

HOW TO ENCHANT A BOOKSHOP

SCENE 1

SECTION 1

MARGIE: Well, Bombalurina, this is it! The last box of books for the shop. And none too soon. Our grand opening is just thirty minutes from now, and we've still got to get these last books shelved before our first customers arrive. Oh, look! The Tale of Two Bad Mice by Beatrix Potter! You know, this was my absolute favorite story when I was a little girl. I loved those hungry mice, Tom Thumb and Hunca Munca!

BOMBALURINA: Meow! Meow!

MARGIE: I know you love mice, too, but I can't stop what I'm doing and read to you now. I have too much to do still. Besides, you'd drool too much!

SECTION 2

ELLEN: Knock knock!

MARGIE: Oh, Ellen! I'm so glad you came!

ELLEN: How could I miss the grand opening of my little sister's bookshop? I've even brought some of my old books for you to sell. Wait. A Likely Story? Why didn't you go with my suggestion for the name of the bookshop?

MARGIE: I don't know, Ellen. I guess I wanted something more lighthearted and fun.

ELLEN: The Book Barn is fun.

MARGIE: The Book Barn sounds like some dusty old warehouse.

ELLEN: Well, this will look like a dusty old warehouse if these books aren't put away.

MARGIE: I'm going to put them away. I just have to figure out where to shelve them.

ELLEN: I can stay for a few minutes to help you organize things. The Adventures of Tom Sawyer. This, of course, goes under adventure.

MARGIE: Wait, I'm still reading that.

ELLEN: Alright. The Wonderful Wizard of Oz. I suppose this would be fantasy.

MARGIE: I'm just getting to the best part in that one.

ELLEN: Don Quixote?

MARGIE: Chapter Five.

ELLEN: Oh, Margie! How are you going to run a business if you love all your books too much to sell them?

MARGIE: I'm going to sell them. I just need time. You know... to say goodbye.

ELLEN: They're books, Margie. Not friends.

MARGIE: That's where you're wrong, Ellen. Books are friends. In fact, they're the very best friends you'll ever have. They entertain you when you're bored. They cheer you up when you're down. They take you to new and exciting places. And they never, ever judge you or tell you what to do...Not that you do any of those things, of course.

ELLEN: Of course. I just hope this new venture isn't too much for you. You've never owned a bookshop before. You've never even worked in one.

MARGIE: Don't worry about me. I know everything there is to know about running a business. I've read several books about it! Oh, look! It's almost ten o'clock! Time to cut the ribbon!

ELLEN: This is so exciting!

MARGIE: I know!

ELLEN: Here. I'll take a picture. Are you ready?

MARGIE: I sure am!

ELLEN: All right, in five... four... three... two—

SECTION 3

MARGIE: Ms. Grimble!

LESLIE: Margie, you've got to keep this doorway clear! It's in your lease.

KRISTEN: Page 36, section 2, article 5.

MARGIE: But that was my grand opening ribbon!

LESLIE: Grand opening ribbon? Don't you realize what a choking hazard this is? What would you have done if this ribbon had wrapped around my throat and cut off all my oxygen?

KRISTEN: You would have been liable. Liable indeed!

MARGIE: I'll try to be more careful, Ms. Grimble.

LESLIE: Well, I should hope so! And what is all this flammable paper doing in here? Why, this place could burst into flames any second!

MARGIE: This is a bookshop, Mr. Grimble. I sell books.

LESLIE: You do? Huh. Well, then you should be selling the kind of things everyone wants to buy.

KRISTEN: Like breath mints!

LELSIE: Or roller skates.

MARGIE: I'm sorry, Ms. Grimble, but we're very busy today. Was there something you wanted?

LESLIE: No, not at all. (*Kristen elbows him*) Oh, I mean, yes! Of course! I wanted to tell you that your rent is due on the...ummm...

KRISTEN: ...the first day of every month.

LESLIE: Yes, the first day of every month.

MARGIE: I'm aware, Ms. Grimble.

KRISTEN: Payable in cash or check.

LESLIE: Or coffee cake! The missus and I, we sure do love our coffee cake. Don't pay the whole rent that way, of course. I don't know what I'd do with two thousand dollars' worth of coffee cake! But I'll give you a hundred dollars off your rent if you bake me a weekly cinnamon bundt or maybe a nice apple crumb. Light on the sour cream, heavy on the butter. Ta-ta!

KRISEN: Farewell!

SECTION 4

ELLEN: Wow. Is your landlord always that exhausting?

MARGIE: I have a feeling sometimes she's worse.

ELLEN: Well, I'd better get to campus. My first class is in half an hour, and if I'm not there right on time, my students leave.

MARGIE: Thanks for coming, Ellen. It really meant a lot to me.

ELLEN: I wouldn't have missed it for the world.

SECTION 5

MARGIE: Well, Bombalurina, I guess it's just you and me now. Do you want to help me put these books away?

BOMBALURINA: Meow!

MARGIE: No? Well, what do you want to do?

BOMBALURINA: Meow! Meow!

MARGIE: All right, I'll read the book to you... at least until customers start showing up. The Tale of Two Bad Mice by Beatrix Potter. And here they are on the cover! That one's Tom Thumb and that is his wife, Hunca Munca. "Once upon a time there was a very beautiful doll's house. It was red brick with white windows, and it had real muslin curtains and a front door and a chimney..."

SCENE 2

SECTION 1

ORTENSIA: Well, here we are. Your very first bookshop!

FEONORA: I like it, boss. How long has it been open?

ORTENSIA: Two months.

ARABELLA: Two months? I thought every bookshop was supposed to have fairy's assigned to it by the end of the first week.

ORTENSIA: Yes, well, this one is so small that it kind of slipped under our radar.

BOMBALURINA: Rowrrr!

FEONORA: Whoa! What is that?

ORTENSIA: That is what you call a bookshop cat.

ARABELLA: A bookshop cat?

ORTENSIA: Yes. For the life of me, I can never understand why so many bookshop owners keep cats. It's not like they can read. And they're so unsanitary! Why, their fur gets absolutely everywhere!

FEONORA: Ooh, maybe we should cast some kind of spell. What do you think, boss? We could make that cat as bald as a billiard ball!

ORTENSIA: No! You're only a third-class fairy-in-training. You're not allowed to cast that spell.

ARABELLA: Well, what spells can we cast?

ORTENSIA: Not many. You're not here to cast spells willy-nilly. You're here to help Miss Margie, the owner of the shop. Like I said, this place has been open only two months and already it's in serious trouble.

FEONORA: Huh. I don't see any trouble.

ORTENSIA: That's because you don't have the extensive experience and keen observational skills that I have.

ARABELLA: All right, then. What trouble do you see?

ORTENSIA: I'm looking! I'm looking! Well, Miss Margie seems to be taking care of the place. I don't see any dust on the shelves. And the books appear to be in excellent shape.

FEONORA: Maybe they made a mistake.

ORTENSIA: The main office does not make mistakes. Never, never, never ever.

FEONORA: Sorry, I was just thinking...

ORTENSIA: Well, stop it! You're not allowed to think until you're a second-class fairy, at least.

FEONORA: Not thinking, boss!

ORTENSIA: Much better. There must be something wrong here, but what? Aha! I see what the problem is. It's in this book on the counter.

ARABELLA: The Tale of Two Bad Mice?

ORTENSIA: Not that book. This open one next to it. It's Miss Margie's sales ledger. She's sold thirty-seven books since the shop opened.

ARABELLA: She's selling books. That's good, isn't it?

ORTENSIA: No, it's bad. Only 37 books in two months is very, very bad! If she doesn't sell more books quickly, she'll go out of business.

FEONORA: Oh, that would be terrible! I know what we can do! A manifestation spell. We could make a great big pile of cash appear on the counter!

ORTENSIA: Absolutely not! Don't you understand? A spell that obvious would give away the fairy world's very existence!

FEONORA: All right, then. How about an incarnation spell?

ORTENSIA: Bring a book character to life? That's even worse! You must never use that spell, not in a hundred years. Not even in a thousand!

ARABELLA: But why?

ORTENSIA: Because it's the most powerful spell of all, and the most dangerous. Why, if the humans ever saw a book character in the flesh, there'd be chaos! Riots in the streets! Economic collapse! Literary characters hawking skin care products on TV!

ARABELLA: Gosh, I wouldn't want that to happen.

ORTENSIA: Nobody would. That's why there are two iron-clad rules for incarnated book characters, rules to prevent such a disaster from occurring.

FEONORA: Don't walk and chew gum at the same time?

ORTENSIA: No! The first rule is that the book characters must never leave the building in which they were brought to life. And the second rule is that they can never be seen by humans.

ARABELLA: Why? What would happen?

ORTENSIA: What would happen?! Nobody really knows since the spell is never used, but they say the characters would disappear forever!

FEONORA: Oh no! But we've got to do something to help Miss Margie.

ORTENSIA: I agree. That's why I've decided to do something bold, something daring, something guaranteed to be successful!

ARABELLA: Oh, goody! What are you going to do?

ORTENSIA: I'm going to go to the big boss and ask her what she'd do.

ARABELLA: You're passing the buck?

ORTENSIA: No. I'm seeking advice from a wiser, more experienced fairy.

FEONORA: She's passing the buck.

ORTENSIA: I wish you'd stop saying that.

(Ortensia begins to exit as Feonora whispers to Arabella.)

ORTENSIA: Well? Aren't you coming?

ARABELLA: Surrre.

FEONORA: We'll be right with you.

ORTENSIA: No. You're coming now.

FEONORA
& ARABELLA: Okay.

(They all exit then Feonora and Arabella sneak back in.)

ARABELLA: If we can't make a pile of cash appear, maybe we SHOULD bring a book character to life to help Miss Margie, even if Ortensia said we shouldn't.

FEONORA: Yeah! She told us the rules, so what's the harm? Let's find someone who's super rich.

ARABELLA: Good idea?

(They search through the books. Arabella finds one.)

ARABELLA: The Great Gatsby!

FEONORA: Yeah! That character is loaded with money.

ARABELLA: *(handing her the book)* Would you like to do the honors, Arabella?

FEONORA: Why, I'd love to, Arabella. *(sets the book on the counter then grabs a pinch of fairy dust from pouch)*
With a pinch and a wink, bring to life this work of ink.

ORTENSIA: *(sticks head in through door)* I said now!

FEONORA &
ARABELLA: Ahhh! *(startled, Feonora scatters fairy dust onto to Beatrix Potter book)*

ORTENSIA: Wait a minute. Fairy dust! Did you just cast a spell?

FEONORA: What? Of course not! I just accidentally spilled a little fairy dust.

ORTENSIA: Well, be careful with that stuff. It's not cheap.

ARABELLA: I'll bet.

ORTENSIA: Now come along, we've got to get going.

(Fairy's exit then Tom Thumb & Hunca Munca enter from the bookshelves.)

SECTION 2

TOM THUMB: Oh, Hunca Munca! Have you ever seen such a glorious sight?

HUNCA MUNCA: What is this place, Tom Thumb? It certainly doesn't look like the beautiful dollhouse with red brick and white windows.

TOM THUMB: No, indeed. Why, if I ventured to guess, I would say that we're in a bookshop.

HUNCA MUNCA: A bookshop? What, pray tell, is a bookshop?

TOM THUMB: A bookshop is a place where humans keep books so that mice like us may dine upon them.

HUNCA MUNCA: Oh, Tom! I should so like to sample these books. They look simply scrumptious!

TOM THUMB: And so many of them! I should think we shall feast for weeks!

MICE: Nom, nom, nom!

SCENE 3

SECTION 1

MARGIE: Look, Bombalurina! It's a brand-new day! A day filled with infinite possibilities. Why, today might be the day our business finally turns around!

(Smelling the mice, Bombalurina sniffs around the bookshelves.)

MARGIE: Bombalurina, what are you doing?

BOMBALURINA: *(imitating a mouse, scurrying around)* Meow! Meow! Meow!

MARGIE: Oh, Bombalurina. Don't be silly. Cats can't take ballroom dance lessons! But I'll tell you what they can do. They can listen to a story about someone who went to a ball—Cinderella! *(opens book and gasps)* Oh, my gosh! What happened to this book? It looks like somebody took a bite out of it... *(opens another book)* The Wizard of Oz, too! *(another)* Oh, no! All of these books have bite marks!

BOMBALURINA: *(imitating mouse again)* Meow! Meow! Meow!

MARGIE: Bombalurina, how do you expect me to stay in business if you keep chewing up my books?

(Bombalurina slaps his forehead in frustration. Gabrielle enters.)

SECTION 2

GABRIELLE: A Likely Story!

MARGIE: Oh, hello! Welcome!

GABRIELLE: Oh, how glad I am I found you! I've been to every bookshop in town, but none of them can meet my exacting standards. My card.

MARGIE: Gabrielle McAdoo, literary antiquarian?

GABRIELLE: That's just a fancy way of saying I collect old books. But not just any books. Oh, no! I collect only the rarest, most valuable books! And they must be in tip-top condition.

MARGIE: Nice to meet you, Ms. McAdoo. My name's Margie. I'm the owner of this bookshop.

GABRIELLE: And a very fine shop it is. You wouldn't believe how some places treat their books. They pile them in stacks so their spines get cracked or display them in windows so they get bleached by the sun. But not you. It's obvious you take care of your books.

MARGIE: Well, thank you. My books mean a lot to me.

GABRIELLE: Would you mind if I take a look around?

MARGIE: Oh, no. Not at all. *(glances at the book in her hand and quickly hides it behind her back)* I mean, yes! I would mind! I would totally, definitely mind!

GABRIELLE: Pardon me?

MARGIE: I mean, I'd hate for you to waste your precious time, a busy literary antiquarian like yourself. Why don't you give me a list of books you're looking for, then I'll give you a call when I find them?

GABRIELLE: Oh, but I usually discover my greatest treasures by just, you know, wandering around.

(Gabrielle starts toward the bookshelf and Margie blocks her.)

MARGIE: Oh! But I can't let you do that!

GABRIELLE: And why not?

MARGIE: Why not...? Oh, uh, the floor! I just waxed it! I wouldn't want you to slip and break your neck.

GABRIELLE: Funny. It doesn't look waxed.

MARGIE: Oh, well, that's because I used the latest development in floor products. All the slipperiness of a wax but none of the shine!

GABRIELLE: Why would anyone want that?

MARGIE: It was on sale?

GABRIELLE: Very well, then. I suppose I can come back later.

MARGIE: That would be best. So tell me, what kind of books are you looking for?

GABRIELLE: I'm interested in quite a variety of books, really. But I'm particularly interested in nineteenth century children's books. Why, some first editions can go for thousands of dollars!

MARGIE: Wow! Really?

GABRIELLE: Yes, indeed. But they must be absolutely pristine!

MARGIE: Oh, all of my books are pristine...ish.

GABRIELLE: Do let me know if you find one, won't you? You have my card.

MARGIE: Yes, of course, I will!

GABRIELLE: Then I bid you good day, Margie.

MARGIE: And a good day to you, Ms. McAdoo.

SECTION 3

MARGIE: That's it, Bombalurina! You're sleeping upstairs from now on. Don't give me that look! I can't have you ruining a book worth thousands of dollars! What I wouldn't give to find a book like that.

SCENE 4

SECTION 1

(Books are scattered on the floor from Tom Thumb and Hunca Munca)

TOM THUMB: Oh, Hunca Munca, that was quite a banquet!

HUNCA MUNCA: Indeed so, Tom Thumb! Why, I don't believe I can eat another bite! Oh, no! Do you hear what I hear?

TOM THUMB: That depends, Hunca Munca. What do you hear?

HUNCA MUNCA: A distant tinkly sound, like the tiniest of golden bells trembling in the breeze.

TOM THUMB: I hear something too, but it doesn't sound like bells to me. It sounds like the soft flutter of stardust as it falls upon a moonlit pond.

HUNCA MUNCA: It could be, Tom. It could very well be.

TOM THUMB: Either way, I do believe it is in our best interest to vacate these premises.

HUNCA MUNCA: I wholeheartedly agree. Would you be so kind as to help me up?

TOM THUMB: I would if I could, Hunca Munca, but I don't believe I can move my legs.

HUNCA MUNCA: Alas! My legs appear to be immobile as well!

TOM THUMB: Oh, dear! And the tinkly sound is getting louder!

SECTION 2

FEONORA: Finally, we're all on our own.

FEONORA &
ARABELLA: Ahhh!

MICE: Ahhh!

ARABELLA: What in Gloriana's name are you doing here?!

TOM THUMB: We should like to ask you the same question. After all, this is our bookshop!

FEONORA: Oh, no, it's not! We're the fairy's assigned to this bookshop, and we're not about to let you rodents run amok in it!

HUNCA MUNCA: Well, you needn't worry yourself on that account.

TOM THUMB: Indeed. We shan't be doing much running at all.

HUNCA MUNCA: Good thing we have plenty of books to dine upon.

FEONORA: So you're the ones who've been chewing on the books! But how are you able to speak? Mice can't talk!

TOM THUMB: Well, I don't know where you come from, but in our author's books, all the animals speak.

ARABELLA: Your author's books? What do you mean?

FEONORA: Wait a minute! The Tale of Two Bad Mice was lying on the counter when I cast the incarnation spell last night. Did we do this?! Oh, we couldn't have done this.

ARABELLA: But we must have done this.

TOM THUMB: And you have our deepest gratitude for doing so.

FEONORA: We don't want your gratitude! We want you to go away. We want you to return to your book and never come back!

HUNCA MUNCA: I'm afraid we can't do that. There's nothing to eat in our book!

ARABELLA: Oh, dear! We've got to fix this.

FEONORA: But how? There's no de-incarnation spell.

ARABELLA: You're right. All we can do is incarnate more book characters to help us!

HUNCA MUNCA: Could you make it the Stinky Cheese Man? I would so love to meet him in the flesh!

TOM THUMB: I believe you mean in the rind, Hunca Munca!

FEONORA: I know who we'll bring to life! The Pied Piper. He cleared a whole town full of rodents.

ARABELLA: Good idea!

HUNCA MUNCA: Oh, my! That does sound dreadful.

TOM THUMB: Indeed. I don't believe I shall like this piper fellow, no matter what kind of pie he's made of.

FEONORA: Let's see. Pied Piper, Pied Piper, Pied Piper. Ah, here we go. A Treasury of Fairy Tales. This should work. Would you like to do the honors this time, Arabella?

ARABELLA: Why, I'd love to, Feonora. *(sets book on counter then grabs a pinch of fairy dust from pouch)* With a pinch and with a wink, bring to life this work of ink.

SECTION 3

ANASTASIA: Whoa!

DRIZELLA: Where are we?

FEONORA: Hey, you're not the Pied Piper. You're Cinderella's step sisters!

ANASTASIA: There we were, getting ready for the ball...

DRIZELLA: ...and the next thing we know we're hurtling through a dark tunnel into a... Well, I don't know what this place is.

HUNCA MUNCA: As a matter of fact, this happens to be a bookshop.

TOM THUMB: Though I prefer to think of it as the finest of restaurants.

ARABELLA: Oh no! They were on the cover so when I sprinkled the fairy dust, they were the ones who came to life!

ANASTASIA: Ahhh! Your ballgown!

DRIZELLA: Ahhh! Yours too!

FEONORA: Oh, this is a disaster! A complete disaster!

ANASTASIA: You're telling me! There's a huge piece missing from our gowns!

FEONORA: That's not what I meant. I meant that you shouldn't have been brought to life.

DRIZELLA: What are you going to do about our gowns?

ARABELLA: I'm sorry but we can't do anything! You two have got to go back into your book. You've got to go back right now!

ANASTASIA: What? And show up at the ball looking like this? I don't think so.

DRIZELLA: The prince would have nothing to do with us!

FEONORA: If you won't return to your book, I'll bring the prince to life so he can witness the tattered state you two are in.

ANASTASIA: You wouldn't dare!

FEONORA: Just watch me! *(grabs a pinch of fairy dust from pouch)* With a pinch and with a wink, bring to life this work of ink.

ANASTASIA &
DRIZELLA: Nooo!

FEONORA: Ahhh! You made me spill the fairy dust everywhere!

ANASTASIA: Don't blame us!

DRIZELLA: Yeah! We were only trying to save our own skin.

SECTION 4

(Other characters enter from the bookshelves.)

DOROTHY: Oh, Toto. I don't think we're in Kansas anymore.

TOM SAWYER: Well, this sure ain't Hannibal, Missouri, neither!

DON QUIXOTE: Alas! This appears to be a far more precarious place. Do you see? We're surrounded by giants!

POLLYANNA: That's funny. They look more like bookshelves to me.

SHERLOCK: This raises a most perplexing question—how did we get here?

ALICE: Through the rabbit hole, obviously.

DOROTHY: I think a better question is, how do we get home?

RABBIT: I agree. For I have a very important date.

POLLYANNA: Oh, who cares about going home? This is going to be a grand adventure, I just know it!

FEONORA &
ARABELLA: *(to each other)* What have we done?

SCENE 5

SECTION 1

(Books are still scattered on the floor. Tom Thumb & Hunca Munca are hiding behind the counter.)

MARGIE: Look, Bombalurina! It's a brand-new day! A day filled with infinite possibilities! Why, today might be the day— *(sees the mess)* Whoa! Why are all these books on the floor? Bombalurina, did you have something to do with this? No, you couldn't have. You spent the whole night upstairs with me. *(picks up a book and opens it)* Oh, no! Even more books have been damaged! Oh, Bombalurina, I am so sorry I blamed you. Can you ever forgive me? Oh, thank you, Bombalurina! I'll never blame you for anything again.

(Bombalurina sees the mice)

BOMBALURINA: Meow!

(During the following line the frightened mice try to escape. Margie remains oblivious as Bombalurina chases the mice around the shop behind her)

MARGIE: But what could have happened to these books? I mean, it sure looks like something chewed on these pages, but I haven't seen any creatures in the bookshop. Have you, Bombalurina?

BOMBALURINA: *(points at the mice)* Meowww!

(The mice escape. Bombalurina slaps his head in frustration.)

SECTION 2

LESLIE: Well, well, well. I see your shop is as much a health hazard as the last time we were here.

MARGIE: What are you talking about, Ms. Grimble?

LESLIE: All these books on the floor! Why, someone could trip over one!

KRISTEN: You would be liable. Liable indeed!

LESLIE: I suppose you'd like me to fall flat on my face and break every bone in my body!

MARGIE: I'm sorry, Ms. Grimble, but this wasn't my doing!

LESLIE: Nonsense. Are you saying these books scattered themselves on the floor?

KRISTEN: I highly doubt it!

MARGIE: No. I'm saying some animal...Um, you know what...you're right. I should be more careful with my books. Is that the only reason you came here today, Ms. Grimble? To complain?

LESLIE: Of course! Why else would I come here? *(Kristen elbows him)* No, wait. There was something else I wanted to tell you, only I forgot what it was...

KRISTEN: You've got two days to pay the back rent you owe plus next month's rent.

LESLIE: Yes, that! Or I'll be forced to evict you.

MARGIE: What? Just like that?

KRISTEN: Just like that!

LESLIE: Margie, I've given you plenty of reminders! The fact remains you are two months behind, plus next month's rent is due.

MARGIE: I know, Ms. Grimble, but I was hoping you could give me just one more month to catch up. I've got some great promotional ideas that are sure to turn things around, and I'll keep making you a coffee cake every week.

LESLIE: It's too late to appeal to my sweet tooth. Didn't I tell you to sell something people actually wanted instead of your silly books?

MARGIE: Oh, but they're not silly! Some of these books can be worth thousands of dollars! If they're not damaged by mice first.

KRISTEN: Mice?

LESLIE: Why would they be damaged by mice?

MARGIE: Did I say mice? I didn't mean mice. I meant... rice! The books can be damaged by rice!

LESLIE: You know, now that you mention it, it's time I got the exterminators out here to spray for mice again.

MARGIE: Spray for mice? As in kill them?! Really, Ms. Grimble, I'm sure that's not necessary. I hate to kill innocent animals.

KRISTEN: Oh, you don't want to take a chance with mice.

LESLIE: Right you are, Kristen! If you don't deal with them right away, they just keep getting bigger.

KRISTEN: And bigger!

LESLIE: And BIGGER!

MARGIE: Mice don't keep getting bigger, Ms. Grimble. You're thinking of lobsters.

LESLIE: Good point. I'll have them spray for lobsters, too.

MARGIE: Oh, dear.

LESLIE: Don't forget, Margie, you've got...ummm...

KRISTEN: Two days.

LESLIE: Yes, two days to pay the rent or you're out of here! Oh, and have a nice day.

KRISTEN: Good day.

MARGIE: Um, thanks?

SECTION 3

MARGIE: Oh, Bombalurina! What am I going to do? I can't raise thousands of dollars in two days! (*notices Black Beauty on the floor and picks it up*) Or can I? (*opens book*) Look, Bombalurina! A first edition of Black Beauty! And it's in perfect condition. Why, it must have been in that box of books Ellen dropped off the day I opened. (*moving to counter*) What was the name of that literary antiquarian? (*picking up her card*) Here it is! I've got to call Ms. McAdoo! No, wait. (*retrieving lockbox from under counter*) The first thing I've got to do is lock this book in my cash box so it can't get damaged. (*begins to exit then stops*) Oh, and Bombalurina? Would you mind keeping guard down here tonight? I'm beginning to suspect we have mice.

(Bombalurina throws his paws in exasperation.)

SCENE 6

SECTION 1

ANASTASIA: Hello, kitty!

DRIZELLA: Nice little kitty.

BOMBALURINA: Meow! Ffftt! Ffftt!

ANASTASIA: Whoa! Don't you point that thing at us!

DRIZELLA: Yeah. After all I am royalty—or at least I will be if I ever get this ball gown fixed.

ANASTASIA: Wait a minute...you think the prince will choose you over me? Dream on sista!

(Toto barks, causing Bombalurina to flee the scene.)

BOMBALURINA: Rowrrr!

DON QUIXOTE: Excellent work, Toto. You scared off the ferocious tiger.

RABBIT: Sorry I'm late. What did I miss?

ALICE: Toto scared off a Cheshire cat.

SHERLOCK: Correction, Alice. What you just saw was not a Cheshire but a British shorthair.

TOM SAWYER: Do ya'll need spectacles or something?

DOROTHY: Now, Toto, you mustn't go about frightening poor defenseless cats! It isn't nice.

ANASTASIA: You know what else isn't nice, tell her Drizella.

DRIZELLA: This hole and that hole...not nice!

ALICE: You think those are bad, you should have seen the one I fell through!

DOROTHY: For heaven's sake. That's all you two have been talking about.

POLLYANNA: Yes, you should try to look on the bright side!

ANASTASIA: What possible bright side is there to having ugly, gaping holes in our ballgowns, Pollyanna?

POLLYANNA: Well, just think how much cooler you'll be in the summer!

DRIZELLA: That's not helping.

DOROTHY: Ahhh!

TOM SAWYER: Consarn it, Dorothy! You darn near scared me plum to death!

SHERLOCK: Indeed. What could possibly justify such an exaggerated reaction?

DOROTHY: My basket has a hole in the bottom! See?

SHERLOCK: (*examining basket*) Well, this is very interesting.

TOM SAWYER: What? Ain't you never seen a hole before?

SHERLOCK: Yes. As a matter of fact, I saw a hole just like this in a sack of flour once. The fibers at the edge of the hole have been sharply cut, as though by teeth.

DON QUIXOTE: Why would this young maiden chew her own basket?

SHERLOCK: Little Toto would be more likely to have chewed the hole than Dorothy, but I'm not suggesting it was either. I believe it was the work of a rodent. A mouse, perhaps. Or even a rat. We must launch an investigation immediately. The game is afoot!

TOM SAWYER: I don't know what kind of game you're playin', Mr. Holmes, but keep my feet out of it!

RABBIT: You can use MY feet! After all, they ARE...lucky.

ANASTASIA: You know, a couple of rodents were in the bookshop last night.

DRIZELLA: That's right. I think they were chewing on our book. If they'd bitten off a description of our ballgowns, that would explain why chunks of them are missing now that we've come to life!

SECTION 2

FEONORA: Oh, dear! Still out and wandering about, are we?

POLLYANNA: Hey, look, everybody! It's the Book Fairy's!

FEONORA: My name is Feonora.

ARABELLA: And my name is Arabella.

POLLYANNA: Hey, look, everybody! It's Foranino & Bellarama!

FEONORA: Fe-o-no-ra.

ARABELLA: And Ar-a-bell-a.

POLLYANNA: Foneyrina & Belladora!

FEONORA: On second thought, just call us Book Fairy's.

ALICE: Hello Book Fairy's. You can call me Alice.

RABBIT: And you can call ME whatever you like. Just don't call me...LATE for dinner.

ANASTASIA: When are you going to fix my gown!

DRIZELLA: Yeah! Look at this! It's completely ruined!

SHERLOCK: We believe a pair of mice are responsible for the damage.

DON QUIXOTE: And we shall scour the earth until we find them!

FEONORA: Oh, no! You mustn't do that! You have to return to your books immediately or...ummm, never mind.

TOM SAWYER: Never mind what?

DON QUIXOTE: (*pointing lance at Feonora*) Tell us what you meant, enchantress, or on my honor, I'll run you through!

FEONORA: First of all, I'm a fairy, not an enchantress. And second, I'll tell you what I was going to say, but after I do, you've got to return to your books. Is it a deal?

ARABELLA: Is it a deal?

DOROTHY: Yes, Book Fairys.

TOM SAWYER: Whatever you say, Book Fairys.

FEONORA: Can you lower your lance now?

DON QUIXOTE: My apologies, madam. (*sets lance against bookcase.*)

ARABELLA: So now that you've been brought to life, there are two rules you must never break.

ALICE: Only two? That's not so bad!

RABBIT: What are they?

ARABELLA: Rule number one is that you must never leave the building.

ANASTASIA: What?!

TOM SAWYER: Aw, beans! How are we supposed to find the mice?

POLLYANNA: It's okay. Maybe we can have Miss Margie look for us.

SHERLOCK: That's a brilliant idea, Pollyanna! I'll speak with her first thing tomorrow!

FEONORA: And rule number two, you must never be seen by humans.

DRIZELLA: You have got to be kidding.

SHERLOCK: I must admit this is most unfortunate.

DOROTHY: Unfortunate? This is a catastrophe!

FEONORA: So now that we've told you, you're going to return to your books, right?

ARABELLA: Right?

SHERLOCK: Alas no, Miss Fairy. While the mice are at large, we must remain vigilant.

ARABELLA: That was not our agreement!

ANASTASIA: Yeah, what are we supposed to do? Sit around and let ourselves be gobbled up paragraph by paragraph?

DON QUIXOTE: Indeed, we must capture these ravenous rodents!

SECTION 3

(Fagin and Dodger enter holding Tom Thumb and Hunca Munca by the arms.)

FAGIN: Are these the rodents you seek?

POLLYANNA: Oh, poor little mousies!

DRIZELLA: Those are the ones, all right!

DOROTHY: But who, may I ask, are you two?

DODGER: My name is Dodger.

FAGIN: And my name is Fagin. But that is not important, my dear. What's important is deciding a proper punishment for these miscreants. Shall we lock them up and throw away the key?

DODGER: Drown them in the river?

FAGIN: Feed them to the Cheshire Cat?

ALICE: Actually, the Jabawocky would be a more appropriate creature to feed them to.

RABBIT: Good point Alice!

DOROTHY: No! Please don't punish them! Give me a chance to talk to them first.

FAGIN: Talk to them! Are you mad?

ALICE: If you think she's mad you should meet a certain hatter I know.

DOROTHY: Look everybody, I'm sure if I talk to them, I'll be able to show them the error of their ways.

TOM THUMB: Ooh, I like the girl's idea very much.

HUNCA MUNCA: Oh, yes! We're very good listeners. Why do you think we have such big ears?

POLLYANNA: Please! Let Dorothy try! Please, please, please, please, please!

FAGIN: Oh, for heaven's sake! Speak with them if you must.

DODGER: But make it quick!

DOROTHY: Thank you, Mr. Fagin! Listen, mice. I know you don't mean any harm, but you have to realize that when you chew on the books, you're chewing on us. After all, we live inside the books.

ANASTASIA: Do you see these gowns?

DRIZELLA: You chewed right through them!

DOROTHY: And you chewed a hole in Toto's basket.

HUNCA MUNCA: Oh, my! We had no idea we were causing such damage! Did we, Tom?

TOM THUMB: Indeed not! We shall cease our ravenous activities immediately.

POLLYANNA: Yay, Dorothy! I knew you could do it!

DOROTHY: See? Being kind isn't so hard.

TOM THUMB: Please, sir? Can you release us now?

HUNCA MUNCA: Your grip is becoming most unpleasant.

DODGER: What do ya think, Fagin?

FAGIN: All right. We'll release you repulsive vermin. But if you so much as drool over a single page of text, I shall get rid of you myself!

TOM THUMB: Oh, thank you, sir!

HUNCA MUNCA: You are a most kind and generous men!

ARABELLA: Now that that's settled, can you please return to your books? After all, you did promise!

TOM SAWYER: Aw, shucks! Just when we were having fun!

POLLYANNA: It's okay, Tom! We can come out again tomorrow night!

DOROTHY: And every night thereafter!

FEONORA: Uh, yeah. We're going to have to talk about that. Come along now! Let's make it snappy!

(Characters exit through the bookcase except Fagin & Dodger who hide behind the counter. Feonora counts the characters as they exit.)

FEONORA: That's funny. I could swear we're short a couple book characters.

ARABELLA: Oh, well. Maybe you miscounted.

(Feonora & Arabella exit. Fagin & Dodger come out from behind counter.)

FAGIN: At last, the lot of them are gone.

DODGER: I thought they'd never leave.

FAGIN: Now we're free to claim our prize!

(Fagin takes the lockbox and they both sneak off.)

SCENE 7

SECTION 1

MARGIE: Look, Bombalurina! It's a brand-new day! A day filled with infinite possibilities! I called Ms. McAdoo and she's very interested in my copy of *Black Beauty*! (*Slick & Slack enter. Bombalurina hisses*) Bombalurina, stop it! May I help you?

SLACK: Uh, yeah. We're the exterminators you called.

SLICK: I'm Slick and he's Slack.

SLACK: We're Slick and Slack.

MARGIE: I didn't call any exterminators.

SLICK: Well, somebody called us.

SLACK: We sure didn't call ourselves.

MARGIE: Oh, that must have been my landlord, Ms. Grimble.

SLICK: So what makes you think you've got cats?

BOMBALURINA: Meow!

MARGIE: I don't have cats! I mean, I do have one cat, but I don't want to get rid of her even if she's not good at catching mice! I just want to get rid of mice!

SLICK: Well, we can definitely take care of them for you. But you're going to have to stay somewhere else for a few days.

SLACK: We're going to bury this place with chemicals. Really nasty chemicals!

MARGIE: Oh, dear. I hope that won't hurt the mice.

SLACK: Of course it'll hurt them. You want us to get rid of them, don't you?

MARGIE: Well, sure, but I was hoping you could just chase them out of the shop. You know, figure out where they're hiding, then go "shoo, shoo" until they all run away.

SLICK: Where's the fun in that?

SLACK: Yeah. What you want to do is carpet bomb them. Just totally obliterate them with toxins.

MARGIE: What will that do to my books?

SLICK: Oh, they'll probably be fine.

SLACK: Or they'll be completely destroyed. We really don't know.

MARGIE: Isn't there something else you could use? Something that will only knock the mice out a little?

SLICK: Well, we could sneak up behind them with tiny hammers and hit them on the head. But then you're taking a big risk.

SLACK: If you don't hit them hard enough, you'll just make them mad. You definitely don't want to deal with a bunch of angry mice.

MARGIE: Please, you must have some other ideas.

SLICK: Well, there is one more thing we could do. But it's going to cost you.

MARGIE: I don't care how much it costs, as long as it doesn't hurt my books or the mice. What is it?

SLICK: Well, what we'd do is bring in a bunch of dogs and let them chase off the cats.

BOMBALURINA: Rayrrr!

MARGIE: I told you! It's mice, not cats! Mice!

SLACK: Hey, look, Slick! There's one of them cats right now!

BOMBALURINA: Rowrrr! Ffftt! Ffftt!

SLICK: You flush her out, Slack! I'll try to catch her!

(Margie grabs the lance that's against the bookcase.)

MARGIE: Oh no, you don't! You get out of my shop right now!

SLICK: Ahhh! She's got a big pointy thing!

SLACK: Run for your life!

BOMBALURINA: *(chasing off Slick & Slack)* Rrreeeoowwrrr!

MARGIE: Oh, no! Bombalurina! Come back!

(Margie run toward the door as Gabrielle enters.)

SECTION 2

GABRIELLE: *(putting hands up)* Ahhh! Don't hurt me!

MARGIE: Oh, Ms. McAdoo! I am so sorry! *(referring to lance)* Whoa! Where did this come from?

GABRIELLE: I'm sure I don't know. I'm a literary antiquarian, not a medieval weaponry antiquarian.

MARGIE: Yes, of course, Mr. McAdoo. Let me put this down. *(sets it against the bookcase)*

GABRIELLE: Do you have the book? If it's in as fine a condition as you say, I'll write a check for it this very moment.

MARGIE: Oh, it's better than fine. It's in absolutely pristine condition. I'll get it for you.

GABRIELLE: Thank you. I simply cannot bear to live another minute without it! *(Margie exits)* What is this? *(picks up book)* A Treasury of Fairy Tales? *(opens book)* Oh, my! This book is in terrible shape!
(Margie enters)

MARGIE: Oh, dear!

GABRIELLE: You don't have the book.

MARGIE: No, Ms. McAdoo, I don't.

GABRIELLE: Don't tell me you lost it! My heart won't bear the strain!

MARGIE: Not at all, Ms. McAdoo. I know exactly where the book is. It's in my cash box.

GABRIELLE: Well, that's a relief!

MARGIE: Unfortunately, I lost the cash box.

GABRIELLE: Oh, this is terrible! Just terrible! I may never find a first edition of that book!

MARGIE: Don't worry. I'm sure it's here somewhere.

GABRIELLE: Well, I'm sorry, Margie, but you've disappointed me deeply. Very deeply. As much as I want that book, I simply cannot do business with a bookseller who's so careless with her inventory! First, you allow this fine book of fairy tales to become vandalized, then you lose a priceless first edition!

MARGIE: But Ms. McAdoo—

GABRIELLE: Good day!

MARGIE: Good day to you, too. Oh, well, easy come, easy go. At least now I have time to see where Bombalurina ran off to. *(exits)* Oh, Bombalurina! Where are you, Bombalurina?

SCENE 8

SECTION 1

DOROTHY: You're probably wondering why I gathered you all here tonight.

ALICE: I DO wonder. But then again, being from wonderland, that's kind of my thing.

RABBIT: Once again, I do apologize for my tardiness. Please, carry on.

DOROTHY: I've called you all here tonight because I need your help searching for Miss Margie's missing cash box.

DON QUIXOTE: You can count on me, fair Dulcinea! I shall search for the cash box to the ends of the earth! I shall search until the mountains crumble into dust and the rivers all run dry. I shall search until the very stars fall from the sky.

DOROTHY: That's great, Mr. Quixote.

DON QUIXOTE: I have but one small query.

DOROTHY: And what would that be?

DON QUIXOTE: What's a cash box?

POLLYANNA: *(sticking hand in the air)* Ooh! Ooh! Can I tell him? I want to tell him!

DOROTHY: Go ahead, Pollyanna.

POLLYANNA: A cash box is a metal box with a cute little lock on the front, kind of like a treasure chest, only smaller and with fewer valuables inside!

DOROTHY: This one contains a book. I overheard Miss Margie discussing it with Ms. McAdoo. It could be worth thousands of dollars!

DON QUIXOTE: Thousands of dollars? Why, that truly is a treasure! I shall set off on my quest at once!

ANASTASIA: Don't waste your time, old man. I bet those mice ate it.

SHERLOCK: If they could get into the cash box, that does seem like a reasonable conjecture.

DOROTHY: I don't believe it. Tom Thumb and Hunca Munca gave us their word they wouldn't damage any more books. I think someone who knows how much the book is worth stole it so they could sell it and keep the money for themselves.

POLLYANNA: But who would do such a thing?

SECTION 2

(Fagin & Dodger enter from bookcase with Black Beauty book and sneak toward the door.)

DOROTHY: I don't know, but it would have to be someone truly wicked.

(Fagin & Dodger stop to squint and scowl at Dorothy. Drizella notices.)

DRIZELLA: Yes! Someone with squinty eyes and a horrible, scowling face! *(pointing at Fagin & Dodger)* Ah-ha!

DOROTHY: I thought I recognized you two. You're the pickpockets from Oliver Twist. I read it in school.

TOM SAWYER: Well, what do you know? I guess school can do some good after all.

DOROTHY: I'm sure they took the cash box because they knew the valuable book was inside.

FAGIN: Very clever, my dear. You figured out our entire scheme.

DOROTHY: There's just one thing I don't understand. Why did you take the whole cash box?

DODGER: It's quite simple, really.

FAGIN: Yes. We couldn't pick the lock here where one of you might catch us. So we took it back to our book where we could work on it in private!

ALICE: How curious!

ANASTASIA: How sneaky!

SHERLOCK: How diabolical!

POLLYANNA: How resourceful!

FAGIN: Oh, we're more than resourceful, my dear. We're extraordinarily brilliant!

DODGER: *(High fiving)* You got that right.

FAGIN: Now let us pass. We have a book to sell!

DOROTHY: No! You can't leave the bookshop!

POLLYANNA: That's right! The Book Fairy said if any of us leaves, we'll all disappear forever!

DODGER: And you believe her?

POLLYANNA: Of course we believe her. Why would she lie?

FAGIN: Don't you see? It's because she wants to keep us here as her prisoners!

TOM SAWYER: I'm not big on rules, Mr. Fagin, but even I know when they can't be broken.

DON QUIXOTE: *(blocking them)* Stand back, villain! You shall not pass! *(realizing)* Wait a minute. Where is my lance? Ah, there it is. *(retrives the lance and returns to his position)* Stand back, villain! You shall not pass! Not while Don Quixote de la Mancha lives and breathes!

FAGIN: *(pointing off)* Look! A fire-breathing dragon!

DON QUIXOTE: What? Where? *(runs off)*

DODGER: That was almost too easy.

(Fagin & Dodger head for the door)

DOROTHY: Please! Don't go through that door!

POLLYANNA: We don't want to disappear!

FAGIN: And pass up this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to retire in comfort and wealth? I think not!

(Fagin opens the door as Bombalurina bounds in.)

SECTION 3

BOMBALURINA: Rawrrr!

(Alarmed, Fagin drops the book and cowers in fear. Dorothy retrieves the book.)

FAGIN: Ahhh! A cat!

DODGER: I hate cats!

POLLYANNA: Yay, Bombalurina!

DRIZELLA: I knew you were good for something!

TOM SAWYER: *(grabs book for shelf)* Here's their book, Bombalurina! Make them come this way!

(Bombalurina forces them toward the bookshelf door.)

BOMBALURINA: Rawrrr! Fffft! Fffft!

FAGIN: This is unfair, I say!

DODGER: Most unfair!

FAGIN: How do you expect us to make a dishonest living?

BOMBALURINA: Rawrrr!

FAGIN &

DODGER: *(disappearing into the bookshelves)* Ahhh!

DOROTHY: You did it, Bombalurina! You saved the day! *(setting book on counter)* I'll just leave this book here where Miss Margie can find it in the morning.

SHERLOCK: Who would have suspected that such wicked men would be frightened by a cat?

TOM SAWYER: Well, after all, they were just thieving little rats!

(Book Fairy's enter)

SECTION 4

ORTENSIA: What in Gloriana's name is going on here?!

FEONORA: Please, boss! We can explain!

ARABELLA: Really we can!

ORTENSIA: You used the incarnation spell, didn't you?

FEONORA: Um, maybe a little.

ORTENSIA: Why?! Why would you bring these book characters to life?

FEONORA: We had to, boss. You see, uh...

ARABELLA: ...this bookshop gets so few customers that these characters would never come to life the normal way, by being read.

TOM SAWYER: She's right, your Honorship! Miss Margie hardly ever sells a book.

POLLYANNA: And besides, we love it here!

ALICE: It IS a WONDROUS place!

SHERLOCK: And she relayed the two rules for us to follow, which we are.

ORTENSIA: Well, it's not exactly standard procedure, but I suppose I can let it go this time. After all, no harm was done and your hearts were in the right place.

DOROTHY: Oh, the Book Fairy's hearts were in a very good place!

ORTENSIA: Book Fairy's?

FEONORA: It's a long story.

(Don Quixote enters)

DON QUIXOTE: Hark! I found no dragon but a strange sound doth come our way!

DOROTHY: Uh-oh! Miss Margie must be coming down!

DRIZELLA: But it's still the middle of the night.

RABBIT: Indeed, it IS very late!

SHERLOCK: Perhaps we were excessively noisy.

POLLYANNA: We've got to skedaddle!

TOM SAWYER: Last one in their book is a rotten egg!

(All characters exit except Dorothy)

DOROTHY: Goodbye, Feonora. Goodbye, Arabella.

FEONORA: Thank you for all your help, Dorothy.

ARABELLA: I hate to see you go.

DOROTHY: I hate to leave, but I should be getting back. After all, there's no place like home.

SCENE 9

SECTION 1

MARGIE: Oh, Bombalurina! It's a terrible day! Probably the worst day of my life! All I ever wanted was to open my bookshop and today is the day I have to close it for good! Oh, what am I going to do?

BOMBALURINA: Meow!

MARGIE: Oh, Bombalurina. I don't know if that's really practical. *(realizes)* Wait a minute. You're back? Hurray! You're back! Forget what I said, Bombalurina! This is the best, the greatest, the most amazing day of my life!

(Ellen enters with an empty box and sets it on the counter)

ELLEN: Here's an empty box for you, Margie. I've got more in my car.

MARGIE: Look, Ellen! Bombalurina is here!

ELLEN: That's wonderful, Margie! I told you she'd come back.

MARGIE: You sure did. I just wish I could find a way to keep the shop open. That would make everything perfect.

ELLEN: Well, you gave it your best shot. Some people never come this close to realizing their dreams.

MARGIE: I know, but I feel like I could have done more.

BOMBALURINA: *(jabbing his paw at the Black Beauty book on the counter)* Meow! Meow! Meow!

MARGIE: No, Bombalurina. I'm afraid I don't have time to read to you right now.

(Leslie & Kristen enter)

SECTION 2

LESLIE: It's the first day of the month, Margie.

KRISTEN: You know what that means.

MARGIE: Oh, Ms. Grimble. Isn't there some way you could give me an extra day or two to raise the money?

LESLIE: I'm afraid not. Fresh Wheels is ready to move into this space tomorrow.

MARGIE: Fresh Wheels?

LESLIE: Yes. They sell breath mints and roller skates...

KRISTEN: You know, the kinds of things we said you should be selling.

MARGIE: Oh, dear.

LESLIE: So when are you clearing out?

MARGIE: Just as soon as we pack up these books.

ELLEN: I'll bring in the rest of the boxes, Margie. *(exits)*

MARGIE: Thanks, Ellen. You're a big help.

BOMBALURINA: *(jumping up and down, pointing at the book)* Meow, meow, meow

MARGIE: Oh, thank you, Bombalurina. I'll box that book up first. *(puts book inside box as Bombalurina slumps.)*

(Gabrielle enters)

SECTION 3

GABRIELLE: Heavens! What is going on here?

MARGIE: Oh, Ms. McAdoo! I thought you'd never come back!

GABRIELLE: Well, I certainly wasn't planning to, but then I received your call.

MARGIE: My call?

GABRIELLE: Yes. You left a message on my voicemail.

MARGIE: I didn't leave you a message.

GABRIELLE: Are you certain? The voice sounded just like yours.

MARGIE: Nope. Wasn't me.

GABRIELLE: Well, that's rather odd. But you have the book?

MARGIE: The book? What book?

(Ellen enters)

GABRIELLE: The first edition of Black Beauty, of course! The message said that you'd found it.

MARGIE: I'm sorry, there must be some mistake. I have no idea where it is.

(Bombalurina tries to push the box off the counter.)

MARGIE: *(pushing box aside)* Bombalurina, what has gotten into you?

ELLEN: *(placing another book in the box and noticing Black Beauty)* Wait a minute, Margie...Is this the book you're looking for?

MARGIE: You found it, Ellen! You found it! Oh, thank you! You're the best big sister ever!

ELLEN: I know.

(Bombalurina slaps his head in frustration)

GABRIELLE: Let me see that. (*examines book*) It's the first edition, all right. Solid binding. No bumps. Minimal wear. Outstanding condition! I'll give you ten thousand dollars for it.

ELLEN: Ten thousand dollars?

GABRIELLE: Oh, yes. This book is quite rare, especially in such pristine condition. And I do so love a good animal story! (*pulls out check book and pen*) To whom should I make out the check?

KRISTEN: Leslie Grimble.

LESLIE: That's G-R-I-M-B-L-E.

GABRIELLE: With pleasure!

LESLIE: Believe me, the pleasure's all mine.

GABRIELLE: Happy day! Happy day! Oh, hap-hap-happy day! (*exits*)

SECTION 4

MARGIE: Well, Ms. Grimble, that's the back rent, this month's rent, plus two more months' rent! I guess this means I get to stay.

LESLIE: I suppose so. The breath mints and roller skates was a dangerous idea anyway. Who knows what could happen if somebody choked on a mint while skating? But I hope you'll still bake me coffee cakes. Your streusel topping is quite tasty!

MARGIE: It's a deal!

LESLIE: But please, get rid of these boxes. They're just teeming with allergens!

KRISTEN: Ah-choo!

ELLEN: Getting rid of the boxes, Ms. Grimble!

(*Leslie & Kristen exit sneezing*)

SECTION 5

MARGIE: Can you believe it, Ellen? The shop is saved!

ELLEN: And this time, maybe you can focus more on building your business and less on, you know, reading.

MARGIE: Yes, of course! I'll only read to Bombalurina when my other work is done.

ELLEN: Good for you.

MARGIE: Well, now that that's settled, would you like to help me take Bombalurina to the vet?

ELLEN: What for?

MARGIE: What for? She was out on the streets for an entire night! Who knows what diseases or parasites she might have picked up?

ELLEN: Now you're starting to sound like Ms. Grimble.

MARGIE: Oh, please. I'm not that bad. I just don't want my poor little kitty to get sick!

(Bombalurina folds her arms)

ELLEN: Well, I'd be happy to go, but I don't believe Bombalurina is too keen on the idea.

MARGIE: Bombalurina? Don't be silly. She loves going to the vet! Come along, Bombalurina!

BOMBALURINA: Rawrrr!

(They exit. Tom Thumb & Hunca Munca enter.)

SECTION 6

HUNCA MUNCA: Are they gone, Tom?

TOM THUMB: I can't say for certain, Hunca Munca, but they do appear to be.

HUNCA MUNCA: Well then, allow me to commend you. That was a brilliant idea of yours.

TOM THUMB: You mean the phone call? Please! It may have been my idea, but it never would have succeeded without your superb impersonation skills.

HUNCA MUNCA: I really did sound like Miss Margie, didn't I?

TOM THUMB: Indeed, you did, Hunca Munca. In fact, you sounded more like Miss Margie than Miss Margie herself!

HUNCA MUNCA: Well, I suppose that makes up for all the damage we did to the books.

TOM THUMB: More than makes up for it, I venture to say. Why, I do believe this calls for a feast.

HUNCA MUNCA: A feast? Oh, no, Tom! Don't you remember what we promised Miss Dorothy?

TOM THUMB: Yes, but we only promised that we wouldn't consume any more books. We never said anything about magazines.

HUNCA MUNCA: That is true, Tom. That is very, very true!

TOM THUMB: *(picking up magazines)* Would you prefer Taste of Home or Bon Appétit?

HUNCA MUNCA: Oh, Bon Appétit has that glorious wheel of Camembert on the cover. I'll take that one.

TOM THUMB: Very good, Hunca Munca. Then I shall dine upon this lovely strawberry cake on the cover of Taste of Home.

MICE: Nom, nom, nom!