

Happily Ever After – Excerpt

by Peter Cavell

Storyteller 1: Once upon a time...

Storyteller 2: Once upon a time...

Storyteller 1: ...there lived a handsome, brave prince...

Storyteller 2: ...who was turned into a frog by an evil witch.

Storyteller 1: An evil, ugly, jealous witch.

Storyteller 2: A witch who *may* have been evil and ugly, but was completely justified in turning him into a frog, since he was so arrogant.

Storyteller 1: Anyway...

Storyteller 2: Anyway...

Storyteller 1: After turning him into a frog, the witch released him into the forest...

Storyteller 2: ...telling him that if she ever saw him again, she'd cook him, frying his legs up with salt, butter, and garlic.

Storyteller 1: So the prince hopped deeper into the forest, until he came to a clearing. And in the middle of the clearing was a beautiful pond.

Storyteller 2: And in the middle of the pond was...a ship full of bloodthirsty pirates!

Storyteller 1: (*exasperated*) That's not how it goes!

Storyteller 2: (*triumphant*) That's how it goes *now*!

Storyteller 1: Fine. But the pirates remembered that they had an appointment, and also that they were out of eyeliner and needed to buy more, so they left. And they didn't ever come back.

Storyteller 2: (*bored*) So the prince hopped to the pond. "My, what a nice pond," he said. "It's so...pond-y, with cat-tails and lily-pads and stuff."

Storyteller 1: And so the prince dove into the pond and swam to a lily-pad. He sat there with a heavy heart, wondering how he was ever going to regain his true form. For, even though he was a clever and resourceful fellow, his dilemma was pretty insurmountable.

Storyteller 2: Plus, he was only clever and resourceful in subjects like geography and algebra, and was completely hopeless with real-world issues.

Storyteller 1: As he sat there, in the depths of despair, he heard a splash.

Storyteller 2: (*animated*) It turned out to be a giant, killer octopus, swimming towards him hungrily.

Storyteller 1: No it wasn't!

Storyteller 2: It totally was.

Storyteller 1: Fine. It was. But at the last second, the giant, killer octopus decided to turn vegan, and swam off to eat organic kelp and free-range water-chestnuts. And then the prince heard another splash, and this time it wasn't anything threatening or dangerous.

Storyteller 2: (*deviously*) Or so he thought...

Storyteller 1: Or so he *knew*. It turned out to be a golden ball that someone had dropped into the water, and which was slowly sinking to the murky bottom of the pond.

...