

THE FAIRYLAND DETECTIVE AGENCY

By Vin Morreale, Jr.

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STORY OF THE PLAY

Jack Sprat is a peeper, gumshoe, a bloodhound for rent, a free-lance flatfoot, a man on the case, a hired nose...a detective actually, and the only detective in Fairyland. So when femme fatale Red Riding Hood comes in to hire him to find Grandma, he knows something is up (well actually his secretary Tinkerbell figures it out first). Red has teamed up with Prince Charming in order to trick Jack into learning the password for the fairy godmother's magic wand.

In the end, Jack figures it all out with the help of his friends, Mr. X, really Rumpelstiltskin; Humpty Dumpty, a good egg; and Pinocchio, who has a nose for news. Children will love these delightful fairy tale characters and adults will enjoy the humorous '40s detective-style patter. This one's a real crowd pleaser.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(5 m, 2 w, extras)

JACK SPRAT: Private investigator.

TINKERBELL: His loyal secretary.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Sexy damsel in distress.

MR. X: Mysterious informant.

HUMPTY DUMPTY: A good egg.

PINOCCHIO: Leader of a gang with a nose for news.

PRINCE CHARMING: Red's co-conspirator.

EXTRAS: Any number of extras can be cast as Pinocchio's gang members, or as Prince Charming's bodyguards.

SETTING

With the creative use of movable set pieces and lighting, the DS area is transformed into several different locales in Fairyland. The UPS area serves as the office of the Fairyland Detective Agency, a cheap office set. Jack's battered old desk sits USL. Tink's old fashioned typewriter faces the USR wall. Right below it on the SR wall is a doorway leading to the back room. A glass-faced door to the street stands on the SL wall, imprinted with the words "JACK SPRAT, PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR" and in increasingly smaller letters, "Pl., Peeper, Gumshoe, Bloodhound for Rent, Freelance Flatfoot, Man on the Case, Hired Nose..."

PROPS

JACK: Worn trench coat, dark hat, newspaper

TINKERBELL: Wings, old fashioned black telephone, magic wand

RED RIDING HOOD: Red cape with hood, basket of goodies with fruits, muffins, etc., and magic wand

MR. X: Shirt with "Rumpelstiltskin" on the back

HUMPTY DUMPTY: Same kind of detective hat as Jack

PINOCCHIO: Knickers, silly hat, black leather jacket, telescoping nose

PRINCE CHARMING: Long sword, cloak

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(AT RISE: THEME MUSIC begins, a 1940s blues type saxophone, reminiscent of old gangster and detective movies. The curtain rises on a darkened stage. UPS is a darkened office set. DSL stands an old-fashioned streetlight casting one pool of stark white light. Into that single pool of light steps JACK, wearing a worn trench coat and dark hat. He talks like a character out of an old Humphrey Bogart movie.)

JACK: The name's Jack. Jack Sprat. I'm the head honcho at the Fairyland Detective Agency. Yeah. You heard right. I'm a private investigator...a P.I., a peeper, a gumshoe, a bloodhound for rent, a freelance flatfoot, a man on the case, a hired nose...And if you think it's easy fitting all that on a business card, you've got another thing coming. You see, things aren't always "happily ever after" here in Fairyland, and that's why they need me—Jack Sprat, private investigator ...PI., peeper, gumshoe, bloodhound for rent, freelance flatfoot, man on the case, hired nose...Well, you get the picture...

(TINKERBELL enters DSR and slowly crosses to JACK. Except for the wings on her back, she's dressed like a 1940s secretary.)

JACK: That's my secretary, Tinkerbell. I hired her away from some guy named Pan who dressed in green tights and played pirates and indians all day. She was glad to get rid of him. Some guys never grow up.

TINK: Still slinkin' around in the shadows, huh, Jack?

JACK: At least I never lose my shadow. Not like your old boss.

TINK: Don't talk about Peter that way. He was...he was just a little flighty...

JACK: Still carrying a flame for the old boyfriend, eh? Well, we haven't got time for any of this "wish upon a star" stuff, Tink. We've got a case to work on.

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TINK: You mean someone finally hired you, Jack?

JACK: Whatta ya sayin'? I'm the best detective in Fairyland.

TINK: You're the only detective in Fairyland, Jack.

JACK: That's right, sweetheart. I've cornered the market on the peep and sneak crowd...grabbed the brass ring of the bloodhound biz...left the competition taking a dirt nap...

TINK: Do you always talk like that?

JACK: Like what?

TINK: Like an electric typewriter with a few keys missing?

JACK: Hey, this patter is my style, sister.

TINK: You've got as much style as Calvin DeCline...Tommy Nosefinger...

JACK: Enough jabber. We've got a case to solve before the curtain goes down.

(From the darkened UPS area, a TELEPHONE RINGS. Both TINK and JACK stand and look at each other. It rings again.)

JACK: Aren't you going to get that?

TINK: Why should I?

JACK: Whadda ya think I pay you for?

TINK: Since when did you start paying me?

(The LIGHTS come UPS, revealing the office of the Fairyland Detective Agency. The ringing continues. TINKERBELL crosses to Jack's desk and picks up the old-fashioned black telephone.)

TINK: *(Into phone)* Fairyland Detective Agency. Miss Bell speaking. *(Pause)* Uh-huh...really? You don't say...yeah...that's fascinating...you sure...? Uh-huh...Right...OK...Nice talking to you. Good-bye.

JACK: Who was it?

TINK: Wrong number.

JACK: Darn. Do I have anything on my calendar today?

TINK: A bunch of dates. Monday...Tuesday...Wednesday...

JACK: I meant, do I have any appointments...stake outs...business meetings...secret rendezvous...furtive encounters ...dates with destiny..?

End of Freeview

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