

# Dance of the Sugar Plump Fairies

Ludmilla Bollow





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**ArtAge Publications**

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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.

**END OF FREEVIEW**

**You'll want to read and perform this show!**