Acting Edition

THE STINKY CHEESE MAN AND OTHER FAIRLY STUPID TALES

BY JOHN GLORE

BASED ON THE BOOK BY JON SCIESZKA AND LANE SMITH

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THE STINKY CHEESE MAN AND OTHER FAIRLY STUPID TALES
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Cast of Characters

(In order of appearance:)

COW PATTY BOY
RED HEN
JACK, the narrator
SURGEON GENERAL
CHICKEN LICKEN
DUCKY LUCKY
GOOSEY LOOSEY
COCKY LOCKY
FOXY LOXY
PRINCE
KING
QUEEN
PRINCESS 1 (Bowling Ball)
UGLY DUCK
FROG
PRINCESS 2 (Frog)
LITTLE RED RUNNING SHORTS
WOLF
GIANT
CINDERELLA
STEPMOTHER
1ST STEPSISTER
2ND STEPSISTER
RUMPELSTILTSKIN
TORTOISE (Jack)
RABBIT
OWL
FOX
LITTLE OLD LADY
LITTLE OLD MAN
STINKY CHEESE MAN
COW (Head)
COW'S HINDQUARTERS (aka Cow Butt)
LEGAL GUY

A Note on Casting

Each role may be cast individually for those who wish to use a maximum number of actors. Alternatively, the show can be done with as few as seven actors. Producers are free to double-cast in a way that makes the best use of their available talent pool, but here is one suggested solution:

Actor 1 (Male): Cow Patty Boy / Cocky Locky / Prince / 1st Stepsister / Owl / Stinky Cheese Man

Actor 2 (Male): Jack / Tortoise

Actor 3 (Female): Ducky Lucky / Princess 2 / Cinderella / Cow Butt

Actor 4 (Female): Red Hen / Goosey Loosey / Queen / Stepmother / Little Old Lady

Actor 5 (Male): Foxy Loxy / Ugly Duck / Wolf / Giant / Stepsister 2 / Fox

Actor 6 (Male): Surgeon General / King / Frog / Rumpelstiltskin / Little Old Man / Cow Head / Legal Guy

Actor 7 (Female): Chicken Licken / Princess 1 / Little Red Running Shorts / Rabbit

A Note on the Music

If you'd like lead sheets, instrumental performance tracks, and tracks with guide vocals, please contact Tim Horrigan (thisboy47@cox.net) to make a special arrangement to license these items.

THE STINKY CHEESE MAN
AND OTHER FAIRLY STUPID TALES

by John Glore

BASED ON THE BOOK BY JON SCIESZKA & LANE SMITH

(As audience enters, the COW PATTY BOY *is situated at one of the aisles and periodically warns people not to step in the "Cow patty!!" He laughs at the joke every time, whether or not the targeted audience member falls for it. Just before the show is to begin, he exits.)*

(The pre-show lights begin to darken, but before they reach black, a large RED HEN *in a bonnet charges on.)*

RED HEN. Hold it! Turn those lights back on, buster. I just found a kernel of wheat, and what I want to know is, who will help me plant this wheat? Huh?

*(*JACK, *the narrator, edges on, hoping the audience won't see him.)*

Where is that lazy dog? Where is that lazy cat? Where is that lazy mouse?

JACK. Hey. You can't tell your story now. The show hasn't even started yet.

RED HEN. Oh yeah? Who are you? You want to help me plant this wheat?

JACK. I'm Jack. I'm the narrator. And no, I can't help you plant the wheat, I'm a very busy guy trying to put a show together here. Now why don't you just go backstage for a few minutes, and I'll call you when I need you, okay?

RED HEN. But who's going to help me tell my story? Who's going to help me make a prop that looks like wheat? Where's that lazy prop guy?

JACK. Listen, Hen—forget the wheat. We can't worry about that right now because it's time for the Opening Num—

(Suddenly, a chorus of characters who will appear in the various stories bound on stage and sing [to the music of the "Hallelujah Chorus"]:)

SONG: OPENING NUMBER

ALL.

OPENING NUMBER, OPENING NUMBER
OPENING NUMBER, OPENING NUMBER
OF THE STINKY CHEESE MAN
OPENING NUMBER, OPENING NUMBER
OPENING NUMBER, OPENING NUMBER
OF THE STINKY CHEESE MAN
AND OTHER FAIRLY STUPID TALES
STINKY CHEESEMAN, STINKY CHEESEMAN
STINKY CHEESEMAN, STINKY CHEESEMAN
AND OTHER FAIRLY STUPID TALES
STINKY CHEESEMAN, STINKY CHEESEMAN
STINKY CHEESEMAN, STINKY CHEESEMAN.

THIS IS THE OPENING SONG
OF OUR SHOW.
THIS IS THE OPENING SONG
IT'S ONE HOUR LONG
(THE SHOW, NOT THE SONG.)
IT WON'T GO ON FOREVER AND EVER
IT WON'T GO ON FOREVER AND EVER
IT WON'T GO ON FOREVER AND EVER
IT WON'T GO ON FOREVER AND EVER

HERE WE GO, ON WITH THE SHOW
IT WON'T GO ON FOREVER AND EVER.

FOREVER AND EVER HERE WE GO,
FOREVER AND EVER ON WITH THE SHOW

STINKY CHEESEMAN!
STINKY CHEESEMAN!
STINKY CHEESEMAN!
STINKY CHEESEMAN!

STINKEEEEEEEEE CHEEEEEESEMANNNNNN!!!

(The chorus exits, leaving JACK.*)*

JACK. *(In that sing-songy way that acknowledges he's stating the obvious:)* So that was the opening number. Wasn't quite ready for it, but never mind. Anyway, before we start the show proper—which would be the part of the show that comes after all of the *improper* stuff that has been cluttering things up so far—I'm here to tell you that we want to dedicate this performance to our very close, personal, special friend… *(To someone in the audience:)* What was your name again? What? That's not your name. It is? Well I can't be expected

to remember a name like that, so I'm just going to call you Melvin. We dedicate the show to our BFF, Melvin, here, because I like the color of his/her shirt, and he/she doesn't stink, very much. Good job, Melvin. Okay, here we go. A long time ago, people used to tell magical stories of wonder and enchantment. Seriously. And those stories were called Fairy Tales. But we're not going to tell you those stories. Instead, we'll be—

(The COW PATTY BOY *suddenly runs in and cries:)*

COW PATTY BOY. Cow patty!!!

*(*JACK *does a pratfall in response to the warning. As he gets up and dusts himself off, he sees that there is no cow patty there.)*

JACK. What are you talking about?! There's no—

(But COW PATTY BOY *just walks away, chuckling.* JACK *turns back to audience.)*

What's his problem? Anyway, as I was beginning to explain, the stories in this show are *almost* Fairy Tales. But not quite. They're—

(The SURGEON GENERAL *enters, briskly and efficiently.)*

SURGEON GENERAL. Stop.

JACK. Who are you?

SURGEON GENERAL. *(Isn't it obvious?)* I'm the surgeon general.

JACK. What are you doing here? Nobody's smoking.

SURGEON GENERAL. I've come to warn your audience that the show they're about to see consists of a bunch of fairly stupid tales and is therefore probably dangerous to their health, so I'm afraid I'm going to have to shut the whole thing down. *(To audience:)* Go on. Go home before somebody gets hurt.

JACK. Wait a minute, it isn't dangerous, it's just stupid, and I was about to tell them that myself.

SURGEON GENERAL. *(Checking his clipboard:)* Not dangerous?

JACK. Not the least bit dangerous.

SURGEON GENERAL. You're sure about that?

JACK. Absolutely.

*(*CHICKEN LICKEN *enters like a tornado and tramples* JACK.*)*

CHICKEN LICKEN. The sky is falling!

SURGEON GENERAL. *(Leaving:)* I warned you.

CHICKEN LICKEN. The sky is falling! The sky is falling!

JACK. What is it with the chickens in this show? None of you can wait for your cue? Now get out of here until I'm ready for you.

(CHICKEN LICKEN *exits huffily.)*

As I was saying, you are about to see some fairly stupid tales. I mean, what else would you call a story like "Goldilocks and the Three Elephants?" This girl walks through the woods, smells peanut porridge, decides to break into the elephants' house so she can eat the porridge, sit in the chairs, sleep in the beds, but when she gets inside she finds out the chairs are too big to climb up on, so she goes home. The end. And if you don't think that's fairly stupid, wait'll you see "The Stinky Cheese Man." So. That's my introduction. Now it's time for the first story of the show… "Chicken Licken."

(He waits, but nothing happens.)

I said, now for the first story, "Chicken Licken."

(Again, nothing.)

Oh, for—

(He starts off, but is once again trampled by the on-rushing CHICKEN LICKEN. SURGEON GENERAL *has stuck his head in just in time to see this: he clucks, makes a mark on his clipboard, and disappears.)*

CHICKEN LICKEN. The sky is falling! The sky is falling! We must tell the President!

JACK. *(Gathering himself up:)* Once upon a time, Chicken Licken was standing around when a piece of something fell on her head.

(CHICKEN LICKEN *holds out the offending piece of "sky." It looks like the number "12" fashioned in three dimensions out of Styrofoam.)*

Lemme see that. This is what fell on you?

(CHICKEN LICKEN *nods energetically.)*

This is the number "12."

CHICKEN LICKEN. The sky is falling! The sky is falling!

JACK. Hey Melvin, what is this? *(Shows "Melvin" the Styrofoam "12" but doesn't really wait for his response:)* That's right, it's the number "12."

CHICKEN LICKEN. The sky is falling! The sky is falling!

JACK. Unh hunh. Well, as you can see, Chicken Licken was not the brightest thing on two drumsticks, so she started running around in circles like a chicken with its head cut off.

*(*CHICKEN LICKEN, *who had been running around frantically, stops and glares at* JACK.*)*

What?

CHICKEN LICKEN. That's a vicious stereotype.

JACK. What is?

CHICKEN LICKEN. Chickens do not run around with their heads cut off.

JACK. No, it's just a figure of—

CHICKEN LICKEN. You're prejudiced!

JACK. I'm not prej—

CHICKEN LICKEN. Why do you hate chickens?

JACK. I don't, I just, I'm trying to tell a story here, trying to—

CHICKEN LICKEN. You hairless monkey.

JACK. What I meant to say was, Chicken Licken started running around like a, like a very frantic chicken.

*(*CHICKEN LICKEN *continues her slow burn, staring daggers at* JACK.*)*

Aaaaand, she ran right away to her friend—hey Duck, get in here—to her friend, Ducky Lucky, and clucked:

*(*DUCKY LUCKY *appears.* CHICKEN LICKEN *ignores her, still trying to burn a hole in* JACK's *head with her eyes.)*

JACK. *(Stage whisper:)* You have to say your line! *(To* DUCKY LUCKY*:)* Do something!

DUCKY LUCKY. Uh…so…I hear the sky might be falling? …Don't you think we should tell—

CHICKEN LICKEN. *(Getting back into it:)* Ducky Lucky! Ducky Lucky! The sky is falling! The sky is falling! We must tell the President!

DUCKY LUCKY. *(Quacking seriously:)* Let's go.

JACK. Then Chicken Licken and Ducky Lucky ran to their friend Goosey Loosey and yelled:

CHICKEN and DUCKY. Goosey Loosey! Goosey Loosey! The sky is falling! The sky is falling! We must tell the President!

GOOSEY LOOSEY. *(Honking:)* Let's go!

JACK. Chicken Licken, Ducky Lucky, and Goosey Loosey ran to their friend—

*(*COCKY LOCKY *enters cockily, interrupting* JACK.*)*

COCKY LOCKY. Cochran Lockwood, the Third.

JACK. No, your name is—

COCKY LOCKY. Cochran. Lockwood. The Third.

JACK. Whatever. So the others ran to their friend, Coch—

CHICKEN, DUCKY, & GOOSEY. Cocky Locky! Cocky Locky! The sky is falling! The sky is falling! We must tell the President!

JACK. Wait a minute! Wait a minute! cried Jack the Narrator, I forgot the Table of Contents!

DUCKY LUCKY. Hey, you're not in this story.

GOOSEY LOOSEY. You're just the narrator.

CHICKEN LICKEN. The hairless monkey narrator.

(They all crack up.)

JACK. I know, but I have to warn you that the Table of Contents is—

DUCKY LUCKY. And if you knew anything, you'd know that a play does not have a table of contents.

COCKY LOCKY. Monkey man.

CHICKEN LICKEN. So why don't you buzz off and let us finish our story. Ahem. The sky is falling! The sky is falling! We must tell the President!

JACK. *(Indignant:)* So Chicken Licken, Ducky Lucky, Goosey Loosey, and Cocky Locky *ignored* Jack the Narrator and ran off to catch a plane to Washington. Just outside the airport they met Foxy Loxy.

ALL. Foxy Loxy! Foxy Loxy!

FOXY LOXY. Girls, girls, calm your down! You'd think the sky was falling.

ALL. The sky *is* falling! The sky *is* falling! We must tell the President!

FOXY LOXY. Well, in that case, come with me. I know a shortcut.

DUCKY LUCKY. How do we know you won't eat us?

FOXY LOXY. Trust me.

WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

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