

Law & Order: Fairy Tale Unit

by Jonathan Rand

— Revisions rundown —

Date of book in circulation:	July 23, 2010
Date of these revisions:	April 2, 2017

This play has been rewritten since publication, so if you've got a book, it's an old version of the play. The latest edits are in this document.

Cast of Characters:

- Replace all LOCATION with PLACE
- Replace CAPTAIN HOOK with CAPTAIN
- Replace QUEENAN with WICK
- Add LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD — it was missing

INTENSE VOICEOVER. In the fairy tale criminal justice system, ~~the characters from fairy tales and nursery rhymes~~ citizens are represented by two separate yet equally ridiculous groups...

See below for scene-by-scene replacement dialogue

Straw crime scene:

ZELLE. Not a chance. Perp struck the property from the rear using some form of wind power.

H.D. Wind power...

ZELLE. Hey, Cindy, what's with the missing shoe?

CINDY. Long story, but I left it at a Prince concert.

ZELLE. (*To H.D.:*) And let me guess: you're the new spokesman for gauze?

H.D. How 'bout we stick to the crime...

CINDY. Any leads on our perp?

...

H.D. Treat yourself tonight, will ya?

...

ZELLE. Okay, beat it. I gotta get to the bottom of this mystifying straw-like material. What could it *be*??

(*ZELLE returns to her investigation. H.D. and CINDY take a moment to look at the rubble.*)

H.D. This is some mess...

CINDY. I'm tellin' you, H.D. — my gut says this is personal. Our vic took somethin' too far, and our perp hit back.

H.D. And whatever that something was ... it was the *last straw*...

Jack and Jillian:

JACK. Okay, okay. Fine. We were running. The two of us were headed up Chestnut like usual, but Jillian got dehydrated, so I ran up Hill Street to the Quick-Stop to buy a Vitamin Water.

JILLIAN. I wasn't dehydrated. He made that up so he could use a coupon.

JACK. That's not true!

JILLIAN. He does this all the time. Last week he pretended that both of us had broken legs 'cause Target had a Buy One Get One Free sale on wheelchairs.

H.D. I swear, if you don't get to the point, I will escort you to the point with my fist!

...

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...

CINDY. Okay, so let me get this straight: Jack... you and Jill –

JILLIAN. Ian.

CINDY. – went up Hill to buy a bottle of water –

JACK. *Vitamin* Water.

CINDY. Then Jack here fell down, broke the crown on his lateral incisor.

H.D. Then let me guess: You came tumbling after.

JILLIAN. No. Why would I tumble? That doesn't make any sense.

CINDY. Then what?

JILLIAN. We got stopped by those other cops, jogged here, then got stopped by you guys, who made us late for work.

H.D. I'll make *you* late for work! With my fist!

CINDY. *(To H.D.):* Heyyy, cool it! *(To JACK and JILLIAN:)* Did you see anything out of the ordinary? Anything at all?

JILLIAN. Come to think of it, we did see a couple of shady youths in the candy aisle.

...

H.D. ...we'll find our pot of rainbow gold...

Hansel and Gretel (replace entire scene):

(H.D. and CINDY enter flash their badges. HANSEL and GRETEL both speak with a stereotypical German dialect. Throughout the scene, they scatter various types of candy to either unseen birds, or some silly representation of birds.)

H.D. Well well well. I guess the old expression is right: Follow ten blocks of Skittles and you'll find two Germans at a pond.

HANSEL. Ve don't vant any trouble.

GRETEL. Ja. Ve are innocence.

CINDY. How about answering some questions.

HANSEL. Ve cannot talk now; ve are busy feeding ze birdies.

CINDY. I wasn't aware that "birdies" ate candy.

GRETEL. Oh absolutely, policemen-man. Ze candies ist very popular mit ze birdies. Ze pigeons, zey prefer ze Junior Meentz. Ze geese, zey go vild for ze Tvizzlahs. Und ze duckies? – ze Goobahs.

HANSEL. Vere you avare zat in some foreign lands, ze people feed ze birdies mit breadcrumb?

GRETEL. Breadcrumb! Can you believe zat? I get qveasy tummy just brainzinking of it. So nastygross!

H.D. If you two Dum-Dums don't shut your Wax Lips, you're gonna make friends with the Jawbreakers. *(Referring to his fists.)*

HANSEL. Ve don't have to take zees vehbal abuses!

CINDY. Hey, H.D., I forget: How many years in prison for resisting arrest?

H.D. Five hundred years.

GRETEL. Okay, okay – ve will do as you vish.

HANSEL. First of all, you should know zat ve are Gehrman.

H.D. Oh yeah? With those hats, we thought you were from Detroit.

HANSEL. Zees are traditional Gehrman alpine hats.

GRETEL. On sale last veek at T.J.Maxx.

H.D. Get on with it.

HANSEL. Ja, so okay. My name ist Hansel, und zees ist Gretel.

GRETEL. Hallo!!

HANSEL. Vee are brozer und seester, und yesterday morgen, our schtepmommy kicked us out of ze house.

CINDY. Why'd your stepmom kick you out?

HANSEL. Schtepmommy ist evil...

GRETEL. She vas so sick of zees fake Gehrman accents.

(Beat.)

CINDY. Wait, you're faking your accents?

(They both now speak with the actors' regular accents.)

HANSEL. Yeah, I mean – sure. You didn't pick up on that?

GRETEL. It sounds annoying to us, but we just figured everyone else expects it from Germans.

HANSEL. Give the people what they want, right?

H.D. All Germans are faking it?

GRETEL. Sure.

H.D. Wow...

CINDY. Yeah, wow...

HANSEL. *(Back to thick, ridiculous German:)* Anyvay, vhere vere vee –

CINDY. No-no-no! We prefer your real accents.

HANSEL. Oh yeah? Cool. Anyway, like I was saying: Last night our stepmom kicked us out and left us alone and hungry in the middle of town.

GRETEL. She's evil.

HANSEL. But we found this Quick-Stop that was like overstocked with candy, so we bought a ton and Ubered home.

GRETEL. And get this: our stepmom isn't actually evil. It was just low blood-sugar. She was totally cool after a couple of Mike-n-Ikes.

H.D. That's a fascinating story, and we're thrilled to hear the happy ending, and I'd very much appreciate a Tootsie Roll – *(GRETEL hands him one.)* – but we have a more pressing issue to discuss.

CINDY. Did either of you see anything out of the ordinary while at the Quick-Stop?

GRETEL. No. Though I did see a hairy guy walking across the street with an industrial fan.

(H.D. and CINDY look at each other.)

CINDY. Did you see where he was headed?

GRETEL. Hard to say. I was so hopped up on Peeps.

(CINDY's phone rings. She takes it.)

CINDY. Yeah. ... Thanks, Piper.

(Hangs up. She turns to H.D.)

Strike two.

H.D. Our furry fanman?

CINDY. Downed building out in the boonies. We gotta fly. (To HANSEL and GRETEL:) Thanks, kids.

HANSEL / GRETEL. Danke schoen!!

H.D. Whoever our hairy perp is, he's got a *sweet tooth* for destruction.

(Lights shift.)

Pinocchio:

UGLY D. (Indicating H.D.'s injuries:) By the way, you look awful. What happened?

...

CINDY. Explain the name Ugly D.

H.D. Just a nickname I gave 'er.

CINDY. Why?

H.D. *Why?* She's got a ponytail and glasses. There's no *way* she's unexpectedly good-looking under all that.

CINDY. I've heard that it's what's on the *inside* that counts.

...

PINOCCHIO. Okay. I was walking home from a...doctor's appointment...and I suddenly heard this noise. Like...like someone dropped a box of toothpicks. I look up and I see that mess over there. And that's it. Now can I go home? ~~I'd rather not get wrapped up in a big investigation.~~

...

CINDY. Mind telling us what's going on, "Marcus"?

PINOCCHIO. Okay, fine. FINE. My name isn't Marcus. It's Pinocchio.

GOLD. Ohhhh I saw you on Oprah.

H.D. So what's your story, Wizard of Schnoz.

PINOCCHIO. Okay... I'm what you'd call a test tube kid. The scientist who created me, a.k.a. "Dad"? He heard ladies like "striking features." So he combined the DNA of a human and an aardvark, and (Points to his nose.) voila.

And he thought parenting would be easier for him if my nose were connected to my brain in such a way that every time I lie, my nose grows three inches. Thanks, *Pop*.

H.D. Hey, don't you disrespect your dad. After all, father "*nose*" best.

PINOCCHIO. All right, I know bad puns are part of a detective's job, but could you maybe rein in the nose jokes?

H.D. Sorry to upset you. Here, cry into this oversize handkerchief.

GOLD. I don't understand – when you lied before, you were in *pain*, but your nose didn't grow.

PINOCCHIO. Yeah, well, like I said, I just got back from a doctor's appointment – a doctor who specializes in the reduction of comically long noses.

GOLD. That's a *reduction*?

PINOCCHIO. It used to be two yards long.

(Everyone else whistles in astonishment.)

PINOCCHIO. Yeah I lie a lot? Anyway, after surgery the doctor said my nose would still be sensitive to lies.

H.D. I see.

CINDY. Now did you witness anything suspicious at the scene of the crime?

PINOCCHIO. No. *(Nose pain.)* Ow. Fine, fine. I saw a bunch of people in basketball jerseys, poking around the rubble. Once they heard the sirens, they all jumped into a van and peeled outta there.

H.D. Any-a these guys have a fan or excessive body hair?

PINOCCHIO. I don't know.

CINDY. How many of 'em did you see?

PINOCCHIO. Hard to say.

(A brief moment as H.D. has an idea. He points at PINOCCHIO's bandaged nose.)

H.D. So, does that thing only give you trouble during *intentional* lies, or do you experience pain whenever you say anything inaccurate?

PINOCCHIO. Anything inaccurate – unfortunately.

H.D. I see. Answer yes to everything I'm about to ask you.

PINOCCHIO. *(Suspiciously:)* Okay...

H.D. Were there more than four people digging around the rubble?

PINOCCHIO. Yes.

H.D. More than ten?

PINOCCHIO. Yes. Ow.

H.D. How about exactly five?

PINOCCHIO. Yes. Ow.

H.D. Nine?

PINOCCHIO. Yes. Ow.

H.D. Six?

PINOCCHIO. Yes. Ow.

H.D. Eight?

PINOCCHIO. Yes. Ow.

H.D. Seven?

PINOCCHIO. Yes.

H.D. Seven it is.

(PINOCCHIO is in a great deal of pain. Perhaps he sits down to recover.)

CINDY. *(To H.D.:)* So we got seven ballers but no way of finding 'em. Without the plates, we're sunk.

H.D. Jiminy Cricket...

PINOCCHIO. Excuse me, officers.

H.D. Keep your nose outta this, Professor Proboscis!!

PINOCCHIO. SNOWMEN.

H.D. Excuse me?

PINOCCHIO. The license plate. SNOWMEN. Kinda hard to forget something that strange.

H.D. Snowmen, huh...? Call it in, Cindy.

(CINDY places a call.)

PINOCCHIO. Maybe it's that Frosty guy and his crew.

H.D. How 'bout you leave the predictions to us, *Nose-tradamus*.

CINDY. *(On the phone:)* Hey Piper. I need a trace on plate number SNOWMEN. ... Yeah, I'll hold.

(CAPTAIN storms in. She has a hook for a hand. She's livid. She speaks extremely quickly and to the point.)

CAPTAIN. You two better have some news.

CINDY. Captain—good morning.

CAPTAIN. It's gonna be the opposite of a good morning if I don't hear some results. We've got two downed buildings and zero arrests. When I do the math, that's two buildings too many, and zero is a darn low number of arrests.

H.D. It's the lowest number.

CINDY. What about negative numbers?

H.D. True.

CAPTAIN. I don't need a math lesson! I need a *results* lesson!

PINOCCHIO. Uh, can I go now?

CAPTAIN. You two had better track down whoever nixed the straw and the sticks and you better *book 'em*. You hear me? You *book 'em*.

CINDY. Captain, we just got a lead on seven guys who just may be our perps—

CAPTAIN. *May* be the perps?! I never wanna hear "*May*" from you, ever! Unless it's the *month* of May, but it's not. (Looks to TIME:) Right?

TIME. (Thumb up.)

CAPTAIN. Now look here—the 911 call just came in from the vics; we're bringin' 'em down to HQ for questioning.

H.D. You found 'em?!

CINDY. Who are they?

CAPTAIN. Pigs. They're pigs.

H.D. Cops?

CAPTAIN. Real pigs, you nitwit. Swine, hogs, ham.

H.D. Oh.

CAPTAIN. Now what time is it?

TIME. 9:44.

CAPTAIN. Thanks. Some slimy crock stole my watch.

CINDY. Did you say "crook" or "crock"?

CAPTAIN. However you pronounce it. It's a regional thing, like Florida and Flahrida. Listen, you solve this case by eleven or I will put you both on unpaid suspension faster than you can say "unpaid suspension." And that's only five syllables, so you better be done in *four*.

(CAPTAIN storms out.)

CINDY. Unpaid suspensh?

H.D. This is bad.

(CINDY's phone rings. She picks it up.)

CINDY. Talk to me. ... Thanks, Piper. (To H.D. :) Plates are in. Shaker Lows. Let's move. (To PINOCCHIO :) Thanks for your help.

PINOCCHIO. (Sarcastically :) Happy to help. (Pain.) Ow.

(Lights shift.)

Seven Dwarfs:

CINDY. FTPD. Whose van is that over there?

HAPPY. It's mine, officer.

...

H.D. I don't care if you're *ecstatic*— You don't tell me your name right now, I'll see to it you're never happy again!

HAPPY. But I've always been Happy.

H.D. All right, punk—I'm takin' you in.

DOC. Pardon me, officers, but let me explain: His *name* is Happy. We all have irregular names. For instance, my name's Doc. Happy, you've met.

DOC. Yes, I know what you're thinking: we're not dwarfish in size. See, The Seven Dwarfs is our team name for our 7-on-7 basketball league. It was actually Coach White's idea. We're not short, but relative to everyone else on the court, we're tiny.

SNEEZY. Like Steph Curry. He's six-three, but next to Shaq he looks like a peanut.

DOC. Or like today, when Grumpy had to post up on that giant center.

GRUMPY. I hate that guy. All he does is complain about his yard. Wahhhh, I have trouble with weed control. Wahhhh, there's an oversized beanstalk blocking out the light in my sunroom.

HAPPY. Cut him some slack, you guys—he's been robbed like three times this week.

H.D. OKAY!! Enough *small-talk*.

CINDY. We need to know where you were earlier this morning.

DOPEY. Unicorn!

DOC. Dopey, please—I'll take care of this. We were at the game, then we rushed back here to kick off our yard sale.

H.D. According to a witness, it sounds like you made a pit stop on the way.

BASHFUL. You're right. We did stop.

HAPPY. That demolished building was a gold mine for us!

H.D. What are you talking about?

DOC. For us, balling is just a hobby. We make a living selling collectibles at yard sales. So when we came across that rubble, well—off to work we went.

CINDY. You do realize that tampering with a crime scene is a federal offense.

DOC. We didn't know it was a crime scene. And besides, we've got junk-retrieval permits. Boys?

(Suddenly they all simultaneously reveal their identical, official permits. DOPEY reveals a turkey hoagie.)

H.D. And let me guess. You didn't see anybody suspicious?

DOC. No.

CINDY. What about this Coach White? Any chance he's hairy and owns an industrial fan?

SNEEZY. No, and he's a she.

DOC. Miss White's coaching us in exchange for free room and board. Actually, she's stuck in bed on account of some bad McDonald's apple pie. Doctor Charming's stopping by later with "Love's First Kiss."

SNEEZY. Such a weird name for generic Imodium AD...

GRUMPY. Not sure why we need to waste money on a doctor, since this guy's (*Pointing to DOC:*) been out of med school five years.

DOC. *Dental* school. You *know* that.

CINDY. (*To H.D.:*) Another dead-end. And that was the best lead we had. Captain's not gonna be happy.

HAPPY. That's my name, don't wear it out!

H.D. *Can* it, short-stack!

HAPPY. (*Thumbs up:*) You betcha!

H.D. (*Back to CINDY:*) What if the Tiny Tims found a clue in the rubble?

(They turn to the DWARFS.)

CINDY. We're gonna need to see your loot from the crime scene.

DOC. Sure thing. Boys, what'd you find?

(They each reveal an item.)

SNEEZY. Lunch pail.

GRUMPY. Shovel.

HAPPY. Tool belt.

BASHFUL. Blueprints.

DOPEY. (*Presenting a hard hat:*) Turkey hoagie.

DOC. And I found this ID card for a construction site.

(*CINDY and H.D. ponder this. H.D. takes the ID card.*)

H.D. No obvious thread that links the clues... *Unless* –

CINDY. Unless?

H.D. *Unless*...these are props and costume pieces for a music video about construction workers...!

CINDY. You may be on to something...

H.D. Which means our perp must be a hairy pop star who sings Top-40 hits about construction!

ALL. Yeah. / That must be it. / Nailed it.

(*SLEEPY lifts his head.*)

SLEEPY. Or he's a construction worker.

Wolf arrest:

CINDY. You're under arrest for the willful destruction of homes built out of foolish raw materials.

Three pigs deposition:

FIG 1. I'm Pig #1.

FIG 2. I'm Pig #2.

STILTSKIN. (*Earnestly:*) Which makes *you* Pig #84.

FIG 3. Pig #3

STILTSKIN. (*Discouraged:*) So close!

MERM. Let's review your story. Pig One, you were alone in your straw house; Wolf approaches the house; knocks it down.

FIG 1. Yeah. Kept sayin' he'd blow my house in, which, sounded a little weird. I told him to hold on, that I was shavin' – y'know, the really tough part right here (*Indicates his chin area.*) – and then before I know it, bam, my house is kaput.

STILTSKIN. Then what?

FIG 1. Well, I was freakin' out, right? So I curly-tail it to my bro's.

FIG 2. He showed up to my stick-house all discombob-uh-lated. Pork almighty... I felt his forehead. He was bakin'. An' I mean sizzlin'.

MERM. And then?

...

FIG 3. So we certainly wanted no association with a convicted felon.

MERM. Was he angry about your pulling the contract?

FIG 3. Absolutely livid.

MERM. (*To STILTSKIN:*) Hello, motive.

STILTSKIN. We may need you to testify in court.

FIG 3. If we must.

STILTSKIN. One thing I'm not clear on: Why the disparity in the composition of your homes?

PIG 2. It's a pretty simple story, really. See, Maw and Paw passed away about ten years back.

MERM. How did they die?

PIG 1. Luau...

(The PIGS pause for a somber moment of reflection.)

PIG 3. And they left behind a sizable trust fund for each of us.

PIG 2. Problem is, me and Pig One, we got sloppy. Me, I invested my inheritance developing a highly unsuccessful new style of hip-hop music consisting entirely of rhythmic oinks.

STILTSKIN. *(To PIG 1:)* What about you?

PIG 1. *(Pointing to himself:)* This little piggy went to Vegas.

PIG 2. He lost everything on the roulette wheel.

PIG 1. Always bet on pink...

PIG 2. So as you might imagine, since red and black are the only options in roulette, and since *this* song was *s'poseda* be my number one hit *(Briefly plays some rhythmic oinks from his phone.)* – well, Pig One and I didn't have much left to invest in real estate.

PIG 1. Hence my straw.

PIG 2. And m'sticks.

STILTSKIN. *(Indicating PIG 3:)* What about you?

PIG 3. I invested my inheritance in a brand-new bungalow replete with fortified Ukrainian stainless steel, state-of-the-art night-vision alarm system, and most importantly: wind-proof foundation.

Plea-bargain (replace entire scene):

STILTSKIN. We're coming in full-steam on this one: Two counts each of willful destruction of property and reckless endangerment – nothing less. And given your client's history, we can't go anywhere near minimum jail time, but if you hand us a guilty we'll lowball at ten years with eligibility for parole.

PEEP. My client pleads not guilty to all counts.

STILTSKIN. Oh come off it, Peep. No jury would buy that. We've got eyewitness testimony of your client fleeing the scene with a fan, his personal effects in the rubble, we've got motive, opportunity, and his rap sheet? Let Merm here count the ways...

MERM. Picnic-basket theft, nursing home B&E, impersonation of a senior citizen...

PEEP. For each of those crimes, my client was falsely accused.

MERM. Exactly. That's why his first and middle names are Big and Bad.

WOLF. That's not my name.

(PEEP whispers in WOLF's ear.)

No, it's okay. I wanna talk. I gotta get it off my chest. *(To STILTSKIN and MERM:)* My name is B.B. Wolf, yes, but that stands for Bernard Bartholomew Wolf. After the Riding Hood incident, the tabloids invented "Big Bad." I'm not bad, and I'm certainly not big. I'm five-seven. I'm just a small town wolf living in a lonely world. A wolf who always seems to end up in the wrong place at the wrong time.

STILTSKIN. Well today you ended up in the *wrong* place, at the *wrong* time.

WOLF. I just said that.

STILTSKIN. We don't care if you're big and bad, small and good, or medium and half-decent – our offer won't budge.

WOLF. And my innocence won't budge.

MERM. And budge rhymes with fudge.

(They all look at MERM.)

I haven't eaten today.

STILTSKIN. If you're innocent, why were you at the scene of each crime with a fan?

PEEP. Again, my client has already explained to the police that he received three Facebook invitations to BYOF parties.

STILTSKIN. And again, we found no such invitation.

PEEP. Someone could have easily deleted it.

MERM. You're scrapin', Bo.

STILTSKIN. What about that slow-motion chase sequence?

WOLF. I was afraid! Okay?! I was afraid... How many times do I have to get collared for crimes I don't commit? First the Little Red misunderstanding, then the whole mix-up with that Peter kid, and now this?!

STILTSKIN. I have some advice: Stop committing crimes.

PEEP. My client is innocent. The plea stands.

STILTSKIN. Have it your way.

(STILTSKIN begins to pack up her papers to prepare for her exit.)

MERM. Glad to see you're still at it, Peep. As usual, doing what's expected of you. Repping a criminal. Following the herd.

PEEP. Say what you will – I'm just doing what I'm supposed to.

MERM. And what's that...?

(Beat.)

PEEP. *(Intensely:)* My job...

(Lights shift.)

Stiltskin and Merm meet with District Attorney (replace entire scene):

(STILTSKIN and MERM are talking with District Attorney WICK. She's wearing a purple outfit and for at least the first several lines is multitasking with both her iPhone and iPad.)

WICK. Two houses in one day, both by this B.B. Wolf miscreant.

MERM. I know, boss.

WICK. You put a leash on that puppy.

STILTSKIN. Wick, this case is water-tight. We'll get a conviction before gavel hits wood.

WICK. You'd better. 'Cause I don't care what you have to do: Stack that jury with a coupla ringers if you have to. You didn't hear that from me, though.

STILTSKIN. Hear *what* from you?

WICK. Exactly. *(Fed up with her electronic distractions:)* Ugh, it never ends! If it's not my iPhone it's my iPad!

MERM. Those Apple products – it's like pick your poison.

WICK. Yeah. So what's with the sunburn?

MERM. Oh I just got back from a scuba-diving trip.

WICK. Under the sea?

MERM. Under the sea.

WICK. *(Sarcastic:)* Poor unfortunate soul.

STILTSKIN. Anyway, Wick, don't you worry. Our big and bad perp's gonna be *wolfin'* down prison food.

MERM. You'll hear all about his guilty verdict from *Wolf* Blitzer.

WICK. Good. All right, I gotta run.

MERM. Where you headed?

WICK. Taking the Queensboro Bridge to Queens for that Queen Bee concert.

STILTSKIN / MERM. Wicked!

WICK. *(Looking in a mirror:)* How do I look?

MERM. The hottest of 'em all.
STILTSKIN. The hottest in the land.
WICK. That's clearly kissing up, but you're both promoted.
(Lights shift.)

Jury selection:

MERM. What about these?
PEEP. Are all three of you mice blind for the same reason?
THREE BLIND MICE. No. / Nope. / Uh-unh.
BLIND MOUSE 1. I was born blind.
BLIND MOUSE 2. I'm not blind; these just look really good on me. *(Indicates his sunglasses.)*
PEEP. What about you?
BLIND MOUSE 3. I was blinded by a pack of wolves.
PEEP. Okay that's clear bias. Nix Mouse 3.
STILTSKIN. Fine. You're free to go.
(BLIND MOUSE 3 chucks his sunglasses and bolts out of the room.)
BLIND MOUSE 3. Suckerrrs!!
STILTSKIN. Okay, so we've approved two thirds of the rats. Also, we're good to go on the cocky archer with the ugly green hat—
ROBIN HOOD. What's up...
STILTSKIN. — the narcoleptic hottie —
SLEEPING BEAUTY. *(Looking up from her mocha frappuccino in drowsy confusion:)* Muh?
STILTSKIN. — and Mister Betty Crocker.
MUFFIN MAN. *(Wearing a chef's hat, holding a large muffin or tray of muffins:)* I live on Drury Lane!
STILTSKIN. Oh, and I almost forgot: we also have a guy who for some reason is eating an entire pumpkin.
PETER PETER PUMPKIN EATER. You know you're jealous.
PEEP. What about Juror Number Six?

Courtroom:

STILTSKIN. Objection, your honor. The witness's physical condition is not on trial.
PEEP. Your honor, I put forth that the injuries of the witness may connected to the apprehension of my client, rendering this witness unfit for testimony.

...

JUDGE. Order!! I will have order!! Let's move this along, counselors. My pumpkin-orange towncar's double-parked. Prosecution, present your next witness.
STILTSKIN. We call Pigs 1 thru 3.
(The PIGS all take the stand together.)
BAILIFF. Do you swear to tell the truth the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you Goose?
PIGS. We do.
STILTSKIN. Now... the jury has already heard a detailed account of today's events. But does such a description effectively convey the pure emotional turmoil that you three had to endure?

...

PIG 3. I, too, no longer have money, money, money.

PIG 1. Always bet on pink, pink, pink...

PIG 2. I invested in rhythmic oinks, rhythmic oinks, rhythmic oinks...

MUFFIN MAN. This is a muffin, muffin, muffin.

ALL OF THE ABOVE. (*Repeated:*) Front door... / Backside... / Peep hole... Rear... / Pink... / Oinks... / Muffin...

...

STILTSKIN. Pigs Number 1 and 2... In your testimony just now, you revealed to this court that the defendant approached your *front door* in order to topple your homes with an industrial fan.

PIG 1 / PIG 2. Yeah. / Yes sir.

STILTSKIN. But the evidence reveals that the point of attack happened from the *rear* of each house...

...

PIG 1. We were broke! We needed the money so bad. I haven't bet on pink in forever.

PIG 2. And no one told me there was already a music style called "R&B." If I knew I's gonna get sued, I wouldn'ta named mine Ribs & Bacon!

PIG 3. And I just like money.

JUDGE. Bailiffs Gruff, take them away.

(*The BAILIFFS cart off the PIGS.*)

PEEP. Your Honor, motion for dismissal?