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Product Code Y520-FC

Monsieur Kiki

An Interactive Play for Kids

by

Chloe Bolan

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Monsieur Kiki

by Chloe Bolan

CHARACTERS: **4 Actors – 1 Musician**

YPSGIP, (*Pronounced “Yipsgip”*): *A middle-age country man*

KIKI: *A piglet with markings of a black bowtie at the neck*

MONIQUE: *A young woman*

PHILLIPPE: *A young man*

MUSICIAN: *A guitarist or pianist located at the edge of the action*

SETTING:

A French country setting reminiscent of old fairy tales. The stage or playing area may be bare, or, in the case of more ambitious productions, scenery representing green rolling hills dotted with clusters of oak trees under a blue sky may be used. Scenes include: a barnyard, Monique’s bedroom, the countryside, the town, and the Village Hall Ballroom.

ETC:

The following songs with music all in the public domain are sung or played at various points in the action:

I’m a Little Piggy (To the tune of “I’m a Little Teapot”)

A-Truffling We Will Go (To the tune of “A-Hunting We Will Go”)

Love: It’s A Cartwheel (To the tune “All Around the Mulberry Bush”)

I Love You (To the tune of “Blue Tail Fly”)

Oink Oink Pie (To the tune of “Three Blind Mice”)

Truffle Tree (To the tune of “Muffin Man”)

And the Stars Come Falling Down (to the tune of “Clementine”)

Additional music includes several bars of the following tunes:

“Lullaby and Goodnight,” “Aloutte,” “Campton Races,” “Marseillaise”

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SCENE 1

AT RISE: *The Barnyard. A basket large enough to hide a body stands center stage. MONSIEUR KIKI is hidden in the basket. The MUSICIAN PLAYS a medley of nursery rhyme songs including “I’M A LITTLE TEAPOT,” “A-HUNTING WE WILL GO,” and “MUFFIN MAN” until YPSGIP enters. Dressed all in black, he’s not the cheerful type we expect. YPSGIP stops the musician with an impervious gesture.*

YPSGIP

(Clearing his throat)

Some years ago in France
In the chalk hills of Quercy
In an ordinary barnyard
Was born Monsieur Kiki.

YPSGIP steps aside as KIKI springs out of his basket. The MUSICIAN PLAYS “I’M A LITTLE TEAPOT”.

M. KIKI

(Singing “I’M A LITTLE PIGGY” to the tune of “I’m a Little Teapot”)

*I’m a little piggy, pink and plump
Tips of my ears to tail on my rump.
Everybody comes here to the sty
Just to see my black bow tie.*

*“He’s a little gentleman,” they say
“He will make us proud someday!”
So instead of Kiki, they call me
Most distinguished Monsieur Kiki!*

KIKI struts about in a quasi-dignified manner. HE bows, then sneezes and wipes his snout on his hoof.

HE then snuffles deeply and returns to his basket squealing with joy. YPSGIP crosses down towards the audience.

YPSGIP

(To Audience)

Little fool...er, I mean, isn't he plump? So scrumptiously plump. Allow me to introduce myself. Although I think you already know me. You've all heard of that famous maker of nursery rhymes: Mother...Mother?

The AUDIENCE will, with prompting as needed, fill in with "GOOSE."

YPSGIP, *Continued*

Yes. Mother Goose. Believe it or not, I'm *Father* Goose. Yes. Everything she wrote was mine: Hickory Dickory Duck; *(Sings) Three Blind Rhinoceroses*; *(Then reciting almost reverently)* Twinkle, twinkle, little fruit fly— Except she changed some of the words. But you know what they say— Behind every great woman is a greater man. So, I've decided to write my own nursery rhymes and Monsieur Kiki is to be the main course —er— character.

SOUND of KIKI crying. YPSGIP crosses left as sixteen-year-old MONIQUE enters. MONIQUE wears a modest cotton dress and white apron.

MONIQUE

Who's crying? *(Sees Kiki; helps him out of basket)* What's the matter?

M. KIKI

The other piggies are making fun of me.

MONIQUE

Why is that?

M. KIKI

They say my bowtie will get me in trouble someday.

MONIQUE

How could it?

M. KIKI

It makes everyone pay more attention to me.

MONIQUE

What's wrong with that?

M. KIKI

The big boar told us, the one who gets the most attention gets eaten first.

KIKI resumes crying.

MONIQUE

Don't cry, Kiki. They're all jealous— Including the big boar. You're going to make us proud someday. But how? We don't know.

M. KIKI

As dinner? (*Stifles a sob*)

MONIQUE

(Stifling her giggles)

Whenever you cry, your bowtie wobbles.

*KIKI throws himself on Monique.
SHE comforts him.*

MONIQUE, *Continued*

Sh. Hush now. Let me think. Since I haven't gotten my birthday present yet, and it doesn't look like I will, I could ask Papa and Mama a favor.

M. KIKI

What would that be?

MONIQUE

If you could sleep at the foot of my bed.

M. KIKI

And be the house pig?!

MONIQUE

We have so many mouths to feed; everyone must earn their keep.

M. KIKI

I'd eat everything that fell on the floor. In fact, I'd eat it before it GOT to the floor.

MONIQUE

Better to let it drop first.

M. KIKI

If it smells like something a person would want to eat, I'll wait; if it smells undercooked or burnt, I'll grab it in mid-air. I have a very sensitive snout.

MONIQUE

A very sensitive snout? Kiki, I have an idea! I'll teach you to be a truffle hunter!

M. KIKI

A truffle hunter? That sounds important.

MONIQUE

The truffles we find, we can sell at the market for a very high price. That way, you can earn your keep.

M. KIKI

Monique, you are so smart. More than that, you are so sweet!

KIKI hugs Monique. SHE puts her arm around him.

MONIQUE

Thank you, Kiki. Now let's get out of the barn and into the sunlight. You can roll in the lavender fields.

THEY begin to exit.

M. KIKI

Any mud fields?

*As MONIQUE and KIKI exit,
YPSGIP enters opposite, holding up a truffle.*

YPSGIP

A truffle, by the way—
A food that Frenchmen prize—
Looks like a burnt potato
But it hasn't any eyes.
Related to the mushroom,
It grows beneath a tree;
Dig it up and rinse it off
And eat it with esprit!

YPSGIP, *Continued*

Allow me to suggest the following:

Omelets with truffles
And truffle pate,
Potatoes with truffles
And truffle parfait.
Truffles sliced thinly
Or doused and flambéed,
Or breaded and deep-fried
Or lightly sautéed.
Truffles in sweet rolls
Or sour dough bread,
Eat them at snack time
Or eat them in bed.
Truffles in soups: clear, cold, or creamed,
Truffles in salads or vegetables steamed,
Truffles in Roquefort,
Truffles in Cheddar
Truffles in cream cheese,
What could be better?
Brandy them, candy them,
Wrap them in tacos,
Sprinkle on bagels
Spaghetti or nachos.

However you eat them,
You'll eat like a hog!
This is one food
You won't give to the dog!
So, they're expensive
Who cares about cost?
Make your mom buy them.
After all, you're the boss!

YPSGIP points to the children and shrugs as if it's obvious the children "rule the roost"; HE looks triumphantly at the moms and dads.

YPSGIP, *Continued*

Kinder uber alles! (*Exits*)

END SCENE.

SCENE 2

AT RISE:

*The French countryside.
KIKI wipes a tear from his eye
as MONIQUE enters carrying
a basket.*

MONIQUE

I've been looking all over for you, Kiki. What are you doing so far from the barnyard?

M. KIKI

Looking for food.

MONIQUE

There's plenty of food in the trough.

M. KIKI

The other piggies won't let me eat. They say a monsieur doesn't eat with the pigs.

MONIQUE

They're right. A monsieur should eat in the manor house. Or at least a comfortable stone house.

M. KIKI

How can that happen?

MONIQUE

Papa and Mama said, if you bring home a truffle, you can live in the house and sleep by my bed.

M. KIKI

A truffle? All I need is a truffle? Where can I find a truffle?

MONIQUE

We're going to walk to every truffle oak tree in the area and all you have to do is sniff around its roots to see if it has truffles. We'll dig them up and bring them home.

M. KIKI

How will I know what they smell like? I don't even know what they look like.

MONIQUE

I brought one. A small one. Here.

MONIQUE takes a dark object from her basket and holds it under Kiki's snout. KIKI inhales deeply, then exhales with a sigh and staggers about.

M. KIKI

I have never smelled anything so wonderful! The smell is—

MONIQUE

Indescribable.

M. KIKI

Yes.

MONIQUE

Unforgettable.

M. KIKI

Yes.

MONIQUE

More pungent than a mushroom, more subtle than an onion, more complex than a potato.

M. KIKI

Monique?

MONIQUE

Yes?

M. KIKI

May I have...a bite?

MONIQUE

What?

M. KIKI

A nibble?

MONIQUE

What?

M. KIKI

Another whiff?

MONIQUE

Shame on you, Kiki. One thing you must always remember: Never, never eat a truffle!

M. KIKI

Never?

MONIQUE

Never, ever!

M. KIKI

Why not?

MONIQUE

I won't be able to sell one that has a bite out of it. Please, Kiki, promise me you'll never even think of eating a truffle.

M. KIKI

I'll never even think of eating a truffle.

MONIQUE

Good. Now let me put on your leash.

MONIQUE takes a leash from her basket and gently puts it on Kiki. The MUSICIAN PLAYS "A-HUNTING WE WILL GO". MONIQUE and KIKI skip about and sing as THEY embark on their truffle hunt.

MONIQUE

(Singing "A-TRUFFLING WE WILL GO")

*A-truffling we will go,
A-truffling we will go,
Me and Monsieur Kiki
A-truffling we will go.*

M. KIKI

(Singing)

*A-truffling we will go,
A-truffling we will go,
Me and my sweet Monique
A-truffling we will go.*

MONIQUE

I'll hunt for truffle oaks

M. KIKI

I'll sniff the truffle down

MONIQUE

*I'll dig the truffle up and then
I'll sell it in the town.*

MONIQUE & KIKI, *Together*

*A-truffling we will go,
A-truffling we will go,
We're out to hunt some truffles down
A-truffling we will go.*

*MONIQUE and KIKI exit as
YPSGIP enters.*

YPSGIP

I believe that truffles are for human consumption only. I believe that a truffle touched by the tooth of a pig, the mouth of a pig, the very lips of a pig, should be fumigated immediately and destroyed by a thermonuclear blast. Of course, if you're pressed for time, you can always flush it down the toilet. Far too many pigs in this area of France have taken liberties with truffles. Little nicks, little gnaws, little nibbles. Sometimes they've eaten the entire truffle! It's an outrage! It must end! I say this with full confidence and a long-standing membership in the PTPA; Protect Truffles from Pigs Association. I'm sorry. I'm too upset to think up a rhyme. (*Exits*)

*MONIQUE and KIKI enter wending
their way in circles and semi-circles
as "TRUFFLE-HUNTING" MUSIC
underscores their action. MONIQUE
and KIKI sing along: La, la, la, la, la,
until MONIQUE abruptly stops.*

MONIQUE

Kiki, look! A truffle oak! Sniff around its roots.

M. KIKI

(Sniffing)

I smell truffles! Yes, yes, yes!

MONIQUE

Where, Kiki, where?

KIKI points his snout downward.

M. KIKI

Right here. I'll dig them up.

MONIQUE

No, Kiki. I'll dig them up.

KIKI is down on the ground before MONIQUE can restrain him with his leash; KIKI digs frantically, finds a truffle, and, is about to hand it to Monique, but brings it back to his snout.

MONIQUE, *Continued*

Don't you dare take a bite! (*KIKI holds it to his snout; MONIQUE grabs it from him*)
Shame on you, Kiki. How can I ever trust you?

M. KIKI

I'm sorry, Monique. But I smell that truffle smell, and I want that truffle taste.

MONIQUE

You don't know what it's like at the market. One little bite and a gourmet won't buy the truffle.

M. KIKI

What's a gourmet?

MONIQUE

A gourmet is someone who knows good food and loves good food.

M. KIKI

Do you think, Monique, I am a gourmet?

MONIQUE

No, Kiki. You are a pig. (*KIKI snorts*) I don't think you can be both a pig AND a gourmet. (*KIKI snorts again*) Don't be so sensitive.

M. KIKI

I smell truffles!

MONIQUE

Where?

M. KIKI

(Points to spot)

Right there!

MONIQUE runs ahead of Kiki.

MONIQUE

This time, I'll dig them up. *(Kneels down and digs)* Oh, Kiki. There could be a dozen here! Help me! DO NOT TAKE ONE BITE!

M. KIKI

(Holding his hoof up as if taking a pledge)

I promise I won't.

Together MONIQUE and KIKI dig up a dozen truffles and put them in the basket.

MONIQUE

A dozen truffles! Mama and Papa will be so happy! Not all pigs are good at sniffing out truffles, but you, Monsieur Kiki, have a very talented snout. *(SHE unleashes Kiki and HE holds his snout up proudly.)* As a reward, I have some corn for you.

MONIQUE takes an ear of corn from her apron pocket and hands it to Kiki. KIKI looks at it but gives it back.

M. KIKI

I'm not hungry.

MONIQUE

(Putting her hand on Kiki's forehead)

Are you feeling alright?

M. KIKI

I have this wonderful feeling. Right here in my heart. What is it?

MONIQUE

I have the same feeling. Maybe it's love.

M. KIKI

Love?

*The MUSICIAN PLAYS “ALL
AROUND THE MULBERRY BUSH”
as MONIQUE and KIKI sing
“LOVE: IT’S A CARTWHEEL” to
the tune.*

KIKI

*(Singing)
I always lived the barnyard life
The pigs and cows would tease me
And make me go fight for every bite
Till Monique saved me*

MONIQUE

*(Singing)
I always watched my siblings five
Without free time for me-e
And never a sou for my allow’nce
Till Kiki saved me*

KIKI & MONIQUE

*We roam the hills of old Quercy,
We love the country air so,
And earn us our keep in truffle hunts,
Wait! There is more though.*

MONIQUE

You’re my truest friend, Kiki

KIKI

And you're my queen of Quercy

KIKI & MONIQUE

*So we can say what right here we feel
(Putting their hands on their hearts)
Love: it’s a cartwheel!*

*MONIQUE and KIKI hug each other
and run off stage; or if they're
gymnastically inclined, they can
cartwheel off. YPSGIP enters.*

YPSGIP

Love— a *cartwheel*? I think not. Although these two have turned things upside down. In my research as Father, er, Father...? (*AUDIENCE fills in "Goose"*) Goose. Thank you. I have come up with the following rhyme:

Never fall in love with a pig,
It's death to fall in love with a pig.
A pig will only hurt you,
He'll betray you and desert you,
And on your grave he'll dance a little jig!

Heed my words, Moniques of the world!

YPSGIP exits. END SCENE.

SCENE 3

AT RISE: *Monique's bedroom. MONIQUE enters carrying her blanket; KIKI enters with the truffle basket which HE places at the end of the bed; the action is underscored with LULLABY MUSIC played by the MUSICIAN. LIGHTS dim as MONIQUE and KIKI settle into their respective sleeping places.*

Monique? M. KIKI

What? (Sleepily) MONIQUE

How do you know you're falling asleep? M. KIKI

My eyes close. MONIQUE

Mine do too. But all I see are pictures of food. M. KIKI

That could mean you're dreaming. MONIQUE

M. KIKI

Dreaming. Yes.

MONIQUE

Close your eyes, Kiki.

The LULLABY MUSIC grows louder as MONIQUE and KIKI drift off to sleep. KIKI begins to snore. The LULLABY MUSIC FRACTURES. A STROBE LIGHT pervades the room indicating a transition into a dream state. KIKI rises from his basket, putting his arms out in front of him. The MUSIC changes to a playful reprise of "A-TRUFFLING WE WILL GO."

M. KIKI

(Skipping and singing)

*A-truffling I will go/ A-truffling I will go/
I'll surprise my sweet Monique/
A-truffling I will go.*

YPSGIP enters as KIKI sniffs about for truffles.

YPSGIP

Do I spy a sleepwalker? *(To audience)* You probably don't know it, but I have a special gift. I'm a dream-stalker. Watch closely as I enter his dream.

YPSGIP takes a beret from inside his jacket and places it on his head. HE then crosses to just behind KIKI.

YPSGIP, *Continued*

Monsieur Kiki, I presume.

M. KIKI

(Turning warily)

Oui.

YPSGIP

You don't know me, but you know OF me. I'm the uncle of Monique.

Oui? M. KIKI

In fact, I'm her favorite uncle! YPSGIP

Oui? (Frightened) M. KIKI

I can see you don't believe me, you little bacon brain. YPSGIP

Alarmed, KIKI backs away. YPSGIP, in response, quickly tries a new tactic.

YPSGIP, *Continued*
A bacon brain means you're brilliant. Let me show you. (*Retrieves a truffle from his pocket*) Take this truffle, for example.

KIKI reaches for the truffle. YPSGIP holds it just out of his reach.

YPSGIP, *Continued*
(*To audience*)
I don't think I have to go much further with this demonstration. (*To Kiki*)
The next time you smell one of these, dig it up and take a bite! Understand, bacon face?

KIKI backs away in fear. YPSGIP, ever more exasperated, tries to cover his words.

YPSGIP, *Continued*
Bacon face means you're very cute. Alright, what are you going to do the next time you find a truffle?

KIKI continues to backs away, climbs into his basket and snores.

YPSGIP, *Continued*
I'm sick of being nice to you, bacon bottom! Just take a bite of the truffle on your next hunt. (*To audience*) Bacon bottom means he's FAT! (*Exits*)

END SCENE.

SCENE 4

AT RISE: *Monique's bedroom the following morning. MONIQUE awakes to the SOUND OF BIRDS SINGING. SHE stretches and looks about.*

MONIQUE

Oh, Kiki. Look at the sun streaming in. It's a beautiful morning to go to market and sell the truffles. With the extra money we could buy an ice cream maker! If we find enough truffles, we could sell truffle ice cream all summer long. Oh, Kiki!

M. KIKI

(Rubbing his eyes, not at all well rested)

Do you have a favorite uncle, Monique?

MONIQUE

I have no uncles. My parents were both only children. Why?

M. KIKI

It must have been a dream.

MONIQUE

A dream?

M. KIKI

Your favorite uncle wanted me to eat a truffle.

MONIQUE

If I had an uncle like that, I'd disown him.

M. KIKI

Then it was a nightmare.

MONIQUE

Let's forget about it and have breakfast!

KIKI is elated at the sound of "breakfast"; HE skips after Monique and THEY exit. YPSGIP enters.

YPSGIP

(To audience)

Children, let me explain my actions. Do you really think I want Monsieur Kiki to bite into a truffle, be forbidden to go on another truffle hunt, not earn his keep and end up as a holiday ham? Of course not. Monsieur Kiki, like all over-stimulated porkies, needs

YPSGIP, *Continued*

discipline. You know what discipline is. Your parents tell you not to dance on the dining room table. Why? Because they want to spoil your fun, they're only thinking about their furniture, they're old and selfish, but you must obey them or they'll send you to your room. That's what discipline is. As for Monsieur Kiki, the following is my philosophy:

Unless we tempt a truffling pig
To take a bite of truffle
And piggy turns his snout aside
To prove he will not ruffle,
How do we know that on a hunt
He will not eat the truffle?

Better to tempt a truffling pig
BEFORE he starts to truffle
For if he fails while on the hunt
He'll do the butcher's shuffle
And find his place at dinner time
As a dish of pork butt puffle!

Eat your heart out, Mother Goose! (*Exits*)

END SCENE.

SCENE 5

AT RISE: *Outside the Village Market Place.
PHILLIPPE enters carrying a basket.
HE stops, looks into his basket and
holds up a bottle of wine.*

PHILLIPPE

Sold eleven. That's good enough.

*MONIQUE enters with an empty
basket and looks around distressed.
PHILLIPPE addresses her.*

PHILLIPPE

Mademoiselle?

MONIQUE

Yes?

PHILLIPPE

May I help you?

PHILLIPPE and MONIQUE gaze into one another's eyes. It is love at first sight.

MONIQUE

Have you seen my pig?

PHILLIPPE

He must be a beautiful pig.

MONIQUE

He's an unusual pig.

PHILLIPPE

He must be an unusually beautiful pig.

MONIQUE

He has markings of a black bowtie under his chin. We call him Monsieur Kiki.

PHILLIPPE

And who is Monsieur Kiki's keeper?

MONIQUE

Monique. I live with my family in the stone house by the river.

PHILLIPPE

Ah, the house with all the pigs. I've ridden past it now and then. My father owns all the vineyards in the area. We're known for our white wine.

MONIQUE

Then Monsieur Rustan is your father.

PHILLIPPE

And I am his son, Phillippe. *(Bows)*

MONIQUE

Phillippe Rustan.

PHILLIPPE and MONIQUE stare at each other for another moment.

PHILLIPPE

There's a dance Saturday night. Would you care to go with me?

MONIQUE

(Flustered)

Why, I hardly know you.

PHILLIPPE

I hardly know you too, but wouldn't this be a good way to get to know each other?

MONIQUE

I can't argue with that.

PHILLIPPE

I'll pick you up at eight.

MONIQUE

Maybe we should meet at the dance.

PHILLIPPE

You can't come alone.

MONIQUE

I'm bringing my pig with me.

PHILLIPPE

I don't think pigs are invited.

MONIQUE

Then I won't be able to go.

PHILLIPPE

My mother's planning the dance. I'll ask her to send him an invitation.

MONIQUE

Then, I'd be delighted to go.

PHILLIPPE

(Sighs)

I have to go home now and tend to the grapes.

MONIQUE

(Begins to exit)

Au revoir.

PHILLIPPE

If I see your pig, I'll send him home.

MONIQUE

(Exiting)

Thank you.

PHILLIPPE watches her exit, puts his hand over his heart, and sighs. He exits.

END SCENE.

SCENE 6

AT RISE:

Monique's bedroom. KIKI paces back and forth until MONIQUE enters.

M. KIKI

Monique, you're back! *(MONIQUE nods without speaking and sits on her bed)* You're sick?

MONIQUE

I'm lovesick.

M. KIKI

What's that? Can I get it? Who gave it to you?

MONIQUE

Phillippe Rustan. I met him and now I'm in love.

M. KIKI

I thought you loved me!

MONIQUE

Of course, I love you. But I'm "in love" with Phillippe Rustan. He invited me to the dance at the Village Hall. The ballroom will be decorated with flags, balloons, and paper stars. Everyone will be there and they'll have a huge buffet.

M. KIKI

Can I go?

MONIQUE

Yes, but you must promise me one thing.

M. KIKI

What's that?

MONIQUE

You must be on your best behavior. Wait until everyone has had two helpings before going to the buffet table.

M. KIKI

I promise.

MONIQUE rises and begins pacing.

MONIQUE

Let me see. I have one good dress. I can borrow everything else from my sisters; Michelle's pearls, Belle's gloves, Anna's purse, and Caitlin's...underthings. That's everything except...shoes! I haven't any shoes!

M. KIKI

Buy a pair.

MONIQUE

We have no money for luxuries. A pair of Sunday shoes is a luxury. *(Looks at her shoes)* I can't wear these. They've been through everything. Dirt, mud, pig manure.

M. KIKI

There's nothing wrong with that.

MONIQUE

Look at them! They'll never go with a dance dress.

M. KIKI

We'll go truffle hunting!

MONIQUE

Truffle hunting season is officially over. You and I have dug up every truffle in the area. Besides, the dance is tomorrow night.

M. KIKI

We'll go early in the morning.

MONIQUE

I can't, Kiki. I have to clean the pigpen, help Mama with the baking, and tutor my brother Andre. I have no time.

M. KIKI

Then you'll have to go to the dance in—

MONIQUE
In clodhoppers? No!

M. KIKI
What will you do?

MONIQUE
I'll tell Phillippe I can't go.

M. KIKI
He won't like that.

MONIQUE
I'll tell him I'm sick. And it won't be a lie because I am. I'm love sick for Phillippe Rustan and heartsick I'm losing him before I have a chance to get more lovesick!

MONIQUE throws herself on her bed and cries.

M. KIKI
Don't cry, Monique. I'm the one who should be crying.

MONIQUE
You? Why?

M. KIKI
I thought you loved me.

MONIQUE
I do. But I love Phillippe too.

M. KIKI
Who do you love more?

MONIQUE
I love you both in different ways.

M. KIKI
What if you had to make a choice between us?

MONIQUE
That would never happen.

M. KIKI
What if it did?

MONIQUE and KIKI sing "I LOVE YOU" as the MUSICIAN PLAYS "BLACK TAIL FLY".

MONIQUE

(Singing)

*I love you and I love Phillippe,
I couldn't say who I love more;
All I know is when I met Phillippe
My feet weren't on the floor.*

M. KIKI

(Singing)

*I love you but you love Phillippe,
I could say who you love more;
All I know is when you say Phillippe
Your feet aren't on the floor.*

MONIQUE

(Spoken) Kiki, (Then singing)

*I love all your piggish ways
The way you gobble up your corn,
The way you hunt a truffle down,
The way you snore till early morn.*

M. KIKI

(Spoken)

Do I snore?

MONIQUE

(Spoken) T

o me, it's a piano concerto.

M. KIKI

(Singing)

*I love you so very much—
Oh, never, never let us part!
You love Phillippe, so I do too,
There's room inside my heart...
There's a ballroom in my heart...
You're both here in my heart!*

MONIQUE

(Kissing Kiki on the head)

Oh, Kiki, my precious piglet. I'd be so sad if things didn't work out with Phillippe. But if anything happened to you, I'd be heartbroken forever. *(KIKI snuggles up next to Monique)*
Time for dinner, Kiki.

*MONIQUE and KIKI exit as
YPSGIP enters.*

YPSGIP

If that isn't the most disgusting display of porkus devotion I've ever seen! Don't get me wrong. Love has its place, but this love is misplaced. Monique looks into that innocent face and has no idea how DANGEROUS Monsieur Kiki is! *(Looks sternly at the audience)* I can see you don't believe me. *(Harder still)* And you expect another rhyme! Forget it! I'm all rhymed out! *(Ever more stern)* I can see you don't believe I'm Father Goose. HE would never run out of rhymes. Besides, you're thinking how could a genius like myself be married to a silly gerbil like Mother Goose. You're right, you clever creatures. I'm not Father Goose. I'm someone else. *(HE waits to see if they'll ask who he is; they probably won't, so He continues.)* I'm Pierre Le Puke. And I've been appointed Guardian of the Truffle. It's a tough job. If a truffle is contaminated by one drop of pig slobber, the whole economy of this province, of all France, of the world at large, could come tumbling down. For those of you who have no knowledge of geopolitical economics, I'll make it simple. Your mother calls you to dinner and all that's sitting on the table is a mud pie! With maybe a worm on top for decoration. Now, you see how dangerous Monsieur Kiki is! *(Struts about)* It is my job to follow him on truffle hunts. This means I must wear the Hat of the Order of the Guardian of the Truffle. *(HE crosses to the MUSICIAN who hands him a hat. HE takes it tenderly.)* It's called a pork pie hat and I wish it were. *(Puts on hat)* Considering my position as truffle guardian, I have an idea. The next time I see the little porker – And since I'm following his every wiggle, I'll see him tomorrow – I'll invite him to dinner. Yes, I'm bound to find him doing something undignified like rolling in the mud or snorting while he eats, and I can give him a chance to uplift himself. I have a feeling he's afraid of me and a bit of a cry piggy too. But if anyone can soothe him, I can. *(To audience)* Pretend you're Monsieur Kiki.

*YPSGIP sings "OINK OINK PIE" as
the MUSICIAN PLAYS "THREE
BLIND MICE". As the song
progresses, YPSGIP becomes angry
with the imagined Kiki until the
mention of "flavor" at the end.*

YPSGIP

(Singing)

*Sweet Kiki.
Sweet Kiki.
Please don't cry.
Please don't cry.
Come to my cottage at six tonight
You'll look so robust in the candlelight
I'm making your fav'rite, a piggy's delight
Oink, oink pie.*

*Now Kiki.
Now Kiki.
Just don't cry.
Just don't cry.
I've onions, carrots, and peas and such,
Some fresh crushed garlic but never too much,
A bit of a truffle for just the right touch—
Oink oink pie.*

*Wipe your snout.
Wipe your snout.
Do not cry!
Do not cry!
The main ingredient in the pie
Will be kept a secret till you come by
But the flavor, monsieur, it is "for to die"—
Oink oink pie.*

*YPSGIP shakes his hat and exits
laughing.*

END SCENE.

SCENE 7

AT RISE:

*In the Countryside. The MUSICIAN
PLAYS "MUFFIN MAN" as KIKI
enters, skipping and singing
"TRUFFLE TREE" to the tune.*

M. KIKI

(Singing)

*I'm off to find a truffle tree, a truffle tree, a truffle tree,
I've got to find a truffle tree
Monique could get the blues.*

(Stops and sniffs deeply)

She's got a lot to lose.

(Sniffs in another direction.)

She's got to get those shoes.

*YPSGIP enters wearing rabbit ears
and carrying a tree stump. HE places
the stump behind Kiki and then hops
in front of him.*

YPSGIP, *As Rabbit*

Hello.

M. KIKI

(Stops singing; startled)

Oui?

YPSGIP, *As Rabbit*

Looking for a truffle tree?

M. KIKI

(Leery)

Oui.

YPSGIP, *As Rabbit*

I know where there's a treasure chest of truffles. I hopped over it a minute ago. *(KIKI sniffs for confirmation.)* Truffles buried in a treasure chest don't give off any perfume. Until you open the chest. Then you can sniff to your snout's delight. *(KIKI backs away.)* I can see you don't trust rabbits. Let me just say this, I've never met a rabbit I couldn't trust, and I'm not just saying that because I'm a rabbit. Would you like to see the treasure chest?

M. KIKI

(Still hesitant)

Oui.

YPSGIP, *As Rabbit*

(To audience)

Fascinating conversationalist, isn't he? *(To Kiki)* Follow me.

YPSGIP crosses to a tree stump.

KIKI follows, still unsure of the situation.

YPSGIP, *As Rabbit, Continued*

It's here inside this tree stump. There's a little hole on this side where you can see the treasure chest. But for unknown optical reasons, you must view it from the top of the stump. So, put your little neck—er, your head right here.

KIKI places his head on the top of the stump and strains to find the hole. Meanwhile YPSGIP pulls an ax out of his sleeve and raises it up in the air.

YPSGIP, *As Rabbit, Continued*

(To audience)

My next trick is to pull out a magician.

KIKI looks up and spies the ax. HE reaches into his pocket and in slow motion, throws crumbs into YPSGIP's eyes and then runs off SQUEALING with fright.

YPSGIP, *As Rabbit, Continued*

(Rubbing his eyes)

You sneaky swinelet! *(Groping his way off-stage)* Trying to blind me! *(Brushes the crumbs from his face, stops to inhale a familiar smell, then delicately brings a finger to his tongue)* Chocolate chip and walnut! My favorite.

YPSGIP exits.

M. KIKI

(Enters)

What a nasty rabbit! And he had an ax! *(To audience)* One thing about us pigs, we always have cookie crumbs in our pockets. *(Sighs)* I have to find a truffle tree. *(Sniffs, but smells nothing; shakes his head)* I'm awfully hungry. *(Kicks some dead leaves)* I'm not in the mood for dead leaves. Leaves? Where are they coming from? *(Looks up)* They're blowing off that high hill. There must be a tree up there. *(Runs closer to hill; inhales deeply)* It's a truffle tree! If I can only climb up that hill!

The MUSICIAN PLAYS "ALOUETTE". KIKI takes a deep breath, and then prances up the hill in time to the music. The MUSIC SOARS when KIKI reaches the top of the hill.

M. KIKI, *Continued*

(Sniffs about)

I smell truffle! *(Frantically digs)* Yes, it's truffle! *(HE digs out a football-size truffle. HE is amazed.)* It's enormous! If only Monique were here. She'd be so proud of me. I bet she's never seen a truffle this big. It looks delicious. *(Smells the truffle)* It smells delicious. I bet it tastes delicious. Maybe I should take a tiny bite. *(To audience)* What do you think? *(The AUDIENCE will/should respond "No!")* Just a teeny tiny bite. *(Again, the AUDIENCE responds "No!"—except for a few who can be ignored!)* A lick. Just a lick. *(The "No's" become emphatic.)* This could be a poisonous truffle. Monique could never sell a poisonous truffle. *(Licks truffle)* I can't tell. *(Takes bite)* It's so delicious. I'll have to take another bite. I mean, it could be poisonous.

KIKI is overwhelmed by the delicious truffle and chomps on, unaware of YPSGIP entering opposite, dabbing his eyes with a handkerchief. During the following action, KIKI, totally enthralled by the taste, lies down, dreamily holding the truffle on his chest and falls asleep.

YPSGIP

(To audience)

The trick with the treasure chest didn't work too well. *(Kicks stump out of way)* OW! *(Drops the handkerchief, grabs his foot and hops about holding his toe)* Stupid stump! I wouldn't say the little pig outwitted me. How could he? He's a nitwit. On the other hand, he might have out nitwitted me.

KIKI begins to snore.

YPSGIP, *Continued*

What's that I hear? A woodpecker? A double-sided saw? The snoring of a pig who's gorged himself on truffle? Yes! *(Looks through circled fingers as if they're binoculars)* Just as I thought. A pig in a pot. I mean, a pig in a spot!

YPSGIP turns his back on audience and places a beak on his face. HE flaps his arms like the wings of a bird and crosses to KIKI.

YPSGIP, *As Bird*

Squawk! (*KIKI wakes up from his truffle coma*) Seen any truffles?

M. KIKI

Oui.

YPSGIP, *As Bird*

You were eating one, weren't you?

M. KIKI

(*Ashamed*)

Oui.

YPSGIP, *As Bird*

(*Picks up truffle*)

Pretty big truffle. Biggest I've ever seen. Of course, it WAS bigger. Might as well finish it. You could never sell it at the market. Pig slobber all over it.

YPSGIP returns the truffle to Kiki with disdain. KIKI begins to cry.

YPSGIP, *As Bird*

Yes, Kiki, cry. CRY! (*KIKI is startled.*) You're wondering how I know your name. A little bird told me. He also told me about Monique. Now, she'll have to go to the dance barefoot. And Phillippe won't like her because, while they're dancing, she'll be crying. And who wouldn't with splinters in their feet! And all because you're so pig-mouthed and pig-snouted and pig-headed and pig-delicious! (*His tone changes from false reprimand to true desire. KIKI sobs all the more.*) But I'm a benevolent bird. Let me help you out. Let me take you to a treasure chest of truffles. (*KIKI looks up suspiciously.*) Did I say "treasure chest"? (*KIKI nods.*) Someone else must have offered you that. In fact, it sounds like the offer of a rabbit. (*KIKI nods again.*) Never trust a rabbit. You never know if he'll have an ax in his ear. No. I'm offering you a treasure NEST of truffles. In fact, I will personally fly you to the site. Piggyback. Hop on.

KIKI grabs the truffle and climbs onto YPSGIP's back. YPSGIP wobbles about from the heavy weight.

YPSGIP, *As Bird, Continued*

WHOA! Too much pigflesh for this old buzzard. (*Shakes Kiki off*) Why don't I meet you at my house? It's not far. (*Points to mailbox: PSGP is written on the side*) The mailbox says YPSGIP [*Yipsgip*]. Go through the front door straight to the kitchen. A roasting pan sits on the counter. Hop in, make yourself comfortable. I'll throw in a pillow. And onions, carrots, garlic. No, no. Then while you're resting, I'll be making Oink Oink Pie. Stay for dinner. After that I'll bring you a nest of fresh, slobber-free truffles so Monique can buy

YPSGIP, *Continued*

slippers of gold. I'm off. (*Stands in place and flaps arms but nothing happens*) Take-off's tricky. I'll need a running start. (*Crosses to one side of the stage*) See you in a pig's eye!

YPSGIP runs across the stage, flapping his wings as HE exits.

M. KIKI

(*To audience*)

That's the first bird I ever saw who couldn't fly. I'm not going to HIS house. Oink Oink Pie. (*Is tempted for a moment*) I never heard of it. No. I'm going straight home to Monique. Half a truffle is better than no truffle. Anyway, (*Looks at truffle*), I didn't eat that much. Did I? (*AUDIENCE may or not respond.*) Every bite was delicious. NO! I'm not going to look at it. (*Tucks it under his arm*) I can take a short cut through those woods.

The MUSICIAN begins to play EERIE MUSIC as KIKI takes the "shortcut" through the woods.

M. KIKI, *Continued*

It's awfully scary here. All these shadows and strange noises. These trees don't look very friendly. (*Greets a tree*) Hi, Monsieur Plum Tree...I'm sorry...I didn't know you were sleeping. (*Greets another tree*) Hi, Monsieur Plum Tree— Sorry, *Madam* Plum Tree. Ooooooh, they don't like pigs in these parts. Maybe if I sing, I'll feel safer.

Sings to the tune of "MUFFIN MAN".

M. KIKI, *Continued*

(*Singing*)

*I went and found a truffle tree, a truffle tree, a truffle tree
I went and found a truffle tree and ate the truffle up.*

(*Speaking*)

Not all of it! Oh, Monique, I'm so sorry. I'll never eat a truffle again.

*KIKI wipes a tear from his face.
YPSGIP enters and stands near the mailbox, not seeing Kiki.*

YPSGIP

(*To audience*)

So, I went home, pulled out my roasting pan, put in my sleepy-time pillow, and he never showed up. Nothing ruins a meal more than when the main course is a no show!

M. KIKI

(Sings through his tears)

I wish I could get out of here, out of here, out of here...

YPSGIP

What's this I hear? The sonata of a swine? The rondo of a rooster? The prelude to a porkchop?

M. KIKI

If only I could find a friendly tree. A tree I could rest against. A tree that might drop down a plum or two. A tree who knows the way out! *(Sighs)* I know! I'll make a wish. *(To audience)* Please help me make a wish. Close your eyes and say after me: I wish I could find a friendly tree.

As the AUDIENCE repeats the wish, YPSGIP stealthily crosses behind Kiki. HE spreads his arms, tree-like. KIKI opens his eyes. YPSGIP waits for Kiki to notice him but finally, when KIKI fails to take notice, HE taps him on the shoulder and smiles at him.

M. KIKI

(Hardly able to believe his eyes)

I got my wish! I got my wish! *(Sits comfortably under the "tree"; cradles the truffle)*
Thank you, Mr. Friendly Tree.

YPSGIP, *As Tree*

(To audience)

This might be my most successful disguise yet. Even though I never saw a tree wearing a hat. *(To Kiki)* You must be a tired little pig.

M. KIKI

Yes, I am.

YPSGIP, *As Tree*

Then go to sleep. I'll protect you.

M. KIKI

I only need to rest for a minute.

YPSGIP, *As Tree*

Rest to your heart's content. *(To himself)* Pig's heart. Studded with garlic.

M. KIKI

Do you have anything I can eat, Monsieur Tree?

YPSGIP, *As Tree*

Sorry. I'm plum out.

M. KIKI

What about your hat?

YPSGIP, *As Tree*

My pork pie hat? *(To audience)* I was willing to let him have my sleepy-time pillow, but my pork pie hat? That's going too far. *(To Kiki)* I'd like to say, 'eat my hat,' but I'm afraid I need it to keep the birds warm.

M. KIKI

What a kind tree! To keep the baby birdies warm.

YPSGIP, *As Tree*

(To audience)

He's got a burnt-out bulb for a brain. *(Dreamily to himself)* Pig's brain in béchamel sauce. *(To Kiki)* You must be very hungry. You should eat or you might faint.

M. KIKI

I don't see anything to eat.

YPSGIP, *As Tree*

What's that you have in your lap?

M. KIKI

A truffle. But I can't eat anymore of this. It might not sell at the market.

YPSGIP, *As Tree*

Of course it will. Cover the bite up with black shoe polish.

M. KIKI

Monique wouldn't like that.

YPSGIP, *As Tree*

Then you'll never sell it at the market. You'll have to find a private buyer. A buyer who doesn't mind pig-slobber. A buyer like me.

M. KIKI

(Jumps up)

You, Monsieur Friendly Tree? You will buy this truffle?

YPSGIP, *As Tree*

Yes. The only problem is I can't move. I'm rooted to the ground. So I can't get at my money.

M. KIKI

I can. If you tell me where it is.

YPSGIP, *As Tree*

In the cottage by the road. The mailbox says YPSGIP.

M. KIKI

A mean old bird lives there.

YPSGIP, *As Tree*

He was evicted about five minutes ago. I live there now.

M. KIKI

Oh.

YPSGIP, *As Tree*

Go into the kitchen and you'll find a thousand francs in the roasting pan.

M. KIKI

How can I ever thank you, Monsieur Friendly Tree?

YPSGIP, *As Tree*

There are ways. Hurry along. It's only a short trot for a pig. *(To himself)* Pig's feet over pasta. *(To Kiki)* I'll meet you at the cottage.

KIKI starts to exit; YPSGIP stealthily follows. KIKI stops suddenly and turns around. YPSGIP quickly assumes his tree stance.

M. KIKI

How can you meet me at the cottage?

YPSGIP, *As Tree*

(To audience)

That's the first intelligent question he's asked. *(To Kiki)* A woodsman is coming to cut me down very soon. I'm planning on rolling home.

M. KIKI

Oh.

KIKI continues walking; YPSGIP follows. KIKI stops and turns once again as YPSGIP assumes his disguise.

KIKI, *Continued*

What will happen to the baby birdies?

YPSGIP, *As Tree*

(To audience)

Could I really have expected TWO intelligent questions? *(To Kiki)* They'll be taken to the butcher's—er, the pet shop, where they'll be sold to loving children only.

KIKI nods then continues walking; YPSGIP follows. KIKI turns around without first stopping so it is too late for YPSGIP to assume his disguise.

YPSGIP

So, you've caught me with my branches down. *(KIKI trembles, realizes PSGIP is not a tree)* Good. *(Grabs Kiki)* Now I can drag you to the roasting pan instead of worrying that you'll get lost on the way!—

M. KIKI

(Calling out in panic)

Help! Help!

YPSGIP

No one's going to hear you.

PHILLIPPE enters riding an invisible horse as the MUSICIAN PLAYS "CAMPTOWN RACES."

M. KIKI

(Points)

Look, a man on an invisible horse.

YPSGIP

I'm not falling for that one.

PHILLIPPE

Are you assaulting that pig?

YPSGIP

(Turns around)
How could a tree assault a pig?

PHILLIPPE

If you're a tree, I'll eat your hat.

M. KIKI

I have first dibs.

YPSGIP

Look, this can be easily resolved. I was only posing as a tree.

PHILLIPPE

Where's your disguise?

YPSGIP spreads out his arms.

PHILLIPPE, *Continued*

That wouldn't fool a stone fence.

YPSGIP

It fooled this pig.

PHILLIPPE

He's too young to know any better.

YPSGIP

The truth is I was buying a truffle from him.

M. KIKI

For a thousand francs.

PHILLIPPE

That's a high price.

YPSGIP

Yes, it is. *(To Kiki)* How about eight hundred?

M. KIKI

You told me a thousand. Anyway, I have to hurry home to Monique.

PHILLIPPE

Monique?

M. KIKI

I'm her pet pig, Monsieur Kiki. (*Bows*)

PHILLIPPE

Monsieur Kiki. She told me all about you. I'm Phillippe. Let me give you a ride home.

KIKI hops on the imaginary horse and places his arms around Phillippe's waist. PHILLIPPE looks sternly at YPSGIP.

PHILLIPPE

Hand over the money. (*YPSGIP reaches in his pocket and gives Kiki the money; KIKI gives YPSGIP the truffle in return*) And by the way, that hat is NOT flattering. We ARE in France you know!

PHILLIPPE and KIKI ride off.

YPSGIP

(To the exiting Phillippe)

A pork pie hat is always in fashion! Besides, I'm out a thousand francs; I can't afford a new one! (*To audience*) I should have told him I'm Pierre Le Puke, Guardian of the Truffle, but he looked too smart to believe me. Better call it a day and head back to my falling down shack. At least the mailbox looks decent. Ypsgip. (*Looks hard at audience*) You're wondering why it doesn't say Le Puke. I'll tell you why, you clever rascals. I'm NOT Pierre Le Puke. I'm NOT the Guardian of the Truffle. Oh sure, I like truffles, but not enough to spend my whole life guarding them. Especially those with pig slobber! (*Looks at Kiki's truffle with disdain*) I am founder and sole member of the A double P L, the Anti-Pig as a Pet League, whose motto is: "Don't Make a Pig a Pet, Make Him a Pork Croquette." My job is to go scouting all over the country for cute little pigs. And I must admit, Monsieur Kiki is the cutest I've ever seen. These are the types likely to become pets. It may appear as if I've failed, but I am the ultimate Y.P.S.G.I.P. (*Crosses to mailbox and runs fingers along mailbox letters, letting audience participate in the decoding*) And for those of you who can read backwards, that spells P. I. G. S. P. Y. (*Lets AUDIENCE say the name first*) Pigspy. I'm not undone and I'm not done yet. (*Malevolently challenging*) See if YOU can spy ME!

With a sinister laugh, YPSGIP exits.

END SCENE.

SCENE 8

AT RISE: *The Village Hall Ballroom. The MUSICIAN PLAYS “CLEMENTINE”. MONIQUE and PHILLIPPE enter with KIKI. PHILLIPE carries a bottle of wine and places it on a table.*

M. KIKI

(To Monique)

Where’s the buffet?

MONIQUE

Madam Rustan will be putting it out in an hour. Remember, Kiki, be as polite as possible and wait till everyone has been to the buffet twice. Then you can help yourself.

KIKI nods. PHILLIPPE bows to MONIQUE, extending his hand in an invitation to dance. KIKI takes a seat at the edge of the dancing area and watches PHILLIPPE and MONIQUE dance.

PHILLIPPE

(Singing “AND THE STARS COME FALLING DOWN” REPRISE)

*You look gorgeous, like an angel
Dancing in the starry light.*

MONIQUE

(Singing)

*We aren’t dancing, we are floating
On a cloud of perfect night.*

*All the ones we love are near us
And the moon is bright and round,*

PHILLIPPE

(Singing)

*And the music comes from heaven
And the stars come falling down.*

The MUSIC CONTINUES as PHILLIPPE and MONIQUE dance. As THEY dance, YSPGIP enters disguised in a dress, wearing a snout,

ears and a pig's tail. HE sees KIKI and immediately begins parading in front of him, trying desperately to attract his attention with ridiculous feminine poses. KIKI barely notices him as HE continues to watch Monique and Phillippe.

YSPGIP, *As Pig*

(To audience)

What humiliations I won't suffer for my job! *(To Kiki)* May I have this dance?

M. KIKI

(Shocked, but too polite to say no)

Oui.

This is Not the End of the Play
Ending Intentionally Omitted for Security Purposes