

Fairy

Fairy: Well hello! What sort of time do you call this eh? I've been looking for you everywhere! Well, I am so glad to 'ave you, all the pinto up emotion can finally be released.

The name is Vert, Harriet Vert and I am, as you may have noticed, a Fairy! Now I don't mean that I know every word to 'I will Survive', (*aside*) though I do (*return*) No, I am a magic Fairy. Want me to prove it to you?

(Audience response)

I'm not driving home
My Speech isn't slurred
I'll take a Martini
Shaken not stirred

(*A comically large martini glass appears/is thrown from side of stage*)

See boys and girls, it's magic like that your mums and dads really enjoy. But well...
Can you keep a secret?

(*Audience Response*)

Oh good, you know when I said I was a Magic Fairy... well I'm actually F.I.T., Fairy in Training... my spell before didn't really work... there is nothing in this martini glass... My bosses at the Fairytale Bureau of Imagination say that I have to **earn** my wings and to do that, well.... I have to complete my mission

(*James Bond Music Blares, and the fairy lunges across the stage in a ludicrous manner*)

But I'm not really sure where to start.. Will you help me boys and girls?

(Audience Response)

Well then, let me check the briefing...

(*She unfolds a very large piece of paper with 'Top Secret' stamped all over*)

(*Muttering*) Enchant after reading, yaddah yaddah yaddah, "Official statute of secrecy", that doesn't seem important, "don't share with audiences in Christchurch", no clue where that is anyway. Ah yes, here it is!