

# THE BREMEN TOWN MUSICIANS

**A Musical for Family Audiences  
based on the story by the Brothers Grimm**

By Allen Robertson

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## CAST

Connor Barr – HORSE #2, HUNTER, GOAT, FRANK, SISTER,  
Coy Branscum - NARRATOR, TRAVELER, MAYOR  
Caysi Dennis - HORSE #1, GOOSE, HEN, SISTER (MINNIE), HORACE,  
Taylor Edwards - HORSE, CAT,  
Max Green - LUKE, BOY, PIG #2, EARL,  
Vincent Hooper - DONKEY  
Ta'ron Middleton - HORSE, DOG,  
Hannah Roberts - YOUNG HORSE, LIGHTNIN', GIRL, HEN, SISTER,  
Donelvan Thigpen - HORSE #3, PIG #1, ROOSTER,  
Sarah Yoakley - HANK, GOOSE, HEN, SISTER (CROW), JOHNSON,

## SCENE ONE

*Energetic music comes from the band as  
THE COMPANY storms the stage.*

NARRATOR

I KNOW A PLACE WHERE THE STREETS ARE GOLD  
I KNOW A PLACE WHERE YOU NEVER GROW OLD  
A PLACE WHERE THERE'S TOO MUCH TO EAT  
IT'S NICER THAN THE COUNTY SEAT  
I TELL YOU IT'S THE ONLY PLACE FOR ME  
BREMEN

I KNOW A PLACE WHERE MUSIC PLAYS, BREMEN  
AND IF YOU VISIT THERE YOU'LL STAY IN BREMEN  
A PLACE WHERE IT ALMOST NEVER RAINS  
BUT THE GRASS STILL GROWS  
JUST THE SAME  
AND EVERYBODY KNOWS EVERYBODY ELSE'S NAME

*He directs others to join in harmony.*

IN BREMEN  
BREMEN

NARRATOR

*Handing out flyers.*

And Bremen needs musicians. You see the mayor of Bremen, Hans Gunterstien, a true blue music lover, is about to appoint the official, genuine, one of a kind Bremen Town Musicians. So players of all shapes and sizes are comin' to the town. Because no matter where you really live, you wish you lived in Bremen.

*THE COMPANY joins in singing the Bremen anthem with "hats over hearts."*

COMPANY

OH, DEAR BREMEN HOW WE HONOR YOU  
HOW WE LOVE YOUR CLEAR BLUE SKIES  
IF WE LEAVE WE'LL COME RIGHT BACK AGAIN  
YOU'RE A BLESSING TO OUR EYES  
BREMEN  
BREMEN

NARRATOR

I KNOW A PLACE WHERE THE STREETS ARE GOLD

COMPANY

I KNOW A PLACE WHERE MUSIC PLAYS

NARRATOR

I KNOW A PLACE WHERE YOU'RE NEVER OLD

COMPANY  
AND IF YOU VISIT THERE YOU'LL STAY

ALL  
IT ALMOST NEVER RAINS  
BUT THE GRASS STILL GROWS JUST THE SAME  
AND EVERYBODY KNOWS EVERYBODY ELSE'S NAME  
IN BREMEN  
IN BREMEN  
BREMEN

*THE COMPANY exits leaving the NARRATOR on stage alone.*

## SCENE TWO

*A horse corral. There is a sign post that reads "Pigeon Holler."*

*A hot afternoon.*

### NARRATOR

This here is Pigeon Holler, and its just about as far away as you can get from Bremen and still be in Foster County. It's not a place that many people visit. There are no picture shows in Pigeon Holler, can't even get the radio programs. It's a place that always seems hot and dry . . .even in the winter. In fact, a buzzard once told me that he wouldn't peck meat off a fresh cow carcass here. Of course, you have to take into consideration that that's comin' from a buzzard.

*(Realizes audience doesn't understand.)*

I guess many of you folks may not realize that animals can hear and understand every word we say. Oh, yes. But it seems that most of us aren't able to hear them. It seems most of us don't care to. And that's a pity. But the truth is that if you want to hear them, if you really care about what they have to say, you can understand them. Why, here comes an old donkey now.

*LUKE, a farmer, enters pulling an old DONKEY, who carries a heavy pack and a guitar on his back, into the corral. When LUKE pulls the reins too tight, the DONKEY stumbles and accidentally makes LUKE fall.*

### LUKE

Dad gum, old. Dad gum, donkey! Dad gum!

*LUKE gives the DONKEY an angry look and exits.*

### NARRATOR

I wonder if he's heard about Bremen needing musicians?

*DONKEY listens closely to the NARRATOR.*

I KNOW A PLACE WHERE THE STREETS ARE GOLD  
I KNOW A PLACE WHERE YOU NEVER GROW OLD  
BREMEN

*NARRATOR tips his hat to the DONKEY and exits as a group of HORSES, enter. THEY are taking a break from plowing the fields. There is a YOUNG HORSE that is very energetic. The OTHERS appear exhausted. THEIR sounds begin as braying but soon it becomes understandable.*

### HORSE #1

Working dawn to dusk! Dawn to dusk!

### HORSE #2

I am a majestic beast! Not meant for this kind of labor.

Dawn to dusk!  
HORSE #1

HORSE #3  
And that carrot . . . floating right in front of me. I kept walkin' and it kept moving. The faster I walked, the faster it flew. There was no catching it.

HORSE #2  
I think that's because it was tied to your back. Did you notice the stick and the string?

HORSE #3  
Just inches in front of my face. Enough to drive a horse mad.

HORSE #2  
We've lost him.

HORSE #3  
I can still see it. Like a phantom.

HORSE #1  
We're doing no good out there at all.

YOUNG HORSE  
You really think so?

HORSE #1  
You're too young to understand.

HORSE #2  
We're all just wasting our time.

HORSE #1  
Not even our time to waste. They own us. Own us.

HORSE #2  
And they couldn't care less if we die from exhaustion.

YOUNG HORSE  
What do you mean?

(to DONKEY)  
What does he mean?

DONKEY  
Don't worry. Just keep doin' your work and there'll come a day when. . .

HORSE #1

Don't start fillin' her head with stories.

HORSE #2

Oh, leave the old donkey alone. Those stories are all he has.

DONKEY

I JUST CAN'T WAIT TILL THE DAY IS DONE  
BUT I WILL NOT STOP UNTIL THAT DAY COMES  
WHEN I FIND A WONDERFUL PLACE OF MY OWN  
WHERE I'LL REST WHEN THAT DAY COMES

DONKEY AND HORSES

I JUST CAN'T WAIT TILL THE DAY IS DONE  
BUT I WILL NOT STOP UNTIL THAT DAY COMES

DONKEY

WHEN I FIND A WONDERFUL PLACE OF MY OWN  
WHERE I'LL REST  
WHEN THAT DAY COMES

*The singing is interrupted by the entrance of two farmers, HANK and LUKE.  
The HORSES become quiet. They are clearly afraid of the FARMERS.*

LUKE

We better get a move on if we're gonna finish those acres by sunset.

*LUKE walks over to the DONKEY who stands motionless.*

HANK

Is that the old donkey you were talkin' about?

LUKE

Kept him around too long as it is. Worthless, stupid, stubborn donkey. A waste of good oats.

HANK

He outlived his usefulness.

LUKE

That's right, useless. You go get the harnesses ready, I'm gonna grab my shotgun. Time to put an end to to him.

*The FARMERS start to exit as the HORSES start to sing and move again. The DONKEY stares straight ahead as if paralyzed.*

HORSES

WAIT UNTIL THE DAY COMES  
I WILL WAIT UNTIL THE DAY COMES

HORSES  
 TILL' THAT DAY COMES  
 I JUST CAN'T WAIT 'TILL THE DAY IS DONE  
 BUT I WILL NOT STOP UNTIL THAT DAY COMES  
 WHEN I FIND A WONDERFUL PLACE OF MY OWN  
 WHERE I'LL REST  
 WHEN THAT DAY

DONKEY  
 COMES

HORSES  
 THAT DAY COMES

*The NARRATOR enters off to the side, unseen by the HORSES but heard by the DONKEY. Many of the HORSES look sadly toward the DONKEY as they exit.*

NARRATOR  
 I KNOW A PLACE WHERE THE STREETS ARE GOLD

YOUNG HORSE  
 What were they talkin' about? They're not gonna . . .

NARRATOR  
 I KNOW A PLACE WHERE YOU NEVER GROW OLD

HORSE #2  
 That's what happens . . .to all of us.

DONKEY  
 Bremen? Musicians?

YOUNG HORSE  
 What is he gonna do?

DONKEY  
 Musicians!

HORSE #2  
 I think he may need a salt lick.

DONKEY  
 I gotta go.



## NARRATOR

And he went . . . as fast as his old legs could carry him. But it's no short trip when you don't know your way to . . .

BREMEN  
BREMEN

*LUKE enters and sees the DONKEY running away. HE starts to shoot but the YOUNG HORSE hits his gun causing HIM to miss.*

*"Escape Music" plays as the DONKEY runs away with LUKE chasing him. We see the chase played out in shadow puppets that are behind a piece of muslin held by two actors.*

### SCENE THREE

*A country road. There is a sign post that reads "Bremen" and points off-stage. Almost sunset.*

#### NARRATOR

He shot like a bolt of lightnin' out of Pigeon Holler right through Gumpshun Station. And he was still runnin' when he passed the Bar X ranch where Doc Levingston swerved into a ditch to keep from hittin' him with his pickup. He jogged through the meadows over by Miss Pritchum's, and he sorta crawled over the Syrup Creek Bridge, until he limped onto the old North Road.

*DONKEY enters.*

But as the donkey continued down the road, his feet got a little sorer, the sun got a little hotter, and he began to wonder if running away was the best thing he could have done. Because the truth is, for that old Donkey with a bum leg – if he sits down to rest right now – chances are he'd never get up again. Ever.

#### DONKEY

I SEE A DUSTY ROAD  
 A HUNDRED MILES OF DUSTY ROAD AHEAD  
 THE SETTING SUN SAYS I SHOULD SLOW DOWN  
 I FEEL MY TIRED FEET  
 MY SORE TIRED FEET BELOW ME  
 DON'T WANT TO HOLD ME  
 AND I'VE WALKED ALONE  
 TOO MANY MILES TODAY  
 I'VE WALKED ALONE TOO MANY MILES TODAY

*The Donkey almost sits, exhausted. The NARRATOR approaches – invisible to the DONKEY – as a voice of encouragement.*

#### DONKEY

I NEED A PLACE TO LIE MY HEAD  
 I MISS MY OLD BED

#### DONKEY AND NARRATOR

WISH I HAD A HOME INSTEAD  
 BUT THERE'S A ROAD  
 A DUSTY ROAD STRETCHED OUT IN FRONT OF ME  
 SOMETHING INSIDE SAYS TO GO ON  
 DOWN THIS OLD DUSTY ROAD  
 WHERE A DREAM AWAITS  
 AND I'LL FIND A PLACE

#### DONKEY

WHERE NO ONE WALKS A ROAD  
 A HUNDRED MILES ALONE  
 BUT CAN I WALK THIS ROAD  
 A HUNDRED MILES  
 ALONE

## NARRATOR

So the donkey picked himself up and continued down the road deciding never to look back and thinkin' he'd seen the last he'd ever see of that farmer. At least, that's what he thought.

*DONKEY exits as the scene changes to a cabin.*

## SCENE FOUR

*A Cabin.*

*Evening. The DOG appears asleep in front of a fire. HE gives his ear a hard scratch which makes his leg kick.*

### NARRATOR

Now in another part of this simple rural community an old hunting dog is napping by a fire. Everyone knows a hunting dog isn't worth much if he doesn't have a good nose for smellin' out fox, or quail or whatever it is he's huntin'. But this dog was one of the best and he sure could smell.

*The NARRATOR gets a good sniff of him.*

Whooh! Does that dog smell. But recently his gifted nose had lost its talent. He hadn't been able sniff out a skunk in the last eight months. Since times are hard and food is scarce, not being able to hunt meant that dog was nothing but another mouth to feed. And although tomorrow he would be nine years old, and we all know that means retirement for a huntin' dog, not being able to smell sure didn't help him sleep.

*The DOG suddenly talks while he is still asleep, as if in the middle of a dream.*

### DOG

GRRRRuff! GRRRRuff! (HE *sniffs wildly.*) Raccoon. I smell ya. (HE *sniffs.*) Smell you on this leaf. (Sniff.) That piece of . . .BARK. (Sniff.) GRRRRuff! Over the bridge. Cross the meadow. Under the fence and . . .

*DOG stops suddenly and "points" at a pillow. HE is still asleep.*

### DOG

Not gonna take ya yet. Let you sweat.

*DOG waits a moment and then jumps at the pillow, grabbing it with his teeth and shakes it furiously, ripping it to shreds.*

*At that moment, HUNTER enters with LIGHTNIN, a young dog.*

### HUNTER

Not again. Gone crazy! Plum gone crazy!

*LIGHTNIN snickers and shakes his head.*

*The HUNTER tries struggles with the DOG for the pillow. DOG opens his eyes and realizes what is happening and lets the pillow go causing the HUNTER to fall to the floor.*

### HUNTER

I gotta put a stop to this. Next thing I know you're gonna be bitin' somebody. I won't have that. No more huntin' trips for you.

*LIGHTNIN goes over to a box laying by the fire place and begins to sniff and whimper at a box of poison, while the DOG lies down in a corner. HUNTER notices LIGHTNIN.*

HUNTER

Get away from that, Lightning. You wanna poison yourself to death.

*The HUNTER picks up the box of poison and examines it.*

HUNTER

*To OLD DOG*

I'm gonna go fix your supper.

*HUNTER exits with the poison and the YOUNG DOG smiles.*

LIGHTNIN'

Guess I'll be goin' on the hunt tomorrow, old man. While you stay here and foam at the mouth.

DOG

I'm almost nine. Have a little respect for your elders.

LIGHTNIN'

Sweet Methusalah, nine?!?! I hope I'm never that old.

DOG

Seems like just yesterday when Jefferson and I cornered three dozen foxes in one afternoon.

LIGHTNIN'

I make it a policy never to listen to old dogs.

DOG

Never even got tired.

LIGHTNIN'

I didn't hear that because of my policy.

DOG

I miss old Jefferson.

LIGHTNIN'

Better dead than old.

DOG

I wish I could go with you. One last hunt. While the old snout's still workin'. Wanted to teach you how to . . .

LIGHTNIN'

Now. Stop. Just stop. You can't teach me anything. You're slow. You're . . .old. And we all know your snout stopped working. So you can stop pretending. The way I see it . . .you're liable to become the victim of a not so accidental hunting accident.

*LIGHTNIN' acts out the HUNTER shooting the DOG.*

DOG

He would never do that.

*HUNTER enters with a dish of food and sets it in front of the DOG.*

HUNTER

Now Lightnin' you stay away from this, you hear? It's his birthday dinner.

LIGHTNIN'

Happy birthday.

*LIGHTNIN' backs away from the food and watches from a distance.*

NARRATOR

Just as the dog was about to take a big bite out of that deadly dinner, somethin' happened. You might say it was a miracle. But for just a fleeting moment that dog could smell. Better than he had ever smelled before, and he knew the smell of poison!

*DOG looks sadly up at HUNTER.*

HUNTER

Go on and eat your supper.

LIGHTNIN'

Yeah, eat your supper, old man.

*DOG starts to eat again. Suddenly he picks the dish up and dumps it on the HUNTER and begins to run.*

*HUNTER and LIGHTNIN' chase after DOG as "Escape Music" plays over another shadow play.*

**SCENE FIVE**

*Another country road.*

*The next morning.*

NARRATOR

That Dog ran and ran, in fact he ran straight through the night with that hunter chasing after him. But finally that dog's dogs got tired and he stopped on the side of the road to rest.

*DONKEY reaches the DOG and begins to pass when the DOG plays a loud whimper on the harmonica.*

DONKEY

Good afternoon.

*DOG plays a whimper on the harmonica.*

DONKEY

Something wrong?

DOG

Gonna be dead soon.

DONKEY

Oh.

DOG

And it's my birthday.

DONKEY

Bad timing.

DOG

Don't make a big fuss about it.

DONKEY

Wasn't going to.

*(Pause.)*

Where ya headed?

DOG

Nowhere. Should of just let him kill me.

DONKEY

Kill you? Who?

DOG  
My owner.

DONKEY  
*(pleasantly surprised)*  
Yours too? Well, that's just. . .great. What a crazy world.

DOG  
I don't think it's anything to be so happy about.

DONKEY  
Why don't you go with me?

DOG  
Nobody wants me.

DONKEY  
No?

DOG  
Gonna. Be. Dead. Soon.

DONKEY  
That's right. Well, you look pretty good considering . . .

DOG  
Why drag out death? I heard it knockin' last night but I was just too tired to get up and let him in.

DONKEY  
And you said nobody wanted you.

DOG  
Why would anyone . . .

*Suddenly, the DOG lets out a series of rhythmic coughs.*

DOG  
I CAN'T SMELL  
CAN BARELY SEE  
WHO WOULD EVER WANT A DOG LIKE ME?  
I THOUGHT I SMELT A FOX  
IT WAS A DIRTY PAIR OF SOCKS  
SO NOW I'VE GOT THE I CAN'T SMELL BLUES

*DOG begins to play the harmonica.*



DONKEY

I play too. In fact I'm going to Bremen right now. They need musicians. I could use the company. Sounds like you could use the job.

DOG

Musicians, huh?

DONKEY

That's right.

DOG

But I don't smell.

DONKEY

Yes, you do.

DOG

*Tired of the old joke.*

I have no sense of smell.

DONKEY

Still . . . Come and go with me. We'd have more luck as a duo.

DOG

You think so?

DONKEY

WHO SAYS THAT LESS CAN'T BE BETTER THAN MORE?  
WHO SAYS FIVE SENSES ARE BETTER THAN FOUR?  
ALTHOUGH YOU MIGHT NOT GO HUNTING TODAY

*DOG begins to lighten up and gets into the spirit of the song.*

DOG

I WAS A PACIFIST ANYWAY  
I CAN'T STOP AND SMELL THE ROSES  
BUT I SEE A SILVER LINING

DONKEY AND DOG

AND WHO NEEDS THE  
I CAN'T SMELL BLUES

*DONKEY offers his hand. DOG catches himself in a moment of happiness and quickly reverts to his old attitude.*

NARRATOR

So they went on their way to Bremen, both a little happier than when they were travelin' alone.

## SCENE SIX

*LUKE appears and traces the DONKEY's steps.*

### NARRATOR

But what they didn't know is that the Donkey's owner was lookin' for him. No animal had ever run away from Luke and it made him pretty mad. Mad enough to make plans to leave Pigeon Holler that mornin' to find the Donkey and take care of him for good.

*(LUKE exits.)*

Now the Donkey thought that things were tough only in Pigeon Holler. He assumed that the closer he and the dog got to Bremen the better things would be. He imagined the birds would sing sweeter, the skies look bluer. He thought the people would be happier. But that's just not the case. You see, times are tough all over, no matter where you go.

*COMPANY member enter with benches forming a small somber church.*

So the Donkey and the Dog weren't feelin' too great. How could they after seein' so many tired and downhearted people. But then they heard something . . .music in the distance. And they followed that sound to a little church where several people sat quietly . . .looking for hope.

### DONKEY

THE FIELDS THAT ONCE WERE PLENTIFUL  
WON'T YIELD UP ANY FOOD  
WELL I'VE BEEN THERE  
I'VE BEEN THERE

FAMILIES ARE BROKEN  
YOU CAN'T FIND ANY WORK  
I KNOW ITS TRUE  
I'VE BEEN THERE TOO

YOU WORKED HARD ALL YOUR LIFE  
YOU CAN'T WORK HARD ANYMORE  
IF THERE'S NEVER GOING TO BE ANY REWARD  
WELL I'VE BEEN THERE  
I'VE BEEN THERE

*The PEOPLE begin to listen to the DONKEY, who, encouraged by the DOG, begins to sing with more conviction.*

IF DOIN' WHAT I KNOW IS RIGHT  
DOESN'T GET ME ANYWHERE  
I DON'T CARE  
I WILL BE THERE

IF SOME ONE IS NEEDED TO START BRINGING BACK HOPE  
THEN LET ME THROUGH  
I'LL BE THERE TOO

DONKEY  
 IF THE TASK THAT WE ARE GIVEN  
 IS TO MAKE IT THROUGH THE DARK  
 SO OUR CHILDREN CAN ONE DAY SEE THE LIGHT  
 THEN I WILL BE THERE

*One by one the PEOPLE begin to join the DONKEY in singing.*

DONKEY  
 THERE'S WORK THAT MUST BE DONE  
 (I WILL BE THERE)  
 THERE'S SONGS LEFT TO BE SUNG  
 (I WILL BE THERE)  
 ENDLESS RACES TO BE RUN  
 (I WILL BE THERE)  
 BATTLES TO BE WON  
 (I WILL BE THERE)

AND WHEN THIS LIFE ON EARTH IS OVER  
 AND ALL OUR WORK IS DONE  
 AND A GREAT REWARD IS GIVEN UP ABOVE  
 WE'LL KNOW WE'VE DONE OUR WORK  
 AND WE'VE DONE OUR WORK WITH LOVE  
 AND

ALL  
 WE ALL WILL BE THERE  
 I WILL BE THERE  
 I WILL BE THERE  
 I WILL BE THERE  
 I WILL BE THERE

NARRATOR

After that, the dog felt a little better about hookin' up with that Donkey. The Donkey was feelin' a little better too. He had always hoped that he could figure out a way to use his music to really help folks out. And he was beginning to think he'd found it.

ALL  
 AND WHEN THIS LIFE IS OVER  
 AND ALL OUR WORK IS DONE  
 AND A GREAT REWARD IS GIVEN UP ABOVE  
 WE'LL KNOW WE'VE DONE OUR WORK  
 AND WE'VE DONE OUR WORK WITH LOVE  
 AND WE ALL WILL BE THERE  
 I WILL BE THERE  
 I WILL BE THERE  
 I WILL BE THERE  
 I WILL BE THERE

*ALL exit except the NARRATOR.*

## OFF STAGE VOICE

Paper!

*A paper is thrown in from off-stage and lands at the NARRATOR's feet.*

## NARRATOR

Why, lookey here. The Bremen Town Gazette.

*HE unfolds the paper to reveal the headline "MAYOR'S INSTRUMENTS STOLEN." The NARRATOR doesn't notice the headline or a group of ROBBERS that are seen in the background crossing with instrument cases.*

## NARRATOR

*Reading from the paper.*

Look's like the weather's beautiful in Bremen. Of course, that's to be expected. Mayor Hans Gunterstien, he's the one that's gonna be pickin' the Bremen Town Musicians, has gone on his annual huntin' trip. We all sure hope handsome Hans has a happy huntin' holiday and hurries home.

*flipping pages.*

I thought there might be somethin' about the . . .well, look here, Mrs. Betts is gonna be cookin' some of her famous plum pies for the Clug county fair where the Bremen Town Musicians will be officially announced. Mmmm! Now that's somethin' you don't want to miss. Neither do the Donkey and the Dog. But there's gonna be lots of competition.

*ROBBERS exit.*

## SCENE SEVEN

*A barn with the appearance of a friendly saloon. Afternoon.*

*TWO PIGS, JIM and JOE are playing cards. There is a lazy comfortable feeling about the place.*

### NARRATOR

And speaking of competition. . . many of you may not realize how many animals are musicians. Take, for example, this picturesque little red barn a couple of miles down the road.

The owner of this barn is Grace, the kindest old woman you could ever hope to meet. She owned two poker playing pigs. Two geese that didn't approve of them. One old goat. And a cat who had just about the best meow in these parts. Grace loves her animals and they love her back. But things are about to change.

*The NARRATOR exits. The geese are looking over the shoulders of the Pigs commenting on their cards.*

### GEESE

Tsk. Tsk. Tsk

### PIG #1

Do you mind?

### PIG #2

Just go on, now! Lay an egg or something.

*A CAT enters. She carries herself with class even though her clothes, glamorous a decade ago, are now old and worn.*

### CAT

Ralph! Please. Do you know what manners are? Do you?

### PIG #1

The things you put on flag poles?

### PIG #2

No, no no. Manners are those little black furry fellas with the white stripe.

### PIG #1

No, I know. It's the green stuff that floats on the side of the trough. Am I close?

### CAT

Let me rephrase. Be nice to these ladies.

PIGS

(*infatuated with the CAT.*)  
 Yes, ma'am.

PIG #1

And maybe later you'll sing for us?

CAT

Maybe. Maybe later.

*CAT walks over to another part of the barn where an old GOAT sits.*

GOAT

Did I ever show you this necklace? Pretty isn't it?

CAT

Yes, I think you showed me that before.

PIG #2

About a hundred times.

GEESE

SShhhhh.

GOAT

My wife, Martha, used to wear it.

CAT

You gave that to her didn't you?

GOAT

Did I ever tell you that my wife was a musician?

CAT

Is that so? What did she play?

GOAT

Hmmm. Don't remember. Isn't that odd. But she loved music.

CAT

Did she have a favorite song?

GOAT

Oh, yes. And she would play it all the time . . .on whatever it was she played. It was .. .what was that song?

CAT  
 She was quite a goat, huh?

GOAT  
 Yes, I'm sure of that. And she loved music. Just like you.

PIG #2  
 Just like me, too.

GEESE  
 And us.

GOAT  
 (to CAT)  
 Why don't you sing for us?

GEESE  
 Singing would be nice.

CAT  
 Well, all right then . . . for you . . .  
 IT'S JUST A DREAM  
 JUST FOR A MOMENT  
 I DON'T THINK I'VE EVER TOLD  
 BUT I'D LIKE TO BE A SINGER  
 LIKE YOU HEAR ON THE RADIO  
 WHERE A HUNDRED THOUSAND PEOPLE  
 LISTEN JUST TO ME  
 BUT IT'S JUST A DREAM

*DOG and DONKEY enter as the song continues.*

DONKEY  
 She sounds beautiful. I wonder if she would go with us.

DOG  
 A cat? I'm afraid I'm opposed to the idea.

DONKEY  
 Oh, I see.

CAT  
 I'D HAVE A PRETTY DRESS  
 MAYBE MORE THAN ONE  
 I COULD GO AND SEE A PICTURE SHOW  
 ANYTIME FOR FUN

*SHE takes the GOAT by the arm and they stroll together through HER "dream."*

AND MAYBE MEET A FELLA  
 AND WE COULD SETTLE DOWN  
 AND GO INTO TOWN  
 ON A FRIDAY NIGHT  
 ALL DRESSED UP TO THE NINES  
 HE'D HOLD MY HAND REAL TIGHT  
 AS WE WALK PAST A SIGN  
 THAT HAS MY NAME IN LIGHTS  
 AND PEOPLE IN A LINE  
 WAITING TO SEE ME-OW

*The DOG lets out a howl.*

I'M THE VOICE THAT THEY HEAR ON THE RADIO

AND I SMILE AS I PASS  
 CAUSE THEY'VE NEVER SEEN MY FACE  
 BUT THEY'LL NEVER SEE MY FACE  
 THEY'LL NEVER HEAR MY VOICE  
 I'LL NEVER MEET THAT FELLA  
 IT'S JUST A DREAM  
 IT'S JUST A DREAM

*DONKEY applauds.*

CAT

Why, thank you.

*The DONKEY turns away from the CAT, obviously embarrassed to talk to her and oblivious to the face off she is having with the DOG.*

DONKEY

Hello, Ma'am. We were down the road a bit and we heard you singing. And we thought . . .well I thought it was the most beautiful sound I've ever heard. You see, we're on our way to Bremen because they need musicians and I was thinkin' you might want to go as well. However, my canine friend here is opposed to the idea on the grounds that your two peoples are continuing to undergo a vicious feud of legendary proportions. But if you and your friends are interested, Bremen sounds like a nice place.

DOG

A cat!?! Are you trying to kill me? Rat chaser.

CAT

Rat chaser?

DOG

Milk slurper!

CAT

Milk slurper?

DOG



Paw licker!

CAT  
That's enough! You . . . you . . . bottom sniffer . . .

DOG  
I'll have you know, I don't smell!

CAT  
Ohhhhh . . . yes . . . you . . . do.

DONKEY  
So I assume you'd rather not join us?

CAT  
Thank you for your kind invitation. But I am quite happy where I am. I wish you all the best though. And as for your friend. Perhaps I can make a visit to Bremen sometime to claw his eyes out.

*The DOG goes after the CAT. DONKEY restrains the DOG.*

DONKEY  
Whoa! Boy! Down! Sit. Stay.

*The DOG obeys.*

DONKEY  
It was a pleasure, Ma'am. We'll just be on our way. Come on, you mangy old mutt.

*DOG and DONKEY exit. CAT stares after them for a while.*

CAT  
Bremen.

GOAT  
You could be a real musician there.

CAT  
No. I couldn't be happier than I am here. Grace is the best owner a cat could have.

GOAT  
If you like bein' owned.

*A BOY and GIRL storm into the barn.*

GIRL  
All right, you bunch of animals . . . we got news for you!

BOY

Our daddy's takin' our grandma Grace away 'cause she's so old and crazy.

GIRL

And Pa told us that we can have any of you animals for ourselves before he rings his bell, loads you up on the truck and takes the rest of you to work with him.

*GIRL grabs CAT.*

And I want you!

BOY

They're a bunch of scrawny lookin' things aren't they?

*The GIRL ties a rope around the CAT's throat as a tight leash. CAT tries to escape but the GIRL keeps pulling the rope.*

GIRL

Just pick one.

*The BOY chases the GEESE around the barn.*

BOY

Here Geesy, Geesy. I need you for practice.

DADDY'S A BUTCHER  
I WANT TO BE LIKE HIM  
I THINK IT'S AMAZING  
HOW HE SEPARATES THE MEAT FROM THE SKIN  
WHEN I GROW UP I'LL HAVE A BLOODY APRON OF MY OWN  
I WANT TO BE A BUTCHER WHEN I'M GROWN

*GIRL begins stuffing a handkerchief in the CAT's mouth.*

BOY

You sure are good at stuffin' things, Sis.

GIRL

Thank you.

I THINK TAXIDERMY  
IS A JOB I'D LIKE TO HAVE  
MAKIN' THE DEAD LOOK LIFELIKE  
KEEPS DEATH FROM BEIN' SAD  
WHEN I GROW UP  
I'LL HAVE A HUNDRED CREATURES OF MY OWN  
BUT INSTEAD OF LIVE AND BREATHIN'  
THEY'LL BE STUFFED WITH FOAM

*SHE begins to dunk the CAT's head in water in a calm attempt to drown her.*

BOY AND GIRL

WHEN I GROW UP  
WHEN I GROW UP

BOY  
I'LL HAVE A BLOODY APRON

GIRL  
I'LL HAVE A STUFFED WHITE KITTEN

BOY  
EXTRA PIECES IN THE KITCHEN

BOY AND GIRL  
WHEN I GROW UP

*At the end of the song the CAT comes out of the water gasping for air. The DONKEY and the DOG enter. The DONKEY snorts angrily at the CHILDREN.*

Sister? BOY

Yes? GIRL

I do believe that dangerous donkey's decided to destroy me. BOY

Perhaps we should inform our father about this impending threat to our existence. GIRL

Lets. BOY

*The CHILDREN run away chased by the DONKEY.*

Thank you. CAT  
*trying to catch her breath*

I convinced my friend here . . . DONKEY

No you didn't. DOG

. .that we'd sound better . . . DONKEY

Disagree.

DOG

. . if we had a chance to incorporate your talents.

DONKEY

Bad idea.

DOG

I think I'm ready to take you up on that offer. And we better hurry.

CAT

*GOAT re-enters. HE seems unaware of the danger.*

She's leavin'. Grace is really leavin'.

GOAT

How about my friend?

CAT

He's welcome to come a . . .Um . . .clearly I can't speak for the group.

DONKEY

I've got no beef with goats.

DOG

You can come with us. To Bremen.

CAT

No. This is our home. I couldn't leave.

GOAT

But Grace is gone. There's nothin' to keep you here.

CAT

Martha.

GOAT

Martha?

DONKEY

His wife. (To GOAT) But that butcher . . . . Martha's not here anymore.

CAT

We really insist that you join us.

DONKEY

*A bell rings.*

He's gonna take everyone away. CAT

I made a promise. GOAT

You know she's not here. Martha's not here. CAT

If I leave it will be like she never was. You take this. GOAT

*HE hands HER the necklace.*

What? No, I couldn't. CAT

Please take it. (*SHE does.*) You go on. Just . . . remember me, if you would. GOAT

Of course. CAT

*CAT embraces GOAT. The GROUP exits.*

*GOAT examines the barn for a moment.*

GOAT  
THERE'S AN OLD FADED CHAIR  
THAT ONCE WAS A PLACE  
FILLED BY YOU  
THERE'S A MEMORY ERASED  
THAT I THOUGHT WAS A PLACE  
FILLED BY YOU  
AND I ONLY REMEMBER ONE VOW  
THAT NOW I BREAK

I PROMISED I WOULD NOT FORGET  
ANY MOMENT THAT WE SPENT  
I PROMISED I WOULD KEEP EACH DETAIL OF OUR LIVES  
BUT SOMEHOW I LET SLIP AWAY  
WHAT I REMEMBERED YESTERDAY  
AND SOMEHOW I JUST CAN'T REMEMBER AT ALL

*Lights come up on the DOG, DONKEY and CAT traveling. CAT holding the necklace.*

CAT

I shouldn't have left him.

DONKEY

The way I saw it, you didn't have a choice. He needed to stay, you had to go. But I think . . . if you make it to Bremen . . . then part of him is gonna be there too.

*The DONKEY takes the necklace and puts it on the CAT.*

CAT AND GOAT

I PROMISE I WILL NOT FORGET  
ANY MOMENT THAT WE SPENT  
I PROMISE I WILL KEEP EACH DETAIL OF OUR LIVES  
I WON'T LET SLIP AWAY  
WHAT I REMEMBERED YESTERDAY  
AS IF IT NEVER HAPPENED AT ALL

*The GOAT hears a bell ringing and exits toward it.*

**SCENE EIGHT**

*NARRATOR enters.*

*FARMER appears.*

**NARRATOR**

The morale of our group was pretty low. And would have been worse if they knew that farmer was still chasing after the Donkey. And he was catching up.

*FARMER exits.*

**OFF STAGE VOICE**

Paper!

*Another paper comes flying in from off stage and the NARRATOR catches it.*

**NARRATOR**

Well, there is always some good news in the Bremen Town Gazette.

*HE unfolds the paper revealing the headline "MAYOR MISSING". Again HE doesn't see the headline or the ROBBERS that have entered upstage carrying a body in a large bag.*

**NARRATOR**

Well, they should cheer up when they hear about this. "The carnival for the appointing of the official Bremen Town Musicians should be the best ever. We're expecting a record turnout," says the Carnival Committee. "We certainly encourage groups of three or more musicians to come on and let us hear what you can do." Sounds like it's going to be quite a time. And it's only two days away.

*The NARRATOR and the ROBBERS exit.*

## SCENE NINE

*A Farm Yard. Later that Afternoon.*

*A ROOSTER and THREE HENS enter. The HENS act like a back up group. One is very professional, one doesn't care for the ROOSTER, and one is madly in love with the ROOSTER.*

ROOSTER

I SING AND THE SUN COMES UP  
I SING AND THE SUN GOES DOWN  
I' M THE PERFECT POULTRY  
AND A FAVE ON THE FARM  
PEOPLE CRAVE AND RAVE OVER MY MORNING ALARM

WHEN I START TO VOCALIZE  
THE HENS BEGIN TO HARMONIZE  
THE CHICKS ALL START TO SCREAM  
THEY ALL SEEM A BIT SURPRISED  
WHEN FINALLY THEY REALIZE  
THAT I'M NOT JUST IN THEIR DREAMS

HENS

HE SINGS AND THE SUN COMES UP

ROOSTER

DOOT DA DOODLE DOO

HENS

HE SINGS AND THE SUN GOES DOWN

ROOSTER

DOOT DA DOODLE DOO  
I'M THE BEST SINGER THAT YOU'VE EVER KNOWN  
JUST WAIT UNTIL YOU HEAR MY GOLDEN TONE

*DONKEY, CAT, and DOG enter and watch from the side as the ROOSTER begins to scat.*

ROOSTER

DOOT DOOT  
DOOT DOOT DA DOODLE DOO  
DOOT DOOT  
DOOT DOOT DA DOODLE DOO  
DOODLE DA DOODLA DOO

I'VE GOT THE PERFECT THROAT  
I'VE NEVER MISSED A SINGLE NOTE



I'M ALWAYS RIGHT ON KEY  
 I'VE GOT THE LOOKS TO MATCH  
 I'VE NEVER HAD A SINGLE SCRATCH  
 IT ONLY TAKES ONE GLANCE TO SEE

THAT I'M THE BEST BARN FOWL  
 THAT THERE'LL EVER  
 I SAY EVER  
 OH, EVER  
 EVER  
 BEEEEEEEEEEEE!

*The HENS clamor after the ROOSTER and the CAT, DOG, and DONKEY approach HIM.*

NARRATOR

Well, after hearing that, our group thought they would surely become the Bremen Town Musicians if they could convince the Rooster to join them. So they told him all about it.

ROOSTER

*(Rudely)*

Ha!

NARRATOR

And he wasn't too impressed. You see he felt that everyone around the barn loved him. He was the cock of the walk. So to speak. And he sure didn't feel the need to have any other musicians with him.

ROOSTER

I am strictly a solo act.

*To a HEN.*

Except for you darlin'.

*The HEN faints and is carried off by the other HENS as the DONKEY, CAT, and DOG exit.*

NARRATOR

So our group went on their way without him. And the Rooster, feeling a little too cocky to pick raw corn off the ground again, went to the farm house to get something a little better to eat.

## SCENE TEN

A kitchen. *Moments later.*

*FOUR SISTERS are posed around a table. Looking straight ahead. THEY look like an all female version of "American Gothic". As the music begins THEY use their cooking utensils rhythmically.*

### NARRATOR

And when the rooster reached the kitchen, he was in luck. Because who do you think he found there but the four sisters that run this farm: Minnie, Teeny, Tillie, and Crow. And they were cookin' up quite a spread for their men folk who would be returning from one of their many recreational fishing expeditions. And that explains why they are so giddy.

*The SISTERS all look at HIM stoically.*

Well, that's about as giddy as they get.

### MINNIE

I JUST CAN'T WAIT  
UNTIL THEY COME BACK  
UNTIL THEY COME BACK  
CAN YOU SISTERS?

### CROW

THEY'VE BEEN HAVIN' A GOOD TIME  
WHILE WE STAYED AT HOME  
DOING THEIR WORK

### SISTERS

JUST WAIT TILL THEY GET HOME  
THEY'LL JUST  
EAT UP ALL OUR FOOD THEN THEY'RE GONE

*The SISTERS become angry and this is reflected in their chopping and stirring until it comes to a sudden stop as one of them cuts their finger. She uses the butcher knife to flick the cut finger off the table. The ROOSTER enters.*

### SISTERS

MOST FOLKS ARE JUST LIKE CHICKENS  
WOMEN ARE BUSY  
WATCHIN' THE CHICKS  
KEEPIN' THE NEST  
WHILE MEN ARE OUT  
RUNNING THEIR MOUTHS

WHY KILL AN INNOCENT HEN?  
WE SHOULD SERVE THE MEN TO THE MEN

*The music comes to an abrupt stop. The SISTERS all look at each other. Then THEY look at the ROOSTER and give a sinister grin as one of the SISTERS motions for the ROOSTER to join THEM at the table.*

ROOSTER

Supper time.

*The ROOSTER jumps up on to the table between the SISTERS. As the song continues, THEY begin to pluck feathers from his hat and get their knives closer to his neck and HE begins to realize what is going on.*

SISTERS

FIRST WE'LL PLUCK OUT HIS FEATHERS  
SLICE HIM WIDE OPEN  
OH, WHAT A JOY

THEN WE'LL PULL OUT HIS INNARDS  
STUFF HIM WITH PEPPERS  
AND LET HIM BOIL

WE'LL WATCH HIM TWIST AND TURN  
AND SLOWLY WE'LL LET HIM BURN

THE BEST SPIRIT BOOSTER  
IS KILLIN' A ROOSTER  
'CAUSE KILLIN' YOUR KIN  
IS A SIN

ROOSTER

I'm goin' to Bremen!

*The ROOSTER runs out of the kitchen. One of the SISTERS runs after him with a knife and the "Escape Music" begins to play. Shadow play.*

## SCENE ELEVEN

*A country road that leads to a broken bridge.*

*Late afternoon.*

### NARRATOR

Now while the Rooster was runnin' for his life, our trio ran into some trouble of their own. You see the road they were on was supposed to lead right to the beautiful old Darkwood Bridge, except Darkwood Bridge wasn't there. Now don't get me wrong, it had been there up until that tornado last year. Now all that's left of that old bridge is four posts sticking 60 feet straight up out of the water.

*HE walks to the edge of the bridge and looks down.*

That first step would be a doosey. Straight down into the rapids.

*The CAT, DONKEY, and DOG enter. The NARRATOR exits.*

### DOG

Now which way?

### DONKEY

Give me a minute. I'll figure out a way across.

### CAT

I think I'm going to sit while you decide.

### DOG

*As HE sits down, HIS back obviously sore and tired.*  
Worn out already, mouse muncher?.

*The CAT ignores this remark, as SHE pulls out the necklace the GOAT gave her.*  
*The DONKEY notices something's wrong and approaches her.*

### DONKEY

You all right, miss? Don't let that old dog get to you.

### DOG

We'll never get across. Oh, we could try to jump. Couldn't be more than forty feet. End would be quick. Not much pain. Ladies first.

### CAT

Nice.

DONKEY

I bet that Rooster will be sorry when he hears about us playin' in Bremen.

CAT

*(disgusted)*

Oh, that Rooster.

DOG

Hello! We're not going to make it! We're all going to die!

DONKEY

Are you sure?

DOG

I can't smell. I'm not blind. We'll never get to Bremen on time.

CAT

Not with that attitude.

*Suddenly the ROOSTER runs in. HE is out of breath but quickly gains composure.*

ROOSTER

I decided you need my help if you are ever going to make it in Bremen. Every group needs a little talent.

*He notices the bridge.*

There . . . uh . . . seems to be a little trouble here.

DONKEY

I'm glad you joined us.

CAT

Well I'm not. Who says we need your help? We have plenty of talent . . . .

DOG

Disagree . . . .

CAT

What do you mean by that?

ROOSTER

About as much talent as a bunch of . . .

DOG

Don't say it!!

ROOSTER

Fleas.

DOG AND CAT

Fleas?!?!?

ROOSTER

Fleas. Yeah, like little fleas in a tiny little flea circus.

DONKEY

We all need to get along or . . .

ROOSTER

With their little flea bicycles and the tiny flea tightrope. What's wrong? Itchy kitty?

DOG

We don't need you. You big bag of pillow stuffing.

ROOSTER

Feather jokes. Clever. You're like the little flea comedian at the little flea circus.

DOG

Stop saying that word.

ROOSTER

Don't think I can't make it on my own.

CAT

Ha!

ROOSTER

I could . . .

DOG

*(to DONKEY)*

Why do you have to invite everyone in the animal kingdom to join us?

DONKEY

Please, we need to try to . . .

DOG

And a cat, of all the creatures, did you have to stoop that low?

ROOSTER

He let you come along.

DONKEY

Now let's not fight.

CAT

I can find another owner. I don't need the headache.

DOG

Yeah, well good riddance. I would just as soon go back and let that hunter kill me.

ROOSTER AND CAT

Well, why don't you?

DOG

I will then.

*The DOG, CAT and ROOSTER all go off to the edges of the stage.*

ROOSTER

I'll just go on my own. I knew I shouldn't have offered to help.

DONKEY

Now, don't go away. Let's . . . talk about it?

*THEY all have turned their backs and stopped talking. The DONKEY sits. A TRAVELER, played by the NARRATOR, enters.*

TRAVELER

Howdy. You needin' to get across?

DONKEY

I guess. I don't know.

*Long pause. The TRAVELER doesn't move.*

TRAVELER

You know, I hesitate to ask this – you bein' a donkey and all – But why the long face? Feelin' low?

DONKEY

You could say that.

TRAVELER

I think I just did. You outta work?

DONKEY

That's one way of puttin' it. How'd you get here?

TRAVELER

You see that fork in the road a mile back? Ran over it. Flat tire. Who puts a fork in a road? I'll get it patched up and then on to California. They say there's work out there.

DONKEY

Good luck.

TRAVELER

Well, I can hope. Where are you headed?

DONKEY

Bremen. We are gonna be . . .

*DOG, CAT and ROOSTER all stare at him.*

We were going to be musicians.

TRAVELER

And the trouble with that would be . . . .?

*The DONKEY motions to the other ANIMALS. The TRAVELER looks and sees them trade angry glances and growls.*

ROOSTER

Ha!

DOG

Grrrr

CAT

Hissss.

TRAVELER

Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh! I see. Well, maybe that's for the best. I can't imagine that musicians who can't get along would make very nice music.

DONKEY

But they are all so good at making music.

TRAVELER

Sometimes two plus two doesn't equal four.

DONKEY

Actually, I'm pretty sure it does.

TRAVELER

You know, a wise man once asked "if we called tails legs, how many legs would a dog have?"

*The DONKEY thinks for a minute.*



DONKEY

I don't think I get your point.

TRAVELER

Come to think, I'm not sure I got his either. But I know it's going to take more than the two of us to make it across that river.

TWO LUMBERJACKS I HEARD OF  
WERE WORKIN' WAY OUT WEST  
WHEN IT CAME TO CLEARIN' TREES  
THEY BOTH CLAIMED TO BE BEST  
BUT ONE DAY THEY WERE ASKED  
TO CHOP DOWN THE SAME TREE  
ONE WOULDN'T WATCH THE OTHER  
AND THEY CHOPPED INTO EACH OTHERS KNEES  
THEY COULDN'T WORK TOGETHER  
THEY DIDN'T GET THE JOB DONE  
THEY COULDN'T WORK TOGETHER  
THEY WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER OFF ALONE

DONKEY

I see. So you think I should just go on by myself.

TRAVELER

Now, now, now, I didn't say that.

DONKEY

But those lumberjacks.

TRAVELER

They should have. But you're not a lumberjack.

*The other ANIMALS begin to listen.*

TRAVELER

TWO MINERS THAT I KNOW OF  
ONE WAS STRONG AND ONE WAS SMART  
ONCE WHILE IN A CAVE GOT SEPARATED IN THE DARK  
A ROCK SLIDE TRAPPED THE SMART ONE  
NO ONE HEARD HIM SHOUT  
THE STRONG ONE WASN'T SMART ENOUGH  
TO FIND HIS WAY OUT

THEY SHOULD HAVE WORKED TOGETHER  
THEY COULD HAVE GOT THE JOB DONE  
THEY SHOULD HAVE WORKED TOGETHER  
BUT INSTEAD NOW THEY'RE DEAD AND GONE

*The DONKEY picks up a plank determined to rebuild the bridge. The ROOSTER begins to sing as he helps the DONKEY. And one by one the OTHERS join in.*

ROOSTER  
DOO DOO DOO DOO  
DOODLE DOO DOO DA DOODLE

DONKEY  
HEE HAW  
HEE HAW

CAT  
MEOW MEOW MEOW  
MEOW MEOW MEOW

*The DOG watches, not sure HE wants to join.*

DOG  
*(Not committed.)*  
Ruff. Ruff. Ruff.

TRAVELER  
You gotta work together.

DOG  
I hope none of my friends hear about this.  
MEOW MEOW MEOW  
MEOW MEOW MEOW

*THEY find enough pieces of the bridge to put together a way to cross the river.*

DONKEY  
BA!

ROOSTER  
BA!

DOG  
BA!

CAT  
BA!

ALL FOUR  
BOP

TRAVELER  
WORK TOGETHER  
IF YOU WANT TO GET THE JOB DONE  
WORK TOGETHER  
IT'S BETTER THAN ALONE

*The TRAVELER begins to yodel. And the ANIMALS make it safely to the other side of the river*

TRAVELER  
TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE  
BUT ONLY IF THE TWO HEADS CAN GET THE JOB DONE  
YOU'VE GOT TO LEARN TO WORK TOGETHER  
LEARN TO WORK TOGETHER  
LEARN TO WORK TOGETHER

*The ANIMALS continue to sing as they go on their way.*

## SCENE TWELVE

*A forest. A sign post says "Bremen City Limits."*

*Night.*

NARRATOR

Now the rooster said he could read and that he would guide them to Bremen. He told them that it was just on the other side of the very frighteningly named Broken Neck woods. But the truth is. . . The rooster can't read and Bremen was right in the middle of these woods.

DONKEY

How much further?

*The ROOSTER looks at the sign post.*

ROOSTER

Well, if you could read this sign, you'd know that Bremen is twenty more miles away.

DOG

Don't think I can go much further without some water.

CAT

Maybe we should stop here for the night.

DONKEY

Here have some water.

*DONKEY gives his canteen to the CAT who takes a drink.*

CAT

Thank you.

*He offers it to the DOG. Who won't take it because the CAT just drank from it.*

DOG

I'm not that thirsty.

DONKEY

Let's camp here. We should get to Bremen tomorrow.

*The ANIMALS each find a spot and lie down for the night. The DOG looks at the CAT for a moment and then goes and lies down as far away from her as he can. He is visably limping. The DONKEY approaches him.*

DONKEY

What's the matter?

DOG

It's my leg. The trip is just too far. I don't think I can make it tomorrow.

DONKEY

Sure you can. You have to. Come join us.

*DOG shakes his head.*

Why not?

DOG

*indicating the CAT*

You know.

DONKEY

What?

DOG

Her.

DONKEY

Why? 'Cause she's a cat?

DOG

Yes, because she's a cat.

DONKEY

But why?

DOG

Because its always been that way and it will always be that way.

DONKEY

I don't think I understand.

DOG

You wouldn't. But I can tell you she feels the same way about me.

DONKEY

At least join us for a bite to eat. Those apples look great.

DOG

I suppose.

*The DOG and DONKEY grab an apple and join the others.*

CAT

What do you think it'll be like . . .Bremen?

ROOSTER

I think it's a place where I'm finally gonna come into my own. Where a wider audience will have the opportunity to appreciate my talents.

CAT

To *DONKEY*

How about you?

DONKEY

Well . . .whatever it is . . .I guess it's a place where I'll be my own master. I hope it's a place that'll let an old donkey do some work. Even if that work is done a little slow.

I'M GONNA HAVE A HOME  
A PLACE I'LL CALL MY OWN  
WHERE I'LL BE  
FREE

DOG

I'M GONNA SEE A DAY WHEN  
I'LL STOP RUNNING AWAY  
'CAUSE I'LL BE

DONKEY

WHERE I'LL BE

BOTH

FREE  
FREE

CAT

GONNA HAVE A PLACE TO GO  
WHERE MY CHILD ONE DAY WILL GROW  
AND HE'LL BE  
FREE

ROOSTER

I'M GONNA FIND A PLACE TO SING  
THAT NO ONE CAN TAKE FROM ME  
'CAUSE I'LL BE  
FREE

ALL FOUR  
 AND ANY LOAD I CARRY  
 I CARRY JUST FOR ME  
 AND FOR THOSE WHO HAVE A DREAM  
 THAT ONE DAY THEY WILL BE  
 FREE  
 FREE

*THEY go back to rest.*  
 AND THE GROUND BELOW MY HEAD  
 BELONGS JUST TO ME

DONKEY  
 'CAUSE I'M FREE

DOG  
 FREE

CAT  
 FREE

ROOSTER  
 FREE

*Thunder is heard.*

*The ANIMALS hide under a tree as the NARRATOR enters.*

NARRATOR  
 A SOUND IS HEARD IN THE DISTANCE  
 A STORM IS ON THE WAY  
 CLOUDS COVER UP THE SETTING SUN  
 THAT'S FOLLOWED YOU ALL DAY

*LUKE appears with a lantern following the DONKEY's tracks.*

NARRATOR  
 NOW A DARKER SKY IS WATCHING  
 AND LAUGHS AT WHAT IT SEES  
 'CAUSE IT KNOWS THERE'S NOT MUCH SHELTER  
 UNDERNEATH THE TREES  
 FROM THE RAIN  
 FROM THE RAIN

AND YOU CAN'T GO ON YOUR WAY  
 UNTIL THE SKY DECIDES  
 TO STOP THE RAIN

*LUKE, gets closer and closer to the DONKEY until FRANK, a ROBBER, runs through the rain distracts him and LUKE exits.*

DONKEY

He followed me. My owner followed me.

ROOSTER

Lets just go on.

DOG

Go where?

CAT

What's that up on the hill?

DONKEY

Looks like a cabin.

DOG

I'll never make it that far.

ROOSTER

I'll help you get there.

*HE offers his hand to the DOG. The Donkey drops his handkerchief as the ANIMALS exit. LUKE returns to the spot where the animals were and realizes the DONKEY's nearby.*

NARRATOR AND CHORUS

RAIN

RAIN

AND YOU CAN'T GO ON YOUR WAY

NARRATOR

UNTIL THE SKY DECIDES

TO STOP THE RAIN

*The rain and thunder get louder as the scene changes to a cabin.*



## SCENE THIRTEEN

*A cabin. Moments later. It is still raining.*

*THREE ROBBERS are in the cabin. EARL enjoys violence. HORACE is not too bright, and JOHNSON is very superstitious.*

*EARL is picking at his fingernails with a large, bloody knife.*

JOHNSON

Did you hear somethin', Earl?

EARL

Johnson, there's nobody for miles. Keep your pie hole closed until Frank gets here.

HORACE

Earl, you cut your finger. Your knife's all bloody.

EARL

That's not my blood, idgit.

*FRANK bursts in, holding up a bag of coins. HE is the leader and the brightest of all of them.*

FRANK

All right, fellas it's here.

JOHNSON

I know I heard somethin'. Frank, did you hear somethin' screamin' out in the storm? Frank?

HORACE

Stop talkin like that?

*THEY all gather around the table.*

EARL

Ahh, the sweet smell of money!

HORACE

I don't smell anything, Earl.

EARL

It's an aphorism.

What did you call me?  
HORACE

Quiet down, boys, it's counting time.  
FRANK

*(dividing out coins)*

ONE FOR YOU  
ONE FOR YOU  
ONE FOR ME

ONE FOR YOU AND YOU  
AND ME

YOU AND YOU AND ME  
YOU AND ME  
YOU AND ME  
ME

YOU AND YOU AND ME  
YOU AND ME  
YOU AND ME  
ME

Now that should be even.

You sure have a head for figures.  
HORACE

That's why I'm the boss.  
FRANK

It's days like this that I love bein' a robber.  
EARL

And who wouldn't?  
FRANK  
YOU DON'T HAVE TO BATHE  
YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE POLITE  
YOU DON'T HAVE TO TALK PRETTY  
TO A GIRL THAT YOU DON'T LIKE  
THOUGH ROBBING MAY NOT BE THE JOB  
MY MA WANTED ME TO CHOOSE  
IT'S THE ONLY THING  
MY FATHER EVER TAUGHT ME HOW TO DO

*THE ANIMALS appear in the window and witness the following.*

What do you see?  
CAT

Robbers.  
DONKEY

I'm too old for this.  
DOG

Tell 'em what happened to you, Earl. Go on. Tell 'em.  
HORACE

All right, keep your shorts on.  
EARL

*acting out the story*

ONE NIGHT NOT TOO LONG AGO  
I WAS CAUGHT RIGHT IN THE ACT  
OLD MAN RICHARD AND HIS BOYS  
HAD SHOT GUNS AT MY BACK

THERE WERE THREE OF THEM AND ONE OF ME  
I WAS CARRYING THE LOOT

*(pause)*

Well, what happened?  
FRANK

Well . . .  
EARL

*EARL quickly turns around and almost catches a glimpse of the ANIMALS as they duck out of sight.*

TO MAKE THE STORY SHORT  
NOW I'M WEARING RICHARD'S BOOTS

I DON'T HAVE TO BATHE

NO, SIR  
ROBBERS

I DON'T HAVE TO BE POLITE  
EARL

EARL AND HORACE  
I DON'T HAVE TO TALK PRETTY  
TO A GIRL THAT I DON'T LIKE

ROBBERS  
 THOUGH ROBBING MIGHT NOT BE THE JOB  
 MY MA WANTED ME TO CHOOSE  
 IT'S THE ONLY THING MY FATHER  
 EVER TAUGHT ME HOW TO DO

*The ANIMALS are outside, whispering.*

I think we should go on. DONKEY

I'm with you. DOG

Yeah. ROOSTER

*THEY begin to leave. But the CAT is still watching.*

We've pulled off the perfect crime. FRANK

'cept I didn't get to kill anyone. EARL

Aren't you afraid we'll get caught? JOHNSON

Frankly, Johnson, that thought never crossed my mind. Unlike you, I am not that easily scared. FRANK

*There is suddenly a loud sound as the CAT accidentally knocks over a board. The ROBBERS all "hit the deck", afraid that someone has found them. The OTHER ANIMALS turn and see that the CAT is trapped. EARL crawls over to the door and sees the CAT. HE grabs HER and brings her into the cabin by the back of her neck.*

It's nothin' but a little cat. EARL

Get rid of her, Earl. A cat is bad luck. JOHNSON

I'll get rid of her all right. And look at that necklace she's got. EARL

*HE takes out his knife. The OTHER ANIMALS come into view outside the cabin.*

They got her?  
DONKEY

We can't do anything by ourselves. Let's get help.  
ROOSTER

No. We're gettin' her outta there.  
DOG

*JOHNSON has moved over to the window causing the ANIMALS to hide as THEY listen.*

What are you gonna do?  
HORACE

Well, little kitty, I'm gonna make you a coat.  
EARL

Well, that's nice, Earl.  
HORACE

Not a coat for her, Horace, from her.  
EARL

Oh. That's not as nice.  
HORACE

*FRANK has gone back to counting.*

Just don't make a mess.  
FRANK

*EARL is just about to cut into the CAT when . . .*

I wouldn't do that if I were you.  
JOHNSON

*EARL stops for a second, but then starts again.*

You're diggin' your own grave.  
JOHNSON

*Once again EARL stops for a second then resumes.*

JOHNSON  
If you want to bring a curse on all of us. Go right ahead.

*This gets the attention of all the ROBBERS.*

EARL  
What are you ramblin' about?

JOHNSON  
It's stormin'. It's a bad sign.

FRANK  
Ya scared?

JOHNSON  
You should be, too. They're out there.

HORACE  
Who?

JOHNSON  
Ghosts, Goblins, Demons, Devils.

EARL  
Ghosts?

FRANK  
Goblins.

HORACE  
Demons.

JOHNSON  
Devils. And they want us.

FRANK  
I don't like the way he's talkin'.

DONKEY

*Whispering*  
I have an idea.

JOHNSON  
It was a night just like this when we lost Zeke.

EARL

Zeke didn't get lost. He ran away with the money.

JOHNSON

That's what I thought too. Until I found his skull.

EARL

His skull?

FRANK

His skull?

JOHNSON

His skull. You remember that horrible night he left.

HORACE

We heard him moan.

*The DOG moans from outside.*

JOHNSON

A moan like he was callin' for us to help him.

FRANK

We heard the pounding of a hundred hearts.

*The DONKEY begins to drum on the side of the cottage.*

JOHNSON

It kept getting louder and louder.

HORACE

The cabin couldn't keep the wind out.

*The ROOSTER begins to make wind noises.*

JOHNSON

And that's when we turned slowly to look out the window. When that ghastly face appeared.

*The collage of sound gets faster and wilder and is directed by the DONKEY.*

*The ROBBERS approach the window and suddenly the DONKEY pops up. The sounds and the ROBBERS go crazy. There is barking, hissing, crowing, braying, tripping, falling screaming and finally the ROBBERS run off. The ANIMALS are alone inside the cottage.*

CAT

Thank you. You saved my life.

DONKEY

*Indicating the DOG*  
I can't take the credit.

*The CAT embraces the DOG.*

DOG

Not really a hugger. OK.

ROOSTER

Who'd have ever thought that a group like you . . . I mean, a group like us, could do that?

*The DOG notices a stack of instrument cases in the corner of the cabin.*

DOG

What are all these instruments?

DONKEY

They look nice. Probably stolen.

*A pounding is heard under the table.*

ROOSTER

What's that?

DONKEY

I don't know.

DOG

It's coming from under the table.

*The DONKEY pulls the front of the table up and the MAYOR comes rolling out. HE wears a banner across his chest that says "MAYOR" THEY take the gag out of HIS mouth. HE speaks with a strong German accent.*

MAYOR

Who are you?

DONKEY

Just a group of musicians on our way to Bremen. Why do they have you tied up like that?

MAYOR

I was kidnapped! They took mine instruments. Mine instruments! Are they all right? Have you seen them?

CAT

They're right over there, sir.



*The MAYOR rushes over to the instruments and treats them like they were infants.*

MAYOR

Ah! Mine children. How are you all doing? Did they hurt you? Did you miss your Papa?

DOG

So you're a music lover too?

MAYOR

Oh! Ya, Ya! Ick liebe das Musicsangen.

DONKEY

Then I guess you know that the mayor of Bremen is going to be appointing the Bremen Town Musicians soon.

MAYOR

Ya!

CAT

We hope to get there tomorrow.

MAYOR

I don't think that will be a problem. You see, you are in Bremen. The town square is less than a mile away.

ROOSTER

Are you sure?

MAYOR

*Drawing attention to his banner*

I should be. I am the mayor of Bremen. It says right here, "MAYOR". See?

ROOSTER

I read that.

MAYOR

I can't think you enough for saving me and these fine instruments.

DONKEY

It was nothing.

MAYOR

Nothing? You call that nothing? It was a great, brave, historic act of heroism! I should know about those things. I'm a Mayor! Those robbers could have . . . Well, who knows what gerspaton they would have done to me. I would like for you to have these.

*HE begins to hand out the instruments to the ANIMALS.*

MAYOR

They are brand new and in excellent condition. You deserve them. A mandolin for the Rooster, a flute for the little kitty, a new harmonica for the doggie. Edelweiss! What a smell.

*Giving a guitar to the DONKEY*

And for you . . . .

DONKEY

Well, I really can't speak for the group . . .

CAT

Yes, you can.

ROOSTER

Sure you can.

*The DOG shakes his head at the DONKEY.*

DONKEY

Well, I don't see any reason to get rid of our old instruments just because they're old. Thanks for the offer but I kind of like the sound of this old guitar.

*THEY all hand the instruments back.*

MAYOR

I'm speechless. And what's a mayor without speeches? You are truly quite unique individuals.

CAT

Sounds like the rain is letting up.

MAYOR

I would be honored if you would sleep this evening in my home. It's not too far from here. I think you'll like Bremen. We need more folks like you.

DONKEY

You need folks like us?

MAYOR

Ya! Well, Ich bein gotta get gaingen. Juice! Juice!

*The MAYOR exits with the instruments, followed by the ROOSTER and the CAT.  
The DOG starts to leave.*

DONKEY

*holding his hand out to the DOG*

You know, I think we're gonna love Bremen.

*The DOG smiles, shakes his hand and they exit.*

## NARRATOR

It seems they found their place. Not just Bremen, though it's a mighty fine place, but that place inside us all that connects us to each other. A place much better than any town dares to be.

## SCENE FOURTEEN

*Bremen Town Fair Grounds.*

*The next day.*

*The fair is in progress.*

NARRATOR

And speaking of Bremen. Welcome! This is the big day. The judges will be announcing the official Bremen Town Musicians in a matter of minutes. I don't mind admitting that the anticipation is killing me.

*The ANIMALS enter.*

DONKEY

I hope I haven't let you down. I couldn't have made it here alone.

DOG

Whatever happens, I'm glad I came.

CAT

Me too.

ROOSTER

Not me, I want to win.

*Suddenly, a loud shot is heard and the CROWD is immediately silent. LUKE enters carrying his shotgun. The DONKEY is hidden behind the crowd.*

LUKE

Lookin' for a donkey. Ran from me a week ago. Tracked him all the way here.

*Searching the crowd.*

Old. Barely has any life left in him, and I'm gonna take that away. No animal runs from me.

*HE stops an individual threateningly.*

Maybe you've seen him? I can't imagine you'd want him. He had no good use at all.

*The DONKEY steps out of the crowd and silently faces LUKE.*

Well, there you are. Now lets get this over with. Come with me.

*The DONKEY doesn't move.*

All right, we'll do it your way.

*LUKE raises his shotgun. Suddenly the DOG forward, in front of the DONKEY.*

What are you doin', ya crazy mutt? Get out of the way.

*The DOG doesn't move.*

All right then, I got enough bullets for both of ya.

*The CAT steps forward. Then the ROOSTER.*

LUKE

What's goin' on here? You all want your heads blown off? I'm not scared of a few old animals. No one will care when you're dead. Except the people that have to clean you off the street.

*One by one, members of the crowd join the animals. The NARRATOR is the last to join.*

NARRATOR

Perhaps you were wrong. It looks like somebody cares.

LUKE

That's nice. But, you can't make me leave here without that donkey.

*The entire CROWD takes a step forward in unison.*

All right, maybe you can.

*Another two steps.*

*LUKE runs off to the laughs and cheers of the CROWD. A Fanfare. A GIRL enters and gives a card to the NARRATOR.*

NARRATOR

Thank you, miss. It seems the judges have come to a decision. And they want me to do the announcing. And that's my great pleasure.

*HE opens the card and smiles. He signals for a drum roll.*

NARRATOR

Ladies and Gents. Here they are. The one and only, official Bremen Town Musicians.

DONKEY

Us.

NARRATOR

You.

*The ANIMALS take the stage.*

DONKEY

WELL, I'VE SEEN A LOT OF THINGS  
AND I'VE LIVED A LOT OF YEARS  
I SMILED MY SHARE OF SMILES  
AND I'VE SHED MY SHARE OF TEARS

DOG  
 BUT I WON'T JUST GIVE UP  
 IF I'M TO OLD FOR FETCHIN' STICKS  
 IT'S TIME TO TEACH THIS OLD DOG A NEW TRICK

CAT  
 JUST WHEN IT BEGAN TO SEEM THAT MY  
 ROAD WAS AT AN END  
 I FOUND OUT YESTERDAY  
 THAT THIS ROAD HAS ONE MORE BEND

ROOSTER  
 THOUGH I LIKE SINGING SOLO  
 IT SOUNDS BETTER WHEN THERE'S TWO  
 I FOUND A WAY TO FIT IN  
 WITH MY COCK-A-DOODLE-DOODLE-DOOT DOOT DOO

ALL FOUR  
 NO TIME FOR THE WASTING  
 NO TIME TO GIVE IN  
 THERE'S NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT  
 TO START AGAIN

NARRATOR  
 AND EVERY SINGLE DAY YOU LIVE  
 YOU'LL FIND THERE'S SOMETHING NEW  
 INSIDE OF YOU TO GIVE

COMPANY  
 THERE'S NO TIME FOR THE WASTING  
 NO TIME TO GIVE IN  
 THERE'S NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT  
 TO START AGAIN  
 THERE'S NO TIME FOR THE WASTING  
 NO TIME TO GIVE IN  
 THERE'S NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT  
 TO START A  
 NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT TO START A-  
 NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT TO START AGAIN

**THE END**