THE FAIRY QUEEN'S CAMPAIGN

A 10-minute comedy

By Jenna Jane

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Summary

After hundreds of years on her throne, Fairy Queen Gwennyth's subjects have become disenchanted with her monarchy. The creatures who inhabit her thicket are demanding a democracy. For the first time, she must run for election to stay in power. But Gwennyth takes issue with the suggested changes to her image that her most trusted advisor, Maeve, has come up with. Will Maeve help Gwennyth figure out how to appeal to voters without changing who she really is? This two-woman 10-minute comedy is ideal for a stage, virtual, or audio production.

Cast of characters

A note from the playwright on gender references, below: These are only suggestions. Gender is just a performative social construct, anyway. Do whatever feels right to you.

GWENNYTH: Female, can look anywhere from 30s-60s, but is really hundreds of years old. The fairy queen. Confident, decisive, authentic. What you see is what you get. Low tolerance for bullshit. Old money. Trying to be diplomatic for the first time in her life.

MAEVE: Female, 20s-60s. Queen Gwennyth's most trusted advisor. A fairy. Has all the diplomacy Gwennyth lacks. Knows when to be deferential and when to be direct. Loyal to a fault. An idealist.

Setting

GWENNYTH's palace garden.

(Lights up.)

GWENNYTH

Listen, Maeve, we need to talk about this campaign strategy you came up with.

MAEVE

An excellent idea, my queen. Tell me your thoughts.

GWENNYTH

You've been my most trusted advisor since the Dwarf Uprising, so you know I have confidence in your judgment. But I have to say, I'm not thrilled with your suggestions.

MAEVE

I figured you might have some… questions.

GWENNYTH

I understand that my subjects are becoming disenchanted with the Fairy Monarchy that's kept this thicket running quite smoothly for thousands of years. They want to replace my family's dynasty with a democracy, and that's fine. If people really think a hippogriff or an ogre can govern this forest better than the Fairy Queen who's been doing it for 312 years, I'm fully open to holding a free and fair election.

MAEVE

So, what's the problem?

GWENNYTH

If I'm going to run for reelection – granted, it's not really a reelection since I was never elected, but I am the incumbent – if I'm going to campaign to retain my throne, I don't want to change who I am. And it feels like that's what your campaign strategy is pushing me to do.

MAEVE

I’m just trying to make you more…

(Searching for the right words.)

… politically palatable to voters.

GWENNYTH

Let’s just run through your three suggestions, shall we? Number one: You think I should have just one husband. One husband, Maeve?! I only have two. It’s not exactly a harem. If anything, I’d say I’m being rather moderate.

MAEVE

I’m not sure if “moderate” is necessarily the word I would --

GWENNYTH

Kevyn and Devyn are twins, Maeve. It would be heartless to break up the set. Frankly, this seems like nymph shaming –

MAEVE

Nymph shaming?!

GWENNYTH

… Something I don’t stand for under my reign – um, administration. Whatever. Just ask the lagoon nymphs. Or the wood nymphs for that matter, no one’s asking them to reign it in and settle for monogamy.

MAEVE

But the wood nymphs aren’t running for the executive branch. They don’t have to be… relatable.

GWENNYTH

Relatable to whom? The dragons? It may be their custom to mate for life, but that’s certainly not the fae’s tradition.

MAEVE

Well, maybe think of it more as a fashion than a tradition. Fashions change.

GWENNYTH

Now, let’s talk about your second campaign suggestion: Smile more.

MAEVE

(Beaming.)

Smile more!

GWENNYTH

Smile more?!

MAEVE

What is the harm in a sunny disposition, your highness?

GWENNYTH

Well, there doesn’t seem to be a whole lot to smile about, Maeve. We’re on the brink of a trade war with the merfolk. Hoof and mouth disease is running rampant amongst the centaurs -- and nearly half the population is refusing the vaccine.

MAEVE

You know centaurs are notoriously anti-science.

GWENNYTH

And our tax base has dwindled substantially since the leprechauns seceded and started their own underground kingdom.

MAEVE

Hard to tax property that doesn’t actually take up any land.

GWENNYTH

And yet, your third campaign suggestion acknowledges none of those pressing issues. Instead, your brilliant idea is to stop wearing fashions that expose my left breast. Exposing one breast has been high style amongst the fae for decades. And I don’t even indulge in that couture daily! Look! Behold! The royal tit is covered today.

MAEVE

Covering up EVERY day will make you seem more conservative.

GWENNYTH

What do you expect me to wear instead, a cowl like the goblins? Why don’t I get ear extensions while I’m at it, to appeal to the elvish? It’s inauthentic, is what it is. And my left breast is exquisite. Who benefits from covering it up? Who?

MAEVE

A more conservative look is going to help you appeal to broader demographics. We’re going to need to attract voting blocks from the harpies to the unipigs if you’re going to maintain your throne.

GWENNYTH

The uni-what?

MAEVE

The… the unipigs?

GWENTYH

What the hell is a unipig?

MAEVE

They’re a crossbreed between unicorns and pigs, your highness. They’ve been around for decades.

GWENNYTH

The unicorns and pigs got together?! Sexually?! How does that even work? Logistically, how?

MAEVE

See? This is why you need to get out in the community more. You’re out of touch. There’s a whole species you don’t know about. How are you going to get the unipigs’ vote if you don’t know they exist?

GWENNYTH

What do unipigs even look like?

MAEVE

Um, well, they have short, bristly hair and little horsey hooves. They’ve got these velvety, grey cones on their foreheads. And they have sort of fluffy manes and corkscrew tails covered in shaggy hair.

GWENNYTH

I shouldn’t have asked.

MAEVE

Look, your majesty, you have to make changes. They don’t have to be these changes. You don’t have to grin at strangers or divorce Devyn. Or Kevyn. But, clearly, something is causing unrest in

the queendom or your subjects wouldn't be calling for an election to potentially replace you.

GWENNYTH

(A sigh.)

I suppose you're right. Have a squire send the unipigs a formal invitation to the palace.

MAEVE

A most excellent gesture, your highness. But if I may make a suggestion--

GWENNYTH

Oh, what now?

MAEVE

Perhaps it would be wise to leave your palace and visit them in their meadow. Meet them where they're at.

GWENNYTH

Alright, alright. I'll go. But if they have a problem with my left breast, our little field trip is off.

MAEVE

Understood, your highness.

GWENNYTH

Reach out directly to the leader of their… herd? Flock? I don't know. Whatever a group of unipigs is called. Make the arrangements.

MAEVE

That might be a problem, my queen.

GWENNYTH

And why is that?

MAEVE

Well, there's one more thing you ought to know about the unipigs, your excellency.

GWENNYTH

I'm listening.

MAEVE

They're communists.

GWENNYTH

(A pause.)

Excuse me?

MAEVE

They're communists.

GWENNYTH

The unipigs are communists.

MAEVE

Yes, your highness.

GWENNYTH

Well, what the hell am I supposed to do with that, Maeve?

MAEVE

I don’t… I’m not –

GWENNYTH

How am I supposed to convince a herd of communist unipigs to not only vote for someone to lead them, but for ROYALTY? For a MONARCH?

MAEVE

I’ll admit, it’s a quandary, but maybe you can show them that you’re willing to work with them. Listen to their ideas of egalitarianism. Perhaps offer to convene a senate or a hut of representatives to collectively make decisions.

GWENNYTH

That’s no way to run a government. Nothing will ever get done. All they’ll do is argue with each other. When there are important decisions to be made with no time to waste, you need a queen with unilateral authority. Not a hut full of communipigs squealing at each other.

MAEVE

You know that. I know that. But clearly, your subjects want a change. And if you don’t start listening to them, both of our careers are over.

GWENNYTH

This isn’t a career for me, Maeve, it’s my whole life! And if all I do is try to appeal to the masses, how will anyone know what I truly stand for? I don’t want to be a watered-down version of myself, Maeve. Is that what you want for me?

MAEVE

Of course not. I just want to make sure you to hold onto your throne. We're all screwed without you. How could the elves possibly handle a drone strike like you did 73 years ago? They don't even have wings. How could the dryads thwart a cyber-attack on our treasury like you did last summer? They still use fax machines!

GWENNYTH

You see? These are the strengths that we need to focus on in my campaign, not surface-level pandering.

MAEVE

You're the best creature for this job. But you also have to be likable. And if you have to act a little more, I don't know, moderate for a few months, isn't it worth it? If it means staying in power?

GWENNYTH

(A pause, then a sigh.)

Even if it means I'm not being true to myself?

MAEVE

It's only temporary. Only until the election is over. Then you can do whatever you want! That's how elections work!

GWENNYTH

(A pause.)

Alright. I'll meet with these unipigs at once. Who knows? Perhaps a communist unipig Senate wouldn't be so bad.

MAEVE

And, if I may, your highness… perhaps it wouldn't hurt to smile during your visit.

GWENNYTH

Smiling is for people who live in a fantasy world, Maeve. Not for the Fairy Queen.

(Blackout. End of play.)