

Castle Falderal by Nina Kaye

Won first prize in the Sterling Studio Play Contest. Unproduced.

Nina_bea@hotmail.com

Toronto, Canada

SYNOPSIS: This short family friendly farcical comedy that uses direct address to mix the magic of fairy tales with a modern aesthetic. Tiffany, a bubbleheaded Princess, awaits her true love Prince Sean. Tiffany's magical babysitter, the good witch Robin, together with the Prince's valet, Pete, help to create and then untangle a case of mistaken identity ultimately uniting the two destined young lovers.

Characters:

Tiffany- an energetic, romantic, opinionated, and unlikely princess.

Sean - a handsome, pragmatic, and self-assured prince, pretending to be his valet Pete.

Robin - A witch, Tiffany's rather sarcastic babysitter.

Pete - A romantic dreamer, a messenger, pretending to be Prince Sean.

Setting: Robin's room in Castle Falderal

In Robin's room in Castle Falderal, Robin sits on the lip of the stage and staring unblinkingly at the audience. A beat. Tiffany dances in excited.

Tiffany

Robin! Robin! You're not gonna believe this! *(Robin looks at Tiffany, then expresses exasperation.)*

Robin

Tiff! How many times have I told you to knock? I was in the middle of a staring contest! *(To audience.)* Quit starin' at me - you won already!

Tiffany

(Mystified) Who are you talking to?

Robin

It's magical stuff. Nothing you would understand.

Tiffany

Ok, then! *(Squeals)* You'll never believe it!

Robin

What, Princess Tiffany, is so unbelievable that I, a witch with years of training in the arcane, bizarre, and supernatural, will refuse to believe it?

Tiffany

(Shrieks and dances around) He's coming! He's coming! I can't believe he's coming!

Robin

(Amidst the furor, calmly) Oh, is he?

Tiffany

(Pouty) Yes, he finally is! And you could be more excited!

Robin

I could, if you told me who he is.

Tiffany

He is Sean! My beloved, my prince, my knight in shining armor! Sean is the most magnificent boy in all the land, tall, dark, handsome with a gentle curl to his hair and a glow to his cheeks. Sean is...

Robin

Tiffany, please. Can you lower the volume a bit? Or do I have to mute you again?

Tiffany

What! Don't you dare! I'm a princess. I can have you charged with treason!

Besides, I can't help it if I get excited talking about Sean! Oh! Prince Sean approaches at long last! The moment I've dreamed of for so long is now almost a reality - I will finally meet the love of my life! From the tip of his toes to the top of his head he is the image of the perfect man.

(Tiffany wanders dreamily around the stage, rhapsodising. Note this section may be improvised. This text is only a suggestion of Tiffany's ranting.)

Tiffany *(Continues)*

(At some point during this speech, Robin cuts in and speaks over Tiffany.)

His long stride carries him over mountains, a single bound can launch into orbit around the sun, the moon, the stars! He can bench press like a THOUSAND POUNDS!

Sean can ford any stream, climb any mountain, run any distance. He's a dreamboat, a sex panther, a dark-eyed god, a fever dream, a fat wallet, a stunner in black and white spats. His hair has just the right amount of curl to it - not so much that it goes frizzy in the summer, but just enough to give it luscious waves.

His lips are two plump cushions begging to be kissed. His eyes sparkle like the diamonds he wears around his neck, in his ears, and around each wrist. His eyelashes are dark and curled, and are twice as long as two footballs fields! His abs are stronger than adamantine, and his butt cheeks are like two eggs in a wee little basket. Too cute for words!

And yet words are all I have to express the utter grace of his walk, the beauty of his visage, the sweetness of his voice, the softness of his skin, the twinkle in his eye, the slenderness of his

thighs, the romance of his sighs. Oh, he is too divine to be human! He must be a god, or at least a demi-god. *(Adlib more, if needed)*

Robin

(Cuts in, talks over Tiffany's speech. To audience) Oooh! I can't hear myself think over this racket! That's it, I'm going to put her on mute. *(She holds up her magic wand)*

You'll have to help me, I can't concentrate with this noise. Don't worry, it's easy! You just look at Tiffany and count down from ten - out loud. Ready? TEN! Come on, you all have to do it! - NINE - EIGHT - SEVEN That's right! - SIX - FIVE - FOUR - THREE - TWO - ONE!

(As the counting progresses, Tiffany gets quieter. She just continues babbling inaudibly, unaware that she has been muted.)

Robin

(To audience) Great, thank you. I can hear myself think. Let me welcome you to Castle Falderal in the Grassy Green. We are a simple kingdom, with old customs, and as you see, a trace of magic. *(Gestures at Tiffany)*

This sweet bubblehead is the young Princess Tiffany, engaged at birth to Prince Sean, of the neighbouring kingdom Landsaway. Don't think she's much of a princess? Well, neither does her father King Maximillian, who hired me on as a magically enhanced babysitter.

You see, I'm a witch. The good kind, of course! Although I like to keep that on the down low. Never hurts to have a reputation as a badass! And it keeps the kid in line. Poor Princess. You know, with this Sean thing...

See, she kept moping about how she wanted to marry for love, and how arranged marriages were passé, and did I think she deserved a life of endless suffering, yada yada, the whole bit. I felt bad, really I did, but there's nothing I can do! To go against the Kings decree is treason, and I've always been rather attached to my head. Or it's attached to me...

Anyway, I wanted to make her feel better, so I told her...just... a little white lie. I said I'd heard of a prophecy that she and Sean were destined to fall in love and live happily ever after.

Don't look at me like that - who knows? It could be true! The kid's already gaga for him. I just hope her bubble doesn't burst when they meet for the first time...

(Tiffany runs out of breath and stops her litany. She makes a "Tada!" gesture at the finale of her speech. She looks to Robin, waving her hand to encourage her friend to chime in. Robin, not hearing her, doesn't turn.)

Tiffany

(Mouths silently) Right? Right? Say something Robin! Robin! ... Why won't you look at me!

(Tiffany waves her hands in front of Robin's face, and/or dances around her, unhappily boisterous.)

Robin

(Looks at Tiffany. Speaks to audience.) There we go. She figured it out. She HATES being muted!

Tiffany

(Mouths silently) Did you MUTE me? I can't believe it! I can't believe it! *(Tiffany starts tearing about the stage, stomping her feet, waving her arms, etc.)*

Tiffany

(Mouths silently) Gimme my voice back! I want my voice back! *(Actor adlibs, silently)*

Robin

(Simultaneously) Unbelievable. Calm down, Tiff! *(To audience.)* Ok, we better count her back in. from one to ten, now! ONE - louder, louder, people! TWO! *(Uses hand gestures to encourage the audience to speak up)* THREE - FOUR - FIVE - SIX - SEVEN - EIGHT - NINE - TEN! *(As the counting progress, Tiffany's voice comes in louder and louder.)*

Tiffany

You better be counting me in, lady. You're so mean to me all the time! I hate being muted! I don't know if I should even talk to you anymore. *(Huffs and crosses her arms)*...But on principle I think I have to keep talking. In fact, I think I'll never stop! That's right! This lady will NOT be silenced! Do you hear me? I said DO YOU HEAR ME!?

Robin

Tiffany, please stop shouting. That's why I muted you in the first place. *(Tiffany glares at Robin.)*

Tiffany

You're lucky I don't charge you with treason and get my daddy to chop your head off! But I have much more important things to worry about, like... Robin! What am I going to WEAR!?
(Tiffany starts frantically throwing clothes about the stage)

Robin

Tiffany...Sweetheart...You look beautiful! Don't worry - Prince Sean's in love with you, not your dresses.

Tiffany

You're right, of course! Why am I nervous? We're destined! There's nothing to worry about. As soon as Sean shows up, that's it! I'll be happy forever.

Robin

Well...No one is happy ALL the time...Even when their love is the fulfillment of destiny.

Tiffany

Nonsense! I will marry him. I will be happy. I love him with all my heart. And no way would my heart steer me wrong. And you are just jealous because I'm engaged to the most loveliest, handsomest, strongest, sexiest - *(Tiffany is interrupted by a knock at the door.)*

Oh fiddle-dee-dee, that's him at the door! Be still my heart, as you meet your amor!

(Tiffany assumes a pose. Robin looks towards the door in anticipation. The door creaks open slowly. Sean enters. Tiffany and Sean stare at each other, dumbstruck. It is love at first sight.)

Tiffany

Oh my love, you are here at long last!

Sean

O.M.G., my heart's beating so fast!

Tiffany

How long have I waited for your sweet kiss!

Sean

To kiss you, dear maid, would surely be bliss... *(Tiffany and Sean move closer. They take hands.)*

Tiffany

I pictured you time and again in my head,
Dreaming such dreams of the man I would wed
But now I have seen you, and felt you, and heard
Your gentle voice utter a loving word
And I know the visions I always saw
Were nothing, for you leave me deeply in awe.

Robin

(To audience) Meh. He's ok. Too much hype.

Sean

Sweetness, I never dreamed to take a wife,
But I could not live without you in my life.
Your smile is the sunshine that warms my heart,
And I could not live if we were to part.

Robin

(To audience) Gag me with a spoon. They really are perfect for each other.

Sean

Would you honour me by taking my hand?

Tiffany

Of course, darling! This is just what I planned!

Sean

It is? Does that mean you will be my bride?

Tiffany

Yes, oh yes, I will marry you with pride! *(Tiffany and Sean kiss.)*

Robin

(To audience) Gross.

Tiffany

Oh, Sean! I'm the happiest girl in the world! *(Sean looks stricken.)*

Sean

Sean? I'm not Sean!

Tiffany

What?!

Robin

(To audience) Oh, snap!

Tiffany

Who ARE you!?

Sean

My name is Pete. I'm Prince Sean's valet.

Tiffany

(Outraged) You're a valet!?

Sean

(Getting miffed) Well, yes I am - and proud of it! It's a very respected position at court.

Tiffany

But what are you doing HERE?

Sean

... I was looking for the loo.

(Tiffany is suddenly on the verge of tears. She looks to Robin for support.)

Tiffany

(Wails) Oh, Robin...The loo! My true love was looking for the loo!!!

Robin

(Patting Tiffany) There, there, dear.

Sean

(Rather overwhelmed) Oh now, please don't cry! I may not be the prince, but I have a steady job with benefits! And I'm still the man you love and want to marry! *(Tiffany cries harder.)*
Now honey...sweetie...sugar... Oh gracious, what is your name?

Robin

It's Tiffany.

Sean

Oh, ok. Thanks. Tiffany, - Wait, Tiffany? As in PRINCESS Tiffany? The engaged to marry Prince Sean Princess Tiffany? *(Tiffany nods and stops crying.)*

Tiffany

Uh-huh.

Sean

(Sean is stunned.) Oh snap!

(A trumpet is heard.)

Offstage voice

Announcing the arrival of his royal highness Prince Sean!

Tiffany, Sean, Robin

Oh snap!

(Pete enters, looking regal. Beat.)

Pete

Well, Flunky? Will you not announce me? Oh, never mind, I will announce myself.

Greetings, Denizens of Castle Falderal on the Grassy Green! May your eyes rejoice, may your ears celebrate, may your hearts lift, may your livers break out the maracas, for you now have the honour of looking upon no other than Prince Sean, himself.

Are you about to swoon? Wow! This is amazing!

I'm just so touched by this reception - you know, as first in line to the throne of Landsaway, the son of King Waddlesbrooke and Queen Marmalade, I am widely known as a slayer of dragons, a wooer of maidens, a singer of ballads, an expert swordsman, a finder of lost keys, a lover of animals, a competitive player of table hockey, a champion spelunker and a keen ball room dancer.

My sensitivity, my strong feeling, these are lesser known. But know, commoners, that today you have truly touched my heart! You love me! You really love me!

I have arrived at long last, travelling from far distant Landsaway in search of my bride to be, the beautiful Tiffany. I travelled without rest while thoughts of her swam through my mind,

intoxicating as wine.

We have yet to meet, but as soon as I beheld her portrait I was sure she was desperately in love with me. I have that effect on women. Sometimes on men. Frequently on dogs. Occasionally with horses... But never once a cat. Not one single time. Fickle creatures.

But alas, the royal bladder desires me to cut short this eloquent address. Can anyone tell me where I might find the loo?

Tiffany

(Wails) Whaaa! Robin, the loo! What am I going to do?!!

Pete

Ah! Pete, my loyal valet. How have you fared in the noble quest I sent you on to locate the facilities?

Sean

Well, Sire, I had just stopped to ask for directions from these lovely ladies...

Pete

Lovely indeed...*(He smiles at Robin)* I would beg an introduction immediately if urgent state matters did not press on me exceedingly at the moment. May I ask the whereabouts of your toilet - polite euphemism?

Robin

The head's right through there. *(Points offstage.)*

Pete

Thank you, fair maiden! Ladies, adieu...for now. *(He smiles winningly.)* Pete! Discover me some Royal Toilet Paper!

Sean

I hearken to your every call, Sire. *(Pete exits)*

Robin

Ew...Remind me never to become a valet.

Sean

Fear not Tiffany, love will win the day!
Our love will last until the stars turn cold.

Tiffany

Oh Pete, I pray that we will find a way!
I want you beside me as I grow old.

Robin

(To audience) Just checking, you didn't make me invisible, did you? No? They're just rude?
Right. Got that.

Sean

Our love shall overcome the greatest strife
That we may live in happiness for aye *[STAGE NOTE - AYE RHYMES WITH DAY]*

Tiffany

And sweet Pete I will be your tender wife
Who keeps your heart forever and a day.

Sean

I promise Tiff that if in me you trust
With my strong arm I'll vanquish foes on high.

Tiffany

You'll save us using any means you must
So we may be together you and I.

Sean

I'd be so happy if you would kiss me... *(Sean and Tiffany lean in to kiss)*

Pete

(from offstage)

Pete!!!

Sean

But sadly I must find the Royal TP. *(Sean exits.)*

Tiffany

Oh, Robin! I'm so happy - Pete has promised to save the day!

Robin

Only silly girls believe everything handsome boys say.
Did I just rhyme? Great, now they have me doing it!

Tiffany

What are you talking about, Robin?

Robin

Petie's a sweetie, sure, but "vanquish foes with his strong arm?" I don't think so. Besides, this problem isn't going to be solved by fighting. Honestly, I don't know how this is gonna work out.

Tiffany

How could this happen, Robin? How could the prophecy be wrong about which man I would love?

Robin

I'm sorry, honey. I fed you a line. There's no such thing as true love, it's just something invented to sell candy. I'm sorry I lied - I just didn't want to see you unhappy.

Tiffany

But that's not true! It can't be! I love Pete and he loves me! You just heard the prophecy wrong. You got the names mixed up!

Robin

No Tiff, I promise you...

Tiffany

(Cuts Robin off) Stop right there! I won't hear another word. *(Covers her ears and goes "lalalala" loudly)*

Robin

Tiffany! Come on, it's time to face facts! You're stuck with the Prince!

Tiffany

No! I'm in love and I'm going to get married and be happy! And you're going to help me!

Robin

Uh...that's not a good idea...Breaking the king's decree is treason-

Tiffany

Treason Shmeason! You have to help me, Robin! I want to marry for love! Arranged marriages are like totally passé! Do you really think I deserve-

Tiffany, Robin (*together- Robin chiming in*)

-a life of endless suffering?

Robin

Yada yada, I know. (*Sighs.*) Alright. I'll help you. But don't blame me if your bubble bursts.

Tiffany

So, what are we going to do?

(*Pete and Sean enter*)

Pete

My loyal, straightforward, unquestionably faithful valet tells me that one of you ladies is the woman I will wed! He's never wrong, so I know it must be - (*points to Robin*) You? Tiffany?

Robin

(*To audience*) Ok! Time out! Hold up the T with me, people! (*She makes a time out hand gesture. Sean, Tiffany, and Pete freeze*)

Thank you. I can't keep this up for long so...help me figure out a plan!

Cause...I really wanna see these two work out. Even though it might end with an "off with her head!" Yeah, I know, I'm a softy. I've never had much luck in mushy goo goo department, but these two seem pretty happy...

So! I'm waiting - whatchu got? A love spell? No. Love has its own magic, one that won't obey a witch's commands. At least not this witch. A transformation spell? Ooh - I like the way you

think. And I love me a nice frog prince. But no...I told you, I'm a GOOD witch, remember?

A distraction while Pete and Tiff run away and get secretly hitched? Now that I can do...

Sean already thinks I'm Tiff, so I'll just pretend to be her and say that Tiff is my maidservant. Then she can sneak away with Pete while I'm entertaining the Prince! I just gotta figure out a way to ward off Tiff's father the King while my plan unfolds...

Ooh, I know! He's terrified of infectious diseases. I'll send him a message that the Prince and Princess are quarantined under suspicion of chicken pox- that should keep him at bay. Whew, I'm getting weak from holding this spell... Repeat after me - "Play Ball!" *(Sean, Tiffany, and Pete unfreeze)*

Robin

(To Pete) You guessed right! As I was just telling your valet, Pete, I am Princess Tiffany.

Tiffany

Wha?! Robin, what are you -

Robin

(To Tiffany, sotto voce. Makes a lip zipping gesture) Zip it! *(To Pete)* So sorry, this is my MAID, PETUNIA. She doesn't say much, do you Petunia?

Tiffany

But, Robin --

Robin

(To Tiffany, sotto voce.) Shh!!!

Pete

This is the second time she's called you Robin. Is she a little *(waves a finger around the side of his head)* - woo woo?

Robin

Hahaha, no...Robin is my middle name! Isn't that right, Petunia?

Pete

Tiffany - or should I call you Robin? I'm looking forward to getting to know you much much better...

Robin

Sounds delightful. Oh look, your shoe's untied!

Pete

Oh, thanks! Pete! Tie my shoe. *(Sean bends down to tie Pete's shoe, while Robin pulls Tiffany and aside)*

Robin

Ok, Tiffany! Don't say anything to screw this up! I'm trying save your butt! Listen, I'm going to distract the prince, while you and Pete make a getaway.

Tiffany

We're going to elope? How romantic!

Robin

I hope you're sure about this, kid, cause once you leave there's no coming back. This kingdom won't be safe for you, and neither will Landsaway...Maybe Pete has some cousins overseas or something...

Tiffany

Oh Robin, thank you so much! I'll miss you!

Robin

I'll miss you too, kid. Love, marry, and be happy! *(Robin speaks in a louder voice, in her Princess persona)*

That will be all, Petunia! One last thing. The prince and I do not want to be disturbed. Let it be known throughout the castle that this room is under quarantine!

Tiffany

Yes, your highness, thank you your highness. *(She curtseys and exits)*

Pete

She wants to be alone! *(Snaps fingers at Pete)* Quickly, Pete - Hair! *(Sean checks Pete's hair)*

Pete
Glorious, Sire! A lion's mane of luxurious locks.

Pete
Teeth! *(Pete bares his teeth while Sean checks them)*

Sean
Sparkling Sire, pearly opalescent perfection.

Pete
Breath! *(Pete breathes on Sean)*

Sean
Perfumed, Sire, a wafting wisp of sweet wisteria

Pete
Door!

Sean
(Confused, what should he check?) Sire?

Pete
(Points at the exit) See if it works! *(Sean exits, Pete locks the door quickly and sprawls against it suggestively)* Tiffany-Robin. Alone at last. Well, my little chickadee - I want to know it all! Who are you - in a nutshell?

Robin
(Putting on a ditzy princess act, giggles.) Who am I? Oh, there's nothing to tell! I'm just a pretty princess who always dreamed of marrying her charming prince! And now that I've found him, I'm going to be happy forever! I want to hear about you- you big, handsome, interesting man, you! *(Robin bats her eyelashes at him.)*

Pete
(Nervous) Uh, me? There's nothing much to tell, really. Nope! Nothing interesting there! I'm just a handsome charming prince that's all. No secrets here! *(He whistles)*

Robin
(To audience. Pete notices Robin speak to the audience) Is it just me, or is he a little *(Waves a finger around the side of his head)* - woo woo?

Pete

(Knowing Robin is a witch) So...what kinda stuff you into?

Robin

(Still in princess mode) Oh, the usual. I like buttercups, and unicorns, and rainbows, and pretty dresses, and little kitty cats! *(To audience)* Geez. This ditzzy act is making me nauseous! *(To Pete)* And you? What floats your boat, my big handsome prince man?

Pete

(Watching Robin carefully) You may not believe it but - I dabble in sorcery.

Robin

(Excited, drops the princess act) Shut up! You're a warlock? No way! I never met one before! Do you use a magic wand? Or some spellcasters use a tome- do you use a tome? What is a tome? Is it the same as a grimoire? *[STAGE NOTE pronounced grim - wahr]*

Pete

(Impressed) Wow, Tiffany-Robin, you really know your thaumaturgy! *[NOTE pronounced thaw - ma- turjee. The study of magic]*

Robin

(Flattered) Call me Robin! What can I say? Magical arts is my life! And here I thought we had nothing in common! I could talk to you forever - I have a million questions I want to ask!

Pete

(Looking into her eyes) I had this feeling about you from the first moment we met - you're amazing.

Robin

(Dreamy) Am I?

Pete

And beautiful...

Robin

(Dreamy) Am I?

Pete

...And suspicious! How does a princess know so much about magic? Everyone knows there's no magic in the royal bloodlines. Are you a witch?

Robin

Hey- are you saying I'm not the princess?

Pete

You know it's treason to impersonate royalty!

Robin

Are you accusing me of treason? NOBODY accuses this witch of treason! Where's my wand!

Pete

So you ARE a witch!

Robin

Darn right I'm a witch! That's right! You heard me! It's on! *(Robin whips out her wand and points it at Pete. Pete whips out his wand and points it at her. They have a standoff)*

Robin

I'm not the only suspicious one here - how can you be the prince and a warlock at the same time?

Pete

Lower the wand and I'll tell you!

Robin

No chance, buddy. This is a standoff! I'm not going anywhere til you tell me the truth. I don't care! I'll wait until tomorrow night if I have to!

(Tiffany stomps in, Sean anxiously following. Robin and Pete lower their wands in surprise.)

Robin

Tiff! What are you doing here? You're supposed to be two towns away by now!

Tiffany

I don't care! I won't marry him!

Robin

Pete? But you love him! That's why I'm risking my neck!

Tiffany

No, not Pete! Sean! We got halfway down the hallway and *I* said "we have to turn back. I won't have a relationship built on lies! We have to tell the prince the truth!" And HE said- *(To Sean)* Tell them! Tell them what you said!

Sean

(Nervously) I might have sort of admitted that I'm kinda the prince.

Robin

What?

Tiffany

He's Sean! He's Prince Sean! He's been lying to me all this time!

Sean

I didn't mean to! Well, I did mean to at first, but that was before I met you, see and then-

Robin

Wait, hold up a second - *(To Sean)* You're the prince? *(To Pete)* Then that makes YOU-

Pete

I'm Pete the valet. *(Aside to Robin)* Actually, more of a magically enhanced babysitter, but the prince prefers the term "valet".

Robin

(To Pete) ...Really?

Tiffany

(To Robin) Robin! I think you're missing the point here! Sean lied to me! How can I marry someone who lied to my face! *(Teary. To Sean)* Why? Why did you do this?

Sean

I was so nervous about meeting you for the first time! My valet told me about this prophecy, so I knew we were destined to be together -

Robin

(To Pete) Oh, you used that one too?

Pete

(To Robin) I know a trick or two.

Sean

I knew we'd be happy, but it was so overwhelming! My future was rushing at me too quickly! And I had these doubts - I mean, arranged marriage is so passé!

Tiffany

Tell me about it!

Pete, Robin

Not this again!

Sean

I got all nervous and sweaty - and then I thought you wouldn't like me because I was nervous and sweaty, so THAT made me more nervous and more sweaty, and finally I begged Pete to take my place so I could have a few more hours of freedom before settling down to live happily ever after.

Robin

(To Pete) That was kinda sweet of you.

Pete

(To Robin) What can I say, I'm a sucker for a sob story. He gets me every time with those darn puppy dog eyes! AND I got to boss him around for a few hours, which was sweeeeet!

Sean

(To Tiffany) When I first saw you everything changed. All my nervousness disappeared and it was love at first sight. I knew I could never be happy with anyone else. But I didn't know who you were! I didn't want to tell you that I was engaged to marry the princess. So when you called me Sean I panicked and said I was Pete the valet.

Tiffany

So you lied to me because you LOVE me? I don't think so! Why didn't you just tell me the truth when you found out I was the princess?

Sean

I was afraid you'd be mad at me for lying to you...And I was right! You are mad at me!

Robin

(To Sean) Darn right she's mad! It was a rotten thing to do! Deceiving the woman you're engaged to! Pretending to be someone you're not! Lying, scheming, and manipulating! *(To Pete)* And you! you're just as guilty as he is!

Pete

I know - Robin - and I'm sorry. I was about to come clean when the prince and princess burst in. But... I don't think Sean and I were the only ones scheming, lying, and manipulating here...

Robin

...You raise a valid point. I guess we're all a buncha two-faced weasels.

Pete

(To Robin) But one little weasel has two very pretty faces... *(Pete and Robin move closer to each other)*

Robin

(To Pete) Do weasels purr? Cause this little weasel feels like purring...

Tiffany

Ewww! Gag me with a spoon! Anyway, to get back to US, I don't know if I want to marry someone who deceived me!

Sean

Well I don't know if I want to get married at all! (*Tiff shoots him a look*) Come on- We were both thinking it! Arranged marriages are totally passé!

Tiffany

True... (*Beat. Sean and Tiffany are sad*)
Well, I guess that's it then...

Sean

I guess it is...

Tiffany

My dad won't be happy...

Sean

Neither will mine...

Tiffany

But if that's what you really want...

Sean

If it's what YOU want...

Tiffany

OK. Well. I guess this is goodbye.

Sean

I guess it is... Goodbye...(*He holds out his hand. Tiff reaches out to shake it.*)

Robin

(*Exasperated*) Oh come on you two, this is ridiculous! You're perfect for each other!

Pete

Remember the prophecy? It came true, after all, didn't it?

Sean

(Hopeful) Yeah, it did, didn't it?

Tiffany

It did! it did! It came true!

Robin

And you don't HAVE to get married. Not until you want to.

Pete

Yeah! You could date!

Tiffany

We could date, Sean, we could date! Oh, I'm so happy!

Sean

(Takes Tiffany's hands, could kneel) Tiffany, will you be my girlfriend?

Tiffany

(Squeals) Oh, Sean, I will I will! *(Sean and Tiff spin around holding hands.)* I love you.

Sean

I love you more!

Tiffany

No, I love you more!

Sean

No, I love you more! *(They repeat this or adlib mushy talk)*

Robin

Oh geez, not this again!

Pete

(To Robin) Should we put them on mute?

Robin

(To audience) That's it, I'm in love, people! Come on, you know the drill! -

Pete, Robin

TEN NINE EIGHT SEVEN SIX FIVE FOUR THREE TWO ONE! *(Tiffany and Sean grow silent and continue in mime.)*

Pete

That's better.

Robin

So much better. *(Pete and Robin stand still, gazing into each other's eyes as Tiffany and Sean continue to romp silently.)*

Pete

What was it you were saying just now about love? *(Reaches for Robin's hand)*

Robin

(Taking Pete's hand) I was just saying *(She leans in for a kiss then stops)* - Oh, wait! Not in front of THEM. *(Robin indicates the audience)*

Pete

(To Robin) Right, of course! *(To audience)* You don't mind, do you? ...Darn... What were those magic words again?

Robin

No no. I got this one! *(Looks at audience and gestures at the booth)* END SCENE!
(The end.)