

**GRIMM, M.D.: FAIRY TALE DOCTOR**  
**By Jane and Jim Jeffries**

*(Excerpts may be used royalty free for auditions.)*

**AUDITION 1-- for 2 m, 1 w**

*In this scene, Dr. Grimm is assigned more work from Dr. Muffet, and he meets with Geppetto.*

*(LIGHTS down on SL, up on SR. GRIMM meets MUFFET with a stack of files.)*

**MUFFET:** Grimm! Why were all of those boxes of cereal by the ultrasound machine?

**GRIMM:** There was a magic decoder ring in one of those boxes. *(Holds out hand to show ring.)* The ultrasound machine quickened the search considerably.

**MUFFET:** *(Flinches.)* What does it decode?

**GRIMM:** The gibberish that comes out of your mouth.

**MUFFET:** Quit wasting time. I've got more cases for you.

**GRIMM:** *(Consults his ring.)* Why, yes, I'd appreciate it if you would get off my case.

**MUFFET:** *(Grabbing at ring.)* Give me that ring.

**GRIMM:** You want me to give you a ring? This is all rather sudden, Dr. Tuffet. Or may I call you Pookie?

**MUFFET:** *(Smacks GRIMM in the shoulder with a file.)* You can call me boss. Here is your next clinical case. Now get to work. *(Shoves file in GRIMM's hand.)*

**GRIMM:** Work. *(Consults ring.)* I can't decode that word.

**MUFFET:** Try decoding "fired." Your next case is waiting for you. *(MUFFET exits.)*

**GRIMM:** *(Looks at ring.)* This ring was almost not worth the sugar buzz it cost.

*(GRIMM crosses to exam table where GEPPETTO is waiting with a puppet.)*

**GRIMM:** *(Cont'd.)* I'm Dr. Grimm. And you are?

**GEPETTO:** Geppetto.  
**GRIMM:** Mr. Geppetto—  
**GEPETTO:** No, just Geppetto.  
**GRIMM:** Ah. Rock star?  
**GEPETTO:** Woodcarver.  
**GRIMM:** Of course. And who... *(Pauses and looks more closely.)* what is that?  
**GEPETTO:** My son, Pinocchio.  
**GRIMM:** Your son. I think I've heard of him. Carved him yourself, did you?  
**GEPETTO:** Why, yes. A chip off the old block, so to speak.  
**GRIMM:** So to speak. What seems to be the problem?  
**GEPETTO:** He wants to be a real boy.  
**GRIMM:** A real boy?  
**GEPETTO:** Yes.  
**GRIMM:** You know that a real boy eats twice his body weight in pizza every day and leaves a layer of compost eighteen inches thick on his bedroom floor.  
**GEPETTO:** But I'm sure my Pinocchio—  
**GRIMM:** A real boy can't sort laundry but can get to the sixty-seventh level of Killer Mutant Zombies.  
**GEPETTO:** But—  
**GRIMM:** A real boy can convert a quaint bungalow into smoking rubble by mixing a fifth of Chivas Regal, fifty pounds of fertilizer, and a dead chipmunk.  
**GEPETTO:** A dead chipmunk?  
**GRIMM:** It was handy.  
**GEPETTO:** *(Long pause.)* I see. What do you suggest?  
**GRIMM:** *(Begins examination.)* Well, he has no heart, no brain, and no spine.  
**GEPETTO:** He is a puppet.  
**GRIMM:** Right. The bad news is that I suggest he become a politician.  
**GEPETTO:** A politician?  
**GRIMM:** He is a puppet. And at least he doesn't have lupus.  
**GEPETTO:** But you can treat lupus. What is the cure for being a politician?  
**GRIMM:** Well, there's...investigative journalism.  
**GEPETTO:** Right.

**GRIMM:** Well, good luck on the campaign. *(Starts to exit then turns.)* Oh, and Geppetto?

**GEPETTO:** Yes?

**GRIMM:** Once little Pinocchio gets into politics, you'll have to bring him in here regularly.

**GEPETTO:** For a physical?

**GRIMM:** Nope. For a nose job.

## **AUDITION 2-- for 2 m**

*In this scene, Dr. Grimm diagnosis Rumpelstiltskin.*

*(GRIMM walks to SR. LIGHTS down on SL and up on SR where RUMPLESTILTSKIN waits in exam room.)*

**GRIMM:** I'm Dr. Grimm. And you are?

**RUMPLESTILTSKIN:** I'll give you three guesses.

**GRIMM:** Excuse me?

**RUMPLESTILTSKIN:** I'll give you three chances to guess my name, or else... *(Threatening look.)*

**GRIMM:** Or else what?

**RUMPLESTILTSKIN:** I take your first-born son.

**GRIMM:** *(Pause.)* I don't have any children.

**RUMPLESTILTSKIN:** Oh. I take your first wife?

**GRIMM:** Never married.

**RUMPLESTILTSKIN:** I take your first edition Avengers?

**GRIMM:** Now we have a problem.

**RUMPLESTILTSKIN:** Guess my name, or you'll never see the Hulk again.

**GRIMM:** Don't make me angry.

**RUMPLESTILTSKIN:** Don't make me laugh. You haven't been exposed to gamma radiation.

**GRIMM:** I need to give you a tour of radiology. *(Pauses.)*

**RUMPLESTILTSKIN:** Well?

**GRIMM:** I'm thinking.

**RUMPLESTILTSKIN:** Time's a wasting. First guess?

**GRIMM:** Your name is Rumpelstiltskin.

**RUMPLESTILTSKIN:** No, you are wro— What? Who told you?

**GRIMM:** Nobody told me. If you look at the outside of your knees—

**RUMPLESTILTSKIN:** (*Looks at his knees.*) What about them?

**GRIMM:** Your skin is rumped, and I can see obvious stilt marks against your thigh.

**RUMPLESTILTSKIN:** So?

**GRIMM:** Rumped, stilt, skin.

**RUMPLESTILTSKIN:** Wow. That's amazing.

**GRIMM:** I am amazing. That, and your name tag says, "Hello, I'm Rumpelstiltskin."

**RUMPLESTILTSKIN:** Drat! I forgot to take it off after my EGA meeting.

**GRIMM:** EGA?

**RUMPLESTILTSKIN:** Evil Gnomes Anonymous.

**GRIMM:** (*Pause.*) Got it. So, as fascinating as this has been so far, how can I help you?

**RUMPLESTILTSKIN:** Well, I've been having pain in my hands.

**GRIMM:** Can you be a little more specific?

**RUMPLESTILTSKIN:** My left hand hurts and my right hand hurts.

**GRIMM:** (*Beat.*) Are you sure you're not a member of Irritating Gnomes Anonymous?

**RUMPLESTILTSKIN:** That, too.

**GRIMM:** What do you do for a living?

**RUMPLESTILTSKIN:** I spin straw into gold.

**GRIMM:** (*Pause.*) No, really, what do you do for a living?

**RUMPLESTILTSKIN:** I just told you.

**GRIMM:** How do you do it?

**RUMPLESTILTSKIN:** I sell shares in my straw company to two investors for two gold pieces each. They then each sell shares to four more investors at two gold pieces, and I get half. Those four investors then sell shares to sixteen more investors—

**GRIMM:** A pyramid scheme? That's how you spin straw into gold?

**RUMPLESTILTSKIN:** Of course. That's how all the evil gnomes do it.

**GRIMM:** Stock market collapse?

**RUMPLESTILTSKIN:** Evil gnomes.

**GRIMM:** Housing market collapse?

**RUMPLESTILTSKIN:** All evil gnomes.

**GRIMM:** Social Security?

**RUMPLESTILTSKIN:** No way. Even evil gnomes won't stoop that low.

**GRIMM:** I see. Well, I think I've diagnosed your problem.

**RUMPLESTILTSKIN:** What is it?

**GRIMM:** Corporate funnel syndrome.

**RUMPLESTILTSKIN:** Corporate funnel syndrome?

**GRIMM:** Your hands ache from holding your corporate bonuses.

**RUMPLESTILTSKIN:** I can live with that. (*Stands.*) Well, I've got to get back to work.

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