

Excerpt from...

**“PRINCE CHARMING’S COMPLAINT”
A Monologue
By Bruce Kane**

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WARNING No one shall make any changes to this play for the purpose of production. Publication of these plays does not imply its availability for production.

**“PRINCE CHARMING’S COMPLAINT”
By Bruce Kane**

PRINCE CHARMING – Handsome, dashing and little tightly wound.

SETTING: The office of Prince Charming's therapist represented by one comfortable chair.

PRODUCTION NOTES: Throughout this monologue, Prince Charming clutches a woman's high heeled shoe as he talks to an unseen therapist. From time to time he will pause to indicate he's listening to a question or a comment from the unseen therapist. These pauses are indicated in the script by the stage direction

(pause). His pauses must be long enough to indicate that he's listening to a real question or comment . Charming's responses must be made in such a way and tone, that it's clear from his response what the question or comment was. As he is agitated, he can, from time to time sit in the chair, get up and pace around, lean on the chair, circle it, etc. That's all up to the actor and the director.

LIGHTS UP

PRINCE CHARMING: *(agitated)* I can't do it anymore, Doc... I just can't do it. You don't know what it's like. The pressure... The expectations. That I'm the only one in the entire world who can make them happy. *(pause)* Women... Who else? Geez. How long have you been a shrink? You can't really do it... Make them happy. It's impossible. God knows, I've tried. *(pause)* Particular? In general? What difference does it make? I'm telling you Doc, there's no getting around it. They're all nuts. In the beginning I thought maybe it was just one or two... But, it's not. It's all of them. Pleasing them. That's what so impossible. Oh, it always starts out great. All rainbows and cotton candy. And then somewhere it all turns to... *(pause)* Specific? How specific do you want to get? *(pause)* One example? How about a dozen? How about a hundred? How about a thousand? *(pause)* Which one? *(pause)* Three. I'm a three time loser. Lock me up and throw away the key. *(pause)* The first one? Yeah, we could start there. Not that it makes any difference. Rapunzel. *(pause)* That was her name... Rapunzel. You don't meet many girls these days named Rapunzel. A lot of Brittanys and Taylors, but no Rapunzels. *(pause)* How did I meet her? She was locked in a tower. That's how I met her. *(pause)* That's what I said... A tower. She was a prisoner. *(pause)* No real crime that I could figure out. Near as I could tell her only crime was being incredibly beautiful. On a scale of one to ten, she was a seventeen. *(pause)* It was her stepmother. She was jealous of Rapunzel's beauty so she locked her up in a tower. *(pause)* That's what she told me, anyway. *(pause)* Nobody knew and if they did I guess they just didn't want to get involved. *(pause)* Me? I was just out riding one day and took a wrong turn. There was this tower. I'd never seen it before, so I decided to look around And I hear this voice calling for help. I look up and at the very top of the tower is this vision pleading

with me to free her. *(pause)* No, not right away. *(pause)* I didn't know what was going on. A girl is a prisoner in a tower. I don't know why or how. I told her I needed to know a lot more before I could do anything. I waited for an explanation. Then she did it. *(pause)* She let down her hair. *(pause)*. You had to be there. You gotta admit, Doc, that there is nothing sexier than a woman who, at just the right moment, gives her head a shake and unleashes cascades of long, flowing, incredible hair. And in Rapunzel's case, that happened in spades. She shook her head and that thick, gorgeous hair started cascading and it never stopped. All I could think about was how that hair was going to look spread out on a pillow. *(pause)* I couldn't leave her out there all alone, could I? *(pause)* I invited her back to the castle until we could sort everything out. No, not right away. She was a little reluctant... until I said... "castle." I told her who I was... eventually. It's not something you lead off with. *(pause)* React? After I told her I was Prince Charming? You mean after the "Oh, wow?" She mounted my white charger. *(pause)* White charger.... My horse... I ride a white charger. What do you think I meant? Anyway, I took her back to the castle. *(pause)* Let's just say she displayed her gratitude... In ways you can't even imagine. The girl had a real talent for gratitude expression. She was so happy to be free. She was like a kid in a candy store. It was a joy to watch. The smallest thing would make her light up like a Christmas tree. She kept telling me I was the answer to all her prayers. That I was the man she'd been waiting for all her life. And then one day.... it all went wrong. I did something I never should have done. *(pause)* What? I married her. *(pause)* The trouble? Not right away... Over time... I knew it was coming to an end when she did it... *(pause)* Cut her hair. *(pause)* A list of reasons. : "It's too long," she says. "It's not practical"... "It interferes with my back hand"... But I loved her hair. *(pause)* Of course I told her. . "Oh, I thought you cared about me"... "But no, you only care about my hair"... "My mother was right about you." Her mother was right about me??? Her mother??? The woman who locked her in a friggin' tower??? *(calms down a bit)* And then one day she's gone. *(pause)* Gone. Ran off with her tennis pro. She's out playing mixed doubles and me, I'm back to playing singles. *(pause)* How did it make me feel? How do you think it

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made me feel.? Like a loser. A great, big, fat loser. *(pause)* Number two? You really want me to go through this. Okay... Number two. Snow White. *(looks off in the distance in a sort of reverie)* Conjures up images of purity... freshness... innocence...*(comes back to earth)* If any woman was mis-named, it was my second wife.

(The monologue continues...)

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