

Dance of the Sugar Plump Fairies

Ludmilla Bollow





ArtAge supplies books, plays, and materials to older performers around the world. Directors and actors have come to rely on our 31 years of experience in the field to help them find useful materials and information that makes their productions stimulating, fun, and entertaining.

ArtAge's unique program has been featured in *Time Magazine*, *Modern Maturity*, on CNN, NBC, and in many other media sources.

ArtAge is more than a catalog. We also supply information, news, and trends on our top-rated website, www.seniorthatre.com. We stay in touch with the field with our very popular enewsletter, *Senior Theatre Online*. Our President, Bonnie Vorenberg, is asked to speak at conferences and present workshops that supplement her writing and consulting efforts. We're here to help you be successful in Senior Theatre!

We help older performers fulfill their theatrical dreams!

ArtAge Publications

Bonnie L. Vorenberg, President

PO Box 19955

Portland OR 97280

503-246-3000 or 800-858-4998

bonniev@seniorthatre.com

www.seniorthatre.com

NOTICE

Copyright: This play is fully protected under the Copyright Laws of the United States of America, the British Commonwealth of Nations, including Canada, and all countries of the Berne and Universal Copyright Convention.

The printed text is offered for sale at the price quoted, with the understanding that if any additional copies are needed for production, they will be purchased from the publisher.

The purchase of this play as an e-script entitles the purchaser the right to make photocopies for your cast. Sharing of the material with other organizations or persons is prohibited. This play may not be reproduced in any other form without the written permission of the publisher. Please include the copyright statement on each copy made. The laws of the United States are specific regarding the piracy of copyrighted materials.

Royalty: The writing of plays is a means of livelihood. Unlawful use of a playwright's work deprives the creator of his or her rightful income. The play is subject to royalty payment for professional and amateur performances. This includes readings, cuttings, scenes and excerpts, whether admission fee is charged or not.

The royalty for amateur productions of "Dance of the Sugar Plump Fairies" is \$15 for the first performance and \$10 for performances thereafter, payable two weeks prior to your production. Insert in your programs:

"Performed with special permission from ArtAge Publications' Senior Theatre Resource Center at www.seniorthatre.com, 800-858-4998."

Contact ArtAge Publications for information about royalty for professional productions, permission to videotape, or additional questions. Royalty fees are subject to change.

© Ludmilla Bollow 2007

ArtAge Senior Theatre Resource Center, www.seniorthatre.com, 800-858-4998

CAST

CLARINA.....Middle-aged. Bit overweight.
Wears off-beat bright shirt and pants.

JINKY Middle-aged. Overweight.
Wears beat-up sloppy shirt and pants.

(Note: They do **not** wear cleaning uniforms!)

VOICEOffstage male voice.

TIME: Today. Late night

PLACE: Empty stage. A theatre somewhere in New York city.
Could be a big theatre, could be a small theatre.
Could be a theatre anywhere. Maybe heavy ropes
hang from ceiling at sides, anything to give appearance
of empty stage area. Remains of a party still
strewn about. Table with punch bowl and ladle.

SCENE OPENS:

CLARINA and JINKY are busy cleaning with mops, brooms, pails on wheels. As they work and move about. They speak loudly, giving the echoing effect of an empty theatre.

CLARINA

Hallelujah! Another Nutcracker– flushed down the drain!

JINKY.

Oh yeah! And all the other nuts have departed too.

CLARINA

Just you and me left--

JINKY

–All alone on this big, empty, dirty stage.

CLARINA

No more twittering prima donna kids littering up the place.

JINKY

Or giant dancing mices, and stampeding overgrown toy soldiers--

CLARINA

Just look at the crap they left behind.

JINKY

Same thing. Every show. Every year.

CLARINA

Stop! Crushed tiara crown– just thrown in the corner. Take it home for my Lucinda.

JINKY

Your kid must have enough “take home” junk to start her own ballerina company.

CLARINA

Only reason I’m working this crap job–

JINKY

–To pay Lucinda's way through dancing school. Yeah, I know.

CLARINA

Why else would I *be* here every night– while every one else is living it up.

INKY

Or sleeping.

CLARINA

But, not us. The night crews! (*Announcer voice.*) "Cruising New York theatres nightly, seeking all the dirt that's fit to sweep. Scouring theatres for one big chance-- to be on the stage!"

JINKY

Look at these programs. Hundreds of names. Who's gonna remember any of them?

CLARINA

(*Straightening out tiara and trying it on.*)

I kinda liked the one who played the Sugar Plum Fairy this year. Even came early some nights, just to watch her rehearse. That one can really dance her toes off.

(*Dances about a bit.*)

JINKY

We couldn't see Sugar Plum on a show night though. Wouldn't let us near the stage. Like we might contaminate them in our grunge clothes.

CLARINA

Yeah. We're only welcome-- to appear, **after** the shows.

JINKY

Other night, this one tells me-- "Don't you come back here, till it's all over!"

CLARINA

And it ain't over--

JINKY

Till the fat lady sings.

CLARINA

And we ain't never gonna hear her--

JINKY

So, it'll never be over-- for us. Ever!

CLARINA

Looks like they had some rip roaring closing party here on stage tonight.

JINKY

Oh yeah. One last bash before they drive off to their Rocker-feller mansions, or some other socialite's party. "We just love to have nutcrackers, as our hoity toity guests."

CLARINA

Don't even invite us for the cleanups, at those fancy dancy places.

JINKY

Geez, if I was invited, I wouldn't know what to wear. Or what to say.

CLARINA

"Madam, let me clean that smudge off your crystal champagne glass with my dirty dishmop."
(Both laugh.)

JINKY

Ho, ho, ho— Lookee! They didn't finish their big bowl of watery punch.

CLARINA

So— why wait for the rats to come and drink it.

JINKY

When we're here already.

CLARINA

And thirsty as hell.
(Both stop working— slamming down brooms and mops.)

JINKY

(Lifts ladle and sniffs.)
They musta left the bowl without the liquor.

CLARINA

(Sniffs.)
Yeah, smells just like plain old fruit juice.

JINKY

Well, it's wet, and I'm thirsty. So, let's juice ourselves up.

CLARINA

Even left a few clean cups. Didn't even dirty them up for us.
(Ladles punch into two beer sized plastic cups. Silliness soon taking over.)

JINKY

Sooo, let's slurp it on down.

CLARINA

One for you, mi pretty lass.

JINKY

I'll drink to that. Even if it's juice, I'll drink to it.

CLARINA

Okay, Hinky Jinky– Whatta we got to celebrate?

JINKY

Not much, Marina Clarina.

CLARINA

We got a job–

JINKY

Ain't out in the cold at least-- Walkin the streets, freezing our butts off..

CLARINA

I dunno. Walkin the streets might be better than pushing these brooms night after night.

JINKY

Brooms?

(Turns upright her brush type broom with black brush on end.)

This ain't no broom. This here's Mr. Nutcracker himself. Come to invite you to his royal Nutcracker Suite.

CLARINA

Well, let's go! *(Beat.)* Right now, I'd go any place, but here.

JINKY

(Deep voice.) “Ladies, you two could use a bit of magic in your lifes.”

CLARINA

(Uprights her mop.)

And here's Mrs. Molliwig– the grand and shaggy housekeeper of Withering Nights.
(High voice.) “Why Mr. Nutcracker, what strong legs you have.”

JINKY

“The better to crack you with, my dear.”

CLARINA

“Oh my, I've never ever been nutcracked before.”

JINKY

“Then it's about time you experienced the thrill of a master nutcracker.”
(Both drink more punch and peals into laughter.)

CLARINA

“How's about, maybe a dance, before we crack your nuts?”

JINKY

“Well, I dunno. I always save my first dance for the Sugar Plum Fairy.”

CLARINA

“Ooh, I think she’s left already– for higher places. Your nut cracking just wasn’t doing it for her anymore.”

(Both end up laughing hilariously as they continue drinking. Mop and broom end up fighting each other. Using English accents.)

JINKY

“Take that, you wench!”

CLARINA

“Aay– That’s no way to treat a laidy–“

JINKY

“You’re no laidy, you’re only a dumb overblown mop head wench!”

CLARINA

“And you, you’re only a wooden head– with a hard wooden heart.”
(Mops and broom are thrown down, as both sit and laugh and drink.)

JINKY

Hey, you know, we ain’t half bad. Maybe we caught the acting bug just by being here?

CLARINA

Of course. Put a costume on us, and we’d be right at home on this stage–

JINKY

Maybe you, but never me.

CLARINA

Why not?

JINKY

Aagh, never could get up in front of other people. Get the shakes all over.

CLARINA

Oh gawd– never left me.

JINKY

What?

CLARINA

The yearning, to dance on a stage. Waay back, I wanted to be a ballerina.

JINKY

I kinda guessed that.

CLARINA

Saw this movie– THE RED SHOES– and I danced right across that screen with Moiria each time I saw it. Painted my tennis shoes bright red, and--

JINKY

Go on.

CLARINA

I did. And thought some day I'd be dancing across some stage. But– (*Stops.*)

JINKY

So, now you're pushing the broom across the stage, so your kid can take ballet lessons.

CLARINA

She's a born natural.

JINKY#

###Maybe. But how many jobs are out there for amateur ballet dancers?

CLARINA

Teacher says she's good.

JINKY

Well, she can always dance around the maypoles, in the strip joints.

CLARINA

Get out! My Lucinda would never work in a place like that.

JINKY

Hey, you gotta go where the work is.

CLARINA

S'why we're here, ain't it.

JINKY

Right. Where the work is. And the junk–

CLARINA

And the crap–

JINKY

You know, this punch seems to have a bit more punch than usual.

CLARINA

Maaaybeee-- there was just a bit of liquor left at the bottom of the bowl.

JINKY

Well then, pour me another Mrs. Mollywig-- from the bottom of the bowl.
“You’re looking better to me all the time.”

CLARINA

I'll have another bottom bit too. “And maybe, you’ll look better to me too, Mr. Nutcracker.
However, your nutcracking legs are beginning to look just a bit more wobbly.”
*(Both lift cups, then twirl in song and dance, singing in operatic tones the
"Drink" song from "The Student Prince".)*

CLARINA & JINKY

“Drink! Drink! Drink! To eyes that are bright as stars when they’re shining on me!
Drink! Drink! Drink! To lips that are red and sweet as fruit on the tree! *(da da's)*
(Each word separately.) Let every true lover salute his sweetheart! Let’s drink!”
(End up laughing as CLARINA falls into corner.)

CLARINA

Wowee! Hey, look what I fell into.

JINKY

A fallen away, discarded, real live tuu tuu tuu.

CLARINA

Just waiting for me to find it.

JINKY

Looks like it would just fit you too too.

CLARINA

Been dying for years to try one on.

JINKY

So, why not now?

CLARINA

It’s all squished– used up–

JINKY

No, it ain’t Still got lots of sparkles and glitters. Go on, put it on.

CLARINA

Here?

JINKY

Perfect place, to try it, and wear it.

CLARINA

But– I don't wanta take my clothes off, not onstage-- Not at my age.

JINKY

So, put it on over your clothes. See what you look like anyways.

CLARINA

Okay. A little help, please.

(Tries to stuff herself into it.)

JINKY

Just leave the zips open. See, it fits.

CLARINA

I almost feel like the Sugar Plum Fairy. I really do.

(Dances about.)

JINKY

The practice tape. I think it's still on the tape recorder.

(Turns Sugar Plum Fairy music on, which continues playing till end.)

CLARINA

This is such fun. I want you to try too.

JINKY

Nooo.

CLARINA

You have to dance around in a tu tu, too, just once. Here. Tonight It's magic, I tell you.

(Starts taking tu tu off.)

JINKY

No! Don't take it off.

CLARINA

This might be our only chance. Seize it! Can't let opportunities pass us by all the time.

JINKY

Wait! I saw an old Snowflake costume– back there– somewhere. Hang on.

(Exits. CLARINA continues dancing, a bit tipsy, but still some grace. JINKY re-enters with Snowflake tutu over her work clothes. Tiara askew on her head.)

Snowflake Fairy come to join you.

(Both pierouette and leap about, using mops, brooms, moving pails, giggling and laughing. Kinda swing on stage ropes etc. A flash light shines on them.)

CLARINA

(Stops.)

Who's there?

VOICE (Offstage)

Night watchman! Just checking the place over.

JINKY

Night watchman? You never come this early.

VOICE

Holiday party to go to— Practicing kinda late, ain't you ladies? What show you girls in anyhow?

CLARINA

Show? Ahh, why, why we're in The Sugar Plum Fairies show.

VOICE

Sugar **Plump** Fairies? Don't know that one. Almost party time. Gotta go, quick—
(Light off.)

JINKY

He thought we were real show girls....

CLARINA

And we had a spotlight shining on us.

JINKY

But, he called us the Sugar PLUMP Fairies! The very idea--

CLARINA

No, it's a good idea. I mean, to have our own little show— Our own special name--

JINKY

Punch has got to you more than you think.

CLARINA

Maybe, but that was fun. Wasn't it? Know what? We could do it— have our own little dance, before we start working. Put some sparkle in our lives-- liven up the nights.

JINKY

Maaybee-- *(Beat.)* Or, just wear tiaras while we work. Make us feel special. Like we fit

here, ain't just trespassing on their sacred stage.

CLARINA

If I had a tu tu on while I was mopping-- wouldn't seem so much like mopping, would it?
Maybe-- more like dancing.

JINKY

We wouldn't get in trouble, would we?

CLARINA

For what? We're in charge how we get our work done-- long as it gets done, doesn't matter how, orr what we wear.

JINKY

Maaybee-- your daughter could come and watch us some night-- if we get good enough.

CLARINA

Let's do it! We got the stage. We got the costumes--

JINKY

We even got the show-- "The Dance of the Sugar Plump Fairies".

CLARINA

--Brought to you by that newly famous dance team--

JINKY

(With heavy foreign announcing accent.)
"Clarina and Jinky-- fresh from touring across the New York stages-- "

CLARINA

You have never seen anything like it! Ta Da!

(They both lah de dah and continue dancing, going faster and faster as vari-colored lights begin spinning on them and full orchestra comes up.)

THE END