

MOTHER KNOWS BEST

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT

By Geff Moyer

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SYNOPSIS: It's Mother Goose characters in a whole new light. Little Miss Muffet wants something besides curds and whey to eat, Jack is suffering from a multiple personality disorder, Georgie Porgie won't stop stealing kisses, Mary's being very contrary, Tom the Piper's son shows up with his stolen pig, and everyone else is peeved about something. During a mandatory therapy session, counseled by the Good Fairy, it is discovered that the lyrical land of enchantment is getting a better offer from a big competitor, and they are being swayed. What can Mother do to keep her disgruntled characters from jumping ship?

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(7 MEN, 6 WOMEN)

GOOD FAIRY (f).....(80 lines)
FARMER'S WIFE (f).....(33 lines)
JILL (f).....(31 lines)
LITTLE MISS MUFFET (f).....(41 lines)
LITTLE BO PEEP (f).....(36 lines)
MARY CONTRARY (f).....(43 lines)
PIE MAN (m).....(31 lines)
LITTLE BOY BLUE (m).....(33 lines)
SIMPLE SIMON (m).....(56 lines)
PETER PUMPKIN EATER (m).....(37 lines)
GEORGIE PORIE (m).....(1 line)
JACK (m).....Jack be Nimble, Jack Sprat, Jack Horner
and Jack with Jill. All played by one
actor. (36 lines)
TOM (m).....Piper's son. (41 lines)
PIG.....A puppet held by TOM; lines by TOM
(36 lines)

SETTING

A room conducive to group therapy meetings. Two couches, several chairs, a few small tables. Pictures on the wall. Coffee pot and cups on a serving table. One door, possibly. Not a fancy room, but a comfortable one.

TIME: Once upon

PROPERTIES

GOOD FAIRY - - note pad and pen

FARMER'S WIFE - - Two carving knives, two rat tails

JILL - - A wooden bucket, a letter

LITTLE BO PEEP - - A tall, hooked walking stick

MARY CONTRARY - - A copy of Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring*

PIE MAN - - A tray of pies with shoulder straps

LITTLE BOY BLUE - - A horn and a very, very coordinated outfit

SIMPLE SIMON - - Pennies, one rat tail

PETER PUMPKIN EATER - - A pumpkin and a carving knife

JACK - - A prop to symbolize each JACK that he is playing

PIG - - A puppet held by TOM

AT RISE:

When lights come up, JACK (HORNER) is asleep in the corner and MARY sits in a chair reading Rachel Carson's "Silent Spring." PETER is seated by a small table carving a female face in a pumpkin. PIE MAN is seated in a chair with a tray of pies strapped around his neck. The FARMER'S WIFE is in a chair. JILL is seated on one of the sofas, trying to fix a dent in a pail. SIMON enters, looks around.

SIMON: Don't tell me she's late again!

MARY: *(Without lowering her book.)* Okay, Simon, we won't tell you!

SIMON: What is this? Third week she's been late?

JILL: Fourth!

SIMON: If Mother wants us to attend these sessions so badly, she could at least tell the facilitator to get here on time. I do have a life.

MARY: Is that what you call it?

MISS MUFFET enters with a small stool in her hand. Without greeting anyone, she places the stool down and sits on it.

MUFFET: *(After a moment.)* Well?

JILL: Well, what?

MUFFET: Where's the Sugar Plum Fairy?

JILL: Do I look like her personal secretary?

MUFFET: You do fetch water.

JILL: Very funny.

MUFFET: *(Aside, indicating FARMER'S WIFE.)* Who's Grandma Moses over there?

JILL: Farmer's Wife.

MUFFET: The one with the rats?

FARMER'S WIFE: Mice! Not rats! My home does not have rats!

MUFFET: You heard that?

FARMER'S WIFE: I'm blind, not deaf.

JILL: You're blind!? I thought the mice were blind.

FARMER'S WIFE: Nope!

JILL: You're blind and you managed to cut off their tails? How?

FARMER'S WIFE: I heard their filthy little toenails clicking across my kitchen table. *(She pulls out a large carving knife and swings it, barely missing SIMON.)* WHACK! Just like that.

Suddenly, GEORGIE PORGIE pops up from behind one of the sofas, runs over to MISS MUFFET, kisses her on the cheek and runs out the door.

MUFFET: *(Angry, rises.)* Georgie, if I catch you, I'm gonna put my size tens upside your noggin! *(She sits back down.)*

SIMON: *(He has moved behind the PIE MAN'S chair.)* So, are those any good?

PIE MAN: Beg your pardon?

SIMON: Your pies. Are they good?

MARY: *(Sings to herself.)* "It's the same ol' song . . ."

PIE MAN: Absolutely. Would you like to purchase one?

JILL: Oh, no . . .

SIMON: Before I tasted it? Of course not! What a ridiculous question.

JILL: Here we go again.

PIE MAN: I'm sorry, I don't understand.

SIMON: Would you buy a pair of pants without trying them on?

PIE MAN: Of course not.

SIMON: Would you purchase shoes before walking in them?

PIE MAN: Certainly not.

SIMON: Would you buy cologne before smelling it?

PIE MAN: Why, no . . .

SIMON: Then why do you expect me to purchase your pies before I've tasted them?

JILL, MUFFET and MARY mouth the next line with the PIE MAN. MARY shakes her head in disgust and goes back to reading.

PIE MAN: You make a sound point, sir.

SIMON: Of course I do! You're not dealing with some simple-minded dolt here, my good man.

PIE MAN: Would you like a taste?

SIMON: Why, that's very nice of you. Yes, I would.

PIE MAN: Try the cherry. *(The pie pieces should be just slivers, capable of being eaten with two good bites. SIMON takes a bite. Suddenly his face wrinkles up in a severe pucker.)* What's wrong?

SIMON: Much, much too sour! *(Takes another bite.)* Yes, yes. My face feels like a prune.

PIE MAN: I'm sorry. Try my apple, please.

SIMON AND THE GIRLS: Well, if you insist.

SIMON: *(Takes a bite and his face reacts.)* Oh my goodness! That is sweet! Whooo! Oh! Ow! It hurts my molar. Ow, ow! *(Takes another bite, same face.)* Yes, yes, much, much too sweet. Ow!

PIE MAN: Here, here! Please, try my pumpkin.

PETER: WHAT!?

SIMON: I hope this one is better . . . if you expect me to purchase one.

PETER: WAIT! *(Rushes to them.)* Where did you get the pumpkin for this pie?

PIE MAN: I grow all my mine own pumpkins, sir. In my own patch.

PETER: *(Relieved.)* Okay then. *(To SIMON.)* Go ahead. It's safe. *(He returns to his carving.)*

SIMON: *(Takes a bite and reacts as if he's eating sawdust.)* Rather dry, isn't it?

PIE MAN: It is?

SIMON: *(Takes another bite.)* Did you cook the shell with it?

PIE MAN: Of course not!

SIMON: What's that one?

PIE MAN: Boysenberry. Would you . . . ?

SIMON: Please! *(Tastes it. A shocked expression.)* WHAT!?

PIE MAN: What is it?

SIMON: *(Takes second bite and chomps hard, tests taste and swallows.)* You lied to me, sir!

PIE MAN: What!? No!? I . . .

SIMON: That was blueberry, sir. Not boysenberry. Why, if I would have been allergic to blueberries, I'd be dead by now.

PIE MAN: Oh, I am so sorry, sir. Please, please, here . . . here try this peach pie.

SIMON takes a bite, makes a face, and pulls a long mouse-tail out of his mouth.

SIMON: What the . . . !? It's a tail! A rat tail!

PIE MAN: It can't be!

MARY: That's new!

SIMON: A rat tail!?

FARMER'S WIFE: *(Reaches into her pocket, removes two tails.)* I believe that's mine. *(She reaches out and SIMON gives it to her.)* I wondered where the third one went.

SIMON: I think I'm going to be sick.

MARY: Serves you right!

JILL: Pie Man, will you ever learn?

MUFFET: **You're** the one who should be called "simple."

JILL: Same thing every week! Every therapy session!

PIE MAN: I can't help it! That's why I'm here. It's my story! What am I supposed to do!?

LITTLE BO PEEP and LITTLE BOY BLUE enter.

BO PEEP: Sorry, we're late.

BOY BLUE: Yeah, what she said.

BO PEEP: Traffic was miserable.

BOY BLUE: Mizzerbull!

BO PEEP: Oh, look, Blue! That couch is still available.

BOY BLUE: **(Aside)** But, Peep, there are people here!

BO PEEP: We can sit together.

BOY BLUE: Sit? Oh yeah! Sit.

BO PEEP: On the couch!

BOY BLUE: Yeah! *(To others.)* What she said!

The GOOD FAIRY enters in a fluster. She is dressed like a fairy, of course, and her demeanor is extremely nice and sweet.

GOOD FAIRY: *(Smiling.)* Please, please, please, forgive me. I had a difficult time getting out of St. Ives. It was just packed with people for some strange reason. Kits, cats, sacks, wives, all over the place.

SIMON: No big deal! Bo Peep and Blue Boy were late, too.

MARY: *(With a nasty and suggestive smile.)* And we all know why.

BO PEEP: Contrary to what you're assuming, Mary, we just happened to meet in the parking lot and simply walked in together.

BOY BLUE: Yeah! What she said! *(Toots his horn at MARY.)*

MARY: Then get the hay out of your hair.

They both panic and reach for their hair.

BO PEEP: There's no hay in my hair.

MARY: Why'd you think you even had to check?

GOOD FAIRY: Mary, dear, could we not be contrary tonight? It's such a lovely evening.

MARY: *(Grinning.)* I'll do my best.

GOOD FAIRY: Thank you. Now, let's all be seated. Would someone wake up Jack, please? *(She checks her notebook as PETER kicks JACK in the rump.)* Thank you, Peter, but there are nicer ways to do that. *(JACK rises and crosses to JILL.)* How's the carving coming, Peter?

PETER: I can't quite get the likeness. The nose is giving me problems.

GOOD FAIRY: Keep trying. It'll come. Now, Jack, which Jack is with us tonight? *(He sticks up a giant thumb and sits on couch with JILL.)*

PIE MAN: *(Quickly covering his tray.)* Oh no!

GOOD FAIRY: Tell me, Jack, is there any news about Jack's head injury?

JACK: *(Looks at JILL.)* Concussion.

JILL: Why are you looking at me?

JACK: Oh, I think you know why.

GOOD FAIRY: Is there a problem?

JILL: He thinks I hit him.

GOOD FAIRY: Why do you think Jill hit you, Jack?

JACK: She didn't hit **me**! She hit Jack! With that pail. Look at the dent in it.

GOOD FAIRY: Jack thinks you struck Jack with your pail, Jill. Would you care to comment on that?

JILL: I didn't! He tripped.

JACK: Bull hockey!

JILL: He's a klutz! He trips over his own feet.

JACK: He knows you purposely conked him with that pail.

JILL: Oh, he doesn't know Jack!

GOOD FAIRY: I have a wonderful suggestion. Why don't you both go see him together and ask him yourselves?

JACK: *(They look at each other.)* I will if you will.

JILL: Okay.

JACK: *(Rises. PIE MAN grasps his tray.)* Let's do it!

JILL: Right now?

JACK: Why not?

JILL: We just started the session.

GOOD FAIRY: Actually, Jill, both you and Jack going to see Jack together would be excellent therapy.

JILL: *(Rises.)* You'll explain to Mother?

GOOD FAIRY: Of course, dear.

As they are exiting.

JACK: Do you have a car tonight?

JILL: No. You?

JACK: Guess we'll have to thumb a ride.

JILL: Do you think we can?

JACK: *(Holds up his thumb.)* Never had a problem before.

They are gone.

GOOD FAIRY: *(Sighs.)* It's so nice when we reach conclusions. They're such rarities in psychology.

MARY: He'll be back, you know!

GOOD FAIRY: Yes, Mary, we know.

MARY: Any bets on which Jack the schizo will be next?

SIMON: A buck on Sprat!

PETER: My money's on Nimble!

GOOD FAIRY: People, it isn't right to make money on Jack's affliction. Now, according to my notes, when we left last week, Miss Muffet was to have the floor. I believe we were discussing your food, were we not, Miss Muffet?

MUFFET: If you can call it that.

GOOD FAIRY: Is there a problem with it?

MUFFET: Curds and whey!? Do you know what it is? Do you have any idea? It's watered-down cottage cheese! Everyday! Watered-down cottage cheese!

MARY: So get off your tuffet and go get a Big Mac! Just stop whining to us every week.

MUFFET: And contrary to some's opinion, a tuffet is not my fanny. *(Rises and holds up stool.)* It's this!

PETER: Feed the curds and whey to the spider. He'll eat anything.

MUFFET: He's dead.

BO PEEP: What!?

SIMON: What happened?

MUFFET: I took my size tens and stomped that monster flat. That's what happened!

BOY BLUE: Why'd you do that?

MUFFET: He got fresh. It's bad enough having to deal with two-armed monsters, let alone one with eight.

GOOD FAIRY: Have you spoken to Mother about your food?

MUFFET: I asked her for a Philly steak sandwich and you know what she said?

SIMON: *(Chuckles.)* We're not in Philly?

MUFFET: *(Mocking.)* "Little Miss Muffet sat on her tuffet eating her Philly steak sandwich? Don't be absurd! It doesn't flow!" Who cares about flow!? I want some meat!

GOOD FAIRY: Mother knows best.

PIE MAN: That seems to be the pat answer around here. "Mother knows best!" Well, it certainly isn't helping me make a decent living.

GOOD FAIRY: Would you care to expand on that, Pie Man?

PIE MAN: I bake and I bake, and my pies just get stolen or someone tricks me into giving them away. I've forgotten what a penny looks like.

BOY BLUE: Oh, oh, I know! They're brown and have Ol' King Cole's face on them. *(Reaches into his pocket.)*

PIE MAN: That was a figure of speech, Blue Boy.

BOY BLUE: I know. *(Showing a penny.)* See? This is what it looks like.

PIE MAN: Thank you.

BOY BLUE: You're welcome.

PIE MAN: If my pies are constantly stolen and I don't get any money, how am I to feed my family? My children crave meat. My wife hasn't had a good goose in months.

Suddenly, GEORGIE PORGIE - - who has managed to sneak back into the room - - jumps up and kisses MARY and runs out again.

MARY: You better run, Georgie, you little weasel! I hate it when he does that.

GOOD FAIRY: It's what he's supposed to do, Mary. *(Smiles.)* By the way, Mary . . . !

MARY: Oh no! Can't we go one week without you bugging me?

GOOD FAIRY: Now, Mary, don't be contrary. How's your garden?

MARY: Same as last week. And the week before. And the week before. Full of cockleshells. Place smells like the dumpster behind a Sushi bar. One rosebush! That's all I want! One sweet-smelling rosebush.

GOOD FAIRY: Did you ask Mother?

MARY: "Not in the budget. Stop being contrary!"

GOOD FAIRY: Well, Mother knows best.

PIE MAN: There it is again.

Carefully entering the room is TOM. He has a pig (puppet) under his arm, which he must be able to manipulate.

TOM: *(Nervously.)* Uh, excuse me . . . is this the therapy session?

GOOD FAIRY: Yes. Come in, please. And you are . . . ?

TOM: Oh, uh, Tom . . . the piper's son.

There is a collective gasp.

GOOD FAIRY: Now, now, people, all are welcomed here.

MUFFET: But he's a thief.

PIE MAN: He's even carrying the evidence.

TOM: Uh, Mother told me to come . . . but if you don't want me here, then . . .

GOOD FAIRY: Nonsense! You find a seat and make yourself comfortable.

PIG: *(To TOM, indicating GOOD FAIRY.)* She's kinda hot . . . for a fairy.

TOM: Sssh! Mind your manners.

PIG: I'm a pig. I don't have any manners.

BOY BLUE: That pig talks.

GOOD FAIRY: Tom, would you like to introduce us to your little friend?

TOM: Oh, uh, sure. This is Hamster. Say hi, Hamster.

PIG: Hi, Hamster. Can we sit next to the one with the nice tuffet?

TOM: If you don't behave, I'm going to put you in the car.

BOY BLUE: That pig talks . . . *(He rises, crosses closer to pig to examine it.)*

BO PEEP: Yes, Blue, we know!

MARY: I certainly do not want a common thief sitting near me.

PIG: No problem, sugar! You haven't got anything I'd want to steal anyway.

TOM: Stop it! I'm not going to tell you again! *(They find a seat near the FARMER'S WIFE.)*

PIG: Hi, Grandma!

FARMER'S WIFE: Do I know you?

PIG: I'm Hamster.

FARMER'S WIFE: Pleased to meet you, Hamster. I'm the Farmer's Wife.

PIG: Which farmer?

FARMER'S WIFE: Pardon me?

PIG: You said you're the Farmer's Wife. Which farmer?

FARMER'S WIFE: Hmmm! No one's ever asked me that. I really don't know.

PIG: Probably because you've never seen him. (*Chuckles.*)

FARMER'S WIFE: (*Exposing her knife.*) Making light of someone's afflictions, Mr. Hamster, can be costly.

PIG: Uh, Tom, the ol' lady's got a blade.

BOY BLUE: (*Standing by PIG.*) The pig is talking.

PIG: (*To BLUE*) You must be the nuclear scientist of the group, right?

Suddenly the door burst open and JACK (NIMBLE) enters and runs around the room hopping over furniture, people, etc., and exits.

PETER: (*To SIMON.*) Pay up!

SIMON: Double or nothing?

PETER: Who're you taking?

SIMON: The water fetcher.

PETER: That leaves me Sprat. You're on!

GOOD FAIRY: Tom?

TOM: Yes.

GOOD FAIRY: Do you have anything you'd like to share with the group?

PIG: (*Indicating MUFFET.*) I'd like to share something with . . . (*TOM quickly muffles the PIG's mouth.*)

TOM: Yes, I do. (*Clears his throat, and very Nixon-like.*) I am not a thief.

PIE MAN: I know the beady eyes of a thief when I see them, and yours are the beadiest.

BO PEEP: Everyone knows it!

MUFFET: You're even holding the booty!

TOM: But I didn't steal him. He wanted to go with me.

PIG: Did she just call me a booty?

MARY: Go where?

TOM: Away. Anywhere. My father's the piper. Have you ever had to listen to bagpipes day and night and night and day? It's torturous. So . . . I decided to run away. Hamster begged me to take him.

PIG: If I had to hear another bagpipe I was going to . . . *(TOM muffles his mouth.)*

BO PEEP: I can sympathize with him. You know how Humpty's wall is right near my place? He went through a month-long fascination with bagpipes. Drove me bananas. Then he fell off the wall and thank goodness, broke the horrid things.

BOY BLUE: *(To BO PEEP.)* Hey, can I have a banana, too?

BO PEEP: It was figure of speech, Blue.

BOY BLUE: I know, but I want a banana?

BO PEEP: I don't have any.

BOY BLUE: You mean you don't really have any bananas?

BO PEEP: Yes, I have no bananas.

BOY BLUE: You had some yesterday.

BO PEEP: But I have no bananas today.

MARY: Well, I happen to like bagpipes.

BO PEEP: You've just got to be contrary, don't you? If I would've said I liked them, you would've hated them.

MARY: *(Smiles.)* I'm only here to make you miserable, Peep.

BO PEEP: You'll never get a rosebush!

MARY: And if you and bubble brain don't stay out of the hayloft, you'll never get your sheep back!

GOOD FAIRY: Ladies, please. Show some demureness, please.

PIG: Yeah, ladies, show some . . . *(TOM muffles the PIG'S mouth.)*

FARMER'S WIFE: *(Extracts her carving knife.)* Mr. Hamster, you have a crude tongue. I think I'll remove it! *(She swings the knife in the direction of the PIG but misses. All react.)*

PETER: *(Crosses and takes the knife from FARMER'S WIFE.)* Hey, I can use that. *(Returns to his pumpkin carving. FARMER'S WIFE extracts another, even larger, knife and takes a few more swings at the PIG. All react.)*

PIG: *(To TOM.)* Are you just going to sit here until she hits pork? *(Pause.)* Well?

TOM: I'm thinking. *(He finally moves his chair further away from the FARMER'S WIFE.)*

FARMER'S WIFE: Say something, Hamster, so I'll know where you are.

MUFFET: Little more to your right.

GOOD FAIRY: Uh, Farmer's Wife . . . may I ask you a question?

FARMER'S WIFE: Who are you?

GOOD FAIRY: I'm the Good Fairy.

FARMER'S WIFE: You running this shindig?

GOOD FAIRY: I'm the facilitator.

FARMER'S WIFE: Ask away.

GOOD FAIRY: Why are you here?

FARMER'S WIFE: Bit obvious, ain't it? I wanna know why I'm blind.

The mice are supposed to be blind. Not me. Why?

PIG: (*Aside, to TOM.*) Good thing for us she is!

MARY: Yeah, why is that? All of us fit our stories, but she doesn't.

Hers is all . . . contrary.

GOOD FAIRY: Mary, I am so proud of you.

MARY: Why? What'd I do?

GOOD FAIRY: This is a tremendous breakthrough! You recognized contrariness. I think you've made a breakthrough. Could we have a round of applause for Mary? (*They all meekly clap.*) That kind of progress just makes my heart sing.

FARMER'S WIFE: Excuse me . . .

GOOD FAIRY: A very, very positive step, Mary.

FARMER'S WIFE: Excuse me . . .

SIMON: Pie Man, here! (*He drops several pennies into PIE MAN'S hand.*)

PIE MAN: Pennies!? TEN pennies!? Thank you, Simon.

SIMON: Well, I just felt that it was the right thing to do.

PIE MAN: (*Rises.*) I'm going straight to the butcher, then go home and give my wife a goose. To cook. (*He is exiting.*) Thank you, Simon. Thank you so much! (*Indicating TOM.*) Keep your eyes on that one!

GOOD FAIRY: Simon, that was wonderful. Massive breakthroughs!

This is turning out to be such a monumental evening.

FARMER'S WIFE: Excuse me . . .

MARY: (*To SIMON.*) "The right thing to do?!" Ha! You just wanted some attention.

SIMON: (*With a devilish grin.*) Ah, ah, ah! Mustn't be contrary.

MARY: I hope you choke on a plum pit.

FARMER'S WIFE: Excuse me!? I'd like an answer.

GOOD FAIRY: Oh, we don't give answers here. This is group therapy. You discover the answers yourself, through sharing and discussion. Just like Mary did with her contrariness, and Simon did with his . . .

FARMER'S WIFE: Yeah, yeah, I see! So the Brothers Grimm were right!

A deadly silence falls upon the room. There is a long, awkward pause.

GOOD FAIRY: *(Struggling to maintain her smile.)* What do you mean by that, Farmer's Wife?

FARMER'S WIFE: They told me I wouldn't get an answer. That Mother never answers questions and never changes anything. Even when it's her mistake. Like me being blind.

Suddenly the door flies open. JACK (SPRAT) enters.

JACK: *(In doorway.)* Where is she?

PETER: Who?

JACK: Roseanne. My wife. She couldn't be hiding. There's no place big enough for that tub of lard to hide.

SIMON: Sprat!

PETER: Two bucks, please! *(SIMON pays him.)*

GOOD FAIRY: Would you like to take a seat, Jack?

JACK: No, thank you. I'll just lean against the wall. If she's run off with that Baker again, I'll . . .

BOY BLUE: She couldn't fit in the tub. *(Gives a teasing, taunting toot on his horn.)*

JACK: Don't talk that way about my Roseanne! Only I can talk that way about my beautiful, wonderful Roseanne!

BOY BLUE: This is a therapy session! I can say anything I want! *(Gives a quick, defiant blast on his horn at JACK.)*

JACK: You leaning on me, Frilly Boy! Just try it! I'm warning you.

FARMER'S WIFE: Wanna borrow my knife?

GOOD FAIRY: You're right, Boy Blue. This is a therapy session, and we can say whatever we please, as long as it's not hateful. Mother does not like hateful. And Mother knows best. Now, I would like to return to the Farmer's Wife's comment about the . . . unmentionable Brothers. Farmer's Wife, you actually spoke to . . . them?

FARMER'S WIFE: Got a letter.

GOOD FAIRY: A letter!?

FARMER'S WIFE: That's what I said. You deaf?

GOOD FAIRY: And what did this letter say?

TOM: Probably the, uh, same thing as mine.

A collective gasp.

GOOD FAIRY: Tom . . . you . . . you got a letter from the . . . those Brothers, too?

TOM: Yes.

PIG: Why didn't I get one?

TOM: It was addressed to both of us.

PIG: Nice of you to tell me.

TOM: I just did.

PIG: What were you going to do? Run away and leave me with the bagpipes?

TOM: I would never do that.

PIG: In a pig's eye!

TOM: I would not do that!

PIG: Yes, you would!

TOM: No, I wouldn't!

PIG: Would too!?

TOM: May pigs fly before I leave you.

PIG: Really?

TOM: Really!

PIG: Promise?

TOM: Promise!

PIG: You're a pal! Sorry I was so pigheaded about it.

TOM: It's okay. We're buddies.

MOTHER KNOWS BEST

MARY: *(Sarcastically.)* How sweet! *(Sticks her finger in her mouth as if to gag.)*

BO PEEP: I think it IS sweet.

BOY BLUE: *(Wiping a tear from his eye.)* Me too. What she said. *(Blows sad note on his horn.)*

GOOD FAIRY: WOULD SOMEONE TELL ME WHAT THIS BLASTED LETTER SAID?!?! *(Quickly regains her composure and smiles.)* Farmer's Wife? Tom?

FARMER'S WIFE: Short and sweet, it asked me to join them.

GOOD FAIRY: "Join them?" For what? Tea?

FARMER'S WIFE: Become one of their stories. Leave Mother Goose.

GOOD FAIRY: Leave Mother Goose?!

TOM: Mine, too.

PETER: Uh . . . mine, too.

GOOD FAIRY: Peter!?

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