

SNOW WHITE: Repeat after me, I swear by all that is happily ever after that the evidence I shall give will be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

PRINCE: I swear by all that is happily ever after that the evidence I shall give will be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

WITCH: Well said. Please state your name for the Tribunal.

PRINCE: Prince Charming.

WITCH: Please state your age.

PRINCE: Ageless.

GRANDMA: Thank goodness.

WITCH: Please state your place of residence.

PRINCE: I live in a fairytale palace.

WITCH: How lovely.

GRANDMA: Prince Charming, please tell the Tribunal what happened on the night of the ball.

PRINCE: I don't know where to begin. It's all a blur. It's just so hard for me to talk about. It was so traumatic. I just don't know how....

Prince starts to sob

CINDERELLA: Harden up Princess.

GRANDMA: Do you need a minute?

WITCH: You'll be ok Prince Charming. You've been through a traumatic event and your reaction is completely normal. You won't feel like this forever I promise you. It will pass.

Prince sobs uncontrollably and suddenly stops

PRINCE: Are you sure?

WITCH: Yes. I know from personal experience. I'm the queen of trauma. You just need to read my story to know that.

SNOW WHITE: What do you know about trauma? I have to live with seven men, eat that bloody poison apple all the time and

fall into a coma. That apple is not even organic. Now that's traumatic!

WITCH: You make everything about you. You're a narcissist with other cluster B personality traits. You don't know me. You don't know who I am. Do you have any idea what it's like being the wicked witch? I'm having trouble sleeping at night!

CINDERELLA: You're probably depressed.

WITCH: Yes.

CINDERELLA: Low mood?

WITCH: Yes.

CINDERELLA: How's your appetite?

WITCH: I can't keep anything down.

CINDERELLA: You need fairy dust.

WITCH: Do you have some? Who's your dealer?

GRANDMA: Stop this gabble immediately! I am warning all of you for the last time. Get a hold of yourselves. No more talk of fairy dust, sex or organic apples. Now where were we?

SNOW WHITE: The Prince was telling his tale.

GRANDMA: Get on with it.

PRINCE: Umm...mmm....where was I? Oh yes. That's right, I can see it now. There we were at the ball. The vibes were electric. I was getting my groove on.

GRANDMA: Your what on?

PRINCE: My groove. You know, my groove Granny.