

OLD FASHION TEDDY
BEAR TALE

By GENE KATO

OLD FASHION TEDDY BEAR TALE

Copyright (c) 1996 By Gene Kato

CAUTION: Professionals and Amateurs are hereby warned that performance of OLD FASHION TEDDY BEAR TALE is subject to payment of a royalty. It is fully protected under the copyright laws of The United States of America, and of all countries covered by the International Copyright Union (including the Dominion of Canada and the rest of the British Commonwealth) and of all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention, the Beane Convention, and of all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations. All rights, including without limitation professional/amateur stage rights, motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all other forms of mechanical, electronic and digital reproduction, transmission and distribution, such as CD, DVD, the Internet, private and file-sharing networks, information storage and retrieval systems, photocopying, and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved. Particular emphasis is placed upon the matter of readings, permission of which must be obtained from the Author in writing.

The English language stock and amateur stage performance rights in the United States, its territories, possessions and Canada for OLD FASHION TEDDY BEAR TALE are controlled exclusively by the Author. No professional or nonprofessional performance of the Play may be given without obtaining in advance written permission and paying the requisite fee.

Inquiries concerning production rights should be sent via e-mail to: licensing@nextstagepress.net. Production inquiries may also be addressed to Gene Kato, 9407 Railton St., Houston, TX 77080.

SPECIAL NOTE

Anyone receiving permission to produce OLD FASHION TEDDY BEAR TALE is required to give credit to the Author as sole and exclusive Author of the Play on the title page of all programs distributed in connection with performances of the Play and in all instances in which the title of the Play appears for purposes of advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the Play and/or a production thereof. The name of the Author must appear on a separate line, in which no other name appears, immediately beneath the title and in size of type equal to 50% of the size of the largest, most prominent letter used for the title of the Play. No person, firm, or entity may receive credit larger or more prominent than that accorded the Author.

THE SCENE: *In front of the main drape we see a bed with a small old fashioned teddy bear on it. Next to the bear we see the figure of a girl sleeping soundly.*

AT RISE: *The bed is sitting in a pool of light which isolates it. The girl, JENNIFER, begins to twitch, caught in the middle of a nightmare. We hear the sounds which are dark, eerie, frightening, coming from the back recesses of the mind. The sounds begin to turn into sounds which could be associated to that of a chase through an evil forest. The sounds grow even louder, scarier. Finally, JENNIFER screams and sits up. The sounds go quiet. JENNIFER stares straight ahead of her. She grabs her bear, relieved. The lights fade. In the dark we hear:*

DOCTOR. She has strep throat and her fever is very high.

MOTHER. How high?

DOCTOR. 104 degrees.

MOTHER. What should I do?

DOCTOR. She needs to rest. However, I have to remind you that with a fever this high, she may experience disorientation, bad dreams, things of that sort. It's not uncommon for her to say things that might not make sense to you, but just be patient and agree with her and keep her cool and reassured. If her fever doesn't break by tomorrow night, then we may need to have her put in a hospital. *(The dialogue fades out and the same scary noises return. The lights come up on JENNIFER asleep in the bed again. She is tossing and turning, caught in the middle of another nightmare. Above her, we see the outline of a shadow that looks terrifying. There is no definition to the shape. The sounds grow even darker and are mixed with a horrible, unearthly laugh. The lights dim leaving only the major shaft of light on the teddy bear. Mixed in with the laughter, there seems to be an evil whisper, "I'm coming for you. I'm coming for you tomorrow night." JENNIFER screams. She sits up in bed. The lights return to normal. She grabs the teddy bear. She looks out at the audience as the lights fade out. In the darkness we hear . . .)*

MOTHER. Her fever is down from last night, but she still is running at 103 degrees. What should I do?

DOCTOR. If it's going down, that's good news. Just keep her forehead cool and watch her. She still may have bad dreams.

MOTHER. She thinks something is after her teddy bear.

DOCTOR. That sounds normal for someone with her temperature. She's bound to see things in her sleep that might scare her. Just be ready to keep her as calm as possible.

MOTHER. After her teddy bear, that's what she said. I guess they still mean something, even at fourteen years old. I just hope that she . . . *(The dialogue fades off as the curtain opens and we see that everything is oversized. The bed that JENNIFER is on is huge. All of the toys are human sized. The teddy bear, WINTERGREEN, sits on the edge next to the sleeping JENNIFER. He has an old fashioned bow tie and the inscription "Old Fashioned Teddy" on his left foot, which dangles over the side of the bed. Also in the room, there is a rag doll named MAGS, a clown named BUBBLES, a knight named SIR DRAKE OF DALLINGSWORTH, an owl named OSWALD, a hound dog named BUSTER, and a robot named ED. The lighting changes to an eerie glow. From under the bed, a shadow appears. All we see is a horrible looking arm that could possibly serve as a wing. JENNIFER starts to toss and turn in the bed. One of her arms accidentally hits WINTERGREEN and he falls to the floor. The arm sticking out from under the bed, grabs him by the foot and starts to drag him under the bed. The evil laugh returns. WINTERGREEN comes to life and begins screaming for help. JENNIFER is awakened by the screaming, as is MAGS, BUBBLES, SIR DRAKE, BUSTER, OSWALD, and ED. JENNIFER screams and jumps to the floor. She grabs on to WINTERGREEN'S arm and holds on for dear life.)*

JENNIFER. Help me, Everyone! There's something under the bed!

SIR DRAKE. Great Scott! I say! Unhand that bear, you fiend! Come on, All! Make a chain!

JENNIFER. I'm losing my grip! *(All of the others start to make a chain, like in tug-o-war, heaving and pulling at the bear trying to keep him from sliding under the bed. JENNIFER stumbles and starts to slide under with WINTERGREEN. BUSTER jumps forth and grabs her foot with his mouth, BUBBLES grabs BUSTER'S tail, MAGS grabs BUBBLES by the feet, SIR DRAKE grabs MAGS by one of her torn pieces of clothing.*

OSWALD jumps onto the back of SIR DRAKE and begins flapping his wings like crazy. ED "rolls" around the room calculating the possibilities for failure.)

ED. Failure is imminent! Failure is imminent! Failure is imminent!

SIR DRAKE. Pull! Pull!

MAGS. Bubbles! You're ripping my clothes!

BUBBLES. They were ripped when we started! No one will notice!

MAGS. Oh, look who's suddenly the fashion critic! You look like Walt Disney threw up on you!

BUBBLES. That wasn't called for!

WINTERGREEN. I'm slipping!

ED. Slipping hands plus fighting rescuers plus strong villain equals failure! Failure is imminent! Failure is imminent!

JENNIFER. Buster! You're biting me!

BUBBLES. He has to use his mouth! He has no thumbs!

SIR DRAKE. Stop the idle chatter and pull!

ED. Failure is imminent!

OSWALD. Shut up, Ed! If you know what's wise!

JENNIFER. I'm losing . . . my . . .

WINTERGREEN. No! No! NOOOOOOOOOOOO! *(JENNIFER loses her grip and WINTERGREEN is yanked under the bed and disappears. His last "NO" is drawn out and he sounds as if he is falling down a deep well. JENNIFER screams as she falls over backwards. The others fall to the floor as well.)*

ED. I told you. *(Pandemonium ensues as there is a mad scramble to push the bed aside. When they manage to slide it away, they see nothing. There is no sign of WINTERGREEN, the arm, or anything else out of the ordinary.)*

SIR DRAKE. Great Scott! He's disappeared!

JENNIFER. Oh, no! I knew this was going to happen!

BUBBLES. Then why didn't you stop it?

MAGS. Shut up, Bubbles.

BUBBLES. It was just a question.

BUSTER. My rear end hurts.

ED. How may I be of assistance?

BUBBLES. Forget it, Ed. There's nothing to compute.

MAGS. Well, we have to do something!

JENNIFER. Like what?

ED. Find the bear.

BUBBLES. His name is Wintergreen! Like the mint.

MAGS. Like you need.

BUSTER. My rear still hurts. I hate being a dog. I wish I could've saved him. (*BUSTER starts hitting the side of his face.*)

SIR DRAKE. Now, Buster, stop beating yourself up. You did your best. We all did.

BUSTER. Oh, it's not that. I have fleas.

SIR DRAKE. Oh.

JENNIFER. I'm responsible. I knocked him on the floor. It's my fault.

MAGS. No, you're not. Bubbles is.

BUBBLES. I beg your pardon "Oh Queen of Swatches"? Why me?

MAGS. I just like blaming you. Your name rhymes with "trouble". You know, "If you want to know the cause of our troubles, just look to the clown . . . the clown named Bubbles.

BUBBLES. Great! I'm being insulted by a bundle of washrags with a Dr. Seuss complex.

JENNIFER. Where could Wintergreen have gone?

ED. Under the bed.

OSWALD. Thanks, Ed.

SIR DRAKE. Shall we sit and think this over?

BUSTER. I'll stand, thanks. I think my tail is broken. (*Pause*) I keep telling everyone that you grab a tiger by the tail, not a hound dog. A tiger.

OSWALD. There has to be a logical explanation for Wintergreen's disappearance.

SIR DRAKE. Not necessarily.

OSWALD. What?

SIR DRAKE. In my experience, I've learned that the illogical is just as logical as the logical.

OSWALD. So, doesn't that make the illogical logical?

SIR DRAKE. (*Beaming*) Precisely. (*OSWALD stares at SIR DRAKE for a long second.*)

OSWALD. Like I said, there has to be a logical explanation for this.

BUSTER. Jenny? What was that thing that grabbed Wintergreen?

BUBBLES. An arm. (*EVERYONE stares at BUBBLES for a second.*)

MAGS. Thank you for your help, Nancy Drew. Now go over there and

don't touch anything sharp.

JENNIFER. I don't know what it was. I'll tell you this much. . .it was scary. Did any of you hear its laugh?

MAGS. I did. It gave me the creeps.

SIR DRAKE. I never want to hear that evil sound again. I almost had an accident in my armor.

JENNIFER. Well, I really don't like the idea of finding out what was attached to that arm any more than the rest of you, but . . .

BUBBLES. But what?

JENNIFER. Whatever it is, it has hold of Wintergreen and we have to go find it and get him back.

SIR DRAKE. Surely, you're not suggesting that we go after that thing!

JENNIFER. That's exactly what I'm suggesting.

BUBBLES. But we don't know anything about it?

MAGS. That's kinda why we're goin', Bubbles - to find out.

BUBBLES. *(To MAGS)* Do you always have to be smart with me?

MAGS. As long as you're being dumb with me, yes!

BUSTER. I think my tail is actually longer, now. Thanks for nothing, Bubbles.

BUBBLES. I had to do what I had to do.

MAGS. That almost made sense.

ED. May I say something, please?

JENNIFER. Of course you can, Ed.

ED. We are losing valuable time. Wintergreen is being dragged further and further away from here as we speak. We must go after him, now.

SIR DRAKE. But we don't know what that thing was that stole him or where he's been taken to.

ED. I have a theory.

ALL EXCEPT OSWALD. A what?

ED. A Theory.

BUSTER. In English, Ed. Say it in English.

ED. A Theory.

OSWALD. What he means to say is that he thinks that he may have an idea of what happened to Wintergreen. That's a theory. An idea that may be true . . .but isn't proven.

BUBBLES. I learned a new word today. . .theory.

MAGS. Great. Just one more word for you to say and the rest of us are

forced to listen to.

BUBBLES. That's it! I'm tired of you being mean to me! I'm getting you a cigarette lighter for Christmas!

BUSTER. I don't get it.

BUBBLES. Let's just say that one night, if we're lucky, we'll have a cloth campfire!

ED. Does anyone want to hear my theory?

JENNIFER. Yes, Ed. I'm sorry. Go ahead.

ED. I took a look at the arm that grabbed Wintergreen and checked my data banks for a match and I think that I know who has taken him.

JENNIFER. Who?

ED. Garrison the Gargoyle. He is a nasty, mean, ugly, unfriendly, dastardly, uncouth, unfeeling, party pooping, backstabbing, non social, bullyfied, . . .wiener head.

SIR DRAKE. That's the most colorful thing I've ever heard him say.

JENNIFER. Where do you know Garrison the Gargoyle from, Ed? (*ED "rolls" over to a small bookshelf and retrieves a book from it.*)

ED. Here. In this book. You were reading this about a year ago and you stopped reading it before the last chapter. (*JENNIFER takes the book and looks at the title.*)

JENNIFER. Curses! Goyled Again! I remember reading this. It's a book on famous gargoyles!

ED. Correct. The last chapter is on the meanest gargoyle . . . Garrison! He likes to be in the spotlight. It must have made him mad that you did not read his chapter . . .so he took your bear to get back at you. (*There is a long pause while everyone looks at ED.*)

OSWALD. Like I said, there has to be a logical explanation for this.

SIR DRAKE. Now, wait! Edward, are you saying that this Garrison fellow wants us to follow him.

ED. Precisely. That is why the hole in the floor is still cracked open a little.

MAGS. A hole in the floor? Buster, give it a sniff and tell me what you smell.

BUSTER. Alright . . .**BUT NOBODY BETTER TOUCH MY TAIL!** (*BUSTER walks over to a spot on the floor and sniffs.*)

OSWALD. Well?

SIR DRAKE. Great Scott! What do you smell, Man?

BUSTER. Mint. I smell mint.

MAGS. Wintergreen?

BUSTER. No. Peppermint. *(He sniffs again)* It's under the floor.

JENNIFER. That's strange. *(There is a knock from under the floor. Everyone jumps back. BUSTER takes a few steps to stage left. The knocking continues. Suddenly, the trap door flies open and lands on BUSTER'S tail. He howls in pain. A small sprite jumps from the hole.)*

SPRITE. Oh, my goodness gracious me! I'm so sorry. Terribly terribly terribly terribly sorry my canine friend. I don't mean to scare . . . only to help am I here for! You must believe. Help you I can! Help you I most certainly positively undoubtedly can.

BUSTER. GET IT OFF MY TAIL!!!!!!! *(The SPRITE lifts the door off of BUSTER'S tail.)*

SPRITE. Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Twinkapadoodleawishus! *(Dead silence. All just stare.)* My friends call me Twink.

JENNIFER. Hello, Twink. I am pleased to meet you. My name is . . .

TWINK. *(Overlapping)* Jennifer. And you are Sir Drake, Mags, Bubbles, Oswald, Ed, and my friend with the messed up tail is Buster. How are you?

ALL EXCEPT BUSTER. Fine.

BUSTER. My butt hurts.

TWINK. Here. Maybe this will help. *(TWINK throws some magic dust onto BUSTER'S behind.)* How is that? *(BUSTER wags his tail)*

BUSTER. It doesn't hurt anymore. You fixed it!

JENNIFER. That's fantastic!

TWINK. Please. I'm a sprite. It's really nothing.

MAGS. You said that you came here to help us?

TWINK. That is correct. Am I right in assuming that you need to find the way to the kingdom of Garrison the gargoyle? Stealer of bears and other wot-nots? Am I right?

JENNIFER. You know where he is?

TWINK. Surely, I do.

BUSTER. I'm curious about the hole you came out of. Something doesn't look right about it. *(BUSTER walks to the hole and puts his head in.)*

JENNIFER. Oh, if you could lead us to Garrison, we would be most appreciative.

TWINK. Good, then let's get on with the journey.

SIR DRAKE. Hold it! May I have a word with all of you in private?

BUBBLES. But we need to get . . .

SIR DRAKE. (*Overlapping*) Please! Indulge me for two seconds!

JENNIFER. Alright, Sir Drake. (*All gather in a small group except for BUSTER who continues to sniff down the hole.*)

SIR DRAKE. I agree that we have to do something about Wintergreen, but we have no way of knowing if this . . .sprite . . .is friendly or not. We have no way of knowing if we are being told the truth. We are listening to the words of a stranger. Now, all of you know what we have been told time and time again about trusting people that we don't know. This could be a trap set by . . .Garrison. . .or whomever kidnapped Wintergreen.

JENNIFER. I understand that, but we really seem to have no choice in the matter. (*TWINK walks over to BUSTER and pushes him into the hole. BUSTER gives a howl and disappears.*)

MAGS. Buster!

TWINK. He fell into the hole. Down he went. Just like you must!

MAGS. (*Advancing on TWINK*) I saw what you did! You pushed him in! (*The lights change to an eerie glow. TWINK is alone in a shaft of light. Red light emits from the hole.*)

TWINK. So what! I offer my help to you and you accuse me of being in cahoots with Garrison! Well! For that you will not have me as a guide! You have twenty four hours to find the realm of Garrison before your friend the bear is destroyed! I will leave you clues along the way but direct help is no longer available from me! Forget it! If you ever want to see your bear friend again, I would recommend that you get started! Now!

SIR DRAKE. What about Buster? What have you done to him?

TWINK. The answer lies down this hole! (*TWINK jumps into the hole and disappears. The others gather around the hole.*)

JENNIFER. Well, I'm afraid we have to make a decision. Do we follow?

OSWALD. It would appear that we have no choice. Now, we have to go after Buster as well.

JENNIFER. Yeah, I know.

SIR DRAKE. I don't like this. I don't like this at all.

MAGS. I agree with Oswald.

JENNIFER. Bubbles?

BUBBLES. I agree with. . . *(This is hard for her to admit.)* Mags.

JENNIFER. Well, I guess we just have to do it.

MAGS. I'll go first. *(MAGS jumps into the hole. She yells as she falls and the sounds gradually fade away. OSWALD looks at JENNIFER.)*

OSWALD. Well, since I can fly, I should go after her and make sure she lands okay. *(OSWALD jumps into the hole and disappears.)*

SIR DRAKE. Well, tally ho! *(SIR DRAKE jumps into the hole.)*

LONG LIVE THE QUEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEN!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

JENNIFER. Bubbles, you don't have to go if you don't want to.

BUBBLES. Everyone will think that I'm afraid if I don't.

JENNIFER. There's nothing wrong with being afraid. I'm afraid.

BUBBLES. Really?

JENNIFER. Of course I am. I don't know what we're going to run into down there. I just know that I have to go after my friends. They may need me. But, I understand if you want to stay here. *(BUBBLES looks at JENNIFER for a long moment, then suddenly jumps into the hole.)*

ED. That leaves only the two of us.

JENNIFER. I know, follow me into the hole, Ed. We may need you.

ED. I have just one question to ask, first.

JENNIFER. It'll have to wait. *(JENNIFER jumps into the hole.)*

ED. Once we're there . . . how do we get back?

FADEOUT

AT RISE:

The lights come up on a small clearing in the woods. JENNIFER, BUSTER, BUBBLES, and SIR DRAKE all lie in a heap on the ground. OSWALD and MAGS are snagged in a nearby tree, and ED lies broken next to a huge stone.

OSWALD. Mags, if you would stop pulling, then I might be able to get us free.

MAGS. I'm not so sure that's a good idea. I don't like falling.

OSWALD. Well, we appear to have no other choice. We can't just stay up here forever.

JENNIFER. Oh, my back.

SIR DRAKE. Are you alright, Jennifer?

JENNIFER. I'm fine. How about all of you?

BUSTER. I landed on my tail. My rear hurts again.

BUBBLES. I've had better days.

OSWALD. We seem to be a lot better off than Ed.

JENNIFER. (*Seeing ED for the first time*) Oh, no! Ed? Ed, speak to me.

SIR DRAKE. He was a brave soul . . .

BUBBLES. He fell down a hole and broke himself on a rock. That's what you call brave? I call that tragic. Funny, but tragic.

MAGS. You insensitive clown! When I get down from this tree . . .

OSWALD. (*Overlapping*) Which should be right about now. (*OSWALD and MAGS fall from the tree. Both grumble as they hit the ground.*)

MAGS. I hate falling.

OSWALD. Great, my wings are damaged! I can't fly!

BUBBLES. So, that just makes you a fluffy penguin.

BUSTER. Ed? Wake up! WAKE UP!

JENNIFER. Wait! His power switch is off. (*JENNIFER turns the power on and ED "powers up".*)

JENNIFER. He's rebooting.

BUBBLES. (*To SIR DRAKE*) Rebooting? He's a stuffed robot.

ED. How do we get back?

JENNIFER. What? Ed? Do you know where you are?

OSWALD. He must be repeating the last thing he said before he was switched off.

SIR DRAKE. Great Scott! That's an excellent question, Edward. How do we get back home? We didn't think about that before we jumped into the hole. We don't even know where we are.

BUBBLES. We're in the woods. (*EVERYONE stares at BUBBLES*)

MAGS. And the clown solves yet another mystery to the universe!

BUBBLES. And Ms. Quicker Picker-Upper has yet another smart remark to say.

JENNIFER. Ed, does have a point. However, we really can't worry about that right now. We have to press on! Twenty-four hours is not much time. (*A young man walks into the clearing. He has the word "DAVE" across his chest.*)

DAVE. Hello? Who goes there? Are you friend or foe?

JENNIFER. Friends! We're all friends here. Who are you?

DAVE. I'm the unknown character named Dave.

MAGS. That's your name?

SIR DRAKE. I thought Sir Drake of Dallingsworth was long.

BUSTER. Dave?

DAVE. Yes?

BUSTER. You're standing on my tail.

DAVE. Sorry.

BUSTER. That's okay, just don't do it again.

JENNIFER. Where are you from?

DAVE. I don't know.

SIR DRAKE. Great Scott!

OSWALD. You don't know?

DAVE. Haven't got a clue.

BUBBLES. Well, where did you come from?

DAVE. Couldn't tell you that, either.

BUSTER. This seems to be a dead end. . .and I'm an expert on those, believe me.

JENNIFER. Dave, we're trying to find the home of Garrison the Gargoyle. He's stolen one of our friends and we need to rescue him in the next twenty-four hours.

DAVE. Why in the next twenty-four hours? *(Long Silence)*

JENNIFER. Does anyone remember why? *(EVERYONE looks around, puzzled.)*

MAGS. We're dead in the water! Ed doesn't even remember!

SIR DRAKE. Great Scott! This is simply terrible. Not since I fought the Fuzzy Wuzzies at Danbury have I had this sort of memory lapse.

JENNIFER. I'm having trouble remembering things, myself. How odd.

BUBBLES. Hey, you! Rag doll! I . . . I . . . I can't remember what I was going to say to you.

DAVE. What?

BUBBLES. Not you. Are you a rag doll?

DAVE. I can't say I know what a rag doll is. What is a rag doll?

BUBBLES. I don't know. I feel tipsy.

JENNIFER. What's tipsy?

MAGS. Huh? *(A map falls from the sky)*

TWINK'S VOICE. Oh, for heaven's sake! Here's a map!

JENNIFER. *(Retrieving the map)* Oh, what a pretty picture of a country!

OSWALD. Let me see it! Oh, goodness! No wonder! According to this map, we are in the middle of the Forgetful Forest!

BUBBLES. The what?

OSWALD. THE FORGETFUL FOREST!

JENNIFER. Where's that?

DAVE. I can't remember.

BUSTER. Something on me hurts . . .but I can't remember exactly what or where that something is.

SIR DRAKE. I say, . . .

JENNIFER. Huh?

MAGS. What?

SIR DRAKE. I said, "I say . . ."

MAGS. You say what?

SIR DRAKE. I haven't said, yet.

DAVE. You haven't said what?

MAGS. No, I said that.

DAVE. You said what?

MAGS. Yes.

DAVE. Huh?

JENNIFER. I'm lost.

ED. That's why we have a map.

BUSTER. What were we talking about?

EVERYONE. I forget.

OSWALD. Jennifer, we need to get out of this forest as quickly as we can! If we stay here too long then we won't remember why we came here in the first place.

BUSTER. Why are we here?

OSWALD. We came here to find Jennifer's teddy.

JENNIFER. Oh, I'm much too young to wear one of those.

OSWALD. YOUR TEDDY BEAR! *(Pause. No response.)*

WINTERGREEN?! *(Everyone makes a sound like they know what OSWALD is talking about, but from the looks on their faces, it's obvious that they have no clue what is going on. There is the sound of muffled laughter from behind a bush.)*

SIR DRAKE. I say! Who goes there?!

GEO. Me! Just me!

OSWALD. Who is me? *(GEO the elf walks out from behind a bush. He*

is in the middle of a giggling fit.)

GEO. Entertaining! Oh, so marvelously entertaining! I've never seen such a rag tag group of rescuers in my life! What happened? Stumbled into the forest and can't remember who, what, where, why, and how you came to be here? This is truly funny stuff. Funny funny funny! I have to sing now.

*Oh, I ran around the cherry bush
the cherry bush
and I fell on my tush.*

I ran around the cherry buuuuuuuuuuuuush!

And imagine my surprise when I found out it was a treeeeeeeeeeee!

Do you like my song? I'm an out of work musician. I can't really play an instrument or anything, but I have spirit! I mostly write jingles for street singers! You know that song about squashing up a baby bumble bee?

That was mine. It was sort of a semi-autobiographical tune dealing with pet death. It was my first major work. Anyway, all of you seem to be in a little bit of a pickle if I do say so myself, which I believe I just did. I just wanted to tell you that if you need my help, which you do of course, then I would be more than willing to help you. *(Long Pause)*

OSWALD. Who are you?

GEO. Oh, my goodness! I hate it when I do that. I get on one of those little rolls where I just keep talking and talking and talking and much of what I say runs together and you begin to wonder if I'm ever going to take a break or stop or even pause to tell you what my name is and where I'm from and how I came to be here and what I can do to even help you to begin with because I'm just a silly little elf who tried to create a band called the Beedulls. That was the name I wanted because most people think that bees are bad singers. They just sing one note. That buzzzzzz thing. It's really hard to sing with variety. You know? Anyway, allow me to introduce myself: *(He sings)*

I'm Geo! I'm Geo!

From a little town south of Rio.

When I eat cheese, I love brie.

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

I'm Geo, Geo, Geo! The ELLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL!

People tell me that the last lines of my songs need work, but I think they're just jealous. I've been told that that's why I'm out of work, but that's not

the case. I'm an artist. That's why I'm poor and broke.

MAGS. Does anyone know what he's talking about?

BUBBLES. Does anyone care?

BUSTER. Does anyone remember?

SIR DRAKE. How many guesses do we get?

DAVE. Put an "x" in the center square!

OSWALD. This is getting terrible. (*GEO giggles*) Geo, is there any way that you can get us out of this forest?

GEO. Sure, I can get you out, leave you right here, take you even deeper into it if you want to. You haven't lived until you've taken a dip in the ponds of Duhhhh!

JENNIFER. That sounds absolutely wonderful! Can we?

OSWALD. But, Jennifer, we need . . .

GEO. (*Overlapping*) Sure ya can! Follow me, Everybody! (*Everyone cheers as they follow GEO off deeper into the woods. The only ones left are OSWALD and ED.*)

OSWALD. Ed? What are we going to do? We now have to rescue everyone. That stupid elf is taking them deeper into these woods.

ED. It's interesting that these woods are not affecting you like they are affecting everyone else.

OSWALD. I suppose it's because I'm a bird.

ED. What does that have to do with anything?

OSWALD. I can just fly out of these woods and I'm free.

ED. But you can't fly because your wings are damaged.

OSWALD. Maybe my brain is different.

ED. Thank goodness you are a birdbrain!

OSWALD. That's not exactly what I meant. I've always studied hard and it was never difficult for me to remember things. So, my mind is trained not to forget. I seem to have some sort of power over this forest's spell.

ED. Then it is true. Knowledge is power.

OSWALD. That would seem to be true. Now, what do you think that we should do about all of this?

ED. Well, we cannot face Garrison alone. We will need the others. So, we have to find a way to get them out of this forest and on the correct road to the land of the gargoyles.

OSWALD. I agree. Do you have any suggestions?

ED. That requires me to be clever and cunning, which I am sorry to say,

that I cannot be. I can only deal in facts.

OSWALD. Okay, let me think. This Geo character seems to be driven by his songs, so that will have to be his weak spot. I know! Ed, can you amplify your sound so that it plays real loud?

ED. Yes.

OSWALD. Okay, here's what we'll do. Follow me. *(They go off into the woods and disappear. TWINK appears from the bushes.)*

TWINK. I wonder what they could be planning. I never thought that meddling elf, Geo, would come nosing around. There has to be an easy way to get them to Garrison's place without it being found out that I helped. I just . . . *(Music blares through the forest. TWINK jumps back into the bushes.)*

ED'S VOICE Attention one and all! There are just a few spots left for the Great Wilderness Sing Song Show! Yes, if you've ever dreamed of making it big in the wilderness, then this is your final chance to sign up. Entry blanks are available for the next few minutes just outside the Forgetful Forest! So, hurry! *(There is a moment of silence. Then, GEO comes running through the forest followed by EVERYONE ELSE.)*

GEO. This is it! My big break! *(They run into the woods and disappear. OSWALD and ED appear.)*

OSWALD. Okay, now let's just keep up with them.

ED. Lead on!

OSWALD. You did great, Ed. We're halfway there! Come on! *(They head into the forest as . . .)*

FADEOUT

AT RISE:

We are in the lair of GARRISON THE GARGOYLE. The room is dark and has the feel of a secluded, musty, old cave. WINTERGREEN sleeps nearby with shackles on his feet. Next to him is PEPPERMILL, a ratty old white teddy bear that looks as if he has been in captivity for many years. In a corner of the room is SAMPSON the rat. He has glowing red eyes that can cut through the dark. SAMPSON scuttles out from the

darkness and pokes WINTERGREEN.

SAMPSON. Hey! You! New bear! You sleepin'?

PEPPERMILL. Leave him alone, Sampson. He needs his rest.

SAMPSON. Shutup! Old stuffed bear! Ratty old stuffed bear! That's all that you are!

PEPPERMILL. Yeah, yeah, yeah. I'm ignoring you, now.

SAMPSON. You're ignoring me?

PEPPERMILL. That's right.

SAMPSON. You're really ignoring me?

PEPPERMILL. Yep. I didn't even hear you when you spoke to me just then.

SAMPSON. *(Suddenly worried)* Ooooooooooooooh! I hate that! Please! Please don't ignore me, Peppermill! There's no one else here to talk to! I'll die of boredom! I swear I will! I can't take it! I'm a rat that thrives on attention! I think I have that . . .that . . .sickness! You know, that one where you have to have people like you and stuff! I think that I have that! Don't ignore me!

PEPPERMILL. I'm sorry? Did you say something?

SAMPSON. Aughhhhh! That's not fair! I've been here longer than you have!

PEPPERMILL. You have not.

SAMPSON. Well, I'm younger than you and my attention span is shorter! That makes it seem like I've been here longer! Which is much worse!
(WINTERGREEN starts to stir)

WINTERGREEN. Oooohhhhhhhh! My head.

SAMPSON. Hey! You! Bear! Snap to! *(To PEPPERMILL)* I think he's waking up! *(Yelling in WINTERGREEN'S ear)* ARE YOU WAKING UP, YET, BEAR?!

PEPPERMILL. Goodness, Sampson! Don't cause the poor bear to go deaf. How many times have I told you about yelling? Just because you say something louder doesn't mean that it's understood any better.

SAMPSON. Oh, sorry. I keep forgetting. *(To WINTERGREEN)* Hey, you didn't, by any chance, bring anything to eat did you? I'm starving.

WINTERGREEN. Where am I? The last thing I remember was falling down a hole.

SAMPSON. Do you want to tell him or should I?

PEPPERMILL. I believe I will. It's safer that way. *(To WINTERGREEN)*
You are in the dungeon beneath the castle of Garrison the Gargoyle.

WINTERGREEN. Who the what?

PEPPERMILL. Garrison.

SAMPSON. The gargoyle.

WINTERGREEN. I don't know any gargoyles. *(SAMPSON laughs)*

SAMPSON. Well, apparently he knows you. And in the grand scheme of things . . . that's all that really matters now, isn't it?

PEPPERMILL. Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Peppermill. That rude rodent scurrying about is Sampson.

WINTERGREEN. I'm Wintergreen. Like the mint.

SAMPSON. You sound delicious.

PEPPERMILL. SAMPSON! Be nice to our guest or I'll start ignoring you again.

SAMPSON. No! No! I'm sorry. I'll be good. I'll be good! Hey! I'll be as quiet as a mouse! *(He bursts into laughter)* Get it! I am a mouse!

Well, I'm a rat. That's close enough. *(He laughs some more.)*

WINTERGREEN and PEPPERMILL just stare at him. He stops.)

Everyone's a critic.

WINTERGREEN. Tell me more about this Garrison person.

PEPPERMILL. He's not a person. He's a thing. A gargoyle.

WINTERGREEN. I'm not sure what a gargoyle is.

SAMPSON. Oh, they're ugly. They look like a cross between a devil, a bird, and some really short person who likes to squat all the time. *(A thought hits him.)* Oh, I hope he didn't hear that.

WINTERGREEN. Well, what does he want with me?

PEPPERMILL. That remains to be seen. Apparently, you or someone that you know has done something to make him really angry. So, he's bearnapped you until he feels that he has had his just revenge. In other words he wants to be a witness to some serious suffering. That's the gargoyle way. They love to be a part of anything that brings pain.

WINTERGREEN. So, I'm stuck here? Indefinitely?

SAMPSON. You, my friend, are one honeysucker that catches on quick. Look on the bright side, though. You have the two greatest cell mates that you could possibly ever want. We're friendly, we don't smell too bad, and we love to remember our days of freedom. Not too shabby, huh?

WINTERGREEN. It couldn't possibly be anything that I've done. All I

do is sit on Jennifer's bed all day and snuggle up with her at night. I don't even know . . .

PEPPERMILL. Then it must be something that your Jennifer did.

WINTERGREEN. She's been saying that she thought something was after me for a couple of days, but I thought it was just because she was sick.

SAMPSON. She's sick?

WINTERGREEN. Yes, why?

PEPPERMILL. I know what you're thinking, Sampson.

SAMPSON. He always does this when little girls are sick. I've known many bears that have been taken. He likes bears for some odd reason.

WINTERGREEN. What are you talking about? Were you stolen from a sick little girl, Peppermill?

PEPPERMILL. I was stolen from. . . I don't really remember from where.

WINTERGREEN. You've been here for a long time, haven't you?

(PEPPERMILL nods) Well, I'm sure that Jenny wouldn't just leave me here. If I know her, and I think that I do, she's already on the way.

PEPPERMILL. Even if she is, she's no match for Garrison. What good is one person against a gargoye?

WINTERGREEN. She's not alone, believe me.

SAMPSON. This Jennifer sounds like quite a girl. I hope she gets here in time.

WINTERGREEN. What do you mean? In time?

PEPPERMILL. Well, the hole that she, obviously, had to go through to get here will only stay open for one day. If she hasn't rescued you and gone back through the hole before it closes, then both of you are trapped here forever.

WINTERGREEN. Oh, no.

SAMPSON. There's also one other problem. She most likely landed in the middle of the Forgetful Forest.

WINTERGREEN. Don't tell me.

PEPPERMILL. I'm afraid so. Anyone that stays in the Forgetful Forest too long will begin to just start turning stupid. It could be days or weeks before she finally stumbles out of the woods and by then it would be too late.

WINTERGREEN. If my stomach wasn't stuffed I would be having a really bad stomach ache right now.

SAMPSON. Somehow, I think you could bear it. *(He bursts into laughter)* Get it? BEAR it?! I KILL ME!!!!

WINTERGREEN. *(To PEPPERMILL)* You listen to this everyday?

PEPPERMILL. Well, he does make me laugh from time to time. Which is something that we have an awful lot of around here. Time. It's best to spend it laughing.

WINTERGREEN. Tell me more about the Forgetful Forest.

SAMPSON. Yeah, tell him, Pep. *(To WINTERGREEN)* You're gonna love this story. It's a good one.

PEPPERMILL. Well, the Forgetful Forest lies several miles from here. Rumor has it that the forest separates two kingdoms. The Kingdom of the Gargoyles and the Kingdom of the Sprites. Long ago, there was a sprite named Freena that was supposed to marry a sprite named Twinka . . . something. However, Freena was so beautiful that Garrison's great great grandfather, Yot, fell in love with her. Yot tried to convince Freena to come and be his queen, but Freena was in love with Twinkawhatever. I'll just call him Twink. Anyway, the wedding day finally arrived and just before they were married, Twink made a great speech about how true love conquered the best that the kingdom of the gargoyles had to offer. This enraged Yot and his kingdom. So, right before the ceremony, Yot and his army of Gargoyles attacked the castle of the sprites and kidnapped Freena. They flew into the forest and put a curse over the woods. The curse made anyone who was in the woods too long forget everything until they were able to find their way out. No one ever saw Freena again. . .but she's still supposed to be somewhere near the forest. You see, sprites never die.

WINTERGREEN. Is there a way to break the curse over the woods?

PEPPERMILL. According to the legend, the only way that the curse can be broken is for a sprite to stand on the throne in the main hall of the Gargoyle castle, lift his leg, and say "Nyuck, Nyuck, Nyuck!"

SAMPSON. I'd pay real money to see that! Of course, I'd have to get some first, but then I'd pay. No contest.

PEPPERMILL. Yes, but you can imagine just how often a sprite gets into the main hall of the castle.

WINTERGREEN. It most likely doesn't ever happen.

PEPPERMILL. We're still here. Locked up.

WINTERGREEN. Well, maybe Jenny can find her way out of the woods. All we can do is hope.

SAMPSON. I wouldn't count on it.

WINTERGREEN. Why do you say that?

SAMPSON. When you're trapped in a dungeon like we've been, you learn to give up on all hope. Gloom and doom are everywhere. They're like guests who don't know when to go home.

WINTERGREEN. I never give up on hope. Jennifer loves me. She wouldn't just give up on me without a fight.

SAMPSON. A fight?! Oooooohhhh! I love to fight! Fighting is what makes the world go 'round! If Garrison were here right now, BAM!

BAM! BAM! Right in the kisser! Right. . .in. . .the. . .kisser!

WINTERGREEN. You think fighting makes the world go 'round?

PEPPERMILL. If I remember correctly, fighting with a gargoyle is what got you in here to begin with. *(Pause)* You just never seem to learn.

SAMPSON. Silly old bear! Ratty old bear! That's what you are!

PEPPERMILL. And what's with the insults all of a sudden? Do I ever call you names?

SAMPSON. You call me a rat!

PEPPERMILL. You ARE a rat!

SAMPSON. Yeah? Well, you're a ratty old bear! So, there! *(Long pause)*

WINTERGREEN. She'll be here. I just know she will.

PEPPERMILL. I hope you're right. In the meantime, let's just sit here and quietly ignore Sampson. *(SAMPSON looks at PEPPERMILL.)*

FADEOUT

AT RISE:

We see that JENNIFER, MAGS, BUBBLES, SIR DRAKE, OSWALD, ED, DAVE, BUSTER, and GEO have made it to a small dirt road just outside of the Forgetful Forest. BUSTER and ED survey the area as OSWALD explains what has happened.

OSWALD. So, we feel terrible about deceiving you Mr. Geo . . .

GEO. Please, just call me Geo. I'm not twenty-seven yet, I'm still young.

OSWALD. Well, that was the only way that we could think to get you out of the forest. You were heading the wrong way. Time was very

important.

JENNIFER. How long were we in the woods?

OSWALD. Apparently, not as long as Dave.

DAVE. I wonder what's happened to my family.

JENNIFER. Do you remember where you came from now?

DAVE. Yes! I came from a village on the east side of the Forgetful Forest. Myntok!

SIR DRAKE. Great Scott! Myntok is on the map! However, according to what is printed here, the only way back to Myntok is through the Forgetful Forest!

MAGS. How can that be?

GEO. Well, Myntok is surrounded by a great sea on one side and the forest on the other.

JENNIFER. How will you get back home?

DAVE. I don't know. I can't go back through the forest. I'll just wander for another few months if I do that. *(TWINK jumps out from behind a tree.)*

TWINK. Break the spell you must!

SIR DRAKE. Great Scott! It's that fuzzy wuzzi of a sprite!

GEO. *(To TWINK)* You! Sprite trash!

TWINK. Elven scum! No talent scum of an elf! That's all you are! Under control I had everything until interfere you did!

GEO. *(Singing)* You're a sprite! You're a sprite!
And if you wanna fight!

*Then we'll fight here tonight
if the timing can be right!*

*When I meet you then I'll beat you
in the pale moonlight.*

*'Cause it's right to kill a sprite
if it makes you feel better about yourselfllllllllllf!*

TWINK. *(To everyone else)* See what I mean? No talent.

GEO. You wouldn't know talent if it bit you in the tail. *(BUSTER howls.)*

BUSTER. Sorry, someone mentions the word "tail" these days and I get a little nervous.

JENNIFER. What is all of this talk about? Hating?

GEO. Sprites and elves do not get along.

BUBBLES. Why? *(GEO and TWINK laugh)*

MAGS. Did I miss a joke?

BUBBLES. No Dear, just the boat in life.

MAGS. Shutup!

TWINK. Hated elves sprites have for many years. The elves weren't there for us when we needed them.

GEO. *THE SPRITES ASKED TOO MUCH OF US!*

TWINK. Needed you we did to stand by us when attacked we were by Yot and his cronies!

GEO. They would've killed all of us!

TWINK. They stole my bride! *(Pause)* Just took her.

JENNIFER. How horrible.

TWINK. *(Advancing on GEO)* Do you have any idea what it was like to just stand there and watch the woman that you love be taken from you? Full well knowing that nothing there is you can do? Our kingdom is small. Your kingdom is small. However, if the two would've joined forces-

GEO. Both would've been destroyed!

TWINK. That's not true!

GEO. *It is true!* Look, I understand the fact that you're upset because you lost your girl, but you also need to understand that sometimes you have to look at the greater good! It's better to lose one person than to destroy two kingdoms! *(Pause)* Besides, what were we supposed to do? We're elves! We can't fly! The spell on the Forgetful Forest had been placed there before Freena was taken, Twink! Our army would've marched into that forest and become nothing more than a wandering bunch of dumb elves in two seconds and you know that! Also, if I remember correctly, you were the one that mouthed off to Yot in the first place! *(TWINK looks to the ground.)* Oh, yeah, remember the speech you made? The speech heard 'round the world. You knew that Yot was after Freena and there was the possibility of real danger associated with your wedding! Did you play it cool and just marry the girl? Nooooooo! Mr. Twink here has to go and proclaim how much better he thinks he is than the gargoyles! I mean, why didn't you just kick him in the face and tell him that his future children would be ugly?

TWINK. I made a mistake!

GEO. You sure did.

TWINK. Well, paying for it I have been, for years!

GEO. So has everyone else. *(Long silence)*

TWINK. Need this I do not! *(TWINK runs down the road and disappears. There is silence. No one knows what to say. JENNIFER looks at GEO.)*

GEO. It was his bride. It's not our job to interfere.

JENNIFER. My mom and dad have been divorced since I was seven. *(GEO looks at JENNIFER)* They used to fight a lot. Usually, it was over something silly. My father always seemed to not be able to talk to my mother without starting an argument. I don't know why. After they split, I wanted so many times to tell him that I missed him and that he should just apologize to my mother and come back home, but everyone kept saying that it was their lives and that I shouldn't butt in. *(Pause)* Don't interfere. I hear that a lot. You know, I took everyone's advice about not interfering. . .but there's not a day that goes by that I wish *someone* would've. *(GEO starts to say something, but doesn't. After a moment, he turns and walks up the road after TWINK.)*

BUBBLES. That was the most ridiculous thing that I've ever seen.

JENNIFER. Really?

BUBBLES. The two of them looked silly. They didn't even really listen to each other.

JENNIFER. Now you know how the rest of us feel when you and Mags fight with each other. *(BUBBLES looks at MAGS. There is silence again.)*

BUSTER. Hey! I think I smell something!

JENNIFER. What is it?

BUSTER. Wintergreen! He's been on this road! I just know it!

MAGS. How long ago?

BUSTER. Now what kind of a lame brained question is that? How am I supposed to know? Do you see a clock on the end of my nose? Geez, picky picky picky! Just because I can smell things, people want me to be so specific! I'm a dog, for cryin' out loud! Not a scientist! How long? Next you're gonna want me to smile. *(He scratches a flea)* Lord!

DAVE. This is the road to Garrison's castle.

OSWALD. May I ask a question, Dave?

DAVE. Go ahead.

OSWALD. Geo mentioned someone named Yot. Who is that?

DAVE. Well, Yot was the king of the Gargoyles some time ago. He's a member of Garrison's family . . .at least he was. Yot's responsible for the

curse put on the Forgetful Forest. I don't think he's still alive, though. But, his castle is definitely this way.

MAGS. We'd better hurry. The sun is starting to set.

OSWALD. Sir Drake?

SIR DRAKE. *(Without his accent)* Yeah?

OSWALD. Shall you lead us on to the lair of the gargoyles?

SIR DRAKE. *(Resuming his accent)* Great Scott! I couldn't possibly! I could get hurt!

BUSTER. What are you talking about? Are you nuts or something? You're a knight. You're supposed to look death in the face and be brave and stuff like that. That's what knights do. I'm a dog, I sniff. Ed's a computer, he computes.

BUBBLES. I'm a clown, I clown around.

BUSTER. That is so unfunny it scares me. *(Back to SIR DRAKE)*

Anyway, you're a knight . . . you fight.

SIR DRAKE. Well, I see no shame in not wanting to fight. I think that there is too much fighting in the world, anyway.

BUSTER. I see. You're chicken.

MAGS. Hey! Leave him alone, Buster! He's scared, so what?

BUSTER. Well, well, well, if this just doesn't beat all. We have a sissy little gladiator in our cute little band. *(To SIR DRAKE)* Aren't you just adorable?

JENNIFER. Buster.

BUSTER. You know, Drake, I hear you talk all the time about these fuzzy wuzzies you've fought. I used to wonder exactly what a fuzzy wuzzi was, but now I'll just leave it alone.

SIR DRAKE. ALRIGHT! I'LL LEAD! *(SIR DRAKE exits.)*

BUSTER. Hey, Drake! Sing us a show tune while we march! *(SIR DRAKE glares at BUSTER and heads down the road)* Come on, everyone! Let's follow Shaky Drakey down the road! *(He exits.)*

JENNIFER. This is not going well at all.

BUBBLES. Mags, I'm sorry for the way that I've treated you. When I took a good long look at Geo and Twink, I realized that we must look foolish most of the time.

MAGS. Oh, Bubbles, of course we do. We're a clown and a doll. I'm rags and you're . . . just plain colorful.

BUBBLES. The most colorful person in the closet.

BUSTER. *(Offstage)* Hey! Drake! I think Bubbles is talking about ya'!

SIR DRAKE. *(Offstage)* LEAVE ME ALONE! *(MAGS and BUBBLES laugh, then look at each other. Maybe a friendship is starting.)*

MAGS. I'm sorry, too.

BUBBLES. Come on, let's rescue our bear! Together! *(They run off. ED rolls off after them.)*

OSWALD. I'd better follow close. Buster isn't going to let Drake off the hot seat very willingly. *(OSWALD goes down the road.)*

JENNIFER. I'm sorry, Dave, if there was a way that I could get you home again, I would.

DAVE. What sort of talk is that? None of this is your fault. Besides, what good is placing blame? Is it going to solve anything? No. Is it going to be helpful in any way? No. Is . . .it . . .? *(Pause. JENNIFER stares at him.)* What? What are you looking at?

JENNIFER. You're cute. *(DAVE stares at JENNIFER)*

DAVE. Thank you. I'm not sure how to respond to that.

JENNIFER. Why?

DAVE. Well, I've been in the Forgetful Forest for quite some time. I'm out of . . .practice . . .with how to relate to . . .um . . .girls. . .WOMEN!

JENNIFER. Wanna kiss me?

DAVE. Are you serious?

JENNIFER. Sure.

DAVE. Oh, I don't know. I'll . . .um . . .have to think on that for awhile. *(Long silence. They just stare at each other.)* So, I'll just go...do...that. Think . . .or something like that. *(He turns and strolls quickly up the road.)*

JENNIFER. Well, that was lame! *(She yells)* Hey! Everybody wait up! *(She goes up the road after everyone as. . .)*

FADEOUT

***THE PLAY IS NOT OVER!! TO FIND OUT HOW IT ENDS –
ORDER AN ACTING EDITION AT
WWW.NEXTSTAGEPRESS.NET***