

Law and Order: Fairy Tale Unit by Jonathan Rand

PLACE (voice over role)	M or F 7 or older	GRUMPY	M or F 7 or older	BLIND MOUSE 3	M or F 7 or older
TIME (voice over role)	M or F 7 or older	BASHFUL	M or F 7 or older	ROBIN HOOD (male character)	M or F 12 or older
DETECTIVE H.D.	MALE 16 or older	SLEEPY	M or F 7 or older	SLEEPING BEAUTY	FEMALE 12 or older
DETECTIVE CINDY	FEMALE 16 or older	SNEEZY	M or F 7 or older	MUFFIN MAN (male character)	M or F 7 or older
ZELLE	FEMALE 13 or older	DOPEY	M or F 7 or older	PETER PUMPKIN EATER (male character)	M or F 10 or older
JACK	MALE 13 or older	B.B. WOLF (male character)	M or F 13 or older	RED RIDING HOOD	FEMALE 7 or older
JILLIAN	FEMALE 13 or older	A.D.A. STILTSKIN (male character)	M or F 13 or older	CAT	M or F 7 or older
HANSEL	MALE 10 or older	A.D.A. MERM	FEMALE 13 or older	FIDDLE	M or F 7 or older
GRETEL	FEMALE 10 or older	WICK	FEMALE 13 or older	LITTLE DOG	M or F 7 or older
UGLY D	FEMALE 13 or older	PIG 1	M or F 12 or older	DISH	M or F 7 or older
OFFICER GOLD	FEMALE 13 or older	PIG 2	M or F 12 or older	SPORK	M or F 7 or older
PINOCCHIO (male character)	M or F 10 or older	PIG 3 (female character)	M or F 12 or older	JUDGE F. GODMOTHER	FEMALE 16 or older
CAPTAIN (male character)	M or F 13 or older	PEEP (female character)	M or F 13 or older	COURT REPORTER SPRAT (male character)	M or F 10 or older
DOC	M or F 7 or older	BLIND MOUSE 1	M or F 7 or older	THREE BALIFFS GRUFF	M or F 10 or older
HAPPY	M or F 7 or older	BLIND MOUSE 2	M or F 7 or older		

(A) SCENE 1: DETECTIVE H.D., DETECTIVE CINDY, ZELLE

CHUH-CHUNK. Chuh-chunk. **PLACE.** Chestnut and Hill. **TIME.** 7:26 A.M. (*Lights shift.*)
(*A pile of rubble, entirely made of straw. CINDY and H.D. arrive on the scene, each with a cheap cup of coffee. CINDY wears only one shoe; H.D. has his arm in a sling, a bandage wrapped head, etc., and some bruises. ZELLE is analyzing the crime scene. Her hair is in a tall beehive.*)

H.D. Well well well—you're up early, Zelle.

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

H.D. You noticed.

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

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

CINDY. Accident?

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

H.D. Wind power...

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

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

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

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

CINDY. Any leads on our perp?

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

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

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

H.D. Let's have a look. I have to say, the exture and appearance is almost *straw* like in iature.

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

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

CINDY. And I'm assuming no witnesses?

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

H.D. Where were they headed?

ZELLE. Forest Circle, why?

H.D. I've got a few questions of my own... A few questions...for them to answer... (*To CINDY:*) Let's ride. (*H.D. and CINDY start to leave. H.D. turns around.*) And Zelle...

ZELLE. Yeah?

H.D. Treat yourself tonight, will ya?

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

H.D. You've 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.

(B) SCENE TWO: H.D., CINDY, JACK, JILLIAN

CHUH-CHUNK. Chuh-chunk. **PLACE.** Forest Circle. **TIME.** 7:54 A.M. (*Lights shift.*)
(*CINDY and H.D. are waiting for JACK and JILL, who jog onto the scene. CINDY and H.D. hold up their badges.*)

CINDY. FTPD. Finish line's right here, folks.
(*JACK and JILLIAN stop running. They might start stretching.*)

JACK. What seems to be the problem?

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

CINDY. Let's hear your names.

JACK. I'm Jack.

H.D. Sprat? BeNimble? AndTheBeanstalk?

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

JILLIAN. But my friends call me Ian.

CINDY. That's odd.

JILLIAN. I have weird friends.

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

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

H.D. And?

JACK. That's it. Just walking.

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

JILLIAN. What are you getting at...?

H.D. (*Outrageously livid*) You were *running!!* Not walking! *Running!!*

CINDY. Take it easy, man. (*CINDY subdues H.D. who then tries to cool off.*) We've got an eyewitness who paints a somewhat different picture. Does the threat of perjury jog your memory?

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

Water.

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

JACK. That's not true!

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

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

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

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

CINDY. That it?

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

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

JILLIAN. Ian.

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

JACK. *Vitamin Water.*

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

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

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

(C) SCENE THREE: H.D., CINDY, HANSEL, GRETEL

CHUH-CHUNK. Chuh-chunk. **PLACE.** Center Park. **TIME.** 8:20 A.M. (*Lights shift.*)

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

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

HANSEL. Ve don't vant any trouble.

GRETEL. Ja. Ve are innocence.

CINDY. How about answering some questions.

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

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

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

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

GRETEL. Breadcrumb! Can you believe zat? I get qveasy tummy just brainzinking⁵ of it.
So nastygross!

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

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

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

H.D. Five hundred years.

GRETEL. Okay, okay—ve will do as you vish.

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

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

HANSEL. Zees are traditional Gehrman alpine hats.

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

H.D. Get on with it.

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

GRETEL. Hallo!!

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

CINDY. Why'd your stepmom kick you out?

HANSEL. Schtepmommy ist evil...

(D) SCENE FOUR: H.D., CINDY, UGLY D.**PLACE.** The Sticks.**TIME.** 9:37 A.M.

(Lights shift.) (UGLY D is on the scene, investigating. She wears nerdy glasses and a ponytail.) (H.D. and CINDY enter.)

UGLY D. Took you fellas long enough.

H.D. Awww, Ugly D missed me.

UGLY D. Dream on, Prince Charming.

H.D. So tell me what you got.

UGLY D. 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 the backside; identical wind velocity. This time, though? Different substance.

CINDY. What are those?

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

CINDY. Yes, yes—stick-like!

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

CINDY. Oh.

UGLY D. And the other one was straw.

H.D. Huh.

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

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

UGLY D. Why's that?

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

UGLY D. By the way, you look awful. What happened? *(H.D. blatantly dodges the subject.)*

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

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

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

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

UGLY D. Be careful, you two.

CINDY. Careful's my middle name.

UGLY D. I thought it was Yolanda.

CINDY. I had it changed.

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

CINDY. Explain the name Ugly D.

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

CINDY. Why?

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

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

H.D. Like organs?

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

(E) SCENE FIVE - GOLD, H.D., CINDY, PINOCCHIO **PLACE.** The Sticks.

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

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

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

H.D. Whatsyername, Dumbo?

PINOCCHIO. Uhh, I'm...Marcus. *(Suddenly PINOCCHIO experiences noticeable nose pain. He puts his hand to it.)* Ow. Look, I told her what I know.

GOLD. Just tell them exactly what you told me.

PINOCCHIO. Okay. I was walking home from a...doctor's appointment...and I suddenly heard this noise. Like...like

someone dropped a box of toothpicks. I look up and I see that mess over there. And that's it. Now can I go home?

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

PINOCCHIO. No, that's all. (*Nose pain again.*) Ow.

CINDY. Is everything all right, sir?

PINOCCHIO. Yeah, everything's fine. I feel great. (*Nose pain.*) Ow. (*The detectives are suspicious.* H.D.)

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

PINOCCHIO. Eight.

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

PINOCCHIO. A gaggle.

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

PINOCCHIO. Twice a day. (*Nose pain.*) Ow. (*Everyone else looks at each other.*)

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

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

GOLD. Ohhhh - I saw you on Oprah.

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

PINOCCHIO. Okay... I'm what you'd call a test tube kid. The scientist who created me, a.k.a. "Dad" heard ladies like "striking features." So he combined the DNA of a human and an aardvark, and (*Points to his nose.*) voila. *And* he thought parenting would be easier if my nose was connected to my brain in such a way that every time I lie, my nose grows three inches. Thanks, *Pop*.

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

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

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

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

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

GOLD. That's a *reduction*?

PINOCCHIO. It used to be two yards long. Okay, so I lie a lot. Anyway, after surgery the doctor said my nose would still be sensitive to lies.

H.D. I see.

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

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

(F) SCENE SIX - Captain, H.D., Cindy PLACE. The Sticks.

CAPTAIN. You two better have some news.

CINDY. Captain – good morning.

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

H.D. It's the lowest number.

CINDY. What about negative numbers?

H.D. True.

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

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.

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? Some slimy crock stole my watch.

CINDY. 9:44 - Did you say "crook" or "crock"?

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

CINDY. Unpaid suspensh?

H.D. This is bad.

(G) SCENE SEVEN - H.D., Cindy, and the Seven Dwarves

PLACE. Shaker Lows.

TIME. 10:10 A.M.

(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 van is that over there?

HAPPY. It'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.

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

HAPPY. But I've always been Happy.

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

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

HAPPY. Hello again!

DOC. Then there's Grumpy.

GRUMPY. *(Grunts:)* Eh.

DOC. Sleepy.

SLEEPY. *(Asleep/Snoring)*

DOC. Sneezy.

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

DOC. Bashful.

BASHFUL. Hi...

DOC. And last but not least, Dopey.

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

DOC. And we're The Seven Dwarves! *(The DWARVES all react in their character-specific ways. HAPPY cheers; SNEEZY blows his nose; GRUMPY grumbles aloud dismissively; DOPEY says "Onion rings" again; etc.)*

CINDY. Dwarves?

DOC. The Seven Dwarves is our team name for our 7-on-7 basketball league. It was actually Coach White's idea. We're not really dwarves, but relative to everyone else on the court, we're tiny.

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

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

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

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

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

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

DOPEY. Unicorn!

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

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

BASHFUL. You're right. We did stop.

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

H.D. What are you talking about?

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

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

DOC. We didn't know it was a crime scene. And besides, we've got junk-retrieval permits. Boys?
(Suddenly they all simultaneously reveal their identical, official permits. DOPEY reveals a turkey hoagie.)

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

DOC. No.

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

SNEEZY. No, and he's a she.

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

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

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

DOC. *Dental* school.

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

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

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

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

(H) SCENE EIGHT- H.D., Cindy, Wolf

CHUH-CHUNK. Chuh-chunk. **PLACE.** High Rise East construction site **TIME.** 10:42 A.M. *(Lights shift.) (WOLF is measuring a cinder block with measuring tape. H.D. and CINDY enter, displaying their badges.)*

H.D. FTPD. We've been lookin' for you. *(WOLF looks up. Notices the cops. Bolts.)*

CINDY. Hey!!

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

WOLF. I didn't do anything!!

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

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

H.D. May I be first to welcome you to Justicetown—population: you. 'Cause in Justicetown, I'm the mayor.

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

CINDY. I'm on the school board. *(Lights shift.)*

(I) SCENE NINE - Stiltskin, Merm, Pig 1, Pig 2, Pig 3

CHUH-CHUNK. Chuh-chunk. **PLACE.** Fairy County Courthouse, District Attorney's Office **TIME.** 12:30 P.M. *(Lights shift.) (An office. STILTSKIN and MERM are speaking with the THREE PIGS. STILTSKIN is draped in flashy gold jewelry, including one of those enormous dollar-sign necklaces—or a similar necklace with the scales of justice. MERM has a noticeable sunburn.)*

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

MERM. Afternoon. 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 to my stick-house all discombob-uh-lated. Pork almighty... I felt his forehead. He was bakin'. An' I mean sizzlin'.

MERM. And then?

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.

MERM. And that's where you come in.

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

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

FIG 3. That is affirmative.

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

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

MERM. Why?

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

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

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

STILTSKIN. No.

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

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

MERM. Right.

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

MERM. Was he angry about you pulling the contract?

FIG 3. Furious.

MERM. (To STILTSKIN:) Hello, motive.

STILTSKIN. We may need you to testify in court.

FIG 3. If we must.

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

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

MERM. How did they die?

FIG 1. Luau... (The PIGS pause for a somber moment of reflection.)

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

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

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

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

FIG 2. He lost everything on the roulette wheel.

FIG 1. Always bet on pink...

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

FIG 1. Hence my straw.

FIG 2. And m’sticks.

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

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

MERM. Sounds not cheap.

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

FIG 2. But at least we have each other!

FIG 1. Brothers in a blanket?

PIGS. AWWWwww. (They group hug.)

(J) SCENE TEN- Stiltskin, Peep, Merm, Wolf PLACE. Plea-bargain session. **TIME.** 1:13 P.M.

(Lights shift.) (STILTSKIN and MERM sit across from WOLF and Defense Attorney PEEP.)

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

PEEP. My client pleads not guilty to all counts.

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

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

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

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

WOLF. 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.⁹ I'm just a small town wolf living in a lonely world. A wolf who always seems to end up in the wrong place at the wrong time.

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

WOLF. I just said that.

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

WOLF. And my innocence won't budge.

MERM. And budge rhymes with fudge. *(They all look at MERM.)* I haven't eaten today.

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

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

STILTSKIN. And again, we found no such invitation.

PEEP. Someone could have deleted 'em.

MERM. You're scrapin', Bo.

STILTSKIN. What about that slow-motion chase sequence?

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

STILTSKIN. I have some advice: Stop committing crimes.

PEEP. My client is innocent. The plea stands.

STILTSKIN. Have it your way. *(STILTSKIN begins to pack up her papers to prepare for her exit.)*

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

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

MERM. And what's that...?

PEEP. *(Beat, then Intensely:)* My job... *(Lights shift.)*

(K) SCENE ELEVEN - Wick, Merm, Stiltskin

PLACE. District Attorney's Office **TIME.** 2:20 P.M.

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

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

MERM. I know, boss.

WICK. You put a leash on that puppy.

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

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

STILTSKIN. Hear *what* from you?

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

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

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

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

WICK. Under the *sea*?

MERM. Under the sea.

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

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

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

WICK. Good. All right, I gotta run.

MERM. Where you headed?

WICK. Headed out to Queens for a Queen concert.

STILTSKIN / MERM. Wicked!

(L) SCENE TWELVE

PLACE. Jury selection room.

TIME. 3:09 P.M.

(We see MERM, STILTSKIN, PEEP, and many JUROR PROSPECTS; MERM points to the THREE BLIND MICE, who wear sunglasses.)

MERM. What about these?

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

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

BLIND MOUSE 1. I was born blind.

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

PEEP. What about you?

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

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

STILTSKIN. Fine. You're free to go. *b(BLIND MOUSE 3 chucks his sunglasses and bolts out of the room.)*

BLIND MOUSE 3. Suckerrrs!!

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

ROBIN HOOD. What's up...

STILTSKIN. —the narcoleptic hottie—

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

STILTSKIN. —and Mister Betty Crocker.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PEEP. Yes.

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

LITTLE RED. Carl Herbert.

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

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

PEEP. Touché.

STILTSKIN. Great. And to recap on the six we finalized earlier— (STILTSKIN *indicates the* CAT, FIDDLE, COW—who has a huge, unchanging smile plastered on her face—and LITTLE DOG.) —we got a cat, a fiddle; a cow, who seems over-the-moon about something; a small dog, and— Hold on... didn't we have two more here? (LITTLE DOG *is stifling a laugh.*)

STILTSKIN. Is something funny to you?!

LITTLE DOG. They— They ran off to the john. (*DISH and SPORK enter.*)

DISH / SPORK. Sorry. / My bad.

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

FIDDLE. Actually it's a *viola*.

STILTSKIN. —a dog with authority issues, a dish—

DISH. Why thank you.

STILTSKIN. —and what are you—a ladle?

SPORK. Spork.

STILTSKIN. And that makes twelve.

PEEP. Actually it's thirteen.

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

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

PEEP. I was born ready...

MERM. You were born with a law degree?

PEEP. (*Seriously:*) Yes.

(M) SCENE THIRTEEN- Stiltskin, H.D. Judge, Peep

PLACE. Courtroom. **TIME.** 4:30 P.M. (JUDGE F. GODMOTHER is presiding with her magic wand gavel. The JURY is present. H.D. is on the stand. STILTSKIN is in the middle of questioning him. Also present are PEEP, WOLF, MERM, and THREE BAILIFFS GRUFF. There is an audience, which includes the THREE PIGS and others.)

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

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

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

JUDGE. Cross examine?

(*PEEP rises, and paces.*)

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

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

JUDGE. Order!! Order!!

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

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

JUDGE. Proceed. (*STILTSKIN throws up his/her hands in disgust.*)

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

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

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

(*H.D. testifies, and the jury and everyone in the courtroom begins yelling, cheering, arguing, etc.*)

H.D. (*to PEEP*) Happy now?!?

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