

## **Ladies' Night at the Forest Bar**

**a.k.a. Shoes Passing in the Night**

NY Reading  
Version

Charles Campbell

## **TRIGGER WARNING**

This play contains course and foul language, gratuitous nudity and sex, gunshots, noxious smoke, wanton and needless violence, mockery of machismo, war and brave soldiers, sex/power role reversals, gluten, nuts and dairy, genetically modified actors and graphic mutilation of cute puppies.

## Cast

Gran	owner, Forest Bar, charming, funny, fast-talking fraudster
Red	Gran's grand-daughter and business partner in the Forest Bar, pimp
Goldie Lockett	rich, downtown lawyer, married to Big Bear
Cinders Rockingfiler	Park Avenue 'princess', shoe/foot fetishist
Lily White aka Snow	fast-lane, fast-talking, sovereign debt arbitrage
Prince	dancer, - Princeton dropout, shoe salesman, very sensitive
Hands	dances as 'Copper' - recently paroled
Wolf	'dances as Wolf' - short order cook , struggling single parent,
Woody	dances as 'Woody' - casual labor / painter
Jack	the Giant Killer, the 'Marine', formerly danced as 'the Pirate'
Farm Boy also	dances as 'Farm Boy'
Photo Guy also	with the troops
Voice M.C. also	M.C. at Forest Bar
Voice Anchor	TV Anchor
Voice Sounds	Sounds as indicated
Narrator	Narrator
[Gretel	Gran's muscle - not a speaking part ]

## Act I

Scene One	The Stage Door
-----------	----------------

Scene Two	The Forest Bar
-----------	----------------

## Act II

Scene One	A Forest Clearing
-----------	-------------------

Scene Two	The Fishing Camp
-----------	------------------

Scene Three	The Tailgate Party
-------------	--------------------

Scene Four	The War Camp
------------	--------------

Scene Five	The Forest Bar
------------	----------------

## Notes

### ***The Set***

*Act I Scene One – Back door, laneway behind Forest Bar. (This could be done in front of a curtain or scrim.)*

*Act I Scene Two and Act II Scene Five - The Forest Bar*

*A low life, strip club/ 'bar,' decorated with cheesy fake trees, branches, etc. A few bar stools, a big mirror behind bar and around it decorative liquor bottles including three elaborate German beer steins. A few tables and chairs. Tree stumps for chairs.*

*There is a small stage and entrance, center rear, gaudy lights, beaded curtains, for the dancers. Exit to street, stage left. Washrooms, etc. are stage right.*

*There is a TV on the bar, which faces away from the audience.*

*Sign – "11 pm – To-Nite – 'Wolf', 'Prince', 'Hands', 'Woody'"*

*Act II, Scenes Two, Three, Four - In 'The Forest'*

- *More cheesy fake trees = 'the forest'. Various locales, requiring minimal changes - the same cheesy fake trees plus +++*

*Act II, Scene Five - is back in the bar.*

### ***Notes For a Reading***

This reading script has text for a **NARRATOR** in order that someone listening to a reading can follow the action / farce. It is not intended that an actual performance would have a Narrator. For a closed reading where everyone has a script to follow consider omitting the Narrator part. Gran's rant will flow better.

Much of Act One is a fast-talking rant and con job by Gran. The mix of her talk and the stage action as described by the Narrator is artificial. The mix could be adjusted, Gran's speech can be expanded or edited down.

#### ***Actors reading:***

*Italicized* bracketed comments within a speech are stage directions – don't read.

*Italicized* un-bracketed words in a speech indicate emphasis or irony.

... in a speech indicates a pause, stumbling speech, one character interrupting another or hesitation as the character searches for a word or is afraid to say the word that comes to mind.

Underline in a speech indicates louder.

## Act I

### Scene One

**NARR** *We are at the Stage Door in the laneway behind the Forest Bar, under a dim alley light amid trashcans and cigarette butts.  
Wolf and Woody pace, shiver, smoke and gulp coffee before reporting for work.  
Woody wears paint-splattered work clothes and carries a small duffel bag. Wolf wears short order cook outfit under a scruffy jacket and carries a suit bag. He has a cane for an apparent bad knee but is very agile.*

Woody                    Hey Wolfie, what time you got?

Wolf                    *(pacing, checks watch)* 10:15.

Woody                    Hands coming in tonight?

Wolf                    Said he was.

Woody                    [Yawn] Fuckkkk! I've been up since five fuckin' thirty!  
No work for two weeks. Nothin'! Then ... 'Pick up is at six, Paint Man'. Fuckin' asshole! Don't even know my name!

Wolf                    You got a problem with the hours, you shoulda been, like, a professor, dude.

Woody                    Where the fuck is Hands?

It's not right .... He gets to be Copper and he's just out of the Joint! He can be Woody and I should be Copper!

Wolf                    Red needs more guys.

Woody                    Says she is checking the Port Authority every afternoon.

Wolf                    But she's not yielding up the commercial product, speaking on the point you are making. Not to criticize.

**NARR** *Hands enters with duffel bag.*

Hands                    Hi, guys.

Wolf [Sniffing] *(to Hands)* Don't you smell like a gym bunny!  
 [sniffing] *(to Woody)* Ugh. Not you, dude!

Hands For the ladies.

Woody *(smelling Hands and then himself)* You're right, bud, I gotta do a shower.

**NARR** *Woody exits into the Club.*

Wolf So, how'd you do last weekend?

Hands Ahhh ... ya, well, I mean, I got calls, I get calls, but I got this bouncer gig, goes really late, I mean *really* .... Good pay! But it fucks up other arrangements, know what I'm saying. Hey ... can you spot me \$300 till next week?

Wolf Three hundred!

Hands *(flexing a bicep)* This cost money.

Wolf *(giving him money)* You're *too* beefy, dude, which is my experienced personal advice.

Hands And you, little man, are definitely *not* too beefy.

Wolf I am ... a *wolf*!

Hands *(confidential)* Hey, you hear that Jack the G Killer bust outta the joint yesterday?

Wolf Really. Did not hear that!  
 Know he used to work here? Before your time.

Hands No shit! I knew him in the Joint, from a distance. He's awesome.  
*(checking watch, opening the door)* Let's do it!

*Wolf and Woody stub out their cigs and share a breath spray.*

Hands Into the fiery pit!

Wolf Yeah, baby! I feel that inner wolf! A - Woooooo!

**NARR** - *Hands and Wolf exit into the Forest Bar.*

## Scene Two - The Forest Bar

**NARR** - *The Forest Bar is a standard low rent affair on the edge of the fairy forest, repurposed by Red Riding Hood and her Grans as strip club. It has a long bar, tables etc. A few cheesy fake trees maybe some tree stumps for chairs makes it into the 'Forest Bar. 'The bar itself has a few stools, big smoky mirror, various liquor bottles behind the bar and around the mirror, include three elaborate German beer steins. A sign reads - "11 PM 2-Nite - 'Wolf', 'Prince', 'Hands', 'Woody'". A small TV sits one end of the bar turned away from the audience. There is small stage and entrance for dancers, center rear with beaded curtains, gaudy lights. Exit to the street is stage left. Exit to washrooms etc. is stage right.*

*It is just before opening. A sound and lighting check is in progress. Various lights flip on and off. Gretel, the burly, dyke bouncer, sets up chairs then exits left.*

*When the scene opens Red is wiping the bar, getting set up for business and mixing Goldie a drink. Red wears her iconic red hoodie by Versace, the hood worn back on her head revealing heaps of hair. Goldie's blond curls would make Dolly Parton weep.*

Voice /M.C.

Testing ... testing ... eight ... seven ... The one, the only ... Prrrrinceeee ...

Goldie

I thought you opened at 10.

Red

Not to worry. We'll be up and running in twenty. Relax. Glad to see you!

Goldie

So, there's this lady at the Daycare, who runs an overnight camp for under sevens, Miss Ginger, who brings ginger cookies, what else, on Tuesdays and the little ones have been begging to go. But she's always full. Anyhow, yesterday, surprise, she had a last minute opening for two for this weekend! And then, my big Appeal got put off for two weeks by the Judge. And Bear is

away at Football Camp with the older two till Monday. It hit me ... oh my God, I am a free woman! I haven't had a night off since ... forever! The first thing that popped into my head, how is Red? And I said 'why not'! And so .... here I am! Why not!

Red                    It's been ... it's been .... what, ten years! Goldie you look fabulous!

Goldie                You're sweet. But ... let's face it ... a few extra ... But you haven't changed a bit. It's so good to see you!

Red                    That ring! Wow! You look like ... like ... you make *a lot of money* .... downtown.

Goldie                Well ... *I do!* I'm the youngest partner in International Securities and Underwriting .... ever. [*Sigh*] It's ... intense.

Red                    Why am I not surprised! You were always such a brain! 'Not too big and not too small, it was just right!' (*droll*) You were always so good at math.

Goldie                And we have *four*.

Red                    Four. Four! No wonder you never come in! Four children! What a horny bear you married!

Goldie                Actually ...

Red                    Four, in ten years! You *do not look it!* You look fab! Four! (*pouring her a martini*) This one's on the house, Mom!

**NARR** *Red pours for Goldie, who signals less, then more. Red pours some out, then back, according to Goldie's signals.*

Goldie                (*of the drink*) That's ... that's too much ... less ... a little more ... no ... yes .... a little less ... That's *just* right! What is this? It's yummy! The older two are from his first marriage, the younger two from his second.

- Red                      That's ... complicated.
- Voice / M.C.           Yo, Gran ... where's Gran? ... You said to start with Prince but we ain't got no Prince.
- Goldie                   I've got pictures. *(She gets out baby pics. They look.)*  
These two are from his first marriage. And these, from his second.
- Red                      Step-Mom! Trophy husband. Well, well, well.
- Goldie                   He's a stay-at-home dad. I couldn't get the time off work to have even one. Let alone four! This is better. No muss, no fuss. I mean he already had *four*!
- Red                      *(looking at the pictures)* Ahhhh ... This one looks ... fury.  
*(shouting through the dancers' curtain)* Gran ... Gran ... come and see who's here!
- Goldie                   He's found himself as an artist ... he makes these really incredible jigsaw puzzles ... of football games with dozens of little players that fit together like a ... like a pile up ... you know, when they all fall on top of one another.
- Voice / M.C.           Check ... check ... *Laaaaddies* .... test ... test ... *We are ready to rock'n'roll!*
- Light disco music starts. Lights dim. Gretel enters right and opens the bar doo, stage left, for the public.*
- Goldie                   He says it's hard work, staying at home, so many things to do, compared to football ... I had no idea all the ... [sigh] He gets tired. ... He snores ... [sigh] We have separate beds ... bedrooms.
- Red                      That's ... unexciting.
- Goldie                   I haven't seen your Gran for so long! She was *sooooo* sweet. How is she doing?  
Remember ... remember .... who was that guy always hanging around at her house?

- Red With the big axe? Remember!? Absolutely! Woody. (*salacious*) Did the *chopping*.
- Goldie Woody. Yesss ... I have just the faintest recall.
- Red Goldie! love you, doll, but you were so hot for Woody when you were twelve that you fainted. That's what you meant, right, by the 'faintest recall'?
- Goldie I did not! You have no independent witnesses! Whatever happened to him?
- NARR** Red points to the sign, 'Woody', and nods.
- Red 'Woody, every Nite'.
- Goldie No! ... Here! Woody!
- Red (*gently chiding*) Oh, don't pretend .... You can fool some of the people some of the time but you could *never* fool Red, *ever*.
- Goldie Gran! and Woody?  
Your Gran was something else!
- Red *Is!*  
Woody still swings his axe pretty good. Gran ... gets hers.
- Goldie She must be ... 60!
- Red And he's (*stage whisper*) 38! In great shape. Gran's regular. Still as smart as a pine tree. (*shrugs*) Wood is wood!  
Gran will be thrilled to see you. This is *her* bar. And mine. She's backstage, 'checking' over the dancers.
- Goldie Woody! And I thought ... I always thought ... it was Wolf.
- Red You didn't think ... Wolf! Oh, *that* was strictly a one-night-thing.  
(*confidential, wistful*) She doesn't do three-way anymore. She *is* sixty.  
Red points to the sign. 'Wolf'.

- Here's to 'why not'!  
*They toast.*
- Goldie (*bashful*) What do the dancers do ... exactly?
- Red Exactly? You mean other than *dance*?
- Goldie (*embarrassed*) Red, I go straight home after work, or I sleep at the office ... which we're allowed to do ... in the little cubicles ... upstairs. I'm a nun!
- Red (*salaciously*) They do exactly what you wish Daddy Bear would do. Wolf could, for example, stay awake past ten o'clock. Wolf is ... 'what-a-long-tongue-you-have' good!' Red knows. And why not!  
Doll, they do what *you* want. That is the point of being rich!  
And ... how-much-money-have-you-in-your-bank-machine is *how long* they do it!
- Goldie Daddy B is very traditional.
- Red (*droll*) And letting you mind the little ones while he goes to football camp is so *sweet*.
- Goldie (*defensive*) He took the older ones.
- Red Honey, boring is only sexy when *he's* rich and you're not!  
Exactly how many jig saw puzzles did he sell last month? I'll bet you make more than him in a month!
- Goldie An hour! He pays his own gym fees.
- Red Honey, You need something on the side, maybe both sides, and, you came to the right place!  
(*confidential*) I could set you up with Wolf? For old times sake.
- Goldie (*evasion, naïve*) This is delicious.
- Red (*Salacious*) ... Yeessssss ... let's start you off ... with *Wolf*.  
Mind you, he's a bit of rough trade but ... for old times sake.  
Why not!

*(Red does several voice here)*

**Red** You could meet up *by accident*, just strolling in the forest.

**Wolf** - *(basso)* 'Hello, little girl'.

**Red** Or ... or ... he could follow you home ... In his pick-up truck. After choir.

**Red** Have another.

*(Red pours, Goldie fusses again over how much)*

**Goldie**

Not too much ... There! Just right!

**Red**

**Red** You pull into the drive ... the truck pulls in behind.

**Goldie** 'Oh my gawd! That car's been *following me* .... since I left ... 'choir practice!'

**Red** Ha, ha!

... You want a black BMW? Red? We can do red. .... Same all-in price.

**Wolf** 'All the better to see you ... '

**Goldie** 'Who is that?' ... 'Oh, my! .... Oh, my! ... What a nice ...voice you have'.

**Red** ... Check out his tongue. Trust me!

**Wolf** 'All the better to lick you with, my dear.'

**Red** Daddy Bear's at football camp!! The big bed! Do it in the big bed! Wicked! Sunday night?

**Big Bear** 'Honey, I'm home'.

**Goldie** 'How was football, darling? The boys had a good time?

I couldn't stop think about you. Want me to make some coco?'

**Red** Fabulous!

**Goldie**

In the big bed!? *(fingering her hair, hesitant)* Does Wolf shed?

**Red**

*(deflated)* Well ... I guess ... yes, he probably does.

*(recovering)* Well ... well ... Gran has a few rooms upstairs.

*(Checking her reservation book)* And what do you know ...

Number 3 is free all tonight! 'Bear's Bed'. We named it for *you*!

**Goldie**

**Red!**

**NARR**        *Red slides Goldie's fancy ring off her finger and puts it in Goldie's purse. Goldie nods knowingly.*

Red            *(confidentially)* Can I suggest one thing. One little thing. Let's take this thing, and put it out of the way of temptation. My boys are lovely but not perfect, if you get my meaning.

**NARR**        *Gran sticks her head out the dancers' curtain then enters.*

Gran           *(to Red)* Have you seen the new Prince? I'm worried about him.

Red            Gran, Gran ... *look* who it is!

Gran           That boy! .... The ladies like him *first*.  
*(turning to Goldie)* Is that ... Goldie! Goldie Lockett!  
 It has been years! You're all grown ... and look at your *hair*! It is *still* absolutely smashing! Which is *exactly* what I said, *exactly*, the first time, *the very first time*, I saw you ... in the holding cells at Juvenile Court. Isn't that right, Red?

Red            Gran!

Gran           Joking. Joking. It was at Reception. *Red* was in the cells. You girls were so cute when you were little. And I was such a bad influence.

Goldie        *(innocent)* No with me!

Red            *(sardonic)* She taught me everything I know.

Gran           You should be so lucky. Still, you are very nice. Isn't she, Goldie?  
*Goldie nods.*  
 Which one of you brought the cookies? I can never remember. That time I was in bed with .... never mind ... who brought the cookies?

Red            Gran!

**NARR** *As Gran talks up close with Goldie, Red signals to Gran from behind Goldie's back there is a valuable ring in Goldie's purse sitting on the stool beside her. Gran acknowledges.*

**Gran** *(checking her watch, looking around annoyed)* It's show time. We'll have to start with Copper.  
*(to Goldie)* He was just released last month. Red is his parole officer. Lucky, lucky, boy! His chances to re-offend are fabulous!  
*(calling, nicely, back stage)* Start with Copper. Hands! Get your pants off!

**NARR** *Prince rushes in the street door, stage left, crosses the stage, and gives Gran a showy peck. He wears only one shoe and limps. Gran takes two jeweled shoes, one ruby red and one sapphire blue - the glitter slippers - from behind the bar and hands them both to Prince. He disappears through the dancers' curtain with the shoes.*

Evening Snookums!  
*(To Goldie, proudly)* That's my new 'Prince'. Isn't he gorgeous!  
*(confidentially)* I don't tell *this* to everybody ... Red found him in Macy's, selling shoes.

**Red** On his knees. Loved him from the moment I saw him.

**Goldie** *(puzzled)* Isn't he a bit short for a prince.

**Red** On his knees ... who cares.  
 Don't you love his butt! Nine-point-five.

**Gran** Ten for the butt! Ten!  
 Red's my talent scout!  
 She had the idea ... the girl is a *thinker* ... the stripper Prince with the glitter slipper.  
 Perfect skin. Perfect.

**Goldie** How did you know he was prince?

**Red** He went to Princeton.

Gran And he got a D ... for Disinherited.

Red Disinherited and hungry. Perfect, for us.

Gran You take a prince out of Princeton, and what have you got?  
Three guesses. ... Wrong ... Wrong. A naked shoe salesman!  
Limping in one shoe. The irony. Limping. So vulnerable. The  
ladies throw money!

Red It's all Gran's excellent choreography. Wait till see ... *the Glitter  
Slipper Stripper*. Unique.  
He's the Thursday prince. Weekends – two guys, one taller, if  
you really want tall.

Gran *(to Red)* Thank you, darling. And *your* costume!  
*(shouting backstage)* Start with the 'shoe dance'.  
Hands, Sweetie, you can put your pants back on! You're on  
after Prince.  
*(to Goldie)* I don't want him to get cold back there, waiting for  
Prince to finished collecting the money. It takes so long. I hate  
it when they come out and they're shivering. They're supposed  
to be hot!  
*(Turning to the T.V. on the bar)* Red, see if you can find some  
news on that thing before we get started. About the invasion.

**NARR** ***Red fiddles with the TV but gets only static and fractured  
voices.***

Red This is the only channel I'm getting.  
*(shouting off stage)* Gretel, could you check the connection  
downstairs.  
*(shocked)* There ... I think I see *Jack*!  
Never mind, Gretel. It's working.

Voice / Sound  
/Anchor [static, static] - gold .... Giants ... demanding .....[static]

Gran Gold! *Demanding* gold! What is this '*demanding*'?  
You'd think those giants would have learned the last time!

*(to Goldie)* They came round here the last time! I don't know why. I said, 'Moi'. 'What gold?'

*(to Red)* It can't be Jack!

*(confidential, to Goldie)* Jack is her only weakness.

Goldie I heard they want their gold back.

Gran *(sputtering)* You heard *that*? Really! Red, somebody is saying ... *who* says it's *their* gold?

Well, whatever they want, they can't have it.

The price of freedom is eternal vigilance. When a sacrifice is called for my boys will fight to protect my way of life! What are boys for?!

Red, pour me a short one.

If they get too close we might have to close early.

It's so good to see you, Goldie.

Gran *(aside to Red)* Did she used to have the hots for Wolf or Woody?

Red Woody.

Goldie Red!

Gran Woody? Wolf? I get them confused in my long ago.

Red *(to Goldie)* No, she doesn't.

Gran *(to Goldie)* Darling, if you have two at once, try to remember their names. Some of them are sensitive. Learn from Gran's mistakes.

Voice / Anchor /  
Sound

[static ]...from the north east ... [static] ...

**NARR**

***Cinders enters, street door, stage left an elaborate full length pale blue ball gown, hobbles on one shoe. She manages, barely, a twirl and curtsy. Gretel follows with a garment bag and pile of shoe boxes.***

*Cinders asks' if there is a Prince tonight' and when reassured she hangs her cleaner's outfit on a hook stage right. Gretel puts the boxes down on a chair by the door.*

Cinders                      Gran, darling, do you have a *blue* Prince, tonight?

Gran                          Do we have a *blue* prince on Thursday? Always.

Cinders                      (*double checking the color of her one shoe, which is blue*) Blue. Good. Do you know his size?

Gran                          Short.

Cinders                      (*checks the range of sized on the shoe boxes*) Never mind. Gretel, tell my driver to come back at 11:50. And remind me at 11:45. Don't forget.

Gran                          (*shouting back stage*) Blue prince!  
*Gretel exits.*  
Vodka, double, please, thank you, Red.

Red                           Cinders, (*introducing*) this is Goldie Lockett, an old, old friend of mine. (*knowing*) Her *first* visit.

Goldie                        Nice to meet you.  
This is ... ah ... quite a place.

Cinders                      Well ... Goldie, may I call you ... if you're new, you are in for a treat. The Thursday prince is outstanding. The best feet! Red has an eye.

Red                           (*droll*) Hours and hours of research.  
Trust your old friend, Red Riding Hood.

Cinders                      (*to Red*) When is Prince on?

Red                           Very soon. Next. First.

Goldie                        Ah ...you lost a shoe.

Red, Gran  
Cinders

*all laugh*

Cinders

Of course, I lost a shoe! And so did he! Poor baby. Fair is fair.  
(*excited*) The shoe is the window on the soul.

Red

(*droll*) Every body says that.

Cinders

I brought him a present.  
(*Gesturing to the stack of shoe boxes*)  
I believe I have his size.

Gran

If the shoe fits ... take him home.

Cinders

Now, excuse me for a minute. Need to freshen.

**NARR** *Cinders exits, stage right.*

Gran

(*to Goldie*) So ... *you* hooked up with Bear? My, my, my! *You and Bear!* I never would have guessed.

Goldie

The pre-nup was ... difficult.

Red

Nooo!

Gran

Inter-species marriages were *unheard* of in my day. But times change. Which is good. I had a fantastic fling with a pig once. Not one of *the* Pigs. But he was definitely a pig! Bear! Well, well, well. Big Bear.

X — I hear he had a huge insurance claim.  
Never been inside.

Or was that the Pigs. I can never remember.

People say you can tell them apart by the ears. Or is the noses? I can never remember.

Goldie

(*uncertain*) Bears are more furry.

**NARR**

*As Gran rambles and babbles it becomes evident she is trying to get to Goldie's purse – and eventually, later, she steals the jewels. Whenever.*

Voice / MC

And now, Laddddies, girls, women and chicks, gals and ... and ... any all you confused faggots out there ... you are welcome, welcome, welcome! The Forest Bar which proudly presents ... the moment you have all been waiting for ... the humble ... the lovely ... the caring ... the daring ... the handsome ... the dashing ... on his knees ... at your feet ... the one ... the only ... the man of your dreams .... The gorgeous guy with the glitter slipper .... put your hands together .... for .... PRINNNNNNCE!

NARR

**Bump-and-grind music starts. Prince appears through the dancers' curtain, center rear, hobbling in one shoe and starts his routine. First thing he does is kick off his one shoe so he can dance! Slowly he strips off his blue Prince outfit. He has the (red) glitter slipper in a shoe bag. He teasingly takes it out to fit certain bar patrons, does vulgar things with it and them, then puts it away. . He tries it on various women and of course there is no fit, no matter how much money they stuff in his jock. The glitter slipper is tiny.**

Gran

Now my grandmother, God rest her soul, she would never have let me marry a bear from out of the forest unless they were rich. She had standards, which slipped, if you wan my opinion.

....

It's so good to see you! How do you like my place?

Goldie

*(hesitant)* It's ... lovely. Those steins are nice. Bear has some just like them, the rest of the same set, I think.

Gran

He does? The rest of this set? Really. Where does he keep them, exactly?

*(brief awkward silence)*

Oh,... so many memories! I remember the day ... you broke into the Bears' and smashed up their dining room! It was in all the papers!

Goldie

I did not!

Gran

Well, it's on the Internet now, darling. Too late to tell the truth. You were left in the middle of the forest ... by your step-mother ... and you were hungry, you were a girl and it's not your fault.

*now*

X

Goldie

I had a *mother*!

**NARR**

***Shortly after Prince starts Cinders re-enters and takes her place at the table with her shoe boxes. She wiggles her naked foot at Prince. He ignores her. She takes out a patent leather loafer from the shoe box and waves it at him. She can't see, or just misses, Prince and the glitter slipper, not noticing the color. Goldie stares.***

Red

*(to Goldie)* It's her story. She's living it.  
*(to Cinders)* Go for it, hon.

Gran

A mother! Ha! Who do you think left you alone in the dark forest with a fucking basket of cookies? Your *mother*!? *I don't think so!* That *had* to be a stepmother! Had to be!  
.... And *lucky* for you!  
Stepmothers see opportunity. Make you *tough* and ... *Look at you! Look at you!* You've got *everything*, almost .... sorry about the husband.

Goldie

But ... but ...

**NARR**

***Gran is fingering Goldie's necklace. Red takes it off Goldie and puts it in the purse.***

Gran

This is nice.

Red

*(apologetic, to Goldie)* We should put this in your purse with the ring.

Gran

Good hiding place.

Goldie

Who says I broke into ..... !? Witnesses! Witnesses?

Gran

You're a legend, time! Red, she's a legend in her own time and she doesn't even know it!

Red With your hair you *have to be* famous, doll! You don't get to chose for what.

Gran Exactly. Look at me! Play the hand you are dealt. Up from nothing! I started as a dwarf and a witch!

Goldie I knew Bear from high school.

Gran *(to Red)* Pour us another. *(Red pours, Goldie fusses with exact size again).*  
 Hands is next! Do you like policemen?  
*(aside to Goldie, pointing to Prince)* Look at *that* ass!  
 Wolf says he still sees the Pig boys a lot. You remember them. He makes a *lot* of money in foundations. Pig not Wolf. Wolf does the demolition work. Snow looks after his money. Pig's. Wolf! *(she gestures – dice/gambling)* Ha! Nada.  
 Do you know Snow?

**NARR** *Gran gestures – sniffing coke - and gives a knowing nod.*

Goldie I work with her a lot, downtown.

Red Now there is someone who really knows how to be famous.

Gran A total liar and a complete fraud. Love her to pieces!  
 People believe what they read in the paper, darling. A good thing too! Don't fight it. You don't want them thinking!

Goldie *(tipsy, wistful)* I hate *thinking*.

Gran Seven little dwarfs – my toosh!

**NARR** *TV comes on suddenly. Gran signals imperiously that everything stop. It does. Prince waits dutifully.*

Voice / Anchor *[static]* We're just getting the first footage of the invading giants. We'll have it on your screen in just a ... hold on ... hold on ... This is incredible. Uh ... Ah ... we're losing it ... No ... No ... Oh my God ... They're dropping from the tall trees. *[static, static]*  
 Folks, there's some technical problem ...  
 Wait, I've got Captain Jack *[static]* ...

Red                    It is Jack!

Gran                    *(looking at the T.V.)* My goodness. There is Jack!  
*(to Goldie)* He's supposed to be doing 25 to life! A very bad man! He killed one of the giants a while back. A very lovely gentleman. That started this *whole* thing!

Jack *(from TV)*        *[static, static]* They're tearing up the forest, Frank, looking for their gold. I can't hold them ...

Voice / Anchor        ... *[ static, static]* We're losing you, Jack ... Jack ...  
 Folks, we've lost contact.  
 We're going now to the Capital. *[static ...static]* The President ...  
*[static, static]* ... This is incredible! *[static, static]*

NARR                    ***TV goes dead. Gran signals and the music resumes and Prince resume his dance.***

All                      'Ahh'.

Goldie                    What about your dancers? What if ... if they ... are ... are ... called up to fight?

Gran                    The strong survive, darling. Think of it as a cull. Red can get more at the Port Authority.

Red                      Or at Macy's.

NARR                    ***Prince finally gets to Cinders. She takes out a foot sizer, gets his measurement and then finds the box with the correct size. He takes the red glitter slipper out of the shoe bag to goes to put it on Cinders. She is appalled by the color and has a fit, and takes back the loafer and stalks off, stage right, limping in her one blue high heel, taking her scullery outfit with her.***

Gran                    *(to Goldie)* Don't mind her, dear. She's like this every night. Don't look at me that way. I did not make her up. I'm not a reporter.

**NARR** *Prince finishes his dance, finds his one shoe, puts it on and takes the money from his jock, which he gives to Gran. He also hands over the red glitter slipper, which Gran puts on the bar. He exits through the dancers' curtain, center rear to applause and whistles.*

**Voice / MC** *Let's hear it for PRINNNNCE!*

**Red** *(pouring) Have another. (the usual routine as Red pours, now done just with hand gestures.)*

**Gran** Now my mother, God rest her soul, she said girls shouldn't even read books. A bit extreme but they do have ... crazy, ludicrous, fables. Nobody checks them. Not like the newspapers. About me ... there's that story about me! Disgusting! That's all I'm saying. Who tells my side? How was I to know Woody was coming over at just *that* very moment? Making so much made of *nothing*!

**Goldie** Those stories can be very grim.

**Gran** Goldie, you don't read <sup>books</sup> ~~them~~, do you, darling, I mean except at work?  
*(aside, mock confidential to Goldie) I found one under her (indicating Red) bed last week. Mind you it was mostly pictures ...*

**Red** Gran!

**Voice / MC** *Wait a minute! Holy snikerpoops! Watch out! Ladddddiesssss .... This is serious! You're in trouble! ... with Gran's latest discovery .... our next dancer ... the strong arm of the law ... abs of steel .... a wall of muscle ... Put your hands together for Copper - Officer HAAAAANNNNDS!.... Hey you! Don't touch! Don't touch! .... Don't touch Hands .... or Hands might ....give youuuuu a tickettttt! Give it up for .... Hands!*

**NARR** *Bump-and-grind music starts. Hands enters, stage right, as Copper, starts his routine and works the crowd as Gran prattles on.*

Gran *(continuing to Goldie)* Now, there's something I want to ask you, which, of course, sweetheart, is *technically* none of my business and you don't need to tell me ... have another drink ... tell us, Red and me ... on a strictly confidential basis, unless you don't want to ... top that up, Red ... well, it's about *your* father.

Red Gran! Not this! It's none of your business.

Gran I have this project, about *fathers*. Somebody has to keep track. *(leaning in)* Now, in your story ... there isn't one. Not a trace. Nada. Which is *probably* good. I'm just checking. The thing is ... if there's any chance he's around ... can't be too careful. ... away on a trip? ... Coming back? Dads have no place in the fairy forest. Like to 'keep it clean', if you get my meaning.

Goldie *(puzzled, thinking)* Red, that's something I've always wanted to ask you. Did you have a father?

Red Gran, do I have a dad?

Gran Well, I'd call it a 'source' ... technically ... darling. *(to Goldie)* A private clinic in Basel. Cost a fortune! *(fingering Red's spectacular red tresses)* Nobody local, I assure you.

Red *[Sighs to Goldie]*  
What I remember – when I opened my eyes, it was dark in the forest, I'm half way to Gran's ... and there was Wolf, looking at my boobies.  
Goldie, I never met *your* dad. *(Goldie sadly shakes her head)*

Goldie There *are* no dads in the forest! I never thought of that! Gran, where *are* they? All the dads?

Gran Way, way down past the Pig's place, there's a shallow grave. That's where we dump them. Full of dads.

- Red Oh, Gran! Come on!
- Gran What do you need a dad for? When you have me?
- Red *(aside, sad, sarcastic)* I don't know! To buy me a hockey stick.  
*(hopefully)* Build me a campfire.
- Gran Darling, I bought you a gas range.
- Red *(annoyed)* Gran! There is no shallow grave!
- Gran You are accusing me of literary license! Your own Gran!  
Alright, it's a *deep* grave. Centuries old. Centuries!  
*(to Goldie)* One endless fairy tale, this girl, her life! What can you do? That expensive college was a mistake.
- Red Gran!
- Gran Alright, alright! It's figure of speech.  
*(to Goldie)* We had a tail gate party, got them drunk then locked them in the stadium.
- Red *(to Goldie)* She gets like this.
- Gran What?! What? They go willingly. Thousands of them.  
Every weekend. Who misses a few at a time. They pay to get in. It's self-financing.  
You see any dads anywhere in the forest? Not a single dad in the fairy forest!  
We are who we are for a reason! A *fairy* forest free of fathers!  
Honey, who wants a dad when you got our Prince!
- Red And our prince is straight-for-pay.
- Goldie *(pensively)* Snow White had a dad!
- Gran Yessssss, .... who died before the story started!
- Red She's right!

- Gran                    We got to him early!  
He's under the B's. North trench. Number 14 ... don't quote me, I could be wrong.
- Red                    *(suddenly remembering)* Beauty had, has, a dad!
- Gran                    Him! *Him!* Who sold *her* to a monster! An *uggggly*. monster!  
Goldie, darling, if an ugly daddy in a Bentley offers you a ride, do not, do not get in his car, no matter what he says, and call this number, *(hands her a card)* memorize the number, burn the card. *(confidentially)* We're *organized*. We'll send a squad.
- Red                    Gran!
- Gran                    Well, I don't work alone. I'm not some pathetic, random, assassin.  
*(to Red)* Pour me another, Red. *(Gran moves to a table to get closer to Hands)*
- Goldie                *(to Red)* So, did you get ever married?
- Red                    *(to Goldie, she thinks Gran can't hear)* Ah, *(dreamy)* Sort of. The great Jack, the Giant Killer. He was one of the dancers here for a while. Wild and crazy. I was young. Jack ... was 'the Pirate' and then 'the Paratrooper'!
- Gran                    *(gestures, 'cuckoo')* It was field hockey at that private school!  
*(Gran returns with a vengeance to the conversation but talks in the other direction concentrating on Copper's bump and grind.)*  
Captain Jack was a scoundrel!  
Tell her about the cow! No, don't tell her! No, tell everyone!  
I still can't believe it!  
I said very clearly, 'Trade the cow for five, six, as many cases as you can get, of Jack Daniels. And ... and ... Beans, he brings! Beans! The cow was *mine*. *(asserting her logic)* The beans are mine. The vine is mine. The gold is mine! The giants ... are Jack's! A guy thing. Let's leave it at that!
- Red                    Grannnnnn ..... Think of his good side, Gran.

- Gran                      Which was his backside, honey.  
Goldie, he got sent 'up the river' and not on a fishing trip!
- Red                        It was self-defense!
- Gran                        The excuses you make for him!
- Red                        *(to Goldie)* He sends me his picture. *(shows her a picture from under the bar)* Bulk'd up a lot. Nothing to do but work out. Poor baby!
- Goldie                    *(looking at the pictures)* His ... back side .... is nice.
- Gran                        I weep for the money I could have made selling that ass.
- Red                        Giants living in sky with lots of gold? Who knew?!
- Voice / MC              Let's hear it for Copper!!
- NARR                    ***Applause, whistles, Hands exits, stage right, handing over the cash to Gran. She comes back to the bar.***
- Gran                        That boy has the second best ass ... and the best, what do call them, pecs.  
*(to Red)* Goldie needs another.  
*(to Goldie)* My cow! My beans! My vine! My gold!  
What is that, Goldie? *What is that?*
- Goldie                    *(ironic)* Root of title?
- Gran                        *(triumphant)* Exactly! 'Root of title'! You can be my lawyer!  
Red, get this girl another.  
The giant was *his* problem.  
*(to Goldie)* So how do you like my place? You never said.
- NARR                    ***Prince comes out in street clothes with a gym bag and the blue glitter slipper, which put on the bar.***
- Prince, Prince, come to Gran, sweetie. Big kiss. Bigger.  
*(to Goldie)* Just look at him! Look at *him*.

*(making the introduction)* This is Goldie. Prince. Goldie. Prince.  
*(to Goldie)* You can touch, sweetheart. First time is free. After that .... Pay before you leave.

Red, pour Prince a stiff one. *(She does)*

*(to Prince)* You missed Goldie with the shoe, Snookums. *(an aside, deliberately loud enough to be overheard)* She's got lots of money and her husband is out of town.

Red Gran!

Gran I'm only trying to help.

Prince *(To Gran and Red)* Can we talk? Privately?

Gran Don't ask, Snookums. You *cannot* leave early. You're under contract. Can not!

Prince *(flirting)* Grannnnnn, come onnn! Don't be a witch!

Gran Listen to him, my Snookums. *(she pinches his cheek)* A witch he calls me! A witch! Isn't that cute!  
 Snookums, you are my only Prince tonight. Please don't beg. I have two princes on the weekend but not tonite. I need you!

Prince *(He puts his bag on the bar and kneels)* I'm really worried about her. Please.

Gran Her! Her! Who is this 'her'? What about Me. ME!! Snookums.  
 Me. Your Gran. There's *nothing* you can say,  
 Everybody needs you. She'll get over it. There are lots and lots of short guys!.  
*(to Goldie, with delight)* He's begging. He's begging!  
*(to Prince)* Don't do this, baby. You know how it turns me on.  
*Gran feels the muscles in the outstretched forearm.*  
 Do some more like this. *(she indicated dumbbell curl)* We need some more meat, here and here .... before I can eat you.

Prince Pleassssseeee.

*Prince is upset. Red melts, gives Gran the eye.*

Red *(to Goldie)* Will you excuse us for a minute. *(Red tries to get Gran off stage)* Gran! ... Gran! Can we talk *privately*.

Gran                    *(to Goldie)* The responsibilities that are piled on my aged back. The sacrifices I have made, have to make, daily. Recognition? Not.

Red                    *(heard it all before)* The slings and arrows ... GRAN!

Gran                    Riches. Not! Gratitude? Not! Fame! Ha! *The Life of the No-Name Granny.* Ha! Ever read that book! Walt never calls me! You have to ask yourself, very seriously, whether pretty boys are worth the trouble.  
*(Red tries to drag her off stage right)*  
Why do I do what I do! Why!

Goldie                Why not?

Gran                    What a good answer! Red, this girl is still as sharp as a pencil. Goldie, *(as she being dragged off)* feel free to pour yourself a drink. And don't *(teasing)* let Hands take off his clothes again ... Until I get back.  
Prince, Goldie is a nice girl, married to a bear, who is out of town, till Monday!

Red                    Gran!

**NARR**                *Exit, Red, Gran and Prince following through the dancers' curtain. Prince leaves his gym bag at the bar. Enter Cinders, stage right, now in her scullery ensemble and work boots and carrying a large shopping bag. She is wearing two flats.*  
*Enter Hands center rear, fully dressed as Copper. He comes over and stands by Goldie, officious.*

*While they talk Cinders sees the blue glitter slipper on the bar and puts it in her purse.*

Goldie                *(fairly drunk, droll, to Hands)* Your shirt is undone, officer.

**NARR**                *While Goldie is distracted with Hands, Cinders puts a pair of penny loafers in Prince's gym bag.*

Hands                   Excuse me, Mamme, Did I hear you say that you left your children with an older female who worked in the Daycare and who went by the name of Ginger? Do you remember, was she short-sighted? Was she cross-eyed, wizen, twisted, covered with warts and short? Did she ever use the name Ginger Witch?

Goldie                   They called her Miss Ginger.

Hands                   You said, she said she was 'full'. Mamme, did she say, what she was full of?

Goldie                   Children. Why?  
She has a fabulous absolutely gorgeous house way in the forest. *(confidential)* I saw a picture in Gourmet Baking. It's quite far. I left the children at the Step-Mothers' Drop-Off, you know, down by the Pigs.

Hands                   Mamme, aren't you a little worried, leaving the children in the middle of the dark forest to get picked up a witch.

Goldie                   Don't be silly. I'm their stepmother.

Hands                   *(alarmed, to Cindy)* Tell Red, I had to go. Duty calls!

**NARR**                   *Hands exits stage left to street.*  
*Prince enters stage right, with a suit bag, grabs his gym bag from the bar and exits stage left.*  
*Cinders and Goldie are left on stage at the bar, looking at each other.*

Goldie                   *(moving behind the bar, now quite drunk)* Can I pour you drink?

Cinders                  Thank you. Perrier with a celery heart and a twist of mango. You're Goldie Lockett. I've heard of you. Tell me, is it true, what they say, in the newspaper?

Goldie                   That I broke into Bear's house and smashed up his dining room? Well, I didn't do it.

Cinders                  The story says.

Goldie (exasperated) So .... do you have a dad?

Cinders No, I have a trust fund.

Goldie How about a step-mother?

Cinders Of course.  
Did you happen to hear where exactly that Prince was heading?

Goldie Don't quote me. Snow White.

Cindy What does he see in her?!

Voice / MC Ladddieees ... ladddieees ... let's have a big welcome for the next ... the very famous ... Mr. All-the- Better-to-Eat-You-With ... Don't look into his baby blues or you'll be ... supper! The one, the only, a very, verrry talentttttted guuuuy ....Miisterrrrrr Wolf!

NARR ***Bump-and-grind music starts. Wolf doesn't appear. Red and Gran enter stage right. Exit Cinders to the street, stage left. Gran sees there is no dancer, annoyed. She notices Prince's gym bag.***

Gran Red, Prince forgot his gym bag!  
(to Goldie) Where is Cinders going?

Goldie She went looking for Prince.

Red (to Gran) And Prince is no doubt on the way to Snow's house! We better warn him.

NARR ***Red exits stage left, running, with the gym bag. Wolf comes out of the dances' door, center rear, in his Jersey Shore gangster outfit - suit and tie. He is hobbling on his cane, somehow still managing to gyrate to the bump-and-grind, still cocky, flirting. He hobbles over to Goldie at the bar and sits beside her.***

- Wolf                   *(basso)* Hello, little girl.  
Do I know you from somewhere?
- Gran                   Dance, for the lady, Wolfie. Show the lady your stuff.
- Wolf                   Gran, Gran, Gran, baby doll, honey, I am busy! I am working!  
She can see, Gran, she can see the goods!  
*(to Goldie, flirtatious)* She has very big, very beautiful eyes. All  
the better to see *me*.  
I love Gran, I mean esoterically and conceptually speaking, but  
she can be pushy. I'm not that way. Besides, I'm not really into  
vertical dancing tonight.
- Goldie               *(giggly)* You have nice ears. My husband has nice ears. He's  
away.
- Wolf                   All weekend, as the rumor tells it.
- Gran pour this beautiful lady a drink. Put it on my tab. I'll have  
a scotch, straight up.
- Gran                   *(grumbling, aside as she pours)* You don't have a tab.
- Wolf                   Say, didn't you use to live in the forest!  
Gran, *you* weren't going to tell me! You weren't! You old witch!  
It's been years! You've grown your hair! And ... *Gretel* ...
- Goldie               *(correcting)* Goldie.
- Wolf                   Of course, Goldie, honey, baby, I meant Goldie. Was it always  
Goldie? Goldie, Goldie, Goldie. *(admiring the whole package)*.  
You look ... there's a word, there's a word ... delicious.
- Goldie               *(drunk)* I have to go ...
- Wolf                   Do you want me to follow you?
- Red comes back in*
- Goldie               ... to the bathroom?

**NARR** *Gran points right - to the washroom - and Goldie staggers off stage right. Wolf sits defiantly - not dancing. Gran is annoyed and cues the M.C. to bring on another dancer.*

Gran What is this, a strike?

Wolf I'm waiting for my lady love.

Voice / MC *And now ... Ladddiees ....and now .... I mean tonight ... I mean this very night ... I mean right now ...I mean right here ... on the stage of Gran's world famous - Forest Bar - before your very eyes - you are in for a treat! Get ready to scratch that itch and catch his pitch! For you, Gran's all time favorite! ... the one .... the only ... the original woodchopper ... the woodsman! Our very own .... Woody!*

**NARR** *Music starts. Woody comes out dressed as a Lumber Jack, with a cardboard axe and starts his bump-and-grind. Red enters through dancers' door, out of breath. Snow White stamps in. stage left. She is high on something.*

Red Oh my god, Snow, what are doing here! Prince went looking for you.

Snow He's looking! Looking! That's lovely! Well, he didn't find me! I was lying there! Waiting! Freezing. Not moving a muscle. Waiting. I pay good money and expect good service. Like *on time*. It's late! I couldn't sleep. I can't sleep. I have a six am conference call with Singapore tomorrow. So where is he? *Is it too much to ask?*

Red *(humoring her, trying to calm her down)* Absolutely. No question. *(from under the counter)* Take one of these blue ones ... two ... it'll help you sleep.

Snow I do not want to sleep! Yet! Have my cheques ever bounced? *Ever!* ... More than once! I want the prince ... now!

Gran We'll find you another. Blue or Red?

*(The following sequence should be sharp and quick. It is evident they bargain like this often, it's a game.)*

Snow *(her bargaining button has been pushed)* \$200. Tops.

Gran Snow, my darling sweetie ... \$200 is not a number that I have heard spoken in the Forest Bar. WE are not that kind of place. \$500.

*(Aside to Red)* Who have we got available?

*Red checks the appointment book, searching, searching ... (continuing to Snow)* We are all looking, searching, desperately, for a *prince!* A rare and priceless, priceless, commodity, such a man! It's hard to even think of such a *thing* in such vulgar terms as two ... two ... *(scornful of the word)* Money! What is money!

Snow Money is the universally recognized means of exchange by which all market transactions are measured and cleared. Who's available and how much?

Don't fuck with me, Gran! I'll eat you for breakfast!

Gran Been there. Done that!

Red Woody! For right now, on an emergency basis, I can give you Woody. \$500. A glorious hunk of ...

Snow *(scornfully)* Woody! That old axe! It takes two hours to get him started! Two fifty.

Gran Three fifty.

Snow \$300. And I'll send him home in a taxi.

Gran *(accepting, as an auctioneer)* Sold for \$350.to the lady in the first row.

Snow Where is he?

*Woody is dancing on the other side of the stage.*

Red *(beckoning to)* Woody, honey.  
*Woody tries to ignore her. Snow gives a little wave.*

Woody, oh Woody. Honey, baby.

Woody *(annoyed, stops his dance and under his breath,)* Fuck! Why! Why! Not fuckin' Snow Storm! Why me!  
*Red goes over to him. They have a private conversation as Snow waits.*  
*(to Red, obsequious)* You called.

Red Woody, we love the work you do here. Love it! And your loyalty for all these years!

Woody Yes, mamme.

Red I need a favor.

Woody Let me guess. Prince is AWOL and Snow can't sleep and ....

Red Smile.  
 For me, baby. For me. For old times.  
 Sugar.  
 I'll owe you for this!

Woody *(under his breath)* Ya! How much!

Red Pardon.

Woody *(to Red)* Love to. Love to.  
*(to Snow)* Hey, Snow, how ya doin'?

Snow You know where Prince went? I really wanted a Prince.

Woody You look especially lovely tonight. Let's go find Prince! Chop some logs.

**NARR** *Woody guides her off stage left. She flounces.*

Yo, Prince, yo ... We're coming to find you!

*(to Snow)* You like French. Missionary. Doggy? What you like, baby doll?

**NARR** *Goldie comes back on from stage right, weaving. She has out her car keys. She can barely stand. Wolf takes them from her gently.*  
*Gran exits stage right.*

Wolf (to Goldie) Why don't I drive. (looking to Red)

Goldie I could follow you!

Wolf You think? Let's leave your car here, sweetheart.

Goldie (fumbling in her purse) Want a cookie?

Wolf Not before supper.

**NARR** *Wolf guides Goldie out, stage left.*

Red Last call! Last call.

**NARR** *Jack enters from the street, stage left. He's dressed as a commando with a pirate bandana and is is hefting a big infantry pack.*

Red (not noticing who) We're closing.

Jack Hello, doll.

*He puts down his pack, moves slowly and sexy to the bar.*

Red (finally noticing who it is, shocked, then please, then laconic,  
Hello, Big Boy. Goin' somewhere?

Jack Miss me?

**NARR** *They embrace. Then Red tears herself away.*

Red Try not to.

Jack Goin' to war, babe, Called up and headin' out. A man's answers the call ... got to make the world safe ... for football and, and, Christmas ... and .... you, babe.

Red You're always headin' out, Jack.

Jack I get a lot of calls.

There are giants, doll. Big ones, great mother f - n', towering, big ones, jumpin' from the tall trees, in the north and the east ...  
(loudly, looking around for Gran) Lookin' for their gold, Gran.

This could be forever, babe.

Red                    There are always giants, Jack.  
You like breaking my heart?

Jack                    *(puzzled, dropping his con, then accusing)* You liked walking out  
on me. You and Wolfie!

Red                    That was different.

NARR                    ***Gran enters stage right.***

Gran                    Jack! You're looking fit. Free at last? Does the Warden know  
you're wandering about? I *don't think so*.  
I got that letter from your lawyer, Jack, darling. It was *very*  
funny. Have your man call my *attorney* – Ms. Goldie Lockett.  
She's expert, darling, on chain of title.

Jack                    Not wandering, Gran. Not *wandering*! Paroled to fight the  
giants.  
More giants than you ever dreamed, Gran!

Voice /Sound            ***Noise of trucks revving, military helicopters***  
They're come for their gold Gran! *Their* gold! I'm paroled back  
to my Unit, to fight the war to end all wars ... and make the  
world safe for ... Red here.

Gran                    The giants, Jack, are your department! You killed the first one,  
you can kill them all!  
What's the first thing I taught you? Don't get caught, Jack! What  
did you learn? Nothing! If you hadn't got caught when you  
were bonking his wife, none of this would have happened!  
None!

Voice/Sound            ***More noise of trucks revving, military helicopters etc.***

Jack                    If I hadn't been bonking his wife, Gran, *like you told me*, you  
wouldn't have got out the back window with his gold!  
Remember?

Gran                    Entirely and completely separate operations, Jack.  
*Whose cow? Whose beans? Whose vine. Whose gold? Eat me,*  
Jack!  
*What gold?*  
How do you like my place?

Jack They got Geiger counters, Gran, and steam shovels and bulldozers, they're gonna rip up the forest till they find that gold. They will or I will!

Hands *(sticks head in, very quick)* Captain, we're ready to roll! The troops are waiting.

Gran *(calling his bluff)* Time for the big sacrifice, Jack! We'll watch on the television.

Jack *(turning to Red)* Dream of me, doll. *(sniff)* I'll be dreamin' of you.

**NARR** *Jack exit Stage Left. Gran comforts Red. Pours her a drink. Red belts it back. Then another.*

Red *(calling after him, choking back the tears)* Jack! Jack!

Gran Awwwww, honey bunch, baby doll. You been dumped again. We'll find you another one.

Red Woowow! Wow! *My man done gone!*  
Love it! Love it! Whow! God that was good!  
Was that as good for you, Gran, as it was for me!?  
Hit me again!

*Gran refills her glass. Red belts back.*

Gran I still think he's much too crude for you, darling. But if you like ... then ... why not ... How about a sailor? We haven't had a sailor for a while. They're always shippin' out.

Red Or a drifter!  
'I'm tumble weed, babe. Any tumbling in this town?'

Or a trucker!? 'Breaker, breaker! Gotta roll, babe!'  
We've *never* had a trucker! How about a trucker?

Gran We could do the whole place over as a truck stop.

Red *(starting to smile)* 'What'll be, big guy? A sausage to go?'

Gran

You go to bed, Honey. I'll close up. You need some *sleep*.

**NARR**

*Red exits - stage right.*

*After Red leaves Gran wipes the bar briefly, gestures to Gretel who exits and turns out the lights. Gran fades to black.*

*End Act I*

## Act II

*More Same fake trees as in the bar less the bar, plus some more fake trees makes a fake forest.*

### Act Two, Scene One - In the Forest

**NARR**      *It's dawn, deep in the forest.. Woody and Wolf having their wake up coffee.*

**Wolf**            *(showing pictures from his wallet) .... and this is my little guy when he is three. And his big sister when she is four.*

**Woody**          Awwww .... She is gorgeous!

**Wolf**            Look at this one! Seven! Two goals last game and two the game before! Look't the shoulders on that kid!  
And ... *she* is absolutely fucking amazzzing! Soccer goalie. Five shut outs this season!

**Woody**          Wow!

**Wolf**            She'll be on the National Team next season, *for sure*. Fucking amazing!  
It's the wolf gene, quick, quick, quick! And look at those eyes!

**Woody**          You get to go to the games and stuff?

**Wolf**            Fuck, yes! I'm Assistant-Assistant Coach for his team ... and backup driver for the girls' team, if I can borrow a van. It's been one tournament or another almost every weekend ... fuck ... one a month. These kids are expensive.

**Woody**          Like, how can you afford it? Man, kids' equipment is outta sight! Which I can't afford.

**Wolf**            Ah, well, now, that is an issue of some delicacy. Their mother's missed four payments in the last six months! I'm not saying she's ... and I'm not complaining because ... because she is a lawyer and I'd get my ass kicked if I ... which ... like I would not

dare! ... where would that get me ... allowin' as she's letting me keep the kids ... but you'd think ... you'd think ... she says she needs the cash because she's shorting Mexican pesos. You know what she's talkin' about?

Woody                    I think, I think ... Mexico is good in soccer. Ask Snow. She likes short guys.

Wolf                     The thing is ... I get by.

Woody                   'Get by'! Fuck; man, you got it made!  
I wish I could get my kids back. I'm not even allowed into their games. The Judge says I'm 'unfit'!

Wolf                     'Unfit!' That's crazy! You're in fantastic shape!

Woody                   No! I'm 'unfit' because I'm 'doin' it' for money.

Wolf                     What's the fuuuckkk! When's the last time you made enough to pay your rent? What is the dude thinking!

Woody                   Dude, the Judge, like, is saying ... we are supposed to do it for free! It's *bad character*. '*Moral inturpratude*'.

*Wolf looks askance at his mispronunciation.*

Wolf                     That's crappola! You are a very, fine guy and always have been that!

...(teasing) well, except for that night at Gran's when you clubbed me with that f-g axe!

Woody                   That was an exceptional situation, which was strictly professionalism, like you know, right!

Wolf                     Whattt! Whatt! *What she said ... she said ... 'eat me!'* So, I, like, I ate her. That's consent. What was the big deal. Then you fuckin' club me! That's not right.

Woody                   I was supposed to go first!

Wolf Bull shit! She *said* it to me.

Woody She meant *me*!

Wolf She did .... (*he stops himself*) Whatever.  
It *does not mean* you're not, like, great with little kids!  
Absolutely. Which I would say to the Judge on your behalf, any day, any fuckin' day of the week!

Woody I appreciate that.

Wolf But ... but ... just between you and me, the thing is, I did *not* see it coming! Did not! And I have to say, I have to say .... it still hurts, bud, you know what I'm saying, not here (*fist on head*) but right *here!* (*fist on heart*).

Woody Really? Really? Here? (*hand on heart*) But that was years ago! You never said. And we're workin' mano-mano together all this time. I never knew you felt this way. Never! You really keep your shit bottled up. Not healthy, dude.

Wolf It's hard, when you're a wolf. You can't know what's it's like. The expectations of people on me for being a wolf! But I am sincerely appreciating your solidification. I am. Deeply.  
Hey, why don't you come to my little guy's game next week. I'll lend you ... I'll lend him to you ... for the second period.

Woody Really, you'd do that! For me! (*choking back some tears*) You are so fine!

**NARR** *They hug.*

Wolf Remember the time that rich lady who bought us both for a three way? The one with red Volvo.

Woody *Fuuuuuccccckkkkkkkk!*

Wolf Then *she* didn't want to get fucked! She wanted to *watch us fuck each other!* Watch!

Woody                      Fuckin' *watch!* Two guys doin' it! ... Perverted. Sick! Like we're fags!

Wolf                        I almost quit!

Woody                      Fuckin' *beast-i-philia!* Gross!  
How much did she give you?

Wolf                        \$500.

Woody                      Me too. See, we're equal.

Wolf                        Bought these new super light-weight shin and shoulder pads for my little guy! ... and those skate blades of depleted uranium! Fuckin' dynamite! Soccer is nothing. Hockey is bankruptcy!

Woody                      Right on!  
So, what'd you do with that *blond lawyer chick* last night?

Wolf                        Which one?

Woody                      *Which* one! The *one* you were fuckin' *carryin'* ... *carryin'* her outta the bar! Goldie, like, Lockett!

Wolf                        Oh ya. Her. Classy lady. Very nice.  
(*confidential*) I'm on for the *whole* weekend the next time her husband's out of town. We're goin' to a spa!

Woody                      You don't know who he is? You don't! You don't know ... !!!!  
It's *Bear!* Big Bear! Played for the Stealers, five seasons! Tackle, dude! *Tackle!*

Wolf                        I did not know that.

Woody                      *Bear!* He'll *smell* you! In his *bed*. '*Someone's been fucking in my bed!*' You're toast!

Wolf                        Won't happen. Relax. We didn't do anything, except talk and ...

She's just ... nice, very intelligent, works too hard, you know what I mean ... makin' so much money ... and no time to spend it ... on anything ... she likes ...

Woody

Nothing happened! 'Nice'! Oh, come on, I am talking to *Wolf*!

Wolf

*(confidential)* This is a situation ... calling on a long term plan with perspective. She's makes mega bucks, man! Take it slow and easy.

And you know her Bear makes these awesome jigsaw puzzles in burlled maple .... little football players who match up to the swirling wood grain! Utterly fantastic! A true artist! Really! Who knew a tackle could be so good with sand paper. She's real proud of him. It's touching. But the thing is ... the opportunity ... he's just ... he's just ... not much of a fuck. Which is, like, a situation worth developing ... with some delicacy, on a long term perspective. I mean the carnal act is not everything! I gotta be thinking of my children. Like college is expensive. I bought one of the puzzles.

Woody

Dude, you are too much!

I should get going. Hey, don't forget, we got Tail Gate tonight.

Wolf

Oh, fuck! Fuck! And I'm cooking! Good thing you reminded me. So, what'd you do with Snow last night? You never said.

Woody

Oh ... took her back her house. She gets so *wired*! It takes forever to get her to sleep. I'm exhausted. She's a pill but the pay is very fine.

Wolf

Well, you *are* the man!

I gotta split.

You painting today?

Woody

Oh, fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! I forgot. Shit. Fuck. I fuckin' forgot! Oh shit!

**NARR**

***Woody runs off. Wolf watches him go.***  
***Lights***

## Scene Two - The Fishing Camp

**NARR** *Scene Two. The Fishing Camp. It's morning. A little campfire is burning beside a pup tent. Hands is at the fire heating and pouring two coffees. Prince is moving around in the tent.*

Prince                   *(from the tent)* Where is my hat? Do you know where my hat is?

Hands                   Coffee's ready. Fish are jumping!

Prince                   Fish? There it is! Fish?

**NARR** *Prince crawls out the tent, dragging his sleeping bag and his gym bag, his Prince jacket half on and his hat falling off his head. He is a klutz. He stands and fusses extravagantly as he does up the buttons. Hands grabs the hat and throws it off stage and gives Prince his coffee.*

Prince                   I'm not dressed for fishing.

Hands                   I see that. If you take *off* the fuckin' prince coat, and lose *that* fuckin' hat ... *Where did you get that!* ... you'd be dressed for fishing!

Prince                   In my underwear? What if Snow sees me in my underwear? Why did you throw my hat away? Whyyyy?

Hands                   It's your day off! Fish like guys in underwear. Where are your shoes?

Prince                   A Prince never has a day off.  
*(taking the coffee)* Thanks. I needed that!

**NARR** *Prince fusses further with his 'stuff'. He pulls out first one then another elegant penny loafers from his gym bag. He is*

*puzzled then pissed and puts them on the ground in front of him but does not put them on.*

- Hands Did you ever connect with Snow last night? You know after you left, she showed up, looking for you. I think Woody took her home.  
What's with you and Snow anyhow?
- Prince Woody! Thank God for that.  
I didn't know she came to the bar.  
I ... I ... had, have, another ... thing ... going on.  
She must have been upset. Something must have upsetting her at work.  
She needs help to fall asleep.  
She's very sensitive.
- Hands Woody could put anybody to sleep.
- Prince He's a good man.
- Hands 'Sensitive' is one word for her. For another I would call it *fucked up* ... from what I seen, from my distance, which is not close up, like you, not being in her league, as you are.
- Prince I would *never* say '*fucked up*'. You could say *stressed*. Her job is very high pressure. She right on the glass ceiling. The bank she is with is known to be ... she's a top earner for them ... (*Prince only reluctantly gives ground up his gallant defense.*) She is all alone, she's lonely. *Needy*, at a very high level. (*abandoning the cause, resigned*) She's *fucked up*.
- Hands I hear she lives with seven dwarfs. Sounds a bit ... kinky, at a very high level. Definitely ... *not lonely*!
- Prince No dwarfs. *N'exist pas*!
- Hands What the fuck! I read it!
- Prince They're made up. She lives alone. She can't boil water!

Prince No shit! I thought she was like their ... dominatruce.  
*(pause)* So how much she paying you each time? Four? *(Prince is silent)* Five? *(silence)* Seven?

Prince Nine ... and a tip.

Hands *(pause)* I am now understanding the richness of your deep sympathy.

Prince It's like this. Normally, she trades Euros, which starts at six.

Hands I understand about getting up early. Like we did in the joint. I like to fuck in the morning. She need like a wake up fuck? I could be available, including cab fare.

Prince She can't get to sleep without ... *(confidential)* strenuous copulation. I go by week nights ... before going to the club ... and we ...

Hands Fuck ... how many times a week ... you are fuckin' makin' out like a bandit!

Prince My own place is pretty expensive. I'm a prince!

But the thing is, and you can't breathe a word of this, *a word*, I have this other ... thing, sort of ... an experiment ... with another Princess, Beauty, who's been crashin' at my place and ...

Hands Really. Sleeping Beauty moved into your place! Fuck, Wow!

Prince Not *Sleeping* Beauty! *Beauty!*

Hands Oh.

Prince They're totally different.

Hands *(faking)* I knew that.

- Prince                    If Snow doesn't get to sleep, she doesn't get to work in a positive frame of mind. Which is essential for her work, which is to make serious money. And more or less she can never get to sleep unless I copulate with her in the evening, in my particularly sensitive way. In my prince costume. I mean after I take it off.
- Hands                    You're gay, right?
- Prince                    Yes, no ... yes. I'm essential to her whole life enterprise. That makes me happy. And she pays well.
- Hands                    Well fuck me! Straight for pay!
- Prince                    *Sleeping Beauty* is totally different. She has her own place. Very nice, inside. But it's ... she's not much of a gardener. Vines grow all over it. You seen the pictures. I have to hack my way in. She never *wakes up* unless I'm there to copulate with her. I'm on a tight schedule.  
And then when I get home I have to attend to Beauty.
- Hands                    (*digesting*) O.K.  
Beauty at home? Not *Sleeping Beauty*?
- Prince                    Right.
- Hand                    Three!  
So Beauty, *not Sleeping Beauty*, she just, like, moved in? Hot looking babe! I seen her picture. Congratulations!
- Prince                    Well, actually, it's ... an experiment, trying it out, so to speak.
- Hands                    She doesn't pay?
- Prince                    That doesn't matter. She's might be the one. But, but, she won't even kiss me. She thinks if she kisses me I'll turn into a frog. She just wants to look. And she wants me to quit seeing Snow. I try to tell her it would be irresponsible, given Snow's delicate condition, not to mention the compensation situation.

She thinks I'm really a frog. She thinks inside I'm ugly. She doesn't even know about Sleeping Beauty.

Hands

Really. Beauty thinks *the Prince* is ugly! Like a frog!? Now that is stupid! Your cheekbones are perfect man, perfect! And your ass! If you were in the joint with an ass like that you'd be a Queen!

*(Prince is shocked.)* I mean, depending on ... a lot of things.

*(pause, questioning, sly)* Is there, like, any serious chance you could turn into a frog? We're out of bait.

Prince

Ha. Ha.

It hurts, to love someone who thinks you're really a frog!

Hands

Seriously, dude, I really think ... I mean there is pattern here. And you keep it all bottled up inside. I had no idea, none at all. None of us did.

What about that Cinders chick who's always chasing your ass at the club?

Prince

Man, she is beyond difficult.

Hands

I hear she has a trust fund.

Prince

Yes. And you have to copulate her trustee to get paid.

Hands

No shit! ... What she look like?

Prince

He.

Hands

I can cope.

Prince

She follows me sometimes. She knows my shoe size. Who'd you end up with last night?

Hands

*Nobody!*

*Copper* went out to save the little bears. Turned out to be nothing. They were asleep at the Step-Mother Drop-Off. Asleep! Not even molested! Fuck!

No Ginger Witch, any where! Which I knew going in, for sure ...  
 ... for certain reasons about which I take the Fifth.  
 But any time, any time, a stepmother takes a little kid out in the  
 forest for any reason whatsoever at all ... duty calls.

Prince                    You are a good man, Officer Hands.

Hands                    So how many chicks you gotta, you know, like 'copulate' each  
 night?

Prince                    Depends, really depends. Snow White, most nights, Sleeping  
 Beauty, if I can get into her castle, Beauty, I wish, but not yet,  
 Rapunzel, you know her? ...  
 Cinders? Not if I can help it. The pays is ok but I just don't have  
 time for the collection.  
 I shouldn't complain. It's not that bad. But, I mean, like, ... it's  
 not the wanton, endless, carnality of the work that gets me  
 down. I can cope with that. It's just, it's just, I don't know, I  
 mean ... it's like I'm just a *thing*, not a person. I can never get  
 away and just be *me* in a relationship.  
 Really, I'd really, really, like to settle down, have some little  
 princes to carry on my work.  
 Except you need a mother. But I can't afford one. And now I'm  
 so depressed. I have two therapists. I have to fuck them too,  
 every other week.  
 What about you? You got other work?

Hands                    Ah, na, part-time, bouncer situation. Some personal trainer  
 clients.

Prince                    Like your sister?

Hands                    What!

Prince                    Your sister. Gretel. At the club. The bouncer at the club.

Hands                    She's not my sister! Who said she was my sister? My sister!  
 That a f-g fairy tale! Who said that!

...

Confidentially, I'm on parole. Red is my parole officer.

- Prince Really?
- Hands Ya. She's pretty cool. Giving me a lot of opportunities to get myself properly into reintegration with society. Like, Ladies Night at the club.  
That's about it. My ex got my boys. No access because of my thing with the witch, which was totally self-defensive. And I still gotta pay which is totally unfair.
- Prince Right on.
- Hands What can you do? Hence my part-time employment.
- Prince Hey, I have an idea. You could handle some of my clients on the busy nights.
- Hands You serious?
- Prince Try on the jacket. You're about my size.
- Hands Me, a prince!
- Prince Go on. Wear it, dude! Seriously, I need help. It's all in the costume.
- NARR** *Hands struggles to get into the jacket. He is much larger and it barely fits. Prince admires him.*
- Prince Perfect! Perfect! It fits. You look good. Really. Good ass! Where's the hat?  
I can't handle all the work. Red's o.k. if she gets her cut. I'll steer a couple of the Princess's your way. You'll be doing me a big favor. Cinders! Can you handle the collection issue? I mean, if you can ... major, major, pay day. Big time!  
Want to try on the shoes.
- NARR** *Hands thinks, nods. Prince grins and kneels to put the shoes on Hands. They fit.*
- Hands *(admiring himself in a make believe mirror)* Me? A prince! Do I look alright?

Prince                   It's *you*!

Hands                   Me?!! I'm a fuckin' six-to-life ex-con!

*Prince admires him.*

Prince                   *(admiring the fit)* Perfect.

Hands                   Really?! I'm a Prince! I'm a Prince! It's like a fairy tale.  
So, what do you – I – say before you, fuck, a princess?

Prince                   What do you *usually* say?

Hands                   *(hesitates, embarrassed)* 'Look at that sausage, baby!' ....  
*(suddenly worried, confidentially,)* How big is yours?

Prince                   *(laughing at his patter)* Say, 'Madam, no one but you has ever  
before seen this wild thing.'  
Or ... 'there is no measure of my love'.

Hands                   You say shit like that?

Prince                   The first time.

Prince                   *(giving him another 'Prince' line)* 'Just you and me, *just* you and  
me, my darling!'

Hands                   *(trying it)* 'Just you and me, ... babe! Unless you wanta bring  
your sister.'

Prince                   *(laughs)* Dude, let's go catch some fish!

Hands                   Yeah!

Prince                   Leave the jacket here.

Hands                   No! I like it. I'm a Prince!  
Why?

Prince                   Fish like guys in their underwear.

**NARR**

*Hands takes off the jacket and the shoes. He and Prince exit left.*

*Cinders enters right and comes center stage through the fake forest to their campfire. She is wearing her scullery ensemble and two blue glitter slippers.*

*She holds up the red glitter slipper and picks up one of the Prince's loafer (her failed gift from Act I). She holds the two shoes aloft like 'alas-poor-Yorick's' skull.*

*She looks from one to the other and at her own, confused, as she composes her*

*mad soliloquy.*

*She speaks slowly and thoughtfully as if dictating into a mini-recorder. She pauses, repeats, voices over etc. as she thinks, composes, corrects and edits. The two shoes 'speak' to each other, like puppets. Cinders speaks three voices – her own (C) and the red shoe (RED) and the black shoe (BLACK)*

*(Cinders' Mad Soliloquy)*

**Cinders**

**C** The beautiful ... the handsome ... Prince ...  
... haunted by a ... by *his* vision ... of loveliness ...  
... hunting ... through the dark night .... for the feet he  
once ... the shoes he .... could love forever ...

**R > C** Cinders, come on! The guy is a gold digger. He wants your money, not your feet.

**C > R** You are sooo cynical ... about human nature. I have lots of money. I could marry him.

**B** Now you're talking!

**C** He brought me a ruby slipper. He loves me.

**R** You give him money and of course he loves you.

**C** *(ignoring them)* .... Barefoot, lost in the cruel forest ... stones, his gorgeous feet ... penniless ...

**R** Bare foot! Exactly. Where are the perfect shoes you gave him? Where? Abandoned in the forest.

**B > R** Not so! They were re-purposed.  
Marry him. The guy is broke. You saw his ass ... feet ... perfection.

**C** The feet are the window on the soul.  
The perfect shoe he brought me. Perfect!  
Just a matter of fit.

- R** Perfect!? Perfect!  
 What color was your dress? Color! Blue? What color am I? Did I hear 'red'?
- How hard is it to tell red from blue?
- B** Red and blue go well together.
- R** Pleaaaaze!  
 He just wants money. Give him money now and he'll be back for more. Men are like stray dogs.  
 You worked hard for your daddy's trust fund.
- C** *(back to her dream)* The beautiful princess ... the tears rolled down through the ash and dust of, of, of the fire place ash that coated her ...  
*(interrupting her reverie)* Maybe I could be free to see other feet?
- B** Now you're talkin'.
- C** *(sadly, back to the dream)*  
 ... a ghost of her past, her hidden beauty ... to be released, set free, set on high, by, by, by his, his, charm, his smile, his love, their feet together, forever, their shoes together ... to give .... his total, complete and utter devotion to her beautiful shoes ... no ... her feet, no shoes! Feet!
- B > R** Look at you! Look at you! Her feet wouldn't fit into you if we chopped the toes off!
- R > B** Me! Me! Six hours out of the shoe box and you look like the last Chevy at the demolition derby.
- B** Which is it ...
- R** ... shoes or feet?
- B** Feet of shoes?
- C** *(finally deciding)* No, feet. I will marry the man with the biggest feet. Feet!
- B** *(sad)* So close .... So close ...
- R** Two shoes passing in the night.

**NARR** *Cinders stumbles off stage right.*

**Lights**

### Scene Three - The Tail Gate Party

**NARR** *That evening in another part of the forest Woody, Wolf, Prince, Hands gather for the tailgate barbeque and to watch the game. Wolf is at a fancy gas barbeque cooking in two large pans, stacks of meat to one side. A portable T.V. faces away from the audience from which we hear the roar and chanting of a football game. Hands wears his new Prince jacket, Prince wears Hands' gym sweats and hoodie. Prince is offering wine and Hands passing out beers. Woody (in his lumberjack costume) is reading aloud from a newspaper, hesitant and clumsy. Wolf smells his own cooking with delight. The guys ignore his entreaties to enjoy the meat.*

Prince *(with the manners of a well trained waiter is offering wine)* The Red is a very fine Californian Merlot, fruity, oaky ... or this Australian Sauvignon Blanc by Kanga Roo ... very dry ... from ... *(no takers)*

Hands Hey! Second Quarter's startin'. Who wants a Coors? Miller? *(bellowing)* Stella! Drink up!

Wolf Got something dark, bud?

Woody "Witnesses say, the Prince was seen pursuing an unidentified black-haired beauty with alacaster skin ... and rugby lips ... through the forest, ... with a shoe ..."

Wolf *(checking the pans and oven)* Who's for medium rare?

Prince *(looking over Woody's shoulder)* That's not accurate! It is false. Totally incorrect. Who wrote that!

Woody ... "crying out, 'Stop, stop, come back, my darling!' He told sources, who have not be identified, 'That is the girl I have promised to marry. The black-haired beauty with the glass slipper. I will marry the girl with the matching glass slippers'. Anonymous witnesses described him as deliriously in love."

Prince 'Witnesses!' What witnesses! This is ... *(he can't say it)*

Wolf                   Guys, guys .... Burgers are aged Angus, extra lean, slightly, ever so slightly singed. Barely stopped bleeding!

Hands               *(helpfully)* A load of crap. Pile of horse shit.

Prince               If Snow reads this she'll be ... very *annoyed*.

Wolf               *(shouting over the T.V.)* Guys! Guys! Guys! Pork chops! I've got pork chops! Pork chops.

*They ignore him*

Hands               *(helping Prince curse)* She'll be *pissed*, not *annoyed*! *Pissed!*

Prince               *(puzzled, stumbling with the swear word)* Pissed?

Wolf               So ... more for me.

Hands               *Fuckin' pissed!*  
*(grabbing the paper, reading, taunting)* "Witnesses say he said ... 'I will marry the girl .... who fits the shoe ...' "

Prince               i(bursting) F -- f -ing ... damn... *hell!*

Hands               *(taunting)* ".... deliriously in love ..."  
*(Hands is egging him, teasing the words out of his mouth)*  
.... Fuu ... uuu ... fuu ... uuu ....

Prince               *Fuckin' .... turd ... shit*  
*Hands gives Prince the thumbs up.*

**NARR**           ***Hands wears his Prince jacket, and holds up a string of fish.***

Wolf               I could put on some lamb chops? ...Fresh? ... Alright. No takers. More for me.

*(sarcastic)* Mr. Prince, your fuckin' Highness ... if you want to eat those fish things, *you* gotta cook 'em *yourself!* *In your own pan only.* And keep that arugula crap away from my pork chops!

Woody              You know what else? I heard that Jack came into the Club just before closing. He's out!

Wolf                    You're shittin' me! Is he out? Already?  
 Woody                You think he'll come up for the game?  
 Hands                Ah-hemmmm! How many steaks did I bring, guys?  
 Woody                I see ... six.  
 Wolf                    Four for *(fingering the group)* .... And two for ... Jack!  
                           You know something we don't?  
 Hands                I hear things, being *both* a Prince and a cop. And in the  
                           Reserves.  
 Wolf                    In your dreams!  
 Jack (off stage)    Fee! Fi! Foe! ... Fee! Fi! Foe ...  
 All                    *(jumping up, cautious, in unison)* Fummmm!  
 Jack(off stage)    OO-RAH. OO-RAH!  
 All                    AH-Ch00-Rah! Ah-Ch00-Rah  
 Jack                    Cha-R000000-RAH.  
 Wolf                    It's Jack! It's Jack!  
 Woody                The fuckin' giant killer!  
 All                    *(joyous)* Jack! Jack! Jack!

**NARR** *Jack enters. Followed by Photo Guy, loaded with gear.  
 They gather round, hugging and mugging for Photo Guy.  
 Lights*

#### **Scene Four - The War Camp**

**NARR**                **Scene Four - The War Camp**  
*A clearing in the cheesy forest, campfire gone, replaced now  
 with several large crates, rear left, of fancy guns and  
 military equipment, with football and hockey gear mixed in.*

Jack No matter what they said in the court ...

All O000-RAH! O000-RAH! O000-RAH!

Jack That fancy pants, crap-faced lawyer with the tiny pecker said it was self-defense! Bull shit! NO. It was defense of the women! The children! Defense of Christmas.

All O000-RAH! O000-RAH! O000-RAH!

Jack So yesterday ... so yesterday ... we ... had the first encounter. It was scary, guys. I don't mind sayin' fuckin' *scary*! This time, it's not just one! There are herds of them. Herds. They got bulldozers! They got back hoes! They're ripping up the forest! They're looking for gold!

All *Ahhhhh!*

Jack I'm sayin'.... sayin' ... hear me, dudes ... I lived with them, I fucked their women, I know their language ... They are saying .... it's *their* gold! ... *Their!* .... How could that be!? How? ... Unless ... unless ... somebody ... some dastardly, sneaky, conniving ... *semi-human*... scumbag ... stole it from them! ... behind my back!

All *Noooo!*

Jack Nevertheless ... nevertheless ... it falls on us ... each and every one ... to pick up the pieces ... to defend .... even that very scumbag ....

All O000-RAH! O000-RAH! O000-RAH!

**NARR** *Jack turns to the map. Photo Guy backs off stage for a long shot.*

Jack *(now urgent and intense as he explains strategy)* Now .... Intelligence has intercepted encrypted messages from the Giants HQ to the League of Step-Mothers.

Prince Holy fuck!

Hands *(as a Prince, joking to Prince, seeming offended)* No fowl language in the presence of a prince, like *me*! Say ... 'my goodness'!

Prince Fucking pussy!

Wolf There're still some pork chops, if anybody ...

Jack *(drawing in the sand, for the camera)*  
And they are advancing here ...  
Giants .... here ... and here ... and here .... and here .. and here ...  
And here's where we lost contact with the dads, way, way down past Pig's place. All we know for sure is that they were unemployed ... and running out of food stamps.

NARR ***Photo Guy returns and whispers to Hands and Prince. Prince and Hands confer in whispers. Prince pulls the hoody down over his eyes. Hands takes off the shoes and tosses them into the bin, shakes out his legs, rotates his ankles and wiggles his toes.***

Jack And here's the main witch camp, two clicks to the north-north-west.  
But the giants could be anywhere - in any tall tree.

Wolf Right. Tall trees.

Jack Bears and Pigs advancing, here. But ... there are only seven of them altogether. And two of them are under twelve. We're all alone, men.  
Wolf, Woody, you circle round to the east.

Woody To the east. Check.

Jack Me and Hands will come in from the left.

Hands Right.

Jack *(correcting him)* Left!

Hands Right! ... Check.

Jack Wolf, you ready to blow!

*The guys are outfitting themselves from the crates as Jack draws battle maps in the sand, (or on a large blackboard) center stage. They gather round listening to their battle direction, although mightily distracted by the cool military equipment in the nearby crates. As Jack speaks, Photo Guy records his words with a mic and a camera on a tripod. Jack directs him what on, best angles etc.*

Jack *(speaking into the camera)* With my own eyes, I have seen these beady-eyed, hunchback mother fuckers The one thing I know for sure about the giants, is they are *hungry!* For them, a human being is a *pretzel. A hot dog!!* Especially women and children. And ... Men, we have the sacred duty to serve and protect and defend and save and protect and get the gold.

All OOOO-RAH!

Jack They rappel down from the sky into the tall trees, and then fuckin' *jump the last thirty feet.* Jump, dudes, jump. They are fast and they are strong and they are mad!  
H.Q. thinks it's an advance party for an invasion force.

Oh, so I don't forget, this brave photo journalist is embedded here from HQ PR ... to show the world ... what a bunch of real studs can do!!

Photo Guy Just pretend I'm not here, guys.

Woody How big are they, more or less exactly.

Jack Ten ... twelve ... fourteen feet, meters. , feet ... what the fuck ... who can count so high!

Woody *(aside, worried)* How many feet in a meter?

Wolf Well, at least we know they're not vegetarians.

Jack Men, it is my duty to be frank and honesty about the danger we face. I got lucky the last time just one of these ... these ... chased me. I have no apologies ... no apologies .... for stoppin' him ... dead ....

All OOOO-RAH! OOOO-RAH! OOOO-RAH!

Wolf *[Blowing] Ready. [Blow]*

Jack Prince, I want you to attack straight on.

Prince Right. Charge, straight on!  
'Die, moootherfookers!' *[Kung Foo kicks]* Woo! Ha! Bam!

Wolf Easy, killer. Easy!

Prince Don't you love being a guy!

Wolf We need to be back at the bar by eleven.

All OOO-RAH!!!! OOO-RAH!!!!

*All rise, start gather their guns and equipment to head out.*

Jack One more thing. One more thing.  
Best behavior, MEN! The whole world is watching!

Photo Guy Hey, guys, group photo! Group photo! For the history books.

**NARR** *They scramble in the box of equipment for something more to wear or hold for the group photo. (They should look super silly.)*

Photo Guy *(for the photo)* Short in front.

Hands That's you Wolfie.

Wolf Fuck you, potato head.

Photo Guy Squeeze in. Squeeze in!  
*They mug with their guns*  
OO-RAH, everybody. One, two, three ....

All OO-RAH! OO-RAH!

**NARR** *The picture completed, the group loads up with gear and all exit except Hands and Photo Guy and Prince. Hands is in his Prince costume, bare foot. He come center stage and set up*

*for an interview. Prince, covered in his hoodie, moves back, rear right, and hides behind a fake tree to watch.*

*Cinders enters, rear left, seemingly unnoticed and watches.*

*Photo Guy videos and interviews Hands.*

- Photo Guy Prince, first let me ask, do we know the whereabouts of your twin brother?
- Hands Yes. My twin brother has gone to Lithuania answering a desperate call for volunteers from Princes Without Borders.
- Photo Guy And you're stepping into his shoes for the war with the giants?
- Hands In a manner of speaking. But, not really. He wore his shoes to Lithuania and in fact I'm looking for new shoes as we speak. Something that goes with this blue serge. If any of your viewers can help I'd be grateful. Size 14.
- Photo Guy Will you be filling in for him at the palace.
- Hands Yes, everywhere. Everything. All the princesses can call me directly, cell, 647 990 5272. Leave a voice or a text message and I'll get back to you. No blocked calls. I think I can promise some very pleasant surprises.
- Photo Guy Did he leave any message for the viewers.
- Hands Yes. *(reading)* 'I hate to miss the war but duty calls. It is a far, far better thing I do today than I have ever done before. A far, far better place I go to than I have ever been before'.
- Jack *(from off stage – shouting)* Prince, get your f-g ass in the truck. We need a sacrifice!
- Hands *(alarmed, rushed)* Size 14. Got to run!
- NARR Hands, Photo Guy and Prince exit. Lights fade on Cinders.
- End Scene

### Scene Five - The Forest Bar

**NARR**     *Back at the Forest Bar Red, Gran and Cinders are seated at the bar before opening, and reading the newspaper. There are now six elaborate beer steins behind the bar. Cinder is in her scullery ensemble and rubber boots. A garment bag hangs on the hook, stage right. Shoe boxes are piles in chair.*

Red             *(reading the newspaper)* 'A far, far better thing I do today than I have ever done before. A far, far better place I go to than I have ever been before.'

Gran            That boy! What could be 'better' than what Gran's bar? What? Lithuania!

Red             I'm happy for him, I really am.

Cinders        Did you get that number. 647 - 99 ?? ... *(coy)* Is the new prince coming here tonight?

Gran            His twin brother. You'll love him.

Red             Absolutely identical ... except he's totally different. Bigger ... and better. I know him well.

Tonight ... Red or blue?

Cinders        Red.

**NARR**        *Cinders takes a red glitter slipper from Gran who prompts her to take it back stage to the dancers. She does and returns.*

Gran            Cinders, *(sweet and supportive)* would you like to go downstairs and clean some toilets before you meet the new prince. You'd feel better. Which ever you chose. We'll call you.

Cinders        Do I have time? I have to change.

**NARR**        *Snow enter left.*

Gran            *(alarmed)* Is Goldie with you, dearie?

Snow She's just parking. She'll be in a minute.

**NARR** *As Gretel helps Snow off with her mink coat Gran quickly hides the three additional fancy beer steins behind the bar.*

Red You're early. What'll it be?

Snow *(to Cinders, eying her dress)* Cynthia, shopping for a prince, are we?  
And do you know Golden Lockett. Cynthia Rockingfiler.

Goldie *(droll)* She was Cinders in Act One.

Cinders Charmed. I'll be right back. Need to refresh.

**NARR** *Cinders exits right.*

*Snow continuing her prior conversation with Goldie) (back to Goldie)* The thing is, I knew the Enron guys were going to get wacked. It's like they wanted it. They were so careless! Unbelievable. Not all men are stupid, just most of them. I never made so much money.  
~~You're problem is that you read the small print.~~

Goldie So we hear Prince has gone on a mission to Lithuania. Very noble.

Red We heard. We heard. But his twin is stepping in. He'll be here tonight.

Snow *(grandly)* What will it be? What will it be! The best moment of the day! *(grandly)* Single malt, double. Neat. Three.  
We sold Iceland today! I'm buying.  
Maybe I'll buy a new prince! Made a killing!  
Something for Gran? My new best friend.

**NARR** *Red pours for Snow and sets up a row of shot glasses for Gran. Goldie enters and joins them at the bar.*

Gran *(to Red)* Same as Snow plus a beer chasers.

Goldie Gran, did you find some costume jewelry lying around from

the last time I was here.

Gran *Costume! Costume? Why, no, lovey, you took those home in your purse.  
Maybe Wolf took it.*

Goldie *Wolfie? He'd never do that. He's such a gentleman.*

Red/Gran *Wolf?*

Snow *(to Goldie) Darling, the reason you're so unhappy is that you read all that fine print.  
(to Red) When do we see this new prince?*

Red *(to Snow) We're doing a line-up at 11.  
Not only do we have a new prince we have a brand new, fresh off the farm ... Farm Boy. Very large feet.*

**NARR** *Cinders re-enters stage right in a chic red cocktail dress, ruby slippers.*

Voice – M.C. *Half hour to show time. ladies. Eleven o'clock. The Linnnnne-Up!  
Get ready. Get set. To Takkkkkke your Pickkkkkk!*

Snow *(quickly back to Goldie) Who was that blond puppy who delivered the closing documents,*

Goldie *Isn't he nice.*

Snow *'Nice'! Goldie, he's better than nice.*

Red *Snow, you should leave the boys alone ... at work.*

Snow *They love me! I'm the only sexual harassment they get!  
So serious!  
Pour Gran another. She needs it!*

Snow *(to Red) When is your line up? Let's have a look. I need get home early. We're cashing out Spain tomorrow. It'll be hell!*

*(turning to Gran)* Red is quite the recruiter! Very good taste.  
*(teasing)* Where did you get *her*?

Gran *(sarcastic)* The Truck Stop, on I – 85.  
*Snow laughs*  
*(to Red)* Hear that, honey. Sleeping Snow thinks you have good taste!

Goldie *(to Red)* What happened in the war today?

Red Should I ...I could put on the TV but we're only got one channel tonight.

**NARR** ***The TV monitor faces the bar, not the audience. Red flicks on the remote. [Static, static] We hear the TV voices but don't see the picture.***  
***The M.C. has started the music but Gran gestures to him to stop and the dance sound track squawks to halt. All gather to watch the TV news.***

Voice M.C. *Ladddddiessssss, girrrrrls, babes .... babbby dollllllllls ..... and now ... Gran's Forest Bar is pleased to introduce, for your viewing pleasure ...the latest ... the greatest ... the freshest ... the best ... and the biggest ...*

Voice - Anchor We have Captain Jack by live feed in the deep forest. Captain Jack, can you hear me? *(static)* ...

Snow Who does his hair?

Red What hair? *(Jack is bald)*

Jack (T.V.) *(static)* ... everywhere. A massive kill. At least twenty. The few giants still on their feet are fleeing north. Hard to tell how many. I counted *(static)* two *(static)*

Voice - Anchor Yes, tell what's happened to them? *(static)*

Voice - Anchor *(static)* ...  
 What can you actually see right now?

Jack (T.V.)                      Right now, I can see ... (static)

Voice – Anchor                You're fading ... Captain Jack?  
    What's that? Behind you? The gold!  
    Captain Jack has recovered .... the gold. Just behind Gran's ....  
    (static, static, static)

Goldie                              What? (*straining to hear*) 'Behind Gran's cottage!

Gran                                Well, I never ...!

Voice - Anchor                Folks we've lost our signal. We'll try to re-connect with Captain Jack as soon as we can.  
    But I can report that we are getting ... reports, we're intercepting anonymous blog sources, from usually reliable, often reliable, located here in the studio, they say, they confirm, Captain Jack has recovered the last haul of the giants' gold ... in the forest ... and is leading a force of bears to the west.  
    Gotta love those bears!  
    We'll be right back, after this.

*Red switches off the TV.*

*Gran signals to get the dancers started.*

Red                                Gotta love that Captain Jack!

Gran                                (*shocked*) Recovered?

Voice /MC                      Ladddddiessssss, girrrrrrls, babbbby dollllllllls .... Gran's Forest Bar is pleased to introduce, for your viewing pleasure ..... and all your other pleasures ..... the team, the guys, the men, the boys, the gods, the fantassiesssss .... Gran's pick of the litter ... for YOU! Tonight .... On our stage ....

**NARR**                              *As he calls their names the dancers come out and do a little turn, mug, wink, flirt, show their wares and stand in a line.*

Wolf!

*Same flashy suit as Scene One, no cane, same shtick*

Goldie He's nice. *(She waves)*

Voice / MC Woody!

Gran And he stays in very good shape ... chopping.

Goldie He looks nice.

Voice /MC Farm Boy!

**NARR** *Farm Boy comes out looking utterly bewildered, not dancing, carrying a beat up old suitcase but he smiles winningly at the women. He puts it down the suitcase and stands shyly with his hands in his pocket.*

Red *(to the women at the bar)* Now he is ... I just pick him up at the Port Authority. I mean *just*. So fresh, he's not on the playbill. *Caveat emptor!*  
*(aside to Snow)* Look at that basket!

Snow *(aside to Red)* What a corn cob, Red! Good work!

Goldie Poor baby.

Voice / MC Prince!

**NARR** *Hands comes out in the Prince costume, bare foot and waving the glitter slipper.*

Snow He needs some shoes!

Cinders I can handle that.

Goldie He has the nice butt.

Voice /MC Ladies, take your pickkkkk!

**NARR** *Bump and grind music starts. Women and dancers cruise and mingle.*  
*Snow is first off the mark, cruises Hands/Prince stuffs a few bills in his pants. He ignores her and waves his bare foot at Cinders.*

Snow Nice threads.

Wolf *(sly wink, to Goldie)* Say, don't I know you?

NARR ***Goldie and Wolf share a deep kiss and slide off to one corner.***  
***Hands waits smugly looking at Cinders, waving the slipper. Cinders ignores him. Hands is shocked.***  
***Cinders takes Farm Boy to a corner table, makes him sit. He seems befuddled, clutches his suitcase but loves the attention. She kneels and takes off his old runners, get out a shoe box and takes out some fluorescent orange high tops. Others stop and come over to watch the fitting.***

Cindy I'm pretty sure these are your size. I just *guessed* you have very, very large feet. I've been looking *forever* for the man who can wear these. How do they feel? Walk around in them. Would you prefer lime green?

NARR ***Farm Boy gets one on, then the other, he stands, bounces a bit, his crotch suggestively close to her face. Wiggles his hips. Walks tentatively, starts to boogie.***  
***Hands gets a cell phone call, confidential, and goes off to the side to chat. He writes down a number.***

Farm Boy Fit pretty good. *(He walks a few steps, then struts.)* Fantastic! *(as he starts to bump/grind, a little.)*  
 I wish my momma could see me. Don't ya just love life in the big city! But it's hot, know that? *Hot! (off with T-shirt)* Where'd my suitcase get to? *(Cinders grabs it.)*  
 You know a place I can crash ... while I'm lost and helpless? *(Bump and grind gets serious.)*  
*Goldie applauds.*

Voice / MC And our sppppecccial guesssssst, the one, the only, fresh from the front .... and fresh from the rear ..... Captaaaainnnnn Jack!

NARR ***Jack enters stage left, in full dress spit and polish uniform with medals. Bump-and-grind music goes flat.***

- Snow Now, I absolutely love *his* accessories.
- NARR *A podium appears from stage right in front of him and the scene is instantly transformed to a Press Conference. All gather round to hear Jack. He hushes the crowd. He is ramrod straight – maybe a few slight twitches. He speaks ‘above’ the folks in the bar into the camera and imaginary audience. We hear but don’t see him on the T.V. screen in the bar.*
- Jack At 0-800 the combined Allied forces on kill patrol rendered the last known giants of the invasion force nugatory and apparently non-functional.  
*(hubbub, flash bulbs etc.)*  
 But I stress, nothing is certain. Fear is the order of the day. Stay close to a marine.  
 Nevertheless, it safe to express your gratitude in any four figure denomination of your personal choice. Provisionally, only provisionally, Operation Save Humanity is declared effective. We’re going from Code Red to Orange. Still ... still ... take extreme caution. Giants, while extremely large, can hide in the glove compartment of your car or the produce section of your supermarket.  
 If you go down in the woods today ... take a marine.
- Guys WHOO RAW
- Cinders What exactly should we be afraid of?
- Jack Anything unfamiliar. Foreign languages.  
 Baseball statistics very often containing coded terrorist instructions. Most things. But ... but .... men will protect you, whatever you’re afraid of. Stand by your man!
- Cinders What about the gold?
- Jack Ah yes, the men will clean up the gold. As you know we recovered the gold stolen from the giants before the first war. And ... and ... as you know every giant carries about three tons of gold bullion in their vest pocket. My cleanup forces have gathered it *all*. It is safely buried deep in the forest.

That is all I am authorized to disclose at the moment. Viewers should stay turned AND above all ... *stay frightened!*  
How's the traffic, Frank?

**NARR** *Podium disappears and the bump-and-grind music starts up again, faintly. Cinders takes Farm Boy's suitcase and leads him off stage. Hands dances. Snow cruises him again.*

Gran *(aside to Jack)* So, you finally got the gold! From a defenseless little old lady! Are you proud of yourself?

Jack Yes, mamme.  
Buried it, Gran. Buried it all. Got the map right here.

**NARR** *Snow hears 'map', drops Hands/Prince and sweeps Jack away from Gran to the bar.*

Snow Red, a drink, for this darling man! The sacrifices you have made. We are so grateful, aren't we Gran.

**NARR** *Red has a drink ready under the bar. And then another. She gives them to Jack.*

*Snow guides Jack away from Gran.*

*Gran sits in the back corner, watching Snow.*

*Gran eyes Gretel who gets ready.*

Gran He's ... he's ... taken everything I own. *(sob)*

Goldie *(drunk, to Woody)* I'm following you!

**NARR** *Wolf exits with Goldie.  
Hands and Woody exit through dancers' curtain.  
Gretel exits, stage left. Music fades.  
Red give him another.  
Stage lights focus on Snow and Jack at the bar.  
Snow toasts Jack. Urging him to drink up. He does.*

Snow Don't mind her. A bitter old woman.  
What would we do without you brave boys!

We all do our part, but *you*! *You are magnificent!* I am totally in love with the sacrifice you men make ... I'm making a fool of myself.

*(handling his army duffel bag)* And where did you get this? It's really fabulous!

I think we went at Forest High about the same time. I remember you from there. You were the *quarterback*!

Jack I was it.

Snow *(coyly)* Every girl remembers that.  
I am so glad *you* won the war. And we ... the women and children ... are safe from harm. *Glad*, is too weak a word!

Jack It was my duty, mamme. Glad to do my duty.

*Jack is getting woozy.*

Snow Drink up, drink up, my hero.  
And just as important, the gold is in safe hands.  
*(leaning in)* Now, my view, my view, is that assets like that need to be in safe hands, not just on broad shoulders.  
My god, the responsibilities! Such a bore, for a real man, like you, who has other things on his mind. As you should.

*Jack is very woozy.*

We want to help you there. Repay you, in a small, small way, for your sacrifice. Our firm, you'd know the name, offers very discrete banking services. Very confidential. Off-shore. Tax management, strategic planning, transfers, liquidations, that sort of thing. My firm ensures that your wealth, is perfectly protected, With some minor emoluments for the trustee, of course.

**NARR** *Jack is almost passed out, slumped in his chair. Snow reaches into his pocket and takes the map.*

What we can do is take *this* and put it someplace very safe ...

Jack Thank you, mamme. Thank you.

**NARR** *Jack slumps over, fading fast. Gretel enters stage left. Red comes over with a document from under the bar.*

Snow (to Red) Is that the Trust Deed of Committal Goldie did up?  
(Red hands it to her) (to Red) Is it witnessed? (Red points to a page) Already! Very convenient.

**NARR** *Snow puts the document in front of Jack and a pen in his hand. Red moves his hand for a signature. Snow speaks soothingly to Jack.*

Very, very safe. ...

**NARR** *Gretel comes over with some rope and a gag. She and Red tie him hand and foot and put a black hood over his head as Snow maliciously whispers what she'll do with his money. Jack struggle.*

... in an numbered account ... held by a blind trust ... controlled by five Directors ... without addresses ... who work for my firm ... under assumed names ... in a foreign country ... you've never heard of ... where no one answers the phone ....

Don't ever fuck with Gran!

**NARR** *Gran gestures and Gretel hauls the chair with faintly struggling Jack off stage left. (The chair probably needs wheels.)*

Snow (calling after him) We'll do lunch, next week.

*Gran, Red and Snow go the bar, holding up the map. Red pours. Snow presents the map to Gran. They toast. Gran presents it to Snow. They toast again.*

Gran That's was close.

Snow He's a quite hunk. Too bad. We could have used him in Building Maintenance.

Red Good work, doll. You were hot! *You deserve a Prince.*

Snow I do! I deserve a Prince.

**NARR** *Red goes to the dancers' curtain and calls inside.*

Red Yo, Prince, get your muscle butt out here. You got work.

**NARR** *Gretel appears at the door – asking – without words – what to do with Jack. Red, Gran and Snow gesture thumbs down. Gretel exits.*

*Hands (dressed as Prince) appears at the curtain, shoed. Snow snaps her fingers and motions for him to wait for her outside. He meekly obeys.*

*Lights fade.*

*Suddenly the TV flashes on. It is the only light on the stage.*

[static, static]

Voice - Anchor This just in .... shocking news – sad news – Jack ... Jack the Giant Killer, the hero of the Bean Stock Wars, Jack the Giant Killer ... a warrant has been issued for ... his arrest on ... for ... he is considered armed and dangerous ....

Frank, we only have it from anonymous sources right now, sources very, very close to ... just down the hall ... Jack the Giant Killer is charged as the central player in a cartel disposing of nuclear waste in powdered baby formula.

Authorities say he is *at large* and ... very close to *your* house.

[Static ... static ]

**NARR** *The TV flickers and dies.  
We hear a short burst of semi-automatic rifle fire.*

Jack *(off stage, muffled)* Uhhh.

Voice / sound [static, static]

**NARR** *Another shorter burst. Silence.*

***Gretel sticks her head in the door. Gives the thumbs up – job done.***

***Red, Gran and Snow clink glasses.***

Voice - Anchor. This is Fear TV. Stay tuned ... and .... stay in your basement.

Voice / Sound [Static, static]

**NARR** ***Gretel flicks off the lights in bar.***

***The End***

***Applause ends – as audience is about to get up, house lights go down again and spot light on Cinders and Farm Boy on stage.***

***Farm Boy enters and Cinders follows carrying two expensive sports jackets.***

Cinders I thought they'd both look good on you, your shoulders, whatever, but I'm not you, that's why you should come with me when I buy things, so you don't need to take things back that don't fit, I do the best I can. I do the best I can, darling, but there's only so much you can expect.

**NARR** ***Cinders holds out a jacket for him to try on. He is reluctant.***

Cinders Come on! It's for Snow's party! I can hardly wait till she sees you.

Very nice. Don't pout. .... I get it. ... You need more money for that truck. For the clutch. Is that what you call it. ... Here. ...Don't spend it all in one place, sweetie. ...And please don't drive it in the city. ....And Thursday is the Opera Gala. Don't forget.

**NARR** ***He just makes it off stage, lights start to dim, Cinders notices he has forgotten the jacket that has to be returned. She dog whistles for him. He returns.***

Farm Boy Thanks, doll.

*He kisses her and flees. The End. Again.*