Cast In Order Of Appearance:

Narrator
Mouse
Robin
Sausage
Lark
Dog

NARRATOR : Once upon a time, there was a mouse—

MOUSE : Eek, eek.

NARRATOR : a robin—

ROBIN : Tweet, tweet.

NARRATOR : and a sausage.

SAUSAGE : I can sizzle!

NARRATOR : They all became friends and decided to keep house together. A few months later, the robin boasted to the lark about her nice household and her wonderful living arrangements.

ROBIN : All I have to do is fetch some twigs from the forest each day. What could be simpler?

NARRATOR : The lark disagreed.

LARK : You are a fool! You work the hardest and the other two have it easy. When the mouse is done lighting the fire, carrying the water and setting the table — she gets to go into her little room and take a nap until dinner.

ROBIN : But, but, but—

LARK : And the sausage just stays by the pot. When the food is nearly ready, it just rolls around once or twice through the broth to season it. You are being used by this mouse and this sausage!

NARRATOR : Oh, the robin was very unhappy hearing this. She felt a bout of indigestion coming on. So she decided she would make things change. That evening, she and the other two ate well and had a good night's sleep. But in the morning, the robin became contrary and refused to get any more twigs.

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ROBIN : No, no, no, I won't get the wood. You have made a fool of me long enough.

MOUSE : But what shall we do then?

SAUSAGE : Yes, what do you want us to do?

ROBIN : You, little sausage, shall fetch the twigs for tomorrow. I'll light the fire and you, little mouse, will do the cooking.

NARRATOR : No matter how hard they argued with her, the mouse and the sausage could not persuade the robin to change her mind. So the sausage set out to collect the next day's twigs and the robin took care of the fire. The poor little mouse just sat by the cookin' pot in the kitchen, waiting patiently for the sausage to return. However, a great deal of time passed and the mouse became exceedingly concerned.

MOUSE : This has been too long. Where, oh where, can the little sausage be?

ROBIN : I'll go fly about and look for it.

NARRATOR : Not far off, the robin spied a big, ugly, mangy, flea-ridden dog right as he was swallowing the sausage. She flew down to him.

ROBIN : Robber! Robber! You have eaten my friend, the little sausage.

DOG : See here, robin. Stop yelling at me. I found forged letters on that sausage. It got what it deserved!

NARRATOR : And the big, ugly, mangy, dirty, smelly, flatulent—

DOG : Hey!

NARRATOR : Well, the dog stomped away in a huff. Heartbroken, the robin flew home and told the mouse what had happened.

MOUSE : I guess there is nothing we can do.

ROBIN : Yes, I guess not. I'll go ready the table for our meal.

NARRATOR : Now, the mouse wanted to season the soup the way the sausage used to season it, so she climbed into the boiling pot. And, before she could say another word, she lost her hair—

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MOUSE : Oh my!

NARRATOR : —and her skin—

MOUSE : Oh my gawd!

NARRATOR : —and her life. When the robin came into the kitchen for dinner, the mouse was gone.

ROBIN : Mouse! Mouse! Where are you?

NARRATOR : In her frenzy to find the mouse, the robin knocked the pot over and scattered the fire. The house began to fill with smoke.

ROBIN : Oh, heavens! I'd better fetch some water from the well!

NARRATOR : But, the bucket dropped into the well and the robin fell in after it and drowned.

Oh, well. That's what happens sometimes when you change things for a lark.

The end.

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