

# READERS' THEATER SCRIPT



## EVIL FAIRIES LOVE HAIR

By Mary G. Thompson

The following scene may be performed by five or more people.

Here are suggested role assignments for a five-person cast:

Person 1: Narrator

Person 2: Ali, Fairy 1

Person 3: Michael, Tyler, Lockner

Person 4: Bunny, Crista, Fairy 3

Person 5: Jennifer, Molly, Mrs. Hopper, Fairy 2

Narrator

Ali, Crista, Jennifer, and Michael squatted behind the dumpster in back of Mrs. Hopper's hair salon.

Jennifer

*(whispering)* What now?

Narrator

Michael was having the hardest time hiding. He was so big that he had to practically curl into a ball. He jumped up, peered into the dumpster, and then curled up again.

Michael

*(whispering)* All clear, no fairies.

Ali

There's no point in sitting out here. I say we just go in there and follow the plan. Michael is going to take some fairies hostage. I'm going to demand Molly and Tyler back. Jennifer and Crista, you stand there looking menacing, like you're ready to stomp on them or something. And if that doesn't work, we go for plan B. You know what to do if that happens, right, Michael?

Narrator

She hoped that by telling him what to do, she technically wasn't telling him what the directions said.

Michael

Right.

Ali

Okay. They may have magic, but they have rules they have to follow. They need kids to multiply themselves. I bet they can't really do anything to us unless we break the rules, which we haven't. I checked everything, and there's nothing that says we can't take our friends back.

Crista

Are you sure?

Ali

I'm sure. There were even directions on how to re-size someone. Why would they tell us how to do something that was against the rules?

Narrator

Michael and Jennifer exchanged a glance while Crista rolled her eyes and shook her head.

Ali

*(Snapping)* I'll go first.

Narrator

She stood up and headed for the door, but Michael jumped in front of her and got there first. He barreled through the door.

Michael

Where are you, you little devils?

Narrator

Ali pushed in behind him. The hair salon appeared completely empty.

Ali

Come on, fake Mrs. Hopper. We know you're all here. *Please don't dump hair on me again. Please don't dump hair on me again.*

Narrator

Fairy heads popped out from behind the chair backs. Eye upon bulging eye watched them. Tiny voices whispered, too quietly for Ali to understand. Mrs. Hopper stepped out of a closet to Ali's right. What had she been doing in there? She didn't seem at all unnerved and calmly surveyed the four of them. A fairy dressed in wrapping paper appeared on Mrs. Hopper's shoulder.

Lockner

You must find your own hair.

Ali

We're not here for the hair. We're here for our friends Molly and Tyler. We know you turned them into fairy slaves, and we want you to give them back to us.

Narrator

Ali didn't have to look to know the fairies were dropping down from their places on the chairs. They were crowding around the humans. The door clanged. Ali looked back. Crista was gone. Jennifer stood with her back to the door, ready to run. So much for being menacing. But Ali wasn't going to back down.

Ali

Where are they?

Michael

*(quietly)* Give them back.

Narrator

Michael's voice was so quiet, it was almost a whisper. Apparently he'd used up all his courage bursting in front of her. He looked like he was about to run, too. Well, let him. Ali just needed him to do one little thing first. The fairies that crowded silently around their feet weren't going to help, and there was no way she'd be able to pick out which ones were Tyler and Molly. She'd just have to hope her plan worked.

Ali

Now!

Narrator

Michael bent down and scooped up the fairies nearest to him. He got six of them in one swoop, and they writhed and squirmed in his hand.

Fairy 1

Agh! What's that stink?

Fairy 2

Cigarettes. Gak!

Fairy 3

Unholy beast!

Narrator

All of the fairies in Michael's hand began to cough dramatically. They flailed their arms as if they were drowning.

Ali

Give us Molly and Tyler. Or we're taking your friends.

Molly

Ali!

Narrator

Ali looked down and saw two fairies jumping and waving their arms. Two fairies with hair on their heads!

Ali

Molly, is that you?

Narrator

A fairy poked Molly in the back, and she stumbled forward.

Molly

Yes, it's me. We're all right, but they're making us coat sea-shells with mousse. They're getting ready for some kind of—mfff.

Narrator

A fairy wearing bright red paper clapped a hand over Molly's mouth. Tiny Tyler tried to land a punch on the first fairy, but another fairy restrained him. Ali kneeled down and held out a hand.

Ali

Now just let them walk onto my hand, and we'll leave. We came to take them back, not to hurt anyone.

Michael

*(shaking the fairies)* Yeah, we don't want to hurt anyone.

Fairy 1

Fiend!

Fairy 2

Monster!

Narrator

The six fairies in Michael's hand wailed. Hot tears dripped from their giant eyes onto Michael's palm.

Michael

Oh, come on. I just gave you a little shake.

Bunny

*(squeaky yet loud and imperious)* No one is letting anyone go.

Narrator

She stood on the back of one of the salon chairs, and she was wearing a dress made of green wrapping paper and holding a hairpin.

Bunny

I am Bunniumpton, Grand Miss Coiffure, monarch of the Kingdome of Fairies, and I—

Ali

You're no fairy! You're just a Divvy-imp!

Bunny

What? I am—

Ali

You're not. I saw it in the directions. It said to resize a reduced child you had to take one full-sized human—

Jennifer

Ali, don't tell us!

Ali

—and one bottle of hairspray, and the magic of ten un-enslaved Divvy-imps! And then they tried to say I should just forget it but I'm not going to!

Narrator

Ali had no idea what was so bad about being an imp instead of a fairy, but they would never have said they were fairies if it wasn't something.

Bunny

Once we freed ourselves from children, we cast off our old titles! We demand to be treated as equal sprites! We will call ourselves fairies if we so choose. And we will not be giving any slave children back—children who broke the rules and are only receiving their just deserts.

Narrator

Bunny waved her hairpin, and fairies closed in around Molly and Tyler. One of them gave Ali's hand a good kick.

Ali

Hey!

Narrator

Ali pulled her hand back. She glanced at Michael. Michael gulped and nodded.

Ali

Then we'll just have to do what we can right here.

Narrator

Ali stood up again. Michael reached down with his other hand and scooped up four more fairies. At the same time, Ali pulled a bottle of hairspray out of her jacket pocket. That was when she realized what was missing from her plan. They hadn't decided who would be the "full-sized" human. It couldn't be Michael—he was in charge of holding the fairies. Jennifer shook her head vigorously and shrunk against the door, eyes wide. Ali couldn't spray Jennifer when she was so scared. She couldn't spray anyone she cared about because she had no idea what was going to happen. *I hope Mrs. Hopper counts*, she thought, and she leaped toward Mrs. Hopper and sprayed.

Mrs. Hopper

Mmmf! MMM!

Narrator

Mrs. Hopper fell back against the closet door. Ali advanced on her, pushing as hard as she could on the trigger, letting the whole can go in Mrs. Hopper's face.

Michael

*(shaking the fairies)* You do it. You change them back.

Fairy 1

You can't force a fairy's magic.

Narrator

The hairspray bottle sputtered out.

Michael

*(still shaking)* Do it.

Fairy 1

Stink!

Fairy 2

We'll never ... gak ... help you!

Fairy 3

Monster!

Narrator

The fairies wailed and wailed. Mrs. Hopper grabbed the bottle out of Ali's hand and tossed it toward the front of the shop. She was about a foot taller than Ali, and her blue eyes were strangely empty as she advanced. The hairspray covering her face, head, and chest didn't seem to impede her breathing. The sticky film just sat there, obscuring her blank features as she reached for Ali.

Jennifer

It's not working! Let's go! Aaah! Get off me! Get off me!

Narrator

Jennifer stumbled back toward Michael and Ali. Her dress ruffled with the movement of the fairies as they crawled up her stomach and began crawling out of her neckline.

Jennifer

Ali, help! Michael! Get them off me!

Narrator

Her sentence ended in a squeak.

Ali

*Please don't let that squeak mean ...*

Narrator

Ali turned her head just enough to see that Jennifer was gone—or at least not big enough for her to see.

Ali

Run!

Narrator

She raced for the door, but Mrs. Hopper's large arm squeezed her neck. The arm was rubbery and twisted around Ali. It wasn't like a real human arm at all. A great commotion arose from the Kingdom. The fairies screamed and jumped about. Mrs. Hopper let go of Ali. Ali turned and saw Tyler, now as large as he had ever been, holding Mrs. Hopper around the waist.

Tyler

Are you all right?

Ali

Where's Molly? *The spell worked. I did it!*

Tyler

She's still small. I don't know where she is.

Narrator

Mrs. Hopper squirmed in Tyler's grip. She reached out a hand toward Ali, but Ali stepped back, out of reach. The fairies were disappearing into cracks and crannies. The only ones left in view were the few Michael was holding.

Fairy 1

Let us go, you monster.

Fairy 2

You got what you wanted.

Fairy 3

Oh, the stink!

Michael

Should I let them go? Ow!

Narrator

Michael opened his hands and the fairies jumped down. Before Ali could say anything, they had all disappeared.

Michael

Where's Jennifer?



Narrator

Michael rubbed his sweaty hands on his pants.

Ali

She's gone! They made her small. They weren't supposed to make her small.

Tyler

They weren't supposed to make *any* of us small.

Narrator

Tyler squeezed Mrs. Hopper tighter. A fairy appeared on Mrs. Hopper's shoulder. She was still carrying the hairpin as if it were a royal scepter.

Bunny

The spell needed a full-sized human. A slave for a slave, that's how it works.

Ali

The directions never said that! Plus, I sprayed Mrs. Hopper, not Jennifer.

Bunny

Mrs. Hopper is a fairy.

Narrator

*Imp*, thought Ali. She glared at the Grand Miss.

Bunny

Furthermore, you and your friends have all broken the rules.

Ali

No, I haven't! What rules? I read your directions and followed them.

Narrator

Fairies were streaming out of their crannies, flowing back into the salon. Some began climbing up Tyler's pants. This was not good.

Bunny

You haven't read them all yet.

Ali

You can't hold me to something I haven't read! That's not fair!

Bunny

You agreed.

Ali

I didn't agree to this!"

Bunny

You agreed to follow the rules.

Tyler

Ah, get off me!

Narrator

Tyler let go of the fake Mrs. Hopper, who lunged at Ali and grabbed her around the waist and neck. She reeked of hairspray, and she grinned maniacally at Ali as Ali tried to squirm free. Tyler swatted the fairies, but they kept climbing up and up until they were on his head, and he disappeared. Fairies crawled up Ali's legs, and then over her stomach, and then her chest, and this time she couldn't get away.

Ali

Michael, run!

Narrator

But Ali wasn't going to give up. She shook her body as hard as she could and grabbed Mrs. Hopper's rubber arm. Some fairies flew off her, but most held on. Mrs. Hopper's arm was surprisingly strong. Ali struggled, and then the pressure on her neck was gone. She shook herself. Where were the fairies? *Why are you thinking about this? Run!* She raced toward the door, but nothing looked the way it had. The door was nowhere and ... what was that long, delicious-looking string?

THE  
END