"PRINCE CHARMING’S COMPLAINT”
By Bruce Kane

Copyright: Bruce Kane Productions 2015
All Rights Reserved
22448 Bessemer St.
Woodland Hills, CA 91367
PH: 818-999-5639
E-mail: bk@kaneprod.com

"Prince Charming's Complaint" is protected by copyright law and may not be performed without written permission from Bruce Kane Productions. To obtain permission go to www.kaneprod.com/contact.htm

IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS All producers of "Prince Charming’s Complaint" must give credit to Bruce Kane as sole Author of the Play in all programs distributed in connection with performance of the Play and in all instances in which the title of the Play appears for any purposes of advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the Play and/or production thereof, including posters, souvenir books, flyers, books and playbills. Bruce Kane must also appear immediately following the title of the Play and must appear in size of type not less then fifty percent of the size of type used for the title. The Owner's name must be equal to or larger than the Director's, but never smaller than that of the Director. The above billing must appear as follows: "Prince Charming’s Complaint" by Bruce Kane.

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 a real question or comment is being made. Charming’s responses must be made in such a way and tone, so it 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 anymore. 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 and the next thing I know she’s letting down her hair. (pause) I know, I know… But, 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 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 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. Believe me when I tell you that the last thing I wanted to do, after Rapunzel, was get involved in another relationship. (pause) How? Again, I was out riding… (pause) Yes, on my white charger. I guess I wasn’t paying attention and I made a wrong turn. So, I’m trying to find my way back when I ride pass this quarry. And right next to it is this little house. So I knocked on the door hoping someone could point me in the right direction. Get me back on the road. And the door opens and there she is. The most beautiful girl I’d ever seen… Anyway, I think I mumbled something about getting back to the road. She said if she knew she’d go herself. It seemed like an odd answer, so I asked what she meant. And she told me. Her wicked stepmother… (pause) Yes, I know…the wicked stepmother… She said she had abandoned her in the woods. She said the woman was… jealous of her beauty… Yes, we’ve heard this song before… You want to hear the rest? (pause) She said these seven miners found her wandering in the woods, took pity on her and gave her place to live and be safe. All she had to do was cook for them and do some cleaning up. It wasn’t exactly how she wanted to live her life. I told her I couldn’t blame her. We talked a little more. She told me her name. (pause) Yes, I told her mine…You mean after the “Oh, wow?” She asked if I could take her with me. (pause) Just like that. And I did… Just like that. (pause) You mean after the stepmother story and being jealous of her beauty? (pause) Why? Because on a scale of one to ten… That’s right, she was a seventeen. (pause) When we got back she kept telling me how’d she waited all of her life for me. That I was the only man in the world for her. That we could always live happily after. And then I said it. I couldn’t help myself. It just came out. Will you marry me? And I did and it was déjá vu all over again. As each day went by she got more and more closed off. We stopped talking. When we did talk she said everything was my fault. I didn’t make her happy. I wasn’t who she thought I was. And then one day she’s gone. Just like that… gone. (pause) Where? Where else? Right back where I found her. Shacked with one of the miners. A
guy called Happy. It seems that before Snow showed up Happy was just called Phil. (pause) You really want me to keep going? (pause) Okay, but it doesn’t get any better… Number three. (pause) No, I wasn’t out riding my white charger… I was out and about doing good deeds. It’s part of the job of being a prince. Doing good deeds. Whether you want to or not. Anyway when I met my last wife and I do mean “last” wife… she was in a coma. If I knew then what I know now… I would have… (pause) Yes, I said coma. You heard right. The doctors told me she had a sleeping disorder. But, they didn’t know what caused it. And the remarkable thing was she’d been this way for years but hadn’t aged a day. Not one single day. (pause) Of course, she came out of the coma. I may be screwed up, Doc, but I’m not that screwed up. Just out of some sense of compassion, I kissed her on the forehead. I felt sorry for her. A comforting kiss. And her eyes just popped open. Just like that. I kissed her on the forehead and the next thing she’s wide awake, staring into my eyes. Looking up at me. Smiling. (pause) How did that make me feel? C’mon, Doc, it wasn’t the first time a girl smiled at me after waking her with a kiss. One of the doctors told her who I was. (pause) You mean, after the “Oh, wow?” She asked me to kiss her again. But this time not on the forehead. (pause) I asked her if she had any memory of how she wound up there? She told me… (pause) You got it… Yeah, yeah, yeah… Wicked stepmother… Jealous of her beauty… The whole nine yards. Only this stepmother used a spell. (pause) That’s what she said… A spell. Yes, yes… I took her back to the castle… She had no other place to go. She couldn’t stay in the hospital. And she was so grateful. She couldn’t stop thanking me. For weeks that’s all she did was thank me and in ways I’d never been thanked before. (pause) Hold on, I’m getting to that. One day, she looks at me with those big blue eyes and tells me it was no accident that it was my kiss that woke her. That we were destined to be together. That we would…(pause) Right… live happily ever after: (pause) I suppose… She could’ve been telling me what I wanted to hear. But, from where I was sitting, there was no way that face… and that body… could possibly tell a lie. (pause) You’re catching on Doc. Yes, I married her and it was all downhill from the “I do’s.” I was the biggest disappointment in her life. I
wasn't what she imagined me to be. I didn't live up to her expectations, whatever
the hell they were. So, that's it Doc... That's my story. So, what I do? Join a
monastery? Become a monk? (pause) What theme? Since when is falling in love
with a beautiful women a neuroses? I'm fine... They're nuts. (pause) Rescue?
Somebody needed to rescue them. (pause) Why me? I was there, that's why.
(pause) Sure I've dated other women. (pause) Obviously I didn't marry them.
(pause) Any of them a princess? You mean someone from my own circle. A few.
But even those that weren't actually princesses... were princesses. (pause) Wait,
wait, wait... You're saying I'm only attracted to women who need to be
rescued?. Am I getting that right? (pause) Why would I do that? (pause) An ego
boost? I'm Prince Charming. The last thing that needs boosting is my
ego.(pause) Rescuing women just so they'll fall in love me is definitely not my
thing... Women fall in love with me all the time. (pause) Okay, so I only married
the ones I helped out of a bad situation. I don't see what that has to do with
anything. I'm sorry Doc. I'm just not buying this... What did you call it? The
Knight In Shining Armor syndrome. Guys who are only attracted to women they
can save so can turn them into grateful little drones. That's not me... That's
definitely not me. For those other guys it's a mirage... The Knight In Shining
Armor. But, it's my reality Doc. I really am a knight in shining armor and I've got
the shining armor to prove it.. I appreciate your time Doc. I really do... But my
situation is different... Completely and totally different. I'm not the one who walks
out. I'm not the one with the unrealistic expectations. I'm sorry I wasted your
time. (starts to leave then turns back) What's that? (pause) This shoe? (holds it
up) Oh, it's nothing. We had this fancy dress ball at the palace the other night. I
don't know if you've ever been to one... (pause) Consider yourself lucky... Talk
about a total snooze... (pause) The shoe? Well, I was dancing with this girl...
Beautiful... Sweet... (pause) Yeah, yeah. You got it. A seventeen. It's going
really good and then for no reason I could figure out, the clock hits midnight and
she turns and bolts like a bat out of hell. She was running so fast she ran right
out of her shoe. It was really strange the way she took off. I got kind of worried
about her. Wondering if she was in trouble or something? Anyway, I thought
when I left here, I’d try to find her. You know, if the shoe fits and all that.
Well…uh…thanks again, Doc.
(Exits)

THE END