

SCENE 1

(A forest with a winding path, tall flowers, a bench and trash can. A sign reads "Furry Tale Land City Limits." Entering stage right, LITTLE MISS MUFFET stirs food in a bowl as she walks on the path. She stops to smell the flowers and talk to a hidden BEE.)

Start

MISS MUFFET: How are you today, Mr. Bumble? It is a very good day for collecting nectar. Have you seen the fly? No? The mosquito? Really? A trip to Florida? Well, how about the spider? You'd think eight legs would be enough to get HIM here on time for breakfast.

(She sits on the bench and eats a bit of her food. She makes a terrible face of disgust.)

I'll just start without him. Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet. A tuffet? A bench. Little Miss Muffet sat on a bench eating her...eating her...breakfast—which is absolutely disgusting! Along came a spider. I say—ALONG CAME A SPIDER!

(SPIDER enters and scampers to the bench. Miss Muffet smiles and makes room.)

Along came a spider, who sat down beside her.

(Spider puts an arm around her.)

Along came a spider, who sat down beside her. I can't remember. Something isn't right.

(She frowns.)

Go away? Fly away? Throw away! Along came a spider, who sat down beside her...and now I can throw this away!

(She dumps her bowl in a trashcan.)

Thank goodness! My growling stomach wants...porridge. We have to find some porridge.

(JACK and RAPUNZEL enter. Jack holds a pail and Rapunzel a mirror and brush. She's aghast as she stares at her half cut hair.)

Do you have porridge in there?

(Jack looks.)

JACK: Nope.

MISS MUFFET: Are you sure?

RAPUNZEL: Jack, Jack, Jack be quick. Fix my hair or I'll be sick.

(Rapunzel faints.)

SPIDER: What's the matter with her?

(Jack pulls scissors from the pail.)

JACK: Bad hair day. Rapunzel, Rapunzel I'll cut your hair.

(Jack snips away until all the hair is even. Rapunzel awakes.)

RAPUNZEL: My prince!

JACK: My princess.

(He helps her up.)

This would make a nice sturdy rope for climbing.

RAPUNZEL: I don't want you climbing plant stalks looking for harps, or running up hills to get water from wells, or jumping over dangerous things like fire flames. We'll just walk in the woods and live happily ever after.

JACK: After you.

RAPUNZEL: After you.

End
Start

JACK: After you.

→ RAPUNZEL: Together?

→ *(Jack holds out his arm and they walk off stage right.)*

MISS MUFFET: I'm still hungry.

(She pouts and sits on the bench as SQUIRREL, RACCOON and MOUSE enter stage left and set up a picnic. Mouse is dressed as a pirate complete with patch and sword.)

RACCOON: Now don't go spreading rumors.

SQUIRREL: I hope it is a rumor.

SIR MOUSE: I saw me cousin's tail with me own eyes and me own eyes can see as good as the next blind mouse and I tell ya, it was shrinking!

SQUIRREL: Fiddlesticks. Have a nut.

SIR MOUSE: Where'd you hide the cheese?

(Mouse searches the blanket with a spyglass.)

RACCOON: Right under your nose.

(Raccoon hands it over.)

MISS MUFFET: Excuse me.

SQUIRREL: Why it's...

ALL: Miss Muffet.

MISS MUFFET: I was wondering. Did you bring porridge in your picnic?

SQUIRREL: What would you want with porridge?

RACCOON: Where are your curds and whey?

MISS MUFFET: My what?

RACCOON: Curds and whey. Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet eating her curds and whey.

MISS MUFFIT: What are you talking about?

(Spider comes close and Squirrel hides behind Raccoon.)

SQUIRREL: Don't look now but there's a big—really big—really, really, really big, eight legged, hairy monster standing right there.

MISS MUFFET: Who, Spike? He's with me.

RACCOON: Didn't he frighten you away?

MISS MUFFIT: Why would I run from a spider? The only think frightening today was my breakfast. Let's go Spikey. Somewhere in the woods we'll find some porridge and I bet it will be just right.

(They skip off stage left.)

SIR MOUSE: What'd I tell ya? What'd I tell ya?

RACCOON: I don't know. What did you tell us?

SIR MOUSE: Somethin's wrong. I can smell it.

RACCOON: You're smelling your stinky cheese.

SQUIRREL: Ouch.

RACCOON: What's the matter?

SQUIRREL: Nothing. An itch.

(Squirrel scratches his tail.)

SIR MOUSE: I'm tellin' ya. We got problems. We got troubles.

End

(Mouse paces as THE THREE BEARS enter stage right. They are dressed up with bowls on their heads. Baby wears only one shoe — a clear high heel. They pick berries from a vine.)

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SCENE 2

(A huge tree trunk house labeled "Mayor" sits in the forest. "Watch for Flying Fairies" sign is nearby.)

(A crowd of ANIMALS stands in front of the mayor's tree trunk all talking at once. Several bang on the tree door. Finally the door opens and an OWL peeps out.)

start → **MAYOR OWL:** Please. Please. Don't you know it's the middle of the day! I hope you woke me from my sleep for a good reason.

(The animals continue to talk all at once – undecipherable.)

One at a time. One at a time.

(The Mayor puts on glasses.)

DOG: The woods are whispering strange tales.

CAT: The stories are coming out all wrong.

LION: The seven dwarfs are working as chefs!

HORSE: The dancing princesses ride horses all day.

SHEEP: Bo Peep is climbing the beanstalk.

ALL: Something is terribly wrong.

MAYOR: Calm down. Calm down. I'm sure you are all exaggerating. Get a good sleep and call me in the middle of the night.

(She starts to close the door as HUMPTY DUMPTY enters and waddles through the group.)

ALL: There's more!

(The Mayor opens the door again.)

DOG: We've heard rumors.

CAT: It's not a rumor. I saw what happened to my brother!

HORSE: I saw what happened to my ~~wife~~!

(The crowd is suddenly silent.)

MAYOR OWL: Well? What is it? Why are you all looking so strange?

HUMPTY DUMPTY: Mayor! So glad I caught you. A moment please?

(Humpty waddles over.)

I need a signature for the new mall.

MAYOR OWL: Want new mall?

HUMPTY DUMPTY: Humpty Dumpty built a new mall. Humpty Dumpty built it so tall. All the king's horses and all the king's men, won't have to bargain hunt ever again.

(He pulls out a blueprint.)

And see, here is where the coral will go—maybe do it in a nice pink brick with a wide ledge for sitting.

MAYOR OWL: What are you rambling about? It's not Humpty Dumpty built a new mall.

ALL: Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall.

(Humpty laughs.)

HUMPTY DUMPTY: That's a good one! Just think, with my shape, if I sat on a wall. Scrambled eggs!

(Humpty rocks with laughter and falls over.)

Oopsie. Little help. Little help here.

(Two animals pull him to his feet and he waddles off mumbling, just as Raccoon, Mouse and Squirrel enter.)

End

MAYOR OWL: I still don't see...

(The Mayor looks closer, then gasps.)

Your tails!

(They all chatter, cry and squeal uncontrollably.)

Don't panic. Don't panic. Trifocol will help us see the meaning of this. Everyone just sit down and remain calm.

(The Mayor pulls out a cell phone and dials.)

PHONE OPERATOR VOICE: Your call is very important to us. Press two for technical problems. Press three for new service. Press four for billing. Press five if you are a domestic animal seeking shelter. Press six if you are wild animal seeking food. For all other matters please leave your name and number and before the moon sets within the constellation Sagittarius, we will...

start → **MAYOR OWL:** Newfangled contraptions!

(The Mayor puts the phone away, then tugs a large rope. BELLS RING. Three people, back to back, arms linked, spin on stage to the bells. They each wear huge glasses. Together, they are the creature TRIFOCOL.)

TRIFOCOL: You rang?

MAYOR OWL: We need your wisdom, Trifocol.

TRIFOCOL: Three heads are better than one.

(They count off in song fashion.)

TRIFOCOL 1: One.

TRIFOCOL 2: Two.

TRIFOCOL 3: Three.

TRIFOCOL 1: I'm the smartest.

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TRIFOCOL 2: Says who?

TRIFOCOL 3: Says no one, that's who. I made the last riddle.

TRIFOCOL 1: It was too easy.

TRIFOCOL 2: Not at all clever.

MAYOR OWL: Please Trifocol, we have a big Furry Tale Land problem. Must you waste time with your arguing and riddles?

(Each Trifocol person pulls out a manual.)

TRIFOCOL: Volume 43. Page 22. Rule 16. Furry Land creatures must solve a riddle before Trifocol will solve problems.

MAYOR OWL: Give us the riddle.

TRIFOCOL 1: I can sizzle like bacon. I am made from an egg.

TRIFOCOL 2: I have plenty of backbone, but lack a good leg.

TRIFOCOL 3: I peel layers like onion, but still remain whole.

TRIFOCOL 1: I can be long like a flagpole, yet fit in a hole.

(The animals huddle as MUSIC from Jeopardy or something with a similar feel plays. The MUSIC stops.)

DOG: A lizard.

(Trifocol laughs. Mouse paces back and forth, mumbling.)

LION: A chicken.

TRIFOCOL 1: *(Sing-song:)* You're not gonna guess it.

TRIFOCOL 2: *(Sing-song:)* You're not gonna guess it.

TRIFOCOL 3: Fooled You. Fooled You.

TRIFOCOL: See you 'round.

(The animals shake their heads and Trifocol heads off.)

SIR MOUSE: Long. Egg. Peels. No legs. No legs. Hole. Ssizzzzle. I got it. DON'T MOVE!

(Trifocol stops.)

A snake!

TRIFOCOL: OOOHHH!

TRIFOCOL 1: I knew that was too easy.

TRIFOCOL 2: You should have let me.

TRIFOCOL 3: My riddles are much better.

MAYOR: Please. Trifocol! Please.

TRIFOCOL: What's your problem?

ALL: We're losing our tails!

(Trifocol pulls out the manuals again.)

TRIFOCOL 1: This is serious.

TRIFOCOL 2: Yes. Missing tails relate to missing tales.

TRIFOCOL 3: First a tale problem then a tail problem!

TRIFOCOL 1: It's all in the tales!

MAYOR OWL: You're not making any sense!

TRIFOCOL 1: Have other strange things happened?

RACCOON: The book characters are mixing up their stories.

TRIFOCOL 2: For instance?

HORSE: Humpty Dumpty wants to build a mall.

COW: The witches are doing good spells.

SHEEP: Little Bo Peep doesn't care about me.

End

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(Mouse takes out his sword.)

SQUIRREL: I don't know, they have that rope.

SIR MOUSE: Buck up! Are you a man or a...oh, nevermind.

(The children finish jumping. The younger ones wave good-bye, take their backpacks and leave. Lila sits on the bench.)

start

All this jabbering! We lost our chance at a big raid.

RACCOON: What's she doing?

(Lila reaches into her backpack.)

SQUIRREL: Block me. Block me. Who knows what she'll pull out!

(Squirrel hides his eyes. Lila pulls out a book.)

RACCOON/MOUSE: It's a book!

(Squirrel stops hiding.)

SQUIRREL: Really?

SIR MOUSE: Might mean nothin'.

RACCOON: At lease she can read.

SQUIRREL: Oh, I could kiss her!

MOUSE/RACCOON: Blaaaah!

SIR MOUSE: Listen up men...er ladies...er...just listen up. Here's the plan.

(They huddle while Lila reads. After a few minutes, Mouse and Raccoon push Squirrel out of the hiding place, toward Lila. Squirrel resists, but they insist. Squirrel hides in a bush next to Lila.)

SQUIRREL: Little Miss Muffet sat on a bench.

(Lila looks around for the source of the sound.)

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Little Miss Muffet sat on a bench.

(She looks in her backpack.)

LILA: Very funny, Frankie Jones. What did you plant in my backpack now? A tape recorder?

SQUIRREL: Humpty Dumpty built a big mall.

LILA: Okay, Frankie, you seem to have hidden it pretty well, but why are you messing up the nursery rhymes?

(She continues to search her backpack.)

Anyone with half a brain, which I guess you don't have, knows Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet and Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall.

(Mouse, Raccoon and Squirrel squeal loudly.)

This is getting too weird.

(She puts everything back in her pack and begins to walk away. Mouse charges up to her.)

SIR MOUSE: Halt in the name of the law.

LILA: What? Isn't Halloween a few months away?

MOUSE: I'm Sir Mouse here to escort you to Furry Tale land.

LILA: And I'm Cinderella on the way to the ball.

SQUIRREL: She knows them all. She knows them all!

(Squirrel jumps up and down in plain sight.)

LILA: Did you say something too?

RACCOON: You seem to know the old tales.

LILA: Another one? Is there a costume party in the park?

SIR MOUSE: We've come to fulfill a mission.

LILA: Did Frankie put you up to this? Another joke?

SQUIRREL: Who's Frankie?

LILA: He'd better be careful because next time he asks me to babysit his little monster of a sister, it will be a flat, absolute N.O. You get my drift?

SIR MOUSE: We don't care about this Frankie—

(Raccoon elbows Mouse.)

RACCOON: Of course. Of course. But we just need to know, do you ever tell his little sister the old fairy tales?

LILA: Do I? What do you think puts her to sleep? I love the old fairy tales. They have suspense, intrigue, mystery, good, evil, funny quirky weird characters and talking animals. But know what I love most? The magic spells and the power of witches!

(Raccoon and Squirrel jump for joy.)

SQUIRREL/RACCOON: We're saved. We're saved.

SIR MOUSE: Quiet, troops! *(To Lila:)* You will come with us and fulfill our mission—

LILA: Sorry, whoever you are. I don't take orders, I don't talk to strangers and I need to do my homework. Those are really good costumes!

(Lila walks away. Mouse pulls out a pouch of magical dust and tosses it on her.)

I'm sooo tired. Soooo sleepy.

(She lies down, fast asleep.)

RACCOON: Now look what you've done.

SIR MOUSE: What I've done is save us from turning into four-legged dumbbells. Look at your gauges.

End

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SIR MOUSE: You're right. Cinderella and Sleeping Beauty are terrorizing everyone. They're first on my list for tomorrow.

SQUIRREL: I'll guard her.

(Squirrel stands tall and salutes.)

SIR MOUSE: I don't like it.

SQUIRREL: No one can get by Cornelius Squirrel.

(Squirrel stands in front of Lila.)

SIR MOUSE: We'll be as fast as we can.

(Mouse and Raccoon exit. Squirrel marches sentry style in front of Lila. After a few rounds, he looks around, confirms no one is nearby and lays down on the ground, soon snoring. CINDERELLA and SNOW WHITE enter.)

CINDERELLA: *(Gruffly.)* I finally wrestled that bear to the ground, gave his foot a good twist and grabbed my shoe. It's all stretched out! Whatever. These flip-flops are much more comfortable anyway.

SNOW WHITE: Bears, I can deal with. How'd you like to wake up with seven old men smelling of coal, breathing down your neck?

CINDERELLA: EWWW!

SNOW WHITE: Yeah. And then they think I'm some kind of maid or something. Like I'll make their beds and meals and not even get paid for it. This beauty is no dumb blond.

CINDERELLA: I'm itching for a wicked spell!

SNOW WHITE: I thought I'd do berry poison for a while. Apples are so yesterday.

(They notice Lila sleeping.)

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start

CINDERELLA: Neighborhood is going down again.

SNOW WHITE: It's that girl from the human world. The woods are buzzing about her story telling. That pushy rodent is bugging me to show up tomorrow. "Hear some nice stories," he says. Not this babe. I'll tell you what she can do with her nice stories.

(Snow White plucks some berries and puts them in her basket.)

CINDERELLA: Did you say you wanted to try out your new poison?

(They laugh wickedly.)

TOGETHER: Too easy! Too easy!

(Lila wakes. Squirrel snores.)

LILA: Who are you?

CINDERELLA: A very delicate and overworked Cinderella.

(She curtsies.)

And of course, the beautiful and fairest of them all, Snow White.

(Snow White curtsies.)

LILA: You haven't been affected then?

SNOW WHITE: We've heard terrible rumors.

LILA: I'm glad you're fine. Your stories are so fun. All that drama at midnight—Ding Ding Ding and running out before giving him your address and phone number—and then losing your ride back home. And you, running through the woods fighting for your life, just because your genes gave you good cheek bones and some talking mirror keeps squealing about where you're living.

SNOW WHITE: Yes, well...you must be hungry.

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LILA: Starving.

SNOW WHITE: We were just going to make a fruit salad. I have some lovely fresh berries.

LILA: I'll just let Squirrel...

CINDERELLA: He looks much too comfortable to wake, don't you think?

LILA: Ahh!

CINDERELLA: What?

LILA: Your shoes!

CINDERELLA: I had a few blisters. Don't worry – my slipper is home ready for the next ball.

SNOW WHITE: We'll show you. Wouldn't you like to see it with your own eyes?

End

(They lead Lila off. Raccoon and Mouse enter opposite.)

SIR MOUSE: All right. She's fixed the Princess and the Pea, Pinocchio, Ugly Duck and...where'd she go? Where'd she go?

(Raccoon shakes Squirrel.)

RACCOON/MOUSE: Where'd she go?

SQUIRREL: Oh no. Oh no. I didn't...I didn't.

SIR MOUSE: You did and now she's gone and –

(Mouse pulls out his sword.)

– If your tail wasn't already gone, I'd cut it off myself!

(Squirrel cries.)

SQUIRREL: We have to find her before...

(Squirrel sobs.)