



Steven Stack

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Big Dog Publishing
P.O. Box 1401
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To Pants

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The End of Ever After was originally performed by the acting students of WCATY in July of 2014 at the Overture Center in Madison, Wisconsin.

The Ravens

MYRA: Katherine Larson

EDGAR: Anna Cohen

SIMON: Max Luke

PETE: Jordan Jones

The Breakup

DYLAN: Fred Beaster

NESSA: Samantha Miller

The Golden Arm Returns... to Whom it Originally Belonged

JAMIE: Tia Vasen

SAL: Max Luke

LANE: Kaela Schudda

WOMAN: Katherine Larson

Home Insurance

WILL: Jordan Jones

RED: Samantha Miller

GRANDMA: Calvianna Taylor

HANS: Kaela Schudda

TODD: Max Luke

The End of Ever After

COLLECTION. The marvelously madcap characters in this collection of four short plays may have reached the end of their happily ever after! In "The Ravens," a melancholy girl is visited on a stormy night by three annoying ravens, who she hopes will never darken her doorstep again. In "The Break-Up," Dylan discovers his girlfriend is actually in love with his identical twin brother. In "The Golden Arm Returns...to Whom it Originally Belonged," a ghost helps Jamie and Sal find true love in a *spiritual* kind of way. And in "Home Insurance," a vegetarian wolf who sells home insurance meets Little Red Riding Hood in the forest and ends up at Grandma's house hoping to end his sales slump.

Performance Time: Approximately 45-60 minutes.

The Ravens

(1 M, 1 F, 2 flexible)

MYRA: Melancholy girl who is missing Lenore; wears pajamas and a robe; female.

EDGAR: Raven from Edgar Allan Poe's poem, "The Raven"; male.

SIMON/SIMONE: A raven who wears an ascot or scarf; flexible.

PETE/PETRA: Disheveled-looking raven that follows Edgar and Simon around; flexible.

The Breakup

(1 M, 1 F)

DYLAN: Wants to date Nessa; male.

NESSA: Has accidentally fallen in love with Dylan's identical twin brother; female.

The Golden Arm Returns... to Whom it Originally Belonged

(1 M, 2 F)

JAMIE: Ghost who doesn't know she's a ghost and has a crush on Sal; female.

SAL: Guy who has never had a girlfriend and is afraid of squirrels; male.

WOMAN: Ghost who had a passion for collecting golden limbs when she was alive; female.

Home Insurance

(2 M, 2 F, 2 flexible)

(With doubling: 2 M, 2 F, 1 flexible)

WILLIAM H. WOLF: Vegetarian wolf who sells home insurance; wears a wolf costume; male.

RED: Little Red Riding Hood; female.

BEATRICE BEAUMONT: Little Red Riding Hood's grandma; female.

HANS: A woodcutter; male.

TODD/TAMMY: Wolf from "Little Red Riding Hood"; wears a wolf costume; flexible.

IVAN/IVANA: Wolf from "Peter and the Wolf"; wears a wolf costume; flexible. Note: Ivan can be played by Todd, if desired.

Note: For flexible roles, please change the script accordingly.

Sets

The sets may be as simple or elaborate as your budget allows.

The Ravens: A room with a rocking chair, table, a desk chair, a window that opens, and a door.

The Breakup: A park, dusk. There is a park bench.

The Golden Arm Returns to the Woman...to Whom it Originally Belonged: A forest, nighttime.

Home Insurance: A forest and Grandma's house. There is a bench in the forest. Grandma's house has a rocking chair and a door, which is optional.

Props

The Ravens: Bag, stuffed manatee (or another stuffed animal)

The Golden Arm Returns to the Woman...to Whom it

Originally Belonged: Bag, squirrel mask, sandwich, golden arm, acorn

Home Insurance: Organic oatmeal bar, briefcase, piece of paper, extremely long list, knitting needles, yarn, nightgown, axe

Special Effects

The Ravens: Sound of a raging storm, tapping sound.

**The Golden Arm Returns to the Woman...to Whom it
Originally Belonged:** Nighttime forest sounds, rustling
sound.

“And may we never darken
your doorstep again.”

—Edgar

The Ravens

(AT RISE: A room, nighttime. Sound of a storm raging outside is heard. Myra is sleeping at her desk. She is wearing pajamas and a robe.)

MYRA: *(In her sleep.)* No, Lenore. You must stay. Please don't go. Don't leave me— *(A tapping is heard at the door. Stirs and looks around nervously. Tapping continues. Myra stands, unsure where the sound is coming from. Tapping grows louder. Myra turns toward the door. Laughs slightly.)*

“'Tis some visitor knocking at my chamber door—
Only this and nothing more.” *(Approaches door.)*

“Sir, or madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came
rapping,

And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber
door,

That I scarce was sure I heard you—” *(Tapping begins again.)*
Here, I shall open the door. *(Opens the door. There is nothing there.)* “Darkness there and nothing more.” *(Stares outside, pulling her robe tighter to her. Out of the silence, we hear the whisper “Lenore.” Turns but nothing is there.)* It must have been the wind. *(Tapping is heard. Myra turns toward the door but realizes that the tapping is coming from elsewhere. She turns toward the window.)*

“Surely, surely, that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see then, what thereat is, and this mystery
explore—”

(“Lenore” is whispered again and Myra freezes. Her breathing increases. Gathering her courage.)

“Let my heart be still in a moment and this mystery
explore—

(Crosses to the window and looks out. Nothing. Turns away.)

‘Tis the wind and nothing more.”

(Edgar, a raven, climbs through the window.)

EDGAR: I wouldn't say that.

(Myra turns and screams.)

MYRA: Who are you?!

EDGAR: I'm Edgar.

MYRA: Do I know you?

EDGAR: No, why would you know me? You've never seen me before, and I certainly have never been in your house.

MYRA: Why are you in my house now?

EDGAR: Because I climbed through your window. And, thank goodness, as the conditions outside are quite terrible.

(Sits.)

MYRA: Are you a vagrant?

(Edgar stares at her.)

EDGAR: "Vagrant"? I'm unfamiliar with that term, so I assume no is the correct answer.

MYRA: What are you, then?

EDGAR: A raven.

MYRA: Like the bird?

EDGAR: Not like the bird. I *am* the bird: a raven.

MYRA: You look nothing like a raven.

EDGAR: *(Matter of fact.)* You're right, I don't.

MYRA: Why do you trouble me on this night?

EDGAR: To get out of the rain and say...

(Pause.)

MYRA: And?

EDGAR: *(Annoyed.)* I'm not done yet. I was pausing for dramatic effect. *(Pause. Melodramatically.)* "Nevermore." I'm quoting, see, and now...I stare at you.

(Edgar stares at Myra. Pause.)

MYRA: How long is this going to go on?

EDGAR: The staring?

MYRA: All of it.

[END OF FREEVIEW]

“My ability to crochet
has always been a blessing,
but now it’s apparently
my greatest curse.”

—Dylan

The Break-Up

(AT RISE: A park, dusk. Dylan is kneeling in front of Nessa, holding her hands.)

DYLAN: Nessa, I want to make this official. Will you...date me?

(Nessa pulls away.)

NESSA: I'm sorry, Dylan. I can't.

(Dylan stands.)

DYLAN: What? Why not?

NESSA: There's a reason. *(Pause. Turns away.)* A reason I would rather not say.

DYLAN: Is the reason that you would rather not say because you would rather not say it...to me?

NESSA: Please, just leave it alone.

DYLAN: *(Forcefully.)* You said you loved me.

(Nessa turns back to Dylan.)

NESSA: And when I said that I loved you, I thought it was true. Until I realized it wasn't.

DYLAN: *(Hurt.)* Oh.

NESSA: *(Takes Dylan by the chin.)* Don't take it personally, Dylan.

DYLAN: I find it very hard not to take that personally.

NESSA: Maybe this will help. The reason that I don't love you is because my heart has belonged to someone else from the very beginning.

DYLAN: That makes it harder, actually.

NESSA: I suppose we just...view things differently.

(Dylan pulls away.)

DYLAN: Obviously. *(Dylan moves away from her.)* Who is it?

NESSA: *(Turns away.)* I...I can't tell you.

DYLAN: Why?

NESSA: Because it will destroy your family.

DYLAN: You had no problem destroying me, so why not my family as well?

(Nessa turns back to Dylan and then nods in agreement.)

NESSA: I'm in love with... *(Turns away.)* I can't.

DYLAN: Nessa, you owe me the truth.

(Nessa turns back.)

NESSA: You're right. I do. I'm in love with...your brother.

DYLAN: Sandra?

NESSA: That's your sister.

DYLAN: Baxter?

NESSA: That's your dog.

DYLAN: Grundala, then?

NESSA: That's...not a word.

DYLAN: I thought as much.

NESSA: I'm talking about Luke.

DYLAN: Luke? My identical twin and only brother?!

NESSA: Yes.

[END OF FREEVIEW]

“Do you know
how heavy that would be...
to walk around
with an arm of gold
attached to you?”

—Woman

The Golden Arm Returns to the Woman... to Whom it Originally Belonged

(AT RISE: A forest, nighttime. Nighttime forest sounds are heard. Sal enters, looking nervous and muttering to himself. He is holding a bag.)

SAL: This is a horrible plan. Should never have come out here. Nope. Nope. Nope. *(A rustling sound is heard. Turns and screams.)* Why can't you all leave me alone?! I said I don't have any acorns left! *(Wearing a squirrel mask, Jamie sneaks on and stands behind Sal. Sal turns, screams, and falls to the ground. Jamie takes off the mask and Sal sees that it's her.)* Jamie?

JAMIE: You can see me?

SAL: And hear you.

JAMIE: That's good. Lately, people have been acting like I'm not there. Glad you can.

SAL: Me, too. You really scared me...almost peed my pants... *(Looks off.)* ...again.

JAMIE: At some point, you need to get over this squirrel thing...and the peeing in your pants thing.

SAL: Well, I'm very fragile right now.

JAMIE: Right now?

SAL: That's my mask. Where did you get it? I have it locked away in a box—

JAMIE: Labeled, "My failed attempts to get over my squirrel thing." I reached right in and got it.

SAL: The box was locked. How did you—?

JAMIE: Because I'm magic. My hand can just pass right through stuff.

SAL: Magic? Since when?

JAMIE: Since a little while ago.

SAL: Oh. Wait, did you break into my house?

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JAMIE: I break into everyone's house. It's what I do. What are you doing out here without me anyway?

SAL: Why would I be out with you? We haven't really talked since you told me I was gross and that you would never date me, and then I found you—

JAMIE: I didn't say you were gross...just that the thought of dating you was—

SAL: Doesn't matter. The reason I'm out here is that I'm returning this. *(Pulls out a sandwich out of the bag.)*

JAMIE: My old sandwich?

(Sal looks at the sandwich.)

SAL: Ah, gross. I meant to...throw it away. I certainly wasn't...because I...

(Awkward moment.)

JAMIE: Here, let me take care of that for you. I haven't eaten in awhile. *(Hand passes through it.)* What the—?

SAL: Must be the magic.

JAMIE: Well, my magic sucks then. How can I hold some things but not others? Leave it in the bag until I figure it out. *(Sal takes the sandwich and puts it in the bag. Jamie looks him over.)* You look good, Sal.

SAL: Well, I'm not. This... *(Pulls out the golden arm.)* ...has been nothing but trouble. Why did you mail it back to me? I gave it to you because I didn't want the reminder of—

JAMIE: I felt guilty. And something happened.

SAL: What?

(Jamie moves away from Sal.)

JAMIE: Well, see, a couple of weeks ago, I was using the golden arm as a back scratcher—it was fantastic, by the way—and I started hearing someone asking about a golden

arm. *(In a ghostly voice.)* “Who has my golden arm?” Just kept repeating it, and I got annoyed. I don’t like people repeating things in a ghostly way. And...maybe I was a little scared. Well, since I was already mailing you a care package, I threw the golden arm in. Voice got louder, mailman came by, and I gave him the package. How did you like the pictures, by the way?

[END OF FREEVIEW]

“By the way,
even though I couldn’t blow
your brick house down,
it doesn’t mean
you don’t need
flood insurance!”

—William H. Wolf

Home Insurance

(AT RISE: A forest. William H. Wolf, a home insurance salesman, enters. He is carrying a briefcase and is eating a delicious, nutritious, organic, made-from-scratch-and-the-earth oatmeal meal bar. He is clearly upset and is talking to himself.)

WILL: *(To no one in particular, shouts.)* I was only demonstrating how your houses were susceptible to wind and why you need home insurance! Didn't mean to blow them down! Said I was sorry! But, no, because I'm a wolf, it had to be because I wanted to eat you. Gross! *(Takes another bite of his oatmeal bar. Looks back, yells.)* By the way, even though I couldn't blow your brick house down, it doesn't mean you don't need flood insurance! Geez! *(Sits on a bench, takes another bite of the bar, opens up his briefcase, and pulls out a piece of paper. Red Riding Hood enters and looks at him. To himself. Looking at paper.)* No sales in 12 months! Terrible! Rejection after rejection! Maybe I wasn't cut out for this business. Grandmother Gertrude was so good. Why, she even sold porridge insurance to those bears. How did she—? *(Will notices Red looking at him. To Red.)* What?

RED: I think you know what. You're supposed to be over here.

WILL: Do you own a home?

RED: No.

WILL: Then I'm not supposed to be over there.

RED: Get over here now.

WILL: Don't order me around, little girl. I've had a rough day.

RED: If you don't get over here now, it's only going to get rougher.

WILL: Now you're threatening me?

RED: Are you hungry?

WILL: She asked the wolf, who was clearly not hungry after finishing his delicious, nutritious, organic made-from-scratch and the earth oatmeal meal bar.

RED: I'm going to tell Grandma if you don't get over here now.

WILL: And?

RED: And she'll fix you.

WILL: Fix me? You mean my lack of sales? *(Crosses to Red.)*
Fantastic! What's her name?

RED: Grandma.

WILL: "Grandma" is not her real name.

RED: Yes, it is.

WILL: Highly doubtful.

RED: Why do I call her Grandma, then?

WILL: Because she's your grandma.

RED: Exactly.

(Will stares at her a moment.)

WILL: *(Unsure of what to say.)* Does anyone call her any other names?

RED: Of course, but I can't say those names because —

WILL: Just give me one name that you can say.

RED: Okay. "Red."

WILL: Your Grandmother's name is Red?

RED: No, mine is, but you knew that.

WILL: I didn't, but is there anyone who calls your grandmother a name that you can say?

RED: Well, sometimes my mother calls her Beatrice Beaumont, but I don't know why.

WILL: Perhaps, it's because that's her real name: Beatrice Beaumont. *(Pulls out an extremely long list and looks at it.)* I have her address right here. Maybe I'll pay her a visit.

RED: You better. And enjoy her nightgown.

WILL: Say what?

RED: No time. I'm off to Grandma's to deliver some goodies.
See you in a bit.

(Red exits. Will stands.)

WILL: *(To himself.)* I better get to this Beatrice Beaumont's house in a hurry. She might be the perfect candidate to end my sales slump. Now where's her—? *(Notices Grandma in her rocking chair, knitting.)* Oh, it's right there.

(Will approaches the "door" and knocks. Grandma crosses to the "door" and opens it.)

BEATRICE: Using the door. That's new.

WILL: I'm William H. Wolf and I would like to help—

BEATRICE: I know who you are. Why are you late?

WILL: *(Happily.)* Didn't know you were expecting me, but—

BEATRICE: Did you see my granddaughter?

WILL: Why, yes. She said she was coming to see you but went the other way.

BEATRICE: She is an idiot child. She'll be here eventually.

(Will crosses away from her.)

WILL: Do you know what will also be here eventually?
(Turns to her, dramatically.) Natural disasters! And I want you to know—

BEATRICE: Can we just get this over with?

WILL: Well, normally I start slowly.

BEATRICE: Fine. *(Puts her arm up to his face.)* Start with my arm.

(Will looks at her and then starts laughing.)

WILL: Oh, you misunderstand! I don't sell medical insurance.
I sell—

BEATRICE: Do you need salt and pepper?

(Confused, Will looks at her.)

WILL: *(Bewildered.)* I don't...know...how to answer that.

BEATRICE: Allspice, perhaps?

WILL: Why would I—? *(Realizes.)* Wait! You think I'm going to eat you?

BEATRICE: You *are* going to eat me!

WILL: No, I'm not. That's disgusting.

BEATRICE: *(Insulted.)* Disgusting?! Now I'm not good enough for you to eat?!

WILL: Well...well...of course...but I think you would be more interested in *feasting* on these fantastic rates.

[END OF FREEVIEW]