

BEDTIME STORIES
(AS TOLD BY OUR DAD)
(WHO MESSED THEM UP)

by Ed Monk

ACT I

(WALLY, ASHLEY, and KATIE all run into the bedroom screaming and running around like little heathens. They start a giant pillow fight. DAD runs into the room.)

DAD. WHAT ARE YOU DOING!!!? YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE IN BED 20 MINUTES AGO!!! I TOLD YOU TO BE QUIET SO YOU DIDN'T WAKE UP YOUR MOTHER!

WALLY. Then why are you being loud?

DAD. WHAT?!

KATIE. If we're not opposed to wake up Mommy, how come for you are yelling?

DAD. OH! OH! SSSHHHHHHH! You all have to be very quiet. Mommy is very, very tired and she just got to sleep. We can't make any noise or we'll wake her up.

ASHLEY. Is Mommy feeling better now?

DAD. Yes she is.

ASHLEY. Is she going to throw up any more?

DAD. I hope to he... I certainly hope not.

KATIE. Did Mommy get sick because you made dinner tonight?

DAD. No!

WALLY. My spasketi tasted burned.

DAD. The spasketti... I mean the basketti... The spaghetti was just fine.

ASHLEY. Then how come Mommy was throwing up?

DAD. Well, it's because of the new baby in Mommy's tummy. Sometimes new babies can make a mommy not feel so good.

WALLY. Is the new baby why Mommy is getting fat?

DAD. MOMMY IS NOT GETTING FAT!!! DON'T EVER, EVER SAY THAT! Not even as a joke. Trust me.

ASHLEY. Wally says the new baby is going to be a puppy.

DAD. What?

WALLY. I did not say that!

ASHLEY. Did too!

WALLY. Did not!

KATIE. He did too, Daddy, he said it was going to be a new puppy and we couldn't play with him, only Wally could!

DAD. Wally! What is wrong with you?

WALLY. Can we get a puppy?

ASHLEY and KATIE. PLEASE OH PLEASE OH PLEASE OH PLEASE OH PLEASE OH PLEASE! Can we? Can we? Please, Daddy, can we get a puppy!

DAD. No. You're getting a baby, that's enough.

WALLY. If we gave away the baby could we get a puppy instead?

DAD. No puppy! It's enough trouble taking care of you knuckle-heads! Besides, I'll be dealing with enough poop with the new baby.

ASHLEY. Daddy said poop! Daddy said poop!

KATIE. I'm telling Mommy you said poop.

WALLY. Daddy's gonna get in trouble again!

DAD. Nobody's telling Mommy anything or there will be no Pop-Tarts in the morning!

ASHLEY. Then what will you cook us for brefcus?

DAD. I'll make...never mind. Now it's way past your bedtime. So get to bed, Daddy is very tired.

KATIE. Yay! Story time!

DAD. What?

WALLY. Mommy always tells us stories afore bed.

DAD. Well, Mommy can't tonight, she's sleeping.

ASHLEY. Then you can tell us stories.

DAD. No I cannot because I am very tired. So you just go to sleep and I'll tell you a story tomorrow night.

KATIE. *(Crying.)* But I can't sleep good if Mommy doesn't tell us a story.

WALLY. Just tell us one story, please. *(Starts to cry.)*

DAD. I said no and I mean...

ASHLEY. *(Crying.)* Please! Mommy always tells us stories at bedtime!

DAD. Look, I am not going to tell you again...

WALLY. *(Getting out of bed.)* I'll go get Mommy to tell us a story.

DAD. NO! GET BACK IN BED NOW.

KATIE. *(Crying.)* If Mommy tells us a story she'll throw up in the bed.

ASHLEY. *(Crying.)* I don't want Mommy to throw up on us.

DAD. STOP CRYING!

(The KIDS stop crying for a beat. Then they all erupt in a huge bout of hysterical crying.)

DAD. What are you crying about?!

WALLY. You yelled at us!

(More hysterical crying from the KIDS.)

DAD. OK, OK, I'm sorry! Daddy's sorry. SSHHHHHH. You're going to wake up Mommy. Shhhhhhh. OK, I'll tell you a story!

KATIE. Yay Daddy!

WALLY. I want a story about a dinosaur!

ASHLEY. I want the Rumpumpumsockskitenskin story!

KATIE. *(Showing off her princess doll.)* I want a story about a princess!

DAD. Now listen, I am only doing one story! And that's it!

KATIE. Mommy always does one story for each of us!

DAD. Why does she do that?

WALLY. 'Cause she loves us.

DAD. Oh, OK, three stories. Where are your books?

ASHLEY. Mommy makes up stories for bedtime!

DAD. What? Look, can't we just read stories from books tonight? Daddy is really tired.

KATIE. Mommy says it's fun for to use your 'magination!

DAD. Well, Mommy's imagination is much better than Daddy's. That's why Daddy is an accountant. So let's just read a...

WALLY. *(Starting to sniffle.)* I like made-up stories.

KATIE. *(Starting to sniffle.)* Me too.

DAD. All right! All right. How about I tell you some stories that Grandma used to read me when I was little?

ASHLEY, WALLY, and KATIE. YEA DADDY!

DAD. SSSHHHH! Now, if I tell you these stories, will you promise to be good and go right to sleep as soon as I'm done?

ASHLEY, WALLY, and KATIE. Yes, Daddy.

DAD. OK, there was the story about Jack and the Beanstalk.

KATIE. I want a story about a princess!

DAD. Oh sweetie, Daddy doesn't know a lot of princess stories. I'm a boy.

WALLY. No! Mommy says that boys and girls can like all of the same things and not to be stexist.

DAD. Fine! I kind of remember one that Grandma used to read me. The Princess and the Pea.

KATIE. THE PRINCESS WHO PEEED?!

WALLY. Daddy said peed!

(ASHLEY, KATIE, and WALLY all laugh hysterically.)

ASHLEY. Daddy said peed!

DAD. Shhhh! I did not say peed. I said pea. Like the vegetable pea not the people pea. The story is called the Princess and the PEA. Now settle down or I won't tell it. Once upon a time, in a faraway kingdom there was a queen...

(Enter QUEEN and PRIME MINISTER.)

PRIME MINISTER. Your Majesty, on today's schedule we have many exciting events. First, you open the sauerkraut festival in Krankletown and then we review the new manure factory in Fiddlespotten. Next we attend a performance of the Zoobenstrassen Llana Dancers and then you will greet the new members of the Faffelbraken Institute. You'll have to shake the hands of about 600 people. I'm afraid. But then it will be time for lunch! So you will get a 20 minute break before we inspect the new sewage plant at Kirigensplattenvonwinklevossenhoff.

QUEEN. Bleeecchhh!

PRIME MINISTER. I beg your pardon, Your Majesty?

QUEEN. You heard me. Bleeecchhhhh! That sounds incredibly boring. In fact, I know it will be incredibly boring because it is exactly the same kind of thing I did yesterday! And the day before that. And the month before that and the year before that! I am bored, bored, bored, bored and more bored!

PRIME MINISTER. I am very sorry, Your Majesty. But the people

do expect you. You can't disappoint them, you are their queen.

QUEEN. People schmeple! I don't want to do this anymore. I want to do some things that are fun. I want to eat at McDonalds. I want to go snowboarding! I want to go to a casino and play the slots!

PRIME MINISTER. Very well, Your Majesty, I will arrange for you to do all of those things.

QUEEN. NO! It won't be any fun doing those things if I am queen. Everyone will just stare at me and take pictures and want to shake my hand. And I'll have to wear one of these ugly dresses and smile all of the time and not be able to have fun or eat anything good. It will be just another boring day of being the queen!

PRIME MINISTER. What are you saying, Your Majesty?

QUEEN. I'm saying that I don't want to be queen anymore! I want to quit! Let my son become the king and then I can go have fun while he gets to do all of these boring things!

PRIME MINISTER. But Your Majesty knows full well, that under the law, your son the prince cannot become the king until he marries.

QUEEN. Well he's just going to have to get married! Get him in here right now!

(PRIME MINISTER blows on a trumpet or some such noisemaker.
Enter PRINCE 1.)

PRINCE 1. You rang, Mummy?

QUEEN. You're taking over the kingdom, I'm heading for Vegas in the morning.

PRINCE 1. What was that, Mummy?

PRIME MINISTER. The queen meant to say that she wishes to abdicate the throne so that you may become the king and take over the many wonderful and interesting jobs that come with being king.

PRINCE 1. But, Mummy, you know I can't be king until I get married. And I'm not married.

QUEEN. Well you're getting married today buster because if I have to visit one more sewage plant or taste one more dish of sauerkraut, I'm going to scream.

PRINCE 1. But, Mummy, there's no one for me to marry! I have to marry a princess and all of the princesses I know are just icky. And I am sorry; I just can't marry any icky princess. So I'm afraid I will not become the king any time soon and you'll just have to keep being queen.

QUEEN. Not so fast, mister. I have a little surprise for you.

PRIME MINISTER. Her Royal Highness had me round up all of the unmarried princesses from all of the surrounding kingdoms and bring them here so that you may select one to be your wife.

QUEEN. Bring them in, Prime Minister.

PRIME MINISTER. Yes Ma'am.

(PRIME MINISTER blows horn and PRINCESSES 1 and 2 enter.)

PRIME MINISTER. Good afternoon, Your Royal Highnesses. Today one of you will become the bride of the prince and the next queen of our fair land.

(PRINCESSES 1 and 2 squeal.)

QUEEN. All right junior, pick one out.

PRINCE 1. Mother, this all seems very much undignified and also extremely creepy.

QUEEN. My flight to Vegas leaves at ten tomorrow morning. So creepy or not, get moving.

PRINCE 1. Very well. Hello. I am Prince Reginald William Von Hapsbugh Unter Kranken De Gratspatle Pluffernutter the III. But you can call me Reggie. What is your name?

PRINCESS 1. Princess Wolanda. (Curtseys and sneezes.) Sorry.

PRINCE 1. Tell me, do you like dogs?

PRINCESS 1. Oh no. I'm allergic.

PRINCE 1. What about cats?

PRINCESS 1. Oh no, I'm even more allergic to cats!

PRINCE 1. I see. Well what about...

PRINCESS 1. (Sneezes and coughs in a horribly disgusting and gross manner with much Kleenex business all the way through lines.) I'm allergic to that too. I'm allergic to gluten and soy and dairy and nuts and pets and grass and trees. I'm even allergic to my allergy medicine. (Blows her nose in a huge way.) Are you wearing aftershave? Because I'm...

PRINCE 1. Allergic to it.

PRINCESS 1. (Huge sneeze.)

PRINCE 1. Nice meeting you.

(Moves to PRINCESS 2.)

PRINCE 1. And what is your name?

PRINCESS 2. (She does not speak English and answers very angrily in her language, with big gestures.)

PRINCE 1. I'm sorry, I didn't catch that.

PRINCESS 2. (Once again a long excited answer in another language, this time with more anger and more exaggerated gestures.)

PRINCE 1. Don't you speak English?

PRINCESS 2. (Answers in her language in a very scary, deep mean voice with scary hand gestures.)

PRINCE 1. Excellent. Well, it was soooooo very, very nice to meet both of you.

PRINCESS 1. (Sneeze.)

PRINCESS 2. Bless you!

PRINCE 1. If you'll just wait outside for a second, then the prime minister will inform you of my most very difficult decision.

(PRINCESSES 1 and 2 exit.)

PRIME MINISTER. Well, which princess will it be, Your Majesty?

PRINCE 1. Are you crazy? I am not going to marry either one of them!

PRIME MINISTER. But, Your Majesty, those two are the only unmarried princesses left.

PRINCE 1. Yeah, and I know why too.

QUEEN. But you must get married! It is your duty to become king so I can have some fun before I get too old!

PRINCE 1. Sorry, Mummy, but I won't marry any princess unless I am in love with her! You'll just have to wait until I meet the woman of my dreams.

(PRINCE 1 exits.)

QUEEN. If I have to wait until he finds the perfect woman, I'll be 95 years-old. Prime Minister, we must find another princess for my son to marry!

PRIME MINISTER. I am so sorry. Your Majesty, there are just no princesses left that your son has not already rejected!

(Enter MINDY.)

MINDY. Excuse me, Your Majesty, I was just cleaning the bathroom and I found this gold piece in there next to the magazines. It must belong to you.

QUEEN. Who is this, Prime Minister?

PRIME MINISTER. This is the new servant girl, Your Majesty. She just started today.

QUEEN. But this is a 100 Kankle gold piece. Why didn't you keep it? You must be very poor if you are a servant girl.

MINDY. Well, I'd rather be poor and honest than rich and a crook. That money wasn't mine so it wasn't mine to keep. Have a nice day Your Queenship.

(MINDY starts to exit.)

QUEEN. Stop right there. What is your name?

MINDY. Mindy, Your Majesty.

QUEEN. No, you are mistaken. You are Princess Mindy. And soon you will be queen of this kingdom.

MINDY. (To PRIME MINISTER,) Is the queen feeling OK?

PRIME MINISTER. Your Majesty! You are not suggesting what I think you are suggesting?

QUEEN. Well he's got to marry someone and this girl is at least honest and hardworking. That's more than the other princesses that he's met.

PRIME MINISTER. But she is not a princess!

QUEEN. Princess schmincess! I'm the queen and if I say she's a princess then she's a princess! Well, Mindy, how would you like to be the queen?

MINDY. Would I have to clean the bathrooms any more?

QUEEN. Absolutely not.

MINDY. OK, I'm game. What do I have to do?

QUEEN. Marry my son, Prince Reginald.

MINDY. Oh. I've seen him before. He's kinda cute. Is he a nice guy?

QUEEN. He's is a very nice young man. He's very smart and quite funny and he's very considerate. Plus he's as rich as anything.

PRIME MINISTER. But, Your Majesty, the prince will know that she is not a princess and he will never consent to marry her.

QUEEN. You've got about three minutes to turn her into a princess. I am going to get the prince. And if he doesn't believe that she is a princess, then you are going to have to find a new job!

PRIME MINISTER. Yes, Your Majesty.

(QUEEN exits.)

PRIME MINISTER. Do you know how to be a princess?

MINDY. Three minutes ago I was scrubbing the toilets. Does that answer your question?

PRIME MINISTER. Very well. Just listen to me. I will tell you everything you need to know. First, when you walk, walk like you have a stick down your back. Like this: (PRIME MINISTER walks like royalty.) Now you try it.

(MINDY walks across the room in a poor attempt to look like royalty.)

PRIME MINISTER. No! You look like you have to go to the bathroom instead of cleaning it. Move with more grace and dignity. Like thus!

(PRIME MINISTER walks and MINDY follows him getting better.)

PRIME MINISTER. Better. Now, when the prince talks to you, make sure you eeeellooooooonaate all of your voooweeels. Like this: "Oooooo RRRreeeeeginaaaaald hoooww uuuuuutheerly deeeeeeiightfuuuull to meeeeeet youuuuuu."

MINDY. You've got to be kidding.

PRIME MINISTER. Do you want to be the queen? If not, the palace has 230 bathrooms waiting for you!

MINDY. "Oooooo RRRreeeeeginaaaaald hoooww uuuuuutheerly deeeeeeiightfuuuull to meeeeeet youuuuuu."

PRIME MINISTER. Good. When you speak, gesture with your hands, thusly, (PRIME MINISTER makes arm gestures) and end each sentence with a little laugh, like this: (Laughs a little girly laugh.) "Ooooohh yooooouur maaaajeesty, yooooouu aaaareee soooooo chaaaaarminng, ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!"

MINDY. How many bathrooms did you say?

PRIME MINISTER. 230.

MINDY. "Ooooohh yooooouur maaaajeesty, yooooouu aaaareee soooooo chaaaaarminng, ha, ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!" Oh forget it! I'd rather clean the bathrooms then act like this. I'm sorry, Prime Minister, but this isn't going to work.

PRIME MINISTER. But the queen will fire me if the prince doesn't marry you!

MINDY. I'm real sorry but there is no way that...

PRIME MINISTER. Oh no! Here they come. Please, just give it a try for me! Please.

MINDY. Oh all right. But I'm not going to talk all funny.

PRIME MINISTER. Thank you! Now stand up straight and say as little as possible!

(Enter QUEEN dragging PRINCE 1 by the ear.)

PRINCE 1. But Mother, I thought you said I had met all of the princesses.

QUEEN. Well we were wrong. There is one more for you to meet. Here she is. Her name is Princess Mindy.

PRINCE 1. How very delightful to meet you... *(Notices her clothes.)* What on Earth are you wearing?

MINDY. Why? What's wrong with my clothes? They're the only ones I've got.

PRIME MINISTER. What she means, Your Majesty, is that in her kingdom...all of her clothes were...destroyed when...uh...when...um...

QUEEN. When an evil...king took over the castle and...poor Princess Mindy had to disguise herself as...a maid to avoid being captured.

PRINCE 1. Oh you poor girl. That must have been horrible for you.

MINDY. Well... I don't like to talk about it.

PRIME MINISTER. Yes, the shock has not yet worn off.

PRINCE 1. Well, you must stay with us until you have recovered. We will provide you with new clothes and whatever else you may need.

MINDY. Hey, that's really nice of you to take in a stranger and help them out just like that. You're a real prince of a guy.

PRINCE 1. Oh I say! That's a very good one! Ha ha ha ha ha! Did you hear that, Mummy? "A real prince of a guy"! How amusing! Well done, Princess Mindy!

QUEEN. Yes, we have all been impressed with Princess Mindy. I am sure that she will make a fine queen one day to some lucky prince somewhere.

PRINCE 1. Egad! Mother, I just got the most brilliant idea!

(PRINCE 1 takes QUEEN aside.)

PRINCE 1. She could marry me!

QUEEN. Oh I don't know, Reginald. You barely even know this girl.

PRINCE 1. Oh I know that, but there is something about her that is different from all of the other princesses that I've met. And it's not just the ugly clothes. I know! I will give her the secret princess test! If she passes that, then I will know that she is worthy and I will ask her to be my wife.

QUEEN. What is the secret princess test?

PRINCE 1. It's something that I came up with myself to test a princess to see if she is worthy.

QUEEN. Well what is it?

PRINCE 1. Mummy, if I tell you it won't be a secret anymore!

(PRINCE 1 moves back to MINDY.)

PRINCE 1. Oh, Princess Mindy, it is very late and you must be very tired from your journey. Would you like to go to sleep?

MINDY. Well, I am pretty tired. I've been working my...I mean, it was a hard day with the castle being taken over and all.

PRINCE 1. Very well. I shall have the prime minister show you to your room. Oh, Prime Minister, may I have a word with you?

(PRINCE 1 whispers into PRIME MINISTER's ear.)

PRIME MINISTER. All right, Your Majesty, whatever you say. This way, Princess Mindy.

(PRIME MINISTER takes MINDY to bedroom and returns.)

QUEEN. I wish you'd tell me what you are up to.

PRINCE 1. Well, the test to see if she is truly a real princess is to place a can of peas under her mattress. A real princess will be so delicate and sensitive, that she will not be able to sleep because she will be so uncomfortable from the pressure of the can of peas! If Princess Mindy has a bad night's sleep, then I will know she is the one!

QUEEN. It is supposed to be a single pea! Not a can of peas!

PRINCE 1. Oh. I guess that would make more sense. Nevertheless, I will see if she passes the test. And to make sure that no one interferes with the test, I myself will sleep outside the door to her room! Well, good night, Mummy, good night, Prime Minister, in the morning we shall know if we have a new queen or not.

(PRINCE 1 goes to door of MINDY's bedroom. MINDY is asleep on the bed.)

PRIME MINISTER. Oh Your Majesty, we are doomed. That poor girl is not used to sleeping on a lovely soft mattress. She will never feel the can of peas under it. She will sleep like a baby and the prince will not be fooled.

QUEEN. There goes my trip to Vegas! And there goes your job too!

PRIME MINISTER. Yes, Your Majesty.

(QUEEN and PRIME MINISTER exit.)

PRINCE 1. *(Mumny.)* Gosh, I sure hope she passes the test. She is so nice.

(PRINCE 1 falls asleep and begins to snore really, really loudly and in various funny ways. MINDY is woken up by the snores and turns as the snores get worse and worse. Lights dim and come up again as morning comes.)

(Enter QUEEN and PRIME MINISTER.)

QUEEN. Let's get this over with. The sooner the better.

PRIME MINISTER. *(To PRINCE 1 who is asleep.)* Your Majesty.

(PRINCE 1 jumps up from his sleep.)

PRINCE 1. I'm up! I'm up! I was just resting my eyes! Oh. Good morning, Mumny, good morning, Prime Minister. Gosh, the night went so fast. I dreamed about Princess Mindy the whole time! I sure hope she passed the test. Oh Princess Mindy! Are you awake?

(MINDY comes out of the bedroom looking frazzled.)

MINDY. Good morning everyone. Please forgive the bed head.

PRINCE 1. How did you sleep?

MINDY. Oh just horribly. I was tossing and turning all night long. I just could not get to sleep!

QUEEN and PRIME MINISTER. What?!

PRINCE 1. Eureka! She passed the test! Oh Princess Mindy, I just knew you would!

MINDY. What test? What are you talking about?

PRINCE 1. I knew a real princess could never sleep with a can of peas under her bed! Oh Princess Mindy! Will you marry me and become my queen?

QUEEN and PRIME MINISTER. YES!!! HURRAHHH!!!

PRINCE 1. Well?

MINDY. Your Majesty, that's real swell of you to ask me. And you seem to be a really nice guy and all. But I have to be honest with you. I'm not a princess. I'm a maid here at the palace.

PRINCE 1. But, Mumny, you said she was a princess!

MINDY. She didn't mean any harm, Your Majesty. She was just trying to help both of us out. Sorry, Ma'am, but it's not right to lie.

PRINCE 1. But how did you pass the test if you are not a real princess? How did you feel the peas?

MINDY. I don't know anything about any peas, Your Highness. I couldn't sleep because someone was snoring like a chain saw just outside my door. I've never heard anything like it before. It sounded like a buffalo with pneumonia. I mean this snoring was like if you took a moose and combined it with a warthog and put them in a blender and...

PRINCE 1. Yes, I get the idea.

QUEEN. Well, we tried. I'm sorry for trying to fool you, Reginald, but it seemed like a good idea. Prime Minister, I suppose you may keep your job, Mindy, I guess you can go back to yours. As for me, I have the avocado festival to go to.

PRINCE 1. Not so fast, Mumny! Mindy, will you marry me?

MINDY. But, Your Majesty, we told you, I'm not a princess. I'm just a maid.

PRINCE 1. I know. But I'd rather marry a maid who acted like a princess than a princess who acted like a maid. Will you marry me?

QUEEN. Oh please say yes!

MINDY. Yes, Your Majesty! I will marry you!

PRIME MINISTER. HURRAH!!! HURRAH!!!

QUEEN. We shall begin preparations for the wedding at once!

PRINCE 1. Mindy! You're about to become the queen! Where would you like to honeymoon?

MINDY. We're going to Disney World!

QUEEN, PRIME MINISTER, PRINCE 1, and MINDY. YYYYYY!!!

(ALL exit singing some current pop song.)

DAD. And they all lived happily ever after! Well good night kids. Sleep tight.

(DAD starts to exit.)

WALLY. Wait! You have to tell my story now!

DAD. Oh please, can't I tell it to you tomorrow? I'll tell you two tomorrow! I promise. Daddy is soooooo tired.

WALLY. *(Starting to cry.)* You promised to tell me one tonight!

DAD. Oh all right, I'll tell you your story.

WALLY. I want a story about a dinosaur!

DAD. There are no bedtime stories about dinosaurs.

WALLY. That's not fair! She got a story about her dum' ole princess!

KATIE. IT WASN'T NOT DUMB!!

DAD. All right! I'll tell you the story of... of... of... OH! The Boy Who Cried Dinosaur.

ASHLEY. That's opposed to be the Boy Who Cried Wolf.

DAD. Just mind your own beeswax, young lady. This is a different story about a boy who cried dinosaur. Once upon a time there was a boy who had the job of watching the sheep in a field. His name was... Wilbur.*

*(*Or BO PEEP if actor is a girl.)*

(Enter WILBUR and SHEEP, or LAMB if using a girl.)

WILBUR. Oh boy this is the most boring job in the world! All I do is sit here all day and watch the sheep. And they don't do anything but eat grass. Hey sheep! Do something!

SHEEP. NNNNNNOOOOOO.

WILBUR. Aw come on. I'm bored. Please?

(SHEEP do a song-and-dance number.)

WILBUR. That's the same thing you always do. Can't you learn something new?

SHEEP. NNNNNNOOOOOO.

WILBUR. And that's all you ever say. Can't you say anything else besides NNNNNNOOOOOO?

SHEEP. FOUR LEGS GOOD. TWO LEGS BAD.

WILBUR. Man, I wish something exciting would happen one day.

(Enter HORACE THE DINOSAUR. He comes up behind WILBUR and taps him on the shoulder.)

HORACE. Excuse me.

(WILBUR turns and sees HORACE. He screams which causes HORACE to scream. After some frantic running around, HORACE hides behind a tree. HORACE sticks out from behind the tree like a sore thumb but no one ever sees him behind the tree. WILBUR stands on a rock and calls for help. The SHEEP fall over and play dead.)

WILBUR. HELP! HELP! HELP!

(Enter MAYOR, MOM, FATHER, CAPTAIN, and MILITIA carrying long sticks.)

MAYOR. What is it? Is something after the sheep?

MOM. Oh my little baby! Are you all right! Are you hurt? Are you bleeding?

CAPTAIN. Prepare to attack! Assume defensive positions! Get ready to charge!

(The MILITIA do a series of 3 Stooges-like maneuvers that result in them falling into a large clump. Lines for all of this mayhem may be added.)

FATHER. Oh no! The sheep are all dead.

(SHEEP roll back over.)

FATHER. Whoops. Never mind.

MAYOR. Wait a minute? What is going on here? What is the emergency?

WILBUR. I saw a dinosaur!

(MILITIA all break out laughing.)

CAPTAIN. What?

MAYOR. Is this some kind of joke?

CAPTAIN. You made us come all the way up this hill for nothing?

WILBUR. No, it's no joke, there is really a dinosaur. He's right there... *(Looks around.)* Well, he was right there.

FATHER. Edna, the boy has a screw loose.

MOM. He must have a concussion. Honey, can you hear me? Speak to me. How many fingers am I holding up?

WILBUR. Mom, I'm not hurt. The dinosaur must have run away.

MAYOR. Young man, you had better explain yourself immediately. Causing a false alarm in the village is a crime that can lead to you being thrown into jail.

CAPTAIN. Yeah, and you'll get in trouble too!

MOM. Don't you threaten my son, can't you see he's in shock?

WILBUR. Mom, I'm not in shock. I was just sitting here and it was really, really boring and the next thing I know, there was a dinosaur here so I called for help.

FATHER. Edna, I think you're right, I think his brain is broken.

MOM. We need to put him in the concussion protocol!

WILBUR. Mom! Dad! I'm telling the truth.

MAYOR. You are most certainly not telling the truth. What happened is that you got bored and decided to play a joke on all of us by fabricating this preposterous charade.

CAPTAIN. And you told a big lie too.

MAYOR. I just said that!

CAPTAIN. Yeah, but the little kids in the audience don't understand all of those big words that you use when you're trying to make yourself sound smart.

WILBUR. I didn't tell a lie! I saw a dinosaur!

MAYOR. As mayor of this village, I hereby give you an official warning that if you ever create a public disturbance such as this again, you will be faced with the most severe repercussions that the legal system can embrace! The consequences, young man, will be dire.

CAPTAIN. OK, even I didn't understand that. How come every time you're up for reelection, you start talking all fancy? You keep doing that and people aren't going to vote for you. People don't like electing folks that are smarter than them. Just ask President Trump.

MAYOR. Enough! Captain, you may take the village militia back to the village.

CAPTAIN. Attention! Right face! Oh wait, no. That's my right, but your left. So left face! No wait, stage left is facing the audience so I need to say right face after all. Right face! Forward march!

(CAPTAIN and MILITIA exit with appropriate silliness and added lines.)

MAYOR. (To WILBUR.) You have been warned! (To MOM and FATHER.) And Mrs. Weedwhacker, you'd best discipline your son! Before it is too late!

(MAYOR exits.)

FATHER. Oh great, my child is a juvenile delinquent. He's gonna wind up on some reality TV show!

MOM. Maybe he has malaria and he's having hallucinations. Honey, were you bitten by any mosquitoes today? He doesn't feel feverish. Let me see your throat.

WILBUR. Mom! Dad! I'm telling the truth! I saw a dinosaur! Why won't you believe me?!

MOM. Of course we believe you, honey. You did see a dinosaur.

FATHER. What?!

MOM. When someone is having hallucinations, you're supposed to go along with them until medical help arrives. (To WILBUR, very slowly.) HONEY, I AM SURE IT WAS A VERY LOVELY DINOSAUR.

FATHER. Oh for the love of Mike! Edna, he's not sick or injured. He just doesn't want to do his chores. He wants to go hang out at the pool with all of his hoodlum friends and drink Mountain Dew and eat sour gummy worms. Well listen to me, young man. You are going to sit up here and watch these sheep. And if you lose even one of them, you will be grounded for a month with no dessert or Xbox or Twitter or Game Boy or nothing!! Come on Edna.

WILBUR. But Dad, what if the dinosaur comes back?

FATHER. He can watch the sheep with you. Come on Edna!

(FATHER exits.)

MOM. Honey, if you start to feel faint, just put your head between your knees like this (Puts her head between knees), and count to 20. But don't count too fast. You need to go: one Mississippi, two Mississippi, three Mississippi...

FATHER. EDNA!

MOM. Coming! Bye, honey.

(MOM exits.)

WILBUR. Wow. Maybe Mom is right. Maybe I just thought the whole thing up.

(Enter HORACE from behind the tree.)

HORACE. Well that was exciting.

WILBUR. AAAWWWWWW!

HORACE. Oh please don't do that again. You scared me half to death the last time.

WILBUR. You're a dinosaur!

HORACE. Duh! And you're a person. I don't make a big deal about that.

WILBUR. Where did you come from?

HORACE. Over in those woods. There's a whole bunch of us who live over there.

WILBUR. But that's impossible.

HORACE. Why?

WILBUR. Because dinosaurs are extinct!

HORACE. Oh. See, this story takes place in olden times. Remember, he said "Once Upon A Time." That means that this is olden times and so dinosaurs still exist. My name is Horace by the way.

WILBUR. My name is Wilbur. Pleased to meet you. How come I've never seen you before?

HORACE. Well, we stay pretty much in the woods. People have a tendency to either want to shoot us or put us in museums.

WILBUR. What kind of dinosaur are you?

HORACE. A Boyamisoetus. Look, I would love to stay and chat with you but it's really getting late and I need to get dinner back to my kids or they will be getting cranky.

WILBUR. Dinner?

HORACE. Yeah, about that, I need to eat one of your sheep. Sorry.

(The SHEEP hear this and go nuts and wind up all clinging to WILBUR.)

WILBUR. You can't eat my sheep!

HORACE. Oh I don't want all of them. Just one will do.

WILBUR. Well you can't have any of them!

HORACE. Why not?

WILBUR. 'Cause they're our sheep that's why. And I'm the shepherd and it's my job to protect the sheep from wolves and mountain lions and thieves and...dinosaurs.

HORACE. Well, I don't mean to be rude but I feel that's rather selfish of you. And I am truly sorry, but I will have to take one of them. So, thanks for understanding.

(HORACE grabs one of the SHEEP. WILBUR and HORACE struggle over it in a comic tug of war. The other SHEEP all join in the battle.)

WILBUR. HELP! HELP! HELP!

(In the confusion of the struggle, HORACE breaks free and hides behind the tree, once again no one will see him there. WILBUR does not see where he goes.)

(Enter MAYOR, MOM, FATHER, CAPTAIN, and MILITIA.)

CAPTAIN. What is it? What's happening? Assume combat formation! Prepare to repel boarders!

(Once again a series of goofy moves that end in a ridiculous and useless combat formation.)

MOM. Honey, are you OK? Did you have another fit? Are you seeing spots in front of your eyes? Is there a ringing in your ears!

MAYOR. Don't panic anyone! I am here to take charge! What is the problem?

WILBUR. The dinosaur was trying to eat one of the sheep!

MAYOR. Not again!

FATHER. Consider yourself grounded as of now!

WILBUR. But Dad, the dinosaur came back and he wanted one of the sheep for dinner but I said no and then we started to fight and I called for help and I saved all of the sheep.

FATHER. All right, I'll play along. Where is this dinosaur then?

WILBUR. *(Looking around.)* Well...we were fighting and then...I don't know...I guess he ran away again.

FATHER. You're grounded for two months. And then two more months after that!

MAYOR. Did I just not tell you how very serious this was? To make a false alarm!

WILBUR. But, Mayor, it's true. If you don't believe me, just ask the sheep.

(MILITIA all break into laughter.)

MAYOR. Ask whom?

WILBUR. The sheep. They can tell you.

MAYOR. You think the sheep can talk?

WILBUR. Well...the dinosaur can talk, so I figure maybe...the sheep can talk too?

MOM. Oh my, I think he might be having one of those split personality things where he can't remember what the other one of him does while he's asleep.

WILBUR. (*Taking the items out of the bag.*) Let's see. I've got Funyuns and Ho Hos and black licorice and Reese's Pieces and sour gummy worms and beef jerky and Pop-Tarts and Doritos and six Kool-Aid Koolers and some Mountain Dew!

HORACE. Wow! What a cool lunch.

WILBUR. And it's all yours. IF, you leave me and the sheep alone.

HORACE. It just occurred to me, that being a dinosaur, I could eat all of the sheep and you and your lunch.

WILBUR. Well, yes, you could. But that would be very selfish and greedy and mean of you.

HORACE. Good point. OK, I'll just take the lunch. But I'll be hungry again tomorrow.

WILBUR. That's OK, you can have my lunch again tomorrow.

HORACE. But, aren't you in big trouble? Aren't you going to jail?

WILBUR. Oh, you know grown-ups. They get all mad and yell a lot. But then after they eat dinner, they just fall asleep in front of the TV and then in the morning they're late for work and they forget everything.

HORACE. If you say so. Thanks for the lunch, Wilbur, I'll see you tomorrow.

WILBUR. OK Horace, see you tomorrow. Oh and be careful out there. There may be some wolves around.

(HORACE exits.)

WILBUR. What a nice dinosaur. Wasn't he, sheep? Sheep? Oh no! HEY SHEEP! COME BACK HERE BEFORE I GET INTO TROUBLE! Oh that's just great! Why can't I just have had another boring old day?! SHEEPSS!!!!

(WILBUR runs off.)

DAD. And so Wilbur lived happily ever after. The end. (*Yawns.*)

ASHLEY. What happened to Horace?

DAD. (*Yawning even more and falling asleep through the line.*) Well... um... Horace and the other dinosaurs ate all of that junk food and so they got fat and sick and that's why the dinosaurs became extinct.

WALLY. That's not true. Dinosaurs became extinct because of a giant meteor that hit the Earth.

(DAD is asleep and snoring very loudly.)

WALLY. Daddy fell asleep.

ASHLEY. Should we wakes him up?

KATIE. I'm hungry. Let's get something to eat.

WALLY. Daddy wouldn't let us, you're not sposed to eat after bedtime.

ASHLEY. (*Very softly.*) Daddy? Can we get something to eat?

(DAD snores.)

KATIE. He's like the prince in the story! C'mon, let's get something to eat. Then we'll come back and hear the last story. OK?

WALLY. OK. But we have to be quick afore he wakes up.

ASHLEY. C'mon guys. I think there's some chocolate cake left from dinner!

(ASHLEY, KATIE, and WALLY exit as DAD snores.)

End of Act I

INTERMISSION

(If no intermission is used, ASHLEY's line "Can we get something to eat" leads right into KATIE's first Act II line, "In the morning sometimes...")

ACT II

(DAD is sound asleep on the bed. ASHLEY, KATIE, and WALLY enter carrying bags of chips and cans of pop.)

WALLY. He's still asleep.

KATIE. Maybe we should left him sleeping and go and watch SpongeBob SquarePants on the TV.

ASHLEY. No fair! He hasn't told my story yet!

WALLY. How should we wake him up?

KATIE. In the morning sometimes I go into Mommy and Daddy's room and if you just look at them they waked up.

ASHLEY. OK. Let's try it.

(ASHLEY, WALLY, and KATIE all stare at DAD just a few inches from his face. After a few seconds DAD wakes up and screams. The kids all scream in response.)

DAD. Sssshhhhh! What are you doing!? You'll wake up your mommy! Why are you screaming?

ASHLEY. 'Cause you screamed?

DAD. What? Why would I scream?

WALLY. Acruz you felled asleep.

DAD. Oh. Sorry kids. I'm really beat. Whose story is left?

ASHLEY. My turn my turn my turn my turn my turn my turn my turn!

DAD. OK! What do you want a story about?

ASHLEY. I wants the story about Rumpinsockelsteen.

DAD. Rumpelstiltskin. Um gee.. I kinda don't really remember much about that one.

ASHLEY. That's OK, Daddy! I can help you!

DAD. All right, anything so I can get to sleep. Once upon a time there was a very handsome prince.

(Enter PRINCE 2.)

DAD. Well, he wasn't that handsome. He was just OK-looking.

PRINCE 2. I am the prince because my father is the king and he owns all the land.

DAD. The prince went around the kingdom collecting taxes until one day he came upon the house of a poor old woman.

POOR OLD WOMAN. I am Poor I am Old. And I am a Woman.

PRINCE 2. And you owe me 800 Kankles in taxes!

POOR OLD WOMAN. But I have no money!

PRINCE 2. Then I will take your cow.

(Enter DAUGHTER.)

POOR OLD WOMAN. No, not my cow! My cow is the only thing I have left. Without my cow I will die! Here, take my daughter instead.

DAUGHTER. What? I'm sure glad my mother and I are best friends.

PRINCE 2. Why would I want your daughter when I can have the most beautiful girls in the entire kingdom? I'll take the cow.

DAD. The mother panicked, and she told the prince a lie.

POOR OLD WOMAN. My daughter has a magical power!

PRINCE 2. What kind of magical power?

DAD. And do you know what the poor old woman told the prince that her daughter could do?

ASHLEY. She said her daughter could turn gold into straw!

DAD. Right! And so the prince... No, wait, honey, that's not right. It's turn straw into gold.

ASHLEY. Nuh-uh! The woman said she could turn gold into straw. I knowed 'cause Mommy tolded me.

DAD. But sweet pea, that doesn't make any sense. You see gold is worth a lot of money and straw is just old grass. So it wouldn't make any sense to turn gold into straw.

WALLY. Why is gold worth moneys?

DAD. Well, gold is a scarce commodity and it...

KATIE. What's a 'moddity?

DAD. No it's "commodity," but we don't have time for...

WALLY. How many pennies is it worth?

DAD. No look, it's... it doesn't matter. All you need to know is gold is worth more than straw. And the poor old woman said her daughter could turn straw into gold.

ASHLEY. GOLD INTO STRAW! You said I could helped told the story! You promised!

DAD. But the story doesn't make any sense that way...

ASHLEY. MOMMY!!! MOMMY!

DAD. OK OK OK OK OK! Gold into straw! Whatever you say, the poor old woman told the prince that her daughter could turn gold into straw!

POOR OLD WOMAN. My daughter can turn gold into straw!

DAUGHTER and PRINCE 2. Say what?

DAD. And so the prince was amazed and took the daughter back to his castle.

PRINCE 2. Uh...sure...that's wonderful... I can take all of my worthless...gold...and turn it into...straw...to feed to my cows. Come on.

(PRINCE 2 leads DAUGHTER to castle where there are several bricks of gold on a table and a bed with blankets and a pillow filled with straw.)

DAD. At the castle, the prince put the daughter in a room filled with lots of gold.

PRINCE 2. Here...if you can turn these bricks of gold into...straw, I'll marry you. But if you don't turn the gold into...straw, then I'll cut off your head. And then I'd be left with all of this gold and that would be...bad?

(PRINCE 2 exits.)

DAUGHTER. (Crying:) Oh what am I going to do?!

DAD. Then, magically, a strange little man appeared!

(Enter RUMPELSTILTSKIN.)

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. Yeah. I'm here to clean out the garbage... Why are you crying?

DAUGHTER. Because I have an impossible task to do, and if I don't complete it, my head will be cut off and I won't get to marry the prince!

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. Well, what's the impossible task?

DAUGHTER. I have to take all of this gold, and turn it into straw before tomorrow morning!

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. Wait. You have to take that very large pile of gold...and turn it into straw?

DAUGHTER. Yes! Can you help me?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. Yeah!! Here...ummm...close your eyes so that I can...uh...uh...cast my magical spell!!!

(During the saying of the magic spell, RUMPELSTILTSKIN leans open the pillow and dumps the straw on the ground. Then picks up the bricks of gold and shoves them into the pillowcase.)

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. Umm... ahh... Iegity piggy, lickity split! Eye of a wombat and a bucket of spit! When you need some magic, just give me a holler. And I'll be there as fast as... fifty dollars! Shazam! There you go, one pile of straw!

DAUGHTER. Oh my goodness! You're amazing! How did you do that?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. Umm... magic. Well I gotta go.

DAUGHTER. Wait! What can I give you?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. What?

DAUGHTER. What can I give you in return for helping me?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. Umm... you got any pie?

DAUGHTER. Nope.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. Aww man. OK, well umm... I guess I'll just... I'll just take your firstborn child then.

DAUGHTER. OK

(RUMPELSTILTSKIN exits.)

DAD. The next morning the prince returned and was amazed with what he saw.

(PRINCE 2 enters.)

PRINCE 2. *(Crying.)* Great job. You took my 500 pounds of gold and turned it into 5 cents of worthless straw.

DAD. The prince was so impressed, that he decided to have the girl turn even more gold into straw!

PRINCE 2. Oh come on! I am not going to give her more gold to turn into straw!

DAD. Fortunately, the prince was not in charge of telling the story.

PRINCE 2. Fine! Here. *(Hands some gold bricks to DAUGHTER.)* Turn this pile of gold into straw and I'll marry you. But if you don't I'll cut your head off and blah blah blah.

(PRINCE 2 exits.)

DAD. That night the girl waited for the mysterious helper to return.

(RUMPELSTILTSKIN enters carrying a black plastic trash bag filled with straw.)

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. All right, I'm in a hurry tonight so can we just get this over with. Close your eyes.

(Dumps straw out of bag and puts gold bars in bag.)

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. Umm... Lean to the left, lean to the right, stand up, sit down, fight, fight, fight! BAM! There you are! No gold, all straw! Now I gotta go, the banks close at 11.

DAUGHTER. Wait! What can I give you in return for helping me once again?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. Still no pie?

DAUGHTER. Nope.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. What did I ask for yesterday?

DAUGHTER. My firstborn child.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. Yeah, I'm good with that. Gotta go.

(RUMPELSTILTSKIN exits.)

DAD. The next morning the prince returned and was amazed at what he saw.

(PRINCE 2 enters.)

PRINCE 2. Awesome. Now I have another pile of straw instead of a pile of gold. Goody goody gum drops! I guess this means we have to get married now.

(PRINCE 2 exits.)

DAD. And so they were married and the whole kingdom came for the wedding and there was much celebrating and merrymaking and hardcore partying amongst all of the people. And the prince and the daughter lived happily for one year, until the birth of the girl's firstborn child.

(Enter PRINCE 2 wearing a pizza delivery uniform and carrying a baby doll wrapped in a blanket. He hands the baby to DAUGHTER.)

PRINCE 2. Well, I'm off to work.

DAUGHTER. You're supposed to be a prince! I don't see why you have to work at Pizza Hut.

PRINCE 2. Well something happened to all of my gold!!!

(PRINCE 2 exits, RUMPELSTILTSKIN enters.)

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. Hey lady, I just got back from my cruise around the world. You got any more gold to turn into straw?

DAUGHTER. Nope. Here's my baby!

(*Hands baby to RUMPELSTILTSKIN.*)

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. What?

DAUGHTER. My baby. It's my firstborn child. I promised to give you my firstborn child for helping me.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. I don't want your baby!

DAUGHTER. But I promised, and I can't break a promise.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. (*Trying to pass baby back to DAUGHTER.*) Listen, it's really OK.

DAUGHTER. No it's not.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. Yes it is, I really don't want your baby. What would I do with a baby?

DAUGHTER. Watch it.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. Please just take the baby back!

DAUGHTER. I can't, it's not fair.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. Umm... OK... What if we played a game, and if you win, you get to keep your baby!

DAUGHTER. All right! What will we play?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. Umm... rock paper scissors?

DAUGHTER. No, that's not good enough.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. How about Go Fish?

DAUGHTER. No... oh I know! I could guess your name!

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. OK... sure... whatever. Go ahead and guess.

DAUGHTER. Umm... Leslie?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. What? No! That's a ridiculous name. Guess again.

DAUGHTER. Umm... oh... ah... ugh, I need time to think. Come back tomorrow!

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. Fine! Here, take your baby.

DAUGHTER. Nope, you keep it until I can guess your name.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. What? (*Sniffing and making a horrible face.*) Oh man... ew! What's that smell?

(*Exit RUMPELSTILTSKIN holding baby out at arm's length.*)

DAD. The girl thought about names all night long.

DAUGHTER. Oprah, Lucinda, Jessabelle, Uma, Charlize, Candy, Sacagawa...

DAD. The next day the strange man returned.

(*Enter RUMPELSTILTSKIN carrying baby.*)

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. OK, guess my name.

DAUGHTER. Beyoncé?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. What? That's a girl's name! I'm a boy!*

(**Switch sequence if actor playing RUMPELSTILTSKIN is a girl.*)

DAUGHTER. Oh. I'm gonna need a new list.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. Listen, I'll just tell you my name. It's Rump—

DAUGHTER. NO DON'T! I have to guess your name. Just come back tomorrow.

(*DAUGHTER exits.*)

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. Lady! Do you know how many diapers this kid went through last night? And I got spit up all over my brand new couch. Plus I got like ten minutes sleep! Argh... Oh! Wait a minute! I just got a great idea (*Takes out cell phone.*)... Hello, Pizza Hut? ... Yeah I'm gonna need a delivery to the castle tomorrow night at seven sharp!... Thanks.

(*RUMPELSTILTSKIN exits as DAUGHTER enters.*)

DAD. The girl stayed up all night, thinking of even more names.

DAUGHTER. Wendell, Barak, Chipotle, Juan, Quinche, Bob, Trichinosis...

(*Enter RUMPELSTILTSKIN carrying the baby.*)

DAUGHTER. Your name is—

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. No! Just wait ten seconds. Please, I'm begging you just wait!

(*Enter PRINCE 2 in pizza delivery uniform carrying a pizza box.*)

PRINCE 2. Honey, what's going on here? Why did you order a pizza for someone named Rumpelstiltskin?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. Oh snap! THAT'S MY NAME!! Here's the baby. (*Hands baby to DAUGHTER.*) I'm outta here.

PRINCE 2. Hey wait, you owe me 15 bucks for the pizza!

(*RUMPELSTILTSKIN hands the PRINCE 2 a brick of gold.*)

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. Here, keep the change!

(RUMPELSTILTSKIN exits.)

PRINCE 2. Well that was strange. What's for dinner? I'm starving.

(DAUGHTER grabs pizza box.)

DAUGHTER. Pizzal! (To baby!) Come on sweetie pie, it's pizza time!

(DAUGHTER and PRINCE 2 exit.)

DAD. And they all lived happily ever after! The End.

ASHLEY. Tell us more stories, Daddy!

WALLY. I want a penguin story!

DAD. Absolutely not! I said three stories and that's it. Now you promised! And it's way past your bedtime anyway. If your mother finds out, I'm in big trouble.

ASHLEY. Just like Wilbur!

DAD. Yeah, except your mommy won't forget. All right, give Daddy kisses and get under the covers.

(KATIE, WALLY, and ASHLEY all kiss DAD and get under blankets.)

KATIE. This is just like the princess who peed.

DAD. The princess and THE PEA. Now get to sleep! Night night.

KATIE, ASHLEY, and WALLY. Night, Daddy.

(DAD exits.)

WALLY. I didn't want Daddy to feel bad, but his stories were really dumb.

KATIE. Yeah, Mommy's stories make sense.

ASHLEY. But Daddy tried real hard.

WALLY. That's what Mommy always says about Daddy!

ASHLEY. Night guys.

WALLY. Night guys.

KATIE. Night guys.

ASHLEY. Uh-oh.

WALLY. What?

ASHLEY. I have ta go to the potty.

KATIE. Me too.

WALLY. Uh-oh. Now I have ta go too.

ASHLEY, KATIE, and WALLY. DADDY! DADDY!!! DAD-DY!!

ASHLEY. OH NO!

KATIE. What?

ASHLEY. Too late.

WALLY and KATIE. EWWWWWW!!!!

ASHLEY, KATIE, and WALLY. DADDY! DADDY!!! DAD-DY!!

End of Play