

THE FAIRYLAND FUNNIES

by Jon Jory

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A Comedic One Act

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SYNOPSIS: More fractured fairy tales for the high school set! This time they are set on edge with unexpected plot twists. And definite snips at the Disney brand! Great for large casts. Hang on to your seat for these madcap antics and remember to applaud wildly at the end... or else!

DURATION: 30 minutes.

SETTING: Various places in Fairyland.

TIME: Present.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(17 females, 8 males, 3 either)

CINDERELLA (f).....	(9 lines)
DEFENSE ATTORNEY (m/f)	(5 lines)
GOLDI (f).....	(8 lines)
MAMA BEAR (f).....	(3 lines)
PAPA BEAR (m).....	(1 line)
BABY BEAR (m/f).....	(2 lines)
JUDGE (m/f).....	(1 line)
WOLF (m)	(24 lines)
RED RIDING HOOD (f)	(24 lines)
ARIEL (f).....	(1 line)
PINOCCHIO (m).....	(13 lines)
GEPPETTO (m).....	(12 lines)
JACK (m).....	(20 lines)
GIANT (f).....	(18 lines)
SUZY (f).....	(10 lines)
WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST (f).....	(12 lines)
CIRCE (f).....	(13 lines)
HECATE (f).....	(12 lines)
RAPUNZEL (f).....	(22 lines)
HUNTSMAN (m).....	(22 lines)
MAID (f).....	(17 lines)

BEAUTY (f) (23 lines)
SNOW WHITE (f) (7 lines)
CINDERELLA 2 (f) (7 lines)
SLEEPING BEAUTY (f) (7 lines)
GOOEY LOUIE (m) (17 lines)
SMELLY KELLY (m) (18 lines)
WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST 2 (f) (1 line)

SET: No set, some furniture pieces.

COSTUMES: Could be full Fairyland, could be jeans and t-shirts with costume pieces.

LIGHTS: Simple or complex.

DO NOT COPY

AT START: *An open stage. A sign of some size that says “Fairyland Funnies”. It would be grand if it was like the famous “Hollywood” sign, but that’s not crucial. There is a large colored circle that semi-defines the acting area. At lights up, we see a JUDGE sitting on a high stool. Beside her in a small chair sits GOLDBLOCKS wearing a ridiculous blonde wig. To one side are the three bears, either defined by bear masks or face painting. We have a MAMA BEAR, a PAPA BEAR, and a BABY BEAR. CINDERELLA, downstage speaks to us.*

CINDERELLA: So anyway, to make a long story short, it was so boring with Prince Charming that I became a lawyer. I mean, let’s face it, in Fairyland what exactly does a princess do? And the answer is nothing. I knit a sweater out of Rapunzel’s spare hair. I finally sold the glass slippers on eBay. Every afternoon I had to dance with Prince Charming for three or four hours because that’s all he knows how to do, dance. Dancing and bowing, that’s his whole thing. So I had a lot of time to think, and what I thought was, there’s a lot of crime in Fairyland. Witches are a particular problem, then there are grandmother-eating wolves and villagers with torches, yadda, yadda, yadda. Anyway, I prosecuted a lot of high-level cases. I sent Dorothy of Oz to jail for murder. Killing The Wicked Witch of the West with that bucket of water? Brutal. She should have gotten life, but there was a lot of sympathy for Toto. Right now I’m prosecuting Goldilocks for home invasion. Listen in. *(She moves into the acting space.)* The accused, first name Goldi, second name Locks, broke in to the Bears’ small mid-century home on November 17th around three in the afternoon.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY: Objection, your honor. The defendant, first name Goldi, second name Locks, found the front door open after knocking and entered because she desperately wanted to go toi-toi.

CINDERELLA: Is it true, Miss Locks, that you needed to go toi-toi?

GOLDI: Bad.

CINDERELLA: And what did you do when you entered the Bears’ household?

GOLDI: Well, I shouted out, “Anybody home?” And there wasn’t, so I ran like the wind and went toi-toi.

CINDERELLA: And did you flush the toi-toi?

GOLDI: I did. Three times.

CINDERELLA: Why would anybody flush a toi-toi three times?

GOLDI: My mama taught me to do that.

CINDERELLA: (*To the DEFENSE ATTORNEY.*) Your witness.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY: So, Miss Locks, what did you do subsequent to going toi-toi?

GOLDI: Well, it occurred to me that the Bears might find out someone had been in their home so I wrote, "Thank you ever so much for the use of your toi-toi" on the living room wall.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY: On the wall?

GOLDI: Uh-huh. My mama taught me to have good manners. Then as a little surprise I went in the kitchen and cooked a big pot of porridge in case The Bear Family was hungry and I wrote, "eat the porridge," on the dining room ceiling with my purple felt tip. Then I tasted the porridge to make sure it was good and I decided I'd wait for The Bear Family to explain it all. So I waited a good while and then I went in the bedroom for a quick nap, but I didn't want to scare 'em so I wrote, "I'm nappin' see you when I wake up" on the hall wall.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY: Thank you, Miss Locks. You may step down.

GOLDI: You mind if I go toi-toi?

DEFENSE ATTORNEY: Out the courtroom door, first door on the left.
(*GOLDI exits.*)

CINDERELLA: I call The Bear Family.

MAMA BEAR and PAPA BEAR stand behind the witness chair and BABY BEAR sits in it.

CINDERELLA: What did you discover when you came home?

MAMA BEAR: Well, it was quite a shock. The toilet had overflowed, there was porridge all over everything, the walls had been written on and some strange woman was sleeping in our bed.

PAPA BEAR: And Lordy, that girl could snore! Sounded like a locomotive coming into the station.

BABY BEAR: So Daddy yelled at her.

MAMA BEAR: And she leapt outta that bed sound asleep and hit Daddy with a nightstand and threw Baby Bear out the window...

BABY BEAR: I had shards of glass stickin' out of me everywhere.

MAMA BEAR: And she pulled this meat cleaver out of her belt and chased me down the road screamin', "Toi-toi! I gotta go toi-toi!"

GOLDI returns.

GOLDI: Well, I got a little nightmare problem. I've been known to sleepwalk.

CINDERELLA: Judge, I believe that this sort of behavior has no place in Fairyland. We cannot allow this kind of material to become bedtime stories. I mean, the only fairy tale scarier than this is *Hansel and Gretel*. I will personally re-write this material so it's a sweet little story that stresses the importance of self-control and respecting others.

JUDGE: Case closed!

The characters scatter, going out every which way. A WOLF enters. He has a walking stick and is a bit of a dandy. He looks around puzzled. RED RIDING HOOD enters.

WOLF: Excuse me, young lady...

RED RIDING HOOD: Hold it right there!

WOLF: I just wondered...

RED RIDING HOOD: You wondered, huh? I just bet you wondered. *(Pulls something out of her pocket.)* You know what this is?

WOLF: I can't say that I do.

RED RIDING HOOD: This is a Taser 7CQ, suitable both for self-defense and for use by security personnel or delivery drivers.

WOLF: I simply wanted to ask...

RED RIDING HOOD: Oh right, right. You see a young woman walking through Fairyland National Forest and you think she's a mark.

WOLF: No, no, actually...

RED RIDING HOOD: You see I have a picnic basket because I am on my way to bring lunch to my grandmother, and you ask me where I'm going and when I tell you, you ferret out her address from me with tricky wolf-like questions and then you run ahead of me and eat my grandmother—which is very, very rude and then you put on her nightdress and cap and climb in her bed and pretend to be her.

WOLF: Absolutely not, I just...

RED RIDING HOOD: And then when I come you eat me and the woodcutter comes and finds grandmother and me in your stomach.

WOLF: Yuck.

RED RIDING HOOD: But that's not happening today, because I'm taking you down to the station and booking you for attempted murder.

WOLF: My dear girl, I'm a vegan.

RED RIDING HOOD: A vegan, huh? Is that some scientific term for a grandmother eater?

WOLF: First of all, young lady, don't flatter yourself, human beings taste just like spoiled milk except they're chewy.

RED RIDING HOOD: Right. And just how do you know that?

WOLF: I heard it on a cooking show.

RED RIDING HOOD: Uh-huh. Well, you are messing with the wrong Red Riding Hood. My cousin, Little Blue Riding Hood might fall for that, but I am a science major at Fairyland Polytechnic and whereas a human's bite is only about 120 pounds per square inch, the bite force of nasty fairy tale wolves is almost 400 pounds of pressure per square inch.

WOLF: That is so interesting, do you happen to know the bite force of a zebra?

RED RIDING HOOD: (*Throwing a little fit.*) No, I do not know that! Why would I know that? We're not talking about zebras!

WOLF: You are wildly attractive when you're angry.

RED RIDING HOOD: (*Suspicious but interested.*) I am?

WOLF: Oh definitely.

RED RIDING HOOD: But I'm not allowed to have any romance in my fairy tale.

WOLF: That is because fairy tales do not celebrate strong women.

RED RIDING HOOD: What about Mulan?

WOLF: Well, that draws on Chinese folklore whereas Fairyland is based, in the main, on European and Scandinavian tales.

RED RIDING HOOD: Really?

WOLF: Yes, I love *Finding Your Roots* and your story originated in 10th century Italy.

RED RIDING HOOD: I'm Italian?

WOLF: Exactly.

RED RIDING HOOD: I love that!

WOLF: What's your first name?

RED RIDING HOOD: Elisabetta.

WOLF: Definitely Italian. Last name?

RED RIDING HOOD: Calabrese.

WOLF: Couldn't be more Italian than that.

RED RIDING HOOD: How do you know all this?

WOLF: Well, when I graduate from Tundra High I hope to go to BYU to study genealogy.

RED RIDING HOOD: I never thought I would meet a wolf who was a nerd.

WOLF: Elisabetta Calabrese aka Red Riding Hood, will you go to the prom with me?

RED RIDING HOOD: You mean this whole fairy tale was a prom-ask?

WOLF: It was. It is.

RED RIDING HOOD: That is so fresh!

WOLF: Whatta ya say, babe?

RED RIDING HOOD: Rock out!

Music, preferably from the Australian band "Alpha Wolf" begins. WOLF and RED RIDING HOOD dance as the lights change for a few seconds and then run off. ARIEL enters with legs not a fish tail.

ARIEL: Hi. You know me, right? Well, I know you'd know me if I had on my fish tail. I just want to tell all my fans that I finally got my own ride at Disneyland, "Ariel's Undersea Adventure". You ride around in clam shells which isn't too sexy. You ever smell a clamshell? You wouldn't want to sit in it, right? Sometimes I just don't know what Disney is thinking. I have to sit in a grotto and sing, *Part of Your World* all day and half the night. You think Taylor Swift would do that? I don't think so. Well, later on in the ride you see me and Eric sitting in a boat learning to kiss. Like you need a PhD, right? I am here to tell you it is hard to be an undersea fairy tale character. How would you like to inhale salt water all day long? My throat gets so sore I spray a full bottle of Chloroseptic every day. Plus it's uncomfortable, y'know, sitting on rocks. I petitioned to have an EZBoy, but they said it was bad for my image. Plus there is a real downside to being mermaid. You have this incredible drive to drown people. Sometimes I have to stop myself by doing deep breathing, but then I inhale all that plankton. Fairy princesses have it a lot harder than you think. Wearing those glass slippers, which is just

incredibly painful. I mean, there is no give in a glass slipper. And do you have any idea what it smells like in a pumpkin coach? I mean, that's not my problem, but how do you think I feel about having to share star billing with a singing lobster? There's this one girl who played Ariel in the Broadway show for six hundred performances. Tough, huh? I've had to do it since 1837. I mean, they ought to rotate the fairy tale princesses. I'd do Ariel for a year and then rotate over to Cinderella or Snow White. Hey, Snow White has it dead easy. She just lies out in the garden in a glass coffin until a prince comes by and kisses her. I mean, that could be years. Now if you were lying in a glass coffin at Malibu Beach you'd probably get kissed in fifteen minutes. But you know, who really wants to be woken out of a deep sleep to find you're being kissed by some random prince? I'd probably scream bloody murder! I'm sorry, I shouldn't get down on Fairyland, it's probably better than Chicago, right? It's just sometimes I feel like Pinocchio. I just want to be a real girl.

ARIEL exits. Lights change. A small table and two chairs are set. It would be nice, but not necessary, if they were blue. PINOCCHIO and GEPPETTO sit. GEPPETTO is reading the newspaper, "The Whale Times".

PINOCCHIO: Hey, Daddy? *(No answer.)* Yo, Daddy?

GEPPETTO: *(Kindly.)* What is it, Pinocchio?

PINOCCHIO: How come we live in a whale, Daddy?

GEPPETTO: It's actually a dogfish, Pinocchio. Disney got it wrong as usual. As a matter of fact, it's called The Terrible Dogfish. I was building a boat to search for you and I was eaten by the dogfish and then you were searching for me and were eaten by the dogfish and that's why we live in a dogfish.

PINOCCHIO: Isn't the dogfish a shark?

GEPPETTO: The dogfish is a shark.

PINOCCHIO: How big is a dogfish shark?

GEPPETTO: About three feet long, Pinocchio.

PINOCCHIO: And how tall you, Daddy?

GEPPETTO: I am five foot nine, Pinocchio.

PINOCCHIO: *(A very brief pause.)* Then how can you fit in a dogfish, Daddy?

GEPETTO: Shut up and eat your wood shavings.

PINOCCHIO: I don't like living in somebody's stomach, Daddy.

GEPETTO: The rent is affordable and there are fresh fish delivered every day.

PINOCCHIO: But my wooden feet keep melting because of the gastric acid.

GEPETTO: Stop complaining, my human feet are melting which is worse. You have wooden feet which can be replaced.

PINOCCHIO: After your human feet melt, will your knees melt?

GEPETTO: Yes, Pinocchio.

PINOCCHIO: And then your neck and your tongue and your eyeballs?

GEPETTO: Yes, Pinocchio.

PINOCCHIO: That is growdy, skeeza, and manky!

GEPETTO: It's a good science lesson.

PINOCCHIO: It's cold in the dogfish, Daddy.

GEPETTO: I know, my poor little wooden boy. Eventually I'll have to burn you for heat, but we'll do the tables and chairs first.

PINOCCHIO: Thank you, Daddy.

Lights change. PINOCCHIO and GEPETTO exit to opposite sides of the stage. The table and chairs are taken off. JACK, of "Jack and The Beanstalk" enters having just climbed the beanstalk and does a couple of stretches.

JACK: Whoa baby! Oh yeah! Free climbing that beanstalk was a bear. *(Checks his watch.)* Two hours and forty minutes! Yes! That's a beanstalk record! I'm on top of the world, Mama! *(Looks around him.)* Man, what a view. I can see all the way to Rapunzel's castle.

A girl enters, she wears jeans and a t-shirt, she's short in stature.

GIANT: Fee-fi-fo-fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman. Just kidding. Hi.

JACK: *(Slightly taken aback.)* Hi.

GIANT: *(She's short.)* You have a name.

JACK: Right, right. I'm Jack.

GIANT: I'm Giant.

JACK: Really? 'Cause you look maybe 5'3" or 5'4".

GIANT: Right on.

JACK: You're 5'3" and you're the giant?

GIANT: Hey, you climb a beanstalk, you expect a giant.

JACK: Okay. How high up are we?

GIANT: Beanstalk is just under 4,000 feet high.

JACK: Wow, that's higher than El Capitan. I free climbed that two years ago. Three thousand feet up the vertical wall.

GIANT: How long that take you?

JACK: Five days.

GIANT: How long you been on the beanstalk?

JACK: Since Wednesday.

GIANT: You know there's an elevator on the south side?

JACK: Didn't know that.

GIANT: My sister Suzy and I had it put in when we moved in. Hard to get up here if you've had a couple of drinks. (*Calling.*) Hey, Suzy! We have a visitor.

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