

# Excerpt terms and conditions

This excerpt is available to assist you in the play selection process.

---

Excerpts are not intended for performance, classroom or other academic use. In any of these cases you will need to purchase playbooks via our website or by phone, fax or mail.

---

A short excerpt is not always indicative of the entire work, and we strongly suggest you read the whole play before planning a production or ordering a cast quantity.

# STUART LITTLE

(Small-cast touring)

By

JOSEPH ROBINETTE

Based on the book by

E.B. WHITE



**Dramatic Publishing**

Woodstock, Illinois • Australia • New Zealand • South Africa

© Dramatic Publishing

### \*\*\* NOTICE \*\*\*

The amateur and stock acting rights to this work are controlled exclusively by THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY without whose permission in writing no performance of it may be given. Royalty must be paid every time a play is performed whether or not it is presented for profit and whether or not admission is charged. A play is performed any time it is acted before an audience. Current royalty rates, applications and restrictions may be found at our website: [www.dramaticpublishing.com](http://www.dramaticpublishing.com), or we may be contacted by mail at: DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, 311 Washington St., Woodstock IL 60098.

COPYRIGHT LAW GIVES THE AUTHOR OR THE AUTHOR'S AGENT THE EXCLUSIVE RIGHT TO MAKE COPIES. This law provides authors with a fair return for their creative efforts. Authors earn their living from the royalties they receive from book sales and from the performance of their work. Conscientious observance of copyright law is not only ethical, it encourages authors to continue their creative work. This work is fully protected by copyright. No alterations, deletions or substitutions may be made in the work without the prior written consent of the publisher. No part of this work may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopy, recording, videotape, film, or any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher. It may not be performed either by professionals or amateurs without payment of royalty. All rights, including, but not limited to, the professional, motion picture, radio, television, videotape, foreign language, tabloid, recitation, lecturing, publication and reading, are reserved.

For performance of any songs, music and recordings mentioned in this play which are in copyright, the permission of the copyright owners must be obtained or other songs and recordings in the public domain substituted.

©MCMXCI by  
JOSEPH ROBINETTE  
Based on the story "Stuart Little" by E.B. WHITE  
©MCMXLV by E.B. WHITE  
Renewed ©MCMLXXIII by E.B. WHITE

Printed in the United States of America  
*All Rights Reserved*  
(STUART LITTLE - Small-cast touring)

ISBN: 978-1-58342-677-7

## **IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS**

All producers of the play *must* give credit to the author of the play in all programs distributed in connection with performances of the play and in all instances in which the title of the play appears for purposes of advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the play and/or a production. The name of the author *must* also appear on a separate line, on which no other name appears, immediately following the title, and *must* appear in size of type not less than fifty percent (50%) the size of the title type. Biographical information on the author, if included in the playbook, may be used in all programs. *In all programs this notice must appear:*

“Produced by special arrangement with  
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY of Woodstock, Illinois”

# STUART LITTLE

A Play in One Act  
For five actors (or more)

## CHARACTERS

NARRATOR(S)

STUART LITTLE, a mouse

MR. LITTLE, Stuart's father

MRS. LITTLE, Stuart's mother

GEORGE, Stuart's brother

DOCTOR SNOWBELL, the Little's cat

BUREAU CHIEF

DOGS (2)

WOMAN (Offstage Voice)

LEROY, a bully

DR. CAREY, a dentist

PEOPLE AT CENTRAL PARK (2)

MARGALO, a bird

MALTY, a cat (Offstage Voice)

BABETTE, a cat (Offstage Voice)

TIGE, a cat (Offstage Voice)

ANGIE, a cat

PIGEON

MR. CLYDESDALE, a dental patient

SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT

SCHOOL CHILDREN (4)

TELEPHONE REPAIRMAN

THE PLACE: In and around New York City and southern New England.

THE TIME: A few years ago.

## SUGGESTED ROLE DISTRIBUTION

For a Cast of Five (3m, 2w or 2m, 3w)

### 1st Actor (male)

Mr. Little  
Dr. Carey  
Malty's Voice  
Angie  
2nd Child (Harry)  
Repairman

### 3rd Actor (male)

George  
Snowbell  
Dog (1st)  
Leroy  
Mr. Clydesdale  
School Superintendent  
4th Child (Henry)

### 2nd Actor (female)

Mrs. Little  
Woman (Voice)  
1st Person  
Dog (2nd)  
Tige's Voice  
Pigeon  
1st Child (Mary)

### 4th Actor (female)

Doctor  
Bureau Chief  
2nd Person  
Margalo  
Babette's Voice  
3rd Child (Katherine)

### 5th Actor (male or female)

Stuart Little

(Note: Actors 1-4 will also serve as Narrators at various times.)

(Actor 5—playing Stuart—remains the same character throughout.)

## ROLE DISTRIBUTION BY SCENES

(Actors 1-4)

	<u>1st Actor (male)</u>	<u>2nd Actor</u>
Opening	Mr. Little	Mrs. Little
Snowbell Scene	Mr. Little	Mrs. Little
1st Dog Scene		Woman's Voice
Sailboat Race	Dr. Carey	1st Person
Margalo Scene	Narrator (2nd part)	Mrs. Little
Ice Skates Gift	Mr. Little	
2nd Dog Scene		Dog
Gathering of Cats	Malty's Voice/Angie	Tige's Voice/Pigeon
Margalo's Departure	Narrator (1st part)	
Dentist's Office	Dr. Carey	
On the Road		
Schoolroom	2nd Child (Harry)	1st Child (Mary)
Finale	Repairman	Narrator
	<u>3rd Actor</u>	<u>4th Actor</u>
Opening	George	Doctor/Narrator
Snowbell Scene	Snowbell	Bureau Chief
1st Dog Scene	Dog	Narrator
Sailboat Race	Leroy	2nd Person
Margalo Scene	Narrator (1st part)/Snowbell	Margalo
Ice Skates Gift		Margalo
2nd Dog Scene		Margalo
Gathering of Cats	Snowbell	Babette's Voice
Margalo's Departure		Margalo
Dentist's Office	Mr. Clydesdale	
On the Road	School Superintendent	Narrator
Schoolroom	4th Child (Henry)	3rd Child (Katherine)
Finale	Snowbell's Voice	Margalo's Voice

# STUART LITTLE

*(Four ACTORS enter in front of the curtain—or from the back of the house—and begin to speak to one another.)*

1st ACTOR. Good morning.

2nd ACTOR. Good morning.

3rd ACTOR. Hello.

4th ACTOR. Hello.

1st ACTOR. Nice day.

2nd ACTOR. Not bad at all.

3rd ACTOR. By the way, did you hear—?

4th ACTOR. I certainly did.

3rd ACTOR. Did you believe it?

4th ACTOR. Not at first.

1st ACTOR. I thought they were kidding.

2nd ACTOR. So did I.

1st ACTOR. But it's true.

2nd ACTOR. It certainly is.

3rd ACTOR. The second son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick C.

Little turned out to be a—

4th ACTOR *(clasping his hand over the previous ACTOR's mouth)*. Shh! *(Looking at audience.)* Maybe they haven't heard.

3rd ACTOR. Perhaps you're right.

2nd ACTOR *(to AUDIENCE)*. Have you heard?



1st ACTOR. If you've heard, raise your hands.

4th ACTOR (*after a moment*). Some have.

3rd ACTOR. Some haven't.

2nd ACTOR. Maybe we should tell them.

1st ACTOR. I agree.

2nd ACTOR. Go right ahead.

3rd ACTOR. You tell them.

4th ACTOR. You can tell them.

1st ACTOR. Why don't you tell them?

2nd ACTOR. I've got an idea. Why don't we *all* tell them.

3rd ACTOR. Good idea.

4th ACTOR. So, where should we begin?

1st ACTOR. How about—at the beginning?

2nd ACTOR. An excellent place to begin—

3rd ACTOR. Then let's begin—

4th ACTOR. —the adventures of—

ALL. —Stuart Little!

*(Curtain opens to reveal twelve wooden boxes\*—six atop the others—in a row across the stage. The letters S-T-U-A-R-T are written on the top six boxes. The letters L-I-T-T-L-E are inscribed on the bottom six. The ACTORS rearrange the boxes and place them at various points on the stage. The top boxes contain props and costume pieces. Other props and costumes are offstage. The bottom boxes will be used in various configurations throughout the play to represent such locales as the Little's living room as in the present scene—a mouse hole, a classroom, a roadside, etc. See Production Notes for further details.)*

---

\* Fewer boxes may be used by doubling the letters on each box.

*(NOTE: All ACTORS except STUART will perform several characters throughout the play. Each character will be suggested by one or two props, costume pieces, etc. Simplicity is the key in this “story theatre” approach. All ACTORS remain onstage for the opening scene. They will take costume pieces and props from the onstage prop boxes.)*

*(STUART enters to light applause from the ACTORS—or he may have been hidden behind the boxes and have popped up when his name was mentioned.)*

STUART. Thank you. Thank you. You’re more than kind.

I’m delighted to be the second son of—

MR. LITTLE. Mister—

MRS. LITTLE. And Missus—

BOTH. Frederick C. Little.

GEORGE. I’m George, their first son.

MRS. LITTLE. Did you notice, dear? Our new baby is not much bigger than a—

MR. LITTLE. He has the sharp nose and the long tail of a—

GEORGE. As well as the pleasant, shy manner of a—

MRS. LITTLE. I do believe that our new son is—

DOCTOR. —a mouse! *(Going to STUART, putting a thermometer in his mouth.)* And I’m delighted with Stuart—though it is very unusual for an American family to have a mouse. Even in New York. *(Examining STUART.)*

MR. LITTLE. Temperature—?

DOCTOR. Ninety-eight-point-six. Normal for a mouse.

MRS. LITTLE. Chest and heart?

DOCTOR. Sound as a dollar. Maybe sounder.

GEORGE. Eyes, ears, nose and throat?

DOCTOR. Check, check, check and check. He's in excellent condition. You have a fine son, there, Mr. and Mrs. Little. Feed him up. *(She exits.)*

STUART. Thank you, Doctor.

MRS. LITTLE. Listen, he can talk already.

*(STUART takes a few steps, waving to the DOCTOR.)*

MRS. LITTLE. And he can walk already.

STUART. There *are* certain advantages to being a mouse.

MRS. LITTLE. Stuart, I made you a fine little blue worsted suit with patch pockets— *(She gives him a jacket which he puts on.)*

MR. LITTLE. Where you can keep your handkerchief, your money and your keys. *(He hands the items to STUART.)*

STUART. Thanks, Mom. Thanks, Dad.

MRS. LITTLE. As he grows older, I'll bet Stuart will be a great help to his parents.

GEORGE. And to his brother, George. That's me—the other son.

MR. LITTLE. Because he'll be able to do things a mouse can do.

GEORGE *(taking a ping-pong paddle from a prop box)*.  
Stuart, my ping-pong ball just rolled behind the radiator.  
Can you get it for me?

STUART. Sure, George. *(He exits.)*

GEORGE. I'll be in the recreation room. *(He exits.)*

*(STUART returns almost immediately, pushing a large white ball. When he is at center stage, he rolls the ball offstage in the direction where GEORGE exited.)*

STUART. Here you go, George!

*(GEORGE enters, bouncing a normal-sized ping-pong ball off his paddle.)*

GEORGE. Thanks, Stuart. *(He exits.)*

*(MR. LITTLE enters, holding a drain plunger.)*

MR. LITTLE. Stuart, your mother just dropped her wedding ring down the bathtub drain. Could you be a good fellow and fetch it out?

STUART. I'll try, Dad. *(He exits as MR. LITTLE exits in the other direction.)*

MR. LITTLE *(to himself as he leaves)*. Why was Mother wearing her ring in the bathtub?

*(STUART re-enters carrying a large golden ring, about the size of a hula hoop. He crosses to the far side of the stage and rolls it off.)*

STUART. Here you are, Mother!

*(MRS. LITTLE enters, slipping a normal-sized ring onto her finger.)*

MRS. LITTLE. Thank you, Stuart.

STUART. Sure, Mom. *(He exits as—)*

(MR. LITTLE enters.)

MRS. LITTLE. Isn't he terrific?

MR. LITTLE. A fine fellow. (*A pause.*) But there will be problems, of course.

MRS. LITTLE. No child's perfect.

MR. LITTLE. And one of those problems we'll have to deal with right away.

MRS. LITTLE. What's that, dear?

MR. LITTLE. There must be no references to "mice" in our conversations.

MRS. LITTLE. I know. (*She takes a book from a prop box and rips a page from it.*)

MR. LITTLE. Dear, what are you doing with that song-book?

MRS. LITTLE. Getting rid of a song.

MR. LITTLE. What song?

MRS. LITTLE. "Three Blind Mice...see how they run."

MR. LITTLE. Good idea. We don't want our son to grow up fearing that a farmer's wife is going to cut off his tail with a carving knife. And I guess we'd better do something about this, too. (*He takes a book from another prop box and opens it.*) "'Twas the night before Christmas when all through the house—"

MRS. LITTLE (*looking over his shoulder*). "Not a creature was stirring, not even a—" We can't say mouse. How about...louse?

MR. LITTLE. "'Twas the night before Christmas when all through the house—"

MRS. LITTLE. "Not a creature was stirring—"

BOTH. "Not even a louse."

MR. LITTLE. I do believe that's a good substitute.

MRS. LITTLE (*taking a pencil and changing the word*).

Then I'll just rub out "mouse" and change it to "louse."  
(*The boxes are rearranged to form a "mouse hole."*)

MR. LITTLE. You know the thing that worries me the most?

MRS. LITTLE. What's that, dear?

MR. LITTLE. That mouse hole over there. Stuart does look a good deal like a mouse. And I've never seen a mouse yet that didn't like to go into a hole.

MRS. LITTLE. There will be problems.

MR. LITTLE. No child's perfect. (*They exit.*)

(*NARRATOR enters.*)

NARRATOR. The home of the Little family was a pleasant place. In the mornings the sun streamed in through the east windows. Stuart was an early riser. He was almost always the first one up in the morning. (*She exits as—*)

(*STUART enters wearing a bathrobe and brushing his teeth.*)

STUART. Ah, it's nice to have the place all to oneself in the morning. (*He begins to exercise as—*)

(*SNOWBELL, a cat, enters.*)

SNOWBELL. You don't have the place *all* to yourself, bub.

STUART. Oh, hello, Snowbell.

SNOWBELL. You're up early, aren't you?

STUART. I thought I'd come down for a bit of exercise and brush my teeth.

SNOWBELL. Your teeth aren't big enough to brush. Want to see a good set? Look at mine. *(He bares his teeth.)*

STUART. Very nice. But mine are all right, too, even though they're small. And I'll bet with all the exercise I do, my stomach muscles are firmer than yours.

SNOWBELL. I bet they're not.

STUART *(pointing toward offstage)*. See that window shade in the next room—with the pull-cord and ring?

SNOWBELL. What of it?

STUART. I'll bet I can leap up and grab the ring and chin myself three times.

SNOWBELL. Try it.

STUART. Okay. *(He takes off his bathrobe, setting it and his toothbrush down.)* Here goes. *(He exits, then calls from offstage.)* I got the ring! Now I'll chin myself! One! Two! Help! *(A whirring sound is heard offstage.)*

SNOWBELL. Holy mackerel. He rolled himself up in that window shade.

STUART *(offstage, in a muted voice)*. Help—let me out!

SNOWBELL. I guess that will teach him to show off his muscles. My, my, this place needs tidying up a bit. *(He picks up the bathrobe and toothbrush.)* Maybe I'll just set these out of the way. Next to the mouse hole. *(He sets the items in front of the "hole," then exits.)*

*(MRS. LITTLE enters.)*

MRS. LITTLE. Good morning. Are you up yet, Stuart? Stuart? *(She sees the bathrobe and toothbrush near the "hole.")* Oh, no! It's happened!

*(MR. LITTLE enters.)*

MR. LITTLE. What has?

MRS. LITTLE. Stuart's gone in the mouse hole. *(Crying.)*  
My poor dear little son! I know he'll get wedged in there somewhere.

MR. LITTLE. Now, Mother, just because *you* can't travel comfortably in a mouse hole doesn't mean that it isn't a perfectly suitable place for Stuart.

MRS. LITTLE. Let's call to Stuart. It's quite possible that he has lost his way in there.

MR. LITTLE. Very well. I will count three, then we will both call, then we will keep perfectly quiet for three seconds, listening for the answer. *(They get onto their hands and knees in front of the "hole.")* One, two, three.

BOTH. Stooooo-art!

STUART *(offstage, unheard by the LITTLES)*. Look in the window shade!

MRS. LITTLE *(crying)*. It's no use.

MR. LITTLE. Stay calm, Mother. I have an idea. *(He picks up a telephone from a prop box and dials.)*

*(BUREAU CHIEF enters carrying a phone.)*

BUREAU CHIEF. Bureau of Missing Persons.

MR. LITTLE. Hello. My son is missing.

BUREAU CHIEF. Can you give us a description of your son?

MR. LITTLE. Very short, whiskers, large ears.

*(BUREAU CHIEF repeats each description.)*



BUREAU CHIEF. Sounds like a mouse to me.

MR. LITTLE. Actually, he *is* a mouse.

BUREAU CHIEF. What are you, some kind of joker? Why don't you call the Bureau of Missing Mice? *(She hangs up and exits with a laugh as MR. LITTLE also hangs up.)*

MRS. LITTLE. Stuart must be—dead. *(She sobs.)*

MR. LITTLE. Nonsense, nonsense!

MRS. LITTLE *(melodramatically)*. If he *is* dead, we need to go into mourning. I'll pull down the window shades. *(She exits in the opposite direction from where STUART is.)*

MR. LITTLE. Why do that, Mother?

MRS. LITTLE *(calling from offstage)*. By pulling down the window shades everybody will know we're in mourning over Stuart.

MR. LITTLE. Very well. I'll go pull down the shades in this room.

*(He exits. A moment later a loud thump is heard offstage where MR. LITTLE is. MRS. LITTLE enters.)*

MRS. LITTLE. Goodness! What was that?

MR. LITTLE *(offstage)*. Well, for the love of Pete. Look who's here, Mother.

*(He enters carrying a "stiff" STUART.)*

STUART. It's about time somebody pulled down that shade. That's all I can say.

MR. & MRS. LITTLE (*embracing STUART*). How did this happen? Are you all right? How long were you in that shade? (*Etc.*)

STUART. It was simply an accident that might happen to anybody.

MRS. LITTLE (*bringing STUART his bathrobe and toothbrush*). Stuart, what were your things doing in front of that mouse hole?

STUART. You can draw your own conclusions. (*SNOW-BELL meows offstage.*)

(*STUART and the LITTLES exit, chatting animatedly.*)

ALL. Are you hungry? I could use a bite to eat, thank you. How did you get into that shade? I told you everything would be all right. (*Etc.*)

(*NARRATOR enters.*)

NARRATOR. One morning when the wind was from the west, Stuart put on his sailor hat, took his spyglass down from the shelf and set out for a walk, full of the joy of life.

(*STUART enters and takes the hat and spyglass from a prop box—or from NARRATOR—and steps outside the “house.”*)

STUART. I am filled with the joy of life. (*A dog barks.*) I am also filled with the fear of dogs.