LAW & ORDER:
FAIRY TALE UNIT

A SHORT COMEDY BY
Jonathan Rand

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For brotherman, Doug
Thanks for the push.
Cast of Characters

INTENSE VOICEOVER
CHUH-CHUNK
LOCATION
TIME
DETECTIVE H.D.
DETECTIVE CINDY
ZELLE
JACK
JILLIAN
HANSEL
GRETEL
UGLY D
OFFICER GOLD
PINOCCHIO
CAPT. HOOK
DOC
HAPPY
GRUMPY
BASHFUL
SLEEPY
SNEEZYZ
DOPEY
B.B. WOLF
EXECUTIVE A.D.A.
STILTSKIN

A.D.A. MERM
PIG 1
PIG 2
PIG 3
PEEP
QUEENAN
BLIND MOUSE 1
BLIND MOUSE 2
BLIND MOUSE 3
ROBIN HOOD
SLEEPING BEAUTY
MUFFIN MAN
PETER PETER PUMPKIN EATER
CAT
FIDDLE
COW
LITTLE DOG
DISH
SPORK
JUDGE F. GODMOTHER
COURT REPORTER SPRAT
THREE BAILIFFS GRUFF

Setting

Far, far away.
Production Notes

Delivery: If it wasn't already immediately obvious from the title, this play is meant to be a send-up of the ever-popular Law & Order TV series. Intense delivery is crucial. Avoid going over the top at all costs. The more serious and intense these characters are about these ridiculous situations, the better the payoff.

Costumes: Go with whatever your budget allows, but simplicity might be funnier anyway. For instance: For the actor playing Dish, instead of going overboard with an elaborate, full-size Dish costume, maybe poke eye- and mouth-holes through a paper plate and strap it to the actor's face. Pig snouts for the Pigs should be all you need to make it clear they're pigs.

Gender: Please be as flexible as necessary with gender. There seems to be no good reason why this whole play couldn't be performed by an all-female or all-male cast. For example: Even though the Seven Dwarfs have traditionally been male, I see no reason why they can't all be female in this play. Wherever necessary, I approve the changing of pronouns to fit such casting requirements.

Small casts: See the Appendix for the best way to cast the play with a minimum of 12 performers.
INTENSE VOICEOVER. In the fairy tale criminal justice system, the characters from fairy tales and nursery rhymes 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 the part of the stage where we find CHUH-CHUNK, LOCATION, and TIME throughout the play. 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 show.)

CHUH-CHUNK. Chuh-chunk.

LOCATION. Chestnut and Hill.

TIME. 7:26 A.M.

(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 for a Sunday, 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 328 Chestnut—if it was here anymore.

---

There can be other crime scene investigators on the scene doing their work in the background.
CINDY. Accident?

ZELLE. Not a chance. Perp struck the property from the rear, letting loose some form of windpower.

CINDY. Windpower...

ZELLE. (To CINDY:) Hey what's with the missing shoe?

CINDY. Eh, lost it last night at a Prince concert. Long story.

ZELLE. (To H.D.:) What about you? Looks like you had a special night.

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

ZELLE. Ooh, testy.

CINDY. Any leads so far 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 Scanning Device and it told us diddly-squat.

H.D. Dilly-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.) The texture and appearance is almost straw-like in nature.

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

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...

(Beat.)

(To CINDY:) Let's ride.
(H.D. and CINDY start to leave. H.D. turns around.)

And Zelle...

ZELLE. Yeah.

H.D. Treat yourself to a night on the town 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'll be stuck here all day if I don't get busy with this straw-like material.

(ZELLE goes elsewhere to do more crime scene investigation. H.D. and CINDY take a moment to look at the rubble.)

H.D. What a mess...

CINDY. My gut's tellin' me someone's got a problem with the tenant, and for some reason, destroyed the place in retaliation.

H.D. And whatever the reason—(Beat)—it was the last straw...

(Lights shift.)

CHUH-CHUNK. Chuh-chunk.

LOCATION. 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.)

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.

2 Other runners can silently jog in the background throughout the scene. Jack and Jillian might do some stretching to keep limber.
H.D. Sprat? BeNimble? And TheBeanstalk?

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

JILLIAN. But my friends call me Ian.

CINDY. That’s odd.

JILLIAN. I’ve got weird friends.

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

JACK. Walking up Chestnut, headed out here to do our daily 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. H.D. 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. But let me explain.

The two of us were headed up Chestnut like usual, when Jillian suddenly got dehydrated. So I ran up Hill Street to the Quick-Stop to buy her some Propel.

CINDY. Propel?

JACK. It’s fitness water.

JILLIAN. No, it’s water with sugar. 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. (To CINDY:) I swear, if they don’t get to the point right now, I will escort them 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. (To JACK and JILLIAN:) Okay, so let me get this straight: Jack... you and Jill—

JILLIAN. Ian.

CINDY. (Without missing a beat:) You and Ian went up Hill to buy a bottle of water—

JACK. Propel.

JILLIAN. (Scoffs.)

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

H.D. Then let me guess: (To JILLIAN:) 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, while we were buying the sugarwater 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 gold...

CINDY. (To JACK and JILLIAN:) We’ll take it from here. Enjoy your jog.

(JACK and JILLIAN jog away.)

H.D. We’d better move. In this business, every second counts.

CINDY. Yes. Time, it seems, is running out.

(Lights shift.)

CHUH-CHUNK. Chuh-chunk.

LOCATION. 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. They do so throughout the scene. They are dressed like normal teenagers, except for a few German accessories—a German hat and short pants. 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 vild birdies.
CINDY. I wasn’t aware that “birdies” ate candy.


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

GRETEL. Breadcrumb! Can you believe zat? Ist nastygross! I get qveasy tummy just brainzinking7 of it.

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 abuse! Zees ist police brutalities.

CINDY. (Asking H.D.:) Hey—I forget... How many years of jail time for resisting arrest?

H.D. Five hundred years.

(HANSEL and GRETEL look at each other, and decide that it would be best to give in.)

GRETEL. Okay, okay—we will do as you wish.

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

H.D. You almost threw us off with those hats. We were thinking you were from Detroit.

HANSEL. Zees are traditional Gehrman alpine hats.

GRETEL. Ja.

CINDY. And the lederhosen are a nice touch.

GRETEL. No, zees are extremely short capri pants.

HANSEL. On sale last week at Marshalls.

H.D. Get on with it.

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

GRETEL. Hallo!!

---

4 Junior Mints.
5 Twizzlers.
6 Goobers.
7 Brainthinking.
HANSEL. Vee are brozer und seester, und yesterday morgen, our schtepmommy kicked us out of ze house.

CINDY. Why did your stepmom kick you out?

HANSEL. Schtepmommy ist evil...

GRETEL. Schtepmommies ist always evil...

HANSEL. She vas so sick of zees fake German accents.

(Beat.)

CINDY. Wait, you’re faking your accents?

(Without skipping a beat, they both speak without their ridiculous German accents.8)

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

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

HANSEL. Give the people what they want, right?

H.D. All Germans are faking it?

GRETEL. Oh sure. I thought that was common knowledge.

H.D. Wow...

CINDY. I know...

H.D. All this time...

CINDY. I know...

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

CINDY / H.D. No-no-no! / Wait!

CINDY. We prefer your natural dialect.

H.D. Please.

HANSEL. Really? All right—sweet. What a load off.

GRETEL. Yeah.

HANSEL. So as I was saying: Last night our stepmom kicked us out and left us alone and lost in the middle of town.

GRETEL. She’s evil.

HANSEL. We started retracing our steps with Google Maps on Gret’s cell, but the batteries died.

8 Now they just speak with the most common dialect of your community.
GRETEL. There we were—lost, tired, and über-hungry—when we run into this huge candy sale at the Quick-Stop!

HANSEL. So we bought like eight Halloweens' worth of candy and then split before the cashier noticed that we went over the per-item limit on Milk Duds.

GRETEL. Then we went home.

HANSEL. And at home we got more good news! Our stepmom wasn't evil after all. It was just low blood-sugar.

HANSEL. Her evil disappeared after we gave her eight boxes of Mike-n-Ikes.

H.D. That's a very fascinating story, and we're thrilled to hear it had a happy ending, and I'd very much appreciate a Tootsie Roll—(GRETEL hands him one.)—but we have a more pressing issue to discuss.

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 Fun Dip.

(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. Stay outta trouble.

HANSEL/GRETEL. Danke schoen!!

(HANSEL and GRETEL turn their attention to the birds.)

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

(Lights shift.)
CHUH-CHUNK. Chuh-chunk.

LOCATION. The Sticks.

TIME. 9:37 A.M.

(Lights shift.)

(UGLY D is on the scene, investigating. She's gorgeous, but 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.

(Beat.)

CINDY. Oh.

UGLY D. And the other one was straw.

(Beat.)

H.D. Huh.

(Moving on...)

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...

(Beat.)
UGLY D. (Indicating H.D.'s injuries:) What happened t'you?

(Pause.)

(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.

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

CINDY. 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. Why does she go by Ugly D again?

H.D. It was a nickname I gave 'er.

CINDY. Why?

H.D. Why? She's got a ponytail and glasses. There's no way she's actually hot 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 blonde 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? I’d rather not get wrapped up in a big investigation.

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

PINOCCHIO. No, 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. has an idea. He leans in and says something briefly and quietly to CINDY. H.D. then directs his attention to PINOCCHIO.)

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”? H.D. Howsabout telling us who you really are, Namey McFake.

PINOCCHIO. Okay, fine. FINE. (Beat.) My name isn’t Marcus. (Beat.) It’s Pinocchio.

GOLD. Ohhhh. I saw a thing about this guy on Oprah.

PINOCCHIO. Well I guess there’s no hiding it now.
H.D. Let’s hear it, Maria Menou-nose.

PINOCCHIO. Okay. (Pause.) I’m what you’d call a test tube kid. There’s this rebel scientist—my “dad”—who created me, and for some reason decided it would be a brilliant idea to endow me with an unbelievably enormous honker. I think he read in Maxim that women like men with “striking features.” He somehow translated “striking” as “huge,” and “feature” as “schnoz.” So he merged the DNA of a human and an anteater, and tadahhhh, Abercrombie model!

Oh and as if that wasn’t enough, Doctor Frankenstupid thought it might be, I don’t know... fun? A challenge? ...if my nose were connected to nerve endings in my brain in such a way that when I lie about anything, my trunk here grows three inches.

How ‘bout you? What’s your life story? Pretty much the same, right?

H.D. Listen, Rhino—you may have been through a lot, but that doesn’t give you the right to disrespect the man who gave you life. After all, father nose best.

PINOCCHIO. All right... You know, I realize that it’s part of a police detective’s job to use bad puns to emphasize points? But could you do me a solid and limit the nose humor? I’m really sensitive about it.

(Pause. H.D. thinks it over.)

H.D. No deal.

GOLD. I don’t understand. When you lied before, it didn’t look like your nose grew; it looked like you were in pain.

PINOCCHIO. Yeah, well, I can explain that. I wasn’t at the doctor for a routine checkup, if ya get my meaning. Right after getting my nose “taken care of,” the doctor warned me that my nerve endings would still be sensitive to lies.

H.D. I see.

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

PINOCCHIO. No. (Nose pain.) Ow. Fine, fine. I’ll tell you what I saw, but please keep me out of the papers. I don’t need this sort of press.

H.D. Out with it, Toucan Sam.

PINOCCHIO. See, that was uncalled for.

CINDY. What’d you see?
PINOCCHIO. I saw a bunch of people in basketball jerseys, poking around the rubble. Once the sirens started up, they jumped into an SUV 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.

(Beat.)

(H.D. has an idea. He points at PINOCCHIO’s bandaged nose.)

H.D. Out of curiosity: 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. Do me this favor: 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.

(Pause.)

H.D. Seven it is.
CAPTAIN. I don’t need a math lesson! I need a results lesson! I got the commissioner, the mayor, and Governor Grimm, all breathin’ down my neck—

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. A crock?

CAPTAIN. However you pronounce it—crook, crock. It’s a regional thing, like tomato/tomahto, potato/potahto, Florida/Flahrida.

It’s a quarter till. By eleven, I want answers, I want arrests, I want something! 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 not good. This is not good at all. As a matter of fact, it’s bad.

(CINDY’s phone rings. She picks it up.)
(PINOCCHIO is in a great deal of pain by now.)

CINDY. (To PINOCCHIO:) Thanks.

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

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

H.D. Jiminy Cricket...

(Beat.)

PINOCCHIO. Excuse me, officers.

H.D. Keep your nose outta this, will ya?!

PINOCCHIO. SNOWMEN.

H.D. Excuse me...?

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

(Pause.)

H.D. Snowmen... (To CINDY:) Call it in.

(CINDY dials.)

PINOCCHIO. Maybe it's that Frosty guy and his posse.

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

(PINOCCHIO looks to GOLD and points at H.D., with a blank "C'mon..." face.)

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.
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 for the rest of your life!

HAPPY. But I’ve always been Happy.

H.D. All right, punk — I’m takin’ you in.

DOC. Pardon me, officers, but I believe there’s been a misunderstanding. 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. (About to 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: none of us are that dwarfish in size. You see, the Seven Dwarfs is our official team name. We belong to a 7-on-7 hoops league. The name was actually Coach White’s idea. We’re not short, but compared to everyone else out on the court, we’re tiny. It’s all relative.

SNEEZY. Like Dwyane Wade. He’s six-four, but next to Shaq he looks like Gary Coleman.

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

GRUMPY. I hate that guy. All he does is complain about his yard. Wahhhhh, I have trouble with weed control. Wahhhhh, there’s an oversized beanstalk blocking out the light in my sunroom.
CINDY. Talk to me. ...Got it. Thanks, Piper. (To H.D.): Plates are in. Shaker Lows.

H.D. Let’s move. Fast.

(H.D. and CINDY start to head out.)

(Pause. PINOCCHIO and GOLD are left alone. Eventually, PINOCCHIO breaks the ice.)

PINOCCHIO. How’s it goin’.

(Pause.)

GOLD. If you got a nose job, why is it still long?

PINOCCHIO. It actually used to be ten feet longer—because of my career.

GOLD. What do you do?

PINOCCHIO. I’m running for President.

(Lights shift.)

CHUH-CHUNK. Chuh-chunk.

LOCATION. 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. SLEEPY is asleep throughout—not snoring; just silently passed out.)

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

CINDY. FTPD. Whose SUV is that parked on the curb?

HAPPY. That’s mine, officer.

H.D. What’s your name.

HAPPY. I’m Happy.

H.D. I said What’s your name!

HAPPY. I told you: I’m Happy.

9 Customers are optional, if your cast can’t accommodate.
HAPPY. Give him a break, 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 an eyewitness, it sounds like you made a pit stop on the way.

DOPEY. Unicorn!

DOC. Dopey...

DOPEY. Unicorn?

BASHFUL. No, 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 we Dwarfs, schooling the opposition on the hardwood is just a hobby. We make a living selling antiques, rare gems, and knick-knacks at yard sales. So when we were lucky enough to come across that rubble on our way home from the game, well—off to work we went. And it was quite a successful excavation.

CINDY. You do realize that 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-excavation 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?

(They all shake their heads.)

CINDY. What about this Coach White of yours? Any chance he’s hairy and owns an industrial fan?

SNEEZY. No, and he’s a she.

DOC. She’s coaching without pay in exchange for free housing in the room above our garage. Actually, she’s been stuck in bed ever
since she had some two-week-old McDonald’s apple pie. Doctor Charming’s stopping by later with “True Love’s Kiss.”

SNEEZY. Which is just a corny rebranded name for 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 for five years.

DOC. Dental school. You know that.

GRUMPY. Well then maybe you shouldn’t go by Doc.

SNEEZY. Yeah, what about Dent?

DOC. I hate you all.

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 during their excavation the Tiny Tims found a clue?

(They turn to the DWARFS.)

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

DOC. Sure thing. Boys, let’s give ’em an inventory. 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 the case. / Exactly.

(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.

LOCATION. 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!!

(Chase scene!! H.D. and CINDY pursue WOLF with musical accompaniment conducive to an action-packed chase. Slow-motion might work nicely.)

(The chase ends with H.D. and CINDY prevailing, 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 unwonted destruction of homes built out of foolish raw materials.

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

WOLF. Listen, man — 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.
LOCATION. 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 little trouble walking around, stabilizing herself with a cane. She wears a large seashell brooch and has sunscreen on her nose.)

(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 as quickly and painlessly as possible. 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 3. Pig #3...

STILTSKIN. Pig #85.

STILTSKIN. (Discouraged:) Ah!

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

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

PIG 2. He showed up all discombob-uh-lated. Pork almighty... I felt his forehead. He was bakin'. An' I mean sizzlin'.

(Beat.)

MER 叫。 Go on.

PIG 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.

MER 叫。 And that's where you come in.

PIG 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.

PIG 3. That is affirmative, counselor.

MER 叫。 Now what about this Wolf character? You know him?

PIG 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.

MER 叫。 Why?

PIG 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.

MER 叫。 The one with the schnauzer and the empty kitchen cabinet?

STILTSKIN. No.

MER 叫。 Oh, the one who lives in the Reebok.

STILTSKIN. No, that other old lady — y'know: "the better to blank you with, my dear."

MER 叫。 Right.

PIG 3. So we certainly didn't want any association with a convicted felon.

MER 叫。 Was he angry about your pulling the contract?

PIG 3. Absolutely livid.

MER 叫。 (To STILTSKIN;) Hello, motive.

STILTSKIN. Chances are we'll need you to testify in court about what you just told us.
PIG 3. We will do whatever is necessary.

STILTSKIN. One thing I'm not clear on: Why the disparity in the composition of your respective residences?

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

PIG 1. Luau...

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

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

PIG 2. Problem is, me and Pig One, we got our vices. Me, I invested mosta my inheritance as the executive producer of Kevin Federline's debut album.

STILTSKIN. (To PIG 1:) What about you?

(PIG 1 points to himself.)

PIG 1. This little piggy went to Vegas.

PIG 2. He lost everything on the roulette wheel.

PIG 1. Always bet on pink...

PIG 2. So as you can imagine, given that red and black are the only options in roulette, and given that Kevin Federline—well, y'know...—Pig One and I didn't have much money left over to invest in real estate.

PIG 1. Hence my straw.

PIG 2. And m'sticks.

STILTSKIN. (Indicating PIG 3:) What about you?


TSIERM. Sounds not cheap.

PIG 3. Indeed. I, too, no longer have money.

PIG 2. But at least we have each other!

PIG 1. Brothers in a blanket?

PIGS. AWWWwww. (They group hug.)

(Lights shift.)
CHUH-CHUNK. Chuh-chunk.
LOCATION. 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.)

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

PEEP. My client pleads not guilty to all counts.

STILTSKIN. Oh come off it, Peep. No jury out there would swallow that even if it was corn-battered and served on a stick. 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 let’s not forget the guy’s got a rap sheet longer than *The English Patient*.

MERM. Picnic-basket theft, nursing home B&E, impersonation of the aged—and I’m just getting warmed up.

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.¹¹ That’s not big. Biggie Smalls was big. Not me. I’m not big, I’m not bad—I’m just a smalltown wolf living in a lonely world. A wolf who always seems to end up at the wrong place at the wrong time.

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

---

¹⁰ This role would probably be funniest if the actor is a very large and/or masculine male who looks especially awkward in a bonnet.
¹¹ Or a believable height for that actor.
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 doesn’t budge.

WOLF. And my innocence doesn’t budge.

MERM. And budge rhymes with fudge.

(They all look at MERM.)

MERM. I haven’t eaten today.

STILTSKIN. If you’re insistent you’re not guilty, 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 on Facebook.

STILTSKIN. And again, we found no such invitation.

PEEP. Someone could have easily deleted it...

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 arrested for crimes I don’t commit? First the Little Red misunderstanding, then the whole mix-up with that Peter kid, and now this! I can’t take it anymore!

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

PEEP. My client’s innocent, Stilt. 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.

LOCATION. District Attorney’s Office

TIME. 2:20 P.M.
(Lights shift.)

(STILTSKIN and MERM are talking with District Attorney QUEENAN. She’s wearing a purple outfit and is eating a caramel apple.)

QUEENAN. Two houses in the same day, both taken down by a fan-toting wolf...

MERM. I know, boss. It’s crazy.

QUEENAN. Didn’t this same thing happen in Eastwick a coupla months back? It was in the paper.

STILTSKIN. I forgot about that...

QUEENAN. So you might say...that this case has been ripped from the headlines.

MERM/STILTSKIN. Hmmmm. / Good point.

QUEENAN. Anyway—headline-ripping aside, we gotta talk about this B.B. Wolf character, who I don’t have to remind you has been a thorn in my side for longer than I care to remember.

MERM. We remember.

QUEENAN. I get grief from Castle Hill every time Hairy Gary here walks. I need you to drop a net on this guppy.

STILTSKIN. Queenan, this case is water-tight. We’ll get a conviction before gavel hits wood.

QUEENAN. You better be right. ‘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.

MERM. Hear what from you?

QUEENAN. Exactly. (Looking at her half-eaten caramel apple in disgust:) Ugh, this is terrible. (Indicating MERM’s cane:) So what happened to you?

STILTSKIN. Merm here just got back from vacation. Scuba diving in Maui.

MERM. I’m still not used walking on dry land. It’s weird—it’s like the opposite of sea legs.

QUEENAN. I’ll tell ya: Life under the sea, by and large, is far superior to anything we’ve got up here.

MERM. Don’t I know it.
QUEENAN. Well you better recover and recover fast, 'cause I need you both on your A-game this afternoon.

STILTSKIN. We won’t let you down, Queenan. Within the hour, our big and bad perp’s gonna be wolfin’ down prison food.

MERM. You’ll hear all about his guilty verdict from Wolf Blitzer.

QUEENAN. You both are hungry like the wolf and I like that. Now I’ll see you both tomorrow. I’m cutting out early.

MERM. Where to?

QUEENAN. Headed out to Queens for a Queen concert.

STILTSKIN / MERM. Hey, nice. / Great band.

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

MERM. Wicked-hot.

STILTSKIN. You’re the hottest of ‘em all.

QUEENAN. That’s clearly kissing up, but you’re both promoted.

*(Lights shift.)*

CHUH-CHUNK. Chuh-chunk.

LOCATION. 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 blind for the same reason?

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

BLIND MOUSE 1. I was born blind.

BLIND MOUSE 2. I’m not blind; I just wear these so I can eye the ladies unnoticed.

*(BLIND MOUSE 2 removes his sunglasses and we see that his eyes are not looking at PEEP, but in fact looking way off to the side at a female character. He says, with sketchy seductiveness.)*

Hi there.
PEEP. (To BLIND MOUSE 3:) What about you?

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

(Beat.)

PEEP. All right, lose Mouse 3.

STILTSKIN. Fine. (To BLIND MOUSE 3:) 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 blind-slash-fake-blind Mickeys. Also, we’re good to go on the cocky archer with the ugly green hat...

(Robin Hood points with two fingers and makes that pompous clicking noise.)

...the narcoleptic hottie...

(SLEEPING BEAUTY looks up from her mocha frappuccino in drowsy confusion.)

SLEEPING BEAUTY. Hmmm? Muh?

STILTSKIN. ...and Chef Boyardee.

(The MUFFIN MAN is there with a tray of muffins and a tall chef’s hat.)

MUFFIN MAN. I live on Drury Lane!

STILTSKIN. Good for you. (Beat.) Oh, and I almost forgot: we also have a guy who for some reason is eating an entire pumpkin.

(PETER PETER PUMPKIN EATER looks up, looks around, then casually returns to his slow chewing of the pumpkin.)

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.)

MER. 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.

MER. 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?
(Beat.)
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 in sort of a disturbing way appears to be 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. A viola, actually.
STILTSKIN. —a viola, 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.

(She turns to PEEP.)
Which means we’ll see you in court.
MERM. Sure you’re ready for this, Peep?
PEEP. I was born ready...
STILTSKIN. You were born with a law degree?
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. is it...? Given your physical...abilities...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 cause of the witness’s recently sustained injuries may very well have something to do with the apprehension of my client and would therefore render 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. (To the JUDGE:) 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.\footnote{12} )

JUDGE. Order!! I will have order!! Let’s move this along, counselors. My pumpkin Hummer is 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?

PIGS. We do.

STILTSKIN. Now...the members of the jury have already heard a detailed, point-by-point analysis of today’s horrifying events. But does such an analysis convey the pure emotional turmoil that you three had to endure?

PIG 1. No, it was horrible.

PIG 3. Truly frightening.

PIG 2. (Looking at the JUDGE:) Your Honor, I can’t even make eye-contact with the defendant without feelin’ unclean:

PEEP. Objection! Pigs frequently 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?

PIG 1. The Big Bad Wolf?

PIG 3. The Big Bad Wolf?

PEEP. Objection!

STILTSKIN. Are you afraid of Bernard Bartholomew Wolf?

PIG 1. Tra la la la la.\footnote{13}
PIG 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?

PIG 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.

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

(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.)

PIG 2. ...walked right up to my front door, front door, front door...

PIG 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.

PIG 3. I, too, no longer have money, money, money.

PIG 1. Always bet on pink, pink, pink...

PIG 2. I invested mosta my inheritance on Kevin Federline, Federline, Federline...

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

ALL OF THE ABOVE. (Repeated:) Front door... / Backside... / Peep hole... Rear... / Pink... / Federline... / 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. We live in a highly unorthodox time, Your Honor. 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...

(Pause.)

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 comically flimsy houses with an industrial fan.

PIG 1 / PIG 2. Yeah. / Yes sir.

STILTSKIN. But the crime scene investigators have confirmed that the point of attack took place 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...?!

PIG 1. PIG 2. PIG 3.
Okay okay! All right! We did it! Guilty... Guilty...

PIG 1. We were broke! We needed the money so badly. I haven't bet on pink in almost 48 hours.

PIG 2. And K-Fed lied to me! He promised that his music would bridge the generation gap and end world hunger with its hypnotic funky rhythms! And that was false! Neither of those things happened!

JUDGE. Bailiffs Gruff, take them away.

(As the BAILIFFS cart off the PIGS, PIG 3 stops and turns to STILTSKIN.)

PIG 3. Well-played, Stiltskin. Well-played...
(The BAILIFFS and PIGS exit.)

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:
  
  o Replace THREE BAILIFFS GRUFF with GINGER-BREAD BAILIFF.

  o Change the following on pg. 39:

    STILTSKIN. Ladies and gentlemen of the jury... who are sitting way over there... As you have heard [continued]

  o Cut all lines, references, and appearances of the MUFFIN MAN and COURT REPORTER SPRAT.
Goldilocks on Trial
by Ed Monk

Comedy
45-55 minutes
3 females, 4 males, 17 either
(12-24 actors possible)

Goldilocks is on trial for breaking and entering. Will she be found guilty and sent to prison, or will the truth come out? It’s up to Judge Wallabee and some very silly jurors to decide, after hearing testimony from Goldee, the bickering Three Bears, and surprise witness Merwin the Big Bad Wolf, among others...

Saving the Greeks: One Tragedy at a Time
by Jason Pizzarello

Comedy
40-45 minutes
6 females, 8 males
(12-22 actors possible)

In an ambitious plan to bring peace to Ancient Greece, Dialysis and Peon create Betterland, a city where once-doomed tragic characters can start a better life. But this new society of refugees must face enemies and Gods who don’t tolerate free will or utopian ideals. Weaving together the stories of Ancient Greek characters from Oedipus to Hercules, this hilarious reinvention of the classics asks the question, “Is it possible to escape your own fate?” (A full-length version of this play is also available.)

Order online at: www.playscripts.com
About the Author

Jonathan Rand has written five of the top ten most-produced plays in North American high schools, according to the annual survey conducted by the Educational Theatre Association. In the 2008-2009 season, *The Least Offensive Play in the Whole Darn World* was the 10th most produced; *Check Please: Take 3* and *Hard Candy* tied for 6th; *Check Please: Take 2* ranked 3rd; and *Check Please* topped the list as the #1 most-produced short play for the fifth consecutive season. Since writing his first play in 1997, Mr. Rand’s work has been produced by over 4,600 theaters in 36 countries.

Mr. Rand’s writing is featured in *The Best Stage Scenes 2004*, *The Best Men’s Stage Monologues 2005*, *The Best Women’s Stage Monologues 2006*, *The Best Stage Scenes 2007*, *The Best Stage Scenes 2009* (Smith & Kraus), *Dramatics* magazine, and *Laugh Lines: Short Comic Plays* (Random House). His comedy *Drugs Are Bad* was selected by the Actors Theatre of Louisville as a Heideman Award finalist in the 2003 National Ten-Minute Play Contest.

Mr. Rand is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, and lives in New York City.

Official website: www.jonathanrand.com

Playscripts, Inc.
LAW & ORDER: FAIRY TALE UNIT
by Jonathan Rand

GENRE Comedy
LENGTH Short play, 35-45 minutes
CAST 13 females, 8 males, 27 either
(12-60 actors possible: 0-60 females, 0-60 males)
SET Minimal: suggestion of crime scenes, courtroom, etc.

In the fairy tale criminal justice system, the characters from fairy tales and nursery rhymes 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.