

QUIGLEY: Well, Mr. Mayor ... you see ... I was thinking that we could ... that is, perhaps it would ... well, you see ... actually ... no.

*(Quigley puts his head down on his arms on the table, breaks down and sobs.)*

MAYOR: *(standing)* I can't believe this! We have pesky rats everywhere and NO ONE has come up with a way to get rid of them?

PENNYWINKLE: *(sheepishly)* I've got a plan ... now.

QUIGLEY: *(lifting his head)* I think I've got one, too.

MAYOR: Let's hear them. Pennywinkle, you first.

PENNYWINKLE: *(standing)* Traps, sir. Big traps with cheese.

MAYOR: We've tried that. They steal the cheese AND the traps. *(Quigley raises his hand.)* Yes, Quigley.

*(Pennywinkle sits. Quigley stands.)*

QUIGLEY: We play loud music.

MAYOR: Tried it; gave me a headache. The rats actually liked it ... started dancing. *(Quigley sits. Pennywinkle raises his hand.)* Pennywinkle?

*(Pennywinkle stands with a serene smile on his face.)*

PENNYWINKLE: Maybe we could all be friends, and live together in peace and harmony. *(Mayor slams his hands down on the table.)*

MAYOR: With a bunch of rats? This is lunacy! *(Pennywinkle sits. Quigley breaks down and begins sobbing.)* DOESN'T ANYONE HAVE A PLAN?

*(The Pied Piper enters abruptly from upstage left.)*

PIPER: Gentlemen, did I hear you correctly? Are you in need of a plan? Well, I have a plan! *(They stare at him in frozen wonder.)*

MAYOR: Now, wait just a minute. Who are you? Where did you come from? Why are you here? *(Piper sits cross-legged in the middle of the table.)*

PIPER: Let's see ... Who am I? I am called "The Pied Piper." "Pied" because of my colorful outfit and "Piper" *(pulls a flute or recorder from his back pocket)* because I play this pipe. Where am I from? I come from a distant mysterious land. And why am I here? I am here to rid you of your rodents!

MAYOR: And what is so special about your pipe?

PIPER: Watch ... and listen!

*(During "Piper Tune," Quigley and Pennywinkle move in front of table, dancing while giggling and laughing. When the music ends, they stop, look at each other, realize what they are doing, regain their composure, and return to their chairs.)*