

THE STINKY CHEESE MAN
AND OTHER FAIRLY STUPID TALES

A COMEDY WITH MUSIC BY

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BASED ON THE BOOK BY JON SCIESZKA AND LANE SMITH

SCENE 1

(As audience enters, the COW PATTY BOY is situated at one of the aisles and periodically warns people not to step in the "Cow patty!!" He laughs at the joke every time, whether or not the targeted audience member falls for it. Just before the show is to begin, he exits.)

(The pre-show lights begin to darken, but before they reach black, a large RED HEN in a bonnet charges on.)

RED HEN (CLEMENTINE)

Hold it! Turn those lights back on, buster. I just found a kernel of wheat, and what I want to know is, who will help me plant this wheat? Huh?

(JACK, the narrator, edges on, hoping the audience won't see him.)

Where is that lazy dog? Where is that lazy cat? Where is that lazy mouse?

JACK

Hey. You can't tell your story now. The show hasn't even started yet.

RED HEN

Oh yeah? Who are you? You want to help me plant this wheat?

JACK

I'm Jack. I'm the narrator. And no, I can't help you plant the wheat. Now why don't you just go backstage for a few minutes, and I'll call you when I need you, okay?

RED HEN

But who's going to help me tell my story? Who's going to help me make a prop that looks like wheat? Where's that lazy prop guy?

JACK

Listen, Hen—forget the wheat. We can't worry about that right now because it's time for the Opening Num—

(Suddenly, a chorus of characters who will appear in the various stories bound on stage and sing [to

*the music of the "Hallelujah
Chorus"]:]*)

SONG: OPENING NUMBER

ALL

OPENING NUMBER
OPENING NUMBER
OPENING NUMBER, OPENING NUMBER
OF THE STINKY CHEESE MAN

OPENING NUMBER,
OPENING NUMBER
OPENING NUMBER, OPENING NUMBER
OF THE STINKY CHEESE MAN

AND OTHER FAIRLY STUPID TALES
STINKY CHEESEMAN, STINKY CHEESEMAN
STINKY CHEESEMAN, STINKY CHEESEMAN
AND OTHER FAIRLY STUPID TALES
STINKY CHEESEMAN, STINKY CHEESEMAN
STINKY CHEESEMAN, STINKY CHEESEMAN.

THIS IS THE OPENING SONG OF OUR SHOW.
THIS IS THE OPENING SONG IT'S ONE HOUR LONG
(THE SHOW, NOT THE SONG.)

IT WON'T GO ON FOREVER AND EVER
IT WON'T GO ON FOREVER AND EVER

HERE WE GO, ON WITH THE SHOW
IT WON'T GO ON FOREVER AND EVER.
HERE WE GO, ON WITH THE SHOW
STINKY CHEESEMAN! STINKY CHEESEMAN!
FOREVER AND EVER FOREVER AND EVER
STINKEEEEEEEEEEE CHEEEEEEESEMANNNNNNN!!!

(The chorus exits, leaving JACK.)

JACK

So that was the opening number. Wasn't quite ready for it, but never mind. Anyway, before we start the show proper—which would be the part of the show that comes after all of the improper stuff that has been cluttering things up so far—I'm here to tell you that we want to dedicate this performance to our very close, personal, special friend... (To someone in the audience:) What was your name again? What? That's not your name. It is? Well I can't be expected to remember a name like that, so I'm just going to call you Melvin. We dedicate the show to our BFF, Melvin, here, because I like the color of his/her shirt, and he/she doesn't stink, very much. Good job, Melvin. Okay, here we

(MORE)

JACK (cont'd)
 go. A long time ago, people used to tell magical stories of wonder and enchantment. Seriously. And those stories were called Fairy Tales. But we're not going to tell you those stories. Instead, we'll be-

(THE COW PATTY BOY SUDDENLY RUNS IN AND CRIES:)

COW PATTY BOY
 Cow patty!!!

JACK
 What are you talking about?! There's no-

(But COW PATTY BOY just walks away, chuckling. JACK turns back to audience.)

JACK
 Anyway, as I was beginning to explain, the stories in this show are almost Fairy Tales. But not quite. They're-

(The SURGEON GENERAL and SOLDIERS enter, briskly and efficiently.)

SURGEON GENERAL
 Stop. I'm the surgeon general. I've come to warn your audience that the show they're about to see consists of a bunch of fairly stupid tales.

SOLDIER 1
 And is therefore probably dangerous to their health.

SOLDIER 2
 We to have to shut the whole thing down.

SOLDIER 3
 (To audience:) Go on. Go home before somebody gets hurt.

JACK
 Wait a minute, it isn't dangerous, it's just stupid, and I was about to tell them that myself.

SURGEON GENERAL AND SOLDIERS
 (Checking his clipboard:) Not dangerous?

SURGEON GENERAL
 You're sure about that?

JACK
 Absolutely.

*(CHICKEN LICKEN enters like a
tornado and tramples JACK.)*

CHICKEN LICKEN
The sky is falling!

SURGEON GENERAL
(Leaving:) I warned you.

?

SCENE 2 - CHICKEN LICKEN

CHICKEN LICKEN

The sky is falling! The sky is falling!

NARRATOR

Now it's time for the first story of the show... "Chicken Licken."

CHICKEN LICKEN

The sky is falling! The sky is falling! We must tell the President!

NARRATOR

Once upon a time, Chicken Licken was standing around when a piece of something fell on her head.

(CHICKEN LICKEN holds out the offending piece of "sky.")

Lemme see that. This is what fell on you? This is the number "12."

CHICKEN LICKEN

The sky is falling! The sky is falling!

NARRATOR

Hey Melvin, what is this?

(Shows "Melvin" the "12" but doesn't really wait for his response:)

That's right, it's the number "12."

CHICKEN LICKEN

The sky is falling! The sky is falling!

NARRATOR

Unh hunh. Well, as you can see, Chicken Licken was not the brightest thing on two drumsticks, so she started running around in circles like a chicken with its head cut off.

(CHICKEN LICKEN, who had been running around frantically, stops and glares at the NARRATOR.)

What?

CHICKEN LICKEN

That's a vicious stereotype.

NARRATOR

What is?

CHICKEN LICKEN

Chickens do not run around with their heads cut off.

NARRATOR

No, it's just a figure of-

CHICKEN LICKEN

You're prejudiced!

NARRATOR

I'm not prej-

CHICKEN LICKEN

Why do you hate chickens?

NARRATOR

I don't, I just, I'm trying to tell a story here, trying to-

CHICKEN LICKEN

You hairless monkey.

NARRATOR

What I meant to say was, Chicken Licken started running around like a, like a very frantic chicken.

(CHICKEN LICKEN continues her slow burn, staring daggers at NARRATOR.)

Aaaaand, she ran right away to her friend-hey Duck, get in here- to her friend, Ducky Lucky, and clucked:

(DUCKY LUCKY appears. CHICKEN LICKEN ignores her, still trying to burn a hole in NARRATOR'S head with her eyes.)

NARRATOR

(Stage whisper:)

You have to say your line!

(To DUCKY LUCKY:)

Do something!

DUCKY LUCKY

Uh...so...I hear the sky might be falling? ...Don't you think we should tell-

CHICKEN LICKEN

(Getting back into it:) Ducky Lucky! Ducky Lucky! The sky is falling! The sky is falling! We must tell the President!

DUCKY LUCKY

(Quacking seriously:) Let's go.

NARRATOR

Then Chicken Licken and Ducky Lucky ran to their friend Goosey Loosey and yelled:

CHICKEN AND DUCKY

Goosey Loosey! Goosey Loosey! The sky is falling! The sky is falling! We must tell the President!

GOOSEY LOOSEY

(Honking:) Let's go!

NARRATOR

Chicken Licken, Ducky Lucky, and Goosey Loosey ran to their friend—

*(COCKY LOCKY enters cockily,
interrupting NARRATOR)*

COCKY LOCKY

Cochran Lockwood, the Third.

NARRATOR

No, your name is—

COCKY LOCKY

Cochran. Lockwood. The Third.

NARRATOR

Whatever. So the others ran to their friend, Coch—

CHICKEN, DUCKY, & GOOSEY

Cocky Locky! Cocky Locky! The sky is falling! The sky is falling! We must tell the President!

NARRATOR

Wait a minute! Wait a minute! cried Jack the Narrator, I forgot the Table of Contents!

DUCKY LUCKY

Hey, you're not in this story.

GOOSEY LOOSEY

You're just the narrator.

CHICKEN LICKEN

The hairless monkey narrator.

(THEY ALL CRACK UP.)

NARRATOR

I know, but I have to warn you that the Table of Contents is—

DUCKY LUCKY

And if you knew anything, you'd know that a play does not have a table of contents.

COCKY LOCKY

Monkey man.

CHICKEN LICKEN

So why don't you buzz off and let us finish our story. Ahem. The sky is falling! The sky is falling! We must tell the President!

NARRATOR

(Indignant:) So Chicken Licken, Ducky Lucky, Goosey Loosey, and Cocky Locky ignored Jack the Narrator and ran off to catch a plane to Washington. Just outside the airport they met Foxy Loxy.

ALL

Foxy Loxy! Foxy Loxy!

FOXY LOXY

Girls, girls, calm your down! You'd think the sky was falling.

ALL

The sky is falling! The sky is falling! We must tell the President!

FOXY LOXY

Well, in that case, come with me. I know a shortcut.

DUCKY LUCKY

How do we know you won't eat us?

FOXY LOXY

Trust me.

NARRATOR

So Foxy Loxy led Chicken Licken, Ducky Lucky, Goosey Loosey, and Cocky Locky down the garden path to his cave. Now I know what you're thinking, Melvin. You're thinking he's going to eat them. But as a matter of fact, he won't get the chance. Because as it turns out, Chicken Licken was almost right. The sky wasn't falling. The Table of Contents was.

(TABLE OF CONTENTS enter as words, letters, and numbers and fall all over the characters, knocking them down.)

Squashed the whole bunch of them. The end. Word to the wise, barnyard fowl: don't mess with the narrator.

(SURGEON GENERAL and SOLDIERS enter, they look at squashed characters, and take notes on clipboard, then exit, shaking their heads.)

?

SCENE 3 - PRINCESS AND THE BOWLING
BALL

NARRATOR

Moving on. Once upon a time there was a prince—

*(PRINCE enters, looking charming
and valiant—until he trips.)*

—and this prince's parents, the king and queen, somehow got it into their royal heads—

PRINCE (LUCAS)

Hold up, Jack. I got this. Once upon a time there was an awesome prince—

NARRATOR

Wait a second. I'm the narrator.

PRINCE (LUCAS)

Yeah, but it's my story.

NARRATOR

Exactly, that's what I mean, you can't tell your own story. I tell the stories.

PRINCE (LUCAS)

But I don't like the way you tell it.

NARRATOR

What's wrong with the way—

PRINCE (LUCAS)

You always make me seem like a brat and a dope.

NARRATOR

Well, you do let your parents walk all over you and then you get whiny and you throw a tantrum, and also you have a bad habit of singing stupid songs at inappropriate times. So...

PRINCE (LUCAS)

That's your version. In my version, the prince is charming, and valiant, and everyone loves and admires him so much he has his pick of any girl in the—

*(KING and QUEEN enter with a
sudden, brief fanfare.)*

KING AND QUEEN

No princess will be good enough for our boy unless she can feel a pea through one hundred mattresses.

PRINCE (LUCAS)

Mom! Dad! You didn't let me finish and then you said the wrong line!

QUEEN

No we didn't.

PRINCE (LUCAS)

Yes you did!

QUEEN

Well you never clean up your room.

PRINCE (LUCAS)

(Whiny:) That is not true. My lackey cleaned it up last week.

NARRATOR

Here we go.

QUEEN

He just stuffed everything in the closet. I found a burrito under your bed.

PRINCE (LUCAS)

I was going to eat that! (Looking for help:) Jack?!

NARRATOR

Don't look at me. You wanted to tell the story.

KING

Perhaps we should tell the rest of your story, son. We know what's best for you.

PRINCE (LUCAS)

You know what's best?! Every time I meet a girl I like, you two go piling a hundred mattresses on top of a pea and then you invite her to sleep over and when she comes down for breakfast, mom goes—

QUEEN

Well, well, well, if it isn't Sleeping Beauty.

PRINCE (LUCAS)

And Dad goes—

KING

How was your slumber, dear?

PRINCE (LUCAS)

And then the princess goes—(They all look around for the princess, then look at JACK (Connor).)

NARRATOR

Oh for Pete's sake. (pretends to be the princess) Fine, thank you, the mattress was so comfortable.

PRINCE (LUCAS)

And then Mom tells the princess—

QUEEN

(To "Princess," a bit too enthusiastically:) You fail!!! You fail, you fail, you fail. Now get out.

(KING and QUEEN do a little victory dance.)

PRINCE (LUCAS)

(Tantrum time:) AAAAAGH! Three years! Seventy-nine princesses! No girlfriends!

QUEEN

You don't need a girlfriend. You have me.

(PRINCESS 1 saunters in and plants herself with authority.)

PRINCESS 1

Then one day...the prince meets the girl of his dreams.

PRINCE (LUCAS)

Whoa.

PRINCESS 1

(At the PRINCE:) The awesome, charming, valiant prince decides he'd better do something about this pea nonsense once and for all.

(PRINCE just stares at her, his mouth hanging open.) I said, the prince decides to do something.

PRINCE (LUCAS)

Right. Soooo... (Idea!) He sings a song!

SONG: PRINCE'S LOVE SONG

(To the tune of Tchaikovsky's Sleeping Beauty theme—AKA "Once Upon a Dream.")

HEARTS and FLOWERS enter and the PRINCE skips through them.

PRINCE (LUCAS)

LOVE SONG, HEAR MY LOVE SONG,
A LOVE SONG SUNG BY ME
I LOVE LOVE SONGS CUZ THEY'RE SO
LOVELY LOVELY LOVELY
OH LOVE SONGS ARE LOVED BY EV'RY LOVER
(MORE)

PRINCE (LUCAS) (cont'd)

WHO EVER LOVED HIS LOVE
AND YOU ARE MY LOVE
AND I LOVE TO LOVE
A LOVER WHO LOVES
A LOVE SONG AS MUCH
AS I LOVE LOVE

PRINCESS 1

That's the worst song I ever heard. And it doesn't help one bit with this pea situation. So here's what you're going to do: Tonight, just before I go to bed, you're going to slip a bowling ball under the one hundred mattresses.

PRINCE (LUCAS)

But won't that be uncomfortable?

PRINCESS 1

That's the idea!

PRINCE (LUCAS)

Oh. Oooh!!

(She produces a bowling ball and hands it to him. It nearly knocks him over.)

PRINCESS 1

There.

PRINCE (LUCAS)

But I don't know how to bowl.

PRINCESS 1

(Exasperated:) Just take it upstairs and put it under the mattresses.

PRINCE (LUCAS)

(Rushing off:) Right. Sorry honeybun.

PRINCESS 1

(To NARRATOR:) What are you looking at? (Back to the story:) The next morning, the queen, my future mother-in-law, predictably asked:

QUEEN

How did you sleep, dear?

PRINCESS 1

Well, okay I guess, but—

QUEEN

You fail!!! You fai—

PRINCESS 1

BUT...I think you need another mattress. I felt like I was sleeping on a lump as big as a bowling ball. (She gives the audience a wink.)

NARRATOR:

The king and queen were satisfied. (They appear deeply suspicious.) The prince and princess were married. And everyone lived happily, though maybe not completely honestly, ever after. However I do have one question for the princess.

PRINCESS 1

What?

NARRATOR

If you knew about the pea thing all along, then why did you need him to put a bowling ball under there? You could just fake it and say you felt the pea.

PRINCESS 1

I'm a method actor. I don't "fake it."

NARRATOR

Meanwhile, in another part of the play ...

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SCENE 4 - THE UGLY DUCKLING

MOTHER DUCK

There was a mother duck.

FATHER DUCK

And a father duck.

MOTHER DUCK

Who had seven baby ducklings.

PUDDLEFOOT

Six of us were regular-looking ducklings. The seventh was-

(UGLY DUCKLING appears.)

FLAPPER

Well, you'd have to agree that she was just a really ugly duckling.

QUACKMIRE

Stay away from us and don't give us your cooties.

QUACKSALOT

You're not one of us and we don't want to play with you.

WADDLESWORTH

We are cute And adorable! You're odd looking and strange.

QUACKINGTON

So leave us alone strange creature.

FLUFF

You're soooo UGLY!!

FATHER DUCK

The neighbors all used to say:

(COW PATTY BOY appears and cries:)

COW PATTY BOY

Cow patty!!!

MOTHER DUCK

No. The neighbors didn't say that, they said:

CROWD. Holy moly, what an ugly duckling.

UGLY DUCK

Yes. That is what they said. In fact, when the spirit moved them, as it often did, they were known to sing it. Thusly:

SONG: UGLY DUCKLING SONG

(To the tune of "Sarasponda":)

CROWD

UGLY DUCKLING, UGLY DUCKLING
 YOUR APPEARANCE IS A SHOCK.
 UGLY DUCKLING, UGLY DUCKLING
 OH YOUR FACE COULD STOP A CLOCK
 YOU'RE HIDEOUS.
 YOUR LOOKS ARE PITEOUS.
 YOUR VISAGE IS INVIDIOUS.
 WHAT A HOMELY BIRD.
 UGLY DUCKLING, UGLY DUCKLING
 YOU'RE A TRULY LOATHSOME FOWL (ELEANOR).
 UGLY DUCKLING, UGLY DUCKLING
 FROM YOUR BOWELS UP TO YOUR JOWLS
 YOUR EGG WAS ROTTEN,
 YOUR GIZZARD MISBEGOTTEN.
 YOUR BEAK SHOULD BE VERBOTEN
 YOU'RE A MOST REVOLTING
 VOMITROCIOUS,
 FRIGHTFUL,
 HORRID,
 GROSS,
 DISGUSTING,
 VILE,
 REPUGNANT,
 NASTY,
 HOMELY,
 FOUL,
 REPULSIVE,
 YUCKY,
 PUKY,
 ICKY,
 BLECCHY-

UGLY

Okay, I think they get the idea.

CROWD

No offense.

UGLY

Sure. No harm no fowl.

CROWD. (SUNG:)

WHAT AN UGLY BIRD!

MOTHER DUCK

They were an unusually cruel group of neighbors...

FATHER DUCK

But it really didn't bother the really ugly duckling, who would say to himself:

UGLY

I don't care. Because I know that one day I will probably grow up to be a swan, and be bigger and look better than anything in the pond. All I have to do is wait.

(Everyone waits, watching the UGLY DUCKLING to see if any changes come over her. Finally:)

MOTHER DUCK

Well a year went by. And you know what?

FATHER DUCK

It turned out he wasn't a swan. He was just a really ugly duckling who grew up to be a really ugly duck.

UGLY

The end.

?

SCENE 5 - THE OTHER FROG PRINCE

(A FROG enters as the crowd exits, followed by the UGLY DUCK.)

NARRATOR

Wow. That's an ugly duck.

(PRINCESS 2 strolls on, smelling a flower.)

FROG

Nothing ugly about that, though. Time to "meet cute."

NARRATOR

This is the story of the other Frog Prince.

(Putting on a pathetically sad voice:)

Pardon me, O beautiful princess, but I wonder if you could help me.

PRINCESS 2

What can I do to help you, little frog?

FROG

Oh, see, I'm not really a frog? I'm actually a handsome prince who was turned into a frog by a wicked witch's spell.

PRINCESS 2

Oh no!

FROG

It's terrible, right?

PRINCESS 2

It's such a cliché! I suppose next you're going to tell me the spell can only be broken by the kiss of a beautiful princess, right?

FROG

No.

PRINCESS 2

No?!

FROG

No. The witch told me the spell can only be broken by the kiss of an ordinary young woman who isn't exactly beautiful but has a kind of girl-next-door cuteness with an appealingly quirky personality.

PRINCESS 2

Oh.

FROG

So, see, you're much too royal and way too beautiful to break this spell.

PRINCESS 2

I'm not that beautiful.

FROG

No, you really are. You're gorgeous. There's no point in kissing you.

PRINCESS 2

But...what would be the harm in giving it a try?

FROG

The harm? The harm?! The witch said if I kiss the wrong girl I'll turn into something even more hideous than I already am! Like a narrator.

NARRATOR

Hey!

PRINCESS 2

Oh. Well. Okay.

FROG

It would have to be on the lips though. Still want to give it a try?

PRINCESS 2

Sure!

(She leans over, but before she can plant one on him, he holds out a tube of lip gloss.)

FROG

It's peach-flavored.

(She puts on the lip gloss, then leans over again, but this time he holds out a breath spritzer.)

Sorry. I want everything to be just right. Okay, I'm ready for the kiss.

(She "kisses" the FROG behind the bouquet of flowers she is holding.)

PRINCESS 2

Oh, pooh! It didn't work! I guess I am too beautiful.

FROG

No, you're not. I just made the whole thing up.

PRINCESS 2

What?!

FROG

I was never a prince. Boom!

NARRATOR

And with that, the frog jumped back into his pond and the princess wiped the frog slime off her lips. By the way, two years later she met a Beast in an enchanted castle and things worked out a whole lot better for her.

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GRANSEL AND HETEL

NARRATOR 1

Once upon a time, there were a brother and sister who lived in a cottage in the woods with their father and stepmother.

NARRATOR 2

Life for Gransel and Hetel was pretty good.

NARRATOR 3

Except for one small problem with their stepmother. . . .

GRANSEL & HETEL

[whining] Spaghetti?!?!?AGAIN?!?!?

GRANSEL

We've had spaghetti three times this week!

STEPMOTHER

But, children—

HETEL

[interrupting] My eyeballs are swimming in pasta sauce!

STEPMOTHER

I only want to—

GRANSEL

[interrupting] My brain's turning into a mushy meatball!

STEPMOTHER

I'm trying my best to—

GRANSEL & HETEL

[interrupting] We're sick of spaghetti!

NARRATOR 4

Gransel and Hetel stomped away, leaving their father and poor stepmother all by themselves with a giant, steaming pot of spaghetti and meatballs.

HETEL

[upset] If I eat any more spaghetti and meatballs I'm totally going to die. We should run away!

GRANSEL

[worried] But what if we get lost and can't find our way home?

HETEL

(annoyed) Duh, Gransel! We're going to be running away . The whole idea is we don't want to come back home.

GRANSEL

But what if we change our minds?

HETEL

[confidently] Okay. I have an idea.

NARRATOR 2

Hetel whispered her plan to Gransel, who nodded his head.

NARRATOR 3

Unfortunately, Gransel wasn't nodding his head because Hetel's plan was good. He only nodded his head because he pretty much always agreed with his sister's schemes, even when he shouldn't.

NARRATOR 4

So Gransel and Hetel ran away the very next morning.

NARRATOR 1

As soon as they got out of sight of the cottage, Hetel handed Gransel a thirty pound sack of soggy meatballs.

HETEL

[bossy] Don't forget my plan. One meatball every twenty steps. Don't lose count.

GRANSEL

[determined] Twenty steps. Meatball. Got it.

NARRATOR 2

And they set off through the woods, stopping every twenty steps so Gransel could drop a meatball to mark their trail.

NARRATOR 3

They walked and walked for hour after hour, soggy meatball after soggy meatball.

NARRATOR 4

Twenty steps.

NARRATOR 1

Twenty steps.

NARRATOR 2

Twenty steps.

NARRATOR 3

Until finally . . .

GRANSEL

[whining] I'm tired.

HETEL

We can rest a minute.

GRANSEL

[whining] I'm cold.

HETEL

[annoyed] Do some jumping jacks.

GRANSEL

[whining] I'm hungry.

HETEL

[more annoyed] Then eat a meatball!

GRANSEL

That was our last one. Please, Hetel, please . . . can't we just go home?

HETEL

Fine . We can go home. But only so you'll stop complaining.

ALL

But . . .

GRANSEL & HETEL

[shocked & upset] Where are all the meatballs?!?!?

NARRATOR 3

In answer to their question, a baby raccoon waddled up to the meatball by Gransel's feet, stuffed it in its mouth, then shuffled off under a bush.

GRANSEL

[wailing] We're doooooomed!

HETEL

(with a know -it-all attitude) Chill out and use your brain! The meatballs marked our trail, and the raccoon ate the meatballs. All we have to do is follow the raccoon. We'll get home because the raccoon has the meatballs in its stomach!

NARRATOR 1

So Gransel and Hetel took off after the baby raccoon.

NARRATOR 2

Of course, if you've ever tried to follow a meatball-stealing baby raccoon through a dreary forest, you know it's not easy.

NARRATOR 3

It didn't take long until the raccoon had disappeared, and Gransel and Hetel were stumbling around, hopelessly lost.

ALL NARRATORS

The end . . .

WITCH

Hey what about me?

ALL NARRATORS

What about you?

WITCH

My house? The scent of sugary sweetness filling the air? My fudge-brownie bricks stuck together with chocolate-frosting mortar. The windows of sheets of clear sugar crisscrossed with licorice latticework. And my gumdrop chimney poked from the roof, which was covered by layers of overlapping sugar-cookie shingles.

NARRATOR 4

Oh, that's right! Snack time everyone!

WITCH

Ugh! Fine! That's it! I'm going VEGAN! This world is filled with sweet-toothed little brats like you, and I'm sick of it! Today is the time for a healthier tomorrow!?

SCENE 6 - LITTLE RED RUNNING SHORTS

NARRATOR 1

Okay. It looks like I've finally got things running smoothly now. And the next story is even better than the last three. It's called "Little Red Running Shorts," see, and it's about this girl who runs very fast and always wears red running shorts. That's where her name comes from, get it? So anyway, this girl is running to her granny's house when she meets a wolf.

(LITTLE RED enters and listens with growing disbelief. In a moment the WOLF joins her.)

NARRATOR 2

Is this the one where the wolf tricks her into taking the long way while he takes the shortcut?

NARRATOR 1

Yes, but here comes the good part, because Little Red runs so fast that she beats the wolf to granny's house. And when the wolf gets there—

NARRATOR 2

—He knocks on the door?

NARRATOR 1

And Red answers it, and guess what she says?

NARRATOR 2

Cow patty?

NARRATOR 1

No.

NARRATOR 2

The sky is falling?

NARRATOR 1

No!

NARRATOR 2

Give up.

NARRATOR 1

She says, "My, what slow feet you have." And that's it. The End. Is that great or what?

NARRATOR 2

It's like Shakespeare.

NARRATOR 1

Wow, thanks. You know, I may only be a narrator right now, but some day I'm going to be an epic poet.

NARRATOR 2

Unh hunh.

NARRATOR 1

Either an epic poet or, like, a samurai, spoken-word hip-hop wordsmith with like 2 million Twitter followers.

NARRATOR 2

(Skeptical:) Really.

NARRATOR 1

Yeah. Hey, you wanna go grab a pizza or...

NARRATOR 2

We're in the middle of this story.

NARRATOR 1

(Suddenly remembering the audience:) Oh! Right! Hi. Uh, now it's time to sit back, relax, and enjoy—"Little Red Running Shorts."

(She looks to LITTLE RED and WOLF, who glower back at him.) And now, like I already said, "Little Red Running Shorts."

LITTLE RED

You just told the whole story.

WOLF

We're not going to do it again.

NARRATOR 1

You can't say that. We have to start with "Once upon a time."

WOLF

(To LITTLE RED:) Come on. Let's get a Frappuccino.

NARRATOR 1

But you guys are next. Look at the script, see, right after "The Other Frog Prince," here you are: "Little Red Running Shorts," that's you.

LITTLE RED

Let's go, Wolf. We're out of here.

NARRATOR 1

Wait. You can't do this.

WOLF

Did I tell you I'm up for a Burger King commercial?

LITTLE RED

Get out! I so need a new agent.

NARRATOR 1

But your story is supposed to be five minutes long. What am I going to do for the next five minutes?

WOLF

Don't look at us. You're the samurai, spoken-word hip-hop wordsmith.

*(RED, WOLF, and the NARRATOR 2
exit, shaking their heads and
muttering to each other.)*

?

RAFUNZEL

NARRATOR

There once was a woman named Rafunzel. A wicked witch locked her away in a room at the top of a tall tower. Year after year, Rafunzel grew her blond hair until it was as long as the tower was high. A brave prince had heard that Rafunzel was trapped in the tower. One day, the Prince rode his horse to the tower and called up to Rafunzel.

PRINCE

Rafunzel! Rafunzel! Throw down your hair, so I may climb your golden stair!

NARRATOR

Rafunzel threw down her hair. The Prince began to climb.

(He get tangled in several things.)

PRINCE

Oh, drat!

(After untangling himself he gets to the top of the tower.)

PRINCE

Rafunzel, I am here to rescue you and take you away.

(He gets down on one knee)

PRINCE

Oh, dearest Rafunzel, will you be my wife? I am a prince and we shall live in my castle and be happy together.

RAFUNZEL

A prince! You're a mess! You're twisted in pink ribbon. You have bird peck marks on your cheeks! And your eye's swollen shut from a bumble bee sting!

PRINCE

Well, nobody's perfect. Look at you, Rafunzel! You need a haircut! Your hair is all full of ribbons and bird's nests and bumble bees!

RAFUNZEL

(furious) Well, I never!

PRINCE

(furious) I'm outta hair. I mean... I'm outta here.

PRINCE

Hey, we may not be perfect. I'm twisted in ribbon, pecked by birds, and my eye is swollen shut from a bee sting. And your hair is full of ribbons and bird's nests and bumble bees. Don't you see, Rafunzel? We're perfect for each other! I love you. Please say you'll marry me.

RAFUNZEL

(sadly) I would, my prince. But how can we both escape from this tower?

NARRATOR

The Prince realized it was true. He could climb back down Rafunzel's hair. But how could they both escape together? To comfort Rafunzel, the Prince began to stroke her long blond hair. It was then that he found yet another thing tangled in her hair.

PRINCE

What's this?

RAFUNZEL

The key! I've been looking for that for seven years! We're free! We're free!

NARRATOR

And so our story ends. The ribbon-tied, bird-pecked, bee-stung Prince and Rafunzel with long blond hair full of ribbons and birds nests and and bumble bees got married and lived happily ever after.

?

SCENE 7 - JACK'S BEAN PROBLEM

(JACK looks out at the audience, then runs after them. The stage is empty. After a long pause, the RED HEN barges on.)

RED HEN

I planted the wheat. I watered the wheat. I harvested the wheat. Now do I get to tell my story? Hey. Where'd everybody go? Where's that Jack guy, isn't he supposed to be the narrator? He can't leave the stage empty like this. I want to tell my story now. Do they expect me to tell the whole thing by myself? Where is that lazy narrator? Where is that lazy director? Where is the lazy guy who wrote this stupid story? Where's Melvin?!

JACK

(Entering:) Never mind that, Hen. Now it's time for the best story in the whole play—"Jack's Bean Problem," starring me.

(SURGEON GENERAL and SOLDIERS enter.)

SURGEON GENERAL AND SOLDIERS

Jack!

JACK

Now what!

SURGEON GENERAL

This is my final warning:

SOLDIER 1

Beanstalks are an accident waiting to happen,

SOLDIER 2

And giants—well you just don't want to mess around with giants.

SOLDIER 3

We must put this in the file.

JACK

(Pushing them off:) Never mind, just get out of here so I can tell my story. Which goes like this: Once upon a time I traded our last cow for three magic beans and—

(The GIANT enters noisily.)

GIANT

FEE, FI—

JACK

Giant!!! What are you doing here, you're not supposed to enter yet! You're going to ruin my whole story.

GIANT

I DON'T LIKE THAT STORY.

JACK

What?

GIANT

YOU ALWAYS TRICK ME.

JACK

Well, yeah, that's the best part.

GIANT

FEE FI FUM FORY, I HAVE MADE MY OWN STORY.

JACK

Great rhyme, Giant. And I'm sure your story is just as good. But there's no room for it. So why don't you climb back up the beanstalk which I haven't planted yet, and I'll be up in a few minutes to steal your gold and your singing harp.

GIANT

I'LL GRIND YOUR BONES TO MAKE MY BREAD.

JACK

Dryly:) Bone bread. Yummy. Maybe spread some brain butter on it. A little toe jam. You kill me, Giant. And hey, as long as you're here, can I just mention a little thing that's been bugging me? I've noticed you're always talking in capital letters, it's even in the script that way- (He pulls out the script:) -And see, it really messes up the page, and frankly, with your voice, it's like fingernails on-

GIANT

I WILL TELL MY STORY NOW.

JACK

Said the giant. In capital letters. And he did.

GIANT

Clearing his throat; he might sing part of this:) GIANT STORY. THE END, OF THE EVIL STEPMOTHER SAID "I'LL HUFF AND SNUFF AND GIVE YOU THREE WISHES." THE BEAST CHANGED INTO SEVEN DWARVES. HAPPILY EVER AFTER. FOR A SPELL HAD BEEN CAST BY A WICKED WITCH. ONCE UPON A TIME.

(Pause.)

JACK

That's your story? You've got to be kidding. That's not a fairly stupid tale. That's an incredibly stupid tale. That's an unbelievably stupid tale. That is the Most Stupid Tale I Ever—

(GIANT grabs him by the throat.)

Awwwwk!

GIANT

SAID JACK, AS THE GIANT GRABBED HIM AND DRAGGED HIM INTO THE NEXT STORY.

(CINDERELLA wafts onstage, getting ready to begin her story.)

JACK

(Wrestling free:) Wait. Wait. (To CINDERELLA:) Beat it. (Back to GIANT, improvising:) Okay, how's this? Once upon a time...there was...a giant, aaannnd...

(GIANT growls.)

And the giant squeezed Jack and said—

GIANT

TELL ME A BETTER STORY OR I WILL GRIND YOUR BONES TO MAKE MY BREAD. AND WHEN YOUR STORY IS FINISHED, I WILL GRIND YOUR BONES TO MAKE MY BREAD ANYWAY! HO, HO, HO!

(Beat.)

JACK

The giant laughed an ugly laugh and Jack thought—can I have the special light, please?

(Lights change, and JACK goes super dramatic.)

—He'll kill me if I do. He'll kill me if I don't. He'll kill me as soon as my story is finished. So, there's only one way to get out of this.

(Lights change back.)

So Jack cleared his throat and then began his story. Once upon a time there was a giant. The giant squeezed Jack and said... Come on, we've circled back around, you gotta keep up.

GIANT

(Uncertainly:) TELL ME A BETTER STORY OR I WILL GRIND YOUR BONES TO MAKE MY BREAD. AND WHEN YOUR STORY IS FINISHED, I WILL GRIND YOUR BONES TO MAKE MY BREAD ANYWAY! HO, HO, HO.

JACK

The giant laughed an ugly laugh. Jack thought—

*(He snaps his fingers, lights
change.)*

He'll kill me if I do. He'll kill me if I don't. He'll kill me as soon as my story is finished. So, there's only one way to get out of this.

*(Lights change back; JACK begins
leading the GIANT offstage.)*

So, Jack cleared his throat and then began his story. Once upon a time there was a giant. The giant squeezed Jack and said... Come on, we've circled back around, you gotta keep up...

?

SCENE 8 - CINDERUMPELSTILTSKIN

(They're gone. The stage is empty again for a moment. CINDERELLA, then returns, takes a breath and begins her story.)

CINDERELLA

The story of Cinderumpelstiltskin, or, the girl who really blew it. Here I am, cleaning house again while my wicked step-mother and two ugly stepsisters are out somewhere having a ball.

(STEPMOTHER and STEPSISTERS enter.)

STEPMOTHER

No, no, no. We're not having the ball, doofus. The prince is having the ball.

1ST STEPSISTER

We rehearsed this thing for weeks, you ought'a know the story by now.

CINDERELLA

Did I mention they were wicked? And ugly?

2ND STEPSISTER

The prince is having a ball, and everyone's invited. 1ST STEPSISTER (Eleanor). Even you're invited, Cinderella. But, too bad, you have to clean the house.

STEPMOTHER

Come on, girls, let's go get dressed up in our ball gowns. Hey Cincinnati, don't forget to clean the inside of the chimney with your toothbrush. And if you let those mice in here again I'm gonna marinate 'em in motor oil and throw 'em on the barbecue. Especially that fat goofy one.

(STEPMOTHER and STEPSISTERS exit, laughing. STINKY SQUAD - MICE enter.)

CINDERELLA

Oh boo hoo. I guess it's another night of crying my eyes out.

(JACK appears, clutched tightly in the GIANT's hand.)

JACK

The Really Emotional Crying Song.

(Really bouncy disco music starts up. JACK cuts it off quickly.)

JACK
(To the booth:) It's a ballad. A sad ballad.

("Jingle Bell" Christmas intro.)
No. Sad. Very sad.

(A Sousa march.)
No!

("Greensleeves.")
Thank you.

(The GIANT pulls JACK back off again.)

SONG: BOO HOO

CINDERELLA
BOO HOO, BOO HOO, BOO HOO, BOO HOO, BOO HOO, BOO HOO,

MICE
SHE'S WEEPING

CINDERELLA
BOO HOO, BOO HOO, BOO HOO, BOO HOO, BOO HOO, BOO HOO,

MICE
SHE'S WEEPING.
SOB. SOB.
SNIFF, SNIFF, SNIFF, SNIFF
WANH WANH, WANH WANH
CHOKE CHOKE, SNIFF SIGH.
SOB. SOB.
SNIFF, SNIFF, SNIFF, SNIFF
WANH WANH. BOO HOO.

CINDERELLA
I CRY.
BOO HOO, BOO HOO, BOO HOO, BOO HOO, BOO HOO, BOO HOO,

MICE
SHE'S WAILING

CINDERELLA
BOO HOO, BOO HOO, BOO HOO, BOO HOO, BOO HOO, BOO HOO, BOO
HOO.

(COW PATTY BOY enters, and surprises CINDERELLA by shouting:)

COW PATTY BOY

Cow patty!!!

(MICE exit. She has her little heart attack, and the boy exits laughing as RUMPELSTILTSKIN enters.)

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

Do I hear someone crying?

(Actually he doesn't, because CINDERELLA is still trying to breathe after her scare.)

Psst. You're supposed to be crying. My line doesn't make any sense if you aren't, uh— Oh, don't cry, girlie. No, do not cry. Because: I can help you spin straw into gold.

CINDERELLA

I beg your pardon.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

I can help you spin straw into gold.

CINDERELLA

That won't do me any good. I need a fancy dress, glass slippers and a coach.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

Would you like to try to guess my name?

CINDERELLA

Not really.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

Come on, give it a try. Do you think it's... "Chester"?

CINDERELLA

Look, if you don't have a dress, it doesn't really matter.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

Oh, just guess a name, any name.

CINDERELLA

I'm not supposed to talk to strangers.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

But I'm a mysterious little man, aren't you the least bit curious?

CINDERELLA

(Escorting him off:) Maybe you should come back when my stepmother is here.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

No, you don't underst-

CINDERELLA

Bye now.

(She pushes him offstage.)

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

IT'S RUMPELSTILTSKIN! RUMPELSTILTSKIN, RUMPELSTILTSKIN,
RUMPELSTILTSKIN!

(STEPMOTHER AND STEPSISTERS ENTER.)

2ND STEPSISTER

Who is that odd little man out there?

CINDERELLA

I think he said his name was Chester.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

RUMPELSTILTSKIN!

CINDERELLA

I don't know who he was, but somehow I feel he has changed
my life. It's kind of a Cinderella story, really, if you
think about it.

STEPMOTHER

Yeah, except you're still wearing rags and you still have to
clean the house.

1ST STEPSISTER

And we're changing your name to Cinderumpelstiltskin.

CINDERELLA

Why?

2ND STEPSISTER

Because we're mean.

*(CINDERELLA exits. A TORTOISE
enters.)*

1ST STEPSISTER

Who are you supposed to be?

TORTOISE / JACK

I'm the tortoise.

2ND STEPSISTER

No, you aren't, you're Jack.

TORTOISE / JACK

(With desperate gesticulations:) Ixnay on the Ack- Jay!

STEPMOTHER

We don't speak your language. Anyway, I thought you'd be bone bread by now.

TORTOISE / JACK

Dropping character:) I found this costume backstage and used it to fool the giant. I'm going to lose myself in this next story and he'll never find me.

1ST STEPSISTER

You better hope he doesn't like turtle soup.

TORTOISE / JACK

(Very slowly:) Once upon a time there was a tortoise who was very slow but very dependable.

2ND STEPSISTER

Let's go find Chester and pluck out his nose hairs.

(Ladies exits.)

?

SCENE 9 THE TORTOISE AND THE HAIR

TORTOISE / JACK

I always get where I set out to go. It just takes me longer than most people.

(RABBIT tears on and screeches to a halt.)

RABBIT

(Fast:) Tortoise, you are so slow, I could probably grow hair faster than you run.

TORTOISE / JACK

Oh yeah?

RABBIT

That's why the story is called "The Tortoise and the Hair."

TORTOISE / JACK

(Very slowly:) Then I—

RABBIT

You challenge me to a race. No kidding, what a concept. C'mon, let's do it. The Fast and the Infuriating.

(An OWL enters as SPECTATORS gather.)

OWL

I don't know what I'm doing in this story, but they've asked me to say that on the day of the big race— You know, may I simply point out that I have a PhD from Yale University, and I did postdoctoral research in particle physics at the Institute for Advanced Studies at Princeton, and I just have to say that—

TORTOISE / JACK

Owl!

OWL

I just have to say that on the day of the big race, Tortoise and Rabbit lined up at the starting line, and the grossly overqualified referee said, "On your mark. Get set. Grow!"

TORTOISE / JACK

Tortoise starts to run.

RABBIT

Rabbit starts to grow his hair.

(TORTOISE / JACK)

Tortoise runs.

RABBIT

Rabbit grows his hair.

(SPECTATORS begin to drift off.)

TORTOISE / JACK

Tortoise runs.

RABBIT

Rabbit grows his hair.

TORTOISE / JACK

Tortoise runs.

RABBIT

Rabbit grows his hair.

TORTOISE / JACK

Tortoise runs.

RABBIT

Rabbit grows his hair.

TORTOISE / JACK

Tortoise-

(Suddenly the GIANT [or just his giant hand] appears and grabs JACK, dragging him off. RABBIT and SPECTATORS exit quickly in the opposite direction. OWL remains onstage.)

OWL

That is what is called a deus ex machina. It is a dramatic device that normally comes at the end of a play and saves the hero from certain death. In this case, I think you'll agree, it has saved all of us from certain boredom.

(FOXY LOXY enters. OWL exits when dismissed. When FOXY LOXY introduces the LITTLE OLD MAN and LITTLE OLD LADY, they will enter.)

?

SCENE 10 - THE STINKY CHEESMAN

FOXY LOXY

I'll handle this, Poindexter. (To audience:) With all this excitement, and in the absence of our narrator, no one realized that another story had already begun. The first words of this story, which you have regrettably missed, were, "Once upon a time there was a little old woman and a little old man who lived together in a little old house. They were lonely." Now while I was telling you that, you missed the next line of the story, which was-

LITTLE OLD LADY

Let's make a man out of stinky cheese.

LITTLE OLD MAN

(Dubious:) Okay.

LITTLE OLD LADY

I'll give him a piece of bacon for a mouth.

LITTLE OLD MAN

Yeah.

LITTLE OLD LADY

And two olives for eyes and-

LITTLE OLD MAN

Couldn't we just make a pizza?

LITTLE OLD LADY

-And then I'll put him in the oven to cook.

LITTLE OLD MAN

Then what?

LITTLE OLD LADY

Then he'll magically come alive and we won't be lonely any more.

LITTLE OLD MAN

So he'll be a walking, talking, little man made out of a variety of savory foodstuffs.

LITTLE OLD LADY

That's right.

LITTLE OLD MAN

A stinky cheese man.

LITTLE OLD LADY

It'll be great.

FOXY LOXY

So she raided her fridge and made a little man out of stinky cheese, and bacon, and olives.

LITTLE OLD MAN

I'd rather have a pizza.

FOXY LOXY

When she opened the oven to see if the little man was done-

(Begin intro to "Ride of the Stinky Cheese.")

LITTLE OLD LADY

(Knocked backwards by the smell:) Phew! What is that terrible smell?

(MORE)

(STINKY POPS OUT TO THE TUNE OF
"THE RIDE OF THE VALKYRIES":)

SONG: RIDE OF THE STINKY CHEESE

*(Instrumental section during which
STINKY runs around crazily [perhaps
into the audience] and we hear the
following dialogue:)*

LITTLE OLD MAN

Well this was a good idea.

STINKY

You want to eat me, don't you?

LITTLE OLD LADY

Uhhh...

STINKY

Well, run run run as fast as you can. You can't catch me.
I'm the Stinky Cheese Man!

(Beat.)

LITTLE OLD MAN

I'm not really very hungry.

LITTLE OLD LADY

I'm not really all that lonely. Let's go to Florida.

LITTLE OLD MAN

Okay.

(They exit.)

FOXY LOXY

So they jumped in their RV and drove away. Meanwhile, the
Stinky Cheese Man ran and ran until he met a cow eating
grass in a field.

*(COW, played by two actors,
enters.)*

COW

Wow! What's that awful smell?

STINKY

I've run away from a little old lady and a little old man and I can run away from you too I can. Run run run as fast as you can. You can't catch me. I'm the Stinky Cheese Man.

COW HEAD

I'll bet you could give someone two or three stomachaches. I think I'll just eat weeds.

COW'S HINDQUARTERS

Me too. This way.

COW HEAD

No this way.

COW'S HINDQUARTERS

No this way.

(They separate and head off in opposite directions.)

FOXY LOXY

So the Stinky Cheese Man ran and ran ...

STINKY

I've run away from a little old lady, and a little old man, and a cow, and I can run away from you too I can. Run run run as fast as you can. You can't catch me. I'm the Stinky Cheese Man!

FOXY LOXY

And the Stinky Cheese Man ran on. By and by he came to a river with no bridge.

STINKY

How will I ever cross this river? It's too big to jump, and if I try to swim across I'll probably fall apart.

FOXY LOXY

Here's where I come in. (To STINKY:) Why, just hop on my back, Stinky Cheese Man, and I'll carry you across.

STINKY

How do I know you won't eat me?

FOXY LOXY

(With a wink to the audience:) Trust me.

STINKY

No really.

FOXY LOXY

Well, I have a bad sinus cold, so I don't have much of an appetite. So.

STINKY

Unh hunh.

FOXY LOXY

So he hopped on my back and I started swimming. But when I got to the middle of the river, my sinuses suddenly cleared and— Oh man! What is that funky smell? I coughed—

(He coughs.)

—I gagged—

(He gags.)

—I sneezed—

(He sneezes.)

—and El Stinko fell off my back and into the river.

STINKY

No I don't.

FOXY LOXY

(Making it happen:) Oh yes you do. You tragically lose your grip, slip into the river, and fall apart.

STINKY

What a world! What a world!

FOXY LOXY

And nobody ever smelled him again.

SCENE 11 - FINALE

(JACK sneaks in very quietly and beckons other cast members to gather around.)

JACK

Okay, look, I've given that giant the slip long enough to tell you that you have to sing the closing number now. See, that way, the giant will think the show is over and he'll go to sleep. So sing the closing number, but sing it very. Very. Softly.

UGLY

You want us to sing the closing number very softly?

JACK

That's right. Like a lullaby.

RUMPLESTILTSKIN

But it's the Big, Rousing, Closing Number.

JACK

Well now it's a lullaby. Unless you want to find out what it's like to be a pizza topping.

(JACK slips back out as the entire cast begins singing very quietly, to the tune of "Glory Hallelujah":)

SONG: CLOSING NUMBER (FINAL BOW)

ALL

THIS IS THE CLOSING NUMBER OF THE STINKY CHEESE MAN AND OTHER FAIRLY STUPID TALES AND NOW WE'D LIKE YOU ALL TO STAND CAUSE WE'RE PUTTING YOU OUT OF YOUR MISERY BY POPULAR DEMAND

THIS IS OUR FINAL BOW.

*RAISE YOUR VOICES, CLAP YOUR CLAPPERS,
LIFT YOUR TOES AND TAP YOUR TAPPERS,
DANCE AND SPIN AROUND LIKE FLAPPERS,
THIS IS OUR FINAL BOW.*

(They all bow, and presumably the audience begins to applaud, as JACK rushes on and desperately tries to quiet the audience.)

JACK

hhhhh! Don't applaud! You'll wake him up!

(JACK points, and a light comes up on the GIANT, sleeping.)

Look, I know this isn't exactly the way we all wanted the show to end, but the big lug is finally asleep, and if you

(MORE)

ALL (cont'd)

know what's good for you, Melvin, you and all your pals here will just very quietly gather up your things and tip-toe to the exit while I—

(THE RED HEN BARGES ON AT FULL BLAST.)

RED HEN

I FOUND THE WHEAT. I PLANTED THE WHEAT. I GREW THE WHEAT. I HARVESTED THE WHEAT. I GROUND THE WHEAT. I MADE THE DOUGH. I BAKED THE BREAD. AND DID ANYONE HELP ME? DID ANYONE LEAVE TIME FOR MY STORY? SO NOW WHO THINKS THEY'RE GOING TO HELP ME EAT THE BREAD.

(The GIANT wakes up.)

GIANT

BREAD? EAT?

(GIANT grabs RED HEN by the throat.)

Chick fil A!!

(GIANT drags RED HEN off, leaving JACK looking rather sheepish. He shrugs.)

JACK

Chickens.

(We hear a "squawk," and chicken feathers and a bonnet come flying in from just offstage.)

SOLDIER 1

(Rapidly, in TV commercial legalese:) This play has been adapted by John Glore from the book, *The Stinky Cheese Man and Other Fairly Stupid Tales* written by Jon Scieszka and Lane Smith ...

SOLDIER 2

- published in 1992 by Penguin Books, and printed in the United States of America, set in Bodoni, which is a little town just outside Kalamazoo,

SOLDIER 3

- sets and costumes made with love - and accompanied by some medallions of pork marinated in soy sauce and rosemary petals, - on a bed of garlicky mashed potatoes over a bowling ball.

SURGEON GENERAL

Anyone caught telling these fairly stupid tales will be visited in person by the Stinky Cheese Man. Purchasers of tickets for this performance waive all rights to sue for damages to their brains, bodies or bicycles...

JACK

To audience:) You can go now. The end. The show is over, finished, done, cooked-

?

SCENE 12 - COW PATTY BOY

STINKY - CHEESY - GIANT SQUAD

(Meanwhile, the COW PATTY BOY has crept on, and now shouts:)

COW PATTY BOY (Parker). Cow patty!!!

JACK (Connor). (Who has fallen for it yet again:) Okay, that's it. You have been pulling that schoolboy prank over and over for the whole entire show, interrupting all the stories and giving everybody heart attacks and I've had enough.

COW PATTY BOY (Parker). Yeah. So? What are you gonna do about it? I've read Mr. Cheese-ka's book, see, so-

JACK (Connor). It's pronounced shess-ka, actually. Rhymes with Fresca.

COW PATTY BOY (Parker). Mr. Cheese-ka's book says I take a shortcut behind Mr. Smith's barn, hop over a fence and fall into a big pile of cow doodoo.

JACK (Connor). I believe it's described as "a gigantic, steaming, fresh cow patty."

COW PATTY BOY (Parker). Yeah, and that's s'posed to teach me a lesson, but guess what? We couldn't afford to build a set for Mr. Smith's barn in this show, so no barn, no fence, no fence, no cow doodoo, no cow doodoo, no lesson, so there!

(JACK stews for a moment, then a big smile creases his face.)

JACK (Connor). Hey Giant!

GIANT (Seamus). (Offstage, booming from above:) WHAT!!

JACK (Connor). You got a giant cow up there on that giant cloud of yours?

GIANT (Seamus). YES. HER NAME IS POOPER, BECAUSE SHE-

JACK (Connor). No, I get it. So what do you do with all that cow poop, anyway?

GIANT (Seamus). SAVE IT.

JACK (Connor). You save it? You save the cow poop?

GIANT (Seamus). YES.

(MORE)

JACK (Connor). See, I don't believe you save the cow poop.

GIANT (Seamus). I DO!!! IT'S REALLY BIG!!! IT'S A GIGANTIC, STEAMING,

ALL. FRESH COW PATTY!!!

JACK (Connor). I'm gonna have to see it to believe it. Tell you what, just throw that giant cow patty down right... (And he draws a big circle around the oblivious COW PATTY BOY (Parker).) ...Right here.

GIANT (Seamus). YOU ASKED FOR IT.

(A gigantic cow patty falls on both JACK and the COW PATTY BOY, with appropriate disgusting sound effect.)

GIANT (Seamus). I TOLD YOU IT WAS BIG.

(The COW PATTY BOY sticks his head out from under the cow patty and looks around.)

COW PATTY BOY (Parker). (In a defeated voice:) Cow patty. Cow patty. Cow- FIRE!!! FIRE!!!

JACK (Connor). (Sticking his head out in a panic:) Wait, you can't yell fire in a crowded theatre!!!

COW PATTY BOY (Parker). But if I yell "cow patty" nobody will come.

JACK (Connor). That's right, cuz you've been crying "cow patty" all day long when there weren't really any cow patties, so now that there is a cow patty, no one will believe you.

COW PATTY BOY (Parker). So we'll be stuck under this giant cow patty for the rest of our lives.

JACK (Connor). Yeah, but you still can't ...

COW PATTY BOY (Parker). Both of us. Together. Under major, steaming, fresh cow poop. Forever.

(JACK looks at him. Then they both start yelling:)

BOTH. FIRE!!! FIRE!!! FIRE!!!

(The following song can be sung right after the cow patty falls on JACK and the COW PATTY BOY [after GIANT's line, "I told you it was big"] or it can be used at the end of the show to take the cast into the curtain call-or a combination of the two possibilities, by breaking up the verses and

(MORE)

including an instrumental bridge. In the South Coast Repertory production, the song was sung just before JACK's final "The end.")

SONG: COW PATTY SONG

(To the tune of "Camptown Races.")

COW PATTY FELL ON A BAD BOY'S HEAD

(DOO-DOO, DOO-DOO)

HIS HAIR TURNED BROWN AND HIS FACE TURNED RED

(OH THE DOO-DOO DAY)

HE YANKED OUR CHAINS LIKE A ROTTEN BRAT

(DOO- DOO, DOO-DOO)

SO NOW HE'S WEARIN' A COW-PIE HAT

(OH THE DOO- DOO DAY).

CRIED COW PATTY ALL NIGHT

CRIED COW PATTY ALL DAY

CRIED COW PATTY TILL THE COW CAME HOME

AND POOPED ALL OUR TROUBLES AWAY

NOW, SOME KINDS O' PATTIES ARE GOOD FOR YOU

(DOO-DOO, DOO-DOO)

HAMBURGER PATTIES AND PEPPERMINT TOO

(OH THE DOO-DOO DAY)

WE LIKE TATER PATTIES AND FISH PATTY-PIES

(DOO- DOO, DOO-DOO)

BUT COW PATTIES ONLY LOOK GOOD TO THE FLIES

(OH THE DOO-DOO DAY)

CRIED COW PATTY ALL NIGHT

CRIED COW PATTY ALL DAY

CRIED COW PATTY TILL THE COW CAME HOME

(MORE)

AND POOPED ALL OUR TROUBLES AWAY

(Perhaps they go to a slower, mellow sound for this verse—until the final line.)

PATTY-CAKE, PATTY-CAKE, BIG BROWN COW

(DOO-DOO, DOO-DOO)

MAKE ME A COW-PIE AND MAKE IT NOW

(OH, THE DOO- DOO DAY)

ROLL IT AND PAT IT AND MARK IT WITH A "B"

(DOO- DOO, DOO-DOO)

(Loud and fast.)

THEN DROP IT ON THE BAD BOY AND KICK HIM IN THE KNEE

(OH THE DOO-DOO DAY)

(The big finish:)

CRIED COW PATTY ALL NIGHT

CRIED COW PATTY ALL DAY

CRIED COW PATTY TILL THE COW CAME HOME

AND POOPED ALL OUR TROUBLES AWAY

CRIED COW PATTY TILL THE COW CAME HOME

AND POOPED ALL OUR TROUBLES AWAY