parent sign.

NARRATOR: Oh, she did.

REPRESENTATIVE: Ah, well, that's okay then.

NARRATOR: But the youthfully challenged woman was only pretending to care about the children because she was really a witch—

REPRESENTATIVE: A female practitioner of the black arts.

NARRATOR: A female practitioner of the black arts, and intended to cook and eat them.

REPRESENTATIVE: Absolutely not!

NARRATOR: She *intended* to eat them, but she doesn't get to!

*The Narrator and the representative glare at each other.*

NARRATOR: (*sighs*) A miller had three sons, his mill, a donkey and a tom cat; the sons had to grind, the donkey had to get grain and carry flour away and the cat had to catch the mice away. When the miller died, the three brothers divided their inheritance.

ELDEST SON: I'm the oldest, so the mill will go to me.

MIDDLE SON: As the middle son, I claim the donkey. We can pool our inheritance together, brother, and continue to run the mill.

ELDEST SON: With no donkey to get the grain and carry the flour, the mill would be no use to me. Partners then, brother.

REPRESENTATIVE: Families co-operating is such a positive message.

NARRATOR: With his brothers having taken everything else, the youngest son was left with only the cat.

YOUNGEST SON: My brothers may make a handsome living by joining their shares together; but what am I do with a cat and no mill to be rid of mice? I suppose I can make a pair of fur gloves.

REPRESENTATIVE: You have got to be kidding me.

NARRATOR: The youngest son, in fact, did not kill the cat, for the cat heard what was said and replied:

FELINE IN BOOTS: Dear master, do not make gloves of me. Instead, grant me a pair of boots and a sack, and I promise, with these I shall bring you great fortune and you will be glad to have kept me.

YOUNGEST SON: (*shocked and scared*) You...talk. You're a...talking cat. I inherited a talking cat. He doesn't want me to turn him into gloves...but he would like a pair of boots. My talking cats wants a pair of boots.

NARRATOR: The youngest son granted the cat what he asked for, and Puss—

REPRESENTATIVE: Is that his name? Yeah, I don't think so.

NARRATOR: Feline left the mill and headed in the woods. In those days reigned a king in the land, who liked quail so much that, though the forest

was full of them, they were too frightful to be caught. Feline was clever, however, and used the sack to create a trap with some corn as bait. The quail came running and hopped into his sack. He quickly closed it and twisted their heads around.

REPRESENTATIVE: We will have none of this outrageous violence!

NARRATOR: Feline caught the quail and then politely spoke to them.

FELINE IN BOOTS: Sorry for the inconvenience, dear comrades, but I saw no other way in which to speak with you. Perhaps you have heard that the king desires to eat you, but he is actually hoping to hear your wonderful voices in song. Would you consider coming with me to sing for him?

QUAIL 1: While we don't approve of your method of asking, we're just so happy to hear the king wants us for our song, not our meat, that we would be delighted to go with you.

FELINE IN BOOTS: To the castle then, my friends.

NARRATOR: So the cat led the quail to the castle.

SOLDIER 1: Halt!

FELINE IN BOOTS: Calm yourself, my good fellow, we are here to see the king.

SOLDIER 1: A cat intends to see the king? What nonsense.

SOLDIER 2: Just let him go. The king has often boredom, maybe the cat can amuse him.

*The soldiers let them by.*

SOLDIER 2: Wait...was that a *talking* cat!?

FELINE IN BOOTS: (*bows to king*) Greetings, your most royal Highness. My master, the Lord of Carabas, sends these magnificent song birds for your amusement.

REPRESENTATIVE: Lord? The miller's son? You're teaching children to lie.

FELINE IN BOOTS: (*bows to king*) Greetings, your most royal Highness. My master sends these magnificent song birds for your amusement.

KING 2: At last someone has brought me quail! With your fine boots and these quail, your master clearly demonstrates exceptional taste. Take this sack of gold to your master, and let him know how pleased we be.

FELINE IN BOOTS: Thank you, most gracious Highness. (*leaves*)

PRINCESS 1: Father...was that really a *talking* cat?

FATHER: A very generous talking cat.

PRINCESS 1: Yes, but he was *talking*. Am I the only one understanding this?

NARRATOR: The cat returned to his master, who was overjoyed at the gold. But the cat was not finished. Every day he went out in his boots, and every day he brought gifts to the king from his master, soon becoming a favourite of the king, who lavished Feline's master with gold.

YOUNGEST SON: You are the greatest cat that ever was. I can't believe I was going to make you into gloves.

FELINE IN BOOTS: And I can't believe all this trouble I have to go through to ensure you don't. I just caught mice for your father.

REPRESENTATIVE: That attitude is hardly called for.

FELINE IN BOOTS: I love you, master!

NARRATOR: One day, the cat saw the king was out with his daughter. Feline quickly got his master and directed him to bathe in the lake along the path the king would take.

FELINE IN BOOTS: Just bathe here, master, and soon you will be set for life.

YOUNGEST SON: I don't see how this is going to do anything for me. And I've already bathed once this year.

REPRESENTATIVE: That's not going to promote good hygiene!

YOUNGEST SON: And I've already bathed twice today.

REPRESENTATIVE: Don't you sass me.

YOUNGEST SON: Who am I to doubt such an amazing cat. I will do as you say.

NARRATOR: Once the youngest son was bathing, the cat hid his master's clothes.

FELINE IN BOOTS: Oh, all merciful king! My master bathed himself here in the lake, but a thief came and stole his clothes, that lay on the shore. If he stays in any longer, he will catch cold and die.

REPRESENTATIVE: That's enough of this tale of deception. I will not have you teaching children to run cons.

NARRATOR: In the depths of the ocean lived a mighty sea king who had six beautiful— perfectly ordinary looking daughters. His youngest had a carved white marble statue of a perfectly ordinary looking boy—

REPRESENTATIVE: *White* marble? That's not very multicultural.

NARRATOR: Had a carved statue of a perfectly ordinary looking boy, made from hundreds of different types of stone. Looking at it brought her great joy.

DAUGHTER 1: Sister, sister! Today is the day!

LITTLE MERMAID: What day?

DAUGHTER 2: Silly girl, have you forgotten your own birthday?

DAUGHTER 3: You're 15 today.

DAUGHTER 4: Today you finally get to come to the surface with us!

DAUGHTER 5: And it's your turn at last!

LITTLE MERMAID: I never thought this day would come. I can't believe it's finally here. What sorts of things will we see?

DAUGHTER 1: You shall see the sun like you've never seen it before. Down here under the water, we can only see the faintest glimpse of its rays, but on the surface the light is brilliant and warm.

DAUGHTER 2: You will see the sky.

DAUGHTER 3: And clouds!

DAUGHTER 4: And all sorts of strange new creatures.

DAUGHTER 5: And of course, you will see the strangest creatures of all: humans.

LITTLE MERMAID: Humans like my statue? But how can humans swim in the seas with their strange flippers?

DAUGHTER 1: Humans live on the land, where we cannot go, but they build large floating islands and sail the seas on them.

LITTLE MERMAID: Floating islands that cross the seas? I wish I could see them.

DAUGHTER 1: Wishes come true, sister. Let's go to the surface!

NARRATOR: The six sisters raced each other to the top of the sea and burst through the waves into the sun. The little mermaid was momentarily blinded by the intense light, but slowly her eyes began to adjust as she drank in the majesty of the surface world. The sisters did not have long to wait as a large ship soon passed by.

LITTLE MERMAID: These islands are made of wood, but cut through the sea as fast as dolphins. How magical they are.

NARRATOR: The mermaids climbed up the side of the ship and peaked over. At last the little mermaid got her first look at real humans, as sailors moved about, securing the rigging and swabbing the deck. At the great wheel, steering the ship, was a human that looked just like the mermaid's statue. She was drawn to his perfectly ordinary looks and fell in love with him.

REPRESENTATIVE: That's an unrealistic portrayal of love.

NARRATOR: She found herself drawn to the perfectly ordinary looking prince, so she called out to him.

LITTLE MERMAID: Hello? Hello!? Human at the wheel of this floating island!

PRINCE: Who calls the prince?

LITTLE MERMAID: My sisters and I are clinging to the side of your floating island. Come here so I may speak with you.

PRINCE: (*shocked*) You're mermaids! This can't be real.

LITTLE MERMAID: I wasn't sure you were real either. You remind me of my statue that I love so very much. Would you consider going on a date with me?

REPRESENTATIVE: Female empowerment. Very good.

NARRATOR: They met every day at the seaside for dinner and split the bill over their healthy organic salads.

PRINCE: Oh my lovely little mermaid, we have been seeing each other now for several weeks. I think it is time that you should meet my parents.

LITTLE MERMAID: I would love to meet them. Bring them here to the shore right away.

PRINCE: My love, I cannot. My parents are, in fact, deathly afraid of the sea and would never come near the water. But you seem able to breathe as well on land as on sea. Would you come with me to their castle?

LITTLE MERMAID: My prince, what does it matter if you can carry me to meet them? We have neglected the larger issue here: I am half fish. I cannot live in your world, and you cannot live in mine. Are we forever to meet here and share a meal but never be anything more?

PRINCE: I could build you a giant fishbowl, my darling.

LITTLE MERMAID: I'm thinking no. Dearest, there must be something we can do to be together in your world, since your parents' fear makes it impossible for you to live in mine even if you could somehow come to breathe under the water.

PRINCE: We need magic.

NARRATOR: The little mermaid knew of a way that she might get legs so she dove under the water and swam to the deepest darkest depths until she reached the lair of the sea wite—female practitioner of the black arts.

REPRESENTATIVE: Why are they always female practitioners of the black arts?

NARRATOR: Until she reached the lair of the male practitioner of the black arts of the sea.

MALE SEA WITCH: I know what you want, foolish, princess: to change your fish tail into two ugly human stumps. But if that is what you want, pay me and I'll make it so. Allow me to rip out your tongue and I'll give you human legs.

REPRESENTATIVE: No! You can't rip out tongues! And the mermaid can't sell her ability to speak or her identity for a man! What sort of sick message is that to send to girls? This story is not acceptable. Look, I have other books I need to be looking at and you're batting a solid zero here—

NARRATOR: I have more stories! Please.

REPRESENTATIVE: All right, but you're skating on thin ice here.

NARRATOR: One day a young man named Dummling—

REPRESENTATIVE: Do I need to stop this one already?

NARRATOR: A young man named...Bob, was in the woods to gather firewood when he ran into a grey haired youthfully challenged man.

YOUTHFULLY CHALLENGED MAN: I am so hungry and thirsty. Do you have any food to spare?

BOB: I have only cinder-cake and sour beer—

REPRESENTATIVE (*loudly clears throat*)

BOB: I have only cinder-cake and warm water; if that pleases you, we will sit down and eat.

NARRATOR: The two of them shared Bob's meal, and when they were done, the youthfully challenged man said:

YOUTHFULLY CHALLENGED MAN: Since you have a good heart, and are willing to divide what you have, I will give you good luck. There stands an old tree, cut it down, and you will find something at the roots.

NARRATOR: Bob did as the man said and when the tree fell, Bob found a goose with feathers of pure gold.

BOB: I am set for life!

NARRATOR: Bob attempted to thank the youthfully challenged man—

REPRESENTATIVE: Good manners.

NARRATOR: —but the man was gone. Tired from cutting down the tree, Bob made his way to an inn.

BOB: Do you have a room available?

INNKEEPER: That depends. Do you have a way to pay for it?

BOB: (*pulls feather from goose*) This ought to cover it.

INNKEEPER: It does indeed! My daughters will show you to our best room, sir.

NARRATOR: After the innkeeper's daughters showed him to his room, Bob and the goose immediately went to sleep. The daughters had admired the goose the entire way to the room and were curious about the bird.

ELDEST DAUGHTER 2: How can it be possible for a goose to have gold feathers?

MIDDLE DAUGHTER 2: Who cares how, let's just get the feathers!

REPRESENTATIVE: And now thievery. Is there any immoral act *not* committed in these twisted little tales?

MIDDLE DAUGHTER 2: It's such a wonderful animal. How I wish to pet it.

YOUNGEST DAUGHTER: There can be no harm in doing so.

NARRATOR: The three snuck in the room, so as not to wake Bob as they knew he had worked hard all day and needed his rest.

ELDEST DAUGHTER 2: (*pets the goose*) My hand. It's stuck!

MIDDLE DAUGHTER 2: What do you mean? Here, let me help you. Wait! How am I stuck to you?

YOUNGEST DAUGHTER: Let me help!

ELDEST DAUGHTER 2: Keep away, for goodness sake, keep away!

YOUNGEST DAUGHTER: Why can't I remove my hand?

ELDEST DAUGHTER 2: Wonderful.

NARRATOR: The three were now stuck. With the eldest unable to release the goose, the middle unable to release the eldest and the youngest unable to release the middle.

BOB: What a wonderful sleep!

NARRATOR: Bob said nothing when he saw the three sisters trapped to his goose. He merely picked up the bird and headed out, with the sisters forced to follow.

INNKEEPER: Daughters, where are you going?

ELDEST DAUGHTER 2: Don't touch us father!

INNKEEPER: I can't remove my hand.

YOUNGEST DAUGHTER: Welcome to the club.

MIDDLE DAUGHTER 2: Come on, shake your body baby, do the conga. Come on, shake your body baby, do the conga.

ELDEST DAUGHTER 2: Stop it!

NARRATOR: Bob continued his journey and the others were obliged to run after him continually, now left, now right, wherever his legs took him.

ELDEST DAUGHTER 2: Heeeeeelp!

NARRATOR: Bob made his way through a field, where two highway men were waiting.

HIGHWAY MAN 1: Say now, what's this?

HIGHWAY MAN 2: Who cares? I think I see gold.

HIGHWAY MAN 1: That's all that really matters. Let's get them.

REPRESENTATIVE: I believe we already went over this.

HIGHWAY MAN 2: Oh dear. Our fellow villagers look to be in the middle of a trifle. As good citizens of the realm, it is our duty to help these poor souls.

HIGHWAY MAN 1: That is what allows society to function. Let us aid these townspeople.

NARRATOR: But instead, they too became stuck. Passing through a farm, the line called for help, catching the attention of two labours.

INNKEEPER: Don't just stand around, help free us!

LABOURER 1: Free you? From what?

ELDEST DAUGHTER 2: We're stuck!

LABOURER 2: Stuck? How on Earth are you stuck? Just let go.

MIDDLE DAUGHTER 2: We can't.

LABOURER 1: Don't be silly.

YOUNGEST DAUGHTER: Please pull us free.

LABOURER 2: If you truly can't free yourselves, I suppose we have to help.

NARRATOR: And two more were added. Soon, they came to the city.

SOLDIER 3: Are those the highway men we were ordered to arrest?

REPRESENTATIVE: They help people, remember?

SOLDIER 3: Are those the remarkable highway men that help rescue orphans and small puppies that we're supposed to give medals to?

SOLDIER 4: I believe that's them. We should hurry and catch them.

NARRATOR: And lo, the soldiers were added to Bob's growing train.

MIDDLE DAUGHTER 2: Feel the rhythm of the music getting stronger. Don't you fight it 'til you tried it, do that conga beat.

ELDEST DAUGHTER 2: Enough!

NARRATOR: Now in this kingdom there was a princess who was so serious that no one could make her laugh.

KING 3: Come, my dear, you simply *must* smile or no one will ever desire to marry you.

REPRESENTATIVE: It is completely unacceptable for a man to demand emotional labour from a woman for his benefit by ordering her to smile.

QUEEN 2: Oh my darling, may I ask, are you depressed?

PRINCESS 2: (*reading a book*) No, mother, I am merely serious.

QUEEN 2: Then that is perfectly okay, and no emotional labour will be demanded of you.

KING 3: Indeed. I shall make a laugh that none shall ever make such demands!

QUEEN 2: My daughter, though it is perfectly fine that you choose not to smile, it is important that we experience a range of emotions and experiences.

KING 3: This is quite true.

QUEEN 2: Would you object to your father and I bringing entertainment to the castle?

PRINCESS 2: You may do as you wish, mother, but I intend to stay focused on my studies.

KING 3: Well, let us have some entertainment for ourselves then, my dear. Lord Chamberlain!

CHAMBERLAIN: Here, my lord.

KING 3: See about finding us some amusement!

CHAMBERLAIN: At once.

NARRATOR: It did not take the Chamberlain long to stumble upon Bob and his entourage. Barely able to contain his own laughter, he led the procession into the royal chamber, where the princess took one look at them all and:

PRINCESS 2: *(laughs like she will never stop)*.

KING 3: My good lad, you have brought such happiness to my daughter. For that, I shall grant to you her hand in marriage.

REPRESENTATIVE: Women. Are not. *Property*. Next!

NARRATOR: An economically marginalized merchant took a second wife. The merchant's bride had two daughters from a prior marriage and the merchant himself had a single child, a daughter that looked every bit like her mother.

REPRESENTATIVE: Alternative families without destroying the traditional family and family values. Well done. As long as they were both widowed.

NARRATOR: Yes! Yes, they were.

REPRESENTATIVE: Excellent.

NARRATOR: The merchant's daughter was a kind and gentle soul, but her stepmother hated her, as she made the stepmother's cruel daughters look more odious.

STEPMOTHER: Who determined you could wear such finery?

CINDERELLA: I beg your pardon, stepmother, but my mother sewed this dress for me.

STEPMOTHER: You worthless girl. She who wants to eat bread must earn it. Girls?

NARRATOR: The stepsisters stripped the merchant's daughter of her fine clothes and left her in rags.

CINDERELLA: My mother's dress!

STEPSISTER 1: Just look at the proud princess, how decked out she is. *(laughs)*

STEPSISTER 2: If only we could dress as finely. *(laughs)*

CINDERELLA: I wish I knew why you hate me so. Why are you always so cruel?

STEPSISTER 1: Because you are useless and ugly.

CINDERELLA: I am not!

STEPMOTHER: Don't talk back to my daughters, or you shall really be sorry, girl. Now do as you're told and go to the kitchen.

NARRATOR: The merchant's daughter had to slave away day and night, and her step family mocked her and did everything they could to make her life more difficult.

STEPMOTHER: We do not share our table with animals. Eat on the floor, girl.

NARRATOR: The stepmother emptied the merchant's daughter bowl onto the floor among the cinders and the ash of the fire.

STEPSISTER 1: Pick it up, Cinderella.

STEPSISTER 2: What a perfect name for she who picks her food from the cinders and ash. She should sleep among them too!

STEPMOTHER: A marvellous idea. Make a bed for yourself out of straw and sleep by the chimney, Cinderella.

REPRESENTATIVE: Why isn't her father stopping this horrible abuse?

NARRATOR: Unfortunately, the merchant had died and as Cinderella had no other family, she was left with her stepmother and sisters.

REPRESENTATIVE: Where is child protective services? This child is being physically and emotionally abused. Forget it, this story won't work.

NARRATOR: One day a grandmother was baking bread with her grandson. With the leftovers, the grandmother helped her grandson make it into a gingerbread man.

REPRESENTATIVE: Gingerbread person.

NARRATOR: Helped her grandson make it into a gingerbread person.

GRANDMOTHER: You watch the gingerbread bake. I am going to go out and work in the garden.

REPRESENTATIVE: You can't leave a child alone with a hot oven.

GRANDMOTHER: While that bakes, how about we do the dishes?

NARRATOR: As they were doing the dishes, a loud bang came from inside the oven.

GRANDSON: What is that, grandmother?

GRANDMOTHER: I don't know. I better open it and check.

NARRATOR: The grandmother opened the oven, and our popped the gingerbread person, who immediately ran straight out the door.

GRANDSON: Hey, get back here!

GRANDMOTHER: Wait for me!

NARRATOR: The two chased after the gingerbread person, who taunted them as they ran.

GINGERBREAD PERSON: Run, run, this race is certain; you can't catch me I'm the gingerbread person.

NARRATOR: As the gingerbread person ran, they passed two well diggers.

WELL DIGGER 1: Where are you going, gingerbread person?

GINGERBREAD PERSON: I've outrun a youthfully challenged woman, and a little boy and I can outrun you too! Run, run, this race is certain; you can't catch me I'm the gingerbread person.

WELL DIGGER 2: We'll see about that!

NARRATOR: The well diggers threw down their tools and started to chase after the gingerbread person. Coming by a farm, a cow looked up to see the gingerbread person running towards her.

COW: Moo. That gingerbread person looks delicious, I'll gobble them up!

REPRESENTATIVE: I will not allow the eating of any anthropomorphic creatures.

COW: Moo. Everyone seems to be having a fun game of tag. I want to play. Wait for me, gingerbread person!

GINGERBREAD PERSON: I've outrun two well diggers, a youthfully challenged woman, and a little boy and I can outrun you too! Run, run, this race is certain; you can't catch me I'm the gingerbread person.

PIG: Oink! I want to join in the fun.

GINGERBREAD PERSON: I've outrun a cow, two well diggers, a youthfully challenged woman, and a little boy and I can outrun you too! Run, run, this race is certain; you can't catch me I'm the gingerbread person.

CHICKEN: This looks like a merry chase. What good exercise it will be.

GINGERBREAD PERSON: I've outrun a pig, a cow, two well diggers, a youthfully challenged woman, and a little boy and I can outrun you too! Run, run, this race is certain; you can't catch me I'm the gingerbread person.

DOG: Woof. You can't outrun me, gingerbread person, for dogs are champions when it comes to running.

GINGERBREAD PERSON: I've outrun a chicken, a pig, a cow, two well diggers, a youthfully challenged woman, and a little boy and I can outrun you

too! Run, run, this race is certain; you can't catch me I'm the gingerbread person.

NARRATOR: On and on they ran, none able to catch the gingerbread person, who continued to laugh as they raced along with the trail of animals and humans behind them. Then, suddenly, the gingerbread person came to a river.

GINGERBREAD PERSON: I can't be caught now! What am I to do!?

FOX: Maybe I can help you. I am a very strong swimmer, and I'd be happy to help you get across.

REPRESENTATIVE: Cooperation! Fantastic!

GINGERBREAD PERSON: Thank you for helping me.

NARRATOR: So the gingerbread person got on the fox's back, and the fox swam away just as the others reached the river. As the fox became to swim, the water rose.

FOX: Gingerbread person, you better jump on my head where you'll be safe from the water.

GINGERBREAD PERSON: If you think that's best.

FOX: You don't want to get wet, do you?

NARRATOR: Indeed the gingerbread person did not want to get wet, so they climbed on the fox's head, but the water continued to rise.

FOX: Better get on my nose, gingerbread person, so you'll be safe from the water.

REPRESENTATIVE: You cannot honestly be standing there and telling me this story doesn't end with the fox eating that poor gingerbread man. This book is positively dreadful. You better have something better than this.

NARRATOR: One evening Wendy Darling was awoken by sounds of crying. She checked on her brothers, Michael and John, but they were both fast asleep. Curious, she followed the sound of the tears until she came upon a young boy dressed all in green sitting by a window.

WENDY: Boy, why are you crying?

PETER: I am not crying.

PETER: My name is Peter Pan.

WENDY: I'm Wendy Darling. Nice to meet you.

PETER: Well...Cupcake, nice to meet you too.

WENDY: No, Darling is my last name.

PETER: Oh.

WENDY: Are you lost? What is your address?

PETER: Second star to the right and then straight on till morning.

WENDY: Well that's...original. But why are you here?

PETER: I came to get my shadow. I found it, but I can't attach it. I even tried using soap.

WENDY: It must be sewn on, Peter.

NARRATOR: She sat Peter down and carefully stitched his shadow back onto his foot. Peter danced around the room in delight.

PETER: Wendy, we need you in Neverland. What a perfect mother you would be for the Lost Boys and myself.

REPRESENTATIVE: And another story enforcing gender norms. She can sew and has to take care of boys because she's a girl?

NARRATOR: Wendy showed Peter how to sew on his own shadow. Peter was so grateful that he wanted to do something nice for Wendy.

PETER: Let me take you to Neverland where children never have to grow up.

WENDY: What about my brothers?

PETER: They can come too.

NARRATOR: Wendy woke John and Michael and the three of them joined Peter at the window. Peter began to float off the ground.

PETER: Come with me!

WENDY: But Peter, you're flying. We can't fly.

PETER: One sprinkle of fairy dust and you will fly. But where is Tinker Bell? Oh no, I shut her in the drawer when I was looking for my shadow. Would someone let her out?

JOHN: I will.

NARRATOR: Tinker Bell shot out of the drawer and directly at Peter, wagging a very angry finger in his face.

PETER: So sorry, Tinker Bell. I didn't mean to. Now, sprinkle these children with fairy dust and let's go to Neverland!

NARRATOR: Tinker Bell did as Peter told her, even though she was furious at the idea of Wendy coming to Neverland, for she was in love with Peter and did not like the idea of him looking at another girl.

REPRESENTATIVE: No, we don't want to teach children to be jealous and petty.

NARRATOR: Tinker Bell was happy to have new children coming with them to Neverland, but was the most excited about having Wendy come since there were no girls among the Lost Boys.

TINKER BELL: Wendy, at last I'll have another girl around the place to talk to. We'll totally be B-F-Fs!

NARRATOR: And away the children flew, straight on till morning until they reached Neverland and the home of the Lost Boys. They were thrilled to see Wendy, John, and Michael and welcomed them to their home.

MICHAEL: What do you do in Neverland?

LOST BOY 1: We explore!

LOST BOY 2: We haven't been to the mermaid lagoon in some time. Let's take our new friends there.

JOHN: Mermaids aren't real.

LOST BOY 3: Better not tell them that.

NARRATOR: The children all took to the air and flew to the mermaid lagoon, where John was surprised to learn that mermaids were indeed real, and they played with the Lost Boys all afternoon.

LOST BOY 4: Wait, did anyone hear that?

MERMAID 1: What?

LOST BOY 4: I thought I heard adult voices.

MICHAEL: I thought there were only children in Neverland.

PETER: There are only children...except for the pirates.

WENDY: Pirates! What do we do?

PETER: We had better hide and see what they are up to.

NARRATOR: A small dingy entered the lagoon, only large enough to fit three, but one of them wasn't a pirate. It was the Indian—

REPRESENTATIVE: First Nations.

NARRATOR: The First Nations daughter of the chief, Tiger Lily.

SMEE: Left here, Starkey, up to that rock over there.

STARKEY: I don't see why we had to travel so far. Why couldn't we just do this at sea.

SMEE: Because Hook ordered us to bring her to the lagoon. It's not your place to question him, unless you want to take her place. Anything to say before we go, Princess?

TIGER LILY: I am the daughter of a chief. You will not see me cry and beg you, pirates.

REPRESENTATIVE: A strong female and multicultural role. Excellent.

NARRATOR: The pirates lifted Tiger Lily out of the boat and laid her on a rock.

SMEE: When the tide comes in, your life goes out.

REPRESENTATIVE: And we're back to killing children! What is it with these sick little stories and the horrible violence? This will never do at all!

NARRATOR: What about *Little Red Riding Hood*?

REPRESENTATIVE: Cruelty to animals.

NARRATOR: *Rumpelstiltskin*?

REPRESENTATIVE: Child abandonment.

NARRATOR: *Alice in Wonderland*?

REPRESENTATIVE: Promotes drug use.

NARRATOR: *Jack and the Beanstalk*?

REPRESENTATIVE: With the child eating giant? Do you have anything else? I'll give you one last chance here, or I'm shutting this book down. (pause) Well?

NARRATOR: Okay! Okay. Once upon a time, in the depth of winter, a queen sat sewing at her window made of black ebony wood. As she sewed, she pricked her finger and three bright red drops fell onto the pure white snow. The queen thought the red on the white was so beautiful.

QUEEN 3: If only I had a child with hair as black as this frame, lips as red as blood, and skin as white as snow.

REPRESENTATIVE: White as snow? Did you already forget what I said about multiculturalism?

NARRATOR: The queen was in the kitchen—

REPRESENTATIVE: A woman in the kitchen? Come on now.

NARRATOR: The queen was eating supper and sprinkled cinnamon on her meal.

QUEEN 3: If only I had a child with skin as brown as this freshly shaved cinnamon, so that she would be a mix of all the people of my kingdom as a wonderful example of multiculturalism.

NARRATOR: Soon the queen was blessed with such a child with skin as brown as freshly shaved cinnamon and so they called her Snow Whi—Cinnamon Brown. Unfortunately, the queen passed shortly after her daughter's birth and the king wanted little Cinnamon Brown to have a mother, so he took a new bride, who was of course a perfectly ordinary looking woman, but she thought she was the greatest beauty in the land, and could not stand for any to surpass her beauty.

EVIL QUEEN: Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who in this land is fairest of all?

REPRESENTATIVE: An obsession with body image is not something to pass onto children. Do you know how high the rate of eating disorders is?

EVIL QUEEN: Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who in this land has the greatest inner beauty of all?

NARRATOR: For sixteen years the mirror had replied:

MIRROR: You, my queen, have the greatest inner beauty of all.

NARRATOR: But then one morning it gave a different reply.

MIRROR: You, my queen, have inner beauty it is true, but Cinnamon Brown is a thousand times more caring than you.

EVIL QUEEN: That can't be! Huntsman!

HUNTSMAN: Yes, my queen?

EVIL QUEEN: Take my stepdaughter, the princess Cinnamon Brown into the woods—

REPRESENTATIVE: She can't go off with some strange adult male she doesn't know!

EVIL QUEEN: Huntswoman!

HUNTSWOMAN: Yes, my queen?

EVIL QUEEN: Take my stepdaughter, the princess Cinnamon Brown into the woods and cut out her heart.

REPRESENTATIVE: I believe we've talking about violence against children already.

NARRATOR: She—she decided Cinnamon Brown's goodness should be shared with the world, and that Cinnamon Brown needed an education.

EVIL QUEEN: Cinnamon Brown, it is important that you get an education, so I am going to send you to boarding school. This huntswoman shall escort you safely there.

NARRATOR: The huntswoman led the way through the dark and mysterious forest.

HUNTSWOMAN: There are no marked paths in these woods at all.

CINNAMON BROWN: Aren't you a huntswoman? Shouldn't you be able to find your way?

HUNTSWOMAN: Normally I only have to find the way back home, which I just keep behind me when I hunt. Pretty simple. No cosmic woo woo involved at all.

CINNAMON BROWN: We've been wandering these woods for hours. I am so tired.

HUNTSWOMAN: Wait. What's that over there?

CINNAMON BROWN: A small house. All the way out here?

HUNTSWOMAN: We must be closer to the edge of the forest than we think. Let's stop and ask for directions.

CINNAMON BROWN: I am so glad you're not a huntsMAN; he'd never ask for directions.

REPRESENTATIVE: No sexist comments or gender norms allowed.

CINNAMON BROWN: That's a great idea. Maybe someone there can help us. Let's knock on the door as merely walking inside would be trespassing.

NARRATOR: The door opened and there stood seven dwarfs—

REPRESENTATIVE: Vertically challenged.

NARRATOR: Seven vertically challenged men.

VERTICALLY CHALLENGED MAN 1: I don't know who you are, but we've been longing for a woman to take care of our home.

REPRESENTATIVE: What did I just say about sexist gender norms?

VERTICALLY CHALLENGED MAN 1: You strike me as a kind-hearted person. How would you like to live here with me and my six brothers?

REPRESENTATIVE: You can't have a woman living with seven men.

VERTICALLY CHALLENGED MAN 1: You strike me as a kind-hearted person. How may my brothers and I help you, ladies?

CINNAMON BROWN: We are trying to reach the edge of the forest as I am on my way to boarding school.

VERTICALLY CHALLENGED MAN 1: We'd be happy to show you the way out of the forest.

NARRATOR: So the seven dwarfs showed Cinnamon Brown and the huntswoman out of the forest and to the boarding school where Cinnamon Brown met her seven female roommates.

TIFFANY: Like, O-M-G, welcome to our school!

MISSY: We're, like, totally gonna have such a great time!

AMBER: Like, totally tubular!

KELLY: So, I'm like Kelly. And this is Tiffany, Missy, Amber, Brittney, Tori, and Lexi.

CINNAMON BROWN: Cinnamon Brown.

TORI: Oh, what a grody name!

LEXI: Like, girls, we totally need to help her out!

BRITTNEY: Fer sure!

KELLY: Well it's, like, May, so let's call her... April.

AMBER: O-M-G, you are so smart, Kelly!

KELLY: Like, I know!

TIFFANY: BFs forever!

TORI: Let's show April, like, all the cool places to go.

LEXI: Like, O-M-G, there's nowhere tubular at the school.

BRITTNEY: O-M-G, it's true.

MISSY: Why don't we just show April, like, where her classes are?

KELLY: Great idea, Missy. Like, let's go!

NARRATOR: Despite the roommates with voices that made Cinnamon Brown want to stab her eardrums with an ice pick—

REPRESENTATIVE: Oh, you're not even trying.

NARRATOR: Like, April, like, totally loved her new roommates and they made her so, like, happy, and she received, like, just the bestest education, like ever! (*pause*) Meanwhile the Evil Queen, hoping that school would, in fact, taint the goodness of Cinnamon Brown thanks to peer pressure, went to her mirror, confident on what she would hear.

EVIL QUEEN: Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who in this land has the greatest inner beauty of all?

MIRROR: You, my queen, have inner beauty it is true, but Cinnamon Brown is a thousand times more caring than you.

EVIL QUEEN: Like, O-M-G—(*clears throat*) I can't believe that brat has been hanging around such shallow fools and hasn't once caved into the peer pressure of worrying about herself more than others! It's time to take more drastic measures. I know, I will poison an apple—

REPRESENTATIVE: It can't be a poisoned apple. That will teach children not to eat fruit.

EVIL QUEEN: I will poison a chocolate bar, and disguise myself as one of Cinnamon Brown's favourite teachers so she'll trust me, and when she bites into this chocolate bar, she'll *die*!

REPRESENTATIVE: No. Killing. Children.

EVIL QUEEN: She'll fall dead asleep.

NARRATOR: The Evil Queen carried out her vile plot and Cinnamon Brown, humbled by her teacher's gift, bit into the poisoned chocolate bar and fell into a deep sleep, a sleep so deep that when her roommates discovered her, they thought she was dead.

MISSY: Eeeew! There's, like, a totally dead body in our room.

TORI: That is, like, so grody.

KELLY: Selfie! Hashtag, dead body!

BRITTNEY: O-M-G, it's, like, April!

AMBER: Like, O-M-G, oh no!

MISSY: This is, like, the worst day evar.

TIFFANY: She's, like, totally gonna make all our stuff smell.

TORI: O-M-G, we, like, have to move all our stuff!

BRITTNEY: Bummer, I like, don't wanna have to move everything. I, like, just got my nails done; what if I broke one!

AMBER: That would be a total bummer.

BRITTNEY: O-M-G, I know!

MISSY: Couldn't we just move, like, April instead? That seems like less work.

TIFFANY: O-M-G, Missy, you're, like, a genius.

LEXI: Like, let's get this body out of here. It's totally bumming out.

KELLY: We need to, like, remove the body before it smells, but, she's, like, our roommate, and we should, like, have a funeral.

MISSY: O-M-G, glass is so in right now. Let's put her in a glass coffin.

AMBER: O-M-G, and then everyone can, like totally watch her decay.

TORI: That sounds, like, grody, to the max.

TIFFANY: We can, like, make April into a science project for the science fair and get, like, As.

LEXI: Totally, let's do it. My grades are bumming me out.

REPRESENTATIVE: Making science fun. I like that.

NARRATOR: As the seven roommates....mourned, the Evil Queen returned home to the castle and once more visited her mirror.

EVIL QUEEN: Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who in this land has the greatest inner beauty of all?

MIRROR: You, my queen, have the greatest inner beauty of all.

EVIL QUEEN: Yeah I do!

NARRATOR: And the Evil Queen danced a dance of victory over her wicked, evil deed, while Cinnamon Brown's roommates set her glass coffin high on a mountain and all the animals of the forest gathered to mourn the loss of Cinnamon Brown. For three days the animals wailed and cried, and so great was their grief that they would not allow the coffin to rest on the cold earth, so they placed Cinnamon Brown on a large flat stone. Now it happened that a prince and his entourage came upon Cinnamon Brown, who looked as fair as the day she fell into her deep sleep that looked like death, and was mesmerized by her perfectly ordinary looks.

PRINCE: Look at this perfectly ordinary looking corpse of a woman. I cannot live without her to look upon. I must possess this corpse. Bring it to my castle so I may look upon it always.

REPRESENTATIVE: Well if that isn't objectification, I don't know what is.

PRINCE: Behold this perfectly ordinary looking maiden, who clearly has the most caring heart and sharpest intellect. We must honour her. This resting place is not spectacular enough to pay tribute to such a heart. I know of a glade at the foot of the mountain where a magnificent waterfall splashes into the most crystal clear lake. There we should take her. Lift up this glass coffin, you worthless servants—

REPRESENTATIVE: That's really not how we should treat the working class.

PRINCE: I ask you, my beloved servants who I pay above minimum wage and love like my brothers, will you help me honour this woman and carry her to the glade with me?

NARRATOR: The prince and the servants took hold of the coffin and lifted it, but, being made of glass, it was hard to maintain a hold and the prince lost his grip and the coffin fell to the ground. Striking the ground, the coffin shattered, and when Cinnamon Brown hit the earth the piece of poisoned chocolate was dislodged from her throat and she opened her eyes and sat up, well again.

REPRESENTATIVE: And again with the prince! What do you have against independent women? This is just as unacceptable as every other fairytale you've presented to me.

NARRATOR: By your outrageous standards *none* of these stories are appropriate!

REPRESENTATIVE: Now you're getting it. All right, let's shut this book down!—

NARRATOR: No wait—

REPRESENTATIVE: —Get the torches—

NARRATOR: —you can't—

REPRESENTATIVE: —we're burning this thing.

NARRATOR: You can't destroy our cultural heritage!

*Blackout.*

NARRATOR: Curse you, POOP!