



## **Ye Olde Tale of Hairbrushes and Perils**

**by 6<sup>th</sup> Graders Luc Bastien, Ray Eggerts,  
Owen Erdman, Tomas Felletti-Moore, and Jia-ming Gong**

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## Characters

ALL GENDERS CAN BE CHANGED AT A MOMENTS NOTICE, DEPENDING ON THE ACTORS' GENDERS. CHANGE PRONOUNS, AND CHANGE KING TO QUEEN. ZARRICK AND LOREK ARE MODELED AFTER TOXIC-LY MASCULINE MEN, AND SHOULD PROBABLY STAY MALE.

### Queen-

- Old (Wo)man
- Used to have the hairbrush
- 

### Nortman-

- Smart, a bit like a scientist
- Very practical but not exceptionally brave
- A sore loser
- Bad temper

### Easton-

- Flashy, likes to get attention
- Thinks he is the best
- Lives in lavish
- Travels on a boat and gets super bored

### Weston-

- Always muttering about how he was jealous of Easton and wanted to ride into the light
- Has to resolve differences with Easton at the end? What differences???
- Always grumpy

### Theobald-

- Must ride through dark forest
- Doesn't think much of himself
- Easy to surprise and scare
- Others out loud call him Theobald the bald

### Marragone the Desperate-

- Deformed from falling into a potion
- Geckos are her minions
- Evil wizard who stole the hairbrush

### Lorek & Zarrick-

- Mages



- Always fighting each other
- Surfer-dude accents
- Creepy and really annoying to Nortman, who they capture

LISA and JONATHAN

- Gecko guards



*Act one, Scene one: The Hall of the Pentagonal Table - King's castle, early morning*

QUEEN

I hath called thee here this forenoon because thou art my best knights. I knowest that one of thou shall be able to retrieve the hairbrush of eternal youth, one of mine own petty husbands hath lost it many a moon ago. To those fortunate enough to be the proprietor of the hairbrush, 'tis granteth eternal beauty and life but only for one use. I was intending to use it soon, on my dog that -- that died recently. Nortman, thou shalt ride ever forward guided by the light of the North Star. Easton, thou shalt follow the rising sun and its eternal glow, and your twin, Weston shall follow the setting sun and find comfort in its peaceful rest. Finally, Theobald the bald, follow the tip of the sword of warrior Orion in the south, forever preserved in the sky! Thou shalt set off immediately. Once you reach the edge of our flat Earth, please return.

NORTMAN, EASTON, and WESTON

Yes, my liege!

THEOBALD

*(at the same time as other knights)*

But my king, what if we loseth the light of the stars? Or if I do not retrieveth thy hairbrush of power? By what means will I gain the knowledge that my fellow collaborators hath fetched thy hairbrush faster than I- I mean to say, *if* a fellow knight fetches it faster than I? Wha-What if I do perish with my valiant comrades in this quest for justice?

QUEEN

Cease thy twitterings, Theobald the Bald. I remember when you were just a wee squire under the late Sir Vonsnottenberree the Snotilifous,

*(Makes cross on his chest)*

so young, yet so ambitious. Have you really forgotten his ideals? "Be bold, not bald", he would always say. Rest his poor soul. T'was a great man we lost that day he choked on a mini gecko soldier, a very sad day indeed.

THEOBALD

I *am* a man, my king, with abdominal muscles of steel and the courage of a lion!

*(says this weakly as he flexes nonexistent muscles and frowns)*

QUEEN

Now get thee gone! To the stables with the lot of you.



KNIGHTS:

Yes my liege!

*(Theobald sighs.)*



*Act one, Scene two: Ext. The Stables - King's castle, moments later*

NORTMAN

I suppose this is a farewell, my comrades.

EASTON

Yes, my good friend. Thee are good with thine maps. Please brief us on our journeys?

NORTMAN

Why yes, of course. For Weston, a journey of a few, large perils awaits. Thee must go through the catacombs of the gecko army, and fight their many underlings.

THEOBALD

*(Crosses Fingers)*

Nothing bad, Nothing bad!

WESTON

And thee?

NORTMAN

I shall wander through the lands of Zarrick and Lorek, two warring mages. I must be stealthy and covert, and keep my head cool. Thou knowest of my... temper.

EASTON

How about me?

NORTMAN

Yes, you shall have an easy journey. Just take a quick hop in a boat, cross the lazy sea, and chillax, my brethren, perhaps take a nap on an island.

EASTON

Why, this must be a jest! I am the most courageous of us all. You are all lucky to bask in my majesty every morn! Thou knows I cannot have this task fit for

*(Spits)*

peasants!





*Act one, Scene three: Ext. The Dark Forest, a day later*

THEOBALD

Hmm... If I do travel between thy trees and keep forward... or shall swiftly move on thy cover of thy trees and cling to thine underside of mine steed... oh, woe, thine newfangled *logic* be ever so befuddling. Ah! I remember! I shall journey on the exterior of this here forest and stay to the right, and after many moons I shall arrive at the other side. Ha! Not so *bald* now am I, Vonsnottenberree! I am bold!

*(hears roar from the dark forest)*

I... am...

*(gulps)*

Bold...?

*(Screech comes from the forest, Theobald purses lips)*

Do I really want to stay so close to the forest? So close to all of those night hags and spooey treants?

*(sigh)*

I guess that's the best I can do...

*(starts to walk around the forest)*

But wait!

*(Stops walking)*

If I dig under it I shall reach the other side of our clearly flat earth, which is even better than a hairbrush, t'will be a new land to conquer! But what can I use to dig...

*(looks around)*

Aha! I can use my sword!

*(tries to hack at the solid dirt beneath him, stares at the earth and ponders his failed attempt)*

Well that didn't work.

*(brings hand to ear after waiting a while)*

Hmm, I can't hear anything. Everything in the forest has left! Ha, How smart I am for waiting. Fear me!

*(Strides proudly into the forest)*

Oh my. It is *SO* much more nerve-racking inside the forest than outside. Ohh dear. Oh my.

Theobald. You. Are Strong. You can **DO THIS**.

*(stands up straight and mimics the queen)*

Cease thy twitterings. Be bold, not bald. I am here to find a hairbrush. Oh my! 'Tis bright red color I see over there! I wonder what the King shall think of me now!

*(Disappointment)*



Aow poo. 'Tis merely a flower. Wait. What color is the hairbrush? How shall I ever find a hairbrush is this jungle of a forest if I don't know what color the hairbrush is? Waaaah... I shan't ever find it... Plus there is probably only like 2% chance that the hairbrush is in my path. Nortman would know thy true actual correct probability. How may I even find it? In this forest? Ugh... I shall never do this... Oh posh. Humph! Even if I cannot find it, which I will not, I still must to try to do the not happening. What, you ask, shall I do? I will keep walking straight forward and cease mine twitterings right now to stop wasting time. BE BOLD!

*(Charges through brambles, trips, gets up, brushes self off, looks around trying to see if he's being watched)*

be bold...

*(Rigid and scared, walks forward slowly, jumping at all small noises)*



*Act one, Scene four Ext. Entrance - Clearing, same time*

NORTMAN

*(walking over scarred, cratered territory)*

Ah! I have found the land of Zarrick and Lorek, the two warring mages! I can even see a drawbridge in the distance. Ha! I can't wait to see Easton's seasick face when he returns to the kingdom empty-handed while I am strolling back to the kingdom, hairbrush in hand.

*(Zarrick sneaking up behind in a weird tiptoe dance)*

ZARRICK

*(puts a bag over Nortman's head)*

HA! You're my prisoner now, bro. C'mon dude! Imma show you my lit bachelor pad. If you're confused, that's absolutely chill. Bachelor pad is what I call the groovy fort I built!

*(marches Nortman offstage and then onstage to a cage)*

ZARRICK

Here's your little place I made for ya, dude. Not much, but then I suppose you're my prisoner, right, bro? Hey man, by the way, I'm gonna take a selfie with you. I'm pretty sure photo release forms don't exist in the Middle Ages. Do they? Are you cool with that? What am I saying, you're my prisoner so I can do it whether or not you like it, bro. Just hold still, dude...

*(carving picture on a stone tablet)*

**5 hours later...**

There we go! That was lit, am I right, bro? Are you good, bro? I'm kinda getting an uncool vibe...

NORTMAN

*(Glares at Zarrick like he's about to explode, takes seven deep breaths)*

Control thy temper... control thy temper...calm thyself...

*(sighs/exhales)*

I could give thee all the riches in my kingdom, if only thee would set me free. Tis lonely here in this cell, mage. I am so lonely I question what my life is worth. To be, or not to be- that is the question. Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune or to take arms against a sea of troubles, and by opposing end them. To die-

*(ZARRICK interrupts)*



ZARRICK

Ya know, man, that's some sick poetry, but I really get bored listening to poetry, y'know, so, like, I'd prefer it way more if you would, like, not do your whole monologue thang, I like doing the talking most of the time, and I'm the only one allowed to give monologues, man. Stealing my monologue time really wasn't cool, yo.

*(Nortman visibly getting madder)*

About that offer you made me, for all the whatchamacallits in your kingdom, I don't think so, dude, I kinda like having human skulls hanging on the wall, and gold wouldn't do me much good against that no-good Lorek. It doesn't match with my fashion, bro. So you know what, nah, I think I'll just leave you in your cage to rot. Actually, I like watching people die. It's kinda fun, watching their life drain away, and they get sadder and sadder and it's just so hilarious, man. Speaking of watching people die in a cage, y'know, there was this one time where a king, a rat, and a mage walked into a palace, and I kinda forget the joke, but it was pretty funny, and yeah...

*(The roof blows apart as Nortman thrusts his sword with some gnarly cool martial arts skills and Zarrick faints)*

NORTMAN

Finally, I have been freed from this horrible place! Thy God hath blown apart this cell where I have languished, depressed. It seems a blast of divine power has saved me! I shall forever be thankful. For now, after five hours, thirty-five minutes, and seven seconds of torture, I am free!

*(Lorek does the same dance as Zarrick up to Nortman and puts a bag over his head)*

LOREK

What's up, yo?

*(Nortman explodes with anger and throws the bag off his head and keeps pushing Lorek away in a rage fit, as shown below)*

NORTMAN

I...

*(push)*

Shall...

*(push)*

Find

*(push)*

Thy hairbrush!

*(push)*



NORTMAN (*Con.*)

AND NO COMMON MAGE WILL STOP ME!!

*(pushes Lorek into ground)*

LOREK

Whoa, dude, that's not cool. All I was going to do was lock you in a cell and watch you slowly die, man... Now I can't even s--

*(Nortman bops him on the head, humphs and rides away from the brother's lair)*



*Act one, scene five - Lush forest, same time*

WESTON

*(in a beautiful forest, with flowers and cute animals)*

UGGHH. My journey is so lame compared to Easton's... Why did thou king not just let me go into the sun? Why do *I* have to *follow* THE SUN'S *BUTTOCKS* WHILE EASTON FOLLOWS ITS GLORIOUS FACIALS?!

*(Drags his hands down his cheeks as he facepalms. Pauses and opens his eyes, jumps)*

Woah! What? What might *this* be? What an interestingly misplaced elaborate stone artistry?

Wow. Woow. That's coOL!

*(Voice cracks on "cool")*

*(looks at stone statue in a clearing and walks over towards it)*

Who put this here, the Inca? Did we find them yet? Maybe? What year is it? Where is Pizarro? Anyway... My, my... This masterpiece... 'Tis so thoroughly detailed.

*(lightly brushes it with his hand and the mouth of the statue opens)*

*(Weston jumps back and stares at the statue)*

I can't believe it. 'Tis a secret passageway! Why, I cannot see anything in here at all! 'Tis darker than my grumpy sould! Now that's saying something. It could lead to a hidden treasure or something. Or the hairbrush of eternal youth. Well, I will never find out if I only stand here marveling at this interestingly misplaced elaborate stone artistry. In I go!

*(Tries to squeeze in but he can't fit his shoulders through and frowns)*

Oh. It seems to be as if my shoulders cannot fit through. I will have to turn them vertically. That is not very easy to do. This is a challenge. I really do need that hairbrush right now... WHY MUST THIS BE SO DIFFICULT! THIS TRULY IS THE TASK OF A BUTT! Well I should feel quite silly doing this... Quite the embarrassment, I should say... Look away!

*(shoo's away the nearby forest creatures)*

Oh dear. Here I go

*(Here, Weston struggles to position himself so that his shoulders can fit through the mouth of the statue for the next five seconds. The shoulders slide through and the inside of the statue is simply a hole with a slide that leads to who knows where)*

What on flat earth is this catastrophic abominable atrocity?! Where shall I rest my o so tired legs? Oh forget this. I will just look somewhere else.

*(struggles)*

What is this?! I seem to be stuck! I cannot get out. Well let me think this over. If I jump, I will be leaping aimlessly into the unknown abyss of space I found in the mouth a creepy stone statue misplaced in the middle of an uninhabited forest. Gee, what you *possibly* go wrong? I am not jumping. Never. Oh gosh darn.



*(Weston jumps)*

AAAAAAAAAHHH! You know what. This is a pretty comfy ride. What a well designed slide. Well, this is going to take a while.

*(continues to gain speed for five minutes until he reaches the point where he stops increasing speed)*

When will this ever end?! What a boring ride, at least give me some variability in design!

A, B, C, D, E, F, Thee... That's not how it goes...

I wonder how long it took to build this

AAAAAAAooooEEoeoeooooOOOOoeoeUUUHhoooooAAAAEEEEiiiiioo

This is more boring than Easton's journey. Probably.

So, if  $x$  equals 4 then the slope would be... so that means that the MAD is 4.5... so then the area would be... and so the variability would be... so then the  $y$  intercept is -2, so...

AH!

♪ And at last I see the light! ♪ Is that... a gecko? What is thou doing here?

*(End of the slide nears and he jumps out and rolls five times on the ground before he stops himself from moving.)*

Where am I? Ugh. Where is thou behind side, Mr. Sun? Am I underground? Well, of course what was I thinking the slide was going downhill the whole time. Are those geckos? I can't let them see me!

*(Rolls unnecessarily on the ground and gets stuck for a while before hiding behind the wall)*

LISA

What was that?

JONATHAN

Was that Waldo?

LISA

No... I think he's dead. By the way, did you hear what happened to Bob?

JONATHAN

NO! But I did hear that his tail grew back weird or something?

LISA

No... that was Waldo. Bob lost his turtle!!



JONATHAN

What? You mean his dog?

LISA

No it's a turtle.

JONATHAN

(frowns)

I think there's something wrong with his turtle. Wait, did you hear about what happened to Cayla?

LISA

No! What happened?

JONATHAN

She p-- Who's that guy?

JONATHAN

Aren't we supposed to be guards right now?

LISA

Yeah. ATTA--

*(Both get bonked in the head by Weston)*

WESTON

The subsequent generation going to devastate this planet.

*(keeps walking forward through the hallway. After five minutes...)*

BOB (the gecko)

Who are you?! What are you doing here? You aren't supposed to be here are you?

*(Bob and Weston have an epic fight battle scene and none of them win. They are too equal in level)*

Wow, you're really good aren't you? This will never end. How about rock paper scissors? Best out of five.

*(Weston wins)*

Aw darn. Go ahead.



WESTON

Have a good day! Oh, and I hope your turtle gets better.  
(Weston walks away)



*Act one, scene six - Somewhere in the ocean*

EASTON

That Nortman... ugh. He doesn't know anything about me or this journey. I shall be so bored. I will prove that by having none of thou newest

*(Pronounces "technology" really badly. Air quote)*

Technology. I shall have zero fun. He shall see that... OOOO A FISHIE. I mean- Oh, stupid fish. You suck. I should eat you

*(Begins to make voice higher, like he thinks they are cute.)*

and your smiley little eyes. NO- Go away fish

*(Boat turns and Easton sees a candy island)*

Ohh. I am so hungry... and I am so very bored. Maybe I can just take a quick stop on that island? NO. I vowed to have absolutely no fun. I am bored. I am bored. This journey is terrible. I will show Nortman...

*(Boat goes around the candy island and Easton sees ten more candy islands and thousands of gold pieces)*

Arrrgh! No! If i go there I shall be happy! I AM BORED! I AM BORED! I... AM... BORED!

*(Slams fist on side of boat and boat capsizes)*

Aha! YES! Now I shall have no fun! I shall have to swim through thy cold water and be shivering and tired when I arrive and I will show that arrogant Nortman!

*(Starts swimming)*

Actually, this is great fun! The water is quite warm, but not too warm! It is the perfect temperature! I can even see the little fishies in the water. Hi, fishies! Ah! It seems that there is another candy island ahead. Perhaps that is a piece of sugar cane that can be harvested and re-planted to bring riches to my kingdom!

SUGAR CANE (NORTMAN)

You know, I can see you. You're near the shore. I knew you'd have now.

EASTON

You and your sugarcane camouflage. You suck man.



*Act one, scene seven - outside Marragone's castle*

KNIGHTS

*(muttering)*

I must arrive at thy hairbrush in time... I must retrieve thy hairbrush... I must have thy glory and fame for my kingdom...

*(all bump into each other and stare for a while)*

NORTMAN

*(Move hands, trying to find the logistics of it, makes a circle with hands)*

Huh... I guess the earth is round.

INTERMISSION



*Act two, scene one - Inside Marragone's castle*

THEOBALD

Oh god, we're here! Keep calm, keep calm...

*(skittering noise from afar)*

EEK!

NORTMAN

Marragone! We have come for the hairbrush of eternal youth! We demand you return it now or we shall have to take it by force!

THEOBALD

Please, Marragone. We are peaceful fellows who want to have good hair. We don't need to take it by force... Please

*(whimpering, more scared)*

MARRAGONE

You don't understand who you're messing with! I am Merragone the Desperate! I can explain!

NORTMAN

Oh yeah! You can explain it.. to the jury. Which is really just the king. Democracies not a thing yet, so he has unlimited power. No biggie though. I *certainly* don't want a say in how my life is run.

WESTON

Marragone, Marragone, wherefore hast thou taken thy hairbrush in ill will?

MARRAGONE

I... I fell into a potion when I was small. I have been deformed for my whole life. I haven't made any friends because of my face. Nobody understands me.

*(sniff sniff)*

*(knights start crying and looking down, not paying attention)*

Aha! You have fallen into my trap!

*(MARRAGONE points gnarled, twisted wood wand at Theobald, as gecko soldiers begin to walk around the corners. A spell flies, and misses Theobald, just barely. The soldiers disarm the knights, marching all towards a corner, except Theobald, who is pressed*



*against a wall, Marragone begins pulling pieces of debris from the wall, preparing to  
through them with magic as a boulder at the three knights)*

THEOBALD

Whatever shall we do! If I do not act soon my comrades must die, and our many chivalrous  
deeds shall be forgotten. I know what I must do.  
(The boulder flies, but Theobald jumps in front of it, taking a clearly fatal blow. The geckos stop  
in their tracks, and the next moment occurs as the

NORTMAN

We will succeed, all thanks to thy sacrifice! Together, we will still be able to corner and destroy  
that tyrannical Marragone, and all thanks to brave Theobald. Theobald, from this day forth you  
shall be known not as Theobald the bald, but Theobald the BOLD.  
*(says through sobs)*

THEOBALD

Thank you. I like it.  
*(says quietly and to their surprise seems to die)*

NORTMAN

How dare thee kill my comrade, thou swine!!! AAAAAATTTAAAAAACK  
*(Punches fly as geckos advance! Easton pulls a torch off the wall and waves it at the  
ranks of the geckos, setting some on fire. They begin to back away, scared.  
(Weston dual wields axes cutting the already small geckos smaller as Nortman charges  
towards Merragone, clanging his sword against his shield)*  
For Theobald the BOLD!!  
*(Nortman corners Marragone, and holds a sword to her throat. She stands and begins to  
run.)*

MARRAGONE

*(getting up, brushing self off)*  
You haven't seen the last of me!  
*(runs away, trips over robes)*  
I will get you someday!  
*(trips over robes again)*  
You will be sorry!  
*(Turning around, shaking fist at knights)*  
*(Runs into Zarrick)*



ZARRICK

You're my prisoner now.

*(puts a bag over Maragone's head.)*

LOREC

*(puts a bag over Zarrick's head)*

Both of you are my prisoners now.

*(drags them away)*

NORTMAN

Well then, that's the end of that.

EASTON

This small hairbrush. 'tis not worth the life of brave Theobald. My king hath all the riches in the kingdom; he doth not need thy hairbrush of eternal youth for himself. He is not truly chivalrous; Theobald the Bold is more so. Therefore, I make a movement to use thy hairbrush for its true cause - reviving poor Theobald from thy Underworld. All in favor, speaketh thy decision.

NORTMAN, WESTON

I agree.

*(Easton slowly walks over to Theobald and calmly places the hairbrush in his hands.)*

THEOBALD

*(looks around in surprise)*

What'd I miss?

NORTMAN

The hairbrush has given you eternal life, my friend. You are back, and all is okay.

KNIGHTS

Hurrah!!!!

*(All Hug Theobald, who's beaming with pride, experiencing the one thing he's always truly wanted. Friends, at last. BLACKOUT)*

THE END