

Toy Box

by Taunya Page

Inspired by Homer's epic poem *The Odyssey*
With special thanks to Jim Bird
For contributing to the editing process

For Jordan

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Toy Box

Cast of Characters

Homer: Mrs. Elliot's husband—adventurer and storyteller

Mrs. Elliot: Eighty-seven years old—a new resident at The Seaview Care Center

Nurse Baxter: The RN in the dayroom of the care center and a Star Wars fan--wears themed scrubs to work daily

Dandi Lyons: A six-year old visitor in the care center

Betty Campbell: An elderly resident in the care center and promoter of the Red Lotus Society—wants to enrich lives through the power of fun and friendship

Stan Tisdale: Betty's checker buddy and a care center resident. A masculine fellow, but wears his dead wife's red lotus hat and sparkly purple dresses to honor her memory

Matilda: An elderly cat-loving resident with Alzheimer's disease

Wagner: A spunky care center resident constantly weaving a shroud

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Circe: A chipper woman who organizes activities in the care center

Penguin: Waddled his way to the top—the leader of the toys

Duckie: *Rubber* Duckie, that is. A James Bond duck in a suit who works with an assortment of gadgets and inventions

El Granjero Dice: Spanish See-n-Say man

Lightning Lydell: A hot-tempered racecar driver searching for love

Diver Dan: A scuba diving treasure hunter who wears a snorkel mask and flippers

Simon: A great white shark with a sensitive nature and a pesky theme song

Motorcycle Man: A cool rider costumed in full dirt bike regalia

Natalia: Graceful with every movement, a beautiful dancer free from her music box

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Janie Doll: A sassy baby doll with a bladder control problem who drinks constantly from the bottle attached to her wrist

Artie: AKA Alejandro—a long-haired, furry puppet with a British accent

Victor Inox: “When a Swiss army knife comes to life, nothing good can come from it.” A Switzerland-born bounty hunter who carries multiple knives and works with The Guy in a Black Mask and Cape

Veloci Rapper:
A dinosaur with a rapping addiction

The Guy in a Black Mask and Cape:
You know, the dark father

The *Other* Guy in a Black Mask and Cape:
A fake superhero—dark and dramatic

Extras: Cowboy, Cyclops, Yellow Man in Overalls, Hospital Staff, Patients, Nestor, Papa Bud, Princess Leila

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Set Description

The action of the play takes place during spring in the dayroom of The Seaview Care Center over the course of two days. The set can be as elaborate or as simple as you like, but it's important to *play* throughout the staging of the production, moving quickly between scenes and avoiding interruptions with set changes or curtain closures. The show works well with a permanent set including a nursing station. A few levels with platforms and stairs can provide nice opportunities for play. Tables, chairs, and a set of 18" stage blocks work to decorate the dayroom, and they become useful in blocking the action. Lighting is important in defining both the dayroom and the Toy World, including establishing transitions between the two. If it can be managed, a painted backdrop of the Ithaca sea shore would be lovely.

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(Adventure music plays as the curtain opens to reveal dramatic lighting on a muslin drop covering the entire set. [See Cyclops production notes.] Homer's pre-recorded voice is heard.)

Homer's Voice: Sing in me, Muse, and through me tell the story. Sing in me, Muse, and through me tell the story...

(As his line starts to loop in the sound design, Homer's voice morphs into the music, and a pantomimed battle ensues. Cyclops enters and he begins to eat toys. Cowboy enters.)

Cowboy: (pointing) It's Cyclops!

(He tries to string the bow to fight Cyclops, but he is unsuccessful and is eaten. A small yellow man wearing overalls and goggles does the same and is defeated. Homer enters to battle Cyclops; he is able to string his bow, and aims for the monster.)

Cyclops: My father will bring a storm, Homer! A pointy reckoning that will shudder you! You'll see, Homer! A storm! A storrrrrmm!

(Homer shoots his arrow and it strikes home. Cyclops falls to his death as Homer turns to see a squad of hospital staff members enter carrying blasters and wearing Stormtrooper masks.)

Homer: (Aside) Storm...troopers?

(The Guy in a Black Mask and Cape enters.)

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Homer: (Throwing his head back and arms out, he clicks his heels together three times) Take me home to Ithaca. Take me home to Ithaca.

The Guy in a Black Mask and Cape: (Fist in the air) Your fairy tale theatrics won't work here, boy!

Homer: Penelope's waiting. I've been gone far too long, and I have to get home. I'm going to be a father.

The Guy in a Black Mask and Cape: No, *I'm* going to be a father.

Homer: (Falling to his knees) NOOOOOOOO!

The Guy in a Black Mask and Cape: (Raising his lightsaber) It is a wise child that knows his own father.

Homer: (Arms up in defense then he stops for an aside) But that doesn't make any sense!

The Guy in a Black Mask and Cape: (A pause as he steps in for the kill) It doesn't have to make sense, Homer.

Homer: (Moving into slow motion as he raises his arms for protection) Ahhhhhh!

(Just as the lightsaber comes down for the fatal blow, the scene freezes, and Homer steps out to address the audience.)

Homer: (Aside) You can see my predicament here. I could not stop for death, so he kindly stopped for me. (Laughs) High school poetry. And I never

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expected it to be at the hands of The Guy in the Black Mask and Cape! A time for all things, right? (A smile) Death included. One thing we all have in common, and you just never know what you're gonna get. Our time is a luxury unrecognized until it's time to go, and... (The wall clock begins to toll.) You see—you just never know. (Homer steps back into the frozen scene with his arms up for protection.) Ahhhhhh!

(The fatal blow from the light saber continues in slow motion as the tolling clock blends with elevator music. There is a stylized transition as characters slip away, lights cross fade, and the drop is removed to expose the dayroom of The Seaview Care Center. The space is homey and nicely decorated, but a sense of sterility looms. A defeated Mrs. Elliott stands center holding her toy box as daily life in the care center ebbs forward. She looks over to discover Betty and Stan dressed in sparkling purple dresses, red lotus flowers cover their hats and gaudy jewelry dangles at their wrists while they play and laugh at the checker table. Wagner wears a hospital gown and sits in her wheelchair weaving a shroud; Dandi plays on the floor with her ipad; Matilda talks to her bag and stares out the window, sometimes falling asleep. Nurse Baxter tends her post at the nursing station, reading her charts and distributing medication to patients as other staff clean the room. Without pulling focus, Nestor enters DL then exits UR—he crosses *slowly* with his walker during the entire opening scene.)

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Circe's Voice: (Smiling through the overhead speaker with all of her teeth) Good morning, my fellow sea voyagers! Circe here with your daily announcements. The bingo winners from yesterday's weekly tournament are Mr. Tisdale and Mrs. Campbell, but there's no surprise there, am I right, folks? Don't forget, dinner will be served early in the Ithaca room to make room for our special fiesta dancers—that's right, it's Cinco de Marcho with kale taco salad and mini quesadillas. (Nestor's hand shoots into the air.) And yes, Mr. Nestor, there's a lactose-free version just for you. (His hand goes down, and he continues his stroll across the room.) Remember, it's Monday, peeps, so make your way to the dayroom to meet our new Seaview residents, and get them feelin' right at home! Now be like the sea, and let's keep on rollin', baby! You know what time it is! Somebody wake up Matilda, light a fire under Mr. Nestor's bootie, and hasta la vista at the partaaay, mis amigos!

Nurse Baxter: (Motioning to her) Mrs. Elliot, you can leave the box by the window, and come get your prescription.

(Mrs. Elliott hesitates and puts a tighter grip on the toy box.)

Mrs. Elliot: (A deep breath then a whisper) Sing in me, Muse, and through me tell the story...

Nurse Baxter: (From the station) It's fine to set it down. No one will bother your things here.

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Mrs. Elliot: (Looking up, finding her strength) Sing in me, Muse, and through me tell the story...

Nurse Baxter: (Crossing to comfort Mrs. Elliot, arm on her shoulder) Mrs. Elliot? Are you okay? You've carried that box all over this place today, and you didn't put it down once during the orientation. (A pause) Aren't your arms getting tired? Here, let me take it, you poor dear. (She reaches for the box, and they have a quick tug o' war over possession.)

Mrs. Elliot: I'll just keep hold of it for now.

Nurse Baxter: I can help with the...

Mrs. Elliot: I don't really want you to...

Nurse Baxter: Come on now, if you'll just...

Mrs. Elliot: Please, I'll feel better if...

Nurse Baxter: Mrs. Elliott, I really must insist...

Mrs. Elliot: (She jerks the box away, and some toys fall out.) I said no!

(Dandi and a few patients look over at the disruption. Nurse Baxter picks up the toys and puts them back in the box—nodding her understanding, her compassion clear.)

Nurse Baxter: (Gently) Omnia mutantur—everything changes, my friend. (A pause) In your own time then.

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(She smiles and holds Mrs. Elliot's hand a moment then returns to her duties at the nursing station.)

(Mrs. Elliot kneels and sets the toy box on the floor as others go on with their business. Her emotions get the best of her, and her head hangs low. Betty and Stan are suddenly squatting beside her smiling intensely.)

Betty: (Grinning) Hi, there. I'm Betty. This is Stan. (He waves) Stan Tisdale—Bingo champion extraordinaire.

Stan: (Modestly) Oh, you know, win some, lose some.

Betty: Or just win some in his case. (She laughs longer than she should then stops suddenly and reaches out to comfort Mrs. Elliot on one shoulder.) Hey, we noticed you're having a hard time with the move in today.

Stan: (On Mrs. Elliot's other shoulder) And we hope we can help by including you in our search for the power of fun and friendship.

Betty: (Getting a flowered hat from her bag, she puts it on Mrs. Elliot's head.) Join our Red Lotus Society!

Stan: Be our sister, and blossom with us.

Betty: You can't say no. The red lotus flower will be your rebirth. (She makes a grand gesture with her hand through the air.)

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Stan: (Posing enthusiastically) It represents beauty and grace. My wife wore her hat until she died last spring.

Betty: Stan's staying sharp and alive by joining me in this new age of enlightenment.

Stan: (He looks over his shoulder then secretly takes a small flower from his satchel and offers it to Mrs. Elliot.) We eat the lotus for its medicinal properties.

Betty: (A whisper) Go ahead—try it. I make a sedative tea for insomnia instead of the junk they're always pushing on us here.

Stan: Pharmaceutical companies making a fortune. It's disgusting.

Betty: Once revered in ancient Egyptian and Asian cultures, this little lotus flower holds an abundance of power.

Stan: And now it's part of our daily lives. Ascension.

Betty: Transcendence.

Stan: And soon you will forget.

Mrs. Elliot: Forget?

Betty: That desire to go back. Your home, your family...

Mrs. Elliot: (Appalled) I don't want to forget...

Stan: Those are things of the past.

Betty: Outdated.

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Stan: Free your mind, sister.

Betty: This will help you let them go.

Stan: The lotus made me let *her* go. And now, now I hardly remember her name. (Really trying to think of it) What *was* her name, Betty?

Betty: No matter. Have another flower, Stan. (She serves it to him, and he gobbles it down.)

Mrs. Elliot: (Giving the hat back to Betty) Look, you're both very kind, but I don't...

Stan: 2:30 today. Don't be late. We can help you forget.

Betty: You won't *want* to remember.

Stan: And you'll be better for it. Just look at me!

(Another pose from Stan in his dress then they leave Mrs. Elliot standing speechless. When they catch Nurse Baxter's suspicious eye, they burst into laughs and move back to their checker table.)

Wagner: (Acting like an invalid slumped over in her wheelchair) Uhghghgh!

(Mrs. Elliot notices Wagner waving about, and she looks for Nurse Baxter who is busy with another patient.)

Wagner: (More directly to Mrs. Elliot) Uhghghgh!

Mrs. Elliot: (Pointing at herself) Me?

Wagner: Of course, you! Get over here—quick!

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Mrs. Elliot: I'll get Nurse Baxter...

Wagner: Shhhhh! Don't. Say. Anything! Hurry! Help me with this shroud.

Mrs. Elliot: Shroud? Well, I don't know how to...

Wagner: Shhhhh! You don't have to *know* anything! Just take the end of it, and unravel what I've done. Go ahead! Pull on it!

Mrs. Elliot: But why in the world would you undo what you've been doing all day? I saw you weaving when I got here this morning, and...

Wagner: Shhhhh! (Pulling Mrs. Elliot closer so she can whisper in her ear—her wide eyes searching the room) They're watching. Always watching.

Mrs. Elliot: What difference does it make if...

Wagner: I don't have time to explain! Just pull on the end of the fabric, and it will start to unravel!

Mrs. Elliot: Okay, but I don't see...

Wagner: (A desperate whisper) And no matter what, DON'T. TELL. ANYONE!

Mrs. Elliot: (Still hesitant) Alright, I guess it won't hurt to...

Wagner: Do it! Do it now! (She slumps over in her chair and pretends to be sleeping.)

Mrs. Elliot: Okay, I'm doing it. I'm just not sure if...

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(Matilda peeks around Mrs. Elliot's shoulder. She carries her bag and wears her red lotus hat.)

Matilda: Whatcha doin'?

Mrs. Elliot: Just unravelling...

Wagner: (Sitting up abruptly) You're a master of secrecy. WHAT DID I JUST SAY?

Mrs. Elliot: Oh, sorry, I was surprised by...

Wagner: (Realizing it's Matilda) Oh, okay, it's fine. It's just Matilda. (She urgently fiddles with the shroud.)

Mrs. Elliot: Matilda?

Matilda: Matilda. (Putting her head on Mrs. Elliot's shoulder) Hi there.

Wagner: It doesn't matter what you say to her, she'll forget in a minute.

Mrs. Elliot: Short term memory loss?

Wagner: No! She's the poster child for the Red Lotus Society.

Matilda: I have a bag of cats.

Mrs. Elliot: Oh?

Matilda: (Proudly showing her the inside of her bag) See. Cats.

Mrs. Elliot: (A wave of uneasiness coming over her) You sure do.

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Wagner: (Quickly unravelling the shroud) Whatever you do, don't let them get that lotus hat on you.

Mrs. Elliot: But *you're* wearing a lotus hat.

Wagner: Just for show. (She removes her hat to reveal a tinfoil cap, and she knocks on her head.) Nothin's get through this tinfoil! And don't eat anything they give you!

Mrs. Elliot: You mean even the food is...

Wagner: Shhhhh! Matilda, get ready to push. (Matilda moves into pushing position at the back of the wheelchair, and Wager gives Mrs. Elliot the end of the shroud.) Now pull! (Mrs. Elliot pulls, and the shroud unravels.) Okay, Tilli, now drive!

(Matilda pushing, the bag of cats flailing, they speed away with the wheelchair. Mrs. Elliot laughs at the absurdity of their behavior then starts to tear up again, overwhelmed by her present circumstance. She sits to collect her toys as Dandi crosses to her on the floor. Mrs. Elliot doesn't object when Dandi reaches into the toy box and brings out a small stuffed dog on a leash. Dandi pushes the button and watches the dog throw its head back to bark. She plays with and coos to the dog as Mrs. Elliot dries her eyes with a handkerchief.)

Dandi: (Reading the dog's tag) Lady, what's your dog's name? (Trying to pronounce it) Ar--gos?

Mrs. Elliot: I named him Brodie when I was

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six. Argos was too hard. I tried Nigel for a while, but it didn't stick either.

Dandi: You had him since you were six!

Mrs. Elliot: That's right. You must be about six yourself.

Dandi: Amazing! He must be *really* old then—like a hundred and twelve!

Mrs. Elliot: (Smiling) That's right.

Dandi: Wow! (She pulls out a tattered copy of *The Odyssey*.) This book's really old, too! (She flips through it then peeks in the toy box.) What else is in the box?

Mrs. Elliot: (Reaching into the box) Oh, just my bits of wreckage. Well, let's see. (She pulls out a few toys naming them as she goes.) Here's Duckie—you probably know him—and Penguin. I carried him around non-stop when I was little. He was always dirty. Has a scar on his right hand from where my aunt sewed the stuffing back in—twice. (She rubs his hand over her mouth—remembering.)

Dandi: (Looking in the toy box) Cool! A see-n-say! My Papa Bud had one of these. (She pulls the string, and it speaks Spanish.) Is that English?

Mrs. Elliot: My sister bought it at a flea market and

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didn't realize it was the Spanish version. (Dandi plays a few words.) I kept it anyway. It was fun to teach my daughter when she was little. Are you visiting your Papa Bud today?

Dandi: I already did. He's downstairs now though, so Mom says we can't stay long.

Mrs. Elliot: Downstairs?

Dandi: He's been there a couple times before, but this time he says he's not coming back.

Mrs. Elliot: Oh. I'm sorry.

Dandi: It's okay. He said he doesn't want to come back anyway. Dorothy's gone now so there's nobody waiting for him. (Mrs. Elliot nods her understanding.) Is somebody waiting for you?

Mrs. Elliot: Yes. Well, no. I mean there used to be. Homer—my husband. But he's been gone twenty years now.

Dandi: Hey, who's this? (She pulls a Princess Leila doll from the box.)

Mrs. Elliot: She came with a set. I used to have The Guy in a Black Mask and Cape, but I haven't seen him in a long time. You know that movie, right?

Dandi: Sure. (Using The *Other* Guy in the Black Mask and Cape action figure to wave her hand over some

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toys.) These are not the toys you're looking for.

Mrs. Elliot: Hey, what's your name, kid?

Dandi: Dandi Lyons.

Mrs. Elliot: Well, Dandi Lyons, it's nice to meet you. I'm Mrs. Elliot.

Dandi: Are you going to live here now, too?

Mrs. Elliot: That's what they say. (A sigh as she looks around) But I don't really want to live here with all the old people.

(A pause from Nestor as he raises his hand to argue the offense, then he shrugs and continues his pursuit of an exit.)

Dandi: But, Mrs. Elliot, (looking around to confirm her suspicion) you *are* the old people.

Mrs. Elliot: (Laughing) Well, I guess that's about right, kid. That's about right.

Dandi: (Still investigating the toy box) You've got *everything* in here—cooties, a puppet, Motorcycle Man, a racecar, a shark.

Mrs. Elliot: (Looking in the box) My Swiss army knife. Janie Doll—drinks and pees. I made a mess of her hair when I was two—pulled most of it out. Dad taped her wrists on later when her hands fell off. I don't even think they make this kind of tape anymore.

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Dandi: Your toys are *old*. (A smile) Like you.

Mrs. Elliot: (Bringing out the dinosaur) Rawr! And here's Rapper. (Showing the gold necklace around his neck) Check out his bling.

Dandi: Rapper? (Looking for buttons) Does it play music?

Mrs. Elliot: No, I just couldn't quite hit the t in raptor when I was young.

Dandi: (Putting on the snorkel mask) Look at me! I'm a scuba diver!

Mrs. Elliot: Ha! Definitely Diver Dan! (Packing the toys back into the box)

Dandi: (Trading the mask for the music box) Hey, this is a music box! I always wanted one. Does it work?

Mrs. Elliot: Let me show you.

(Mrs. Elliot carefully opens the box, and a ballerina twirls to the music. The tender moment is interrupted as Wagner—wearing a sombrero—runs on pushing Matilda in the wheelchair. She still has her bag of cats, and now she's shaking maracas. Circe is right on their heels carrying a pig puppet and masks.)

Wagner: (Coming to an abrupt halt, keeping the wheelchair between them) There's no way you're gettin' that pig mask on me, Circe!

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Circe: (Still smiling with her teeth) It's part of the *fun*, Wagner. Be a sport. Show the new sea voyagers how much *fun* we have sailing with the Red Lotus Society. *Fun* and friendship!

Matilda: (A huge moment of remembrance) I was a pig in a school play! The 4th grade it was!

Wagner: You wouldn't know a pig if it bit you on your butt!

Circe: (As if she's speaking to children) The piñata won't make any sense unless we have pigs holding the bats. Now if you'll just... (She begins to chase Wagner around the wheelchair.)

Wagner: (Evading) None of this makes any sense!

Matilda: (A revelation and laughter as they run around her) It doesn't have to!

Circe: (Always calm—that persistent smile) Don't make me call the orderly again, Wagner. (A whisper) If you would just eat your lotus petals, you'd feel more relaxed.

Matilda: (Eyes shut, she takes a deep breath and hugs her bag of cats.) I'm relaxed. (They all pause to look at her then she opens her eyes and notices the attention.) Pigs are smarter than dogs, you know.

Wagner: (Referring to Matilda) My point exactly! If you're sellin' it, I ain't buyin'! (She puts the sombrero on Circe's head to cover her eyes, and she peels away with Matilda.)

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Matilda: (On the way out) Woohoo! Watch out Seabiscuit!

(Circe removes the sombrero angrily then remembers people are watching.)

Circe: (To Mrs. Elliot) Well, I know I can count on you, right? Mrs. Elliot isn't it? (Talking through the puppet on her hand, she moves the pig to mouth the words.) Nice to meet you! We want everyone to feel right at home, and leave her worries behind. Fun and friendship just around the corner!

Mrs. Elliot: Well, maybe I could operate the puppet. I used to make puppets with my drama students, but I'm a bit claustrophobic for masks.

Circe: (Handing the pig puppet over to Mrs. Elliot) Now that's the spirit!

Dandi: You're a teacher, Mrs. Elliot?

Mrs. Elliot: Was, kid. (Situating the puppet on her hand) Such a long time ago. Oink, oink, oink!

Circe: And this little one can wear the pig mask. (She tries to put the mask on Dandi.)

Dandi: (Briskly with palm up) Not happening, lady.

Circe: (To Dandi) We'll see about that. (The smile) We'll see. (Then to Mrs. Elliot as she takes the pig puppet) And we'll see YOU at 2:30. (A whisper) Bring your lotus hat. (Calling off) Wagner! Wagner, get back here. (She's out after them.)

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(Nurse Baxter crosses to Mrs. Elliot as Betty and Stan enter to eavesdrop and pretend to clean up their checker game.)

Nurse Baxter: Visiting hours are just about over, Dandi. I'm sure your mother will be looking for you.

Dandi: I think she's still saying goodbye to Papa Bud.

Nurse Baxter: Possibly, but it's time for you to run along so Mrs. Elliot can get some rest and take her prescription. It's been a big day. (She offers the pills and a cup of water to Mrs. Elliot.)

Mrs. Elliot: (Politely pushing the pills away) I really don't want to continue with the meds, Nurse Baxter.

(As Dandi watches this struggle like a tennis match, Stan and Betty make their way over to the conversation. Not visible to others, Homer joins them in the background.)

Nurse Baxter: (Pushing the pills toward Mrs. Elliot) Doctor Wolf was adamant about treatment, and...

Mrs. Elliot: (A stronger rejection this time) I respect that, but it's my body.

Nurse Baxter: (Forcefully) You're risking too much.

Mrs. Elliot: (Firmly) I won't be taking the pills.

Nurse Baxter: Please?

Mrs. Elliot: No.

Nurse Baxter: Yes.

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Mrs. Elliot: No.

Nurse Baxter: Yes.

Mrs. Elliot: No.

Nurse Baxter: Yes! I have to insist.

Mrs. Elliot: I also insist.

Nurse Baxter: I'll be forced to call the doctor and the orderly.

(Without warning, Stan flips the cup out of Nurse Baxter's hands, and as the pills go flying, the lights flicker and sound effects ensue with dramatic music.)

Homer: (Freezing the scene with a wave of his hand as the music box begins to play) Freeze it. When my daughter was little, she told me she could still see the tulips even though it was raining. Hey, listen, I know. But it occurred to me I never *really* looked at them—the flowers blooming in early spring. Always so busy workin' and fixin', fixin' and workin'. But I noticed, right? (A pause) Maybe. Those moments taken for granted, other things seemingly so important, so pressing, monopolizing time, and when the unexpected happens, you ask yourself...did I look around enough? Did I catch it all? Did I make a time for all things...

(A dramatic sound cue expels everyone from the scene in slow motion as Natalia pirouettes on stage—free from the music box, she transitions the action into the Toy World. Mrs. Elliot and Dandi end up behind the sofa, and when the lights come up,

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everyone is gone. Adventurous music establishes the mood as Victor Inox enters, flashes all his knives about then exits. The Guy in a Black Mask and Cape enters then The *Other* Guy in a Black Mask and Cape enters. They regard each other for a moment.)

The *Other* Guy in a Black Mask and Cape: Where's Homer?

The Guy in a Black Mask and Cape: Join me and complete your destiny.

The *Other* Guy in a Black Mask and Cape: I'll never join you.

(They both flip their capes back and draw weapons when Veloci Rapper trots on wearing an inflatable dinosaur suit. He is glad to be alive and roars at the audience. Both caped men exit opposite directions followed by Veloci Rapper as Penguin crawls out from behind the toy box with Duckie and El Granjero Dice. Penguin wraps his hand with a bandana, picks up his backpack and waddles out stealthily followed by the others. Dandi and Mrs. Elliot peek out from behind the sofa.)

Mrs. Elliot: Dandi?

Dandi: I'm here, Mrs. Elliot. What happened?

Mrs. Elliot: Well, I certainly can't explain it, but I believe we've been transported into the Toy World somehow.

Dandi: I fell on a racecar.

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(Penguin toddles back on with Duckie and El Granjero Dice.)

Penguin: (Grabbing her hand) Help me, Dandi Lyons! You're my only hope!

Dandi: You know me, Penguin?

Penguin: Of course! We met a few minutes ago! There's no time! (Pulling on her arm) Come on!