



by
Alexandra Grace Gaver

A CTHR Playscript



Newport, Maine

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The Not-So-Scary-Nightmare Adventure

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Cover art courtesy of The Children’s Theatre of Hampton Roads (Virginia)

Characters:

Bri – A spoiled, arrogant, young fairy from a well-known tooth fairy family

DB – A dust bunny who longs for more excitement

The Proctor – A tooth fairy test proctor (think DMV test proctor) who is getting too old for this

The Boogeyman – The ruler of BoogeyTown; the creator of scary dreams

The Bookworm – He's a worm and he knows everything

The Shoemaker's Elves – They're almost feral and obsessed with footwear. Their lines are should be performed in some sort of pidgin German/English

The Man In The Moon – He has an astronomically large ego (no pun intended)

Troll Guard – He's not too bright, but he gets an "A" for effort

The Mountain King – The evil, ambitious king of all trolls and goblins

Child – A kid, duh

Dad – The child's long suffering father. He is not seen onstage

The Giant Soda Can – It's a giant soda can

Notes:

DB is intended to be a puppet. The puppet should be a brown and grey ball of fluff with bunny ears, two eyes, and a mouth.

All roles can be performed by actors of either gender

The show is written to be performed with no less than four actors. If four actors are used, the roles should be assigned as follows:

Actor 1 – Bri

Actor 2 – DB, Elf 3

Actor 3 – Dad, The Proctor, The Boogeyman, Elf 1, Goblin Guard

Actor 4 – Child, Giant Soda Can, The Bookworm, Elf 2, The Man in the Moon, The Mountain King

THE NOT-SO-SCARY NIGHTMARE ADVENTURE by **Alexandra Grace Gaver (TYA)** This thrilling new play follows Bri, a young tooth fairy on the adventure of a lifetime. Desperate to prove herself, she starts off on a daring quest to save the world from bad dreams. Bri's quest takes her from the home of the Boogeyman, to the kingdom of trolls, even all the way to the moon! As with all quests, by their vary nature, Bri learns things she did not know—about herself and the world around her. This wacky, heartfelt show is extremely interactive and a hit with children and adults alike! **ORDER #3207**

Alexandra Grace Gaver studied theater at the University of Virginia and the London Academy of Music and Dramatic Art with a focus in Shakespeare. She is a co-founder and current board member of The Children's Theatre of Hampton Roads and is, as of the publication of this script, attending the William & Mary Law School.

The Not-So-Scary-Nightmare Adventure

Scene 1 – Bedroom -- *A child's bedroom at night. A bed with a pillow and comforter is placed in the center of the bed. Voices are heard offstage.*

CHILD: But Dad-

DAD: No, buts! Get to bed!

(Child enters)

CHILD: Okay.

DAD: And don't forget to put your tooth under your pillow or the tooth fairy won't come.

CHILD: I know Dad.

(Places a small box under the pillow and gets in bed)

Goodnight Dad. Love you.

DAD: Goodnight sweetie.

(The Child goes to sleep)

(beat)

(Bri enters the room stumbling. She is dressed in a tutu with lots of glitter. She wears a large sash with the words "Student Fairy" on it. She sneaks into the room trying not to make much noise as she makes her way over to the bed. She freezes as the Child makes a noise and turns over. Bri creeps closer. She freezes again as the child mumble something about soda cans. Just as she gets to bed –the Child sits up)

CHILD: Dad. Dad!

(Bri looks around frantically for somewhere to hide. Not finding anything, she poses as a piece of furniture on the side of the room.)

Dad...can I have some water?

(The Child gets up and leaves the room)

DAD: *(offstage, sighing)* Yes, sweetie. Come on.

(Bri is still onstage not sure what to do. She starts to relax when she hears-)

You've had some water. Now go to sleep, ok?

(The Child enters)

CHILD: Ok Dad.

DAD: Goodnight

CHILD: *(Yawning as she gets into bed)*

'Night.

(After a beat, Bri starts to move again towards the bed. Just as she gets there, the Child wakes up screaming. Bri ducks behind the bed.)

Aah! Not the soda cans! Dad!

(The Child exits the room)

Dad, Dad!

DAD: What is it now?!

CHILD: There were soda cans and they were GIANT and they were coming after me and they were **angry**. I don't want to go sleep in my room tonight. Please let me sleep with you guys tonight. **PLEASE!**

DAD: Ok, ok. Go get your tooth. We'll leave it out tomorrow for the toothfairy.

(The Child enters the room, calling over her shoulder)

CHILD: Ok Dad!

(She goes over to the bed, grabs the small box from under her pillow, and exits. Bri crawls out from behind the bed staring at the door.)

BRI: What the? C'mon!

(The Proctor enters the room he is dressed as a low level bureaucrat with a sweater vest and khakis. He is however, a fairy, as such has sparkly wings. He uses his wand as a pen to mark the paper on the clipboard he holds.)

THE PROCTOR: Failure to enter the room quietly. Failure to disguise one's self creatively. And, of course, failure to procure the tooth. Unimpressive Miss Briarglow, HIGHLY unimpressive.

BRI: Hmph

THE PROCTOR: That makes how many teeth you have secured?

(Bri mumbles a response)

What was that?

BRI: Zero

THE PROCTOR: Yes. Zero. Zero out of the three permitted tries. Consider yourself failed.

BRI: What?! But that's not fair!

THE PROCTOR: Not fair?

BRI: Yeah! This wasn't my fault. They all had nightmares. It's not **my** fault if they wake up from nightmares, it's the Boogeyman's. He's the one spreading all these nightmares around.

THE PROCTOR: *(Snarky)* Well, then maybe you should complain to **him**.

(He takes a breath and becomes professional again)

They may have had nightmares, but that doesn't mean you shouldn't be able to get the tooth. If you had studied at all...

BRI: Hey, I know what I'm doing!

THE PROCTOR: Really? Let's see...

(He looks at his notes)

You were late, **twice**, for fluttering practice. You fell asleep during the lecture on the history of fairy dust. Oh! And you didn't even bother to come to the seminar on proper dental care.

BRI: Yeah, well...That doesn't mean I'm not a good fairy. I know all about being a tooth fairy. My whole family are tooth fairies. You can't fail me!

THE PROCTOR: All right. If you know so much. What are the three most important qualities a tooth fairy must possess?

BRI: I know this! It's ...um... they all start with the letter "c" don't they...I think cleanliness is in there somewhere...and maybe composition...and-

THE PROCTOR: Cleverness, compassion, and courage Miss Briarglow! Cleverness, compassion, and courage.

BRI: I knew that. Really. If you'd just given me time to think-

THE PROCTOR: The next tooth fairy training session starts Monday. I'll see you then.

(He turns to exits but Bri grabs his arm.)

BRI: You can't fail me. You just can't! I deserve this!

THE PROCTOR: You don't deserve anything you don't work hard at Miss Briarglow. You obviously didn't study or train at all for this test. You just thought I'd pass you because of your family didn't you? There are no shortcuts in life Miss Briarglow. The next training session starts Monday. But if you don't respect the position of tooth fairy enough to work for it, maybe you should consider a different job. I hear there are lots of openings for tooth counters!

(The Proctor exits. Bri stares at where he exited before addressing the audience.)

BRI: Can you believe that? Me. He failed me. I mean who does he think he is? He's nothing but a big, dumb, troll!

(Turns to the audience and addresses them)

I'm sorry you had to see that. I know that all you little sprites just started your training, you haven't even taken your pixie tests yet, but surely you've heard of my family, the Briarglows. Haven't you?

(They will hopefully say no)

No? The Briarglows are tooth fairy legend. My father once gathered the teeth from a crocodile. My grandfather founded the First Fairy Bank Of America. My great great grandfather took George Washington's teeth when he got his wooden ones. The Briarglows are practically tooth fairy royalty. Well, maybe not royalty, but, we're really important tooth fairies. And now, I, I've failed.

(She collapses onto the bed)

Oh no, what am I going to do? I can't tell my parents. I have to be a tooth fairy, I just **have** to. I just need to find some way to make him change his mind. I mean I can't help it if they all have nightmares.

(Suddenly, she's interrupted by a voice from underneath the bed)

DB: Maybe you should talk to the Boogeyman.

BRI: *(She stands on the bed in alarm)* Who said that? Who's there? You'd better show yourself, or, I'll...

(She looks around for something to defend herself with and finds nothing)

...do something you really won't like.

(DB pops out from under the bed)

DB: Me!

(Bri jumps away from the bed)

BRI: Ah!

DB: Ah!

BRI: Who are you?

DB: I just told you; I'm me!

BRI: No, your name! Who are you?

DB: I don't have one.

BRI: *(She starts circling away from him)* Ok you weird, no-name-having-thing... What are you then? And why were you spying on me?

DB: I'm a dust bunny! And I'm sorry I was listening in, but I've never seen a real tooth fairy before and a Briarglow at that! I mean, I've heard about you, every dust bunny has, but I've never **seen** one. There are no fairies under the bed, just some shoeboxes and, you know, the underside of the bed.

BRI: Well, then I guess you heard that I failed. Sorry to burst your bubble, but you didn't see a tooth fairy.

DB: Hey! It's not your fault that tester is such a...such a...troll! You should totally be a tooth fairy!

BRI: Thanks.

(Warming up to him, Bri sits on the bed near DB)

You know, I've never seen a dust bunny before. I never imagined you'd be so-

DB: Terrifying?

BRI: No.

DB: Ferocious?

BRI: No.

DB: Strapping?

BRI: Adorable.

DB: Yeah I know. We are pretty cute.

(He comes around from under the bed to sit near her)

But forget cute. You tooth fairies are amazing!

BRI: How do you know so much about fairies if you've only lived under a bed?

DB: Just because we're under a bed or in a corner doesn't mean we don't hear things! I know you fairies spend all your time learning magic, helping kids, but it's not like that with dust bunnies. We don't grow up and gather dust wanting those things.

BRI: What do you mean? What do dust bunnies want then?

DB: Well, it's not a thing, it's a place. From the time we're just a speck of dirt, dust bunnies learn that if you're really, really good and be as dusty as you can, one day if you're really lucky, a big hand will come down and take you to the wonderful, beautiful place –

BRI: Heaven?

DB: No.

(In a hushed voice)

The Trash Can.

BRI: The trash can?

DB: Yeah, that's what dust bunnies wish for. But, well....can I tell you a secret?

BRI: Uh, sure.

DB: I don't want to grow up to go to the trash can.

BRI: You don't?

DB: No. What I want more than anything in the world is...

(He looks around quickly)

...to be a tooth fairy!

BRI: You? You want to be a tooth fairy?

DB: Yeah, It would be so cool! Zooming around the world, collecting kids' teeth; your job is making kids happy, helping them remember that there is still magic around. I mean I don't know any magic, but I know everything about fairies! I even know the three most important qualities of a tooth fairy: cleverness, compassion, and –

BRI and DB: Courage

BRI: Yeah I know. But at this rate, it looks like neither of us are going to be tooth fairies.

DB: But I already **told** you, you should talk to the Boogeyman. He controls all nightmares. There has to be a reason why these kids keep getting bad dreams. Maybe he's trying to stop you becoming a tooth fairy ... Oh! Maybe, he has a feud, with one of your ancestors and he's been bidding his time, just waiting for his revenge and now –

BRI: Even if he is behind this, how would I ever find him? I've never been to his kingdom; I don't know anyone who has.

DB: Oh, it's easy to get to BoogeyTown. You get there under the bed. Every bed has a doorway to BoogeyTown under it. How do you think monsters and bad dreams get to you at night?

BRI: Right, so I'll just go wandering into BoogeyTown.

(She starts to realize this probably isn't a good idea)

The kingdom where the sun is afraid to shine because it's full of monsters...and ghosts... and icky slime... and stuff.

DB: Don't be afraid! Be brave; you can do it! I mean if you want to become a tooth fairy you kind of HAVE to. Or else you're going to have to, you know, study.

BRI: You're right. We'll go to BoogeyTown and once we find the Boogeyman-

DB: Woah! WE?! I never said I'd-

BRI: Oh no, this was YOUR idea. You're coming with me.

(She changes tactics)

I mean, you already know so much more about BoogeyTown than I do. I need your help DB; I can't do this without you.

DB: Well, I guess... Wait. What did you call me?

BRI: Oh, um "DB". You said you didn't have name, and I have to call you something, so, you know, "dust bunny"- "DB"...

DB: WOW, a name. I've never had one before. I've never known any dust bunny that had a name. We're just dust bunnies; not important enough for a name. Thank you.

BRI: *(Feeling kind of uncomfortable)* Oh, yeah, don't worry about it... so you're going to show me this door to BoogeyTown or not?

DB: Oh right! Come on, it's just under the bed!

(They move to go under the bed as he starts rambling)

I know you said DB stands for dust bunny, but how about "devious beast" instead?

BRI: Oof it's a lot more cluttered down here than I thought. Now where 's that door?

DB: Or "drifting balloon".

BRI: Eeew! How long has this pizza been here?!

DB: No no! It HAS to be "doggy breath".

BRI: Oh! There's the door. So I guess I just open it and WOAHH!

(She yells as if falling down a long tunnel)

DB: I'VE GOT IT! "Dancing Baboon. Oh! Wait for me!

(He yells as if falling as well)

Scene 2 - BoogeyTown -- *The music and lighting should change to reflect the new CREEPY locale. BRI and DB climb out from under the bed.*

BRI: Woah, this place is even creepier than I imagined.

DB: Yeah. Think there are a lot of ghoulies here?

BRI: (Gulp) Probably

DB: COOL!

(He runs and asks and audience member)

Are you a ghoulie? Oh, you're not? How about you? And you?

(He can ask the audience if they are monsters, if they see any monsters, etc. until Bri cuts him off)

BRI: DB!

DB: What? Oh. Sorry. So how do we find the Boogeyman?

BRI: I thought you knew! Right well, this looks like a road, I guess we'll just follow it and look for a sign or something.

(They start a slow journey around the stage)

BRI: Look at that!

(Pointing into the audience)

Is that a dragon selling ice cream cones?

DB: That's nothing. Look up there, it's a mummy ice skiing on the ceiling! How do you think he doesn't unravel?

(A sign pops out from backstage pointing to the other side saying "Boogeyman that way")

BRI: Oh! A sign! "Boogeyman that way". Well, that's helpful.

(As she reads, the Boogeyman enters from the other side of the stage and will follow behind them until he is revealed)

DB: What do you think the Boogeyman looks like? Maybe he's like 20 feet tall with a big, scaly tail. Or maybe he's the size of a mouse but his eyes, they're not regular eyes, they're laser eyes. He can shoot lasers with them like "pew, pew, pew".

BRI: Laser eyes? No DB, I'm sure the Boogeyman doesn't have laser eyes. I'm sure he's just a regular guy who happens... to... control nightmares. Just a regular guy.

(Another sign pops out reading "Look Behind You")

DB! Look! Another sign! "Look Behind You." Look behind you? Well, ok.

(She and DB turn slowly and as they do, the Boogeyman moves behind them. This will continue throughout the next bit)

Behind us; there's nobody behind us.

DB: Why would there be a sign that says look behind you. I mean, which you? **YOU** you or **Me** you? That could mean anyone.

BRI: I don't know. Maybe they do.

(referring to the audience)

What do you think? Is there somebody behind us? Yes? No? Well, I don't see anyone.

PERUSAL SCRIPT - The Not-So-Scary-Nightmare Adventure by Alexandra Grace Gaver

(The audience will, hopefully, try to tell them that the Boogeyman is behind them but both DB and BRI should deny it. This should go on as long as it's funny then BRI should quiet the audience)

Ok, ok. Stop guys. Look we don't even know what we're supposed to be looking behind us for. It could be anything – an elf, a rodent of unusual size, even –

BOOGEYMAN: The Boogeyman?

BRI & DB: Aah! You're...you're...

BOOGEYMAN: Yes, I am the Boogeyman. What are you two doing in Boogeytown?

DB: We were looking for you ...sir.

BOOGEYMAN: Looking for me? Why would a fairy and a ...puff ball be looking for the scary, terrifying Boogeyman?

BRI: Well, sir, uh, Mr. Boogeyman, you see the thing is...

(she takes a deep breath)

You've been messing up all my tests! I've wanted to be a tooth fairy FOREVER, and when I finally get to take my test, YOU keep sending all those kids nightmares. Frankenstein monsters, dancing purple skunks, giant soda cans...nightmares all of them! I want to know why you keep messing up my tests!

BOOGEYMAN: *(He is surprised but tries to hide it)* Dancing purple skunks and soda cans, eh? What makes you think that I have anything to do with it, hmm?

(There's a commotion backstage)

BRI: What was that?

BOOGEYMAN: Nothing! That was just nothing! Just one of the normal weird sounds of Boogeytown. That I have control over...because this is my kingdom...that I rule. So I am going to make that

(pointedly to backstage)

STOP THAT RACKET NOW!

(The noise stops)

Good, good.

(During his next speech, The Giant Soda Can will peek out from various spots backstage; it will not be noticed by the characters on stage)

Now what makes you even think that I, the Boogeyman, would ever take one second of my eternal time to care about a tooth fairy test? Why would I, the thing that goes bump in the night, devote any time to collecting children's chompers.

I AM THE BOOGEYMAN! I am the 'scratch, scratch' of a branch on your window. I am the 'creak, creak' of your closet door. I am the wail and howl splitting the silence. I am what goes bump in the night. I am the master of terror!

(The Giant Soda Can comes running onstage, knocks over the Boogeyman, then runs around the stage like a chicken with its head cut off)

You! No, you get back here! I told you to stay put!

(The Boogeyman chases The Giant Soda Can offstage)

BRI: That's a giant soda can! That's THE giant soda can! The one from the kid's nightmare!

BOOGEYMAN: No, it's not. It's uh...

(He tries the Jedi Mind Trick)

This is not the giant soda can you are looking for.

(It doesn't work)

DB: Yes it is! You did have something to do with it!

BRI: You sent those kids those nightmares, you liar! Just admit you did it! You deliberately messed up my test!

BOOGEYMAN: Ok, ok, that MAY have been a giant soda can and it MAY have been the same giant soda can from that child's nightmare, but I did not send it.

BRI: *(Sarcastically)* Right. You didn't send it. Cuz like you said you don't care about tooth fairies.

BOOGEYMAN: Look, it's not what you think. It's just, I um...I...

(he mumbles something under his breath)

BRI: What was that?

BOOGEYMAN: Oh you know, I...

(he mumbles again just a tiny bit louder)

DB: You what?

BOOGEYMAN: I don't have control of the nightmares anymore, ok? Happy now?

BRI: But, you're the Boogeyman!

BOOGEYMAN: I know!

DB: That's what you do!

BOOGEYMAN: I know!

DB: What happened?

BOOGEYMAN: I was robbed!

BRI: You were robbed?!

BOOGEYMAN: Yes. And if you want to hear the rest of the story, you're both going to have to stop interrupting me!

BRI & DB: Sorry

BOOGEYMAN: You see, once a nightmare is created you can't just let it run around all...willy nilly. They get into too much mischief. Once I perfect it, the nightmare is stored away in the Nightmare Vault until the perfect time when it will cause the most terror.

(Bri and DB try to interrupt to as a question but the Boogeyman won't let them)

THE NIGHTMARE VAULT, as you so obviously were about to ask, is the most secure place in the whole world. Fort Knox? Superman's Fortress of Solitude? The closet you hide Christmas presents in? HA! Please. They have nothing on the Nightmare Vault. For you see, once a nightmare is locked in the Vault the only way it can only leave is if I open it. It can only be opened with a special key. A very special key. Forged by dwarfs in ages past, imbued with the strongest magic wizards possess, it is known as – The Nightmare Key!

(Silence. He was obviously expecting a stronger reaction)

BRI: What? It is a pretty obvious name.

BOOGEYMAN: Anyway... Someone has stolen the Nightmare Key and opened the Vault. Now, it is impossible to get ANY of the nightmares back inside.

BRI: But, isn't what you want? Everyone having nightmares?

BOOGEYMAN: NO! The point with nightmares is to spread them out. Humans can't have scary dreams every night. It's just not how it's done! It's chaos up there in the human world right now. No one is getting any

sleep. The President is dreaming of evil 50 foot tall teddy bears; it makes me look like I'm losing my touch!
And worst of all, everyone thinks I'm behind it.

BRI & DB: Everyone?

BOOGEYMAN: Everyone. The Sandman, Mother Nature, Santa Claus. The butcher, the baker, even –

BRI: No!

BOOGEYMAN: Yes. Even the candlestick maker. They all blame me. If I don't get the key back soon, who knows what will happen! The magical high council could replace me!

DB: (*Sarcastically*) Yeah that is the real tragedy here. Not all the poor people having bad dreams.

BRI: Do you have any idea who stole the Key?

BOOGEYMAN: No, and that's the mysterious part. The key is made from the most paralyzing element ever found – Despair. It was made for me, so I can pick it up, but if anyone else touched it, they would be overcome by sadness and would not be able to go on. For someone to successfully steal the key, they would have to be both figuratively and literally heartless.

BRI: Woah. Who is that unfeeling?

BOOGEYMAN: If I knew I wouldn't be standing here talking to you now, would I?

BRI: Why haven't you gone out and looked for the Key?

BOOGEYMAN: I can't leave with all the nightmares running around. They're all trying to get out into the human world and so far I've managed to stop most of them.

DB: If the Key is so powerful, why don't you just keep it in your pocket all the time?

BOOGEYMAN: SOMETIMES YOU LEAVE YOUR KEYS ON THE COUNTER, OK?!

DB: Jeez, no need to be so touchy.

BRI: (*She starts rather unsubtly trying to leave*) Right, so if you didn't try to mess up my test, we don't really need to be down here any longer. It's been nice to meet you, Mr. Boogeyman, but we really need to be going...

BOOGEYMAN: Wait! You still want to be a tooth fairy don't you?

BRI: Of course I do, I'll just find some other way to –

BOOGEYMAN: Good. Then I think we can help each other with our little problems, you and I.

BRI: What do you mean?

BOOGEYMAN: I mean, I propose a deal. You get the Nightmare Key back for me, and I'll make sure you pass your test.

BRI: You can do that?

BOOGEYMAN: Of course. All it takes are a few well-placed dreams and you'll have your wings. I promise.

BRI: What makes you think I could even find the Key?

BOOGEYMAN: You got this far, didn't you? Only one other person has ever made their way to BoogeyTown uninvited and she had help from the Sandman.

BRI: Yeah, I did find you...but wait! Even if I did find the key, I couldn't bring it back to you. You said that if anyone other than you holds the Key, they are overcome by despair and can't go on.

BOOGEYMAN: Take this.

(He hands her a large ring)

This is a...well...it's a magical key ring. If the key is on this, you'll be able to hold it.

DB: Hey, Bri, I don't know if this is such a great idea. I know he's not totally evil, but he is still the Boogeyman.

BRI: DB, if I do this I get to be a tooth fairy. No more classes, no more exams. It's like a short cut.

DB: I know, but still –

BRI: No. Mr. Boogeyman, I'll do it. I'll get the Nightmare Key back.

BOOGEYMAN: Wonderful! And I'll make sure you become a tooth fairy.

BRI: Where do I even start though?

DB: We got to go the Bookworm! He knows everything! I bet he knows who took the Key.

BRI: We?

DB: Of course, **we**. You're the first real friend I've ever had; the only one who cared enough to give me a name. I'm not going to let you do this all alone.

BRI: Wow. Thanks DB. I don't know if any of my fairy friends would ever do the same for me.

BOOGEYMAN: As sweet and touching a moment as this is, would you please get going!

BRI: Oh! Sorry! We'll just be on our way.

(She and DB start to exit and then realize they don't know where to go)

Which way is it?

BOOGEYMAN: Come with me. There's a path this way that will take you to the Bookworm's library. And please hurry. I don't know how long I can keep most of the nightmares down here. I mean, it's exhausting.

(There's a crash backstage)

I swear, whichever one of you spooks that was, I am going to find you and –

(He realizes that Bri and DB aren't following him)

Well, come on.

(They exit)

Scene 3 - The Bookworm's Library -- *Bri and DB enter.*

BRI: Woah, look at all the books in here.

DB: I can't even see the ceiling. They just go on forever.

BRI: There must be a billion books in here!

(The Bookworm enters)

BOOKWORM: Nine hundred ninety million, seven hundred, and four to be precise. Greetings Miss Bri Briarglow, junior fairy, and DB, newly named dust bunny.

DB: How do you know who we are?

BOOKWORM: I am the Bookworm. I know everything. This grand library you see here? There is one copy of each book ever written.

DB: Ever?

BOOKWORM: In all history. And I have read and know them all. From "All About Aardvarks" to "Zoinks! The Zambian Zebra Caper."

BRI: Wait, but what book are we in? What's been written about DB and I?

BOOKWORM: The script for this play.

(They all do a John Landis-style take to the audience)

BRI: So, you know why we're here then?

BOOKWORM: Yes. To find out if I know who took the BoogeyMan's key to the Nightmare Vault.

BRI: So, do you know who did it?

BOOKWORM: I have information that could help you, yes -

BRI & DB: Great!

BOOKWORM: - But, I won't give it to you.

BRI & DB: What?!

BRI: Why?!

BOOKWORM: From everything I've read, you don't appreciate the great gift of knowledge. You didn't study for your test; you just expected that you'd pass. The first thing a tooth fairy must possess is -

DB: Cleverness!

BOOKWORM: Exactly, little dust bunny. And I have seen no evidence of you having any of that. In my educated opinion, you do not deserve this information. Why should I help someone like you?

BRI: That's not true! I am clever! You may not have read about it, but I am!

BOOKWORM: I highly doubt that. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have new Dr. Seuss book to read, "The Cat in the Hat Comes Back." I can't wait to see what happens.

(He starts to exit)

DB: What are we going to do? The Boogeyman won't like this.

BRI: I don't know, DB. But I can't quit now.

(She runs to block the Bookworm from exiting)

BOOKWORM: What are you doing? Stop that!

BRI: I won't let you leave! I need that information! I can prove to you I'm clever!

BOOKWORM: *(Unimpressed)* Really?

BRI: Yes! I challenge you to...to... A Battle Of Wits!

DB: What!

BOOKWORM: A Battle Of Wits! Delightful! I haven't had one of these in ages! What are the stakes?

BRI: Well, if I win, you tell me what you know about the theft of the Key. And if you win....

BOOKWORM: And if I win?

BRI: I'll tell you the secret of what we tooth fairies do with the teeth we collect!

BOOKWORM: New information! You tooth fairies don't tell anyone that information!

BRI: Well, that's how confident I am.

DB: Bri, what are you doing? What's A Battle Of Wits?

BRI: It's a battle, but not with swords or fist, but with riddles. We each get to ask the other person three riddles. If either of us gets any riddles wrong, then that person loses.

DB: A fight with riddles?! Bri, this is the Bookworm. He knows everything! How are you going to beat him?

BRI: I don't know, DB, but I have to! It's the only way to find that Key.

BOOKWORM: I agree! The Battle Of Wits is on!

(The Bookworm and Bri cross to opposite sides of the stage as if in a traditional duel. As they answer a riddle correctly, they advance towards their opponent. When the Bookworm asks a

riddle, Bri should turn to the audience for help, but if they do not know the answer, she can find the answer herself)

I shall start! What has a face and two hands but no arms or legs?

BRI: Oh! That's hard. What do you guys think? Oh I know! A clock! A clock has a face and two hands but no arms or legs!

BOOKWORM: Hmm. Yes, yes, a clock. That was an easy one; don't get cocky.

BRI: My turn. How about - What gets wetter as it dries?

BOOKWORM: What gets wetter as it dries? Let me see here...a towel! A towel will get wetter as it dries you off.

BRI: Drat!

BOOKWORM: Too easy, my dear. You'll have to try harder if you want to beat me. Here's a riddle for you - What has to be broken before you can use it?

BRI: What has to be broken before you can use it? Let me think. An egg! You have to break an egg to use it!

BOOKWORM: I bet you've heard that one before.

BRI: Let's see how clever you are. Try this on - What is as big as an elephant, but weighs nothing at all?

BOOKWORM: What is as big as an elephant, but weighs nothing at all? That's difficult no doubt. Aha! What is as big as an elephant, but weighs nothing at all? The elephant's shadow!

BRI: Shoot!

BOOKWORM: Last riddle. This is for all or nothing.

DB: Good luck Bri!

BRI: Thanks!

BOOKWORM: If you have it, you don't share it, but if you share it, you don't have it. What is it?

BRI: *(Slowly)* If you have it, you don't share it, but if you share it, you don't have it. What is it? Oh, this is so hard. Think, Bri, think. What could it be?

BOOKWORM: Do you give up? Are you going to tell me that secret?

BRI: No. I'm not giving up. If you have it, you don't share it, but if you share it, you don't have it. What is it?

BOOKWORM: Time's running out!

BRI: Argh! I have to figure this out! I can't tell him that secret. Wait. That's it. I got it!

BOOKWORM: What?!

BRI: That's the answer, a secret. If you have a secret, you can't share it. But if you do share it, it's not a secret anymore, you don't have it. That's the answer to your riddle!

BOOKWORM: Blast!

BRI: I won. Now you have to tell me what you know.

BOOKWORM: Wait a minute, no I don't.

DB: What!

BRI: Why?

BOOKWORM: You haven't stumped me with a riddle yet. You haven't won.

BRI: Oh no.

DB: He's right.

BOOKWORM: Of course I'm right. So what is this oh so clever riddle with which you will win?

BRI: It's umm....it's ...Wait, I know!

DB: What is it?!

(She whispers her riddle to him)

Are you sure?

BRI: Yes.

(She turns back to the Bookworm)

Ok. Here's my riddle. What do tooth fairies do with the teeth we collect?

BOOKWORM: That's not fair!

BRI: That's my riddle. Do you know it or not?

BOOKWORM: No. You know I don't.

BRI: So if you don't know the answer to my riddle, do you agree I win?

BOOKWORM: No! You cheated!

DB: Hey!

BRI: I didn't cheat! You never said what riddles I had to ask. There's no rules against asking a something you don't know the answer to.

DB: Isn't that the point?

BOOKWORM: *(Grudgingly)* Yes, that is the point.

BRI: See, I told you I was clever.

BOOKWORM: Yes, very clever, very clever indeed. Maybe you do have what it takes to become a tooth fairy.

DB: So, now you have to tell us who stole the Nightmare Key.

BOOKWORM: All right. That was the wager.

BRI: So who was it?

BOOKWORM: I don't know.

DB: What!

BRI: You don't know?!

BOOKWORM: No, I don't know. Whoever stole it was smart enough to make sure that no one else knew what they were doing. No one in BoogeyTown saw them steal the key and nothing was ever written down. So, no, I don't know who did it.

BRI: Oh no! Now how are we going to find it?

BOOKWORM: BUT, I do know who saw the thief take the key.

DB: But, you just said no one in BoogeyTown saw it happened.

BOOKWORM: Yes, no one in BoogeyTown saw it happen. But this person isn't in BoogeyTown. I'll leave you with one last riddle. Answer this and you'll find who saw the theft.

BRI: What is it?

BOOKWORM: Night is my domain. I silently watch all that happens. Sometimes bright as the sun, sometimes dark as space. Like a pearl on black velvet, with diamonds twinkling in a case. What am I?

DB: Can't you just tell us?

BOOKWORM: Goodbye young fairy and little dust bunny. Here, take this with you.

(He hands them a long white rope that she puts in her bag)

BRI: What's this?

BOOKWORM: I made this rope from my silk. This rope is unbreakable and made from the strongest thing I can give you – Knowledge.

DB: Wait, so you made this?

BOOKWORM: Yes

DB: *(Barely restraining himself from laughing)* You made it from your silk?

BOOKWORM: Yes

DB: *(Laughing)* And the silk comes from your BUTT!

BRI: DB! Be quiet!

DB: Worms make silk from their butt!

BOOKWORM: Well, not exactly-

DB: It's a butt rope!

BRI: DB, stop that!

(She pushes him behind her)

BOOKWORM: Oh that note, I'll take my leave.

DB: *(quietly)* Butt rope!

BOOKWORM: Goodbye young fairy and little dust bunny and good luck. I feel that you will need it.

(The Bookworm exits)

9 more pages to the end of the play