

Curses!

A Fractured Fairies' Tale



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Curses!
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*To
Isaac and Izzy,
with love*

Curses!

A Fractured Fairies' Tale

COMEDY. Marigold, a cranky fairy, casts quirky spells on anyone who annoys her and has transformed all the villagers of Luxyluke into mice. Two fairy friends, along with Prince Yewdl and Princess Weegelia, arrange an intervention to convince Marigold to attend Fairy Godmothers' Anonymous. Annoyed, Marigold casts a spell that makes Prince Yewdl act like a chicken. However, when Marigold discovers she may have accidentally transformed her best friend, Morton the wizard, into a mouse, she sets out to find him and reverse the spell. Along the way, Marigold meets an old hag who gives her horrible directions, and Marigold ends up at a support group for fairytale characters where she meets a grouchy dwarf, a guilt-wracked woodsman, and a guy named Jack who is addicted to beans. Nonstop laughs!

Performance Time: Approximately 45-60 minutes.

Characters

(4 M, 4 F, 9 flexible, opt. extras)
(With doubling: 4 M, 3 F, 1 flexible)

MARIGOLD: A rude, sarcastic fairy who is fearful of change; casts quirky spells on anyone who annoys her; lives with fellow fairies Dawna and Maura in a cozy cottage; her best friend is Morton the wizard; carries a broken magic wand; female.

MAURA/OLD HAG: A fun-loving Martha Stewart-like fairy who is a bit obsessive-compulsive and loves to rearrange furniture, paint the walls different colors, fold napkins into doves or fish, and make scented candles; disguised as an Old Hag who speaks in verse and isn't good at giving directions; as Old Hag wears a hooded cloak and carries a walking stick; female.

DAWNA: A self-absorbed fairy who is fixated on her hair and clothes and hopes to marry a mortal stud muffin; wears an assortment of colorful clothes under her brightly colored cape with hood; has red hair and carries around a hand mirror so she can admire herself; female.

PRINCESS WEEGELIA: A princess who constantly hums; used to live with Marigold, Maura, and Dawna; hates squirrels and berries; female.

PRINCE YEWDL: Princess Weegelia's husband who tries to appear strong and self-confident but suffers from the trauma of battling an evil dragon; afraid of storms, wild boars, and Marigold's spells; male.

MORTON/MR. GRIMM: Morton, a 480-year-old wizard and Marigold's best friend, has disguised himself as Mr. Grimm, a recovery/support group leader who helps fairytale characters; as Mr. Grimm he speaks with a soothing tone and is dressed in black and wears a black hat; as Morton he has a roaring voice, a long gray beard, and wears a cape and

wizard's hat; male. (Note: His face is hidden to the audience until revealed at the end.)

GROUCHY: Gruff, grumpy dwarf from the Snow White story who attends Mr. Grimm's support group; complains endlessly about Snow White; flexible.

WENDALL: Woodsman from the Snow White story who attends Mr. Grimm's support group; guilt-wracked, depressed, and remorseful for leaving Snow White in the woods; male.

JACK: Character from the Jack and the Beanstalk story who attends Mr. Grimm's support group; addicted to beans and appears nervous and desperate; speaks with a Norwegian accent; male.

MOUSE 1-6: Village of Luxyluke residents who have been turned into mice by Marigold; nonspeaking; wear mouse costumes and use squeaky toys to squeak; flexible. (Note: May be played by children or adults.)

ROYAL GUARDS 1, 2: Nonspeaking; flexible.

EXTRAS (opt.): As additional Mice and Guards.

Options for Doubling

MAURA/MOUSE 1 (flexible)

GROUCHY/ROYAL GUARD 1/MOUSE 2 (flexible)

WENDALL/ROYAL GUARD 2/MOUSE 3 (flexible)

JACK/MOUSE 4 (flexible)

PRINCE YEWDL/MOUSE 5 (flexible)

MORTON/MOUSE 6 (flexible)

Setting

Fairies' woodland cottage and a forest.

Sets

Interior of the Fairies' cozy woodland cottage. There is a fireplace with a coat rack next to it, a couch with pillows, a dining table with five chairs, and a coffee table with a glowing candle or lantern on it.

Woods. There is a small glowing campfire. A backdrop of a forest may be used.

Interior of Mr. Grimm's cozy woodland cottage. May be the same as the Fairies' woodland cottage, if desired. There are six chairs instead of five and the table has sprigs of lavender and rosemary scattered down the center of it.

Synopsis of Scenes

Scene 1: Fairies' woodland cottage.

Scene 2: The woods, nighttime.

Scene 3: Mr. Grimm's woodland cottage, later that evening.

Scene 4: Fairies' woodland cottage, the next morning.

Scene 5: Fairies' woodland cottage, three days later, evening.

Props

6 Squeaky toys, for Mice	Walking stick, for Old Hag
Cooking pot	Tea kettle
Stirring spoon	3 Teacups
Broom	Cloak, for Marigold
Handheld mirror	Walking stick, for Marigold
Hairbrush	Sprigs of rosemary
Feather duster	Sprigs of lavender
Long matches	Magic wand, for Mr. Grimm
Candle or lantern	Bowl of apples
Cloth napkins	Sign that reads, "Three days later"
Cloak, for Princess	Plate of brownies
Cloak, for Prince	
Broken magic wand, for Marigold	

Special Effects

Sound of pouring rain	Sounds of nighttime woodland creatures (frogs, crickets, owls, etc.)
Thunder	Small glowing campfire (lighting effect)
"Fire" in fireplace (lighting effect)	Sound of birds chirping
"Lit" candle or lantern (lighting effect)	Rooster crowing
Off-key trumpet blaring	5 Bowls of "porridge"
Puff of smoke, opt.	Knock at the door
Distant rumbles of thunder	Cape, for Morton
Gusting winds	Wizard's hat, for Morton

“Who knows what kind
of crazy spells
she may have dreamed up
during the night.”

—Danna

Scene 1

(AT RISE: The interior of a cozy woodland cottage, evening. Sound of rain and thunder. House lights flicker and dim. Mice 1-6 enter from the back of the auditorium and run up and down the aisles squeaking and scurrying about. Lights slowly come up on the stage where Maura is SL, stirring a pot that's hanging over a fire in the fireplace. Mice 1-3 run onto the stage and scurry about. Maura grabs a broom and chases Mice 1-3 toward the door SR. As she opens the door to sweep them out, Dawna enters twirling around them. Dawna is wearing a brightly colored cape with the hood up. She is wearing an assortment of colorful clothes under her cape.)

DAWNA: *(To Maura.)* 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. *(Takes off her cape and tosses it over the back of the couch. Maura turns, looks at her, and lets out a little shriek, "eek!")* I'll get them. Where's the broom?

MAURA: No! No! It's...it's your hair. It's so very —

(Thunder. Dawna picks up a handheld mirror, plays with her hair, and admires herself.)

DAWNA: Red? Fluffy? Gorgeous? I know.

MAURA: Oh, it's red, all right.

DAWNA: Where's Marigold?

MAURA: Sleeping. She's been sleeping all afternoon. *(Walks around the stage straightening things, fluffing pillows on the couch, and dusting various things with a feather duster.)*

DAWNA: I don't think so.

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

DAWNA: *(Gently shaking Maura by the shoulders.)* 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.

(Rain and a loud clap of thunder is heard. Maura breaks away, ignoring her.)

MAURA: Oh, we will.

DAWNA: When?

MAURA: Later.

DAWNA: Later may be too late.

MAURA: Dawna, our cottage feels stale and stuffy. Princess Weegelia and Prince Yewdl will be here any moment. *(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 takes the match and lights a small candle that's sitting on the coffee table.)

DAWNA: *(Counting the chairs around the dining table.)* Five. There're only five chairs.

MAURA: Yes, I know. Now, please fold those napkins into swans for me. You know how Princess Weegelia loves swans. *(Dawna picks up some cloth napkins and fumbles with them, leaving them in a messy heap on the table. Looks over at the table.)* I've showed you a hundred times how to do this. Here, watch. *(Fumbles with the fabric napkins, muttering under her breath. She finally gets one napkin to look somewhat like a swan. She looks at it, shakes it out, folds the napkin diagonally, puts 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. But he did promise to 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. And he knows how to handle Marigold when she's in one of her moods.

DAWNA: *(Looking in the hand mirror, playing with her hair.)* Ahhhh, I do love this red. *(Puts the mirror down.)* I have a very bad feeling about tonight. What did you tell Marigold?

MAURA: I told her I was trying out a new mutton stew recipe and that Prince Yewdl and Princess Weegelia are coming for dinner.

DAWNA: Remember last week when you added those soft earthy mushrooms to her soup? She was an absolute delight.

MAURA: She was, indeed.

DAWNA: She cleaned my room, washed my sheets, fluffed my pillows, and left a small vial of her favorite essence on my nightstand.

MAURA: Yes, and two days later she was climbing trees and talking to squirrels and chipmunks.

DAWNA: Oh, right. Well, how about your wacky walnut brownies?

MAURA: No. She needs long-term help. Her quirky spells have gotten way out of hand. And we never know who or what she's going to curse next.

DAWNA: I heard about a man in Cheshire who practices something called hyp-no-tism.

MAURA: Hyp-no-what?

DAWNA: Hyp-no-tism. It's kind of like a spell for mortals.

MAURA: Interesting...

DAWNA: I'm told it works wonders on curing them of their nasty habits, like eating frog legs for breakfast. Nasty!

MAURA: *(Realizes.)* Wait. You said Luxyluke was filled with rodents. Oh, dear. I believe Morton was passing through there earlier today.

DAWNA: No.

MAURA: Yes. Some kind of Woodland Wizards Workshop. *(Knock at the door. Opens the door. Sound of pouring rain is heard. Loud thunder. Princess Weegelia, who is constantly humming, enters with Prince Yewdl. They are cold, wet, and shivering. Offstage, an off-key trumpet blares. Maura and Dawna wince/shudder at the sound of the trumpet. Maura kisses the Prince and Princess on the cheek.)* Oh, dear. Princess Weegelia, Prince Yewdl, you're dreadfully sopping wet.

PRINCE YEWDL: (*Shivering.*) And c-c-c-colder than a penguin's nose.

PRINCESS WEEGELIA: I don't think penguins have a nose, my Prince.

PRINCE YEWDL: They must, my dear Princess. How else would they smell fish for freshness?

PRINCESS WEEGELIA: My Prince, you're so brilliant.

PRINCE YEWDL: I know.

DAWNA: Here, Your Majesties, let me take your cloaks.

(Dawna hangs the Prince and Princess's cloaks on a coat rack next to the fire. Prince Yewdl and Princess Weegelia embrace comically. Prince Yewdl begins kissing Princess Weegelia's arm, up and down. Dawna watches and then breaks them up.)

MAURA: (*Indicating cloaks.*) I'm sure those will be warm and dry by the time you head back to the palace. And the lemon peels I tossed in the fire will give them a fresh, clean scent.

DAWNA: Speaking of your palace, Prince Yewdl, any handsome new guards in your ranks?

PRINCE YEWDL: No.

DAWNA: Pity. Well, keep me posted if one shows up. Better yet, why not let me scout the village for a potential new husband...uh, prospects...guards. Of course, I mean *guards*. Strong, warrior-like guards.

PRINCE YEWDL: No.

MAURA: Princess Weegelia, you look royally radiant.

PRINCESS WEEGELIA: Really, Auntie?

DAWNA: Absolutely.

MAURA: And you know, Princess, fairy godmothers never tell a tale. (*Prince Yewdl loudly clears his throat.*) Yes, Prince Yewdl, you look...uh...royally radiant as well...in a princely, manly sort of way.

(Prince Yewdl nods and does a few bodybuilder poses.)

PRINCE YEWDL: Thank you, Maura. I have been wrestling a pen of portly pigs to build my muscle mass. *(Loud clap of thunder. Lightning. Scared, Prince Yewdl jumps onto a chair, whimpers, and covers his ears.)* Oh, Mommy, make it stop!

DAWNA: Still afraid of storms?

PRINCESS WEEGELIA: Just at night.

MAURA: All right, enough with the royal formalities. Marigold will be waking any moment. Remember, tonight is all about her.

(Prince Yewdl is sitting in the chair, rocking back and forth with his hands over his ears.)

PRINCESS WEEGELIA: Oh, I do hope she'll listen to us.

MAURA: Oh, she'll listen, Princess. The question is...will she go to fairy godmother rehab or turn us all into truffle-sniffing wild boars?

(Prince Yewdl jumps up from his chair.)

PRINCE YEWDL: Can she do that?! I loathe wild boars! Those clicky little hooves...curved tongues...pointy tusks...

PRINCESS WEEGELIA: Last week, our court jester, Jerry, was gored in the leg by a wild boar. Now he hops about in circles. It was kind of funny at first. *(Hops around in circles a few times. Laughs.)*

PRINCE YEWDL: I loathe wild boars!

PRINCESS WEEGELIA: Relax, my Prince. I'm sure Auntie Maura is joking.

PRINCE YEWDL: Joking or not, first sign of one of Marigold's psycho spells going down, and you are all on your own.

DAWNA: Seriously, Prince Yewdl? After slashing your way through the enchanted Devils' Drool Woodlands and slaying that fire-breathing dragon?

(Loud clap of thunder. Prince Yewdl jumps back onto the chair and covers his head with his arms.)

PRINCESS WEEGELIA: *(Putting her hand over Dawna's mouth.)*
Shhhhh, we don't say the "D" words. He still has terrible flashbacks...barely sleeps through the night. Sweats like a senator under oath.

(Offstage, the sound of rain and thunder is heard. Someone grumbling is heard, and then noises like things are being thrown against a wall are heard.)

DAWNA: And, she's up.

(Prince Yewdl stands, grabs Princess Weegelia, and positions her in front of him. Marigold enters, mumbling and carrying a broken magic wand.)

MARIGOLD: *(Sniffing.)* What is that vile stench?

DAWNA: That's Maura's new mutton stew.

MARIGOLD: Smells like a dead mutton, all right.

MAURA: That's quite enough, Marigold.

MARIGOLD: *(Indicating magic wand.)* Look at this. My new Forest Fantasies Wand. Broke after one simple spell...probably whittled by one-eyed moss nymphs. I have half a mind to change their whole village into—

MAURA: *(Admonishingly.)* Marigold!

MARIGOLD: What? *(Looks up and sees Princess Weegelia and Prince Yewdl.)* Oh, right. Dinner with royalty.

(Marigold approaches Prince Yewdl, curtsies, and leans in close to him while holding up her broken magic wand.)

PRINCE YEWDL: *(Pleading.)* Please don't turn me into a warthog!

PRINCESS WEEGELIA: *(Correcting.)* Wild boar.

PRINCE YEWDL: *(To Marigold.)* Please don't turn me into a wild boar...or a warthog.

MARIGOLD: *(Chuckles.)* He-he-he. Still a little skittish there, Prince Yewdl, even after slaying the dragon?

(Prince Yewdl whimpers. Dawna approaches.)

DAWNA: *(Puts her hand on his shoulder.)* It's okay, Prince Yewdl. You were incredibly brave...as was that tall, robust knight who helped you. What was his name again? Harry? Larry? Barry?

(Marigold sees Dawna's red hair and shrieks.)

MARIGOLD: Holy hedgehogs, Dawna! You soak your head in a bucket of bloody beets?

DAWNA: Of course not. That would be disgusting. And why does everyone assume it was beets? *(Looks into her hand mirror and fluffs her hair.)* I like it. And I hear male mortals are attracted to the color red. It's alluring.

MARIGOLD: Yeah? I hear they're attracted to pretty, young, barefoot maidens frolicking through the fields of Chesterton, isn't that right, Prince Yewdl?

PRINCE YEWDL: I wouldn't know...

MAURA: All right, Marigold, that's enough. Let me see your broken wand. *(Grabs Marigold's broken wand. Waving her hand over it, recites.)* "Sippity, soppity, sings, and rings, Restore this wand for fairy flings." *(Hands the fixed wand back to Marigold.)* Here, now behave.

(Marigold examines the magic wand closely and sees that it is fixed.)

MARIGOLD: Well, aren't you the special little fairy godmother, with your "sippity-soppity" singing. I could have done that.

MAURA: I'm sure you could have.

MARIGOLD: You think you're the only fairy godmother with magical powers? If you recall, it was *my* magical spell that saved pretty little Princess Weegelia's life from that evil—

MAURA/DAWNA/PRINCESS/PRINCE: We know!

MARIGOLD: And just last night, I turned the whole village of Luxyluke into tiny tree-hopping rodents.

PRINCE YEWDL: What?!

MARIGOLD: Oh, yes! Jumpy, little white mice...teeny-tiny pink eyes.

DAWNA: I knew it!

MAURA: *(To Marigold.)* Oh, dear! Why would you do such a frightful thing?

MARIGOLD: Why? Because yesterday afternoon I was having a perfectly lovely time in the Luxyluke woodlands, gathering spring sorrel and morels, when out of the blue, this crazy hyped-up kid, Jack, tried to talk me into turning a dozen spotted goose eggs into magic beans.

DAWNA: That sounds a bit strange. Did he say why?

MARIGOLD: No, but he said he'd trade me a bag of shillings for one of my spells.

DAWNA: That's not a bad offer.

MAURA: Which is why we're all here tonight.

MARIGOLD: Let me guess...we're having Wacky Jacky's magic beans with tiny barbequed Luxyluke rodents?

(Prince Yewdl faints, falling to the floor. Maura and Princess Weegelia revive him and help him up.)

PRINCE YEWDL: I can't do this. I thought Morton was going to be here. Where's Morton?

(Still humming, Princess Weegelia, approaches Marigold, takes her hand, leads her over to a chair, and motions for her to sit down. With her arms crossed, Marigold stands firm. Maura grabs her magic wand and whacks the back of Marigold's knees with it. Marigold collapses into the chair.)

PRINCESS WEEGELIA: Auntie Marigold. I'm— *(Stops.)* No. We are *all* worried about you.

DAWNA: *(To Marigold.)* Ever since Princess Weegelia moved out, you're not yourself.

MAURA: *(To Marigold.)* We've tried to be patient and understanding, but your crabbiness and self-destructive behavior is wreaking havoc on everyone you come in contact with...not to mention what may have happened to Morton.

(Marigold jumps up from the couch.)

MARIGOLD: What happened to Morton?!

(Maura pushes Marigold back down on the couch.)

DAWNA: You're hurting the people who care about you the most.

(Marigold jumps up.)

MARIGOLD: What happened to Morton?!

(Dawna and Maura push Marigold back down onto the couch.)

PRINCESS WEEGELIA: Auntie Marigold, we love you and can't just sit back and watch you self-destruct.

(Marigold jumps up and begins pacing about.)

MARIGOLD: Me? You're one to talk about hurting people! All the years I spent pretending to be ungifted. And what thanks did I get? None! Not a village named after me! Not an invite to your *royal* wedding! Not even a thank-you note! Now, what happened to Morton?!

MAURA: I believe Morton may have been caught in—

PRINCESS WEEGELIA: *(To Marigold, humming wildly.)* As I recall, you weren't all that easy to live with, either. Always sending me out to the woods to play with squirrels and pick berries. To this day, I hate squirrels and berries! All berries, which is a shame, because they're growing everywhere and are filled with healthy antioxidants.

DAWNA: That's true, but—

MARIGOLD: *(To Princess Weegelia.)* Anti-what? Well, I wouldn't have sent you out to the woods if you weren't constantly humming. Humming before breakfast...humming washing dishes...humming during your bath. Your constant humming was driving me bonkers. You're lucky you lived to your 18th birthday.

PRINCESS WEEGELIA: You know that's not my fault. That crazy old lizard woman cursed me.

MAURA: Marigold, I'm afraid Morton was passing through—

PRINCESS WEEGELIA: *(In Marigold's face.)* Yeah, well, maybe I'll have you banished!

MARIGOLD: Go ahead, Princess! Try it!

PRINCESS WEEGELIA: Prince Yewdl, banish this, this, pathetic excuse of a fairy godmother from our kingdom.

(Prince Yewdl comes to her side.)

PRINCE YEWDL: *(Trying to shush her.)* Hey, hey, hey, Princess, ix-nay-on the anish-bay, or we'll all end up as snorting ort-hogs-way. *(Snorts like a hog a few times)*

PRINCESS WEEGELIA: I don't air-k. Banish her!

(Marigold starts strutting around, making a clucking sound.)

MARIGOLD: You know, I do believe I'm feeling like a little chicken. Bruk, bruk, bruk!

DAWNA: Oh no, dear. I told you, Maura's made us a delicious mutton stew.

MAURA: Marigold, don't even think about it. Listen, I need to tell you something about Morton. He may have been —

MARIGOLD: Hang on. *(Starts circling Princess Weegelia and Prince Yewdl, who begin running around the stage. Waving her magic wand wildly, recites.)*

“Stormy night, mice in flight,
Princess dreams, poultry screams,
Pecking, pecking, pecking, will she go.”

(Prince Yewdl jumps in front of Princess Weegelia just as Marigold tries to wave her wand over the Princess's head. Loud clap of thunder. Puff of smoke, opt. Prince Yewdl begins acting like a chicken, strutting around and trying to peck at Princess Weegelia.)

[END OF FREEVIEW]