

THE BIG SNORE

By
Jack Neary

THE BIG SNORE

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THE BIG SNORE

Dedicated to John and Deirdre Budzyna.

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In its developmental stage, THE BIG SNORE was introduced by Acting Out Productions in Newburyport, Massachusetts, and was subsequently produced by the Winchester Little Theatre, Winchester, Virginia.

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ACT ONE

This is a unit set, accommodating a number of scenes. Nothing should be terribly elaborate. Many of the changes can be affected by simple light cues. There is no realistic time or place frame, as will be evident presently. The cities and towns referred to in the script may be altered to accommodate your local production. Just keep them funny.

LIGHTS UP on a cable television newscast. This is a personality-driven news station, much like CNN or FOX. Fast news. Brisk reporters. No messing around.

The newscaster is anchor RICK FLICK.

RICK. Good evening, my name is Rick Flick and this is Kick It With Rick. Flick. (*BIG musical news chord as Rick strikes pose.*) Our Flick Pick News Story tonight: The Briar Rose Castle Coma, Day 98! (*Same chord, same pose.*) BRIAR ROSE, the lovely Princess put under a spell by the evil pixie PATRICK of Paxton is now in her 98th day of involuntary hibernation along with her family and other residents of the castle. For a live update, we take you now to reporter TIFFANY Stephanie, outside the Briar Rose castle gate. Stephanie? (*Lights up on Tiffany.*)

TIFFANY. That's Tiffany, Rick.

RICK. (*Fiddling with ear piece.*) Tiffany Stephanie. Right. Live at the scene. Stephanie? (*Lights out on Rick.*)

TIFFANY. (*Shrugs.*) Rick, the mood here is tense as supporters of lovely Princess Briar Rose stand vigil in protest of the gross injustice perpetrated upon her and her loved ones by the evil pixie, Patrick of Paxton. Some of you may have been watching this afternoon as the evil pixie called a press conference. Here is some of that footage. (*Lights out*

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on Tiffany, up on Patrick, who speaks in a very high, squeaky, annoying voice.)

PATRICK. Look, first of all, I'm not a pixie, okay? Get your facts straight. I am a fairy. Get it? Pixie, no. Fairy, yes. Pixies are, like, way down on the supernatural food chain, all right? And if you want to know the truth, I'm insulted. If you press people don't know the difference between a pixie and a fairy, then I'd be happy to poof you into another profession. Next question. *(Lights out on Patrick, up on Tiffany and Rick.)*

TIFFANY. The lack of remorse displayed by the pixie is astounding, Rick. Although he claims that, as an alleged fairy, he was only doing his job when he cast the spell in the first place.

RICK. Uh...Stephanie...

TIFFANY. Tiffany.

RICK. Right. Stephanie. I understand we have some footage which will clarify for our viewers exactly what it is Patrick did to ignite this controversy *(Lights out on Rick.)*

TIFFANY. Of course, Rick. Exactly 98 days ago, a gala celebration was held at the palace in honor of the twenty-first birthday of Princess Briar Rose. Our Rick Flick cameras were there. *(Lights out on Tiffany, up on KING, QUEEN and Briar Rose in a reception line. They are approached by ZEEZEE, a female fairy, who hands the Princess a large box. ZeeZee is accompanied by a goofy looking young man who will eventually be introduced.)*

ZEEZEE. Oh, lovely Princess Briar Rose, please accept this humble gift from your humble servant, the humble fairy ZeeZee.

BRIAR ROSE. Why, thank you, fairy ZeeZee.

ZEEZEE. "Humble" fairy ZeeZee.

BRIAR ROSE. "Humble" fairy ZeeZee.

ZEEZEE. It's a cloak and bonnet I made myself. And I attached a special spell. All you have to do is sew the bonnet onto the back of the cloak, and you will be graced with your beautiful blonde tresses for the rest of your life! Even in old age!

BRIAR ROSE. Why, humble fairy ZeeZee, how thoughtful of you!

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ZEEZEE. You're most welcome, fair Princess! (*The as yet un-introduced young man begins to tug gently on ZeeZee's arm.*)

AS YET UNINTRODUCED YOUNG MAN.

Uh...uh...me...uh...here...uh...

ZEEZEE. Oh! Yes! Fair Princess, this is a friend of mine, a young Prince from nearby Auburn. Perhaps you remember him. You and he used to take dancing lessons together when you were children. He is a great admirer of yours. You remember him, don't you?

BRIAR ROSE. (*Happily.*) Oh! (*Equally happily.*) No!

AS YET UNINTRODUCED YOUNG MAN. (*Distraught.*)

Ohboyohboyohboyohboyohboy....

BRIAR ROSE. (*Moves toward the young man.*) Well, it's a pleasure to see you again, I... (*He steps back in severe hesitation.*) Oh! I'm sorry! I just wanted to... (*She moves in again; he retreats again.*) Oh, dear! What am I doing?

ZEEZEE. Not to worry, Princess. That's just his way. He's very... well... I'll just tell you his name and that will explain everything. Meet your former dancing school partner, Prince TENTATIVE!

TENTATIVE. (*Extremely nervous.*) Hi. Hello. I'm all right. Don't pay any attention to me. I'll be fine. You wouldn't talk to me back then. But that's all right. I got over it. I just had this big unrequited crush on you, but I'm okay now. I mean I'm fine. I mean I'll live. And it's okay if you don't know what unrequited means. Just look at me, you'll get the idea. Ignore me. Go about your business. I'll be over here. (*He scurries into a corner.*)

ZEEZEE. (*To Princess.*) He really likes you.

BRIAR ROSE. He's kinda cute.

ZEEZEE. I think so.

BRIAR ROSE. In a lunatic kind of way. (*There is a HIDEOUS CACKLE heard offstage.*)

ZEEZEE. Oh, my Goodness!

TENTATIVE. Ohboyohboyohboy...

QUEEN. What on earth is that cackling?

ZEEZEE. That's Patrick. He was very upset that you didn't invite him to the celebration.

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KING. But we had only twelve golden plates at the table! I had room for only twelve fairies! Besides, I thought Patrick was a pixie.

ZEEZEE. He is a pixie! Don't you worry about it, your Majesty!

PATRICK. (*Entering.*) I heard that, ZeeZee! You know very well I'm a full-fledged fairy!

ZEEZEE. Then why won't you show anybody your birthmark! Everybody knows that all true fairies have the fairy birthmark on the back of their right knee! Why won't you show us?

PATRICK. Because I don't have to show you, that's why! Now get out of here before I show you how powerful a fairy I really am! OUT! (*ZeeZee screams and runs out. Patrick yells at Tentative.*) You too, you sniveling crybaby! OUT! (*Tentative runs out.*) Now... who have we here? Is this the lovely young Princess whose birthday celebration I was NOT invited to?

KING. Now, Patrick, you must understand that I have only so many golden plates, and as it happened, I...

PATRICK. Tut tut, King, none of your royal excuses! You ignored me. Let's leave it at that. I'm fairy enough to withstand your thoughtless slight! No need to apologize.

QUEEN. Well, that's quite... fairylike of you, Patrick.

PATRICK. Indeed! Indeed it is! And to prove there's no hard feelings, I would like to bestow a powerful fairy spell upon the Princess.

KING. Uh...I don't think that will be necessary, Patrick...

PATRICK. Tut tut, King! Please! Let me invoke a blessing on the beautiful young thing. I insist.

KING. Well, if you insist...

PATRICK. (*Squeaky loud.*) YOUNG PRINCESS BRIAR ROSE...BY THE POWER VESTED IN ME AS A FULL-FLEDGED AND POWERFUL... FAIRY... I SMITE YOU WITH A CURSE!

(*Ominous MUSICAL CHORD.*)

QUEEN.No!

PATRICK. YES! BEFORE THE CLOCK STRIKES MIDNIGHT, YOU WILL PRICK YOUR FINGER ON A SEWING NEEDLE AND, UPON DOING SO, DIE IMMEDIATELY AND IRREVOCABLY!

KING. Please...

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PATRICK. AND UPON THIS PIN PRICK, THE KING AND QUEEN SHALL ALSO DIE!

BRIAR ROSE. No!

PATRICK. YES! AND SO SHALL EVERY LIVING THING IN THE CASTLE!

ALL. NO!!!

PATRICK. YES! AND THAT INCLUDES THE HORSES!

(There is a loud offstage WHINNY. It should sound like a horse-y No!)

YES!!! AND WITH THIS CURSE, I ALSO COMMAND THAT A GROSS AND GNARLY HEDGE SPROUT UP SURROUNDING THE CASTLE, MAKING IT VERY DIFFICULT TO ENTER, AND THUS... INHOSPITABLE!

KING AND QUEEN. NO!!!!!!

PATRICK. YES!!!!!! SO SAY I, PATRICK, THE MOST POWERFUL PIXIE IN THE LAND! *(Starts off, returns.)* FAIRY! I mean... fairy!

(He leaves; the footage is over. Lights return to Tiffany and Rick.)

TIFFANY. And that is what happened that night at the castle.

RICK. I understand, Stephanie, that we also have footage of the moments immediately following Patrick's curse.

TIFFANY. Yes, Rick, we do. But my name is Tiffany.

RICK. Of course it is. Why don't you show us that footage.

TIFFANY. I will if you call me Tiffany.

RICK. Of course! What else would I call you?

TIFFANY. Stephanie.

RICK. Fine. Take it away, Stephanie! *(Lights out on Rick.)*

TIFFANY. *(Irritated.)* Immediately after Patrick placed his curse on poor Princess Briar Rose, the twelfth and final invited fairy, **DICKYDOCK**, stepped to the receiving line. *(Lights out on Tiffany, and up on The reception line, as Dickydock enters, holding an envelope. The Princess, King and Queen are upset.)*

DICKYDOCK. Good King! Good Queen! Good Princess! Good heavens! What has happened to make you so distraught?

KING. Oh, that...pixie Patrick placed a curse on my daughter and all of us at the castle! We're all doomed!

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QUEEN. Well, not necessarily, dear... We're safe as long as we are very careful to make certain that Briar Rose doesn't come anywhere near a sewing needle.

DICKYDOCK. Oh! The old sewing-needle-pin-prick-everybody-in-the-castle-dies-instantly curse.

KING. I didn't think pixies could place curses.

DICKYDOCK. Well, unlike fairies who can place curses till the cows come home, pixies are allotted one per lifetime. This may have been his only curse.

QUEEN. Oh, dear...

DICKYDOCK. And that's a pretty powerful curse, but...

KING. But what?

DICKYDOCK. (*Indicates envelope.*) Well, as my birthday gift, I was going to present the Princess with these tickets to the Taylor Speedy concert at the arena next week...

BRIAR ROSE. (*Reaching for envelope.*) Cool.

DICKYDOCK. (*Pulls back envelope.*) But I think a better gift would be for me to see what I could do to reverse that curse.

BRIAR ROSE. (*Pouting.*) Oooh...

QUEEN. Briar...be nice to the fairy.

KING. Could you? Reverse it?

DICKYDOCK. Well, not totally. Like I said, that's one of the biggies, that curse. But what I can do is I can take the death part out of it.

KING. That'd be good.

DICKYDOCK. Yeah, but the Princess would still have to watch out for the sewing needle, because if I fix Patrick's curse a little and she's pricked by it, it'd mean that instead of dying, everybody would go to sleep.

QUEEN. Well, sleeping is better than death.

DICKYDOCK. And only for a hundred days.

KING. You mean, after a hundred days, the curse is over and we wake up?

DICKYDOCK. No, I mean after a hundred days the whole curse kicks in and you all die.

QUEEN. Mercy!

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DICKYDOCK. Unless...

KING. Yes? What? Anything!

DICKYDOCK. Lemme see if I can swing this... (*Goes into spell mode.*)

I, DICKYDOCK, DO HEREBY... ADJUST THE CURSE OF PATRICK IN THIS MANNER... IF THE PRINCESS SHOULD PRICK HER FINGER ON A SEWING NEEDLE, SHE AND EVERYONE IN THE CASTLE WILL FALL ASLEEP! (*Dramatic MUSIC chord.*)

KING. Good.

DICKYDOCK. I WILL SET THIS REVERSE CURSE AT MY ALLOTTED REVERSE CURSE LIMIT, WHICH IS 100 DAYS!

KING. You can't make it longer?

DICKYDOCK. (*With some attitude.*) Hey, I'm doin' the best I can here, King!

KING. Of course. Excuse me...

DICKYDOCK. All...right, let me try this, too...this'll help... (*Clears throat.*) ...IF, WITHIN THE 100 DAYS A PRINCE WORTHY OF THE PRINCESS SHOULD COME TO THE CASTLE AND KISS HER ON THE LIPS, THE ENTIRE CURSE OF PATRICK WILL BE ELIMINATED! (*Another dramatic MUSIC chord!*)

KING. You can do that?

DICKYDOCK. Oh, yeah. The Prince kiss is my specialty. I won an award.

KING. Excellent!

DICKYDOCK. All right! You're all set! But just in case, good Princess, you'd better be very careful to avoid all pin pricks.

KING AND QUEEN. Right!

BRIAR ROSE. Right! Well, now that everything is under control, I'm going to go sew on my new bonnet! (*She runs off.*)

QUEEN. That's nice, dear.

KING & QUEEN & DICKYDOCK (*After a beat*)

NOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!

(The King and Queen run after her; Dickydock runs in opposite direction; Lights out on the castle, back up on Tiffany and Rick.)

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TIFFANY. But of course they were too late, the Princess pricked her finger on the sewing needle, and everybody in the castle fell asleep, the hedges and shrubbery grew out of control around the castle, and that is where things have stood for the past 98 days, give or take an hour or two. Rick?

RICK. Now, Stephanie, as I understand it, upwards of one hundred and fifty Princes have attempted to kiss the Princess back to life, is that an accurate statement?

TIFFANY. Everything except the part where you called me Stephanie.

RICK. That's your name, isn't it?

TIFFANY. It's my last name.

RICK. It's Stephanie, Tiffany?

TIFFANY. No, it's Tiffany Stephanie.

RICK. So...it is your last name, then? Tiffany.

TIFFANY. Yes.

RICK. Well, then, Stephanie, is it true, about all the Princes?

TIFFANY. *(Rolling her eyes.)* Yes, Rick it is true. The exact number at last count was one hundred and sixty two Princes from all over the world who have planted one on the Princess, and not one of them has succeeded in waking her up.

RICK. Placing the Princess and her parents in a peculiarly petrified predicament.

TIFFANY. Precisely. *(Hearing something in her earphone.)*

Just a minute, Rick, my producer is telling me that...yes, there is yet another Prince on hand to take a stab at reviving the Princess.

RICK. Can you speak to him before he goes inside?

TIFFANY. We're making an attempt right now to...yes, Rick, here he is...Prince? Prince? May I speak with you? *(The burly Prince BURLY enters. As his name suggests, he's a truck. Rick remains in light.)*

BURLY. Me?

TIFFANY. Yes...please...step over here. I'm Tiffany Stephanie and you're on Kick it with Rick Flick.

BURLY. Really? Cool! I love that show!

TIFFANY. First of all, tell us who you are, and where you're from?

BURLY. I am Prince Burly, and I'm from Leominster.

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TIFFANY. Ah.

BURLY. Yeah. A lot of people pronounce it Leo-minster, but that's wrong.

TIFFANY. Yes.

BURLY. (*Into camera.*) Those people are ignorant.

TIFFANY. Prince Burly, why do you think you can succeed in reviving the Princess when so many before you have failed?

BURLY. Well, I think reviving her is the simple part.

TIFFANY. Oh?

BURLY. Sure. You know that big hedge that sprang up around the castle--those trees and shrubs and bushes that surrounded the castle as part of the curse?

TIFFANY. I do, indeed.

BURLY. Well, I think that's the problem. All the other fellas before me, why they just brought along their little tiny baby knives to cut down the shrubbery. Took 'em forever to cut their way through to the Princess. By the time they got there, they were too pooped to pucker.

TIFFANY. Too pooped to pucker?

BURLY. Too pooped to pucker. But I figured out how to get through those trees and bushes in no time flat so that when I get to the Princess, my lips are gonna be loose as a goose!

TIFFANY. Well, that does sound encouraging. Doesn't that sound encouraging, Rick?

RICK. Yes, Stephanie, it does!

BURLY. I thought your name was Tiffany.

TIFFANY. Just... go with it.

RICK. So tell us, Prince Burly of Leo-minster...

BURLY. Leominster!

RICK. Exactly!...What is your secret plan to get to the Princess swiftly and without pooping your pucker?

BURLY. I'll show ya! (*He steps off and brings a power chain saw into the scene.*) I'll be smoochin' with the Princess before you can say Sponge Bob Square Pants!

RICK. Stephanie, we have to take a station break! (*Into "camera."*) We'll be back with further coverage of the Briar Rose Castle Coma, right

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after this message! (*Lights to a COMMERCIAL. A MAN in a dark trench coat is discovered with a LITTLE GIRL all dressed in red, and a very large WOLF. The wolf holds a bonnet which may have a few splatters of blood on it. The little girl and the wolf seem to be very upset.*)

MAN. We're here with a dissatisfied customer. May we have your name?

LITTLE GIRL. (*Indicates she's wearing a red hood and cape.*)

This doesn't help you at all?

MAN. Darth Vader?

LITTLE GIRL. Little Red Riding Hood.

MAN. What's your complaint, Red?

LITTLE GIRL. Well, I don't know what happened...I was planning a celebration to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of the old bridge over the river and through the woods, you know the one I'm talkin' about, and I wanted to knit a giant sweater to hang over the entrance to the bridge as a kind of warm welcome to anybody who might visit. So I called the mall and said I wanted some wool to treat my landmark.

WOLF. We thought she said she wanted some wolf to eat her grandma.

MAN. Cell phone static. I understand. (*Hands her a cell phone.*)

Here, this should make things a little... (*Commercial lights out. Lights to Rick and Stephanie.*)

RICK. Sorry...we have to cut back in for some breaking news on the Briar Rose Castle Coma...Stephanie, I understand there's some breaking news?

TIFFANY. Yes, Rick, even though you refuse to address me by my correct first name, we do have some breaking news to report. Our cameras have followed Prince Burly into Briar Rose Castle and we are about to broadcast, live, his attempt to revive the beautiful Princess with a kiss.

RICK. Live? You mean we'll really see it as it actually happens?

TIFFANY. That's correct, Rick. This is NOT footage. We take you now into the castle, and inside the bed chamber of Princess Briar Rose.

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(Tiffany lights out. Lights to the bed chamber. We see the lovely Princess asleep on a slab or bed or something prominent. Prince Burly enters, staring and smiling forward, as if he's fully aware of the camera.)

BURLY. Ha! Told you I could get in here without a problem.

(Sees Princess.) Whoa! What a honey! Wait'll she wakes up and gets a good look at me! She'll be so happy, she'll give me all kinds of gifts and presents and money and...lunch! I can't wait!

(Burly steps over to the sleeping Princess and plants a kiss on her lips. [For younger actors who may not want to do this, directors can mask the kiss and use a big, comic sound effect for the smooch.] He lets it linger a bit. Then steps back...)

BURLY. *(Extends his arms presentationally.)* Ta da! *(Makes the same gesture again. Nothing happens.)* Hmm. Guess I didn't pucker hard enough. I'll give it another shot. *(He does, this time more cartoonishly elaborate, even making some kissing noises. Again, he finishes and steps back.)* Ta da! That should wake her up! *(Nothing. In fact, the sweet Princess emits a rather definitive snore. She is still asleep.)* Darn it! *(Burly begins to pace in confusion around the Princess as the lights leave him and cross back to Rick in the studio. He is joined at his news desk by Dickydock.)*

RICK. This is Rick Flick back at the studio. I'm joined by Dickydock, the fairy who adjusted the original curse of Patrick of Paxton. Dicky, just what is going on here?

DICKYDOCK. Well, Rick, clearly the Princes who have made the attempt to revive the Princess don't understand the problem. It has nothing to do with how tired they might be from cutting down the hedge outside. It has everything to do with the phrasing of my curse adjustment.

RICK. I see.

DICKYDOCK. Do you?

RICK. No.

DICKYDOCK. Well, I said that a Prince "worthy of the Princess" must kiss her awake. Up to this point, it seems no Prince worthy of the Princess has emerged.

RICK. So, this Burly fella...

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DICKYDOCK. (*Dismissing Burly.*) Please...

RICK. Stephanie, what's the latest? (*Rick lights out. Lights to Tiffany, outside the castle. She is with Prince Burly.*)

TIFFANY. Rick, I'm here with a disconsolate Prince Burly.

BURLY. I am NOT disconsolate!

TIFFANY. No?

BURLY. No. I'm just very sad and inconsolable.

TIFFANY. My bad.

BURLY. I swear to you, Tiffany, this has never happened to me before.

TIFFANY. Really?

BURLY. Those Princesses in Leominster, I tell ya, they're bangin' down the gate to get to me.

TIFFANY. Is that so?

BURLY. We even had to expand the moat, you know, to make it tougher for them.

TIFFANY. (*Pushing him away.*) Thank you, Prince Burly of...

BURLY. (*Yells up at castle.*) You're just stuck up, Princess! That's what you are! You're a snob! Where's my chain saw? (*He heads out to look for his chain saw.*)

TIFFANY. Rick, back to you. (*Tiffany lights out. Lights to Rick, still with Dickydock. Joining them now is Patrick.*)

RICK. Thank you, Stephanie. I'm back in the studio with fairy Dickydock, whom you've already met, and we're joined now by Patrick of Paxton, the instigator of this entire situation.

PATRICK. Excuse me, Rick, but that's where you're wrong. The instigator of this situation was the King, who declined to invite me to the Princess' birthday party!

DICKYDOCK. Oh, grow up, Patrick! You know you don't belong at a palace party.

PATRICK. And why is that?

DICKYDOCK. Because you're not a fairy. You're a pixie!

PATRICK. Take that back!

DICKYDOCK. You take back the curse!

PATRICK. I won't!

DICKYDOCK. Pixie!

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PATRICK. Fairy!

DICKYDOCK. Pixie!

PATRICK. FAIRY!

DICKYDOCK. PIXIE!

PATRICK. Oh, you're just jealous! You're all just jealous!

DICKYDOCK. Why would anybody be jealous of you?

PATRICK. Because I have the kingdom in the palm of my hand.

DICKYDOCK. Oh, you do? In less than two days there will be no kingdom! Everybody in the castle will be dead! You can't have a kingdom without a king!

PATRICK. Right! But everybody in the kingdom will be so in awe of my power, they will make me King!

DICKYDOCK. Oh, what an idiot. Rick...straighten him out, will you?

RICK. I'm afraid Dickydock is correct, Patrick. Once the Princess and her parents die, you will be hated and scorned and driven out of the kingdom on a rail.

PATRICK. Says who?

RICK. Says our Rick Flick Poll! *(Rick rises and goes to a covered chart. He uncovers it, grabs a stick, and indicates as he speaks. It is a typical USA Today pie chart.)* You see, this purple percentage here... *(Very tiny.)* ... indicates the number of people who think you are a swell fella and deserving of kingship. This green percentage here... *(Just slightly less tiny.)*... indicates the number of people who don't care whether you get the kingship or vanish into obscurity...

PATRICK. And what's the red percentage? *(Which is huge.)*

RICK. These are the people who are currently building the rail on which they will carry you out of the kingdom and dump you in the ocean.

PATRICK. That's not fair!

DICKYDOCK. Oh, listen to him! Was it fair that you put the curse on the Princess?

PATRICK. Was it fair that they didn't invite me to the party?

DICKYDOCK. Yes!

PATRICK. Why?

DICKYDOCK. Because you're a PIXIE!!!

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PATRICK. Oh, you're all jealous! I'm going to be the most powerful pix...fairy in the kingdom.

DICKYDOCK. HA!

PATRICK. What? Ha, what?

DICKYDOCK. What? Think about it! That curse you put on them is the most unbreakable curse in the book. I could tweak it a little, but I couldn't remove it. Even you can't remove it. There is one person, and one person only, who can become the most powerful in the kingdom.

PATRICK. And who is that?

DICKYDOCK. The Prince who kisses the Princess awake! That's who's gonna be the most powerful one in the kingdom. And that ain't you!

(Both Dickydock and Rick laugh.)

PATRICK. *(Rises.)* Go ahead! Laugh! But you know I'm right! You know I'm going to be King!

DICKYDOCK & RICK. *(Derisively, with gestures.)* Oh, yeah. King. Right. Big King Patrick! *(They laugh; Patrick races off.)*

RICK. *(Still laughing.)* Well, that's just about all the time we have on tonight's Kick It With Rick. Flick. Before we sign off, though, let's go back to Tiffany Stephanie, on the scene at Briar Castle. Tiffany?

(Lights to Tiffany, who does not respond.)

RICK. Tiffany? Are you there, Tiffany?

TIFFANY. Oh! You mean me! Why are you calling me Tiffany?

RICK. That's your name, isn't it?

TIFFANY. Yes, but...

RICK. *(Impatiently.)* Never mind! Never mind! We're running out of time! What's your final word from the castle tonight?

TIFFANY. Well, Rick, I've been waiting to speak to... *(Looks off.)*

...yes, here she comes now... this is Doctor Hermione Quack, who has just examined the Princess and her parents, as she has done daily for the entire 98 day ordeal. Before we sign off, let's hear what the doctor has to say. *(DOCTOR Quack enters.)*

TIFFANY. Dr. Quack, I'm Tiffany Stephanie from Kick It With Rick.

DOCTOR. Flick. Yes, I recognize you. You're much better looking on T.V.

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TIFFANY. (*Beat.*) Thank you, Doctor. Doctor...what is the prognosis on the Princess and her parents?

DOCTOR. The prognosis?

TIFFANY. Please.

DOCTOR. Poor.

TIFFANY. Poor?

DOCTOR. Poor.

TIFFANY. Pity.

DOCTOR. Precisely. Heartbeats are lagging. Blood pressure is low. I give them all one day. Two at the most.

TIFFANY. Well, of course it is the 98th day of the 100 day reprieve.

DOCTOR. Thank you for doing the math. Is that all?

TIFFANY. Just let me get this straight for our viewers--if no Prince emerges to kiss the Princess awake, then she and everybody in the castle will be dead in two days. Is that what you're trying to say?

DOCTOR. No.

TIFFANY. No?

DOCTOR. No, that's not what I'm trying to say. That's what I'm saying! If the Princess isn't kissed by the right Prince, she and everybody in the castle will be dead in two days. Get it?

TIFFANY. Got it.

DOCTOR. Good. (*The Doctor walks off.*)

TIFFANY. So there you have it, Rick. Back to you and Dickydock. (*Lights up on Rick and Dickydock.*)

RICK. Stephanie, before you go, would you say that the situation is grim?

TIFFANY. Yes.

RICK. Would you say that the situation is desperately sad?

TIFFANY. Yes.

RICK. Would you say that the situation is hopeless?

TIFFANY. Yes.

RICK. Would you like to go to dinner with me after the show?

TIFFANY. No.

RICK. Thank you, Tiffany Stephanie, live on the scene! (*Lights out on Tiffany.*)

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DICKYDOCK. Rick, this is a catastrophe in the making.

RICK. Indeed it is, Dickydock. Our ratings will soar!

DICKYDOCK. Is that all you care about? Ratings?

RICK. Let me think a minute. *(There is no thinking.)* Yes!

DICKYDOCK. Well, I can see that something desperate has to be done, and it looks like I'm going to have to do it myself!

RICK. And what is it you're going to do, there, Dickydock?

DICKYDOCK. *(Rises.)* I'm going to scour the land and find the Prince with the Proper Pucker! *(Runs off.)*

RICK. *(To camera.)* Well, that sounds like great television to me! Tune in tomorrow ladies and gentlemen, pixies and fairies, and find out if Dickydock gets the right Prince to kiss the Princess, or if Patrick of Paxton ends up wiping out the entire castle! Brought to you by your friends at Sprint! This is Rick Flick! See you next time! *(ZeeZee and Tentative enter. ZeeZee is breathless.)*

ZEEZEE. *(To Rick.)* Excuse me, my television is out of order and I'm way out of touch with the news. We were wondering if the Princess has been kissed awake yet?

RICK. No! And stop talking to me! I'm a celebrity!

ZEEZEE. Oh. I'm sorry. Let's go, Tentative.

RICK. Hey! Wait a minute! Aren't you that fairy who gave the bonnet to the Princess?

ZEEZEE. Uh...yeah.

RICK. Boy, what a dope! Don't you know that when she sewed on that bonnet, she...

ZEEZEE. I know! I know! She went into the coma! I feel terrible.

RICK. Well, you should. Although, to tell you the truth, that coma has done wonders for my ratings! *(Acknowledges Tentative.)* And look who else is here! It's the scaredy-cat Prince! Hey, you know what'd be funny? If YOU tried to kiss the Princess awake! Imagine a loser like you kissing the Princess! *(Laughs.)* I can't... stop... laughing!!! *(Leaves, laughing his fool head off.)*

ZEEZEE. Don't pay any attention to him, Tentative.

TENTATIVE. Oh, I wasn't. I won't. But I will. 'Cause he's right. Not that I know right from wrong. But if anybody's right about anything, he's

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right about that! I am a loser! Yep, that's me! I'm not sure about much of anything, but I'm sure of that. I am one, big loo-sah!

ZEEZEE. Stop that! I don't want you talking like that! Look, I have to get back to my hovel to meet the TV repair fairy. Are you gonna be all right?

TENTATIVE. Oh, sure. Maybe. Absolutely. I have no idea.

ZEEZEE. Well... just... sit here a minute and think about the nicest thing you can imagine. Think about something you would love to happen to you. Then you'll feel better. I'll see you tomorrow, okay?

TENTATIVE. Well, if you say so.

ZEEZEE. Just... think of it. Imagine it. Dream it--the nicest thing that could ever happen to you! *(ZeeZee leaves. Tentative thinks. He thinks hard. Music begins to play. The harder he thinks, the prettier the music becomes. Eventually, Briar Rose appears in a beautiful gown. She steps to Tentative. He bows. She curtsies. And they dance to a beautiful waltz. The music gets grander. The dance builds. As it approaches conclusion, Rick hollers from offstage...)*

RICK. *(Off.)* Hey! What's goin' on here! *(The Princess disappears. Tentative, his eyes closed, keeps dancing. The music disappears. Tentative dances alone, humming the music. Rick enters.)*

TENTATIVE. *(Deliriously happy, to himself, as he dances.)* Oh, Princess Briar Rose! I could dance with you for the rest of my life!!!

RICK. What? You dance with the Princess! *(Tentative stops, sees Rick.)* Now THAT'S the funniest thing I've ever heard! Never! In a million years! You will never, ever dance with the Princess! *(Starts out.)* WHAT A LOSER!!!! *(Rick laughs crazily and leaves Tentative standing alone. Lights fade to black.)*

END OF ACT ONE

***THE PLAY IS NOT OVER!! TO FIND OUT HOW IT ENDS –
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