

SCENE 1: POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM

(The stage is set like a police line-up. Three villains are in the line-up: the BIG BAD WOLF, GOLDILOCKS, and TROLL. There is an unnamed detective — who we refer to as ‘COP’ — and three uniformed CONSTABLES. JILL is viewing the police line-up and referring to her rather large fairy tale book.)

JILL

This is a fairy tale ending,
Where everything seems okay:
A lesson learned and life returned
To the way it was before.
When one door closes, another one opens,
And no one is sad anymore.
This is a fairy tale ending.

COP: Number one, step forward and state your name.

(The BIG BAD WOLF steps forward.)

WOLF: Harry James Furble.

COP: Harry Furble, a.k.a. ‘Wolf’, a.k.a. ‘Big Bad Wolf’, a.k.a. ‘Grandma’... Turn to your right.

(The BIG BAD WOLF turns to the right.)

COP: Step back.

(The BIG BAD WOLF steps back into the line-up.)

ALL

Something is wrong.
Something has changed.
Events have rearranged,
And happy ends have been exchanged
For tragedy.
Something’s amiss.
Something’s awry.
The magic well is dry,
And none can willingly supply
A remedy.

Rumpelstiltskin kidnaps babies,
Snow White choked on an apple core,
Little Red Riding Hood contracted rabies,
Cinderella was just too poor...

JILL

That's not a fairy tale ending.

COP: Number two, step forward and state your name.

(GOLDILOCKS steps forward.)

GOLDILOCKS: Gladys Locklere.

COP: Gladys Locklere, a.k.a. 'Goldy', a.k.a. 'Goldilocks'...

GOLDILOCKS: Obviously — that's, like, so much prettier.

COP: Turn to your right.

(GOLDILOCKS turns to the right.)

GOLDILOCKS: This is totally not my good side.

COP: Step back.

(GOLDILOCKS steps back into the line-up.)

ALL

Where do we go? What do we do?
Our tales have gone askew
And no one has a single clue of circumstance.
This is a raid. This is a bust.
There's someone I can't trust:
A crime like this is never just coincidence.
Pocahontas died of smallpox,
Hansel and Gretel made a really nice stew,
Sleeping Beauty is still in detox,
And the Golden Goose produces only pool!

JILL

That's not a fairy tale ending.

COP: Number three, step forward and state your name.

(TROLL steps forward.)

TROLL: Troll.

ALL: *(feeling sharp physical pain in reaction to the sight of the hideous TROLL)* Agh!

COP: Troll, a.k.a. 'Miss Troll', a.k.a. 'The Troll'...

TROLL: It's just 'Troll'!

ALL: Agh!

COP: Turn to your right!

TROLL: Fine.

(TROLL turns to the right.)

ALL: Agh!

COP: Try the left!

(TROLL turns to the left.)

JILL: Agh!

TROLL: What's wrong with the left?

ALL: Agh!

COP: *(clearly in pain)* Did you get it?

CONSTABLE #3: I think the lens shattered...

COP: Well, I won't forget that face, will you?

CONSTABLES: Never.

TROLL: I can hear you!

ALL: Agh!

(The TROLL steps back into the line-up.)

JILL

I hold the book within my hand
With changes I can't understand.
Where is all the happiness?
It should be full of joy, unless

JILL & JACK

It's not a fairy tale ending.

It's not a fairy tale ending.

CHORUS

Something is wrong.
Something has changed.
Events have rearranged,
And happy ends have been exchanged.
Something's amiss.
Something's awry.
The magic well is dry,
and none can willingly supply a remedy!

ALL

Rumpelstiltskin kidnaps babies,
Snow White choked on an apple core,
Little Red Riding Hood contracted rabies...

SOPRANOS

JILL & ALTOS

MEN

Once upon a time
there was a happy ending, [...]
there was a happy ending!

That's not a fairy tale ending,
[...]
not a fairy tale ending!

A fairy tale ending,
[...]
ending!

ALL

Where is our fairy tale ending?

(The COP blows a loud police whistle.)

COP: Everybody back in line!

(Everybody scrambles back to their "home position".)

COP: Much better. Now, miss—

JILL: Oh, you can call me Jill, officer!

COP: Of course I can, miss. I understand you were at the scene of the crime—

JILL: Oh no, I wasn't actually there. I read it!

COP: Fine, miss. I understand you 'read' the scene of the crime—

JILL: And then I imagined the whole thing, just like my Grandma taught me to do when I was too young to read.

COP: So essentially you were at the scene of the crime.

JILL: I guess you could say that... Oh, it was horrible. Just awful, officer! Those poor little pigs!

COP: We'll find the one responsible, don't you worry, miss. This whole business will be wrapped up in a neat little package of justice, gift-wrapped in a simple moral to help you understand the human condition.

JILL: Really?

COP: That's what we do here, miss...

JILL: Oh, that is so nice of you!

COP: Just doing my job. Number three, step forward and read the sentence on the back of your card.

TROLL: *(stepping forward)* Yes, ma'am.

ALL: *(in obvious physical pain)* Agh!

TROLL: What!?

COP: Just read!

TROLL: "Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

COP: Is that the one, miss?