

PATTY'S AESOP ADVENTURE

A MUSICAL IN ONE ACT

Book and Lyrics by Julie Wright
Music and Additional Lyrics by Brian C. Billings

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P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406
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CAST OF CHARACTERS

(4 MEN, 2 WOMEN, 8 EITHER)

PATTY (f).....An easily distracted girl. *(72 lines)*
MOTHER (f).....A long-suffering but compassionate
woman; Patty's mother. *(12 lines)*

MERCHANTS

MERCHANT I (m/f).....A seller at the market. *(No lines)*
MERCHANT II (m/f).....A seller at the market. *(No lines)*

BUYERS

BUYER I (m/f).....A shopper at the market. *(No lines)*
BUYER II (m/f)A shopper at the market. *(No lines)*

TORTOISE (m)An optimistic racer. *(10 lines)*

MICE

CITY MOUSE (m).....A snooty socialite. *(18 lines)*
COUNTRY MOUSE (m).....A friendly farmer. *(18 lines)*

MONKEYS

MONKEY I (m/f).....A beat-happy primate. *(21 lines)*
MONKEY II (m/f)A beat-happy primate. *(14 lines)*
MONKEY III (m/f).....A beat-happy primate. *(15 lines)*
MONKEY IV (m/f).....A beat-happy primate. *(17 lines)*

HARE (m).....An overconfident racer. *(No lines)*

SETTING

The action takes place outside of Patty's home and on Market Road. The era is fairy-tale contemporary.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT ONE

SCENE 1: Patty's house, morning.

SCENE 2: Market Road, late morning to afternoon

MUSICAL NUMBERS

SONG #1 OVERTURE

Scene 1:

SONG #2 BEAUTIFUL DAY

SONG #3 FLY AWAY

Scene 2:

SONG #4 GONNA BUY

SONG #5 GOOD AS THE REST

SONG #6 GONNA BUY II

SONG #7 IT'S BETTER

SONG #8 GONNA BUY III

SONG #9 MONKEY BOP

SONG #10 BEAUTIFUL DAY (FINALE)

ACT ONE, SCENE 1

SONG #1: OVERTURE

AT RISE:

Lights up on a quaint cottage surrounded by flowers and a picket fence. Birds are chirping in the background. Faint singing can be heard from inside the cottage. PATTY exits the house carrying a milk pail. She is dressed in peasant-like clothes, but they are not shabby-looking or of poor quality. She sets down the pail and looks around.

PATTY: What a beautiful day!

**SONG #2: BEAUTIFUL DAY
(PATTY)**

PATTY:

A DAY LIKE TODAY
IS THE BEST CAN BE,
FOR IT'S COOL
AND BRIGHT AND SUNNY.
FRESH BREEZES ABOUND
IN THE CROWNS OF TREES,
AND THE BEES
BUZZ AROUND MAKING HONEY.
THE SKY'S AS BLUE
AS A SAPPHIRE GEM,
AND THE LAUREL
SMELLS ARE SWEET.
I KNOW DEEP WITHIN - -
AND IT MAKES ME GRIN - -
THAT TODAY'S A SPECIAL TREAT.

IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY,
A BEAUTIFUL DAY.
THERE'S NOTHING TO FEAR
WHEN THE WEATHER IS CLEAR
ON A BEAUTIFUL DAY.

THE BOY NEXT DOOR'S
ON A LOCUST HUNT
WITH A PACK OF TRUSTY DOGS,
AND THE DONKEY'S OUT
IN A THISTLE FIELD
BLOATING UP
LIKE AN OLD BULLFROG.
THE NORTH WIND QUAILS
IN THE SUN'S EMBRACE
WHILE THE EAGLE CIRCLES HIGH,
AND ONE BALD MAN
ON THE EASTBOUND ROAD
SWATS AROUND AT A PESKY FLY.

IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY,
A BEAUTIFUL DAY.
THERE'S NOTHING TO FEAR
WHEN THE WEATHER IS CLEAR
ON A BEAUTIFUL DAY.

ONE DAY ON A PAGE
OF THE DISTANT PAST,
I WAS PROVED TO BE A FOOL.
MY MOTHER TOLD ME
TO HURRY FAST
AND TAKE MYSELF TO SCHOOL,
BUT I THOUGHT
I WAS A BRILLIANT GIRL,
SO I DIDN'T PAY HER HEED.
I RAN FROM SCHOOL
LIKE A DERVISH WHIRLS - -
WITH A TRULY AWESOME SPEED.

THEN I MET A STRANGER
TALL AND GRIM
WITH A LITTLE ORPHAN SHEEP.
I BEGGED THE LAMB
AWAY FROM HIM
SO I'D HAVE A PET TO KEEP.
WHEN MOTHER MET
ME AT THE DOOR,
MY LAMBLING LEAPED AT ONCE.
WITH JAWS THAT SNAPPED
LIKE AN ANGRY BOAR'S,
HE TRIED TO MAKE HER LUNCH.

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I SHOULD HAVE SEEN
HIS POINTY EARS
AND FLARING BULBOUS NOSE;
A WOLF IS NOT AS HE APPEARS
WHEN WEARING
FLEECY CLOTHES.
WITH A CARVING KNIFE,
SHE STABBED THE CUR,
BUT HIS LIFE WAS DEARLY SOLD.
HE BIT HER LEG
AND CRIPPLED HER,
SO NOW I DO AS I'M TOLD.

PATTY: *(Speaking.)* But . . .

PATTY: *(Singing.)*
IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY,
A BEAUTIFUL DAY.
THERE'S NOTHING TO FEAR
WHEN THE WEATHER IS CLEAR
ON A BEAUTIFUL DAY.

NO WOLF IN A SKIN
WILL FOOL ME AGAIN
ON A BEAUTIFUL,
PERFECTLY SUITABLE,
FAIRY-TALE-DUTIFUL,
LOOK-AT-THAT-VIEW-TIFUL DAY.

MOTHER, leaning on a crutch, enters slowly. Her left foot is heavily bandaged. She carries a bunch of bananas in a small basket.

MOTHER: Patty! Patty!

PATTY: Over here, Mother!

MOTHER: Good. You haven't gone yet. Here's a little snack for you to have on your trip. *(She hands the bananas to PATTY, who ties the basket to her apron strings.)* Oh, Patty. I wish I were well enough to go with you.

PATTY: Don't worry, Mother. I'll be fine.

MOTHER: I know. It's just that you've never been to the market by yourself.

PATTY: I've gone with you plenty of times. I know exactly what to do.

MOTHER: Are you sure?

PATTY: *(She kisses MOTHER.)* You worry too much.

PATTY begins to exit . . . without the pail. MOTHER clears her throat.

MOTHER: Forget something?

PATTY: Oops.

MOTHER: Patty, you have to stay focused. I want you to go straight to market, sell your milk, and come straight home. You understand?

PATTY: Yes, Mother.

MOTHER: I mean it, Patty. You remember what happened last time I sent you on a simple errand, don't you?

PATTY: I remember. Your hair has grown back quite nicely.

MOTHER makes a face.

PATTY: Okay. Okay. I'll go straight to market, sell the milk, and come straight home.

MOTHER: Promise?

PATTY: I promise.

MOTHER: I'll hold you to that.

PATTY picks up the pail.

MOTHER: Oh, Patty. You're growing up so fast.

PATTY: It's just a trip to the market.

MOTHER: I know. *(She kisses PATTY.)* Run along, and hurry back.

PATTY: Bye, Mother!

MOTHER: Goodbye, Patty!

PATTY exits. MOTHER looks after her fondly but wistfully.

**SONG #3: FLY AWAY
(MOTHER)**

MOTHER:

NOT LONG AGO,
YOU WERE STILL IN MY ARMS
WITH EYES AS BRIGHT AS THE SUN.
I ALWAYS THOUGHT . . .
NO, I ALWAYS KNEW
THAT SOMEONE UNIQUE HAD BEGUN.

YOU SPOUTED QUESTIONS
AS BIG AS THE SKY.
SOMETIMES I JUST
WASN'T SURE I COULD ANSWER.
YOU ALWAYS WONDERED
WHAT, WHERE, AND WHY.
THAT'S HOW I KNEW
YOU WERE DESTINED TO FLY.

FLY. FLY AWAY.
SOMEDAY, YOU'LL JUST FLY AWAY.
IT'S ONLY RIGHT
YOU SHOULD TAKE FLIGHT
AND FLY. FLY AWAY SOMEDAY.

YOUR FATHER PASSED ON
WHEN YOU WERE A BABE,
AND I HAD TO RAISE YOU ALONE.
THOUGH TIMES HAVE BEEN TOUGH,
WE'VE HAD JUST ENOUGH.
WE'VE MANAGED FINE ON OUR OWN.

TROUBLES MAY PLAGUE US,
AND MOSTLY FROM YOU.
WE'VE WEATHERED
TONS OF MISTAKES.
PROBLEMS CAN AGE US,
BUT WISDOM RENEWS.
LAUGHING AND LEARNING
IS ALL THAT IT TAKES.

FLY. FLY AWAY.
SOMEDAY, YOU'LL JUST FLY AWAY.
IT'S ONLY RIGHT

PATTY'S AESOP ADVENTURE

YOU SHOULD TAKE FLIGHT
AND FLY. FLY AWAY SOMEDAY.

THOUGH YOU HAVE TO GROW,
TRY TO TAKE IT SLOW.
KEEP THAT DAY
FAR AND AWAY
WHEN YOU'LL HAVE TO GO.

STILL, I KNOW YOU'LL
FLY. FLY AWAY.
SOMEDAY, YOU'LL JUST FLY AWAY.
IT'S ONLY RIGHT
YOU SHOULD TAKE FLIGHT
AND FLY. FLY AWAY SOMEDAY.

MOTHER hobbles into the cottage. BLACKOUT!

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ACT ONE, SCENE 2

AT RISE:

Lights up on the road to market. PATTY is walking along gaily and talking to herself.

PATTY: Okay. Go straight to market, sell the milk, and come straight home. I can do that. This is so exciting! I always have so much fun when I go to market! There are so many wonderful things for sale! *(She hums a little.)* You know, if I sell this milk for a little more than usual, I can buy something special for Mother and me. That would be nice. *(She thinks about it.)* No. Wait. Maybe I can take that special something and sell it to someone else for more money. That would be even nicer.

**SONG #4: GONNA BUY
(PATTY, MERCHANT I AND II, BUYER I AND II)**

PATTY: And then . . . Hang on a second.

She works some air arithmetic. MERCHANT I and MERCHANT II enter and set up displays. BUYER I and BUYER II wander onstage and browse.

PATTY: If I do that, and then I do this . . . Add that. Minus that.
Divide by that. Square root times pi . . . Great day in the morning!
We're gonna be rich!

PATTY interacts with the various items displayed by the MERCHANTS as she sings. This holds true for every "Gonna Buy" sequence.

PATTY:

I'M GONNA BUY.

I'M GONNA BUY.

GONNA BUY THINGS I LACK:

BAGS FULL OF TEA;

CHEDDAR AND BRIE;

PATTY'S AESOP ADVENTURE

ORNAMENTAL BRIC-A-BRAC.

GONNA BUY MORE,
MORE THAN BEFORE.
GONNA MAKE SALESMEN SIGH.
GONNA SELL MILK.
GONNA DRAIN THE PAIL.
THEN I'M GONNA BUY, BUY, BUY!

I'LL BUY YARDS OF SILK,
AND I'LL SEW A DRESS.
THEN IT WILL BE PURCHASED
BY A NOBLE DUCHESS.
SHE'LL BE SO IMPRESSED
THAT SHE WILL INSTRUCT,

BUYER I puts on a fancy robe and pretends to be the DUCHESS.

BUYER I/DUCHESS:
"PATTY, BE MY SEAMSTRESS."

PATTY:
WHAT A STROKE OF LUCK!
THAT'S ONE DREAM I'LL BUY!

I'M GONNA BUY.
I'M GONNA BUY.
GONNA BUY THINGS I WANT.

MERCHANT I:
BALLS MADE OF RICE.

MERCHANT II:
BLUEBERRY ICE.

BUYER II:
FINERY TO WEAR AND FLAUNT.

PATTY:
GONNA BUY MORE.
EMPTY THE STORES!
GONNA MAKE PEDDLERS PLY.
GONNA SELL MILK.
GONNA DRAIN THE PAIL.
THEN I'M GONNA BUY, BUY, BUY!

The MERCHANTS exit as the song ends. The BUYERS follow behind closely. TORTOISE enters. He is wearing running shoes, wristbands, and a sweatband. A racing number is pasted to his shell. He is running very slowly. PATTY bumps into him and spills some of her milk.

PATTY: Ah! *(She sets down the pail.)* My milk!

TORTOISE: Pardon me. Terribly sorry. Terribly. I was in such a hurry that I didn't see you there.

PATTY: Well, that's okay. I still have plenty of milk left. I'm sorry I bumped you.

TORTOISE: No problem whatsoever. It was an accident. Have a good day.

He begins to "run" anew.

PATTY: Excuse me. I really shouldn't be asking, but where are you going?

TORTOISE: I'm headed for the finish line. I'm in the middle of a race.

PATTY: A race! How exciting!

TORTOISE: Yes. I can hardly contain myself.

PATTY: *(She looks around.)* Where are the other tortoises?

TORTOISE: I'm not racing against other tortoises. I'm racing against a hare.

PATTY: A hare? *(She looks around, eventually gazing into the distance.)* I don't see any . . . oh. There he is. I hate to tell you this, but he's so far ahead of you that I can barely see him.

TORTOISE: He's not ahead of me. He's so far behind me that you can't even see him.

PATTY: You can't be serious. A tortoise beating a hare in a race is unheard of!

TORTOISE: That doesn't mean it can't happen.

PATTY: I guess, but you really don't think you're going to beat him, do you?

**SONG #5: GOOD AS THE REST
(TORTOISE)**

TORTOISE: I certainly do.

TORTOISE:

WHEN I WAS VERY LITTLE,
MY MOM ALWAYS SAID,
"IF YOU WANT SOMETHING BETTER,
YOU'D BETTER PUSH AHEAD.
DON'T LET A PERSON TELL YOU
WHAT YOU CAN OR CAN'T DO.
THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS
YOUR HEART IS YOU."

YOU CAN CLIMB A MOUNTAIN.
YOU CAN TOUCH THE CLOUDS.
YOU CAN WIN THE RIBBON.
YOU CAN DRAW THE CROWDS.
TRUST YOURSELF,
AND YOU'LL ACHIEVE YOUR BEST.
NEVER STOP BELIEVING
YOU'RE AS GOOD AS THE REST.

WHEN I HAD GOTTEN OLDER,
I WANTED TO SWIM,
BUT PEOPLE TOLD ME,
"TORTOISE, IT'S JUST
AN IDLE WHIM."
I MADE MYSELF SOME FLIPPERS,
AND I'LL TELL YOU WHAT'S MORE:
I LEFT THE DOPEY
DOUBTERS ON THE SHORE.

YOU CAN CLIMB A MOUNTAIN.
YOU CAN TOUCH THE CLOUDS.
YOU CAN WIN THE RIBBON.
YOU CAN DRAW THE CROWDS.
TRUST YOURSELF,
AND YOU'LL ACHIEVE YOUR BEST.
NEVER STOP BELIEVING
YOU'RE AS GOOD AS THE REST.

NOW I'M RACING A HARE,
DOING WHAT A TORTOISE
NEVER HAS DARED.
I'M IN THE LEAD
AND LEAVING HIM
CHOKING ON MY DUST.

TORTOISE: (*Speaking.*) Hah! Hah!

TORTOISE: (*Singing.*)
ADD MORE SPEED TO THE PLOW!
CHUCK THE QUESTION OF HOW!
I HEAR DESTINY
SCREAMING, "VICTORY!"
THERE'S NO STOPPING ME NOW!

YOU CAN CLIMB A MOUNTAIN.
YOU CAN TOUCH THE CLOUDS.
YOU CAN WIN THE RIBBON.
YOU CAN DRAW THE CROWDS.
TRUST YOURSELF,
AND YOU'LL ACHIEVE YOUR BEST.
NEVER STOP BELIEVING
YOU'RE AS GOOD AS THE REST.

PATTY: (*Speaking.*) I think I know what you mean.

PATTY: (*Singing.*)
I USED TO HAVE A VISION.
I WANTED TO DANCE,
BUT PEOPLE ALWAYS CHUCKLED.
I NEVER HAD A CHANCE.
I PRACTICED BY MY LONESOME
AND FORGOT ABOUT PRIDE,
AND NOW I KNOW
THE FOX TROT, TAP, AND SLIDE!

PATTY: (*Speaking.*) Don't laugh, now.

PATTY dances. TORTOISE joins her.

TORTOISE:

COUNT YOUR SUCCESSES
IN EXCESSES.
SECOND GUESSES
LEAD TO STRESSES.

PATTY:

TAKE YOUR DUE.
BELIEVE IN COMMON SENSE
CONFIDENCE
THAT'S MEANT
FOR ELEVATING,
CELEBRATING YOU!

TORTOISE:

YOU!

PATTY:

YOU!

BOTH:

YOU! YOU!
YOU CAN CLIMB A MOUNTAIN.
YOU CAN TOUCH THE CLOUDS.
YOU CAN WIN THE RIBBON.
YOU CAN DRAW THE CROWDS.
TRUST YOURSELF,
AND YOU'LL ACHIEVE YOUR BEST.
NEVER STOP BELIEVING
YOU'RE AS GOOD AS THE REST!

TORTOISE: It was very nice to meet you, but I've got to get back to my breakneck speed. I don't want to fall behind.

PATTY: Right. Right. It was nice meeting you, too. And good luck!

TORTOISE exits.

SONG #6: GONNA BUY II

(PATTY, MERCHANTS I AND II, BUYERS I AND II)

PATTY: What an interesting tortoise. I like him. Believe in yourself!

She looks into her pail. The MERCHANTS enter with their wares.

PATTY: Looks like there's plenty of milk left.

The BUYERS enter. PATTY lifts the pail and proceeds on her way.

PATTY: Let's see. Where was I?

PATTY:

I'M GONNA BUY.

I'M GONNA BUY.

GONNA BUY THINGS I NEED.

BUYER I:

BOWS BY THE PAIR.

MERCHANT II:

PERFUME TO WEAR.

BUYER II:

CANDY-COATED PUMPKINSEED.

PATTY:

GONNA BUY MORE,

TWO OR THREESCORE.

GONNA MAKE VENDORS VIE.

GONNA SELL MILK.

GONNA DRAIN THE PAIL.

THEN I'M GONNA BUY, BUY, BUY!

IF I CONTINUE

TO BUY AND TO SELL,

SURELY I'LL PROSPER

ABUNDANTLY WELL.

I'LL BUY A CASTLE

BE-PEOPLED WITH VASSALS

AND LIVE THERE

WITH MOTHER FOREVER ANON.

LORDS WILL COME

TO COURT US,

BOWING DOWN BEFORE US.

MOTHER WILL MARRY.

SHE'LL OPEN A DAIRY.

HER WORRIES WILL

FIN'LY BE GONE.

BUYERS, MERCHANTS, AND PATTY:

TRA-LA-LA-LA!

LA-LA-LA-LA!

LA-LA-LA-LA-LA-LA!

PATTY:

I'M GONNA BUY.

I'M GONNA BUY.

GONNA BUY THINGS I LIKE.

BUYER I:

DOLLS FROM AFAR.

BUYER II:

ROUGE IN A JAR.

MERCHANT I:

PUMPERNICKEL-POUNDED PIKE.

PATTY:

GONNA BUY MORE,

MORE BY THE FLOOR!

GONNA BLEED MERCHANTS DRY.

GONNA SELL MILK.

GONNA DRAIN THE PAIL.

THEN I'M GONNA BUY, BUY, BUY!

The BUYERS and the MERCHANTS exit. CITY MOUSE and COUNTRY MOUSE enter. The former sports a top hat and cane while the latter wears a straw hat and overalls. The two MICE are arguing with their heads close together. They bump into PATTY, and she spills more milk.

PATTY: Drat!

COUNTRY MOUSE: 'Scuse us, missy. You all right?

PATTY: *(She sets down her pail.)* Yes, I'm all right, but I spilled more milk!

CITY MOUSE: We're terribly, terribly sorry about that. We were deep in conversation, and we weren't watching the road. May we help in any way?

PATTY: No. Thank you very much. *(She checks her pail.)* At this rate, I won't have anything to sell at market.

COUNTRY MOUSE: Shoot! You sound like you're powerful sore!

PATTY: It's okay. You didn't do it on purpose.

CITY MOUSE: Precisely. *(He tips his hat.)* If you'll excuse us?

She waves them off. The two MICE begin to argue once more. PATTY reaches for the pail, but she keeps looking back at the MICE. Finally, she crosses to them.

PATTY: Excuse me. I'm supposed to be going to the market, but I'm a little curious. What are you two arguing about?

CITY MOUSE: I've been trying to explain to my bumpkin cousin here how much better it is to live in the city than in the country.

COUNTRY MOUSE: And I've done flummoxed myself tellin' this slicker how the country beats the pants off the city.

CITY MOUSE: It's obvious to anyone with half a brain that the city far outweighs the country both in class and sophistication.

COUNTRY MOUSE: Well, I have half a brain, and it's plain as a poker that the country's got your place all beat out.

CITY MOUSE: I disagree!

COUNTRY MOUSE: Well, shazam! So do I!

CITY MOUSE: It's settled, then! You agree with my disagreement. Therefore, you agree that I agree that you disagree that the country is better than the city. Agreed?

He extends a paw for a shake. COUNTRY MOUSE looks at PATTY.

COUNTRY MOUSE: What'd he say?

PATTY: I have no idea.

COUNTRY MOUSE: Don't you try confusin' me with that backwards city talk. You've been visitin' me for an entire week, and I ain't changed my viewpoint one iota.

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