

# The Climb

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Phrases to incorporate

Death of the century

Fall in love in the language you speak

## Setting

Disney enterprises star princesses have turned bitter and evil with age. In particular Ms. White (short for Snow White) and Cindy (short for Cinderella) lure budding young princesses into Disney enterprises in the pretense of an interview/audition to star in the next big Disney fairytale, only to lead them to an untimely demise.

## Scene 1

Cindy is wearing a flashy white/silver outfit with intense red lipstick and is sitting at the secretary desk (outside the interview room). In front of her is a glass full of water. Marcy is wearing a princess outfit and is sitting still and rigid inside the interview room. Her hands are vertical and pointing downwards. Her face weighed down and dull. Ms. White is in front of her, across the desk. She is wearing a formal blue-black suit and looks unimpressed. There are some apples on her desk and a mirror next to Marcy pointing in the direction of Ms. White.

*Twenty seconds go by. Marcy starts to twitch her shoulders. The growing awkward silence is only matched by the increasing discomfort on Marcys face.*

**White:** So why are you here again?

**Marcy:** I am, I am here for the interview Ms. White.

**White:** I see. Can you wait outside for a few minutes? Thank you.

*Marcy nervously and yet gracefully walks out of the interview room. As she walks out of the room, she locks eyes with Cindy. Cindy has her eyes wide open with a broad smile (no show of teeth). She quickly blinks her eyes at awkward time periods.*

**Cindy:** Thank you for coming Marcy. The exit is on the right.

*Cindy points towards the right with her left arm stretched wide out. She has still not lost eye contact with Marcy.*

**Marcy:** Oh no, I was asked to wait for a few minutes.

*Marcy goes and sits down on an empty chair next to the secretary's desk.*

**Cindy:** Sorry about that. Company policy says that we should always give you a chance to escape.

*Cindy puts her head out towards Marcy and blinks. Her creepy smile is more haunting than ever.*

**Marcy:** What!?

**Cindy:** I'm just kidding.

**Cindy:** So how is the interview going?

**Marcy:** It hasn't started yet.

**Cindy:** What do you mean it hasn't started! You were in there for thirty minutes.

**Marcy:** Yes, I was asked to sit still for thirty minutes and then Ms. White asked me to wait here.

**Cindy:** Did you silently fart?

**Marcy:** Excuse me?!

**Cindy:** Just kidding.

*Marcy looks at her watch.*

**Marcy:** Is there a water dispenser?

**Cindy:** Help yourself.

*Cindy pushes the glass of water forward.*

**Marcy:** Oh I thought this was yours.

**Cindy:** No, I am okay.

**Marcy:** Actually, I am not thirsty.

*Cindy rings the buzzer.*

**White:** Do you need help?

**Cindy:** No, she is still here.

**White:** What! Is she not thirsty?

**Cindy:** No.

**White:** Send her in.

*Cindy speaks as she puts down the telephone.*

**Cindy:** In you go, darling.

*Marcy goes in, staring down upon Cindy, walking gracefully as ever.*

## Scene 2

*As Marcy settles down in her previously vacated chair, she glares at the apples on the desk.*

**White:** I would like to keep this short. Why do you think that you would be a good fit to this wonderful and glorious establishment?

**Marcy:** Its always been my dream to be part of this corporation and -

**White:** Ssh. What are your skills?

**Marcy:** The clouds covered the far away peak,  
With the sun setting, approached Dominique,  
His shirt tucked out, and hair so sleek,  
He said, I want to:  
Fall in love in the language you speak.  
Hearing that, my knees went weak.  
I skipped -

**White:** Wonderful. Good to know that you have reasonable vocal chords and that you can -

*Ms. White, waves her free hand to remember the word.*

**Marcy:** Sing?

**White:** Yes that. Look I am going to be honest with you. We do not have any positions open right now. We havent had one in years actually. Of course, that does not mean that this interview is a farce. I take my work very seriously. Now, if one of the existing positions of this establishment became available then there would be a position that you could potentially fill in.

*Marcy looks completely confused.*

**White:** I think I have to spell it for you. I-would-like-to-open-a-position-for-you.

**Marcy:** Thank you so much! You have no idea how great this feels. I have

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**White:** Ssh. Let me finish. You met Cindy, our secretary, sitting outside, didnt you? Round face, blond hair, dead eyes. A complete misfit that symbolizes every negativity of this establishment. A total abomination. Also her lipstick is too red. You can have her position.

**Marcy:** You mean I have to tell her that she is fired?

**White:** Thats too obvious. She will know its me. No, that wont do. I need you to take care of her.

**Marcy:** What do you mean?

**White:** You know what I mean.

*Marcy hands start shaking, as she lays them down on the table for support.*

**White:** Nervous? How do you think careers begin? I hope to see Cindys seat vacant by the time I return. Now, I am going to go take a shit.

*Ms. White leaves the room to the toilet. Marcy looks at her hand. It feels heavy. Her hand drops vertical.*

## Scene 3

*Cindy enters the room with a colorful folder in her hand, smiling and blinking as ever. She stands next to the table and places the folder on it.*

**Cindy:** How is the interview going? Ms. White can be very demanding, but if you work hard now then you will reap the rewards later.

*Marcy silently looks at Cindy. Cindy blinks.*

**Cindy:** We like people who say yes to everything in this company. So make sure you say yes to every task Ms. White asks of you, and you will

surely be part of us.

*Cindy adjusts her hip in the mirror.*

**Cindy:** All the best!

*Marcy raises her palm and faces it. She cannot bring herself to carry out the deed.*

**Marcy:** What do I do? Is it fair to end a life to feed my ambitions?

*Marcy has leaned on the intercom accidentally.*

**Cindy:** What was that?

*Marcy moves back. Few seconds pass. She turns towards the mirror.*

**Marcy:** What do I do?

**Mirror:** Chaos is a ladder. Many who try to climb it fail and never get to try again. The fall breaks them. And some, are given a chance to climb. They refuse, they cling to the realm or the gods or love. Illusions. Only the ladder is real. The climb is all there is.

**Marcy:** Yes only the ladder is real.

*Entranced Marcy exits the room.*

## Scene 4

*Marcy enters Cindy's room. Cindy is shocked. Cindy tries to stop Marcy from choking her to death. The following conversation is pursued as the chok-a-thon goes on.*

**Cindy:** What's gotten into you Marcy! No, do not fall into her traps. Wake up Marcy, wake up!

*Cindy throws Marcy off balance.*

**Cindy:** It's all part of her traps. It's not your fault. Break free from your puppeteer. Do not be played!

**Marcy:** I want to climb the ladder.

**Cindy:** The ladder is not real. I am real. I am real.

*Cindy throws the glass of water which was on her desk on the face of Marcy.*

**Marcy:** What was I doing? How could I!

*Marcy cannot stop coughing every now and then and also is accompanied by chest pain.*

**Cindy:** It's all part of her traps. It's not your fault. Evil people have to be sacrificed for the common good. But who will be the one to end her life?

*Marcy is hooked into the conversation, coughing, and continues to feel chest pain. Cindy holds Marcy by the two sides of the head across the desk.*

**Cindy:** Marcy, it needs to be done. You need to be the one.

*Cindy puts an apple into Marcy's hand. Ms. White reappears in her room, sits down and wears a broad smile.*

**Cindy:** One bite of this apple and she is part of the history books. She doesn't deserve to be here in any case. Her death is needed. It shall be the death of the century – a death that shall be cherished by all. Moreover, her seat in this company will be vacated. Maybe you are ready to be one of us. All you need is a little bit of courage, to do the right thing. Go on, go, before she comes back.

*Marcy has her eyes locked on the apple. But her coughing increases, and she collapses on her left cheek onto the floor. The apple falls away from her.*

*Cindy is disappointed.*

*Ms. White on hearing the thud, exits her room to find Cindy, reaching for the apple on the floor.*

*Cindy is not smiling for the first time. They both get down to business (as usual), and drag her to the burial place.*

**Cindy:** Is it reasonable to kill every Disney princess applicant?

**White:** Well we are angels of death – we are sparing them from our careers.

*Cindy and White burst into a small laugh simultaneously.*

**Cindy:** Whats our count now? Forty five - Forty seven?

*White puts her hands out so as to suggest that she doesn't know.*

**White:** Sometimes I feel hollow while digging.

**Cindy:** May be you leave behind some of your soul in the soil?

*They complete the deed.*

**White:** Have they stopped teaching, never to drink water offered by strangers?

**Cindy:** As it turns out, she refused to drink it. I had to throw it on her.

**White:** Oh, was that so.

*At this point White has taken a bite from the apple that was casually given to her by Cindy, while she we was looking away at the burial place.*

**White:** You don't really poison the apple, right?

**Cindy:** I made an exception today.

**White:** I have been double crossed. Call that Beetle. Call anybody. Mama!

*White collapses to a sitting position, all her weight on one of her hands.*

**White:** I have always loved you.



*White dies.*

**Cindy:** Snow loved me. I despised her and she loved me. Even the depths of hell are not fierce enough to burn my sins. I ripped apart her love for me – may be this is the fairytale I deserve to live.

After all, what is a fairytale - a story with dwarfs and other magical creatures, and, and a happy ending? There is no such thing. A fairytale is a candle - everyone ignores the candle after it burns out and has no more light to give. They think the story has ended. But it hasn't. The candle lives in the darkness surrounded by all the melted wax, a reminder of its glory days, a reminder that it's existence is no longer acknowledged.

*Cindy reaches out for the apple that separated her from Snow. She takes a large bite, chews with tears down her eyes , and collapses face down.*

*After a few seconds, Marcy coughs and spits out from earth and looks at what happened around. Takes a few seconds to process it.*

**Marcy:** I have to recruit a new secretary now.

**Fin.**