



R. Eugene Jackson

Inspired by Beatrix Potter's story, *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

BIG DOG PUBLISHING

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BIG DOG PUBLISHING

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TIMMY WILLIE, THE COUNTRY MOUSE

COMEDY FOR YOUNG AUDIENCES. Inspired by Beatrix Potter's *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*. The Country Mice know they've got to get up early and eat their fill of the Farmer's vegetables before he loads up his cart and heads to town. Not one for gettin' up early, Timmy Willie, a good ol' country mouse, arrives late to the garden and discovers that the only vegetables left are the ones on the Farmer's cart. Not wanting to go hungry, Timmy Willie helps himself to some of the vegetables, but when the Farmer and his daughter arrive, he hastily hides in the cart under a blanket. Trapped in the Farmer's cart, Timmy Willie arrives in town, where he encounters an angry cook, a lazy cat, and the local Town Mice, who eat their vegetables *cooked*. Yuck! Preferring his vegetables raw, Timmy Willie hitches a ride in the Farmer's cart back to the country and receives an unexpected visitor. Audiences of all ages will love this countrified children's comedy!

Performance Time: Approximately 60 minutes.



Left to right: Helen Beatrix Potter, 15, with her dog Spot; Arthur Rackham illustration from Aesop's Fables, 1912; illustration by Beatrix Potter from her book *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*, 1918.

ABOUT THE STORY

English author and illustrator Helen Beatrix Potter (1866-1943) wrote 30 books during her literary career and is best known for her children's stories featuring animals. As a child, Potter kept several pets including mice, rabbits, cats, guinea pigs, and dogs. *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse* is based on the Aesop fable, "The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse." Potter's story was published in 1918 and she dedicated it "To Aesop in the shadows." In Potter's story, Timmy Willie, a country mouse, falls asleep in a vegetable hamper and is transported to a house in the city where the city mice are having a mouse dinner party. Timmy Willie dislikes the housecat, maid, and rich food and returns to the country. Johnny Town-Mouse visits Timmy Willie in the country and finds cows and lawnmowers terrifying and returns to the city.

CHARACTERS

(3 M, 8 F, 11 flexible)

(With doubling: 3 M, 8 F, 4 flexible)

TIMMY WILLIE: A good ol' country mouse who likes to sleep in late; male.

ROSE: Country mouse who is sweet on Timmy Willie; female.

MAMA: Timmy Willie's mother; female.

CHARLIE/CARLY: Country mouse who hates carrots; flexible.

ZIPPER: Inarticulate country mouse who hates radishes; flexible.

BETTY JO: Country mouse who tends to repeat herself; female.

MAZIE: Country mouse who loves corn; female.

DANNY/DONNA: Country mouse who thinks he can breathe and eat at the same time; flexible.

FARMER: Hates it when rodents eat his vegetables; male.

BROOK: Farmer's daughter who loves pumpkins; female.

COOK: Café cook; wears a tall white hat and a dirty white apron; female.

ELENOR: Cook's kitchen assistant; female.

JIMMY: Town mouse who befriends Timmy Willie; male.

KATHY: Town mouse who works as a waitress; female.

TOWN MOUSE 1-6: Mice who live in town; flexible.

CAT: Cook's lazy, sleepy cat who is supposed to keep the mice away; flexible.

RABBIT: Rabbit who lives in the country and loves to eat carrots; nonspeaking; flexible.

EXTRAS (opt.): As additional Country Mice or Town Mice.

COSTUMES

All Mice have visible mouse noses, ears, and tails. Male Country Mice wear straw hats and a shirt with bib overalls or jeans. Female Country Mice wear bonnets and a shirt with a skirt. All Town Mice wear shirts with white collars and black bowties.

OPTIONS FOR DOUBLING

CHARLIE/TOWN MOUSE 1 (flexible)
MAZIE/TOWN MOUSE 2 (flexible)
ZIPPER/TOWN MOUSE 3 (flexible)
BETTY JO/TOWN MOUSE 4 (flexible)
DANNY/TOWN MOUSE 5 (flexible)
MAMA/TOWN MOUSE 6 (flexible)
CAT/RABBIT (flexible)

SETTINGS

A road in the country. Outside a café in town.

SET

Country road. A country backdrop may be used. There is a hint of a cave at SR to represent the home of the Country Mice. There are several sitting places in front of it including a tree stump and a roughly built table and chairs SR. There are bushes or trees large enough for Country Mice to hide behind. An unseen garden is located off SL.

Town café. There is a backdrop of a café.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

Scene 1: Country road.

Scene 2: Outside a café.

Scene 3: Country road.

PROPS

Handful of carrots
 Cabbages
 Radish
 Small pumpkin
 Tomato
 Small basket of vegetables
 Rose that has only 1 petal
 Large cart or wagon (Note:
 Large or medium cart
 needs to be big enough
 for Timmy Willie to hide
 in.)
 Medium-sized cart or
 wagon that can be
 attached to the large cart
 or wagon
 Small wagon that can be
 attached to the medium
 cart or wagon
 Several empty cloth/burlap
 bags to carry vegetables
 Assorted vegetables to fill
 carts (may be real or fake)
 Dusty blanket
 Shovel
 Large pumpkin

Broom
 Vegetable with a bite taken
 out of it
 Half-eaten celery stalk
 Half-eaten apple
 Eggplant with a bite taken
 out of it (or some other
 vegetable)
 Apron, for Cook
 Cucumber
 Bowl of cooked vegetables
 Small cup of water
 Plate of cooked radishes
 Fork
 Menu of country food items
 Small suitcase, for Jimmy

SOUND EFFECTS

Traveling music
 Music for scene change
 Sound of a lawnmower
 Dogs barking
 Dog growling
 Sound of children playing

"CITY FOOD TASTES BAD...
REAL BAD."

—TIMMY WILLIE

SCENE I

(AT RISE: A country road in front of the cave home of the Country Mice, early morning. Mama, Mazie, Zipper, Betty Jo, and Danny cheer as they enter from the cave and from USR, SR, and DSR. They are carrying a variety of vegetables from the unseen garden off SL and begin to gleefully nibble on the vegetables.)

MAMA: (To other Country Mice, gleefully.) Way-ll, ah hope ya'll er happy 'n' fillin' yer tummies with the best veggies in the whole wide world!

(Other Country Mice cheer. They return to gleefully eating their vegetables and adlib how good the vegetables taste. Charlie enters USL and takes a few bites from his vegetable.)

CHARLIE: Zow-wee! Goodie food from a goodie garden!
(Indicates unseen garden off SL and takes another bite.) Delicious!

MAZIE: As long as the farmer don't catch us. (Nibbles on her vegetable.)

ZIPPER: (Mouthful of veggie, unintelligible.) Nortie-nortie...ggaizz...hipper...

MAZIE: Zipper, quit yer tryin' to talk with a mouthful o' food.

ZIPPER: Yessum. Way'll, how's this hyer? (Quickly nibbles. Mouthful of veggie, unintelligible.) Nortie-nortie—

MAZIE: Stop it, Zipper! Stop it!

ZIPPER: Okay! Ah'll zip it. (Mimes zipping his mouth shut.)
Zzzzzppp!

MAZIE: Disgustin'!

BETTY JO: (To other Country Mice.) Springtime brangs us lots o' goodies, ya'll. So eat up!

CHARLIE: Ah'm a-eatin' ever-thang ah can shove into ma mouth.

MAZIE: Way'll, watch out yew don't swaller yer own hand, Charlie.

CHARLIE: Whut? Mah hand's too big to swaller ma own hand, Mazie. See hyer... *(Tries to swallow his fist, but almost chokes on it, coughs.)*

DANNY: *(To other Country Mice.)* Ever'body whut's eatin' needs to take a big breath now 'n' agin. Ready? Breathe! *(Takes a deep breath, but no one pays attention. Louder.)* Ah said, breathe. Hey, ya'll, git with it!

BETTY JO: *(With a mouthful of food.)* Ah cain't breathe 'n' eat at the same time, Danny. *(Takes another bite of a veggie.)*

DANNY: Way'll, ah can. Jist watch me. *(Takes a big breath and begins to cough and sputter.)*

MAZIE: Yew cain't breathe 'n' eat at the same time, Danny. Ere yew chokin'?

DANNY: *(Clears his throat.)* Uh, nope. Not me. Ah don't... *(Coughs.)* ...choke. Never. *(Coughs.)*

MAMA: *(Eying up cabbages.)* Way'll, ah can surely use some o' these nice cabbages fer our suppertime feast.

CHARLIE: But the way yer gobblin' 'em, Mama, yew won't have no lettuce left over to cook.

MAMA: They's plenty o' cabbage heads, but not lettuce heads, Charlie.

CHARLIE: Then where ere they? *(Looks around.)*

MAMA: Way'll... *(Looks around. Clears her throat.)*
Way'll...ah guess ah can cook up some delicious carrots, then.

CHARLIE: Carrots?! Yuck! Who eats carrots?!

MAMA: Rabbits.

CHARLIE: No, they don't.

(Rabbit hops on USR with a carrot in his mouth and a handful of carrots.)

RABBIT: Goodie, goodie, carrots! Goodie, goodie, carrots!
Goodie, goodie —

(Country Mice pause to watch Rabbit cross from USR and exit DSL.)

CHARLIE: Whut was they-et, Mama?

MAMA: A carrot.

CHARLIE: Ah mean, whut was eatin' the carrot?

MAMA: A rabbit, Charlie. A rabbit was eatin' the carrot.

MAZIE: Fergit the rabbit, ya'll. Eat while yew can! The farmer'll be comin' through hyer purty soon 'n' take away all our good eatin'.

ZIPPER: Ah'm full! *(Rubs his belly.)* Cain't eat no more.

MAZIE: No? How's about this radish? *(Holds up radish.)*

ZIPPER: Gimme! *(Grabs the radish and tosses it into his mouth.)*

MAZIE: Is it good?

ZIPPER: *(Spits radish into his hand.)* Good? Whut is it?!

MAZIE: A radish. Ah tole yew it was a radish.

ZIPPER: *(Looking for a place to dispose of the radish.)* Yuck!
Yuck, yuck, yuck!

MAZIE: Give it to me, Zipper.

ZIPPER: Happy to!

(Zipper hands the radish to Mazie. Mazie looks at the radish in her hand.)

MAZIE: *(To herself.)* Now whut do ah do with it? *(Looks off SR.)* Hmm... *(Tosses the radish off SR and brushes her hands together.)*

MAMA: *(To other Country Mice.)* Ah thank we should git hold of the good food 'n' hide. The farmer man whut owns this hyer place will be comin' by purty soon. He'll want to fill his wagon with our vegetables, 'n' if he sees us, he'll probably want to shoot us.

MAZIE: Shoot us? Mama, won't that hurt?

MAMA: Yea-us, Mazie! It would be a biiiig hurt.

(Timmy Willie enters SR.)

CHARLIE: Hey, ever-body... *(Pointing to Timmy.)* ...it's Timmy Willie!

OTHER COUNTRY MICE: *(Stop eating vegetables.)* Who?

(Pause.)

CHARLIE: Timmy Willie.

OTHER COUNTRY MICE: Oh! *(Return to eating their vegetables.)*

CHARLIE: *(To Timmy.)* Yer a little late fer our big banquet, Timmy Willie.

TIMMY: Whut's a "bam-quit," Charlie?

CHARLIE: Food, Timmy Willie, food.

TIMMY: Oh! Ah like food! That's why ah come hyer. *(Rubs his hands together as he scans the scene.)* But it looks like ever-body else done et up ever'thang good.

CHARLIE: Way'll, yew shoulda come early like the rest of us.

TIMMY: *(Big yawn.)* Ohhhh! It's sooo early in the mornin'. Ah don't usually eat till maybe around noonish. Way'll, ah better git somethin' or else it'll all be gone.

(Charlie picks up a small pumpkin and shows it to Timmy.)

CHARLIE: How's about a nice big pumpkin?

TIMMY: Whut? Is they-ut a bumpkin? A real bumpkin?

CHARLIE: No, Timmy. No, it's a *pumpkin*.

TIMMY: Way'll, ah don't 'specially like bumpkins, Charlie.

CHARLIE: Really? Way'll, okay, then. *(Puts the pumpkin down. Indicating unseen garden off SL.)* It's a big garden, Timmy Willie. Take yer pick.

(Timmy goes SL and looks off.)

TIMMY: Well, strawberries, then.

CHARLIE: Ah thank most of them strawberries has done been et already.

TIMMY: (*Disappointed.*) Oh.

CHARLIE: Well, okay, Timmy. Yer on yer own [the-in]. [*"then."*] (*Walks away.*)

MAZIE: (*Offering Timmy a tomato.*) Hyer yew be, Timmy, a nice round plump to-mater.

TIMMY: Ah don't know. (*Looks at tomato.*) Mazie, it's got a rotten place right thar! (*Points.*) A rotten place! Ah don't eat rotten places.

MAZIE: Whar is it? (*Looks.*) I don't see no rotten place.

TIMMY: (*Points.*) It's right thar, Mazie. Don't you see it?

MAZIE: (*Looks.*) Uhhh, nope. Don't see no rotten place.

TIMMY: Right thar! (*Points.*) A rotten place!

MAZIE: Well, ah can git rid of it fer yew. (*Takes a nibble of the "rotten" place.*) Oh, yum-yum! Delicious!

TIMMY: The rotten place? You et it? The rotten place?

MAZIE: Yep. Shore did.

TIMMY: Did it taste good?

MAZIE: Yep.

TIMMY: Well, then, maybe ah'll take it. (*Holds out his paw.*)

MAZIE: Too late, Timmy Willie. (*Turns away.*) Yew may like it, but I like it better. It's really dee-licious! (*Pause.*) Includin' the rotten spot.

(*Mazie walks away, gnawing on the tomato. Timmy follows her.*)

TIMMY: But...but...ah'm really hungry, Mazie. Maybe ah can eat it anyways.

MAZIE: Too late. (*Exits SL to the unseen garden.*)

TIMMY: But...but...but... (*Shouts.*) ...ah'm hungry!

(*Betty Jo approaches Timmy.*)

BETTY JO: Hey, Timmy Willie. Yew shoulda come a little earlier. Yer late fer this mornin's sumptuous feast.

TIMMY: *(Stretching his arms.)* Mmmm! Ah like to sleep late. But when ah come hyer, ah want to eat! Eat, eat, eat! *(Pretending to grab food and tossing it into his open mouth.)* Like tha-ut!

BETTY JO: Way'll, most of the veggies ere gone, Timmy. We done et 'em. Well, most of em anyways.

TIMMY: But, Betty Jo, don't the farmer come by 'n' load up his wagon with stuff?

BETTY JO: An' takes it all to the city to [say-ell]. Yep, that's right. *(Looks off SL.)* If thar's anythang left to [say-ell]. ["sell"]

TIMMY: Way'll, ah like blackberries.

BETTY JO: They's over they-er. *(Points off SL.)*

TIMMY: An' ah like blueberries.

BETTY JO: They's over they-er. *(Points off DSL.)*

TIMMY: An' ah like strawberries.

BETTY JO: They was over they-er. *(Points upstage.)* But somebody done et most of em.

TIMMY: An ah like... *(Smiling, Rose hums a pretty tune while dancing on DSL. She is carrying a basket of smaller vegetables. She twirls happily and Timmy spots her. Smiles broadly.)* ...An' ah like the smell of...roses!

BETTY JO: Roses? We don't eat no roses, Timmy Willie. They're fer lookin' at, not fer eatin'.

TIMMY: *(Looking at Rose dreamily.)* Ah know!

BETTY JO: Yew know?

TIMMY: Ah shore do. *(Pause. Looking at Rose dreamily.)* Thar ain't no rose that's as purty as ma Rose.

BETTY JO: Whut?

TIMMY: Rose. *(Points to Rose.)* She's as bright as a rose, she smiles like a rose, she smells like a rose! An' she's...she's...purty as a rose!

BETTY JO: *(Jealous.)* Well, she ain't that purty!

TIMMY: *(Dreamily.)* The purtiest rose in the whole en-tire gigantic world!

BETTY JO: (*Angrily.*) Well! Er yew callin' me ugly? Ah ain't ugly!

TIMMY: 'Course not. But you ain't a rose, neither. (*Stares at Rose.*)

BETTY JO: (*Angrily.*) Way-ll! Ah never!

(Betty turns her back to him and exits. Other County Mice exit SR with their arms full of vegetables. Some Mice wave to Rose as they pass her. Rose waves back. After the other Country Mice have exited, Rose turns to Timmy.)

ROSE: Oh! Timmy Willie! Ah didn't see yew.

TIMMY: (*Flirtatiously.*) Way'ell, Rose, ah seen yew... (*Giggles.*)

ROSE: (*Looks around.*) Yeh-us. Way'll, seems ever-body done picked up their favor-ite vegetable, 'n' ah guess ever-one left the garden.

TIMMY: (*Flirtatiously.*) 'Cept fer me.

ROSE: (*Sweetly.*) Was yew a-waitin' fer me, Timmy Willie...poor little ol' me?

TIMMY: (*Sweetly.*) Way'll, maybe.

ROSE: Why?

TIMMY: 'Cause.

ROSE: 'Cause why?

TIMMY: Well, ah guess it's cause yer purty.

ROSE: (*Flattered.*) Oh!

TIMMY: An' yew wear purty clothes.

ROSE: What? These old thangs? (*Twirls around.*) Really?

TIMMY: (*Nervous, sighs.*) Ah guess so.

ROSE: Well, thank yew, Timmy Willie.

(Timmy turns away and picks a rose that has only a single petal.)

TIMMY: (*Indicating rose.*) Yer as purty as this hyer...whatever it is.

ROSE: It's a rose, Timmy Willie. A beautiful red rose.

TIMMY: (*Shyly.*) Ah, shucks, Rose. Yer the— (*Coughs.*) Ah mean, yer really the real— (*Coughs.*) Yer really the—

ROSE: But, Timmy, thar ain't nuthin' but one petal on that they-ar [stee-um]. [*"stem"*]

TIMMY: Oh. Okay. Way'll, ah'll find yew a better one.

(*Timmy quickly gives the rose to Rose and turns around to look for another rose.*)

ROSE: I guess this one'll do. It's beautiful.

TIMMY: Oh, okay. (*The single rose petal falls off the stem to the ground.*) Uh-oh! Ah'll git it! Ah'll git it! (*Stoops down, picks up the single petal, takes the stem from Rose, and tries to attach the single petal.*) Ah can fix it, Rose. Ah'm good at fixin' thangs. It's jist one petal. (*Accidentally touches the thorns.*) Ouch, ouch, ouch! Roses have too many thorns! (*Turns around in pain.*) Ouch! Ow! That hurts!

ROSE: It's okay, Timmy. All roses have stickers on they-er ste-ums.

TIMMY: But it's thorny! An' it hurts!

ROSE: Never mind the rose.

TIMMY: Yew mean the ste-um.

ROSE: (*Romantically.*) Way'll, ah don't want it to harm yew.

TIMMY: Huh?

ROSE: The thorns on rose bushes er sticky. They prick anybody whut touches 'em.

TIMMY: Oh. (*Pause.*) Oh! Oh, really?

(*Rose takes the stem from Timmy and tosses it to the ground.*)

ROSE: (*Smiles.*) Ye-ah, really.

TIMMY: Well, ah...um...

(*Timmy leans in to kiss Rose but is interrupted when Charlie, Mama, Betty Jo, Mazie, Zipper, and Danny enter SR.*)

CHARLIE: Timmy Willie! Yew still eatin'?

(Timmy backs away from Rose. Embarrassed, Rose turns away.)

TIMMY: Um, whut, Charlie? Whut? Ah ain't eaten nuthin' yeh-ut. Cain't yew see ah'm busy right now?

MAMA: Timmy Willie, was yew a-tryin' to kiss the hand of this lovely mouse?

TIMMY: *(Nervously.)* Um...no! Ah jist spotted a spot on her hand 'n' ah was a-goin' to lick it off.

MAMA: Yew was mighty close to kissin' her!

TIMMY: Um...

MAMA: Way-ull, yew best kiss her later 'cause we got bad news!

TIMMY: Like whut?

BETTY JO: Like warnin' yew that that mean farmer man is headin' this way. An' he's got a biiiig cart!

MAZIE: A really big cart. Well, maybe it ain't so big.

BETTY JO: Way'll, he's got more than one cart.

MAMA: An' a young girl what's his young-un. Whut's her name?

BETTY JO: Brook. Ah thank her name's Brook. At least that's whut her pa calls her.

CHARLIE: Fergit the girl. It's the farmer what scares me real bad.

ZIPPER: 'Cause we done et up most of his veggies.

MAMA: When he finds out, he ain't gonna be a happy farmer.

CHARLIE: 'Cause he don't have nuthin' much to [sail]. Since we et most of it. [*"sell"*]

MAZIE: So he'll probly be angry. Have yew ever seen the farmer when he's mad?

DANNY: Not me. When he comes, ah go! *(Starts to exit.)*

CHARLIE: Go whay-ur, Danny?

(Danny halts.)

DANNY: *(Pointing off SL.)* Into the hole ah dug in his garden.

CHARLIE: Yew dug a hole in the farmer's garden?

DANNY: Shore did. Why not?

(Farmer enters SL, pulling a large cart or wagon, which is tied to a second smaller cart or wagon, which is tied to Brook's smaller wagon.)

FARMER: *(To himself.)* If them rats done et all mah goods, ah'll git 'em the-is time if'n it's the last thang ah do!

DANNY: *(To other Country Mice, frightened.)* Sorry, ah gotta go!

(Danny runs off USL. Brook enters SL.)

BROOK: Way'll, hyer's yer last thang to do, Pa.

FARMER: *(Shouts.)* It's them! Live rats! Rats, rats, 'n' more rats!

BROOK: How can yew tell?

FARMER: Why, ah can smell 'em from hyer.

BROOK: Smell em? Ah can see um, Pa.

(Brook points at Country Mice. All Country Mice except Rose and Timmy scream.)

CHARLIE: *(To other Country Mice.)* Did yew hyer that?! He's hyer! The farmer's hyer! *(To other Country Mice.)* Scatter! Get lost! Go, go, go! Yew go this way, 'n' others go that-away!

(All Country Mice, except Timmy and Rose, hide behind a bush or tree.)

FARMER: Ah was right, Brook! *(Indicating Mice.)* Thar they go! Look at 'em scatter!

BROOK: Ah see um, Pa.

ROSE: (*Nervously.*) Timmy, why er we a-stayin' hyer when the farmer's jist right they-re? (*Points.*)

TIMMY: Shhh.

(*Farmer pulls his caravan of carts/wagons to CS and stops. He looks over at the unseen garden SL.*)

FARMER: (*To Brook.*) Ahhhhh! This is awful! Terrible! The worst it's ever be-un!

BROOK: Way'll ain't nobody guardin' the place.

FARMER: (*Mumbling.*) Never mind! (*So angry he almost cries.*) No! No! No, no, no! This hyer is the worst garden in the whole en-tire world!

BROOK: But, Pa, it grows real nice vegetables.

FARMER: Yeah? An' who eats 'um? Huh? The rats! The ugly, mean, stupid long-tailed rats! An' they leave me with nuthin'! Nuthin'! (*Indicates the unseen garden SL.*) Look out thar! Nuthin' but vegetables that should be thar but ain't thar!

BROOK: But, Pa—

FARMER: We'll be lucky if'n we can harvest enuff vegetables to sell in the city.

BROOK: (*Looks SL.*) Aye see some goodies, Pa.

FARMER: Way'll, a few, ah guess. Let's fill up our bags as best we can. (*Takes one cloth bag from the first wagon and then stops and points at Brook's wagon, which is tied to the back of the second wagon.*) Whut in tarnation is tha-ut!

BROOK: It's mah wagon, Pa. Ah can load it up with all kinds o' thangs.

FARMER: Like whut?

BROOK: Way-ull, ah ain't too sure jist now.

FARMER: Ain't too sure? (*Pause.*) Oh, never mind. Let's jist git to our jobs hyer. Grab one o' them bags 'n' let's git to it. (*Exits USL.*)

ROSE: (*To Timmy, who is shaking.*) Er yew scared, Timmy?

(Timmy pulls Rose DSL.)

TIMMY: *(Nervously.)* Ah ain't a-feared of the farmer!

ROSE: Yes, yew are.

TIMMY: Am not!

ROSE: Timmy, yew are!

(Brook grabs a bag.)

BROOK: The-us is jist too much work, Pa!

(Brook exits USL. Mama sneaks on DSR and approaches Timmy and Rose.)

MAMA: *(Stage whisper.)* Timmy, Rose! Whut chu two up to?

TIMMY: Mama, shush! *(Puts his hand over her mouth.)*

ROSE: Mama, whut ere yew doin' hyer?

(Mama pulls Timmy's hand away from her mouth.)

MAMA: Ah'm tryin' to hep yew two get to a safe place.

TIMMY: Shhhh!

MAMA: Ah'm tryin' to save yer lives!

TIMMY: Not now! Rose, can yew talk to her *quietly*?

ROSE: Mama, go, please. Yer makin' too much noise.

MAMA: But, Rose, honey –

ROSE: Mama, please! Go!

(Mama thinks.)

MAMA: Okay, ah guess. Take care, ya'll. *(Turns to exit.)*

Ah'll miss ya'll. Yew know that, right?

ROSE: Mama!

MAMA: Okay, okay. Ah'm a-goin', ah'm a-goin'.

(Mama sneaks off DSR. Farmer enters, carrying a bag of vegetables.)

FARMER: *(To himself, angry.)* Ah'll shoot 'em! Ah'll clobber 'em, Ah'll git rid of 'em one way er t'other! *(Puts his bag of vegetables into one of the wagons and picks up a blanket. He is looking for something.)* Whar's mah shotgun? Ah cain't shoot 'em if'n ah ain't got my shotgun!

(Brook enters, carrying a bag of vegetables.)

BROOK: Ah thank yew left it behind, Pa. *(Dumps her smaller bag on one of the wagons.)*

FARMER: Left it behind whar?

BROOK: Ah seen yew lean it 'gainst our front door, 'n' then yew done run off without it.

FARMER: Ah didn't.

BROOK: Yew did, Pa. Ah seen yew do it.

ROSE: *(Nervously.)* What now, Timmy?!

TIMMY: Ah said ah'm not afraid of yew-know-who!

FARMER: *(To Brook.)* If'n ah had mah shotgun— *(Looks in the other wagon.)* Ah-ha! Hyer it is! Under this hyer blanket. *(Uncovers a small shovel from the cart and holds it up.)* A shovel?! Ah thought it was mah shotgun! How can ah shoot them ugly, long-tailed rats with a shovel? *(Angrily tosses the shovel back into the wagon and picks up another empty bag for the vegetables.)* Bah! *(Exits USL.)*

BROOK: *(Calls.)* Jist don't hurt the rats...uh, ah mean mouses. *(Picks up an empty bag and exits after the Farmer.)*

ROSE: *(To Timmy.)* Shotgun? He's got a shotgun!

(Rose grabs Timmy and holds him with her face pressed to his shoulder.)

TIMMY: *(Nervous, shaking.)* Oh, um, ah guess—

ROSE: Yer shakin' all over.

TIMMY: No, ah ain't. *(Pause.)* Well, maybe jist a little hyer 'n' a little thar 'n' –

ROSE: All over.

TIMMY: All over. Yep. That's me. *(Rose holds Timmy tightly. Nervous.)* Ah thank we better go...now!

(Timmy grabs Rose by the hand and pulls her DSL.)

ROSE: No time. He's gonna catch us an' ...an' –

TIMMY: Shhh! *(Stage whisper.)* Let's hide over hyre.

(Timmy pulls Rose to a tree or bush and they hide behind it.)

ROSE: *(Crying.)* Oh, Timmy! Ah'm so frightened!

TIMMY: Shhh! *(Covers Rose's mouth with his hand and she bites it.)* Owwww! Yew...yew bit mah hand, Rose! An' it hurt...a lot!

ROSE: Shhh! We're dun fer, Timmy!

TIMMY: Ah don't thank so. If'n he cain't find it, the-un he cain't shoot it, right? An' ah don't think he found nothin'.

(Farmer enters with a small bag of veggies, which he places into one of the carts. Brook enters behind him and drops her smaller bag into a cart.)

BROOK: Way'll, tha-et didn't take too long, Pa.

FARMER: Yew ain't got no [see-unse] no ways. [*"sense"*]

BROOK: Ah got see-unse, Pa! Lots o' see-unse.

FARMER: Ah said yew ain't got no see-unse.

BROOK: Well, Pa, if'n ah got no see-unse, jist remember that ah inherited yer see-unse. *(Grabs an empty bag and exits SL.)*

FARMER: *(Calls.)* That thar's why yew got no see-unse. *(Realizes. To himself.)* Way-ull, wait. Ah said tha-ut all wrong.

BROOK: *(Offstage, calls.)* Never mind, Pa.

FARMER: *(Calls.)* Yer jist confusin' me, Brook.

(Brook enters, carrying a small bag of veggies.)

BROOK: Whut do yew mean? *(Places her bag into her tiny wagon.)* Thar! More veggies. That ain't much, but it's the best ah could do.

FARMER: Okay, okay. It's the best yew could do. *(Looks over at the unseen garden.)* But thar ain't much left to take to the city. Dad burn mice! Ugly rats! Stinkers!

BROOK: Why don't we jist trap some of the-um 'n' have 'em fer supper?

(Pause. Farmer just stares at her.)

FARMER: Have yew ever tasted a...rat?!

BROOK: Way'll, ah guess not. Whut do they taste like?

FARMER: Like garbage!

BROOK: Well, maybe yer supposed to cook 'em afore yew eat um.

FARMER: Hmm...ah never thunk of they-at.

BROOK: Well, let's finish gatherin' whut we can 'n' git movin' to the city.

FARMER: *(Sweetly.)* Maybe yew got a little sense.

BROOK: Thanks, Pa.

FARMER: Ah say-ed yew got a *little* sense, not *real* sense. Just a teeny bit of sense.

BROOK: Way'll that's sumthin', ain't it?

TIMMY: *(Stage whisper.)* Come own, Rose, over hyer.

(Timmy and Rose go DSR.)

FARMER: *(To Brook.)* Come own. We're gittin' whut we can.

(Brook starts to exit.)

BROOK: Yep. We can pile them vegetables own yer big wagons 'n' my teeny-tiny wagon.

FARMER: (*Tired, points off USL.*) That-a-way, Brook. Thar's a few more vegetables over thar. An' ah'm plumb [tarred]. (*Exits USL.*) [*"tired."*]

BROOK: (*Calls.*) Yes, Pa. Yes, yes, Pa. Whatever yew say, Pa...

(*Brook exits USL. Sobbing and shaking, Rose emerges from hiding.*)

ROSE: Timmy, I'm frightened.

TIMMY: Me too, Rose.

ROSE: Yer frightened, too?

TIMMY: (*Scared but trying to appear brave.*) Um, no! Ah ain't frightened! Did ah say that? Ah ain't frightened even one itty-bitty bit. (*Pause.*) Way'll, maybe a teeny-tiny, itty-bitty bit.

ROSE: I want to go home, Timmy. Will yew take me home?

TIMMY: Well, ah don't know, Rose. Ah still ain't et nothin' today, 'n' my tummy is cryin' out fer food.

ROSE: But...but ah thought you kinda...liked me.

TIMMY: Well, ah do. Ah do! But ah like food, too.

ROSE: Yew like food more than yew like me?

TIMMY: Well, no, but yew know how yer tummy bops and burps when it ain't received no food fer maybe like all night?

ROSE: Timmy...

TIMMY: Ah want to taste some of the foods what's already on their cart. Then my stomach will calm down 'n' ah'll feel better. The-in we can go somewheres together. What do yew thank?

ROSE: (*Frightened, angry.*) Timmy Willie, yew are so...so selfish!

TIMMY: Selfish? I'm so selfish? Well, ah'm sorry, Rose. Ah really, really feel good about yew.

ROSE: So...?

TIMMY: So ah have to eat first. Yew see, ah'm just a little...

ROSE: Just a little what?

TIMMY: Ah don't know.

ROSE: Yew won't take me home now?

TIMMY: Ah would, Rose, but –

ROSE: Then that means goodbye!

(Rose rushes off DSL. Timmy moves several steps in her direction.)

TIMMY: *(Calls.)* Rose! Rose, please! *(Stops and looks around. When he sees the wagons loaded food, he points to the wagon, points to Rose's exit, points to the food, sneaks toward the wagons, and peeks over the top. To himself.)* Ohhh! Yum, yum! Food! Food! *(Selects one of the bags and pulls out a vegetable. Takes a big bite.)* Mmmm! Delicious! *(Spots a different vegetable.)* Oh! Look at tha-et! *(Takes a bite.)* Oh, yeah! Good! Very good! *(Sees a third vegetable, picks it up, and takes a bite. Spits it out.)* Yuck! Oh, yuck! It tastes awful! *(Tosses the vegetable away.)* Ughhh! *(Picks up the first vegetable.)* Tasty, tasty! Already my tummy is feelin' better. *(Looks toward Rose's exit.)* Ah like Rose a big bunch, but ah shur need food. Nuthin' is better than fresh food!

(Farmer enters, carrying a bag of vegetables and places it in the first wagon.)

FARMER: *(To offstage, calls.)* Brook, yer gettin' too slow.

TIMMY: *(To himself.)* Aeeiiii! The farmer is back! Ah gotta hide. Hide real quick! *(Quickly looks around and sees no place to hide. He stoops downstage of one of the wagons.)*

FARMER: *(To offstage, calls.)* Come own, now, Brook! We ain't got all day!

BROOK: *(From off, calls.)* Ah'm a-comin', Pa! *(Carrying a huge pumpkin, she enters. Indicating pumpkin.)* Look whut ah found! It's real heavy!

FARMER: Where'd yew git that fine-lookin' pumpkin, gal?

TIMMY: *(To himself.)* Uh-oh! She's back already...both of um!
(Looks in all directions.) Whar can ah hide? *(Indicates SL.)* If'n
ah run that-a-way, ah'll run into the'um. *(Indicates SR.)* If'n
ah run that-a-way, ah'll be seen! So whut can ah do?

BROOK: *(To Farmer.)* Way-ull, when ah seen it, ah climbed
over a fence 'n' grabbed it.

FARMER: Yew climbed over somebody's fence and stole that
thar pumpkin?

BROOK: No, ah didn't. It was jist a-sittin' thar a-waitin' fer
somebody to pick it up. Nobody did, so ah picked it up.

TIMMY: *(To himself, nervously.)* Now whut do ah do?

FARMER: *(To Brook.)* Well, yew take it right back from where
yew stole it.

BROOK: Ah didn't stole it, Pa. It jist looked at me 'n' started
cryin', so ah had to save it so it would stop cryin'.

FARMER: Pumpkins don't cry.

BROOK: Oh. *(Sadly.)* Way-ull, then, ah guess ah'll take it
back to the other side o' the fence.

FARMER: Way'll, wait. Stop. We ain't got time fer they-at.
Jist throw it in yer kiddy wagon, 'n' let's git movin'. Way-ll
sell it and give the money to the owner.

BROOK: Way-ull, I gotta move this bag of vegetables. *(Places
the pumpkin on the ground.)*

FARMER: *(Shouts.)* Will yew hurry up! We ain't got all day!

BROOK: Ah know, ah know. *(Picks up the bag that was in her
wagon and tries to decide what to do with it.)* Uh, Pa...

FARMER: Whut? Whut?!

BROOK: Will yew do somethin' fer me...like maybe put these
veggies in one of your wagons?

(Brook hands the bag to Farmer.)

FARMER: *(Annoyed.)* Way'll, give it to me!

(Brook hands Farmer the bag and he puts it in one of the wagons.)

BROOK: An' now fer mah beautiful pumpkin. (*Places pumpkin in her wagon.*) They-re yew ere, Mr. Pumpkin. Get all comfy 'cause it's a long trip to the city.

TIMMY: (*To himself.*) Ah gotta hide somewheres! Now where is somewheres? (*Glances at the first wagon that has some vegetables in it.*) Cain't go they-ur. Not enuff room.

(*Timmy grabs a blanket and an empty bag off one of the wagons, sits on the ground, and covers himself. He pokes his head out and coughs.*)

FARMER: Whut was tha-ut? Brook, did yew sneeze jist now?

BROOK: Ah didn't sneeze, Pa. This hyer pumpkin is so heavy it mighta made some kinda noise.

TIMMY: (*To himself.*) Oh, no! They hear-ed me. (*Holds up the blanket.*) The-us blanket is covered in dust! (*Starts to sneeze but is able to hold it back.*)

FARMER: (*To Brook.*) Way-ull, don't sneeze on my vegetables no more, ya hyer me?

BROOK: Yes, Pa. (*Realizes.*) Ah mean, no, Pa. Ah didn't sneeze the first time. Ah didn't sneeze at all, so ah won't do it agin.

FARMER: If'n yew didn't sneeze, then who did, eh? Who did?

BROOK: Ah didn't hyer nuthin'. (*Sweetly.*) They-ur, Mr. Pumpkin...all comfy 'n' cozy.

TIMMY: (*Pokes his head out and sneezes loudly.*) Ah-choooooo! (*Wipes his nose with the blanket and then hides under it.*)

FARMER: (*To Brook.*) They-ur! Yew done it agin, Brook! Sneezin' all day! Sneezing ain't nice, 'specially in yer pa's [comp'nee]. [*"company."*]

(*Timmy manages a sneak peek, but quickly hides. Brook admires her pumpkin.*)

BROOK: Way'll, ah'm ready, Pa.

FARMER: Way'll, we gathered as much as we could. *(Starts to move to the front of the cart but notices a lump where Timmy is hiding.)* Wait. Whut's the-us? *(Reaches for the blanket.)*

BROOK: Pa, yew jist said we need to go, so let's go...now! Them stores in town ere a-waitin' own us 'n' our load of veggies.

FARMER: But—

BROOK: Yew was fussin' at me about bein' slow. Now it seems yew 'er bein' the slow one.

FARMER: Okay, okay.

BROOK: *(Points to SR.)* That-a-way, Pa.

FARMER: Ah know, ah know, Brook! Ah done made this hyer trip a hunnert times. Now, hush yer mouth. *(Farmer and Brook go SR and then DSR. Timmy peeks out from under his blanket while trying to keep up with the cart and sneezes.)* Ah told yew to stop that they-re sneezing, Brook!

BROOK: Weren't me, Pa.

FARMER: Maybe it was yer pumpkin.

BROOK: Pumpkins don't sneeze, Pa.

(Timmy sneezes.)

FARMER: *(Looking around.)* Maybe...maybe it's the trees. *(Looks up at the trees. Lying low, Timmy shoves the blanket aside and goes into a sneezing fit. Stops and looks around. Timmy ducks behind the last cart.)* Sounds like the trees ere doin' the sneezin', Brook. Ah ain't never hear-ed of trees doin' no sneezin'.

BROOK: Well, maybe they got sick, Pa.

FARMER: Sick trees? Trees don't git sick.

BROOK: Well, somebody is sick, 'n' it ain't me.

FARMER: An' it shore ain't me. *(Timmy pushes the blanket aside and sneezes. Farmer and Brook turn to DSL and continue. Shocked by watching the blanket fly up and then fall with each sneeze.)* Whut was they-ut? Did yew see that, gal? That blanket jist flew up in the air 'n' then fell back down.

BROOK: No, it didn't, Pa.

FARMER: It did. Ah heard it. *(Stops and tiptoes toward the vegetable cart. From under the blanket, Timmy sneezes several more times. Frightened, Farmer freezes. To Brook.)* Thar! Did yew see tha-ut?! Did yew see tha-ut?!

BROOK: Ah didn't see nuthin', Pa.

FARMER: Well, open yer eyes so yew can see better.

BROOK: The sun's up 'n' shinin' down own us. If'n we don't git to the city purty soon, we won't make no money.

FARMER: *(Realizes.)* Oh, yeah! Money! Well, ah thank yew might be right about tha-ut.

BROOK: An' we need the money.

(Farmer and Brook turn DSL. Farmer slowly backs away from the cart and gingerly grabs its handle.)

FARMER: *(Frightened.)* Let's...let's git outta hyer! *(Timmy sneezes.)* Quick! Quick! Afore the sneezer sneezes agin! Come up hyer with me, Brook. Hurry! Yew'll be safe hyer! Hurry! Hurry!

BROOK: Okay, okay, Pa.

(Farmer and Brook turn USL while she quickly goes to the front.)

FARMER: T-t-that's better, gal. Yer safe now!

(Timmy removes the blanket from his head.)

TIMMY: *(To himself.)* Someday, he oughta clean these hyer blankets. They-er dirty! Filthy dirty! *(Sneezes.)*

FARMER: Whut was tha-ut?!

(Farmer and Brook turn to USL and stop at UCS.)

TIMMY: Ah sneezed! *(To himself.)* Oops! Ah didn't mean to say tha-ut! *(Covers himself with the blanket.)*

FARMER: *(To Brook.)* Yew see? Yew see? It's all behind us now.

TIMMY: *(Sneezes.)* Ooh!

FARMER: *(Frightened.)* Faster, gal! Faster!

BROOK: Hey, Pa! Wait up! Wait fer meeee!

(Brook quickly follows Farmer. Timmy pushes the blanket aside.)

TIMMY: *(Looking around.)* Whur am ah? Ah thank ah'm lost.

(Traveling music is heard as Farmer and Brook continue their trip to town. Farmer and Brook travel in a large circle representing the long trek from the farm by going USR, then DSR toward the audience, then across the stage to DSL, then to USL to make a complete circle, ending up SRC in front of the café. Note: During this, stagehands or City Mice quietly clear the stage, set up scene 2, and exit SL.)

SCENE 2

(AT RISE: *The front of a small village café. Timmy hides downstage of the carts. Cook enters and smiles at the pile of vegetables on the carts. Elenor, a café kitchen worker, enters carrying a broom.*)

COOK: Ahhh! Just what we needed, Elenor, fresh vegetables for our diners!

ELENOR: Yes, ma'am! Beautiful! Really beautiful! (*Looks closer.*) Well, a "little" beautiful.

COOK: Elenor... (*Elenor takes a few steps backward.*) ...shush!

ELENOR: Yes, ma'am. I'll shush. (*Slight pause.*) As soon as you want me to shush.

COOK: Elenor... (*Shouts.*) ...shush!

ELENOR: Right. Of course. I'll shush.

COOK: Elenor!

ELENOR: Uh, I'm shushed. Really! I'm shushed!

FARMER: (*Smiling.*) Well, we done tried ever-thang to git them garden vegetables to the city, didn't we, Brook?

BROOK: Ah guess.

FARMER: (*Proudly.*) An' we picked only the best vegetables, didn't we, Brook?

BROOK: Ah guess.

FARMER: (*To Cook.*) An' if yew'll look in Brook's wagon, yew'll see a nice, plump pumpkin.

BROOK: (*To Cook.*) It's mine, 'n' it ain't fer sale! (*Positions herself between the pumpkin and the Cook and Elenor.*)

FARMER: Brook, we need to sell this hyer pumpkin.

(*Brook picks up the pumpkin.*)

BROOK: It's not fer sale, Pa. It's mine.

FARMER: (*To Cook.*) Uhhh, Brook likes...things like pumpkins.

BROOK: Yep, it's mine. An' ah'll eat it all by mah-self.

COOK: Well, then, we'll take some of your other vegetables.
FARMER: Fine, fine! You'll like those.

(Cook picks up a vegetable with a big bite taken out of it.)

COOK: *(Horried.)* But not used vegetables! *(Tosses the vegetable back into the cart.)*

ELENOR: Not the used vegetables. No, ma'am.

TIMMY: *(Quietly.)* Ouch!

(Farmer and Brook look to find the source of the complaint. Farmer and Brook look at each other.)

COOK: *(To Farmer.)* Not the ones somebody has already half eaten.

FARMER: Oh... *(Pushes a few items out of the way.)* ...way'll, we do have some delicious, and fresh, um...vegetables.

COOK: *(Rubbing her hands together with glee.)* Ahhh! Gorgeous! *(Picks a few vegetables from the cart and hands them to Elenor.)* Don't drop them, Elenor.

ELENOR: No, ma'am, I won't. I know I won't...because I have two hands! *(Shows her hands to the others.)* See?

COOK: Yes, yes, very nice. Now, look at this, Elenor. *(Indicating a tomato.)* Smell its richness. See its beauty. *(Smiles as she rubs a tomato against her cheek. Suddenly, her attitude changes.)* What? What is this?

FARMER: Whut's whut?

COOK: A half-eaten tomato! *(Picks up some of the other vegetables.)* And look at this! *(Holds up a half-eaten celery stalk.)* Celery! Mostly gone. And this apple! *(Holds up half-eaten apple.)* And this...this...this... *(Holds up some type of vegetable like an eggplant, rutabaga, etc. with a bite out of it.)* I don't know what this is! *(To Farmer.)* You brought us used vegetables!

ELENOR: *(To Farmer.)* Sure did. *(To Cook.)* But we can't use the words, "used vegetables" on the menu, can we?

COOK: No! Absolutely not! Never, never! Let's see what's under this blanket.

(Cook crosses downstage of the carts and lifts the blanket off Timmy. Timmy pops up and squeaks.)

TIMMY: Oh, my! *(Nervously waving to Cook, Elenor, Farmer, and Brook.)* Hello, y'all.

COOK: Oh, good golly, bad golly! It's a...it's a...it's a...a rat! Elenor, hand me your broom!

ELENOR: Yes, ma'am.

(Elenor hands Cook the broom.)

COOK: *(To Timmy, shouts.)* I'm the cook, and I do not cook rats! No rats in my stew! Not in my kitchen! Not even in front of my café!

TIMMY: Really? *(Waves to them. Cook swings the broom at Timmy but he ducks.)* Why er yew so mad? Ah'm jist a good ol' country mouse.

COOK: Oh, yeah?! Well, take this!

(Cook swings the broom and "hits" Elenor by accident.)

ELENOR: Ouch! Hey! That hurt! *(Rubs her head.)*

COOK: Well, stay out of the way! *(Raises the broom again and aims it at Timmy.)*

TIMMY: Don't hit me! Ah didn't do nuthin' wrong!

COOK: Nothing wrong?! You're a rat, aren't you? *(Swings the broom again and misses.)* I'll get you yet, you filthy rodent!

(Cook swings the broom again and accidentally "hits" Elenor.)

ELENOR: Owwww! That hurt! Bad! Real bad! *(Starts to cry.)*

TIMMY: *(To Cook.)* Ah'm sorry. Ah didn't make her cry. Ah'm sorry. Really!

COOK: You nibbled on almost every vegetable in that cart!
You ruined them! Most all of them!

TIMMY: But ah was hungry!

COOK: (*Enraged, shouts.*) Elenor, call...the...cat! Get that
lazy feline out here! (*To Farmer and Brook.*) Cats love to eat
mice! And he is a mice!

ELENOR: But you hurt me...with that broom. (*Rubs her head.*)

COOK: Elenor, call the cat!

ELENOR: Yes, ma'am! (*Turns to exit, but turns back.
Correcting.*) It's "mouse," ma'am. You called him a "mice."
"Mice" means more than one. And he's just one. So he's not
a "mice." He's a "mouse."

COOK: (*Annoyed.*) Girl, what did I just now tell you to do,
huh? What?

ELENOR: You told me to get the cat.

COOK: So why are you still standing here? Go! Go!

*(Elenor exits SR. With a scowl on her face, Cook goes to the back of
the cart with her broom raised. Timmy begins to shake with fear. As
Timmy takes a few steps toward the front of the cart, the Farmer
appears.)*

FARMER: (*To Timmy.*) Do yew know whut yew done to me?!
Yew et most of mah goods! Now ah ain't got nothin' to [say-
ell]. [*"sell"*]

BROOK: Way'll, yew cain't say-ell mah purty pumpkin
neither, Pa!

FARMER: Stay out o' the way, Brook. Ah can handle the-us!

(Farmer takes a step toward Timmy.)

TIMMY: Uh-oh! (*To Cook.*) Um, can we sit down 'n' talk?

(Cook approaches Timmy.)

COOK: You can't escape from me, you filthy rat!

TIMMY: *(To Farmer.)* Can ah escape from yew, sir?

FARMER: Ain't no way! *(Calls.)* Come here, little mousy!
Mousy, mousy! Ah won't hurt yew. *(To himself.)* Until aye
git my hands own yew!

(Cook swings her broom at Timmy and he ducks. Timmy runs around the cart with the Farmer chasing him. Timmy is upstage of the cart. The Farmer runs around the front of the cart while the Cook runs around the rear of the cart.)

TIMMY: *(To himself.)* Oh, no! They've got me from both ends
of the cart!

COOK: Now I've got you, smelly rat that you are!

FARMER: Nope. *(To Timmy.)* Now ah've got yew 'cause yew
et most of mah vegetables!

(Cook and Farmer close in on Timmy. Cook swings at Timmy with her broom, Timmy ducks, and the Cook "hits" the Farmer with the broom as the Farmer "hits" the Cook. Farmer and Cook scream.)

TIMMY: Aaiieeee! *(Ducks under or over the cart and scrambles to the side of it.)*

COOK: *(Trying to crawl over the top of the cart, shouts.)* I'll get
him! Just let me at him!

(Farmer grabs the Cook.)

FARMER: Whut ere you a-doin'? Yer tramplin' on mah
vegetables!

COOK: So what! They're mostly bad, anyway!

FARMER: Git down off mah cart!

(Farmer and Cook struggle with each other. Brook guards the pumpkin.)

BROOK: An' don't chu dare touch mah pumpkin! It's mah baby!

FARMER: (*Struggling with Cook.*) Don't yew touch any o' mah vegetables!

(*Cook surrenders.*)

COOK: How can I buy your vegetables when they've been half-eaten by a rat?! Sell your wares to the rats!

FARMER: Rats don't have no money!

COOK: (*Realizes.*) Oh. Good point. I may have overlooked that.

[END OF FREEVIEW]