

Schroeder:

I'm sorry to have to say it to your face, Lucy, but it's true. You're a very crabby person. I know your crabbiness has probably become so natural to you now that you're not even aware when you're being crabby, but it's true just the same. You're a very crabby person and you're crabby to just about everyone you meet. Now I hope you don't mind my saying this, Lucy, and I hope you're take it in the spirit that it's meant. I think we should be very open to any opportunity to learn more about ourselves. I think Socrates was very right when he said that one of the first rules for anyone in life is 'Know Thyself'. Well, I guess I've said about enough. I hope I haven't offended you or anything.

(awkward exit)

"YAR!" by D. M. Larson

PIRATE KELLY

Avast there matey. It be Talk like a Pirate Day. Hand over those donuts. Donuts are always free on Talk like a Pirate Day.

I be looking for the perfect donut. It has to be the perfect length... twice as big as me mouth.

Once I found the donut of me dreams and I have been on an endless search for one to match it's perfection. Let me tell ye a tale of the most delicious of donuts... but be warned... it's not for the faint of heart.

(PIRATE KELLY gets a dreamy look in his eye as he remembers eating the perfect donut)

Once was a donut ever so sweet
That its taste could never be beat
It was as heavenly as can be
Like it was made just for me
Better than a bottle of rum
After a few bites I felt undone
But it slipped from me grip
And that donut took a dip
Like a sinking ship lost at sea
Now food for fishes, bad for me

(The memory of losing the donut gets him crying. Then he looks around and realizes the person with the donuts is gone)

Where'd she go? You can't get rid of me that easy. I must have ye donuts!

(PIRATE KELLY runs off stage and after a moment he runs across again)

END

SALLY

A 'C'? A 'C'? I got a 'C' on my coathanger sculpture? How could anyone get a 'C' in coathanger sculpture? May I ask a question? Was I judged on the piece of sculpture itself? If so, is it not true that time alone can judge a work of art? Or was I judged on my talent? If so, is it fair that I be judged on a part of my life over which I have no control? If I was judged on my effort, then I was judged unfairly, for I tried as hard as I could! Was I judged on what I had learned about this project? If so, then were not you, my teacher, also being judged on your ability to transmit your knowledge to me? Are you willing to share my 'C'? Perhaps I was being judged on the quality of coathanger itself out of which my creation was made...now is this not also unfair? Am I to be judged by the quality of coat hangers that are used by the drycleaning establishment that returns our garments? Is that not the responsibility of my parents? Should they not share my 'C'?"

QUEEN

Do you know what I intend? I intend to be a queen. When I grow up I'm going to be the biggest queen there ever was, and I'll live in a big palace and when I go out in my coach, all the people will wave and I will shout at them, and...and...in the summertime I will go to my summer palace and I'll wear my crown in swimming and everything, and all the people will cheer and I will shout at them... What do you mean I can't be queen? Nobody should be kept from being a queen if she wants to be one. It's usually just a matter of knowing the right people.. ..well.... if I can't be a queen, then I'll be very rich then I will buy myself a queendom. Yes, I will buy myself a queendom and then I'll kick out the old queen and take over the whole operation myself. I will be head queen."

JIMMY

I need detention. I really need detention. See, there's this girl... I know, I know, it always starts with a girl ... But this girl is special... I mean it this time... Really special. Her name is Harmony... But she goes by Harm. Cute huh? She can harm me any time she wants. And she has too. A couple of times. But I deserved it... Cause I touched her once. I didn't touch her anywhere bad. Just on the shoulder. And she broke my finger. So I guess we kind of have held hands. I was just gonna ask to borrow a pencil. One of those ones she sharpens with her pocket knife and then throws in the ceiling all over school. She even got one in the gym ceiling. You know how high that is? Like 5000 feet. And I just stand under those pencils, hoping one will fall down and I can have one of them for my very own. Something to remember her by. Until I get in to detention.

I gotta figure out some way to get detention because I wanna see her more... Be with her more... And turn Harm into Harmony again... Cause I see that beautiful harmony under all that black and gloom. She just needs a reason to smile and I want to be that reason.

So I have to get detention. What's something good... I mean I want it to be really really good so I get thrown in there a long time... Plus I have to make it worth it... Something great that she can respect... How about giving the principal a wedgie? That would do it... A good old up the back over the head mega wedgie. Let's do this.

END

PROTECTO

I've always dreamed of being a hero. I've tried everything to become super. I let a spider bite me... no spider powers; just lots of itching. I tried standing too close to the microwave oven hoping the radiation would change me. Nothing. And I got in trouble for making so many bags of popcorn. But I took it all to school and had a popcorn party. I was a hero that day. So I guess it kinda worked.

I love being a hero. I love helping people. I love making them happy. And I hate bad guys. I hate creeps who hurt people. There's this kid at school... he is always hurting everyone. I am sick of him hurting us. I just need those super powers. I need something that will make him stop.

(lost in thought) Maybe if I eat more of the school lunches. They look radioactive. If I get enough green hotdogs and brown ketchup in me... something is bound to happen. (nods in approval)

And I need a catch phrase like "gonna smoosh me a baddie"... and a cool costume... actually last time I was in the bathroom, I saw the perfect superhero name. Protecto! Instead of a telephone booth like superman, I could use a bathroom stall and those Protecto seat covers could be a cape... and make a toilet paper mask. Nothing scares bad guys more than bathroom stuff. (thinks then frowns) Or maybe it will really make them want to give me a swirly. I better rethink this.

THE END or how they say in the comics... EXCELSIOR!

HILDA

All right, you witches. We've got ourselves a PR problem here.

Witches have got a seriously bad reputation here in Fairy Tale Land and it's only getting worse since the Hansel and Gretel incident. I mean, come on people. Eating children. That's just low.

The fairies are thinking of getting rid of all magic.

They can and they will unless we turn things around and prove we can handle having it.

They gave it to Fairy Tale Land in the first place. And now they want it all back because they think we can't handle it.

We have a crisis here. I mean, what's a witch without her magic?

We're nothing, I tell you. Nothing! We'll be just a bunch of creepy old hags with bad hair and skin.

We have to do a major PR thing. Good deeds and stuff.

No?

Then say "poof" to your magic and learn to use chopsticks because that's all our wands will be good for.

We need to do a good deed. Not just any good deed, but a whopper of a good one.

We're going to save the Prince... Aka Sleeping Handsome.

But think of the PR. Witches saving the Prince who has been put under a sleeping spell. And we must do it before some bubble headed princess manages to beat us to it.

The Big Bad Wolf

WOLF

I know exactly what you mean. People misconwhattionize me all the time.

Man, you accidentally knock down some pig's house with a sneeze and they start telling stories about you. And now there's this little girl and her red hood. Who knows what they'll say about this one.

I have self-a-team issues too.

Everyone is always going around saying "what a big nose you have" and "what big teeth you have." It hurts.

I just want to go away some place where I won't bother anyone.

They're always promising happy endings but where's my happy ending? All that happily ever after seems to be reserved for princesses and cute little animals. Especially bunnies. Why are rabbits always getting happy endings?

They're rodents, I tell you. Rodents!

END OF MONOLOGUE