

The Three Codependent Goats Gruff

Adapted for Stage By Felicia Pfluger
Based on Politically Correct Bed Time Stories

ROLES:

Narrator

Goat 2

Goat 3

Troll

Narrator: Once on a lovely mountainside lived three goats that were related as siblings. Their name was Gruff, and they were a very close family. During the winter months they lived in a lush, green valley, eating grass and doing other things in a naturally goatish manner. When summer came, they would travel up the mountainside to where the pasture was sweeter.

This way, they did not overgraze their valley and kept their ecological footprint as small as possible. To get to this pasture, the goats had to cross bridge over a wide chasm. When the first days of summer came, one goat set out to cross the bridge. The goat was the least chronologically accomplished of the siblings and thus had achieved the least superiority of size.

Goat puts on gear.

Narrator: Then all of a sudden, over the railing and onto the bridge leaped a troll- hairy, dirt-accomplished, and odor-enhanced.

Out pops the troll

Troll: Yarghh!, I am the keeper of this bridge, and while goats may have the right to cross it, I'll eat any that try!

Goat1: But why, Mr. Troll?

Troll: Because I'm a troll, and proud of it. I have a troll's needs, and those needs include eating goats, so you better respect them or else.

Goat 1: Certainly, sir... If eating me would help you become a more complete troll, nothing would please me more. But I really can't commit to that course of action without first consulting my siblings. Will you excuse me?

Narrator: Next, the middle sibling goat came up to the bridge. This goat was more chronologically advanced than the first goat and so enjoyed an advantage in size. Although, this did not make him a better or more deserving goat. He was going to cross the bridge when...

Troll: Nature has made me a troll, and I embrace my troll hood. Would you deny me my right to live the life of a troll as fully and effectively as I can?

Goat 2: Me? Never!

- Troll:** Then stand still there while I come over and eat you up. And don't try to run away; I would take that as a personal affront.
- Goat 2:** However... I have a very close family, and it would be selfish of me to allow myself to be eaten without asking their opinion. I have respect for their feelings, too. I would hate to think that my absence would cause them any emotional stress, if I hadn't first..."
- Troll:** Go then!
- Goat 2:** I'll rush back here as soon as we reach a consensus, for it's not fair to keep you in suspense.
- Troll:** You're too kind
- Narrator:** As the troll's hunger grew, he began to feel real grievance toward the goats. If he didn't get to eat at least one of them, he was determined to go to the authorities. When the third goat came to the bridge, the troll discovered that he was nearly twice the troll's size, with large, sharp horns, and hard, heavy hooves.
- Troll:** Oh, please, please forgive me! I was using you and your siblings for my own selfish ends. I don't know what drove me to it, but I've seen the error of my ways.
- Big Goat:** Now, now, you can't take all the blame for yourself. Our presence and supreme edibility put you in this situation. My siblings and I all feel terrible. Please, you must forgive us.

Troll: *Sobbing* No, no, it's my entire fault. I threatened and bullied you all, just for the sake of my own survival. How selfish I was!

Big Goat: We were the selfish ones. We only wanted to save our own skins, and we totally your needs. Please, eat me now!

Troll: No, you must butt me off this bridge for my insensitivity and selfishness.

Big Goat: I'll do no such thing, since we all tempted you in the first place. Here, have a chomp. Go ahead.

Troll: I'm telling you, *standing* I'm the guilty one here. Now, knock me off this bridge and be quick about it!

Big Goat: Look, no one is going to take away my blame for this, not even you, and so eat me before I pop you in the nose.

Troll: Don't play guiltier-than-thou with me, Horn head!

Big Goat: Horn head? You smelly hairball! I'll show you guilt!

They start to fight. Little goat brothers come on stage.

Goat 1: I'm guilty to!

Goat2: I feel terrible, eat me!

Jump into fight with goat

Narrator: Unfortunately, the little bridge was not built to carry such a weight as a troll and three goats. It shook and

swayed and finally buckled, hurling the troll and the three codependent goats Gruff into the chasm.

Noooooo, Help Me.... Arrrggghh!

On their way down, they each felt relieved that they would finally get what they deserved, plus, as a bonus, a little extra guilt for the fate of the others.