

# Sleeping Spell BY D. M. Larson (ADAPTED from The Play "Sleeping Handsome")

## MORGAN

So Prince Charles. It looks like we're getting engaged... it's about time the witch gets to be the princess. I'm tired of all those cutesy chicks getting their happy endings. Time for the bad girls to get theirs...

(Does a dance) Uh huh.. That's right. You dig it?

(Reacts to Prince)

What do you mean I am disqualified. I won your riddle contest. What ugly clause in the rules? Let me see that. (grabs scroll) This is horrible. I didn't know about this. Oh, I hate the fine print. You should be ashamed at having a rule like this. That's so... Evil.

(Evil grin)

I knew I liked you.

Well... You want ugly? I'll show you ugly. You haven't seen anything yet.

(She pulls out her magic wand and waves it)

Here's a nice spell who will make girls weep. Get a pillow - cause you're going to sleep. (Light flash. Zap sound) There you go handsome... Sleeping handsome. I like the sound of that.

(Evil laughter)

\*\*\* [End here for short version or continue for longer version]

I figured Prince Charles would cheat at his own game and not allow me to win the riddle contest. That's why I had the sleeping spell ready. And it's a very special sleeping spell that we have to let work over time. In time, the spell will be powerful enough for me to have my revenge. (Laughs evilly... Sees someone enter)

(Becomes sweet and innocent)

Oh hello... I have no idea what happened to the prince... He said he was getting ever so sleepy and poof... He was off to dreamland.

What? How could you think little old me did this? A witch? I'm not a witch. How could you say such a thing?

A wand? Is that what this is? I thought it was a back scratcher.

Okay. fine. You got me. Yes, I am a witch and it was no accident.

But I'm afraid you won't be able to do anything about it. (Points wand) Only a little rest so I can do what's best. (Zaps) Just a short little sleep for you, only long enough to help my plan along. I'll wake him all right. I'll wake him with a magic kiss. One that will put him under my power.... Forever! (Evil laughter)

## CASSANDRA

Don't bring Helen inside, Paris. She will only bring doom on our city.  
Dooooom! Dooooooooooooom!

***(She sighs)***

How come nobody ever listens to me?

***(She hears someone laughing)***

Apollo? Is that you? Get over here. I thought you gave me the power to see the future? But nobody listens to me. And now I see the walls of Troy falling down. And no one will listen to me about that either.

***(She pauses and listens.)***

Fine print? What fine print?

***(She pulls a scroll from her pocket)***

I can't read this. It's a bunch of drawings. It's all Greek to me.

***(She listens)***

What? It says that?! How could you do this to me? You gods think you're so smart. Well, I know what happens to you. And I'm not telling. See you, never, Apollo.

**The Beanstalk**      *by Tara Meddaugh*

**Jack:** Please don't poke my eyes out! Wait—don't leave! I mean, unless that's what you were going to do, poke my eyes out—were you? But otherwise, just, just stay. I—I—I mean, you understand my worrying about that, right? But—well, you don't seem like those birds. Right? And, even if you are, I'm not like those girls. So. It's just—I really am happy to see you. I'm getting a little, well, maybe a little anxious. I don't know if you can tell, but, I'm kind of a little bit stuck up here.

See, I didn't...really...think that I'd make it this far up. I didn't really think it through at all. My mom keeps telling me that's my problem, and I guess it is. I just...saw it, and I've always been a bit of a climber, my mom said. When I was nine months old, she found me sitting on top of the brown cow in the barn one morning. I guess we all have our strengths. I've never really considered myself afraid of heights before, but, it's not really the climbing up that scares me. It's the getting down, Black Crow. It seemed so easy getting here—just put one foot on the branch—if you can call it a branch. They sure don't seem like branches now—looking down. Oh, and, I've tried going down already. I put my foot on a branch, but it seems slippery now. See? It's like the sludge at the bottom of the pig trough. And you do not want be climbing down from the clouds on pig sludge! I'm not a bright boy. They all tell me that, but that is one thing I do know.

And see, that's why this is so, so, kind of tough to swallow. Maybe I was proving something. Maybe I was running away. I don't know. But I was doing something. You know? Climbing up something. Something that wasn't there before, but then suddenly was, and it made me feel powerful and strong and, and, smart. And I liked that feeling. So I kept on going, because the feeling kept on going. And, I'd never felt that way before. I mean, strong maybe, but—not smart.

But now I'm here. And I don't feel very smart. Because a smart person would know how to get down. I can't gain any footing on the sludge branch. I tried sliding down, but the few feet  
ace-your-audition.com I did it, well, it hurts an awful lot, and I'm not even sure I wouldn't fly off of it and land down

there in a broken bone pile. And, then everyone would just say, Well, that's Jack. He doesn't know how to climb down, poor slow boy. And I guess they'd be right. So.

(pause)

The other thing I could do...and this probably would show I'm just as slow of a boy. Because it sure doesn't seem like a smart idea. But it's all I can think of to not kill myself falling.

(pause)

See, I'm starting to hear voices. And not like voices in my head. I haven't turned silly yet.

These are low voices. Really low. Booming voices, but not too loud yet. If you know what I mean. Like, a low rumble, sort like a bull when he sees his mate. So the idea, Black Crow, is just to...keep climbing up. And maybe there's someone up there, one of the voices, who can help me, who can show me how to get down, or take me down. I'd be ok if someone else carried me down. I'd just ask them to do it at night, so no one in town would see. And I'd keep my eyes closed, so I'd remember it less. And then I could still sort of feel a little powerful. A little smart. So see? I've got it thought out now. At least a little bit. That's a step, right? So. I guess maybe I'll see you up there. If that's where you're going too.

(pause, starts going up)

It really doesn't feel like sludge when you're going up the stalk..

**March in Line**            *by Tara Meddaugh*

**Stephanie:** I'm thrilled you all could make it tonight, gentlemen. I know I ask a lot of you, but I hope you all realize, I notice everything. Every tiny smile, every command obeyed, every sacrifice given. You're my men, aren't you? And tonight, you're going to prove it.

Now, I want you all to pick up your instruments and line up in—You! Stand up straight, please. I said, stand up! Would you like the whole town to see you in a wrinkled band uniform? Don't answer, just listen. (pause) Now, form that single line and reflect on your assignment tonight. Remember, you're more than simply clarinet players or baton twirlers. You have a mission, a purpose—and while you may not be here to witness the difference you make, know that I will. And that's really what matters most, now isn't it?

So all those people who said I didn't have a voice, who said no one would ever listen to me—those awful people, with their awful taunts in my head—“She called ‘fire’ and no one heard her!” “Have you noticed how the waiter never stops at her table?” “She can't even get a dog to lick her hand!”

Well, Awful People's Taunts! Look at me now. Listen to me now! I have all these gentlemen right here. Haven't I, gentlemen? Don't answer, just think! You're all prepared to march out that window, march out with flutes and heads held high, and fall to your fated death...all for me. All for me.

Ready? (pause) Oh, no! Mr. Teddy, your stuffing is seeping out again! I want you to look perfect when they all witness my power over you. I'll grab a needle. But the rest of you, begin marching. (pause) Begin marching!

Sally from "You're A Good Man, Charlie Brown"

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 coathangers 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'?

# PROTECTO (KID HERO) BY D.M. LARSON

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.



- Stay in Character and COMMIT to character. Realism!
  - This should go as a warning: even losing your character for a split second can completely pull an audience member out of the scene and make your character seem unrealistic.
  - Not only must you be vocally committed, but you should always maintain a high level of commitment when it comes to: physical actions, acting technique, dialogue, jokes and interaction between other characters. In comedy, you must leave your pride at the door. You must be willing to "go there" and make a fool of yourself. You cannot fake pure comedy, you cannot halfway commit to your character. If you are unwilling to wholeheartedly dive into a character then you shouldn't be a comedy actor.
- No Fear – do not be afraid to do something embarrassing
- Timing
- Examples – Lion King stage show, Canterbury Tales Nun's Priest Tale

This brings me to a very important point - realism. When we're talking about comedy, realism may seem to be the last thing on your mind; however, as an actor, it is your job to convey a sense of realism even when you're playing a caretaker that has one "tiny" hand and a pension for "stuffing a turkey" with not your typical kitchen appliances. No matter what your character is, what he talks like or where he was raised, you must always commit to your character choices throughout an entire performance.

<http://www.backstage.com/advice-for-actors/acting-teachers/the-top-10-tips-for-becoming-a-successful-comedy-actor/>