

LET GO OF MY TALE!

by Ken Bradbury



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Cast: Dusty, Park, Group I, Group II, various solos

DUSTY: Good morning, children! And welcome to our storytelling time!

PARK: The greatest fairy tails and nursery rhymes of all times. Just the perfect little rhymes to lull you off into beddy-bye land.

DUSTY: That is so sweet.

PARK: Thank you. Okay! Our first nursery rhyme!

ALL: Three blind mice. Three blind mice.
See how they run. See how they run.

GROUP I: They all ran after the farmer's wife,
Who cut off their tails with a carving knife.

GROUP II: Did you ever see such a sight in your life,

ALL: As three blind mice?

DUSTY: Hold it! Hold it! Wait just a darned minute! That's horrible! That's disgusting!

PARK: And that's the way the poem goes.

DUSTY: (*indicating the audience*) Just look at the faces of these poor children! Do you want them to go to bed at night dreaming about knives and mice with bloody tails?

PARK: But that's the way the poem goes!

DUSTY: Then you'll have to change it.

PARK: Change it? It's a famous nursery rhyme!

DUSTY: It's a terrible nursery rhyme! Rodents and weapons and all that tail chopping! Here ... I've got a much nicer idea. Try this. (*to the group*) Ready, guys?

ALL: Three nice mice. Three nice mice.
See how they dance. See how they dance.

GROUP I: They asked the farmer's wife to prom.
She went to the dance with her best dress on.
Now she knows she can depend upon
Three nice mice.

- PARK:** (*a long stare at the group, then*) I can't tell you how dorky that sounded.
- DUSTY:** But it was nice.
- PARK:** Nice mice?
- DUSTY:** Nice mice.
- PARK:** That's ridiculous. Oh, well ... It's time for another one. Hit it, team!
- ALL:** Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water.
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after!
- PARK:** Great! Great!
- DUSTY:** That's terrible! Awful!
- PARK:** What?
- DUSTY:** A nursery rhyme for children about a little boy who climbs a hill with a girl ... UN-chaperoned, I might add. Then he falls down and breaks his head open?
- PARK:** But that's the way it goes!
- DUSTY:** Well, we can't have that sort of violence.
(*indicating the audience*) Just look at all these impressionable young faces.
- PARK:** (*looking at the audience*) Some of these young faces are getting pretty wrinkled.
- DUSTY:** Stop that! (*to the group*) Okay, ladies and gentlemen ... let's do the proper version.
- ALL:** Jack and Jill went up the hill.
Jill's mother went with 'em.
They ate some cookies, drank some milk,
With absolutely no kissin'.
- PARK:** Oh, good grief. That's ridiculous.
- DUSTY:** I know. But it was nice.
- PARK:** Nice mice again. Oh, never mind. Look, there must be some nursery rhyme that you won't object to.
- DUSTY:** Lots of them!
- PARK:** Okay ... here we go. (*to the group*) Ready, everybody?
- GROUP I:** Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall.

GROUP II: Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.

ALL: All the king's horses and all the king's men
Couldn't put Humpty together again.

DUSTY: Stop! Stop!

PARK: Now what?

DUSTY: This ... Dumpty person ... he was sitting on top of
a wall?

PARK: Yes.

DUSTY: And he fell off and broke into little pieces?

PARK: That's what it says.

DUSTY: Wasn't that ... messy?

PARK: I don't know. I guess.

DUSTY: You're going to send these tiny children to bed at
night with visions of people falling off walls and
breaking into pieces?

PARK: Well ...

DUSTY: And how can a horse help glue someone back
together again? Here's a much nicer version.

PARK: Here we go with "nice" again.

ALL: Humpty Dumpty sat on a ... (*They look to Dusty.*)

DUSTY: "Chair." Chairs are nice. You really shouldn't sit on
walls.

ALL: Humpty Dumpty sat on a chair.

SOLO: He was brushing his teeth and combing his hair.

ALL: All the king's horses and all the king's men,
Sat down for pizza and all became friends.

PARK: That is the silliest thing I've ever heard of.

DUSTY: I think it was sweet. Little men and little horsies
sitting around eating pepperoni with Humpty
Dumpty. And nobody got hurt. Now go ahead ...
let's do another one.

PARK: (*to the group*) You ready? Go!

ALL: Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating his Christmas pie;
He stuck in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum, and said,



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