

SIXTY SECONDS IN FAIRYLAND

by Jon Jory

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SIXTY SECONDS IN FAIRYLAND

A Comedic One Act

By Jon Jory

SYNOPSIS: Clever, scintillating script! New characters from the fairytale genre connect and conspire in a zany, very original play. An homage to writers of the past and present and the fact that everything old can be new again. Nicely crafted for a large cast, allows director flexibility. As the Bard correctly stated, “All the world’s a stage...”!

DURATION: 30 minutes.

SETTING: Fairyland.

TIME: Present.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(8-22 females, 4-11 males, 0-2 either)

BEAUTY (f)	(12 lines)
BEAST (m)	(12 lines)
TIN MAN (m)	(7 lines)
SCARECROW (m/f)	(9 lines)
LION (m)	(4 lines)
DOROTHY (f)	(14 lines)
PRINCE CHARMING (m)	(19 lines)
CINDERELLA (f)	(19 lines)
RAPUNZEL (f)	(5 lines)
SNOW WHITE (f)	(Non-Speaking)
RED RIDING HOOD (f)	(2 lines)
TINKERBELLE (f)	(12 lines)
PETER PAN (m)	(11 lines)
THUMBELINA (f)	(1 line)
WICKED WITCH OF THE SOUTHEAST (f)....	(14 lines)
WICKED WITCH OF THE NORTH (f)	(5 lines)
WICKED WITCH OF THE EAST (f)	(1 line)
WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST (f)	(3 lines)
WICKED WITCH OF THE SOUTH (f)	(2 lines)
SLIPSTREAM (f)	(10 lines)

ALADDIN (m).....	(20 lines)
ARIEL (f).....	(16 lines)
PATCHWORK GIRL OF OZ (f).....	(1 line)
HANSEL (m).....	(16 lines)
GRETEL (f)	(14 lines)
DRIBBLE (f)	(1 line)
PRINCE CHARMING 1 (m).....	(18 lines)
PRINCE CHARMING 2 (m).....	(16 lines)
PRINCE CHARMING 3 (m).....	(16 lines)
ACTRESS 1 (f)	(3 lines)
ACTRESS 2 (f)	(3 lines)
ACTRESS 3 (f)	(2 lines)
ACTRESS 4 (f)	(1 line)
RED GUY (m)	(1 line)
PUCK (m/f).....	(1 line)

OPTIONAL DOUBLING: The cast can be reduced to 12 by doubling: 8 females and 4 males.

COSTUMES: It could be as simple as jeans and a t-shirt with a character name on it. For a fuller costume look pieces such as a hat, a crown, a period skirt might be added. It could also be full Fairyland if you have the resources.

SET: Empty stage with furniture and perhaps a large colored circle on the floor. A Fairyland look could be added if you choose.

SOUND: A gong or cymbals. A few extremely simple recorded sounds.

LIGHTS: A simple light plot. Flashlights.

NOTE: The word “pissed” is included. It may be replaced if needed.

OPTION: Any two scenes may be removed if shorter is better. The first and last scenes remain as they are.

AT START: *It would be wonderful if there was a large gong hanging at the back of the stage that could be struck to signal the end of one vignette and the beginning of the next. An actor who would rush on with a pair of cymbals would be a fine substitute. The stage is empty of scenery. A large sign, saying "Fairyland City Limits" would be nice. In each vignette, the characters first introduce themselves. They face front and say:*

BEAUTY: Beauty. But of course you could see that.

BEAST: And the Beast.

Stage crew rushes on with two chairs, sets them and rushes off. BEAUTY and the BEAST sit.

BEAST: You are very beautiful.

BEAUTY: Right. I mean, my name is Beauty, so my being beautiful is key. If the character were named Semi-Beauty, they would have cast someone else. I mean, you're Beast, right? This isn't some movie where you can cast against type. If the name was "Semi-Beauty" you would have to cast my sister.

BEAST: Yeah, but I'm not actually a Beast, I'm actually a Prince.

BEAUTY: See, now you've ruined things.

BEAST: Why?

BEAUTY: You have revealed the final plot twist at the beginning. You have ruined the movie.

BEAST: We're not in a movie, we're in a musical.

BEAUTY: Impossible. I can't sing. I sing like a duck.

BEAST: Too bad 'cause you've got some great numbers.

BEAUTY: Okay, but in that case we would have to be animation because then some other girl would sing and I would lip-sync.

BEAST: Fine. Fine. The thing is we're starting whatever this is and we have to make sure there is an underlying attraction.

BEAUTY: I'm not attracted to you. Beauty is never attracted to the Beast.

BEAST: But she marries him.

BEAUTY: But that's not attraction, I mean, when she sees the Prince he has a wimpy Prince look. Who wants to marry a wimpy Prince look? She marries him because she has a sense of obligation given all he's done for her.

BEAST: So it's not a great love story?

BEAUTY: No, it's a story that tells a young girl don't marry a guy just because he's nice to you.

BEAST: No.

BEAUTY: Yes.

BEAST: No!

BEAUTY: Yes!

BEAST: Forget it, I'm outta here. *(He storms off.)*

BEAUTY: *(Shouts after him.)* Good! *(Turns the other way and shouts.)*
Send me another Beast!

The lights change. BEAUTY exits. Four actors rush in and announce themselves.

TIN MAN: I'm the Tin Man.

LION: I'm the Lion.

SCARECROW: The Scarecrow.

DOROTHY: I'm Dorothy. And believe me, I'm better than Judy Garland.

LION: In your dreams.

TIN MAN: *(Bursting into song.)* We're off to see the Wizard, the...

DOROTHY: Stop that.

TIN MAN: What?

DOROTHY: Enough with the singing. I think we're doing the wrong thing here.

TIN MAN: What thing?

DOROTHY: Asking the Wizard for this stuff. I think we're going to look dumb.

LION: You should talk, you're carrying around a stuffed dog and you talk to it like it's alive.

DOROTHY: I'm not going into that. Hey, Scarecrow...

SCARECROW: *(Elongating the word.)* Yeeesss?

DOROTHY: You're asking the Wizard for a brain, right?

SCARECROW: Yeeesss.

DOROTHY: That seems to me to be hopelessly naïve.

SCARECROW: It is?

DOROTHY: Yeah. Do you have any relevant information that this Wizard guy is a brain surgeon?

SCARECROW: Huh-uh.

DOROTHY: Plus, there has never been a human brain transplant let alone into a Scarecrow.

SCARECROW: Oh-oh.

DOROTHY: (*To the LION.*) And as to giving you courage, this person would have to be a licensed therapist who you would have to see like eight months. Maybe two years.

SCARECROW: (*Astounded.*) Eight months?!

DOROTHY: (*Turning to the TIN MAN.*) And as for you...

TIN MAN: A heart so I can marry my sweetheart.

DOROTHY: The guy has to be a heart surgeon, plus how is he going to transplant a heart into a tin can?

TIN MAN: This is very depressing.

DOROTHY: So the Wizard of Oz has to be a heart surgeon, a brain surgeon, and a licensed therapist. I mean, give me a break, alright?

SCARECROW: I got worried when I found out the yellow brick road was a just a paint job.

A pause.

TIN MAN: I'm really hungry.

SCARECROW: I'm starving.

LION: I'm ravenous.

DOROTHY: I think I saw a Wendy's back the way we came. (*They all link arms facing upstage.*) And a one, and a two, and a three!

ALL: (*They dance off singing.*) We're off to get a burger

The wonderful burger of Oz

It really is a bunch of cheese whiz

On top of a ground-up dog

And they are gone. We hear the gong or cymbals. CINDERELLA and PRINCE CHARMING race on. A stagehand rushes out, sets a chair, and rushes off. CINDERELLA sits.

PRINCE CHARMING: Oh, I'm so glad you're home.

CINDERELLA: I was just about to sweep.

PRINCE CHARMING: Sweep?

CINDERELLA: There are six fireplaces, I sweep the cinders.

PRINCE CHARMING: (*Getting it.*) And that's why they call you Cinderella.

CINDERELLA: I suppose.

PRINCE CHARMING: What's your real name, Cinderella?

CINDERELLA: Bugsi Blugger. That's Bugsi with an "I". I'm named after my Great Uncle Bugsi. He was a crime boss.

PRINCE CHARMING: (*Taken aback.*) Really?

CINDERELLA: He was really sweet. He taught me to be a pickpocket. Want your watch back?

PRINCE CHARMING: You took my watch off my wrist?

CINDERELLA: At the ball when we danced. I also have your fingernail clippers, just for fun. (*Hands the watch and clippers back.*) I see you have my glass slipper.

PRINCE CHARMING: Ummm. Yes. I'm trying it on all the girls in the kingdom.

CINDERELLA: Why?

PRINCE CHARMING: (*Looking for a way out, but not immediately finding one.*) Well, actually, to tell the truth and shame the devil, my mother is quite annoyed that I'm not married and it was her idea to have a ball where I could choose a wife.

CINDERELLA: Oh, I wondered. Why?

PRINCE CHARMING: "Time is passing," she always says.

CINDERELLA: You look very young.

PRINCE CHARMING: I'm actually fifty-four, but I've had a lot of work done.

CINDERELLA: Well, what the heck, let's try it on.

PRINCE CHARMING: Oh, I can eyeball it and see it wouldn't fit.

CINDERELLA: Yes, it would.

PRINCE CHARMING: No, it wouldn't.

CINDERELLA: It would fit because it's my glass slipper.

PRINCE CHARMING: It's yours?

CINDERELLA: It's mine.

PRINCE CHARMING: What brand is it?

CINDERELLA: Jimmy Choo.

PRINCE CHARMING: *(Looks at the bottom of the slipper.)* It is.

CINDERELLA: I saved for them for almost two hundred years.

PRINCE CHARMING: Okay. So, well, I guess this the moment.

Cinderella, would you marry me?

CINDERELLA: What exactly does a Princess do?

PRINCE CHARMING: Do?

CINDERELLA: Like a definition of the “Princess” job?

PRINCE CHARMING: Ummmm, well, gee, umm. Oh, I know, you wave!

CINDERELLA: Waving is my job?

PRINCE CHARMING: Absolutely.

CINDERELLA: My stepsisters might be interested. Personally, I’m planning on being a thoracic surgeon. Yoo hoo! Drusilla, Anastasia! *(To the Prince.)* Thanks for asking.

CINDERELLA blows PRINCE CHARMING a kiss and exits. He looks after her. The gong is struck. Lights change. The PRINCE CHARMING exits, RAPUNZEL enters with a hand mike. She is wearing some form of extreme fashion.

RAPUNZEL: *(She has long hair.)* Thank you, thank you! The Rapunzel House of Fashion is delighted to have you here for Fairyland Fashion Week.

SNOW WHITE appears doing the “runway look”. It would be best if SNOW WHITE was a person of color.

RAPUNZEL: We call this our Snow White look. Perfect for the young lady who is about to eat a poisoned apple. A lovely ankle-length snow skirt with a fetching 16th century German look. It should be accessorized with bluebirds circling her head. Unfortunately, they were unavailable as they are migrating south.

SNOW WHITE disappears and RED RIDING HOOD walks the runway.

RAPUNZEL: Here is Red Riding Hood, resplendent in a white medieval shirt with black corset belt, red skirt, red hooded cape, red stockings and black Mary Jane shoes. This ensemble is particularly attractive to wolves and Huntsmen. The colors do not run even if she is swallowed.

RED RIDING HOOD: Could I say a word?

RAPUNZEL: Well, that would certainly be a runway first.

RED RIDING HOOD: For grandma, I would suggest a Simplisafe Video Doorbell Pro SS3 and round the clock security. If you do bring grandma lunch, I suggest you include Peppergard Personal Pepper Spray with Police Strength OC Pepper Formula, UV detection dye, and key chain for women. Beware, the cloak also attracts Prince Charmings, particularly in a forest setting. *(She model-walks off.)*

RAPUNZEL: So, that brings to an end this year's "Fairy Princesses on Parade." Remember, even a Princess needs a new wardrobe!

The gong sounds. She exits. TINKERBELLE and PETER PAN enter talking. TINKERBELLE is dressed as a ballerina.

TINKERBELLE: Okay, Peter, this has been going on for years and we have to have a little talk.

PETER PAN: Hey, yeah, Tinkerbelle—absolutely, but I have to sew on my shadow.

TINKERBELLE: Peter!

PETER PAN: What?

TINKERBELLE: I'm here, I'm girlfriend material, I've been hanging around protecting you from pirates for years. Tinkerbelle! Me! Probably the most famous fairy in Fairyland. I'm hot, I'm here and what are you doing?

PETER PAN: I have to find another Wendy to read me and the Lost Boys *Cinderella*. They're depressed.

TINKERBELLE: Wendy, Wendy, Wendy! That's all I hear is "Wendy"! They come, they go, they never stay. They boss you around and make you take showers. Me, I love the Peter Pan smell. It's man-sweat, I'm into it.

PETER PAN: Tink, you're only an inch high.

TINKERBELLE: Do I look an inch high?

PETER PAN: No, but it's an illusion. If I tried to touch you my hand would go right through you.

TINKERBELLE: Yeah? Try me.

PETER PAN: Fairies should never marry fairies. It doesn't work out. We're flighty. And there are other problems.

TINKERBELLE: Not this again.

PETER PAN: I just don't know what a kiss is. I thought for a while it was when you gave a girl an acorn. But apparently, that's not it.

TINKERBELLE: *(Trying to stay calm.)* No, Peter, a kiss is not an acorn. *(Starts toward him.)*

PETER PAN: Wait, wait! What are you doing?

TINKERBELLE: I am going to show you what a kiss is.

PETER PAN: Whoa, whoa, whoa! Kissing is a drug that leads directly to adulthood. I want to stay a boy and have adventures and decapitate pirates. I want to have fun!

TINKERBELLE: Time moves on, Peter. You're a fairy, but the Lost Boys have beards down to their ankles. They have terrible arthritis and selective memory loss and most of the pirates are in wheelchairs. That whole thing is going south, Peter! Its days are numbered. Even the Wendys have wised up; when you fly in their windows they scream and SWAT teams show up. You're not going to have anyone play with you except the mermaids and they hate you! You go swimming and they try to drown you. Hey, I'm not even bringing up the crocodiles!

PETER PAN: Well, what will I do?

TINKERBELLE: We'll buy a little starter home in a tree and you can give flying lesson on cruise ships that pass by Neverland.

PETER PAN: I won't grow up. I won't! I'm Peter Pan! I'm going to fly among the stars. I'll find some new pirates who are attacking shipping. I'll train the alligators to do trapeze work and open the Peter Pan Circus. Come with me where dreams are born and time is never planned!! *(He races off.)*

TINKERBELLE: *(Looking after him.)* He drives me bananas! I should have let him eat Hook's poisoned cake!

TINKERBELLE exits as THUMBELINA enters. They high five without stopping. The gong sounds. THUMBELINA speaks directly to us.

THUMBELINA: Hi, I'm Thumbelina and I don't get nearly enough press. You probably can't tell that I'm three inches high, but hey, that's what you've got an imagination for, right? You probably don't even know my fairy tale. It flopped, what can I tell you? I think the reason I've never really made it is that whole deal about my marrying a mole. Yuck. So muddy. But hey, I don't actually marry the mole, give me a break, but at one point it's the mole or a field mouse and the mole seemed like the best option. I actually, with the help of a swallow, find a Prince. Anyway, my point is, there are still limited role models for women. Yeah, witches, that's the best we've got, but who wants to be nasty and green? See, in a lot of the stories the guy saves the girl, but when does the girl save the guy? I mean, there's Dorothy who melts the Witch with a bucket of water, but that's just another cinematic cat fight. Mulan is good, but who else? We need a bunch of role models, right? The worst is like this Sleeping Beauty thing about lying around until some Prince wanders by and kisses you and you get a life. Really? You want to lie around in a glass box 'til some guy kisses you without asking? I don't think so. Check this out: out of 34,476 comic book characters, only 400 have female leads. Four hundred out of 34,000! Am I touchy about this? Yeah, I'm touchy. So, Marvel and DC Comics hear this: this is Thumbelina talking, I am three inches tall and pissed off! What I want is my own superhero movie. I want a gold cape with a red T on it, with thigh-high black leather boots, a scarlet mask, and a silver body suit. Flying is a must and I want to arm wrestle Batman and win. And let me make this really clear, at the end of the movie I do not—let me repeat this—I do not want to be saved by Prince Charming. I'd rather be saved by The Joker, okay? And I want the same money Captain America gets. Parity, right? This is Thumbelina saying, "Over and out."

Lights change. THUMBELINA exits. Five WITCHES enter. The gong sounds.

WICKED WITCH OF THE SOUTHEAST: Well, howdy, Witches! (*The WITCHES applaud and whistle.*) I'm The Wicked Witch of the Southeast.

OTHER WITCHES: Welcome, Wicked Witch of the Southeast.

WICKED WITCH OF THE SOUTHEAST: I got left out of that crummy second rate Oz movie because of my accent.

WICKED WITCH OF THE NORTH: Undefendable discrimination. We got to unionize.

WICKED WITCH OF THE SOUTHEAST: That is on the agenda, but let's do introductions.

WICKED WITCH OF THE EAST: Wicked Witch of the East. I specialize in overcrowding subway cars.

WICKED WITCH OF THE NORTH: Wicked Witch of the North. Short circuiting of electric vehicles.

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: Wicked Witch of the West. Throwing cowboys off Brahma bulls at rodeos.

WICKED WITCH OF THE SOUTH: Wicked Witch of the goldarned South! Specialty is overcooking vegetables.

WICKED WITCH OF THE SOUTHEAST: Southeast. Making sure Alabama beats Auburn.

The other WITCHES chant, "Roll tide!"

WICKED WITCH OF THE SOUTHEAST: Glad to meetcha, can't wait to eatcha!

The WITCHES laugh hilariously.

WICKED WITCH OF THE SOUTHEAST: All righty-tighty! This here is a special meeting called to discuss the water problem.

The other WITCHES scream and say stuff like, "Don't melt me." And "I'm melting, I'm melting."

WICKED WITCH OF THE SOUTHEAST: It has now become generally known that witches are melted by water. This has tragic consequences. Just last month, we lost the Witch of Atlanta to a fire hose incident and the Witch of Long Beach slipped and fell into the middle of a water polo game.

WICKED WITCH OF THE NORTH: Horrible. I lost a flying monkey the same way.

WICKED WITCH OF THE SOUTHEAST: I am just dang pleased to announce our labs have produced a solution!

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: (*Fist in the air.*) Witch power, baby!

WICKED WITCH OF THE SOUTHEAST: We now have an entirely waterproof witch outfit with a Hazmat look that prevents melting in 96.5 percent of all water incidents.

WICKED WITCH OF THE SOUTH: Yeah, but is it sexy? I'm not into the old hag look, I'm more of red hot mama.

WICKED WITCH OF THE SOUTHEAST: Comes with a slit clear up to mid-thigh.

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: We got to get some color goin', ladies! I am done with the basic black.

WICKED WITCH OF THE SOUTHEAST: Comes in sunset pink, metallic blue, and electric orange.

WICKED WITCH OF THE NORTH: You go, girl!

WICKED WITCH OF THE SOUTHEAST: Plus, the robes are scented with the odor of roses, gardenias, and jasmine. I wore one yesterday and I had forty-three scarecrows following me, panting, and whistling.

ALL THE OTHERS: All righty!

WICKED WITCH OF THE SOUTHEAST: And pick up your new bumper stickers, "Try a witch's kisses."

WICKED WITCH OF THE NORTH: Hot-cha-cha!

WICKED WITCH OF THE SOUTHEAST: All right, ladies! Let's blow this joint and play a little Quidditch!

The WITCHES races off in different directions. The gong sounds. A table and two chairs are set. ARIEL and ALADDIN enter and sit. A girl with wings, SLIPSTREAM, enters to talk to them.

SLIPSTREAM: Hi, I'm your pixie matchmaker, Slipstream, and who might you be?

ALADDIN: Hi, I'm Aladdin, the thief of Baghdad.

ARIEL: I'm Ariel, the seventh-born daughter of King Triton and Queen Athena of an underwater kingdom called Atlantica.

SLIPSTREAM: Well, differences attract. Welcome to Fairyland speed dating. The place where fairies meet to greet.

ALADDIN: Well, um, I'm not technically a fairy, I'm actually a thief.

SLIPSTREAM: What do you steal, Aladdin?

ALADDIN: Well, generally melons and chocolate peanut butter cups.

SLIPSTREAM: So you're not exactly a hardened criminal?

ALADDIN: Well, I'm quick-witted, but ultimately caring.

SLIPSTREAM: But you are animated, right?

ALADDIN: Well, yes.

SLIPSTREAM: And you are in a fairy tale?

ALADDIN: Well, sort of.

SLIPSTREAM: Well, animated characters are always welcome in Fairyland. Because there are just not enough Prince Charmings to go around, we have opened our speed dating center. The rules are simple, you have sixty seconds once I start the clock to charm, delight, explain yourself, and make the love connection.

ARIEL: You have anything against fish tales?

ALADDIN: No, I think they're incredibly attractive, I was once engaged to a flounder.

SLIPSTREAM: Whoa, whoa! No scintillating chatting until I start the clock. And a one, and a two, and a three.

She pulls the pin out of an imaginary grenade and tosses it over her shoulder. There is a loud explosion.

SLIPSTREAM: Go!

ARIEL: Hi.

ALADDIN: Hi.

One beat pause. Then three "Hi's" quickly.

ARIEL: Hi.

ALADDIN: Hi.

ARIEL: Hi.

One beat pause. Then a combative exchange.

ALADDIN: Hi.

ARIEL: Hi.

ALADDIN: Hi.

Pause. Then sweetly.

ALADDIN: Hi.

ARIEL: Hi.

Then a long conversation.

ARIEL: Hi.

ALADDIN: Hi.

ARIEL: Hi.

ALADDIN: Hi.

ARIEL: Hi.

ALADDIN: Hi.

ARIEL: Hi.

ALADDIN: Hi.

One beat pause.

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