

Please choose at least one scene to record. If you are recording multiple characters, pause between scenes.

All roles are open to any ethnic backgrounds and gender identities unless otherwise noticed. Please feel free to change pronouns as necessary.

Riding Hood

Teenage or younger. Must have a sassiest and attitude. African American preferred.

Ugh! Mom, I'm almost an adult now! And my Hood isn't even red! It's Black! So let's not call me Red anymore. They call me B, or just Riding Hood. It stands for Beautiful, Black, Brave, Bold, Brilliant! That's me!! That's us! *(With a side smile)* You really think it's safe for me to take Grandma Winifred's basket tonight, and the sun has already gone down? I literally have to walk from Stomp Town all the way to Shiloh, and you think that's safe? And you're sure this can't wait until tomorrow?

PRINCESS JANE

The embodiment of the Disney princess. Warm, kind, and very optimistic. Any race, female-presenting. Body type and/or traditional “princess looks” are unimportant.

Father, I know I must marry, but a ball with hundreds of people crowded together, dancing and drinking? If just one of them is sick then I could fall ill as well. We couldn't expect them to all wear masks just for me. BUT, what if instead of looking for a husband based on looks, power, and money we get a little crazy and find someone who is kind, intelligent, and cares about others? Still, I know it is a danger to my frail health to have a party. What if instead, we have a quest? That would show bravery and ingenuity, and those are very important qualities for a future leader of the kingdom.

RUFUS

A Boyish Prince, some sing/dancing, good at heart, 20s, any ethnicity

Knock knock! How'd you sleep? The tower can be cold. We may have a mold issue. I made some muffins with spelt! Spelt is delicious and it has riboflavin! (*Mildred looks at him.*) I found this great local organic mill and (*stops.*) Oh dear. I didn't even ask if you were gluten free. Let's go on a hike today or (*Sees BAG O'GOLD*) You did it! Again!! I'm so very sorry about this. (*Rufus talks to SACK O'GOLD*) Mildred is smart. She likes chemistry, math and books. Do you even know what a book is? (*SACK O'GOLD giggles and shakes her head.*)

CAPTAIN BALDRIK

A soldier who is crafty, funny, playful and wise. Ages 20-40, any ethnicity.

Every night, before I went to sleep. your oldest daughter would bring me a bold and strangely flavored glass of wine. *(Looking at her and smiling)* Thank you Fredrica for being so thoughtful. Merlot is my favorite. And each night, though I appreciated the kind gesture, I would pretend to drink it while letting it pour down my face into a secret sponge under my chin. I would hide it away under my bed! And as a result of not drinking this wine, I was wide awake and alert each night filled with energy and curiosity. Afterwards I would pretend to fall asleep. During this time of a few hours, your daughters were careful and quiet. They thought I was falling into a very deep slumber because each night they put sleeping powder into the wine.

HELGA

Speaks in a mysterious, other worldly style. 30s on up (or an ageless appearance), any race, any gender.

(Mystically) Ah, yes. It was foretold your wedding would soon be upon us. Just yesternite I was gazing at the stars and I saw it to be true. I was able to see that *(Sings)* THE MOON HIT ITS EYE LIKE A GREAT PIZZA PIE...AND THAT'S... "love." Love which will come for you, my darling girl. The curse is...well... now I have that Dean Martin song stuck in my head. At least it wasn't a thunderstorm.... Remember that summer when I couldn't stop humming "It's Raining Men" for a whole month. That was awful.

HELGA cackles, swoops towards the audience like a "classic cartoon witch" and then returns to where she was as if nothing happened.

Yes, um...just a little rheumatoid arthritis. Those were my exercises.

RONALD

Fast talking, pompous, interrupts himself. Adult, any race, male-presenting. Rambles frequently and interrupts.

Yes! Princess Jane! I wouldn't banish her or harm her in any way. You ask anyone and they'll tell you I'm not the kind of guy who banishes, but if I were I would banish like no one ever has before, and you know, banish, I've never even been accused of banishing, and if I had, and I happen to love Princess Joan! Everyone can tell you that since the first moment I saw June, I knew she was the gal for me! I remember seeing her from across the ballroom at a very important gala. I mean it was the bigly-est and even in the, why only the most powerful people were even invited to this...thing...so of course I was there... Everybody wants me at there, you know, and it's because I'm so great, they all say that I've done more for peasants than anyone else, even Lord Abraham of Lincolnshire would tell you that, and anyways, there she was, a vision in...the color of dress she was wearing, and I says to my pal who I can't name because he's so important and you would be really jealous if I told you, so I says to him, "Who is that great looking chick over there?" And he says to me, "That's Princess...um...Jennifer."

MELVIN

A Miller, a dreamer, a bit gruff, prone to exaggeration (male/female, 40s-50s)

Our Enchanted Forest is in such a mess! Between refusing to let Elves in from across the Thicket, to completely ending financial aid for those Poor Mysterious Crones, to that Wall of Briars that's going up...AGRHH. Why can't the Gnomes get it together and boot out those greedy, good-for-nothing Ogres! But, you know what gets me the most? What really irks me...? Nobody's Buying Local! Do you realize what a state my mill is in? Nobody's buying directly from me! Nobody wants my flour or my millet or my spelt or my barley or my buckwheat. Buckwheat is important! It's got iron! *(Pause)* And RI-BO-FLAVIN!! Great word! No. They're all buying refined enriched, bleached flour at the big Discount Cave-Mart just north of the Weeping Willow. Arrrggghh!

GRANDMOTHER WINIFRED

The oldest being in the forest. She cares for everyone, and everything that comes into her path. She is loved by the whole forest. Older African-American actress preferred.

One mysterious night, me and the girls were playing cards. I was on a roll! Winning big! Then all of a sudden my front door flew open. It was a Sorcerer! He wore a long black cape, I could hardly see his face. I had an eerie feeling about this character, but it didn't matter at the time because I was on a roll. The Sorcerer came into my cabin with the desire to play a card game with us. I was sure my hand would win, but unfortunately I lost! My punishment for losing was to sacrifice my daughter's babies. I begged and pleaded for him not to do that, so instead he cursed your mother, knowing that she was bearing not one but two children. He cursed your sister to become a wolf! You would be human. Not just a human, but a human with supernatural powers.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

Strange Creature, limber & flexible (any age/gender/ethnicity)

(Sneaking up and hissing) Hello, shweetie. Would you like some...*(Hissing)* help?

(Pause) For a price. *(Mildred responses "I can... tap dance for you!")* Tap dance. Indeed.

I'm not really a musical theater person. Except "Hamilton." So, unless you have
housesets for that show, I'm going to make my way to the next castle. There are crazy
briars growing all over it and rumor has it that some young damsel has fallen completely
asleep. I wonder how that could have happened *(Pretends to poke his finger on the
spinning wheel.)* Ouch. Sleep. Now!

NARRATOR

Snarky, quick-witted but prone to bursts of anger when it comes to injustice. Any age, any race, any gender.

(Reading) A long time ago in a galaxy far...sorry...typo...in a LAND far, far away...there lived a princess. The way this story was originally written, the princess didn't have a name. Most princesses in fairy tales don't have names. They were just a prize to be won by whichever handsome prince completed the pointless tasks that tumbled out of her wealthy, royal father's head. *(NARRATOR gets more annoyed as she continues.)* Did the princess in our tale collect antique pogo sticks? We don't know! She could have been a truly fascinating person who could yodel while playing rock operas on the accordion, but that wasn't important to the original story tellers. All we ever heard about princesses was they were "beautiful," and for some reason woodland animals helped them make their ball gowns...*(Beat)* and because of that every man for hundreds of miles wanted to marry one of those women. But we know the truth, don't we?!?