

FAE

A talking raccoon.

BOBERT

A dirty smelly ugly raccoon there if I ever saw one.

FAE

That was a human... I think. Maybe forty-eight percent or so.

BOBERT

When will science say enough is enough?

FAE

Smash his teeth out and cut out his hands.

KWINDEN reenters behind them, stroking the frog from before. His features are now more clear, including fake ears, fishing line whiskers, fingerless gloves, dark, dirtied eyes, a walking stick, and a raccoon tail.

FAE

You know what? I'm glad that raccoon stole your damn marshmallows! Let's see you survive actually cooking yourself a meal for once. We got pasta and potatoes and--

KWINDEN

(right behind them)

You saw a raccoon!?! Where?

BOBERT & FAE

What the doodle-heck?

KWINDEN

Sorry meh... I didn't mean to, meh, meh intrude.

BOBERT

You are intruding you... you dirty raccoon!

He grabs KWINDEN's walking stick.
KWINDEN collapses to the ground as
BOBERT waves the stick at him.

BOBERT

This is our camp site and you're trespassing!

FAE grabs the cane from BOBERT and wallops him over the head with it.

FAE

Bobert! You stop that right now. He's not hurting anyone. Are you all right dear?

KWINDEN walks his fingers up FAE's leg.

FAE

Oh my!

FAE gives him his stick back.

BOBERT

He's interrupting the most productive conversation we've had in our whole, silly relationship. This is *private*.

KWINDEN

Mehh I dunoo, but I think most of the camp's heard everything you've said meh. Sound travels pretty well over water, you know meh.

BOBERT

Helpful. Thank you Mr. Raccoon.

KWINDEN

Did you see a raccoon? I've been looking for one who stole my pee can.

FAE

We love pecans.

BOBERT

What can we do for you... sir?

KWINDEN

MEH! Please don't yell. I just want to help you, meh. You're so young and unappreciative. Be nicer to her, mehhhh.

FAE

Now wait a darn tootin' minute. You're the fella we hit with our kayak!

KWINDEN

(Yeahhh) Meahhh... how do you think I got these black eyes?

BOBERT

I thought it was part of this whole get-up.

KWINDEN

What get-up?

FAE

Being dressed like a raccoon.

KWINDEN sits down.

KWINDEN

A raccoon?! That's crazy meh. Why would someone do that?

He starts to chew his stick.

BOBERT

(at FAE)

Are you going to ask? Okay, I will. What's with the rest of this here get-up?

KWINDEN

(rising)

Hm? Well, meh eyesight's bad, so these pieces of fishing line help me know when I'meh about to walk into something. This is meh coat, meh normal gloves, meh normal kitty ears, and I have this tail because it sweeps up meh footprints and I don't want to be followed. I am Kwinden, the great and powerful! After all, and can't have people following me... Oh! and I wear these baggy pants because when I go raspberry picking, I like to put the berries in meh pants, scrooge around, and let the juice run down my legs. Meh.

FAE

Makes sense.

BOBERT

Perfectly understandable.