

*Law & Order:  
Fairy Tale Unit*

a play by Jonathan Rand

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*For brotherman, Doug  
Thanks for the push.*

## Cast of Characters

INTENSE VOICEOVER  
CHUH-CHUNK  
PLACE  
TIME  
DETECTIVE H.D.  
DETECTIVE CINDY  
ZELLE  
JACK  
JILLIAN  
HANSEL  
GRETEL  
UGLY D  
OFFICER GOLD  
PINOCCHIO  
CAPTAIN  
DOC  
HAPPY  
GRUMPY  
BASHFUL  
SLEEPY  
SNEEZY  
DOPEY  
B.B. WOLF  
EXECUTIVE A.D.A. STILTSKIN  
A.D.A. MERM  
PIG 1  
PIG 2  
PIG 3  
PEEP  
D.A. WICK  
BLIND MOUSE 1  
BLIND MOUSE 2  
BLIND MOUSE 3  
ROBIN HOOD  
SLEEPING BEAUTY  
MUFFIN MAN  
PETER PETER PUMPKIN EATER  
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD  
CAT  
FIDDLE  
COW

LITTLE DOG  
DISH  
SPORK  
JUDGE F. GODMOTHER  
COURT REPORTER SPRAT  
THREE BAILIFFS GRUFF

### **Setting**

Far, far away.

### **Production Notes**

It's unnecessary to be familiar with the *Law & Order* television drama after which this play is modeled.

Use any level of set, props, and costumes that fits your budget, but simplicity tends to be ideal. For instance, pig snouts should be all you need to indicate that the pigs are pigs. This is a fairy tale world, after all; imagination can rule the day.

Feel free to be flexible with gender. Even though certain names or roles (e.g. the Seven Dwarfs) might be assumed to be male, for example, there's usually no reason they can't be played by females.

See the Appendix for a way to cast the play with a minimum of 12 performers.

Please replace any outdated pop culture references if they no longer resonate.

# LAW & ORDER: FAIRY TALE UNIT

by Jonathan Rand

*(The title appears from darkness: Law & Order: Fairy Tale Unit.)*

**INTENSE VOICEOVER.** In the fairy tale criminal justice system, citizens are represented by two separate yet equally ridiculous groups: the fairy tale police who investigate fairy tale crime, and the fairy tale district attorneys who prosecute the fairy tale offenders. These are their stories.

*(Lights up on CHUH-CHUNK, PLACE, and TIME. They always face straight ahead toward the audience, without emotion. Perhaps they wear shirts with their character names on them in block letters. They are the human equivalent of the sound and the setting titles from the TV series.)*

**CHUH-CHUNK.** Chuh-chunk.

**PLACE.** Chestnut and Hill.

**TIME.** 7:26 A.M.

*(Lights shift.)*

*(A pile of rubble, entirely made of straw. CINDY and H.D. arrive on the scene, each with a cheap cup of coffee. CINDY wears only one shoe; H.D. has his arm in a sling, a bandage wrapped around his head, maybe some other bandages and some bruises.)*

*(ZELLE is already analyzing the crime scene. Her hair is styled in a tall beehive.)*

**H.D.** Well well well – you’re up early, Zelle.

**ZELLE.** And *you’re* late. But hey, I’m glad t’see both of ya got your beauty rest.

**H.D.** You noticed.

**CINDY.** All right, kids, break it up... So what’re we lookin’ at...

**ZELLE.** Well you *would* be lookin’ at 39 Chestnut – if it was here anymore.

**CINDY.** Accident?

**ZELLE.** Not a chance. Perp struck the property from the rear using some form of wind power.

H.D. Wind power...

ZELLE. Hey, Cindy, what's with the missing shoe?

CINDY. Long story, but I left it at a Prince concert.

ZELLE. (To H.D. :) And let me guess: you're the new spokesman for gauze?

H.D. How 'bout we stick to the crime...

CINDY. Any leads on our perp?

ZELLE. No dice. And the boys downtown got nothin' on the tenant either. But come take a look at this. (She holds up some straw.) See this yellow-tinted, fibrous material here? We're stumped on what it might be. Tommy ran it through the Crime Scene Scanner and came up with diddly-squat.

H.D. Diddly-squat, huh? Sounds like my first marriage.

(They all laugh like tough cops and then quickly stop laughing.)

H.D. Let's have a look. (He does.) I have to say, the texture and appearance is almost *straw*-like in nature.

CINDY. *Straw*-like, huh... You may be on t'something, H.D.

ZELLE. Whatever it is, the whole building was made out of it.

CINDY. And I'm assuming no witnesses?

ZELLE. Actually, Blue questioned a husband and wife who were a block away. (She hands H.D. a photo.) Running pretty fast from the scene, these two. But they didn't see anything, so we sent 'em on their way.

H.D. Where they headed?

ZELLE. Forest Circle, why?

H.D. I've got a few questions of my own... A few questions...for them to answer... (To CINDY :) Let's ride.

(H.D. and CINDY start to leave. H.D. turns around.)

And Zelle...

ZELLE. Yeah.

H.D. Treat yourself tonight, will ya?

ZELLE. (*Dismissive:*) What're you talkin' about...

H.D. You been cooped up in that high-rise apartment for months. Get out there—let your hair down.

ZELLE. All right, maybe I will. (*Jocularly:*) For the right man, anyway.

CINDY. Ain't that the truth. You deserve a *prince*.

ZELLE. Okay, beat it. I gotta get to the bottom of this mystifying straw-like material. What could it *be*??

(ZELLE returns to her investigation. H.D. and CINDY take a moment to look at the rubble.)

H.D. This is some mess...

CINDY. I'm tellin' you, H.D.—my gut says this is personal. Our vic took somethin' too far, and our perp hit back.

H.D. And whatever that something was ... it was the *last straw*...

(*Lights shift.*)

CHUH-CHUNK. Chuh-chunk.

PLACE. Forest Circle.

TIME. 7:54 A.M.

(*Lights shift.*)

(CINDY and H.D. are waiting for JACK and JILL, who jog onto the scene. CINDY and H.D. hold up their badges.)

CINDY. FTPD. Finish line's right here, folks.

(JACK and JILLIAN stop running. They might start stretching to keep limber.)

JACK. What seems to be the problem?

H.D. The problem is that you can run...but you can't hide.

CINDY. Let's hear your names.

JACK. I'm Jack.

H.D. Sprat? BeNimble? AndTheBeanstalk?

JACK. Just Jack. (*Beat.*) And this is my wife, Jillian.

JILLIAN. But my friends call me Ian.

CINDY. That's odd.

JILLIAN. I have weird friends.

CINDY. Where were the two of you at seven this morning?

JACK. Walking up Chestnut, headed out here to do our morning jog.

H.D. And?

JACK. That's it. Just walking.

H.D. Word on the street is that you were walkin' pretty fast.

JILLIAN. What are you getting at...?

H.D. (*Outrageously livid, getting all up the grills of JACK and JILLIAN:*) You were running!! Not walking! *Running!!*

CINDY. Take it easy, man.

(*CINDY subdues H.D. who then takes a moment to himself to cool off.*)

We've got an eyewitness who paints a somewhat different picture. Does the threat of perjury jog your memory?

JACK. Okay, okay. Fine. We were running. The two of us were headed up Chestnut like usual, but Jillian got dehydrated, so I ran up Hill Street to the Quick-Stop to buy a Vitamin Water.

JILLIAN. I wasn't dehydrated. He made that up so he could use a coupon.

JACK. That's not true!

JILLIAN. He does this all the time. Last week he pretended that both of us had broken legs 'cause Target had a Buy One Get One Free sale on wheelchairs.

H.D. I swear, if you don't get to the point, I will escort you to the point with my fist!

CINDY. C'mon, man. Take it easy. (*To JACK and JILLIAN:*) So then what?

JACK. She followed me into the Quick-Stop and then we left.



CINDY. That it?

JACK. Well, I doubt this is relevant, but I heard a loud noise, which caused me to trip and fall head-first on the sidewalk and crack the crown on my lateral incisor.

*(He shows the tooth to the cops.)*

CINDY. Okay, so let me get this straight: Jack... you and Jill—

JILLIAN. Ian.

CINDY. — went up Hill to buy a bottle of water—

JACK. *Vitamin Water.*

CINDY. Then Jack here fell down, broke the crown on his lateral incisor.

H.D. Then let me guess: You came tumbling after.

JILLIAN. No. Why would I tumble? That doesn't make any sense.

CINDY. Then what?

JILLIAN. We got stopped by those other cops, jogged here, then got stopped by you guys, who made us late for work.

H.D. I'll make *you* late for work! With my fist!

CINDY. *(To H.D.):* Heyyy, cool it! *(To JACK and JILLIAN:)* Did you see anything out of the ordinary? Anything at all?

JILLIAN. Come to think of it, we did see a couple of shady youths in the candy aisle.

CINDY. Shady youths, huh...? Catch where they were headed?

JILLIAN. Nope.

JACK. Actually, while I was eye-level with the sidewalk, I noticed something odd.

H.D. What's that?

JACK. Skittles.

CINDY. Skittles?

H.D. Skittles...

**JACK.** Yeah, I was surprised, too. There was a line of them trailing behind the hoodlums as they walked away. Maybe there was a hole in their bag. So I'm thinking if you follow the rainbow trail of Skittles...

**H.D.** ...we'll find our pot of rainbow gold...

**CINDY.** *(To JACK and JILLIAN:)* We'll take it from here. Enjoy your jog. *(To H.D.:)* We'd better move. In this business, every second counts.

**H.D.** Yes. Time, it seems, is *running* out.

*(Lights shift.)*

**CHUH-CHUNK.** Chuh-chunk.

**PLACE.** Center Park.

**TIME.** 8:20 A.M.

*(Lights shift.)*

*(H.D. and CINDY enter. HANSEL and GRETEL are there, scattering various types of candy to either unseen birds, or some silly representation of birds.<sup>1</sup> They do so throughout the scene. They both speak with a stereotypical German dialect.)*

*(H.D. and CINDY flash their badges.)*

**H.D.** Well well well. I guess the old expression is right: Follow ten blocks of Skittles and you'll find two Germans at a pond.

**HANSEL.** Ve don't vant any trouble.

**GRETEL.** Ja. Ve are innocence.

**CINDY.** How about answering some questions.

**HANSEL.** Ve cannot talk now; ve are busy feeding ze birdies.

**CINDY.** I wasn't aware that "birdies" ate candy.

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<sup>1</sup> Some ideas for representation of the birds: stuffed animal birds or cardboard cut-out birds just sitting on stage, not moving; cast members dressed as birds; cast members dressed in black holding fake birds and moving them around as if they were real.

**GRETEL.** Oh absolutely, policemen-man. Ze candies ist very popular mit ze birdies. Ze pigeons, zey prefer ze Junior Meentz.<sup>2</sup> Ze geese, zey go vild for ze Tvizzlahs.<sup>3</sup> Und ze duckies? – ze Goobahs.<sup>4</sup>

**HANSEL.** Vere you avare zat in some foreign lands, ze people feed ze birdies mit breadcrumb?

**GRETEL.** Breadcrumb! Can you believe zat? I get qveasy tummy just brainzinking<sup>5</sup> of it. So nastygross!

**H.D.** If you two Dum-Dums don't shut your Wax Lips, you're gonna make friends with the Jawbreakers. (*Referring to his fists.*)

**HANSEL.** Ve don't have to take zees vehbal abuses!

**CINDY.** Hey, H.D., I forget: How many years in prison for resisting arrest?

**H.D.** Five hundred years.

**GRETEL.** Okay, okay – ve will do as you vish.

**HANSEL.** First of all, you should know zat ve are Gehrman.

**H.D.** Oh yeah? With those hats, we thought you were from Detroit.

**HANSEL.** Zees are traditional Gehrman alpine hats.

**GRETEL.** On sale last veek at T.J.Maxx.

**H.D.** Get on with it.

**HANSEL.** Ja, so okay. My name ist Hansel, und zees ist Gretel.

**GRETEL.** Hallo!!

**HANSEL.** Vee are brozer und seester, und yesterday morgen, our schtepmommy kicked us out of ze house.

**CINDY.** Why'd your stepmom kick you out?

**HANSEL.** Schtepmommy ist evil...

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<sup>2</sup> Junior Mints.

<sup>3</sup> Twizzlers

<sup>4</sup> Goobers

<sup>5</sup> Brainthinking

**GRETEL.** She was so sick of zees fake Gehrman accents.

*(Beat.)*

**CINDY.** Wait, you're faking your accents?

*(They both now speak with the actors' regular accents.)*

**HANSEL.** Yeah, I mean—sure. You didn't pick up on that?

**GRETEL.** It sounds annoying to us, but we just figured everyone else expects it from Germans.

**HANSEL.** Give the people what they want, right?

**H.D.** *All German fake it?*

**GRETEL.** Sure.

**H.D.** Wow...

**CINDY.** Yeah, wow...

**HANSEL.** *(Back to thick, ridiculous German:)* Anyvay, where vere vee—

**CINDY.** No-no-no! We prefer your real accents.

**HANSEL.** Oh yeah? Cool. Anyway, like I was saying: Last night our stepmom kicked us out and left us alone and hungry in the middle of town.

**GRETEL.** She's evil.

**HANSEL.** But we found this Quick-Stop that was like overstocked with candy, so we bought a ton and Ubered home.

**GRETEL.** And get this: our stepmom isn't actually evil. It was just low blood-sugar. She was totally cool after a couple of Mike-n-Ikes.

**H.D.** That's a fascinating story, and we're thrilled about the happy ending, and I'd like a Tootsie Roll— *(GRETEL hands him one.)* —but we have a more pressing issue.

**CINDY.** Did either of you see anything out of the ordinary while at the Quick-Stop?

**GRETEL.** No. Though I did see a hairy guy walking across the street with an industrial fan.

*(H.D. and CINDY look at each other.)*

**CINDY.** Did you see where he was headed?

**GRETEL.** Hard to say. I was so hopped up on Peeps.

*(CINDY's phone rings. She takes it.)*

**CINDY.** Yeah. ... Thanks, Piper.

*(Hangs up. She turns to H.D.)*

Strike two.

**H.D.** Our furry fanman?

**CINDY.** Downed building out in the boonies. We gotta fly. *(To HANSEL and GRETEL:)*  
Thanks, kids.

**HANSEL / GRETEL.** Danke schoen!!

**H.D.** Whoever our hairy perp is, he's got a *sweet tooth* for destruction.

*(Lights shift.)*

**CHUH-CHUNK.** Chuh-chunk.

**PLACE.** The Sticks.

**TIME.** 9:37 A.M.

*(Lights shift.)*

*(UGLY D is on the scene, investigating. She wears nerdy glasses and a ponytail.)*

*(H.D. and CINDY enter.)*

**UGLY D.** Took you fellas long enough.

**H.D.** Awww, Ugly D missed me.

**UGLY D.** Dream on, Prince Charming.

**H.D.** So tell me what you got.

**UGLY D.** Well I heard on the wire about the pile over on Chestnut. Based on that report and on the workmanship here, it looks like the same perp. Identical approach on the building from the backside; identical wind velocity. This time, though? Different substance.

(UGLY D shows a bundle of sticks.)

CINDY. What are those?

H.D. They're almost *stick*-like in nature.

CINDY. Yes, yes – stick-like!

UGLY D. (*Simply:*) They're sticks.

CINDY. Oh.

UGLY D. And the other one was straw.

H.D. Huh.

CINDY. Well I gotta question: Why would anyone build a home outta sticks?

H.D. Same reason you'd build one outta straw.

UGLY D. Why's that?

H.D. (*Intensely:*) That's what they pay us to find out...

UGLY D. (*Indicating H.D.'s injuries:*) By the way, you look awful. What happened?

(H.D. blatantly dodges the subject.)

H.D. (*Gesturing yonder:*) Looks like Gold's got a witness.

UGLY D. Next-door neighbor. Was on his way home and was first on the scene.

CINDY. (*To H.D.:*) Shall we?

H.D. Much thanks, D. Sorry we can't *stick* around.

UGLY D. Be careful, you two.

CINDY. Careful's my middle name.

UGLY D. I thought it was Yolanda.

CINDY. I had it changed.

UGLY D. Nice.

(CINDY and H.D. leave UGLY D.)

CINDY. Explain the name Ugly D.

H.D. Just a nickname I gave 'er.

CINDY. Why?

H.D. *Why?* She's got a ponytail and glasses. There's no *way* she's unexpectedly good-looking under all that.

CINDY. I've heard that it's what's on the *inside* that counts.

H.D. Like organs?

CINDY. Yeah, I guess that doesn't make any sense.

*(They head over to GOLD, who has been questioning PINOCCHIO. GOLD has very blond hair, and is drinking a cup of coffee. PINOCCHIO is a normal-looking guy, except for his outrageously long nose. The longer the nose, the better. On the nose is a white bandage.)*

CINDY. Hey there, Goldie. How's that coffee?

GOLD. Lukewarm. *(Beat.)* I'm guessing you wanna meet our new friend.

H.D. Whatsyername, Dumbo.

PINOCCHIO. Uhh, I'm...Marcus.

*(Suddenly PINOCCHIO experiences noticeable nose pain. He puts his hand to it.)*

Ow.

Look, I told her what I know.

GOLD. Just tell them exactly what you told me.

PINOCCHIO. Okay. I was walking home from a...doctor's appointment...and I suddenly heard this noise. Like...like someone dropped a box of toothpicks. I look up and I see that mess over there. And that's it. Now can I go home?

CINDY. Did you see anything besides the pile of sticks?

PINOCCHIO. No, that's all.

*(Nose pain again.)*

Ow.

CINDY. Is everything all right, sir?

**PINOCCHIO.** Yeah, everything's fine. I feel great. (*Nose pain.*) Ow.

(*The detectives are suspicious. H.D. noticeably has an idea.*)

**H.D.** Marcus, let me ask you... What's the square root of sixty-four?

**PINOCCHIO.** Eight.

**H.D.** What do you call a group of geese?

**PINOCCHIO.** A gaggle.

**H.D.** How often do you work out at the gym?

**PINOCCHIO.** Twice a day. (*Nose pain.*) Ow.

(*Everyone else looks at each other.*)

**CINDY.** Mind telling us what's going on, "Marcus"?

**PINOCCHIO.** Okay, fine. FINE. My name isn't Marcus. It's Pinocchio.

**GOLD.** Ohhhh I saw you on Oprah.

**H.D.** So what's your story, Wizard of Schnoz.

**PINOCCHIO.** Okay... I'm what you'd call a test tube kid. The scientist who created me, a.k.a. "Dad"? He heard ladies like "striking features." So he combined the DNA of a human and an aardvark, and (*Points to his nose.*) voila.

*And he thought parenting would be easier for him if my nose were connected to my brain in such a way that every time I lie, my nose grows three inches. Thanks, Pop.*

**H.D.** Hey, don't you disrespect your dad. After all, father "nose" best.

**PINOCCHIO.** All right, I know bad puns are part of a detective's job, but could you maybe rein in the nose jokes?

**H.D.** Sorry to upset you. Here: cry into this oversize handkerchief.

**GOLD.** I don't understand – when you lied before, you were in *pain*, but your nose didn't grow.

**PINOCCHIO.** Yeah, well, like I said, I just got back from a doctor's appointment – a doctor who specializes in the reduction of comically long noses.

**GOLD.** That's a *reduction*?



**PINOCCHIO.** It used to be two yards long.

*(Everyone else whistles in astonishment.)*

**PINOCCHIO.** Yeah I lie a lot? Anyway, after surgery the doctor said my nose would still be sensitive to lies.

**H.D.** I see.

**CINDY.** Now did you witness anything suspicious at the scene of the crime?

**PINOCCHIO.** No. *(Nose pain.)* Ow. Fine, fine. I saw a bunch of people in basketball jerseys, poking around the rubble. Once they heard the sirens, they all jumped into a van and peeled outta there.

**H.D.** Any-a these guys have a fan or excessive body hair?

**PINOCCHIO.** I don't know.

**CINDY.** How many of 'em did you see?

**PINOCCHIO.** Hard to say.

*(A brief moment as H.D. has an idea. He points at PINOCCHIO's bandaged nose.)*

**H.D.** So, does that thing only give you trouble during *intentional* lies, or do you experience pain whenever you say anything inaccurate?

**PINOCCHIO.** Anything inaccurate – unfortunately.

**H.D.** I see. Answer yes to everything I'm about to ask you.

**PINOCCHIO.** *(Suspiciously.)* Okay...

**H.D.** Were there more than four people digging around the rubble?

**PINOCCHIO.** Yes.

**H.D.** More than ten?

**PINOCCHIO.** Yes. Ow.

**H.D.** How about exactly five?

**PINOCCHIO.** Yes. Ow.

**H.D.** Nine?

**PINOCCHIO.** Yes. Ow.

**H.D.** Six?

**PINOCCHIO.** Yes. Ow.

**H.D.** Eight?

**PINOCCHIO.** Yes. Ow.

**H.D.** Seven?

**PINOCCHIO.** Yes.

**H.D.** Seven it is.

*(PINOCCHIO is in a great deal of pain. Perhaps his sits down to recover.)*

**CINDY.** *(To H.D.:)* So we got seven ballers but no way of finding 'em. Without the plates, we're sunk.

**H.D.** Jiminy Cricket...

**PINOCCHIO.** Excuse me, officers.

**H.D.** Keep your nose outta this, Professor Proboscis!!

**PINOCCHIO.** SNOWMEN.

**H.D.** Excuse me?

**PINOCCHIO.** The license plate. SNOWMEN. Kinda hard to forget something that strange.

**H.D.** Snowmen, huh...? Call it in, Cindy.

*(CINDY places a call.)*

**PINOCCHIO.** Maybe it's that Frosty guy and his crew.

**H.D.** How 'bout you leave the predictions to us, *Nose-tradamus*.

**CINDY.** *(On the phone:)* Hey Piper. I need a trace on plate number SNOWMEN. ... Yeah, I'll hold.

*(CAPTAIN storms in. She has a hook for a hand. She's livid. She speaks extremely quickly and to the point.)*

CAPTAIN. You two better have some news.

CINDY. Captain— good morning.

CAPTAIN. It's gonna be the opposite of a good morning if I don't hear some results. We've got two downed buildings and zero arrests. When I do the math, that's two buildings too many, and zero is a darn low number of arrests.

H.D. It's the lowest number.

CINDY. What about negative numbers?

H.D. True.

CAPTAIN. I don't need a math lesson! I need a *results* lesson!

PINOCCHIO. Uh, can I go now?

CAPTAIN. You two had better track down whoever nixed the straw and the sticks and you better *book 'em*. You hear me? You *book 'em*.

CINDY. Captain, we just got a lead on seven guys who just may be our perps—

CAPTAIN. *May* be the perps?! I never wanna hear "*May*" from you, ever! Unless it's the *month* of May, but it's not. (*Looks to TIME:*) Right?

TIME. (*Thumb up.*)

CAPTAIN. Now look here—the 911 call just came in from the vics; we're bringin' 'em down to HQ for questioning.

H.D. You found 'em?!

CINDY. Who are they?

CAPTAIN. Pigs. They're pigs.

H.D. Cops?

CAPTAIN. Real pigs, you nitwit. Swine, hogs, ham.

H.D. Oh.

CAPTAIN. Now what time is it?

TIME. 9:44.

CAPTAIN. Thanks. Some slimy crock stole my watch.

**CINDY.** Did you say “crook” or “crock”?

**CAPTAIN.** However you pronounce it. It’s a regional thing, like Florida and Flahrida. Listen, you solve this case by eleven or I will put you both on unpaid suspension faster than you can say “unpaid suspension.” And that’s only five syllables, so you better be done in *four*.

*(CAPTAIN storms out.)*

**CINDY.** Unpaid suspensh?

**H.D.** This is bad.

*(CINDY’s phone rings. She picks it up.)*

**CINDY.** Talk to me. ... Thanks, Piper. *(To H.D.):* Plates are in. Shaker Lows. Let’s move. *(To PINOCCHIO:)* We appreciate it.

**PINOCCHIO.** *(Sarcastically:)* Happy to help. *(Pain.)* Ow.

*(Lights shift.)*

**CHUH-CHUNK.** Chuh-chunk.

**PLACE.** Shaker Lows.

**TIME.** 10:10 A.M.

*(Lights shift.)*

*(A yard sale. Seven guys are wearing basketball jerseys. They are the SEVEN DWARFS—though they aren’t necessarily shorter than anyone else. The SEVEN DWARFS are doing the selling and organizing, while various customers browse the junk and periodically interact with the DWARFS.<sup>6</sup> SLEEPY is asleep throughout—not snoring; just silently passed out.)*

*(H.D. and CINDY enter and flash their badges.)*

**CINDY.** FTPD. Whose van is that over there?

**HAPPY.** It’s mine, officer.

**H.D.** What’s your name.

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<sup>6</sup> Customers are optional

**HAPPY.** I'm Happy.

**H.D.** I said What's your name!

**HAPPY.** I told you: I'm Happy.

**H.D.** I don't care if you're *ecstatic* – You don't tell me your name right now, I'll see to it you're never happy again!

**HAPPY.** But I've always been Happy.

**H.D.** All right, punk – I'm takin' you in.

**DOC.** Pardon me, officers, but let me explain: His *name* is Happy. We all have irregular names. For instance, my name's Doc. Happy, you've met.

**HAPPY.** Hello again!

**DOC.** Then there's Grumpy.

**GRUMPY.** (*Grunts:*) Eh.

**DOC.** Sleepy.

**SLEEPY.** (*Asleep.*)

**DOC.** Sneezy.

**SNEEZY.** (*Holding in a sneeze:*) Sorry, hold on.

**DOC.** Bashful.

**BASHFUL.** Hi...

**DOC.** And last but not least, Dopey.

**DOPEY.** (*Tipping his head like a top hat:*) Onion rings.

**DOC.** And we're The Seven Dwarfs!

*(The DWARFS all react in their character-specific ways. HAPPY cheers; SNEEZY blows his nose; GRUMPY grumbles aloud dismissively; DOPEY says "Onion rings" again; etc.)*

**CINDY.** Dwarfs?

**DOC.** Yes, I know what you're thinking: we're not dwarfish in size. See, The Seven Dwarfs is our team name for our 7-on-7 basketball league. It was actually Coach White's idea. We're not short, but relative to everyone else on the court, we're tiny.

**SNEEZY.** Like Steph Curry. He's six-three, but next to Shaq he looks like a peanut.<sup>7</sup>

**DOC.** Or like today, when Grumpy had to post up on that giant center.

**GRUMPY.** I hate that guy. All he does is complain about his yard. Wahhhh, I have trouble with weed control. Wahhhh, there's an oversized beanstalk blocking out the light in my sunroom.

**HAPPY.** Cut him some slack, you guys—he's been robbed like three times this week.

**H.D.** OKAY!! Enough *small-talk*.

**CINDY.** We need to know where you were earlier this morning.

**DOPEY.** Unicorn!

**DOC.** Dopey, please—I'll take care of this. We were at the game, then we rushed back here to kick off our yard sale.

**H.D.** According to a witness, it sounds like you made a pit stop on the way.

**BASHFUL.** You're right. We did stop.

**HAPPY.** That demolished building was a gold mine for us!

**H.D.** What are you talking about?

**DOC.** For us, b-ball's just a hobby. We make a living selling collectibles at yard sales. So when we came across that rubble, well—off to work we went.

**CINDY.** You do realize tampering with a crime scene is a federal offense.

**DOC.** We didn't know it was a crime scene. And besides, we've got junk-retrieval permits. Boys?

*(Suddenly they all simultaneously reveal their identical, official permits. DOPEY reveals a turkey hoagie.)*

**H.D.** And let me guess. You didn't see anybody suspicious?

**DOC.** No.

**CINDY.** What about this Coach White? Any chance he's hairy and owns an industrial fan?

---

<sup>7</sup> If these players are no longer known to the general public, replace with better-known, comparably-sized NBA players or ex-players.

**SNEEZY.** No, and he's a she.

**DOC.** Miss White's coaching us in exchange for free room and board. Actually, she's stuck in bed on account of some bad McDonald's apple pie. Doctor Charming's stopping by later with "Love's First Kiss."

**SNEEZY.** Such a weird name for generic Imodium AD...

**GRUMPY.** Not sure why we need to waste money on a doctor, since this guy's (*Pointing to DOC:*) been out of med school five years.

**DOC.** *Dental* school.

**CINDY.** (*To H.D.:*) Another dead-end. And that was the best lead we had. Captain's not gonna be happy.

**HAPPY.** That's my name, don't wear it out!

**H.D.** *Can* it, short-stack!

**HAPPY.** (*Thumbs up:*) You betcha!

**H.D.** (*Back to CINDY:*) What if the Tiny Tims found a clue in the rubble?

*(They turn to the DWARFS.)*

**CINDY.** We're gonna need to see your loot from the crime scene.

**DOC.** Sure thing. Boys, what'd you find?

*(They each reveal an item.)*

**SNEEZY.** Lunch pail.

**GRUMPY.** Shovel.

**HAPPY.** Tool belt.

**BASHFUL.** Blueprints.

**DOPEY.** (*Presenting a hard hat:*) Turkey hoagie.

**DOC.** And I found this ID card for a construction site.

*(CINDY and H.D. ponder this. H.D. takes the ID card.)*

**H.D.** No obvious thread that links the clues... *Unless —*

CINDY. Unless?

H.D. *Unless...* these are props and costume pieces for a music video about construction workers...!

CINDY. You may be on to something...

H.D. Which means our perp must be a hairy pop star who sings Top-40 hits about construction!

ALL. Yeah. / That must be it. / Nailed it.

*(SLEEPY lifts his head.)*

SLEEPY. Or he's a construction worker.

*(SLEEPY returns to slumber.)*

*(Pause.)*

*(H.D. looks down at the ID card.)*

*(Pause.)*

H.D. It's a small world...after all.

*(Lights shift.)*

CHUH-CHUNK. Chuh-chunk.

PLACE. High Rise East construction site

TIME. 10:42 A.M.

*(Lights shift.)*

*(WOLF is measuring a cinder block with measuring tape. H.D. and CINDY enter, displaying their badges.)*

H.D. FTPD. We've been lookin' for you.

*(WOLF looks up. Notices the cops. Bolts.)*

CINDY. Hey!!

*(Slow-motion chase scene!! H.D. and CINDY pursue WOLF with musical accompaniment conducive to an action-packed chase. In the end, H.D. and CINDY prevail, pressing WOLF against a surface, cuffing him.)*



**WOLF.** I didn't do anything!!

**H.D.** The innocent ones always run... *(To CINDY:)* Book 'im.

**CINDY.** *(As she books 'im:)* You're under arrest for the willful destruction of homes built out of foolish raw materials.

**H.D.** May I be first to welcome you to Justicetown – population: you.

**WOLF.** Listen—you got the wrong wolf.

**H.D.** Oh yeah? We'll see about that. 'Cause in Justicetown, I'm the mayor.

**WOLF.** *(Indicating CINDY:)* What about her?

**CINDY.** I'm on the school board.

*(Lights shift.)*

**CHUH-CHUNK.** Chuh-chunk.

**PLACE.** Fairy County Courthouse, District Attorney's Office

**TIME.** 12:30 P.M.

*(Lights shift.)*

*(An office. STILTSKIN and MERM are speaking with the THREE PIGS. STILTSKIN is draped in flashy gold jewelry, including one of those enormous dollar-sign necklaces – or a similar necklace with the scales of justice. MERM has a noticeable sunburn.)*

*(PIG 1 speaks with a stereotypical Brooklyn accent; PIG 2 speaks with a stereotypical Southern accent; and PIG 3 speaks with a stereotypical highfalutin British accent, and maybe has a pipe in his mouth.)*

**STILTSKIN.** I know you three have been through a lot today, but I promise that we'll get past this ASAP. First of all, my name is Executive Assistant District Attorney Stiltskin, and to my right is Assistant District Attorney Merm.

**MERM.** Afternoon.

**STILTSKIN.** First off, let's get your names, for the record?

**PIG 1.** I'm Pig #1.

**PIG 2.** I'm Pig #2.

**STILTSKIN.** *(Earnestly:)* Which makes you Pig #84.

**FIG 3.** Pig #3

**STILTSKIN.** (*Discouraged:*) AH!

**MERM.** Let's review your story. Pig One, you were alone in your straw house; Wolf approaches the house; knocks it down.

**FIG 1.** Yeah. Kept sayin' he'd blow my house in, which, sounded a little weird. I told him to hold on, that I was shavin' – y'know, the really tough part right here (*Indicates his chin area.*) – and then before I know it, bam, my house is kaput.

**STILTSKIN.** Then what?

**FIG 1.** Well, I was freakin' out, right? So I curly-tail it to my bro's.

**FIG 2.** He showed up to my stick-house all discombob-uh-lated. Pork almighty... I felt his forehead. He was bakin'. An' I mean sizzlin'.

**MERM.** And then?

**FIG 2.** Same thing, basically. I'm shavin', and the hairy guy shows up with that fan-a-his, and before ya know it, my bachelor pad's yardwaste.

**MERM.** And that's where you come in.

**FIG 3.** Quite. They arrived at my doorstep, utterly frazzled, and I comforted them with tea and crumpets.

**STILTSKIN.** At which point, the perpetrator arrived, attempted identical fan-powered destruction, but failed.

**FIG 3.** That is affirmative.

**MERM.** Now what about this Wolf character? You know him?

**FIG 3.** We did. He was the highest bidder on the contract for all three of our houses. But all of us withdrew at the last minute.

**MERM.** Why?

**FIG 2.** We saw him and that poor girl in the red hoodie on *Judge Judy*.

**STILTSKIN.** (*To MERM:*) That B&E mess last month with the old lady.

**MERM.** The one with the schnauzer and the empty kitchen cabinet?

**STILTSKIN.** No.

**MERM.** Oh, the one who lives in the Reebok.

**STILTSKIN.** No, that other old lady – y’know: “the better to whatever you with, my dear.”

**MERM.** Right.

**FIG 3.** So we certainly wanted no association with a convicted felon.

**MERM.** Was he angry about your pulling the contract?

**FIG 3.** Furious.

**MERM.** *(To STILTSKIN:)* Hello, motive.

**STILTSKIN.** We may need you to testify in court.

**FIG 3.** If we must.

**STILTSKIN.** One thing I’m not clear on: Why the disparity in the composition of your homes?

**FIG 2.** It’s a pretty simple story, really. See, Maw and Paw passed away about ten years back.

**MERM.** How did they die?

**FIG 1.** Luau...

*(The PIGS pause for a somber moment of reflection.)*

**FIG 3.** And they left behind a sizable trust fund for each of us.

**FIG 2.** Problem is, me and Pig One, we got sloppy. Me, I invested my inheritance developing a highly unsuccessful new style of hip-hop music consisting entirely of rhythmic oinks.

**STILTSKIN.** *(To FIG 1:)* What about you?

**FIG 1.** *(Pointing to himself:)* This little piggy went to Vegas.

**FIG 2.** He lost everything on the roulette wheel.

**FIG 1.** Always bet on pink...

**FIG 2.** So as you might imagine, since red and black are the only options in roulette, and since *this* song was *s'poseda* be my number one hit (*Briefly plays some rhythmic oinks from his phone.*) – well, Pig One and I didn't have much left to invest in real estate.

**FIG 1.** Hence my straw.

**FIG 2.** And m'sticks.

**STILTSKIN.** (*Indicating FIG 3:*) What about you?

**FIG 3.** *I* invested my inheritance in a brand-new bungalow replete with fortified stainless steel, state-of-the-art night-vision alarm system, and most importantly: wind-proof foundation.

**MERM.** Sounds not cheap.

**FIG 3.** Indeed – I, too, no longer have money.

**FIG 2.** But at least we have each other!

**FIG 1.** Brothers in a blanket?

**PIGS.** AWWWwww. (*They group hug.*)

(*Lights shift.*)

**CHUH-CHUNK.** Chuh-chunk.

**PLACE.** Plea-bargain session.

**TIME.** 1:13 P.M.

(*Lights shift.*)

(*STILTSKIN and MERM sit across from WOLF and Defense Attorney PEEP. PEEP has a shepherd hook and wears a bonnet.*<sup>8</sup>)

**STILTSKIN.** We're coming in full-steam on this one: Two counts each of willful destruction of property and reckless endangerment—nothing less. And given your client's history, we can't go anywhere near minimum jail time, but if you hand us a guilty we'll lowball at ten years with eligibility for parole.

**PEEP.** My client pleads not guilty to all counts.

---

<sup>8</sup> This role would probably be funniest if the actor is a very large and/or masculine male who looks especially awkward in a bonnet.

**STILTSKIN.** Oh come off it, Peep. No jury would buy that. We've got eyewitness testimony of your client fleeing the scene with a fan, his personal effects in the rubble, we've got motive, opportunity, and his rap sheet? Let Merm here count the ways...

**MERM.** Picnic-basket theft, nursing home B&E, impersonation of a senior citizen...

**PEEP.** For each of those crimes, my client was falsely accused.

**MERM.** Exactly. That's why his first and middle names are Big and Bad.

**WOLF.** That's not my name.

*(PEEP whispers in WOLF's ear.)*

No, it's okay. I wanna talk. I gotta get it off my chest. *(To STILTSKIN and MERM:)* My name is B.B. Wolf, yes, but that stands for Bernard Bartholomew Wolf. After the Riding Hood incident, the tabloids invented "Big Bad." I'm not bad, and I'm certainly not big. I'm five-seven.<sup>9</sup> I'm just a small town wolf living in a lonely world. A wolf who always seems to end up in the wrong place at the wrong time.

**STILTSKIN.** Well today you ended up in the *wrong* place, at the *wrong* time.

**WOLF.** I just said that.

**STILTSKIN.** We don't care if you're big and bad, small and good, or medium and half-decent – our offer won't budge.

**WOLF.** And my innocence won't budge.

**MERM.** And budge rhymes with fudge.

*(They all look at MERM.)*

I haven't eaten today.

**STILTSKIN.** If you're innocent, why were you at the scene of each crime with a fan?

**PEEP.** Again, my client has already explained to the police that he received three invitations to BYOF parties.

**STILTSKIN.** And again, we found no such invitation.

**PEEP.** Someone could have deleted 'em.

---

<sup>9</sup> Or a believable height for that actor.

**MERM.** You're scrapin', Bo.

**STILTSKIN.** What about that slow-motion chase sequence?

**WOLF.** I was afraid! Okay?! I was afraid... How many times do I have to get collared for crimes I don't commit? First the Little Red misunderstanding, then the whole mix-up with that Peter kid, and now this?!

**STILTSKIN.** I have some advice: Stop committing crimes.

**PEEP.** My client is innocent. The plea stands.

**STILTSKIN.** Have it your way.

*(STILTSKIN begins to pack up her papers to prepare for her exit.)*

**MERM.** Glad to see you're still at it, Peep. As usual, doing what's expected of you. Repping a criminal. Following the herd.

**PEEP.** Say what you will – I'm just doing what I'm supposed to.

**MERM.** And what's that...?

*(Beat.)*

**PEEP.** *(Intensely:)* My job...

*(Lights shift.)*

**CHUH-CHUNK.** Chuh-chunk.

**PLACE.** District Attorney's Office

**TIME.** 2:20 P.M.

*(Lights shift.)*

*(STILTSKIN and MERM are talking with District Attorney WICK. She's wearing a purple outfit and for at least the first several lines is multitasking with both her iPhone and iPad.)*

**WICK.** Two houses in one day, both by this B.B. Wolf miscreant.

**MERM.** I know, boss.

**WICK.** You put a leash on that puppy.

**STILTSKIN.** Wick, this case is water-tight. We'll get a conviction before gavel hits wood.

**WICK.** You'd better. 'Cause I don't care what you have to do: Stack that jury with a coupla ringers if you have to. You didn't hear that from me, though.

**STILTSKIN.** Hear *what* from you?

**WICK.** Exactly. (*Fed up with her electronic distractions:*) Ugh, it never ends! If it's not my iPhone it's my iPad!

**MERM.** Those Apple products – it's like pick your poison.

**WICK.** Yeah. So what's with the sunburn?

**MERM.** Oh I just got back from a scuba-diving trip.

**WICK.** Under the *sea*?

**MERM.** Under the sea.

**WICK.** (*Sarcastic:*) Poor unfortunate soul.

**STILTSKIN.** Anyway, Wick, don't you worry. Our big and bad perp's gonna be *wolfin'* down prison food.

**MERM.** You'll hear all about his guilty verdict from *Wolf* Blitzler.

**WICK.** Good. All right, I gotta run.

**MERM.** Where you headed?

**WICK.** Taking the Queensboro Bridge to Queens for that Queen Bee concert.

**STILTSKIN / MERM.** Wicked!

**WICK.** (*Looking in a mirror:*) How do I look?

**MERM.** The hottest of 'em all.

**STILTSKIN.** The hottest in the land.

**WICK.** That's clearly kissing up, but you're both promoted.

(*Lights shift.*)

**CHUH-CHUNK.** Chuh-chunk.

**PLACE.** Jury selection room.

**TIME.** 3:09 P.M.

*(Lights shift.)*

*(We see MERM, STILTSKIN, PEEP, and many JUROR PROSPECTS.)*

*(MERM points to the THREE BLIND MICE, who wear sunglasses.)*

**MERM.** What about these?

**PEEP.** Are all three of you mice blind for the same reason?

**THREE BLIND MICE.** No. / Nope. / Uh-unh.

**BLIND MOUSE 1.** I was born blind.

**BLIND MOUSE 2.** I'm not blind; these just look really good on me. *(Indicates his sunglasses.)*

**PEEP.** What about you?

**BLIND MOUSE 3.** I was blinded by a pack of wolves.

**PEEP.** Okay that's clear bias. Nix Mouse 3.

**STILTSKIN.** Fine. You're free to go.

*(BLIND MOUSE 3 chucks his sunglasses and bolts out of the room.)*

**BLIND MOUSE 3.** Suckerrrs!!

**STILTSKIN.** Okay, so we've approved two thirds of the rats. Also, we're good to go on the cocky archer with the ugly green hat –

**ROBIN HOOD.** What's up...

**STILTSKIN.** – the narcoleptic hottie –

**SLEEPING BEAUTY.** *(Looking up from her mocha frappuccino in drowsy confusion:)* Muh?

**STILTSKIN.** – and Mister Betty Crocker.

**MUFFIN MAN.** *(Wearing a chef's hat, holding a large muffin or tray of muffins:)* I live on Drury Lane!



**STILTSKIN.** Oh, and I almost forgot: we also have a guy who for some reason is eating an entire pumpkin.

**PETER PETER PUMPKIN EATER.** You know you're jealous.

**PEEP.** What about Juror Number Six?

*(PEEP gestures to LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD, who is wearing her classic red outfit, carrying a basket, and wearing an obviously fake mustache.)*

**MERM.** That one? This is Carl Herbert, a retired stock broker.

**PEEP.** Are you sure? It looks a lot like the vic from my client's case last summer.

**MERM.** What, you mean – what was her name... Little Red something something?

**PEEP.** Yes.

**MERM.** I don't think so. What's your name?

**LITTLE RED.** Carl Herbert.

**PEEP.** It looks a lot like Little Red. And she would be a very biased juror.

**MERM.** True, but... Did Little Red have a mustache?

**PEEP.** Touché.

**STILTSKIN.** Great. And to recap on the six we finalized earlier –

*(STILTSKIN indicates the CAT, FIDDLE, COW – who has a huge, unchanging smile plastered on her face – and LITTLE DOG.)*

– we got a cat, a fiddle; a cow, who seems over-the-moon about something; a small dog, and – Hold on... didn't we have two more here?

*(LITTLE DOG is stifling a laugh.)*

**STILTSKIN.** Is something funny to you?!

**LITTLE DOG.** They – They ran off to the john.

*(DISH and SPORK enter.)*

**DISH / SPORK.** Sorry. / My bad.

**STILTSKIN.** So as I was saying, we got a cat with a fiddle –

**FIDDLE.** Actually it's a *viola*.

**STILTSKIN.** – a dog with authority issues, a dish –

**DISH.** Why thank you.

**STILTSKIN.** – and what are you – a ladle?

**SPORK.** Spork.

**STILTSKIN.** And that makes twelve.

**PEEP.** Actually it's thirteen.

**STILTSKIN.** Eh, close enough. See you in court.

**MERM.** Sure you're ready for this, Peep?

**PEEP.** I was born ready...

**MERM.** You were born with a law degree?

**PEEP.** (*Seriously:*) Yes.

(*Lights shift.*)

**CHUH-CHUNK.** Chuh-chunk.

**PLACE.** Courtroom.

**TIME.** 4:30 P.M.

(*Lights shift.*)

(*JUDGE F. GODMOTHER is presiding with her magic wand gavel. The JURY is present. H.D. is on the stand. STILTSKIN is in the middle of questioning him. Also present are PEEP, WOLF, MERM, and THREE BAILIFFS GRUFF. There is an audience, which includes the THREE PIGS and others.*)

**STILTSKIN.** And when you approached the defendant at the construction site, did he acquiesce?

**H.D.** He did not. He attempted to flee, but Detective Rella and I were able to subdue the defendant and arrest him.

**STILTSKIN.** Ladies and gentlemen of the jury... As you have heard, the defendant was witnessed *fleeing* the crime scene with an industrial fan, after which he blatantly resisted arrest. *(Beat.)* Nothing further.

**JUDGE.** Cross examine?

*(PEEP rises, and paces.)*

**PEEP.** I wonder, Detective H.D: given your physical *liabilities* if you're fit to give testimony...

**H.D.** *(Starts to charge PEEP:)* I'll show *you* physical liabilities!

*(The BAILIFFS restrain H.D.)*

**JUDGE.** Order!! Order!!

**STILTSKIN.** Objection, your honor. The witness's physical condition is not on trial.

**PEEP.** Your honor, I put forth that the injuries of the witness may be connected to the apprehension of my client, rendering this witness unfit for testimony.

**JUDGE.** Proceed.

*(STILTSKIN throws up her hands in disgust.)*

**PEEP.** Now Detective... How did you sustain these injuries?

**H.D.** I'm not gonna answer these questions.

**JUDGE.** And I will hold you in contempt of court.

*(Pause.)*

**H.D.** All right... You wanna know? Fine. I'll tell you. I'll tell you right now. But don't blame me if you're plagued with nightmares for the rest of your life...

*(The lights dim and focus on H.D. What follows is a highly emotional monologue, as slow and gripping as it needs to be.)*

It was Thursday afternoon. I was on my lunch break. There I was, sitting, minding my own business. But I wasn't sitting just anywhere. No... No I wasn't... I was sitting on a wall. That's right, a wall. It seemed stable enough, sure. Why wouldn't a wall be stable? *(Pause.)* But then out of the blue... without warning... it gave way. Before I could get my bearings, I lost my balance, and... *(Pause.)* ...and I fell.

And it wasn't just your average fall. No it wasn't. It's not easy to describe the kind of the fall it was, but... if I had to choose a word... I'd say it was...great. A great fall. (*Quietly:*) It was great...

I regained consciousness in a gurney over at King's County. They did everything they could to fix my bone fractures, my torn joints, ... my broken soul. All the finest doctors lent a hand – human doctors, of course, but also horse doctors... After surgery... the chief resident put his hoof in my hand and told me everything was gonna be all right.

But he was *all wrong*...

No matter how hard they tried, they failed... they failed at putting me back together again.

You wanna know about my physical stability? Oh I'll be all right. Sure. I'll survive. But after a fall of such...great...magnitude... I may not ever recover...up here. (*Points to his head.*) And in here. (*Points to his heart.*) And along here. (*He indicates the side of his pinky.*)

For those of you out there – you young people, especially – listen to me and listen close... 'Cause I'll only say it once: The next time you see a wall...*respect* that wall... And don't sit on it. Sit on a chair... Or maybe a futon.

(*Pause.*)

(*To PEEP:*) Happy now?

I quit.

(*He drops his badge on the floor and exits the courtroom.*)

(*If there is no real audience applause after this stirring performance, a Slow Clap from the courtroom audience may be in order.*<sup>10</sup>)

**JUDGE.** Order!! I will have order!! Let's move this along, counselors. My pumpkin-orange towncar's double-parked. Prosecution, present your next witness.

**STILTSKIN.** We call Pigs 1 thru 3.

(*The PIGS all take the stand together.*)

**BAILIFF.** Do you swear to tell the truth the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you Goose?

---

<sup>10</sup> For examples of the Slow Clap phenomenon, watch *Cool Runnings* or *Mystery, Alaska*.

**PIGS.** We do.

**STILTSKIN.** Now... the jury has already heard a detailed account of today's events. But does such a description effectively convey the pure emotional turmoil that you three had to endure?

**FIG 1.** No, it was horrible.

**FIG 3.** Truly frightening.

**FIG 2.** Your Honor, I can't even make eye-contact with the defendant without feelin' *unclean*.

**PEEP.** Objection! Pigs root in their own filth.

**JUDGE.** Sustained. (To COURT REPORTER SPRAT:) Pig Two's comments will be stricken from the record.

**COURT REPORTER SPRAT.** Wait, I was supposed to be writing this *down*?

**STILTSKIN.** I'll rephrase. More specifically: Are you *afraid* of the Big Bad Wolf?

**FIG 1.** The Big Bad Wolf?

**FIG 3.** The Big Bad Wolf?

**PEEP.** Objection!

**STILTSKIN.** Are you *afraid* of Bernard Bartholomew Wolf?

**FIG 1.** Tra la la la la.<sup>11</sup>

**FIG 3.** You'll have to excuse my brother. He is speaking in an archaic version of Pig Latin. "Tra la la la la" roughly translates into English as... "Yes."

**STILTSKIN.** And would you describe that fear?

**FIG 2.** It was terrifyin'. I was just shavin' like any other day, and then outta nowhere this ferocious beast walked right up to my front door and blew my house in.

**FIG 1.** Can any of you in the jury imagine lookin' out the peep hole of your own front door and seeing that?

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<sup>11</sup> Use a similar rhythm to the song.

*(An ominous sound effect. The lights suddenly narrow to STILTSKIN. Echoes of the characters are in her mind. Each of them appear in their own light as this happens.)*

**FIG 2.** ...walked right up to my front door, front door, front door...

**FIG 1.** ...lookin' out the peep hole, peep hole, peep hole...

**ZELLE.** Perp struck the property from the rear, rear, rear...

**UGLY D.** ...Identical approach on the building from the backside, backside, backside.

**FIG 3.** I, too, no longer have money, money, money.

**FIG 1.** Always bet on pink, pink, pink...

**FIG 2.** I invested in rhythmic oinks, rhythmic oinks, rhythmic oinks...

**MUFFIN MAN.** This is a muffin, muffin, muffin.

**ALL OF THE ABOVE.** *(Repeated:)* Front door... / Backside... / Peep hole... Rear... / Pink... / Oinks... / Muffin...

*(Suddenly...)*

**STILTSKIN.** Objection!

*(The lights are back to normal, and the people who were echoing are no longer echoing.)*

**JUDGE.** Mr. Stiltskin, did you just object to your own line of questioning?

**STILTSKIN.** Indeed I did, Your Honor. Indeed I did.

**JUDGE.** This is highly unorthodox.

**STILTSKIN.** Your Honor we live in a highly unorthodox time. Why just yesterday I saw a man walking a cat.

**JUDGE.** I'll allow it.

**MERM.** *(Loudly whispered:)* What are you doing?

*(STILTSKIN looks at MERM, then at PEEP.)*

**STILTSKIN.** My job...

**PEEP.** *(An aside:)* Technically that's my job.

*(PEEP's line isn't acknowledged by anyone, as STILTSKIN turns to the PIGS.)*

**STILTSKIN.** Pigs Number 1 and 2... In your testimony just now, you revealed to this court that the defendant approached your *front door* in order to topple your homes with an industrial fan.

**FIG 1 / FIG 2.** Yeah. / Yes sir.

**STILTSKIN.** But the evidence reveals that the point of attack happened from the *rear* of each house...

*(The PIGS are frozen, unflinching.)*

Therefore, it is my supposition that you three pigs *staged* the destruction of your homes, knowing you could easily frame a convicted wolfen criminal, and in the end, walk away free pigs having collected on the windfall of insurance money you so desperately desire.

*(STILTSKIN gets in the PIGS' faces.)*

*That is my supposition!! That is what really happened!! How do you plead...?!*

**FIG 1.**  
Okay okay!

**FIG 2.**  
All right! We did it!

**FIG 3.**  
Guilty... Guilty...

**FIG 1.** We were broke! We needed the money so bad. I haven't bet on pink in forever.

**FIG 2.** And no one told me there was already a music style called "R&B." If I knew I's gonna get sued, I wouldn'ta named mine Ribs & Bacon!

**FIG 3.** And I just like money.

**JUDGE.** Bailiffs Gruff, take them away.

*(The BAILIFFS cart off the PIGS.)*

**PEEP.** Your Honor, motion for dismissal?

**JUDGE.** Motion granted. This court is adjourned.

*(She bangs her magic wand gavel.)*

*(Everyone quickly files out except for STILTSKIN, MERM, PEEP, and WOLF. Either that or the lights focus in on the four.)*

*(WOLF shakes STILTSKIN's hand.)*

**WOLF.** Thank you... for everything.

**STILTSKIN.** Don't thank me. Thank echo-y flashbacks.

**WOLF.** (*Nodding, with a twinkle in his eye:*) Will do.

(*PEEP and STILTSKIN share a moment.*)

**PEEP.** Not bad, Counselor. Not bad at all...

(*PEEP and WOLF begin to exit. PEEP slips back for a second and speaks quickly.*)

By the way, technically I won that case. (*Quick beat.*) All right, see ya.

(*They quickly exit.*)

(*STILTSKIN and MERM are reflecting.*)

**MERM.** Well *that* was a twist ending I had to see to believe.

(*Beat.*)

Let's get outta here. Dinner's on me.

**STILTSKIN.** I won't argue with that.

**MERM.** What do you feel like?

**STILTSKIN.** Well you know what I'm always hungry for...

**MERM.** What's that?

(*Beat.*)

**STILTSKIN.** Justice...

(*Beat.*)

**MERM.** That, my friend, has already been served.

(*Blackout.*)

*End of Play*



## Appendix

### Author-approved changes for a smaller cast

It should be possible to produce the play with a minimum of 12 performers who play multiple roles. In order to minimize the scenes that currently call for more than 12 characters, follow these steps:

- Cut the entire jury selection scene.
- Make the following changes to the final courtroom scene:
  - Replace THREE BAILIFFS GRUFF with GINGERBREAD BAILIFF.
  - Change STILTSKIN's line "Ladies and gentlemen of the jury" to "Ladies and gentlemen of the jury... who are sitting wayyyy over there..."
  - Cut all lines, references, and appearances of the MUFFIN MAN and COURT REPORTER SPRAT.
- If necessary, replace the characters of CHUH-CHUNK, PLACE, and TIME with a voiceover and/or projection.