

THE GRUFF BILLIES OR WHY HOUSES UNDER A BRIDGE ARE NOT PRIME REAL ESTATE

By Bobby Keniston

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THE GRUFF BILLIES OR WHY HOUSES UNDER A BRIDGE ARE NOT PRIME REAL ESTATE

A One Act Comedy Adaptation

By Bobby Keniston

SYNOPSIS: Marty Kidd, the best goat in the real estate business, just wants to sell a house to Trevor Troll and his overbearing mother. Unfortunately, Johnny-Ram and Jeanie Gruff, known to all in the area as the Gruff Billies, keep causing havoc! They have no respect for anyone, not their spineless father, who would rather hide across the bridge than deal with them, or Mary, their kindly nanny who used to keep lambs (until they proved to be too clingy). Can anyone tame these wild goats and make them behave? Can Marty Kidd sell a house that's under a bridge? This crazy new take on the classic story is a proven winner for young audiences! Easy to stage, with simple songs in the public domain, you'll have kids and parents alike cheering in the audience!

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(3 males, 3 females, 1 either)

- MARTY KID (m/f)A fast-talking real estate agent. Very slick, and never seems to lose his cool. He is the narrator of the story. Happens to be a goat. (Written with masculine pronouns, can change to feminine pronouns if played by a female.)
(59 lines)
- TREVOR TROLL (m)A kindhearted young troll, who is much put upon by everyone around him. Note: the only discernible difference between a troll and a normal "human" is a rather thick unibrow. *(71 lines)*

- MAMMA TROLL (f).....TREVOR'S mother. She is brash and overbearing. Like her son, she has a thick unibrow. Unlike her son, she seems pretty angry at the world about being a troll. (41 lines)
- JEANIE GRUFF (f)A female billy goat, with the attitude of a stuck-up teenager. She is smart (she has the brains over her brother), and mean. Often makes her brother do the “dirty work”. (53 lines)
- JOHNNY-RAM GRUFF (m).....JEANIE'S brother. He is big and a bit dim. Very gruff attitude, but is led around by his little sister. (43 lines)
- MARY (f).....She keeps watch of the goats, almost like a babysitter. She is half-elven, and has big ears because of it, but she has a sweet heart and warm smile. NOTE: she used to keep little lambs, but they were way too clingy. (58 lines)
- JEHOSHOPHAT GRUFF (m).....JEANIE and JOHNNY-RAM'S father. Meek and mild-mannered, and not very physically impressive. Is at a loss of how to keep his kids in line. (27 lines)

DURATION: 50 minutes

SETTING

Stage center, there is a small bridge. Underneath the bridge, there is an area for a “living space”, even if only suggested. Stage left of the bridge is a barren area, brown, hardly any appearance of grass or plants. Stage right of the bridge (i.e., if you cross the bridge), there is the appearance of green grass, flowers, and other lush plant life. This is a unit set, and requires no changing, other than personal props characters may bring on and remove. It should be and can be VERY simple.

PROPS

- Briefcase (Marty Kidd carry-on prop)
- A Shepherdess Hook (Mary)
- A Big Bush (Jehoshophat Gruff)
- A whistle (Jehoshophat Gruff)

COSTUMES

I encourage directors and costumers for this show to be creative and to have fun. All of the Billy Goats, male and female, should have beards, and, if possible, hat pieces with the appearance of horns. In the original production, Jeanie wore a typical little girl pink outfit, skirt and top, Johnny-Ram wore overalls, and their father, Jehoshophat wore a colorful sweater vest and tan slacks. The Troll family can be dressed like “normal” people (Trevor could be wearing a casual suit or jeans and a nice shirt, Mamma could be dressed like the mean old lady she is) – the only big difference that is noticeable is that they have dark unibrows drawn in for eyebrows. Mary should be dressed like a Shepherdess, and needs to have a hat that hides her ears for most of the play. When she takes the hat off, we see that her ears are like elf ears.

AUTHOR NOTE

I had a ball writing this play, and watching it come to life in its initial production. It was a joy to watch students reacting to the mayhem and silliness on stage!

All of the songs in this play are sung to tunes that are in the public domain, and can be found just about everywhere! (I know, I was surprised that “Rockin’ Robin” was in the public domain, too!) The songs could be sung a cappella, or with simple piano accompaniment. A good resource I found for public domain information, copyright law, and music is: <http://www.pdinfo.com/>

PRODUCTION HISTORY

The Gruff Billies or Why Houses Under a Bridge Are Not Prime Real Estate premiered at Lakewood Theater in Madison Maine, as part of their Jesters program in September, 2013. The show was seen by nearly 3,000 students over ten performances. The production was directed by Jeffrey Quinn, and featured the following cast:

MARTY KIDD	Nancy Carbone
JEANIE GRUFF.....	Katie Quinn
JOHNNY-RAM GRUFF	Matthew Quinn
MARY	Jeralyn Shattuck
TREVOR TROLL	Rob Grygiel
MAMMA TROLL	Raelene Keniston
JEHOSHOPHAT GRUFF.....	Jeffrey Quinn

DO NOT COPY

DEDICATION

I dedicate this play to the actors and crew members who brought it to life at the Lakewood Theater, and, to the historic Lakewood Theater itself.

SCENE 1

AT RISE: *As the lights come up, MARTY KID enters. He is dressed in a suit and carries a briefcase. He holds a "tin can" up to his ear as one would a cell phone. He does not notice the audience right away, but listens to the tin can.*

MARTY: *(Putting can to his mouth.)* Uh-huh, yes, I understand your concerns, and I think I have just the home you've been looking for. *(Holds can to ear for a beat, listening, then puts it back to his mouth.)* I'm telling you, this is a buyer's market, and you're going to love the house! It's a great value. *(Can to ear, then to mouth.)* What? I'm sorry, you're breaking up... *(To ear, then back to mouth.)* No, I'm sorry, I must be out of range. I'll have to call you back. *(Lowers the can.)* I thought these new Smart Cans were supposed to get better reception! Piece of junk! *(Takes a "bite" out of the can and chews absentmindedly.)* At least they taste good. *(Sees the audience for the first time.)* Whoa! Where did you all come from? Excuse me, I was just talking to a client on my Smart Can. Us Billy Goats are a bit behind the times. These might not work very well, but they're pretty delicious. *(Takes another bite.)* I better not eat it all, in case they try to call back. *(Puts can in briefcase.)* You all look pretty new to these parts! My name is Marty Kid... any other kids out there? *(He scans the audience.)* How many of you are kids? Raise your hand if you're a kid. *(If kids raise their hands.)* What? You don't look like kids to me! Where are your beards if you're kids, huh? Everyone knows that kids have beards! Well, whoever you are, I'm glad to meet all of you! I happen to be the greatest real estate goat in the business! I sell houses to everyone: goats, lambs, sheep, rams, and anything else that needs a home! I even sold a cave to a bear once... he was nice, for the most part. I had to play dead once or twice when we were haggling about the price, but besides that, he was a great big teddy. Today, I'm trying to sell THAT house, right under the bridge. *(Points under the bridge.)* I'm going to try to sell it to a Troll. I'm sure you've all met a troll before, haven't you? *(If they yell out "no".)* No? Never met a single troll? I mean, sure, they don't get out much... that's why I'm hoping he'll like this house... it's out of sight, secluded. I hear trolls

like that. Most Billy Goats don't like trolls. Won't even talk to them. But I like to think of myself as open-minded – you've gotta be when you sell dream homes for a living – and I believe we should never judge somebody just because of what they look like or because of who they are. In fact, based on our can conversations, this Troll I'm about to meet seems nice. Maybe even very nice. (*He indicates the bridge.*) Unfortunately, this house will be tough to sell, even to a nice Troll. It's been back on the market five times in the last year! And it's all because of the Gruff Billies. But I imagine you've heard all about them. (*Waits for reaction.*) What? You don't know about the Gruff Billies? The brother and sister Billy Goat team who terrorize everybody in their path? Talk about some WILD kids! Why, with their little beards and beady little eyes full of mischief, they may as well be devils as goats! Let me tell you about them:

Music cue for "The Gruff Billies", sung to the tune of "Rockin' Robin"

THE GRUFF BILLIES: (*Singing.*)

THEY RUN THROUGH THE MEADOW, ALL THE DAY LONG
CAUSIN' LOTS OF TROUBLE AND BLEATING THEIR SONG
TEARIN' UP THE FLOWERS, DIGGIN' UP THE DIRT
LAUGHIN' OFF THEIR BEARDS WHEN SOMEBODY GETS HURT

THE GRUFF BILLIES (BAAA-BAAA-BAAA)

THE GRUFF BILLIES (BAAA-BAAA-BAAA)

OH, GRUFF BILLIES, AREN'T YOU EVER GONNA LEARN TO BE NICE?

Throughout the next verse, if desired, JOHNNY-RAM and JEANIE can enter and act out. They should start by being behind MARTY'S back, perhaps conversing with each other, and then, JOHNNY-RAM can run up and grab his briefcase. Then, JEANIE and JOHNNY-RAM can play a game of keep away with MARTY'S briefcase for the remainder of the song. By the end of the song, JOHNNY-RAM and JEANIE should be out in the audience, trying to hide amongst them.

JOHNNY IS THE OLDEST, HIS SISTER'S NAME IS JEAN
THEY TERRORIZE THE NEIGHBORS 'CAUSE THEY'RE JUST PLAIN MEAN
YELLIN' AT THE LAMBIES, SCARIN' ALL THE SHEEP
MAKIN' SUCH A RUCKUS THAT NOBODY CAN SLEEP

THE GRUFF BILLIES (BAAA-BAAA-BAAA)
THE GRUFF BILLIES (BAAA-BAAA-BAAA)
OH GRUFF BILLIES, AREN'T YOU EVER GONNA LEARN TO BE NICE?

THESE GOATS DON'T CARE FOR THEIR NEIGHBORS A SMIDGE
THEY TERRORIZE ALL WHO LIVE UNDER THE BRIDGE...
LET'S HOPE THE NEW TROLLS CAN FIND A CATCH
SO THESE NAUGHTY GOATS MAY FINALLY HAVE TO MEET THEIR MATCH!

THEY RUN THROUGH THE MEADOW ALL THE DAY LONG
CAUSIN' LOTS OF TROUBLE AND BLEATING THEIR SONG
TEARIN' UP THE FLOWERS, DIGGIN' UP THE DIRT
LAUGHIN' OFF THEIR BEARDS WHEN SOMEBODY GETS HURT

THE GRUFF BILLIES (BAAA-BAAA-BAAA)
THE GRUFF BILLIES (BAAA-BAAA-BAAA)

OH, GRUFF BILLIES, AREN'T YOU EVER GONNA LEARN TO BE NICE?

End of Song – by this point JOHNNY-RAM and JEANIE should be in the audience, telling them not let anyone know where they're hiding. They still have MARTY's briefcase.

MARTY: JOHNNY-RAM! JEANIE! YOU GRUFF BILLIES! WHERE ARE YOU? *(To the audience.)* Did any of you see where those Gruff Billy Goats went? I really need my briefcase! It's important! *(Waits for audience response.)* What? Are they out there with you? Wherever they are, I'm going to go tell their father! *(Starts to leave.)*

JOHNNY-RAM: *(From the audience.)* Won't do any good!

MARTY: *(Turning back around.)* Johnny-Ram Gruff, is that you? You bring my briefcase back up here right now!

JOHNNY-RAM: Or what?

MARTY: Or I'll go tell your father!

JEANIE: *(From a different point in the audience.)* He isn't home! He's taking a "mental health stress" day!

MARTY: And what is that, exactly?

JEANIE: A day where he gets away from us, so he won't go crazy! *(She laughs, turns to a child in the audience.)* What good are parents if you can't drive them crazy?

JOHNNY-RAM: *(Holding up the briefcase.)* Hey, Jeanie! Did you see my new briefcase?

JEANIE: Oh, wow! Doesn't that look fancy-schmancy. Bring it over here so I can get a better look.

JOHNNY-RAM goes over to his sister.

MARTY: Now you two bring me back my briefcase! Right now! I'm warning you!

JEANIE: Ooooooh! Did you hear that, Johnny? He's warning us!

JOHNNY-RAM: I'm shakin' in my hooves!

They laugh. As they do, MARY runs onstage. She is dressed like a shepherdess, and is a little out of breath. As soon as JEANIE sees her come on stage, she hands the suitcase to a kid in the audience, or puts it by their feet.

JEANIE: Here. Take this.

MARY is a little out of breath. She is very pretty, but wears a bonnet that DEFINITELY covers her ears at the moment. She crosses to MARTY.

MARY: Excuse me, sir. You haven't by any chance seen two young Billy Goats pass through here, have you?

MARTY: Yes, I have. In fact, they took my briefcase and won't give it back. They're right there. *(Points to them.)*

MARY: I'm so sorry! Their father hired me to be their nanny. He's out of town on business.

MARTY: I see. So you're a Nanny Goat?

MARY: Oh, no, sir. I'm human, and part-elf. I'm just a nanny FOR goats. I used to take care of lambs, but they're very clingy. They'd even follow me to school, which was against the rules. I would get in trouble, while all the other children would laugh and play with my lambs.

MARTY: I have a feeling your name must be...

MARTY and MARY: Mary.

MARY: Hey! How did you know?

MARTY: Just a wild guess. Listen, I don't want to be rude, but if you could please get me my briefcase back, I would really appreciate it. I have a client coming in a few minutes to look at a house.

MARY: Oh, yes. Of course.

She turns to look at JOHNNY-RAM and JEANIE, who are still in the audience, and who have been goofing around with some of the children. MARY'S sweet voice becomes that of a stern drill sergeant, and snaps them to attention.

Jeanie! Johnny-Ram! You come here this instant, and give this nice goat his briefcase!

JEANIE: *(Very innocently.)* But we don't have his briefcase.

JOHNNY-RAM: *(To his sister.)* We don't?

JEANIE elbows him.

I mean... yeah, we don't.

MARY: What did I tell you about lying to me?

JOHNNY-RAM: *(Thinking hard.)* Ummm.... uhhhhh... wait, I know this one...

JEANIE: You said if we lied to you, you would take away our television and give it to underprivileged sheep. But...

MARY: That's right! So, if I don't have that briefcase back up here in 5 seconds, you can kiss your TV goodbye. Five... Four...

JOHNNY-RAM: But we didn't take it!

MARY: Three...

JEANIE: That's not fair!

MARY: Two... one...

JEANIE: Wait! Here it is! *(She gets it from the kid she left it by.)* It was right there all along. *(To the audience member.)* I can't believe you would hide this briefcase from poor Mr. Kid, and then let us take the blame.

MARY: Jeanie!

JEANIE: *(Sweetly.)* Yes, Nanny?

MARY: I'm not buying that for a second. Leave the nice child alone, and you and your brother get up here with that briefcase.

JOHNNY-RAM: But...

MARY: Now!

JOHNNY-RAM and JEANIE rush up on stage with the briefcase. They set it down next to MARTY and then start to leave.

MARY: Hold on! Now what do you say?

JOHNNY-RAM: Uh... what do you mean?

MARY: What do you say for taking this nice goat's briefcase?

JOHNNY-RAM: Uhhh... ummm... wait, I know this one... uh... here's your briefcase back?

JEANIE: We have to say we're sorry, you fathead!

JOHNNY-RAM: Oh, right! We're sorry!

JEANIE: Truly! *(Beat.)* Now if you'll excuse us, my brother and I are gonna go graze on the other side of the bridge!

MARY: Oh no you don't! Your father told me under no circumstances are you allowed to go across the bridge.

JOHNNY-RAM: But there's so much green grass over there!

MARY: Too bad! *(To MARTY.)* I'm so sorry if we caused you any inconvenience, sir.

MARTY: It's fine. And you don't have to call me sir. You can call me Marty. Good luck with those two. They're a hoof-full.

MARY: I'm beginning to see that.

JEANIE: Hey! We're standing right here! Don't talk about us like we're out of town or something.

MARY: Okay, you two. Time to go home. You've got to take your tick baths.

JOHNNY-RAM: But...

MARY: Less butts, more struts! Move!

The BILLIES exit, grumbling, followed by MARY.

MARTY: *(To audience.)* Kids these days, huh?

As MARTY speaks, JEHOSHOPHAT GRUFF pokes his head out from under the bridge, making sure the coast is clear. He comes out and begins to cross the bridge.

Those little monsters steal my briefcase and then lie about it! I sure do feel bad for their nanny. Now, you know who's to blame in this situation! That's right, their father, that's who!

JEHOSHOPHAT: *(From the bridge, meekly.)* I'm doing the best I can!

MARTY is startled and lets out a little bleat.

MARTY: Mr. Gruff! I'm so sorry, I didn't know you were right there. I thought you were out of town on business.

JEHOSHOPHAT: Sssshhhhh. Don't tell anyone you saw me. I'm going to go over to the pretty meadow today and try to clear my head.

MARTY: Oh, I see. That's why you've forbidden Jeanie and Johnny-Ram to cross the bridge, right?

JEHOSHOPHAT: Yes! They drive me bonkers. Bonkers, I tell ya!

MARTY: Well... why don't you show them who's boss? The top Goat, so to speak?

JEHOSHOPHAT: I don't know how.

MARTY: What?

JEHOSHOPHAT: They scare me. Have you seen how big Johnny-Ram is getting? And that Jeanie... she's a schemer!

MARTY: Right, but you're their father! You've got to take charge! Who are you?

JEHOSHOPHAT: I'm Jehoshophat Gruff, but...

MARTY: That's right! *(Like a coach.)* Who are you!?

JEHOSHOPHAT: *(Getting revved up.)* I'm Jehoshophat Gruff! The TOP GOAT in charge!

MARTY: And what are you going to do?!

JEHOSHOPHAT: I'M GONNA... *(Back to being meek.)* go across the bridge and hide in the pretty meadow. *(Starts off.)*

MARTY: But what about your kids?

JEHOSHOPHAT: I'll deal with them tomorrow! Promise! Don't tell anyone where I am! *(He rushes off.)*

MARTY: No wonder I can't sell a house in this neighborhood. *(Looking off.)* Speaking of which, here comes the Troll family. *(To audience.)* Wish me luck!

TREVOR TROLL enters. He is a nice young troll. In fact, the only way in which he appears different from a human being is his big thick unibrow. He approaches MARTY.

TREVOR: Excuse me. Are you Mr. Kid, the one who is showing me the house under the bridge?

MARTY: *(Laying on the charm.)* I sure am, but you can call me Marty! And you must be Trevor! *(Shakes his hand.)* Oooh, good grip. I can always trust someone by their grip, and you, my friend, have got a trustworthy handshake.

TREVOR: Oh. Wow. Gee, thanks.

MARTY: You said you were looking for a nice place for you and your mother, is that right?

TREVOR: Yes, she should be right along. She stopped along the way to yell at some birds.

MARTY: I'm sorry?

TREVOR: She said they were singing too loud.

MARTY: I see.

TREVOR: Yeah. She gets kind of grumpy when she's awake.

MARTY: *(Trying to joke.)* Well, I guess it's a good thing she sleeps some times.

TREVOR: Yeah. I suppose. Although, she yells at birds a lot in her sleep, too. She hates noise, you see. That's why I think a nice secluded house will be very good for...

MAMMA: *(Off stage.)* TREVOR! WHERE ARE YOU?

TREVOR: *(Calling off.)* Just over here, Mother! No need to shout!

MAMMA: (*Off stage.*) DON'T YOU TELL ME I CAN'T SHOUT! (*She enters. Like TREVOR, she has a thick unibrow. She walks with a cane, which she doesn't really need, and wears a sour expression.*) I'VE BEEN ON THIS PLANET FOR A LONG TIME, BUB. I'VE EARNED THE RIGHT TO SHOUT WHENEVER I FEEL LIKE IT. (*Beat. She speaks normally.*) And now I don't feel like it anymore.

TREVOR: (*Aside, to MARTY.*) I'm sorry about Mother. She gets pretty cranky when she's breathing.

MAMMA: What's that, my boy? Speak up! You're always mumbling. Mumble, mumble, mumble. Want to hear my impression of you, Trevor?

TREVOR: Not right now, mom.

MAMMA: (*In a whiny voice.*) My name is Trevor, I love to mumble... mumble, mumble, mumble! My mouth is all full of marbles! (*Speaks normally.*) That's EXACTLY what you sound like, believe me.

TREVOR: (*Embarrassed.*) Thanks, Mom, that was a lovely thing to say and do in front of a complete stranger. I appreciate it.

MAMMA: (*To MARTY, sizing him up.*) I take it you're the fella who wants to sell us a house, is that right?

MARTY: (*Extending his hand.*) Yes, I'm Marty Kid, and it's a delight to meet you! (*She doesn't take his hand, but just stares at him.*) I think you'll love the location of this house I'm about to show you.

MAMMA: What's with the beard, Mr. Slick?

TREVOR: Mother!

MARTY: Excuse me, ma'am?

MAMMA: I asked what was up with your beard.

TREVOR: (*To MARTY.*) Mother has a thing about beards. She's a little (*Makes "crazy" gesture.*) cuckoo!

MAMMA: What was that, mumbly?

TREVOR: Nothing, Mother. I was just saying that all Billy Goats have beards. You know that. Please try to be polite.

MARTY: Well, why don't I show you the house? If you'll follow me, it's just underneath this bridge...

MAMMA: Now hold on just a second! You want to sell us a house that's right under a bridge!

MARTY: I assure you, ma'am, it's a lovely, secluded home...

MAMMA: And I suppose when it rains, we'll just have to break out the snorkels, is that it?

MARTY: Oh, no, not at all! It was never a river, and this area never floods. The bridge was built as a safety measure... as you can see, there is a slight ravine separating the two sides of the meadow, and...

MAMMA: And we'll just have to listen to people stomping across the bridge at all hours of the day and night?

TREVOR: Mother, please! You've turned down every house we've seen! Just try to give it a chance.

MARTY: Hardly anyone ever uses this bridge, ma'am. It's really more of a pleasant decoration than anything else. Think of it as added protection from the elements. Not to mention all the extra privacy it will give you.

TREVOR: See, Mother? You love privacy!

MAMMA: Humph! If we buy the house, would we actually own the bridge, too?

MARTY: Well, I would have to look closely at the fine print and...

MAMMA: Yes or no, beard-boy?

MARTY: I would say for all intents and purposes that, yes, the bridge would be yours, but...

MAMMA: All right. Let's take a look at the house, while I'm still in a good mood.

She exits under the bridge.

MARTY: This is her in a good mood?!

TREVOR: Yeah. Maybe once she gets settled, you can show me some apartments.

They exit under the bridge. Just as they exit, JEANIE and JOHNNY-RAM enter.

JOHNNY-RAM: Jeanie, we should go back home. If Nanny sees that we're gone, she's going to be really mad!

JEANIE: Who cares? I'm hungry. I want to go across the bridge and get some lunch.

JOHNNY-RAM: But we're not allowed to go over there! Nanny said...

JEANIE: Nanny said, nanny said. Forget what Nanny said. You have to learn to think for yourself! What do you want to do?

JOHNNY-RAM: Uh... wait... let me think... I want to... *(beat.)* What DO I want to do?

JEANIE: You want to go across the bridge with me and feast on some sweet shrubbery.

JOHNNY-RAM: I do?

JEANIE: Yes! Duh! Of course you do! You just said so!

JOHNNY-RAM: I did?

JEANIE: Would I lie to you?

JOHNNY-RAM: But if we go over there, Nanny will get mad, and she'll take away our TV for sure.

JEANIE: Big deal! If you want to go back home and finish taking your bath, fine! But I'm going across the bridge!

JOHNNY-RAM: But I'm scared. What if dad finds out?

JEANIE: Fine! Run on home. I don't want you to come over anyway. You'd probably eat everything up before I got the chance to take one bite!

JOHNNY-RAM: But you can't go over there by yourself. It could be dangerous.

JEANIE: I'm not scared of anything! So just go home, Johnny! Just run on home like a good little goat! *(JOHNNY-RAM looks torn, but then turns around and runs off.)* Good riddance! More for me.

Music Cue: ACROSS THE BRIDGE. Sung to the tune of "OVER THERE".

JEANIE: *(Continued. Singing.)*

JOHNNY GO AND RUN,
GO AND RUN, GO AND RUN
WHILE I GO FILL MY TUM

FILL MY TUM, FILL MY TUM.
ACROSS THAT BRIDGE I'LL GLADLY PASS
TO THAT FIELD OF SWEET, GREEN GRASS.

GONNA STUFF MY FACE IN THAT PLACE
WITHOUT GRACE
NEVER GONNA SHARE, I DON'T CARE,
LIFE'S NOT FAIR

A FEW QUICK STEPS ACROSS THE BRIDGE
THE FOOD IS FRESH, NOT FROM A FRIDGE!

OVER THERE! OVER THERE!
TELL THE BREEZE AND THE TREES
OVER THERE
THAT JEANIE IS COMING
YES I'LL BE RUNNING
MY GUT RUM-RUMBLING
WITHOUT CARE!
SO BEWARE! OVER THERE!
STEP ASIDE, MOUTH OPEN WIDE
TRY NOT TO STARE!
I'LL BE OVER, I'M GOING OVER
AND I WON'T COME BACK UNTIL IT'S BARREN
OVER THERE!

End of song. JEANIE jumps up on the bridge and begins to stomp across.

MAMMA: *(Off stage. From under bridge.)* WHO IS THAT RAP-TAP-TAPPING ON MY BRIDGE!

JEANIE freezes, startled. MAMMA rushes out from under the bridge. She sees JEANIE on the bridge, and points to her.

A-HA! Caught you right in the act! What are you doing on my bridge!?

JEANIE: *(Shocked.)* What? Who are you? WHAT are you?

MAMMA: Get off the bridge, missy!

JEANIE steps down off the bridge to face her accuser.

JEANIE: What is your problem? This is a public bridge! I can go across it if I want!

MAMMA: Not if I say you can't!

TREVOR and MARTY enter from under the bridge.

JEANIE: You can't tell me what to do, you one eye-browed freak!

This comment strikes MAMMA hard, and she looks like she's about to explode.

MAMMA: HOW DARE YOU! You can't talk to ME that way! I am a TROLL!

TREVOR: *(Trying to diffuse the situation.)* Now, Mother, calm down. She didn't mean anything. She's just a kid.

JEANIE: You're a troll? Ewwww. Do all trolls have that thick hair on their foreheads?

MARTY: Jeanie Gruff, you run along. You're not allowed on the bridge, and you know it! *(To MAMMA.)* I'm so sorry about this, ma'am... if you'll just come back inside...

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