

The logo for Offbeat Theatre features the name in a black, ornate, cursive font. The text is centered within a horizontal, wavy banner that has a yellow-to-orange gradient. This banner is set against a solid blue background with faint, decorative swirls in shades of purple and blue.

Offbeat Theatre

Fairy Wings

A short sketch
by
Barbara Hockley

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Youth Theatres and Schools

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Fairy Wings

by Barbara Hockley

Cast:

Lucy (18ish)

Gemma her sister (15-16ish)

Minimal set.

A sofa or two seats of some description facing the audience.

Lucy is sitting watching television (television not on set but would be where the audience are sitting) She has a remote and possibly other necessary items for watching television (drinks/snacks). Also, concealed behind her seat is a fairy wand.

Gemma enters & sits down

Gemma: Hi Luce, what's on?

Lucy: Nothing

Gemma: Must be something, you're watching it

Lucy: No I'm not

Gemma: You are Luce. You're sitting in front of the television, with it switched on, holding the remote watching a programme - whatever it is

Lucy: Staring

Gemma: What?

Lucy: I'm staring. It's not the same as watching

Gemma: The difference being....?

Lucy turns and stares hard at Gemma

I see what you mean (*pause*)

I was wondering if I could borrow your ...

Lucy: No

Gemma: I haven't said what it is yet!

Lucy: Don't need to. The answer is no

Gemma: Can I borrow your fairy wings?

Lucy: No!

Gemma: Please

Lucy: No

Gemma: I'll look after them

Lucy: No

Gemma: You don't give me a chance

Lucy: No

Gemma: But I'm going to this party and we're all supposed to dress up as something and I thought I would go as a fairy and for that I need wings

Lucy: No

Gemma: I knew you'd say that

Lucy: The last time you borrowed my best tiara it came back tarnished

Gemma: Tarnished? It's plastic!

Lucy: It was tarnished

Gemma: Well, wings won't 'tarnish'

Lucy: No, they'll break, or snap, or rip, or bits will fall off

Gemma: (*tries a different approach*) Oh well, I suppose I'll have to stay in then. What

else is on tonight?

Lucy: You can't stay in, Tom's coming round later on - you cannot stay in, you must go out

Gemma: I would love to oblige, I really would, but for that I need wings

Lucy: You're not having my wings and you can't stay in!

Gemma: We could play scrabble - the three of us - or maybe monopoly - or possibly even strip poker. Shall I get some beers ready?

Lucy: You are gross!

Gemma: Well, I don't know what to go as and you're just being mean

Lucy: Ok. For a start, fairies are special characters. Not everyone can carry it off, and you - well, you're not the fairy type.

Gemma: And you are I suppose?

Lucy: Of course

Gemma: Well I think you're too old to be a fairy

Lucy: That stupid. It's like saying that all fairies die when they get to 18!

Gemma: No, that's not the point! You're too old to be playing at being a fairy!

Lucy: (*Outraged*) I am NOT playing!

Gemma: (*Thinks*) So, why do you have strap on wings?

Lucy: You really don't get it do you. I have the spirit of a fairy, but in a human body. You can't just strap on wings and become a fairy, you needsomething inside

Gemma: Like what?

Lucy: You need to find out who you are inside - the real you - not the human façade - the mystical person who lies beneath

Gemma: Oh I see well, how do I do that?

Lucy: Reach down into the depths of your being, look around for clues and then release your inner self

Gemma: Couldn't I just borrow your ...

Lucy: NO!

Gemma: OK! But it seems like a lot of trouble just for one night

Lucy: Think of it as work in progress - you might even become a nicer person, eventually

Gemma: Thanks.

Lucy: Well, go on then

Gemma: How?

Lucy: Focus, concentrate - empty your mind

Gemma: That's impossible

Lucy: Not really. Do the staring thing.

Gemma: Ok

They stare at the television

Lucy: Anything going on in your mind?

Gemma: (*Vacantly*) What?

Lucy: Perfect. Now. What is the first mystical, fairytale or mythical person, being or animal that comes into your head?

Gemma: Ummmmmm ... I'm not getting anything

Lucy: (*In a mystical voice*) Concentratelet the outer world slip away delve into the heart of your soul and find out who you really are ...

Gemma: Oh ... I'm getting something (*she concentrates hard*)

Lucy: What? What is it?
Gemma: Cinderella
Lucy: Very funny!
Gemma: Really, Luce, really. I think I might be Cinderella
Lucy: And that would make me ...
Gemma: Well maybe this is more about me and less about you?
Lucy: But I am your sister, right?
Gemma: Right
Lucy: I don't think we can escape the implications of this revelation
Gemma: You're just making all of this up. You're just being mean so I can't go out - you have all the nice stuff and you go to all the best parties - it's not fair!
Lucy: Ummmm... Cinderella then
Gemma: Yes, I AM CINDERELLA! *(Pause)* So, now what?
Lucy: I don't know. Put your Cinderella dress on.
Gemma: I don't have one, and before you say anything I don't have a Fairy Godmother either.
Lucy: How about a pumpkin?
Gemma: What?
Lucy: You could go as a pumpkin - it's related
Gemma: I'm not going as a pumpkin. I want to look pretty and glamorous - not pumpkiny. This isn't going to work.
Lucy: Don't give up so easily.
Gemma: Whatever I say I am - inner being or mystical thingy - I still don't have a costume to wear. So it doesn't matter, it's a pointless waste of time - I'll get the board games out
Lucy: There is another way
Gemma: Wings?
Lucy: No. Never. There's something you don't know
Gemma: Waiting...
Lucy: Would you care for a nice juicy apple?
Gemma: What?
Lucy: Just one bite?
Gemma: No. I don't want an apple, I don't like them. Have you taken something strange ... or illegal?
Lucy: I was just testing for latent Snow Whiteness
Gemma: That is so weird
Lucy: Ok, ok. The thing you don't know is
Gemma: What ... what
Lucy: I hope you're ready for this
Gemma: Getting the board games...
Lucy: There is a special place in this house - a source of magic
Gemma: Stop it. You're being really weird. You even tried to poison me with an apple!
Lucy: Now who's being weird?
Gemma: *(pause)* So, this magical place where all your dreams come true?
Lucy: The cellar
Gemma: Is there a Harry Potter thing going on here?
Lucy: Nope. And you have to go there - alone.
Gemma: In the cellar. But I'm scared.
Lucy: That's normal. You can't magically transform without a bit of suffering.
Gemma: So what do I do?

Lucy: It's different for everyone - you just have to be open to possibilities
Gemma: On my own
Lucy: The only way
Gemma: OK. But this had better be good or I'm coming back with monopoly!
Lucy: Fine
Gemma: Right

She goes offstage. A few moments of silence. Lucy stares at the telly & snacks on something. Screams from offstage. Gemma comes back on with a witches hat & cloak. She has changed somewhat & is now very angry ..verging on rage

Gemma: You did this on purpose ... you ... you hell fairy!
Lucy: I just helped you find your inner being and this is the thanks I get!
Gemma: So, I'm a witch am I? Well ... what do witches do best oh evil fairy of darkness?
Lucy: Calm down .. it's only a party ... you don't need to be so completely immersed in your character
Gemma: Oh, it's more than a party. It's the annual gathering of witches and warlocks - didn't you know? You fairies think you're so smart, but you know nothing *(advances on Lucy)*
Lucy: *(Brandishing the remote)* Stay away from me!
Gemma: Or what ... you'll change channels at me?
Lucy: I think I preferred the other you
Gemma: Well, it's too late for that
Lucy: Alright then, monopoly it is
Gemma: Oh, we've gone way beyond monopoly ... we're now in the dark and twisted realm of snakes and ladders!
Lucy: Ok, ok, you can borrow my wings - just go!
Gemma: And your pink tutu?
Lucy: Take it!
Gemma: *(Turning sweetly sinister)* Thanks sis. Oh, by the way, Tom rang. Can't make it, important night out with the lads. See you later. *(Exits)*

Lucy calmly reaches behind the seat/sofa & pulls out a very impressive fairy wand. Points it towards Gemma & it makes a wonderful magical noise. Turns to the audience.

Lucy: I suppose you all thought that fairies weren't real as well. *(Carries on watching television)*
Gemma: *(Pops back in)* You know, I think I'm going to go as a witch after all. I just fancy something a bit different. Hope you don't mind. Shall I bring a pizza back later? Oh, and help yourself to anything at all in my bedroom - which I put entirely at your disposal for the evening. Bye. *(Exits)*
Lucy: *(To audience).* Don't mess with a fairy.

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