

Nick

STAGE MANAGER. (Shaking head.) Not unless you got a spinning wheel hidden around here somewhere.

GRANNY. Three Little Pigs?

STAGE MANAGER. No kettle.

GRANNY. Kettle?

STAGE MANAGER. You know? To boil the wolf in?

GRANNY. Oh, right. (Last shot.) Goldilocks and the

Three Bears? Wait, let me guess...

STAGE MANAGER AND GRANNY. No porridge.

GRANNY. Well, what about all these good people here?

What am I supposed to do to entertain them?

STAGE MANAGER. I dunno. Do a little dance? Sing a

little song? (Singing.) Get down tonight, get down tonight!

(Stage Manager laughs at her own little joke.)

GRANNY. They want to hear a fairy story.

STAGE MANAGER. Well, until we find all this stuff, they

ain't going to. (Into her headset or calling up to the light

booth.) Jim? Can you hear me? We're shutting down. Kill

the lights. Bring up the house. (Calling off.) Props!

Somebody get me props!

(Stage Manager exits. The stage lights fade out. The house lights come up.)

GRANNY. Oh, dear! This is terrible! (In tears.) Once upon a time... Once upon a time... There was a granny who couldn't tell any of her favorite stories. What can we do? Who can we turn to for help? I guess you should all go home now. I'm so sorry you came here for nothing. What a shame, what a shame, but there's nothing I can do. I'm so sorry, what a shame...

(Muttering) Granny exits with her book through the audience. We hear some bluesy jazz music, mostly

horn. This is Nick's theme music. The house lights fade out and a single spot picks up the stump area. Nick Tickle enters wearing a trench coat and a fedora and sucking on a lollypop. He pushes his desk before him into the light. On the desk there is a rotary phone. There should be no attempt to suggest an office in a building — Nick's office is in a clearing in the woods. Nick positions the desk at an angle to the stump. He stands in front of the desk and speaks directly to the audience.)

NICK. (Entering.) It was a day like any other day. Only it wasn't. The sun was singing, the birds were shining, the pixies were scattering fairy dust hither and yon, which really ticked-off the fairies. Little did I know that before the day was over, I would be turned into a pig, have my heart broken and still manage to solve the biggest case of my career that would save every fairy tale you know. She walked in to my office like a long, cool drink of water, whatever that means. (By now, Nick is sitting on the stump behind the desk. Goldilocks, a sexy woman, slinks on. She carries a basket.) I knew she was trouble the moment I laid eyes on her. (Goldilocks stumbles and falls against a piece of scenery, almost knocking it over.) I just didn't know how much. If I had, I probably would've run the other way. But I didn't. She was a swell-looking babe and I've always been a sap where babes are concerned. (Goldilocks looks around, peering out into the dark, wondering who Nick is talking to. Still talking to the audience.) I don't carry a gun. I use my brains. I'm Nick Tickle. I'm a detective. (The music stops. The rest of the lights come up.)

GOLDI. Are you Nick Tickle, Fairy Tale Detective?

NICK. (To audience.) Didn't I just say that?

GOLDI. My name's... Miss Locks. My friends call me