

OLD WOMAN. This old woman may live in an old shoe with her old children and her old values, but I'll tell you something about this shoe. It's a shoe to you, but it's a home to us.

(A raggedy child approaches from the shoe. This is one of the OLD WOMAN's children.)

CHILD. Mommy, did the bad man come to take away our shoe?

OLD WOMAN. No, honey, he's going to do no such thing.

FRANK. *(To the child:)* I'm not a bad man, you know. I'm a good man and I'm trying to help your mother and all your brothers and sisters find a nice big house to live in.

CHILD. Mommy, tell the bad man to go away.

OLD WOMAN. I'm trying, honey.

CHILD. The bad man reads my thoughts.

FRANK. What?

OLD WOMAN. Go along now, I'm making bread and water for dinner tonight, so make sure you and the other children wash up.

CHILD. Bread and water?! Hooray!

(The CHILD runs off.)

OLD WOMAN. You see that? We accept what Mother Goose has given us and we are thankful. Why are you wasting all of your time bothering everyone?

FRANK. Some people out there are under the impression they're not allowed to live the lives they want. And I say it's high time we put a stop to Mother Goose's tyranny over the residents of Fairy-taleland.

OLD WOMAN. Mother Goose never intended to rule over people's lives. She's a simple woman who created simple stories.

FRANK. And how do you know that? No one has ever met her, yet they live her stories day after day without question. People need change. They need new stories.

OLD WOMAN. Maybe you're right, Frank. If it's time for new stories, it's time for new stories.

FRANK. Thank you! If only Mother Goose was listening.

OLD WOMAN. Maybe she is. She works in mysterious ways, you know.

(The OLD WOMAN smiles and takes off her old woman garb to reveal...she's MOTHER GOOSE.)

FRANK. Mother Goose?!

MOTHER GOOSE. That's right, Frank.

FRANK. What are you—...I thought...You live in a shoe?

MOTHER GOOSE. Not everything is as it seems, Frank.

FRANK. What is the shoe, then, a doorway to an underground lair?

MOTHER GOOSE. There's an elevator, actually. I can't climb stairs like I used to.

FRANK. And all these children?

(The CHILD from before comes out and takes off his children's clothing to reveal a shirt and tie.)

MOTHER GOOSE. I'd like to introduce my assistant, Jeffery.

JEFFERY. Nice to meet you, Frank. Sorry about all the "bad man" stuff.

MOTHER GOOSE. We had to make sure you had the right intentions.

FRANK. So, you're not upset?

MOTHER GOOSE. I didn't say that. But I can appreciate your desire for change. Ya got spirit, kid. **JEND**

JEFFERY. If there's one thing Mother Goose loves, it's spirit.

FRANK. Thank you, I guess.

JEFFERY. And tea. Spirit and tea. And hats. How she adores hats. So that's spirit, tea, and hats. Oh, and—