



## Deborah Meader Papers

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QUEEN ESTHER

Scene I

KING: The 7th day of this feast hath come. On this day will I bring my beautiful Queen Vashti before the princes of my land.

HAMAN: That were well.

KING: (Calls) Chamberlain (Enter Chamberlain) Bring Queen Vashti into my presence. (Exit Chamberlain)

HAMAN: Queen Vashti is known over the land for her wondrous beauty.

KING: Yea, the princes must depart bearing a good report of my fair Queen as well as of the great riches of my court.

(Enter Chamberlain who bows low)

KING: Rise; what is thy message?

(Chamberlain remains kneeling)

CHAMBERLAIN: Oh King, be merciful unto me!

KING: What meaneth this? Speak, I command thee - where is the Queen?

CHAMBERLAIN: Oh great King, I delivered thy message as thou didst command but the Queen refuses to come into thy presence.

KING: Refused to obey me! This is impossible! Understood she the meaning of my command?

CHAMBERLAIN: She did, O King.

KING: She must be punished. What shall we do to Queen Vashti according to law because she has not performed the commandment of the King?

HAMAN: Vashti, the Queen has done wrong, not only to the King but also to all the princes and to all the people that are in the provinces of the King Ahasuerus. Yea, for this deed will be reported abroad unto all women so that they shall despise their husbands.

KING: True it will cause trouble and disobedience.

HAMAN: Likewise shall the ladies of Media and Persia despise the commandments of their husbands when they have heard of the deed of the Queen.

KING: What shall I do, Haman, my chief counsellor?

HAMAN: If it please the king, let there go a royal commandment from him that Vashti come no more to the King Ahasuerus.

KING: I will give her royal estate to another that is better than she.

HAMAN: There be fair young virgins sought for the King, let them be gathered unto Shushan the palace unto the custody of Hegge, the King's Chamberlain.

KING: The maiden that pleaseth me shall be Queen in place of Vashti. So let it be done.

(Curtain)

Scene II

Outside the palace at Shushan

(Enter Mordecai and Esther)

MORDECAI: Esther, my child, for thou art like my very child altho I am but thy uncle.

ESTHER: Thou hast been a father to me.

MORDECAI: I bid thee now farewell for it seemeth to me that the King will surely choose thee to be his Queen for thou art so fair. Commend thyself to Hege and then all will go well with thee. May Jehovah bless thee. Fare thee well.

ESTHER: Fare thee well. (They embrace)

(Exit Esther. Mordecai stands looking after her.  
Herald enters)

HERALD: Bow the knee - bow the knee - the chief counsellor Haman approaches - thus saith the King.

(Haman enters. Mordecai does not bow)

HAMAN: Who is this man who bows not to me?

HERALD: He is Mordecai the Hebrew, my lord. (To Mordecai) Why dost thou break the commandment of the King?

MORDECAI: I bow only to Jehovah, the one true God.

HAMAN: Thou Jew, dost thou think thou art mightier than I whom the King hath set above all the princes of the land. Thou shalt suffer for this.

(Curtain)



Scene III

Palace of Ahasuerus

KING: Today have I set the royal crown upon the head of Esther.  
She is lovely above all women.

HAMAN: How much fairer is she than Vashti!

KING: I will make a great feast unto my princes and my servants.  
It will be Esther's feast. I will give gifts according  
to the state of a King.

HAMAN: That were well.

KING: Esther hath told me also of a plot against my life plotted  
by two chamberlains Terish and Bigthan. See to it that  
they hang.

HAMAN: I will do so, oh King.

KING: The plot was told to Esther by a man named Mordecai who  
sitteth at my gates.

HAMAN: There is another matter of which I would speak.

KING: Speak out, Haman.

HAMAN: O, King, there is a certain people scattered abroad and  
dispersed among the people of thy kingdom. Their laws  
are different. Neither do they keep the King's laws.  
Therefore it is not to the King's profit to suffer them.

KING: Such a condition should not be suffered.

HAMAN: If it please the King, let it be written that they may  
be destroyed. I will pay ten thousand talents of silver  
to the hands of those who have charge over the business.

KING: The silver is given to thee - the people also - to do to  
them as it seemeth well with thee.

(Curtain)

Scene IV

Outside the Palace

MORDECAI: (In sack cloth and ashes) Woe, woe is me.

MAIDSERVANT: I am the servant of Queen Esther. The Queen sent me to thee. Why dost thou cry thy long and bitter cry?

MORDECAI: I would see the Queen.

SERVANT: Thou knowest that none may enter the King's gate clothed in sackcloth.

MORDECAI: I know it. Give the Queen my message. Say to her that Mordecai must see her.

SERVANT: I will do so. (Exits)

MORDECAI: Israel, O Israel my people - you shall not perish. Esther your Queen will save you.

(Enter Esther)

ESTHER: Mordecai, my uncle.

MORDECAI: Esther, my child.

ESTHER: Why are you here in such a garb. Hath aught happened to thee?

MORDECAI: Haman, the King's favorite, hath paid a great sum of money into the King's treasuries for the Jews to destroy them. There is a decree that all the Jews are to be put to death.

ESTHER: This cannot be allowed to come to pass.

MORDECAI: Thou must save thy people. Thou must go into the King to make supplication to him.

ESTHER: All the King's servants and the people of the King's provinces do know that whosoever - whether man or woman - shall come into the King into the inner court, who is not called, there is a law to put him to death except such to whom the King shall hold out his golden sceptre that he may live. I have not been called to go into the King for lo these thirty days.

MORDECAI: Think not of thyself that thou shall escape in the King's house more than all the Jews. Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this.

ESTHER: Go, gather together all the Jews that are present at Shushan and fast ye for me and neither eat nor drink these three days, night or day. I also and my maidens will fast likewise and so will I go in to the King, which is not according to law and if I perish, I perish.

(Curtain)

Scene V

Palace of the King

SERVANT: Queen Esther.

(Esther enters and drops to knees)

KING: (Holding out sceptre) What wilt thou, Queen Esther, and what is thy request? It shall be given to thee even to the half of my kingdom.

ESTHER: If it seem good to the King, let the King and Haman come this day unto a feast that I have prepared for thee.

KING: Haman, what thinkest thee of Queen Esther's petition?

HAMAN: It gives me exceeding joy.

ESTHER: I go to await thee. (Exit Esther)

KING: What shall be done to a man that the King delighteth to honour?

HAMAN: (Aside) Whom would the King delight to honour more than myself. (To the King) For the man that the King delighteth to honour, let the royal apparel be brought which the King doth wear and the horse that the King rideth upon, and the crown royal, which is set upon his head. Let this apparel and the horse be delivered to honour and bring him on horse back thru the street of the city and proclaim before him "Thus shall be done to the man whom the King delighteth to honour".

KING: Make haste, and take apparel and the horse as thou hast said - and do even so to Mordecai the Jew that setteth at the King's gate. Let nothing fail of all that thou hast spoken.

(Curtain)

Scene VI

(Enter Haman leading horse on which Mordecai sits.)

HAMAN: Thus shall it be done unto the man whom the king delighteth to honour. (Repeat three times)

(Curtain)



Scene VI  
Banquet Hall in Queen Esther's Apartment  
King - Haman + Esther discovered -

King. What is thy petition & what is thy request and it shall be granted to thee even to the half of my Kingdom.

Esther. My petition and my request is -  
If I have found favor in the sight of the king ~~and~~ let my life be given me and my people also; for we are sold my people and I to be destroyed - to be slain and to perish.

King - who is he and where is he that dost plot against you.

Esther. The enemy is this wicked Haman.

Haman. (Falls on knees) -

King. Can it be he?

~~Esther~~ - ( <sup>me</sup> Spare my life - O Queen! )

Haman. (Falls) Spare my life - O Queen!  
Esther. Behold the gallows which Haman hath made for Mordecai. It was Mordecai who saved your life, O King, by discovering the plot against thee.

King. Let Haman be hanged upon the gallows which he prepared for Mordecai. (Claps hands)

Servant Enters -  
(To Servant) Take him away send Mor-



decide to me.

Haman - Oh spare me!

(Dragged away by servant)

King - (To Esther) To you - do I give all of Haman's possessions -

(Enter Mordecai)

(To Mordecai) Faithful servant - Israel shall be saved from her oppressors.

Mordecai - Praised be the keeper of Israel  
who neither ~~slumber nor sleep~~ <sup>slumber nor sleep</sup> and  
who this day hath saved His people  
from peril and death.

Esther - Let thy reign supreme. To the  
poor and needy let gifts be sent -  
as offerings of thanks. Give thanks  
to God - For his mercy endureth  
forever!

Curtain

Scene I.  
The Royal Palace of King Ahasuerus.

King on Throne, Haman standing before king.

King: Come Haman, I would have words with thee.

Haman: Command me, most noble sire and I will do thy bidding.

King: I am displeased with Vashti, my Queen. She has refused to obey my orders. I am determined to choose a new queen. Let it be known throughout my entire kingdom that all the beautiful maidens shall assemble in my palace so that I may select the most attractive one to be my Queen. Go carry this message to every Persian home.

Haman: I go, most noble king to carry out thine orders. May the fairest in all Persia be thy Queen. (Bows)

Curtain

Scene II.

Home of Mordecai. Esther is seated sewing.  
Mordecai enters.

Esther: Welcome dear uncle; what news have you brought?

Mordecai: O most beloved niece, I bring you wonderful news. Our king has announced that he will select his new queen from all of the fairest maidens of Persia. Thou, Esther, cannot disobey the king's command. Thou must appear before him.

Esther: Oh do not send me from thee. Let me stay here where I am happy.

Mordecai: I bow my head before the king's command. Clothe thyself in thy most beautiful garments; adorn thyself with thy mother's jewels, which she wore as a bride. Verily in these, you will shine as a queen.

Esther: But, uncle dear, I do not wish to be a queen. Let me stay here.

Mordecai: Who can tell, Esther dear. Thou mayest be chosen for his queen. Fear not, my prayers will go with thee. If thou art selected queen, thou mayest some day save they people in Israel.

Esther: If it is your wish uncle, then I go. But remember. I'll live a Jewess and a Jewess die.

Curtain

Scene III.  
The Palace.

Mordecai: I was just in time to save the king's life. If I hadn't overheard men plotting to slay the king, then the king might have been destroyed, and who knows, my beloved Esther also.

(Enter Haman)

Haman (To Mordecai) Jew, why dost thou not bow before me, the king's prime minister? Knowest thou not that death awaits him who refuses to bow before me.

Mordecai: I am a Jew, and I bow before none other than the One God.

Haman: Jew, thou wilt pay for this insult.  
Exit Mordecai - Enter the King - Haman bows.

King: Haman, what think you of Esther, my new Queen?

Haman: I am overcome by her beauty. Thou couldst not have made a wiser choice.

King: Haman, thou art my trusted friend. Please let me have your advice.

Haman: O most noble king; at all times I am at your service. You have but to command me. Buy pray, may I first ask of you one favor?

King: Speak most faithful friend.

Haman: Deny me not this favor. There is a certain people in thy land, dispersed and scattered, who refuse to obey thy laws. What profit is it to you that they should live. I pray you, give me the power to destroy them and I will give thee ten thousand talents of silver.

King: I do not wish thy silver. If thou speakest the truth, then do with these people as you so desire. Here is my royal signet ring. Work thy will.

Haman (Bows)

King: Now, I ask thy advice. What should I do unto the happy man, whom the king delights to honor?

Haman (to himself) What other man would he delight to honor but me?  
(to the king) Place upon him thy royal robes, let him ride upon thy royal charger all tricked out in gold and let it be proclaimed throughout the city, 'this is the man whom the king delights to honor'.

King: Well hast thou spoken. It shall be done. Seek thou one, Mordecai, who saved my life. Him I delight to honor. Let him ride my horse and wear my robes.

Haman: But--king--I do not understand.

King: Thou knowest my meaning full well. It is my wish.  
(Exit the king.)

Haman: Never have I been so humiliated. But I will get even with that Jew Mordecai. The king has given me the power to destroy his people. The date is set. All the Jews shall be slain on the fourteenth of Adar and what is more, Mordecai shall be hanged on the gallows which I shall erect in my courtyard.

Curtain



Scene IV.

Esther's Chamber.

Esther: Mordecai will soon be here. I trust he will not be discovered. No one must know he is my uncle.

Mordecai enters.

Esther: Why ~~art~~ thou so sad my dear uncle? What has happened? Speak uncle. Am I to blame?

Mordecai: No Esther, thou art not to blame. Thou hast obeyed my request when I urged thee to appear before the king. But now I lay upon thee a harder task.

Esther: Yes, uncle, tell me.

Mordecai: You have not heard. But outside we know that the doom of our people has been sealed by the wicked Haman. There is great weeping among our people.

Esther: My people, the Jews in trouble?

Mordecai: Yes, Haman has plotted our destruction. But Esther, thou canst save us. Go seek the king and bid him spare, for thy sake, thy people.

Esther: I am a Jewess and the king doth not know it. Perchance when he discovers it, he will be angry with me. Perhaps he will kill me.

Mordecai: What is thy life worth if thy people die? The time has come for you to deliver your people. Go, dear Esther.

Esther: Do not be angry, dear Uncle. I shall do thy bidding and if I perish, I perish.

Curtain

Scene V.

Banquet Scene.

Haman(to himself) I am dazzled by this honor. The queen herself has invited me to this banquet. Perhaps I shall be promoted.

Enter King and then Queen.

King: O most beautiful queen Esther, I have accepted thy invitation to attend thy banquet. Pray tell me what else thou desirest.

Esther: O most noble King, I hesitate to make this request.

King: Speak Esther, thy request is granted thee; even to half of my kingdom.

Esther: O king, if it please thee, let my life be given and spare my people. Otherwise we are all doomed to perish.

King: Who is this wretch who plans to destroy thee and thy people?

Esther: Our enemy, Haman. Even this wicked Haman would kill all the Jews. But if he slay them, let me die a Jewess with my people.

King: Esther, Thou a Jewess!

King (speaking fiercely to Haman) Thou wretch, villain, scoundrel. Thou seekest to destroy a whole race and also to destroy the man who saved my life, Mordecai.

Haman (On knees before Esther) Forgive me, Queen.

King: Thou shalt suffer for this wicked scheme. Thou shalt die.

Haman: Save me, Esther. Let him not slay me.

King: I have enough of your pleadings. Out of my sight villain. I shall deal with you later.

Exit Haman.

King to Servant: Send Mordecai to me.

Exit Servant.

King: I will give orders that Haman shall be hanged upon the very gallows that he had erected for Mordecai.

Enter Mordecai

Mordecai: Blessed art thou most just king. God shall protect thy life.

King: I have heard this day that thou visiteth Esther. Why is this?

Mordecai: She, great king, is my own sister's child. I brought her up from childhood in my own home.

King: Mordecai, thou shalt have Haman's place at my side. Here is my ring. It is thine. Give orders that the Jews protect themselves against their enemies on the fourteenth of Adar. Let them not be destroyed.

Mordecai: Most noble King, thrice blessed by God may thy kingdom be.

Curtain.

Scene VI.

Haman on the Gallows.

Mordecai: Yonder he hangs. That would be ~~x~~ destroyer of the Jews. He shall soon be forgotten, but the Jew whom he sought to slay will live on forever.

Esther: What is all that noise about?

Mordecai: Our people are celebrating their deliverance from the hand of the enemy. We are saved, Let us, too, be merry. The Lord has been on our side, therefore we survived.

Esther: Hail to the King, may he live forever.

King ( enters ) Hail to Queen Esther, may she live forever.

Mordecai: Let this day be a memorial to all Israel for generations to come. May it be a day of rejoicing, of prayer and thanksgiving. For all Israel, it shall be the feast of Purim, a day upon which Jews shall recall the triumph of justice and righteousness. Hail to the God of All Humanity.

Curtain

John - King -  
Leon } Mordecai - 5-6  
Stanley } - 2-3-4 -

Leonard - Haman

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Mary Jane - Esther - 2 & 4  
Norma - Esther - 5-6

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS

(Being on account of the Fall Punishment  
Bestowed on a Knave Greediness Led Him  
Into Evil-doing.)

Dramatized for the Puppet Theatre at the  
Public Library. Thief River Falls, Minn.

Characters:

Queen  
Maid  
King  
Knave  
Soldier

PROLOGUE:

"The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts,  
All on a summer's day;  
The Knave of Hearts he stole those tarts,  
And took them all away.  
The King of Hearts called for those tarts,  
And beat the Knave full sore;  
The Knave of Hearts brought back the tarts,  
And vowed he'd steal no more."

Act I

Scene I The Royal Kitchen

Queen of Hearts:

Sugar and spice and everything nice,  
Raisons and citron so sweet,  
Mixed all together, in fair or foul weather  
Into tarts for my good King to eat.

Bring flour to me, which sifted must be,  
And a flagon of milk fresh and white,  
Some eggs I will beat in this dish clean and sweet,  
Until they are fluffy and light.

A bowl I will need, the raisons to seed,  
The citron to chop very fine;  
Some cinnamon, too, and of cloves just a few,  
With a dash of the rarest old wine.

The fire I will make. In the oven they'll bake:  
Then out they will come plump and sweet;  
And here on the shelf I'll set them myself,  
To cool for my good King to eat.

(Queen and Maid go out in stately procession to music. Enter  
Knave of Hearts. Tiptoes cautiously about. Is frightened. Runs  
back, returns peeks into everything, nibbles fragments on  
table, and finally spies the tarts.)

Knave:

Oho! Aha! What's this I see?  
Tarts sweet as ever tarts can be,  
And I--a hungry Knave of Hearts,  
Whose little stomach longs for tarts!



Scene II      The Royal Banquet Hall. Enter in stately procession  
Queen, Maid etc.  
King and Queen take seats at the table.

Queen: (Weeping piteously)

Oh, lack-a-day! What's this I hear?  
The cakes I baked for one so dear  
Have vanished from our mortal sight!  
Send forth and find that graceless wight!

(Falls shrieking on the couch, Maid fans her.  
All weep.)

King:

(Striding up and down)

And by my halidome, I ween  
Such fearful sorrow ne'er was seen!  
My Men-at-arms shall forth be sent  
To find where Knave and tartlets went.

In deepest dungeon, black and long,  
The sinful wretch shall swift be thrown.  
(To Queen) Be comforted, your grief restrain,  
The cakes we shall soon find again.

My Captain of the Guards! What! Ho!  
(Enter--Salute the King. Attention.)  
Search castle, courtyard, high and low!  
The Knave of Hearts our tarts did steal,  
This wretch is under royal ban;  
I'll fortune follows any man  
Who gives him shelter or a bed,  
For off will neatly come his head.

Captain of the Guards:

(Kneeling)

Thy word is law, my King; myself  
Will drag back the wicked elf;  
Such sinfulness I ne'er did see,  
His naughty deed shall punished be!  
(Salute-March out)

## Act II

Scene I Courtyard of the King's palace. An openspace without the walls. Knave discovered sitting on the ground gleefully counting tarts. Laughs and hugs himself with joy.

Knave:

(Mockingly)

"Sugar and spice, and everything nice,  
Raisons and citrons so sweet,  
Mixed all together in fair or foul weather,  
Into tarts for my good King to eat."

(Rises and walks gayly about the cakes, laughing)  
The King, forsooth! He thinks 'twill be the Knave of Hearts  
Who will dine right royally & today. Four and twenty little pies  
Will make me lose that lean and hungry look! Now, I'll  
Begin on Number One. (Sits and munches joyfully on a tart)

(Men-at-arms tiptoe silently in, which spears pointed. Surround  
The Knave in a semi-circle at the rear, while he nibbles and  
laughs. He seems to feel the danger and after a few moments  
glances behind him. Gives a loud shriek and roll over backward.  
Sits up and wails dolefully.)

Captain of the Guards: Behold the varlets! With what greed  
He doth upon King's tartlets feed!

(Knave rolls over in grief. Weeps.  
Kicks feeble in air.)

Captain: (Cont.)  
He hath no shame! Upon his face  
The jam hath left its guilty trace!  
(Men seize the Knave.)

Knave: (Kneeling)  
Good sirs, have mercy! Lack-a-day!  
I surely will not run away!  
(Poke him with spears)  
Leggo my legs! Ouch! Won't you quit?  
A man that's down you shouldn't hit.  
(Wails morosely)

Captain of the Guards: Away with him! We'll hang him high,  
This Knave who well deserves to die!  
Pick up the cakes! The King doth wait  
His dinner is exceeding late!

Curtain

Scene II Audience room of the castle.

(Enter to slow processional music, King, Queen and attendants  
in procession. King and Queen sit on chairs on the throne.)

King: Such thievish tricks shall punished be  
When'er they bring that Knave to me!  
(Sounds of scuffling and wailing without.)

Officer: Behold, O King, with courage high,  
Your men have rescued every pie  
Save one, which this fell varlet bold  
Doth now within his stomach hold. (Exit.)

Knave: (Prostrating himself before King)  
Yea, verily this fearsome pie  
Doth make me feel I am to die!  
Have mercy! Do not vengeance take!  
I've got a fearful tummy ache!

Queen: What meaneth he, the naughty Knave,  
That my good tarts a pain him gave?

Knave: Mercy! Mercy! fair lady!

King: No mercy shown to such as thee!  
Instead, I'll take thee 'cross my knee.  
And paddle thee 'till blue and black  
Upon thy greedy back.  
(Takes Knave across knee and spansks him soundly,  
Knave shrieking and kicking.)

And now kneel down upon the floor  
And promise thou wilt steal no more.

Knave: (Kneeling and weeping;)

Good sir, my King, you nothing lack,  
The tarts save one you nothing lack,  
The one I ate (shrieks) doth pain me sore  
(Shrieks) Queen looks fiercely at him.)

Methinks I'll steal Queen's tarts no more!



Marionettes

The Queen of Hearts

Please return to

Deborah Meader

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Until they are fluffy and light.

A bowl I will need, the raisons to seed,  
The citron to chop very fine;  
Some cinnamon, too, and of cloves just a few,  
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The fire I will make. In the oven they'll bake:  
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Behold the varlets! With what greed  
He doth upon King's tartlets feed!

(Knave rolls over in grief. Weeps.  
Kicks feeble in air.)

Captain:

(Cont.)

He hath no shame! Upon his face  
The jam hath left its guilty trace!  
(Men seize the Knave.)

Knave:

(Kneeling)

Good sirs, have mercy! Lack-a-day!  
I surely will not run away!  
(Poke him with spears)  
Leggo my legs! Ouch! Won't you quit?  
A man that's down you shouldn't hit.  
(Wails mournfully)

Captain of the Guards:

Away with him! We'll hang him high,  
This Knave who well deserves to die!  
Pick up the cakes! The King doth wait  
His dinner is exceeding late!

Curtain

Scene II Audience room of the castle.

(Enter to slow processional music, King, Queen and attendants  
in procession. King and Queen sit on chairs on the throne.)

King:

Such thievish tricks shall punished be  
When'er they bring that Knave to me!  
(Sounds of scuffling and wailing without.)

Officer:

Behold, O King, with courage high,  
Your men have rescued every pie  
Save one, which this fell varlet bold  
Doth now within his stomach hold. (Exit.)

Knave:

(Prostrating himself before King)

Yea, verily this fearsome pie  
Doth make me feel I am to die!  
Have mercy! Do not vengeance take!  
I've got a fearful tummy ache!

Queen:

What meaneth he, the naughty Knave,  
That my good tarts a pain him gave?

Knave:

Mercy! Mercy! fair lady!

King:

No mercy shown to such as thee!  
Instead, I'll take thee 'cross my knee.  
And paddle thee 'till blue and black  
Upon thy greedy back.

(Takes Knave across knee and spansks him soundly,  
Knave shrieking and kicking.)

And now kneel down upon the floor  
And promise thou wilt steal no more.

Knave:

(Kneeling and weeping;)

Good sir, my King, you nothing lack,  
The tarts save one you nothing lack,  
The one I ate (shrieks) doth pain me sore  
(Shrieks) Queen looks fiercely at him.)

Methinks I'll steal Queen's tarts no more!

## THE PIES OF THE PRINCESS

from: Shen of the Sea

by: Arthur Bowie Chrisman

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

### PROLOGUE

Three plump mandarins hid behind a single tiny rose bush. The Chancellor crawled under a chair. All the courtiers fell upon their chins, and shivering, prayed that soft words might prevail.

For no slight reason did they shiver and hide and pray. King Yang Lang was angry. And he was an old fashioned monarch, living in the long ago. Now-a-days, any greasy kitchen lout may tweak a King's beard and go forth to boast of his bravery. But then-a-days, Kings were Kings and their swords were ever sharp.

King Yang Lang was such a ruler and more angry than is good to see. His face was purple and his voice boomed like a battle drum when he talked with the royal Treasurers.

### PIES OF THE PRINCESS

SETTING: GARDEN OF THE PALACE OF KING YANG LANG.

King Y L (booming, angrily) Keeper of the Treasury, has all my gold been used to make weights for fishing lines?

Treasurer (knocking head on pavement) Most glorious and peaceful Monarch, your gold is so plentiful that seven years must pass before I can finish counting the larger bars - ten years more for the smaller.

King (with less harshness) What of Ivory? Has all my ivory been burned for firewood, a pot to boil?

Treasurer (continuing to knock head on pavement) Supreme Ruler of the world and the stars, your ivory completely fills a hundred large and closely guarded vaults.

King (less and less anger) For what reason have you disposed of my jade? Do you mean to say that my jade has been used to build a stable for donkeys?

Treasurer (tapping head 3 times on marble pavement) Oh, powerful potentate, your store of green jade grows larger each day. Your precious white jade is worth more than green and gold and ivory combined. It is all quite safe, under lock and key and watchful spears.

King (voice no louder than thunder.) Then why, tell me, why is my daughter the Princess Chin Uor, not given suitable toys? If the treasury holds gold and ivory and jade, why is my

daughter compelled to use toys of common clay?

Treasurer Monarch, whose word compells the sun to rise, we have pleaded with the wee Princess Chin Uor, we have given her a thousand dolls of solid gold, with silver cradles for each, cradles set with rubies, and the dolls have eyes of lustrous black pearls. For the Princess we have made ivory cat, and ivory mice for the cats to catch--two thousand of each. For the Princess we have fashioned of jads, lovely lossing balls, wonderful dishes and puppy dogs that bark and come when called. Yet the Princess ignores these things--and makes mud pies--and MUD PIES! Mightiest Majesty, I do not know why, unless it may be that the Princess is a girl as well as a Princess.

(Exit Treasurer and the King stands with hands behind him pacing the floor. Enter the Princess, and the Nurse with the wheelbarrow. The Princess has a mud pie in her hands which she offers to the King. The Nurse pushes the wheelbarrow.)

King Littlest and most beautiful daughter, the golden dolls are longing for your touch. Why do you not please them? It is not seemly for a Princess to dabble in clay. Then why do you make pies, even though they be very pretty pies--made of white clay?

Princess Because most honored father, I want to make pies. This nice large one is for your dinner!

King (shocked) Mud pies for a King's dinner? Such nonsense.  
(departs in haste.)

INTERLUDE (Between Act I and Act II.)

And now the story changes. Far away to the west in a mountain named Huge Rocks Piled, the famous dragon Oo Loong, made his home. This fierce dragon was a creature of consuming greed. He was ~~ever~~ hungry and anxious to dine. A rabbit or an elephant--nothing was too large, nothing too small. A turtle or a jelly fish--nothing was too hard, nothing was too soft. A man he considered fine eating. Boys he like somewhat better. Girls? Girls were far superior to boys--in the dragon's opinion.

Much sorrow this ferocious Loong, had created in His Majesty's kingdom. A reward of one hundred silver pieces had been offered for the dragon's horns, two hundred for his ears. Magicians had worked charms to slay him--only themselves to be slain. Hunters had leaded their jingals with yellow paper, and had fired where the dragon was thickest, fired where he was thinnest--only to be eaten--their guns with them. Made angry by the loss of so many people, King Yang Lang marched an army into the Mountain of Huge Rocks Piled. And the army was well armed with thumping drums and fifes and smoking guns.

Then the dragon became doubly furious and ferocious. To punish King Yang Lang, he resolved to visit the palace. That, he knew,



would cause the army to be withdrawn. Accordingly, at the hour of deepest slumber, darksome mid of night, he prowled round Yang Lang's palace, seeking entrance. He had no easy task. Upon the King's door were pictures, also the word "Chi" written in gold. So that door was well protected. The Queen's door likewise was dragon-proof. It was covered with whole sentences taken from the book of Hu Po, master magician. The door that led to where Princess Chin Uor slept was made strong by magic words and symbols. More of Hu Po's sorcery. Useless to prowl there. Dangerous to prowl. The dragon was a knowing beast and prudent. The signs were against him. Hence, he tarried not, but crawled down the hallway to leave.

(The Princess goes on kneading pies and puts them in the wheelbarrow and trundles them to the Palace.)

## ACT II.

Setting: The Palace of King Yang Lang.

Enter the Dragon, Finding it impossible to enter the room of the royal family, he starts to leave, but the princess' wheelbarrow filled with golden dolls and mud pies stand in his way. He breathed on it and the wheelbarrow and dolls melt and the pies turned to stony hardness. His huge mouth opened and his white hot breath rushed forth. In a twinkling the wheelbarrow vanished. The dragon exits.

Enter Treasurer and King.

Treasurer Oh most powerful ruler, our most hated enemy the dragon, Oo Loong, has entered the palace in spite of all the magic words and the symbols of the magicians and the sourcers, and like a buttercake dropped upon the summer sun, the gold was melted, and the wheelbarrow was burned to a cinder of nothingness. The Princess' golden dolls are dolls no longer.

King The Princess Chin Uor has wished her pies to dry and her wish has been granted. (Enter Servant)

Servant Oh light of the seven worlds.

King (motions him to speak.)

Servant Oo Loong has dared to intrude within the royal dwelling. It cannot be doubted he left his footprints in the moulton gold and the gold in hardening has preserved his tracks!

King Let there be more sourcerers and wizards to make more potent charms. If he dares let the reprobate dragon return! Let the reprobate dragon return if he dare!

Servant Pray may the wicked Oo Loong never return. (Exit all)  
(Enter Princess and Nurse.)

Princess I do hope that the nice Ooh Loong will return. He is such a nice oven. I shall make a hundred more pies for his baking!

Nurse Please your royal highness is this one rounded enough?

Servant Please, Princess Chin Uor, shall I scallop the edges a trifle deeper?

Nurse Oh, lovely Princess, shall I imagine that this one contains cherries, or radishes, or whatever it may be that makers of pies would say in a royal kitchen?

Princess Oh, oh, oh, there are a hundred pies made. Let's show them to the King.

Servant Your royal highness, to be exact there are a hundred and one pies.

Nurse The odd one is so thick that we might call it a cake.

Nurse Come, Princess, it grows late and night follows day--a habit that most nights have.

(Exit Princess, Nurse and Servant. Dragon appears. Chuckles.)

Dragon Aha, the soldiers are asleep--as they have been ordered not to be. The hour approaches when clock hands point to the highest sky. I, the mountainous mountain Loogn, am unseen by those who duty is seeing. (chuckles) But What is this? Aha! The King's door! But it is vain to think of entering there as that hodgepodge of magic signs plastered with yellow paper is too great a charm for me to risk. The Queen's door is upside down. It would never do to enter there, for that is the best charm of all. (Looks at Princess' door) The Princess' door is written thick with words to still my heart and circles to dizzy my head. The wizards and magicians have outdone themselves upon that door. I dare not take a second glance--my limbs are growing weak--I must hasten from this spell guarded threshold, (Dragon at window - cautiously) Here, is a hole in the wall! It is unguarded by charm, by spell, or by soldiers. Mahap I can gain entrance here. (Puts foot on ledge - crash - smash - clatter - knocks dry pies to floor.)

O (Nurse (awakens and screams) Save us! Save us!

F (

F (Princess Shoo! Shoo!

(

S (Servants: Light the green fires! Let the dragon come if he dares! Help!  
T (Help! Help! Help! (Dragon vanishes) (King enters with  
A (golden torch.)

G (King Ah! The Loong has been routed; the Loong has been routed!

E (

(Princess (mournfully and fretfully) My pies are all broken, all, all broken. I had placed them in the wing-dow. And the wicked dragon knocked them down and broke them into a million slivers.

(King and Treasurer enter)

King (cheerfully and exultant) Your pies, my daughter, are excellent food--Let no one deny it. But even better are they to give warning of the dragon's nearness. Your pies have provided me with a wonderful idea! Hereafter we need have no fear of the Loong. Ho! General! Awaken your soldiers again! Let them march to the river.

Treasurer Oh, great and wise King, for a week let the army do no other labor than make mud pies and bake them, to stony hardness in a giant oven. Then we will place them throughout the palace on tables, chairs, and windows--chests, chairs high, and low and everywhere, even on the chimney tops.

King Yes, most valued Treasurer, by thus doing, the slightest mistep to the prowling dragon will cause a din most tremendous.

Curtain!!!

#### EPILOGUE

Now, in the reign of the Emperor Ming, a crazed and knavish fellow, known to the world as Wing Dow, invented a contrivance called by him "Look-through-the-wall", but which we of today call a window. His invention gave the Emperor Ming a severe cold and although Wing Dow came within a sword's width of losing his ears, Look-through-the-wall became popular. There were many such to be found in King Yang Lang's palace. The hole in the wall through which the Dragon entered the palace was one of these Look-through-the-walls or windows, which, of course, the dragon had never seen before.

After the dragon had visited the palace and the soldiers had made numberless numbers of mud pies, they were placed in every spot that a dragon might place his sofa cushion foot.

The royal dining table was a shining whiteness, covered with mud pies. So numerous were the pies of the Princess that no room remained for food, but that was a cause for worry. The King merely ordered that his rice be placed upon a baked clay pie.

Mandarins who visited the palace were much surprised at what they saw-- a King eating from common clay. Nevertheless, their own tables were soon covered with Princess Chin Uor's pies, for the King, of course, set all fashions.

And so we modern peoples speak of our plates and cups and saucers as China, China? Is it, Yes or No? China is merely our way of pronouncing Chin Uor. Our plates are merely thin copies of Princess Chin Uor's pies.

*Dramatized*  
*By* - DEBORAH MEADER

*Hand Puppets*

PUPPET SHOP

748 Goodrich Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

Dale 3949

RED RIDING HOOD

(Puppet play in three scenes)

Scene I Place: By Red Riding Hood's house.

Red Riding Hood's Mother discovered by her home -- calls --  
Daughter, daughter. (Mother on left hand)

R.R.Hood: (From off stage). Yes, Mother. (On right hand)

Mother: It is time for you to go to Granny's house now.

R.R.Hood: All right, I'm coming (Enters right).

Mother: Put on your little red riding hood and bring the basket from the shelf.

R.R.Hood: I'm ready (Enters with basket on arm)

Mother: How sweet you look in the hood and cape that Granny made for you. I think I'll call you my Little Red Riding Hood. (Pats her on shoulder.)

R.R.Hood: Granny is so good to me, I would like to go see her all by myself. May I?

Mother: I must pick my currants for my jelly this morning and I do want her to have this fresh bread, jelly and this bottle of cordial.

R.R.Hood: (Clapping her hands.) Oh, goody, goody. May I go by myself?

Mother: Yes, but you must be very carefully and not stray from the path.

R.R.Hood: Yes, I will.

Mother: You must start now for it is getting late. Perhaps you'll see father chopping out that old stump in the forest. Goodbye Little Red Riding Hood. (Kisses her).



R.R.Hood: Goodbye, Mother, dear. (Exit R.R.Hood, left, behind Mother)

Mother: I hate to see her go off alone. I'll be worried every minute until she gets back.

Curtain.

Scene II The Forest

R.R.Hood's father discovered, chopping a stump and whistling.

(Father on left hand. Enter R. R. Hood, right)

R.R.Hood: Hello, Father, dear, you sound as tho' you were having a good time.

Father: This old stump will make good firewood. But what are you doing in the forest alone?

R.R.Hood: Mother is letting me go to Granny's house with some - (looks in basket) Oh yes, a loaf of bread, some jelly and a bottle of cordial.

Father: That's good. Your Granny is always doing nice things for you, and it is right that you should do something for her.

R.R.Hood: She made me this little red hood and cape. (Turns around) Mother calls me Little Red Riding Hood -- Do you think that is a good name for me, Father.

Father: Yes, I do, but you must be carefully going thru the forest alone. Don't talk to any one you meet.

R.R.Hood: No, I won't.

Father: Well, I must move on the the next stump. Goodbye, Little Red Riding Hood.

R.R.Hood: Goodbye, Father, dear.

(Father exits left.)

R.R.Hood: Oh, these are such pretty flowers. I think I'll pick some for Granny. (Moves about the stage stooping to pick the flowers.) Sings to herself

"Little Jack Horner  
Sat in a corner  
Eating his Christmas pie,  
He put in his thumb  
And pulled out a plum  
And said what a big boy am I."

(Enter wolf - right)

Wolf: Good morning (bows). What a pretty song! What is your name, my sweet little girl?

R.R.Hood: Good morning, sir. My name is Little Red Riding Hood.

Wolf: Where are you going this beautiful morning?

R.R.Hood: I'm going to my granny's house to take this basket of good things that Mother is sending her.

Wolf: (Looking in the basket) They look good but you look better — you look good enough to eat.

R.R.Hood: Oh, I know. That's what my Mother says. Oh, I forgot. My father said I must not talk to any one.

Wolf: Oh, I know your father. He wouldn't mind me. I simply love little girls.

R.R.Hood: I really must be going. (Beginning to be frightened.)

Wolf: Perhaps we'll meet again soon.

R.R.Hood: Goodbye. (Exit hastily.)

Wolf: We'll meet again very soon if I have my say. I know a short cut and I can reach her Granny's house before she does. Then I'll have a fine dinner.

Curtain

Scene III Red Riding Hood's Grandmother's House.

Wolf (at left) discovered in Grandmother's bed with night cap on. (A handkerchief, doubled over his head and around his neck will make the night cap and gown.) A knock at the door is heard.

Wolf: Who is there?

R.R.Hood: It is Red Riding Hood, Granny. May I come in?

Wolf: Lift the latch, open the door and come in.

(R.R.Hood enters - right)

R.R.Hood: Oh, Granny, are you ill?

Wolf: Come here, my child, it does me good to see you.  
(R.R.Hood advances toward the bed.)

R.R.Hood: Oh, Grandmother, what big ears you have.

Wolf: The better to hear you with, my child.

R.R.Hood: Oh, Grandmother, what big eyes you have.

Wolf: The better to see you with, my child.

R.R.Hood: Oh, Grandmother, what a big nose you have.

Wolf: The better to smell you with, my child.

R.R.Hood: Oh, Grandmother (begins to cry) What a big mouth you have.

Wolf: The better to eat you up with, my child. (Jumps out of bed.)

R.R.Hood: (Calls) Father! Father! (Runs toward door - Wolf catches her - she calls again) Father!

Enter Woodcutter (Left)

Woodcutter: What's going on here? (Rushes to Wolf and kills him with his ax) There, take that, you wicked wolf, and that and that.

R.R.Hood: (Throwing arms about him) Oh, Father, I'm so glad that you heard me call.

Woodcutter: That bad fellow will never bother any one again.

R.R.Hood: Is he dead. (Both look at Wolf)

Woodcutter: (Pushes him off stage) Yes, my dear, he deserves his bad end.

R.R.Hood: He was a wicked, wicked wolf.

CURTAIN

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD

A PLAY FOR MARIONETES IN THREE SCENES?

*or Hand Puppets*  
by Anne Stoddard

SCENE I. DAME RIDING-HOOD'S KITCHEN

DAME RIDING-HOOD is discovered standing by a table, mixing dough in a bowl. As she kneads it, she sings. A chair is beside the table.

DAME RIDING-HOOD. (Singing)

Jack and Jill  
Went up the hill  
To fetch a pail of water;  
Jack fell down  
And broke his crown  
And Jill came tumbling after!

(ENTER GOODMAN RIDING-HOOD.)

GOODMAN RIDING-HOOD. Your song sounds cheerful, Wife. (DAME RIDING-HOOD drops a curtsey.) I heard you singing all the way over the hill where I was cutting down a tree, and then I remembered that it is baking day. I am getting hungry! It's A long time since breakfast. (He sings.)

Jack and Jill  
Went up the hill  
To fetch a pail of water;  
Jack fell down  
And broke his crown  
And Jill came tumbling after!

DAME RIDING-HOOD. La, now! And you had three herrings for breakfast! What's the world coming to? But there! Men are always hungry, I know. Here's a little tart just out of the oven. (SHE PUSHES A TART THAT STANDS ON THE TABLE TOWARDS HIM.)

GOODMAN RIDING-HOOD. Good! I fancied you were baking something tasty. (HE SITS DOWN AND EATS.) Where's our little daughter?

DAME RIDING-HOOD. she is out of doors, playing with her dog. (SHE GOES TO THE DOOR AND CALLS.) Red Riding-Hood! Red Riding-Hood! Red Riding-Hood!

(RED RIDING-HOOD BOUNDS IN, FOLLOWED BY HER DOG, WHO FRISKS ABOUT HER.)

RED RIDING-HOOD. Oh, dear Mother! Oh, dear Father! (TO THE DOG.) Go down, Tommy Tucker! Mother, Tommy has learned a new trick. Shall he show it to you?

GOODMAN RIDING-HOOD. Yes



DAME RIDING-HOOD. Yes, show us, Little Red Riding-Hood.

RED RIDING-HOOD. Well, then, I will. Now, Tommy Tucker, do your best and you know what you shall have. Good old Tommy! Now--remember! (SHE HOLD UP HER HAND AND REPEATS)

Little Tommy Tucker  
Beg for your supper! (THE DOG HOWLS.)  
RED RIDING-HOOD.

Little Tomy Tucker  
Sing for your Supper (THE DOG HOWLS.)  
There, Mother, doesn't he do that nicely? Now you shall have your bone, good doggie! Come along! (SHE RUNS OUT, FOLLOWED BY THEFRISKING DOG.)

DAME RIDING-HOOD. How our little girls is growing! I think I will send her over to her Grandmother's this morning with some of these tarts and a dozen new-laid eggs.

GOODMAN RIDING-HOOD. That's a good idea. And when I finish chopping down the big hemlock tree on the hill, I'll carry a bunch of faggots over to the old lady. She's poorly and we ought to do everything we can for her.

DAME RIDING-HOOD. Yes, she is sick abed, poor old lady. Perhaps it will cheer her up to see Red Riding-hood. She is such a dear little girl. (SHE HESITATES A MOMENT.) But she will have to go through the wood. It is a lonely path. Suppose something should happen to her? It frightens me to think of it.

GOODMAN RIDING-HOOD. Nonsense, Wife. (HE RISES FROM THE TABLE.) You are always supposing and supposing, and nothing ever happens. Besides, I shall be in the wood myself, chopping. You forget that.

DAME RIDING-HOOD. Very well, then--'though I don't fee easy about it. Here comes the child. (RED RIDING-HOOD ENTERS.) How would you like to go to see your Granny this morning, Red Riding-Hood? And take her a little basket of eggs and some tarts and a glass of jelly?

RED RIGING-HOOD. Oh, goody, goody! (SHE JUMPS UP AND DOWN. TOMMY JUMPS TOO AND BARKS.)

DAME RIDING-HOOD. Come into the pantry, then, and I will give you your basket. It is all ready. I packed it as soon as breakfast was over.

(EXIT DAME RIDING-HOOD AND RED RIDING-HOOD. THEY RETURN AT ONCE? RED RIDING-HOOD WITH A BASKET? COVERED WITH A NAPKIN? ON HER LEFT ARM. WHILE THEY ARE OFF STAGE? GOODMAN RIDING-HOOD DANCES ABOUT? "JACK AND JILL?" etc.)

DAME RIDING-HOOD. Be sure to ask your Granny how she is feeling to-day; and offer to sweep up the hearth with the little broom, or to fetch her anything she wants.

RED RIDING-HOOD. Yes, Mother. Good-bye, Mother! Good-bye, Father!

DAME RIDING-HOOD. Good-bye Red Riding-Hood. Go straight along the wood path to your Granny's house and don't linger along the way.

GOODMAN RIDING-HOOD. Good-bye, little daughter!

(RED RIDING-HOOD DANCES OUT, FOLLOWED BY THE FRISKING DOG.)

DAME RIDING-HOOD. Oh, take care! Take care! You will break the eggs and spill the jelly!

RED RIDING-HOOD. Forgive m, dear Mother. I will be, oh so careful.

(THE PARENTS WAVE THEIR HANDS TO HER.)

GOODMAN RIDING-HOOD. Well, I must be getting back to work. Some folks might say it was a hard life, chopping wood--plenty of work and little enough money--but I like it. I like to hear the birds singing in the woods, to watch the bright clouds and to listen to the sweet sound of the breezes talking to the trees. Kings on their thrones don't have time for such things, Mother. Well, I must be going. (HE WAVES AND GOES OUT.)

#### CURTAIN

#### SCENE II. THE WOOD.

OUTDOOR BACK-DROP IS USED. THERE IS A LARGE STONE IN THE FOREGROUND.

Red Riding\*Hood COMES SLOWLY THROUGH THE TREES WITH HER DOG. Tommy Tucker CHASES IMAGINARY RABBITS DASHING ABOUT WITH SHARP BARKING.

RED RIDING-HOOD. Oh, you funny little dog. (SHE LAUGHS.) Come here, Tommy Tucker, you silly puppy. What are you about? There are no rabbits behind that rock.

TOMMY TUCKER. Wow! Woof!

RED RIDING-HOOD. Do you want to play "Bow, Wow, Wow"? (Tommy WAGS HIS TAIL AND CAPERS ABOUT.) Very well, then. I'll sit down on this stone and rest a little. I'm sure Mother won't mind, for it's a long way to Granny's house, isn't it, Tommy? And I am tired. The basket is heavy, too. (SHE SEATS HERSELF ON THE ROCK.) How pretty it is here with all the violets and mayflowers!

TOMMY TUCKER. Bow Wow!

RED RIDING-HOOD. All right, if you want to. Ready? (TOMMY STANDS ALERT. RED RIDING-HOOD RAISES HER HAND.) Ready? Bow! Wow! Wow! (SHORT, SHARP.) Whose dog art thou?

TOMMY TUCKER. Bow! Wow! Wow! (HE IMITATES WITH A SHARP BARK.)

RED RIDING-HOOD. Little Tom Tinker's dog!  
Bow! Wow! Wow!

TOMMY TUCKER. Bow! Wow! Wow!

RED RIDING-HOOD. Good doggie! Good Tommy! (SHE PATS HIM.) I wish I had a bone or a piece of cake to give you, but Mother wouldn't like it, if I took anything out of Granny's basket.

TOMMY TUCKER. Ur--ghrr--ghrr--ghrr-- (HE GROWLS AND LOOKS DOWN THE PATH.)

RED RIDING-HOOD. What's the matter, Tommy? Don't be naughty. What is it?

(ENTER THE WOLF. RED RIDING-HOOD JUMPS UP IN ALARM AND RETREATS A PACE OR TWO.)

THE WOLF. Good-morning, Red Riding-Hood.

RED RIDING-HOOD. (POLITELY.) GOOD-morning, Sir! (TOMMY GROWLS)

THE WOLF. You are looking bonny, Red Riding-Hood--very juicy, I might say. Where are you going this fine morning?

RED RIDING-HOOD. I am going to my granny's house.

THE WOLF. And where is your granny's house?

RED RIDING-HOOD. Over there at the end of the path. See! You can just see the smoke from the chimney curling over the tree tops.

THE WOLF. Yes, yes, I see, I see. And your granny? Is she a plump old lady? A nice, fat, juicy old lady?

RED RIDING-HOOD. Oh, no, sir! She is quite, quite thin. But she is a nice granny. She bakes cookies for me when she is well. To-day she is sick abed.

THE WOLF. So that's it? Sick abed, is she? What have you in your basket?

RED RIDING-HOOD. Little tarts and a dozen eggs and a glass of jelly for granny. I have walked very slowly and very carefully, so as not to break the eggs, or spill the jelly.

THE WOLF. (SNIFFING AT THE BASKET.) I like tarts! I like jelly, too, but I like little girls better. You're a plump little girl.

RED RIDING-HOOD. (BACKING AWAY IN ALARM.) I must be going. Come, Tommy. (TOMMY GROWLS.)

THE WOLF. Not so fast, not so fast. I may have something to say about that. (THE RINGING STROKES OF AN AXE ARE HEARD.) What's that noise?



RED RIDING HOOD. Oh, that is my father's axe. He is cutting down a big tree on the hill.

THE WOLF. Oh, ho! That makes a difference in my plans--I didn't know your father was so near. I think I'll be on my way, Red Riding Hood. I run very fast and perhaps I shall see you again. You are such a juicy, tender little girl. I love you enough to eat you up, Red Riding-Hood. (HE LOPES AWAY IN THE DIRECTION OF THE GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE.)

RED RIDING-HOOD. Mother sometimes says she would like to eat me up, too--but it sounds different, when she says it. I don't like Mr. Wolf very much, do you, Tommy?

CURTAIN

SCENE III THE GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE.

A CLOSET WITH OPEN TOP AND WITHOUT ANY BACK IS PLACED STAGE-LEFT, AS FAR FROM AS POSSIBLE. THE DOOR OF THE CLOSET STANDS OPEN. THE GRANDMOTHER IS IN BED. SHE COUGHS AND TURNS OVER.

GRANDMOTHER. Deary me! Deary me! Deary me! (SHE COUGHS AGAIN. THE WOLF KNOCKS ON THE DOOR.) Who's there?

THE WOLF. It is little Red Riding-Hood with a basket of goodies.

GRANDMOTHER. Press the latch, open the door, and walk in.

(THE WOLF OPENS THE DOOR AND THE GRANDMOTHER SCREAMS AND JUMPS OUT OF BED. THE WOLF MAKES A BOUND FOR HER AND CHASES HER AROUND THE ROOM WITH GREAT SNARLING AND SCREAMING. HE DRIVES HER INTO THE CLOSET AND SLAMS THE DOOR. SOUND OF SLAMMING DOOR BACK-STAGE. THE OPERATOR REACHES A HAND INTO THE CLOSET FROM THE BACK AND CLOSES THE DOOR? REMOVING THE GRANDMOTHER? UNTIL SHE IS NEEDED LATER IN THE SCENE.)

GRANDMOTHER. (HER VOICE COMES FAINTLY FROM THE CLOSET.) Are you going to eat me up Mr. Wolf? Please, please do not eat me.

THE WOLF. Eat you up? not a bit of it. You are much too thin for a hungry wolf to make a dinner of! Hardly two mouthfuls on you. No, indeed! I am waiting for your sweet, tasty little granddaughter. There's a good meal for you--a de-licious meal!

(THE GRANDMOTHER GROANS.)

THE WOLF. Where is your cap, old woman? Tell me instantly, or I will bite your head off!

GRANDMOTHER. Upstairs in the bureau drawer. (THE WOLF DASHES OUT, STAGE-LEFT. A KNOCKING IS HEARD AT THE DOOR. HE DASHES BACK WITH THE CAP ON AND CLIMBS INTO BED.)

RED RIDING-HOOD. (OUTSIDE\*\*SHE KNOCKS REPEATEDLY.) Let me in, granny. It is little Red Riding-Hood come to wish you good-morning!



THE WOLF. Press the latch, open the door, and walk in.

(ENTER RED RIDING-HOOD, FOLLOWED BY HER DOG.)

RED RIDING-HOOD. Good-morning, dear Granny. How are you today?  
Mother has sent you a basket full of goodies--little tarts, eggs  
and a glass of jelly. (SHE APPROACHES THE BED AND SHRINKS BACK.)  
Oh, Grandmother! What big ears you have!

9(THE DOG GIVES A SHARP YIP AND RUNS OUT OF THE OPEN DOOR.)

THE WOLF. All the better to hear you with, my dear!

RED RIDING-HOOD. What big eyes you have, Grandmother!

THE WOLF. All the better to see you with, my child!

RED RIDING-HOOD. (WHIMPERING.) But--but--Grandmother--what a big  
nose you have!

THE WOLF. All the better to smell you with, my child!

(HE RISES IN BED.)

RED RIDING-HOOD. (CRYING.) And what big teeth you have, Grandmother!

THE WOLF. All the better to eat you up with, my child. (HE SPRINGS  
OUT OF BED AND MAKES A DASH FOR RED RIDING-HOOD. SHE SCREAMS  
AND RUNS OUT. THE BASKET IS REMOVED FROM HER ARM.)

(ENTER GOODMAN RIDING-HOOD? STAGE-RIGHT? WITH HIS AXE. HE IS  
FOLLOWED BY TOMMY TUCKER.)

GOODMAN RIDING-HOOD. (STRIKING THE WOLF WITH THE AXE.) Take that,  
you wicked wolf! And that! (THE FIGHT, WITH GREAT SNARLING  
FROM THE WOLF, WHO IS KILLED BY GOODMAN RIDING-HOOD.)  
(HE KICKS THE DEAD WOLF OFF THE STAGE.)

RED RIDING-HOOD. (ENTERS.) Oh, Father! Father! Father!  
(SHE RUNS TO HIM.)

GOODMAN RIDING-HOOD. Don't be frightened, little Red Riding-Hood.  
The wicked wolf is dead. I killed him with my good axe. But  
where is your grandmother?

RED RIDING-HOOD. I do not know. (CALLING.) Granny! Granny!

GRANDMOTHER. Here I am--in the closet. Let me out! Undo the door!

GOODMAN RIDING-HOOD. (OPEN THE DOOR AND THE GRANDMOTHER COMES OUT.) Well, mother, I am glad to see you safe and sound. But if it had not been for Tommy Tucker here, who came to fetch me, I might ~~ha~~ not have been in time to save out little girl from the wolf.

GRANDMOTHER. You are a good dog, Tommy--a fine, brave dog. Grandmother has a bone for you! (TOMMY CAPERS ABOUT PROUDLY.)

RED RIDING-HOOD. I brought you a basket, dear Granny, that mother sent you; and I didn't break any of the eggs, or spill any of the jelly.

GRANDMOTHER. Bless the dear child. Thank you, my dear!

RED RIDING-HOOD. I am so happy, so, so happy, that the old wolf is dead!

GRANDMOTHER. So are we all happy, all very happy, that the wicked wolf is dead. Something always happens to wicked people--they always come to a bad end.

RED RIDING-HOOD. Let us dance a little, because we are happy! What do you say, Granny? Come on, dear Granny! Come on, dear father! All take hands this way. Here we go--

(THEY DANCE AND SING "HEY, DIDDLE, DIDDLE," etc.)

curtain.

## THE TINDER BOX.

Dramatised by Mary Alice Kane

A play for <sup>Land</sup> puppets in six scenes, based on the Fairy Tale of the same name.

Scene I. A Road.

Scene II. Hall at bottom of the tree.

Scene III. Same as Scene I.

Scene IV. A Carpet Room.

Scene V. The Soldier's handsome quarters.

Scene VI. Prison and Courtyard.

### CHARACTERS.

Soldier  
Witch  
Copper Dog  
Silver Dog  
Gold Dog  
Princess  
Cobbler's Boy  
King  
Queen

### PROPERTIES

Tree  
Apron  
Rope  
Copper Chest and Bag of Copper  
Silver Chest and Bag of Silver  
Gold Chest and Bag of Gold  
Tinder Box  
Sword  
Table for Attic with candle.  
Chair for attic.  
Fine chair  
Prison  
Gallows

THE TINDER BOX

SCENE I

A road. A large tree on one side of the stage. Enter a soldier with a knapsack and a sword. He marches across the stage.

- Soldier Left--right--left--right! (Comes to a stop as the witch appears.)
- Witch Good evening, soldier. What a fine sword you have!
- Soldier Right you are, Goody. Many a time it has saved my life from my enemies.
- Witch (Comes closer to him) What a big knapsack! Truly you are every inch a soldier.
- Soldier Thank you, old witch. (bows)
- Witch Such a fine upstanding young man who has fought so well for his country should be handsomely rewarded. What would you say if I shared my fortune with you?
- Soldier I would say that you were the most generous old witch I had ever clapped eyes on.
- Witch And that I will be if you do as I tell you. Do you see that large tree over there? It is quite hollow inside and if you look sharp you will see a hole through which you can let yourself down to the bottom of it.
- Soldier (Observing the tree) A fine idea. But pray tell, once I am in, how am I to get myself out?
- Witch That is easy. I'll just tie a rope around your waist then I can pull you up whenever you call out to me. Are you ready?
- Soldier (Looking down inside the tree) Ready enough! What shall I do down in the tree?
- Witch Fetch up the fortune I am going to divide with you.
- Soldier But I still can't believe that there's not a hitch somewhere. How do I begin?
- Witch Well, first, of course, I put on the rope. Then you slide down the tree until you come to a cave with three doors.
- Soldier Pray tell, what is behind the three doors?
- Witch Just you wait. When you open the first door you will see a chest with a dog sitting on the cover. His eyes are as big as teacups. But such a brave soldier as you need have no fear of dogs. Do not mind Brownie. Just spread my apron on the floor and set the dog on it. Open the chest and take out as much money as you like. Of course, the money in that chest is only copper money. If you prefer silver, why then go on to the second room. There you'll find a dog with eyes as big as mill wheels. But if its gold you prefer as is more than likely, go inside the third room. Do not be afraid, but always be sure to put the dogs back where they belong and close the doors.
- Soldier That is not so bad. But what you will want in return, is the question. Surely you will not do all this for nothing.
- Witch What? Haven't I told you what a right and proper soldier I thought you? Remember I am an old woman and my days of climbing are over. What I ask of you therefore, is that you bring me an old tinder box which my grandmother left there for me years ago. Now that I too am old, I shall find it very useful. Heh--heh--heh.
- Soldier The task seems too easy. Perhaps you're not as wicked as you look. Well, tie the rope around my waist, but I warn you, if you are deceiving me, when I get back, off will come your head.
- Witch What a joker you are. Here, don't forget the apron, you will need it if you are to control the dogs.
- Soldier Ready---down I go!
- Witch He little knows that once the magic tinder box is in my hands, he will be in my power. (Laughs)

CURTAIN

SCENE II

Large hall with three doors. Soldier has just stepped into the room and is brushing himself as the curtain opens.

- Soldier Well, well, well. I've landed and no broken bones yet. Here is the first door, so I might as well try my luck with dogs. I shall try this door first. (Opens door---brown dog appears holding chest.)
- Dog Woof--woof--woof. (Continues barking at inter als.)
- Soldier Now, now doggie. Stop your barking, we are going to be friends. I'm sure you never saw a soldier in your life before. Come along now. Stop your barking and sit right on this apron. That's a good doggie.
- Dog Barks. (Sits on apron.)



-2-

Soldier Come along, it will only be for a moment. I want to open this chest. There we are.  
(Opens chest) Swords and fishhooks! Look at the copper. Just as she said.

Dog Barks.

Soldier You are a fine little comrade. So back you go. I think I will have a look at the other fellows before I go. Here is the second door! (Opens door) Dog appears with chest--barking louder than the first one) Here! Here!

Dog Barks

Soldier See here, my good Silvertop, don't you stare at me so. You'll strain your eyes. I'm not so sure that I care for you.

Dog Barks

Soldier Come now, Silvertop, please pose for me on this apron.

Dog (Barks and sits on the apron.)

Soldier Good enough. Now please sit still.

Dog Barks

Soldier Just a minute old fellow. That's a nice lot of silver. All right, back you go.  
(Dog goes back into room.) One more door. (Opens last door.) Hello, Goldtop.  
(Barks very loudly)

Soldier Such a loud bark. (Dog jumps around) You are just as noisy as the rest.

Dog Barks

Soldier Step on this apron, my good noble doggie.

Dog Barks

Soldier Good doggie, Gadzooks and fishes--buttons and braids. Gold! Gold--gold--and more gold! Off you go! Goodbye doggie. Goldtop you have made my fortune. With this, good friend, I'm for seeing the world. How I wish I had two suits on and twice as big a pair of boots. However, I've filled every pocket I've got, so now for a chat with the witch.

#### CURTAIN

#### SCENE III

The road. Soldier as he comes back to the witch. He is holding a lot of money.

Soldier Back again. Look at my gold. It is really quite a pile. (Throws bag of gold on ground.)

Witch Indeed you have done handsomely by yourself. You are just the brave strong soldier I thought you were. And now, Sir, what about my tinder box?

Soldier The tinder box! Heavens above! Those dogs put the thought of it out of my mind. But tell me, Goody, what will you do with the tinder box when I do bring it?

Witch (Coming closer) That's no business of yours, young man. You wanted money and you got it. I want the tinder box.

Soldier But surely there can be no harm in telling me what you are going to do with it?

Witch I have said that is no business of yours. One more word from you, and I'll put you under a cursed spell!

Soldier Aha, just as I thought! You are a wicked witch. Tell me your plans quickly, or I'll cut off your head.

Witch My plans, fiddlesticks--You wretched, ungrateful, soldier, Hokus, pokus!

Soldier (Raises sword and cuts off witch's head.) Wretched, ungrateful, soldier indeed! Good noble soldier is what I am. The world is well rid of you and your wicked spells. No more will we have of her wicked ways. Well, now, I must be on my way to celebrate. Who'd have supposed this would have been such a lucky day? Here it is only ten o'clock, I've killed a witch and found a fortune. Let's see, shall I live at the best hotel or shall I take a suite at the Royal Palace? This remains to be decided. There is one thing I am convinced I must do very soon. I must meet the beautiful Princess. She's been locked up in the tower for fifteen years. It's time somebody rescued her. But first--the tinder box! (Climbs in tree.)

#### CURTAIN

SCENE IV.

Garret room. The soldier is sitting at a table with only a few coins. The tinder box is on the table.

- Soldier Alas and alack! Three weeks have passed and now I'm no better off than I was before I met the witch and rescued the tinder box. (Walks to the table and picks up the coins.) Such a few coins. Such a poor house. Ah, what adventures I had while I lived in handsome quarters at the Hotel Royal. The memory of those happy days makes it seem even colder in here. The fire is almost out. Perhaps a bit of candle would cheer me up. Sure enough, there is a bit of candle left. (Opens tinder box.) There's still one last match left in my tinder box. That is lucky. (Strikes match on box--dog appears.)
- Dog What are your lordship's commands?
- Soldier Lordship? Lordship? What's this? Where did you come from?
- Dog I am a slave of the capital tinder box that you have. You have only to strike a light on the side of it to obtain whatever you wish for. Good sir, I am yours to command.
- Soldier Fortune again smiles. That witch was a crafty one. What luck for me to have found such a treasure. Friend, away and get me some money. (Dog drops out of sight and returns in a moment with bag of copper.) What a magic box I have.
- Dog If you would rather have silver, strike the tinder box twice and Silvertop will serve you.
- Soldier Is there no more gold?
- Dog Certainly. But you must strike the tinder box three times for gold.
- Soldier Three times it shall be then. (Soldier strikes and dog brings up money. Dog drops out of sight.) Money, money, money! What a grand feeling it is to be rich again, but if I can't see the beautiful Princess, I don't know that even gold matters much after all. I wonder if my tinder box could help me? Let's have a try. (Strikes and the dog appears.) See here, my good fellow. There is a Princess in the kingdom that I would like very much to see.
- Dog Very well. Do you wish to go to the palace or do you wish her to be brought here?
- Soldier Where would be best, I think.
- Dog Arrangements shall be made in the wink of an eye. (Dog comes back with princess in his arms.)
- Soldier What back already? You are a dog of your word. What a beautiful Princess. I shall never be happy till I see her every day in the palace. Walk softly, don't awaken her; she would be frightened to find herself in new quarters. As for me, I must get my trunks and be off to better quarters.

CURTAIN

SCENE V.

Palace Hotel. The home of the soldier. There are two windows in the backdrop.

The Princess is seated and the Soldier is standing close by the Princess.

- Princess I am afraid, My good Soldier, that my lady's maid will be anxious about me. How dreadful it has been to be locked up in the tower all these years. What does it matter when I marry? Why does the king treat me so? I would gladly let him rule as I might even have gone away to another kingdom. But, if he finds I have escaped, no telling how he will punish both of us.
- Soldier You need not worry. We will get you back safely. No one need know that you have been making me a call. You are so beautiful; more beautiful than any Princess I have ever dreamed of.
- Princess And to think that you were only a dream. But I grow fearful for both of us. The Royal Guard will soon be searching for me throughout the kingdom. You know you are only a soldier, and the king has decided that I must marry a Prince.
- Dog (Enter dog and rushes to window) Look the Royal Guard! They are coming this way. Stand back!
- Princess Oh, sir. I am so afraid. I should never have come and yet---
- Soldier Do not be afraid. Although the Queen followed my dog and found my quarters, she only marked the door with a cross. (Dog looks out of window.)
- Princess Marked your door? Oh, you will be killed.

Soldier No, never, for we have outwitted her. My trusty dog has marked all the doors in the village in exactly the same way. She shall never find us.

Dog Hark! Someone is coming. It's the Queen herself with the guard. They are looking for the door--and the cross. I can see her down the street.

Princess Is she coming here? Oh, protect me, Soldier.

Dog Hark! Stand still, she is but two doors away. (They all hide.)

Soldier Be quite still. She will go by. (Queen passes window.)

Dog Hurrah! She has passed us by.

Soldier Just as I told you.

Princess Don't you think I had better go now?

Dog The Princess is right. I think she had better get back to the Palace before the Queen arrives there.

Princess Oh, woe, is me. How kind you really are. What does it matter if you are not a Prince. You are as good a soldier as you are handsome, that I am sure of.

Soldier Never fear, Princess. I shall always love you, and I will never give you up till I have won you.

Dog I must take you back now, but I will come back again for you tomorrow.

Princess Goodbye, my Princely soldier, until tomorrow.

Soldier Goodbye, my Princess.

# CURTAIN

## SCENE VI.

Courtyard. Soldier can be seen behind bars. Gibbet is on one side of the stage. Soldier is looking through the bars.

Soldier The Queen was trickier than I thought. Oh, if I only had my tinder box. How long it seems until morning. The heartless queen. The Princess told me her mother would find me--and oh, my beautiful Princess! Why couldn't I have been a Prince instead of a soldier? (Cobbler's boy hurries on stage) Here you, Cobbler's boy!

Cob. Boy What do you want?

Soldier You need not hurry so fast. You will see nothing exciting at the gallows until I come out. Run to my room at the inn where I lived, and fetch me my tinder box. It's on the table in plain sight. I will give you tuppence if you step lively.

Cob. Boy Tuppence? Tuppence? Bah! Running your errand would probably cost me my head.

Soldier No, no, this tuppence and the tinder box, the pair of them shall save me. Once free, I'll not forget you, that is part of the bargain.

Cob. Boy Very good, Sir, if it's to be that kind of a bargain, I'll hurry I promise you. (Boy runs out.)

Soldier Yonder the country folks are coming over the hill. And there inside the wall is my gibbet. Soon the king and queen will be arriving to see me hanged. The jailer said it would be at eight. Will they bring the Princess, I wonder---(Boy returns)

Cob. Boy Here, sir, take your box. I'm off before I'm caught and jailed too.

Soldier Put the box on the floor. Here's tuppence. (Boy takes money.)

Cob. Boy Thank you, Sir. (EXIT) (Enter King and Queen)

King The gibbet is ready, I see.

Queen Yes, hanging is too good for one so wicked. If I had my way, he should be whipped and turned out into the forest. Think of it--him, a common soldier and wanting to marry our Princess. Now that I am satisfied that all is in readiness, I shall return to see that the royal guard has entirely surrounded the palace.

King Never fear, I'll run no risks of his escaping. At the stroke of eight I shall lead him out. I, too, shall be the one to hang him. (Unlocks the prison.) Come out, Soldier.

Soldier Good morning, your Majesty.

King Good morning, indeed--good morning, good day, and good riddance to rascal. You see your gibbet? It is a good gibbet, and does its duty well.

Soldier Yes, your Majesty. I've no doubt on that score.

King It is the custom of this kingdom to grant to every criminal one last request before he is hanged. Well, Sir, what is yours?

Soldier Thank you, your Majesty. It is very kind of you to grant me a last wish. I'm sure I almost think I'm beginning to like this kingdom.

King None of your nonsense. If you have a wish, speak your mind. If not, keep silence and off to the gibbet.

Soldier Well, then methinks I would like to have one last smoke before I die.

King Spoken like the common soldier you are? However, fools wishes and a last smoke shall be granted you.

Soldier (Picks up tinder box and strikes for dog) Faithful friends, help me now so that I shan't be hanged.

Dog Here I am master! And the other dogs come for company sake. They will take care of the crowd. (Dog barks and claws at the king) Destroy these traitors of the Princess.

King Call off this beast! Away with you! Call the Guard. Do not touch me. I shall have you burned at the stake for this as well as hanged!

Soldier Have no pity on him. Goldtop drive them both out of the kingdom. You dastardly creatures who have pretended to be the parents of the Princess. Crafty wretches- they have no right to the kingdom. My faithful Goldtop. (Strikes match box three times.)

(DOG APPEARS) Fetch me the Princess. (DOG EXITS.)

Dog (Goldtop-dashing in) She's coming! She's coming!

Soldier My Princess! At last you are free from the clutches of the King and Queen.

Princess Oh, I am so happy to be out of that tower. What has become of the King and Queen?

Soldier I have given orders to the dogs to drive them out of the kingdom.

Princess Hurrah! Hurrah! The dogs are at our service. The market place is filled with villagers who would crown you King.

Soldier Let's off and join them.

Voices (Off stage) Long live the Soldier-King! Long live the Soldier-King!

CURTAIN



THE RED SHOES

*Hand Puppets*

By Jennie Korinik, Gilbert, Minnesota. First Prize.

Grandmother	The Executioner	His Son
Karen	The Old Soldier	The Fairy Queen
Shoemaker	The Coachman	Moon
The Neighbors 1st., 2nd.	The Forester	

(The Grandmother and Karen enter the shop of the shoemaker)

Shoemaker Goodmorning Madam.

Grandmother Goodmorning Shoemaker. This is my little grand-daughter Karen. Please take her measure for a pair of shoes.

Shoemaker What kind do you wish, madam?

Grandmother Morocco, the finest you have. Karen is to wear these shoes to church.

Shoemaker What color do you wish, madam?

Grandmother Black.

Karen (Whispering to Shoemaker) Red.

Shoemaker (Puzzled) Eh?

Grandmother (Louder) Black.

Shoemaker Of course, Madam, if you say black, black they shall be.

Karen The little princess wore red shoes, Grandmother.

Shoemaker (Nodding) That is true; I saw them myself.

Grandmother Red shoes?

Karen (Nodding) Of beautiful red morocco. The queen let the princess stand at a window so every one could see her new shoes.

Shoemaker It is all true, madam.

Grandmother No matter; Karen is to have black shoes. Here this pair suits me exactly.

Shoemaker (Surprised) But, Madam, those shoes are---

Karen (Interrupting; whispering) Hush, shoemaker? Do not tell her, she can't see very well.

Grandmother (Pointing at shoes on counter) Are they of polished leather? They shine as if they were.

Karen Yes. They do shine.

Grandmother Well, try them on, Shoemaker.

(Shoemaker picks up shoes. Kneels before Karen and tries on shoes.)

Shoemaker Put out your foot, little Karen.

Karen. They just fit me, Grandmother.

Grandmother I will take them, Shoemaker. (Rises)

Shoemaker But, Madam---

Karen (Put hand on Shoemaker's shoulder) Hush, Shoemaker. She will never know the difference.

Grandmother Here is the money, Shoemaker.

Shoemaker Thank you. (Bows)

Karen (Interrupting) Good-day, Shoemaker

Grandmother Good-day, Shoemaker. Come Karen.

Shoemaker Good-day, Madam.

CURTAIN

SCENE II

(The Neighbors sit with the Grandmother in the spare room because it is Sunday.)

1st. Neighbor I did not see you at church today, Grandmother.

Grandmother I could not go, but I sent little Karen.

2nd. Neighbor (Mysteriously) Oh, yes. We saw her! Everybody saw her!

Grandmother (Proudly) People do look at her. She is so pretty.

1st. Neighbor People didn't look at her face today.

Grandmother (Alarmed) What do you mean?  
1st.Neighbor Ask Karon when she returns. We're not the ones to carry tales.  
Grandmother (Looking out window) Here she comes now.  
2nd.Neighbor Just ask her about the sermon and hymns.  
Grandmother (Proudly) She will tell me almost every word the pastor said. She is a smart girl---that Karon. (Enter Karon)  
Karen Well, Grandmother, here I am. (Kisses grandmother - Curtsies of neighbors). Good morning, Neighbors.  
Neighbors (Coldly) Good morning, Karen.  
Grandmother Now tell me about the sermon, Karen. What was the text?  
Karen (With confusion; stammering) The text? It was-- it was-- Oh, I will tell you all about it by and by, Grandmother. Our Neighbors want to talk with you now.  
1st.Neighbor Oh, no! We would rather hear you tell your Grandmother about the sermon and the music.  
Grandmother What hymns did they sing, Karen?  
Karen (As before) Hymns? They sang-- let me see---they sang--(she stops in confusion).  
Grandmother Why, Karen; Are you ill?  
2ndNeighbor No, Grandmother, Karen is not ill. She is ashamed. She was not thinking of the beautiful music nor of the sermon this morning. Is that not true, Karen?  
Karen (Ashamed) Y-e-s.  
Grandmother What is this?  
1st.Neighbor Tell your Grandmother what you were thinking about in church, Karen.  
Karen I was thinking about---about---my new shoes.  
Grandmother A great thing to think about in church---a pair of plain black shoes!  
2ndNeighbor She did not wear her black shoes. She wore red shoes.  
Grandmother (Gasping) Red shoes to church?  
1st.Neighbor (Nodding) Everyone was terribly shocked.  
Grandmother (Still gasping) Red shoes to church!  
2nd.Neighbor Even the pastor looked at her shoes.  
Grandmother (Indignantly) Red shoes to church.  
1st.Neighbor The choir looked! All fixed their eyes on Karen's red shoes.  
Grandmother It is the most shocking thing I ever heard. Do you hear me, Karen?  
Karen (Hanging her head in shame.) Yes, Grandmother.  
Grandmother You must never, never, so long as you live, wear red shoes to church again. It is not at all proper. Do you hear me, Karen?  
Karen (As before) Yes, Grandmother. (Cries)  
2nd.Neighbor Do you think she should have her Sunday dinner?  
Grandmother Not one bite! She shall stay in her room all day. Do you hear me, Karen?  
Karen Yes, Grandmother. (Sobbing)  
Grandmother Thank you for telling, me, Neighbors. Think of it! Red shoes to church!

### SCENE III

(The Grandmother and Karen come from the church. The Old Soldier stands near the church door. He tries to speak to the Grandmother, but she does not hear him).

Karen Wait a moment, Grandmother. The Old Soldier wants to speak with you.

Grandmother (Turning) What do you want, Old Soldier.

Old Soldier I want to dust your shoes, Madam.  
Grandmother That is very good of you. (Old Soldier dusts her shoes). Thank you, now I will go to my carriage while you dust Karen's shoes. (She goes.)  
Old Soldier Stretch out your foot, little Karen. (Karen thrusts out her foot.) What is this? Red shoes for church?  
Karen I looked at my old black shoes--  
Old Soldier (Interrupting) And then at your new red ones?  
Karen (Nodding) Yes, and then at my black ones again---  
Old Soldier (Interrupting) And then put on your red ones.  
Karen Sh-h! Grandmother must now know.  
Old Soldier She can't hear for I am talking through my long red beard.  
Karen Why is your beard so red, Old Soldier?  
Old Soldier To make more light for my eyes---that I may see without looking.  
Karen See without looking?  
Old Soldier (Nodding) I was not in the church, yet I saw you early when you knelt at the altar and raised the golden cup to your lips.  
Karen (Surprised) You saw that?  
Old Soldier (Nodding) And more, I saw your thoughts.  
Karen (Showing fear) Y-e-s.  
Old Soldier And I saw by the red of my beard that you forgot to sing the hymns, eh, Karen?  
Karen Y-e-s.  
Old Soldier And you forgot to say your prayers, eh, Karen?  
Karen Y-e-s, Old Soldier.  
Old Soldier (Holding Karen and stooping until his beard covers her shoes) Cover and touch and change.  
Karen What are you doing? Let me go.  
Old Soldier (Holding her firmly) I am turning your shoes into dancing shoes.  
Karen I am afraid of you! Let me go.  
Old Soldier (Slapping soles of her shoes with hand) Now I have made them stick fast to your feet.  
Karen (Calling) Grandmother, Grandmother.  
Old Soldier Now you may go! ha, ha!  
Karen Why I am dancing! I can't stop! Grandmother! Grandmother!  
Grandmother What is this? Mercy on me! She is dancing down the street! Run after her, Coachman! Quick! Stop her!  
Coachman (Running after Karen) Stop, Mistress Karen! I'm after you!  
Old Soldier Ha, ha, ha, You will never catch her.  
Grandmother (Calling after coachman) There she goes around the corner!  
Coachman (Calling off) I'll get you, Mistress Karen! Just stop a bit!  
Old Soldier Ha, ha, ha, you will never catch her.  
Grandmother My poor Karen. My poor Karen.  
Coachman (Returning) I couldn't catch her, madam! She danced right out of the town gate.  
Grandmother We will drive after her! (Coachman jumps to his seat)  
Old Soldier Ha, ha, ha. You will never catch her.  
Grandmother Quick, Coachman, quick. We must catch her before she gets to the dark wood. My poor Karen! My poor Karen! (The carriage dashes off.)

SCENE IV

(The forester is felling a tree.)  
Karen Stop me! Stop me! (Dances in.)  
Forester Mercy on us! Tis a dancing girl.  
Karen Stop me, Forester!



Forester No, No, I dare not!  
Karen Stop me, I pray you! Three days have I danced. I can endure it no longer!  
Forester I dare not touch you. You are bewitched.  
Karen 'Tis my shoes are bewitched----not I!  
Forester I say, little maid, pull off your shoes.  
Karen They will not come off. See! (She pulls at her shoes.)  
Forester I might get into trouble? Come home with me!  
(Forester runs from wood. The moon rises suddenly)  
Karen Oh! Moon, see how I dance below you! Pray tell me how to break this spell!  
Moon Ha, ha, ha.  
Old Soldier My beard makes moonlight for me that I may watch you dance.  
Karen I pray you break your spell!  
Old Soldier You forgot to say the prayers! You thought only of your red shoes.  
Karen I will go barefoot to church.  
Old Soldier You whispered "red" to the Shoemaker!  
Karen I will never deceive my Grandmother again! Have pity.  
Old Soldier You shall dance in your red shoes till you are pale and cold. You shall go on dancing, dancing, dancing, forever and ever! (Disappears)  
Karen I cannot dance on forever; I cannot; (weeps) Well, I know a way to break the spell, and I'll do it. (Crosses to hut of executioner; knocks) Come out! Come out!  
Executioner (From within the hut) Come in!  
Karen I cannot come in, I must dance.  
Executioner Then I will come out. (The Executioner comes out from hut.) Well, do you know me?  
Karen You are the Executioner.  
Executioner I am the Executioner. I cut off the hands of wicked people with this great axe.  
Karen Do not strike off my head!  
Executioner And why not your head pray?  
Karen I must have that to repent of my sin. So please cut off my feet.  
Executioner It shall be as you say, thrust out your foot, maid. (Enter Fairy Queen)  
Fairy Queen Stay, Executioner, stay! I've come to save you Karen!  
Karen To save me?  
Fairy Queen Whenever a child repents of a sin, lo, I am there to save.  
Karen Will you remove this spell from me?  
Fairy Queen Will you give up your red shoes?  
Karen Gladly, gladly, I wish I might never see them again.  
Fairy Queen Then dance to me that I may touch you with my wand. (Fairy Queen touches Karen's shoes with her wand. The shoes fall off)  
Karen Dear Fairy Queen, I thank you!  
Fairy Queen Look, Karen, your shoes are dancing away. Soon they will be lost to you forever. Shall I not bring them back?  
Karen No, no. Let them go. Now I am free. Now I can rest.  
Fairy Queen Then come, dear child, I will guide you to your home.

CURTAIN



RIP VAN WINKLE

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Rip Van Winkle	-	Young
		Old
Dame Winkle	-	Young
Judith		Old
Nicholas Veddar	-	Young
		Old

Jan Peterson  
Henry Hudson  
Gloop  
Werg  
Schoob  
Jonathon Dolittle  
William Schenck

SCENE I. Outside the Royal George Inn

SCENE II. Mountain path

SCENE III. Glade in Catskill Mountains

SCENE IV. Common Room of the Union Hotel

SCENE I

Drop - Outside the Royal George Inn. A sign bearing portrait of George III hangs over the door. Nicholas smokes, Jan whittles.

Jan That was a bad storm last night. A tree was struck up our way - that big elm at the crossroads.

Nicholas-Old Hendrik Hudson is at his tricks again.

Jan What's that story, Nick? Why do all the folks talk amount Hendrik Hudson when there is a storm?

Nick (Puffing) My grandfather used to tell me when I was a boy that the ghost of Hendrick Hudson, who discovered all this country around here, keeps watch over the land.

Jan What has that to do with the thunder storms?

Nick My grandfather said old Hendrik and his crew amuse themselves playing nine-pins. When you hear thunder, that's the ball rolling.

Jan Thunder does sound like balls rolling, doesn't it?

Nick They just roll the balls and drink liquor. But if you should meet them and Hendrik offers you a drink, don't take it, for anyone who drinks with Hendrik Hudson will sleep for twenty years.

Jan I shouldn't want to meet old Hudson's ghost, not I!

(Enter Dame Van Winkle)

Dame (Calling\* Rip! Where is that lazy good for nothing? Rip! Where are you now, you scallywag?

Nick Are you looking for your husband, Dame Van Winkle?

Dame That I am indeed. And if he is not with you idling away his time, I should like to know where he's likely to be.

Nick The last I saw of him, madam, was half an hour ago, when he went into the woods with a pack of children and they were all laughing and singing to their heart's content.

Dame He is a waster! Why did I ever marry him? You all encourage him

in his idle ways. Will you buy me another cow? That's what I would like to know.

Jan Dear, dear, Dame Van Winkle? Has that cow broken through the fence again?

Dame Of course, how many times I have told Rip that if he didn't mend the fence the cow would break loose and what shall we do then? No milk, no butter, no cheese! How to find my rascally husband.  
(she hurries off)

Jan Poor woman! That Rip leads her a terrible life. I don't wonder she's snappy.

Nick Yes, but what can you expect of a man who has her for a wife? He's kind enough to anyone and ready to help everyone. (Enter Rip, whistling

Jan You'll whistle a different tune when your wife finds you. The cow broke the fence and got out.

Rip (With comical dismay) Cow! Has Maria gone again? Oh, my poor head! I can already feel the gentle hand of my dear wife upon it.

Nick Your good woman has already gone in search for you, Rip. If I were you, I would go off and have a good hunt for that beast of yours and get out of the reach of her heavy hands.

Rip Do you think I would run away from my wife?

Dame (Off stage) Rip! Rip! Where are you, you good-for-nothing fellow?  
(she enters and as soon as Rip hears her voice, he runs to one side. Everyone laughs. He stops then and goes straight up to his wife and speaks to her as in an injured tone of voice.

Rip Wife, where's that cow? (she is staggered) and he goes on, going nearer and nearer to her as she backs away) No sooner do I leave the house than something goes wrong. The cow, our valued cow, our most precious cow, dearest cow, has gone. The cow that gives us milk for our perridge and butter for our bread. Where shall

we get another cow? Do cows grow on mulberry bushes? Oh, wife,  
what carelessness is this? (everyone laughs except Dame)

Dame That's right, neighbors, encourage him in his rascally ways.  
Here, Rip, you go that way and I will go this. (She hurries off)

Rip Did you ever see a brighter or brisker lady than my lady? I am  
a lucky man to be wedded to such a lovely creature. (Enter Judith)  
Well, my little daughter have you come to tell your daddy about  
the lost cow?

Judith Daddy! Daddy! Our cow is in the meadow behind themill. Does  
mummy know?

Rip You may be sure she doesn't, my pet. You go put her in the shed.  
(exit Judith) (Enter Dame out of breath)

Dame What? do you dare sit there while I spend all my energy hunting  
for the cow which escaped through your carelessness? Oh, never  
was a wife so tired as I. Would that I had never set eyes on  
you, Rip Van Winkle. I should be happier if I had never known you.

Rip I was just planning to take my leave of you, wife.

Dame No such luck!

Rip Suppose I were to go wandering off into the woods and up the  
mountains and never came back anymore. What a happy woman you'd be.

Dame That I would! But find my cow first! Then you can wander off  
the edge of the world if you like and fall off.

Rip Very well, my dear. I will find your cow and then take my leave  
of you. (He goes off slowly)

Nick He is a queer, whimsical man, Rip Van Winkle, but a man of his word.

Dame I'll believe that when I see the cow! (enter Judith)



Rip           Very well, my dear. I will find you your cow and then take my  
              leave of you. (he goes off slowly)

Nick          He is a queer, whimsical man, Rip Van Winkle, but a man of his word.

Dame          I'll believe that when I see the cow! (enter Judith)

Judith       The cow is in the shed, mother.

Dame          What! Who found it?

Judith       Daddy told me to go fetch it from the clover field.

Nick          Your husband has kept his word and sent you your cow and now he's  
              on his way rejoicing.

Dame          Don't talk nonsense, Nicholas Vedder. O daresay H'll come back  
              whom he's hungry. (exit Judith and Dame)

Nick          Rip Van Winkle is a queer unaccountable man and a man of his word,  
              Jan Peterson. I am wondering if we shall ever see him again.

SCENE 2.

Drop          Mountain path. On one side a gnome with a barrel on his back. He  
              calls in a wailing voice, Rip Van Winkle. Pause. He calls again.  
              (enter Rip)

Rip          Where can I be. I have lost my way completely in these hills.  
              The mist is so thick I can hardly see. Did I hear someone calling?

Skoob        I called you because I need some help in getting this barrel up  
              the mountain.

Rip          (Coming Close to him) I have never refused to help anyone yet in  
              my life. I will gladly give you a lift with the barrel, but who  
              are you and where are you going? (Helps take the barrel from the  
              gnome's shoulder and they carry it between them). What is in the  
              barrel?

Skoob        You ask too many questions. My name is Skoob. I am going up  
              the mountain and the barrel is filled with liquor. That's all.

Rip          Well that's a long climb. Let's get started (exit both)

SCENE 3

Drop        Glade in the Catskill Mountains. There is a large rock on which to set the keg. On the other side, two gnomes are rolling balls at nine-pins off stage. As they roll comes long peals of thunder. Henrik Hudson sits on a smaller rock and watches them.

Werg        That was a good roll, Gloop.

Gloop       I can do better than that. (rolls again, more thunder)

Werg        Now my turn. (rolls, a loud burst of thunder)

Gloop       Well, done, let's go and count them.

(enter Rip and Skoob. They set the keg on the stone and tap it. Hudson brings flagstones and they fill them)

Skoob       Where are Werg and Gloop?

Hudson      They just went out to count their nine-pins. You better tell them that the brew has come. They have been waiting anxiously.  
(exit Skoob)

Hudson      Rip Van Winkle!

Rip         Aye, Master Hudson, it's myself. What might you want of me?

Hudson      I have done nothing to make me afraid of you. Indeed I helped bring your liquor. The trip has made me very thirsty. I should like to try your brew.

Hudson      (Filling the cups) Then drink with me.

Voices      (Off stage) Do not drink - do not drink. (Rip hesitates)

Hudson      Come drink with me. A toast to ourselves. (they both drink)

Rip         The best brew I've had in years, but it sure makes my head spin. Round and round, that's the way it goes. I'm so drowsy. (He stretches out on the ground) I feel - I feel as if I could sleep for twenty years. (He sleeps and snores)

Hudson      That you will, my friend, for he who drinks with Hendrik Hudson sleeps for twenty years. Ha, ha, ha.

CURTAIN

Drop Common room of the Union Hotel. Jonathan and William Schenck are playing chess.

Schenck Check!

Doolittle I'll take that bishop, man.

Schenck Check mate. You're sewed up in a bag, Jonathan.

Doo So I be. (A knock at the door) Com in. (Enter Rip)

Rip Is this the Royal George?

Doo Goodness no, man, we don't hold with names nowadays.

No "Royal Georges" here.

Schenck George Washington is good enough for me.

Rip (Looking around) This room - it is different from what it was yesterday.

Doo This is the Union Hotel, Jonathan Doolittle, Proprietor. At your service, sir and who might you be?

Rip I hardly know who I be. I used to be Rip Van Winkle, a native of this village and a loyal subject on the king.

Doo Do you mean to say you are a Tory?

Rip Tory? I never heard of them.

Doo What are you doing here? We want no Tories, nor Spies in this hotel. I give you fair warning of that.

Rip Excuse me sir, I meant no harm. I only stopped in to ask about my neighbors, for I cannot seem to find them.

Doo What neighbors?

Rip Where's Peter Vanderdonk?

Doo Why Vanderdonk is dead and gone these eighteen years.

Rip Ah! where - where is Brom Dutcher?

Doo He went off to the army at the beginning of the war. Some say he was killed at Stony Point.

Rip Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, where is he?

Schenck He went off to the war, too. He was a great militia general

We are proud of Van Dummel. He's in Congress now.

Rip War! Congress! Militia! My poor head is in a muddle. Does anyone know Rip Van Winkle? I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain and they have changed my gun and everything is changed. I can't tell who I am. Everything is changed.

Schenck Gray, poor, old Man (Enter Nicholas Vedder, a tottering old man)

Nick Rip Van Winkle!

Rip Who—? It can't be — it is Nick Vedder! (They embrace)

Nick Welcome home old neighbor. Where have you been these twenty long years?

Rip I don't know what you mean by twenty years. Last evening I went up to the mountain and there I saw Hendrik Hudson and his crew playing nine-pins. I never thought to see such a strange sight. He gave me a drink, Old Hendrik did, and I lay down to sleep. When I awoke, everything was different.

Nick Man alive! Don't you know what has happened to you? You have slept for twenty years. That happens to them who drink with Hendrik Hudson.

Rip Have I been sleeping for twenty years? (enter Judith)

Judith Good afternoon all. Is my husband here?

Doo No Judith. Peter Gardenier has not been here all day.

Rip What is your name, young woman?

Judith Judith Gardenier, sir.

Rip What is your father's name?

Judith Poor man, his name was Rip Van Winkle. It's twenty years since he went away from home and he has never been heard from since.

Rip Your Mother? Where is she?

Judith Mother died only a short time ago. She had a temper and flew into a



passion at a peddler who came to sell tinware and broke a blood-vessel, poor thing.

Rip Judy, Judy, don't you know your Father?

Judith Father! Dear Father, welcome home.

Rip Judy, you are a woman grown.

Judith Yes father, and married to the best man that ever was. Peter Gardenier. You remember him, don't you?

Rip I remember Peter Gardenier well. I sued to carry him on my back when he was a little fellow.

Judith We have a good farm and a snug home. You must live with us. Father, Peter often speaks of you. He will be as glad to welcome you as I am.

Doo Master Rip Van Winkle, this is a great day for all of us. Everyone will want to see the man who drank with Henrik Hudson and slept for twenty years. Yes, and to hear the story from your own mouth. But first, let us have a glass of toddy in honor of our friend's homecoming. (he calls offstage) Here boy, mix us some rum and water and have it hot, mind you!

Schenck An excellent idea, Jonathon.

Rip Thank you, Master Doolittle, maybe a glass of rum will make me feel like myself again.

CURTAIN

ROBINHOOD AND MOTHER HOBBS

Characters

Robin Hood  
Little John  
Will Stutely  
Much

David o'Doncaster  
Bishop of Hereford  
Mother Hobbes

SCENE I

Time - Early morning.

Place - Interior of poor little cottage.

Mother Hobbes - (Talking to herself) There never was such shoon and hosen; good enough for a queen, I'll be bound. I wish Maid Marian could see how well they fit. 'Now, good Mother Hobbes', says she, 'you must keep your feet warm and dry.' The dear! How I do enjoy the little visits she and master Robin pay me. Let the greedy old sheriff of Nottingham say what he likes about Robin Hood and his band of yeomen, they are my best friends. That young giant, Little John, brings me heaps of fine logs to cheer the dark, cold days. In the warm glow of a great log fire I can shut my ears to gaunt old winter's hungry howl. Oh! I must have another look at the fine, soft blankets Master Robin brought yesterday. Ah, what beauties they are! (Loud knocking at the door.) Why, whoever can that be? Dear me!

(Robin Hood bursts into the room.)

Robin Hood - Mother Hobbes, can you hide me quickly? The Bishop of Hereford and his attendants are on my track. If they catch me, they'll hang me on the nearest tree.

Mother Hobbes - Oh, Master Robin, Master Robin, that shall never, never be! Where can I hide you in this bit of a place? Oh, dear! Oh, dear, my old head is so addled I cannot think! Where will you hide? Dear Master Robin, help me to think.

- Robin Hood - There, there, good mother! I have frightened you. Calm yourself. Wait a bit. I have it! But we must be quick! I'll hide in your old gray gown and cap!
- Mother Hobbes - (puzzled) You will hide in my old gown and cap, sir?
- Robin Hood - Aye, aye, good mother. We'll exchange clothes. I'll be old Mother Hobbes and you shall be Robin Hood! Come, what say you?
- Mother Hobbes - Oh! I see! Bless you, Master Robin! What a head you have! Pop into the other bit of a room, sir, and I'll hand you my gown in a twinkling. And you shall have my bonnet too, sir, and my walking stick. I'll don your tunic and cloak! Let the bishop and his men take me and do what they like with me. I'm proud to save you.
- Robin Hood - Let them take you, good mother! My men and I will rescue you before they have time to harm a hair of your dear old head. Never fear!
- Mother Hobbes - Not I, sir! Not I! What sport it will be. (Dances about in glee.) I'll slip into your suit of green and hide where they'll be sure to find me - in this bit of a room. And you, sir, slip out of the back door and take the moss path. Good hap attend you!

SCENE II

Time - A little later than Scene I.  
Place - In the forest of Sherwood.

- Bishop of Herford - Which way did Robin Hood run?
- Soldier - He slipped into yon coppice, your lordship, and disappeared.
- Bishop - He must be caught this time! The rogue! Hear me! A reward of three guineas to the soldier who brings Robin Hood alive to me! Divide into little groups and continue to pursue on foot. Four of you take the path that leads to

the highway. Others hasten around either side of yon coppice. The rest stay here with me. In case he slips back, we will surprise him. Come, dispatch!

(Robin Hood, in Mother Hobbe's gown and cap comes hobbling along on a stick, muttering.)

Soldier - Your honor, I believe hre comes a witch!

Bishop - What say you? A witch? Question her. Perchance she can give us some help by telling us where the outlaw is.

Soldier - Halt a moment! Have you seen a man dressed in Lincoln green?  
(Robin Hood continues muttering and does not look up.)

Soldier - Halt, I saw and answer me!

Robin Hood - (With hand to ear) Hey? Speak louder, sir.

Bishop - Come! I'm the bishop of Hereford. My business in the forest is to capture an outlaw named Robin Hood. He ran in that direction. Have you seen him? Answer straight or I'll take you for a witch.

Robin Hood - Oh, your lordship. I'm not a witch, I assure you. Have you never heard of old Mother Hobbes who lives in a little cottage near the edge of the wood?

Bishop - No matter! You have not answered my question. Have you seen this person whom I am seeking?

Robin Hood - Was he dressed in Lincoln green, your lordship?

Bishop - Aye, aye! Come, be quick!

Robin Hood - And did he wear a hood-like cap which can be pulled down over the eyes?

Bishop - Exactly! Come, which way did he run? You can put ~~he~~ on his track, I am sure. Quick! Which way?

Robin Hood - I believe I can help your lordship. A man in Lincoln green turned off the main path yonder and ran toward the highway. Now I think of it, he went right in the direction of my cottage. I wonder if the rogue would dare hide there!



Oh, dear me! I do wonder if he is there!

Bishop - Soldiers, away to the cottage! He shall not escape us this time. Take him alive, because his majesty, the king, has expressed a desire to see the leader of the greenwood band of outlaws. (Aside) He shall be punished at last for playing his pranks on me. I'll teach him what it means to make the the bishop of Hereford dine under the trysting tree. (Shakes his fist.) I'm the laughing stock of Nottingham since some one described my dancing to Allan-A-Dale's music.

SCENE III

Time - A little later.

Place - A room in Mother Hobbe's cottage.

(The bishop and soldiers burst into the cottage.)

Bishop - Two of you stay on the outside. The others begin the search. There are but few places to hide in here; the bed, that make-shift cupboard, and the tiny back room. At last I believe we shall be successful in catching Robin Hood.

(Soldiers search the room.)

Soldier - He is not here!

Bishop - Look in the other room.

Soldier - Some one is holding the door, sir!

Bishop - 'Tis he! Come, pull together there. Drag him out! No escaping this time! (Door is forced open and soldiers discover Mother Hobbes disguised as Robin Hood.)

Bishop - At last! We have caught you at last. Robin Hood! Not a word! I command you, not a word! Your days are numbered.  
(Mother Hobbes pushes the soldiers away and shakes her fist at them.)

Soldiers - Shall we tie his hands, your honor?

Bishop - Aye, aye, tie his hands if you like. I would give orders to

hang him immediately if our liege lord the king had not expressed a desire to see Robin Hood alive. Tie his hands and lead him to the place where we left our horses. He shall ride out of the greenwood in state. A milk-white steed for the chief of outlaws. Ha, ha, ha! A clever catch! Ha! Ha!

Soldier - Look how he trembles, your lordship.

Bishop - And well he may. Haven't I always said that this Robin Hood is a coward?

Mother Hobbes - Robin Hood is not -----

Bishop - Silence! I forbid you to open your wicked lips. Robin Hood, you are caught at last! You shall first go the king, for his majesty has expressed a desire to see you. Then you shall pay for all your wickedness. Off with him, soldiers. We must walk some distance to reach the horses but we can go in peace now, for the chief of the greenwood band is now in our company. This is a big day's work, lads.

Mother Hobbes - It is indeed!

Bishop - I say, Peace, on to the horses.

#### SCENE IV

Time - About noon.

Place - Near the edge of the forest.

(Friar Tuck is seated on a log. Little John comes in out of breath.)

Little John - The Bishop of Hereford with a retinue of soldiers is in the forest. They are outlaw hunting.

Friar - What do you say? The bishop is outlaw hunting? Are you sure?

John - I have just come from the village of Nottingham where I picked up the news. They say the old bishop feels sure he will catch Master Robin this morning.

Friar - And to think he went away alone! He risks too much.

John - Master might have known the bishop would take revenge

for the trick we played him a few weeks ago. Oh, how funny he did look dancing about to Allan-A-Dale's tune.

Friar - Come, Little John, there is no time for laughing! We must be ready to rescue Robin if the bishop catches him.

John - Rescue him? Why, the bishop may hang him to the nearest tree.

Friar - Don't forget, the king has offered a good round sum in gold for the capture of Robin Hood alive. Now, if the bishop succeeds in catching Robin today, he will not spoil the chance of gaining the king's reward by taking a hasty revenge.

John - That's right. We both know the bishop likes gold. He will try to take Robin Hood alive and he must pass this way on his way to Nottingham.

Friar - We'll rescue him at all costs. Let's summon the rest of the band. (Exclamation from Little John) What do you see?

Little John - A witch! And she's actually flying over the ground. Is it old witch Moll?

Friar - Bad luck to her if it is. She has thrown a spell over my cooking because I offended her. Three times lately I have dropped a haunch of venison while carrying it to the table.

John - She's coming this way. Look, she's waving at us.

Friar - Did anyone ever see a witch skip over the ground like that? I never did believe she was ninety-nine years old!

Robin - (Off stage) Little John! Friar Tuck!

John - Why it is Master Robin, safe and sound.

Robin - (Entering) Yes, back again, safe and sound. But there is work to do, and not much time to plan.

Friar - What has happened?

Robin - The bishop of Hereford and his soldiers almost caught me! I fled to the cottage at the edge of the wood. I explained

my difficulty to Mother Hobbes, changed clothes with her and made my way through the forest.

Friar Tuck - So that's where the clothes came from.

John - Didn't you meet the bishop?

Robin - Yes, but they too thought I was the witch. They questioned me about Robin Hood and I directed them to the cottage.

Friar - They will arrest Mother Hobbes!

Robin - Yes, and I know the good old lady will play her part well. The bishop and his soldiers must pass this way on the road to Nottingham jail and we must rescue Mother Hobbes.

John - How funny you look in that old gray cape. Is Mother Hobbes in your Lincoln green?

Robin - Yes, she is. But into the coppice, I hear voices. Silence. Lend me your horn, Little John. When I give the signal, step forth with bows bent.

#### SCENE V

Time - A few minutes later.

Place - Same as Scene 4.

(Bishop of Hereford hears three bugle blasts.) Hark! What was that?

Soldier - It sounded like three bugle blasts, sir.

Bishop (in a frightened voice). There can be no danger from outlaws, surely. The most daring of the band is with us. How proud I am of this day's work!

(Robin Hood in Mother Hobbes's gown steps forward with bow and arrow in hand. The other outlaw archers arrange themselves in a group back of their leader.)

Bishop - What does this mean? Archers? And who is the leader? Surely not the old hag we met in the woods! Is it a witch's company?



- Soldiers - Let us all run, your lordship! Come! Away!
- (The attendants depart with as much speed as possible.
- The bishop and his captive stand. Soldiers leave quickly.)
- Bishop - (To his captive.) Who is this leader? Do you know?
- Mother Hobbes - I think the leader is Robin Hood, your lordship.
- Bishop - Robin Hood! If that be the case, who are you?
- Mother Hobbes - By my faith, I've been wanting to tell you I'm only a poor old woman! How could you take an old broken creature like me for the gallant chieftain of Sherwood? But not a word would you let me speak! I'm Mother Hobbes!
- Bishop - (Turns to go.) Oh! woe is me, that ever I saw this day!
- Robin Hood - Halt, your lordship! You have given me a merry chase, and we must have an understanding before you leave the greenwood. Good mother, you are tired, I know. Thank you with all my heart, for the good turn you have done me today. Go with David to Maid Marian. She will attend you and provide comfort for you. (Mother Hobbes leaves with David.) And now, my lads, what shall be the bishop's ransom?
- Bishop - Oh, Robin Hood, I prithee pardon me. Have pity on me.
- Robin Hood - What say you, Little John?
- Little John - The bishop should give us a good sum to be used for charity.
- Bishop - Here is my purse. Take it and let me depart in peace.
- Robin Hood - First of all, my lordship, you must promise me that you will not punish the good woman who saved my life today!
- Bishop - I promise you, Robin Hood. (Moves on a few paces.)
- Robin Hood - Not yet! Also you must give me your word that you will not attempt to capture any of my company.
- Bishop - Robin Hood, I promise you I will never come into these greenwood glades again.
- Robin Hood - What say you, lads? May the bishop of Hereford depart?

Little John - No, master, there is one more promise he must make.

Bishop - Only let me hear it.

Little John - He must say these words, "I solemnly promise that I never again will seek to do Robin Hood harm."

Bishop - I solemnly promise that I never again will seek to do Robin Hood harm.

Robin Hood - The Bishop of Hereford may depart in peace. Come, lads, to the trysting tree! I'm sure Maid Marian will be glad to see me.

CURTAIN

*Say Slow - very slow.*

Miss Miller, now all de kids is gone we can woik. Shall I raze de board vonce? Oh, no mam. It ain't so clean alrotty. Oh, Miss Miller, ven I come home from school I gotta do all de woik. My mudder she's got veak feet; she can't stand up so good.

Miss Miller, my fadder woiks sometin' fierce. All day he peddles. Yes, mam, he peddles pickles and right now he loses a lot of money. Besides a man cheats him and runs off. My fadder he wouldn't have cared so much neider but dey knowed demselves togedder alrotty fifteen years. Yess mam!

Oh, Miss Miller, dey're buildin' a house next deer by us and all day long dey hammer sometin' fierce and dat noise gives me such a headache outside.

Miss Miller, my liddle brudder he gets a pain in his pendix, my mudder she brings him by de spensary and dey say she must bring him by de hospital. Den my mudder she says "Don't you give him no epidemie in his arm so it stops de pain so he quits hollerin'?" But dey don't give him no epidemie in his arm at all. No mam!

You know dat Abe Cohen? He don't come to school dis veek. He can't. He bust his rope dat's vy. Oh, yes you do, Miss Miller. You know dat rope. Da rope vot holds up his pents. Miss Miller, in our spellin' for tomorrow stands de void "ignorant". De dictionary says dat means undervear. Yes, mam, I show you. I bring my book by you. Dare it is,

undervear. You say dat means unaware, unaware off? Oh, ain't dat de same ting at all? Oh!

Miss Miller, I got a new aunt. My uncle Israel he lives by us and he gets married. Yesterday. He was tirty-two alrotty and she's eighteen. He puts in de paper he wants a wife. Den he gets such a advertisement von. De advertisement costed him a dollar. My mudder says right away he's got to spend for her.

Ve had a nice sun set all day ain't it?

Oh, Miss Miller, dere's anudder hard word in our spellin' tomorrow. "Casserole". But I know vot it means and I didn't look it up atall. I heard it before alrotty. Ven your stomach is all sick, dey give you casserole and it makes you all vell again.

Say Miss Miller, you know dat Celia de colored girl vot sits in front of me? Has she got an awful smell off her. Today she turns around and says "Show me how to do de fort problem." I says, "Turn arount dere. Ain't it enough I gott to smell you all day but now I should have to look at you." She gets mad at dat and she hits me a biff. Yes mam.

Vell, I guess I gotta go home now and eat my supper. My fadder and mudder'll be on de table alrotty and my fadder vill be half et.



ROSIE EINSTEIN STAYS TO HELP TEACHER.

Page 3.

Miss Miller, can I stay tomorrow night and help you some more? All right, Miss Miller. I says to my mudder, "Do I like my teacher? I'll say I do!"

RUMPLESTILTSKIN

RUMPELSTILSKIN

A Play in Six Scenes

*Remo Bufano.*

From the Fairy Tale of the Brothers Grimm

\*\*\*\*\*

*Hand Puppets or  
Marionettes*

There are six scenes. All of these scenes with one exception take place inside the palace of the King, and their differences are indicated by the properties used such as the throne for the King, the spinning-wheel and the cradle. The other one takes place in the forest.

Scene One. The throne room of the King. The King is seated on his throne and his servant Peter stands at one side.

Peter        The same old Miller is here again, your Majesty.  
King        Again? Nuisance.  
Peter        He says he has a great secret.  
King        Secret? Ha, ha, ha! Let him come in. Is my crown on straight?  
             Bring him in. Bring him in!  
             ( Peter goes out and returns with the Miller. He is an ignorant  
             fellow who can have a lisp or other fault in his manner of speech. He  
             is covered with flour.)  
Miller       (Looking around) Where is the King? (To the King) Are you the King?  
King        One of us is the King. I'm sure I'm not the Miller. If you're the  
             Miller, I must be "My Majesty, the King".  
Peter        Kneel, imbecile, kneel.  
Miller       Forgive me, King. (Kneels) I have never laid eyes on a King before. I  
             should have known you by your crown. My ignorance blesses you, King.  
Peter        Say "Your Majesty".  
King        Rise, Miller. (Miller rises) Ignorance is pardonable once. Now that you  
             know what a king looks like, tell me why you insisted on seeing me.  
Miller.     You are very good to see me, King. But you will not be sorry, for I possess  
             a great treasure. I have a daughter, King, a precious young daughter.  
King        Well, Well. Is she made of gold, old miller?  
Miller.     More than that, King, more than that. She can spin gold out of straw.  
             And as much straw as she is given, so much gold will she spin. Is not  
             that better, King?  
Peter        Say "Your Majesty" mongrel.  
King        That is an art that pleases me well, very well. If you speak the truth,  
             she is a very rare artist, worthy of my patronage. Bring her here  
             immediately.

Miller            She is at the gate waiting.

King            Go get her. (Peter goes out). Old Miller, have you had dreams of spinning gold out of straw, or is it true as you said it? Remember when you trifle with kings you have more than flour to deal with, and half a joke might cost you a whole head.

Miller            You are a very good king, I am sure.  
(Miller's daughter enters timidly with Peter, who whispers instructions to her. She kneels before the King.)

King            Rise, child. If you are as clever as you are young and beautiful, you are the miracle of your sex. Your father says that you can spin gold out of straw. Is that true, miller's daughter?

Miller            (Breaking in) King, my daughter is very shy and very, very modest. She would rather hew trees than spin gold out of straw. But command her, King, and she will do it.

Maiden           But King, O good King, I cannot.

Miller            She cannot refuse to spin for you, King, and she cannot deny that she can spin, King, she cannot.

King            A most curious and peculiar case.

Maiden           But, your Majesty, I cannot.

King            Cannot what, maid?

Miller            (Breaking in again) She cannot lie to you about it, King. Only command her to spin gold out of straw and she cannot but do it. She cannot but do it, King.

King            Very well, we shall see. We shall see. Miller's daughter, I command you to spin this room full of straw into bright gold. Now set to work, and if by early morning you have not spun it all into gold, you shall die. And you, old miller, shall die first. Peter, bring a great quantity of straw into this room, not from the best granaries, but from the second-best.

Peter            Yes, your Majesty, from the second-best.  
(Peter exits to carry out the King's order.)

King            You may go, old miller. Remember, strange maid, early in the morning. You shall be locked in this room, so that no one may disturb you.  
(First the Miller, then King exit, leaving the Maiden to weep in the center of the stage. Peter brings in straw and throws it on the floor at the Maiden's feet.)

Peter.           There, young lady, spin to your heart's content.  
(Peter picks up the throne and carries it off, mumbling.)

Maiden.           Alas! Alas!

Peter            (enters with a spinning wheel). Waste no time weeping. The dawn will soon peep through your window. Spin, daughter, spin.



Maiden But I cannot. I cannot spin at all.

Peter Spin, nevertheless. The King's commands are the King's commands. Good night and good luck. Good night.

(Peter unlocks a large key from his belt and a noise should be made off stage to sound like the turning of a key in a great lock after the slamming of a door as Peter goes out.)

Maiden Alas, Alas, Alas. How can I spin this straw into gold? Oh, wicked father, unkind King, cruel fate. Alas, Alas. Oh dawn, come quickly. Come now. I could never bear this night. Come dawn, Come. Come. Come. (Repeated knocking is heard at unseen door.) "Come in" (The knocking continues.) Come in. Come in.  
(Rumpelstiltskin's voice is heard off stage.)

Turn, locks, turn  
Like milk to butter in the churn  
Creak, locks, Creak.  
As you hear your master speak  
Burn, locks, burn.  
Turn and creak, weak locks.  
Your master knocks, knocks, knocks.

(Rumpelstiltskin enters in little leaps and bounds.  
Rumpelstiltskin should be as small as possible and his movements very vivacious and jerky. His eyes twinkle, and they are never still in their sockets. There is a gurgle in his voice which sounds like a perpetual ripple of laughter.)

Rumpelstiltskin Good evening, miller's daughter. What are you doing here and why are you crying?

Maiden (Sobbing) Good evening, little father. How did you open that mighty iron door?

Rumpelstiltskin Ah, ah. I have a gift that can open any door behind me which there are tears. Tell me why you are crying.

Maiden Alas. Alas. The King has commanded me to spin gold out of all this straw, and I do not understand the business at all. I must spin it all before morning or else die. Alas, alas.

Rumpelstiltskin. Well, do not weep about it. Just a trifle. Just a trifle. It really isn't so difficult. What will you give me, now, if I spin it for you?

Maiden I would give you whatever I can, little father, whatever I own. I will give you my necklace if you will take it.

Rumpelstiltskin A bargain, pretty maid. (takes the necklace, examines it very quickly and slips it into his pocket.) Let me have the wheel. (He leaps on the seat of the wheel as if it were a horse and immediately begins to spin.)

Turn, wheel, spin, spin  
Spin, spin, spin, spin  
Straw go out  
And gold come in.

(He repeats this two or three times, taking up the straw as he does so and dropping it on the other side of the wheel. As he drops the straw he picks up fine strips of gold paper which are concealed in the back of the wheel. He shakes these so the Maiden may see them and then throws them at her feet.)

Maiden It is spinning into gold, bright, bright gold, Spin fast, little pan. Come slowly, dawn. Linger, linger, dark night. Spin faster, Gold bright, bright gold.

Both Turn wheel, spin, spin  
Spin, spin spin, spin  
Straw go out  
And gold come in.

(The wheel is spinning very fast and producing much gold when the curtain falls.)

Scene Two: The beginning of the scene is played in front of the curtain in a dim light, being just dawn. Rumpelstiltskin emerges in his lightning way through the center.

Rumpelstiltskin The dawn, the dawn, the dawn is come  
And all the spinning is done, done, done  
Now you may rise, bright sun, sun, sun.

(the cock is heard crowing and Rumpelstiltskin exits. This exit Rumpelstiltskin can make by rolling out of the scene turning two or three somersaults. An extra light should be turned on here to denote the rising of the sun. That will be the cue for the King to enter.)

King The royal rooster crows. The royal alarm clock rings. It must be dawn. It is dawn. Let us see that meets our eight this day. I dreamed that my eyes were made of transparent gold and everything I looked at was pure gold. Oh, dreams, wicked dremas, why are you just dreams?

(The curtain is parted, slowly, disclosing the same scene as the first with the Maid asleep on the spinning wheel bench. The straw has completely disappeared and a pile of gold is in its place.

King The straw has disappeared. Is it possible? I must be dreaming. I see, too, much gold or something that shines like gold. It is gold, spun gold. What an artist. Hereafter I shall proclaim myself patron of the arts. There is nothing so beautiful. She sleeps, So great an artist must not waste time sleeping. Wake up, pretty maid.

Maiden (Wakes up startled and rises). Oh, your Majesty, is it you? Is it dawn?

King It is morning and you have fulfilled the night.



Maiden I am glad you are satisfied, your Majesty. I beg you let me go in peace now for I have much to do about the house.

King Not yet, pretty maid, not yet. You are an artist of rare genius and I must encourage you. You must spin another night of gold.

Maiden But I cannot, your Majesty. My fingers are blistered, my legs are stiff, and my eyes are blood-shot. I can spin no more.

King You must, pretty maid, you must.

Maiden Have mercy, good king. I have neither the mood, the will, nor power to spin gold.

King A true artist, a true artist. You must spin gold.

Maiden Have pity. King, have pity. Be content with what I have already done.

King Image in ten times so much, a hundred times so much, a million times.  
(calls loudly) Peter, Peter!

Maiden Alas, alas.

Peter (Staggering in, half asleep.) Your Majesty calls so early?

King Peter, bring another great quantity of straw in this room, twice as much.

Maiden Alas, Alas. I cannot do it. Have pity.

King Twice as much straw as yesterday, Peter. Lock well the door. Until tomorrow dawn, clever pretty maid. (King caresses the gold and goes out repeating as he goes, "Lock well the door".)

Peter (Rubbing his eyes in great wonder.) Where there was straw there is gold. The poor do such strange things for the night and the rich.

Maiden Oh, Peter, have mercy on me and let me escape from here or I will surely die tomorrow. The King is deceived.

Peter I am deaf on this side, miller's daughter. That is why the King always talks on the other side to me. (Goes out to get the straw.)

Maiden Alas, Alas. (She sobs until Peter comes back).

Peter (Comes in with a bundle of straw, Twice as much straw. That's not much. Don't weep. (Goes out again) Maiden continues to sob. Peter returns with second bundle of straw). Strange, strange things no doubt. Don't weep. Hard on me too, this early rising. The poor are strange, strange. (He goes out, one more time the locks are heard turning. She looks at the two large bundles of straw and begins to sob fresh).

Maiden

Alas. Alas. Come help me again, little man. Whatever you be and wherever you are, come help me again, little father, or I shall be dead at the next dawn. The day never seemed so long and the night never so black and the dawn never so gray.

Come, little man  
Goblin or devil  
Come, little man,  
For good or for evil.

(The impatient knocking is heard at the door and Rumpelstiltskin's song is heard.)

Turn, locks, turn,  
Like milk to butter in the churn,  
Creak, locks, creak  
As you hear your master speak.  
Burn, locks, burn,  
Your master knocks, knocks, knocks.  
Turn and creak, weak locks.

(He appears, rubbing his hands and laughing his gurgly laugh, at which point the curtain can fall.)

Scene Three: The same as the second. There are three bundles of straw on the floor which the Maiden has been commanded to spin into gold. When the curtain rises, the familiar knock-knock of Rumpelstiltskin is heard, which is followed by his entrance on to the scene chuckling away as usual. When Rumpelstiltskin enters the Maiden should be lying face-down on the straw, weeping.

Rumpelstiltskin What ails you, what ails you this time pretty maiden?

Maiden (In great distress) Oh, dear, little father, see. The King has commanded me to spin three times the straw. If by dawn it is done he will wed me and I will become the queen of the land.

Rumpelstiltskin Lucky maid, lucky maid, dry your tears. Truly joy sheds more tears and cuts deeper in the heart than sorrow, for as a matter of fact, it is from joy you weep, not grief. What will you give me this time, lucky maid, what will you give me to spin?

Maiden Alas, Alas! I have nothing I can give you, little father. Nothing.



Rumpelstiltskin Oh, oh, oh. It isn't possible to make a bargain with nothing, for after all, a bargain is a bargain. Ho, ho, ho, Nothing!  
(at the last "ho, ho, ho," he scratches his head and pulls on his long strands of beard with nervous little movements.)

Maiden Alas, Alas!

Rumpelstiltskin (Getting an idea, turns quickly to the Maiden). Promise me that you will give up to me your first born child and I will spin thrice the straw for you. Your first born child.

Maiden I will promise it gladly, but who knows, who knows?

Rumpelstiltskin In due course of time, fair child, in due course of time. Promise to give me your first-born child, boy or girl, and I will spin, spin, spin.

Maiden I promise you, little father, I promise you.

Rumpelstiltskin The bargain is made, a promise is a promise as a bargain is a bargain.

Fair, wise and lucky maid.  
Remember the promise  
Until it is paid.

(He mounts the spinning wheel gracefully and gleefully and turns the wheel and spins faster than ever)

Turn, wheel, spin, spin  
Spin, spin, spin, spin  
Straw go out and gold come in  
Straw go out and gold come in.

(The Maiden joins Rumpelstiltskin in singing the magic little ditty, clapping her hands joyfully as she does so. The straw is once more seen to change into gold. The curtain now falls, and the rest of the action in this scene takes place in front of the curtain. The spinning and singing can be heard to die out. There is a brief moment of silence to follow. The King and the Priest then make their appearance in front of the curtain. The light should be dim as before.)

King Sh. It is not quite yet dawn. I could not sleep Father. My bed was covered with my royal thoughts and my royal thoughts were golden tacks with their needle-points up!

Priest Golden thoughts, Majesty, have their drawbacks.

King Especially if they are tacks. Have you brought your book, Father?

Priest Yes, your Majesty. (He shows a great book he carries under his arm. The Priest should talk in a deep, slow monotone.)

King I trust you will open it at the wedding page and not at the funeral.

Priest I have equal practice in both, Majesty. I will read you the one and the other with equal devotion and eloquence with equal blessing.

King You are irresponsible Father. This dawn is a very slow dawn. Can the royal rooster be oversleeping? (Here the rooster is heard to crow as if realizing that the King wishes it.) No, it just crowed in time to save its head. Wait here, Father, Come in when I signal you.

(The King disappears behind the curtain. The Priest puts his ear to the curtain as if listening for a signal.) After a few seconds the hand of the King emerges through the curtain and hits the Priest on the head with the scepter.)

Priest The signal. (He follows the King)  
(The curtain rises immediately and discloses the King and the Priest standing on either side of the Maiden, who is asleep at the wheel. Gold has once more taken the place of straw.)

King See, Father, fill your eyes with the kingdom of heaven.

Priest Indeed, Indeed. It is indeed a heavenly sight, a most heavenly sight.

King Awake, fair maid, awake.  
Poor, tired, maid, awake.  
Three nights you've spun  
Your task is done  
The King's heart won.  
Awake, awake.

Maiden (Awakes as if from a pleasant dream) Oh, good morning, King. Is it really dawn?

King Yes, yes and a happy one for you, pretty maid. Come give me your hand.  
(They take hands) Father, perform your ceremony. I know of no cleverer, more beautiful or gentle maid than this. No longer will she be known as the miller's daughter, but as the Queen for she is worth at least her weight in gold a hundred fold.

Priest I am ready, Majesty.  
Touch hands, clasp hands,  
While I make the bands,  
The bands, the bands,  
About your hands.

(The King and the Maiden take the center of the stage with their hands clasped and facing each other. The Priest is in front of them with his back to the audience and his hand raised in blessing. The curtain should fall just as he says his last line.)



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Scene four

The first part of the scene is played in front of the curtain. A noise of thunder and wind is heard mixed with the gurgling laughter of Rumpelstiltskin. He makes his appearance by rolling on the scene with a few somersaults.

Rumpelstiltskin      The wind blows east  
                         The wind blows west,  
                         The wind blows over the great stork's nest.  
                         The cuckoo bird I love the least  
                         The stork I love the best.

In due time, in due time, Here I am. 'Tis a year and a day since I've seen this palace. In that time the miller's daughter has been a Queen, the Queen has become a mother, and the infant will become mine according to promise.

Turn, locks, turn,  
Like milk to butter in the churn,  
Creak, locks, creak  
As you hear your master speak  
Burn, locks, burn,  
Turn and creak, weak locks,  
Your master knocks, knocks, knocks.

(As he finishes his ditty, he stamps several times on the floor with his foot, at which command, the curtain goes up. He drums to one side of the Procession temporarily.)

The scene disclosed is the Queen's Chamber. She is sitting by a cradle in which her first-born is being lulled to sleep. The scene can really be the same as it was before, with the spinning wheel taken out, and a stool and cradle, fitting to a queen, put in its place. The Maiden who is now Queen, has changed her costume by throwing a beautiful cloak over her shoulders which sufficiently hides her other costumes. She also wears a crown.)

Maiden            (To the child in the cradle)

Sleep, sleep, sleep  
On a wheel of stars  
Bright white night stars,  
Peep, sleep, peep.  
Creep, sleep, creep,  
In my baby's eyes.  
One is shut, the other cries  
Sleep, sleep, sleep  
Close both hiseyes  
on a wheel of stars,  
Sleep, baby, sleep  
On a wheel of stars.

(Rumpelstiltskin slides onto the scene on tiptoes, laughs quietly, and bows, flourishing his hat in great circles before the astonished and half-frightened Maiden.)

Rumpelstiltskin -- Greetings, fair and mighty Queen, that was once a miller's daughter. I have come to fulfill the bargain we made just a year and a day ago. I have come to collect my debt. Give me the infant, Queen, and I will carry it to the wheel of the stars, the wheel of the stars. Ha, ha, ha, ha, a pretty place.

Maiden (Turns her back on him) Who are you, strange old man? I Never Saw you before. I don't remember any promise.

Rumpelstiltskin - Promise, ha, ha, ha, ha, That's it. Promise, Promise. Promises are never forgotten. The very sight of me made you remember your promise. You promised to give me your first-born child which is now in your arms. You have never forgotten it.

Maiden Take pity, little father. Give me back my promise. I will give you all the jewels in my crown instead.

Rumpelstiltskin - The jewels in your crown are like other stones Did I not spin gold out of straw? There is no jewel like your first-born. It is that I will take.

Maiden Be kind, little father, Spare me my infant. I will give you half my kingdom.

Rumpelstiltskin - Half your kingdom is not one thousandth part of the roof that covers me. A bargain is a bargain. Give me your promised first-born.

Maiden Be merciful, little father. Do not take away my first-born. How can you care for a child that needs a mother? It will annoy you day and night with its crying. It will keep you awake nights. It will be a terrible care to you, little father. Leave well enough alone. Take anything else. Anything else that your heart desires I will gladly give you.

Rumpelstiltskin - A living creature, a living creature. Only your first-born will satisfy me. Come, Queen, it's no use.

Maiden Alas, Alas. I cannot. I cannot. (She kneels in an effort to move him) Mercy, Pity, Pity. Little Father, pity.

Rumpelstiltskin - (Very impatiently) Stop weeping. Stop weeping.

Maiden (Weeping loudly) Alas. Alas.

Rumpelstiltskin - (More impatiently and raising his voice) Stop weeping. A bargain is a bargain.

Maiden "Weeping much more loudly) Alas. Alas. Little Father.

Rumpelstiltskin - (Stamping and fuming) Stop. Stop. Stop weeping. Very well, Queen I will give you three days. This is the last bargain. If you can tell me what my name is in three day's time, you may keep the child. But if you fail to guess my name, then flip: - Comes the child to me and there's an end. Three days, three days, ha, ha, ha, Three days. (He laughs fiendishly and rushes off like the wind.)

Maiden (Seeing that he is gone, stops weeping and calls very excitedly) Peter, Peter, Peter, Peter, Peter.



Peter (Running in out of breath) Your Highness, what have I done?

Maiden Nothing, Peter, but you have much to do. Run, run, go to every door in the kingdom and make a list of every strange name you hear. Quick, run, run, run. I have only three day's time.  
(She should speak this very fast)

Peter Your Highness. (He starts to run, not knowing where, but turns back as the Maiden begins to speak again.)

Maiden Run, run. Do not eat, drink, or sleep until you have listened at every door in the kingdom. Run, run. Three is not so long. Peter, run, run.  
(And as she says this she urges him on, turning this way and that until Peter feels like a spinning top. He finally runs off to do the bidding of the Queen. Left alone, she becomes peaceful once more and returns to the cradle to sing the lullaby.

Sleep, sleep, sleep  
On a wheel of stars.  
Bright, white night stars.  
Peep, sleep, peep  
Creep, sleep, creep  
In my baby's eyes.  
One is shut, the other cries.  
Sleep, sleep, sleep.  
Close both his eyes.  
On a wheel of stars.  
Sleep baby, sleep  
On a wheel of stars.

(The curtain falls very slowly\*)

Scene Five: The first part of this scene takes place in front of the curtains. Peter is heard mumbling in the distance before he is seen. His voice grows louder and louder until he enters.

Peter (As he runs back and forth, from one end of the stage to the other in front of the curtain). Run, run, run, run, run. One day more Peter, Run, run, run, run. Stop, Peter stop. (He stops) Give your legs a rest and let your hand travel, a bit. Look at your map. (He takes out a map which he carries in his pocket and examines it.) I have been to the north. I have been to the south. I have been to the east and also to the north. I have not been in the middle where the forest is, run, Peter, run.

(Puts map away and resumes his running) Run and see who lives in the forest, Run, run, run, run.

(As he runs off the scene, the curtain rises, disclosing the middle of the forest. Rumpelstiltskin is discovered dancing around a fire.

Rumpelstiltskin --- Fire, fire, flame up higher  
Never stop when you begin  
No one knows.  
That breathes or grows  
No one knows. No one knows.

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Peter (Enters unseen by Rumpelstiltskin) No one knows -- what -- I wonder?  
(He hides behind a tree and listens)

Rumpel: (continuing to hop and dance around the fire.)  
No one knows, no one knows.  
She will lose, and I will win.  
No one knows, no one knows,  
My name is Rumpelstiltskin.

Peter (Sticking his head out to hear more easily. The name seems to puzzle him.)  
So. So. Rump-what?

Rumpelstiltskin: Rumpelstiltskin.

Peter Rumpel -- well, well.

Rumpel: Rumpelstiltskin. Rumpelstiltskin.

Peter Rumpelstiltskin. Rumpelstiltskin. Whew. Well, I have found one name in  
the forest. (He writes it down on the back of the map)

Rumpel: Higher, higher, fire, fire,  
No one knows  
That breathes or grows  
The Queen will lose and I will win  
No one knows  
My name is Rumpelstiltskin

Peter If you only knew what Peter knows.  
You'd scratch your head and blow your nose.

(He rushes off well satisfied.)

Rumpel: Rumpelstiltskin. Rumpelstiltskin. Rumpelstiltskin.

(As he says his name each time, he leaps higher, higher, as if daring  
the stars to hear his name, and the curtain falls.)

Scene Six:

Same as Scene Four. The Maiden is pacing the floor, looking out now  
and then as if expecting a messenger. She watches the cradle like a  
sentinel.

Maiden. Alas, Alas, Alas!

Peter (Runs in very much out of breath) News, Queen, news.

Maiden Peter, Peter, Yes, Yes!

Peter I haven't heard one single new name.

Maiden Oh, Alas. Alas.

Peter But I went into the forest and I came to a high hill, and near it was a  
little house, a tiny house, and in front of the house there burned a  
fire that rose higher and higher, and around at the fire danced a comical  
little man. He hopped on one foot and cried.



Nobody knows  
I wipe my eyes and blow my nose  
The Queen will lose and I will win  
Nobody knows, nobody knows.  
My name is -----  
My name is -----

Oh, dear.

(He scratches his head and snaps his fingers, but cannot remember the name. The Maiden in the meantime is on pins and needles to hear the new names.)

Maiden Yes, yes.

Peter I wrote it down. Now where is it? (He feels his pockets and tries to Remember.) My name is Dump - Lump-Hump-Mump-Stump. Oh, dear where did I put it?

Maiden Peter, Peter. Hurry, hurry, This is the third day. Search all your pockets. Rack your brains. Search inside and out.

Peter My name is Lump-Galump-Appledump - No. No. It starts with an ump.

Maiden Hurry, Peter. Search, hunt, dig, scratch, find it quickly, quickly.

Peter (Searching inside and outside his pockets in every possible place that he can think of. This should be an amusing moment. At last he finds the map) Here it is, Here it is, Rum-pel-stilts-kin.

Maiden Rumpelstiltskin.

Both (Reading the paper together) Rumpelstiltskin. (They dance around in a circle, repeating the difficult name until the Maiden collapses on the Throne.

Peter (Wiping his brow.) Wherew. (An ominous knocking is heard). The maiden jumps to her feet. The Maiden and Peter whisper. Then Peter goes out.)

Rumpel: (Enters with a defying laugh) Good morning, Queen. Good, good, good, morning. Your last chance. What is my name, my name, my name? Today it is my name or your first born. I have prepared a sumptuous cradle for it, swinging from the tail of a star. My name, Queen, my name, name it.

Maiden Alas, I have no new names today, little father. Your name must be a very, very queer one, if you have any at all. I never thought of that Have you a name at all?

Rumpel: I have a name as nameable as yours, fair queen, After the tongue is used to it, quite as nameable. My name, my name.

Page fourteen

Maiden Are you called Jack?

Rumpel No!

Maiden Harry?

Rumpel No!

Maiden If it isn't a simple one like that, your name must be somewhat like, it must be \_\_\_\_\_ let me see \_\_\_\_\_ (Peter tiptoes behind the Maiden and whispers her name to her) Rumpelstiltskin. That's it. Rumpelstiltskin.

Rumpel Devils, devils, devils. The devil told you that, ha, ha, ha, ha, The devil, the devil. (He stamps his foot and jumps up and down in rage until he falls dead at her feet.)

Maiden (To Peter) Gracious, gracious. What a furious little temper the little father has.

Peter. (He goes over to Rumpel and puts his ear to his heart.)  
What a furious little temper he had Queen, he has it no longer. He is dead.

Maiden Oh, what a pity. We must bury him with honors, Peter

Peter. Yes, your Highness. Then you must let me sleep for seven days and seven nights.

Maiden Yes, you faithful Peter. I will too sleep peacefully.

(Peter drags Rumpelstiltskin off the scene. Puffing and muttering.  
The Maiden, who has nothing more to worry about, sits by the cradle and sweetly sings her lullaby as the curtain falls for the last time.)

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## RUTH AND NAOMI

### INTRODUCTION

It came to pass in the days when the judges ruled in Israel that there was a famine in the land. A certain man of Bethlehem went to live in the country of Moab, he, and his wife and his two sons. His name was Elimelech, his wife was Naomi, and names of his two sons were Mahlon and Chilion. Elimelech died, leaving Naomi and her two sons. They married women of Moab. The name of one was Orpah, and the other, Ruth. They dwelt there ten years. Then Mahlon and Chilion died.

Naomi heard that the famine in Isreal was over and she resolved to return to Bethlehem.

Our first scene is outside of the town in Moab.

Scene ll takes place after Naomi and Ruth reach Bethlehem. they are seen in the house where they find lodging.

Scene lll takes place in the field of Boaz, a man of great wealth, who is a kinsman of Naomi.

Scene lV Ruth returns home to tell Naomi of her good fortune in winning the favor of Boaz. Naomi is overjoyed at the kindness of Boaz, and instructs Ruth to return to the threshing floor that night after Boaz has feasted in celebration of the good harvest and then to put herself under his protection, claiming Boaz as her kinsman. The next scene shows Ruth carrying out Naomi's instructions.

Scene V is before the gate of Bethlehem where Boaz wins the hand of Ruth.

(Note: The Introduction and description of each scene may be read in front of the puppet screen by one of the class and not by the puppets.)

RUTH AND NAOMI

Scene 1

MOAB

Outskirts of town. Ruth, Naomi, and Orpah are discovered.

Naomi-----Go, return, each to her mother's house. The Lord deal kindly with you, as ye have dealt with me and with my sons, your husbands, who are dead. The Lord grant to you that ye may find rest, each of you in the house of a new husband.

(She kisses Orpah and then Ruth)

Orpah-----Surely we will return with thee unto thy people.

Ruth-----Yea, we will not leave thee, we will go with thee.

Naomi-----You must turn back, my daughters. Why do you wish to go with me? The hand of the Lord hath gone out against me, taking from me my husband and my sons. Turn again, my daughters, go your way.

Orpah-----Farewell then, my mother. (She starts sadly off)

Naomi----- (To Ruth) Behold, thy sister-in-law is gone back unto her people and unto her gods. Return thou after thy sister-in-law.

Ruth-----Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee. For whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, I will die and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me and more also if ought but death part thee and me.

(CURTAIN )

Scene 11

House in Bethlehem. Naomi, Ruth, Joel, and Eli.

Joel-----Is this Naomi?

Naomi-----Call me not Naomi. Call me Mara, for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me. I left with a husband and two sons, and the Lord hath brought me home again alone.

Eli-----But thou returnest not alone. Who is this woman, who came with thee?

Naomi-----She is Ruth, a Moabite, the widow of my son Chilion.

Joel-----How wilt thou gain thy bread?

SCENE II CONTINUED  
(Scene 11 continued)

Naomi-----Alas, I know not.

Eli-----'Tis the beginning of the barley harvest. Cannot thy daughter-in-law go to the fields to glean?

Ruth-----Let me go now to the fields and glean after him in whose sight I shall find grace.

Naomi-----Go then, my daughter, and God be with thee.

(CURTAIN)

Scene 111

The field of Boaz.

First man-----'Tis a full harvest.

Second man-----Yea, it will add greatly to the wealth of Boaz.

(Two maidens enter gleaning followed by Ruth also gleaning)

(Enter Boaz)

Boaz-----The Lord be with you.

All-----The Lord bless thee (Bow)

(Boaz beckons to a servant)

Boaz-----Whose damsel is this?

Servant-----She is the Moabitish damsel that came back with Naomi and she asked, I pray you let me glean and gather after the reapers among the sheaves.

Boaz-----Let her glean even among the sheaves and reproach her not. Let fall also some of the handfuls on purpose for her and leave them, that she may glean them, and rebuke her not.

Servant-----We will do so, my lord.

(Enter Ruth)

Boaz-----Hear ye, my daughter, go not to glean in another field, neither go from hence, but abide here fast by my maidens. Let thine eyes be on the field that they do reap, and go thou after them. And when thou art athirst, go unto the vessels and drink of that which the young men have drawn.

Ruth-----Why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldst

(Scene 111 continued)

take knowledge of me, seeing I am a stranger?

Boaz-----It hath fully been shown me all that thou hast done unto my kinswoman, thy mother-in-law. The Lord recompense thy work and a full reward be given thee by the Lord God of Israel under whose wings thou art come to trust.

Ruth-----Let me find favor in thy sight, my lord, for that thou hast comforted me, and hast spoken friendly unto me.

Boaz-----Come, now, It is meal time. Eat of the bread and dip thy morsel in the vinegar. Eat also of the parched corn.

(They sit and eat together)

(CURTAIN)

Scene 1V

The threshing floor. Ruth comes in.

Boaz----- (Raises up) Who art thou?

Ruth-----I am Ruth, thy handmaid. Thou art a near kinsman of mine. Spread therefore thy garment over me to show that thou dost act the part of a kinsman to me.

Boaz-----Blessed be thou of the Lord, my daughter, fear not, I will do to thee all that thou requirest. It is true I am thy kinsman, but there is a kinsman nearer than I. If he will not do the part of a kinsman to thee then will I do it. Bring the veil that thou hast upon thee and hold it.

(Boaz measures into it barley)

Ruth-----The Lord bless thee, Boaz, my kinsman, for that thou hast shown such great kindness to me.

(CURTAIN)

Scene V

At the Gate. Boaz enters and sits down.  
Eli enters.

Boaz-----Ho, Eli, turn aside - sit thee down.

(Eli does so)      (Joel enters)



(Scene V continued)

Boaz-----Ho, Joel, turn aside - sit thee down.

(Joel sits down) (Enter Judah)

Boaz-----Ho, Judah, sit thee down. I have need of thee.

(Enter Jacob)

Boaz-----Ho, Jacob, thou that art kinsman to Naomi, wife of Elimelech, and to Ruth, the Moabitess, wife of Chilion. Sit thee down here.

Jacob-----What is thy wish?

Boaz-----Naomi selleth a parcel of land, which was our brother Elimelech's and I thought to advise thee, saying, "Buy it before the people and before the elders. If thou wish to redeem it, say so, but if not, tell me that I may redeem it, for I am after thee.

Jacob-----I will redeem it.

Boaz-----When thou buyest it of Naomi thou must buy it also of Ruth and take her to wife.

Jacob-----That I can not do. Redeem thou, then, my right. (Takes off his shoe and hands it to Boaz)

Boaz-----Thou art witness this day that I have bought all that was Elimelech's and all that was Chilion's and all that was Mahlon's. Moreover, Ruth, the Moabitess, I have purchased to be my wife, to raise up the name of the dead. Ye are witnesses this day.

(Ruth and Naomi enter)

Elders-----We are witnesses. The Lord make the woman, Ruth, like unto Rachel and Leah, which did build up the house of Israel.

(CURTAIN)

#### EPILOGUE

So Boaz married Ruth, a foreigner from the land of Moab. When Ruth had a son, Naomi took him and became nurse to him and he was to her as the child of her own son. His name was Obed, and he was the father of Jesse, who was the father of David, through whose line after many generations, Jesus Christ was born, in Bethlehem of Judaea.

THE SENDING OUT OF THE SPIES

Scene I.

In front of Moses' tent in the wilderness. Moses and Aaron and Joshua discovered.

MOSES: We are now near the promised land.

JOSHUA: One bold stroke and it will be ours.

AARON: Send out spies to see the land, what it is.

MOSES: Joshua, find Caleb, Hoshea and Igal. You will I send.

Exit Joshua.

AARON: Joshua is full of spirit and wisdom.

MOSES: Yea, he led our hosts to the discomfit of Amelek.

Re-enter Joshua, Caleb with Hoshea and Igal.

MOSES: Take each of you, three men with him, that ye twelve may spy out the land of Canaan. Some go southward and some go up into the mountains. See the land and the people that dwell therein--whether they be strong or weak, few or many.

AARON: Yea and what the land is, whether it be good or bad, fat or lean, and what cities they dwell in, whether in tents or in strongholds.

MOSES: Be ye of good courage--and bring us back the fruit of the land.

JOSHUA: Now is the time of the first ripe grapes. It may be

we can bring back clusters with us.

MOSES:

Do so. The people murmur for fresh foods. They  
weary of manna. The wrath of the Lord is kindled  
against the people. Now go.

CURTAIN.

SCENE II

Same as Scene I  
Forty Days Later

Moses and Aaron Discovered

Enter Joshua and Caleb.

JOSHUA: They that ye sent to spy out the land of Canaan have returned after forty days, bringing with them the fruit of the land as ye did bid them.

MOSES: Send them to us.

Exit Joshua.

AARON: (to Caleb) Tell us of the land.

CALEB: Surely it floweth with milk and honey.

Joshua re-enters followed by Hoshua and Igal, carrying grapes.

See, here is the fruit of it.

MOSES: The land must be fat that such is the fruit thereof.

HOSHA: Nevertheless the people be strong that dwell in the land and the cities are walled and very great.

IGAL: Moreover, we saw the children of Anak there.

JOSHUA: The Amalekites dwell in the land to the south.

CALEB: The Hettites, Jebusites and Amorites dwell in the mountain.

HOSHA: The Canaanites dwell by the sea, by the coast of Jordan.

CALEB: Let us go up at once and possess it--for we are well able to overcome it.



IGAL: We be not able to go up against the people for they are stronger than we.

HOSHEA: The land, through which we have gone to spy, is a land where the people eat each other up.

IGAL: Yea, they are men of a great stature. They are giants, the sons of Anak, which come of giants. To them we be like grasshoppers in size.

HOSHEA: Would God we had died in the land of Egypt or in this wilderness. Why has the Lord brought us to this land to fall by the sword.

IGAL: Were it not better for us to return to Egypt?

MOSES: (falls on his face) Oh, Lord. Wherefore has thou afflicted thy servant that thou layest the burden of this people upon me.

JOSHUA: (leaning over Moses) The land we passed through is an exceeding good land. If the Lord delight in us, then he will bring us unto this land and give it to us, a land which floweth with milk and honey.

CALEB: (to Hoshea and Igal) Rebel ye not against the Lord, neither fear the people of the land, for they are as bread to us. Their defence is departed from them. The Lord is with us--fear them not.

AARON: Go, get ye from our sight. The Lord will speak to Moses, my brother, and will tell us what to do.

Exit Hoshea, Igal, Joshua and Caleb.

MOSES: Leave me that I may beseech the Lord for mercy for this rebellious people.

Exit Aaron.

MOSES: Oh, Lord, forgive thy people their iniquities!

Angel of Lord appears.

ANGEL: How long will this people provoke the Lord? How long will it be ere they believe his signs? He will smite them with pestilence and disinherit them.

MOSES: Then the Egyptians shall hear it. If thou kill this people they will say 'The Lord slays them in the wilderness because he is not able to bring them into the land which he promised them. Pardon, I beseech thee, the iniquity of this people according to thy great mercy.

ANGEL: The Lord will pardon according to thy word but because they have not hearkened unto my voice, they shall not see the land which I promised them, save only Caleb and Joshua. The carcasses of the others shall fall in the wilderness and their children shall wander in the wilderness for forty years.

CURTAIN.

## Prologue

After the Hebrews were led by Moses out of Egypt into the wilderness, they had many hardships. They lacked food and water. The Lord supplied them with water and sent them manna from Heaven to eat. Under the leadership of Joshua they won their first battle with Amalek. When they reached Sinai, The Lord gave Moses the ten commandments on stone. These he cast down and broke, when on his return from the mountain he found the people worshipping a golden calf like those they had seen in Egypt. Still the people complained and wished to return to Egypt to have good things to eat once more. They forgot they had been slaves. At last they reached the Border of the Promised Land. Our first Scene is before Moses' tent.

Daniel - Joshua  
Lindley - Piram  
Reice - Hazor

SCENE I.

Mrs. Meader

Rahab and the Spies

Outside Joshua's Tent.

Joshua, Hazor, Piram, and others are present.

JOSHUA:           What two of you will spy out the land of Canaan round  
the city of Jericho, even unto the city itself?

(Hazor and Piram step forward)

JOSHUA:           Go then, to Jericho, and bring me back news of the  
city, its strength, and its wealth.

PIRAM & HAZOR:   (Bowing) We go.

JOSHUA:           God go with you.

(Exit)

Curtain

Other Soldier - Sherman

Black

Bob -



SCENE II.

Outside the wall by a gate of Jericho

(People pass in through the gate. Rahab's house with window is next to gate.)

A Woman with a basket - *Bab-*

A Countryman and his ass *Dick-*

A Merchant and his camel - *Daniel.*

Piram and Hazor enter.

Two Travellers

(Rahab is at the window)

RAHAB: *Sherrum.* (To Countryman) Are you a stranger in the country?

COUNTRYMAN: *Dick.* No. (Passes on)

RAHAB: (To Merchant) Do you wish a night's lodging?

(Merchant passes on.)

(Hazor and Piram pause and look up)

RAHAB: Are you strangers in the country?

HAZOR: *Piram* We have travelled far.

PIRAM: *Lindley* We are weary

RAHAB: I will lodge you for the night. Enter the gate and turn to the left. I will meet you at my door.

HAZOR AND PIRAM: So be it.

Curtain

SCENE III.

Rahab's House. (The roof)

Rahab and spies appear looking over the city.

RAHAB: You can see all of Jericho from my roof.

HAZOR: It is a fair city.

RAHAB: Yonder is the king's palace.

PIRAM: I hear he has great riches.

RAHAB: His wealth is known throughout the land.

HAZOR: They are closing the gates.

RAHAB: They are always closed at sundown.

(Soldier's head appears at door)

(Knock at door)

RAHAB: Hush! (Looks over wall) A soldier of the king is below.

HAZOR: Hide us quickly.

(Knock comes again more loudly)

RAHAB: Lie down. I will cover you with these sheaves of flax.  
(covers them)

SOLDIER: (Knocking again) Open to the king's men!

RAHAB: I come. (Descends to door) What brings you here?

SOLDIER: We seek the strangers who lodge with you.

RAHAB: They are not here.

SOLDIER: We would search the house.

RAHAB: As you will.

(They come to roof)

SOLDIER: Who were they?

RAHAB: I know not. They left before the gates were closed.  
Pursue them quickly and you shall overtake them.

SCENE III. (Continued)

SOLDIERS: Come let us depart ~~quietly~~. We will pursue them even to the Jordan. They may be Israelites, come to spy upon us.

(Exit) (They descend)

Pause

PIRAM: Rahab, are they gone?

RAHAB: Hush! They may hear you.

SOLDIER: Open the gates in the king's name. We seek the Israelite spies.

Curtain

SCENE IV.

Roof of Rahab's house toward wall.

RAHAB: Now is the time for you to escape. We have heard how your God dried up the Red Sea for your people. We know he is with you and will give you the victory over Jericho.

PIRAM: It is as you say. God will give Jericho over to Joshua.

RAHAB: Since I have received you with peace, will you protect me and my kinsmen when you take the city?

PIRAM: If you betray us not we will save you. Gather your kinsmen together in this house, for we can spare only those who are here.

HAZOR: By what sign will our soldiers recognize it?

PIRAM: Bind a scarlet cord in the window. Our men will see it and know its meaning.

HAZOR: How will we get outside the walls?

(They go over the wall)

RAHAB: (Descends to the window with lamp) Get ye to the mountains lest the pursuers meet you. And hide yourselves there three days. Afterward ye may go your way. ~~Forget~~

HAZOR: Forget not the cord.

RAHAB: Will this answer? (Holds up a scarlet cord)

PIRAM: That will do.

RAHAB: I put my trust in you.

Curtain.



SAINT GEORGE AND THE DRAGON

By J.M.C. Crum

Puppet arrangement by Deborah Meader.

CHARACTERS

The King           The Jester  
Princess Una       The Dragon  
The Mayor          St. George  
Two Counsellors

SCENES

Scene I--<sup>C</sup>Courtyard of Palace  
Scene II--Same as Scene I  
Scene III--Same as above.

Prologue by Clown Announcers

They are a coming-a  
Singing and humming-a;  
You'll see a mumming-a  
If you'll stay,  
We have a knight and  
We have a Princess and  
We have a king and  
A Mayor too.

We have a dragon  
We have a jester, a  
Jester in mottey,  
Yellow and green;  
They are a coming - a  
Singing and humming - a  
Mummers - a such as you  
Never before in your  
Life have seen.

SCENE I.

Palace Courtyard. Two councillors discovered. Mayor in middle, who turns first to one and then to the other.

1st. Coun.    What shall we, do, good friends and neighbors?

2nd. Coun.    I should suggest a dragon trap--

1st. Coun.    Vain are the Corporation's labors--

2nd. Coun.    Truly he heeds us not a rap--

Together      We sent a crier out to say  
All dragons must henceforth be muzzled;  
Yet was he in our schools today,  
Half of our standard sixth, he guzzled.  
Swallowed fine little lads at play.  
Then with a teacher flew away.

1st. Coun.    I've lost two sisters and a cousin--

2nd. Coun.    I've lost three aunts and uncles four.

1st. Coun.    Soldiers are missing by the dozen--

2nd. Coun.    Babies and nursemaids by the score.

1st. Coun.    Fie on his monstrous greediness!

2nd. Coun.    Fie on his wicked angry passions--

Together      Now he's demanding nothing less  
Than our Serene and High Princess.

The Mayor    Now on this city he's a curse  
And things get worse--

1st. Coun.    And worse--

2nd. Coun.    And worse.

Mayor        It's months since our last city dinner,  
We all grow thinner

1st. Coun.    thinner--

2nd. Coun.    thinner---

Mayor        We've lost all fancy for the flagon:  
It's all that dragon.

1st. and 2nd. All that dragon.

Mayor        We've lost all pleasure in the platter  
And he grows fatter--

1st. Coun.    fatter--

2nd. Coun.    fatter.

Mayor        I am your Mayor; You look to me  
For comfort in adversity.

And, truly, I should think it right  
To go and fight--

1st.Coun. And fight?  
And fight?  
Mayor: Yes, go and fight him hot and brisk - but for the risk  
1st.Coun. The risk?  
2nd.Coun. The risk?  
Mayor. And you, I know, could never bear to risk your mayor  
1st.Coun. Our Mayor  
2nd.Coun. Our Mayor  
Mayor Your mayor so wise, so good, so grave, your mayor so brave!  
1st.Coun. So brave!  
2nd.Coun. So brave!

(At this moment there is a roar behind scenes. Councillors run behind curtains. Mayor falls on face...noise subsides....councillors start to return but cower when noise begins again. When it subsides, they come to mayor who remains on face)

1st.Coun. Most valiant Mayor, we know, we know quite well that disconcerts you so. We  
to Mayor: know your worship contemplates not your own peril, but the State's nevertheless, your office high demands a loftier dignity (vain effort to raise Mayor)  
2nd.Coun. This trembling form, this whitened face might quite mislead the populace.  
To common minds, your worship here might seem a prey to common fear.  
(Trumpet is heard and drum)  
1st.Coun. Listen - besides - the fifes, the drums!

It is his majesty who comes. What if he made the same mistake! Ge up,  
get up, for goodness sake!  
(Councillors raise mayor and set him on feet)

- Enter King -

King (very graciously) Wherefore our audience do ye seek, most loyal subjects?  
(Mayor hangs back)

1st.Coun. (Whispers to mayor) Speak!

2nd.Coun. (Commandingly) Speak!

(Mayor swallows but is unable to speak)

1st.Coun. The mayor of this historic bourough without delay must tell the king.  
He must be brave and prompt and thorough - we've had enough of paltering.  
(Dragon sound is heard again - thunder of his wings and roar and scream of "Mercy".

"Mercy" Mr. Dragon, Mayor and 1st councillor dash off while 2nd counsellor and king tremble.)

2nd.Coun. What means those wild and horrid cries?

That voice, his voice! I recognize - It is my friend, Will - my heart runs bold. My friend since we were five years old. Only to think your majesty - tomorrow as it might be me.

(Kneels before king)

(Mayor peeps in and timidly advances)

King(Haughtily) Peace, fellows, peace, give ear, Sir Mayor, are all our people here?  
(Gestures to audience)

Give ear and you shall understand our only hope to save the land. The dragon, he who knows no pity - has promised now to leave the city, and cease for evermore from slaughter, if he may eat our only daughter.

(Beckons to Una who enters in chains)

That is the offer of our foe.....and Una's ready - she will go.

Mayor Is there none could save for us this previous one?

King No, there is none - unless we might find out a perfect-hearted knight, but no one else except St.George would dare go near that mountain gorge - and he's too far to hear our call - there is no hope - no hope at all.

(Exit Mayor, Councillors and King)

Una (To audience tragically) What think ye of Princesses, oh! he happy village girls? They go in silken dresses and in strings of shining pearls - but what is that to brag on. They have bound me hand to hand - my doom to face the dragon. As the price of all the land.

-curtain-



-3-  
SCENE II

King discovered

King (to audience) If any persons seen to smile - nearer this house than half a mile,  
or any persons heard to laugh, nearer this house than a mile and  
half,

Be it known to all - we do decree - he shall de-cap-i-tated be.

(Seats himself in grief)

(Jester enters in middle of speech)

(Jester advances humming)

King(In anger) What means this knave  
Against our own commands,  
Even in the house of mourning  
Here to sing?

Jester (Unabashed) If any one's found without a smile,  
Nearer this house than half a mile,  
Or if any one comes with a sulky face,  
Within a mile-and-a-half of this place,  
Then, I the jester do decree,  
He shall be tickled terriblee.

King Behead him this instant!

- Enter Courtier -

Ye heard what we said of him -

Away with this jester, and bring me the head of him,

Cour. Now Mr. Jester,  
You heard what he said,  
Away with the Jester,  
And chop off his head.

Jester (Kneels - appealing to King)  
Will you chop off my head, sir,  
But what if I died of it?  
And there is such a very  
good riddle inside of it!

King A riddle?

Jester Yes, my lord king  
Set me safe in the middle,  
And I'll make you all busy,  
A-guessing my riddle

King You are permitted to ask us this riddle  
Jester When feet are heavy and hearts are down,  
And all uphill is the way to town,  
Beside his cart walks Carter Will  
Laboring up - up-up-up the hill,  
But when he is come to the top of the hill,  
Oh! into his cart jumps Carter Will,  
And down and away he hurries his wagon,  
And isn't he safe if he's gotten the dragon.

King A riddle!

And isn't he safe if he's gotten the dragon? A riddle! Be silent  
while we ponder. (He ponders - then irritably to audience) You  
ponder too.

"Gotten the drag on" "the drag on" - drag on".

Lah! Drag-on, Dragon! I have it!

Something has happened to our enemy - Drag-on, Dragon, see you? (to the  
audience) Mark you, we saw it first.

Drag-on, drag-on, yes! You may smile now.

(To audience)

Coun. Something hath happened to the dragon - but what?  
If maybe in the night the dragon died,  
The princess having disagreed with him.

Jester

As I stood on the tower, they fly the big flagon,  
I was gazing and gazing away for the dragon,  
I saw Princess Una sit under a crag on  
The hillside, alone and awaiting the dragon,  
Then saw I a sight that is something to brag on,  
Then rode up a knight for a fight with the dragon,  
Oh, sir, the knight was a perfect paragon,  
He flashed in the light and he flew at the dragon,  
And fierce was the fight, but he's done for the dragon;  
And he's bringing him home - I expect in a wagon,  
And now with your leave, sir, I'll empty a flagon,  
For I'm thirsty with thinking of rhymes for the dragon.

(Duncellor hands him flagon)

Here's to your very good health sir, and down with the dragon!  
(Throws down flagon) (King clasps him to his heart)

m - Curtain -

Scene III

(Enter St. George let by king, mayor and councillor proceeds them walking backward and bowing:)

Councillor Bedward at eve we crept in fear,  
In sleep we did dream he was near,  
Until you came and slew the dragon,  
Until you came and slew the dragon,  
Saint George, Saint George, Saint George.

(St. George bows)

Mayor My Lord, King, Ladies and Gentlemen (to audience) - a pause -  
Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, I think - I think, I should  
be failing in my duty today, if I were to say nothing.  
(Proceeds to do so until prompted)

(Whispers)

1st. Coun. I am very happy -

Mayor (Lugubricously) I am very happy -

1st. Coun. Very happy indeed -

Mayor Very happy indeed -

1st. Coun. (Whispers) I am very happy to see you all,  
stupid!

Mayor I am very happy to see you all, stupid

King (breaks in pushing Mayor aside)

He offers thee the liberty,  
Of our most ancient city,  
And me beside could find a bride,  
Considered rather pretty  
If you'll settle down in our old town,  
The town which you did pity

Mayor Proposed and seconded - Sir knight, and passed by our committee

First Coun. Let him have both! Our liberty and our Princess.

St. George Your liberty - Your Princess? Have you not surrendered both? Your liberty  
is won for you again. Quit yourselves like men and guard it well - as for  
your princess - make her forget her tears, robe her as your princess and  
lead her here - quickly.

- Exit counselor

As for the dragon - here he is - (Goes off & leads in dragon who groans  
and shudders)

(shudders and cowers behind king) Oh! there he is -

And now Sir Knight, we beg that you will tell us of your battle.

Mayor  
King



St.George      Oh, heard ye here his yell of fear as home my spear went thrusting red?  
                 (Dragon groans)  
                 By grace of God, my foot hath tread - upon the dragon's head  
                 (Dragon groans and shudders)  
                 Now shall ye be a people free, your enemy is captive led.

King (To audience) Lead him in triumph, O ye people,  
                 Music and garlands all the way,  
                 Loud be the bells in every steeple,  
                 Broad be his banner flying today,  
                 Hath he not saved both town and people?  
                 Did he not the Dragon slay -  
                 (Slaps dragon who groans)  
                 Noble St.George (Embraces St.George)  
                 (Sobs) Noble St.George  
                 Lead that awful beast away  
                 (St.George pushes dragon off stage)  
                 Lead him in triumph, oh, ye people,  
                 Lead he the victor on his way  
                 Re-enter St.George with Princess Una

St.George      Yet there is one shall share my honor  
                 Frailer is she and yet as true,  
                 Petals of roses shower upon her,  
                 Fair as a rose is she to view,  
                 Let her be led in equal honor,  
                 Was she not ready to die for you?

(King embraces Una - gives her hand to St.George who kisses it.

St.George      Let her be led in equal honor - Hath she not faced the dragon too?

- curtain -

THE SERPENT'S TOOTH

*Marionettes*

(When the curtain rises, Chundra bagh is squatting before the figure of the god, up R. chanting in a monotonous tone and beating his prayer-drum. After a second, Koonatri looks in from door R.l.E. She is stealing quietly out at veranda - when he stops his performance and turns.)

CHUNDRA: Where do you go, Koonatri?

KOONATRI: To the stream-for water.

CHUNDRA: You have forgotten your jug.

KOONATRI: It - - it's yonder by the steps -

CHUNDRA: (Looking at her.) Red flowers and jewels. I had said the Bazaar was your way.

(Two Hindoos of low caste appear in the doorway, they regard Chundra with awe - - point - - and then whisper together.)

KOONATRI: (Impatiently.) I go for water.

CHUNDRA: Go then.

(Koonatri after pantomime business with Hindoos, goes out. The Hindoos enter, and stand timidly in the doorway.)

CHUNDRA: (To himself) To question a liar is to bind him faster to his lie (To the Hindoos.) Whence come you?

1st HINDOO: Two day's journey from beyond Lahore. My brother, here is sick.

2nd HINDOO: (Rubbing himself.) Oh - - oh, I am smitten. - - Mighty One - it is the plague.

CHUNDRA: (Regarding him.) Umph - - Peace. (To the other.) What has he eaten?

1st HINDOO: Father of healing - - he ate unripe apples - - and ten thousand little devils bite him here. (Indicating)

CHUNDRA: (After profound deliberation.) Thou hast stomach ache. Put out thy tongue. (2nd Hindoo does so) Thou art an ass. And the next time thou stealest fruit from thy neighbor, may that colic of thine carry thee to the burning-ghaunts.

2nd Hindoo: (Whining.) Holy One - - they were very little apples-

CHUNDRA: (Thundering) Peace. (Gives him medicine) Swallow this (Proudly.) No colored water - - the best salep of Kabul. It will wrestle with the evil.

1st HINDOO: But I - - - I have an ulcer on my leg - - - - -

CHUNDRA: (Thundering.) Buffalo - - get hence - - Remove.

(They hesitate: one turns - - beckons to Chundra Bagh's disciple, who has entered quietly from door R.L.E. The Hindoo whispers to him, and the disciple goes and stands before CHUNDRA.)

CHUNDRA: What say they?

GOONTRA: Chundra Bagh - - these asses from the hills - - have here a bag of cardamons, in return for which - they beg that for one little moment, they may gaze upon the speckled yellow Gods in thy basket.

CHUNDRA: The sight of the poison-people is not for such. (To himself) Cardamons - - - umph.

GOONTRA: - - also a fowl - - stewed on saffron -

CHUNDRA: Saffron? - - - a fowl? - -um. - -(To Goontra, who has taken the gifts from the Hindoo - - and is sniffing of the fowl) Set it down Goontra.)

(He signs to Goontra, who brings forward two baskets - - sets them in the middle of the floor, opens one, - - and is about to open the other - when Chundra says:)  
Not that - - - let that one be.

(Chundra takes out two snakes, from the first basket - - the while Goontra takes a flute - - squat on the floor - and plays an eerie tune.)

CHUNDRA: Gaze - - fools. (He exhibits the snakes)

(Exclamations from the Hindoos) Oah - Um - - Um - -

1st HINDOO: (Over-awed) Thou tamest that - - - Mighty Doctor?

CHUNDRA: Nay - - it is for the Rajah of Jellapoor. He bade me procure it. The reason is not to ask. He has many tiresome - - friends. Off - - lest the speckled Gods are angered.

(The men take up their bundles and edge away.)

Whom they know not - - - they kiss. Whom they kiss - - sleep well.

(As he shows off his snakes and is returning them to ~~the~~ Goontra, - - the voice of the English officer, Sheldon, is heard outside, - calling.)

SHELDON: (Outside) Chundra - - Chundra Bagh? Where is the old scoundrel?

(Sheldon appears on the veranda)

GOONTRA: The Englishman.

SHELDON: Hello, there! May I come in? (He sees the snakes) Chundra, you old rascal - at your devil tricks with those serpents of your's



CHUNDRA: Whom they know not - - they kiss. Whom they kiss, - - sleep well.

(The Hindoos, having salaamed to Sheldon, have disappeared)

SHELDON: Oh, rot. Their fangs are drawn - or you wouldn't be so damned handy with them.

CHUNDRA: (Loftily) I spoke not for you - - but it is not well to anger my speckled ones. Their embrace - - like that of the painted women in the Bazaar - - is death - - but the clasp of my snakes is swifter and more merciful.  
(Chundra Bagh goes out.)

SHELDON: (Looking around.) Damned shuddery hole.

(Goontra is following Chundra out, when Sheldon stops him.)  
'Sst - - come here, you heathen blighter. I gave you four ~~xxx~~ annas, to deliver a message to Koonatzi. Where is she?

GOONTRA: I gave the Sahib's message to the daughter of Chundra Bagh - but after came a boy - - who spoke with her - - and she slipped out - - and ran to the Bazaar.

SHELDON: (Mystified) Hm. That's queer. Are you lying?

GOONTRA: I speak the truth. The Sahib does wrong. Chundra Bagh is of high caste. Chundra Bagh will never give his daughter to an Englishman.

SHELDON: (~~Myxxxxxx~~ Angrily) You heathen snake-twister - - -

GOONTRA: (Gravely) No heathen, Sahib - - and I know my master.

SHELDON: Master? Snake-charmer - and quack-doctor - - -

GOONTRA: (Still gravely) - - - and teacher of the alphabet. The English Sahib despises all Hindoos. Why, then, does he speak love-words to Chundra Bagh's daughter?

SHELDON: (Looking at him keenly) Oh - - that's it. I know you fellows lived in this benighted country five years. I understand your gibberish - - AND your morals. Now, I'm ordered away to-morrow - - to a hill station - - understand me?

GOONTRA: (Nodding) 'Um - - 'Um.

SHELDON: And I think some reliable government coin - - will cure those scruples of your's - - and help ME to carry off your master's daughter with me to the hills - - eh?

GOONTRA: Am I a Rajah - - to throw away silver?

SHELDON: Just so. She'll go - - -whether you help - or not - - so don't indulge in sinful pride - - but keep your mouth shut and quite a number of annas may find their way - - - -what?

GOONTRA: (Solemnly) I will appease the anger of the Gods with one - - half - - -and - - -



SHELDON: Settle it your own way.

(Goontra turns away and looks at his money, as Sheldon says to himself, shivering slightly)  
One more year of this damned country - - and then - -home.

(Koonatri runs up the veranda steps - - sees Sheldon - - saāaams then runs to him)

KOONATRI: Sheldon, Sahib - - (She stops nervously, and looks around)  
My father - - Where?

GOONTRA: (Without turning his back) Asleep within.

SHELDON: Get out - - son of a hundred jackals.  
(Goontra goes out)

KOONATRI: I ran to the Basaar - - to the home of Hadan - - you were not there - - they said you had left the city - - and would never return. The door was locked on me - - they tried to keep me ~~xxx~~ - - but I escaped - - I fear my father has discovered.

SHELDON: It's odd - - -

KOONATRI: Is it true, then? - - your message - - that you go to the hills?

SHELDON: I'm afraid so.

KNOOATRI: For a year?

SHELDON: A whole year.

KOONATRI: I shall die, white Sahib - - - I shall die. A year - - then you come back -?

SHELDON: Perhaps.

(She looks in his face)

KOONATRI: No - - never. (She covers her face with her hands)

SHELDON: (Lifting her face, his hand under her chin, forcing her to look at him.)  
Do you care?

KOONATRI: In this country - till a little while since - - till your great warriors forbade it - - when the husband died - - the wife followed him to the burning-ghauts. They have made it a sin - - but they cannot stop it - - Love is stronger than law. To-morrow I - - - -

SHELDON: (Stopping her) 'Ssh - - that would be foolish.  
(Sheldon stops and listens) What was that? Listen - -  
Your father's awake.

(They listen a moment - - then Koonatri goes to door R. and looks in)

KOONATRI: He sleeps soundly. His face is like the face of a carved stone god.

(she returns to Sheldon)

SHELDON: Koonatri - - in the hills - - where I go to-night - -it is cool and beautiful. It would be pleasant to live there together - you and I - - -

KOONATRI: (Starting) Leave my father - -?

SHELDON: Do you love him best - - or me?

(The little square wicket hole in the center back wall, is noiselessly opened - - and CHUNDRA BAGH'S face appears, framed in the opening - - unseen by them)

KOONATRI: I fear CHUNDRA BAGH. He knows charms . . and magic. He can curse me.

SHELDON: You'll let me go alone, then - - and I shall NEVER return. In a year, I go to England - - and then ...

KOONATRI: Then .... whether I go now, or not...I lose you forever... and beyond ....Your gods are not mine.

SHELDON: (Lightly) There are boats - - like floating temples. Suppose I sent for you there. Would you dare to come to me?

KOONATRI: Your strange land. I wonder what it is like? Should I ride in a howdah ... like the white Sahiba's here? Have you elephants in England?

(CHUNDRA'S FACE DISAPPEARS)

SHELDON: Better still - we have motorbusses that travel faster than fifty horses. Oh your big eyes will open wider yet - KOONATRI - at all the wonders they'll behold.

KOONATRI: (Wonderingly) Faster than fifty horses! Oh marvelous! And shall I ride in this motorbusses?

SHELDON: If you like (He is impatient to be gone, yet realizes he must first win KOONATRI over)

KOONATRI: And what else - tell me what else I shall see in your England! Come - sit here - with me at your feet - Now - tell me.

SHELDON: It would take hours, my KOONATRI. Wait until we are in the hills - just you and I together - there under the moon, and you shall rest in my arms while I take you to England - and make you see it - every little part of it - as if it were before your eyes - I'm kind of keen on seeing the old dump myself - (Rises)

KOONATRI: And you can't tell me - ever so little - now?

SHELDON: I must go now - your father may waken any moment and he does not like your Sheldon Sahib, little one.

KOONATRI: He is fast asleep - and just suppose - - I do not go with you to the hills?

SHELDON: (With assumed playfulness) If I come to carry you away - will you refuse? Think, my Koonatri - - you and I in paradise - - together - and I'll bring you gifts - jewels - what ever kind you like - - and silken garments finer than you ever owned.

KOONATRI: (Rising) Oh-h! May I have rubies - for my hair - and pearls like moon dew - to clasp my arms -

SHELDON: You shall have everything - if you will come with me (Tries to embrace her - she eludes him - but half heartedly)

KOONATRI: And some day I should see England?

SHELDON: Yes.

KOONATRI: But that is far - so far - I'd be afraid.

SHELDON: With me?

KOONATRI: So far and strange - Heart of my soul - I do not know - I have a feeling here (places her hand over her heart) that trouble comes - back there with your own people - maybe you grow tired of your Koonatri - and then she could only - - - die - -

SHELDON: (Disturbed by her words, but shaking it off) Come - Come - what a doubting child you are - Will not love mark the way for us - - What do you say? Stay here - learn snake charming - cook rice - - - or be my Sahiba in the hills - my very dear wife - ?

KOONATRI: (Considering) Verre dear wife. (Anxiously) Onlee dear wife?

SHELDON: (Smiling) Yes - - - - my Only dear wife.

KOONATRI: How wilt thou travel to-night, Sahib? It is verree far to the hills.

SHELDON: By road - - - Then the trains. While your father sleeps - - wait for me there - - (Pointing) on your seat by the veranda - - till you hear on the road my horses hoofs.

KOONATRI: I know the sound of them. Keeper of my heart - - I could tell them in a thousand. I have listened for their coming - (Points) there - in the moonlight - my finger lifted, listening - - a wreath of jasmine in my hair - to please you - - my father and Coontra, asleep within.

SHELDON: (kissing her) Wait so, tonight - - for the last time.



KOONATRI: (Ecstatically) For the last time.

(She kisses Sheldon's hands)  
(The sound of Chundra Bagh's prayer drum is heard within)

Chundra Bagh ... Go....when the moonlight touches the wistaria blossoms.

SHELDON: Koonatri ... "Keeper of my heart".

(Sheldon goes out, softly on tiptoe)

(After a moment, Chundra enters from R.I.E.)

CHUNDRA: I heard your voice. Koonatri - - do you talk to the poison-people?

KOONATRI: I said a charm - - to keep off the evil spirits that come at twilight.

CHUNDRA: That is reasonable ... a woman and the darkness, keep lonely company. What news at the Bazaar?

KOONATRI: No news. The chatter of kites.

CHUNDRA: You heard not that the sacred bull had trampled a boy? Nor that the English Sahibs slew a tiger. before dawn? (Pause) Nor that the red coats at the fort go to the hills - - and others take their place?

KOONATRI: (Indifferently) I heard.

CHUNDRA: (Looking at her sideways, out of the slits of eyes)

But for THEE it held no interest. That is well. Thou art not of the foolish women who heed white Sahib's talk and at the end, find the pathway that leads to the hell of the red devils. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~

KOONATRI: (Meekly) I am the daughter of Chundra Bagh.

CHUNDRA: (Proudly) Witch-doctor ... pounder of drugs - - - and charmer of snakes. It is the hour when the poison-folk need food....Serve them - Koonatri.

(Koonatri gets milk in an earthenware pitcher ... pours it into a flat saucer - - and puts it into the basket)

CHUNDRA: (As she serves the snakes) It is well THOU hast no dealings with the white strangers - - like one of whom I heard today - - the Colonel Sahib, from the fort - talked with me - - - asked me many questions of the bazaar-folk. He spoke of one - - Sheldon, follower of the great English chief .... and a Hindoo girl of our caste - who loves him - - and now - in the end- he leaves her - -



(Koonatri drops the earthen pitcher and stands listening unheeding what she has done)

a broken cup - - thrown by the way-side - - there are many such. Something fell - - what was it?

KOONATRI: (Picking up the fragments) A broken - - cup.

CHUNDRA: (Pointing to the corner) Fetch me that basket. The new-comer - the stranger, leave a while; he may not **be** angered.

KOONATRI: (Bringing the second basket) I hate ALL snakes.... great evil must have been done by the soul that has become a snake.

CHUNDRA: Evil FEARS evil. Why should YOU fear? The woman of whom I spoke, is evil - and evil follows her. Sheldon Sahib - her lover - leaves her tonight - to go to the hills. The daughter of folly, goes after to her shame - - not knowing, that in his own country, he has - - (Turning and looking at Koonatri) ..... A WIFE.

KOONATRI: (Starting up with a cry) - - He has no wife, - but - -

CHUNDRA: (Quickly) Hai? What? I thought thou hadst not heard.

KOONATRI: I.....I.....a wife.....Sheldon Sahib.....? (Fiercely) Who told thee?

CHUNDRA: What is it to thee?

KOONATRI: (Ablaze) Whoever told thee .....lied.....lied... Mother of ten thousand devils ..... Sheldon Sahib .....a wife ..... if he has lied to me..

CHUNDRA: To THEE? (Turning to her) Shall I believe it was of THEE they spoke?

KOONATRI: (Carried away) Liars....Liars all. He COULD not.... He swore to me - there was no other. How often he has said it. If it is true - - a knife in his heart first.....and then ..... (She falls sobbing to the ground)

CHUNDRA: THAT will not help thee. Peace. Life is not lotus-flowers - - and opium dreams. Come - - put your hands upon my feet - - ask my forgiveness - - swear to forget, lest worse evil follow.

(She is motionless in her abandon of grief)

Your father speaks, Koonatri.

(She rises, as if to go to him - then stops)

KOONATRI: The hour of forgiveness has not struck.

CHUNDRA: I command.

KOONATRI: I go to learn the truth.  
(She turns her back.)

(A pause.)

CHUNDRA: So. My caste defiled....my honor lost... Then I am lonely indeed. And I am old..... Well, well,- who lives long-sees all things pass. The long days will come.... the sudden twilights - and the night - - and I alone always. For from the path thou shalt tread tonight.... thou wilt not return. Ahia - - my daughter, my tongue has neither blame, nor ~~blessing~~ in it. Thou shalt go upon thy journey. But once more thou shalt help me. Yet once we will charm the speckled yellow gods - together. Bring them to me.

(She hesitates)

Nay - thou wouldst never have made a charmer of snakes, Koonatri, thou art too timid.

(Chundra takes the two snakes from her, lovingly coiling and uncoiling them)  
These are but two. The third..... The gift for the Rajah of Jellapoor..... Bring him also.

KOONATRI: The swift striker?..... The banded Krait?... I dare not.

CHUNDRA: YESTERDAY? you fed him.... he is charmed - he is peaceful... under my spell..... What is there to fear?

KOONATRI: YESTERDAY..... thou wast not angry with me.....

CHUNDRA: (Blandly) Am I angry with thee - - now?

KOONATRI: Your voice is soft.... but your eyes are the eyes of the poison-people - before they strike. THEY are your FRIENDS. FEEL AS YOU FEEL.... Know your thoughts. Whom they kiss - they kill.....

CHUNDRA: Evil sows cowardice.

KOONATRI: (Terrified) If evil - - let me go.  
(With a movement away)

CHUNDRA: (Commanding) AFTERWARDS. Come. The basket.

(Koonatri stops - - hypnotised by him, she gets the largest basket, places it on the ground, and tries to open it)

KOONATRI: My hands tremble - - - - -

CHUNDRA: (Taunting her.) Will they with a knife at Sheldon Sahib's throat?

KOONATRI: (With a fierce cry) Not if he has lied.  
(Steadily) I am ready.

CHUNDRA: Open the lid.

(She does so)

KOONATRI: (Gazing in the basket) Death coiled softly, fold on fold.

CHUNDRA: Lift gently - - firmly - - without noise - -HE WHO LIES WITH  
IN THERE \* \*and place him in my hands - - there is no danger  
if you make no noise.

(Koonatri braces herself with an effort.)

Softly - - softly - - Noise angers him.

(Koonatri puts her arm in - - as she does so, Chundra, with  
a yell of fury, snaps the lid down with his foot - - with  
her arm inside, and holds it there - - She utters a cry - -  
writhes - - and struggles to get free)

CHUNDRA: (With his foot upon the lid) So.....So....ONE poison  
draws the OTHER out. Thou wert sick... poisoned with  
dishonor..... this cures thee swiftly.

(The sound of distant music, and tom-tom, is heard, faintly)  
(Her struggles cease - she falls back. Chundra cautiously  
withdraws the arm from the basket - which is seen to move -  
He quickly fastenes it down - then looks at Koonatri's  $\pi$   
wrist)

The mark..... The sigh of deliverance.

KOONATRI: (Faintly) "When moonlight reaches the wistaria blossoms"  
Sheldon Sahib.....

(The music ceases) (The body collapses)

(A SOUND OF HORSES HOOFES IS HEARD IN THE DISTANCE GROWER NE<sup>R</sup>  
EB. CHUNDRA BAGH TAKES THE BODY CARRIES IT TO THE SEAT IN  
THE VERANDA..WHERE THE MOONLIGHT FALLS UPON IT.. DROPS  
IT IN THE CHAIR.. PLACES THE WREATH OF JASMINE FLOWERS ON THE  
HEAD.. AND THE FINGER RAISED AS IF IN WARNING.. THEN HE WITH  
DRAWS SOFTLY INTO THE DARKNESS OF THE ROOM.. BESIDE THE FIG-  
URE OF THE GOD, UP R. AS THE HORSES HOOFES STOP)

(AFTER A SECOND SHELDON APPEARS AND CALLS SOFTLY)

SHELDON: (Outside from the veranda) Koonatri.....Koonatri.....  
(He sees her) Ah good girl. That's right. Waiting for me.  
Hurry - - the mare won't stand. - - We've forty miles to cover  
then the train for the hills, and the green country. Come  
along.... why don't you answer, what are you listening for?

(He goes closer - - looks at her curious attitude)

Koonatri, what is it?

(Sheldon goes to her - - touches her. As he does so the  
body falls forward into his arms. He gives a terrified  
cry; Chundra has come softly from the shadow, R.

CHUNDRA: The Poison-people make no error. Whom they kiss - sleep well.



SHELDON: (Laying the body gently down - and turning) Poison.... Was it? WAS IT?

(A PAUSE)

(A look of horror comes over his face)  
Chundra Bagh - you devil - - what have you - - -

(A bugle sounds in the distance - and a gun from the English fort booms out)

CHUNDRA: (Pointing, and in a voice of command) TO YOUR PEOPLE; SAHIB - AND LEAVE MY DEAD TO ME.

(Sheldon weakens before Chundra Bagh's terrible eyes, and fixed attitude of command - and goes out broken.)

(The horses' hoofs are heard as Chundra Bagh falls in a dreadful outburst of grief over the body - then he rises - places the flower wreath on the head, folds the hands, then goes and squats before the figure of the god, reciting his prayers in a monotonous sing-song, and beating his prayer-drum, as

\*\*\*\*\* THE CURTAIN FALLS \*\*\*\*\*



# *The Shipwreck of Paul*

## SCENE I

Place--The Judgment Hall at Caesarea

Cast--Festus, Agrippa, Paul

- Festus      King Agrippa, this man whom you see here as a prisoner, Paul of Tarsus, has been declared by the Jews, both in Jerusalem and here, to be worthy of death, because he proclaims Jesus of Nazareth to be the Messiah. I myself could not find that he had done anything worthy of death, but I am not learned in the matters of the Jewish law.
- Agrippa      Could he not be sent to be tried in Jerusalem?
- Festus      He has appealed to Caesar, and therefore must be sent to Rome. But wouldst thou not like to hear what he has to say?
- Agrippa      (to Paul) Thou art permitted to speak for thyself.
- Paul      I think myself happy, King Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself this day before thee, touching all the things whereof I am accused of the Jews.
- From my youth, after the strictest sect of our religions, I lived a Pharisee.
- I thought I ought to persecute the followers of Jesus, and many of them did I shut up in prison, having received authority from the chief priests. And when they were put to death I gave my voice against them.
- Agrippa      And thou art right, O Paul.
- Paul      Then I began to persecute them in other cities. But as I was journeying to Damascus, at midday, I saw a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, and heard a voice speaking unto me, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" And I said, "Who art thou?" And he said, "I am Jesus. Rise and stand upon thy feet. I would send to open the eyes of the nations and to turn them from darkness to light."
- Agrippa      And what did'st thou then?
- Paul      O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision.
- Festus      Paul, thou art beside thyself, much learning doth make thee mad.
- Paul      I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak forth the words of truth.

SCENE I

Agrippa Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.

Festus Truly this man is not worthy of death.

Agrippa Could he not be set at liberty?

Festus If he had not appealed unto Caesar. Julius! This prisoner I commit unto thy keeping, to be taken by ship to Rome. Thou belongest to the bodyguard of the Emperor Augustus. See to it that he be well treated and safely delivered into the Emperor's hands.

Julius Most noble Festus, it shall be done.

SCENE 2

~~Place--Harbor at Fair Haven--(Boat at Anchor)~~  
 Sailor is loading the ship--Captain directs.  
 Paul looks on.

*Characters - Captain & Ship  
 Sailor - Paul & Julius.*

Captain Put that one here.

Paul Dost thou truly intend to set sail?

Captain Within the hour.

Paul It is a dangerous time of year. Thou knowest "The Fast" is over.

Captain We must lose no more time. Lack of wind has delayed us.

Enter Julius

Captain and Paul bow.

Julius Good day.

Paul & Capt Good day, Sir.

Julius How soon do we sail, Captain?

Captain Immediately, Sir.

Julius That is well. We are too much delayed. (to Paul)  
 Did'st thou find thy friends at Sidon?

Paul I did, Sir. It was kind of thee to allow me to refresh myself there.

Julius Thou wouldst have been set free had'st thou not appealed to Caesar.

Captain The wind is freshening. We must set sail.

Paul I know something of the sea and I perceive that this voyage will be with injury and much loss--not only to the lading of the ship but also to our lives.

Julius What thinkest thou, Captain? (Turns to Captain)

Captain Do not heed him. This Haven is not commodious to winter in. We must reach Phoenix by any means we can command and winter there.

SCENE II

Julius       Where is Phoenix?

Captain      It is a haven of Crete. See. The wind blows softly  
from the south which is favorable and suits our purpose.

Julius       So it does. The captain is probably right, Paul. We  
will go with thee.

Captain      Loose the ship.

Paul         Thou hast heard my warning. (Ship sails)

Curtain



SCENE III

Place--Cabin of Ship. Paul and Julius discovered.

Julius      How the storm rages. We have seen neither sun nor stars for many days.

Paul        Has the rigging been cut away?

Julius      Yes and the freight has been thrown overboard.

Paul        How the tempest tosses us! Undergirding the ship has helped little.

Julius      I must go up on deck. Good night.

Paul        Good night.

Exit Julius.

Paul        (Lies in hammock)

Angel       Appears--Paul, Paul.

Paul        (Sits up) Who art thou?

Angel       Fear not, Paul. I am the angel of the Lord. Thou must be brought before Caesar, and lo, God hath given into the hands all those that sail with thee.

Paul        God be praised.

Curtain

SCENE 5

Calm sea.

Captain I fear we have fallen upon rocks. (to the sailors)  
What were the last soundings?

Sailor It was twenty fathoms, but is now fifteen.

Captain Cast out the anchors.

Sailor Aye, Aye, Sir.

Julius Is there great danger, Captain?

Captain I fear she will not last long. These waves will soon  
break her in pieces. We must lower the life boat.

Paul That we must not do. Except ye abide in the ship ye  
cannot be saved.

Captain Ho, sailor, what do you there? (Goes off)

Sailor (From off stage) I am throwing out the anchor.

Captain What art thou doing? (Drags sailor in) He thought to  
cast off the boat to escape alone.

Paul Pity him. He is afraid. (To sailor) Thou wilt be  
lost if thou leavest the ship. (To Captain)

Sailor (To Captain) This is the fourteenth day of fasting.

Paul (To captain) Eat some of the food held in reserve, for  
this is to your health for there shall not a hair fall  
from the head of any of you.

Captain I will get it. (Goes below)

Julius Food will strengthen us.

Captain returns  
Captain Give the food to Paul. (Captain hand food)

Paul We thank thee Lord, for this food. Strengthen us to  
endure the hardships like good soldiers of Jesus Christ.

Captain She is breaking amidships.

Julius Jump over board and clear the ship.

Paul Cling to the wreckage. They jump as ship breaks. They  
swim about.) See Julius, the coast is near and there  
are people on the shore to help us land.

Sister's Helper.

Do you mind if I come in? Sister told me she would give me a dime if I wouldn't stay around when you came, but when she went to get the money she didn't have any change---so I guess it's all right if I come in. *period*

What's that? Candy for June? Gee, I'm glad. Well, tomorrow she will be so good-natured I'll bet she'll give me some of it. She's always awful nice the morning after she gets the candy. Mother says June has a sweet tooth, and brother Jim said you were her sweetheart. Are you! Well, why don't you know? *9/22/35*

I burnt my finger to-day. Nope. On the curling iron. Don't you just love curly curls? Oh, I do. You put grease on your hair, don't you? Oh, I found out. Mother got mad, 'cause some of it got on her new chair back. She thought it was ruined, But June said, "It will all come out in the wash." And it did. Lucky for you! June puts grease on her eyelashes. I did once and mother scolded me. *P.W.* When I get as big as June I shall. *9/30/35*

Watch me wink---(wink) don't you think my eyes are pretty as June's?

Oh, I guess I will go out and play with the kids. Just hide and seek I suppose. That's all we ever play. Don't you wish you could? Oh, but you CAN'T. We have to RUN in that *thin* game and June told mother you were awful SLOW/ You'd get caught every time playing with these kids.

You want me to take that box of candy all for myself? No. No, sir! One time Frank Simms gave me a box that way, and sister told him he was a dear to be so nice to her little sister. Huh! When he went June took it away for herself. Anyway, I've got a penny in my pocket to get some licorice. There'd the kids calling me 'Bye.

*expression* *kind* *10/7/35*  
*Received 10/21/35*  
*Received*

SLEEPING BEAUTY



*Under space  
written direction*

SLEEPING BEAUTY  
(A puppet play in four scenes)

*Hand Puppets*

*O.K.*

Dramatization by Deborah Meader.

CHARACTERS:

*Even  
Ruth  
Diana  
Sharon  
Theresa  
Isabel  
Madeline  
Mary*

King Acree	Scene I	Throne Room
Queen Triella	Scene II	Attic Room
Fairy Coronis	Scene III	Forest
Fairy Hippolyta	Scene IV	Attic Room
Fairy Amaryllis		
Prince Idilio		
Princess Rosmarin		
Fairy Uglane		

PROPERTIES NEEDED:

Baby
Cradle
Palace Chair
Distaff
Attic Chair
Couch
Thick Thorn Hedge

SCENE I

Throne Room. *Q*ue chair. Queen discovered leaning over cradle in admiration of baby.

Queen My beautiful darling. More beautiful than any child in the land!

King Is everything in readiness, my dear, for our daughter Rosmarin's christening?

Queen Yes, yes, I think all is well. Her new dress was just completed this morning.

King (Coming to Cradle) It is indeed, very lovely. Truly, we have a beautiful child.

Queen Our daughter should be perfection.

King (Seating himself) Quite right, my dear. Did you see to it that all the fairies were invited to the christening? They will all have gifts to bestow upon our darling child.

Queen Yes, I have had places set for all.

King It is kind of all our lords and ladies to send love and pledge faithful service to our daughter.

Queen It is indeed! Oh! (Turning to King) Here come the fairies to give their blessings. (Enter first fairy.) Greetings, dear Fairy Coronis. We are happy to have you with us. Here is our darling child.

King Welcome, Fairy Coronis!

Fairy Coronis (Bowing to King and Queen) Greeting to your Majesties, and love and best wishes to our beautiful and sweet little Princess. Have I your royal permission to bestow her a gift?

King A gift from you will be highly prized.

Queen Please give our child your fairy's blessing.

Fairy C. On her I bestow rare fairy beauty. Dear King Acree and Queen Triella, this little Princess shall be more beautiful than any child in the land.

Queen Thank you, dear Fairy. (Clasping hands.)

King (Bows) We thank you for your gift.

Fairy C. I will retire to the ante-chamber. I see my Sister, Fairy Hippolyta, ready to enter. (EXIT Fairy Coronis)

Queen (Leaning over cradle) My beautiful darling. You will be more beautiful than any child in the land!

King (With satisfaction) A most fitting gift. (ENTER Fairy Hippolyta)

King Welcome, Fairy Hippolyta to our little Princess' christening!

Queen You are welcome, Fairy Hippolyta.

Fairy H. Greetings to your Majesties, and love and best wishes to our little Princess. (Leans over cradle) How beautiful and happy she looks! Have I your permission to give her a gift?

King You honor our daughter.

Fairy H. This then, is my gift. She shall have happiness with new joys everyday.

Queen What a beautiful gift for our Rosmarin. Thank you, dear Fairy Hippolyta. (Loud talking is heard outside)

Fairy H. Someone else is ready to visit our Princess. I will withdraw. (EXIT Fairy Hippolyta)

Uglane (Cries from outside) Let me in-stand aside-Let me in!

*outside.*

Queen Who can that be? (Looks offstage. Runs to King.) Oh! It is the Fairy Uglane!  
 I did not invite her to the feast. She is angry.  
 King What a dreadful mistake, my dear.  
 Voice of U. I will go in!  
 Queen How could I have forgotten (Weeps and clings to King.) (ENTER Uglane with a rush brandishing her stick.)  
 Uglane Leave me out, would you? Pray, where are your manners that I have not been invited?  
 King Dear, Fairy Uglane-----  
 Queen (Interrupting) Oh - Oh, I forgot!  
 Uglane (Mimicing the King) Dear, Fairy Uglane! (Turns fiercely to Queen) So - you forgot to invite me to your fine feast. But I came without an invitation, and I have brought a gift, too, for your wonderful Princesses..  
 Queen (Leaning protectingly over cradle) Oh! No thank you.  
 King (Firmly) We could not accept-----  
 Uglane She shall have it - want it or not. When the Princess is seventeen years old-- she shall die!  
 Queen (Screams) Die! (Falls in faint on floor. (King raises her.)  
 Uglane (Laughs) Yes - She shall prick her finger on a spindle and shall die. (Laughs and rushes off.)  
 King (To fainting Queen) There, there, my love. (Fans her.) (ENTER Fairy Amaryllis.)  
 Fairy A. Your Majesties, I heard Fairy Uglane's cruel words. Take comfort, dear Queen  
 Tricella (Queen raises head.)  
 Queen (Means) She said "Die!"  
 Fairy A. No, she shall not die.  
 King You can undo Uglane's wicked spell?  
 Fairy A. No, I have not the power to wholly undo what this wicked sister of mine has done.  
 Queen (Despairingly) Oh!  
 Fairy A. When the Princess does pierce her finger with a spindle, she shall not die, but fall into a deep slumber that shall last for many years. A King's son shall waken her with a kiss.  
 King Thank you, dear Fairy Amaryllis. (To Queen) Did you hear what she said, my dear? Our Princess shall not die. She will only sleep to be awakened by the kiss of a Prince.  
 Queen (Still sobs) I don't want her to prick her finger on a spindle.  
 King I will rid the kingdom of all spindles immediately.

CURTAIN

SCENE II

A high attic room in the tower of the Palace. Uglane is discovered spinning.  
 Uglane (To herself) Rid the kingdom of all spindles would he. Hee-hee. Not this one. Not this one. (Cackles) Beautiful and happy Rosemarin is, too. Seventeen years old today! Soon she will be seeking me out. No power on earth can save her when I draw her to me as I do this thread. She is coming! She is coming! (A knock is heard on the door)  
 Uglane (Laughs) She is here! Come in--(Princess enters.)  
 Come in, my pretty one. Come in. Good morning to you.  
 Princess Good morning, madam, (Timidly) (Goes to window) How high up you live! I climbed and climbed. I've never been so high in the tower before. What do you here?  
 Uglane I spin, my dar, I spin.  
 Princess Spin! Why, how do you do it? (Comes close to Uglane) What is that you have in your hand?  
 Uglane It is called a spindle. I sometimes wonder what the world is coming to. A big girl like you who doesn't know how to spin!  
 Princess I never saw anyone do it before. Is it hard?  
 Uglane No, not at all. No one is fit to keep house until she has learned to spin.(Spins)  
 Princess It does look easy. Let me try it. Could I learn to do it as well as you do?  
 Will you show me?

Uglane Of course, it goes like this. The thread spins out and rolls on the spindle. You try it now. (Thrusts spindle in Princess' hand.)  
 Princess Oh! It is sharp! You hurt me! You pricked my finger! Oh--(Falls to floor)  
 Uglane It is done. The spell has taken effect. (Leans over Princess) You can waken only at the kiss of a Prince, but no Prince shall find you. I will plant a high, thick thorn hedge about the Palace. Then no Prince can ever reach you. (Lift Princess and lays her on a couch.) Sleep well, my Beauty!

CURTAIN

SCENE III

Forest with high, thick thorn hedge. Prince Idilio is discovered examining it. Uglane enters.

Uglane Good day, sir.  
 Prince I. Good day, good dame. I was observing this great hedge. What is beyond it?  
 Uglane It is said there is a castle behind the thorns, and in the castle, a beautiful Princess sleeps. She is to be wakened by the kiss of a Prince.  
 Prince I. Oh, that I were that Prince! The thorns are very sharp.  
 Uglane Sharp, indeed, you are not the first to notice that.  
 Prince I. Has anyone tried to get through?  
 Uglane Many - many. But none have succeeded.  
 Prince I. I am very strong. I think I could do it--  
 Uglane No - no - It is foolish to get yourself torn by the thorns. It is impossible to get through.  
 Prince I. Nevertheless, I shall try.  
 Uglane Silly Goose! Much good it will do you. It is too thick for the strongest to penetrate.  
 Prince I. Here the branches look less thick. See! I can get through!  
 Uglane Oh! Oh! The branches part for him! (Grabs Prince) Come back, come back.  
 Prince I. (Tears from her grasp) Let me go!  
 Uglane The hedge closes after him. Even I cannot get through. Curses on him and that meddling Fairy Amaryllis. (Cries in rage.)

CURTAIN

Scene IV

Same as Scene II. Princess is discovered sleeping on a couch.

Prince (Enters without seeing the Princess) I have searched every room of the Palace excepting this for the "Sleeping Beauty!" Oh! there she is at last, and how beautiful! Her face is sweet and gentle. I love her already, although I have never heard her speak and have never seen the color of her eyes. Can it be that my kiss will break the spell that has held her for so long. (Stoops and kisses her) She is awakening!  
 Princess (Stirs, rubs her eyes, and sits up) Where am I? (Looks around) Ah, yes, I remember. The attic room in the tower. There was an old crone spinning. I pricked my finger, and fainted. Just now I was dreaming of a handsome Prince. (Touches Prince) Are you real or are you a dream?  
 Prince I. I am real, Princess, and I am a Prince. You were put to sleep by a spell, and my kiss has awakened you.  
 Princess Oh - you wakened me?  
 Prince I. I loved you, beautiful Princess, even before I heard you speak. Now I adore you. (Noise is heard outside). (King and Queen ENTER)  
 Queen (rushes to Princess) My darling, you are awake at last?  
 King The dreadful spell is broken. And you, my good sir, are no doubt the Prince whose kiss awakened my daughter?  
 Prince Yes, (bows) Your majesty, I am Prince Idilio. An old crone outside the hedge told me the Princess would wake at a Prince's kiss. I meant no harm. May I ask for the hand of the Princess in marriage?  
 King No harm was done, but great good. We are happy to have our daughter wed so noble a young Prince. (Joins hands of Princess and Prince) We give them our blessing, don't we, my dear? (To Queen)  
 Queen Of course. Now we can all live happily ever after.

CURTAIN



SNOW-WHITE

*Long Sarg - Anne Stoddard*  
*Hand Puppets.*

Scene I. The Queen's Bedchamber.

Snow White (Singing) Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep. And can't tell where to find them--

Queen (She claps her hands to her ears) Oh, la, la, la! Will you never cease that humming and strumming! It drives me distracted.

Snow White I am sorry Auntie. (She rises from the bench) I thought that you liked to hear me sing. Shall I brush your hair for you?

Queen No, no, no! Certainly not! An awkward girl like you would be sure to snarl it. (She tosses her head) There now! It is snarled already. (She flounces about spitefully)

Snow White I am sorry your majesty. Shall I dance for you?

Queen Oh, yes I suppose so. (She taps her foot on the floor impatiently). You have to be doing something every minute. I know that. (Music off stage and Snow White does a pretty little dance. The queen does not look at her, but studies her own face in the glass and touches her hair and gown.) Some people would think you pretty, no doubt, with your red and black and white. I never could abide that coloring myself. There is something more beautiful about blonde hair - like mine. It makes one think of new minted gold with the sun glistening on it. And I adore it. I love blue eyes - eyes like forget-me-nots under running water. Do you not admire blue eyes like mine, Snow White?

Snow White Yes indeed, your majesty. I wish I had blue eyes and golden hair, myself; but you see my own dear mother always wished for a baby with hair as black as ebony, cheeks as red as blood, and skin as white as snow, so her fairy godmother sent me in answer to her wish.

Queen A funny kind of wish! Black as ebony, red as blood, and white as snow, forsooth! Tell me, Snow White, did you ever see anyone so pretty as I am?

Snow White No indeed, at least I think not.

Queen (Mimicing her) You think not, eh? Well, I will tell you-- I am the most beautiful person in the world! And my mirror knows it. This is an enchanted mirror, if you must know it. It can answer when I speak to it.

Snow White (Raises her hands in surprise) Enchanted? Really? Pray, speak to it, Stepmother, and let us hear what it will say.

Queen (Rising and making passes before the mirror) Mirror, mirror, on the wall Who is the fairest of us all?  
Queen thou art fair that I behold  
But Snow White is fairer a thousandfold.

Queen (She strikes the mirror) What have you done, you wretched girl? You have bewitched my magic mirror! You have I say! You miserable chit, you simpering black and white witch, you shall pay for this! (She strikes Snow White).

Snow White Oh, please stepmother, I have not done anything. Truly I have not. (She bursts into tears with her hands before her face.)



Snow White

- Queen        We'll see about that. (She calls) Red Beard! Red Beard! I say! I say! (Enter Huntsman)
- Red Beard    (Bowing low) Majesty!
- Queen        Red Beard, this girl is a witch. She has put a spell on my mirror, my very choicest possession, so that it does not tell the truth any more. Dear knows what she will be magicing next. Our very lives are not safe, while she is about casting her evil spells. (She lowers her tone) Take her out in the forest and off with her head!
- Red Beard    (Bowing) Majesty, your will is law. Come, Princess. (He lays his hand on Snow White's shoulder).
- Snow White   (Weeping bitterly) Oh, please, please, godmother. Please do not send me out into the forest.
- Queen        Go, go, you simpering baggage! Go, before I make an end of you myself. (Exit Red Beard and Snow White) Black as ebony, red as blood, and white as snow, indeed! I'll ebony her! (She shakes her fist after them).

SCENE II - THE FOREST

- (Enter Huntsman, leading Snow White)
- Snow White   Oh, good Huntsman, I am so weary I cannot walk another step. My feet are bruised with the stones and my flesh is torn with the briars. Pray, good Red Beard, let me rest a little.
- Red Beard    (He points to a fallen tree) Here is a fallen tree. Sit here and rest, then.
- Snow White   It is good to rest a while. Thank you, Huntsman. But--But--(She begins to cry.)
- Red Beard    Why do you weep, Princess? What is the matter?
- Snow White   I heard the Queen tell you to cut off my head.
- Red Beard    Her majesty did say something of that sort.
- Snow White   (She falls to her knees) Please, please do not hurt me. I do not want to die. If you will spare me, I will run away into the forest and never come back again. I will hide in the woods and the Queen will never see me again.
- Red Beard    (He seats himself on the log) Between ourselves, Princess, I never thought of hurting you. I could not harm a little maid with such red cheeks and black hair - no, not if forty queens ordered me to do it.
- Snow White   How good you are, Red Beard. Thank you. (She seats herself beside him on the log.)
- Red Beard    How will you fare in the forest, Princess? Surely, wild beasts will eat you up, if you roam through the woods by yourself. As we passed, I saw a little house by the hemlock tree on the edge of the clearing - a tidy cottage with smoke curling from its chimney. G ray as a wasp's nest, it

was, and the thatch green with moss. The path to the door was sprinkled with white pebbles. Perchance good folk live there who will give you shelter.

Snow White Yes, yes, I saw the little house, and thought how cozy it looked and wished that I might stop and rest there. Oh, I shall be as bold as a lion! I shall walk up the pebbly path and knock on the door, and I shall say (she jumps up laughing, and courtesys to an imaginary person): "Good day, Sir or Madam, I am Snow White, may I come and live with you? (To the huntsman) What shall you say to the Queen, when you go back?

Red Beard (Rising) I have thought of a fine plan. As I return through the forest, I shall kill a faun, and drawing out the arrow still wet with blood, I will smear it on my hands and on my jacket. Then her Majesty will believe, you know what she will believe, Princess.

Snow White Alas!

Red Beard And now I must be on my way, if I am to reach the palace before nightfall. Farewell Princess! (He bends over hand, kissing it.)

Snow White Farewell, good Red Beard. If ever Snow White is rich or powerful, or happy again, she will know how to reward you! (Exit Huntsman. Snow White stands, waving her hand as he departs.)

#### CURTAIN

#### SCENE III

(There is no one on the stage when the curtain rises. Knocking is heard at the door and Snow White enters. She walks around the room and touches everything. She seats herself on the bench and tastes the food at each plate.)

Snow White I am very hungry indeed. (She settles down to her supper. When she has finished, she tries the bed and lies down to sleep.) Ah-h-h! (She sighs comfortably). I am very, very sleepy! (Enter the three dwarfs. They do not see Snow White.)

1st Dwarf Come, brothers. I left our supper on the table. Let us eat. (The dwarfs inspect the table.)

2nd Dwarf Who has been nibbling my cheese?

3rd Dwarf Somebody has been here. Somebody has been eating off my plate.

1st Dwarf Who has been crumbling my bread?

2nd Dwarf Who has been tasting my porridge?

3rd Dwarf Who has been using my forks?

1st Dwarf Who has been cutting with my knife?

3rd Dwarf Who has been drinking out of my cup? (The second dwarf goes to the bed)

2nd Dwarf Come here, brothers! Come here. Here is a little girl, asleep in my bed. (The other two turn to the bed)

3rd Dwarf What a pretty little girl. And how soundly she snoozes. It must be she who has eaten our supper.

1st Dwarf She is tired, perhaps, with walking in the forest. (To the second Dwarf) You may share my bed in the loft, brother, and the pretty little girl may sleep as long as she likes.

Snow White (Springing up) Where am I? I must have been sleeping. (She rubs her eyes) Oh, Sirs! I am so, so sorry. I ate some of your supper because I was hungry, and I went to sleep in your bed because I was very tired walking so long in the wood.

First Dwarf That is all right, little girl. What is your name?

Snow White My name is Princess Snow White (and I am the step-daughter) It is very kind of you not to be angry with me.

2nd Dwarf How did you get into our house, little Snow White?

Snow White (She bursts into tears) The Queen wants to be rid of me. She told Red Beard, the Huntsman, to make an end of me in the forest --but he let me go, so I came here.

1st Dwarf You may live with us, little Snow White. We would be delighted to have you. And, since we are poor, perhaps you will keep the house tidy for us and cook our food?

Snow White Oh, how happy I would be to stay with you always.

1st Dwarf If you will look after our household, cook our food, make the beds, wash, sew, and knit, and keep everything neat and clean, then you shall stay and want for nothing.

Snow White Yes, indeed, I will. With all my heart. (She courtesys to each of the dwarfs in turn, and they bow awkwardly to her.)

1st Dwarf But you must beware of the wicked queen, who is sure to learn soon that you are here and will come to do you a mischief. Promise you will never let anyone into the house while we are away at work.

Snow White I will be careful, and will not let anyone in.

2nd Dwarf Then, let's to supper.

Snow White I have eaten, thank you.

1st Dwarf Then perhaps, you will fetch us some water. (The Dwarfs seat themselves at the table, while Snow White busies herself straightening the bed. She exits to fetch some fresh water for the dwarfs.)

Snow White Gladly.

#### SCENE IV.

Queen How happy I am! Now that Snow White is out of the way, there is no one more beautiful than I in all the kingdoms of the world. (To Mirror). Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who is fairest of us all?

Mirror      Queen thou art fairer than many are  
But Snow White is more beautiful far.

Queen      Snow White! Snow White! So--Red Beard deceived me! Snow White is still  
alive. We shall see. It is not for nothing that I have a witch for my  
god-mother! When I speak the speel she MUST obey.  
Ikity-wickety fi fo fum  
Here from the dark of your cave now come,  
Kitchity-witchity - god-mother come  
Ikity-wickity - fi fo fum. (There is a crash flicker  
of lights, and the witch pops up thru the floor.)

Witch      Good gracious, Ermentrude, I do wish you wouldn't get so excited when  
you summoned me, I was about to shampoo my hair.

Queen      Never mind that now. Snow White is still alive.

Witch      She's a nice child, what of it?

Queen      What of it? What of it? She has bewitched my mirror into saying she is  
more beautiful than I--I, the Queen!

Witch      And so she is.

Queen      WHAT? How dare you?

Witch      You make me tired Ermentrude, with your jealous nature. You'll soon be  
as ugly as I am. If you only knew the struggle I have to keep you  
pretty, you'd try being better natured for a change.

Queen      If you weren't a witch I'd have you banished.

Witch      I have to watch day and night to keep your disposition from showing in  
your face. I can't keep it up much longer for I'm using my strongest  
magic now.

Queen      You are talking nonsense. Now I want your help. You can't avoid help-  
ing me, you know.

Witch      Unfortunately that is true since you learned the spell - learned it by  
eavesdropping too. What do you want now?

Queen      Where is Snow White?

Witch      Ask your mirror; it knows. (She yawns in a bored manner)

Queen      Mirror, mirror, I wish to know, Where did Princess Snow White go?

Mirror      Princess Snow White, strange to tell, With the little dwarfs doth dwell.

Queen      With the dwarfs! I know the place. I shall go there at once. Thank you,  
dear god-mother.

Witch      Thank you, dear godmother, thank you dear godmother! I'd let her alone  
if I were you. The dwarfs will probably kill you.

Queen      I'll disguise myself. Make me a disguise, dear godmother.

Witch      I haven't time - the water is probably boiling over by now.



Queen Make me a disguise or I shan't let you go back at all.

Witch I'd rather look the way I do, than be you any day. What do you want to disguise into?

Queen Let me--oh yes, a peddler woman - the very thing!

Witch Very well--sit down, close your eyes, it may hurt a bit.

Queen (Sitting) I don't care.

Witch (Chanting) Uum-mm did jummm-di u-mm did dee  
Let the queen a peddler be. (There is a crash, a flicker of lights, and the peddler woman replaces the queen)

Queen (Jumping up and going to mirror) Oh - oh - did you have to make me so ugly?

Witch It's your own doing. Now let me go back, or I'll never get my hair shampooed. And take my warning, let Snow White alone.

Queen Yes - yes - You can go now. I must hurry. (She starts out.)

Witch Come back here, Ermontrude--come back, you haven't said the spell. I never saw such a not head.

Queen Ikety - mickity fi fum fo  
Back to the cave where you dwell now go  
That you were here, let nobody know,  
Ichity - witchity --fi fum fo. (Crash etc., witch disappears.)

Queen This time there shall be no mistake; Snow White shall DIE!

SCENE V.

(Snow White is discovered alone on the stage. She has a feather duster in her hand and whisks about, tidying the room. She sings "Little Bo-Peep" while she is dusting. The Queen enters disguised as a gypsy.)

Queen Are the dwarfs at home?

Snow White (Jumps and raises both hands) How you startled me! Pray, Madam, who are you? And how did you get in? I am forbidden to let anyone into the house.

Queen I lifted the latch and walked in. You are fond of singing, aren't you? You were singing so loudly, you did not hear me singing or knocking. Are the dwarfs at home?

Snow White No, they have gone to their work, digging for gold and copper in the mountains.

Queen Ah!--That is too bad, for I have some fine apples, combs and trinkets to sell.

Snow White Apples? I love apples. Perhaps you will show them to me. I am house-keeper, and do all the marketing.

Queen With pleasure. See, they are fine red apples. The flavor is excellent.

Snow White They look very good. Bring the basket here to the pantry and I will give you a silver coin for them. (Both exit. The feather duster is removed from Snow White's hand, and the apple is pinned in its place. The stage is empty, but the voices of the Queen and Snow White are heard from the pantry.)

Queen Will you not taste before you buy? I can recommend the flavor. These apples are juicy, sweet and tart at the same time. Here is a fine red one. Taste it I beg of you.

Snow White Indeed I will. Ah, here is my purse. The dwarfs are poor, but very generous. They give me all their money to keep. Here is a silver coin, is that enough?

Queen Quite. And you have a bargain. (Enter Queen and Snow White). But eat the apple, I beseech you.

Snow White I will, thank you. (She takes a bite) It is a delicious apple. (She staggers suddenly and bends double, as if she were in pain.) Oh, how strange I feel, Madam. I am dizzy. Oh, how dizzy I am.

Queen Ha! Do you not recognize your dear Queen, Snow White?

Snow White Your Majesty. You--Oh, how dizzy I am. Oh, what have you done to me? (She leans against the chair.)

Queen It is a poisoned apple, dear foster daughter, a magic apple. The maid who eats of it shall fall into a long sleep. She shall sleep and sleep and shall not waken until a prince who loves her truly shall kiss her on the lips. Do you hear me, Snow White?

Snow White (She half rises and falls back again) Yes-- yes-- I hear you--but I am so sleepy-- so sleepy.

Queen (She makes passes with her hands over Snow White) Sleep, sleep, sleep! (Snow White sighs and lies very still) Ha! the charm holds good. So you thought I should believe that silly Huntsman's tale, did you? Ha, ha! You pretty baggage, it will be a long time before a Prince will find and kiss you here in the depths of the forest. "White as snow, red as blood, and black as ebony!" I am well rid of you.

#### SCENE VI.

(Snow White lies on a little mound, docket with flowers and leaves. The Dwarfs stand about her.)

1st Dwarf How pretty she is with her black hair.

2nd Dwarf How red her cheeks are.

3rd Dwarf I thought she would waken, if we brought her here into the forest.

2nd Dwarf She does not stir. (He bends over her) Wake up, Little Snow White.

First Dwarf She does not stir. I can think of nothing to awaken her. (Enter the Prince.)

Prince Why are you so sorrowful, friend? And who is the maiden who lies so

still, that you guard so carefully?

1st Dwarf She is Snow White, the Queen's foster daughter, who kept our house tidy for us; and made our hearts glad with her pleasant ways.

Prince And why does she lie so still?

1st Dwarf She is asleep. We have tried everything we could think of, but we cannot waken her. When I and my brothers returned from the mountain where we had been digging for copper and gold, we found her lying on the floor asleep. And so she has been ever since. I think her wicked Queen has laid a spell on her. My brothers and I carried her out into the forest hoping that the birds, the flowers and the breezes which she loves so much might waken her.

Prince What a sad story. How beautiful she is.

1st Dwarf And very good.

Prince (Bending over Snow White) What do I see? "White as snow, red as blood, and black as ebony." My fairy-godmother bade me search the world over for a Princess, white as snow, red as blood, and black as ebony, and to wed no other. And forsooth, I think this is little Snow White. (He kneels and touches Snow White's hand) Awake, Princess, awake. Alas she lies so still. (To the Dwarf) I pray you, good dwarf, give Snow White to me, and you shall have what you will even to half of my kingdom.

1st Dwarf We will not give Snow White to you, or anyone, not for all the gold and lands in the wide world.

Prince Then give her to me as a free gift, and I will care for her tenderly, even if I cannot waken her.

1st Dwarf Take our Princess, then, as a free gift, for I can see that you love her truly. Perhaps the wise men of your kingdom will be able to do what we could not. (The Prince bends over Snow White and kisses her. She stirs and sits up and rubs her eyes.

Snow White Have I been asleep, dear Dwarf? I had such a bad dream about the Queen. I dreamed a witch gave me an apple to eat, and then I felt all queer and dizzy. (The prince helps her to rise) And you, fair sir? Are you a stranger who has lost his way in the wood?

Prince Yes, Princess, I am Crown Prince of the Three Kingdoms, but I lost my way and my heart in the wood.

Snow White (Courtesying) I used to be Princess Snow White, but I have slept so long, and so many things have happened that I hardly know who I am now.

Prince If you will, you shall be Princess of the Three Kingdoms, and one day Queen, for I love you better than anything in the wide world. Will you come to my father's castle?

Snow White With all my heart, Prince, but first I must ask a favor of you.

Prince Ask what you will, Princess, and it shall be granted.

Snow White The dear dwarfs have made me very happy while I lived with them, and

Red Beard, the Huntsman, saved my life in the forest, when the Queen would have destroyed me. I should love to do something for them to show my gratitude and affection.

Prince Sweet Princess, it is a gentle thought. (To the First Dwarf) What would you say to our making this Dwarf, Chief Councilor of the Three Kingdoms, and to advise us about everything. I can see that you are wise.

Princess Splendid.

Prince And your brothers and the Huntsman shall have a fine piece of land and a castle, and a bag of gold. Will that please you?

1st Dwarf (Bowing again) Thank you, gentle Prince. Thank you, little Snow White. I'll go at once and tell my brothers the good news.

Snow White And I thank you too, gentle Prince.

Prince Come, dear little Snow White, we will start on our journey to the Three Kingdoms.

CURTAIN



## "THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM"

An original Christmas program, by John M. Then

### PRELUDE

#### The Court of Heaven

Stage dark, star drill, children carrying glittering stars, (colored spot lights during drill) After drill, angel appears (white spot light)

Angel How happy we all are in this court of Heaven. The time has arrived for the earth also to rejoice---I am sent by our Creator to announce to you that the Star of Bethlehem should descend to the earth and appear as a harbinger of peace and great joy---Shine then, sweet Star of Bethlehem, brighter than ever before, and guide those on who seek joy and peace. (angel exit) Stars in semi-circle with Star of Bethlehem prominent in center (spot light on star of Bethlehem as the other stars withdraw) Music (Star of the East). The three wise men appear and scan the heavens, locating the star of Bethlehem.

### CURTAIN

#### (Scene) Tableau

##### "Announcement to shepherds"

Carol (during singing tableau is arranged behind curtain.)

Reader And the angel said to them, "Fear not for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people, for this day is born to you a Saviour, and this shall be a sign unto you---You will find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger---and suddenly there was with the angel, a multitude of the heavenly army praising God and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will."  
Tableau---Three shepherds, with crooks, reclining, kneeling and standing by a camp fire---angel higher up (colored spot lights).

#### (Scene) Tableau

##### "The Nativity"

Carol Holy Night---(tableau arranged behind curtain during singing) Joseph bearded, standing with staff in hands. Mary kneeling beside crib---(lighted flash light in crib, hid by straw and white cloth covering crib) Mary's arms crossed.  
Angel (raised high) back in center)

Reader And it came to pass after the angel had departed from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, "Let us go over to Bethlehem and let us see this word that is come to pass which the Lord hath sheweth to us". And they came with haste and they found Mary and Joseph, and the infant lying in a manger.

No. curtain---crib scene remains as the shepherds enter offering. (sheep pelt if possible to get) or blanket from shoulder by one, loaf of bread out of knap sack by another and lamb (made of terry cloth or cotton) by third one (emphasizing the spirit of personal giving). Curtain.

#### (Scene) Tableau

Crib remains, Mary holding up one corner of cloth covering crib as if to show the infant of Bethlehem, Wise Men enter. (Star assumes position in back) Wise Men offer their gifts.

Reader (before Wise Men enter) When Jesus therefore was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the day of King Herod, behold there came Wise Men from the East to Jerusalem saying, "Where is He that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen His star in the East and are come to adore Him." (entering into the house, they found the Child with Mary, His mother, and falling down, they offered Him gifts, Gold, Frankincense, and Myrrh. (Tableau arranged behind curtain during singing) Curtain. Carol.

Postlude

The Gift from Bethlehem

Reader For twenty four months, the Magi travelled together and the time of separation had come. Watching Melchior and Balthasar proceed, Caspar waited until he could see them no longer, then turned homeward. His thoughts were now of the home and family he had left two years ago, and it was yet a two day ride before he could reach them. He yearned for Ilzaide, his wife and their son, who would now be twelve years old, almost a man. Caspar rode steadily and without a mishap, he entered the gates of his native city at sundown of the second day. The heavens were resplendent with brilliant colors of gold, crimson and purple of the sun set, and he took it for a happy omen. "Only a few paces more, thou faithful Habaul", he cried to his horse, "and we are home." A moment later, he was in the court yard, but no servants came to the gate. He pushed the gate open, and entered, all seemed deserted. The sound of wailing greeted his ears. With fear in his heart, Caspar hurried down the corridor which led to the living rooms of his family. The wailing continued and he saw it came from the servants huddled together at the entrance to one of the rooms. From them he learned that his son lay dying within the room. Caspar pushed aside the heavy silken hangings and stepped into the room. Lights were burning and the boy lay dying on a couch piled high with cushions while the mother with clasped hands knelt by his side watching him.

CURTAIN PARTS Scene (Room with boy on cot, mother kneeling beside same, burning tapers.) (Two servants crouched on either side) (gong mournfully sounds) (blue spot light) (Caspar enters and fixes his gaze on the boy.)

Ilzaide Thou art in time to see thy boy die. (gong) (Caspar stares at the boy)  
 Ilzaide Did thy stars tell thee this?  
 Caspar Nay. -But Where are the physicians? Is there no hope? (gong)  
 Ilzaide None - they could do nothing. I have sent them away.  
 Caspar Speak lower, he will hear. (gong)  
 Ilzaide He can neither hear nor see. His circle, birth, life and death is almost finished.  
 Caspar (falling on knees) My son, my little son. (gong)  
 Ilzaide (idly staring at boy) Oh why didst thou go? (gong)  
 Caspar The Star was sent from heaven and I followed it.  
 Ilzaide Did this star lead thee to thy king? (gong) Hast thou found him?  
 Caspar Yes, we found Him. We adored at His feet and laid our gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh. (gong)  
 Ilzaide (laughing drearily) And what gave he in return, this king, no amulet whose touch would bring back life?  
 Caspar He had naught to give. He was divine.  
 Ilzaide Divine - of the god - I deed, if this be true then He could cure our child. (rising) (hysterically) Caspar, Caspar, ride back and ask - (gong)  
 Caspar (rising and interrupting Ilzaide) Woman, woman, thou knowest not of what thou speakest.  
 Ilzaide I am crazed with grief. Thou hadst been gone for two years, and now I say go back and ask the King, when within an hour the boy will die. (weeps, kneels beside couch) (hopefully) Hast thou nothing that the king has touched? (gong)  
 Caspar Nothing save this. (drawing from bosom a small piece of white cloth)  
 Ilzaide (rising and eagerly grasping cloth) (mockingly) It is the linen the poor women spin for their children's clothes.  
 Caspar I begged the linen from His mother for it covered the royal head of the babe, and she gave it to me gladly. (breaking in despair) (gong)  
 Ilzaide (bitterly) They call thee wise, but I think thou art a fool, can a piece of linen cure my child? See, I throw thy precious rag away. (Cloth falls on body of boy and as it touches, the boy raises up and looks about as though awakened from a deep sleep - then looks at Caspar and smiles)  
 Ilzaide The boy lives! Thy gift has brought back life.  
 Caspar Virtue has come from the clothing of the King. (deeply moved)  
 Ilzaide (weeping) (Humbly) I was wrong, wilt thou forgive me, Caspar?

Caspar This King is more than man.  
 Ilzaide If thou hadst not followed the star, our son had died. Oh, blessed star, whose shining has brought such joy into this house.  
 (Star appears)  
 Caspar The Star!  
 Reader (While above pose is held) In place of his son on the couch, Caspar saw the little Babe in far away Bethlehem wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger.  
Curtain closes.  
 Carol "Joy to the World" by audience.

#### PROPERTIES

Spot light for tableaux. Star covered with silver flitter for each girl in drill. (star girls dressed in white) Angel--flowing white robe, wide sleeves, silver head band, wings covered with flitter.  
 WISE MEN royal and colorful robes. (See Biblical pictures of Christman cards) carry appropriate receptacles, brass use, brass bowl, and small chest.  
 JOSEPH beard, dark robe. (lounging robe) and mantel, staff.  
 MARY Old rose or red gown, celestial blue mantel, white whimple.  
 MANGER With straw and piece of white cloth, flashlight, to place in manger.  
 SHEPHERDS Coarse, sombre colored costumes, burlap sacking, khaki blankets, crooks, small lamb of cotton, knapsack, loaf of bread.  
 CASPAR'S SON White shirt, cot, cushions, colored blanket, high tapers.  
 ILZAIDE Gorgeous oriental costumes, colorful, and many jewels.  
 SERVANTS Plain wraps, are not noticeable.



## THE SHEPHERD BOY DAVID

### Prologue

Our Puppet Play presents two episodes from the life of David the shepherd boy, who became King of Isarael. The first act represents Jehovah guiding the Prophet Samuel in the chioce of a successor to King Saul, from among the sons of Jesse, the Bethlehemite. David does not really become King until after the <sup>DEATH</sup> of Saul, some years later. In the meantime a great war occurs between the Phillistines and the Israelites.

Act two, takes place in the valley of Elah between the two armies, and tells the story of David and Goliath; while the Epilogue suggests the famous friendship of David and Johnathan.

### ACT I

#### Scene I

The play opens before the tent of Samuel, who sits mourning over the evil ways of King Saul. The voice of Jehovah is heard rebuking the Prophet.

The Lord. "Samuel, Samuel. How long wilt thou mourn for Saul, seeing that I have rejected him from reigning over Israel? Rise! Fill thy horn with oil and I will send thee to Jesse the Bethlehemite, for I have provided me a King among his sons!"

Samuel. How can I go? If Saul hears it he will kill me.

The Lord. Take an heifer with thee and say, "I am come to sacrifice to the Lord" and call Jesse to the sacrifice, and all his sons and I will show thee whom thou shalt anoint unto me as King. Fear not, for lo, I will lead thee.

#### Scene II

The Place. Bethlehem before the home of Jesse.

Characters. Samuel, Jesse and his sons. On stage Samuel, Jesse and three sons.

Samuel. Peace be unto this house and the blessing of Jehovah rest upon it.  
(Jesse and sons bow before Prophet)

Jesse. My Lord, if now we have found favor in thy sight, rest with us a time. Let a little water I pray thee be fetched and wash thy feet, and I will bring a morsel of bread for thy refreshment. Rest beneath this shade and show unto us why thou art come unto thy servants.

Samuel. I may not rest nor taste bread until I have done the Lord's will.  
(Pours water upon his feet and hands.) Call hither thy sons, sanctify yourselves and come with me to the sacrifice that the Lord show us his desire.

Jesse. Send messengers to bring thy brethren, as the Prophet has commanded.  
(Exit Abinadab)

Samuel. Cause them one by one to pass before my face, even from the eldest. (Pass Eliab)

Samuel. Surely the Lord's anointed is before me.

The Lord. Look not on his countenance or on the height of his stature. Man looketh on the outward appearance, but God looketh on the heart.

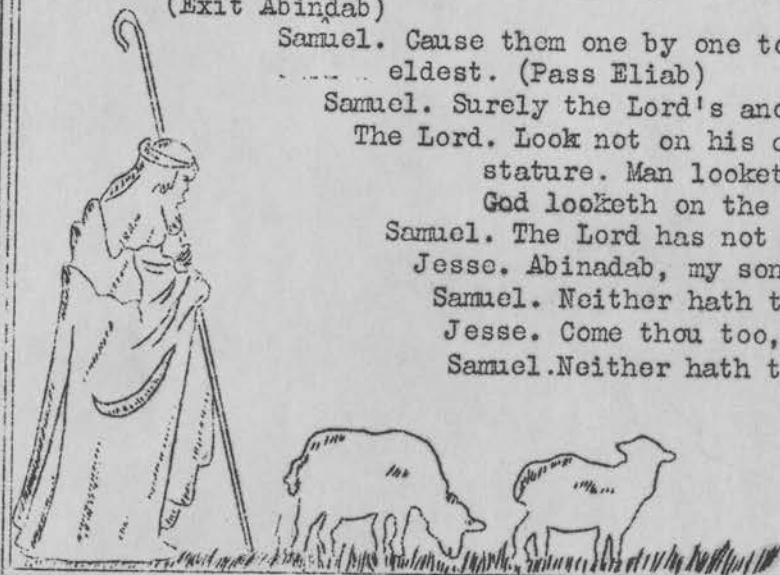
Samuel. The Lord has not chosen thee.

Jesse. Abinadab, my son. (Passes)

Samuel. Neither hath the Lord chosen thee.

Jesse. Come thou too, my Shammah.

Samuel. Neither hath the Lord chosen thee.





## II.

Jesse. Call the others one by one to pass before the Prophet. (They each pass and kneel in passing.)

Samuel. The Lord hath not chosen these. Are here all thy children?

Jesse. There remaineth yet the youngest, but behold, he keepeth the sheep.

Samuel. Send and fetch him for we will not sit down till he come hither.

Jesse. Go say unto thy brother David, that the Prophet calleth for him.

(Exit one son.)

## Scene III

Place. A hillside near Bethlehem. David seated beneath a tree. Sheep roaming about on hillside. David discovered playing harp. (Violin behind scenes playing and voices singing, "Fly like a Bird to the Mountain", or other suitable song.)

David. Would that I might make a song for the Priests and Levites in the Tabernacle. When I rest upon the hillside their chanting rings within my ears and when the night is dark, or the beasts prowl, I do not fear for I remember their words, "The Lord is thy Shield and thy Buckler." (Great disturbance in flock. David springs up, with his sling drives off intruder.) Ai! Ai! Evil beast, thou foul creature, to prey upon my sheep. Be off, I say! (Gathers up a wounded lamb, and tends it.) Pour torn lamb. There. (Stands erect and looks into the distance and says slowly) Jehovah is my Shepherd, etc.

Enter Brother

Brother. Samuel, the Prophet is even now beside our father's altar and calleth for thee. Go, I will watch the sheep.

## Scene IV

Place. Before home of Jesse. (As in close of scene II.)

Enter David

David. Didst thou call, my father?

Jesse. Samuel the Prophet hath need of thee. (David kneels before Samuel.)

The Lord. Arise Samuel, anoint him for this is he.

Samuel. (Pouring the oil) The Spirit of the Lord rest upon his anointed from this day forth.

CURTAIN.

## INTERLUDE.

David does not actually become King until after Saul's death some years later. In the meantime a great war occurs between the Philistines and the Israelites.

## Act II

Act II takes place on the battle field, in the valley of Elah. Armies of Philistines are drawn up on one side and the armies of Israel on the other. David's brothers are among the soldiers of Israel.

Characters. David, Goliath, Soldiers, Saul and Jonathan.

Enter Goliath (See I Samuel 17, 4 - 7.)

Goliath. I defy the armies of Israel this day. Give me a man that we may fight together!

First Jewish soldier. Oh woe! Woe!

Eliab. Who shall defend us from this great man?

Second Soldier. We are but grasshoppers before him.

Third Soldier. The Lord hath forsaken us. Woe! Woe!

First Soldier. (To David) Have ye seen this Goliath that is come up?

Second Soldier. Surely to defy Israel is he come up. The King will enrich with great riches the man who killeth him.

David. Who is this Philistine that he should defy the armies of the living God?

Eliab. (To David) Why comest thou down hither? And with whom hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness. I know thy pride and the naughtiness of thine heart. For thou art come down that thou mightest see the battle.

### III

David. Surely there is a cause - For our father sendeth by my hand his blessing and food for all thy needs and those of all my brothers. Thy servant fearth not to fight this Philistine, for surely courage shall be given the man who dareth to go out in the name of the Lord.

Confusion.

Messenger. (To David) Saul, the King sendeth for thee.

(CURTAIN)

### Scene II

Place. Tent of Saul.

Present. Saul and Abner captain of the Host

Enter David

Saul. The words have come to my ears that thou art willing to risk thy life in battle with this champion of the Philistines. Even his mighty voice maketh the camps to tremble when he cometh forth daily to defy the armies of Israel.

David. Let no man's heart fail because of him. Thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine.

Saul. Thou art not able to go against this Philistine to fight with him; for thou art but a youth and he a man of war from his youth.

David. My Lord, while I was keeping my father's sheep there came forth a wild beast and took a lamb out of the flock and I went out after him and smote him and delivered it out of his mouth and when he arose against me, I caught him by his beard and smote him and slew him. Moreover, the Lord, that delivered me out of the paw of the lion and out of the paw of the bear, will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine.

Saul. Go, then that this shame may be removed from Israel. But first gird thee with the King's sword and with his armor, that thou mayest certainly prevail against this Philistine.

David. My Lord, I cannot go with these for, lo, they are too burdensome and I have not yet proved them.

Saul. Go, and the Lord be with thee. (Exit David)

Saul to Abner. Whose son is this youth?

Abner. As thy soul liveth, Oh King, I cannot tell.

Saul. Enquire thou whose son the stripling is.

### Scene III

Place. Battlefield.

Characters. David, Goliath, Soldiers, Saul and Jonathan.

Reader. "And David took his staff in his hand and chose him five smooth stones out of the brook, and put them in a shepherd's bag which he had, even a scrip, and his sling was in his hand, and he drew near the Philistine."

Goliath. I defy the armies of Israel this day! Give me a man that we may fight together.

(Enter David, carrying staff and sling: Stoops and picks up stones which he places in his shepherd's bag.)

David. In the name of the God of Israel, I will give thee battle.

Goliath. Am I a dog that thou comest to me with staves?

David. I fear thee not.

Goliath. Come to me and I will give thy flesh to the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field.

David. Thou comest to me with a sword and with a spear and with a shield, but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of Hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied. This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand and I will smite thee and all this assembly shall know that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear. For the battle is the Lord's and he will give you into our hands.

#### IV

Goliath. (laughing aloud throws back his head as David shoots with his sling.  
Goliath stumbles and falls forward on his face. David goes forward,  
leaps on Goliath and seizes his sword.)

David. So perish all who defy the name of the God of Israel.  
(Clamor and outcries.)

First soldier. Death to all Philistines.

Second soldier. He has done what no man else could do.

Third soldier. Praise be to the Lord of Hosts.

Enter Saul and Jonathan.

Saul. Whose son art thou, young man?

David. I am the son of thy servant Jesse the Bethlehemite.

Saul. Go not unto thy father's house again, but come and be as mine own  
son and as a brother to Jonathan the King's son.

#### EPILOGUE

(Read slowly and impressively)

"And it came to pass, when he had made an end of speaking, that  
the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David; and Jonathan loved him as  
his own soul. Then Jonathan and David made a covenant. And Jonathan said to  
David, 'Go in peace, for as much as we have sworn both of us, in the name of the  
Lord, saying, 'The Lord be between me and thee, and between my seed and thy  
seed, forever.'"

\* \* \* \* \*



THE SHEPHERD BOY DAVID

Scene I

Place--A hillside near  
Bethlehem. David seated  
beneath a tree. Sheep  
roaming about on the hill-  
side. David discovered  
playing a harp. (Violin be-  
hind scenes playing or voices  
singing "Fly like a bird to the  
Mountain")

DAVID: Would that I might make a song for the Priests and Levites  
in the Tabernacle. When I rest upon the hillside their  
chanting rings within my ears and when the night is dark or  
the beasts prowl I do not fear for I remember their words,  
"The Lord is my shield and buckler".

Great disturbance in flock.  
Beast's head appears. It  
seizes lamb and makes off.  
David springs up and pursues  
the intruder while he cries:

Ai, Ai. Evil Beast, thou foul creature, to prey upon my sheep.  
Be off, I say!

Brings in a wounded lamb and  
tends it.

Poor torn lamb.

Lays it on the ground.

There.

Stands erect and looks off in the  
distance and repeats a few lines  
of the Twenty-third Psalm.

ENTER Jesse with Samuel

JESSE: My son.

DAVID: Father.

JESSE: Samuel, the prophet, has need of thee.



Samuel kneels. Stands  
with hands uplifted.

SAMUEL: The voice of Jehovah is in my ears. (Puts hands on David's  
head) This is he who is the Lord's anointed. His spirit  
rest upon thee from this day forth.

Anoints him.

CURTAIN

ACT II

Scene 1

Place--Battlefield in the  
valley of Elah.

Two soldiers and one of  
David's brothers, Eliab  
are discovered.

(ENTER Goliath right. As he begins  
to speak, David enters at the left  
with basket)

GOLIATH: I defy the armies of Israel this day. Give me a man that  
we may fight together (Pause) I defy you.

(EXITS)

1ST SOL.: Oh woe, woe!

ELIAB: Who shall defend us from this man?

2ND SOL.: We are as grasshoppers before him.

1ST SOL.: The Lord has forsaken us. Woe! Woe!

2ND SOL.: (Turns to David) Did ye see this Goliath?

DAVID: Yea--I saw him.

1ST SOL.: Surely to defy Israel is he come. King Saul will reward  
with great riches the man who killeth him.

DAVID: Who is this Philistine that he should defy the armies of the  
living God?

ELIAB: Why camest thou hither? And with whom hast thou left thy  
sheep? I know thee. Thou hast come to see the battle.

DAVID: Our father sent his blessing and food for thy needs at my  
hand. (Shows basket) I do not fear to fight this  
Philistine. Courage shall be given the man who dares to go  
out in the name of the Lord.

ELIAB: The Lord will smite thee for thy proud heart.

1ST SOL.: The King. (All stand back)

ENTER Saul.

SAUL: So this Philistine hath again defied us.

DAVID: (Kneels before Saul) Thy servant will go and fight with Goliath.

SAUL: What! Thou! A mere boy! Thou art willing to risk thy life in battle with this champion! He whose might voice maketh the camps to tremble.

DAVID: My heart doth not fail. The Lord hath delivered me from the paw of the wolf, the lion, and the bear. He will deliver me from the hand of this Philistine.

SAUL: Go, then, my lad, that this shame may be removed from Israel. But gird thee with my sword and armor that thou mayest prevail.

DAVID: My King, I cannot go with these, for they are too heavy and I have never used them.

SAUL: The Lord be with thee.

David sets down his  
basket and picks up  
stones.

ENTER Goliath.

GOLIATH: I defy the armies of Israel this day! Give me a man that we may fight together!

David steps forward.

DAVID: In the name of Israel I will give thee battle.

GOLIATH: Am I a dog that thou cometh at me with stones?

DAVID: I fear thee not.

SONNY MAKES A KITE

Sonny  
Mr. Addison Simms  
Mrs. Addison Simms

ACT I

Mrs. Simms: (At work dusting and humming at her work)

(Enter Sonny)

Mrs. Simms: Hello there, Sonny, where are you going now?

Sonny: Oh, just out to show the Den Chief my Cub Handicraft.

Mrs. Simms: So that's what you have been doing in the basement all morning. What is it you have been making? Oh, a kite, how nice! Let me see it.

Sonny: Aw, it's not so hot, but I've got to make something, and this looked easiest. But gosh, it wasn't, it was pretty hard.

Mrs. Simms: Why, I think it's fine, it must have taken a lot of work and there isn't much down in the basement to work with, either. You've been very neat with your cutting and pasting.

Sonny: Naw, it's not very good, the sticks are too big and so are the strings. I don't even think it will fly, but it's the best I could do with what I had. That's our Cub Motto you know, - "Do your best."

Mrs. Simms: Well, I think you've done a fine job. Why don't you wait and show it to Dad? He used to make kites, and I know he'll think you've done well on it.

Sonny: Aw gee, Mom, I wouldn't show it to him. He always tells me what swell kites he used to make, and I know this isn't so good. He'd think it was punk.

Mrs. Simms: Why, I know he would think it was good, and he'll be so glad and proud to see that you can really do things like that. You know he often says he wishes you were handier with your hands and here is proof that you really are, and that the Cub work you are doing is doing some good for you. Perhaps if he gets interested in it, he might start going to your Pack meetings.

Sonny: Gee, I wish he would. I think he'd have a lot of fun too if he ever got started, because he's always talking about the things he used to do when he



was a kid, and they are the same things I'd like to do if I could, and the things we're going to do in our Den. Do you really think he would think this kite's O.K.?

Mrs. Simms: Why of course I do, Sonny, I'd wait and show it to him tonight. He'll be coming along any minute now. Why don't you go over there and sit by the window and read that library book you brought home for your Reading Achievement, while you're waiting for him.

Sonny: That'll be swell, I'll hide it at first and then surprise him. Maybe he'd even come to a Pack meeting if he thinks it's real good, like you do.

Mrs. Simms: All right, Sonny, I'll go on and get the table set.

(Exit Mrs. Simms. Sonny at window watching for Dad.)

## ACT II

Enter Dad: Hello, Mother! Hi, Son! Is supper ready? Where's the paper? Have you torn it up to look at the funnies again, son? If you don't learn to let that paper alone until I'm through with it, I'm not going to let you see it at all. If you spent as much time as you say you are supposed to on this Cub Stuff of yours, you might get somewhere with it. And turn off that silly radio program. Don't they ever have anything but junk on, at the dinner hour? Here, take this football out of my chair, and put it away. Gee! what a day at the office, of all the dumb people I ever saw this new girl I'm breaking in, is the worst.

Sonny: (Soft voice) Shall I show it to him now?

Mrs. Simms: I don't believe I would yet. He isn't in a very good humor.

Sonny: But gee, Mom, I'll have to now. He's going to lodge after dinner.

Mrs. Simms: Well, I don't think it's a very good time, but go ahead - if you want to - perhaps I can keep him smoothed down if I have to.

Sonny: O.K. Say, Dad.....

Mr. Simms: .....

Sonny: Say, Dad!

Mrs. Simms: Dad, Sonny has something to show you.

Mr. Simms: Huh? What's that?

Mrs. Simms: I just said that Sonny has something to show you.

Mr. Simms: Well, what is it? Can't I even have time to read my paper in the evening?

Mrs. Simms: Now Dad, don't be like that, Sonny wants to show you something he has been working on all day, and I think it's real good.

Sonny: Here it is, Dad! and I made it all myself. It's for my Cub handicraft, and you can sign in the Cubbook for it.

Mr. Simms: Well, for gosh sakes, what in the world is it supposed to be?

Sonny: Why, it's a kite, Dad. I made it a three-sticker, because that's the kind you say you used to make. I thought a two-sticker like you buy at the store would be easier to make, but I wanted one like you made, and maybe it would fly better - yours did.

Mr. Simms: A kite! That looks as much like a kite as a kitchen table. For heavens sake, is that the best kind of a job you can do? The sticks are like logs, you've used rope instead of string, you might as well have sheet iron as the paper you've used. That wouldn't fly in a thousand years. Is that the kind of stuff you are learning to do in your Cub work? Well if it is, I think you had better stop it. Isn't this Boy Scout - whatever you call him - supposed to teach you how to do a decent job? Well that's such a poor attempt I won't even let you take it to your Cubs. I don't want any one to think a kid of mine would build such a piece of junk and call it a kite. (Breaks the kite into pieces.)

(Sonny bursts into tears and rushes from the room)

Mrs. Simms: Well now, aren't you a fine one. Here Sonny worked all day on that kite and now what have you done? You've not only broken the kite, you've broken his heart as well. He showed it to me, and didn't want to show it to you because he was afraid you wouldn't think it so good, but I persuaded him you would

think it all right. He has been sitting there by the window for the last half hour, waiting for you to come. After all, it was his own work and took him a lot of time. You are a fine kind of a Dad, aren't you? If you know so much about kite making, why don't you help him and show him how?

Mr. Simms: Well now, I didn't know this was going to cause such a rumpus. How was I to know he had been working so hard and proud of it and wanting to show me about it? I was tired from a hard day at the Office. I guess I was a little short with him.

Mrs. Simms: A little short, I should think you were. I don't see why you have to take out your tiredness on Sonny. Why don't you take it out on someone at the office and give him a little help instead of so much criticism?

Mr. Simms: Well now, Mother, you know how busy I am. I don't have time to work with him, with my work at the office and all. Anyway, how about this Boy Scout in the Cubs, and Mr. Brown their Den Dad, or whatever they call him, and this fellow Jones that is supposed to head up the whole thing? Isn't that their job? Aren't they supposed to teach them to do this sort of stuff? Why should I be doing it?

Mrs. Simms: Well, as far as your being so busy, I notice you always have plenty of time to do the things you want to do - your lodge, your bowling club, and your garden in the summer. But when it comes to giving your family some time, you won't even give an hour a week to your own boy. As for the Den Chief, do you realize he is only three or four years older than Sonny, and he meets these boys formally only once a week, and there are three other boys in the Den to help too. If you had been as careful in reading the Parents' Book as you are in reading the sport page you would have found out that Cubbing is a program for the parents that the leaders put in your hands to work with your own boy. And as far as Mr. Brown and Mr. Jones are concerned, after all, whose boy is he? All of Cubbing is home centered, and most of the things



Sonny does for his Cubbing are things that concern his home life.

Mr. Simms: All right, all right, what do you want me to do?

Mrs. Simms: I don't want you to do anything. You've done too much already. You can do whatever you want to. I'll help Sonny by myself.

Mr. Simms: Now come on, Mary, don't be like that. You know I wouldn't do anything to hurt his feelings, that is, if I had known it would. Maybe if I went down after dinner and helped him make a new kite that would help. You know when I was a boy his size I made.....

Mrs. Simms: Yes, I know you made the finest kites in the world and they flew the highest; and the finest pushmobiles, and they went the fastest; and the biggest airplanes and they flew the farthest; but I've never seen any signs of them around here. You can do whatever you want to, that's up to you.

Mr. Simms: Well, I'll see what Sonny says. Sonny ..... Sonny ....

Sonny: Wat'cha want?

Mr. Simms: Come on back in here, I want to talk with you.

Sonny: Naw, I don't want to.

Mr. Simms: Now come on back in here, Son, don't be sulking, I want to talk to you about this kite.

Sonny: Naw, I don't want to.

Mr. Simms: Sonny, come in here.

Sonny: Aw, all right.

(Enter Sonny)

Mr. Simms: Now look here, Son, I've been thinking this over, and I guess I was a little hasty with you. You know I was tired, had an awfully hard day at the office, and I wasn't really myself when you brought this thing up. Your kite really wasn't so bad, it just needed a little more work on it. Now when I was a kid your size....

Mrs. Simms: Yes, we know all about that.



Sonny: Aw, that's all right, Dad, I know it wasn't any good and I didn't want to show it to you but Mother thought maybe...

Mr. Simms: There, there now, don't start crying again. What I wanted to say was that I'll stay home from lodge tonight, and we'll go downstairs, and make a real kite, just like the ones I used to make.

Mrs. Simms: Yes, yes, we know.

Sonny: Now, I don't want to, Dad. You go on to lodge. I'll try to make something else.

Mr. Simms: Now, now, no use of that. I've made up my mind. I'm going to stay home, and I'm going to show you and your mother that it isn't all talk about what I used to make. Come on now let's have dinner, I'm hungry.

Sonny: Aw, all right.

ACT III

(Basement of the Simms Home)

Mr. Simms: All right, Son, are we already to go? Let's get started. First of all, where is your paper and string?

Sonny: Here you are Dad, here is the paper.

Mr. Simms: Good night! That's no kind of paper to use. You want some real tough but light paper - a heavy tissue paper.

Sonny: That's what I had to use, Dad. We don't have anything else except newspaper.

Mr. Simms: No, we don't want to use newspaper. That doesn't look like anything, and you can't decorate it to make a good looking job. I want some light, tough tissue paper.

Sonny: Well that's what I wanted, too, but we didn't have any, and I used this so I could decorate it like you said you used to yours. I didn't want to use newspaper either.

Mr. Simms: All right, all right. We'll use newspaper for this one. We'll let the paper go for now, and make up the frame and maybe we can find some good

kind of paper later. Let's get the string, so we'll have it ready when we make up our frame.

Sonny: O.K., Dad, here you are.

Mr. Simms: Now what did I tell you upstairs, Son, that string is too heavy - why its regular rope. You can't make a kite with that stuff. What I need is some strong woven string, regular fish cord.

Sonny: That's what I had to use on my kite, Dad, 'cause that's all there is, that is, unless you want to use the string that comes around groceries tied together, but I thought I would save that for my string when I go to fly it.

Mr. Simms: Why Son, you don't want to use that kind of stuff for your kite string. It isn't strong enough, and look how long it would take you to tie all those short pieces together.

Sonny: Well, that's all there is to use, Dad, we'll have to use that or nothing.

Mr. Simms: All right, all right, let the string go. I'll stop and get some on my way home tomorrow night, some real string like I used to use. Funny, though, there isn't any decent string in this house. Well, I guess we are ready now to make the frame. Where are your sticks?

Sonny: (Hands his father a large, unplanned knotty board) Here you are Dad.

Mr. Simms: What's that for?

Sonny: Why to make the sticks from.

Mr. Simms: Don't you have any sticks already made? When I was a kid we always went down to the cigar box factory and got swell sticks, just the right size and weight. You can't make kite sticks out of this board, it's too big and heavy.

Sonny: Well, it's what I made my kite sticks out of, Dad. It's the only wood I could find around here. I never heard of a cigar box factory. Where is there one in town?

Mr. Simms: Well, to tell the truth, I don't know myself. But anyway, we'll see what we can do making some out of this plan. Er-hum--now let's see, how are we going to

get strips out of this. We might use an axe and split out some big pieces, and then whittle them down to size, although that would take a long time.

Sonny: I thought of that, Dad, but we don't have an axe, and I don't have a knife. You said I was too young for one. Maybe you have one, though.

Mr. Simms: Well, no, the only knife I have is this little pen knife on the end of my watch chain, and that isn't heavy enough for this job. Well, let's see....  
hmm....What did you do, Sonny?

Sonny: Why, I sawed it up into strips. Of course I didn't do a very good job, because I was afraid of splitting the wood if I made the strips as small as I knew they should be.

Mr. Simms: Well, we'll see what we can do that way. Get the saw.

Sonny: Here you are, Dad.

Mr. Simms: Well for gosh sakes, do you call that a saw? The teeth are out of it in four places, knocked off altogether. The rest of the teeth have no set to them, and it's as dull as butter. You don't expect me to saw up any strips with that thing, do you?

Sonny: Why, it's what I used, Dad, for my kite.

Mr. Simms: Well-um-so it was. Well, we'll try to do the best we can with it. Now where are we going to hold the board while we saw it? We don't have a work bench or a vise of any kind, do we?

Sonny: No Dad, I just had to set it on that chair and hold it with my knee.

Mr. Simms: Well, that won't be so good, but we'll try it. Give me the saw. (Saws at the board, saw slips and cuts Dad's hand)

Mr. Simms: Ow-Oww- that blamed saw nearly cut my hand off. Go up and get the iodine, will you?

Sonny: Gee, Dad I'm sorry. I should have told you to watch out for that - see here, I did the same thing to my hand.

Mr. Simms: Well, let the iodine go for now, I'll try again. (Saws again, board splits irregularly).

Mr. Simms: Well that finishes it. I give up, son. I can't do it any better than you did with the stuff we have, and I don't see how you got through it at all, let alone as well as you did. You've shown me all right, and I tell you what I'm going to do. Tomorrow I'm going to get the best set of tools I can find in town, a work bench, and a supply of decent wood, and metal, and balsam, and we're going to set up a shop here in the basement where we can do some real work. Not only that, but I'm going to work with you. Anybody who could turn out anything with what you had to work with, must have a lot of ability, and I'm going to start helping you with these other Cub things too, that is if you'd like to have me.

Sonny: See, Dad.....

(Exit Dad and Sonny)

Mr. Simms: Now when I was a kid your size.....

(Fade out)

Curtain



SCENE 1

The tent of the chieftain, Sahawhe. Sahawhe is seated. His squaw, Soa, stands before a well-shaped vessel, a pestle in her hand. She is grinding corn. A loom with a gaily-colored blanket stretched across it, stands at her right. Awendea, the young daughter of the chieftain, enters.

AWENDEA

Greetings.

SOA

Ugh.

(Continues to grind corn)

SAHAWHE

Where is Gaanunda?

AWENDEA

I've just left him, father. He's skinning a deer. O Father, he's so brave. He needs but one arrow to make his kill. He is the best marksman in the tribe.

SAHAWHE

The time has come to test his bravery.

AWENDEA

Father, Give him a while longer. He is my playmate, my own dear brother. Do not cause him to change into a cold silent warrior.

SAHAWHE

Summon him.

AWENDEA

Father -- please --

SAHAWHE

I have spoken.

(Awendea exits)

SOA

(Leaving loom)

Sahawhe -- Long Feather -- only yesterday Gaanunda was a little child shooting his toy arrows at the smiling sun. Let him remain a child for yet another season.

SAHAWHE

Your words shame me. They are not the words of an Indian mother.

(Gaanunda enters followed by Awendea)

GAANUNDA

You have sent for me, O father.

SAHAWHE

And do you not know why I have sent for you?

GAANUNDA

No, my father.

SAHAWHE

Is it my custom to call you from your sport?

GAANUNDA

No.

SAHAWHE

Then can you not guess what I would have of you?

GAANUNDA

No. Unless - unless --

SAHAWHE

Unless what, my son?

SOA

Sahawhe -- let him not finish the sentence now. He is so young.

SAHAWHE

Be silent, you who are to be the mother of a chieftain.

GAANUNDA

(joyfully)

Can you mean that the time has come for me to undergo the Ordeal?

SAHAWHE

Are you ready?

GAANUNDA

Yes -- I am ready.

SAHAWHE

You know what is required of you?

GAANUNDA

Have I not seen the young warriors go forth into the woods for a period of eight days of fasting and prayer, that they might attain wisdom?

SOA

(Bitterly)

And have you not seen them return so weak and sick with hunger that they could scarcely drag themselves into camp?

GAANUNDA

But it is worth it, my mother. For never a one returns but that the light of wisdom shines from his eyes.

SAHAWHE

Well spoken! And you will need more wisdom than most. For my own days are numbered, and when I enter the spirit land you shall be chieftain.

SOA

Ai-wai -- my heart is heavy with this talk.

AWENDEA

And mine.

GAANUNDA

Do not grieve for me. I am happy to enter my manhood, and my father will have no reluctance when the hour comes for him to depart.

SAHAWHE

We have talked enough. I wish you to start your ordeal at once.

SOA

Do not leave until I return. There is something you must take with you  
(Exits)

SAHAWHE

Remember -- for eight days neither food nor drink shall pass your lips.

GAANUNDA

Yes, my father

SAHAWHE

Nor are you to utter a word.

GAANUNDA

My lips shall be sealed.

AWENDEA

O poor brother -- that to me is the worst of the ordeal. Not to be able to talk for eight days! Not to say a single word!

SAHAWHE

Gaanunda is a man, not a prattling woman. Busy yourself at your loom. These are men's affairs that we discuss.  
(Awendea goes to loom)

GAANUNDA

She means no harm.

SAHAWHE

Ugh. And on the eighth day you must set out for home. And the first living thing that you encounter shall be your totem, your sacred and revered protector. And never shall you molest this animal, but always regard it as your own personal god.

GAANUNDA

And then I may break my silence to address it?

SAHAWHE

Yes, and then you must offer up your prayer of thankfulness to the great white father.

GAANUNDA

I understand

SAHAWHE

It is well.

AWENDEA

(Leaving loom)

O brother, I wonder what your totem shall be.

GAANUNDA  
Who knows?  
AWENDEA  
I hope it isn't a frog.  
(Makes the sound of a frog)  
GAANUNDA  
Or a woodpecker  
(Imitates woodpecker)  
AWENDEA  
Or a funny old owl.  
(Hoots)  
GAANUNDA  
(Laughing)  
Or a duck.  
(Quack, quack)  
AWENDEA  
Or a crow.  
(caw, caw)  
SAHAWHE  
Silence -- your levity shames me. It is unbecoming.  
AWENDEA  
Forgive me, father. But I know that Gaanunda's totem shall be none of these. He is so brave and swift that his totem shall be nothing less than an eagle who is the king of all the birds.  
SAHAWHE  
Enough. That lies in the hands of the great white father. Back to your loom.  
(Awendea returns to loom. Soa enters carrying skull)  
SOA  
If you must go, carry this with you, my son. It will make you invisible to your enemies, as is the spirit of the skull's owner.  
(Gaanunda looks uncertainly from Soa to the old chieftain)  
SAHAWHE  
Take it, my son. Your mother speaks truly. And now -- hurry -- for there is only a short time left me.

Curtain



SCENE 2

The forest. Gaanunda on his knees, his arms upraised to the sky. The stage is in semi-darkness which gradually lightens as the sun rises. Bird sounds and the soft slow beat of a tom-tom are heard off. Gaanunda rises wearily to his feet.

GAANUNDA

This is the eighth day. I give thanks to the great white father that my ordeal is at an end and that the stamp of manhood is upon me.

(The tom-tom grows louder)

GAANUNDA

(Listening)

They are beating the tom-toms. It must be in my honor.

(The sound seems to come nearer)

GAANUNDA

(Listening)

But that does not sound like the beat of rejoicing. That sounds as if-- no-- I must be wrong. My ears play me false, I shall start homeward for my feast. I am giddy with hunger.

(He starts off. There is a feeble beating of wings -- a golden eagle flies in and falls at his feet)

GAANUNDA

(Joyously)

An eagle -- a golden eagle! My totem!

EAGLE

(Flapping his wings)

Eek, eek.

GAANUNDA

(Kneeling and raising his arms)

O Great White Father -- I make faithful promise to protect this spirit and all his tribe and kinsmen. When the rest shoot, my arrow shall remain in my hand. When they say, 'Let us kill', I will answer, 'Never -- this is my totem -- my sacred friend.'

(Rises and addresses Eagle)

Farewell, brother. I will leave you in peace. But I will carry your image with me wherever I go.

EAGLE

(Fluttering helplessly about Gaanunda)

Eek, eek.

GAANUNDA

What's that?

EAGLE

Eek, eek, eek, eek.

GAANUNDA

You tell me that you have broken your wing? Let me see.

(Attempts to catch Eagle)

EAGLE

(Pecking him)  
Eeeeeeeek.

GAANUNDA

Don't do that -- little brother. You hurt me and I have only kindness for you.

EAGLE

(Drawing near)  
Eek, eek.

GAANUNDA

That's better.

(Strokes him)

I shall take you back to the tents of my father and mend your broken wing. You and I shall be chieftains some day.

EAGLE

(Drawing closer)  
Eek, eek.

GAANUNDA

You like that -- don't you? And I shall wear a feather from the tip of your wing. And you shall have clams and fish to eat every day.

EAGLE

Eek eeeeeek.

GAANUNDA

That's settled, then. And now let us be starting, for I'm sure that you too are hungry.

AWNDEA

(Rushing on)

Gaanunda -- are you safe?

GAANUNDA

(With dignity)

Of course I am.

AWENDEA

(Sobbing)

My brave! My Chieftain!

GAANUNDA

What are you saying, Awendea? You called me 'chieftain.'

AWENDEA

Yes -- you are a chieftain.

GAANUNDA

My father --

AWENDEA

Father has entered the spirit land.

GAANUNDA

My father gone -- and my mother -- does she sorrow?

AWENDEA

No, for she followed him soon after. Do you not hear the double beat of the tom-toms?

GAANUNDA

I hear them -- but I thought -- I thought --  
(stagger)

AWENDEA

Do not grieve! Think how glad our father and mother must be in the Happy Hunting Grounds.

GAANUNDA

I am not grieving. I would not so insult the spirits of Sahawhe and Soa. It is just that I am -- a little giddy.

AWENDEA

O poor brother. Come -- let me help you to camp. I have prepared food for you. Lean on me.

GAANUNDA

(Pushing her away)  
I need no help.

AWENDEA

Must you be so stern now that you are no longer my playmate?

(Sees Eagle - shouts joyously)

An Eagle with golden plumage!. Gaanunda -- is this -- is this your --

GAANUNDA

It is my totem -- my little brother.

AWENDEA

I told you so. I knew it would not be anything but the king of birds.

GAANUNDA

(Slyly)

But you did not say that it would be a golden eagle.

AWENDEA

No -- but I knew it all the same. O Gaanunda -- I'm so glad it wasn't a frog.

(The beat of the tom-toms sounds louder)

GAANUNDA

Hush, sister -- this is no time for levity.

AWENDEA

You sound just like our father.

(Enter two Iroquois false face dancers. They carry rattles. Singing and shaking their rattles to MUSIC, they circle the stage. They end the dance by striking at the air and uttering a series of grunts. EXIT)

EAGLE

(Flapping his wings after exit of dancers)

Eek, eek, eek!

AWENDEA

(Laughing)

I know just how you feel, little eagle. They made me feel that way too.

GAANUNDA

(Sternly)

Would you mock the false face dancers who dance to banish evil spirits and rid the tribe of injury and disease!

AWENDEA

(Downcast)

I'm sorry, Brother. Only --

(Sobs)

GAANUNDA

First laughter and then tears. What troubles you?

AWENDEA

I am troubled because -- because --

GAANUNDA

Because I am grown to manhood and may no longer play with you at children's games. But do not weep. You shall help me to rule wisely and well. Come now -- smile -- be a brave Indian maiden.

AWENDEA

May I really help you?

GAANUNDA

(Indulgently)

Of course you may.

AWENDEA

Then I am no longer sad. I'll go and tell the tribe the news of your totem.

(Exits)

GAANUNDA

She is as changeable as a summer sky. She is a true woman.

(Sighs)

But you and I are men -- little brother -- and there is work to be done.

EAGLE

Eek, -- eek.

(Off stage the beat of the tom-tom suddenly becomes faster and there is a sound of rejoicing)

VOICES OFF STAGE)

Sahawhe has journeyed on.  
Gaanunda is our Chieftain!  
He has found his totem!  
His totem is an eagle!  
A golden-feathered eagle!  
Long rule to Gaanunda!  
And to the golden eagle!

Curtain



SCENE 3

Same as scene 1. Gaanunda is seated before a small fire. He wears a great feathered headdress. Awendea is busy at her loom. The golden eagle sits near Gaanunda on an ornamented perch. A wailing is heard off stage -- as of people in despair.

GAANUNDA

Will it never cease -- the wailing of my people?

AWENDEA

It is not your fault, Gaanunda. You have been a good chieftain to them.

GAANUNDA

I have tried. But it grieves me that I am powerless to help them in their suffering. We have come upon evil times, Awendea.

AWENDEA

I know it well.

GAANUNDA

There is not enough food to go around. The tribe sickens with strange diseases which all the magiv of the medicine men is powerless to prevent.

AWENDEA

It is all the fault of the white men. Ever since they came we have had nothing but trouble. I hate them.

GAANUNDA

Don't say that, my sister.

AWENDEA

I cannot help it. They prey upon us. They pretend friendship and are really more deadly than the mountain puma. We fall beneath their footsteps.

GAANUNDA

Hush -- such talk is useless.

AWENDEA

I don't care. If I were chief I'd order the war drums to be beaten.

GAANUNDA

War has never been a solution to any problem. Would you add bloodshed and blind slaying to the misery of the people!

EAGLE

(Flapping his wings)

Eek, eek.

GAANUNDA

You agree with me, don't you, Brother.

EAGLE

(Flapping his wings)

Eek, eek.

AWENDEA

He would agree with you if you were to plunge a knife through his faithful heart.

GAANUNDA

True -- he has ever served me well.

(sadly)

And now we are grown old together.

AWENDEA

(Leaving her loom)

O Gaanunda -- do you remember that day long ago when you set out for your Ordeal?

GAANUNDA

I shall never forget. You said I should have an eagle for my totem.

AWENDEA

And I was right.

GAANUNDA

Yes, you were a wise little sister.

AWENDEA

And he had broken his wing in falling at your feet.

GAANUNDA

And he pecked me hard when I tried to mend it.

AWENDEA

But he made up for it by causing the rest of the tribe to come to your rescue when you were caught in the bear trap.

GAANUNDA

(Laughing)

That was only one of the many times he came to my rescue. For I was young and careless in those days, and always in some trouble or other.

AWENDEA

Ah, but they were happy days. How I wish they were here now.

GAANUNDA

I too.

AWENDEA

(Suddenly)

Gaanunda -- I've thought of something!

GAANUNDA

Speak, my sister.

AWENDEA

Perhaps the golden eagle will come to your aid once again.

GAANUNDA

What do you mean?

AWENDEA

His wings are so powerful. He can fly so high. Why do you not bid him carry a message for you to the great white Father?

GAANUNDA

(Rising)

Sister -- once -- half in jest, I promised that you should help me to rule. You shame that jest, for now indeed you have helped me. I thank you.

AWENDEA

You will do it, then?

GAANUNDA

I will.

(Goes to eagle)

O sacred totem, you are chief among birds. You are near the great white

GAANUNDA- Contin.

Father. Fly up high, ever higher until you see his white tepee. Tell him of the sickness that magic will not cure. Tell him that the children faint with hunger. Bear this message to him, O chieftain of the birds, and we will do you honor.

EAGLE

Eek, eek.

(Leaves perch -- beating his wings he circles the stage -- then flies off.)

AWENDEA

(Following his flight with her eyes -- shouts) See, he goes to intercede for us.

(Starts back as white men enter)

FIRST W.M.

Greetings, Chief Gaanunda

Gaanunda

Greetings.

(Sits down)

SECOND W. M.

Is that golden eagle that we just saw, yours?

AWENDEA

(Sharply)

It is.

FIRST W.M.

It's a rare specimen.

AWENDEA

It is more than that.

GAANUNDA

Peace, sister.

SECOND W.M.

It seems tame too. It comes at your beck and call, doesn't it?

FIRST W.M.

Do you know, we've taken a fancy to that bird.

GAANUNDA

So!

FIRST W.M.

Yep -- that's right.

GAANUNDA

What is it you would have of me?

SECOND W.M.

Well -- where we come from there are places called museums. You wouldn't know about them, but anyway, if you catch that bird for us so that we can kill it and stuff it we'll give you much money.

GAANUNDA

Money?

FIRST W.M.

Sure -- plenty silver.

AWENDEA

(Running to G aanunda)

Send them away

GAANUNDA

Have you a brother?

SECOND W.M.

Why yes, chief. Sure.

GAANUNDA

Then bring me his body. Lay it on a mat of reeds outside my house, and I will fetch you in exchange the body of this eagle. For he is my brother.

FIRST W.M.

Ha! ha! ha! That's a good one!

SECOND W.M.

The guy's crazy.

FIRST W.M.

Now listen, chief, don't take it that way, we're here to do you a favor.

GAANUNDA

A favor?

AWENDEA

Send them away.

FIRST W.M.

Keep out of this, sister.

AWENDEA

(Fiercly)

I am not your sister.

GAANUNDA

Go back to your loom, Awendea.

(Awendea, muttering, goes to loom)

SECOND W.M.

Your people are hungry and sick, aren't they?

AWENDEA

Alas, that is true.

SECOND W.M.

Well, then, if you give us the eagle we'll bring doctors to cure them.



and food to fill their stomachs.

AWENDEA

Do not listen to them.

GAANUNDA

You do not know what you ask of me.

SECOND W.M.

Sure, we understand. You like this bird. But remember, you're a chief and your people are in want, and it's your duty to put them before anything else.

GAANUNDA

My duty?

FIRST W.M.

That's right. Your people expect you to get them out of this mess somehow. You can't fail them just because you happen to be fond of a bird. You don't want the whole tribe to vanish from the earth when it's in your power to save them.

GAANUNDA

Perhaps -- perhaps you speak truly.

FIRST W.M.

Now you're talking. It's a bargain then?

AWENDEA

(Sobbing)

No -- brother -- no!

(The wailing of the tribe is heard off)

GAANUNDA

(Slowly)

I consent. But first you must fulfill your share of this -- this bargain. You must bring relief to my people.

SECOND W.M.

Nothing doing, we don't fall for any stall like that.

FIRST W.M.

That ain't reasonable, chief. Give us the body of the eagle first.

GAANUNDA

I have spoken. You have my word.

FIRST W.M.

You know, I kinda trust the old coot.

SECOND W.M.

Well -- if you trust him he must be all right. I've never known you to trust anyone.

FIRST W.M.

It's a deal! We're off to get food and doctors for your people, but remember, -- you keep your promise or there'll be plenty trouble.

(Exit white men)

Gaanunda stands -- his arms upraised to the sky.  
Awendea throws herself at his feet)

AWENDEA

(Sobbing)

What is this thing you have done! Why have you given such a promise to the white men. The killing of a totem is forbidden. We shall be accursed and all the tribes shall scorn us.

GAANUNDA

I beg of you, do not raise your voice against me. I must do what <sup>to</sup> my heart seems good.

(Awendea continues to weep as CURTAIN falls)

SCENE 4.

Same as scene three. Off stage the tom-toms beat mournfully. Two white men enter.

FIRST W.M.

Why do they keep on beating those infernal drums as though the whole world were coming to an end. The relief doctor's done his work -- hasn't he? And he's brought enough medicine and food with him to stock a hospital. What more do they want?

SECOND W.M.

The doc's done his work all right -- but it's no thanks to you. You put one over on the Chief -- ha! ha! ha! ha! It's a good thing for you that he doesn't know you had nothing to do with the doc's coming here.

(During the above dialogue an Indian enters -- this role may be doubled by a false face dancer --he sees the white men and unseen by them hides behind the well)

FIRST W.M.

Shhh -- not so loud. Do you want us to lose our chance of getting the Golden Eagle?

SECOND W.M.

Aw, nobody's around, and even if they were they wouldn't understand what we're talking about. They're a dumb bunch.

FIRST W.M.

Don't be too sure of that. They're mighty tricky. I won't feel safe until I have that Golden Eagle tied up in a box.

SECOND W.M.

Say, you don't think the old Chief will go back on his word, do you?

FIRST W.M.

No I don't, unless --

SECOND W.M.

Unless what?

FIRST W.M.

Unless he finds out that we tricked him and that Washington had decided to send the doctor long before we ever got here. Then he'll do more than go back on his word. He'll --

(Makes a motion of slitting his throat)

SECOND W.M.  
You mean he'd really have us killed?

FIRST W.M.  
Just that!

SECOND W.M.  
You're a cheerful bird, aren't you? Cut it out. The Chief's not going to find out. Come on. Let's go and see if we can't put a stop to that noise. It makes me nervous.

(White men exit -- Indian comes out from behind well)

INDIAN  
Ugh! So the old chief will not find out!  
(Gives sudden war whoop and runs off in white men's direction)  
(Gaanunda enters from opposite side)

GAANUNDA  
Why do they continue to beat the drums in sorrow? What do they want of me?  
(Calls)  
Awendea! Awendea!

AWENDEA  
(Entering)  
What is your will of me?

Gaanunda  
Do not speak so bitterly, Awendea. I called you because I -- I wished for company.

AWENDEA  
How can I help but speak bitterly when my thoughts are bitter? I am not fitted to companion you.  
(Starts off)

GAANUNDA  
Where are you going?

AWENDEA  
To the usual place -- the hill where I stand and watch for the Golden Eagle.

GAANUNDA  
My brother has been gone a long while.  
AWENDEA  
Your brother! I hope he never returns.

GAANUNDA  
What are you saying! Would you make of me a man who utters lies -- who does not keep his word!

AWENDEA  
Rather that than a traitor to your tribe.

GAANUNDA  
O little sister! Why can you not trust me?

~~AWENDEA~~  
~~Did you trust the golden eagle when you sent to intercept me for you? Why~~

AWENDEA

Did you trust the golden eagle whom you sent to intercede for you? Why could you not have waited until his return? He would have been successful in his mission.

GAANUNDA

I could not wait. I had to save my people.

AWENDEA

Your people would rather have suffered a thousand plagues than be saved at such cost.

GAANUNDA

(Wearily)  
Leave me, Awendea.

(Awendea stands uncertainly. An Indian -- the other of the false face dancers may be used -- rushes in)

INDIAN

He approaches! The Golden Eagle descends from the tepee of the great White Father!

GAANUNDA

I knew he would not fail me.

INDIAN

Yet you have failed your people!

GAANUNDA

Why do you say that? And why do they call that mournful sound from the tom-toms? Are they not well and happy?

INDIAN

They are well -- but they are not happy. The weight of your awful bargain hangs heavily over them.

GAANUNDA

Yet because of that bargain the white men have sent a doctor and food to the stricken.

INDIAN

Your pardon, Chieftain, but I do not believe that is true. The intercession of the eagle brought about these things. You should have waited.

AWENDEA

I pleaded with him. But he would not listen.

GAANUNDA

I must do what to my heart seems good.

AWENDEA

This thing you shall not do. I won't let you. I'll warn the eagle.  
(Rushes off)

INDIAN

What if the eagle turns back! What if he heeds the warning of Awendea? Surely that will end this fearsome matter. Then may the tribesmen hold up their heads in pride once more,

GAANUNDA

The eagle will come. He listens to no voice but my own.

(The eagle enters)



INDIAN

Ai-wai - alas!

GAANUNDA

Greetings, little brother.

EAGLE

Eek -- eek.

GAANUNDA

You have had a long and tiring journey. Sit down on your perch and rest a while.  
(Eagle sits on perch -- Awendea enters)

AWENDEA

He would not listen to me. And yet -- you feed him treacherous sugar-coated words and he accepts them.

GAANUNDA

He understands me!

AWENDEA

Would that I did.

(Starts back as white men enter)

FIRST W.M.- Well, chief, we've kept our part of the bargain, and now we've come to collect.

SECOND W.M.

That's right. How about it?

(Sees Eagle)

Boy, what a marvelous specimen!

FIRST W.M.

Just look at that plumage!

SECOND W.M.

He'll make us famous when he's stuffed as natural as life, and sitting on a gilt perch in the museum.

(Both men advance towards eagle who pecks at them menacingly when they draw too near)

FIRST W.M.

(Starting back)

Ouch! A tough bird, eh! Take it easy now.

SECOND W.M.

Gosh! He almost bit off my hand! Well, peck while you may, Mr. Eagle. Your pecking days will soon be over.

GAANUNDA

He is not used to strangers.

FIRST W.M.

He'll get used to us soon enough -- when he's stuffed. Hai haihai!

SECOND W.M.

Haihaihai!-- that's right!

AWENDEA

(Kneeling to Gaanunda)

Brother -- once again I beg of you, for the sake of the brave young warrior you were, for the love I bore you, do not do this thing.

GAANUNDA

Leave me.

(With a despairing cry Awendea rushes off)

FIRST W.M.

Women are funny, ain't they? Well, chief, we haven't got much time to spare, so if you get on with the business we'll appreciate it.

SECOND W.M.

I see you've got the knife all ready.

GAANUNDA

(Slowly)

Yes, the knife is ready.

FIRST W.M.

See, I was right to trust him. I told you he'd keep his word.

INDIAN

(Wailing)

Ai wai!

GAANUNDA

I ask your indulgence for a moment. There is a ceremony I must perform before I -- before I kill --

FIRST W.M.

Anything you say, Chief -- only make it snappy.

(Gaanunda rises slowly and performs the spirit dance -- hopping first on one foot and then the other -- circling the stage with a slow running step. As he dances he wails and an accompaniment of drums is heard off stage)

AWENDEA

(Rushing on)

What is that sound I heard? Gaanunda -- Brother -- what are you doing?

INDIAN

(Awed)

He dances the spirit dance!

AWENDEA

But that is danced only when a great chieftain is about to depart for the Happy Hunting Ground. He means to -- to kill himself! Stop him! Stop him!

INDIAN

Chieftain -- cease this dance!

FIRST W.M.

What's eating them?

SECOND W.M.

Hey -- chief -- what are you doing?

(Gaamunda concludes the dance by raising the knife which he is about to plunge into his own heart, when his hand is struck down by the second Indian, who rushes on, wrestles with him for a moment and then bested, falls at his feet)

GAANUNDA

How dare you!

SECOND INDIAN

O Gaamunda -- great Chieftain -- forgive me -- but I could not let you finish that dance.

FIRST W.M.

What do you mean by interrupting the Chief. He's busy. Get out.

SECOND W.M.

(To first W.M.)

You fool -- don't you get it -- he didn't mean to kill the eagle at all. He meant to kill himself.

GAANUNDA

It is the only way. If I depart for the Happy Hunting Ground the spirit of the Golden Eagle will soon follow. He is my blood brother. My totem!

AWENDEA

(Gives ringing cry)

My Brave! I did not trust you. I am unworthy!

FIRST W.M.

Well I'll be --

SECOND INDIAN

There is no need for you or the Golden Eagle to depart this life. You have been tricked.

GAANUNDA

What say you?

SECOND INDIAN

I overheard the white men talking. And then I went to the white medicine man and asked him if what they said was true. He told me that they had nothing to do with his coming -- that he was sent by the great chiefs of Washington, who had learned of our suffering.

FIRST W.M.

Come on -- we better get out of here.  
(Slinks off)

SECOND W.M.

(Following)

The sooner the better.

(Eagle gives a series of shrieks and flaps his wings)

FIRST W.M.

THE SINGAPORE SPIDER  
" A Thriller "  
By Edward Finnegan

CHARACTERS

Jason Harridew  
Mat Harridew, his nephew  
Jim Meggs  
Mrs. Meggs, Jason's housekeeper  
Josie White

Scene - - What might be called the parlor of Jason Harridew's home. Might be, because it is nondescript, though, in character. Door to road, L. Opposite, door to interior room. Back R., a stair leads to upper room door. This door is visible, practical, and is set flat in rear wall. Three steps go down from it to small landing, from whence steps turn sharp L. for descent into room. Balustrade much in need of paint. In rear wall C. a window with roller shade and old-fashioned lace curtains of white lace. Shade is pulled down. Fireplace set diagonally across L. rear corner of room. Glow from fire. On mantel, a clock and ornaments of a severe nature. A book-case stand between window and fireplace. Sewing basket on top of book-case. Between fireplace and door to road, there is a horsehair couch, and on this there is a woman's coat and hat. Plain and old-fashioned. Round marble-topped table C. with two chairs. Horsehair type, if possible. Lamp, ( one of the old style glass kind) is on table, and lit. Large old wooden money box on table. At the R. just beneath bend in staircase, stands a smaller table with tel. Chair by this. Note. If you use tel. book to dress this table, get a small one; this is supposed to be a village. Pictures of sailing vessels and storm scenes on walls. Rag rugs on floor. Statuettes, white and chilly, add to the stiffness of the room. Time 7:30 P.M., of a Fall evening.

AT RISE: Jason Harridew is seated right of center table. He is a strong, old man of indeterminate age. Clad in rusty clothes. His face is keen and evil, devoid of beard. He wears an old-fashioned collar, with the tie bowed and hanging in two strings. His hands are long, bony, and the fingers have the suggestion of coming to sharp points. Altogether an unpleasant figure. He is just finishing counting a packet of money. Smiling evilly over it. He takes a rubber band from money-box at his elbow, and places it around packet. Mrs. Meggs enters Right. She carries a box filled with wood for fire-place. Mrs. Meggs is tall, homely, and dressed in black. A sort of steel-like person, with dark, burning eyes. She glides noiselessly toward Jason, and peers over his shoulder at money.

Jason

( After a moment, still counting) Feel. ( Raises money to her, without looking. She takes a step back in confusion.) Y'might's well, as be gawkin'. (Forces money on her, she gloats over it.) Lovely, ain't they? Seventy-five one-hundred dollar bills. The Harridew fortune, what's left of it. (Pulling money away) Turned into cash.

Mrs. Meggs

Why'd ye do it? ( No answer) (She picks up wood box, goes to fireplace, puts some sticks on fire.) I shouldn't ask ye that, I s'pose.



Jason

Why not? Ye're a pokin' ferrettin' woman, aint ye? 'Sides guess anybody'd wonder why I'd take this stuff out o' the bank and leave it around here loose. (Smiling grimly at bills) Sweat and blood — mind — on every one of 'em. And not a Harridew living' worth a cent of it. ( Suddenly) Sarah, how much did ye hear at the keyhole this afternoon?

Mrs. Meggs

What d'ye mean?

Jason

I said, how much did ye hear?

Mrs. Meggs

Nothin'. I was doin' my work.

Jason

Ye lie ! (Pause) I could feel ye there. ( Slight nod toward door R.) I hope the sight gave ye the pleasure it did me. Ha, how I rubbed salt into their sores.

Mrs. Meggs

(sniffing) Fine way to treat relatives !

Jason

Right way to treat (scornfully) THEM !

Mrs. Meggs

They're your own.

Jason

Huh ! Don't call them Harridews real Harridews. None of us older men acted like themsnivelers, setting here beggin' me to give 'em the money. Whisp'rin' their tales. Filkin' each other, in my eyes, for seventy-five hundred dollars. (Pause) Sarah, d'ye think seventy five hundred dollars is enough to kill a man for?

Mrs. Meggs

Yer talkin' crazy !

Jason

I wonder.

Mrs. Meggs

Put away that money !

Jason

(With his evil laugh) Worry ye, does it?

Mrs. Meggs

Why should it, tain't mine.

Jason

(Slowly) Not yet.

Mrs. Meggs

(Coming toward him) Y'don't mean--yer're going' to leave it to --(involuntary gesture toward herself.)

I've done queerer things than that.

Mrs. Meggs.

Then that's why ye tuk it out of the bank? I'm thankin' Ye, Jason.

Jason

(Suddenly savage) Ye needn't. Don't be gettin' high hopes. The money ain't yours. Let me remind ye, Sarah, I'm cap'n Harridew to the housekeeper -- not Jason.

Mrs. Meggs

(Furious) Ye're a hard-twisted, old man, that's what ye are. Ye hate everybody. (He nods) Ye ain't got a friend in the world. (He shakes head) Ye take pleasure in insultin' people.

Jason

Great pleasure.

Mrs. Meggs

And when ye die, no one will be sorry.

Jason

Ye will be, Sarah.

Mrs. Meggs

No!

Jason

I say ye will. Ye'll grieve for two things -- first, cause ye didn't get the Harridew fortune and second, 'cause ye're week's pay is cut off for good.

Mrs. Meggs

(Bridling) Oh, I got enough

Jason

Have ye? Thought Rumsoak drunk it --

Mrs. Meggs

My husband's name is Jim Meggs.

Jason

(Politely insulting) Is it now, never heard him called nuthin' but Rumsoak. Had the idea they give it to him at christnin', kinder lookin' forward like.

Mrs. Meggs

(Hotly) He's as good as any o' yourn.

Jason

Hope so. If he ain't, he must be a -- maggot!

Mrs. Meggs

Oh, what's the use of talkin' this way? (Turns to couch - starts putting on hat and coat.) What ye want down town?

(Warning Knock)

Jason

(Eyeing her sharply) Why should ye be goin' out now?

Mrs. Meggs

(Sullenly) I got errands!

Jason

Eh? I S'pose. (Still eyes her -- then a look of craft comes over him) Jes' wait till I see -- (starts to rise -- then gasps, clutches at throat with one hand, slumps back into chair -- his head falls forward onto table. One hand clutching the money, is stretched out across table toward Mrs. Meggs. Startled she crosses quickly -- makes as if to raise his head -- looks at telephone -- goes to it, in the thought of summoning help -- stops, looks at him again. He is still. Slowly she tiptoes toward him -- pulls money from his hand very gently. She then crosses to L. door. Jason raises his head, smiling craftily, as she reaches door, he rises from his chair) Sarah! (Mrs. Meggs utters little scream -- turns her face blanched -- he beckons to her with bony finger -- she comes slowly toward him.) Ye've failed in the test I put ye to. I might have left ye the money, if he hand't done that. I wanted to find out things about ye. Ha! I have! Ye'll never get it now. (Grasping her wrist) For Runsoak!

Mrs. Meggs

Leave me go! (he tears money away from her hand loose from his grip, she rubs it) Ye're hand -- it's as though I was stung by sunthin'.

Jason

(Unheeding) Nobody'll get this money, nobody d'ye hear? I'm goin' to burn it. (motions toward fireplace) And laughs when the fire eats it away. There won't be a cent left to pay for my buryin'. (Chuckles evilly. But ye've got enough, Knock -- --

Sarah. Ye'll pay. (Knock sounds on L. door -- Jason hurriedly places money in box -- he snarls at Mrs. Meggs) Open it!

(Mrs. Meggs gives him a deadly look -- goes toward door. Before she can get there, MATT HARRIDEW bursts in. He stands by door, glaring at Jason. Matt is a young man of about twenty-five, well built, good-looking, and bronzed from a life at sea. He wears a sea cap with a visor, and a short blue jacket, with a black sweater showing at the neck. He has a sack slung over his shoulder. Jason looks at him, his lip curling in contempt.) (Door left, if no stairs-Right)

Jason

From his manners this must be a Harridew. Ye may go, Sarah, to ye're errands. The Harridews are itchin' to insult each other -- alone. (Sit)  
(She goes out eyeing Matt curiously -- Matt flings his sack into a corner.

Well, Matthew, you're home I see. (Matt doesn't answer) An no doubt rich from your roamin'. (No answer) What, have ye forgot the language, nephew, or are ye struck speechless with delight at sight of me. (Sits, slowly, easily at R. of table.) How are they in Singapore?

Matt

(Coming forward two steps with clenched fists.) You mean, how is HE in Singapore -- you -- you --

Jason

(Pleasantly) Say it, Matthew.

Matt

You devil ! God help me !

Jason

Yes, God help ye, Matthew, if that's the best ye can do !

Matt

I saw him ! Saw him in Singapore, rotting.

Jason

Many rot in Singapore !

Matt

You know who I mean !

Jason

Do I? Ye've a youngster's gift of presumption.

Matt

Oh, don't be a hypocrite !

Jason

(Rising) I've a mind to twist ye're tongue for that ! No one, understand, says "hypocrite" to me, I've always had the decency to be plain and open in my badness. That's why, d'ye see, there's lots worse in the world than me.

Matt

You'd go far to find them !

Jason

Some right here, this afternoon. Name's Harridsw. Holy faces; stinking hearts !

Matt

Maybe, but they never left one of their own race to rot among the heathen dogs ! At least they ain't guilty of that. But you are, you - -

Jason

( Again pleasantly ) Devil. Don't be afraid, Matthew. My, My, for a young man. Ye've a slow tongue. When I was your age -

Matt

Listen, and stop your cursed mocking ! He's there, I tell you !

Jason

Who?

Matt

Tom Bishop !

Jason

(Smiling grimly) Aye, Tom Bishop, my old mate Tom. In Singapore? I expect he is and will be ( sits ) until he dies. ( Folds hands loosely on table )

Matt

You've had your revenge, hear me ! He ain't a white man any more. He's - - nothin ! They're bootin' him around, the filthy natives are. And so are the Chinese keepers of dives. And lascar sailors, and niggers.



Matt (Contin.)

And every lousy roustabout from off the seven seas! The scum of the world---  
and Tom Bishop's gettin' trod beneath their feet!

Jason

Good

Matt

You'd not say so, could you hear Tom Bishop's curse!

Jason

(Raising his brows) Ah? Then maybe Tom has a bit of spunk in him, after all.  
'Twas for his cowardice I flung him off the Lucy, twenty years ago. I'd have  
no men walking my deck with yellow in their hearts. (Pause) Tell me his curse,  
nephew. Say it softly. (Mocking) 'Twill sound the more terrible.

Matt

On me he laid it! He knew me for a Harridew.

Jason

That was a fine name when the old men lived. Your father was a true Harridew.

Matt

I'm not, thank God!

Jason

(Slowly) I wonder.

Matt

D'you think I'd fancy bein' like you?

Jason

Ye've many years afore ye yet, Matthew. Many years to---do things.

Matt

I'll sail no more. The sea'll have no chance to bend me as it has you.  
Tom Bishop's curse can never fall on me!

Jason

Aye, the curse again. Trifles trouble ye, nephew. Perhaps ye're afraid  
of the dark. Perhaps ye're yellow---one of the Harridew maggots.

Matt

(Stepping up to the table, white with fury). If you wasn't old---!

Jason

(Rising and smiling evilly) Would ye fight with me, nephew? Would ye fight?  
Many men have, and gone limpin' to their graves. Some of 'em without their  
eyes. I was great for (flicking motion with his thumb) THAT. (Pause); then  
softly) Would ye fight?

Matt

I'd not foul my hands with you.

Jason

(Quietly) 'Twill grieve me to break ye, nephew. Yet, for your insolence, I  
must. (Starts to move around table).

Matt

Listen, (scornfully) old man. Try none of your bullyraggin' with me! I'm used to fightin' young men -- and strong -- not shells like you, with the ghosts of old crimes lookin' out of their eyes. (Jason starts. Matt flings out his arm in restraining gesture.) I've no time to waste with you now, nor no mind to be listening to your talk. I've a question of importance to ask someone who lives not three doors away.

Jason

(Slowly and smiling craftily) That would be Josie White, eh?

Matt

Maybe, and if the answer is "yes", I'll come back to you for a last word. And it won't be a pleasant one.

Jason

Good luck with your courtin', Matthew. If ye're a real Harridew, ye'll not take a "no," but choke the "yes" out of her. (Matt strides toward L. door.) A moment. (Matt pauses at ring of command in Jason's voice.) Ye impress me, nephew. Ye're the only Harridew since the old man died who's ever stood up to me. I think ye've got red in your blood, not yellow. (Takes money from box) Nephew, I'm no hand at pretty speeches. (Holding out money) Here's a gift for ye. Seventy-five hundred dollars. The end of the Harridew fortune.

Matt

The Harridew fortune, eh? Gained by rottenness and treachery and the death of men. (With contempt) I wouldn't touch it with tongs!

Jason

(Admiringly) A real Harridew! Stubborn, that's the breed! (Matt is going) Before yerun to the lady, Matthew, tell me Tom Bishop's curse. 'Tis a funny one, no doubt, for Tom was never a hand with words.

Matt

He called on God to make me sail the seas and rot, as he is rotting, till the day I die.

Jason

Well, Mathew, ye appear to be quite healthy, so far. (Softly) and had Tom Bishop no word for me?

Matt

Ha! I'm near to forgettin'. (Crosses, opens sack, takes out box about four inches squares. In one side there is a hole, covered with some sort of netting.) Old man, a present to you from Tom Bishop. There's leaves and some sort of a creepin' thing, inside. And see, he's left a hole here, for air. What the thing is, I don't know; but he told me to give it to you. Take it, for I'll have it about me no more. (Jason takes the box, smiling. Matt crosses to door; turns) And Tom Bishop's wish is that ye may have a swift and awful death.

(He opens door. Mrs. Meggs is just entering. Matt bows slightly, steps aside, lets her pass him. Then he exits, with sack.)

Jason

(Sardonically) The young man has manners.

Mrs. Meggs

(Removing wraps - puts them on couch.) He never learned 'em in this house. (Crosses to table, glancing into money box.)

Jason

Yes, Sarah, It's still there.

Mrs. Meggs

Not int'rested.

Jason

Ye lie. Jes' as ye lied when ye said ye was goin' out to do errands.

Mrs. Meggs

Did I? Well, for once yer wrong. See! (Taking spool from dress picket). Thread, to patch some of yer worn-out clothes. Man with seventy-five hundred, and won't even buy himself a decent suit. H'm!

Jason

(Dryly) That's why I've still got the seventy-five hundred.

Mrs. Meggs

Should think you'd want sumthin' half way good (pause) to be laid out in.  
(Jason looks at her curiously.)

Jason

Ye'll tend to that, Sarah.

Mrs. Meggs

Will I? (Exits R. slamming door. Jason stands by table, turning the box slowly over and over in his hands.)

Jason

(Softly; with twisted smile) Leaves and a creepin' thing, eh? That would be Tom Bishop's way. (An idea strikes him. He looks at money-box on table; then at R. Door. Opens it, calls off) C'm here to me! (Goes back to table, picks up money-box.) I said, c'm here!

Mrs. Meggs

(Entering after a moment) D'ye think I'm a slave?

Jason

(Grimly) Ye're a woman. (He checks her) Hold yer peace! I'll be goin' to bed now. And I'll advise ye not to come pryin' about for the money. D'ye hear? I'll advise ye. Tomorrer, I'll burn it, bill by bill. (He moves slowly up the stairs, the box under his arms. At the landing he turns) Before ye go home, see that the mendin's done, and done well. (Climbs to upper door; turns again, his hand on knob). Now, good-night to ye, though I don't mean it.

Mrs. Meggs

(After the door has closed behind him). Y' crazy old fool!  
(Door slowly re-opens. He stands there, looking down at her, grim and sardonic.)

Jason

I heard ye. If ye'd spoke it to my face, I'd have thought more of ye. (Closes door and is gone. She stands for a moment with clenched fists;) then crosses to bookcase; gets sewing basket from top of it; sits by C. table. Starts to thread needle, but her mind is evidently not on her work. In a moment she rises, puts basket back on bookcase. Goes halfway up the stairs, softly, listening for any sound from room above.

There is evidently none, for she comes back and crosses swiftly to window. Raises shade once and pulls it down, as though giving signal. Waits, face front, listening. Then goes to L. door; opens it, admitting Jim Meggs. He stands uncertainly near door, which she closes immediately. Meggs is a poor-looking creature with a weak face. He wears garments that do not go together. He has no collar, and the neck of his shirt is fastened with a brass collar-button. He has a habit of twisting his fingers together nervously; an old slouch hat is on the back of his head.)

Mrs. Meggs

(All the following dialogue is carried on in a low voice)  
Got it?

Jim

Yeh. (Taps his coat pocket where it bulges.)

Mrs. Meggs

S-sh! Talk low. Old fool's got sharp ears.

Jim

When'd he go to bed?

Mrs. Meggs

Jes' now.

Jim

Too soon. He won't be asleep. I better stay out a while, 'n wait.

Mrs. Meggs

No. Do it now.

Jim

Might struggle.

Mrs. Meggs

You c'n manage him.

Jim

(Dubiously) Old man's strong, and a devil. Seen him take a feller's arm, once't, and snap it like you would a twig. I seen it busted and hangin' down, and the hand all turnin' a rotten black. (Twisting fingers and looking fearfully at upper door.) He ain't no sort of man to fool with.

Mrs. Meggs

S-sh! Now's our chance, I tell ye. It's jes' eight o'clock. We can get it over with, and be home safe in twenty minutes. That'll be my usu'l time of arrivin' there. We'll light the lights, and make it a point to call someone on the 'phone. That'll be a double check on us bein' home, and not here late. See? I got it all planned out. Jes' —jes' do yer pert, that's all.

Jim

(After a pause) How much did ye say old man's money come to?

Mrs. Meggs

Seventy-five hundred.

Jim

Ain't worth killin' fer.



(Fiercely) Ain't, eh? Jim Meggs, you ner me won't ever see that much in our whole lives! Not if I— and I'm sure you won't—work till doomsday. It's ours fer the takin'! Never seek a chance again!

Jim

I know, but killin' means —

Mrs. Meggs

Yer afraid, (scornfully). Run soak!

Jim

Kill a man—

Mrs. Meggs

Listen to me, y' fool! D'ye know what he's goin' to do with the money? He's goin' to burn it, to-morrer, right before my very eyes—and then laught at me! That laugh of his! I want ye to get it out of my ears forever!

Jim

Shut up! Yer makin' too much noise. Want him down here with a gun? (Crosses to foot of stairs - listens. Comes back to her.) Tell me suthin'. I may be a fool, as ye say, but I got brains enough to know that people'll notice us spendin' that money. They'll be suspicious—

Mrs. Meggs

We'll not spend a cent of it, Jim Meggs. Not fer a long, long time. We're goin' to bury it—deep—in the garden back of our house. Let it stay there till everything blows over, and even then, we'll only spend it in dribs and drabs.

Jim

Yeyeh. Sounds good.

Mrs. Meggs

Go on, then.

Jim

Ye be there?

Mrs. Meggs

Right beside ye. But—do it quick. This talkin' 'bout it—(In momentary panic, catches his arm.) Jim! Y' got it?

Jim

Yes, I told ye!

Mrs. Meggs

Lemma see. (He takes heavy monkey-wrench out of his coat pocket. Involuntarily she shudders.) Throw it away, right afterwards, into the river!

Jim

(Growling and striving to keep up his courage.) Listen! Y' breakin' down? Cause if y' are, I'm through!

Mrs. Meggs

(With effort) No. Go on. I'll keep thinkin' of the money. And a new dress for next year. Go on!

(They move slowly up the stairs. He leads, gripping wrench. At the landing he turns.)

Jim

How 'bout bringin' the lamp? (Motions toward one on the table.)

Mrs. Meggs

No, leave it here. Things won't look so funny, then, from the outside.

(They ascend the remaining stairs in silence. He opens upper door; listens; then glides thru. She follows, closing door. There is a silence. Then MATT and JOSIE WHITE enter, L. Josie is a pretty girl of about twenty. She stands by door, as the afraid to come into the room. Matt, in high spirits and laughing, crosses to R. door, exits, only to return immediately. Surprised at not finding Jason in any of the down-stairs rooms, he is about to bound up the stairway and pound on the upper door, when he notices the frightened expression on Josie's face. He crosses to her.)

Matt

What would you be afraid of Josie, lass?

Josie

(Looking fearfully about) This place. It smells so cold. It's--it's like he was EVERYWHERE!

Matt

(Laughing) Aye, the old man's left icicles behind him! B-rrr! Down my back they are, and cold as death! Cold as the old man's hand!

Josie

Oh, Matt, why do we have to come here and face him?

Matt

Wait till I get him in this room! You'll see!

Josie

(As he starts to ascend stairs, clings to him) No, Matt, don't!

Matt

Aha, my girl, little wonder you'd be flustered, what with me running into your house and blatting it out for you to marry me! Point-blank and a broad-side, that was, Josie, "Bing! Will you marry me?" says I, "I will", says she---and there you are!

Josie

(In sudden alarm) What was that? (Looking toward the head of stairs)

Matt

Eh?

Josie

It sounded like someone meaning!

Matt

Ho! That's the way he snores! I know. Not a devilish wink of sleep can you get in the whole house when the old man's flat on his back and snoring.

Josie

There—that dreadful sound again! Matt, come away!

Matt

Without a last word with the old lad? Why, that's what I came back for! To tell him I'm done with the Harridews, and done with the sea! Aye, and 'twas in me to mention that farm you and me's going to have. That's it, aint it, Josie, a farm?

Josie

Yes, Matt.

Matt

With horses and cows—Lord help me, I can't tell one from the other! (With his arm clumsily about her) Well, then, to humor you, lass, we'll come away. Down again to your house. Maybe we'd best talk this thing over a bit more, for marryin's a new voyage to me. (Speaking toward upper door.) I came back here to give you a blastin' out, but I'm too darn happy! Stay up there—for all of me—and sleep till doomsday! (Matt and Josie go out, L., closing door.)

(After a moment, the door at the head of the stairs opens, and Mrs. Meggs appears, followed by Jim. She is carrying the money-box. They descend a slow step at a time, and both appear dazed. At landing, Mrs. Meggs stops and stares dully down into room.)

Mrs. Meggs

(In dull, flat tone) That lamp's too high. (Comes down remaining stairs, puts box on center table, turns down lamp-wick more out of habit than anything else. Dabs at forehead with handkerchief. Looks around at him, who has faced about on landing, and is staring at upper door.) What ye doin' that for?

Jim

(Turning and regarding her stupidly) Thought he might be comin' down after us.

Mrs. Meggs

Ye gettin' crazy? He's dead.

Jim

Yes. He's dead. His mouth, it's like he's laughin'.

Mrs. Meggs

Don't talk that way!

Jim

(Unheeding) Seen it, there in the moonlight. His mouth, laughin'—at us.

Mrs. Meggs

Shut up, will ye!

Jim

(Coming down to her) What we goin' to do now?

Mrs. Meggs

(With mighty effort at control) Jes' what we planned. Pull yourself together, and we'll get out.

Jim

Get to git out (nodding toward L. door) into the WORLD?

Mrs. Meggs

O' course.

Jim

They'll know.

Mrs. Meggs

Who'll know?

Jim

Everybody. (Feebly) Wish't I had a drink! (His hand, out of habit, goes toward his coat pocket. Touches wrench. He half draws it out before he realizes. Drops it in horror.)

Mrs. Meggs

(Taking up money box) Comin'?

Jim

(Slowly, with eyes on box) Seventy-five hundred dollars. 'Tain't worth it ter kill a man for seventy-five hundred dollars.

Mrs. Meggs

Too late now to be thinkin' about it.

Jim

Yeh. Too late. (Pause) But we'll THINK, Jes' the same. (passing his hand over his eyes.) I---I can't git over it that he's dead! And his mouth laughin'.

Mrs. Meggs

(Going L. resolutely) Come on, Jim, before ye drive me crazy! Drags him. Passing fireplace, a thought strikes her. She stops.) Listen, we better take the money out, and burn the box. There'll be finger prints on it. I guess it's up to me to do the thinkin' 'round here--and I ain't goin' to leave no tracks behind. (Coming to table, she sets box down.) C'm over here. Put this money in yer pocket. (He approaches slowly, twisting his fingers together in his nervous way. Mrs. Meggs opens money-box; thrusts her hand inside. She screams) Jim! Sunthin' bit me!

Jim

Eh?

Mrs. Meggs

Sunthin' bit me, I tell ye! There, in the box! It's like THE FEEL OF THE OLD MAN'S HAND!

Jim

Guess you're the one gettin' crazy now. Ain't nothin' there, cept money. (Starts to put hand in box.)

Mrs. Meggs

Don't Jim!

Jim

(Disgustedly) Ah! (Puts his hand in box. Then he cries out sharply.) Gad, there IS sunthin'! (Holds up finger to lamp.) See the mark?

Mrs. Meggs

Jim, sunthin' goin' to happen to us!



Jim

(Peering into money-box.) Can't see nothin'. (Excitedly) Yes, yes, there 'tis—look! (She does, and her face blanches.) Crawl in and out among the bills—see that brown dab of rottenness crawl? It's—it's some kind of a spider. Lookit how it's bloated! One of them foreign things! Their poison's—death!

Mrs. Meggs

(Sitting L. of table, speaks dully.) He put it there. He knew I'd be after the money. (Pause\* He always hated me. But not as much as I hated him.

Jim

(Tearing open neck of his shirt) Doctor—I'm goin' ter git a doctor! (Crossing in terror to tel.) Now I know why his devil's mouth was laughin'! (At phone) Gimme 3-1! 3-1!

Mrs. Meggs

(Dully) Seventy-five-hundred dollars.

Jim

Doctor Phillips? Jim Meggs speakin'. (Pause) No, not rum-sickness this time. Worse - poison. Come quick—but it'll be too late. (He speaks slowly, and with great effort.) Doc, I've just killed Jason Harriew. (Puts receiver down; sits staring straight ahead of him.)

Mrs. Meggs

(Rising and speaking in thin voice.) Jim, d'ye think we'll get—as far—as—home? (She starts to walk unsteadily toward L. door as curtain falls.)

END

NO ROYALTY

# THE STORY OF PETER RABBIT

Revised for Puppets by  
Evelyn Augur

Public Library,  
Thief River Falls.

## PROLOGUE

If you have never seen a really truly rabbit family- one that can talk I mean, you are about to see one now. We have found Mrs. Cottontail Rabbit's family. This is Mrs. Cottontail who takes care of her four little bunnies so carefully and tells them just the right things to do so they will come to no harm. Here are Flopsy, Mopsy, & Cottontail - Mrs. Rabbit's three lovely daughters. This is Peter Rabbit. Do you remember what happened to him in Mr. McGregor's garden? Peter thinks maybe some of you have forgotten his horrible experiences. He and his mother and sisters have come to show you what happened to poor Peter when he didn't listen to his mother.

## SCENE I

In front of the Rabbit home.

Mother: Now my dears, you may go into the fields or down the lane to pick black berries but don't go into Mr. Mc. garden for you know the sort he is. He thinks much of his garden and nothing of rabbits except in a pie or stew. Remember Mrs. Mc. made your father into a pie not many months ago. Take care now and watch what you are about. I am off to market for some current buns and brown bread.

Flopsy: We'll be careful, mother.

Mopsy: We'll be down in the lane.

Cottontail: We know rabbit pie is good for everyone but rabbits.

Mother: Be sure to be back before dark and in time for supper.

	(1)	(2)	(3)
Daughters:	We will,	yes mother,	goodbye.

Mother: (Turning to Peter) Mind you now, Peter, what I say about Mr. Mc.garden and take care of all I tell you while I am gone.

(Exit Mother)

Peter wanders about stage scratching his ears

Peter: Wish I could think of something to do. It's no fun down in the lane. There's nothing to do in the field and it's hot there besides. (Pause) I bet it's nice and cool under the lettuce in Mr. Mc. Garden. (Pause) Wish we had some lettuce in our yard. (Pause) Wonder how some lettuce would taste right now? It couldn't hurt to just go and look under the fence.

Curtain

SCENE II

Mr. Mc. Garden

Peter: O-o-o- look at that leafy leafy lettuce, and that greeny greeny parsley. I bet Flopsy, Mopsy and Cotton tail aren't having as much fun as I am. Can't see what harm there is just peeking through the gate into Mr. Mc. garden. He couldn't see me here anyway for all of these bushes. Oh! Here comes a man thru the garden. Oh! dear! oh! dear! it looks like

Mr. Mc. I've never seen him before but he sure looks like he'd like rabbit pie. Oh! dear! I hope he doesn't come thru this gate and if I'd start to run now he'd be sure to see me. Oh! dear! I wish I was down in the lane now.

Mr. Mc.: Guess I'll start with this parsley. Never have seen so many weeds in a parsley bed before but this hoe will do the trick. (Hoes)

Peter: (Sneezing) Ker- choo- ker-choo.

Mr. Mc.: (Angry) Now what was that? Who's in my garden?

Peter: (Jumps up to run away. Mr.Mc. sees him and goes to the gate.)

Mr. Mc.: Hi now you lettuce thief! Let me get a holdof you just once! A lovely pie you'd make. (Mr.Mc. chases Peter off stage) Curtain.

SCENE III

Another part of the garden

Peter: (Out of breath and afraid) Oh, dear oh, dear, I thought I'd be in the pie for sure! Mother didn't tell me Mr.Mc. could run so fast. Oh, dear, oh, dear, why did I come here - how will I ever get out of this garden without being caught? I'm getting so flat and empty from running so hard. Wish I had some of those blackberries down in the lane. As long as I'm here I might as well eat something. Probably never will find my way home now. (Eats from garden until he hears footsteps)

Peter: (Nibbling on some greens) Who could that be coming. It must be Mr.Mc. I can't see him. Oh, dear, he must be coming this way. If I only could find the garden gate (runs but catches his jacket in the berry net) Oh! I've caught myself by the buttons. I can't get loose from this gooseberry net. (Starts to cry)

Enter bird - flys above Peter and pleads for him to try to get loose.

Bird: Please peter pull hard. Hurry and I'll help you find the garden gate. He struggles again and slips out of his jacket. Runs off stage as Mr. Mc. enters.

Mr. Mc.: I'll catch you yet you rascal! no rabbit is going to steal from my garden and get himself fat without getting put in a stew or pie!

Curtain

SCENE IV

Outside the garden gate

- Peter: (Breathless and bedraggled) Whata sorry sight I am. I've lost my lovely jacket with the nice brass buttons, I've gotten myself all dirty and scratched and besides all that I don't feel very well.
- Bird: I guess you thought it would be fun in Mr. Mc garden didn't you? I guess you don't think so any more and you sure don't look like you had a very happy time.
- Peter: Oh, I'm so sick- I've got such a stomach ache. I wish I'd never come. I never would have gotten out of the garden and would have been in Mc. pie by now if it hadn't been for you.
- Bird: It's almost supper time now so you'd better go back to your sand bank home before your mother comes looking for you. I hope you'll remember what your mother tells you after this experience.

Curtain

SCENE V

Interieor of Rabbits' home. Peter lying in bed.

- Peter: (Groans) Enter mother from shopping.
- Mother: (Goes to Peter) Poor Peter, what is the trouble? you look so sick. your fur is all scratched and dirty. Where have you been?
- Peter: (Groand)
- Mother: It looks to me like it was Mr. Mc. garden.
- Peter: (Groans) I've lost my nice coat too. (Whimpers)
- Mother: I hope you've learned your lesson by it and you are a very lucky rabbit that you weren't caught by Mr. Mc. It could have been straight in the pie for you if you had. (Enter Flopsy, Mopsy, Cottontail)
- Flopsy: What's the matter with Peter?
- Mopsy: He wasn't with us all day.
- Cottontail: Is he sick?
- Mother: Poor Peter had a sad experience in Mr. Mc. garden
- Peter: I lost my nice jacket too.
- Flopsy: Poor Peter, if you had come with us like mother said you would have had such a good time.
- Mopsy: You wouldn't be sick now either.
- Cottontail: And you wouldn't be all scratched and dirty.



Mother: And you wouldn't have to stay in bed without any supper.

Flopsy: I'm glad we stayed down in the lane. Now we can have blackberries and cream for our supper.

Curtain

Peter comes out - dressed as before the play.

Peter: Now that's the story of how I almost got into Mr.Mc. pie -- and all because I didn't listen to my mother. I'm pretty ashamed of it all but most of all I'm glad I happened to be luck enough to come out safely.

Curtain.

SNOW WHITE AND ROSE RED

*hand*  
Revised for puppets by Evelyn Angur  
Public Library Thief River Falls, Minn.

- PROLOGUE -

Once there was a poor widow who lived in a cottage in the forest with her two daughters, Snow White and Rose Red. She had given the girls these names because they were so much like the flowers that bloomed on two rose bushes which grew at the cottage door.

They were good children and never gave their mother a worry. Snow White was quiet and gentle and liked best of all to help her mother keep house while Rose Red liked best to run in the fields and pick flowers when her work was done.

Snow White and Rose Red were of great comfort to their mother.

SCENE I

In the cottage room by the hearth. Mother is knitting, Rose Red and Snow White are sitting by the fire.

SNOW WHITE: It is a cold night out to-night mother. Do you think it best to bring more wood for the fire?

MOTHER: No, you needn't bring more Sn. Wt. - your sister has filled the box in the kitchen and that should last until morning.

ROSE RED: It was fun gathering sticks to-day mother. All our animal friends were out in the woods walking in the new fallen snow. I saw more of them to-day than every before this winter.

SNOW WHITE: Yes, I know-the fawn came to the door for grain while you were gone and many of the birds came to eat the crumbs we threw out after lunch.

MOTHER: I am glad that both of you like the forest animals so well - they are great company for you. I never fear for you when you go into the woods for I know they are all your friends.

(Knock at the door)

ROSE RED: (jumping up) Oh, who is that do you suppose? If it is some one wandering in the snow I'd better let him in.

MOTHER: It may be some one who is lost in the cold. You'd better lift the latch and see.

BEAR: (Off stage) May I come in? I'm quite cold and covered with snow.

ROSE RED: (Leading the Bear in) What an unusual creature! Look mother and sister - a big bear and he's able to talk. Poor thing, he's so stiff from the cold. Come, lie here before the fire but take care you do not burn yourself.

SNOW WHITE: Let's brush him off Rose Red, he's covered with snow.

ROSE RED: There, he won't get so wet now. Why look, he likes it and is already asleep.

MOTHER: It is getting late daughters - we must go to bed. Do not waken the bear. Let him have his peace by the warm fire 'til the morning. He can be of no harm there. Turn the lights Rose Red and Come along.

(lapse of time - darkening of stage) (lapse of time then a faint morning light)

BEAR: (Awakening and stretching) I see by the light it is nearly morning. I have had a comfortable place here all night. These are indeed good people but now I must be off before they awake. I need not cause them more trouble.

(stretches and exits by door)

(Lights - enter Ro. Rd. and Sn. Wt.)

ROSE RED: The fire needs stirring Sn. Wt. I hope our friend the Bear has not suffered from the cold.

SNOW WHITE: But look - he's no longer there. He must have left before morning came. Well, we have done the best we could for him.

(Enter Mother)

MOTHER: Stir the fire my daughters so we may start breakfast. Our friend will be hungry.

SNOW WHITE: But mother - he is gone!

MOTHER: Well, maybe it is best that way. We must have more wood for the fire. Here is the basket, gather a few fagots in the woods, children.

ROSE RED: We'll get on our wraps mother.

SNOW WHITE: It won't take us long to get the wood. We'll be back in no time.

(CURTAIN)

SCENE II

In the forest. Dwarf with beard caught in a log.

ROSE RED: Look Sn. Wt., what is that strange creature bobbing about?

SNOW WHITE: Why it's a funny little man.

DWARF: Why do you stand there? Are you going to pass without offering me any assistance?

ROSE RED: WHAT have you done little man?

DWARF: You stupid gasping goose! I wanted to split this log for fire wood but the wedges slipped. Can't you see I've caught my beautiful beard and can't get loose?

SNOW WHITE: We'll do all we can to help you. Com Ro. Rd., you pull the dwarf and I'll try to pull the log open.

(struggle without success)

ROSE RED: It doesn't seem to work the way we are doing it. I'll run for some help.

DWARF: Crack brained sheep's-head that you are! What are you going to call other people for? You are two too many for me now. Can you think of nothing else?

SNOW WHITE: Don't be impatient - I have thought of something. Here, I have a pair of (cuts off beard) scissors - with a snip your beard will be loose.

DWARF: Stupid people to cut off a piece of my beautiful beard. Plague take you! (carries off a sack from behind the log.)

ROSE RED: Well - that's an ungrateful fellow for you. No matter now - we must get the wood we were sent for and be off for home.

(CURTAIN)



SCENE III

In the cottage living room. Sn.Wt. and Ro.Rd. and mother are seated as in scene I. It is evening.

MOTHER: It is proud that I am to have two such helpful daughters as you. The wood you gathered this morning has been plenty to last all day and even now when it is time for bed there is still enough to last 'til morning. You will not need to gather more until then.

SNOW WHITE&  
ROSE RED: (unison) Oh, we forgot - we almost forgot to tell you what happened in the woods. We saw-----

(knock at the door)

BEAR: May I come in?

SNOW WHITE: Of course.

(enter bear)

MOTHER: Why it's our friend the Bear. Come in, sir, and warm yourself. Ro.Rd. was about to tell me their adventure while gathering wood this morning. Go ahead Ro.Rd. Sn.Wt., brush the snow from the Bear while we listen.

BEAR: Thank you, kind friends.

(Brushes Bear as he lies by the fire)

SNOW WHITE: Tell mother what we saw Ro. Rd.- out in the woods, you know.

ROSE RED: A funny little dwarf had caught his beard in a log. We tried to get it out for him but could not until we cut it with Sn.White's scissors. Instead of thanking us he was as cross as could be.

SNOW WHITE: He called us all sorts of names, pulled to denote passing of time.

(Bear groans as though story disturbs him)

MOTHER: Well my girls, it does seem as though the dwarf had been a bit ungrateful but it does me good to think you were of some help to him. It has grown late and we must be off to bed. Come quietly now - the Bear is asleep. He will be comfortable there for the night. Rose Rd., go and unlatch the door so he may leave as he wishes.

(CURTAIN)

SCENE IV

Nest morning. The two girls are by the fire. Enter mother.

SNOW WHITE: The Bear is gone again mother.

ROSE RED: As long as he has been comfortable for the night I don't think we need to worry about him now. No doubt he felt the need of some breakfast and has taken to the woods for it.

MOTHER: Come girls, we must not think of the Bear now - we have work to do. Sn. Wt., sweep the hearth. Ro. Rd., go into the yard and gather a few sticks. You must hurry now because I need you to run an errand for me.

( girls work)

ROSE RED: I've brought the wood mother. Are you through at the hearth Sn. Wt.?

SNOW WHITE: Lay the wood here now - everything is swept.

MOTHER: Now that you have finished with that, here is money. I will need some lace and thread from town. Take care when you go through the woods and hurry back. There is sewing to be finished if you are to have new dresses for Spring. The snow has gone quickly and the flowers will soon be blooming, Go quickly now.

ROSE RED: We won't be long mother. Good-bye. (wave)

(CURTAIN)

SCENE V.

In the woods

SNOW WHITE: See Ro. Rd. on the ground. The flowers are already coming up. Mother was right when she said they would soon be blooming.

ROSE RED: Come, we must not stop for buds now if we are to do mother's errand as she says. Why bless my shoelaces - what's this?

SNOW WHITE: Why, it's our little elf man with the long beard.

DWARF: Silly gooses - of course it's me. (jumps, tugs, and grunts)

SNOW WHITE: What is the trouble?

DWARF: You donkey - can't you see my beautiful beard is caught under this rock? The next thing I suppose you will want to know how it got under there.

ROSE RED: Well, I can't figure it out myself.

DWARF: You bumpkin - what does it matter how it got there? Get it out! (hops up and down)

SNOW WHITE: The best we can do is to roll the stone away. (pushes with no result)

DWARF: Lily white weaklings that you are. I would be better off without you!

SNOW WHITE: Patience little man - we may not be strong but we are prepared. Let's try my scissors again. (cuts off part of dwarf's beard.)

DWARF: (screeches and hollers) Imbeciles - idiots - was it not enough to ruin my beard once? Now I will not be able to show my face about until I have regained what you have cut off. Such stupidity I have never seen before. (grabs up a bag from behind the rock and runs off)

ROSE RED: Well, of all the ungratefulness. One would think he preferred to stay under the rock. Well, no matter now. Let us get on to the village for our shopping.

(CURTAIN)

SCENE VI

Living room. Evening, mother is sewing or knitting.

MOTHER: How is your new apron Sn. Wt.?

SNOW WHITE: (Preening about) Oh it's lovely I think. See Ro. Rd., doesn't the lace look nice?

ROSE RED: I thought you never would have any lace on your apron for all the trouble it took with that ungrateful dwarf. It took us some time to get him loose. I was sure we wouldn't get to town in time.

SNOW WHITE: And then he was so hateful after all our trouble.

ROSE RED: We saw that ugly dwarf again mother. His beard was caught under a rock this time, but we could not move it and had to cut his beard again with the scissors.

MOTHER: Just the same dears, it was your duty to help him. It doesn't seem to me as though he could be entirely ungrateful to you.

(knock at the door)

(enter Bear)

BEAR: May I come in?

SNOW WHITE: (Jumping up) Oh! look! It's our friend the Bear again. Oh do come in. I was hoping and hoping we had not seen you for the last time.

BEAR: Thank you - I am so glad you do not mind me warming myself by your fire. Even though spring is soon here the nights are chilly on my old bones.

MOTHER: We have begun to look for your return each night. It is our pleasure to have you with us. We all hope that you will come often even when the nights are warm and you need no protection from the cold.

BEAR: I hope we may always be friends. (Lies down.)

MOTHER: Now that your apron is finished Sn. Wt., I think it is time for us to go to bed. Then we may rise early and finish the rest to-morrow. Come my daughters.

ROSE RED: (to the Bear) We have left the door unlatched for you so you may come and go as you like. I hope you will sleep well. Good-night.

BEAR: It is a comfort to have such friends as you. Good-night to you all.

(CURTAIN)

SCENE VI

In the woods, Enter Sn. Wt. and Ro. Rd.)

SNOW WHITE: We have finished our work early to-day.

ROSE RED: And glad I am too for it is such a lovely day for walking in the woods. Look here though now. Take care, what is ahead.

(dwarf with back turned admiring jewels. Sn. Wt. and Ro. Rd. tip toe up behind him and gaze over his shoulder. Dwarf turns about in surprise.)



DWARF: Blithering idiots! Stupid geese-- long nosed snoops!  
Must you always be about some one's business?

SNOW WHITE: We are sorry sir but you see we thought we recognized you.

ROSE RED: We were wondering what you were about.

DWARF: And what do you think you will gain by your snooping and prying? Take up your heels and spare no speed. Never speak of what you have seen or I shall----

(Enter Bear - Dwarf stops dead shaking with fright)

BEAR: At last - now I have caught you!

DWARF: (beggingly) Spare me but this time my dear Lord Bear. I shall give up all my treasures to you - only give me my life! What have you to fear from such a little fellow as I am. You could not touch me with your big teeth. There - take those two wicked girls - eat them, they would be nice morsels.

(bear deals a swift blow upon the dwarf. Dwarf flattens out, Bear disappears and a prince pops up in his place. Girls show fright and start to run.)

PRINCE: Sn. Wt. - Ro. Rd. have no fear - I am a kings son. The Dwarf stole all my treasures and changed me into a bear to roam the forest. Now all is well and my treasure is once more mine.

ROSE RED: (bowing) We are indeed glad for that but now we have lost our friend, the bear.

PRINCE: How so?

SNOW WHITE: When you were a bear you were our friend and came to see us often. Now that you are a prince you will have to go back to your palace and we shall see you no more.

PRINCE: It is true, I must go back to my kingdom but if you will permit me, I should always like to be your friend. Your care of me through those long, cold winter nights will not go unrewarded.

ROSE RED: Oh sir, we do not expect pay for such as that. Your friendship is our reward.

PRINCE: Nevertheless, it will be my pleasure to see that you and your mother want for nothing in the future and to count you as my dear friends.

(CURTAIN)

ROWENA, TEENA, and TOT

and the Runaway Turkey.

by

*Hand Puppets*

Fannie Blumberg

Whitman and Co., Chicago, 1936

A dramatization of the book by the same name, for Hand Puppets, written by the children of Franklin School as part of the Works Progress Administration Recreation Project carried on in cooperation with the Mankato Y.W.C.A. and Public Library.

#### PROLOGUE

Rowena, Teena, and Tot were three little colored girls, who lived in India. One winter they went on a big train to visit their grandparents, who lived in a little country town in the South. Grandmammy and Grandpappy Green did not talk as their Grandchildren did. Instead, they talked like all of the older colored people in the South.

#### EPILOGUE

The next day when Grandmammy and Grandpappy Green and the three little girls sat down to their good Thanksgiving dinner, Rastus was there. Because Rastus was there, Rowena, Teena, and Tot had a very, very, happy day.

#### Scene I.

Rowena      Grandmammy, back in Indiana where we came from, Mother used to let us ask some of our little friends to come to Thanksgiving dinner.

Teena        Do you do that down here in the South, too, Grandmammy?

Grandmammy Yes, 'course we do. Who would you like to ask?

Tot          Oh, Grandmammy, may we please invite Rastus, for Thanksgiving dinner?

G'mammy    (crossly) No, indeedy, you can't ask dat boy to my house.

Teena        But Grandmammy, why not?

G'mammy    Because one day last summer Rastus was careless, he let his black goat get into my nice vegetable garden. That bad goat ate all of my fine fat red cabbage and all my crisp green lettuce. That's why.

3 Girls Oh, Grandmammy, please forgive Rastus. (Sadly)

Rowena We know he's sorry.

Teena We like him so much.

Tot He's our best friend, Grandmammy.

G'mammy No, we just won't have Rastus to Thanksgiving dinner. Now, hurry up, girls, so you can feed the turkey. He must be hungry and we want him to be nice and fat for our Tahnks-giving dinner.

(Girls leave table - sadly) Curtain

SCENE II.

G'mammy Hurry up, you chilluns, and get into your beds. The wind's howling and the snow's blowing and you'll just freeze if you don't hurry.

Tot I'm hurrying, Grandmammy.

Rowena So am I.

Teena Me too!

G'mammy Cover up, girls, when you get in bed, because it's cold. When you get up tomorrow morning there will be snow on the ground.

Teena I wonder how our turkey will like the snow?

Rowena Oh, Grandmammy, did we tell you that the door on the turkey pen won't stay fastened? I had to put a little stick inside the latch to hold it.

G'mammy Thank you, Rowena, child. I'll have to tell your Grandpappy Green about that right away. That turkey might get loose and run away.

All Good night, Grandmammy!

G'mammy Goodnight, chillun. (exit)

Rowena- I'm going to put the covers up to my chin.

Teena I'm going to put the covers up as far as my eyes.

Tot And I'm going to put the covers over my head.

CURTAIN.

SCENE III.

Girls Ooh! it's cold. I'm shivering. See the nice white snow!

Rowena Oh, Grandmammy, the door of the turkey pen is open!

Teena (hurrying ahead) Look, Grandmammy and Grandpappy, look!  
They turkey is gone!  
(all look in the pen)

G'mammy (scolding G'pappy) Didn't I tell you to fix that latch,  
Grandpappy Green? Now our Thanksgiving turkey has run away!

G'pappy (slowly, kindly) Now, there, honey, just hush. You bettah  
fix these chillum nice and warm and we'll go and fetch that  
turkey home.

G'mammy All right, Grandpappy Green. I'll pull your warm hunting  
sox on the girls' feet for leggings, and . . . . .

Rowena We can put on our mittens, too, . . . . .

Teena And I want a shawl on my head.

Tot I want one, too.

All Then we'll go and find our turkey. (excitement)

Curtain.  
SCENE IV

Rowena Here, Grandpappy, are some tracks.

Teena There are some more tracks.

Tot Let's follow them, Grandpappy!

G'pappy This snow is so thin we can hardly find the tracks.

Tot I'm tired. I'm so tired I can't go any farther.

G'pappy Let's set here and rest a bit. (all sit)

Rowena)& What will Grandmammy say when we come home without the turkey?  
Teena )

G'pappy What will Grandmammy do?

(Tot leans back against the tree and sees turkey in the tree.)

Tot Look, look, look! Grandpappy, there is the turkey!

G'pappy (shakes head in despair.)

Rowena What is the matter, Grandpappy?

G'pappy (shakes head) That turkey flew too high for us. Who's going  
climb that tall tree and fetch him down?



Rowena- Rastus can climb trees. He'll get the turkey for us.

Rowena & Teena run to get Rastus.

G'pappy) & (remain to watch the turkey.)  
Tot)

Tot I'm afraid that turkey will fly away.

G'pappy Oh, no. That old gobbler is most too tired for that.

(Enter Rowena, Teena, & Rastus.)

G'pappy Boy, is that tree too tall for you to climb?

Rastus (boastfully) Oh, no. I can climb that tree all right, Mr. Green.

(Turkey awakens, flies away and alights on opposite side of the stage.)  
(All run after it)

All Stop! Stop! Stop!

Turkey Gobble! Gobble! Gobble! (flying about)  
(chase turkey - fall down.) (Rastus keeps on running turkey  
tires and settles. Rastus shouts and catches the turkey.  
Rowena, Teena, and Tot rush to help. Grandpappy ties up  
turkey's feet, and carries turkey over his shoulder.  
Enter Grandmammy.

G'mammy Oh, you did catch that turkey after all!

Rowena, Teena,  
& Tot Oh! We didn't catch it. Rastus did!

G'mammy Rastus, Rastus, you'll have to come to our house for  
Thanksgiving dinner!

G'pappy Boy, what is your favorite part of the turkey?

Rastus Oh, I like the drumstick best, Mr. Green.

Rowena, )  
Teena, ) Oh, goody! Goody! Goody! Rastus is coming to our house  
& Tot. ) for Thanksgiving dinner.

Curtain!!