

Fantastical Tales

Prologue

(Lights up on the STORYTELLER, holding a staff that glows faintly. LEILANI sits at their feet, listening. The stage is bare, waiting for stories to come alive.)

STORYTELLER:

The world is stitched from many tales — some of magic, some of stars, all bound together by wonder. Tonight, I'll show you how they weave into one great story.

(The STORYTELLER strikes the staff on the floor. The first tale begins.)

Sketch 1: The Queen's Bargain

(A dimly lit stage. LEILANI sits cross-legged, looking up at THE STORYTELLER. The lights shift as the story comes alive. THE QUEEN lies frail on her bed. A WIZARD enters.)

Daughter: I love the stories in the library. Come here children.

GrandDaughter: runs in lighter

GrandSon: Tag

Daughter: Wow stop it children. Now I'll tell you a story from a long time ago. Once upon a time there was a Queen and ugly old wizard.

QUEEN:

Wizard. I will not wither into dust. Make me young again.

WIZARD:

Youth comes at a price, Majesty. Will you pay it?

QUEEN:

Gold, land, jewels—take what you will!

WIZARD:

Not riches. Obedience. You will serve me, even as you rule.

QUEEN:

I bow to no one!

WIZARD:

Then your years remain your burden.

QUEEN:

We shall see. (She stands, drawing a dagger.)

(They duel briefly. The QUEEN falls. The WIZARD raises his staff. A BABY appears in swaddling light. The QUEEN reaches for it.)

Grandson: But grandma did the queen lose the fight.

Daughter: Can I finish the story? Patience grandchildren. But the wizard did not know the queen had a daughter.

Queen: Honey no, don't look. Go the other way.

Wizard: watch me murder your mother. Ah....

YDaughter: Mr. I'll give you all my rubber duckies don't hurt her.

Wizard: (Scream)

Grandchildren: Nooooooooo

Daughter: But the daughter had a secret weapon.

YD: Magic duckie help me.

(throws bomb jack exits.)

YDaughter: Mommy don't leave me.

Queen: Remember I always love you.

Daughter: And that's how the story ends with the orphan princess becoming the most powerful queen ever.

Grandkids: Wow

Daughter: Tag your it.

(The QUEEN dies. Lights fade back to STORYTELLER and LEILANI.)

STORYTELLER:

Her bloodline carried the spark of magic forward... but in the humblest of places.

Sketch 2: The Hidden Power

(A cottage. A PEASANT GIRL scrubs clothes. A FAIRY GODMOTHER appears in shimmering light.)

Storyteller: The stories we read teach us many lessons. Some about friendship some about adversity. But all of them have a happily ever after.

Peasant Girl: I hate this castle. I wish I wasn't born a servant girl.

Prince: Oh, sorry miss.

Peasant girl: Oh sorry. Hello. Your highness. I hope you're having a good day.

Prince: It's okay. Have a good day.

Peasant Girl: No one ever noticed me.

(Fairy God mother enters)

Peasant girl: Who are you?

FAIRY GODMOTHER:

Your fairy godmother. Child, why do you toil so, when magic hums within your bones?

PEASANT GIRL:

Magic? I can't even keep my wash water clean.

FAIRY GODMOTHER:

That is because your gift lies locked away.

PEASANT GIRL:

Then how do I free it?

FAIRY GODMOTHER:

Only a mermaid holds the key. She will give you the charm you need.

PEASANT GIRL:

A mermaid? But I've never left this village.

FAIRY GODMOTHER:

Follow the river, until the water tastes of salt. She will be waiting.

PEASANT GIRL:

Then... I will go. I'll find her. I'll find myself.

Sailor: Who are you?

Peasant girl: I'm just a poor peasant girl. That works in the castle.

Sailor: Why are you swimming in the middle of the ocean?

Parrot: Gotta get seasick.

Peasant girl: I'm just searching for my inner power. My fairy godmother said so.

Sailor: And you're swimming because.

Peasant girl: I'm looking for a mermaid.

All: Gasp

Sailor: There's no such thing as a Mermaid.

Parrot: Mermaid right there.

Peasant girl: You have the mermaid.

Sailors: No

Parrot: yes.

Peasant: I'll save you.

Sailor: You can't come on here.

Peasant girl: Oh no Help me fairy godmother.

(The FAIRY GODMOTHER enters and conjures a glowing seashell necklace. The PEASANT GIRL clutches it. A battle begins with the sailor, parrot, peasant girl, prince, and fairy godmother. The mermaid emerges screaming for help.)

Mermaid: Thank you for saving me.

Peasant girl: You're welcome. My fairy godmother told me you will help me find my inner beauty.

Mermaid: No I can't

Peasant girl: Oh

Mermaid: It's because you've had the beauty inside of you the whole time.

(Prince comes back on stage.)

Prince: Hi sorry I never got your name.

Peasant girl: It's Cindy.

Prince: What a pretty name.

(They exit and the fairy god mother and the mermaid chat.)

Mermaid: Well, you've done it again girl.

Fairy godmother: Thanks to you.

(Lights fade. STORYTELLER steps forward.)

STORYTELLER:

From queens to peasants, the magic of the old world whispered onward — until even the animals heard its call.

Sketch 3: The Birth of the Sun

(A forest clearing. ANIMALS huddle: OWL, FOX, RABBIT, SQUIRREL is missing.)

Skuck: Possum where are you?

Possum: Over here. It's so dark.

Skuck: What are you doing?

Possum: Preparing the fire pit for the eternal flame.

Skuck: This will bring light to the whole forest forever.

(Rabbit, fox, bear, enter)

RABBIT:

Where is Squirrel? He promised to bring fire.

FOX:

He would have returned by now. Something's wrong.

Possum:

A troll guards the flames. He's greedy and cruel.

Owl:

Then we must help him.

(Upstage, the TROLL snarls, holding a torch. SQUIRREL is trapped nearby.)

TROLL:

No beast shall take my fire! It is mine!

FOX:

It belongs to all who live and breathe in this forest. If you even care

Possum: Yes let's get the troll.

(The ANIMALS fight the TROLL, freeing SQUIRREL. They raise the torch together. It bursts into blazing light and rises into the sky, becoming the SUN.)

Owl:

At last... a light that no one can take.

(The ANIMALS gaze upward. STORYTELLER steps forward.)

STORYTELLER:

And so the fire of life rose into the heavens. But fire draws eyes from beyond... from distant worlds.

Sketch 4: The Detention Invasion

(A classroom. Four STUDENTS in detention: gym teacher, popular girl, JOCK, NERD, ARTIST, REBEL-Alien. The TEACHER exits.)

Teacher: Alrighty kids welcome to detention. You will be here for one hour completely silent. I'll be back after my lunch break.

REBEL:

Great. An hour of prison.

JOCK:

Could be worse. At least Coach doesn't know I'm here.

Gym teacher: Yes, I do. What did you do?

Jock: Coach I just threw my lunch at that kid.

Nerd: Yeah, and I got in here because I threw it back.

Artist: Ha how lame. I threw a party in the music room.

Popular girl: Oh, I'm was just popular and people were jealous of me.

All: Sure

Rebel: I trash the principal office. It was great.

Gym Teacher: Can't believe this! Now you're missing practice.

(Lights flicker. A rumble shakes the room. A glow pulses outside.)

ARTIST:

Uh... did the sun just explode?

NERD:

Not the sun. Energy signature... extraterrestrial.

Gym teacher: What like aliens. That's crazy.

Popular girl:

Alright well it's not me I'm too popular.

ARTIST:

That's exactly what an alien would say!

(They argue)

Gym teacher: Everyone stop. This isn't the way to find the alien.

Nerd: I told you there's no alien. we

Jock: Could we have a competition.

Popular: Like a popular one.

Nerd: No like a test.

Rebel: Or a fight competition.

Gym teacher: We will go the football field and try a few tests to determine who the alien.
Everyone to the field.

NERD:

For science. For... humanity.

Popular: For likes.

Artist: For art and culture.

Jock: For human honor.

REBEL:

Guess detention's over. Let's go.

(They all exit with the gym teacher left.)

Gym teacher: Motherboard this is Delta 456 I am testing the subjects now to find the perfect human subject. I will report back later.

(STORYTELLER reappears.)

STORYTELLER:

Magic became fire, fire became sun, and the sun called out across the galaxies. And when the stars answered... our children were ready.

Epilogue

(The stage fills with images: the QUEEN's crown, the PEASANT GIRL's seashell, the ANIMALS' torch, and the STUDENTS' window glowing with starlight. The STORYTELLER lifts the staff one final time.)

STORYTELLER:

Fantasy and science... two faces of the same story. One rooted in dreams, the other reaching into the unknown. And so, the tale continues

STUDENTS: as long as we dare to tell it.

(Blackout.)