

# THE WIZARD'S MAGICAL MISTAKE

By Jim Haun

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**SYNOPSIS:** What if you came to see a play but due to a disastrous mistake by a 16th Century Wizard, you and the entire audience were suddenly transported back to his time period? That is exactly what happens in this fun-filled, farcical and fast-paced comedy. The audience settles down to watch a contemporary play when suddenly with lights flickering, eerie sound effects, moving furniture and a misty fog filtering in... the curtain quickly shuts on the "real" play and seconds later, reopens revealing the chamber of Wizard Corrigan. The Wizard must now correct his mistake and he has one hour to fix it or the entire audience will be stuck in the 16th Century - forever floating in limbo. It won't be easy - the pompous King and his narcissistic Queen are making his frantic fix very difficult. With seconds to spare the Wizard successfully returns the audience back to the present time and as such - all is well. Well... almost. The Wizard sort of made another mistake - a few unexpected passengers came along on the return trip. Oops!

The second act opens in a bright and festive evening of music, song and dance presented in the Royal Courtyard for the King and Queen's amusement. Extremely fun and entertaining since the sky is the limit when it comes to the variety of individual talents that each production company has to offer.

### CAST OF CHARACTERS

*(9 FEMALES, 7 MALES, 6 EITHER, 22 TOTAL CAST; 4-10 EXTRAS,  
DOUBLING POSSIBLE, GENDER FLEXIBLE)*

STAGE MANAGER (m)..... Competent young male who plays himself. *(16 lines)*  
FATHER (m)..... Stereotypical father figure. *(9 lines)*  
MOTHER (f)..... Stereotypical mother figure. *(9 lines)*

- SIR GREGORY (m) ..... Handsome and heroic young man who is King Alphonso's assistant and confidant to the Wizard. He is madly in love with Matilda. *(41 lines)*
- WIZARD CORRIGAN (m) ..... Extremely aged Wizard with flowing white beard and wearing the characteristic, tall, star-emblazoned Wizard hat. He is a kind and caring soul with grandfatherly qualities. *(98 lines)*
- GEOFFREY (m) ..... Energetic and overly-enthusiastic assistant to Wizard Corrigan. *(76 lines)*
- KING ALPHONSO (m) ..... Pompous King who lacks decisiveness and is a doormat to the Queen. *(57 lines)*
- MATILDA (f) ..... Sweet, innocent young chamber-maid employed within the castle and is presently being held prisoner inside the dungeon. *(5 lines)*
- FREIDA (f) ..... Nasty, conniving female assistant to Queen Frenella. *(8 lines)*
- QUEEN FRENELLA (f) ..... Self-absorbed, power-hungry Queen. *(48 lines)*
- ROYAL COURT ANNOUNCER (m/f) ..... Male or female. Introduces the entertainment that is presented in the second act talent show. *(8 lines)*
- JESTER (m/f) ..... Male or female. Royal Jester and clown. *(4 lines)*
- PIE PEDDLER 1 (m/f) ..... Three silly Bakers peddling their pies. *(8 lines)*
- PIE PEDDLER 2 (m/f) ..... *(8 lines)*
- PIE PEDDLER 3 (m/f) ..... *(8 lines)*

## THE WIZARD'S MAGICAL MISTAKE

COURT ATTENDEE (m/f) .....	Male or female (3 lines)
SANDRA (f) .....	Royal seamstress. (3 lines)
PERCILLA (f) .....	Royal baker. (2 line)
ELIZABETH (f).....	Royal dishwasher. (2 line)
LADY FRANCINE (f).....	Royal choreographer. (3 lines)
LADY PENELOPE (f).....	Royal singing instructor. (3 lines)
GUARD (m).....	Royal Guard to the King and Queen. (12 lines)

**Additional characters:** Entertainers and talent participating in the second act Royal Courtyard festival.

### PRODUCTION NOTES

Originally produced for the St. John Players at St. John's Elementary School Excelsior, MN - Fall of 2011

The original production was performed on a proscenium stage with the traditional opening and closing of the curtain. There is obviously a need for a curtain or a portable screen of some kind so as to conceal the set changes from living room to Wizard's quarters at the beginning of the show and then from the Wizard's quarters back to the living room at the end of the show. It's important to keep the number of living room furniture items to a minimum so as to make the switch to the Wizard's quarters as speedy as possible and as such allowing for a more "magical" experience.

In the original production, the special effects that are necessary at the start of the show were not overly emphasized. A coating of fog rolled across the stage floor and only the coffee table independently moved with the use of fishing line. Depending on how ambitious your production chooses to be - there could be a much larger demonstration of special effects such as a wall of fog which could fill the entire stage area and certain furniture pieces could actually levitate or agitate in place.

The confusion with sound and lighting at the beginning of the show will initially "trick" the audience into thinking that something is not quite right but it is not the author's intention to startle or make anyone uncomfortable. The sudden breakdown in the sound system should not be an intolerable experience for the audience member but rather more of just an audible nuisance that can't be immediately explained.

Obviously, the current year of your performance should be inserted whenever it's mentioned throughout the story.

The individual talent acts that are presented at the opening of Act Two in the Royal Court scene by the Royal Court Announcer are only suggestions for added entertainment. The three Pie Peddlers along with the Royal Dancers and Royal Singers may be sufficient for your production. If additional acts are incorporated, they do not need to be highly polished performances. The more simple and unrefined the specific talent is then the more entertaining and fun the overall experience will be for the audience. The original production presented a not-very-good juggler, a clumsy acrobat and an unsuccessful magician all of whom were announced as residents of nearby local towns which the audiences really appreciated. However, as amateur as the individual talent acts are, the Royal Singers and the Royal Dancers should have a much more polished and well-rehearsed presentation. Also, keep in mind that by adding extra talents acts, the performance time will naturally be extended.

A stately Pavane or Galliard is suggested for the Royal Dance. The Royal Song could be a simple madrigal such as the song *Dindirin, Dindirin* (anonymous) or perhaps *Swete was the Song* (anonymous).

The little jig that the Wizard is taught should be silly and fun with very simple movements. A combination of twirling, hopping, skipping, shaking the rear end, etc. can have a very comical effect when watching the Wizard attempt the moves.

Have fun creating the little ditty that the Wizard must learn. It should be a four-line verse with a simple melody. A suggestion for comic effect is to encourage the Wizard to hit several high falsetto notes.

## STAGE SETTINGS

(Special thanks to Carol Ahlstrand for costume and set design)

As suggested in the text, each of the four sets (living room, Wizard's quarters, dungeon and Royal Court) need only limited furniture or specific set pieces to "represent" their surroundings and location. For example, a single flat painted as a brick wall served the bleakness of the dungeon quite well and one or two large, colorful tapestries instantly established a regal and festive occasion for the Royal Court scene.

## COSTUMES

STAGE MANAGER: - Shirt and tie, black shoes.

FATHER: - Casual wear. Perhaps wears tie.

MOTHER: - Casual wear. Pant suit or skirt.

WIZARD CORRIGAN: - Long flowing white beard, tall pointed golden hat with gold star-shaped ornament on top, long tunic with gold cord belt, hooded long robe, tall crooked staff.

GEOFFREY: - Blonde page-boy wig, blue hat with feather, blue tunic, black pantaloons, white tights, black flat shoes.

SIR GREGORY: - richly colored tunic, pantaloons, white tights, flat shoes with gold braid.

KING ALPHONSO: - Black coat with gold and red embroidery, red cape with ermine trim, red pantaloons, white tights, black shoes with large buckles, crown with red velvet trim. Tall scepter optional.

MATILDA: - Long pink dress with lace trimmings, pink head piece with flowing ribbons.

QUEEN FRENELLA: - Long red dress trimmed in gold and black lace and decorated with large red opulent jewels, black cape with high stand-up collar, red velvet crown trimmed with black and red stones. Small scepter optional.

FREIDA: - Long burgundy dress trimmed in heavy black lace and beading, long black scraggly wig. She might have a large mole or wart on chin.

ROYAL COURT ANNOUNCER: - Multi colored tunic with ruffled shirt underneath, pantaloons, white tights, hat with feather, flat shoes.

JESTER: - Red and black tunic decorated with silver balls or small bells, colored tights, three-pointed floppy hat with a silver ball on each of the single points.

PIE PEDDLERS: - Matching dresses with aprons, lace trimming, baker's hats.

COURT ATTENDEE: - Tunic and tights.

SANDRA, PERCILLA, ELIZABETH: - stained & distressed simple dresses or tunics.

GUARD: - Long jacket or doublet reaching the knees, puffed sleeves and breeches, armored silver helmet, black shoes with buckle.

LADY FRANCINE: - Long blue dress with full skirt, trimmings of gold and white, headdress with trailing ribbons, black ballet shoes.

LADY PENELOPE: - Long purple dress, trimmings of gold and white, ribbons in hair.

GIRL DANCERS/SINGERS: - Long dresses with brightly colored trimmings, white tights, black ballet shoes.

BOY DANCERS/SINGERS: - Puffy shirts, brightly colored vests, pantaloons, white tights, black flat shoes, hats with feathers.

**PROPERTY LIST**

- Jar of marmalade
- Newspaper
- Two metal rods
- Large Wizard book of magical experiments
- Large hour-glass
- Parchment paper containing the Wizard's experimental notes
- Pair of leg shackles
- Flower with petals
- Several small pies
- Large magnifying glass
- Magic Wand

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**ACT ONE, SCENE ONE**

*The curtain remains closed as the audience arrives. Pleasant music has been playing while the audience filters in. Approximately 2-3 minutes before the performance is to begin, the audience will suddenly hear a few seconds of periodic feedback from the sound system along with occasional flickering of the house lights as if there is an electrical issue. Shortly after the feedback and the flickering of the lights occur, we see the STAGE MANAGER enter from backstage and nervously stand in front of the closed curtain. He addresses the audience regarding the harsh noise and the lighting problem. The houselights remain up.*

**STAGE MANAGER:** *(Uncomfortable.)* Good evening everyone. I... um... I'm not sure what's happening with the sound and lights but... um... well... so... um... well... sorry about that.

*He exits for a brief moment behind the curtain. The feedback and flickering lights stop. Within seconds, he reappears.*

**STAGE MANAGER:** *(More confident.)* Okay... well... I think we've solved the problem. So... at this time, I would like to welcome you all and thank you for being here tonight. My name is *(He offers his real first name.)* and I am the Stage Manager for our show. We will be starting momentarily and... *(There is another quick instance of feedback accompanied by several seconds of flickering lights.)*... oh boy... um... excuse me... again.

*Once again, he briefly exits behind the curtain. The feedback and flickering lights stop. Seconds later, he once again reappears from behind the closed curtain.*

**STAGE MANAGER:** (*Awkward as if he no longer wants to address the audience.*). Um... hi everyone... (*He sticks his head behind the curtain for several seconds – we hear excited talking taking place. He then turns back to the audience.*)... okay... looks like we've solved the problem... again. (*He forces a nervous laugh.*) So... thank you for being here and it looks like we are ready to begin. (*He quickly darts behind the curtain.*).

*Houselights fade. Happy, upbeat music begins to play as the curtain opens, revealing a very simple living room set. A couch is positioned center stage. A comfy chair is placed to the left of the couch with a floor lamp next to it. A coffee table is positioned in front of the couch. Minimal furniture is essential for easy and quick removal. As the music begins to fade, the character of FATHER enters from off stage-right. He is carrying a newspaper and he sits down on the couch. He proceeds to slowly read the newspaper. After several seconds, the character of MOTHER enters from stage-left. She is carrying a jar of marmalade.*

**MOTHER:** Honey, could you open this jar of marmalade. For the life of me, I can't get it open.

**FATHER:** Sure. (*He proceeds to try and open the jar but is having great difficulty. He stands up and as he is struggling with the jar, MOTHER sits down and begins to read the newspaper.*). Wow. This is really on tight.

**MOTHER:** (*Commenting on something she is reading.*). Well... that's just terrible!

**FATHER:** (*Completely engaged with the jar-opening task.*). Oh... it's no problem.

**MOTHER:** It certainly is! Shut and closed for good.

**FATHER:** (*Having great difficulty opening the jar.*). Now, just give me a chance. I can open it.

**MOTHER:** You? What makes you think you can open it up?

**FATHER:** Because... I've opened hundreds just like it.

**MOTHER:** You've opened hundreds of department stores?

**FATHER:** What? What are you talking about?

**MOTHER:** What are you talking about?

**FATHER:** This jar of marmalade.

**MOTHER:** Oh for Pete's sakes! I'm talking about the closing of Corrigan's Department Store.

**FATHER:** Well it's about time they close Corrigan's – they were so far behind the times it wasn't funny.

**MOTHER:** Oh, I don't know – some of their clothes were... enchanting.

**FATHER:** (*He sits down on the couch – still working on the jar of marmalade.*). Well, yeah... everything in Corrigan's place looked like stuff you'd wear from the 16<sup>th</sup> Century.

**MOTHER:** Well, that was a magical time and...

*The stage lights start to flicker wildly and then stop. FATHER and MOTHER sit motionless, not knowing what to say or do.*

**FATHER:** (*Struggling with what to say.*). So... honey... did you forget to pay the electric bill this month? (*They both nervously laugh.*).

*Eerie music begins to play as a light mist of fog begins to seep across the floor. Very slowly, the coffee table starts to move by itself towards off-stage left. FATHER and MOTHER remain seated - staring at the coffee table as it slowly glides past them. They are completely dumbfounded, looking helplessly towards off-stage. The curtain slowly begins to close. As the curtain is closing, we hear the faint sound of a far-off voice speaking.*

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** *Tiiime traavels...*

*Tiiime can flyyy...*

*Tiiime unravels...*

*The voice trails off as the eerie music starts to build and the lights start to go completely haywire. The STAGE MANAGER nervously steps in front of the curtain to address the audience. As he speaks in front of the closed curtain, the backstage is quickly transformed from the living room to WIZARD CORRIGAN's quarters.*



WIZARD is frantically paging through the large book on the book stand.

**SIR GREGORY:** (*Coughing.*) What... just... happened Wizard Corrigan?

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** (*Rapidly looking through his Wizard book.*) I'm not exactly sure, Sir Gregory. Perhaps I didn't read the instructions carefully enough or... or maybe I recited the verses incorrectly but something went haywire. I absolutely must remedy this error.

**SIR GREGORY:** (*Extremely distraught.*) Oh, this is not good. Not good at all. Time is slipping away fast and King Alphonso will be here shortly to take me with him when he pronounces sentence on Matilda. (*The stage-lights dim. A spotlight comes up. Romantic music begins to play. He takes on a dreamlike persona as he steps into the spotlight.*) Ahhh... Matilda, that sweet innocent prisoner, Matilda. You, whom I have adored with unyielding admiration ever since you first began employment here in the castle. I remember that wonderful moment when my eyes first met your eyes. Ohhh... my heart began to sing. That first time I held your gentle hand, my entire being became weak with passion. And this morning when I saw you helpless - sitting on that cold dungeon floor - I wanted to take you in my arms and fly away with you! (*Rejoicing loudly.*) She... is... heaven... sent from above!

*The music abruptly stops, the spotlight goes out and the stage lights come up full.*

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** (*Absorbed with his Wizard book.*) I'm sorry, were you saying something?

**SIR GREGORY:** I was just telling you how much I adore Matilda. (*Once again the stage-lights dim, the spot-light comes up and the romantic music begins to play.*) Ahhh... sweet, sweet Matilda. You, whom I have adored with unyielding admiration. Oh... and that wonderful moment when my eyes first met her eyes. My heart began to sing. (*As he continues to speak, GEOFFREY slowly begins looking out toward the audience with great interest.*) That first time I held her gentle hand... my entire being... became weak with...

*The music abruptly stops, the spotlight goes out and the stage-lights come up full.*

**GEOFFREY:** (*In shock as he stares out towards the audience.*).  
Wizard Corrigan!

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** (*Deeply engrossed in the large book.*).  
Geoffrey, please. I am trying to concentrate!

**GEOFFREY:** (*Squinting his eyes and pointing toward the audience.*).  
Wizard Corrigan!

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** (*Frustrated.*). What is it Geoffrey?

**GEOFFREY:** Look! Out there! Through the haze!

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** (*Half-interested - Looking out towards the audience.*). What? Where?

**GEOFFREY:** (*Pointing ahead.*). There! Look real hard. Don't you see the faint images floating in the fog?

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** (*Stepping forward & squinting – suddenly he becomes amazed.*). Why, yes. I do see something. It's not... completely clear but there is definitely something out there.

**SIR GREGORY:** (*Stepping forward & squinting.*). I don't see anything out... (*Suddenly he becomes amazed.*) Oh my, yes I do see something. Images of what seems to be... people. A lot of people!

**GEOFFREY:** A huge group of a lot of people!

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** A large congregation of... a lot of people!

*All three are standing in a straight line staring out at the audience.*

**GEOFFREY:** All sitting motionless and staring straight ahead.

**SIR GREGORY:** As if in some sort of a trance.

**GEOFFREY:** And... they are wearing strange articles of clothing.

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** (*Looking away in deep thought – he crosses back to the large Wizard book.*). Very interesting.

**SIR GREGORY:** (*Frightened.*). They may be wandering spirits!

**GEOFFREY:** (*Nervously waves at the audience.*). Ah... hellooo, wandering spirits!

**SIR GREGORY:** (*Grabs GEOFFREY's hand.*). Don't wave at them – it might irritate them.

**GEOFFREY:** It's just a friendly wave intended to show them that we mean no harm.

**SIR GREGORY:** They might interpret that as a gesture of hostility.

**GEOFFREY:** Oh, I never thought of that. (*He proceeds to rapidly move his arms back & forth and screams out to the audience.*) I'm sorry, wandering spirits – I meant no harm!

**SIR GREGORY:** (*Grabbing GEOFFREY's arms.*). Don't do that - that looks even more threatening than the wave did! (*He speaks directly to the audience.*) He meant no harm nice... friendly... understanding... forgiving spirits.

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** (*Suddenly becomes very animated.*). Wait! I've got it! I think I know what happened with the magical experiment!

**SIR GREGORY & GEOFFREY:** What?

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** (*Peering out towards the audience.*). Notice the strange attire?

**SIR GREGORY & GEOFFREY:** Yes?

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** The different hair styles?

**SIR GREGORY & GEOFFREY:** Yes?

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** All sitting quietly staring straight ahead?

**SIR GREGORY & GEOFFREY:** Yes?

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** Do you know who they are?

**GEOFFREY:** (*Perks up.*). Lutherans?

**WIZARD CORRIGAN & SIR GREGORY:** What? Who?

**GEOFFREY:** (*Shrugging.*). I have no idea where that came from.

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** We had intended our magical experiment to succeed in moving a human being into the future. Correct?

**SIR GREGORY & GEOFFREY:** Correct!

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** In this case, the human... being... Geoffrey. Correct?

**SIR GREGORY & GEOFFREY:** Correct!

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** And... our attempt in moving him forward into the future for just a short time and then returning him back to this time. Correct?

**SIR GREGORY & GEOFFREY:** Correct!

**KING ALPHONSO:** (*Screaming from off-stage left.*) Sir Gregory!

**SIR GREGORY:** (*Surprised.*) Oh no! It's King Alphonso!

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** (*Lost in thought.*) Well... what I think happened...

**KING ALPHONSO:** (*Off-stage.*) Sir Gregory!

**SIR GREGORY:** Wizard, you better tell me quickly because King Alphonso is on his way to retrieve me.

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** Well... I obviously did something wrong because instead of succeeding in moving Geoffrey forward into the future... I brought the future to us and... there it is! (*He points to the audience.*)

**SIR GREGORY & GEOFFREY:** (*Bewildered.*) That's... our future?

**KING ALPHONSO:** (*Enters from stage-left.*) Sir Gregory!

**SIR GREGORY:** (*Kneels.*) Your Highness.

**GEOFFREY:** (*Kneels.*) Your Highness.

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** (*Kneels.*) Your Highness.

**KING ALPHONSO:** Didn't you hear me yelling for you!

*The WIZARD, GEOFFREY and SIR GREGORY stand up.*

**SIR GREGORY:** I'm so sorry, your Excellence. There was a bit of a commotion in here and...

**KING ALPHONSO:** (*Angry.*) I should say so! A bit of commotion? It shook the very foundation of the castle! It awoke Queen Frenella from her afternoon nap and when she doesn't get her afternoon nap then everyone pays! She is furious and... she demands that you... Wizard... leave this castle at once!

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** What?

**SIR GREGORY:** What?

**GEOFFREY:** What?

**KING ALPHONSO:** You heard me. The Queen – the extremely angry Queen - has spoken. And when she speaks... everyone listens. So... pack your belongings and take your lackey... Goofrey with you and leave immediately!

**GEOFFREY:** (*Meekly.*). It's Geoffrey.

**KING ALPHONSO:** (*Forceful.*). Silence! I have spoken!

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** (*Perplexed.*). But... where shall I go? I've been under your stewardship for years.

**KING ALPHONSO:** That is none of my concern. You and... Gaffrey must leave! (*He starts to exit stage-left.*)

**GEOFFREY:** (*Meekly.*). It's... Geoffrey.

**KING ALPHONSO:** Silence! Now come, Sir Gregory. I need you as witness when I pass sentence on that female prisoner. And Wizard... leave at once!

**SIR GREGORY:** (*Pondering.*). Your Majesty – about the Wizard.

**KING ALPHONSO:** (*Freezes in place – cringing.*). Yes? (*Sighing.*) I knew you would have something to say. You always do but... this time... I shall not withdraw my decision. The Wizard and... Geefrey must leave!

**GEOFFREY:** (*Gaining courage.*). It's Geoffrey!

**SIR GREGORY:** But your Highness... is it a good idea to completely free Wizard Corrigan and... Geoffrey from your kingdom?

**GEOFFREY:** (*Totally frustrated.*). It's Geoffrey! (*Realizing SIR GREGORY mentioned his name correctly.*) Oh... never mind.

**KING ALPHONSO:** (*Frustrated.*). What are you trying to say, Sir Gregory?

**SIR GREGORY:** (*He speaks slowly and methodically hoping to change the King's decision.*). Should you allow them the opportunity to be employed in another kingdom?

**KING ALPHONSO:** (*Thinking.*). So?

**SIR GREGORY:** (*Manipulating.*). After years and years of employment... here... under your rule? Seeing what they have seen. Knowing what they know. Should they be allowed to just... freely leave? Taking with them...

**KING ALPHONSO:** (*Slyly thinking.*) Ah... all those years of observing how I rule my kingdom - the crafty decisions that I make – all of the royal secrets! (*Completely changes his mind.*) No! The both of you shall remain here... FOREVER! (*Laughs.*) Yes. That will be your punishment! You shall never have the opportunity to serve another King as long as I and the Queen rule the throne. And... I intend for that to be for a very, very long time. Now... let's go Sir Gregory - on to my next nasty decision. (*He exits stage-left.*)

*SIR GREGORY and WIZARD shake hands.*

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** (*To SIR GREGORY.*) Thank you. You are a good man. I will work even harder to help you with what you have asked of me regarding Maltida... (*SIR GREGORY exits stage-left as the WIZARD looks out towards the audience.*)... and to fix this new problem as well.

*The curtain begins to slowly close and as it does - the WIZARD and GEOFFREY step out in front. GEOFFREY brings along the large hourglass. The backstage will be setting up for the dungeon scene.*

## ACT ONE, SCENE TWO

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** (*Squinting as he addresses the "misty" audience.*) My good people from a land far into the future – I am so sorry for putting you into this unfavorable predicament. I... I hope you can hear me through this... this haze. If you can hear me would you please be so kind as to perhaps flail your arms wildly while cheering loudly? (*The audience will "hopefully" respond – GEOFFREY also waves crazily.*) Not you. I'm talking to them – out there from the future - those unfortunate victims of my unforgivable mistake as a Wizard. (*To audience.*) Please, once again, if you can hear me... please acknowledge so by waving and flailing your arms. (*GEOFFREY helps coax the audience into obeying the Wizard.*) Yes! I see movement through the murky mist. How wonderful, they can hear us!

**GEOFFREY:** (*He dances around with extreme enthusiasm.*). How wonderful! (*He suddenly stops his enthusiastic dancing.*) Wait, Wizard Corrigan. We know they can hear us but can they see us?

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** Hmm. Interesting thought. (*Addresses the audience.*) My fair friends of the future if you can see me would you please be so kind as to point where Geoffrey is standing? (*Again, hopefully the audience will cooperate with the request. As the audience continues to point, GEOFFREY starts to move quickly around the stage – jumping up – kneeling – crouching.*) Look! They can see you. That is fantastic! (*GEOFFREY continues to bounce around.*) All right, Geoffrey! (*GEOFFREY continues the physical antics.*) That's enough! It's clear that they can see you.

**GEOFFREY:** Sorry.

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** (*Clearing throat.*). Now, allow me to introduce myself. My name is Wizard Corrigan. I live in the provincial territory of Feudalonia, in the year of our Lord 1585. I am presently the Royal Wizard under the rule of King Alphonso and Queen Frenella... (*He softens his voice & becomes more confidential in his tone.*)... who are not very nice people at all.

**GEOFFREY:** Not nice at all.

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** And... who just love to decree punishment on anyone who so much as breathes wrong. Of course, this you may already know from your history lessons. And this fine... upstart (*Points to GEOFFREY.*) is my faithful assistant...

**GEOFFREY:** (*Quickly chimes in with pride.*). Geoffrey!

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** (*Taking on a serious tone.*). Now... time is of the essence my good people of the future so... I need to explain to all of you as quickly and clearly as I can why you are trapped in this unfortunate time bubble. You see, recently a young maiden...

**GEOFFREY:** Matilda!

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** Yes, that is correct - Matilda. Anyway, recently Matilda was taken prisoner by King Alphonso & Queen Frenella...

**GEOFFREY:** Who are not very nice?

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** (*A bit annoyed at GEOFFREY's constant interrupting.*). We have already established that, Geoffrey.

**GEOFFREY:** Sorry.

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** Now, Queen Frenella's First-Lady-in-Waiting – Freida...

**GEOFFREY:** Boo!

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** (*In agreement.*) Oh... indeed, Freida is not a very nice person at all. In fact, she may be more nasty than the King & Queen put together. You see, Freida...

**GEOFFREY:** Boo!

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** Has had her eyes set on Sir Gregory for quite some time now and when she learned that Sir Gregory was enamored with Matilda...

**GEOFFREY:** Yay!

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** Then Freida...

**GEOFFREY:** Boo!

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** Realized that Matilda...

**GEOFFREY:** Yay!

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** Was going to take Sir Gregory away from her. So... Freida...

**GEOFFREY:** Boo!

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** Lied... and told the Queen that Matilda...

**GEOFFREY:** Yay!

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** Stole her flowers and should be thrown into the dungeon. That way Frieda...

**GEOFFREY:** Boo!

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** (*Scolding GEOFFREY.*) All right Geoffrey, that's enough yaying and booing.

**GEOFFREY:** (*Meekly.*) Sorry.

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** (*To audience.*) As we speak, King Alphonso is about to pronounce a horrible sentence unto... Matilda... (*He quickly looks over at GEOFFREY making sure he doesn't blurt out another "yay".*).

**GEOFFREY:** I didn't say anything.

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** Thank you.

**GEOFFREY:** (*Softly under his breath.*) Yay.

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** (*Warning GEOFFREY.*) Geoffrey.

**GEOFFREY:** Sorry. (*He exits behind the curtain.*).

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** (*He picks up the large hourglass.*). Time is running out. You see, the King is about to sentence Matilda to life in the dungeon – never to see daylight again and no chance for her to declare her innocence. So... Sir Gregory and I made plans to free Matilda from the dungeon and then... transport her into the future. I know that seems impossible but I am a Wizard and well... that's the kind of thing we Wizards did a lot of in the 16<sup>th</sup> Century. (*Frustrated.*) Oh... how do I explain all of this?

**GEOFFREY:** (*Running out from behind the curtain holding a piece of parchment paper.*). Wizard! Wizard! Look what I found!

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** (*Taking the piece of paper from GEOFFREY.*). What is it?

**GEOFFREY:** It's your notes that you had written down so you wouldn't have to keep referring to your big book of Wizardry.

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** (*Excited.*). Of course, my carefully constructed notes! Geoffrey, this is excellent. I will just refer to these notes and that will explain everything. (*He looks over the notes.*) Let me see – Sir Gregory and I planned an escape for Matilda from the dungeon. Hmm... problem – once she had made the escape... the King would search high and low for her until he found her and the punishment for an escape is... (*Looks at audience.*)... well, the punishment for an escape is just too horrible to mention.

**GEOFFREY:** (*Agreeing.*). Just too horrible and... unimaginable to mention.

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** (*Studying the notes.*). So... in order for the escaped Matilda to not be found by the King – I discovered a fantastic, magical means in which to keep her hidden for a period of time. I would send her into the future.

**GEOFFREY:** (*Speaks with dramatic flourish.*). The... future!

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** She would be placed on the celestial chair - I would then recite the necessary verses and follow the necessary instructions and then... she would be sent into the future.

**GEOFFREY:** The... future!

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** And... she would remain in a sort of floating, limbo state - which is, at this moment, where all of you seem to be presently residing. Now... this is the interesting part.

**GEOFFREY:** So... pay attention.

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** If... she...

**GEOFFREY:** Matilda.

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** Yes... Matilda. If she then returns within one hour from when she was sent into the future then... there will be no change in the passage of time. However...

**GEOFFREY:** (*Stressing the point.*). However.

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** However... each minute that passes beyond that one hour... one year will have taken place in our time.

**GEOFFREY:** Feudalonia time.

**GEOFFREY:** Yes... Feudalonia time. So... the plan was to wait for exactly one minute to pass beyond an hour and then bring Matilda back. By waiting that extra minute past one hour - one year will then have passed here in Feudalonia and by then the King would have given up his search for her and Sir Gregory and Matilda could live happily ever after.

**GEOFFREY:** Clever, huh?

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** (*Somber tone.*). Well... we attempted a trial test using Geoffrey.

**GEOFFREY:** (*Confidentially to audience.*). He made a boo-boo.

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** (*Embarrassed.*). Well, yes, I obviously did something wrong and Geoffrey was never transported into the future.

**GEOFFREY:** Big boo-boo.

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** Instead, the experiment reversed itself sending you... lovely people from the future... .back in time – to our time.

**GEOFFREY:** HUGE boo-boo!

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** I think they get the point, Geoffrey.

**GEOFFREY:** Sorry.

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** (*To the audience.*). And now, I have some very unpleasant news to share with all of you. You see, when one hour passes... (*Looks at hourglass.*) Actually, it is now less than an hour. If... all of you are not returned back to your true time period within this hour then... every minute that passes from that point on – all of you will become one year older and... it will not stop!

**GEOFFREY:** Gasp!

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** You will continue to become one year older with each passing minute. I hope that makes sense? If you understand what I'm telling you, please wave your hands. Wonderful! Come Geoffrey, there is still much to be done. (*He picks up the hourglass and starts to exit behind the curtain.*)

**GEOFFREY:** (*Concerned.*) But Wizard, some of them aren't waving their hands.

**WIZARD CORRIGAN:** (*To audience.*) For those of you waving your hands, please explain to those who aren't waving their hands. Thank you. Now come, Geoffrey. Time is precious. (*He exits behind curtain.*)

**GEOFFREY:** Yes Wizard. (*He follows the WIZARD behind the curtain.*)

### ACT ONE, SCENE THREE

*The curtain slowly opens, revealing the dungeon. A large single flat, painted with a brick design is positioned center stage. Sitting on the floor in front of the "brick wall" is MATILDA in shackles. She is softly crying to herself.*

**MATILDA:** Oh, please, please. Someone help me. Please. I am so scared. I am innocent. Please help me, please.

*KING ALPHONSO and SIR GREGORY enter from stage-left entrance. SIR GREGORY crosses over to MATILDA and stands next to her.*

**MATILDA:** (*Pleading.*) Why are you keeping me here in this horrible place? I never stole the Queen's flowers.

**KING ALPHONSO:** Silence! Freida saw you take them and Freida is the Queen's first lady-in-waiting and Freida is telling the truth!

**MATILDA:** Oh, please your Highness...

**KING ALPHONSO:** Silence! No more talk! I do not want to be here in this filthy, disgusting, bone-chilling, miserable place any longer than I need to. I will now pronounce sentence on you. (*Clears throat.*) You have been accused of stealing the Queen's prized flowers and as such I sentence you to LIFE in the dungeon! (*Laughs.*) Never to see daylight again. You shall be given nothing to eat except water and stale bread!

*MATILDA is softly crying.*

**SIR GREGORY:** (*Thoughtfully.*) Your Majesty...

**KING ALPHONSO:** I knew it! I knew it! I knew that the moment I begin passing sentence you would speak up.

**SIR GREGORY:** Well, your Highness – stale bread could mean bread that is 3 days old or 4 days old or 5 days old or...

**KING ALPHONSO:** (*Impatient.*) Yes, yes, yes. Get to the point, Sir Gregory!

**SIR GREGORY:** Well, your Majesty. Someone would have to watch over that bread until it becomes fully stale.

**KING ALPHONSO:** Yes? So?

**SIR GREGORY:** So... isn't that a bit too much attention given to a... a... thief? Someone under your employment has to worry whether the bread is stale enough to be given to a common criminal?

**KING ALPHONSO:** (*Contemplating the idea.*) Ahhh, I see your point Sir Gregory. Why should we spend any more time than we have to worrying about her punishment?

**SIR GREGORY:** (*Leading him on.*) Exactly, your Excellence. Instead... why not give her the uneaten bread from your evening meals. She would be forced to eat the bread that you, the great King of Feudalonia, throw away.

**KING ALPHONSO:** (*Delighted.*) Ahh, yes. That is so mean and cruel! (*To MATILDA.*) You shall be given MY leftover bread from each meal! (*Laughing.*) Bread that I have discarded from further dining upon.

**SIR GREGORY:** And marmalade!

**KING ALPHONSO:** (*Confused.*) Marmalade?

**SIR GREGORY:** Marmalade.

**KING ALPHONSO:** (*Still confused.*) Marmalade?

**SIR GREGORY:** Jam!

**KING ALPHONSO:** (*Confidently.*) Oh... jam. (*Again confused.*) Why jam?

GREGORY: Well... sometimes jam. (*He smiles lovingly at MATILDA and gives her a wink.*)

**KING ALPHONSO:** (*Confused.*) Sometimes jam?

**SIR GREGORY:** Oh yes, your Highness. Don't you see? (*Slyly manipulating the King.*) Sometimes... giving her jam for the bread?

**KING ALPHONSO:** (*Ponders the thought for a few seconds and then lights up.*) Ahh, yes I see. Sometimes jam. That way you'll never know when you're going to get it and it will drive you MAD... waiting... for... the... jam! (*Diabolical laugh.*)

**SIR GREGORY:** Brilliant your majesty!

**KING ALPHONSO:** (*To MATILDA.*) So... you will get nothing but water, my left-over bread AND... sometimes jam! Ohhh, I am so cruel!

**SIR GREGORY:** And sausage!

**KING ALPHONSO:** (*Completely bewildered.*) Sausage!?

**SIR GREGORY:** Well... you're Highness - you don't like the sausage when it's served, right?

**KING ALPHONSO:** Correct.

**SIR GREGORY:** And... why don't you like the sausage?

**KING ALPHONSO:** Because... it tastes too spicy and I don't like spicy.

**SIR GREGORY:** (*Manipulating the King once again.*) Exactly... so what do you do when you are served the spicy sausage?

**KING ALPHONSO:** I feed it to the dog.

**SIR GREGORY:** (*Leading him on.*) So... you feed... the sausage... to the...

**KING ALPHONSO:** (*Sudden realization.*) DOG! I feed the sausage to the dog! Ah, ha! And so... I shall give it to you! (*Points to MATILDA.*) The sausage that I feed to the DOG, I will feed to you! Oh, that is brilliant. Absolutely brilliant and... and... cruel!

**SIR GREGORY:** Oh, that is just too cruel, your Highness. (*He sneaks a smile to MATILDA.*)

**KING ALPHONSO:** Isn't it though?

QUEEN FRENELLA and FREIDA enter from stage left entrance.

**FREIDA:** (*Coyly smiling and waving at SIR GREGORY.*) Hellooo, Sir Gregory.

SIR GREGORY doesn't hear FREIDA. He and MATILDA are sharing smiles with each other which FREIDA notices. She immediately becomes pouty and grumpy.

**QUEEN FRENELLA:** (*Disgusted having to be in the dungeon.*) Well Alphonso, have you passed sentence upon this... this miserable thief?

**KING ALPHONSO:** (*Proudly.*) Oh, yes my Queen. And it is a very severe and cruel sentence. (*He looks over at SIR GREGORY who gives him an agreeing nod.*) First... she shall remain here in this dungeon for the rest of her life and then...

**QUEEN FRENELLA:** (*Eager to leave the dungeon.*) Fine! Whatever. I can't remain down here any longer. It is just too filthy and disgusting. Freida, I must have my bath drawn immediately. Come, Alphonso!

QUEEN FRENELLA exits stage-left. KING ALPHONSO follows her. FREIDA remains on stage – hiding her self as she watches SIR GREGORY and MATILDA.

**MATILDA:** (*Softly crying.*) Oh, Gregory. I am so frightened. Why is this happening to me? I didn't do anything.

**SIR GREGORY:** (*Kneels down next to MATILDA.*) Don't worry, my love (*He takes her hand and kisses it once very loudly.*)

MATILDA reacts with girlish giggling and tittering.

**SIR GREGORY:** I will not abandon you. (*He kisses her hand with a series of very quick and loud smacking sounds.*)

MATILDA giggles.

**SIR GREGORY:** The Wizard and I have been working on a plan for your escape. Tonight I shall return and free you from this horrible place and away from the evil clutches of King Alphonso. (*He again kisses her hand with a series of rapid and loud smooches.*)

**MATILDA:** (*Giggling.*) Ohhh, Gregory. You are my true hero and I love you so.

**SIR GREGORY:** And I too love you. (*Another series of staccato, loud kissing sounds on her hand.*) I must leave you now. (*He stands up.*) The King is expecting me to be at his side for tonight's weekly evening of song and dance. Until later tonight, my love. (*He backs away from her, throwing her kisses as he exits stage-left.*)

*As MATILDA begins to softly cry – the curtain slowly closes. FREIDA quickly sneaks in front of the closing curtain.*

**FREIDA:** (*Paces in front of the closed curtain – talking to her self and mocking what she had just heard.*) You are my true hero and I love you so. (*She mimics SIR GREGORY by kissing her own hand with a series of quick, exaggerated smooches.*) I will not abandon you, my love. (*More exaggerated kissing on her hand.*) Oh... I will save you, my love. (*More kissing on her hand.*) I shall save you from the evil clutches of King Alphonso! (*Disgusted.*) Yuuuuuck! (*She assumes a very sinister attitude.*) Well... you think King Alphonso is scary? Wait till you see what Frightening Freida has in store! (*She pulls out a flower that has been concealed on her and begins to pull the petals off, one by one.*) So... Sir Gregory, you have your eyes cast upon that common criminal, Matilda do you? Well, if I can't have you then neither will Matilda or any other "fair" maiden for that matter. Ha! He thinks he's going to save her tonight, does he? Well, he is in for one... big... surprise! (*She exits behind the closed curtain.*)

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