

DASTARDLY DEVON

by

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## Cast of Characters

<u>DEVON THE DARK WOLF:</u>	The presumed Big Bad Wolf from the Three Little pigs story. He's lonely and discouraged.
<u>BLAIR:</u>	The smart, thoughtful pig from the Three Little Pigs story. She built with bricks.
<u>MATEO:</u>	The sarcastic pig from the Three Little Pigs story. His house was built with straw.
<u>CHARLES:</u>	The dramatic, fashionista pig from the Three Little Pigs story. He built with sticks.
<u>JACK:</u>	Nimble and quick. Loves to jump over things.
<u>JORDY:</u>	A pumpkin farmer. He appears dirty and smelly from falling into a muddy mess.
<u>LILLIAN:</u>	A kind-hearted older woman who does childcare.
<u>CLAWS:</u>	The leader of a wolf pack.
<u>FANG:</u>	A bad wolf.
<u>HOWLER:</u>	A bad wolf.
<u>Extra Wolves:</u>	If you have actors who don't want speaking roles they could portray a few extra, menacing wolves to join the pack when Claws, Fang and Howler enter.

Scene

SETTING: A woodland forest. There should be a large tree branch lying on the stage and a few stumps and loose branches scattered about that can be turned into a campfire.

TIME: Evening.

AT RISE: Cue thunder and evening sound effects. DEVON enters, howls, sneaks around the stage. When the Three Little Pigs enter he hides. He often steps into the light and responds to the other characters' dialogue, but they can't see or hear him until later in the play.

MATEO, CHARLES and BLAIR enter, scouting the area. BLAIR is carrying a picnic basket.

Do Not Copy

BLAIR

This looks like a perfectly delightful spot for our friends to gather. Mateo, Charles, please gather up some branches to build a fire. It needs to be warm enough to keep Miss Lillian comfortable, and bright enough to keep Dastardly Devon away.

MATEO and CHARLES begin to collect firewood and stumps to create a large fire circle.

MATEO

Why do *WE* always have to start the fire? What's wrong with Jack or Jordy? Eww. Do you smell that?

CHARLES

What? Smell what?

MATEO

That stink. How can you not smell that?

CHARLES

Allergies. I could barely breathe at your place, Mateo. In fact, if I remember correctly, one day I sneezed 23 times. In a row!

MATEO

I remember. You almost blew my picture off the wall.

BLAIR

Well, in this case, it's the night jasmine. Most people find its fragrance to be quite pleasing.

MATEO

Yeah, well, it's not. It reeks, like yucky old squishy squash.

CHARLES

Great. Just great. Now my knickers are going to stink. Do you have any idea how long it's going to take me to get the stench of smoke and night jasmine out of these tweed knickers?

The firewood is stacked for a campfire and a few stumps are set around it for seating.

MATEO

There. That should do it. Blair, the striker, please.

BLAIR

Striker? I don't have the striker. Charles?

CHARLES

Weeks. It's going to take me weeks to get that nasty smell out.

MATEO

Wow, you're a persnickety porker. Stop complaining.

BLAIR

Charles. I distinctly remember you saying, "I'll bring the striker."

CHARLES

No. I did not. Besides, we don't really need a big fire. Look, there's almost a full moon, aside from a few dark billowing storm clouds.

BLAIR

Partial moonlight and dark billowing clouds will not keep Miss Lillian warm, or Dastardly Devon away. Just admit it. You left the striker back at my cottage on purpose. You're more concerned with the smell of your clothes, than the comfort of others.

CHARLES

Lest I remind you, my dear Blair, I barely escaped Dastardly Devon's evil grip. Thanks to his robust huffing and puffing. I lost my stick house, shoes, tunics and muffs. This is my last pair of clean knickers. I don't want them to stink.

MATEO

I told you not to build with sticks, but noooo, you wanted wood walls of varied colors and textures.

CHARLES

Nothing wrong with being in style. And, if I remember correctly my sticks didn't fly apart as fast as your flimsy straw walls.

BLAIR

Enough. You're both safe, and can stay with me in my solid brick house, until you can rebuild.

MATEO

And, Charles, you can wash your precious knickers in the creek like everyone else.

DEVON briefly steps out of the shadows.

DEVON

Ahhh. They wash their clothes in the creek. Good to know.

BLAIR

Bullfrogs and broomsticks Charles. I promised Miss Lillian we'd have a blazing fire to keep her warm.

BLAIR opens a basket and pulls out a shawl.

And, I brought her this nice warm wrap. You know how easily she gets chilled.

JACK enters, jumping over branches and stumps.

JACK  
Evenin' Piggies. I'm Jack. I'm nimble. I'm quick, and I can-

MATEO, CHARLES AND BLAIR (ALL TOGETHER)  
Jump over a candlestick. Yes, Jack, we know.

JACK  
Hey, that's a good looking stack-a-wood 'ya got there. Why don't 'ya strike 'er?

BLAIR  
We'd love to, Jack, but *Charles*, forgot the striker.

JACK  
Oh no. Miss Lillian 'ell catch 'er death of a chill.

CHARLES  
Fine. Fine. I'll go back to Blair's cottage and get the striker. Never mind that it's dark and stormy, or that Dastardly Devon, could be hiding behind any tree along the path, but sure, I'll go risk my life to get the striker.

BLAIR  
Charles, I understand your fear-

CHARLES  
(*snaps back*) I'm not afraid of anything.

BLAIR  
- of a roaring fire, since your house burned down, but it is vital, if we're going to stay warm and keep Dastardly Devon away.

JACK  
So, it's true? The Dark Wolf did blow Mateo and Charles' houses to bits, and you're all living together at Blair's? Wow, that must be quite cozy.

BLAIR  
Cozy. Yes, that's one way to describe it.

CHARLES  
Dastardly Devon, the Dark Wolf is what we call him. Evil, sneaky, Dastardly Devon.

DEVON  
Hey, that's not very nice.

JACK

I wonder why he travels alone? Don't wolves usually hunt in packs?

BLAIR

Miss Lillian said his pack rejected him.

MATEO

Huh. Did she say why?

BLAIR

Something about his eyes and fur being different.

CHARLES

Cursed is what I heard. He's got one green eye and one red eye.

JACK

(gasps) No!

MATEO

Yes. And, Jordy heard that Devon's red eye glows in the dark. Like a wild flickering flame.

DEVON

No, it doesn't.

CHARLES

I also heard that if you look him in the eyes, he'll turn you into a big, fat goose, and roast you for dinner.

BLAIR

What? No!

CHARLES

That's what I heard.

DEVON

That's absurd. Although, it would be convenient. And geese are a much healthier choice, especially if they're free range, which all woodland creatures are.

CHARLES

Dastardly I tell you. He's evil Dastardly Devon. Always on the prowl.

BLAIR

Alright, let's not start gossiping and name calling.

MATEO

Well, whatever you call him, something has to be done about his prowling about in the dark of night and raiding chicken coops.

DEVON

Hello? Wolf. Nocturnal hunter.

MATEO

We need to get this fire going. After he burned his paws on Jack's candlestick he keeps a good distance from fire, but since *Charles* didn't bring the striker-

BLAIR

BBQ. We're walking, talking slabs of BBQ, ready to be roasted and feasted upon.

CHARLES

Okay. Okay. I'll go get the striker.

JACK

(laughs) No need Charlie boy, I grabbed my pa's striker on my way out the door. Always be prepared, that's what I say.

JACK hands the flint to MATEO.

Here, MATEO, light 'er up.

MATEO kneels down and begins striking the flint on a rock, starting the fire. JACK skips around the stage jumping over various things.

JACK

I'm nimble. I'm quick. Anyone bring a candle stick?

The campfire begins to glow.

MATEO

There. That should keep Miss Lillian warm.

CHARLES

Remind me again, who's Miss Lillian?

BLAIR

Miss Lillian is that nice older woman, who takes care of all the children in the village, when their parents are out working.

CHARLES

Lilly? You're talking about sweet, old, Lilly?

BLAIR

Lillian. Her name is Miss Lillian.

CHARLES

I've always called her Lilly. She is great with kids, especially the fidgety ones.

BLAIR starts unpacking her basket of food.

BLAIR

Yes, she is, but I heard the kids are eating her out of house and home. I thought she might be hungry, so I brought some snacks.

MATEO

Pie? Did you bring pie? What kind?

DEVON

Snacks? Hmmm. I expect if I jump out of the woods and give a good howl.

DEVON howls. The three pigs huddle together in fear. DEVON laughs.

BLAIR

What was that?

CHARLES

Sounded like a howl. Like Dastardly Devon's howl.

MATEO

And, it sounded close. I think it came from right behind that tree. Jack. Go look. See if Dastardly Devon's hiding back there.

JACK

Me? Why should I go? You're the ones he's fixated on. Besides, I don't wanna see his glowing red eyes.

DEVON

Eye. It's just the one. And, it doesn't glow. It's more like a subtle glisten.

JACK

Mateo, you go.

MATEO

Nope. I'm not going. Charles, you go.

CHARLES

I don't wanna get cursed.

BLAIR

Okay. Stop. Just stop.

Cue sound effects of an owl hooting.

The night owl. That's what we heard. She screeches like a banty when she's caught her prey.

CHARLES

Oh, of course. She's such a show off.

MATEO

Well, that's a relief.

MATEO sniffs the air.

Whew. What is *that* smell?

BLAIR

I told you, it's night jasmine.

CHARLES

No. No, it isn't. (*sniffs the air*) It's more like, dead fish and... rotting taters.

JORDY enters. He's muddy from head to toe. DEVON holds his nose. He's dragging a large sack filled with pumpkins. (Nerf balls?)

JORDY

Evenin' chaps, Miss Blair.

BLAIR

Jordy, we weren't sure you were going to make it.

JORDY

Almost didn't. My mule, Wiggy, got all stubborn on me. When I gave him a slap on the rear, he kicked me, landing me in a pool of mud. I stopped at the creek on the way to rinse off, but then I tripped on a rock and fell on a big wiggly trout.

CHARLES

That does explain the fishy smell.

BLAIR

You're just fine, Jordy. We're glad you're here. I See you brought us more pumpkins.

JORDY

Yep. I've got a bumper crop this year. Help yourselves before we go. You never know when you might need a pumpkin or two.

MATEO

Now we just need Miss Lillian.

BLAIR

I'm sure she'll be here soon. She walks a bit slower than those of us with four legs.

Offstage you can hear the sound of leaves rustling along with a loud sound, ku-ku-ku-ku-ku.

CHARLES

What is that?

MATEO

I'm not sure, but it doesn't sound like an owl.

The voice gets louder, ku-ku-ku-ku-ku-ku.

BLAIR

Oh dear, it's getting closer.

MISS LILLIAN enters stomping and swinging her cane.

MISS LILLIAN

Sorry I'm late. I hope I didn't scare you. I thought I might be followed, so I stomped my feet, kicked up leaves and made some silly sounds.

CHARLES

I wasn't scared.

JACK AND JORDY

Me neither.

BLAIR

Do you think you were followed?

MISS LILLIAN

I'm not sure. But you have a nice big fire going, so even if Dastardly Devon, was following me, he won't come near the fire.

JORDY

What's this meeting about anyway? Mateo said it was urgent. I can't be gone too long. I've got pumpkins roasting.

BLAIR

Didn't Mateo tell you?

JORDY

Nope. Just said meet under the tumbled oak, in the Humming Woods, after sunset. Nice fire 'ya got there.

MATEO

Thank you.

BLAIR

We're gathering here to discuss what to do about Dastardly Devon, The Dark Wolf.

CHARLES

The evil, dastardly, Dark Wolf.

DEVON

Little do they realize, I'm actually quite friendly, and a witty conversationalist.

BLAIR

He's been prowling about in the dark of night, raiding chicken coops, and stealing little lambs.

CHARLES

Mary, almost lost her little lamb last week. Good thing it's a close follower.

DEVON

Again, night hunter.

JORDY

He's cursed, 'ya know. Has one red eye. They say it glows.

DEVON

Glistens.

MATEO

And his fur is...different. Darker, shaggy, almost gnarly.

DEVON

It's called a soft wave.

BLAIR takes out the shawl and gives it to LILLIAN.

BLAIR

Here, Miss Lillian. This should help keep you warm.

LILLIAN

Thank you Blair, how very thoughtful of you. I say, what is that peculiar odor?

Everyone looks at JORDY but doesn't say anything.

MATEO

Uh. It must be the night jasmine.

CHARLES

And firewood. The combination can be quite intense.

JORDY

I don't smell nothin'.

DEVON

Seriously? They pick on me for having two different colored eyes, and wavy fur, but don't say a word to her about their friend's stinky clothes?

BLAIR

As I was saying, we're meeting here tonight to discuss how we can protect ourselves from Dastardly Devon, the Dark Wolf.

DEVON howls.

LILLIAN

(gasps) Oh no! He must have followed me here.

BLAIR

Or, he smelled the food in my picnic basket.

DEVON howls again, even louder.

JACK

That wasn't no screech owl.

BLAIR

Perhaps it was a rabbit being caught. Their shrieks can be quite piercing.

DEVON laughs, jumps out of the shadows and prowls around them. The three pigs huddle together.

CHARLES

Don't look him in the eyes. Don't look him in the eyes. He'll curse you.

DEVON

What's the matter piggies? Afraid I'll turn you into a goose? Honk. Honk.

JORDY grabs a loaf of bread and throws it at DEVON. DEVON turns around and snarls.

JORDY

Now look here, Dastardly Devon, you got no business hurting these Three Little Pigs. Now git!

DEVON

Whew! You stink.

JORDY

Do not.

DEVON

Like you fell into a pigpen.

LILLIAN approaches DEVON, waving her cane about.

LILLIAN

Leave him alone. Don't listen to him, Jordy. Now, listen here, Dastardly Devon.

DEVON

It's DeVon.

LILLIAN

What?

DEVON

My name is DeVon and I'm not afraid of fire. In fact I find its warmth to be quite pleasing.

MATEO

Wait, didn't you-

DEVON

What? Get burned on Jack's candle stick. No. It was a slight singe. Also, I'm French.

JACK

I never heard-a no French wolf.

JORDY

Me neither.

DEVON

Well, I am French. On my Mother's side, which is why my fur is different from other wolves.

LILLIAN

Fine. You're Dastardly DeVon, the Big Bad French, Wolf. That's still no reason for blowing the three little pigs' houses to smithereens.

BLAIR

He didn't blow my house down. I built with bricks.

CHARLES

Yes, we know Blair, you're so much wiser than we are.

DEVON

First of all, when I got to the straw house I was cold, tired and hungry. And, your houses would still be standing if you had simply opened the door when I politely knocked.

MATEO

So you could eat us alive? I don't think so. YOU blew my house to bits.

DEVON

I happen to be allergic to straw, which made me sneeze violently. Seriously, who builds a house out of straw?

CHARLES

What about my house? There was no straw there.

DEVON

True. But, after breathing in so much straw dust at Mateo's, I developed a terrible allergic reaction, and was sneezing for weeks. In fact, when I got to your house Charles, the combination of my sensitive nose and woodland daisies in full bloom, was just too much. I've never encountered such a blast of hearty sneezes as I did that day.

CHARLES

Yes, well all I remember is, you were there, and sticks went flying.

MATEO

Wow. That's quite the tall tale, Dastardly Devon.

DEVON

I told you, my name is DeVon. And, did you ever think, maybe all I wanted was a bowl of that stew you were simmering over your fire?

MATEO

My stew?

DEVON

I could smell it a mile away. It had French tarragon in it, didn't it?

MATEO

Yes. It's an old family recipe from my Granny, Agnes Rose.

DEVON

My Mom used to make stew with French tarragon. It was so good. Sadly, she got, what they call "trapped" last winter.

BLAIR

Oh my. I'm so sorry.

DEVON

I was cold, hungry, and tired, from running away from the bullies in the pack. I just wanted to warm up, have a bite to eat and talk with someone.

CHARLES

Talk? You wanted to talk? With us?

DEVON

Yes. I was hoping, we could be, friends.

BLAIR

Hmmm. Pigs and a wolf sharing a meal? That sounds like a fairy tale.

JORDY

Yeah. I ain't never seen anything like that happen.

JACK

Right. What I know is wolves are meat eaters. And you friendin' these Three Little Pigs, would make you a hero in yer pack.

DEVON

First of all *they* are way too fatty for my taste.

BLAIR

Excuse me?

DEVON

No offense Blair. You look great, for a pig. I just prefer a leaner, healthier meat. Second, as you know, my pack rejected me.

CHARLES

It's the eye thing, isn't it?

DEVON

Yes. It's my eye, and fur. They think I'm cursed, and in a way, I guess, I am.

MATEO

Wait. They kicked you out of their pack just because you're different from the rest of them?

DEVON

Yes.

BLAIR

That's terrible. We're all different. That's what makes the world so amazing. For instance, I love eating the fruity berries baked inside a pie.

MATEO

And, I only eat the crust. And Charles, well, let's just say Charles is "*particular*."

BLAIR

Right, if all the berries in the pie don't face the exact same direction, he won't eat any of it.

CHARLES

That's true. There's nothing quite as unsettling as a mishmash of berries scattered aimlessly about in a tender, flaky pie crust.

DEVON

That's-

BLAIR

"Particular." We just say he's "*particular*."

JACK

And, I spend most of my days jumping about like a jackrabbit.

JORDY picks up a few of his pumpkins.

JORDY

Right, and I devote all my time to pumpkins. Growing 'em, carving 'em, cooking 'em. I love pumpkins. Pumpkin pie, pumpkin muffins, pumpkin pizza, pumpkin soup.

DEVON

Yeah, I get it. You like pumpkins.

MATEO

Just imagine how boring life would be if we were all the same.

CHARLES

If you think about it, DeVon, your one red eye makes you quite unique.

DEVON

Unique?

BLAIR  
Absolutely. You're one of a kind.

DEVON  
One of a kind. Huh. I never thought about it like that.

Cue sound effects of wolves  
howling.

BLAIR  
Oh dear. What was that?

CHARLES  
It sounded like a pack of wolves.

JORDY  
And, it sounded close.

DEVON  
Oh no. I wish they'd leave me alone.

Do Not Copy  
The howls grow louder.

CHARLES  
It's a set-up. He's just pretending to be friendly until his  
pack gets here.

BLAIR  
Then they're going to eat us.

DEVON  
What? NO!

MATEO  
They'll eat us alive. I knew we couldn't trust him.

JORDY  
Run piggies. Run for your lives!

The Three Little Pigs run in  
circles around the stage.

DEVON

No. You're wrong. They're not hunting you. They're hunting me.

JACK

Wolves don't hunt wolves.

DEVON

They do when you're different from the pack.

LILLIAN

That's not right.

MATEO

So, you're not here to eat us?

DEVON

No. I told you, they're hunting me, because, I'm different. They think I'm cursed. I can't help having two different colored eyes and wavy fur. I was born this way.

MATEO

So, if we look you in the eyes-

DEVON

You'll see that being called names, like evil, and Dastardly Devon, hurts my feelings.

BLAIR

We don't want to hurt your feelings. We just don't want to be your dinner.

DEVON

It's not fair, you know. You have no problem with stinky Jordy here-

JORDY

Hey-

CHARLES

Sorry Jordy, but he's right. The night breeze wafted in your aroma well before you arrived.

JORDY

I told ya, I fell on a trout.

DEVON

You built a huge fire to keep me away. Just because I'm a wolf, you think I'm big and bad. I'm not. I'm a lonely wolf, looking for a few friends.

CHARLES

However, you did blow our houses apart.

DEVON

Like I said, straw dust allergies and too many wild daisies. I'm sorry. I didn't know your houses would blow apart like that.

CHARLES

In all honesty, I probably shouldn't have built with sticks.

MATEO

And, I shouldn't have used that dried out straw.

The howling gets louder and closer. The THREE LITTLE PIGS retreat and huddle together. JACK, JORDY and MISS LILLIAN hide.

CLAWS

Looky here fellas, it's Red Eye Frenchy.

FANG

(howls) Hey Red Eye, yer fur's looking a little shaggy.

HOWLER

(snarly) Yeah. What happened, did yer Mommy forget to brush you?

CLAWS

Oh, that's right. Mommy got trapped.

HOWLER

(laughs) Not too bright, was she?

DEVON

Stop it! Just stop.

FANG

What the matter, Frenchy?

CLAWS

Careful Fang. Don't get too close. Red Eye might curse you.

The Three Little Pigs come charging out snorting and stomping, circling the wolves. The wolves snarl back. DEVON runs back and joins the others hiding. They console him as they watch the wolves and pigs.

BLAIR

Bullies! You're nothing but a pack of pathetic mean bullies.

CLAWS

Well, well, well. Look what we've got here. I'd say dinner has arrived.

FANG

Yeah, Claws. I'm drooling already.

CLAWS grabs Blair.

CLAWS

This one looks nice and meaty. I'd say there's some tasty chops right about here. *(he pokes her)*

BLAIR

Stop it.

MATEO

Leave her alone.

FANG

Looky here Claws, there's even a nice fire to roast 'em on.

HOWLER

Mmmmm. Bacon, chops, ribs. Hey Claws, I say we start with the stylish one, in the funny pants.

CHARLES

I beg your pardon?

CLAWS

Nah. We'll take 'em all back to the pack. Fang, Howler, grab some of those grasses and tie 'em up.

Fang and Howler grab some tall grasses and make them into collars and a leash. The pigs struggle.

BLAIR

Stop. It's too tight. I can't breathe.

BLAIR pretends to faint. Pulling the other two pigs down with her.

CLAWS

Aw, geez. Get them porkers up on their feet.

CHARLES

She told you the collar was too tight. You've cut off her oxygen supply.

FANG AND HOWLER struggle to get the pigs up standing again.

HOWLER

Sorry Claws, we can't budge 'em.

FANG

You two are pathetic. Let me at 'em.

Do Not Copy

Lights dim on the struggling wolves and pigs. Lights up on JACK, JORDY, MISS LILLIAN and DEVON.

MISS LILLIAN

We can't let them take them.

JACK

I know, but they're snarling wolves, and I'm just a jumper.

DEVON

This is all my fault.

JORDY

Hey. Huddle up. I've got an idea.

JORDY begins to whisper his idea to every one.

JACK

You think that will work?

DEVON

I don't know. There's only one way to find out.

MISS LILLIAN

I love it. Let's do this!

Lights back up on the pigs and wolves. DEVON lets out a loud ear-piercing howl. The other wolves freeze. The THREE PIGS whimper.

CLAWS

What was that?

FANG

I don't know, but it hurt my ears.

HOWLER

Yeah, and my fur is standing straight up.

DEVON jumps out of the woods and wrestles CLAWS to the ground. CLAWS lays there dazed and confused.

As the other characters enter DEVON runs around the stage growling and snarling. JACK comes running out of the woods swinging a large stick like a Samurai warrior chasing Fang around and poking him in the butt.

FANG

Ouch. Ouch. Ouch.

MISS LILLIAN enters skipping and swinging her cane about madly yelling.

MISS LILLIAN

Ku-ku! Ku-ku! Ku-ku! Ku-ku! Ku-ku!

HOWLER freaks out and runs around yelping. JORDY runs over to his sack of pumpkins and begins pummeling the wolves with them.

JORDY  
YOU get pumpkin, and YOU get a pumpkin, and YOU get a pumpkin.

CLAWS FANG and HOWLER run around the stage a bit then exit yelping.

DEVON  
(exhausted) Untie, the, pigs.

DEVON collapses. JACK, JORDY and MISS LILLIAN look at each other.

MATEO  
Well?

JACK runs over to the pigs and unties them. BLAIR walks over and kneels down next to DEVON, stroking his fur.

BLAIR  
You did it DeVon. You scared off those evil wolves and protected us.

DEVON  
We did it.

JACK  
It was a Jordy's idea.

JORDY  
A group effort.

MISS LILLIAN  
Among friends.

CHARLES tries to help DEVON stand.

CHARLES  
Oh dear, you're bleeding.

DEVON  
It's only a fur wound.

CHARLES leads DEVON over to the fire where he curls up.

MATEO  
I can take care of that.

Do Not Copy

MATEO takes a small jug of water and a rag out of the picnic basket. He soaks the rag with water, goes back to DEVON and tries to clean his paw.

DEVON  
Ouch. That stings.

MATEO  
Sorry. But if I don't clean it, you could get an infection.

DEVON  
Fine. (shivers) I'm cold.

MISS LILLIAN cover DEVON with her wrap.

BLAIR  
Jack, Jordy, please add a few more branches to the fire.

JACK

Sure thing.

JACK jumps about, tossing sticks to JORDY who puts them on the fire.

DEVON

Oh, that's nice. *(he drifts off to sleep)*

BLAIR

Well, I don't know about you, but I've worked up quite the appetite.

MATEO

Me too.

CHARLES

I hope you brought pie, and the berries are in order.

JORDY

I hope you brought Pumpkin pie.

JACK

I'll eat anything.

BLAIR passes out an assortment of food. The group eats and makes small talk. DEVON moves his legs like he's running in a dream, then hops up.

DEVON

Where am I? What's going on?

BLAIR

You're alright DeVon. You just dozed off.

CHARLES

It looked like you were chasing something in your dream.

DEVON

It was another nightmare. I keep dreaming the pack is chasing me and I can't run away fast enough.

MATEO

Well, you're awake, and safe with us.

CHARLES

Yes, and I apologize for calling you evil and dastardly.

BLAIR

We all apologize.

MATEO

Right.

LILLIAN

And, the next time you're cold or hungry, just come to my house. You're welcome anytime, as long as you don't mind all the kids running around.

DEVON

I love kids. Especially when they scratch behind my ears, like this. (he gestures) Ahhh.

CHARLES

You play with children?

DEVON

Yeah. They think I'm just a big dog.

JACK

Hey, I bet you're a lot of fun to go runnin' an' jumpin' with. How 'bout we have a race sometime?

DEVON

Anytime Jack. And, Jordy, if you need help planting those pumpkins, I'll gladly dig the hills.

CHARLES

All right DeVon, seeing that we're friends now, how about helping us rebuild our cottages?

DEVON

Sure. No problem.

BLAIR

And no more wild sneezing that makes you huff and puff?

DEVON

As long as we're not building with straw I should be fine. Although, if you ever need a little help starting a fire, a gently huff and puff can be quite handy.

JORDY

You know, I've got a big stack of leftover bricks at my place. Probably enough for a couple foundations.

JACK

Hey DeVon, can you pull a cart?

DEVON

Sure. You load it. I'll pull it.

BLAIR

Sounds like team work.

MISS LILLIAN

I think we've all learend a few lessons today.

MATEO

Right. Like, don't believe everything you hear.

CHARLES

And, you can't judge a wolf by his fur, or eye color.

BLAIR

I'm not sure what that means.

JACK

I think what Charles means is that what someone *does*, tells you a lot more about them than how they look.

CHARLES

Exactly.

DEVON

You know what the most important thing I learned today is?

MISS LILLIAN

What's that DeVon?

DEVON

Never underestimate the power of Jordy and his pumpkins.

They all laugh.

THE END

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