

## 1. WICKED WITCH

**CONTEXT:** In this very silly spoof of fairy-tales, a bitter Wicked Witch curses the soon-to-be Sleeping Beauty.

### **WICKED WITCH:**

So, looks like everyone is having a marvellous time. Hello, good to see you. Nice to meet you. Hi there, I'm the Wicked Witch, here's my card. Let's do lunch sometime. Ah, and here's the birthday girl, surrounded by all of these gifts and her good little fairy friends. And here's King Jonathan and Queen Jessica. You certainly invited a great number of people. But somehow you seemed to have overlooked the one person who could have been your most delightful guest. But no, no, don't apologize. My feelings are hurt, yes, but that doesn't mean I haven't brought along a special gift for the princess. A brand new, never-seen-before, Curse of the Wicked Witch! "For all the tears you've made me shed, you'll prick your finger on something pointy and fall down dead. And if your friends are feeling blue, in just one day they'll drop dead too!" HAHHAHAHAHAHA! (Runs off cackling... continues cackling looking for the exit.) How do you get out of this place? Oh – HAHHAHAHAHA! (Exits.)

## 2. NEVERLAND 911

**CONTEXT:** In this outrageous spoof, Neverland's 911 operator deals with some wildly imaginative "emergency situations."

### **OPERATOR:**

Neverland 911, what's the emergency? You are being kidnapped by pirates? Can you be more specific? Which pirate is kidnapping you? Well, if he's limping on a peg-leg then it's probably Long John Silver, but if he has a hook then it's probably Captain-oh-He's got a hook and a pegleg? Oh dear. Please hold.

Neverland 911, what's the emergency? Being harassed by mermaids? How dreadful. Please hold. Neverland 911, how can I help you? Trapped in Skull Cave? The tide is coming in? Oh my! Please hold. Neverland 911, what's your problem? Your rowboat's falling apart? And you're being attacked by a tick-tocking crocodile? Oh you poor dear! Please hold. Neverland 911-Hey Thumbelina! How you doin' girl? He did?! Why, you need to dump that Tom Thumb. Uh-huh? Uh-huh? No, I'm not busy. You tell me all about it!

### 3. **SPRING**

*(Full stage. A lavish setting, flowers along the rear, up high, several bands of them to either side with what look like large loose flowers up top. Steps come down the centre between the flowers. A large rubbish bin with lid sits at centre stage. While delightful springtime classical music is played (Tchaikowsky's "Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy"); a number of girls dressed as dainty fairies carrying wands flitter about all over the place. The rubbish bin topples over forward and a daggy dairy, played by a male, clambers to her feet. She is decidedly unkempt, seedy, and cheesed-off. As she gets up, a young urchin hurries up to her)*

BOY: Hello Fairy.  
FAIRY: *(Looks down at him)* Shove off!  
BOY: You know what day this is?  
FAIRY: Who cares?  
BOY: You're supposed to care. Haven't you seen the flowers?  
FAIRY: Very nice. Were you planning on a funeral?  
BOY: Nope.  
FAIRY: Start!  
BOY: You're supposed to be happy.  
FAIRY: I am happy.  
BOY: Rubbish.  
FAIRY: I can't help where I sleep. Now go!  
BOY: I've got where I'm going.  
FAIRY: Yeah?  
BOY: Yeah.  
FAIRY: Do I have news for you! Come over here.  
*(Takes him to far left)* See this flower.  
*(Pointing to one right at the bottom, next to tab curtain)*  
BOY: Yeah, I see it.  
FAIRY: No you don't. Get down and take a proper look.  
BOY: *(Bends right over)* Doesn't look any different.  
FAIRY: *(BLOWS UP AND EXPLODES A BALLOON [QUICKLY!])*  
BOY: *(Off)* You rotten wand-waving old warthog!  
FAIRY: Warthog! WARTHOG! - What are yah?!  
BOY: *(Off)* More to the point - what are you?  
FAIRY: I happen to be a . . .  
*(Fairy starts to answer, then looks to audience and stops)*  
FAIRY: And I suppose you're waiting for me to say it. Well - I'm not. So pollinate that in your geraniums.  
*(Starts dragging the bin to one side, still talking to front. As she continues, a Policeman crossing the top, looking at the flowers, sees her, and comes down the stairs)*  
FAIRY: I've had it with this magic wand business.  
Zap! Three wishes.  
Zap! Pot of gold.  
Zap! Flowers.  
Zap! Butterflies.  
POLICEMAN: *(Behind her)* Hello, hello, hello.  
FAIRY: Oh, I am sorry. *(Sympathetically)*  
POLICEMAN: About what, miss?  
FAIRY: About your stutter.  
POLICEMAN: I don't have one, miss.  
FAIRY: You said "hello" three times.  
POLICEMAN: I'm a very friendly person, miss.  
FAIRY: *(ASIDE)* Then either my luck has changed or he's softening me up to throw the book at me.  
*(The Policeman takes his notebook from jacket pocket and throws it at the fairy)*  
FAIRY: What are yah?  
POLICEMAN: I think the more important question round here, miss, is what are you?  
FAIRY: I am a fair - r - r - r l y ordinary sort of person, your constableness  
POLICEMAN: That is a matter of opinion! What I really wanted to ask you, your fairy - ness, if I may call you that, miss, is the name of that weapon you have there in your hand.

FAIRY:            Weapon? What weapon?  
                       *(Looking around and hiding wand behind her)*  
 POLICEMAN:      Now, now, now...  
 FAIRY:            *(TO AUDIENCE)* There he goes again. Maybe there's an echo inside his skull.  
 POLICEMAN:      We all know what weapon, your fairy - ness. That star-shaped eye-gouger on the end of the handle you have right there in your hand.  
 FAIRY:            It's a wand.  
 POLICEMAN:      Of course it is, your fairy - ness. And you claim it's not a weapon, do you?  
 FAIRY:            Of course! I just hit people over the head and they sort of go - silly.  
 POLICEMAN:      They do, do they? Well, well, well ... well ...  
 FAIRY:            That was clever - and I didn't even touch him!  
 POLICEMAN:      *(Looking down for his book)* I'm sorry, your fairy-ness, but in view of the grave situation. *(He bends over to get the book. Fairy rolls her eyes and taps him on the head. The classical music strikes up as he suddenly goes all childish, falling to hands and knees with the blow)*  
 POLICEMAN:      Oh, look. A teensy weensy little snail.  
 FAIRY:            Why don't you take him home? He and your brain could have races.  
 POLICEMAN:      *(Getting up)* Oh, and look at the new green shoots on the trees. And the little twittery birdies. And the lovely, lovely, clear blue sky, and those fluffy white clouds *(As he wanders off in a reverie)*.  
*(One of the girls, wearing a crown and proper fairy outfit, has appeared at the top of the stairs)*  
 FAIRY:            Strike me blue, it's the boss.  
 QUEEN:            What do you think you are doing?  
 FAIRY:            Oh, I don't know - it's just that I'm fed up with being a ... I want to be like everyone else in this country.  
 QUEEN:            You want to be mortal?  
 FAIRY:            No, I want to negotiate a new contract!  
 QUEEN:            But we can't have some sort of a union. We are ...  
 FAIRY:            *(Panics)* Don't tell them!  
*(Grabs Queen's shoulder - pointing to audience)*  
 QUEEN:            Do you mind! All of the others are out there in the woods doing their very best for the season. Why aren't you? *(PRODDING)*.  
 FAIRY:            Knowing my luck, the woods'd be full of 'em.  
 QUEEN:            Full of what?  
 FAIRY:            Wild, marauding, starving , vicious , ferocious wolves and things.  
 AKELA:            *(Off)* Left . . .  
*(A line of cubs enters in file. Akela at the rear carrying a huge pack and a hiking staff. The cubs head straight across and off. Akela marks time as she reaches the Fairy)*  
 AKELA:            I say, pardon me. I'm not sure what you are.  
 FAIRY:            *(TO AUDIENCE)* Another one.  
 AKELA:            ...but could you please inform me of my whereabouts?  
 FAIRY:            Easy. Mission Bay is about six kilometres up that way. The Pink Panther Tourist Centre is about three kilometres up that way. And your nervous breakdown is about six cubs in that direction!  
 QUEEN:            Don't just stand there. Clobber her!  
 FAIRY:            *(TO AUDIENCE)* Give 'em power and it goes right to their heads.  
*(He wands Akela, whose pace turns to a jog and she dashes off singing "Gett it's Great to be Young")*  
 QUEEN:            Now it's your turn. Oh, ladies. Flitter hither... *(NOTHING)* ...Oi! You lot. Will ya get yerselves out here?! NOW!!  
*(All the girls re-appear, bowing and scraping)*  
 ONE:              You bellowed, your fairy - ness?  
 QUEEN:            Yeah. I mean...yes. Tell this disreputable specimen what season it is.  
 TWO:              Why of course - Don't you know that it's. . .  
  
*(All give a little jump into the air)*  
 FAIRY:            Not rabbit shooting season already?  
 QUEEN:            The only thing shooting round here is your mouth. You asked for this. Girls? Clobber!  
*(They all crowd in and get the fairy with their wands.)*