

CURSES – A FRACTURED FAIRIES' TALE

A One Act Play

by

Deb Meyer

©2018

Deb Meyer
1618 Esker Trail
Columbus, WI 53925
608-438-2261
djmeyer8350@gmail.com

Cast of Characters

- Maura/Old Hag: A fun-loving Martha Stewart-like fairy, with a bit of OCD thrown in.
- Dawna: A self-absorbed fairy. Her goal is to find and marry a handsome, mortal. She keeps a hand-held mirror with her often to admire herself and likes to hold up various articles of clothing to see how she might look in them.
- Marigold: She's rude, sarcastic and has been casting quirky spells on anyone who irritates her.
- Princess Weeglia: An insecure princess who lived with the fairies during her childhood. She constantly hums and hums wildly when nervous.
- Prince Yewdl: PRINCESS WEEGLIA's husband. He tries to appear strong and self-confident, but suffers from the trauma of battling an evil dragon. He whimpers during storms and completely falls apart when there's any mention of magic or spells.
- Royal Guards: Two or three actors. No lines.
- Mr. Grimm/Morton: A Recovery Group Leader and disguised wizard. His tone is elegant, soothing and low key. He is dressed all in black including a black hat. You never see his face until the ending reveal.

(MORE)

Cast of Characters (CONTINUED)

Grouchy: Gruff and sarcastic.

Wendall the Woodsman: Depressed and remorseful.

Jack: From Jack and the Beanstalk.
He's fidgety, rough around the
edges and addicted to beans.

Mice: Six to eight children dressed
as mice. They use squeak toys for
the opening scene.

Scene 1 - Of Mice and Chicken

SETTING: The interior of a cozy woodland cottage. Evening.

AT RISE: Cue sound effects of rain and thunder. House lights flicker and dim. Mice enter from the back of the auditorium and run up and down the aisles squeaking and chasing about. Lights slowly come up on the stage where MAURA is stage left, stirring a pot that's hanging over a fire in the fireplace. Three of the Mice run on to the stage and scurry around MAURA who grabs a broom and chases them toward the door, stage right. As she opens it to sweep them out, DAWNA enters twirling around them. DAWNA is wearing a brightly colored cape with the hood up. She has an assortment of colorful clothes under her cape.

DAWNA

Where is she?

MAURA

Did you see those mice?

DAWNA

I just came from Luxyluke. It looks like Marigold's cast a spell on the whole village.

MAURA

There must have been a half dozen of them.

DAWNA

There were three.

(DAWNA takes off her cape and tosses it over the back of the couch. MAURA turns and looks at her then lets out a little shriek.)

MAURA

Eek!

DAWNA

I'll get it. Where's the broom?

MAURA

No. No. It's, it's your hair. It's, so very...

(SFX thunder rumbles. DAWNA picks up a hand help mirror and plays with her hair. She keeps it with her and admires herself.)

DAWNA
Red? Fluffy? Gorgeous? I know.

MAURA
Oh, it's red alright.

DAWNA
Where's Marigold?

MAURA
Sleeping. She's been sleeping all afternoon.

(MAURA walks around the stage straightening things out, fluffing pillows on the couch, dusting various things with a feather duster.)

DAWNA
I don't think so.

MAURA
Poor little rodents. I wonder what frightened them so?

(DAWNA grabs MAURA by the shoulders and gently shakes her.)

DAWNA
MAURA! Luxyluke is in shambles. Marigold's cursed the whole village. There are hundreds of panicky little mice running rampant from one end of town to the other.

MAURA
No!

DAWNA
Yes! We've got to do something.

(Offstage SFX of rain and a loud clap of thunder. MAURA breaks away, ignoring her.)

MAURA
Oh, we will.

DAWNA
When?

MARUA
Later.

Later may be too late.

MAURA

Dawna, our cottage feels stale and stuffy. Princess Weeglia and Prince Yewdl will be here any moment.

(MAURA hands DAWNA some long matches.)

Here, be a dear fairy godmother and light that lavender scented candle for me. It pairs so well with the sage and rosemary in my savory stew.

(DAWNA walks over, takes the match and lights the small candle that's sitting on the coffee table. She counts the chairs around the dining table.)

DAWNA

Five. There're only five chairs.

MAURA

Yes. I know. Now, please fold those napkins into swans for me. You know how Princess Weeglia loves swans.

(DAWNA picks up some pieces of fabric and fumbles with them, leaving them in a messy heap on the table. MAURA looks over at the table.)

MAURA

I've showed you a hundred times how to do this. Here, watch.

(She fumbles with the fabric muttering under her breath, and finally gets one napkin to look somewhat like a swan. She looks at it and then shakes it out and folds the fabric in half diagonally lays it on the table and walks away.)

Sails on a vessel. Perfect.

DAWNA

Why only five chairs?

MAURA

Morton can't make it.

DAWNA

But, I just got my hair done.

MAURA

Yes, and it looks very nice. In a beet-infused kind of way.

DAWNA

No, you don't understand. I was hoping he'd bring a strong, handsome, mortal friend.

MAURA

Dawna, Morton's a wizard. Wizards don't play with mortals.

DAWNA

Everyone plays with mortals. They're so...amusing.

MAURA

Not Morton. He claims they're too finicky. Always changing their minds, especially the womenfolk. But, he did promise stop by in a few days.

DAWNA

Perhaps I should add some glitter and purple highlights.

MAURA

No.

DAWNA

Too much? Just glitter?

MAURA

No.

DAWNA

Morton must come for dinner. He's the only one she'll listen to.

MAURA

I know. But, he's not coming. He said he has some kind of wizardry plan in the works and that we should just trust him.

DAWNA

Hmm. How much can you really trust a 480-year-old wizard? Some of his ways are older than Bert.

MAURA

Bert? I think you mean dirt. The saying is, older than dirt.

DAWNA

No. I mean Bert. That old tortoise he keeps as a pet. That thing's ancient. And, it bites.

MAURA

Only when it's hungry. Morton has experience with these matters. He's been studying spells, potions and curses for decades. Maybe centuries. Plus, he knows how to handle Marigold when she's in one of her moods.

(DAWNA's looking in a hand-held mirror, fluffing and playing with her hair.)

DAWNA

Ahh, I do love this red.

(She puts the mirror down.)