

The Clumsy Dragon  
An Open Space Play for Children  
By  
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#3  
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## Cast of Characters

Alzabar: A young and determined wizard.

Mirabelle: A clumsy but enchanting dragon.

Narrator: Somewhat formal and self-involved.

Alzabar's Mom: Warmhearted

The Great Wizard: An outrageously stuffy busybody

Judge: A good-natured “showbiz” wizard.

The Doctor: Middle-aged, upright and professional.

Assorted Dragons: Chinese Imperial Dragon, Cold Drake Dragon  
and a Mogo Mind Reading Dragon

Additional Wizard: An adult from the audience.

The play is performed by three actors and one musician. One of the actors plays Alzabar, another Mirabelle, and the third actor plays the remaining roles: Narrator, Mom, The Great Wizard, The Judge and The Doctor. Children from the audience play several assorted dragons, and an adult from the audience plays an additional Wizard. The musician, of course, plays the songs.

(NARRATOR enters with great importance and grand gestures. He speaks with a ridiculous posh accent. ALZABAR sneaks onstage just behind him.)

NARRATOR

Welcome to our play. This is the story of a young wizard and his dragon. The first part, which introduces our play, I call the prologue--

ALZABAR

(mimicking NARRATOR)

The prologue!

NARRATOR

(looking disdainfully at ALZABAR)

The prologue, yes. That's what it's called. The prologue!

ALZABAR

(even more exaggerated)

The prologue!

NARRATOR

Do you mock me, sir?

ALZABAR

Why yes, I do. I do mock you, sir.

NARRATOR

But I am the Narrator. You may not mock the Narrator. You may not!

ALZABAR

Sorry.

NARRATOR

Now go away.

(ALZABAR turns to leave. NARRATOR is set to begin again when suddenly ALZABAR returns.)

ALZABAR

Say, I've never heard of a prologue.

NARRATOR (condescendingly)

That doesn't surprise me.

ALZABAR (indignant)

Hey, I bet I'm not the only one here who's never heard of a prologue.  
(to audience)

ALZABAR (CONT.)

Am I right?

(to NARRATOR)

I've heard of protect, program, pronoun, produce, pro-wrestling, professor, proboscis, procedure, prohibit and my personal favorite procrastinate, but I've never heard of prologue.

NARRATOR

(breaking character slightly)

Weren't you at the rehearsal last Tuesday?

ALZABAR

No.

NARRATOR

Well, you should have been. We decided to add a prologue to the beginning of the play.

ALZABAR

How come?

NARRATOR

To give the story some background. In this case, the prologue explains what happens when Alzabar was a little wizard.

ALZABAR

Hey, that's me. I'm playing the part of Alzabar

NARRATOR

That's right.

(pause)

Shouldn't you be backstage getting ready?

ALZABAR

Right. O.K. I'm out of here.

(with a grand flourish)

You may proceed with the prologue!

(ALZABAR exits quickly)

NARRATOR

We begin a long time ago, in a place far way, when our wizard is still young - and ill behaved. He lives at home with his mom. In fact, I think I hear her now.

(NARRATOR suddenly removes his cape and floppy hat, puts on a wig, and is transformed into MOM. She walks over to the audience and yells as if calling for someone.)

MOM

ALZABAR! ALLLLL ZAAAAA BAAARRRR. It's time for bed. ALZABAR  
Come home this minute.

(impatiently, she appeals to audience)

Have you seen Alzabar?

(MOM continues to look out over the audience as ALZABAR sneaks  
onstage holding a rope that leads off behind the scenery. MOM continues  
to call for him and mutter disgustedly.)

Are you sure you haven't seen him? He said he was --

(The audience points out that ALZABAR is directly behind her.)

What? Oh.

(She turns around, surprised. ALZABAR, looking very mischievous,  
holds the rope behind his back.)

ALZABAR

Hey mom, guess what followed me home?

MOM (Suspiciously)

What is it this time?

ALZABAR

A dog.

MOM

How big is it?

ALZABAR

(holding his palm horizontal at about waist level)

Just a foot high.

MOM

That's more than a foot high, Alzabar.

ALZABAR

(winks at the audience)

No Mom, I mean his foot is this high.

MOM (sighing)

Have you been conjuring animals again?

ALZABAR

Ah Mom, why can't I have a pet?

MOM

You know the reason, Alzabar. You're only 74 years old. That's too young to take care  
of a pet, and I certainly don't have time to run after one.

ALZABAR

When I'm a hundred can I get a dragon?

MOM

Absolutely not. Dragons are filthy pets -- scratching the furniture with their talons, singeing the drapes. If I've told you once, I've told you a thousand times: Absolutely no pets!

ALZABAR

But what am I gonna do with this one?

MOM

Just use a vanishing spell.

ALZABAR

Our teacher hasn't got to the vanishing spells yet.

MOM

Fine, I'll do it for you. But no more conjuring pets. Is that understood?

ALZABAR

Yes, mother.

(Dejected, ALZABAR hands the rope to MOM and exits. MOM waves her hands and mumbles something incomprehensible. There is a flash of light behind the scenery and the rope falls limp. MOM looks satisfied and coils up the slack rope. There's a large loop on the end where "the dog" used to be. MOM ducks behind a piece of scenery to dispose of the rope and immediately re-enters as the NARRATOR)

NARRATOR

Now we're ready for the main part of our play. Much time has passed, 88 years to be exact, and Alzabar has grown up and has his own wizard's workshop.

(Gestures to indicate the workshop behind him.)

Today is Alzabar's birthday and his mom has baked him a birthday cake!

(Suddenly the NARRATOR looks a little concerned. He glances quickly around the room and eventually spies a cake. He grabs the cake and changes costumes just as ALZABAR enters.)

ALZABAR (overly perky)

Hi mom! It's my birthday today!

MOM

(breaking character momentarily and slightly annoyed)

Uh, yeah. I knew that. I just said that.

(MOM lights birthday candles and prepares to cut the cake.)

ALZABAR

Aren't you gonna sing?

(MOM looks a little unnerved.)

ALZABAR

Oh come on; they'll help you.

(to audience)

You'll help her won't you? I thought you would.

(ALZABAR begins.)

Happy Birthday to ME

ALL

Happy birthday to you

Happy birthday to you.

Happy birthday dear Alzabar.

Happy birthday to you.

(ALZABAR blows out the candles on his birthday cake.)

MOM

What did you wish for?

ALZABAR

If I tell it won't come true.

MOM

That's just a silly human superstition.

ALZABAR

Okay, I wished for a dragon.

MOM

You've been wishing for that ever since you were a little wizard.

ALZABAR

But now that I'm 162 years old and I have my own place, I can have anything I want.  
What I want - what I've always wanted - is a dragon.

MOM

What kind of dragon?

ALZABAR

I'm not sure. I'll just start looking. I'll know it when I see it.

MOM

Just be careful you don't get one of those fierce fighting dragons. They can wreck a workshop in no time.

ALZABAR

No, I'm not looking for a watch dragon. I want a buddy, a pal, someone I can talk to.

MOM

Where will you find a dragon like that?

ALZABAR

I don't know. I looked in the Wizard Pet Store but their dragons are still babies.

(ALZABAR sees a newspaper on the table)

Maybe I'll find something in the Used Dragon Ads.

MOM

Good luck.

(MOM exits. ALZABAR crosses downstage as he leafs through the ads. It becomes clear right away that he's very dissatisfied with the whole endeavor. Meanwhile, MIRABELLE enters and 'flies' around while ALZABAR is singing. She is clumsy and comes close to stepping on, or falling over several nearby children. ALZABAR and MIRABELLE don't notice each other until they accidentally bump into each other at the end of ALZABAR's song.)

ALZABAR (reading and singing)

Must see to believe. Refurbished. Easy to maintain. New teeth. Invisible? Great guard dragon. Good temperament. Great starter. Fire breath at seven feet! Must sacrifice. References please. All these obsolescent, archaic, old-fashioned, ancient, worn out, ragged dragons are for sale!

Fuel efficient, low mileage. Classic - 1672. Won't burn the house down. Follows orders too. And he's probably fossilized, run down, out of date, outmoded, over worked. It's undignified! Used dragons for sale.

I just need a real friend, a good partner, somebody I can joke with. Of all the silly things I got not a one that knows me. I admit I might be picky, I could've settled but . . .

I want someone special not some thrashed out funky dragon for sale!

(Caught up in the music, ALZABAR begins to dance ridiculously.)

MIRABELLE flies onstage without noticing him at all. They collide.)

MIRABELLE

Ouch!

ALZABAR

What are you doing?



MIRABELLE

What?

ALZABAR

Watch it there.

(They land in a heap.)

Are you okay?

MIRABELLE

Sure, just let me catch my breath.

ALZABAR

What happened?

MIRABELLE (defensively)

I don't know. I was flying along minding my own business and suddenly, out of nowhere, there you were right in front of me.

(She softens)

Sorry, I couldn't stop.

ALZABAR

I'm not sorry. I'm glad we bumped into each other.

MIRABELLE

You are?

ALZABAR

Yeah, I've been looking for a dragon just like you.

(MIRABELLE eyes him suspiciously.)

Really, I've searched the world over for the perfect dragon – well, I've searched the used dragon ads - and you're it. What's your name?

MIRABELLE

Mirabelle.

ALZABAR

See what I mean? That's a great name! Mirabelle, it's a miracle we bumped into each other. How about it? Don't you think we'd make a perfect team.

MIRABELLE

What makes me so perfect?

ALZABAR

Lots of things. You're just the right size and you have gorgeous wings. But most important of all -- you can talk. Everyone has a dragon they can talk to but I want a dragon that can talk back! Now that I've found you, I can't imagine being happy with any other dragon. Seriously.

(ALZABAR takes MIRABELLE by the hand and sings.)

Mirabelle the miracle granted to me. My whole life I've waited so far (kind of) patiently. And now here I've found you right under the sun. Mirabelle the miracle, you're the one.

I scoured the papers. I searched through the yard.

I got so discouraged, the going got hard.

Yeah, it's hard to believe that my journey is done.

But Mirabelle the miracle, you're the one.

Mirabelle you're a miracle. Mirabelle the miracle.

I don't mean to be saying all this all at once. I'm just so excited and I can't be silent.

I've known a few dragons and we've had some fun.

But Mirabelle the miracle, you're the one.

Mirabelle the Miracle. Mirabelle it's a miracle.

MIRABELLE (singing)

You know I'm not perfect.

ALZABAR

Ah, sure you are.

MIRABELLE

There are others around.

ALZABAR

I prefer you by far.

MIRABELLE

You don't really know me.

ALZABAR

But I've got a feeling together we'll really be happy! You know I can't promise that we'll never fight, that you'll never get bored, or that I'm always right. I promise you only that I will be your friend. I promise always that I will be your friend.

MIRABELLE

I promise also that I will be your friend.

(Song ends)

MIRABELLE

But remember, I might not be absolutely, totally, completely perfect.

ALZABAR

That doesn't matter. I'll take you just the way you are. Come on.

(A leaf drifts down in front of MIRABELLE as they turn to leave.)

MIRABELLE

Hey, look at that leaf; it's red. How come it's red? Leaves are supposed to be green.

ALZABAR

It used to be green, but it's red now 'cause the weather's getting colder.

MIRABELLE

Then how come the grass is still green?

ALZABAR

Well, grass doesn't turn colors like leaves do.

MIRABELLE

Why not?

ALZABAR

I don't know. There's a scientific reason for all that stuff but . . . I never really paid much attention. I'm more into magic and spells.

MIRABELLE

Could you use a spell to turn the grass red?

ALZABAR

I don't know. I guess so.

MIRABELLE

How about the sky? Could you use a spell to turn the sky red, or orange maybe?

ALZABAR

(makes several dramatic gestures and utters a strange "spell")

There. In exactly six and a half hours the sky will turn orange – with a little red and maybe even some purple thrown in just for fun.

MIRABELLE

That's not magic; that's the sunset!

ALZABAR

Seems like magic to me.

MIRABELLE

Come on. There's a scientific reason for that too, I'll bet.

ALZABAR

Yep. Clouds.

MIRABELLE

Clouds? Clouds aren't orange.

ALZABAR

And atmosphere.

MIRABELLE

What's atphasmere?

ALZABAR (looks confused)

Atmosphere is . . .uh . . . stuff around the . . . up there. Hey, you sure ask a lot of questions.

MIRABELLE

That's not an answer.

(She pronounces the words very carefully.)

What's Atmosphere?

ALZABAR

It's like air and stuff, in the sky. Mirabelle, I don't –

MIRABELLE

I know, you're more into magic and spells.

(They laugh.)

ALZABAR

I guess we could look it up.

MIRABELLE (excited)

We could?

ALZABAR

Sure. Let's look it up!

MIRABELLE

Let's look it up!

(ALZABAR and MIRABELLE exit. NARRATOR enters. He's wearing the same outfit but has toned down the accent a bit.)

NARRATOR

Isn't this a wonderful turn of events? Can you believe their luck in finding each other? It's miraculous really, isn't it? Some people might even say there was magic involved.

(ALZABAR sneaks back in.)

Now I want you all to pretend that some time has passed – a few months or so. MIRABELLE and ALZABAR now live together in his workshop. And we're going to introduce a new character. He is . . . The Protagonist.

(ALZABAR interrupts NARRATOR.)

ALZABAR

Excuse me, but the new character is going to be . . . The Antagonist.

NARRATOR (surprised)

What? Are you sure? I was under the distinct impression the new character in our play is the hero, the good guy, in short . . . The Protagonist.

ALZABAR

Nahhh, he's the bad guy, the villain, in short . . . The Antagonist.

NARRATOR

But I can't play someone who is mean.

ALZABAR

Of course you can. That's what acting is all about. Just because you're pretending to be a mean, old, grouchy neighbor, doesn't mean you are a mean, old, grouchy neighbor.

NARRATOR (whining)

But I don't want to be the antagonist.

ALZABAR

You have to be the antagonist. You're a natural. That whining you did just now is totally perfect. And no one yells as good as you.

NARRATOR

But won't the audience dislike me?

ALZABAR

That's the whole point. They're supposed to dislike you.

NARRATOR

Why?

ALZABAR

So they'll like me even better. Haven't you heard? I'm the protagonist of the story.

(NARRATOR protests but ALZABAR cuts him off.)

Look there isn't time to discuss this right now. You've gotta get ready for the next scene.

(NARRATOR exits in a huff. ALZABAR spends a few moments straightening up the workshop and sits down to read an enormous book on magic spells just as MIRABELLE rushes in. She is out of breath and looks fearfully behind her.)

MIRABELLE

I didn't mean to.

ALZABAR

What's the matter? Didn't mean to what?

MIRABELLE

(holding a crystal ball out in front of her.)

It's the ball's fault.

ALZABAR

Hey! All right, you found my crystal ball! I was wondering where I left that silly--

MIRABELLE (defensively)

You left it right where I'd trip over it.

ALZABAR

What are you talking about?

(There is a loud knock from offstage.)

We'd better find out who that is.

MIRABELLE

I know who it is. Don't let him in.

ALZABAR

Calm down Mirabelle. I want to find out what's going on.

(ALZABAR turns to the side and yells)

Come in!

(NARRATOR dressed as The GREAT WIZARD enters holding a smashed tomato. He's furious.)

ALZABAR

Welcome Great Wizard. It's mighty neighborly of you to drop by like this.

GREAT WIZARD

This isn't a social call. Look what your dragon's done this time?

(ALZABAR picks up a bowl and holds it underneath the tomato.  
GREAT WIZARD drops the tomato into the bowl and accepts a cloth to  
wipe his hands.)

ALZABAR

What exactly has Mirabelle done?

GREAT WIZARD

Oh, nothing much, other than crashing through my fence and smashing my tomato plants! Look what she did to my prized tomato!

(whining again)

And I was going to enter it in the Fair this year.

(They both look at Mirabelle.)

MIRABELLE (meekly)

I tripped over the crystal ball.

ALZABAR

There, you see? It was an accident. Mirabelle didn't mean to ruin your tomatoes.

GREAT WIZARD

Accident, smack-sa-dent. You always have some excuse. What about your barbecue last month when she stumbled over the volleyball net and burned all the burgers?

ALZABAR

I like my burgers well done.

GREAT WIZARD

Okay, what about the time she caught her wing on the clothesline and dragged your wizard robes through the mud?

ALZABAR

What a lot of fuss about nothing. The robes washed didn't they? Tell you what G. W., let me give you my recipe for homemade salsa. Just a little jalapeno pepper, a pinch of cilantro, your perfectly crushed tomato there, and one other very rare and special, secret ingredient and you'll have yourself an irresistible salsa that will take first prize at the Fair.

GREAT WIZARD (reluctantly)

I don't know.

ALZABAR

Come on. Be a sport. I'll write the recipe down for you and bring it over later.

GREAT WIZARD

Well, okay. But someone's got to fix my fence.

MIRABELLE (eagerly)

I will, Great Wizard. You can count on me.

(GREAT WIZARD picks up the bowl and turns to MIRABELLE.)

GREAT WIZARD

Be at my house bright and early, first thing in the morning. And try not to mess anything up on your way over.

(He exits)

MIRABELLE

Whew, that was a close one.

ALZABAR

Oh don't worry about him. He's been trying to get my salsa recipe for years.

MIRABELLE

But I haven't told you yet about knocking over the birdbath or trampling on the tulips. I can't do anything right. I'm hopeless!

ALZABAR

Don't be silly. You're not hopeless. You're just a little clumsy and that's nothing to worry about. A few dancing lessons ought to do the trick.

MIRABELLE

Dancing lessons? Who's going to be the teacher?

ALZABAR

I will.

MIRABELLE

You can't dance.

ALZABAR

I can too dance. I'm a great dancer. You're lucky to have me.



MIRABELLE

There's nothing lucky about me.

(Music begins. ALZABAR grabs MIRABELLE and they begin to dance. MIRABELLE dances badly, her big feet landing all over ALZABAR'S.)

ALZABAR

Let's start again.

(They start again but MIRABELLE makes more mistakes.)

One more time.

(As the song ends, MIRABELLE does something awfully clumsy and they almost fall down.)

MIRABELLE

See what I mean?

ALZABAR

Oh, come on Mirabelle snap out of it. I like you just the way you are. I wouldn't change a single thing about you even if I could. I think you're great. You're terrific. You're my favorite dragon -- ever. You're the best!

MIRABELLE

I am?

ALZABAR

Of course you are. You're a rare and unusual dragon. I'll have you know there are only a few talking dragons left in the world and . . .you're one of them.

(Suddenly he stops.)

Hey, I've got an idea.

MIRABELLE

What is it?

ALZABAR

I'll enter you in the Wizard's Dragon Show. Then everyone will see what an absolutely terrific and perfectly wonderful dragon you really are.

MIRABELLE

Are you sure this will work?

ALZABAR

I've never been so sure of anything in my life, Mirabelle. This is going to be fantastic. You'll love it. Just wait and see. Come on.

(They exit. NARRATOR enters wearing a hardhat.)

NARRATOR

The time has come folks for the unbelievable, astronomical, isometrical, uh . . . really . . . cool Wizard's Dragon Show! Now of course we can't hold the Dragon show here in Alzabar's workshop, so we're going to have to change the setting. That means all this gorgeous scenery you see before you has to disappear.

(Calls off stage)

OK, bring on the forklift! Haul in the dollies. Grips, deck crew, electricians, props, let's go! Let's go!

(Confused by all the shouting, ALZABAR enters to see what's up.)

Alright now, let's do this people! Let's do it!

ALZABAR

Uh . . . hey.

NARRATOR

Look out now, it's about to get crazy busy in here. We're gonna have people swinging left and right, scenery flying all over the place. Watch yourself there.

ALZABAR

O.K.

NARRATOR

I'm serious. You're not going to believe this. It's controlled chaos, the eye of the storm right here. This is how the magic happens, baby!

(Nothing happens.)

ALZABAR

So, what are you doing exactly?

NARRATOR

We're changing the setting for the next scene. We have to get rid of this workshop so we'll have room for the Wizard's Dragon Show.

ALZABAR

But that's my workshop you're getting rid of.

NARRATOR

So?

ALZABAR

So, how are we going to do the rest of the play if you get rid of my workshop?

NARRATOR

Well . . . we'll build a second workshop to lower down from that beam in the ceiling there right at the moment when --

ALZABAR

Maybe we could just cover up this one a little bit.

NARRATOR (Suspiciously)

What exactly are you suggesting?

ALZABAR

(begins to cover up the workshop scenery)

Well if we pull this piece of fabric here, lay it over there, and move that workbench.  
(ALZABAR finishes. The workshop is gone.)

NARRATOR

But we still don't have room for the grand ballroom.

(referring to his official clipboard)

According to the script, The Wizard's Dragon Show takes place in a grand ballroom.

ALZABAR

How big?

NARRATOR

I don't know. About as big as this room, I suppose.

ALZABAR

Then why don't you use this room?

NARRATOR (Condescendingly)

Because it's full of people.

ALZABAR

You need an audience for the show, don't you?

NARRATOR

Yes, and your point . . . ?

ALZABAR

Well, here's your fancy ball room - and there's your audience. All you have to do is use your imagination.

NARRATOR (shaking head)

That won't work. It's too weird.

ALZABAR

Of course it'll work. They're used to weird around here. But you have to believe it to see it. That's what imagination is all about, my friend.

NARRATOR

I'll give it a try, but what'll we do about the other characters in the Dragon Show?

ALZABAR (exasperated)

Look, I can't do everything. I've gotta get into costume for the next scene. You're gonna have to figure it out.

(ALZABAR exits.)

NARRATOR

Hmmm, where am I going to find a wizard and three more dragons?

(Gazes out into the audience.)

Wait a minute. What luck. I see a wizard and three dragons right there in the audience.

(To audience)

What's the matter? You don't see them? Well look, right over there, doesn't that (describes an adult) look just like a haggard old wizard? Remember you have to believe to see. Come on up here, Wizard.

(NARRATOR puts the wizard hat on the adult volunteer.)

Wizard, would you please stand over there? Now for the dragons. That (describes a child) sure looks a lot like a Chinese Imperial Dragon to me. Come here please (repeats the exact description of the child). Let's try this headdress on for size.

(NARRATOR puts the Chinese Imperial Dragon headdress on the child.)

Go stand over there next to the wizard. Let's see if I can find a Cold Drake Dragon out there. I believe I see one. It's that (describes a child). Come over here please.

(NARRATOR puts the Cold Drake Dragon headdress on the child.)

Excellent. You're a fabulous dragon, too. Go stand over there with the others. And finally, I sense that we have a rare Mind Reading Dragon in our midst. Let me see if I can figure out which one of you can read minds.

(NARRATOR pretends to be reading minds)

Ah, it's coming to me now. It's that (description of a child) sitting over there. Can you read my mind? What am I thinking? I would never think a thing like that! Try again. Yes, that's it. Come over here.

(NARRATOR puts Mogo Mind Reading Dragon headdress on the child.)

Too bad the Mogo Mind Reading Dragon can't talk, but I bet s/he knows what I'm thinking now. (pause) That's right. Go stand over there with the others.

(to audience)

We are now ready to begin our Dragon Show . . . what?

(to Mind Reading Dragon)

What? (pauses) Oh, you're right. We need a judge. Coming right up.

(NARRATOR turns away from the audience, puts on large official looking badge that says JUDGE, and begins again, in a different voice.)

JUDGE

Yes, we are about to start the Wizard's Dragon Show. Everyone please take a seat. Oh you all already have a seat. Well be quiet then, and pay attention.

(JUDGE turns back to the dragons to confer. MIRABELLE and ALZABAR enter. MIRABELLE looks at the other dragons, and the audience, in amazement.)

MIRABELLE

Wow, I've never seen so many different dragons in one place.

ALZABAR (proudly)

This is the most important event of the year.

MIRABELLE (nervously)

What exactly am I suppose to do?

ALZABAR

There's nothing to it. Just be your usual charming self.

MIRABELLE

I don't know if . . .

JUDGE (clapping hands)

Attention everyone. Will all the dragons please take their place in line. The judging is about to begin.

ALZABAR

This is it Mirabelle. Let's go

MIRABELLE

But Alzabar, I'm not --

(ALZABAR leads MIRABELLE to a place between the Cold Drake Dragon and the Mogo Mind Reading Dragon. He stands beside her.)

JUDGE

(Inspecting the Chinese Imperial Dragon.)

A marvelous Chinese Imperial Dragon. Don't see one of those every day.

(to audience)

You know this dragon could grow as big as a house if it wanted to. I'm glad it's staying this size for now.

(Noticing the Cold Drake Dragon)

Burrrr! If I'd known we were going to have a Cold Drake here today, I'd have brought my parka.

(Looks closely at the dragon's face)

JUDGE (CONT.)

I bet you blow hail instead of fire, don't you?

(Judge comes to MIRABELLE.)

My what lovely wings. And her scales are tipped with gold.

ALZABAR

(In a stage whisper)

Say something, Mirabelle.

(MIRABELLE looks panicked. She tries to say something but can't. Finally she looks down at the floor embarrassed.)

JUDGE

Why, she's blushing. How charming.

(Moving on to the Mogo Mind Reading Dragon)

Now let's see if this little Mogo Mind Reader can tell what I'm thinking.

(JUDGE looks smug, astonished, and then amused.)

That's right! 37 is the square root of 1369. Amazing.

(JUDGE walks away and "bumps" into something.)

What's this? Could it be an invisible dragon?

(He pretends to feel around as if a dragon were there.)

Why yes, that's exactly what it is. This must be The Invisible Dragon from the mythical city of Paruke. What a marvelous demonstration of his magical powers. You really should see this dragon. It's simply spectacular. Dragon, please show yourself.

(He waits a moment. Then speaking louder.)

I said, please show yourself. (Pause) Apparently, he's shy. Let's move on to the Grand Parade.

(JUDGE walks around the invisible dragon, stepping over his long tail.  
To ALZABAR)

Wizard will you lead the dragons?

(Reluctantly ALZABAR leaves MIRABELLE and walks to the front of the line. He motions for the Chinese Imperial Dragon to follow him and leads them in a circle around the stage. The other wizard walks at the end of the dragon line. JUDGE watches carefully, and even makes notes, as the dragons pass. MIRABELLE walks a little slower than the rest of the dragons and eventually falls behind in the procession. She turns and gives the Mogo dragon a dirty look. The dragons continue to walk. Again MIRABELLE glances again at the Mogo.)

MIRABELLE

Don't rush me.

(They walk some more.)

I'm going as fast as I can.

(after a moment)

O.K. if you insist, but remember this wasn't my idea.

(MIRABELLE runs to catch up with the others. She trips over the JUDGE knocking him down, and then lands on top.)

JUDGE

Ouch, you're poking me!

MIRABELLE

Sorry, I --

JUDGE

Help, I'm suffocating!

MIRABELLE

(struggling to get up)

I'm stuck. He's on my wing.

JUDGE

Somebody get this dragon off of me!

(ALZABAR rushes over and untangles the JUDGE and MIRABELLE.

JUDGE limps over to a stool.)

Oh! Ouch! Ow! Unbelievable. In all my years I have never seen such a clumsy dragon!

(MIRABELLE runs off stage. ALZABAR follows. to audience)

I'm sorry folks, I'm afraid we won't be able to continue the show. I seem to have sprained my ankle.

(He tries to take a step.)

Oh! Ouch!

(The judge sits back down.)

I can't believe it. In the 4671 years we've been having this show we've never had to cancel. Not for rain, not for freezing rain, not for drizzle, not for fog, or mist, or foggy mist, not even for foggy, misty, drizzly, freezing, sleet. This is a first, and it's the worst first that I can imagine. I'm terribly sorry. Dragons and wizard please come here.

(JUDGE takes off the their headdresses, and the wizard's hat.)

Let's give them a round of applause for a job well done.

(Children and adult return to their places in the audience. As they leave we hear the sound of retreating footsteps. The JUDGE watches the invisible dragon leave the stage and return to the audience. The audience hears a gigantic thud as the invisible dragon sits down. The judge then limps over to the scenery and begins to uncover ALZABAR's workshop. Gradually his limp disappears. After the workshop is set again, NARRATOR continues, looking around for something. ALZABAR enters.)

ALZABAR

What's the problem? You're holding up the play.

NARRATOR

I can't find one of the props.

ALZABAR

So, what's the big deal? We'll just go on without it.

NARRATOR

We can't. It's an important prop. Without this prop the whole scene falls apart and we can't finish the play.

ALZABAR

Okay, I'll help. What's it look like?

NARRATOR

It's a box.

ALZABAR

What kind of box?

NARRATOR

Like a cardboard box.

ALZABAR

Go on.

NARRATOR

It's a cardboard box with a picture on the front of it.

ALZABAR

Why are you being so mysterious? Just tell me what you're looking for.

NARRATOR

O.K. If you must know, I'm looking for a box of cereal.

ALZABAR

Oh, was that an important prop?

NARRATOR

What do you mean was?

ALZABAR

I was hungry.

NARRATOR

Where is it?!



ALZABAR

It's in my dressing room. I'll go get it. It'll just take a second.

(ALZABAR runs off stage. NARRATOR follows but MIRABELLE enters crying. NARRATOR stops, concerned. ALZABAR returns with the box of cereal. NARRATOR exits.)

ALZABAR

Mirabelle, we need to talk.

MIRABELLE

What's there to talk about? I'm a disgrace. The contest is canceled and everyone hates me.

ALZABAR

I don't hate you. In fact, I really like you. I think you're wonderful, perfect even.

MIRABELLE

How can you say that? I've embarrassed you time after time. I'm perfect all right -- perfectly awful.

ALZABAR

Oh come on, Mirabelle.

MIRABELLE

No. Just leave me alone.

(She sings)

You said the show would reassure me. It didn't.

You said that it would be fantastic. It wasn't.

You said, "Just wait and see, you'll love it." I don't.

Cause everything I touch falls down. Everything I try to do.

Everything I touch falls down. I'm doomed. I'm cursed. I'm the worst!

You said today just might be flawless. Ha!

You swore that I would be outstanding. Well, that's true.

You said that I should not be hopeless. But I am!

Everything I touch falls down. Everything I try to do.

Every time I turn around there's a disaster! It's true. You were here.

And this was the most important event of the year.

You promised you would be my friend. You weren't!

(Song ends.)

ALZABAR

I don't care what you say, you're still my favorite dragon.

MIRABELLE

I'm your only dragon. Besides, you're so busy in your workshop nowadays that you barely even notice me.

ALZABAR

I notice you, Mirabelle.

MIRABELLE

You didn't notice when I spilled disappearing ink all over your super-fancy, bladdy-blah, blah, book of spells.

ALZABAR

I noticed.

MIRABELLE

Well you didn't notice when I accidentally used your favorite flying broom to sweep the floor.

ALZABAR

I noticed.

MIRABELLE

You didn't say anything.

ALZABAR

I didn't say anything because I didn't want to make you feel any worse.

MIRABELLE

Well you won't make me feel any worse now so you might as well say what's really on your mind.

ALZABAR

You want me to say what's really on my mind huh?

MIRABELLE

That's right, once and for all.

ALZABAR

Well what's on my mind is that I must be the luckiest wizard in the world to have for a best friend a rare and wonderful talking dragon.

MIRABELLE

I knew it! You only wanted me because I could talk. Well, I'm not talking to you ever again.

(MIRABELLE pulls a sheet over herself. After a moment ALZABAR reaches out and touches her through the sheet. She shakes him off, roughly.)

ALZABAR

So there's nothing I can say to make you come out?

(MIRABELLE shakes her head vigorously.)

And you're going to stay under there forever?

(MIRABELLE nods her head vigorously.)

Well, I guess you know what you want.

(to audience)

It's not her fault, you know. It's mine. I shouldn't have put her through that awful Wizard's Dragon show. It seemed like a good idea at the time, but it turned out to be a really, really bad idea. That ever happened to you? Don't you worry Mirabelle, I'm going to figure out a way to fix everything.

(pause)

Did you hear what I said, Mirabelle?

(MIRABELLE snores loudly, beneath the sheet.)

Sure she's a little clumsy, but that's part of her charm. I love her just the way she is, but the way she is -- she's miserable. What am I gonna do?

(pause)

Wait, I am a wizard after all, and I do know magic. Any suggestions?

(The audience offers ideas: use magic wand, fairy dust, magic spell, etc. If they get too loud, ALZABAR reminds them that MIRABELLE is sleeping and they have to speak quietly.)

OK, if you think that'll work, I'll try it.

(ALZABAR picks up a magic wand, pulls some fairy dust out of his pocket, and stands over MIRABELLE. He sprinkles a pinch of magic dust on her, and waves his wand.)

Dragon's breath and wizard's spell

What is wrong I can not tell,

By all the powers that herein dwell,

Please let this help my Mirabelle.

(He gazes at Mirabelle for a moment and then turns to the audience.)

We'll have to wait until she wakes up to see if it worked.

(ALZABAR removes his wizard hat and sits down. Eventually his head drops and he falls asleep. MIRABELLE stirs, pokes her head out, yawns, rubs her eyes and gets up. Noticing ALZABAR she crosses to wake him.)

MIRABELLE

Have you been sleeping in this chair all night?

ALZABAR

Actually I didn't get much sleep. I was thinking about what happened yesterday.

MIRABELLE

Oh forget it. I don't even care about that silly dragon show. Those dragons were such showoffs. Hey, you must be hungry. I'll fix breakfast.

(MIRABELLE grabs two bowls and crosses to the workshop bench.

Glancing out of the workshop window.)

Say, Alzabar, I was just wondering, where are all the stars?

ALZABAR

What?

MIRABELLE

Where are all the stars? Where do they go during the day?

ALZABAR

Well, they're still there. You just can't see them.

MIRABELLE

Why can't I see them? Is there something wrong with me?

ALZABAR

No. You can't see them because there's too much light, it's too bright out during the day.

MIRABELLE

Too much light? That doesn't make any sense. Usually you can't see things because there's too much dark. But too much light? I don't know about that . . .

(MIRABELLE begins to pour their cereal.)

ALZABAR

Think of it this way: Each star is a little tiny light in the night sky, right?

MIRABELLE

Yep.

ALZABAR

And the sun is a great, big, enormous light, right?

MIRABELLE

That's right.

ALZABAR

So, if you think of each star as a tiny little sound, instead of a tiny little light --

MIRABELLE

Then the sun is a great, big, huge noise – and it drowns out all of the stars. That's why I can't see them!

(She's spilled most of the cereal onto the bench and floor.)

ALZABAR

That's it!

MIRABELLE (proudly)

I thought so.

ALZABAR

Mirabelle, I've finally figured out what to do! I'm taking you to see a doctor.

MIRABELLE

A doctor? Will I get a shot?

ALZABAR

No, you won't get a shot.

MIRABELLE

Will it hurt?

ALZABAR

It'll be all right, Mirabelle. Trust me.

MIRABELLE

Uh . . . just let me clean up this mess first.

ALZABAR

Mirabelle forget the cereal. Let's go.

MIRABELLE

I need to put the milk away.

ALZABAR

Fine. Put the milk away.

MIRABELLE

I don't wanna.

ALZABAR

Come on.

MIRABELLE

No.

ALZABAR (exasperated)

Mirabelle, why don't you want to go to the doctor?

(The song begins.)

MIRABELLE

“Stick your tongue out, open wide.” Not if you're going to put that inside.  
Pain in my neck, pain in my head. “Follow orders”, Doctor said. Well I hate the doctor.

Awful tasting wooden sticks. Scary needles poke and prick.  
It's enough to make me sick. My day just got worse. I hate the doctor's . . .

Dizzy, woozy, feeling faint. I suffer all without complaint.  
But I am forced to show restraint when they say that I'm sick when I ain't.

Paper sheets upon the bed. “Slip this robe on, go ahead.”

(ALZABAR glares at her.)

Was it something that I said? I bet you wish that I was . . . different  
I hate the doctor. I hate the doctor.

Dizzy, woozy feeling faint. The smell in here could peel the paint.

ALZABAR :

I've had enough of your complaining.

MIRABELLE:

Wait Alzabar, I'm still explaining. I hate the doctor!

ALZABAR:

Mirabelle, we don't use the word - hate.

MIRABELLE (still singing)

Well I don't care for the doctor. I don't care for the doctor.

(Song ends)

ALZABAR

Shhhhh. You'll be fine. Trust me.

(NARRATOR enters, as The DOCTOR)

DOCTOR

Next.

(He leads MIRABELLE behind the scenery. ALZABAR remains.  
NARRATOR, as himself, re-enters looking rather disheveled.)

NARRATOR

And Alzabar waited for Mirabelle to return.

(They both wait for a bit, look at one another, the door, and then at their watches.)

And he waited and waited.

(NARRATOR looks nervous and begins to tap his foot, impatiently. ALZABAR rises. NARRATOR watches him, expectantly. ALZABAR stretches, and then sits back down. NARRATOR exits momentarily, and returns.)

And he had to wait a very loooooong time.

(MIRABELLE enters, wearing a pair of brand new big red glasses.)

And finally Mirabelle returned!

(NARRATOR exits.)

ALZABAR

Hey, you look beautiful.

MIRABELLE

Thanks!

ALZABAR

How is it?

MIRABELLE

It's great! I can see. I can see all sorts of things I couldn't ever see before. It's magic!

ALZABAR

It's better than magic.

MIRABELLE

(dancing around the stage)

I can see the gold fish in that bowl, and there's dust on that plant, and mud on your shoes

(DOCTOR enters)

and the doctor has gray hairs.

(MIRABELLE grabs ALZABAR and dances a few steps with him, without stepping on his toes or bumping into anything.)

ALZABAR (laughing)

Hold still a minute, Mirabelle. Let me take a look at you. I'm really happy for you.

MIRABELLE

Me too!

ALZABAR

Thank you, doctor.

DOCTOR

I'm glad I could help. Good luck, Mirabelle.

MIRABELLE

I don't need luck now. I can see!

(MIRABELLE and ALZABAR exit. DOCTOR removes his coat, puts on a hat and re-assumes the part of NARRATOR, just as ALZABAR enters.)

ALZABAR

What's going on? Why are you still out here? I thought the play was over?

NARRATOR

No, not quite.

ALZABAR

I don't get it. What else is there? Mirabelle has her glasses, she can see, she's happy. Seems like the end of the play to me?

NARRATOR

You've forgotten about the epilogue.

ALZABAR

The epilo--

NARRATOR

Yes, the epilogue. We added it . . . at the rehearsal. Last Tuesday.

ALZABAR

Oh, the epilogue. Of course. And I'm in the epilogue.

NARRATOR (smugly)

Yes.

ALZABAR

I'll just go take a peek at the script.

NARRATOR

Splendid idea.

(ALZABAR hurries off.)

As I was saying, the epilogue is the last little bit of our play. It tells what happened after Mirabelle got her new glasses. A year has passed and Alzabar and Mirabelle are just returning from the 4672<sup>nd</sup> Wizard's Dragon Show.

(NARRATOR quickly puts on wig and transforms into MOM as MIRABELLE and ALZABAR enter. MIRABELLE carries a trophy.)



MIRABELLE

Wow, this is my best night ever.

MOM

Better than when your Dragon Synchronized Flying Squad made it to the finals?

MIRABELLE

Better.

MOM

Better than when you were asked to demonstrate your technique for toasting marshmallows at the Dragon and Wizard Camp Out?

MIRABELLE

Much better.

(Music begins. MOM sings and MIRABELLE answers.)

MOM

Is it better than a bottle of Cologne?

MIRABELLE

Better.

MOM

Better than talking on the telephone?

MIRABELLE

Better.

MOM

Better than when you learned to fly alone?

MIRABELLE

Not better than that.

ALZABAR

Is it better than having money you can spend?

MIRABELLE

Better.

ALZABAR

Better than a garden you could tend.

MIRABELLE

Oh better.

ALZABAR

Better than learning how to make a friend?

MIRABELLE

No, not better than that.

ALZABAR

Mirabelle you know we all think that you've got some qualities that make you special. And in spite of all the complications you've faced so far, we love you just the way you are.

NARRATOR

Well is it better than a Flying Dragon Squad?

MIRABELLE

Better.

NARRATOR

Better than a cat who's been declawed?

MIRABELLE

Much better.

NARRATOR

Better than when the audience applauds?

MIRABELLE

No. Not better than that

(CAST leads audience, clapping to the beat.)

MOM

Is it better than a plate of sauerkraut?

ALL

Better!

ALZABAR

Better than a hike to fish for trout?

ALL

Better.

MIRABELLE

Better than watching seeds begin to sprout?

ALL

Much better than that.

(Music begins again. The tempo starts to increase.)

MOM

Is it better than a hankie when you sneeze?

ALL

Better.

MIRABELLE

Better than a slice of cheddar cheese?

ALL

Better.

ALZABAR

Better than a handle you can squeeze?

ALL

Much better than that.

(Tempo increases.)

THE DOCTOR

Is it better than a tropical disease?

ALL

Better.

ALZABAR

Better than a fall from a trapeze?

ALL

Better.

MIRABELLE

Better than a ball caught in the trees?

ALL

Much better than that.

THE JUDGE

Is it better than a bowl of boiled peas?

ALL

Better.

ALZABAR

Even better than a meal you could freeze?

ALL

Better.

MIRABELLE

Better than swim in ten degrees?

ALL

Yes! Better than that.

MIRABELLE

Is it better than a bill from shopping sprees?

ALL

Better

ALZABAR

Better than some useless guarantees?

ALL

Better.

NARRATOR:

Better than a play by Sophocles?

ALZABAR:

Wait!

(Everything stops and goes silent.)

What? Better than what?

NARRATOR:

A play. By Sophocles.

ALZABAR:

Sophocles? I've never heard of --

NARRATOR: (condescendingly)  
Sophocles was an ancient Greek Dramatist. Born in the year 495 B.C. and died . . . after that. He wrote a number of important plays like, OEDIPUS REX, and ANTIGONE.

ALZABAR:  
Oh come on!

(NARRATOR appeals to MIRABELLE who just shakes her head.)

NARRATOR:  
Well, uh, better than discovering a species?

ALZABAR:  
No. I don't think so.

NARRATOR:  
Hum. Oh yes! I have it. I have one. Musicians! Ready?  
(Song begins as before.)  
Is it better than a book in Portuguese?

ALL  
Better.

ALZABAR  
Better than a helmet full of bees?

ALL  
Better.

MIRABELLE  
Better than a box from over seas?

ALL  
Better than that!

MOM  
Is it better than having to say please?

ALZABAR  
Better than a scrape upon your knees?

MIRABELLE  
Better than a puppy full of fleas?

THE JUDGE  
Better than an eyebrow you should tweeze?

ALZABAR

Better than a song that you can reprise . . .

(CAST extends the word “reprise” while MIRABELLE speaks.)

MIRABELLE: (proudly)

Reprise, that means to bring back and do over and over and over.

(Singing again.)

Reprise . . .

CAST:

And not much is better . . . than . . . that!

(The song finishes with a grand flourish. NARRATOR collapses, and crosses for a glass of water. MIRABELLE admires her trophy. NARRATOR returns as MOM.)

ALZABAR

Hey Mirabelle, we're glad you won an award, and Most Improved Dragon is very impressive, but you know you don't have to win an award to be special to us. We love you, just the way you are.

(MIRABELLE stops abruptly, takes off her glasses, cleans them with exaggerated motions and puts them back on. She looks MOM and ALZABAR up and down, brushes a crumb off of ALZABAR's shoulder, straightens MOM's wig, and then turns to the audience.)

MIRABELLE (triumphantly)

I can see that.

(MIRABELLE and ALZABAR hug, and exit. MOM removes the wig and becomes NARRATOR again.)

NARRATOR

And that, my friends IS the end of our play.

(a big sigh of relief)

There's just one thing left to say. Does anyone know what that might be?

(Audience responds.)

That's right! And they lived . . . happily ever after.

End of Play