

The City Mouse and the Country Mouse
A Puppet Play

Phoebe (*bustles around*)

My cousin Valerie invited me to visit her in the city. I'm leaving now.

Mrs. Chipmunk

Why, how lovely! I hope you have a marvelous time. I went to the city once. It's quite - well - different.

Phoebe

So I hear! And *more fun*.

Mrs. Chipmunk (*hesitating*)

Er - well, that is a matter of opinion. Goodbye, my dear. Enjoy yourself

Mrs. Chipmunk goes out.

Phoebe

I certainly will !

(She picks up a sunbonnet)

Big city --here I come!

Phoebe runs out; the kitchen props are taken down and Valerie's city table put up. Valerie enters and fusses with the table.

Valerie

There...I think everything is ready....

(to the audience)

I do want my cousin Phoebe to have a good time. She's never been to the city before.

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(offstage Phoebe's voice calls: "Valerie!")

Oh, good. She's arrived. Come in, Phoebe!

*Phoebe enters wearing her sunbonnet.
They embrace and speak the following
lines together:*

Valerie

Well, it's nice to see you, Phoebe! I'm so glad you could come! hasn't it been ages since we met? So delightful to be together!

Phoebe

Oh, Valerie, it was so nice of you to invite me! I've been so bored in the country lately and I was thrilled to get your invitation!

Phoebe *(looking around)*

And what a lovely house you have!

Valerie

It's underneath the kitchen cabinets of some very rich people- They drop the most *divine* crumbs. Now, let's sit right down -

*Sudden sound of loud MEOW! Offstage.
Phoebe jumps.*

Phoebe *(quaking)*

What - w-what was *that*?

Valerie *(exasperated)*

That pesky cat! I thought they had put him *out*.

Phoebe

You mean... a cat *lives* here?

Valerie

Yes, and the people adore him and spoil him. We'd better not take any chances. Let's go shopping. I'll get my hat.

Phoebe (*looking around nervously*)

Goodness -- imagine living under the same roof with a cat! I'd be so nervous all the time --

(Cat "meows" again offstage)

Oh, no -- that sounded *closer*/I wish Valerie would hurry!

Valerie returns wearing an elaborate hat.

Valerie

Well, off we go, my dear.

(She looks at the table)

I'm sorry we have to skip lunch.

Phoebe

Don't worry -- I've lost my appetite.

They go out. House props are taken down and as the mice enter again, the cut-outs of buildings, traffic lights, cars begin to flash past.

Valerie

Stay close to me, Phoebe -- and watch the traffic. Let's go into this store.