Fairies, Fantasy
and
Just Plain Fun

Two Short Comedies

By Vin Morreale, Jr.

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STORY OF THE PLAYS

Here are two short funny but gentle plays that are just right for very young audiences. The first, “Wishing You Were Here,” (1 m, 9 w) is a tender story about a young fairy, still in training, who gives a little girl everything she wishes for. The trouble is, when the wishes come true, they don’t create the ending the girl or the fairy thought they would.

In “The Slumber Party,” (3 m, 4 w) a group of girls are confiding their secret hopes and crushes, until some “ghosts” burst in. Brothers can be such a pain!

Only 15 and 10 minutes, respectively, the plays are perfect when you have only limited performance time.

SOUND EFFECTS

Wishing You Were Here
Bell Rings
Alarm Bell

PROPS

Wishing You Were Here
Briefcase
Gossamer wings
Stuffed cats
Magic wands
Furry parka
Rubber fish

The Slumber Party
Stuffed animals
Dolls
Teen magazines
Lamp
Sleeping bags

WISHING YOU WERE HERE

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(10 characters)

MISS GODMOTHER: Teacher at Farley Godmother Academy.
MARY: A fairy godmother-in-training at the academy.
CARRIE: Another.
TERRY: Another.
WANDA: Another.
HOLLY: Another.
JULIE: A little girl who needs a wish granted.
SAMANTHA: Julie's best friend, who now lives in Alaska.
MOM: Julie's mother.
DAD: Julie's father.

SETTING

A split stage representing a young girl's room and the Farley Godmother Academy. The USR area is set like a small classroom. There are five small desks lined up perpendicular to the audience and facing the SR wall. USC is a door leading to this part of the divided stage. A small cot is pushed against the wall DSL. There are doors leading to this area, DSL and DSR.

THE SLUMBER PARTY

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(3 m, 5 w)

SHARON: Hostess of the slumber party.
WANDA: Sharon's friend.
ANNIE: Another.
ROSE MARIE: Another.
BOBBY: Sharon's younger brother.
RAY: Another.
JOHNNY: Another.
MOTHER: Sharon's mother - an offstage voice

WISHING YOU WERE HERE

(AT RISE: A BELL RINGS and five students of various ages enter the USR classroom area.)

TERRY: Could you believe that homework last night?
WANDA: I tried and tried, but I didn't get a chance to finish it.
CARRIE: Me neither.
MARY: The dog ate mine.
WANDA: Oh, sure. I've used that excuse before.
MARY: No, he really did!
CARRIE: Right, Mary.
TERRY: I remember when you told us that story about the prince marrying some peasant girl because of a pair of glass slippers.
HOLLY: That was a good one.
MARY: *(Sighing)* You guys never believe me.
TEACHER: *(Offstage)* Take your seats, class! *(TEACHER enters from USC, carrying a briefcase. On her back is a large set of gossamer wings.)* Sorry I'm late, class, but I got called in to substitute for the tooth fairy last night. Boy, am I beat.
TERRY: Is working with the tooth fairy hard, Miss Godmother?
TEACHER: I'll say. I fly into the kid's house. You know the routine...find the tooth, leave a dollar under the pillow. Somehow, I ended up in the wrong room and had to slip some old guy fifty bucks for his dentures. It was embarrassing.
HOLLY: When do we get our fairy wings, Miss Godmother?
TEACHER: After you graduate from this class. We can't have fairy godmothers flying around without adequate training, now can we? Think of the havoc they would wreak. Wishes would be granted without the proper paperwork being filled out. People would fall in love without their "Happy Ever After" license. Not to mention the *(Present President)* Administration's new dream tax...

MARY: I can't wait! I'm going to be the most awesome fairy godmother. I'll make everybody so happy!

TEACHER: Mary Fairy, being a fairy godmother is a lot more than making people happy. Everybody has wishes, but not all wishes are worth granting. Remember that. Now, your homework last night was to use your magic to turn an ordinary stone into a pussycat. Let me see your assignments. *(The STUDENTS all put stuffed cats onto their desktops...all except MARY, who looks embarrassed. The TEACHER walks to each desk, examining their "homework.")* Ah ha...very good... the claws are a nice touch...uh huh...Mary Fairy, where is your homework?

MARY: My dog ate it.

TEACHER: Your dog ate the cat you made?

MARY: *(Shyly)* Yes, Miss Godmother.

TEACHER: That's wonderful, Mary! It must have been a very good cat.

MARY: Thank you, ma'am.

(MISS GODMOTHER walks back to her desk.)

TERRY: *(Whispering to MARY)* Teacher's pet!

MARY: Am not!

TEACHER: Do you have something to share with the class, Terry Fairy?

TERRY: No, Miss Godmother.

CARRIE: *(Giggling)* Busted!

TEACHER: That's quite enough. Now, before we begin today's lesson, let's all put on our training wings.

STUDENTS: *(All together)* Yes, Miss Godmother.

(All the STUDENTS pull little gossamer wings from their desks and place them on their backs. Mary's wings are the smallest of all... a fact that doesn't escape the others.)

TERRY: Hey, Mary. Where'd you get the little wings? You mug a hummingbird or something?

MARY: Very funny.

HOLLY: Leave her alone. They're just training wings.

CARRIE: Yeah. But they're such itty-bitty, little teenie-weenie training wings.

MARY: They are not!

TEACHER: Now, students. You should never pick on another fairy's training wings. When Mary gets to be a full fairy godmother, her fairy wings may be as big as anyone else's.

HOLLY: Miss Godmother, my mom's a pixie and my dad's a leprechaun. They say there's no future in the fairy godmother business.

WANDA: My mom says the same thing. She says the only thing humans believe in nowadays are politicians, the *National Enquirer* and winning the lottery. Is that true?

TEACHER: Heavens! There's no truth in any of those things. Besides, fairy godmothering is a noble occupation. When the first caveman discovered fire, who do you think showed him how to use the blowtorch?

WANDA: His fairy godmother?

TEACHER: Right. When Queen Isabella wanted some take-out food, who do you think convinced Christopher Columbus to sail to America to get it for her?

HOLLY: Her fairy godmother?

TEACHER: Who else? And when little George Washington wanted to cut down the cherry tree, where do you think he got the ax?

TERRY and HOLLY: His fairy godmother?

TEACHER: I cannot tell a lie. Whenever anything really interesting happens to people, they usually have their fairy godmothers to thank.

CARRIE: But what's in it for us, Miss Godmother?

TEACHER: Excuse me?

CARRIE: What's our salary? We grant all their wishes, but what do we get out of it?

MARY: Carrie Fairy! You're the stingiest sprite I've ever seen! We help people because we are supposed to. It's our job to make them happy.

CARRIE: Yeah. But what's it pay?

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