

RABBIT HOOD

By
Bob Cooner

RABBIT HOOD

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RABBIT HOOD

Cast of Characters

<u>Peter Rabbit:</u>	Male. Mid-to-late teens. A leader. Courageous, principled, fun-loving, and cocky.
<u>Mrs. Rabbit:</u>	Female. 30s-40s. Mother of four. Hard-working, tough, prone to worry. May double as GUARD 2/ MACHINE'S VOICE.
<u>Flopsy:</u>	Female. Pre-teen. Younger sister of Peter, twin to Mopsy. Bossy and sassy.
<u>Mopsy:</u>	Female. Pre-teen. Younger sister of Peter, twin to Flopsy. Bright and just.
<u>Cottontail:</u>	Female. Older child. Peter's youngest sister. Well-meaning but awkward.
<u>Benjamin Bunny:</u>	Male. Mid-to-late teens. Peter's cousin/best friend. Fun-loving, enthusiastic, and hip.
<u>Oliva Harrington:</u>	Female. Mid-to-late teens. Peter's friend. Smart, independent, loyal, skeptical.
<u>Sherry F. Nottingham:</u>	Female. 20s-40s. Security chief for MacGregor Corp. No-nonsense and humorless, but principled.
<u>Guard 1:</u>	Male. 20s-50s. MacGregor Corp security guard. Enjoys authority. May double as JONATHAN PRINCE.
<u>Guard 2:</u>	Female: 30s-40s. MacGregor Corp security guard. A little lazy. May double as MRS. RABBIT/ MACHINE'S VOICE.
<u>Jonathan Prince:</u>	Male. 30s-70s. CEO of MacGregor Corp. Egotistical and money-hungry. May double as GUARD 1.
<u>Machine's Voice:</u>	Female. Adult. AI-generated human-like voice (similar to Siri/Alexa) of MacGregor Corps' operating system.

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Scenes

- Scene 1: Sherwood Glade near the home of Mrs. Rabbit and her children. Late morning.
- Scene 2: A televised MacGregor Corp news conference, later that day.
- Scene 3: The same part of Sherwood Glade. That same night.
- Scene 4: Another televised MacGregor Corp news conference. Also that night.
- Scene 5: MacGregor Corp's warehouse. Later that same night.

Note: The play in its single-act form will run approximately 65 minutes. If you prefer to present a two-act performance, please place the act break between Scenes

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The stage functions as a flexible space able to depict, though not necessarily realistically, several locations in and around Sherwood Glade, a rural field surrounded by woods and home to a variety of native animals.

SCENE 1

Three young bunnies are playing a game of hide-and-seek. FLOPSY and MOPSY, twin sisters, and COTTONTAIL, their younger sister, are mid-game.

FLOPSY. Okay, Cottontail, you're "It" this time.

COTTONTAIL. Aaww! I was just "It" *last* time. Why do I always gotta be "It"?

MOPSY. Because the *loser* is always "It."

FLOPSY. And let's face it, Cottontail, you're a *loser*. (*Flopsy and Mopsy laugh.*)

COTTONTAIL. You take that back, Flopsy!

MOPSY. What's there to take back? It's the truth.

COTTONTAIL. It is *not*, Mopsy!

MOPSY. Is too!

COTTONTAIL. Is not!

FLOPSY & MOPSY. Is too!

COTTONTAIL. If you don't take it back, I'm telling Ma.

MOPSY. Go ahead and tell. We'll just deny it. (*Mopsy goes behind Cottontail.*)

FLOPSY. It's your word against ours, Cottontail—and we're older. (*Mopsy has knelt on all fours behind Cottontail. Flopsy gives Cottontail a shove, resulting in Cottontail tumbling backwards over Mopsy and ending up on the ground. Flopsy and Mopsy laugh, pointing at Cottontail.*)

COTTONTAIL. MA!!

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FLOPSY. All right, all right, just forget it. If you're gonna be a baby, I'll be "It," okay? And I'm only counting to ten, got it?

COTTONTAIL. Close your eyes—and no cheating!

FLOPSY. Go! (*Mopsy and Cottontail hide themselves. Flopsy counts.*) 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, — (*Flopsy opens her eyes to look around, and Cottontail catches her cheating.*)

COTTONTAIL. I SAID NO CHEATING!

FLOPSY. (*Covering her eyes again.*) Ugh! 7, 8, 9, 10. Ready or not, here I come! (*Flopsy starts to look for Mopsy and Cottontail. Now, tauntingly, sing-songy.*) Where a-a-re you? ... I'm gonna fi-i-nd you ... You can't hide from me-e-e ... (*She thinks she's spotted one of them and starts stealthily approaching. Meanwhile, her brother, PETER RABBIT, wearing an old jacket torn in the back and carrying a sack of something, enters from the opposite side. Flopsy, intent on the game, doesn't hear or see him. Peter, in typical older brother fashion, sneaks up behind Flopsy to scare her. Flopsy, still unaware of Peter, focuses on the spot where she thinks one of her sisters is hiding.*) I'm gonna ge-e-t you ... 'cause I know you're ri-i-ight—

PETER. (*Interrupting loudly.*) BOO!

FLOPSY. (*Screaming.*) AAAGGGHHH! (*Peter laughs wildly. Flopsy is angry.*) Peter!!

MOPSY. (*Revealing herself, pleased to see her brother.*) Peter!

COTTONTAIL. (*Revealing herself, also pleased.*) Peter!

MRS. RABBIT. (*Very loudly and sharply, from offstage.*) PETER!

PETER. Uh-oh!

MRS. RABBIT. (*Very loudly, still off.*) PETER RABBIT!

PETER. (*To his sisters.*) I was never here, got it? (*Peter hides from his mother.*)

MRS. RABBIT. (*Entering.*) Where the daisies is that rabbit? (*Calling loudly again.*) PETER! (*Giving Flopsy a stern "mom" look.*) Flopsy?

FLOPSY. Yes, Ma?

MRS. RABBIT. (*Again with the "look."*) Mopsy?

MOPSY. Yes, Ma?

MRS. RABBIT. (*And again with the "look."*) Cottontail? (*She waits, but Cottontail doesn't respond.*) Just where is your brother?

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COTTONTAIL. (*Covering badly.*) You mean Peter?

MRS. RABBIT. (*Peeved.*) Considering he's your *only* brother, yes, I mean Peter. (*Flopsy and Mopsy look at each other conspiratorially.*) Flopsy? Is there something you'd like to tell me?

FLOPSY. (*Guiltily.*) Not really.

MRS. RABBIT. Mopsy?

MOPSY. (*Guiltily.*) Not exactly.

MRS. RABBIT. Cottontail?

COTTONTAIL. (*Evasive.*) Um ...

MRS. RABBIT. (*Pressing.*) Yes?

COTTONTAIL. (*Looking at Flopsy and Mopsy for guidance.*) Um ... well ... (*Flopsy and Mopsy glare at Cottontail, trying to keep her quiet.*)

MRS. RABBIT. I'm counting to three, Cottontail, and if you don't—

COTTONTAIL. (*Quickly, defeated.*) No, please. Not the counting!

MRS. RABBIT. Well?

COTTONTAIL. (*Crumbling, pointing to Peter's location.*) He's over there. Hiding.

MOPSY. (*Annoyed.*) Way to go, Cottontail!

FLOPSY. You mean "tattletale"! (*Peter emerges from his hiding place, still carrying his sack.*)

PETER. (*Falsely nonchalant.*) Oh, hey, Ma. Didn't see you there.

MRS. RABBIT. (*Not having it.*) Oh, really? And just where have you been, Peter Rabbit?

PETER. (*Evasive.*) Me? Oh, nowhere really. Just—you know—over on the other side of Sherwood Glade.

MRS. RABBIT. (*Alarmed.*) The other side of the glade?!

PETER. (*Confessing, defensive.*) Look, Ma, I just wanted to find us something better to eat, all right? Like, I don't know, a rutabaga or something. I was hungry!

FLOPSY. We *all* are!

MOPSY. You got *that* right! All we ever get are scrawny little clover leaves and those nasty-tasting weeds.

COTTONTAIL. I can't even remember the last time we had lettuce, much less a carrot.

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MRS. RABBIT. (*Defensive.*) I'm sorry, but we're doing the best we can with what we've got. You know it hasn't been easy without your father. At least we're not starving.

MOPSY. Yet.

FLOPSY. It's a good thing Peter's looking out for us.

COTTONTAIL. Even if he does have to steal from MacGregor Corp. (*Peter, Flopsy, Mopsy, and Mrs. Rabbit all glare at Cottontail.*) Oops.

MRS. RABBIT. (*Alarmed.*) Stealing from MacGregor Corp?!

PETER. But is it really— ?

MRS. RABBIT. (*Interrupting.*) If I've told you once, Peter Rabbit, I've told you a thousand times to stay away from that part of Sherwood Glade! If those *people* at MacGregor Corp catch you over there, there's no telling what they'll do to you! (*Panicking.*) You could end up in a pie—or a stew—or even a ragout!

PETER. Sounds yummy.

MRS. RABBIT. (*Immediately angry.*) Not if you're *in* it!

PETER. (*Ignoring his mother's remark and reaching into his sack.*) But, Ma, just take a look at this. Have you ever seen such a tasty-looking turnip?

MRS. RABBIT. And just where did you find a turnip?

PETER. Um ...

MRS. RABBIT. Because we haven't had turnips on *our* side of the glade in ages.

PETER. (*Spinning a yarn.*) Oh, I was just out, you know, wandering around, and I looked down—and you'll never guess what happened to “turn up”? A *turnip*! (*He laughs awkwardly at his weak joke. Mrs. Rabbit is not amused.*) Get it?

MRS. RABBIT. The question is, Peter Rabbit, where did *you* get it?

PETER. Like I said—

MRS. RABBIT. (*Interrupting.*) Just as I thought—and how many times have I told you not to go poking around MacGregor Corp property?

FLOPSY. (*Interrupting, snarkily.*) I believe you said it was a thousand.

MRS. RABBIT. That's enough out of you, Flopsy!

MOPSY. (*Defending her sister.*) But that's what you said, Ma!

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MRS. RABBIT. And the same goes for you, Mopsy! Now, both of you—off to your burrows!

FLOPSY & MOPSY. (*In unison.*) But, Ma— !

MRS. RABBIT. Scoot! And you can take Cottontail with you.

COTTONTAIL. (*Complaining.*) But I didn't *do* nothin'—

MRS. RABBIT. (*Correcting her.*) You didn't do *anything*!

COTTONTAIL. That's what I said!

MRS. RABBIT. No arguments. (*Glaring at Peter.*) Your brother and I need to have a little talk. (*Addressing the others again.*) Now, hop to!

COTTONTAIL. (*To Peter.*) Got any more of those turnips?

MRS. RABBIT. (*Louder.*) I said, "HOP TO!" (*Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cottontail exit, grumbling.*) I'm in no mood for your shenanigans, Peter Rabbit. If I've told you once, I've told you—

PETER. (*Interrupting.*) —a thousand times, yeah, I know—

MRS. RABBIT. (*Continuing.*) —MacGregor Corp property is off-limits!

PETER. But, Ma—

MRS. RABBIT. (*Interrupting.*) It's too dangerous! If your father were here, he'd tell you the same thing.

PETER. That's just the point! He's *not* here—and it's all *because* of MacGregor Corp.

MRS. RABBIT. He was just being so reckless—

PETER. (*Interrupting.*) He was just trying to take care of his family, Ma—just like I am.

MRS. RABBIT. And I'm grateful for that, Petey—but you've got to listen when I tell you that MacGregor Corp isn't something to be trifled with—

PETER. (*Interrupting.*) So just how long are we gonna let them keep pushing us

around, huh? Until they get rid of *all* of us? Ever since that power-hungry Jonathan Prince took over, that's exactly what they seem intent on doing.

MRS. RABBIT. Now, Petey, it's not really that bad—

PETER. Oh, come on, Ma! It's because of Jonathan Prince that *we* got pushed out of our home and lost our food supply. *He* took the most fertile part of Sherwood Glade and left *us* to scrounge for whatever measly vegetation we can find.

MRS. RABBIT. We're still able to find enough to eat, aren't we?

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PETER. But when's the last time you saw something like this? *(He pulls a large, beautiful cabbage out of his bag.)*

MRS. RABBIT. *(Impressed.)* Oh, my word—

PETER. *(Displaying a big bunch of radishes.)* Or these—

MRS. RABBIT. *(Even more impressed.)* Goodness gracious—

PETER. *(Producing a big, gorgeous carrot.)* Or how about this?

MRS. RABBIT. *(Overwhelmed, swooning.)* Oh, Petey! They're just so beautiful it's hard to believe they're even real!

PETER. See what we're missing out on, Ma? And it's not just us rabbits—what about all the other animals in Sherwood Glade that MacGregor Corp has left homeless?

MRS. RABBIT. I know, son—but it's not right to steal.

PETER. But isn't that what *they* did? They took our homes away from us—our very means of survival!

MRS. RABBIT. But it's not the same for them. They're ... well, they're *people. Humans.* They operate under different rules.

PETER. *(Bitterly.)* You're right there, Ma. They sure do.

MRS. RABBIT. Peter, I know it's not fair, but it's just the way it is.

PETER. Not if I have anything to say about it. *(SHERRY F.*

NOTTINGHAM, Chief of Security at MacGregor Corp, enters. Her uniform includes a jacket with the MacGregor Corp logo on it. She is accompanied by MacGregor Corp GUARD 1, who is wearing sunglasses and a hoodie also emblazoned with a large MacGregor Corp logo.)

SHERRY. *(Brusquely addressing Mrs. Rabbit.)* Excuse us, ma'am, hate to bother you, but I'm wondering if you have time to answer a few questions. *(Immediately upon seeing Sherry and Guard 1, Peter scrambles to return the vegetables to the bag and to hide the bag behind his back. Throughout the scene, he comically but still successfully continues to hide the bag from their sight.)*

MRS. RABBIT. *(Worried.)* And you are— ?

SHERRY. *(Flashing her ID badge attached to her jacket.)* Sherry F. Nottingham, ma'am. MacGregor Corp Chief of Security. *(Mrs. Rabbit gives Peter a quick look to try to keep him quiet, especially since he's holding the bag of stolen vegetables.)*

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MRS. RABBIT. (*Evasively.*) As a matter of fact, I was just about to start our supper.

SHERRY. This won't take long.

GUARD 1. (*Lamely joking.*) We'll be quick as a *bunny*! (*Guard 1 chortles. Sherry gives Guard 1 a reprimanding look.*)

MRS. RABBIT. (*Stopping and turning to Sherry.*) Well, all right, then—but you know how impatient these youngsters can be when they're hungry.

SHERRY. (*Dismissive.*) Not really. (*Changing her tone.*) Here's the situation, ma'am: There was an incident today at MacGregor Corp headquarters—and, because of the timing of said incident, it has caught the attention of our CEO, Mr. Jonathan Prince.

MRS. RABBIT. Mr. Prince, you say?

SHERRY. That's right. It seems that someone—

GUARD 1. (*Interjecting.*) —or something—

SHERRY. (*Continuing.*) —was able to breach the warehouse security fence at our East Sherwood Glade growing site—

PETER. (*Interrupting, a little snarkily.*) Did you hear that, Ma? Something broke into MacGregor Corp.

SHERRY. (*Ignoring Peter's interruption, continuing.*) —and we're making some inquiries here in West Sherwood Glade—

GUARD 1. (*Interjecting.*) —talking to your neighbors—

SHERRY. (*Continuing.*) —gathering statements and whatnot.

MRS. RABBIT. (*Worried.*) Is that so?

SHERRY. I'm wondering if *you* might have seen or heard anything that struck you as suspicious.

MRS. RABBIT. Suspicious?

SHERRY. Out of the ordinary.

GUARD 1. Abnormal.

SHERRY. Peculiar.

MRS. RABBIT. Well, let me think—

SHERRY. (*Approaching Peter.*) How about *you*, young rabbit? Anything today strike *you* as strange?

PETER. (*Glibly, as he hides the bag.*) Strange? No. No, no, no. Absolutely not. Nothing at all.

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SHERRY. *(Slowly, still glaring at Peter.)* Actually, our security cameras were able to get a picture of the culprit.

MRS. RABBIT. *(Covering her alarm.)* You mean there's a photo?

GUARD 1. *(Removing the photo from their pocket and handing it to Sherry.)* Sure is.

SHERRY. *(To Mrs. Rabbit.)* Here. Take a look at it and see if it rings any bells. As you can see, the photo's a little fuzzy.

MRS. RABBIT. Yes ...

GUARD 1. And that rascal *in* the photo is a little fuzzy, too, if you catch my drift.

MRS. RABBIT. I'm not sure ...

SHERRY. I know it's not much to go on, since you can't see the culprit's face. The camera only managed to get a shot of their ... um ... "backside" as they escaped under the security fence.

MRS. RABBIT. I see ...

SHERRY. See anything you recognize? Anything that looks familiar?

MRS. RABBIT. Well, I don't know. I really can't say ...

GUARD 1. *(Snidely.)* I know what you mean. All those fluffy little tails look alike, don't they? *(Mrs. Rabbit, angered by Guard 1's blatant bias, give him a look and changes her tone.)*

MRS. RABBIT. *(Abruptly decisive.)* No, I can't say I recognize a thing. Now, if you don't mind, I need to get supper started.

SHERRY. Sorry to trouble you. *(Removing a business card from her jacket pocket.)* Here's my card. You'll be sure to let us know if you see or hear anything. Mr. Prince would be most appreciative. *(Sherry hands her card to Mrs. Rabbit.)*

MRS. RABBIT. Thank you.

SHERRY. *(Approaching Peter.)* You, too, young rabbit. Don't hesitate to contact us.

PETER. Oh, I won't. *(Sherry and Guard 1 pass by Peter. Peter turns and goes to his mother, moving the bag in front of him to hide it from Sherry's sight. Sherry turns back and notices Peter's torn jacket.)*

SHERRY. *(Referring to the torn jacket.)* Just a minute. What's going on there? *(Peter quickly hands the bag off to his mother and turns to face Sherry.)*

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PETER. What's going on where?

SHERRY. Your jacket. It's torn in the back.

PETER. (*Feigning ignorance.*) What do you know?

SHERRY. What happened to it?

PETER. I'm ... uh ... I mean—

SHERRY. (*Interrupting, pointedly.*) Looks like you might have ripped it ... maybe on a *fence* or something. Is that possible?

PETER. Well, I suppose anything's *possible*, right?

MRS. RABBIT. (*Creating an alibi.*) Oh, Petey, why do you insist on wearing that old, torn jacket? If I've told you once, I've told you a thousand times, you've got a perfectly good new one in your burrow. (*Now to Sherry.*) But no, he's just *got* to wear this old raggedy one. (*Sneakily handing the bag back to Peter.*) Kids—you just can't tell 'em anything, can you? (*A pause.*) Now, you have a good day, Chief— (*Referring quickly to her card.*) Nottingham.

SHERRY. (*Being ushered off.*) That's Nottingham. Sherry F. Nottingham.

MRS. RABBIT. Yes, of course. My apologies. Goodbye now, Chief Nottingham. (*Sherry and Guard 1 have exited.*)

PETER. (*Impressed.*) Hey, that was pretty slick, Ma. About the jacket, I mean.

MRS. RABBIT. I don't like lying, Peter.

PETER. But you *are* pretty good at it—

MRS. RABBIT. (*Ignoring Peter's remark.*) So, what *did* happen to your jacket? The truth.

PETER. (*Finally confessing.*) I ... uh ... I tore it on the MacGregor Corp fence, all right? Running away from those flat-footed guards they sent after me.

MRS. RABBIT. (*Angrily.*) Peter Rabbit, you could have been *killed* by those guards!

PETER. Ha! They'd have to catch me first.

MRS. RABBIT. And what makes you think they won't? Especially now Jonathan Prince himself is involved?

PETER. (*Cockily.*) She was just blowing smoke about Prince. Why would he care about a few missing vegetables? And besides, I'm faster *and* smarter than any of those rent-a-cop goons he's hired.

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MRS. RABBIT. But they've got a picture of you, Petey!

PETER. Just my fluffy little tail—not my handsome little *face!*

MRS. RABBIT. Mark my words—one of these days that cocky little *attitude* of yours is going to be your downfall.

PETER. I haven't been caught yet, have I?

MRS. RABBIT. But you might not always be so lucky.

PETER. It's not luck, Ma—I've got mad skills! And just you wait and see—one day I'm gonna be the most famous rabbit in all of Sherwood Glade.

MRS. RABBIT. You've just got to be more careful, Petey. I don't know what we'd do if we lost you.

PETER. No need to worry about that.

MRS. RABBIT. It's a mother's job to worry. (*Changing her tone.*) All right, hand me that bag of vegetables.

PETER. (*Kidding.*) I don't know, Ma—it's stolen property. You sure you wanna be an accessory to a crime?

MRS. RABBIT. I just want to make us a nice supper for once. Now, hand it over.

PETER. (*Handing over the bag.*) Love you, Ma.

MRS. RABBIT. Just stay out of trouble, Petey—and give me that jacket, too. I better mend it.

PETER. (*Removing the jacket and handing it to Mrs. Rabbit.*) Thanks, Ma. (*Mrs. Rabbit exits. Peter lies down and is just about to take a bite of a turnip when BENJAMIN BUNNY, Peter's favorite cousin, enters. Benjamin sports sunglasses and a hoodie emblazoned with the MacGregor Corp logo, the same kind Guard 1 wore. The hood covers his rabbit ears. Peter doesn't see him at first.*)

BENJAMIN. (*Entering, speaking in a low voice to prank Peter.*) What've you got there, young rabbit? (*Peter turns to see Benjamin and mistakes him for another MacGregor Corp guard. Immediately, he is anxious and on the defensive, turning his back to Benjamin and concealing the stolen turnip.*)

PETER. Uh ... nothing ... not a thing ... sir! (*Peter tosses the turnip away behind his back.*)

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BENJAMIN. *(Still with a low voice.)* I'm afraid you're gonna need to come with me, son. I gotta charge you.

PETER. *(Frightened.)* Charge me—with *what?*

BENJAMIN. *(Pushing back his hoodie and removing his sunglasses to reveal himself to Peter.)* With being a sucker, sucker! *(Benjamin cracks up laughing.)*

PETER. *(Taking the sunglasses away from Benjamin.)* Aw, I knew it was you all the time, Benny.

BENJAMIN. *(Still laughing and exaggeratedly mocking Peter's earlier frightened reaction.)* “Nothing, sir! Not a thing, sir!”

PETER. *(Puts on the sunglasses, trying to be cool.)* I was just playing along.

BENJAMIN. *(Laughing.)* Were not! You got punked, Cuz, and you know it!

PETER. *(Removing the sunglasses, but holding on to them, defensive.)* So what? *(Suddenly miffed.)* And what are you thinking anyway, wearing that stupid hoodie?

BENJAMIN. I like it. It's cool.

PETER. But it's from MacGregor Corp!

BENJAMIN. Yeah, I know, but—

PETER. *(Interrupting.)* But nothing! They're evil, Benny. Take that thing off.

BENJAMIN. *(A little whiney.)* But it matches my kicks, Cuz. It's a whole look I got going on here.

PETER. You *look* like a traitor.

BENJAMIN. *(Insulted.)* Hey, what're you saying— ?

PETER. *(Interrupting.)* Because only a traitor would wear a MacGregor Corp hoodie around here. Where'd you get that, anyway?

BENJAMIN. *(Evasive.)* Found it.

PETER. *(Skeptical.)* Yeah? Where?

BENJAMIN. Other side of Sherwood Glade.

PETER. Yeah? I was just over there, too.

BENJAMIN. I thought I saw you high-tailing it outta there. What'd you do?

PETER. Got us something decent to eat—for a change.

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BENJAMIN. Got any extra?

PETER. Sure, if you want to stay for supper. There's cabbage, radishes, turnips, carrots—

BENJAMIN. You can stop right there, Cuz. You had me at “cabbage.”

PETER. Well, if you're staying, I'm gonna need you to take off that hoodie.

BENJAMIN. *(Complaining.)* Aw, come on—

PETER. *(Reminding Benjamin of what he'd be missing.)* Radishes, turnips,— ?

BENJAMIN. *(Taking the hoodie off.)* Okay, okay— *(Benjamin hands the hoodie to Peter. Peter puts the sunglasses back on. OLIVIA*

HARRINGTON, a rabbit on whom Peter has a long-standing crush, enters behind Peter. Peter doesn't notice Olivia.)

PETER. *(Wearing sunglasses, doing an Elvis imitation.)* Thank you.

Thank you very much. *(Benjamin is fully aware that Olivia has entered but just lets Peter continue.)* And for my next number, I'd like to do a little song I call “A Hunk, A Hunk o' Bunny Love.” *(Counting off the tempo of the song, beginning his swiveling hips routine.)* And-a 1, 2, 3, 4— *(Singing and swiveling his hips.)* LORD A'MIGHTY, I FEEL MY TEMPERATURE RISIN'— *(Suddenly, he glimpses Olivia, feels really embarrassed, and stops cold.)*

OLIVIA. *(Enjoying Peter's embarrassment and rubbing it in.)* Oh, please—don't stop on my account.

PETER. *(Trying to regain composure, removing the sunglasses and putting them in his pocket.)* I was just ... uh—

OLIVIA. *(Interrupting.)* Busting out your Elvis Parsley impression?

PETER. *(Still fumbling.)* Well, yeah, I guess, but I didn't know—

OLIVIA. Actually, it wasn't half bad.

PETER. *(His tone changes.)* Really?

BENJAMIN. No, *not* really. It was a *hundred percent* bad. Olivia's just being nice.

OLIVIA. Yeah, mostly—but there *was* something unique about it.

PETER. *(Brighter.)* There was?

OLIVIA. Well, it's not every day you get to see Peter Rabbit make a fool of himself.

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BENJAMIN. (*Snarkily.*) But it's at least every *other* day.

PETER. (*Sarcastically.*) Ha, ha. You're a riot, Benny. (*Now trying too hard to be funny and slick for Olivia.*) So, Olivia—to what do we owe the pleasure of your company?

OLIVIA. (*Unimpressed, then urgently.*) Yeah, whatever. Look—MacGregor Corp security was just over at our place asking questions about a break-in that happened earlier today—and I thought I ought to warn you ... well, you know, just in case.

PETER. Yeah, thanks. They hit us up, too. (*Feigning ignorance.*) I wonder who it coulda been?

OLIVIA. (*Sarcastically.*) Yeah, I wonder.

BENJAMIN. Well, I don't—'cause I know it was *you*, Cuz!

PETER. (*Trying to laugh it off.*) Aw, come on, Benny. That's ridiculous!

OLIVIA. (*Cutting to the chase.*) Petey, it was you. I saw the photo.

PETER. (*Caught.*) Oh. (*Changing his tone, a little cocky again, turning his back to show his tail to Olivia.*) So, how'd I look?

OLIVIA. (*Trying to make Peter take the situation seriously.*) From that angle? Guilty.

PETER. Obviously they don't know it was me, Olivia. No biggie.

OLIVIA. But it *is* a biggie! It's just a matter of time before they figure out who's stealing from them.

PETER. (*Grumbling.*) You sound like my mother.

OLIVIA. I'll take that as a compliment.

BENJAMIN. (*Sincerely, sotto voce to Olivia.*) I don't think he meant it that way. **OLIVIA.** Petey, I get it. I know why you're doing it.

PETER. (*Defensive.*) Oh, yeah? What do *you* know?

OLIVIA. For one thing, I despise MacGregor Corp just as much as you do. They're the worst thing that's ever happened to Sherwood Glade.

PETER. (*Angrily.*) *And* the worst thing that's ever happened to my *family*.

OLIVIA. You've got every right to be angry at them for what happened to your dad—but if you keep doing what you're doing, your family's gonna end up losing you, too.

PETER. So what are we supposed to do? Just let 'em keep kicking us around until they've starved us out of Sherwood Glade altogether?

OLIVIA. (*Surprised, changing her tone again.*) So you've heard?

RABBIT HOOD

PETER. Heard what?

OLIVIA. *(Taking out her cell phone.)* It's all over the web. *(Finding the video.)* Take a look. *(Olivia presents the phone to Peter. On another part of the stage, or possibly as a projection onto a screen, the audience sees the news video clip featuring JONATHAN PRINCE that Peter, Benjamin, and Olivia are watching on the phone.)*

PRINCE. *(Standing at a mic at a news conference.)* Good morning. I'm Jonathan Prince, MacGregor Corp CEO. As you know, MacGregor Corp's expansion into East Sherwood Glade has been an unqualified success—in fact, we can't keep up with the demand! So, today, I'm here to announce MacGregor Corp's production facilities will blaze westward to take in the *entirety* of Sherwood Glade. That way, we can provide all the delicious *and* nutritious vegetable products that you, our customers, have come to know and love. Our bulldozers are ready to roll, and construction will begin immediately. We thank you for your continued support—and remember MacGregor Corp's motto: "If it's good for us, it's 100% good for you." *(Lights out on Prince. Silently, Peter hands Olivia's phone back to her. He walks away, slowly separating himself from his two friends.)*

BENJAMIN. *(Stunned.)* I can't believe it.

OLIVIA. *(Disappointed.)* It's despicable, isn't it? *(Peter remains turned away. He doesn't answer.)* Peter? *(A pause.)* Peter, say something.

PETER. *(Bitterly, still turned away.)* What's there to say? They're taking over and kicking us out. They win and we lose—*again*.

OLIVIA. There's gotta be something we can do.

BENJAMIN. Like what?

OLIVIA. I don't know. Protest. Refuse to leave. Fight back. Something.

PETER. *(Defeated, sarcastic.)* Right.

OLIVIA. We can't just give up without a fight, Peter. You literally just said that yourself!

PETER. I was talking about sneaking onto MacGregor Corp property and taking a few vegetables. This ... this is *way* beyond that, Olivia. How are we gonna fight back when Jonathan Prince comes at us with bulldozers and who knows what else? There's nothing to do but pack up and get out of here while we still can. *(Peter starts to leave.)*

OLIVIA. I can't believe you're just gonna walk away. *You*—of all rabbits!

RABBIT HOOD

PETER. (*Stopping.*) What's that supposed to mean?

OLIVIA. What about all your big talk about how MacGregor Corp is the enemy? How we have to stand up to their corporate greed and environmental devastation? (*Peter just looks at her. She continues.*) So when push comes to shove and the fight becomes *real*—you just throw in the towel, right?

BENJAMIN. Come on, Petey. I've never, *ever* known you to be a quitter.

PETER. When you know you're gonna lose, what's the point in fighting?

OLIVIA. What's the *point*? What about the homes and lives of all the animals here in Sherwood Glade?

PETER. (*Bitter.*) They're not my problem.

BENJAMIN. (*Disappointed.*) Wow, Petey. Who's the turncoat now? (*Throwing the MacGregor Corp hoodie at Peter.*) You might as well wear this yourself, *traitor*!

PETER. (*Catching the hoodie and angrily putting it on.*) Maybe I will! (*Stuffing his ears inside the hood.*) What the heck—if you can't beat 'em,— (*Putting on the sunglasses, too.*) —join 'em, right? (*Peter strikes a defiant pose.*)

OLIVIA. (*Deeply disappointed and angered.*) Peter Rabbit dressed like a MacGregor Corp guard. How disgusting!

BENJAMIN. (*Also deeply disappointed.*) It is disgusting, Cuz— (*Changing his tone.*) —but it's also scarily convincing.

PETER. (*A sudden change of tone, looking at himself.*) Oh, yeah?

BENJAMIN. Yeah. You're *totally* disgusting.

PETER. No, I mean, you really think I look like a MacGregor Corp guard?

OLIVIA. (*Trying to figure out what Peter is up to.*) With those sunglasses and that hoodie covering your ears, you do.

PETER. (*Turning around and pointing to his tail.*) And what about this?

BENJAMIN. (*Catching on to Peter's idea and pulling down the oversized hoodie to cover Peter's tail*) I got you, Cuz!

OLIVIA. Peter, you're not thinking—

PETER. (*Interrupting.*) Oh, I'm *thinking*, all right ...

RABBIT HOOD

OLIVIA. Come on—who’s really gonna believe a rabbit is a MacGregor Corp guard? *(We hear Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cottontail’s voices from off as they approach.)*

FLOPSY. *(From off.)* PETER!

MOPSY. *(From off.)* PETER! MOM WANTS YOU!

PETER. *(Getting an idea, responding to Olivia.)* So let’s find out. You two play along with me, all right? *(Peter positions Olivia and Benjamin so that he’s facing them. His back faces the direction from which Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cottontail are entering.)*

COTTONTAIL. *(From off.)* You’re gonna be in big trouble, Petey! *(Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cottontail enter. Peter, now pretending to be a MacGregor Corp guard, is looking intimidatingly at Olivia and Benjamin.)*

PETER. *(In a gruff voice.)* Now, listen here, you two rabbits. I don’t want to see hide nor hair of you near MacGregor Corp property ever again, you understand?

OLIVIA & BENJAMIN. *(Speaking quietly, surprised by the “Guard’s” demeanor and truly sort of intimidated.)* Yes, sir.

PETER. *(Very loud.)* I said, “DO YOU UNDERSTAND?”

OLIVIA & BENJAMIN. *(Louder.)* Yes, sir!! *(Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cottontail are terrified. They turn and try to sneak off quietly. Seeing them turn, Benjamin signals their impending exit to Peter. Peter wheels around to face them.)*

PETER. *(Loud and gruff.)* Hold it right there—all of you! *(Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cottontail stop dead in their tracks. Peter slowly and deliberately moves in front of them to block their exit.)* And just what do have we here? Looks like three more *miscreants*, if I’m not mistaken?

COTTONTAIL. *(Sotto voce to Flopsy and Mopsy.)* What’s a “miscreant”? *(Flopsy and Mopsy, terrified, shush Cottontail.)*

PETER. *(Turning and sniffing the air.)* And what’s that I smell? Could it be, I don’t know, vegetable stew? *(Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cottontail look at each other. Nobody answers.)* And just where did those vegetables come from, huh? Somebody—or something—stole them, isn’t that right? *(Again, Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cottontail don’t answer. Peter approaches Flopsy.)* Was it you?

FLOPSY. *(Terrified.)* No, sir.

RABBIT HOOD

PETER. (*Approaching Mopsy.*) Was it you?

MOPSY. (*Terrified.*) No, sir!

PETER. (*Approaching Cottontail.*) How about you?

COTTONTAIL. (*Panicked.*) It wasn't me, sir! Not on your life! Nuh-uh! No way!

PETER. Oh, really? Then I guess that can only mean one thing. It was— (*Whipping off the hood and sunglasses to reveal himself.*) —me! (*Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cottontail are stunned. Olivia and Benjamin, laughing, are impressed.*)

FLOPSY. (*Simultaneously*) Peter!
You scared me half to death!

MOPSY. (*Simultaneously.*) Oh,
my galoshes! I can't believe it's
you!

COTTONTAIL. No way, José! You look just like one of those MacGregor Corp goons!

PETER. (*Laughing, cocky.*) You shoulda seen your faces!

FLOPSY. That was a mean trick, Petey!

MOPSY. What were you thinking, pulling something like that?

PETER. I was just trying to prove a point.

COTTONTAIL. (*Laughing at her siblings.*) Yeah—that Flopsy and Mopsy are scaredy cats!

FLOPSY. What about *you*, Cottontail?

MOPSY. (*Mocking Cottontail's terrified reaction.*) “No, sir! Nuh-uh! It wasn't me, sir!”

COTTONTAIL. I didn't sound like that.

MOPSY. Did, too.

COTTONTAIL. Did not.

FLOPSY. Did, too.

COTTONTAIL. Did—

PETER. (*Interrupting.*) All right, already. The point is, you three believed I was a MacGregor Corp security guard.

BENJAMIN. Heck, I started to believe it myself!

PETER. Olivia?

OLIVIA. Well, yeah, I guess you were sorta convincing—but it's a lot easier to put one over on some pipsqueak bunnies—

COTTONTAIL. (*Interrupting, offended.*) Hey, just a sec—

RABBIT HOOD

OLIVIA. *(To Cottontail.)* —No offense.— *(Then continuing to Peter.)* — than it will be to dupe a bunch of grown-up humans over at MacGregor Corp.

PETER. *(Cocky.)* Oh, I don't know about that. I mean, come on—how hard is it to act like one of those thick-as-a-brick guards they got over there? *(Peter, donning the hoodie and sunglasses again, starts his MacGregor Corp guard act. Meanwhile, Sherry F. Nottingham and Guard 1 enter from behind Peter, so he is unaware of their presence. Peter continues, gruffly putting on his "guard" act.)* Okay, you dumb bunnies, I've had just about enough of you, you understand? And I'm not gonna take any more of your *hare lip*, got it? *(The others, seeing Sherry and Guard 1, are genuinely scared. Peter thinks they're just playing along with him, which encourages him to proceed with his act.)* Afraid, huh? Well, you know what we do with scared little bunnies like you, don't you?

SHERRY. *(Making her presence known.)* And just what *do* we do, Officer? *(Peter spins around quickly to face Sherry and Guard 1. He is stunned for a moment before he speaks.)*

PETER. *(Fumbling at first.)* Uh ... we ... uh ... we give them a ... a *harsh warning*, don't we, ma'am? A warning ... that's ... uh ... really, *really* harsh.

SHERRY. And just what did these young rabbits do to warrant such a harsh warning?

PETER. *These* rabbits? You mean these rabbits right here?

SHERRY. Yep. Those rabbits. Right there.

PETER. Uh ... well ... they ... uh ... they were looking suspicious, ma'am ... like they were up to no good.

SHERRY. *(Skeptical.)* I see.

PETER. *(Getting more confident.)* And I just wanted 'em to know I'd be keeping an eye on 'em. They're not going to get away with any of their hijinks and misdeeds while I'm around, no sir—I mean, no ma'am!

GUARD 1. *(Encouraging Peter.)* Showin' 'em who's boss, right?

PETER. Right.

SHERRY. Got it. *(Looking closely at Peter.)* Well, good work, Officer ... *(Looking at his chest for his badge.)* Where's your name badge, Officer?

PETER. I ... um ... I guess I must've lost it ... you know ... in the *scuffle*.

RABBIT HOOD

SHERRY. The scuffle? What scuffle?

PETER. Oh, the one with ... uh ... this ... uh ... this *other* wascally wabbit ... I mean rascally rabbit. *(To Guard 1.)* You know how rascally those rabbits can be, right?

GUARD 1. Sure do. They're a rascally bunch, all right.

SHERRY. *(Pointedly.)* This, um, "rascally rabbit"—it didn't happen to be wearing a torn jacket and carrying a bag of stolen vegetables, did it?

PETER. *(Suddenly nervous.)* Oh, no—no, no, no—nothing like that. Why do you ask?

SHERRY. Because that *particular* rabbit is our prime suspect in an incident at headquarters this morning.

GUARD 1. *(Removing the photo from their pocket and showing it to Peter.)* Got a shot here of the critter making an escape.

PETER. *(Looking at the photo.)* Ah ... yeah ... I see. Squeezed out under a fence, huh? I mean, all you can see here's their ... uh ... their ... *(Peter starts to turn around to show his backside, then thinks better of it and just points to his backside.)*

GUARD 1. Yep.

SHERRY. Just keep an eye out, all right, Officer, uh ... ? *(She pauses waiting to hear a name.)* Exactly what is your name, Officer?

PETER. Oh, uh ... Pe— *(He reconsiders.)* ... uh ... Pea ... nut. *(A pause.)* Butter.

SHERRY. *(In disbelief.)* Peanut Butter?

PETER. *(Scrambling.)* Actually, it's ... uh ... P, period, Nutbutter. P.'s my first initial. It stands for P ... knuckle ... uh, I mean, Pinochle. Like the card game, you know? Pinochle Nutbutter. That's my name.

SHERRY. *(Skeptical.)* That's quite a mouthful, isn't it?

PETER. *(Still scrambling.)* That's why I just go by P. Just plain ol' P.—P. Nutbutter.

SHERRY. *(Still skeptical.)* You'll have to forgive me, Officer Nutbutter—

PETER. Oh, you can just call me P.

SHERRY. No, thanks. *(Changing her tone and the subject.)* The thing is, I don't recall ever meeting you before—which is strange because I pride myself on knowing *all* my security personnel, well, *personally*—and I would definitely remember that name.

RABBIT HOOD

GUARD 1. So would I.

PETER. (*Scrambling to get out of this sticky situation.*) Oh, that's all right, ma'am—because I certainly remember *you*. You make quite an impression, you know that?

SHERRY. (*A little embarrassed.*) Well, I—

PETER. (*Interrupting, seeing an avenue of escape.*) Oh, no need to be modest, ma'am. Why, there's no one in all of Sherwood Glade who doesn't know Sherry F. Nottingham—you're a legend around these parts.

SHERRY. (*Falsely modest.*) Oh, go on—

PETER. (*Interrupting.*) Oh, I *could* go on—but I don't want to embarrass you. Suffice it to say, no one will soon forget the mark Sherry F.

Nottingham has made around here. No, siree.

SHERRY. (*More false modesty.*) Well, I do my best—and that's all one can do, isn't it?

PETER. (*Seemingly a compliment, but with double meaning.*) I'd like to see someone try and do *better*.

GUARD 1. (*A bit confused, a bit suspicious.*) What's that supposed to—

SHERRY. (*Interrupting, having been sufficiently flattered.*) All right, then, that's enough of that. I'll certainly remember you from now on. Keep up the good work and be careful out there, Officer. (*Guard 1 has been staring at Peter, still somewhat suspicious. Sherry and Guard 1 start to exit.*)

PETER. Ten-four, Chief. Copy that. And thank you, ma'am. I'll look forward to seeing you again. (*Peter watches Sherry and Guard 1 leave. Then, he turns to face his friends and immediately starts strutting and showboating like a football star who's scored a touchdown.*) Did you get a load of that? They fell for it lock, stock, and barrel!

BENJAMIN. Dude! That was a beautiful thing to behold!

FLOPSY. (*Overlapping.*) Mind blown!

MOPSY. (*Overlapping.*) Incredible!

COTTONTAIL. (*Overlapping.*) Awesome!

PETER. I know, right? (*Falsely modest.*) But that's enough about me. (*To Olivia, fishing for a compliment.*) So, Olivia—what did *you* think of my performance?

RABBIT HOOD

OLIVIA. I think you're completely full of yourself— (*She stops herself mid-thought.*)

PETER. (*Still fishing.*) Bu-u-t— ?

OLIVIA. (*Continuing, giving in.*) —but I have to admit—okay, yeah—you pulled it off. They seemed to buy it.

PETER. (*Cocky.*) Are you kidding me? They ate it up with a spoon! (*Excited.*) Okay—you want to fight back? Well, *this* is how we're gonna do it. (*To Benjamin.*) Benny, you say you found this hoodie on the other side of the glade?

BENJAMIN. Well, Cuz, I didn't exactly "find" it, if you know what I mean. More like I "borrowed" it.

PETER. From?

BENJAMIN. There's this guard station outside one of the MacGregor Corp gates where those security goons leave their stuff overnight. And, well—don't tell my mom—but it's a cinch to sneak in when they're out on their rounds.

PETER. So you could "borrow" us a couple more of these hoodies, say, if we needed them?

BENJAMIN. (*Getting excited.*) I see where you're going with this, Cuz—

OLIVIA. (*Skeptical.*) I do, too, and I don't think you've really thought this through, Peter—

PETER. (*Interrupting.*) And you're absolutely right—but it's a *start*, okay? I mean, you just said we've got to do something. Somehow, somehow we've gotta stop MacGregor Corp! (*Peter dons the hoodie and sunglasses again and strikes his "guard pose."*) And this disguise is gonna be our secret weapon!

BENJAMIN. (*Impressed.*) Lookin' *fierce*, Cuz!

OLIVIA. But that *name*, Petey—Pinochle Nutbutter?!

FLOPSY. I don't think I can call you that.

MOPSY. Me neither.

COTTONTAIL. Just kinda sticks to the roof your mouth, you know?

PETER. Aw, that name's just for the *humans*. You can just call me what you've always called me—

BENJAMIN. (*Interrupting excitedly, an "aha" moment with a flourish.*) *Rabbit Hood!*

RABBIT HOOD

OLIVIA. (*Confused.*) Rabbit Hood?

PETER. (*Skeptically.*) Rabbit Hood? (*Then trying it out.*) Rabbit Hood. (*Now more enthusiastically.*) Rabbit Hood! (*Even more animatedly.*) Yeah! Rabbit Hood!! I like it! (*Looking at the rest.*) No more boring old “Peter Rabbit”—from now on, I’m *Rabbit Hood!*

OTHERS. (*Cheering him enthusiastically.*) Rabbit Hood!

PETER. (*Excitedly offering an idea for a name for the rest of them.*) And his “brave band of bunnies”? Huh? What do you think? (*Extending his hand, palm down.*) Who’s in?

BENJAMIN. (*Excitedly putting his hand on top of Peter’s.*) I am, Cuz!

FLOPSY & MOPSY. (*Adding their hands to the pile.*) We are!

COTTONTAIL. (*Adding her hand, too.*) Me, too! (*Peter looks expectantly at Olivia.*)

OLIVIA. (*Giving in and extending her hand.*) What the heck!

PETER. (*Leading a cheer.*) Hop, hop—

OTHERS. (*As everyone throws their hands up exultantly.*) Hooray!

PETER. (*As everyone puts their hands back in again.*) Hop, hop— (*Unnoticed by Peter, Benjamin, Olivia, Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cottontail, Sherry and Guard 1 re-enter. Guard 1 is holding the photo of Peter and pointing out Peter’s now-exposed fuzzy tail to Sherry.*)

OTHERS. (*As everyone throws their hands up.*) Hooray!

PETER. (*As everyone puts their hands back in again.*) Hop, Hop—

ALL. (*Throwing their hands in the air again.*) Hooray!

BENJAMIN. To Rabbit Hood!

OTHERS. Rabbit Hood!

PETER. And his brave band of bunnies!

OTHERS. (*Ad libbing affirmations, laughing, etc.*) Hooray! That’s us! You got that right! etc.

SHERRY. (*Loudly interrupting.*) HOLD IT—right there! (*The rejoicing rabbits are stunned to see this sudden turn of events. Peter, though initially stunned, almost immediately tries to turn on his “Officer Nutbutter” act.*)

PETER. Ah! Look how it is! Chief Nottingham! I was just ... uh ... well ... I was just doing some community building with these young rabbits here, and—

SHERRY. (*Interrupting.*) “Community building”? (*Sarcastically.*) Right.

RABBIT HOOD

GUARD 1. (*Indicating the incriminating photo.*) I told you, Chief.

SHERRY. You can drop the act now— (*Sarcastically.*) —“Nutbutter.” (*Turning the screw.*) You’re no more a MacGregor Corp security guard than I’m the Queen of England. (*A pause.*) So, just who are you?

PETER. What do you mean, Chief? You *know* me—

SHERRY. What I know is you’re a *fraud*. Now, you’re gonna tell me your real name. (*Peter doesn’t answer.*) So, you’re not talking, huh? (*To Guard 1.*) Officer, would you please confirm that the ... um ... *backside* of the suspect matches that of the culprit in the photograph? (*Guard 1 approaches Peter and circles him, comparing the photo to Peter’s tail.*)

GUARD 1. Yes, ma’am. Just like I said. One and the same.

SHERRY. Thank you, Officer. (*Guard 1 steps aside.*) Looks like we’re gonna have to take you into custody, whatever your name is.

PETER. (*With bravado.*) It’s Rabbit Hood!

SHERRY. (*Mockingly laughing.*) “Rabbit Hood”? Really? You sure you don’t want to stick with “Peanut Butter”?

PETER. (*Cockily.*) I’m fine with “Rabbit Hood,” if it’s all the same to you.

SHERRY. Makes no difference to me— (*Mockingly, laughing.*) — “Rabbit Hood.” (*Meanwhile, Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cottontail gather and whisper to each other, planning a move.*) So, “Rabbit Hood”—you thought you’d put one over on me, didn’t you? Well, you’ve got to get up pretty early in the morning to fool Sherry F. Nottingham, believe you me. (*As Sherry continues, she approaches Peter. Mopsy circles behind her. At the same time, Flopsy, circles behind Guard 1. Cottontail positions herself near Guard 1. Sherry is really in Peter’s face now.*) Why do think Mr. Prince hired me as his Chief of Security? Well, I’ll tell you why. It’s because nothing—and I mean *nothing*—gets by Sherry F. Nottingham. (*Peter remains silent and unimpressed.*) You think you’re pretty shrewd, don’t you? (*Sherry, feeling she has sufficiently intimidated Peter, starts to back up. Mopsy, seeing her chance, gets down on all fours, at the precise moment that Sherry will run into her and trip over her. Sherry, backing away from Peter, unsuspectingly moves towards Mopsy.*) —but I guarantee you that Sherry F. Nottingham will always— and I mean *always*—come

RABBIT HOOD

out on— (*Sherry trips and falls backward over Mopsy. Sherry screams...*)

—TOOOPPP! (*Benjamin pushes Guard 1 who falls over Flopsy.*)

OLIVIA. (*Loudly and urgently.*) RUN, RABBIT HOOD, RUN! (*Peter takes off running, the others of his band cheering him on.*)

OTHERS. (*Simultaneously.*) Yeah! Go, Rabbit Hood! Quick! Hurry! Make tracks, Cuz! etc.

SHERRY. (*Crying out as she tries to recover from her fall.*) GET HIM! (*To Guard 1.*) Get up, you bumbling idiot, and GET THAT RABBIT HOOD! (*Sherry pulls herself together as she and Guard 1 take off after Peter. The Others left on stage continue cheering Peter's escape as lights transition to ...*)

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