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Dramatic Publishing



A FULL-LENGTH PLAY

Three Fairy Godmothers

by

JERRY L. TWEDT



THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY



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(THREE FAIRY GODMOTHERS)

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THREE FAIRY GODMOTHERS

A Full-Length Play
For Six Men and Eight Women

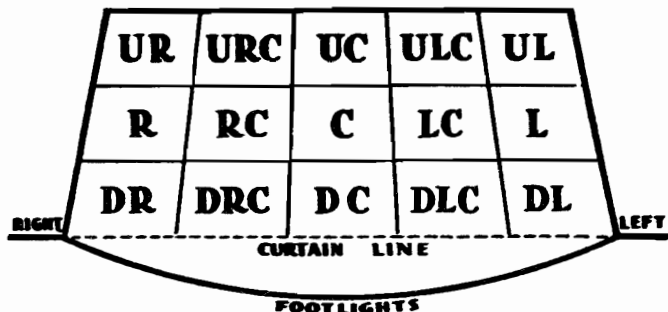
CHARACTERS

HORTENSE]	<i>the fairy godmothers</i>
HEPSABAH			
HOPLANDRIA			
PRINCE ROYAL		<i>of a neighboring Kingdom</i>
COUNT QUIGGLE		<i>the last suitor</i>
HANS		<i>his servant</i>
BARABELA		<i>a witch</i>
ORG		<i>her son</i>
KING		<i>a worried father</i>
PRIME MINISTER		<i>a state official</i>
FIRST LADY]	<i>ladies-in-waiting</i>
SECOND LADY			
COOK		<i>a servant</i>
DULCIE		<i>the princess</i>

PLACE: *A distant Kingdom.*

TIME: *Once upon a time.*

CHART OF STAGE POSITIONS



STAGE POSITIONS

Upstage means away from the footlights, *downstage* means toward the footlights, and *right* and *left* are used with reference to the actor as he faces the audience. R means *right*, L means *left*, U means *up*, D means *down*, C means *center*, and these abbreviations are used in combination, as: UR for *up right*, RC for *right center*, DLC for *down left center*, etc. A territory designated on the stage refers to a general area, rather than to a given point.

NOTE: Before starting rehearsals, chalk off your stage or rehearsal space as indicated above in the *Chart of Stage Positions*. Then teach your actors the meanings and positions of these fundamental terms of stage movement by having them walk from one position to another until they are familiar with them. The use of these abbreviated terms in directing the play saves time, speeds up rehearsals, and reduces the amount of explanation the director has to give to his actors.

ACT ONE

Scene One

SCENE: A forest, near the King's castle. At UC is a large tree, with a row of bushes on either side. A large rock is at UR, and a small tree at DR, with another row of bushes between. At UL, slightly raised, is a large patch of toadstools, which dominates that section of the stage. In the DL corner is a small rock. At LC is a tree stump.

AT RISE OF CURTAIN: The stage is empty. After a pause, three old women in outlandish dress enter DL. They are HORTENSE, HEPSABAH, and HOPLANDRIA--old fairy godmothers who, having reached the mandatory retirement age of eight hundred years, have had their magic wands taken away. They have walked a long distance and are so tired that they can hardly place one foot in front of the other. HORTENSE is carrying a basket.

HORTENSE.

Don't give up, girls. I can see the King's castle.

HEPSABAH.

I can't go another step! I just can't!
(HEPSABAH falls to the ground. HOP-
LANDRIA collapses beside her.)

HOPLANDRIA.

Me, either! Ohhhh!

HORTENSE.

I shouldn't have taken you two along. You're too old for this assignment!

HOPLANDRIA.

We are not! And besides, Hortense, you're older than we are.

HORTENSE.

I'm only 739!

HEPSABAH.

Hortense, you've been 739 for the past hundred years!

HORTENSE.

You're 810 if you're a day!

HEPSABAH.

I won't be 800 for at least another ten years . . . maybe even twenty!

HOPLANDRIA.

Oh, what's the use of arguing. The Council has taken our magic wands away, and that's that!

HEPSABAH

After all those years of service. It just isn't fair!

HOPLANDRIA.

I should say not! The Council threw us out like so much rubbish! And why? Because they say we've reached retirement age.

HORTENSE.

Even if we were eight hundred years old that's still too young to retire.

HOPLANDRIA.

At least they gave us this one last chance to win back our wands.

HEPSABAH.

Some chance! Why, hundreds of fairy godmothers have tried to make Princess Dulcie sweet! And they all failed! Her mean spells get worse instead of better! And they expect us to succeed without our magic wands!

HOPLANDRIA.

No, they don't. They expect us to fail. They want us to retire.

HORTENSE.

Ah! But they don't know about my little "Honey."
(HORTENSE pats a basket she is carrying.)

HEPSABAH.

Do you really think your machine will work, Hortense?

HORTENSE.

Of course it will! Come on, girls! Up and at 'em.

HOPLANDRIA.

Oh, not yet! My feet!

HEPSABAH.

Let's eat first.

HORTENSE.

We ate the last of our food yesterday.

HOPLANDRIA (beginning to cry).

Ooooooh! I knew we shouldn't have come!

We'll starve out in these woods and the wild
beasts will eat our bones!

HEPSABAH.

No, no, dear. The beasts will eat our flesh,
not our bones. They will leave our bones to
dry in the sun.

(HOPLANDRIA cries harder.)

HORTENSE.

Really, Hepsabah! Do you always have to
correct other fairies?

HEPSABAH.

It is our duty as fairy godmothers to be pre-
cise. . . .

(HOPLANDRIA wails.)

HORTENSE.

Stop it! We'll get something to eat at the
King's castle.

(There is a noise offstage.)

HEPSABAH.

What was that?

(HOPLANDRIA stops crying.)

HORTENSE.

It sounds like somebody coming.

HOPLANDRIA.

Do you . . . do you suppose it could be the wicked witch, Black Barabela, and her son Org?

(They look at each other in fear.)

HEPSABAH.

What . . . what shall we do, Hortense?

HORTENSE.

The only thing we can do. Hide.

(All three run behind some bushes and wait.)

(PRINCE ROYAL enters. He is dressed in the uniform of a common soldier, and has a knapsack on his back. He stops at C and looks around.)

PRINCE ROYAL.

This looks like a good spot. I'll have some lunch before I go up to the King's castle.

(PRINCE ROYAL pulls off his knapsack, sits down and takes out sandwiches, fruit, and a candy cane.)

Let's see, what do I have here? . . . Some sandwiches . . . three apples . . . and a candy cane! Now, that's what I call a real lunch.

(PRINCE ROYAL has his back to the THREE FAIRY GODMOTHERS as he begins to eat. They look up over the bush and drool at the food. The following lines are all said in stage whispers.)

HEPSABAH.

Look at all that scrumptious food!

HOPLANDRIA.

Ohhhh, I'm starving! Let's go ask him for some.

HORTENSE.

Wait! Do you see his big sword?

HOPLANDRIA.

What should we do, Hortense?

HORTENSE.

I don't know.

HEPSABAH.

There isn't much food left. He eats rather fast.

HORTENSE.

I've got it! Hoplandria, you walk out in front of him and pretend to faint. When he comes over to look at you, Hepsabah and I will grab the food and run.

HEPSABAH.

Wonderful idea!

HOPLANDRIA.

But . . . but he'll catch me!

HORTENSE.

No, he won't. When we run off with the food, he'll chase us. That will give you a chance to get away. Now, hurry, before he eats everything up!

HOPLANDRIA.

Well . . . if you insist! (HOPLANDRIA

stumbles out from behind the bush and dramatically faints at DR.) Ohhhh! Food! Water! Help me! Oh, please, young strong soldier boy, help me!

(She falls to the floor. PRINCE ROYAL hurries to her and bends down beside her. HORTENSE and HEPSABAH run out to get the food.)

PRINCE ROYAL.

Old Lady! What's the matter? Are you all right? Old Lady, can you hear me? (HOPLANDRIA gives a big moan and looks out of one eye to see how HORTENSE and HEPSABAH are doing. PRINCE ROYAL sees her looking and glances up as HORTENSE and HEPSABAH are about to grab the food. He jumps up and draws his sword.) Hey! Leave that food alone! (HORTENSE and HEPSABAH run off stage screaming. HOPLANDRIA tries to get up, but PRINCE ROYAL catches her.) Oh, no, you don't! You stay right where you are!

HOPLANDRIA (crying).

Please, please, good soldier! Don't hurt me! We didn't mean any harm. It's just that we're hungry! We haven't eaten all day!

PRINCE ROYAL.

Who are you?

HOPLANDRIA.

My name is Hoplandria. My friends are Hepsabah and Hortense. Please give us a piece of bread, we're so hungry!

PRINCE ROYAL.

Well, I suppose I could spare a sandwich or two. (Hands her one.) Call your friends.

HOPLANDRIA.

Thank you, soldier! Thank you so much!

(HOPLANDRIA hastily takes a huge bite, swallows it, and turns to yell. As she does so, HORTENSE and HEPSABAH come trembling on stage with small stick clubs in their hands.)

HORTENSE.

Don't . . . don't you harm her, Mr. Soldier . . . or . . . or I'll beat you with this stick!

HEPSABAH (waving her club).

Me, too!

PRINCE ROYAL (mock seriousness).

Well, I see I have a fight on my hands. On guard, ladies! (He waves his sword. The two ladies drop their sticks and hug each other in fear. PRINCE ROYAL laughs.) Don't be afraid, ladies. I won't hurt you.

HOPLANDRIA.

Everything's fine, Hortense. This good soldier has offered to share his food with us!

HORTENSE.

He has?

PRINCE ROYAL.

Yes. I don't have much, but what there is, you're welcome to.

HEPSABAH.

Thank you!

(HEPSABAH crosses to PRINCE ROYAL,
who hands her a sandwich.)

HORTENSE.

Well . . . you do seem to be a nice soldier.
(HORTENSE hurries over to the group.) Are
there any sandwiches left?

PRINCE ROYAL.

One more. (He hands HORTENSE the sand-
wich. She sits down and hungrily eats.) Who
are you and where are you from?

HOPLANDRIA.

We're three fairy godmothers!

PRINCE ROYAL.

Fairy godmothers! I don't believe you! If
you were real all you'd have to do is wave
your magic wands, and you'd have a feast!

HEPSABAH.

But they took our magic wands away from us!

PRINCE ROYAL.

Who did?

HORTENSE.

The Council. They say we've reached re-
tirement age.

PRINCE ROYAL.

Then why are you here?

HOPLANDRIA.

We're going to make Princess Dulcie kind and sweet! And if we succeed we'll be given back our magic wands.

PRINCE ROYAL.

But they're asking the impossible! (Laughs.) Princess Dulcie is the cruelest person in the country.

HORTENSE (shrewdly).

How does a common soldier like you know about the princess?

PRINCE ROYAL.

Since you told me your secrets, I'll tell you mine. I'm Prince Royal from the Kingdom of the Golden River.

HOPLANDRIA.

Then why are you pretending to be a common soldier?

PRINCE ROYAL.

Because my father sent me to help the king destroy the wicked witch Black Barabela and her son, Org.

HORTENSE.

But that still doesn't explain why you're masquerading as a soldier.

PRINCE ROYAL.

Haven't you heard the prize for whoever destroys the Black Witch and her son?

HOPLANDRIA.

I have. Half of the kingdom and the right to marry Princess Dulcie.

PRINCE ROYAL.

Exactly. I don't want to marry Dulcie! This way I won't have to for, spoiled as she is, she would never marry a common soldier.

(Sounds come from offstage R.)

HOPLANDRIA.

What's that?

HEPSABAH.

Sounds like people running!

PRINCE ROYAL.

And they're running fast!

HORTENSE.

Quick! Let's hide!

(PRINCE ROYAL and the three women hide behind the bushes. COUNT QUIGGLE runs on R, followed by his servant, HANS.)

COUNT (pausing and looking back anxiously).

Stop them, Hans! Don't let them by this spot!

HANS.

But . . . but, Count Quiggle!

COUNT.

I order you to stop them! (Org roars off stage R.) Don't let them pass!

HANS.

N-n-no, Count.

(COUNT runs off stage L.)

(The Black Witch BARABELA and
ORG run on stage. The Black
Witch is a wicked old hag. ORG
is a large, dumb oaf.)

BARABELA.

Ahhhh! We've got one of them, Org!

ORG.

I see him, Ma!

BARABELA.

Don't call me "Ma"! I've told you that a
thousand times!

HANS.

D -d-don't either of you move or I'll run
you through.

BARABELA (laughing).

With a wooden sword? (Laughs again.) Get
him, Org!

(ORG gives a mighty Tarzan yell.

HANS drops his sword and runs out
stage L. ORG and BARABELA
laugh.)

ORG.

We sure scared him!

BARABELA

And he's the last of Dulcie's suitors. To-
morrow the princess will have to marry you!