

The Brothers Grimm Spectaculathon (sample)

(A largely bare stage. NARRATOR 1, a rather proper narrator, enters.)

NARRATOR 1 *(to the audience)*

Hello and welcome to the Brothers Grimm Spectaculathon!

(NARRATOR 2 explodes on to the stage.)

NARRATOR 2 *(to the audience)*

Sunday Sunday Sunday! It's EXTREME! See! Monster slaying action as the three-headed pig battles the wolf-o-bot in a bone-crushing cage match of death. They'll huff and they'll puff and they'll kick some iron! Aaaaaaahh!

(Pause. NARRATOR 1 looks at NARRATOR 2.)

NARRATOR 1

What we are going to do here today—

NARRATOR 2 *(interrupting)*

And then the battle you've all been waiting for: Snow White vs. Sleeping Beauty in a mud-wrestling death match. Who's the toughest of them all? With dwarf-tossing afterwards.

NARRATOR 1 *(to NARRATOR 2)*

Can you stop?

NARRATOR 2 *(to the audience)*

What happens when the princesses stop being kind and start being real? And covered in mud? And choking each other and one of them gets the other in a crab hold and—

NARRATOR 1

Okay, stop. We're not doing that.

NARRATOR 2

Flames! Flames!

NARRATOR 1

Enough, *<actor's name>*. You're weirding them out.

NARRATOR 2

I'm EXTREME.

NARRATOR 1

No you're not. Can we just do the show?

NARRATOR 2

Fine, but I want you to know something: you are no longer considered extreme in my book. Okay? No longer extreme.

NARRATOR 1

This is the Brothers Grimm Spectaculathon!

NARRATOR 2

That's right. And what we are about to do today is going to blow your mind. We are about to attempt something so spectacular you will never be the same.

NARRATOR 1

If you need to go to the bathroom, go now and we'll wait. We don't want accidents.
(NARRATOR 2 points to someone in the audience.)

NARRATOR 2

You look a little touch-and-go miss. Are you sure? You okay? All right then.
(to the other NARRATOR)

Keep an eye on that one.

NARRATOR 1

A little background to begin.

NARRATOR 2

The Brothers Grimm were brothers named Grimm. They are dead. But in the period before they died the Brothers Grimm wrote 209 fairy tales that we know today—

NARRATOR 1

They didn't write them—

NARRATOR 2

The Brothers Grimm did not write 209 fairy tales that we know today, they were frauds. We should dig up their bodies and spit on their corpses.

NARRATOR 1

No I'm just saying that they were collectors of stories.

NARRATOR 2

Never mind that last part.

NARRATOR 1

And these stories have become extremely popular: We all know them today:

NARRATOR 2

Such stories as The Wolf and the Seven Young Kids—

NARRATOR 1

The Pack of Ragamuffins—

NARRATOR 2

And Straw, Coal, and Bean.

NARRATOR 1

I forgot about that one.

NARRATOR 2

Oh yeah. Straw, Coal, and Bean? Only the best fairy tale in the entire history of the world. I'm literally like crying buckets by the end of it. Freaking amazing. Changed my life. I can't even look at straw, coal, or beans any more.

NARRATOR 1

What's it about?

NARRATOR 2

No idea.

NARRATOR 1

Those might not be household names, but quite a few of these stories have become immortalized in film and television—

NARRATOR 2

Of course they've all been changed by "the mouse"

(points to a sign that says DISNEY)

To feed their enormous octopus-like animation empire which sucks the life out of existence and crushes your soul in a death-grip of happy happy songs and talking objects. I can't even speak their name aloud because they're looking for a way to sue me right now.

(up to the sky)

You won't win. My uncle is a lawyer! He defended OJ. That means I can kill anyone I want and no one can get me.

(NARRATOR 1 looks at NARRATOR 2.)

NARRATOR 1

O-kay. What we are going to do for you right now is return these fairy tales to their original glory. We have assembled the greatest troupe of actors the world has ever seen and we—

(ACTOR emerges, halfway in costume, scratching himself.)

ACTOR

I thought there was supposed to be catering back here?

NARRATOR 2

There's like a beef thing somewhere.

ACTOR

Where?

NARRATOR 2

I don't know—in the back somewhere.

ACTOR

Is there anything to drink?

NARRATOR 2

No.

(ACTOR exits, annoyed.)

NARRATOR 1

These actors are so insanely talented that—

ACTOR *(off-stage)*

I don't see it!

NARRATOR 2

Do you see the radiator?

ACTOR *(off-stage)*

No! Oh wait! No.

NARRATOR 2

There's probably someone sitting on it. Move them.

ACTOR *(off-stage)*

Oh here it is.

ANOTHER ACTOR *(off-stage)*

Hey!

NARRATOR 1

Anyway, in just the short time we have, our crack team of actors is going to perform all 209 fairy tales of the Brothers Grimm.

NARRATOR 2

That's like three stories per minute.

NARRATOR 1

Or a different number if you actually know math. And we're going to keep the original endings intact.

NARRATOR 2

Blood! Violence! Death! People being cut open with scissors!

NARRATOR 1

And to make things more difficult! We are going to perform them as originally intended, which is...

NARRATOR 2

That it's all one enormous mega superstory. That will rock your world.

NARRATOR 1

Are you ready?

NARRATOR 2

I'm so excited I'm going to throw up. Does anyone have a hat? Nope? Excuse me then.
(NARRATOR 2 exits. NARRATOR 1 stretches and does warm-ups. Perhaps a few wind sprints.)

NARRATOR 1

Well I don't know when he's coming back. So... Once upon a time there was a girl who was raised by wolves whose mother died in childbirth and she was abandoned by her father who could spin straw into gold and made a deal with a series of elves if they would help him make shoes. There was also a talking fox in there somewhere.

(NARRATOR 2 returns)

NARRATOR 2

And she was beautiful—

NARRATOR 1

Because no one cares about ugly people.

NARRATOR 2

I care about ugly people.

NARRATOR 1

Well no one cares about you. Anyway, there was a girl.
(GIRL enters in dramatic fashion.)

NARRATOR 2

And she was poor.

GIRL

Oh I am poor.

NARRATOR 2

Dirt poor.

NARRATOR 1

She couldn't even afford dirt.
(DIRT MERCHANT enters.)

DIRT MERCHANT

Dirt for sale! Dirt for sale! Hey, you! Get off the merchandise!
(He exits.)

GIRL *(crying)*

I shall flood the ground with my tears!
(The DIRT MERCHANT returns.)

DIRT MERCHANT

You're getting it wet! Stop it!
(He exits.)

GIRL

If only I knew where my father was who could spin straw into gold and talk to wolves and make deals with the elves and who was also acquainted with a talking fox.
(An ENCHANTRESS (played by NARRATOR 1) enters.)

ENCHANTRESS

Excuse me—but I couldn't help overhearing your tale of misery and woe. Tell you what—I will grant you your heart's desire if you give me one small thing.

GIRL

That sounds like a great bargain. I won't even ask what the small thing is because I'm so innocent and trusting! I am pure like the sylvan woods which surround my bower, untouched like the pure snow which has not yet been peed upon by sled dogs, like a bird flitting to and fro—

ENCHANTRESS *(cutting her off)*

I get it.
(She makes a magical signal.)

I vanish.
(She does not actually appear to vanish. ENCHANTRESS looks around and covers GIRL's eyes.)

I vanish again.
(she quickly hides behind something.)

GIRL

What a nice lady.
The DEVIL (played by NARRATOR 2) enters.)

THE DEVIL

Hey there hot stuff. Oh wait, that's me. Ha ha ha ha!

GIRL

Are you a prince?

THE DEVIL

Of darkness.

(he laughs at his own joke.)

Oh that's a good one! I've got to tell that to the demons back home. Now, I happened to overhear your tale of misery and woe and I'm here to help.

GIRL

Well actually I just—

THE DEVIL

Just sign this one small contract and you shall conceive a daughter so beautiful the very earth will want to kiss her. But in a platonic way. Nothing kinky.

GIRL

That sounds like a great idea. You see because I am innocent and pure and—

THE DEVIL

Sign it already.

(She signs the contract.)

Moo ah ha ha ha ha ha!

(He looks around. Then runs off.)

GIRL

This is a busy street.

(RUMPELSTILTSKIN enters, limping.)

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

Hello there.

GIRL

You're hideous and deformed!

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

Look, I have a great bargain for you—

GIRL

My stomach recoils in horror as you approach!

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

Yes I know that but—

GIRL

Why has God's creation been so perverted?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

Do you want to hear my offer or not?

GIRL

Sure. Go ahead. You're probably trustworthy and I'm stupid and don't judge people by their appearances.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

I shall make you rich, rich, I tell you! Beyond your wildest dreams!

GIRL

Really? Because I have some pretty wild dreams.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

How wild?

(she whispers in his ear. He gets freaked out.)

That's messed up. Why would you even want to do that?

GIRL

I don't know. And I also want one of those Victoria's Secret bras made out of diamonds that's worth like one point six million dollars. Cause I'm weird like that.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

Well I can't give you that but—

GIRL

Can I have my own jet fighter? With Tom Cruise in it? When he was 23 and not into the strange stuff.?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

He was still into that stuff, he just wasn't advertising it. Anyway, I will make you very rich, not so rich that you can afford that bra or the jet fighter, but rich enough. And I ask only one small thing in return.

GIRL

Sounds good.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

Don't you want to know what the thing is?

GIRL

No, I trust you.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

Very well.

(NARRATOR 1 emerges.)

NARRATOR 1

It was a good day for the girl. She fell in love with a prince.

(PRINCE (played by NARRATOR 2) enters.)

PRINCE

Hey, you're hot!

GIRL

I am hot.

PRINCE

Let's get married!

GIRL

Score!

NARRATOR 2

She grew very rich.

PRINCE

Hey look I just tripped over a giant pot of gold! What are the odds!

GIRL

Ha ha! Score!

NARRATOR 2

And she conceived a child.

GIRL

Whoah! How did that happen?

NARRATOR 2

Well you see kids, when a prince and a princess love each other very much—

NARRATOR 1

Through magic. The magic of the devil. And that's where babies come from.

(goes back to being the PRINCE)

PRINCE

I've always wanted a baby. Let's go back to my kingdom.

GIRL

What are you prince of, anyway?

PRINCE

Denmark.

NARRATOR 2

But that's another story.

(GIRL and PRINCE hop forward.)

PRINCE

Here we are in Denmark. It's a great place to raise a royal family.

GIRL

Ah! The baby's coming!

PRINCE

Push! Push! Breathe!

GIRL *(screaming in rage)*

I'm breathing! How on earth would I not be breathing! I'd be dead if I wasn't breathing!
You need to think before you speak!

NARRATOR 2

The miracle of childbirth.

PRINCE

You can do it, honey!

GIRL *(continuous)*

I hate you I hate you I hate you I hate you I hate you!

PRINCE *(continuous)*

Focus your anger! Focus your anger!

(GIRL screams. Nothing happens. She screams again.)

I can see her little head!

(GIRL screams again. A baby doll is thrown in from off stage. PRINCE snatches it out of the air like a Frisbee.)

Oh it's so beautiful!

NARRATOR 2

Years passed.

(The PRINCE throws the baby off-stage like a Frisbee.)

And she grew into a beautiful young teenager, Rapunzel.

(IF you want to read more of the story, please contact me at don@donzolidis.com or check out www.playscripts.com. There is a one-act version and a full-length version available!)