

PERUSAL SCRIPT

The Girl Who Found Fear

A Turkish Fairy Tale

by

Genevieve Aichele

Theatre Tales from Around The World *SERIES*



Newport, Maine

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THE GIRL WHO FOUND FEAR

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CHARACTERS

Narrator (DO NOT DOUBLE)

The Girl (DO NOT DOUBLE)

Mother

Demon

Old Man

Woman

Child

6 Villagers (Can double all roles except Narrator and Girl)

CHARACTERS FOR DOUBLING

3 female (Girl, Mother, Woman)[CANNOT BE DOUBLED]

1 male (Old Man)

9 either male or female

NOTE: Villagers can be doubled with any roles except Girl or Narrator

THE GIRL WHO FOUND FEAR by Genevieve Aichele. 3f, 1m, 9 either. Ethnic or modern Costumes.

Simple Settings in 5 locations. About 25 minutes. Fear. We all know about it, have even experienced it in our lives. But we have never really gone looking for it — or have we? This story from Turkey follows a young girl on her quest to find fear. The problem is that she was never afraid — of anything. Demons are a great place to discover fear, but how about the places deep inside of us, where maybe we have not even dared to look? Part of the TALES FROM AROUND THE WORLD SERIES. **ORDER #3138**

Genevieve Aichele is Founding Executive Director of New Hampshire Theatre Project in Portsmouth, and has performed, directed and taught theatre arts both nationally and internationally for over 35 years, including 20 years of directing the NHTP Youth Repertory Company.

Genevieve has written dozens of story theatre scripts for use both onstage and in the classroom. Her adult scripts include *Neighborhoods* (2001 Portsmouth Spotlight Community Arts Award); original adaptations of *Lysistrata* and *Finding the Prince*; and *Dreaming Again*, commissioned in 2011 by the NH Humanities Council.

As a storyteller, Genevieve performs with musician Randy Armstrong in *World Tales*. Their two CD's have won numerous national and international awards. Her first audiobook recording, *Forest Secrets* by Tracy Kane, was released in 2012. *Ocean Secrets*, her first novel for young readers co-written with Tracy Kane, was released in May 2014.

Genevieve received the 2001 New Hampshire Governors Award for Excellence in Arts in Education and the 2008 NH Theatre Award for her work with youth. In 2002, she received an award for Outstanding Achievement in American Theatre from the New England Theatre Conference.

THE GIRL WHO FOUND FEAR

SCENE ONE – The Beginning

NARRATOR: Long ago and far away in a land that never was, or perhaps even once upon a time, a little girl was born to a mother who had always wanted a child.

(Lights up on MOTHER in chair as though talking to a therapist.)

MOTHER: We were so excited; she was such an adorable little thing. Perfect in every way. Absolutely normal. Ten fingers, ten toes, a cute little cowlick in her hair. She walked, she talked – right on schedule. Everything perfect.

NARRATOR: *(as therapist)* And then?

MOTHER: Well, gradually, we started to notice that she was... you know. Different.

NARRATOR: *(as therapist)* Could you be more specific, Mrs. Timor?

MOTHER: At first I was very proud. She's fearless, I'd say. She's not afraid to try anything, do anything, say anything. She'll be a CEO someday. *(BEAT)* Or maybe a serial killer.

NARRATOR: *(as therapist)* And then?

MOTHER: But, really, it just wasn't normal. When she was three, I'd say:

(GIRL enters.)

MOTHER: Sweetie, would you like me to leave a night light on for you?

GIRL: No, Mother, I'm perfectly fine here in the dark.

MOTHER: But what if you have a bad dream?

GIRL: I never wake up with nightmares, Mother. You know I sleep quite soundly.

MOTHER: When she was six, I said: Sweetie, do you want me to ride with you on the school bus?

GIRL: No, Mother, everything will be fine.

MOTHER: But you'll be in a new school, a strange place, meeting new people. Aren't you even the least little bit nervous?

GIRL: *(shrugging)* No, I'm looking forward to it actually. Maybe something exciting will happen.

(GIRL exits.)

NARRATOR: *(as therapist)* And you felt this was more than just healthy self-esteem?

MOTHER: I'm telling you, it isn't natural. Everybody needs to feel a little afraid of something sometime in

her life. So when she was a little older, I called her in for a mother/daughter talk.

(GIRL enters.)

GIRL: Hi, Mom. What's up?

MOTHER: Well, sweetie, I think it's time we had a little mother/daughter chat.

GIRL: *(laughing)* Oh no worries, Mom. I know all about that.

MOTHER: All about what?

GIRL: You know... *Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps*, etc. etc. It's all very exciting!

MOTHER: Well, sweetie, it's not always exciting, but that isn't what I want to talk to you about...

GIRL: *(interrupting)* Mother, it's time for me to go out into the wide world and seek my fortune. I am going on a quest; I just have to figure out what I'm questing for.

MOTHER: But aren't you the teeniest, tiniest, eensiest, weensiest bit... afraid?

GIRL: Afraid? What does that mean, afraid?

MOTHER: I'm talking about fear! It's a big bad world out there! You can't just walk out there so foolishly! Fear teaches you lessons, reminds you to be careful, to exercise caution, it keeps you from being hurt...

GIRL: *(interrupting)* Wow, Mother, I have no idea what you're talking about. But if fear is that important, maybe I better go find it. That will be my quest!

MOTHER: What if something terrible happens to you?

GIRL: *(eagerly)* Do you think something terrible will happen to me? That is SO exciting!

MOTHER: But... but...

GIRL: Farewell, Mother. I'm off to search for fear. Tally ho!

(GIRL exits.)

MOTHER: *(sighing)* And off she went. Just like that.

NARRATOR: *(as therapist)* And how do you feel, Mrs. Timor?

MOTHER: *(Beat)* Afraid.

(Music up. Scene Change.)

SCENE TWO – The Forest

NARRATOR: So the girl left her mother's house and set out on her quest to find fear. By and by, as is always the way with a quest, she came to a fork in the road. One path led directly into a dark forest. The other wound its meandering way over the meadows.

GIRL: Hmm. The path through the forest certainly looks more direct but it's all overgrown with weeds and brambles. I wonder why.

NARRATOR: As she stood there wondering, two villagers came down the meadow path towards her.

(VILLAGERS enter.)

VILLAGER 1: Hello there, why are you standing at the fork in the road? You aren't thinking of going through the forest are you?

GIRL: Well, it certainly looks like a more direct route. But the path is all overgrown with weeds and brambles. Doesn't anybody ever travel through the forest?

VILLAGER 1: Of course nobody goes that way!

GIRL: Why not?

VILLAGER 2: The forest is haunted.

GIRL: *(eagerly)* Haunted? How exciting! What is it haunted by?

VILLAGER 2: A terrible demon who eats up anybody walking along that path.

GIRL: *(even more eager)* Really? A demon who eats people? How exciting!

VILLAGER 1: Exciting! Are you insane? This demon is the most frightening, terrifying creature in the world. It eats people!

GIRL: Hmm... he sounds interesting. I think I'd like to make his acquaintance. Thanks for the info.

NARRATOR: And the girl started down the path that led through the forest.

VILLAGER 1: OK, that is either the stupidest or the craziest young woman I have ever met.

VILLAGER 2: Or the bravest.

VILLAGER 1: Bravest! Foolhardy is more like it. That demon will crack her bones and drink her blood just like he's done with all the rest.

VILLAGER 2: Well, it's not my choice but maybe some people enjoy being demon snacks.

VILLAGER 1: True as true. Sure takes all kinds in this world.

(VILLAGERS exit.)

NARRATOR: Meanwhile, the girl picked her way along the overgrown path and, as she walked, the forest

grew darker and darker.

GIRL: Well, this is getting interesting. What are all these logs doing in the path?

(She trips over something and picks up a body part.)

Oh my god, that's not a log, is it? That's a body. A very dead body by the smell of it. P-U!

NARRATOR: Suddenly, a terrible sound echoed through the forest.

(A terrible sound echoes through the forest.)

GIRL: Oh, that must be the demon. *(calling)* Yoo hoo, Mr. Demon. Where are you?

(A terrible sound echoes through the forest – again.)

Oh, Demon, come out, come out, wherever you are! Olly, olly, infree!

(A terrible sound echoes through the forest – yet again.)

Hey, Mr. Demon, can't you say anything besides making that obnoxious noise?

NARRATOR: The demon suddenly appeared beside her.

(DEMON suddenly appears beside her.)

GIRL: Well, hello there.

DEMON: That is not an obnoxious noise. It is a Terrifying Bloodcurdling Demon Screech from the Pits of Darkest Hell.

GIRL: Well, it is irritating, but I wouldn't exactly call it terrifying.

DEMON: You are not afraid? Everyone who hears my Terrifying Bloodcurdling Demon Screech from the Pits of Darkest Hell is afraid!

GIRL: Afraid? Oh, should I be feeling fear now? *(thinks for a moment)* Nope, I don't seem to be feeling any fear at all. Darn!

DEMON: *(curious)* Well, if you're not feeling fear, what are you feeling?

GIRL: *(shrugs)* Nothing in particular. So tell me, why are there all these dead bodies lying around? The smell in here is pretty disgusting.

DEMON: They heard my Demon Screech and died from sheer fright. They're all over the forest. It's so messy...

GIRL: I thought you ate the people who came in the forest, cracked their bones and drank their blood, etcetera, etcetera.

DEMON: *(shuddering)* Eat them! Ick!! I'm a vegetarian. Say, would you like to join me for dinner? I've got some wonderful mushroom soup on the fire.

GIRL: No thanks, I'm not feeling exactly hungry at the moment and I've got to continue on my quest to find fear.

DEMON: Of course. You're just like all the others. Nobody wants to be my friend. Nobody cares how I feel. Nobody ever wants to know the real me. Do you know how lonely it is being stuck in this forest

scaring people to death? Do you have any idea what that's like? No, of course not. You're just like all the others. Nobody cares how I feel...

GIRL: (*interrupting before his litany*) Then why don't you stop?

DEMON: Stop what?

GIRL: Stop scaring people to death. Learn a new Screech. Clean up this place and invite people to come down the path again.

DEMON: But I'm a demon. I'm supposed to scare people. That's my identity. What would I be if I didn't scare people?

GIRL: It's a new millennium; you can be anything you want. Haven't you read "The Secret?" You could become a Friendly Demon. Attract all sorts of people. Try it out on Facebook first and see how many likes you get. But be careful; there's a lot of weirdos out there.

DEMON: A Friendly Demon, a Friendly Demon... I like it! But how do I start?

GIRL: Well... Try some affirmations. Look in the mirror every morning and say: I am a Good, Friendly Demon and I am going to attract only bliss and joy into my forest neighborhood. Ommmm...

DEMON: I am a Good, Friendly Demon and I am going to attract only bliss and joy into my forest neighborhood. Ommmm....

GIRL: Very good. Oh, and you better start practicing a new Screech.

DEMON: I will, I will! How can I ever thank you? Good luck on your quest!

GIRL: Nice meeting you, Mr. Demon. Tally ho!

(DEMON exits practicing the affirmation. Music up. Scene change.)

SIX more pages to the end:

GIRL: (*in a very small voice*) Tally ho.

NARRATOR: The End.

(Music up.)

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