

MONOLOGUE: (The bookshop owner is talking to their cat)

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. (picks up a book) Oh, look, Bombalurina! The Tale of Two Bad Mice by Beatrix Potter! You know, this was my absolute favorite story when I was a little. I loved those hungry mice, Tom Thumb and Hunca Munca! (cat meows) 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! (cat meows) Ohhh, 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..."

DIALOGUE

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!

(They feast on the books)

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!