



NATIONAL
PLAY
FESTIVAL
2008

Helly's Magic Cup

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EXTRACT



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Helly's Magic Cup

An Australian play for eight to eighty year olds

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CHARACTERS

HELLY D'ORO - 11 years old

LOO D'ORO - 8 years old

MARY D'ORO - 40s

JOE D'ORO - 40s

NICK SAUNDERS - mid to late 30s

GUINEVERE - 11 in cow years and 66 in human years

CHORUS - Are played variously by all of the above. Helly's dream chorus/
Loo's Insects/ Various voices of the land including drought, wind, bush animals
etc. Sections that read HELLY/ CHORUS are chanted together where bold print
is seen. LOO/ INSECTS are dialogue. It is important that the insects are
properly accented and speak in high chipmunk.

PROLOGUE

CHORUS:

Dry

Dry

Dry

Dry

Dry dead fly

Dry as a bone

Dry as a twig

Dry as a nappy before a wee wee!

A terrible pause

Dry

Dry

Dry

Dry

Dry old toothbrush

Dry as a feather

Dry as a bin

Dry as a dog poo in the sun!

A terrible pause

Dry

Dry

Dry

Dry

Dry rusty nail

Dry as a desert

Dry as a rock

Dry as a -

They all race to stop the next rude blunder

Dry as a dry sock!

Dry as an old apple core!

Dry as a baked crab shell!

Dry as a hot day when your teacher won't let you get a drink!

Dry like when your tongue sticks to an iceblock!

Dry as my split ends!

Dry as potato chips!

Yum!

Dry as Dry!

Dry as a dingo's arsehole!

A short terrible pause

Dry

Dry

Dry

Dry

Dry sad trees

Dry as the troughs

Dry as the earth

Dry as cow bones in the sun

Dry

Dry

Dry

Dry

Dry crazy sky

Dry as the creek

Dry as the crops

Dry as mum's washing in the wind

To Helly who is in sleep motif

Listen hard sweet child

Be not beguiled

There lies a cup

Great mystery

A question to ask

From a time not past

Great knight return

Let the world not burn

Before you it lies

See as one with your eyes

The chorus disperse

Dry

Dry

Dry

Dry

Dry. Dead. Land.

Beat One

HELLY/ CHORUS: (*Writing in the earth*) **Dry. Dead. Land.** (*looks intently at the sky*) We need help.

LOO: (*galloping in with a cloak and home-made sword and a set of feelers on his head*) Dust Devil! Dust Devil! It's coming! It's coming! Run for the hills!

HELLY: Did you eat your lunch?

LOO: It's coming with a hundred fire breathing dragons!

HELLY: Did you?

LOO: And a million bees that will sting us to death!

HELLY: Loo!

LOO: You should have seen it, Helly. It was no ordinary Dust Devil. It was shaped like a giant dragon! A Red Beast over Emma Fanto's place! It's probably already killed the Fantos and we're next! It's gonna squash the house and smash dad's car and squish our dead bodies in its mouth like strawberries!

HELLY (*suddenly rising royally*) No it won't...someone is coming who will save us all!

LOO: Great, I'll be him!

Helly runs up the tree house ladder, turns.

HELLY: Don't you dare come up here, Loo, only princesses are allowed up here!

LOO: And knights!

HELLY: You're not a knight!

LOO: It's not just your tree house, ya know!

HELLY: Yes it is, dad built it for me. You be the messenger.

LOO: Aaahh...all right... I'll be a messenger then... I can keep a look out!

HELLY: Thank you, my trusty servant.

LOO: I'm your messenger, not your *slave*.

HELLY: What do you see?

LOO: I told you! The Red Beast is coming, with an army of dragons. He's gonna destroy us all!

HELLY: This land is cursed and there's no help in sight!

LOO: We're gonna be totally roasted, Princess! His dragons hold you down and they blow fire into your mouth and it goes down into your guts and you get burnt worse than sausages on the barbeque!

HELLY: All our knights have left us -

LOO: I'll go out and find them!

HELLY: No! We cannot leave this place. We are cursed, doomed to remain here until -

LOO: I know!

HELLY: What?

LOO: Giant spiders, Princess! They suck out a dragon's blood in one second then spit out their bodies like pieces of used-up bubble gum!

HELLY: Giant spiders!

LOO: I've been keeping them as pets, my lady, and training them as our secret weapons!

HELLY: There are no giant spiders and no red beasts either!

LOO: Why not?

HELLY: Because.

LOO: Why do we always have to play your way?

HELLY: Because I'm the princess!

LOO: Because of that stupid dream diary!

HELLY: How dare you!

LOO: Oh save me, save me!

HELLY: I'll tear your eyes out, you little snoop!

MUM: (*off*) Helly! Helly?

HELLY: (*scrambling down*) Oh no, mum!

LOO: Did you bring in the washing?

HELLY: Oh no!

LOO: You're gonna get it!

MUM: Helly! For God's sake, you're always in that tree house!

HELLY: Sorry.

MUM: Did you hang out the washing? Where's dad? Never mind. Kids...when I was driving in...by the water tank...

HELLY: Guinevere!

MARY: I'm sorry, Helly, but she was a very old cow.

HELLY: Oh no, no...not Gwennie.

MARY: Helly, please don't -

HELLY: Not Gwennie, not Gwennie!

Joe wanders in. He is a big man with great sad eyes and a slight limp. He carries an old fishing rod.

HELLY AND LOO: Dad!

MUM: Joe! Why aren't you resting?

Joe looks down

HELLY: Where'd you get that, dad? Did you go down to the old shed?

LOO: Are you gonna start fishing again, dad?

HELLY: Dad...

Joe stares at Helly knowingly then touches her hair, stands and wanders off towards house

HELLY: Dad?

MARY: Joe?

LOO: It's okay, mum.

MARY: I'll ring Sam Fanto. Maybe he can come and bury her for us.

LOO: If he's still alive!

MARY: That's not funny, Loo. Go inside and finish your lunch.

He exits

MARY: Helly, the kitchen is a mess, animals not fed, and...you have to keep an eye on dad. I can't be here all the time.

Helly nods

MARY: Go get the washing then. I've brought back some of those biscuits you like from the Road House. Come on, before the sheets turn into planks!

She exits