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BIG DOG PUBLISHING

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*This play is dedicated to my parents
with lots of love and respect.*

*A special thank you to Cobbler and Knobbs –
You told me the story,
and told me to write,
and I thank you both for it.*

THE LIVES AND ADVENTURES OF COBBLER AND KNOBBS

CHILDREN'S COMEDY. When the Night is kidnapped, two bumbling security guards, Cobbler and Knobbs, along with the help of a giant snail, set out to free the Night so that everyone can get a good night's sleep. It sounds like a good plan, except that Cobbler and Knobbs forgot to bring along a tent or sleeping bags for their journey, and the only food they remembered to bring is a bag of old Rice Krispies treats. And if that isn't bad enough, they soon encounter a pack of hungry wolves, a band of dim-witted pirates, a washed-up magician, a de-fanged rattlesnake, and a door-to-door sales dragon. When the heroes finally reach the kidnapper's hideout high atop a mountain, Cobbler must come up with a bedtime story good enough to help the kidnapper overcome his fear of the dark. Will the Night be freed so that the heroes can celebrate with a well-earned ginger ale?

Performance Time: Approximately 50-60 minutes.

CHARACTERS

(7 m, 4 f, 20 flexible, extras)

- KNOBBS:** Goat-like figure; security guard assigned to protect the Night; flexible.
- COBBLER:** Security guard, writer, and Knobbs' best friend; flexible.
- SNAIL:** Smart with common sense; female.
- EMPEROR SNIFFUS:** Leader of the wolves; melodramatic villain, evil with a capital "E"; male.
- JAGTOOTH:** Good-hearted wolf; flexible.
- WOLFGANG PUCK:** Wolf; flexible.
- WOLFGANG MOZART:** Wolf; flexible.
- WOLFGANG REITHERMAN:** Wolf; flexible.
- VIRGINIA WOLF:** Proclaims the answer is in the question; female.
- FRENCH WOLF:** French wolf; flexible.
- FINAGINN:** Pirate, first mate; male.
- O'DOULS:** Pirate; flexible.
- PIRATE 1, 2:** Flexible.
- CAPTAIN PETER CROOK:** Pirate captain; male.
- FELLINI:** Overly dramatic washed-up magician (not the great filmmaker); male.
- ELSA:** Fellini's de-fanged pet rattlesnake, who works as a deckhand on Captain Crook's pirate ship; female.
- DRAGON:** Door-to-door salesman type; flexible.
- LOCAL 1, 2, 3, 4:** Flexible.
- NIGHT:** Mysterious and powerful; female.
- KING:** Rules over forest kingdom; male.
- SUN:** Afraid of the dark; male.
- SHOOTING STAR:** Non-speaking; flexible.
- AUDIENCE MEMBER:** Angry dentist; flexible.
- THOMAS T. HENCHMAN:** Non-speaking; male.
- WIND:** Non-speaking; flexible.
- COURT CRIER:** Flexible.
- VOICE:** Similar to airport pager.
- EXTRAS (Optional):** As additional Pirates, Court Members, and Wolves.

AUTHOR'S NOTE ON CASTING

If there are less than 30 people in the company, some of the parts may be doubled. In the event that parts are combined, the company has the permission of the author to cut only the lines that would confuse the audience. Below are suggestions for doubling, and it may be possible to combine the parts even further.

WOLFGANG PUCK, WOLFGANG MOZART, LOCAL 1,
LOCAL 2, LOCAL 3, LOCAL 4.
WOLFGANG REITHERMAN, VIRGINIA WOLF, FRENCH
WOLF.
FINAGINN, PIRATE 2, KING.
O'DOULS, PIRATE 1, DRAGON.

SETTING

A beautiful mythological forest filled with all sorts of fantastic animals. There are trees, large boulders, and a layer of pine needles on the forest floor. The pirate ship has a mast, a brig large enough to hold five pirates, and a cannon. There is also a cooking pot large enough to hold Cobbler, Knobbs, and Snail. The Sun Palace has a throne and a large door with a brass doorknob in the shape of a basket.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

Scene 1: A beautiful mythological forest kingdom.

Scene 2: Another part of the forest far away from the kingdom.

Scene 3: In the forest.

Scene 4: Onboard the pirate ship, "The Maiden of the Voyage."

Scene 5: Onboard the pirate ship.

Scene 6: Onboard the pirate ship.

Scene 7: On the shore of an island.

Scene 8: Kidnapper's hideout high atop a mountain in the clouds.

Scene 9: The garden of the Palace of the Sun.

PROPS

Pocket watch, metal	Shirt button
2 Letters	Jewelry box, wooden
Eyeglasses	3 or more plastic pocket watches
Rag	Knife, plastic, paper, or cardboard
Reins	Receipt
Suitcases, boxes, etc.	Bucket of water
2 Notebooks	Credit card
2 Pens	Scissors
Backpack	Dog collar
Bag of Rice Krispies treats	Chain
2 Swords, plastic or cardboard	Cookbooks
Coin	Onions
Ropes	Cell keys
Toy gun or squirt gun	Long scroll
Button that reads, "Down with Captain Crook"	

SPECIAL EFFECTS

Wolves howling	Cannon fire
Gunshots	Wind
Hunters approaching	Snow
Ocean	

SCENE 1

(AT RISE: *Magical forest kingdom. Cobbler and Knobbs sit center stage. The Sun is off to one side.*)

COBBLER: Ah, what a day, Knobbs.

KNOBBS: Just as you say, Cobbler.

COBBLER: You know, I was just thinking about the other day when you lost that bouquet of flowers that I was going to give to my friend, and I have decided to forgive you.

KNOBBS: Very sensible. And if I may say so, very kind of you, I am sure.

COBBLER: Think nothing of it. By the way, have you seen my pen?

KNOBBS: No, I am sorry to say that I have not. Why do you ask?

COBBLER: No reason. I simply inquired because I saw you with it the other day, and I was merely curious to know whether you could remember what you did with it.

KNOBBS: I don't have it!

COBBLER: My dear Knobbs, I never said that you did. I merely stated that I saw you with it just the other day.

KNOBBS: I am afraid that I have not seen your pen since yesterday when I saw you put it to paper to write that mushy letter to your parents. (*Imitating Cobbler.*) "Dearest Mother, I am afraid that it has been far too long since I wrote to you. My work continues to impress my colleagues. And I am proud to say, that on the whole, I am extremely well thought of among my peers. I am afraid that I simply must dash now. With love, Cobbler, the Second."

COBBLER: My dear Knobbs, I do believe you are making fun of me. (*Changes subject.*) I sure wish I could find my pen.

KNOBBS: Why do you need it so badly anyway?

COBBLER: To write!

KNOBBS: My dear Cobbler, I know that. I was merely curious to know what in particular you had it in your head to write.

COBBLER: A story.

KNOBBS: What sort of story?

COBBLER: *(Dramatic.)* I need it to write the rain into the clouds and the sun into the sky.

KNOBBS: Show off! Besides, I thought the Sun took care of himself.

COBBLER: That he does, but like all good showmen, he waits around for me to write him the cue!

KNOBBS: What are you talking about? You are a guard just like me.

COBBLER: *(Sadly.)* Alas, yes, but I have always imagined that I was a Sun Writer ever since I was little. And that's practically the same thing. If someone would give me a chance, I know I could do it well. *(Searches pockets.)* Drat, drat, drat, drat, blast, drat! Where did I put it?

KNOBBS: As I said before, I haven't the faintest notion of where you put your pen.

COBBLER: What time is it?

(Knobbs takes a pocket watch out of his vest pocket.)

KNOBBS: Five minutes after six.

COBBLER: She should be here any minute then.

KNOBBS: Yes, any minute now.

(They pace the stage. The Sun dips below the horizon. Night enters.)

NIGHT: Hello!

(Startled, Knobbs jumps.)

KNOBBS: Madam Night, you frightened me.

COBBLER: Hello, boss.

NIGHT: I suppose you're both wondering why I called you here.

COBBLER: Not really!

(Knobbs gives Cobbler a look.)

COBBLER: I mean, yes, very much so.

NIGHT: I have called you here to tell you the sad news that I may be dead in a day or two. I received another threatening letter today. Now you tell me, as my bodyguards, just what do you think we should do about this minor problem?

(She hands Knobbs a letter. Knobbs takes his glasses out of his pocket and puts them on.)

KNOBBS: *(Reads.)* "Dear Intended Victim, we don't know each other yet. However, we will very soon be introduced when I kidnap you today. If I were you, I wouldn't waste your time telling your guards about the scheme. I mean, just between us, they look about as sharp as two butter knives. Therefore, it would be a waste of time, to my reckoning, to tell them anything. I doubt they would understand it. But I digress. I wouldn't worry your pretty little head about the upcoming kidnapping. Speaking as your kidnapper, I can tell you that I intend to make your transition into kidnapped life as gentle as possible. Thank you very much for your time. Sincerely, Your Future Kidnapper." Well, madam, if I were you, I wouldn't worry too much about it. It seems clear to me that whoever wrote this note intends to kidnap you, not to kill you.

COBBLER: I agree, madam. It hardly seems worth getting upset about.

NIGHT: Oh, that makes me feel so much better. Thank you. I knew I could count on my bodyguards to make me feel secure.

(Knobbs watches following events, but what is happening before him doesn't seem to register. Cobbler is looking the other way. Thomas T. Henchman enters, grabs the Night, ties a rag across her face, tosses a letter on the ground, and carries her offstage.)

KNOBBS: Don't mention it, madam. Anything we can do.

Isn't that so, Cobbler?

COBBLER: Yes, that's so, Knobbs.

(Knobbs suddenly looks around and realizes that the Night is no longer there, notices the letter on the ground, and picks it up.)

KNOBBS: *(Reads.)* "Dear Fools, while you were busy talking, I kidnapped the Night. Her rule over the affairs of the evening is over. Expect the day to come early tomorrow and last for the rest of your miserable lives. Kindest personal regards, Thomas T. Henchman, Esq." *(Finishes reading.)* Oh no, Cobbler, do you know what this means?

COBBLER: Yes, it means that we allowed the Night to be kidnapped right under our noses.

COBBLER/KNOBBS: We'll be fired for sure!

KNOBBS: Not if we find her before anyone else does!

COBBLER: That's brilliant, Knobbs. Now how long do you think we have before anyone notices she's gone?

(The King enters.)

KING: Hello, Knobbs, Cobbler. Have you seen the Night anywhere?

KNOBBS: *(Turns to Cobbler.)* Not long, Cobbler.

KING: *(To Cobbler.)* Oh, I'm sorry. Are you one of my deaf servants? *(Shouts.)* I say...have...you...seen...the Night...anywhere?!

(Cobbler cups his hand to his ear.)

KING: (*Shouts louder.*) Have...you...seen...the Night...
anywhere?!

KNOBBS: He cannot hear you!

KING: (*To Cobbler, even louder.*) I said...have...you...seen...
the Night...anywhere!?

(*Cobbler pretends that he still cannot hear.*)

KING: (*To Cobbler, shouting.*) Is it true that you cannot hear
what I am saying at all?! (*Louder.*) I say, is it true that you
cannot hear me at all?! (*To Knobbs, normal voice.*) Forget it. I
assume that he is stone deaf.

(*Knobbs shakes his head sadly.*)

KING: (*To Cobbler, shouting.*) I say forget it! I assume that you
are stone deaf! (*To Knobbs, normal voice.*) May I inquire if
you have seen the Night anywhere?

(*Knobbs stares off into space as though he does not understand what
the King has just said.*)

KING: (*Louder.*) I say, have you... (*Normal voice, defeated.*)
Oh, forget it. What does one do with such servants? (*King
exits.*)

KNOBBS: Oh, what a fool I was!

COBBLER: My dear Knobbs, I do not wish to argue with you,
but I believe that I was the greater fool.

KNOBBS: I must disagree with you, my dear Cobbler, for I am
clearly the bigger fool. Any creature who looks right at a
person being kidnapped and does nothing but stand there
and gape, is clearly one of the biggest fools on earth.

COBBLER: My dear Knobbs, I am afraid that I must
disagree...I'm sorry, did you say that you were looking right
at her at the time and said nothing?

KNOBBS: Yes, I am afraid I did. I thought she was getting a facial. *(Cobbler gives Knobbs a look.)* I mean, there was this creature tying a rag around her face. I, therefore, just assumed that...Well, it was foolish, and I see that now, but...

COBBLER: We could stand here all day and argue the point. But in the end, there is nothing to do but to go and inform the King. Maybe he'll go easy on us.

KNOBBS: You do have a point. I mean, this is the first time we've ever lost the Night. Maybe he will take that into consideration.

(Lights change. King enters and stands at one corner of the stage.)

KING: I cannot believe that you stood right there like a couple of...of...of...

KNOBBS: Fools?

KING: Yes. Just exactly what were you...you...you...

KNOBBS: Thinking?

KING: *(Nods.)* You have got to be the biggest...

KNOBBS: Fools.

KING: On the face of the...

KNOBBS: Earth!

KING: What were you thinking? You're...

KNOBBS: Fired!

KING: And...!

KNOBBS: Banished forever!

KING: And one thing more... *(Pointing to Cobbler.)* ...your hearing is fine.

(Lights down.)

SCENE 2

(AT RISE: Another part of the forest, far away from the kingdom. Knobbs and Cobbler enter. There are large trees and a thick layer of pine needles on the ground. Cobbler and Knobbs hold the reins of a giant Snail who holds on its back all of their worldly possessions. The load is heavy, but the Snail does not complain. Both Cobbler and Knobbs look tired. The Snail looks relatively happy.)

KNOBBS: Tired, I am so tired.

COBBLER: *(Looking at the sun.)* I miss the Night. We've, had nothing but light these many days. It is trying my nerves, Knobbs.

KNOBBS: Indeed, Cobbler, just as you say.

(Noise of wolves howling.)

COBBLER: The wolves are unhappy about it too.

KNOBBS: Indeed. Ah, it is a sad world we live in nowadays.

SNAIL: Will you two listen to yourselves? All you have done this entire trip is complain. Can't you find something nice to talk about?

KNOBBS: Well, it was nice of the King to give us an animal to put all our possessions on.

SNAIL: Speak for yourself.

COBBLER: True, at least we do not have to bare our own burdens.

KNOBBS: Just as you say, Cobbler. Speaking for myself, I don't think I should be able to handle it. If we had to carry everything ourselves, it would be too heavy.

(Snail strains under the weight.)

COBBLER: And the itching, Knobbs. Don't forget how much it itches to carry something on your back for hours and hours without a break.

SNAIL : All right, forget I mentioned anything!

KNOBBS: That King is the biggest... (*Frustrated sounds as he searches for word.*) Do you know what I mean, Cobbler?

COBBLER: Yes, he's a big... (*Frustrated sounds.*) All right! Now tell me again, why do we want our jobs back? I forget!

KNOBBS: Because we're starving!

COBBLER: Oh yeah, so what's the plan again?

KNOBBS: We find the Night, and the King will be so happy that he will give us our jobs back.

COBBLER: How are we going to do that again?

KNOBBS: I thought you had a plan?

COBBLER: Indeed, I do not, Knobbs. I thought you were in charge of the planning.

KNOBBS: No, my good friend, I understood that you had a plan.

COBBLER: In that case, I suppose that we shall have to make it up as we go along. (*Cobbler pulls out a notebook and starts making notes.*) Before my life was ruined, when I still had dreams of being a Sun Writer, I used to imagine that I could write my way out of any situation.

KNOBBS: Indeed, you may be able to do so if ever you become a Sun Writer. However, you are not a Sun Writer at this moment, are you?

COBBLER: (*Sadly.*) No.

KNOBBS: Good, then put your pen and notebook away and help me to find a practical way out of this mess.

COBBLER: I thought you always supported my dreams!

KNOBBS: My dear friend, so I do, as long as your dreams don't interfere with my chances of survival. Just think what might happen if you were too caught up in your dreams to realize that we were in danger. If I encouraged you to dream under those circumstances, then I would not only be putting my own life in danger but the lives of you yourself

and this fine snail who bares our burden. Everyone knows that snails are rather dumb animals, but that is no reason to risk their lives.

SNAIL: (*Indignant.*) I beg your pardon. I graduated with honors. And I was voted most likely to succeed by my entire class.

COBBLER: (*To Knobbs.*) You're mean.

SNAIL: You tell him.

COBBLER: And cruel.

SNAIL: And how.

COBBLER: And, I do not like you anymore, Knobbs.

KNOBBS: Oh yeah?

COBBLER: Yeah!

SNAIL: And one other thing, I'll have you know that I was voted Vegetable Club President!

(*Unimpressed, Cobbler and Knobbs look at each other and then at the Snail.*)

SNAIL: It's a big honor where I come from.

(*Pause. Then Knobbs looks at his watch.*)

KNOBBS: I do not think that it is ever going to grow dark this day, Cobbler, so we might as well pitch camp. Let us have the tent at once.

COBBLER: I thought you brought the tent?

KNOBBS: I understood that the tent was to be your responsibility, Cobbler.

COBBLER: My dear friend, I did not bring a tent.

KNOBBS: Very well, then bring out the sleeping bags. We shall have to make due with them.

COBBLER: Sleeping bags?

KNOBBS: My dear Cobbler, am I to understand that you brought neither the sleeping bags nor the tent?

COBBLER: That's about the shape and size of it, Knobbs.

KNOBBS: Oh well, at least we have plenty of food. *(He takes a bag of Rice Krispies treats out of his backpack.)*

COBBLER: What is that?

KNOBBS: At the moment, Cobbler, it would appear that it is our dinner.

COBBLER: Rice Krispies treats?

SNAIL: Oh, I love those!

COBBLER: Indeed, so do I, but not if they are the only thing to eat. Do tell me that you brought something else, Knobbs?

KNOBBS: I am afraid that these were the only things I could find on such short notice. On the plus side, though, I believe that I brought enough for all of us. And, they should last the entire journey since it has been discovered that they are not biodegradable.

COBBLER: Well, we shall have to make due. *(Surveys the spot.)* This would be a perfect spot for our tent, if we had it with us. *(Knobbs takes the Rice Krispies treats out of the bag and hands one to Snail and Cobbler. Cobbler chews. The Rice Krispies treats are very chewy, and they stick to the roof of his mouth. He tries to swallow but cannot.)* Exactly how long have you had these, Knobbs?

KNOBBS: About a month or two, but I think they are still good, Cobbler.

(Cobbler takes a bite, struggles to swallow. They each finish their dinner. They are tired from walking. They each go behind a tree and change into their pajamas and then each lie down in a pile of pine needles and try to go to sleep.)

KNOBBS: I sure wish the sun would go down.

(Knobbs pulls a sleep mask out of his backpack and puts it on. He adjusts it on his face. Cobbler takes off his hat and puts it over his eyes. He is dissatisfied with the angle, adjusts it again and again until he gives up and tries to close his eyes to the sun. He closes his

eyes so hard that it is uncomfortable. He tries again with his hat. And still, he cannot get it right.)

KNOBBS: *(Almost asleep.)* Goodnight, Snail.

SNAIL: My name is Joanne!

KNOBBS: The nerve of these snails today! You mark my words, Cobbler. Today, they want to be called by their names...tomorrow who knows? *(Knobbs falls asleep after some further difficulty.)*

COBBLER: *(To Snail.)* I'm sorry, dear, I'm afraid he has treated you rather badly. Goodnight, my dear. *(Rolls over on stomach.)* Ow!

(Knobbs awakes with a start.)

KNOBBS: What is it, Cobbler?

COBBLER: I think I just inhaled a pine needle.

KNOBBS: Oh, is that all?

(Knobbs goes back to sleep with a grumble. Cobbler sits up, with his back against a tree or a rock. He cannot sleep, and his stomach is rumbling. He searches through his pack.)

COBBLER: Ha!

(Knobbs sits bolt upright awake.)

KNOBBS: What?

COBBLER: I just found my pen!

(Knobbs grumbles and falls sleep again.)

SNAIL: *(In her sleep.)* In the name of Delphi, in the wicker basket...

(Blackout.)

SCENE 3

(AT RISE: In the forest. Cobbler, Knobbs, and Snail are fast asleep. Wolves are sleeping stage center. In the center of the pack, Emperor Sniffus, the leader of the wolves, lies sleeping. The only one moving around is Jagtooth, who is sniffing around for food.)

JAGTOOTH: *(Sniffs. To Sniffus, quietly.)* Your majesty.
(Louder.) Your majesty? *(Louder.)* Your majesty!

(Sound asleep, Sniffus awakens suddenly.)

SNIFFUS: What?

JAGTOOTH: I have found your dinner, your majesty, just as I promised!

(Sniffus sits up, licks his lips with anticipation.)

SNIFFUS: And just what is it that you have found, Jagtooth?

JAGTOOTH: Oh, your majesty, you will be so pleased! I have found you a rabbit. *(Sniffs.)* No, no, wait. I have found you a...ah... *(Sniffs.)* ...it's ah...it's ah... *(Sniffs.)* ...it's ah...cheetah!

SNIFFUS: Well, which is it? A rabbit or a cheetah? Because if it is a cheetah, I would like to know why you woke me up from the most wonderful dream about food that I ever had...just to tell me that an animal that not one of us could catch anyway might be in the area. Can you tell me that, Jagtooth? Because I am confused, and when I get confused... *(Threatens.)* ...I like to use my claws to think things over.

JAGTOOTH: *(Sheepishly.)* You know, come to think of it, it doesn't smell that much like a cheetah. It smells like a rabbit. *(Smiles broadly.)*

SNIFFUS: Wipe that silly grin off your face. A soldier of the imperial army never smiles before they go into battle. It is undignified, and you don't want to be undignified do you, Jagtooth?

JAGTOOTH: No, your majesty, I want to be the perfect killing machine! *(Smiles broadly.)*

SNIFFUS: Good. Glad to hear it. What did I tell you about smiling? Did you not hear a word I just said?

JAGTOOTH: Oh, no, I heard everything you said, your majesty.

(Jagtooth starts to smile, then he realizes what he is doing, and works the smile into a very serious frown. Sniffus waves his hand dismissively.)

SNIFFUS: Now, suppose you tell me just where you think this rabbit might be. And by the way, I am curious...are we talking about an entire community of rabbits, or are we just talking about one blasted rabbit between the 15 of us?

JAGTOOTH: One blasted rabbit, your majesty.

SNIFFUS: One rabbit! You woke me up for one rabbit!

JAGTOOTH: Yes, sir, I knew you would be pleased. *(Smiles broadly.)*

SNIFFUS: *(Sarcastic.)* "Pleased," Master Jagtooth, "pleased" just does not convey my sense of gratitude to you. Oh, how I have dreamt of this moment, Master Jagtooth, and at long last, it is here. The long hard drought is over, and it is all because of you, Master Jagtooth, and your one blasted rabbit. We are saved, Master Jagtooth, saved. I am going to bed now, and if you wake me up again, I will get confused, and when I get confused... *(Threatens.)* ...I like to use my claws to think things over.

(Jagtooth goes to lie down in his spot, but suddenly he catches a scent of something heavenly and continues to sniff around the stage. Finally, he works up the courage to wake up Sniffus.)

JAGTOOTH: Emperor Sniffus.

SNIFFUS: (*Dreaming.*) Hum...rabbit...cursed...blasted rabbit, hum... (*Makes barking sound and runs in sleep the way dogs do.*)

JAGTOOTH: Emperor Sniffus, sir?

SNIFFUS: (*Dreaming.*) Hum, I got... (*Makes barking sound.*)

JAGTOOTH: Your majesty?

(*Sniffus wakes suddenly.*)

SNIFFUS: You had better have some really good reason for this.

JAGTOOTH: Oh, your majesty, I smell the most fantastic aromas in the air this night!

SNIFFUS: Night, what do you mean night? It is as light as day. It is day. It has been day for the past 16 days straight.

JAGTOOTH: Well, it would be night, though, if things were normal.

SNIFFUS: Well, if things were normal, then I wouldn't feel the urge to use my claws to think things over. (*Threatens.*) But as it is, I am feeling very much like using my claws to think things over.

JAGTOOTH: Oh, but you won't be feeling that way when you learn what I have smelled.

SNIFFUS: And just what is it that you have smelled, Jagtooth?

JAGTOOTH: (*Smiles broadly.*) I'll give you three guesses.

SNIFFUS: Two rabbits?

JAGTOOTH: No!

SNIFFUS: Oh, wait. I got it. An entire flock of cheetahs or whatever it is that cheetahs travel around in?

JAGTOOTH: No!

SNIFFUS: Wait, wait, hold everything. How about, I don't care? How about, I'm tired, I want to go to bed? How about, if I have to look at you anymore I am going to...?

WOLFGANG PUCK: I smell it too!

WOLFGANG REITHERMAN: Me too.

WOLFGANG MOZART: Me three.

VIRGINIA WOLF: Me four.

SNIFFUS: I don't smell anything! (*Sniffus catches a whiff of what the others smell.*) Wait, I smell it now. Well, if we are going for a hunt, we had better make sure everyone is here. (*Sniffus pulls out a long scroll with the wolves' names listed on it. He reads from the scroll.*) Wolfgang Puck.

(*Wolfgang Puck barks.*)

SNIFFUS: Wolfgang Reitherman!

(*Wolfgang Reitherman barks.*)

SNIFFUS: Virginia?

(*Virginia Wolf barks.*)

SNIFFUS: Wolfgang Mozart!

(*Wolfgang Mozart lets out a long musical howl.*)

SNIFFUS: Master Jagtooth!

JAGTOOTH: Here.

SNIFFUS: Emperor Sniffus.

JAGTOOTH: That's you!

SNIFFUS: (*Snaps.*) I know that's me. What do you think? I can't remember my own name?

(*Sniffus flashes his claws. All the wolves shudder. The shudder should start with one wolf and move all the way through the pack, as if the pack was a set of dominoes. Wolves begin the hunt and move in a choreographed manner similar to the knife-fight scene in "West Side Story." They sniff together as a group three times – first to one side then to the other. All make individual sighs of contentment. They move together as a pack the same way. They tiptoe over to*

where our heroes sleep and surprise Knobbs, Cobbler, and Snail. Knobbs pulls his sword out of the waistband of his pajamas. Sniffus pulls a claw-shaped sword out of its scabbard. A humorous swordfight ensues.)

SNIFFUS: Now you will die!

KNOBBS: Never!

SNIFFUS: You're not listening to me. You see, you don't have a choice in the matter. I have made sure of that. You are surrounded.

(Cobbler sits in the corner making notes, trying to write his way out of the situation. Jagtooth confronts him with a sword in his hand. Cobbler hesitates for a minute, calmly puts down his notebook and pen by a tree, picks up his sword, and waves it bravely without striking anything or anyone. Then he and Jagtooth get into a pattern of two swishes of the sword to one hit on each other's swords. Every time they hit, they ask each other one of the following questions.)

COBBLER: Do you like poetry?

(Jagtooth makes sure that Sniffus isn't watching.)

JAGTOOTH: Yes, do you?

COBBLER: Who is your favorite poet?

JAGTOOTH: I heard this poem by someone named Shakespeare. *(Cobbler gives him a puzzled look, the fight pauses.)* I never heard of him, either. Anyway, he's supposed to be pretty good. There is this one thing he wrote that I really like. It goes like this: "When a bee is not a bee, that is the question. Whether it's noble of the mimes to suffer the slugs and narrows of outrageous Fort. Tune or by opposing..." and that is always where the story stops. My Dad keeps saying he will tell me the rest someday, but so far he hasn't. But never mind. Where was I? Oh, yes!

(The fight resumes.)

KNOBBS: Die!

SNIFFUS: No, you die!

KNOBBS: No, you!

SNIFFUS: No, you!

(Snail is fighting Wolfgang Puck, Wolfgang Mozart, and Virginia Wolf at the same time.)

SNAIL: I don't really know what the sound of one hand clapping is, but I can tell you that if a tree falls in the forest it is going to make a huge sound, and it doesn't have to fall on top of someone to do it.

VIRGINIA WOLF: In that case, let me ask you this, what is Tao?

SNAIL: I understand it to be everything and nothing all at once.

WOLFGANG PUCK: At what temperature and for how long should you cook a turkey to make sure that it is done properly?

SNAIL: I'm not sure. I am not much of a cook.

WOLFGANG MOZART: Ah ha, well, we don't know everything, do we?

SNIFFUS: Die!

KNOBBS: You first!

SNIFFUS: No, you.

KNOBBS: No, you.

COBBLER: *(Launches into Cyrano's "nose speech.")* "Ah no, young sir! You are too simple. Why, you might have said...oh, a great many things! Mon dieu, why waste your opportunity? *(Indicates his nose.)* Descriptive: 'Tis a rock...a crag...a cape...A cape? Say rather, a peninsula! Kindly: Ah, do you love the little birds so much that when they come and sing to you, you give them this to perch on?"

(Sniffus finally has Knobbs right where he wants him.)

SNIFFUS: And, now, you die!

(Gunshots are heard and the sounds of men approaching.)

SNIFFUS: Hunters! Blast, this is not over!

(Sniffus and the rest of the wolves exit, frightened away by the sound of hunters approaching. Knobbs, Cobbler, and Snail hide behind trees. Finaginn and the rest of the pirates enter.)

FINAGINN: Aye, mates, but if the Captain wants warm coconut milk, we'll give him warm coconut milk!

O'DOULS: Arr!

PIRATE 1: Arr!

PIRATE 2: Arr!

O'DOULS: But, where be the coconut milk?

PIRATE 1: Arr?

PIRATE 2: Arr?

FINAGINN: Over that way, mates, over that way. That's where I saw them coconut trees from the lookout. *(Looks behind the trees. He surprises and disarms Snail, Knobbs, and Cobbler and captures them in turn.)* Well, look what I found, mates. These will make nice fresh bedtime snacks for the Captain.

O'DOULS: Arr!

PIRATE 1: Arr!

PIRATE 2: Arr!

(Blackout.)

SCENE 4

(AT RISE: Onboard the dreaded ship of Captain Peter Crook, "The Maiden of the Voyage." Before the lights go up, we hear sounds of the ocean and canon fire. Lights up, Cobbler, Knobbs, and Snail are all tied to the mast, along with a magician, the Great Fellini, and his pet, a de-fanged rattlesnake named Elsa.)

CROOK: Fire at will!

FINAGINN: Aye, aye, Captain.

O'DOULS: Finaginn, you're on my foot.

FINAGINN: Oh sorry, O'Douls, this boat is ruddy small.

(Canon fires. Lights change with the blast of the cannon and suddenly illuminate Cobbler, Knobbs, Snail, Fellini, and Elsa all tied to the mast. Pause.)

FELLINI: Well, seeing as how we are all tied to this mast, I suppose I ought to introduce myself. *(Full of himself.)* I am the Great Fellini! *(No reaction from the others.)* The great magician? *(Still no response.)* We were very big in Vegas. Fellini and Elsa? *(Indicates Elsa.)* This is Elsa, by the way. My rattlesnake assistant.

ELSA: Hi.

FELLINI: So, our names don't sound familiar, huh?

SNAIL: Sorry, but no.

FELLINI: *(To Elsa.)* I told you we should have advertised.

CROOK: *(Pronounces it "Finagunn" throughout.)* Finaginn, how goes it with our prisoners?

FINAGINN: *(To all.)* How be ye?

ALL: Miserable!

FINAGINN: As bad as ye hoped, Captain!

CROOK: Good, glad to hear it, Finaginn.

KNOBBS: Sir, if you don't mind my asking, exactly what do you intend to do with us?

CROOK: Oh, I intend to make ye walk the plank and let the sharks eat ye for supper.

ELSA: *(To Fellini.)* Oooh, if only I could get my fangs on that guy, I would show him a thing or two.

FELLINI: If only you had fangs to get on him. Elsa, remember your last dental plan?

ELSA: What sort of a silly question is that?! Of course I remember. Crackpot dentist.

AUDIENCE MEMBER: Hey, I'm a dentist!

ELSA: *(To Audience Member.)* Oh, sorry, and a very good one you are too, I'm sure. But, let me tell you, if you want to keep your teeth, don't go to Dr. Aldridge.

FELLINI: *(To Elsa.)* I wish we could get an act going again. *(Dramatic.)* I'd give anything to have the magic act we used to have. Magic is my life.

ELSA: I'd give anything to have fangs.

CROOK: Hey, pipe down.

ELSA: What am I doing on the ocean? I belong in the desert. We should never have agreed to come on this voyage as deckhands. I don't know what I was thinking. Look at me, I don't even have hands. Why did I think I would make a good deckhand?

FELLINI: Now, Elsa, it wasn't your fault. After all, we both needed the work.

ELSA: It's my fault we're tied up like this. Oh, if only the Captain hadn't suspected me of trying to poison him.

FELLINI: You were trying to poison him?

ELSA: If only I hadn't been caught.

FELLINI: Now calm yourself. Think about magic. Think about our act, but whatever you do, don't think about how we are all going to be fed to the sharks.

ELSA: I'm trying to remain calm, but...but...it's just a little hard right now on account of we're all going to be dead in a minute or two.

FELLINI: Look, I'll perform a little magic for you to keep you calm, all right? *(To Cobbler.)* Excuse me, do you mind if I

use you in a magic show of sorts in order to keep my snake assistant from thinking about death?

COBBLER: *(Sadly.)* Very well.

FELLINI: What is the matter with you?

COBBLER: I left my lucky pen and notebook by a tree. I can't write without them.

FELLINI: Am I the only one here who knows how to look on the bright side? *(To Knobbs.)* How about you?

KNOBBS: *(Sadly.)* Oh, woe is me. We have failed...there will be no more night!

FELLINI: Please, you're really bringing us all down. Could you at least try to be happy? I mean, so there is no more night. So what if we have to spend the rest of our lives with this terrible sun beating down upon us every day without a break. *(Suddenly depressed.)* Oh, man, I'm so depressed. What will happen to us all without the night? Whatever shall we do?

COBBLER: Put on a magic show?

FELLINI: Okay, watch the coin!

(Fellini rubs his hands together. The coin is transferred from his hand to Knobbs' pocket. Fellini is tied so tight that he has to use just two fingers to pull out the coin from Knobbs' pocket. He performs a few other tricks that a person can do with their hands tied.)

CROOK: Are ye going to pipe down over there, or am I going to have to separate ye all?

KNOBBS: We will never get out of this.

SNAIL: *(Whispers to Knobbs.)* Oh, yes, we will. *(Whispers to Fellini.)* If I create a diversion, do you think you can loosen these ropes?

FELLINI: *(Nods.)* I think so!

SNAIL: Say, Captain, I don't think your man here... *(Indicates Finaginn.)* ...tied these ropes tight enough. I'd watch him, if I were you.

CROOK: What do ye mean by that, landlubber?

SNAIL: Well, I simply mean that he looks a little shifty-eyed to me.

CROOK: (*Eyeing Finaginn.*) He's an honest man, slug. It be ye who be crooked.

SNAIL: That's not...no, I shouldn't say it.

CROOK: What shouldn't ye say now, slug?

SNAIL: Well, I...no, no, I'm sure that you're right. I'm sure that it is nothing.

CROOK: What have ye heard?

SNAIL: Well, it's no secret. I mean, everyone on the ship knows how he's conspiring against you to mutiny. Oh, I'm sorry, I shouldn't have said that.

CROOK: And where did this information come from, slug? And don't ye be telling me any tall tales. I can spot a tall tale from a long way off.

SNAIL: Well, I just overheard Finaginn talking about sneaking into your room while you are asleep and taking over the ship so that he can sail to North Carolina. You know, I don't really blame him. I've heard that if you are a pirate, North Carolina is the place to be today.

CROOK: Why should I believe you? No, I don't believe that my most-trusted man is planning to mutiny.

FILLINI: You don't have to believe her. Search through his pockets, and you will find your proof!

(*Captain Crook searches Finaginn's pockets.*)

CROOK: Well, what have we here, Finaginn? A key to my cabin in your pocket? Why, yes, that is what it is. There is the seashell-shaped top to prove it. It is the only lock on the ship that has a key like this. What do you have to say for yourself, Finaginn?

FINAGINN: But, Captain, I have no idea how that got in there! I just don't know what to say.

CROOK: (*To Crew.*) Place this man under arrest.

SNAIL: Oh, I wouldn't trust any of them to do the job...not after what I heard

CROOK: (*Paranoid.*) And what have ye heard, slug?

SNAIL: Well, nothing, except that they were all going to help kidnap you so they could reap the rewards. (*Indicates O'Douls.*) O'Douls, here, was in charge of the weapons for the job.

(Crook searches O'Douls pockets and finds a toy gun or squirt gun and a button that reads, "Down with Captain Crook.")

CROOK: O'Douls! Ye, traitor!

O'DOULS: But...but...

CROOK: Silence, yer lucky I'm in such a good mood, or I would slit yer gullet.

O'DOULS: But...but...

(O'Douls and Finaginn are hauled to the brig.)

CROOK: Is there anyone else involved in this plan to mutiny?

SNAIL: Why, they are all involved.

CROOK: Place yourselves under arrest, you charlatans!

(The crew goes into the brig and shuts the door. The last one in throws away the keys. The diversion has allowed the great Fellini time to escape from the ropes. They all escape and overpower Captain Crook, who we see being led to the brig and locked in as the lights go down.)

SCENE 5

(AT RISE: Onboard the pirate ship. The pirates are still locked in the brig. Cobbler, Knobbs, Snail, Fellini and Elsa are on deck. As lights come up, Cobbler searches the skies for a sign of Night.)

COBBLER: Oh, woe is me! *(Goes back to searching the sky.)*

KNOBBS: Oh, woe is me!

COBBLER: Oh, I am afraid that I am depressed, Knobbs.

KNOBBS: So am I, Cobbler, so am I.

COBBLER: I fear we shall never find the Night!

KNOBBS: *(Becoming more depressed.)* Just so, Cobbler, just so.

It does appear that we will not be able to accomplish what we set out to do.

COBBLER: Yes, I only hope that the Night can escape the clutches of evil without us. Because goodness knows, we've been of no help.

KNOBBS: Perhaps we should just give up and go back home.

COBBLER: True, it is quite hopeless.

SNAIL: Listen to yourselves. Don't you hear what you're saying? There have been many times this trip that I wanted to give up and go home, but I haven't. And do you know why?

KNOBBS: No!

COBBLER: No!

SNAIL: Well, neither do I. But I can tell you this, I'm not ready to give up yet. I'm going to press on with or without you.

(Suddenly, lights fade as darkness falls and a Shooting Star enters. The actors follow its continued path with their eyes as the Shooting Star exits.)

COBBLER: If I was the Night and I was trying to tell someone where I was, I would use a star to show them the way.

KNOBBS: Do you really think it's possible, Cobbler?

COBBLER: I would bet my reputation on it.

KNOBBS: You don't have a reputation.

(Cobbler reaches into his pocket to see what he has and pulls out a button.)

COBBLER: In that case, I would bet...this button.

KNOBBS: Just as you say, Cobbler, just as you say. Follow that star, everyone.

(Blackout.)

SCENE 6

(AT RISE: Onboard the pirate ship. The Shooting Star enters. Cobber, Knobbs, Fellini, Elsa, and Snail follow as the Star moves across the sky and settles behind a large boulder and disappears.)

FELLINI: What is that supposed to mean?

ELSA: You got me.

SNAIL: I think I may know what it means. I have seen it before.

KNOBBS: Where?

SNAIL: In a dream...I saw it in a dream.

ELSA: How can that be? It just happened.

SNAIL: I don't know, but I have seen it before. This means something...something important. In my dream, it was accompanied with a...a...I don't know...something.

FELLINI: I'm getting sunburned.

ELSA: I'm shedding my skin.

KNOBBS: I'm parched!

COBBLER: I miss my writing book. There was a lot of good stuff in there. *(To Snail.)* How are you?

SNAIL: I'm fine.

KNOBBS: Cobbler, what do you suggest we do now?

SNAIL: I think that we should leave the ship. We should send a landing party ahead to find out what's going on.

COBBLER: Why?

KNOBBS: Why?

FELINI: Why?

SNAIL: Because that was the way it was in my dream.

KNOBBS: What dream?

COBBLER: What dream?

FELINI/ELSA: What's this got to do with your dream?

SNAIL: Everything, I think.

KNOBBS: Snail, this is our decision. Stay out of it.

COBBLER: She is entitled to her opinion.

KNOBBS: I believe she has bewitched you, my friend. After all, you know what they say about giant snail shells: "White with black, all right, Jack; red with yellow's a bewitching fellow."

(Cobbler sticks his tongue out at Knobbs.)

COBBLER: Well, I don't care what color her shell is. She hasn't bewitched me so far, and I do not believe she will! So there.

KNOBBS: Very well, Cobber, we shall follow the Snail's advice and go ashore...her, you, and I. I sure hope you know what you are doing.

(Blackout.)

SCENE 7

(AT RISE: *On the shore of an island. As Cobbler, Knobbs, and Snail enter, Dragon follows them on tiptoe. Snail sees something out of the corner of her eye, but every time she looks to see what it is, the Dragon ducks behind a tree just in time to keep Snail from seeing him. Finally, after doing this three times or so, Dragon jumps out and scares Snail.*)

DRAGON: (*Laughs.*) I know who you seek!

KNOBBS: Who do we seek then?

DRAGON: You seek the lady who makes the stars come out.

You seek the Night, young ones.

KNOBBS: Do you know where she is?

DRAGON: I do, and I will take you there for the right price.

KNOBBS: Yes, go on.

DRAGON: Okay, let me calculate a fair price. (*With a greedy look in his eyes, he pulls out a notebook and a pen.*)

COBBLER: Is that notebook made by Parchment Master?

DRAGON: Yes, it is! I find that when it comes to writing things down, Parchment Master is the only notebook that satisfies all my needs. I've tried other brands, and let me tell you, Parchment Master is the best.

COBBLER: Oh!

DRAGON: Would you like to buy one? I am selling both the pen and the notebook for the special introductory price of \$19.95.

COBBLER: No thanks. Ever since I lost my last notebook, I haven't been able to replace it. I mean, that notebook had a lot of wonderful ideas in it that are completely irreplaceable. I just don't feel like writing since I lost it.

DRAGON: Are you sure?

COBBLER: Yes, thank you.

DRAGON: I only ask, because it such a good deal, and I tell you what, you look like the kind of a...a... (*Looks at Cobbler*

to try to figure out what he is.) ...creature who knows a good deal when you see one. Am I right about that? (Greedy smile.)

COBBLER: Well, I like to think...

DRAGON: Exactly, and since you seem to know so much about this sort of thing, I am going to give you a bonus. If you act right now, I will throw in this handy Jazco Fitsula knife. *(Pulls out a flimsy knife, demonstrates.)* It dices. It chops. And it's perfect for slaying dragons. Well, forget that last part. But I've got to tell you, if I were not a dragon myself, I would buy one. Now, surely, you're interested. I mean, who wouldn't be?

COBBLER: Well, I don't know! What else do you have?

DRAGON: Well, I...could you wait here for a minute, please?

COBBLER: Sure!

DRAGON: I will be right back. Don't go anywhere.

(Dragon disappears into the trees for a minute and re-enters carrying a wooden jewelry box.)

DRAGON: You're in luck. I spoke to my supervisor, and he authorized me to give you these... *(Pulls out plastic pocket watches from jewelry box.)* ...lovely plastic—I mean gold—pocket watches as part of the deal. So, let's review. You get the Parchment Master pen, the Parchment Master notebook, the handy Jasco Fitsula knife, and these lovely plastic—I mean gold—watches all for \$19.95. What do you say? Pretty good deal, huh?

COBBLER: I suppose so!

KNOBBS: But, how much do you charge to bring us to the spot where the Night presides.

DRAGON: I forgot all about that. Let's see...I guess I could bring you there for say...

(Dragon whispers in Knobbs' ear.)

KNOBBS: That is a ridiculous asking price.

DRAGON: That does not include the price of the products you will order.

KNOBBS: How much?

DRAGON: Twenty of each of the products that we just spoke of...or no deal.

SNAIL: I could get all of this stuff for half the price somewhere else.

KNOBBS: It will not work anyway. We have not brought enough money with us to buy all of that.

DRAGON: I'll take a credit card. Or, I suppose, you could try to find someone else who knows where the Night is...?

SNAIL: We'll get back to you on that.

(LOCAL 1 enters.)

SNAIL: Excuse me, do you know where the Night is being held?

LOCAL 1: *(Annoyed.)* Do I look like I would know that?

SNAIL: No, I apologize.

LOCAL 1: Yeah, whatever!

(Local 1 exits. Local 2 enters.)

SNAIL: Excuse me, do you know where the Night is being held?

LOCAL 2: What's the matter with you? You got slime for brains? Of course I don't know where the Night is being held. If I did, I would go let her out so she could cool me off.

(Local 2 exits. Local 3 enters, looks at watch.)

LOCAL 3: Plastic piece of junk! \$19.95, huh!

SNAIL: Say, excuse me, could you direct us to where the Night is being held.

LOCAL 3: Not right now, young lady. I'm late. Ask me tomorrow.

(Local 3 exits. Local 4 enters.)

SNAIL: *(To others.)* Boy, people sure aren't very friendly on this island. *(To Local 4.)* Say, excuse me...

LOCAL 4: *(Angry.)* Out, out of my way!

(Local 4 exits. Snail crosses back over to Cobbler, Knobbs, and Dragon.)

SNAIL: *(To Knobbs.)* Pay the dragon what he wants.

KNOBBS: *(To Dragon.)* You may take us to the Night. *(Pulls out his credit card.)*

DRAGON: I'll be right back.

(Dragon takes credit card and disappears for a minute behind the trees as before. He re-enters, carrying scissors, credit card and receipt. Dragon hands Knobbs a receipt.)

DRAGON: There you go. Here is your receipt. *(Dragon, cuts up the credit card and gives Knobbs the pieces.)* And there you go, that way you don't have to do it when you get home. Shall we go?

(Wolves enter suddenly and attack. They quickly subdue our heroes and put them all in a huge iron pot over a fire, except for the Dragon. They put a dog collar on the Dragon and chain him to a large tree. Then the wolves pour a bucket of water into the Dragon's mouth to put out his flame.)

FRENCH WOLF: *(To Dragon.)* And now that your fire is out, how will you help your friends?

DRAGON: I'm not really with them. Let me show you a nice watch. I tell you what, just loosen this chain a little bit so that I can get to my sample case?

FRENCH WOLF: Nice try, Dragon.

SNIFFUS: We have all been waiting for just the right moment to attack. You fools, you didn't really think that I was going to let you get away, now did you?

COBBLER: Well, I think we all figured that you were far too nice to really kill us.

SNIFFUS: I assure you, we are not too nice to kill you. We have followed your scent all the way from the mainland in the hopes of doing just that. We even paid a heavy toll to cross the Watergate Bridge so that we could get to this island. And now, finally, all of our searching and suffering and all of the quarters that we had to come up with at the tollbooth have paid off in a big way. We have you at last, my friends... *(Sinisterly.)* ...or should I say my *meals*.

(Sniffus laughs villainously. On the other side of the stage from our heroes, the other wolves start to look through cookbooks and lick their lips. Sniffus joins them and picks up a cookbook.)

SNIFFUS: *(Reads.)* Hero sandwiches. First prepare the meat in a large pot. Combine with cumin, salt, and Sergeant's brand pepper. Add onions, garlic, and melted butter to the mix and stir well.

(Crying, Jagtooth approaches, carrying some onions.)

JAGTOOTH: *(Crying.)* Here are the onions, your majesty.

SNIFFUS: Thank you, Master Jagtooth. You may put them over there with the other ingredients.

(Jagtooth does so.)

KNOBBS: You fools. You will never get away with this. We are all-powerful wizards. You will regret this. Isn't that so, Cobbler?

COBBLER: I do not wish to argue, but I believe that they have the upper hand at present, Knobbs.

KNOBBS: Cobbler, please refrain from telling our enemies that they have won.

COBBLER: But, they have won!

KNOBBS: Oh, yes, indeed. You are correct, Cobbler. I sure wish I knew the *write* thing to do to get us out of this mess.

COBBLER: I wish you did too.

KNOBBS: No, no, you don't understand. Let me say this again, *write* now, so that you can understand me better.

COBBLER: All right, go ahead. I'm listening.

KNOBBS: All *write*, go ahead. You're listening?

COBBLER: Yes, go ahead.

KNOBBS: Should I go on, *write* now?

COBBLER: I don't understand. What's the matter with you?

(Knobbs looks around to make sure no one can hear them.)

KNOBBS: *(Whispers in Cobbler's ear.)* Listen, weren't you the one who was always telling me that you could write yourself out of any situation? Well, this would be a good time to try.

COBBLER: But, only a Sun Writer can do that, and I am afraid that for all my dreaming, I am only a guard.

KNOBBS: Cobbler, my hooves are getting very hot. I would very much like to see you try before you give up.

(French Wolf licks lips, tastes broth, adds salt.)

FRENCH WOLF: Ah-huh, huh, huh. *(Pokes Snail.)* Es Car Go. *[Escargot.]*

SNAIL: *(To Cobbler.)* So would I.

COBBLER: Well, I'll try, but I can't guarantee anything. I haven't even had any practice.

FRENCH WOLF: You're mine, Snail. *(Goes to get another ingredient.)*

SNAIL: *(Terrified and desperate.)* Listen, you've got to do something now. The Sun Writer is in you. All you have to do is believe in yourself.

COBBLER: I'll try! Let's see. "Our heroes sat..." Um... "...in the..." Um... "...pot." No, I don't like that word "pot." "Kettle." "Kettle" is better.

(Across the stage, the French Wolf starts to sing.)

SNAIL: Never mind the back story. Just do it!

COBBLER: All right, here goes. "Suddenly, a wild, fierce wind came in. It roared like a white tiger through the forest. None but the pure of heart could withstand its terrible wrath. It blew and blew until all the evil ones had been swept away." *(Listens for a sound.)* See, I told you it wouldn't work.

(Suddenly the Wind enters and blows away all but Cobbler, Knobbs, Snail, Dragon, and Jagtooth.)

JAGTOOTH: Oh well, I never really wanted to be the perfect killing machine, anyway. *(To heroes.)* So where are you going?

KNOBBS: We are going to save the Night from the clutches of evil.

JAGTOOTH: Oh, she's in the clutches of evil. No wonder the Sun hasn't gone down for the past month. Can I come?

KNOBBS: I don't know. Do you think he can be trusted, Cobbler?

COBBLER: I did say that all with a pure heart should remain here after the Wind had gone.

KNOBBS: Quite so, Cobbler! You may come with us, pure one. What is your name?

JAGTOOTH: Jagtooth Us Sharpus, but everyone calls me Master Jagtooth.

KNOBBS: Very well, Master Jagtooth, would you mind untying the dragon over there, please? *(To Snail.)* And you, my dear, can you forgive me? For I have treated you badly this entire trip. I'm afraid I am nothing but an old goat. Forgive me. Forgive me. *(Melodramatic.)* No longer shall you carry our bags. Venture forth as an equal. I, Knobbs of the Forest Proper, set you free.

SNAIL: I dreamed of this!

COBBLER: *(Melodramatic.)* It is the dream of all who are not free.

SNAIL: Yes, but, I mean that I actually *dreamed* this. That...and well...we must wait and see if that part comes true. *(To Knobbs.)* I had a feeling about you.

KNOBBS: What sort of feeling?

SNAIL: That you were more than just an old goat! My feelings and dreams are seldom wrong.

KNOBBS: Thank you, my dear. Shall we go?

SNAIL: Yes, let's...

(Cobbler, Knobbs, Snail, and Jagtooth exit hand in hand. Dragon follows. Blackout.)

[End of Freeview]