

MEAN GIRLS IN FAIRYLAND

by Jon Jory

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MEAN GIRLS IN FAIRYLAND

A one act monologue play

by Jon Jory

SYNOPSIS: They had it comin'! The baddest ladies in all the land come together to set the record straight! The Snow Queen is just looking for some time in a tropical (and colorful) WARM spot, Red Riding is sick of everyone spreading rumors that she is anti-wolf, and let's not forget the innocent Wicked Queen, who only did what any responsible person would—poison Snow White. Along with many more tales of justified villainy. This exposé collection of monologues is easy to produce on a virtual platform or socially distanced.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(7 females, 2 either)

PUCK (m/f)..... From *Midsummer Night's Dream*. (2 lines)

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST (f)..... Monologist. (1 line)

THE SNOW QUEEN (f)..... Monologist. (1 line)

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD (f)..... Monologist. (1 line)

JELLA (f)..... A Sprite. Monologist. (1 line)

THE WICKED QUEEN (m/f)..... From *Snow White*. Monologist. (1 line)

GOLDILOCKS (f)..... Monologist. (1 line)

THE SEA WITCH (f)..... Monologist. (1 line)

CINDERELLA (f)..... Monologist. (1 line)

DURATION: 25 minutes.

SETTING: None necessary but be inventive.

COSTUMES: From very simple contemporary to the traditional fairy tale.

PRODUCTION NOTES: *Mean Girls in Fairyland* is perfect for virtual performance as there is never more than one character onstage. And rehearsals only need the director and one character in the room or on Zoom at the same time.

AT START:

PUCK: Me. Puck. (*Points to himself/herself.*) Hot. (*Gestures around.*) From the forest. (*Nods knowingly.*) Fairyland. (*Points to himself/herself again.*) Not a fairy. (*Pounds twice on his chest.*) Greek God of the wild, the rivers, the forests. (*Gestures around.*) Many, many fairies here. Good fairies, bad fairies. Good fairies are very boring. Bad fairies are very interesting. Puck likes mean girl fairies. Mean girl fairies like Puck. What's not to like? Witches! Very nice. (*Gestures around.*) Many witches. (*Smiles.*) Very hot. (*Points at audience.*) You want witches. I know you. I give you one witch. Maybe two. Mean girls, huh? Yeah. Hot. (*Makes a magical gesture.*) Sleep sit upon thy eyelid. (*Another gesture.*) So awake when I am gone; for I must now to Oberon. (*Starts to go. Turns back.*) King of the Fairies.

PUCK exits. THE WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST enters.

THE WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: All right, settle down there. Do not mess with The Wicked Witch of the West. This is the only press conference I'm doing so calm down and listen up. You there in the back, if you're not looking to be turned into a hairy frog, stop talking when I'm talking! That's better. I am sick and tired of the bad press. I want you to conceive just how boring Oz would be without me. All those goody-goodys wandering around Muchkinland smiling each other to death? Lord have mercy. And Dorothy and that stupid dog? Butter wouldn't melt in her mouth, but underneath that girl is meaner than a snake and two-faced to boot. Who was it that snuck in the classroom and wrote "Mrs. Grapes Vapes" on the board during lunch hour and then went to Principal Jinjohnny and said I did it? Don't think I don't remember that Miss Priss! When I was six years old I got chased home by Dorothy and Ozma and that horrible Glinda for one reason only, because I am green. Who was it who wrote in my high school memory book that I was the student most likely to melt? There are some things you don't forget. They just can't stand it in Oz that I live an alternative lifestyle. That is just flat out miserable jealousy. Oh yeah. They just can't stand that I have twenty-seven million

Twitter followers and Ozma has nine. I don't mean nine million, I mean nine! They can't stand that I'm surrounded by a pack of forty giant wolves, a massive swarm of black bees, a flock of forty wise crows and my loyal air force of flying monkeys. And who pray tell does that two-faced, milk toast Dorothy have? A walking tin can, a whimpering lion, and a scarecrow without a brain in his head. Now I want to lay to rest a rumor promoted all over the web that water makes me melt. I shower twice a day and go singing in the rain. I stood under Niagara Falls for ten days running to prove my point and not a single member of the press showed up. Water does not melt me. On the other hand, a single bite of cinnamon toast would turn me to stone. Where's the reporting on that? And by the way, who got charged after Dorothy dropped a house on me? Nobody, that's who. I have had to wear a back brace every day of my life since she did that, but does anybody care? Oh no! Now I do have a little temper, but who doesn't? They spread disinformation on that and said the house got dropped on my sister, but I am here to tell you it was moi! Now I do have a temper and revenge fantasies, but I am making a lot of progress with my therapist. One last word, I did want those red slippers, but what woman doesn't fantasize about expensive designer shoes? I am not saying I am perfect, but at least I don't pretend to be. I only ask that I not be demonized because I wear a triangular hat. Lastly, I wish to say they wouldn't have sold three Oz books without me, the Gnome King and the Wheelers, but do I get a single percent of the sales? I do not. I only ask for fair treatment and if I don't get it I will snatch you baldheaded. My flying monkeys will now pass among you holding out hats for your contributions. We love you all... until we don't. Hail and farewell.

THE WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST exits. THE SNOW QUEEN enters.

THE SNOW QUEEN: Good evening, I'm the Snow Queen. Now I want you to hear me clearly. I am not complaining about being a queen. Queens have it pretty good. There's no jury duty for one thing and financially it's a very rewarding job. For those of us who are evil queens we get what can only be called a fabulous

wardrobe and there is macaroni and cheese whenever we want it. It's quite heartwarming to be booed wherever we go. On top of that I have a late model sleigh with a leather interior. This is the upside. I don't mind being mean to children, they obviously deserve it. However, this whole winter thing is really frosting my pajamas. The Sea Witch is eternally in the Caribbean. The Wicked Witch of the West hangs out in Oz, which seems to have a climate much like California. The troll's daughter has a lovely rustic home in beautiful woods. The Queen of Hearts seems to spend most of her time playing croquet. I however, have to freeze my earlobes off in Antarctica. I haven't felt my feet in hundreds of years because I have frostbite and for a really fun afternoon I make snow angels in below zero temperatures. I'm sorry, but the whole thing is really irritating. I have to eternally kidnap children, which makes me the least likable queen in history. Plus wherever I go, however I dress everything's white. White, white, white! You don't know what I would give to be reclining by a nice warm fire on orange pillows in a polka dotted green dress. White isn't even a color, it's the absence of color. When I sit down to dinner, it's in a white room, seated on a white chair, with a white tablecloth, white dishes, white silverware eating cod with a side of cauliflower, a glass of milk, and vanilla ice cream for dessert! Boring! I mean I was invented in December of 1844 and I haven't seen a single color since. And on top of that I'm the bad guy, at least the Devil gets to wear red. Really, it's enough to give a girl a hissy fit.

(Has a hissy fit.) I have complained over and over to the fairy tale division committee and I haven't heard bupkus. All I want is a vacation in Spain with a rainbow wardrobe, and a really good looking prince wearing a blue dress uniform. Two weeks, that's all I want. But oh no, the best I get is two hours skating in an ice rink. I'd do anything. If Peter Pan flew in through my window I'd even do his spring cleaning in Neverland. I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I know I'm a queen and have no right to complain, but I would give up my crown for a red Twizzler. If by any chance you have one slip it to me under the table.

THE SNOW QUEEN exits and LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD enters.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: I am heartbroken that some of the media are calling me anti-wolf. On top of that, I am being called Little Red Riding Hood when my real name is Red Riding. There is an attempt here to position me as an anti-environmentalist and nothing could be further from the truth. I mean I am heartsick that the Woodsman chopped that wolf to pieces when he had desperately disguised himself as my grandmother and was hiding in her bed seeking safety. I mean what is this world coming to? My friends, wolves play a key part in keeping the world's ecosystems healthy. Even the carcasses of wolves who have passed on help distribute nutrients and provide tasty dinners to our friends the bears. Worse, there is a literally insane idea gone viral that the wolf was flirting with me. Why on earth would I, in my wildest dreams be attracted to a wolf? I mean I will admit they have a certain rugged charm, but they do not shower. But, of course, that is not a wolf problem that is a societal problem because the majority of wolves have no access to a shower. Now a critical study says that the world wolf population is around three hundred thousand. If every person in Tampa, Florida which has a population of 303,000 adopted a wolf and let them shower once a week that problem would be solved. Do you hear me out there, Tampa? As to those of you who are Woodsmen, I am not threatening your right to have an axe. That is your second amendment right, but a wolf also has a right to take a nap in your grandmother's bed when she isn't using it. I ask those who are listening to send five dollars, or even one dollar to the "Let Wolves Take a Nap Foundation" and to open your homes to tired wolves whenever they ask politely. If you cannot send money, invite a wolf into your home for brunch. This is Red Riding, President of "Wolves are People Too" wishing you a happy wild life. Happy howling.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD gives a wolf call and exits. JELLA enters.

JELLA: Hi, ummm, oh gosh—golly I'm so nervous, I never... well, I haven't taken a public speaking course or anything and... well... I'm not a star in Fairyland like Goldilocks or Tinker Bell... I mean Tinker Bell is so cool. I got her autograph once. When I got to the head of the line—well, I was so overwhelmed I couldn't speak and she had to pinch me and slap me to get me to talk. I have three Tinker Bell tattoos and—well, in various places. Oh shoot, I didn't even introduce myself. I'm Jella and I'm a sprite, I don't know if you've ever met a sprite. We can be kind of nasty, but we're a lot of fun. We have wings as you can see and we have stingers like a bee. A lot of people think they've gotten a bee bite when it's actually a sprite bite. The trouble with a sprite bite is that not only does it sting, but afterwards you lose your car keys and forget to get your oil changed. We have a lot of powers like telepathy and chlorokinesis which means we can manipulate vegetation. Though honestly, I've never figured out how to use that. I do like to pull out nose hairs and give people sunburns. I mean it's funny, right? There is just nothing funnier than a pair of sunburned ears. See the problem with people is that they are just so huge. I don't know a single sprite who hasn't had a relative stepped on. I mean I bear humans no ill will, but they are just so dumb they could throw themselves on the ground and miss. They are just tormentable. They are asking for it. I just love to hide their cell phones and stick thumbtacks in their Adidas. But they'll be gone soon just like the dinosaurs. They'll probably be in the National Sprite Museum, but they'll be stuffed. The way they treat each other is a caution. I've just never seen a species with less interest in survival. They just cannot get along. Frankly, I don't know how they can look their children in the eye. All of us, the fairies and the elves, the goblins, the nymphs, the banshees, the pooka, the pixies, we'll give them one more chance, but one of these days it looks like we'll just have to throw them a goodbye party. I'll bring the pickles.

JELLA exits and THE WICKED QUEEN enters.

THE WICKED QUEEN: *(She's very nice or seems so.)* You wanted a wicked queen and here I am. You can call me Grimhilde or Grimmy for short. I'm the one with the mirror. You remember:

"Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the fairest one of all"? Yes, I'm the one who poisoned Snow White. She was an infuriating goody-goody. You would have poisoned her too. You know the type. Always has her hand up in class so you never get to talk. Always standing around in the hall with other goody-goodys and laughing at you because you don't have the right eye-liner. The ones who always end up going to Princeton when you go to community college. You know, the ones whose houses have indoor swimming pools. On moonless nights I break into those houses and pour toad spit into those swimming pools. Toad spit gives the goody-goodys acne and their eyelashes fall out. I'll tell you a secret about goody-goodys, nobody ever writes a play or a novel or a movie about them because they are so boring! Boring! Boring! Boring!! Oh, maybe there's a rom-com about them, but nobody but a goody-goody ever watches a rom-com. All rom-coms end the same way. The boy goody-goody has to hijack a taxi and drive ninety miles an hour to the airport to stop the girl goody-goody from getting on a plane to Paris. Goody-goody marriages never last because those marriages are so boring that they both commit all seven deadly sins and become little hairy green monsters.

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