

# *Fairly Odd Tales*



An original and adapted piece written by  
Rachel Conroy, Helen Forrest, Matthew Allen and Steven Brown

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*Curtains start open.*

*Narrator enters the stage to soft music, wearing black suit (formal), stands at lectern in spotlight holding folder/book to read from.*

Narrator 1:       Some fairy tales now, for you in our show,  
                      But not like the ones that you think that you know!  
                      As one rainy night whilst away on a camp,  
                      The scripts accidentally got a bit....damp  
                      That blustery night whilst alone in their tents,  
                      The Cubs and the Brownies changed some events.

                      So now before your very eyes,  
                      We present 3 well know tales in disguise.  
                      Our first, not a tale of swan and a duckling,  
                      Ladies and Gentlemen, The Ugly.... Pumpkin???

*Music begins for the Ugly Duckling.*

*Lights up on full stage*

                      There once was an Ugly Pumpkin, all scabby and smelly and brown.  
                      And the other fruits they said with a too, <R> get out of here.  
                      <R> Get out?  
                      <RR> get out?  
                      <RR> get out of here!  
                      So he went with a roll, and a rattle and a roll! And a very unhappy tear!

                      That poor little ugly pumpkin  
                      Went rolling far and near  
                      But at every place they said to his face <R> get out of here.  
                      <R> Get out?  
                      <RR> get out?  
                      <RR> get out of here!  
                      So he went with a roll, and a rattle and a roll! And a very unhappy tear!

                      All through November, he hid from Halloween  
                      Ashamed to show his face, afraid that he might be seen  
                      All through December in his lonely bunch of weeds  
                      Till a fairy godmother spied him there, and very soon agreed.  
                      You're a very fine Coach indeed'.

*Coach, Me a Coach! Aw Go on.  
You're a Coach Take a look at yourself in this enchanted mirror  
And he looked and said  
"Mirror, Mirror in the Weeds who is the best coach in deeds '  
You're the most attractive coach this side of Leeds!  
WHEE!*

I'm not such an ugly pumpkin. Not scabby and smelly and brown  
For in fact these fruits they said with a too, <R> The Best in Town.  
<R> The Best?  
<RR> The Best?  
<RR> The Best in Town!  
Not a roll, not a roll, not a rattle or a roll  
But a glide and a whistle and a snowy white foal  
With a head so noble and high!  
Say who's and ugly pumpkin Not I.  
Not I

*Lights dim on main stage spot light comes back up on the 1<sup>st</sup> Narrator.*

Narrator 1:      And moving very swiftly on,  
                    To another well known fable gone wrong.  
                    Now our second tale, you may recall,  
                    A young lady once wanted to go to a ball.

You will see from the moment our stories begun.  
Like the others this also has gone a bit wrong.  
In keeping with the rest of this sham,  
The lead in this here tale.....is a man.

Narrator 2:      Cinderfella was a bloke,  
                    Down on his luck and stony broke.  
                    Working as a measly chauffer,  
                    For wicked Madam UpandOver.  
                    At home his life was not so swell,  
                    Coz in his house there lived as well,  
                    2 ugly sisters Miss Grimm and Miss Grumm,  
                    We won't even mention the smell from their bum.

Cinderfella: You wouldn't laugh you wouldn't clap,  
If you'd ever seen them pile on the slap.

Narrator 2: Then one night in December, Cinderfella did receive

Cinderfella: A ticket to a party, on New Years Eve,

Narrator 2: But poor Cinderfella had no clothes to wear,

Cinderfella: No shoes to put on or gel for my hair.

Narrator 2: Now at this point we'd normally suggest,  
The intervention of a very special guest,  
But our fairy godmother has been poached,  
Rustling up some kind of pumpkin coach?

Cinderfella: So Cinders grabs the magic beans,  
To conjure up a shirt and jeans,  
With shoes to match he looks quite swish,  
It seems I've almost got my wish.

Narrator 2: But with all good tales, there must be,  
Some element of misery

Cinderfella: For my car won't start, it serves me right,  
For buying it on ebay last Saturday night.

Narrator 2: So the partys funky, down at Elders,

Cinderfella: And I'm stuck 'ere with the welders.

Narrator 2: But just then, in a blaze of light,  
The magic welder lands in sight,  
His welding iron, he waves in the air,

Welder: Don't worry Cinders we'll get you there,

Narrator 2: You can't do that, Oh my mind boggles,  
Where are your safety goggles?

Now Cinderfella's in a state of panic,

Cinderfella: Since you got rid of my mechanic,

Narrator 2: For in the distance he could here,  
Celebrations of a new year  
He looked at his watch and with a shock,  
Exclaimed,

Cinderfella: My word it's 12 o'clock.  
It would seem the party's just for you,  
And they won't be in till about half 2,  
So I'm off to bed coz that isn't for me,  
With a slice of toast and a cup of tea.

*Lights fade on main stage and come up on the 1<sup>st</sup> Narrator.*

Narrator 1: Be sure we've kept the best till last,  
And be prepared to stand agast.  
At our most extravagant story yet,  
I'm sure that you all will get,  
Absorbed in the magic of the thing,  
And marvel at the sound of the King.  
This one really is the cake taker  
It's the Elvis' and the Shoe Maker.

*Lights rise on the main stage.*

*Narrator 3:* Once upon a time there was a humble shoemaker. He worked very hard, but couldn't earn enough to live on. All he had in the world was just enough leather to make one pair of shoes.

*Shoemaker:* How am I going to make enough money with one pair of shoes?

*Narrator 3:* He closed the shop and began to cut the leather out, ready to make one last pair of shoes.

*Nephew:* (Looking out of window) Dear uncle, it's the banker and he look's really mad.

*Shoemaker:* Quick... Hide!

*Banker:* (knocking on door) Open the door and give me half the money you owe me or I'll toss you out in the street

*Nephew:* In that case we're not home!

*Banker:* Well... then I shall be back tomorrow! (snidely) and you make really ugly shoes!

*Sm* We're not home?

*Nephew* (peeking out from behind the table/chair/curtain) Do you think we got away with it?

*SM* Well he's gone... but we are never going to be able to pay him half by tomorrow

*Ne* But what about the shoes.....why would he say we make really ugly shoes?! These are the nicest shoes I have ever seen.... why I bought six pairs last week, look at the different style and shapes and ....

*SM* Dear nephew you are both very kind hearted and amazingly simple. All is lost.

*Ne* (Bright ideas sound) All is not lost - we could wish for a miracle!

*SM* Again Kind hearted and stupid... miracles just don't happen in the real world

*Ne* But this isn't the real world, this is a fairy tale, this is Gang Show

*SM* (to the audience) He could have a point there

*Ne* You call mother goose, ill write to the Easter bunny, she knows Father Christmas and if he isn't on holiday he could....

*SM* OK, OK we'll do all those things tomorrow but for now let's get some rest

*NE* (walking off) I wonder if the tooth fairy knows anything about shoemaking?

*SM* Sighs and walks off  
*NIGHT FALLS*

*Nar 3* What's that? *WOW* that's the sound of a miracle... come to help the shoemaker... that's the sound of elves... or elves dressed like... It's Elvis...

*Lead Elvis:* Mercy... All right fella's lets take care of business.  
*Elvis' make blue suede shoes whilst they sing "Blue Suede Shoes"*

Well, it's one for the money, Two for the show,  
Three to get ready, Now go, cat, go.  
But don't you step on my blue suede shoes.  
You can do anything but lay off of my blue suede shoes.

Well, you can knock me down, Step in my face,  
Slander my name All over the place.  
Do anything that you want to do, but uh-uh,  
Honey, lay off of my shoes

Don't you step on my blue suede shoes.  
You can do anything but lay off of my blue suede shoes.

Instrumental

Well, it's one for the money, Two for the show,  
Three to get ready, Now go, cat, go.  
But don't you step on my blue suede shoes.  
You can do anything but lay off of my blue suede shoes.

Blue, Blue, Blue Suede Shoes  
Blue, Blue, Blue Suede Shoes  
Blue, Blue, Blue Suede Shoes  
Blue, Blue, Blue Suede Shoes  
You can do anything but lay off of my blue suede shoes.

*Elvis:* Thank you.... Thank you very much...

*Nar* Ladies and Gentlemen the Elvis's have left the building!  
Later that morning the Shoemaker and his nephew woke to a most amazing sight...

*Ne* Uncle Quick come look... We got the Miracle... We got...

*ALL* BLUE SUEDE SHOES!

*Knocking on the Door!*

*Ne* Look Uncle: Customers!

*SM* Come in everyone!

*Nar 3:* The customers came from far and wide. The word had spread about the beautiful blue suede shoes in the shoemaker's shop... and as night fell (night falls)... thank you... and the last customers left...

*Customer:* Thank You

*Shoemaker:* You're welcome

*Nar3* ...the shoemaker and his nephew saw that every last pair of shoes had been sold and they started counting their bags of money...

*Ne* It really is a miracle... It's the best thing that could happen to us... its going to change our lives... it's...

*SM* ...It's the banker

*Banker* Ill be back for the rest tomorrow... ha ha ha

*Sm* Great all is lost again... but wait what if we wish for the miracle again... we could wait and see who the kind people who are helping us are.

*Nar3* They waited and waited and as the clock stuck midnight they where filled with amazement as they saw...

*Enter Elvis'*

*Elvis* We would like to dedicate these shoes to a couple of swell shoemakers...

Nicely said...

Thank You.... Thank you very much... Thank you



*Blue Suede Shoes plays in the back ground*

- Nar 3* As the shoemaker and his nephew watched the Elvis' cut, sew and sing their way through the night they began to think about how they could repay the Elvis' for everything they have done.
- SM* Nephew we must repay the Elvis' for everything they have done
- Nar 3* I've just said that
- SM* Oh sorry... But how can we ever repay them for their kindness
- NE* I have an idea (Whispers to SM)
- SM* You're kidding...
- Nar 3* So as the Elvis' worked on a new batch of Blue Suede Shoes the Shoemaker and his nephew started to work on a gift for the Elvis'. And as the sun rose on a new day (Sun rises) thank you... and the Elvis' were just about the leave the Shoemaker jumped out...
- SM&NE* Surprise!
- Elvis* Mercy, Lord, Mercy
- Sm* Look guys to say thank you for all you hard work and help we have made you a little something as a token for your kindness
- Ne* White Sequined Jump suits!
- Elvis* Mercy  
Mercy  
Wooo Gold  
Look! Real polyester  
Gold trim  
Mines got a cape
- Nar 3* So thanks to the Elvis', the shoemaker and his nephew lived happy ever after...

But not because of the shoes... the Elvis' liked their jumpsuits so much they had the shoemaker and his nephew relocate with them to Las Vegas! They now work in a lounge bar in the Palace two shows nightly... here all week, tip your waitress?!!! You could say that they left shoe business for show business!!!

All cast on stage singing Viva Las Vegas

*Bright light city gonna set my soul  
Gonna set my soul on fire  
Got a whole lot of money that's ready to burn,  
So get those stakes up higher  
Viva Las Vegas, viva Las Vegas*

*Viva Las Vegas with your neon flashin'  
And your one arm bandits crashin'  
All those hopes down the drain  
Viva Las Vegas turnin' day into night time  
Turnin' night into daytime  
If you see it once  
You'll never be the same again*

*I'm gonna keep on the run  
I'm gonna have me some fun  
If it costs me my very last dime  
If I wind up broke up well  
I'll always remember that I had a swingin' time  
I'm gonna give it ev'rything I've got  
Lady luck please let our life stay hot  
Let me stay lucky with ev'ry shot  
Viva Las Vegas, viva Las Vegas,*

Narrator: I hope our renditions were not too confusing,  
And that in fact you found them amusing.  
And on leaving tonight, please feel free to regale  
One or two, of our Fairly Odd Tales.

*Bright light city gonna set my soul  
Gonna set my soul on fire  
Got a whole lot of money that's ready to burn,  
So get those stakes up higher  
Viva Las Vegas, viva Las Vegas  
Viva, viva Las Vegas*