

FAIRYTALE

Script

NARRATOR Once upon a time in a land far away
Lived a queen who worried until she turned grey
She worked and worked, all day and night
With no space to herself or time to eat right

This queen, she had a terrible habit
Her bountiful hair, with her hand she would grab it
Pull it out from the root by the strand
And eat it up like some ham that was canned

Her daughter, the princess, would beg her to stop
But habits are habits and stop she could not
She yanked and she chewed through functions and meetings
And people ignored it, proceeding with proceedings

COWBOY The price of grain is too damn high!

FARMER Your majesty, he doesn't understand - because of the drought my harvest
only yielded half of what I expected. I can't afford to lower my prices!

COWBOY Well I can't afford to feed my cattle!

FARMER Then just slaughter them! That's what you're raising them for anyways!

COWBOY How abouts I slaughter you?

ADVISOR Gentlemen! Gentlemen! This is no way to behave. I'm sure we can find a
consensus. Your majesty, you seem exhausted, perhaps you should retire to
your chambers and I'll wrap up this little disagreement.

QUEEN No, thank you, that won't be necessary. The farmers will lower their prices
and the crown will temporarily supplement their income.

FARMER Very fair, your majesty

COWBOY Thank you, ma'am

(they leave)

ADVISOR Are you sure about this, your majesty? If the crown pays these farm people it leaves less money to defend our kingdom from a potential attack by our southern neighbors

QUEEN Thank you for your guidance but if war does come I don't believe our strongest defense is an army of the emaciated

NARRATOR That night, the queen thought on troubles galore
Like water for crops and funds for the war
As she worried on worries her hairs she pulled out
And ate up each one with her sweet little snout

Till she pulled on one hair and it just wouldn't come
She yanked it again but it wouldn't succumb
So she grabbed with both hands, and held on tight
And pulled that darn hair with all of her might

Slowly but surely, it started to yield
Then out it popped, and all was revealed
Swinging from under her finger and thumb
Was an infant head, without tum or bum

(Head screams)

QUEEN Oh my! What is it sweet head?

HEAD HUNGRY!

NARRATOR The queen rang the kitchen and made her request
Fill a bottle with milk, bring only the best
Fill it they did, in his mouth it was popped
He swallowed it whole but his screams did not stop

HEAD HUNGRY!

QUEEN Oh dear! More milk?

HEAD BREAD!

NARRATOR The queen rang the kitchen and made her request
A loaf of fresh bread, bring only the best
Bake it they did, in his mouth it was popped
He swallowed it whole but his screams did not stop

HEAD HUNGRY!

NARRATOR So
 The queen rang the kitchen and made her request
 All bread in the castle, the best and the rest
 Bring it they did and fed him each piece
 He swallowed them all but his screams did not cease

HEAD HUNGRY!

NARRATOR The breadless queen felt compelled to obey
 She drafted an order on that very day
 “every loaf, every bun, every naan in the country”
 “Must be brought to the court of the queen, for he’s hungry”

PRINCESS Mom, what is this?

QUEEN He’s hungry

PRINCESS What is that thing?

QUEEN He came from my head. He must be fed.

PRINCESS Mom, people are going to starve

QUEEN He’s hungry. He must be fed.

PRINCESS You’re acting crazy

QUEEN (pushing princess out door) HE MUST FEED

(outside door, advisor is waiting)

ADVISOR I’m worried for your mother. It seems that the queen is unwell. Perhaps, while she recovers, I should take a stronger leadership role...

PRINCESS She’ll be fine

NARRATOR The order was carried out
 Farmers were left without
 The bread was delivered
 and the citizens withered

The baby alone had much to eat

And as it ate it did not excrete
It only grew in width and height
Till floorboards creaked and skin pulled tight

When the last loaf of bread was nothing but crumbs
His lips he licked and gazed down on his mum
The queen was relieved and started to smile
But then he did scream in a voice most vile

(head screams)

QUEEN Sweet head that was all the bread in the kingdom! What can I give you now?

HEAD SPACE!

QUEEN Oh of course! You poor thing, cramped in here!

NARRATOR The head was brought by the queen's royal guard
Down four flights of stairs and across the courtyard
To the castle's main room, the greatest great hall
Where they held all their luncheons, functions, and balls

QUEEN Is that better, sweet head?

HEAD (looks around for a moment, then screams) MORE SPACE!

NARRATOR The queen, dead eyed, felt compelled to comply
No option but one, though she couldn't say why
"I declare war!" she shouted on high
If any opposed she swore they would die

PRINCESS What is this? Why are we going to war?

QUEEN He needs more space. The kingdom to the south has the biggest castle in the world. He'll be much more comfortable there

PRINCESS Mom, I'm worried about you. You're not acting like yourself

QUEEN There's nothing to worry about. I know what I want. I know what to do.

PRINCESS We can't go to war for this THING! People are going to die!

QUEEN He's not a thing! He's my sweet sweet head!

PRINCESS He's a monster! (Goes to attack)

QUEEN (blocks her way) Get out! Get out! He needs space!

(Princess exits. Advisor intercepts in hallway)

ADVISOR Come now, princess, you must admit the queen is unwell. It's time for someone else to take the reins. I already have the support of the court. It would be so much easier if you just accepted the obvious and convinced the queen to resign.

DAUGHTER I'm handling it.

NARRATOR The princess was desperate, she needed some help
She jumped on a horse and took off with a yelp
To a slum of a slum filled with liquor and vice
Under a sign reading "spells 4 a price"

WITCH What do you want?

PRINCESS I'm looking for the witch

WITCH Which witch?

PRINCESS Whichever one can help me

WITCH With what?

PRINCESS My mom

WITCH Honey, we've all got mommy issues - my father traded my mother for a preserved corpse at an underground mummies for mommys market swap. Didn't see me complaining - my new mummy was arguably more maternal, though the PTA wasn't a huge fa-

PRINCESS I need to stop a war

WITCH Alright alright - come on in - drama queen

NARRATOR So she told her the story of the head that appeared
And the witch listened keenly while stroking her beard

WITCH Okay big baby pops out of a head - let's see what I've got here (rifling through spell book) Ah! Here we go!

When a creature that's one is split into two
Combine over time is what you must do
Consume the addition till he is no more
But be sure to eat slowly or all ends in gore

NARRATOR She rushed back to the castle and then at nightfall
She slipped out of bed and snuck to the hall
Creeping silently up to the head where he laid
She reached into her shawl and pulled out a blade

The knife was so sharp, a shoe it could cut
For a moment she paused, checked in with her gut
Then she stabbed in his flesh and sliced off a cheek
And the head woke up with a thunderous shriek

But she was unshaken - the cut, it was clean
She snuck out back where she wouldn't be seen
The next day down to the kitchen she went
To fry up the baby, ignoring its scent

She served it to her mother with a side of hash brown
The queen took a bite and swallowed it down
She gasped, her mind clear, she was finally freed
From the intoxicating lure of the head's great greed

Her thoughts were hers and her actions were too
She got to her feet, she knew what to do
The head called out but she ignored its roar
As she ran to the court to call off the war

ADVISOR I'd like to thank you all for your support of my leadership-

QUEEN That won't be necessary.

NARRATOR The head was sent out of sight out of mind
And so peace returned to the castle in time
But still each day, till the queen's very last
She ate a slice of strange meat with her breakfast

The queen found a balance she hadn't before
'tween her needs and others, that old tug of war
Doing a little for herself was really just fine
As long as she kept the needs of others in mind

But discord was brewing throughout the land
The people rose up and she was shit-canned
They took over the court, they filled it with laughter
And they all lived happily ever after