

# **FAIRY TALE RESCUE**

by Joel Trinidad

# FAIRY TALE RESCUE

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FAIRY TALE RESCUE

*For Finny*

## FAIRY TALE RESCUE

CAST: 11 actors + ensemble

NARRATOR	(M) just wants to do the right thing
AMBER	(F) practical and level-headed
ABIGAIL	(F) good-natured but a bit slow-witted
ARABELLA	(F) intelligent and pompous
BIG, BAD WOLF	(M) a mean, menacing bully
STAGE MANAGER	(M) grumpy, impatient, and clueless
RED RIDING HOOD	(F) overly enthusiastic, almost manic
SHEPHERD BOY	(M) anxious and highly strung
FAIRY GODMOTHER	(F) serene and a little oblivious
GUARD	(M or F) stoic and quietly imposing
TROLL	(M or F) a monstrous force of nature
ENSEMBLE	(M and F) flock of sheep, duck

*NOTE: The ensemble can be expanded to accommodate various cast sizes.*

TIME:  
Present day

PLACE:  
A magical fairy tale land inside a storybook

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*An enormous rectangular frame, which represents a page from a storybook, dominates one side of the stage, and beside it is a large tree. The music swells, and suddenly... nothing happens. We hear noises off.*

**NARRATOR.** *(Off.)* I just don't think it's right.

**STAGE MANAGER.** *(Off.)* Shut up!

**NARRATOR.** *(Off.)* Do they really have to die?

**STAGE MANAGER.** *(Off.)* Just get out there!

**NARRATOR.** *(Off.)* I can't do this anymore. I can't just stand by and let it happen! Someone has to take a stand! *(The STAGE MANAGER pushes the NARRATOR on stage. The latter carries a large, ornate storybook.)*

**STAGE MANAGER.** No funny stuff. *(He exits.)*

**NARRATOR.** Ahem. Okay. Welcome to our Big, Bad Wolf Special. We begin with the story of... The Three Little Pigs. *(He opens the storybook.)* The following story contains scenes of a violent nature and may offend some viewers who—

**STAGE MANAGER.** *(Off.)* Get on with it!

**NARRATOR.** Right. Okay. *(Beat.)* Once upon a time, there were three little pigs. Their names were Amber... *(AMBER enters the frame and strikes a pose.)* Abigail... *(ABIGAIL enters and poses beside Amber.)* and Arabella. *(ARABELLA enters and sees other two, who are both frozen. Puzzled, she waves her hand in front of their faces. When she gets no reaction, she looks out to the audience, then back to her sisters. She shrugs and decides to strike a pose of her own.)* One day, Amber decided to build a house.

**AMBER.** I've decided to build a house.

**ABIGAIL.** That's a great idea!

**ARABELLA.** That's a terrible idea.

**ABIGAIL.** That's a terrible idea! Why?

**AMBER.** Yeah, why?

**ARABELLA.** We'd be much better off staying in the barn.

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**ABIGAIL.** The barn?

**AMBER.** You *like* living in the barn?

**ARABELLA.** No, but in today's volatile real estate market...

**AMBER.** Here she goes again.

**ARABELLA.** Listen, as I've said many times before, you're better off renting a house than owning one. The market is very, very—

**AMBER.** Would you shut up about the market already? *(To Abigail.)* Ever since this little piggy went to market, she's been impossible.

**ARABELLA.** All I'm saying is that it makes more sense to rent than to own.

**AMBER.** Well, I want my own place. The barn is so... uncivilized.

**ABIGAIL.** She's right! It's so drafty. And there are bugs.

**ARABELLA.** What on earth are you complaining about? You *eat* bugs.

**ABIGAIL.** Oh, right.

**AMBER.** Look, I'm going to build a house, okay? And I'm going to build it out of straw.

**ARABELLA.** It just doesn't make sense to— *(Beat.)* Straw?

**AMBER.** Yeah.

**ARABELLA.** Straw.

**AMBER.** Straw! That way, if I get hungry, I can just nibble on a wall or two.

**ABIGAIL.** What a great idea! And I'm sure there'll be lots of bugs on the walls if they're made of straw.

**ARABELLA.** Amber, let me get this straight. You're going to build a house— a domicile, a residence, an abode— out of a bunch of flimsy, flaky, dried leaves?

**AMBER.** Yeah.

**ARABELLA.** *(Beat.)* This I've got to see. *(All three pigs exit.)*

**NARRATOR.** And so Amber the pig built her house out of straw. *(Amber reenters the frame with a large cutout of a house made of straw. She sets it down and gets behind it, so that she is visible through the house's window.)* Then one day, a wolf came along. *(As the WOLF enters, the Narrator closes the book. Abruptly, the Wolf and Amber freeze. The Narrator addresses the Stage Manager, who is still offstage.)* Look, this is what I'm talking about. The story unfolds as I read the words. If I know for

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a fact that, in this particular story, an innocent pig is going to be eaten by a wolf, and I can stop it, shouldn't I—

**STAGE MANAGER.** *(Off.)* Just read the story!

**NARRATOR.** If I keep reading, the pig dies!

**STAGE MANAGER.** *(Off.)* Listen, I'm warning you...

**NARRATOR.** It's a moral issue. Don't you see that I have to—

**STAGE MANAGER.** *(Off.)* Do you want to go back to narrating cookbooks? Do you?

**NARRATOR.** No.

**STAGE MANAGER.** *(Off.)* Well, get on with it!

**NARRATOR.** Right. Right. *(Beat.)* So... one day, a wolf came along. *(He opens the book and the Wolf and Amber unfreeze.)* The wolf came up to Amber's door and said...

**WOLF.** Little pig, little pig, let me come in!

**AMBER.** I don't think so. You're a wolf.

**WOLF.** Erm... No.

**AMBER.** If I let you in, you'll just eat me.

**WOLF.** No, I won't. Because I'm not a wolf. I'm... a puppy. Right, that's it. A nice, cuddly puppy. *(Unconvincingly.)* Arf arf. So, erm... little pig, little pig, let me come in!

**AMBER.** You think I'm stupid? You're not getting in here.

**WOLF.** Would you let me in already? My patience is wearing thin!

**AMBER.** Not by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin!

**WOLF.** Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in! *(The Wolf takes a deep breath and blows. The straw house explodes, and Amber is covered by the debris.)* Ha ha! *(The Narrator slams the book shut, causing the Wolf and Amber to freeze once again. The Narrator exits with the book.)*

**STAGE MANAGER.** *(Off.)* What are you doing here? Are you crazy? There's a story in progress! Get back out there!

**NARRATOR.** *(Off.)* Uhm... It's just that... What's that over there? Is that a bunch of rogue operatives?

**STAGE MANAGER.** *(Off.)* Where? *(We hear a loud thump, followed by a dull thud. The Narrator enters, the book still in hand. He gingerly opens it, talking directly into the pages.)*

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**NARRATOR.** Hello? (*The Wolf and Amber unfreeze— they’ve both heard him.*)

**WOLF.** Who’s there?

**AMBER.** Is someone out there? Help! Help! He’s going to eat me! (*The Narrator slams the book shut once again, causing the Wolf and Amber to freeze. The Narrator rushes over to the frame and tries to get Amber’s attention.*)

**NARRATOR.** Hey! Little pig! Miss Amber! Hey! Over here! (*Amber unfreezes and catches sight of the Narrator.*)

**AMBER.** What the...? What’s going on? (*The Narrator dramatically extends his hand toward Amber.*)

**NARRATOR.** Come with me if you want to live. (*Beat.*) I’ve always wanted to say that. (*Amber takes a last look at the immobilized Wolf and leaps out of the frame from under the debris, joining the Narrator on stage.*) That was close!

**AMBER.** Who are you?

**NARRATOR.** I’m your narrator. I tell fairy tales. Every day, I have to read these gruesome stories, letting ogres and dragons and trolls eat all sorts of adorable fairy tale creatures. I can’t take it anymore! You were about to get eaten by a wolf, and I couldn’t let that happen. So I closed the book and stopped reading, interrupting your story long enough for me to knock the Stage Manager out cold so that you could escape.

**AMBER.** (*Beat.*) I have a narrator?

**NARRATOR.** Look, there isn’t much time. You’ve got to get out of here before the Stage Manager wakes up and forces me to continue reading the story.

**AMBER.** What? But I can’t leave my sisters!

**NARRATOR.** Your sisters? Where are your...? (*He looks at the book.*)

**AMBER.** What?

**NARRATOR.** I need to keep reading.

**AMBER.** But if you start reading the story again, doesn’t that mean —

**NARRATOR.** I know, I know. But it’s our only chance. (*He opens the book once again. The Wolf unfreezes as the Narrator resumes reading.*)

And so the wolf blew the straw house down and grabbed the little pig.

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**WOLF.** I have you now, little pig! Ha ha ha! *(Beat.)* Where did she go? *(The Wolf looks around and takes a deep breath.)* Smoke-free for just six months, and I'm able to blow away an entire pig. Wow. *(He exits.)*

**AMBER.** He's gone! So where are my sisters?

**NARRATOR.** We'll find them. Here. *(Reading.)* Amber's sister Abigail built her house out of sticks. *(Abigail enters with a cutout of a house of sticks, standing behind it so she is visible through the window.)*

**AMBER.** There she is!

**ABIGAIL.** Bugs like sticks more than they like straw! Yummy! *(Through her window, we see Abigail happily eating insects plucked from the walls.)*

**NARRATOR.** Soon, the wolf came to Abigail's door. *(The Wolf enters.)*

**WOLF.** Little pig, little pig, let me come in!

**AMBER.** Abigail!

**NARRATOR.** Shhh!

**ABIGAIL.** Listen, I may eat bugs, but I'm not stupid. You're the Big, Bad Wolf.

**WOLF.** Yes. I mean, no! Of course not! Oh, all right. I am. *(Amber reaches over and abruptly closes the Narrator's book. The Wolf and Abigail freeze.)*

**NARRATOR.** What are you doing?

**AMBER.** We need to get her out of there now!

**NARRATOR.** Not yet! Let the wolf blow the house in first.

**AMBER.** What? Why?

**NARRATOR.** He has to believe he blew your sister away himself, or he may get suspicious!

**AMBER.** It's too dangerous!

**NARRATOR.** Trust me! I know what I'm doing. *(He opens the book. Suddenly, instead of the Wolf and Abigail, we see a DUCK.)*

**DUCK.** Why am I so ugly? *(The Narrator closes the book, embarrassed.)*

**NARRATOR.** Sorry. Wrong story. *(He finds the correct page. The Wolf and Abigail appear once again.)*

**WOLF.** Let me in, little pig! You know you can't win!

**ABIGAIL.** Not by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin!

**WOLF.** Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll eat your pigskin!

**AMBER.** Abigail!

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**WOLF.** What was that?

**ABIGAIL.** Amber?

**WOLF.** *(Helpfully.)* No, no. Wolf.

**AMBER.** Jump! *(The Wolf and Abigail dutifully hop in place. They look at each other and shrug.)*

**WOLF.** Whoever is out there, I'll deal with you later... *(He takes a deep breath just as Abigail spots Amber.)*

**AMBER.** Jump! *(As the Wolf blows the house down, Abigail leaps out of the frame to join Amber and the Narrator.)*

**ABIGAIL.** What's happening? Who's he? *(Amber and the Narrator shush her with fingers to their lips.)*

**WOLF.** Something's going on here. And I'm going to get to the bottom of it. *(He exits.)*

**ABIGAIL.** What's going on?

**AMBER.** We have to save Arabella! She's in danger!

**NARRATOR.** No, wait! Wait! *(He leafs through the book.)* It's all right. Your sister is safe. It says here, "Arabella, the third little pig, built her house with bricks."*(Arabella appears, carrying a cutout house made out of bricks.)*

**ABIGAIL.** There she is! *(Waving.)* Arabella! Arabella!

**AMBER.** Quiet! The wolf is still out there!

**ARABELLA.** Hello? Is someone there?

**NARRATOR.** It's okay! The story says that the house built by the third little pig is so strong, the wolf can't blow it down.

**AMBER.** Are you sure?

**ARABELLA.** Hello?

**ABIGAIL.** Wait a minute. We're in a story? Cool.

**ARABELLA.** Who's out there? You're making an awful lot of noise.

**NARRATOR.** Look, it's right here in the book. *(Reading.)* No matter how hard the wolf huffed and puffed, he couldn't blow the house in. *(The Wolf enters and starts huffing and puffing, but Arabella doesn't see him.)*

**ARABELLA.** Sir, I must say that all that heavy breathing is inappropriate and disgusting. Please go away! *(The Wolf gives up, but suddenly has an idea. He exits.)*

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**NARRATOR.** Whew! Okay, everything's fine now. Just get back into the story. You'll all be safe inside Arabella's brick house.

**ABIGAIL.** But the wolf...!

**ARABELLA.** I must say, you are all quite inconsiderate. All this mumbling and chattering while a pig is trying to relax.

**NARRATOR.** You'll be safe as long as you stay inside the house. The wolf can't blow it down!

**AMBER.** What? Are you sure?

**ARABELLA.** First the obscene house-blower, and now you chatterers.

**NARRATOR.** Positive. The story says that the wolf isn't able to destroy the house that the third little pig built.

**ARABELLA.** Hmph! That's the last time I rent a house in *this* neighborhood. (*A beat as Amber, Abigail, and the Narrator look at each other.*)

**NARRATOR.** Did she just say, "rent"?

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