

SAMPLE SCRIPT

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SUMMARY

Seven teens are gathered together, complaining about the ignominy of their summer jobs. The Fairy of Fairness teaches them a lesson by transporting them back in time to learn what summer jobs were like in the Middle Ages

CHARACTER LIST

- RHYANNON (F) – the magical fairy of fairness/serves as story narrator
- FENDREL (M) – the father of the seven children
- AMELIA (F) – gets the job of leech collector
- ZOE (F) – tossing flowers is not fun
- HALEY (F) – bearing cups for the royals is not as fun as it sounds
- PHOEBE (F) – master of milk isn't what she thought
- NATHAN (M) – cleaning moats is very dangerous.
- TIM (M) - being whipped for a bratty prince's sin is not fun
- JEREMY (M) – being a gong farmer has nothing to do with gongs or farming.
- MASTER OF CUPS (E) – the royal family's safety is top priority, believe it or not the prince has many enemies. Many want him dead.
- MASTER OF MOATS (E) – from crocodiles, to dead bodies, there is a lot of disgusting stuff in the murky water.
- THE PRACTITIONER (E) – medicine in the middle ages was, trial and error
- MASTER OF DISCIPLINE (E) – the prince is not bratty he is misunderstood.
- MASTER OF THE MILK/PRINCESS (E) – where not milking goats here
- MASTER OF HERBS (E) – you have to pave the way for the royals
- GONG FARMER (E) – nasty job, the first castle sanitation engineers
- BRATTY PRINCE – (M) A Prince who thinks the world revolves around him.
- KING – (M) A noble King with a cruel son.
- QUEEN – (F) A beautiful Queen who is trying to look regal, while her son embarrasses the throne.
- GUARD – (E) He/She wanted to be a knight, had to settle for a castle guard.
- CHURCH MOUSE#1 – (E) A mean mouse.
- CHURCH MOUSE#2 – (E) A mean mouse.
- CHURCH MOUSE#3 – (E) A mean mouse.

POSSIBLE DOUBLING:

- FENDREL/MASTER OF DISCIPLINE/GUARD
- KING/CHURCH MOUSE#1
- QUEEN/CHURCH MOUSE#2
- BRATTY PRINCE/CHURCH MOUSE#3
- MASTER OF MILK/PRINCESS/MASTER OF MOATS
- MASTER OF HERBS/MASTER OF CUPS
- PRACTITIONER/GONG FARMER:

*Other combinations can be used based on casting needs.



SCRIPT

Scene 1

(A diner, one table with six chairs. Six teenagers, AMELIA – the pretty one, is dressed as a lifeguard. ZOE – the overachiever, is dressed as an ice cream clerk. JEREMY – the jock, is dressed in shorts and a tank. NATHAN – the math whiz, is wearing a giant sun hat and white sunscreen on his nose. TIM – the grease monkey, is wearing a leather jacket with a pizza delivery cap. PHOEBE – the girl next door, is dressed in jean shorts and stylish top. They're all sitting around the table with malt shakes looking depressed.)

ZOE: This job has taken the sweetness out of this chocolate shake.

PHOEBE: I don't taste anything anymore.

NATHAN: There's no time to enjoy anything.

TIM: Life as we once knew it, is over!

AMELIA: I could be bumming at the beach.

TIM: I could be cruising the coast.

JEREMY: No summer basketball league this year.

NATHAN: This sucks man!

(HALEY a teenage waitress enters with a plate of fries and sets it down in the middle of the table.)

HALEY: Large order of fries. Careful they're hot. *(beat)* Why the gloomy faces guys? If I were you guys I would be outside. It's gorgeous out!

JEREMY: We are on our lunch breaks.

AMELIA: School is out for the summer, but what are we doing?

PHOEBE: Working jobs.

HALEY: Tell me about it. I started this one today.

JEREMY: Total drag.

HALEY: My parents want me to learn responsibility. I raised a gold fish, that should count. This is by far the worst job ever.

PHOEBE: Serving people food can't be as bad as changing little brats diapers all day.

(JEREMY is about to eat a fry)

HALEY: My orders are never right. And our cook lacks hygiene. If you saw him, you would put down that fry.

TIM: Yeah, well try delivering pizzas in thirty minutes or less. Driving a ford escort! It's impossible!

JEREMY: Try detailing a car that has pizza stains all over the back seat!

ZOE: Better than scooping ice cream.

JEREMY: Ice cream is awesome. How can that be a big deal?

ZOE: You try stacking a large triple decker cone without knocking it all over some rich snob.

NATHAN: I thought mowing lawns would be easier. You know out in the sun, drinking ice tea, letting the mower do the work. I'm burnt to a crisp! And before lunch and I may have clipped a cat.

PHOEBE: Nathan, that's terrible!

NATHAN: That stays here between us.

AMELIA: I have the worst job by far.

TIM: Being a lifeguard sitting at the pool all day?

ZOE: Getting a nice tan?

AMELIA: You mean being ogled by junior high boys? Today alone, three 7th graders faked drowning so I could rescue them and give them mouth to mouth.

JEREMY: You can't blame them for that.

HALEY: I wish I was ogled.

AMELIA: No, you don't! Plus, you got toddlers peeing in the pool, and my hair is taking a beating from the chemicals.

NATHAN: Face it guys we all have it bad.

TIM: The worst!

JEREMY: I know a bunch of classmates living it up this summer.

ZOE: Probably still in bed!

AMELIA: It's not fair!

(RHYANNON the fairy of fairness enters. She is dressed like a fairy. Covered in glitter and carrying a wand.)

RHYANNON: Did someone say it's not fair?

HALEY: Lady, you need shoes or no service.

ZOE: What's with the wings?

RHYANNON: I'm Rhyannon, the fairy of fairness.

NATHAN: The comic con must be in town or something.

PHOEBE: Fairy of fairness?

RHYANNON: I heard someone say that it's not fair?

TIM: *(pointing to AMELIA)* She did.

AMELIA: Yeah, and what of it? You all agree.

RHYANNON: Please tell me what is so unfair. I'm here to help.

NATHAN: Careful where you wave that wand lady.

RHYANNON: Oh, don't worry boy the safety is on. Please tell me what is so unfair?

AMELIA: Summer jobs. Most of my friends are hanging out at the beach with cute boys all day. Not me, I'm hanging out at the public toilet.

TIM: Or cruising the highways. Instead I'm in a clown car with no air conditioning!

RHYANNON: *(sarcastic)* That's terrible!

HALEY: Are you like a fairy godmother or something?

RHYANNON: No, different division. I tried it for a season, hated it. Trying to give someone a happy ending is a lot of hard work. Haha!

ZOE: Well, if you're really a fairy, which I doubt since fairies aren't real.

RHYANNON: *(starts gasping for air)* Quick! Someone clap, I'm choking!

JEREMY: What is going on man?

PHOEBE: Zoe said fairies aren't real.

JEREMY: They aren't.

PHOEBE: (*panicked*) But remember, if you say that, a fairy can die. We've got to clap our hands to save her!

RHYANNON: (*choking*) And say, 'I believe in fairies!'

PHOEBE: (*clapping*) I believe in fairies!

RHYANNON: (*choking and laying on the floor*) All of you, together!

HALEY: Lady, I just mopped the floor. Glitter is getting everywhere!

PHOEBE: You guys come on she is dying!

HALEY: (*to patrons offstage*) Nothing to see here folks. It's not our food, just a psycho from a Peter Pan convention!

RHYANNON: (*laying the choking on thick*) Please!

PHOEBE: (*clapping hysterically*) I believe in fairies!

(RHYANNON stops choking and gets up.)

RHYANNON: I guess one child's faith will have to do.

PHOEBE: I'm no child.

JEREMY: You just acted like one.

PHOEBE: Shut up Jeremy!

RHYANNON: Enough! It's time I did what I came here to do.

HALEY: What's that? Turn the rats in this place to horsemen?

RHYANNON: Teach you all a lesson.

NATHAN: School is out Tinker Bell.

RHYANNON: That it is. If you kids think you have it so rough with these summer jobs, you should have experienced what it was like in the middle ages.

AMELIA: Middle ages? I doubt they had public pools back then.

(RHYANNON turns a switch on her wand from safe to not safe)

NATHAN: Did you just turn the safety off?

RHYANNON: I did. It's time you all learned what being a teenager with a summer job was like in the thirteen hundreds!

TIM: Sorry, maybe some other time. *(looks at cellphone)* My lunch break is over.

RHYANNON: How does that spell go again? Ah! *(SHE moves her wand back and forth)* "With a swish, and a swash, a slash in a flash, you ungrateful seven are transported to Yonderhash!"

(RHYANNON points her wand at the seven teens.)

ALL SEVEN TEENS: AH!

(A bright light flashes then blackout!)

Scene 2

(In the medieval kingdom of Yonderhash. The seven teens are sitting at a long table set with 7 wooden bowls and spoons. They are dazed. RHYANNON enters twirling her wand proud of herself.)

AMELIA: What just happened?

HALEY: Where are we?

RHYANNON: You are now sitting in the humble dwelling of Fendrel Rauffenberg.

NATHAN: Who's that?

RHYANNON: Fendrel is a poor, hardworking kale farmer.

HALEY: Kale? Like the leafy stuff everyone is putting in their health shakes?

RHYANNON: Yes, but back then Kale had not caught on, it was merely a garnish. Unless you were poor, then it was the main course.

(FENDREL enters carrying a large pot of Kale Stew.)

FENDREL: *(trying not to cry)* My dear children here is your dinner.

JEREMY: I'm no kid, gramps. I'm almost eighteen.

AMELIA: Why is he acting like we are his kids?

RHYANNON: Because you are his seven children.

PHOEBE: What!

TIM: We're siblings?

(JEREMY and AMELIA stop holding hands.)

AMEILA. Say what?

RHYANNON: You all have been transported to the kingdom of Yonderhash in the thirteen hundreds. And I made you the children of a humble kale farmer.

ZOE: Why?

RHYANNON. Because in my years of experience the worst summer jobs ever, took place in the middle ages. And this poor farmer lost his wife and children. I've granted him the seven of you.

JEREMY: Wait, you are using us to grant him a wish?

RHYANNON: I call it Magic efficiency. Fendrel wished for his children back, wish granted, you children need to be taught a lesson in fairness. Done and done!

PHOEBE: He seems sad.

FENDREL: *(crying)* I'm sorry for my sorrow. I've been missing your mother awful these past few nights.

NATHAN: TMI man.

FENDREL: *(crying)* Things have become difficult. The frost has ruined half our crop.

(FENDREL dishes out kale stew into PHOEBE and ZOE's bowl.)

PHOEBE: What is this?

HALEY: I think it's kale stew.

FENDREL: My dear sweet Phoebe, you have grown up so much. And you too dear Zoe.

PHOEBE: He knows our names?

ZOE: This is creeping me out.

RHYANNON: Why wouldn't he know your names? You are his children.

JEREMY: Because this isn't real!

FENDREL: My dear children, where did you get these clothes you are wearing? I hope you hath not stolen these threads.

AMELIA: Got them from Old Navy pops.

FENDREL: The Navy? The King's navy?

NATHAN: *(mouthful of stew)* This isn't too bad for not being real.

FENDREL: Nathaniel don't talk with your mouth full.

TIM: Dude, you're eating that stuff?

NATHAN: I'm hungry.

(A loud knock on the door. FENDREL drops the wooden ladle and looks back towards the door.)

FENDREL: Oh, no. They have come!

AMELIA: What is he yammering about?

(Now there is pounding on the door.)

CHURCH MOUSE#1: *(offstage)* Fendrel open the door. You know why we are here.

FENDREL: I'm so sorry my dear children. I tried, but I failed!

TIM: I'm never drinking red bull ever again.

PHOEBE: What's wrong Father?

ZOE: Phoebe he isn't your real father.

PHOEBE: I don't know who my real father is Zoe!

ZOE: I promise you it isn't him!

NATHAN: What's his problem?

RHYANNON: When your mother died...

NORAH: Cut the crap lady, my mother is still alive.

RHYANNON: It left your father to not only care for seven children, but try to farm a volatile crop. He fell way behind in his debts. Things got so dire that he took loans from the church mice. Looks like they have come to collect.

(Three CHURCH MICE with clubs enter.)

CHURCH MOUSE#1: Fendrel, we have given you three fortnights to repay your debts.

CHURCH MOUSE#2: Return it now or pay the penalty!

(The CHURCH MICE hit the clubs on the table scaring the teens.)

AMELIA: Talking mice?

TIM: Haley, what did the cook put in those fries?

RHYANNON: One might ask, how could a man be afraid of mice? You have to remember they spread the black plague during the middle ages, killing millions! And the mice used this fear to their advantage.

FENDREL: Good evening mice, how are ye? Lookin good, say did you just get your whiskers trimmed?

CHURCH MOUSE#3: Cut the pleasantries Fendral. Either you pay us double, or face our wrath!

FENDREL: Double? Oh I can't even pay for what I owe. I need more time.

CHURCH MOUSE#2: No! Time is up!

FENDREL: What can I do?

CHURCH MOUSE#1: There are seven trade apprenticeships that the trade guild must fill.

FENDREL: Yeah so?

CHURCH MOUSE#3: You have seven children of able age.

FENDREL: My children? My boys and my girls are all this fool has left. They are my treasures!

CHURCH MOUSE#2: They're the only worth you have left. If you agree to give them over to the summer apprenticeships, we will forgive the debts.

FENDREL: What's in it for you?

CHURCH MOUSE#1: The trade guild has promised us lots and lots of imported cheese!

FENDREL: I guess we don't have much of a choice.

PHOEBE: Don't worry father I'm sure we can work this out.

NATHAN: Phoebe, what are you doing?

PHOEBE: I figure if I'm here I might as well play along.

CHURCH MOUSE#3: Take heed, the children must learn sooner or later that life is hard.

CHURCH MOUSE#2: The masters will collect the children for their summer apprenticeships tonight.

CHURCH MOUSE#1: Enjoy your last family meal. Haha!

(The CHURCH MICE exit laughing.)

FENDREL: I've failed, my beloved children. I tried to shield you from it as long as I could.

(AMELIA gets out of her seat and starts walking away.)

HALEY: Amelia where are you going?

AMELIA: Finding a way back to Somewhere, USA.

RHYANNON: You can try but you won't find your hometown no matter how far you travel. The only way you are getting out of here is when you have learned a valuable lesson.

(A knock on the door.)

FENDREL: It must be the masters.

(FENDREL runs to the door offstage and lets the MASTER OF MILKING in.)

JEREMY: What lesson? That everything stinks and smells of B.O?

(The MASTER OF MILKING enters with FENDREL.)

FENDREL: Phoebe.

PHOEBE: Yes father?

FENDREL: This is the Master of Milking. He has come to collect you.

MASTER OF MILKING: Time is short. We must begin training immediately.

PHOEBE: Master of Milking? That doesn't sound bad at all.

(FENDREL starts crying again. He hugs PHOEBE.)

FENDREL: Goodbye my dearest Phoebe. I will remember you!

PHOEBE: I'm sure I will be back Father. *(unsure)* Bye guys.

(The MASTER OF MILKING escorts PHOEBE offstage. The MASTER OF HERBS enters.)

MASTER OF HERBS: I'm here for ZOE:

ZOE: What will I be doing?

MASTER OF HERBS: You will be trained in the art of Herb Strewing.

ZOE: Herbs? Hey that doesn't sound bad at all! Better than scooping ice cream.

FENDREL: Oh, ZOE: I feel like I barely got a chance to really know you.

ZOE: The feeling is mutual.

(The MASTER OF HERBS escorts ZOE offstage. The MASTER OF MOATS enters. He is missing an arm.)

MASTER OF MOATS: I have come for your son Nathan.

NATHAN: Me?

MASTER OF MOATS: I'm the master of moats?

NATHAN: Moats? What on earth could that entail?

FENDREL: Goodbye my son!

NATHAN: But I'm not going.

RHYANNON: But you have to.

NATHAN: Actually, no I don't. I'm almost an adult. If I don't want to I don't have to. *(RHYANNON switches the safety switch on her wand.)* Did you turn the safety off?

(RHYANNON starts swirling it then points to NATHAN.)

RHYANNON: Away, away, you must with the help of a gust!

(NATHAN is brought up out of his chair and against his own will, his legs betray him and walk him to the door.)

NATHAN: What's happening?! I'm not doing this!

(NATHAN exits with the MASTER OF MOATS. The MASTER OF DISCIPLINE enters.)

RHYANNON: It's best children if you follow through with what I started. It will be over much quicker.

MASTOR OF DISCIPLINE. I have come to gather the lad called Tim!

TIM: *(to RHYANNON)* Please, don't do what you just did to Nathan. I'll go peacefully.

AMELIA: I wonder what he does?

MASTER OF DISCIPLINE: You will assist me in the discipline of the royal brats.

TIM: Hey, that sounds better than dealing with moats.

FENDREL: Goodbye my son!

(FENDREL hugs his son goodbye. TIM waves to his friends and exits with MASTER OF DISCIPLINE. The MASTER OF CUPS enters.)

MASTER OF CUPS: Haley?

HALEY: Yeah?

MASTER OF CUPS: I'm the Master of Cups. The time of your training is now. Lots to learn in such a short amount of time.

HALEY: Master of cups?

MASTER OF CUPS: You will be trained in the art of cup bearing.

HALEY: That doesn't sound too bad.

(FENDREL starts crying again. He hugs HALE.)

FENDREL: Goodbye, sweet Haley! I will remember you!

HALEY: This is weird.

(The MASTER OF CUPS takes HALEY by the arm and they exit. The PRACTITIONER enters.)

PRACTITIONER: Where art thou Amelia?

AMELIA: Oh, no it's my turn. Jeremy, I'm scared.

JEREMY: This is all some crazy dream. One of us is dreaming all this.

PRACTITIONER: I'm the royal Practitioner. You will be trained to assist me in numerous duties in the ever-growing field of medicine.

AMELIA: *(excited)* This is perfect! I plan on going to school to be a nurse. This could actually teach me something, unlike the pool.

MEREK. Goodbye my sweet Amelia!

(AMELIA hugs FENDREL. JEREMY grabs her hand. AMELIA squeezes it then reluctantly exits with the PRACTITIONER. The GONG FARMER enters.)

JEREMY: Be safe. *(to RHYANNON)* She will be alright?

RHYANNON: You all should survive, but when learning a lesson on fairness, sometimes unfair things happen. *(holds her nose)* Phew! Something stinks!

GONG FARMER: Here to git Jeremy.

JEREMY: Why does he smell like a sewer?

GONG FARMER: I'm a Gong Farmer. You will be learning from me. Come on, git yourself ready.

JEREMY: Gong farmer? Like those things, the Chinese people hit in their temples? Those grow out of the ground?

FENDREL: Goodbye, my son.

(FENDREL hugs JEREMY.)

RHYANNON: Here you will be needing this.

(RHYANNON hands JEREMY a clothespin.)

JEREMY: As soon as I find a phone signal in this place, I'm calling the department of human services.

(JEREMY exits with the GONG FARMER. FENDREL bows his head on the table and cries.)

RHYANNON: Good luck with that. *(to FENDREL)* Why are you crying? This is your wish?

FENDREL: *(weeping)* I wanted my children back and now I've lost them again.

RHYANNON: I believe you wished for Kale to be profitable?

FENDREL: *(weeping)* That was my first wish yes, but I also wanted my children back. You brought them back and now they are gone again!

RHYANNON. I'm not a Genie, Fendrel. I'm a fairy. You only get one wish upon a star in a lifetime. Don't worry, I've got this all figured out.

(blackout)

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