

THE WIZARD, THE WITCH, THE FAIRY, THE SQUIRREL, AND THE SOFT, FUZZY SLIPPERS OF DOOM

by Bradley Walton and Ray Walton

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THE WIZARD, THE WITCH, THE FAIRY, THE SQUIRREL, AND THE SOFT, FUZZY SLIPPERS OF DOOM

A One Act Youth Comedy

by Bradley Walton and Ray Walton

SYNOPSIS: For centuries, Chuck the Wizard has created wonderful, magical objects, only to have each and every one destroyed by a witch. When Chuck's pet squirrel decides to help out by placing a dangerous "defense spell" on a pair of newly-created magic slippers, Chuck is none too pleased. Faced with the job of keeping the slippers out of the witch's hands, the squirrel goes to the Fairy Queen for help...but things don't go as planned. Never trust a squirrel with anything magic!

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(2 females, 1 male, 5-8 either, 0-5 extras; doubling possible, gender flexible)

WIZARD (m).....	Chuck the wizard, who creates magical objects. <i>(143 lines)</i>
SQUIRREL (m/f).....	Domquarzenzooboo, the wizard's talking squirrel. <i>(180 lines)</i>
FAIRY QUEEN (f).....	The queen of the fairies. <i>(161 lines)</i>
STANLEY/STEPHANIE (m/f)	The fairy queen's talking rabbit. <i>(89 lines)</i>
WITCH (f)	A witch who takes the wizard's magical objects and destroys them. <i>(91 lines)</i>
MARVIN/MATILDA (m/f).....	The witch's talking black cat. <i>(52 lines)</i>
BOB/BERNICE (m/f)	A fairy guard/police in the Fairy Queen's castle. <i>(13 lines)</i>
SPIDER HEAD 1 (m/f).....	Head of a two-headed spider who lives in the Fearful Forest. <i>(15 lines)</i>
SPIDER HEAD 2 (m/f).....	Head of a two-headed spider who lives in the Fearful Forest. <i>(14 lines)</i>
LEFTY (m/f).....	A magic, fuzzy slipper. <i>(13 lines)</i>
RIGHTY (m/f)	A magic, fuzzy slipper. <i>(13 lines)</i>
TREES (m/f)	0-5 trees in the Fearful Forest. <i>(Non-speaking)</i>

DOUBLING OPTIONS: The actors playing the SPIDER can double as LEFTY and RIGHTY, and one of them could also double as BOB. If not playing the SPIDER, the actors performing LEFTY, RIGHTY, and BOB could double as TREES in the Fearful Forest.

DURATION: 60 minutes.

STAGING

The same set may be used for the three interior locations, which are a room in the wizard's castle, a tower in the Fairy Queen's castle, and a witch's lair. Scene changes can be achieved with a shift in the color of the lighting for each location: Blue for the wizard; yellow or pink for the Fairy Queen; and green or red for the witch. (Feel free to use different color schemes if you like.) Backdrops should be painted to look like stone walls. Alternatively, colors projected onto white screens would work just fine to suggest the different locations. (The "window" in the wizard and Fairy Queen interiors can simply be a space between screens.) Of course, you could also have completely different sets for each location, if you like.

There is a pedestal in the lairs of the wizard and the witch, and there may be chairs or other furniture, as well.

The scene in the Fearful Forest can take place on the apron in front of the curtain, and can have its own special light scheme, if desired.

The stage directions from the original production have been included. Feel free to use them, or create your own blocking for the show.

SCENES**SCENE 1 – A ROOM IN THE WIZARD’S CASTLE**

- o Wizard, Squirrel

SCENE 2 – A TOWER OF THE FAIRY QUEEN’S CASTLE

- o Squirrel, Fairy Queen, Stanley, Witch

SCENE 3 – THE WITCH’S LAIR

- o Witch, Marvin

SCENE 4 – A TOWER OF THE FAIRY QUEEN’S CASTLE

- o Fairy Queen, Stanley, Bob, Witch

SCENE 5 – THE FEARFUL FOREST

- o Fairy Queen, Stanley, Two-Headed Spider, Trees (Optional)

SCENE 6 – THE WITCH’S LAIR

- o Witch, Marvin, Fairy Queen, Stanley, Wizard, Lefty, Righty

PROPS**ONSTAGE**

- ☐ Cauldron
- ☐ Fuzzy slippers (still with a store tag and attached to each other with a piece of string so they don’t fly off in different directions when thrown)
- ☐ Magnifying glass
- ☐ Scissors
- ☐ Small jar or bottle

PERSONAL

- ☐ Pouch – SQUIRREL
- ☐ Very large book – WIZARD
- ☐ Wand – FAIRY QUEEN
- ☐ Broom – WITCH
- ☒ White cane (that would be used by a blind person) – WITCH
- ☐ Pizza box with pizza – WITCH

OPTIONAL SOUND EFFECTS: A magical noise, followed by a clap of thunder.

COSTUMES

WIZARD – A traditional-looking wizard's costume with robes, a pointy hat, and a long beard.

SQUIRREL – A squirrel costume.

FAIRY QUEEN – A sparkly dress with fairy wings and a tiara.

STANLEY/STEPHANIE – A rabbit costume.

WITCH – A traditional-looking witch's costume with black robes or a black dress, a pointy black hat, and green skin. The witch has two disguises and for these she needs beggar robes, dark glasses, a pizza delivery shirt, and a surgical mask or gas mask.

MARVIN/MATILDA – A black cat costume.

BOB/BERNICE – A silly-looking palace guard costume and fairy wings. The actress in the original production wore a police helmet and a plastic armor breastplate.

TWO-HEADED SPIDER – A spider costume that can accommodate two people. The actors' arms and legs will be the spider's eight legs. Alternatively, two actors can simply be dressed in black and press themselves together, which is what was done for the original production. The actresses also wore rings of fake fur around their wrists, elbows, knees, and ankles.

LEFTY and RIGHTY – Fuzzy slipper costumes. For the original production, each of these was made using a large sheet of fabric-covered cardboard for the sole and a large pocket of fuzzy fabric to construct the part of the slipper where a wearer's toes would go. A hole was cut in the fuzzy fabric for each actress' face.

TREES – If there are actors portraying trees in the Fearful Forest, they could be dressed in black body suits that hide their faces for sinister trees, or silly-looking tree costumes for comedic trees.

AUTHORS' NOTES

This script originated as a short chapter book called *The Quest for the Magic Slippers* that Ray Walton wrote for their 6th grade English class. Ray's dad liked the story, so he turned it into a play. The authors would like to extend a special thank you to Ray's 6th grade English teacher, Alicia Berry, for assigning the writing project that led to this script.

PRODUCTION HISTORY

The Wizard, the Witch, the Fairy, the Fairy, the Squirrel, and the Soft, Fuzzy Slippers of Doom premiered April 18-19, 2014 at Harrisonburg High School in Harrisonburg, Virginia. It was directed by Bradley Walton, produced by Stanley Swartz, stage managed by Anna Dick with Ray Walton on crew, and featured the following cast:

THE WIZARD -----	Winston Jeffries
DOMQUARZENZOOBOO THE SQUIRREL -----	Tyler Edwards
THE FAIRY QUEEN -----	Lauren McKenzie
STEPHANIE THE RABBIT -----	Hiesun Ho
THE WITCH -----	Analidia Hunter-Nickels
MATILDA THE CAT -----	Jessica Barranco
BERNICE OF THE FAIRY POLICE -----	Anna Dick
SPIDER HEAD 1 / LEFTY -----	Emma Jackson
SPIDER HEAD 2 / RIGHTY -----	Daelynn McCleve

SCENE 1 – A ROOM IN THE WIZARD’S CASTLE

AT RISE: *A room in a wizard’s castle, with an open window UR and an optional door at L. UC, a WIZARD stands upstage of a small cauldron atop a pedestal. A talking SQUIRREL enters from L with a small pouch. This can be a shoulder or belt pouch, or the SQUIRREL can carry it and put it down after entering. The SQUIRREL crosses to L of the WIZARD.*

SQUIRREL: Hey, boss.

WIZARD: Don’t call me that.

SQUIRREL: Would you rather I called you by your name?

WIZARD: Of course not.

SQUIRREL: ‘Cause, y’know, I’d be happy to do that.

WIZARD: That’s quite all right.

SQUIRREL: You shouldn’t be so touchy about it. There are lots of people named—

WIZARD: *(Cutting the SQUIRREL off.)* It’s not a wizard’s name.

SQUIRREL: You mean it doesn’t have at least five syllables and sound like some kind of far northeastern dessert?

WIZARD: Exactly.

SQUIRREL: It’s not as if your parents knew that you were going to be a wizard when you grew up.

WIZARD: *(Crossing to DR with the SQUIRREL following.)* Every male in my family has been a wizard going back at least ten generations. What did they think I was going to be...a pediatrician?

SQUIRREL: I dunno...I don’t think “Chuck the Wizard” sounds that bad.

WIZARD: You’re a squirrel.

SQUIRREL: What does that have to do with it?

WIZARD: I’m just stating a fact.

SQUIRREL: What, my opinion doesn’t count because I’m a squirrel?

WIZARD: Your standards are different, that’s all.

SQUIRREL: What’s that supposed to mean?

WIZARD: Just that...you’re a squirrel and you think squirrel thoughts.

SQUIRREL: What you're really saying is, my thoughts are different from your thoughts, and since you're the great and mighty 1,261-year-old wizard, whereas I am a talking squirrel, my opinions don't count if they're different from yours.

WIZARD: It wouldn't be a problem if you agreed with me more.

SQUIRREL: If you had no intention of ever listening to me, you should never have given me the ability to talk in the first place.

WIZARD: I didn't realize you'd have an opinion on everything.

SQUIRREL: You know what I think?

WIZARD: No, but I'm sure you're going to tell me.

SQUIRREL: (*Crossing to DL.*) I think you're just jealous my parents named me Domquarzenzooboo. (*Pronounced Dom-kwahr-zen-zoo-boo.*)

WIZARD: Why should I be jealous of a squirrel?

SQUIRREL: Because my name is Domquarzenzooboo and your name is Chuck.

WIZARD: (*Crossing L to the SQUIRREL.*) I am...perhaps slightly jealous of your name, yes.

SQUIRREL: Is that why you just call me "Squirrel" all the time?

WIZARD: Possibly.

SQUIRREL: I'd hate to think it's because you're too lazy to say my full name.

WIZARD: Don't be silly.

SQUIRREL: So how about you actually start calling me by my name?

WIZARD: You're a squirrel. It's perfectly appropriate for me to call you what you are.

SQUIRREL: So it's okay if I want to call you "Old, Pig-Headed Beardface"?

WIZARD: "Ancient Wizard" will suffice, thank you very much. That is what I am. Just as you are a squirrel.

SQUIRREL: Riiight.

WIZARD: What's in the bag?

SQUIRREL: Nuts.

WIZARD: Of course. (*Turns and takes two steps R, then turns to face SQUIRREL.*) Was there something that you wanted?

SQUIRREL: Just curious what you were up to in here.

WIZARD: I'm making something.

SQUIRREL: Another one of your enchanted objects?

WIZARD: Yes. Exactly.

SQUIRREL: You know, every time you make a magic object, that witch takes it.

WIZARD: I know.

SQUIRREL: And then she destroys it.

WIZARD: I know.

SQUIRREL: And she keeps doing it over and over again.

WIZARD: I know.

SQUIRREL: (*Crossing to L of the WIZARD.*) The ring. The lantern. The pendant. Even the magic paper towel dispenser.

WIZARD: I know.

SQUIRREL: I liked the paper towel dispenser. It held two thousand rolls at a time in a parallel dimension and refilled itself automatically. It was awesome. (*Staggers a step L, giddy at the memory.*)

WIZARD: Thank you.

SQUIRREL: (*Pointing at the WIZARD.*) You should make a magic toilet paper dispenser!

WIZARD: No.

SQUIRREL: Why not?

WIZARD: I'm not waking up to a castle filled with toilet paper.

SQUIRREL: That would be such a blast.

WIZARD: No magic toilet paper dispenser.

SQUIRREL: (*Turning away from the WIZARD and taking a step L.*) The witch would just take it and destroy it anyway.

WIZARD: That's right.

SQUIRREL: (*Turning to face the WIZARD.*) Why do you keep doing this? Pouring so much time and energy into making these things when you know the witch is going to take them?

WIZARD: Life is transitory.

SQUIRREL: (*Taking a step towards the WIZARD.*) Life is what?

WIZARD: Transitory.

SQUIRREL: Remember, you're talking to a squirrel.

WIZARD: Temporary. Life ends. Everything ends, sooner or later. Nothing in this world lasts forever. So some people make art to express that. My creations are my art.

SQUIRREL: That doesn't make any sense.

WIZARD: (*Putting a hand on the SQUIRREL'S shoulder.*) Do you remember when we went to the theater to see the play about the fairies and the man with the donkey head?

SQUIRREL: Yeah.

WIZARD: Do you think the play was a work of art?

SQUIRREL: Yeah. I guess so.

WIZARD: Do you think the people who put on the play were crazy?

SQUIRREL: No. Why?

WIZARD: (*Putting his arm around the SQUIRREL'S shoulder as they BOTH face the audience.*) Because they spent months rehearsing the play. They spent months creating their work of art. And then they presented their art to an audience. And when they were done, their show was over. Their art was gone. Vanished as if it had never existed.

SQUIRREL: (*Ducking out from under the WIZARD'S arm.*) But the play is written down. It's set right there on a page. It was there before the show was performed, and it's still there after the show is over, waiting for somebody else (*Gesturing L and taking a step L.*) to come along and perform it.

WIZARD: But each performance is different...a one-of-a-kind work of art that exists for a handful of minutes, and then it's gone forever.

SQUIRREL: (*Slouching.*) It's kind of sad and depressing when you put it like that.

WIZARD: (*Crossing to SQUIRREL.*) Did you enjoy the play we saw?

SQUIRREL: Yes.

WIZARD: Are you glad we went? (*Puts a hand on the SQUIRREL'S shoulder again.*)

SQUIRREL: Yes.

WIZARD: Then it was worthwhile. What's important is that we appreciate and make the most of things while they—and we—are here.

SQUIRREL: That's kind of beautiful, and I think it almost makes sense, but—

WIZARD: But what?

SQUIRREL: You don't make the most of the things you create.

The WIZARD removes his hand from the SQUIRREL'S shoulder.

Nobody gets to enjoy any of them. Except for the five glorious minutes I spent playing with that paper towel dispenser. And maybe the witch when she destroys your stuff. (*Paces back and forth L of the WIZARD.*) You create a thing, and then it's gone, so you create another one. And then it's gone, so you create something else. Over and over. You know what your parents really should've named you? Sysiphus! You're just like him, rolling his big rock up the hill so it can roll back down, and he does it over and over again. Up! Down! Up! Down!

WIZARD: (*Face palming.*) This is what I get for teaching mythology to a squirrel.

SQUIRREL: (*Putting a hand on the WIZARD'S shoulder.*) Can I offer you some friendly advice?

WIZARD: What?

SQUIRREL: Get rid of the witch.

WIZARD: (*Jerking away from the SQUIRREL.*) What?

SQUIRREL: (*Pretending to be boxing.*) You could take her in a fight. I know you could.

WIZARD: No!

SQUIRREL: Why not? If you think you're happy and fulfilled making this stuff that's gone in a day or two, think how much more happy you'd be creating things that don't get swiped and smashed into a thousand pieces.

WIZARD: It's not like that.

SQUIRREL: Then what's it like?

WIZARD: (*Crossing his arms and turning away from the SQUIRREL.*) You wouldn't understand.

SQUIRREL: Because I'm a squirrel?

WIZARD: Yes.

SQUIRREL: Do you have something against squirrels?

WIZARD: No.

SQUIRREL: Because you treat me like I'm a...a—

WIZARD: (*Turning his head slightly to the SQUIRREL.*) A squirrel?

SQUIRREL: Yes!

WIZARD: (*Turning more fully towards the SQUIRREL and extending his arms in a wide, frustrated gesture.*) You didn't know what "transitory" meant!

SQUIRREL: Nobody knows what “transitory” means! I’m just saying...I watch you create this stuff, and for five minutes you’re all proud of it and like (*Puffs out chest.*) “look what I made” and then you fall asleep for a month. (*Flops down on the stage.*) You see this? This is you sleeping. (*Snores.*) And you snore. A lot.

WIZARD: Enchanting objects takes a lot of energy.

SQUIRREL: (*Springing back to his feet.*) But when you wake up, the witch has swiped what you made, and somehow you know she’s destroyed it. How do you know that?

WIZARD: (*Rolling his eyes.*) She sends me a card.

SQUIRREL: A card? She rubs your face in it?

WIZARD: Something like that.

SQUIRREL: Can’t you (*Turns L and takes a few steps L.*)...I dunno...(Making hocus-pocus-type gestures.) put some kind of protection spells or shield spells on your stuff so it can’t be destroyed?

WIZARD: (*Icily.*) I do.

SQUIRREL: (*Puzzled.*) But they’re never strong enough?

WIZARD: (*Icily.*) No.

SQUIRREL: (*Crossing to L of the WIZARD, incredulous.*) So you go and make something else?

WIZARD: Exactly.

SQUIRREL: (*Crossing to R of WIZARD, back turned to him.*) I don’t believe you!

WIZARD: You don’t have to.

SQUIRREL: (*Still facing away from the WIZARD.*) Fine. So tell me...what wonderful, cool thing are you making for the witch to ruin now?

WIZARD: Magic slippers.

SQUIRREL: (*Turns and faces the WIZARD.*) What, do they massage your feet?

WIZARD: No, they’re for teleportation.

SQUIRREL: Teleportation...as in...magically taking you from one place (*Gestures to the floor where he’s standing, then runs to L of the WIZARD.*) to another (*Gesturing to the floor where he’s now standing.*) without going through the places in between? (*Gestures to the stretch of floor he just ran across.*)

WIZARD: Right.

SQUIRREL: Just...one second you're here and then—poof—you're someplace else?

WIZARD: Correct.

SQUIRREL: (*Taking one step towards the WIZARD.*) Why slippers?

WIZARD: Because I like slippers.

SQUIRREL: I mean, it seems like kind of an odd choice.

WIZARD: (*Putting a hand to his head as if getting a headache.*) Oh boy, here we go.

SQUIRREL: (*Crossing to R of the WIZARD.*) Because slippers are a kind of shoe and shoes are made for walking. And shoes that take you from one place to another place without walking...that just seems weird.

WIZARD: (*Crossing DL.*) Slippers aren't meant for walking. Slippers are meant for relaxing. They're a comfortable shoe. And what kind of shoe would be more comfortable than a slipper that saves you the trouble of walking? (*Gestures to the stretch of floor he just walked across.*)

SQUIRREL: That's not being comfortable. That's being lazy.

WIZARD: No. You don't understand. They teleport the wearer over long distances.

SQUIRREL: (*Crossing to R of the WIZARD.*) So if you wake up and have to go to the bathroom in the middle of the night, you couldn't just slip these on and poof yourself down the hall?

WIZARD: Well, you *could*.

SQUIRREL: That's what I thought.

WIZARD: But that's not what I had in mind.

SQUIRREL: So you were thinking what...teleporting up (*Making a big upwards gesture.*) onto a mountaintop so you didn't have to climb? Something like that?

WIZARD: Exactly.

SQUIRREL: But then you're standing on top of a mountain wearing slippers. (*Makes a little jump straight up and stomps both feet down onto the stage.*) Nobody wears slippers on mountaintops! That's just stupid! If you're going to make magic shoes, make them combat boots or something cool!

WIZARD: I like slippers.

SQUIRREL: Yeah, because you're 1,261 years old. That should tell you something right there. People your age have no concept of what "cool" is! (*Crosses R to DC as if modeling.*) You should've consulted me, first! I'm young! I'm hip!

WIZARD: You're a squirrel.

SQUIRREL: (*Facing WIZARD, shoulders slouching.*) So?

WIZARD: Fine, if you were going to make a magic teleportation object, what would it be?

SQUIRREL: (*Standing tall, full of wonder and enthusiasm.*) An acorn.

WIZARD: I knew you'd say that.

SQUIRREL: (*Deflating.*) What?

WIZARD: You are *such* a squirrel.

SQUIRREL: Well, it's better than slippers!

WIZARD: I'm sure it is. If you're a squirrel.

SQUIRREL: I *am* a squirrel!

WIZARD: Why are you giving me such a hard time about this? The witch will destroy them and you have no interest in transitory art for its own sake. What does it matter to you?

SQUIRREL: (*Ignoring the question and taking a step L towards the WIZARD.*) What do the slippers look like?

WIZARD: They're fuzzy slippers.

SQUIRREL: (*Disdainfully, slouching.*) Fuzzy slippers?

WIZARD: What's wrong with fuzzy slippers?

SQUIRREL: That's just...just...fuzzy teleportation slippers? Really? Couldn't they be red and sparkly? Maybe be made out of rubies or something?

WIZARD: No! Don't be ridiculous! Why would I want to make slippers like that?

SQUIRREL: Because they'd be sparkly. (*Crosses L to WIZARD.*) Sparkly things are pretty. Even lame things like slippers. Unless this time you're trying to make something that's so lame the witch will leave it alone.

WIZARD: (*Bragging.*) These are very, very powerful slippers.

SQUIRREL: Listen to yourself.

WIZARD: What?

SQUIRREL: *(Taking one step R on each of the following three words.)*
“Very powerful slippers.” *(Faces WIZARD.)* Those three words do not belong in the same sentence together!

WIZARD: *(Crossing R to the SQUIRREL.)* They’re fuzzy slippers and that’s that.

SQUIRREL: I’m not changing your mind on this?

WIZARD: No.

SQUIRREL: Figures.

WIZARD: I just have to put the final touches on the enchantment. All I need is the Tome of Magic Phrases to complete the spell.

SQUIRREL: You mean your great big book of magic words?

WIZARD: That’s the one.

SQUIRREL: I think I saw it down in the kitchen. *(Points L.)*

WIZARD: The kitchen? What’s it doing in the kitchen?

SQUIRREL: Maybe the cook was trying to bake love brownies.

WIZARD: Love brownies?

SQUIRREL: You know...like a love potion? Only brownies.

(Drawing out “brownies,” the SQUIRREL licks his lips and rubs his belly, then looks at the WIZARD and rubs the WIZARD’S belly.)
Mmm.

WIZARD: *(Knocking the SQUIRREL’S hand away.)* Why would somebody bake love brownies?

SQUIRREL: I dunno. Maybe because if somebody hands you a love potion that looks like carbonated pink medicine you’d take for an upset stomach, you’re not going to want to drink it, but a brownie you’d actually eat?

WIZARD: *(Crossing L, very doubtful.)* Love brownies?

SQUIRREL: *(Following the WIZARD.)* I don’t know for sure. It’s just a guess.

WIZARD: I’ll be back in a minute. *(Exits L.)*

SQUIRREL: (*Looking offstage L, watching the WIZARD go.*) Sure thing. (*Crosses to the cauldron.*) Slippers. Why did it have to be slippers? Oh, well. Doesn't matter. I don't know what the wizard's deal is, but this thing with the witch is ridiculous and I'm gonna put a stop to it. (*Dumps something from his pouch into the cauldron.*) I hope he appreciates this. Ground citrus thorns are so hard to come by. (*Holds hands above cauldron dramatically.*) Ach ow block ow gock ow oo...destroy those who would destroy you. (*Rubs hands together in satisfaction.*) Okay. That should do it. (*Exits though the window UR.*)

WIZARD: (*Enters from L, carrying a very large book.*) Squirrel? (*Stops at LC and looks around.*) Where'd he go? Oh, well. Time to finish the enchantment. (*Opens book and scowls.*) Why are there bits of nut shell in the Tome of Magic Phrases? Odd. (*Crosses to the pedestal and stands behind it.*) Now...what are the words I need? (*Looks in the book.*) Ah, yes. Of course. (*Puts down the book and extends his arms dramatically over the cauldron.*) With these words, I seal and empower the enchantments placed upon these slippers: Hocus! Pocus!

The stage lights dim, shoot up to full, black out, and then come back up again. This may be accompanied by a magical sound effect and a clap of thunder. The WIZARD, looking dazed, takes a few unsteady steps DL and sits on the floor.

Oh, my. That took more out of me than I expected. I might need to sleep for an extra week to recover from that.

SQUIRREL: (*Enters through the window and crosses DL to R of the WIZARD.*) Hey, boss. How'd it go?

WIZARD: Exhausting. (*Yawns.*)

SQUIRREL: Yeah. You look pretty wiped out. But it's all done?

WIZARD: It's done.

SQUIRREL: (*Leaning down to the WIZARD.*) So...how much do you love me?

WIZARD: You're cute and your conversation occasionally provides a welcome distraction.

SQUIRREL: (*Still leaning.*) Well, now you're gonna love me even more.

WIZARD: Why is that?

SQUIRREL: (*Standing and crossing a few steps L behind the WIZARD.*) Your witch problem's over. Or it will be soon.

WIZARD: (*Facing the audience, confused.*) What do you mean?

SQUIRREL: I put a defense spell on the slippers.

WIZARD: (*Grabbing the SQUIRREL and yanking him down so that the two of them are eye to eye.*) You what?

SQUIRREL: Since your shield spells weren't working, I put a defense spell on the—

WIZARD: You added an enchantment to the slippers without telling me? Are you trying to kill me? The magic for those enchantments comes from my life force! That could've sucked the life out of me completely!

SQUIRREL: Oops. Sorry about that.

WIZARD: And where did you learn how to...(*Has a moment of realization.*) you've been reading my magic books!

SQUIRREL: I forgot to clean up the nut shells, didn't I?

WIZARD: Did you say...a defense spell? What kind of a defense spell did you put on the slippers?

SQUIRREL: The slippers will destroy anyone who tries to destroy them.

WIZARD: That's not a defense spell. That's a death curse!

SQUIRREL: Well, kind of, I guess.

WIZARD: (*Yelling into the SQUIRREL'S face.*) You put a death curse on the slippers?!

SQUIRREL: Yeah.

WIZARD: (*Standing and still clutching the SQUIRREL, who stands, too.*) You made killer fuzzy slippers?

SQUIRREL: Only if somebody tries to destroy them first.

WIZARD: (*Shaking the SQUIRREL a little.*) But the witch will try to destroy them!

SQUIRREL: So they'll kill the witch. Problem solved.

WIZARD: That's not your problem to solve!

SQUIRREL: I was trying to do you a favor.

WIZARD: (*Letting go of the SQUIRREL and crossing R, thinking out loud.*) She knows they're here. She senses every magical object I make. She'll be coming for them. Soon.

SQUIRREL: Why are you so stressed out about this?

WIZARD: *(Still thinking out loud.)* Any second now, I'm going to fall into a sleep that will last for weeks. I won't be able to stop the witch from taking the slippers. What can I do?

SQUIRREL: Let her take the slippers?

WIZARD: No! *(Turns to face the SQUIRREL, crosses to him and grabs both of his shoulders.)* Promise me! Don't let the witch take the slippers!

SQUIRREL: Why?

WIZARD: Promise!

SQUIRREL: Okay, okay...I promise! But why...

The WIZARD abruptly falls asleep, collapses onto the SQUIRREL and begins snoring loudly.

Um, boss? Can you wake for up a minute please?

The SQUIRREL awkwardly lowers the WIZARD to the stage, then pokes and prods at the WIZARD, but the WIZARD continues to snore.

Boss? Hello? You in there? Oh boy. What am I gonna do? Don't let the witch take the slippers, he says. How am I supposed to do that? I'm just a squirrel. *(Begins meandering around the stage.)* I guess I could use the slippers to teleport someplace and hide them. Except that he said the witch can sense the slippers somehow. She'll know where they are no matter where I put them. So I have to find somebody who can protect the slippers from the witch. But who's powerful enough to match the witch's magic? I guess there's the Fairy Queen. She's kind and good. But she's also queen of the fairies. That's gotta be a big job. She probably has better things to do with her time than guard a pair of slippers. Then again, what do fairies do besides frolic with bunnies all day? So yeah. I'll ask her. What should I say? "Excuse me, Ms. Fairy Queen. Can you please protect these slippers from the witch? Because she's going to try to steal and destroy them, only they'll destroy her instead." That doesn't sound like a very convincing argument. But I can't lie to the Fairy Queen. You just don't do that. I could tell her that the slippers can't be allowed to fall into the witch's hands because...they're slippers of doom. Yeah, that might work. I just won't say whose doom it is. I guess it's worth a try. *(Crosses to the cauldron.)* And I can use the slippers to get to her castle. *(Takes the slippers out of the cauldron and looks at them. They are attached to one another with a piece of string and still have a store tag.)* The wizard didn't even bother to take the tag off. Oh, well. *(Puts the slippers on.)* I'll just put them on and...hey, wow. These things are really soft and comfy. I can see why the wizard didn't think they were a totally lame idea. *(Takes a few small steps DC.)* Right. So. How do they work? Um...hey, slippers...take me to the Fairy Queen!

Blackout.

SCENE 2 – A TOWER OF THE FAIRY QUEEN'S CASTLE

AT RISE: A castle tower room with an open window UR and an optional door at L. The SQUIRREL, looking somewhat disoriented, is standing at the exact same DC spot on the stage he occupied at the end of the previous scene. The FAIRY QUEEN and STANLEY the talking rabbit stand DL, conversing. The FAIRY QUEEN'S back is to the SQUIRREL, and she does not see him. STANLEY, however, does, and is very surprised. The FAIRY QUEEN is holding a wand.

FAIRY QUEEN: (To STANLEY) And your cousin left colored eggs sitting around all over the place. I almost sat on one.

STANLEY points at the SQUIRREL. The FAIRY QUEEN turns and is unpleasantly surprised to see the unannounced visitor.

FAIRY QUEEN: (Crossing angrily to L of the SQUIRREL.) Where did you come from?

SQUIRREL: Um...hi?

FAIRY QUEEN: Did you just teleport into my castle?

SQUIRREL: (Sheepishly.) Yeah.

FAIRY QUEEN: (Crossing in front of the SQUIRREL to his right.) You teleported? Into the castle? Of the Fairy Queen?

SQUIRREL: Uh-huh.

FAIRY QUEEN: No! You don't do that!

STANLEY: (Crossing to L of the SQUIRREL.) I think he just did.

FAIRY QUEEN: Who does he think he is?

STANLEY: (Pointing at the slippers.) A squirrel wearing fuzzy slippers?

SQUIRREL: I'm sorry to bother you, but it's really, really important.

FAIRY QUEEN: Who do you think you are?

SQUIRREL: My name is Domquarzenzooboo.

FAIRY QUEEN: That sounds like some kind of far northeastern dessert.

SQUIRREL: Maybe. Yeah.

FAIRY QUEEN: Is Domquar your first name and Zenzooboo your last name?

SQUIRREL: No. It's all my first name.

FAIRY QUEEN: Your first name is Domquarzenzooboo?

SQUIRREL: Yes.

FAIRY QUEEN: What's your last name?

SQUIRREL: Smith. I come from the castle of the Ancient Wizard.

FAIRY QUEEN: The Ancient Wizard? You mean Chuck? Chuck the Wizard sent you here?

SQUIRREL: Something like that.

FAIRY QUEEN: (*Crossing DR, exasperated.*) Why didn't he just come himself?

SQUIRREL: He's asleep.

FAIRY QUEEN: He couldn't be bothered to come himself because he was sleepy? So he just teleported a squirrel into my castle?

SQUIRREL: (*Taking one step D.*) Do you have something against squirrels?

The FAIRY QUEEN and STANLEY both cross to R of the SQUIRREL, with the STANLEY standing slightly upstage between the two.

FAIRY QUEEN: Only when they teleport unannounced into my castle.

SQUIRREL: Right. Sorry. Let me start over. Chuck needs you to keep something safe for him.

FAIRY QUEEN: Why can't he do it himself?

SQUIRREL: Because he's asleep.

FAIRY QUEEN: Maybe he needs to go to bed earlier.

SQUIRREL: He made a pair of powerful magic objects, and creating them took so much of his energy that he fell into a deep sleep that's going to last for a month. He thinks that a witch is going to try to take these objects and he needs you to keep them safe.

FAIRY QUEEN: (*Crossing DL.*) Shouldn't he maybe have planned for this before he completed the enchantment?

SQUIRREL: Something unexpected happened.

FAIRY QUEEN: What?

SQUIRREL: Um. Somebody added a spell to the slippers when the wizard wasn't looking and now they're a lot more dangerous than they were supposed to be.

FAIRY QUEEN: Slippers?

SQUIRREL: Yeah.

FAIRY QUEEN: These magic objects you're talking about...*(Pointing at the slippers.)* they're the slippers you're wearing?

SQUIRREL: *(Crossing to R of the FAIRY QUEEN.)* Yeah. These slippers. *(Takes the slippers off and holds them out to the FAIRY QUEEN.)* Here. Take them.

STANLEY crosses to R of the SQUIRREL.

FAIRY QUEEN: *(Incredulous, not taking the slippers.)* Fuzzy slippers?

STANLEY: *(Takes the slippers and examines them.)* Wow, these are really soft.

SQUIRREL: They're not just any soft, fuzzy slippers. They're soft, fuzzy slippers of doom.

STANLEY: *(Abruptly drops the slippers and takes a step back.)* Agh! What kind of doom?

SQUIRREL: Deadly doom. *(Hurriedly crosses UR to the window and begins to climb out.)* The witch mustn't be allowed to get her hands on them, okay?

FAIRY QUEEN: What are you doing?

SQUIRREL: Leaving.

STANLEY: We're in a tower. It's a five hundred foot drop.

SQUIRREL: I'm a squirrel. I can climb. Bye! *(Exits out the window.)*

STANLEY: *(Crossing UR towards the window.)* Hey! Get back here!

FAIRY QUEEN: *(With an exasperated sigh.)* Let him go.

STANLEY: *(Turning to face the FAIRY QUEEN.)* He can't just pop in here and drop off soft, fuzzy slippers of doom like that!

FAIRY QUEEN: *(Gesturing to the slippers.)* He already did.

STANLEY: *(Crossing DL towards the slippers and the FAIRY QUEEN.)* They can't stay here! They're soft, fuzzy slippers of doom, for crying out loud!

FAIRY QUEEN: What else are we going to do with them?

STANLEY: Doesn't the "of doom" part in "soft, fuzzy slippers of doom" bother you just a little? Because it does me.

FAIRY QUEEN: Look, I don't know what these things do, but obviously, they're dangerous and they need to be guarded by somebody who works magic. So I'll do it. But only for a month. Once the wizard's had a chance to wake up, we're taking them straight back to him.

STANLEY: You seem awfully calm about this. Aren't you worried that you'll have to fight the witch?

FAIRY QUEEN: Not really. The squirrel teleported here straight from the wizard's castle. The witch probably doesn't know where the slippers are.

STANLEY: But what if she finds out somehow? What do you think she'll do? Try to put a sleeping spell over everyone in the castle? Hit us with an assault of flying baboons? Turn herself into a dragon?

The WITCH enters through the window, her broom in hand, and crosses DL to the slippers, STANLEY, and FAIRY QUEEN. The FAIRY QUEEN and STANLEY are stunned; what they are seeing does not quite compute.

STANLEY: Um...

FAIRY QUEEN: You don't think...

STANLEY: Is that...

FAIRY QUEEN: No...it couldn't be...

The WITCH picks up the slippers and crosses back towards the window. The FAIRY QUEEN and STANLEY watch in perplexed silence. The WITCH is at RC when the FAIRY QUEEN speaks.

FAIRY QUEEN: *(Taking a few steps R, followed by STANLEY, who is hiding behind her.)* Hey!

WITCH: Yes?

FAIRY QUEEN: What are you doing!?

WITCH: *(Taking a step or two downstage so that she and the FAIRY QUEEN are standing directly across from one another.)* Taking the slippers.

FAIRY QUEEN: I'm standing right here!

WITCH: You weren't stopping me.

FAIRY QUEEN: I'm the Fairy Queen! Nobody flies into the castle of the Fairy Queen!

WITCH: It's an open tower window and there's no "do not enter" sign posted outside.

FAIRY QUEEN: This is my home!

WITCH: But you had something I wanted.

FAIRY QUEEN: And now you need to give it back.

WITCH: Make me.

FAIRY QUEEN: *(Pointing her wand at the slippers.)* Slippers! To me.

The WITCH tosses the slippers to the FAIRY QUEEN in an off-balanced manner that suggests the slippers were pulled out of her hand by magic.

WITCH: *(Backing UR towards window while speaking to audience.)*
Drat! I've got to get those slippers! *(Exits out the window.)*

STANLEY and the FAIRY QUEEN cross UR to the window and stand on opposite sides of it.

STANLEY: Can you believe the nerve of that? Just waltzing in here right in front of us!

FAIRY QUEEN: I can honestly say of all the things I thought she might try, that wasn't one of them. What did she think was going to happen? That she was going to just take the slippers and leave?

STANLEY: It almost worked.

FAIRY QUEEN: Yeah.

STANLEY: I mean, she nearly made it to the window with the slippers in her hand.

FAIRY QUEEN: *(Sighing, crossing L.)* I know.

STANLEY: That could have been a complete disaster.

FAIRY QUEEN: It's not like you did anything to help.

STANLEY: Hey, you're the Fairy Queen. I'm just your talking bunny rabbit. Guarding the slippers is your job. *(Hops a few steps L.)* All I do is stand here and look cute.

There is a knock at L. The FAIRY QUEEN and STANLEY give each other a puzzled look. The FAIRY QUEEN hands the slippers to STANLEY, then crosses L to the door and opens it. The WITCH is standing in the doorway dressed in a beggar's robe with dark glasses, but still wearing a pointy witch hat on her head. The WITCH may also have a white cane. If there is no door, the FAIRY QUEEN reaches just offstage to open an imaginary door. The FAIRY QUEEN backs up two steps R to give the WITCH space to enter, and the WITCH takes two steps onto the stage. STANLEY crosses to R of the FAIRY QUEEN.

WITCH: Might you have the kindness in your heart to help out a poor, old, blind beggar woman?

FAIRY QUEEN: *(Knowing it's the WITCH.)* This is my highest tower. The castle door is hundreds of feet below us.

WITCH: I wasn't sure you'd hear if I knocked.

FAIRY QUEEN: How did you get in?

WITCH: The window.

FAIRY QUEEN: There are no windows at ground level.

WITCH: I climbed?

STANLEY: You're not a squirrel.

FAIRY QUEEN: Maybe you flew.

WITCH: No. I'm not a witch or anything.

FAIRY QUEEN: All right...what sort of assistance does a poor, old, blind beggar woman need? Could I offer you some food?

WITCH: That's very kind of you. But what I really need is a pair of slippers for my old, aching feet. Just like those. *(Points at the slippers.)*

FAIRY QUEEN: I thought you were blind.

WITCH: I can smell them. They're quite nasty. You should let me wash them for you.

FAIRY QUEEN: I don't smell anything.

WITCH: It'll hit your nose any second now, and my heart aches for you to suffer like that. Let me ease you of this trouble. Please.

FAIRY QUEEN: Goodbye, witch.

WITCH: *(To audience.)* Drat. I've got to get those slippers.

The WITCH exits. If there is a door, the FAIRY QUEEN closes it.

STANLEY: *(To audience.)* This is going to be an interesting month.

Blackout.

SCENE 3 – THE WITCH’S LAIR

AT RISE: *A witch’s lair with a pedestal UC. The WITCH’S talking black cat MARVIN sits DL, grooming himself. The WITCH enters from R, looking exhausted. She’s carrying a broom which she props against a wall or the proscenium.*

WITCH: I’m finally home, Marvin.

MARVIN: Did you remember the pizza?

WITCH: *(Crossing DL to MARVIN.)* What?

MARVIN: You said you’d pick up a pizza on the way home. You know...from the shop outside the Fearful Forest?

WITCH: Sorry, Marvin. *(Crosses R to DC.)* I was busy being chased by a bear.

MARVIN: What were you doing that got you chased by a bear?

WITCH: Trying to take the magic slippers from the Fairy Queen. For the fourth time.

MARVIN: The fourth time?

WITCH: It’s not going well, Marvin.

MARVIN: How did a bear get involved?

WITCH: *(Crossing to DR.)* I was going to magically hypnotize the Fairy Queen, and I was practicing the spell outside of her castle when the bear walked out of the woods and looked at me.

MARVIN: And you hypnotized the bear?

WITCH: *(Crossing to R of MARVIN.)* I hypnotized the bear. And hypnotizing a fairy and hypnotizing a bear are two completely different things. What works on one doesn’t always work on the other. In fact, hypnosis which would normally cause a fairy to hand over magic slippers, when applied to a bear, actually causes the bear to become very angry and exceptionally energetic.

MARVIN: *(Standing.)* It’s a shame you couldn’t have accidentally hypnotized the bear into getting us a pizza.

WITCH: Can I have a little sympathy here? I just got chased by a bear.
For twenty miles.

MARVIN: Why didn't you fly away on your broom?

WITCH: (*Crossing to DC.*) Because the third time I tried to get the slippers, the plan was to just swoop in on my broom and grab them, but the batteries died and I got dumped headfirst down the Fairy Queen's chimney. Stupid flying broom.

MARVIN: (*Crossing to L of WITCH.*) At least you were using the right broom. Remember the time you jumped out the window with the broom you use for sweeping?

WITCH: Of course I remember. It was exactly what'd you expect to happen when you jump out the window onto a broom that doesn't fly.

MARVIN: Yeah, gravity's a bummer. At least you landed in the bushes. Wait a minute, did you say the batteries died...in your flying broom?

WITCH: That's right.

MARVIN: But that's a magic broom.

WITCH: Just becomes something is magic doesn't mean it won't still need batteries.

MARVIN: I guess you should replace them, then.

WITCH: We're out of batteries.

MARVIN: So get more batteries.

WITCH: Just because this is an enchanted land doesn't mean batteries grow on trees.

MARVIN: There's a convenience store on the edge of the Fearful Forest. It's right next to the pizza place. You could've picked some up on your way home.

WITCH: I was being chased by a bear!

MARVIN: Oh, yeah.

WITCH: I need to get those slippers.

MARVIN: (*Crossing in front of the WITCH to DRC.*) Instead of being sneaky, why don't you just go and challenge the Fairy Queen to a fight? Your magic's really strong.

WITCH: It is, but the Fairy Queen's castle is her place of power. I'd never defeat her there. And as long as she's guarding those slippers, she won't set foot outside.

MARVIN: Why does she have them, anyway?

WITCH: (*Crossing DL.*) I don't know. But the wizard's going to be very sorry he gave them to her.

MARVIN: Maybe you could knock her out with a sleeping potion.

WITCH: I can't see her drinking anything brightly colored and bubbly for the next few weeks.

MARVIN: Brownies?

WITCH: Whenever somebody tries to make a stand-in for a potion, they always do brownies. It's too obvious. (*Waves hand dismissively.*)

MARVIN: (*Crossing to R of the WITCH.*) What about a potion that she doesn't have to drink...one that works by smell? Pop the cork and she goes to sleep for a while? You could disguise yourself as a beggar.

WITCH: I already disguised myself as a beggar. And I think I dropped my costume when I flew away.

MARVIN: So disguise yourself as a different beggar.

WITCH: No. I need to do something else. Something original.
(*Crosses UR in front of MARVIN, her back to audience.*)

MARVIN: While you're figuring it out, can we please get some pizza?

WITCH: (*Spinning around to face the audience.*) Aha!

MARVIN: What?

WITCH: (*Crossing DC.*) I've got it! The perfect disguise! And this time, I *will* get those slippers!

Blackout.

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