



**Sample Pages from  
Magic Fairy in the Microwave**

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# MAGIC FAIRY IN THE MICROWAVE

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT BY  
*Dara Murphy*



*Magic Fairy in the Microwave*

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Printed in the USA

## Characters

### [2M+4W+5 Either]

Narrator

Sarah

Tom

Stacy

Paula

Masked Villain

Mom

Dad

Rainbow

Kitten

Magic Fairy

## Note

*Magic Fairy in the Microwave* has guns, knives, fighting, shooting, stabbing, and microwaved fairies. If your administration is against microwaves, don't choose this play.

It's very easy to get caught up in the energy and excitement of these types of scenes. Be certain that safety is the Number One priority in your production. Work with qualified fight directors whenever possible. And never put a real magic fairy in a microwave. You'll be cleaning it for months.

Feel free to make the fight scenes as bloody as you'd like.

*Magic Fairy in the Microwave* was first performed on December 8, 2011 at the Florida State (District 9) One Act Festival at the University of South Florida. The show was given a Superior rating. It was produced by Durant High School Thespian Troupe 5444 under the direction of Ed Mason, Sponsor; stage managed by Sarah Nauman; light and sound by Evan Prosch and Danielle Fahrenback; with the following cast:

Narrator.....	Jackie Algaze
Sarah Williams.....	Brynne Piesco
Tom.....	Zach Bush
Paula.....	Sydney Harber
Stacy.....	Sarah Pupillo
Mom.....	Louisa Pastorius
Dad.....	Gerald Feldman
Kitten.....	Mekayla Cook
Rainbow.....	Dylan Chadwell
Magic Fairy.....	Gabriella Alfonso
Masked Villain.....	Nick Wilbur

*The curtains open. A spotlight focuses on the NARRATOR. The rest of the stage is plain and dark.*

NARRATOR: Good evening ladies and gentlemen. I'd like to thank you for coming tonight. I hope that your seat is comfortable and that the temperature in the room is neither too hot, nor too cold. I also hope that before you came to the theatre today, you told your loved ones that you love them. Because well, you never know.

Before we begin this performance, I have been instructed to deliver a "viewer discretion warning." The content of this show may not be suitable for all viewers. This play is tragic and bloody, and the ending is very sad. If you came here expecting happy rainbows, kittens, or magic fairies, you will be disappointed. In fact, if there are any kittens or magic fairies here today, they will probably end up in a microwave. Does that thought make you squeamish? If so, it would be a good idea to have a jacket handy, just in case you need to cover your eyes. You have been warned.

So are you ready? Shall I begin? Well, there was once a young girl named Sarah Williams.

*A second spotlight focuses on SARAH, who happily grins out at the audience.*

SARAH: Hello audience! My name is Sarah Williams. I am fifteen years old. I go to Rosedale High School, and I usually get A pluses. Okay, so mostly I get B's... and C's. But that's only because my teachers don't understand me. Anyways, I like watching TV, reading books, and my favorite food is ice cream.

NARRATOR: On the surface of things, Sarah was a regular girl. She lived in a regular home, and she had a regular amount of friends. She wasn't very pretty, but she wasn't ugly either. On the surface, she was one hundred percent regular—

SARAH: (*offended*) Hold on. Are you calling me ugly?

NARRATOR: Not really.

SARAH: Good. Because I'm actually the prettiest girl in my grade. It's true. Especially when I wear my new lipstick. It's called midnight red, which means dark red. And next I'm going to buy eyeliner. But anyways, all the boys in my school have crushes on me.

NARRATOR: *(clears his throat)* Perhaps it's already clear; below the surface of things, Sarah was far from regular; her imagination was out of control. She made up her own reality whenever it suited her. Let me give you an example. This is reality:

*TOM, PAULA, and STACY enter. They're all wearing backpacks, and TOM is carrying a big book. SARAH watches them self-consciously.*

TOM: I'm pretty sure we have to read chapter nine and do the first ten questions.

PAULA: There isn't any homework tonight.

TOM: Who said that?

PAULA: I dunno. Greg told me.

TOM: *(to STACY)* Did you hear that?

STACY: No. But I have basketball tonight, so I probably won't do any homework.

TOM: I was sure we had to... *(seeing SARAH)* Oh hey.

SARAH: *(nervous)* Hi! Hey. How's it going?

TOM: Good. Uh, do you know if we have any math homework tonight?

SARAH: Oh sure! It's um... I wrote it in my agenda...

*SARAH unzips her backpack and struggles to find her agenda. PAULA rolls her eyes.*

SARAH: Here it is! *(flips through the pages)* Oh. I guess I wrote it in my notes. *(continues to dig through her bag)* Found it! *(looks down at the notebook)* It's um, okay, no, we don't have any homework.

TOM: ...thanks.

*TOM, PAULA, and STACY exit laughing and chatting.*

NARRATOR: Now this is Sarah's version of the event.

*TOM, PAULA, and STACY enter just as before, but they now have exaggerated personalities.*

TOM: I'm pretty sure we have to read chapter nine and do the first ten questions.

PAULA: Homework? Only nerds do homework. I thought you were cool.

TOM: I care about my education, okay?

STACY: I like basketball. Did you see my dribbling yesterday?  
Basketball is cool.

PAULA: (*sighs*) Can you stop talking about basketball for like five seconds?

TOM: (*seeing SARAH*) Oh hey.

SARAH: (*confident*) Hey. How's it going?

TOM: Good. Uh, do you know if we have any math home... (*TOM looks into SARAH's eyes and is suddenly struck by her beauty*) I'm sorry to be so forward, but... you have the most beautiful eyes in the world.

SARAH: Really? Thanks.

TOM: You're welcome. Would you like to go on a date sometime?

PAULA: (*to TOM*) Hey! I thought we were, like, you know...

*TOM waves her away.*

TOM: (*to SARAH*) So?

SARAH: I would love to—

*Suddenly the MASKED VILLAIN appears behind SARAH. He has a knife in his hand.*

TOM: Look out, Sarah! It's a masked villain!

*SARAH yelps in surprise and ducks out of the way. The other girls scream. PAULA faints, and STACY runs off the stage. Using his book as a weapon, TOM battles the VILLAIN. Eventually TOM's book is knocked out of his hands, and he falls to his knees. The VILLAIN stands over TOM and prepares to drive the knife into TOM's throat.*



SARAH: No!

*SARAH takes off her backpack and whacks the VILLAIN. He drops his knife. TOM grabs it and stabs the VILLAIN in the belly. The VILLAIN dies dramatically.*

SARAH: (*rushing over to TOM*) You saved my life!

TOM: No, you saved mine.

*Standing over the body, the two kiss. Happy music plays. RAINBOW, KITTEN, and MAGIC FAIRY skip onto the stage. These actors wear black and hold large pictures of their different characters. Making cute noises, they dance around the couple. SARAH and TOM hold hands and smile.*

NARRATOR: But of course, none of this was real.

*The music turns off. The VILLAIN gets up, and RAINBOW, KITTEN, and MAGIC FAIRY rip their pictures in half. RAINBOW picks up TOM's book and knocks TOM over the head. He falls to the ground. The VILLAIN, RAINBOW, KITTEN, and MAGIC FAIRY drag TOM and PAULA toward the exit and leave them on the floor, their feet just visible to the audience. SARAH sighs.*

NARRATOR: Two very different versions of one event, wouldn't you say? There were many theories as to why Sarah had such an overactive imagination. I believe it had a lot to do with the fact that her parents were serial killers.

*SARAH puts on her backpack. She walks toward the exit.*

SARAH: Hey Mom, I'm home.

*MOM enters, wearing a blood-spattered apron. There is also blood on her hands.*

MOM: Sarah! You're home early!

SARAH: (*disgusted*) Aw Mom, do you have to do that in here?

MOM: Where else would I do it? Huh? In the middle of the street? Do you want me start killing people in the... the library? Don't be ridiculous.

*DAD enters. He is also covered in blood.*

DAD: Is she talking back again?

MOM: She's just being stupid.

SARAH: Hi Dad.

DAD: (*indicating TOM's body*) Help your ma and I carry these bodies to the car.

SARAH: No.

MOM: Mind your manners. You know he can't do much lifting with his buggered up knee.

DAD: Why do you always bring that up?

MOM: I told you not to play football with those friends of yours. You don't know the first thing about football. And now look: you're limping around, acting like a baby.

DAD: I do not act like a baby!

SARAH: Fine! I'll help!

*SARAH walks over to the bodies. When she gets a good look, she recoils.*

SARAH: I know him! God! It's Tom from school. You killed Tom?

MOM: Well, I didn't know he was a friend of yours.

DAD: Calm down, Sarah. You'll make other friends.

*SARAH yells and races away from her parents. She hides in the far corner of the room, crying. MOM and DAD drag TOM and PAULA off the stage.*

NARRATOR: That day, Sarah overloaded her imagination by building a completely different reality. In her new world, she was pretty, Tom was her boyfriend, and her parents were not serial killers. She wanted this reality to come true so badly that she

thought about it over and over again until suddenly something happened.

*Feeling that something is different, SARAH slowly lifts up her head. She looks around cautiously. Smiling happily, MOM and DAD enter with their arms around each other. They're both still covered in blood.*

DAD: Oh, there you are, Honey!

MOM: We've been looking all over for you!

*SARAH flinches away.*

DAD: Do you feel like going out for ice cream? Your mother has a huge craving for some butterscotch ripple.

*SARAH looks at them as though they've gone mad.*

SARAH: You're going out like that?

DAD: *(laughing)* The ice cream store is just a block away. We'll shower when we get home.

MOM: It's only a little pudding.

SARAH: ...pudding?

DAD: You know, from our annual pudding fight competition!

MOM: Your father really got me good this time! I'm a mess!

DAD: Aw, I love you.

MOM: I love you too.

DAD: I love you more. *(he gives a cute laugh then turns to SARAH)*  
Come on, Sweetie! Let's get some ice cream!

SARAH: ...okay.

*SARAH takes DAD's hand and they walk to the ice cream shop. SARAH looks around, expecting her bubble to burst at any moment. TOM enters wearing an ice cream shop hat and a colourful t-shirt.*

TOM: Hello! Welcome to Twisty Cream. What can I get for you?

SARAH: You're alive!

TOM: Of course I'm alive.

DAD: One butterscotch ripple for the beautiful lady over here, and a plain old vanilla for me. What would you like Sarah?

SARAH: Chocolate?

TOM: Coming right up! *(he exits and returns with three ice cream cones)* There you are. Hey Sarah, can I talk to you for a second?

SARAH: Sure.

*TOM leads SARAH away from her parents.*

TOM: Sarah, I've been meaning to talk to you for a long time now. It's just that... geeze, I'm nervous... What I'm trying to say is that I have a big crush on you, and I'd like to ask you out on a date.

SARAH: You would?

TOM: Of course! You're the prettiest girl in the whole school. And when you wear that neat lipstick, I'm sure you're the prettiest girl in the world.

SARAH: Oh Tom, I would love to go on a date with you!

*They hold hands and smile into each other's eyes. MOM and DAD walk over, and the group lovingly stands together, joking and laughing. Happy music plays, and RAINBOW, KITTEN, and MAGIC FAIRY skip back onto the stage. Their pictures have been repaired. They dance around the group and throw confetti into the air.*

NARRATOR: Sarah suddenly found that she was living in her imagination. Anything she wanted was hers. It was the perfect life. She went on dates with Tom, and she went to the zoo with her two loving parents. Her mom went dress shopping with her, and her dad built her a tree house.

*With much frilly dancing, RAINBOW, KITTEN, and MAGIC FAIRY pass out objects to each character. They give a picnic blanket to TOM, a hammer to DAD, and a few fluffy dresses to MOM. TOM, MOM, and DAD go to different spots on the stage and SARAH moves from one to the other. RAINBOW, KITTEN, and MAGIC FAIRY hang around, making cute noises whenever loving words are said.*

MOM: Hey Sweetie! Let's go dress shopping!

SARAH: Okay!

MOM: You can have any dress in the world. You're a famous actress now, so you can afford anything! We're so proud of you.

SARAH: Thanks, Mom! *(she walks over to DAD)* Hi Dad! What are you doing?

DAD: Well, I've finished building your tree house, but I still want to make something for my lovely daughter. I think I'll start building a yacht. What do you think about that?

SARAH: That's great, Dad! Thanks!

*SARAH starts to walk over to TOM. He's spread the picnic blanket on the ground and is sitting on it. Suddenly PAULA and STACY enter and stand in SARAH's path.*

PAULA: You're such a nerd.

STACY: You think Tom likes you? Ha! There's no way.

SARAH: You know what? You girls are just jealous of me.

PAULA: ...aw, you're right, we are jealous of you.

SARAH: I don't care how much you tease me. I know that I'm smart, beautiful, and talented. I'm also funny, awesome, and better than you. And Tom likes me. So there. And you have bad breath, and you have a horse face.

*In shock, PAULA and STACY slump out of SARAH's way.*

SARAH: (to PAULA) And now you should start crying.

*PAULA starts crying. Triumphantly, SARAH sits next to TOM.*

SARAH: Hi Tom.

TOM: Hi Sarah. I made you a picnic.

SARAH: Aw, you're so sweet.

TOM: Yes. And every girl in school wishes that they were you.

SARAH: You make me so happy.

TOM: You're beautiful.

NARRATOR: As you can see, Sarah's new life was perfect.

Unfortunately, Sarah began to realize that for us humans, there is no such thing as perfection.

SARAH: (takes offense) Well, this seems pretty great to me.

*SARAH walks over to her MOM.*

MOM: Sweetie! Try on this dress! (she holds up one of the dresses) Oh, you look great! Now try this one. Oh! You look like a princess.

SARAH: (to the NARRATOR) See, perfect. (she walks over to DAD) Hi Dad! How's the yacht coming along?

DAD: Just great!

SARAH: Awesome! (she gives the NARRATOR an "I told you so" look)

NARRATOR: Try doing something not perfect.

SARAH: Why would I do that?

NARRATOR: Just give it a try.

SARAH: (sighs, but looks back at DAD) Do you want to take a break and do something else?

DAD: Sure! What would you like to do, honey?

SARAH: Um, do you want to play a game of checkers?

DAD: Okay!

SARAH: ...but I thought you hated checkers.

DAD: No, I love checkers.

SARAH: No you don't. What do you want to do?

DAD: Anything you want to do.

SARAH: Do you want to eat some turnips?

DAD: Sure!

SARAH: But you never eat turnips! You always say they're disgusting!

DAD: Do you want me to say they're disgusting?

SARAH: No! I— Augh!

*SARAH walks past PAULA and STACY.*

PAULA: Nerd!

STACY: Ugly butt!

SARAH: ...do you guys want to hang out or something?

PAULA: Okay. What do you want to do?

SARAH: But two minutes ago I called you a horse face.

PAULA: Water under the bridge.

STACY: Wait, Paula. I think she still wants us to be mean to her.  
She's being all reverse psychology like.

PAULA: I'm confused. Do you want us to be enemies or do you want us to be friends?

*Shaking her head, SARAH goes over to TOM. She plunks herself down next to him.*

TOM: You're beautiful.

SARAH: *(unenthusiastically)* Thanks. Let's talk about something else.

TOM: Okay... what do you want to talk about? (SARAH sighs)  
...you're beautiful, by the way.

SARAH: Can you just shut up for a second?

*TOM closes his lips and says nothing. They sit in silence for a while. SARAH gets bored.*

SARAH: Okay! You can talk. You're not like my robot or anything. You can say whatever you want.

TOM: You seem to be in a bad mood. Would you like me to fight with the Masked Villain? That usually cheers you up.

SARAH: I guess.

*The VILLAIN comes rushing out. TOM battles him valiantly. SARAH barely watches. TOM kills the VILLAIN, who, once again, dies very dramatically. They end in a "ta da" pose.*

SARAH: (looking glum) That was great.

*SARAH gets up and wanders around the room.*

NARRATOR: Sarah was beginning to feel trapped, but she couldn't find a way to escape her imagination. Every door, cupboard, and hallway led back to her own mind, and without outside inspiration, her mind looped through the same material over and over and over again.

*SARAH moves from one person to the other. The characters voices begin to run together, and SARAH gets more and more panicked.*

MOM: Try this dress Sweetie!

DAD: Let's play checkers!

TOM: Hey beautiful!

MOM: What a princess!

PAULA and STACY: We wish we were as cool as you.

RAINBOW: Rainbow!



KITTEN: Kitten!

MAGIC FAIRY: Magic fairy!

DAD: Anything for my little girl!

TOM: Let's go on a date!

MASKED VILLAIN: Argg!

MOM: Try this dress!

DAD: Let's play checkers!

TOM: You're beautiful!

MOM: What a princess!

PAULA and STACY: We wish we were as cool as you.

RAINBOW: Rainbow!

KITTEN: Kitten!

MAGIC FAIRY: Magic fairy!

DAD: Anything for my little girl!

TOM: Let's go on a date!

MASKED VILLAIN: Argg!

SARAH: AHHH!

*Yelling in frustration, SARAH catches KITTEN and rips the poor thing in half. KITTEN falls to the ground, dead. SARAH heartlessly crumples KITTEN's picture into a ball and kicks it towards the audience. The characters stop and are silent for a second.*

SARAH: What are you guys going to do now, huh? Huh?

*They all break into applause. SARAH screams and collapses. Whispering the same words (as above) over and over again, the characters creep up to surround her.*

NARRATOR: Sarah realized that she would go crazy if she spent another minute in her perfect imagination. She knew what she had to do... She had to kill herself.

*In shock, SARAH looks up at the NARRATOR.*

SARAH: I do?

NARRATOR: Yes, you do.

*The characters form a huddle around SARAH. She screams as they block her from view.*

NARRATOR: Sarah had to come up with a plan – it would not be easy to kill herself in her perfect world.

*As the NARRATOR talks, SARAH crawls out of the huddle. She grabs TOM, who's on the edge of the huddle, and the two of them sneak into the audience.*

NARRATOR: She knew that the best way to kill herself would be to get into a fight with the Masked Villain. This would prove to be difficult because Tom always protected her. So, there was no other option. She would also have to kill Tom. She decided to lure him into the tree house and hit him over the head with her dad's hammer... She decided to lure him into the tree house and... lure him... Oh, for heaven's sake, Sarah, where are you?

*The NARRATOR goes to search for SARAH. Meanwhile, SARAH and TOM try to stay hidden in the audience.*

TOM: You're beautiful.

SARAH: Shh!

TOM: Can I just say, you have lovely eyes.

SARAH: Tom, be quiet! We're trying to hide.

NARRATOR: Sarah? I don't have time to deal with this, you know. I still have a poetry reading to go to tonight. Sarah?

TOM: I don't understand. First you tell me to be quiet, but then you tell me I'm not a robot, but now you're telling me to be quiet again. What do you want?

SARAH: That narrator guy has it out for me, Tom, I know it. Ever since he started my story, he's been messing everything up. He's wrecking my imagination! He's telling me what I want and it's making me all confused.

NARRATOR: Sarah! This is your story. You can't hide from it!

SARAH: And now he wants me to kill myself!

TOM: That's awful! I'll save you.

SARAH: He wants me to kill you too.

TOM: (*hurt*) Do you want to kill me?

SARAH: No! But I don't know how to get out of this.

NARRATOR: Sarah! Let's just get this over with okay? We're already at the exciting climax of the story, and this whole audience is waiting for a satisfying ending. I'll remind you that at the beginning of the story I promised an unhappy conclusion. Do you want to disappoint all of these people?

SARAH: (*looking accusingly at the nearest audience member*) So this is your fault! All of you. You're just sitting here, watching me suffer? Like, that's so mean. (*to the nearest audience member*) Do you really want me to kill myself? (*the audience member says, "no"*) Of course not! No one likes an unhappy ending. (*or if the audience member says, "yes"*) Well screw you! I'm not going to be your entertainment!

TOM: (*pointing at the NARRATOR*) He's coming! What should we do?

SARAH: There's only one thing I can do. I have to kill the Narrator.

TOM: Whoa.

SARAH: Just follow my lead. I might have to pretend to kill you, so just pretend to die, okay?

TOM: Okay.

*SARAH and TOM sneak back on stage.*

SARAH: Here I am!

NARRATOR: I've been looking all over for you!



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