

THEY COULDN'T PUT HUMPTY TOGETHER AGAIN

by
RICHARD & LYNN BEAUMONT

WILLY:

MARY! HUMPTY!...MARY, WHERE ARE YOU?...THERE YOU ARE.

MARY:

OH WILLY, IT WAS TERRIBLE, I HEARD HIM FALLING BUT I JUST ASSUMED IT WAS OFF THE WALL AGAIN, THEN HE STARTED SCREAMING, I LEFT MY GARDENS, TURNED THE PAGE...HE'D GONE BEYOND THE NUMBER. I MANAGED TO GRAB HIS HAND, I SHOUTED FOR ALL THE KING'S HORSES AND MEN BUT WE COULDN'T HANG ON...WE FELL...

WILLY:

IT'S O.K MARY, WE'LL SOON HAVE HIM BACK TOGETHER.

MARY:

WE NEED TO GET HELP.

WILLY:

I'M NOT EXACTLY SURE WHERE WE ARE.

MARY:

THIS MUST BE 'BETWIXT'

WILLY:

BETWIXT?

MARY:

YES, NIETHER RHYME OR REALITY.

JACK:

(OFFSTAGE) HELLO?

WILLY:

JACK, WE'RE DOWN HERE.

MARY:

COME QUICK, IT'S HUMPTY.

JACK:

(OFFSTAGE) WE'RE ON OUR WAY...JILL, GIVE ME YOUR HAND.

WILLY:

I TOLD YOU IT'D BE ALL RIGHT.

JILL:

(OFFSTAGE) BE CAREFUL JACK.

MARY:

IT JUST LOOKS SO FINAL.

JACK:

(OFFSTAGE) INSY, FOLLOW US.

WILLY:

(COMFORTING MARY) COME ON, JACK WILL KNOW WHAT TO DO. (ENTER JACK, JILL, INSY AND SIMON)

JACK:

WE WERE GETTING WORRIED.

JILL:

WE HEARD THE SCREAM.

INSY:

WE JUST COULDN'T GET TO YOU.

MARY:

IT'S HUMPTY.

JACK:
OH GOD.

INSY:
WHAT IS IT JACK?

MARY:
YOU CAN PUT HIM BACK TOGETHER CAN'T YOU? **(ENTER BO & J.H)**

BO:
WHAT'S GOING ON?

JILL:
HUMPTY'S FALLEN OUT OF THE BOOK.

J.H:
I DON'T LIKE IT DOWN HERE, I WANT MY CORNER.

BO:
WELL, GO AND FIND ONE. **(ENTER GEORGE WHO SKIPS OVER AND KISSES BO)** FOR GOODNESS SAKE GEORGIE, THIS IS SERIOUS.

GEORGIE:
OH, EXCUSE ME. **(HE SKIPS OVER AND KISSES JILL WHO SLAPS HIM)** OUCH!

SIMON:
WHERE DID YOU SAY WE WERE?

BO:
I DIDN'T.

MARY:
WE'RE BETWIXT. **(ENTER MISS MUFFET AND BLIND MICE)**

MISS MUFFET:
WHAT'S HAPPENED?

BO:
WHY IN RHYMES NAME DID YOU BRING HIM?

MOUSE # 1:
OH, THANK YOU.

MOUSE # 2:
CHARMING.

MOUSE # 3:
WE KNOW WHERE WE'RE NOT WANTED.

GEORGIE:
OBVIOUSLY NOT.

MISS MUFFET:
I COULDN'T LEAVE THEM...THE FARMERS WIFE.

BO:
AREN'T THEY OVER THAT?

MOUSE # 1:
IT'S NOT THAT EASY. IT'S VERY UPSETTING. I WAS VERY ATTACHED TO MY TAIL.

MOUSE # 2:
ME TOO.

MOUSE # 3:
AND ME.

JACK:
HE'S DEAD.

MICE:
WHO'S DEAD?

BO:
(TAKING CHARGE OF THE MICE) HUMPTY. **(ALL FOCUS ON THE BODY)**

MOUSE # 1:
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? HE CAN'T BE DEAD.

MOUSE # 2:
HE'S A NURSERY RHYME.

MOUSE # 3:
A CHARACTER

MOUSE # 1:
HE'S AN ILLUSTRATION.

SIMON:
I THOUGHT HE WAS A DRAWING.

MISS MUFFET:
SAME THING SIMON.