

# Dance of the Sugar Plump Fairies

Ludmilla Bollow





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DANCE OF THE SUGAR PLUMP FAIRIES

by Ludmilla Bollow

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!)

VOICE: Offstage 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.

*At Rise: 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 everyone else is living it up.

JINKY: 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 lives."

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 nutcracking 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, or 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 varicolored lights begin spinning on them and full orchestra comes up)*

THE END