Puss in Boots

Wonderfully fun tale of a talking cat who uses his wits to gain power, wealth, and the hand of a princess in marriage for his penniless master. . . .

by Charles Perrault
Adapted by Adele Thane

Characters

PUSS, the miller’s cat
OLIVER, the miller’s oldest son
BERNARD, the miller’s middle son
PIERRE, the miller’s youngest son
PRINCESS GABRIELLA
MARIE, her cousin
KING
LOUIS, a courtier
PAGE
OGRE
LION

SCENE 1

SETTING: A meadow near an old mill, which may be seen in the background. A stone wall runs across rear of stage with a gate left of center. A rustic table and benches stand right of center, and a tree stump and rock at left.

AT RISE: The stage is empty. Presently, a mouse “runs” along top of wall to grain sack, and then goes out of sight, as PUSS, meowing loudly, enters on all fours through gate. Note: Mouse may be a puppet, manipulated from behind the wall, or a toy mouse on a string or wire.

PUSS: Meow! Meow! The miller has died! What will become of me now! (PUSS sits down near gate, cries, wipes his eyes with his paws.). Well, sad as it is, there is no use in crying over spilled milk. (Settles down for a nap. MOUSE cautiously comes out and walks along wall toward grain sack. PUSS stirs, and just as mouse reaches sack, PUSS springs toward MOUSE.) Meow! A mouse! (He strikes at mouse with his paw, and mouse falls backwards off the wall. PUSS stretch-
es, lies down again, then looks offstage, and jumps up suddenly.) Oho, here come Oliver and Bernard, the miller's oldest sons. I'm sure they've been to the lawyer about their father's will. I could have told them what was in it. I was under the table when the will was drawn up. (OLIVER and BERNARD enter. OLIVER is carrying a cloth bag. They stop at the gate and look toward mill.)

OLIVER: Well, Bernard, it's some fine property father has left us—the mill to me and the donkey to you.

BERNARD: Shall we go into partnership, Oliver?

OLIVER: A good idea! I will grind the corn and you will bring it to market and sell it.

BERNARD (Noticing PUSS): What about Puss?

OLIVER: Well, what about Puss?

BERNARD (Sarcastically): Did the miller leave anything to his favorite cat?

OLIVER: Sh-h-h-h! We don't want to embarrass him. Puss gets brother Pierre!

BERNARD: Pierre? Just Pierre? And Pierre gets. . . ?

OLIVER: Not even his keep.

BERNARD: That's hard on poor Puss. Of course he can forage for himself, but it will hurt his pride. (To PUSS) Don't blink your eyes at me! (PUSS arches his back and snarls at BERNARD, who kicks at PUSS. PIERRE enters.) Get out of my way! (PIERRE rushes to protect PUSS.)

PIERRE: Stop it, Bernard! You leave Puss alone!

OLIVER: Well, well, if it isn't brother Pierre! Why weren't you at the reading of the will?

PIERRE: I knew father wouldn't leave me anything.

OLIVER: Oh, but he did, though! Ha, ha! Father dearly loved a joke.

BERNARD: At someone else's expense. Tell him, Oliver.

OLIVER: Father left you his blessings.

PIERRE: His blessings? What a wonderful gift. I shall cherish it forever!

BERNARD: And that's not all.

OLIVER: No indeed. He also left you his Sunday boots (Tossing the cloth bag to PIERRE) and the cat.

PIERRE: Puss? (His brothers nod and grin to each other.) And you two get the mill and the donkey, I suppose. (They nod and laugh.)

PIERRE: Oliver, if I give you Puss to catch rats in the mill, will you feed me?

OLIVER: I—feed you? (He bursts into jeering laughter.)

BERNARD (Snapping his fingers): I have it! Pierre could wash the cat with perfumed soap, and tie a ribbon around his neck and sell him. (BERNARD and OLIVER laugh loudly. Then OLIVER claps BERNARD on back.)
OLIVER: Come on, Bernard, we’ve got work to do. (BERNARD and OLIVER exit through gate, laughing. PIERRE strokes PUSS, who is staring at him sadly.)

PIERRE: Don’t pay any attention to them, Puss. I wouldn’t sell you. You shall live and share my lot, whatever it may be.

PUSS (Purring): Purr-r-r! That’s the spirit, Pierre!

PIERRE: I beg your pardon, did you purr?

PUSS: I like you. Scratch my back. (PIERRE stares at PUSS in amazement.) I dare say we shall get on very well together.

PIERRE (Startled): Why, Puss, you can talk! Who and what are you?

PUSS: Your father’s old cat, and now yours, master.

PIERRE: And I have thought of you as only a bundle of fur that could say “Meow”!

PIUSS (Imitating PIERRE): Meow!

PIERRE (Laughing): You know, I used to imagine I heard voices in Father’s room when you were alone with him.

PUSS: Your father was no fool. He knew my real worth—and yours too, such as it is.

PIERRE: You mean that? Oh, what joy you bring to my heart!

PUSS: The miller once saved my life when I was attacked by a dog. I have always been grateful to him for that, and now I can repay his kindness by helping you. All I ask is that you have confidence in me and do whatever I ask you to do. Leave me to manage matters in my own way, and the end will be happiness for you and many others. Do you trust me?

PIERRE: Yes, indeed, Puss. I believe that you will make my fortune.

PUSS: I intend to, because on your fortune depends my own. Now—let us begin. What have you to start with?


PUSS: Have you forgotten your father’s Sunday boots?

PIERRE: I had forgotten about them! (He takes boots out of the bag.) Aren’t they splendid! I suppose if worse came to worst I could sell them. They would bring a good price—but, I’d hate to part with the only thing I have that belonged to my father—(Quickly) except for you, of course.

PUSS: You won’t have to sell the boots. Give them to me.

PIERRE: Boots for a cat?

PUSS: Certainly! If I can talk like a man, I must walk like a man.

PIERRE: That’s right. Well, here they are. I’ll give them to you for luck.

PUSS (Taking the boots): And luck they shall bring me, my dear good master. What fine tops they have! Help me put them on. (Together they pull one boot on PUSS.) Now the other one. (They pull on the second boot.)

PIERRE: There you are! Stand up and see if you can walk in them. (PUSS does so.) Do they fit?

PUSS: They fit perfectly. (He struts about.) Don’t you think they give me a rather military appearance?
PIERRE (Admiringly): You look like a nobleman's steward at least!

PUSS: And so I am—steward to the Marquis of Carabas. (PUSS makes deep bow to PIERRE.)

PIERRE: Do you mean me?

PUSS (Making another deep bow): Yes, m'lord.

PIERRE: M'lord? I?

PUSS: You need a title. (PIERRE objects.) Come, Pierre, there are self-made men. Why not a self-made marquis?

PIERRE (Laughing): What will you think of next?

PUSS: Next, I think I will go hunting in the Ogre's woods.

PIERRE: No, Puss, it's too dangerous. What if the Ogre should catch you?

PUSS: He won't catch me. I've been there dozens of times before. I'm going to bag a couple of rabbits for the King. (PUSS picks up the bag the boots were in.)

PIERRE: For the King!

PUSS: Roast rabbit is His Majesty's favorite food, and he hasn't had any since the Ogre bewitched all the rabbits in the Kingdom and shut them up in his woods.

PIERRE: Why did he do that?

PUSS: To spite the King. He didn't want anyone eating rabbits but himself. Well, I'm off. (PUSS slings the bag over his shoulder.) What will you do while I'm gone?

PIERRE: Oh, I will take a swim in the river and wait for you to come back.

PUSS: I won't be long. (PUSS is about to leave but notices that PIERRE is looking at him with an expression of bewilderment.) Why do you stare at me like that?

PIERRE: I just can't believe it. It's like a fairy tale—a poor lad inherits his father's blessing and a Puss in Boots.

PUSS: And in the end he marries the Princess and they live happily ever after.

PIERRE: What are you talking about? Surely you don't mean—

PUSS (Interrupting): But I do mean—the Princess Gabrielle.

PIERRE: Take care, Puss. You are climbing too high!

PUSS: Nonsense! If a cat can look at a King, why can't the cat's master look at the King's daughter? Now, go along and have your swim and don't ask any questions. (PUSS steers PIERRE down right.) I'll call you when I get back. (PIERRE exits, and PUSS cuts a caper, meowing in a sing-song.)

Puss in Boots, Puss in Boots, where are you going? To bag a fat rabbit to take to the King! La, la, la, la, la, la—

(As PUSS dances left, toward woods, a trumpet is heard in the distance. PUSS stops singing and turns back.) What's that? (PUSS peers off and claps his paws together.) What luck! I won't have to go to the King—the King is coming to me! His coach is stopping on the high road, and he is pointing to the mill. What can it mean? Grain for the horses? If that is the case, I will just have time to bag the rabbits and give them to the King. (PUSS starts toward the woods, then stops abruptly.) Wait! I have another idea! I will hide my master's clothes where he can't find them,
and then—(PUSS runs off right and returns immediately with PIERRE's clothing.) If this plan works, my master is on his way to making his fortune! Meow! (PUSS prances joyfully left, signing.)

Puss, in Boots, Puss in Boots, what are you planning?
To make my young master a noble marquis!
La, la, la, la, la, la—
(PUSS exits left, as PRINCESS GABRIELLE runs on, chased by her cousin MARIE.)

MARIE: Your Highness, you run too fast for me! (She sinks onto the bench, out of breath.)

GABRIELLE: Don't tell me you give up, Marie! It was you who challenged me to the race, remember.

MARIE: I know, Gabrielle.

GABRIELLE (Amused): Did you see the look of horror on Papa's face when we started to run?

MARIE (Giggling): His Majesty would consider racing most unladylike!

GABRIELLE: I'm afraid we are in for a royal lecture. (Looking about) This is a pleasant spot. Let's have our picnic here. There is a table with places to sit.

MARIE: Shall I go and tell His Majesty?

GABRIELLE: Yes, please do, Marie—and walk! (MARIE affects a stately gait and starts out, meeting the KING and LOUIS as they enter. KING carries a gold-headed cane. LOUIS is foppishly dressed and wears a plumed hat.)

KING (In disapproving tone): My dear Gabrielle and Marie, when I let you out of the coach I had no idea it was for the express purpose of running a race like two peasant girls at a village fair.

It was a disgraceful spectacle!

GABRIELLE: But, Papa, we had been riding for such a long time. We wanted to stretch our legs.

KING: Well, you succeeded most admirably.

GABRIELLE: Don't scold, Papa dear. Could we have our picnic here? It's quite secluded and I'm very hungry.

KING: Yes, I suppose this place is as good as any. Louis, signal for the Page to bring the hampers. (LOUIS walks right and beckons offstage.)

LOUIS (Walking back toward KING): I do hope there are no ants or bees about. I should hate to get stung by a bee or find an ant in my sandwich.

MARIE: Oh, don't be so fussy, Louis! An ant or two won't kill you, and a bee wouldn't know where to light among all those furbelows. (Gestures at his lace ruffles. PAGE enters, carrying two baskets, and begins to unpack the food. GABRIELLE and MARIE spread a cloth on the table.)

KING (Sitting on tree stump): What I wouldn't give for some cold roast rabbit! (PUSS enters quietly left, walks to center and bows low to KING.)

PUSS: Your Majesty. (He kneels and places bulging bag of game at KING's feet.)

KING: Eh? What have we here?

PUSS: Game for the King's table! (PUSS stands up, so they can see his face.)

GABRIELLE (Delighted): It's a cat!

KING (Astounded): A cat?

GABRIELLE: A talking cat!
PUSS: A cat and a man, Your Majesty.

LOUIS (Nudging PAGE): A cat in boots—how droll! (He titters, and KING silences him with an impatient wave of his hand.)

KING: Well, good Puss, what do you have in that bag?

PUSS: A gift for Your Majesty.

KING (Graciously): A gift for me? Who has sent it?

PUSS: My master, the Marquis of Carabas.

KING: What is it?

PUSS: Two fine fat rabbits.

KING: Rabbits? But how did your master get them? There hasn't been a rabbit in my kingdom since the Ogre lured them all into his woods and hid them where no human being can find them.

PUSS: Exactly, Your Majesty, no human being can find them—but a cat can!

KING: Ah, clever Puss, the Marquis of Carabas is very fortunate to have you for a steward.

PUSS (Bowling): You flatter me, Your Majesty.

KING: I don't believe I am acquainted with the Marquis.

GABRIELLE: Neither am I, Papa. (To PUSS) Where does he come from?

PUSS: From here. His castle is in that direction. (PUSS points left.) He owns this whole countryside.

KING (Impressed): He does? Why hasn't he been presented at Court?

PUSS (Stroking his whiskers): All in good time, Your Majesty.

GABRIELLE: You must come to court, too, Sir Puss. You bow so beautifully.

PUSS: I bow to you from my heart, Your Highness. (PUSS bows, holding his paw on his heart.)

LOUIS (Sneering): I have always thought that cats had no heart.

PUSS: If we haven't much heart, sir, we have lots of wit.

LOUIS: Wit?

PUSS: And cunning.

KING (To LOUIS pointedly): I wish I had as witty and cunning a person in my court.

GABRIELLE: I quite agree, Papa. Sir Puss, you should have a hat to match your boots. Louis, give Sir Puss your hat.

LOUIS (Hanging on to his hat possessively): But, Your Highness, I paid one hundred gold pieces for this hat.

GABRIELLE: All the better. Give it to Sir Puss—I command you! (LOUIS removes his hat and throws it at PUSS like a petulant child. PUSS makes no effort to catch it.) Pick it up and give it to him, Louis. (LOUIS sullenly complies, and PUSS takes hat and, with a flourish, makes an elaborate bow.) Very elegant!

PUSS: I don't look too stagy, do I? It seems to me a man only puts a hat on to take it off again.

KING (Coming forward with the game bag): Well, Sir Puss, do thank your master for his generous gift, and tell him I greatly desire to make his acquaintance.
PUSS: In that case, Your Majesty shall make his acquaintance right away. He is close by, swimming in the river. I will fetch him. *(PUSS exits down right, calling out to PIERRE.)* M'lord! Come out now and dress. I have a surprise for you.

GABRIELLE *(Running to KING, excitedly):* Papa, you must invite the Marquis to dine with us tonight. It is only fair that you share the roasted rabbits with him.

KING *(Pouting):* But, then there will be less for me.

GABRIELLE: Now don’t be selfish, Puss will catch more rabbits for you, I’m sure. *(PUSS reenters.)*

PUSS: Your Majesty, an unfortunate thing has happened. While my master was in swimming, a thief stole his clothes.

LOUIS *(Enjoying the situation):* Stole his clothes? How embarrassing! What will the Marquis do without clothes?

PUSS: He will catch a cold, I fear.

KING: We can’t allow that! Louis?

LOUIS: Yes, Your Majesty?

KING: You can lend the Marquis your suit for the present.

LOUIS: My suit?

KING: Do you think it will fit your master, Sir Puss?

PUSS *(Grinning):* It will fit him perfectly, Your Majesty.

KING: Come, Louis, to the river with you.

LOUIS *(Peevishly):* But what shall I wear?

KING *(Snatching up the tablecloth):* Here, you can put this around you. Page, see to it that Louis is properly dressed in this tablecloth. I shall attend to the Marquis myself. Which way, Puss?

PUSS: Over there, Your Majesty. *(PUSS points right and stands aside for KING, PAGE, and LOUIS to pass.)*

KING: Come, Louis, to the river with you.

LOUIS *(Peevishly):* But what shall I wear?
he comes now. (KING enters right with PIERRE, who is dressed in LOUIS' clothes. PIERRE appears somewhat worried and confused.) Well m'lord, how do the clothes fit?

KING (Enthusiastically, answering for PIERRE): As if they were made for him, Sir Puss! Marquis, may I present my daughter, the Princess Gabrielle. (GABRIELLE curtsies.)

PUSS (Prodding PIERRE): Bow and smile!

PIERRE (Bowing and smiling): I am still a little damp, Your Highness.

GABRIELLE: Oh, don't catch cold! This is my cousin, Lady Marie. (MARIE curtsies.)

PIERRE: Your Ladyship.

GABRIELLE (Whispering to MARIE): How graceful he is!

MARIE (Whispering to GABRIELLE): And how respectful!

PUSS: Your Majesty, my master invites you to his castle for a dinner of rabbit pie à la Carabas.

KING (Eagerly): When?

PUSS: Now—as soon as Your Majesty's coach can get you there.

KING (Calling off): Ho, Page!

PAGE (Entering hastily from right): Yes, Sire?

KING (Indicating the picnic provisions): Pack up! We're going to the Marquis' castle for dinner. (There is a flurry of activity. GABRIELLE and MARIE help PAGE while KING supervises. PIERRE takes PUSS aside.)

PIERRE: Castle? What castle? I have no castle.

PUSS: Leave that to me. (PUSS walks over to KING.) Your Majesty, you will have to take the long way around to the castle in the coach. I will cut through these woods and prepare for your arrival. (KING starts off.)

MARIE: Wait! We've forgotten Louis! Where is he? (KING pauses.)

KING (Calling right): Louis! Louis, we're leaving! (After a pause, LOUIS enters dejectedly, with the tablecloth draped about him toga-fashion. Everyone laughs at LOUIS.)

LOUIS (Angrily): I do not think it funny in the least. (KING exits, and others in his party follow, with LOUIS trailing out after them. PIERRE lingers behind with PUSS.)

PIERRE: I hope you know what you are doing, Puss.

OLIVER: Hey! What's going on here?

PIERRE: Nothing is going on, my dear brothers. Everything is going extremely well.

BERNARD (Catching sight of PUSS): Ho! What's this? A masquerade? (The two brothers start to snicker)

PUSS (Sweeping off his hat): Sir Puss in Boots, if you please.

OLIVER (Dumfounded): He talks!

BERNARD: And walks!

PUSS (Tapping his forehead): And I think, sirs. My master, the Marquis of Carabas, is on his way to his castle, and he wishes you good luck.

OLIVER (To PIERRE): The Marquis of Carabas? Does that mean you?
PIERRE: That’s what he says—and who knows? (PIERRE wags a finger playfully at OLIVER.) Who knows?

KING (Calling from off): Marquis! We’re ready to go!

PIERRE: Excuse me, brothers. The King is waiting for me. Goodbye! (PIERRE exits, waving. OLIVER and BERNARD stare after him in amazement.)

PUSS (Haughtily): Would you like an invitation to the wedding?

OLIVER: What wedding?

PUSS: The wedding of the Marquis of Carabas.

BERNARD: Whom is he going to marry?

PUSS: Why, the Princess Gabrielle, of course. Well, I must be on my way. (PUSS sings and dances about.)

Puss in Boots, Puss in Boots, where are you going?
To visit the Ogre and see how he lives!
Puss in Boots, Puss in Boots, what will you there?
I’ll catch a little mouse under the chair!
La, la, la, la, la, la—

(PUSS dances off left.)

OLIVER (Shaking his head glumly): We should have given Pierre the mill and the donkey, and kept Puss in Boots for ourselves. (Curtain)

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SCENE 2

SETTING: The entrance hall of Ogre’s castle.

AT RISE: OGRE is asleep in his chair, snoring loudly. A knock on the door is heard. After a pause, a louder knock is heard. OGRE continues snoring. A bang shakes the door open, and PUSS enters stealthily. He tiptoes to OGRE’s chair and peers at him. PUSS tickles OGRE’s nose with a plume of his hat, and OGRE brushes it away in his sleep. This business is repeated until OGRE wakes up with a snort.

OGRE (Leaping to his feet and staring above PUSS’s head): Who’s there?

PUSS: Look down and see.

OGRE (Lowering his gaze): Oh! How small you are!

PUSS: How big you are!

OGRE (Puffing out his chest): Colossal is the word!

PUSS: Couldn’t you take a tuck in yourself somewhere?

OGRE: Why should I? (Suddenly) How did you get in?

PUSS: The front door was open, so I let myself in.

OGRE (Chuckling): It’s always open—but whoever comes in never goes out again.

PUSS: Why not?

OGRE: Because first he goes into my pantry, and from there into my stomach. (OGRE pats stomach.) Yum, yum! Little boys make the most delicious meals. (OGRE smacks his lips and bends over to peek under PUSS’s hat.) Why, you’re not a little boy—you’re a cat in shiny boots. (OGRE straightens up, disappointed.)

PUSS (Bowing): Puss in Boots, steward to the Marquis of Carabas.

OGRE (Impressed): Hm-m-m, is that so? Well, why are you here? Do you want to shave me? (Thrusting his bearded chin into PUSS’s face) Or black my
boots? (ODGE lifts his huge foot and stomps down heavily.)

PUSS: Nothing of the sort. I only wanted to see you, sir, because I have heard that you are the richest and most powerful ogre in the land.

ODGE (Pleased): Am I so famous that even the cats know about me?

PUSS: Yes, indeed, sir. You are the talk of the alley.

ODGE (Pleased): You don't say! Well, Puss, now that you have seen me, what do you think of me?

PUSS: Oh, I think you are wonderful!

ODGE (Boasting): You haven't seen anything yet!

PUSS (Feigning innocence): What do you mean, Mr. Ogre?

ODGE (Swaggering about): I have magic powers. I can change myself into any animal you can name.

PUSS: I'd have to see it before I believe it.

ODGE: All right, what shall I be?

PUSS: A lion.

ODGE: Pooh! That's easy enough. Watch me! (ODGE gyrates his body and disappears behind his chair. Then he calls out in a guttural voice.) Ready?

PUSS (Apprehensively): Ready! (A terrible roaring is heard, and LION springs from behind the chair. PUSS backs away and snarls.) Meow! Psst! Psst! (PUSS steps on his tail, trips, and falls over backward. LION roars with laughter. PUSS scrambles to his feet and runs around the hall, chased by LION. PUSS finally climbs on the table to safety.)

LION: Had enough?

PUSS: Yes-s-s! Meow! (LION disappears with a bound behind the chair, and ODGE steps out on the other side.)

ODGE: Stop snarling and meowing, and come down off that table. I won't hurt you.

PUSS (Cautiously obeying): That was a pretty terrible lion. You frightened me almost out of my boots.

ODGE: Well, do you believe me now?

PUSS: Yes, sir—but can you turn yourself into a small animal as well?

ODGE: As small as you wish.

PUSS: How small?

ODGE: A June bug.

PUSS: Oh, you could never get inside a June bug. You'd be very, very uncomfortable. How about—a mouse?

ODGE: A mouse it is! Watch me! (ODGE goes behind chair and after a brief pause calls out.) Ready?

PUSS: Ready! (PUSS rubs his paws together gleefully, and dances around in front of the chair. A loud squeaking sound is heard from behind the chair. PUSS peers behind chair, and addresses "mouse" slyly.) Oh, you poor, dear little orphan mouse! I think I will adopt you. (PUSS reaches behind chair, and a loud "eek, eek" is heard. PUSS walks half behind chair and pounces on "mouse" with his paw.) Meow! There! That's the end of you, Mr. Ogre! (PUSS holds toy mouse up by tail in full view of audience.) But it would be foolish to eat you. You'd give me indigestion. I'll take you outside later. (He drops toy mouse behind chair, comes out in front of chair again, and dusts off his paws.) And so my
master inherits the castle. \(\text{A trumpet \text{bl}a\text{r}e is heard off right.}\) Just in time, too. Here comes the King. \(\text{PUSS quickly goes to the door and flings it open, and bows low.}\) Welcome to the castle of the Marquis of Carabas, Your Majesty! \(\text{(KING enters, followed by PIERRE, GABRIELLE, MARIE, PAGE, and finally by LOUIS, who is clutching his tablecloth-toga about him.)}\)

KING (To PIERRE): It's a fine castle you have, my lord. You must be a very rich man.

PIERRE: Well, Your Majesty, I don't know how much I really have—do I, Puss?

PUSS (With a knowing glance to PIERRE): I haven't had time to take inventory, m'lord. \(\text{(To KING)}\) Now, Your Majesty, if you will excuse me, I will go to the kitchen and see if dinner is ready.

KING: I hope it is. I'm simply ravenous for rabbit! \(\text{(On his way out, PUSS pauses to speak to PIERRE.)}\)

PUSS: M'lord, why don't you show Her Highness around the garden?

GABRIELLE: Oh, I'd love to see the garden! \(\text{(PUSS exits at left.)}\) May I go, Papa?

KING: Run along, my dear.

PIERRE: Just a minute, Your Highness. \(\text{(PIERRE turns to KING.} \text{Sire, I have a confession to make.}}\)

KING: A confession.

PIERRE: I can no longer deceive you, Your Majesty. I have nothing to offer you—nothing.

KING: What? No dinner? You don't mean your cook has left?

PIERRE: I mean I am not a real marquis. I am only a poor miller's son.

KING: Tut, tut, that is all in the past. Now you are a man of property. This castle and estate do belong to you, don't they?

PIERRE: They do, Your Majesty, thanks to Puss in Boots.

KING: Well, Pierre, your honesty in this matter proves to me that you are a true nobleman, and I create you Marquis of Carabas from this hour. Your coat of arms shall be a cat in boots. \(\text{(PUSS reenters with a courtier's suit draped over his arm. He looks on happily.)}
\text{Kneel. (PIERRE kneels before KING, who taps him on each shoulder with the royal cane.)}\) Rise, Lord Pierre, Marquis of Carabas!

PUSS (Stepping forward): Dinner is served, Your Majesty. And here is a suit of clothes for Louis.

KING (Impatiently): Oh, I can't wait for Louis to dress for dinner. He will have to come as he is. Puss, is there plenty of rabbit pie à la Carabas?

PUSS: The pie is so large that it took six strong men to carry it to the table.

KING (Waving cane excitedly as he cheers): Three cheers for the rabbit pie! Three cheers for Puss in Boots!

ALL: Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! \(\text{(With KING leading the way, all march around the room, and through the doorway to the left, as strains of lively music are heard offstage. PUSS brings up the rear, behind LOUIS. PUSS lifts LOUIS' trailing tablecloth and carries it like a train. Annoyed, LOUIS jerks it out of PUSS’s paws and trips over it as he goes off. PUSS doffs plumed hat and bows to the audience, curtain falls.)}\)

THE END

(Production Notes on page 64)
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15. Extent and Nature of Circulation: 

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<th>Average No.</th>
<th>Actual No.</th>
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<tr>
<td>Copies Each Issue</td>
<td>Copies of Single Issue during preceding 12 months</td>
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16. This Statement of Ownership will be printed in the Jan/Feb 2012 issue of this publication.
17. I certify that all information furnished on this form is true and complete. I understand that anyone who furnishes false or misleading information on this form or who omits material or information requested on the form may be subject to criminal sanctions (including fines and imprisonment) and/or civil sanctions (including civil penalties).

Peter Dimond, Publisher

PRODUCTION NOTES

**Puss in Boots**

*Play on pages 53-63*

**CHARACTERS:** 6 male, 2 female; Puss, Page, and Lion may be played by boys or girls. Since Puss is in costume, one or more actors can play the role.

**PLAYING TIME:** 30 minutes.

**COSTUMES:** Traditional royal dress for King, Princess Gabrielle, and Marie. Louis wears plumed hat and elaborate courtier's costume with ruffles and lace on front of jacket. King carries gold-headed cane. Puss wears cat hood and boots, and Lion may wear long hood representing lion's mane over head. Ogre wears coarse tunic and trousers. Page wears plumed hat, colored tights, and a velvet cape. Oliver, Bernard, and Pierre are dressed in shabby peasants' clothes.

**PROPERTIES:** Toy mouse on wire or string or mouse puppet (Scene 1); cloth bag with leather boots; extra courtier's suit; tablecloth; picnic baskets with picnic food, etc; bag of game; rubber mouse with long tail (Scene 2).

**SETTING:** Scene 1: A meadow near an old mill which is visible in background. A stone wall runs across rear of stage, with gate in it, at left of center. At right of gate, a full sack of grain leans against wall. A path leads off right to highway, and off left to Ogre's woods. At right there is a clump of shrubbery. A rustic picnic table and benches are right of center and a tree stump and rock are at left. Scene 2: Entrance hall of Ogre's castle. A very large armchair with a high back stands at right, in front of a tapestry curtain. Door right leads outside, and door left leads to rest of castle.

**LIGHTING:** No special effects.

**SOUND:** Knocking on door, squeak of mouse, blare of trumpet, lively music.