

**The Trial of
Harry Wolfe**



John Donald O'Shea

“THE TRIAL OF HARRY WOLFE”

A Fractured Fairy Tale Comedy

by John Donald O’Shea

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John Donald O’Shea**

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“THE TRIAL OF HARRY WOLFE”

Synopsis

Every child knows the story of how Little Red Riding Hood, and her grandmother, Granny Riding Hood were eaten up by the wolf. And almost everyone feels deep sympathy for Granny and the child. But few people have made any real effort to understand why the wolf, Harry Wolfe, did what he did.

After Granny Riding Hood and Little Red Riding Hood were devoured by the Harry, a citizen's arrest was effected by a wood-cutter who happened to be working in the vicinity. Once Harry Wolfe was safely entrusted to the custody of the sheriff, the wheels of justice began to turn, and Harry Wolfe was ultimately tried before a jury of his peers for the double homicide. This is the almost true account of that trial - almost!

This is the story of Harry Wolfe -- a guy who truly marches to a different drummer.

“THE TRIAL OF HARRY WOLFE”

Cast List

(Cast of 13. 1 Male, 5 Females, & 7 “Eithers.”)

Greta von Cistern (F)	Channel 8 Anchor-ette
Mary Sunshine (F)	Channel 8 star beat reporter-ette
Harry Wolfe (M)	The Big Bad Wolf. The Defendant
Whilemena “Wiley” Foxx (F)	Attorney for the Defendant.
Dorothy Doogood (F)	Prosecutor
Protester #1)	Three Animal Rights Protesters
Protester #2)	
Protester #3)	
Deputy	A deputy sheriff / bailiff
Judge Una Uptight (F)	The Trial Judge
Woodance “Woody” Woodcutter	A wood cutter in the forest
Clerk	The clerk of court
Foreman of the Jury	A wolfe acting as jury foreman

and Eleven jurors from audience. (no lines)

“The Trial of Harry Wofle”

Props List

Scene 1. (TV station and on street)

2 shirts for Greta and Mary: “Channel 8, Eyewitness News”

Mic for each

Desk and chair for Greta

Sign for behind Greta, “Channel 8, Eyewitness News”

Scene 2. (Jail)

Table

2 chairs

Screen to divide

Scene 3 (Dorothy’s Office)

Desk and chair for Dorothy

Scene 4. (TV station and on street)

3 signs and three PETA t-shirts for protesters

other - same as in scene 1

Scene 5 (Judge’s office)

Desk and chair for judge

3 other chairs

Scene 6 and 8 (Courtroom)

Desk and chair for judge

Desk and chair for clerk

chair (and partition) for witness

12 chairs and partition for jury
table and chair for Dorothy
table and 2 chairs for Wiley & Harry.
gavel and black robe for judge.
three chairs for protesters
Chair for bailiff

Scene 7. (TV station and on street)

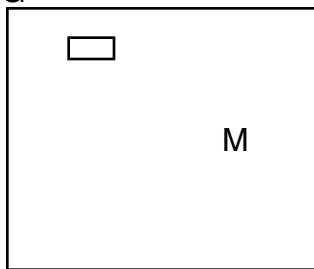
Same as scene 1

“The Trial of Harry Wolfe”

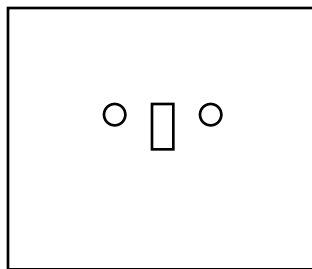
THE SET

The set is meant to be minimal. It consists of tables and chairs which are moved between scenes. The placement of the furniture suggests the various venues of the play

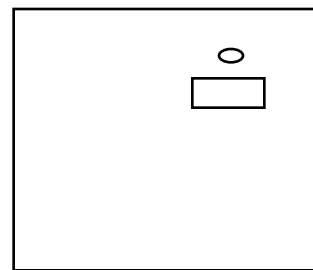
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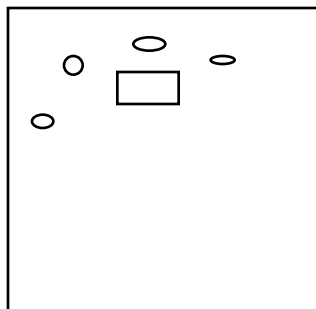
Scenes 1, 4, 7 & 9. Mary is a reporter outside the court house. Greta is an anchor person, back at the TV station.



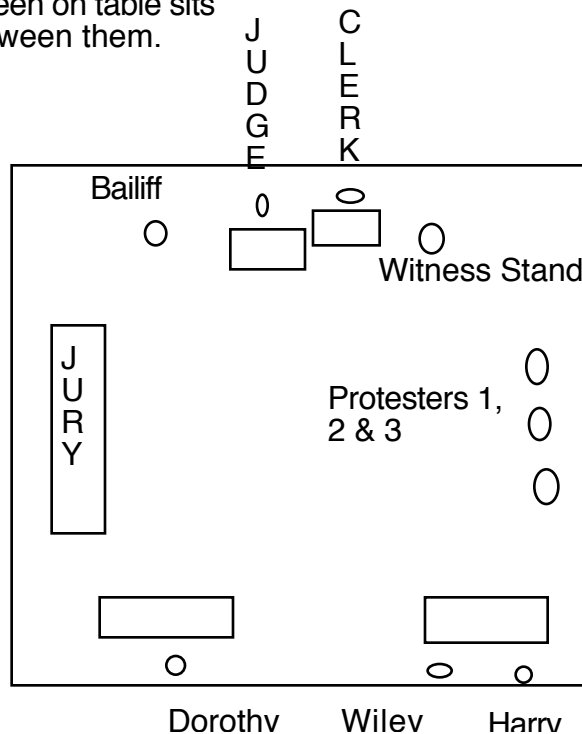
Scene 2. A visiting room at the jail. Wiley enters from USR to SR chair. Harry awaits her on the SL chair. A screen on table sits between them.



Scene 3. Prosecutor's Office. Chair is for Dorothy. Wiley enters from USR



Scene 5. Judge's Chambers. Chair behind desk is for judge. SL chair is for Dorothy. Two SR chairs are for Wiley and Harry



“THE TRIAL OF HARRY WOLFE”

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Act I

Scene 1

(The stage is pitch black. Suddenly bright lighting illuminates a woman seated at a television style news anchor desk. A sign behind the desk says “Channel 8 - Celebrity News.”)

Greta Von Cistern. And now to our super-star beat reporterette, Mary Sunshine, who has breaking news of the arrest of a suspect in the disappearance of Red Riding Hood and Granny Riding Hood. Come in Mary. This is Greta Von Cistern.

(A light illuminates Mary Sunshine on the other side of the stage)

Mary Sunshine. Hi, Greta. I’m Mary Sunshine!

Greta. What have you got for us Mary Sunshine?

Mary. I’m hearing from a reliable source that one suspect has been taken into custody in connection with the disappearance of Little Red Riding Hood, and Granny Riding Hood. Did I mention *(Smiling for camera)* that my name is Mary Sunshine? Little

Mary Sunshine.

Greta. Yes, you did Mary Sunshine . Did I mention my name is Greta Von Cistern?

Mary. Yes, you did.

Greta. Can you tell us anymore, Mary?

Mary. Only this. The girl's mother, Mommy Riding Hood, reported the child missing earlier in the week when she failed to return home after going to visit her grandmother in the woods....

Greta. In the woods?

Mary. Yes. With a basket full of goodies.

Greta. Have the police spoken to the child's grandmother, Mary Sunshine?

Mary. The child's Grandmother is not Mary Sunshine. I'm Mary Sunshine. The child's grandmother is Granny Riding Hood.

Greta. Thank you for that clarification, Mary Sunshine.

Mary. They tried, but when they attempted to speak with grandma, she was missing, too.

Greta. Is there any chance that grandma absconded with the child?

Mary. "Absconded?" That word is not in my perky reporterette vocabulary.

Greta. Ran off with her. Took her on a trip to Disney World, or to Chicago to see the Cubs lose?

Mary. The police don't think so, Greta. The child had no spare clothing with her, and all Granny's luggage and clothing was found in her closet?

Greta. Mary, as soon as you learn more, will you let me know?

Mary. I certainly will. And thank you for teaching me a new word. Absconded. Absconded. Absconded.

Greta. Thank you, Mary Sunshine.

Mary. And thank you, Greta Von Cistern. This is Mary Sunshine reporting and absconding.

Greta. And this is Greta Von Cistern anchoring and astounding.

(Lights down on both of them)

Scene 2

(A visiting room at the County Jail. Wiley Foxx is discovered looking at his papers, on his side of the screen. Harry Wolfe enters and takes his place on the visitors' side of the screen)

Wiley Foxx. Mr. Wolfe, I presume.

Harry Wolfe. Yeah, I'm Harry Wolfe. Who might you be?

Wiley. I'm Wiley Foxx. I'm your Public Defender.

Harry. It's about time you got here. I was getting hungry.

Wiley. Hey, I just got appointed. I came right over almost immediately. I had to watch my soap opera.

Harry. You've got to get me out of here.

Wiley. That's what they all say.

Harry. It's a matter of life and death. It's nearly lunch time.

Wiley. You're charged with murder

Harry. I being framed. I didn't murder anybody.

Wiley. The Indictment says you murdered Little Red Riding Hood and her grandmother...

Harry. Do you believe everything you read?

Wiley. ... and that you ate them!

Harry. Oops. Well, I guess that part's true.

Wiley. You actually admit you ate a little girl and her grandmother?

Harry. Yeah. Sure. Why not? I'm a very honest guy.

Wiley. That's terrible!

Harry. That I'm an honest guy?

Wiley. No, that you ate the little girl and her grandmother.

Harry. Oh! Was I supposed to eat someone else?

Wiley. How could you do such a thing?

Harry. Believe me, it wasn't easy. The old lady was pretty stringy.

Wiley. Stringy?

Harry. Tough. You know. Too much sinew.

Wiley. No, I don't know.

Harry. But the kid was delicious.

Wiley. *(Not believing what he is hearing)* How could you eat two people?

Harry. Well, I started with a glass of Cabernet Sauvignon ...

Wiley. Cabernet Sauvignon?

Harry. Yeah, you know, red wine with beef.

Wiley. But they weren't beef!

Harry. I was wondering about that.

Wiley. They were human beings.

Harry. I get it! You're saying I should have gone with white wine?

Wiley. I'm not talking about wine! In this country you can't eat your neighbor.

Harry. Really?

Wiley. It's against the law!

Harry. But what if you're hungry?

Wiley. It's still against the law.

Harry. Boy, what a stupid law!

Wiley. Most of them are. But you still have to obey them.

Harry. But what if you're *really* hungry?

Wiley. It doesn't matter.

Harry. I mean really, really hungry. Is a guy supposed to starve to death?

Wiley. Go to a McDonald's!

Harry. I did.

Wiley. Huh?

Harry. Three times last week. He doesn't have any more sheep.

Wiley. Sheep?

Harry. The things that go "baa." I ate them.

Wiley. I don't understand??

Harry. Have you ever eaten mutton three days in a row? Yuck!

Wiley. No.

Harry. Don't. It's very unpleasant. I had gas for three days. Fortunately, he had a pig, too.

Wiley. *(Not grasping what Wolfe is telling him)* They don't have sheep at McDonald's restaurants.

Harry. I didn't go to any restaurant. I went to his farm.

Wiley. His farm?

Harry. Yeah. Like in the song. *(He sings)* "Old MacDonald had a farm....."

Wiley. Why would you go to a farm?

Harry. Because that's where the "oink, oinks" are?

Wiley. *(Shaking his head in disbelief at what he is hearing)* I should have known.

Harry. He also has some "cluck, clucks."

Wiley. Chickens?

Harry. Yeah. I was planning to eat them next Wednesday.

Wiley. Has anybody ever suggested that you're a cannibal?

Harry. No. Why would they?

Wiley. Because you eat everybody that crosses your path.

Harry. (*Indignant*) That's not true. I've never eaten another wolf. Or a hockey player.

Wiley. Pardon me. I stand corrected.

Harry. You owe me an apology? You slandered me.

Wiley. I apologize.

Harry. Now that that's cleared up, when are you going to spring me?

Wiley. Are you crazy! I'll be lucky if I can get you off with life imprisonment. You've murdered two people.

Harry. I just told you. I didn't murder anybody.

Wiley. You've just admitted you ate two people!

Harry. I merely had lunch.

Wiley. I told you before, you can't eat people in this country.

Harry. Is that something new?

Wiley. It's been the law since this state was a territory,.

Harry. I knew it had to be something recent. What about our law?

Wiley. What law's that?

Harry. The "law of the jungle.

Wiley. There aren't any jungles around here!

Harry. Don't be so technical. The law of the forest?"

Wiley. "The law of the forest?"

Harry. You know, "Kill or be killed?" "Survival of the fittest?"

Wiley. Are you telling me that there's a law of the forest, and that you still adhere to it?

Harry. Religiously.

Wiley. (*The light flashes*) Mr. Wolfe, you just might have a defense.

(*Lights Down*)

Scene 3

(At the Office of the prosecutor. She has her hair drawn back, and wears horn rimmed glasses. She is all business.)

Wiley. *(Entering and directing his remarks to the Prosecutor)* Well, you guys really stuck it to me this time.

Dorothy Doogood. I haven't the faintest idea what you're talking about.

Wiley. Wolfe. Harry Wolfe. He's a fruitcake.

Dorothy. Really? I would have perhaps described him as an unbridled sociopath, but certainly not a fruit cake.

Wiley. That, too.

Dorothy. Then, why don't you just plead him "guilty."

Wiley. Because he maintains that he is "not guilty."

Dorothy. He admits he ate the child and grandma. We have his confession on tape.

Wiley. He distinguishes between first degree murder and dining out.

Dorothy. *(Not getting the drift)* Doesn't everybody?

Wiley. No. Not when they eat the little girl next door!

Dorothy. Good heavens! Are you implying that he's a cannibal?

Wiley. I raised the same question.

Dorothy. And?

Wiley. He denied it.

Dorothy. Why?

Wiley. Said he'd never eaten another wolf.

Dorothy. Then, technically, he not a cannibal.

Wiley. He made me apologize.

Dorothy. As well you should have.

Wiley. Thanks.

Dorothy. But he's still guilty of murder. In fact, two murders.

Wiley. Will you settle for a written apology?

Dorothy. Are you crazy?

Wiley. Then, I'll try to get him to enter a plea to Manslaughter?

Dorothy. Why Manslaughter?

Wiley. Did you ever hear of the case of *Queen v. Yellow Water*? (Note: there really is a famous Canadian manslaughter case called *Regina v. Machekequonabe*. The following facts come from that case. I've changed the name of the case.)

Dorothy. Isn't that the old werewolf case?

Wiley. *Yellow Water* wasn't a werewolf case; it was the "Wendigo" case.

Dorothy. What's the difference?

Wiley. Now that I think about it, not very much.

Dorothy. (After a pause) Your not going to tell me that he thought Little Red Riding Hood and Grandma were werewolves?

Wiley. No.

Dorothy. That's a relief. At least, I won't have to worry about the dreaded "Wendigo defense."

Wiley. Yes and no.

Dorothy. It wouldn't have worked anyway.

Wiley. Why?

Dorothy. Because the "Wendigo" defense is available only to the native Americans who have a cultural belief in the existence of evil spirits disguised as humans.

Wiley. So?

Dorothy. Your client is not a native America; he's a timber wolf.

Wiley. Did I ever claim he wasn't?

Dorothy. Then what does *Yellow Water* have to do with this case?

Wiley. In *Yellow Water*, the defendant believed that Wendigos existed.

Dorothy. And...?

Wiley. And that one was lurking just outside their camp so it could sneak in and eat everybody there around midnight.

Dorothy. Oh, now I get it! . Your client thought that Riding Hood girl was going to eat *him!*

Wiley. Not exactly.

Dorothy. Granny?

Wiley. No.

Dorothy. Did you know, we found her false teeth on the bed stand?

Wiley. No.

Dorothy. *Yellow Water* fired his gun at a figure which he believed to be a Wendigo.

Wiley. Unfortunately, the Wendigo turned out to be his uncle.

Dorothy. Are you telling me that your client mistook the two women for Wendigos.

Wiley. Of course not. He mistook them for dinner.

Dorothy. The *Yellow Water* case involved something that almost amounted to a religious belief.

Wiley. So does my client's case.

Dorothy. Cannibalism is not a religion.

Wiley. My client is not a cannibal. He's a carnivore.

Dorothy. And what exactly is this deep seated cultural belief? This cultural creed?

Wiley. "Survival of the fittest."

Dorothy. And based on that that you're offering me a plea to Manslaughter?

Wiley. Yup.

Dorothy. How many years?

Wiley. Six months. Just like in *Yellow Water*.

Dorothy. See you in court.

(Lights Down)

Scene 4

(Back at the television studio. The stage is pitch black. Suddenly bright lighting illuminates a woman seated at a television style news anchor desk. A sign behind says "Channel 8 - Celebrity News.")

Greta. I understand that Mary Sunshine, our super star reporterette, has late breaking news of a spontaneous protest outside the County Courthouse. Come in Mary Sunshine.

Mary. Greta, I'm Mary Sunshine with late breaking news from in front of the Bear *(or some other)* County Courthouse.

Greta. And I'm Greta von Cistern. What is your news, little Mary Sunshine.

Mary. Greta, about a half hour ago a vast number of demonstrators appeared here, outside the Court House.

Greta. How many would you estimate there were?

Mary. Too many to count!

Greta. Are they still there?

Mary. Yes.

Greta. What are they demonstrating about, Mary?

Mary. They are demanding the release of Harry Wolfe, the prime suspect in the disappearances of Red and Granny Riding Hood. Listen.

(What has been described as a "vast crowd" in reality numbers only three)

Three Protesters. *(All carry placards. One says "PETA says Free Harry Now!" A second says, " PETA demands Free Harry Wolfe!" A third says, "PETA says Wolves Is People Too!"As if on cue, the begin their inane chant.)*

Free Harry now! Free Harry now! Free Harry now!

Mary. *(Crossing to the protesters to interview them)* Hi, I'm Little Mary Sunshine, star beat reporterette of Channel 8 Entertainment News. Could one of you tell me what this protest is all about.

Protester #1. We want Harry Wolfe freed!

Protester. #2. Free Harry Wolfe!

Protester #3. Free Harry Now!

Mary. I don't understand. He's charged with a double murder. Why would you want him let go?

Protester #1. PETA demands ethical treatment for animals.

Protester #2. Harry Wolfe's an animal!

Protester #3. The Constitution guarantees equal rights for all persons.

Protester #1. Wolves is persons, too!

Mary. Persons?

Protester #3. Yeah, cute little furry persons!

Protester #1. Why should Harry Wolfe languish in jail, when every day people eat cows at McDonald's!

Protester #2. When people eat boars at "Boars R Us!"

Protesters #3. If people can eat cows and pigs

Protester #1. ... not to mention aardvarks,

Protester #3. wolves should be able to eat people, too!

Protester #2. It's a matter of equal protection!

Protesters #3. Due Process.

Mary. That makes sense! You're saying, what's good for the goose ...

Protester #2. Is good for the groundhog!

Mary. Groundhog?

Protester #3. *(To Mary)* She meant, gander.

Protester #2. Right on! *(Like a cheerleader)* Go PETA, save whales!

Protester #1. Darling, that's tomorrow. Today is "save the wolf day." All day long.

Protester #2. I thought tomorrow was baby seals?

Protester #3. That's Thursday afternoon!

(At this point, Harry Wolfe enters the scene. He is cuffed and in the custody of a deputy sheriff)

Protester #1. Look it's him!

Protester #2. It's Harry Wolfe!

Protester #3. *(In rapture)* He's beautiful.

Protester #1 Look at his silky coat!

Protester #2. Look at his cute furry nose.

Protester #3. His pointed ears!

Protester #2. Don't worry Harry.

Protester #1. We support you 100%!

Protester #2. If people are going to eat animals,

Protester #3. ... animals have to have an equal right to eat people!

Protester #1. We're with you, Harry!

Protester #2. We're in this together, Mr. Wolfe.

Protester #3. Basic fairness requires that wolves be able to eat people!

All Three. We love you, Harry!

Harry. *(To the deputy)* Who are these guys?

Deputy. They're from PETA.

Harry. What's that?

Deputy. They're an animal rights organization.

Harry. And they believe it's okay for me to eat people?

Deputy. That's the way I understand it.

Harry. Ask the little chubby one - the one in the middle -- to meet me in my cell around lunch time.

(Lights Down)

Scene 5

(A meeting in the Judge's Chambers. The Judge, Wiley and Doogood are present.

There is a knock on the door.)

Judge Una Uptight. Come in.

Deputy. Judge Uptight, this is the defendant, Harry Wolfe.

Judge. Have a seat, Mr. Wolfe.

Harry. *(Looking at the seat where Dorothy sits)* Can I have hers?

Judge. No. You can't have Ms. Doogood's. Kindly sit next to your attorney.

Harry. *(Referring to Doogood)* How about if I eat her first? Then could I sit there?

Dorothy. I object, your Honor.

Judge. *(Angry)* Objection sustained!

Harry. Why? Did I say something wrong?

Wiley. My client, your Honor, has an insatiable appetite.

Harry. I'm always hungry.

Wiley. He's still a teen ager.

Harry. I'm still growing!

Judge. *(Somewhat uncomfortable, scooting away)* In that case, keep him away from me.

Wiley. Yes, your Honor.

Judge. Mr. Wolfe you're here for a plea conference.

Harry. *(Not grasping)* I don't drink tea.

Dorothy. Not tea; plea.

Harry. Who drinks pea?

Judge. Not pea. Plea!

Harry. Is that anything like brunch?

Judge. Your client seems to have a one-track mind, counselor.

Wiley. Yes, your Honor. That's why he's pleading, "Not Guilty"

Dorothy. Give me a break!

Harry. *(Genuinely trying to be helpful)* What specifically do you want broken?

Dorothy. Your client has admitted eating two people.

Harry. What's wrong with that?

Dorothy. How can he possibly plead "not guilty?"

Wiley. He believed them to be lunch.

Harry. As distinguished from human beings.

Judge. How could he believe two human beings to be lunch?

Harry. They looked like lunch, your Honor.

Wiley. It was a teeny-weeny honest mistake.

Harry. A simple, itsy-bitsy honest mistake, your Honor.

Wiley. To my client, they looked like lunch.

Dorothy. He killed two human beings, your Honor.

Wiley. But, he had no intention of even harming them.

Harry. It was the farthest thing from my mind, Judge.

Wiley. Much less killing them. He's nearsighted.

Harry. *(Confirming)* Yes. I'm horribly nearsighted.

Wiley. He's slated for lasik surgery next spring, Judge.

Harry. Furthermore, they smelled like lunch.

Dorothy. And just what does lunch smell like?

Harry. *(Alluding to the prosecutor)* Rather like her, your Honor.

Dorothy. (*Quite concerned*) Keep him away from me!

Wiley. Furthermore, Judge, he was behaving consistently with his cultural beliefs.

Judge. What's that got to do with anything?

Harry. I'm a Carnivore, your Honor, I eat meat religiously.

Wiley. And at common law, committing a homicide under a mistake of fact during the course of following ones deeply held cultural beliefs was no more than manslaughter.

Judge. (*To Wiley*) Are you saying that your client is willing to enter a plea to a reduced charge of manslaughter.

Wiley. Yes.

Harry. NO!

Dorothy. What do you mean, "No."

Harry. I want a trial by a jury of my peers.

Dorothy. (*Exasperated*) That can be arranged.

Judge. (*Picks up phone*) Mr. (Ms.) Bailiff, call the jury assembly room clerk, and have her send up thirty jurors.

Dorothy. And now, Mr. Wolfe, you shall have your trial - by twelve men good and true.

Harry. That stinks!

Wiley. We object.

Harry. Nuts to that "twelve men" stuff.

Dorothy. Does you client want a six man jury instead?

Wiley. No. My client has demanded a jury of his peers.

Judge. I don't quite follow the objection?

Wiley. My client asserts his Constitutional right to be tried by his peers.

Harry. Twelve timber wolves, you Honor!

Dorothy. Timber wolves?

Wiley. Twelve of them.

Harry. But, I'll compromise. Six wolves and six PETA members!

(Lights Down)

Scene 6

(As the scene opens, we find 12 jurors in the jury box. Six are people. Six are wolves. All have been drawn from the audience. They will hear the evidence, but they will have no lines, The scene takes place in open court. Besides he chairs for the 12 jurors, we find the judge behind the bench, and one table for the prosecutor, and one for the defense.)

Dorothy. *(Making her opening remarks)* Ladies, and gentlemen *(A slight pause)* and Timber Wolves of the jury. At this point in the trial it is customary for each of the attorneys to make an opening statement. Mr. Wolfe, seated over there with his attorney, Mr. Foxx. Is charged with committing two murders in cold blood.

Wiley. Objection, your Honor!

Judge. Why, counsel?

Wiley. My client claims both bodies were lukewarm when he ate them.

Harry. That includes the blood!

Dorothy. I stand corrected. The State has charged Mr. Wolfe with eating two lukewarm bodies in cold blood. *(To Wiley and Wolfe)* Any objection?

Wiley. Yes. We also object to any reference to the term murder.

Harry. It portrays me in an unfavorable light.

Wiley. That would imply that my client harbored an intent to kill someone, when in fact my client merely intended to have lunch.

Harry. After all, it was just about noon.

Judge. Objection overruled. What his intent was, is a question for the jury.

Dorothy. The State contends quite simply that the defendant Harry Wolfe murdered little Red Riding Hood and Granny Riding Hood so he could have lunch.

(From the Gallery)

Protester #1. Free Harry Wolfe!

Protester #2. Harry Wolfe is being railroaded!

Protester 3. We love Harry Wolfe!

Protester #1. Give him Liberty

Protester #2. or give him death!

Protesters 1 & 3. Are you crazy?

Protester #2. *(Apologetically)* Sorry. I got carried away!

Judge. Silence in court. If there are any further outbursts, I'll hold the outburster in
Contempt of Court!

Harry. Doesn't your Honor mean to say, "burster outer."

Judge. That applies to you, too, Mr. Defendant.

Harry. *(Under his breath to Wiley)* I'm glad I'm not married to her! She'd make me clean up
the leftover bones.

Dorothy. I have nothing more to say, your Honor. The testimony of the State's witnesses
will be simple and straight foreword. The jury will understand it without hearing
any more from me.

Judge. Mr. Foxx.

Wiley. The defendant wishes to reserve his opening remarks until the conclusion of the
State's case.

Dorothy. It won't make any difference , your Honor. Our case will be very brief.

Judge. Very well, Mr. Foxx.

Dorothy. The State calls Woodance Woodcutter.

Clerk. *(Or Judge) (To Woodcutter)* Do you swear to tell the whole truth and nothing
but the truth?

Woodance Woodcutter. I do.

Dorothy. Please state your name.

Woody. Woodance Woodcutter. My friends call me “Woody.”

Dorothy. Do you recall where you were about 11 a. m. on the morning of *(Insert a Date)* ?

Woody. I was in the woods, clearing brush along the path that leads to the Old Mill

“Down By the Old Mill Stream.”

Dorothy. Are there any homes along that path?

Woody. Just one. Mycroft Holmes.

Dorothy. Mycroft Holmes?

Woody. He’s Sherlock’s brother.

Dorothy. Not that kind of Holmes. I meant house “homes.”

Woody. Well, there’s Granny Riding Hood’s cottage.

Dorothy. Where exactly is that cottage in reference to the Old Mill?

Woody. The Old Mill is a far piece north of where I was working. Granny’s cottage was about half way there.

Dorothy. Can you describe it.

Woody. You know, a white house with green shutters and morning glories twining round the door - with a septic tank.

Dorothy. Did you know Granny Riding Hood?

Woody. Yes. She was the lady who hired me to clear the brush earlier that morning.

Dorothy. Do you know the defendant?

Woody. I met him about 10 o’clock that morning. He came running up to me, and asked if I could give him directions to Granny’s house.

Dorothy. Can you point out the person and/or wolf who you spoke with that morning?

Woody. *(Pointing to Harry)* He’s the guy over there with the long furry nose, wearing the garish sport coat and white tennis shoes.

Judge. The record may show the defendant is indicated.

Dorothy. Did you see anyone else that morning?

Woody. I saw a little girl.

Dorothy. Can you describe her?

Woody. I thought she was about 8 years old. She was wearing a red hood, and singing, *"Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?"*

Dorothy. Did you notice anything else?

Woody. Yes. She had pitch problems.

Dorothy. Pitch problems?

Woody. She was flating something terrible. She couldn't carry a tune in a basket!

Dorothy. Did you see any of them later that morning?

Woody. Only Mr. Wolfe.

Dorothy. Where did you see him?

Woody. In Granny's bedroom.

Dorothy. What caused you to go to Granny's place?

Woody. I thought I heard a child scream -- from the direction of Granny's cottage. So I went to investigate.

Dorothy. Did you see Mr. Wolfe upon your arrival?

Woody. Yes.

Dorothy. What was he doing?

Woody. He was finishing up a glass of red wine.

Dorothy. Did you notice anything amiss?

Woody. The red wine. I believe white wine is appropriate with fish, minor Crustecea, and bipeds.

Dorothy. *(Not believing what she is hearing)* Ah, yes. Anything else?

Woody. He was licking his chops, humming *"Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolfe,"* and passing gas.

Dorothy. Nothing else?

Woody. Nothing at all, unless you're referring to the fact that he was wearing Granny's night cap, lace robe, and pink furry slippers --

Dorothy. What did you do?

Woody. I asked him where Granny and the child were?

Dorothy. Did he respond?

Woody. He burped.

Dorothy. Burped?

Woody. Twice, if I remember. Quite uncouthly.

Dorothy. When did you first suspect that something was amiss?

Woody. When I saw the red hood balled up next to the bed. And when he asked me for a toothpick.

Dorothy. A tooth pick?

Woody. It might have been dental floss

Dorothy. What did you do?

Woody. I asked him where Granny and the child were?

Dorothy. And?

Woody. He said he ate them.

Dorothy. What did you do then?

Woody. I told him I was making a citizen's arrest, and taking him to the sheriff, and that if he tried to escape, I'd chop him into little pieces with my ax.

Dorothy. And then did you then take him to the sheriff?

Woody. Yes. Pink furry slippers and all.

Dorothy. Thank you. That will be all. *(To Foxx)* You may cross examine.

Wiley. Were you, Mr. Woodcutter, aware that my client is a member of an Endangered Species?

Dorothy. Objection, you Honor. What has this got to do with anything?

Judge. Well, Mr. Foxx?

Wiley. I propose to establish that my client is the true victim in this case.

Dorothy. That's absurd, your Honor. If he's the victim, Granny Riding Hood should have eaten him!

Wiley. She couldn't.

Woody. Her false teeth were on her bed stand.

Wiley. My client had to make sure that she couldn't get her teeth into her mouth.

Harry. It was a pure matter of self defense.

Dorothy. I thought you client was just hungry?

Harry. And lunch!

Judge. Objection sustained. The Endanger Species Act exists to protect wolves from hunters. It does not give wolves a license to eat people!

Harry. That stinks!

Wiley. *(To Woody)* Did you actually see my client eat anyone?

Woody. No.

Wiley. Did you see any blood?

Woody. No.

Wiley. Did you find any silverware in the bed room?

Woody. No.

Harry. *(To Wiley)* I hate to leave a mess. I used a napkin!

Wiley. In fact, you saw no evidence of murder?

Woody. No. -- Other than your client wearing Granny's nightie, and the red hood balled up on the floor.

Wiley. No further questions.

Dorothy. The State rests.

Judge. *(To Wiley)* You may make your opening statement.

Wiley. Thank you, your Honor.

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Jury. You see before you Harry Wolfe.

Protesters. We love you, Harry!

Judge. Silence!

Wiley. Harry stands charged with two murders.

Harry. *(To Wiley)* Yeah, I'm being libeled. I think we should sue!

Wiley. *(Ignoring Harry)* But before you can find Harry guilty, you must take time to understand what Harry was thinking. For there is no crime without a mental element.

Dorothy. *(Very sarcastically)* And your client is incapable of mental activity?

Wiley. *(Ignoring her)* Before you can find him guilty, you must find that he "intended" to kill his victims. We will adduce evidence that shows that Harry harbored no such intent. But to understand what was going on in Harry's mind, you need to know Harry as a person.

Three Protesters. Right on, Sister!

Wiley. And once you do, we are confident that you will find he committed no crime.

The Defense calls Harry Wolfe.

Harry. *(He emits a typical wolf's howl)* Ow-oooooo!

Judge. What is your client doing?

Wiley. Howling, I believe.

Judge. Why?

Harry. I was trying to relax my adenoids.

Judge. *(Muttering)* Of course. I should have known better than to ask.

Clerk. *(To Harry)* Do you swear to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth?

Harry. Certainly. I'm a very honest guy.

Wiley. Will you tell us your full name.

Harry. Harry Joe Dimaggio Wolfe.

Wiley. Are you a baseball fan?

Harry. No. My father was. He loved the Red Sox.

Wiley. Joe Dimaggio was a Yankee.

Harry. But his brother, Dom, played center field for the Red Sox.

Wiley. *(Not quite following the logic)* I see. *(A pause)* I think. What do you do for a living?

Harry. I eat.

Wiley. No. I meant, what is your job?

Harry. *(A little annoyed)* Finding something to eat.

Wiley. Is that all you do?

Harry. Pretty much. It's a full time job.

Wiley. What shift do you work?

Harry. I normally work nights. The 10 p. m. to 6 a. m. shift.

Wiley. Do you have a family.

Harry. I'm an orphan.

Wiley. An orphan? What became of your parents?

Harry. I don't know what became of my father. The last I heard he was playing professional ice hockey with the Chicago team.

Wiley. And your mother?

Harry. My mother was murdered.

Wiley. How? What happened?

Harry. I was very young at the time. She took me out into the forest to teach me to hunt.

Then suddenly she said she thought she smelled man - possibly a hunter. She told me to run for my life and hide. I did. Then I heard a gun shot. Later, when I went

back, I found my mother. She was dead. She had been shot. Just like in *"Bambi."*

Wiley. Was her murderer ever apprehended?

Harry. No.

Wiley. How did you survive?

Harry. My aunt found me wandering lost in the woods and raised me.

Wiley. How did she do that?

Harry. She was a Carnivore. She raised me to be one, too.

Wiley. So, she raise you as a Carnivore?

Harry. Yes.

Wiley. And what exactly did she teach you?

Harry. The usual stuff. The "law of the jungle." Survival of the fittest. Kill or be killed.

She taught by her example.

Wiley. And do you practice Carnivorism?

Harry. Devoutly. I do every thing I can to eat meat at least three times a week. And on every Friday.

Wiley. Now, you've heard the charges against you.

Harry. That I murdered the old lady and her grand daughter?

Wiley. That's right?

Harry. I didn't murder anybody.

Wiley. What did you do?

Harry. When lunch presented itself, I merely partook.

Wiley. Why did you eat both of them?

Harry. I was hungry.

Wiley. That was one big lunch!

Harry. Well, I didn't want to have to box up the leftovers and send them to starving kids in China.

Wiley. “Starving kids in China?”

Harry. Auntie told me, “don’t waste food!”

Wiley. As you ate your lunch, did you have any intention of harming anyone?

Harry. Certainly not!

Wiley. Not even a little?

Harry. It was the farthest thing from my mind.

Wiley. So, what exactly was your intent.

Harry. I just intended to relax and have a nice lunch -- just like I do everyday.

Wiley. Like you do everyday?

Harry. Sure. The day before I had rabbit. *(After a pause, as if thinking)* I think his name was Thumper. He was tasty, but not very filling.

Wiley. Thumper? Bambi’s friend?

Harry. You know Bambi?

Wiley. He’s a young stag. A deer.

Harry. Of course I know him. He’s one of my best friends. *(A pregnant pause)* I ate him two weeks ago.

Wiley. You ate Bambi?

Harry. Sure. Why not? He was three rungs down on the food chain, wasn’t he?.

Dorothy. *(Interrupting)* But, he was a children’s icon!

Harry. I wouldn’t know about that. He tasted like deer to me.

Dorothy. This is terrible! You’re a walking crime wave!

Wiley. Objection, your Honor. The prosecutor is attempting to prejudice my client in the eyes of the jury!

Judge. Sustained. Ms. Doogood, the defendant is doing an excellent job of prejudicing himself. He doesn’t need your assistance.

Dorothy. Sorry, your Honor!

Wiley. Did you have any intent to harm either Thumper or Bambi?

Harry. Certainly not.

Wiley. Did either object?

Harry. Why would they? We were great friends.

Wiley. No further questions.