

"THE BIG SNOOZE"  
A JUSTIN THYME MYSTERY  
By Bruce Kane

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"THE BIG SNOOZE"  
A JUSTIN THYME MYSTERY  
By Bruce Kane

CHARACTERS:

JUSTIN THYME – A Bogart style, hard boiled detective  
EFFIE – Thyme's voluptuous secretary.  
MACDOUGALL – Local cop dressed as a Keystone Kop  
RAPUNZEL – Beautiful with a large pile of hair on her head  
B.B. WOLFE – Local crime lord  
BIG JACK JOHNSON – Munchkin  
BO PEEP – Hot, young shepherdess  
VERONICA VIRAGO – Sexy and evil  
BAMBI – Young, sleeping beauty  
PRINCE CHARMING – Arrogant prince  
ECHO – Off stage voice

SETTINGS:

Thyme's Office – A beat up wooden desk, a rotary phone, a chair and an old wooden hat rack sit off to one side. Thyme's beat up fedora and rumpled trenchcoat hang from the rack.

All Other Settings – The rest of the set can be as minimal as a blank stage or one filled with colorful cartoon like cutouts of trees, bushes, creatures, etc.

ACT ONE

SOUND: BLUESY SAXOPHONE MUSIC

LIGHTS UP ON THYME'S OFFICE:

*(JUSTIN THYME sits behind his desk wearing a rumpled suit, shirt and tie)*

THYME: *(to audience)* A place that wasn't what it seemed to be. A missing dame who may or may not want to remain missing. A murder that may or may not have been a murder. Three possible suspects who may or may not have committed a murder that may or may not have been a murder. Solving a murder is hard. Solving a murder that may not have been a murder is even harder.

*(MUSIC OUT)*

THYME: It all began once upon a time when Effie, my overdeveloped secretary with the underdeveloped typing skills perambulated into my office.

*(EFFIE perambulates in. Feel free to underline all of her entrances and exits with drum beats)*

THYME: She told me some guy named Dumpty had called while I was out.

EFFIE: Some guy named Dumpty called while you were out.

THYME: William Jefferson Dumpty? *(to audience)* I asked.

EFFIE: Didn't leave his full name.

THYME: *(to audience)* She replied.

EFFIE: Know him?

THYME: *(to audience)* She inquired. *(to Effie)* Yeah. *(to audience)* I retorted monosyllabically. *(to Effie)* He helped me out on a case a few years back.

EFFIE: Now he says he needs your help.

THYME: Did he say what about?

EFFIE: I asked but he said he couldn't talk about it over the phone.

THYME: How'd he sound?

EFFIE: Scared. Said for you to grab the next boat to Peppermint Bay.

THYME: Peppermint Bay? Did you say Peppermint Bay?

EFFIE: Yeah. That's what I said. Peppermint Bay.

THYME: That's what I thought you said.

EFFIE: Then why'd you make me repeat it?

THYME: Dramatic emphasis.

EFFIE: Peppermint Bay. Isn't that the place where bon bons play on the sunny beach?

THYME: Don't let the brochures fool ya. Take away the cotton candy, the gingerbread houses, the little furry woodland creatures singing pop tunes in high, squeaky voices and Peppermint Bay is just like any other burg. Corrupt... Depraved... Debauched. *(to audience)* In short, it was my kind of town. *(to Effie)* Dumpty say where I could find him?

EFFIE: Said he'd be sittin' on the dock of the bay.

THYME: Say what he'd be doin'?

EFFIE: Watchin' the tide roll away.

THYME: *(to audience)* I told Effie to book me a one way ticket on the Good Ship Lollipop. Destination Peppermint Bay. *(to Effie)* Book me a one way ticket...

EFFIE: Yeah, yeah.

THYME: *(to audience)* She said annoyedly.

EFFIE: The Good Ship Lollipop. *(starts to exit then turns back)* If you need me for anything else, just buzz... You know how to buzz don'tcha, boss?. You just put your lips together and ....*(shaking her head rapidly)* bzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz. *(exits)*

*(Thyme stands and puts on his trenchcoat)*

THYME: *(to audience)* I watched Effie undulate out of my office, rolled my tongue back into the general vicinity of my mouth, grabbed my fedora *(takes fedora off hat rack)* and cued my saxophone accompaniment ... *(nods)*

(SOUND: BLUESY SAXOPHONE UP AND UNDER)

*(Thyme crosses out of his Office and onto Main Set)*

THYME: Way back when Dumpty helped me out, I told him I owed him a favor. Of course, I never expected him take me up on it. Leave it to Dumpty not to recognize an empty gesture when he heard one. It was no wonder nobody liked him. So here I was in Peppermint Bay looking for one William Jefferson Dumpty. When I finally found him, he wasn't exactly sittin' on the dock of the bay. More like he was all over it.

(MUSIC OUT:)

*(MACDOUGALL, dressed like a Keystone Kop, enters shooing away unseen onlookers)*

MACDOUGALL: Move it along... Move it along... This is an accident scene, not a pop up book.

THYME: *(to MacDougall)* Lemme guess. Dumpty.

MACDOUGALL: That's right, laddie. Humpty Dumpty.

THYME: He hated that name. His mother hung it on him when he was a kid. She thought it was funny.

MACDOUGALL: And you wonder why some people turn out the way they do.

THYME: How'd he buy it?

MACDOUGALL: Sat on that wall. Had a great fall.

THYME: Tough way to go.

MACDOUGALL: We did everything we could for him, but it was no use.

THYME: What about all the king's horses and all the king's men?

MACDOUGALL: Budget cuts.

THYME: When did it happen?

MACDOUGALL: Sometime before one o'clock.

THYME: Who found him?

MACDOUGALL: Hickory Dickery Dock.

THYME: Who's Hickory Dickory Dock?

MACDOUGALL: A mouse.

THYME: A mouse?

MACDOUGALL: That's right. A mouse. Runs up and down the clock.

THYME: Why?

MACDOUGALL: He's a mouse. What else is he gonna do? Dumpty a friend of yours, laddie?

THYME: You could that say that.

MACDOUGALL: I just did.

THYME: He helped me out on a coupla cases sometimes back.

MACDOUGALL: You a cop or something?

THYME: Or something. The name's Thyme.. Justin Thyme. I work for the F.B.I.

MACDOUGALL: The F.B.I?

THYME: The Fictional Bureau Of Investigation. I handle the toughest, dirtiest crimes in English literature.

MACDOUGALL: You mean..?

THYME: That's right. I'm a fictional detective.

MACDOUGALL: Yeah... Sure... Thyme... I read about you. You broke the Cinderella case. Nice work.

THYME: Thanks.

MACDOUGALL: Nice to meet you. The name's MacDougal.

THYME: No. I just said it's Thyme.

MACDOUGALL: No, my name's MacDougal.

THYME: Oh... Nice to meet you MacDougal. Any suspects?

MACDOUGALL: You think it wasn't an accident?

THYME: Maybe.

MACDOUGALL: Think he was pushed?

THYME: Maybe.

MACDOUGALL: Think you can figure it out?

THYME: Maybe.

MACDOUGALL: It won't be easy.

THYME: Maybe I'll win or maybe I'll lose. Or maybe I'll just end up singing the blues. But nevertheless...

MACDOUGALL: Yeah?

THYME: I'd still like to look around. See what I can see and what I can't see. Sometimes what you can't see is more important than what you can see. Only problem is... you can't see it.

MACDOUGALL: Makes sense to me.

THYME: Did you know Dumpty?

MACDOUGALL: We had a few brushes. Dumpty was always a little hard boiled for my taste. Always playing the angles. Looking for the quick buck. Sometimes people got hurt. Sometimes they complained.

THYME: Any of the good citizens of Peppermint Bay angry enough to want to use the sidewalk for a frying pan?

MACDOUGALL: It'd be easier to make a list of everyone who didn't want to poach Dumpty.

THYME: He have any next of kin around here?

MACDOUGALL: Not that I know of. Although, last I hear he was hooked up with a singer over in Happy Valley..

THYME: I might want to look her up.

MACDOUGALL: Hear she's a real looker.

THYME: Then I'll definitely want to look her up. What's the canary's name?

MACDOUGALL: Rapunzel.

THYME: Rapunzel? Did you say Rapunzel?

MACDOUGALL: Yeah that's what I said. Rapunzel.

THYME: That's what I thought you said.

MACDOUGALL: Then why'd you make me repeat it.

THYME: Dramatic emphasis. Where I can find this Rapunzel?

MACDOUGALL: Works at a dive called Jack Sprat's.

THYME: How do I get there?

MACDOUGALL: Just take Happy Valley Turnpike, out to Happy Valley Boulevard. Turn right until you get to Happy Valley Drive. Go two miles, take a left on Happy Valley Street. Take a right. Go three blocks. Hang on right on Happy Valley Boulevard and you're there. You can't miss it, it's on...

THYME: I know. The edge of town.

MACDOUGALL: If you see Rapunzel, give her my best.

THYME: You know her?

MACDOUGALL: Never had the pleasure. *(exits)*

THYME: *(to audience)* I figured I'd start with the canary. In my experience, nine times outta ten, a guy gets scrambled, it's usually a dame handlin' the whisk.

*(Thyme turns to see RAPUNZEL ENTER. She's a beautiful woman, in a slinky gown with long hair piled high on top of her head. She's holding a microphone)*

RAPUNZEL: For my next song I'd like to sing a tune made popular by Ole King Cole and his Fiddlers Three. It's a little ditty I like to call The Spider Song. *(She sings the song slow and sexy in a low breathy voice. For reference check out the recordings of Julie London. As she sings Rapunzel crosses in Thyme's direction)* Little Miss Muffet... She sat on her...*(pause for effect)* ... tuffet... Eating her curds and whey. When, along came that big, bad spider... Well, you know what he did? That big bad spider? He sat down right beside her... And frightened poor, little Miss Muffet away.

*(SOUND: SLIGHT APPLAUSE)*

RAPUNZEL: Thank you... Thank you... Stick around. I'll be back in five... *(to Thyme)* Well, well, well. If it isn't Justin Thyme, fictional dick.

THYME: Hello, Rapunzel.

RAPUNZEL: It's been a long time, Thyme.

THYME: Too long.

RAPUNZEL: Is that a gun in your pocket Thyme, or are you just glad to see me?

THYME: It's a gun.

RAPUNZEL: *(disappointed)* Oh....

THYME: *(to audience)* Rapunzel was one of those dames who always had lousy luck with men. When I first knew her she was hooked up with an ugly little half-pint named Rupelstilskin. Nobody could ever figure what she saw in the creep. But, then again, trying to figure out a dame was like trying to unravel quantum physics while banging your head on a wall. Either way, all you end up with is bunch of formulas and a headache.

RAPUNZEL: You done with the metaphors?

THYME: Yeah, I'm done... For now.

RAPUNZEL: What brings you all the way out here, Thyme?

THYME: I don't how to tell ya this.

RAPUNZEL: Why don't you try stringing a few verbs and nouns together until they form a complete sentence.

THYME: *(to audience)* I gave it to her straight, because I knew that's the way she liked it. *(to Rapunzel)* Dumpty's dead.

RAPUNZEL: Too bad. How'd the little ovum buy it?

THYME: Fell off a wall. Had a great fall.

RAPUNZEL: Doesn't make sense.

THYME: Why's that?

RAPUNZEL: Dumpty was afraid of heights.

THYME: How come?

RAPUNZEL: He was an egg. You do the math.

THYME: You don't seem too broken up.

RAPUNZEL: Dumpty and me weren't exactly what you would call sunny side up.

THYME: Another dame?

RAPUNZEL: I told him to beat it. Doctor's orders.

THYME: Doctor's orders?

RAPUNZEL: My cholesterol was outta sight.

THYME: Did he seem different lately?

RAPUNZEL: How different could he be? He was an egg. They're a dollar eighty nine a dozen.

THYME: Where were you around one o'clock?

RAPUNZEL: Yeah, sure. Stick it to old Rapunzel. Right, Thyme? Just like the old days.

THYME: *(to audience)* Rapunzel and me had what you might call a love-hate relationship. She loved hating me and I hated ... But that's another story for another time in another place during another episode about another case where.....

*(Rapunzel slaps him)*

THYME: Hey, what's that for?

RAPUNZEL: You were runnin' on.

THYME: You liked doing that, didn't ya?

RAPUNZEL: Almost as much as you liked me doing it.

THYME: *(to audience)* Rapunzel was right... I did like it... There was just something about getting socked in the jaw by a gorgeous dame that made you feel alive. *(to Rapunzel)* I didn't come out here to reminisce about the good old days, Rapunzel. Dumpty wrote me a letter. Said he needed my help. You wouldn't know what with.

RAPUNZEL: Beats me.

THYME: *(to audience)* I wasn't sure if Rapunzel was shooting straight from the hip or not. For that I'd have to make a closer inspection of her hips. But this wasn't the time or place, so I thanked her for her time. *(to Rapunzel)* Thanks for your time, apple knees. *(to audience)* She said it was no problem.

RAPUNZEL: No problem.

THYME: *(to audience)* I told her if she could think of anything else, to let me know. *(to Rapunzel)* If you think of anything else, let me know. *(to audience)* She said she'd do that.

RAPUNZEL: I'll do that.

THYME: *(to audience)* I told her I'd be back. *(to Rapunzel)* I'll be back. *(to audience)* She said she was counting on it. That she'd be waiting for me. Not to wait so long, next time.

RAPUNZEL: *(sarcastically)* Remind me to hold my breath. *(exits)*

THYME: It was good seeing Rapunzel again. She was looking good. Very good. Maybe when I'd wrapped things up here in Peppermint Bay I'd drop in, buy her drink, catch up on old times, rekindle the spark, light a fire... That is if she wasn't the one who pushed Dumpty off the wall. If that was the case I might have to rethink my position. I decided to head back to Peppermint Bay when...

*(From off stage we hear a voice making a loud "pssssting" sound)*

*(JOHNSON ENTERS. He stands about three feet high, wearing a red tunic, blue tights and a yellow cloth cap that comes to a point and then tilts over to one side. Actually, he's a normal sized man, who shuffles in on his knees which happen to have shoes attached to them to make him look like a munchkin. )*

THYME: You pssssting at me?

JOHNSON: There's only the two of us... Who else would I be pssssting, Judy Garland?

THYME: What do you want?

JOHNSON: You Thyme, the fictional dick?

THYME: Yeah, I'm Thyme. What's it to ya?

JOHNSON: Dumpty talked about ya. He talked about ya a lot.

THYME: You a friend of Dumpty's?

JOHNSON: Yeah, we was friends. I liked him. You could say he was a good egg.

THYME: You could. I wouldn't.

JOHNSON: Poor guy. Got a rough deal.

THYME: How so?

JOHNSON: Didn't deserve to get shoved off that wall.

THYME: You think he was pushed?

JOHNSON: Bound to happen if you knew Dumpty.

THYME: You think he stuck his nose in where he shouldn't have?

JOHNSON: Except for one thing.

THYME: What's that?

JOHNSON: He didn't have a nose.

THYME: I was speaking metaphorically.

JOHNSON: Next time send up a flare.

THYME: What makes you think Dumpty's swan dive wasn't an accident.

JOHNSON: All I know is that Dumpty and Wolfe got into it big time.

THYME: Wolfe?

JOHNSON: Yeah... B. B. Wolfe.

THYME: The blues singer?

JOHNSON: No, that's B.B. King.

THYME: Who's this Wolfe guy?

JOHNSON: Runs everything worth running in Paradise Bay. Not a good idea to get on his bad side and he doesn't have a good side.

THYME: Is that so?

JOHNSON: That's so

THYME: Sounds like a rough character, alright. So, when did this Wolfe and Dumpty have their set to?

JOHNSON: A couple of days before Dumpty cracked his shell.

THYME: Just before he bought it, Dumpty dropped a dime. Said he needed my help. Any idea what he was workin' on? What angle he was playing?

JOHNSON: He did say something about working on a big score. Said he was about to hit the jackpot with some rich guy.

THYME: This rich guy have a name?

JOHNSON: I'm sure he does. He's rich.

THYME: Thanks for the help.

JOHNSON: Anytime.

*(Johnson starts to exit)*

THYME: By the way.

JOHNSON: Yeah?

THYME: Know what Dumpty and this Wolfe guy were arguing about?

JOHNSON: No... Couldn't hear over all the whistling.

THYME: Whistling?

JOHNSON: Yeah... We whistle while we work... Company regulations. We took it to the union, but so far nothing.

*(He shuffles off whistling)*

*(Thyme takes out his phone and dials)*

(SOUND: PHONE RINGING)

*(Lights up on Thyme's Office. Effie pulsates in and answers)*

EFFIE: Fictional Bureau Of Investigation. Effie, Justin Thyme's incredibly attractive secretary speaking.

THYME: Hey, tangerine lips. It's me.

EFFIE: Oh, hi boss.

THYME: I need you to check something out for me.

EFFIE: Like what?

THYME: Like a list of all the rich guys in Peppermint Bay.

EFFIE: Rich guys, huh? Want me to bring it over personally?

THYME: Not necessary.

EFFIE: It wouldn't be any bother.

THYME: Just get me the info.

EFFIE: Killjoy.

*(Effie hangs up and pulsates out of the Office. Light down on Thyme's Office)*

THYME: *(to audience)* I was imagining Effie pulsating out of my office *(gets a distant look in his eyes and smiles)*

(SOUND: BLUESY SAXOPHONE)

*(BO PEEP saunters in wearing a sexy little shepherdess outfit and carrying a shepherd's crook)*

THYME: When she sauntered in. She was the kind of dame that made a man glad she was that kinda dame.

(MUSIC OUT)

BO: Well, hello there tall, dark and three dimensional

THYME: *(to Bo)*. And just who might you be?

BO: The name's Peep.

THYME: Peep?

BO: Bo Peep. But you can call me what my friends call me.

THYME: And what's that?

BO: Bodacious.

THYME: *(to audience)* The dame had two of everything including a name that was both a noun and an adjective. So tell me... Bodacious... What's a dame like you doing out here all by your lonesome?

BO: Looking for my sheep.

THYME: Your sheep?

BO: I lost my sheep and I don't know where to find them.

THYME: You want to know what I'm thinking?

BO: I know what you're thinking.

THYME: About your sheep.

BO: Oh. In that case.. sure... Lay it on me.

THYME: We still talking about sheep?

BO: It's your dime.

THYME: Leave them alone.

BO: Leave them alone?

THYME: That's right... Leave them alone and they'll come home.

BO: That's it?

THYME: That's it... Leave them alone and they'll come home wagging their tails behind them.

BO: And what about you?

THYME: I'm not lost.

BO: But if you were?

THYME: Then I'd definitely come home.

BO: Wagging your tail behind you?

THYME: Where else would I wag it?

BO: I'll be sure to keep a light on.

(SAXOPHONE MUSIC UP AND UNDER)

*(She saunters out. Thyme watches her go)*

THYME: She sauntered out the way she sauntered in... on legs like an elevator. They started at the penthouse and went all the way to the basement and then back up again. Now, you may be asking, what's a dame with a body that had its own zip code have to do with my case? The quick answer is "Who cares?" But stick around. She'll be back. And, trust me, she'll play a very important part in the story.

(MUSIC OUT)

*(MacDougall enters)*

THYME: MacDougall... Just the man I was looking for.

MACDOUGALL: What do you need, laddie?

THYME: Ever hear of a mug calls himself B.B. Wolfe?

MACDOUGALL: Who hasn't? Had to run him a while back on a five oh seven.

THYME: Five oh seven?

MACDOUGALL: Some kid fell down and broke his crown. The girlfriend pointed the finger at Wolfe.

THYME: Did he do it?

MACDOUGALL: Nah... Had an alibi. He was evicting three porkers from a house he owned. When they wouldn't move out he blew the place down.

THYME: Brought in a wrecking ball?

MACDOUGALL: No... Just huffed and puffed blew the damn thing down.

THYME: Sounds a like tough customer. Know where I can find him?

MACDOUGALL: Runs an operation called Wolfe's Fine Dining and Mining. It's an unusual combination of exotic cuisine and open hole quarrying. You can enjoy a fine escargot while watching little men with lights on their head haul heavy rocks out of the ground.

THYME: How do I get there?

MACDOUGALL: Just take Happy Valley Highway out to Happy Valley Circle. Drive two miles out past Happy Valley Estates take the second turn off the Happy Valley Roundabout. Take the on ramp to Happy Valley Skyway. Get off at the Happy Valley Ranch Road. Turn right, go one mile and you're there. You can't miss it, it's on...

THYME: I know... The edge of town.

MACDOUGALL: Be careful, laddie. Be very careful *(exits)*

(WOLFE, *a tough looking man chomping on a cigar enters shouting angrily to someone offstage*)

WOLFE: The other way. It goes the other way. (*turns to Thyme*) And he wonders why everyone calls him Dopey

THYME: You in charge around here?

WOLFE: Who's askin'?

THYME: (*to audience*) I flashed my badge. (*flashes his badge*) I found it saved a lot of time and needless conversation.

WOLFE: What's that?

THYME: My badge.

WOLFE: Badge? Badge for what?

THYME: For who I am and what I do?

WOLFE: Who are you and what do you do?

THYME: My name's Thyme. I work for the Fictional Bureau of Investigation.

WOLFE: Why didn't you say so in the first place? We coulda saved a lot of time and needless conversation.

THYME: I'm looking for B.B. Wolfe.

WOLFE: You're talkin' to him.

THYME: You familiar with the name Dumpty?

WOLFE: Should I be?

THYME: Let me tell you how this works, pal. I ask the questions. You give the answers.

WOLFE: What was the question?

THYME: See you did it again... You asked a question. Let's try it one more time. You ever hear of a guy named Dumpty?

WOLFE: First name or last name?

THYME: See, that's not an answer. That's another question. An answer's got a period at the end... A question is followed by a rising inflection and a squiggly mark. So I'll ask you again. What were you and Dumpty arguing about?

WOLFE: What else do guys argue about? A dame. A broad...A skirt.. A betty... A frail.

THYME: What was the beef?

WOLFE: Dumpty didn't like the way I was lookin' at his old lady and he didn't like the way she was lookin' at me.

THYME: His old lady?

WOLFE: Yeah, his old lady.

THYME: You talking about Rapunzel?

WOLFE: If you want to give her a name, that's as good as any.

THYME; And how was Rapunzel looking at you. *(Wolfe puts one hand on his hip and one hand behind his head to indicate a sexy female come on)* And how were you looking at her. *(Wolfe pants)*

WOLFE: But I never laid a hand on her. Are we done here?

THYME: For now.

WOLFE: Good, cause I gotta go evict some old broad from a hush puppy. *(exits)*

THYME: *(to audience)* If anyone could push Dumpty off a wall without a second thought it was Wolfe. But then again, he was too obvious. A guy like Wolfe would never do the deed himself. Unless he didn't want anybody to have something to hang over his head. Then he'd do it himself. Unless he didn't have a reason to dump Dumpty. Although they did have a dust up over Rapunzel. That'd be a reason. A good reason. Right now I was puttin' Wolfe at the top of my list. Of course, if he didn't do it, then I'd have to rethink my list.

*(Thyme takes out his phone and hits the buttons)*

SOUND: PHONE RINGING

*(Lights up on Thyme's Office. Effie undulates in and answers)*

EFFIE: Fictional Bureau Of Investigation, Effie, Justin Thyme's incredibly adorable secretary speaking.

THYME: Hey strawberry ears, it's me.

EFFIE: Oh, his boss.

THYME: Did you find anything on rich guys in Peppermint Bay?

EFFIE: There's only one who qualifies as rich.

THYME: Only one?

EFFIE: I guess there's not a lot of money in being a story book character. Everyone in Peppermint Bay is as poor as church mice. Especially the church mice.

THYME: What's the name of this mister moneybags?

EFFIE: Midas... Mitchell Midas... The locals just call him "King."

THYME: How'd he make his bundle?

EFFIE: Mufflers.

THYME: Car parts?

EFFIE: No, the kind you wrap around your neck.

THYME: Thanks blueberry toes. When I get back, remind me to give you a raise.

EFFIE: You better be talking money. *(hangs up and pulsates out)*

*(Light down on Thyme's Office)*

THYME: I was imagining Effie pulsating out of my office...

*(MacDougall enters)*

MACDOUGALL: You wanted to...

*(Thyme holds his hand up and stop MacDougall in mid-sentence while he stares off into the distance with a smile on his face. Then...)*

THYME: MacDougall. Just the man I wanted to see.

MACDOUGALL: What can I do for you, laddie?

THYME: You ever hear of a moneybags named Midas?

MACDOUGALL: Mitchell Midas. Richest man in Peppermint Bay.

THYME: What can you tell me about him?

MACDOUGALL: Married... One daughter... Ran off about a year ago.

THYME: Midas or the daughter?

MACDOUGALL: The daughter. Midas spent a fortune trying to find her.

THYME: Any luck?

MACDOUGALL: Everyone figured she didn't want to be found.

THYME: Where can I find this Midas?

MACDOUGALL: Easy... Lives on top of Midas Mountain.

THYME: *(to audience)* I was almost afraid to ask. *(to MacDougall)* How do I find Midas Mountain?

MACDOUGALL: Take Happy Valley Highway out to Happy Valley Glen. Turn right until you get to Happy Valley Trails. Go three miles. Take the fork to Happy Valley Valley. That'll bring you to Happy Valley Oaks. Turn right and then make an immediate left on Happy Valley Pines. Follow that until you see the signs to Midas Mountain. You can't miss it... It's on...

THYME: I know. The edge of town.

MACDOUGALL: When you see him, say hello for me.

THYME: You know Midas?

MACDOUGALL: Never laid eyes on him. *(exits)*

THYME: *(to audience)* It turned out Midas lived in a cozy little bungalow on the top of the mountain, if your idea of a cozy is the Taj Mahal. I rang the doorbell.

*(SOUND: CASH REGISTER RINGING UP A SALE)*

THYME: The door was answered by a dame with more curves than a scenic highway.

*(Veronica slinks in dressed in black)*

THYME: Veronica Virago???

VERONICA: Well, well, well... Justin Thyme... I was wondering when you'd get around to ringing my bell.

THYME: *(to audience)* Veronica and me went back a long way. This wasn't the first time I'd rung her bell... metaphorically speaking, of course. *(to Veronica)* What are you doing here, Veronica?

VERONICA: For one thing I live here. And for another thing the name isn't Veronica Virago anymore. It's Midas.

THYME: Midas Virago?

VERONICA: No... Veronica Midas. Mrs. Veronica Midas.

THYME: In that case, I'm here to see your husband.

VERONICA: I'm afraid he's not seeing visitors.

THYME: I think he'll want to see me.

VERONICA: My husband won't be seeing you or anybody else.

THYME: You mean he's...

VERONICA: That's exactly what I mean.

THYME: Away on business.

VERONICA: That's not what I mean.

THYME: He's tied up on the phone.

VERONICA: I don't mean that either.

THYME: Then you mean...

VERONICA: He's dead.

THYME: I was going to say in the can.

VERONICA: Then you'd've been wrong.

THYME: How'd he go?

VERONICA: Quietly.

THYME: Old age? Heart condition?

VERONICA: Suicide.

THYME: Sleeping pills? Drowning?

VERONICA: Three bullets in the back.

THYME: He must have been a helluva shot. Funny how all your husbands turn up face down.

VERONICA: What can I tell ya? I just can't catch a break.

THYME: How many does that make? Five? Six?

VERONICA: Seven, but who's counting?

THYME: When did he check out?

VERONICA: Last week.

THYME: (*to audience*) About the time Dumpty called. Coincidence or just a situation in which events happen at the same time in a way that is not planned or expected?

VERONICA: So what did you want from my husband?

THYME: I'm lookin' into the death of a pal of mine. Maybe you know him. William Jefferson Dumpty.

VERONICA: Never heard of him.

THYME: Maybe you knew him as Humpty.

VERONICA: Humpty Dumpty?

THYME: Yeah.

VERONICA: Still never heard of him.

THYME: Funny, I think he might have been working for your late husband.

VERONICA: A lot of people worked for my late husband. And none of them were funny.

THYME: I think Dumpty was looking for your missing daughter.

VERONICA: Daughter??? Daughter??? Do I look like the kind of woman who'd give birth???

THYME: Okay, stepdaughter.

VERONICA: You're barking up the wrong tree. The kid hated her old man. She was always taking off and he was always bringing her back. Frankly, I never knew why.

THYME: Maybe he loved her.

VERONICA: Love? Love? Listen to you. Still the do gooder, aren't you Thyme? Protecting the weak. Defending the innocent. (*dripping with disdain*) Looking out for the downtrodden.

THYME: What would you know about the weak and innocent? You always were self centered, greedy, grasping, rapacious, avaricious and ravenous..

VERONICA: And you were always (*disdainfully*) honest, decent, forthright and true blue. God I hate true blue.

THYME: No matter how much you had you always wanted more..

VERONICA: And what did you want? Justice? Honor? Respect? You make me sick.

THYME: You disgust me

VERONICA: You revolt me.

THYME: You nauseate me.

(*They are now nose to nose*).

VERONICA: Why don't you..?

THYME: Why don't I what?

VERONICA: Why don't you shut that big yap of yours ...

THYME: And what?

VERONICA: And kiss me

*(They embrace and kiss passionately)*

(BLACK OUT)

(LIGHTS BACK UP)

*(It's a few minutes later. Thyme is tucking his shirt in. Veronica is buttoning her blouse. She's also wearing Thyme's fedora)*

VERONICA: You never change, do you Thyme?

THYME: Why should I? Nobody does it better.

VERONICA: Or quicker.

THYME: Like Big Bill Shakespeare once wrote... If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly.

VERONICA: This Shakespeare guy must've spend a lot of nights alone. I've got a proposition for you, Thyme.

THYME: You always were good at ending a sentence with a proposition.

VERONICA: What's say you and me team up?

THYME: What do you mean team up?

VERONICA: Create an alliance. Form a partnership. Become...

THYME: I know what team up means.

VERONICA: With Mitchell gone I could use someone like you. We could run this town together, Thyme. Between your brawn and my....

THYME: Brains?

VERONICA: I was gonna say cleavage, but if you want to go with brains...

THYME: Tell you what, cupcake ears, I'll think about it.

VERONICA: You do that, Thyme... You think about it. You think about it hard. But, be careful. We wouldn't want you to strain anything... important.

*(She puts his fedora back on his head and slinks out.)*

THYME: *(to audience)* You had to hand it to Veronica. Sure she was evil, corrupt, and unprincipled but she still looked good and that had to count for something. Maybe when I'd wrapped things up here in Peppermint Bay I'd drop in, buy her drink, catch up on old times, rekindle the spark, light a fire... That is if she wasn't the one who pushed Dumpty off the wall. If that was the case I might have to rethink my position.

*(Thyme takes out cell phone, punches in the number)*

(SOUND: PHONE RINGING)

*(Lights up on Thyme's Office. Effie oscillates in and answers phone)*

EFFIE: Fictional Bureau of Investigation. Effie, Justin Thyme's incredibly available secretary speaking.

THYME: Hey tangelo toes, it's me.

EFFIE: Oh, hi boss.

THYME: I need you to track down something for me.

EFFIE: What is it?

THYME: Midas's will. I want to know who gets his geetus.

EFFIE: You mean when he dies.

THYME: He's already done that.

EFFIE: I'm sorry to hear that.

THYME: Not as sorry as he is.

EFFIE: Oh boss. Before you hang up. There's one more thing.

THYME: What is it?

EFFIE: It seemed Midas owned a bunch of shell companies.

THYME: He was in the sea shell business?

EFFIE: No. Shell companies.

THYME: What the heck is a shell company?

EFFIE: Geez boss everyone knows what a shell company is.

THYME: Enlighten me.

*(Effie rattles off the following speech like an attorney for the Securities & Exchange Commission)*

EFFIE: A shell company is a company that that has no or nominal operations and no or normal assets consisting solely of cash and cash equivalents or assets consisting of any amount of cash and cash equivalents and other nominal assets. And does not include a development stage...

THYME: Okay... I get it... But what I don't get is why I should care?

EFFIE: One of those shell companies owns a castle.

THYME: What do you mean a castle?

EFFIE: You know... One of those places with a drawbridge and a moat and a dragon.

THYME: Okay, so Midas owned a castle. A lot of guys own castles.

EFFIE: But this castle is located just outside Peppermint Bay. According to the records, no one's lived in it for years.

THYME: That is interesting... Good work tabasco ears. If I need anything else, I'll let you know.

EFFIE: You better be talking about information.

*(Effie undulates out of the office. The light fade on Thyme's Office as Thyme drifts off into space . A few moments later MacDougall enters)*

MACDOUGALL. You wanted to...

*(Thyme puts hand up to silence MacDougall. In a second or two Thyme is back among the living)*

THYME: You were saying.

MACDOUGALL. You wanted to see me?

THYME: Is there a castle around here?

MACDOUGALL: Are you kidding? This place is lousy with castles. You can't swing a dead cat in the hat without hitting one.

THYME: I mean one that hasn't been occupied for years. That people have forgotten about.

MACDOUGALL: I've heard about a place like that.... but I forget where.

THYME: Can you take me to it?

MACDOUGALL: I'm not sure.

THYME: That's good enough for me. Meet me back here in three hours. And bring a large bag of bread crumbs.

MACDOUGALL: Why? You planning on cooking a cutlet?

THYME: And one more thing. *(As they exit)* I want you to deliver three messages for me.

(MUSIC: BLUESY SAXOPHONE)

*(After several moments have passed Thyme and MacDougall enter and begin circling the stage)*

(MUSIC OUT)

THYME: We've been walking for an hour. Feels like we've been goin' around in circles.

MACDOUGALL: I hate to say this laddie, but I think we're lost.. There's not a castle in sight.

THYME: Don't worry, MacDougall. When you've been a fictional detective as long as I have you realize that this is what they call a "tension builder." It's usually around this time the gumshoe in question has a revelation that he's not tellin' anyone about. *(to audience)* Unfortunately, I wasn't havin' one of those revelations. *(to MacDougall)* It's time for plan B.

MACDOUGALL: Not plan B. I hate plan B.

THYME: *(to audience)* Plan B was a clue suddenly showin' up out of nowhere that would get me back on track. It wasn't the most satisfying literary device and usually demonstrated a complete lack of imagination. But I couldn't afford to worry about what the critics might say. *(to MacDougall)* We can't give up Mac. We've got to keep looking.

*(They continue to walk around in circles.)*

(SOUND: THUNDER)

(LIGHTS FLASH to indicate lightning)

*(After a few moments a sign flies in, drop down or slides in reading "Abandoned Castle – This Way")*

MACDOUGALL: Well, will you look at that.

THYME: *(to audience)* Like I said, it wasn't the most imaginative way to go, but any plot twist in a storm. *(to MacDougall)* Let's go. There's no time to waste.

*(They take a few steps)*

MACDOUGALL: Look, laddie.

THYME: That must be it. But how do we get in?

MACDOUGALL: We could try pushing this door open.

THYME: What door? I don't see a door.

MACDOUGALL: Use your imagination, laddie. After all we are in the land of make believe.

THYME: Just don't ask me to click my heels together.

*(They lean against the pretend door, grunt and push it open)*

*(SOUND: LOUD SQUEAKING DOOR)*

MACDOUGALL: See what I told you, laddie?

*(They step through the pretend door and into the abandoned castle)*

THYME: Man, this place is big.

ECHO: (O.S.) Big... big ... big.

THYME: Where do you think she is?

ECHO: (O.S.) Is?... Is?... Is?

MACDOUGALL: Who?

ECHO: (O.S.) Who?... Who?... Who?

THYME: Midas's daughter. The missing frail.

ECHO: Frail... Frail... Frail.

MACDOUGALL: It's just a guess, laddie, but, if she's here, I'd say she's in the keep.

ECHO: (O.S.) Keep... Keep... Keep.

*(They mime climbing stairs)*

MACDOUGALL: Be careful, Thyme, these steps are steep.

ECHO: (O.S.) Steep... Steep... Steep.

*(They mime reaching the next landing. MacDougall signals Thyme to follow as he mimes pushing open another door.)*

*(SOUND: LOUD CREAKING DOOR)*

*(Thyme and MacDougall step through the make believe door. Thyme sees a bed where a beautiful young girl lies sleeping.)*

THYME: Just as I thought.

MACDOUGALL: The missing girl.

*(They cross to the girl)*

THYME: She looks like she's asleep.

ECHO: (O.S.) Asleep.... Asleep... Asleep.

MACDOUGALL: Looks kinda sweet.

ECHO: (O.S.) Sweet... Sweet... Sweet

THYME: Like a young Meryl Streep.

ECHO: (O.S.) *(annoyed)* Meryl Streep? That's the best you can do? Meryl Streep?

*(They move closer)*

THYME: Mac... Cover the girl. *(He covers head to toe with a blanket).*

MACDOUGALL: What now?

THYME: We wait.

MACDOUGALL: For what?

THYME: Not for what? For who?

ECHO: (O.S.) For whom... Whom... Whom.

THYME: Our prime suspects.

*(Rapunzel enters looking around trying to figure out what's going on)*

RAPUNZEL: Thyme.

THYME: Rapunzel. Glad you could make it.

RAPUNZEL: So you're the one who sent the note.

THYME: That's right.

RAPUNZEL: And laid down that trail of bread crumbs.

THYME: Right again.

RAPUNZEL: What was the point of having them go around in circles like that?

THYME: (*annoyed*) Never mind.

RAPUNZEL: What am I doing here?

THYME: You'll find out in a minute.

(*Wolfe enters*)

WOLFE: Rapunzel...

RAPUNZEL: Wolfie.

WOLFE: What are you doing here?

RAPUNZEL: What are you doing here?

WOLFE: I gotta note. Said to follow some bread crumbs.

THYME: I sent that note.

WOLFE: I would have been here sooner but the trail kept going around in circles. What was that all about?

THYME: (*really annoyed*) Never mind.

WOLFE: What are we doing here, Thyme?

THYME: It won't be long. We're just waiting for one more... (*Veronica enters*) Right on cue, Veronica.

WOLFE: What's she doing here?

VERONICA : I gotta note.

WOLFE: You too?

VERONICA: I suppose that was you, Thyme.

THYME: That was me, apple lips.

VERONICA: So what was the point of having the trail go around and around in circles?

THYME: (*really, really annoyed*) Forget the trail.

WOLFE: What are we doing here?

THYME: One of you pushed Dumpty off that wall. And we're here to reveal which one it is.

*(Rapunzel, Wolfe and Veronica all trade looks)*

RAPUNZEL: Well, I didn't do it.

WOLFE: And I sure as hell didn't do it.

VERONICA: I didn't even know the guy.

THYME: Before we get around to nailing Dumpty's killer, there's one other piece of business to clear up first.

*(Thyme signals MacDougall who pulls back the blanket to reveal the sleeping girl. Rapunzel, Wolfe and Veronica all react with astonishment)*

THYME: I figure the sleeping frail here is the key to why Dumpty was killed.

WOLFE: But, what could she tell us?

THYME: Who drugged her and hid her out here.

RAPUNZEL: But the poor child looks like she's in a coma.

VERONICA: She doesn't look like she's gonna be waking up for a long, long time.

THYME: Now Mac, what was it you were telling' me when we found the girl?

MACDOUGALL: That the only way to wake her was with a kiss.

THYME: And what did I tell you?

MACDOUGALL: That wakin' gorgeous dames with a kiss wasn't exactly your style. That you preferred to slip out quietly while they're still in dreamland.

THYME: And what did you tell me would happen after I kissed her?

MACDOUGALL: That she'd wake up. Fall in love with you. You'd get married and live happily ever after.

THYME: And what did I say?

MACDOUGALL: Which is it? Married or happily ever after?

THYME: And then what did you say?

MACDOUGALL: Both.

THYME: And then what did I say?

MACDOUGALL: That ain't no legend, that's a fairy tale.

THYME: The girl is the key to this case. And to unlock that key I'm going to make the ultimate sacrifice and wake her up with a kiss. If she falls madly in love with me, so be it. She won't be the first dame.

*(leans over to kiss the girl).*

RAPUNZEL/ WOLFE / VERONICA: Stop!!!

THYME: *(to audience)* That was a close call. *(to Group)* So all of you have a reason for this young frail to remain comatose. You wanna go first Rapunzel? I'm guessing Dumpty had something on you. Something about the girl you didn't want anyone to know.

RAPUNZEL: Okay... It's true. He knew my secret. Bambi is my daughter.

THYME: Bambi? What's a stripper got to do with this?

RAPUNZEL: Bambi is the girl's name.

THYME: Oh. For a minute there I was having a flashback. A really incredible flashback. So, before Dumpty could tell the world you had a kid, you lured him onto that wall and pushed him off.

RAPUNZEL: No, it wasn't like that. Dumpty said he knew where the girl was but he wouldn't tell me. He said he was going to sell the information to Midas for big bucks.

THYME: So the girl really was Midas's daughter.

WOLFE: No she wasn't Midas's daughter. She's my daughter.

THYME: Wait a minute. Rapunzel says the girl is her daughter. You say the girl is your daughter. Which is it?

WOLFE: Both.

THYME: How is that possible?

WOLFE: Well, you see Thyme, when a man loves a woman...

THYME: You and Rapunzel?

WOLFE: I know. It's hard to believe. Bambi doesn't look a thing like me.

THYME: Fortunately for her. So how did Midas end up with her?

RAPUNZEL: When me and Wolfie first got together we were kids ourselves. Poorer than church mice.

WOLFE: I'd just started the loan sharking business.

RAPUNZEL; And don't forget the protection racket hadn't take off yet, either.

WOLFE: I forgot about that. So Midas agreed to look after her until we could get on our feet.

THYME: What happened?

WOLFE: Once I started bribing politicians and the money began rolling in...

RAPUNZEL: Bambi was growing up. And she looked so happy...

WOLFE: That we didn't have the heart to ...

THYME: So, what was Mitchell Midas's relationship to you two?

WOLFE: Mitchell Midas was my brother.

VERONICA: What??? That's a lie. He never talked about a brother.

WOLFE: Mitchell was my brother from another mother.

THYME: Okay... Okay... So that's why you and Dumpty were arguing that day.

WOLFE: He wouldn't tell us where Bambi was.

THYME: So in the heat of anger, you pushed him off the wall.

WOLFE: Why would I push the only guy who knew where our daughter was off a wall?

MACDOUGALL: If you're gonna play the logic card, Wolfe, there's only thing left to do.

MACDOUGALL: Not that, laddie.

THYME: I've got no choice.

MACDOUGALL: You're not you're gonna make a long, boring speech summing up who did what and when that is so convoluted nobody can follow it.

THYME: Just try and stop me. It all goes back to Midas's will. According to the will everything goes to sleeping beauty here. Unless, for some reason, the frail is still alive but out of commission. Then Veronica gets to run the show and spend the dough. . Am I going to fast for ya?

*(They all shake their heads uninterested and begin taking out their cell phones to check emails, play Candy Crush, etc.)*

THYME: But if the girl turns up dead, then the geetus goes to a charity. The Home For Lost Boys run by a guy name Pan. First name Peter. And Veronica ends up with the clothes on her back... if she can keep them on her back. So just to be safe, Veronica drugged the girl and stashed her here where no one could find her.

WOLFE: *(pumps his fist and exclaims)* Yes!

THYME: I'm not done.

WOLFE: No, not you. *(holds up phone)* I just scored twenty thousand points.

THYME: When Dumpty contacted Midas to set up a meet to sell him info on the girl's whereabouts, Veronica found out about it. She lured Dumpty to the top of the wall and pushed him off. It wasn't hard to get him up there. Rapunzel'll tell you. Dumpty was always a sucker for a dame with... *(Rapunzel isn't paying attention)* Rapunzel.

RAPUNZEL: *(looks up from phone)* Oh.... Brains.

THYME: I was gonna say cleavage, but if you wanna go with brains.

THYME: *(to Veronica)* You thought you were in the clear until you learned that Dumpty had sent for me. You'd know I'd figure out what happened because I always do. And you knew I'd tell Midas cause that's the kind of guy I am. So before I could figure out what happened, tell Midas and watch him toss you out in the cold, you put three bullets in his back and called it suicide.

VERONICA: You're just whistling Dixie, Thyme.

THYME: That's where you're wrong. I never learned to whistle.

VERONICA: You can't prove any of this.

THYME: I don't have to. All I have to do is wake up the young skirt here and have her tell us who drugged her.

*(Thyme leans over to kiss the girl.)*

VERONICA: Stop.

*(Veronica produces a magic wand and points it at Thyme. Everybody backs away.)*

VERONICA: One false move and you all get it.

THYME: Just put down the magic wand Veronica and nobody gets hurt.

*(Wolfe moves toward her)*

VERONICA: Back off dog breath or I'll turn you into a bunny rabbit. A horny little, rapid reproducing bunny rabbit.

*(Rapunzel pulls him back)*

THYME: Why don't we talk this over, Veronica.

VERONICA: We're done talking. Goodbye Thyme. It was nice knowing you. *(waving wand)* Salagadoola meshugina boola...

MACDOUGALL: Watch out Thyme!

VERONICA: Salagadoola mechika boom boom.

THYME: What is it Veronica? Forget the magic words?

VERONICA: Stay back. All of you. Salagadoola mechicka boola...

THYME: *(moves toward her)* You were saying Veronica.

VERONICA: Salagadoola ...Boppity hoppity... Bibbidi... Yibbidi... Damn.

*(Veronica bolts runs off stage)*

THYME: She's on the run, Mac. We can't let her get away.

*(Thyme and MacDougall run after Veronica)*

WOLFE: *(to Rapunzel)* Stay with Bambi.

*(He joins the chase)*

RAPUNZEL: Be careful, Wolfie. Remember what the vet told you about getting excited.

*(You can add old time chase music if you have it)*

*(Veronica runs back across the stage)*

VERONICA: Salagadoola chicka chicka boom boom.

*(MacDougall returns chasing after Veronica like a silent movie Keystone Kop, making sharp turns on one leg, jumping, running, etc)*

MACDOUGALL: Over here Thyme.

*(MacDougall runs off stage. Thyme runs after him and off stage. A few moments later Veronica returns.)*

VERONICA: Boola, boola. Boola, boola...

*(Veronica runs off. Thyme runs on)*

THYME: Mac... Raise the drawbridge.

*(Thyme runs off. MacDougall runs on)*

MACDOUGALL: Thyme... Lower the portocullis.

*(MacDougall runs off. Thyme runs on. He has no idea what a portocullis is)*

THYME: Uh... Yeah... Right... The portocullis.

*(Thyme runs off. Veronica runs on)*

VERONICA: Salagadoola something something.

*(Veronica runs off. Thyme runs on)*

THYME: Mac... She's upstairs.

*(Thyme runs off. MacDougall runs on)*

MACDOUGALL: No laddie, she's downstairs.

*(MacDougall runs off. Wolfe runs on)*

WOLFE: No, she's in my lady's chamber.

*(Wolfe runs off. Veronica returns. Then Thyme and MacDougall appear from the opposite side of the stage)*

THYME: You might as well give it up Veronica.

VERONICA: Back off Thyme.

THYME: It's all over.

VERONICA: I'm warning you.

THYME: Just drop the wand.

VERONICA: Salagadoola mechicka boola...

MACDOUGALL: Be careful, laddie. That thing could go off.

VERONICA: Bippidi... boppidi... Zoo... Loo... Moo.

*(Wolfe suddenly appears and grabs Veronica. Thyme takes the wand)*

THYME: I think the word you're looking for Veronica is ... Boo!

MACDOUGALL: Good work, laddie.

VERONICA: Damn. That's the last time I buy a magic wand on Ebay.

*(MacDougall takes Veronica into custody.)*

RAPUNZEL: Wolfie are you alright?

WOLFE: I'm fine.

RAPUNZEL: You were so brave.

WOLFE: It was nothing.

*(Prince Charming enters.)*

PRINCE CHARMING: Excuse me. Is this where the sleeping beauty has been.... sleeping?

THYME: Who the hell are you?

PRINCE CHARMING: *(arrogantly)* Who am I? Who am I? Why, my good man, I am every girl's dream come true. The answer to a woman's prayer.

THYME: Aren't we all? Now, once again... who are you?

PRINCE CHARMING: Why sir, I am... *(with bravado)* Prince Charming.

THYME: Okay Prince, you wanna tell us how you found this place?

PRINCE CHARMING: I followed the trail of breadcrumbs. I would have gotten here sooner but it kept going around in circles.

THYME: *(really, really, really annoyed)* Never mind that. What are you doing here?

PRINCE CHARMING: I have come to wake the sleeping beauty... *(said with flare)*... with a kiss.

THYME: Fine with me, but before you lay one on her, you better check with mom and dad first.

RAPUNZEL: Are you a real prince?

PRINCE CHARMING: Of course, I am a real prince.

WOLFE: You got some I.D.?

*(Prince Charming pulls a crown from his cape)*

RAPUNZEL: Knock yourself out.

*(Prince Charming kisses the girl. She awakens, sits up and look directly at Thyme)*

BAMBI: Are you my Prince Charming?

THYME: No, he's your Prince Charming.

*(The girl glances over at Prince Charming)*

BAMBI: *(disappointed)* Oh.

PRINCE CHARMING: Will you marry me?

BAMBI: I don't know. This is all so sudden... If I marry you, will we live ...like... happily ever after?

PRINCE CHARMING: Of course, we will.

BAMBI: In a big castle?

PRINCE CHARMING: In a very big castle.

BAMBI: With servants and handmaidens and stuff?

PRINCE CHARMING: With dozens of servants and handmaidens and lots of stuff.

BAMBI: And beautiful designer gowns?

PRINCE CHARMING: The most beautiful gowns you've ever seen.

BAMBI: And shoes? Lots of shoes? Closets full of shoes?

PRINCE CHARMING: As far as the eye can see.

RAPUNZEL: And no pre-nup?

PRINCE CHARMING: And no pre-nup.

BAMBI: And a...

RAPUNZEL: I wouldn't push it sweetie.

BAMBI: In that case... Works for me.

WOLFE: *(lovingly)* Like mother, like daughter.

PRINCE CHARMING: You have made me the happiest man in the world.

THYME: *(to audience)* Has he got a lot to learn.

*(Bambi rises, takes the Prince's arm and starts to exit. She looks back over her shoulder at Thyme, holds her hand to her ear miming a phone and mouths "Call me." Bambi and the Prince exit)*

WOLFE: This whole episode has taught me an important lesson.

THYME: What's that Wolfe?

WOLFE: That's it's better to give than to receive. That it's better to help people than exploit them for financial gain. That the love of one good woman is worth all the riches of the world.

RAPUNZEL: Oh, Wolfie.

WOLFE: Well, maybe not all the riches in the world. But close.

RAPUNZEL: That's my Wolfie.

*(Veronica puts her finger down her throat and gags)*

WOLFE: Rapunzel will you marry me?

RAPUNZEL: Oh, I don't know Wolfie.

THYME: Come on Rapunzel...Don't be such a tight ass. Let your hair down.

RAPUNZEL: *(to Wolfe)* Oh what the heck... Yes I'll marry you.

*(Rapunzel and Wolfe hug. As they exit, Rapunzel looks back over her shoulder at Thyme, mimes making a phone with her hand and mouths "Call me." She and Wolfe exit)*

THYME: *(to MacDougall)* She's all yours Mac.

MACDOUGALL: Come along Missy.

VERONICA: I'll get you for this Thyme. I'll get you if it's the last thing I do.

THYME: Forget it Veronica. There's not gonna be a sequel.

VERONICA: Damn.

*(As MacDougall leads lead Veronica off, he looks back over his shoulder to Thyme, mimes putting a phone to his ear and mouths "Call me." MacDougall and Veronica exit)*

THYME: *(to audience)* It all worked out in the end. Rapunzel married Wolfe. Bambi married her Prince . And as for me...

SOUND: BLUESY SAXOPHONE

*(Bo Peep saunters in and takes Thyme's arm..)*

THYME: I lived happily ever after. I told you she'd play an important part in the story.

*(As Thyme and Bo Peep exit she looks back at the audience, mimes holding a phone to her ear and mouths "Call me.")*

*(They exit)*

LIGHTS DOWN:

MUSIC OUT:

THE END