

RABBIT. You challenge me to a race. No kidding, what a concept. C'mon, let's do it. The Fast and the Infuriating.

(An OWL enters as SPECTATORS gather.)

OWL. I don't know what I'm doing in this story, but they've asked me to say that on the day of the big race— You know, may I simply point out that I have a PhD from Yale University, and I did postdoctoral research in particle physics at the Institute for Advanced Studies at Princeton, and I just have to say that—

TORTOISE/JACK. Owl!

OWL. I just have to say that on the day of the big race, Tortoise and Rabbit lined up at the starting line, and the grossly overqualified referee said, "On your mark. Get set. Grow!"

TORTOISE/JACK. Tortoise starts to run.

RABBIT. Rabbit starts to grow his hair.

TORTOISE/JACK. Tortoise runs.

RABBIT. Rabbit grows his hair.

(SPECTATORS begin to drift off.)

TORTOISE/JACK. Tortoise runs.

RABBIT. Rabbit grows his hair.

TORTOISE/JACK. Tortoise runs.

RABBIT. Rabbit grows his hair.

TORTOISE/JACK. Tortoise runs.

RABBIT. Rabbit grows his hair.

TORTOISE/JACK. Tortoise—

(Suddenly the GIANT [or just his giant hand] appears and grabs JACK, dragging him off. RABBIT and SPECTATORS exit quickly in the opposite direction. OWL remains onstage.)

OWL. That is what is called a *deus ex machina*. It is a dramatic device that normally comes at the end of a play and saves the hero from certain death. In this case, I think you'll agree, it has saved all of us from certain boredom.

(FOXY LOXY enters. OWL exits when dismissed. When FOXY LOXY introduces the LITTLE OLD MAN and LITTLE OLD LADY, they will enter.)

FOXY LOXY. I'll handle this, Poindexter. *(To audience:)* With all this excitement, and in the absence of our narrator, no one realized

that another story had already begun. The first words of this story, which you have regrettably missed, were, "Once upon a time there was a little old woman and a little old man who lived together in a little old house. They were lonely." Now while I was telling you *that*, you missed the *next* line of the story, which was—

LITTLE OLD LADY. Let's make a man out of stinky cheese.

LITTLE OLD MAN. (*Dubious.*) Okay.

LITTLE OLD LADY. I'll give him a piece of bacon for a mouth.

LITTLE OLD MAN. Yeah.

LITTLE OLD LADY. And two olives for eyes and—

LITTLE OLD MAN. Couldn't we just make a pizza?

LITTLE OLD LADY. —And then I'll put him in the oven to cook.

LITTLE OLD MAN. Then what?

LITTLE OLD LADY. Then he'll magically come alive and we won't be lonely any more.

LITTLE OLD MAN. So he'll be a walking, talking, little man made out of a variety of savory foodstuffs.

LITTLE OLD LADY. That's right.

LITTLE OLD MAN. A stinky cheese man.

LITTLE OLD LADY. It'll be great.

FOXY LOXY. So she raided her fridge and made a little man out of stinky cheese, and bacon, and olives.

LITTLE OLD MAN. I'd rather have a pizza.

FOXY LOXY. When she opened the oven to see if the little man was done—

(Begin intro to "Ride of the Stinky Cheese.")

LITTLE OLD LADY. (*Knocked backwards by the smell.*) Phew! What is that terrible smell?

(STINKY pops out and sings, to the tune of "The Ride of the Valkyries":)

SONG: RIDE OF THE STINKY CHEESE

STINKY.

MY NAME IT IS STINKY
I'M RIPE AND I'M WRINKLY
THOUGH I MAY BE DINKY
I RUN LIKE YOUR NOSE

IF YOU TRY TO CATCH ME
I WON'T LET YOU SNATCH ME
YOU'LL NEVER DISPATCH ME
'CAUSE I RUN LIKE YOUR HOSE

TITLE CHARACTER TIME
TITLE NUMBER SUBLIME
TIDE'LL GET OUT THE GRIME
BETTER THAN PUREX OR CHEER

IT'S ELEVEN O'CLOCK AND
THE SHOW NEEDS A SHOCK AND
A DOLLOP O'SCHLOCK AND
THAT'S WHY I'M HERE

*(Instrumental section during which STINKY runs around crazily
[perhaps into the audience] and we hear the following dialogue:)*

LITTLE OLD MAN. Well this was a good idea.

STINKY. You want to eat me, don't you?

LITTLE OLD LADY. Uhhh...

STINKY. Well, run run run as fast as you can. You can't catch me.
I'm the Stinky Cheese Man!

(Big finish:)

STINKY STINKY STINKY STINKY
STINKY STINKY STINKY STINKY *(Etc.)*
CHEESE !!!

(Beat.)

LITTLE OLD MAN. I'm not really very hungry.

LITTLE OLD LADY. I'm not really all that lonely. Let's go to Florida.

LITTLE OLD MAN. Okay.

(They exit.)

FOXY LOXY. So they jumped in their RV and drove away.
Meanwhile, the Stinky Cheese Man ran and ran until he met a cow
eating grass in a field.

(COW, played by two actors, enters.)

COW. Wow! What's that awful smell?

STINKY. I've run away from a little old lady and a little old man and
I can run away from you too I can. Run run run as fast as you can.
You can't catch me. I'm the Stinky Cheese Man.

COW. (*Sniffing*;) I'll bet you could give someone two or three stomachaches. I think I'll just eat weeds.

COW'S HINDQUARTERS. Me too. This way.

COW. No this way.

COW'S HINDQUARTERS. No this way.

(They separate and head off in opposite directions.)

FOXY LOXY. So the Stinky Cheese Man ran and ran until he met some kids playing outside school.

(FOXY LOXY looks around for the kids and, not seeing any, calls out to the exiting COW'S HINDQUARTERS:)

Hey, Cow Butt, where are the kids?

COW'S HINDQUARTERS. We have seven actors in the cast. Do the math.²

FOXY LOXY. Oh. Okay, uh... *(As he pulls a couple of kids out of the audience. To first kid:)* So Stinky ran and ran until he met some kids who had come to see a show in a theatre in *[name of town in which your theatre is located]* and the first kid took a whiff of the Stinky Cheese Man and said—

(He whispers in KID 1's ear.)

KID 1. Gross.

FOXY LOXY. And then the other one said—

(He whispers to KID 2.)

KID 2. What's that nasty smell?

STINKY. I've run away from a little old lady, and a little old man, and a cow, and I can run away from you too I can. Run run run as fast as you can. You can't catch me. I'm the Stinky Cheese Man!

FOXY LOXY. Whereupon the first kid looked at the second kid and delivered a beautiful, poetic three-minute monologue about the heartbreak of B.O., which goes like—

(Starts to whisper something long and complicated, then pulls back.)

Oh forget it. *(To audience:)* So the two kids went back to their seats in the audience and the Stinky Cheese Man ran on. By and by he came to a river with no bridge.

² The number seven can be adjusted to reflect the actual size of the cast in your production; however, in productions that use a very large cast, please substitute the following line: "They're all in the dressing room playing Crazy Eights. Deal with it."

STINKY. How will I ever cross this river? It's too big to jump, and if I try to swim across I'll probably fall apart.

FOXY LOXY. Here's where I come in. *(To STINKY:)* Why, just hop on my back, Stinky Cheese Man, and I'll carry you across.

STINKY. How do I know you won't eat me?

FOXY LOXY. *(With a wink to the audience:)* Trust me.

STINKY. No really.

FOXY LOXY. Well, I have a bad sinus cold, so I don't have much of an appetite. So.

STINKY. Unh hunh.

FOXY LOXY. So he hopped on my back and I started swimming. But when I got to the middle of the river, my sinuses suddenly cleared and— Oh man! What is that funky smell? I coughed—

(He coughs.)

—I gagged—

(He gags.)

—I sneezed—

(He sneezes.)

—and El Stinko fell off my back and into the river.

STINKY. No I don't.

FOXY LOXY. *(Making it happen:)* Oh yes you do. You tragically lose your grip, slip into the river, and fall apart.

STINKY. What a world! What a world!

FOXY LOXY. And nobody ever smelled him again.

(JACK sneaks in very quietly and beckons other cast members to gather around.)

JACK. Okay, look, I've given that giant the slip long enough to tell you that you have to sing the closing number now. See, that way, the giant will think the show is over and he'll go to sleep. So sing the closing number, but sing it very. Very. Softly.

FOXY LOXY. You want us to sing the closing number very softly?

JACK. That's right. Like a lullaby.

FOXY LOXY. But it's the Big, Rousing, Closing Number.

JACK. Well now it's a lullaby. Unless you want to find out what it's like to be a pizza topping.