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## **Family Plays**

# **FURRY TAILS WITH A TWIST**

**By Jennifer Hickok DeFratis**

“Once upon a time,  
a long time ago,  
before cars and  
computers,  
but after dinosaurs  
and your parents’  
birthdays,  
there was a little girl....”

## **FURRY TAILS WITH A TWIST**

by Jennifer Hickok DeFratis

Follow the adventures of Sam and Alex, two bumbling actors trying desperately to present a few of the world's most beloved fairy tales. Unfortunately, their script becomes seriously scrambled and they perform GoldiSOCKS and the Three WOLVES, the Three Billy TROLLS Gruff, and The Three Little BEARS, who end up battling the Big Bad BILLY GOAT to delay the decimation of their domiciles.

In addition to entertaining with humor, slapstick, and charm, Sam and Alex also guide the audience through the creative world of story structure, writing vocabulary, and theatrical staging. It takes the whole audience to set the stories straight for Sam and Alex. In the end, both the actors and the audience have learned creative tale-telling through these Furry Tails...er...Fairy Tales. Code: FB9.

**APPROX. RUNNING TIME:** 40 MINUTES

**CAST:** 2, F OR M

**SETTING:** BASIC BACKDROP, PLUS INTERIOR/EXTERIOR OF HOUSE FOR GOLDISOCKS; SUITABLE FOR TOURING

**COSTUMES:** ACTORS' BASIC BLACKS WITH SIMPLE CHARACTER PIECES ADDED ON

**PLAYWRIGHT:** Jennifer Hickok DeFratis majored in Theatre and minored in Education at Transylvania University in Lexington, Kentucky. She was fortunate to have the opportunity to study acting in London and puppetry in Germany, and soon utilized her skills in the world of children's theatre. She has performed professionally for thousands of children nationwide, delighting audiences with both her storytelling and puppetry venues. She has also taught acting and stagecraft to hundreds of children through the years. She now lives in Shreveport, Louisiana with her much-loved husband, Eric.

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JENNIFER HICKOK DEFRATIS

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“Produced by special arrangement with  
Family Plays of Woodstock, Illinois”

I would like to dedicate this play to the following  
people:

Scott and Gloria Hickok  
Larry and Janice DeFratis  
And the love of my life, Eric DeFratis

Without all of you, I could not have thought this  
long time dream possible.  
Thank you.

## ORIGINAL PRODUCTION CREDIT

**FURRY TAILS WITH A TWIST** premiered at Wayside Theatre in Middletown, Virginia on April 29, 2006. Teresa McGrath directed.

Cast:

Alex	Jennifer Hickok DeFratis
Sam	Wade Mowles

## PRODUCTION NOTES

This play's success depends largely upon energy and enthusiasm of its actors and their rapport with the audience. In our production, we found the scene change and set-up into the "abridged" stories very tight. Luckily, Wade was a freelance beat-box champion from Kentucky, and so thoroughly entertained the audience for the few extra seconds that were needed for the transition. Telling one elephant joke after another would have been appropriate as well. Actors are encouraged to showcase their unique talents wherever appropriate.

The whole production should look like the actors are flying by the seat of their pants, but nothing is further from the truth. They are true professionals, and have control of the chaos at all times. Funny and lighthearted is good, ridiculous and obnoxious is out of bounds.

Above all, have fun and enjoy! If you are not having fun, neither is your audience.

—Jennifer Hickok DeFratis

Play Script Layout & Design: Randy Blevins, jrbdesign



# FURRY TAILS WITH A TWIST

By Jennifer Hickok DeFratis

*(Note: As Sam and Alex take on fairy tale characters, the character's name will appear followed by either (S) for Sam or (A) for Alex.*

*For example, GOLDISOCKS (S), refers to Sam playing the character Goldisocks. Sometimes when the actor (Sam or Alex) is portraying one of the fairy tale characters, the actor's name will identify sections of text or stage directions where the fairy tale characterization is dropped and the actor character briefly reappears. Sound cues appear in brackets.)*

## OPENING

*[Opening music of your choice, zany, upbeat and lots of fun.]*

*(Actors scramble around, setting out last minute props and loose set pieces, comically tripping over each other and generally getting in each other's way.)*

*[Music ends.]*

**SAM:** *(Holding clipboard)* Have we got the porridge?

**ALEX:** Check!

**SAM:** Have we got the bridge?

**ALEX:** Check!

**SAM:** House of straw? House of sticks? House of bricks?

**ALEX:** Check, check, check!

**SAM:** Let's get this party started!

*(Alex disappears behind the set.)*

**SAM:** Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, we welcome you to the most amazing thing you've seen since....

**ALEX:** *(Popping out)* You woke up this morning!

**SAM:** Yeah! We are here to present a fabulous, splendiferous, magnificent, glorious...

**ALEX:** *(Getting bored with all the talking)* He-hum.

**SAM:** *(Catching on)* Presentation of—drum roll please!—Classic Fairy Tales.

**ALEX:** Ta-tum!

**SAM:** Yes, folks, we plan to show you not one, not two, but THREE beloved fairy tales in our brief time together.

**ALEX:** *(Coming out from backstage, carrying multicolored script)* Yep, got the script right here. *(She/he trips. The pages fly everywhere.)* Ooops.

*(Both stare at each other in horror for a moment, then frantically pick up the pages. The following is whispered urgently to each other.)*

**ALEX:** What do we do now?

**SAM:** We just pick it up and put it back in order. No big deal.

**ALEX:** I don't know my lines yet.

**SAM:** Neither do I, but we'll just have to make due. The audience doesn't know we got this script this morning.

**ALEX:** But...but...but...

**SAM:** Quiet! The show must go on!

**ALEX:** Right.

*(Both stand and act as if nothing has happened. The pages are anything but organized in their hands. The more crumpled and mashed the papers are, the better.)*

**SAM:** Sorry about that folks. *(He/she hands script to Alex to organize.)* The show will be starting promptly. Please turn off your cell phones...

**ALEX:** Sam...

**SAM:** Pagers...

**ALEX:** Sam...

**SAM:** Squawking chickens...

**ALEX:** *(Whispering)* Sam, the pages are all messed up.

**SAM:** *(Through his/her teeth)* I know. Deal with it.

*(Alex exits backstage.)*

**SAM:** No flash photography, and please keep your arms and legs inside the ride at all times. Without further ado, we proudly present: Furry Tails!

## SCENE ONE

*[Music cue. Music should have a masterpiece theatre quality to it, as the actors are seriously trying to present classic works. It should fade out as Alex begins speaking.]*

*(Alex enters as narrator, holding a piece of the script.)*

**ALEX:** Once upon a time, a long time ago, before cars and computers, but after dinosaurs and your parents' birthdays, there was a little girl.

**SAM:** *(Offstage.) (If Sam is male)* I'm not wearing this! *(If Sam is female)* Tee hee!

**ALEX:** *(If Sam is male)* Deal with it, remember? *(If Sam is female move on to next line.)*

**ALEX:** She was a sweet little girl with a golden curl right in the middle of her forehead. Her hair reminded everyone of corn silk or the yellowiest buttercups in a field of flowers. Her tow-headed tresses were remarked on from village to village. Her braids were like thick golden ropes, and her name was Goldisocks.

*(Sam comes out in a gingham frock and giant yellow socks.)*

**SAM:** Are you sure it said GoldiSOCKS? Shouldn't it be GoldiLOCKS?

**ALEX:** *(Referring to script)* That's what it says right here.

**SAM:** Yep, "Goldisocks." I knew we shouldn't have let the interns type.

**ALEX:** Anyway, Goldisocks went wandering through the forest one day...

**SAM:** Why?

**ALEX:** Why what?

**SAM:** Why was Goldisocks wandering through the forest? Did her babysitter let her out? Was she lost? What's her motivation?

**ALEX:** *(Looking at script, but at a complete loss)* She was...selling cookies.

**SAM:** But then why does she eat the porridge? She could have just eaten the cookies and avoided the whole bear fiasco.

**ALEX:** Then there wouldn't be a story. You've got to have conflict to have a story. If Goldisocks walked into a forest and walked right out again with no problems, well....it wouldn't be a very good fairy tale. Nothing happens! Conflict is the core of every story. Someone wants something they can't have. Someone gets into trouble and has to get out again. It's all about plot.

**SAM:** Exactly, so she can't be selling cookies 'cause that doesn't cause any conflict. Why was she wandering in the forest?

**ALEX:** *(Frustrated and looking him/her square in the eye)* To get away from the narrator who might soon cause her bodily harm.

**SAM:** Oh. Right.

**GOLDISOCKS (S):** *(Starting to wander around the set)* Wander, wander, wander. Where shall I wander to?

**ALEX:** *(Rolling in a small cutout of a house from offstage)*  
Suddenly, she saw a house.

**GOLDISOCKS (S):** Oooh a house! I wonder if anyone is at home.  
*(Knocking gently)* Knock, knock? *(No answer; pounds on door)*  
KNOCK, KNOCK? *(Still no answer; pounds even harder)* KNOCK,  
KNOCK, KNOCK! *(Grabs hand)* Ow! My hand

**ALEX:** But no one was home.

**GOLDISOCKS (S):** Thanks. I think I'll just peek inside, just for a minute.

**ALEX:** Oh, I don't think you should do that—that's not your house.

**GOLDISOCKS (S):** Yeah, well, I need a band-aid. I think I broke my hand with all that knocking.

**ALEX:** But...

*(Sam exits and moves to house interior.)*

**ALEX:** But the door was open, so Goldisocks went inside.

*(Goldisocks is in the interior of the house. Three bowls are out.)*

**GOLDISOCKS (S):** Whoa, what a dump. It smells like wet dog in here. Ooh food.

*(Sam looks in a bowl.)*

**GOLDISOCKS (S):** Pssst. What is this?

**ALEX:** It's porridge.

**GOLDISOCKS (S):** What's porridge?

**ALEX:** It's like oatmeal with brown sugar and butter.

**GOLDISOCKS (S):** Sweet! *(He/She starts to chow. Then...)* Ow! This one is waaaay to hot. I totally burned my tongue. *(Moving to second bowl)* Brrr. This one is too cold. I'll get brain freeze if I eat that. *(Tasting the last one gingerly)* Ahh. Just right. *(Smashing bowl on face and eating like an animal; following with a big burp, then daintily)* Excuse me.

**ALEX:** (*Disgusted*) You have no manners at all.

**GOLDISOCKS (S):** Now I'm all fat and sassy. I need to sit down.

**ALEX:** It was then Goldisocks noticed three chairs. The first chair was made of bricks.

(*Sam looks confused.*)

The second chair was made of sticks. And the little baby chair was made of straw.

**SAM:** Whoa—wait, that can't be right. Aren't the three little pigs' HOUSES made out of bricks and sticks and straw?

**ALEX:** I'm just following the script.

(*Sam sighs heavily as Alex brings out the chairs.*)

**SAM:** You gotta be kidding me.

**ALEX:** Have fun! Goldisocks sat on the first chair, but it was much too hard.

**GOLDISOCKS (S):** 'Course it is—IT'S MADE OF BRICKS!

**ALEX:** (*Ignoring him/her*) So she tried the second chair, but it was too soft.

**GOLDISOCKS (S):** (*Sitting in stick chair*) I would not describe this chair as "soft."

**ALEX:** (*Tired of his/her whining, Alex whips Goldisocks out of stick chair, places pillow on seat, slams him/her back into chair*) So she tried the second chair but it was too soft.

**GOLDISOCKS (S):** (*A little frightened*) Yep, this chair is too soft.

**ALEX:** So she tried the third chair, and it was just right.

(*Sam plops onto straw chair and decimates it.*)

**ALEX:** Are you all right?

**GOLDISOCKS (S):** *(Holding bottom)* I'm gonna need that pillow. *(Puts pillow under his/her bottom)* Owie. Who makes a chair out of straw? Honestly.

**ALEX:** Since she was tired, Goldisocks decided to go to bed.

**GOLDISOCKS (S):** I like that idea!

*(She exits offstage.)*

**ALEX:** *(A bit perplexed by Sam's sudden exit)* The bedrooms were upstairs, so Goldisocks climbed the long, dark staircase.

*[Recording: Heavy footsteps tromping]*

She opened the door to the bedroom....

*[Recording: Squeaky door opening]*

And saw three beds. She tried the first, but it was too hard...

*[Recording: "Thwack" sound effect and Sam moaning "Ow!"]*

She tried the second, but it was too soft....

*[Recording: "Boing" like a spring]*

She tried the third and it was just right.

*[Recording: A big sigh from Sam and loud snoring]*

*(Sam enters, now dressed as him or herself. Alex exits.)*

**SAM:** Unbeknownst to our snoring slumberer,  
*[Snoring stops. Music cue. Music should have a spooky feel to it, building the tension as Sam describes the scene.]*

the house's residents were coming back from their walk in the woods. They streaked through the forest, their paws swift, but sure; their teeth glinted in the sunlight, and their eyes glowed, catching every movement of the forest.