



Deborah Meader Papers

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THE IDLINGS OF THE KING

by Erle Remington

Characters:

King Arthur
Guinivere
Merlin
Lancelot
Modred
A Page

Guinivere--Must you do that?

Arthur--Don't bother me; I've got this number cold.

Guinivere--Arthur, if you don't stop that, we shan't have a friend left at court.

Arthur--Don't be silly, Guinivere, there's nothing like good music.

Guinivere--You don't act like a king of England. Since you took to playing around with Sir Gawain, you've been more like a silly college boy. The Round Table has become the laughing-stock of Britain. Lancelot was right. The great king has become a puppet of pleasure. The magic sword Excalibur has become a walking stick.

Arthur--Did he say that?

Guinivere--Yes, that and more!

Arthur--Why doesn't he say it to me, the King?

Guinivere--He will say it to you--here--today; he's coming soon.

Arthur--Aw, what's the idea?

Guinivere--I sent for him. It is my last hope that he whom you loved best of all your knights, who fought beside you when you drove the heathen from the land, may kindle ~~once~~ again the royal spark that lit the fires of chivalry and truth.

Arthur--But that long-faced guy bores me with all his talk about the "good old days" and all the fights and chasing after fair maidens and dragons and all that sort of nonsense. Why should a fellow want to get all banged up just to get some lady's sleeve on his tin helmet? I've got to keep in shape. I've got ten more lessons on my saxophone--and they're all paid for. A guy can't do his best with an arm gone or his teeth on the end of somebody's spear.

Page--Your Majesty, Merlin awaits your pleasure.

Arthur--Tell Merlin I'll be ready in about five minutes. I'm a little busy with my music.

Guinivere--Britain is doomed! The Round Table will soon be a bitter memory.

Arthur--What's the idea? Oh, it's you, Merlin. Up to your old tricks again. Where did you get this bunny?

Merlin-----

Arthur--Ha, up to your old tricks again.

Merlin--I am the great magician, the king's wise-guy, without whom the king is naught.

Arthur--Gosh, Merlin, show me a few good tricks, so I can spring them at the ball tonight.

Merlin--The great Arthur would learn the secrets of the wise Merlin?

Arthur--Just one or two, so I can make a bit of a hit.

Merlin--Very well! It shall be as the great Arthur, monarch of Britain, conqueror of the heathen, symbol of virtue, and of love, defender of the Cross, son of Uther--husband of Guinivere, member of the Camelot Country Club--desires.

Arthur--Also president of the Round Table Whist Club---But, never mind, do your stuff.

Merlin--Forsooth, my stuff shall be done. So. Cut, your Majesty. Draw, your Majesty. What is it?

Arthur--Ace of diamonds.

Merlin--Look again, your Majesty.

Arthur--Well, what---Queen of spades! How---What-----

Merlin--I am the great magician, the king's wise-guy, without whom the king is naught.

Arthur--Now show me how to do it.

Merlin--I could teach you to make the sun rise from the sea or to store honey--line a busy little bee.

Arthur--Come on, now, don't try to be poetic. I command you. I'm still the king.

Merlin--Very well So, your Majesty.

Arthur--Is that all there is to it?

Merlin--That is all I can teach--aking.

Arthur--Gee, thanks, Merlin, I'll knock the crowd dead with that one.

Merlin--Wouldst the king hear a prophecy?

Arthur--Is it a good one?

Merlin--One to which the king would not be pleased to listen.

Arthur--Well, we'll wait until after dinner then, I've got to practice a little more now. I haven't much faith in these silly prophecies anyway. Oh, nothing personal, ofcourse: I'll have to hand it

to you for that trick you just showed me. You're good at that sort of thing.

Page--Your Majesty, Sir Lancelot awaits without.

Arthur--Tell him to keep right on waiting without. Wait a minute, boy...
We'll have that prophecy after dinner, Merlin. Thanks for the trick.

Merlin--I am the great magician, the king's wise-guy, without whom--
the king--is naught.

Arthur--Get up. Cut.....Take one... What is it?

Page--Ace of spades, your Majesty.

Arthur--Look at it again.

Page--Ace of spades, your Majesty.

Arthur--Look at it again!

Page--Ace of spades, your Most Royal Majesty.

Arthur--Huh?....Get up.... Take one.....What is it?

Page--The--the duce of clubs, your Majesty.

Arthur--Look again.....What is it?

Page--The deuce of clubs, your-----

Arthur--What!! That wise-guy double-crossed me; I'll ~~use~~ his head for a golf ball....Get up? Tell Merlin to get in here as fast as he can hobble.

Guinivere--Sir Lancelot is impatient. He says he must see you.

Arthur--Guinny, that guy Merlin just played a dirty trick on me. I'm going to put him in the dungeon.

Guinivere--Sir Lancelot says he has news that the king must hear at once.

Arthur--Well, he's got to wait till I show that wise-guy of mine-----
Can you imagine a common, ordinary pocus-hocus magician trying to fool the president of the Camelot Country Club!

Guinivere--You must see Lancelot at once. He says you are in danger!

Arthur--Bah! The only one in danger around here is that two-faced Merlin.
Won't I give him a few points en etiquette!

Merlin--The great Arthur would teach Merlin the manners of the court?

Arthur--I'll teach you that you can't get away with any of your monkey business with me, you long-whiskered, rheumatic-----

Merlin--I am the great magician, the king's wise-----

Arthur--Keep quiet! I thought you showed me how to do that trick.

Merlin--I taught your Majesty all the wise Merlin could teach a king.

Arthur--You mean to say that I, King Arthur, president of the Round Table Whist Club, can't learn your tricks?

Merlin--It is even so.

Arthur--You lie, you cur!

Merlin--I am the great magician, the king's -----

Arthur--Get out of here.....You're fired!!

Merlin--Your Majesty-----

Arthur--You're fired, I say. I'm gonna get a magician that's honest.

Merlin--But, your Majesty, without me you are nought.

Arthur--Go!!!

Merlin--But--Your Majesty--will you hear the prophecy?

Arthur--No?! I've had enough of you and your prophecies. Stop at the office, ~~apunch~~ punch the clock, get your salary, and tell them you're fired.

Merlin--Oh, Sir Lancelot, the king has fired me!!

Lancelot--Your Majesty, I could wait no longer. I must tell you of your danger.

Arthur--Danger?

Lancelot--Modred is galloping toward Camelot!!

Arthur--Galloping! Is that jackass still riding a horse?

Lancelot--He is approaching the gates of the city!

Arthur--What of it?

Lancelot--A horde of bloody barbarians follow in his wake. They are coming to destroy you.

Merlin--Last night I saw the shadow of Modred on the king's golf links!

Arthur--What do you mean?

Merlin--I am no longer the great magician, the king's wise-guy, I'm fired.

Lancelot--What have you done to Merlin?

Arthur--He played a trick on me and I fired him.

Lancelot--We're lost, destroyed; we're all killed!

Arthur--Don't be silly; King Arthur has never been licked.

Lancelot--Good God, in a moment Modred and his army will be here, and we'll all be slain like November turkeys.

Arthur--Go order my knights to stop Modred's gang and kill them all.

Lancelot--The knights have all hid in fright. They have forgotten how to fight, and their swords are rusty.

Arthur--Something ought to be done about this.

Lancelot--Take Merlin back; he can save us, oh, King!

Arthur--Not on your life. I'll get out of this some way.

Lancelot. You can't! We have no knights. Merlin is the only one who can save us. Oh, your Majesty, take him back--raise his salary--without him you are naught.

Arthur--You mind your own business. You may be my best friend, but you can't tell me what to do with my help.

Guinivere--Arthur, Lancelot, we are lost! Modred is climbing the gate of the palace.

Arthur--Where are my guards?

Guinivere--The guards fled. Oh, my Lord, the Round Table is no more.

Arthur--What's the difference? I can get a new table. Modred can have anything he wants except my saxophone. I'll compromise.

Lancelot--Modred will kill you. Remember Merlin's prophecy!

Guinivere--The prophecy?

Lancelot--Last night Merlin saw the shadow of Modred on the king's golf links!

Guinivere--Alas, alas, alas!

Arthur--Stop your weeping. If your eyes get all red, I won't take you to the ball tonight.

Page--Modred has entered the palace. He is searching for your Majesty.

Arthur--Let him come. I'll make a bargain with him.

Guinivere--What's that?

Lancelot--Good heavens, Modred's men are swarming about Camelot. There are thousands. They are marching on to the tournament field.

Arthur--Where?

Lancelot--The tournament field.

Arthur--The swine! They're on my golf links! My golf links. They'll ruin my new greens!

Guinivere--Oh, oh, oh, oh.

Arthur--My golf links. The dirty dogs--Boy, boy, boy! Send Merlin in at once. Tell him he's hired again. Tell him his salary's doubled if he turns Modred's men into golfballs. Hurry! I'll show them.

Lancelot--Hooray for the king!

Guinivere--My hero!

Modred--At last, King Arthur, I have you on the hip.

Arthur--Ha, ha, ha, ha, . You make me laugh, Modred.

Modred--If you don't surrender, I'll tear down your palace and cut you all into bits. I, Modred shall be King of Britain.

Arthur--You're talking through your helmet. In a moment, Merlin will turn you and your army into golf balls.

Modred--No!

Arthur--Yes!

Modred--Spare me, your Majesty; spare me. spare me. It's all a joke. Ha, ha, ha.

Arthur--The joke's on you, Modred. This afternoon I'm going to drive you for a course record.

Modred--Spare me, your Majesty; spare me. I--Idon't want to be a golf ball

Arthur--Well, where's Merlin?

Page--This is he, Merlin. He changed himself into a cat because you discharged him.

Arthur--Ow!

Lancelot--Merlin a helpless tomcat!

Modred--Ha, ha, ha, ha! The great magician is the king's pussycat. Scat, tabby! Now will you surrender?

Arthur--I won't. I'll compromise.

Modred--No compromise for Modred. Either you surrender and take residence in the continent at once, or I'll lead my men into your palace and let them make hamburger of you.

Arthur--I'll never surrender! It's contrary to history!

Modred--Then you're finished. In five minutes my men will make a junk pile of your whole town..and Guinivere shall be my queen

Guinivere--Never, I'll never desert my Arty.

Modred--All right. In five minutes you'll be so much sausage. Ha, ha, ha.

Arthur--I don't like that guy.

Lancelot--This is what your idle ways have brought you to. You have let the Round Table become a collegiate club and now we must all pay with our lives.

Arthur--My golf links will be ruined. Why did I fire Merlin!

Lancelot--I was your best friend when you were fighting for the cause of right--and I'll stand by you even now. You can still save yourself/

Arthur--How?

Lancelot--Your magic sword Excalibur! With that ~~if~~ you can save yourself, though we must die. No one can harm you with Excalibur in your hands.

→ Arthur--Excalibur! Why didn't I think of that before? Boy, boy.

Bring me my magic sword, Excalibur. Quick!

Page--I can't, your Majesty!! It's at the Country Club.

Arthur--OW, that's right, I've been using it for a mashie.

Guinivere--Oh, oh, we must die.

Arthur--I'm a beaten man. There's no more fun in life.

Lancelot--Guinivere, we'll die together. Our friendship shall ~~be~~ be glorified in the world beyond.

Guinivere--Noble Lancelot, you'll be my angel king. Death is not so bitter as a life so ignominious as mine.

Lancelot--Death is sweet with you, Guinivere. Shall we enter the gates of Heaven hand in hand?

Arthur--I have an idea!

Lancelot--No, your Majesty!

Arthur--We are saved!

Lancelot and Guinivere--How?

Arthur--My music shall save us. You know the story of the piper who ~~charmed~~ charmed the rats?.....I shall do likewise!

Lancelot--Impossible!

Guinivere--It's mockery?

Arthur--I shall charm Modred's men with my melodious saxophone. I shall be the Pied Saxophonist of Camelot. I shall lead Modred's men under my spell into the waters of the moat.

Lancelot--Stay, stay, your Majesty!

Guinivere--You'll be torn limb from limb!

Arthur--You shall see!

Lancelot--We have seen the once-noble Arthur for the last time.

Guinivere--He's gone; my husband is gone forever.

Lancelot--He is approaching the tournament field. He will be cut to bits. I can't bear to watch him.

Guinivere--They're seizing him, oh, oh, my king, my husband, they're killing him.

→ Lancelot--The king is dead..

Page--We're saved; we're saved; we're saved!!

Lancelot--What?

Page--Modred's men have run before Arthur like the wind. They couldn't stand his saxophone playing.....Look! Look!

Lancelot--They're flying; they're flying! We're saved. The king has saved us!

Page--We're saved, we're saved, we're saved, we're saved.

Lancelot--The king is coming back. The barbarians have fled. The king has saved us.

Guinivere--Merlin, you're no longer a cat?

Merlin. I couldn't stand being a cat any longer. Everybody tried to feed me milk.

Lancelot--Your Majesty, you have saved us.

Guinivere--My hero!

Arthur--This thing won't work any more, Are you back? I thought ~~you were a kitty~~ you were a kitty.

Merlin--I am a great magician out of a job.

Arthur--Merlin, you were wrong; with my saxophone I was not naught. Merlin, could you make this horn work? You want your job back don't you?

Guinivere--The first robin. .

~~Arthur--It works!~~

Arthur--It works!

Guinivere--Spring is here, Lancelot.

Arthur--Merlin.

Page--Your Majesty, a gentleman awaits an audience,

Arthur--Who is he?

Page--A reporter of the Camelot Journal

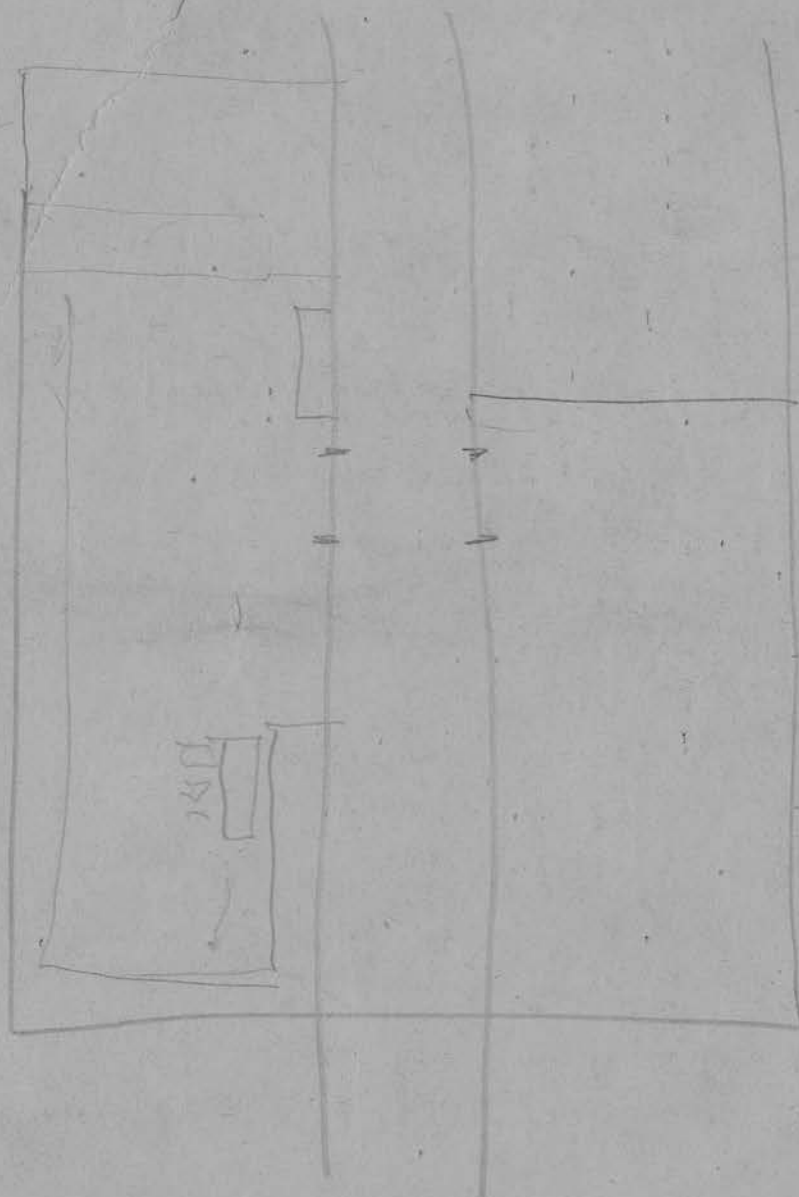
Merlin--Tell him that his Majesty regrets that he has but one life to give for his Country Club.

Arthur--Merlin, do you want your old job back?

Merlin--Oh, your Majesty, I'll work for nothing.

Arthur--You won't have to. Your old salary's doubled, with a bonus for good prophecies.

Merlin. I am the great magician, the king's wise-guy, without whom the king is-----



IVANHOE

A Dramatization of Scott's Novel. Arranged for Hand Puppets by:

DEBORAH MEADER

Cast of Characters:

1. Prince John---brother of Richard Coeur de Lion
2. De Bracy---A Norman Knight
3. A Herald
4. Cedric, the Saxon of Rotherwood
5. Rowena, his ward
6. Wamba, Cedric's jester---his thrall
7. Locksley---a yeoman
8. Isaac---a Jew
9. Rebecca---his daughter
10. Wilfred of Ivanhoe---Son of Cedric
11. Gurth---Swineherd, thrall of Cedric
12. Seth)
13. Reuben) Servitors of Isaac
14. Squire---attached to Regwald Front de Boeuf
15. The Black Knight (King Richard)
16. Friar Tuck
17. Brian de Bois Gilbert---Templar

Time:

England, during reign of Richard Coeur de Lion.

- | | | |
|---------|----------|---|
| Act I | Scene 1. | Portion of Spectators Gallery of Lists at Ashby. |
| | Scene 2. | Same as Scene 1. |
| | Scene 3. | Same as Scene 1. |
| Act II | Scene 1. | Part of forest in Yorkshire. |
| | Scene 2. | Same as Scene 1. |
| Act III | Scene 1. | Apartment in Front de Boeuf's Castle at Torquilstone. |
| | Scene 2. | Dungeon in Castle of Torquilstone. |
| Act IV | Scene 1. | Palace of Prince John |
| | Scene 2. | Sherwood Forrest Two Days later. |

IVANHOE

Act I, Scene 1. Portion of Lists at Ashby. Prince John and De Bracy are discovered in Prince John's box center left. Herald stands at left.

ENTER Rowena and Cedric, attended by Wamba right--Take their places at right front.

JOHN: Who goes there, De Bracy? (Points at Cedric)

De Bracy: 'Tis Cedric, the wealthy Saxon of Rotherwood, your Grace.

JOHN: And the beauty--is she his daughter?

De Bracy: Nay, his ward. She is descended from higher blood than he pretends to. One must be careful how one looks at her. It is said he banished his only son for lifting his eyes toward her beauty. This same son, then, joined your brother Richard's crusade to the Holy Land.

JOHN: What is his name?

De Bracy: He is called Wilfred - Knight of Ivanhoe

JOHN: Ah, yes. My brother, Richard, bestowed on him the good barony of Ivanhoe. But it is now in the hands of my favorite, Reginald Front de Boeuf.
(They turn toward the tourney ground left).

ROWENA: (Pulls at Cedric's sleeve). Is yonder man Prince John?

CEDRIC: Aye, the false brother who has hopes of seizing Richard's throne during his absence. 'Tis said John has had him kept in prison in Austria.

ROWENA: Is his companion a Norman?

CEDRIC: 'Tis de Bracy. One of the base Norman breed who prey on the lives, liberties and property of all true Saxons.

ENTER Issac and Rebecca timidly at left. They pass John's box and pause looking about uncertainly. Locksley enters right unnoticed.

JOHN: (Looking at Rebecca) By the bald scalp of Abraham, yonder Jewess is a model of perfection.

DE BRACY: True, but your Grace must remember she is a Jewess.

JOHN: My prince of supplies with his lovely Jewess shall have a place in the gallery. (Calls to Isaac) What is she, Isaac? Thy wife of thy daughter?

ISAAC: (Bowing low) My daughter, Rebecca, so please your Grace.

JOHN: Daughter or wife, she should be preferred according to her beauty and thy merits. (Calls) Saxon churls, sit close and make room for my Isaac and his lovely daughter.

(Cedric does not move)

The Saxon porker is either asleep or minds me not. Stir him up, Herald. (Herald approaches Cedric and taps him with trumpet.) (Cedric strikes it from his hand).

LOCKSLEY: (Laughing loudly) Well done!

JOHN: (angrily turning to Locksley) Why do you clamor thus?

LOCKSLEY: I always add my hallo when I see a good shot or a gallant blow.

JOHN: By St. Grissel, we will try your own skill.

LOCKSLEY: I shall not fly the trial.

JOHN: MEANWHILE, stand up ye Saxon churls, the Jew shall have a seat among ye.

ISAAC: (pleadingly) By no means, an if please your Grace.

JOHN: Up, infidel dog, when I command you or I will have thy swarthy hide stripped and tanned.

(Jew begins to crowd in).

Let me see who dares to stop him!

WAMBA: (Jumps up with fool's bauble) Marry that will I. (Hits Isaac with bauble. Isaac stumbles and falls.) (All laugh). Deal me the prize, cousin Prince. I have vanquished my foe in fair fight.

JOHN: Who and what are thou, noble champion?

WAMBA: A fool by right of descent. I am Wamba, son of Witless, who was the son of Weather brain, who was the son of an alderman.

JOHN: Make room for the Jew over here. (Points left offstage). To place the vanquished with the victor were false heraldry. Thou pleases me fellow (Isaac and Rebecca exit hurriedly left). (To De Bracey) By my holidom, ~~WE~~ have neglected to name the fair sovereign of love and Beauty. I care not if I give vote for the black-eyed Jewess.

DE BRACY: A Jewess!

JOHN: Saxon, Jew, dog or hog--what matters it? I say name Rebecca, were it only to mortify the Saxon churls.

DE BRACY: This passes a jest, my lord, no knight will lay lance in rest if such an insult is attempted.

JOHN: I entertained thee, sir, for my follower, not for my counsellor.

DE BRACY: Those who follow your Grace against Richard acquire the right of counsellors.

JOHN: I did but jest. Name whom you please.

DE BRACY: Nay, let the fair sovereign be chosen by the conqueror.

JOHN: So be it. The tournament shall go forward. (Signs to Herald).

HERALD: (Blows trumpet) Stand forth gallant knights, fair eyes look upon your deeds.

DE BRACY: Few knights will dare to challenge the Templar and Front de Boeuf.

JOHN: True (Signs to Herald). (Trumpet Sounds Again)
Ha. A challenger!

DE BRACY: His armor is rich. What device wears he on his shield?

JOHN: A young oak pulled up by the roots.

DE BRACY: His motto is "~~Dis-dicheds~~" "Disinherited."

JOHN: Know you who he may be?

ROWENA: (To Cedric) See the young knight. How graceful is he on his black horse. So would Wilfred bear himself were he there.

CEDRIC: (Sternly) Speak not of him in my presence. He is no longer son of mine.

DE BRACY: He touches the Templar's shield!

JOHN: He is daring. One hopes he confessed himself this morning that he perils his life so frankly.

ROWENA: Heaven protect him!

HERALD: (Blows trumpet) The Templar, Brian de Bois Guilbert is challenged to mortal combat by Sir Disinherited.

Trumpet

CURTAIN

Scene 2 Same as Sc. 1. Tourney is in progress

HERALD: (Blows trumpet) Brian de Bois Guilbert and his knights challenge the Disinherited Knight and his party--Laissez aller! (sound of clashing of swords and shouts)

SHOUTS: For the Temple!

OFFSTAGE: For the Disinherited!

HERALD: Fight on Brave knights--man dies but glory lives.

(clamor)
Fight on brave knights--bright eyes behold your deed!

CEDRIC: This day is against England. (Calls)

Rowena: Beware! Beware! Sir Disinherited!

DE BRACY: The Disinherited does show masterly horsemanship. See how he wheels and turns.

ROWENA: He is about to be overpowered!

CROWD: Throw down thy ward, Prince John! Save the brave knight.

JOHN: Save the Disinherited! Not I! By the light of heaven. Why should I save him who conceals his identity.

ROWENA: (Clutches Cedric) See the Knight in the Black Armor. He is going to the rescue!
(Shouts offstage)

DE BRACY: The Black Knight has unhorsed Front de Boeuf.
(Shouts offstage)

Shouts: The Black Knight! The Black Knight!

JOHN: He and the Templar meet on foot! The Templar must not be vanquished!
(Casts down his warder)

HERALD: (Blows trumpet) Thus ends the tourney!
We await the decision of Prince John as to the victor.

JOHN: The Black Knight is my choice.

(Herald Exits)

DE BRACY: The Disinherited not only defeated five champions in single combat but overcame with his own hand six champions in the melee.

JOHN: True, but the day had been lost for his party but for the assistance of "The Knight of the Black Armor."

(Herald Re-enters)

HERALD: The Black Knight is nowhere to be found. He has left the lists.

DE BRACY: There is no further excuse for resisting the claim of the Disinherited Knight.

JOHN: (To Herald) What is the name and rank of the Disinherited? We must know to whom we award the prize.

HERALD: The Disinherited Knight refuses to unhelm.

JOHN: By the light of our Lady's Brow, this same knight hath been disinherited of his courtesy as well as his lands. Bid him appear.

(Herald Exits)

DE BRACY: He may be one of the good lances who accompanied King Richard to Palestine and who are now straggling home from the Holy Land or it might be the King--it might be Richard Coeur de Lion himself.

JOHN: Oh, God forbid. De Bracy, remember your promise and stand truly by me.

DE BRACY: Hold--look at him as he approaches. He wants three inches of King Richard's height and twice as much of shoulder breadth.

(Enter Ivanhoe(staggers) bows
before John.)

JOHN: Sir Disinherited Knight, since that is the only title by which we can address you, naught remains to us but to name you victor and award you the honors of the tournament. Yours is the right to choose the Queen of Love and Beauty.
(Place coronet of green satin on Lance)

(Ivanhoe turns to Rowena and places crown at her feet.
Trumpets sound)

HERALD: We proclaim the Lady Rowena, Queen of Love and Beauty.

JOHN: Assume, fair lady, the mark of your sovereignty to which none vows homage so sincerely than oneself.

(Rowena bows but says nothing)

(John turns to Disinherited Knight)

JOHN: Now we award to you the honors of the trournament and announce to you the right to claim and receive from the hands of the Queen of Love and Beauty the Chaplet of honor which your valor so richly deserves.

(Hands chaplet to Herald who gives it to Rowena)

(Knight bows gracefully)

(Trumpets sound, Knight kneels. Rowena places chaplet on his helmet).

JOHN: It must not be thus! His head must be uncovered.
(Herald unhelms knight)

ROWENA: (Exclaims aside to audience) Ivanhoe! (She tremblingly places chaplet on his head). I bestow on thee this chaplet, Sir Knight, as the meed of valor assigned to the days's victor. And upon brows more worhty could a wreath of chivalry never be placed.

KNIGHT (Bows and kisses her hand. Faints at her feet)

(John and De Bracy exit)

CEDRIC: (Rushes forward) My son!

WAMBA: Master!

HERALD: (pushes them back. Stands over Ivanhoe. Cedric forces Rowena and Wamba before him from the Scene.)

CURTAIN

Act I, Sc. 3

Same as Scene 1. (Ivanhoe discovered still in a faint. Lists are deserted.)

(Isaac enters timidly followed by Rebecca.)

ISAAC: (Leans over Ivanhoe) Holy Abraham! He is a good youth.

REBECCA: We must care for him father.

ISAAC: Hast thou well considered, damsel. He is a Christian and by our law we may not deal with strangers and Gentiles.

REBECCA: We may not mix with them in banquet and in jollity, but in wounds and misery the Gentile becomes the Jew's brother.

ISAAC: The good youth must not bleed to death. Let Seth and Reuben bear him to Ashby.

REBECCA: Nay, let them place him in my litter. I will mount one of the palfreys.

Act I, Sc. 3

ISAAC: That will expose thee, to the gaze of those dogs of Ismael and Edom. (Rebecca is busying herself looking after Ivanhoe). Beard of Aaron, what if the youth perish! If he die in our custody, shall we not be held guilty of his blood and be torn to pieces by the multitude.

REBECCA: He will not die, my father, unless we abandon him and if so, we are indeed answerable for his blood to God and man.

ISAAC: I well know that thou art skillful in the art of healing. Do as thy mind giveth thee. (Calls) Seth--Reuben! Bring the litter! (Enter -Seth and Reuben with litter). Place him therein. (Points to Ivanhoe)

(All exeunt. Locksley stands looking after them.)

(ENTER Gurth.)

GURTH: Where is the Disinherited Knight who fainted here? He is my young master. I escaped from Cedric's train to care for him.

LOCKSLEY: He was raised with care by grooms and placed in a litter which has transported him hence.

GURTH: (Very distressed) My master, Cedric, has left him in his blood to be cared for by strangers. For shame! I will never forgive him. I renounce his service and will only rejoin his train in bonds.

(EXIT Gurth)

(ENTER John, the Templar, De Bracy, hurriedly).

JOHN: Are you sure the wounded knight is Ivanhoe? Me thinks I felt the presence of my brother's minion even when I least guessed whom his armor enclosed.

JOHN: (Calls) Herald!

(Herald enters)

Seek out the Disinherited Knight and bring me word of him.

(Herald bows and exits)

De Bracey: Front de Boeuf must prepare to restore his fief to Ivanhoe.

JOHN: I hope you will not deny me the right to confer the fiefs of the crown on my faithful followers.

TEMPLAR: Front de Boeuf is a man more willing to swallow three manors such as Ivanhoe than to disgorge one of them.

(Herald re-enters and bows).

HERALD: The gallant is severely wounded/

DE BRACY: Then he is likely to give your highness little disturbance and to leave Front de Boeuf in quiet possession of his gains.

HERALD: He has already been removed from the lists in the custody of his friends.

DE BRACY: I was affected to see the grief of the Lady Rowena, Queen of Love and Beauty.

TEMPLAR: Who is this Lady Rowena?

DE BRACY: She is the ward of the Saxon, Cedric. An heiress of large possessions.

JOHN: (To Herald) You may withdraw.
(Herald Exits.)

We shall cheer her sorrows and amend her blood by wedding her to a Norman. (To De Bracy) How sayest thou, De Bracy? What thinkest thou of gaining fair lands and living by wedding a Saxon?

DE BRACY: If the lands are to my liking, my lord, it will be hard to displease me with a bride. I will fall upon that herd of Saxon bullocks on their way home and carry off the lovely Rowena.

~~JOHN: (To Herald) You may withdraw.
(Herald Exits.)~~

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~~DE BRACY: If the lands are to my liking, my lord, it will be hard to displease me with a bride. I will fall upon that herd of Saxon bullocks on their way home and carry off the lovely Rowena.~~

JOHN: BE-think thee, though these men are Saxons, they are rich and powerful.

DE BRACY: I mean no immediate discovery of myself. I will garb myself as a forrester and the blame of the violence shall rest with the outlaws of the Yorkshire forrests. I will set spies on the Saxon's motions. When they are within our reach, I ~~am~~ my men will swoop on them. Presently I will appear in my own shape, play the courteous knight, rescue the afflicted fair one and conduct her to a place of safety where I will produce her not again till she be De Bracy's Bride.

JOHN: A sage plan. But, you will need help.

TEMPLAR: I will help in this enterprise. If the fair Jewess should fall to me it would be to my liking.

JOHN: Does not thy vow of c~~el~~ibacy prevent thee?

TEMPLAR: Our Grand Master hath granted me a dispensation. Front de Boeuf will loan us his castle, if we capture the old Jew, her father, together with his money bags.

(REENTERS HERALD HURRIEDLY)
(Puts scroll into John's hand)

JOHN: (Startled) From whence?

HERALD: From foreign parts, my lord. A French-man brought it who had ridden day and night.
(Herald bows and exits)

JOHN: (Visibly terrified---Reads) "The devil is unchained".
It means that my brother, Richard, has obtained his freedom.

DE BRACY: This may be a false alarm or forged.

JOHN: 'Tis France's own hand and seal. It is time then to draw our Party to a head. I must break short this mummary.

DE BRACY: The yeomen and commons must not be dismissed discontented for lack of share in the sport. The day is not far spent. Let the archers shoot a few rounds at the target and the prize be adjudged.

John - So be it.

CURTAIN

ACT II, Sc. I

The Forrest of Yorkshire. Isaac and Rebecca discovered with the litter.

ISACC: Help! Help! (Points right and runs to right of stage.) Help!
Help! (Wrings hand in despair.) They hear me! They stop!

(Enter Cedric and Rowena, followed by Wamba leading Gurth in bounds.) Would it Please your valors (bows low) to permit the poor Jews to travel under your protection. I swear by the tables of our Law that never will favor be more gratefully acknowledged.

CEDRIC: Dog of a Jew! Dost thou not remember how thou didst beard us in gallery? Fight or flee, ask neither company or aid from us.

ROWENA: Be not so harsh, Uncle Cedric. T'was Prince John did force him on us.

CEDRIC: Well, then we will leave these two attendants to convey them back to the next village.

(Rebecca kneels before Rowena)

REBECCA: Saxon lady, (kisses hem of Rowena's robe.) I implore thee in the name of the God that we both worship, have compassion upon us. It is not for myself I pray, nor for this poor old man. I beseech you to let this sick person be transported with care and tenderness under your protection. If evil should chance him, your life would be embittered with regret by denying what I ask.

ROWENA: The man is old and feeble and the maiden young and beautiful. Their friend is sick and in peril of his life. Jews though they be, we cannot leave them in this extremity.

CEDRIC: So be it. They can travel in the rear of the party and Wamba can attend them as he guards our runaway, Gurth.

WAMBA: I have left my shield in the tilt yard as has been the fate of many a better knight.

ROWENA: Rebecca shall ride at my side.

REBECCA: It is not fit I should do so where my society might be a disgrace to my protectress.
(Exeunt Cedric, Rowena, Rebecca and Isaac, followed by Seth and Reuben with the litter.) (Gurth pulls Wamba back in the scene.)

GURTH: (Whispers) My bonds irk me. Loosen them a little.

WAMBA: (Loosening bonds) Cedric will have thee flogged once he gets thee back to Rotherwood. (Exits with Gurth.)

(SOUNDS: Noise of conflict offstage.)

(Wamba re-enters running.)

WAMBA: (To himself) I have heard men talk of the blessings of freedom but I wish any wise man would teach me what use to make of it now I have it.

(Gurth cautiously comes from hiding)

GURTH: (Whispers) Wamba!

WAMBA: (Whispers) Gurth!

GURTH: (Speaking in low tones) What is the matter? What mean these cries and and clashing of swords?

WAMBA: Only a trick of the times. They are all prisoners.

GURTH: Who are prisoners?

WAMBA: My lord and my lady and the others.

GURTH: In the name of God how came they prisoners and to whom?

WAMBA: Our master was too ready to fight and no other person ready at all. They are prisoners to green cassocks and black visors. They lie tumbled on the green like the crab-apples that you feed your swine. I would laugh if it were not for weeping.

GURTH: Wamba, thou hast a weapon and thy heart were ever stronger than thy brain. We are only two but a sudden attack will do much. Follow me!

(Enter Locksley left.)

LOCKSLEY: Halt! What is the meaning of all this? Who is it that rifle and ransom and make prisoners in these forests?

WAMBA: Their cassocks are as like to thine own as one green peacock is to another. They have made our master Cedric prisoner.

LOCKSLEY: Stir not from this place on peril of your lives until I return. Obey me and it shall be better for you and your masters.

(Exits hurriedly)

WAMBA: Shall we stand fast, Gurth?

GURTH: Let him be the devil, we can be no worse waiting his return. If he belongs to that party he will already have given the alarm.

WAMBA: Me thinks I recognize him as the yeoman who laughed at Prince John.

(Re-enter Locksley)

LOCKSLEY: I have mingled among you men and have learned to whom they belong and whither they are bound. You are both servants of Cedric, the Saxon, the friend of the rights of Englishmen. He shall not want English hands to help him in his extremity. I will send for Friar Tuck and collect what men I can. Meet me here at day break.

(Exit Locksley)

WAMBA: Our heads are in the lion's mouth. Get them out how we can!

GURTH: Hush, be silent. We will lie low. I sincerely trust all will go well. (Hide)

CURTAIN

Scene 2 Daybreak-Same. Wamba and Gurth come from hiding

WAMBA: 'Tis daybreak. Will our yeoman keep his tryst.

GURTH: Look, there comes a knight.

(Locksley enters behind them.)

LOCKSLEY: Why, hermit, what boon companion hast thou here?
(Comes close to knight) Deny it not, Sir Knight. You are he who decided the victory to the advantage of the English against the strangers at the tournament at Ashby.

KNIGHT: What follows if you guess truly, good yeoman?

LOCKSLEY: I should in that case hold you a friend to the weaker party.

KNIGHT: Such is the duty of a true knight.

LOCKSLEY: I would willingly believe so. A band of villains have made themselves master of the person of Cedric, the Saxon, together with his ward. Wilt thou aid in their rescue?

KNIGHT: I am bound by my vows to do so. Who are you who request my assistance in their behalf?

LOCKSLEY: I am a nameless/^{man}but I am a friend of my country and my country's friends.

KNIGHT: I willingly believe it and will aid thee in setting free these oppressors captives.

LOCKSLEY: (To Friar) We must collect all our forces and few enough we shall have if we are to storm the castle of Front de Boeuf.

KNIGHT: What! Is it Front de Boeuf who has stopped on the King's highway the king's liege subjects? Is he turned thief and oppressor?

LOCKSLEY: Oppressor he ever was. I will lead you to the place of rendezvous.
(Come! - (They exit))

CURTAIN

ACT III, Sc. I

Apartment in Castle at Torquilstone. Rowena is standing. De Bracy bows low before her and motions her to a seat. Rowena remains standing.

ROWENA: If I be in the presence of my jailer, Sir Knight, it best becomes his prisoner to remain standing.

DE BRACY: Alas, fair Rowena, you are in the presence of your captive. It is from your fair eyes that De Bracy must receive that doom which you fondly expect from him.

ROWENA: (Draws herself up) I know you not, sir.

DE BRACY: That I am unknown to you is indeed my misfortune. Let me hope that De Bracy's name has not been always unspoken, when minstrels have praised deeds of chivalry.

ROWENA: To heralds and minstrels then leave they praise.

DE BRACY: You are unjust, Lady Rowena. Can you allow no excuse for the frenzy caused by your own beauty?

ROWENA: Courtesy of tongue which is used to veil churlishness of deed is but a knight's girdle around the breast of a base clown.

DE BRACY: Thou art proud, Rowena and the better fitted to be De Bracy's wife. How else wouldst thou escape from the mean precincts of a country grange to take thy seat amid all in England.

ROWENA: Sir Knight, when I leave the grange which has sheltered me from infancy, it will be with one who has not learned to despise the dwelling and manners in which I have been brought up.

DE BRACY: I guess your meaning. But, dream not that Richard will ever resume his throne. Far less that Ivanhoe, will ever lead thee to his footstool, to be welcomed as a bride of a favorite. Know that Ivanhoe is a prisoner in this castle and I have but to betray his presence to Front de Boeuf whose jealousy will be more fatal than mine.

ROWENA: Wilfred, here! That is as true as that Front de Boeuf is his rival.

DE BRACY: Did'st thou not know that Wilfred of Ivanhoe traveled in the litter of the Jew?

ROWENA: (Trembling with an agony of apprehension). And if he is here in what is he Front de Boeuf's rival?

DE BRACY: Rowena, Front de Boeuf will push from his road him who opposes his claim to the fair barony of Ivanhoe. But, smile on my suit, fair damsel, and the wounded champion shall have nothing to fear from Front de Boeuf.

ROWENA: Save him for the love of Heaven!

DE BRACY: I can--I will-- it is my purpose, for when Rowena is the bride of De Bracy, who will dare lay violent hands upon her kinsman. Marry me and he is safe. Refuse and Wilfred dies!

ROWENA: I believe not that they purpose is so wicked.

DE BRACY: Flatter thyself then, with that belief until time shall prove it false. And Cedric also-----

ROWENA: And Cedric also--my noble--my generous guardian. I deserve the evil I have encountered for forgetting his fate even in that of his son.

DE BRACY: Cedric's fate also depends upon thy determination and I leave thee to form it.

(ROWENA bursts into sobs.)

(De Bracy paces back and forth.)

DE BRACY: Compose yourself--damsel--Be comforted. I cannot look on so fair a face when it is disturbed with agony.

(A horn is winded/)

DE BRACY: What is that? I must determine. Go into the next chamber.

(Exit Rowena, weeping.)

(Enter the Templar)

DE BRACY: Your love suit hath, I suppose, been disturbed like mine by this summons.

TEMPLAR: Yes the pride of the beautiful Jewess makes her more desirable. She must be mine. Has your suit been unsuccessfully paid to the Saxon heiress?

DE BRACY: Aye. The Lady Rowena must have heard I cannot endure a woman's tears.

(Horn again)

TEMPLAR: But where is Front de Boeuf? The horn is sounded more and more clamorously.

DE BRACY: He is negotiating with the Jew, I suppose probably the howls of Isaac have drowned the blast of the bugle.

(Squire enters)

(To Squire) What force is without?

SQUIRE: At least two hundred men are assembled in the wood. They demand the release of your prisoners.

DE BRACY: (Breaks into derisive laugh)

TEMPLAR: We had best consult how we bear ourselves under the circumstances

DE BRACY: One knight were enough for twenty peasants.

TEMPLAR: These are English Yeoman. We have scarce enough men to defend the castle.

(Bugle again heard)

SQUIRE: Front de Boeuf begs your company on the battlements.

DE BRACY: To the battlements!

All exit

CURTAIN

Act III Sc. 2

TOWER ROOM, where Ivanhoe is confined.
(He is discovered lying on a couch. Rebecca enters.
Kneels by him. Feels his pulse.)

IVANHOE: Is it you, gentle maiden?

REBECCA: An old hag sent me to care for thee. (Sighs) How art thy wounds?

IVANHOE: Better than could have been expected, thanks to thy helpful skill. My mind, gentle maiden, is more disturbed by anxiety than my body with pain. From the speeches of my warders, I learn I am a prisoner in the castle of Front de Boeuf. If so, how can I protect Rowena or my father.

REBECCA: (Aside) He names not Jew or Jewess. (To Ivanhoe) The Templar and De Bracy are here also. The castle is beleaguered Templar and without by I know not whom. (Sounds of fighting without)

IVANHOE: If I could but drag myself to yonder window that I might see how this brave game is like to go, but I am alike nerveless and weaponless.

REBECCA: Fret not thyself, noble knight. Thou would but injure thyself in the attempt. I myself will stand at the lattice and describe to you what passes without.

IVANHOE: You must not. You shall not. Each lattice or aperture will soon be a mark for the archers----Some random shaft.

REBECCA: It will be welcome.

IVANHOE: Rebecca---dear Rebecca. This is no maiden's pastime. Do not expose thyself to wounds and death. At least cover thyself with yonder ancient buckler and show as little of your person at the lattice as may be.

REBECCA: (Takes buckler and places herself at the window.) The skirts of the woods seem lined with archers although a few are advanced from the dark shadow.

IVANHOE: Under what banner?

REBECCA: Under no ensign that I can observe.

IVANHOE: Seest thou who they be that act as leaders?

REBECCA: A knight clad in sable armor is most conspicuous. He alone is armed from head to heel and seems to assume direction of all around him.

IVANHOE: What device is on his shield.

REBECCA: Something resembling a bar of iron and a padlock painted blue on the black shield.

IVANHOE: Canst thou not see the motto?

REBECCA: Scarce the device itself from this distance.

IVANHOE: Are there no other leaders?

REBECCA: None of mark and distinction that I can behold from this station, but doubtless the other side of the castle is also assailed. They are now preparing to advance. God of Zion protect us! What a dreadful sight! Those who advance first bear huge shields and defenses made of planks. The others follow. They raise their bows. God of Moses, forgive the creatures they have made! (Withdraws from window).

(Blast on bugles--sounds of clashing and trumpets, shouts.)

SHOUTS: St. George for Merry England. En avant de Bracy.

IVANHOE: And I must lie like a bed-ridden monk while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hands of others. Look once more, kind maiden and tell me if they yet advance to the storm.

(Rebecca returns to window.)

What dost thou see, Rebecca?

Rebecca: Nothing but a crowd of arrows flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes and to hide the bowmen that shoot them.

IVANHOE: Look for the Knight of the Fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself, for as the leader is, so will his followers be.

REBECCA: I see him not.

IVANHOE: Does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?

- REBECCA: He blenches not! He blenches not! They have made a breach in the barriers--they rush in--they are thrust back! Front de Boeuf heads the defenders. He and the Black Knight fight hand to hand. He is down.
- IVANHOE: Who is down?
- REBECCA: The Black Knight. But no--he is on fiit again and fights as though twenty men's strength in his single arm. He presses Front de Boeuf with blow on blow. The giant totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman. He falls--he falls!
- IVANHOE: Front De Boeuf?
- REBECCA: Front de Boeuf.
- IVANHOE: The assailants have won have they not.
- REBECCA: They have---they have!
- IVANHOE: St. George strike for us! Do the false yeomen give way?
- REBECCA: No! They bear themselves right yeomanly. The Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge axe. Stones and beans are thrown down on the bold champion. He regards them no more than if they were thistledown.
- IVANHOE: By St. Joan of Arc! Methought there was but one man in England could do such a deed. Canst thou see naught else by which the Black Knight may be distinguished. But see the smoke! Smell it?
- REBECCA: The castle burns! It burns! What can we do to save ourselves?
- IVANHOE: Fly Rebecca save fine own life. No human aid can avail me.
- REBECCA: I will not fly. We will be saved or perish together. And yet--great God! My father--my father--what will be his fate?
(Door bursts open. Templar enters.)
- TEMPLAR: I have found thee! Thou shalt prove I will keep my word and share weal or woe with thee. The burning castle is taken. There is one path to safety. I have out my way through fifty dangers to point it to thee. Up and instantly follow me.
- REBECCA: Alone I will not follow thee. If thou wert born of woman--if thou hast but a touch of human charity in thee--save my aged father--save this wounded knight.
- TEMPLAR: A knight, Rebecca, must encounter his fate, whether it meets him in the shape of sword or flame, and who recks how or where a Jew meets his?

REBECCA: Savage warrior, rather will I perish in the flames than accept safety with thee.

TEMPLAR: Thou shalt not choose, Rebecca; once didst thou foil me, but never twice. (Seizes Rebecca and carries her from room in spite of her cries.)

IVANHOE: Hound of the Temple--stain to thine order--set free the damsel! Traitor of Bois Gilbert, it is Ivanhoe who commands thee! Villain, I will have thy heart's blood!

(ENTER Black Knight)

BLACK KNIGHT: I had not found thee, Wilfred, but for thy shouts.

IVANHOE: Richard, my king!

BLACK KNIGHT: Tis I, escaped from Austria.

IVANHOE: Think not of me--save the Lady Rowena, the noble Cedric and the Jew, Isaac.

BLACK KNIGHT: (Picking up Ivanhoe) Layd Rowena is safe. Cedric and Isaac also. You and I together must make England safe for Saxon and English alike.

CURTAIN

(Apartment in Palace of Prince John)

Prince John discovered looking from window-(A servant enters hurriedly)

PRINCE JOHN: What now, sir?

SERVANT (bows) A man demands admittance. (De Bracy bursts in.)

PRINCE JOHN: Whom have we here? De Bracy himself?

DE BRACY: I crave your Grace's pardon, (Bows)

PRINCE JOHN: What mean this? Speak, I charge thee! (To servant) Sirrah you may go. (Servant bows and exits) (To De Bracy) Are the Saxons in rebellion? Where is the Templar?

DE BRACY: The Templar has fled.

PRINCE JOHN: Where is Front de Boeuf?

DE BRACY: Front de Boeuf you will never see more. He has found a red grave among the blazing embers of his own castles. I alone am left to tell you.

PRINCE JOHN: Cold news though you speak of fire and conflagration.

DE BRACY: The worst news is not yet said. Richard is in England. I have seen and spoken to him.

PRINCE JOHN: Thow ravest, De Bracy. It cannot be.

DE BRACY: It is as true as truth itself. I spoke with Richard of England.

PRINCE JOHN: Is he at the head of a power?

DE BRACY: No - only a few outlaw yeomen were around him. He joined them only to assist at the storming of Toequillstone.

PRINCE JOHN: There is but one road to safety. My brother must be taken into custody. Where is he to be found?

DE BRACY: He travels alone in the Yorkshire forests.

PRINCE JOHN: De Bracy, you must attend to this matter.

DE BRACY: As you command. Bid some truly spears attend me and I will start for the Yorkshire forest as soon as may be. Send them to my lodgings - Adieu

PRINCE JOHN: Remember - Make my brother but a prisoner.

De Bracy bows and exits-

I will follow to see that my brother's person is given all due respect (Sarcastically)

ACT V Sc. 2

Sherwood Forest two days later.

(The Black Knight is discovered - Enter Wamba hurriedly.)

Wamba: Sir Knight, At last I find you. My young master, Wilfred of Ivanhoe sent me as I know every path and alley of these forrests. Today has he fought Brian de Boi's Gilbert, the Templar in behalf of the fair Jewess, Rebecca.

Black Knight: What folly is this? Ivanhoe is scarce recovered from his wounds. He did give me his promise to rest in a priory. Why did the Jewess need a champion?

WAMBA: As you know, she was born from the burning castle at Torquilstone by the Templar who was made for love of her. He hid her at Templestone where by chance came the Grand Master of his order. Her presence was discovered and the Grand Master explained the Templar's love for a Jewess by accusing her of being a witch. She was tried and condemned to be burned at the stake but she demanded a champion.

BLACK KNIGHT: That was her right.

WAMBA: It was granted her, her father sent word to Ivanhoe begging him to go to her defense. He made haste to do so.

BLACK KNIGHT: What madness! I must take his place. (Starts off)

WAMBA: Stay! Tis too late. The combat is ended by now. He charged me to tell you he will meet you here and that justice would fight on his side.

BLACK KNIGHT: Where is your master, Cedric and the Lady Rowena?

WAMBA: They come this way with a strong guard. They hope to overtake you. Cedric was much irked to find you gone so soon after the fall of Torquilstone. He wished to tender you his gratitude.

BLACK KNIGHT: I wished to travel alone.

WAMBA: Methings thou take great risks, Sir Knight.

BLACK KNIGHT: I wear this horn (points to horn hung around neck) which is a pledge of Locksley's good will. Though I am not like to need it. Three blasts will bring at our need a band of honest Yeomen.

NAMBA: As I traversed secret paths, methinks I saw De Bracy's men lying in ambush. They are more dangerous than any outlaws. Ivanhoe fears for your safety.

BLACK KNIGHT: I fear not the cowards.

NAMBA: Now I pray you, Sir Knight, what would you do if we met them?

BLACK KNIGHT: Pin them to earth with my lance, if they offered us any impediment.

NAMBA: Would you not remember, Locksley's horn?

BLACK KNIGHT: Never!

NAMBA: I pray you give me a close sight of it. (Knight gives horn to Namba. Namba put it to his lips and blows a blast.)

BLACK KNIGHT: How, mean knave! Restore me the bugle.

NAMBA: Content you, Sir Knight. It is safe in my keeping. When valor and folly travel, folly should bear the horn, because she can blow best.

BLACK KNIGHT: Nay, but reque, tamper not with my patience (Tries to catch Namba who dances out of reach)

NAMBA: Urge me not with violence, Sir Knight, or folly will show a clean pair of heels. (Namba runs off the scene, pursued by the knight) (sound of fighting and shouts. "Die Tyrant" "Ha! St. Edward & St. George" "St. George, have we traitors here?" (Namba enters running and blows bugle)

DE BRACY: (Offstage) Shame on ye false cowards. Do ye fly from the empty blast of a horn blown by a jester?

NAMBA: (Looking Offstage) Locksley and his men pursue them. (Enter the Black Knight and De Bracy fighting) Black Knight strikes De Bracy to the ground and stands over him with uplighted sword.)

BLACK KNIGHT: See whom this knight may be Namba. (Namba kneels beside him and unhelm him) De Bracy! What could urge one of thy rank to so fowl and understanding. (De Bracy does not answer) Thou dost not ask for thy life?

DE BRACY: He that is in the lions clutch, knows it were needless.

BLACK KNIGHT: Take thy life then, unmasked. But on this condition, that in three days, thou shalt leave England. (De Bracy rises and exits with bent head) (Enter Locksley with Prince John in custody)

LOCKSLEY: All the ruffians who were able have taken to their heels. Prince John seems to have been of their company.

BLACK KNIGHT: Ha, brother! Thou seest I have loyal men with me. Now that I am returned to England, thou wert best to go to our mother. Carry to her my duteous affection and abide with her until men's minds are pacified.

PRINCE JOHN: As you will, brother. (Bows) Exits.

BLACK KNIGHT: Locksley, let him go unharmed.

LOCKSLEY: But that I judge I am given a royal command, I would send a shaft after that skulking villain that would spare him the labor of a long journey.

BLACK KNIGHT: Thou bearest an English heart, Locksley and well dost thou judge that thou must obey my commands. I am Richard of England. (Locksley kneels)

Rise, my friend. Your misdemeanors have been atoned by your service at Torquilstone. Be a good subject in the future, brave Locksley.

LOCKSLEY: Call me no longer Locksley, my liege. I am Robin Hood of Sherwood Forrest.

BLACK KNIGHT: King of outlaws, Price of good fellows. Be assured that no deed done in our absence shall be remembered to your disadvantage.

NAMBA: Tis true what the proverbs says "When the Cats away, the mice will play" (Points offstage) But see, my master, Cedric and the Lady Rowena are dismounting.

Enter Cedric and Rowena

CEDRIC: Sir Knight of the Fetterlock. We are glad to overtake you. For our succor at Torquilstone you have our deep gratitude ask of us a boon. I know ye errant knights do wish to ever carry your fortunes on the point of your lance but a home is desireable at times even to a champion. Come to Rotherwood as a son or brother.

BLACK KNIGHT: Cedric has taught me the value of Saxon virtue, I will do Rotherwood and that right speedily and will ask you such a boon as will put even thy generosity to the test.

CEDRIC: It is granted already, were it to affect half my fortune.

BLACK KNIGHT: Who comes here. Tis the champion Ivanhoe.
(Enter Ivanhoe with Rebecca & Isaac)
(Cedric draws Rowena to one side)

IVANHOE: Thank God, you are safe, my liege. I saw marks of death and danger in the forrest.

BLACK KNIGHT: Treason has been with us, Ivanhoe. But thanks to the help of Locksley and his yeomen, treason has met his need. I see that thou hast vanquished the Templar and hast rescued this damsel.

ISAAC: Aye, that he did. He felled the Templar with one blow.

(Rebecca advances and falls on her knees before Rowena and kisses the hem of her robe)

ROWENA: What means this, lady? Why do you render me deference so unusual?

REBECCA: Because I render to his kinswoman without rebuke, the debt of gratitude which I owe Wilfred of Ivanhoe. I am the unhappy Jewess for which he hazarded his life at the tiltyard at Templestone.

ROWENA: Wilfred of Ivanhoe rendered back to you but in slight measure your unceasing charity toward him in his wounds and misfortunes.

REBECCA: Accept this casket then (offers casket) Startle not at its contents.

ROWENA: It is impossible. I dare not accept a gift of such consequence.

REBECCA: Yet keep it, lady. Think ye I prize these sparkling fragments of stone above my liberty or that my father values them in comparison to the honor of his only child. Accept them, lady. I will never wear jewels more.

ROWENA: What think you, Wilfred?

IVANHOE: Accept the gift as it is meant. (Rebecca rises and exits with Isaac)

BLACK KNIGHT: (Turns to Cedric) I crave to remind you, noble thane, that you promised to grant me a boon.

CEDRIC: I hope it concerns only yourself, Sir knight of the Fetterlock.

BLACK KNIGHT: Know me now as Richard Plantagenet, Richard of England, whose deepest wish is to see her sons united with one another. Hast thou no knee for thy prince?

CEDRIC: To Norman blood my Saxon knee has never been bended.

BLACK KNIGHT: Reserve they homage then until I shall prove my right to it by my equal protection of Norman and Saxon. I require thee to forgive and receive to thy paternal affection the good knight, Wilfred of Ivanhoe.

(Ivanhoe fall on his knees befor Cedric)

IVANHOE: My father, my father, grant me thy forgiveness!

CEDRIC: (Embrances him) Thou hast it my son.

(Rowena embraces Ivanhoe) (To King Richard)
The son of Hereward knows how to keep his word even though
it is passed to a Norman.

CURTAIN

IN THE MOUSE'S HOUSE

by - Lois Donaldson (Ed.) -- (A German Tale.)

Adapted by the Children for shadow puppets as a part of the Works Progress Administration Recreation Project carried on in cooperation with the Mankato Y.W.C.A. and Public Library.

Scene I. Mice all in Kitchen.

CHARACTERS:

Mother Mouseling	Mousetta	Frisky
Father	Frisk	Auntie Twinkletoes

Mother M Hurry Frisk and Frisky, wash your faces and hands and brush your tails.

Mousetta Look, Mother and Father, I'm all ready for breakfast. I've cleaned my teeth and washed my face and hands and brushed my tail.

Mother Mousetta, if you are ready for school, will you please finish setting the table?

Mousetta All right Mother I will. (Works)

Father That's fine Mousetta, now Frisk and Frisky see if you can do as well.

Frisk & We're all ready, Father. What are we having for breakfast?

Frisky

Mother We are having cornmeal mush and sausages, children. (all sit down to table.)

Frisk O-oh! This is good cornmeal mush!

Frisky And this is good sausage!

Mother Now children finish your breakfast so you won't be late for school.

All We're through, Mother. Where are our school books?

Mother They are right on the shelf, children.

All Goodbye, Father and Mother. We'll come right home after school

Father &

Mother Goodbye children, Goodbye!

Scene II. Mother working about getting dinner ready. Father sits in an easy chair reading the paper. Frisk Rushes in ahead of Frisky and Mousetta follows.

Mother Hello, children. What did you learn in school today?

Frisky Oh, Mother! What do you suppose? Frisk was a naughty Mouseling! He squeaked out of turn and had to stand in the front of the room, in the corner, for 15 minutes! Wasn't that terrible, Father?

Father That serves him right. I've told him many times not to squeak so much!

Mousetta Mother and Father, I've learned to say Cat! In German, Spanish, and French. I'll bet Frisk and Frisky can't do that. (bragging a little.)

Mother I'm glad that I have such bright children. Now let's get ready for dinner.

Father Yes, children, let's hurry to the table. Your Mother is having creamed corn, escalloped wheat, and fried cheese for dinner, and I'm very hungry.

(All sit at table. Eat. A knock is heard at the door. Mother Mouseling hurries to the door. Father hurries to the window. Auntie Twinkletoes enters)

Auntie T (breathlessly.) Did you know that Farmer Brown has started spring plowing? Nearly all of Mouseville has been buried! Move your food quickly from your outside storehouse to your kitchen pantry. I must go now to warn the others. Hear the scratching of the plow?

Father Get into your working clothes children and take your bags and baskets down cellar. Frisk and Frisky get the ladder. (scratching sound.)

Scene III. In the Cellar.

Father Bring your sacks, children and I'll put the cauliflower and beets in them.

Mousetta I'll hold a sack, Mother, while you put the cheese and sausage in.

Frisk Father this door won't open and we'll have to saw it open.

Father All right, son, get the saw. (Frisk rushes up ladder and gets saw. Frisk holds basket.)

Mother We must hurry children. It's getting near dawn and Farmer Brown will be here soon.

Frisk or
Frisky Oh, I'm so tired!
" " " So am I - we should have been in bed several hours ago.

Father We should be very happy, children. Just think, if Auntie Twinkletoes had not warned us, all our food would have been destroyed by Farmer Brown's Plow!

Mother Yes, Children, we will soon be ready for bed. On your way thru the kitchen will you please empty your sacks. Put the cheese on the top shelf of the cupboard.

Mousetta I'll put the cauliflower on the second shelf.

Frisk And I'll put the Carrots and beets on the third shelf.

Frisky And I'll put the sausage on the bottom shelf. (noise and shaking--- dishes rattle; all scamper up the ladder.)

All Oh, how happy we are - we've saved all our food and now we can go to bed and sleep snugly until evening, when Farmer Brown will have gone home!

***** curtain *****

JOHN THE BAPTIST

SCENE I.

Palace of Herod

Characters: Herod, Herodias, and Soldier.

*Mrs Meader
Herodias - George
Herod - Raymond
Soldier - J.W.*

HERODIAS: Have ye heard what the man called John the Baptist is saying?

HEROD: Yea, I have heard.

HERODIAS: How dare anyone rebuke thee? He says thou hast sinned - sinned by killing thy brother, my husband, and by marrying me, thy brother's wife. He should be put to death.

HEROD: They say he is an holy man, like the prophet Elijah. From whence does he come? (To soldier)

SOLDIER: It is said he lives in the desert and feeds on locusts and wild honey. He is clothed in camel's hair.

HERODIAS: He is repulsive to look upon.

HEROD: A great multitude follows him. He even has disciples. What does he talk about? (to Soldier)

HERODIAS: No one understands what he says.

SOLDIER: He says he is a voice crying in the wilderness - that he is preparing the way of the Lord.

HEROD: What Lord does he mean?

SOLDIER: Some say the Messiah and some say the King of the Jews.

HERODIAS: That is treason. Herod, he must be killed.

HEROD: A great multitude follows him. Does he mean me harm?

SOLDIER: He tells us to do violence to no man.

HERODIAS: Of course he means to do thee harm. Did he not say that thou art wicked and that I am wicked. Art thou the tetrarch to endure this?

HEROD: No, we will arrest him but we will not kill him. Go, take him and bring him here. Put him in the dungeon below the palace.

John the Baptist

SCENE II.

The Desert.

John is preaching to multitude off stage.
Soldiers of Herod enter behind him.

JOHN: One mightier than I cometh, the latchet of whose shoes
I am not worthy to unloose. He shall baptise you with
the Holy Ghost and with fire.

(voices offstage)

VOICES: What shall we do?

JOHN: He that hath two coats let him give to him that hath none.
He that hath meat, let him do likewise.

VOICE OF
PUBLICAN: What shall we do?

JOHN: Ye publicans, ask no more tax than is right.

SOLDIER: What shall we do?

JOHN: Ye soldiers, do violence to no man. Be content with your
wages. Go now to your homes.

(Sound of voices growing fainter)

(John turns and sees soldiers)

SOLDIER: Art thou the son of Zacharius and Elizabeth, the one
called John the Baptist?

JOHN: Yea, I am he.

SOLDIERS: We are sent by Herod, the tetrarch, to arrest thee. Come!

Curtain.

John Warren

Raymond

J.P.

John the BaptistSCENE III.

Palace of Herod.

Herod and Herodias, and servant.

*Herod - John -
Herodias - George -
Salome - Benito*

HEROD: Bring me more wine. (to servant)

HERODIAS: That man, John the Baptist, whom thou didst put in prison, rails at me and calls me names. Put him to death.

HEROD: He is an holy man, a prophet.

HERODIAS: Thou art afraid of him.

HEROD: I am afraid of no man. Bid Salome come to me. (Exit servant) I would see her dance.

HERODIAS: It is late - she is tired. Do not ask her to dance.

Enter Salome

HEROD: Come, Salome, dance for me.

SALOME: I am tired. I feel not like dancing.

HEROD: Dance for me Salome, I beseech thee. If thou wilt, I will give thee whatever thou mayest ask, be it half of my kingdom.

SALOME: Wilt thou indeed give me whatever I ask?

HEROD: Aye. Whatsoever thou shalt ask I will give thee, I swear it.

(Salome goes to Herodias)

SALOME: (In whisper) What shall I ask of him?

HERODIAS: The head of John the Baptist on a charger.

SALOME: By what do you swear, Herod?

HEROD: By my life, by my crown, I swear it.

SALOME: I will dance for you.

(Music begins. Salome dances)

HEROD: Ah, wonderful! Wonderful! Now I will pay thee, what wouldst thou have? Speak.

SALOME: (Kneeling before Herod) I would have on a charger, the head of John the Baptist.

HEROD: No, no.

SCENE III.

(continued)

HERODIAS: That is well said, my daughter.

HEROD: No, no. Do not heed her.

SALOME: Herod hath sworn it. I would have the head of John the Baptist on a silver charger.

HEROD: Ask me something else.

SALOME: I ask the head of John.

HERODIAS: Thou hast sworn to give her what she asks.

HEROD: Get her what she wants. (to soldier, who exits.)
Of a truth thou art thy mother's child.

HERODIAS: My daughter has done well.

HEROD: What she has asked is a crime - a crime against God.

(Enter servant with head of John the Baptist)

(Herod screams and hides his face.)

Curtain.

JOLLO AND JANUARY
A One Act Comedy

Jollo _____ A Funny Clown
January _____ A Trick Mule

Scene: Center ring of Dingling Brothers Combined Shows. (Jollo, a clown, is discovered with his back to the audience, talking to his trick mule, January, off stage.)

Jollo: Remember January, Mr. Dingling has warned me that if you make more than one mistake during a performance, we will be automatically discharged. Automatically January, means quick, sudden, just like this, Fizz(Jerks hand up) (Whistle blows off stage.) That's our cue, January.

Voice off Stage: Lea-d-i-e-s and Gen-tle-men, the Dingling Brothers Combined Shows take great pleasure in being able at this time to introduce the most sensational attraction in the world. Never before in the entire three thousand years of the circus has there been a more remarkable exhibition of animal training. You shall see with your own eyes that kindness, patience and dynamic power of will can accomplish with the dumbest of animals. _____ in-tro-duc-ing Jollo, and his educated mule _____ January.

Jollo: (Enter Jollo, either riding or leading January.)
January, will you show these people how old you are?

January: (Counts ten with foot.)

Jollo: That's right, January, you are ten years old.

January: (Shakes head, yes)

Jollo: January, will you show the boys and girls how well you like spinach?

January: (Kicks and backs away)

Jollo: Oh! So you don't like spinach? Don't you know that all little boys and girls and teachers too, if they wish to grow strong and healthy must eat spinach?

January: (Kicks and backs away again.)

Jollo: So you don't want to be strong and healthy like Miss Braley, and Miss Sweazey?

January: (Nods head yes and prances around holding head high.)

Jollo: That's better. Now will you show the people what you have been taught in school?

January: (Nods head yes.)

Jollo: Subtract four from ten.

January: (Counts six with foot.)

Jollo: (To Audience) Was January correct? (Audience will no doubt say yes.)

Jollo: Can you multiply three times four?

January: (Shakes head, yes.)

Jollo: Allright, show the audience. Remember Miss McIver, might be watching you.

January: (Counts seven with foot.)

Jollo: (To audience) Was January correct? (Audience will probably answer, No.) You failed January. Do you know what happens to boys and girls who fail? They are kept in school after the others have been dismissed.

January: (Kicks and backs away.)

Jollo: So you don't want to remain after school?

January: (Kicks and backs away again.)

Jollo: (To audience) Boys and girls do you think January should have another chance? (audience will probably answer yes.) Allright, January, the boys and girls think you should have another chance. Now, if you can multiply two times five correctly, you will not have to remain after school.

January: (Shakes head yes, yes.)

Jollo: Go ahead, two times five.

January: (Counts ten with foot.)

Jollo: (To audience) Was he right? (Audience says yes.)

Jollo: Now January, don't you think Mrs. Dyer, will be a capable instructor in the new classes in puppetry?

January: (Shakes head yes.)

Jollo: Do you think all these people in the audience will be interested in puppetry?

January: (Shakes head yes very vigorously.)

Jollo: (To audience) Do you think January is right? (Audience will probable answer yes.)

Jollo: That's fine. The help given by Miss Harmashek, Miss Cobb, and Miss Thomas, has enabled us to go ahead with this new puppetry group. Do you know these three women January?

January: (Shakes head, yes.) (At same time shows bashfulness in knowing them.)

Jollo: Come here January, here's a lump of sugar, make your little bow before you go.

Page 3.

January: (Takes sugar after turning to Jollo, then turns his back to the audience wags tail, and kicks backwards.)

Jollo: (Bows) Thank you! Thank you!

Finis.

JACK
&
BEANSTALK

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.

Scene--1

Front of Jack's House.

Jack's Mother discovered crying---Cow looking at her and mooring disconsolately.

Jack------(Calls off stage) Buttercup-Buttercup.

(Buttercup checks self and turns head.) Buttercup, answer me.

Cow-----Moo.

Enter Jack.

Jack-----Good Buttercup. (Throws arm around cow's neck. Mother cries.)
Mother don't cry. Please don't, mother.

Mother-----I don't know what we will have to eat, my son, all our food is gone and Buttercup won't give any milk.

Jack-----There, there, never mind. I'll be looking after you. I'll go out in the world and make our fortune.

Mother-----Alas, my son, Heaven hasn't given you the wits other men have.
We must get along as best we can. We have sold every-thing but Buttercup. Buttercup (slowly) yes--We'll have to sell her.

Jack-----Oh no, mother, we couldn't sell her. What will we do with out Buttercup? Come here, Buttercup. (Cow moos and lays head on Jack's shoulder. He pats her.)

Mother-----It grieves me too, but it is the only thing to do. Jack, you take her to the village right away, before I change my mind, and sell her. Be sure you get just as much as you can for her. (Goes into house weeping)

Jack-----Buttercup, have you been happy here?

Buttercup--Mooo.

Jack-----Have you liked it better than any place you have ever lived?

Buttercup--(Cocks head) Moo. (Nods)

Jack-----Do you love Mother?

Buttercup--(Nods and Moos affectionately)

Jack-----Have I always been good to you?

Buttercup--Mooo- (uncertainly)

Jack-----Why, I've never teased you, have I, Buttercup?

Buttercup--Moo. (Dubiously)

Jack-----Well, hardly ever?

Buttercup--Moo.

Jack-----Would you hate to leave us?

Buttercup--Moo. (Decidedly)

Jack-----Buttercup, dear, I've awfully sad news for you. We've nothing to eat and we just have to sell you.

Buttercup--Moo. (Sadly)

Jack-----Yes, it has to be done, so we'd better be starting to the village. Come on, Buttercup dear. (Throws arm around neck. Cow moos sadly looking at house. EXIT SLOWLY.)

*****CURTAIN*****

Scene--11

Discover Jack and Buttercup walking in center of stage. Jack is whistleing or singing. As they make the motion of walking, trees appear at one side and move across the stage. A mile post "One Mile" moves across stage--2nd mile post "Two Miles" follows.

Jack-----Look there, my lady, see how far we have come--Two Miles--I think we have earned a little rest, don't you?

Buttercup--Moo

Jack-----We are now half way to the village and I am tired. How much will you bring, my dear Buttercup? The money will have to buy my poor Mother and I many a meal. You are a fine cow, though, and all will desire to own you. (Sits and whistles)

ENTER BUTCHER.

Butcher----Hello, son, that's a nice cow you have.

Jack-----Yes, she is, sir. But my mother and I are so poor that we have to sell her.

Butcher----How much do you want for her?

Jack-----Mother said I should get as much as I could; ten big gold pieces at least.

Butcher----(Nods) Really? As much as that? How would you like to have ten magic beans instead?

Jack-----Oh, but sir, how could you part with magic beans?

Butcher----A fairy gave them to me. She said if I bought the first thing I saw I would have good luck. Who ever gets the beans will make his fortune.

Jack-----Would he, really? Let me have them, then, sir, and you can take Buttercup. Is this a good bargain, Buttercup?

Buttercup--Moo. (Nods)

Butcher----Hold out your hand, here they are. (Appears to put beans in hand)

Jack----- (Very pleased) How pretty they are--bright red.

Butcher----I hope you find your fortune as the Fairy promised. Let me have the cow.

Jack-----Her name is Buttercup. Call her and she will follow you. You belong to this man now, good-bye, dear Buttercup.

Buttercup--Moo

Butcher----Come Buttercup. (They go off. Buttercup looks after Jack. Jack follows them to edge of stage, then starts walking back home. Mile posts and trees go by in reverse order. Jack keeps walking.)

*****CURTAIN*****

Scene--111

Same as scene 1

Jack-----{Calls off stage} Mother- Mother (Enters) Mother.

Mother----(Coming from house) What is it, my boy, what is it? How are you back so soon? Where is Buttercup? Were you robbed?

Jack-----No, no, mother. I've sold her already.

Mother----How clever of you. What did you get? Tell me quickly.

Jack-----Oh, you'll never guess what I got for her.

Mother----Come, show me. Hurry. How much gold?

Jack-----I didn't get any gold, mother.

Mother----What? What's that you say? No money? What can you mean? No money.

Jack-----I got something far better. See these lovely red beans.

Mother----Beans for our Buttercup. You wretched, stupid boy. Oh--(Knocks hand and apparently beans scatter).

Jack-----Mother, mother, what have you done. They were magic beans, and you've thrown them away. They would have made our fortune. (Cries)

Mother----Made our fortune, indeed. Who ever heard of such an idea. Oh, your poor simple head. I should never have trusted you with our dear Buttercup. Now where will our next meal come from?

(Music plays off stage. Jack raises his head to listen and sees bean stalk growing where beans were thrown)

Jack----- (In great excitement) Look, Look. Mother. see the bean stalk. The man was right. They are Fairy beans. Look at it grow. Look at it. See it is reaching clear to the sky. Ha, I'll climb it and find our fortune. Good-bye, mother dear, good-bye. (Climbs.)

Mother----Jack. Jack. Be careful or you'll fall.

Jack-----Good-bye.

*****CURTAIN*****

Scene--1V

Inside Giants House.

Jack-----Whew, what a long bean stalk. I thot I should never get to the top.
I wonder where I am. It looked like a castle from the out-side.

ENTER GRUMPS (Giant's wife)

Grumps----Shoo, shoo. Go away. No boys here. (Waves ladle at Jack)

Jack-----But my good soul---

Grumps----I'm not your good soul. Go away, I tell you.

Jack-----Why?

Grumps----This is the Giants castle. He'll be back directly for his dinner.

Jack-----What will he have for his dinner?

Grumps----You, if you stay any longer. He eats little boys. He likes them just like you. How'd you like to be eaten?

Jack-----I wouldn't like it. Where can I go?

Grumps----Where you came from.

Jack-----I don't know how.

Grumps----That's silly. How did you get here?

Jack-----A Fairy told me how to get here after I climbed the beanstalk.

Giant----- (Out-side) Fee-Fi-Fo-Fum

I smell the blood of an Englishman.

Be he live or be he dead,

I'll grind his bones to make me bread.

Jack-----What is that?

Grumps----That's him-the Giant.

Jack-----Oh, please hid me somewhere.

Grumps----Here, jump in this vase.

ENTER GIANT.

Giant-----Fee-Fi-Fo-Fum

I smell the blood of an Englishman.

What have you for dinner to-day you useless woman? I smell fresh meat. (Sniffs) Smells to me like a nice, tender, juicy little boy. (Smells all around. As he smells vase Grumps excitedly calls.)

Grumps----Oh, my dear, tis the people in the dungeon. See what a nice stew I'm making.

Giant----- (Smells pot--stretches.) Ho, Hum. A little rest will do me good.

Grumps----Take a nap while I lay the table for dinner. (EXITS)

Giant----- (Stretches. Calls to wife.) Wife, where is my hen that lays the golden eggs.

Grumps---- (Off-stage) Here, my dear, safe with me.

Scene--1V (con'd)

Giant-----And my money bags, and my magic harp?

Grumps----Here, my dear, safe with me.

Giant-----See they are kept safe. I shall need them later. Ho, Hum. (Goes to sleep on couch and snores. JACK peeps out--Giant turns--Jack ducks. Jack finally crawls out of vase and sneaks off stage on same side Grumps left. Giant snores and Jack reenters with cage and hen, money bags and harp. Hen suddenly cackles. Jack trembles. Giant wakes.)

Giant-----Ho, ho. What's this I see before my very eyes. A fine juicy, little boy. What a lovely morsel for my dinner.

(Jack runs off stage)

I'll catch him. He'll never escape me. (Runs after Jack)

*****CURTAIN*****

Scene--V

Same as scene 1.

Mother----I wonder where my dear son could be. Alone up there in that strange land at the top of the beanstalk. Oh, that he may return safely. (Beanstalk sways. Bags of gold drop down.) What manner of rain is this? (Cackling of hen and stalk sways.) Here comes my Jackie, now.

Jack----- (Calls from up the stalk) Mother, mother. (Comes into view and on down stalk; goes to mother and throws arms around her neck) Mother, I went up to the land at the top of the beanstalk and there was a terrible giant there. He eats nothing but human flesh and he likes little boys particularly, so I hid in a huge vase and he nearly found me, but I escaped. Look, mother, look, I have brought home bags of gold and this little hen lays golden eggs.

Hen-----Cut-Cut-Cut-Cu dock et.

Mother----Oh, my son, my son, how wonderful. What a wonderful boy you are. I am so glad you escaped from that wicked giant.

Jack-----You need never worry again Mother, we will buy back dear Buttercup and we will always have plenty to eat.

Mother----What is that, Jackie? (Motions to harp)

Jack-----Oh, that is a magic harp. It will play a tune all by itself if one asks it to and it plays only joyous tunes so that all that hear it will want to laugh and sing.

Mother----Really? How lovely. Have it play now.

Jack----- (To harp) Play for my mother.

(Harp plays "London Bridge". Jack and Mother sing.)

*from
suggestion for
first
part*

Mother - I wonder where my dear son can be. Away up there in the land of the bean stalk - Oh! that he may return safely - (Beans stalk sprays.) Jack calls.

Jack - Mother - Mother -

Mother - Is my Jackie's voice - What is it - Jack?

Jack - Mother - Quick get the ax - Be ready to cut down the bean stalk - A giant is pursuing me -
(Mother runs for ax)

Jack appears sliding down stalk
(Runs to stage & lays down money bags & hen)
Quick mother - cut it - (Giant roars from above)

Giant - You'll not escape me - I'll get you.

Mother - I have it (Brings the ax) (They cut the stalk which is ~~now~~ spraying violently) It falls and Giant falls to shelf with thud where he groans loudly.)

Mother & Jack pick

Jack - Beans over giant - Let's be sure he's dead -

Mother - Oh! Jackie be careful - he may not be -

Jack - Oh! yes he is - let's ~~go~~ drag him over here -
(Put giant on stage)

Mother - What a dreadful creature. Oh! Jackie - tell me all about what happened to you in that strange land -

etc -

Scene--V (cont'd)

The magic beans sprang from the ground,
From the ground, from the ground,
The Fairy fortune we have found,
Mother and Jackie.

No more in poverty we will weep,
We will weep, we will weep,
In golden beds we now will sleep
Mother and Jackie.

If your fortune you would find,
• You would find, you would find,
A Fairy's orders always mind,
As did Jackie.

For your troubles never sigh
Never sigh, never sigh,
Climb a beanstalk to the sky,
As did Jackie.

Buttercup too is very gay,
Very gay, very gay,
The hen her golden eggs will lay,
Because of Jackie.

If adventuring you would go,
You would go, you would go,
Watch where Fairy beanstalks grow,
As did Jackie.

*****CURTAIN*****

Kathryn Bryant

JACK and THE BEAN STALK

From the story in volume 2 of MY BOOK CASE adapted especially for MSTR by Mary T. Johnson, writer of stories and plays for children.

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Scene 1 -- Jack sells the cow.

When the curtain goes up we discover Jack's mother in her poor little cottage near a country village. She is sitting near the kitchen table and we see at once that she is very unhappy.

Mother--Ah me! Here is Jack coming home from the village.

Jack--(banging open a door) Mother, I'm so hungry. Is supper ready?

Mother--(sobbing) Jack, we haven't a thing in the house to eat.

Jack--(astonished) Nothing to eat?

Mother--No, you heedless boy, while you have been idling in the village, we have eaten everything we had, and I have not money enough to buy even a bit of bread.

Jack--Oh, we have our cow left. I shall go out and sell her.

Mother--That you must do. But I beg you, Jack, use good judgment and get a fair price in exchange.

Jack--Don't worry, mother--Good bye. (Door bangs).

Mother--Such a thoughtless lad! I fear I have spoiled him. I do not like to sell my cow but, alas, I have nothing left. I shall sit here by the window and wait for him. Ah, there is a man talking to Jack. He has given Jack something and now he is leading the cow away, and Jack is running back home. Now we can buy some food.

(Door opens)

Jack--Seewhat I have mother!

Mother--You sold the cow! And so soon! How much did you get?

Jack--(hesitatingly) Why,--I,--why, just look at these carious beans, mother. He gave me a whole handful of them.

Mother--(in dismay) Beans! Why, Jack, you didn't give our cow away for those poltry beans! (stamping her feet). You worthless boy, out the window they go,--and we shall go hungry to bed. (she cries).

The curtain goes down on the Children's Theatre of Minneapolis.

Scene 2

For the first time in his life, Jack was thoroughly sorry for what he had done. He sat a long, long time in sorrow and resolved that the very next day he would set himself earnestly to work. That night something very strange happened.

Jack--What is that at my window? Green leaves--they never have been there before. Mother, mother, come and see!

Mother--What is it, Jack?

Jack--See the strange vine that is growing by my window.

Mother--Why that is strange, indeed, and how tall it is!

Jack--Mother, it has grown from those beans you threw out last night.

Mother--You are right, Jack.

Jack--It goes up to the very clouds, mother, and I'm going to climb it.

Mother--Oh, my son, must you leave me?

Jack--Yes, I must, mother dear, I am sorry for my laziness. From now on I am going to make good. This ladder leads to adventure and opportunity, I'm sure--and I'm going up to find it.

The curtain goes down on the Children's Theatre of Minneapolis.

Scene 3
(Jack's Good Fairy)

Jack--The end of the vine at last. Oh, I'm so weary. I have been climbing for hours, and what strange country is this? It is so barren and rocky. Who is it that comes to meet me. Surely a beautiful creature.

Fairy--I am your good Fairy, Jack. I have watched you for a long time.

Jack--I'm sorry that I have been such an idle boy.

Fairy--You have a great work to do here, Jack.

Jack--I should like to do something to help my mother.

Fairy--Listen, Jack, do you see that tall gray castle in the distance?

Jack--Yes, I see it.

Fairy--That is the home of a great and terrible giant. He has stolen all of the wealth that he has and he keeps your father there in his prison.

Jack--(surprised) My father!

Page 3 Jack and the Beanstalk -

Fairy--Yes, you must go forward to a great adventure. If you are brave and strong, you will conquer the giant. Good-bye.

Jack--I must not be a coward. If I am brave and strong, perhaps the good fairy will go with me.

Fairy--(in the distance) I will.

The curtain goes down on the Children's Theatre of Minneapolis.

Scene 4

The Home of the Terrible Giant

(Rap-rap-rap-rap--(very loudly) -

Giant's Wife--Who's this knocking at the Giant's castle door?

Jack--Madame, I have traveled a long way and I am very tired and hungry. If you will give me something to eat, I shall work for you to pay for it.

Giant's Wife--If you know what is good for you, you will run away as fast as your legs will carry you.

Jack--I am so hungry.

Giant's Wife--My husband is a cruel and greedy giant. It will not be good for you, if he finds you here.

Jack--But I must have food and I shall work hard for you.

Giant's Wife--Come in then and help me with these dishes. (Clatter of dishes is heard)--(then loud pounding at gate is heard).

Giant--(shouting) Let me in, let me in.

Giant's Wife--Oh, me! Oh my! He is home all ready. Quick! You must hide!

Jack --Where shall I hide?

Giant--(louder than ever) Let me in, let me in.

Giant's Wife--Here in this great oven. Quick!
(Sound of door closing. Heavy steps as giant comes in)

Giant--Fe Fi Fo Fum--I smell the blood of an Englishman.

Giant's Wife--(gruffly) You'll go on smelling Englishmen as long as you keep them in your dungeon.

Giant--Humph! Bring me my supper!

Giant's Wife--Yes, yes--Here it is. (rattle of dishes and loud smacking of lips)

Giant -Bring me my hen.

Giant's Wife--Yes, yes, I'll get it at once. (More smacking of lips and rattling of dishes).

continuation of Jack and the Beanstalk - Page 4

Hen--Cut-cut-cut ca-daw-cut-ca-daw-cut

Giant's Wife--Here is your hen.

Giant--(roaring) Lay an egg of gold.

Hen--cut-cut-cut ca-daw-cut- ca-daw-cut

Giant--Lay another

Hen--Cut-cut-cut ca-daw-cut ca-daw-cut.

Giant--Lay come more while I take my nap.

Hen--Cut-cut-cut cut-cut

Giant--Snore! Snore! Snore!

Jack--(in loud whisper) The giant is asleep. I shall take the hen and run home.

Hen--Cut-cut-cut-cut ca-daw-cut ca-daw-cut.

Jack--(planting) Be still--I-I-must hurry or he will catch me.

The curtain goes down on The Children's Theatre of Minneapolis.
(a few bars of music)

Scene 5

Jack's Second Visit to the Giant's Castle

Rap-rap-rap.

Giant's Wife--Who's rapping on the Giant's castle door? (door opens) Ha! It's you who stole my husband's golden hen. You had better take yourself away from here at once.

Jack--I wish you to give me a night's lodging and I shall work for you to pay for it.

Giant's Wife--I do need some help.

Jack--Then let me come in and I shall serve you well.

Giant's Wife--I shall put you to scrubbing the floor

(loud rapping at door)

Giant--(roaring) Let me in. Let me in.

Giant's Wife--Has he come so soon? Here hide you in the lumber closet--

Giant--(roaring as he enters) Fe fi-fo-fum I smell the blood of an Englishman.

Giant's Wife-- Yes, you have an Englishman locked in your dungeon.

Giant--Humph! Well, bring on my supper and be quick about it.
(clatter of dishes)

Giant's Wife--Here is your supper.

Giant--(smacking his lips and clanking his silverware). Now bring me my bags of gold and silver.
smack-smack-smack--I'll count my gold tonight.

Giant's Wife(placing heavy bags on the table) Here are your bags of gold.

Giant--Now be off to bed--(clinking of coins is heard) Oh, my money! My money!(clink, clink, clink) How I love my money. I shall take my nap then I shall count it again---snore,snore,-

Jack--He's asleep. Now's the time to gather what is my own--
I'll take those bags of gold to my mother.

Boy-wow-wow--

Jack--Oh, I must hurry. That dog has wakened the giant(panting)
Help me, good Fairy, help me!

The curtain goes down on the Children's Theatre of Minneapolis.
-A few bars of music-

Scene 6

The Harp of Gold-

The golden eggs and the bags of money have made Jack and his mother comfortable and prosperous, but neither of them can be happy while Jack's father remains in the Giant's dungeon. On the longest day of the year, Jack climbs up the beanstalk and visits the castle again.

(loud knocking at door).

Giant--Let me in. Let me in.

Giant's Wife--Now he will surely get you. He was very rough with me after his treasure was taken. You should not have come.

Giant-(louder than ever) Let me in. Let me in!

Giant's Wife--Hide! Quick! In this great kettle.
(sound of kettle cover banging shut.)

Giant--Fe fi fo fum. I smell the blood of an Englishman. I shall search this house over until I find him. (banging of chairs, doors slamming, etc.)

Giant's Wife--It's the old man you have in your dungeon.

Giant--Be still, wife. If there is anyone here, I shall find him.

Giant's Wife--And your supper will get cold.

continuation of Jack and the Beanstalk Page 6
Giant's Wife--And your supper will get cold.

Giant--Bring on my supper and bring on my golden harp.

Giant's Wife--I shall bring it.

Giant--Play!
(beautiful music is heard)

Giant--I'll take--my nap--(snore-snore-snore)

Jack--Good! He sleeps. I shall take this beautiful harp to my mother.

Harp--Master! Master!

Jack--Oh, beautiful harp, where are you taking me?

Harp--Master, master!

Jack--To the dungeon. Are you taking me to my father?

Father--My harp! My harp! Who bears you hither?

Jack--~~My~~ son.

Father--My son! My son! Give me my harp.

Harp--my master.

Father--Harp! Harp! Play off my chains.
(harp plays beautiful music)

Father--Harp, harp, play open my dungeon doors.
(harp plays again--noise of chains falling)

Father--I am free

Giant--Where is the thief?

Jack--Father, the giant is coming.

Father--We must run for our lives.

Jack--(panting) He is almost upon us.

Father--(panting) Hold fast to the harp, my boy.

Giant--(roaring) I'll have you yet--

Jack--Quick, father, down the beanstalk--I'll follow!

Giant--Wait till I get my hands upon you!

Jack--Mother, mother, bring us the hatchet. We shall cut down the beanstalk.

Mother--Here my son.

Page 7 Continuation of Jack and the Beanstock

Jack (hack-hack) There I have cut it through. Why see how it is shriveling. Look at the giant. He is swelling up like a balloon.

(noise of bursting balloon)

Jack--He has burst like a monstrous bubble. Hurrah! Hurrah!
We are all safe at last.

The curtain comes down on the Children's
Theatre of Minneapolis.

end-

JACOB AND ESAU

A Puppet Play in Five Scenes.

Characters

Isaac	Rebekah
Jacob	Esau

Scene---I

Inside of the tent. Isaac is reclining on a couch. Enter Rebekah.

Isaac----- (To Rebekah) I wish to see Esau, my eldest son.

Rebekah---- I will call him. (Calls) Esau, Esau.

(Enter Esau)

Isaac----- My son.

Esau----- Behold, here am I.

Isaac----- Behold, now, I am old, my eyes are dim. I know not the day of my death. Now therefore, take thy quiver and thy bow, and go out into the fields and take me venison; and make me savory meat, such as I love, and bring it to me that I may eat and my soul may bless thee before I die.

Esau----- Father, I go.

(CURTAIN)

Scene---2

Outside of the tent. Rebekah and Jacob discovered.

Rebekah---- Behold, I heard thy father speak unto Esau, thy brother.

Jacob----- What said he?

Rebekah---- He said, Bring me venison and make me savory meat, that I may eat and bless thee before my death. Now, therefore, my son, obey my voice and do as I command thee.

Jacob----- What shall I do?

Rebekah---- Go now to the flock and fetch me from thence, two kids, and I will make meat for thy father such as he loveth, and thou shalt bring it to thy father, that he may eat and that he may bless thee before his death.

Jacob----- Behold, Esau, my brother, is a hairy man and I am a smooth man. My father may feel me, and I shall seem to him as a deceiver; and I shall bring a curse upon me and not a blessing.

Rebekah-----Upon me be the curse, my son. Put skins upon thy hands. Then if he touch ~~THE~~ thee he will think thou art Esau. Only obey my voice and go and fetch me the kids.

Jacob-----I will go.

(CURTAIN)

Scene---3

Inside of the tent. Isaac is reclining on a couch. Enter Jacob.

Jacob-----My father.

Isaac-----Here am I. Who art thou, my son?

Jacob-----I am Esau, thy first born. I have done according as thou didst tell me. Arise, I pray thee; sit and eat of my venison, that thy soul may bless me.

Isaac-----How is it that thou hast found it so quickly, my son?

Jacob-----Because the Lord thy God, brought it to me.

Isaac-----Come near, I pray thee that I may feel thee, my son, whether thou be my very son, Esau.

(Jacob goes near to Isaac, who lifts himself up and feels him)

The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau. Art thou my very son Esau?

Jacob-----I am.

Isaac-----Bring it near to me and I will eat of my son's venison, that my soul may bless thee.

(Jacob comes near and he eats)

Come near that I may bless thee.

(Jacob kneels by the couch. Isaac smells his clothing)

See, the smell of my son is as the smell of a field which the Lord has blessed. Therefore, God give thee plenty of corn and wine; let people serve thee, and nations bow down to thee; be lord over thy brothers. Cursed be every one that curseth thee, and blessed be he that blesseth thee.

(Bows head. Exit Jacob)

(CURTAIN)

Scene---4

Outside of the tent. Enter Rebekah and Jacob.

Rebekah----Behold, thy brother Esau, when he doth return, will plan to kill thee.

Jacob-----He will not kill me while my father yet lives.

Rebekah----True; but arise, flee thou to Laban, my brother, and tarry with him awhile, until thy brother's fury turn away from thee and he forget what thou hast done to him. Then will I send and fetch thee.

Jacob-----I will obey thy voice.

(They embrace)

Rebekah----Go thou, my son. Farewell.

Jacob-----Farewell. (Exits)

(CURTAIN)

Scene---5

Inside of the tent. Isaac reclining on the couch. Enter Esau.

Esau-----Let my father arise, and eat of his son's venison, that thy soul may bless me.

Isaac-----Who art thou?

Esau-----I am thy son, thy first born, Esau.

Isaac----- (Trembling) Who? Where is he that hath taken venison and brought it me and I have eaten, and have blessed him? Yea, and he shall be blessed.

Esau----- (Bitterly) Bless me, even me also, O my father.

Isaac-----Thy brother came with cunning, and has taken away thy blessing.

Esau-----He is rightly named, Jacob, the supplanter. He took my birthright and now he hath taken my blessing.

Isaac-----Behold, I have made him lord, and all his brethern I have given to him for servants. What shall I do now, my son?

Esau-----Hast thou but one blessing, my father? Bless me, even me also, O my father. (Kneels before him)

Isaac-----Behold, thy dwelling shall be the fatness of the earth, by the sword shalt thou live and shalt serve thy brother. It shall come to pass that thou shalt break his yoke from off thy neck.

(Esau rises)

Esau----- (Aside) The days of mourning for my father are at hand;
then will I slay my brother, Jacob.

(FINAL CURTAIN)

**

INTRODUCTION

Mrs. Meader

In 1422, the king of France, Charles VI, died, leaving his kingdom to the King of England. The English tried to take possession of the country. The Dauphin, Charles VII, took refuge at Bourges - a king without a country, without money, and without energy. All seemed lost when help came through a little peasant girl named Jeanne d'Arc. She was born on the 16th of January, 1412, at Domremy. Her father's name was Jacques d'Arc; her mother's, Isabellette Romee. Joan grew up under the eye of God. She was a brave worker and a sweet girl, beloved by all. Our first scene is in her father's garden when she was thirteen years old.

SCENE II

From this day, Jeanne became more pious. Heavenly voices spoke to her, telling her of her mission. When she was sixteen her voices told her she must go to help the King and save the kingdom. They told her to go to the Sire de Baudricourt, Lord of Vaucouleur, and to ask him to conduct her to the Dauphin. Jeanne persuaded her uncle Laxart to take her to Vaucouleur.

SCENE III

Even though Baudricourt sent her home, the simple peasants believed in Jeanne and raised money to clothe and arm her. One day, with a small escort, she set out to see Charles VII. The king's favorite tried to keep the king from seeing Jeanne, but the English were besieging Orleans and the situation was so serious that the King decided to receive her. Jeanne had never seen him.

SCENE IV.

was

Jeanne, tormented for three weeks by questions. The common people were in her favour. They thought her holy and inspired. The learned and powerful were forced to yield. Scene IV shows Jeanne and her escort on the way to join the troops with her standard on which was embroidered the names of Jesus and Mary.

EPILOGUE

Jeanne was able to encourage the troops that the siege of Orleans was raised. Then Jeanne led the King to Rheims to be crowned. Thus France once more had a king and the prophecy of the angel Michael was fulfilled.

JEANNE d'ARC

SCENE I.

Domremy - Garden of Jeanne's home.

Jeanne drawing water. A great light shines and she falls on her knees.

St. Michael appears.

ST. MICHAEL: Fear not, Jeanne, but be a good girl and go to church. A great mercy is in store for the kingdom of France. You shall go to the help of the Dauphin and bring him to be crowned at Rheims.

JEANNE: But I am only a poor girl.

ST. MICHAEL: God will help you. (disappears)

JEANNE: (weeping) How can I help the King?

Curtain.

SCENE IV.

Pantomime of Procession of Monks and Jeanne in
Armor, while hymn (Come Holy Ghost) is sung.

Curtain.

Introduction

I. She was born on the 16th of January 1412, at Domremy. Her father's name was Jacques d'Arc; her mother's Isabelle Romée. Joane grew up under the eye of God. She was a brave worker, ~~she was~~ a sweet girl, ~~and~~ beloved by all. Our first scene is in her father's garden where she was thirteen years old.

Scene. I.

Domremy - Garden of Jeannette's home.

Jeannette - drawing water -

Great light shines - She falls on her knees -
St. Michael appears -

St. Michael - Fear not, Jeannette, but be a good girl & go to church. A great mercy is in store for the kingdom of France. You shall go to the help of the Dauphin and bring him to be crowned at Rheims.

Joane - But I am only a poor girl.

St. Michael - God will help ^{you} ~~the~~. (St. M. disappears)

Joane. (murmurs) How can I help the King! -

Curtain

In 1422,

Introduction

The King of France, Charles VI, died, leaving his Kingdom to the King of England. The English tried to take possession of the country. The Dauphin, Charles VII took refuge at Bourges - a king without a country without money and without energy. All seemed lost when help came through a little peasant girl named Jeanne d'Arc.

Scene. II. Introduction.

From this day Jeanne became more pious - heavenly voices spoke to her, telling her of her mission. When she was sixteen her voices told her she must go to help the king & save the kingdom. They told her to go to the Sie de Baudrissant, Lord of Vaucanleur, and to ask him to conduct her to ^{the} Dauphin. Jeanne persuaded her uncle Laxart to take her to Vaucanleur.

Scene. II.

Vaucanleur - A Hall.

Baudrissant & servant discovered.

Servant - The peasant, Laxart, wishes to see you. He has a girl with him.

Baudrissant - What does he want?

Servant - I don't know.

Baudrissant - Let them come in.

Servant. (Goes to door.) My lord will see you.

Enter Laxart & Joan.

Baudrissant - What do you want?

Laxart - My niece here, Jeanne; has a message from God for you.

Baudrissant - A message from God. This girl -

What nonsense!

Jeanne. (Bows) It is true, sire - St. Michael appeared to me in a vision. He told me to get word to the Dauphin not to surrender to the English, for God will help him -

Baudricourt - St. Michael appeared to you? (Scornfully.)

Jeanne - Yes, sire. It is the will of God that the Dauphin should become king - He will be crowned in spite of his enemies. I, myself, will lead him to his coronation.

Baudricourt - The girl is crazy. (To Lavant) Box her ears and take her back to her father.

Jeanne - Oh! but, sire -

Baudricourt - Go -

Curtain -

Scene III - Introduction.

Even the Banderol sent her home, the simple peasants believed in Jeanne & raised money to clothe and arm her. One day, with a small escort she set ^{out} to see Charles VII. The king's favorite tried to keep the king from seeing Joan. ~~But~~ The English were besieging Orleans and the news was so serious that the king decided to receive her. Joan had never seen him.

Scene III.

Room at Court.

King and Courtiers discovered.

Courtier. Sire, this peasant girl will never know you in such a costume.

King - Let none of you let her know which is the king. This will be a test to see whether she be sent by God. Let her come in?

Courtier goes to door.

Courtier - Enter, Maid of Domremy.

Enter Jeanne.

Jeanne Pauses & then kneels before the king. God give you a happy life, gentle Dauphin.

King. I am not the king. Yonder is the king.

Jeanne You are he, gentle prince and no other. The King of Heaven sends words to you by me that you shall be crowned.
I am sent by God to help you.

Give me some Troops and I will raise
the siege of Orleans.
King. You might be a sorceress and ~~might~~ not
~~be~~ sent by God. First you must be examined
by the Learned men at Poitiers. Send her to
them -

Curtain.

Scene II. (Introduction)

Jeanne was ~~and~~ tormented for three weeks by questions. The common people were in her favour. They thought her holy and inspired. The learned and powerful were forced to yield. Scene IV shows Jeanne and her escort on the way to join the troops with her standard on which was embroidered ~~Jesus and Mary~~ the names of Jesus & Mary. Scene IV. Pantomime, Procession, Monks & Jeanne in armor - while Hymn (Come Holy Ghost) is sung.

Curtain -

Epilogue

Jeanne was able ^{so} to encourage the troops so that the siege of Orléans was raised. Then Jeanne led the king to Rheims to be crowned. Thus France once more had a king and the prophecy of the angel Michael was fulfilled.

Jean d'Arc was born on the 16th of January 1412 at Domremy, France. Her father and mother were honest people who lived by their toil.

(curtain)

She was a sweet, simple, upright girl, who loved God and often prayed to him. One summer day when she was thirteen years old, she heard a voice at midday in her father's garden. A great light shone upon her and the arch angel St. Michael appeared to her. He told her that she should go to the Dauphin and bring him to be crowned at Rheims.

"I am only a poor girl", she said.

"God will help thee", answered St. Michael. Jean, overcome, was left weeping.

(curtain)

She often heard, from this day on, heavenly voices, telling her of this mission. When she was sixteen years old, the voices became more urgent. The peril was great they said and she must go to the help of the king and save the kingdom. Her uncle took her to the Sire de Baudricourt to ask for an escort to conduct her to the Dauphin. He received her brutally "The girl is mad", he said "Box her ears". The simple-hearted peasants believed that God milled her to go, and so raised money to clothe and arm the little peasant girl.

From the hamlet of St. Catherine she addressed a letter to the king, announcing her coming.

The court of Charles VII was far from being of one mind as to her reputation. Such disquieting news came at that moment from Orleans that the Dauphin decided to see the girl. Jean had never seen him and so not to attract her attention he wore a more somber costume than those of his courtiers.

(curtain)

When Jean was admitted to his presence she singled him out at first glance and knelt before him.

"God give you a happy life, gentle Dauphin", she said.

"I am not the king. Yonder is the king."

"You are he and no other, gentle prince. The King of Heaven sends word to you by me that you shall be anointed and crowned. Give me troops and I will raise the siege of Orleans!"

The king hesitated. The girl might be a sorceress. He sent her to Poitiers, to have her examined by learned men.

(curtain)

For three weeks they tormented her with questions but the people held her to be holy and inspired. The learned and powerful were forced to yield to the enthusiasm of the multitude.

She was successful in raising the siege of Orleans in four days. The news spread far and wide. She returned hastily to the king. He received her with great honor but refused to go to Reims to be crowned. She again fought the English and was victorious.

At last the king came to Rheims to be crowned while Jean was present.

~~At last the king came to Rheims to~~

After the coronation the king's indecision gave the English time to prepare their defense and she suffered defeat at the hands of the English. She was finally captured by them at Compeigne. The king of France made no offer to ransom her. She was shut up in the dungeon of the castle of Rouen where

she was guarded night and day by soldiers. Her only support was that of her saints who counseled her continually.

She was finally tried and condemned as a witch.

On the thirtieth of May at Rouen Jean was conducted to the place of execution in the market square. When she was tied to the pile, she begged for the cross and died with the name of Jesus on her lips. All were weeping, even her executioners. "WE are lost! We have burned a saint," cried at the English."

they
Curtain

Beginning-----

When Charles VI died, he left his daughter and Henry V., the king of England, his kingdom. Never before had France's independence been threatened. The Dauphin, Charles VII, was a sad king with his royal army half starved and demoralized ~~were~~ *and* retreating, incapable of further effort. Bands of vagabonds were breaking out.

Finally the selfishness and incompetence of the nobility had completed the ruin of the country, and, when they were on the verge of losing their national existence, a little peasant girl, moved by the distress of her unhappy people, went to the king. This girl, Jean d'Arc raised the downcast spirits of her people and wrested France from the formerly victorious English..

JONAH AND THE WHALE

Scene I.

JONAH: "Be there."

Captain appears from front of ship.

JONAH: "Are you the captain of this ship?"

CAPTAIN: "Ay, and what dost thou want?"

JONAH: "Does she go to Tarshish?"

CAPTAIN: "Ay, that she does."

JONAH: "When does she sail?"

CAPTAIN: "At once."

JONAH: "What is the price?"

CAPTAIN: "Four pieces of silver."

JONAH: (Hands bag to captain) "Here it is, I'll come aboard at once."

CAPTAIN: "Here you men, cast off."

JONAH: "I am very tired after my journey, I will go below and sleep."

CAPTAIN: "Ay, it is well."

Ship begins to move.

Curtains draw for moment.

Scene II.

CAPTAIN: "No ship can stand such a storm. Here men, throw out some of these casks and boxes."

SAILORS: "Ay, Ay, sir." (Throw them overboard)

CAPTAIN: "The storm is increasing. The Gods must be angry with us. Come pray to your gods to help us."

(Everybody): "O Jehovah, save us."

CAPTAIN: "No use, the storm grows higher."

SAILOR: "Who is this man that makes the journey to Tarshish?"

"What do we know of him?"

2nd SAILOR: "How is it that he sleeps through such a storm?"

CAPTAIN: "That is true. Could it be that he is the cause of our misfortune?" (calls below): "O sleeper arise, come up."

JONAH (appears): "You called?"

CAPTAIN: "We are in great danger. How is it that thou canst sleep while such a storm rages?"

JONAH: "And what could I do?"

CAPTAIN: "We have called upon our gods to no avail. Now call upon thine so we will not perish."

1st SAILOR: "If we could draw lots we could see who brought this evil upon us."

2nd SAILOR: "Yes, let us do so."

~~SAFARI~~

Jonah draws, then Captain, and Sailors.

CAPTAIN: "So, it is thee. I pray you Jonah, tell us the meaning of this."

JONAH: "I am a Hebrew, and I fear Jehovah."

CAPTAIN: "Why dost thou fear him?"

JONAH: "Because he commanded me to go to Ninevah, but I fled to Joppa to take a ship to Tarshish."

CAPTAIN: "Why hast thou done all this?"

JONAH: "Because Ninevah is a wicked city and should be destroyed."

1st SAILOR: "His God means to destroy him and we will perish with him."
CAPTAIN: "What shall we do with thee, that the sea may be quiet again?"
JONAH: "Take me up and cast me into the sea. I know it is to punish me that this great storm is upon us."
CAPTAIN: "How can I do so? To your oars, men! Let us bring the ship to land. Pull! Pull! Pull harder, men! Ah - the waves are too great!"
JONAH: "It is no use! You must throw me overboard."
1st SAILOR: "O we beseech thee, Jehovah, let us not perish for this man's sin."
2nd SAILOR: "If we throw him overboard let not his blood be upon us."
CAPTAIN: "O Jehovah, blame us not for throwing this man overboard."
JONAH: "It is His will."
~~JONAH~~ Jonah is thrown overboard.
CAPTAIN: "See, the waves grow less."
Ship goes off. The Whale swallows Jonah.
JONAH: (inside the whale) "O Jehovah, Thou hast cast me into the sea, yet will I sacrifice unto thee with the voice of thanksgiving. I will pay that which I have vowed. Salvation is of the Lord."
Whale throws Jonah out on land.
JONAH: "O, I give thanks unto the Lord."
JEHOVAH: "Arise, go to Nineveh that great city, and give unto it the preaching I bid thee."

THE END.

JONAH AND WHALE.

Scene I.

Jonah, "Ho there."

Captain appears from front of ship.

Jonah, "Are you the captain of this ship?"

Captain, "Ay, and what dost thou want?"

Jonah, "Does she go to Tarshish?"

Captain, "Ay that she does."

Jonah, "When does she sail?"

Captain, "At once."

Jonah, "What is the price?"

Captain, "Four pieces of silver."

Jonah, hands bag to captain, "Here it is, I'll come aboard at once."

Jonah, "I am very tired after my journey, I will go below and sleep."

Captain, "Ay it is well."

Ship begins to move.

Curtains draw for a moment.

Scene 2.

Sky and Sea.

Ship pitches to and fro.

Captain, "No ship can stand such a storm. Here men throw out some of these casks and boxes."

Sailors, "Ay, Ay, sir." Throw them over board.

Captain, "No use, the storm is increasing! The Gods must be angry with us. Come pray to your Gods to help us."

Everybody, "O Jehovah, save us."

Captain, "No use, the storm grows higher."

Sailor, "Who is this man that makes the journey to Tarshish?
What do we know of him."

2nd Sailor, "How is it that he sleeps through such a storm."

Captain, "That is true. Could it be that he is the cause of our
misfortune?"

Captain, calls below. "O sleeper, arise, come up."

Jonah, appears, "You called?"

Captain, "We are in great danger. How is it that thou canst sleep
while such a storm rages?"

Jonah, "And what could I do?"

Captain, "We have called upon our Gods to no avail. Now you call
upon yours and so we will not perish."

1st Sailor, "If we could draw lots we could see who brings this evil
upon us."

2nd Sailor, "Yes let us do so."

Jonah draws, then captain, and sailors.

Captain, "So it is thee. I pray you Jonah, tell us the meaning of this."

Jonah, "I am a Hebrew, and I fear Jehovah."

Captain, "Why dost thou fear him?"

Jonah, "Because he commanded me to go to Ninevah but I fled to Joppa
to take a ship to Tarshish."

Captain, "Why has thou done all this?"

Jonah, "Because Ninevah is a wicked city and should be destroyed."

1st Sailor, "His God means to destroy him and we will perish with him."

Captain, "What shall we do with thee that the sea might be quiet
again?"

Jonah, "Take me up and cast me into the sea. I know it is to punish
me this great storm is upon."

Captain, "How can I do so? To your oars men. Let us bring the ship

to land. Pull, pull, pull harder men. Ah, the waves
are too great.

Jonah, "It is no use. You must throw me over board."

1st Sailor, "O beseech thee, Jehovah, let us not perish for this
man's sin."

2nd Sailor, "If we throw him over board let not his blood be upon us."

Captain, "O, Jehovah, it is cursed of you to make us throw this man
over board."

Jonah, "It is his will."

Jonah is thrown over board.

Captain, "See, the waves grow less."

Ship goes off. The whale swallow Jonah.

Jonah, inside whale, "O, Jehovah, thou hast cast me into the sea,
yet will I sacrifice unto thee with the voice of thanks-

giving. I will pay that which I have vowed. Salvation is of the Lord!

Whale throws Jonah out on land.

Jonah, "O, I give thanks unto the Lord."

Jehovah, "Arise, go to Ninevah that great city and give unto it the
preaching I bid thee."

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN

CAST:

Left hand
Patty
Dolly

JOSEPH as a boy	PHARAOH
JOSEPH as a man	MERCHANT
JUDAH)	BUTLER
RUBEN) Brothers	
SIMEON)	
BENJAMIN)	

Left

FIRST SCENE: Dothan

JUDAH: (Sees Joseph) Behold the dreamer Joseph cometh.
RUBEN: Why do you call him that?
SIMEON: Don't you remember how he dreamed we were all sheaves in a field and his sheaf stood upright and our sheaves stood round and bowed down to his sheaf?
JUDAH: How liked you the one where the sun and the moon and eleven stars made obeisance to him?
RUBEN: Our father rebuked him for this dream.
SIMEON: Yes, but he loves him best. How else would he give him the coat of many colors, which means he will have our birthright?
JUDAH: That is not just.
SIMEON: Come now, therefore, let us slay him and cast him into some pit.
JUDAH: We will say to our father some evil beast has devoured him.
SIMEON: Then we will see what will become of his dreams
RUBEN: Let us not kill him, let us not shed his blood, but let us cast him in this pit and lay no hand upon him.

(Enter Joseph)

JUDAH: Ha, dreamer, give us your coat.
SIMEON: Down you go.
JOSEPH: Oh help, help, help, Ruben. Help me.
JUDAH: Let us go now and eat our bread.

(Exit Simeon and Judah)

RUBEN: When I eat I will return and help you out and return you to our father.

JOSEPH: Oh thank you, Ruben.

JUDAH: (Reenter) Come Ruben. (They exit)

(Re-enter Judah with Merchant.)

JUDAH: Here he is. (Pulls Joseph out of pit) calls Simeon, Simeon. (Re-enter)

JUDAH: (To Simeon) What profit is it if we slay our brother and conceal his blood. Come let us sell him to this Ishmaelite and let our hand not be against him for he is our brother and our own flesh.

SIMEON: (To Merchant) He is a likely lad. What will you give for him.

MERCHANT: Here are twenty pieces of silver.

JOSEPH: Oh brothers, spare me. Think of my father's grief.

JUDAH: We hear you not. (To Merchant) Take him with you.

MERCHANT: (To Joseph) Come.

(Curtain)

SCENE-II - PHARAOH'S PALACE

Pharaoh and his Butler discovered.

Pharaoh - My dreams of last night troubled me. It seemeth strange that none of the magicians or wise men of Egypt could interpret them to me. Surely there is some one in Egypt wise enough to tell me their meaning.

Butler - Oh Pharaoh! I do remember my faults this day. When Pharaoh was wroth with his servants, he put me in ward in the captain of the guard's house, both me and the chief baker. We dreamed a dream in one night, I and he, and a young man, a Hebrew servant to the captain of the guard, interpreted to us our dreams.

Pharaoh - What were your dreams?

Butler - In my dream - behold - a vine was set before me and in the vine were three branches; and it was as tho it budded and her blossoms shot forth and the clusters thereof brought forth ripe grapes. And Pharaoh's cup was in my hand and I took the grapes and pressed them into Pharaoh's cup and I gave the cup unto Pharaoh's hands.

Pharaoh - How did the young Hebrew interpret this?

Butler - He said - the three branches are three days and within three days Pharaoh shall restore unto thee thy place and thou shalt deliver Pharaoh's cup into his hand.

Pharaoh - Did it so come to pass?

Butler - As he interpreted it to me - so it was.

Pharaoh - Did he interpret the baker's dream right also?

Butler - That he did and I promised to commend him to Pharaoh but I have forgot it till this day.

Pharaoh - Send for this young man for me.

Exit Butler - reenters immediately.

Pharaoh - What is this young Hebrew's name?

Butler - His name is Joseph. He said he was stolen away from his own land when he was but a lad and had done nothing that they should put him in a dungeon. Here he cometh now.

Enter Joseph

Pharaoh - I have dreamed a dream and there is none that can interpret it and I have heard say of thee that thou canst understand a dream to interpret it.

Joseph - It is not in me. God shall give Pharaoh an answer of peace.

Pharaoh - In my dream ~~behold~~, I stood upon the bank of a river -and behold- there came up out of the river seven fat kine -fat fleshed and well-favoured and they fed in a meadow and behold seven other kine came up after them, poor and very ill-favoured and leanfleshed such as I never saw in all the land of Egypt for badness and the lean and ill-favoured kine did eat up the seven fat kine and when they had eaten them up they were still ill-favoured as at the beginning- So I awoke. I told this to the magicians but there was none that could declare it to me.

Joseph - God has showed Pharaoh what he is about to do. The seven good kine are seven years and the seven thin and ill-favoured kine are seven years. Behold there come seven years of great plenty thruout the land of Egypt and there shall arise after them seven years of famine and all the plenty shall be forgotten in the land of Egypt and famine shall consume the land.

Pharaoh - I dreamed a second dream -behold seven ears come up on one stalk, full and good and behold seven ears, withered, thin and blasted with the east wind- sprang up after them and the thin ears devoured the seven good ears.

Joseph - This dream is one with the first- For that the dream was doubled unto Pharaoh twice it is because the thing is established by God and God will shortly bring it to pass.

Pharaoh - But what must I do?

Joseph - Now therefore let Pharaoh look out for a man discreet and wise and set him over the land of Egypt. Let Pharaoh do this and let him appoint officers over the land and take up the fifth part of the land of Egypt in the seven plentiful years- Let them gather all the food of those good years -~~to store~~ and lay up corn under the hand of Pharaoh and let them keep food in the cities- And that food shall be for store to ~~the land~~ against the seven years of famine which shall be in the land of Egypt, that the land shall not perish thru the famine.

Pharaoh - How seemeth this interpretation to you, Butler?

Butler - Oh Pharaoh - I believe his God hath shown him the truth.

Pharaoh - But can we find such a one as this, a man in whom the spirit of God is? (Turning to Joseph) Forasmuch as God hath showed thee all this- there is none so discreet and wise as thou art. Thou shalt be over my house and according unto thy word shall all my people be ruled. Only in the throne shall I be greater than thou art. See - I have set him over all the land of Egypt.- (To Butler)- Array him in vestures of fine linen and put a gold chain about his neck. -(To Joseph) Thou shalt ride in the second chariot and the runners shall call out before thee - Bow the knee - He is ruler of all Egypt.

-----Curtain-----

Scene 3. The Story of Joseph

CHARACTERS:

JOSEPH, as a man
REUBEN
JUDAH
SIMEON

Left hand
Patty etc

Enter three brothers. Bow low before Joseph.

JOSEPH - Whence come ye?
JUDAH - From the land of Canaan to buy food.
JOSEPH - Ye are spies; to see the nakedness of the land are ye come.
JUDAH - We are all one man's sons, thy servants are no spies.
JOSEPH - Nay, but to see the nakedness of the land are ye come.
REUBEN - Thy servants are twelve brethren, the sons of one man in the land of Canaan and behold the youngest is this day with our father and one is dead.
JOSEPH - That is it that I spake unto you saying, Ye are spies! Hereby ye shall be proved. By the life of Pharaoh ye shall not go hither except your youngest brother come forth hence, and ye shall be kept in prison that your words may be proved whether there be any truth in you, or else by the life of Pharaoh surely ye are spies!

(All of them go out. Stage remains clear for a few seconds to show passing of time.)

Enter Joseph and a servant.

JOSEPH - Now go you and bring forth the three brothers, Judah, Simeon, and Reuben.

Exit servant. Enter brothers.

JOSEPH - This do and live for I fear God. If ye be true men let one of you be bound in prison; go ye, and carry grain for the famine of your houses. But bring your youngest brother unto me; so shall your words be verified, and ye shall not die.

(Exit two of the brothers. Joseph claps hands. Enter servant who leads the other brother off.)

(Curtain)

Scene 4. Joseph's Palace

Curtain rises on Joseph and Servant.

SERVANT - Behold - I see the Canaanites coming who came here once for food. They bring a lad with them.
JOSEPH - Go out and bring them in ~~and make ready for~~ *and make ready for* and make ready for these men shall dine with me this noon. (Exit servant.) Can that lad be my brother Benjamin? (Re-enter servant.)
SERVANT - They are here, my lord -
(Enter Judah, Reuben, and Benjamin)
REUBEN - Oh sir, seek not to make us bondsmen. We came down the first time to buy food and when we came to the inn we opened our sacks and behold every man's money was in the mouth of his sack and we have brought it again in our hands.
JOSEPH - Peace be with you - fear not - Your God and the God of your father hath given you treasure in your sacks. I had your money - (To servant) Go bring the man Simeon out to us - (Exit Servant). We shall eat bread with me this noon.
JUDAH - We bring you presents, a little balm, a little honey, spices and myrrh, nuts and almonds.

Scene 4 (Cont.)

JOSEPH- Is your father well - the old man of whom you spoke?
JUDAH- Thy servant, our father, is in good health. He is yet alive -
JOSEPH- Is this your younger brother of whom ye spake unto me? (To Benjamin)
God be gracious unto you my son. (Exit Joseph)
(Enter servant with Simeon.)
REUBEN - Oh, Simeon, my brother, how have ye fared?
SIMEON - The Egyptian king has been truly kind to me. You brought the boy Benjamin,
I see.
JUDAH - Yea, but our father was loth to let him go. I told him we should not see
the lord's face if we brought him not. I told him I would be surety for
him, and if I bring him not again, I would bear the blame forever.
SERVANT- My lord wishes you to go to a chamber where you can wash your feet. I will
furnish your asses with provender.
Exit and curtain.

Scene 5.

Joseph and Servant.

JOSEPH - Fill the men's sacks with food as much as they can carry and put every man's
money in his sack, but put my silver cup in the sack's mouth of the youngest
and his corn money also.
SERVANT- So be it my lord. (Exit)
JOSEPH - How my brothers marvelled at my seating them, the first born according to
his birthright and the youngest according to his youth -
(Re-enter servant)
SERVANT- It is done as you commanded, my lord.
JOSEPH - Up now, follow them, and when thou dost overtake them say unto them. Where-
for have you rewarded good for evil. Is not this it in which my lord drinketh
and whereby indeed ye dineth? Ye have done evil in so doing. (Exit Servant)
How I do yearn for my brother Benjamin. He is my own mother Rachael's son.
I can scarcely restrain myself from weeping.
(Re-enter servant and brothers)
JOSEPH - What deed is this that ye have done? Understand ye not that such a man as I
can divine when evil is done to me?
JUDAH - What shall we say unto my lord? How shall we clear ourselves? God hath
favored not our iniquity. Behold we are my lord's servants.
JOSEPH - God forbid that I should take you all, but the man in whose hand the cup was
found shall be my servant, and as for you, go ye up in peace to your father.
JUDAH - Oh my lord, let thy servant, I pray thee, speak a word in my lord's ear,
and let not thine anger burn against thy servant, for thou art even as
Pharaoh. My lord asked us - Have ye a father or a brother? and we said, We
have a father, an old man and a child of his old age, a little one and his
brother is dead. He alone is left of his mother, and his father loveth him,
and thou saidst unto thy servants - Bring the lad hither that I may set mine
eyes upon him. And we said unto my lord - The lad cannot leave our father,
for if he should leave his father would die. And thou saidst - Except your
youngest brother come hither, ye shall see my face no more. And it came to
pass when we came unto my father we told him the words of my lord.
REUBEN - Our father said, Go again and buy us some food. And we said, "We cannot go
down if our youngest brother be not with us, for we may not see the man's
face unless our youngest brother be with us. And thy servant, our father,
said to us, Ye know that my wife bare two sons and one went out from me and
was torn to pieces and I saw him not since. If ye take this one from me also
and mischief befall him ye shall bring down my gray hair unto the grave. Now
therefore, if we come to our father and the lad be not with us he will die!
JUDAH - I became surety for the lad, saying, If I bring him not unto thee I shall bear
the blame of my father forever. Now, therefore, I pray thee let thy servant
abide instead of the lad as a bondsman to my lord. Let the lad go up with
his brethren for how shall I go up to my father if the lad be not with me,
lest peradventure I see the evil that shall fall upon my father.

Scene 5. (Cont.)

JOSEPH: I am Joseph. Doth my father yet live? Come near me, I pray you. I am Joseph, your brother, whom you sold into Egypt. Now, therefore, be not grieved, nor angry with yourselves, that ye sold me hither for God did send me before you to preserve life. For these two years that the famine hath been in the land and yet there are five years in which there shall be neither earing nor harvest - God sent me before you to preserve you on the earth, and to save your lives. So now it was not you who sent me hither, but God; and he hath made me a father to Pharaoh, and lord of all his house and a ruler thruout all the land of Egypt. Haste ye and go up to my father and say unto him, Thus saith my son, Joseph: God hath made me lord of all Egypt, come down unto me and tarry not. And thou shalt dwell in the land of Goshen and thou shalt be near unto me. Thou and thy children and thy children's children and thy flocks and herds and all that thou hast. Haste ye and bring my father hither.

Embraces and kisses brethern.

Curtain

THE END.

JOHN THE BAPTIST

John the Baptist was the son of Elizabeth and Zacharius. Elizabeth was the cousin of Mary, the Mother of Jesus. When John became a young man he went to live in the desert. From his home there he came preaching to the people of Judaea, "Repent ye; for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand. He baptised many, and Jesus himself came to the Jordan to be baptised by John.

So many people became John's followers that Herod began to fear him, especially as John had not been afraid to call Herod a wicked man.

Our first scene is in Herod's palace where Herodias, his wife, urges Herod to kill John.

Scene two is in the desert place where John the Baptist lived. We see him preaching to the multitude.

Scene three is again in Herod's palace after a feast. Herod, Herodias, and her daughter, Salome, appear.

After Herod had caused John the Baptist to be beheaded, his followers took the news to Jesus, who sorrowed greatly at the death of his friend.

JOHN THE BAPTIST

SCENE I.

Palace of Herod.

Characters: Herod, Herodias, and Soldier.

HERODIAS: Have you heard what the man called John the Baptist is saying?

HEROD: Yea, I have heard.

HERODIAS: How dare anyone rebuke thee? He says thou hast sinned - sinned by killing thy brother, my husband, and by marrying me, thy brother's wife. He should be put to death.

HEROD: They say he is an holy man, like the prophet Elijah. From whence does he come? (to soldier)

SOLDIER: It is said he lives in the desert and feeds on locusts and wild honey. He is clothed in camel's hair.

HERODIAS: He is repulsive to look upon.

HEROD: A great multitude follows him. He even has disciples. What does he talk about? (to Soldier)

HERODIAS: No one understands what he says.

SOLDIER: He says he is a voice crying in the wilderness - that he is preparing the way of the Lord.

HEROD: What Lord does he mean?

SOLDIER: Some say the Messiah and some say the King of the Jews.

HERODIAS: That is treason. Herod, he must be killed.

HEROD: A great multitude follows him. Does he mean me harm?

SOLDIER: He tells us to do violence to no man.

HERODIAS: Of course he means to do thee harm. Did he not say that thou art wicked and that I am wicked? Art thou the tetrarch to endure this?

HEROD: No, we will arrest him but we will not kill him. Go, take him and bring him here. Put him in the dungeon below the palace.

Curtain

John the BaptistSCENE II.

The Desert.

John is preaching to multitude off stage.
Soldiers of Herod enter behind him.

JOHN: One mightier than I cometh, the latchet of whose shoes
I am not worthy to unloose. He shall baptise you with
the Holy Ghost and with fire.

(voices offstage)

VOICES: What shall we do?

JOHN: He that hath two coats let him give to him that hath none.
He that hath meat, let him do likewise.

VOICE OF
PUBLICAN: What shall we do?

JOHN: Ye publicans, ask no more tax than is right.

SOLDIER: What shall we do?

JOHN: Ye soldiers, do violence to no man. Be content with your
wages. Go now to your homes.

(Sound of voices growing fainter)

(John turns and sees soldiers)

SOLDIER: Art thou the son of Zacharius and Elizabeth, the one
called John the Baptist?

JOHN: Yea, I am he.

SOLDIERS: We are sent by Herod, the tetrarch, to arrest thee. Come!

Curtain.

John the Baptist

3.

SCENE III.

Palace of Herod.

Herod and Herodias, and servant.

HEROD: ~~Bring me more wine. (to servant)~~

HERODIAS: ~~That man, John the Baptist, whom thou didst put in prison, rails at me and calls me names. Put him to death.~~

HEROD: He is an holy man, a prophet.

HERODIAS: ~~Thou art afraid of him.~~

HEROD: I am afraid of no man. Bid Salome come to me. (Exit servant) I would see her dance.

HERODIAS: ~~It is late - she is tired. Do not ask her to dance.~~

Enter Salome

HEROD: Come, Salome, dance for me.

SALOME: ~~I am tired. I feel not like dancing.~~

HEROD: Dance for me Salome, I beseech thee. If thou wilt, I will give thee whatever thou mayest ask, be it half of my kingdom.

SALOME: ~~Wilt thou indeed give me whatever I ask?~~

HEROD: Aye. Whatsoever thou shalt ask I will give thee, I swear it.

(Salome goes to Herodias)

SALOME: (In whisper) ~~What shall I ask of him?~~

HERODIAS: ~~The head of John the Baptist on a charger.~~

SALOME: ~~By what do you swear, Herod?~~

HEROD: By my life, by my crown, I swear it.

SALOME: ~~I will dance for you.~~

(Music begins. Salome dances)

HEROD: Ah, wonderful! Wonderful! Now I will pay thee, what wouldst thou have? Speak.

SALOME: (Kneeling before Herod) ~~I would have on a charger, the head of John the Baptist.~~

HEROD: No, no.

John the Baptist

4.

SCENE III.

(continued)

HERODIAS: That is well said, my daughter.

HEROD: No, no. Do not heed her.

SALOME: Herod hath sworn it. I would have the head of John the Baptist on a silver charger.

HEROD: Ask me something else.

SALOME: I ask the head of John.

HERODIAS: Thou hast sworn to give her what she asks.

HEROD: Get her what she wants. (to soldier, who exits.)
Of a truth thou art thy mother's child.

HERODIAS: My daughter has done well.

HEROD: What she has asked is a crime - a crime against God.

(Enter servant with head of John the Baptist)

(Herod screams and hides his face.)

Curtain.

THE KINGS BREAKFAST

Chorus - The King asked
The Queen, and
The Queen asked
The Dairymaid:

Queen - "Could we have some butter for
The Royal slice of bread?"

Chorus - The Queen asked
The Dairymaid,
The Dairymaid

Dairymaid - said, "Certainly,
I'll go and tell
The cow
Now
Before she goes to bed."

Chorus - The Dairymaid
She curtsied
And went and told
The Alderney:

Dairymaid "Don't forget the butter for
The Royal slice of bread."

Chorus The Alderney
Said sleepily:
Alderney "You'd better tell
His Majesty
That many people nowadays
Like marmalade
Instead."

Chorus The Dairymaid
Dairymaid said, "Fancy!"
Chorus And went to
Her Majesty
She curtsied to the Queen, and
She turned a little red:

Dairymaid - "Excuse me,
Your Majesty,
For taking of
The liberty,
But marmalade is tasty, if
It's very
Thickly
Spread."

Chorus The Queen said
Queen - "Oh!"
Chorus - And went to
His Majesty:
Queen "Talking of the butter for
The Royal slice of bread,
Many people
Think that
Marmalade
Is Nicer."

Would you like to try a little
Marmalade
Instead?"

Chorus The King said,
King "Bother!"
Chorus And then he said,
King "Oh, deary me!"
Chorus The King sobbed, "Oh, dearyme!"
And went back to bed.
King "Nobody,"
Chorus He whispered
"Could call me
A fussy man;
I only want
A little bit
Of butter for
My bread!"

Chorus - The Queen said,
Queen - "There, there!"
Chorus And went to
The Dairymaid.
The Dairymaid
Dairymaid Said, "There, there!"
Chorus And went to the shed.
The cow said
Cow - "There, there!
I didn't really
Mean it;
Here's milk for his porringer
And butter for his bread."

Chorus The Queen took
The butter
And brought it to
His Majesty;
The King said,
King "Butter, eh?"
Chorus And bounced out of bed.
King "Nobody", he said,
Chorus As he slid down
The banister,
King "Nobdy, he said
Chorus - As he kissed her tenderly,
King "Nobody,
My darling,
Could call me
A fussy man --
BUT
"I do like a little bit of butter to my bread!"

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

A play in three acts

- Characters -

Gluck	A young boy
Southwest Wind, Esquire	
Hans)	
Schwartz)	The black brothers
The king of the golden river	
An old man	
A little child	
A dog	

- Scenes -

Act I Scene I - Home of the three brothers

Act II Scene I - Home of the three brothers, several weeks later

Act III Scene I - On the path of the golden river, many months later

- P R O L O G U E -

In a secluded and mountainous part of Styria, there was once a valley of the most surprising and luxuriant fertility. It was surrounded on all sides by steep and rocky mountains, rising into peaks, which were always covered with snow and from which a number of torrents descended in constant cataracts. One of these fell westward over the face of a cliff so high that when the sun had set to everything else and all below was darkness, his beams still shone full upon this waterfall so that it looked like a shower of gold. It was, therefore, called the Golden River. It was strange that none of these streams fell into the valley itself. They all descended on the other side of the mountains and wound their way through broad plains and by populous cities. But the clouds were drawn so constantly to the snowy hills and rested so softly in the circular hollows, that in time of drought and heat when all the country around was burnt up, there was still rain in the little valley; and its crops were so heavy and its hay so high, its apples so red, its grapes so blue, its wine so rich and its honey so sweet that it was a marvel to everyone who beheld it and was commonly called the Treasure Valley.

The whole of this little valley belonged to three brothers called Schwartz and Hans and Gluck. Schwartz and Hans, the two elder brothers were very ugly, miserly, cruel men and of so grinding a temper, as to receive from all those with whom they had any dealings, the nickname of the "Black Brothers."

ACT I

In the home of the Three Brothers, (Gluck, a fair-haired, blue-eyed boy of twelve, is seated near the fire, turning the mutton over and over on the spit)

Gluck: (Shuddering as the sound of beating rain pelted the roof) What a pity my brothers never ask anyone to dinner. On such a day as this, I am sure when they have such a nice piece of mutton as this, and nobody else has so much as a piece of dry bread, it would do their hearts good to have somebody to eat it with them. (A double knock at the door is heard . . . listening) It must be the wind, nobody else would venture to knock double knocks at our door. (Another loud knock is heard. Gluck goes to the window and looks out.)

Little Old Gentleman: (A most extraordinary-looking little gentleman, with a very large nose, slightly brass-colored; very red round cheeks; twinkling eyes showing through very long silky eyelashes. His mustache curled twice around like a corkscrew on each side of his mouth and his hair of a curious mixed salt-and-pepper color, descended far over his shoulders. He was about four feet six in height and he wore a conical pointed cap of nearly the same altitude, decorated with a black feather some three feet long. His doublet was prolonged behind into something resembling a "swallow tail" but it was much obscured by the swelling folds of an enormous black glossy-looking cloak, which the wind whistling around the corner, carried out to about four times the wearer's length) Hello! That's not the way to answer the door, I'm wet, let me in.

Gluck: I beg pardon, sir, I'm very sorry but I really can't.

Little Old Man: Can't what?

Gluck: I can't let you in, sir - I can't indeed; my brothers would beat me to death, sir, if I thought of such a thing. What do you want, sir?

Little Old Man: (Petulantly) Want? I want fire and shelter and there's your great fire, blazing, cracking and dancing on the walls with nobody to feel it. Let me in, I say; I only want to warm myself.

Gluck: (Aside) He does look very wet - and it is warm here and the mutton smells so good. I'll just let him in for a quarter of an hour. (He goes to the door and opens it. The little old man comes in, and at the same time a great gust of wind passes through the house.)

Little Old Man: That's a good boy. Never mind your brothers. I'll talk to them.

Gluck: Pray sir, don't do any such thing. I can't let you stay till they come. They'd be the death of me.

Little Old Man: Dear me, I'm very sorry to hear that. How long may I stay?

Gluck: Only till the mutton is done, sir, and it's very brown. Sit down near the fire, sir, you'll be dry soon. (But the old gentleman did not dry there but went on, drip, drip, dripping among the cinders and the fire sizzled and sputtered.)

Gluck: I beg pardon, sir, mayn't I take your cloak?

Little Old Man: No, thank you.

Gluck: Your cap, sir?

Little Old Man: (Gruffly) I am allright, thank you.

Gluck: (Hesitatingly) But - sir, I'm sorry sir, but - really sir-
you're putting the fire out.

Little Old Man: It'll take longer to do the mutton, then. That mutton
looks very nice. Can't you give me a little bit.

Gluck: Impossible, sir!

Little Old Man: I'm very hungry. I've had nothing to eat yesterday, nor
today. They surely couldn't miss a bit from the knuckle!

Gluck: They promised me one slice today, sir. I can give you that,
but not a bit more.

Little Old Man: That's a good boy.

Gluck: (Aside) I don't care if I do get beaten for it. (He shar-
pens a knife and starts to cut a piece of mutton. A tremen-
dous rap at the door is heard. Gluck pushes back exactly
in place the piece of mutton, and runs to open the door.
The Two Brothers enter.)

Schwartz: (Throwing his umbrella at Gluck) What did you keep us wait-
ing in the rain for?

Hans: (Boxing Gluck's ears) Ay, what for, indeed, you little
vagabond?

Schwartz: (Jumping back at sight of the Old Gentleman) Bless my soul!

Little Old Man: (Bowing very fast) Amen!

Schwartz: (To Gluck) Who's that?

Gluck: (In great terror) I don't know, indeed, brother.

Schwartz: (In a loud voice) How did he get in?

Gluck: My dear brother, he was so very wet.

Schwartz: Who are you, sir?

Hans: What's your business?

Little Old Man: (Modestly) I'm a poor old man, sir, and I saw your fire
through the window, and begged shelter for a quarter of an
hour.

Schwartz: Have the goodness to walk out, again then. We've quite
enough water in our kitchen without making it a drying house.

Little Old Man: It is a cold day to turn an old man out in, sir. Look at my
gray hairs. (Shaking his long hair)

Hans: Aye! There are enough of them there to keep you warm. Walk!

Little Old Man: I'm very, very hungry, sir; couldn't you spare me a bit of bread before I do?

Schwartz: Bread, indeed! Do you suppose we've nothing to do with our bread, but to give it to such red-nosed fellows as you?

Hans: (Sneeringly) Why don't you sell your feather? Out with you.

Little Old Man: Pray, gentlemen, a little bit of bread?

Schwartz: Be off!

Hans: Off and be hanged! (He seizes the Old Man by the collar. But he had no sooner touched the Old Gentleman, when he went spinning around and around until he fell into the corner. Then Schwartz ran to seize the Old Gentleman, but he also had hardly touched him when he too went spinning after Hans, hitting his head on the table as he tumbled into the corner.

Little Old Man: (Spinning around and around, until his long cloak was wound neatly about him). Gentlemen, I wish you a very good morning. At twelve o'clock tonight, I will call again, and after such a refusal of hospitality as I have just experienced, you will not be surprised if that visit is the last I shall ever pay you.

Schwartz: (Coming half frightened out of the corner). If ever I catch you here again-- (The little Old Man flies out and bangs the door.) A very pretty business, indeed, Mr. Gluck! Dish the mutton, if ever I catch you at such a trick again-- bless me! Why the mutton has been cut!

Gluck: (Trembling) You promised me one slice, brother, you know.

Schwartz: Oh! and you were cutting it hot, I suppose and going to catch all the gravy. I'll be a long time before I promise you such a thing again. Leave the room, sir, and have the goodness to wait in the coal cellar until I call you. (The young Gluck leaves the room). (The Two Brothers ate as much mutton as they could, locked the rest in the cupboard, and drank a lot wine and fell asleep.) (The clock strikes twelve. They are awakened by a tremendous crash.) (Schwartz starting up) What's that?

Little Old Man: Only I.

Hans: (Looking about) Why the roof's off and the room's full of water!

Little Old Man: (Ironically) Sorry to incommode you, I'm afraid your beds are a bit dampish; perhaps you had better go to your brother's room. I've left the ceilings on there. (The Brothers rush into Gluck's room. The Old Gentleman calls after them) You'll find my card on the kitchen table. Remember, the last visit. (The Little Old Man whirls out.) The two

brothers return, shuddering into the kitchen. They start back in horror and dismay at the sight which meets their eyes. Hans rushes to the window.)

The Two Brothers: Money, everything gone!

Hans: The Treasure Valley is a mass of ruin and desolation. Everything -- trees, crops and cattle have been swept away, and nothing is left in their stead, but a waste of red sand and gray mud!

Schwartz: (Rushing around as if insane) Everything we had stored here, gold, corn, everything - is gone. (Sees card on the table and reads) Southwest Wind, Esquire. And he said he would never return! We are ruined! (Brothers go out.)

PROLOGUE TO ACT II

Southwest Wind, Esquire, was as good as his word. After the momentous visit, he entered Treasure Valley no more; and what is worse, he had so much influence with his relations, the West Winds, in general, that no rain fell in the little valley from one year's end to another. Though it remained green, as flourishing as the plains below, the inheritance of the Three Brothers was a desert. What had once been the richest soil in the kingdom, became a shifting heap of red sand. The brothers now were forced to seek some means of gaining a livelihood among the cities and people of the plains. All their money was gone and they had nothing left, but some curious old-fashioned pieces of gold plate, the last remnants of their ill-gotten wealth.

They hired a furnace and turned goldsmiths. But two slight circumstances affected them. The first, that people strongly disapproved of the copper which they put into the gold. The second, that the two elder brothers whenever they had sold anything, used to leave Little Gluck to mind the furnace, and go and drink out the money in the ale house the next day. So they melted all their gold without making money to buy more, and they were at last reduced to one large drinking mug, which an uncle of his had once given Little Gluck, and which he was very fond of, and would not have parted with for all the world. Though he never drank anything out of it but milk, and water. When it came to the mug's turn to be made into spoons, it half broke poor Little Gluck's heart, but the brothers only laughed at him, tossed the mug into the melting pot and staggered out to the ale-house, leaving him, so as usual, to pour the gold into bars when it should be all ready.

ACT II

GLUCK MEETS THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

Gluck: (Stirring the melting pot, then walking disconsolately to the window) Ah, if that river were really all gold what a nice thing it would be.

Voice from pot: No, it wouldn't, Gluck.

Gluck: (Jumping up) Bless me, what's that? (Looking around the room, under the table and a great many times behind him, but there was certainly nobody there.)

Voice from pot: Not at all, my boy!

Gluck: (Jumping up again) Bless me! What is that? (Looking around again). Someone is singing. (A soft, running "Lola-lira-la" lal-lire-la" is heard) Why, (very frightened) it seems to come from the melting pot!

Voice: He is the King of the Golden River, Halloo! Halloo! Gluck, my boy, I'm all right, pour me out. (Gluck moves the lid a little) Will you pour me out? I'm too hot. Gluck, with a mighty effort, tips the pot when out of it, instead of a golden stream, steps a little golden dwarf.) That's right! (Stretching out first one arm, then another, then shaking his head up and down and around as far as it would go) No, it wouldn't, Gluck, my boy.

Gluck: (Too frightened to think) Wouldn't it, sir?

King of the Golden River: No, no, it wouldn't. (Strides with great steps up and down the room)

Gluck: (Hesitatingly) Pray, sir, were you in my mug?

King of Golden River: (Drawing himself up) I am the King of what you mortals call the Golden River. The shape you saw me in was owing to the malice of a stronger king, from whose enchantments you have this instant freed me. What I have seen of you and your conduct toward your wicked brothers, renders me willing to serve you. Therefore, attend to what I tell you. Whoever shall climb to the top of that mountain from which you see the Golden River issue, and shall cast into the stream at its source, three drops of holy water, for him, and for him only, the river shall turn to gold. But no one, failing in his first, can succeed in a second attempt, and if anyone shall cast unholy water into the river, it will overwhelm him, and he will become a black stone. (Walks into the furnace and disappears.)

Gluck: (Looking up the chimney) Oh, dear, dear, dear me! My mug! my mug, my mug! I shall tell my brothers and let them get the gold of the river. (Runs out)

ACT III

(On the path of the Golden River. After many months)

Gluck: (Carrying on his arm a basket containing bread and a bottle of holy water.) I have waited so long for my brothers to return, I must try to find them. The little King looked so very kind; I don't think he will turn me into a black stone.

Old Man: (Coming down from the mountain) My son, I am faint from thirst; give me some of that water.

Gluck: (Seeing how worn the Old Man looks, lets him drink from his bottle.) Pray sir, don't drink it all. (The Old Man straightens up and walks away.)

- Tiny Child: Oh, give me water, water!
- Gluck: (Parched with thirst, looks longingly at the bottle, then holds it to the child's lips, who drinks all but a few drops. Then it gets up, nods at Gluck, and runs down the hill) I never felt so happy in all my life. (As he turns to climb again.) See the sweet flowers growing on the rocks, bright green moss, with pale, pink starry flowers, and soft belled gentians more blue than the sky at its deepest. Oh, everything will come right! (Stops) Oh, a little dog, lying on the rocks, gasping for breath! The King said no one could succeed except in his first attempt; I cannot give this little dog the few drops I have left. (Dog whines piteously) Poor beastie, it'll be dead when I come down again, if I don't help it. (Pouring all the water in his bottle into the dog's mouth.) Confound the King and his gold, too. (The dog springs up, disappears and in its place stands the King of the Golden River.)
- King of the Golden River: Thank you, but don't be frightened. It's all right. (Sternly) Why didn't you come before, instead of sending me those rascally brothers of yours, for me to have the trouble of turning into stones? Very hard stones they make too.
- Gluck: Oh, dear me! Have you really been so cruel?
- King of the Golden River: They poured unholy water into my stream. Do you suppose I'm going to allow that?
- Gluck: Why, I am sure, sir--your Majesty, I mean, they got the water out of the church font.
- King of the Golden River: Very probable. But (very sternly) the water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying is unholy, and the water which is found in the vessel of mercy is holy. (Picking a lily, throwing at his feet, he shakes the drops of dew into the bottle which Gluck holds in his hands.) Cast these into the river and descend on the other side of the mountains into Treasure Valley. And so, good speed. (He passes out, Gluck goes slowly off the stage, now and then looking up at the mountain, while part of the Epilogue is being spoken.)

EPILOGUE

And Gluck climbs to the brink of the Golden River, and its waters were as clear as crystal, and so brilliant as the sun. And, when he cast the three drops of dew into the stream, there opened where they fell, a small circular whirlpool, into which the waters descended with a musical noise.

Gluck stood watching it for some time, very much disappointed, because, not only the river was not turned into gold, but its waters seemed very much diminished in quantity. Yet he obeyed his friend the dwarf, and descended the other side of the mountains, towards the Treasure Valley, and as he went he thought he heard

the sound of water working its way under ground. And when, he came in sight of the Treasure Valley, behold! a river, like the Golden River, was springing up from a new cleft of the rocks above it, and was flowing in innumerable streams among the dry heaps of red sand.

And as Gluck gazed, fresh flowers sprang up beside the new streams, and creeping plants grew and climbed among the moistening soil. Young flowers opened suddenly along the river sides, as stars leaped out when twilight is deepening, and thickets of myrtle, and tendrils of vine, cast lengthening shadows over the valley as they grow. And thus the Treasure Valley became a garden again, and the inheritance, which had been lost by cruelty, was regained by love.

And Gluck went and dwelt in the Valley, and the poor were never driven from his door; so that his barns became full of corn, and his house of treasure. And, for him, the river had according to the Dwarf's promise become a river of gold.

T H E E N D

THE KIND OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS

Angley

-CHARACTERS-

Gluck: A young boy
Southwest Wind, Esquire
Schwartz) The Black Brothers
The Kind of the Golden River
An Old Man
A Little Child
A dog

-SCENES-

Act I- Scene I ---Home of the Three Brothers

Act II- Scene I --Home of the Three Brothers---several weeks later

Act III- Scene I -On the path of the Golden River, many months later.

THE KIND OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

PROLOGUE

In a secluded and mountainous part of Styria there was once a valley of the most surprising and luxuriant fertility. It was surrounded on all sides by steep and rocky mountains, rising into peaks which were always covered with snow and from which a number of torrents descended in constant cataracts. One of these fell westward over the face of a cliff so high that when the sun had set to everything else, and all below was darkness, his beams still shone full upon this waterfall so that it looked like a shower of gold. It was, therefore, called the Golden River. It was strange that none of these streams fell into the valley itself. They all descended on the other side of the mountains and wound their way through broad plains and by populous cities. But the clouds were drawn so constantly to the snowy hills and rested so softly in the circular hollow, that in time of drought and heat, when all the country round was burnt up, there was still rain in the little valley; and its crops were so heavy and its hay so high and its apples so red, and its grapes so blue and its wine so rich and its honey so sweet, that it was a marvel to everyone who beheld it; and was commonly called the Treasure Valley.

The whole of this little valley belonged to three brothers called Schwartz and Hans and Gluck. Schwartz and Hans, the two elder brothers, were very ugly, miserly, cruel men and of so grinding a temper as to receive from all those with whom they had any dealings, the nickname of the "Black Brothers".

ACT I

In the home of the Three Brothers, Gluck, a fair-haired, blue-eyed boy of twelve, is seated near the fire, turning the mutton over and over on the spit.

Gluck: (Shuddering as the sound of beating rain pelted the roof) What a pity my brothers never ask anyone to dinner. On such a day as this, I'm sure when they have such a nice piece of mutton as this, and nobody else has so much as a piece of dry bread, it would do their hearts good to have somebody to eat it with the. (A double knock at the door is heard, listening) It must be the wind-nobody else would venture to knock double knocks at our door. (Another loud knock is heard. Gluck goes to the window and looks out.)

Little Old Gentleman: (A most extraordinary-looking little gentleman with a very large nose, slightly brass-colored; very red round cheeks; twinkling eyes showing thru very long silky eyelashes, his mustaches curled twice around like a cork screw on each side of his month and his hair of a curious mixed salt-and-pepper color, descended far over his shoulders. He was about four feet six in height and he wore a conical pointed cap of nearly the same altitude, decorated with a black feather, some three feet long. His doublet was prolonged behind into something resembling a "swallow tail" but it was much obscured by the swelling folds of an enormous black glossy-looking cloak, which the wind whistling around the corner carried out to about four times the wearer's length) Hello! that's not the way to answer the door; I'm wet, let me in.

Gluck: I beg pardon, sir, I'm very sorry, but I really can't.

Little Old Man: Can't what?

Gluck: I can't let you in, sir, I can't indeed--my brothers would beat me to death, sir, if I thot of such a thing. What do you want, sir?

Little Old Man: (Petulantly) Want? I want fire and shelter and there 's your great fire, blazing, craching and dancing on the walls, with nobody to feel it. Let me in, I say; I only want to warm myself.

Gluck: (Aside) He does look very wet- and it is warm here and the mutton smells so good. I'll just let him in for a quarter of an hour. (He goes to the door and opens it. The Little Old Gentleman comes in and at the same time a great gust of wind passes thru the house.)

Little Old Man: That's a good boy. Never mind your brothers. I'll talk to them.

Gluck: Pray sir, don't do any such thing. I can't let you stay till they come-they'd be the death of me.

Little Old Man: Dear me, I'm very sorry to hear that. How long may I stay?

Gluck: Only till the mutton's done, sir, and it's very brown. Sit down near the fire, sir, you'll soon dry. (But the old Gentleman did not dry there, but went on drip, drip, dripping among the cinders, and the fire

sized and sputtered.)

Gluck: I beg your pardon sir, may'nt I take your cloak?

Little Old Man: No, thank you.

Gluck: Your cap, sir?

Little Old Man: (Gruffly) I am all right, thank you.

Gluck: (Hesitatingly) But, sir, I'm sorry, sir, but-really sir, your putting the fire out.

Little Old Man: It'll take longer to do the mutton, then. That mutton looks very nice. Can't you give me a little bit?

Gluck: Impossible, sir.

Little Old Man: I'm very hungry-I've had nothing to eat yesterday or today. They surely couldn't miss a bit from the knuckle!

Gluck: They promised me one slice today, sir, I can give you that but a bit more.

Little Old Man: That's a good boy.

Gluck: (Aside) I don't care if I do get beaten for it. (He sharpens a knife and starts to cut a piece of mutton. A tremendous rap at the door is heard. Gluck pushes back exactly in place the piece of mutton and runs to open the door.

(The two brothers enter)

Schwartz: (Throwing his umbrella at Gluck) What did you keep us waiting in the rain for?

Hans: (Boxing Gluck's ears) What for, indeed, you little vagabond?

Schwartz: (Jumping back at sight of the Old Gentleman) Bless my soul!

Little Old Man: (Bowing very fast) Amen!

Schwartz: (To Gluck) Who's that?

Gluck: (In great terror) I don't know, indeed, brother.

Schwartz: (In a loud voice) How did he get in?

Gluck: My dear brother, he was so very wet.

Schwartz: Who are you, sir?

Hans: What's your business?

Little Old Man: (Modestly) I'm a poor old man, sir, and I saw your fire through the window and begged shelter for a quarter of an hour.

Schwartz: Have the goodness to walk out again then. We've quite enough water in our kitchen without making it a drying hours.

Little Old Man: It is a cold day to turn an old man out, sir. Look at my gray hair. (Shaking his long hair.)

Hans: Aye! There are enough of them to keep you warm. Walk!

Little Old Man: I'm very, very hungry, sir; couldn't you spare me a bit of bread before I go?

Schwartz: Bread, indeed! Do you suppose we've nothing to do with our bread, but to give it to such ^{greasy} red-nosed fellows as you?

Hans: (Sneeringly) Why don't you sell your feather? Out with you.

Little Old Man: Pray, gentleman, a little bit of bread?

Schwartz: Be off!

Hans: Off and be hanged! (He seizes the Old Man by the collar, but he had no sooner touched the old Gentleman, when he went spinning around and around till he fell into the corner. Then Schwartz ran to seize the Old Gentleman, but he also had hardly touched him, when he too, went spinning after Hans, hitting his head on the table as he tumbled into the corner.)

Little Old Man: (Spinning around and around, until his long cloak was wound neatly about him) Gentlemen, I wish you a very good ^{night} ~~morning~~. At twelve o'clock ~~tonight~~, I will call again, and after such a refusal of hospitality, as I have just experienced, you will not be surprised if that visit is the last I shall every pay you.

Schwartz: (Coming half frightened out of the corner) If ever I catch you here again (The Little Old Man flies out and bangs the door) A very pretty business indeed. Mr. Gluck! Dish the mutton, if ever I catch you at such a trick again, bless me! Why, the muttons been out!

Gluck: (Trembling) You promised me one slice, brother, you know.

Schwartz: Oh! and you were cutting it hot, I suppose, and going to catch all the gravy. It'll be a long time before I promise you such a thing again. Leave the room, sir, and have the goodness to wait in the coal cellar until I call you. (The young Gluck leaves the room.) (The Two Brothers ate as much mutton as they could, locked the rest in the cupboard, and drank a lot of wine and fell asleep. The clock strikes twelve. They are awakened by a tremendous crash.) (He starts up) What's that?

Little Old Man: Only I.

Hans: (Looking about) Why the roofs off and the room's full of water!

Little Old Man: (Ironically) Sorry to incommode you, I'm afraid your beds are a bit damish, perhaps you had better go to your brother's room. I've left the cellings off there. (The brothers rush into Gluck's room. The Old Gentleman calls after them) You'll find my card on the kitchen table. Remember, the last visit. The Little Old Man whirls out)

Schwartz: Pray heaven it may! (The Two Brothers return, shuddering into the kitchen. They start back in horror and dismay at the sight which meets their eyes. Hans rushes to the window.)

Two Brothers: Money, everything gone!

Hans: The Treasure Valley is a mass of ruin and desolation. Everything- trees, crops, and cattle have been swept away and nothing is left in their stead, but a waste of red sand and gray mud!

Schwartz: (Rushing around as if insane) Everything we had stored here, gold, corn, everything- is gone. (Sees card on the table, and reads) "Southwest Wind, Esquire"- and he said he would never return! We are ruined. (Brothers go out)

PROLOGUE TO ACT II

Southwest Wind, Esquire, was as good as his word. After the momentous visit he entered Treasure Valley no more; and what is worse, he had so much influence with his relations, the West Winds in general, that no rain fell in the little valley from one year's end to another. Though it remained green, + flourishing in the plains below, the inheritance of the Three Brothers was a desert. What had once been the richest soil in the kingdom, became a shifting heap of red sand. The brothers now were forced to seek some means of gaining a livelihood among the cities and people of the plains. All their money was gone and they had nothing left, but some curious old-fashioned pieces of gold plate, the last remnants of their ill-gotten wealth. They hired a furnace and turned goldsmiths. But two slight circumstances affected their trade. The first, that people strongly disapproved of the copper which they put into the gold, the second, that the two elder brothers, whenever they had sold anything, used to leave little Gluck to mind the furnace, and go and drink out the money in the ale house next day. So they melted all their gold without making money to buy more, and they were at last reduced to one large drinking mug, which an uncle of his had once given little Gluck, and which he was very fond of, and would not have parted with for the world. Though he never drank anything out of it, but milk and water. When it came to the mug's turn to be made into spoons, it half broke poor little Gluck's heart, but the brothers only laughed at him, tossed the mug into the melting pot, and staggered out to the ale-house, leaving him as usual, to pour the gold into bars when it should be all ready.

ACT II

(Gluck meets the King of the Golden River)

(Stirring the melting pot, then walking disconsolately to the window)

Gluck: As, if that river were really all gold what a nice thing it would be.

Voice from the Pot: No, it wouldn't, Gluck.

Gluck: (Jumping up) Bless me, what's that? (Looking around the room, under the table, and a great many times behind him, but there was certainly nobody there.)

Voice from the Pot: Not at all, my boy!

Gluck: (Jumping up again) Bless me! What is that? (Looking around again) Someone is singing. (A soft, running, "Lola-lira-la": is heard) Why (very frightened) It seems to come from the melting pot!

Voice from the Pot: Who is the King of the Golden River. Halloo! Halloo! Gluck, my boy, I'm all right, pour me out. (Gluck moves the lid a little) Will you pour me out? I'm too hot. (Gluck with a mighty effort, tips the pot when out it, instead of a golden stream, steps a little golden dwarf.) That's right! (Stretching out first one arm then another, then shaking his head up and down and around as far as it would) No, it wouldn't, Gluck, my boy.

Gluck: (Too frightened to think) Wouldn't it, sir?

King of the Golden River: No, no, it wouldn't. (Strides with great steps up and down the room.)

Gluck: (Hesitatingly) Pray, Sir, were you my mug?

King of the Golden River: (Drawing himself up) I am the King of what mortals call the Golden River. The shape you saw me in was owing to the malice of a stronger king, from whose enchantment you have this instant freed me. What I have seen of you and your conduct toward your wicked brothers, renders me willing to serve you, therefore, attend to what I tell you. Whoever shall climb to the top of that mountain from which you see the Golden River issue, and shall cast into the stream, at its source, three drops of holy water, for him, and for him only, the river shall turn to gold. But no one, failing in his first, can succeed in a second attempt; and if anyone shall cast unholy water into the river, it will overwhelm him, and he will become a black stone. (Walks into the furnace and disappears.)

Gluck: (Looking up the chimney) Oh, dear, dear, dear me! My mug! My mug, my mug! I shall tell my brothers and let them get the gold of the river. (runs out.)

ACT III

(On the path of the Golden River. After many months.)

Gluck: (Carrying on his arm, a basket containing bread and a bottle of holy water.) I have waited so long for my brothers to return, I must try to find them. The little King looked so very kind, I don't think he will turn me into a black stone.

Old Man: (Coming down from the mountain) My son, I am faint from thirst, give me some of that water.

Gluck: (Seeing how worn the old man looks, lets him drink from his bottle.) Pray sir, don't drink it all. (The Old Man straightens up and walks away.)

Tiney Child: Oh, give me water, water!

Gluck: (Parched with thirst, looks longingly at the bottle, then holds it to the child's lips, who drinks all but a few drops. Then it gets up, nods at Gluck, and runs down the hill.) I never felt so happy in all my life. (As he turns to climb again) See the sweet flowers growing on the rocks, bright green moss, with pale, starry flowers, and soft-belled gentians, more blue than the sky at its deepest. Oh, everything will come right! (Stops) Oh, a little dog, lying on the rocks, gasping for breath! The King said no one could succeed except in his first attempt, I cannot give this little dog the few drops I have left. (Dog whines piteously) Poor beastie, it'll be dead when I come down again, if I don't help it. (Pouring all the water in his bottle into the dog's mouth.) Confound the King and his gold too! (The dog springs up, disappears, and in its place stands the King of the Golden River.)

King of the Golden River: Thank you, but don't be frightened, it's all right. (Sternly) Why didn't you come before, instead of sending me those rascally brothers of yours for me to have the trouble of turning them into stones? Very hard stones they make too.

Gluck: Oh, dear me! Have you really been so cruel?

King of the Golden River: They poured unholy water into my stream. Do you suppose I'm going to allow that?

Gluck: Why, I am sure, sir, Your Majesty, that they got their water out of the church font.

King of the Golden River. Very probably. But (very sternly) the water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying is unholy, and the water which is found in the vessel of mercy is holy. (Picking a lily, growing at his feet, he shakes the drops of dew into the bottle which Gluck holds in his hands.) Cast these into the river and descend on the other side of the mountains into Treasure Valley. And so, good speed. (He passes out.) (Gluck goes slowly off the stage, now and then looking up at the mountain, while part of the Epilogue is being spoken.)

EPILOGUE

And Gluck climbed to the brinks of the Golden River, and its waters were as clear as crystal, and as brilliant as the sun. And, when he cast the three drops of dew into the stream, there opened, where they fell, a small circular whirlpool, into which the waters descended with a musical noise.

Gluck stood watching it for some time, very much disappointed, because not only the river was not turned into gold, but its waters seemed very much diminished in quantity. Yet, he obeyed his friend, the dwarf, and descended the other side of the mountains, towards the Treasure Valley, and as he went, he thought he heard the sound of water working its way under ground. And, when he came in sight of the Treasure Valley, behold! A river like the Golden River, was springing from a new cleft of the rocks above it, and was flowing in innumerable streams among the dry heaps of red sand.

And as Gluck gazed, fresh flowers sprang up beside the new streams, and creeping plants grew and climbed among the moistening soil. Young flowers opened suddenly along the river sides, as stars leap out when twilight is deepening, and thickets of myrtle, and tendrils of vine, cast lengthening shadows over the valley as they grew. And thus the Treasure Valley became a garden again, and the inheritance, which has been lost by cruelty, was regained by love.

Gluck went and dwelt in the Valley, and the poor were never driven from his door. So that his barns became full of corn, and his house of treasure. And for him, the river had according to the Dwarf's promise, become a River of Gold.

END.

THE KITTEN WHO WANTED TO BE A CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

Mr. Rabbit D
Kitten M
Characters - Mr. Woodpecker D
Mr. Owl M
Santa Claus D

Time - The Day Before Christmas.

Scene I - The Snowy Forest.

Mr. Rabbit----- (Discovered hopping along - stops short and listens.
Sound comes - Mew- Mew. Rabbit looks about)
That doesn't sound like any one I know. Maybe it's
something that would hurt me. I think I had better
run and hide. (Sound again - Mew - Mew - Mew (Sadly)

Mr. Rabbit----- That sound doesn't frighten me.

(Kitten enters - limping pitifully)

Kitten----- Mew (looks up in his face) Mew.

Mr. Rabbit----- Good-day. Is anything the matter?

Kitten----- Oh, please, Sir, the snow has grown so deep, I can't
walk. How do you go so fast?

Mr. Rabbit----- I hop. I dare say you may not have noticed that
rabbits do not walk, but hop. The snow is not as
deep as you think. You are in a drift - come over
here.

(Kitten moves beside him - out of breath)

Mr. Rabbit----- Well, well, how very small and young you are to be
sure. I shouldn't think it would be safe for a
little creature like you to be out alone in this
snowy weather. Do you live in these woods? Shall
I help you home?

Kitten----- No, thank you, Sir. I have no home.

Mr. Rabbit----- What, no home? You have no home! Do you mean to say
you are lost?

Kitten----- I don't know.

Mr. Rabbit----- Where have you started to go?

Kitten----- I do not know just where it is that I ought to go,
but I am afraid, if I am not near the place right
now, that I must be lost, as you say, for I've come
a long, long way.

Mr. Rabbit----- Dear! Dear! This is really very strange. May I
ask what kind of a creature you are?

Kitten-----Oh, do you not know? I am a Kitten.

Mr. Rabbit-----Indeed. I think I never saw a Kitten. Where did you come from?

Kitten-----I used to live with my two brothers, in a place very far off, outside of the Forest, in a thing my mother called a shed.

Mr. Rabbit-----Why did you leave? You look as though you had had very little to eat lately. You are thin. Are you hungry?

Kitten-----I am very hungry. I had to come away; there was a big wind one day and pieces of the shed fell down upon our heads. My mother told us to run and I ran fast and far till I couldn't breathe and then I found I had not gone the same way as the others. I searched and called, but I never found them and I have been by myself ever since.

Mr. Rabbit-----That is very sad indeed. And now may I ask what you are going to do?

Kitten----- (Gravely) Well, I had thought I would try to be a Christmas Present.

Mr. Rabbit-----A Christmas Present! What kind of an animal is that?

Kitten-----I don't know exactly, Sir, but my Grandmother was one when she was young and it's something very nice. My mother often said to us, that we were to remember to be very good and polite and always keep our fur clean, because we were not common Kittens, though we lived in a shed, for our Grandmother had been a Christmas Present.

Mr. Rabbit-----But you are a Kitten, how can you change into anything else?

Kitten-----I don't know but I think a Kitten can be a Christmas present because my Grandmother was one.

Mr. Rabbit-----Perhaps Christmas Presents might live in a Christmas Tree.

Kitten-----I don't think so, I'm almost sure they don't live in trees. My Grandmother didn't. They have some one to love them very much, plenty to eat and drink and a warm place to sleep. And my mother said they have their fur smoothed till they purr.

Mr. Rabbit-----That would be a fine way to live. (Thoughtfully) If I had not a warm place already I would try to be a Christmas present myself. Have you any idea what purr is?

Kitten-----My mother said it is making a sound when you are happy, something like a Bee. I have not been able to do it yet altho I tried several times yesterday, but

then I didn't have anyone to love me and smooth my fur and I was far from warm.

Mr. Rabbit-----Do you think you can when the time comes?

Kitten-----Sometimes I am quite frightened that I shan't but once in a while I have a feeling, way down inside me, that there is a purr there and that, when I am a Christmas Present, it will come out by itself.

Mr. Rabbit-----I see you are lame. You probably have a thorn in your foot. We'll go first to Mr. Woodpecker and he'll pull it out for you. Come this way.
(They move off)

Kitten-----Oh, thank you, Sir.

Curtain

Scene II

Another place in the Forest
Enter Rabbit and the limping Kitten

Mr. Rabbit-----This is where Mr. Woodpecker usually is to be found.
(Calls) Mr. Woodpecker, Mr. Woodpecker.
(Mr. Woodpecker flies down from offstage)

Mr. Woodpecker---Rapid tap tap. What is it Rabbit? What can I do for you?

Mr. Rabbit-----Nothing for me, but I've brought a stranger, who needs your help. She has lamed herself, as you will see, if you notice how she steps.

Mr. Woodpecker---Thorns? (Cocks his head on one side and looks at the Kitten) Let me see the foot.
(Kitten raises her paw)

Mr. Woodpecker---Not afraid of being hurt?

Kitten-----No. (holds up head) I'd be ashamed of that. My Grandmother was a Christmas present.

Mr. Woodpecker---(Looking carefully at foot) Then I suppose you are a Christmas Present.

Kitten-----Oh no. I mean to be one if I can but just now I am only a Kitten.

Mr. Woodpecker---That's curious. Now my grandmother was a Woodpecker just like me, and Mr. Rabbit's Grandmother was a Rabbit, and Chippie Squirrel's Grandmother was a Squirrel - that's the way with all of us here in the Forest. Which was your Mother - a Kitten or that other thing?

Kitten----- She wasn't either. I think she was a cat.

Mr. Woodpecker---Well, of all things! I am almost certain I never heard of anything like that before.

Mr. Rabbit-----It seemed a very strange thing to me. And what's more she hopes she is going to be able to turn herself into a Christmas Present altho ~~she~~ ^{she} doesn't know how it is done.

Mr. Woodpecker---Your mother was a Cat, was she? (Thoughtfully turning Kitten's paw to one side with his bill) It may be you are part Caterpillar. You know they spin cocoons around themselves, and then they turn into Butterflies. Turning into a Christmas Present may be something like that. Ah, here's the head of that thorn at last - now then (quickly jerks his bill) it's out. If you are careful to curl up that foot when you go to roost, it will soon be well.

Kitten-----Thank you, Sir, very much. (Washes paw carefully with tongue)

Mr. Woodpecker---You know, Rabbit, Mr. Owl is a wise old bird. He knows a lot. Maybe he knows about Christmas Presents.

Mr. Rabbit-----That's right. We're under his tree now. Shall I wake him and ask him?

Mr. Woodpecker---He's apt to be cross but you can try it.

Mr. Rabbit-----{Calling off stage) Mr. Owl, Mr. Owl.
(Answer from off stage - up the tree) Tu whit - Tu who -oo-

Mr. Rabbit----- Mr. Owl, come down here a moment, please.

Mr. Owl-----{Flys down) Well, young sir, you are taking a good deal upon yourself to wake me up. It must be something important. Out with it.

Mr. Rabbit-----You see, here's a poor little thing called a Kitten who is lost. Her mother was only a Cat but her Grand-mother was a Christmas Present. She wants to be one too, but doesn't know how to go about it. You are so old and wise, could you tell her how to do it?

Mr. Owl-----You did well to consult me, my young friends, I am very wise and I do know about Christmas Presents. They come only one day a year. Sometimes they come in stockings but I have never heard of anyone being a Christmas present. Don't you mean you want to have one?

Kitten-----No - (promptly) I want to be one. Do you know whether the right day in the year is a long way off?

Mr. Owl-----Let me think. (They all wait breathlessly) Come to figure it out, it's tomorrow.

Rabbit and Woodpecker-- Hooray! Hooray!

Mr. Rabbit------(Whispers to Woodpecker) You see if she does anything about it, it will have to be tonight.

Mr. Woodpecker---(To Rabbit in whisper) She doesn't know the first thing, as to what should be done.

Kitten------(piteously) What am I to do, Mr. Owl?

Mr. Owl------(Looks Kitten over from head to foot) I don't want to hurt your feelings, but you see a Christmas Present is particular. Maybe you had better put it off for a year, until you have a chance to have good food. Your fur does not shine as it ought.

Kitten-----No, I fear it doesn't. Tho every day I've washed and washed it till my tongue was tired. But, I do not think I could wait a year.

Mr. Rabbit-----Her fur is clean. See, the white on her breast and paws is as clean as snow.

Mr. Woodpecker---She can't get fat if she hasn't much to eat and the right kind of food too. Bugs under the bark make my feathers glossy.

Mr. Rabbit-----Young green leaves are the best for my fur.

Mr. Owl-----Since the poor little creature has made up her mind to be a Christmas Present, I'll help all I can. Perhaps her looks will do after all.

Mr. Rabbit-----Oh, Mr. Owl, what was the name of that fine great animal that came into the forest the night before Christmas last year.

Mr. Owl-----Oh! I'd forgotten him. Santa Claus is his name but he isn't an animal. I believe he has charge of the Christmas Presents - come to think of it.

Mr. Rabbit-----Then it's Santa Claus she should see. But where will she find him?

Mr. Owl-----I know the way he takes from here for I've seen the tracks of his reindeer in the snow. I'll guide you and you can wait for him till he comes along.

Kitten-----Oh! How wonderful! I feel as though I could almost purr.

Mr. Owl-----Follow me - I'll fly slowly and low to the ground.
(He starts off, the others following)

Curtain

Scene III

Forest Glade

Enter Owl, Kitten, Rabbit and Woodpecker

Mr. Owl-----There is where he passes (points with wing just off stage) but you may have difficulty in stopping him. He always drives fast.

Mr. Woodpecker---We might lay branches of things across, then he would have to slow up a bit. That would give the Kitten a chance.

Mr. Rabbit-----Let's try it.

Mr. Owl-----I'm sorry not to help but I've an important engagement to keep with some field mice. I wish you every success, Kitten.

Kitten-----Thank you, sir. I hope we can manage. We'll have to work fast.

Mr. Owl-----Good bye. (Flies away with Tu Whit - Tu Who -)

Mr. Rabbit-----Here's a big bush that won't be heavy. It's dead. I'll know the roots - it will be good to start with and maybe we can find some more.

Mr. Woodpecker---I'll carry all the twigs I can.

Kitten-----Maybe I can help, Mr. Rabbit. (Starts busily to work)

(Curtain drops to show lapse of time)

(Rises - stage is almost dark. Back drop changed to blue with silver stars).

(Big pile of brush at right)

Mr. Rabbit-----It certainly is dark, and nearly time for him to come, I should think, but we've got it high enough now.

Kitten----- (Anxiously) Do you really think so?

Mr. Woodpecker---Even his reindeer will slow up at this and we'll all call to him as loudly as we can.

Kitten-----I do hope he hears us.

Mr. Rabbit-----Listen - What's that? (Bells heard faintly)

Mr. Woodpecker---Sounds like bells to me.

Kitten-----It is coming nearer.

Mr. Rabbit----- (Puts his ear to ground) I hear the reindeer's hoofs.

Kitten----- (Bells grow louder) He's coming, he's coming.

Santa Claus----- (Appears over barrier) Whoa - Whoa.

All three together--Santa Claus, Santa Claus.

Santa Claus----- Bless me! What's here? What's this across the way.
Up Donner , Up Blitzen - Up All - Up now all together -
up over the tree tops.

Kitten----- (Clambering up) Oh wait, wait. Oh Mr. Santa Claus,
wait!

Woodpecker and Rabbit--Oh wait! Wait for Kitten.

(He appears to climb out of sleigh and over the barrier)

Santa-----What's all this?

Kitten----- (Timidly) We were waiting to speak to you, Sir. I
want to be a Christmas Present, Sir, if you please.

Santa-----A Christmas Present. Bless your heart, you shall be
one. I think I know just the place to take you.

Kitten-----Oh sir, how wonderful!

Santa----- (To the others) You are friends of the Kitten, aren't
you, and have been helping her? I like that. That is
the true Christmas spirit which makes people be kind
to one another. Gather all your friends next Christmas
Eve around the fir tree near the Great Oak and wait
for me. You all shall have as happy a Christmas as
ever the children do.

Mr. Rabbit-----Thank you, we will.

Mr. Woodpecker---Indeed we will.

Santa-----I must be off now. Come Kitten.

Kitten-----Oh! I am so happy. I can purr - listen. (Purrs)

Mr. Rabbit-----That's fine - All the rest will come true too - some
one to love you and food and a warm place to sleep.

Santa-----Come, Kitten, your new little mistress is waiting for
you.
(Santa and Kitten go off and Santa calls)
Merry Christmas to you everyone.

Rabbit and Woodpecker--Merry Christmas to you, Mr. Santa Claus.

Curtain

Betsy Meader

THE LANDING OF PAUL ON MALTA

CHARACTERS:

The speaker of the Prologue

Two Readers

A Maltese Boy

Another Maltese

Publius, the leading citizen of Malta

The Roman Centurion

The Master of the Ship

Paul, a prisoner

Extras: Maltese, Romans, and Sailors.

SCENE:

The Island of Malta during a storm at sea.

TIME:

Just following the shipwreck.

Costuming and staging very simple:

Maltese: short tunics of tan, brown and green.

Romans: longer tunics of more gorgeous coloring
and material.

The stage was empty save for a built up place in
the center at the back to resemble a hill. A
flood light was placed to illuminate the hill.

Time of presentation - six minutes.

THE LANDING OF PAUL ON MALTA

THE SPEAKER OF THE PROLOGUE: (Standing before the curtain)

Ye Gentles, who come here to watch our play,
Put, we beseech you, thought of us away.
No standing here have we: in heart we kneel,
With, at our hearts, this prayer, - - that ye may feel
How in Love's hands time is a little thing!
And if we may guide you, ye shall see
The Isle of Malta where landeth Paul,
Amidst the storm at sea; the Centurion,
The Captain of the Ship and the kindly Maltese.
Lastly, ye shall see them rise and go
And the place vacant left. Yet ye shall know
That Love remains and that Faith sees it so.
So have ye hope! Let time your trust increase.

FIRST READER:

And when it was determined that we should sail
into Italy, they delivered Paul and certain
other prisoners unto one named Julius, a
centurion of Augustus' band.

Now when much time was spent, and when sailing
was now dangerous, because the fast was already
passed, Paul admonished them.

He said unto them, Sirs, I perceive that this
voyage will be with hurt and damage, not only of
the lading and the ship but also of our lives.
Nevertheless, the Centurion believed the Master
and the owner of the ship more than those things

Landing of Paul on Malta.

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which were spoken by Paul.

SECOND READER:

And when neither the sun nor stars in many days appeared, and no small tempest lay upon us, all hope that we should be saved was then taken away. Paul stood forth amidst them and said, Sirs, ye should have hearkened unto me. And now I exhort you to be of good cheer: for there shall be no loss of any man's life among you, but of the ship.

Wherefore, Sirs, be of good cheer: for I believe God that it shall be even as it was told me.

Howbeit we must be cast upon a certain island.

(The curtain now opens very slowly, disclosing the empty stage with the hill in the distance. The Maltese Boy enters and looks off right in the direction of the ocean. He sees the ship in distress.)

MALTESE BOY: (calling to the others) Come quickly! A ship is sighted off there in the storm.

ANOTHER MALTESE: (running in) 'Tis even so. She cannot be saved.

MALTESE BOY: (standing on the top of the hill) The ship is breaking up by the violence of the waves!

ANOTHER MALTESE: They are throwing freight overboard!

MALTESE BOY: Oh, look, they are swimming ashore.

PUBLIUS: (entering and overhearing the news) Go, thou, quickly, and gather twigs for a fire. We must

Landing of Paul on Malta.

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warm them.

(Several Maltese rush out to obey him.)

PUBLIUS: (speaking to the Boy) Go, thou, and bring them here.

(The Boy goes)

PUBLIUS: (calling to the other Maltese who are gathering twigs) Quickly, quickly!

(The Maltese enter and kindle the fire.
The Boy returns with the Romans, the Sailors, and Paul, the prisoner.)

PUBLIUS: Welcome to our island.

CENTURION: I am Julius, a Roman Centurion. This is the Master of the ship.

MASTER: Our ship is lost but our men are all saved.

PUBLIUS: We watched you struggling with the waves. We thought you would all perish.

(They all gather about the fire to warm themselves and to discuss the wreck. Paul, who is in the center of the stage kneeling before the fire, cries out as the viper fastens upon his hand. All shrink away from him frightened.)

MALTESE BOY: (pointing a finger of scorn at him) This man is a murderer. Though he has escaped the sea, vengeance hath not suffered him to live.

(Paul shakes off the viper)

Landing of Paul on Malta

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MALTESE BOY: Now watch. Soon he will die!

(Paul smiles and ascends the hill unharmed.)

ANOTHER MALTESE: Oh! He must be a god. The viper harmed him not.

CENTURION: No, his name is Paul. He is a prisoner delivered to me by Agrippa because he claims that Jesus of Nazareth is still alive.

(Maltese talk excitedly among themselves.)

MASTER: When we labored exceedingly with the storm, Paul helped us. Neither the sun nor stars shone for many days. All hope was lost. We began to throw freight overboard. Paul bade us be of good cheer. We hearkened unto him and were saved.

(Maltese talk excitedly again.)

PUNLIUS: Your news interests us greatly. Do tell us more of your faith. My father lies ill unto death. Can you help him?

PAUL: Gladly, gladly, and as we go I shall tell you more of my faith.

(Paul, Publius, and the Master of the ship go out, followed by the others as the curtain falls.)

THE LAST REHEARSAL

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"Vell, now you are here, I hope you do something besides foolishness. Tonight ees de last rehearsal, comes on Chursday de concert, unt to-night ve show vedder ve know how to sing or chist scream.

"Reatty now, stop talking. Shut oop, I dell you,---unt sing. Vot did you ~~say~~ Say you? How can you sing eef you shut oop? Well, you shut oop anyhow vedder you sing or not.

"Van--two--t'ree--^{ng}Seeng/-----
"Sopranoo, you are flat----leeft.---stop/ Vet ees de madder mit you--- you got no senses? Can't you seeng on key? You bedder go on home--- maybe you can cook---you can't seeng.

"Reatty. One--two--t'ree---seeng/ -----S-T-O-P/ Gentlemen unt tenors nefer, neferp did I hear such yelling/ Vot are you trying to do, call out de Fire Department?

"Reatty, ~~you~~---two--t'ree---seeng/ ----stop. What you made of wood? you'Mericans, you seeng like like---stick. You haf no--no--insides. Yes, laugh, ~~you dumb aiseleppall~~ you know ees chaz, unt laugh all de time You should get down on your two knees unt t'ank God you got de oberdunity to to seeng dees find music.

"No in dees place, let me ask you to seeng like de angels, Dees ees de Peenockle of de whole ~~ee~~ atocie. Now you laugh again--I vill not lead a chorus of such dumb kofe as you are. I explain to you how you should seeng dees gran' penockle unt you laugh like fools. You bedder shed tears because you know nothing---nottings/

"Een dees blace were eet says, "Had I wings, I would flee away unt be at rest" make dat soft unt sweet, Seeng/ Stop/ Basses. who ees holding onto dat flee like dat? Tenors, let go dat flee, let go/
" Reatty,----von-two-t'ree -Seeng/ Stop/ Sopranos, such awful tones'
"Don't you know how to kae de right tones? Put eet een you noses--put eet een your noses/ What you got noses for?

"Now for de last time, reatty Stand oop, sit down/ Ees dere glue on dose seats dat you cannot rise? Now all together, stand oop/

Sing

"Von--two--t'ree--seeng/

"Vell, I haf heard vorse seening dan dat/ Be on time Chuesday night, Eef you are late, I don not vant you. Stay outd/

LITTLE BLACK SAMBO

Black Mambo Little Black Sambo, Little Black Sambo, come here.

Black Sambo (entering) What is it, mammy?

Mambo Come and see what I have made for you. A beautiful little red coat and a pair of beautiful little blue trousers. (Mambo and Sambo enter house.)

Sambo Oh, now won't I be grand, oh - won't I be grand. (Enter Black Jumbo)

Black Jumbo Little Black Sambo, little Black Sambo! Come see what I brought you from the bazaar

Sambo What did you bring me, pappy! What did you bring me.

Jumbo I have brought you a beautiful green umbrella and a lovely pair of purple shoes with crimson soles and crimson linings.

Sambo And mammy made me a beautiful little red coat, and a beautiful pair of little blue trousers. Won't I be grand - May I put on all my fine clothes and go for a walk in the jungle?

Jumbo Yes, you may put on all your fine clothes and go for a walk in the jungle, but you must be sure to be back in time for supper.

Sambo All right, pappy. Won't I be grand? Won't I be grand?

SCENE II

(Jungle. Enter Black Sambo)
1st Tiger Little Black Sambo, I'm going to eat you up.

Sambo Oh, please, Mr. Tiger, don't eat me up, and I'll give you my beautiful little red coat

Tiger Very well, I won't eat you this time, but you must give me your beautiful red coat.
(Exit behind rock) (Enter Tiger with red coat) Now I'm the grandest tiger in the jungle because I am wearing Little Black Sambo's beautiful little red coat. (Enter Sambo without coat)

Sambo Boo-hoo. That tiger took my beautiful little red coat. (Enter 2nd Tiger)

2nd Tiger Little Black Sambo, I'm going to eat you up.

Sambo Oh! please Mr. Tiger, don't eat me up, and I'll give you my beautiful little blue trousers.

Tiger Very well - I won't eat you this time, but you must give me your beautiful little blue trousers (Both exit behind rock. Re-enter Tiger) Now I'm the grandest tiger in the jungle because I have Little Black Sambo's beautiful little Blue Trousers.

Sambo (Enters) Boo-hoo - That Tiger took my beautiful little blue trousers. What will mammy say? (Enter 3rd Tiger)

Tiger Little Black Sambo, I'm going to eat you up!

Sambo Oh! Please Mr. Tiger, don't eat me up, and I'll give you my beautiful little purple shoes with crimson soles and crimson linings.

3rd Tiger What use would your shoes be to me. I've got four feet and you have only two! You haven't enough shoes for me.

Sambo You could wear them on your ears.

3rd Tiger So I could. That's a very good idea. Give them to me, and I won't eat you this time (Both go behind rock. Re-enter 3rd Tiger. Crosses stage) Now I'm the grandest tiger in the jungle for I have Little Black Sambo's little purple shoes with crimson soles and crimson linings. (Exits. Re-enters Little Black Sambo)

Sambo Doo-hoo. Now I've lost my shoes. What will Pappy say. (Enter 4th Tiger)

4th Tiger Little Black Sambo, I'm going to eat you up.

Sambo Oh, please, Mr. Tiger, don't eat me up, and I'll give you my beautiful green umbrella.

4th Tiger How can I carry an umbrella, when I need all my paws for walking with.

Sambo You could tie a knot in your tail and carry it that way.

4th Tiger So I could. Give it to me and I won't eat you this time. (Exit behind rock. Re-enter Tiger with umbrella) Now I'm the grandest Tiger in the jungle for I have little Black Sambo's green umbrella.

Sambo (Enters crying) Doo-hoo-hoo-hoo The tigers have taken all my fine clothes. What will I do? (Tigers roar offstage)

Voice of 1st I'm the grandest tiger in the jungle for I have Little Black Sambo's red coat (Roars)

Voice of 2nd I'm the grandest tiger in the jungle for I have Little Black Sambo's blue trousers!

Voice of 3rd No, I'm the grandest tiger, for I have Little Black Sambo's purple shoes with crimson soles and crimson linings. (Roars.)

Voice of 4th No, I'm the grandest tiger of all for I have Little Black Sambo's green umbrella. (All roar) (Enter tigers hold of each other's tails going round and round.)

Little Sambo (Screams and exits)

CURTAIN

SCENE III

(Inside cabin. Brass pot of tiger's butter on table. Jumbo calls to Mumbo)

Jumbo Come and see what I've brought for you to cook with Black Mumbo-

Mumbo (Enters. Looks in pot) Oh! what lovely melted butter. Where did you get it?

Jumbo In the jungle. There a great pool of it was near the foot of a tree. When I saw it, I says, "Nice tiger butter, won't Black Mumbo be pleased to have it to cook with."

Mumbo Tiger butter, ummmm. Now I will make some lovely pancakes for supper. (Exits. Enter Little Black Sambo crying)

Sambo (Crys) The tigers got all my fine clothes.

Jumbo Don't cry any more, Little Black Sambo. As I came through the jungle I found all your clothes under a tree and brought them home. See! Here is your beautiful green umbrella and your purple shoes and red coat, and blue trousers -

Sambo Isn't that grand - goody-goody. I'm so glad to get all my fine clothes back again. (Enter Mumbo)

Mumbo See, I have made a huge big plate of the most lovely pancakes. I fried them in the melted butter which the tigers have made and they are as yellow and brown as little tigers. I can eat twenty-seven. How many can you eat?

I can eat fifty-five.

Sambo I can eat a hundred and sixty-nine because I am so hungry.

CURTAIN

LITTLE BLACK SAMBO

Little Black Sambo
Black Jumbo
Black Mambo

First Tiger
Second Tiger
Third Tiger

Fourth Tiger

Where the Story Takes Place:

Scene I Outside the Cabin
Scene II In the Jungle
Scene III Outside the Cabin.

SCENE I

(Outside the Cabin. Black Mambo sits on a stool outside her cabin.)

Black Mambo (Calling) Little Black Sambo, come here!

Little Black Sambo (Coming from behind the cabin.) What do you want, mammy?

Black Mambo Come and see what I have made for you--a beautiful little red coat and a pair of beautiful little blue trousers!

Little Black Sambo (Looking at the clothes and dancing.) Oh, won't I be grand? (Enter Black Jumbo carrying an umbrella. Little Black Sambo runs up to him) What did you bring me from the bazaar, Black Jumbo?

Black Jumbo I have brought you a beautiful green umbrella and a lovely pair of purple shoes with crimson soles and crimson linings.

Little Black Sambo (Dancing around) Won't I be grand, mammy, won't I be grand? May I put on all my fine clothes and go for a walk in the jungle?

Black Mambo Yes, you may put on all your fine clothes and go for a walk in the jungle, but you must be back home in time for supper.

Little Black Sambo All Right, mammy. And won't I be grand? Won't I be grand?

SCENE II.

(In the jungle. Little Black Sambo takes a walk. He meets a tiger.)

First Tiger Little Black Sambo, I'm going to eat you up!

Little Black Sambo Oh! Please Mr. Tiger, don't eat me up, and I'll give you my beautiful little red coat.

Tiger Very well, I won't eat you this time, but you must give me your beautiful little red coat. Then I'll be the grandest tiger in the jungle.

CURTAIN

(Little Black Sambo continues his walk in the jungle minus his little red coat. He meets another tiger.)

Second Tiger Little Black Sambo, I'm going to eat you up!

Little Black Sambo Oh! Please, Mr. Tiger, don't eat me up, and I'll give you my beautiful little blue trousers.

Tiger Very well, I won't eat you this time, but you must give me your beautiful blue trousers. Then I'll be the grandest tiger in the jungle.

CURTAIN

(Little Black Sambo continues walking in the jungle minus his little blue trousers. He meets another tiger.)

Third Tiger Little Black Sambo, I'm going to eat you up!

Little Black Sambo Oh! Please, Mr. Tiger, don't eat me up, and I'll give you (hesitating) my beautiful little purple shoes with crimson soles and crimson linings.

Third Tiger What use would your shoes be to me? I've got four feet, and you've got only two; you haven't got enough shoes for me.

Little Black Sambo You could wear them on your ears.

Third Tiger So I could. That's a very good idea. Give them to me, and I won't eat you this time. Then I'll be the grandest tiger in the jungle.

CURTAIN

(Little Black Sambo continues his walk in the jungle minus his little purple shoes. He meets another tiger.)

Fourth Tiger Little Black Sambo, I'm going to eat you up!

Little Black Sambo Oh! Please, Mr. Tiger, don't eat me up, and I'll give you my beautiful green umbrella.

Fourth Tiger How can I carry an umbrella, when I need all my paws for walking with?

Little Black Sambo You could tie a knot in your tail, and carry it that way.

Fourth Tiger So I could. Give it to me, and I won't eat you this time. Then I'll be the grandest tiger in the jungle.

(Little Black Sambo stands drying in the jungle minus his umbrella.)

CURTAIN

Little Black Sambo (Crying) The tigers have taken all my fine clothes. I wish I had my beautiful green umbrella back and my-----(He hears a horrible noise that sounds like Gr-r-r-r-r-r-r. It gets louder and louder.) Oh, dear! There are all the tigers coming back to eat me up! What shall I do? (Runs quickly to a palm tree and peeps round it. Enter tigers dressed in his clothes, fighting and disputing.)

First Tiger I'm the grandest tiger in the jungle.

Second Tiger I'm the grandest tiger in the jungle.

Third Tiger No, I'm the grandest tiger in the jungle.

Fourth Tiger No, you're not. I'm the grandest tiger in the jungle. (Exit little Black S.)

All the Tigers (Catching hold of each other's tails and going around in a circle.) Gr-r-r-r-r-r-r, Gr-r-r-r-r-r-r, Gr-r-r-r-r-r-r! (At last they all fall down and melt into tiger butter.)

SCENE III

(Outside the cabin. Black Mambo sits on stool. Black Jumbo enters carrying Little Black Sambo's clothes and a big brass pot.)

Black Jumbo Come and see what I've brought home for you to cook with Black Mambo.

Black Mambo (Looking in the pot.) Oh! What lovely melted butter! Where did you get it?

Black Jumbo In the jungle. There's a great pool of it near the foot of a tree. When I saw it I says, "Nice tiger butter, won't Black Mambo be pleased to have it to cook with?" (Enter Little Black Sambo Crying)

Black Mambo Why, what is the matter, Little Black Sambo, and where are your nice new clothes?

Little Black Sambo (Crying) The tigers got all my fine clothes.

Black Jumbo Don't cry any more, Little Black Sambo. As I came through the jungle I found all your fine clothes under a tree and brought them home. See!

Here is your beautiful new umbrella, and here are your beautiful little purple shoes with crimson soles and crimson linings.

Little Black Sambo (Dancing about) I'm glad you got all my fine clothes back again.

Black Numbo And see the tiger butter that Black Jumbo brought us. I'm going to make a huge big plate of most lovely pancakes and I'm going to fry them in the melted butter which the tigers have made and they will be as yellow and brown as little tigers. I can eat twenty-seven pancakes. How many shall I make for you two?

Black Jumbo I can eat fifty-five.

Little Black Sambo I can eat a hundred and sixty-nine, because I am so hungry.

CURTAIN

THE KITCHEN GOD

Scene 1
Interior of house

Mother----- (Fixing rice. Puts sugar on Kitchen God's mouth)
I must put sugar on the Kitchen God's mouth, so that he will
tell the Sky King sweet things about my boys when he goes to
Heaven to-night. (Calls) The rice is ready. (Enter 3 boys)
Which of you will take the bowl of rice to the Kitchen God?

Ting Fang---I will take it, honorable Mother. (Takes rice to the K.God)

Mother-----Come now, the rest of you, its time for bed.

(Exit all except Ting Fang)

Ting Fang---How can you be hungry, you old picture? You never eat your
rice. Every night we put a big bowl of rice in front of you,
and it is always there when we wake up in the morning. You are
only a picture. But here is your rice again. (Bows, rises
again, smells rice, sniffs loudly, reathes hand, draws back)
Oh, Kitchen God, that rice is wasted on you. How can a picture
eat rice? (Takes a bite of rice) I have never seen you walk
out of your picture. You will never miss that. (Takes another
handful, sneaks over to bed and snores)

Kitchen God-(Stretches) I am ready to go to the Sky King. Wake up!
(K.G. and Tiger slowly slip out of the picture. Music and dance)

Tiger----- (Looks into Ting Fang's bed and growls) Get up! Get up! You
are coming with us to the Sky King.

Ting Fang--- (Frightened. Starts to run away)

Tiger----- (Growls) Come back here! Get on my back! (Growls)

Ting Fang--- (Hesitates, but on second growl, he decides to get on the
tigers back and off they go.)

CURTAIN

Scene 11
Heaven

Ting Fang's Kitchen God--Here we are away up high and here are some other
Kitchen Gods. Greetings!

Other Kitchen Gods-----Good Moonlight and a fine cloud train! Nice night
isn't it? We ought to arrive by two o'clock.

Ting Fang's Kitchen God--I really don't feel well at all. I have a wiggly
feeling in my tummy. (Wiggles tummy) A very sad
thing happened to me this evening. I was very
hungry for my rice. When Ting Fang, - that's the
little boy who lives in my house, brought me the

rice he took a great big bite of it,- in fact he ate it all up! Now wouldn't that make any Kitchen God unhappy? (Weeps)

(All the other Kitchen Gods and tigers join in weeping. While they are weeping, Ting Fang sees chance to escape and starts to run away. They see him- shout- tiger runs after him- grabs him)

A Kitchen God-----Let us go on with our weeping. (They resume weeping)

(Gong interrupts. Enter Sky King. Allbow)

Sky King-----Are your reports ready?

1st Kitchen God-----The little boy in my house is very good. He tends his duties well.

2nd Kitchen God-----Mine, too, is very good. He helps his father tend cows.

3rd Kitchen God-----Mine is best of all. He always does as he is told.

Ting Fang's Kitchen God--(Sighs very audibly after each report)

Sky King-----What do you report?

(T.F. Kitchen God sighs louder)

Sky King-----Come, speak up, why do you keep us waiting?

T.G.'s Kitchen God----My report is sad, so very sad. Ting Fang, the boy in my house, ate all my rice.

1st Kitchen God-----If I had such a boy in my house, I'd never, never go back!

2nd Kitchen God-----Then there would be no rice at all.

3rd Kitchen God-----If there is no rice for Kitchen Gods, then there will be none for little boys.

All Kitchen Gods-----What shall we do with this boy?

Sky King-----It is for Ting Fang's Kitchen God to decide whether he will return or not.

T.F.'s Kitchen God----When the sun rises, the rooster crows, and the birds sing, he will know my answer.

CURTAIN

Scene 111 - Same as scene 1

Kitchen God and Tiger creep in and return to picture.

Ting Fang----(Yawns, stretches, looks up, sees K.G., rubs eyes, shouts)

Mother, Mother, Brothers, he has come back, he's back!

Mother and Brothers--(Enter) Who -Who, what are you talking about?

Ting Fang-----The Kitchen God. He is back again in his picture.
He shall have all the rice he wants.

(Puts huge bowl in front of Kitchen God
and all dance and sing)

Final CURTAIN

In the first scene, at the puppeteers right, is a large picture frame in which is discovered at the curtain, the Kitchen God and Tiger. In front of frame is a small table on which to set rice as an altar. Center stage is a table and on the extreme left is a bed.

In the Heaven scene are clouds banked and the puppets seem to be floating on the clouds.

THE LOAVES AND THE FISHES

INTRODUCTION

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The next scene is the same as the first, on the same day in the evening.

THE LOAVES AND FISHES

CHARACTERS: Ruth
 Samuel (her son)
 Naomi (a neighbor)
 Simon (husband of Ruth)

SCENE I.

Interior of a Hebrew Home
Mill, grain basket, water jar, cruse
for oil, and jar for salt, table and
chair. Oven is a hole in the floor.

Ruth is spinning. Samuel comes running in.

SAMUEL: Mother, Mother! There are crowds following the man Jesus.

May I go too? They are going toward the Sea of Galilee.

RUTH: Not alone, Samuel. You might get lost.

SAMUEL: Naomi, our neighbor, is going and I will be with her.

RUTH: Well, then, you may go too.

SAMUEL: Oh, thank you, Mother. (sniffs) What do I smell?

RUTH: It is the bread I am baking. (jumps up) I nearly forgot.

It is done and I must take it from the oven. (She stoops to
lift bread from oven.)

SAMUEL: May I have some now, Mother? It is good when it is hot!

(Naomi calls from offstage)

NAOMI: Are you coming, Samuel?

SAMUEL: (Goes to door) Yes, Naomi. Just a minute and I'll be ready.

(Naomi enters)

RUTH: Good morning, Naomi. Are you sure Samuel will not be too much
trouble to you?

NAOMI: Oh no! Not at all. But can you not come with us? We are follow-
ing Jesus, you know, the man who healed my brother of his lameness.

RUTH: My baking is not yet done. I am sorry but I cannot go today.

NAOMI: What a pity! He is a most wonderful teacher. It does one good to look upon his face. Besides his healing the sick and lame and blind.

RUTH: I would love to go but not today. Perhaps another time.

NAOMI: We must hurry.

RUTH: You start on, Naomi. Samuel will run and catch up with you. I shall send some fresh bread and fish in a basket for you lunch. You may be late in returning.

NAOMI: Thank you. I'll walk slowly, Samuel. (to Ruth) Goodbye.
(Exit Naomi)

SAMUEL: Oh, hurry, Mother!

RUTH: Bring me the basket. I'll put in a fish apiece and two loaves for each of you.

SAMUEL: Please put in three for me, Mother. I know I shall be hungry.

RUTH: Very well. Stay with Naomi, my son, and be a good boy.
I shall watch for your return. (Kisses him)

SAMUEL: Yes, yes, Mother. Goodbye.
(Samuel runs off. Ruth stands waving to him)

CURTAIN

THE LOAVES AND FISHES

SCENE II.

Same as Scene I. Evening.

Ruth is busy about table. Lamp is lighted. Simon enters with his net. Ruth starts forward.

- RUTH: Oh, it is you, Simon? I am glad you are safely home, but I hoped Samuel was with you.
- SIMON: Is he not here?
- RUTH: No, he went with Naomi to hear the man Jesus preach.
- SIMON: Oh, that is why such a crowd gathered on the shores of the Sea of Galilee and went up into the mountain. It looked as though there were thousands gathered.
- RUTH: Our village is deserted. When I went to the well this evening to draw water I saw no one. Did you have a good catch of fish?
- SIMON: Yes, so large it broke my net. I must mend it this evening.
- RUTH: I sent two fishes and five loaves of barley ~~loaves~~ bread with Samuel for his lunch. I must prepare some of today's catch for our supper.
- SIMON: Do not take time, Ruth. I am hungry, let us sup on bread and dates tonight.
- RUTH: Very well, but where can Samuel be? Do you think something has gone wrong?
- SIMON: Do not be anxious, wife. If he is with Naomi no harm can befall him.
- RUTH: I suppose not, but it is growing dark. They might lose their way. Oh! here they come now!

(Samuel comes running in)

SAMUEL: (Puffing) Mother! Mother!

RUTH: (Embracing him) Samuel, my dear, I am so glad you are back.

SAMUEL: What do you suppose happened?

SIMON: Tell us, son. What did happen?

SAMUEL: My loaves and fishes - Jesus rid all the people with my loaves and fishes.

RUTH: What do you say! With five loaves and two fishes. How many people were there?

(Naomi enters)

SAMUEL: Oh, Naomi, you tell them.

NAOMI: Jesus performed another miracle today. He tried to get away from the crowd but people came to hear him from far and near. He went up into a mountain but the multitude followed him, till it was the hour of noon.

SAMUEL: I was near him and I heard him say to Philip, "Whence shall we buy bread that these may eat?"

NAOMI: The master said that only to prove Philip. He knew what he would do.

RUTH: What did Philip say?

SAMUEL: He said, "Two hundred pennyworth of bread is not sufficient for them that each may take a little.

NAOMI: Another of his disciples, the man they call Andrew, noticed Samuel; with his basket on his arm.

SAMUEL: Yes, he asked me what I had in it and I told him.

NAOMI: And he told the master - but Philip said, "What are five barley loaves and two fishes among so many?"

SAMUEL: Jesus spoke to me then. He asked me if I would let him have my loaves and fishes.

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NAOMI: And he told the master - but Philip said, "What are five barley loaves and two fishes among so many?"

SAMUEL: Jesus spoke to me then. He asked me if I would let him have my loaves and fishes.

RUTH: What did you answer, my son?

SAMUEL: I said of course he could. He smiled at me and thanked me.

NAOMI: Then he told his disciples to make the people sit down on the grass.

SIMON: How may do you think there were?

NAOMI: About five thousand.

SIMON: Five thousand - what then?

SAMUEL: He took the loaves from my basket and gave thanks and then gave them to his disciples and they gave them to the people.

SIMON: Five loaves and two fishes for five thousand people to eat?

NAOMI: Yes, that was the miracle. He fed them all. All ate till THEY were filled.

SAMUEL: Then Jesus said, "Gather up the fragments that remain
that nothing be lost."

RUTH: Fragments - surely nothing remained?

NAOMI: Yes, they filled twelve baskets.

SIMON: Unbelievable!

NAOMI: Yes, unbelievable but true. We saw it all with our
own eyes.

SAMUEL: And my basket here is filled with some of what was left.
Jesus himself filled it.
(Ruth and Simon look in it)

RUTH: How wonderful!

NAOMI: Wonderful it was. And the people say, "Of a truth,
he is that prophet that it was foretold would be the
light of the world."

CRUTAIN.

Jeanie

THE LITTLE RED HEN

Announcer: There once lived a little red hen with a fluffy brood of chicks. Her neighbors were a fat pig, a duck, and a goose. One day she found some grains of wheat.

Curtain

Little Red Hen: "Cluck! Cluck! Come here!"

Chicks: (coming in quickly) "Here we are, mother."

(Pig, duck, and goose run in too.)

Little Red Hen: "Look what I have found."

Pig: "Oh, that's nothing. Only a few grains of wheat. We could eat them and not know it."

Little Red Hen: "I will plant them and we'll have plenty of wheat."

Duck: "It is not worth the work, you silly red hen."

Little Red Hen: "Who will help me plant the wheat?"

Pig: "Not I."

Duck: "Not I."

Goose: "Not I."

Little Red Hen: "Then I'll do it myself!" (Scratches in ground.)

Little Red Hen: "Here is a good place." (Plants grain and it grows.)

Little Red Hen: "The wheat is ripe! The wheat is ripe! Now who will help me cut it?"

Duck: "Not I."

Goose: "Not I."

Pig: "Not I."

Little Red Hen: "Then I'll do it." (Does so.) "Who will help carry the wheat to the mill?"

Duck: "Not I."

Goose: "Not I."

Pig: "Not I."

(Continued)

Little Red Hen: "Then I'll do it." (Fills sack with wheat.)

Miller: "Good day, Little Red Hen. Why do you carry such a heavy load?"

Little Red Hen: "Because no one would help me carry it."

Miller: "Well, I'll grind it."

Little Red Hen: (Goes home.) "Who will help me bake the bread?"

Duck: "Not I."

Goose: "Not I."

Pig: "Not I."

Little Red Hen: "Then I'll do it." (Goes in house and looks out.) "Who will help me eat the bread?"

Duck: "No!"

Goose: "No, me!"

Pig: "No, I will!"

Little Red Hen: "No you don't, who works, eats!"

Duck: "Oh dear!"

Goose: "Oh dear me!"

Pig: "Oh how awful!"

CURTAIN

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

A Christmas Puppet Play

ACT I

Lucille Curtis
Thief River Falls, Minn.

Scene-Living room of cottage. When the curtains part little Red Riding Hood is seen rocking her doll-cradle and singing, "Rock a bye Baby" her mother is seated on the opposite side of the fireplace sewing.

R. R. H: Oh, Mother, do you think Santa Claus will remember to bring me that doll we saw in the village Saturday-the one with long black curls and a blue dress?

MOTHER: I am certain he will, dear. You have been such a good girl-since Saturday.

R. R. H: Goodness, Mother! Just as if I wasn't always a good girl! But however will he know which doll out of all the world of dolls to bring me? I shall be so disappointed if it is not the one with long black curls and a blue dress. She was the most beautifullest doll I have ever seen and I shall call her Camilla, because that is the most beautifullest name I can think of. Of course, Dimples will always be my baby. And I spect I'll always love Rag-Ella the best. It's only because I know she can't break that I treat Rag-Ella so badly. One has to be stern with one doll anyway to set the others an example, don't you think?

MOTHER: Yes, yes indeed, my child. And don't you worry about Camilla. You described her so well in your letter to Santa that he can make no mistake about her.

R. R. H. But, mother, we have moved since last Christmas. How can he find our new little house in all the world of houses?

MOTHER: Little daughter, there is nothing to compare to the miracle of Santa Claus. If you but believe he will find you out wherever you are. For he is the Spirit of the Christ-child and is in the very air you breathe at Christmas time. The best people believe in him all their lives.

R. R. H. Oh, I believe with all my heart-and will forever and ever.

MOTHER: Then all your Christmases will be bright and happy no matter what betides. But tell me, child, did you remember to mail your letter?

R. R. H: No, I did not mail it, for I did not know how to go about it. It wouldn't be like mailing an ordinary letter.

MOTHER: No, child, it is not at all like mailing an ordinary letter. You must find a friendly woodman in the forest, give him your letter, and he will pin it to the antlers of a deer who will fly day and night over the housetops until he reaches Santa Clausland and delivers your message to the good old fellow himself.

R. R. H: (Jumping up and down excitedly) I know it must be some very special way. Do mind my children for me while I go to the forest with my letter.

- MOTHER: Yes, my dear, I will tend your babies for you. And while you are venturing will you go a bit further and bring some Christmas wine and cakes to your grandmother? Tell her we hope she is well enough to spend Christmas day at our house.
- R. R. H: Gladly, mother, for I want grandmama to hear about my new dolly and ask her if she knows any lovelier name than Camilla. Hurry and fetch the cakes. I may be too late a-mailing. What if all the deer have departed for the North pole, and not a single one left to carry my message to Santa!
- MOTHER: Never doubt that one at least remains to do your bidding. You have no notion how fleet the buckdeer are, and willing.
- R. R. H: Then give me the basket and put on my hood, for I have not a moment to lose.
- MOTHER: Child, child, don't be so impatient. Show grandmother this new hood I made you and tell her we all call you little Red Riding Hood, because you want to wear it all the time. Goodbye, Start back well before dark and do not linger, for it is a long way and twilight comes early to the woodland.
- R. R. H: Goodbye. I shall be home before the sun is down, never fear.

ACT II

Scene-(Woodland. A woodman whistles at his chopping. Wolf is heard panting off stage before he appears at right. Woodman turns and gives chase with upraised axe. Returns slowly, resumes chopping silently and looks backwards from time to time obviously worried. He might say "Mercy, that was a big one," shaking his head the while. Red Riding Hood enters left)

- R. R. H: Oh, hello! Are you a friendly woodman?
- WOODMAN: (Amused) Am I a friendly woodman? Ho, ho, ho ! Of course, I am. I might go further and say I am the friendliest fellow you're ever likely to meet in or out of a book.
- R. R. H: Why, Mr. Woodman, you haven't forgotten Santa Claus---?
- WOODMAN: No, indeed, I haven't forgotten Santa Claus. The point is: has Santa Claus forgotten me? Alack-alas, yes_____many a Christmas !
- R. R. H: (Touched)-Oh, woodman, I am truly sorry. I would never have brought up the subject except that I was so sure that Woodman were all well remembered on Christmas Day.
- WOODMAN: Whatever makes you think so, little girl?
- R. R. H: Because, if you wish, you can pin letters to Santa Claus on all the deer in the forest.

- WOODMAN: Pin letters to Santa Claus on the deer? Well, well, I do be blessed ! If here aint a little dear pinning a puzzle on me what I can't make a head or tail to !
- R. R. H: You don't mean to tell me you have reached your age and don't know yet how to mail a letter to Santa Claus ! Of course, I just learned how this morning, but I am only a little girl.
- WOODMAN: Highty-toighty ! I am not so old but that I can't be a learning still.
- R. R. H: Then I'll tell you: You pin your letter to a buckdeer's antlers and he sails through the sky with it to Santa's very door. Then, while Santa gets the presents for all the world ready, the deer grow fat and sleek eating moss in Santa's barn. On Christmas Eve, he hitches them all to his sleigh and back they come tinkling their merry bells over the roof-tops. No wonder Santa Claus forgot you- you never sent him a deer to guide him to your house.
- WOODMAN: (Thoughtful) Perhaps you are right, little Red Hood.
- R. R. H: When you mail your letter, pin mine on the same deer. Then Santa will have one less to fatten for the long journey southward. Besides, it is getting so near Christmas it will probably be hard to find even one buckdeer to bear our messages.
- WOODMAN: Little girl, I'll find us a buckdeer if I have to poach on the King's estate for one. But, tell me, aren't you afraid to go through these woods all by yourself? There are wolves around here that frighten even big men?
- R. R. H: Do you think a wolf would want to hurt a little girl like me?
- WOODMAN: Well, now, I wouldn't put the same trust in a wolf that I would in a deer if I were you. So you had better hurry along. Tell me where you are going and as soon as I fell this tree, I will follow and make sure you arrive safely.
- R. R. H: Oh, thank you, Mr. Woodman, for being so kind to me. I am on my way to my grandmother's cottage with some Christmas cakes. Won't you have one? My granny has been ill and perhaps won't be able to eat all of them. (offers her basket) Try one with the pink frosting. They are the most delicious, I think.
- WOODMAN: Oh, thank you and thank you!
- R. R. H: Now I must skip along. Goodbye, Mr. Woodman.
- WOODMAN: Good-bye, Little Red-Hood. (Turns to his chopping again.) I don't like the idea of that child's walking through these thick woods by herself. You never know what might happen. That big wolf may still be around. I'll finish this cutting as soon as ever I can and go along after her. I know her grandmother well and I'm sure she will want the child taken care of!

DEBORAH MEADER
Puppet Shop
748 Goodrich Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
Dale 3949

THE LITTLE RABBIT WHO WANTED RED WINGS

Mother Rabbit's House at Left and Well at Right.
Mother Rabbit discovered, sitting out doors, sewing on
Little White Rabbit's overalls. Also Little White Rabbit
Mother Rabbit on right - Little White Rabbit on Left.

Mother Rabbit: How hard you are on your clothes, Little White Rabbit.
Here I am mending your trousers again.

Little W. Rabbit: I know Mammy, but I do have such a good time.

(Enter Mrs. Cow - left)

Mrs. R. Good morning, Mrs. Cow. Isn't this a beautiful morning?

Mrs. Cow: Yes indeed. It is so fine, I thought I would go to
market and get some fresh hay for dinner.

L.W.R.: Good morning, Mrs. Cow.

Mrs. Cow: Is this your little boy, Mrs. Rabbit?

Mrs. R: Yes, this is Little White Rabbit.

Mrs. Cow: He is a fine little fellow. But I must go now. Good day.

Mrs. R: Good Day.

(Exit Mrs. Cow - right)

L. White R. Oh! Mammy, mammy. Did you see those beautiful horns
Mrs. Cow had?

Mrs. R: Yes, Mrs. Cow always wears them.

L. W. R: Oh, I wish I had a beautiful pair of horns like that.

Mrs. R: I never saw a rabbit with horns. How strange it would
look.

(Enter Mrs. Duck - left)

Mrs. Duck: Quack, quack, quack. Good day, Mrs. Rabbit.

Mrs. R: Good day, Mrs. Duck. Isn't it a beautiful day?

Mrs. D: Oh! do you think so? I like it much wetter myself.

Mrs. R: Of course, I forgot.

L. W. R: Good day, Mrs. Duck. How are all your little ducks?

Mrs. D: They are well, thank you. You must come over and have a swim with them someday.

L.W.R.: Oh, May I, Mammy?

Mrs. R: Well, you know you don't know how to swim. You might get your feet wet.

Mrs. D: That's right. You have no little red rubbers as my children have. I must be going. Good bye.

Mrs. R. and L.W.R.: Good bye.
(Exit Mrs. Duck - right)

L.W.R: Mammy, I wish I did have some little red rubbers like Mrs. Duck's children.

Mrs. R: I'm satisfied with you as you are. Did you ever see a rabbit wear red rubbers?

L.W.R: No, I never did, but I'd like some just the same.
(Enter Mr. Cock - left)

Mr. Cock: Good morning! Good morning! one and all. Isn't this a beautiful day?

Mrs. R: Good morning, Mr. Cock. It is a fine day.

Mr. Cock: I crowed especially long and loud this morning to make the sun come up round and full.

L.W.R: Oh, is that why we are having such a fine day?

Mr. Cock: Of course. Would you like to hear how I did it?

L.W.R: Yes, indeed. That would be lovely.

Mr. Cock: I did like this (Flaps his wings three times. Crows)

L.W.R: (Claps hands) That was wonderful, Mr. Cock.

Mr. Cock: I think it was a pretty good crow, myself. Well, I must get home. Somethings always goes wrong in the barnyard while I'm away.

Mrs. R. & L.W.R.: Good bye, Mr. Cock.
(Exit, Mr. Cock - right)

L.W.R: Oh mammy! Mammy!- -

Mrs. R. Yes, yes. I know what you are going to say. You would like to crow like Mr. Cock.

L.W.R: Yes, wasn't it wonderful?

Mrs. R. Crowing is for cocks - but I must go in and start dinner.

(Enter Mr. Frog - Left)

Good day, Mr. Frog. Pray excuse me. I was just going in the house.

Mr. Frog: Don't let me keep you, Mrs. Rabbit.

(Exit Mrs. Rabbit in house.)

L.W.R: Did you hear Mr. Cock crow, Mr. Frog?

Mr. Frog: Yes, I did.

L.W.R: I wish I could crow like that. Wouldn't it be wonderful if our wishes came true?

Mr. Frog: Perhaps but maybe we wouldn't like it.

L.W.R: I would, I'd love it.

Mr. Frog: There is a way to make one's wishes come true.

L.W.R: Is there, really? How?

Mr. Frog: You see this well? It is a wishing well. All you have to do to make your wish come true is to say: Hocus, Pocus, Skillermorocus - bow three times, look in the well and make your wish and it will come true.

L.W.R: Oh, thank you. I'll do it right away.

Mr. Frog: I must be going. I hope you'll not be sorry.

L.W.R: I won't be, I'm sure.

(Exit Mr. Frog.- left)

What shall I wish for first - horns or red rubbers-(Bird with red wings flies in and sits for a moment on well)
Oh! Oh! What a pretty little bird with red wings. I'd rather have red wings than anything else. That's what I'll wish for. What is the spell?

Hocus, pocus skillermorocus - one - two - three -
I wish for red wings. Oh! Oh! just like I'm cutting a tooth on my back. I believe I have wings. Oh! Mammy, Mammy, Mammy, see my red wings.

(Enters Mrs. Rabbit - right from house.)

Mrs. R: What a strange looking little creature.

L.W.R: I'm Little White Rabbit.

Mrs. R: My little rabbit had no red wings. You are no child of mine.
(Exit Mrs. Rabbit - right - Enter Mrs. Cow - Right)

L.W.R: Oh, Mrs. Cow. My Mammy won't let me come in. May I go home to dinner with you.

Mrs. Cow: The little White Rabbit I know has no red wings. I never take strange children home.
(Exit Mrs. Cow - left)

L.W.R: The mean old thing. Mammy!. Mammy!
(Mrs. Rabbit comes to door of house)

Mrs. R: Don't call me Mammy. I don't like rabbits with red wings.
(Enter Mrs. Duck - right)

L.W.R: Mrs. Duck, my Mammy doesn't know me. You know I'm Little White Rabbit, don't you?

Mrs. Duck: I think a mother should be trusted to know her own child.
(Exit Mrs. Duck - left)

L.W.R: Oh, dear! Oh, dear! What shall I do. I'm so hungry. Mammy, Mammy. Please let me come in.

Mrs. R: Certainly not!
(Enter Mr. Cock - right)

L.W.R: Oh! Mr. Cock! I'm Little White Rabbit, but my mother won't let me come in because of my red wings.

Mr. Cock: I can't say I blame her. I never saw a rabbit with red wings before. I don't care for red wings myself. I much prefer wings, the color of mine.
(Exit Mr. Cock - left.)

L.W.R: I don't like red wings either. I thought I would, but I don't. I hate them. I wish I didn't have them. Boo-hoo.
(Enter Mr. Frog - left)

Mr. Frog: Why are you crying Little Rabbit? Wouldn't your wish come true?

L.W.R: Oh, yes, it did come true. That's why I am crying. I wished for red wings and got them but I don't like them. My Mammy doesn't know me and won't let me come in for dinner.

Mr. Frog: You really wish you didn't have them?

L.W.R: Yes.

Mr. Frog: If I tell you how to wish them off can you promise to be satisfied to be the way you were and that you won't be wishing for horns or red rubbers?

L.W.R: Oh, yes. I promise. If I can just get rid of my red wings, I'll never want to be anything but a little White Rabbit.

Mr. Frog: Very well. Say Pocus Hocus Skillermicrocus - one - two - three -- look in the well and wish them off.

L.W.R: Pocus Hocus Skillermorocus - one - two - three, I wish them off.

Mr. Frog: There they go.

L.W.R: Are they really gone?

Mr. Frog: Yes, they are really gone.

L.W.R: Thank you, thank you, Mr. Frog, I'm so happy. Mammy! Mammy!

(Mrs. Rabbit enters, coming to door - right)

Mrs. R. Why Little White Rabbit, where have you been? Come right in to your dinner.

CURTAIN

THE LOAVES AND FISHES

INTRODUCTION

Our play today is in the time of Jesus when he was preaching and healing the sick near the Sea of Galilee. Our characters are Samuel, a little Hebrew boy, his mother, Ruth, his father, Simon, and a neighbor, Naomi. Ruth has already this morning ground the barley into flour in her hand mill and then mixed it with oil, water, and salt. Next she made it into small flat loaves. The oven is a hole in the center of the floor lined with stones. The fire was built in the center and when the stones were hot, the dough was thrown against the sides where it stuck until it was baked. When the scene opens Ruth is spinning while she waits for her bread to bake.

The next scene is the same as the first, on the same day in the evening.

THE LOAVES AND FISHES

CHARACTERS: Ruth
 Samuel (her son)
 Naomi (a neighbor)
 Simon (husband of Ruth)

SCENE I.

Interior of a Hebrew Home

Mill, grain basket, water jar, cruse
 for oil, and jar for salt, table and
 chair. Oven is a hole in the floor.

Ruth is spinning. Samuel comes running in.

SAMUEL: Mother, Mother! There are crowds following the man
 Jesus. May I go too? They are going toward the Sea
 of Galilee.

RUTH: Not alone, Samuel. You might get lost.

SAMUEL: Naomi, our neighbor, is going and I will be with her.

RUTH: Well, then, you may go too.

SAMUEL: Oh, thank you, Mother. (sniffs) What do I smell?

RUTH: It is the bread I am baking. (jumps up) I nearly forgot.
 It is done and I must take it from the oven. (She
 stoops to lift bread from oven.)

SAMUEL: May I have some now, Mother? It is good when it is hot.

(Naomi calls from offstage)

* NAOMI: Are you coming, Samuel?

SAMUEL: (Goes to door) Yes, Naomi. Just a minute and I'll be
 ready.

(Naomi enters)

- RUTH: Good morning, Naomi. Are you sure Samuel will not be too much trouble to you?
- x NAOMI: Oh no! Not at all. But can you not come with us? We are following Jesus, you know, the man who healed my brother of his lameness.
- RUTH: My baking is not yet done. I am sorry but I cannot go today.
- x NAOMI: What a pity! He is a most wonderful teacher. It does one good to look upon his face. Besides his healing the sick and lame and blind.
- RUTH: I would love to go but not today. Perhaps another time.
- x NAOMI: We must hurry.
- RUTH: You start on, Naomi. Samuel will run and catch up with you. I shall send some fresh bread and fish in a basket for your lunch. You may be late returning.
- x NAOMI: Thank you. I'll walk slowly, Samuel. (to Ruth) Goodbye.
- (Exit Naomi)
- SAMUEL: Oh hurry, Mother!
- RUTH: Bring me the basket. I'll put in a fish apiece and two loaves for each of you.
- SAMUEL: Please put in three for me, Mother. I know I shall be very hungry.
- RUTH: Very well. Stay with Naomi, my son, and be a good boy.

RUTH (CONT.) I shall watch for your return. (Kisses him.)

SAMUEL: Yes, yes, Mother. Goodbye.

(Samuel runs off. Ruth stands waving
to him.)

Curtain.

The Leaves and Fishes

SCENE II.

Same as Scene I. Evening.

Ruth is busy about table. Lamp is lighted. Simon enters with his net. Ruth starts forward.

- RUTH: Oh, is it you, Simon? I am glad you are safely home but I hoped Samuel was with you.
- SIMON: Is he not here?
- RUTH: No, he went with Naomi to hear the man Jesus preach.
- SIMON: Oh, that is why such a crowd gathered on the shores of the Sea of Galilee and went up into the mountain. It looked as though there were thousands gathered.
- RUTH: Our village is deserted. When I went to the well this evening to draw the water I saw no one. Did you have a good catch of fish?
- SIMON: Yes, so large it broke my net. I must mend it this evening.
- RUTH: I sent two fishes and five leaves of barley bread with Samuel for his lunch. I must prepare some of today's catch for our supper.
- SIMON: Do not take time, Ruth. I am hungry, let us sup on bread and dates tonight.
- RUTH: Very well, but where can Samuel be? Do you think something has gone wrong?
- SIMON: Do not be anxious, wife. If he is with Naomi no harm can befall him.

RUTH: I suppose not, but it is growing dark. They might lose their way. Oh! here they come now!

(Samuel runs in)

SAMUEL: (puffing) Mother! Mother!

RUTH: (embracing him) Samuel, my dear, I am so glad you are back.

SAMUEL: What do you suppose happened?

SIMON: Tell us, son. What did happen?

SAMUEL: My loaves and fishes - Jesus fed all the people with my loaves and fishes.

RUTH: What do you say! With five loaves and two fishes. How many people were there?

(Naomi enters)

SAMUEL: Oh, Naomi, you tell them.

NAOMI: Jesus performed another miracle today. He tried to get away from the crowd but people came to hear Him from far and near. He went up into a mountain but the multitude followed him, till it was the hour of noon.

SAMUEL: I was near him and I heard him say to Philip, "Whence shall we buy bread that these may eat?"

NAOMI: The master said that only to prove Philip. He knew what he would do.

RUTH: What did Philip say?

- SAMUEL: He said, "Two hundred pennyworth of bread is not sufficient for them that each may take a little."
- NAOMI: Another of his disciples, the man they call Andrew, noticed Samuel with his basket on his arm.
- SAMUEL: Yes, he asked me what I had in it and I told him.
- NAOMI: And he told the master - but Philip said, "What are five barley loaves and two fishes among so many?"
- SAMUEL: Jesus spoke to me then. He asked me if I would let him have my loaves and fishes.
- RUTH: What did you answer, my son?
- SAMUEL: I said of course he could. He smiled at me and thanked me.
- NAOMI: Then he told his disciples to make the people sit down on the grass.
- SIMON: How many do you think there were?
- NAOMI: About five thousand.
- SIMON: Five thousand - what then?
- SAMUEL: He took the loaves from my basket and gave thanks and then gave them to his disciples and they gave them to the people.
- SIMON: Five loaves and two fishes for five thousand people to eat?
- NAOMI: Yes, that was the miracle. He fed them all. All ate till THEY were filled.

SAMUEL: Then Jesus said, "Gather up the fragments that remain that nothing be lost".

RUTH: Fragments - surely nothing remained?

NAOMI: Yes, they filled twelve baskets.

SIMON: Unbelievable!

NAOMI: Yes, unbelievable but true. We saw it all with our own eyes.

SAMUEL: And my basket here is filled with some of what was left. Jesus himself filled it.

RUTH: How wonderful!

NAOMI: Wonderful it was. And the people say, "Of a truth, he is that prophet that it was foretold would come unto ~~the world~~" *the light of the world*"

Curtain.