# Blessed are the Fleecemakers

**By Lee Hotovy**

**Synopsis:**

*Set in a 1960’s beauty shop that specializes in “Sheople” hairstyles, several beauticians find themselves caught up in the war between the Wool makers and the Polyester makers; a war that challenges traditional ideas against modern ideas. Set on winning the war, Edna Gold (the famous designer)enters the scene looking for a hairdresser that can “do something” with the Golden fleece…a fleece so incredible it will convince the entire world that wool is here to stay with the right attitude. The beauticians cut their way through many challenges, relying on the beatitudes to save the day. Set to 6o’s music, this play is sure to entertain and teach a valuable lesson.*

Cast:

**Stylists: Becky, Jane, Mary Lou , Rose, Nadine, Jo-Jo**

**Edna Gold-wool fashion designer**

**Bonnie Fashin-polyester fashion designer**

**Polyesters: Rayonna, Cynthetica**

**Sheople (sheep)- Shirl, Sha Sha, Shelly, Sharlene**

*Setting: 1960’s/ Small beauty/Fleecemaking salon(Beatidooz/)set up with chairs and stalls similar to hairstyling salon. Stalls are set up with sheepshearing equipment, and a dryer/spin cycle. Bright and colorful signs (beauty shop photos), loaded with puns, hang from above.*

*PRELUDE: Sheep enter with spinning Newspapers….read headlines in shocked voices/newspaper printing sound in background/blacklighting*

MUSIC CUE\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_LIGHT CUE\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

SHIRL: Synthetics added to fabrics…wear like iron!

SHA SHA: No more ironing! No more wrinkles! Polyester is here to stay!

SHARLENE: Sheep stocks plummet…Wool makers panic!

SHELLY: War Declared! Wool makers take on the Polyesters!

MUSIC CUE\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_LIGHT CUE\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Blackout

*Scene 1*

*Music:Stylists and sheep enter salon with music and dance.*

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*Shirl and Sha Sha sheep sit in chair as Becky, Rose, Mary Lou,Jo-Jo and Nadine work on them.*

BECKY: Shirl Sheep! My, it has been awhile! I could shear two inches off your head and it wouldn’t leave a dent!

SHIRL: How *is* every little thing?

BECKY: Fine…you know …the usual shearing and shaving. What about you?

SHIRL: Busy, busy…I’ve been growing my wool out!

BECKY: I can see that…but what for?

SHIRL: To sell! The price of fleece has skyrocketed due to the war! Don’t tell me you haven’t been watching the news? Really Darling you need to get out from under the hair dryer once in a while!

BECKY: Okay but what’s the big deal?

SHA SHA: Wool makers are afraid their fabrics will be replaced by the polyesters, and then all of us will be out of work!

NADINE: What is polyester?

SHA SHA: Synthetic fiber darling, made from chemicals and woven into cloth. It is so distasteful!

NADINE: It sounds like people are wearing plastic?

SHA SHA: They are.

JOJO: That is so not cool. What about taking care of nature and living in harmony with the earth? What about the little cotton plant and the sweet meadow full of dancing sheep?

SHA SHA: My point exactly darling!

JO JO: Right on! Flower power!

BECKY: Well I kind of like the modern stuff…it is so easy to take care of for a busy working girl like me.

SHIRL: Well that may be, but I don’t think the designers will ever go for it.

MARY LOU: Oh I disagree…I was just reading about Bonnie Fashin’s new line of

Pant suits…one hundred percent polyester!

SHA SHA: Ugghhh…how could she! I will never sell her any of my fleece, even if she begged me.

*Bonnie Fashin disguised as Edna Gold suddenly enters shop.*

**MUSIC CUE\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_LIGHT CUE\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

BONNIE: Did someone say beg? Don’t make me do it darling?

NADINE: Who’s that?

MARY LOU clenched teeth: Edna Gold…the designer.

NADINE: Speak up Mary Lou…for heaven’s sake didn’t your mother tell you to speak clearly?

BONNIE (sarcastically): You have spirit for one dressed so poorly darling! Are those …sneakers?

NADINE: Yyyesss…they’re comfortable?

BONNIE: Fashion first darling, comfort second or better yet, no comfort at all! Comfort is for the weak. Snap yourself out of it and do not be weak.

ROSE: Excuse me, but what can we do for you today? Nails, eyebrows, hooves?

BONNIE: No hooves darling, don’t disgust me. No, I am here for my fleece…is it ready.

ROSE: We already shipped you your order, remember? It should have reached you by the first of the month, Miss Gold.

BONNIE: It is not enough…I need, need…darling.

ROSE: You want more…Well, I’m not sure we can do that to our other buyers on the list.

 BONNIE: Other buyers…ha…what difference does it make who buys your fleece…if I offer you *ten thousand dollars* for your entire supply of fleece you can put my name, Edna Gold, and only my name on your list…would that not be a fair trade?

ROSE: Te, te, ten…thou…thou…thou…sss…sss

JO-JO: No way Jose’…we can’t be bribed. Our list is like..is like…

NADINE: Family!

JO-JO: No…lost! Where do we keep that thing anyway?

ROSE: Ten thousand dollars? For fleece?

BONNIE: Yes darling, down to the last little puff of fluff on your floor…now don’t make me beg…I must have chop, chop….or shear, shear…whatever it is you do!

JANE: Rose...what are you thinking?

ROSE: That we all deserve a really nice raise!

JANE: Wait…what do you want the fleece for anyway?

BONNIE: Clothing of course, darling. Wool suits, wool hats, little wool mittens for sweet little children…nice traditional things, of course, darling.

NADINE: Oh, that is so nice…where’s the broom, I’ll help gather some up?

JANE: I don’t know Rose…something just isn’t right here.

MARY LOU: Oh hush Jane…think of how we could fix up the shop! Say yes Rose, say yes.

JANE: But…

ROSE: We are fleecemakers, Jane…we shear and sell what we shear…business as usual. You have yourself a deal Miss Gold.

BONNIE: You are so wise…and I didn’t even have to beg…here’s my check. Now, snip, snip…I will send a truck. Ciao!

*Bonnie exits.*

ROSE: Okay girls, get snipping…we need to fill a truck!

*Girls quickly pull sheople into chairs and start snipping/fleece disappears offstage as if filling a truck.*

*(music/dance)*

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*Edna Gold enters as music ends*

BECKY: Edna Gold! You’re back so soon…we just finished loading the truck!

EDNA: What are you talking about darling?

ROSE: Fleece, I think?

EDNA: Yes, yes Darling…Fleece! Listen I am in desperate need! Chop chop…I need…need, Darling…and I must have it….I won’t take no for an answer…so how fast can you have?

Sheep grab their heads (chop chop pun)

SHIRL: You want more?

EDNA: Please, I don’t have time for arguing… surely you have heard about the war!

ROSE (nervous): Of course we’ve heard of the war, but…uh…why the panic?

EDNA: Rule number one…Edna Gold never panics…I am always in control! (stomps foot)

ROSE: Right Miss Gold…forgive me…I forgot. So …you want more fleece…no problem…we can have it ready…

MARY LOU:… in a week *(looks at sheep who shake heads no)* or so…

ROSE: Yeah…yeah…in a week, maybe…two…err…make that six!

EDNA: Darling…you are so cute…but you waste my time…I cannot wait.

NADINE: But didn’t we just sell all of the fleece… to you? So how can we get anymore?

ROSE: (gulp) Nadine….

NADINE: What? It’s a simple question?

EDNA: What is going on…are you refusing to sell me fleece?

MARY LOU: No, no…just not for six *(sheople motion upwards)*…err…eight weeks!

EDNA: Rule number three, do not make Edna wait, and rule number four, do not confuse Edna…it may make her very *cranky*…

ROSE: Uh…we’re a little confused ourselves...here look at this check. We just sold you all of the fleece in our shop for ten thousand dollars …

EDNA: Let me see that…ah ha…this is not my handwriting nor is it my bank!

JANE: May I see it…NBF, National bank of Forgery! Well if you didn’t write this, who did?

JOJO: She looked just like you.

EDNA: Hmmm….it could only be my arch rival in design, Bonnie Fashin!

ALL: Bonnie Fashin!

MARY LOU: She tricked us?

JANE: I knew something was funny…but why would she want all the fleece, she uses polyester?

EDNA: Because she is trying to make it impossible for me to compete in the world of design…if I do not have the wool to work with, she wins! Ha…but little does she know that I have a better plan for this war...ladies, I need fleece, but not just any fleece…I need the GOLDEN FLEECE!

***Part of scene 3***

EDNA: But this is not what I ordered, darling…this is the plain white fluffy kind. Surely you remember I ordered the golden fleece.

ROSE: Uh huh…

JANE: Oh for crying out loud, Rose! I’ll tell her…look Edna…there is no such thing. We can’t get it for you, because it doesn’t exist. So accept the fact that you need to work with regular fleece, or none at all!

EDNA gasps: You dare to speak to Edna Gold like this?

JANE: Well somebody has to!

MARY LOU: There goes our raise.

BECKY: There goes our jobs.

SHIRL and SHA SHA: There goes our fleece!

SHELLY: I don’t mean to alarm any of you, *but someone is coming…*

*Girls hide in bags again/Bonnie and polyesters enter*

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BONNIE: Okay girls…stay alert…Edna Gold and her spies could pop in anytime.

*Knocks on door*

BONNIE: Ready to talk?

SHELLY: Bah Ram Ewe!

BONNIE: What’s that supposed to mean?

SHELLY: To your sheep, your fleece be true, Bah Ram Ewe.

*Nadine sneezes*

RAYONNA: I get the sheep part, but what’s with the sneeze?

*Nadine sneezes*

CYNTHETICA: I think it was one of the bags.

RAYONNA: Bags can’t sneeze…let me see…

*Rayonna pulls Nadine out.*

NADINE meekly: Bah Ram Ewe?

RAYONNA: Ha! A spy…working for Edna Gold no doubt. Who are you?

NADINE: Ummmm…The fleecemakers daughter!

CYNTHETICA: What does that mean?

NADINE: Well…it means I can turn fleece into…gold!

CYNTHETICA: How?

NADINE: With this bean!

*Nadine produces bean from a locket around her neck*

BONNIE: A bean! You’re wasting my time!

*Bonnie takes bean and throws it through window/beanstalk slowly appears through window as if growing*

BONNIE: Put her in the closet with the sheep! What a day I’ve had!

*Polyesters put Nadine in closet as Shelly is pulled out/Nadine points at window to Shelly/Shelly breaks from of polyesters and moves towards Bonnie*

BONNIE: If things don’t settle down, I’m bound to get a worry line right here*…(points to forehead)*

SHELLY: Okay, okay…you’ve won…I’ll talk.

BONNIE: Finally…now how do you get your fleece so soft?

*While Shelly distracts Bonnie and Polyesters with long dialogue, Nadine slips out window/Girls in bags of fleece start surrounding Bonnie (disguised in bags).*

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SHELLY: Well actually, we sheople have nothing to do with it…other than what we eat. The softness of fleece is dependent on the softness of the grass we eat. The softest grass in the world is found in the valleys of the Adirondack mountains, but can only be eaten between July 3 and August 6 due to special regulations put in place by EEGA in 1958.

BONNIE: EEGA?

SHELLY: Evironmentally Engineered Grass Association.

BONNIE: Engineered grass? You’ve got to be kidding.

SHELLY: Well I’m not. *You know* how soft cashmere’ is? Grass from Malaysia harvested and fed to angoras.

BONNIE: No wonder it’s so expensive…

*Girls jump up surrounding Bonnie and Polyesters*

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BONNIE: Ahhh! Who are you?

EDNA: Edna Gold and her Fleecemakers!

JANE: We’ve come to claim our fleece, Bonnie Fashin!

BONNIE: Take it…the real secret lies in the Adirondack Mountains anyway.

EDNA laughing: The sheople works for me…there is no EEGA.

BONNIE: What! This really means war, Edna…Polyesters…take your positions…

EDNA : Wool is here to stay!

BONNIE: Polyester is forever!

JO JO holding up protest sign: Wait! People should make wool not war!

Part of Scene 4

Nadine: It all sounds so wonderful, what can we do to make it happen?

Sharlene: Win the war!

Cindy: Oh yeah, the war.

Rose: It seems to me, if we change our attitude there wouldn’t be a war.

Jo-Jo: Right-on!

Cindy: What we need is a new Beatitude!

Nadine: Is that like a bee hive?

Cindy: No, no…a beatitude is having a beautiful *attitude.* So if I make peace or fleece,

I am a child of the Fleecemaker, and the world will be a better place for you…and me…just wait and see…(song)

Nadine: So the golden fleece rule is: when we do our “do’s” we should do them with the same love as we do our own “do’s’?

*Others look at her puzzled*

Cindy hesitates a moment, then: Yes…that’s exactly right! Love is the answer, and it’s

exactly what Edna’s been asking for!

Sharlene: Since if you aren’t going to be using my golden fleece, just what are you going to fill this room with?

Cindy: Oh, we’re still going to use your fleece, but it’s our beatitude that will make it golden!

*Song and dance (Girls help each other out, give sheep new do’s, spin and place wool in baskets labeled with beatitudes.)*